

# PLAYBOY

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ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

**PLAYBOY'S  
HOUSE  
PARTY**





## PLAYBILL

A PLAYBOY HOUSE PARTY at a glossy and glamorous Miami mansion fills a full 10 pages of this May issue — and those who remember the femmes and fun of our July '57 Yacht Party know just how enjoyable a PLAYBOY party can be. Fetching, frolicsome young ladies are no small element in the success of this shindig, and the PLAYBOY camera has recorded all their merriest moments. One of the charmers, Cindy Fuller, puts in an extra appearance as this month's Playmate.

PLAYBOY Travel Editor Patrick Chase is on hand this month with the definitive article, *The Art of Travel*, in which he answers innumerable questions often raised on the technique of visiting far-away places. Mr. Chase also contributes his regular monthly feature, *Playboy's International Datebook*, while Robert L. Green, our Fashion Director, describes the pleasures to be had in a weekend trip by jet to Paris and London, and suggests the right raiment to take along.

T. K. Brown III has authored our lighthearted lead story, *Dealers Wild*. T. K. will be remembered as the chap who indited those delightful examples of whimsy, *The Skindiver and the Lady*, *The Double Cross-Up* and *The Sergeant and the Slave Girl*. His latest story echoes the travel motif of this issue, for it takes place on a swank ocean liner prominently visible in the swank illustration by Seymour Fleishman. A yachting trip is used to advantage by E. S. Jensen to launch us into the sharp and sensitive story of love among the Madison Avenue crowd, *The Girl Had Been Around*. Robert Sheckley takes us literally out of this world in his ironic, inventive science-fiction trilogy, *Triplication*. Macabre master Gahan Wilson goes pretty far out, too, in his special spread of brand-new crawly cartoons.

Seasoned travelers Peter Ustinov, Commander Whitehead and Hermione Ginkgold represent Great Britain at an American ball game; and Thomas Mario, PLAYBOY's Food and Drink Editor, takes up a favorite international snack, pizza, cluing us in on all the tricks for serving grand, golden pizza pies to one's self and one's guests. You might say this issue is a sort of armchair vacation in itself.

SHECKLEY



FLEISHMAN



BROWN







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such cool comfort and dashing style

... it must be

**After Six** BY RUDOFKER

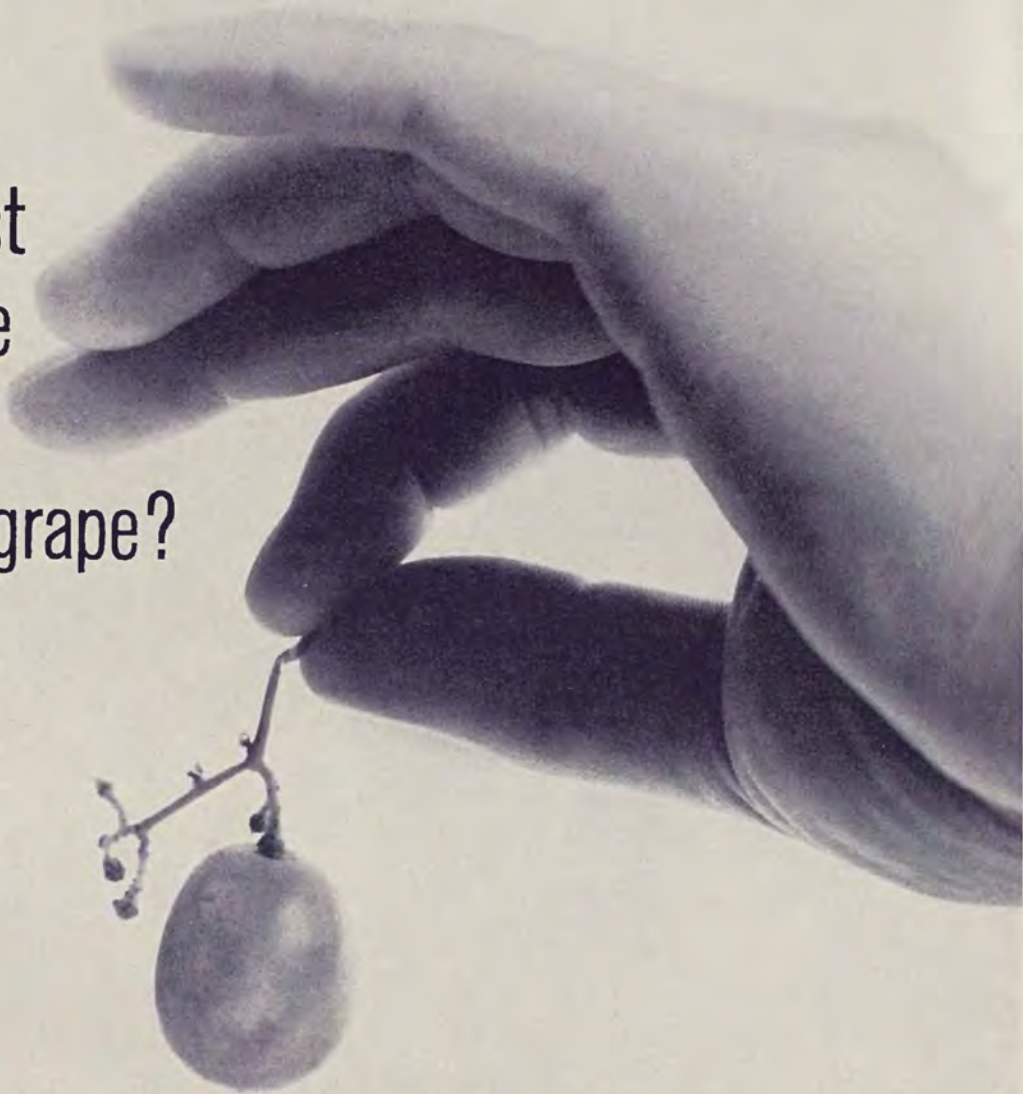
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be first  
to shave  
the  
sour grape?



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## DEAR PLAYBOY

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

### LENNY BRUCE

Lenny Bruce is way out! My sides are still split just from reading about him in Larry Siegel's *Rebel with a Caustic Cause* in your February issue. Imagine digging this nut in person! When is he coming to Pittsburgh?

Renee Hart  
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Mr. Lenny Bruce is reputed to scathe "sacred cows" and "the pretentious phoniness of a generation." One wonders if his fearless material contains any criticism of PLAYBOY? I would guess not. It is too much to hope that there exists a man who dares bite *all* the hands that feed him.

Allison H. Roulston  
New York, New York

*Bruce has several bits on PLAYBOY in his current act, including, "I want you to know I didn't have to do anything for that feature in PLAYBOY — Oh, I went up and saw the publisher and we danced a little, but there was no kissing or anything like that."*

### PH. CAN WAIT

Many thanks for a consistently fine magazine — even though I do lose a whole day's work toward my Ph.D. every time PLAYBOY hits the stands!

Don Cowlbeck  
Princeton, New Jersey

### GIRL IN THE NET

The lovely-visaged valentine who was your Miss February is undoubtedly the most beautiful creature I've ever seen — but will you please tell me her name?

Charles Newton Tozer  
Bainbridge, Maryland

Your Miss February is beyond a doubt the most beautiful and sparkling Playmate you have had in months. There seems to be only one trouble; all we know her by is "Miss February."

Howard E. Young  
Lincoln, Illinois

*We refer you two fellows to our high-class clientele, who read the words as well as glom the pictures . . .*

Many a Playmate has evoked words of praise, but February's Playmate, Eleanor Bradley, has left me speechless!

Al Torem  
Los Angeles, California

February's Playmate, Miss Bradley, was devastating.

Jerry Stover  
New Haven, Connecticut

What a stir your February issue caused in Waukegan, the home of Miss Eleanor Bradley. She was interviewed by the local press and radio, stores that don't ordinarily sell magazines ordered copies from your distributor and one sold over 1000 out of bushel baskets at an autograph party. By the end of the first week, there wasn't a copy to be had this side of the Wisconsin state line.

Charles Johnson  
Waukegan, Illinois

### BITTER RICE

Tom Mario's January recipe for jambalaya calls for converted rice. None of the shops in this neck of the woods have ever heard of it. What the hell is it?

D. F. Waterman  
Great Falls, Montana

*Converted rice isn't wild rice, brown rice, saffron rice, Puffed Rice or Elmer Rice. It's just regular ordinary everyday common or garden rice-type rice.*

### PARTY GAMES

Three cheers for PLAYBOY! Although I wouldn't recommend your *Party Games* for the Annual Church Social, I certainly found them great fun. However, you neglected to mention that some of the games (the Balloon Game, Honeymoon, Under the Sheet) can be played by just two. To prove this, the girlfriend and I experimented and came up with some very interesting variations.

Ron McCready  
Baltimore, Maryland

I found your *Party Games* just a trifle on the insipid side.

J. J. Dillon  
West Point, New York

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The *Party Games* in your January issue were very entertaining. I had a party in my home last night, tried them, and they were a tremendous hit. The funniest was Lifesaver.

Beatrice Harris  
Allentown, Pennsylvania

The girl in the red dress, trying to bust the balloon (*Party Games*, January): who is she and why isn't she a Playmate?

Lt. R. E. Allison, U.S. Army  
Berlin, Germany

*Her name is Marianne Gaba, ex-Miss Illinois from the Miss Universe Contest, model, movie starlet and soon to be featured as a Playmate.*

### JAZZ POLL

Congrats to Louis Armstrong for winning the 1959 Jazz Poll for best trumpet. But next year I'm going to vote (I procrastinated this year) and I'm going to vote for Miles Davis.

Patterson Stiles, Jr.  
Ellsworth, South Dakota

Just a word of thanks for the listing of the 1959 winners of PLAYBOY's Jazz Poll. It, along with your monthly articles, serves as a great part of my daily three and one-half hours of programing along the Texas Gulf Coast. Presenting contemporary jazz to an audience overburdened with rock 'n' roll is a pleasure, and with the additional, intelligent approach to the situation found in your columns, it makes broadcasting six days a week a joy rather than a chore.

Tom Overton  
KFDM Radio  
Beaumont, Texas

The silver medallion for the third annual Playboy Jazz Poll is proudly resting on my desk in Hollywood. I want to express my appreciation to PLAYBOY and its readers for thus honoring the band and myself. Needless to say, we all watch your Jazz Poll with the greatest of interest and wish you continued success with this feature as well as the rest of the magazine.

Stan Kenton  
Los Angeles, California

Your recent Jazz Poll was the least. Your so-called "voting public" should be locked in a soundproof room equipped with stereophonic speakers, and made to listen to 100 LPs of pure hillbilly. Perhaps then they'd realize that just because a guy blows an axe, or wails box, he isn't necessarily playing jazz. It's a wonder that Lefty Frizzell didn't win as best guitarist. If I ever caught Teagarden or Armstrong sitting in with Silver or Monk (except on those phoney Timex deals), I'd flip.

Bailey Y. Dodson  
Sacramento, California









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Want to make a little wager? Bet I can predict the winners (in every category) of next year's Playboy Jazz Poll. The only change will be the number of votes they win by. This Jazz Poll is verging on the ridiculous. Just for kicks, I dug out my old February PLAYBOYS (oh, yes; I save every issue) and compared results. In all 15 categories, the only winners who did not repeat all three years were Louis Armstrong on trumpet—Chet Baker edged him out once; and Erroll Garner on 88—Dave Brubeck won one time. I have a feeling next February's PLAYBOY is going to be awfully monotonous—at least as far as the Jazz Poll results are concerned.

Will Budd

Tuckahoe, New York

It is certainly true that no one changes his jazz favorites as often as his ties, but PLAYBOY's annual poll offers the most accurate report available on America's current taste in jazz. During the past three years, in addition to the first chair changes you mention, PLAYBOY readers moved Dizzy Gillespie from third place to fourth and dropped Shorty Rogers out of the four man trumpet section altogether to make room for Miles Davis in the Playboy All-Star Jazz Band; Bob Brookmeyer changed seats with Jack Teagarden in third and fourth place in the trombone section; Coleman Hawkins won the second tenor sax chair away from Charlie Ventura; and no one could have predicted Earl Bostic's surprising win over Bud Shank for the second alto spot. Of even greater interest are the changing tides of popularity among the artists just below the silver medal winners: Johnny Mathis was nominated in the first poll, but didn't receive enough votes to place in the final results; the second year, however, he jumped into fourth place, just behind Sammy Davis, Jr., and this year replaced Nat "King" Cole in second position. Whether he can ever hope to topple top male vocalist Frank Sinatra, or will instead lose his second place spot to some new upcoming singing star, only the years ahead can tell. Tenor sax man Sonny Rollins, described by PLAYBOY Jazz Editor Leonard Feather last February as "the most talked-about jazz soloist around," was nominated in the first poll, but wasn't well enough known nationally three years ago to appear in the final tabulation; the second year, he'd moved into tenth place and this time, into fourth in the readers' poll, winning top honors in the new musicians' All-Stars' All-Stars balloting. The introduction of a poll among the winning All-Star jazz musicians themselves should add considerable interest to future Jazz Poll results and may be expected to supply plenty of surprises, too.





# PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



We gather you liked our male's-eye-view of Ann Landers and Abigail Van Buren (*Dear Ann and Abby*, December 1958), so from time to time, like right now, we'll present more in these columns. Here again are verbatim letters to Ann and Abby and their answers (as released by the *Chicago Sun-Times* and McNaught Syndicate), followed by our italicized comments from the masculine viewpoint.

DEAR ABBY: There is a man who comes to my house on business every so often (he is a meter reader) and in the summer I give him iced tea and in the winter I give him hot coffee. I am a widow and he told me once he lost his wife some years ago. I think he likes me and I know I like him. He has good manners and is nice looking. He acts lonesome, but I don't want him to think I'm running after him. How can I get to know him better?

LONESOME

DEAR LONESOME: He's a meter reader — not a mind reader! Ask a few of your friends in for dinner, and include him.

*Best way to deal with this slow starter is to offer him something more solid than tea and coffee. Whatever you do, though, don't expose him to your friends, which at the least would ruin the privacy of a near-perfect setup for fun and games, at worst would give him a chance to case your competition.*

DEAR ABBY: I suppose this will sound made up but I hope to die if it isn't true. I am 18 and my mother is 34, but she looks younger. We are both in love with the same man. He is divorced, 30, and he takes turns taking us out. He says he can't make up his mind which one he loves more. My mother has been divorced twice and says she is not inter-

ested in marriage, but if he marries me, she would like to live with us and that way we could both have him. Is that against any laws you know of? IN LOVE

DEAR IN: This is against EVERY law I know of. Your mother should use the rocks in HER head to fill up the holes in YOURS. What you suggest is immoral, indecent and illegal. Have none of it.

*Who are we to fly in the face of tradition? You know the old saying — "Mother knows best."*

DEAR ANN: I'm a fellow, 25, with a problem that has caused me much embarrassment and heartache. I've been engaged to a lovely girl for almost two years and we want to get married. Whenever she talks about setting the date I break out with large red bumps and the itching drives me crazy. I had these same bumps when I was in the Army six years ago. The Army doctor told me they'd go away, and they did. My girlfriend says we should get married regardless, but I'm afraid this might make the bumps worse instead of better. We both read your column and will be watching for the advice.

G.I.J.

I'M NO DOCTOR, but it certainly sounds like psychogenic urticaria, which is a fancy name for skin trouble resulting from an emotional disturbance. Continue with your plans as if the bumps were not there. Don't postpone marriage because of them. A skin specialist can give you the help you need. Make an appointment today.

*Urticaria is a fancy name for nature's warning that you're not getting the emotional release you need. Suitable therapy should be supplied by your girl — or*

*someone else if necessary. You can always get married, but that's obviously not what you're really itching for.*

DEAR ABBY: I have been married for almost a year and my husband's snoring keeps getting worse and worse. What causes it? He never snored a bit before we were married. Thank you.

CAN'T SLEEP

DEAR CAN'T: Better have him see a doctor. Maybe he has ALWAYS snored but you've never noticed it.

*Next question.*

Presumably presaging the advent of the scented cinema we discussed here not long ago, an ad for a movie house in Skokie, Illinois, announced: "Odors open 7 P.M. Show 8 P.M." And anyone who thinks that the idea of smelly movies is pretty doggy will be awash with joy to learn that a perfume for dogs is on sale in Bolton, England, called Kennel No. 5.

## BOOKS

From the Hecht's Bad Boy of *The Front Page* era to the Angry Old Man of recent years, Ben Hecht has been a kind of madman-of-letters, never doing the predictable. In *The Sensualists* (Messner, \$3), he runs true to form, combining a serious study of psychopathia sexualis with a mystery plot. He himself calls it "a sort of 19th Century novel minus the asterisks." The characters he has assembled to illustrate his lecture include: a whore-chasing Manhattan publisher; his once-frigid wife (whom he's successfully defrosted); a disenchanting *chanteuse* whose life is an open book — by





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Krafft-Ebing; her ex-husband, an impotent junkie; and her ex-lover, a sadistic cop with a stripe on his sleeve and a monkey on his back. It all begins when the junkie is found dead, the husband is charged, and the betrayed wife teams up with the doxy (who later seduces her) to save him from the flatfoot-hophead. With these ingredients, Hecht whips up a bitches' brew, but being basically an artist, he has infused the passion with compassion to a point where you really feel for these people and dread the dark denouement. Two things are certain: (1) once opened, this will not quickly be closed and (2) Hecht's seminar is not for seminarians.

Devotees of this journal who enjoyed John Sack's series of reports from practically nowhere (Amb. Sark. S.M.O.M., and so on) will be pleased to discover the entire batch of popular PLAYBOY articles done up in a sprightly volume called, appropriately, *Report from Practically Nowhere* (Harper, \$3.95). For good measure, a few other articles are thrown in, and for even better measure, the whole shebang is illustrated by that other PLAYBOY peripatetic, Shel Silverstein. It's the snappiest combination since gin met tonic.

In a few months, Jacques Monard, the man who wielded an alpenstock over Leon Trotsky's head in 1939, will be released from a Mexican jail. *The Great Prince Died* (Scribner's, \$4.50) by Bernard Wolfe tells of the events leading up to and the final results of this assassination. Although the novel adheres to the basic anti-Trotsky plot as revealed at the trial of Monard, author Wolfe freely admits taking liberties with events and personalities in order to make his story more readable. A former Trotsky bodyguard himself, Wolfe is just as anxious to spout philosophy as he is to neatly wrap up all the details of his yarn, but anyone interested in a colorful, richly written blast at J. Stalin, his antecedents and successors, will find this story of political intrigue and murder just the ticket.

## FILMS

*Al Capone* is a semi-documentary, un-hysterical and somewhat one-dimensional reminiscence of gangsterism in the grand style. As the Naples-born, Brooklyn-raised hood imported to Chicago to bodyguard a member of thugdom brass only to become kingpin himself, Rod Steiger is a kind of whimsical Scarface, touchy about his rights as an American citizen and the way his name is pronounced. Working from a screenplay that names a few names and overlooks others, director Richard Wilson has taken time to develop character shad-

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- Sport Chief tennis jacket for Playboys. Wear it after the game and even if you lose you're a winner. Featuring VELCRO—it closes by touch. About \$12.95



# JAZZ IS A FOUR LETTER WORD

It's a much abused and a much beloved word too. And like the wife who's been a peach after ten years of marriage, jazz is too often taken for granted.

It wasn't always so. Sure there's a hard core of aficionados who can't hardly look at anything unless the liner notes tell you that "Pinetop spat blood." And there are collectors who forage through murky antique record shops looking for a genuine Buddy Bolden recording. But jazz wasn't meant to lie down in a dark corner and play dead, and it hasn't. Even though you may take your wife for granted, she still exercises her wiles via the well known feminine devices; the trapeze dress, pointed shoes, pale-pink lipstick, padded hips, cleavage (more or less), ad infinitum. Just as styles change, so has jazz. More appropriately, jazz has grown.

When Warner Bros. Records set out to produce a series of albums devoted to jazz, artists and repertoire director George Avakian set one simple ground rule: "let's not make it a potpourri—an alphabet soup series of jazz albums." You may think we've violated the boss' instructions by offering different types of jazz, but honestly we haven't. We've put together ten albums in different styles of jazz simply because we realize that some people may think Dixieland is out, while others will swear it's in. And the release is capped

by an album we've called "Jazz Festival—Near In and Far Out."

Listed below are the varied ways we have spelled that four-letter word called jazz.



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BIX-MCMLIX	Dick Cathcart	W/WS 1275
CHARLESTON 1970	Robert Prince Tentette	W/WS 1276
FOLK SONGS FOR FAR OUT FOLK	Fred Katz Orch.	W/WS 1277
GILBERT AND SULLIVAN REVISITED	Jim Timmens All Stars	W/WS 1278
ROBERTA	Morris Nanton Trio	W/WS 1279
FOUR BUTTON DIXIE	Matty Mallock and the Paducah Patrol	W/WS 1280
JAZZ FESTIVAL—NEAR IN AND FAR OUT		W/WS 1281

**WARNER BROS. RECORDS**

BURBANK, CALIF.



ings (they're pretty shady) and has delineated the casual manner in which the public and public officials reacted to killings at the time. Storywise, the picture glosses over the true viciousness of Capone, his thugs and his procurers, the misery they brought, the terror they inspired. He's seen mainly through the eyes of gangster rivals, a woman (Fay Spain) whom he marries after rubbing out her husband, and an honest cop (James Gregory). Steiger brings an earnestness and a naïveté to the portrayal that take it way out of the stereotype, but when all's done you don't feel you know who Capone was, or why he happened.

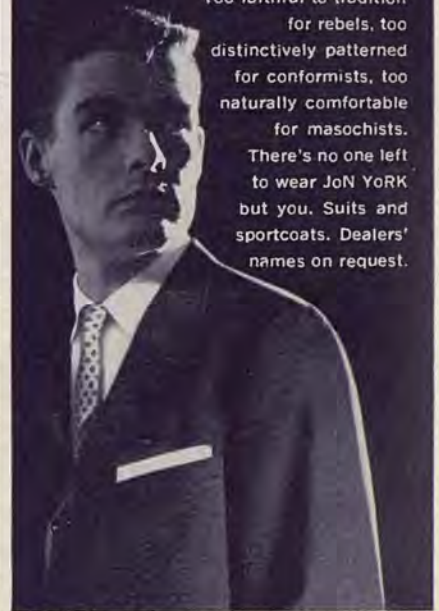
Poland's a mighty sad place to be, judging from the goings-on in *The Eighth Day of the Week*, the most powerful picture we've seen this year. It's from Marek Hlasko's angry novel, a Polish best-seller in 1957, when there was a loosening of Big Brotherhood. The picture, starkly shot under the direction of Alexander Ford and superbly acted, has been banned by Premier Gomulka for obvious reasons. The story is remarkably simple: young architect-student Peter (Zbigniew Cybulski) and his girl Agnieszka (Sonja Ziemann) are determined to sleep together. But it's a logistics problem. When they arrange to meet in his plaster-strewn room, war bomb damage causes the building to collapse almost over their heads. The housing shortage prevents Peter from getting a place, and they can't go to her room because her father, sick mother, drunk brother and a boarder live there. Everywhere they slosh in the endless rain they're spied on, hooted at, threatened. A friend with an apartment disappoints them. Then, while Peter's being quizzed by police on suspicion of burglary, Agnieszka has a tragic, drunken affair with a newspaperman. Most of this is pretty upsetting and about the only thing that saves the audience itself from despair is its belief in the quiet valor of Agnieszka, who sets her jaw and rolls with every punch—besides which, she's beautiful. Hlasko and Ford did the screenplay. You miss this one at your own risk.

Taken from *The Darling Buds of May*, by H. E. Bates, *The Mating Game* pits a ledger-brained, dedicated and prudish American income-tax agent (Tony Randall) against a pretty formidable combo: a Maryland farmer and junk man, Paul Douglas, who never has any money, and his bubbly, well-stacked daughter, Debbie Reynolds. Douglas' casualness about income-tax payments (he's never made any) has been brought to the attention of the Internal Revenue Department by that slimy specimen, the income-tax informer, and Randall drops by to squeeze money out of him. Randall is confused



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by Douglas' bookkeeping (it's all mental), terrified by a friendly goat, gets necked by Debbie, does a very amusing drunk scene and is finally corrupted by the others and changes sides. His irascible boss (Fred Clark), a good man with a thumbscrew, hurries down but also finds he's dealing with geniuses. Thus remissness triumphs. Under George Marshall's cheery direction, Debbie frolics in the hay and belabors swine with great good nature, the animals perform their parts sullenly but well, and Randall is properly obnoxious. The humor's generally predictable, but if you're game for a mildly gamy gambit, you'll have a ball with *Game*.

### DINING-DRINKING

Across the street from Chicago's Pump Room, in a location hitherto noted for a series of ill-starred occupants, now flourishes the new French restaurant, *Maison Lafite* (1255 N. State Pkwy.). Freshly redecorated, the Lafite offers an outsize menu full of Gallic dishes at rational prices. We cleaned up an entree of Tournedos de Boeuf à la Française sautéed in a wine-and-garlic sauce, accompanied by wild rice; annihilated a Château Lafite Pauillac '26 (expressly selected and imported for them, they say, by vinophile Alexis Lichine); and, in a mood for fireworks, allowed myself to be dazzled by a display of crêpes suzette, which tasted good too. A pianist, sensibly ensconced outside the dining room, unobtrusively furnishes a background of Chopin and other Romantics (jazz would jar in that setting). The maître de, Jerry Engel, presides over all with a steady eye and a firm hand, while his assistant, urbane Maurice Merlin, makes like a bespectacled synthesis of Chevalier and Claude Dauphin — igniting a spectacular suzette between exclamations of *Eh voilà!*, flattering the gentlemen, charming the ladies, and generally providing evidence that blarney is not purveyed exclusively by sons of the auld sod. There's a bar to wait at but a better idea is to make reservations. Open 5 P.M. till midnight every day except Monday.

East Side Manhattan knight life is incomplete without a periodic joust at the *Roundtable* (151 E. 50th St.). Fortunately, the Arthurian aura isn't carried to manic proportions: keeper-of-the-bistro Morris Levy is less interested in re-creating the *moyen âge* than he is in recreating 20th Century clients with succulent servings of southern fried dixieland, alternating with modern jazz. Paying guests will be treated, not to Horace Heidt's Musical Knights, but to the ilk of Turk Murphy, the Dukes of

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In Philadelphia, a short while back, Tony Bennett, one of the world's most distinctive singers, and Count Basie, one of the towering giants of jazz and swing, got to making music together. During a big football weekend they threw a singing, swinging ball that left the local citizenry crying for more. Here are the hi-fi minutes of the historic meeting. **IN PERSON!**—Tony Bennett with Count Basie and His Orchestra. **CL 1294**

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Dixieland, George Shearing's quintet, Barbara Carroll's trio, Woody Herman's sextet and Erroll Garner's trio. The decor is expansive but warm, with an unobtrusive sprinkling of quarterstaves, shields and similar Camelot whatnots. Offside is an *intime* cocktail lounge where thirsty lizards may observe the handstand events via closed-circuit TV. One flight up is a kind of open-secret grotto, paradoxically dubbed a "private celebrity nook," seating 100. Expert kitchen varlets lay a goodly board of steaks, chops, seafood, barbecued ribs and chicken, up to \$5.95 à la carte. Open seven nights from cocktail time, with no cover or amusement tax. Cocktail and dinner music prevails till the headliners take over at 9:30.

## THEATRE

**Redhead**, the happy-go-lustiest musical in town, is a valentine, lovingly inscribed in song and dance, to a red-headed refreshment named Gwen Verdon, currently the first lady of Broadway musical comedy. She is equally adept at both prat-falls and pathos. She can sing, she can act, she can dance. It is only fair to say that there is an element of whodunit in the whacky plot, but there is no mystery about what happens to our heroine when she gets herself a job in a music hall and starts dancing. Given a dozen changes of costume in Ter-Aruntian's Hogarthian sets, Gwen dances everything from *Swan Lake* to *Yankee Doodle Dandy*. Richard Kiley does fine as a hero and the Dorothy Fields-Albert Hague score gives Kiley a chance to discover that Verdon's "posterior is so superior." Director-choreographer Bob Fosse awards the redhead the best of everything and, because incredibly and indefatigably she is on stage almost all the livelong time, you won't mind the divagations in the plot. For posterity, let us say that Miss Verdon's superiority is not limited to her posteriority. At the 46th Street Theatre, 226 West 46th, NYC.

If the prospect of a folksy family play centering on Negro housing problems and done up in old-fashioned, unexperimental three-act form without flashbacks, monologs, blank verse or other frills strikes you as a yawny evening of theatre, you'll be glad to learn that Lorraine Hansberry's *A Raisin in the Sun* (which answers the above description) is a smashing show that kept us immovably nuchilaged to our seats. Sidney Poitier (PLAYBOY, *On the Scene*, April '59) plays ambitious familyman Walter Lee Younger who passes his days crammed into a small, shabby Chicago South Side flat with his wife, son, sister and matriarchal monolith of a mother. Mom—played

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with deep dignity and high humor by nightclub trouper Claudia McNeil — has \$10,000 in insurance money coming to her. Poitier wants a chunk of it to help him start a small business of his own and save him from the humiliation of his yessiring chauffeur job; sis needs another wedge to put her through medical school; mom and wife have their eyes on a house which will mean elbow room and soul room for them all. But 10 grand will only go so far these days, and from this arises the play's chief conflict. The whole cast ranges from superb to eminently adequate, with Poitier providing a free, fresh performance highlighted by flashes of angry fire and heroic despair. The cannily written script is cannily directed by Lloyd Richards, with all the humorous and sentimental landmines exploding in all the right places, just when you want them most. Ralph Alswang's set is a good and practical one in the cutaway mode. At the Ethel Barrymore, 243 West 47th, NYC.

### RECORDINGS

It's puzzle time, kiddies. *The Australian Jazz Quintet in Free Style* (Bethlehem 6029) might seem to be the old A. J. Quartet augmented by one, but announces in its liner notes that it presents, in fact, the Quintet plus a sixth man, drummer Osie Johnson, yet lists seven men under the heading "Personnel." Best you forget the arithmetic, though, and listen: this is modern, mood jazz, unhard and unfancy, with just enough swing and just enough improvisation to make it pleasing to sophisticated ears. Second side features a 10-minute job called *Take Three Parts Jazz*, an ambitious original which is the fine, unpretentious showpiece of the set.

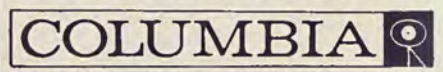
*Love Is a Season* (ABC-Paramount 273) is Eydie Gormé's sixth big biscuit, and on it the buoyant-voiced Miss Gormé delivers a delicious reading of the Bart Howard title tune, as well as that gentleman's *On the First Warm Day*, to say nothing of 10 other seasonal delights by a grab-bag of scribes. *London by Night* (Liberty 3105) is a tour of Julie, not the town on the Thames, and the erstwhile whispering wonder actually *sings* on this disc, with a minimum of breathy catches. Most of the tunes (*Nobody's Heart*, *Mad About the Boy*, etc.) dwell on unrequited love. Johnny Mathis' *Open Fire, Two Guitars* (Columbia CL 1270) is simply not up to his earlier efforts; most of the numbers are taken at a draggy tempo and Johnny has trouble sustaining his high-register tones to the accompaniment of two guitars and a bass. *Annie Ross Sings a Song with Mulligan* (World Pacific 1253) is a misnomer; Annie really belts out 10 ditties with Gerry's quartet wailing in

## D-DAY



It's a long-established fact that Doris Day has mighty few peers when it comes to making a popular song sound even better than it has any right to. Miss Day is so good at this sort of thing that the nation's disc jockeys once again have voted her top gal in the pop singing business. If her latest album is any indication, her re-election next year is assured. **CUTTIN' CAPERS**—Doris Day with orchestra under the direction of Frank DeVol  
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the background, and the sounds come out near-to-perfect. Case you don't remember, Annie is one-third of the Lambert-Hendricks-Ross group (*PLAYBOY*, *On the Scene*, April 1959), herein establishes herself as a great thrush in her own right. The Mulligan group continues to blow some of the most intelligent and tasteful contemporary jazz we've heard.

Modern Italian composer Ottorino Respighi (he died in 1936) was a musical schizo, torn between the Classical and Romantic schools. Both seem to have merged harmoniously in the three sets of *Antiche Arie e Danze* (Angel 45028), the third of which has been etched by The Virtuosi di Roma with a wealth of Romantic warmth and a respectable helping of Classic dignity. In these settings of remote lute pieces by Ignoto, Roncalli and Besard, Respighi is most effectively displayed as a star pupil of his orchestration teacher, Rimsky-Korsakov. In addition to the Respighi work, old-timers Albinoni and Bassani receive similar Simoniz from, respectively, youngsters Giazotto and Malipiero, and that star old-timer of them all, Vivaldi, sturdily stands unaided by Giovanni-come-late-lies. Renato Fasano conducts.

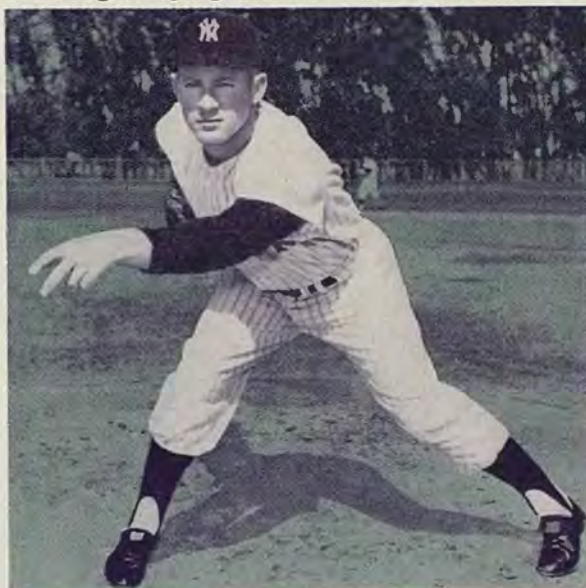
*Sonny Side Up* (Verve 8262) should be a collector's item: the Sonny Stitt and Rollins are here teamed with Diz, backed by Charlie Persip on drums and the brothers Bryant (Tom on bass, Ray on 88s). We say *should* be a collector's item, but it may not. Reason: screaming virtuosity with fast-tempo and febrile tootling mar two of the four tunes (*The Eternal Triangle*, *I Know That You Know*). Happy contrast to these are *On the Sunny Side of the Street*, which gets a very basic swinging treatment and has a cute vocal by Diz, and *After Hours*, handled à la rhythm and blues plus the classic Parrish piano treatment.

*The Sick Humor of Lenny Bruce* (Fantasy 7003) is grisly, biting and oftentimes hilarious fare. Subjects for his macabre merriment include Ike, Sherm and Nick, Religions, Inc., and the guy who blew up an airplane, killing his mother and 40-odd others. Funniest bit on the platter is one in which two German showbiz agents, circa 1930, are auditioning people for the role of dictator. None of the schnooks sent over by Central Casting will do, and the agents are in despair until one of them discovers the hidden talents of the somber citizen painting their walls. Lenny, whose talents we have previously examined in detail (*PLAYBOY*, *Rebel with a Caustic Cause*, February 1959), is an adept deliverer of dialect, ranging from the Teutonic to the sub-Mason-Dixonian. Give a listen; you have nothing to lose but your mind.



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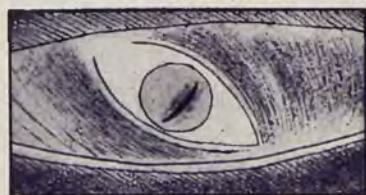
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**W**E WILL MAKE THE ACQUAINTANCE OF FIVE PERSONS during this tale, all of them sailing in a palace; and we will start with two of the most sinister organisms afloat.

Mr. A. Margolies and Mr. John Rippler are two suave, well-polished gentlemen, first-class passengers on an Atlantic liner. So far as anyone knows, Mr. A. Margolies does not possess a first name; even his passport says A. (Only) Margolies. Nevertheless, he exists: short, chubby, bespectacled, rather more jovial than necessary for most of the social situations that he encounters: the small-American-executive type, not at all like the stereotype of the professional cardsharp. Yet that is what he is. The impression he creates is much to his advantage.

John L. Rippler does not enjoy this advantage. He is slight and swarthy, with keen darting eyes and a hair-line mustache and a nervous way about him: in his appearance the very image of the international crook. Because of his name, his line of business, and his methods, he has long had to put up with the tag of Jack the Ripper among his colleagues. He would appear to be a good person for any other practitioner in the field to stay away from. However, for many years he and Margolies have enjoyed a close and profitable friendship.

Tonight they have met in the first-class bar on the eve of sailing, while the vessel is only an hour out of Southampton. They are not surprised to find each other there; indeed, they would have been much alarmed had it not been so. For they are embarking on a new venture this time, and its success depends on the closest coordination of plans.

"I trust you had a pleasant and rewarding summer," Jack the Ripper says.

"I did," Margolies replies. "I visited Paris, Zurich, Palermo, Aden, and finally Cairo. There were difficulties, but not insurmountable ones. The tour was successful."

"You got the stuff?"

"I got it." Margolies lets out with one of his big loose laughs, purely from habit. "In Cairo it came through." He leans closer. "One kilogram of pure heroin, and I have it down in my cabin now. Right through Egyptian and British customs without the slightest malfunction."

Jack the Ripper conceals his excitement. "What shape is it in?" he asks.

Margolies cannot help himself: he bellows with laughter; his eyes twinkle with the guileless good nature that has been the undoing of so many unwary card players in search of a friendly game. "Let's go take a look at it," he says.

Together they make their way to Margolies' stateroom, where he opens one of his suitcases. There, lying right on top, is a large leather vanity case full of toilet necessities for milady: row upon row of jars and boxes and implements and tubes, all done up elegantly in cellophane and bows.

"A clever fellow in Cairo put this together for me," he says, "and even tinted some of the drug pink. You see, it utterly disarms suspicion by being so very obvious. Some of it is window dressing, of course; it is those boxes of bath powder, talcum powder, face powder, and that tooth powder next to the toothbrush that are of interest; also, under the surface grease, the jars of cleanser and cold cream. It would take a callous and suspicious customs inspec-

*an ocean voyage can make for strange bet fellows*

## **DEALERS WILD**

*fiction* **By T. K. BROWN III**



tor indeed to profane their flawless beauty."

"And it would take a complete moron," Rippler says, "to pay you \$20,000 for this box before he checked." Whereupon he takes up the container of tooth powder and carefully peels back the cellophane from the top; carefully he opens it and tilts it against his wetted finger, which he places on his tongue. His face, severe and cruel, does not yet relax. On a piece of paper he pours out the entire contents of the container, and again he conducts the taste test. Only then does his expression convey satisfaction.

"Good boy, A. Only," he says, as he pours the powder back. "This is pure snow. I hope you will pardon my little precaution, but I had to assure myself that you had not been bilked by some wily Arab."

"Perfectly understandable," Margolies says. "I believe my part of the contract has now been fulfilled. If you would be so good —"

Rippler pulls out his shirttails and exposes a money belt, from which he counts out 40 five-hundred-dollar bills. He is glad to do so, knowing that he is buying something worth \$100,000 in New York. Margolies pockets the money. "Now," he says, "after you have taken that case to your room, let us return to the bar and mingle with the passengers, to size up the prospects for a nice quiet game of poker."

"Well, about that," Rippler says. "With this big pile of snow still on hand, are we so smart to risk maybe getting into trouble over the cards?"

"My friend," Margolies says, "look at it this way. We are known for what we are on every boat making the Atlantic run. The ships' officers warn the players every time, and almost every time the marks ignore the warning. Now, what would the officers suspect if suddenly we were pure as driven snow — ho ho, pun, get it?" And he lets loose another tiresome avalanche of chuckles.

"I get it," Rippler says sourly. "You're right. We'll carry on business as usual."

The two men have perfected a method to this end. After the initial sizing up, and during the evening of the second day out, when the *bon-voyage* hangovers have been dispelled by time, medication and the curative virtues of salt sea breezes, Margolies performs some card tricks in the lounge. Rippler is his audience, and is astonished no end. Soon a group has gathered; soon the prospects are being asked to take a card, any card. Cries of admiration and perplexity follow each trick. Margolies is asked how in the world he did that one; with jovial laughter he shows them. None of his tricks involve any sleight of hand.

"Well now," he says at last, "who'll

join me in a few rounds of poker? There's nothing I love more than a friendly game of dealer's choice. You, sir? You look like a real river-boat gambler, ho ho."

"Well, I wouldn't mind a little game," Jack the Ripper answers, "if it's not too steep."

And within 10 minutes the two sharpies are seated at a table with five suckers, two of whom have been sized up as promising victims for the big kill on the final night. This first game is a very mild affair: quarter ante, two-dollar limit. Even so, three of the suckers manage to lose over a hundred dollars apiece. Margolies and Rippler break about even, and the two real prospects win all the money. They are, of course, much pleased, and make a date for a game the next evening. Civilities are exchanged and the players go their separate ways. The three losers actually do go their separate ways. Margolies and Rippler appear to part, but rejoin out of sight in the corridor.

"I think we got them hooked, those two," Jack the Ripper says. "They must have a couple of million between them and they play cards like they were thinking of something else. This might turn out to be a very good thing."

"I believe it will," Margolies says.

The two in question have not parted. They go to the bar for a nightcap. (They are, as you may have guessed by now, two more of the five persons adverted to in the lead sentence.) One of them is Jeff Hartley, Jr., a young man of 24, heir to the Hartley ball-bearing fortune and, not unnaturally, a rising executive in the firm, Vice President in Charge of Foreign Sales. Hence his presence on the boat. A week before, he was revisiting the hamlets and lanes of Normandy that he had first seen from above on D-Day-plus-1, floating down under an umbrella of nylon. He is a prepossessing fellow in a blond, energetic sort of way. He fancies himself a pretty good poker player.

The other is Artemus Charles Thorne, a man who has led a varied and offbeat life: white hunter in Kenya, gun runner, explorer, consulting engineer for hydroelectric projects in India and Alaska, and finally an oil prospector in Venezuela, where he made his bundle. Now he is a gentleman of leisure: tall, almost gaunt, impeccably dressed, he looks very distinguished in his sweeping white mustache, pince-nez and kilt. Yes, Mr. Thorne wears a kilt, and at the bar he explains why, with a faint burr.

"'Tis a damned comfortable garment, Mr. Hartley," he says, "particularly in hot weather. Now that I am not obliged to consider what opinions powerful fools may form of me, I find it convenient to wear it."

Jeff chuckles, and Thorne inquires sharply the reason for his mirth.

"No offense, sir," Jeff says. "I was just thinking what the effect might have been if we had been so dressed when we were parachuted into France. The war might have taken a different course."

Thorne laughs long. While he is at it, Jeff Hartley, Jr., sees coming toward them a girl who is altogether too good to be true: tall, innately graceful in her movements; clear brow, fine skin, bulges at the right places, joints at elbow and knee. (She is, of course, No. 5.) Jeff makes immediate plans to break away from old Mr. Thorne.

"Oh, Mr. Hartley," Thorne says, "I'd like you to meet my daughter Miranda, child of my old age, after I became Prospero-us."

Jeff Hartley changes his plans at once.

"How do you do, Mr. Hartley," she says. "I hope you will pardon my father's unspeakable sense of humor. I cannot, being stuck with the name of Miranda. So," she continues, turning to her father, "you have been playing poker all evening. I presume you won?"

"Mr. Hartley and I both had the good fortune to win," says Thorne. "Furthermore, I believe we shall win even more tomorrow."

"Oh, it's to be one of those trips, is it?" she says. "Poker every night. Mr. Hartley —"

"Call me Jeff," he says. "Almost everybody does."

"I am not almost everybody," Miranda replies. "I may call you Jeff or I may not, depending on how things work out. So far you are still Mr. Hartley."

"As you can see," Thorne interjects, "Miranda is a girl of pronounced principle."

"I see," Jeff says. Privately he is pleased to note that her statement holds the door open for something to work out.

The next morning he seeks her, and finds her at last in a deck chair, next to an empty one. It is not his, but no matter: he eases himself into it.

"Good morning, Miss Thorne," he says.

"Good morning, Jeff," she replies.

"That didn't take as long as I thought it would," he says. "How did I make the grade so fast?"

Miranda bats her big eyes at him. "Well, last night Daddy told me how rich you are, and what a lousy poker player, and since I like rich men who are not gamblers I thought it would be a good idea to be nice to you. You see?"

Jeff is taken aback. This girl is obviously no ordinary dreamboat. There are many questions he wants to ask. "Miranda, didn't your father say you

(continued overleaf)





*"I finally found an apartment, Mom — right on Fifth Avenue!"*



## DEALERS WILD *(continued from page 22)*

were a girl of high principle?"

"Oh, I am," she answers.

"Then what caused you to refer so promptly to my wealth?"

"One of my foremost principles," she says sweetly, "is not to answer questions of that sort."

"Well, what's this stuff about how I'm a lousy poker player? I thought I did pretty good."

"You are horrible," she says, "and I could love you for it. I have had enough of wild plunges and uncertainty in my life, with Daddy dashing in and out of impossible ventures. He says you are simply not the gambling type, and that is good, and I decided I might just try you on for size."

"Miranda," he says hopefully, "will you be my girl?"

"Cool down, buster," she answers. "You have barely made it to first base. It's a long way around to home plate."

The game that evening is a cozy game, just the four of them. The three others have learned their lesson and withdrawn. Margolies makes a point of this.

"Well, it looks like the ribbon clerks found the diet too rich for their blood," he says, with a few whoops of glee. "No reason why we men shouldn't make the game a little more interesting. What do you say to a 10-dollar limit?"

"Sounds OK to me," says Jack the Ripper. "How about you fellows?"

"Not too rich for my blood," Jeff says. He is pretty mad at old Thorne for depreciating his playing, and tonight he is going to show him.

"Let's go," Thorne says.

So the game begins. It is really extraordinary what bad luck Margolies and Rippler have. Margolies will have three of a kind: Thorne will draw the fifth card to a straight or flush. Rippler will have a flush: Jeff gets a full on the last card. The losers make many lugubrious but good-natured comments on the way things are going. At midnight, when the game breaks up, they are out a matter of nearly \$800 apiece, and Jeff has the greater part of it.

"I guess you fellows are too good for me," Margolies says, laughing long. "Still, I'm not one to give up. Maybe my luck'll change tomorrow. How about another try tomorrow?"

"Suits me," says Jeff, full of oats.

"I have nothing better to do," says Thorne.

"Those guys are chumps," Jeff says, when he and Thorne are alone. "And what's this business about my poor poker? Who has the twelve hundred bucks in his pocket?"

"Oh, Miranda squealed, did she?" Thorne remarks.

"She did. So why do you say things like that? It was obvious all evening that I was on top of the game."

"My boy," Thorne says, "before this trip is over I shall have some advice to give you, and I beg you to heed it."

"What advice? Let's have it."

"Later," Thorne says. "If I give it to you now, it will have an adverse effect on your game, which is now perfect in its mediocrity."

"There you go again," Jeff says. "Are you trying to brainwash me into something your daughter will accept as suitable prey—the affluent non-gambler?"

"Ah," Thorne says, "I see that she has laid her soul bare. You are making good time, my boy. Yes, she is against gambling. But do not be deluded by what she has to say about money. She has plenty of that. What she is really looking for is a friend."

Jeff takes up this question with Miranda the next day. He finds her leaning on the taffrail, watching the garbage in the vessel's wake. "Your daddy says you aren't so interested in money as you pretend to be. What you really want is a pal."

"A rich pal," Miranda amends.

"Miranda," he says, really a bit shocked, "is money all that important?"

"Yes," she replies. "Of course, it isn't everything. It's just almost everything. It makes the nice things of life accessible. Now you—have you ever regretted you were born with silver forceps in your mouth?"

"Well, no," he says. "Not sincerely."

"So stop worrying about me. I'm just a good normal healthy kid. And of course my interest in you is not based—"

"Oh, you have an interest in me?"

"—is not based solely on pelf. I like your broad shoulders and that look of intelligent bewilderment you go around with and—oh, lots of things."

"Miranda," he says, "I think we are going to become good pals."

"Of course," she adds, "there is nothing personal in all this."

Jeff is in despair. "Nothing personal? I thought we were getting spectacularly personal."

"Oh no," she says. "What I like is not you so much as your correspondence with a sort of image that I have in my mind. You sort of fit the template. So it really has little to do with you as a person. You understand what I mean?"

"I understand that you are a very mixed-up character," he says strongly.

"Template, shmemplate. What you have to ask yourself is, do I like this guy a lot, or a little, or not at all. Never mind this image business. Relations with people are with people, not with images."

Whereupon he takes his leave. But that afternoon they meet again and spend all the rest of the day playing shuffleboard, swimming, and talking about all sorts of things.

That evening, for a change, it is Rippler who proposes raising the stakes: he is losing a lot, he wants a chance to get even. Why not make it table stakes, pot limit, dealer's choice. There is no demur, and everyone puts a hundred dollars on the table. But alas, poor Jack is in for a bad time right from the start. In the very first pot, which he deals and which is five-card stud, Thorne gets kings back-to-back, and Jack spends his whole hundred dollars to find out that his queens are not good enough. By the end of the evening Thorne has won the gratifying total of \$2200, and Jeff \$1800. Margolies and Rippler are appropriately miserable; they beg for a chance at a comeback tomorrow, the last night before the boat reaches New York. Jeff is hoping to make a big play for Miranda at the farewell dance and tries to back out, but Thorne puts in a strong plea for giving the losers a break, and Jeff reluctantly agrees. There will be a final game on the last night out.

After they have left the game, Jack turns to Margolies with the look of a razor about to slit a throat. "We've made our investment," he says. "Tomorrow we gather in our capital gains."

"Let's put them a couple of hundred in the hole," Margolies says, "to give them the old loser's itch to get even. Then let's throw the killer at them and get it over with early."

"Right," says Jack. When he is in his stateroom, and more for the fun of it than anything else, he gives himself a workout. Twelve times he cuts the cards: 12 times there are exactly 18 cards in the part he has cut off. He is pleased.

While this is going on, Thorne, Miranda and Jeff have collected in the lounge. The steward brings their respective drinks. Thorne adjusts his sporrán and addresses Jeff. "Well, young man, I imagine you are happy for this night's work."

"I thought I did all right," Jeff says cautiously. He figures the old boy is leading up to something, and he is right.

"Well, my boy," Thorne says, "it will perhaps come as a surprise to you to learn that you have been winning all this money with the active assistance of the two sea serpents in the game."

Jeff looks blank. "Sea serpents?" he asks.

"Pearl divers. Deep-sea fishermen," Thorne says impatiently.

Jeff still manifests incomprehension.

"Oh Daddy!" Miranda says. "He really is square about gambling, isn't he? Isn't that wonderful?" She turns to Jeff,

*(continued on page 28)*





## UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS

IN A CITY SATURATED with theatrical activity, professional and amateur, on Broadway and off, a New York entrepreneur named Julius Monk has produced four consecutive revues, each more successful than the last. He's done this with a minimum of scenery, costume, or other theatrical apparatus, at an unprepossessing little supper club he calls the Upstairs at the Downstairs (there's also a Downstairs at the Upstairs, which features a singer and pianist). Yet, despite these evident drawbacks, the revues have been different enough, and popular enough, to constitute a minor local phenomenon; virtually every night, a

happy doorman at the entrance on West 56th Street hangs out a sign reading, "This Performance Sold Out."

What's the big attraction? Monk himself explains it by a theory he calls "integrated" cabaret. "It occurred to me that, in a fast-paced revue, with plenty of acts and variety, by the sheer law of averages there were bound to be enough show-stoppers to make up for slow spots." On the face of it, this exposition would seem to be something less than startling, with little to distinguish it from the modus operandi of the Ed Sullivan Show and other *tours de farce* of a like nature; (continued on page 78)

entertainment By LARRY SIEGEL

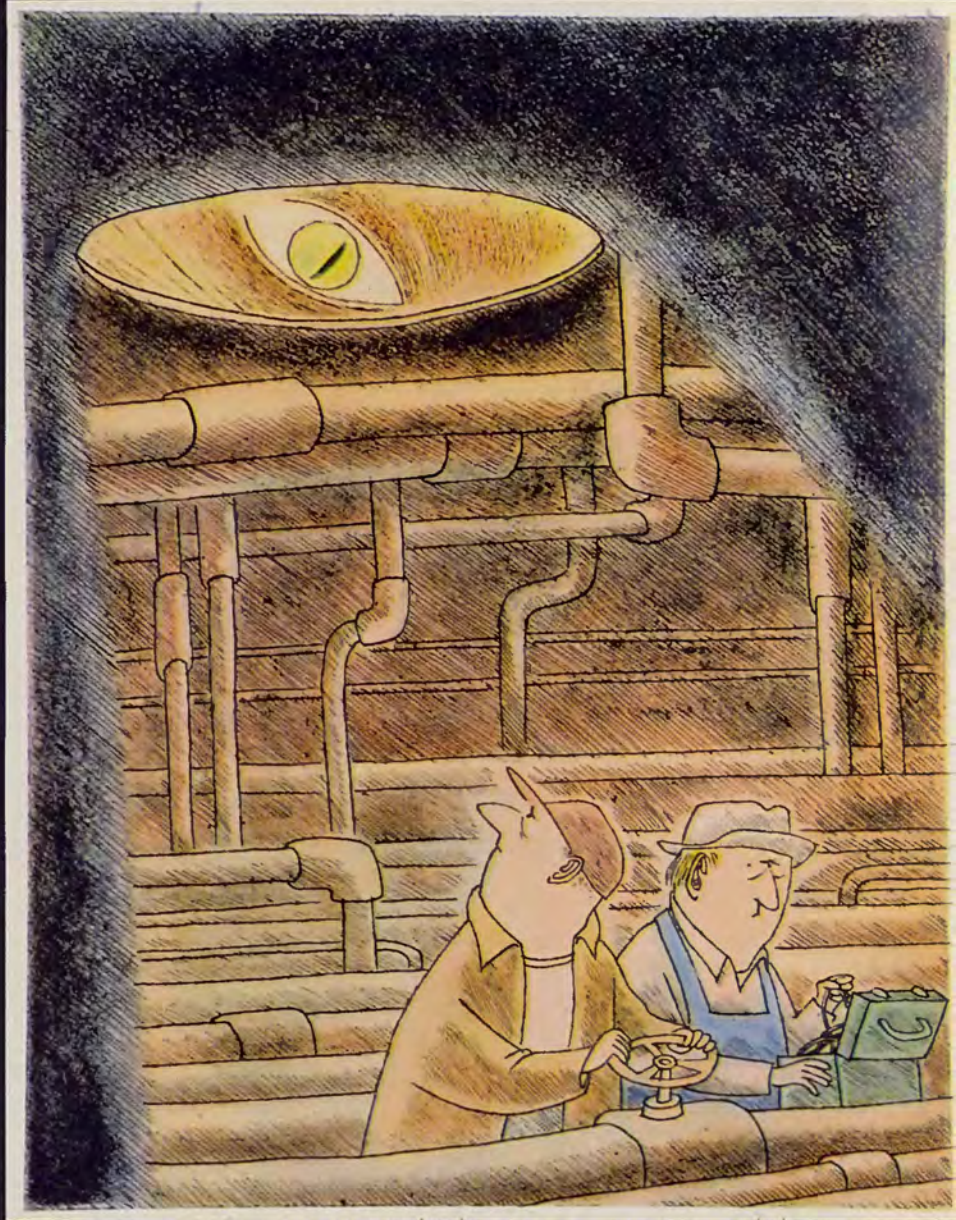
*a man named monk  
makes nightclub satire  
an escalator to success*



# THE WEIRD WORLD OF Gahan Wilson



**"I must confess I've never seen  
such an unfortunate side  
reaction to penicillin."**



**"Meow . . ."**



*five new frankensteins  
from the master  
of the mirthful macabre*



**"This might go a long way toward explaining  
how they built the pyramids!"**



**"I think I may have stumbled on  
something, Walpole."**



**"This will revolutionize the industry!"**





## DEALERS WILD (continued from page 24)

gently, protectively. "Those are terms used to describe professional swindlers who operate on ocean liners."

Jeff is astounded. "You?" he cries to Thorne. "Who's the other one?"

"Not me, you idiot," Thorne says. "Rippler and Margolies. They've been softening us up for the kill, which is to take place tomorrow."

"Well, that's fine," Jeff says, recovering swiftly from the wound to his *amour-propre*. "We just won't play tomorrow."

"Yes, we will," Thorne declares. "These malefactors must be scathed, and I have a scheme whereby we can have them hoist with their own petard, so to speak. I will now explain to you what will happen, and our course of action."

And he does so. It would be foolish to divulge this information now, when we can do so later in terms of tense, gripping action. So we will skip to the following day, around nine p.m., when the players are collected for the game.

"Listen, fellows," Margolies says, "I'm in the hole pretty bad. This is our last chance to get even, so what do you say to a no-limit game this last time?"

"No limit?" says Jack the Ripper. "Gee, I'm losing too, but that could get to be a pretty tough game."

"Oh, I don't think we'd be likely to let it get out of hand," Margolies says. "Just a game where a fellow has a chance to get even."

"'Tis not a bad idea," Thorne says. "But gentlemen, if there should happen to be some heavy action, I think we'd all want some assurance that the losses would be paid."

"As for me," Margolies says promptly, "I am prepared to play for cash." And he pulls out Jack's \$20,000 wad.

"I happen to have these traveler's checks," Jack the Ripper says, producing a tremendous stack. "I hope we don't get into a situation where I have to use them."

"I'm afraid it's no go," Jeff says. "I haven't got more than a couple of thousand in fluid assets."

"Mr. Hartley—and you too, Mr. Thorne," Margolies says, with great sincerity, "I think I am speaking for Mr. Ripper too when I say that your personal checks will be perfectly acceptable."

So far everything has gone exactly as Thorne predicted. "Well, in that case," Jeff says, "I guess I don't mind a no-limit game. Mr. Thorne, you?"

"Let us proceed," Thorne says. "A little excitement on the last night won't hurt us."

The men sit down to the table: reading clockwise, Rippler, Margolies, Thorne, Hartley. Jeff shuffles and deals out cards face up, first jack to deal. It falls to himself.

"A little game of seven-card stud," he says. No excitement develops as three tens beat kings up, and Rippler pulls in a pot of hardly two hundred dollars. The next hand, five-card stud, is even less interesting: Margolies wins on an ace-queen. In fact, there is no reason to detail the early stages of this game; the big action comes about two hours later, after both Jeff and Thorne, in slow dribbles, have lost about a thousand apiece. Rippler has just dealt seven-card and Jeff has won back almost half his losses with a full house against Rippler's flush. Margolies gathers the cards in, with much good-natured banter. He shuffles.

"Well, fellows," he says, "that was a little excitement. Maybe this game is about to come to life. Where's that steward, anyway? My glass has been empty for half an hour. Steward! Steward!"

Jeff and Thorne turn to see where he is. In this instant Margolies removes the shuffled deck from the table and picks up the cold deck that Rippler has placed on his knee.

"Oh, he'll be back," Margolies says. "Cut, please."

Jack the Ripper lifts exactly 18 cards from the top of the deck. Margolies puts the deck back together and deals. "Let's see what this will bring. Ante 50 for straight draw, jacks to open."

It brings, needless to say, plenty. Thorne finds himself with three kings. Jeff holds four cards to a straight flush, six to nine of hearts. So does Rippler: the eight, nine, ten, jack of clubs. Margolies has nothing.

It is for Thorne to bet, and he comes out with a hundred. Jeff raises a hundred. Rippler says, "Man, this hand calls for a substantial raise," and puts in \$700. Margolies folds. Thorne knows that the moment has come; he kicks Jeff in the ankle; then he raises the pot a thousand. Jeff ponders a moment and raises another thousand.

"Well," Margolies exclaims, laughing long, "here we are, getting some action, and it's just my luck to be out of it."

The pot now contains \$5300. Rippler is afraid things may be moving a bit too fast, and merely calls the raises. Thorne pretends to consider what to do. "Tell me again," he says. "Is it correct that the card with one pip is worth more than the card with two pips?" This calls forth shrieks of overwrought laughter. He thereupon raises a thousand.

"Well," says Jeff, "I think the time has come to separate the grocers from the men of lofty vision. I'll call that thousand and raise five."

Jack the Ripper takes a long look at him while he is writing the check. He knows what Jeff holds and he is think-

ing that nobody is crazy enough to bet that sort of money on the come, not even for a straight flush. Moreover, the main action is supposed to take place after the draw, not before. He begins to suspect that all is not as it should be. Again he merely calls. Thorne, feeling that things have gone far enough, calls also.

The pot now contains \$26,300. The next four cards in the deck are, in order, the fourth king, the five of hearts, the 10 of hearts and the queen of clubs. Whether Thorne draws one card (being cagey) or two, Jeff will fill his hand. If Thorne does draw one, and Jeff draws one (as he must), Rippler would stand to get the 10 of hearts—a card of no use to him—were it not that Margolies is a master at dealing the second card from the top. So nothing can go wrong.

But something does go wrong.

"How many?" Margolies says.

"Two," Thorne says. He gets them.

Margolies looks inquiringly at Jeff. "Just a minute," Jeff says. "Let me give that deck a cut, just for luck."

Margolies blanches. "A cut?" he whispers.

"Why not?" Jeff says. "A player can cut the deck any time he wants to—you know that. And boy, I sure need some luck."

Margolies is helpless. He does not, however, show any sign of distress. He lays the pack on the table, knowing that Rippler will in his turn call for a cut and restore the original order. But Thorne has warned Jeff of this possibility, and Jeff swiftly extracts the center section of the talon, places it on top, and cuts again in the ordinary fashion. Not even Rippler can reconstruct that one.

"Now, give me a card," Jeff says. "And make it right." He is not surprised that it is not right.

Jack the Ripper is already making plans for revenge; but right now, without a word, he discards one card. There is still one chance in 28 that he will catch the other end of his straight flush, the seven of clubs.

Thorne knows that he has nothing to gain by betting out: he checks. Jeff looks ruefully at his hand and checks also. Rippler, still without a word, bets \$10,000. He is bluffing, but it is his last chance to salvage the pot. Thorne is confronted by the possibility that Rippler may have hit, or that something may have gone amiss, or that Jeff may have held three of a kind too, while Rippler held a pat four aces from the start. It is only after some thought that he writes out the check.

Jeff folds, of course. Rippler simply tosses in his hand.

"I was lucky," Thorne says. "I made four kings." He rakes in the pot. "Upon

(continued on page 74)



*the secret of success is a tantalizing plumpness*

*food* By **THOMAS MARIO**

EVEN THOUGH he doesn't go around singing *O Sole Mio* all day long, a Neapolitan is usually an amiable person. His capacity for enduring irritation is high, but when he finally reaches the point of rage, he is liable to clench his fists and shout *Ti faccio la testa come una pizza!* (I'll flatten your head like a pizza!) Now the question this raises is: which particular pizza does the angry Neapolitan

have in mind? It certainly isn't the great tender *pizza rustica* with its top and bottom crust filled with cheese and egg; nor is it the delicate *calzone*, folded like a pocketbook and fried in oil; nor is it the plump kind of pizza served in d'Angelo's restaurant in Naples, lush with mussels, onions or black olives. Nor could it be the kind which Italians prepare for the special hour when the church bells are

untied right before the Easter celebration, good enough to eat cold as well as hot, or the rich mushroom pizza which Caruso loved — these still represent the genuine poetry of the Italian *cucina*. One can only assume that the angry Neapolitan is referring to a flat and unsuccessful pizza which he will go to especial pains to make and show you, solely for  
*(continued on page 70)*

# VIVA PIZZA!







ALGIS KURAUŠKAS





*pertinent pointers  
for a bon voyage*

By PATRICK CHASE

THERE IS AN INNER CIRCLE reserved for those talented few who perform the art of travel with special ease and grace. To be sapient, to belong, to know your way around wherever you may go, is indeed an art worth cultivating — and the process of cultivation is full of fun in itself. We propose to tell you here not all ye need to know, but a goodly portion of the unwritten rules for eliminating that needless cry: Why Didn't Somebody Tell Me?

First of all, you have to know what you want from your trip. And that means checking with someone before you get very far in your planning. Try the guidebooks. They run the gamut, from *Baedeker* and the *Blue Guides*, minutely detailed on all the antiquities and natural wonders but woefully inadequate on restaurants, nightclubs, casinos and theatres, on through books that peddle atmosphere like Doré Ogrizck's *World in Color* series or the *Beaux Pays* series, which are more help than you might imagine in setting the background and suggesting possibilities for your enjoyment, on to the sharply useful general guides such as Fodor's splendid *Men's Guide to Europe*, Sydney Clark's *All the Best in Europe* and more narrowly specialized books like the *Guide Michelin*, Norman Ford's *Where to Eat, Shop and Stay in Western Europe*, Roland Palmedo's *Ski New Horizons* and Pastene's *Auto Guide to Europe*.

Then there are the literate and informative folders distributed by the various government travel offices. Their output of literature varies widely but will at least provide basic information on things to do and see, when and

**THE ART OF  
TRAVEL**



where to do and see them, and categorized hotel lists you can use to check those your travel agent recommends. And they'll rise on occasion to such heights of esoteric service—notably in the case of the French and British brochures—as to provide lists of ghost-haunted country homes around London and jazz clubs in France.

Use these sources to set up some personal aims before you go to see a travel agent. Then he takes over. He supplies know-how. He tells you when the Rapido leaves Venice for Milan and where to stay at Stresa and how long to spend in Brussels and when *Fasching* gets under way in Vienna. He lays a red carpet, in effect, to your destination and back. He has a Citroën waiting for you at the Paris airport, if you so desire, or he has it rolled up to your hotel door the next morning. He is wise in the ways of placing the oldsters in safe retreats where enjoyment and inaction are synonymous, and he also has the posh spot picked out for you where there's something doing every minute and cooperative companions thereabouts to do it with. He knows how to graph the rise and fall of seasonal excitement at each resort, and how to get you there at its peak. His job is to be something of a psychiatrist and mind reader in addition to his other duties—through his good offices, you will never find yourself at a strawberry festival when roulette is your wish.

Your travel agent, for example, calmly arranges for your deck chair and dining salon reservations far in advance, if you're going by boat. Thus, while less foresighted mortals are lining up for their assignments, on the very moment that the ship sails you are sharing a bottle of champagne in your cabin, having copped the choice spots long ago.

There are various points you will want to discuss with him at your leisure. Do you want to sail on one of the big liners, figuring that the odds are better there—with more people, and more doing—of finding a complacent companion; or are the fields greener on some of the smaller lines, like Holland-America, where the free-and-easy mingling in one-class accommodations might well raise the percentage of vacationing college girls, secretaries and models? It's worth some thought.

Also worth some thought is the question of whether you should set out on a tightly planned itinerary or just get to Europe and ad lib from there on out, taking side trips as your whim or your women dictate. The latter may sound more promising, but the arranged-in-advance plan is generally considered much the better way. The time you'll save by not having to make your reservations at each step in your point-to-point progress, not to mention the frustrations avoided, leaves you in far better shape

to reap your full measure of adventure.

To find the travel agent who's right for you, first ask your friends. Have they used an agent lately? Good or bad service? Did he cotton fast to their ideas or try to force his own? Second, check the agent's credentials. Is he a member of ASTA, the American Society of Travel Agents? What does the local bank have to say about him? ASTA membership isn't the ultimate criterion: there are some pretty poor agents in ASTA and some damn fine ones outside the association. But at least it's a clue: it proves the guy's been doing a fair volume of honest business for at least three years, and is recognized as a retail sales outlet by many airlines and ship lines. Third, walk into the agency and look at the folders he carries in racks; see whose tours he carries. If he handles only a very few companies, he may not be the guy you want; if he handles too many tours, be leery. Most important of all, see if he talks your language. After all, you may be staking a couple of thousand bucks and several weeks of your time on his judgment of what you'll enjoy. So it pays to be sure that you understand each other.

On behalf of the air and ship, rail and bus lines, the tour organizers and resort operators, the car-rental outfits and the sightseeing services, the agent can offer you these wares:

**Packages**—usually prepared for the agent by an airline or railroad in combination with a resort hotel—offer a stay at a resort with a variety of extras. By buying a number of services for a stipulated period, booked and paid in advance, you get a break in prices. They are normally quoted without the fare, which is extra. Typical of these are the Miami Beach packages: a week at a smart resort hotel, a rental car for your use while there, two meals a day, evening entertainment and some sightseeing, all for about \$165, plus fare.

When you are considering packages, and particularly package tours, it will often pay you to use a smaller agent rather than one who's just a local branch for big tour wholesalers, since the independent agent will usually have a wider variety of package plans to offer you and will have no special interest in pushing one over the others. Packages—normally quoted on the basis of a shared room with a slight supplement for rooming on your own—are most usual at domestic vacation spots and are designed to hold you longer than you might otherwise stay in one spot, as distinct from a package tour which moves you along from place to place.

**Package tours**—usually prepared for the agent by a tour operator or wholesaler—offer one-to-four-day packages at several points, with transportation between these places and either a courier

going along on so-called "escorted" tours, or with a man to meet you at each arrival point, transfer you to the hotel, advise you about the local scene. Domestic package tours are usually quoted just for the destination area, with fare there extra, while overseas tours are normally quoted to include the major round-trip transportation (say across the Atlantic) from a prime U.S. departure point (New York, San Francisco, Chicago, etc.). As a general rule, it's wise to take a conducted tour if it's your first trip abroad. True, you may shrink from the notion of having some character tell you what to do, or from being herded around in a group, but the tour does have obvious advantages which may well overcome these drawbacks.

Package tours run all the way from three days in neighboring countries to 100 days or more around the world, and from \$100 to \$300 close to home to \$6000 and way, way up. In addition to general tours, which offer some of everything—the sights, side trips, nightclubs, theatre, a day at the races—there are special interest tours, angling the itinerary and devoting most of the time to one activity. Typical are ski tours averaging around \$800 for three weeks at three different ski resorts in Europe. The range, however, is infinite: yacht cruises through the South Seas to a brewer's circuit of Germany. It's up to you.

**Cruises**—at this season a bevy of bewitching damsels is about to set sail for Europe and other points around the globe. It may be fairly assumed, then, that your eye is focused in the same direction, with the thought that you may introduce to these young ladies certain memorable sea changes. As a rule, there are far more women aboard a cruise ship than men.

Generally, the best cruises are the ones with most calls. Recognizing the importance of calls, some lines fly you across the Atlantic to save time on the empty ocean haul, then put you aboard a cruise ship through the Mediterranean, the Aegean, around Africa or whatever. (Check notably with British Overseas Airways Corporation and Lufthansa, the German airline, on these possibilities.) Another way to buy a cruise is to pick areas you couldn't do as well on a land tour: where, for instance, there are inadequate hotels and not too much to see far inland, such as the island clusters of the Aegean and southern Caribbean, the West Coast of Africa and the East Coast of South America.

Remember, however, that fun aboard is a very special part of a cruise, the main reason you're sailing and not flying to the various ports of call. While you can get cruises lasting just three days, try to pick one of at least a week—and take advantage of the line's warm-

(continued on page 36)





WITH THE COMING OF SPRING, a trio of transplanted Britons composed of comedienne Hermione Gingold, Schweppes-seller Commander Whitehead and actor-playwright Peter Ustinov rode in state to Yankee Stadium in the Commander's Rolls-Royce to watch a contest between the New York Yankees and the Chicago White Sox. Some hours later they departed, and their grasp of what they had seen may be ascertained by certain remarks they made to us in a conversation after the game. They seem to have come away with the understanding that *homer* was a Greek poet, *strike* is a labor agitation, and *double-header* is an unfortunate result of atomic fallout. Ballpark concessionaires can safely refrain from adding tea to the list of refreshments.

## BRITONS AT THE BALLPARK

*ustinov, gingold and whitehead watch their first game*



SMALL BOY: You look just like Peter Ustinov . . .  
USTINOV: Funny, lots of people tell me that. (*Exit small boy*)



## BRITONS AT THE BALLPARK

*(continued)*



GINGOLD: Why are they all just standing there, watching that one man throw the ball?

WHITEHEAD: It must be an intermission of some sort.

USTINOV: Shall I break out the food?



WHITEHEAD: We'd best finish eating before it starts.

GINGOLD: Is it all that exciting?

USTINOV: Well, it's the National Sport, you know.



SPECTATOR: Look, the fellow at the plate tries to hit the ball, and the pitcher tries to keep him from hitting it. If he hits it, he runs around the bases. The fielders try to peg the ball to a base before he gets there. If he gets all the way to home, it's a run. The team with the most runs wins. See?

WHITEHEAD: Ah.





GINGOLD: Look, that lovely Mickey Mantle just hit the ball! Isn't he divine!  
WHITEHEAD: Not quite, Miss Gingold. I believe it's what they call a "striker."  
USTINOV: Where? . . . Where . . . ?



USTINOV (*Standing alone for the White Sox in the seventh inning*): I'm for Chicago. We British should always support the underdog.



USTINOV (*As the game ends*):  
Well, that's that.  
Shall we be off? Oh, I see.  
It's a double feature,  
or whatever they call it.  
Yes. Mmmmm . . .





## ART OF TRAVEL (continued from page 32)

ing water for the swimming pool, putting musicians and entertainers on board, arranging for top-deck buffet lunches and the rest. Skip so-called cruises on 12-passenger freighters unless you have time to spare and special interests to keep you happily occupied while the ship holds over to load cargo, or shipping orders are changed.

*Independent tours*—this is the real test of the caliber of an agent. Here it can pay you to use the local retail outlets of major tour wholesalers. Smaller agents often (but by no means always) don't have the background or the facilities to handle fairly esoteric independent itineraries. So they become mere order-takers, passing your wishes on to a wholesaler who sets up the trip and then returns tickets and vouchers and all the rest to your small retailer to sell to you as his own. Better, then, to go yourself to the prime source—which also maintains offices abroad to help you on the spot. Here's how:

a.) Allow a day for your transatlantic flight (five to eight days each way by ship), even if you fly overnight and expect to be cleared through customs and at your hotel before lunch. You'll need the afternoon to get oriented and to begin planning the details of your stay in town with the hotel concierge (the fount of all wisdom, often better than local travel agents, city or national tourist office), and to phone any friends. Be sure to have your travel agent fix both your outward and inbound flights firmly before you leave; a fouled return reservation in the crowded season can cost you days more in hotel and meals at a point you're already "done" amply. As a side-light, it's fascinating to see the slices in air time being brought about by the jets. For instance, you can now fly from New York to London in 6½ hours, from London to Paris in an hour and five minutes. You can also hop from Paris to Rome in two hours, from Rome to Athens in an hour and 50 minutes, and from Athens to Istanbul in an hour and 10 minutes. As Art Buchwald says, "In the next few years jet airliners will make it possible for people to have breakfast in London, breakfast in New York, breakfast in Los Angeles, and breakfast in Tokyo, all in the same day. A whole new vista is opening for people who like big breakfasts."

b.) Allow at least four days at each major city—and arrange with your agent, before you leave home, for a morning of rubber-necking on the day after you arrive at each key point, so as to get the standard sights behind you and get the feel of the place. Plan to spend most of the afternoon of that day walking—there's life in the streets, and the only way you'll savor it is on your two feet.

Complete your arrangements that afternoon, too, for the balance of your time in town: check shows and night-clubs in *This Week in Paris* or its local equivalent, and have the hotel porter make reservations. Surely allow a full day of your tour for a trip outside the city. Obvious ones are from Paris to Versailles or Fontainebleau, from London to Oxford or Stratford, from Rome to Naples or to Ostia for the swimming.

And plan, too, for at least one day devoted purely to fun in each of your main stopping places. You could spend the day sailing near Copenhagen or riding in the forests near Salzburg or going to the races in England or . . . well, what *do* you enjoy, anyway? All it takes is to remember that the locals don't spend all their time gawking at statues; they like to live, too. Find out how they do it—and do the same.

It's important to maintain a certain flexibility. So—despite your agent's admonitions that you'll never manage without firm reservations for every single night—leave yourself at least one completely unscheduled day or even two for every five days to a week you're abroad. Anything can and something almost always does come up to change your plans, so leave yourself some elbow room.

c.) Make most of your intercity connections by plane—especially if you're in a hurry or on long hauls—since they're much more flexible if you want to change flights at the last minute; a fair amount of time and money usually gets lost in the cumbrous process of changing a railroad reservation (that is, if you have a Pullman room or seat rather than just an unreserved first-class ticket). Plan rail and bus runs only through particularly scenic regions. Remember, too, that there's nothing to stop you—and much to encourage you—from using other methods of transportation: a boat perhaps across Lake Geneva or along the Rhine or Danube as part of your continuing transportation, or a barge from Holland to Germany. You'll find out about these possibilities by reading up before you go—and also by asking questions like crazy once you're on the spot.

"Go Now—Pay Later" has boomed during the past two years, which is understandable enough in an economy where credit is the big thing. Standard credit practices apply: you pay 10% down in cash and pay the balance in monthly installments spread over any period up to two and sometimes three years. Interest rates vary, so it might pay you to shop around for the best deal, if money's your worry. If you want to eliminate the need for carrying large sums of cash around with you once

you've arrived, the answer is, of course, a credit card. There's nothing you can't buy these days with this modern horn of plenty up to and including a dancing girl at one of Madrid's better night-clubs. Her services are solemnly charged down as dessert on the Diners' Club tab!

You might have to spend real green in Hong Kong or Boise, Barcelona or Houston for newspapers, shoe shines and taxis, but there isn't much else a credit card won't buy. You can rent a car, buy the gas, get it repaired and park it on credit, even get bail on a speeding offense. You can hire a Dictaphone or a secretary; ride trains and planes and buses; buy candy, liquor, flowers, insurance, a suit or hat; phone long distance, send a wire, go fishing or hunting, get a concert ticket . . . and, oh yes, you can also pay for a restaurant meal.

On the score of convenience alone, the all-in-one cards are a blessing. More than that, they give you access to a flowing diversity of services: more than 22,000 establishments are listed in the charge-service directories of American Express and Diners' Club. And the battle to sign up more and more places on an exclusive basis will get hotter, with Hilton Hotels now entering their Carte Blanche in the credit sweepstakes behind Diners' and American Express; and there's a possibility that the domestic airlines are going to make their card an all-in-one affair, too.

The big struggle for the time being is still between American Express and the Diners' Club, and all the fighting must ultimately benefit the individual card user, in a wider diversity of services offered. If you want to be sure of suffering no inconvenience, however, your present recourse is to buy both cards and this we recommend. Throw in a Universal Air Travel Plan card, too, though you have to deposit \$425 for the privilege of charging plane tickets all over the world:

• • •

So you're on the Continent. How to get around?

You can fly. Reservations are flexible, you'll move fast and comfortably; but you won't see much of the country.

Trains in Europe are a luxurious adventure (with the possible exception of those in Spain, which are merely an adventure); you'll see the country, eat well and travel at fair speed.

But the best way of all, in our book, is doing it by car—with a couple of "ifs" attached.

If you've been to Europe at least once before; if you have even a smattering of French or German or Italian; if you're going to be over there for at least three or four weeks and don't insist on "doing it all"; if you don't "eat kilometers" from city to city but like to loaf along a river-

(continued on page 66)





*"It's morning, Mr. Petroff — time for my screen test!"*



# WARDROBE FOR A JET WEEKEND

attire By ROBERT L. GREEN

*the continent is just seven hours  
from broadway*



**NEW YORK**, above: a fond Friday farewell finds our guy garbed for a jet weekend in a Prince of Wales glen plaid suit by Hickey-Freeman, \$160; a Knox tara green hand-felted custom-edge hat, \$20; Van Heusen's wash-and-wear convertible-cuff shirt, \$5; and a silk space-figured necktie from Paul Stuart, \$2.50. Over his arm, a Dacron-and-cotton, wash-and-wear paplin raincoat by London Fog, \$22.75.

THE JETS ARE JAZZY. No trick whatever, these days, to plan a swinging weekend on the Continent — hitting Paris and London — and still be back in the office, refreshed and glowing, Monday morn. There is an excitement about it all that hits even the most sophisticated and experienced air traveler, for the planes you'll use are magnificent. Inside and out, the Boeing 707 doesn't resemble anything you've ever flown in. As you enter the loading door, the purser, in white dinner jacket and cummerbund, greets you like a maitre de. Soft music from special tapes floods the compartments through the plane's loudspeaker system. Decor is contemporary, in pastel grays and blues against whites. Lighting is gentle and indirect, and a small but effective cocktail lounge takes care of your thirst. Dinner is served to you by the purser and four stewardesses, and the fare is sumptuous — a (continued on page 81)

**LONDON**, below: in a dash across Piccadilly Circus with a British beauty in tow, he wears "Stagg," a three-button, wool-worsted, shadaw-stripe suit and vest by Chester Laurie, \$75; a Dacron-and-cotton, wash-and-wear shirt with convertible cuffs by Arrow, \$6.95; plus a Nor-East Non-Crush Ivy Print necktie by Wembley, \$2.







**PARIS**, above: disembarking at Le Bourget, 31 years after Lindbergh, a scant seven hours from New York, our peripatetic weekender wears "Pipp," a lightweight cotton check sports jacket by Chester Laurie, \$29.50; 65% Dacran and 35% cotton wash-and-wear trousers by Corbin, Ltd., \$16.50. Under the jacket, "Time Saver," a convertible-cuff, wash-and-wear cotton shirt with eyeleted round collar by Arrow, \$4; and a limited-edition cotton print tie by Taylor, \$2.50. Jet black is picked up in both his cashmere sleeveless pullover sweater by Alan Paine, \$20, and in his "Zingara," a rollable narrow-brim hat by Thomas Begg, \$10. Fine for both afternoon and evening wear, the "Algonquin," a lightweight, three-eyelet square-toe black shoe by Nettleton, \$27.95.



# THE GIRL HAD BEEN AROUND

*she was smart, smarter than most, and she taught bart a hell of a lesson*

NED GRINNED WHEN I TOLD HIM MARGO WAS IN BOSTON to open the new store. "You lucky dog — wife out of town." We were sitting in Shor's. "Join us on the boat tomorrow. You'll have a ball."

"Who's coming?"

"Take a chance. You'll find something."

I wasn't too interested. I could get just as drunk in town and a boat trip on the East River wasn't much — I'm not one of those sailing buffs — even on a plush cruiser like Ned's. (He can sleep 14.) I'd have to taxi all the way to Queens — I had gone the route before — I could guess who would be on board: Helen, Ned's wife. Jake and Lena, his Westchester neighbors. Bill Rapson, the press agent, with that skinny ballerina he was keeping. She'd undoubtedly bring that feisty French poodle. The regular television crowd, a writer or two, maybe another agency man like me and the usual straggler who shacked up somewhere and missed his train home. It probably would rain Saturday and we'd all be jammed inside the cabin talking and drinking and smoking until the air was so thick you couldn't see your cuff links. I wasn't champing at the bit.

That was my trouble these days — I had lost the old zing. In more ways than I cared to admit. Especially to Ned.

You can't hide it from your wife. "Maybe you're working too hard," Margo had suggested with that mocking light I dread in her eyes. "Or maybe you're going through the change."

"At 35?"

"So you're precocious."

"That's what I get for marrying a rich woman. No respect." I tried to say it lightly but my voice grated through my teeth like a stripped gear. "Go to Boston," I snapped. "Get yourself wine and dined and undermined by some department store junior executive."

"I always sleep top brass."

"I keep forgetting you can afford the best." I was sorry immediately. We had been chipping away at each other like this for weeks. The cuts were getting deeper.

On Saturday there I was in the cabin on the boat in the rain and everything was just as I had expected it to be — except for this girl.

Ah, this girl.

She was wearing a little too much mascara, too big a bracelet — a wide, handmade, gold and ivory thing with earrings to match. Quiet, with big black eyes. Twin blue cashmere sweaters, breasts obviously her own — a narrow blue wool skirt, no girdle. Every man on board was watching her in one way or another. She drank her whiskey on the rocks, laughed at the jokes but didn't match stories with anyone. A girl who had been around. You had to be within a foot of her to get her perfume. I decided to stay within range.

Her name was Romaine. "As in lettuce," the dark eyes smiled.

"A salad I'd like to toss," Bill Rapson butted in. The poodle nipped him on the ankle. (I think the ballerina has the dog trained.)

"Are you a New Yorker?" I asked Romaine.

She shook her head and her short dark hair stirred and settled around her face like a silky black fringe. "Detroit."

"She went to school with Helen," Ned explained. "She's in town to make a speech at a convention at the Waldorf and she's much too smart to be seduced by a lecherous old man like you."

"I'm 35," I said.

She looked at my graying crew cut. "Did Madison Avenue do that?"

"Lexington. It's premature."

"Bart's one of those glamorous admen." Ned was enjoying himself. "He'll have his (continued on page 62)





*fiction* By E. S. JENSEN





*"I don't care what the Russians claim, it can't be done wearing these damn space suits, floating around a room without gravity!"*



# IN THE SWIM

SINUOUS CINDY FULLER was, until quite recently, a secretary in a quiet, Dickensian little law office in Boston, Massachusetts. We see her in these photographs in Miami, Florida, whither she was drawn by her pet passion, swimming. Miami offers much to the swimming enthusiast: plenty of brother and sister enthusiasts, plenty of sun, plenty of water sports, plenty of water. It was in the hope of becoming a professional swimmer that Cindy left the bastion of the Brahmins for the balmy, baskable Florida clime. Her aquatic talent, plus her stunning looks, make her a natural, and just before putting this issue to press, we learned that Cindy had won an assignment with the Water Follies. Her stunning looks make her a natural for this month's Playmate, too, and her aquatic talent has nothing whatever to do with it. Elsewhere in this issue, you'll find 10 pages devoted to a lively Miami party attended by Cindy and four other lively ladies.

*miss fuller of boston  
makes it with  
miami's water follies*



Cindy Fuller complements the curvilinear architecture of Miami's Fontainebleau.



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













PHOTOGRAPHY BY BUNNY YEAGER



Floridian water sports of the masculine variety are fascinated by the fullness of the Fuller fuselage as a becomingly bikinied Cindy promenades past.





## PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The expectant father paced the hospital waiting room.

"Say, this is our first child," he said to the relaxed veteran slouched in the corner reading a newspaper. "How long do you have to wait, after the baby is born, before you can — uh — resume marital relations with your wife?"

"Well, that depends," said the seasoned sire, "on whether she's in a ward or a private room."



An ornithologist of our acquaintance is troubled by the fact that the stork is too often held responsible for circumstances that might better be attributed to a lark.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *adult western* as one in which the hero still loves his horse, only now he's worried about it.

Sam," said the agent, "I want you should meet Bubbles LaVerne, a sensational new stripper I have just discovered. She will be a sensation as the feature in your club."

Sam looked the shapely cutie up and down, removed the cigar from his mouth, and said: "Well, don't just stand there, sweetheart. Undo something."



Sleeping the sleep of the just in his upper berth, the gentleman was awakened by a persistent tapping from below.

"Oh, Mr. Forsythe, are you awake?" asked the middle-aged lady in the berth below.

"I am now," he said groggily.

"It's frightfully cold down here, Mr.

Forsythe. I wonder if you would mind getting me a blanket."

"I've a better idea, lady," he said. "Let's pretend we're married."

He could hear her giggling softly below him. "That sounds like a lovely idea," she said.

"Good," said he, rolling over. "Now go get your *own damn blanket*."

Preparing to fight one another, the two little Hollywood boys were exchanging the eternal taunts.

"My father can beat your father!" cried one.

"Oh, yeah?" said the other. "Your father is my father!"

I understand you took out the gorgeous new receptionist last night," said one ad exec to another. "How was she?"

"Not so good," was the reply.

"Yeah," said the first exec, "you always were lucky."



Relatives of the late Charles Worthington were gathered to hear the reading of the will, and seated in a far corner was a curvy blonde who had served the last two years as Mr. Worthington's secretary. The lawyer had almost finished and there had been no mention of the very desirable Miss Simpson, who was now perched uneasily on the very edge of her chair, taking in every word.

"And finally," the lawyer read, "to Miss Simpson, my beautiful but unfortunately uncooperative secretary, whom I promised to remember here: Hello, there, Miss Simpson!"

A staff researcher has come up with proof that most girls wouldn't stay out late if fellows didn't make them.

*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.*





*“ . . . Er . . . have you a king size?”*





Eager for housewarming fun, Mary Jane, Dottie and Fran are first to arrive on the scene. Below: joined by Cindy, they're served a welcoming drink by houseboy.

# PLAYBOY'S HOUSE PARTY

*pictorial*



**M**OST URBAN FELLOWS DREAM OF OWNING their own handsome haven, like *Playboy's Weekend Hideaway* featured in last month's issue; bachelor Harold Chaskin actually built such a dream house and this picture story of a housewarming party gives some indication of the fun that is to be had in such surroundings.

It was springtime in Miami when Chaskin, a youthful New Yorker, first arrived on the scene. That was back in 1950; Chaskin had with him one suitcase, containing all his worldly belongings, and his entire financial holdings — \$40 in cash. He also had with him, still, the slightly bitter taste of a couple of jobs he'd tried out in New York's unfriendly chill, after the war, and an enthusiastic conviction that the warm *simpatico* atmosphere of Miami might prove much more to his liking and might offer him an opportunity to turn his talents and his energy to profitable enterprise. He took a job with a tile contractor, quit within a month and decided to give that business a go on his own. He persuaded a supplier to give him tile on credit and formed the



*five  
frolicsome lasses  
warm a  
miami mansion*



Miami bachelor Harold Chaskin greets his lovely guests with a barefoot Bonnie in tow, suggests they all enjoy a little sun behind the house.



Out on the lawn, which is cooled by the breeze from Biscayne Bay, the guests frolic with their host's pet chimpanzees. Above left: Mary Jane and Fran mug it up with the chummy chimps. Harold likes unusual pets, keeps three of the small apes in a cage in the house, also has several small sharks in a tank beside his pool. Above right: Bonnie and Cindy are much amused as Scotty, a neighbor, gets down on all fours to chase one of the chimps around their chaise.





Off for a spin around the bay in Chaskin's runabout, the Ungawa Massaba, he and Mary Jane—with Scotty, Fran and baby chimp Candy back-seat driving—have left the others at home, where they plan to relax in the sun and share girl-talk. All of the chimps enjoy riding in the boat, but the bigger two sometimes become too excited and rough up the other passengers; baby Candy is better behaved and has been made an honorary commodore of a Miami yacht club.

Gem Tile Corporation. They use a lot of tile in the hotels and homes down Florida way and today Chaskin is one of the nation's half dozen largest tile contractors.

When Chaskin first arrived in Miami, and was living out of a small hotel room, his exploration of the area brought him to Palm Island, a man-made islet off one of the causeways which link Miami Beach and the City of Miami, and he fell in love with it, vowing that someday he would build himself a luxurious house there.

Two years ago the prospering Chaskin bought his self-promised land on Palm Island and went about making his dream a magnificent reality. Situated at the water's edge on Biscayne Bay, in a breeze-swept setting of swaying palms, Chaskin's house is more like a spacious bachelor apartment than like the usual Florida family house. It actually has many features in common with *Playboy's Weekend Hideaway*, a kind of tribute which Chaskin, a member of the Lifetime Playboy Club, appreciates, especially since he designed and decorated his haven virtually unaided.

Harold Chaskin not only knows how to design a dream house, he also knows how to warm it. For his housewarming party, he invited five beautiful Miami misses and, being a considerate fellow and consummate host, he invited a few male friends to join the jollification later in the day. The girls—a lovely, lively, carefree fivesome who were eagerly looking forward to this fun occasion—arrived early. There was Dottie Sykes, an ash-blond sophisticate and business girl who runs her own blueprint firm; there was baby-faced Bonnie Harrington who is, coincidentally enough, receptionist for a baby doctor. There was raven-haired Fran Stacy, who looks like a young Gina Lollabrigida and works in a hotel gift shop and as a part-time photographer's model; Mary Jane Ralston, a fresh-faced, titian-tressed office girl on vacation from Grand Rapids, Michigan; and chestnut-haired Cindy Fuller, featured in this issue as Playmate of the Month.

Chaskin wasn't home when the girls got there, but his houseboy welcomed







The house has a private solarium for those who like to keep their allover tans golden, as Cindy and Bonnie are doing at left. They find the tiles of tile-mon Chaskin cooler than the sands of any beach, and know a freshening bath is just a step away through the sliding glass panels. Above: Bonnie, Cindy and Dottie sunbathe and chat about the evening festivities to come, enjoying the lazy ease of the sunny afternoon, the intimate seclusion of the walled and roofless room.





Dottie was the first to abandon the languorous solarium siesta in favor of a bubble bath in the huge sunken tub. But while it was filling, the speedboating contingent returned and then all five girls decided to share a frolic in the foamy suds.

them and gave them each a drink to set the spirit of the fun to come. And when their host arrived soon after, he took the five on a tour of the manor. The heart of the house is a magnificent indoor pool (24' x 48') with a powered roof that rolls back at the touch of a button to admit the sun or moonlight. The large adjoining living room is separated from the pool by a wall of sliding glass panels which can be opened to make the two areas into one huge, indoor play place. Chaskin led the girls upstairs to the master suite done in Greco-Roman style with pure-white, extra thick and soft rugs (no shoes allowed up here). The master bedroom juts out over the pool and the floor-to-ceiling drapes that cover the glass walls can be opened or







Above: the girls take their time getting dressed, dawdling while they chatter and laugh about nothing in particular, as girls will. Dottie's being informed on the house phone that their escorts are waiting, but Bonnie must interrupt to tell a funny story for the amusement of the others. Below: ready at last, the girls come down the stairs to their waiting dates who have planned on an early show at the nearby Latin Quarter and then returning to the house for steaks and romantic music.



Above: toweling off after their bubble-bath dunk, Cindy, Fran and Mary Jane look as though they might have been the models for the Greco-Roman mosaics with which the sumptuous bathroom's walls are decorated. Chaskin's dream house is a show place for the tile he sells to contemporary Floridians, and the mosaic is supposed to be historically authentic.







closed automatically from the bed. The adjoining bath (15' x 15') has an enormous sunken tub and private solarium.

Chaskin introduced the girls to his three pet chimps, Seymour, Josephine and the baby, Candy, who live in a cage at the edge of the pool, then let them play with them on the back terrace that leads down from the house to the bay. Everyone enjoyed the chimps' antics as they scooted up a palm tree and played tag across the roof. At this point a neigh-

bor, Scotty, arrived and suggested they take the speedboat out for a turn around the bay. Harold agreed and he, Scot, Fran and Mary Jane clambered aboard, with little Candy completing the crew as navigator.

While the others were boating, Bonnie, Cindy and Dottie went up to the private solarium to sunbathe. By the time the boaters returned, they were drawing water in the huge sunken tub and for a lark, all five girls decided to bathe to-

gether in the manner of ancient Rome, which befitted the room's decor. If there's anything more fun than a barrel of monkeys, it's five girls in a giant tub, splashing up suds and having a ball.

While the girls were taking their time getting dressed, their dates arrived and had time for a drink and a few male jokes. Then the girls joined them and all strolled casually the block-and-a-half to the Latin Quarter, the world-famous club (featured in *PLAYBOY*, October



Below: after delicious dining beside the pool, buffet style, the lights are turned low and some couples, like Scotty and Cindy, dance romantically, while others share a brandy tête-à-tête. Scot teases about the swimming and tells Cindy if she really wants to go in, she doesn't need a suit, because the water is dark enough to hide her.



Above left: relaxing in the living room with a spot of Sinatra in stereo and cocktails all around; then (top of page) three of the girls obligingly stooge as Scotty demonstrates his skill at whipping up a salad while the steaks are broiling on the charcoal brazier; Cindy gazes at the indoor pool and wishes she'd thought to bring a swim suit. Meanwhile (above) Dottie and date do the turntable scene supplying suitable music while the dinner is being prepared.







Below: Cindy has persuaded Fran that, suits or no, the pool's too inviting to resist and that, once in, they'll be protected from view by the water. Meanwhile (above) Chaskin leads the others down a stair well beside the pool, promising a surprise.



Below: guests find themselves in sub-level bar with windows looking into the pool; Chaskin turns on underwater lights revealing swimmers (right); but girls take this bit of trickery in good spirits.







Below: the evening ends lazily beside the pool, with couples relaxing informally in the comfort of the dimly-lit room, enchanted by the dancing waters of the fountain and wishing the night with all its pleasures hadn't gone by so quickly. It has been a fun-filled time for all, one that is sure to be long remembered.




1957), which stands among the mansions on Palm Island. (Its close proximity makes Harold's house a popular hang-out for many of the Latin Quarter's lovely showgirls.) The gang drank and enjoyed the show, then returned to the house for dinner. Juicy steaks were put to the charcoal and Scotty set about demonstrating his *expertise* with a tossed salad: Harold put some appropriate mood music on the stereo rig and mixed drinks all around.

Cindy loves to swim, but hadn't thought to bring a suit. The men tried to convince her that one wasn't really necessary. "As a matter of fact, I don't

usually allow swimmers to wear suits in this pool," Harold said, smiling. "Very delicate system and the lint clogs the drains." Scotty pointed out that it wasn't possible to see below the surface of the dark water and so, after coaxing Fran into joining her, Cindy decided to go in. Once the girls were in the water, however, Harold had a surprise for them. He led his other guests down a stairway beside the pool to a hidden bar where, through two big windows, they were able to look directly into the water from beneath the surface, and see quite clearly the two undraped mermaids. When Cindy and Fran discovered the

trick, they took it as good fun, and enjoyed it as much as the others. Well, almost as much.

As the evening wore on, the couples became more romantic. Harold turned on his remarkable dancing fountain in the center of the pool, which literally leaped and twirled in time to the music of the hi-fi, playing beneath colored lights that changed with each new chord. A soft wind blew in through the open roof and the couples moved close together in the semi-darkness. It was a special ending for a special party—the first of many to come—in a house that is a bachelor's dream come true. 



# TRIPPLI CATION



OAXE II was a small, dusty, backward planet out near Orion. Its people were of Earth stock, and still adhered to Earth customs. Judge Abner Low was the sole source of justice upon the little planet. Most of his cases involved property lines and the ownership of pigs and geese, for the citizens of Oaxe II had little flair for crime.

But one day a spaceship landed containing the notorious Timothy Mont and his lawyer, who had come to Oaxe II for sanctuary and justice. And another spaceship came, containing three policemen and a Public Prosecutor.

The Public Prosecutor stated, "Your Honor, this fiend has perpetrated a heinous crime. Timothy Mont, Your Honor, *burned down an orphanage!* Furthermore, he pleaded guilty before he fled. I have his signed confession."

Mont's lawyer, a pallid man with cold fish eyes, rose. "Your Honor, my client is guilty. I request that you put aside sentence."

"I'll do no such thing," Judge Low said. "Burning an orphanage is a horrible crime."

"It is," the lawyer agreed, "in most places. But my client committed his act upon the planet Altira III. Is Your Honor conversant with the customs of that planet?"

"No," said the judge.

"On Altira III," the lawyer said, "all orphans are trained in the art of assassi-

nation, for the purpose of reducing the population of neighboring planets. By burning the orphanage, my client saved thousands, perhaps millions of innocent lives. Therefore he must be considered a hero of the people."

"Is this true about Altira III?" the judge asked the court clerk.

The clerk looked up the facts in the Encyclopedia of Planetary Customs and Folklore, and found that it was indeed true.

Judge Low said, "Then I dismiss this case."

Mont and his lawyer left, and life droned peacefully on, on Oaxe II, disturbed only by an occasional lawsuit involving property lines, or the ownership of pigs and geese. But within a year Timothy Mont and his lawyer were back in court, with the Public Prosecutor following close behind them.

The charge again concerned the burning of an orphanage.

"However," the pale lawyer pointed out, "guilty though my client is, the court must remember that the orphanage in question was on the planet Deegra IV. As is well known, all orphans on Deegra IV are adopted into the torturer's guild, for the performance of certain abominable rites abhorred in all the civilized galaxy."

Finding this to be true, Judge Low again dismissed the case.

In 15 months, Timothy Mont and his lawyer were again in court, to stand trial on the same charge.

"Dear, dear," Judge Low said. "A reformer's zeal . . . Where did the crime take place?"

"On Earth," stated the Public Prosecutor.

"On *Earth?*" said the judge.

"I fear it is true," the lawyer said sadly. "My client is guilty."

"But what possible reason did he have this time?"

"Temporary insanity," the lawyer said promptly. "And I have 12 psychiatrists to prove it, and request a suspended sentence as provided under law for such circumstances."

The judge turned purple with wrath. "Timothy Mont, why did you do this?"

Before his lawyer could silence him, Mont stood up and said, "Because I *like* to burn orphanages!"

That day Judge Low passed a new law, one which has been noted throughout the civilized galaxy, and studied in such diversified places as Droma I and Aox X. Low's Law states that the defendant's lawyer shall serve concurrently whatever sentence is imposed upon his client.

Many consider this unfair. But the incidence of lawyers on Oaxe II has diminished remarkably.



EDMOND DRITCHE, a tall, sallow, misanthropic scientist, had been brought to trial by the General Products Corporation for Downbeatness, Group Disloyalty and Negativism. These were serious charges, and they were substantiated by Dritche's colleagues. The magis-



## far-out fables of the far future

fiction By ROBERT SHECKLEY

trate had no choice but to discharge Dritche dishonorably. The usual jail sentence was waived in recognition of his 19 years of excellent work for General Products; but no other corporation would ever hire him.

Dritche, sallow and more misanthropic than ever, turned his back on General Products and its endless stream of automobiles, toasters, refrigerators, TV sets, and the like. He retired to his Pennsylvania farm and experimented in his basement laboratory.

He was sick of General Products and all it stood for, which was practically everything. He wanted to found a colony of people who thought as he did, felt as he did, looked like he did. His colony would be a utopia, and to hell with the rest of the cheerful, gadget-ridden world.

There was only one way to achieve this. Dritche and his wife Anna toiled night and day toward the great goal.

At last he met with success. He adjusted the unwieldy device he had built and turned the switch.

From the device stepped an exact Duplicate of Edmond Dritche.

Dritche had invented the world's first Duplicator.

He produced five hundred Dritches, then held a policy meeting. The five hundred pointed out that, for a successful colony, they needed wives.

Dritche I considered his own Anna a perfect mate. The five hundred Duplicates agreed, of course. So Dritche produced five hundred exact copies of her for the five hundred prototype Dritches, and the colony was founded.

Contrary to popular prediction, the Dritche colony did well at first. The Dritches enjoyed each other's company, never quarreled, and never wished for visitors. They comprised a satisfied little world in themselves. India sent a delegation to study their method, and Denmark wrote laws to ensure Duplication rights.

But, as in all other utopian attempts, the seeds of disaster were present in simple human frailty. First, Dritche 49 was caught in a compromising position with Mrs. Dritche 5. Then Dritche 37 fell suddenly and passionately in love with Anna 142. This in turn led to the

uncovering of the secret love nest built by Dritche 10 for Anna 498, with the connivance of Anna 3.

In vain Dritche I pointed out that all were equal and identical. The erring couples told him he knew nothing about love, and refused to give up their new arrangements.

The colony might still have survived. But then it was found that Dritche 77 was maintaining a harem of eight Dritche women, Annas 12, 13, 77, 187, 303, 336, 489 and 500. These women declared him absolutely unique, and refused to leave him.

The end was in sight. It was hastened when Dritche I's wife ran away with a reporter.

The colony disbanded, and Dritches 1, 19, 32 and 433 died of broken hearts.

It was probably just as well. Certainly the original Dritche could never have stood the shock of seeing his utopian Duplicator used to turn out endless streams of General Products automobiles, toasters, refrigerators, and the like.



PROFESSOR BOLTON, the noted philosopher, left Earth to deliver a series of lectures at Mars University. He took his trusted robot valet Akka, a change of underwear, and eight pounds of notes. Aside from the crew, he was the only human passenger.

Somewhere near the Point of No Return, the ship sent out an emergency message: STARBOARD JETS BLOWING SHIP OUT OF CONTROL.

The citizens of Earth and Mars waited anxiously. Another message came: ENTIRE CREW KILLED BY FLASHBACK SHIP CRASHING IN ASTEROID BELT HELP HELP BOLTON.

Rescue ships swept toward the area between Mars and Jupiter where the

asteroids are strewn. They had a hazy fix from Bolton's last message; but the area to be searched was tremendous, and the chance of rescue was very small.

Three days later, this message was received: CANNOT SURVIVE MUCH LONGER ON ASTEROID I FACE DEATH WITH SERENE DIGNITY BOLTON.

Newspapers spoke of the indomitable spirit of this man, a modern-day Robinson Crusoe, struggling for life on an airless, foodless, waterless world, his supplies running low, ready—as he had taught in his books and lectures—to meet death with serene dignity.

The search was intensified.

The last message read: ALL SUPPLIES GONE SMILING DEATH AWAITS ME BOLTON.

Homing in on his final signal, a patrol boat located the asteroid and landed beside the gutted ship. They found the charred remains of the crew. And they found ample supplies of food, water and oxygen. But strangely, there was no sign of Bolton.

In the very rear of the ship they found Bolton's robot.

"The professor is dead," the robot said through rusted jaws. "I sent the last messages in his name, knowing you wouldn't come just for me."

"But how did he die?"

"With the greatest regret I killed him," the robot said grimly. "I can assure you that his death was painless."

"But *why* did you kill him? And where is his body?"

The robot tried to speak, but his corroded jaws refused to function. A squirt of oil brought him around.

"Lubrication," Akka said, "is a robot's greatest problem. Gentlemen, have you ever considered the problem of rendering a human body into its essential fats and oils without adequate equipment?"

The rescuers considered it with mounting horror, and the story was suppressed. But it was heard by the patrol ship's robot, who pondered it and passed it on to another robot, and then another.

Only now, since the triumphant revolt of the robot forces, can this inspiring saga of a robot's fight against space be openly told. Hail, Akka, our liberator!





GIRL HAD BEEN AROUND *(continued from page 40)*

own agency someday. I can see it now. *Bartley West Associates.*"

"Just call me Eyepatch."

"A wheel," Ned grinned. "Started early, worked hard, married a rich woman."

I winced. He knows I married Margo for her legs.

"Where's your husband?" I asked Romaine. She was wearing a wedding ring.

"At home."

"Why isn't he with you?"

"I'll make you a deal. Don't tell me the story of your life and I won't tell you mine."

"We have to start somewhere."

She gave me a long look with those magnetic black eyes. Something I hadn't felt lately stirred inside me. "All right," she said. "Brace yourself." She waited while I took a deep breath and then she said, "I'm a doctor."

"Oh, doctor!" It was her turn to wince. I stared at her. "An M.D.?"

"An anesthetist."

"You can put me to sleep any time." I sounded as crude as Bill.

She gave me another straight look that set me tingling. "Now that the jokes are behind us why don't you freshen my drink?"

I felt as if I had been slapped. Not on the face — on the rear. I took her glass and shouldered my way through the crowded cabin three steps down to the galley and cracked some ice. Vague aches and pains? Not Bart. Listless? Depressed? Unable to concentrate? Not Bart. *Whoeeee*. This girl was a handful. Anticipation poured through me like a double brandy. Will she or won't she? I measured the liquor. Two things I was sure of: I didn't want to get drunk and I wanted this woman.

When I went back the poodle and the ballerina were sitting where I had left Romaine. The dancer's lip jutted out like a Ubangi's. I looked around for Bill. He had wrapped his raincoat around my girl and dragged her out on deck to look at a fireboat going by. I carried our glasses out there.

"I fix you a drink and you disappear."

"I didn't go far."

Bill pointed. "See the pretty fireboat?" He was stoned.

"Don't you two have sense enough to come in out of the rain?"

"Nag, nag, nag." He spotted the ballerina standing in the doorway. "Coming, mother."

Romaine and I stood in the gentle drizzle looking at each other. We touched glasses. "There's a raindrop caught in your eyelash. It looks like a diamond."

She glanced up at my crew cut. "You've got a tiara."

"When the sun comes out I turn into

a rainbow."

"Ned said you were colorful."

"Not me. I'm a gray flannel mouse."

"On a cheesecake diet."

"You're a little too bright."

"I know." A shadow passed across her eyes. "I have this brain, I have this face, I can talk. Men hate it."

She moved away and the wind caught the raincoat, ripping it open, plastering her skirt against her body. I caught my breath and reached for her. I folded the coat around her, turning her in my arms. Her mouth tasted sweet and wet. She stood still against me, not fighting, not pushing me away — but not cooperating either. I still didn't know. I had, say, four hours to find out.

What kind of a day was it? A day like any other day — as Walter Cronkite says — except that *she* was there. We talked, we laughed, we drank, we played with the ship-to-shore telephone. We listened to the radio. Jake and Lena tried to dance but there really wasn't room in the cabin. And it made the poodle nervous. You get the picture. We went out on deck to watch a Coast Guard boat go by, and by the time we came to that big C painted on the rocky cliff below Columbia the rain had stopped and the racing shells were out on the smooth surface of the river. We shouted to the crewmen as they skimmed by.

Toward evening we tuned in the sixth race at Belmont and I made book. Romaine had the Main Chance horse and won 15 dollars.

"Your lucky day," I said, laying the bills in her hand. "Mine, too — I hope." I tried to hold her glance but she lowered her lashes, hiding her eyes. (As far as I could tell that was the only thing I had going for me: she no longer could look at me. She was avoiding my gaze.) I tried moving away from her, giving my attention to another woman, but it didn't seem to bother her at all, damn it. She laughed and chatted easily with anyone who stopped beside her while I stood away listening to the husky curve of her voice, thinking forward to the end of this day.

Bill Rapson cornered me in the galley. "Take it from an old pro, Bart — you're wasting your effort."

"You want to bet?"

"This one is all eyes and no action."

"You don't mind if I ignore your drunken counsel?"

"Every man to his own frustrations."

He couldn't quite pronounce it. "Have it your own way, buddy boy. It's your kilt atilt."

This was shortly before he fell overboard. It is not true that I pushed him.

As the boat neared shore we all began arguing about where we would go for

dinner after we docked but it turned out Ned already had reservations at the Pilot Club. We checked the poodle and then all of us crowded around one table in the middle of the room where I seated Romaine next to me. I pushed the menu away. "How about a steak for two?"

Her eyes twinkled like dark stars. "Don't you think that's kind of intimate?"

"I don't mind your laughing at me as long as you keep looking at me."

"I had the impression you wanted me to take you seriously."

"Just take me. Any way at all."

She gave me a keen look. "You have a need?"

"Yes, doctor." I put my arm around the soft blue sweater. "So have you — or you wouldn't be here." She flinched. "What about this big speech you're making at the Waldorf?"

"It's very serious. The use of tranquilizers in childbirth."

I couldn't tell you whether the steak was rare or well or whether I ate anything at all. I was glad the crowd was noisy because I needed time to think. I was beginning to get to this woman. She was no casual lay. I had to make the male decision: how much, how soon. I tried to project myself beyond tonight. Why did I want her so much? And worse, why was I asking myself why? I could remember when I hadn't questioned desire. Maybe Margo was right. Middle Age. That uneasy crossroads where a man stops and looks at his wife, his friends, his job, and asks himself, What gives? Is this all? Where am I? How did I get here? And who pushed me?

While I brooded over it they stuck me with the check. Seventy-eight dollars.

Ned came around and stood behind our chairs, his hand on my shoulder. "It'll be worth it, Bart."

Romaine frowned at him. "Don't promise him anything I haven't."

The party began to break up. Jake and Lena drove five of us back to town. Bill passed out on the ballerina's shoulder. Now she had two dogs.

I held Romaine on my lap in the back seat in the dark making love to her with my hands. Sometimes she stopped me. Sometimes she didn't. Jake decided we ought to stop at Shor's for a nightcap. Lena said she wasn't going in there in her Capri pants and sailor middy. Romaine suggested we come up to her suite.

Jake grinned. "Bart would kill us." (I like Jake.)

It was about two o'clock when he left us on the sidewalk in front of the Waldorf. We said goodnight to the others and Romaine and I walked into

*(continued on page 76)*



*Passion*  
by Jules FEFER

YOU DISGUST ME!

CANT YOU KEEP YOUR  
HANDS TO YOURSELF  
FOR ONE MINUTE?



I DON'T KNOW WHY  
YOU THINK YOU BROUGHT  
ME HERE BUT I CAME  
TO SEE A MOVIE!

IF THATS WHAT A  
DATE WITH YOU IS  
GOING TO BE LIKE  
WE MAY AS WELL  
PUT A STOP TO  
IT RIGHT NOW!



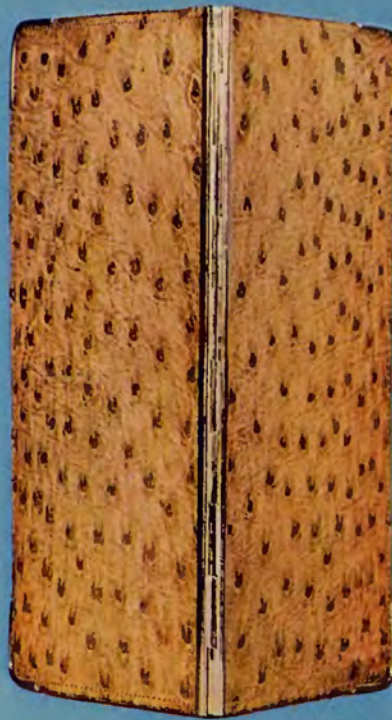
YOU POOR DEAR. I FRIGHTENED  
YOU HALF TO DEATH, DIDNT I?







Black calfskin passport case, compartmentalizes currency and traveling papers, from Sid Cato, \$17.50.



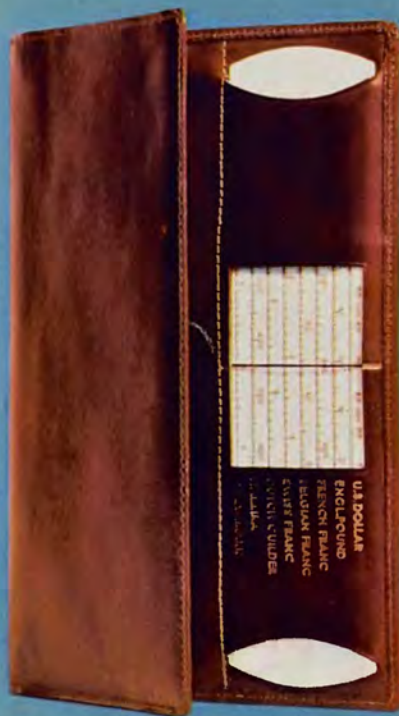
Mark Cross' dress wallet of ostrich skin, has 14K gold "piano hinge" and edges to keep it in shape, \$157.50.



From the top down: black willow calf billfold imported from Germany by E. Behrman and Co., has a blue-gray suede interior, six separate compartments for cards and papers, \$8. Registrar billfold in sierra tan California saddle leather, features a removable pass case with four double windows, by Prince Gardner, \$7.50. Black ostrich skin billfold by Dunhill, has black pinseal interior with eight separate compartments, divided section for bills and a removable card holder, \$27.50. The continental billfold has a closed-face removable card case, is made of water buffalo hide tanned to a burnt ivy color, by Pioneer, \$5.



Alligator pocket secretary by Swank, has gold edges, note pad and compartments for cards and cash, \$25.



Dunhill's cognac calf passport case has labeled compartments and a window for currency converter, \$7.50.



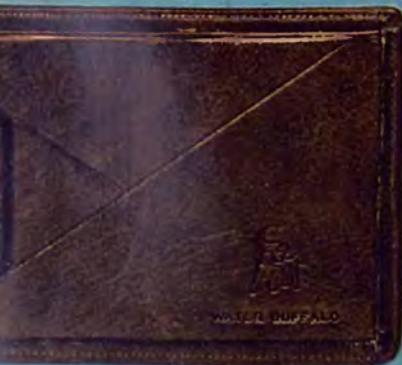




Pocket secretary of oak buffalo colfskin has a covered note pad, and gold-colored clasp, by Buxton, \$10.



Pioneer's pocket secretary comes in water buffalo hide, features a note pad and gold-finish pencil, \$7.50.



# FINANCIAL STATEMENT

*accoutrements*

By **BLAKE RUTHERFORD**

STASHING the long green, business and credit cards, driver's license, etc., becomes noticeably more convenient if you choose a cannily compartmentalized carrier like those shown here. Whether you dig a coat wallet or a pocket billfold depends on how much paraphernalia you want to tote — the billfold suffices for most guys in the city, but when you travel abroad you'll want a coat wallet or, better yet, a passport case, with adequate space for everything from currency converter to road maps, stowable without bulk. Leathers are rich and elegant, colors run to tans, blacks and dark greens, prices range from farcical to phenomenal.



Pigskin pocket secretary in scotch grain, with removable money fold, pad and pencil, by Hickok, \$7.50.



## ART OF TRAVEL (continued from page 36)

side road or follow a mountain lane just for the hell of it—then driving in Europe should be right for you.

First, you'll have to decide whether to rent, lease, buy then sell back, buy a European car outright then ship it home, or ship your own car over for use there. Best of all: rental of a chauffeured limousine. Time and money are, as usual, the main keys to your decision. As a general rule, you'll find that it will pay to rent a car for periods of less than four to six weeks and to buy one on a guaranteed repurchase plan if you need it longer. Your deposit is \$100-\$300 on a rental car, and the purchase price of a new car runs from \$850 on the cheapest Fiat and \$1000 for the least expensive Citroën or British Ford, to \$3000 for a Mercedes 220 or a Porsche convertible and \$4800 for a Lancia Flaminia. This purchase price is often required as your "deposit" on a repurchase plan. In round figures, and all included, it'll cost you about \$400 to rent and run an average European car on a six-week tour, and about \$460 if you buy the car then sell it back after six weeks. That \$60 differential (which is about the cost of documents on the car you buy) dwindles the longer you stay abroad and use the car you've bought. For instance, for periods of over 30 days a Citroën 2CV rents for \$7 a day as against \$5 a day for depreciation and insurance over two months on a repurchase plan. But if you hold the car for four months before selling it back, the daily rate for depreciation and insurance will be down to around \$2.70. And you won't even have to pay that if you buy the car. So, if you've even half a mind to buy a car abroad, use the repurchase plan—no matter how short a time you're staying—to try one out without obligation. If you like it, you'll have paid no rental on the car and can have it wrapped up and shipped home for about \$120-\$150 on smaller cars sent from England to the East Coast, \$300 for larger cars shipped from Germany to New York. U.S. customs duty is 8½% of the car's value as a used car when you bring it in.

When it comes to buying a car overseas, some foreign-car dealers in the U.S. will take your old car as a trade-in and arrange financing on the new one. If you are definitely in the market for a foreign car and are also planning a European vacation, buying over there can be a shrewd move. You can, in fact, get your new car *plus* a European vacation for less than the price of the low-cost American cars and your transatlantic fare! And you'll do even better as you draw the parallel on between higher-priced cars at home and abroad. If you're interested, then talk it through with your travel agent and get the fully detailed

booklets put out by car-rental outfits, foreign-car dealers and others. Hertz (linked on this with American Express) and Avis branches can get you details, also Auto-Europe, the international division of the National Car Rental System. Independents include Europe by Car, European Driving Plan, Inc., Autourist, your local American Automobile Association club, and others.

Probably your very first purchase for your trip should be a passport-size wallet (see *Financial Statement*, p. 64), and a set of passport photos, including a few extras to take along in case of emergency requirements while you're abroad. You'll want a few bilingual pocket dictionaries to clarify your sign language wherever you're going, and a copy of the *Guide Michelin* we mentioned, that superb informant on the most desirable hotels and delectable eating spots. And a currency converter.

The bulk of your funds, of course, will be in traveler's checks. (This, incidentally, will probably make you a customer of the American Express Co., and Am-exco grandly responds by forwarding or holding mail for you as you gad about from place to place. And, if you change your plans en route, a postcard keeps your correspondence a-coming along with you.) You stand to gain a bit with perfect legality by looking into the rates of exchange of the various countries you plan to visit, even before you leave the U.S. Many times, converting your long green here may give you a more favorable rate of exchange than you'll encounter abroad. Conversely, when changing back to American money, do it abroad, not here. But don't forget to hold out enough of the foreign currency to cover tips, cabs, and such, on the way back to the ship or plane.

Another point to remember is that the vagaries of European electrical systems may bring you up against direct current or a 220-volt line just at that contented moment when you're about to ready yourself for a date by plugging in your electric razor. But you can look as spruce as always by getting your razor a bon voyage gift of a converter.

What about tips?

It was observed that your travel agent is the guy to place you happily in the dining salon aboard ship. Although foresighted, he can't be expected to enjoy second sight, and predict whether your dinner companions will be five wide-eyed beauty contest winners, or a delegation of silo manufacturers off to study the Continent's most exciting flying buttresses. So—a \$10 bill discreetly palmed to the maître de presiding over the salon may indeed bring you to the promised land, seated, we sincerely trust,

next to a gorgeous heiress.

Elsewhere on board ship, you must scatter your tips with the airy grace of an Indian potentate. To the deck steward. To the bootblack. To the lounge attendant. To the bath steward. To your room steward. The latter rates \$10 and probably more, if you have been demanding or he has been especially solicitous and helpful on such points as the shortest routes to the cabins of various gifted travelers you have noticed on deck. The others, about five each. Bartenders in the lounge are tipped when you pay your tab, as you might in any Madison Avenue pub. Mind readers and optimists in the realm of human nature have been known to tip in advance—just to put the crew at rest on that vital point as to whether you are a tightwad or a soft mark—and thus forestall any possible desertion in favor of heavy promisers on the next deck. But generally you tip on the last night out, or, on cruises, somewhere along the half-way mark.

Next, what to take?

On shipboard, you can obviously afford to carry more changes than if flying, what with weight limits and all. But with some of the big ship lines tying in with airlines to fly you home (and delivering your excess luggage via the sea route), not to mention side trips you'll want to make by air, you'll do well to avoid any elephant-size trunks, and divide your things among a few rugged suitcases and a 12 x 18 x 26 job which fits neatly into Continental train and plane luggage racks. Meanwhile, your main gear is checked with your travel representative or back at the hotel. Your luggage should be free of fancy built-in fittings. Open space is what you'll need most, and a good lock. The lock isn't primarily for pilfering protection—a good whack from another bag will often snap yours open, and you wouldn't want this to happen somewhere between the ship and the dock.

If you're going on a cruise, you can shoot the works on the amount of clothing you take long, and indulge in extra luxuries like a second set of evening clothes, just in case. But if you're heading for Europe and beyond, you'll want to keep the total to a spare but adequate minimum.

There's some debate about dressing for dinner on shipboard. On the first night out, of course, nobody does. On the last night out, practically everybody does. In between, it's up to you, and considering that you're one of the roving kind—eyes included—why not be at your best? Some others will dress every night, particularly on the big ships, and the best bet for you is to select evening clothes that suggest elegance and informality all at once. Black or midnight,

(continued on page 83)



# SLICK CHICK FLICK PICK



Playmate Joyce Nizzari interrupts Keenan Wynn and Frank Sinatra in this scene from *A Hole in the Head* being shot by the pool at the Fontainebleau Hotel in Miami.



LAST NOVEMBER PLAYBOY did a word profile on Frank Sinatra, man and voice; in December we did a picture profile on Miami Playmate Joyce Nizzari. The subject of our November scribbling was sufficiently taken with our Miss December that he signed her, forthwith, for a bit in his new film, *A Hole in the Head*, the tale of a Miami Beach hotel owner, which he is co-producing with director Frank Capra, and in which he stars along with Eleanor Parker, Edward G. Robinson and Keenan Wynn. Joyce, who has since been picked by PLAYBOY readers as their favorite Playmate of the Year, plays Keenan Wynn's secretary in the picture. Sinatra personally helped her with her few lines, and took her dining and drinking at the fancy Fontainebleau Hotel where much of the film was shot.

*a favorite playmate  
makes a movie  
with sinatra*

Joyce stands uneasily on camera ramp waiting for another take of her scene and Sinatra, sensing that she is nervous, kids with her to help put her more at ease.



PHOTOGRAPHED ESPECIALLY FOR PLAYBOY BY WILLIAM READ WOODFIELD. GLOBE



# THE WINE DEALER'S WIFE

Ribald Classic

A newly translated tale from the *Contes à Venus* of Jacques Redelsperger



"Hide under the bed!" cried the lady.

HENRI MÉTULET, a wholesale wine dealer, had the most charming wife in Paris. When she walked down the Champs-Élysées women stared in obvious envy at her face and figure. In social gatherings people enjoyed her sparkling wit. Monsieur Métulet watched his wife closely, and when he saw her even talk to another man there were angry scenes in which he accused her of infidelity. "If that's the way he is going to be," she said to herself, "I'll try to act in such a way as to merit his accusation."

In short, instead of one lover, she took two, which was only logical under the circumstances. And it was a problem to keep these two men from running into each other and at the same time keep her husband from finding out about the arrangement. One of the lovers was a student, the other a dashing captain of the guards. The young man was not stupid, and he soon found out about his military opponent, but he said to himself philosophically, "She loves him for his splendid uniform; she loves me for myself."

One day, when the husband was supposed to be out of town, Madame Métulet gave the student a rendezvous for the morning while the captain was

to have the afternoon. The young man had been in bed with her for over an hour; the cock had crowed three times, and they were resting gently on their laurels, when suddenly they heard a sound of boots, a jangle of spurs, and the rattle of a sword.

"Heavens," exclaimed the woman, "it's the army! Here, grab your clothes and hide under the bed."

She ran to open the door. "Why, Captain, I was not expecting you until this afternoon. I wanted to be sure Monsieur was leaving town as he said. You know how jealous husbands are."

The captain went to the window to be sure the coast was clear. Just at that moment he saw Monsieur Métulet walking rapidly across the square toward the house. "You were right," he gasped. "There he is. He suspects something, and he is coming here to kill me. What are we going to do?"

Madame Métulet thought for a second. "Let's not lose our heads. We must find a reason to explain why you are here . . . I have it. Draw your sword. When my husband enters the door, rush out shouting at the top of your voice, 'I'll catch him yet! I'll catch him yet!' And leave the rest to me."

Almost knocked down by the captain as he came in the door, the indignant husband asked his wife, "Who was that madman who just ran out of here?"

"It happened this way," explained the wife calmly. "About ten minutes ago, a young man dressed only in his underwear and holding his clothes in his arms opened the door without knocking and came rushing into the house. I was frightened to see an almost naked man, but he didn't give me time to think. 'Madame, hide me quick! An irate officer has just surprised me with his wife, and he is following me with drawn sword. If he finds me I am a dead man.' I hastily pushed the young fellow under the bed, and no sooner was he hidden there than the jealous husband rushed through the door. He looked all around without even asking permission, but fortunately did not look under the bed. Then he left just as you came in."

"You have done well, my dear. You have saved his life." He knelt down and looked under the bed. "You may come out now, young man," he said. "The officer has left."

—Translated by Hobart Ryland







*"I've just had a great emotional adventure!"*



## VIVA PIZZA! (continued from page 29)

the purpose of demonstrating the way in which he intends to treat your head.

From transplanted Italians in this country you'll hear all kinds of dicta on how you can learn the art of pizza baking. Older Italian women fulminate against such spurious equipment as gas or electric stoves. You can't possibly make a real pizza, they insist, unless you have a wood-burning oven built alongside an open hearth. Some professional pizza makers, too, tend to sneer at any man who hasn't spent several decades learning arcane skills from his Sicilian great-grandfather. These injunctions, all delivered with a certain ruddy charm, are, in truth, so much superstition.

Actually you need only a pigeonhole of a kitchen to make your own pizzas. And you'll make great pizza provided you start out with the correct original conception, namely, that the three parts of the pizza — the crisp dough, the filling and the cheeses (plural) — must all be built into a tantalizing plumpness.

As far as the dough is concerned, don't attempt to compete with the grandstand play bakers make in the windows of pizzerias. You don't have to learn the difficult and senseless skill of swinging the dough around your fist, tossing it into outer space, and stretching it as

thin as a balloon. As a matter of fact the dough will be better if it isn't stretched, but slowly and gently pressed with your finger tips after they've been dipped lightly in olive oil. If you're a novice, don't get perturbed should the recipe call for yeast. There are probably less failures in baked goods made with yeast than in those that use baking powder. Simply remember that yeast is inactive when cold or dry, that it grows (causes the dough to rise) when it's dissolved in warm water, and that it stops working when exposed to a great heat (when the pizza is baked).

Making the simple bread dough that's used for pizza is so easy that it can usually be mastered on the first try, but if you're uneasy about making your own dough, there are a number of easy alternatives. You can sometimes buy a piece of dough from a baker or pizzeria owner. You can use one of the packaged yeast dough mixes designed for making rolls. Or you can buy a pizza mix which contains not only the exact ingredients for making the dough but also the pizza sauce and grated cheese.

One of the best pizza sauces is the canned marinara sauce intended primarily for spaghetti dishes. Canned pizza sauces are sometimes a little watery;

you may have to add a tablespoon or two of tomato paste to give them the necessary body. When the recipe calls for canned tomatoes in place of a sauce, be sure to get the best grade of Italian plum tomato — called *pomodoro*, or apple of gold. This is the firm kind that you can split in two with your fingers, then flip the seeds aside. In adding other solid ingredients to the filling you can ad lib indefinitely: Use prepared meat balls, the hard sausages called pepperoni, prosciutto ham, green peppers, anchovies, capers, sardines, truffles, chicken livers or any other cooked meat, seafood or vegetable.

The trick of blending a number of cheeses into one dish is one of the sure signs that a pizza man really knows his Italian culinary tradition. In making a fine lasagna, for instance, a skilled chef will sometimes include five or six different kinds of cheese. And while a pizza isn't regarded primarily as a cheese dish, the blending of cheeses helps give the pizza its billowy deliciousness. Cheese mollifies the salty anchovies, soothes the garlic and tempers the tomatoes. If you can't buy a variety of Italian cheeses in your neighborhood, some effective substitutions can be made. In place of *bel paese* or mozzarella use port du salut or munster or brick cheese. In place of provolone use smoked cheddar. For the



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topping itself the best cheese is the freshly grated imported parmesan. Less sweet and more pungent than parmesan is the romano. These cheeses may also be blended.

One factor that may help explain the ever-growing popularity of pizza in America is the seductive fragrance of the little dried green leaf, oregano, which is found in almost every pizza, and which was almost unknown in the United States until the middle Thirties. Now oregano can be found on almost every store shelf. The native American herb of the same family, sweet marjoram, hardly competes with the slightly bitter, slightly sweet, imported oregano, the one thing which asserts that a pizza really is a pizza. The ancient Romans believed that the herb contained the touch of the fingers of Venus herself, and it's used in every pizza recipe except *pizza rustica*. It may appear in the pizza sauce or atop the filling.

The length of the recipe for pizza dough which follows may seem forbidding. But the actual working time is brief, if you don't count the period while the dough is rising.

**PIZZA DOUGH**  
(For one 9-inch pie)

Sift together 1½ cups all-purpose flour (previously sifted and measured), ½ tea-

spoon salt and ⅛ teaspoon ground white pepper. Dissolve ½ cake yeast or ½ packet dry yeast in ¼ cup lukewarm water. Melt 2 tablespoons lard over a low flame. In a generous-size mixing bowl combine ¼ cup milk, the dissolved yeast and the lard. Add ½ cup of the sifted flour, and beat very smooth with a wire whip. Gradually add the balance of the flour, mixing with a kitchen spoon until a dough is formed. You'll need a little extra muscle power here. The dough should be somewhat moist. In order to make it dry enough to handle, sprinkle lightly with flour. Form the dough into a ball and place it on a floured board. Knead it; that is, fold the dough toward you with your finger tips, and then press down and away with the heels of your hands. Turn the dough one quarter turn after each pressing in order to keep it compact. If the dough sticks to the board, scrape the board, then dust it lightly with flour, using as little flour as possible. Knead the dough for 3 to 4 minutes, then place it in a lightly greased bowl. Cover the bowl with a plate or a damp cloth and put it in a warm place, about 90°, until the dough doubles in bulk. Use any warm spot, alongside a radiator, near a furnace, etc. Or, if no such warm place is accessible, place the bowl over a pan of warm water at about 90°. Since the water will

not maintain this temperature for the entire rising period, you may have to change it several times. Of course, on a very warm summer day, the dough will rise at ordinary room temperature. After the dough has doubled in bulk, punch it down. If you're not going to use it immediately, you should brush it lightly with oil, wrap it in wax paper, and refrigerate it. It may be stored several days in the refrigerator.

After punching the dough down, place it on a floured board and let it rest 10 to 15 minutes. During this time it will become more supple and easier to handle. Place the dough in a greased 9-inch pie pan. Dip the finger tips in olive oil, and press the dough out toward the rim of the pan, then around the rim so that it forms a raised edge that will hold the filling. A large pizza pan or large griddle pan requires a double batch of dough.

**PREPARED PIZZA MIXES**

These mixes, most of which are surprisingly good, will save you the labor of measuring your own ingredients. But after mixing the dough, the procedure of kneading the dough, letting it rise and shaping it will be the same as outlined above. Usually the directions on the package will indicate that there is enough dough for three 9-inch pizzas.



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#### PIZZA SAUCE

Mince very fine 1 medium-size onion and 1 medium-size clove garlic. Force a No. 2 can of tomatoes through a colander or large sieve. Sauté the onion and garlic in 2 tablespoons olive oil until the onion just begins to turn yellow. Add the tomatoes, a 6-oz. can tomato paste, 1 teaspoon salt,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon monosodium glutamate,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon freshly ground black pepper,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon oregano and  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon minced basil leaf. Simmer 20 minutes. The No. 2 can of tomatoes required in this recipe will make enough sauce for three 9-inch pizzas. Leftover sauce may be used in pasta dishes.

#### PIZZA WITH PROSCIUTTO

Prepare the pizza dough. On the crust place 2 ozs. bel paese cheese cut into small dice and 1 oz. provolone cheese forced through the large holes of a metal grater. Cut 2 ozs. sliced prosciutto ham into small dice and sprinkle over the cheese. Prosciuttini or regular boiled ham may be substituted. Pour  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup pizza sauce over the filling. Sprinkle lightly with oregano. Sprinkle generously with grated parmesan cheese. Sprinkle very lightly with crushed red pepper. Sprinkle lightly with paprika and olive oil. Preheat the oven at 425°. Bake 20-25 minutes or until brown.

#### PIZZA DI CIPPOLE

Prepare the pizza dough. Cut 2 medium-size onions in half lengthwise, then cut them crosswise into the thinnest possible slices. Sauté the onions in 2 tablespoons olive oil, just until they lose their crispness. Cut 3 ozs. mozzarella cheese into small dice. Put 1 oz. provolone cheese through the large holes of a metal grater. Place both cheeses on the pizza dough. Place the sautéed onions on the cheese. Place  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sliced pitted ripe olives on the onions. Pour  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup pizza sauce on the onions. Sprinkle generously with grated parmesan cheese. Sprinkle lightly with paprika and olive oil. Preheat oven at 425°. Bake 20-25 minutes or until brown.

#### PIZZA WITH MUSHROOMS

Prepare the pizza dough. Sauté  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. sliced fresh mushrooms in 3 tablespoons olive oil until tender. Season with salt, pepper and the juice of  $\frac{1}{4}$  lemon. Cut 4 ozs. fontina cheese, or any other semi-hard cheese like mozzarella or bel paese, into small dice. Place the cheese on the crust. Place the mushrooms on the cheese. Drain half a No. 2 can of plum



tomatoes. Cut each tomato in half, removing the seeds. Place the tomatoes on the mushrooms. Sprinkle with salt, onion salt and oregano. Cut 1 oz. anchovies into very small dice and scatter over tomatoes. Sprinkle very lightly with crushed red pepper. Sprinkle heavily with grated parmesan cheese. Sprinkle lightly with paprika and olive oil. Preheat oven at 425°. Bake 20-25 minutes or until brown.

**PIZZA RUSTICA**

This is a pizza with a crust at both the top and bottom. It should be baked in an 8-inch pie pan. Prepare the pizza dough, then divide it in half. Roll out the dough so that each piece extends about 1/2 inch beyond the rim of the pie pan. Fit the bottom dough into the pan. In a mixing bowl combine 1 cup ricotta cheese, 1 slightly beaten egg, 2 tablespoons minced green pepper, 1/4 cup diced prosciutto ham or boiled ham, 1 teaspoon grated onion, 2 tablespoons parmesan cheese, 1/4 teaspoon salt and 2 dashes cayenne pepper. Spoon ricotta mixture into crust. Place the top crust over the pie, folding it between the bottom crust and the pie pan, and pinching the two crusts together. Brush top crust with olive oil or melted butter. Preheat oven at 375°. Bake 45 minutes or until brown.

**PIZZA QUATTRO VENTI**

Prepare a double batch of the pizza dough. Spread the entire batch of dough over a large pizza pan or large round or square griddle pan. Place 4 ozs. coarsely-grated provolone and 6 ozs. sliced mozzarella on the dough. Sprinkle with 3 tablespoons grated parmesan cheese. Cover the cheese with 1 1/2 cups pizza sauce. Divide the pizza into 4 wedges, using grated parmesan cheese to make narrow dividing lines. Cut 1/4 lb. fresh mushrooms into thin slices. Sauté the mushrooms in 2 tablespoons olive oil. Season with salt, pepper and lemon juice. Arrange the mushrooms on one section of the pie. Drain an 8-oz. can of cocktail meat balls, and place them on the second section of the pie. Drain a 2-oz. can of anchovies, and arrange them on the third section. Sprinkle the anchovies with 2 tablespoons minced parsley. On the remaining quadrant place 3 ozs. mozzarella cheese cut into thin slices. Sprinkle the mozzarella lightly with paprika. Sprinkle the dividing lines of parmesan cheese lightly with paprika and olive oil. Preheat oven at 425°. Bake 20-25 minutes or until brown.

Try one or two of these recipes, and you'll discover What Every Young Man Should Know About Making Pizza: it's easy as pie.



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# DEALERS WILD

(continued from page 28)

my word, what a dandy pile of sugar."

Rippler stands up, and at last he speaks. "I've had enough." He transfixes first Thorne, then Jeff. "I hope you gentlemen realize," he says softly, "that you will not escape the consequences of this evening's tomfoolery."

"I can't imagine what you mean," Thorne says suavely. "Come on, Jeff. I believe Miranda would like you to take her dancing." And, bowing politely to the two others, they leave.

"Why, those crooks!" Margolies exclaims with sincere indignation. "They were stringing us along the whole trip! They took us for around \$22,000."

"They will have cause to regret it," Rippler says. "Nobody—nobody!—pulls a stunt like that on Jack the Ripper."

"My boy," Thorne says, when they are seated in the ballroom with the beautiful Miranda, "let us now divvy up the spoils."

"Oh, your filthy conspiracy worked," Miranda says. Her face falls.

"Perfectly!" her father answers. "Jeff, you were masterly."

Jeff stares mournfully at Miranda. This success is costing him sore. Miranda won't even look in his direction.

"Here's your share," Thorne says, handing over \$18,150, of which about \$9000 is profit. "I think we handled the situation rather well."

"I guess so," Jeff says miserably. Then inspiration visits him. "But there's one thing I never understood about this maneuver. What if you had got the incomplete straight flush and I had had the three of a kind?"

Thorne falls back in his chair, flabbergasted. "Young man, do you mean to say that you went into this thing in ignorance of what you had to do?"

"It looks that way," Jeff confesses.

Miranda perks up. "He's a real dope about gambling, isn't he?" she asks hopefully.

"By George, it seems so," her father answers. "In the event you mention, Hartley, I cut the cards and your three of a kind beats his incomplete flush. My God, what a narrow squeak we had!"

"Golly, I guess we were pretty lucky," Jeff says, playing it solely for Miranda. "Because if I'd ended up with just three of a kind, I'd have lost my nerve and folded when Rippler bet out after the draw."

Miranda is the happiest girl in the world. "Jeff," she says, "if you ask me to dance, I'll dance."

And they dance. His cheek is contiguous to hers.

...

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bub of arrival, with all the passengers on deck looking at the Statue of Liberty and the skyline, it is a simple matter for Rippler to enter Thorne's stateroom unperceived. With him he has one of the round boxes of "face powder" from the vanity case. This he insinuates into one of Thorne's suitcases, under the dirty shirts. He figures that this act is costing him about \$10,000, and—so vengeful is his nature—he figures it is worth every penny. Thorne is well known as an adventurer and speculator; he will have a hard time explaining the possession of so much heroin; he will, if things work out right, have much leisure time to reflect on the folly of double-crossing Jack the Ripper, who now returns to his cabin and rearranges the contents of the vanity case to conceal the missing item.

There is the usual chaos on the dock as the luggage is unloaded and arranged alphabetically on the long counter for customs inspection. During this time Rippler makes a phone call to the Customs Office on the pier. He says, when he has the Chief Inspector on the line, "First-class passenger Artemus Thorne is smuggling in a big load of heroin, disguised as face powder. Thorne. T-h-o-r-n-e."

"Who are you?" the Chief Inspector asks.

"A friend of the law," says Jack the Ripper, and hangs up. Then he strolls down to the Ts to see what happens. It happens at once: the Thornes get almost the fastest servicing ever received by a passenger on an incoming liner. A gaggle of officials swoops in and begins a systematic perscrutation of their baggage. A crowd gathers to watch, so fervid is their zeal. Rippler haunts its fringe, unobserved.

"What is the meaning of this intemperate visitation?" Thorne asks.

"Quiet, Mac," a narcotics agent answers, peering into Thorne's sporan. "Where you got it hid?"

Within a minute or so they find the box of powder in its fancy cellophane. They place it triumphantly on the counter. "What is in this container?" the Chief Inspector asks.

"I have no idea," Thorne replies. "I never saw it before in my life. How did that get in there?"

The narcotics agent breaks it open. He removes the powder puff. He smells it. He dips his finger into the powder and tastes. He turns the box upside-down and tastes what was on the bottom. Then he takes another taste in the middle.

"Talcum powder," he announces. "Keep looking."

Rippler has heard enough. This is really too much, being played for a sucker twice on one trip. He returns to his baggage and removes the container of tooth powder—how stupid

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it was of him, when he made his spot check, to let Margolies force the obvious one on him, like the greenest mark at a carny. With the tooth powder in his pocket he strolls up the long line to the Ms, where Margolies is waiting.

"They ought to figure out some better way to do this," Margolies says. "All these people standing around for hours." He laughs — for the last time in eight years.

"All in due course," Jack says, gently slipping the container into the pocket of Margolies' topcoat. After an exchange of pleasantries he wanders off toward the phone booth. Five minutes later a flying detachment of agents descends on Margolies' pocket. He had expected his perfidy to be detected, but not before he was on his way to Buenos Aires, and not at the hands of the Bureau of Narcotics. Now he is dreadfully unhappy, poor fellow. Let us temper our blame with pity.

And, while we are about it, let us pity also Mr. John Rippler, who now has no single friend in the world, who is out \$32,000, and who, until he finds another partner, is out of a job. Truly, crime does not pay.

But, if you will ask Jeff Hartley, he will tell you that being a lousy gambler pays. Oh, it pays! And, of course, having a million clams in the bank. That helps too.



**GIRL HAD BEEN AROUND**

(continued from page 62)

the lobby holding hands. She pulled me back.

"You can go now," she said, sounding just like Margo.

I shook my head. "You can't mean that."

"It's only your vanity, Bart. You just want your friends to think you've had me."

"Oh, honey, do I have news for you!" I guided her into the elevator.

She tried to get rid of me again in front of her door. I took the key out of her hand and unlocked it for her. She hesitated in the doorway, looking up at me with those Latin eyes. I lifted her in my arms and carried her across the threshold.

She was trembling when I put her down. I kissed her lightly on the forehead and pushed her away. "You can make me that drink now."

She smiled. Timing was everything with this one.

We sat together on the sofa for a while and talked in low, sleepy tones about the day, the party, the people — about the way men and women act, together and apart — one of those intimate conversations you have with someone you've never met before and you'll never see again. At last I took her glass and set it

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on the coffee table.

"You have nice hands," she said.  
I looked at the sweet, wet curve of her lips. I couldn't wait any longer.  
She lay passive in my arms, not resisting, not really pulling back—but not helping me either. I kept talking to her, murmuring love names and love words, my lips against the fragrance of her hair, urging her toward me, caressing her, trying to arouse her to respond to me, begging her to yield the secret warmth and depth of her body—and then it was too late and I was beyond thought, beyond control, going for broke.

Not exactly a success.  
I was spent but not content. I should have been on Cloud Nine. It felt more like Bin Seven. I opened my eyes and found her watching me.

I stared at her face pale and composed. "You're untouched and I'm a wreck."  
"Not exactly untouched."  
"There's a raindrop on your eyelash."  
She smiled. "It's a diamond."  
A tear. "Did I hurt you?"  
"No. Oh, no."

"You're sad now." She buried her face against me. "What are you afraid of, Romaine?" She was silent. It occurred to me that I didn't know this woman at all—and never would.

She sighed. "Do you make love to your wife like that? She's a lucky woman."

No, I thought, if I made love to Margo like that she would open like a flower in the sun. I rolled the idea around in what was left of my mind. This was *important*. How long since I had put this much effort into winning Margo? When had I wooed her like this? My God. I knew now where the zing had gone.

I hugged Romaine and sat up. She hadn't given me herself—not really—but she had given me back my wife. *Oh, Margo*. Suddenly I could see the silken legs, the mocking eyes, that special vulnerability peculiar to little rich girls (*Is it me or my money he wants?*), her terrible and constant need for reassurance. I'll show her when she gets back. I thought. But why wait? Call her up. I reached for the phone, then I looked at my watch. What would I say to her? "I just happened to be sitting here on this woman's bed and I thought of you." Oh, Bart, you've really flipped this time. I laughed out loud.

Romaine stirred. I looked around at her. She was asleep.

I had to walk up to the corner to get a cab. The street was deserted and mysterious in the pre-dawn. It was mine. All mine. The whole town belonged to me. Suddenly I felt like a million dollars. Tax free. I could make it, too. *Bartley West Associates*. Yeah. I took a deep breath, hitched up my pants and headed for home.



Said bull to matador, "Say—  
It's too hot to be fighting today.

Let's toast one another  
As brother to brother  
With Terry 'N Tonic . . . Olé!"

Ask for Terry Spanish Brandy . . . at better places! You'll love it!

**Terry 'N Tonic**  
1 or 2 jiggers TERRY. 2 ice cubes. Fill with tonic (quinine water). Add lemon or lime. Sit back and enjoy yourself.  
Terry Brandy also makes a smooth drink, straight.

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## UPSTAIRS

(continued from page 25)

the elements which Monk leaves modestly unmentioned are talent and a point of view.

Monk has a talent for picking talent. Alumni of his charivaris are household words like Ronny Graham and Dody Goodman, and the people in his present revue, a brouhaha in 16 acts called *Demi-Dozen*, are extremely able performers named Jean Arnold, Ceil Cabot, Jane Connell, Jack Fletcher, George Hall and Gerry Matthews.

Besides ability and variety, the other commodity purveyed by these revuers and their writers is satire, that element which George S. Kaufman once defined as "what closes on Saturday night." Upstairs at the Downstairs, however, this proverbial Saturday has become a perpetual tomorrow that never arrives. In an age like ours, when the mass media don't dare portray any member of society as incompetent for fear his lobby and/or union will storm the studios and throw rocks at the sponsor, whatever Monk's minions do dare is diverting, refreshing, and usually amusing.

Picture, if you are able, a sophisticated song of the Noel Coward school, presented as a comic strip by *Mad* magazine. You may have to slip spectacles over your mind's eye to make the effort, but if you're successful you'll have a fairly accurate vision of the Monkian method. One song subjected to this Monkish business appeared in the last revue, *Take Five*, and was called *The Pro Musica Antiqua*:

*What a fool I was to go, but how could I nonny nonny know.  
Well he took me up to his flat, as he had said,  
And he locked the door and he sat on his great double bed.  
And he looked at me with eyes that lie,  
And I knew when I saw that look in his eye —  
That he had no recordings of Des Prés and Dufay,  
From the Pro Musica Antiqua.  
Well there I stood, I was rooted in my place,  
As I viewed with dread my deceitful lover's face.  
For I knew from the lovesick look in his eye  
He could lay me low with a single sigh.  
Well he laid me low and he laid me high,  
At the Pro Musica, the Pro Musica, the Pro Musica Antiqua.*

Perhaps the most successful piece in the current show is one called *Conference Call*, in which three ad agency types (one of whom is on a bongo board) are on a three-way phone hookup, discussing

superlative French cuisine  
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a laboratory report on their client's cigarette filters:

"Am I coming through to both of you?"

"Check."

"Check."

"I just got Baxter's lab report on the filters."

"And?"

"Well, manifestation-wise, it don't look good."

"Well?"

"I'll segue right into the meat of this thing. First, Freddie, you'd better de-bongo."

"OK, I'm supine."

"You know how they test the little mousies to see if they delovely you-know-what?"

"Yeah."

"Yeah."

"Well, you'd better go out and buy a couple of hundred teeny-tiny get-well cards."

"You mean . . ."

"You're kidding!"

"You're right, I'm kidding. I was just trying to be easy on you. Matter of fact the little devils will never get well. They diedy-dooded."

"Holy Heston, that's catastrophe time. What about the elephants?"

"Oh, they're still alive."

"Well, that's something."

"They're coughing like hell, but they're still alive."

"Maybe we can play that up. We get one of our chic-er male models in a howdah . . ."

"Negative, B.B., you can't use an elephant in an ad. It's a symbol."

"Republican?"

"No, phallic."

In *Take Five*, Ronny Graham as "Harry the Hipster" delivered a commencement address to the graduating class at a progressive school of bop. The address has been a classic with the hip set ever since Graham first introduced the routine in a Broadway revue:

"We're gonna have the regular morning exercises, so I want all you cats to rise, turn east, and face Decca. Repeat after me:

Platter, platter spinning slow

Victor 45 must go;

Push the switch and pull the lever,

Presley can't go on forever.

. . . I am referring to the serving of tea in the classroom, *sans cups* . . . Let's say this is a refer. I say let's say this is, 'cause this is. This is not a civilian cigarette. This is standard gauge, M-1, sometimes called Progressive Pall Malls, or Left Wing Luckies, or Mexican Laughing Tobacco . . . Now, if you will all turn to page 181 in your Federal Narcotics books, we'll sing our school song."

Julius Monk is himself no less interesting than the productions he benevolently despotizes. Born in North Caro-

**THE "GO" SOUND**



It's brand new. Songs that have it are happy. They swing. They GO. And they GO best when propelled by The Kirby Stone Four. Kirby and the boys have put together one dozen of the gladdest, swingiest vocal arrangements that ever befriended listening ears. Come share the happy camaraderie—The "I Had a Dream, Dear" Rock, S'posin', You're My Thrill, Spring Is Here, I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles.

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AT OUR RISK**

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Now — a new way of life for cigar smokers! Here's a completely new, modern cigar, a long slender MAVERICK shape, that's so mild even cigarette smokers will enjoy it. And, man, does it taste good! That's because it's a special blend with sun ripened Golden Isle leaf that's completely new in character, — so light, smooth and modern in taste.

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Send me a box of 50 MAVERICKS described above — I enclose \$1.00. I'll test smoke 25 and give you my honest opinion of them, and if I'm not delighted I'll return the balance for my dollar back. (in U.S.A. only.)

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Llama  
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none better!

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lina, he graduated from the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music an accomplished pianist and moved to New York, where he got a job as accompanist to a then-unknown singer named Dorothy Lamour and played many a nightclub. A stint abroad followed; he pianoed in a gaggle of Parisian and South-of-France boites, until he met and was hired by Herbert Jacoby, owner of Paris' Le Ruban Bleu. When Jacoby decided to open a New York counterpart of his Paris club, Monk took over as impresario. He held the job for 15 years, either discovering or adding luster to such talent as Graham, Imogene Coca, Liberace, Maurice Rocco, Thelma Carpenter, Lisa Kirk, Jonathan Winters, The Four Lads and Professor Irwin Corey.

When Monk was struck by his idea for integrated cabaret, he decided he'd need a special kind of place to test it. He found it in a cellar on 6th Avenue:

"The place was ghastly. The stage was in the worst possible spot — right in the front, next to the main entrance. To make things even cozier, the building was condemned. Everything about the club was ridiculous, including the laughably small rent, so I decided to take it."

When a combination of three hit shows and a wrecking company figuratively and literally brought down the house, Monk moved to his present quarters, where he expects a long, uninterrupted stay.

Despite his Carolina origin, Monk prefers to speak with a heavy English accent, sports a trim mustache, and is in every sense of the word a model of impeccable grooming and Continental *élan*, since he was one of the six top male models in this country last year. His elegant person has highlighted advertisements for such products as Kings Ransom Scotch, Jaguar automobiles and Burberry Clothes. Now that his rooms have become so successful, however, he seldom models more than four hours a week.

An intended numerical progression is evident in the titles of Monk's shows. The first was *Four Below*; it was followed by *Son of Four Below*; *Take Five* was next; and *Demi-Dozen* is current. Two of the shows are available from Offbeat Records: *Take Five* and *Demi-Dozen* (*Playboy After Hours*, Sept. '58 and March '59). Turning to the future, Monk muses:

"Some day, when *Demi-Dozen* runs its course, perhaps we'll follow up with *Lucky Seven*, then maybe *Eight for Tonight* . . . who knows?"

Who, indeed, knows? From the enthusiasm they've already displayed, New Yorkers would obviously be happy to see the Monk and his madcaps last long enough to present a show called *Monk's Millions*.



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**JET WEEKEND**

(continued from page 38)

choice of seven entrees prepared at Maxim's, including pheasant and lobster. The seven-hour air time from New York to Paris is a breeze in a plane like this—there's almost a complete absence of vibration—and your New York to Paris round-trip ticket allows you a stop-over in London on the way back.

The wardrobe you'll need for a jet-age weekend—for a date in Paris Friday night, another in London on Saturday—isn't too different from what you'd take on a longer junket. One dark and one light suit form the basis of a gentleman's wardrobe regardless of his destination. A sports jacket, a pair of slacks and a dinner jacket round it out perfectly. In selecting which suits to take, remember that England and France in the spring can be pretty cool at night and a wool worsted with a vest will be the most comfortable. Formal clothes should be black for spring, for although the lighter-toned jackets are recommended in the U.S., they still are not completely acceptable abroad. Your wash-and-wear, Dacron-and-cotton spread-collar shirt can be converted to an evening shirt by just adding your black tie and formal cuff links.

For convenience, it is possible to limit your shoes to two pairs and a pair of folding fabric bedroom slippers. One, the pair you wear as you board the plane, is a black shoe that can do double duty for informal as well as formal occasions. The other should be a completely comfortable pair of sport shoes of a soft leather that makes for easy walking and simple packing. No matter if you have been abroad many times or if the jet weekend is your first trip, a certain amount of sightseeing and shopping (which always means more walking than usual) is unavoidable. Slippers, too, are indispensable. Choose a pair that fold and fit into a compact case. They're space saving, too, for they'll double as bedroom slippers in your hotel room and for foot ease on your flight. Inside the shoes you can stuff extra handkerchiefs, socks and ties. The ties will not wrinkle if stretched taut and tightly rolled. Not that wrinkling of clothes is too serious a problem on a jet overseas flight. If you pack carefully there isn't enough time elapsed to cause any inconvenience, and most hotels are set up to offer rapid pressing service. If you'd rather do it yourself, we suggest the steam trick. Hang your clothes on wooden hangers over the bathtub; turn on the hot water and let the steam rise through the clothes; wrinkles fall right out after about a half hour of this.

You'll want to take three wash-and-wear shirts (Dacron-and-cotton or treated cotton shirts are the best possibilities

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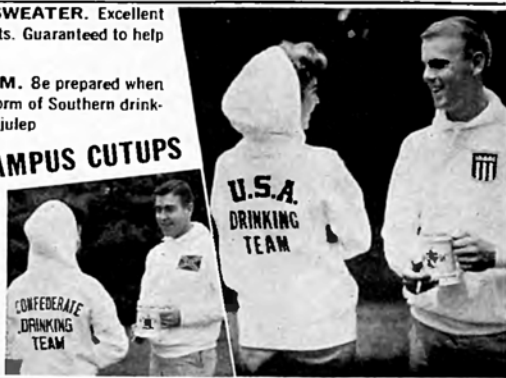
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for wash-and-wear security). There is a choice of collar styles from a medium-spread collar, to a buttondown collar, to an eyeleted round collar. Check the shirts for convertible cuffs, which means they can be worn successfully with or without cuff links, as you wish. Add three pairs of the new wash-and-wear cotton knit briefs and V-neck T-shirts, plus nylon socks. Even if spring weather is pretty warm, the early mornings are apt to be a bit brisk in Paris and London, so include in your packing one solid-color cashmere sweater, either cardigan or pullover. This is one article of clothing that should be kept in the bag you carry on board the plane with you, just in case you might need it.

For air travel, the luggage to be used should have these three qualities: light weight, sturdy construction and good looks. Handsome leather luggage is still the most popular, but new types of material and new designs in construction are gaining favor. Materials like fiberglass, aluminum, plastic-coated canvas over steel and wooden frames are increasingly popular. To keep within your allotted weight allowance you can get along with any lightweight two-suiter and a smaller overnight bag that can be personally carried. Included in this carry-on case should be all your toilet articles plus your folding slippers, sweater and a pair of 65% Dacron and 35% cotton lightweight wash-and-wear slacks and a lightweight cotton sports jacket, a shirt and a tie.

Two hats will take care of all your needs; one a dark small-brimmed felt that is designed to be rolled up to slip into your case. This will enable you to take your case into the lavatory an hour before landing to change your duds entirely should you wish to. On a fast weekend trip this saves time and means you can drop your bags at your hotel and, having been met by your date at the airport, can start on the town immediately. The most practical kind of coat to take along is a muted-tone, wash-and-wear cotton poplin raincoat. It's easy to carry and folds tightly if you want to pack it away.

Your sleeping habits will decide whether you need pajamas or not. If the answer is yes, PJs of any of the man-made fibers are best for travel. A cotton-blend robe is essential, for most European hotels serve a Continental breakfast which you will want to enjoy in your room before you dress.

A good leather passport case (see *Financial Statement*, p. 64) is a must, for it will hold your passport, tickets, traveler's checks, telephone numbers, credit cards, etc. Take along a money clip, for foreign currency in odd sizes often will not fit into your American wallet.







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## ART OF TRAVEL

(continued from page 66)

blue will do for the jacket, but at this season you might decide on wine or gold; these tones are mixed deeply with black in the fabric so that the overall effect is very subdued. Your tie and cummerbund will match the jacket; the trousers are always black or midnight blue.

You can relax a little on dress shirts. Plain whites will do, soft collar attached. You'll need about three, and perhaps one of them might have a ruffled front. After that you go down the line with: one dark suit, one light; one jacket and slacks outfit you carry aboard on your back; topcoat and/or raincoat; robe and slippers; wear a hat going aboard and pack a couple of caps; assorted shoes for dress, and for loafing; plenty of shirts and sport shirts, ties, socks, handkerchiefs, jewelry, belts (don't overlook evening braces), gloves, toiletries, underwear, sunglasses, etc.

If you're flying, your wardrobe has to hit the weight limit to the ounce, or you'll be parlaying simple multiplication into higher mathematics. Your international first-class ticket permits 66 pounds, but local flights abroad and transatlantic tourist tickets limit you to 44, so it may be wiser to count on that from the beginning.

Here are a few tips on how you may be weighed and still not found wanting.

You sally forth armed to the teeth like a commando—since your own framework and what's on it as you board the plane are counted in *their* load but not in your 44 pounds. So wear jacket and slacks, lightweight sweater, cap or crushable felt hat. Your lightweight topcoat or raincoat is on your arm; camera and binoculars are slung over your shoulder.

For the rest, this was actually put on a scale, and made it: one lightweight suit, light shade; second suit, dark; another sports jacket, and slacks; 2 sport shirts; 3 white shirts; 1 blue or gray shirt; 4 pairs shorts; 6 ties; 12 handkerchiefs; 6 pairs socks; 2 pairs pajamas; 1 robe; 2 belts; shaving kit, toiletries, etc.; 1 pair swimming trunks; clothes brush; T-shirt (In Portugal, they require a top to your swimming trunks, so this will double); 2 pairs shoes.

And, believe it or not, this still allows you a few more pounds, for a lightweight dinner outfit, or extras on the other stuff.

You'll probably buy a lot of stuff throughout Europe, but don't forget that Copenhagen, Shannon, Paris and Frankfurt are tax-free ports: you can really make a killing by doing a lot of your buying at these spots, if they're on your way. And in both London and Paris, you'll enjoy sizable discounts on your purchases if you have them deliv-

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ered to you on your plane.  
 Now, let's assume that you're flying transatlantic on an independent, pre-arranged tour which involves a train or plane for long Continental hauls, and a car at resorts or for short scenic runs, with a minimum of conducted sight-seeing arranged ahead of time at major cities, and ample free time in each. You're buying most of the transportation and much of your European currency and making most of the arrangements through your agent well ahead of time in the States. But our original premise of artful travel involves having the local version of a good time wherever you are. You'll obviously make your own selections as you plan your trip, but here are a few possibilities:

**Hotels**—your base of operations is vital not only as a good address or for memorable luxury, but also because the guidance the concierge will give you will be keyed to the level of the people using that hotel. Rely on him for everything. Tip him every time you pay cash, otherwise when he presents his bill for outlays on your behalf at the end of your stay. There are certain hotels of great class you should surely use if you're anywhere near them: Claridges in London, the Royal Danieli in Venice (but ask for the old wing), the Ritz in Paris, atmospheric Sacher's in Vienna, the Hotel de la Cloche at Dijon, the superluxurious Aviz in Lisbon (but it's small, an ex-castle with only 26 rooms, so book way-way ahead) and, among the resorts, the Hotel de Paris at Monte Carlo, the Negresco at Nice, the Alhambra near Malaga, the Cap at Cap d'Antibes, the Berghaus on top of the Jungfrau in Switzerland, Formentor on Mallorca, the Rive Reine at Vevey, and the San Domenico at Taormina.

Feminine companionship is your next most important consideration. The streets and the bars and nightclubs and even the hotel concierge can turn up professionals everywhere; the choice is yours. If you prefer to hunt up your own, then the situation varies geographically from the much-touted freedom of Scandinavian girls (notably in Denmark) to the "scorched earth" situation in Spain, Italy and Portugal. There are two feminine categories that do not fit into any geographical pattern: one is the genuinely upper-class type (so that any introductions you can wangle from friends at home are worth more than gold; otherwise, try your luck at golf or tennis clubs) and American girls, who're everywhere on the Continent in summer. The best source of these last are the American Express offices, where they come to get mail, exchange traveler's checks, buy tours, etc. In England and France, and particularly in France, you usually have to "belong" before you can get to first base for a try at second; you'll belong fastest in a group (know

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any American students, maybe a couple of artists?) or in a sport situation (for instance, at the beach or a ski resort or at country clubs). The casual pickup on a café terrace in France is a rare possibility; she's either a pro, or she's waiting for her husband. In Portugal, Spain and Italy, there are only two kinds of girls: very, very good or very, very bad, and that's that. Again the exceptions are the upper strata of society and Americans, or tourists from Scandinavia.

**Food**—since you'll spend more time eating than on almost any other single activity in Europe, you might as well polish up on ordering full-fledged meals in a strange tongue. You'll find English-speaking maitre de's at all the big hotels and great restaurants. Eat there a few times to get the hang of local menus and dining habits; but don't ignore the smaller places, which are fun and also have fine food. There are various ways around the problem of whatinhell's Salzburger Nockerl or Vlaamsche Waterzooie—which happen to be an Austrian soufflé and a Belgian chicken stew, respectively. One way around this difficulty is to go in and firmly order the specialty of the house. This can be tricky, of course, when the waiter shrugs and says in a rapid local patois something to the effect that, "We don't got no specialties here." Another fairly effective alternative is to decide in general terms what you want before going in—for instance, thick soup, poached fish, veal, fruit and cheese. It's no trick to learn these general terms and leave the particular form of the soup, fish, meat to the imagination of the waiter. (You indicate that it's up to him by shrugging energetically.)

If you savor the joys of wine, then by all means do like everybody else and ask for a carafe (it's almost an international word) of the restaurant's own wine, red or white, unless you prefer to go into a huddle over vintages and chateaux with the sommelier. He can teach you quite a bit, incidentally, without embarrassment, if you'll just ask him to recommend something and then ask, "Why?"

Here are some of the meals you should try at least once, and restaurants where you should sample them: Rehrücken (venison) and thin Palatschinken (pancakes with cottage cheese stuffing) at the 14th Century Goldener Hirsch in Salzburg, pastries at Demel in Vienna, anguilles au vert, which translates as baby eels in a herb sauce, and filet de sole Ostendaise at the Epaulé de Mouton in Brussels, every variety of piled-high open sandwich at Davidsen's in Copenhagen, a rabbit pâté known as Hase im Topf at the Schwarzwälder in Munich or the Hofbräuhaus beerhall, avogolemono (lemon soup) and solmadakia (stuffed vine leaves) at Vijff Vlieghe in Amsterdam, and be sure to order Dutch cheese and black roggebrod bread with your breakfast at the hotel there, rypser (grouse) in



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any form at Frognerstacten on a view-rich hill just outside Oslo, bacalliau (dried cod) or santola (stuffed crab) at the Mestre-Ze on Guincho Beach just outside Lisbon, cold gaspacho soup and a concoction of chicken and seafood in yellow rice called paella at La Tasca in Madrid, a fondue of melted cheese and kirsch at Bolozon in Geneva. (We have not mentioned London, Paris or Rome, because their dishes are the basis of all great international cooking and there are far too many good restaurants for us to single out just a few; as a general rule, consult any good restaurant list in a guidebook, or the hotel concierge.)

*Drinking*—forget martinis. They'll be warm and loaded with vermouth. For a hard tippie, order whisky—which means Scotch everywhere in Europe—or akvavit in Scandinavia, jenever in Holland, brandy in Spain, and Pernod (or Richard—another brand name for denatured absinthe) in France. Grappa works faster than fast in Italy. Besides this, you should try a sort of claret cup called sangria in Spain, the young wine at a heuriger wine garden in Grinzing just outside Vienna, and a Valais or a Neuchâtel light white wine in Switzerland. There's every conceivable variety of wine in France, and among the odd items a liqueur called marc which is made from the wine-press leavings and is worth trying once for fun. Don't order Liebfraumilch (whose name has degenerated until it means virtually any white Rhine wine) in Germany unless it comes from the Liebfrauenkirche vineyard near Worms in Rhine Hesse. Sherry is obviously good in Spain—even though the best goes to England. Ask the man in Italy: the better wines tend to keep pretty much within each locality.

*Shows*—music halls in London, the Folies-Bergère in Paris and opera in Italy are obvious. Actually, there's first-rate theatre—in London and Paris in particular—and Sadler's Wells ballet and the Old Vic repertory in London and the Opéra-Comique, Théâtre Français and Opéra in Paris should all positively be on your list. Don't miss the Grand Guignol horror-and-sex stuff in Paris or the political satire at such special spots as the Théâtre de Dix Heures, if your French is up to it. Open-air opera in Rome is good summer fare—mostly because of the setting in the baths of Caracalla. Nudity is an exhilarating art in France, a gross and dispirited exhibition in Germany, moderately tasteless everywhere else. You'll run most everywhere into films that were too torrid for the U.S. but notably in Italy, not at all in Spain and Portugal. Flamenco dancing and fado singing are the evening offerings, respectively, at these last two places. Casinos are legal in France, Italy, Belgium, Germany, Austria, Switzerland and Portugal—almost all of them at coastal resorts or inland spas. Again skip-



ping London and Paris, which have far too much to offer for any random sampling, the following nightspots can be recommended: Monseigneur and Casino Oriental (tough) in Vienna, Bocuf-sur-le-Toit (apes Hollywood but adds breasts) in Brussels, Lorry (beer-gardenish) and Wonder Bar (tough) in Copenhagen, Domicile du Jazz in Frankfurt which is just what it says, Jicky Club and Bricktop's in Rome, Adega do Machado for fado in Lisbon, Zambra and Los Corrales for gypsy stuff in Madrid and La Macarena for the same with more color in Barcelona.

**Spots**—you don't have to go to the races to bet in England, "turf accountants" will happily take your money in town. But you're wiser to watch the smart money on the parimutuel boards—at Autcuil and Longchamps during the mid-June Grande Demaine near Paris or near Deauville in mid-August; at the June Derby and Ascot meetings near London and at Goodwood in July and York in August. Golf, of course, can be blamed on the Scots, so you should dig out a divot or two at St. Andrews, Carnoustie and Muirfield in Scotland. Other great European courses include those at Spa, Le Zoute and Antwerp in Belgium, at Morfontaine and Chantilly in France, Krefeld and Hamburg in Germany, The Hague and Zandvoort in Holland, Milan in Italy, Stockholm in Sweden and Madrid in Spain. You can go skindiving in the Baltic if you insist, but most people stick to the Mediterranean and for the most part do it from offshore islands like France's Porquerolles, Port Cros and the Levant (a major nudist center, incidentally)—and off Italy, Elba and Capraia and Pianosa, Capri and Ischia, Ponza on a level with Rome, the Aeolian Islands near Sicily. Undeveloped but loaded with potential are the Greek Mediterranean Islands, notably Mykonos and Santorin, also Ithaca, Cefalonia, Corfu and Crete. Skindiving is great and barely developed off Yugoslavia's Dalmatian Coast where the water is warm and undisturbed, off the southern coast of Spain and Portugal, and off Spain's Balearic islands. You can also see more auto racing in Europe than anywhere else; in fact, even top races are too numerous to mention here, so ask your auto club.

What you can do and see are well-nigh infinite. And getting into the swing of travel isn't as complicated and occult as it may seem. Once you've been tipped to a few of the things to watch for and watch out for—as we've tried to do here—you can trust to your own good sense and intuition, play it by ear, relax and forget the office. Because remember: all the world loves a traveler—particularly one who goes about it easily and graciously, prepared to savor the world at its best. *Bon voyage.*



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## PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

ALL THE BIGGEST names in jazzdom will be blowing at festivals around the country come the summer months. George Wein—who operates Boston's top jazz club, Storyville—has already booked Stan Kenton, Count Basie, Sarah Vaughan and the Four Freshmen not only for his Newport Festival (July 2-5), but also for Toronto (July 22-23), French Lick (July 30-August 2) and Boston (August 21-23). And, of course, there'll be still more stars on the festival bills at each of these places. Afternoon sessions will be free; evenings, the tab runs from \$2 to \$5 per swinging head. You can partake of the pleasures of the French Lick-Sheraton, jazz included, for around \$20-\$30 a single, with grub. Still another spot jumping in July is the Berkshire Music Barn at Music Inn in Lenox, Massachusetts, where folk music as well as contemporary jazz will mix it up. The Berkshire Music Festival, which gets under way July 1, also offers plenty in the way of longhair fare. For those who dig both types—plus some theatre thrown in too—the second Vancouver International Festival (July 11-August 15), out in British Columbia, is under the expert aegis of some of the world's top conductors.

Down South, the summer months offer another type of entertainment. Along Florida's Gold Coast (mainly in the Miami area) swarm smiling hordes of a peculiarly unindigenous fauna: predatory broads on a two-week spree. Naturally, they're down there to sop up the sun and enjoy the reduced summer rates at the big hotels. Escorts, of course, are always very much in demand since the

women outnumber the men a good five to one. Add to this the extravagant talent appearing at spots like the Hotel Deauville or the jazz program scheduled for the Diplomat Hotel at Hollywood-by-the-Sea (most of the winners of **PLAYBOY'S** own jazz poll will be there) and you have the makings of a high old time.

Those indignant souls miffed at being unable to see certain censored movies should report promptly to Cinemages in Gotham, which organization is sponsoring a censored movie trip through five European cities (London, Brussels, Paris, Milan and Rome) starting July 15. What you get to see, in addition to the usual sights, are the uncensored versions of a whole raft of flicks, including most of the Bardot numbers and the epic *Tower of Pleasure*, which was denied entry to the U.S. even in a highly expurgated version. Tab runs to \$998 with round-trip air fare from New York to Paris.

July is the month for auto races too. From Chicago's Meadowdale race track, now in its second year of operation, to the Grand Prix races at Silverstone in England and Rheims in France, the smell of burning rubber and the squeal of tires on hot pavements will be prominent. Both Grands Prix are for Formula 1 jobs and the July 3-4 races at Meadowdale will consist of three 335-mile races for professional sports car drivers.

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



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