

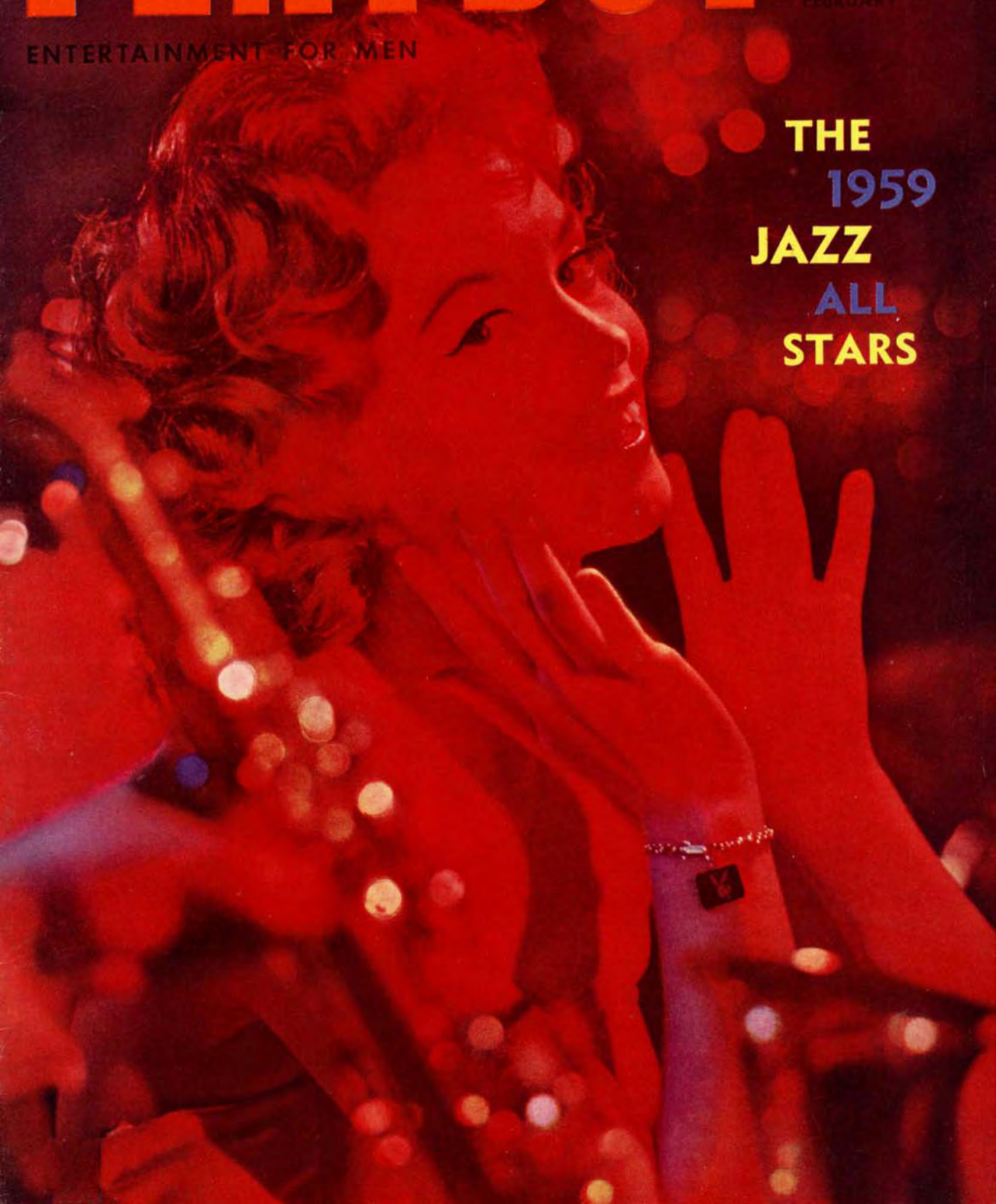
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MUSIC HATH HAD CHARMS to soothe savage breasts, soften rocks and bend knotted oaks even before William Congreve pointed it out back in 1697. In 1959, the national magazine (outside the music field) that is doing the most to advance breast-soothing, rock-softening and oak-bending in the modern manner is PLAYBOY. No other brings its readers such complete and definitive coverage of the jazz scene. PLAYBOY's Jazz Editor, noted authority Leonard Feather, regularly contributes articles and reviews; musicians Dave Brubeck and Benny Goodman have written for us, and so has Newport's skipper, George Wein; personality sketches of Sinatra, Satchmo, Bernstein, Bird, Kenton, Mabel Mercer, Johnny Mathis, Sammy Davis, The Dorsey Brothers, André Previn and other musical luminaries have appeared; such powerful storytellers as James Jones and Charles Beaumont have even wrought strong, evocative fiction on jazz themes for PLAYBOY—stories so authentic that two were chosen for the book *Eddie Condon's Treasury of Jazz*. PLAYBOY's annual Jazz Poll is the biggest, most successful music poll ever conducted, and certainly the most significant statement on popular taste in jazz available anywhere. The Playboy All-Star LPs (produced on PLAYBOY's own label) are spinning on turntables all over the country. For the results of the third annual Playboy Jazz Poll—plus a new note, a polling of the All-Stars themselves to pick the All-Stars' All-Stars—please modulate to page 47 of this swinging February number.

Remember the antic capers of *The Buttndown Boys in the Frozen North* (PLAYBOY, November 1957)? They're back again in a new misadventure by

Stewart Pierce Brown. *The Buttndown Boys at Creepsville High*, which starts off the issue with a big, albeit zany, bang. PLAYBOY-favorite Henry Slesar (his Random House novel, *The Gray Flannel Shroud*—see *Playboy After Hours*—has been made a Mystery Guild selection) teamed up with his crony Jay Folb to write for us a tense and twisty tale of big-city perils, *A Fist Full of Money*. Rounding out the fiction fare, Avram Davidson contributes *The Sensible Man*, a story of the Iron Curtain and the race for space.

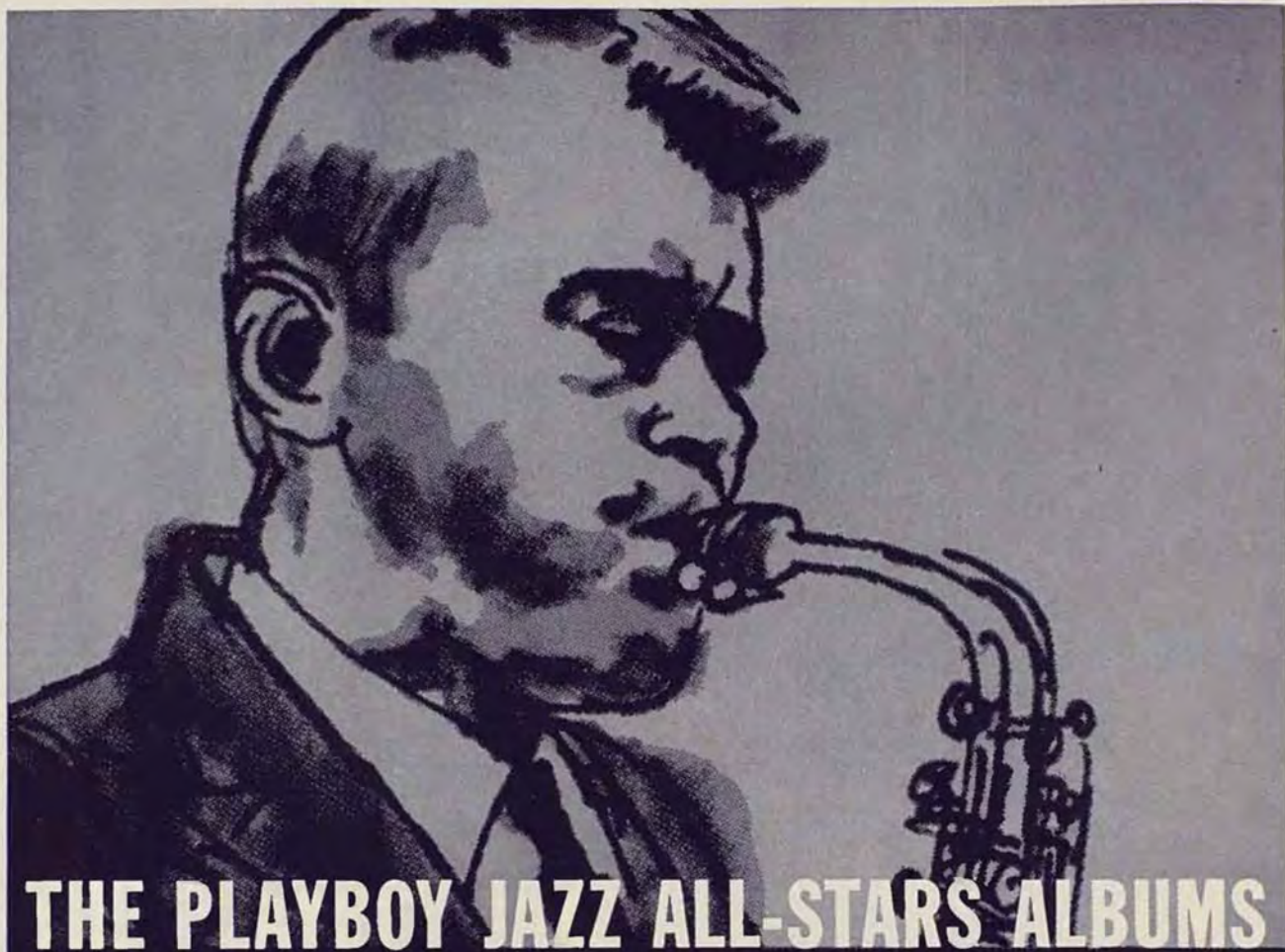
Girls in Their Lairs is precisely what its title implies—a bevy of beauts photographed in their characteristic habitats by Jerry (*History Revisited*) Yulsman. Beauteous also is Miss February—enchanted valentine Eleanor Bradley.

The ubiquitous umbilicus is the subject of Arnold Roth's droll cartoon spread, *Navel Engagement*. Words-type humor is provided by Richard Armour, who returns to dream about France Nuyen, Brigitte Bardot, and other dreamables. Still in the fertile field of funniness, rising young club comic Lenny Bruce is introduced to PLAYBOY readers by Larry Siegel.

"Well dost thou, Love, thy solemn Feast to hold in vestal February," wrote a poet of the last century. Just why it is so "well" of Love to signalize itself in, of all things, a vestal month, and just what is particularly vestal about February anyway, we don't know, but we're rather fond of the fact that these somewhat prim sentiments were uttered by a chap name of Patmore, who also advised fellows to "lift their heavy lids and look." We suggest you do the same—at the February issue—be you heavy of lid, or light, or even welter.



FEATHER



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DEAR PLAYBOY

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PROS OF PARIS

I have always admired the manner in which PLAYBOY has handled subject matter which to some might be "delicate" or "objectionable." After having read *The Pros of Paris* in the October issue, my admiration of the high level of good taste shown by your staff has increased tenfold. In the hands of many another publication, the whole thing would have become a cheap, vulgar exposé. You handled it beautifully.

Rod Santos
Oahu, Honolulu, Hawaii

Those luscious beauties looked more like Fifth Avenue models than pros!

Barry Major
Kentucky Wesleyan College
Owensboro, Kentucky

Instead of being the glamorous, languorous creature your beautiful color photography tries to make of her, a professional prostitute is the laziest, dirtiest, most unimaginative female slob alive. She will stop at nothing to make a few dollars, nothing short of work, that is. She is useless to society, in fact a menace to health and morals.

John Smith, MD
Portland, Oregon

Have already applied for my passport and visa for my trip to Paris.

C. S. Malinka
Bartow, Florida

The Pros of Paris is a lulu. You will probably receive the usual quota of letters criticizing you for running such an article, but my advice to you is to ignore them.

Richard F. Evans
Fort Bliss, Texas

The obviously non-Parisian author of *The Pros of Paris* writes of the procuring of a whore as if he were Cervantes composing verse for Don Quixote de la Mancha to Dulcinea del Toboso. It is no more romantic here than anywhere else. Telling us how to buy a woman in Paris is like instructing us on the proper procedure

to follow if one wishes to succeed in buying a glass of *vin ordinaire*. Both are available everywhere. In fact, your "expert" missed many of the best or largest market places in town—the famous Pigalle, Blvd. Clichy, Blvd. Wagram, the curbs of the Ave. de la Grande Armée, the teeming bars of the most fashionable tourist hotels, the circle around the Étoile, les Halles, the Folies-Bergère district, the working men's areas near the Bois de Vincennes, etc., etc., etc. But for the Parisian bachelor-about-town, the most desirable and available young women are visitors in the summer months—American tourist/student innocents. Present the year round and looking for excitement which they are usually able and willing to finance are those many Parisian women who have succeeded in marrying older men for security, money, etc. And of course there are the many show girls from all over the Continent who come to Paris, the best place to display their charms, and incidentally the best playground while on the way to stardom. Now, obviously, with all this better stuff around (quite as professional, each in her own unique way) the experienced and talented fellows never pay—the cliché being: "When milk is free, you don't rent a cow."

Milton Johns
Paris, France

The Pros of Paris brought back fond memories.

Richard Archambault
Latham, New York

Although I'm not at all the "sort of man who reads PLAYBOY" (French newspapermen certainly not being included among such distinguished people), I keep reading and enjoying it every month, as I have studied Greek and Latin long enough to understand your American lingo. I just have some trouble with that special French for Americans with which all your sophisticated magazines (and even the corny ones at that) feel now compelled to sprinkle their pages. Please tell writer Sam Boal that French people do not start every sen-

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TED HEATH SWING SESSION
The Champ; Eloquence; Do Nuthin' Till You Hear From Me; Pick Yourself Up; Blues For Moderns; Fourth Dimension; Erospect; Dark Eyes; Solitude; The Hawk Talks; I Got It Bad; Rhapsody For Drums. Stereo. PS 138



ALL TIME TOP TWELVE
TED HEATH
ALL TIME TOP 12
Begin the Beguine; April in Paris; 'S Wonderful; Tenderly; Autumn Leaves; Somebody Loves Me; September Song; Stardust; Tea For Two; On The Sunny Side Of The Street; I've Got The World On A String; My Blue Heaven. Stereo. PS 117. Manual. LL 1718



HITS I MISSED
High Noon; Ebb Tide; 12th Street Rag; Love is a Many Splendored Thing; Three Coins in the Fountain; Unchained Melody; Leomin' The Blues; Swedish Rhapsody; Moulin Rouge; My Resistance Is Low; My Foolish Heart; Secret Love. Stereo. PS 116. Manual. LL 3057

Look for the blue on the back of the album

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tence with "Monsieur," and particularly not the prostitutes, who just call everybody a standard "chéri," which makes me wonder if Sam went all the way in the completion of his journalistic duty. Anyway, he certainly did a lot of research on the subject and his article is the most accurately documented American work I have read on the subject. Now I have some real hot news for Sam Boal. The houses of prostitution are going back in business in France. A dozen or so have been legally reopened in the same number of provincial cities; none in Paris yet. This is supposed to be an experiment for some new regulations governing this interesting industry. The girls, of course, have nothing new to offer. Just why Vichy has been chosen among a few privileged French cities would be too long a story. It goes back to the time of the German occupation, when Vichy was the "capital" of France and when its "house" was an information center for the anti-Nazi organizations.

R. Delorme
Vichy, France

Your story on Paris pros strained my credulity, but the pix were enticing.

R. W. Nekle
Palmyra, New York

Congratulations on that superb article. *The Pros of Paris*. It is really refreshing to find that somebody in this prudish, puritanical U.S.A. can write about prostitutes without moralizing.

Jay Alexander
Washington, D.C.

Who gives a damn about a bunch of French whores?

James Psellas
Dallas, Texas

The Pros of Paris: c'est magnifique!

John C. Rogers
Kingsville, Texas

STACKED

In the crazy pictorial, *The Cards Are Stacked*, in your November issue, who, pray, is the charmer in the arms of the knight? And isn't she Playmate potential?

Verne K. Snyder
Wooster, Ohio

We're way ahead of you, Verne: the charmer is Betty Blue and she was a Playmate back in November of 1956.

Bless your long pointed ears and wicked whiskers: your November pictorial, *The Cards Are Stacked*, was simply magnificent! I admit to a slight prejudice in my enjoyment of the ink, inc. greeting card story inasmuch as I'm so deeply immersed in ink, inc. as to require frequent blotting.

Jack Roberts
ink, inc.
Los Angeles, California

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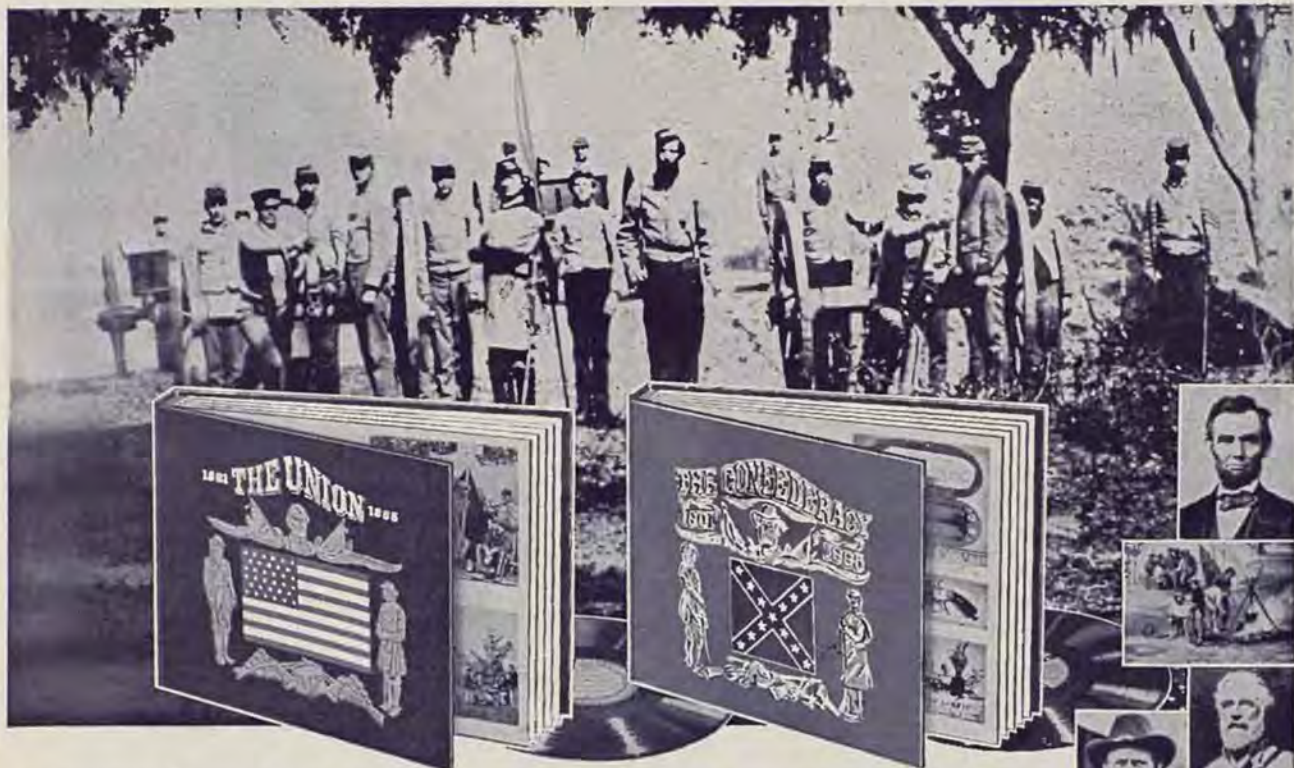
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Below, the Lapstrake Seafarer, from \$330.00



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VOICE OF THE TURTLES

I detect a growing sense of social responsibility in your articles. Your coverage of the Beat Generation and delineation of the Womanization of America are outstanding examples. Between the Lost Generation and the Beat Generation there seems to have been one I would choose to call the Silent Generation—that is, until you arrived.

T. Van Dyke Potts
Manhattan Beach, California

BEAUCOUP BB

Les photographies de la femme de français, Brigitte Bardot, sont excellente! Vous nous donnez plus d'elle à PLAYBOY, s'il vous plaît. Merci beaucoup! (My French is awful, but my eyesight is great.)

J. Coleman Daniel, Jr.
Spartanburg, South Carolina

No necrophile I, but that somber shot from the film *In Case of Emergency* in



your November Bardot feature prompts me to say that BB certainly makes a delectable corpus delicti.

Harry Bradstone
Utica, New York

BUCKS WELL SPENT

Author Mario of *Fair Game* in your November issue is perhaps more chef than sportsman. The statement that the age of a deer is indicated by the number of points was a glaring error. The size of rack a buck carries is far more dependent upon his health, food and sexual maturity. Old bucks often carry less points than they did when they were in their prime.

Ed Hutchinson
Severna Park, Maryland
Indoorsman Mario and PLAYBOY's indoor editors stand corrected.

SUPERFICIAL DIGGERS

You made several very disturbing comments on Sonny Rollins' *Freedom Suite* (*Playboy After Hours*, November) which obligate me to defend the record. First of all, I think that this is a good record, but not Sonny's best. The reviewer has obviously either refused to listen to the record carefully, or cannot make any sense out of the title work, which reveals



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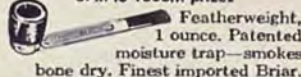
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CONTEST RULES

- Simply complete this statement in 25 words or less: "It's pipe smoking time all over America because . . ." Write your entry on an official entry blank or one side only of any sheet of plain paper. Be sure to print your name and address plainly on your entry. You may enter as many times as you wish, but each entry must be accompanied by either an empty pocket size pouch, or the printed insert from medium or large size tin of any one of these six pipe tobaccos: EDGEWORTH READY-RUBBED, EXECUTIVE MIXTURE, EDGEWORTH SLICED, HOLIDAY PIPE MIXTURE, EDGEWORTH JR., OR HI PLANE.
- Mail your entry to: Edgeworth Contest, P. O. Box 56-C, Mount Vernon 10, New York. Entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, March 31, 1959. Be sure to use sufficient postage.
- Anyone living in the continental United States, its territories and possessions may enter except employees of Larus & Brother Company, Inc., and its advertising agencies and the families of such employees. Each entry must be the original work of the contestant submitting it and be submitted in the contestant's own name.
- Prizes, as listed in the contest announcement, will be awarded to the best entries judged by The Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation on the basis of originality, sincerity and appropriateness. Duplicate prizes in the event of ties. Decision of the judges is final. Only one prize will be awarded in any one family.
- All entries become the property of Larus & Brother Company, Inc., to use as it sees fit and none will be acknowledged or returned. Winners will be notified by mail. Full list of winners will be sent approximately six weeks after close of contest to anyone enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope with entry. Contest subject to all federal, state and local regulations.

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the new Sonny, a man of surprising compositional gifts. Of course this is not the old Sonny, who did nothing more than fuse the styles of Coleman Hawkins, Dexter Gordon and Sonny Stitt into a hard-swinging post-bop style. The new Sonny is a greater challenge to the listener because he has dared to evolve beyond a point of eclecticism. In calling the record "too far out for most people," PLAYBOY has further strengthened the impression that many musicians and fans have of your magazine's jazz policy: good jazz is that which passively entertains the superficial diggers.

Ronald G. Brown
Exeter, New Hampshire

51 TONES OF GREEN

I have read most of Ken Purdy's automobile articles with great pleasure, particularly his memoir of the Marquis de Portago, which is already a classic in the literature of automobile racing. However, you should never let him write another line about motor racing. Make him write short stories. *The 51 Tones of Green* will be reprinted in anthologies for years to come. It is the best short story I have read in a very long time. That double-ending, in particular, is shattering—a great tour de force.

Gustave Pfann
New York, New York

Stopped reading the October issue in the middle to drop this short note of appreciation for *The 51 Tones of Green* by Ken Purdy. It is the greatest piece of literature you have ever published.

H. L. Elman
Venice, California

REQUIESCAT

Your excellent magazine has brought much enjoyment to my leisure hours with its well-written articles, clever cartoons and absorbing fiction. Now, however, it brings the saddest sort of news—Jack Cole is dead. Although I knew him only as a name on a cartoon, I feel as if I have lost a friend. His cartoons did not make one *laugh*; they were so true, so exactly expressive, that they made one's insides light up in a great giddy smile. He will be missed. Carry on.

James W. Davis
Evanston, Illinois

Jack Cole's genius can never die. Three letters started, three thrown away. Words are difficult in time of sorrow.

Stan Mott
Redondo Beach, California

God rest his soul and may he continue to draw wherever he is.

Harry E. Krueger
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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



If you are given to scanning shipping registers in your idle moments, you may already have noticed, along with the *Queen Mary* and the *United States*, the following entry in the register put out by Lloyds of London:

"Yvonne Buckingham. A paddle ship of bone construction. Length over-all 5 ft. 6 ins, Gross tonnage 9 stone, Fore and Aft 38 and 36 ins. Girth 22 ins, Date of launch Mar 28 1937."

Miss Buckingham, a starlet who has already appeared in three films, evidently is somewhat hipped on the idea of using insurance brokers as publicity agents. In addition to the listing noted above, she has managed to get herself insured to become a Movie Star within five years. If she doesn't, she collects 4000 pounds. The correspondent who put us on to Miss Buckingham assures us that her chances are excellent, unless her cargo should unaccountably shift in the meantime.

A fellow we know has worked out a new gimmick for gaining the appreciation of his ladyfriends. Each time he makes an airplane flight, he takes out a flock of those half-a-buck insurance policies, makes a different girl the beneficiary of each, and reaps the reward of his tender thoughtfulness on succeeding dates.

Jack Jarvis, night city editor of the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*, is also the president of some of the most fascinating societies and associations in the country. Membership cards for same have been coming across our desk in increasing numbers. Included are: "Society for Suppression of Women Who Would Rather Sit on It Than Give It Away," "Benedict Arnold High School

Alumni Association," "We Discriminate Against Everybody, Regardless of Race, Creed, Sex or Politics Association," "Let's Live It Up Today - We Can Live It Down Tomorrow Association," "Society for Suppression of Togetherness," "Roving Eye and Wandering Hand Association," "My Boss Hires Only Slave Labor Association," and "Please Don't Laugh on Company Time Association." Readers with a legal bent can puzzle over the fact that the president has most of the cards inscribed "Not valid if signed by Jack Jarvis."

You can stop coddling your hi-fi sets, gang, RCA Victor has just released a new pop album called *Music for BANG baa-room and HARP*, introducing Dick Schory and his New Percussion Ensemble. Students of sound will be happy to hear that among other, more conventional note producers are included tuned automobile brake drums, and a nickle-plated manifold from a 1946 Chevrolet. If this trend continues, future used-car salesmen will have to have a thorough grounding in musical theory and instrumentation.

THEATRE

It doesn't rank with their finest efforts, but Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II, in *Flower Drum Song*, have come up with a lively, good-looking, and professionally expert entertainment. Using C. Y. Lee's best-seller of the same name, Hammerstein and Joseph Fields fashioned a conventional plot that revolves around the conflict between the orthodox old and the brash young in San

Francisco's Chinatown. A boy (Ed Kenney) wants to marry a girl (Pat Suzuki) who is a stripper, and mistress of the strip-joint's owner (Larry Blyden). The boy's father (Keye Luke) and aunt (Juanita Hall) want him to marry a docile import from the Old Country (Miyoshi Umeki). The manner in which the situation is resolved is less valuable for its emotional impact than for the opportunity it gives the writers to make the best of two possible worlds. Gene Kelly directs briskly. Carol Haney's choreography is probably the best of the year, the Oliver Smith sets and Irene Sharaff costumes are opium dreamy, and Rodgers' score is as varied as a Chinese-American dish should be. At the St. James, 246 W. 44th, NYC.

Now - when the old-timers have sadly agreed that, as Broadway entertainment, the revue is extinct - Paris has set New York on its collective can-can with *La Plume de Ma Tante*. This Gallic galaxy of assorted comics (who have been snarling traffic in Paris and London for the past five years) achieves its hilarious effects through the universal language of pantomime, with an occasional word or a handful of lyrics thrown in here and there to show how little they are needed. Robert Dhéry - the creator of the show and its amiable *directeur* - is a working comedian in his own right. Colette Brosset, his wife, proves to be a show-stopper just standing around in bra and panties. As if they weren't enough, there are four supporting zanies who share equal laugh time. The dominant motif of the revue - and one beautifully played by these modest and extremely disarming players - is that everything goes wrong on stage for them, and there's nothing they can do about it: the ecclsiast reaches her climax with

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a zipper that won't unzip. The peeping tom at a bathing beach lays his plans carefully but gets an eyeful of the wrong vista. A symphony orchestra disintegrates into a shambles, and two respectable citizens get trapped in a boulevard pissoir behind doors that open the wrong way. Sight gags and extended sketches — more than two dozen in all — alternate with no padding in between, and by way of oo-la-lagniappe, the stars of the show are encouraged by a chorus of the most fetching mademoiselles ever to breast the transatlantic waves. At the Royale, 242 West 45th, NYC.

FILMS

The Remarkable Mr. Pennypacker, like many a fulsome father, is inordinately proud of his large brood of children. His staid neighbors in the Philadelphia of the 1890s feel something less than admiration for his fecundity when they learn he has sired his flock by servicing two wives concurrently. Clifton Webb is his usual happily snotty self in the title role, and Walter Reisch's screen treatment of Liam O'Brien's play turns out to be almost daring. Unfortunately, Webb's conflicts with his upset Philly wife and other disapprovers are resolved in a somewhat soapy manner, but Henry Levin's spirited direction and Webb's ingratiating arrogance compensate for the weepiness. Others in the cast are Dorothy McGuire and Charles Coburn. It isn't a *Captain's Paradise*, but it's amusingly buoyant bigamy nevertheless.

That journalistic omniscient, the lonelyhearts columnist, dealer in glib answers for "Perplexed," "Forlorn" and myriad other letter-writers who feel dragged, is the main subject of one of the most grown-up, shock-loaded, emotion-taxing pictures we've ever seen. The movie is *Lonelyhearts*, based on the short novel, *Miss Lonelyhearts*, by Nathanael West, and Howard Teichman's play. Dore Schary produced and wrote the script, and, except for snatches of tinny dialog, it's a succession of jars and jolts. But most credit has got to go to director Vincent J. Donehue and his people. The acting sells it: Montgomery Clift, sweating and glooming over the problems his readers ask to have solved; Robert Ryan as the sneery editor-in-chief, full of cynical rhetoric, waiting for Clift's disillusionment; Maureen Stapleton, the hug-hungry wife of an impotent cripple, who writes in for help, gets it and regrets it; Onslow Stevens as Clift's bitter, self-righteous father, a con, in for killing Monty's mother and her lover; Myrna Loy as the editor's repentant wife.

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RECORDINGS

MGM has spawned a new and highly vocal infant, name of Metrojazz Records. Of the two initial releases—both cut under the aegis of our own Leonard Feather—the one more likely to become a conversation piece is *Sonny Rollins and the Big Brass* (Metrojazz E1002). On one side of the disc the fast-soaring young tenor man is backed for the first time (and about time, too) by a big band. Arrangements and conducting were left to the capable pen and baton of Ernie (ex-Basie) Wilkins, who made unusual use of a tuba (Don Butterfield's), which plays parallel lines with the tenor. Sonny's own tune, *Grand Street*, boasts about as boisterously exciting a big-band sound as anything we've heard lately.

Sexy Lena Horne, perennial audience-dazzler, turns in one more of her stylishly sophisticated, the-lady-is-a-vamp performances on *Give the Lady What She Wants* (Victor LPM-1879), which in this case includes sparklers (*Diamonds Are a Girl's Best Friend*), amour (*At Long Last Love*) and some much-needed rest (*Let's Turn Out the Lights and Go to Sleep*). Chris Connor's *Chris-Craft* (Atlantic 1290), Peggy Lee's *Things Are Swingin'* (Capitol T1049) and Eydie Gormé's *Showstoppers* (ABC-Paramount-254) are all stunners, and worth your ear time. Chris cruises through a dozen numbers with her usual effortless phrasing; Peggy concentrates on toe-tappers with her hip brand of quivering abandon and Eydie shows everybody why she's one of the most electrifying young thrushes around today, complete with falsetto shrieks and a walloping set of pipes that can stop anybody's show. All her tunes are from Broadway musicomedies (dig especially *Thou Swell* and *My Funny Valentine*) and Eydie puts her own personal stamp of greatness on each one.

Chatty chamber works of Shostakovich—*Quintet for Piano and Strings*; *String Quartets Nos. 1, 2 & 3* (Vanguard 6032 & 6033)—display the cozy side of the contemporary Russian colossus' talents. Inventive but not abrasive, these small-scale pieces eschew the bombast of his massive symphonies, achieving their ends by intimacy and warmth, lyric curves of melody, chuckling scherzi, sweet-and-sour harmony, finger-snapping rhythm, unrelenting charm. The combos—they are the nimble Komitas, Beethoven and Tchaikovsky Quartets—



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BOOKS

Saul Bellow, who scored a beat on the Beatniks in *The Adventures of Augie March*, is still swinging way out and wild in *Henderson the Rain King* (Viking, \$4.50), which might be subtitled "On the Road in Darkest Africa." At 52, Gene Henderson, a plush lush with a build like Carnera and neuroses to match, having gone through two marriages and turned his estate into a pig-farm, heeds an inner voice which keeps saying *I want* (but won't tell him what), and next thing we know he's jigger-nauting through the jungle. A knight-aberrant, he does all the right things with all the wrong results. He's loved by an African Queen—but she's barrel-fat; he tries to solve her domain's water shortage with gunpowder—but it blows up in his face; and though he qualifies as Rain King for another tribe, he discovers that being in line for the Kingdom means satisfying 20 women—on pain of strangulation. So he sees the handwriting on the kraal and blasts off for home, having learned that *being*, not *becoming*, is the true goal. It's all heavily freighted with symbolism, but Bellow pays the freight with high-pressure prose, a strong overlay of sardonic humor and jet-propelled narrative drive. If it's a little like sitting in on an existentialist's nightmare, at least it's something you won't soon forget.

It's long been clear that the adman's patron saint is Mac The Knife, but it took PLAYBOY-regular and agency veeep Henry Slesar to write the first Grade-A whodunit with an Ad Alley setting: *The Gray Flannel Shroud* (Random House, \$2.95). The story is as hip as the title. Dave Robbins, an earnest, one-tranquillizer ad-lad in a small agency, is suddenly made account exec for its biggest client—Burke Baby Foods—and is promptly faced with the corpse of a doll who seems to have some sinister connection with that firm. Both the plot and sub-plot are liminal, with many sharply delineated suspects, besides the usual agency types. Beneath the surface, the complex, clockwork plot moves with pace and precision—yet never lets you guess who wielded the hidden persuader. When they run this one up the flagpole, *everybody* should salute.



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All-Stars P. 47



Novels P. 35



Lairs P. 60

CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

PLAYBILL.....	3
DEAR PLAYBOY.....	5
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS.....	11
THE BUTTONDOWN BOYS AT CREEPSVILLE HIGH—fiction..... STEWART P. BROWN	16
REBEL WITH A CAUSTIC CAUSE—entertainment..... LARRY SIEGEL	21
CASES FOR THE GASLIGHT GADABOUT—curios.....	22
LIGHTERS FOR THE MAN OF TODAY—accessories.....	23
A FIST FULL OF MONEY—fiction..... HENRY SLESAR AND JAY FOLB	25
POSTAGE STAMP REPUBLIC—travel..... JOHN SACK	29
GIRLS OF MY DREAMS—humor..... RICHARD ARMOUR	31
ACH DU LIEBER GÄNSELEBERPASTETESCHNITTE—food..... THOMAS MARIO	33
NAVEL ENGAGEMENT—satire..... ARNOLD ROTH	35
VACATION VALENTINE—playboy's playmate of the month.....	39
PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES—humor.....	44
THE 1959 PLAYBOY ALL-STARS—jazz..... LEONARD FEATHER	47
THE PLAYBOY ALL-STARS' ALL-STARS—jazz.....	52
THE SENSIBLE MAN—fiction..... AVRAM DAVIDSON	55
LET'S GO TO MY PLACE—attire..... BLAKE RUTHERFORD	57
GIRLS IN THEIR LAIRS—pictorial..... JERRY YULSMAN	60
A FLIRTATION WITH DISASTER—ribald classic..... EMILE BLAIN	65
THE PHILOSOPHER—satire..... JULES FEIFFER	69
PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK—travel..... PATRICK CHASE	80

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PLAYBOY



SCHOOL

472

SHORE

An oddball in a green suit
watched the market research from a distance.



*those mad-ave madmen who braved the frozen north
cut consequent capers with gum and camera*

The Butttdown Boys at Creepsville High

fiction By STEWART PIERCE BROWN

INTO MY OFFICE burst Bud Gordon, his martini-bright eyes crackling wildly. "Unfinger the ulcer switch, Coach, I've just had the greatest idea since socialized sex!"

My first instinct was to leave by way of the window. In seconds I could be all over Madison Avenue and tomorrow's *Daily News*. That's one of the fringe benefits at Fowler & Hawkes — TV producers get windows 15 floors up for emergency jumping. And any time Bud Gordon has one of his ideas, an emergency is sure to follow.

"Mac, I figured out how we can save the Kane account *and* increase the billing!"

"Did you have lunch or a fix?"

"I had a goddam inspiration! We can — say now, there's a live one!"

I joined him swiftly at the window. The girl in the department store dressing room across the street was removing her blouse. I groped behind me for the phone and dialed Headline Harry Watson's extension. "Action stations — window 3!"

"What a built!" Bud breathed.

Harry came sprinting down the hall. "AD BIGGIES NABBED AS PEEPING TOMS," he said, elbowing between us. "Wow, dig

that!"

The girl finally bought a green dress and Bud turned regretfully from the window. "Mac, I know you're all shook up over Killer Kane's threat to move his account . . ."

"Not really. My stomach lining peels off every year at this time."

The agency was in a real bind on Kane's Chewing Gum. Old man Fowler had put it to us as clear as sunlit gin: we were doing OK with Min-T-Chu (The Gum With The Oriental Flavor) but now Kane was about to come out with a new brand. If this Brand X didn't get off the ground, Kane's yearly sales would fall below the United Chicle

Company's. Any year that happened, the tumbrels rolled down Mad Alley. Agency-devourer Sylvester H. Kane already had the names of six shops lettered on his office wall, like kills on a fighter plane. The buzz was that F&H would be No. 7 unless we came up with a real gasser within the week.

Kane was keeping Brand X on the launching pad because of what the lab had said about it. Bud read from the report: "Can't claim parity with competitive brands flavorwise."

"English translation: it tastes lousy," Harry put in helpfully.

"Ah, but that's just it!" Bud cried. "Taste is strictly subjective. One man's Courvoisier is another man's Castoria. All we have to do is show the Killer that people like his new gum and he'll go with it tomorrow."

"Grand," I said, "then we'll move a couple of pyramids and settle the Arab question. Sounds like a fun afternoon."

"Relax, dad, I've got it all angled out."

Bud had begun chewing rapidly on his ever-present wad of Min-T-Chu, a sure sign that something far gone wild was about to be born. "Here's the drill. We pass Brand X around to a bunch of high school kids—that's where the gum market is. We go upstate somewhere and get real kid-type kids. The gum is in plain wrappers, no labels. In the station wagon we hide a camera and mike, so we get pic-and-track on their reactions. Then we edit out the clinkers, splice the raves together, and lay it on old Kane for a whole reel."

Harry was on his feet applauding. "It'll flip him! He'll think the whole world loves the damn stuff! GUM KING UPS BUDGET; F&H TO HANDLE NEW LINE."

What the hell, I thought, at this late date what have we got to lose. Mercifully, I didn't know the answer then. "OK," I said, buzzing for Barbara the Body, queen of the secretarial pool. "Round up a crew," I told her, "location shooting and we leave Monday."

"Yes, Mr. MacClure," she whispered huskily, ducked around Bud's pinching hand, and got right on the phone.

So Monday, there we were. In an upstate town some 292 miles from the city, or roughly four hours the way Bud drove that station wagon. After the first 10 miles, I just kept my eyes shut. Mikur Zabukover, Vienna's gift to cinematography, was white to the lips, which he kept wrapped around the happy end of a bottle of Scotch. "5 KILLED IN THRUWAY CRASH AS JET FAILS TO TAKE OFF," Harry groaned as we roared past Albany. Ernie, Mikur's assistant cameraman, crouched on the rear floor, trying not to scream.

But we made it. Late in the day we peeled off the Thruway, bounced over several miles of blacktop, and there was the town.

Creepsville, U.S.A.

A *Saturday Evening Post* cover come to life, if you can call that life. Square white houses, shady streets, the old steeple clock above the green, and J. C. Penney packing 'em in down at Main and Elm. We cased the high school, then checked in at the Hotel Mohican, a sooty stack of Christian Science Gothic brickwork, with a lobby full of tired Willy Lomans and cheap disinfectant. They called the bar the Pow-Wow Room but we went in anyway. Plastic peace pipes and tomahawks dangled from the wagon-wheel chandeliers and the waitress proudly pointed out to us that the ashtrays were shaped like birch-bark canoes. "And on Saddy nights we all wear, you know, like feathers in our hair."

On top of which, the drinks were lousy.

After dinner, Bud went out to set his trap line.

"Get one with a friend," I called after him.

"Friends, plural," Harry added.

"Yeah," said Ernie, who was still in shock.

"Where's Minnehaha?" Mikur growled. "I'm needing another drink."

Bud was back in two hours with the greatest collection of female oddballs this side of Vegas. Mine was a leggy thing from the Missouri Home for the Tall, and Mikur had a retired WAVE with the build of a gunner's mate, who matched him drink for drink for two hours then tried to set fire to his mustache. But they were all obliging children at heart and the night was passed in carnal conviviality. It was only with the greatest effort that we managed to get set up in front of the high school the next day just as the kids got sprung for lunch.

Our first take came straight from Central Casting: a big blond footballer in a varsity sweater, holding hands with a saucy little chick wearing her hair in a ponytail. Bud gave the tackle his high-voltage smile. "Got a little surprise here for you, Champ. Like you to try this gum—something new."

Mikur's camera whirred softly in the station wagon behind us as the kid suspiciously unwrapped the gum. Harry had his mikes up to catch The Great Pronouncement. The tackle chewed noisily for several seconds. Then he lightly shrugged one shoulder. "Nothing," he said and walked away with the chick.

I figured my profit-sharing plus unemployment insurance would keep me going until I made another agency contact.

Mikur's face appeared over the tailgate. "Tarrible! Pfui!"

"COOL JUVES CHILL HOT IDEA," Harry said, shaking his head sadly.

"Relax, you guys," Bud said. "Now, here comes a more promising prospect."

The more promising prospect was a

tall thin kid with glasses who spit the gum out after two chews. The next couple of candidates wouldn't even try it. It began to look like a long, long day. But then finally came this girl—the kind of plain Jane who watches the movies at a drive-in—and she practically went out of her skull over Brand X. That broke the spell. After her we began to hit at a .500 clip and by one o'clock I knew we'd get our footage. Even with the out-takes we'd have enough left to really clobber Kane and his cronies.

While things were going good, I strolled down the block to grab a smoke. At the corner, one of the natives stopped me. He was a skinny character in a green suit and tan shoes, who'd been watching us from across the street. I pegged him for one of the how-do-I-get-a-soft-job-in-advertising-like-yours boys, but his opener curve-balled me: "You guys better beat it," he said. "We've got this turf all staked out."

I just stood there blinking. Finally I managed some words: "Who has?"

"Come on, pal, who else? The Big Boys. Number One."

Slowly, it began to reach me. There'd been a leak. United Chicle had found out we were up here. And so they'd told their agency—L.L.R.&D., who were the Big Boys, all right, the Number One shop in the business—to send a man over to run us off. This was the man from Lowell, Lord, Rankin & Dowles.

But that green suit. Those lapels. "You from the local office?" I asked.

"Right. And these are all my kids. So just bust up your little party and get the hell out."

He was being real nasty. And my headache was coming back. And I needed some lunch. "Look, sonny," I said impatiently, "you've been seeing too many George Raft films on the Late Show. Run along now and let the menfolks finish their job."

He stared at me. Looking back into those eyes didn't raise my opinion of L.L.R.&D. any. "OK, pal," he said in a tight voice, "you want trouble, you got it." And he walked away fast.

I went back to the wagon and told the boys about Greensleeves. Bud laughed. "Threats, yet! United must have scared hell out of L.L.R.&D."

"AD MOBS RUMBLE FOR UPSTATE TERRITORY," Harry said.

"Maybe we got something hotter than we know," Ernie suggested, which proves once again that from the mouths of babes...

It happened on the way home. About five miles from the town. Bud had a date in New York so I knew he'd have us back by the time his gal got off the air at 10:30. That meant Mikur could get his stuff to the labs before midnight and we could see the dailies the next after-

(continued overleaf)



Butttdown Boys (continued from page 18)

noon. One quick editing session and we'd have a print for Kane before the week was out. As we spun along through the chlorophyll-colored countryside, Mikur hummed little slices of Strauss and for the first time since old man Fowler had pressed the panic button, I settled back and relaxed.

For about 11 seconds.

Then this big black Caddy came roaring up behind us, cut over viciously, and sent us careening into the ditch. I was still picking myself off the floor when the station wagon doors were yanked open and two ex-prelim boys from St. Nick's had guns in our faces. "These them?" one of them called. Two more men had got out of the Cadillac. One was a fat guy wearing a \$300 suit and three rings on each hand. The other was Greensleeves. "That's them," he said, licking his chops.

"Awright," the fat man grunted like a bullfrog, "bring 'em along."

"Now, wait a minute. You're not bringing me anywhere," I said. I was fed up with this jazz. Guns or no guns, no agency-hired goons were going to —

I woke up in this room. It wasn't my room at the Mohican. It wasn't my apartment in New York. It was a strange room and I felt strange. Especially about the head. Bud's voice reached me dimly: "How you doing?"

"You shouldn't have put me in without a helmet, Coach," I said, bringing him slowly into focus. "Man, I always knew L.L.R.&D. was a hard-sell shop, but this —"

"Leave me cue you in: these are no agency boys. We're up to our dimples in pushers — the biggest mob in the East."

"Pushers? You mean dope?"

"It ain't puffed rice. That's Creepsville High back there in town, dad. The Norman Rockwell juves have been sniffing the stuff from a dirty spoon for months."

"And the mob thought we were trying to move in?"

"Exactly. And when I tried to explain that it was only chewing gum we had in those mysterious unmarked wrappers, only we had none left to prove it, my, how they did laugh and carry on!" He popped a couple of sticks of Min-T-Chu into his mouth. "This, fortunately, they weren't interested in."

My head threatened to fall off when I stood up. But I made it to the window. We were stuck out in the woods in a gloomy, deserted old house that made Charles Addams' worst look like Leavittown. "Charming Victorian," Bud quoted, "21 rooms, including den and crematorium."

"Where are Mikur and the others?"

Before he could answer, the door was

pushed open and in stepped a meaty, low-slung character with an 18-inch neck and a one-inch forehead.

"My man don't wrestle until we hear it talk," Bud whispered.

"Hello, there!" I cried, smiling big and hoping he hadn't heard Bud.

"Awright, c'mon," growled Java Man, motioning us out the door with his gun. He herded us down a dark, musty hall. Ancient gas brackets reached out eerily from the shadows and red plush was stripping off the walls like neon Spanish moss. Little clouds of stale dust rose from the faded carpet. We went down a broad, sagging staircase and Java motioned us into a small back room. It was empty except for a few old chairs and a bandy-legged table with an old-fashioned telephone on it — the stand-up kind, with the receiver hanging on a hook.

Behind the table stood the fat man and Greensleeves. Fatso shook his head sadly as we came in. "You guys who don't butt out when you're told. An' handing us all that crap about choon gum . . ."

"It was gum," I said hastily. "We aren't —"

"Trouble is, now you seen too many faces. We can't take no chances with you, you knowit I mean?"

"Well, now look," Bud said, "maybe we can work something out."

"Siddown," Fatso ordered.

Bud grinned. "No kidding, we could just —" Fatso hit him across the mouth. Hard. Bud staggered, the grin frozen on his face. I felt my stomach turn over. Bud sat down slowly, not taking his eyes off Fatso's face. I had never seen his eyes like that before.

Fatso turned to Java. "We're going back to town and clear the place out. We'll phone you when we leave. Soon's you hear that phone, give it to these two and the ones in the cellar. Then cut through the back and we'll pick you up on the highway." He jerked his head at Greensleeves and they left. After a few minutes, we heard a car pull away.

Java set his rod out on the table. He moved the phone next to it. "Listen for the little bell," he said and laughed until his agate eyes were wet. Then he took out a beat-up copy of *Boxing* magazine and went to work on the crossword puzzle in the back.

We just sat there. Outside, a bird sang. I figured I'd never see a bird again. My stomach felt as if I'd swallowed a cup of hot tar. I wondered how Mikur, Harry and Ernie were doing down in the cellar.

Bud shifted in his chair. Java's head came up sharply. "Just getting stiff," Bud explained. His eyes still had that strange look in them. But now there was something else . . . "How much longer

do we have to sit here?"

Java studied his watch, his lips moving. "They'll call in about 20 minutes."

"If they call," Bud said. Java glared at him, then snorted and went back to his puzzle. He struggled with it for a few more minutes. Finally, he shoved it from him in disgust.

"Tough one, huh?" Bud asked sympathetically. "Here, lemme try it."

"Whaddaya, a smart guy?" Java sneered, tossing it to him. "Eight to five you don't finish it."

"You're on for five," Bud said. "After all, what have I got to lose?" That broke Java up. Bud laughed, too. Which left only me. I didn't dig it. "Yuk-yuk," I said.

"Aw, cheer up, Mac," Bud said, and suddenly I noticed he was chomping down fast on his Min-T-Chu. "Look, I've got 21 Across already . . ." He held the puzzle for me to read. In the empty squares he had printed "B-E S-I-C-K." Before I could say anything he snatched it back and hastily filled in more blanks. "See, that gives me 14 Down, too." This time he had written "G-E-T H-I-M T-A-K-E Y-O-U T-O C-A-N." I looked at him blankly, then at Java and his shoots-pistol. To be sick wasn't going to take any great acting.

Bud glanced at his watch. "About that time, isn't it?" he asked Java.

"What's a matter, pal, you anxious to get knocked off?"

"No, but suppose they take off without calling? *Voom!* — they're in Canada in a couple of hours and guess who's left to explain to the cops?"

"Yeah? And suppose you just shut your face," Java snarled. "They first got to get all that stuff out — what the hell's the matter with you?"

I had got slowly to my feet, groaning and clutching my stomach. "I'm going to be sick," I muttered thickly.

Java's chair went over with a crash. "Not in here you ain't!"

Bud grabbed my arm. "I'll take him to the can . . ."

"The hell you will!" Java shoved him back in his chair. He grabbed up the phone and put it out on the hall floor, shoving me ahead of him. He locked the door, with the wire passing under it, and shouted back to Bud, "Try anything, pal, and I'll blow your goddam face off!"

The bathroom was only a few steps down the hall. Java kicked open the door and I lurched past him and gave a very realistic show of losing my lunch. I took my time about it but when we got back Bud was still sitting there. He began to whistle *The Bells Are Ringing*. "Very funny," Java said nastily. But he looked at his watch and I could see his lips moving again. When I looked at my own watch I saw the time was more than up.

(concluded on page 76)

REBEL WITH A CAUSTIC CAUSE

THE LEAN YOUNG MAN in Ivy stepped into the spotlight on the small stage of The Cloister in Chicago. "We have some celebrities with us in the audience this evening," he said. "Sitting ringside are two boys in show business who got their start right here in the Windy City—the wonderful Loeb and Leopold.

"We're also privileged to welcome the star of the show that opens here two weeks from tonight. The management is

sparing no expense in bringing him to you. Let's have a big hand for the lovable *Adolph Hitler*."

Most of the audience realized with these opening lines that this was no ordinary club comic and that they were in for a very unusual evening's entertainment. If any question remained, the first sketch answered it.

"I'd like to take you now to the headquarters of Religions, Incorporated," he

said, "where the Dodge-Plymouth dealers of America have just held their annual raffle and given away a new 1959 church. Seated around the table are the religious leaders of the country, including Billy Graham, Oral Roberts, Father Divine, Danny Thomas, Jane Russell. . . . The chairman speaks: 'Ladies and gentlemen, as you know, this year we've got a tie-in with Oldsmobile. Now I

(continued on page 66)

entertainment By LARRY SIEGEL



*sick comic lenny bruce
milks and mulcts
the sacred cows*



CASES FOR THE GASLIGHT GADABOUT

in which gay nineties dandies toted their smokes

Around the turn of the century, mustachioed men-about-town were puffing on cigarillos, small cigars about the size of today's king-size cigarettes. They carried them in heavy silver or gold plated French enameled cases (like these from a private collection), embellished, by skilled French miniaturists, with the full-blown form of a famous actress or the inamorata of the moment. Originally costing anywhere from \$5 to \$50, the cases can still be hunted up in antique shops—at current prices: \$100 to \$300 each.




LIGHTERS FOR THE MAN OF TODAY

with which the art of sparking is brought up to date

Lucifers, of course, are still fine for the open fire, but no knowing urbanite would think of lighting his or his lady's smokes with anything save one of these flame-at-a-fingersnap lighters. **1** Gold finish Elgin American with alligator panels; \$9.95. **2** Extra-lightweight precision lighter with built-in jeweled Swiss watch, Le Briquet et Cie.; \$35. **3** Silver plate Rollagas butane lighter by Dunhill; \$35. **4** The Woodsman, a Colibri by Kreisler, walnut wood with gold finish; \$12.50. **5** Lackritz of Chicago's 14K gold lighter with Florentine finish; \$100. **6** Dupont's butane lighter, imported from France in lustrous black enamel and gold trim; \$39.50. *(concluded on next page)*



Additional timely tinderboxes for today's tobacconian: **7** Ronson's Varaflame butane lighter with adjustable flame, wrapped in genuine pigskin; \$16.50. **8** The Schick Nassau, a butane lighter with cartridge refills and a variable control for the flame, gold plate and white lacquer; \$19.95. **9** Executive by Nimrod, a windproof down-draft pipe lighter, gold plated with lizard skin grip; \$4.95. **10** Slim-lighter by Zippo, engine-turned 14K gold; \$150. **11** Dupont, a French import in gold, uses conventional lighter fluid; \$35. **12** Mysterious, a lighter by New York's Van Cleef and Arpels, features an all-gold mechanism, unconventionally fills from the top; \$275. **13** Echo "8" camera-lighter has a coated 3-element, fixed focus, 1/3.5 lens and shutter speeds to 1/50 second; uses 8 mm film and comes equipped with an ultraviolet filter; \$19.95. **14** The flintless Magna electric lighter is ignited by a diminutive battery and includes an equally diminutive flashlight for finding elusive keyholes; \$6.95. **15** Beattie's pigskin covered Jet lighter for pipe and cigarette smokers; \$8.95. 



10

8

9

11

13

12

15

14

7

*at night
in the city,
you can't tell
one hoodlum
from another*

A FIST FULL OF MONEY

"READ 'EM AND WEEP," Smalley said, "four beauties left to right." His big hands scooped the money toward his plaid vest, and he grinned hatefully.

The grin hadn't seemed hateful to Irv Randall when the poker game started. He had always admired Smalley's grin. He liked seeing it flash in the corridor between their offices at Bryant and Company, liked to see it when they met in the elevator in the morning, and when Smalley said, "How's married life, Irv, how's the little woman?" It was a wide, attractive grin, illuminating the handsome face, and Irv always figured that warmth and friendliness were behind it. It was only now, seeing it over the top of a poker hand that meant the end of his week's earnings, that Irv Randall knew he despised

fiction **By HENRY SLESAR
and JAY FOLB**

PAUL

PAUL
PAUL

Smalley's easy smile.

The table around Irv's elbows looked so naked that the other players seemed embarrassed. Irv pushed back the chair, and tried to shrug it off.

"Easy come, easy go," he said, with a light laugh. "There's always another payday."

"Gee, Irv." Manny, from the shipping department, stirred uncomfortably. "We shouldn't have let the stakes get so high. This was gonna be a friendly game, remember?"

"So we got a little excited," Smalley said, shuffling the cards. "It's bound to happen."

"Hell, I'm losing 50 bucks myself," Manny said. "The water's too deep around here."

"You want to quit?" Smalley said.

"No, I didn't say that. I mean, hell, it's OK for us, we're all bachelors. But Irv here, he's got a new bride at home."

Irv tried to fight the flush that was tinting his cheek. "Don't worry, I got her trained. Well, I better get home; it's after 10. . . ." He lifted his coat from the only upholstered chair in Smalley's apartment, and put it on carefully. When he turned around to say goodbye, he saw that the others were already absorbed in the next hand, so he went to the door.

"Give my regards to Francey," Smalley shouted.

Irv whirled around. "Her name's Frances," he said tautly.

"Yeah, sure, Frances. Good night, Irv. See you in the morning."

He didn't see the face, but he knew Smalley was grinning. He thought of the grin all the way down in the grimy elevator and into the street. Then he started thinking of Francey, and he grew so cold inside the thin topcoat that was brazing out the February freeze that he shivered like a forlorn child.

How could he explain away a week's pay? With a laugh? A snarl? "Listen, honey, I dropped it and that's that. . . ." No, that wasn't Irv Randall. He could see her face grow pale, the hurt in her eyes, and he knew he couldn't go home a loser. She bird-dogged every dime, every nickel he brought home, walked off her feet to save on food and hadn't bought a new dress since they were married. How could he tell her? How could he explain that his first night out had been so disastrous? It had started out with an innocent invitation to a bowling match. Then, somehow, they had wound up in Smalley's apartment, around Smalley's kitchen table, and somebody was cracking the cellophane from around a new deck of cards. . . .

I could say I lost it, Irv thought. I was walking home from the bowling alley, and my wallet fell out of my pocket. . . . He tried to mumble the alibi aloud and knew that it was no good. Francey

was sharp. Francey would spot the easy excuse; he'd make a fool of himself. What he wanted, desperately wanted, was her sympathy.

He stopped on the lonely dark street, aware of its ominous silence. It was a bad neighborhood, a rough neighborhood. . . .

That was it! He would say he was mugged, attacked, robbed. The streets and alleyways were stalked by young hoodlums; that kind of thing happened every day. Why not to him?

Instead of turning at the next block he continued on to the empty lot on the next street. Across the way was a row of new, identical one-family houses not yet occupied. He cut into the lot, brushing aside dying ragweed until he got to a clearing. Here he ran his hands through the hair pushing over his forehead. Ripping at his collar and tie, he tore the top button of his shirt loose. He bent and dug his fingers into the hard earth. He was sweating despite the cold, afraid of being seen, afraid that he might not act out the farce with perfect conviction. With his hands full of dirt, he rubbed them over his clothes and finally on his face. He was ready.

In the lamplight on the corner, reflected by an empty store window, he saw that his appearance would easily fool Francey. His face stung, and he wondered if his fingers hadn't clawed red welts on his skin, for in one wild moment he had actually tried for that much reality.

There were only five dark streets between Smalley's apartment and his own. He walked the rest of the distance hurriedly, and then slowed his pace in an approximation of the fatigue he should have felt after a hoodlum's assault. He was panting when he reached the house, and he was half convinced that the mugging was authentic when he turned the doorknob of Apartment 3-B and staggered inside.

"Irving!"

She fluttered over him like a mother bird, and he folded himself into her wings.

"Irving, what happened to you? Where've you been?"

"With the guys," he said, his voice muffled against the comforting shoulder. "I walked home, and this kid jumped out of a side street at me —"

"Oh, my God! Are you hurt?"

"No, no, I'm OK. But he took my wallet, the whole week's salary —" He let her guide him to a kitchen chair. She was small, and thin as a sparrow, but her arms felt strong. She stared at him, the tears bright in her large, pretty eyes. "I'm all right, Francey, don't worry about me. Only it's the money —"

"I don't care about the money, Irv. If you're all right." She made small, angry fists. "Oh, this rotten neighbor-

hood! Why didn't the police come? Why didn't they help you?"

"There just wasn't anybody around, that's all. Look, it's just one of those things. I'm lucky I wasn't knifed or anything."

"Thank God for that." She went limp, and sat down in the chair on the other side of the kitchen table. "Is there anything I can do?"

"No, nothing. I'll have some hot milk and go to bed."

"Don't go in to the office tomorrow, huh? They could get along without you for a day."

"I'll be OK, Francey. I mean it. I'll be fine in the morning. Only what we'll do without the money —"

"We'll manage. I've been putting aside some from the house money. It's not much, but it'll last us." She stroked his arm soothingly. "My poor Irving," she crooned. "Look, you go in and get cleaned up and I'll warm some milk. Then we'll call the police. . . ."

He looked up sharply. "The police?"

"Yes, of course, the police. We've got to report it, don't we?"

"But what for? I didn't even see the kid who jumped me. I couldn't describe him, not even a little bit."

"That doesn't matter. We've got to report him, Irv, don't you know that? We can't just say, here, take my money, thanks very much, Mr. Muggler." Her voice softened. "Do you want me to do it?"

"No!" Her mothering tone irritated him. "I don't want you to do it, or me either. The whole thing's over and done with. They'll never catch him —"

"You're upset," Francey said. "Go in and clean up, and then we'll talk about it."

He went in and cleaned up in the closet-size bathroom, stalling for time. He took a long hot bath, soaking his tired body for a full 10 minutes. When he emerged, he caught a look at his guilty face in the bathroom mirror. *What a dirty trick!* he thought. But dirty or not, he had to see it through.

He considered the alternatives. If he called the police, their questions might reveal the hoax. If he didn't, Francey might get ideas herself. He thought it over, and decided he had a better chance with the cops. Francey's bright eyes held a store of wisdom that gave her uncomfortable insight.

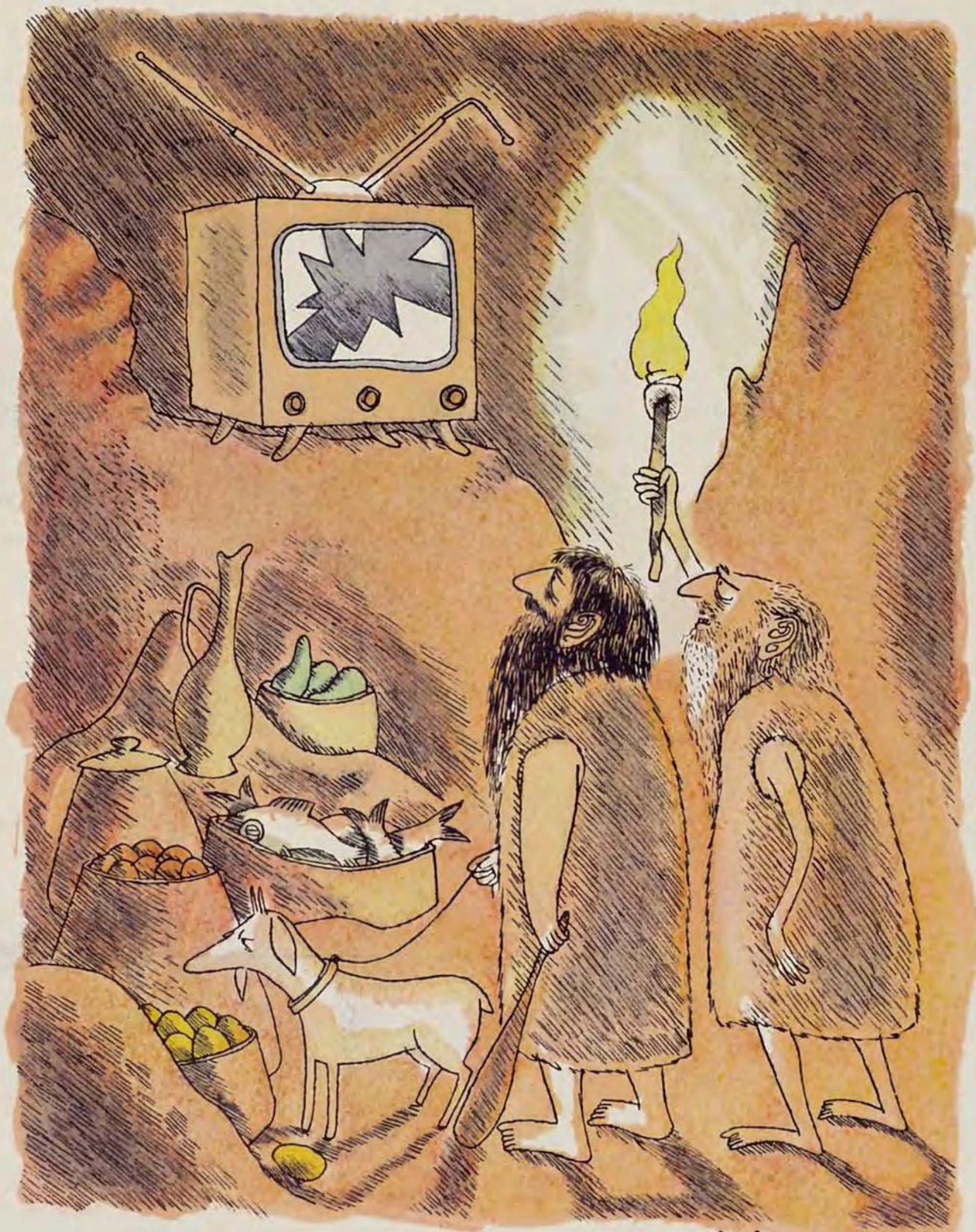
He came back to the kitchen half an hour later, and Francey had the milk waiting, a saucer holding down the heat. He sipped it slowly while she watched him.

"Well?" she said. "Will you call the police, Irv?"

"Yeah, sure. I was just going to."

He got up, tightening the belt of his bathrobe. He picked up the telephone.

(concluded overleaf)



Gahan Wilson

"All we can do is continue offering sacrifices and hope its magic power will return."

FIST FULL OF MONEY *(continued from page 26)*

and hesitatingly asked for police headquarters. The sergeant asked questions: when did it happen, could he describe the mugger, how much had he lost — and with each answer, the robbery, his fear, the loss, seemed to become more and more genuine. When the officer finally switched him over to a Lieutenant Dirksen, he was able to repeat the story with all the detail of a personally experienced episode.

He was beginning to think it hadn't turned out badly at all, when the lieutenant exploded the question:

"Can you come down to the station house, Mr. Randall? We think we have your man."

"You what?"

"I said I think we've got him. Picked him up a little while ago, right where it happened. It's important that you come down now."

His tongue froze in his mouth.

"Mr. Randall?"

"Yes," Irv stuttered. "Yes, I guess I can make it." How could he refuse?

"OK, we'll have a car pick you up in five minutes."

Irv set the phone gently on the hook, turning to meet Francey's questioning eyes.

"They say they might have the man. They're sending a car for me." His heart pounded. First Francey, now the police!

"There, you see!" Francey said. "They have him already!"

"Don't expect it to be so easy. The police are always picking up suspicious characters; it's just routine —"

"I know it's him," Francey said. "You better get dressed, Irv."

He felt more like a criminal than a complainant as he walked up the steps of Precinct 23. The station house was quiet, but he stirred up activity when he told the desk sergeant his name. A plainclothesman, broad of shoulder and beam, came lumbering out of the rear and took him in charge.

"In here, Mr. Randall," he said, leading him to the back room. He had a big, sweaty face with suffering eyes and a kind mouth. "We picked up this kid right about the time you got mugged. I don't think there's any question about it, but see if you can identify him."

He wanted to say something, but no words came.

"Here he is. Stand up, Whitey."

There was a boy in a leather jacket seated at a wooden table, its surface bare except for a cluttered ashtray and the boy's peaked cap. He scraped back the chair and stood up when they walked in, arching his back insolently, and staring at Irv with a cigarette glued to his

bottom lip. His hair was so blond that it was almost white, and despite the sneering mouth, there was fright and uncertainty in his face.

"Ditch that cigarette," the detective snapped. "And stand up straight. Here's a friend of yours."

"I never saw him before."

Irv couldn't meet his eyes.

"Look familiar, Mr. Randall?"

"It was dark. I — I told you that over the phone. It was too dark to see a thing."

"Don't let that part worry you. We got other evidence, right, Whitey?"

The kid snorted.

"How much money did you have on you, Mr. Randall?"

"It was about — 96 dollars."

The big man reached into his hip pocket, and extracted a grimy white envelope.

"He must have unloaded or lost a few bucks, but you can count it for yourself. Ninety-two bucks. And he was picked up half a block from where you say it happened, running like the devil was chasing him. That's what I meant about evidence."

Irv looked at the bills he was fanning in his hand, not knowing what to do next.

"All right, tough guy," the detective said. "Sit down and behave. Mr. Randall — would you come this way, please?"

He drew Irv off to the side, out of earshot. He lowered his voice, and said:

"Look, Mr. Randall, I got no business doing this, but I'm going to ask you a favor."

"A favor?"

"Yeah. This kid, this Whitey. I know him from the neighborhood since he wore rompers. He's got a lot of poison in him, like the rest of them, but he's only 15. It's the first time he was ever in a real jam, if you know what I mean."

"Not exactly."

The detective scowled.

"Hell, I'm no Father Flanagan. I know there's such a thing as a bad boy. Only this kid — well, I'd like to see him get a break. If you'll stand for it."

"What do you want me to do?"

"If you can see it my way, you can just forget about what happened tonight. Take the dough and don't press charges. I'll scare the kid a little, and let him go in a couple of hours. I think it'll do him more good than a stretch in jail. But that's only my opinion, Mr. Randall, you got your rights."

Irv felt such a surge of relief that he almost laughed.

"Of course, of course!" he said eagerly.

"I don't want to see the kid get hurt. Hell, I'm not even sure he — I mean, I'll do whatever you say, lieutenant."

"That'd be real decent of you, Mr. Randall."

"Glad to do it," Irv said, "no kidding."

A big smile spread across the moist, homely face.

"You're OK, Mr. Randall," he said. "Here's your money."

He handed over the envelope, containing almost a week's salary. Irv took it, the happiness rising in his chest, and went out of the station house to the waiting patrol car. At home, he gave his wife a hug and a kiss that made her squeal and giggle the way she did in their courtship days.

But in the morning, he felt troubled.

All the way to the office, he kept thinking of the kid. So what if he was a punk, a half-grown hood? The money was his, and Irv had conned him out of it as slickly as if he had worked at that sort of thing all his life. Maybe that cash had been earmarked for rent, for doctor's bills, for the kid's destitute family. And more than that, he had labeled the boy a criminal, even if there had been no judge or jail sentence . . .

At his desk, the office boy left a container of coffee.

"What's the matter, Mr. Randall? Tough night?"

"Yeah," he said. "Lousy night."

His in box was thick with orders, but he couldn't get to work. Somewhere in the city, a kid was telling himself: "What's the use of going straight? You get the dirty end of the stick anyway . . ."

He knew he couldn't go through with it. Not for a lousy week's pay. He picked up the telephone and asked for an outside line, thinking of the words he would say when the police lieutenant came on the other end.

The phone buzzed in his ear, and he saw Smalley going down the corridor to his desk. There was no grin on Smalley's face this morning, but there was a white patch of plaster on his right cheek. When Smalley paused in the doorway, Irv held onto the phone and said: "What the hell happened to you?"

Smalley grimaced. "What a night. We broke up after you left, and I went out to get the papers. Some lousy kid jumped me —"

Irv's eyes widened. "No kidding!"

"Yeah, how do you like that? Took every nickel I had, the dirty punk."

"Did you report him?"

"Ah, what's the use? You can't tell one hoodlum from the next in this lousy town. Say, Irv, you wouldn't have a couple of bucks to lend me till payday?"

Irv Randall relaxed into the swivel chair, and grinned.

"Gee, I'd like to help you, pal. But you know how it is. I'm a married man." And he hung up the phone.



"We're running a special this week where you can throw in a green, fuzzy bath towel free."



SOKOL

GIRLS

OF



MY



DREAMS



"BRIGITTE BARDOT is the dream woman of all middle-aged married men." When I read this, in an advertisement of her latest cinema striptease, I fell into deep thought. Sometimes I fall into shallow thought, but this time I went all the way down and have not been able to surface for several weeks.

One thing I thought about was the absurdity of saying that Brigitte Bardot is the dream woman of *all middle-aged married men*. What is absurd is not the *all*, unless there is some middle-aged married man on an island somewhere who has never heard of Brigitte Bardot and therefore could hardly be expected to dream about her. No, what is absurd is that the writer of the advertisement did not include rosy-cheeked young men and wrinkle-cheeked old men, along with those simply checky, not to say peachy, middle-aged men.

And what about unmarried men of all ages? Is there any reason to suppose that bachelors have anything better to dream about than Brigitte Bardot?

The advertising man was all right as far as he went, but he didn't go far enough. He excluded millions of deserving males and should have his knuckles rapped, in rapid succession, by Batten, Barton, Durstine and Osborn, followed by Young and Rubicam and Benton and Bowles. That will teach him never again to be content with half measures, such as 19-12-18.

All my life, regardless of my age, not to mention my marital status, which I wouldn't mention for the world, I have dreamed about the current love goddess. At the moment, of course, it is Brigitte Bardot. Before Brigitte came along, I had some wonderful dreams about Rita Hayworth, Ingrid Bergman, Grace Kelly,

goodbye brigitte, hello france

Marilyn Monroe, Jayne Mansfield, Sophia Loren, Mamie Van Doren, and even, after a dinner that included a crab-meat cocktail that had been left out in the sun a little too long, Imogene Coca. During a short nap one afternoon I had six separate and distinct dreams, all of them involving Ava Gardner, and was happily starting a seventh when the unexpected arrival of Frank Sinatra turned my dream into a nightmare and I awoke in a cold sweat.

Rita Hayworth, I remember, always wore the black lace nightgown that fitted her so tightly that her lungs were constricted and she had to breathe in short pants, which were also black and tight fitting. As for Ingrid, she was forever mumbling in her sleep, sometimes in Swedish and sometimes in Italian. Night after night I would lean over, all ears (or almost), with a Swedish-English dictionary in one hand and an Italian-English dictionary in the other, hoping to pick up some juicy morsel about her love life that was unknown to Hedda Hopper.

Grace Kelly I dreamed about both before and after her marriage to Prince Rainier, and I hope the Prince never hears of this. I also hope he never learns of the dream in which I broke the bank at Monaco, by kicking my foot through the wall. Then, before escaping with a fortune, I took on the Monacan Army single-handed, throwing one valiant soldier after another over the cliff into the sea, until I had destroyed all 25. On the whole, the Prince has been very decent about keeping out of my dreams of Grace, but I cannot say the same for Cary Grant, who is always sticking his dimpled chin into things. When Grace and I stroll hand in hand along the Grand Corniche, on our way to the little love nest we have rented, Cary is sure to draw alongside in a fancy sports car, with a fancy sport scarf around his neck, and ask my gorgeous girlfriend if she would like a ride. Invariably she says yes, and I wake up, mad as hell.

My dreams about Marilyn Monroe, Jayne Mansfield and Mamie Van Doren are oddly confused. Even when I am wide awake, I have trouble telling which is which. In the dream world they are just so many voluptuous blondes, and frequently I have started out a dream with Marilyn and wound up with Mamie or Jayne, which must annoy Marilyn no end. A fellow should be faithful and constant and all that, even in his dreams, but I think a girl has some responsibility not to look like some other girl, no matter how beautiful the other girl is. Of course Marilyn has that little mole or beauty spot or whatever it is on one cheek, but when she turns the other cheek, I'm lost. Sometimes I don't find myself for hours.

With reference to Sophia Loren, my

dreams of her have been quite satisfactory. Her full lower lip fascinates me, and one of these nights I am going to find out what it is full of. I also like the way she can wear an off-the-shoulder peasant blouse, which she is always hitching up just in time, the way you hitch up a horse that is about to run off down the street. She is a great one for plunging necklines, and in my dreams of her I have that horrible sensation of falling . . . falling. Only with Sophia it isn't so horrible, unless I wake up.

Some of my dreams, even before I started dreaming of Brigitte, have been so realistic that I am still not quite sure whether they were dreams or the real thing. I would be terribly embarrassed if I met Yvonne de Carlo on the street, not knowing whether to speak or not. Was that only a dream, or did we really spend a week together in Rio? On the other hand, I have had dreams so fantastic that they could have been nothing more than wild Freudian emanations from my subconscious. Such a dream, I recall, was the one which involved all three Gabor sisters and Mrs. Gabor, an incredible affair which makes no sense now that I try to reconstruct it in the harsh light of day. Insofar as I am able to control my dreams, I try to give my nocturnal attention to beautiful women who have no sisters and, so far as I am aware, no mothers. Whether they have husbands is of no concern to me, since they seem to be of no concern to them.

But lately I have been dreaming exclusively of Brigitte Bardot. Indeed I am so impatient for the next episode that I now go to bed as early as 8:30 or nine o'clock, missing some of my favorite TV programs. Friends have to tell me how things are going on *What's My Line?* and the Jack Paar show. At dinner parties I excuse myself right after dessert, saying I have an appointment, which in a sense I do. Sometimes I pass up dessert, and those who think this strange do not realize that my little French pastry is awaiting me.

My dreams of Brigitte always follow something of the same pattern. We are living in an *atelier*, whatever that is, on the Left Bank, amidst a clutter of empty absinthe bottles, which, unfortunately, are not returnable. We are happy, deliriously happy. In fact we are too happy for words, which is a good thing. I never could remember which French words are masculine and which are feminine, though I have no such trouble with French people. Anyhow, with our lips pressed tightly together, it is very hard to say anything intelligible or even to pronounce the French "r" correctly.

Brigitte and I seldom go out, except to pick up bread and cheese and wine at the nearest *épicerie*. Sometimes we vary our diet by picking up wine and cheese and bread, but since everything

tastes like nectar and ambrosia when we are together, it makes little difference. It is lucky for us both, however, that we are so fond of nectar and ambrosia that this diet never becomes tiresome.

Fascinating as are the streets of Paris, we have little interest in *la vie touriste*, for we are everything to each other, which is quite a lot. Frankly, I am afraid we might run into some gay *boulevardier*, like Maurice Chevalier, who can sing better than I and might take her away from me. Why should we go out, anyhow? We are blissfully happy with *l'amour*, which is French but not exclusively.

I wear a beret and have grown a beard, or wear a beard and have grown a beret (dreams are never exact about details), partly as a disguise but mostly because I have, in truth, become an artist. All day, while the sun streams through the skylight, I paint portraits of Brigitte—Brigitte standing, Brigitte sitting, Brigitte reclining, Brigitte hanging playfully from a rafter. She is a wonderful model, except when her passionate nature gets the better of her and she flings her arms around me and covers my face with her hot kisses. It is frightfully hard to get back to painting, my palette having been upset and my brush having rolled under the bed. The work goes slowly, and I have to reprove this impulsive creature, at the same time reminding myself that she is still a girl, mature though she is in certain respects.

I am curiously untroubled by finances, though I have no regular source of income and the five million francs we won in the national lottery won't last forever. But Brigitte's wants are few. No fancy Parisian gowns for her. All she needs is the bath towel she wore in her last movie. "How do you like my new dress?" she often asks me, pirouetting and pouting prettily. Of course it is the same old towel, but draped in a new way, and more fetching than ever. The bath towel, I should add, is her winter costume. For summer she has a hand towel and a couple of wash cloths.

But, despite my happiness with Brigitte, I feel a change coming on. The other night, at a friendly neighborhood drive-in I sometimes frequent when the spirit moves me, I saw a re-issue of *South Pacific* and had my first look at France Nuyen, the lovely French-Chinese girl who plays Liat and who, I understand, has captivated Broadway in *The World of Suzie Wong*. I hate to be unfaithful, and I feel like a cheat, but I have taken to sipping Chinese tea with one hand and *café au lait* with the other. This can only mean that one of these nights, as sure as anything, the girl of my dreams is going to be ruthlessly replaced again. Goodbye, Brigitte. Hello, France.



food By THOMAS MARIO

ACH DU LIEBER GÄNSELEBERPASTETESCHNITTE

the hearty, wholesome heft of german cuisine

FRENCH CHEFS WHO SNEER at German cooking are taken down a peg or two when they are reminded that some of France's most famous foods are really of German origin: frogs' legs, for instance, and even *paté de foie gras*, which turns up on German menus as *Gänseleberpasteteschnitte*. In our own country (without even men-

tioning the ubiquitous hamburger and frankfurter), it can be pointed out that the oldest and most individual of all regional cookery are the dishes brought to America from Germany several centuries ago and still served by the Pennsylvania Germans, who are often mistakenly called the Pennsylvania Dutch. A skillful German cook

must have vinegar in his veins. The tart accent appears in everything from beer soup with lemon juice, to sauerbraten, to the wild mushrooms from the Black Forest served in a sour cream sauce. But sheer sourness is by no means the whole story. When you cook sauerkraut, for instance, you don't just dump the kraut in the pot and forget it. Neither do you press it in the pot, nor do you beat it, lest the individual shreds be broken. You cook it over a gentle slow fire, tossing it lightly with a long fork until it's soft but not mashed. Invariably, some cut of meat with a unique flavor like corned spareribs or smoked loin of pork (known in this country as Canadian bacon) is placed in the pot, the primary purpose being to groom the sauerkraut rather than to cook the meat. For flavor embellishment, a minced onion, grated apple, grated potato, a few caraway seeds or even a touch of ginger will be added to make the blend as cozy and mellow as possible. Sometimes a counterbalancing sweet ingredient is called for. For instance, when wine vinegar is added to red cabbage, a spoonful of currant jelly goes in at the same time.

The ready-to-eat imported and domestic German foods now sold in this country are magnificent collations for stag parties, beer busts, or any gathering where appetites are unbridled. For fish fanciers there are German blue trout in cans, smoked eel, as well as herring in lemon or wine sauce. If the German Westphalian ham isn't available in your neck of the woods, there are some extremely good Holland or domestic versions of Westphalian-style hams. Certainly one of the fastest and smartest ways to bedeck the groaning board is simply to visit a fine delicatessen, and make your own selection from the assortment of *Braunschweiger* liverwurst (the most luxurious of all liverwurst sausages), *Cervelat* (a non-garlic salami), *Mettwurst* (a soft smoked pork spread), or headcheese (a gelatin loaf made from corned pork), all of which bear an honorable German ancestry. As a relish for such platters, it would be hard to suggest anything more cordial than the imported *Senfurken*, light pickles packed in vinegar with mustard seed.

In the fresh *Wurst* department, none can excel the Germans. If you live near a German neighborhood or if you have access to a German butcher who makes his own sausage, try to get the *Bockwurst* during the bock beer season or the *Bratwurst* made of either pork or veal. Both sausages should be parboiled for a few minutes and then broiled or charcoal broiled until brown.

The German word *gemütlich* can't be translated easily into a single English word. It means hospitable, homey,

genial, hearty, generous and easygoing all rolled into one. When you're planning a German meal, keep in mind that to be *gemütlich*, you must always offer generous portions.*

Now for your own *Bierfest*. PLAYBOY offers a quintet of doughty Deutschland recipes:

BIERSUPE (Serves two)

Native Germans claim that the taste for beer soup must be acquired, but once acquired is never lost. The soup is a magnificent prelude to a platter of fried oysters or cold sliced ham. The PLAYBOY version is not quite as bitter as the native soup.

- 2 tablespoons butter
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 1 pint boiling water
- 2 envelopes instant chicken broth
- 1-inch piece stick cinnamon
- 2 whole allspice
- 1 onion cut in half
- 12-oz. bottle dark beer
- 1 egg
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice
- 2 tablespoons sugar
- Nutmeg
- Cayenne pepper

Melt the butter in a deep saucepan. Stir in the flour until well blended. Gradually add the boiling water while stirring constantly. Add the instant chicken broth, stick cinnamon, allspice and onion. Bring to a boil. Reduce flame and simmer. Beat the egg well in a small bowl. Add about ¼ cup cold beer to the egg, mixing well. Add the balance of the beer to the saucepan. Bring to a boil. Reduce flame. Simmer slowly 15 minutes. Add the lemon juice, sugar, dash of nutmeg and dash of cayenne pepper. Strain soup. Stir about ¼ cup soup into the beaten egg. Pour the egg in a very small stream into the saucepan, stirring constantly. Return soup to a slow fire. Do not permit it to boil or it will curdle. Keep on the fire, stirring constantly, for a minute or two. Serve with toasted bread croutons.

KÖNIGSBERGER KLOPS (Serves six)

- 1 lb. ground beef
- ½ lb. ground pork
- ½ lb. ground veal
- 8-oz. can tomatoes
- 8 anchovies
- 1 teaspoon onion salt
- 1 cup bread crumbs
- ⅛ teaspoon garlic powder
- Salt, pepper
- 2 tablespoons minced parsley
- 4 envelopes instant chicken broth
- 3 tablespoons capers
- 3 tablespoons flour
- 3 tablespoons butter at room temperature
- 1 hard-boiled egg

Since the tomatoes, saving the juice. Mince the anchovies. In a mixing bowl combine the ground beef, ground pork, ground veal, tomatoes, anchovies, onion salt, bread crumbs, garlic powder and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Mix well. Shape into balls no more than one inch in diameter. Dip hands into cold water to handle meat easily. In a large wide saucepan bring 4 cups water to a boil. Add the instant chicken broth. Drop the meat balls into the broth, using only sufficient meat balls to cover the bottom of the saucepan. When they rise to the surface, cover the pan with a tight lid, and simmer 15-20 minutes. Remove the meat balls from the broth. Continue to cook the balance of the meat balls in the same manner. When all of them have been cooked and removed from the pan, combine the flour and butter, mixing until a smooth paste is formed. Add the butter mixture to the simmering broth, stirring constantly until gravy is thick. Chop the hard-boiled egg fine. Add the chopped egg, parsley and capers to the broth. Simmer five minutes. Return the meat balls to the gravy and simmer several minutes longer. Add salt and pepper to taste.

SAUERBRATEN (Serves four-five)

- 3 lbs. chuck roast, boneless
- 1 large onion sliced
- 1 carrot sliced
- 1 piece celery sliced
- 6 large sprigs parsley
- 1 cup vinegar
- 1 cup dry red wine
- 1 large bay leaf
- ¼ teaspoon thyme
- ¼ teaspoon ground ginger
- 3 tablespoons flour
- 2 beef bouillon cubes
- Salt, pepper

In a saucepan, combine the onion, carrot, celery, parsley, vinegar, red wine, bay leaf, thyme and 2 cups water. Bring to a boil. Simmer five minutes. Let the liquid cool to room temperature. Place the meat in a large crock or enameled pan. Pour the liquid and vegetables over the meat. Let the meat marinate two or three days. Turn the meat occasionally to marinate on all sides. Remove the meat from the liquid. Save the liquid. Sprinkle meat with salt and pepper. Place the meat in a baking pan in a hot oven, 450°, until the meat is browned on all sides. Transfer the meat from the baking pan to a Dutch oven or heavy saucepan fitted with tight lid. Add the marinating liquid and vegetables to the pot. Simmer slowly until the meat is tender, about two hours. Remove meat from gravy. Add the bouillon cubes to the gravy. Mix the flour and ginger with ¼ cup cold water, stirring well until no lumps are left. Bring the gravy

(concluded on page 79)

umbilical contemplation reveals the inner man



Aggressive

Navel Engagement



Individualistic

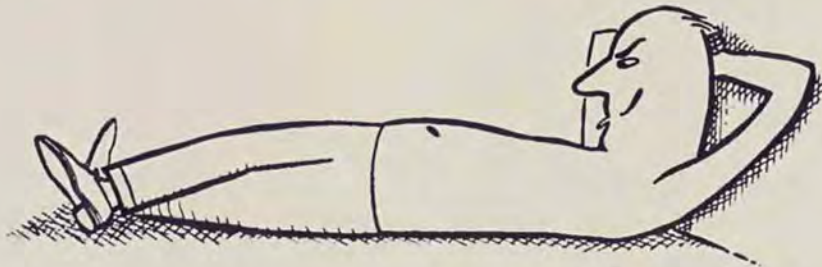
satire **By ARNOLD ROTH**

AMONG THE ANCIENT mysteries of Zen which today's beat Buddhists are rediscovering is the contemplation of one's navel. But even the beatest of the beat have not yet formulated the precise nature of the enlightenment which is deemed to ensue on this downward dwelling.

Artist Arnold Roth suggests that the secret lies not in the navel itself but in the way the contemplator contemplates, that the physical approach to the navel reveals the true inner self of the approacher. At any rate, whether the answer is psychological or physiological, approaching a Roth cartoon, like virtue, is its own reward.



Disorganized

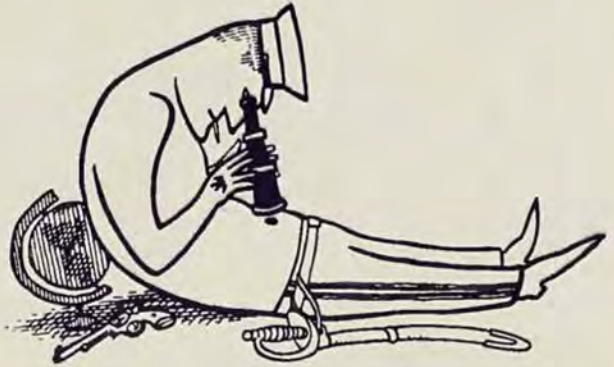


Smug

Navel Engagement continued



Athletic



Adventurous



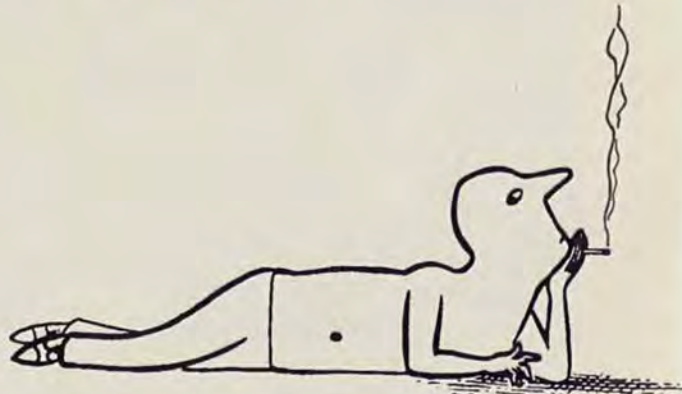
Artistic



Ascetic



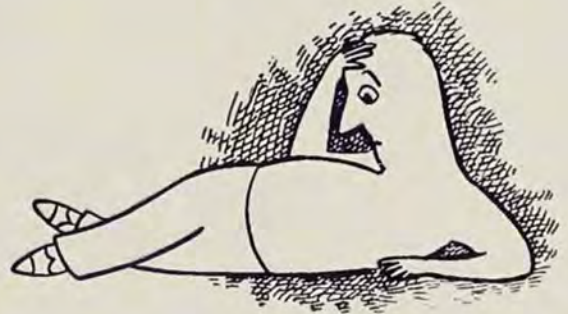
Scientific



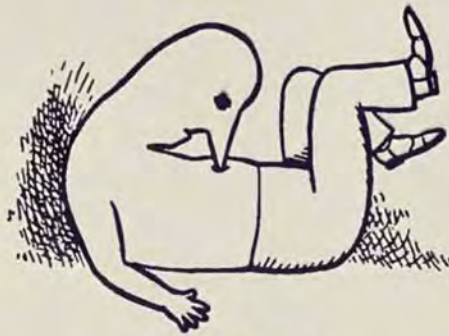
Bored



Shy



Absentminded



Nearsighted



Affectionate



Suspicious



Melancholic



Intense

ARNOLD RÖTZ

POSTAGE STAMP (continued from page 29)

dustries or collectivized the farms—"It would hurt production," they said. Their ties, if any, with the International Communist Conspiracy, or even with the U.S.S.R., were pretty tenuous: they had a consul general in New York City but nobody at all in Moscow, and I learned that the U.S.S.R. abstained from voting when, in 1953, San Marino was approved for the International Court of Justice. There was an opposition party in San Marino when I was there, the Christian Democrats, who flourished. Nobody in the Christian Democrats had been tortured, tried, shot or sent to a labor camp, although a lawyer of theirs was stopped by the police in 1949 and asked to open his briefcase; he told them to mind their own business, and they did. After much digging and prying, I was able to learn from the Christian Democrats a few cases of what they would call Communist tyranny. At times, the Christian Democratic newspaper had been censored, once after saying the government was led by "traitors and infidels who have prostituted our country to evil and corruption and have caused the bones of our patron saint to tremble in his grave." An Italian priest who said the same men were murderers and assassins was told to go home. Signor Guidobaldi Gozi and two friends were put in jail after a Fascist demonstration; Signor Giuseppe Righi and a friend were put in jail after slandering the foreign minister; all of them were let out shortly after. Signor Cesare Bonelli, a tourist, was put in jail, and everybody was red as a beet. That is all. It's true, of course, that nobody is wholly free when any of this can happen, but even the most zealous of the Christian Democrats I saw agreed that things were considerably worse in the Russian satellite countries.

All in all, the Most Serene Republic of San Marino seemed to be just that—most serene. The civil war that finally threw the Communists out, also seemed from the newspapers to be serene enough. A fist fight in the piazza was reliably reported, and somebody took a pot-shot at Giulio Massima. (He missed.) One of the papers reported that "a lot of trigger-happy guys [are] running around out there. Thank God most of them don't know where the triggers are." Apparently, the only sustained action of the war was seen by the mimeograph machines: the Communists were in the government palace with one of them, and the Christian Democrats were holed up in an iron foundry, four miles away, with another, and also with a few bottles of chianti, some candles, a portable radio to get the war news on, and a total of eight rifles and sub-machine guns with a sign on them, "Don't touch." No one did. The war was over

in eight days, when the Communist mimeograph machine announced, "Overwhelmed . . . the people's government of San Marino ceases all vain resistance and offers this last service for the supreme good of the nation." The Communists are out of office now, and the Christian Democrats are in. "A victory," said the *Christian Science Monitor*. "An unprecedented triumph," said *The New York Times*. "San Marino . . . succeeds in setting itself free."

"Cosi, cosi," is what I bet they said in San Marino.

Shortly before all this, I drove to San Marino on the smooth, wide asphalt road running straight as an arrow from the Adriatic coast. The road is one of the best in Italy. After it crosses the Sammarinese frontier—where there was, incidentally, no customs or any other sign of an Iron Curtain—it starts to climb uphill in zigzags, crossing again and again the road it superseded. By car, it was a zesty 15-minute ride to the top of the mountain, where the capital city clings. San Marino, the city, was built as a fort, with a city wall and narrow cobbled streets of gray and ponderous stones that are terribly slippery in the rain.

Everywhere I went, I could see and hear reminders of San Marino's independence. One of these is the cubic, crenelated palace of the government, whose bells—what high fidelity fans might call a woofer and a tweeter—woof and tweet in an utterly incomprehensible way every quarter hour, and another is the fort on every high point of the city, defending it through the ages. Still another is the city itself; it seems to be hovering over the earth as Laputa, the flying island of *Gulliver's Travels*, had been, apparently free from any terrestrial stays. In San Marino—38 square miles, 14 thousand people—I always knew I was in an independent country. The Sammarinesi were tickled pink to talk about it, to write about it, apparently even to think about it, and I gathered they were tickled most of all to come across some benighted soul who never even heard of the place, and to buttonhole him at length. As soon as I got there, I was buttonholed by a concierge and was taken willy-nilly to see one, another, and still another movie about San Marino. The movies were of a piece. They were full of those reminders of San Marino's independence, shown with pride—the palace, the forts, the inaugural parades, the country's flag. One of them ended showing San Marino's coat of arms on one of San Marino's mailboxes, into which an endless line of tourists (to San Marino) put letters,

all of them stickered with San Marino's stamps. At this point, martial music played, crescendo.

Here and there in the movies, I was shown the faces of Lincoln, Roosevelt, Napoleon, Garibaldi, and a very saint-like and bearded stonecutter, and I wondered, naturally, what such an unlikely crowd had to do with the Most Serene Republic of San Marino. The answer, I learned later, was not much. Lincoln wrote a letter to the republic on May 7, 1861, thanking it for an honorary citizenship and saying that San Marino "has by its experience demonstrated the truth, so full of encouragement to the friends of Humanity, that Government founded on Republican principles is capable of being so administered as to be secure and enduring." F.D.R. wrote a letter on January 17, 1945, saying that truer words than Lincoln's were never spoken. Napoleon discovered San Marino on a map in 1796, and is said to have said, "*Ma foi!* Let us preserve it as the model of a republic"; he did. Garibaldi, at least, was in San Marino; the armies of Austria, Spain, France and Naples chased him there in 1849, but he gave them the slip and went to America. This is hardly the stuff of which history is made in any more extensive country, but in San Marino, I gathered, these are the high points of an otherwise unspectacular millenium.

The saintly stonecutter, I learned, was none other than San Marino himself, who more or less founded the country in the 4th Century and is its patron saint. A devout Christian, he fled from the lion arenas to the mountain that today is San Marino, and he lived in a cave there; soon he was joined by other Christians; and the owner of the mountain, Felicitia, who at first regarded him as simply a trespasser, at length was converted, joined the colony and maybe even married him, and now is a saint herself. (So is Leo, Marino's best friend.) Marino, when he died, was buried on the mountain, but when he became a saint he was stolen by King Astolphus, who took him to Pavia, Italy, where he was stolen by Pepin the Short, who put him back; as of going-to-press he was located, or so the Sammarinesi believe, in the altar of the big white basilica high above the city. His skull is shown to everyone on September 4th. Marino, it is said, has kept an active interest in the affairs of the republic, more than once getting it out of jams—notably by laying a fog in 1542, of which more in a few minutes. A sentence of 20 days is prescribed for saying "San Marino" in vain.

The Marino legend says, furthermore, that he set up San Marino as a democracy, and it was for certain a democracy of the Athenian sort by the 1200s, almost

(continued on page 46)

VACATION VALENTINE



a chance encounter made this small-town girl our february playmate

MISS FEBRUARY PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH









A lovely-visaged valentine to brighten the short drear days of the year's shortest month, Eleanor Bradley became our February Playmate almost by accident—or was it fate? A small-town girl from the Midwest, she'd looked forward with excitement to her first West Coast vacation, to the wonderful time she'd have in sun and surf. And fun she had; but what Eleanor didn't anticipate—and what proved to be the high point of her vacation—was that our photographer would discover her strolling the glistening strand, and that this would lead to her becoming our valentine Playmate. We believe our readers will share our feeling—after gazing on her tawny beauty—that fate was kind indeed to bring us this sweet siren by the sea.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

So then the ubiquitous traveling salesman said to the farmer, "Can you put me up for the night?"

Whereupon the farmer said, "Sure, but you'll have to sleep with my son."

"Good Lord," said the salesman, "I'm in the wrong joke!"



Perjury charges were recently filed against a jury of six men and six women who, after being locked up together for 12 hours, came out saying, "Not guilty."

The six fraternity men came weaving out of the off-campus gin mill and started to crowd themselves into the Volkswagen for the rollicking ride back home. One of them, obviously the house president, took charge of the situation. "Herbie," he said, "you drive. You're too drunk to sing."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *high fidelity* as a drunk who goes home regularly to his wife.



She was, without question, the most beautiful woman he had ever seen in his life. He gulped down the last of his martini and, without hesitation, walked to where she sat at the end of the bar.

"You must forgive my rudeness," he said, "but when I beheld you sitting here, all wrapped 'round in white fur, the lights dancing in your hair like stars, I had to speak to you. I've never gazed upon such beauty before. I want to lay Manhattan at your feet, buy you jewels, exotic perfumes, and a thousand other wondrous things. If you bid me welcome, we will fly this very night to Paris, then on to Venice, Rome, India,

and finally Egypt for a trip down the Nile."

The young lady was utterly taken with this handsome stranger who stood before her, with bronzed face, hair prematurely graying at the temples, dark suit cut exactly so. She was quite literally speechless and could manage only a breathless "Yes, yes . . ."

"Then go prepare yourself, my Juliet, my Venus, my Helen of Troy. When you are ready, call me at the number on this card. My Rolls Royce will come for you and take you to my plane."

"Is this your private number at your town house or country estate?" she sighed.

"Well," he said, "it's actually the delicatessen downstairs, but they'll call me."



A bachelor friend of ours defines the ideal wife as a beautiful, sex-starved deaf-mute who owns a liquor store.

"Oh, Doctor, you mean I'm finally cured," the woman sighed happily.

"Yes, Miss Willoughby," said the psychoanalyst, "I believe we now have your kleptomania firmly under control and you can go out in the workaday world just like anybody else."

"Oh, Doctor, I'm so grateful," said the woman. "I don't know how I'll ever repay you for your help."

"My fee is all the payment I expect," said the kindly analyst. "However, if you should happen to have a relapse, you might pick up a small transistor radio for me."

He offered her a Scotch and sofa, and she reclined.

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.

amrüller



“A candid photo of you has just been taken. Handsome prints may be ordered by addressing . . .”

POSTAGE STAMP (continued from page 38)

everyone sitting in the legislature. (Women and children were out; as they were in Athens.) This body, the Arringo, still is meeting twice a year, and it's why San Marino can be called the only real democracy on earth. To be sure, nothing much happens in the Arringo these days; 20 or 30 men show up, petitioning it, and absentees are supposed to be fined one six-hundredth of an American cent, but never are. It's all over in 30 minutes. Actually, most of San Marino's laws are made by the Great and General Council, 60 men. The Great and General Council, in turn, elects two people in it as captains regent, kind of bicameral chiefs of state, like the Roman consuls. (Until 1945, the captains regent were chosen by lot—a child, usually blind, pulled their names from an urn—but the Communists decided this mode of selection was altogether too chancy.) The two men govern San Marino jointly for half a year, and can't be re-elected.

While I was in San Marino, two captains regent, Signori Augusto Maiani and Primo Bugli, a Communist and a left-wing Socialist, respectively, were inaugurated, and the inaugural was seen by something more than a hundred tourists, including me. The tourists were Italians and Germans, mostly; they began appearing in San Marino in force on the night before, and the shops kept open, selling them postage stamps and vases. Black cars from Rome with diplomatic license plates were all about, and excitement was in the air. Besides me, there was one other American there, a good-looking girl in a red cashmere sweater who said she was employed at our consulate in Florence, Italy, and that her name was Patricia. Later, as Patricia and I had a beer together at the Ristorante Garibaldi, she added she was there in a more-or-less official capacity, having been asked at the consulate to represent the United States at the inaugural there, the consul being busy in Genoa. She was in fact the Acting American Minister to San Marino—a sort of *pro tempore* Clare Booth Luce. Patricia wasn't altogether sure of what was expected of her, but, she said, a concierge had promised to take her in tow, getting her to the right places at the right times. Some Sammarinesi at the Ristorante Garibaldi bought us a round of beer, and a Belgian standing at the bar taught Patricia to curtsy—something, she said, she would doubtless be called upon to execute on the morrow.

The next day was crisp and a little overcast. After breakfast, I strolled to the cobbled piazza in front of the palace, where, I had understood, the day's

activities would be centered, and where a small, determined knot of tourists was already standing about, toying with their exposure meters and waiting for something to happen. Nothing did until 9:45, when we heard the sound of drums, horns and glockenspiels far away. The music grew nearer, and presently a band came into the piazza, the men trying not to look at their friends in the windows above and, rather desperately, to keep in step. Then there came a column-by-two of riflemen; they were dressed in blue with chevrons of red, and they were of all shapes and ages, as if the Boy Scouts had run afoul somehow of a World War I contingent. And lastly there came a column of swordsmen, in flashy orange. A bouquet of white and powder-blue feathers was flouncing on each of their heads, apparently growing directly out of it, and the tourists hurried over to get a picture. At 10 o'clock sharp, the bells, in their own mysterious fashion, gave a woof, woof, woof, and no tweets; the band struck up the national anthem, the swordsmen drew their swords, and a man in an utterly indescribable uniform raised the flag of San Marino, white and powder blue. Then he, the band, the riflemen and the swordsmen went down the hill, and everything was quiet for the next hour. The tourists were getting impatient, and were taking pictures of each other and writing postal cards.

The band marched up again at 11 o'clock. (It spent the greater part of the day going up and down, I observed.) This time, a column-by-two of dignitaries was coming after it, some of them in striped pants and cutaways, and one of them in all this and a W-shaped beard, too. The captains regent were there, in black robes and floppy black hats trimmed with ermine, and immense medals on ribbons of white and powder blue, and the captains-regent-to-be were right after them. And right after them was Patricia, looking lovely. She wore a blue suit, and she carried a blue pocketbook by the strap, and as she walked she chatted with the Belgian of the night before, who had changed into a fine green uniform with a heap of feathers on top, like a hoopoe bird. There were others like him, and there were some other women, too, including the acting minister from Haiti.

The dignitaries went across the piazza and into the palace, where, I learned, they would be presented to the captains regent, and I imagined that Patricia would be called upon now to curtsy. (She was, but didn't, she told me later, having remembered at the last moment that Americans are only supposed to bow.) Outside, meanwhile, the

crush of tourists was so bad that the column of orange swordsmen couldn't turn around; it marched into the palace, re-assembled, and marched out again, and the tourists took pictures of it coming and going. Presently, the dignitaries emerged, a terribly bald one holding Patricia by the arm and absolutely beaming; so was the sun, and the band was playing loudly, and everything was like a football game on a golden day at halftime.

Shortly afterward, the captains regent took the oath of office. Someone—a Communist, I was told—gave a speech in Italian, and I picked up the words "libertas," "Garibaldi," and "Abraham Lincoln"; a man behind him nodded vigorously, and there was a burst of applause when he finished. Then a flourish, and the old captains regent took the medals on the white-and-powder-blue ribbons off, to lower them slowly on the new. The music hit a peak; the captains-regent-to-be became the captains regent. "Ecco! Ecco!" cried a little girl beside me. I felt warm and patriotic. And then, the crowd poured across the sun-drenched piazza; the band marched downhill, uphill, and downhill again, and up again in the afternoon for a concert; the bells gave a woof and two tweets; and Patricia went off in a limousine, the man with the bald head waving and waving goodbye.

The International Communist Conspiracy seemed far, far away—about 500 years in the future.

A few days later, when they were comfortably settled in office, I paid a call on the captains regent and found them getting along fine together. They reminded me, in fact, of Tweedledum and Tweedledee—they not only looked alike, with swarthy round faces and oiled hair, but they were dressed almost identically, in gray suits, gray socks and those awful pearl-gray ties that diplomats wear. Whenever they spoke, it was always in bits and snatches, each of them interrupting the other, but the pieces, strung together by my interpreter, always seemed to make a coherent sentence. Signor Maiani, the Communist, said that prior to his election he worked on a farm, in a mine, and eventually at a tourist shop; Signor Bugli, the left-wing Socialist, said he sold postage stamps. The two signori, although, they continued, they lived five miles apart and hadn't met before their inauguration, were already calling each other by their last names, having dropped the "Signor." Some of the things to be done for San Marino in the coming months, they said, still interrupting each other, were social security and public housing. (The Communists had already built many houses, as well as

(continued on page 68)



GERRY MULLIGAN, baritone sax

THE 1959 PLAYBOY ALL-STARS

By LEONARD FEATHER

INDUSTRIALS BOOMED. Utilities surged upward in an unbroken line. Rails were bullish. And jazz was at an all-time high.

That's the way it was as the year ended. The aura of prosperity around the country in general, as reflected by the stock market in particular, had its perfect musical counterpart in jazz. As the Dow Jones averages rose, the Jonah Jones sales reports mounted in a parallel line.

The third annual Playboy Jazz Poll, the only plebiscite of its kind in which the votes run into the tens of thousands, again reflected the hectic and heady atmosphere in which jazz moved ahead—and the sounds were given a



STAN KENTON, leader

digging the current jazz scene with winners of the third annual playboy poll plus special silver medal awards for the musicians' own favorites



CHET BAKER, second trumpet



LOUIS ARMSTRONG, first trumpet



DIZZY GILLESPIE, fourth trumpet



DAVE BRUBECK QUARTET, instrumental combo



MILES DAVIS, third trumpet



FOUR FRESHMEN, vocal group

new dimension with stereophonic hi-fi that was promising to develop into the biggest revolution in audio reproduction since the birth of the LP.

It was a year of political activity in music: James C. Petrillo weepingly retired as president of the American Federation of Musicians and Herman D. Kenin took over, but the A. F. of M. members, particularly those who relied on a beat to eat, continued to prosper. It was a year in which more American jazzmen successfully toured overseas than ever before; that saw the jazz-and-poetry movement spread from San Francisco across the country to Greenwich Village in New York; the year a unique unit comprising 16 nationalities in its 18-man personnel astonished audiences



FRANK SINATRA, male vocalist



JACK TEAGARDEN, fourth trombone

ELLA FITZGERALD, female vocalist



BOB BRODKEY, third trombone



J. J. JOHNSON, first trombone



KAI WINDING, second trombone



EARL BOSTIC, second alto sax

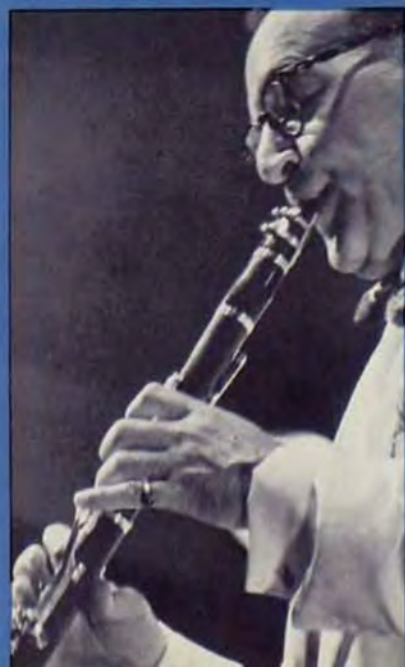


STAN GETZ, first tenor sax



COLEMAN HAWKINS, second tenor sax

PAUL DESMOND, first alto sax



BENNY GOODMAN, clarinet



LIONEL HAMPTON, vibes



BARNEY KESSEL, guitar



SHELLY MANNE, drums



ERROLL GARNER, piano

on national TV shows as well as at Newport and Brussels. And it was the year that jazz finally and fully came into its own on television.

Just 12 months ago in these pages, we noted that "national TV still toyed cautiously with the sounds." Nothing could be less true of the year since, as jazz—both modern and traditional—filled video screens throughout the nation. It all started some three weeks before the beginning of last year when CBS devoted an hour-long show, *The Sound of Jazz*, to an unspectacular spectacular that tastefully served up the swinging of Count Basie, Billie Holiday, Coleman Hawkins, Gerry Mulligan,



RAY BROWN, bass

Jimmy Rushing, Jimmy Giuffre, The Ionious Monk and others. Then just two days before the first of the year, the first Timex all-star jazz show, emceed by Steve Allen, was seen on NBC. This was the first sponsored show of its kind; it went on the air at a prime evening hour, using time-tested talent like Louis Armstrong and the Dave Brubeck Quartet, and the audience rating was matched by the reviewers' raves. (The editors of PLAYBOY are presenting special silver Jazz Medals to the Timex Company and their advertising agency, Peck Advertising Agency, Inc., because of their contribution to the jazz scene during the past year.) After these two one-shot star-studded parades had presented jazz on an elaborate entertainment basis, a unique effort to offer it on an educational level to millions of homes was undertaken when NBC, on March 26th, launched a 13-week series, *The Subject Is Jazz*, produced in cooperation with the education television center at Ann Arbor, Michigan.

Bobby Troup's *Stars of Jazz*, for almost two years a local show in Los Angeles, was projected to the full ABC network; disc jockey Art Ford kicked off his own weekly show, using mostly Dixieland musicians, on New York's Channel 13 (WNTA) in May; and in Chicago, WBBM-TV presented *Jazz in the Round* with Ken Nordine and talent ranging from Duke Ellington and Mahalia Jackson to the Ramsey Lewis Trio.

The success of jazz on TV proved contagious. By late September the bug had bitten at least one radio network, CBS, which launched a five-nights-a-week series, *Jazz Is My Beat*, heard at a peak hour every evening with both traditional and modern instrumentalists and singers as guests. Meanwhile Mutual's popular *Bandstand U.S.A.*, piloted by bandleader-producer Tommy Reynolds, moved into its third year.

If the sound of jazz was conveyed more frequently and successfully on television and radio in 1958, it was also transmitted more realistically, in the apartment and home, with the birth of

(continued overleaf)

THE PLAYBOY ALL-STARS' ALL-STARS

TO KEEP BOTH MAGAZINE and readers in closer touch with the ever changing jazz scene, PLAYBOY has added an exciting innovation to its annual poll. We went to the jazz artists who were chosen a year ago for All-Star honors and asked them to pick their own favorite performer in each category. As a result, this year sterling silver Jazz Medals are being awarded to the 29 men and a girl who won a place on the 1959 Playboy All-Star Jazz Band, plus a special group of 16 All-Stars' All-Stars selected by the musicians themselves.

Stan Getz and Jack Teagarden were unable to participate, because they were blowing up a storm abroad during the balloting; Benny Goodman and Erroll Garner preferred not to vote, because they felt they hadn't kept up on all the sounds during the past 12 months. The 1959 Playboy All-Stars' All-Stars were named by the ballots cast by Louis Armstrong, Chet Baker, Bob Brookmeyer, Ray Brown, Dave Brubeck, Paul Desmond, Ella Fitzgerald, The Four Freshmen, Dizzy Gillespie, Lionel Hampton, Coleman Hawkins, J. J. Johnson, Stan Kenton, Barney Kessel, Shelly Manne, Gerry Mulligan, Shorty Rogers, Bud Shank and Frank Sinatra.

Count Basie was the All-Stars' choice for bandleader of the year, with Duke Ellington not far behind. Miles Davis, who won himself a third-place seat with the 1959 Playboy All-Star Band, was the overwhelming choice of the musicians for top trumpet honors. J. J. Johnson and Bob Brookmeyer received an equal number of votes from their fellow All-Stars, so no special trombone award will be given this year, as a clear-cut single winner is required. In alto sax, too, it was a stand-off, with votes spread among Benny Carter, Paul Desmond, Lee Konitz and Sonny Stitt.

Sonny Rollins won out over Stan Getz as the musicians' choice for top tenor sax man of the year and Gerry Mulligan was almost everybody's choice on baritone. Jimmy Giuffre, whose new trio (including Bob Brookmeyer on trombone) has been making such entertaining sounds lately, won out over Buddy DeFranco in a close contest on clarinet.

Oscar Peterson was the outstanding man on piano during the past 12 months, as far as his fellow musicians were concerned, coming up with a close win over Dave Brubeck, Russ Freeman and Erroll Garner. Musicians and readers agreed on the rest of the rhythm section, picking Ray Brown, Barney Kessel and Shelly Manne for top positions on bass, guitar and drums in both the All-Stars' All-Star balloting and the reader's poll.

Milt Jackson and his vibes, who took second place on miscellaneous instrument with readers, stepped out in front for a first position with the musicians themselves. Both readers and the All-Stars dig Frank Sinatra and Ella Fitzgerald for singing the lyrics, though newcomer David Allen received more than a little attention in the male vocalist category. Votes were spread among the Dave Brubeck Quartet, Jimmy Giuffre Trio, Modern Jazz Quartet, Oscar Peterson Trio and George Shearing Quintet, with no single instrumental combo emerging as the favorite, but the Hi-Lo's won out over the Four Freshmen as the jazz stars' choice for vocal group of the year.

in a new addition to the playboy poll, last year's winners pick their own jazz favorites



SONNY ROLLINS, tenor sax



MILES DAVIS, trumpet



FRANK SINATRA, male vocalist



ELLA FITZGERALD, female vocalist



JIMMY GIUFFRE, clarinet



COUNT BASIE, leader



MILT JACKSON, vibes



GERRY MULLIGAN, baritone sax



RAY BROWN, bass



SHELLY MANNE, drums



HI-LO'S, vocal group



BARNEY KESSEL, guitar



OSCAR PETERSON, piano

PLAYBOY ALL-STARS (continued from page 52)

the stereo disc. It was a startling innovation when the first stereo jazz records hit the market: *The Dukes of Dixieland* on Audio-Fidelity was released in February and *Juanita Hall Sings the Blues* came out on Counterpoint in March. By late in the year, every major recording company had an impressive list of stereo LPs available.

For those who like their jazz in person, the summer and fall festival season was the biggest yet, ranging all the way from Lenox, Massachusetts and Newport, Rhode Island to Monterey, California. The second session of Lenox' School of Jazz offered its students such unique teachers as John Lewis, Lee Konitz, Bob Brookmeyer and Jimmy Giuffre. The Fifth Newport Festival was the most riotously successful yet, playing to crowds totaling over 50,000 in four nights and pleasing almost everybody but the critics. Its most remarkable musical achievement was the presentation of the specially assembled Newport International Band. Directed by Marshall Brown (who, along with festival producer George Wein, scoured Europe on a jazz talent hunt), it offered the most startlingly effective evidence to date of jazz as an international language. Only a couple of weeks after their first meeting, such cats as Kurt Jaernberg, trombone (Gävle, Sweden), Jose Magalhaes, trumpet (Lisbon, Portugal), Gabor Szabo, guitar (refugee from Budapest, Hungary) and Ptaszyn Wroblewski, tenor sax (Kalisz, Poland) found that the kick of playing together overrode any barriers of language or differences in their backgrounds.

Several weeks before the arrival there of the International Band, Brussels got a chance to dig jazz when the Westinghouse Broadcasting Company sponsored an appearance of the Benny Goodman Band at the fair. It seems significant that after several weeks of showing the film *South Pacific* in the same hall to less than enthusiastic audiences, the crowds around the U.S. Pavilion began to pick up, in both size and enthusiasm, when Benny sounded his first A-plus. B. G.'s appearance in Brussels was the climax of a long European tour, one of many conducted by U.S. jazzmen during the year.

Dave Brubeck, partially sponsored by the U.S. State Department and the American National Theatre and Academy, traveled better than halfway around the world, playing 70 concerts from London to Baghdad, between February 8 and May 10. The itinerary included two weeks in jazz-starved Poland that were perhaps the most memorable of the whole trip. The entire tour, particularly the behind-the-Iron-Curtain portion, was a touching tribute to how

much jazz means overseas as a symbol of freedom.

At home, despite the mild climate of confusion incurred by the start of the switchover to stereo, monaural LPs enjoyed incredibly high sales, many of them reaching six-figure totals. The most remarkable individual item was *Benny Goodman Plays World Favorites in High Fidelity*, sold through Westinghouse dealers at a special premium price of \$1.29 and believed to be well past the quarter-million mark by year's end. There is so much phony publicity and ballyhoo surrounding record sales that no one really knows what the biggest sellers are, but a good guess at the 10 top-selling instrumental jazz LPs sold through the more usual record outlets would be Shelly Manne's *My Fair Lady*, held over from 1957 for a second highly successful annum; Jonah Jones' *Swingin' on Broadway*, marking the sudden leap to popularity of a swing-era trumpet player who for years had been virtually forgotten by the jazz fans; Count Basie's *Basie*, his first album for the fast-rising Roulette label; Erroll Garner's *Concert by the Sea*; Miles Davis' *Relaxin' and Miles Ahead*; André Previn and His Pals (actually the Shelly Manne trio turned around) in *Pal Joey*; Ahmad Jamal's *But Not for Me*, a surprise hit by a Chicago pianist on a Chicago label, Argo; Jonah Jones' *Muted Jazz*; and the Modern Jazz Quartet playing the score from a movie, *No Sun in Venice (Sait-On-Jamais)*.

At year's end, PLAYBOY presented its second volume of *The Playboy Jazz All-Stars*, produced through the cooperation of the entire recording industry, and featuring the winners of the second annual Jazz Poll in 22 different selections, on two 12" LPs, with 10 pages of liner notes, pictures and up-to-date discographies on the artists.

One aspect of the 1958 scene that we hope may be significant was the renewed interest in big bands. Despite the unhappy demise of the Gillespie orchestra at the beginning of the year, there were healthy signs in the retention of large personnel, and record sales to match, on the part of Duke Ellington, Count Basie, Stan Kenton, Maynard Ferguson, Herb Pomeroy, Ted Heath, Johnny Richards and several others. Despite the death of Tommy Dorsey in 1956 and Jimmy in 1957, there were two successful posthumous Dorsey bands on the market, Jimmy's led by trumpeter Lee Castle and Tommy's by trombonist Warren Covington; the latter had a big hit in the pop field this past fall with *Tea for Two Cha-Cha*. Duke Ellington enjoyed a particularly impressive increase in activity and popularity, appearing at most of the jazz festivals and spending

a fabulous October touring England with his band for the first time in 25 years.

Of the individual stars who made it big in 1958, one instrumentalist, one singer and one vocal group stand out. The instrumentalist is tenor sax man Sonny Rollins, who received rave comment from us here a year ago, and who has since become the most talked-about jazz soloist around. Dakota Staton has become as hot in the vocal field this past year as Rollins is among the horns—a brash, Dinah Washington-cum-Sarah Vaughan-derived belter, she is (among other things) the first Mohammedan singer to ever make it big in jazz. Her sudden rise in popularity is largely due to the spectacular sales of a single LP, *The Late, Late Show* on Capitol. And by October, an exciting sound that had previously existed only on records became a living reality, as Dave Lambert, Jon Hendricks and Annie Ross, interpreters of the vocalese style that translated whole big band arrangements and ad lib instrumental solos into lyrics (on the LPs *Sing a Song of Basie* and *Sing Along with Basie*), showed unmistakable signs of developing into one of the most important new vocal groups in years.

The jazz world lamented the loss of several of its number during the year: West Coast pianists Carl Perkins and Lorraine Geller, clarinetist Herbie Fields, veteran trumpeter Sterling Bose, 65-year-old blues-singing guitarist Big Bill Broonzy, and 84-year-old blues pioneer W. C. Handy. It was perhaps merciful that Handy died before he could see what a pitifully botched travesty Hollywood had made of the filmed version of his life as released a few weeks after his passing. This hopelessly distorted story, fortunately, did not represent the totality of the filmed jazz scene for the year. Miles Davis contributed the sound track for a French film and a Parisian jazz critic flew to New York to record the Jimmy Giuffre 3 for the sound track of another French production. Meanwhile, Hollywood again used a jazz background as an adjunct for a picture about narcotics, prostitution, murder, etc., in *I Want to Live!*, which employed a splendid musical score by Johnny Mandel and small combo work by Gerry Mulligan, Shelly Manne, et al.

If all this suggests that France digs jazz on the esthetic level more than the U.S., the point may be well taken. Certainly the Parisians played host to a whole colony of jazzmen throughout the year, as such stars as Sarah Vaughan, Quincy Jones and Zoot Sims were reunited there for special record dates, while Donald Byrd, J. J. Johnson, Kai Winding and dozens more played Gallic concert and nightclub gigs. Erroll

(continued overleaf)

THE SENSIBLE MAN

*wilcox knew which side
of the iron curtain
his bread was buttered on*

ED BAKER STAYED DUMB, though puzzled, to the last — which was when Randal Wilcox put the last can of microfilm in the suitcase. Randal had to lift up the sheaf of papers to fit it in, and Baker recognized the one on top and he gave a startled squeak. He put out one hand. "The Project Director —" He said that much before Randal Wilcox shot him.

It was only in fiction, Wilcox thought, as he finished packing, that the man-about-to-kill gave a full resumé of his reasons to the victim-select. But there really wasn't enough time, so poor Ed Baker had to die only partly informed. The glimpse of the top paper, the one on the liquid oxygen gauge, had told him a lot. And he wouldn't have come all the way up here after his lab partner in the Project if he hadn't suspected — well, something.

"Randy," he'd said, half-arguing, half-pleading, "this is no time for you to go off like this — fishing? — you heard the news — the Russians —"

Wilcox at first thought to bluff him, tell him he needed at least a short vacation before the satellite program — Project Moonbeam — went into accelerated activity, as it was bound to do with the Sputnik beeping away like an alarm bell in the night. Let Ed think that the suitcase open on the bed meant he was still unpacking. But then he realized, with one of the intuitive flashes which so often came to help him in tight places, that there was a better way. He continued packing.

"You haven't even asked the Project Director for a leave of absence," Ed stumbled on. A good scientist, Ed — but awfully slow about everything else. "Or he'd have asked me."

So Randal said nothing further to his lab partner. He just shot him

Wilcox got across the border with no difficulty, of course. The Embassy in Ottawa hadn't expected him, but they at once provided a car which took him directly to Halifax, where there was a Russian ship. No tiresome business about passports or anything of that sort. A week later he was in Moscow.

Grisha Ivanov said to him, "Of course

you are very welcome, Mr. Baker. But would you mind telling us where your partner, Mr. Wilcox is? The disappearance of both of you has been noted, but it would seem that only you have left the United States."

"That is true — but I am Wilcox. I thought that if we both vanished and I posed as Baker it would confuse things at that end. Which would help things at this end," Randal said. And he told the Soviet science chief that Ed Baker was in his, Wilcox', car, under the waters of Lake Tippet.

Ivanov didn't even blink. "It is too bad," he said, "that you weren't able to convince Mr. Baker to accompany you. However —"

"There was no time." Randy was somewhat nettled. "And Ed doesn't — didn't — convince so easily."

The Russian nodded. "And what's, ah, 'convinced' you, Mr. Wilcox? You are known to us only as a scientist — not as a Leninist scientist."

Wilcox smiled on one side of his face. It was a young face — young and smooth — but hard. "My politics are those of any sensible man — of every sensible man. For most of my life the democracies — pardon me — the capitalist nations — were in the lead. So I was with them. Now the lead has passed to you, so I am with you." He smiled again, the same way. "If you'll have me . . ."

The Russian smiled, too, this time. A fleeting-swift smile. His face was neither as young nor as smooth as the American's, but it was just as hard. "We are very glad to have you . . . I have been able to give the information you brought with you only the most hasty examination, but — tell me: Can you build a satellite to hold a man — keep him alive while he circles between Earth and Moon and observes both — and then return him safely?"

"No," said Wilcox.

"Neither can we . . . that is, not until now. Your information, it would seem, supplies the elements missing in mine. Together . . . but now let us get to work."

Wilcox had nothing to complain of
(concluded on page 75)



PLAYBOY ALL-STARS (continued from page 54)

Garner, a particular favorite of the French, was honored early in the year with the Grand Prix du Disque.

Despite the new developments in recording techniques and overseas tours, PLAYBOY's readers made it clear that as far as they are concerned, stereo discs do not a jazzman make, nor foreign safaris a band. Readers again proved their high fidelity in selecting their favorite jazz performers for the 1959 Playboy All-Star Jazz Band. But if many of the same great stars won the handsome sterling silver Playboy Jazz Medals for the third year in succession, there were also a number of interesting changes in the ranking of popularity in many of the categories.

The voting for a leader for this 1959 dream aggregation again showed the strength of Stan the Man, as readers handed over the baton to Kenton for the third year in a row, despite the fact that he cut down considerably on his touring and spent very little time in the East. The Duke and Count, as expected, remained to place and show as they did a year ago.

Perhaps because he helped sell so many Timex watches on TV, old Satchmo regained the first-place chair in the trumpet section that he had yielded to Chet Baker in '58, and Chet settled for the second seat. Miles Davis, who placed eighth in '57 and fifth in '58, won third place this year and a chair in the four-man trumpet section. Shorty Rogers dropped out of the top four, a mere hornful of votes behind John Birks Gillespie.

The new stars in brass were again unable to roll those 'bones out of their fast-held spots: J. J. Johnson and Kai Winding, who were reunited for a tour of England and the Continent in the fall, held on to their win and place positions; Bobby Brookmeyer and Jack Teagarden again rounded out the four-man dream trombone section.

The alto sax section provided one of the big surprises of this year's poll. Though Paul Desmond again took first place with comparative ease, rhythm-and-blues man Earl Bostic, who placed 17th a year ago, nudged out Bud Shank for second place. Stan Getz won the first seat on tenor with no difficulty, but the tug of war between Coleman Hawkins and Charlie Ventura for the second chair was again a close one, with the Hawk taking it a second year in a row. Sonny Rollins, who has caused such a stir in jazz circles the past two years, jumped from 10th to fourth position. Gerry Mulligan again took the single baritone seat with no strain, receiving over half the total number of votes cast in the category.

Benny Goodman, quite active this year with big band forays to Brussels and Newport as well as his own TV spectacular, simply held on to his clarinet spot with the Playboy All-Stars. Trailing Benny by some distance were Jimmy Giuffre, who moved up from third to second place, and Buddy DeFranco, whose year-long California immobilization apparently cost him some votes (he ran second in both previous polls).

The balloting for piano honors showed Erroll Garner's growing popularity. Erroll, who received only half as many votes as Dave Brubeck in '57 and won out over Dave by a mere 13 votes last year, took his winning place at the keyboard more firmly this time, with Dave again second and André Previn, bolstered by his style-setting show-tune albums, moving up from fourth to third, changing places with George Shearing. Ahmad Jamal, who a year ago was no place to be seen, jumped into eighth position, just behind Count Basie.

Barney Kessel again made it a run-away six-stringed victory on guitar, followed by Eddie Condon, Les Paul, Johnny Smith and Herb Ellis. Ray Brown won his third consecutive silver Jazz Medal with a wider margin over second place Oscar Pettiford in the bass division than he has enjoyed heretofore; Leroy Vinnegar remained in third place, Norman Bates moved up from sixth to fourth and Red Mitchell from 11th to fifth. Shelly Manne again beat out an easy victory on the skins, followed by Gene Krupa, Cozy Cole who jumped up from 11th place to third position, Chico Hamilton, Buddy Rich and Max Roach.

At the Monterey Jazz Festival, comedian Mort Sahl nominated John Foster Dulles and his "Panic Button" for the Miscellaneous Instrument category of the Playboy Jazz Poll and one hip reader voted for Schroeder and his toy piano from the comic strip *Peanuts*, but the victory went to Lionel Hampton on vibes for a third consecutive year, followed again by Milt Jackson and Cal Tjader; Herbie Mann on flute moved up from seventh to fourth place and Candido, on bongos, who had not placed in the running a year ago, took fifth place.

No question about the favorite male and female vocalists readers wanted for their 1959 Playboy All-Star Jazz Band—Frank Sinatra and Ella Fitzgerald held securely to those positions for a third year in a row. Johnny Mathis continued to climb in popularity in the male singer division: in '57 he was nominated, but didn't receive enough votes to place in the listing; in '58 he had become the hottest new singer on the scene and took

fourth place; this year he nudged Nat "King" Cole out of second position. Joe Williams jumped in popularity, too, doubtless aided considerably by his smash Roulette LP, *A Man Ain't Supposed to Cry*, moving from eighth place to fourth. Sammy Davis, Jr. took a surprising drop from third to seventh place and Frank D'Rone, a hot young talent virtually unknown outside the Midwest, managed to amass enough votes to put him in 13th place, just before Perry Como. The female vocalists supplied an even more remarkable overnight success story as two warblers unknown a year ago wound up among the top half dozen: Dakota Staton took fourth place and Keely Smith sixth. June Christy and Chris Connor retained their place and show positions just behind Ella, and Julie London took the fifth.

The Dave Brubeck Quartet still proved to be the most popular instrumental combo in the land, followed by the Modern Jazz Quartet. The George Shearing Quintet replaced Louis Armstrong's All-Stars in third position, with Satchmo dropping to fourth, and the Dukes of Dixieland jumped from 11th to fifth place. The Four Freshmen walked off with group vocal honors again, followed by the Hi-Lo's, with the other singing groups well off the pace.

An added attraction in this year's poll is the inclusion of the All-Stars' own favorite jazz musicians of the year, on pages 52 and 53. Having had previous experience with this sort of thing when polling 100 jazzmen for the *Encyclopedia Yearbook of Jazz*, it was not surprising to find a considerable schism between the musicians' and the readers' choices in many categories, and a comparison of the winners in both divisions is most interesting. All the members of the 1959 Playboy All-Star Jazz Band selected by the readers, and the All-Stars' All-Stars selected by the musicians themselves, will be awarded the sterling silver Playboy Jazz Medals and be featured in the magazine's third jazz album.

LEADER

Stan Kenton	6,137
Duke Ellington	3,165
Count Basie	2,690
Benny Goodman	1,684
Ted Heath	981
Nelson Riddle	876
Pete Rugolo	792
Shorty Rogers	755
Les Elgart	643
Ray Anthony	492
Dizzy Gillespie	447
Les Brown	409
Maynard Ferguson	328
Billy May	293
Woody Herman	272
Neal Hefti	255
Johnny Richards	250

(continued on page 70)



Top, for a post-prandial tête-à-tête, the host at home supplies apples, cheeses, cognac and a roaring fire — and dresses in a scarlet host coat, cotton velveteen, fully lined, in a shawl-collar, two-button model with black faille facing, cuff and pocket trim; \$37.50 by Peerless Robes. Below, right, alone in his digs with book and pipe, he's correctly garbed in case the doorbell rings, thanks to a plaid cotton velvet smoking jockey with black rayon facing and full sash; \$18.50 by Rabhor.

LET'S GO to MY PLACE

hosting and the host coat: what the guy dons in his digs

attire By **BLAKE RUTHERFORD**

THERE ARE A WHOLE HOST of ways to make like a host, whether you're entertaining a single dark-haired, sloe-eyed lovely, throwing a formal dinner party for six or supervising a giant cocktail fest. In each case, you'll naturally want the correct accoutrements: plenty of ice, sparkling glassware, tempting foodstuffs and an ample supply of booze to help create an atmosphere of conviviality. And as host, you'll want to don duds that set you off without ostentation.

Scene: you and your date have just escaped from a large, dull party and your "Let's go to my place" has been accepted. After you've mixed the first nightcap it's a good idea to crawl out of that suit jacket you've been wearing all night and slip into something more comfortable, like they say; make it a red velvet host coat, and see if it doesn't brighten up your prospects as the wee small hours come on.

For something larger than an *à deux* evening, we feel that as long as there is a





Hosting a dinner party for six, the head man (left) sports an elegant host coat tailored in black velvet richly scrolled in black silk; shawl collar and pocket trimmings are in satin; \$125 by After Six. The mirrored raconteur breaking everyone up likes his three-button Ivy-cut evening suit; \$75 by Lord West. The third gentleman relaxes in a continental-cut mohair suit with shorter jacket, cutaway front and a new, very narrow shawl collar with satin facing; \$125 by Cardinal.

reason for giving a party, there is every reason for dressing for it. Few occasions are more special than a black-tie dinner party: first of all, it sets your particular soiree apart from the ordinary. You and your guests know it isn't just another party — it's an occasion, topped off by an elegant repast and framed by candles, flowers, conversation and cognac.

The dinner party in town still calls for black. (Color does have its place at the resorts, on board ship, at country-club affairs and around the pool. But in town, black tie still means just that. Ties and cummerbunds that are rainbow radiant must be carefully chosen; they have a tendency to dominate not only you but the entire evening as well.)

Even though the formal dinner or supper party requires black, you as host don't have to look like all the other

penguins. In the choice of your dinner jacket, there are variations in collars, vents, lapels and cuffs, and departures in facings ranging from grosgrain or satin to braid. And don't forget the different silhouettes that are available: from the natural look distinguished by no shoulder padding, narrow lapels and trousers, and a three-button jacket, to the continental outline with its shorter jacket, tapered trousers and angled pockets. And there's a surprisingly wide choice of fabrics, too. Within the bounds of good taste, and depending upon your budget, you can range from plain worsted to black cashmere, from combinations of silk and worsted to mohair, from silk, faille and light wool tropicals to Dacron combined with wool. For pure luxury, we like the elegance of a host's dinner jacket of black silk em-

broidery on black velvet, like the one shown at left.

While it's true that as host at a formal dinner party it's right and proper that you distinguish yourself from the rest of your guests, do so *only* in your choice of jacket. The balance of your outfit should follow the classic traditions of formality: slim, cuffless trousers with the satin stripe down the side, white shirt with waffle or pleated front (ruffles have never appealed to us) and French cuffs, of course. Black silk hose are *de rigueur*, as are black oxfords or pumps in calf or patent leather.

Just as formal attire makes something special out of your dinner party, and a bright host coat announces to your single guest that you are equipped to offer her anything her little heart desires, so a smoking jacket when you're home alone can make you feel that you are important to yourself. It's good balm for the inner man. The ones we like have deep pockets to accommodate tobacco pouch or cigarette pack if you're a restless wanderer from room to room. Constructed and tailored with a looseness that allows comfort and freedom of movement, the smoking jacket is perfect for those nights when you feel like nothing more than wrapping your paw around a glass of Scotch and getting to that book you've been wanting to read.

For the biggest blast of all, the large cocktail party, you once again have recourse to the red velvet (or another brightly hued) host coat. Naturally, with such colorful plumage as this you'll want to tone down the rest of your outfit. We suggest a pair of dark slacks, slim cut, pleatless, either with or without cuffs. Keep your shoes on the dark side, too, and why not try one of the newer lightweight, square-toe oxfords in black, or a sensible slip-on in a Scotch-grain black or very dark brown. Your shirt, as for all your after-five entertaining, will be white, and you may take your choice of the many accepted collar styles: buttondown, English tab, semi-spread or a round collar that uses a pin. Your tie should also be dark; the brighter the coat, the darker the tie — and either no pattern or a very minute and subdued one. Another, dressier, choice is a white shirt with straight points and a black dress bow tie. Your position as host is immediately made clear, and all and sundry know at once to whom they should be grateful for the smashing success of the party. This also makes it easy for you to make it easy: there are always those young ladies who, after several hours of downing martinis, love to say goodbye to their host with what they rationalize as a dutiful kiss and a warm embrace. You should make it as simple as possible for them to find you.



"Like take me to your leader."

an amorist's guide to the habitats and habits of the fairest game of all

ROMANTIC MEANDERING among nature's glories—as they flourish on the urban scene—is a proper pursuit for the frisky fellow who wants to do his share to make the world go round. But like anything worth doing well, whether it's the taming of shrews or the happier occupation of stalking delicate prey, there are certain perils involved. Luckily, these are not too hard to avoid and may be quickly charted as a ready guide to the amorous huntsman. In general, the fairer the game, the more alert you must be. The gambit is to win over the wild creature

without yourself being won. Many's the unwary chap who has complimented himself on his skill at attaining his ends, only to discover, too late, that the hunter was the hunted, that he had set his snares so cunningly that it was he who was ensnared. This is not necessary; the ancient rules of the chase may be applied with equal effectiveness to today's quarry.

First, then, we must curb our impatience while we learn something of the species we'll pursue. Superficially, they are much alike. But the various subspecies differ sufficiently from one an-

other so that it is all too easy to be on guard against the wiles of one, while leaving oneself exposed to the deceptively gentle-seeming blandishments of another. The way to escape this error is to study each specimen in its lair, in its natural habitat. For with this knowledge as a guide, the superficial similarities will vanish and the differences among the subspecies—those differences celebrated with a joyful *Vive!*—will become apparent. Forewarned is forearmed: study the specimens here displayed in the lairs where they lurk—and good hunting!

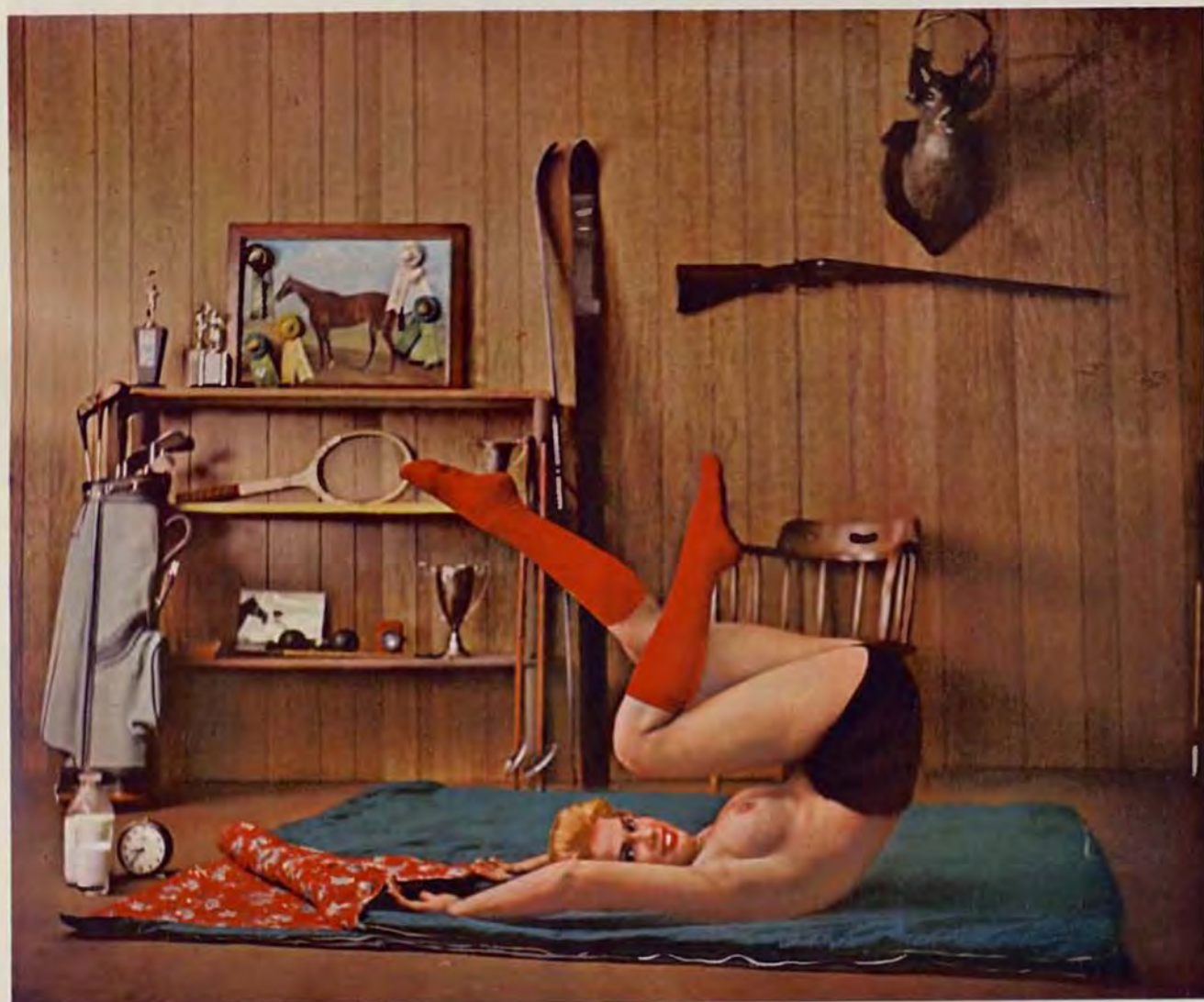
GIRLS IN THEIR LAIRS



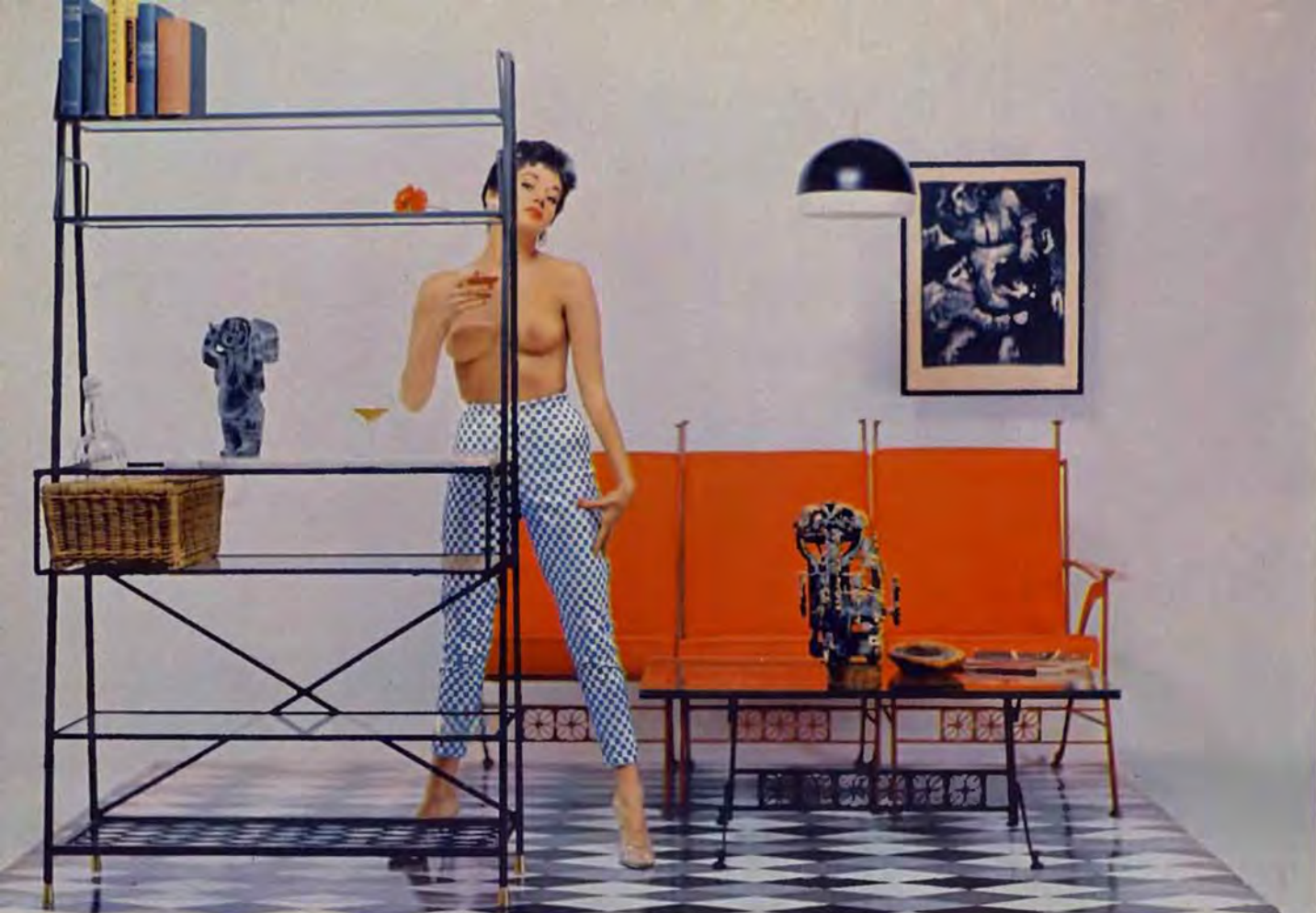
THE BOHEMIAN flourishes wherever artists—and the merely arty—fogather. Her lair is equipped with evidences of her supposed major interests, all ingeniously displayed—as are her charms on those occasions when she's moved to responsiveness by hearing beat poetry read to cool jazz. Artfully approached via talk of Zen and art films, she's apt to do more than half the job of conquest herself. But beware: beneath her pose of free spirit may lurk a longing to share on a permanent basis.



THE CAREER GIRL frequents the business areas of all large cities, is as efficient and businesslike at home as at work, may even apply initiative to the area of amour if her talent for getting things done is appealed to by a man who knows just when to feign a bit of helplessness. Offers Organization Man a pleasing contrast to the flightier girls he knows, once he's penetrated the horn-rim facade.



THE SPORTING TYPE is likely to have her boudoir hung with gear and trophies, makes her appeal via her wholesome, athletic mien. Pursuing your aims up and down her favored hills and dales requires a high degree of endurance, yet the task of getting her mind off tennis and arousing her sporting blood to an interest in more rewarding calisthenics is challenging enough to pique the ablest Nimrod. Danger: she may employ her skill beyond the rules of sport, make you a permanent trophy.



THE SOPHISTICATE is so rare among females as to be beyond the confines of this study. More common is the pseudo-sophisticate whose stark, wrought-iron concept of being One Up may take the dismal form of asserting that only the Out dig the pleasures of the flesh. This gambit can be parried by the authoritative statement that, this year, those in the know are taking In-ness rather literally. She'll then do her stark best to prove her qualifications for In-group membership.

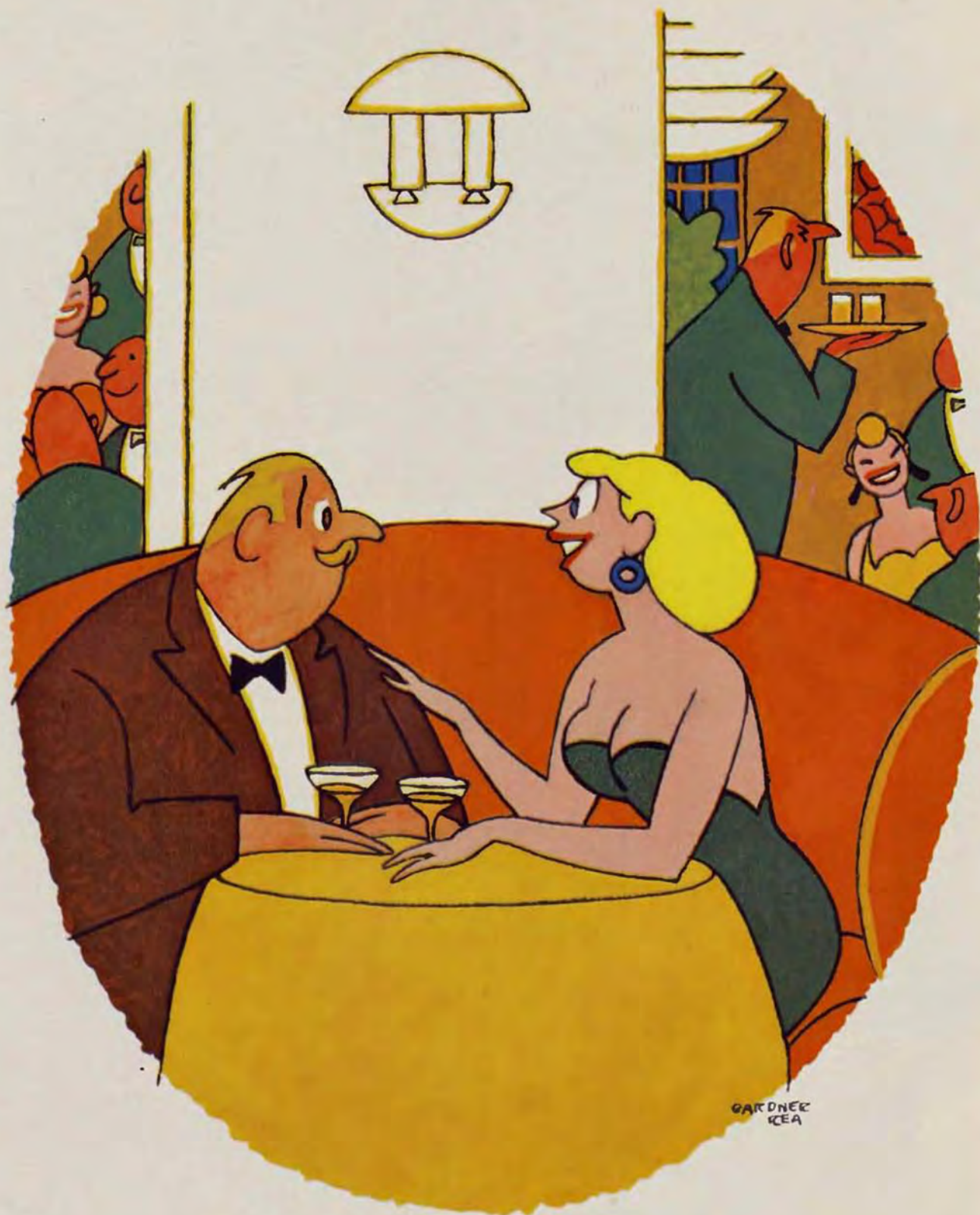
THE HOMEBODY is a delectable morsel, warm and winning in her ways, ever alert to the physical comforts of the weary warrior who wends his way to her waiting arms after a day of business woes and worries. There she waits, with his pipe and slippers, the aroma of home cooking drifting from her cozy kitchen, the neat apartment as appealing as a doll house or a vine-covered cottage, her demure demeanor suggesting that the veriest dolt might easily take advantage of her natural affectionateness. But the man on whom this girl has lavished her attentions may be in greatest peril when he's feeling pampered, smug, safe and self-satisfied.





THE RICH GIRL has been the nemesis of many an otherwise successful rover because such time-worn avenues of approach as flowers, scent and lavish gifts are closed by her ability to buy whatever she wants. Whether her loot is legacy, alimony, or the gift of an admirer, the knowing huntsman won't let it come between them. On the contrary: since she's blasé about commanding—and getting—service, he'll shock her into rapt attention by instructing her in the surprising joys to be won by serving his every wish and whim. He'll also teach her the fun of buying him goodies—and what's more he'll do all this for love. What he won't do is let her buy him.





GARDNER
KEA

*"I don't know about its buying happiness,
Mr. Murdock, but money would buy me."*

A FLIRTATION WITH DISASTER

A newly translated tale from the *Contes Folichons* of Emile Blain

Ribald Classic

MY FRIEND FRANÇOIS is the most accomplished philanderer I know. He has wavy brown hair, fair skin, and the most innocent blue eyes in the world. Women find him irresistible.

Last year he became a habitué of the Café des Deux Boules where he played cards frequently with a Monsieur Richampoil, a wealthy industrialist.

Monsieur Richampoil spoke often of the small factory he had on the outskirts of Paris and invited François to visit him there. One afternoon, having nothing better to do, the young man made a call.

He was taken immediately to the main office where he found his friend talking to a handsome young woman who was built generously and had an expression in her eyes that François, a connoisseur of such things, recognized at once as a sign of strong physical appetites.

"This is my wife," said Monsieur Richampoil smiling. As François kissed her hand he wondered how the bald, stoop-shouldered, older man could be right for a young woman of vigorous temperament.

Monsieur Richampoil excused himself. "My dear François, permit me to leave you with my wife for a few minutes while I see one of the foremen downstairs." And he disappeared.

François didn't waste a moment. He threw himself on one knee and grabbed her hand which he covered with kisses. "Madame, I can see that my friend is not the husband you need. Your heart is longing for a tender friendship. Well, Madame, allow me to offer you my hand to lead you along the road to happiness."

This speech was interrupted by the sound of the husband coming up the steps.

"Get up, Monsieur, what if he finds you on your knee?"

"When can I see you?"

"Come to dinner at our house tomorrow at five. I'll talk to you then." François got up and was sitting calmly in his chair when Monsieur Richampoil came in.

The next day, precisely at five,

François presented himself at a charming villa in the suburbs. He rang the bell, and a pretty servant opened the door.

"Madame Richampoil is expecting you in the salon on your right. I'll go to the garden to tell Monsieur that you have arrived."

He found the beautiful lady lying on a sofa.

"You have arrived just as my husband has left for the garden," she murmured holding out her hand.

He closed the door and went to the sofa. After one intense kiss, she blushed and got up immediately.

"It would be prudent to go find my husband."

"With you, I would go to the end of the world."

They looked everywhere in the garden, but could not find Monsieur Richampoil. Down in the corner there was a grove of trees.

"Let's see if he is there," suggested François.

They walked slowly through the small woods until they came to a bench. On the way they heard a rustling sound in the bushes but saw nothing. As they sat there, the beauty of the spot had a sudden effect on them, and they fell into each other's arms. He pulled her into his lap and caressed her boldly.

Suddenly she pulled away and stood up. He raised his head just in time to see Monsieur Richampoil 10 paces away. He was walking quickly in the direction of the house.

"I think he saw us," she stammered.

They found him in the salon. There was a somber look on his face, and he frowned as they came in.

"Well . . ." he said, pronouncing his words very distinctly, "how did you find the garden?"

"It is charming. We went everywhere looking for you."

"You went into the little clump of trees?"

"Yes, we had just reached it when you left."

Monsieur Richampoil said no more. A lugubrious silence reigned during dinner. "He must have seen us," François

said to himself. He wished he had not come.

After coffee, Madame played the piano. When 10 o'clock rang, he got up. "I regret, but I must leave now. My train leaves in 20 minutes."

"Already?" said Madame. "It is so dark on the way to the station. Don't you want to spend the night?"

"Oh, I will be glad to accompany François to the station," said Monsieur Richampoil quietly but firmly.

"Useless, my friend. I could find my way there blindfolded."

"No, I will take you. Moreover, I have a matter I want to discuss with you on the way."

François became pale. They all got up, and as the two men were putting on their coats, Monsieur Richampoil reached into a drawer and pulled out a revolver.

Suddenly François felt weak. "Perhaps it would be better if I spent the night."

"Humph," sneered Richampoil, "not afraid of the dark, are you?"

"No."

"Well, let's go."

The two men walked silently away from the house. Then the older man stopped. "François, we have been friends for a long time. Will you tell me the truth?"

François' hair began to stand on end. Far off in the distance a dog was howling as if in pain.

"Before dinner you took my wife into the clump of trees in the garden." Monsieur Richampoil cocked his revolver.

"Yes . . . we went there."

"You sat on the bench?"

"Oh, just a few seconds."

"Well, tell me the truth. When you came through the trees did you see the servant girl and me lying together in the bushes?"

"No, we didn't see a thing."

"Ah, my friend, you have saved my life. If my dear wife had seen my infidelity, I was going to blow out my brains."

— Translated by Hobart Ryland



REBEL (continued from page 21)

realize that you can't get out there on the pulpit and hard sell Oldsmobiles. But I was thinking, why couldn't you, every now and then, throw in a few little lines like, *Drive the car that He drives*. You know, you don't have to lay on it, just zing it in there, then jump to the Phillistines or something."

In a single performance, comedian Lenny Bruce may find humor in such sacred and profane subjects as religion, homosexuality, funeral homes, race relations, dope addiction and matricide ("John Graham Green is a guy who blew up a plane with 40 people and his mother," Bruce reports, "and for this the state sent him to the gas chamber. Proving that the American people have lost their sense of humor. After all, anybody who blows up a plane with 40 people and his mother can't be *all* bad."). The Bruce repertoire of "sick" monologs, gags, dramatizations and mimicry is as apt to shock and outrage as amuse. Yet he is not really an outrageous comic. Lenny Bruce is a free-wheeling iconoclast who pokes fun at some of the sickest aspects of our society. His *Religions, Incorporated*, for example, isn't anti-religious, it is his way of indicating the tendency to turn religion into Big Business. Bruce recalls warmly the audience of graduate ministers from the Berkeley, California School of Ministry before which he appeared a few months ago; *Religions, Incorporated* was their favorite routine and the one that provoked the most laughter.

"Remember a year or so ago," he asks, "a kid in Long Island was stuck in a well? They finally got him out, and the doctor who attended him sent his parents a bill. So dig what happens—everybody starts screaming, 'What a fink that doctor is!' You know, what right has a doctor who went to school for 12 years and spent a fortune for his education to charge us poor people for service rendered? Anyway, the whole country doesn't sleep for a week worrying about whether this crook of a doctor is going to steal a fee. In the meantime, you pick up any metropolitan paper and you see, 'Negroes can't live here, Orientals can't live there.' Always emotionalism over the wrong things.

"Anyway, so much public pressure is brought on the A.M.A. that they call in this poor doctor and they say, 'Look, you can't get paid for that job, but we'll make it up to you. We'll give you a new disease for next year. We haven't done the grippe for a while. We'll pull a switch on the grippe and give it a new working title . . . something exotic . . . uh . . . Asiatic Flu. We'll call up Parke-Lily and get some new pills. For symptoms we'll try, let's see . . . nausea, headache, loss of appetite. How's that? For-

get the well job and the disease is yours.' "So the doctor is taken care of, and the country breathes easier again, because now they know that that bill won't have to be paid after all. However, there's just one thing . . . the child will have to be returned to the well."

Misplaced public emotionalism is a favorite Bruce target. He has built biting routines on the commercial carnivalism that sometimes accompanies a disaster like a mine cave-in ("Get away from there, kid, quit kicking dirt in the hole!") and the recent trial of the American soldier for killing a Japanese woman ("So sorry. Verdict has been change from life in prison to two weeks at Waldolf-Astoria.>").

Hollywood's puerile tolerance films bug Bruce, too: "The scene opens in a schoolyard. We see Juan Rodriguez, insecure in his torn leather jacket, with all those clean, polished Anglo-Saxon types. He speaks to the other boys and we see democracy in action on the streets of a big city: 'Leesen to me, you guys. One theeng I cannot forget ees that I am a Spanish keed. OK? Pheel here is a Jewish keed. OK? And here is a colored keed and an Irish keed and an Italian keed—and, my friends, in thees country we all have to stick together—and beat up the Polocks!'"

With such seemingly intolerant humor as this, Lenny Bruce preaches tolerance and only the prude and the bigot fail to get the message. On stage, Bruce takes on some of the mannerisms of Mort Sahl, though his material is less cerebral and a good deal further out. Like Sahl, whom he considers a close friend, he has a penchant for milking sacred cows and he sprinkles his speech with Freudianisms like "Oedipus complex," "sibling rivalry" and hipster argot like "bread" (for money), "ball" and "cool it." He also favors "freaky" and "fink" and occasionally somewhat bluer words, though he insists his reputation as a blue comic is undeserved, and club owners for whom he has worked tend to agree: "A sick comic, yeah," say Skip Krask and Shelly Kasten, of *The Cloister*, jokingly, "but not blue."

Mort Sahl, whose favorite prop is a newspaper, likes to retell Lenny's reaction to the news headline, "FLOOD WATERS RISE. DIKES THREATENED": "It's always the same," said Bruce. "In time of emergency, they pick on minority groups."

Like Mort, Lenny's current nightclub career began on the West Coast and he is almost unknown in the East. This is actually his second career as a performer. He got his first chance on the Godfrey Talent Scout Show, doing take-offs on Hollywood Nazi films, so popular in the Forties. From there he played the old New York Strand and similar spots. "But

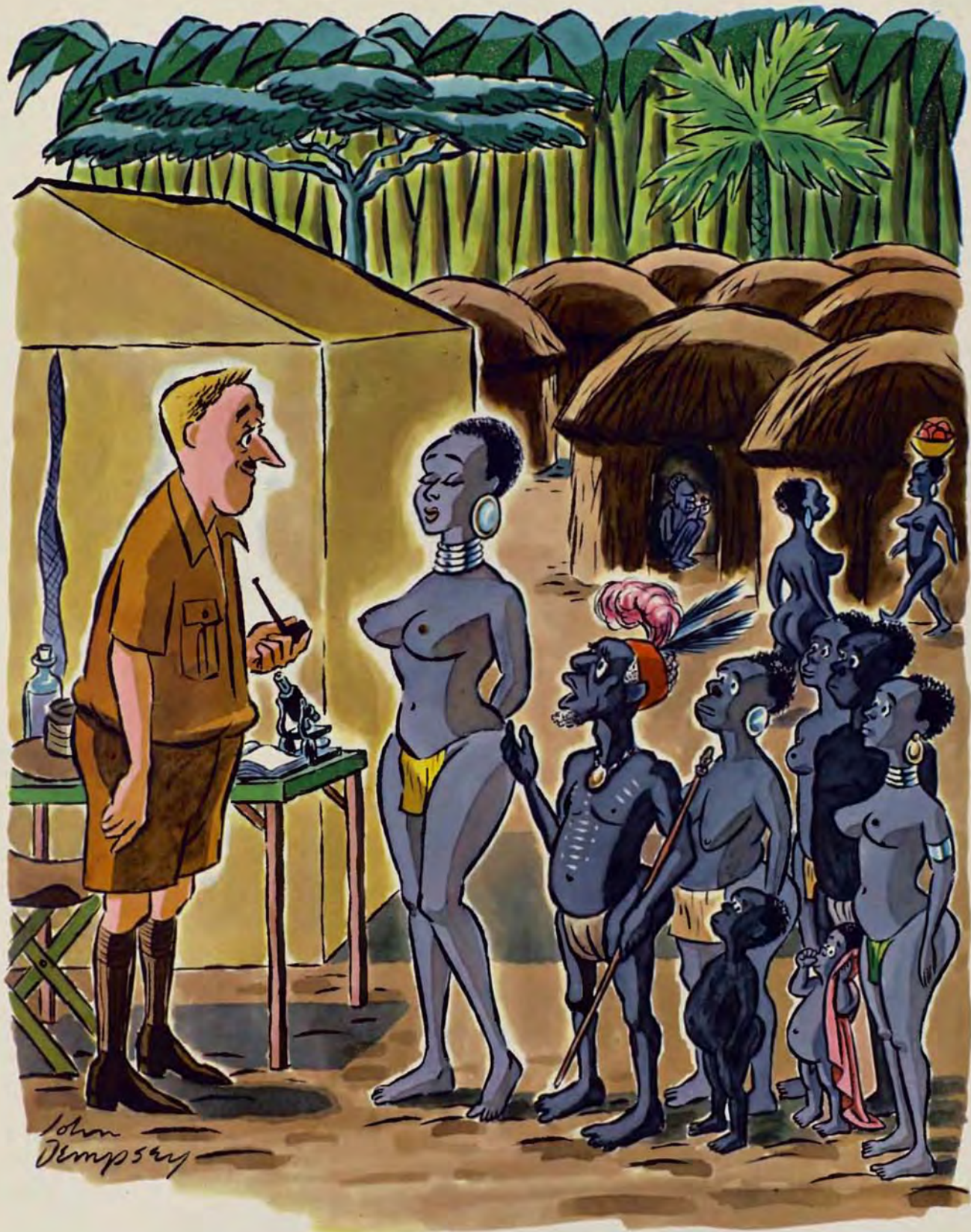
I bombed," he says. "I was ready for them, but they weren't ready for me." Audiences, however, are growing hipper and the "inside" comic is the order of the day in the little clubs across the country. Lenny Bruce is just a little more inside—or a little further out, depending on where you're standing—than any other comedian working today. He is an extremely sensitive performer and his audience can make or break a show. "I think most good comedians are insecure," says Lenny. "They're up there on that stage looking for acceptance and love. If I haven't managed any rapport with my listeners in the first ten minutes, I'm dead. But when I'm swinging and I feel that warmth coming up at me, I'd like to ball the whole audience."

Bruce's background could have easily been lifted verbatim from the jacket copy about the author of some current best seller. Born on Long Island, he and formal education had had it after grammar school. He worked on a farm, joined the Navy, saw action at Anzio and Salerno, came home, then worked his way to Asia and back aboard freighters. "In those days," he recalls, "my burning ambition was to write a kind of seagoing *Studs Lonigan*. I figured that with my Navy experience, I should know more four-letter words than James Farrell." But the only tangible thing he brought back from his sea service was a large tattoo on his arm that he got in Malta, though he says, "I smoked Marlboros when I was six and it grew up."

The weird Mr. Bruce is 34 and a bachelor. "I was married once, but it didn't last," he explains on the stage. "This sounds like a typical comic routine, but my marriage was broken up by my mother-in-law. Actually, my mother-in-law broke up my marriage. One day my wife came home early from work and caught us in bed together.

"Sex can be a serious problem in a marriage. Have you seen these magazine ads with the chick sitting up in bed and her husband sacked out beside her, and the caption says, 'He Didn't Even Kiss Me Goodnight.' And it's a pitch for High Potency Rybutol. Then it says, 'Night after night, my husband would come home tired and irritable, and he wouldn't touch his supper. He'd just sit around for a while and as soon as his head touched the pillow, he'd go off. But I wasn't suspicious. I knew I had a good man. Until one night I opened up the top drawer of the bureau and I found a wig and lipstick and high heels.' This man was nervous and irritable and never touched his supper, but after taking High Potency Rybutol, he is now touching his supper. Doesn't ball his old lady, but he's touching his food. Pretty sick."

(concluded on page 78)



*"Could white doctor do something for unfortunate daughter
who has glandular trouble?"*

POSTAGE STAMP (continued from page 46)

established old-age pensions, full employment, and civil rights for women, who couldn't own any property till then, and still can't vote.) Neither of these seemed especially crucial, so Signor Bugli and I decided to talk about postage stamps, which he once sold. Signor Bugli, with some assistance from Signor Maiani, said that San Marino used at first the Kingdom of Sardinia's stamps and, after the unification, Italy's; the Sardinian ones are worth from 24 to 400 dollars now when canceled by the Sammarinese post office, he said. The first Sammarinese stamps were issued in 1877, and philatelists, whose pricing policies I wouldn't even pretend to understand, were paying only 36 cents for some of them, but only 16 cents if they weren't sticky. On the other hand, another of those stamps is worth as much as \$9.68 sticky, \$4.03 unsticky, and \$6.45 canceled. An unscrupulous dealer who buys a gross of them and puts stickum on apparently makes a profit of \$813.60, minus the cost of the stickum. Also, Signor Bugli told me, San Marino used to make its own money but doesn't any more.

A while later, positively fascinated by all this, I did some private research into the postage stamp matter, and I learned that San Marino made do with the 1877 stamps for half-a-dozen years, overprinting them *CENTESIMI 5* and *CENTESIMI 10* in 1892, and changing the colors a bit later. Now, though, it is thinking them up at 20 or 25 a year and has issued no fewer than 754 kinds, including 117 air mail ones, although there isn't an airport in the whole country. The stamps commemorate such various things as Columbus' birth and the opening of the Sammarinese railway, and depict such persons as San Marino, Garibaldi, Abraham Lincoln, Benjamin Franklin and the Discus Thrower, and, needless to say, are bought up eagerly by philatelists in every land, adding \$160,000 a year to the Sammarinese treasury. I also learned that the ink was hardly dry on the 1892 stamps—the ones with the overprint *CENTESIMI 5*—when the printers found that a considerable profit could be had by printing them all wrong. To the inexpressible delight of philatelists everywhere, they began to print *CENTESIMI 5* rightside up, upside down, singly, doubly, doubly upside down, and doubly rightside up and upside down, and had even printed a set of *CENTESIMI 5s* when somebody told them to lay off. (Today, the *CENTESIMI 5s* are worth \$136 sticky and \$72 dry, and if the "c" is especially fat, they're worth \$160 sticky, \$80 dry. How people figure this out, I'll never know.) According to San Marino, someone is now assigned to the print shop to stop any

similar malpractices, but I noted that since the war it has printed 64 kinds of stamps that are perforated wrong, 10 that are centered wrong, and one that even is colored wrong, and in 1947 a stamp that was supposed to be overprinted *GIORNATA FILATELICA* wound up as *VOITELVIA VLVNNOIO*. To make matters worse, a rascal in Italy has bought up Sammarinese stamps and messed them up on his own, overprinting 3 *NOVEMBRE 1918* upside down on some of them, for instance, and making a killing.

San Marino's stamps are not its only source of revenue, I learned. There are taxes; and Italy gives it a rake-off on its import duties, as it ought to. Nevertheless, I learned, the Communists were going further and further into the hole after the war, as their annual budget neared a million dollars. Of course, the first thing they thought of doing was printing more postage stamps, including, in 1947, a series in honor of Franklin Delano Roosevelt, which they figured would be a wouser in the United States. (American philatelists who missed out in 1947 will be pleased to learn that Roosevelt can still be gotten for a penny and a half, sticky or dry, canceled or not. This is the retail price for the one-lira Roosevelt, on which is quoted his historic letter to San Marino. The President himself is shown in a very patriotic attitude on the five-lira stamp, a glorious thing in purple, brown, red, white and blue. This Roosevelt is worth 2½ cents canceled, 2½ cents uncanceled, \$2.40 if his bottom isn't perforated, \$1.20 if his side isn't perforated, a nickel if he's overprinted, and heaven knows what if he's overprinted twice. He also comes in air mail.) Posthumously, F.D.R. wasn't enough to balance San Marino's budget, though, and Italy, meanwhile, had aggravated things by not giving it the import duties, so as to start an economic crisis there, getting rid of the Communists. For a while, the country didn't know where to turn. At this critical juncture, there appeared in San Marino a terribly mysterious person, Mr. Maxim Maxim, who rented a bungalow, got himself a mistress, wore yellow velvet gloves, and talked all day on the long-distance phone, thereby giving rise to rumors not only in San Marino but in such remote quarters as *Time* and *Life* that he was a Communist spy, perhaps the Communist boss of Italy. Mr. Maxim, who said all along, in vain, that he was just a businessman, offered to San Marino 400 thousand dollars a year to let him build a casino there. The Communists agreed—forgetting that the same offer had been made a hundred years before, and that the captains regent had refused it, exclaiming, "Citizens! It is not by the

maintenance of material prosperity that the good name of free states is preserved. It is by means of the great virtues of proud and honest republicans, who know how to repulse riches, even in poverty."

Mr. Maxim's casino—a couple of bacarat tables and five roulette ones—opened in 1949, and soon was making money hand over fist. At this point, re-enter Italy, still trying to get rid of the Communists. Italy said it wouldn't stand idly by while Italians were being "bled"; it put up a roadblock at San Marino's frontier, told the gamblers to get a passport, a visa and a *carnet de passages*, and even then, it held them a few more hours looking for marijuana in their hat bands. After months of such harassment, San Marino gave up. The casino was closed; Mr. Maxim, arrested in Italy was sent to Israel; and Italians had to travel considerably farther, to San Remo, to bleed. San Marino was 800 thousand dollars in the red, unable to pay its employees for three months. Since then, it has thought of making money as a kind of Reno, Nevada, a kind of Panama (registering ships), and even a kind of Parke-Bernet Gallery, selling such titles as *The Count of Montclupe* for 24 thousand dollars and *The Duke of Peschiera* for 37 thousand, but nothing has worked out right. The country still wasn't solvent when I was there. The casino was boarded up, and great hiatuses already were to be seen in the plasterwork.

* * *

Of all the places I have written about for *PLAYBOY*, I liked San Marino best. Andorra, the only other democracy, has kept its freedom in a rather sneaky way, I think, by truckling equally to France and Spain; San Marino has kept free by fighting for it. Time and again, it has been attacked by such people as the Borgias, the Wrongheads, the Bishops of Montefeltro, and the Pope. The Pope invaded it in 1542 (but the army got lost in a fog, produced, it is said, by San Marino himself), and the gypsies invaded it in 1559; the Masons wanted it in 1790, apparently. Most of these wars were against the Roman Catholic Church, the most noted of them being in 1739, when Cardinal Alberoni conquered San Marino and held it 105 days.

San Marino has been invaded only once since then—in 1944, when it was used as a battlefield by the Germans and the British. A bit earlier, the British had bombed it, too, believing, in error, that ammunition was being stored there; 62 people were killed, and a million dollars worth of damage was done, greater than all the other invasions together. San Marino has been asking for compensation ever since. So far, the British are willing to pay only 72 thousand dollars (concluded on page 77)

the philosopher

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(continued from page 56)

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Herb Pomeroy 211

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Miles Davis	8,116
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Shorty Rogers	7,473
Bobby Hackett	5,702
Maynard Ferguson	5,190
Harry James	3,627
Roy Eldridge	2,661
Buck Clayton	1,656
Conte Candoli	1,636
Wild Bill Davison	1,427
Charlie Shavers	1,425
Charles Teagarden	1,334
Art Farmer	1,283
Bob Scobey	1,185
Pete Candoli	1,152
Ruby Braff	1,101
Donald Byrd	1,044
Cat Anderson	1,031
Don Fagerquist	709
Joe Newman	650
Don Elliott	613
Kenny Dorham	607
Buddy Childers	576
Jonah Jones	571
Clark Terry	537
Sam Noto	533
Lee Morgan	474
Nat Adderley	462
Thad Jones	453
Harry Edison	451
Stu Williamson	390
Conrad Gozzo	311
Jack Sheldon	305
Howard McGhee	258
Nick Travis	207
Dick Collins	156

TROMBONE

J. J. Johnson	16,471
Kai Winding	12,914
Bob Brookmeyer	9,530
Jack Teagarden	8,727
Frank Rosolino	3,593
Trummy Young	3,022
Urbie Green	2,713
Kid Ory	2,699
Turk Murphy	2,497
Milt Bernhart	2,458
Carl Fontana	2,143
Bill Harris	1,909
Jimmy Cleveland	1,816
Benny Green	1,641
Wilbur De Paris	1,463
Bobby Burgess	1,036
Fred Assunto	917
Vic Dickenson	775
Abe Lincoln	654
Benny Powell	654
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Cozy Cole	2,170
Chico Hamilton	1,808
Buddy Rich	1,575
Max Roach	1,440
Joe Morello	1,123
Louis Bellson	882
Jo Jones	805
Art Blakey	748
Candido	251
Stan Levey	237
Philly Joe Jones	234
Barrett Deems	205
Sonny Payne	198
Ray Bauduc	193
Sam Woodyard	162

MISCELLANEOUS INSTRUMENT

Lionel Hampton, vibes.....	5,830
Milt Jackson, vibes.....	2,341
Cal Tjader, vibes.....	1,889
Herbie Mann, flute.....	1,081
Candido, bongo.....	1,018
Art Van Damme, accordion.....	907
Don Elliott, vibes & mellophone..	872
Terry Gibbs, vibes.....	872
Bud Shank, flute.....	783
Shorty Rogers, Flügelhorn.....	772
Red Norvo, vibes.....	644
Sidney Bechet, soprano sax.....	615
Buddy Collette, flute.....	560
Moe Koffman, flute.....	445
Jimmy Smith, organ.....	341
Fred Katz, cello.....	290
Bob Cooper, oboe.....	287
John Graas, French horn.....	276
Tito Puente, timbales.....	236
Frank Wess, flute.....	219
Jean "Toots" Thielemans, harmonica.....	181
Sam Most, flute.....	170
Paul Horn, flute.....	153

MALE VOCALIST

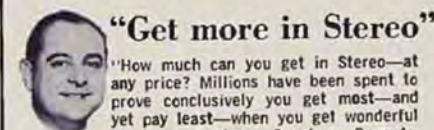
Frank Sinatra	11,464
Johnny Mathis	2,252
Nat "King" Cole	1,233
Joe Williams	945
Mel Tormé	549
Harry Belafonte	518
Sammy Davis, Jr.	503
Louis Armstrong	450
Pat Boone	348
Al Hibbler	335
Billy Eckstine	326
Steve Lawrence	281
Frank D'Rone	276
Perry Como	269
Chet Baker	257
Jimmy Rushing	254
Frankie Laine	246
Tony Bennett	201
Fats Domino	201

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System	45"-45"	45"-45"	45"-45"	45"-45"
Recording	Telefunken	Telefunken	REA	Electro Voice
Orig. Tape	Ampex 351-2C	Ampex 351-2C	Presto	Fischerid
Record Press.	Virgin Vinyl	Virgin Vinyl	Pure Vinyl	Pure Vinyl

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June Christy	2,283
Chris Connor	1,894
Dakota Staton	1,808
Julie London	1,338
Keely Smith	1,311
Eydie Gormé	910
Peggy Lee	849
Sarah Vaughan	811
Doris Day	680
Anita O'Day	673
Pat Suzuki	417
Billie Holiday	275
Patti Page	266
Mahalia Jackson	259
Pearl Bailey	253
Jeri Southern	249
Carmen McRae	234
Lena Home	223
Jaye P. Morgan	210

INSTRUMENTAL COMBO

Dave Brubeck Quartet	4,066
Modern Jazz Quartet	2,349
George Shearing Quintet	1,946
Louis Armstrong All-Stars	1,367
Dukes of Dixieland	1,151
Shelly Manne and His Men	930
Erroll Garner Trio	901
Ahmad Jamal Trio	822
Gerry Mulligan Quartet	743
Chico Hamilton Quintet	719
Miles Davis Sextet	605
Australian Jazz Quintet	481
Oscar Peterson Trio	450
Shorty Rogers' Giants	397
Art Van Damme Quintet	382
Cal Tjader Quartet	343
Gene Krupa Quartet	309
Jimmy Giuffre Trio	307
Lighthouse All-Stars	281
J. J. Johnson Quintet	270
Kai Winding Septet	261
Ramsey Lewis Trio	246
Bob Scobey's Frisco Band	246
Chet Baker Quintet	229
Jazz Messengers	224
Mastersounds	197
Jonah Jones Quartet	172
Stan Getz Quintet	171

VOCAL GROUP

Four Freshmen	7,278
Hi-Lo's	4,841
Mary Kaye Trio	1,293
Platters	1,186
Mills Brothers	1,141
Jackie Cain & Roy Kral	1,001
Four Lads	908
McGuire Sisters	795
Dave Lambert Singers	543
Axidentials	506
The Weavers	377
King Sisters	349
Al Belletto Sextet	195
Kingston Trio	182
Blue Stars	180
Andrews Sisters	167
Moonglows	159



SENSIBLE MAN

(continued from page 55)

in his new life. If he asked for personnel, he got personnel. If he requested materials, he received materials. At no time was there any talk of "economy" or "budget" or "making do." As for his private comforts, they were so well provided for that he never asked.

It was only a few months from his arrival in his new homeland — the homeland of "every sensible man" — that the Wilcox-Ivanov artificial satellite was ready. He wondered, briefly, how far Project Moonbeam had gotten, with two of its best teammates no longer with it. Still not off the drawing board, probably. He said as much to Grisha Ivanov as they approached the take-off area. The Soviet scientist only grunted.

"Our man will be rather cramped in his moon," Randal observed, looking inside. "How long will he stay up, do you suppose?"

Ivanov shrugged. "Who knows? Two weeks? Six weeks? We shall see."

Wilcox nodded. Cramped . . . more cramped than Ed Baker, in his, Randal's, car under Lake Tippset. Poor old foolish Ed. Had they found him yet? Nothing was said about it here . . . Suddenly Randal's eyes fell upon a space in the maze of dials and devices. He frowned. "Where is the control to start him back to Earth?" he asked.

"Removed," said Grisha, crisply. "Decided against."

"Who 'decided'?" Wilcox demanded, angry. "I —"

"You? You have nothing to say." Grisha's voice was cold. Wilcox looked at him, astonished. "You joined us from opportunism only. Yesterday you betrayed your own country. Tomorrow — and they will very certainly catch up with us, if not tomorrow, then the day after — in which case you will betray us — for the same reason. So you are not trusted. You have nothing to say. The man stays up."

Wilcox started to speak, thought better of it. The sensible man never argues. "Very well . . . who is the man, by the way?"

"You," said Grisha Ivanov, calmly.

The Red guards seized Wilcox. "We are giving you the chance to test your own work — the device you enabled us to build. Much of the information will be sent automatically, but some of it you will send. The human brain is by no means obsolete. As long as you send, you will be fed. How long will the food supply last? Who knows how much a man in cislunar space requires? That is part of the experiment . . . No, I do not think you will court suicide by refusing to report. You are, after all, a sensible man."

Randal Wilcox speeds around the

Earth faster than any human has ever sped before. It is very cramped in the satellite he helped build, but it is dangerous for him to try to move, anyhow: he is studded with attachments — needles, tubes, wires, catheters, electrodes, which spring from his flesh. He travels from the southeast in a rapid orbit and sees the planet which was his former home turn and spin beneath him. It is a splendid sight. Meteors dart past him — none, so far, have hit him — but every so often he sends in reports about them. About them and about gamma rays and light refraction and sundry other matters. Whenever his report is transmitted, a light flashes and a fresh supply of liquid food is allowed to drip into his veins.

The stars blaze hugely. Cloud masses drift across the face of Earth. But very often he can make out clearly the country he betrayed . . . the Gulf, the Rockies, the Great Lakes . . . Whenever he passes over it, he sends out a signal of his own, over and over, until the turning planet tilts and turns its other face to him and shows the ice-capped poles, the Urals, the Caucasus . . .

Everyone hears it. *Blip blip blip beep beep blip blip blip* . . . Everyone knows it is Randal Wilcox, sending out his SOS. But of course no one can help him at all.

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Buttdown Boys

(continued from page 20)

Nobody said anything. The bird outside started up again. It was all unreal, as though it were happening to someone else. I kept wishing.

Minutes passed. Java scowled and chewed his lip. Bud smiled and chewed his gum. "Gee," he said earnestly, "I guess they're not going to call."

"Halfway to the border by now," I said in a voice I didn't recognize.

"Shut up, both of ya!" Java walked to the window, looking out through the bars. Then he went back to the table and stared at the phone. We all stared at the phone. Inside me, a silent countdown began. 10...9...8... Sweat was trickling down my back. 7...6...5...

Still in that earnest voice, Bud said, "Seriously, they're giving you the business."

I nodded, not taking my eyes off the phone. "You're the patsy."

"I told you bastards to shut up!" Java's scowl blackened. The bird sounded loud in the silent room. 4...3...2...1... I was just beginning to think the phone wasn't going to ring, when suddenly Java picked it up. I felt Bud tense beside me. I held my breath. For the longest 10 seconds on record Java stood holding the phone. Then he slammed it down again. "Goddammit!" He came around the table last for a heavy man and I found myself looking straight into the steel blue eye of the old equalizer. "I ought to blast you punks anyway!"

"Why hang a murder rap on top of everything else?" Bud said quickly. "You can get out—" Java slew the gun across his jaw and he crashed to the floor. Before I could move, the barrel came whipping back and caught me on the ear. Java ran back to the phone, tore it free, and threw it across the room. The door slammed behind him and I heard his footsteps running down the hall. Another door slammed and then all was quiet.

Bud sat up slowly, holding his jaw. "Temper, temper," he sighed. Then he grinned lopsidedly. "You ought to get an Academy Award for that performance down the hall, Mac."

"I'll swap the Oscar for an explanation—what the hell?"

"What's to explain?" He pointed to the baseboard under the table. "Dig that Smithsonian phone box."

You remember the kind: the bells sit on top of the mechanism box, with the clapper between them. Only packed around *this* clapper, so solid it couldn't touch the bells, was a thick wad of chewed gum.

I stared at it for a long moment, then headed swiftly for the door. "Hey, where you going?" Bud called.

"Down the hall—for real!"

Well, I tell you, man, everybody was at Kane's press party at the Mohican. The Killer himself and old man Fowler and about a hundred newspaper and television guys. Flash bulbs popped like champagne corks and champagne corks popped like flash bulbs and Mikur kept showing everybody the rope burns on his wrists where he'd been tied to Harry and Ernie in the cellar. And finally the TV newsmen were ready and Bud told the story again for the 12th time. Only this time, because we were on the air and a few million people were watching, Kane had a question to ask him at the end of it: "Mr. Gordon, may I ask what brand of gum you used so cleverly to save your lives and help bring these criminals to justice?"

Bud's answer seemed to fill the room. "Yes, sir, it was Bubble-O, a product of the United Chicle Company."

The only sound was old man Fowler, quietly choking to death in one corner. One look at Kane's face and I wished I were back with Java. "Bubble-O?" he managed to gasp.

"Yes," Bud answered calmly. "Y'see, I couldn't use our new brand because I needed something to actually cement that clapper in position. Kane's gum stays so soft and chewable. It doesn't harden or become tough. Of course, that's why it's so safe—won't injure gums, chip tooth enamel, or pull out fillings. Perfect for children for that reason, too..." And on he went, building the whole Soft'n'Safe campaign right there on the spot, while the cameras sent the message all across this broad land of ours and Kane beamed like a Simonized diamond and Fowler added the billings in his head and I mentally drove my new Mercedes out of the showroom. "...and top it all off by electing a young lady of talent and beauty as Miss Kane's Gum of 1959!" It was TV's longest commercial.

Back in New York the next morning, Bud and I dropped the others off and went directly to his apartment. He was on the phone before I had my hat off. "But, honey, I've been out of town. . . Sure, baby, you have a right to be miffed. . . But now listen, I've got something big for you—a publicity job with 14 guaranteed nighttime network appearances. Why don't you come on over and I'll tell you all about it. Oh, and Mac's here—bring your roommate."

"Her roommate?" I protested when he hung up. "I haven't even had breakfast yet!"

He stretched out on the couch with a grand gesture. "Mac, we've got the account, we've got a new campaign, and as of this moment we've got Miss Kane's Gum—who's worried about breakfast?"

So we didn't worry about breakfast.





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POSTAGE STAMP

(continued from page 68)

—reckoned, I was told, at 40 dollars for each fatality, four cents for bomb disposal, and other damages—and San Marino refuses to take so little. Its notes to the Foreign Office are getting firmer and firmer, now being written in plain English instead of Latin, as before. There's no telling how it will end, really, but I was assured in San Marino that a resort to force is not likely.

When I was there, the Christian Democrats were talking it up that to get a million dollars from England, the Christian Democrats must do it. This was one of their selling points in the last election—indeed, it was almost the only one. The next election, and the next chance for a Communist comeback, is this spring, and now the Christian Democrats are talking up the women's right to vote, their idea being that women are better Christians than men and likelier to vote for Christian Democrats. And even the Communists are being given pause by signs like "The women have the right to elect and be elected—Article 137, Russian Constitution" in all the piazzas. The Committee for the Emancipation of the Sammarinese Lady is hard at work, and it may be the determining factor this year.

I wonder how it'll turn out, this election. I think it'll be close. In San Marino, an election is just about as up-for-grabs as a corporation proxy fight, what with the Communists hurrying about the docks of Genoa and the coal mines of Belgium to round up Sammarinesi of voting age, and the Christian Democrats going as far afield as Hoboken, New Jersey, for theirs. There aren't any residency requirements in San Marino, and these bring-'em-back-alive tactics are legal, although decried by each of the parties when practiced by the other. (The last time, more than a thousand dockers, coal miners and factory hands poured into San Marino by bus, voted Communist, got free beer and baloney sandwiches at party headquarters, and tumbled out again the same day. The Christian Democrats' Sammarinesi came by Pan American World Airways from New York, and rumoredly the State Department footed the bill.) Something like this is sure to happen this spring. And when it's over and done with, the newspapers, in sorrow or in joy, will be giving San Marino a "Communist" or a "Christian Democratic" stamp—but the stamp is one of the unsticky ones, and they're worth about a dime a dozen. "Communist" or "Democratic," I daresay it won't make a big difference in the Most Serene Republic of San Marino. It's the rest of the world I'm worried about.



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REBEL

(continued from page 66)

Lenny usually performs in a rather quiet Brooks Brothers manner, but in his impression of Holy Roller Oral Roberts he flails his arms, stomps his feet, and waves a snake before his audience. His impersonations are excellent and always worked into the act, as when he depicts Bela Lugosi's Count Dracula and Family as a group of itinerant actors between bookings ("All right, Junior, comb your face, drink your blood, bite Mamma goodnight, and go to bed.").

Lenny likes his characters to use the speech of show-business and the hippie, even when they are men in the highest governmental places. When SHERMAN ADAMS and VICUNA were two headline staples last year, he envisioned a scene in the White House in which President Eisenhower took Adams to task: "All right, Sherm—you can level with me, baby, what else did you take?" Sherman suggests that they stage a big news event to help draw the nation's attention away from the controversy: "Couldn't we have a cabinet member shot or something?"

"Call in Nixon," says Ike. "Hello, Nick. Sit down, sweetie. Kid looks great, doesn't he, Sherm? Get him some of that 12-year-old Scotch and the good cigars. How do you feel, Nick? . . . OK, Ike, what's going on? What's the bit? . . . There's no bit, Nick. Sherm and I were having a few drinks and we said, let's have Nick up. You know, we're just kicking around some ideas—Say, Nick, how'd you like to go to Lebanon for a few days? . . . How'd you like to go to hell, Ike? . . . Is that a way to talk, Nick? After all I've done for you, you have the chutzpah to tell me to go to hell? . . . Oh, Ike, I didn't mean it. I'm grateful and all that, but I don't want to go anywhere anymore. Why don't you send Dulles? He's been home for two days. . . . That's very nice, Nick. That's a very nice way to talk. That's what babies say, Send Someone Else. But soldiers say, Yes, I Am Glad You Picked Me; I've Got A Hostess Cupcake And An Orange And I'll Go! You'll go, Nick. You'll take your old lady, Pat, and you'll go . . . Oh, Ike, I can't go. I keep bombing all over the place. I still have spit on my jacket from Caracas. Everyone hates me . . . They love you, Nick . . . They hate me . . . They love you. You did well in a lot of places. . . . Where? . . . Toledo. The B'nai B'rith loved you in Toledo."

Even as he carefully nurtures his new café career, Bruce is busy in other media, too. He is working on a weekly ABC-TV show in Hollywood called *Lenny Bruce Swings*. He has etched an LP album on the Fantasy label entitled *The Sick Humor of Lenny Bruce*. His greatest

love is probably the movies and he is writing a film called *Leather Jacket* which he plans to produce and star in. It will deal with a handicapped derelict who dreams of owning a leather jacket and a motorcycle. "It'll be arty, sort of a *Bicycle Thief* with a motor," he says.

Despite whatever success he may find in other fields, Bruce-boosters feel he is best suited to the intimate offbeat rooms around the country where his very special gift for comic satire is understood and truly appreciated.

"Folks," says Bruce, "we got a lot of nice cars out hyar at Fat Boy's. Let me tell you 'bout a used car, friend—it's just like a clock or a watch—you don't know whatcha got till you git it home. But there's one thing you can count on—any car that moves off the Fat Boy lot has an OK Sticker on the windshield and, buddy, when you see an OK Sticker on a Fat Boy car, you know one damn thing for sure—there's an OK Sticker on that windshield."

"Now hyar's some of the cars ya'll be seein' down hyar. Nice little Studebaker—this car was just used once—in a suicide pact. There's just a little lipstick on the exhaust pipe. Wipe it right off."

"If you like foreign cars, we gotcha little Fuzzvatten here—this is a German car that was just used a little bit during the war—taking the people back and forth to the furnace. The motor's real good, but the upholstery is shot. You know, they're real stubborn, those people."

"Now we don't wantcha t'come to Fat Boy's fust. You go on around to those other dealers, and they'll tell you they'll give you this and they'll give you that, and you just write it all down on a little bitty piece of paper. Then you come on down hyar an' you say, 'Fat Boy, I seen you on TV. I been all over this damn town, buddy—here's the deal they offered me—now I'm back to you and I want it—I want it, Fat Boy!' And he'll really give it to you, folks. Been giving it to the public for 30 years. Same location."

Herb Caen, the San Francisco oracle, has this to say about Bruce: "They call Lenny Bruce a sick comic—and sick he is. Sick of the pretentious phoniness of a generation that makes his vicious humor meaningful. He is a rebel, but not without a cause, for there are shirts that need unstuffing, egos that need deflating, and precious few people to do the sticky job with talent and style. Sometimes you feel a twinge of guilt for laughing at one of Lenny's mordant jabs—but that disappears a second later when your inner voice tells you, with pleased surprise, 'But that's true.' The kind of truth that might not have dawned on you if there weren't a few Lenny Bruces around to hammer it home."



GÄNSELEBERPASTETESCHNITTE

(Continued from page 34)

to a boil, and slowly add the flour mixture, stirring with a wire whisk. Simmer the gravy 10 minutes. Skim off any excess fat. Remove meat and slice with a very sharp knife. Pour the hot gravy over the meat on serving plates or platter. Serve with potato pancakes.

POTATO PANCAKES (Makes about 12)

- 2 cups grated raw potatoes
- 2 tablespoons grated onion
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1/4 teaspoon pepper
- 1 tablespoon flour
- 1 tablespoon cracker crumbs
- 1/4 teaspoon baking powder
- 2 eggs
- Vegetable fat

Place the grated potatoes in a large wire sieve, and press gently to remove excess liquid. Separate the egg yolks from whites. In a deep mixing bowl beat the whites until stiff. Fold into the potato mixture; that is, add the egg whites all at once and, using the mixing spoon with a down-over-up motion, blend the whites gradually into the potato mixture. Melt fat to a depth of 1/4 inch in a large frying pan or in an electric skillet set at 390°. When fat is hot but not smoking, drop the potato mixture by large spoonfuls into the pan. Brown on both sides. Drain on absorbent paper.

PAPRIKA PORK SCHNITZEL (Serves two)

- 4 thick center-cut pork chops
- Flour, salt, pepper
- Vegetable fat
- 1 tablespoon butter
- 1/2 teaspoon paprika
- 1 medium-size onion minced
- 8-oz. can tomato sauce
- 1/4 teaspoon marjoram
- 1/4 cup sour cream

Have the butcher cut the bone away from the pork chops and pound the meat thin with a cleaver. Sprinkle chops with salt and pepper. Dip in flour. Melt vegetable fat to a depth of 1/4 inch in a large frying pan. Sauté the chops until medium brown on both sides. Melt the butter in a saucepan. Add the onion. Sauté the onion until it is yellow but not browned. Add the paprika, stirring well. Add the tomato sauce and marjoram. Transfer the meat to the saucepan. Cover the pan with a tight lid, and simmer the meat slowly until it is very tender, about 20-25 minutes. Remove the pan from the fire. Place the meat on serving plates or platter. Stir the sour cream into the sauce. Pour the sauce over the meat. And then pore over the meat yourself.



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<input type="checkbox"/> Conerettes	13
<input type="checkbox"/> Design Records	73
<input type="checkbox"/> Edgeworth Contest	9
<input type="checkbox"/> Filated Records	14
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<input type="checkbox"/> Jensen Hi-Fi Speaker Systems	6
<input type="checkbox"/> Jubilee Records	13
<input type="checkbox"/> London Records	5
<input type="checkbox"/> MGM Records	10
<input type="checkbox"/> Majestic International	10
<input type="checkbox"/> Melbourne Company, The	71
<input type="checkbox"/> Mercury Records	12
<input type="checkbox"/> RCA Victor Records	6, 8, 12, 13
<input type="checkbox"/> Saint Louis Trading Co.	74
<input type="checkbox"/> Sands Hotel, The	14
<input type="checkbox"/> Starrcraft Boots	8
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PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

THOSE WHO REALLY SAVVY Spain make it their travel headquarters in April, when its cove-nicked Riviera is at its best. It's all available in one or another of the package tours (for example Cordova, Seville and Granada in eight days for \$200 including the best of everything through Andalusia); but we prefer a circuitous route of our own: by plane via Lisbon to Tangier where the luxury of the sheiks waits at El Minzah hotel. An Arab guide will show you the way through the winding little streets of the teeming, pungent Casbah with its open-front stores, where you'll sit on rich carpets and sip tiny, burning cups of coffee while bargaining for an Arabian dagger or inlaid damascene ware.

Leave the international city early in the morning for the short ferry run across the strait to Gibraltar, and you'll have time to ogle the apes atop the Rock, then be on your way to Valencia in your hired car after lunch. But take our tip and plan to stop often along the resort-dotted coast of southern Spain, making the swank Marabellá Club just outside of Málaga a must on your itinerary.

And while you're doing the Spanish Riviera, slip into France where eating is a thing apart. Eden Roc on Cap d'Antibes, La Réserve at Beaulieu, Château de Madrid at Villefranche-sur-Mer and Baumanière at Les Baux are all justly famous for food and wine, suave service, beautiful women and astronomical prices. But food isn't the only lure: the flower battles that began in February at Nice are still under way in April, and in neighboring Monaco you can try

your hand at *tir aux pigeons* (a sort of skeet shooting with live pigeons for targets); it's a rich man's sport with equally rich prizes.

Across the border in Italy is the classic Mille Miglia at Brescia, perhaps the roughest sports car race in Europe. And if you're an *aficionado* of the auto races, there is a women-drivers-only meet at San Remo, where you can while away your off-race hours in one of Italy's few state-licensed casinos.

If you're interested in April schussing and you don't mind roughing it, you can head for New Hampshire's Tuckerman Ravine, where the snow isn't safely "set" until late March. You can bunk overnight at the Appalachian Mountain Club Pinkham Notch Camp, or stay at one of the many ski lodges in the Eastern Slope Region, and in the morning you'll have an hour's climb to the Little Headwall at the Ravine proper. From there you can ski the Little Headwall or climb further up to the Big Headwall or use the Hillman's Highway run. If you prefer lift skiing, you'll do well to check on snow conditions at Wildcat Mountain, at the north end of the notch, or on conditions at Cannon Mountain in Franconia Notch. Tramways at both of these areas get up into the 4000-foot elevation and are very apt to have good skiing conditions during much of the month of April.

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



NEXT MONTH:

MONSTER MOVIES—BY HOLLIS ALPERT & CHARLES BEAUMONT

LEONARD LYONS—THE BATTLE FOR BROADWAY BILLING

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WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

A young man going places, the PLAYBOY reader likes the excitement and challenge of new things, new places and new ideas. He welcomes change and goes to meet it head on. Very apt to find the fellow snapping on skis at the top of Mt. Ajax in Aspen, Colorado or climbing behind the wheel of his Mercedes-Benz at Speed Week in Nassau. Even his choice of sport reflects the satisfaction he finds in coping with everchanging situations. Facts: According to the leading independent magazine survey, PLAYBOY is the only men's magazine with a major concentration of readership in the important 18-34 age group. 70.2% of all PLAYBOY's male readers are in this very age bracket that is so receptive to new ideas and so free to pursue them. There are enough of these enthusiastic young men to start your new idea, style or product snowballing to success, too. Over 850,000 copies of PLAYBOY are purchased every month. (Consumer Magazine Report by Daniel Starch & Staff, August, 1958.)

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