

# PLAYBOY

JUNE 50 cents

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN



ORIGINS OF THE BEAT GENERATION  
BY JACK KEROUAC

SHOWBIZ BEAUTIES FROM THE EXOTIC EAST

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## PLAYBILL

"WOE UNTO THOSE who spit on the Beat Generation," Jack Kerouac intones in this issue, "the wind'll blow it back." The warning is part of his new PLAYBOY article, *The Origins of the Beat Generation*, a disarming statement of opinion from that generation's most vocal and probably most authoritative spokesman. Kerouac's utterance, we feel, is a valuable amplification of the triptych survey, *The Beat Mystique* (PLAYBOY, February 1958), in which Herbert Gold, Sam Boal and Noel Clad illuminated the other side of the Beat coin, the dark side where all is cool and nihilistic.

*The Voyage of the Peanut* is a wacky and winning story of a young man's adventures in Hollywood. It takes the leading position in the issue and is written by Harvey Jacobs, a new talent from whom we are expecting big and important work in the future. Balanced against Jacobs' easygoing *Peanut* are Ken Purdy's crime story, *The Wise Guy*, and John Atherton's science-fictional *Waste Not, Want Not*.

Satire takes pictorial as well as written form this month. Photographer-satirist Jerry Yulsman has provided extraordinary extrapolation on the theme of the

motor scooter in his *Veni, Vidi, Vespa!* You see Jerry on this page in the act of setting up one of the tricky jobs for which he's famous: photographing a nude on a busy city street in broad daylight. Roger Sklar joins the ranks of PLAYBOY's satirists by ringing a number of deft literary changes on that fine old pleasantry, *Who Was That Lady?*

Girls from the exotic East have brought heady Oriental spice to the U.S. entertainment scene, and PLAYBOY's ubiquitous camera has recorded all the delightful details. *A Girl Named Charlie* is actually a girl named Marilyn, and a lovelier George Gobel alumna we've never lamped. "Charlie" is Miss June.

Alan Holmes has unearthed some fascinating facts and anecdotes in connection with a subject of particular interest to men, *The Mann Act*. Thomas Mario hands out appetizing advice on summertime food and drink in *Beer and Skittles*. And, bringing a helpful completeness to this June number of the urban man's handbook, the Messrs. Green and Rutherford, PLAYBOY's fashion pundits, discuss formal attire as well as suggest duds for wear whilst water skiing and skindiving (yes, a bit more than skin is required).



JACOBS



KEROUAC

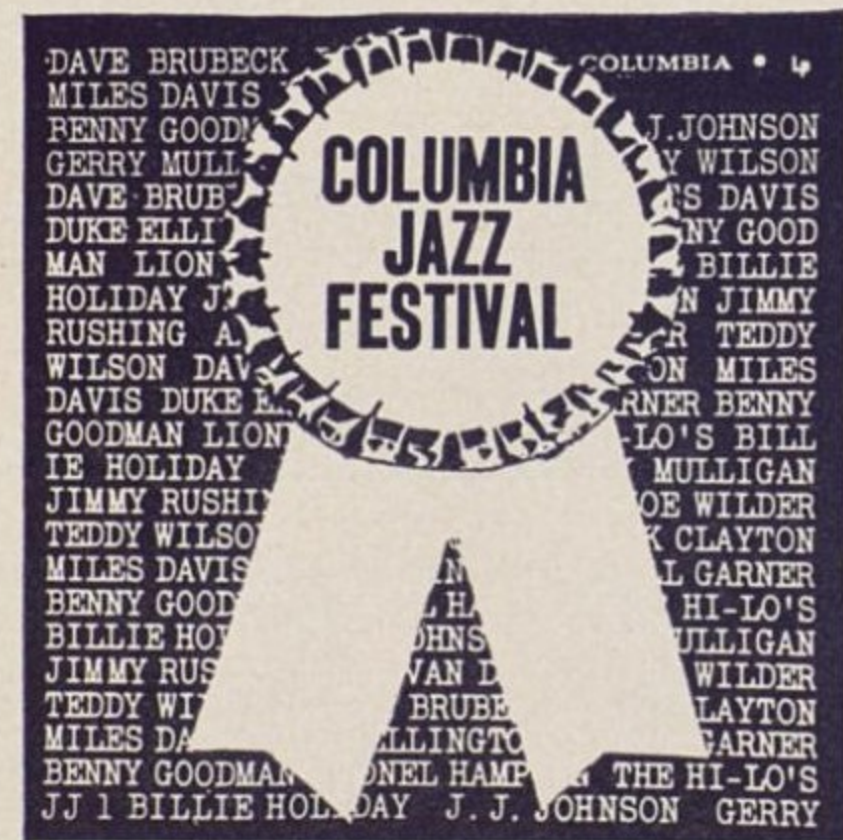


YULSMAN (at right)



SKLAR

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## DEAR PLAYBOY

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

**PLAYBOY INTERNATIONAL**  
Let me congratulate you for providing entertainment to a Paris bachelor. I could not find your 1959 PLAYBOY Playmate Calendar, even at Brentano's shop, Avenue de l'Opéra and I feel very sorry! I hope you will help me before I get what you call the blues.

Jean J. Hugot  
Paris, France

In Brussels, Zagreb, Peshawar, Benares, Hong Kong, Tokyo, Kyoto, Albuquerque, Taos, Lima, Cuzco, Machu Picchu, Rio and of course the new capital Brasilia, the best magazine vendors sounded like a one-line chorus: "So, so sorry! Wish these people in Chicago could print more copies! We usually sell half of what we could sell! If only they would send us more!"

Victor Stoloff  
Producer-Director  
Orbit Productions, Ltd.  
Brussels, Belgium

**OMPHALOSKEPSIS**  
I enjoyed Mr. Roth's February pictorial study of omphaloskepsis (meditation while gazing at the navel), for I am a student of this ancient art. Omphaloskepsis was first practiced by the Hesychasts, a school of 14th Century mystics among the Greek monks of Mt. Athos. They practiced a kind of self-hypnotism by gazing fixedly at their navel, searching the seat of the soul, and in this condition were supposed to receive spiritual illumination. With a few minor revisions from its original form I think omphaloskepsis could be pleasantly revived by those with a PLAYBOY point of view. Elimination of the rule that you must gaze at your own navel would make possible omphaloskepsis at parties—an excellent way to break the ice. I'm sure many interesting and provocative thoughts would come to both partners from just a few minutes of meditation. Revival of omphaloskepsis would have commercial possibilities. Do-it-yourself kits for those too shy to ask a partner and who don't want to feel alone in the world would contain a small glass eye. Inserted in the navel, the eye would

gaze back during omphaloskepsis. Those with a flair for the fancy would purchase navel rhinestones for the party situation and the filthy rich could insert diamonds, rubies, emeralds and other precious stones. A feminine omphaloskepsis partner would surely get the right idea during meditation if her playboy had a diamond-studded bracelet or a set of emerald earrings hanging from his navel.

Vince Martin  
La Mesa, California

Arnold Roth's *Navel Engagement* made me feel sad and inferior. Until now I didn't realize what fun people who have navels have. You see, I have no navel. My doctor says I am a sister of Eve.

Sharon Lench  
Duxbury, Massachusetts

*Sounds more like the ultimate in rejecting your mother to us.*

Boy! That *Navel Engagement* spread by Arnold Roth was great! What your magazine needs is more and more such features by that same creative genius, Arnold Roth!

Arnold Roth  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

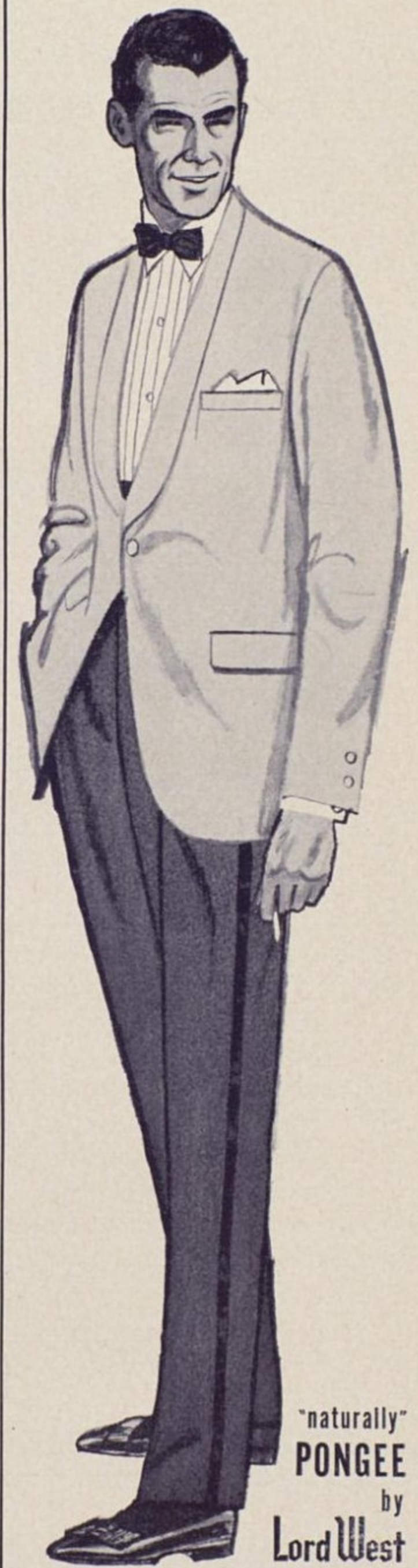
**UP TO PAAR**  
On his TV show, Jack Paar described PLAYBOY as a magazine dedicated to sports cars and seduction. What is your opinion of this?

Ronald Erkes  
Park Forest, Illinois

*It reminds us of Mort Sahl's observation that "PLAYBOY is dedicated to high fidelity and seduction, with the hi-fi in the front under science and the other a little further back under science-fiction."*

**YELLOW BRASS**  
I was just on the point of suggesting that you publish some material on the bullfight when your January issue arrived and, with it, Charles Beaumont's magnificent story, *The Music of the Yellow Brass*. It's exactly what I was looking for.

Dennis Caetta  
Fort Lee, Virginia



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"it's fun to go formal"  
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I wasn't in the mood to shed tears, but *The Music of the Yellow Brass* did it. Please let Mr. Beaumont know I'll be looking for more stories by him.

Dorothy Deluene  
St. Louis, Missouri

*The Music of the Yellow Brass* is one of the best stories in a long time.

Arthur J. Manaro  
Gainesville, Florida

Beaumont's unusual story of a boy and the glory of the bull ring is comparable only to Hemingway's *The Capital of the World*.

Jim Popoff  
Flint, Michigan

A lot of bull, but no beef.

John Brazier  
Caracas, Venezuela

¡Olé!

Jack A. Conrad  
Fort Wayne, Indiana

CHARLES BEAUMONT'S MUSIC OF THE YELLOW BRASS HAS TURNED UP ON TV AS AFTERNOON OF THE BEAST, STARRING KEENAN WYNN, WITH THE AUTHOR GIVEN AS PAUL MONASH. WHAT GIVES? WHO SUES WHOM?

F. M. STURTEVANT  
MEDIA, PENNSYLVANIA

*Nobody sues anybody. The TV play was an authorized dramatization of "The Music of the Yellow Brass," and if you had been watching the credits just a bit more closely, you would have seen, in addition to the name of adaptor Monash, the line "Based on a story by Charles Beaumont, which appeared in PLAYBOY." Other PLAYBOY stories planned for televising: Beaumont's "The Deadly Will to Win" and "Night Ride," Robert Bloch's "The Cure," Slesar-Folb's "A Fist Full of Money."*

### TOUJOURS L'ARMOUR

For almost five minutes straight I was wrapped in a coat of laughter, as I read the very humorous article *Girls of My Dreams* by Richard Armour in the February issue of PLAYBOY. Each sentence was funnier than the preceding one. Armour, in my personal opinion, is a true wit. Let's have more of his material.

Steve Hodges  
Station WHFC  
Chicago, Illinois

Richard Armour's *Girls of My Dreams* really rocked me.

Milt Wasserman  
Cleveland, Ohio

*More shining Armour coming up.*

### DEMOCRACY IN ACTION

The State of Arizona is currently constructing two new wings at the State Capitol in Phoenix, one for the State Senate and the other for the House of Representatives. In order to provide the finest facilities possible, we requested all departments concerned to file their requests with the State Planning and

who'll  
be first  
to shave  
the  
sour grape?



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**Southern Comfort**

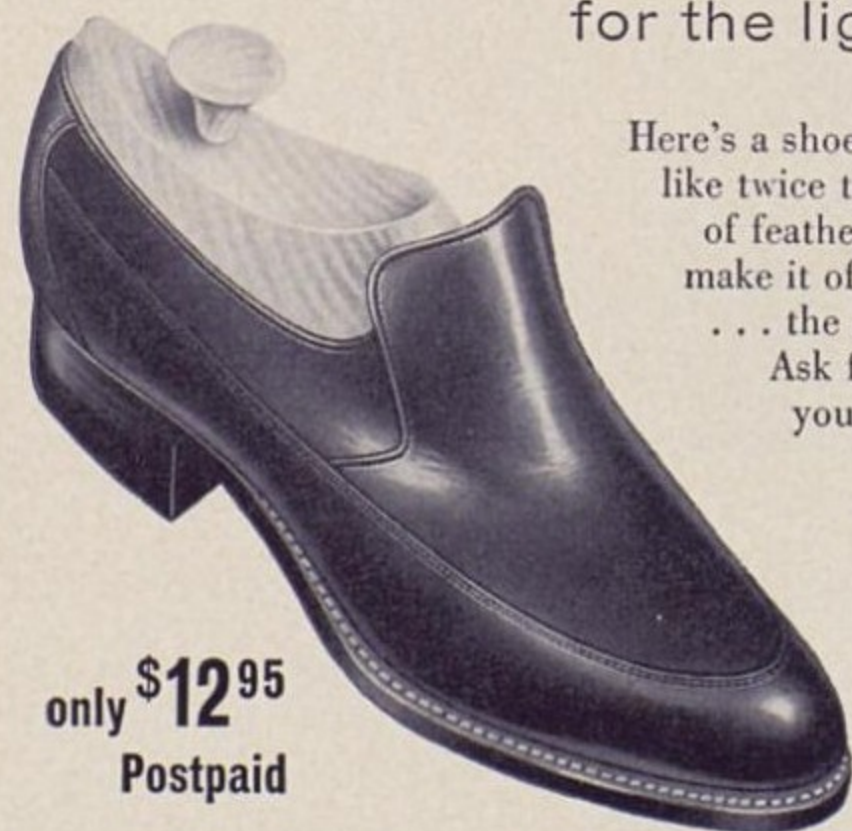
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**BRIDGEWATER WORKERS' COOPERATIVE ASSOCIATION**  
Bridgewater 12, Massachusetts

Building Commission. Members of the Capitol press corps have submitted specifications which read, in part: "Decorations for the press room should be in keeping with the culture and dignity of the press. In present quarters, the art work featured illustrations in color clipped from PLAYBOY but unfortunately stolen by somebody with low morals and a high opinion of art. We now desire plain, chaste walls with no art work on them. Instead, please sign a contract with PLAYBOY to send models in person, one new bevy each month." Please indicate what sort of figures (budgetary, that is) will be necessary to comply with the press room request. Also, if such is available, please send me a handbook on *The Care and Feeding of Playmates*. And in addition — merely as part of my duty, of course — please send to my attention, in no wrapper, a sample of the product to which the press room gang refer when they say "models in person." Your earnest consideration and cooperation in this matter will be sincerely appreciated.

David H. Campbell  
State Representative  
House of Representatives  
Phoenix, Arizona

#### SKIN OF SILK

Could you please tell me where I might purchase some cravats of the type described in Ray Russell's essay, *Skin of Silk and Eyes of Fire*?

John Weak  
Shreveport, Louisiana  
Since they've been out of fashion for well over a century, Russell has been forced to buy his at a theatrical costumer's. We suggest you do the same.

May I call to your attention a typographical error which occurred in the Table of Contents of your March issue? Following the listing, *Skin of Silk and Eyes of Fire*, someone very carelessly set the word "humor."

Fred Taylor  
Denver, Colorado

#### ICE BERG

In your January issue you published a letter from a student named Gordon Berg, in which he severely criticized the Playmate of the Month section and suggested it be replaced by "creative contemporary poetry." I completely disagree with him. Furthermore, I have conducted a poll among many of my PLAYBOY-reading friends and they disagree with him.

Francisco J. Cuervo  
M.I.T.  
Cambridge, Massachusetts

What is more "creative," more "contemporary," more sheer "poetry" than a beautiful woman?

Stanley H. Kossen  
University of Washington  
Seattle, Washington



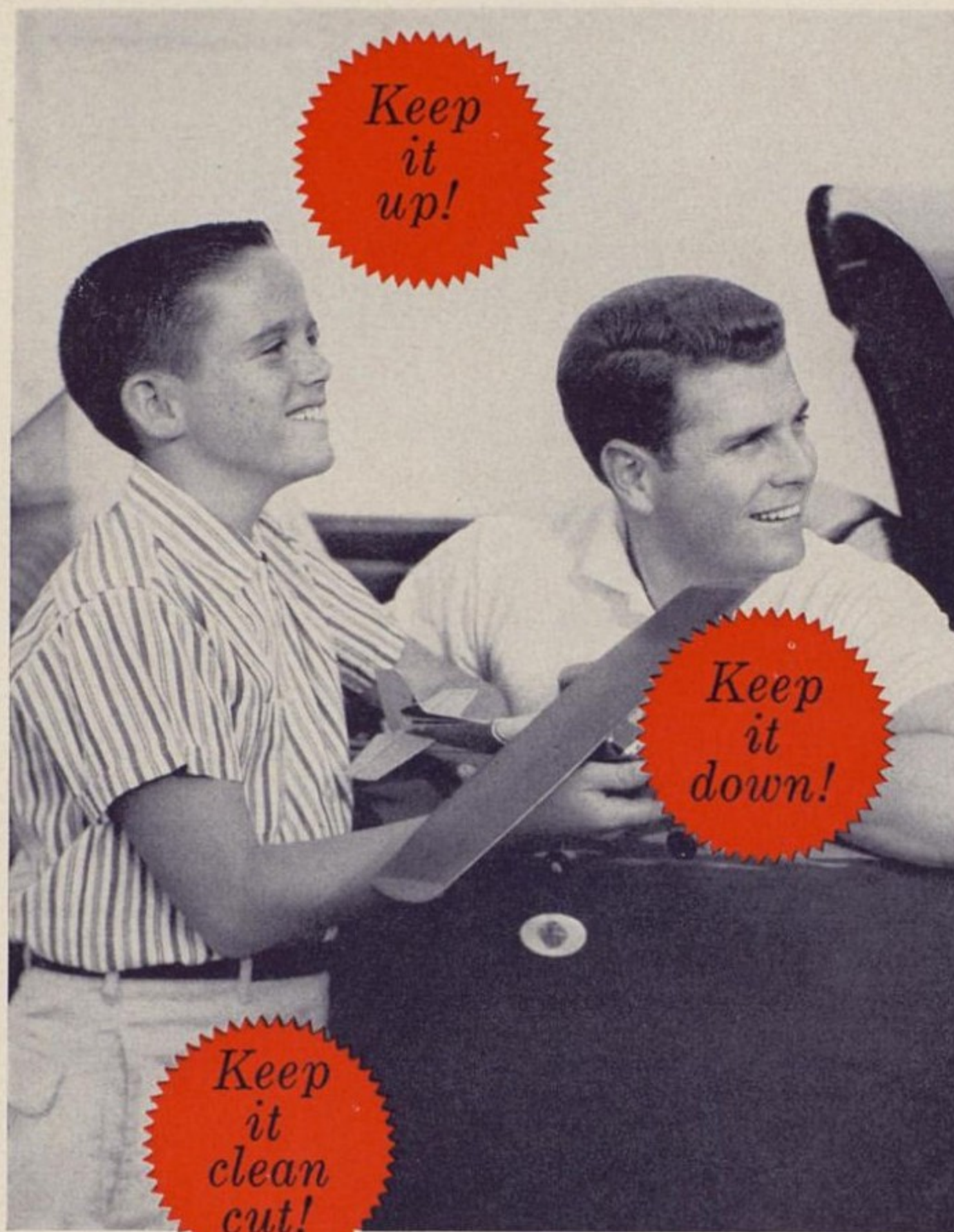
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I, too, appreciate your artistically written stories and consider your men's fashion section to be progressing nicely. No one can say I do not appreciate poetry, having written several published songs, but the day you substitute poetry for Playmates is the day I will discontinue my subscription.

Gordon W. Downs  
 Phoenix, Arizona

The following is some very contemporary poetry written especially for Gordon H. Berg:

*Here at Duke, after reading your letter,  
 We think that you would feel much better*

*If the food you ate  
 Contained less potassium nitrate.  
 (More commonly known as saltpeter.)  
 Wynn Montgomery and friends  
 Duke University  
 Durham, North Carolina*

I must say that I am in entire disagreement with the letter sent to you by Mr. Berg.

Mike Dohler  
 Kelowna, British Columbia

Gordon Berg should keep his creative contemporary poetry in his purse.

Joe Zillman  
 Los Angeles, California

#### A SHAVE FOR SILVERSTEIN

I have long been an admirer of Shel Silverstein. Not everybody in my family shares this admiration. My eight-year-old son picked up the March issue of PLAYBOY and happened to open it to a photo of Silverstein. He said in disgust, "Oh, that Fidel Castro again!" and put it down. In order to avoid Silverstein's being mistaken for such a controversial figure as Fidel Castro in the future, I would like to start a fund among the readers of PLAYBOY to collect enough money to buy Shel a one year's supply of shaving cream and blades.

Walter Stevens  
 Birmingham, Alabama

*Shel rather likes being thought of as controversial and, in addition, he explains, "I'd feel naked without the beard."*

#### HERE'S HOW

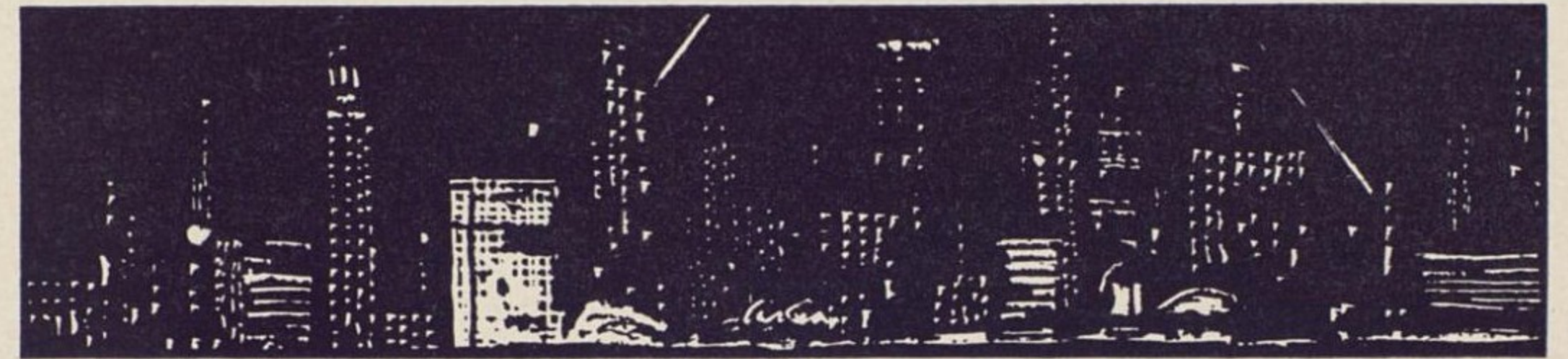
Tom Mario has given me so many great recipes for drinks that I can't resist getting in on the act and making available to the public my own creation, Vanguard The Second. Take a jigger of vodka and ¼ jigger of crème de cacao; add ginger ale; serve in an ice-cube-packed highball glass.

Gordon R. Gemeon  
 Peabody, Massachusetts

*Casualties will please contact Mr. Gemeon; not PLAYBOY.*



## PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



Here's a short-short urban fable, sad but true, of a brief adventure in free enterprise. Fellow in New York was notably generous with the loan of his bachelor diggings for afternoon assignments. Even casual acquaintances could avail themselves of his place, provided they adhered to his admonition to do so at two o'clock, when his maid would be gone for the day, and to be out by five, when he'd be home. What he didn't tell them was that, as the maid went off, a hidden tape recorder in the bedroom went on. The resulting recordings were sold by the gracious absentee host to various other folk, thus compensating him for his generosity, and helping defray the rent. This happy blending of pleasure and profit came to an end, however, when one of the victim's wives heard one of the tapes played at a party. She recognized not only his voice, but his technique as well. (She said later she thought she'd have forgiven him the infidelity if he hadn't murmured exactly the same words of endearment to the other girl that he used on her.) The victim himself, auditioning the sounds aghast, had just opened his mouth by way of feeble explanation, when his enraged spouse smote him across it with a pewter mug. He is now paying both alimony and a sizable dentist's bill. And the enterprising entrepreneur, his ruse exposed, seems to have run out of couples looking for a pad.

That the *Oregon Daily Emerald*, a school newspaper, never underestimates the power of etcetera should be obvious from this recent statement: "... women have initiated no significant all-campus political movements in recent years even though they compromise more than half the student body." And while we're

passing through Typographicalerrorsville, let's not fail to notice a recently discovered landmark from a British Columbia newspaper, *Forest and Mill*. In a review of a Canadian novel, the précis of the plot reached this feverish pitch: "Sylvia, on the other hand, who suspects he is wanted by the police, sees Chris as her accomplice in destroying the husband she hates. With almost crazed-like desire, she plots Larsen's death and draws Chris into her pants." The best-laid pants of mice and proof-readers gang aft a-gley.

Wags, or possibly Conrad Hilton press agents heavily disguised as wags, have it that Mr. H. plans to open a hotel in Moscow that he'll name The Comrade Hilton, and after that intends to make over the Leaning Tower of Pisa into a hostelry to be called The Tiltin' Hilton. Could be, but when we're asked to believe that stuff about the Glasgow place called The Kilt 'n' Hilton and the concert hall labeled The Liltin' Hilton and the Washington, D.C., palazzo in the shape of Eisenhower's brother to be christened The Milton Hilton—that's where we draw the line.

Newsman Joe Hyams has compiled a glossary of "sources" used by columnists and reporters. Among his translations: *An informed source*: Anybody with an opinion that tallies with the reporter's. *A usually reliable source*: Same person, only he or she occasionally takes one drink too many. *Friends said*: Any of the reporter's friends will do. *The whole town is buzzing about*: News is dull today so let's make some. *So-&-So called to tell me*: So-&-So's press agent just hung up. *So-&-So wrote to tell me*: The press agent also writes. *So-&-So had no comment*: What So-&-So really said was "Get

out of my way, buddy, or I'll run you over." *It is reported that*: Scooped again!

Observers of the passing parade who are especially pleased by obviously mammalian paraders will take note of Marian Weeks, employed in a Southsea, England, café. A notice on the café wall reads: "Patrons are kindly requested not to waste the waitress' time by asking for her vital statistics... They are 41½, 26, 37—'s true." Evidently assembled along the same engaging lines is Ruth Shepler of Des Moines, Iowa, who had a 20% U.S. cabaret tax slapped on her tavern because, in the opinion of the government, her habit of balancing two to four glasses of beer on her frontage as she goes about her work constitutes entertainment.

What may be an example of Agonizing Reappraisal, Southern Style, comes to us from Pocket Books, which reports that it has received an order for 100 copies of *How to Win Friends and Influence People* from Central High School in Little Rock.

#### THEATRE

In writing, performance and direction, Tennessee Williams' *Sweet Bird of Youth* is nerve-shattering theatre. It is Williams at his most degenerate to date, swamp-deep in violence and evil and the miasmas of spiritual decay, but he accords his victims a large share of compassion and supplies them with a moral for their epitaphs. His achievement is to make you care for two people who are despicable and damned. One is a faded movie star on the lam from her lost youth and Hollywood; the other is a tired gigolo

Frank-Feinstein  
OF NEW HAVEN

Away with  
inhibitions!

This *Persian Print* is a snooty beauty-handsome enough for anybody's summer anywhere. The imported fabric was woven of Sudanese yarn. It's immensely rich. Blissfully light, too. The button-down collar has a flare that really flatters you. Basic colors: olive, blue, wine. \$9.50. Fashion nabobs! View our entire shirt collection! Of note: our imported bleeding India madras short-sleeve pullovers, in colorings that will surprise and please you. \$10.95. Also: our fine imported foulards in neat blue, olive or maroon patterns on natural-color ground. \$8.95.



Frank Brothers  
NEW YORK

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who still fancies himself a vigorous athlete in bed and a likely candidate for a screen contract. Shacked up together in a fancy Gulf Coast hotel, the lost lady takes her refuge in alcohol, hashish and sex; her companion supplies the sex, and is not above trying a spot of blackmail to wangle a foothold in Hollywood. His immediate problem, however, is fear of literal castration. Years ago, in this same town, the young man had venereally infected a childhood sweetheart, and a posse of outraged relatives and Southern gentlemen now announce their intention of avenging her with the punishment that best fits the crime. Directed by Elia Kazan, the performers are flawless, from Sidney Blackmer, Diana Hyland and Rip Torn in subordinate roles, to Paul Newman and Geraldine Page as the frightened protagonists. Miss Page, in particular, is a revelation. Gone are the mousy mannerisms, the compulsive elbow scratching, the querulous voice that had become her stylistic trade-marks. In *Sweet Bird*, the actress has found herself. She sweeps across the stage like an army in full array. At the Martin Beck, 302 West 45th St., NYC.

FILMS

Eerie and suspenseful, if over-preachy, *The World, the Flesh and the Devil* is a sci-fi attack on the myth of racial superiority. Harry Belafonte plays a Negro who is seemingly the only guy alive after World War IV; he is militantly color conscious and appallingly respectful toward the only girl in the world, blonde Inger Stevens. In the starkly naked city of New York, Harry's mainly interested in expressing grievances about discrimination. This goes on even after the girl, taken with his good looks, smoldering manner and technical ingenuity (he lights up Broadway on a whim and puts a phone in her pad), lays it on the line. Then Mel Ferrer arrives in a boat to compete unequally for Inger's favors, and a private little World War V starts, but ends with a tidy compromise. Belafonte's nagging concern about the color of his skin is, of course, downright silly, but the film is great in its illusions of aloneness in the big city, full of echoes and despoiled by litterbugs before they died of too much radiation. You should enjoy it, except when the lectures begin.

John Braine's snarling non-U first novel, *Room at the Top* (*Playboy After Hours*, January 1958), has been made into a vigorous, frank but overlong picture. Scowly lady-killer Laurence Harvey, born poor and grimy, is out to leapfrog his way toward the top, even if it's over the back-sides of fashionable young ladies. He meets top-leapee Heather Sears, whose daddy is a rich tycoon. But before



Calculated to intrigue style-conscious men are these slim-tapered, close-fitting slacks of crisp Dacron-and-wool hopsacking. Zephyr-weight, they feature Continental drop pockets, extension waistband and adjustable side tabs. No back pockets. Black, Charcoal Grey, Cambridge Grey, Charcoal Brown, Olive. Sizes 28-42. 17.50  
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JAZZ FROM  
FUNSVILLE



Jazz music is fun to Gerry Mulligan. Listening to him blow that marvelous saxophone of his, you automatically know it. The "wail" of a good time he and his quartet have playing and listening to each other is contagious. If you haven't caught it, this Columbia recording offers the necessary exposure. There's no cure.

WHAT IS THERE TO SAY?—The Gerry Mulligan Quartet  
CL 1307 CS 8116 (stereo)

GUARANTEED HIGH-FIDELITY AND STEREO-FIDELITY RECORDS BY

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THE FIRST NAME IN JAZZ

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vaulting the many obstacles to the girl, riches, social status and security, he dallies with Simone Signoret, an older but mighty versatile married woman. Eventually, some stern decisions are forced on him, but you know this opportunistic cat will make out. Director Jack Clayton has set up moods of anxiety and yearning at the beginning, but hits you over the head with suspense gimmicks at the end. Some pretty blunt, interesting stuff here, if you're patient.

Nasty Black-and-Tans and patriotic Irishmen who can, if they've a mind, charm the moss off the fences of Kish-macool, darkly scheme against one another in *Shake Hands with the Devil*, set in 1921 during the last months of The Trouble. Swept into the turmoil is Don Murray, a peaceable lad from across the water, in Ireland to study medicine. After a fluke gets him into a jam with the Tans, he's about to be shipped back to America by college prof and I.R.A. leader James Cagney, but a number of things convince him he should help the rebs: one's a systematic black-and-bluing he takes from a Tan colonel; another's Glynis Johns, who shows him the fruits of patriotism—as, indeed, she shows all the lads save Cagney, who's too deep in the cause for frowning. The exposure of raw wounds is the main emphasis here, but characterizations, under the vibrant direction of Michael Anderson, are so picturesque that the continuous flow of righteous venom never palls. Photography by Erwin Hillier is first-rate, with attempts to make you wince at some of the explosive action. You do.

The most remarkable thing about *Frankenstein's Daughter* is that she's a man. The sexual switcheroo comes about thus: good-looking, Ivyish (albeit crazed) Dr. Oliver Frank has acquired a male cadaver which in his opinion is just asking for all that peachy reanimating voltage and wattage; but there's a slight hitch—no head. By far the best head in town belongs to a voluptuous blonde played by Sally Todd (*Playboy's Miss February*, 1957), so Dr. Frank makes a date with her and, after some front-seat calisthenics, does the poor girl in ("It's a shame, really; she was so pretty"). Now comes the best part. Sally's pretty head, or so they tell us, is stitched to the male (albeit headless) corpse, the sparks go crackle-crackle, and when Dr. Frank whips off the tarpaulin and stands back to allow his masterpiece to stumble around, is it Sally? It is not. It's the Swedish Angel or some other ugly male wrestler, dressed up in the traditional bandages, trousers and weighted shoes. Dr. Frank doesn't seem to notice, though, because he insists on calling him her. Dr. Frank, as you must have figured out by now, is really the grandson of the



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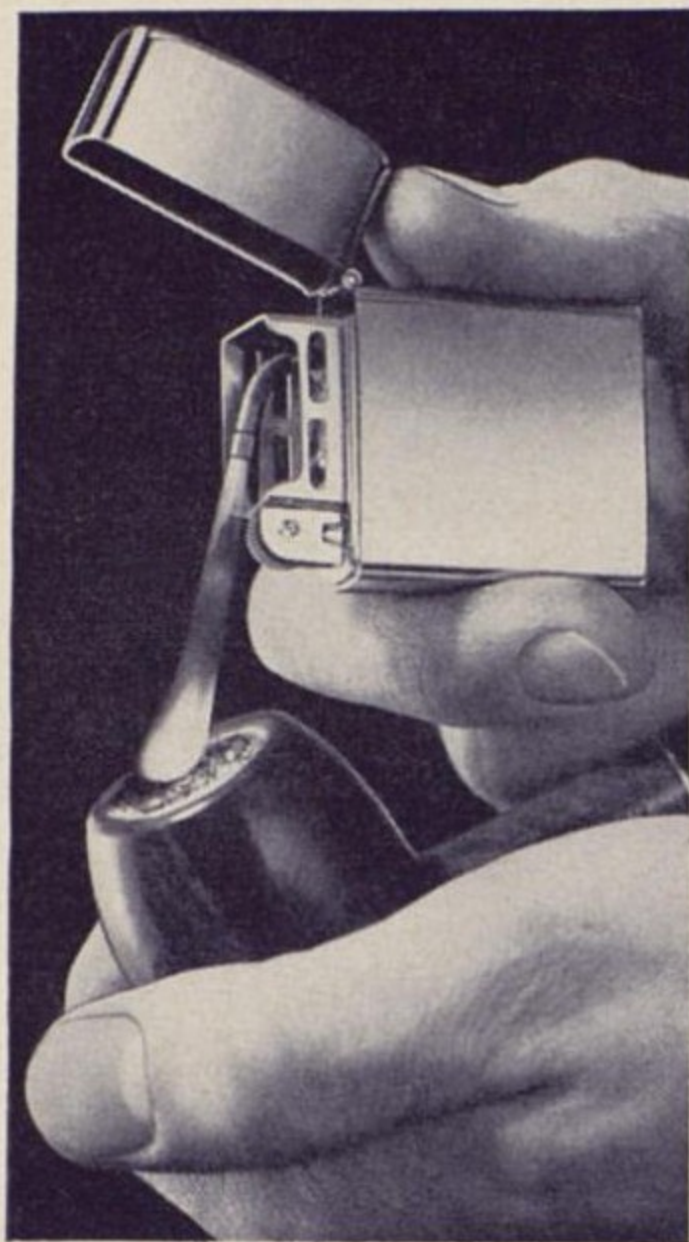
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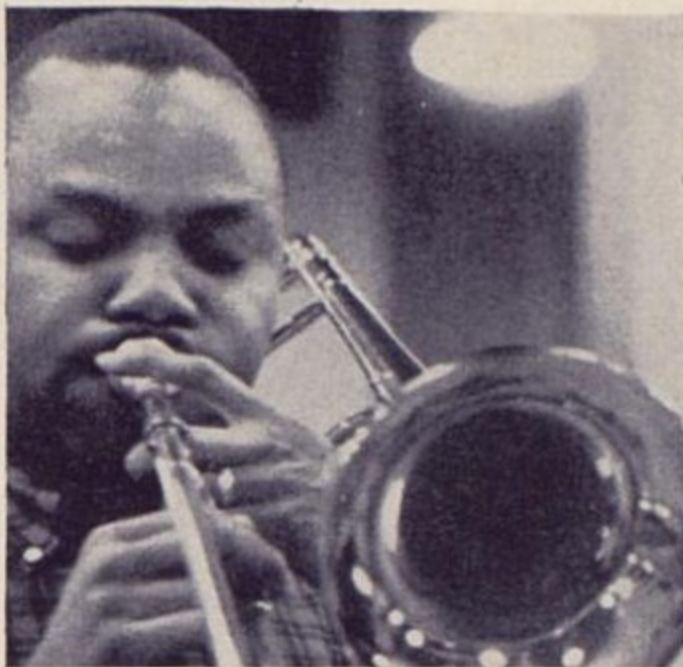
brilliant (albeit dead) Dr. Frankenstein. Everything goes up in flames at the end.

### BOOKS

In *One Star General* (Rinehart, \$3.50), Al Morgan, who yanked the rug from under a cathode comic in *The Great Man*, does likewise for a brigadier. Or all but. Trouble is, after giving the rug some good yanks, he suddenly turns benign and grabs the old boy just as he's about to fall on his face. This General Charlie Bronson, it seems, has an outside death wish. Had it ever since he killed his pregnant fiancée in a car crash. His wife (the dead gal's sister), loved and married him, but sis' ghost came between them, so she took to bottle and bed (other men's). Well, as you might well suspect, a CO with a death wish can be a hazard to his men, but by the time the Army found this out, Charlie had made Colonel in World War II. It took out-and-out blackmail to get him his star, and he'd have been just another Pentagon-goner if not for Korea, where that death wish resulted in humbug bravado. Now (it's 1953), he's flying home to a hero's welcome. We learn all this in flashback from the hard-nosed newshawk who is the author's corner-of-the-mouthpiece, the hero's PR rep, and Mrs. General's current bedmate, in that order. So when the plane lands, we expect to see a prime s.o.b. But, surprise, surprise! Charlie has seen the light, and is now just one big bundle of togetherness. Why? Ask Mr. Morgan. Fact remains, however, that most of this is a superior hatchet-job, so give *One Star General* 3½ stars.

The madness of *My Brother Was an Only Child* (Dutton, \$2.50) begins with the title and ends, 96 pages later, with Chapter 47, Lord Chesterfield's Last Letter to His Son, here given in its entirety: "Dear Junior: Get lost. Dad." In between, we are told that THIS BOOK BANS BOSTON, that "Sunday morning in Arizona is just like Sunday morning in Connecticut only more bowlegged," that On One's Hand It Is Much Better To Have Fingers Than Toes. Poughkeepsie Under the Czar is discussed, F. Scott Fitzgerald and Tennessee Williams are parodied in pieces called *This Side of the Disenchanted Infidel Revisited* and *Six G Strings in Search of an Old Violin Named Charlie*, and we are treated to a writ-by-hand letter from a boy away at camp: "... my coonseler is a fagg can i be one? i dont think it cost anything xtra." There's also an uncut pair of pages: when you slit them open, you are greeted by one word: "Nosey!" The perpetrator of all this is touted as the author of H. G. Wells' *Outline of History* and *Please Don't Eat Jean Kerr*. He writes material for the Paar show and his name

## BLUE J.



In a wonderfully relaxed and happy blowing session for trombonist, J. J. Johnson with three jazz cohorts of distinction, (Max Roach, drums, Paul Chambers, bass, and Tommy Flanagan, piano) proved that northern jam, though sometimes tart, has a sweetness all its own. "We had a session," J. J. remarked afterward. Translation: a delicious *tour de force* for cats. We think you'll agree.

BLUE TROMBONE—J. J. Johnson  
CL 1303 CS 8109 (stereo)

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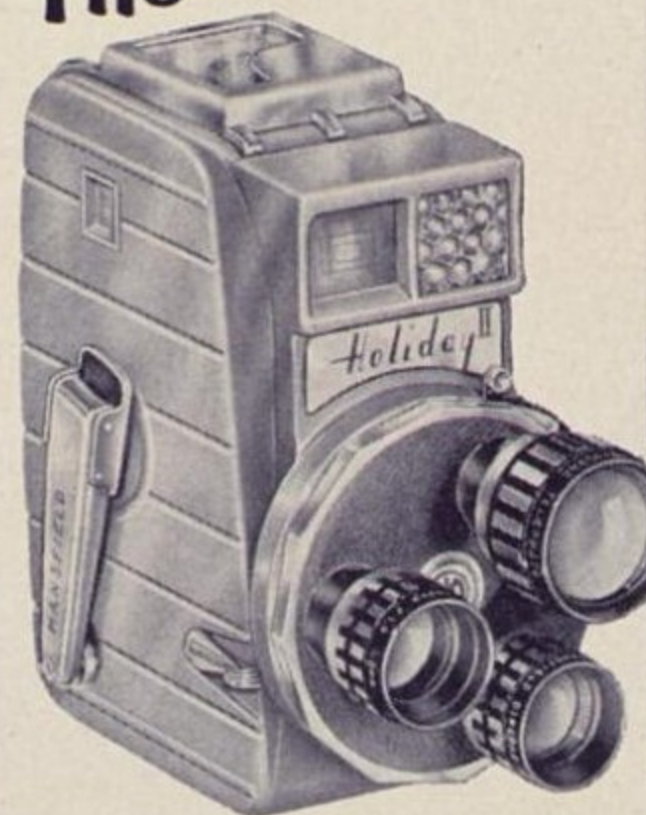
Pelham Grenville Wodehouse has opened his literary madhouse to the public again. There's nothing new or different there, but of course there needn't be; long-time associates of Bertie Wooster, Freddie Widgeon, Oofy Prosser, Mr. Mulliner, Bingo Little and assorted Beans and Crumpets will know exactly what to expect from *A Few Quick Ones* (Simon & Schuster, \$3.50), and, by and large, they won't be disappointed. The Wodehousian knack for making a minor social contretemps assume, hilariously, the proportions of major international intrigue has not been dimmed by 50 years of practice. Most of the stories first saw light in American magazines including PLAYBOY.

It was Ernest Hemingway and Barnaby Conrad who handily filled the five-foot shelf on bullfighting, but comes now one Angus Macnab with a last-minute entry that deserves consideration: *Fighting Bulls* (Harcourt, Brace, \$5). Macnab is a Briton who fought in the Spanish Civil War and liked the country, and the bullfight, so much that he became a citizen. His book necessarily repeats some of Hemingway, Conrad and the rest, but much of his material demonstrates scholarship instead of observation, which is an interesting change; and he gives to the bull an emphasis that has long been overdue, since most writers are concerned with the man.

Did you know that you can spot the social class to which two couples belong by where they sit in a car? (Lower class: men in front, women in back; lower-middle: each man with his own mate; upper-middle: each man with the other's mate.) Or that it means a lot to executives whether their desks are mahogany, walnut or oak? These are a couple of the symbols that, consciously and unconsciously, concern us in our everyday endeavors, and that concern Vance Packard in *The Status Seekers* (McKay, \$4.50). He examines the classes of American society to discover how the same wants and insecurities he found the admen manipulating in *The Hidden Persuaders* (*Playboy After Hours*, June 1957) are involved. Paradoxically, the book turns out to be both depressing and stimulating. Depressing because class lines are hardening in this country, it seems, creating a rigid society in which it's more and more difficult to make upward progress; stimulating because Packard's style is sprightly and his findings are often startling, sometimes shameful, always provocative of further thought and self-scrutiny.

PLAYBOY-regular Jules Feiffer is perhaps the most perceptive cartoonist on the current American scene. You'll find

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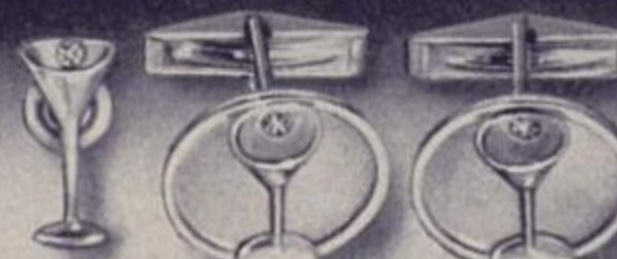


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## HAPPY SESSION



Whenever he puts clarinet to lip and motions the boys into action, Benny Goodman can probably command a larger audience than anybody else in music. (Is there a soul with ears who isn't a fan of his?) This recording is another example of his tremendous talent—a talent that has kept him reigning as the undisputed King of Swing for over two decades. Two noble jazz musicians, Andre Previn and Russ Freeman, sit in and add some sparkling improvisations to the swing-happy session.

HAPPY SESSION—Benny Goodman and His Orchestra featuring Andre Previn and Russ Freeman  
CL 1324 CS 8129 (stereo)

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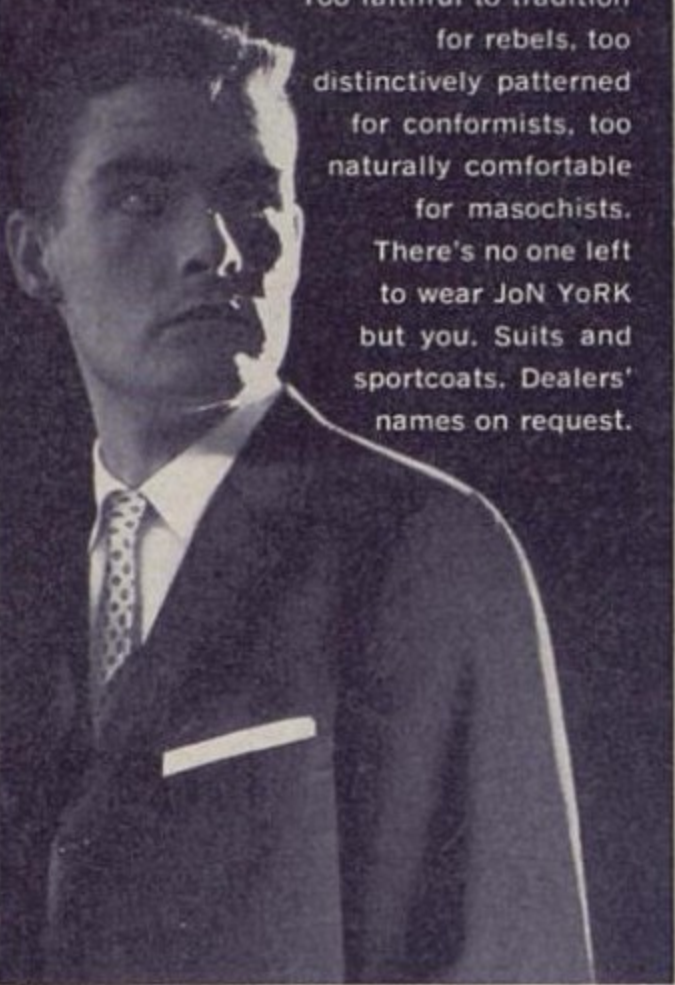
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proof of his powers in Passionella and Other Stories (McGraw-Hill, \$1.75), in which he penpoints foibles and frailties individual and international, and makes the whole business a hell of a lot of fun besides. If you like to laugh at yourself and your times, read it.

RECORDINGS

David Allen's third album, I Only Have Eyes for You (Warner Bros. 1268), is his finest to date and a first-rate example of why many consider him the best interpreter of the romantic ballad today. Here Dave handles a tasteful mixture of standards (I Only Have Eyes for You, You Go to My Head, Heart and Soul) and lesser-known dream stuff (You're Laughing at Me, With Every Breath I Take, Drifting) in a manner that proffers to the listener a warm, emotional experience. Pat Suzuki's Broadway '59 (Victor stereo 1965) is a pleasant potpourri of the more singable footlight fare around these days. Pocket-sized Pat warbles with obvious relish the likes of I Enjoy Being a Girl (from Flower Drum Song), Just for Once (from Redhead) and The Party's Over (from Bells Are Ringing), is backed briskly by the suave scoring and wand-waving of George Sivaro. Johnny Hartman's a balladeer with an easy, resonant set of pipes that can be heard to good advantage on And I Thought About You (Roost 2232), a collection of lovelorn pop tunes (Long Ago and Far Away, Little Girl Blue, et al.) that are nifty for late-hour listening. Keely Smith's Swingin' Pretty (Capitol stereo 1145) is a thumpingly accurate description of this bright-tempo set of goodies (The Nearness of You, There Will Never Be Another You are just a couple), each one handled faultlessly by the swinging Miss Smith and her pal on the podium, Nelson Riddle.

Pres and Teddy (Verve 8205) re-creates a healthy sound from the archives of jazz. Lester Young, who recently died, and Teddy Wilson, compatriots in some exhilarating sessions with Billie Holiday on Brunswick in the Thirties, joined forces in 1956 for this session, just released. Bassist Gene Ramey and trusty drummer Jo Jones were along, too, for the tour of six oldies, including All of Me, Prisoner of Love, Louise and Love Is Here to Stay. Pres' wheaty, floating sound and Wilson's precise, but never mechanistic, piano mesh moodily. There aren't any frantic scale races here, just the penetrating insights of a group of musicians who handle all melodies with care.

The firm of Audio Fidelity, something of a leader in the hi-fi dodge (what with the best bullfight album, La Fiesta

HAMP ON VIBRAPHONE



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GOLDEN VIBES—Lionel Hampton CL 1304 CS 8110 (stereo)

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Brava, and the loudest and best-selling Dixie discs, The Dukes of Dixieland, now comes along with another self-announced first: The First Component Series. Idea is that the first and most important component in a stereo rig is the record itself. The new series, says AF, demands the finest equipment and unless you have it you shouldn't buy the records. If you have doubts about your setup, you can give it its moment of truth with the series' Stereo Test Record (Audio Fidelity FCS 50,000) which is about as taxing of your rig's potential as a Pike's Peak race would be to your car, and which combines test tones on Side A with flashy excerpts from the other albums in the series on Side B. If your gear can make the grade, you can go on with Ravel's Bolero and a Bizet Carmen Suite (FCS 50,005) and Tchaikovsky's 6th Symphony (FCS 50,002), both conducted by Alfred Wallenstein; Marches from Operas (FCS 50,008) and Russian Composer Masterpieces (FCS 50,009), both batonized by Arthur Winograd; and Strauss Waltzes (FCS 50,013) led by Emanuel Vardi—all played by the Virtuoso Symphony of London. Pleasant enough program music all this, superbly recorded and just dandy for demonstration purposes or to shatter windows five blocks away. If the electronic quality level is maintained and the musical repertory improved, the series should really go.

To many jazz fans, trumpeter Harry Edison is known as "Sweets." At the Verve Records empire, however, he's known as The Swinger (Verve 8295). In this latest outing, Edison works with tenor saxophonist Jimmy Forrest, a DP from r-'n'-r ranks, and a splendid rhythm section - Jimmy Jones, piano; Freddie Green, guitar; Joe Benjamin, bass and Charlie Persip, drums. Edison leads the pack authoritatively through two standards (The Very Thought of You and Sunday) and four originals, with Forrest cautiously tumbling after. The rhythm section, buoyed by Green's calm but constant artistry, deftly keeps pace. Edison is one horn man who can appeal to jazzophiles of most eras. He's been around, he's listened and this effort is one of his best.

That Ella Swings Lightly (Verve 4021) is a great cookie should come as no surprise. It makes it for three reasons: a right-in-form honey-voiced Ella tackling some of the better songs from the Forties (Just You, Just Me; As Long As I Live, etc.) and backed by the big, kicking band of Marty Paitch. Beverly Kelly Sings (Audio Fidelity 1874) spotlights a fresh young chick with a knack for fancy phrasing that leaves you stunned. Bev, nimbly supported by the Pat Moran trio, boasts a big voice that does wonders to the likes

Cheers, Chaps, here comes that



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of *I Get a Kick Out of You, Sometimes I'm Happy* and 10 other top tunes.

A much-argued-about new star in New York hip circles is Paul Knopf, a pianist who just exploded into action with two stereo sets, one called *The Outcat in Knopfian Jazz* (Playback 500) — "An outcast and a far-out cat," Paul explains — the other *Enigma of a Day* (Playback 501). There are only six tracks to each set, most of them quite long and very adventurous, and Knopf blends composition and soloing almost as if his trio were a big band. We were intrigued by *Mother M*, dedicated to Thelonious Monk ("He's not really my mother," Paul's notes assure us), and by *Eddy Poose* ("Think of a Viennese psychiatrist saying Oedipus"), both on the 500 set. Knopf is a 32-year-old Bronxite who soaked up atmosphere in New Orleans, academics at Juilliard and NYU. He's a firm believer in a baroque brand of individualism, and we're a firm believer in him.

Only a Russophobe would find it easy to resist the boot-stomping, open-throated *Soviet Army Chorus and Band* (Monitor 520 & 540) as they fill two platters with folk songs, opera excerpts and Soviet-type pop numbers. Despite such titles as *Free Will, Enough of Suffering* and *The Glij on the Volga*, and such lyrics as "There are many fellows like him that our army has discharged/By his manners and behavior you can recognize a veteran," these tunes are right catchy, and the conductor, Boris Alexandrov, is a swinger. The fi is nowhere, but build yourself a vodka collins and spin, say, the uninhibited *A Distant Journey* and *Sing Little Nightingale* (neither as gloomy nor as eyelash-fluttering as their titles seem) and you'll be hooked, *tovarich*.

If you look for the same qualities we seek in a jazz LP, your requirements will include standout compositions and arrangements, ditto interpretation and solo work, intelligent packaging with solo credits and helpful liner notes, plus first-class recorded sound. By these standards one of the strongest contenders to cross our turntable in 33 $\frac{1}{3}$  weeks is an item on a young label, Andex Records, entitled *In a Jazz Orbit* (Andex 3004). It features a big band assembled by Bill Holman (seven brass, five reed, three rhythm) with solo work by the leader on tenor and by trumpeters Jack Sheldon, Conte Candoli, Stu Williamson, saxmen Richie Kamuca and Herb Geller, pianist Vic Feldman, et numerous al., plus lucid liner notes by André Previn, and stunning stereo sound quality. Five standards are on one side, four originals on the other, all scored by swinger Holman.

PLAYBOY poll winner and contributor Kai Winding has come up with a neat

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BOB SULLIVAN

I was dragged into the Haven Of The Jolly Atoms.

EVERY MAN WISHES to make his million and find himself a friendly belly where to rest his head." This is what my Uncle Feig told me on the night I went out in the world. He squeezed this wisdom out of himself by a major effort of will. He had to give me something to take along for my flag, and it certainly wasn't going to be convertible currency. So he sat me across from him at the kitchen table and put his head between his hands

and pressed. It was like watching an apple commit suicide in the juicer.

Uncle Feig had powerful arms from his days in construction, and his habit of putting the vise on his brain made me nervous. It was his way of thinking. The night of my departure from the homestead he was squeezing especially hard and I sat there in a sweat ready to dodge his eyeballs in case they blew. After his thought came, he relaxed and smiled.

He was pleased with himself and why not? He knew he had said something really big that I could carry in my pocket.

Then Uncle Feig took an egg out of the fridge and said, "Murray, try to bust this by shoving from both ends." I tried until my face was red and Uncle Feig laughed and slapped the table.

"I can't break the egg," I said.

"It goes to show you," he said. "Na-

ture is nature. It's got a way of balancing things out. If a lousy egg can take a beating, you can take a beating. If a stupid eagle makes it to Miami for the cold months, you got no worries. You're a nice-looking boy."

It was getting near time for my bus so I thanked him. "Forget it," he said. "And keep me in touch. If something good happens send me a postal and if something bad a Western Union. Re-

*there is a big  
sweet globey world  
out there:  
go see it, man!*

# THE VOYAGE OF THE PEANUT

*fiction* By HARVEY JACOBS

member, you got relations. My final advice to you is don't be a noodge and don't get impatient. When you're ready for it, it comes to you. The road opens up."

I put on my jacket and picked up my bag.

"Goodbye," I said. "You'll hear from me."

"I was your mother and your father the way things worked out," Uncle Feig said. "Make me proud parents."

"I'll try my best," I said. I was beginning to feel weepy and I didn't want to cry. It wasn't so much that I was embarrassed but I was afraid to scare myself. After all, my room was still there inside, it was a pretty good life, and I wasn't in bad with the cops. Nobody was whipping me to go.

Uncle Feig came over and kissed me on the cheek. He hadn't done that for years. His beard was like wet Brillo and he rubbed it against my face.

"Are you sure about this trip, kid?" he said.

"Oh, yeah, yeah."

"Go and sow your oats. Get them out of your system."

Then Uncle Feig handed me a box. I opened the box and in it was a pigskin wallet. I flipped the wallet and found a 10-dollar bill and a picture of Uncle Feig under the celluloid. It was an old picture of a much younger man but you could see it was my uncle.

"Smell it," Uncle Feig said.

I smelled the pigskin. Its newness came through in a sweetish, good smell that is proof of the genuine article.

"That's terrific," I said. "I really appreciate it."

"Nothing," Uncle Feig said. "Have fun, kid."

"Take care of yourself," I said.

"I'll take care," Uncle Feig said. "You take care."

"So long," I said.

I caught my bus.

I found a seat by the window and settled in. The glass was mistish from rain so I made a porthole with my hand. Under the hole I wrote my name, Murray Welkin, and the date. Don't ask me why. I knew it wouldn't last, like the carving on a tree, but it gave me pleasure. I suppose I wanted to mark that night one way or another and there were no walls handy to scrawl on.

When the bus lights went out and the driver hit the gas, the motor roared like a bull in heat. I nearly jumped out of my skin. I was very excited. I felt the vibrations of the bus zoom through me. I was so charged up I could have been plugged in a socket. We moved out of the station and through the town. I grew up in that town and knew every store and face practically but that night the street looked different.

The bus went through the tenderloin

and turned on the highway. It shook free of the last houses and picked up speed when the road widened. I was sailing, pointed due west.

West was my chosen direction and with a reason.

I wanted to be in the movies. That is something I never told anybody. Take it or leave it, that's how I felt. My ticket was good until Los Angeles and that seemed a damn fine start.

I put my head back against the seat and looked out my porthole. All I could see were lights and some lumpy black shadows. I felt pretty jazzy as you can easily comprehend. I was 18 years, four months old. I was finished with high school. I was relaxing on a Greyhound over a set of fat whirling wheels that chewed up a mile a minute for me. I had a goal.

If there was a single thing in the world that bothered me, besides leaving Uncle Feig alone back home, it was one correctable situation. I was still a virgin. Not that I was sick or incapacitated. It's mostly that I was a busy kid with outside interests.

That night on the bus I thought things over and I realized I had plenty time. And I was even glad because I felt saved up. I had it figured that my unique condition in the sexual area had some value. I didn't feel exactly boastful about being what they called *unspoiled*, but I wasn't too sorry. Everything was happening to me for the first time, so why not that too? Besides, I wanted her to be a movie star. That's right, a movie star. Which movie star I wasn't particular about, and why a movie star I can't tell you, but I wanted the initial experience to be with a movie star. Is that unreasonable? That's the way I was. I had my own ideas about things.

You notice I didn't tell the name of the town I left from, and that was on purpose. I did it to protect the innocent. So when I say now that a day later the bus pulled into Los Angeles you'll have to take my word. Also take my word when I say that the first place I tried for a job I hit it lucky.

I was in a luncheonette near the terminal eating some sunny-side-ups when I noticed the counterwoman watching me. I eat my bull's eyes in a slightly peculiar way. First I eat the whites until the yellows are isolated. Then I maneuver the yolks onto my fork and slide them into the cave still whole. It's a game I play with myself. This counterwoman got a big kick out of it. It broke him up.

"How come you do that?" he said.

"It's a habit," I said.

"I got the same habit," he said. "With me if a yellow breaks I'm in a lousy mood. You got that?"

"Not exactly," I said.

"It ruins me," he said. "I can't stand it. You know, its psychological."

"Yeah?"

"No question about it," he said. "It's a proven fact. My sister in college gave me the poop."

"Imagine that," I said.

"Everything has a meaning," he said.

"Do you dunk?"

"I can take it or leave it," I said.

"Dunking has a meaning too," he said.

"What does it mean?" I said.

"It means you're a slob," he said, and he started to laugh.

The result of all this was he told me about a job. He didn't have too many details but he wrote out the name of a man to see who managed a place called Goobertown. I thanked him and left him a quarter tip.

It was still early and I felt seedy from the trip so my first official act was to find a pad. Normally I would have gone to a hotel because I am not a shy type, but I chose the YMCA because they had a swimming pool. I thought a little splashing around would be just the thing after 24 cramped-up hours. Can you blame me?

There is a Y on Turk Street that sold me a room with privileges for three dollar bills. My room was small but it was enough to make do. I put my trunk on the floor, hid my money in the Gideon Bible under Solomon, and went down to the gym. They gave me a locker and a towel and a card to fill out saying that if I drowned or dropped dead they were not responsible.

I stripped and showered, then walked through a puddle of chlorine until my toes were sterilized, then out to the swimming room. For some reason everybody at the Y swims naked and as it was crowded in the pool, naked men and boys were leaping around or lounging against the walls. The sight of all those bodies under fluorescent lights made me dizzy. It was like being in a monkey house where the fur suddenly dropped off the apes and I was as bad as the rest. The shapes and sizes of the Los Angelesans had plenty variety, and I admit it gave me some comfort to know that I stacked up well alongside them.

I was in trim condition without loose beef and I pulled myself in and did a neat racing dive into the greenish water. I swam around loosening my muscles, then got out, rubbed dry, dressed and went upstairs. I felt a little tired and it was only 11:30, so I pulled back the blankets, took off my shirt and pants and lay down for a nap.

I remember my dream as if it was painted on the wall. I was taking a screen test in a big studio full of cameras and lights. There was a band of music playing a New Yorkish song and a girl in a cruddy dress sitting on the steps of a house. They had me decked out in a tux and high hat complete with

(continued on page 56)



"A result, I imagine, of all the damned increased respect for scientists that's going around!"

amusing horizons beckon in the brave new world of the motor scooter

# VENI, VIDI, VESPA!

THESE DAYS, if you don't see motor scooters everywhere you look, it's only because you're not looking everywhere. The bright little bugs have become a two-wheeled way of life in many a major metropolis, partly because of their Continental smartness (they are even more popular in Europe and two of the biggest sellers in the U.S., the Vespa and the Lambretta, are imported from Italy) and partly because of their parkability and ease of navigation through the tangle of city traffic. In New York, it's not unusual to see a J. Pressed ad exec, complete with attaché case, scooting down Madison Avenue on his way to an important business conference. All of which got us to wondering what it will be like in the next year or two if the current trend to scooterization continues. Undoubtedly the popular little vehicles will begin encroaching on other long established forms of transportation and some of the prospects suggested here may not be too outlandish.



Exurban car pool members are enthusiastic about the motor scooter's convenience and practicality. They estimate that daily commuting fare, to and from the office, averages \$.03. Photographer caught them on the way to pick up pool's remaining three members.



Polo players pose proudly with teammate who has been awarded a cup for individual performance in a winning match (above). The scooter gave winners speed and maneuverability while the opposing team was horsing around. The happy artist (right) ferries model and materials to his Greenwich Village studio. He claims that scootering lends an exhilarating inspiration to his art, and plans to attach a rear-view mirror so he can study his subjects en route.



satire By JERRY YULSMAN

High society lady enjoys look back in hauteur while chauffeur scoots her to the opera. Advantage of motor scooter to the upper crust is that one's self, one's jewels and one's furs are seen before and after, as well as during, performances.



Motor scooter taxi avoids traffic jams, carries passengers into their elevators. New cry for private eyes becomes "Follow that scoot!"



Long arm of the law makes a short haul, as strippers are stuffed into scootered paddy wagon. Inside man is determined by seniority.



Romance becomes motorized as a loving couple anticipates slow scoot through Central Park in handsome hansom. Proximity is assured by the nature of the vehicle, and at the proper moment, the discreet driver runs out of gas and wanders off for more.





"Do you allow children?"

Late last year, at the Brandeis University seminar at Hunter College, Jack Kerouac, coiner and captain of Beat, delivered an address on the topic of Beat and its beginnings. In the address, he sounded depths hitherto not plumbed, dispelled widespread misconceptions, debunked what he considers the phonies of the Beat movement and reaffirmed his faith in the basic principles of true Beat. At our request, he has written for PLAYBOY an article based on this speech. It is our pleasure and privilege to publish this statement here.

THIS ARTICLE necessarily'll have to be about myself. I'm going all out.

That nutty picture of me on the cover of *On the Road* results from the fact that I had just gotten down from a high mountain where I'd been for two months completely alone and usually I was in the habit of combing my hair of course because you have to get rides on the highway and all that and you usually want girls to look at you as though you were a man and not a wild beast but my poet friend Gregory Corso opened his shirt and took out a silver crucifix that was hanging from a chain and said "Wear this and wear it outside your shirt and don't comb your hair!" so I spent several days around San Francisco going around with him and others like that, to parties, arties, parts, jam sessions, bars, poetry readings, churches, walking talking poetry in the streets, walking talking God in the streets (and at one point a strange gang of hoodlums got mad and said "What right does he got to wear that?" and my own gang of musicians and poets told them to cool it) and finally on the third day *Mademoiselle* magazine wanted to take pictures of us all so I posed just like that, wild hair, crucifix, and all, with Gregory Corso, Allen Ginsberg and Phil Whalen, and the only publication which later did not erase the crucifix from my breast (from that plaid sleeveless cotton shirt-front) was *The New York Times*, therefore *The New York Times* is as beat as I am, and I'm glad I've got a friend. I mean it sincerely, God bless *The New York Times* for not erasing the crucifix from my picture as though it was some-

## THE ORIGINS OF THE BEAT GENERATION

opinion By JACK KEROUAC



out of king kong

and crazy kat

and old american whoopee



thing distasteful. As a matter of fact, who's really beat around here, I mean if you want to talk of Beat as "beat down" the people who erased the crucifix are really the "beat down" ones and not *The New York Times*, myself, and Gregory Corso the poet. I am not ashamed to wear the crucifix of my Lord. It is because I am Beat, that is, I believe in beatitude and that God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son to it. I am sure no priest would've condemned me for wearing the crucifix outside my shirt everywhere and *no matter where* I went, even to have my picture taken by *Mademoiselle*. So you people don't believe in God. So you're all big smart know-it-all Marxists and Freudians, hey? Why don't you come back in a million years and tell me all about it, angels?

Recently Ben Hecht said to me on TV "Why are you afraid to speak out your mind, what's wrong with this country, what is everybody afraid of?" Was he talking to me? And all he wanted me to do was speak out my mind *against* people, he sneeringly brought up Dulles, Eisenhower, the Pope, all kinds of people like that habitually he would sneer at with Drew Pearson, *against* the world he wanted, this is his idea of freedom, he calls it freedom. Who knows, my God, but that the universe is not one vast sea of compassion actually, the veritable holy honey, beneath all this show of personality and cruelty. In fact who knows but that it isn't the solitude of the oneness of the essence of everything, the solitude of the actual oneness of the unbornness of the unborn essence of everything, nay the true pure foreverhood, that big blank potential that can ray forth anything it wants from its pure store, that blazing bliss, *Mattivajrakaruna* the Transcendental Diamond Compassion! No, I want to speak *for* things, for the crucifix I speak out, for the Star of Israel I speak out, for the divinest man who ever lived who was a German (Bach) I speak out, for sweet Mohammed I speak out, for Buddha I speak out, for Lao-tse and Chuang-tse I speak out, for D. T. Suzuki I speak out . . . why should I attack what I love out of life. This is Beat. Live your lives out? Naw, *love* your lives out. When they come and stone you at least you won't have a glass house, just your glassy flesh.

That wild eager picture of me on the cover of *On the Road* where I look so Beat goes back much further than 1948 when John Clellon Holmes (author of *Go* and *The Horn*) and I were sitting around trying to think up the meaning of the Lost Generation and the subsequent Existentialism and I said "You know, this is really a beat generation" and he leapt up and said "That's it, that's right!" It goes back to the 1880s when my grandfather Jean-Baptiste Ke-

rouac used to go out on the porch in big thunderstorms and swing his kerosene lamp at the lightning and yell "Go ahead, go, if you're more powerful than I am strike me and put the light out!" while the mother and the children cowered in the kitchen. And the light never went out. Maybe since I'm supposed to be the spokesman of the Beat Generation (I *am* the originator of the term, and around it the term and the generation have taken shape) it should be pointed out that all this "Beat" guts therefore goes back to my ancestors who were Bretons who were the most independent group of nobles in all old Europe and kept fighting Latin France to the last wall (although a big blond bosun on a merchant ship snorted when I told him my ancestors were Bretons in Cornwall, Brittany, "Why, we Vikings used to swoop down and steal your nets!") Breton, Wiking, Irishman, Indian, madboy, it doesn't make any difference, there is no doubt about the Beat Generation, at least the core of it, being a swinging group of new American men intent on joy . . . Irresponsibility? Who wouldn't help a dying man on an empty road? No and the Beat Generation goes back to the wild parties my father used to have at home in the 1920s and 1930s in New England that were so fantastically loud nobody could sleep for blocks around and when the cops came they always had a drink. It goes back to the wild and raving childhood of playing the Shadow under windswept trees of New England's gleeful autumn, and the howl of the Moon Man on the sandbank until we caught him in a tree (he was an "older" guy of 15), the maniacal laugh of certain neighborhood madboys, the furious humor of whole gangs playing basketball till long after dark in the park, it goes back to those crazy days before World War II when teenagers drank beer on Friday nights at Lake ballrooms and worked off their hangovers playing baseball on Saturday afternoon followed by a dive in the brook—and our fathers wore straw hats like W. C. Fields. It goes back to the completely senseless babble of the Three Stooges, the ravings of the Marx Brothers (the tenderness of Angel Harpo at harp, too).

It goes back to the inky ditties of old cartoons (Krazy Kat with the irrational brick)—to Laurel and Hardy in the Foreign Legion—to Count Dracula and his *smile* to Count Dracula shivering and hissing back before the Cross—to the Golem horrifying the persecutors of the Ghetto—to the quiet sage in a movie about India, unconcerned about the plot—to the giggling old Tao Chinaman trotting down the sidewalk of old Clark Gable Shanghai—to the holy old Arab warning the hotbloods that Ramadan is near. To the Werewolf of

London a distinguished doctor in his velour smoking jacket smoking his pipe over a lamplit tome on botany and suddenly hairs grown on his hands, his cat hisses, and he slips out into the night with a cape and a slanty cap like the caps of people in breadlines—to Lamont Cranston so cool and sure suddenly becoming the frantic Shadow going mwee hee hee ha ha in the alleys of New York imagination. To Popeye the sailor and the Sea Hag and the meaty gunwales of boats, to Cap'n Easy and Wash Tubbs screaming with ecstasy over canned peaches on a cannibal isle, to Wimpy looking X-eyed for a juicy hamburger such as they make no more. To Jiggs ducking before a household of furniture flying through the air, to Jiggs and the boys at the bar and the corned beef and cabbage of old wood-fence noons—to King Kong his eyes looking into the hotel window with tender huge love for Fay Wray—nay, to Bruce Cabot in mate's cap leaning over the rail of a fogbound ship saying "Come aboard." It goes back to when grapefruits were thrown at crooners and harvestworkers at bar-rails slapped burlesque queens on the rump. To when fathers took their sons to the Twi League game. To the days of Babe Callahan on the waterfront, Dick Barthelme camping under a London street-lamp. To dear old Basil Rathbone looking for the Hound of the Baskervilles (a dog big as the Gray Wolf who will destroy Odin)—to dear old bleary Doctor Watson with a brandy in his hand. To Joan Crawford her raw shanks in the fog, in striped blouse smoking a cigarette at sticky lips in the door of the waterfront dive. To train whistles of steam engines out above the moony pines. To Maw and Paw in the Model A clanking on to get a job in California selling used cars making a whole lotta money. To the glee of America, the honesty of America, the honesty of old-time grafters in straw hats as well as the honesty of oldtime waiters in line at the Brooklyn Bridge in *Winterset*, the funny spitelessness of old bigfisted America like Big Boy Williams saying "Hoo? Hee? Huh?" in a movie about Mack Trucks and slidingdoor lunch-carts. To Clark Gable, his certain smile, his confident leer. Like my grandfather this America was invested with wild selfbelieving individuality and this had begun to disappear around the end of World War II with so many great guys dead (I can think of half a dozen from my own boyhood groups) when suddenly it began to emerge again, the hipsters began to appear gliding around saying "Crazy, man."

When I first saw the hipsters creeping around Times Square in 1944 I didn't like them either. One of them, Huncke  
(continued on page 42)

satire By ROGER SKLAR

# WHO WAS THAT LADY?

six great writers roast a grand old chestnut



THE SNAPPY EXCHANGE of dialog that goes *Who was that lady I saw you with last night?*—*That was no lady that was my wife* is a capsule classic of concise and cutting wit that must have split many a discriminating rib when it was freshly minted. Nobody seems to know when that was, nor does anybody seem to know whose teeming skull spawned the gem, but it's worthy of the finest talents of this or any epoch. Like, for instance . . .

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

HORATIO

Merolio, hold!

MEROLIO

Who calls?

HORATIO

'Tis I, thy friend

Horatio.

MEROLIO

Horatio! How now,

Good cousin. What's the news?

HORATIO

Why nay, 'tis I

Who should be asking that of thee this day!

Or hast thou so amused thyself last night

With such frivolity that all the news

Is drowned in the cup? Rememb'rest not

Thy walk upon the green?

MEROLIO

What! Didst thou see

Me then?

HORATIO

Why marry coz, indeed I did.

MEROLIO

And thou mad'st not thy presence known?

For shame, Horatio!

HORATIO

For shame? It would have been

The greater shame so bluntly to intrude Upon thy pleasure.

MEROLIO

Stay! Thou speakest in

Conundrums! What prattle's this?

HORATIO

The maid! The maid, good fool, with whom I watch'd

Thee tread the green, oblivious to sight And sound and smell! Did not she pleasure thee?

MEROLIO

O, fie on pleasure, fie on maid, and fie On thee Horatio! That was no maid Nor dame, nor lady. Neither did she give

Me pleasure. Dear Horatio, I fear Thou saw'st me with no mistress. O, the shame!

I walked last night with her who bears my name.

(Exeunt)

PADDY CHAYEVSKY

ANGIE

Hey, Marty.

MARTY

Yeah?

ANGIE

You know when we were in the Loew's Paradise last night?

MARTY

Yeah?

ANGIE

So you know who I saw? I saw Vince.

MARTY

So?

ANGIE

So I saw Vince. I thought you'd like to know, that's all.

MARTY

All right. How'd he look?

ANGIE

He looked OK, I guess. He was with some broad.

MARTY

Waddaya mean, "broad."

ANGIE

Like I said, a broad, a dame, you know.

MARTY

Angie, that was no broad, that was Vince's wife. And you don't go around calling a guy's wife a broad.

ANGIE

Vince is married?

MARTY

Yeah.

ANGIE

No kiddin'. I didn't know that. Since

when?

MARTY

Since last month.

ANGIE

No kiddin'. How come he got married?

MARTY

Waddaya mean, "How come he got married?"

ANGIE

Like I said, how come he got married. Last time I saw him he was yellin' he was never gonna get married. So how come he got married?

MARTY

He hadda.

CHRISTOPHER FRY

MATTHEW

Hey, Thomas! Last night when a cirrus whisk

Brushed the luminous lint from off

The pock-marked moon, I saw you

walking

Through the nebulous night with a

lady.

Who was she, Thomas?

THOMAS

Lady? Dear boy, that was no lady, that

was

She who fills my golden days with

bronze and

Shattering uxorial ululations; Penelope

uncorked,

Creation's original chattermonger.

Lady?

Say rather a pimple on posterity's

posterior.

Dulcetly, in monosyllables, mirabile

dictu,

My wife.

WILLIAM SAROYAN

SAM

Hello!

IKE

(Poking his head from behind the tree branches) Were you calling me?

SAM

I was calling anybody; a general hello to the world. But I guess you'll do. Do you live in that tree?

IKE

Right the first time. My name is Ike Bambolo and I live in a tree. My roof is made of leaves, and my hat is a Boston cream pie. (Indicates pie on head)

SAM

Why Boston cream?

IKE

I've tried 'em all, sonny: apple, chocolate, banana . . . but nothing keeps the sun and knowledge out like Boston cream. Who are you?

SAM

My name's Sam. No last name. I live most anywhere. Say, haven't I seen you someplace before?

IKE

Nope. Here. Got a letter for you. (Takes envelope from branches)

SAM

For me? Thanks. It's been years since I've gotten a letter. (Tears it up)

Might be bad news. (A girl runs in. Begins picking up the torn pieces.)

GIRL

Save them! Save them! Save the pieces! Why are you wearing a pie on your head?

SAM

Who's she, your wife?

IKE

Wife? God no! My wife's a fat slob who prefers houses to trees. This is the lady I was walking with last night.

MAXIM GORKY

PEPLOV

This cellar stinks, Vassili Vassilievitch.

This cellar stinks and you are a thief.

VASSILI

The cellar stinks because it cannot do otherwise, and I am a thief because I cannot do otherwise. We are both products of our environment. Peplov, do you know I can read and write? To read and write and be reduced to thievery. Bah! Have you seen Mikhailka, the shoemaker?

PEPLOV

Mikhailka drinks. He is now getting drunk.

VASSILI

And Natasha? Where is she?

PEPLOV

Natasha is walking the streets, trying to sell herself between fits of coughing. But who wants a consumptive prostitute?

VASSILI

Damnation! It's cold in here.

PEPLOV

Too cold for Gregor, I'm afraid. He hasn't moved in four hours.

VASSILI

Do you think he's dead?

PEPLOV

We are all dead, Vaska my friend. Sooner or later. If not now, tomorrow. It's the system. Where are you going?

VASSILI

There is only one way to go, Peplov: up. We are already at the bottom.

PEPLOV

Well, give my regards to your lady friend.

VASSILI

What lady friend?

PEPLOV

The one I saw you with last night, in the shadow of the Kremlin wall.

VASSILI

Bozhemoi! She was no lady friend. She was a potential victim.

PEPLOV

Ah! But then again we are all victims. It's the system.

TERENCE (probably the original)

PUBLIUS

O, Pamphile, quae erat femina qua cum heri nocte te vidi?

PAMPHILUS

Non erat femina . . . erat uxor mea!

## playing it cool in a summer dinner jacket

THERE IS A STRANGE PARADOX in the men's attire field these days. The last 10 years have seen the rise of a great deal more informal living than ever before, ably backed by an emphasis on sports-wear and casual duds. Yet, at the same time, the knowledgeable gentleman is becoming more formal in his dress — but not according to the old mold of rigid conservatism.

A black or white dinner jacket is, of course, still correct for summer or tropical wear, and probably always will be. But there has also been a continuing trend toward additional color in formal warm-weather attire. Another trend that you won't want to buck is toward lightweight construction in jackets, trousers and evening shoes — all of which help make for elegant, good-looking formal attire that is a pleasure to hang on your back

attire By ROBERT L. GREEN

## A Formal Affair



The gentleman gratefully accepting his after-dinner savory is impeccably attired for the formal affair in his black British mohair and worsted dinner suit, with satin-piped shawl collar and cummerbund attached to its trousers, by Baker, \$175. Our pointing friend cares not one whit for tradition and wears a striped Continental cut formal jacket of silk and Dacron, with cuffed sleeves and slash pockets, \$55; his tropical worsted trousers are black, \$20. Both by Lord West.

come the balmy nights.

No time of the year puts more emphasis on your formal wardrobe than the season coming up. Why? Because this June, July and August the country clubs, yacht clubs, beach clubs and just plain clubs are going to indulge in the three Ds—dining, drinking and dancing—more formally than ever. Fact is, in the more civilized parts of the country, these club affairs are strictly formal on weekends. Also, if your vacation plans carry you to a resort, large hotel or aboard a cruise ship, you'll find that a dinner jacket is mandatory for evening wear.

Every sound formal wardrobe for the gentleman should be built around the black (or, if you wish, midnight blue) dinner jacket for winter. If you choose wisely in one of the new lightweight fabrics, the black job can also be enjoyed as a change during the spring and summer seasons. You should expand your wardrobe from there by adding a white dinner jacket and at least one other jacket in the deep or soft-tone shades shown on these pages—and don't forget to check out the light blues and the off-whites.

Formal trousers, of course, are *never* anything save midnight blue or black and they will invariably sport that stripe up the side. Trousers have come a long way in styling as well as weight reduction: they, like all your trousers, should be slim and tapered for a lean, pipe-stem look.

Black patent leather or dull calf shoes or pumps are always worn, though in a pinch you can get by in a black plain-toe calf. Your hose, of course, should be black (plain silk or nylon are best; patterned or clocked socks are strictly thumbs down), and worn with garters.

White dress shirts with plain front or narrow pleats running from the collar all the way down are quite right. The ruffled shirts and lace jabots derived from the colorful costumes of Spain belong just there, not here.

Studs are optional since many of the summer formal shirts come with handsome buttons. Cuff links should be of plain design for formal wear. Solid gold links may be  
(concluded on page 77)



The cha-cha-cha is torrid but the guy keeps cool and crisp in a Dacron, rayon and mohair dinner jacket, \$37.50; the black mohair and worsted trousers are satin striped, \$18.95, both by Palm Beach. Linett's satin cummerbund and tie set, \$10.



Sitting one out on the balcony, or mingling with the crowd inside, a formal affair becomes a special affair if you're correctly attired. Case in point: the deep-toned red silk dinner jacket, \$95, and braided black silk trousers, \$45, both by Lebow.



Rating luxury smoking service as the evening draws to a close, our guy relaxes regally in a sunset blue dinner jacket of crease and stain resistant rayon acetate, with shawl collar, \$27.95; his black crease resistant trousers are two-ply rayon tropical, \$12.95. The final touch: a coordinated dark blue nubby weave cummerbund and tie set, \$5.25. All by After Six.



Gahan Wilson

*"Oh, show some guts, Thorndike!"*



CHRISTIANSEN

## THE WISE GUY

*it was a mean trick to play on a pretty girl,  
but lieutenant hayward's trick was even meaner*

LIEUTENANT EDDIE HAYWARD slid out of the squad car. He nodded to the cop waiting for him at the door.

"Top floor, Lieutenant," the man said.

The building was an old walk-up. A scared-looking little girl of three or four peered lonesomely at Lieutenant Hayward on the third floor landing, and as he smiled at the child a bony hand jerked her through the doorway like a toy on the end of a string.

The door of the top floor apartment was open. The living room was immaculate, and more: it had been decorated in sure taste. A long and narrow white-marble coffee table stood bright on brass legs before a chocolate-brown couch, a crystal bowl of roses at one end of it. There were bright Victorian prints on the walls, and in a corner of the room a hi-fi set gleamed in a plexiglass cabinet.

The girl was in the tiny bedroom, half sitting against the bed, one hand on the coverlet. She was wearing pajamas and a robe and she was a pretty girl in her middle twenties. Hayward closed the bedroom door.

The patrolman handed him a slip of paper carrying a few scrawled words. Name, Jane Conklin, resident in the building two years, employed as a copywriter, heavy blow on the right temple, and so on. Hayward went back to the living room.

"Sergeant McElroy?" he asked the patrolman.

"Coming up the stairs now, Lieutenant," the man said.

Sergeant McElroy was a big man, heavy, and he was puffing.

"Always on the top floor, eh, Lieu-

tenant?" he said.

"Yeah," Hayward said.

"Where's the girl?"

"Never mind that right now. What did you find out?"

"Everybody liked the girl," the sergeant said. "She was nice to the kids in the building, once she bought a hot-water bottle for the old lady across the hall, things like that. She made good money, and they say she supported her father, lives in Virginia someplace. Paid \$42.50 a month for this place, fixed it up herself. None of the others look like this, I can tell you that. She went out a lot, had quite a few boyfriends, nobody knows their names. Had a party up here once in a while, quiet."

"Sounds like a heavy case, maybe," Hayward said.

"I dunno," the sergeant said. "I've got the super out in the hall."

"Let's see him," Hayward said.

"His name's Tobias," the sergeant said. He hooked a finger toward the hallway and the patrolman came in, a scared-looking fat man of 50-odd shambling along in front of him. His belly bulged in a dirty T-shirt.

"I don't know nothin' about it, Captain," he said. "I don't know a thing about it."

"I didn't say you did," Hayward said.

"You were up here yesterday, though," the sergeant said, "and the girl asked you why the devil you hadn't fixed the drain in the sink. That right?"

The man nodded.

"And she asked you what you did with the five bucks she gave you to put new locks on the bedroom windows, loud

enough so that the people next door heard her. That right?"

The man nodded again. "So you came up here again this morning, and one thing led to another, and you with a hangover and all, and you just belted her a lick on the head. That right?" Sergeant McElroy shoved a heavy finger into the man's chest.

"I never touched her," Tobias said. "I fixed the drain. Go look at it. I told her I'd get the locks today and I will, too. I never touched her. I didn't even see her this morning."

A buzzer rasped from the kitchen. "Punch it, Mac," Hayward said. "We got company." He turned back to Tobias. "I think we'll want to talk to you some more," he said.

"I never touched her," the man said. "I told you that." The patrolman pulled his arm. "What about the locks for the windows?" Tobias said. "I got to buy the locks."

"She doesn't need them any more," Hayward said. "You drank up her five bucks, anyway."

Sergeant McElroy spoke to someone in the hallway. "Come on in, son," he said.

A young man walked slowly into the room. He was tall and pink-cheeked in an olive-green suit, a black knit tie. "What's the matter here?" he said. "Where's Miss Conklin?"

"What's your name?" Hayward said. "Michael Talbert."

"Miss Conklin's in the bedroom." "Is she —"

"That's right," Hayward said. "When did you see her?"

"Last night," Talbert said. "We went out last night."

"Until when?"

"Oh, one, two, about."

"You go home then?"

"I stayed about half an hour, then I went home," Talbert said.

"You sure?"

"Of course I'm sure. We had dinner and went to a show, then we had a couple of drinks and then we came home."

"Home?"

"Here, we came here."

"What brought you back this morning?" Hayward said. "You forget something?"

"I told Jane I'd come by and have breakfast with her this morning," Talbert said. "It's Saturday, neither of us has to work."

"I see," Hayward said. "Tell me, where did you get that scratch on your face?"

Talbert laughed shortly. "I haven't got a scratch on my face."

"You sure?" Hayward said. "You check this morning, shaving?"

"I'm sure," Talbert said.

"Have Johnson walk him around,

Mac," Hayward said. "See if anybody remembers him. Maybe somebody saw him leave last night, one, two o'clock."

"Now, wait a minute," Talbert said. "You can't haul me around like an exhibit. I haven't done anything."

"Why don't you be nice, and cooperate?" Hayward said. "Save me the trouble of taking you over to the station house and booking you and bringing you all the way back here. OK?"

Talbert shrugged and the patrolman followed him out the door.

"What do you think?" McElroy asked. "Who knows?" Hayward said. "The fella who killed her is probably halfway to Kansas City right now."

"I think we should sweat the super a little," McElroy said. "This young guy would never come back this morning, if he did it."

"He might," Hayward said. "I think he's a wise guy. He might just figure it would throw us off."

"Well, we got time," McElroy said. "We haven't even started. We got probably 50 people to talk to."

"Yeah," Hayward said. "But before we spend any time on anybody else, even the super, I'd like to try one little thing on that Talbert. Look. You go find him, take Johnson off him and say you're going back to the house. And tell Talbert to amble back up here by himself. Tell him I just want to see him for a minute. Then you come up, quiet, and hang in the hallway where you can hear. You got that?"

"I got it," McElroy said. "But I don't get it." He lumbered out . . .

Soon, Hayward heard Talbert on the stairs.

"The sergeant said you wanted to see me again," he said.

"That's right. Sit down," Hayward said.

"Isn't that the shower?" Talbert said. "Who's running the shower?"

"Jane," Hayward said. Talbert's eyes were staring. He popped bolt upright in his chair.

"But Jane's dead!" he said. "You told me she was dead!"

"I know," Hayward said. "Heartless of me, wasn't it? I have to give her credit for the idea, though. You've been walking around all morning figuring you had a murder rap on you. Right?"

Talbert nodded slowly.

"You can change it to assault and battery now," Hayward said. "And you've lost a girlfriend."

"I want to see her," Talbert said. He got up suddenly and started toward the bedroom.

"I wouldn't," Hayward said. "She's mad enough at you as it is. Besides, I object to men walking in on young ladies in the shower. Sit down. She'll be out soon enough. You better think of

what you're going to say to her."

"I just lost my head," Talbert said.

"Sure," Hayward said. "But you hit her too hard. And what a dumb thing to lose your temper over, anyway."

"It was because she was so damned stubborn," Talbert said. "It wasn't as if she hadn't lent me money before. She had, and I always paid her back."

"When she said no the first time you should have given up," Hayward said. "Instead you sat around here all night, drinking Jane's liquor and arguing with her. She got ready for bed, and you still wouldn't leave. Finally you lost your head, as you say, and you hit her a few shots. Then you went home, scared, and sobered yourself up. You walked around and you talked to yourself and finally you had to come and see if you'd killed her or just knocked her out. By that time she'd blown the whistle and we were here. You rang the phone first, didn't you?"

Talbert nodded.

"She wouldn't let us answer," Hayward said. "She'd had this cute idea about letting you think you'd killed her, and she wanted you to get the full benefit of it. Maybe she thought you'd pass out yourself, from shock. I'm afraid the girl really dislikes you. So you come up, you find the place full of cops and you try to bluff it out. That's about it, isn't it?"

"Yes," Talbert said. "That's about it."

"So you wind up in trouble," Hayward said. He walked to the bedroom door, opened it, went in. Talbert heard the shower shut off. He was sitting on the edge of the chair, white, his eyes staring and bulging in his face, when Hayward came out, the open cuffs in his hand.

"On your feet, bum," he said. "Let's go."

He hustled him down the stairs to the street, turned him over to the patrolman. "Take him in," he said. He watched the car drive away, Talbert jammed between two uniformed men.

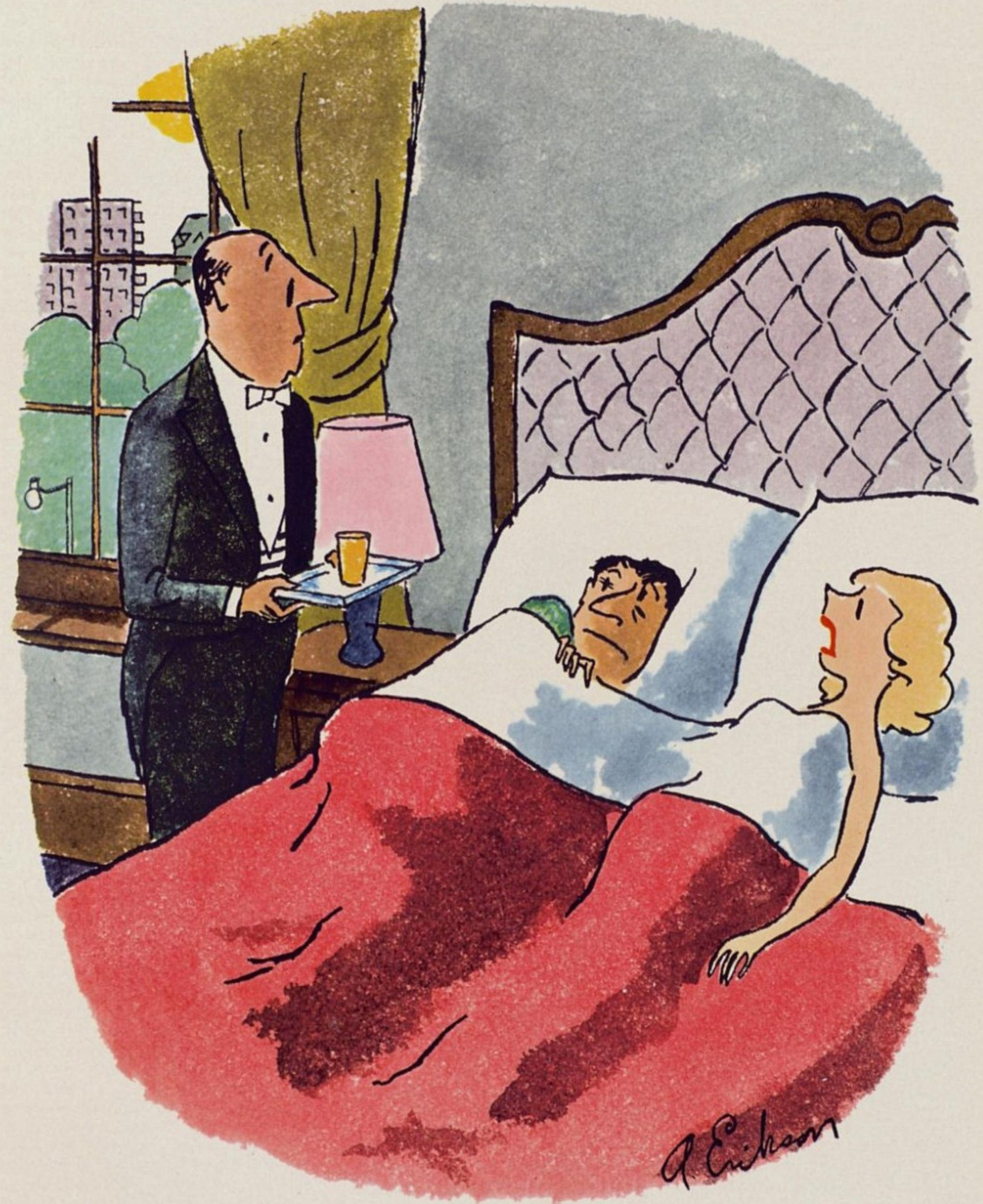
"That was a quick one," McElroy said. "What made you think he did it?"

"When he first came in," Hayward said, "and he walked toward the bedroom, he was looking to the left, where she was, before he even got to the door. So I figured maybe he was remembering where he'd seen her last. Besides, he goofed when I asked him if he had a scratch on his face. Obviously, he'd checked that little detail."

"Pretty mean of you, turning on the shower like that," McElroy said.

Hayward shrugged. "He killed her a mean way, too," he said. "The creep."

They stood on the sidewalk in the hot sun, waiting for the squad car to come back.



"What's a matter? Don't I get any orange juice?"

## ORIGINS OF BEAT (continued from page 32)

of Chicago, came up to me and said "Man, I'm beat." I knew right away what he meant somehow. At that time I still didn't like bop which was then being introduced by Bird Parker and Dizzy Gillespie and Bags Jackson (on vibes), the last of the great swing musicians was Don Byas who went to Spain right after, but then I began . . . but earlier I'd dug all my jazz in the old Minton Playhouse (Lester Young, Ben Webster, Joey Guy, Charlie Christian, others) and when I first heard Bird and Diz in the Three Deuces I knew they were serious musicians playing a goofy new sound and didn't care what I thought, or what my friend Seymour thought. In fact I was leaning against the bar with a beer when Dizzy came over for a glass of water from the bartender, put himself right against me and reached both arms around both sides of my head to get the glass and danced away, as though knowing I'd be singing about him someday, or that one of his arrangements would be named after me someday by some goofy circumstance. Charlie Parker was spoken of in Harlem as the greatest new musician since Chu Berry and Louis Armstrong.

Anyway, the hipsters, whose music was bop, they looked like criminals but they kept talking about the same things I liked, long outlines of personal experience and vision, nightlong confessions full of hope that had become illicit and repressed by War, stirrings, rumblings of a new soul (that same old human soul). And so Huncke appeared to us and said "I'm beat" with radiant light shining out of his despairing eyes . . . a word perhaps brought from some midwest carnival or junk cafeteria. It was a new language, actually spade (Negro) jargon but you soon learned it, like "hung up" couldn't be a more economical term to mean so many things. Some of these hipsters were raving mad and talked continually. It was jazzy. Symphony Sid's all-night modern jazz and bop show was always on. By 1948 it began to take shape. That was a wild vibrating year when a group of us would walk down the street and yell hello and even stop and talk to anybody that gave us a friendly look. The hipsters had eyes. That was the year I saw Montgomery Clift, unshaven, wearing a sloppy jacket, slouching down Madison Avenue with a companion. It was the year I saw Charley Bird Parker strolling down Eighth Avenue in a black turtle-neck sweater with Babs Gonzales and a beautiful girl.

By 1948 the hipsters, or beatsters, were divided into cool and hot. Much of the misunderstanding about hipsters and the Beat Generation in general today derives from the fact that there are two distinct styles of hipsterism: the cool

today is your bearded laconic sage, or schlerm, before a hardly touched beer in a beatnik dive, whose speech is low and unfriendly, whose girls say nothing and wear black: the "hot" today is the crazy talkative shining eyed (often innocent and openhearted) nut who runs from bar to bar, pad to pad looking for everybody, shouting, restless, lushy, trying to "make it" with the subterranean beatniks who ignore him. Most Beat Generation artists belong to the hot school, naturally since that hard gemlike flame needs a little heat. In many cases the mixture is 50-50. It was a hot hipster like myself who finally cooled it in Buddhist meditation, though when I go in a jazz joint I still feel like yelling "Blow baby blow!" to the musicians though nowadays I'd get 86d for this. In 1948 the "hot hipsters" were racing around in cars like in *On the Road* looking for wild bawling jazz like Willis Jackson or Lucky Thompson (the early) or Chubby Jackson's big band while the "cool hipsters" cooled it in dead silence before formal and excellent musical groups like Lennie Tristano or Miles Davis. It's still just about the same, except that it has begun to grow into a national generation and the name "Beat" has stuck (though all hipsters hate the word).

The word "beat" originally meant poor, down and out, deadbeat, on the bum, sad, sleeping in subways. Now that the word is belonging officially it is being made to stretch to include people who do not sleep in subways but have a certain new gesture, or attitude, which I can only describe as a new *more*. "Beat Generation" has simply become the slogan or label for a revolution in manners in America. Marlon Brando was not really first to portray it on the screen. Dane Clark with his pinched Dostoievskyan face and Brooklyn accent, and of course Garfield, were first. The private eyes were Beat, if you will recall. Bogart. Lorre was Beat. In *M*, Peter Lorre started a whole revival, I mean the slouchy street walk.

I wrote *On the Road* in three weeks in the beautiful month of May 1941 while living in the Chelsea district of lower West Side Manhattan, on a 100-foot roll and put the Beat Generation in words in there, saying at the point where I am taking part in a wild kind of collegiate party with a bunch of kids in an abandoned miner's shack "These kids are great but where are Dean Moriarty and Carlo Marx? Oh well I guess they wouldn't belong in this gang, they're too *dark*, too strange, too subterranean and I am slowly beginning to join a new kind of *beat* generation." The manuscript of *Road* was turned down on the grounds that it would displease the sales manager of my publisher at that time, though the editor, a very intelligent

man, said "Jack this is just like Dostoevsky, but what can I do at this time?" It was too early. So for the next six years I was a bum, a brakeman, a seaman, a panhandler, a pseudo-Indian in Mexico, anything and everything, and went on writing because my hero was Goethe and I believed in art and hoped some day to write the third part of *Faust*, which I have done in *Doctor Sax*. Then in 1952 an article was published in *The New York Times* Sunday magazine saying, the headline, "This is a Beat Generation" (in quotes like that) and in the article it said that I had come up with the term first "when the face was harder to recognize," the face of the generation. After that there was some talk of the Beat Generation but in 1955 I published an excerpt from *Road* (melling it with parts of *Visions of Neal*) under the pseudonym "Jean-Louis," it was entitled *Jazz of the Beat Generation* and was copyrighted as being an excerpt from a novel-in-progress entitled *Beat Generation* (which I later changed to *On the Road* at the insistence of my new editor) and so then the term moved a little faster. The term and the cats. Everywhere began to appear strange hepcats and even college kids went around hep and cool and using the terms I'd heard on Times Square in the early Forties, it was growing somehow. But when the publishers finally took a dare and published *On the Road* in 1957 it burst open, it mushroomed, everybody began yelling about a Beat Generation. I was being interviewed everywhere I went for "what I meant" by such a thing. People began to call themselves beatniks, beats, jazzniks, bopniks, bugniks and finally I was called the "avatar" of all this.

Yet it was as a Catholic, it was not at the insistence of any of these "niks" and certainly not with their approval either, that I went one afternoon to the church of my childhood (one of them), St. Jeanne d'Arc in Lowell, Mass., and suddenly with tears in my eyes and had a vision of what I must have really meant with "Beat" anyhow when I heard the holy silence in the church (I was the only one in there, it was five P.M., dogs were barking outside, children yelling, the fall leaves, the candles were flickering alone just for me), the vision of the word Beat as being to mean beatific . . . There's the priest preaching on Sunday morning, all of a sudden through a side door of the church comes a group of Beat Generation characters in strapped raincoats like the I.R.A. coming in silently to "dig" the religion . . . I knew it then.

But this was 1954, so then what horror I felt in 1957 and later 1958 naturally to suddenly see "Beat" being taken up by everybody, press and TV and Hollywood borscht circuit to include

(concluded on page 79)

## By GEORGE, a girl named CHARLIE



*gobel's  
guitar girl  
becomes  
miss june*

MISS JUNE PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH





**Y**OU'LL BE GLAD to learn that Charlie's name isn't really Charlie at all. Her real name is Marilyn Hanold. But in his nightclub act, dirty-bird George Gobel is in the habit of explaining that he employs an assistant who does nothing else but chaperon his guitar; then he turns to the wings, yells "Charlie!" and scantily-dressed, hazel-eyed Marilyn makes her stunning entrance. Marilyn also put in an appearance in the Gobel film, *The Birds and the Bees*, in which she played a particularly tasty comb of honey. When she's not performing with George, she's indulging her taste for such hectic hobbies as hunting and water-skiing. These rugged avocations notwithstanding, Miss Hanold has a completely feminine interest in dating dashing young males. In her professional life, although she has played a variety of roles, she has invariably been type-cast as a girl. This was good thinking, we feel, so we have emulated it by choosing her for the part of an abundantly girl-style Miss June.





## PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Mary and Bob were in their upper berth on the train to Niagara Falls, and she was so wonderstruck that she kept repeating over and over again: "Bobby, I just can't believe that we're really married."

Finally, a sleepy voice bellowed out from below: "For chrissake, Bobby, convince her — we wanna get to sleep!"



An Eastern newspaper reporter on an assignment in Kentucky struck up a conversation with a young lady in a small bar. After half a dozen drinks, he suggested they buy a bottle and retire to his room, and she agreed.

"Say, how old are you?" the reporter asked as the girl was disrobing.

"Thirteen," she replied.

"Thirteen? My God! You get those clothes back on and get out of here!"

Pausing briefly at the door as she left, the perplexed nymphet said: "Superstitious, huh?"



"OK, you're hired," said the busy executive, moving around his desk toward the buxom young female. "Now would you like to try for a raise?"



A woman with a past attracts men who hope history will repeat itself.

Something the matter?" asked the bartender of the young, well-dressed customer who sat staring sullenly into his drink.

"Two months ago my grandfather died and left me \$85,000," said the man.

"That doesn't sound like anything to be upset about," said the bartender,

polishing a glass. "It should happen to me."

"Yeah," said the sour young man, "but last month an uncle on my mother's side passed away. He left me \$150,000."

"So why are you sitting there looking so unhappy?" asked the bartender.

"This month — so far — not a cent."

The divorce court was attentive as the wealthy woman complained to the judge that her husband had left her bed and board. When she had finished, the husband rose to his feet and coolly replied: "A slight correction, Your Honor. I left her bed — bored."

He held her close against him, a warm glow of satisfaction covering them both.

"Am I the first man you've ever made love to?" he asked.

She studied him reflectively. "You might be," she said. "Your face looks very familiar."

One of the most active men-about-town we know was thoroughly upset by the results of a recent medical examination.

"You've set yourself a killing pace with the ladies and it has got to stop," the doctor warned. "You're literally falling apart piece by piece."

The car sped off the highway, went through the guard rail, rolled down a cliff, bounced off a tree, and finally shuddered to a stop. A passing motorist, who had witnessed the entire accident, helped the miraculously unharmed driver out of the wreck.

"Good lord, mister," he gasped, "are you drunk?!"

"Of course," said the man, brushing the dirt from his suit-front. "What the hell you think I am — a stunt driver?"

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.



"Come on now, Cynthia, that isn't fair."

# WASTE NOT, WANT NOT

*fiction*

By JOHN ATHERTON

THE SIX MEN FILED IN. Barnes, of the Interior. Hoop, representing Asio-Africo. Gosboy, of the Russkers Group. A stringy little gnome from the Arctic Combines. Edestone, Commerce. The chairman, Leader Maskisson of the Amerrikabloc, started at once.

"I have evidence, gentlemen, of dumping in the Indian Ocean. Leader Hoop's beach plants are flooding—"

Everyone stared at the ceiling in agonized embarrassment. Always The Problem. Never a solution.

"You know," Maskisson went on, "that this has been coming upon us for years, ever since Ben Salter, on that memorable day in April 1997, found that every razor-blade slot in his house was overflowing."

The other men nodded glumly. As if they didn't know when The Problem first began.

"And now there just isn't any more room," Maskisson continued, "and we, the Leaders, must find a way. But, as we well know, it is our duty to foster short-life permanent-expendables."

All the men stood up together and murmured reverently, "Bless Waste."

Then they all sat down and shook their heads. All except Barnes, of the Interior. He waved his hand to attract the chairman.

"I have a contractor. I have proof. He will get rid of it all," he broke out. He seemed oblivious to the hostile stares of the others, who remembered that Barnes had tried this stunt before. That "contractor" had tried to resell waste. He had been given 20 years for

seven counts of extended over-use, and The Problem was worse than ever. Now here was that fool Barnes with another one.

But even before Maskisson could protest, Barnes had swung open the door to the conference room and led in a little, smiling, plump man in a sparkling weldcloth suit.

"Now, Leaders, Mr. Gripflier will show you," he said proudly.

Mr. Gripflier smiled still more. He snapped open his eternametal handcase and revealed a beautifully constructed device made of transparent life-rock and polished durametal. In its center, cradled in a mesh of platinum filament wires, was a hollow durametal hopper, with a clamshell mouth.

"This, sirs, is my Wondergrinder," said Mr. Gripflier. "It will dispose of anything. Permanently, and with not a trace of vapor, smog, residue or sludge."

"Even an absoblade?" smiled Hoop, trying to make a dismal joke. Everyone knew that nothing made by man's perfect technology was more difficult to dispose of after its time than one of these deadly little shining blades. Made of special alloy eternametal, they never lost their cutting edge, and with the recent up in quotas for the Absoblade Combine no one was permitted to use one for more than a single shave. Any such reactionism would start a dangerous autocycle.

"Do you have one handy?" asked Mr. Gripflier.

A blade was found in the stainless flint tile washroom just off the confer-

ence chamber. Flicking open the tiny clamshell jaws with a chubby finger, Mr. Gripflier dropped the absoblade in the hopper. The jaws snapped shut. Mr. Gripflier twisted a knob. The filament wires glowed red for a second, then faded to a dull white.

Mr. Gripflier flicked open the jaws of the hopper. The absoblade was gone. Each Leader felt that he had witnessed some expert sleight-of-hand. So they gave him pocket tissues, folding knives, watches—all the intricate little articles they would soon have to drop into waste-chutes and replace with new models. And each time, no matter how full they stuffed the little hopper, Mr. Gripflier made them vanish. Without a trace.

Maskisson broke the silence. "I'm convinced," he said, "but I should get the feeling of the others—"

The Leaders looked at him. They nodded.

"Take it," said Gospoy.

"Sign paper now," urged the Arctic Leader.

They accepted Mr. Gripflier's terms. He was as good as his word, and soon 500 full-scale Wondergrinders were operating in each disposal sector of World-fed, obediently swallowing every shred of rejected waste.

But no one thought to ask Mr. Gripflier where it went.

No one cared. The Problem was solved.

Blurro IV sat gracefully on a magnesium bench and indolently arranged his fibroid toga. In Blurro's world of

80,704 there were no problems. Progress had outmoded itself at least 30 thousand years ago, largely due to the Wondergrinder, reputed to have been created out of the mud of the Nile in the Year of Troubles, 2080, or thereabouts. No one cared much for history. They only knew that those blessed machines with their clamshell jaws took care of all the junk that man could produce. It all went into the Divine Wondergrinder and vanished. Blurro's world was tidy and at peace. There were no problems.

But now, on this day of June 80,704, the air before Blurro's eyes seemed to become pregnant. It struggled to give birth to an object. Then, with a tiny *plop* of gratified release, a small object fell at Blurro's feet. He picked it up, and promptly cut his finger. Then other objects fell, like solid rain. Two tiny ticking machines. Some crumpled pieces of paper. A folding knife.

In a month the garden world of the year 80,704 was a mess. An ugly and dangerous mess, for everywhere came the steady shower of deadly sharp absoblades.

It took the wisest thinker, Clarol III, to solve the problem. With a stroke of mind as brilliant and as irresponsible as the original Gripflier's, Clarol not only *reset*, but *reoriented*, the Wondergrinders. Now they sent the junk on, not only in time, but also in space.

No one asked Clarol where it went. No one cared. The Problem was solved.

Thirty million light years away, on the grubby little planet Omicron, the last remaining pair of great scaled Long-

fipes dragged their 80 feebly twitching legs across the bone-strewn wastes of granite and basalt. Death faced this pair, for they had eaten the last loose chunks of metallic ore they could paw from the ground.

The huge male could only belch a feeble smoke puff from his cavernous mouth. Then something flickered in the air before the tired female's half-shut eye. Then another flicker, and she caught the morsel with her upper feeder palp. It was tiny, but it crunched with metallic promise. More shreds fell. She nudged her vast mate. He opened one of his five eyes to see manna falling from heaven.

When the four yellow moons had circled Omicron again, the two Longfipes were browsing contentedly through a vast stack of non-refillable metabotts, stainless durametal cans, and permanent metaloid furniture which fell in a steady stream from the upper stratosphere. Their digestive fires flared with a healthy crackling roar, and as the male raised his huge upper jaw, a long swirling blast of white flame seared the enamel from a pile of old autobodies before him.

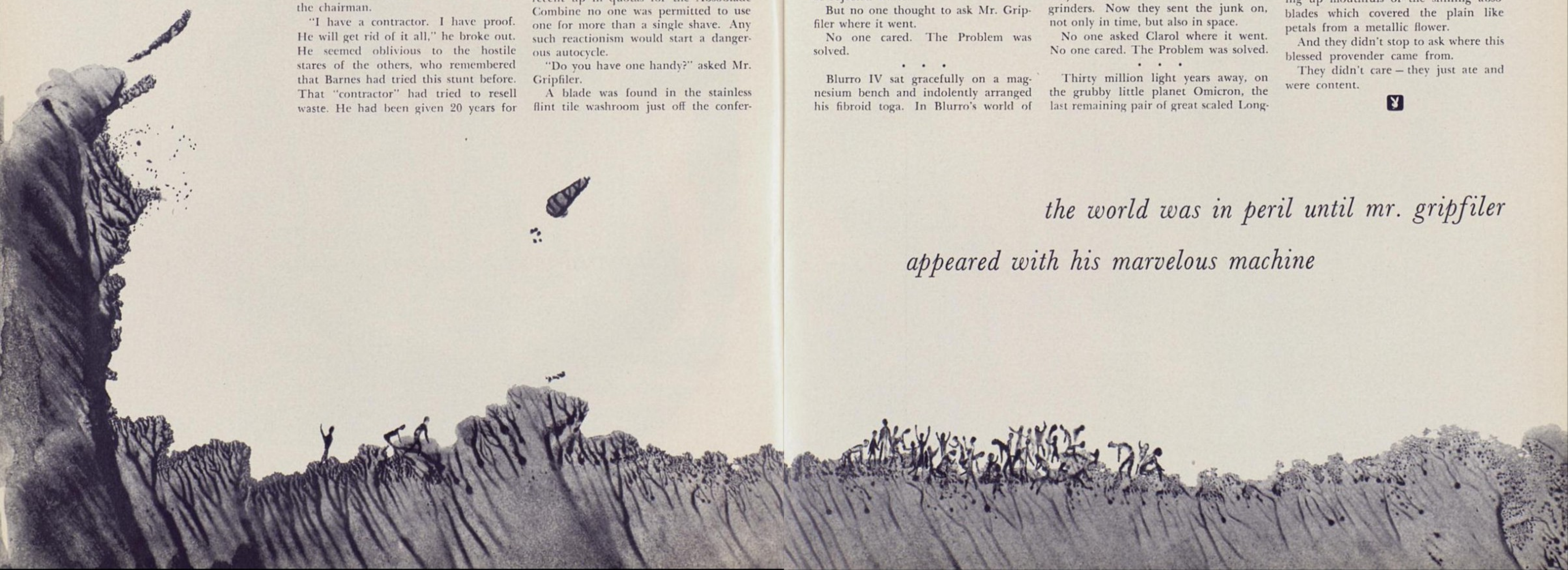
Gamboling clumsily behind their parents were two Longfipe cubs, scooping up mouthfuls of the shining absoblades which covered the plain like petals from a metallic flower.

And they didn't stop to ask where this blessed provender came from.

They didn't care—they just ate and were content.



*the world was in peril until mr. gripflier  
appeared with his marvelous machine*



# BEER AND SKITTLES *food and drink* By THOMAS MARIO

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DICK BOYER



WE RECENTLY POLLED our friends to see how many knew what "skittles" were. Most said they were a kind of potato chip, or other crisp edible. Some thought they were a timid animal, or salted fish. Only one knew they were ninepins, used in a game much like bowling. Of course, the expression "beer and skittles" is an idiom for play or enjoyment, but if anybody wants to persist in believing

skittles are snacks to be munched with beer, we don't really mind because that's exactly what we're going to talk about right now — beer and, well, vittles.

First, we'll talk about beer — which, for our purposes, we'll interpret with enough latitude to permit the inclusion of ale and other variants. It's hard to convey in words the qualities that make up the gusto of a fine glass of beer;



*views  
on brews,  
with menus  
to match*

but the elixir of all beer, the very soul and core of its flavor, is the refreshing bite which comes from the hops, and which is always damned by non-beer drinkers because it's bitter, as though the quality of bitterness were unpalatable. Now it's a fact that most youngsters dislike things which are bitter. But as we grow more experienced, we begin to savor foods which may be sour, salty and frequently bitter. Among the many kinds of bitterness we've now learned to welcome in this country are the astringence of the quinine water in a gin and tonic, the soft bitterness of Italian black olives, the sweet bitterness of the dark chocolate fondant on an éclair, the subtlety of the Angostura in a Manhattan.

When you taste beer slowly and deliberately, the earthy tang of the hops rests on the crown of your tongue as the beer slowly goes down. There's an ever-so-mild aftertaste, too, and this is most important to recognize when you're learning to discriminate between one kind of beer and another. If it's a fine, well-balanced beer with good body, the subtle aftertaste lingers on. If it's a watery beer, there's no aftertaste to speak of. This echo of the original flavor is somehow stimulating to the appetite, and quite automatically you find yourself reaching for the pretzels, the anchovy canapés or the Swiss cheese.

The first thing to remember when you shop for beer is that beer is at its best when it's fresh. Unlike wine and many kinds of distilled spirits which need aging, beer is at its prime flavor when it's poured into the kegs, bottles or cans. The great Midwestern breweries now have plants along both East and West coasts as well as in other parts of the country, and constantly deliver fresh beer almost everywhere. So buy bottled or canned beer at markets where traffic around the beer shelves is heavy.

Among enlightened bibbers beer excites quite different reactions at different temperatures. Extremely quick cooling in the freezing section of your refrigerator will cause it to lose flavor and acquire a harsh edge in taste. Extreme heat is just as harmful. In Belgium, the champion beer drinking country in the world (the Belgians drink about 30 gallons per capita yearly, while Germans down 22 and Americans 15), it is quaffed at about 50° F. And when professional beer tasters in our country do their professional beer tasting, the brew is usually from 40° to 50° F. At these temperatures the aromatic qualities are more easily detected. This doesn't mean you must stick a thermometer into the next mug you serve. But if you remove the cans or bottles from your refrigerator 15 to 20 minutes before you pour, your beer will probably reach a most pleasant temperature for civilized guzzling.

When pouring bottled or canned beer these days, some hosts tip the neck of the bottle or can gingerly against the side of the glass, pouring slowly so the glass is filled up with as much liquid and as little head as possible. When beer is poured in this manner, most of the carbon dioxide is trapped in the glass, and the head turns out to be a thin wafer instead of the snowy high collar it should be. It's true that the carbon dioxide is what gives the beer its tingle and revival power, but too much of the gas is stultifying. When beer, on the other hand, is poured to create a rich creamy cap, it loses just enough of its carbonation to make its softness and mellowness much more in evidence. A superior beer will not only form a deep dense head, but as the beer is slowly sipped, a lace of foam will cling to the sides of the glass. If you punch a can of beer once, it will create noticeably more foam when poured than if you punch it twice. Always hold the bottle or can about an inch above the rim of the glass to build up a rich, exuberant cap.

Equally important in serving beer correctly are clean glasses. The smallest trace of foreign matter on glassware affects the taste of the beer and the formation of the head. Wash beer glasses in very hot water with a detergent, followed by hot rinse water. Don't towel the glasses. Rinse them in clear cold water before pouring the beer. If you belong to the ferocious fraternity that uses beer glasses for strutting points during an argument, you'll want heavy seidels or steins. If you enjoy drinking your beer in curvacious company, you'll want thin Pilsner glasses, or perhaps the large tulip-shaped goblets which show up the brilliant clarity of a superb beer. The glass bottoms on old pewter mugs were designed for the same purpose.

In spite of over-standardization of American beers in the past, there are now scores of brews that maintain their own highly individual qualities, ranging from light Champale, which bears an uncanny resemblance to champagne, through the straw-colored, yellow, and deep orange beers, to such heavy brews as Pryor's double dark beer, a beverage similar to old fashioned porter. Guinness stout from Dublin has long been and is still a sumptuous drink, straight or mixed with ale.

To set up your own beer tasting criteria, you don't have to emulate the original ale testers in London, known there as conners. These august connoisseurs always wore leather trousers. To test a brew, they'd pour a little on a wooden bench, and then sit down. If, after three minutes, their trousers stuck to the bench, the ale was deemed "good for man's body in lawful measure." To make your own test, simply buy three or four different brands of beer or ale.

Don't try to taste them immediately after a meal. Wait an hour or so. Then sip them, a little at a time. Between each sipping take a bite of unsalted cracker to give your taste buds a fresh start. You'll probably be surprised at the extent of your own flavor consciousness. You'll notice such characteristics as hop flavor, body, sweetness, mellowness, sharpness, blandness and many other qualities that you never expected to be able to identify.

The semantics of beer labels these days is simple. The main difference between beer and ale, for instance, is merely that ale has a stronger aroma and a stronger hop flavor than beer. Beer takes one kind of pedigreed yeast, ale another. When ale is brewed, the yeast rises to the top of the fermenting liquid: beer yeast stays at the bottom. In German breweries the term "lager" once meant that the beer was the type that was stored (lagered) during its sedimentation period. In this time its own natural carbonation was gathered and returned to it. Since practically all beer is handled this way today, the term is really unnecessary. Bock beer is a dark brew, made in the winter for use in the spring, with a slightly sweet malt flavor and a more pronounced hop taste than regular pale beer. Stout is dark ale made with more malt and hops than usual. Terms like Pilsner or Munchener refer to the European cities from which some beers were originally exported.

There's one element in beer which no brewing chemist can possibly analyze. Of all drinks, beer seems to engender the most conviviality. It may not be as esoteric as a fine white burgundy or as quick as whiskey or as heady as champagne. But with a glass of beer in your hand, you can't help but warm up to whoever's drinking with you. If you're a host at beer sessions, the most amicable thing you can do is provide vittles that go with easy summertime drinking. You'll find the following foods especially appealing with tall glasses of cold beer.

#### GARLIC OLIVES

Get extra large stuffed or plain green olives. Drain a 4¾-oz. jar of olives (or whatever size jar you need for the number of guests who are coming). Put the olives in a bowl with ¼ cup olive oil and 2 large cloves of garlic smashed. To smash garlic, put it on a cutting board and rest the flat side of a heavy knife against the garlic. Hit the knife sharply. Remove the skin around the garlic before placing it in the bowl. Cover the bowl, place it in the refrigerator and let the olives marinate at least 4 hours before serving. If the olives are marinated overnight, the flavor will be even more zestful. Remove the garlic before serv-

(continued on page 77)

## The Seduction by JULES FEIFFER

ALLRIGHT, I WILL IF YOU REALLY WANT ME TO.

OH, I DO. YOU KNOW I DO.



BUT YOU MUST KNOW ONE THING BEFORE WE DO IT. YOU MUST UNDERSTAND ABOUT ME.

TELL ME. I'LL UNDERSTAND.



I'LL FEEL GUILTY.

YOU WON'T! I PROMISE YOU WON'T.



IT DOESN'T MATTER I FEEL GUILTY EVERY TIME IT'S A CHARACTERISTIC.

I'M SURE WE CAN WORK IT OUT.



YOU UNDERSTAND IT HAS NOTHING WHATSOEVER TO DO WITH YOU!

I'M GLAD.



I MEAN I FEEL GUILTY NO MATTER WHO IT IS. IT DOESN'T MATTER IF IT'S YOU OR ANYBODY.

GRAND.



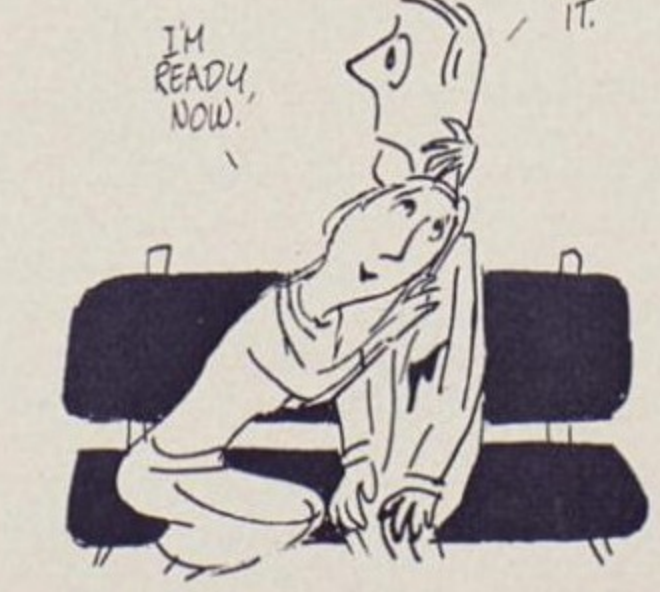
YOU DO UNDERSTAND DON'T YOU? I FEEL SO MUCH BETTER TALKING IT OUT.

SWELL.



I'M READY NOW.

FORGET IT.



PEANUT *(continued from page 24)*

cane, and I was walking down the street coming home from some tremendous evening, just slumming along doing a snotty tap dance. The girl saw me and I saw her and we fell in love. We went dancing around together and a chorus came out dressed like pussy cats and danced with us. It was a great number. Then it started to dawn and the girl said goodbye because it could never work out. She ran into a tenement and got lost. I went home to my penthouse and tried to shake her but I couldn't get her out of my mind. So I called my Jap and told him to case the street until he came up with her. My Jap was very devoted and would have died twice to keep me comfortable and he went out and found her hiding behind a wash line. I came tap dancing over to her place and proposed a quick marriage and she naturally accepted while crying, and we headed for city hall while the neighbors hung out of windows singing this mad song. It was a pleasant dream and I woke up smiling. But I didn't smile for long.

I blinked my eyes a few times to corroborate what I thought they saw and sure enough there was this lady. Y ladies are a very particular kind picked I suppose for their being extremely safe. She was easily a hundred years old and stood holding a dust pan and a broom. She was standing over my bed making a sound like milk curdling, a kind of chilly inside clucking. I did a quick check to see that I was covered which I was by my underwear which is the same as shorts.

"What can I do for you, lady," was the first thing that came to my head so I said it.

"You can't do nothing for me but get dressed and get out," she said. "It's cleanup time."

"OK," I said. "I'm getting up."

"A young man like you sleeping away the best part of the day," she said. "It's a sin and a shame. You should be outside getting sun on your bones."

"Sure," I said. "You're perfectly right."

"There's fortunes to be made in this day and age," she said. "But not by the lazy nor the slothful."

"Certainly," I said. "If you'll excuse me..."

"Myself, I would seek out uranium in the bowels of the earth, or enter the real estate field," she said. "There's wealth in owning property."

"Yes mam," I said.

"A young soul should welcome the day with a head full of ambitions," she said, waving the broom. "Out into the world of commerce."

"As a matter of fact," I said, "I've got this appointment with a big oil man."

"Oil is good," she said. "What with

the Dow Jones Average hitting new highs and Wall Street, pardon the expression, bullish."

"I'm getting dressed," I said. "I'll be out of here..."

"See that you do," she said, heading for the door. "There's dust and dirt in this room. It's marked for destruction, and nothing or nobody can stop that. Remember my words."

I remembered.

I dressed like a greased flash in my blue suit, white shirt, red tie and black shoes, combed my hair and got out. I passed the lady in the corridor sitting on a pile of laundry reading the stocks and bonds section of the *Examiner*. Her lips moved when she read and I swear she was saying something about the Erie Railroad which she shouldn't have said.

The elevator hustled me downstairs and I walked out into a glary day. It was muggy and close but the swimming had primed me and give or take a few aches I felt very optimistic. I had the address of Goobertown written on a piece of paper, so I asked a pedestrian for directions. He pointed out the rights and lefts and I found my way without trouble. I have a very good sense of direction and could find my way out of a ball of cobwebs if it was necessary.

Goobertown turned out to be a store with a fancy front of blue marble and chromium that sold nothing but peanuts. The windows were full of peanuts in every living known variety. There were plain roasted peanuts and chocolate covered peanuts, peanuts and raisins, peanut butter, peanut brittle and peanut you-name-it. Even on the outside there was this peanut smell which was extremely tempting.

I went into the store through an automatic door that worked on an electric eye and saw right away that the inside was even fancier than the outside. There was music and air conditioning and snappy glass counters along the walls. The counter girls wore white uniforms and caps shaped like peanuts and they were nice and clean looking. The floor was marble and the whole place had a bankish feeling only instead of money everything was peanuts. It was really a setup.

A floor man came over to ask me what I wanted. I told him I heard there was a job around and he walked me back to the manager's office. He knocked on the door and a voice yelled "Come in," and I went in.

The manager was a short man, thin, wearing a gray stripe suit. I did a double take because for a split second he looked like one of his peanuts. He was sitting at a wood desk with a glass top decorated with peanut bookends and a peanut shaped lamp. I thought it

was carrying things too far, and I began to feel crawly.

"Who sent you?" he said, and I told him I was recommended by the counter man.

"Are you interested in show business?" he said.

I was surprised to hear that and I lit up.

"Yes," I said. "As a matter of fact."

"This position involves showmanship," he said. "It's a job with a future. We're looking for a serious-minded fellow who wants to advance with the company. We want a man capable of growing."

"I think I'm capable of growing," I said.

"We want a man who is not afraid of hard work and starting at the bottom."

"I'm very interested," I said.

He was looking me over.

"Stand up," he said.

I stood up.

"Sit down," he said. "How's your health?"

"Fine," I said. "Tiptop."

"Do you like the outdoors?" he said.

"We want a man who likes the outdoors."

"I like the outdoors," I said.

The manager pressed a button on his desk and a girl's voice said, "Yes, sir."

"Send in Mr. Humphrey," he said.

"Yes, sir," the voice said.

The manager sat staring at me and I focused on the picture of a farm where a big machine was harvesting a crop of you guessed it. I suppose it was the company farm. There was a scrapy noise at the door and this man came in who was maybe 60 or 65. He stood slouched over like a buck private in a comedy. The manager stood up.

"Mr. Humphrey," he said, "this young fellow seems promising. I'll leave you alone with him."

The manager picked himself up and walked out of the room.

Mr. Humphrey was giving me the once-over.

"So you're applying for my job," he said.

"Your job? I didn't know it was your job, sir. I wouldn't want to..."

"I'm retiring," Mr. Humphrey said.

"I'm retiring to Mexico."

"That's nice," I said.

"Fifty years with the company," he said.

"That's a long time," I said.

"And now I must lay down my shells."

"I'm sorry, sir," I said. "But I don't think I heard you."

"I'm laying down my shells," he said in a louder voice. "I'm out of the rat race. It's a young man's game and my days of service are done. I've earned my rest. I'm going into stud, grazing on the

*(continued on page 62)*

## ORIENTAL SEX

*far out*

*far east*

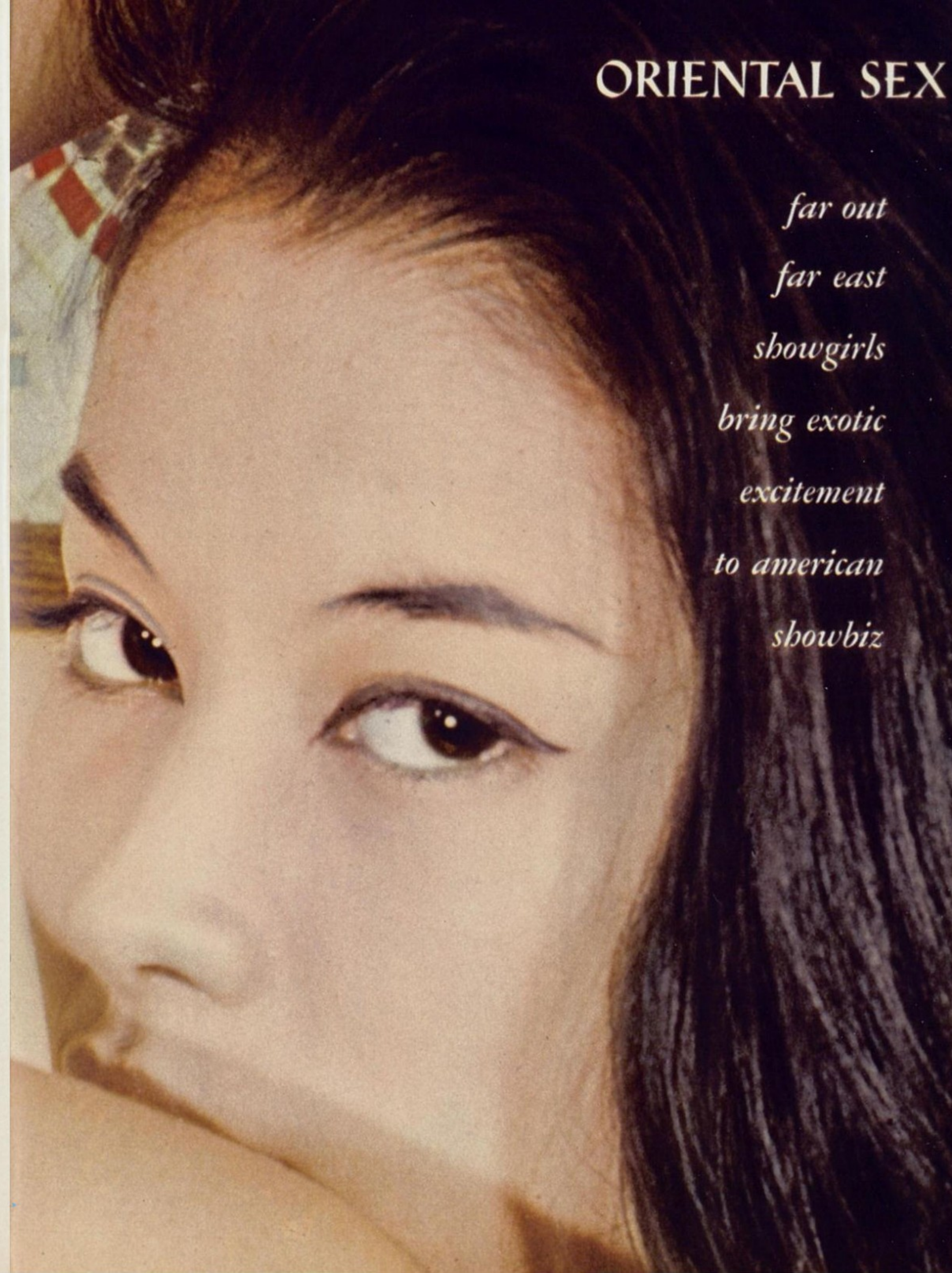
*showgirls*

*bring exotic*

*excitement*

*to american*

*showbiz*



# ON BROADWAY

THE LATEST ATTEMPT to escape from hackneydom is the Chinatown play, imported, of course, from America," wrote an Irish gentleman, London drama critic G. B. Shaw, in 1897. The latest attempt to escape from hackneydom, circa 1959, is the Asian showgirl, imported, of course, from Asia, or at least from the ranks of Asian-American citizens. Gone, happily, are the days when the showbiz idea of Asian beauty was Myrna Loy with upswept eyebrows as The Daughter of Fu Manchu. Now, the legitimate stages of Broadway and the desert casinos of Las Vegas have become truly oriented to the Orient and are featuring far-out Far East femininity which is (if we may be allowed to shift gears and invoke the name of another Irish gentleman) the McCoy.



The World of Suzie Wong takes place in and around a Hong Kong brothel called the Nam Kok. Above, a bout of horseplay amuses Suzie (France Nuyen) and her American lover (William Shatner). Below, the fleet is in like Flynn. At right, vive la France.



Flower Drum Song has a San Francisco Chinatown locale. Above, conservative elders (Juanita Hall and Keye Luke) look on with dismay as one of their race bumps and grinds in U.S. fashion.

# ORIENTAL SEX

STRIPPERS AND CHIPPIES, Asian style, are the principal objects of interest in two girl-packed Broadway shows, *Flower Drum Song* and *The World of Suzie Wong*. In *Flower Drum*, pop songbelter Pat Suzuki belts out Rodgers-and-Hammerstein songs and plays a nubile nightclub ecdysiast in San Francisco's Chinatown, who finds herself the sexy center of a conflict between the traditions of the Old World and the New. The title role of *Suzie Wong* is played by the lovely Eurasian actress, France Nuyen. Suzie, to put it bluntly, is a Hong Kong whore; like her Western sister-under-the-skin, Sadie Thompson, she eventually finds true love in the arms of an understanding American boy. Suzuki and Nuyen, in their respective shows, are surrounded by scads of slit-skirt sirens.



# IN LAS VEGAS

THE WILD WEST has met the Mysterious East with a maximum of concord in Las Vegas. The scintilless Nevada town, for some time now the nudity nexus of the nation, has spotlighted a featured showgirl of Asian lineage, Tokyo-born Muneko Yashi (the name translates as Coconut Chest, and it's phony, which her 40-inch chest is not). Appearing bare-bosomed in the Arabian Room of the Dunes, whither she was airplanned by her mentor, Harold Minsky, she has been in this country just since October, and is the only Asian girl Mr. Minsky has ever employed in his half-century career. Over at the Thunderbird, Oriental sex takes the fair form of the *China Doll Revue*, chiefly a leg show displaying the lissome limbs of ladies with names like Toy, Wing and Keiko.



Japan-born Muneko Yashi is Minsky's first featured Asian showgirl. Her popular parasol number, above, is spoofed by her in her dressing room, below, to the amusement of her Western showgirl friends who comprise the chorus, seen at left. Muneko was brought to this country by Harold Minsky. Although U.S. food and lingo still bother her, she insists "I American girl now."



## PEANUT

(continued from page 56)

plantation, do you get what I mean?"

"I think so," I said.

"You might be my successor," he said.

"Yes, sir."

"The king is dead, long live the king."

"Yes, sir."

"Don't think I'm not looking forward to my leisure," said Mr. Humphrey.

"Oh, I love the business. But I have my hobbies too. I've prepared for old age. Make sure that when your time comes to pass your shells on to someone new you'll have other interests," he said.

"Yes, sir."

"I think you'll do," he said. "You have the right cut. I like your style."

"Thank you," I said.

Mr. Humphrey went out of the room and came back with the manager, who was beaming.

"Congratulations," the manager said. "You're on the Goobertown team now, lad. Mr. Humphrey has given you the green light. It's up to you now."

"That's wonderful," I said.

"Let's get him out on the field," the manager said to Mr. Humphrey. "The sooner the better. He's got to prove himself."

"Right," Mr. Humphrey said.

"You'll start at forty-five dollars a week," the manager said. "We'll be watching you. Our eye is always open for executive talent. Now go with Mr. Humphrey, and good luck."

He shook my hand. I followed Mr. Humphrey out of the office, into another room.

"Excuse me if I get emotional," Mr. Humphrey said. "But this is a solemn occasion."

"Sure," I said.

He went over to a big black box lying on the floor.

"Open it," he said.

I opened it.

"Take them out," he said.

I bent into the box and took out a pair of black pants, and two giant half-shells.

"Wait a minute," I said. "What is this?"

"Your uniform," Mr. Humphrey said. "Wear it proudly."

"My uniform?" I said.

"Yes," he said. "Now hang your suit up there and let's try it on for size."

"Am I going to be a peanut?" I said.

"Is that what the job is?"

"Naturally," Mr. Humphrey said. "You will represent Goobertown on the streets of Los Angeles."

I did some quick thinking. I weighed the angles. It was a job and I needed a job. I could hit the studios on Saturdays. Besides, plenty of stars were discovered walking around the streets.

"Haste," Mr. Humphrey said. "It takes

time at first, but in a few months you'll be able to snap them on in a jiffy."

"All right," I said. "But give me a hand."

He helped me strap on the shells. I felt like I was locked inside a drain pipe. There was a little eye hole and a breathing slot near my mouth. Mr. Humphrey put two black sleeves over my arms and white gloves on my hands.

"You look fine," he said. "I'm proud of you."

"Put me in front of a mirror," I said.

"Vanity, vanity," Mr. Humphrey said. "I know just how you feel."

He led me to a mirror. I couldn't believe what I saw. I was a peanut, a human peanut. Mr. Humphrey was excited. He took me into the store. The customers did a double take and the counter girls giggled. I figured what the hell and bowed at a fat blonde holding a bag in her hand. She roared. The manager came over.

"A fine start," he said. "Now wander. Keep moving. Get yourself seen. Be back here at six and don't stop to dally."

"Yes, sir," I said. And I thanked Mr. Humphrey.

I walked outside, and you can understand how I attracted some attention. The first block was the hardest, and watching the traffic lights, but after that I began to enjoy myself. It was hot inside my shell and I was worried about possibly sneezing and blasting my brains out, but otherwise a breeze blew in through my armholes and cross-ventilated with the breathing slot, and that made life bearable. I took a slow walk around town looking at the buildings and ogling the crowds. Every once in a while I waved to a kid. And while I went I was thinking to myself, "Things are looking up, Murray. Here you are in town a few hours and already employed." I knew that Uncle Feig would be proud of me and that made me feel good.

Time passes fast in the peanut business. The day shot by. People stopped to trade cracks with me and I even developed a routine. I told them there were plenty nuts where I came from, and said, "What's your excuse?" It went over big. It must have been three-thirty-ish when I noticed the car.

I have seen cars and cars in my lifetime before and since but never anything like the job that was cruising alongside me. It was long and low, painted olive green, loaded with chromium and souped up. On the radiator was the figure of a jungle-type girl with her hands stretched out galloping along on top of a panther. A chauffeur handled the wheel and you could see that he was happy with his machine. A saintish look kept him smiling slightly, and he

(continued on page 80)

## man at his leisure

ROMANOFF'S, in Hollywood, is a restaurant conceived and perpetrated by a Graustarkian "prince," and perpetuated by people whose lives are a mixture of illusion and reality so heady that it's often unclear where one begins and the other leaves off. This is poetically just, since its founder, Mike Romanoff, had himself led a life of so many guises that his real identity was frequently obliterated in the scuffle. His most famous pose, and the one that brought him notoriety, was, of course, that of nephew to the last of the czars. Subsequently, he renounced his "title," became an American citizen and — by the topsy-turvy laws of Hollywood — only then achieved the princely prerogatives of living royally and being an arbiter of social status. Today, reaching the top of Tinseltown's totem pole and remaining there seem to bear some direct relationship to regular attendance at Romanoff's princely establishment. Many things combine, however, to make the pilgrimage a pleasant one: the conversation is generally fast-moving and memorable; stars and starlets delight the eye in their efforts to attract attention; agents, writers, directors and producers table-hop like bees sampling a field of clover; and the food and drink will convince you of the owner's regal nature, erstwhile pretender or no. Everything is painstakingly prepared and presented with pomp and circumstance. If you and a starry-eyed companion want your taste buds to feel like successful talent scouts, try a meal consisting of Fresh Cracked Crab on Ice, Crème Portugaise, Mignonette of Spring Lamb Sauté Cyrano, Fresh Asparagus with Hollandaise Sauce, Hearts of Romaine Salad, and a Sabayon for two. Take your time: there's plenty to watch. This is the place for publicity launchings and post-premiere parties — and when the squarer guests leave, the insiders linger long after the kitchen closes to mix brandy with badinage. Certainly among the major attractions is Mike Romanoff himself: impeccably groomed and strolling-stick in hand, he generally positions himself at his bar, where he spends the evening holding court before his subjects, as captured (along with bartender Ross Acuna) by artist LeRoy Neiman on the facing page.



let of Pompano Veronique . . . . .	4.00	Bro
neless Trout Amandine . . . . .	4.00	Fro
et of Sole Bonne Femme . . . . .	3.75	Jum
. . . . .	3.50	Medallion of Sea Bas
e of Flounder Murat . . . . .	3	

## From the Grill

butterfly . . . . .	5.50	Ste
alf Spring Chicken . . . . .	3.75	C
let Mignon . . . . .	6.50	
ord . . . . .	.50	

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"This bed ain't big enough for the both of us, stranger!"

# THE UNDOING OF ARISTOTLE

A new telling of a tale from the 14th Century German collection, *Gesamtabenteuer*



## Ribald Classic

"Giddy-ap, old man!" laughed the girl . . . . .

WHEN ALEXANDER THE GREAT was not yet great, his father, the king of Macedon, engaged the venerable and wise philosopher, Aristotle, to be his tutor. A separate dwelling was erected in the palace garden so that the teacher might be completely alone with his pupil. And soon it was known in many lands that there had never been a youth as wise as Alexander.

Now it happened that the queen had in her retinue a maiden with so enticing a figure and so fair a countenance that no man could get his fill of looking at her. Those who were expert in such matters said that her beauty was far above the ordinary. She came of good family and her name was Phyllis.

One day Alexander saw the comely Phyllis in the palace garden and was instantly consumed with love for her. Whenever she came into his sight his learned mind became quite confused. Phyllis in turn had not failed to notice the handsome prince and soon guessed

the cause of his melancholy. Her heart quickly caught fire, and when Alexander, unable to restrain himself any longer, begged her to meet him secretly in the garden after dark, the gentle girl was moved by compassion to assent.

They kissed and embraced a thousand times and soon found happiness such as they had never known. When dawn finally compelled them to separate, they could not wait to be joined again. After that, they met frequently in the garden, and played the game of love over and over with ever new and delightful variations. And each encounter left them more blissful than before.

But the fulfillment of Alexander's longing only served to fix the lad's thoughts more strongly than ever on his beloved Phyllis and made it increasingly difficult for him to take an interest in his studies. His perplexed tutor discovered, after some investigation, the reason for this indifference and employed every means at his command to

separate the lovers; but neither words nor blows were of any avail, and finally in desperation Aristotle brought his complaint before the king.

Disturbed by the news, the king determined to punish Phyllis with certain subtle but uncomfortable torments, but the lass denied the accusations with such skill and vehemence that the queen came to her defense and the matter was dropped. A strict watch was now kept over the lovers, however, making further meetings impossible and causing the two young people to suffer greatly. There grew in Phyllis a great anger toward the source of all this misfortune, and she vowed to take revenge on the meddling Aristotle.

She put on an exquisite silken gown that concealed little of her snowy bosom. Around her neck she draped an ermine fur and on her head she placed a tiara glistening with precious stones. With infinite care she reddened her lips and cheeks. Then, after inspecting herself in



... while the queen and her ladies watched in amazement.

the mirror to see that everything was as it should be, she tiptoed into the garden, barefoot. She walked with conscious grace, not too fast and not too slow, her bearing regal, her color superb, her eyes sharp as those of a falcon in search of prey. When, now and then, she stooped to pick a flower, her gown revealed a faultless thigh.

Aristotle saw the fair temptress from his window and was remarkably impressed. Love made a child of him. When the girl heard his subdued groans and saw him at the window, she threw him a flower saying, "Old gentleman, I wish you a very good day!"

"Many thanks, fair maid," the sage replied hoarsely.

The girl looked at him with apparent sympathy. "Are you not well?"

"Well enough, well enough, but I am very lonely. Take pity on an old man and pay him a visit!"

At this, Phyllis went into his room

and sat down close to him, whereupon he trembled and said, "In my day I have traveled far and seen much, but never have I beheld a maiden fair as you. If you will let me win your favor, I will not only give you 20 gold pieces, but I will let you take whatever you like from my treasure chest!"

"But, sir, how can I do that? I am an innocent maiden!"

Her eyes fell on a saddle lying near the door and an idea came to her.

"In truth, you ask a great deal. But if you will let me put this saddle on your back, this silken belt in your mouth, and if you will then carry me to the end of the park, I will do your bidding. Decide quickly, for I have little time!"

"How can I carry you on my back?" the philosopher wailed. "I am no longer young!"

"If you want to win my favor, you must do as I ask."

The ardor of Aristotle benumbed his

senses and he permitted Phyllis to saddle and ride him. While he strained and sweated on all fours toward his goal, the saucy young damsel laughed, "Giddy-up, old man!" From the castle wall the queen and her ladies watched in utter amazement.

When the end of the park had been reached, the girl jumped off lightly and cried, "Old scoundrel, now you have been repaid for robbing me of my sweetheart! Your hundred years have been reduced to seven, for you have behaved like a silly child."

And she fled merrily across the garden.

The story spread rapidly through the palace. So great was the shame of the famous scholar that he packed his belongings and, it is said, went to an island called Galicia where he wrote a thick volume on the deceptive nature of pretty women.

—Translated by William H. Schad



# ON THE WATER

*attire*

By BLAKE RUTHERFORD



The wily water skier wears a nylon-fleece warm-up suit to nip that nippiness he feels even in the balmiest airs when he wants to unlap after a fast spin behind a speedboat. Left, Catalina's "Ski Master" in red, with jacket sporting full-length zipper and hood, \$14.95, pants, \$10.95. Right, matching Cuban cut trunks, \$5.95.

IN THE WATER



The speed-minded skindiver zips through the briny deep in nothing flat when he chooses any of these no-friction trunks. Left, "Madras Stripe" Celanese Acetate and Lastex brief, by Jantzen, \$4.95. Center, "Antonio di Monza" Helenca brief has zippered pocket, by McGregor, \$5. Right, high-mitered Helenca with vertical stripes, by McGregor, \$5.

## THE MANN ACT

article By ALAN HOLMES

LET'S SUPPOSE that you live and work in the Oranges, New Jersey. One bright morning at the office you spot a new addition to the staff: soft auburn hair, cute face, big wide-set eyes and a lovely pneumatic figure. It turns out that she lives in your town too; she's 23, a B.A. from Bennington. You move in and your enterprise is rewarded with a date on the following Friday for dinner and a play in Manhattan. You pick her up on the appointed night and you roll through the Lincoln Tunnel into the glittering world of midtown Gotham after dark. You stuff her with seafood coquille and *tournedos* at Le Chanteclair and get her to the theatre just as the curtain rises. So far, so good. But you really have no idea of how far you can get with this girl. Being basically a pessimist, you don't expect much more than a few kisses at her doorway. But as the evening progresses, so do you: the dear little thing proves far friendlier than she looks, and you end the evening in a small suite in a Gramercy Park hotel.

Next day you discreetly describe the girl's warm and affectionate nature to your best buddy, who promptly decides that he is just as deserving as you are. He makes a date and takes her across the Hudson too, fully expecting to follow in your fortunate footsteps. Alas, he scores a goose egg; he leaves her at her doorstep with the warm memory of a sincere-type handshake to speed him on his way.

A serious Federal offense has been committed here. By you? Not at all. By your friend, who could be dragged off to the penitentiary for five years and fined \$5000 to boot. He has violated the Mann Act, though he got nothing but a handshake for his pains. You, who enjoyed the fullest pleasure the lady had to offer, could not be booked for so much as jaywalking. You are completely in the clear.

Ridiculous? Certainly. But that's the way the law reads. Everyone has heard of the Mann Act — the misbegotten brain child of turn-of-the-century Representative James Robert Mann — but few know anything about it except that it is ominously concerned with sex and state

lines. Thousands of men violate it every day, quite unwittingly. It's wise to know what the Act really stands for.

The Mann Act (or the White-Slave Traffic Act, its official title) makes it a crime to transport any female across a state line with the intent that she shall be engaged in "prostitution, or debauchery, or for any other immoral purpose." Further, it makes it a crime to persuade or force, or in any other way induce any female to be transported across a state line for the same purpose. The penalty is a fine of up to \$5000, or a jail sentence up to five years, or both; if the girl involved is under 18, up to \$10,000 and 10 years.

The "crime" the Act condemns is not "immorality." It is the transportation of a woman with an immoral *intent*. Once you take her across a state line (with the lurking thought that you may score), the crime has been committed, no matter what happens next — or doesn't happen. Your friend broke the law because he had an "immoral" intent when he took Miss Bennington through the Lincoln Tunnel. You, not even considering the possibility of making out (until after the transportation was over), are in the clear. You see? The pure in spirit shall triumph.

This peculiar law was enacted in 1910 under peculiar conditions. At that time, due to the unemancipated attitude of the average American female, and other factors, commercial prostitution was a big deal in America. The term "vice ring" had real meaning, and some of the organizations were so powerful that state governments couldn't destroy them. The national government stepped in. Since the Constitution narrowly limits the right of Congress to concern itself with state matters, a circuitous approach to the problem had to be made, something akin to sending a three-time killer to prison for non-payment of income tax. Congress undertook to regulate the *interstate* aspects of commercial prostitution, and the Mann Act was the result.

So why is an active, average young man from New Jersey imperiled, when the idea of commercial prostitution has never entered his head? Because of the

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*the road to hell is paved with mere intentions*





*"A neighbor from the next villa is here to complain about the noise."*

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## MANN ACT

(continued from page 69)

vague phrase in the Act which reads, "for any other immoral purpose." In the first test case, the Supreme Court interpreted this to mean non-commercial extramarital or premarital intercourse. The unfortunate first victim was a Californian named Caminetti who took a high school girl to Reno with him for a weekend. Clearly, it had not been the intent of Congress to apply the Mann Act to this kind of peccadillo—but in order to revise the law to conform to its original purpose, some brave Congressman would have had to propose an amendment which would surely result in his being tagged throughout the land as an advocate of sin. A Congressman that brave was not to be found at the time, and none has appeared since.

Appellate courts have consistently ruled, therefore, that premarital intercourse comes under the heading of "any other immoral purpose," even though it isn't even illegal in many states—New York for one. Thus, in that state it is not illegal to crawl into the sack with a girl, but it is a serious crime to drive her there from another state with the intention of doing so.

The courts have also limited the application of the phrase to *sexual* immorality. Let's suppose you know a girl in Connecticut who is extraordinarily skilled at poisoning people. You wish to do in your great-aunt Hepzibah, whose last will and testament will bring you a great bundle of loot. The old dear lives in Brooklyn Heights, so you have your little friend gather up her wolfsbane and her strychnine-laced mint tea and you transport her across the state line for the purpose of homicide. No violation of the Mann Act here.

On the other hand, the courts have not laid down any definite ruling about where sexual immorality begins. Presumably, the hope of a kiss, even an ardent kiss, is not immoral, but beyond that the lover's path is studded with booby traps. For example, if you take a girl into circumstances that might tend to "lead her into immorality," you are violating the Act. This precedent was established in the case of an agent who booked some dancers into a Mexican cabaret. Although the girls' contracts specifically provided that they would not be obliged to engage in prostitution, the atmosphere of the cabaret was so degrading that he was convicted under the Mann Act merely for having taken them into the place. This doctrine could be extended. Many a drive-in movie is locally known as "the passion pit" and for good reason. If you take a girl to such a place, does it tend to lead her into immorality? Could be. A notorious lover's lane could be equally dangerous. Under a rigid interpretation a man could

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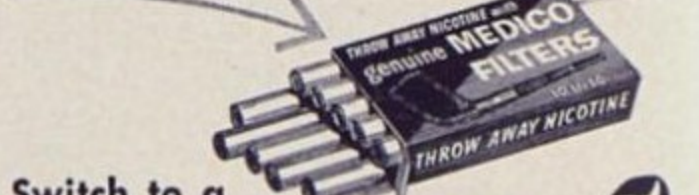
be racked up for persuading a girl to get into the back seat of a parked car. All on the condition that a state line was crossed, of course.

For those unfortunates who live in the District of Columbia, things are worse still. There, you don't even have to cross a state line to set yourself up for trouble. All you have to do is transport — with an immoral intent, of course. If you are taking your girl home in a Washington taxi and the possibility of spending the night with her flits through your mind, you have just violated the Mann Act. If you walk her home, however, you're safe — but don't get gallant and carry her into her apartment. (To be really and truly safe, you can do no better than follow the dictum of the Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia, which recently held that "about the only place where sexual intercourse can take place without running athwart the local law is in an anchored balloon.") As a matter of fact, you need not even transport a girl in the District of Columbia or anywhere else in the Federal jurisdiction to find yourself in contravention of the Act. It is enough to "persuade, induce, entice or coerce," to quote the statute, or for that matter, "cause to be persuaded, induced, enticed, or coerced," or even "aid or assist in persuading, inducing, enticing, or coercing" any woman or girl to go from one place to another for the purpose of prostitution or debauchery or for any other immoral purpose. If you write to a girl in another state and invite her across the line for a weekend of mumblety-peg, it's wise not to bother trying to make out — unless you're prepared to prove you had no such idea when you wrote the letter.

If you make arrangements with a young lady to spend the night in a hotel room in another state, and you and she travel there in separate cars, at different times, you have nevertheless broken the law if you "persuaded, induced, enticed, or coerced" her to go. (Money, incidentally, is readily recognized as a powerful "persuader," etc.) On the other hand, if the whole thing was her idea in the first place, there is no violation. Nor can a woman be convicted under the Mann Act for transporting *herself* across a state line, but she can be held liable for transporting another woman. There is no section in the Act which makes it a Federal crime for either a man or a woman to transport a *man* across a state line for immoral purposes.

These are the facts. Now, what about actual practice? For one thing, the FBI hasn't yet worked out a way to tap minds, so your intention, as long as you keep it to yourself, is invulnerable. And even if it could be demonstrated that you harbored "evil" intent when you brought your *petite amie* across the Wisconsin-Illinois line for an evening of fun and games in Chicago, a jury would probably

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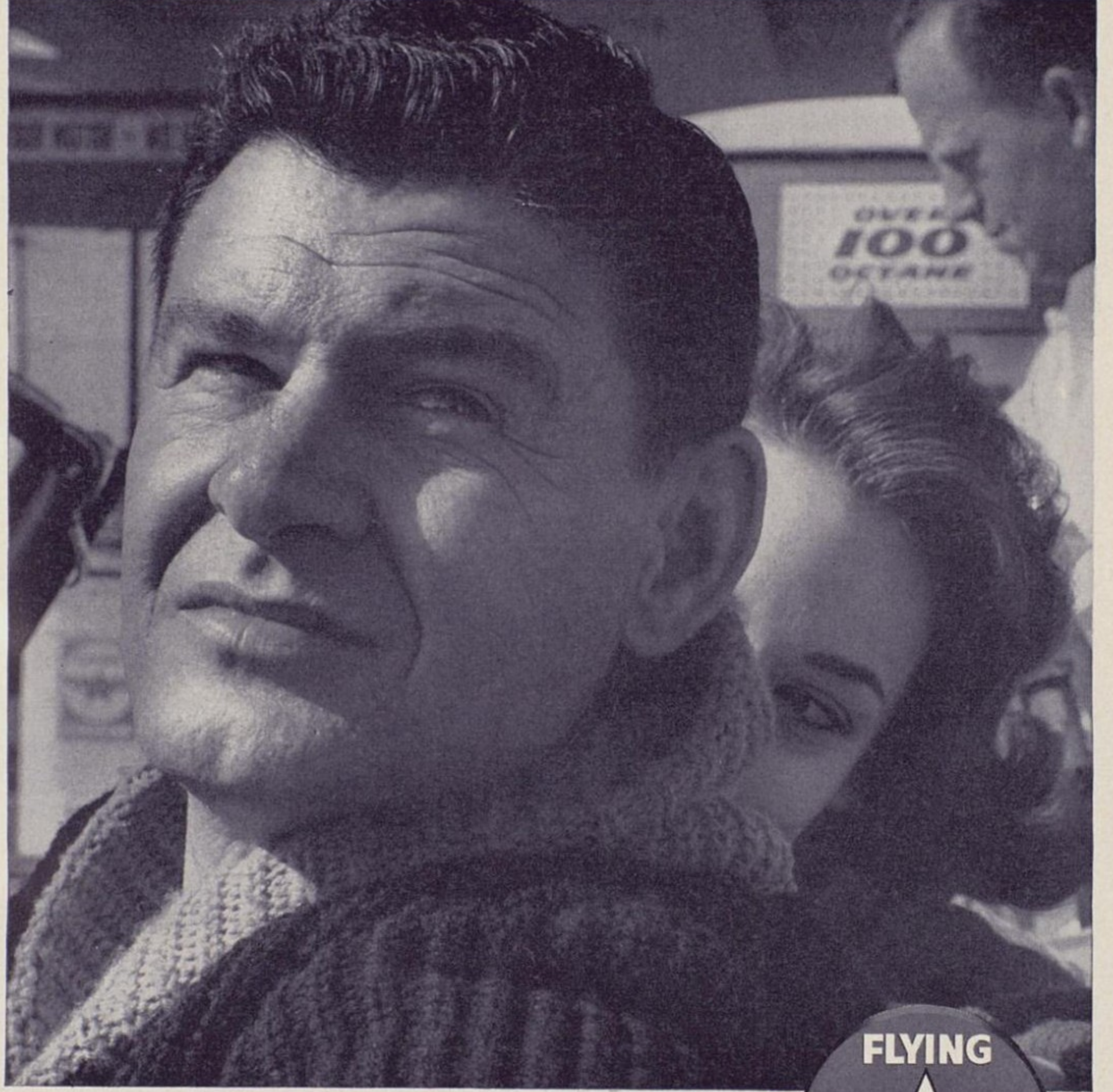
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not convict you. United States attorneys have bigger game to worry about. Additionally, they are wary of the blackmail potential in the Mann Act. However, if "immorality" actually does take place, there is always the danger that the girl herself, or her parents, will demand action — and get it. For example, the original transgressor, Mr. Caminetti, found that his weekend in Reno cost him 18 months in prison and a \$1500 fine. But most prosecutors, knowing that the Mann Act was intended to curb commercial prostitutes only, try to use it solely or at any rate primarily for that purpose.

A rundown of several cases that have been tried under the Mann Act since Caminetti shows not only that the wording of the Act is vague and the Supreme Court's interpretation of it appallingly literal, but that individual courts' applications of the law have been contradictory, quixotic and unpredictable. Consider the case of a kindly couple who ran a brothel in Nebraska. They decided to close up shop for a while and take a vacation in Salt Lake City. They took two of the girls, hard-working and deserving types, along with them. It was in no sense a business trip and no play-for-pay took place during the course of it. Still, they were convicted under the

Mann Act, on the ground that while the trip to Salt Lake City had been innocent, the trip back had not been, since the girls went back to work when they got home. The Supreme Court upset the verdict, ruling that the trip had to be considered as a whole, and as such it was innocent.

There is a common, but mistaken, idea that you can evade the Act by interrupting the trip just short of the state line and having the girl walk across it alone. One court case involved the madam of an Iowa house who had her chauffeur drive her to Nebraska to pick up a couple of prospective employees. When they got to the bridge between the two states, the girls got out and walked across part of it. In the dark they became confused, however, and there was a great deal of conflicting testimony as to whether the short distance they walked actually included the state line. The judge brushed the whole argument aside and ruled that it was all one trip. It therefore made no difference if the girls walked a few feet in the course of it, even if those few feet contained the state boundary.

Consider the case of the Unlucky Hypnotist. This was a businessman who took his secretary along on a trip, a legitimate business occasion. They quarreled

after their return, and he found himself in court, listening to the girl testify that she had been compelled to take the trip, much against her will, by some mysterious force emanating from her boss. She blamed everything on the fact that he was an amateur hypnotist. She argued that she would never have accompanied him, much less allowed him to have carnal knowledge of her, had she been free. Displaying blithe ignorance of the fact that no one can be hypnotized without knowing that he is being hypnotized, that it is almost impossible to hypnotize a person without that person's active cooperation, and that only a very few of the world's most skilled hypnotists can compel a subject to act against his will, the court entered a conviction under the Mann Act.

Finally, the case of the Reverend Grace, bishop of "The House of Prayer for All Peoples." On ecclesiastical business in New York, the bishop was attracted to a woman he met there and offered to drive her to her home in Philadelphia. While traveling through New Jersey the reverend attempted to have intercourse with his guest on the floor of the car (a chauffeur was driving) but did not make out. He stayed with her for two weeks of dalliance in Philadelphia, where, as it was later legally

stated, "he took various immoral liberties with her person" but did not have intercourse with her. They proceeded to Baltimore, and finally to the reverend's home in Washington, D.C., where, finally, and for a fee of five dollars, he was allowed to possess her, as the saying goes. She became pregnant, and when the bishop returned to New York, he was prosecuted and convicted under the Mann Act.

The conviction was upset, the appellate court finding that the bishop had had no "immoral purpose" before leaving New York State. Immoral purpose he had later, and in plenty, but that didn't count.

And there, fellow felons, you have it. In brief, Congress used unnecessarily broad language in trying to stop commercial prostitution, the Supreme Court interpreted it literally, and gentlemen amateurs are put in hazard as a result. The Declaration of Independence asserts that every man has an inalienable right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Congress and the courts have insisted through the vehicle of the Mann Act that if happiness is just a thing called woman, best you don't think about her or take her across a state line.



### Formal Affair

(continued from page 36)

regarded as a long-range investment and they do have the necessary simplicity and quiet elegance for formal clothes.

The cummerbund or the cummervest should be worn in the position of a belt. Keep it down — at the waistline. The open cummerbund pleats are always turned up when you put the cummerbund on. Usually the bow tie is bought in a set with the cummerbund, but if you prefer to find a special shape in a tie, remember that these two items must match. Most of the packaged bow ties are the pre-tied, clip-on variety used by glue-fingered types who are leery of tying their own. In truth, anyone who has learned how to tie his shoe laces can handle a bow tie with equal ease, and we recommend you purchase the do-it-yourself model.

Solid black ties are still the most acceptable, with midnight blue running a close second. The use of solid colors other than these, the stripes, or the tartan plaids are also now acceptable. Artsy-craftsy brocades, silver and gold lamés, and all the other exotic fabrics dreamed up by the designers are colorful plumage, but strictly for the birds.

### BEER AND SKITTLES

(continued from page 54)

ing. You'll want cocktail toothpicks for spearing these toothsome appetizers.

#### LIVERWURST CLUB SANDWICHES

These may be made with either plain or toasted rye bread or toasted white bread. For 4 companions you'll want 8 slices of bread, each piece spread with creamed butter, that is, butter left at room temperature until it can be worked very smooth for spreading with the back of a spoon. Cut 1 very large Spanish onion or 2 medium-size yellow onions into the thinnest possible slices. Heat 2 tablespoons salad oil in a large frying pan and sauté the onions only until they are limp — not brown. Fry 8 slices of bacon until crisp. Cut ½ lb. Braunschweiger liverwurst into thin slices. Make 4 sandwiches of the sautéed onions, the liverwurst and the bacon. Place a lettuce leaf or two on top of the bacon. Cut the sandwiches diagonally and place them, cut side out, on serving plates. Garnish the sandwiches with sliced tomatoes (beefsteak if possible) and cold crisp garlic dill pickles. Serve both English mustard and mayonnaise in sauce boats.

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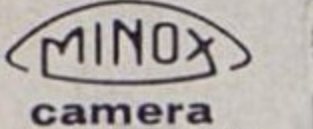
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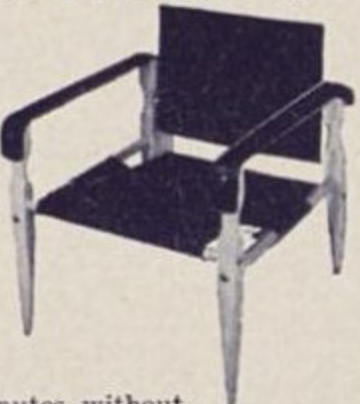
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nated portion or serving. The number of eggs you'll need will depend upon the appetites of the beer drinkers you're feeding as well as the amount of other food provided. Stuffed deviled eggs are delightful with cold fried chicken or cold sliced glazed ham. To make 12 half pieces, boil 6 eggs 8 to 10 minutes. Chill the eggs. Let 1/4 cup butter stand at room temperature until it is soft enough to spread easily. Remove shells from eggs, and cut the eggs in half lengthwise. Carefully remove the yolks from the whites. Force the yolks through a fine wire sieve into a mixing bowl. Add the butter, 2 tablespoons mayonnaise, 1 teaspoon prepared mustard, 1/2 teaspoon dry mustard, 1/4 teaspoon onion salt and 1/8 teaspoon pepper. Add 1 tablespoon prepared anchovy paste and 1/4 teaspoon lemon juice. Mix ingredients in the bowl until very well blended. Refill whites with yolk mixture, using a pastry tube if one is handy. Otherwise use a spoon or small spatula. Chill the eggs thoroughly before serving.

### SWISS CHEESE SALAD

Like the garlic olives, the cubes of Swiss cheese in this salad may be eaten with cocktail toothpicks at non-meal hours, or the salad may be served on lettuce like any lunch or dinner salad. In the latter case the following ingredients will make 2 portions. Buy 1/2 lb. Swiss cheese in one piece and cut into 1/2 inch cubes. In a mixing bowl combine the cheese with 1/4 cup French dressing, 2 medium-size onions sliced as thin as possible and 2 teaspoons imported Dijon mustard. If the Dijon mustard isn't available, any other prepared mustard may be substituted. Mix well. Marinate 2 to 3 hours before serving.

### HAM CORNUCOPIAS

Very carefully remove any pieces of shell or cartilage from 1 lb. fresh crab meat. (A 13-oz. can of crab meat may be substituted.) Cut 1/4 cup pitted black olives into thin slices. In a mixing bowl combine the crab meat with the sliced olives, 1/3 cup mayonnaise, 2 tablespoons minced parsley, juice of 1/2 lemon, 1 teaspoon grated onion, 1/2 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce and 2 hard-boiled eggs which have been shelled and chopped very fine. Add salt and pepper to taste. Add more mayonnaise if a richer mixture is desired. Place the crab meat on 8 large thin slices of canned ham. Roll the ham cornucopia fashion, that is, with one end closed and the other end showing the crab meat. Place the rolled ham on a deep bed of crisp watercress. Serve with French bread or Russian pumpernickel. And keep the suds coming, because getting your gathering all hopped up is one way for a bright young man to get a head.

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ORIGINS OF BEAT (continued from page 42) the "juvenile delinquency" shot and the horrors of a mad teeming billyclub New York and L.A. and they began to call that Beat, that beatific . . . bunch of fools marching against the San Francisco Giants protesting baseball, as if (now) in my name and I, my childhood ambition to be a big league baseball star hitter like Ted Williams so that when Bobby Thomson hit that home-run in 1951 I trembled with joy and couldn't get over it for days and wrote poems about how it is possible for the human spirit to win after all! Or, when a murder, a routine murder took place in North Beach, they labeled it a Beat Generation slaying although in my childhood I'd been famous as an eccentric in my block for stopping the younger kids from throwing rocks at the squirrels, for stopping them from frying snakes in cans or trying to blow up frogs in straws. Because my brother had died at the age of nine, his name was Gerard Kerouac, and he'd told me "Ti Jean never hurt any living being, all living beings whether it's just a little cat or squirrel or whatever, all, are going to heaven straight into God's snowy arms so never hurt anything and if you see anybody hurt anything stop them as best you can" and when he died a file of gloomy nuns in black from St. Louis

de France parish had filed (1926) to his deathbed to hear his last words about Heaven. And my father too, Leo, had never lifted a hand to punish me, or to punish the little pets in our house, and this teaching was delivered to me by the men in my house and I have never had anything to do with violence, hatred, cruelty, and all that horrible nonsense which, nevertheless, because God is gracious beyond all human imagining, he will forgive in the long end . . . that million years I'm asking about you, America. And so now they have beatnik routines on TV, starting with satires about girls in black and fellows in jeans with snapknives and sweatshirts and swastikas tattooed under their armpits, it will come to respectable m.c.s of spectaculars coming out nattily attired in Brooks Brothers jean-type tailoring and sweater-type pull-ons, in other words, it's a simple change in fashion and manners, just a history crust—like from the Age of Reason, from old Voltaire in a chair to romantic Chatterton in the moonlight—from Teddy Roosevelt to Scott Fitzgerald . . . So there's nothing to get excited about. Beat comes out, actually, of old American whoopee and it will only change a few dresses and pants and make chairs useless in the livingroom

and pretty soon we'll have Beat Secretaries of State and there will be instituted new tinsels, in fact new reasons for malice and new reasons for virtue and new reasons for forgiveness . . . But yet, but yet, woe, woe unto those who think that the Beat Generation means crime, delinquency, immorality, amorality . . . woe unto those who attack it on the grounds that they simply don't understand history and the yearnings of human souls . . . woe unto those who don't realize that America must, will, is, changing now, for the better I say. Woe unto those who believe in the atom bomb, who believe in hating mothers and fathers, who deny the most important of the Ten Commandments, woe unto those (though) who don't believe in the unbelievable sweetness of sex love, woe unto those who are the standard bearers of death, woe unto those who believe in conflict and horror and violence and fill our books and screens and livingrooms with all that crap, woe in fact unto those who make evil movies about the Beat Generation where innocent housewives are raped by beatniks! Woe unto those who are the real dreary sinners that even God finds room to forgive . . . woe unto those who spit on the Beat Generation, the wind'll blow it back.

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**PEANUT**

(continued from page 62)

had a dreaming expression on his face. The back of the car was curtained off, but I saw from my shell that the curtains were separated. Somebody was peeking outside.

At first I thought it was a coincidence that the car crawled along next to me. But after a while I got suspicious so I crossed the street and turned a corner. The car turned too and kept crawling. It made me a little nervous and I was beginning to wonder, when out of the blue a little kid off the sidewalk ran up to me and threw an arm lock around my haunches. She wouldn't let go. She had never seen anything like me before and I suppose she wanted to eat me on the spot.

Her mother tried to drag her away but she carried on and screamed. A crowd formed and the kid fell down to my ankles and held on. I was losing my balance. I didn't relish the idea of falling down on the sidewalk because I knew it would be damn near impossible to get up and I would be at the mercy of anything that happened to come along.

The kid sunk her teeth into my ankle and luckily there was a bone that stopped her. She was yelling, "I love my Uncle Peanut," which was frightening by itself and she meant it from the heart. Finally they pried her separate and her mother belted her with a handbag and promised her I would stop around on Christmas.

A cop came over by then and gave me a talking to. He told me to move along, which I was willing to do, and I beat it back onto the avenue at a slow trot. It was hard to make real time because the wind caught my peanut at the corner and nearly tipped me over. By the time I got hold of myself the car was gone and to tell you the truth I forgot about it. I was too busy just sweating and rubbing my bruise.

I was shaking pretty bad. The experience was a mean one. I thought of going back to Goobertown but I never was a quitter and that \$45 was big time to me. So I looked around for a place to catch my breath.

Now L.A. is a curious town full of peculiar temples. Every few blocks is a churchy-looking building that is not exactly an ordinary church. They have strange names and odd shapes, but all of them are open to the public. I was attracted to one by its four-o'clock whistle. I mean exactly that. At four o'clock this tower on the street gave out a moaning noise like a squeezed owl. My nerves were frying anyway and that sound threw me. I thought it was an earthquake and that I would be swallowed up. But it was only the tower clock marking time. The building had a big sign in neon that said: "Haven

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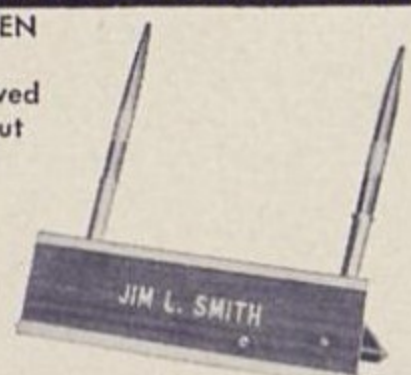
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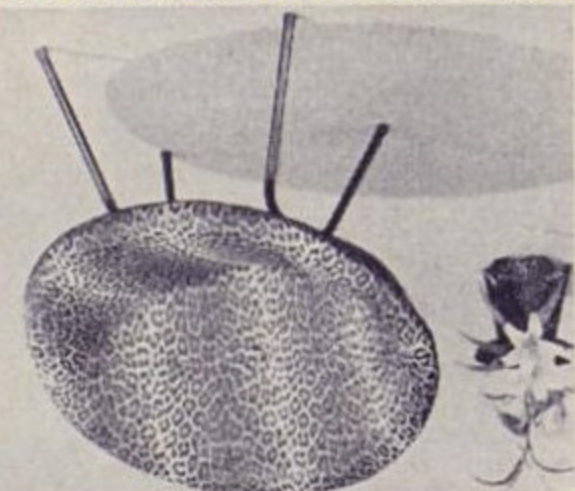
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Of The Jolly Atoms." It also said: "Enter Strangers" so I went over and entered.

I had to bend to get myself through the first door and I came up against a second. This one was painted white with gold university pictures and it had a bronze hand for a knob. I grabbed the hand and gave it a shake. Chimes rang out and the door opened. It was dark inside and my eyes had to adjust. But when they did I saw that I was inside a big boxy room decorated with plastic stars and planets. In the center hanging from the ceiling was a ball spinning and little balls whooshing around it. Two spirally columns of flashing lights flanked an altar at the far end. I decided right away that this was not the place for me and I turned to go. But two ladies in white robes came out of someplace and took me by the arms. "Sister Proton welcomes you," said one.

"Sister Nutron welcomes you," said the other.  
"Pleased to meet you," I said. "But I'm on a lunch hour and . . ."  
"Enter the kingdom of flux," said Sister Proton.  
"Let yourself fragment," said Sister Nutron.  
"I came in to rest," I said.  
"Of course," said Sister Proton.  
"Now rest," said Sister Nutron, sitting me down under the spinning ball.

"There is nothing like disintegration and reintegration," said Sister Proton.  
"Nothing," said Sister Nutron.  
"You'll be a new man," Sister Proton said, "and for such a reasonable fee."  
"Five dollars a treatment," said Sister Nutron. "For the fund."  
"Surely you believe in the work of the fund," said Sister Proton.  
"Well," I said, "the truth is . . ."

A rainbow of lights began flashing out of the ball and it started to come down over my head. It was suspended by a very thin wire and whirling that way it looked very ominous.  
"Disintegrate, reintegrate," said Sister Nutron.  
"Flux is everything," said Sister Proton.  
"I don't have five dollars," I said.  
"This is my first day in L.A. I just started working . . ."

"You can owe us the five dollars," said Sister Nutron.  
"That's nice of you," I said. "But . . ."  
A chorus of voices came out of a speaker somewhere and the ball turned yellow. It was about three feet over our heads.  
"Now, atomize," said Sister Nutron.  
"Fly apart," said Sister Proton.

The ball began to buzz and come down closer and I was worried that it would hit the top of my shell. I probably would have been pulverized if it hadn't been for some quick thinking.



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"I owe you five dollars," I yelled. "I owe you ten dollars."

The ball began to lift, the buzzing stopped, the lights went out and Sister Proton and Sister Nutron calmed down.

"Fill in this short form," Sister Nutron said.

I wrote out an IOU giving my name as Sam Humphrey which was the name of my predecessor, and listing an address that came to my mind.

"Are you refreshed, brother?" said Sister Proton and I said, "Extremely."

They led me to the door and I ducked outside.

It took me about a half-hour to get over being atomized and by then it was after five. I had walked a long way so I turned back toward Goobertown. I was looking forward to coming out of my shell and doing the town as a civilian again.

About a block from home base I saw the monster car again and things fell into place. The way I figured it, Goobertown sent that car to spy on me and there was no question but that I would get canned because of the mess on the street. My thinking was very muddy. If I had any sense I would have realized that the car probably cost more than all the company's peanuts end to end, with the fixtures thrown in for good measure.

I ambled into the store like a prince on wheels. I took it slow with dignity. Inside I looked around and strutted over the marble toward the manager's office. I saw him in back of the place huddled with the chauffeur gesturing and whispering his lousy report. The manager looked serious as hell and shook his head. Then I saw the chauffeur reach into his pocket and pass something to him and things changed. The boss began to smile. He patted the chauffeur on the shoulder and even laughed.

I was practically on them when they saw me coming.

I was ready with a speech of resignation that included mention of my future glorious career but before I had a chance to deliver even the opening sentence the manager came over to me grinning with his mouth open.

"Hello, lad," he said. "We wondered what happened to you."

"I was out on my beat," I said.

"Yes," the manager said. "You've done very well. I'm hearing good things about you already."

"Yeah?" I said.

"Incidentally," the manager said, "you know this type of work calls for occasional late hours."

"I didn't know," I said.

"Now you know," he said. "And tonight we have a special assignment for you."

"Tonight?" I said. "It's my first night in L.A. and I was looking forward to . . ."

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"This is business," the manager said. "Important business."

"Can't I possibly . . ."

"Not possibly," he said. "You work tonight."

"If you say so, sir," I said.

"Good man," he said.

"What do I do?" I said.

"Just go with Mr. Antenna," the manager said. "He'll explain things later."

He pointed to the chauffeur. Mr. Antenna came over and shook hands with me.

"Are we ready?" he said.

"I'm ready," I said.

"The company is watching you," the manager said. "Keep that in mind."

"I will," I said.

I followed Mr. Antenna outside and we walked toward the car.

"Where are we going?" I said. "I haven't had my supper yet."

"Don't complain," Mr. Antenna said. "You should be thanking your lucky stars. You'll get fed."

He opened the car door for me.

"How can I fit in there?" I said. "Get me out of my shell."

"The shell stays," Mr. Antenna said. "The seat bends back. We'll lay you in horizontal."

"I don't know," I said.

"Get in," he said. "It's the best thing that ever happened to you."

I got in somehow and was stretched across two seats. Mr. Antenna got behind the wheel and started the car. We went purring along through the city and I knew from the traffic sounds that we were out of the mash and in suburbia.

"Be a sport," I said. "Where are we going?"

"You're going to heaven," he said.

"Let me in on the secret," I said. "I don't like surprises."

"You'll like this surprise," Mr. Antenna said. "I guarantee you'll like this surprise."

I decided to play it cool. I shut up and waited. Mr. Antenna began singing a popular song. He had the car moving along at a good clip and we must have put 20 miles between us and the town. He was singing along just hitting his stride when he swerved the car into a driveway and we were riding on pebbles.

The car stopped.

"We're home," he said.

He got me out of the car by twisting a little and I saw where I was. We were parked in a forest-like affair in front of a clearing. There was a little lake full of swans to the left and the biggest house I ever saw in my life on the right.

"Now, listen," said Mr. Antenna. "Just accept the fact that you have been selected."

"For what?" I said.

"Just be nice and keep loose," he said. "Come on."

He rang the doorbell and a man came down to let us in.

"The seat bends back. We'll lay you in horizontal."

"I don't know," I said.

"Get in," he said. "It's the best thing that ever happened to you."

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The car stopped.

"We're home," he said.

He got me out of the car by twisting a little and I saw where I was. We were parked in a forest-like affair in front of a clearing. There was a little lake full of swans to the left and the biggest house I ever saw in my life on the right.

"Now, listen," said Mr. Antenna. "Just accept the fact that you have been selected."

"For what?" I said.

"Just be nice and keep loose," he said. "Come on."

He rang the doorbell and a man came down to let us in.

"The seat bends back. We'll lay you in horizontal."

"I don't know," I said.

"Get in," he said. "It's the best thing that ever happened to you."

I got in somehow and was stretched across two seats. Mr. Antenna got behind the wheel and started the car. We went purring along through the city and I knew from the traffic sounds that we were out of the mash and in suburbia.

"Be a sport," I said. "Where are we going?"

"You're going to heaven," he said.

"Let me in on the secret," I said. "I don't like surprises."

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"Ah," said the man. "Monsieur Peanut."  
"In the flesh," the chauffeur said. "He's all yours."  
"Follow me, sir," the man said.  
I went upstairs. The man stopped by a closed door and knocked with his finger tips.  
"Monsieur Peanut est ici," he said in a voice like soft ice-cream.  
"Eh, bien!" said a voice from inside.  
Then the servant, or butler, or whatever he was went hustling down the corridor and disappeared around a corner.  
I was alone. I heard music all of a sudden and I felt like I was back in the temple except this music was stringy, full of violins. I was fidgety in my shell, restless from the suspense.

The door opened and a little girl in black who must have been a maid pointed inside and ran away in the direction of the butler. I went in, shell and all, thinking, "Murray, this day has plenty of doors in it," when I saw her sitting in a golden boat.

No, I am not going to mention names. I have some honor left and I know my responsibilities. But I can tell you I knew who she was because I saw her plenty of times before, and you did too. I said she was sitting in a golden boat but the boat was a bed with white sheets and cushions and she was sort of nicely draped out in a gauzy kind of nightgown. I knew who she was all right. The fact is I dreamed about her a year or so before I started to shave.

"Hello, Peanut," she said, in what they call a sultry voice.  
I was too choked up even to ask for her autograph.

"Sit down, Peanut," she said.  
I went over and sat down. I was shivering hard enough to rattle my shell and I didn't know what was happening. In the movies she wears things like a middy blouse or a crisp kind of little girl dress but this was confusing and different.

"Relax, Peanut," she said.  
She reached over to an ice bucket and pulled out a bottle of wine. She poured two glasses and held one out for me.  
"Much appreciated," I said, "but I either need a straw or to get out of my uniform."

"Not yet," she said. "Let's wait."  
"For what?" I said.  
"For the sweet moment when you cast off your shells and stand before me," she said. "You have no idea how exciting this is."

"No mam," I said.  
"You don't know what a drag life can be," she said. "Work, work, work. Same, same, same. When I saw you today, I wanted to know you as a woman knows a man. In a moment of discovery."  
"You were in the car," I said.  
"Yes, my mystery Peanut," she said.  
"Yes, my unknown quantity."



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I was feeling very warm. Her impact was big on me. She was curvy and warm looking and her hair was combed out and spilling like a fountain. She began stroking my shell.  
"Please stop that," I said.  
"Why, Peanut?"  
"For personal reasons," I said.  
But she cuddled in closer.  
"Would you believe that I haven't felt like this for years?" she said. "You do something to me."  
"It's probably the uniform," I said.  
"You thrill me," she said. "Do I appeal to you?"  
"Oh yes," I said. "Oh yes."  
"Do you like me for myself?"  
"Pardon?" I said.  
"Do you love me?" she said.  
"Well . . ." I said.  
"Do you want to touch me?"  
She was curling and uncurling at the same time and breathing in tiny breaths and I began to get a little dizzy.  
"Now," she said. "Emerge!"  
"I don't know . . ."  
"Now," she said. "Cast off thy shell."  
"But . . ."  
"Now, Peanut mine," she said. "Reveal yourself!"  
"If . . ."  
"You're driving me insane," she said. "Come out."

Her lips were on top of my breathing slot and let me tell you I was on fire. I didn't want to do anything I would regret or take advantage of her, but I am only human and she came at me like a cat. So I started to pry myself out of the shell, the trouble being that I didn't know the combination.  
"Peanut, have mercy," she said. "Spring forth!"  
"I'm trying to spring forth," I said.  
"Have patience. Mr. Humphrey didn't tell me how . . ."  
"Please, please, please, please, please."  
"I think it goes this way," I said. "But I never . . ."  
"Help me," she said. "Quench me. Drown me."  
"I'll quench you," I said. "But my shell is slightly jammed. Mr. Humphrey . . ."  
"Murderer," she yelled. "Seducer! Are you trying to make a fool out of me?"  
"Never," I said. "Not in a million years. But the trick . . ."  
She gave out with a growling sound that was very tigerish, jumped off the bed and ran to the door, shrieking, "Somebody, get me a nutcracker. For godsakes, get me a nutcracker!"  
"Wait a minute . . ." I said. "Just a minute . . ." I was worried.

But she bolted down the hall and I heard footsteps running up and Mr. Antenna and the butler came into the room.  
"Stay away from me," I said. "These shells are the property of . . ."



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I don't know how they did it, but  
they did it. I got in a few punches but  
I wasn't very mobile and they had me  
on the floor. I came popping out of  
the shells like a cork on New Year's  
and they went out of the room. She  
was standing over me with a terrible  
smile and I smiled back because what  
was there to do?

"Delicious Devil," she said. "Bashful  
Beelzebub. Subtle Satan. Luscious Lu-  
cifer."

I didn't even bother to defend myself.

Mr. Antenna drove me to L.A. On  
the trip to town I sat with my head back  
on the cushy seat, feeling swallowed and  
digested. That's the feeling exactly. I  
was inside the velvety gullet of this high-  
powered fish and it wasn't the worst  
sensation.

We went swimming down the river  
past other fishes with big white eyes. I  
was enjoying the ride even though I felt  
slightly dissolved, and the fish thoughts  
had me feeling really poetic. I'm no  
Henry Longfellow but occasionally I  
snap off a rhyme.

We were moving fast and smooth with  
me in a 40 percent trance and Mr. An-  
tenna humming a bumble-bee jazz-type  
noise, working the wheel like he was  
half dashboard. We whizzed in and out  
of lanes beating out the other carfish  
and life inside my whale was very com-  
fortable.

I must have been just a little bit south  
of Boobie Village because it seemed like  
the whole world was submerged and  
breathing bubbles. What brought me  
back to dryish land was this Edsel that  
came at us from the opposite direction.  
In my condition I could have sworn it  
was a mackerel, and I'm telling you it  
smiled at me. I said in this dazy way,  
"What the hell is that fish grinning  
about?"

Mr. Antenna stopped humming. He  
turned around to me and said, "Boy,  
get hold of yourself." I got hold of my-  
self.

I admit I took my pulse to make sure  
I was still alive, but I did it shrewdly.  
I didn't want Mr. Antenna convinced  
that I was some shlem from the coun-  
try who never had an experience before.  
So I folded my hands politician style  
until I found the vein. The pulse was  
not only beating it was jumping like a  
Mexican bean and I think seriously I  
would have sprung a leak then and  
there if healthwise I wasn't in tremen-  
dous shape. There's plenty to be said  
for clean living.

Mr. Antenna opened his window and  
the damp, gray air loosened my brain.  
The air out there is probably loaded  
with vitamins because my vital juices  
started flowing again.

I was feeling better and better. I sat

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up in the seat like a stuffed cadet. I  
think if they screwed a bulb in my belly  
button that minute it would have started  
flashing on and off. I felt like an easy  
cinch for the Congressional Medal or at  
least my face on the two-dollar bill.  
You might say there was a rooster flying  
around inside me, and I knew that me  
and the bird were going to stay good  
friends. It's amazing what certain things  
can do for a man and a puzzle why they  
don't run out and tell the kids.

I started to hum with Mr. Antenna  
and together we managed to handle  
*Smoke Gets in Your Eyes*.

When we got to the Y, Mr. Antenna  
helped me carry my shells into the lobby  
and we shook hands.

"Well," he said, "I wish you milk and  
honey."

"The same to you," I said, "and  
thanks for the ride."

"Let's not talk too much about this,"  
he said, "if you know what I mean."

He held out a wad of bills packed  
like an artichoke. "I know what you  
mean," I said.

I didn't take the cash. Enough is  
enough. I don't believe in witches but  
there's only so much a human person  
can stand. I waved it back at Mr. An-  
tenna like it was a habit with me to  
leave big tips, and he pocketed the  
money and left.

I checked the shells with a desk clerk  
and wrote out a note for Mr. Humphrey  
resigning my commission and suggest-  
ing that he put off social security be-  
cause the country needs men with his  
savvy what with the Red menace. Then  
I went up to my room, packed my grip  
and headed for the road.

They say a word to the wise is suffi-  
cient. I was in the City of the Angels  
for 24 hours on my trip, and already I  
felt cramped. I said to myself, "Mur-  
ray, L.A. is a nice place to visit, but  
what else can she give you except  
smoggy eyeballs? There is a big, sweet,  
globey world out there which Columbus  
tells you is round, so why not have a  
look-see and prove it for yourself?"

I guess I inherit wandering blood  
from my grandpa who kept moving  
until he couldn't read his compass any-  
more.

So I stood on the concrete wiggling  
my thumb. The way I saw it, the movies  
were a corpse anyhow, and that TV  
was the place to be. I figured someday  
to give the tube a tussle and maybe to  
eat off the trees in New York, New York.

I knew Uncle Feig would give me the  
nod, and I checked to see if his pigskin  
was still in my jacket with the picture.  
It was.

There was plenty of moving traffic.  
The fog lifted and the stars were out  
thick. A slash of moon came up over  
the Pacific, and I never saw so much  
light.

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**Ernst de Koven**

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## PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

CHECK CHICAGO on August 8th and 9th for what will easily be the biggest, sure-to-be-talked-about live jazz bash in the history of that art form: The Playboy Jazz Festival, to be held at Soldier Field. Stars signed as of this date include Count Basie, Louis Armstrong, Dave Brubeck, Chris Connor, the Dukes of Dixieland, Duke Ellington, the Four Freshmen, Erroll Garner, Dizzy Gillespie, Coleman Hawkins, J. J. Johnson, Stan Kenton, Shelly Manne, the Modern Jazz Quartet, Gerry Mulligan, Oscar Peterson, Sonny Rollins, Sarah Vaughan, and, like the man says, many, many swinging others. Between sets you can browse through a complete high fidelity exhibition featuring the latest stereo gear.

If the Alpine and Andean ski slopes don't offer the novelty they once did, try ducking "down under" for some of the world's best skiing on the slopes of Mount Kosciusko midway between Melbourne and Sydney in Australia. Six miles below the top of the slides, at Charlotte Pass, you'll find The Chalet, offering meals, entertainment and accommodations that vie most successfully with the better ski resorts in the States (best make early reservations as it's usually booked full way ahead of time). The tab will run around \$10 a day including ski tows. And while you're down under there's some great skiing in New Zealand on Mt. Ruapehu (9175 ft.) in Tongariro National Park. A trip to the Antipodes entails covering many a mile, and there is many a fascinating stop-over en route.

In August, Hawaii celebrates with a month-long hula festival, and just across

the International Date Line are the Fiji Islands. One of the islands, Mbengga, features natives walking on flaming coals to give you something to talk about back home, while Tahiti entices with its waving palms and sarong-clad lasses to give you something to think about all through the year. Once you reach the halfway mark, you might as well keep going and make it a round-the-world junket. A good stepping stone on your way is Bangkok, capital of Thailand. For night life, try the hostess-attended Hoi Tien Lau Roof or the Club L-85. And during the days, you can watch kite-flying contests on the Pramani Ground, near the Royal Palace, or the fish-fighting that abounds on Sundays despite its illegality. Before you leave for the rest of your sojourning, take a trip to Angkor Wat, the fabulous thousand-year-old ruins in the Kingdom of Cambodia, located midway on the air route between Saigon and Bangkok.

Once in Europe, you can take your pick of things to do and see. If you dig the Bard, there's the annual Shakespeare Festival at Stratford on Avon in Warwickshire, England. And if longhair music is your wish, there's the annual Salzburg Music Festival in Austria. But if snarling exhausts and squealing tires are music to your ears, there is Grand Prix racing at Nurburgring in the Eifel area of Germany.

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



### NEXT MONTH:

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TALLAHASSEE  
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Coes & Young  
LYNN  
Sam's Town & Tweed Shop  
PITTSFIELD  
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SALEM  
Almy Bigelow Washburn  
SPRINGFIELD  
Forbes & Wallace Inc.

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McAvoy  
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NEWARK  
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### MAINE

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Chukka Boots in Loden Green (shown), Wild Oats, Gunsmoke, Tumbleweed, Black Thunder.

Perforated Vamp Oxford in Corn Cob (shown), Yucca Tan, Wild Oats, White Cloud and Silver Dollar.

Campus Oxford in Houn' Dawg (shown) and Dirty Buck.

Moccasin Slip-on in Scarlet Feather (shown), Houn' Dawg, Tumbleweed, Wild Oats and Silver Dollar.

Saddle Slip-on in Silver Dollar (shown), Wild Oats, Black Thunder, Yucca Tan, Corn Cob.

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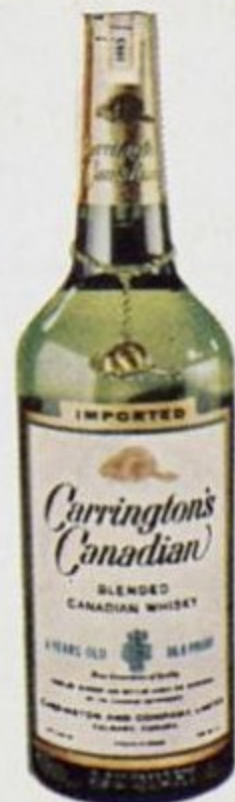
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