

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

NOVEMBER 50 cents

PLAYBOY



**"AND SO TO BED"—A 14-PAGE
PORTFOLIO FEATURING THE
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ARTICLES ON THE PSYCHOLOGY
AND PHYSIOLOGY OF SLEEP**





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PLAYBILL

ISAAC DE BENSERADE knew, and put in four short lines, the ubiquity and importance of the bed in human life: "In bed we laugh, in bed we cry;/And, born in bed, in bed we die./The near approach a bed may show/Of human bliss to human woe." True in De Benserade's 17th Century, it is just as true in our own time; which is why PLAYBOY devotes 14 pages of this November issue to a variegated, elegant portfolio on the bed. It includes an insightful treatise on *The Psychology of Sleep* by Dr. Theodor Reik (renowned analyst, student and personal friend of Sigmund Freud; author of *Listening with the Third Ear*, *On Love and Lust*, and many other books); a probing into *The Physiology of Sleep* by John Pfeiffer (author of *The Human Brain* and *The Changing Universe*; one-time CBS Science Director and member of the editorial board of *Scientific American*); a piece on male bedroom raiment by Robert L. Green, PLAYBOY's Fashion Director; Desmond Russell's appealing photographic array of beds and belles from other times and places; and finally, *The Playboy Bed*: this being the specially designed last word in posh pads, resplendent with stereo, convenient potations and viands, books, dictating equipment, and all manner of good things you can incorporate into a custom-built bed of your own that will do much to further "human bliss" and send "human woe" packing. We couldn't avoid calling the overall portfolio *And So to Bed*.

A bed plays a prominent part, too, in *Hollywood Goes European*, our pictorial peek at a U.S. film with super-sexy scenes shot for export only. But man shall not live by bed alone, so a crackling suspense yarn leads off the issue — *A Cry from the Penthouse*, by Henry Slesar, author of the popular PLAYBOY stories *Victory*

Parade and *Examination Day*, and of a Mystery Guild selection, the novel *The Gray Flannel Shroud*. Noel Clad will be remembered as the author of one-third of our triptych on *The Beat Mystique*, but more recently he has brought out the best-selling novel, *Love and Money*. This month he has created a poignant love story set in the world of jazz — *A Long Time to Swing Alone*. PLAYBOY newcomers William Link and Richard Levinson have written for us the concise, ironic story of *The Joan Club*.

Gala holiday office parties at such unusual places as science labs and nudist camps is the subject of a colorful, crazy feature by cartoonist Arnold Roth. PLAYBOY readers will remember Roth as the man responsible for *Navel Engagement* (PLAYBOY, February 1959). He's also the fellow behind *Poor Arnold's Almanac*, a syndicated Sunday color comic strip, and is an alumnus of the Harvey Kurtzman coterie.

Speaking of Kurtzman: the writer who gave us *The Little World of Harvey Kurtzman*, as well as the first article on Mort Sahl to appear in a national magazine, plus personality sketches of Dave Garroway and Tom Lehrer, is here again. The writer is Roll Malcolm and this month he has rounded up a big batch of true backstage pranks and other unscheduled theatrical happenings for his piece, *When Prankhood Was in Flower*. Humorist Andrew A. Rooney ribs TV producers in *From the Desk of Milton Cronin*. Carlton Brown provides tongue-in-cheek instruction in the fine art of not paying your bills in his *O Debt, Where Is Thy Sting?*

Add to all this Thomas Mario's *Beautiful Soup* and some splendid suggestions for holiday gifting (there'll be more next month) and you have a pretty fair picture of this year's penultimate PLAYBOY.



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DEAR PLAYBOY

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BRUTAL HORN TONE

I contest Ken Purdy's statement in *High-Bred Hybrids* (August issue) that the Cadillac Eldorado Brougham has "the most brutally snobbish horn-tone in the world." My Chrysler 300 not only has more class but a much more "brutally snobbish horn-tone."

David Jacobson
Webster Groves, Missouri

HAIRY BARBECUE

I have just been reading Mario's fine article on *CharcoalmanShip* in your July issue, and would venture to suggest that for a real he-man barbecue you should go to Argentina or Uruguay and try an *usado con cuero*, which is somewhat as follows: At dawn on the day before your party, take one fat heifer or young steer and without skinning it, butcher the animal in such a way as to form large slabs of meat, hide and all. These should be about three inches thick, and on a good animal there will be some six slabs about two feet square. The meat should be left in a cool place during the day, covered on the flesh side with a marinade paste containing plenty of garlic, onions, vinegar, oil, salt, cayenne and oregano all pounded together. In the evening the meat should be placed, hide outwards, on low slanting racks facing the windward side of a large fire but about two meters away from it. The meat is roasted slowly all through the night, the fire being kept high and the coals spread periodically in front of the meat. Traditionally, the man in charge of roasting is given several bottles of brandy to maintain his strength. By morning the meat should be cooked through and yet the hair should be unsinged. The slabs are then cut into squares about six inches each way and served cold for lunch with plenty of red wine. I wonder if this type of entertainment would be feasible any longer in the fast-pace United States, or if it can only be enjoyed in the land of *mañana*?

Peter G. Stead
Santiago, Chile

ANN & ABBY

I just received my August issue of *PLAYBOY* and thought it was the greatest. The *Dear Ann & Abby* bit really gave my friends a chuckle. Let's have more.

Bill O'Connor
San Diego, California

Hope you continue the Ann-&Abby letters. Excellent!

Bill Ghormley
Falls Church, Virginia

In describing your August issue I could easily (and truthfully) sound like a billboard ad. I'd like to give you a special pat on the back for your remarkable job on Ann Landers and Abigail Van Buren. On more than one occasion I have wished for the power and talent to interject such wit into their columns.

Jim Burrell
Mason City, Iowa

THE BOSOM

Please! Let's hope my favorite publication isn't going the way of its imitators, sacrificing quality for quantity! I don't mean to sound anti-British, but two doses of June Wilkinson busting out all over are a couple more than I can stand.

Ted Howard
Toronto, Ontario

I call for a census, gentlemen — bigger and better, or smaller and better? Mate or mother?

Rick Hart
Port Credit, Ontario

Lovely June Wilkinson is the epitome of womanhood. She is the Eternal Female; femininity incarnate.

Max Davis
Boston, Massachusetts

Holy Cow!

Bob Benjamin
Oswego, New York

STORYSVILLE

I have just finished reading the August issue of *PLAYBOY* from cover to cover. I

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provocative perfume!



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have read many fine articles and stories in your magazine but *The Rancher's Daughter* by John Novotny was one of the most humorous stories I have read in any magazine. I have been reading PLAYBOY for five years and in all that time you have kept the material at a consistently high level.

Gerald H. Horowitz
Brooklyn, New York

The Rancher's Daughter by John Novotny and *A Short History of Fingers* by H. Allen Smith in your August issue were hilarious. I'm still laughing. These two authors are marvelous and I'll be looking forward to reading more of their stories in your wonderful magazine.

Mrs. Bonnie Labriola
Denver, Colorado

A dozen solid gold carrots for a magnificent August issue! *The Sender of Letters* prompted me to send this letter, in order to praise Herbert Gold's wonderful story.

Leonardo B. Kabigting
Manila, Philippines

My admiration of Herbert Gold increases with every tale. *The Sender of Letters* in the August issue is no exception. The closing paragraphs will find few equals outside Agatha Christie's *The Murder of Roger Ackroyd*.

Rand Rintoul
Amprior, Ontario

TWO'S A CROWD

Two's a Crowd was the greatest! Being a small-car owner myself (and one with a sense of humor), I enjoyed every stunning verse.

Douglas Bendle
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

Loved *Two's a Crowd* in your July issue. But my mode of transportation is a bicycle. So —

Said John of his "wheels" with a grin
"Now here's what my method has been —

With a pad on the seat
And a dark lonely street,

If you're thin, you can sin on a
Schwinn!"

John A. Klempner
Berkeley, California

Two's a Crowd was cute, but all wrong — at least as regards the Morris Minor. "The wagon called station" is by no means necessary to "make matters supiner." I drive a Minor and I know. One merely rearranges the rear seat cushions, to wit: remove the lower cushion from its well; remove, reverse, and replace the back cushion, which will now lie flat on the floor, cushion side up; replace the rear seat cushion in its well,

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but reversed (turned end for end). As the front seats have previously been tilted forward, the reversed cushion will now lean against the backside of the front seats at a slight angle. As there is no partition between the rear seat and the trunk area, there is now available quite a large opening, closed in only by the external contour of the Minor.

Elliot Brown
Oakland, California

But by that time, aren't you too tired?

THE AGED LEADER

I would like to take this opportunity to express my thanks for your article in the August issue on *Cult of the Aged Leader*. The leaders of our country should indeed be young and receptive to new ideas and ways.

G. Starnes
South Gate, California

Your article on old men in government was the best yet. Decrepit minds have been running our country long enough! It's time we pensioned off the old codgers to make room for young blood and fresh ideas. I was impressed with the research and the interviews Mr. Ginzburg obtained. Good writing, well presented.

Mrs. Douglas Walton
Redondo Beach, California

PLAYBOY JAZZ FESTIVAL

I've been to Newport, to Randalls Island and to French Lick, but never have I witnessed a jazz event like your Playboy Festival in Chicago. You might have been satisfied with any one of the Big Three in big-band jazz, but you came up with all of them: Basie, Ellington and Kenton. I would have been pleased to have seen and heard just one of the top-ranking female vocalists from your last jazz poll and you gave us the *top four*: Ella, June Christy, Chris Connor and Dakota Staton. If a cat dug trumpet, there was everything from Red Nichols and Satchmo to Dizzy Gillespie and Miles Davis. Trombone? Teagarden, Kai Winding and J. J. Johnson were all on hand. Vocal groups? The Four Freshmen, The Signatures and Lambert, Hendricks and Ross. Cool combo sounds? Dave Brubeck, Oscar Peterson, Jimmy Giuffre, Ahmad Jamal and Sunny Rollins were there to break things up. The staging, the sound—*everything* was superb. I don't know how you did it, PLAYBOY, but bless you—it was the greatest three days in this jazz buff's lifetime.

George M. Bartholomew
New York, New York

In ours, too.

You have my best wishes for the suc-

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cess of your Festival.

Most Reverend Gerald Francis Burrill
Bishop of Chicago, Episcopal Diocese
Chicago, Illinois

I congratulate you on the initiation
and promotion of an outstanding musi-
cal event in Chicago

Paul H. Douglas
U.S. Senator, Illinois
Washington, D.C.

Everyone who made your scene agrees:
the Playboy Jazz Festival was the great-
est of them all.

Charles Johnson
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

It seemed to these tired old ears that
each of your jazz stars was trying to out-
perform the others and the result was
something really magnificent. Dizzy and
Miles were superb, and Brubeck has
rarely swung so wonderfully, but I have
never in all my life witnessed a moment
to compare with the one when Ella
Fitzgerald walked out on that Stadium
stage. She had 19,000 people in the palm
of her hand—hushed and hanging on
every note—and they'll be talking about
her performance at the Playboy Jazz
Festival for many years to come.

Bob Bradley
Racine, Wisconsin

PLAYBOY made special arrangements to
fly Ella in for the festival from Monaco,
where she appeared at a command per-
formance for Prince Rainier and Prin-
cess Grace two days before. "Down Beat"
reported, "There were some superb musi-
cal moments during the three-day Chi-
cago show, above all the performance
of Ella Fitzgerald, one of the most elec-
trifying of her entire career." Then
added, "Miss Fitzgerald displayed a tech-
nical facility beyond anything heard
even in her formidable past. Her scat
choruses were fabulous. Think of the
best you have heard from her and double
it." Ella was so moved by the audience's
response that after she left the stage,
she burst into tears.

My congratulations on the outstand-
ing success of your Jazz Festival.

Allen Smith, Jr.
Rear Admiral, U.S. Navy
U.S. Naval Air Station
Glenview, Illinois

This was a great thing and you are
to be congratulated for putting it on.

Fairfax M. Cone
Foote, Cone & Belding Advertising
Chicago, Illinois

Best wishes for the continued success
of your fine publication and the Festival,
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James A. Hart
Chairman of the Board
Hotels Ambassador
Chicago, Illinois

I have followed your plans for this Festival since its inception, and want to compliment you on the great showmanship your organization has displayed.

David B. Wallerstein, President
Balaban & Katz Corporation
Chicago, Illinois

I didn't make the Playboy Jazz Festival and some of my friends who did have just returned with the flat announcement that I missed the greatest jazz show ever produced. Their recollections of the stars they saw and heard is an almost unbelievable who's who in jazzdom. Could you give me a complete list of the featured artists who appeared at all performances?

Stan Murphy
San Francisco, California

Sure. The program of the five performances was as follows:

Friday Evening, August 7th — Mort Sahl, m.c.; Count Basie Band; Kai Winding Septet; Dakota Staton, with Henry Brandon Orchestra; Dizzy Gillespie Quintet. Intermission. Dave Brubeck Quartet, featuring Paul Desmond; Miles Davis Quartet, featuring Julian "Cannonball" Adderley; Joe Williams, with Count Basie Band.

Saturday Afternoon, August 8th — Mort Sahl, m.c.; Duke Ellington Band; Jimmy Giuffre Three; The Signatures; The Dukes of Dixieland. Intermission. Oscar Peterson Trio, featuring Ray Brown; Frank D'Rone; Jimmy Rushing, with Duke Ellington Band.

Saturday Evening, August 8th — Mort Sahl, m.c.; Count Basie Band; Don Elliott, with Ed Higgins Trio; Earl Bostic Sextet; Jack Teagarden All-Stars. Intermission. Ahmad Jamal Trio; Lambert, Hendricks and Ross; Joe Williams, with Count Basie Band.

Sunday Afternoon, August 9th — Mort Sahl, m.c.; Stan Kenton Band; Nina Simone; Sonny Rollins Trio; David Allen; Austin High Gang, featuring Jimmy McPartland, Bud Freeman, Pee Wee Russell, Georg Brunis, Art Hodes, George Wettling. Intermission. The Four Freshmen; June Christy, with Stan Kenton Band.

Sunday Evening, August 9th — Mort Sahl, m.c.; Stan Kenton Band; J. J. Johnson Quintet; Ella Fitzgerald. Intermission. Coleman Hawkins, with Ed Higgins Trio; Chris Connor; Red Nich-

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I suppose you fellows at PLAYBOY know what you've just done — against all odds, you've produced the most spectacularly successful Jazz Festival ever. You're the talk of the industry.

Paul Dermis
New York, New York

How many fans turned out for the Playboy Jazz Festival and, if you don't mind my asking, how much did it cost you?

Willard Bachman
Miami, Florida

We don't mind at all, Will. PLAYBOY's budget for the Festival was nearly \$250,000; total attendance at the five performances was just under 70,000 — the largest audience ever to witness a jazz event anywhere in the world.

Beforehand, the woods were full of sceptics, all certain it couldn't be done. Toronto had just bombed and everyone was saying that a jazz festival had to be held out of doors or it couldn't make it. I personally spoke with one of the top jazz promoters in the country two weeks before your show and he said that what you were attempting was just too big an undertaking to ever come off successfully. I suppose there was plenty of the same knowledgeable opinion passed around when you were about to put the very first issue of a magazine called PLAYBOY on the press. Well, you've done it again, with a success beyond anything even your most enthusiastic supporters could have imagined. I'm sure you've read all the rave reviews several dozen times by now, but I think your readers may be interested in a couple of quotes from the trade papers: *The Billboard* called it "the whop-pingest jazz festival in history," and wrote, comparing it with the other jazz shows and festivals held around the country this summer, "the PLAYBOY bash, the most professionally handled of them all, indicated that jazz and smart show-manship can go together." *Variety* was blunter. Compared to PLAYBOY, they said, other "jazz producers are still swinging from vines." But what I really dug was the last paragraph of *Variety's* two-column review, "Yes, cats, there is a Santa Claus, and his name is Hugh Hefner."

Mike Mikolas
Utica, New York

Jazz expert Leonard Feather summed it up for all of us when he announced at Festival's end, "There seems little doubt that this has been the greatest weekend in the 60-year history of jazz."

Victor Olson
Oak Park, Illinois



PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



When we were in Paris recently, the Office du Vocabulaire Français solicited our signature on a petition to drum the barbaric term *le parking* out of the French language. This move stemmed from no dislike of motorists: it was merely the Office's opening gun in a campaign to root out all "gaudy and useless anglicisms" — a campaign that, it seems to us, is foredoomed because of the extent to which anglicisms have already permeated the noble lingo of Racine and Voltaire. Consider, for example, an evening in the life of a typical Parisian playboy: *Le téléphone* rings and, after a cheery *allô*, he accepts an invitation to *une surprise party* at *Le Racing Club*. There, amid *les snobs* at *le bar*, he and a *mademoiselle flirtent* shamelessly over *un cocktail*. Since she is interested in neither *le bridge* nor *le tennis* — not to mention *le hockey* — they take *le car* to *un dancing* where, between licks of *le jazz hot* and *le rock 'n' roll*, the band occasionally obliges the less nimble with *un slow*. The floorshow opens with *une striptease* and climaxes when all *les girls* swing out in *le French can-can*. Of course, anyone wending his way toward *le w.c.* (water closet) must beware of *les pickpockets* because nowadays *les gangsters* are everywhere, *le fair play* nowhere. Homeward bound, the couple may stop at *un snack bar*, settling for *un sandwich* since *notre boy* is perhaps not *un millionnaire*. After proposing *un picnic* for *le weekend*, he escorts his date home. There, momentarily forgetting that he is *un gentleman*, he grabs for *le pull-over* she so amply fills, only to desist abruptly at a warning growl from her ferocious — and orthographically wondrous — *bouledogue*.

PLAYBOY is producing its own television show this fall, full of fun and frolic,

much of it drawn from the pages of the magazine. Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner will be hosting the festivities that take place weekly in *Playboy's Penthouse*, a swank apartment set high above the city scene. The viewer will be guest at a sophisticated penthouse party where he'll meet interesting personalities, celebrities, stars of showbiz, famous authors and artists; be entertained by hip humor, conversation, romantic songs, jazz and, of course, the presence of a plentiful number of Playmates. The program begins late in October on WBKB (Channel 7) in Chicago, with plans to syndicate it in other major metropolitan areas later in the year. Check with your local TV station for information on when *Playboy's Penthouse* is scheduled for showing in your city.

A rounder friend of ours, who rounds continually, has shown us a card he's had printed for times when he feels guilty, like mornings after. It reads: "Mr. Carter Benson wishes to apologize for his conduct on the evening of" He just fills in the date and sends it off. He tells us that most mornings after, his memory isn't up to the night before, so he sends a card just to be sure.

Mr. Warren Swidler of Columbia University is in a position to arrange economical flights to Europe for "students, faculty, employees and their immediate families." Here is his handsome offer, as given in an attractive flyer (no pun intended): "Fly Europe — \$265 Round Trip — Overseas National Airways Charter . . . flights to Europe with complete tourist services: hot meals, reclining seats and stewardesses, etc." Mr. Swidler goes on to note, somewhat delicately, that

"There are a limited number of seats remaining." We deduce from this that the "complete tourist services" of the reclining hostesses are not going to be made available to strap-hanging passengers, so we urge an early application. And before joining the queue that forms to the right on College Walk, a moment's thought should be given to Mr. Swidler's last line: with an understatement that speaks volumes in this age of housemothers and other manifestations of gratuitous maternalism, we are quietly informed that "Columbia University assumes no responsibility for this flight."

The Australian movie *Walk Into Paradise* was retitled, for U.S. distribution, *Walk Into Hell*. This despite the fact that the flick comes to us from Down Under.

Who needs: curfews for city bars and clubs? . . . whimsical names for pleasure boats? . . . men's shoes polished to a mirror gloss? . . . ceramic jewelry? . . . the women who make it? . . . sex instruction manuals? . . . respect for the dead? . . . jazz backgrounds in TV shows and movies where jazz has no significance or bearing? . . . double-barreled letter salutations like "Dear John Smith"? . . . wire coat hangers? . . . animal acts? . . . "little girls' room"? . . . "little boys' room"? . . . 45-rpm records? . . . rebel flags? . . . girdles? . . . red-and-black typewriter ribbons? . . . projects named "Operation" So-and-So? . . . Monday? . . . "as told to Gerold Frank"? . . . raisin bread? . . . matinees? . . . people who say "José Farrahr"? . . . virgins? . . . Venetian blinds? . . . the word "garment" applied to male attire? . . . "I've got news for you"? . . . cold showers? . . . foods "attractively" packaged in transparent, unopenable mate-

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rials? ... bottled cocktails? ... beards without mustaches? ... mustaches without beards? ... beards? ... mustaches?

Sign at an automobile service station in Philadelphia reads: FOREIGN CARS WASHED WITH IMPORTED WATER.

We understand that some analysts have music piped into their offices in order to put their patients at ease. We assume the tunes include *You Go to My Head* and *I'll See You in My Dreams*, which are fine, but why not go the route and compose some special airs for the occasion? Like: *The Sheik of Therapy*, *The Coucho Serenade*, *Deep in the Heart of Cortexes*, *Id Never Entered My Mind*, *Give Me One Dozen Neurosis*, *Too Jung*, *Symptoms I'm Happy*, *Oklahomo*, *Phobia's a Jolly Good Fellow* and *Sadism So*.

A copy of *Take One* recently came across our desk. The small publication is evidently a kind of house organ for *TV Guide*. Anyway, one of the items therein gave us yoks of a considerable heartiness and, in the hope that it will do the same for you, here, in its entirety, it is:

"Over our coast-to-coast leased-wire Teletypes came the program information for *Beat the Clock*:

APRIL 8—A MAN ATTEMPTS TO TRANSFER AN INNER TUBE FROM HIS BODY TO HIS WIFE'S WHILE THEY ARE INSIDE A MATTRESS COVER. BUD COLLYER IS EMCEE.

Somebody in the Midwest thought that was a trifle risqué, so our New York programming office did a rewrite and sent it out.

BEAT THE CLOCK. APRIL 8. CORRECTION. KILL ALL INFO SENT AND SUBSTITUTE:

A MAN AND HIS WIFE ATTEMPT TO PASS AN OBJECT UNDER DIFFICULT CIRCUMSTANCES. BUD COLLYER IS HOST.

And then:

BEAT THE CLOCK. APRIL 8. CORRECTION. KILL ALL INFO SENT AND SUBSTITUTE:

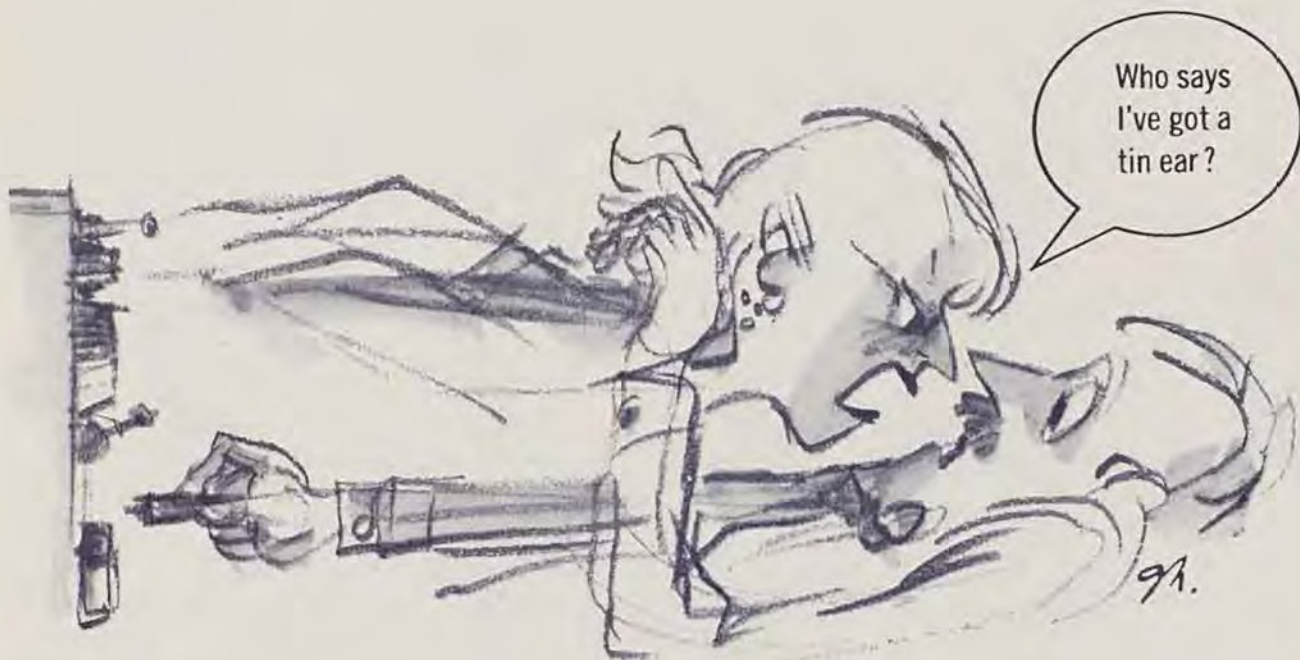
TODAY'S STUNT INVOLVES THE TUBE FROM AN AUTOMOBILE TIRE. BUD COLLYER IS EMCEE."

Just west of Bryn Mawr, a Pennsylvania college renowned for turning out broads with broad A's among other things, a single road sign bears this unhappy legend: Bareville, Peach Bottom, Intercourse, Churchtown, Grimsville.

When England's Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals discovered that the owner of a jazz club in Liverpool was going to exhibit a live lion on his premises, they said OK, so long as the lion digs jazz. If the lion reacted unfavorably to the sounds, they said, they would prosecute. So far, the club owner has not been able to come up with a hip cat. Maybe he could sub-

11

SNEAKY WAYS TO BEAT YOUR WIFE AT HI-FI



12-74

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of style...are you ever questing
that extra touch of fashion...
then you're the man to acquire the
'BOTANY' 500 RUDD MODEL
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of franchised dealer, write:

H. DAROFF & SONS, Inc.
200 Fifth Avenue
New York 10, N.Y.

stitute a lionized jazzman instead.

BOOKS

They never had it so good, says Alan Harrington of the employees who enjoy *Life in the Crystal Palace* (Knopf, \$4.50) — his fictional name for a real-life, large, successful, benevolently paternal organization where he worked — and, he avers, it couldn't have done them more harm. For here, in the beautiful glass building, set in its suburban campus, there were none of the tensions and terrors of the rat race as described in the recent spate of business novels, none of the jockeying for status described by such popularizers of business sociology as William H. (*Organization Man*) White. The Crystal Palace, a "private civil-service state," had a personnel director who impersonally screened all applicants on the basis of tests made up by experts he'd never seen. This assured that each job holder would be reasonably capable, not too ambitious, "well adjusted" (to what?) and genteel. If you did get a job there, your security began the day you started work: from that day on, you lived in coddled ease, marking time on your way up the automatic escalator of promotions while you waited to retire on a handsome pension at 65. Harrington is a sensitive chap, a good writer, a keen observer. His detailed descriptions of the deadly daily delights of the Crystal Palace are wondrous to behold — for here is system based on best intentions slaying the life force. Harrington couldn't take it; he'd had his hard times but they seemed marvelously vigorous and individual to him. One day Herb Gold suggested he write a piece about his experiences in the Crystal Palace for *The Nation*. Harrington did so — half hoping the result would be his firing. But no, the munificent men of management were genuinely interested in the article, and kind. That did it: Harrington quit, his maverick iconoclasm finally unable to tolerate the trade of contented mediocrity. A fun book, a provocative one, and well worth reading despite a few spots of careless writing.

It is possible to combine a solid chase-and-escape thriller with a wise and salty sense of humor. George Langelaan (author of *The Fly*, PLAYBOY, June 1957) does it in *The Masks of War* (Doubleday, \$3.95), in which he re-creates his precarious and parlous days as a British Intelligence agent. As an Englishman brought up in France, he must undergo voluntary facial surgery to disguise his identity so that he can return to wartime France and make things rough for the German invaders. Fresh from the surgeon's knife, he makes a parachute drop

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at night in the French countryside, and begins his disquieting job. Plunged into danger born of his own free will, he relishes the cat-and-mouse game he must play in spite of German 88s, king-size Spanish vermin, occasional French duplicity, and the loss of the face he was born with. The infinite detail and painstaking preparation for the giant deceptions he must practice as an agent are spell-binding. The bizarre and tangled actions of people under the pressures of war are documented with laconic sharpness: a starved prison cellmate who composes 730 menus as a tribute to his hunger; another who later in peacetime constantly carries biscuits and chocolate in his attaché case; the man who eats soap to make his ulcers bleed so that escape from the prison hospital can be planned and executed. If Langelaan breaks and fragmentizes his story into too many vignettes, if he sometimes sketches characters who are not quite worth all the space he devotes to them, he can be forgiven. He has extracted exceptional raw material from his true adventures, and reconstructed it in print superbly with trenchant wit and chromatic imagery.

The opulent and ostentatious world of modern Miami Beach and the ascetic world of the University are brilliantly counterposed in Gerald Green's novel *The Lotus Eaters* (Scribner's, \$4.95). Symbol of the Beach is Ira deKay, a vulgar, amoral, joy-dispensing public relations man; symbol of the University is Tom Sorrento, a somber, dedicated archeology professor. Sorrento and his raggedy band of co-workers have partially unearthed an Indian village which gives indication of being a major archeological find. Meanwhile, deKay and his cohorts are trying to force them off the land to start work on a new tourist trap—a non-sectarian religious museum to be called the God-O-Rama. Sorrento's digging is slowed by a Jobian set of misfortunes, and his wife even takes to bedding regularly with deKay, a master of sexual technique. Sorrento plugs doggedly onward in a manner reminiscent of Dr. Samuel Abelman in Green's best seller, *The Last Angry Man*. His new book, however, lacks the pathos of the former work, but the characters are masterfully drawn, the plot absorbing, the sociological delineations brilliantly Huxleyan, and the philosophizing sensible and relevant. But all is too pat and the denouement is far-fetched. DeKay is murdered by a mobster he double-crossed and his death saves Sorrento's marriage; a freak hurricane with high tides uncovers the vital portion of the village on the day of Sorrento's departure, the godless God-O-Rama project is indefinitely postponed; and, as for Tom Sorrento, the book's closing lines mawkishly intone that "To the north, the

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University awaited him and he longed for the severe, green-crowned piles, as eternal as truth. He was grateful that he had been allowed to become a minor member of it, that he might offer his microscopic tithes to the immortality of ideas." *The Last Angry Man* was bitter-sweet and that was the reason for its beauty and strength: *The Lotus Eaters* is just plain sweet and falls short of both.

Osborn Elliott's *Men at the Top* (Harper, \$5) springs, we are told, from his conviction that "the chief executives of American business and industry, so recently emerged as leaders of the nation, have long been misrepresented, and continue to be so, both by their paid eulogizers and their professional critics." Elliott has written his book to clarify the situation, but, as he himself admits, his "is not a scientific book, nor is it statistical, nor even inclusive" — and therein lies much of the trouble. Rather than painting a convincing picture of the men at the top, Elliott turns his book into a maudlin paean to some 70 or so of the nation's major execs who filled out his questionnaire. Rather than producing a fact-finding sociological tract, Elliott has given us a piece of pap which reads like an alumni journal. The argument here is not so much with what he says, but rather with how he says it. His discussion of the industrial world is honest and knowledgeable. When he's writing from the inside about big business deals, the executive flesh market, the decision of the Big Three to go small car, the perennial problem of the boss' son, the new professionalism and the American Management Association, the executive luncheon clubs, the disaffection of the more modern execs from the NAM — Elliott is interesting and enlightening. But it's all soured by his chummy approach, his penchant for reverently and exhaustively quoting the men at the top on the smallest subject with the slightest provocation. We know they're his friends and nice guys with families, but do we have to know the ages of their children, and which one leads Cub Scout Pack 38 on Thursday nights and what the president of DuPont thinks about dry-fly fishing? No, we do not.

They Laughed When I Sat Down (McGraw-Hill, \$7.50) is accurately described by its subtitle: *An Informal History of Advertising in Words and Pictures*. It's a big book jammed with illustrations (more than 200 ads are reproduced) and packed with info anent the grand old American ad game (especially magazine advertising) from the Civil War to World War II. Author Frank Rowsome discusses, in a rather haphazard order, the changing status of the ad man, the history of patent medicine advertising (from Doctor Oleott's Pain Paint to



"At last I have found it!"

"Such rare pleasure is worth the seeking.
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Carter's Little Liver Pills), the big names of early advertising (Barnum, Lasker, Thompson), the breakfast cereal wars (Post vs. Kellogg), the introduction of brand names and trade marks (Phoebe Snow and the White Rock Girl), the great automobile ad campaigns, and the history of mail order advertising. Row-some throughout proves himself a thorough researcher, a keen analyst of human motives, and, unhappily, a very dull writer. Fortunately, though, the inherent humor in some of the material ("Though love grows cold/Do not despair:/There's Ypsilanti/Underwear") compensates for some of the deadly dry presentation. At any rate, it's not a book to be read at one sitting, but rather an advertising encyclopedia to be dipped into at leisure.

Charlie Brown has pencil pals because he can't write so good with a pen. His friend Linus wonders if it is permissible to have a crayon pal. Snoopy, a dog, thinks it would be nice to have a paw-print pal. Then maybe he could write letters like Charlie Brown writes to his pencil pals: "How? ARE? YOU? DOING? IN? SCHOOL? WE? LEARN? SOMETHING? EVERY? DAY? TODAY? WE? LEARNED? HOW? TO? MAKE? QUESTION? MARKS?" *But WE Love You, Charlie Brown* (that's a book: Rinehart, \$1).

Chicago's Greek colony, circa 1945, is the setting of Tom Chamales' *Go Naked in The World* (Scribner's, \$4.95). Young Nick Stratton returns from the war to face a family life still ruled by his father, Old Pete, a theatre chain magnate with eyes for only money and prestige. Big daddy badgers his brood — dipsomaniacal wife Mary, coming-of-age daughter Yvonne, and confused Nick — attempting to hew his chosen path for them. It doesn't work. Mary belts straight shots. Yvonne turns mildly lustful. Nick falls in love with Nora, a soulful callgirl who has had business dealings with Old Pete. Other traumatized family members parade through the book, but Old Pete remains the dominant character, arranging marriages and business coups with equal bluntness. Throughout, Nick behaves like a cat in heat. Racing from a marriage set up by Old Pete, and tormented by the discovery that his love spends too much time on the phone, Nick flees to an isolated Florida key. His hooker love turns junkie, joins him at his ocean shack, kicks the habit, then commits suicide on the it-just-couldn't-work-out premise. Nick purges his heart, grinds out a novel (Chamales is a crony of James Jones, another novelist who writes novels about novelists), and returns home briefly and triumphantly before heading out again to fully escape. No one understands him, but by book's end he understands himself. Chamales is Saroyanlike at times during this semi-



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Distinctly
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autobiographical romp (there's a family prophet, Old Gus, who lives with three goats in a shack right smack in the middle of Chicago and discusses everyday metaphysics with all comers), but he is not yet a consistently compelling stylist and his prose tends to be routine and repetitive. Despite the novel's readability and strength of isolated climactic moments, it isn't a prize winner.

Whether you're a novice who can't tell a burgundy from a Bordeaux, or a connoisseur who can spot a Clos de Vougeot 1949 at first sip, you'll be entertained and enlightened by Alec Waugh's *In Praise of Wine and Certain Noble Spirits* (Sloane, \$6). The tome contains an autobiography of Mr. Waugh and his experiences with wine, a history of wine-making from Biblical times, a chemist's manual of wine production, a gourmet's scrapbook of fine meals and their accompanying wines, a who's who of famous imbibers, a shopping guide to vintage brew, a glossary of wine terminology, a travel guide to the wine regions of western Europe, a learned study of the cultural and sociological significance of wine-drinking, and a veritable *Bartlett's* on wine citations in literature. This is a bounteous book that captures on paper the bouquet and taste of the noble grape itself. Grand for gift-giving, too.

DINING-DRINKING

When the sun hangs highest in the Washington sky, more and more rising young officials head for the corner of 3rd and G Streets, Northwest, and *The Place Where Louie Dwells*. Part of the attraction is the Low Calorie Luncheon consisting of two gibsons (200 calories), salade caviar (225 calories) and black coffee, or for the real hungry, five gibsons (500 calories), five saltines (25 calories) and black coffee. Co-hosts and partners are Emory William (Bill) Reisinger II, a 35-year-old chemical engineer and attorney, and David Louis (Louie) Schap-34, who got his restaurant training as traffic manager for a ready-mix cement company. The specialty of the house is steak—sirloin, porterhouse, strip, filet—and stroganoff, which is openly advertised as a means of unloading overstocked items at an incredibly high price. The surroundings are authentic Early American, the building having been completed before 1820. Louie is open from noon until mid-evening. Closed Sundays.

Bravely facing the fact that their *Riviera* is located in a spot usually described as To Hell And Gone (specifically, 147th and Cicero, which puts it outside the parent city, Chicago, and in weedy Mid-

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FILMS

The Blue Angel, a "modern" version of the 1930 Josef von Sternberg classic, is sluggish and tedious. Updating the action to place it in 1956-59 Germany was a blunder almost as bad as casting May Britt as Lola-Lola (Marlene Dietrich in the original), a nightclub singer and whore who charms a high school botany



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prof to destruction. Panting Curt Jurgens works like a coolie to give substance to the role of the rapidly deteriorating schoolmaster (Emil Jannings' old role) but his turning into a groveling hunk of libido at every flash of May's lingerie is plain unbelievable, since Miss Britt, despite azure eyelids, plays the part as though she were a Bennington junior. She's just not *evil* enough to warrant all his degradation; a sincere masochist could find better pickings elsewhere without half trying. The blue-tinted atmosphere of the nightclub is slick instead of sordid as the story demands. Some plusses, however, are the accurately tinny German-nightclub music, a nostalgic reprise of *Falling in Love Again*, and the performance of Theodore Bikel (see page 86) as a sadistic-fawning troupe manager. Edward Dmytryk's direction is self-consciously ponderous for this day and age, and Nigel Balchin's screenplay, considering what he had to work with, seems curiously timid. We're still waiting for a remake that is at least as good as its original (to say nothing of better) and we have a hunch we'll wait a long, long time. Down with remakes! Vive les reissues!

A *Bucket of Blood* takes a broad swipe at a serious problem of our time: beatnik sculptors who require dead people inside their statues to give them the proper realism. Directed by Roger Corman in a spirit of wobbly whimsy, it's moderately successful in its flip attitude toward gore and grue. One particularly rich moment involves a bearded free-association poet whose best free-association line goes (if we remember right): "What is not created . . . is garbage." Now that's what we call *writing*.

Writer-director-mysticist Ingmar Bergman, probably the most exciting of today's film makers, explores the power of suggestion in *The Magician*. Poetic in its graphic detail, the picture exposes the hypocrisy of the righteous and the latent fears of the skeptical, and gives a big boost to the grand old art of charlatany. The plot is simple: Max von Sydow (of Bergman's *The Seventh Seal*) plays a mid-19th Century hypnotist and chief attraction of a sleazy medicine show which has been booted out of Denmark and is headed for Stockholm. On the way they're billeted at the home of a rich merchant and Max is challenged by an arrogant health officer and a pompous police chief to prove he's not a phony. Brooding, sinister-looking, tricky as a left-handed bowler, Max, with the help of his trouser-wearing wife (Ingrid Thulin) and a handy corpse, manages it. Between times there's hanky-panky among the giggly maids of the household and Max' crew and between Max and the merchant's wife. Scenes range from dramatic through humorous to

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spooky, and the whole thing is charged with intellectual nuances that may piquantly puzzle you for weeks.

Goliath and the Barbarians has plenty of barbarians but no Goliath — that is, the Goliath of *G&B* is not the Old Testament heavy we all know and hate. He's a couple of other guys, named Steve Reeves, late of *Hercules and the Barbarians* (did we get that right?). In *Herk*, we saw Steve's trapezius and pectoral muscles. This, however, is an entirely different picture. Here we see his biceps, triceps and latissimi dorsi. We also see Miss Giulia Rubini's abdominals and deltoids, and soothing to the sight they are. This high-starch meal of Italian pasta was directed by Carlo Campogalliani and His Royal Barbarians.

Stanley Kramer's *On the Beach*, from the Nevil Shute novel, is an ambitious, moving, often ironic, mighty grim projection of life (what's left of it) five years hence, when clouds of radioactivity, as a result of some overenthusiastic button-pushing on the part of the great powers, have poisoned everybody in the Northern Hemisphere and are slowly drifting south. Into this setup (with Melbourne, Australia, as the focal point) are thrust Gregory Peck as an American atomic-sub commander; a non-dancing Fred Astaire as a guilt-ridden nuclear scientist; Anthony Perkins as an Australian naval officer; Donna Anderson as his pretty wife, along with assorted radiologists, dutiful sailors, large numbers of troubled civilians, and Ava Gardner. As you can imagine, what with the Geiger counters a crackle, these people have little zest for turning the wheels of industry, and have even less after a sub reconnaissance by Peck and Astaire re-establishes San Francisco as being nearly empty and finds the northern air hotter than ever. Shock over the war havoc, and the hopelessness of their situation, afflict some of the characters with tiny insanities; Peck surprises the doting Miss Gardner with the revelation that he thinks his wife and kids are still alive; Astaire, who's never driven a racing car, develops a compulsion to pilot a Ferrari in the wildest road race ever run; and Miss Anderson throws fits whenever the nasty fact of imminent doom is mentioned to her. Still, when the inevitability of the doom is accepted, a kind of us-poor-damn-humans nobility is brought out in practically everyone, a final curtain not surprising to those familiar with Nevilshutean method, and the fadeout is therefore rather Upbeat On The Downbeat. Photography by the Roman craftsman Giuseppe Rotunno, is inventive, Kramer's direction is sharp and the screenplay by John Paxton and James Barrett does justice to the novel.



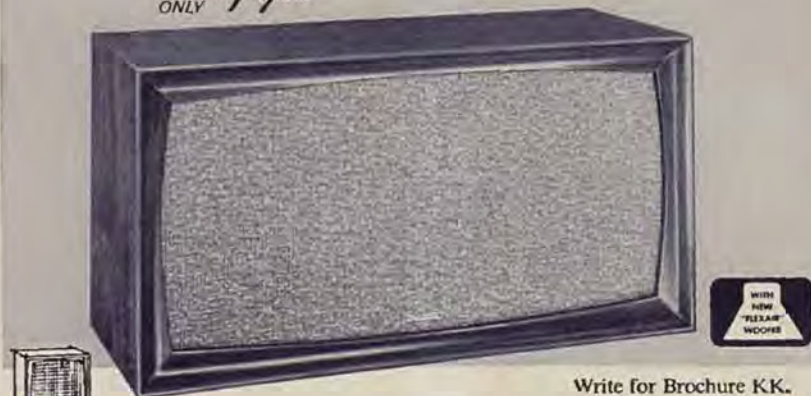
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What the buzz was all about in the case of Marc Allegret's discreetly directed film, *Lady Chatterley's Lover*—whose 1956 ban by the New York Board of Censors was struck down by the Supreme Court a while ago—eludes us completely. The picture is as bland as bread. Here's Danielle Darrieux as a kind of stringy Constance, whose rich, bitter husband, Sir Clifford Chatterley (Leo Genn), rendered impotent by the war, insists she have a child by someone else; here's strong, stocky, assertive Erno Crisa as Mellors, the gamekeeper, convincing her that fusion with a healthy male is eminently proper. He scores; she's conscience-ridden till she discovers what a creep her husband is. There's little to recommend the picture: aside from Genn, the acting is ponderous, and the emotional scenes have a dated quality. Allegret did the adaptation from Lawrence's book and the play by Gaston Bonheur and Philippe de Rothschild. The ludicrous point of the whole unfortunate mishmash would seem to be that adultery isn't immoral, it's dull.

RECORDINGS

Dedicated Wagnerites and neophytes alike will find ample cause to rejoice in the first available complete LP recording of *Das Rheingold* (London OSA 1309). Not only is it superbly performed; stereo seems to have been meant for this sort of operatic grandeur and spaciousness, and the full exploitation of its potentials as utilized here—with virtually no yielding to the temptation of overdoing stereo effects (well, maybe a little on the anvils)—comes as close to recording perfection as we've encountered. The seldom-heard opera, first in the tetralogy called *The Ring*, resounds with a Gothic splendor wonderfully suited to the Norse and Teutonic myths from which Wagner drew his epic of dwarfs, giants, gods and goddesses, Rhine maidens and mortals in the heroic mold. An impressive cast, under the direction of Georg Solti conducting the Vienna Philharmonic, seems to have been inspired to do its best: Flagstad, lured out of retirement last October especially for this session and singing a mezzo role as Fricka, has never sounded better in any recording—or any live performance of hers we've heard; Claire Watson (Freia), Gustav Neidlinger (Alberich), Walter Kreppel (Fasolt), Paul Kuen (Mime) and Set Svahnholm (Loge) pour forth in full-voiced fervor yet with total control; George London as Wotan is expectably impressive, though he seems a bit out of his métier now and then (a small matter, really), and Eberhard Wächter, a comparative newcomer who sings Donner, quite obviously has a

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rich Wagnerian career ahead of him. If all this sounds like a rich layer-cake of superlatives, it's no more than this great three-disc offering deserves.

Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone is the title of one tune in the latest posthumous Lester Young album, *Laughin' to Keep from Cryin'* (Verve 8316). But talk about him we must, since on one side of the disc Lester makes a rare appearance as clarinetist. Alas, we can't speak as kindly of the results as we'd have liked. The brutal truth is, Prez didn't practice, and obviously was operating under a severe technical handicap. The tracks on which he reverts to tenor show him in better though far from optimum form. His fellow horn men on the date carry much of the weight; the Roy Eldridge and Harry Edison solos are consistently hundred-proof. As usual, Verve neglected to name the rhythm section accompanying this fine front line. Our spies tell us they were Herb Ellis, guitar; Mickey Sheen, drums; plus Hank Jones and Ray Brown on one date, Lou Stein and George Duvivier on the other.

Johnny Mathis delivers himself of a heavenly set of ballads on *Heavenly* (Columbia CS 8152), as smooth and soothing as anything he's recorded to date. You know the style, and if you dig it (as we do), you can settle back to a gentle 45 minutes of charming chestnuts (*More Than You Know*, *Stranger in Paradise*, etc.) and fresh fare (*I'll Be Easy to Find*, *Misty*, etc.), each one done to a tasty turn. *Chris Connor Sings Ballads of the Sad Cafe* (Atlantic 1307) is another sniffling set of slow numbers, including some of the least heard but best ballads ever scripted (*Glad to Be Unhappy*, *Lilac Wine*, *Good Morning Heartache*, *The End of a Love Affair*, among others). Chris cuddles up to them all with warmth, intensity of feeling and fine phrasing that add up to a delightful experience throughout. She's backed variously by three groups of modern jazzmen, all of which help make this disc a best-of-breed winner.

Teddy Wilson, after playing jazz on assorted pianos for 30 years, isn't moved by faddish pursuits. With Jamesian (Henry, not Harry) concern for precision and discipline, Wilson continues to bring a rare, wondrous dignity to jazz. In *These Tunes Remind Me of You* (Verve 8299), he sails through a dozen standards with an artistry and confidence that disintegrate the automatism of his many imitators. Compatibly supported by bassist Al Lucas and drummer Jo Jones, Wilson caresses *Imagination*, briskly revitalizes *The World Is Waiting for the Sunrise*, and whips the hell out of *Whispering* and *Just One of Those Things*, to cite a few of the many well-

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Now* that Mr. and Mrs. Steve Lawrence are both affiliated with ABC-Paramount Records, we can look forward to some wild collaborations. Until that inevitable bash occurs, however, both members of the Lawrence household are well represented on separate biscuits. Steve's latest outing, *Swing Softly with Me* (ABC-Paramount 290), is just that—a relaxed, but moving, set. He makes a few changes on *There'll Be Some Changes Made*, turns tender on *The One I Love Belongs to Somebody Else*, and generally flatters a batch of standards. Mrs. Lawrence, Eydie Gormé, belts her way through a comparable set of standards in *Eydie Gormé . . . On Stage* (ABC-Paramount 307). Her *Taking a Chance on Love* is a fleet flight and her *All Right, OK, You Win*, while not exactly Joe Williams-ish, is appropriately bluesy. In fact, she doesn't stumble once throughout the dozen-tune package; her voice—flexible and moving as ever—is a joy. A Steve-and-Eydie cooperative venture could be the LP of any year. We hope it happens soon.

By all odds the oddest title of the month is *Get Those Elephants Outa Here!* (Metrojazz 1012), with a cover shot showing seven pachydermatous backsides. It turns out to be a combo date starring the Mitchells: Red (playing tasty piano as well as bass), his brother Whitey (leader and alternate bassist) and Blue (no relation, but a hell of a trumpet man). And the title, it develops, is an injunction Red and Whitey's mother screamed at them when they first brought their basses into the living room. André Previn (whose name is unfairly given equal billing with the Mitchells) only solos on two of the eight tracks, but this doesn't keep the set from swinging all the way, and the items that feature ping-pong harmony ideas by the two bassists make piquant stereo listening. (But don't get the monophonic version—the basses are underrecorded and half the point is lost.)

Mr. Jon Hendricks—of Lambert, Hendricks and Ross—appears solo as a sort of verified moderator on an instrumental album entitled *New York, N.Y.* (Decca DL 79216). The music, arranged, and for the most part composed, by brilliant young George Russell, contains much excitement in this most un-Bernstein-esque, un-Gordon-Jenkinsish, un-Rodgers-and-Hartean approach to the five boroughs. The portrait is drawn, as the notes point out, in terms of Russell's basic jazz orientation, and he employs his own musical theory, which he calls the Lydian Concept of Tonal Organization. Technically too complex to explain here, it means in essence that Russell

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has unearthed a way to make music about as far out as one can get from the conventional harmonic concept, and at the same time to keep it essentially close to jazz and make it swing. The soloists — Art Farmer, Benny Golson and Bob Brookmeyer, among others — seem to have an empathy for this writing and are provided with dramatic, provocative contexts in which to blow. This one requires many playings before you can dig it thoroughly, but it's worth the effort.

Last April, Harry Belafonte presented samples of his vast repertoire to two packed benefit houses in Carnegie Hall; it was his debut in that revered auditorium and is preserved on *Harry Belafonte at Carnegie Hall* (RCA Victor 6006). Few debuts anywhere have been as notable. Accompanied by a 47-piece orchestra conducted by Robert Corman, and his own folk group, Belafonte offered three acts-worth of song — Moods of the American Negro, In the Caribbean and Round the World. The opening group included *Darlin' Cora*, *John Henry* and a tender spiritual, *Take My Mother Home*. The Caribbean set consisted of such Belafonte properties as *Day O*, *Jamaica Farewell*, *Man Piaba* and *Man Smart*. The closing act offered songs from Israel, Ireland, Haiti, Mexico, America, and a wild, audience-participation version of *Matilda*. A compelling, projecting stylist, Belafonte mastered the material and the audiences with equal ease. It's all preserved in this worth-owning package.

David Oistrakh and Pierre Fournier have got together with Alceo Galliera and the Philharmonia Orchestra to put on wax a stereo version of Brahms' *Double Concerto in A minor, Op. 102* (Angel S 35353), his last orchestral work. Fournier's cello comes through rather better than Oistrakh's fiddle, which tends to get lost in all the sonorous uproar. Nonetheless, it is good to have this great but seldom-heard work on a stereo platter of high technical quality.

It's always unpleasant to sense a man squirming, but that's just what happens to Frank Sinatra on his latest album, *No One Cares* (Capitol 1221). Encased in so-called "rich backgrounds" by Gordon Jenkins, Frank sounds like he was inhibited by a too-tight raincoat during this session. He's lethargic and doesn't manifest that let's-call-a-broad-a-broad vigor. The tunes (it's a ballad set) are well chosen, with such jewels as *A Cottage for Sale*, *Stormy Weather*, *I Can't Get Started*, *Just Friends* and *I'll Never Smile Again* among them. The Jenkins background undulations, however, tend to erode Frank's performance, and the result is not happy. It's true that so-so Sinatra is preferable to good efforts by

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most other singers, but faithful, knowing fans of Frank deserve better than this. Sinatra, we've discovered, is more at home in Nelson Riddle's house than in any Manhattan tower.

Things to Come (London 3047) is Ted Heath's rebuttal to the critics' charge that his band is more polite than poll-winning. For this down-the-middle jazz outing, Heath augmented his crew with several former sidemen (including tenor man Don Rendell and baritone man Ronnie Ross) who have gone on to other, more solidly jazz-oriented British groups. The tunes include a handful of standards—*I'll Remember April*, *Sometimes I'm Happy*, *Stompin' at the Savoy*, *Just You, Just Me* and *Out of Nowhere*—a brisk Johnny Keating arrangement of Ernesto Lecuona's *Taboo*, and three originals: *Four Fours* and *Ringside Suite* by Ronnie Roullier, and *Waterloo Bridge* by Ken Moule. The sounds fall short of the Ellington-Basie level, to say the least. The arrangements too often are brief trifles, and the soloists, with a few exceptions (Rendell and Ross are among them) are weak. This time around, however, the Heath kit does contain jazz components throughout and the section work is wondrously precise and shames most American jazz bands. It's pleasant to hear an in-tune, disciplined orchestra.

Mort Sahl leaves few icons untrampled in his latest verbal attack on western civilization, *Mort Sahl: A Way of Life* (Verve 15006). Beginning by bludgeoning Las Vegas, this unholy humorist glibly makes his way through doctors ("I go to this doctor... He's got 13 people waiting to see him, three of whom are patients. Ten are salesmen from Squibb and Cutter Lab...") and drugs, the Academy Awards, Hedda Hopper, Henry Luce, religion, the President, the Vice President, the Secretary of State, missiles, interservice rivalry ("World War III will be between the army and navy, with the marines as ushers"), actors, vice, Yalta, the DAR and Israel. Although this isn't the best of Sahl, the pointed monolog undoubtedly will carry away his fans, and they are legion.

Unalloyed charm radiates from Horace Fitzpatrick's playing, on antique valveless instruments, of *Music for Hunting Horn* (Golden Crest 4014). The sharp, tart tone of these old horns (Fitzpatrick calls it "honestly eccentric") calls up images of long-ago countrysides, of lords and ladies dead and gone. There are 19 authentic hunting calls dating from 1561 to 1840 (*To Uncouple the Hounds*, *Death of a Buck*, *Queen's Fanfare*, *Riding-home Fanfare*, etc.) plus a short, peppy, little-known *Horn Sonata* by the young Beethoven, an adagio movement from

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an obscure Haydn concerto, and five *Divertissements pour un Comedie Italienne* by Mouret, a contemporary of Lully. Truly, the "Antient and Noble Art of Horn-blowing" nobly served.

Jazz fans planning to dig the European scene should make a note to pause in San Remo, Italy, if *III Festival Dell Jazz - San Remo* (Verve 20007) is a sample of what they serve up. This LP surveys the Italian-bred modern jazz performed at the 1958 bash. Though the names aren't familiar (composer-clarinetist Bill Smith, who sits in for one tune, is the only American present), the sounds are as stimulating as much of the jazz being lined out in our own fair land these days. The cats we'd like to hear at greater length are tenor man Eraldo Volonte and trumpeters Sergio Fanni, Oscar Valdambri and Nunzio Rotundo. The tunes include a mixture of U.S. standards (*This Is Always*, *Lover Man*, *Memories of You* and *Fine and Dandy*), and several tunes composed by the jazzmen. One fact is apparent throughout: these musicians, like others in Europe, play their instruments with rare technical skill. What is even more alluring—most of these Italians don't feel compelled to imitate American jazzmen.

Audiophiles may cringe at the cellar-low fidelity of *The Oscar Peterson Trio at the Concertgebouw* (Verve 8268), but genuine jazzophiles will not give a hoot. The LP was recorded during a concert in Amsterdam in 1958 by a fan who happened to bring his tape recorder along. He then presented the tapes to Norman Granz, who decided to release the sounds. The decision was a wise one, despite the technical recording limitations; Peterson, Ray Brown and Herb Ellis rarely have played better. Moved by audience response, the trio pulsates vigorously in the best sense of the term "swing." An earthy *Bags' Groove*, a frantic *Lady Is a Tramp*, a balladic *We'll Be Together Again*, and a medium-tempo *I've Got the World on a String* account for some of the kicks, but there are glistening minutes on every one of the eight tunes explored by the trio.

The album title *No Count Sarah* (Mercury 20441) is a tricky way of saying that Sarah Vaughan joins forces with the Basie band minus the Count. The fruits of the collaboration are less tricky as Sarah wails and sighs in front of the bluesy Basie band (with Sarah's pianist Ronnell Bright and bassist Richard Davis sitting in). Despite some overly coy and harsh moments, she manages to inject life into a string of ballads, including *Smoke Gets in Your Eyes*, *Darn That Dream*, *Moonlight in Vermont*, *Stardust* and Bright's appealing *Missing You*, plus several swingers, including Horace

Silver's *Doodlin'*, a flashy *Just One of Those Things*, a funky *No 'Count Blues*, and a bustling *Cheek to Cheek*.

Baroque Sonatas for Flute and Harpsichord (Washington 407) is misnamed: of the four represented (C. P. E. Bach, Telemann, Couperin, M. Blavet), only Couperin qualifies to any extent as baroque. The rest are well within the rococo tradition—charming, witty, gracile music these pieces are, instinct with *esprit* rather than deep emotion. Wisely the makers of this platter have resisted any temptation they may have felt to get on the stereo bandwagon: monophonic sound makes perfect sense for these homophonic streams of melody. Movement flows into movement and composer into composer; the lights should be dim and conversation need not be interrupted. Jean Pierre Rampal tootles a flute of unusual purity and fullness of tone, which is competently backed by Robert Veyron-Lacroix on harpsichord, playing his own realization of the figured bass. It is reprehensible that the record (our pressing, anyway) is marred by an occasional ghost and other flaws.

While many of his embittered young contemporaries growl angrily at a world they never made, alto saxophonist Lee Konitz continues to sound the cool, contented call. He soars in pensive, pastoral form throughout *Tranquility* (Verve 8281), cushioned tastefully by the pretty sounds of guitarist Billy Bauer, bassist Henry Grimes and drummer Dave Bailey. Among the contemplative moments in the eight-tune set are a lovely Konitz ballad, *Stephanie*; a sprightly warm-up on *People Will Say We're in Love*; a relaxed, understated *Sunday*; and a soft but speedy *How High the Moon*. Non-angry jazz buffs will dig every tranquil moment.

Teenage piper Johnny Nash has a Mathis-like voice, and is an incredibly swinging pro to boot. Not wholly allied to the choir-boy clique, Nash is an earthy, flexible singer with rhythmical phrasing that places him above most singers his age (17), and he's obviously spent some of his years digging the blues. On his latest LP, *I Got Rhythm* (ABC-Paramount 299), he's backed by a crackling studio band and aided by refreshing Don Costa arrangements. Nash powers his way through a dozen tunes, including a unique version of the title tune, a rapidly flowing *'S Wonderful*, a Latinized *And the Angels Sing*, a smooth *I'm Beginning to See the Light*, and a revitalized *I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles* ("All these groovy little bubbles," wails Nash). It's a groovy little album. And watch out for Nash; he's on the move.



*high above the city,
a man was being
slowly murdered*

THAT WAS COOMBS FOR YOU; he had to pick a night like this to settle his affairs. Chet Brander tightened the muffler around his throat and dug his gloved hands into his overcoat pockets, but there was no way of barricading his body from the subzero cold. The city streets seemed glazed with ice, and the taxis rumbled past the corner with clouds of frost billowing from their exhaust pipes. The wind carried knives; Chet winced at every thrust, and was almost tempted to forget the whole thing. But he couldn't afford it. Tonight was payoff night, and he longed to get hands on the money that had lingered so long in Frank Coombs' pocket.

Then he got lucky. A cab pulled up and a redcheeked matron got out, he almost knocked her down in his haste to occupy the back seat. He gave the hackie the address of Coombs' apartment house on the river, and stepped out 10 minutes later into a night that had grown even more insufferable. He fought the arctic river breeze all the way to the entrance, and was grateful when the glass doors closed behind him.

There was something eerie about the apartment house, an unearthly quiet that was a combination of overcarpeting and underoccupancy. The building had been opened for rentals only two months before, with plenty of fanfare and slick newspaper ads. But the stampede of renters had never really gotten underway, the hundred-dollar-a-room apartments remained largely untenanted. Nevertheless, Frank Coombs had been impressed. Frank Coombs had been one of the first to sign a lease, and for nothing less than the building penthouse. In the operatorless elevator, Chet Brander's mouth twisted in a frown as he rode past eight unoccupied floors to reach the plush apartment that Coombs' borrowed money had bought him.

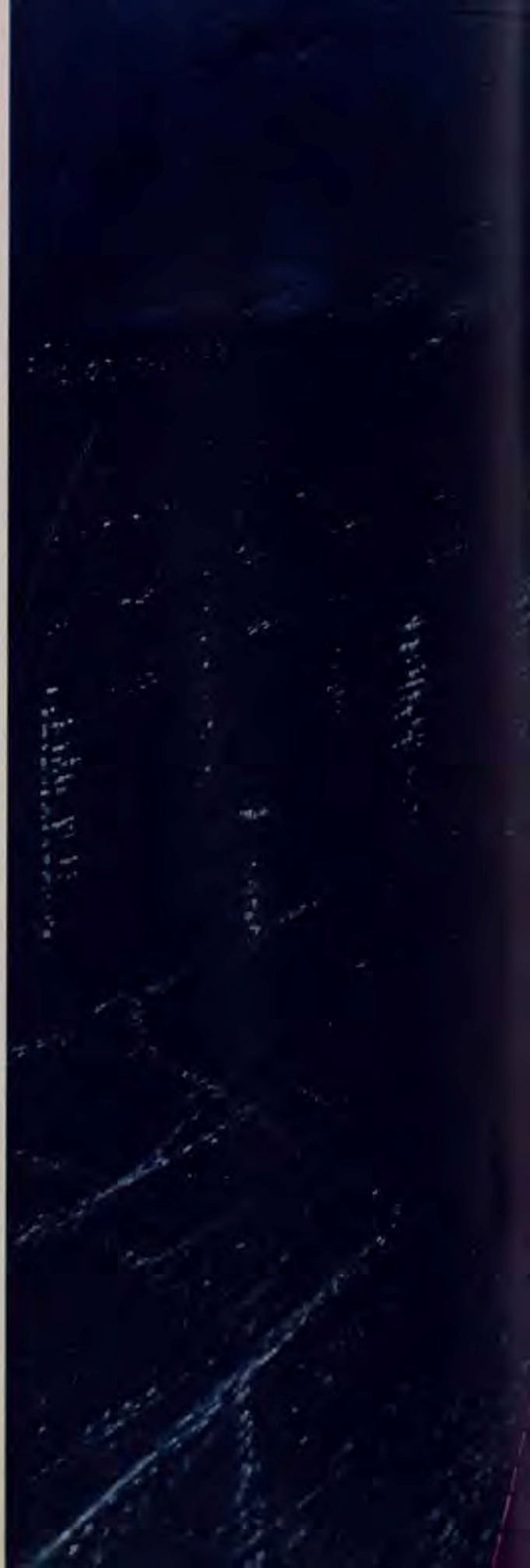
At the door of the penthouse, he stabbed the bell and muttered: "Big shot!"

Warmth flooded out of the doorway when Coombs answered. Pleasant steamheat-and-fireplace warmth, whiskey warmth, the warmth of geniality. That was

A CRY FROM THE PENTHOUSE

fiction **By HENRY SLESAR**

ILLUSTRATION BY ALLEN PHILLIPS





Coombs for you; the perennial host, always ready to smile and clap you on the back and make you welcome, and all so smoothly that you hardly even noticed the hand dipping into your pocket to count the contents of your wallet. "Chester!" Coombs chortled. "Damn nice of you to come out on a lousy night like this. Come on in, fella!"

Brander went in, shedding his coat as he followed Coombs into the lavish front room. It was a room rich in textures: furry carpets and nubby upholstery, satiny drapes and grainy wood paneling. Coombs had many textures himself: waxen smooth hair, silken cheeks, velvety smoking jacket, roughcut briar. He gestured with the pipe, and said:

"Well, what do you think, Chet? Does this place beat the pants off that old dump of mine or not? Minute I heard about this building I jumped for it —"

Brander grunted. "Nobody's killing themselves to get in. Half the apartments are empty."

"Only the top-floor apartments; they're the ones that cost real dough, you know." He gathered up his visitor's outer clothing. "Let me hang this stuff up. Maybe you want that jacket off? I keep it warm in here." He put his hand on Brander, and was shaken off.

"I'll hold on to it," he said, looking around. "Yeah, it's quite a place, Frank. Sure you can afford it?"

Coombs laughed. "Don't you worry about old Frankie. When I told you I knew my investments, I knew what I was talking about. You won't regret lending me that dough, Chet, take my word for it."

"Then the deal worked out?"

Coombs coughed. "Let's have a drink, pal. I'm ten fingers ahead of you."

"We can have the drink later. Look, Frank, I came out on a hell of a night for this. You made a lot of big promises about that dough, and now I have to know. Is it a payoff, or a stall?"

Coombs started to make himself a highball, and then ignored the soda. He downed the drink in three large gulps, and said: "It's a payoff, Chet, like I told you. Before you leave, I'll give you a check for every nickel you loaned me. Plus."

"Plus what?"

Coombs laughed again, and took a step forward, swaying slightly. "You'll see, Chet, you'll see. But come on, don't be so mercenary. We used to be pals, remember. I want you to see the place —"

"I saw it."

"You didn't see the best part." He swept his hand around the room, encompassing the wide, heavily draped windows. "I got three hundred feet of terrace out there, and it's all mine. Greatest view of the city you ever

saw —" He strode over to the double doors and flung them open, admitting an inquisitive cloud of cold air.

"Hey," Chet Brander said.

"Come on, you won't freeze. Just take a look at this, will ya? You never saw anything like it in your life —"

Brander stood up. Through the open doors, the lights of Manhattan blinked and glowed. It was a hard sight to resist; city lights, like earthbound stars, had always compelled and excited him. Then, as if to tempt him further, Coombs gleefully pulled back the drapes from the window, enlarging the view.

"How about that, huh? Gets you right here, don't it?" Coombs touched the monogram on his velvet jacket.

"What are all the bars for?" Brander said.

"The window bars?" Coombs tittered. "You know me, Chet. Never trusted anybody. Burglars are always bustin' into penthouses, so I had the building bar all the windows. Even the door is made of steel; I don't take any chances. But come on, fella!"

Brander went forward, out onto the terrace, no longer feeling the cold or hearing the wind. Manhattan, obliterated in contours, was etched before him only in golden lights. He caught his breath.

"What do you say, Chet?" Coombs chuckled. "Is this living, Chet? Is this the life?"

"Yeah," he breathed.

"You feast your eyes, boy. I'm going to make us a drink. You just look at that, Chet," Coombs said, going back into the room.

Chet Brander looked, and felt strange and restless and exalted. As if in a dream, he looked, until he realized that he was coatless and hatless in the worst cold that had descended upon the city in seven years. Shivering, he turned back to the doorway of the warm apartment, just in time to see Coombs' grinning face, in time to see Coombs, calmly and without hurry, closing the terrace doors.

"Hey," he said, shaking the knob. "Open up, Frank."

Misty behind the small diamond-patch of glass set into the metal door, Coombs' face stopped grinning and became a silken mask. He lifted the drink in his hand, as if in salute, and took a long swallow. Then he moved away.

"Hey!" Chet Brander shouted, shaking the door harder but not causing a single rattle in its hinges. "Let me in, Frank! It's goddam cold out here!" He couldn't see Coombs any more, but he knew he must be there, enjoying his little prank. Brander thudded on the small pane of glass with his fist, and felt the solidity of it, saw the tiny octagonal wire mesh that made it unbreakable. He shoved against the door, and remembered that it was steel. "Frank! Goddam it, cut out

the clowning, Frank! Let me in, will ya?"

Then the lights went out in the penthouse apartment.

It was only then that Chet Brander knew that Coombs had planned more than an impulsive prank. He wasn't going to reopen the sturdy door that led back into the warmth, not in the next minute, or the next hour. Maybe even —

"Frank!" Brander screamed, and realized that he could barely hear his own voice as the wind came by and swallowed the syllables greedily. "Let me in!" Brander yelled soundlessly, hammering and pounding and kicking at the door.

There was no telling how long he stood there, denying the fact that the entrance was closed to him. Finally, he moved away, toward the windows; one touch of his hand recalled that they had been barred against intruders, against the entry of strangers or friends. He was neatly sealed out of Coombs' penthouse, where the warmth was. He was alone, outside, with the cold.

Cold! So heated had been his exertions that Brander hadn't even been aware of the temperature. But he felt it now — a cold that gripped his flesh as if there hadn't been an ounce of clothing on him. Cold, and a howling, vicious wind that whirled the frost like an icy shroud around his body. Cold so terrible and so inescapable that Chet Brander had thoughts of death and the grave.

It was no prank. He knew that now. It was no coincidence that Coombs had chosen this night for his rendezvous. It was cold that Coombs had been waiting for, cold and the freezing wind and dark night, and the chance to leave his creditor shivering and alone outside the steel door of his penthouse apartment, to end his debt forever in death.

But how would Coombs explain it? What would he say when they found Chet Brander's body, a victim of exposure in the middle of the city? . . .

Brander stopped thinking about it, and went to the terrace wall, to peer down at the terrifying distance between himself and the street.

"Help!" Chet Brander shrieked: "Help me!"

The wind took his words. He cried out again, but the lights were dark in the untenanted floors beneath him, and no one heard.

"They'll never hear me," he said aloud, the sobs beginning in his throat. "They'll never know I'm here. . . ."

. . .

He made a circuit of the terrace, round and round and round the penthouse, searching for some weakness in the fortress of Coombs' apartment. There was none. Already, his feet had become numb; he could barely feel his own footsteps. He clapped his hands together,

(continued on page 40)



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CRY FROM THE PENTHOUSE (continued from page 36)

and then pounded them over his body in an effort to keep the blood circulating.

"Got to keep moving," he muttered. "Keep moving. . ."

He began to run. He ran wildly, staggering around the terrace, until his breath left him, and he fell, panting, to the frigid stone floor.

"Got to get help," he said to himself.

He began a frantic search of his pockets. His hands first touched the bulk of his wallet, but his fingers barely felt the leather. He looked at it stupidly for a moment, and then took it to the edge of the wall.

"Write a note," he said. But even as he said it, hopefully, he knew that he had discovered no solution. He carried no pen, no pencil, no tool that would help him tell the indifferent world below that he was a prisoner of cold 20 stories above the street.

He looked at his wallet, and then flung it over the wall. He lost sight of it at once, and there was no hope in his heart for rescue.

In his breast pocket, he found cigarettes and matches. He tossed the cigarettes aside, and then tried to light a match in his cupped hands, eager for even one pinpoint of warmth. The wind, capricious, wouldn't permit the luxury; in disgust, he hurled the matches over the wall.

In his right-hand jacket pocket, he found a key. He looked at it blankly for a moment, not recognizing it. It wasn't *his* key; he'd never seen it before. He almost threw it away, but then stopped when he realized what it was. It was a key to Coombs' apartment. Coombs must have slipped it into his pocket. But why?

Then he knew. If Coombs had given him a key, then Coombs could explain Chet Brander's mysterious death. If he were found with a key on his frozen body, then anyone would believe that he had used it to enter Coombs' apartment, and then had been locked out on the terrace by his own foolishness or misfortune. . . .

Clever! Brander wanted to laugh, but his features were like stone. Not so clever, he thought, getting ready to hurl the key out into the night. But then he stopped, clutching it in his hand, knowing that, though useless to him here on the terrace, it was a key to the warmth only a few tantalizing inches away. He couldn't part with it. . . .

He put the key into his trouser pocket, and went back to the penthouse door. He hammered on it until the skin of his hands cracked and bled. Then he fell in a heap and sobbed.

When he got to his feet again, he was in a delirium. For a moment, he thought that the cold had gone, that the weather

had suddenly turned deliciously balmy. But it was only the delirium and a moment's surcease of wind. When the freezing wind came again, it was a kind of blessing: it woke him to his situation, filled him once more with the desire to help himself.

He leaned over the waist-high wall and shouted helplessly into the night.

"I'm here," he moaned. "Oh, my God! Don't you know I'm *here!*"

Then he thought of the roof.

The penthouse had a roof. If he could find access to it, he might find a door leading below, into the other floors of the building!

He took a handkerchief from his trouser pocket and wrapped it about his painful, bleeding right hand. Then he felt his way carefully along the wall.

A wire brushed his face.

At first, he didn't do more than touch it lightly. Then he gripped the wire between his numb hands and yanked. The wire held; it was thick, stout cable. If he could climb it. . . .

He tensed every muscle in his body, and held on. Then he leaped off the ground and swung his feet to the penthouse wall.

For a second, he was frozen in the posture, unable to move, willing to give up and die rather than force his aching, frozen body into action once more.

Then he thought of Coombs' silken smile, and the hate gave him strength. He inched upwards, slowly, the smooth wire cutting like a razor's edge into his palms.

It was an agony. He went upwards another inch, and then turned his eyes into the darkness. He saw the lights of the city, and now they seemed like the distant fires of hell.

Another inch. Another. He wanted to let go, and enjoy the luxury of falling, the tranquillity of death, but he kept on.

He saw the edge of the roof.

With a last, gasping effort, he clambered up the wire, scraping his knees against the side of the masonry walls until the rough stone shredded cloth and skin. Then he flung himself over the side, to safety.

It was only some 10 feet above the terrace, but the wind and the cold seemed more terrible here. Along the rim, ghostly jutting shapes surrounded him. Television antennas. He blinked at them, as if they were curious spectators.

He staggered about in the darkness until he found the roof door. His hand touched a doorknob, and he cried out in relief. Then the cry became a moan.

The door was locked.

He screamed and raged at it in fury, but not for long. He put his hand in his trouser pocket, and felt the key to the

penthouse. "You win, Frank," he tried to say aloud, but his lips couldn't move to form the words.

He moved back toward the edge, knowing no sensation in his limbs. He leaned against a tall antenna, limply.

"They say don't fall asleep," he thought, chuckling in his throat.

He began to slip to the roof floor, and held on to a trailing wire for support.

The wire!

The flat, broad, light wire lay in his numbed hand, and he remembered what this wire could do.

He tugged at it. He tugged harder. He tugged frantically, desperately, insanely. He found other broad, flat wires depending from the antennas of the roof, and tugged at them. One of them came loose in his hand, but he wasn't satisfied. He went to them all, tugging and yanking until he felt sure that the effects of his work had been seen or noticed somewhere below, that he had ripped or torn the metal ribbons from the bright, glowing instruments of the warm, unaware people in the fancy apartment house by the river. . . .

He began to laugh, through unmoving lips, as he went about his destructive labors. And then, when he was too exhausted to go on, he fell to his hands and knees and tried to remember how prayer went.

Minutes later, a light exploded on the rooftop.

"Hey, will you look at this?" he heard a voice say.

"Must be some kind of nut. . . ."

"I thought my picture was acting funny, but I thought it was just the wind. . . ."

"I haven't been getting *any* picture . . . and right in the middle of the show. . . ."

Hands touched him. Warm hands.

"Hey, this guy's in bad shape. . . ."

"Wouldn't be surprised if he froze to death out here. . . ."

"Better get him inside. . . ."

"Thanks," Chet Brander tried to say, but it was only an unspoken thought. When he felt the first touch of the warmth on the other side of the roof's door, he let himself enjoy the luxury of unconsciousness.

. . . .

He was on a sofa. His mouth held a bitter, molten taste, and there was a furnace roaring in his stomach. His hands and feet were burning, and he began to squirm to avoid the tongues of the flames.

He opened his eyes, and saw the broad, fleshy face of an anxious, elderly man.

"You OK, son? What the hell were you doing out there, anyway?"

He couldn't answer.

"That's all right, don't try to talk. I'm Mr. Collyer, from Apartment 12-D.

(concluded on page 105)

A LONG TIME TO SWING ALONE

THE FIRST TIME Ina Rogers ever heard of Boy Baylee was in March of the year she married him. She was singing then at a bar and grill on 79th and Broadway, a pleasant and futureless engagement of three half-hour gigs with her guitar and the piano accompanist with an hour between each during which the management hoped, without pressure, that she would be pleasant to the paying customers. She liked the work. It was three years now she had been trying to live with her life: since the polio death of Tad, her son by an adolescent marriage that had gone sour. It was a wound that would never heal. But she felt that everyone must do the thing they did as best they could. She thought she could do better. She had a soft, thickdark delivery, a good scat improvisation and a nice smile.

Her recording date (in an audio at 114th and St. Nicholas Avenue) was small without being skimpy, a bass, piano and drums, all three West Indians from the island of Guadeloupe, working mostly on charity – like her, looking for a connection. They swung and they liked each other and they had a good time.

"That is very nice," the piano said when they wrapped it up. He was called Duboise Ray and he was the leader if the three men had a leader. She had taped a pleasant little version of *Heart of My Heart* she had worked up, with a restrained guitar break. She could tell that the West Indians had enjoyed working the vein. "Send it around," Duboise Ray said, "and someone will pick up on it surely."

"Give it factory work first," the drummer said. His name was Touhey Lamartine, and of the three men he seemed to Ina most to have kept his lovely island speech mannerisms. "Peradventure a factory can mix the loud bass man down and let some more of that nice guitar come out."

"Go along with you, man," the bass, one Parker Pen (it really was) grinned. "But Touhey's right, miss. Get you a good sound technician to scan it before you shop it around."

"I wish I could hear the playback once more," Ina said. It was late and the temptation was there, but she couldn't afford the overtime. Even so, she smiled nicely at the sound engineer.

"I wish I could, miss," he said reluctantly. He had already worked a quarter hour over without charging for it. "But you know they catch you, they've got to bill you."

"I know," Ina said. "But thank you. Thank you very much."

"That's all right, miss," the sound engineer said, handing her the can. "It was a pleasure to hear you. I hope you do well with this, miss. It's a pretty number."

They were outside, in the dusk, when Duboise said: "Why could not we all go and hear that tape at the Home Boy Baylee's?"

"Mayhap we could," Touhey Lamartine said.

"Who is that?" Ina said. She looked at her watch. She had three hours before she was due to go on at the bar and grill. It was a hard time of day for her. It was that time she had used to give Tad his dinner, one little spoonful after another, talking low to him before she had to go out and work.

"Who?" Duboise Ray said. "The Home Boy? He's the boy who stays home." Beside him, Lamartine chuckled and slapped his thigh lightly.

"He has the highest of the high fidelities, miss," the drummer explained. "He can play the tape. He can even mix it, and like that, with the set he has. It is better than some audios, the set he has."

"Could we call him or something?" Ina said gratefully. "Do you think

fiction By NOEL CLAD



*the home boy's daddy blew fine blues,
but the son blew a sad sick song*

he would mind?"

"He wouldn't mind, miss," the piano said.

"How can you be sure?" Ina said, frowning at them.

Lamartine laughed out loud. "Because he is the Home Boy, miss."

She gave it up and smiled, puzzled but not piqued, wondering if they were having fun with her in their fashion. She didn't mind. She liked them as she liked working with them. They had that thing, she thought, unfortunately too rare in the business whose business it was supposed to be: they played happy.

It was a happy time and a happy afternoon in a happy season. Spring was her favorite. She had heard, and sung, about Paris in the spring, but she did not know about that herself. She imagined it to be like New York. Even after 26 springs in New York the time always thrilled her. After the long freezing grayness of winter, her toes and ankles always numb from the subway scramble in the tight evening slippers and sheer hose she wore for her work, the icy garbage cans to wrestle and the radiators knocking, spring every year was blissful. Each year in March came the happy day when one certain bush in the tiny park near her home suddenly burst with sparrows, and the buds looked clearly formed against a sky which, after hanging just about the 10th floor for months, had suddenly taken the elevator all the way up to the roof. That day she was always conscious of a need for big space and big joy and it came out in her singing big. She had no little boy to give all that to now. But for whoever might, she began to sing like that when they got off the bus on West End Avenue.

The apartment house was one of those with a nearly forgotten name like Excalibur Towers or Gotham Plaza built to look like castles on the Rhine in the West Side style of 40 years ago. There was a vast entrance hall of jaded elegance and rows and rows of brass name plates and buttons and a commodious paneled elevator with a seat across the back in threadbare green plush.

"Lady wants to know if the Home Boy is at home, perchance," Lamartine chuckled again on their way up. "Quite likely. Quite likely."

There were only two doors in the hall in this portion of the building, so she judged the apartments were of old-fashioned size. She was not disappointed when she did get in. Doors opened into rooms in what seemed a dozen different directions, and in the rooms she could see other doors open. A very solemn-looking elderly maid opened the door for them, and asked no questions and stepped out of the way.

"The Home Boy, miss," — Lamartine

touched her lightly on the shoulder — "is home."

Their host's high fidelity instrument was playing. Ina paused a minute, wrinkling one corner of her forehead, before she recognized Schumann's Number One, B-flat major. Yet it wasn't quite that only. It was more than recognizing a tune that stopped her. And then she knew what it was and she smiled. For what had made her wrinkle her nose was the aura of leftover music.

It was a very curious feeling that always before she had associated with smells. She knew well enough the grip that cabbage and Clorox and rusty drains could keep on the halls of an old apartment house. This was like that. It was a goofy feeling, but for real that she felt the corners of this apartment hid stale notes and that the thin skeins of forgotten melodic lines clung like cobwebs to the walls.

"You come along in, miss." At the exact moment when Duboise Ray stepped out of the entrance hall into the living room, his voice fell to a whisper. "We get to Home Boy in good time."

The living room itself fascinated her. It was dim, too dim she thought, to read comfortably, even next to one of the two table lamps that were all there were for the room's big, old-fashioned size. Half a dozen people were sitting around, smoking, whispering now and then, but mostly silent, listening to the music. During the time she remained, the listeners changed: four or five departed over the space of half an hour, and half a dozen new people came. All the ones who went away did so quietly. And the newcomers took their places quietly, like old familiars, nodding now and again to others present whom they knew.

And the living room was furnished in tassels and furbelows, ferns and knick-knacks of ivory and onyx. There were old-time photographs about, and she could dimly make out a couple of early jazz bands, stiff, uncomfortable-looking musicians in the straw boaters and sleeve garters of another day.

"His daddy wrote the *Jezebel*," Duboise Ray whispered close to her ear in answer to her questioning look. "Wrote all those fine blues."

But the center of her attention was the far end of the living room where what she supposed had been intended for the library was in darkness except for one small blue light. And there, as her eyes slowly adjusted to the gloom, she strained to make out the person of the son of the legendary Yancy Baylee, whom some called the Father of the Blues.

The Schumann came to an end. Mozart's Quartet in G Major — the Buda-

pest, she thought — came to an end. Ellington's *Carnavan* and some McPartland and a strange thin recording of a Bartók concerto came to an end. Home Boy had catholic tastes. All the time, except when he changed the records, playing each one singly, the figure of Home Boy sat motionless in the blue light, hunched over atop a high stool, a lost, intent listener in the roaring gloom.

"Man put that set together for years," Lamartine whispered to her now from the other side. "Cost twelve thousand dollars, some say. Peradventure man's got him five thousand discs in there."

She could believe it. She had never heard such perfect sound. You could not get sound like that live, for any position you took was almost bound to throw one part of the playing ensemble out of your ken.

She had just begun to squirm, at the time going on, at the strangeness of it all, when the figure on the stool turned in the faint blue light. His voice was itself almost a melody, itself like a blues, she thought, rich, dark, grave, infinitely resigned.

"Anybody got anything?" it said.

"Home Boy?" There were a couple of starts at requests from the others around them, but Lamartine was on his feet first. "Hazard you're able run a tape for a young thrush we worked with today."

There was a silence. Nobody moved. Ina found herself holding her breath, as if the decision of this strange, unknown, almost unseen man in the blue room were somehow terribly important. "Gimme the tape, Touhey," the deep voice said.

"Hazard you'll say what you think," Lamartine said. He took the can out of her hands and went forward to the end of the living room.

"Inferior tape," the voice said, bending over. "That Gordie's audio on St. Nicholas and One One Fourth."

"That's it, Home Boy," Lamartine said gently at the far reaches of the room.

"Might as well rerecord," Home Boy said.

She was pleased, and excited, by the way she sounded. Mr. Baylee's sound reproduction equipment was infinitely better than the studio's had been. He played it through. Again there was a silence, again so long that she wondered if she ought to speak, to thank him, or something. Then he played it again, and this time it seemed to her that there were variations, so miniscule she sensed far more than actually heard them, in pitch and accent and resonance. He ran it through again, and this time there was an added richness to her delivery, a snap that was too subtle to really get,

(continued on page 62)

HOLLYWOOD GOES EUROPEAN



*an american movie
gets a two-faced
filming—one domestic,
one foreign*

pictorial

EUROPEAN FILM MAKERS, cagily aware of U.S. screen prudery, have long been shooting certain sequences twice. These are usually love scenes involving nudity or semi-nudity and a good deal of close personal contact between the actors concerned. Such scenes are enjoyed in the theatres of their home countries, but for American consumption, the actors put their clothes back on, move a "respectable" distance from each other, and an alternative version is photographed.

With the United Artists release, *Cry Tough*, Stateside producers are beginning to emulate their European colleagues, but backwards: spicy for export, bland for domestic use. *Cry Tough* co-stars beautiful Linda Cristal and fan-mag idol John Saxon in a stark story of Puerto Rican gang warfare in New York. Saxon and Cristal play some sizzling love scenes together, which will no doubt be applauded by European audiences, but not by American audiences, who will see




only a toned-down, dressed-up version. There is one rather unlikely possibility that would make the overseas scenes available to the U.S., however, and it is interesting to consider. A recent Supreme Court decision on the French filmization of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* makes

Far left: rising star Linda Cristal poses for the PLAYBOY lens. Above: a moment of quiet repose before beginning an intimate scene for the European version of *Cry Tough* with her co-star John Saxon.





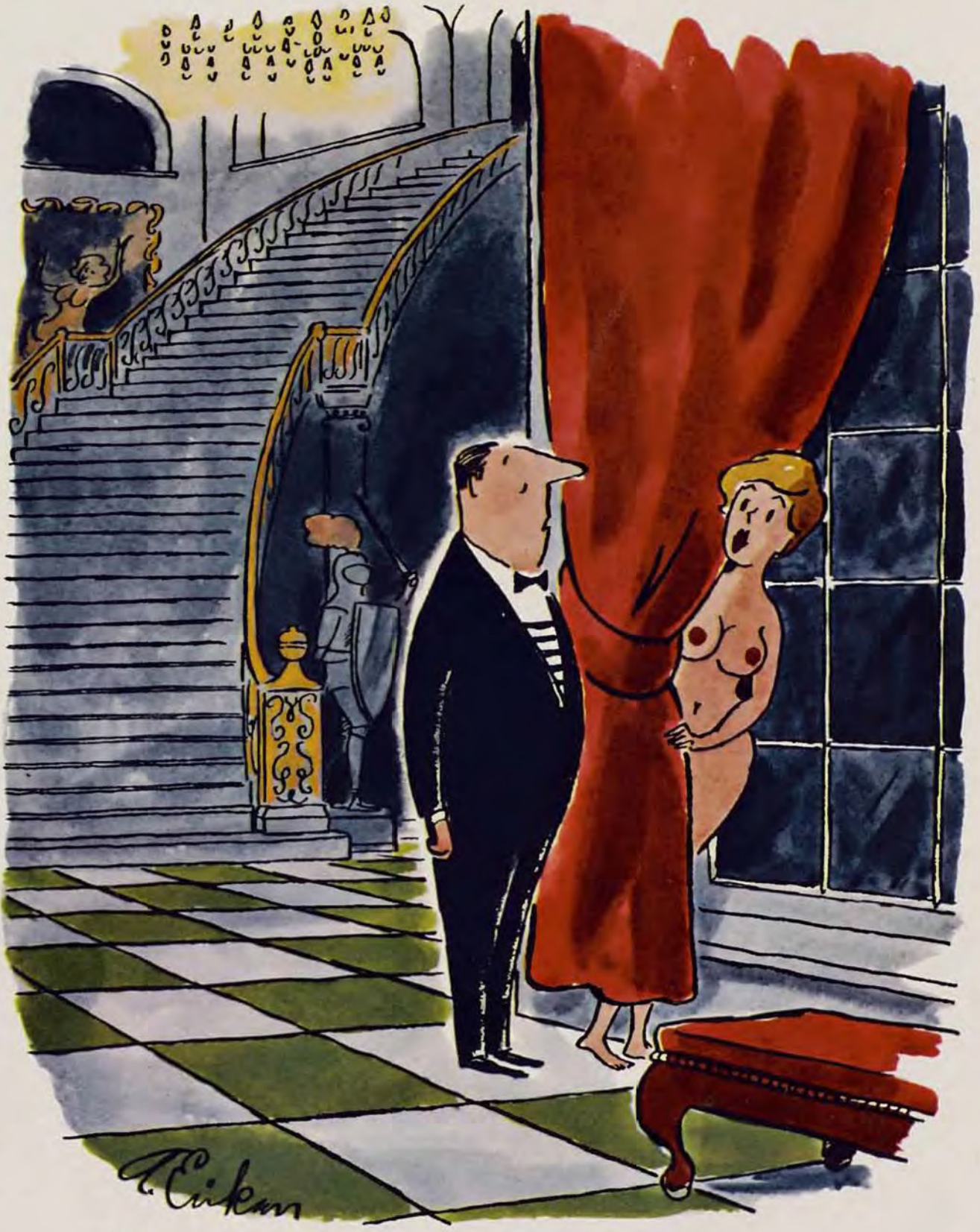
Above: American version, with Lollobrigida-like Linda Cristal in a slip. Below: the same sequence in the export version. Linda is minus the slip as John Saxon moves closer for clinch.

illegal the form of free-wheeling local screen censorship long tolerated in many parts of this country. A clever U.S. movie importer could conceivably, therefore, arrange with the European distributors to bring the rough *Tough* back as a "foreign film." 



Below, left: in the version for domestic distribution, Linda is modestly clad. Below, right: she abandons the concealing robe and, for her European audiences only, puts on a transparent negligee.





"Mr. Van Eppingham wishes me to say that he gives up and it's your turn to be 'it!'"

the audience, he whipped out the finny fellow and flung him into the laps of Row A, yelping, "There! Busy yourselves with *that*, you damned walruses, while the rest of us proceed with the libretto!" In *The Yellow Ticket*, a play about a Russian prostitute who was forced to wear a yellow ticket as a badge of her shame, Barrymore played a sympathetic American newspaperman. Something about the yellow ticket he stared at night after night began to work on his mind, and soon a fiendish plot began to ferment. One night, after hearing Florence Reed as the prostie wallow in woe for several lachrymose minutes, he responded not with the newspaperman's customary solicitude, but with a practical suggestion inspired by the hypnotic sight of her saffron badge. Genially producing a long strip of IRT subway tickets from his pocket, he cooed, "Here, my dear, maybe business will pick up if you get around a little more — and in something faster than a droshky!" Miss Reed, caught off guard, floundered for an ad lib riposte, but when her Muse failed to come across, she signaled the stage manager to ring down the curtain. Producer A. H. Woods told the ticket-buyers that Barrymore had been stricken by a gallstone attack. The next day, Woods received a small, gift-wrapped package containing a pair of costly topaz cuff links and a note: "My gallstones, and thanks. Jack."

Though one of the best, Barrymore was by no means the first or last of the great *improvisatori*. The annals of the stage are filled to overflowing with examples of extempore extravagances. Why should this be? Perhaps because of the sameness of repeating the same line, in the same way, at the same moment, at the same spot, one night after another. Monotony nags at actors like the Chinese water torture. Nailed to their roles by run-of-the-play contracts, possibly they are just seeking relief by inventing new lines and business in bold defiance of playwright, director and audience.

To assist them in these acts of defiance, they enlist the aid of practically every mundane item on the prop table. The telephone, for instance:

The stage phone, though a too-convenient boon to lazy playwrights, is anything but a boon to actors. Not only does it sometimes fail to ring at the proper times due to faulty connections and/or gremlins, but it is also a diabolic instrument in the hands of pranksters. Actor Gerald du Maurier (dad of Daphne, the novelist) was one such, and the story of his classic telephonic prank has been told many ways. Our favorite version goes like this: During a lengthy London run of *The Last of Mrs. Cheney*, Du Maurier noticed that a fellow actor was, at one point in the play, standing next to the telephone desk

while Du Maurier was parked at the opposite side of the stage. The phone was not scheduled to ring at that moment, but (Du Maurier reasoned) if it *did* ring, the other fellow would be the logical person to answer it and sweat through an impromptu conversation. One evening, therefore, after Du Maurier had slipped a five-pound note to the electrician, the instrument jangled fiercely at a time when no phone had ever jangled before. The prankster, as planned, went pale and gulped visibly. The phone jangled again. The poor patsy's mouth snapped open and shut a few times, but no words came out. Finally, he picked up the instrument, croaked "Yes?" into the mouthpiece, and, after a decent interval, turned calmly to Du Maurier, fixed him with an icy look, drawled "It's for you, old boy," laid the phone gently on the desk and walked away. Du Maurier, so the story goes, was hoist with his own petar.

Stagehands were at the bottom of a telephone plot that deflated the outsize ego of Louis Mann, star of *The French Kiss*, a comedy that expired in New York's Central Theatre in 1924. Mann was an egregious actor who had been heaping oaths on the show's electricians and stagehands ever since opening night. During the second act he was supposed to chat over a phony phone, but when he picked it up one night, the phone was a practical model and he had his ears grilled with some four-letter dialog that caused him to drop the blower like a hot sparkplug. From that time on, he treated the backstage boys with deference and respect.

The backstage boys fouled corpulent character actor Robert Morley, too, again with a telephone, during the Australian run of *Edward, My Son*. Morley had made it clear to all and sundry that he considered Australia only slightly more civilized than the dark side of the moon, and the Aussie stagehands — staunch patriots — fixed him by not ringing the phone on cue. Morley, after stalling for several desperate moments, finally decided to pick up the silent phone and pretend to initiate, rather than receive, a call. At that point, the phone rang.

Telephones do more than ring — they can be lavishly larded with Limburger. Frank Fay used this device to flummox Bert Lahr in *Delmar's Revels* some 30 years ago.

An outside twist on the telephone theme was furnished by Robert Benchley, who, on an October evening of 1944, was to be found in the third row of the Henry Miller Theatre, dozing through the first act of *The Visitor*, a dull dual-identity doughnut. When the curtain rose on Act II, a telephone was ringing for suspense on an empty stage, and it kept on shrilling for 20 tiresome seconds. Benchley came to. "Why doesn't

somebody answer that?" he demanded of all about him: "I think it's for me." Critics hailed the remark as the only bright spot of a dim evening.

A different variety of bell was used by Gertrude Lawrence to sabotage Donald Cook in *Skylark*. Gertrude rigged her second-act slippers with tiny tinklers and, each time Cook opened his mouth, she wagged her feet, drowning his words in a cadenza of ting-a-ling. At the next performance, Cook grabbed her ankles and released his grip with a ferocious tintinnabulating flourish only during *her* lines. After the show, she forked over the bells with the caustic comment, "Here's something for your trophy case."

Prop luggage tempts pranksters, too. It can spring open, disclosing all manner of outlandish contents. Or it can be weighted: Elsa Lanchester, playing Miss Prism in *The Importance of Being Earnest*, on one occasion found the black satchel that is all-important to the plot so heavy she couldn't lift it. She wasn't sure what cad had done the dirty deed, but she rather suspected the actor who was essaying the role of Dr. Chasuble: her mate, Charles Laughton.

Cigars are another occupational hazard. The most luscious Havana can be needled with horsehairs or doctored with any of a dozen ingredients guaranteed to annoy the adenoids during an otherwise restful armchair scene. It is said that the redoubtable Richard Mansfield was once put on the receiving end of such a stogie by a stage manager tired of the Mansfield temperament.

Stage drinks are also dangerous to stars who have had a falling-out with one of their company, especially if that one is the leading lady. In *Oh Men! Oh Women!*, a play of reasonably recent vintage, Tony Randall was required to consume a couple of first-act highballs constructed of the customary cold tea. This he did, night after night, but one night, when he picked up the glass, something new had been added by another cast member, Betsy von Furstenberg. Randall, in some now-forgotten manner, had unwittingly aroused the Von Furstenberg ire, and the exotic ingredient in his potation was Fernet Branca, an Italian digestive aid with marked astringent properties. His lips shrank to an asterisk and he whistled his lines for the remainder of the act.

Cruel as this was, it did serve to prove that the onstage improvisation did not go out when the T-shirt came in. If we previously seemed to be saying that such variations on the playwright's theme have vanished like the well-known snows of yesteryear, please strike that observation from the record: it was hasty, rash and ill-advised.

The king of the T-shirts, Marlon Brando, early in his career did some part-

(continued on page 54)



GIFTS FOR THE PLAYBOY AT LEISURE

Background, l to r: West Michigan Furniture walnut Slim Jim desk, formica writing surface, filing drawer, \$160. Phono Trix transistor tape recarder and playback, works on flashlight cells or 110 AC, five lbs., 90 minutes per tape, \$99.95. Zenith Golden Triangle cardless transistor clock radio, swivel mount, 7-jewel clock runs a year on flashlight cell, \$150. Laverne chair of molded shatterproof Enrevalglas, foam cushion, \$280. Alexander Shields velvet smoking jacket, \$100. *Playboy Cartoon Album*, Crown, \$4.95. *The Permanent Playboy*, the best from the magazine's first five years; Crown, \$4.95. *The Wayward Wife*, short stories by Alberto Moravia; Farrar, Straus and Cudahy, \$3.95. Mason 22-inch roulette wheel of rosewood, ebony and bird's-eye maple, with case, \$550. Middleground, l to r: Lady Duchessa Italian-made 14-cup espresso machine, \$135. Bell & Howell automatic slide projector, zoom lens, and remote control, \$179.95. Parker desk pen, in nonskid marine propeller base, \$22.95. Harman Kardon Stereo Festival receiver, AM and FM tuners, dual preamps and 15-watt amps, walnut case, \$289.90. Dunhill tobacco trio, Early Morning, Aperitif and Nightcap, \$5. Foreground, l to r: Gerber tungsten steel carving set, \$32.50. Hurricane cost-iron Hibachi, \$12. Revere electric eye-matic still camera with flash, sets exposure automatically, \$154.50.



GIFTS FOR THE PLAYBOY AT SPORT

Sturm, Ruger .44 Magnum hunting pistol, adjustable rear sight, \$96. Town and Country transmitter-receiver citizen's band radio, for boat or car, range 10 miles, \$149.50. Fenjohn 16mm. underwater movie camera, f/1.5 wide angle lens, pressure tested to 200 feet, battery operated, \$1990. Nikon 35mm. reflex camera with Nikkor f/2 lens, instant return automatic mirror and diaphragm, \$329.50. Top row, l to r: Loyal game set, 12 English darts and board, four decks of cards, \$27.50. Al Liebers VL & A matched handmade laminated woods, True Temper shaft, \$120 set of four. Post Power Pak underwater propulsion unit straps to the back, shielded propeller, speeds to 4 mph, \$299.95, with Voit aqualung, 71.2 cubic foot capacity, \$85, and Voit 50-fathom compensated regulator, double hose, \$75. Remington Sportsman 58, 16 gauge skeet gun, \$161. Voit slalom ski, maple and mahogany, sculptured V hull, laminated toe, neoprene bindings, brushed metal rudder, \$33. Hitachi 8 transistor marine and standard band radio, telescopic antenna, earphones and case, \$75. Cricketeer Bollontyne of Peebles natural shoulder sports jacket, \$39.95. Glodding polyethylene tackle box, crackproof, unsinkable, with cantilevered lure trays, \$15.95.

Bottom row, l to r: Hensoldt Diagon 7 x 50 waterproof prism binoculars, eyepiece focusing, \$137.50.



GIFTS FOR THE PLAYBOY OF ELEGANCE Clockwise, from 5: stone-finished replica of Chinese T'ang horse, 12" high, \$22.95. Hamilton 12-diamond watch in 18k white gold case with 14k gold markers, \$2000. Kent of London matched military brushes, natural boar bristles, \$200. Kent of London outside shaving brush, bodger bristles, \$75. Tiffany gilt traveling alarm in natural pigskin case, \$75. Mork Cross traveling bar in cowhide case, service for 8 in taste-free chrome metal, flasks, drinking cups, jiggers, openers, olives and bitters bottles, funnel, knives and spoons, \$200. James B. Lansing Ronger-Minigon linear-efficiency stereo speakers, can be used side by side with curved surfaces joined, or separated, in walnut, \$243 each. Fosterio traditional American coin glassware, old fashioned and highball, \$24 a dozen, decanter and stopper, \$9.50. Frank Brothers custom-tailored suit preparatory to first fitting; wool, \$195, cashmere, \$225. Alfred Dunhill rotating brass 8-day clock, thermometer, calendar, barometer and hygrometer, \$210. Africon ebony walking stick with gold top, \$75. Sidney Rubeck Italian silk umbrella with folding handle, \$35. Alfred Dunhill 14k gold cigarette case holds 16 smokes, \$695. Wilt slim two-suit in Spanish bullhide, combination lock, shoe rack and organizer tray, \$125. Coswell-Mossey Jockey Club men's cologne, \$85 a gallon.

The Joan Club



fiction

By WILLIAM LINK and RICHARD LEVINSON

it was the most
exclusive brotherhood
in the world

IN THE CAB, Joe Dennis put his arm around her and she leaned into him deftly and precisely. Her ear was at his mouth, white and fragile in the dimness, and he kissed it. "You're just about the most beautiful girl who ever lived," he said. He meant it; he was perfectly sober.

Joan reacted as she always did to a compliment. Her head inclined a fraction in acknowledgment, but the lovely face remained expressionless, the blue eyes revealed nothing.

They left the cab at her building. The elevator lifted them toward her floor, then the doors rolled open and they walked the short corridor to her door. He inserted the key. "Open sesame," he said lightly, but the words sounded monumentally inane in his ears. The door swung back, revealing her apartment in the glow of one muted lamp. She took the key from the door and dropped it into her purse.

"You're not coming in, you know," she said.

"I'm not what?"

She put a gloved hand on his arm. "Joe, it's been a nice evening. I want to thank you. But don't call me again. It won't do you any good."

"Well, now, wait a minute —" he began.

"No. It's over, Joe. Let it stay that way." She smiled at him, and the door closed. He stayed in the hallway for a long time before he pressed the elevator button.

On Monday morning, he unlocked his mail slot in the lobby and opened the one envelope inside. A small white card fell out:

You are invited to the weekly meeting of
THE JOAN CLUB.

One o'clock today. Cocktails and luncheon.

The Park House.

He studied the card, thoroughly confused, then slipped it into his billfold and hurried out to catch his bus.

The Park House fronted on the park, its windows draped and secluded against the afternoon heat and the spray of nearby fountains. The manager greeted Joe with a smile. "Mr. Dennis? That table in the rear, sir." Joe's eyes followed the man's finger to a group of men seated in

a far corner by the windows. He crossed the room, past lunching couples, and stopped at the table. "Is this . . . ?"

"It is, Mr. Dennis," said one of the men. He stood up. "Glad you came. I'm Hank Robard. Let me introduce our little klatsch."

Bewildered, Joe shook hands with a Mr. Ed Dougherty, a Mr. Guy Pryor and a Mr. Lew Jackson. They all regarded him with faint amusement. Robard seemed to be in charge. He signaled a waiter and ordered drinks. "A double for you, eh, Joe?" he said. "You can probably use one after the other night."

Joe was beginning to feel angry. "Look, Mr. Robard, I may be abnormally slow, but I don't get this. And I'm not sure I like it."

"Don't draw it out," said Pryor. "Tell him about us."

Robard chuckled. "All right." He turned to Joe. "Mr. Dennis, are we correct in assuming you were shot down Saturday evening by a lovely, cold-blooded young thing named Joan?"

"I don't think it's any of your business," said Joe.

"She ditched all of us," said the man named Jackson bluntly.

Joe was stunned. "You mean all of you dated Joan?"

"Not at the same time, of course," said Pryor.

"And each of us found himself in your position, Mr. Dennis," said Robard. "The door was closed, so to speak, in all of our faces." The drinks had come and he raised his glass. "The usual toast," he said. "To Joan and the man who . . ." He grinned. "Well, cheers." They drank.

"So," said Robard, "that's it, Dennis. We're the most exclusive club in the city."

"How did you know about me?" asked Joe.

"I live in her apartment building," said Robard. "That's how I met her. Pryor here rooms with me. I dated her, got my fingers burned, then he took her out. Ditto with him. So we began to keep tabs on her dates, just for the hell of it. Jackson was next. Then Dougherty."

"Then me?" said Joe.

"Then you," said Robard. "But now to business. The name of the next vic-

tim is Raymond Walsh."

"How did you find out?" asked Joe. "Simplicity itself. I saw him with Joan, so I met him in the lobby and bought him a drink."

"Did he talk about her?" Joe asked.

"No. Very secretive. He thinks he has something good so he doesn't want to spread it around."

"Raymond Walsh," Pryor said.

"And then there were six," said Dougherty . . .

Joan turned her head from the pillow and looked at Ray Walsh. He was smoking a cigarette, his eyes half closed. She put her arm around him. "I've never, never done this before," she said. "Do you realize that?"

Walsh removed her hand. He sat up in bed and looked at his watch. "I have to go now, Joan."

"No," she said. "I want you to stay until morning. I'll make breakfast."

He studied her for a moment, impassively. Then he got up and began putting on his shirt.

"You don't understand," she said. "You're the first man. They've never even come in here before."

"Why not?" He was pulling on his trousers.

"I haven't wanted them to. I've stopped them. All but you. They all wanted what I gave to you. I want you to stay. I'm in love with you!"

She got out of the bed as he gathered his coat. Her nude body was like living alabaster. "You're not really leaving, are you?"

"Yes."

"You'll call me, won't you?"

He opened the door. "I don't think so."

"Ray!" she called, but the door had closed.

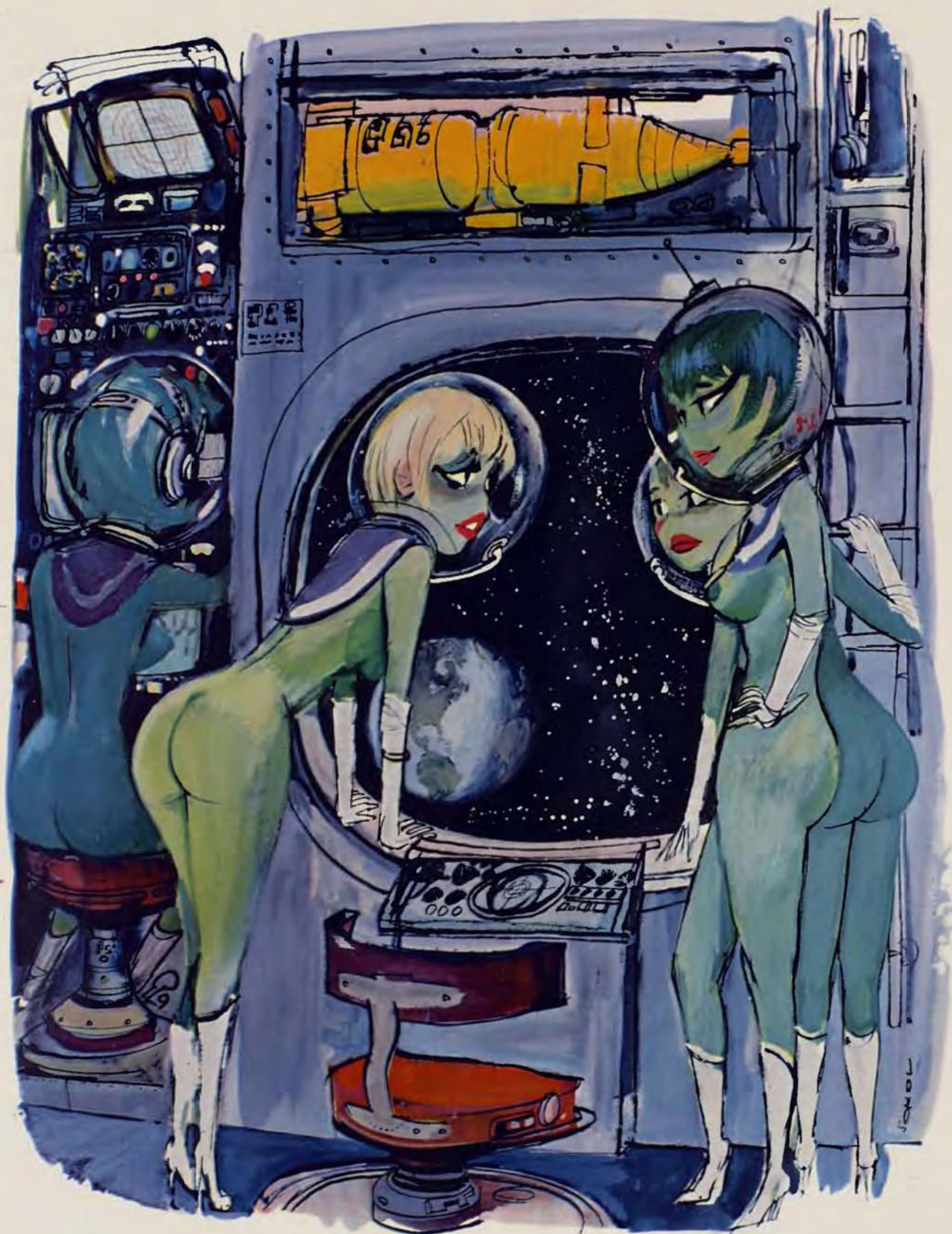
On Monday morning, in her mailbox, she found an envelope addressed to her. There was a white card inside:

You are invited to the weekly meeting of
THE RAYMOND CLUB.

One o'clock today. Cocktails and luncheon.

The Paris Cafe.





"I do hope the natives of this new planet prove friendly."

PRANKHOOD (continued from page 48)

padding that turned out disastrously for him — because he did it at the expense of the show's star, one Tallulah Bankhead, a lady not to be trifled with. The show was an out-of-town tryout of Cocteau's *The Eagle Has Two Heads*, in which Senator Bankhead's kid played the queen of a mythical kingdom and Brando played Stanislas, a poet-peasant who became her lover. According to Cocteau's script, early in the first act Stanislas is supposed to burst into her boudoir bent on murdering the queen, but is swerved from his purpose by her beauty and her moving 30-minute monolog in which she welcomes death as delivery from her sad state. Come to slay, he remains to play. But neither Cocteau nor Bankhead reckoned with free-thinker Brando, who scorned cues, curtains and directions. During Tallulah's long soliloquy, he ignored her, preferring to explore his nostrils, massage his abdomen and scowl at the stagehands in the wings. He cased the furniture, fidgeted with his buttons and glared at the bass viol player, while Tallulah jabbered on. Then, in the last scene, a double-death deal in which he was required to swallow a lethal toddy and ventilate La Bankhead with a pistol, Brando insisted on a lingering demise. While Tallulah lay spread-eagled head down on the palace steps, Marlon mooned around the stage for a full minute looking for a poetic spot to drop dead. His choice made, he went down as if clobbered by a hand grenade, with the audience laughing hysterically. Bankhead's first-act speech had been eloquent and impassioned but it was bland as a noodle sandwich compared to the basic-English harangue she delivered after curtain calls. Brando never got to Broadway in that show. Helmut Dantine replaced him the following week, and Helmut, smart cookie, died on cue.

Tallu herself, early in her career, gave her fellow performers some trying moments with a stunt more outrageous than Brando's. Her hair, back then, was knee-length, and the aforementioned Gerald du Maurier (director, producer, star and co-author of a melodrama dubbed *The Dancers*) was a canny enough showman to realize that the Tallulah tresses were eminently theatrical, a great bit of visual razzle-dazzle. He counseled her to, at an otherwise flattish spot in Act III, unpin her lengthy locks and balloon them out over her head in a broad grandstanding gesture. The gimmick perked up the poky play, and Bankhead's hair became the talk of London — especially since bobbed hair was then at the peak of its vogue. Alas, Bankhead succumbed to that vogue one evil afternoon when, urged by a perverse impulse, she swept into a hairdresser's salon and com-

manded that her crowning glory be ruthlessly lopped off. That evening, when the hair scene rolled around in Act III, Du Maurier went into a state of shock and had to be helped to his dressing room, where he was heard to sob that Bankhead's crewcut had ruined his play.

Miss Bankhead has also been known to make entrances waving the Confederate flag — in non-Dixie dramas — and to effect quick stage-crossings by lifting voluminous period skirts navel-high and bridging the boards in veritable seven-league strides.

Some dramaturgical deviations are unplanned. Players will forget lines, enter on wrong cues, fail to enter on right cues, or blithely skip a full 10 minutes of vital dialog. This last calamity usually occurs when a character is given two rather similar lines, several pages apart. His mind leaps the gap and chaos reigns until he or a cagey colleague can ad lib the drama back onto the proper rail. Another mental pitfall is simple transposition of words. One stripling actor, who later entered another profession and whose blushes we must therefore shroud in anonymity, fell headlong into this verbal slit-trench with hair-raising regularity. In a repertory theatre production of *Boy Meets Girl*, he turned "Take him out in the garden for some sunshine" to "Take him out in the sunshine for some garden" and "I'm flying back to my native hills like a homing pigeon" to "I'm flying back to my homing pigeons like a native hill." The following week, in *Design for Living*, he emended "I thought about you for hours, I swear I did" so that it came out "I swore about you for hours, I thought I did." Surely taking the transposition cake of all time, however, were seasoned pros A. E. Matthews and the aforementioned John Barrymore. Matthews, in a trifle titled *Mademoiselle*, was allotted the line, "My dear, her beauty would have taken your breath away." His version: "My dear, her breath would have taken your beauty away." Barrymore, while under the influence, is reputed to have turned "What do I know about crude oil and gas?" to "What do I know about crude ass and goil?"

The illustrious Lunts, in one of their early shows together, were in the middle of a particularly rapid, monosyllabic, back-and-forth, building-to-a-climax patch of dialog, when suddenly they both stopped dead. Silence held sway. The stage manager, from the wings, whispered the forgotten line. Nothing happened. He whispered it again, louder. Still not a peep from the frozen Lunts. Finally, he called out the line quite loudly, whereupon Mr. Lunt strode over to the wings and enunciated, strong and clear: "My

dear boy, we know the line — but which of us is supposed to say it?"

A performer billed simply as Fanny fouled up the opening night of a musical called *Rainbow*, back in the late Twenties. Fanny was a burro, and all through rehearsals she remained primly housebroken, just as her trainer had pledged. On the night of the premiere, though, and at a particularly romantic moment in the show, Fanny turned her fanny to the audience and bountifully fertilized the stage.

Audiences sometimes talk back to actors, chastising them for inadequate performances or banal scripts. Henry James, though he won fame as a novelist and writer of short stories, never wrote a successful play. One remarkably talky turkey was his *Guy Domville*, which London audiences found a long, spirit-crushing bore. The title character, somewhere well past the middle of the evening, uttered the luckless line, "I am the last of the Domvilles." A cockney gallery god responded: "And it's a bloody good thing y'are!"

London's old Haymarket Theatre was the scene of numberless audience riots. In 1749, a Haymarket placard announced the appearance of a conjurer who could "put himself into a quart bottle." The paying public flocked to the theatre in droves, but the incredible shrinking man did not appear. The manager, to placate the offended assemblage, assured them he would indeed appear the following night and would, by way of compensation, put himself into a pint bottle. But the following night, he turned up missing again. As Richard Moody tells it in his engrossing book, *The Astor Place Riot*: "The Duke of Cumberland rose from his box as furious as the rest of the crowd and, with his sword drawn, directed the infuriated mob to destroy everything within reach. Everyone seemed glad to oblige. The decorative trappings were ripped out, carried into the street, and thrown onto a large bonfire. It was later discovered that this expensive hoax had originated in the whimsical brain of the Duke of Montague."

Mr. Moody has also recorded the price riots at the Covent Garden Theatre in the fall of 1809. An increase in the admission fee caused irate audiences to greet every performance with chants of "Old prices! Old prices!" Actor-producer John Kemble believed that "When there is Danger of a Riot always act an Opera; for Musick drowns the Noise of Opposition," so he scrapped *Macbeth* and quickly scheduled *The Beggar's Opera*. It didn't help. The riots continued to the end of the year — at which time, it is refreshing to note, the rioters won and the prices came down.

Bernard Shaw witnessed and chronicled (continued on page 92)

in hollywood even the girls who wait tables are beautiful



**COCKTAIL
WAITRESS
ON THE
SUNSET STRIP**



MISS NOVEMBER PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH







It is news to nobody that Hollywood is the cutie capital of the country, racking up more shapeliness per square inch—or maybe we mean round inch—than any other city in the nation, probably the world. To its sun-drenched purlicus swarm America's loveliest lasses, all eager for film and TV stardom. Of course, stardom doesn't usually come overnight and while they're waiting the hopeful honeys take jobs as waitresses and car hops, cashiers and receptionists—which accounts for the high degree of pulchritude among Hollywood's hired help.

Even in such a splendid setting, blonde Donna Lynn is a standout. As a waitress, she brightens The Cloister, a smart supper club on Hollywood's famous Sunset Strip. There recently Mickey Rooney spotted her and signed her up for a part in his new motion picture *The Private Lives of Adam and Eve*. There recently we spotted her, too, and decided she was just what we'd been seeking for Miss November.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY FRANK BEZ



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

What must surely be the final version of the traveling salesman's gag has come our way. It concerns a hapless merchant on the move who ran out of gas on a lonely country road, trudged to the nearest farmhouse and asked if he could spend the night. The farmer promptly shot him in the head with a shotgun.



A girl we know claims she got her mink coat for a song, but we suspect it was really for an overture.

Harry stepped out of his office building and bumped into a group of his advertising-agency friends.

"Join us for lunch, Harry boy?" asked one of them.

"Sorry," was the answer. "I'm on the wagon."

Next to a beautiful girl, sleep is the most wonderful thing in the world.

We have it on good authority that one of New York's biggest nightclubs is going to introduce a new act: a midget stripteaser. She'll entertain the customers who are under the tables.



They made an engaging-looking couple in the swank restaurant: Prentiss — handsome, graying, obviously well to do, and young Margaret — ravishing, delectable and obviously hungry.

"Tell me, my dear," he asked indulgently, "what would you like?"

She scanned the menu with an experienced eye.

"To begin," she said, "you may bring

me a champagne cocktail, then a dozen oysters on the half shell and a turcen of turtle soup. As entrees I'll have the filet of English sole followed by the pheasant under glass. Baked potato with sour cream and chives, plus an à la carte order of asparagus would be nice, too. And I'll have French dressing on the salad. For dessert I'd like a great big double order of chocolate ripple ice cream, some blueberry pie and a cup of coffee. That should do it."

Somewhat taken aback, Prentiss nevertheless managed a smile as he asked, "Do you eat this well at home?"

Margaret favored him with a lazy grin.

"No," she said. "But then, nobody at home wants to sleep with me."

Some girls marry old men for money and spend the rest of their lives looking for a little change.

It's a great life if you weaken enough to enjoy it.



You're playing strip poker for high stakes when you get to panty-ante.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *bachelor* as a man who never makes the same mistake once.

The moon shone silver on the waters of the lake, and the waves beating on the shore were hardly equal in intensity to the waves of passion nearby. One ardent couple pulled apart long enough for the young man to whisper, "Darling, am I the first man to make love to you?"

Her tone, when she answered, was irritable. "Of course you are," she said. "I don't know why you men always ask the same ridiculous question."

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



"Certainly I got the part — I even got a part for you."

TO SWING ALONE (continued from page 42)

but she felt it. Her guitar break came through this time like crystal. It was a happy record. A natural.

The third playing of her number ended. This time the silence was of short duration, and then the distant figure rose from the stool, turned and came toward her, head down, walking beside the low-talking Lamartine but saying nothing in answer. From a switch somewhere close to her, Home Boy turned on the lights, and the living room had illumination just a shade less than a normal living room.

Ina blinked and one of her hands went up instinctively to shield her eyes from the unaccustomed light. It was then she saw that, with the exception of their host, all the others did the same. But vastly more. There was an expression on every face as she looked around her, of utter astonishment, almost consternation. The meaning could not have been clearer in print. She wondered how long it had been since any of them had seen Home Boy turn on the lights.

The face was the mate to the voice. She found herself looking directly into unblinking eyes. Home Boy was small, about her own height. He was as grave as a Moor. She could not imagine him laughing. He turned a little, and she saw he was, just slightly, hunchbacked.

"You like some bourbon?" he said to her.

She blinked, unprepared for the question. Then she shook her head. "No. Thanks. Thank you so much. That was fine. Fine."

"It's good bourbon," he said. "You can't buy better bourbon than that is, chick." Again she shook her head, groping for her smile, conscious of his old eyes in his still young face studying her. "Some coffee, then?" he said.

"Coffee. Yes. Thank you."

"Mrs. Jackson?" He raised his voice slightly. "Give round the coffee and whiskey, and like that. What they want." Somewhere close the maid replied. "You blow good voice," Home Boy said to her.

"Thanks." She felt she was smiling exorbitantly. But he did curious things to her. She would like to have helped, without either knowing how or why, or even what.

"You like to see the set?" he said.

"It's a great set," she said.

For answer he nodded. He moved slowly back down the living room and now in the light she saw that while he did not limp, his body moved unevenly. His hands were large. She could not help thinking they were somehow aimless.

Without knowing much about it, she knew it would take a real bug even to dream a set like this. It had taken him 13 years and close on 12 grand to put it

together, he said. He had everything she had ever heard of. Coupled speakers and tweeter-woofers and back-up arms and baffles in slate and in graphite. He cradled sound, fondled it and loved it, and as he spoke on she had insight into something more than passion or fanaticism or monomania. Sound, darkness, tonality, were the cave that Home Boy—he told her his real name was William—Baylee lived in.

"... you record in a good tonality, chick." She looked at him, more than listened to him. "Lucky register to work in. Brings it up on average equipment." He looked at her, too. Then he looked away, down at his big hands, or ever and again at the fortune in fragile machinery. "You go on, get that coffee, chick. Wait. When you tape, you want to work on a high bass resonance factor. You follow me?" Half a dozen times, she thought, he seemed to be sending her away, then calling her back, as if in spite of himself. His eyes kept going to her face, then leaping away to the hi-fi again. The walls of this room were lined with racks. Almost the whole area was filled with tagged and cataloged thousands of long-playing records. She looked over her shoulder. Ray, Lamartine and Pen were openly watching her. The rest of the room, drinking coffee and whiskey now, were trying not to get caught doing the same.

And Baylee kept on looking at her. There was nothing in his look of audacity or the biding pitch she, like any entertainer, knew so well. It was the opposite of that. He looked at her nicely, attentive, not pleading, because it seemed to her he didn't value himself enough to even think he had a chance pleading, just grave and solemn and admiring. She liked to be looked at like that. She liked to be looked at like that by him.

But even so it got squirmy after a bit and she said: "The man says your daddy wrote the *Jezebel Blues*."

"Yes he did," Home Boy said. "He wrote that."

"And all those other fine blues," she said.

"Yes he did," he said. "He got twenty dollars for writing the *Jezebel*."

"Twenty dollars?" She knew she looked her astonishment. The tune was a standard in every jazz repertoire in the world.

"He got twenty dollars for it," Baylee said tonelessly. "And then when that was all written and the others got, and still get, the money from the *Jezebel*, then he set up the music company. And now, miss, now the others work for me."

She liked his face. But suddenly now it was hideous in her sight. He did not scowl or anything like that. But his face

seemed to die. He was again to her the savage, all alone in his dark and blue-lit world, walled in by sound. She had to turn away.

"But thank you very much for mixing the tape," she said. "I hope sometime you will come and hear me sing. I work at a bar and grill on Seventy Ninth and Broadway." She was not sure of all the reasons, but he made her very unhappy.

"I cannot do that," Home Boy said. "But you can tape the good ones and you can bring them here. I'll listen then."

"Maybe you could come down," she said. She was growing restive. "Perhaps you could tape me down there one night."

"I cannot do that," he said. He smiled a little. "But I will give you a recorder. You can come back. I do hope you will come back."

"Why can't you come down?" she said. She did not know why it upset her so. "You could take a taxi. It is not far." If he owned the Yancy Baylee Publishing Company, she knew well he did not have to worry about the taxi fare. "Come down." She faced him.

"I cannot," he said sadly.

"Why not?"

"Because I am the Home Boy, miss." Slowly, somehow majestically, he left her.

A voice spoke softly behind her and she turned to see that Touhey Lamartine was standing there. "Happen you take your coffee, miss," he said in his soft chocolate voice. "The Home Boy, he is very nice. Do not make him sad."

"Sad?" Ina turned on the drummer, exasperated. "But why sad?"

"He goes not out," Lamartine said gently. "For fifteen years, since his daddy died, he never left this place."

"Fifteen years?" She said it very slowly. She could not take it aboard. "But why? With all his money?" That was dumb to say. She knew as she said it that had nothing to do with it. It was only that so much of her own life was conditioned on money. Every time she heard a liner blow she wanted to travel. For so long now she was paying medical bills. She had scrimped and saved and she was used enough to that. Only she had gotten into the habit, perhaps, of believing that the one thing that prevented people from doing anything they wanted was that they could not afford it.

"Home Boy is indeed well-heeled," Lamartine said softly. "But it is the hump, miss. He fears that others will see the hump on his back and they will see that." Lamartine looked at her.

"But it's small," she cried.

"To him, miss," he murmured, "it is very large."

She saw now that which she had not fully taken in before, that all the blinds were drawn on this living room and its

(concluded on page 111)

a compendium on a noble furnishing and its functions

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF SLEEP

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF SLEEP

THE PLAYBOY BED

BEDS FROM OTHER TIMES

AND PLACES

THE ORIENTAL ROBE



AND SO TO BED...

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF SLEEP



on the stuff that dreams are made of

A FEW MONTHS AGO I STOOD BEFORE the bust of Freud that was mounted in the yard of the University of Vienna in 1956, the centenary of Freud's birth. A few hours later I lectured at the Psychiatric Clinic, where I first heard him lecture more than 50 years ago. So many memories of my student years emerged. How often did I sit in that yard cramming for exams!

The occasion when I first heard the name of Sigmund Freud came to mind. It was in 1908 and I was 20 years old. Our lecturer in psychology had explained to us what dreams are: how stimuli from the body and stimuli from the external world determine the form and content of our dreams. There were experiments to prove this genesis of dreams. Small stones were thrown at the window of a bedroom and the sleeper dreamed that a battle, with much gunfire, was going on. A music box under a pillow resulted in a dream about an approaching military band, playing a march. A few drops of water thrown at a sleeper's face made him dream that he was walking in the middle of a tempest. In those days, psychiatry categorized dreams as the activity of degraded and weakened thought. With a fine, ironical smile our lecturer added that there lived in our city a neurologist who asserted not only that dreams were meaningful phenomena but that he knew a method of deciphering them. From what our teacher said and left unsaid, we students, trained in the theories of Wilhelm Wundt and Theodor Ziehen, concluded that the teachings of that certain Dr. Sigmund Freud were not much better than an old wives' tale.

A few weeks later I confronted Freud's *The Interpretation of Dreams*. I read a few chapters and put it back into the files. I was indignant. What I had read definitely contradicted all that I had learned as a student of clinical psychology.

A short time later I had a vivid dream that followed me, as some dreams do, into my waking thoughts. This was the dream: I received an unsigned telegram: JACOB DIED. COME IMMEDIATELY. The content and source of the dream puzzled me. Where were the physical stimuli or the sensory sensations responsible for its emergence? I was, then, far from searching for meaning in my dreams, but I wondered why it was that the emotion with which I awoke did not correspond to the sad message contained in the dream. I had slept well and had experienced a joyous feeling when, awakening, I remembered the dream. Having perused Freud's book, I was sufficiently curious to search for some clues to understanding why I had dreamed such abstruse stuff. Who was Jacob? I did not know anyone by that name. I searched my memory in vain: none of my friends or relatives was called Jacob. And no one I knew had died recently.

The telegram was not signed. What did that mean? I suddenly remembered that I had received an unsigned telegram that week. The message it contained had nothing to do with a Jacob or with death. I knew the sender very well. The telegram consisted of only a few words, canceling an appointment for the following day.

At the time I was in love with Ella, the girl I was to marry several years later. Her father strongly objected to our association. He said about me — and how right he was — "He is nothing and he has nothing!" Ella and I met secretly. The actual telegram I had received was from Ella, telling me that I should not come to a meeting we had planned, because she had to go to a party with her parents on that day. Two elements of my dream were thus explained: the telegram and the fact that the message was not signed, as in reality it had not been.

But my dream still remained enigmatic. The real telegram had asked me not to come. The dream-message told me to do the opposite "immediately." Who was Jacob, whose death was announced in the telegram? I was almost ready to dismiss my dream as nonsense when I remembered that I had to attend a lecture that afternoon. The lecture was given by Professor Jacob Minor. It then occurred to me that Ella and I had originally planned to meet that afternoon, but had to drop that plan, to my regret, since I had to attend Professor Minor's lecture.

Now a third element of the dream had found its explanation; the name Jacob, which was that of the lecturer whom I then admired, yet whose discipline I feared. But Professor Minor enjoyed the best of health. I would listen to him lecture on the same day I had dreamed of his death.

Now at last I understood the meaning of my dream. Before I had fallen asleep, *(continued on page 68)*

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF SLEEP

on the why and how of slumber

IT WAS FOUR O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING. Private David S. bent over a wash basin to clean up, glanced casually into the mirror above the basin — and received the shock of his life. He saw cobwebs on his face, a mass of clotted dirty material clinging to his cheeks, nose, chin. He tried to brush the stuff off, but it stuck fast. Then he looked down at his hands, and noticed with horror that they were covered with cobwebs too. "I called for help," he later said, "and the corpsman came in and said there was nothing there, and I was just having trouble with my eyes!"

Private S. was neither a mental patient nor a chronic alcoholic. He was suffering from lack of sleep. In fact, at the time of his terrifying hallucination he had remained awake for a total of 65 hours. He is one of more than 70 enlisted men who have volunteered to serve as experimental guinea pigs in a study still under way at the Walter Reed Army Institute of Research in Washington, a study of the basic biological nature of sleep. His case illustrates an important finding in all such investigations.

Contrary to popular belief, you do *not* sleep to rest tired muscles or to rebuild tissues after a day's work. Even if you went three to four days without sleep, it's a very good bet that a routine examination would not reveal anything out of the ordinary. Your heart would beat at about its usual rate. Your blood pressure would be normal and so would blood-sugar levels, indicating that you had plenty of chemical fuel to burn. You might pass these and other physical tests with flying colors. But you'd be in real trouble mentally.

Sleeplessness strikes hardest at centers of the nervous system, and the case of Private S. is typical. One of his fellow volunteers saw snow falling around a light bulb in the ceiling. Another was found wiping "grease" off a perfectly clean wall, and a third tried to stamp on imaginary bugs crawling along the floor. As you might expect, symptoms tend to become worse the longer the ordeal lasts. To date the record at Walter Reed is about a hundred sleepless hours, but there are far more grueling sessions on record.

Peter Tripp, a New York disc jockey, participated in the most recent no-sleep marathon some nine months ago. He stayed awake nearly eight and a half days (201 hours and 13 minutes, to be precise), experiencing a wide variety of hallucinations. Floors tilted and began rolling and waving like sheets of rubber; lights had halos around them; the suit of one visitor seemed to be made up of thousands of twisting worms. Incidentally, Tripp does not hold the world's record. During World War II a Canadian scientist managed to hold out for 10 consecutive days and nights. By the end of that session he had an insane gleam in his eyes, thought people were plotting against him, and showed other signs of major mental illness.

All the evidence points to the same conclusion. We sleep chiefly for the benefit of our brain. This is the organ which carries the main burden of prolonged insomnia and cracks first under strain. It is the busiest and most complex part of the entire body, a communications center seething and buzzing with activity every moment of the day. The eyes register a thousand and one details — images which are converted into electrical signals flashed along nerve fibers. At the same time signals come from many other sense organs, from your ears and nose and from millions of heat, cold, pain and touch detectors imbedded in the skin. Whatever you do, wherever you go, you are continually prodded and goaded. You are bombarded with signals, an estimated hundred million electrical pulses every second, which represent the state of affairs in the environment around you.

So we know why sleep is important. It is something like turning down the volume control of a howling radio. It shuts out for a while the hubbub of life which would drive us mad if there were no relief. It brings us a temporary measure of peace. But we have much to learn about the actual mechanism of sleep, the details of what happens when we begin dozing off. One of the world's leading investigators of this problem is Dr. Nathaniel Kleitman of the University of Chicago, who has been studying sleep for more than 35 years. A plausible theory is emerging from his work and from the work of others at many research centers.

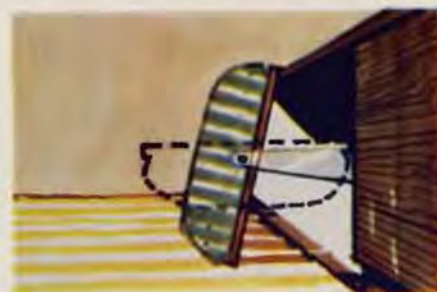
Sleep, it has been learned, cannot be considered as an isolated phenomenon. It represents an idling state of the brain, which can exist in a whole spectrum of different states. Think of a scale of mental alertness with deep sleep toward the low end of the scale and 100-percent attention at the high end. We spend most of our time living somewhere between these two extremes. Life-or-death

(continued on page 76)

THE PLAYBOY BED

modern living

Touch-type electronic switch panel affords from-the-bed control of the entire apartment, opening or closing of windows and drapes, on-off controls for temperature and lighting, etc.



Reversible back rest pulls out on center-mounted slides, and can lock in selected positions. One side is oiled walnut, the other is comfortably upholstered for sit-up lounging.



Upholstered pull-out arm rest provides luxury lounging, wells for drinking glasses, ashtray, cigarette lighter and humidior, level formica surface for cocktail shaker, snacks and such.



DESIGNED BY JAMES E. TUCKER — RENDERINGS BY HUMEN TAN

PLAYBOY CONTENDS THAT A GENTLEMAN'S BED is much, much more than a place to placidly assume a supine position after a wearying day at the office. It is, or should be, a major furnishing in any well-appointed bachelor's diggings, a sumptuous haven in which the gentleman can take his ease, with eyes open or closed, yet not be completely cut off from the niceties and conveniences of apartment living. In addition to the solid comfort of the bed itself, he should have fingertip control of what goes on, and off, in his pad (air conditioning, lights, heat, door control, drapes, etc.), plus a convenient, functional setup for assuaging his basic entertainment and gustatorial needs (stereo hi-fi, TV, snack bar, serious bar, etc.). Especially designed by PLAYBOY for the man who prizes luxurious lounging and sleeping, the bed you see above fills the bill perfectly.

The box spring and mattress area of the PLAYBOY bed is six feet wide, seven feet long (biggest for which standard linen and blankets are available), in an oiled walnut frame. Surveying your bedroom realm from 16 inches above the floor, you have a wide choice of diversions and controls.

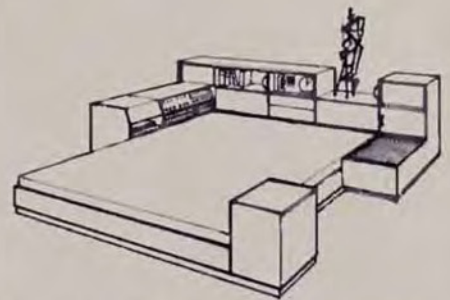
The handsome headboard (96" long, 18" deep, 52" high) houses matched stereo speakers at both ends. It has a bookcase within easy reach, for PLAYBOY, Proust or *Punch*. An executive style telephone — the Speak-

designed for luxurious lounging and sleeping



erphone — is judiciously tucked into the center of the headboard. It's a hands-free unit that encourages conversation via a built-in microphone-amplifier-speaker unit; you can talk or hear from anywhere in the room (should you wish your conversation to be private, however, you can use it as a regular phone). Flanking the phone is an automatic clock-timer that gently awakens you in the morning and starts your coffee perking. A 22" expanse of open shelf space permits you to conduct your own exhibition of *objets d'art*. Completing the top tier of the headboard, the two brushed-brass reading lamps (one in the bookshelf, the other in the open area) are canister-type swivel models, set in sliding brackets for simple extension over the bed and retraction when not in use. Light from the reading lamps can be beamed so that either side of the bed may remain in undisturbed darkness at any time.

(concluded on page 104)



Buttressed up, the PLAYBOY bed is a handsome dais providing all that's needed to make the bedroom serve as a second living room when your pad's thrown open for a party.

PSYCHOLOGY OF SLEEP (continued from page 64)

I had thought what a pity it was that I could not see Ella the next day because of the lecture. I had then dreamed that Jacob Minor had died, that I need not go to the university, and could meet the beloved girl. The dream had transformed a secret wish into reality, presenting a fantasied possibility as actual. It seemed that I wished my professor dead in order to see Ella. No guilty conscience accompanied this thought (the dream was ruthless, reckless and remorseless). As I wondered about this aspect of my dream, I remembered having read in Freud's book that the dream treats the idea of death as children do, simply as absence, without the finality adults associate with it. Freud, in fact, mentioned that a little boy once said, "I know that grandfather died. But why does he not come to dinner?"

The unsigned telegram of the dream was taken from the memory of the fact that Ella had telegraphed me the week before. The dream had, as is often the case, condensed elements of reality and fantasy into one entity: the news came from Ella, but in contrast with the real message it was good news. The dream-telegram undid, so to speak, the previous telegram: now she was telling me I should come. The dream telegram not only showed that haste was necessary, but the tone of it, the request that I come, "immediately," signified also the impatience with which she awaited me.

A few days later, I realized that Jacob Minor and Ella's father had some personal characteristics and mannerisms in common. The dream finally emerged in depth-dimension: I also wished this father-representative figure, who stood in my way, dead. In the dream Ella conveyed to me that her father had died. All obstacles were removed. We would now be able to see each other regularly, as we wished.

It would lead us too far astray here to follow the path of the dream interpretation back into my childhood. However, the immediate insight I had gained in understanding this dream opened, for me, the door that had been kept closed through the narrow-minded prejudices of psychiatry and psychology of that day. I read *The Interpretation of Dreams* again, and then everything that Freud had published. One year later I stood, for the first time, in his consultation room.

I later attended his lectures, and still remember how he approached a much discussed problem: that the dream, at its core, presents a wish fulfillment. He also spoke of the physiological and psychological conditions of sleep and familiarized his audience with his theory that dreams have the important function of guarding sleep, postponing awakening. He showed us how internal and external stimuli are interwoven and used by the emotional factors responsible for the formation of the picture which we see on that private stage of the night. A sleeping baby who experiences hunger does not immediately awaken; it moves its mouth as if sucking, though still asleep. It hallucinates that it is drinking and only begins to cry when the physical fact of non-satisfaction finally forces it awake.

It is similar with our other needs. A Hungarian magazine once published a series of cartoons about a governess who had to take care of a little boy. The child, who wanted to empty his bladder, tried in vain to awaken the woman, who usually helped him. The first picture showed that she dreamed that she was already helping the little boy: she was holding the child as he urinated. The next picture depicted his urine grown to the size of a brook; then it swelled into a river on which canoes were floating, then into a sea, and so on. Finally the shouts of the child became so urgent that the governess awakened. Her dream had prolonged her sleep as long as possible.

This function of guarding sleep is accomplished by dreams despite physical discomfort. Freud told us a dream of his own, dreamed when he had a sore spot on his buttocks. In the dream he saw himself horseback riding.

Dreams generally have their origin in impressions, impulses and thoughts occurring on the day before they are dreamed. In dream interpretation, the knowledge of those day-remnants is frequently helpful. Here is an example from my psychoanalytic practice: a patient reported that in his dream he entered a barber shop. The barber, a funny-looking, small man, greeted him cordially and shook his hand. The patient felt happy about the friendliness of the fellow. The day remnant: the patient had seen a movie, *The Great Dictator*, the evening before the dream. In that picture Charlie Chaplin played the part of a comical barber. Before falling asleep that night the patient had thought how rewarding it would be to meet Chaplin.

Dreams are always concerned with the person of the sleeper, with what he does or what happens to him. His person is sometimes disguised, but he is always in the center of the plot. The late Ernest Jones, Freud's biographer, told us in the early days of the psychoanalytic movement that a lady, present at a lecture of his in London, strongly objected to the statement that our dreams are self-centered, an insight common to all psychoanalysts. The lady asserted that her dreams were always "altruistic." Jones pointed out that the "personal" character of dreams had been recognized by all psychiatrists who interpreted them. He told her that when one makes an experiment—holding a person underwater in the Thames River for 20 minutes and seeing that the person has drowned—one is not obliged to repeat the experiment in all the rivers of the world.

In keeping with this personal quality of our dreams, people to whom we are indifferent rarely appear in them. I heard a charming story during my recent stay in Vienna: two sisters, Gertrude, six years old, and Monica, four years old, usually tell each other their dreams. In Gertrude's dreams little Monica always plays a role, while the sister never appears in Monica's dreams. On hearing of this from her sister, Gertrude indignantly declared, "What? You do not dream of me at all? Then I will not dream of you either."

The dynamics of the dream, the demonstration of the mechanisms of distortion, condensation, displacement and others which operate to form the dream and make its meaning unrecognizable to us after we awake, are complex. Psychoanalysis differentiates between the manifest dream content and its latent thoughts, and provides the psychologist with a method for deciphering the remembered dream, thereby penetrating its surface.

A few peculiarities of dream-thinking have to be mentioned in order to make the psychoanalytic interpretation understandable. The dream returns in its manifestations to the phase of infantile thoughts and does not hesitate to form puns and to use metaphorical expressions literally. This was already known to the dream-interpreters of antiquity. When Alexander the Great beleaguered the city of Tyre in 332 B.C. he had a dream in which he saw a satyr who teased him and tried to escape from him, but who finally let himself be caught. The dream interpreters whom the Macedonian king consulted explained the meaning of the dream: *Tyre is yours* (in Greek, Tyre = *Tyros* and satyr = *satyros*).

Let me compare this example with a dream I had to interpret not long ago. A woman patient dreamed: *There was a bird. It was quite wet. I kissed it.* The dream was particularly puzzling, since no helpful thought-associations of the dreamer opened an avenue to its interpretation. Nothing connected with the dream's content occurred to the patient. We decided to halt the discussion of the dream and to attempt its interpretation another time. The patient then told me other things; she gave me, for instance, an amusing description of a party she and her lover had attended the evening before. The man had become involved in a discussion during which some silly opinions had been expressed. Her lover had said some things which, in the lady's opinion, were quite mistaken. (continued on page 106)

BEDS FROM
OTHER TIMES
AND PLACES



ROYAL ENGLISH GOTHIC, 16th Century

LOUIS PHILIPPE VICTORIAN, mid-19th Century



MARIE ANTOINETTE FRENCH,
late-18th Century



PHOTOGRAPHY BY
DESMOND RUSSELL



ROMAN, 27 B. C. to 476 A. D.

POLYNESIAN, 16th Century to present



AMERICAN, 1920s





VENETIAN, 19th Century

Jet black cashmere wool robe, kimono style, with pockets in the side seams. Fully lined in imported brown and black striped silk, by Alexander Shields, \$150.



Reversible alive Arnel and rayon kimono-style robe. Solid with black piping on one side, neat print with solid color details on reverse, by Roytex, \$18.95.



the Oriental Robe

*an elegantly urban dressing
gown with a far-eastern flavor*

attire

By **ROBERT L. GREEN**



ONCE YOU ARISE, you'll want to don the very finest in lounging attire, and we can recommend nothing more highly than the Orientally-influenced robe.

The kimono-style robe is a versatile one. It is a loose wrap-around that fits easily over whatever you might be wearing (or not wearing) at the time. Slightly shorter in length and narrower in sleeve than its Nipponese counterpart, it serves a variety of functions admirably, even as a host coat when serving *sukiyaki à deux* or for the crowd. In addition, the loose cut allows for built-in air conditioning, which is important in well-heated American homes.

Fabrics range from cotton to cashmere, with everything from synthetics to pure silk included. Colors cross the spectrum from deep blacks to hot reds, in spaced figures, solids, Paisleys, over-all patterns and stripes.

Mikado, a fully washable unlined kimono-style cotton robe. Cupioni gold Paisley pattern, black binding. Two large slash waist pockets, by J. M. Wise, \$17.95.

PHYSIOLOGY OF SLEEP (continued from page 65)

emergencies — for example, avoiding a smashup on the highway — draw on our fullest powers of concentration. The danger may be over in a few seconds, but during that period the brain and nervous system attain a state of alertness so intense and so vivid that the experience may leave us exhausted.

All irrelevant detail is ignored and every important detail comes into sharp focus when survival is endangered. At other times, the brain tends to take it easy. One psychologist has estimated that on the average we are fully alert for no more than a minute or two out of every hour. The rest of the time we go about in almost a trance, functioning as high-grade robots or semi-robots. The brain does as much as possible automatically and our awareness level is fairly low during routine everyday activities. This is the state generally referred to as "being awake."

The general level of activity starts falling toward the end of the day. The brain has been so busy receiving, analyzing and transmitting signals that it usually starts to falter. It behaves something like an overworked motor which sputters and misfires in protest. During the evening you may have episodes of microsleep, brief lapses or blackouts of consciousness which you do not notice. They last for only a second or so and come at a rate of perhaps one every 10 or 15 minutes. Also, the lapses become longer and more frequent the longer you stay awake.

Microsleep is a telltale sign of changes among certain cells in an important region of the brain, the brainstem or bulging extension of the spinal cord into the skull. This white cable, which is about four to five inches long and as thick as your thumb, includes a diffuse network of intertangled nerve fibers which may function as a wakefulness or alerting center. It is a Grand Central Station of the nervous system, a meeting place for signals representing sensations from all parts of the body. Many of the signals normally continue to travel upward along ascending nerve pathways to the brain's highest center, the cortex — and as long as they keep coming in full force we are awake.

But here's what happens when you begin dozing off. Things quiet down in the wakefulness center. The number of nerve impulses from brainstem to cortex becomes smaller and smaller. Research using brain-wave machines, which provide charts of the activity of groups of nerve cells, indicates that there are various stages in falling asleep. The first stage occurs as soon as you turn in for the night, close your eyes, and relax without thinking about anything in particular. At this point the automatic pen of the machine writes a rippling "signature" on moving chart paper, brain waves produced at a rate of about 10 a second.

The pattern soon changes from smooth continuous ripples to brain waves which come in bursts. Now your mind is wandering; you are beginning to drift off and dream. Later there is another characteristic change in the record. As the bursts become fewer and farther between, they are replaced by large waves which rise and fall like ocean swells and appear at a rate of two or three a second. These "slow rollers" mark the arrival of deep dreamless sleep which, short of severe coma or death itself, represents the closest we can come to escaping from the pressures of the outside world.

Of course, the escape is not complete. Even in deepest sleep we cannot shut ourselves off entirely. Discomfort is always with us, and the body protests after staying too long in one position. Stiff muscles send nagging signals to the brain until we assume new horizontal postures. There is no such thing as sleeping like a log. Even relatively inactive sleepers shift an average of about three times an hour; restless sleepers shift seven to eight times an hour. For reasons as yet undetermined we change positions more frequently during the second half of the night, and more frequently in the

fall than in the spring.

Incidentally, the brain knows exactly where we are at all times — and confines our unconscious movements in bed accordingly. A person who is accustomed to an oversized bed may switch to a narrow Army cot, but the odds are that he won't fall off. A traditional way of sleeping in Japan involves the use of a tiny wooden pillow, a kind of raised platform originally designed to prevent elaborate hairdos from becoming messed. But sleepers manage to go through night after night of tossing and turning, and still keep their heads on the pillow.

The sleeping brain also maintains communications with the outside world. Some nerve channels always remain clear for messages of special significance. Some gates always remain open. For example, you may be able to sleep soundly through thunderstorms, the neighbors' late parties, or the clanking of trolley cars. But the sound of your name whispered softly will be enough to rouse you. Similarly, a mother will waken promptly when her baby cries from the next room, although she ignores louder noises closer to her ears.

Among current problems concerning sleep, or lack of it, the most widely discussed is insomnia which has been called a typically American ailment, and with good reason. Insomnia may be a symptom of a wide variety of physical disorders ranging from indigestion and bad tonsils to diabetes and heart trouble. But in more than 90 percent of all cases the cause is mental. Emotional tension is a notorious enemy of sleep — and the job of keeping up with, or getting ahead of, the Joneses is calculated to keep tensions at a high pitch.

Excitement, persistent worry and mulling over problems keeps the cortex buzzing with nerve signals. Controlling this hubbub is largely a matter of psychology and individual taste rather than set rules based on medical fact. For example, considerable nonsense has been written about the benefits of "scientifically" designed mattresses and innersprings, and Dr. Kleitman reminds us that "a large portion of mankind sleep . . . on the ground, sometimes on mats, sometimes on the bare floor or soil." But logic has little to do with the case. If a particular mattress suits you best, use it and it will help put your cortex at rest. Some people find that a nightcap helps them doze off. Others swear by a glass of milk (hot or cold — there are two schools of thought on this procedure), an hour of relaxed reading, a light snack, a large meal, or no food at all. The routine that seems suited to you is the routine to follow.

As far as barbiturates and other sleep-inducing drugs are concerned, it is generally agreed that small doses can be taken safely — assuming that your doctor knows about it, and approves. All so-called hypnotic drugs act on the nerve cells of centers involved in sleep. A normal cell "fires," or transmits signals, only if it is affected by a stimulus of a certain strength. A barbiturate makes cells more resistant to such firing. It raises their threshold so that they will respond only to stimuli of greater-than-average strength. Thus, the cells of a drugged cortex react sluggishly and nervous activity slows down sufficiently to bring on sleep.

But immoderate use can cause dangerous upsets in the workings of nerve cells. They begin to tolerate drugs so that doses have reduced effects. The result is a vicious process of larger and larger doses which may lead to aggravated insomnia, nervous breakdown, and even addiction. Extreme overdoses, a common method of committing suicide, cause death by knocking out centers which regulate breathing and blood circulation. Alcohol, by the way, resembles hypnotic drugs in that it also raises the threshold of nerve cells in the cortex. At first we may feel stimulated because lower centers are released from cortical control. Later alcohol may produce a soporific effect, however, which is one reason why doctors advise their patients *not* to take sleeping pills after an evening of (continued on page 108)

FROM THE DESK OF

MILTON CRONIN:

2 October

TO: THE STAFF OF "DAYTIME"

The staff of *Daytime* is complete and, as producer, I think it is an exceptional one. Although I have not had time to speak with each of you personally, I am looking forward to working with you on the *Daytime* team. We have five weeks to get this show ready for air. Top management has given me a free hand and I assure you I have their 100% backing so let me begin by summarizing my objectives. (1) In "Mitch" Morgan we have one of the brightest stars of the future in television. *Daytime* should have the same atmosphere "Mitch" had on his local show in Philadelphia, except, of course, this will be geared for a network audience. (2) *Daytime* will be a casual, relaxed, easygoing show. (3) *Daytime* will provide both information and entertainment to the women of America during the morning hours. This is not just a show — it is a "service." By the first of the year, "Did you see it on *Daytime*?" should be the first question the housewife asks when she stops to visit with friends and neighbors. (4) *Daytime* will not be just another television show. We don't want the same guests viewers can see on the ordinary program. We want bright, fresh young talent and new ideas. There will be a meeting in my office at 10 A.M. tomorrow.

7 October

TO: ED MARTIN, FEATURE EDITOR

While I appreciate the ideas you have been turning in, there may have been a slight misunderstanding about what I said in our Wednesday meeting about current issues on *Daytime*. Let me make it clear. While we want "Mitch" to talk about current events and discuss controversial issues as he did when Ed Hutter was producing his local show, we do not want to lose a large segment of our audience by offending them. We will occasionally want "Mitch" to discuss controversial issues but those issues should be limited to areas in which disagreement is not too widespread. I know that you were "Mitch's" Feature Editor in Philly but remember you can do things in Philly you can't do here.

10 October

TO: JACK BLAKE, FRED ROBINSON, ASSOC. PRODUCERS

Our first week of rehearsal has been fairly satisfactory; however, I think our interviews are running too long. When you are dealing with network time, every interview must tell a story. There should be a beginning, a middle and an end. The aimless conversations that characterized the interviews on "Mitch's" old local show may have had a certain amount of charm but they are too time-consuming for *Daytime*. In order to give "Mitch" the time he needs to fully develop a guest's personality, we must allow him two and a half minutes at the very minimum. Often I anticipate an interview will run as long as four minutes but anything beyond that is pure fat. Because of our relaxed, semi-ad-lib format where the guest does not actually memorize his answers, "Mitch" should have a couple of extra questions prepared in case of emergency. There are a couple of stand-by questions that will always bring out good answers and "Mitch" should have them on cards where he can reach them in his desk. For example, "How do you feel about Elvis Presley?" is one. Perhaps you fellows could come up with a couple of more good ones. A question like that will provide "Mitch" with the insurance he needs to cover if the show is running 15 or 20 seconds short.

15 October

TO: JACK BLAKE, FRED ROBINSON, ASSOC. PRODUCERS

The run-through yesterday for our first show had some rough aspects that will have to be ironed out before air. I talked with "Mitch" right after the rehearsal and I think I've convinced him that he can't do this show without a script. Naturally, after four years with Ed Hutter, his producer in Philly, "Mitch" finds my tactics a little different but I am confident he'll come around to my way of thinking after a touch of net-

*a television producer
memos himself
into big trouble*



work experience.

20 October

TO: WRITERS JACKSON, FULTON, HANDLEY, STONE

With less than three weeks until air, I still am not satisfied with the script for the opening show. By now we should be scripted through the first two weeks. I do not have time to go over it with you word for word but there is a lot of re-writing to be done. Specifically I think you should inject more humor into it. I know some of you were with "Mitch" in Philadelphia but what may have been great in Philly just won't work here.

One thing I'd like to point out is you haven't given enough of a build-up to our feature spots. When you have a big-name guest like Hymie Davis, don't try to hide it! At the very beginning of the show we have got to billboard our biggest attractions. "Mitch" must tell our audience what they can look forward to. At every opportunity he must tell them what they are about to see. During the spot he should remind them of what they are seeing, and following a spot he should tell them what they have just seen. At the end of a show he should billboard tomorrow's show and the highlights of the shows for the rest of the week. In addition, at the sign-off, the script should provide "Mitch" with a brief roundup of what we have had on that day's show. If people who tuned in late hear that they have just missed Hymie Davis, they are going to tune in earlier next time.

24 October

TO: WRITERS JACKSON, FULTON, HANDLEY, STONE

I have carefully checked the scripts you have turned in for the shows through November 17. On the whole they are satisfactory. On page 41 of the script for Friday, November 9, I note that you have "Mitch" saying, "Well, that about winds things up for today. I hope you've enjoyed having us as much as we've enjoyed coming into your living rooms. I hope you'll join us again tomorrow when *Daytime* will bring you news, weather, singing star 'Sunny' Gale and the bright new comedian, Lenny Hall. That's all for now—so long." Because this is Friday this should be changed to read "I hope you'll join us again *Monday* when *Daytime* brings you news, weather, singing star 'Sunny' Gale and the bright new comedian, Lenny Hall." Please see that this correction is made.

26 October

TO: JACK BLAKE, FRED ROBINSON, ASSOC. PRODUCERS

In checking the script for November 9, I notice the writers have had "Mitch" say, "Well, that about winds things up

for today. I hope you've enjoyed having us as much as we've enjoyed coming into your living rooms. I hope you'll join us again tomorrow when *Daytime* will bring you news, weather, singing star 'Sunny' Gale and the bright new comedian, Lenny Hall. That's all for now—so long."

Because November 9 falls on a Friday, this paragraph should read, "I hope you'll join us again *Monday* when *Daytime* brings you news, weather, singing star 'Sunny' Gale and the bright new comedian, Lenny Hall." I have brought this to the attention of the writers. Will you make certain the change is made.

5 November

TO: THE STAFF OF "DAYTIME"

Tomorrow is an important day for all of us. I only wish I had time to thank you individually for your fine work these past weeks. Our first effort tomorrow will have an important influence on our ratings in the months to come and remember, this is the one the critics will be watching, so let's make it good.

7 November

TO: THE STAFF OF "DAYTIME"

There is an old saying in television: "If John Crosby likes a show, you're in trouble with it." That is exactly how I feel. The critics completely missed what we are trying to do on *Daytime*, although I would be the first to admit we do not have a perfect show. However, if only the perfect shows and shows the critics raved about stayed on the air, there wouldn't be much to see on television. Let's remember this isn't a show for the critics. I think I have a little better idea of what the public wants than they do and that's what we're going to give them. Let the critics watch *Omni-bus*.

As I said to "Dick" Goodman, our vice president in charge of network programs after the show, "At least we've got them talking about *Daytime*, and that's half the battle, 'Dick.'"

15 November

TO: DICK GOODMAN, VICE PRESIDENT NETWORK PROGRAMS

I heartily agree with your memo regarding the shows the past few days. Perhaps we could strengthen our position with some changes in the writing staff. The boys "Mitch" brought with him from Philly are finding it tough breaking in here and although I hate to let them go I think it would be best for all concerned. As for your comments on our set, I am in complete agreement and will take immediate steps to improve it.

15 November

TO: LARRY ELLIS, SET DESIGNER

From the first time I saw the com-

pleted set for *Daytime* I have been dissatisfied. I haven't had time to give it my attention but I feel now that you and I should sit down together and try to work out a background for "Mitch" that gives our viewers a sense of being "somewhere" instead of "nowhere." As one of the most experienced set designers in television, I know you can come up with something better than what we now have. The present set is in great part responsible for the "nervous" feeling the program has and it must be corrected.

20 November

TO: ED MARTIN, FEATURE EDITOR

As producer of *Daytime* I cannot possibly attend to every detail. When I give you a list of suggested guests I intend that you should check their desirability and not just book them blindly. I don't care how you worked with Ed Hutter in Philly. I have been informed that both Sumner Lockewell, author of *Devil Take the Hindmost*, and Miss Cotton Twill of 1958, as well as the Pretzel Baking Champion from Scranton, Pa., were all guests on our competition several days before we had them. I don't want to hear of this happening again.

24 November

TO: JACK BLAKE, FRED ROBINSON, ASSOC. PRODUCERS

I don't have as much time as I'd like to work on the creative side of this show but here's an idea that came to me about three A.M. this morning. If you think it has merit I'd like to have it worked into the show this week. The idea is for "Mitch," in his casual, easygoing manner, to say something like this: "I sit here every day telling you all about myself. Why don't you folks write in and tell me about yourselves. I'd like to hear. Better yet, send me a picture of yourself and I'll show it right here on television." The writer in me still comes out sometimes. I think it will work. Every single person who sends in his or her picture will be looking at *Daytime* very carefully to see his or her picture. They will certainly tell friends and relatives who will watch for it, too. This is the sort of hook that could be very useful to Sales.

25 November

TO: JACK BLAKE, FRED ROBINSON, ASSOC. PRODUCERS

A propos my memo on the idea for asking people to send in their pictures, Al Crider in Legal advised me that to avoid trouble in the event we don't get around to showing all the pictures that come in, we should be very careful with the wording. He advised this text: "I sit here every day telling you folks about myself. Why don't you folks write and tell me about yourselves. Better yet,

(concluded on page 91)

beautiful

SOUP



a tureen full of tips, through thick and thin

food **By THOMAS MARIO**

WHEN ALICE, in Wonderland, requests a song of the Mock Turtle, that personage chooses to sing of "Beautiful soup! Who cares for fish, Game, or any other dish? Soup of the evening, beautiful soup!"

There is a large body of men — we're right in there — who share the Mock Turtle's enthusiasm. For what is as fine on a cold November day as a big bowl of piping hot minestrone, fortified with pasta and vegetables, fragrant with the pungent aroma of freshly grated romano cheese? Don't bother to answer that.

Pity the poor soul who has not yet discovered soup: he is always searching for hors d'oeuvres, entrees, savories and Escoffier-knows-what-else to reassure his appetite. But your true soupman — ah! Let his nostrils tell him that an oversize pot of shrimp gumbo soup is simmering in the pantry, and he will be bothered by no other fiddle-faddle. (For a moment or two he may stray from the paths of righteousness, toying with the idea of ripe stilton cheese, or considering a thin slice of Smithfield ham, but his stream of hungriness will inevitably return to the shrimp-laden broth, rich with rice and okra.)

These days, every soupmaker must be prepared to defend his art against the challenge of thousands of canned, jarred, frozen and dehydrated soups that are stacked on shelves everywhere. The average man, in his kitchenless kitchen, is not likely to turn out such exotica as kangaroo soup or cream of snail soup with curry, but these, and others equally out of the ordinary, are now obtainable in gourmet shops. And

even the proudest *chef potager* will probably concede that several brands of cream of tomato soup as well as some of the canned clear soups like beef bouillon or clam madrilène couldn't easily be improved upon. But for some reason those soups which are neither cream soups nor clear bouillons, like Philadelphia pepper pot or mulligatawny or petite marmite — the main-dish soups — don't seem to take kindly to the can; and it so happens that these hearty soups are the very ones that turn out to be the real attractions at today's informal buffet tables.

Beethoven once said, "Only the pure in heart can make a good soup." Whether you're cardiacally pristine or not, though, you can become a competent soupmaker.

New cooks who are fuddled by the term "stock" should learn that it's merely the liquid which is produced when a food is cooked in water. To oversimplify perhaps a bit, if you boiled a turnip, the cooking liquid would be turnip stock. When you steam clams open, the juice that squirts out of the shells, as well as the water used in steaming, become clam broth or clam stock. Fresh stock is automatically created every time you boil poultry or meat. Thus the stock for the most exquisite French soup, petite marmite, is the result of boiling chicken and beef in the same pot. When you cook a smoked beef tongue, the cooking liquid may later be used for a rich puree of split peas or lentil soup. Not all boiled meats produce a useful stock, however. When you

simmer corned beef, the stock that's left is not useful in soupmaking; it's too salty.

All of the natural stocks such as those just described will usually be enhanced by the addition of a few bouillon cubes or packets of powdered instant bouillon. Concentrated bouillon, by the way, isn't just another new synthetic food, but a respected product that was in vogue in the early 1700s. In those days beef or veal stock was boiled down until it reached the consistency of a hard jelly. In America, hunters setting out on long trips munched on the hard cakes for sustenance on the road. When Captain Cook made his voyage around the world in 1772, his galley was stocked with the same kind of indestructible soup, a specimen of which is on view today in the English Royal United Service Institution Museum.

Instant stocks, however, do vary considerably in quality and strength. Some chicken cubes have a genuine chicken flavor; others are spurious. It's a good idea to experiment until you find a brand that suits you. Normally you need four instant cubes or packets of powder to each quart of water to produce a good stock. When you use all bouillon cubes and water instead of a fresh stock, a few tablespoons of butter melted in the soup just before it's served will provide a certain meat-like mellowness.

A tip for those who would become soup men supreme: never dump whole raw vegetables into a pot. First of all, keep a steady eye on your French knife,

(continued on page 97)

NO DEBT, WHERE IS THY



AT THE OUTSET of his lifelong adventure in earning and spending, every young man should rid himself of the outmoded idea that there is something shameful about going into debt, or remaining there. Increasingly these days you are greeted by invitations to enjoy all manner of goods and services *right now* and pay for them *eventually*. Succumb freely, without feelings of guilt, to these enticements: it is, in a very real sense, your duty to yourself and your country to get in there and owe your bit.

The prosperity of our nation depends on a widespread recourse to charge accounts, mortgages, bank loans, credit cards and other means of securing material things before the consumer can fully afford them. When you resist incurring debts of this sort, you manifest an attitude which, if it spread, would afflict the country with joblessness and economic paralysis. And, for a young man on the way up, there is no greater stimulus to good work and fiscal advancement than a solid backlog of obligations for a new car, tasteful furnishings, fine dining and drinking, good clothes, books, stereo equipment, travel, favors for the ladies, and other necessi-

ties to the daily enjoyment of life.

To make sure you are contributing your share toward bolstering the national economy and are getting the maximum personal benefit from the spur of debt, you should incur new obligations as if you were now earning *about as much* as you hope to be earning next year. By dressing and living like a man in an income bracket slightly above your own, your ambition and self-confidence will gain; you will convince your employer, and yourself, that you are worth that much more, and pretty soon you will be getting it. Such a mode of conduct is often censoriously, and inaccurately, called "living beyond your income." Correctly, it should be regarded as living *in front of* your income, an energizing and praiseworthy course, as we have seen. Only much later in life, when you can be fairly sure that no substantial boosts in increment lie ahead, will you need to consider living *in back of*, or *alongside*, your income.

Meanwhile, do not let your progress be blocked by the fear that, somewhere along the way, there will come a Day of Reckoning, when you will suddenly find

(continued overleaf)

satire By CARLTON BROWN

keeping calm, cool and uncollected



"But I can't keep this up forever on just bread and wine!"

yourself confronted with a large number of overdue debts that must be paid off at once. This contingency can be guarded against by building the foundations of your indebtedness carefully and with forethought.

1. Create a spectacular first impression. If you have committed no gross financial indiscretions that are on public record, and have been paying your bills promptly and in cash, you will encounter at once one of the strange facts of living in debt: having no credit references or credit rating, you will be regarded with suspicion and as a poor credit risk. To surmount this initial barrier it is wise, by whatever exertions are required, to gain the confidence of a leading store in your community. Buy something on the installment plan, make the first two monthly payments on the very same days that you receive the notices, and in the third month *pay the outstanding balance in full*. The news of this unheard-of behavior will spread like a grass fire to the credit departments of the other stores in town, and soon you will receive from all quarters letters beginning: "As you have been most favorably recommended to us, we invite you to open a charge account."

This will enable you to broaden your credit base with almost no direct effort, and you should accept these invitations from a far greater number of firms than you plan to patronize, to more than a nominal extent, in the near future. Open an account with every department and specialty store that stocks any merchandise you might *one day* want to acquire. Do not use these accounts at all for the first few months, and for several months thereafter use them so sparingly that you can pay the bills within a few days of receiving them. Follow the same procedure with installment purchases, limiting them to inexpensive items that you could just as easily buy for cash.

By exercising restraint during your first year of using credit you establish a rating that will stand up staunchly under later strains. Each of the many firms you carry accounts with will come to regard you as an old and trustworthy customer, though your file shows only minimal transactions or even *none at all*. (An inactive account seldom attracts the unfavorable attention of credit men.) Your established creditors will provide glowing testimonials to your probity when you give them as references in making applications for accounts elsewhere. When, later, you run up bills that are a trifle beyond your immediate ability to pay, they will treat you to the most respectful collection letters in their battery and will be most reluctant to deny you continued credit. If one or two should do so, you will still—despite

what almost credit men or bill collectors may tell you—be able to use all those other accounts that you have not yet overtaxed.

2. Now lay the groundwork for a certain individuality and unpredictability in your payment procedure. First month, in several of your most active accounts, be two weeks late; next month, prompt. Third month, six weeks late. When you answer their "friendly reminder," pay only half of what is due. Three days later, before they can protest, pay the balance. In this fashion, and with whatever variations occur to you, you will establish a reputation as an original and irregular payer, but a sound man nevertheless, and one whose failure to meet the due date should not be viewed with alarm. This will give you many times the financial mobility that you had before.

3. The best firms make the best creditors. The successful debtor cannot afford to be, and seldom has the temperament of, a bargain-hunter. Not for him the jostling crowds, the rude sales persons, the inaccessible low-rent areas, the shoddy or "distressed" goods of the cut-rate cash-and-carry shops. He knows that quality merchandise is worth what it costs—or will cost, when he gets around to paying for it. He knows, too, that the better class of tradesmen are accustomed to dealing with wealthy and discriminating patrons, who would take umbrage at any unseemly pressure for the settlement of their bills. You need not, of course, *be* very prosperous in order to carry accounts in the posh shops; you will look it and feel it, thanks to the habiliments and provisions you secure from them, and you will benefit from their kid-glove treatment of charge customers—who are often, indeed, the only ones they will deign to wait on.

4. Stagger your purchases, and your creditors. Do your best to space your charges so that your bills will fall due, and overdue, in a fairly orderly progression. Establish an easy periodic rhythm: a good pair of shoes from one shop one month, a half-dozen shorts from another the next, a suit at still another a month later, and so on. Don't let your current girl settle on a certain restaurant as "our place": keep her, and your dining tabs, on the move.

Thus you will cut down the likelihood that two or more of your creditors will be pressing for settlement with equal urgency at any one time. You will not be able to eliminate the possibility entirely, however, because of the variations in the behavior patterns of creditors. As you go along, you will find that some bills—large or small, recent or ancient—tend to become much more pressing than others, and will need to be placed in your portfolio of priority obligations.

5. Be courteous to your creditors. Credit managers put a great deal of thought into selecting, from a whole shelf of manuals and "streamlined letters," a certain series to mail to customers as they enter the various phases of delinquency. To be sure, even the best of collection letters is apt to strike the recipient as monotonous in theme; but the courtesy of an answer will bear rich dividends.

Inevitably, such a series begins with a Friendly Reminder, often suggesting that an oversight on your part is the full explanation of your failure to pay. There then follows a letter, firm but not unfriendly, pointing out your *obligation* to pay. If this is unavailing—as in your case it should be—you will receive expressions of bafflement and sorrow over your continued failure to remit. First comes a sequence of Appeal Letters, in which assaults will be made on your Better Nature. The usual progression is petitions to: a) sympathy with the store's unhappy plight, with not only yours but hundreds of other accounts outstanding; b) your self-respect; c) your sense of fair play; d) your honor; e) your self-interest. You must bear in mind, during this cleverly calculated campaign, that the creditor is not for one instant concerned about your moral welfare or the state of your reputation: he is merely pushing various buttons, in the hope that one of them may cause you to eject some money. You should, of course, remain impervious to these spurious entreaties, paying only when it suits your convenience to do so.

Next comes a series of Demand Letters, in which the tone is minatory and unfriendly: a) a letter signed by the president of the company himself; b) a threat to collect by draft on your bank; c) a letter purporting to come from the local merchants' association, threatening to blacklist you in every store in town—a particularly sneaky maneuver, since in reality such an association may not even exist; d) and finally, notice that the account will be turned over to an attorney or a professional bill collector, who will apply a series of Final Notices and Threats of Legal Prosecution, Attachment of Earnings and Assets, Social Ostracism, etc.

Despite this disingenuous behavior of your creditor's, every letter deserves an answer, which should be suited to the tone of the individual collection notice. The phrase "perhaps you have overlooked," for instance, appears repeatedly in references to unpaid balances. When this occurs, open your reply with the phrase "Kindly excuse my having overlooked." Another frequent plaint is "We cannot understand why we have not [received your payment] [heard from you]." Begin your answer "The reason

(continued on page 88)

The Humanist

LOOK, WHY SHOULD I BE SELFISH? WHY SHOULD I THINK ONLY OF MYSELF?



HELL, IF A CHICK'S LOOKIN' TO GET HURT WHO AM I TO DEPRIVE HER?



I'LL LET HER WAIT IN ROTTEN BARS AN HOUR BEFORE I SHOW. IF SHE LIKES BEING ANXIOUS, LET HER BE ANXIOUS.



WHEN WE GO TO A PARTY I'LL START MAKIN' IT WITH OTHER CHICKS. IF SHE DIGS FEELING UNWANTED I'M WILLING TO HELP.



I'LL LET HER BUY ME GIFTS. I'LL LET HER ALWAYS PICK UP THE TAB. IF ITS IMPORTANT FOR HER TO FEEL USED - I'LL USE HER.



AND WHEN SHE BEGINS WITH THE LOVE BIT, I'LL DO IT LIKE A FAVOR. SHE'LL FLIP WITH ECSTASY.



AND LIKE EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE WHEN SHE TESTS ME AND TRIES TO TAKE OVER, I'LL BELT HER AROUND A LITTLE. SHE'LL EAT IT UP!



MYSELF I DON'T DIG IT BUT WHY BE SELFISH? LET HER FEEL BRUTALIZED.



HOW ELSE SHE GONNA KNOW SHE'S GOT A RELATIONSHIP?



JULES
FERRELL



"Er, that'll be all, folks . . . ahem . . . oh, Mr. and Mrs. Cummings . . ."

ONCE UPON A TIME there was a young man whose passion for women was great. One day he saw the fairest of the fair enter a house with her husband, who wore a long and wicked scimitar at his side. It took a small inquiry to learn that the husband was a merchant of cloth and that he was the most jealous and the most dangerous man to be found anywhere. It looked as though there would be no chance for the young man to meet the lady, and so he sent a go-between, an ancient hag, who vowed that if it were at all possible, she would gain the goal he had set, no matter how difficult it appeared to be. When she returned to report failure, the young man decided that he must take matters into his own hands.

"I shall go to the shop of the husband," he told her. "There I shall make a purchase of a piece of the finest linen. You will take the linen and burn some holes in it and gain access to the house of this merchant. Say you have something to sell, say you want to take in washing, say anything, but get into the house."

The old woman agreed, saying: "But for what purpose?"

"For this purpose," said the young man. "Manage to drop the cloth you have burned in a place in which the husband will find it."

The young man bought the piece of linen, haggling over the price to make sure the merchant would remember it and him. Then the old woman entered the merchant's house on the pretext of selling jewelry and hid the burned cloth under the ottoman that was the merchant's favorite seat. When he came home from work, the merchant picked up the ottoman to place it next to the window and he saw and recognized the piece of linen. It was the same he had sold to the young man. Without a word of explanation he went straight to his wife, struck her in the face and kicked her. "Get out!" he cried. "Go where you will."

His wife covered her head and went to the house of her parents. At home the merchant chewed his beard and plotted vengeance. While the merchant plotted, the young man sent the go-between to the house of the wife's parents. "Why has your husband beaten you and sent you away?" asked the old woman.

"I don't know," replied the wife sadly.

"Well," said the go-between, "I believe that I do. Somebody has put a curse on you and unless you get it removed, you'll never see your husband's house again. Now I know a young man who can remove spells, for he is very learned. Let me take you to my house to meet this man. He will show you how to find happiness again."

The woman agreed and she met the young man at the old woman's house.

What he taught her there was a great pleasure to learn, for it was a lesson her husband had never so well imparted. But even this lesson, she realized, could hardly bring her again into her own house. "Therefore," she told her pleasant young teacher, "you must remove the spell and cause my husband to send for me."

"Would you promise me to continue the lessons?" he inquired.

"I would so promise," replied she.

"Then," said the teacher, "wait two days. On the third I guarantee that you will be in your own dwelling."

He quickly called the go-between and gave her the necessary orders. He told her that on the next day he would go to the merchant's shop and engage him in conversation. The old woman was to pass by just then, and was to come to the young man when he beckoned to her.

The next day the young man stopped at the door of the merchant's shop, and the merchant picked up his scimitar and came out to meet him.

"There is something I wanted to ask you," he said to the young man, all the while stroking the hilt of the scimitar. "Remember that piece of linen I sold you not long ago? What ever became of it?"

"I no longer have it," said the young man, looking nervously at the scimitar. "But wait, here comes an old woman who may be able to help. She owes me an explanation, and you may hear it." The young man called the old woman and asked her what she had done with the cloth he had given her to fashion into a shirt.

She hung her head and sighed. "I hate to tell you," she said at last. "I took it to my house and placed it too close to the fire. When I saw it burned, I knew how angry you would be. I hid it in this good man's house the day I went there to sell trinkets. Have mercy, sir, and do not make me pay, for I am a poor old woman and cannot."

"Wait!" cried the merchant in sudden delight. "What this old woman says pleases my ears so much that I will give you another cloth to replace the one she burned." So saying, he hurried into the shop and returned with an even larger piece. "Take your cloth, young man, and go your way in peace," he said. Of the scimitar there was no sign.

The merchant then hastened home and sent for his wife at the house of her parents and begged her to forgive him for doubting her and sending her away, and because she was wise, she forgave him graciously. And ever thereafter the merchant's fears were lulled, and his wife was able to continue her instruction without connubial surveillance.

Translated by J. A. Gato



Ribald Classic

A retold tale from *El Libro de los Engannos de las Mujeres of Medieval Spain*

A PIECE OF FINE LINEN

ON THE SCENE

THEODORE BIKEL:

wandering jew

"YOU'VE HEARD OF WANDERING JEWS?" bulky Theodore Bikel asks his concert audiences; then he jabs a thumb at his own chest, and when the ripple of amusement subsides he claws a sonorous chord from his guitar and, in a darkly resonant voice, sings a series of Jewish songs he's learned in Israel, Hungary, Germany, Poland, Russia. Although he also sings other than Jewish songs (eight LPs of all kinds cut to date), Palestine-reared Bikel specializes in the exciting, flavorful, often poignant melodies of his people. "Through my songs I reaffirm my identity as a Jew." It's the only label he proudly acknowledges. "I dislike labels. I am *many* things. I'm not a Folk Singer [though he sings in 17 languages, has an enormous following in folk music circles, and his record sales surpass Burl Ives], I'm not an Actor [though his gallery of stage and screen roles runs the gamut from ages 25 to 85, through several nationalities including a Deep Southerner, and his films include *I Want to Live!*, *The Pride and the Passion*, *The Enemy Below*, *The African Queen*, *The Little Kidnappers* and the recent remake of the classic *The Blue Angel*], I'm not a World Traveler [though he's seldom in one country for very long], I'm not a Restaurateur [though he's half-owner of Hollywood's two most successful espresso houses, *The Unicorn* and *Cosmo Alley*]." Crowning his hydra-headed career, this month Bikel opens on Broadway opposite Mary Martin in *The Sound of Music* (Rodgers and Hammerstein songs, Lindsay and Crouse script, Leland Hayward directing). Since Miss Martin's past leading men have included Yul Brynner, Ezio Pinza and Charles Boyer, 35-year-old Theo (never call him Ted) may add a new characterization to his brimming repertoire: that of romantic leading man.





MORRIS LEVY:

jazz is no joke

THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS JAZZ SPOT IS Birdland, and the man who runs Birdland is 32-year-old Morris Levy, called "Moish" by friends and other one-syllable names by enemies. Also, he owns another jazz club called the Roundtable, a gaggle of music publishing firms, and the zooming record company, Roulette, which has cornered such top talents as Count Basie and Joe Williams. Levy—in childhood, a brawling Manhattan street arab always bucking for sultan—battled his way up from shoeshine boy and parking-lot jockey. He fell in love with jazz not when he heard his first Charlie Parker record, but when a jazz session he helped stage in a struggling restaurant started making money. And yet he regards Birdland as a sacred temple: "No novelty acts here. You don't make a joke out of jazz in this joint." Last January, Levy's older brother, Irving, was fatally knifed at Birdland while minding the store, and the Broadway grapevine, as grapevines will, linked the death with rumors of Moish's dubious business connections. A 200-pound six-footer with a Satchmo voice, twice-divorced Levy is very big for skindiving, art and girls, with three bases of operation: a sumptuous Central Park West apartment, a hunting lodge in upstate New York and a home in Florida. He has just shelled out a half million dollars for a building on Broadway to house the complete Roulette operation from recording to final pressing. The Levy syndrome, recently delineated by a crony, is nothing new: "All Moish wants is to be liked—but on his own terms." The terms are often stiff, but—liked or loathed—Morris Levy is one of the most thrusting forces on the jazz scene today.



JOE HYAMS:

life among the savages

WHAT MAKES A HOLLYWOOD COLUMNIST? Three academic degrees? A background in teaching? A rigid avoidance of cocktail parties? Choosing one's friends outside the movie industry? Hardly. And yet they have made *one* Hollywood columnist, 36-year-old Joe Hyams, whose literate daily column for the *New York Herald Tribune* is globally syndicated in over a hundred papers. Hyams is respected where other columnists are merely feared. "It's no use lying to him," Hollywooders admit. "Joe never settles for anything less than the truth." At his rate of three interviews a day, Hyams

estimates he's conducted at least 5000 so far. To do it, he travels extensively, swatting Kim Novak's bottom in Beverly Hills ("to show her I was serious"), taking notes in Ava Gardner's roaring Ferrari in Spain, and quizzing a nude Brigitte Bardot in France. Massachusetts-born Hyams got his real start in 1951, when Hy Gardner hired him as a legman on the *Trib*. Within a year, Joe was assigned the Hollywood beat but got nowhere until a pal supplied him with a private book of stars' phone numbers. He soon began firing back exclusive quotes, thus earning a byline, raises, and a reputation for quality. Of his own attitude and method, Hyams says: "I regard Hollywood as a primitive culture, and I examine its tribal customs and curious rites with scientific detachment."

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O DEBT

(continued from page 82)

you have not. . . ." Follow with a plausible, but not too specific, explanation: "circumstances beyond my control," "a temporary condition," "a major emergency expenditure." To the common closing, "We shall appreciate your giving this matter your prompt attention," answer, "I shall give the matter my prompt attention." (In the very act of writing, you are already giving the matter your attention.) To "May we expect your check for \$... by ...?" a serviceable rejoinder is "You may expect a check in the near future." (Not "You may expect my check" or "payment in the amount of..." or "by...")

Occasionally a collection letter is couched in a jocular "novelty" style, e.g., "Please Send us your check for \$... So we can erase our slate clean. We miss you at our store." Here you might counter with "can you cents my chagrin at currently lacking sufficient cash to catch up on my account? I will communicate with you, or come calling, when the condition clears up."

In writing thus, your purpose is to distract the credit manager by talking his language and *seeming* to answer his questions, while not actually parting with any money or promising to at any specific time. You are stalling for time—but time is the most precious stuff the debtor handles: to no one does the old adage "Time is money" apply so well.

6. Part payment is better than none. Your polite correspondence will be sufficient in itself to cause many creditors to postpone taking any drastic steps for as much as 90 days; and others, if your style is particularly warm and winning, as much as five or six months. They may intimate from time to time that "your account is reaching the stage" where repossession of merchandise, legal action, or referral to a collection agency will be necessary. But no creditors really want to carry out any of these threats, which are disadvantageous to them for both economic and public-relations reasons. Usually, until a definite date for taking such action has been set—and passed—you may buy more time by sending in a partial payment, along with a letter pledging further sums (unspecified) in the future (vague).

The creditor will accept your offering as encouraging evidence that it is not altogether impossible to get money out of you. He will shift your account to one of his more hopeful categories and labor you with a new series of form letters, probably recommending a regular schedule of partial payments of the balance. Give this proposal your most serious consideration: it may well present a golden opportunity to convert a burdensome charge debit into a deferred-payment plan on the easiest terms pos-

sible — your own; and in any event you will have succeeded in setting up an interest-free loan involving no service charges.

Despite your best efforts to remain on cordial terms with your creditors via correspondence and token payments, it may sometimes happen that one of them will fail to go the whole way with you in the stately formalities just outlined, and will hand your account over to a collection agency. This is always a regrettable happening, but the debtor should learn to meet it with equanimity, never with panic. You have nothing to fear from the bill collector but fear of the bill collector itself.

Once he has entered the picture, you may find it helpful to take the attitude that your creditor has abrogated that compact of mutual trust and regard which, as credit people are so fond of reminding debtors, is the basis of all credit relations. You have trusted your creditor to follow the traditional progression from Friendly Reminder to Final Notice. Instead, he has violated your confidence by precipitantly turning your account over to a third party whom you do not know, or want to know, have never made any sort of agreement with, and *do not owe one single dime to*.

There are several basic facts about the collector's function that he and the creditor would prefer you did not know.

Learn them, and draw fortitude from your knowledge:

1. The collector stands to keep for himself at least one quarter, and more often one half, of whatever payment he can squeeze out of you. If your original creditor is willing to settle for half of what you owe him, you will be tempted to ask, why isn't he man enough to put the proposition to you directly? By this line of reasoning, though it is not flawless, you can work up a fine disdain (avoid feelings of outright antagonism) for both your creditor and the collector.

2. Manuals on collection technique betray a heart-rending preoccupation with "keeping the account"—i.e., retaining your good will so that you will come back and owe more. Your creditor has made his shortsighted and costly transfer of responsibility because, with this thought in mind, *he* is reluctant to be as importunate, bullying and vituperative as the dunning specialist will be. He believes that by employing a proxy Bad Guy to harass, menace and defame you, he himself can somehow manage to remain a Good Guy in your mind. Waste no time deploring the pathos of this fantasy; but do appreciate the irony of the situation, as an aid to maintaining the correct air of detachment toward it.

3. There is not a single collection measure the collector can employ that the original creditor could not have employed as effectively — except bluster,

rudeness and concerted attempts to rile you; and these lose their effectiveness once you appreciate their essential emptiness. Collectors are particularly prone to pretending that they are able to unleash the power of the law against you where your creditor was not. Actually, the converse is true. Collectors have to be reminded repeatedly of that fact, in their home-study courses, manuals and trade journals, in such terms as, "Be very careful never to tell the debtor you are going to do something which you cannot legally do. In most states you cannot legally sue — only your client can." (From an article in *The Collector*, a trade publication.) Collectors have devised a shifty system of semantics by which they *imply* that they are going to do something that they cannot legally do, while avoiding "the possibility of being charged with unlawful practice of the law by the bar association" (*ibid.*).

4. Do not let the collector's Final (i.e., first) Notices panic you into scraping up and remitting the full balance due, but await, with the calm certitude that it will come, his easy-payment proposal. Study with a dispassionate eye the printed communications he will send you almost daily, on garish paper and in inks of jarring red, purple and yellow, in coarse prose and ugly fonts of type. Fend off his attempts to get equally tasteless messages to you by means of collect telegrams and phone calls, by

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declining to accept the charges. If he succeeds in getting through to you at his own expense, tell him in chilly, well-modulated tones that you have received his communications and noted their contents. If he begins to shout—or, as is more likely, continues shouting—ask him to excuse you, and hang up. If you can't get a word in edgewise, quietly replace the receiver on its cradle. Do not, under any circumstances, lose your composure or shout back at a bill collector. If you let him know that you find certain of his tactics abhorrent, he will note these in your dossier on a "Does Not Like" card, and double his employment of them. Your aim should be simply to inform him that his message has reached you, that you are taking it calmly, and that it holds no terrors for you.

A great deal more could be said about the methods and psychology of the collector, but we have already considered all that the successful debtor will need, or want, to know of these squalid matters. The successful debtor is one who could not conceivably allow himself to be forced into becoming a deadbeat, a bankrupt or a "skip," in the trade designation, by the harassment of such a person. All he ever wants is a little more time in which to narrow the breach between income and pledged outgo—though not, of course, to close it completely. Once the faithless creditor, through the bill collector, has granted him the needed time, he will, of course, meet the terms and award his future custom to a more considerate firm.

The novice debtor should not berate himself too severely for having become liable to the attentions of a collector or two, but he will do well to review his whole experience in the credit adventure so as to avoid such contacts in the future. Was he, perhaps, neglectful in the matter of properly spreading and spacing his charges? Was his correspondence with creditors belated or lacking in conviction? Was he remiss in applying a partial payment to a plainly critical account? Was his error the natural human one of placing more confidence in a creditor than the creditor was prepared to place in him? Such mistakes are all readily corrected. There is one other possibility to be considered: did the debtor, from a sense of duty toward credit men in the later stages of their work, voluntarily fall far enough in arrears to throw a share of the take their way? If so, he has let his enthusiasm for the credit system carry him into *thankless martyrdom*; for collectors never give a crumb of gratitude to those who keep them in business. He must alter his approach to bring the responsibilities of indebtedness into a more realistic balance with the *fun* of it.

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27 November

CONFIDENTIAL MEMO TO: DICK GOODMAN, VICE PRESIDENT NETWORK PROGRAMS

One of the writers came up with that picture idea and it was slipped into the show without my knowledge. I agree with you that it was in poor taste and out of character for "Mitch." It will not happen again. It may have been something Ed Hutter tried in Philadelphia. Also I will speak to Al Thurmond about more close-ups.

27 November

TO: AL THURMOND, DIRECTOR

Insofar as possible I've tried to give everyone a certain amount of freedom in his department. It is impossible for me to check every detail but I am not getting the close-ups I want from you. Please don't make me speak to you about this again. It is very important.

30 November

TO: JACK BLAKE, FRED ROBINSON, ASSOC. PRODUCERS

As Associate Producers of *Daytime*, you and you alone are responsible for rehearsals. I will give you all the time I can but as you know I am tied up at my desk most of the day. We are spending a lot of extra money since I ordered Teleprompter and it is up to you to see to it that "Mitch" knows exactly what he is going to do and when he is going to do it. I am referring, of course, to the incident on this morning's show. You do not ask a member of the Senate Foreign Affairs Committee what he thinks of Elvis Presley.

3 December

TO: DICK GOODMAN, VICE PRESIDENT NETWORK PROGRAMS

I was glad to hear from you that Ed Hutter is coming up from Philadelphia for a look around at our network operations. You can be sure we'll do everything we can to make him feel at home while he's here. "Mitch" has mentioned him frequently and I look forward to his visit.

5 December

TO: THE STAFF OF "DAYTIME"

I'd like to clear up some doubts you

may have had in your minds since certain columnists who are not noted for their adherence to fact printed the rumor that top management is considering a change in the personnel and format of *Daytime*. Insofar as I know there is absolutely no truth to the talk that a pilot film for a quiz show called *Bel Your Bottom Dollar* is being prepared as a replacement for *Daytime*. "Dick" Goodman told me three days ago that the network plans to stick with "Mitch."

7 December

TO: THE STAFF OF "DAYTIME"

There will be a meeting in my office this afternoon at 4:30. It is important that all of you attend. "Dick" Goodman has promised to drop in for an informal talk and I am sure you will find what he has to say interesting.

10 December

TO: THE STAFF
FROM: ED HUTTER

Just a note to say thanks for the warm welcome. As you know, Milt Cronin has been given a new assignment, the exact nature of which has not yet been disclosed. We'll meet in my office about 11:00.



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PRANKHOOD

(continued from page 54)

cluded a three-way struggle among actor, audience and author in connection with a musico-dramatic masque, *The Passion*, produced in turn-of-the-century Paris. Sarah Bernhardt played both the Virgin and the Magdalen, while the character of Jesus was portrayed by a gasbag named Garnier. "On the whole," Shaw reported, "the audience bore up bravely until Garnier rose to deliver a sort of Sermon on the Mount some 40 minutes long. In a quarter of an hour or so the [audience's] coughing took a new tone: it became evident that the more impatient spirits were beginning to cough on purpose, though their lungs were as sound as Garnier's own. Then came a voice crying 'Music, music,' followed by applause, laughter, and some faint protest. Garnier went on, as if deaf. Presently another voice, in heartfelt appeal, cried, 'Enough, enough.' . . . but Garnier held on like grim death; and again the audience held their hand for a moment on the chance of his presently stopping; for it seemed impossible that he could go on much longer. But he did; and the storm broke at last all the more furiously because it had been so long pent up. In the midst of it a gentleman rushed down the grades of the amphitheatre; crossed the arena; and shook hands demonstratively with Sarah, then Garnier. . . . This was [the author] Haraucourt himself; and he capped his protest by shaking his fist at the audience, who reiterated their fundamental disagreement with him on the merits of his poem by yells of disapproval. Hereupon, exasperated beyond endurance, he took the extreme step of informing them that if they persisted in their behavior he would there and then leave the room. The threat prevailed. An awe-struck silence fell upon the multitude."

Scene-stealing is a universal villainy practiced by just about every actor who ever drew the sweet smell of greasepaint into his lungs. The notorious "upstaging" one hears so much about can be innocent, but more often is calculated: it consists merely of delivering most of one's lines from a point well toward the rear of the stage, forcing one's confederates (who are required by the script to look at the speaker) to turn their backs on the audience. Undue cocktail swigging, ice-cube clinking and teacup clanking can draw disproportionate attention to an actor, too, as can overmuch lighting, puffing and ceremonious extinguishing of smokes (aside: did you know every cig lighter used onstage has a book of matches planted next to it, since lighters have a nasty habit of not lighting during performance; and did you know all stage ashtrays have a thin puddle of water in them to ensure

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quick crushings-out? Now you do). Good old-fashioned lint-picking, however, remains one of the most flagrant brands of scene-swiping extant. Kay Hammond irked Rex Harrison, during the London run of *French Without Tears*, by plucking lint from his lapel in their most intimate scenes. To chastise her, he cunningly coiled 30 feet of strong white thread beneath his lapel, then wormed one end through the buttonhole. Pouncing on the bait, Miss Hammond was dismayed by her haul. After three tugs had netted 10 feet of thread, she was ready to call it quits, but Rex grabbed her wrist and forced her to uncoil the thread to its last centimeter.

For an example of more violent scene-stealing, we must go back to the *Ziegfeld Follies* of 1915, which featured clowns Ed Wynn and W. C. Fields. Programmed as Nut Sundae, the ubiquitous Wynn had muscled into all of the revue's skits save one—Fields' pool-table routine, in which Fields used rubber balls, a corkscrew cue and a special table to crumple the customers with convulsively repulsive shots. Writhing with envy, Wynn finally sneaked under the table one night and tried to steal the act by miscellaneous monkeyshines. Fields caught on quickly enough, but bided his time until Wynn put his neck out too far, whereupon W. C. gave the cur a block-busting clout with the fat end of the cue, raising on Wynn's dome a prominence resembling a king-size matzo ball.

Often there are compound motives at play when the stars double-cross each other. Was Sarah Bernhardt just being maverick or was she nursing a professional peeve when she slipped a raw egg into the dainty mitt of Mrs. Patrick Campbell during a performance of Maeterlinck's *Pelléas and Mélisande*? Whatever the reason, Mrs. Pat had to palm the goo until the curtain fell—then all hell broke loose backstage.

The egg trick was also a favorite gag of Enrico Caruso's, though he used two of them and was kind enough to leave them in their shells. While singing with baritone Giraltoni in *La Gioconda*, the great tenor once managed to get a henfruit into both of the victim's hands as he raised them to heaven to protest his hapless lot.

But it was in *La Bohème* that cut-up Caruso really ran riot. His didoes during Mimi's death throes in the garret unhinged his Left Bank cronies. When Scotti (another unlucky baritone) exited to fetch medicine for Mimi, he had to dart into the ostensibly cold night coatless because Caruso had sewn his sleeves together. A basso in the cast once found his hat filled with water; and on another memorable night, Mimi's deathbed was shifted to stage center as per custom, only to reveal a yawning chamber pot

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previously planted beneath it by the supposedly grief-stricken Enrico.

A more recent operatic upheaval occurred last year at the La Scala opera house in Milan, when volatile diva Maria Callas, miffed at La Scala's manager, Antonio Ghiringhelli, took grandiloquent revenge during a performance of *Il Pirata*. Claimed *Time*: "Instead of pointing offstage to her lover mounting the gallows, Callas leveled a finger at Ghiringhelli's box as she sang: 'There you see . . . distressing torture.'"

Ever since the treaty between the Actors Equity Association and the Producing Managers Association in 1919, performers have been subject to stiff penalties if they persist in padding or editing their roles. For such breaches they can be fined or suspended. Producers, understandably, resent having their attractions tampered with by mere actors. Because of this, ad libs, clowning and the resolving of personal vendettas on company time erupt less frequently today—save on closing nights when the offenders are beyond punishment.

A lot of high jinks are traditionally tolerated at final performances. If the show has had a long run, its farewell may take on a gala air. Good will and camaraderie, long conspicuous by their absence, may break out like hives. Often the management condones or participates in these capers. Singing *Moonshine Lullaby* in the sleeping car of the Wild West show in *Annie Get Your Gun*, Ethel Merman did a double take when the head of Irving Berlin, rather than the noggin of one of her stage brothers, split the curtains of an upper berth. About to render *My Blue Heaven* in *Sing Out, Sweet Land*, Alfred Drake rocked when the orchestra went into *Oh, What a Beautiful Morning*, the ballad he had bellowed in *Oklahoma!* two years before. Earlier in the same show, while Drake was singing *Tenting Tonight*, a fellow actor, in the guise of a wasted Confederate soldier, tottered from a pup tent supported by a ravishing chorus girl. The curvilinear chorine was a last-minute entry and gave the scene carnal implications alien to the intent of author Walter Kerr, now drama critic of the *New York Herald Tribune*. There was a touch of rancor in these shenanigans. Most of the players felt that the Theatre Guild had failed them by closing the show prematurely.

At the last performance of the 1934 *New Faces*, a spectator in the front row arose and sprayed Henry Fonda, James Stewart and Imogene Coca with a seltzer bottle. The culprit was one Betsy Beaton. A member of the original company, Miss Beaton had bolted midway in the revue's run on receipt of a better offer. The carbonated salute to her recent cellmates was her nutty notion of a tribute.

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Broadway run of *My Fair Lady* went well until the Embassy Ball scene, in which Harrison wins his waggish wager that he can palm off his pickup as a duchess. The scene is climaxed with the entrance of the Queen of Transylvania, which had been played for the previous 700 nights by Maribel Hammer. But the queen for this final night was Harrison's own bride, Kay Kendall; and to further rattle Rex, Kay's consort was Moss Hart, director of the musical.

Last-night tomfoolery sometimes masks the ache of defeat for performers in an unsuccessful show. When Orson Welles' *Around the World* was closing, the star's unplanned exit led him straight through the audience. The script had called for Welles to shoot down a bartender. He did so, but the bartender wouldn't stay dead. He was Frank Goodman, Welles' press agent, unofficially substituting for the regular actor, and, gunned though he had been, he showed up grinning toothily behind the bar. Welles chased him off the stage, down into the orchestra and out of the house. The awesome Welles was also foxed on the closing night of his Mercury Theatre *Julius Caesar*. After delivering a stentorian curtain line, he turned to make a dramatic exit and found his cape safety-pinned to the backdrop.

Most actors, contemplating amusing themselves by slipping a raw oyster into the ingenue's bodice during a love scene, are brought up short not so much by the Treaty of 1919 as by recollection of a drastic act of discipline once dispensed by George M. Cohan. Cohan had written and produced a musical hit called *Mary* and when word came to him that the Boston company had got out of hand, Mr. Cohan boarded a New Haven train and went up to see about it. He entered the theatre late and quietly. Just before the final curtain, he sent word to the stage manager to have the entire company remain on-stage in costume. As soon as the theatre had emptied, Cohan ordered the curtain raised and from a fourth-row seat he addressed his serfs:

"You had a great time kidding and mugging and ad libbing tonight," he told them. "You laughed throughout the performance. Now you're going to play *Mary* from start to finish just exactly as it was written. Let's see if you can make *me* laugh."

Did he laugh? It is not recorded, but from that night onward *Mary* was played strictly according to the book. Cohans and treaties notwithstanding, though, we have a hunch that as long as the theatre endures, and whatever future form it may assume, there'll always be a prankster.

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SOUP

(continued from page 79)

and if you're cutting vegetables into half-inch dice, aim for the half-inch mark each time. Don't have some pieces of the same vegetable large and others small. In many recipes, the vegetables will be sautéed before the stock is added to the pot. This takes time, of course, but a sautéed onion has a richer flavor than a boiled onion, and this perceptible difference is later conveyed to the soup.

One or two marrow bones, sawed in half-inch pieces and added to any soup which is simmered for an hour or longer, will provide a hearty beef flavor.

In many of the recipes a very small amount of flour will be added to the sautéed vegetables. The reason for this is not merely to make a thick soup thicker but to give a certain body to the stock which would otherwise be missing. Also, in puree soups like black bean, the small amount of added flour keeps the liquid part of the soup from separating from the heavier puree on the bottom of the pot or soup bowl.

Many a soup is impressively transformed simply by making a few last-minute additions before it's ladled into the tureen. Besides the butter added at the last moment, to which you've already been tipped, try such pepper-uppers as Worcestershire sauce, Tabasco sauce, cayenne pepper and monosodium glutamate, sprinkled in judiciously, to taste.

The following recipes are sufficient for four man-sized appetites or eight of the other kind.

BLACK BEAN SOUP

1 cup black beans
3 tablespoons butter or bacon fat
1 diced onion
1 diced piece celery
1 small green pepper, diced
1 clove garlic, minced
2 tablespoons flour
1 large potato, diced
1½ quarts soup stock
1 cup tomato juice
1 bouquet garni
¼ cup dry sherry or 3 tablespoons bourbon
1 hard-boiled egg
thin slices of lemon
4 sliced frankfurters (optional)

Wash beans in cold water. Cover with 1 pint cold water and soak overnight. In a heavy soup pot melt butter or fat. Add onion, celery, green pepper and garlic. Sauté until the onion turns yellow. Stir in flour. Add the beans, together with the water in which they were soaked. Add potato, soup stock, tomato juice and bouquet garni. Bring to a boil. Skim well. Reduce flame very low and simmer until beans are tender, about 2 to 2½ hours. Stir soup occasionally to keep beans from sticking to pot. Purée the soup in an electric blender. Add sherry or bourbon. Season. If soup is

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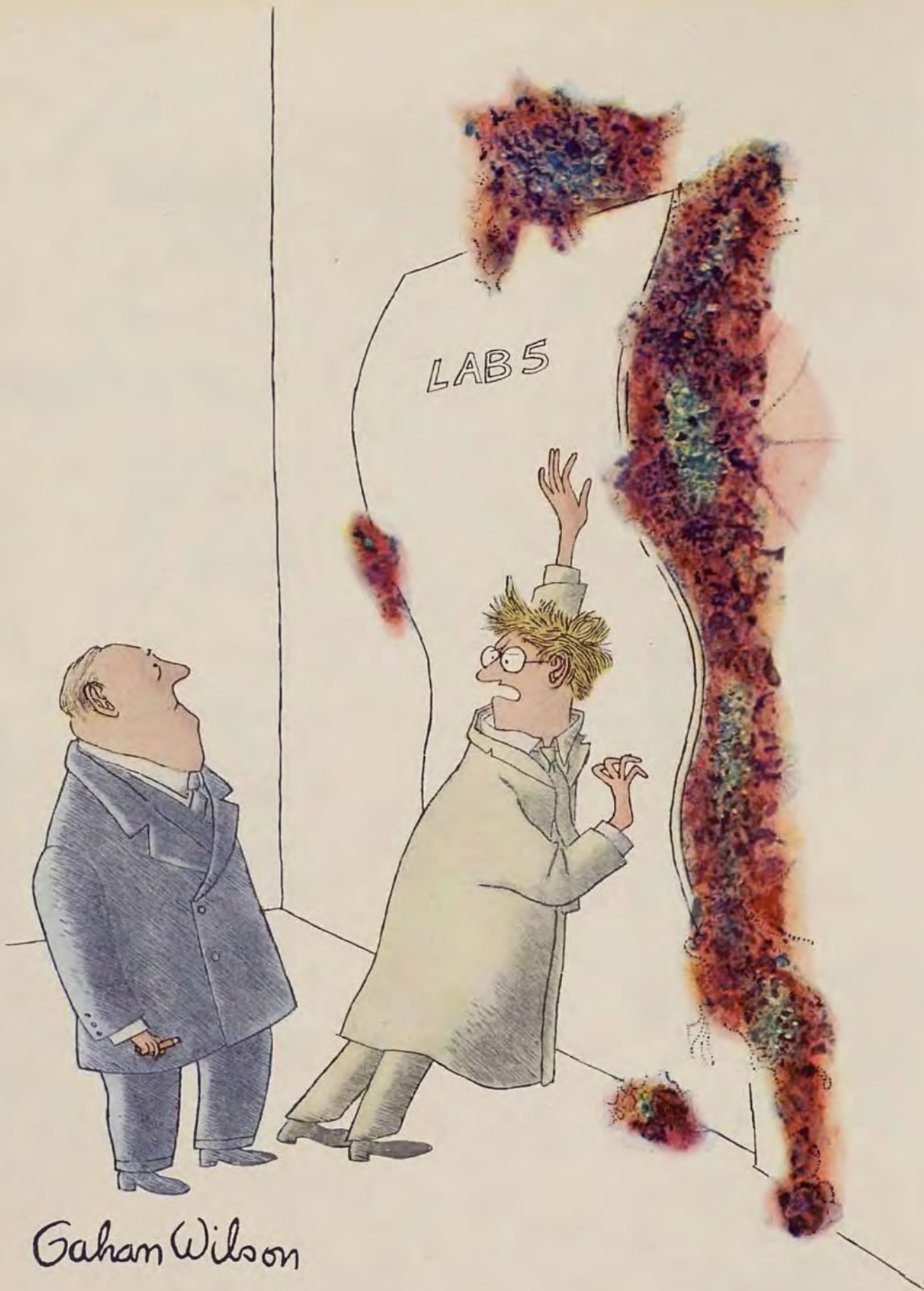
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too thick, thin with additional stock. Chop hard egg fine. Pour soup into bowls. Sprinkle with egg. On each portion float a thin slice of lemon.

To eliminate soaking beans overnight, bring beans and liquid to a boil. Boil 2 minutes. Let stand 1 hour. Cook as directed.

Frankfurters may be added to the soup in place of the chopped hard egg.

PETITE MARMITE

- 2 lbs. chuck of beef (in 1 piece)
- 1 small fowl
- 1 marrow bone
- 2 peeled whole onions
- 2 large fresh tomatoes
- 1/2 small white turnip
- 1/2 small parsnip
- 2 pieces celery
- 2 large carrots
- 1 bouquet garni
- 2 teaspoons salt
- 1 wedge cabbage (enough for about 1 pint when diced)
- 1 cup fresh or frozen peas
- bouillon cubes (optional)
- toasted French bread
- grated parmesan cheese
- fresh chopped chives and chervil (optional)

(We're using the term "fowl" in the accepted poultry-buff sense meaning a very tough old chicken. Unappetizing? Not at all. With long, slow cooking, it imparts that pronounced chicken flavor you need for a marmite.)

At a buffet table the marmite or pot may be quite a large one, not petite at all. For individual service, however, the small earthenware crock is normally used. The fowl and boiled beef contribute their fine flavor to the soup but are not usually served in large quantity. Customarily, most of the fowl and beef are put aside after cooking and enlisted into yeoman service for a later meal—in a salad, a hash or a casserole.

Have the butcher split a marrow bone, removing marrow intact if possible. In a large soup pot put chuck, fowl, the marrow bone, onions, tomatoes, turnip, parsnip, celery, carrots and bouquet garni. Cover with cold water. Add salt. Bring to a boil. Skim well. Reduce flame and simmer slowly until meat and fowl are almost done, about 2 hours. Add cabbage. Cook until meat and cabbage are done. In a separate small pot, cook peas until done. Strain peas. Strain the soup. Cut carrots into crosswise sections. Cut cabbage into dice. Set carrots and cabbage aside. Discard the other whole vegetables cooked in the soup pot. Correct seasoning of strained broth, adding bouillon cubes if necessary. Cut the desired amounts of chicken breast and beef into small diamond-shaped pieces. Cut marrow into 1/2-inch pieces. Drain marrow. Among four marmites, divide the marrow, carrots, cabbage, peas and cut-up fowl and beef. Pour strained broth, scalding hot, into marmites. Pass toasted

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MANHATTAN CLAM CHOWDER

- 1 doz. large chowder clams
- 2 ozs. salt pork
- 2 minced cloves garlic
- 1 diced green pepper
- 1 leek, diced
- 2 medium-size onions, diced
- 2 pieces celery, diced
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 1 cup canned tomatoes, chopped fine
- 1 teaspoon leaf thyme
- 1/2 teaspoon marjoram
- 3 cups diced potatoes
- 2 tablespoons minced parsley
- 1 tablespoon catsup
- 1 tablespoon chili sauce
- salt, pepper

With a vegetable brush, scrub clams under cold running water. In a soup pot, cover clams with cold water. Bring water to a boil. Remove pot from flame as soon as shells are just beginning to open. Overcooking will toughen clams. Remove clams from pot and set aside. Strain and reserve the broth, avoiding any sediment in bottom of pot. When clams are cool enough to handle, remove meat from shell. Chop the tough skirt of each clam extremely fine. Cut the remainder of the meat into small dice. Set clam meat aside. Chop salt pork very fine. Sauté in a large soup pot. Bacon fat, vegetable fat or butter may be substituted for the salt pork. When fat is melted, add garlic, green pepper, leek, onions and celery. Sauté until onion turns yellow, not brown. Stir in flour. Add the strained clam broth, tomatoes, thyme and marjoram. Bring to a boil. Skim well. Reduce flame and simmer very slowly about 1 hour. Add potatoes and parsley and simmer slowly until potatoes are tender. Add catsup, chili sauce and salt and pepper to taste. If clam flavor seems weak, add 1 bottle of prepared clam broth or bouillon powder to taste or both. Just before the soup is ready to serve, add the chopped clam meat.

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Follow the Manhattan Chowder recipe, omitting tomatoes, thyme and marjoram. When soup is removed from fire, add 1 pint scalded half and half (milk and cream in equal amounts).

CHICKEN MULLIGATAWNY SOUP

- 2 lbs. chicken backs and necks
- 1 peeled onion
- 1 piece celery
- 1 bay leaf
- 1/2 teaspoon rosemary
- 4 sprigs fresh dill
- 4 sprigs parsley
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 1 medium-size onion, diced
- 1 leek, diced

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- 1 piece celery, diced
- 1 small green pepper, diced
- 1 medium-size clove garlic, minced
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 2 tablespoons curry powder
- 1/4 teaspoon ground coriander
- 1 cup diced eggplant
- 1/2 cup diced peeled apple
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 cup quick-cooking rice
- 1/2 cup sweet cream

Cover chicken backs and necks with cold water. Bring water to a boil. Discard water. Again cover chicken with cold water, 2 quarts this time. Add bay leaf, rosemary, dill, parsley, and the whole onion and piece of celery. Add salt. Bring to a boil. Reduce flame and simmer until chicken is very tender, about 1 hour. Taste broth. If it needs additional strength, add instant chicken cubes or powder. Skim fat from broth. Strain broth. Separate chicken meat from bones and skin. Cut chicken meat into small dice. Set aside for later use.

Melt butter in a soup pot. Add the diced vegetables and garlic. Sauté until the onion turns yellow. Add flour, curry powder and coriander. Mix well. Add the strained chicken broth. Simmer slowly 1 hour. Skim when necessary. Add eggplant and apple. Simmer, keeping the pot covered, until the eggplant is tender.

In a separate saucepan combine 1/2 cup boiling water, salt and quick-cooking rice. Remove from flame, cover, and let the rice stand in the water 5 minutes. Add the rice to the soup pot. Add sweet cream and the diced chicken. Slowly bring the soup to a boil just before serving. Correct seasoning.

POLPEITI IN BRODO (ITALIAN BROTH WITH MEAT BALLS)

- 2 1/2-inch-thick slices long Italian bread
- 2 beaten egg yolks
- 2 teaspoons minced parsley
- 1/2 lb. ground beef
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- dash nutmeg
- dash pepper
- 2 tablespoons grated parmesan cheese
- 2 quarts chicken broth, fresh or instant

1 cup very small size fine Italian pasta
 1/4 cup minced parsley
 Soak the bread in cold water 15 minutes, squeeze gently to remove excess water, tear into very small pieces. In a mixing bowl combine the bread with egg yolks, parsley, beef, salt, nutmeg, pepper and parmesan cheese. Mix very well until no pieces of bread are visible. The mixture should feel quite moist. If necessary, add several tablespoons cold water. Shape into tiny balls, the size of marbles, no more than 1/2 inch in diameter. Set aside.

In a wide soup pot, bring chicken broth to a boil. Add meat balls and pasta. Cover the pot and again bring to

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a boil. Simmer slowly until meat balls and pasta are done, about 10 minutes. Add parsley. Correct seasoning. Serve with grated cheese at table.

MINISTRONE FLORENTINE

- 1 cup white pea beans
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 2 tablespoons olive oil
- 1 minced clove garlic
- 1 diced onion
- 1 piece celery, diced
- 2 quarts soup stock
- 2 tablespoons tomato paste
- 1 carrot, diced
- 1 very small zucchini, diced, peeled or unpeeled
- 1 medium-size potato, diced
- 1 tablespoon minced parsley
- 1 teaspoon rosemary
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon oregano
- 2 whole cloves
- 2 ozs. small Italian pasta (macaroni rings)
- $\frac{1}{2}$ head cabbage (small) grated cheese

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Soak pea beans in a quart of cold water overnight. In the morning, add salt to the water. Bring to a boil, and simmer slowly until beans are tender. Add more water, if necessary, to keep beans covered during cooking.

In another pot heat olive oil. Add garlic, onion and celery. When the onions are yellow add soup stock, tomato paste, carrot, zucchini, potato, parsley, rosemary, oregano and cloves. Simmer slowly until vegetables are very tender. Add pasta. Cut cabbage into dice. Add the cabbage to the pot and cook until pasta and cabbage are tender.

Divide the cooked beans in half. Mash one half of the beans in an electric blender or by forcing them through a food mill or colander. Add the mashed beans and the whole beans together with their cooking liquid to the soup pot. Bring to a boil. Simmer 5 minutes. Season to taste. If the finished soup is too thick, add stock to bring it to the desired consistency. Serve with grated cheese.

PHILADELPHIA PEPPER POT

- 2 small leeks, diced
- 1 onion, diced
- 2 pieces celery, diced
- 1 green pepper, diced
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 2 tablespoons flour

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2 1/2 quarts stock
1 bouquet garni
3/4 lb. honeycomb tripe, diced
2 large potatoes, diced
1/2 cup fine size egg noodles
1/4 teaspoon freshly ground black pepper
1/4 cup finely minced parsley
4-oz. jar pimientos, diced

Sauté the diced vegetables in butter until the onion turns yellow. Add flour and mix well. Add stock and a bouquet garni. Bring to a boil. Add honeycomb tripe. Again bring to a boil. Skim well. Reduce flame, and simmer until tripe is tender, about 2 hours. Add potatoes, noodles, broken into small pieces, pepper, parsley and pimientos. Simmer slowly until noodles and potatoes are tender. Thin soup with additional stock if necessary. Season to taste.

SHRIMP GUMBO

juice of 1 lemon
1 lb. shrimp
1 large onion diced (preferably red)
1 leek, diced
1 piece celery, diced
1/4 cup butter
2 tablespoons flour
10-oz. can tomatoes, chopped coarsely
1 bouquet garni
1/2 teaspoon creole seasoning
3 chicken bouillon cubes
10-oz. package frozen okra
1/2 cup quick-cooking rice

The flour in this recipe is a thickener.

The original thickening agent for gumbo soups is a product called gumbo filé. It may be added only after the soup is removed from the fire, or it will turn gluey and ropy. If it's available on your neighborhood spice shelves, buy it.

In 2 quarts boiling salted water to which the juice of a lemon has been added, put shrimp, allowing 3 to 5 minutes boiling time. Remove shrimp from pot, saving the cooking liquid. Shell and de-vein shrimp. Cut shrimp into very small dice. Return shrimp shells to cooking liquid. Continue to cook for 20 to 30 minutes longer or until stock has a pronounced shrimp flavor. Strain shrimp stock.

In a large soup pot sauté the diced vegetables in butter. When onion is yellow, add flour, mixing well. Add the shrimp stock, tomatoes, a bouquet garni, creole seasoning and bouillon cubes. Simmer slowly 1 hour.

In a separate saucepan cook okra, following directions on the package. Drain the okra. Wash very well in cold water and cut into 1/2-inch pieces.

Soak quick-cooking rice to which 1/4 teaspoon salt has been added, in 1 cup boiling water for 5 minutes.

Add the shrimp, okra and rice to the soup pot. Season to taste. Your guests should be wildly enthusiastic; unless, that is, you've been serving soup to nuts.



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THE PLAYBOY BED

(continued from page 67)

The bottom tier of the headboard contains two reversible back rest units that pull out easily and can lock in a variety of positions. One side is oiled walnut, matching the rest of the wood and giving the entire bed a neat, unbroken line when it is made up (see insets, p. 66, 67). The other side is comfortably upholstered for reading in bed. Pillows can be neatly stored behind the back rests. The pull-out arm rest (see inset, p. 66) is prodigiously padded, provides a series of wells for glasses, has cigarette box, lighter, ashtray, plus a formica surface for snacking. Directly above, an automatic on-off (voice activated) dictating machine takes care of your off-hours inspiration.

At the right edge of the bed, a custom refrigerator awaits your midnight prowls, with a roll-top chest beneath it for additional snack supplies. The end panel adjacent to the bed is a hinged pivotal plane that can be raised and positioned over the bed as desired, and serves as an auxiliary table. Opposite the food corner is a bar (36" high, 32" wide, 18" deep) at the foot of the bed, equipped with sliding formica top and a hinged drop-front maple block that serves as counter and cutting board. The bar itself is spacious enough to house all of your drinking needs, including glassware. The television set, suspended from the ceiling on a polished brass tube and operated by remote control, is poised in air above the foot of the bed.

The left side of the bed houses the stereo control center that is ready to bring Basic or Brahms to life at your bidding. The entire cabinet is 42" long, 38" high and 18" deep, contains two first-rate out-of-sight power amplifiers, an AM-FM stereo tuner and stereo pre-amplifier. It is coupled to a record changer (for uninterrupted listening) in its own drop-front, hinged top cabinet with space for ample record storage below. Beneath the stereo center is a master panel (12" by 24") that houses two dozen man-sized plate switches in polished woods for control of your entire apartment (see inset, p. 66). This switch panel takes care of everything, right from the cozy comfort of your own bed: there's even a master switch for all the lights in the apartment, and one that slowly dims the lights in the bedroom.

Any reliable cabinetmaker will be able to construct the PLAYBOY bed for you. He can do so simply by using the illustration and the dimensions given here. Once your bed is assembled and rewardingly placed in your bachelor bedroom it will shame all other beds, those naively constructed for sleep alone.

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I found you up on the roof. Those other people wanted me to call the police, but I said, what for, all he needs is to get warm. That's why I brought you here, to my place."

Brander looked about him, and studied the new textures of the strange apartment. He forced himself to sit up, and recognized the alcohol taste in his mouth.

"I thought a little brandy'd help," the man said, watching him. "I guess you got locked out, eh? You live in the building?"

"No," Brander said, in a voice he didn't recognize. "I—I was just looking at the apartments upstairs. Thinking about renting, maybe. Then I remembered hearing something about a sun-deck on the roof, and I went to have a look —"

"Hell of a night for sightseeing," the man grunted.

"Yes. But I went, just to see. The next thing I knew, the door slammed behind me."

"Quite a wind up there, all right. We all thought it was the wind that knocked the antennas out, until we found you." He chuckled. "Lot of people in the building sore at you, son. Specially since they can't get a repair man til late tomorrow morning."

"I'm sorry."

"Never mind that; you did the smart thing. Hey, where're you going?"

Brander was on his feet, tightening the knot in his tie, moving unsteadily toward the doorway.

"You can't go out like that, mister —"

"It's OK, I'll get a cab. Got to be going."

"Let me lend you something. Coat or something —"

"No, I'll be all right," Brander said, turning the doorknob.

"Maybe you ought to see a doctor. . . ."

"I will, I will!" Brander said, and went out into the quiet, overcarpeted hallway.

He pressed the button that would bring the automatic elevator to the 12th floor, and then dug into his trouser pocket. It was still there, icy to his touch. The key to Coombs' penthouse.

When the elevator arrived, he stepped inside the car and punched P.

He didn't turn on the lights as he entered. He went to the closet and found his overcoat, his hat and his muffler.

He put them on, but felt no warmer.

Then he went to the double doors of the terrace, unlatched them, and opened them a scant two inches.

He returned to Coombs' sofa, and sat down in the dark to wait.

At 1:30, he heard the key in the lock. He rose unhurriedly, and went toward

the doorway of Coombs' bedroom, concealing himself behind it.

The front door opened. Coombs, muttering, stepped inside. He stumbled about the darkened room, dropping his overcoat on the carpet before his hand found the light switch. Then, still mumbling, he looked blearily toward the terrace, and chuckled drunkenly. He went to the liquor cabinet, and poured himself something from a bottle, no ice. He downed it, still looking at the terrace.

Chet watched the glass come down slowly, and heard Coombs say, thickly: "What the hell?"

Coombs went to the doors. When he found them unlatched, he opened them wide and stepped out onto the terrace.

"Brander!" he heard him shout, in chorus with the wind.

But Brander wasn't there. Brander was racing across the carpet of the penthouse living room, racing to reach the terrace doors before Coombs could return. He won the contest easily, slamming the steel portals shut even before Coombs was close enough to see his triumphant face. But he waited behind

the wire-meshed diamond pane of glass, waiting for Coombs to get near enough to know, to understand.

"Brander!" he heard Coombs cry, his voice muffled and thin. "For God's sake, Brander, let me in!"

Chet smiled, and moved away. "Don't try messing with the antennas," he said, although he knew Coombs could not hear him. "Nobody's watching TV tonight. . . ."

"Chet! Chet, for the love of God! Chet!"

Outside, in the hallway, he could no longer hear the faintest sound of Coombs' pleas. He took the elevator to the ground floor and nodded pleasantly at the doorman, who was looking skyward with a frown.

"Bad night," Chet said, conversationally.

"And gettin' worse," the doorman answered, holding out a broad, flat palm. "See what's comin' now?"

"What?" Chet asked, looking at the sky.

"Snow," the doorman said. Chet corrected him: "Sleet."



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PSYCHOLOGY

(continued from page 68)

She controlled an impulse to tell him so when she kissed him good-night. Speaking of the discussion at the party my patient twice used the derogatory colloquialism, "That bird said so and so." The interpretation of the dream was no longer difficult. The bird who was "quite wet" (colloquially, "all wet") was of course her lover, who, in the patient's opinion, was quite mistaken on several points.

Certain actions and organs of the human body appear frequently in dreams in symbolic form. Such symbols are part of a universal heritage of prehistoric mankind and belong, so to speak, to a "forgotten language." Thus, the female genitals often appear as receptacles or empty enclosed areas and the male genitals are sometimes presented as independent persons.

Yet the assertion, heard so often, that psychoanalysis gives all dreams a sexual interpretation, is entirely erroneous. Freud and his acknowledged students never denied that there are many dreams in which other organic needs are satisfied and wishes of non-sexual natures gratified. It cannot, of course, be denied that sexual impulses, so often repressed in our civilization, also find their concealed expression in dreams.

Can all dreams be interpreted in psychoanalysis? Certainly not. Sometimes only fragments or parts of a dream can be explained. Only a little of the cover can be lifted, but that is often enough to recognize what the dream conceals. It is possible to guess much of a dream's meaning when one knows a great deal of the personal situation of the dreamer and is familiar with his emotional conflicts. In some cases the psychoanalytic method of dream interpretation fails because the resistances of the dreamer prove too strong to penetrate the manifest dream content. There are, furthermore, dreams that are clearly not wish fulfillments in the usual sense and whose interpretation leads to the insight that other emotional tendencies determined their emergence and shaped their form. Dreams of this kind often fulfill unconscious needs for self-punishment and serve masochistic trends in which the dreamer reacts to forbidden wishes and impulses that have come in conflict with his moral demands. An example of such a self-punitive dream was told to me by a 36-year-old hospital nurse.

She had never had intercourse with a man and suffered from serious neurotic complaints and great difficulties in social relationships. Here is the dream: *There is a race going on among the girls, a horse-race. I cannot find my pants. I am afraid that I will lose the race.*

The dreamer could not contribute anything to the interpretation of the dream



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except the fact that a nurse in the hospital in which she served mentioned at dinner the evening before that she would like to play the horses. Some girls she knew did so and won. No other thought-association occurred to her.

In such a case, a dream interpretation can sometimes be accomplished when the psychoanalyst knows the personal circumstances of the patient well. He replaces the thought-associations of the dreamer with his own inner experience.

The patient was silent after she had reported the dream and the remark of the other nurse about playing the horses. I recalled a sentence from Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*.

It was from the scene in which the Egyptian queen imagines what her absent lover is doing. She thinks of him riding with the Roman army on an expedition against the enemy and says: "O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony." Immediately after that another memory came to me: a few months after the first World War, I took a walk in the suburbs of London and happened to come to an open field where cavalrymen were drilling. The sergeant who was training them was not very tolerant toward their shortcomings and I heard him shout: "God have mercy on your wife if you cannot ride her better than that mare." Thus, the way to the interpretation of the patient's dream was paved.

Since Freud's death more than 20 years ago, quite a few modifications and additions have been made to his theory of the dream and to his technique of dream-interpretation. Factors of a social nature were considered, the transition from the waking-state to sleep was studied, the significance of colors and sounds in dreams was explored, to note a few advances. Swiss psychiatrists, including Carl Jung and A. Maeder, tried to find a prospective function in the dream, a function that points to the future. There are, of course, tendencies of this kind operating in dream formation: there are plans and hopes in the thoughts of the person during the day, often unconsciously perceived, in addition to the wishes that the dream fulfills. Who would deny that the wishes that live subteraneously in us are among the powers that shape our future? But the core of Freud's epochal discovery of the meaning of dreams remains intact and will forever be among the most important contributions to our understanding of man.

Much remains unknown about the psychology of sleep. Here is, in reality, the last dark continent on earth. Psychoanalysis has taught us much about this little-explored area. "How much?" one will ask. That is a question to which optimists and pessimists will give different answers. You can say that a cup of tea is half empty or that it is half full.



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PHYSIOLOGY

(continued from page 76)
steady drinking. It is wise to take only one nerve-affecting drug at a time.

Moderation is also the rule for energizers, substances which may keep you awake. The list includes caffeine in tea and coffee — as well as many varieties of "pep pills" generally containing Benzadrine, Dexedrine or related compounds. These drugs lower instead of raise nerve-cell thresholds. The cells work on a hair-trigger principle, becoming more sensitive and firing under weaker-than-average stimuli. Energizers tend to keep nerve centers on the go.

The danger, of course, is that a person may remain active too long. Energizers may keep you awake, but they make the brain work at an abnormal pace and they can never postpone indefinitely the effects of prolonged insomnia. Although Peter Tripp took pep pills during his 201 sleepless hours, they did not prevent the onset of severe mental symptoms, temporary though they were.

Normal sleep, too, poses some interesting questions. For one thing, doctors would like to know why sleep requirements vary so widely from one individual to another. Most of us sleep about eight hours a night, although studies indicate that seven hours are probably ample for the average person. Still, some people need as little as four or five hours, while others must have 10 hours or more. According to some authorities, the difference seems to be largely a matter of heredity. In other words, an individual who can get along on relatively little sleep has probably inherited an extra-tough nervous system, just as people inherit a large body build, blue eyes or curly hair. But we do not know what makes a nervous system tough or weak.

Somnambulism or sleep-walking is also a mystery. We have already mentioned that the brain may function automatically, and there are special nerve centers which play a major role in automatic actions. Sleep-walking occurs most often among growing children, perhaps because these centers have not yet developed to the point where they work smoothly under the control of higher centers. When the condition lasts, psychiatrists suspect either faulty brain development or a neurotic illness.

Another sign of cerebral activity during slumber is the fact that some people seem to have timing devices built into their brains. They can wake up at 6:15 or 9:15 on the dot, simply by deciding on the time before they turn in. This ability may be related to a recent discovery of fundamental biological significance. Investigations at Princeton University hint that every cell of the brain contains a biological clock, some kind



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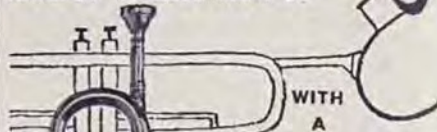
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of innate rhythm which marks time. But no scientist can explain how certain people are able to "set" these invisible time-keepers at will.

One of the most important of all findings about sleeping and waking concerns another persistent body rhythm known as the diurnal cycle. No one is fully awake when he gets out of bed in the morning. Your brain takes time to warm up, and you operate at subpar levels until it does. Tests show that your reflexes are slower than normal, your mind tends to wander and you make more errors in daily tasks before you hit peak efficiency, which may not happen for four to eight hours. Then your efficiency starts dropping off again, reaching its low point around bedtime.

Body temperature provides a sensitive index of the diurnal cycle. At bedtime your temperature has dropped a few tenths of a degree below the normal level of 98.6 degrees Fahrenheit. Moreover, it is likely to drop further during the night, perhaps as much as a degree or two. It begins climbing after you get up, and its peak coincides with your working-efficiency peak. Such measurements show that most of us fit into one of two broad categories, "day" people and "night" people.

Day people tend to be quick wakers. Their temperature climbs at a relatively fast rate when they wake up. If you belong to this category, you probably jump out of bed as soon as the alarm clock rings feeling alert and in good spirits. In short, you probably make a good breakfast companion. But, if possible, it's generally a smart thing to avoid a night person early in the day. His body temperature rises slowly; he feels drowsy and irritable. He'd like to spend the morning in bed, and resents the whole business of getting up.

The diurnal cycle represents a regular pattern which is established when we are about two years old. Why we should be day or night types at such an early age is a question that hasn't yet been answered. But the cycle persists year after year.

More than 20 years ago Dr. Kleitman and one of his students, Bruce Richardson, spent a month living in a large chamber in Mammoth Cave, Kentucky. The idea was to find out whether people could become conditioned to changes in the traditional 24-hour pattern of sleeping and waking. The investigators lived on a 28-hour schedule — nine hours of sleep and a 19-hour working day — with breakfast shortly after waking, and two larger meals seven and 13 hours later.

The experiment proved one thing: you can definitely do something about your diurnal cycle, providing you are young enough. Richardson had no trouble fitting into the new pattern. Within a week his body temperature had shifted from a 24-hour to a 28-hour


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rhythm. But he was in his twenties. Dr. Kleitman, who was 43 at the time, found the going tough: "I had difficulty in falling asleep, or woke up too early, or both. I offered the greater resistance to change, and I also happened to be the older."

These and other pioneer experiments hint at what may lie ahead. We still have an enormous amount to learn about the physiology of sleep, because it involves the workings of the human brain—the most complex and mysterious structure we know of in the physical universe. But the next step, the big challenge of the future, is an active and organized program to modify our sleeping habits. That means a deliberate effort to alter old habits, and alter them radically. Think how much we've changed since caveman days. During the long and accelerating march of human evolution we have developed new kinds of homes, new diets, new tools and weapons and means of transportation, new customs and ethical standards.

But our basic sleeping habits do not differ appreciably from the habits of our ancestors who lived thousands of centuries ago. We still devote a large proportion of our lives to sleep, far too large a proportion in the opinion of some investigators.

In other words, the problem is to increase our waking time. Dr. Kleitman notes that our present cycle is eight hours of sleep and 16 hours of wakefulness. He believes that by careful conditioning and training it will be possible to take slightly more sleep, say up to 10 hours, and "stretch" it further so that we can stay awake longer before turning in again. How long could we stay awake under such conditions? "My own guess," reports Dr. Kleitman, "is that 40 or 50 hours is the limit."

Another interesting approach is based on the fact that we spend a total of only about one or two hours a night in deep sleep. Now suppose that researchers discover a drug that acts directly on centers in the brainstem, puts us into deep sleep right away—and keeps us there for a controlled period. Two hours of such sleep might be all we'd need. Apparently the idea has occurred to Soviet scientists too, because a recent report from Moscow predicts that within a century "no one will sleep more than one or two hours a night."

One thing is certain. Sooner or later man will take things in his own hands as he has always done in the past, and he will reduce his sleeping requirements. The stakes are high. After all, if we could do with two instead of eight hours' sleep a night, we'd add the equivalent of more than 5000 waking days or nearly 14 years to the average lifetime. We study sleep not only for knowledge of the brain, but also as a promising way to prolonging a full and fascinating life.

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TO SWING ALONE (continued from page 62)

furnishings of 30 years ago. It was not really stuffy, and she was sure William Baylee had the best in air conditioning equipment. But it felt stuffy to her. Something told her the lights, such as they were, burned here day and night the same. The sky was never seen here. Twelve thousand dollars of high fidelity phonograph drowned out the birds. Home Boy had hidden from 15 springs.

She sought him out. He turned to her with shy surprise, something beginning in his eyes a little angry, and she understood that he supposed himself used hardly by her persistence. Right now she did not care. "Home Boy?" She spoke deliberately loudly in this hushed temple of sound. "You have a copy of that old disc? The first *Jezebel*? The Boldy Band?" That was a real famous disc, and if anyone still owned an original, he would. They were worth about anything you had to pay if you could find one anymore. But it was a rocking lot more than that to her. She had never heard the genuine record, but she had listened to rerecordings maybe a thousand times. The utter charm of the *Jezebel* was that it was, above everything, a jumpy, wide-happy song. No tote-that-bale jazz, it was all sunshine and like the way river water looked when the light hit it just right, and funny things that happened to people and like that. The *Jezebel* smelled of life. It was for real of spring there in the music. And what she knew of Yancy Baylee, like everybody knew, was that he had been a big happy swinger.

"I don't own a copy of the *Jezebel*, chick," Baylee said stiffly.

"You don't own a copy?" she echoed dumbly. "Your daddy's big tune? You don't own a copy? You got five thousand discs and you don't own a copy of the *Jezebel*?"

"You read it, chick." He was starting to get angry.

"I don't get it," she said frankly, staring at him.

"He got twenty dollars for it," Home Boy snapped. "Let those others play it and let those others make on it. Not me."

"That's a great tune," she protested.

"Not in this house," he said.

For a long time she stared at him. He'd had his own way long enough so she could not stare him down. And she could admit to herself even now that she liked his not trying to play hurt little boy with her. His eyes were just level and sad and that made her infuriated and she was glad she could sense him wilt a little. But he kept his guard up.

"You've got it real rough, Home Boy," she said to him, very, very slowly. "Because just nobody else in the wide world ever got cheated and hurt and lost anything; nobody else ever had a thing the matter with them. Not in this whole

wide world, man." Deliberately, trembling, she walked away from him.

He had lied to her. She'd been pretty sure he had right from the start, when he'd told her. She left him talking more politely than she guessed was his usual fashion. She wouldn't let herself turn around to see if she'd left any mark on him. She knew if he was looking he'd try not to let her see he was looking at her. He pretended she didn't exist, and all else who'd heard her pretended that too, out of the feeling they had for the Home Boy. She went alone into the hi-fi room, nobody watching her, and she dug around and there, set all by itself in a special kind of little cabinet, in a velvet case, she found that Boldy Band record.

The equipment was still on tape. But except for about a million extra knobs and dials that made it look like something at Cape Canaveral, the components were basically known to her. She switched the arm needles and picked up the speed to 78.

She had never heard such sound. It was terrible. Every part of that record was tonally impossible. It scratched. Its drums were like on tin cans. Its piano tinkled like a little kid's toy xylophone. The reeds were squalls on a bent kazoo.

But that old record swung. "Kill it!" Home Boy's voice thundered at her from the doorway of the blue room. She had known he would. She was ready for him. She had a great big, old-fashioned onyx paperweight in her hand. "Who told you to do such a thing? You kill it, chick." A kind of incredulous terror loaded his voice.

She guessed she was nutty from the nerves of recording, and from that being the first real spring day, all those things. But she stood him off, stood all of them off, staring at her popeyed, with that paperweight that could have smashed

right through that Boldy Band record and maybe three, four thousand dollars worth of the infinite patience of years underneath the turntable. And all she could think to say during the whole of that tinny, wonderful, swiny, big-jumping music was, "You've got no right. You've got no goddamn right." And she found she was crying.

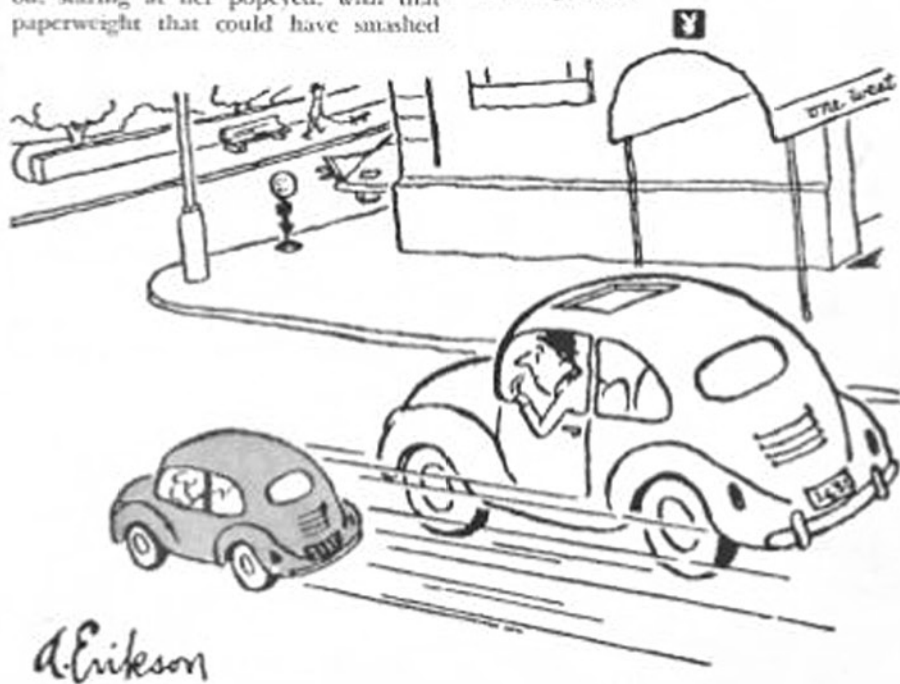
"Get out," he said in a dead voice when it was done, finally.

"I'm going, man," she whispered. "Don't think but I'm going."

"You're dead, chick," he said. "Around here, you're dead." And she noticed how he handled the Boldy Band record. Like it was gold. "Don't ever come back."

"Don't worry," she said. "I won't."

They got married the following October. He sent her a Webcor portable down to the bar and grill at 79th and Broadway and she sent it back. Around the end of April he went down, all wrapped up in a big cloak he'd bought especially, and it took her three hours to get him to check it. He was always polite and sad and anxious and he would look at people who were crippled in the street like they were crazy and he never did mention that night again. But she got a smile out of him in June, and a walk in Central Park daylight a month after and he was still sore what she was doing to him and she didn't blame him much. He gave her a real small contract in September and came as close as he ever did to laughing when he said he'd better marry her and keep the profit in the family. Then he spoiled the profit by taking her to Sweden to listen to some new type atonal music. But he took more interest in the business and he figured he showed in the black even marrying her. She was a solid chick, he said. And 15 years was long enough for any man to swing alone.



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BY PATRICK CHASE

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As long as you're this far south, why not hop over to Africa just across the Mediterranean? It's an easy ferry ride to Tangier, aquiver with reedy Moorish pipings in the high-walled lanes of the bazaar. Or Tripoli and Benghazi in the desert kingdom of Libya, for glamorous evenings at the Casino Uaddan, lazy days along the beach, exciting drives into the desert and hill country. In Cairo, there are bounteous fun and exotic sights, but don't fail to take a trip on a Nile excursion boat, following the route Cleopatra used when she traveled from Asyut to Aswan. New small passenger ships, with solariums and bars, make three- to 10-day river cruises at prices averaging around \$175 for first-class accommodations.

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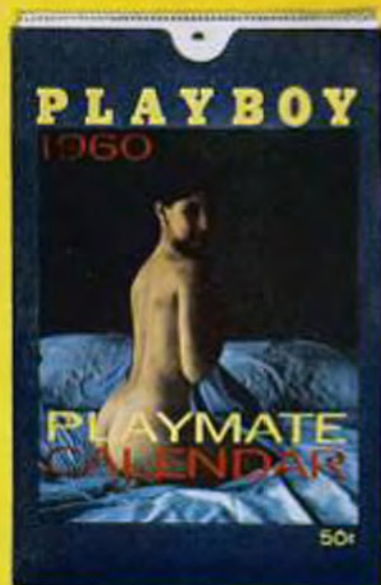
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