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JULY 50 cents

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

INVITATION TO YACHTING

PLAYBOY'S JAZZ FESTIVAL

BEAT POEMS BY TOP BEATNIKS

PLAYBOY'S BEAT PLAYMATE



ROSENFELD



CORSO, GINSBERG

## PLAYBILL

FOLLOWING UP last month's statement by Jack Kerouac, *The Origins of the Beat Generation*, this July issue of PLAYBOY offers *The Sound of Beat*, a clutch of poems by Kerouac and two of his beatnik cronies, Gregory Corso and Allen (Howl) Ginsberg. This poetry complements a feature on *The Coffee Houses of America*, those interesting little java joints where beat verse is often recited and sometimes written. From one such coffee house we also gained a delightful dividend — peppery Yvette Vickers, this month's *Beat Playmate*. Herbert Gold, who once took us to task for calling him a hipster, would probably do so again if we called him beat; having no wish to be taken to task (one of those nowhere little John Sack-type countries), we will only put forth the opinion that, to us, the inhabitants of his story, *The Incredible Adventures of Dino* (it's not about Dean Martin) seem mezzobeat at the very least. But maybe that's only because our definition of beat is a little broader than some. We'll tell you about it sometime.

Not now, because we still have to mention (a) the Playboy Jazz Festival (sound exciting? It is. See page 28); (b) the nine-page *Invitation to Yachting*, a suave text-and-photo takeout on the sport of sophisticates, which we think makes a perfect companion piece to our recent *Fun and Fashion on Skis*, and which was photographed by yachting's most lauded lensman, Stanley Rosenfeld; (c) the different kind of crime story, *No Five Burns*, by Avram Davidson (latest of the PLAYBOY beavers who include, or have included, Shel Silverstein, Ray Russell, Jerry White, LeRoy Neiman, Don Gold, John Wallace, T. K. Brown III, J. P. Donleavy, Phil Interlandi, and a furry few others), (d) Maurice Zolotow's revealing article on Oscar Levant; (e) *Music Man* mentor Meredith Willson's funnily free-wheeling *Happiness for Fun and Profit*; (f) fine fare by Charles Beaumont, Thomas Mario, Shel Silverstein; and (gee) a Ribald Classic called *No* which is all about Yes.



WILLSON



DAVIDSON

## DEAR PLAYBOY

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

### WEEKEND HIDEAWAY

PLAYBOY's *Weekend Hideaway*, as depicted in your April issue, has captivated my imagination!

Franklin Moore  
Dayton, Ohio

I have just seen PLAYBOY's *Weekend Hideaway* in the April issue. A very intriguing place!

James D. Carter, M.D.  
Houston, Texas

I am completely enthralled by the *Hideaway's* spaciousness and contemporary beauty.

Robert Epifano  
Bethlehem, Pennsylvania

A more fabulous house than the one shown in your April issue of PLAYBOY I've never seen!

Alex Mazzaferro  
Utica, New York

Your *Hideaway* is an unimaginative cage of glass and aluminum, which you have attempted to disguise with a beautiful array of furniture. Architecturally, the *Hideaway* lacks rhythm, surprise, contrast, and—above all—principle. I seriously doubt that Mr. Tucker has ever studied architecture, since he obviously is not aware that the whole of a building is more important than its parts. Ugliness aside, this pipedream house would be a hot box in the daytime and an igloo at night.

Joseph Wroblewski  
Boulder, Colorado

A tip of the fedora to you!! Your *Weekend Hideaway* is a true oasis after a year of trekking the sands of mass-produced plans and houses designed for families of eight!

G. B. McFarland  
Lexington Park, Maryland

Having always taken a liking to beautiful architecture and furnishings, I was fascinated by your *Weekend Hideaway*.

David G. Kolb  
Annapolis, Maryland

May I say that the plans for the bachelor's PLAYBOY's *Weekend Hideaway* are the most fabulous plans for a house that I have ever seen.

Robert W. Darvin  
Highland Park, New Jersey

### GODDAM

The caption under the harem cartoon of the April issue was unnecessarily crude. The word "goddam" doesn't make the caption funny. The cartoon is basically unfunny, anyway, and should have been deleted. Stuff like this is indiscreet, because it can be used against you by those who would force you off the newsstands. Although I would be on the front line in the fight to keep you on sale, I ask you not to dull the blade ready to defend you with gratuitous vulgarisms.

Don James  
Ontario, California

### NANCY

Congratulations on your April Playmate, Nancy Crawford. This little doll is just what makes the state of Virginia so outstanding.

Ted Robertson  
Springfield, Virginia

Being a charter reader of your magazine, I always look forward with great anticipation to seeing each new Playmate. My pick of the pack is Nancy Crawford. To me, she embodies the optimum in devilish cuteness. I hope we'll see more of her in future issues.

Hugh C. Bartlett  
Princeton, New Jersey

### TINA

Bravo for your pictures of luscious Tina Louise. Stop looking for an answer to B. B. You've got her in Tina!

Ben Cerrito  
East Cleveland, Ohio

Though I certainly agree that Tina Louise is a beautiful woman, I must go on record as stating she will never be a threat to Bardot. She does not possess



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Bardot's ingenuous charm. Her gaze is cool and analytical. As a result, she is a lovely girl who is as sexy as Jane Austen.  
Max Ganteaume  
Nogales, Arizona

### NASSAU FASHION

I have just purchased the April issue of PLAYBOY and must say it is one of the best and most enjoyable issues I have read. I particularly took notice of the men's fashions featured in the article *The Look of a Winner*. I would like to know the nearest city where I could purchase a Swiss Blouse Pullover like the one pictured at the bottom of page 29. I would appreciate it very much if you could send me this information.

James R. Coyle  
Menomonie, Wisconsin

Sent.

Your Nassau article could have been done in Macy's basement for all you saw. Your Robert L. Green has all the insight of a myopic fish. The Nassau event isn't even interesting racewise, but it's a must for American drinking team members. While your photog was light-metering the fashions, I note that Lance is enjoying some liquid and conversation in the background. So, Mr. Green thinks the Scarabs are "zippy." For that remark he receives a gold-plated idiot button.

H. E. McDonald  
Hollywood, California

In reading through your April PLAYBOY, I note on page 30 that you are wrongfully using the name "Windbreaker" in your editorial copy. I am pleased to inform you that our company is the registered owner of the trademark "Windbreaker." Only merchandise that we manufacture can be described as "Windbreaker." Our trademark goes back to the original registration in 1919.

Leonard W. Jaffe, President  
Danville Jackets, Inc.  
Danville, Illinois

*It is a credit to the popularity of your product that its name has become so much a part of the language that, like "Coke," "Victrola" and "Frigidaire," it is sometimes mistakenly used to describe a similar product by a competitor.*

### THE CLASSIC FIGURE

Saw your March issue — am conquered! I'm referring in particular to June Bair. She evokes the long-forgotten ideal of true womanhood. How about 20 pages of her? And please keep those geometric-type models at least 10 pages away from Miss Bair, so that she may avoid contamination.

James Hamil  
Hartford, Connecticut



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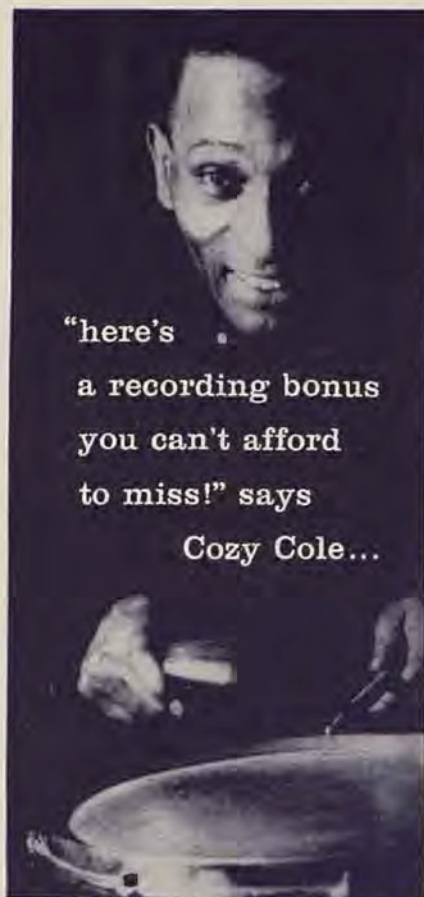
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Man, that bare Bair really brings out the bear in me!

Michael Hall  
Cambridge, Massachusetts

My husband has finished reading the March issue of PLAYBOY from cover to cover so now it's my turn, before he decides to read it all the way through again. There is one item about which I violently disagree (and I seldom disagree with anything you publish and normally wouldn't dare say so if I did, being a mere woman), and that is the subject of Miss Bair. Miss Bair does *not* have a classic figure, just a larger-boned version of the currently popular big-busted type. Her bosom is too large, her hips too small and her belly non-existent for the true classic figure, and I know because I have the genuine article. My bust is small but far from flat and my derriere and belly are too generous by today's standards, yet I have seen virtual replicas of myself in art galleries all over the world, even to the red hair. I suppose I was born a few hundred years too late and now suffer the same fate of being unfashionable as did the very slender types in that time. It seems a pity that man is so narrow-minded that he can't appreciate both at the same time. I do not have a photograph to prove my point, but if you would like to see for yourselves I would be quite willing to drive down to your offices and undress, on two conditions: one, that my husband doesn't object (I don't see why he should); and, two, that a very warm room be provided, since I am very fair and thin-skinned and turn blue at the slightest trace of chill. It is not becoming.

Patricia J. Leaf  
Fort Sheridan, Illinois

OK.

### HORRORS!

Congratulations to Alpert and Beaumont for a job well done on *The Horror of It All*. But they should have given the flicks more *hell!*

D. B. Victor  
Indianapolis, Indiana

Hollis Alpert and Charles Beaumont on monster movies are both funny and penetrating. Well done! I have a footnote. While it was true at the time they wrote the article that I was among the science-fiction novelists who had "not been asked at all," I have since been asked, and have said No. The offer was \$750 for all motion picture rights to my novel *V O R*. The producer's total budget was \$100,000—out of which he was prepared to pay 3/4 of one percent for the story. No wonder the stories that actually reach the screen are as brainlessly alike as so many discarded segments of the same tapeworm.

James Blish  
Milford, Pennsylvania



## FOR MEN ONLY?

Let's face it—only male readers will fully appreciate Curtis Johnson's starkly realistic picture of a "hobbledehoy", a raw, gawky youth approaching manhood."

Men will recognize the accuracy of Curt's portrayal with a rush of nostalgia. Those years were rough for all; we remember them well.

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\*Brigitte Bardot is shown with Franco Interlenghi in the Kingsley International Pictures Corp. hit movie "LOVE IS MY PROFESSION"

## LOVE THAT MISS IRVINE

For the first time in five years of devoted PLAYBOY reading, I am sufficiently impressed by something to sit down and write a "thank you" letter. I have a good memory, and I remember some extremely rewarding hours spent reading PLAYBOY fiction, but the I.B.M. rabbit in my head has run through all the back issues and can't come up with anything to equal *I Love You, Miss Irvine* by John Wallace. There is more authentic emotion, more sheer, lucid logic in this little story than most of today's "name" writers could pack into a volume the size of Webster's Unabridged. Please give us more from the pen of Mr. W.

Jay Bjornsen  
Avenel, New Jersey

I was debating with myself about renewing my PLAYBOY subscription, when your March issue arrived and a single story swung me into an affirmative decision. The story was John Wallace's *I Love You, Miss Irvine*. Great reading! What deep personal memories and emotions it evokes! It will live in my mind as strongly as *The Fly*, although it is a completely different kind of story, of course. Here's my subscription check!

George F. Hout, Jr.  
Columbus, Ohio

I cannot resist writing you this short note of appreciation for *I Love You, Miss Irvine*. Whenever I feel a little low, I know that all I have to do is reach for this story and in a few minutes I'll be floating on a cloud of well-being.

R. P. Krull  
San Jose, California

I have every issue of PLAYBOY dating from January of 1957, and never, except for *The Distributor*, has a story impressed me like *I Love You, Miss Irvine* has. It is strange that I liked it so well, because it is based on a highly improbable situation. Even so, once I started it, I had to finish it without stopping, it seemed so real. The quality of your fiction has always been superb, but I think this story deserves being placed right up near the top of the list.

Gene Phillips  
Los Angeles, California

A very enjoyable piece of fiction—*I Love You, Miss Irvine* by John Wallace. It would make a charming movie. This writer has a unique talent and I'd like to read more of his work.

Wade Pittman  
Portland, Tennessee

You will. Meanwhile, we suggest you reread "Get Out of My Life" (September 1956), "Party Girl" (October 1957), and "A Stretch in Siberia" (April 1958), all by Mr. Wallace.





# PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



After glomming Patrick Chase's *International Datebook* for the past several years, avid reader John Langley informs us that he was suddenly smitten by the vapors, went into a high fever and whipped up a kind of Irrational Datebook, the ultimate word in let's-get-away-from-it-all vacation spots. He tells of a mystic spa on the shores of Dire Straits, near Rising Gorge, on the top of Crucial Point, where sits the luxurious Hotel Last Resort. As the visitor strolls the grounds, crossing a bridge before he comes to it, he can see large stables full of horses of different colors. In the trees (principally for barking up, and all of them wrong), the birds are in hand (except for the two in the bush) and the rippling streams are full of the ones that got away. The leaves on the ground are all newly turned, and straight-and-narrow paths of primrose lead from one pit-fall to another.

Mornings at the spa are taken up with group activities, and usually begin with a quiet round of Breaking the Ice, Swallowing Pride, Looking Down Noses, Viewing with Alarm, or perhaps the rather bouncy game of Lumping It. Next, sides are chosen for Making Both Ends Meet, Laughing on the Outside or Plumbing Depths.

A light lunch is then served, which may consist of:

*Carte Before the Hors d'Oeuvres*  
*Hot Well Bred with Buttered Up*  
*Olives Drab*

*Sitting Duck Eggs (in one basket)*  
*with Minced Words*

*Unhatched Chicken (counted) with*  
*Curried Favor*

*Mixed Fruit (Polished Apples, Tone-  
Shaped Pears and Broken Dates)*  
*Spilled Milk of Human Kindness*

Afternoons are usually given over to Exercising Everything but Discretion, as well as such vigorous and exciting sports

as Launching Pads, Breeding Suspicion, Meeting at the Summit, Feeling No Pain, Jumping at Conclusions and, after shovels are passed out, Filling Long-Felt Needs. Later, it's Batting Eyes, Heaping Scorn, Casting Aspersions, Hurling Insults and Grasping at Straws.

We feel that a short, perhaps very short, stay at Hotel Last Resort will make all the difference in the world, and that you will return to your job feeling a great deal more like you did when you arrived. For further information on rates, etc., contact the hotel, but the management, we are informed, cannot assume responsibility.

Our Research Department thinks it may have unearthed the source of *The New Yorker's* famous 1953 "Kindly take us to your President" cartoon (you know the one: two weirdies from outer space, obviously just stepped out of the rocket ship in the background, are directing the line to a horse). Ten years before that, in the October 1943 issue of *Fantastic Adventures*, appeared a cartoon with the caption, "I must say I am a bit disappointed in you Earthmen!" The picture? A weirdie from outer space, obviously just stepped out of the rocket ship in the background, directing the line to a horse. The gag-writer? A 14-year-old kid named Charles Beaumont, making his first professional appearance. His latest professional appearance begins on page 35 of this issue.

A well-established haberdashery currently doing business on 16th street in Sacramento, California, is called The Brick Shirt House.

Almost every other day, it seems, we read scolding articles in the popular periodicals telling how mediocrity and conformity are blighting the vigor and enterprise of the current generation. We

are happy, therefore, to counter this doomshouting with the following example of admirable entrepreneurial vitality. A young Denver woman appeared in Municipal Judge George McNamara's court recently, charged with prostitution. The judge found her guilty and fined her \$100, but granted a 10-day stay. The final day, the woman appeared before McNamara. "I've got \$91," she said. "Could you give me a few more hours?"

Viewing 1958 in retrospect, *Advertising Age*, the commercial creator's bible, said: "The least pleasant aspect of the year was the rash of novels about advertising, all depicting the wenching, guzzling, irresponsible adman at his worst. There was one exception — Martin Mayer wrote a non-fiction report on advertising, *Madison Ave., U.S.A.* [*Playboy After Hours*, April 1958], which most admen felt was a sensible, accurate portrayal of the ad business." We assume that Mr. Mayer's book depicted the wenching, guzzling, irresponsible adman at his best.

Sign observed in a beat bistro: "We do not serve women at the bar. You have to bring your own."

Used to be, in Coronado, California, that an ordinance on the city books allowed groups of up to five unrelated persons to live together in a single family dwelling in certain zones. Recently, though, the City Council passed an amendment changing the permissible number from five to three. Thing that makes these minor legalities newsworthy is the unassailable air of virtue lent them by the names of some of the men involved: City Attorney J. R. Goodbody suggested the council members make an intensive study before passing the amendment, and Councilman Robin Goodenough attempted to have the study expanded into a survey; Council-



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Sounds and music for stalking your own jungle — even alone!



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man Don Spicer made it clear that the action was not directed against bachelors, and a law barring the building of new guest houses was urged by Councilman Walter Vestal. We trust the good City Fathers will not be annoyed, but the proceedings have suggested an irreverent and irrelevant motto to us: a vestal goodbody should be a goodenough spicer for anyone.

Continuing our occasional culling of carefree classified curiosia: From the *Blair* (Nebraska) *Enterprise*: "Lost: light-blue dress night of Share-the-Fun Contest." And from the *Los Angeles Times*: "Single expectant mother desires housework or baby sitting. No bachelor considered."

When our December Playmate, Joyce Nizzari, recently visited Julius Monk's sophisticated two-level New York show-club (*PLAYBOY*, *Upstairs at the Downstairs*, May 1959), she was invited into the kitchen bar to autograph her Playmate picture, which turned out to be the only decoration on the wall. As she signed her name, she noticed that an accident had ripped the portrait in the area of her posterior. Over the tear, tender hands had placed a Bandaid.

### DINING-DRINKING

Home away from home for evening people on New York's East Side is the *Living Room* (2nd Ave. and 48th St.). What with divans, armchairs, a fireplace and a shoes-off hominess, it's a typical American parlor. There's even a TV set, but boss Dan Segal says no one has yet ventured to turn it on. Hi-fi keeps the hand-holding, dark-corner devotees happy from cocktail hour till nine, when the live ones arrive — the entertainers, that is. Night we looked in, Matt Dennis was there chanting his wares. Others on the bill included the Jack Kelly Trio and amiable guitarist Ernesto San Miguel, who crooned bilingually. An impressive array of showbiz bigs flow in, and overflow up to the Private Living Room top-side, an equally comfortable velvet-draped hideaway. Food prices are absurdly low, and you'll want to try the steak and shellfish in bite-sized chunks impaled on toothpicks in little baskets. Hours are 5 P.M. to 4 A.M.

Detroit's *Ponchartrain Wine Cellars* (284 W. Larned) serves up an atmosphere as foreign to the Motor City as the Renault is to the bechromed chariots of the assembly line. Over the wine-cask bar, there are murals depicting Eve, Salome, Delilah, Pompadour and other dastardly dames; the private dining room, the Salle de Talleyrand, carries out the Continental feeling with aged woods,

I found Margie!!!

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Margie went to Hawaii, our 50th State, met the famous Alfred Shaheen and came back with the most exciting, fabulously styled sheath with the world's most flattering neckline. (A clever trick holds that line no matter how much you move about.) Two deep pockets, fitted midriff with an Obi Tie. Easy-care, Silk-like **Alfred Shaheen** Cotton, monogrammed with two initials in Oriental script. Black, White, Turquoise, 8 to 18. \$14.95 Postpaid

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(\$5.00 deposit with all C.O.D.'s)



stained-glass windows and a huge three-dimensional mural symbolizing Talleyrand's use of gastronomy as a diplomatic weapon. For the close couple, Ponchartrain's owner, Joan Lee, recommends "a hot bird and a cold bottle" (a whole jointed and fried chicken with a pint of sparkling burgundy from the well-stocked cellar) at \$8.95 a brace. We went for it big. Hours: 5-10 weekdays, 4:30-11 Sunday.

In New York, a thirst for thoughtful jazz can be pleurably slaked at *The Composer* (68 West 58th St.). This intimate oasis, just out of earshot of the midtown entertainment furnaces, offers refreshing draughts of the likes of Bernard Pifer, Marian McPartland and Eddie Heywood, starting at 9:30. Other itinerant non-manglers of melody who look in from time to time include Cy Coleman, Barbara Carroll, Billy Taylor, Eddie Costa, Herman Chittison, George Wellington — all of whom respect the man who gave the place its name, the composer. Decor is subordinate to the enjoyment of the music; low lights, good acoustics in a room the right size and shape (so you're never far from the artists), unobtrusive rich wood and hangings, quiet, efficient service, and a hushed, appreciative clientele comprise *The Composer's* distinctive balm. All this and good chow, too — steaks, ribs and like that — served until 2 A.M. The sounds can be dug till fourish.

## RECORDINGS

Sonny Rollins, the big strong wolf of jazz tenor men, hews his way through six tunes in his latest recorded outing, *Newk's Time* (Blue Note 4001), titled in recognition of Rollins' physical resemblance to pitcher Don Newcomb. It features the titan of the tenor with an ever-ready rhythm section — Wynton Kelly, piano; Doug Watkins, bass; and Philly Joe Jones, drums; and the terrain covered includes a volcanic Miles Davis original, *Tune Up*; trumpeter Kenny Dorham's exotic *Asiatic Raes*; Rollins' own *Blues for Philly Joe*; *Wonderful, Wonderful*, of Johnny Mathis fame; an almost danceable *Namely You*, and a striking tenor-drums duet on *Survey with the Fringe on Top*. Some of this is Rollins-rough, but none of it is dull. The rhythm section, urged by Sonny's surging power, must swing or perish. It swings.

Gil Evans lends his imaginative arranger's skill to eight jazz classics in *New Bottle Old Wine* (World Pacific Stereo 1011). Evans, who has been creating rich orchestral jazz sounds since his days with the Claude Thornhill band in the '40s, heads a hand-picked studio group here,

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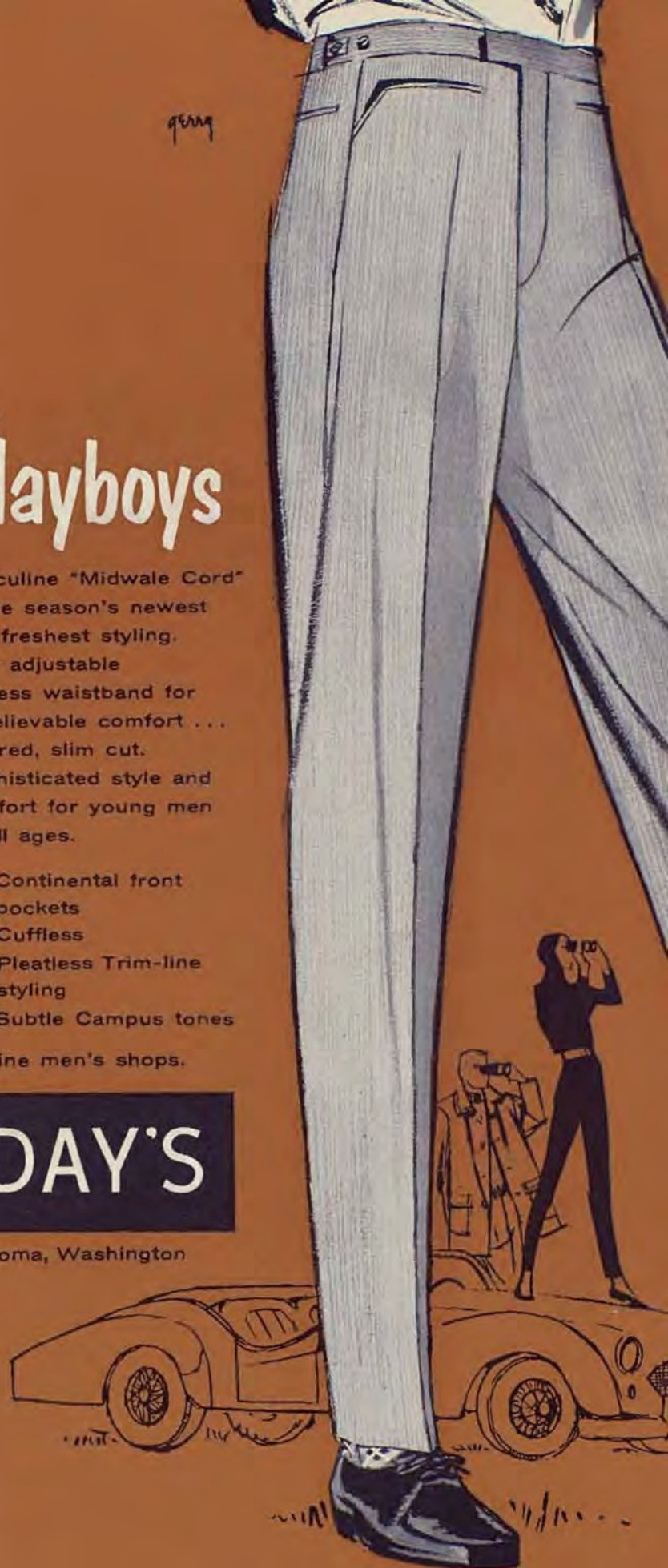
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The inimitable music of Ray Conniff turns up once more in still another royally entertaining dance program. This time the spotlight is on Hollywood, Mr. Conniff and his associates having already paid their respects to Broadway and the classics. And this time around finds them no less fresh, imaginative and danceable. In fact, one might call this album wonderful, marvelous and awful nice.

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# THE JAZZ REVIEW

The Jazz Review is the most knowledgeable, interesting, and informative magazine devoted to jazz. The editors are Nat Hentoff and Martin Williams, and contributors include musicians, critics, and historians: Jimmy Giuffrè, Cannonball Adderley, Bob Brookmeyer, Bill Crow, Art Farmer, Quincy Jones, George Bassoli, André Hodeir, Dick Hadlock, Mimi Clar, Bud Blesh, and many others. Every month you can look forward to articles on jazz from King Oliver to John Coltrane, reviews of records and books, reconsideration of classic records, selections of blues lyrics, and Nat Hentoff's survey of jazz in the press.

Keep up with the fast-moving world of jazz by subscribing to **The Jazz Review**, Dept. P-7, Village Station, Box 128, N.Y. 14, N.Y. 50 cents per copy, \$1.50 per year.

with Cannonball Adderley's penetrating alto as principal solo voice. The jazz standards include W. C. Handy's *St. Louis Blues*, Jelly Roll Morton's *King Porter Stomp*, Fats Waller's *Willow Tree*, Louis Armstrong's *Struttin' with Some Barbeque*, Lester Young's *Lester Leaps In*, Thelonious Monk's *'Round About Midnight*, Dizzy Gillespie's *Manteca*, and Charlie Parker's *Bird Feathers*. The use of tuba, French horn and bass trombone produces a regal atmosphere, and stereo frames Evans' personalized tone colors brilliantly. Don't miss this one.

Pomp and circumstance never had it so good as they did with England's most venerated composer, transplanted German George Frederick Handel (perfectly OK to pronounce it *handle*, as do the British, or *hendle*, as do the Germans, but never *hahndle*). Concentrating mainly on massive operas and oratorios about what Sir Thomas Beecham calls "a lot of Old Testament gangsters," Handel's works form a total bulk just about equal to the combined outputs of Bach and Beethoven, neither of whom were exactly slugabeds. A box-office-shrewd composer of effective hits for immediate consumption, he nevertheless gave even his flashiest music a bedrock of majesty that has made it weather time's tempests. "The great and good Mr. Handel" (to quote his obit) died in 1759, and this year marks the 200th anniversary of his death, with special concerts and recordings making obeisance to the occasion. We like a recent pressing of eight *Handel Overtures* (Vox 11300, stereo 511300); stately and sprightly are the words for these introductions to all-but-forgotten operas and oratorios played by the Bamberg Symphony under Rolf Reinhardt. We also dig a slightly older recording of those grandiose dazzlers, the *Water Music Suite* and *Music for the Royal Fireworks* (Mercury 50158, stereo 90158), done up with bravura and biting brass by Antal Dorati and the London Symphony.

*André Previn Plays Songs by Vernon Duke* (Contemporary 3558) is a pleasantly self-explanatory album title. In this venture, pianist Previn plays without his customary Pals, in an unaccompanied solo setting. The absence of bass and drums poses no problem as he swings his way through 10 Duke tunes, including *Cabin in the Sky*, *Autumn in New York*, *Taking a Chance on Love*, *I Can't Get Started*, *April in Paris*, and two obscure ditties, *Ages Ago* and *Round About*. Previn is fresh, fleet and formidable throughout. Duke's compositions, multifaceted and consistently charming, rarely have been in two better hands.

The sophisticated singing of Mark Murphy is smartly showcased on *This Could Be the Start of Something* (Capitol stereo

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1177), an up-tempo collection of dandy tunes (*Just in Time*, *The Lady Is a Tramp*) done to a turn. He is aided by the swinging scoring of Bill Holman and some of the West Coast's top sidemen noodling in the background: Conte and Pete Candoli, Jimmy Rowles and Joe Mondragon, among others. The platter's near perfect. Not so high a mark can be given Frank Sinatra's *Look to Your Heart* (Capitol WH164), a gathering of ballads that Frank recorded as singles. The tunes are of uneven quality, and so's the disc. *Frank D'Rone Sings* (Mercury 20418) is the kick-off biscuit of a young piper whom we covered pictorially in these pages (PLAYBOY, 16594, *Take One*, April 1959) and the results are pleasant indeed. Frank's handling of standards such as *Everything Happens to Me*, *Yesterdays*, *I Could Write a Book*, is fresh and evocative, and we predict a skyrocket career for the gentleman.

*Basic One More Time* (Roulette 52024, stereo S-52024) comes on like Kansas City thunder and doesn't stop swinging from first band to last. Accolades should be equally divided between the great Basic band and the stunning arrangements of Quincy Jones. Standouts among the tunes (they're all Jones originals) are *The Big Walk*, *Jessica's Day*, *Meet B B* and *Quince*, on which Joe Newman's muted trumpet noodles around with Frank Wess' flute for a special kick — but you can drop your stylus most anywhere and get gassed.

Stan Getz, who established the "cool" sound on the tenor saxophone more than 10 years ago, is still at it. He continues to indicate his mastery of that introspective, sophisticated approach on his latest quartet LP, incongruously titled *The Steamer* (Verve 8294). There's little steaming involved, as Getz weaves wondrously through five standards and his own *Blues for Mary Jane*. The most moving moments occur during a wispy, penetrating *You're Blasé*, and a touching *Like Someone in Love*. Getz, at his balladic best, brings them fully to life. The rhythm section, faithful to the last chord, is unidentified. It deserves a better fate.

Benny Carter, whose background as a jazz instrumentalist, bandleader and composer is astonishingly vast, confines himself to playing alto, composing, arranging and conducting in his most recent LP venture: *Aspects* (United Artists 4017). His crack studio band (of West Coast sidemen, including Buddy Collette, Shelly Manne, Frank Rosolino and Barney Kessel) faces up to the lovely likes of *I'll Remember April*, *Sleighride in July*, *September Song*, the lesser-known *One Morning in May*, and *Roses in December*. Carter casually fills the

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# PLEASANT MEMORIES

## KEN GRIFFIN AT THE ORGAN

It Had to Be You, September in the Rain, In an Eighteenth-Century Drawing Room, Sweetheart, Dummy Boy, Sleepy-Time Gal, When You Were a Teeny, Not Wiseman's, Indiana, Easter Parade, Dreamer of Dreams, My Fussy Boy, Remembering

## REMEMBERING



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monthly gaps with four originals to round out the play-as-you-go year. The performances are free-flowing and inspired and the band—obviously moved by Carter's stature—digs in. Carter, too often buried in obscure studio jobs in recent years, deserves this kind of presentation. It's to UA's credit that he got it.

Can you corrugate your brow and imagine Rembrandt, Utrillo and Picasso sharing the same canvas? That kind of thing happens in an odd item titled *Historic Jazz Concert at Music Inn* (Atlantic 1928) on which, *inter alia*, Jimmy Giuffre and Pee Wee Russell, whose clarinets are at least a full generation apart, weave in and out of an 11-minute blues; veteran cornetist Rex Stewart revives Duke's *In a Mellotone* with George Wein on piano and Giuffre on tenor; and *Body and Soul* embodies Herbie Mann's flute and Oscar Pettiford's cello. Though we nominate this set for Mish-mash of the Year, it does contain some paradoxically fascinating moments.

A strictly first-rate second-hand article is *Rugolo Plays Kenton* (Mercury 80014), in which some of Pete's and Stan's big sounds of the '40s gain in luster through wider voicing, added solo instruments (there were no flute nor oboe jazzmen in those days), and superb stereo sound. Among the Kenton standards that find a bright new life are *Eager Beaver*, *Minor Riff* and, of course, *Artistry in Rhythm*.

## BOOKS

No marquees set apart Soviet theatres from other buildings: no casting is posted on the small billboards that do modestly mark the playhouses: scripts are almost always published in magazines prior to production—and yet the entertainment industry (in all its forms: drama, ballet, opera, operetta, circus, puppetry) flourishes with such robust health in Russia that theatre cicerone Faubion Bowers can justifiably title his recent book on the Soviet stage *Broadway, U.S.S.R.* (Nelson, \$5). There are 29 legit houses in Moscow (including the gargantuan Bolshoi with its 25 entrances, and the one they call The Musical Theatre Named After Stanislavsky And Nemirovich-Danchenko) and they're seldom dark, always packed. A play is usually called something else: it's a Lyric Comedy, Comic-Farce, Tragic Comedy, Tragic-Farce, Fairytale-Comedy, Fantastic Comedy, Heroic Comedy, Comedy-Vaudeville, Spectacle-Joke, Lyric Drama, Heroic Drama, Dramatic Poem, Romantic Chronicle, Heroic-Spectacle-Concert, Scenic Composition in Five Acts, or Drama with Circus and Fireworks. Happy endings are favored, even in traditionally tragic

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ballets, but this may not be a result of official ukase so much as an example of mass preference (there have been French and Italian operatic versions of *Hamlet* and *Othello* with happy endings). Translations, oddly enough, form the bulk of the dramatic repertory, and Lillian Hellman's *Autumn Garden*, originally a one-set show, can be observed with four elaborate changes of scene and Negro servants interpolated purely for purposes of being berated by the whites (Negro characters are usually played by white actors, sometimes with their entire heads covered by black cotton stockings with eye-and-mouth-slits). In one opera, Western ways are interpreted as including men in full dress in the morning, slugging green Chartreuse out of whiskey bottles or ordering "1001 Nights cocktails" (gin, whiskey, vodka, cognac and spirits). The Teatr Estrady, Muscovites will furtively advise you, is "the best place in town for hearing real jazz" (*Lullaby of Birdland*, with the trumpeters in their midnight blue evening jackets and boutonnieres standing up to toot the wilder riffs). A folk-singing duo at the Estrady in blue jeans and suede shoes are considered by some "too quiet" because they don't play *Rok i Rol*. After soaking up Russky showbiz from Moscow to Uzbekistan, and interviewing directors, musicians and legended ballerina Ulanova, Bowers says in summation: "A far clearer picture of Russian life... emerges from a study of entertainments than from enquiring into politics." 64 photos and a fat index.

In *The Big City* (Braziller, \$3.95), writer Alex Atkinson and cartoonist Ronald Searle, both *Punch* regulars, subtly satirize a 19th Century sociological work by Henry Mayhew, *London Labour and the London Poor*. Their larger purpose, however, is to present a non-fiction picture of contemporary Londoners and their environment. To do this, they interview an actress, a hipster, a prostitute, a radio announcer, a clergyman, a nobleman, a tax collector and varied, harried others. One somewhat surprising fact they disclose is that poverty in England has moved into unexpectedly high reaches of the middle class. Witty and perceptive, this book exemplifies the zenith of verbal and pictorial rapport in reporting.

The history of a magazine—and the man behind it—has seldom been set down as engagingly and lovingly as it has in *The Years with Ross* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$5), by humorist-cartoonist James Thurber. The magazine, of course, is *The New Yorker*, and the man behind it, Harold Wallace Ross, its founder and editor from 1925 to 1951, the year of his death at the age of 59. Starting with a modicum of cash and pseudo-sophisti-



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cated pretenses, it was Ross — Colorado-born non-intellectual — and his intuitive capacity to draw literary and artistic giants to his staff that produced one of the most successful publications in the history of U.S. letters. It was Ross, and Ross alone, who could command violent loyalty and continuous top-quality output from the illustrious likes of Alexander Woolcott, John McNulty, Frank Sullivan, E. B. White, S. J. Perelman, Robert Benchley, Ogden Nash, Peter Arno, Charles Addams, Dorothy Parker, Wolcott Gibbs, Helen Hokinson, and the author, James Thurber, close friend of Ross' right up until his death from cancer. The book is filled with anecdotes and vignettes — funny, touching, intimate, mischievous — that point up Ross' almost psychopathic fear of women, things mechanical, the spending of his own dough, and what he called "the business office," an organization set up, he was convinced, to destroy the magazine, its authors, and probably the entire world. Scowly, fretful, gruff-on-the-outside, Ross was one of the greatest editors ever to stomp the earth, and this paean to him should be read by anyone remotely interested in the glittering world of New York publishing.

*The IN and OUT Book* (Viking, \$1.95), by Robert Benton and Harvey Schmidt, purports to inform about what is IN and what is OUT. Those who continue to be amused by this sort of thing are OUT. Book's last sentence says, "This book was written by IN people but is an OUT book," a statement of which only the last half is IN.

### FILMS

Danny Kaye, as cornetist Red Nichols, sings, mugs, imitates Louis Armstrong's anguished vocal sounds and carries a load of guilt and grief in various parts of *The Five Pennies*. His anxieties stem from his blaming himself for his daughter's having contracted polio. He drops out of music and gets a wartime shipyard job so he can be around to cheer the kid up and help her walk again. The picture, which ends with his musical comeback, is a fairly factual bio of the Dixieland rebel who, with trombonist Miff Mole, developed far-out, highly integrated small-combo jazz in the mid-Twenties. The musical interludes — and thanks be there are plenty of 'em — are rousing wild. They include Kaye and Satchmo doing *The Saints*, contrapuntal singing by Satchmo, Kaye and moppet Susan Gordon (as Nichols' daughter, age 6) and Red's famous *Battle Hymn*. Tootling and percussing in Red's Five Pennies are Ray Anthony as Jimmy Dorsey, Shelly Manne as Dave Tough, Bobby Troup as  
*(continued on page 20)*

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Arthur Schutt and Ray Daly as Glenn Miller. Bob Crosby has an amusing bit as a handleading megaphoney. Kaye's his usual supple, comfortable self, and Satchmo is fantastic. Fun, like they say, for all the family.

*Love Is My Profession* is a study of the pleasures and payoffs of prostitution. Brigitte Bardot, a willful streetwalker, good-natured about lending her body to whoever wants to make use of it, gets an Elektral crush on her lawyer, aging Jean Gabin, after he springs her on a robbery-and-assault rap. Gabin is rich, aggressive and, it turns out, unable to savor *l'amour* with his wife. He sets B.B. up in a lush flat, and, being a rather broad-minded masochist, OKs her congress with other men. But two people are annoyed by this arrangement: Gabin's good-looking but worn spouse (Edwige Feuillere) and Brigitte's vindictive boyfriend (Franco Interlenghi). Gabin's impotence is overcome on Brigitte's couch and, to frustrate the boyfriend, who is beginning to bug both of them, he hides Brigitte in an even ritzier pad and keeps her locked in. Unfortunately, he can't cure, all by himself, her sensual appetites, and there tragedy lies. You may already have seen the still of Brigitte's bloody corpse (PLAYBOY, *Peekaboo Brigitte*, November '58). The psychologically intriguing screenplay is from Georges Simenon's *In Case of Emergency*. Direction by Claude Autant-Lara is subtle and penetrating, with Gabin, Interlenghi and Miss Feuillere superb in their performances. In the best vehicle Brigitte has had to date, she attempts a complex characterization with uneven success. The censor appears to have used his axe rather than scissors on this one, but what's left is most provocative.

The switch in *A Hole in the Head*, a bright, noisy comedy with meaty characterizations and great lines, is that precocious, red-haired little boy Eddie Hodges has more sense than his old man, Frank Sinatra. Frank, a promoter-type widower who companionably plays gin with the kid at night, has suavity, wit and snazzy suits, but he's about to lose the Miami hotel he owns for non-payment of bills. His only solution is to put the arm, for the nth time, on his preachy, totally square older brother, Edward G. Robinson. Because Frank has invented an illness for the kid, Ed and his fluttery, good-natured wife, Thelma Ritter, buzz down to check. Their self-righteous reactions to the hip life Frank leads and the child's environment are mighty droll. Aghast, they try to fix Sinatra up with a moneyed widow. But the widow turns out to be Eleanor Parker, who's good competition for Frank's unsteady steady, bongo-banging, night-swimming, cukie broad, Carolyn Jones. Guilt-ridden



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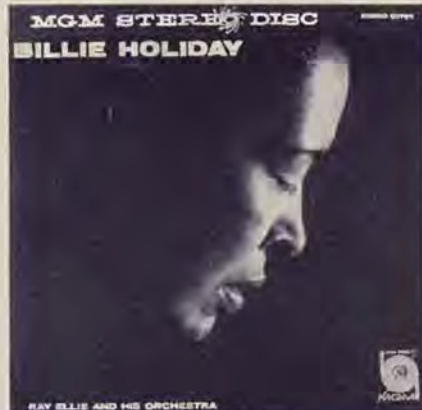
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about the monetary deals involved in his courting the widow, Frank, in a last gesture of independence, calls on old buddy Keenan Wynn to back him in a promotional scheme, and disaster follows. Director-producer Frank Capra keeps things moving at a bubbly, frantic clip and all hands (particularly Robinson and Miss Jones) do nobly by the homely, funny and erratic bits set down by Arnold Schulman, who also wrote the Broadway play. Former Playmate Joyce Nizzari has a speaking part as one of Wynn's secretaries (PLAYBOY, *Slick Chick Flick Pick*, May '59), and she projects.

Summer in north Finland brings out the sprinter in both sexes, judging from the impulsive goings-on in *The Milkmaid*. A sneery farm foreman chases after the pretty, bouncy, hard-working miss of the title, and when she's free of him she races through the fields pursued by a clean-cut, flaxen-haired artist. Of course, the races she has with the artist end in a tie, and are followed by grass-grabbing scenes with facial contortions reminiscent of *Ecstasy*. Finally the artist and the foreman have a fistic showdown and, vacation over, the artist moves southward, leaving the milkmaid a scrapbook of sketches. The picture has a couple of pluses: honest, bare-boned direction and unself-conscious camerawork, and the milkmaid (Anneli Sauli), admirably shot from every possible angle, is worth going into training for.

There isn't too much we can add to the plaudits already copped by *The Diary of Anne Frank* in all its incarnations. Its cast is superlative, including Joseph Schildkraut and Gusti Huber from the stage version, along with Lou Jacobi, Shelley Winters, Ed Wynn and newcomer Millie Perkins in the title role. George Stevens reaffirms his position as one of the finest directors working today, and the screenplay, by Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett, delineates the final years of the Franks and Van Daans in an Amsterdam attic with all the emotional impact that the story had within the proscenium arch. An indication of the film's power: after scenes of genocidal persecution, its ending on a note of hope for the good in all men seems in no way contrived or illogical. To Hollywood, for making *Diary*, a well-deserved tip of the chapeau.

Clippety-clippety-clunk go the censor's scissors through *The Third Sex*, a sensational picture about *die Homosexualitat*, denuded of most sensation. What's left is a peculiar and somewhat naïve story, based in part on court records: a middle-class German mother (Paula Wessely) is worried about the homosexual leanings of her 18-year-old son (Christian Wolff). He pals around

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with an intense, poetic chap (Gunter Theil) who looks at him very warmly and reads him his novel. Worse, the son also appears fascinated by a wily sophisticate (Friedrich Joloff) who plays twitery music on an electronic instrument, collects art and boys, and also stages wrestling bouts in his salon. After consulting a doctor, his mother fixes Klaus up with a girl (Ingrid Stenn), which is just what the doctor ordered. But then, turned over to the cops by the furious homo, the mother's sent up the river for procuring. Some odd types parade through the picture, directed by Veit Harlan from Felix Lutzkendorf's screenplay, which, one presumes, was originally written to entertain all types of people except censors. Of course, whether censors are people or not is as moot a point as you're liable to come across in a month of Blue Sundays.

**THEATRE**

*Destry Rides Again*, along with a stageful of slick musical comedy invention. Despite the fact that Max Brand's whiskered yarn has been three times to the Hollywood well, the Broadway version is a passably fresh and sprightly product. Leonard Gershe's adaptation of this oated classic does little to improve the basic plot beyond a perfunctory happy ending, and may even lose an important segment of satiric comment en route. But there's no complaint about the players. Andy Griffith is the drawlin', you-allin' hillbilly who wouldn't hurt a fly, but he looks right convincing when he finally grabs a pair of his pappy's six-shooters and turns the Last Chance Saloon into a shooting gallery. Griffith's voice pleasantly handles a git-along ditty called *Once Knew a Fella* and a soft-soaping ballad, *Anyone Would Love You*. Dolores Gray has obvious physical assets as Frenchy, the haughty hostess of the Last Chance establishment, and can huggle out a song like nobody's business, except maybe Ethel Merman's; when she sings *Fair Warning* to Griffith and to sinister varmint Scott Brady, you can hear every word of the lyrics — even across the street. Oliver Smith's settings for barroom, jailhouse and sun-baked prairie vistas, and Harold Rome's musical notations for gunmen, cow-hands and loose ladies are the Old West as it should have been, even if it never was. But the ultimate star of *Destry* is Michael Kidd, who turns his double chore as director and choreographer into a personal triumph of movement over material. This show should draw, podner, but mostly tourists and tired businessmen. At the Imperial, 249 West 45th, NYC.



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Tania P. 72



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PLAYBOY

# NO FIRE BURNS

DOCTOR COLLES was a thin, pale man with receding hair. Mr. Melchior's chauffeured car had picked him up at his stuffy little office, crowded with papers. He had begun to talk almost at once, and he was still at it now. While waiting for the traffic light to change and listening to Doctor Colles' conversation, Mr. Melchior took a long green cigar from his case and lit it.

"A breakdown of function and structure," said Colles. "An absolute lack of communication. Isn't it so?" Mr. Taylor, a trim, blond young man, who looked like an ad for expensive shirts, listened carefully, said nothing. Melchior looked impressed — and uncomprehending. Colles took his arm just above the elbow, pressed it. "Look at that fellow over there," he said. "The one in the brown suit — see? Now: can I communicate with him? Or can you? On any save the most primitive level? No. Impossible, I assure you. I've only to look at him to know." The crowd flowed across the street. The men in the car watched the vanishing brown suit.

"We think of, let us say, world problems. *He* thinks of bowling. We discuss art and letters. He watches the dog acts on TV. We are concerned with our vanishing natural resources. He wonders if he can put a dollar-fifty cab bill on his swindle sheet. Am I correct?" The car moved forward. "What do you think?"

Mr. Melchior thought he agreed one hundred percent. Taylor smiled faintly. "Just the same," Melchior said, "there has to be some way of reaching these type people, getting inside of them."

*fiction* By AVRAM DAVIDSON

*these are the incomplete men,*





Dr. Colles cleared his throat. "Psychology," he began.

"Good!" said Melchior. "Good. Go ahead — Oh. Here we are. You'll have to explain this to me when we're inside, Doctor."

They went up the steps of what appeared to be a small parochial school, but which was, in fact, a club — and not the sort at which members were fined for not using first names in addressing one another. The guests' dining room was small and dark. "A brandy to begin with, Doctor?"

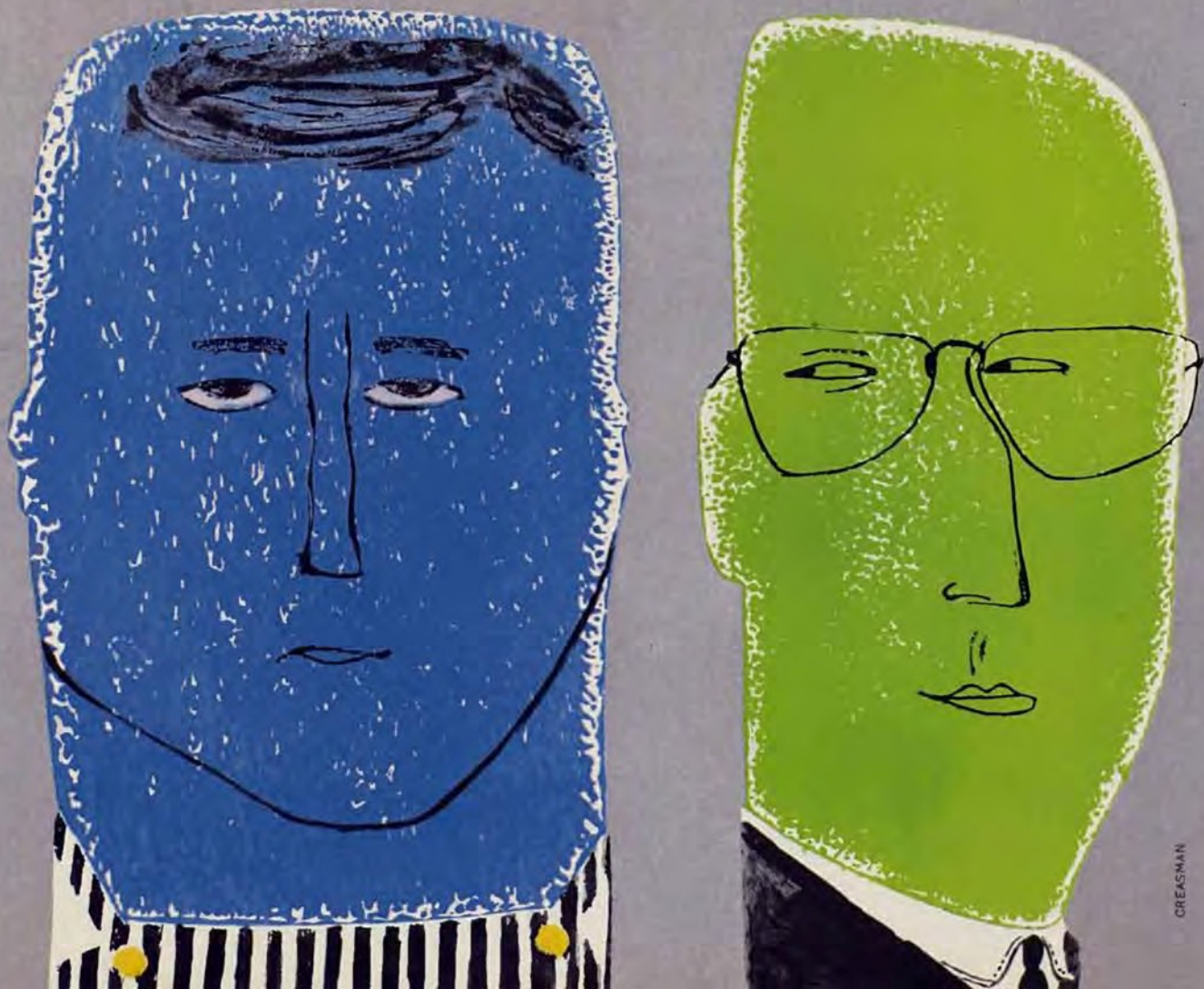
"I hold with the ancient grammarian," Dr. Colles said, suddenly jovial. "It is better to decline six nouns than one drink. Ha Ha!"

Melchior rolled his eyes toward Taylor, who nodded. It was so ordered. "Would you believe it, Doctor," said Melchior, after the second sip, "I never tasted brandy till I was twenty-five years old? Times change . . . Ah. Good. Here's the menu. Anything you especially like?"

The food came. They ate slowly, with grave pleasure appropriate. "Times change," Melchior repeated, presently. "Take, for example, business: When my business began to get too big for me to handle the paper work myself, I hired my brother-in-law's cousin to keep the books. But that family-style operation is outmoded. So now I have my personnel manager, Mr. Taylor here, he's a college man himself, help me select the top men from the accountants' college for Melchior Enterprises. Taylor knows what the score is."

Dr. Colles inquired the precise nature of these enterprises. His host said that they included

*the men with something dead in them*



importing, manufacturing and distributing.

"Well, that covers just about the whole range of commerce, doesn't it? Except for credit."

"We do that, too."

Colles chuckled, but seeing his host react with faint surprise, coughed. "Now, about these tests," he said. And he proceeded to talk about the tests with young Mr. Taylor, while Mr. Melchior listened, nodding. After a while the personnel manager said, "Well, that seems to be all right, then, about the standard tests. Now, Mr. Melchior would like to discuss with you the possibility of setting up another test, one which would have to be personally constructed."

"Oh?" Dr. Colles raised his eyebrows. "A special test. Well."

Melchior rubbed his thin lips with his napkin. "We got —" He paused. "We have certain problems concerned with personnel procurement — maybe *disprocurement* is the right word, huh, Taylor? And we think you might be just the man to deal with them."

"Well, that's very flattering. 'Disprocurement'? Ha ha. And challenging, too. Go on, go on."

\* \* \*

Joe Clock looked up from his lathe. It was that pest, Aberdeen, again. "Whaddaya want, Ab?" he asked. "Come on, come on —"

Ab smiled ingratiatingly. "Whaddaya want, for crysake?" Joe demanded.

The man looked around, nervously. "Uh. Look Joe, when you told me you needed that money couple weeks ago, you said you needed it so bad, I told you that I, uh, I, uh, could let you have it, sure, I mean, glad to help, I, uh —"

"Will ya quit needling me, for crysake? I told ya I'd pay it back."

Ab smirked, weakly. "Yeah, but, uh, Joe, I told you then it was the, uh, *rent* money, so I'd, uh, I'd need it back in a week. And that was the truth, I mean . . . well, Joe, the, uh, the, rent, I mean it was due a, a week ago, and I got to have it Joe. So —"

Joe turned back to his lathe. "You'll get it. Tell ya landlord to keep his pants on, because I don't have it now. So quit needling me."

Ab started to protest, explain, plead, but Joe wasn't paying any attention to him. Finally, with a helpless shrug he moved off, looking back over his shoulder with a puzzled expression, at the oblivious Joe Clock, who — after the other man was well out of sight — took a stroll down to the drinking fountain.

He was greeted there by a man with a wart between his eyes. "You get them new power tools for your cellar yet, that you were talking about?" the man asked.

Joe wiped his dripping mouth. "Yeah. Ordered 'em two weeks ago and they

finally came couple a days ago," he said. "Beautiful stuff. Come on down and have a look some Sundy."

The man with the wart between his eyes said, thanks, he might do that. "What was Aberdeen doing over at your machine just now?" he asked. "He look like he was gonna bust out crying."

Joe frowned. "Who? Oh, Aberdeen. Aah, I dunno what he wanted." He nodded, moved off. In the corner of his mind was a faint recollection of what Aberdeen wanted, but it was too much trouble to remember. Hell with 'm.

\* \* \*

"Did you read in the papers, last month," Mr. Melchior asked, over the fresh fruit cup, "about a fellow who worked for Atlantic Coast Canning —"

Dr. Colles said that he believed he did. "Shot the foreman and —"

"Not the foreman, no, but that's the case. They were both in line to become foreman, but only one could get the job, so this man, Grubacher, he invited Kelly — that was his competitor — to take a ride back from work in his car; then he killed him. Might've gotten away with it, too, only they traced the gun."

Atlantic Coast Canning, it seemed, was an affiliate of Melchior Enterprises, and the incident had disturbed Mr. Melchior a good deal. Dr. Colles was a psychologist; did he understand what would make a man, who had seemed perfectly normal — a good employee — a good husband — do something like that? There had to be something wrong with him, didn't there? ("Obviously," said Dr. C.) Well, they didn't want a repetition of the Grubacher case. They wanted Dr. Colles to help them weed out people like that beforehand.

The psychologist smiled. Society as a whole, and not just Mr. Melchior, he pointed out, would be glad to find a way to do that. But his host waved his hand and shook his head, respectfully impatient.

"No, no, Doctor. Don't be modest," he said. "These tests which you and Mr. Taylor are going to set up for our personnel department — you said before that what's wrong with our society is 'lack of communication,' yes? Well, these tests communicate, don't they? They help weed out all kinds of unfit people, don't they? *But they don't go far enough!* A man who thinks he hears voices and tells people that spies from outer space are after him, well, you can tell right away there's something wrong with him, and we tell him that we'll keep his name on file; don't call us, we'll call you . . ."

But Grubacher hadn't been that type. He didn't have hallucinations, he didn't mutter. In no way, either from his work record or his family life or from his friends, could the ordinary lay person

have foreseen that he would kill a man in cold blood. When he was caught and his alibi broken down and — confronted with the ballistics test results — he confessed, he was asked (oh, most vain of all questions!) if he wasn't sorry. Grubacher seemed a little surprised. He was sorry he was *caught*, sure. But for the act itself? A bit surprised, answering what he obviously considered a foolish question, the killer said, no . . . what was there to be sorry about? It was the only thing to do: Kelly stood in his way.

Dr. Colles tapped his glasses on the tablecloth. He nodded rapidly. "This fellow would seem to be obviously a psychopath," he said. "An individual with an underdeveloped superego. They don't go around muttering or bubbling their lips, they don't often run amuck; generally speaking, they are calm — cool — and collected. They simply lack what we are accustomed to call conscience. To your man, his fellow-worker wasn't a being with equal rights, he was simply an obstacle. The sensible thing was to remove him."

A cigar came out of Mr. Melchior's case. He flicked his gold cigarette lighter. "All right," he said. "Now that we know what they *are* — how do we find them out in time?"

With a smile, "The FBI would like to know too, Mr. Melchior."

"Yes, but the FBI isn't asking you. Anthony Melchior is asking you. I have been very impressed with everything you've told us, and I feel quite confident you can do it."

"Well, thank you very much. But . . . let me ask you . . . why are you interested in weeding out only *psychopaths*? Why not people with other defects — paranoiacs, let's say?"

His employer seeming somewhat at a loss to answer this, Edward Taylor stepped almost instantly into the breach. "Mr. Melchior feels that men who suffer from more obvious defects are much more likely to be noticed. It is the man who *appears* to be all right, who *seems* to function normally, who is actually more in need of being detected. Once found out, our task would naturally be to see that this man is given the proper help. We see it as a three-fold program: discover him — remove him — help him." He smiled; his smile was rather charming, but it came and went too quickly.

Melchior nodded vigorously; Colles, more slowly. Was it a matter of time? he was asked. A matter of money? Neither factor should dissuade him: Melchior Enterprises would assist him one hundred percent. Dr. Colles smiled, pursed his lips, shook his head. Then he frowned. He rubbed his eyes with his fingers.

"It would be an interesting project,"

(continued on page 30)



# JAZZ

*playboy's first festival is the news on the summer scene*



**J**azz—festival variety—will be blowing up a storm this summer, filling the sultry air with swinging sounds from one end of the U.S. to the other. And right in the center will be the biggest and most grandiose gala in the blustery 60-odd-year history of jazz music—the Playboy Jazz Festival, August 7, 8 and 9.

The Playboy Festival—the first ever sponsored by a national magazine—will take place in Chicago, where, less than four decades ago, a young trumpeter named Louis Armstrong came up from New Orleans to join the King Oliver band; where a gawky kid named Benjamin Goodman learned to play a clarinet at Hull House; and where a cornetist named Jimmy McPartland and the Austin High Gang blew the kind of music that was later dubbed “Chicago Style.” Louis Armstrong went on to become the most famous jazz personality in the world, while Benny Goodman became the undisputed king of the big-band swing era of the Thirties. Along came Dizzy Gillespie and something called bop. Stan Kenton with his progressive jazz, and cool schoolers such as the Dave Bru-

*(continued on page 92)*



JERRY WHITE

## NO FIRE BURNS (continued from page 26)

he said, "it might be a very fruitful one. I could try . . . I would promise you nothing in the way of results. But I could try — if I were to take on fewer projects with other corporations, perhaps . . ."

His host's thin lips stretched in a brief smile. "Good. Very good. And so now, just for a start —" He took out a gold fountain pen and a checkbook. Dr. Colles looked at the moving hand until the last letter of the signature was done; then — missing Mr. Melchior's upturned glance by a shaved second — he fixed his look on the wall. The check changed hands.

Dr. Colles told his assistant not to make any more appointments for him until further notice. "I'm going to be working on a private research project which will be taking up a great deal of my time," he explained. "You'll have to do some legwork for me . . . I'll have a list of books for you to get, and quite a number of articles published in professional journals. Then, too, these men are to be phoned — you see: Dr. Sherwind, of the Department of Correction, and so on — and you ask them if you can drop by and pick up case histories for me, as noted here."

The assistant was an unmarried and intelligent young woman, who had been (and had looked) a good bit younger when she first came to work for Dr. Colles. He had talked at one time about marriage — not during the past few years, however. Why buy milk if you're friendly with the cow?

"The Psychopathic Personality Among Prisoners . . ." she read aloud from the list, pinching her lip: two unlovely habits she'd developed. It occurred to her employer that it would probably be easier (and wiser) to break himself of the habit of her, than to try to break her of any of her own habits.

He hummed a bit when she had gone. After all, the world was full of cows — He took out his bankbook and regarded with favor both the latest entry and the considerable amount in cash folded neatly inside the little book. He had stopped off at the bank directly after leaving Mr. Melchior. The business baron had seemed quite in earnest, but, still, one never knew . . .

Dr. Colles was a prudent man.

The test had been going on for most of the day. First one section went down to take it, then another. There had been some apprehension at first, but this vanished, by lunchtime, in a rumble of laughter which ran through the whole plant: "So he hands back the papers when he's finished, and he says to the

guy from Personnel, 'Hey, Mac, how come they wanna know is my sex-life satisfactory: they plannin' t' use me f' stud purposes?'"

When Joe Clock finally reached the head of the line, the girl there gave him a sheaf of papers and a pencil. "Take any seat at one of the tables and fill these out, please," she said.

Joe's eyes traveled from her to the papers and back again. Her hair, it was obvious, was not naturally red, and her expression was discontented. But she was young, and her figure — "If I had a nickel for every one of these I filled out, I'd be rich," he said.

For a moment their eyes met. "And if I had a nickel for every guy who said that, I'd be rich, too." Not too bad a beginning. He rapidly calculated his finances, took a breath, and was about to ask her what she was doing that night. But her eyes went past him, she picked up a sheaf of papers and a pencil, handed them to the man behind him. "Take any seat —" she began.

Joe Clock sighed, sat down at the table and took up the pencil. If they wanted to pay him to play school for an hour instead of running the lathe, it was all right with him. And it was easier on the feet. So now let's see . . . *I like mechanics magazines. Yes. No. What a question to ask a machinist! Sure he liked them. You knew where you were with a mechanics magazine. It showed you what to do and how to do it. No dopey stories to figure out, why the guy acts so dopey trying to get the girl. There's an obstruction in the pipe, ream it out. Another guy steps out with the girl, kick him in the crotch. Joe circled the Yes. Next. I have a good appetite. Hell, Yes. Then a real stupid one: I would rather collect stamps than go fishing. Joe put a heavy circle around the No. He relaxed. Collect stamps, for crysake! This was going to be easy. Eskimos live in Europe. Joe almost had to laugh at that one, another No; good thing he didn't have to say where they did live: Aleutia, or some place like that. Well . . .*

*A sensible man takes what he can get in this world. Isn't that the truth, though! Every damn time, and all you can get, too. Hell, yes. Canada belongs to England. That was right. The damn Canadian money has the King of England's face on it and you got to be careful because once Joe had got stuck with some of that English money from Canada, only he passed it on damn quick, too. It is important to help a friend. What do they mean, "a friend"? He paused, peered at the next one. It is not so important to help a stranger. He hesitantly put Yes for the first, No for the second. It makes good sense to worry*

*about a stranger. He snorted. The hell it does. Catch a stranger worrying about you! A guy that you, like, want to borrow his car, now — but a stranger?*

*Henry Ford played a major role in developing . . . Molasses is made from . . . A sensible man does what he is paid to do. Of course he does. Yes.*

*I sleep well and wake up fresh and rested. Sure. Yes. A stranger will risk his life to help you. What a laugh. A guy'd have to be crazy! No!*

*There are lots worse crimes than murder. Probably . . . Sure. Lots worse. The average person will do anything for money. Absolutely right they would. Why not, if you can get away with it? Sure. And the same way, that's why you got to watch out for yourself.*

*There are worse things than losing your home. What? Catching leprosy?*

And then the way to answer the question changed. Now you had to pick out an answer. Like, *Most people who hit someone with their car at night would (a) report to the police first (b) give first aid (c) make a getaway if possible. Well, any damn fool would know it was the last. In fact, anyone but a damn fool would do just that. That's what he did that time. (c)*

Now, a dope like Aberdeen: he'd probably stop his car. Stick his nose in someone else's tough luck. Anybody stupid enough to lend his rent money —

*If you saw a man about to jump in the river, would you (a) move his clothes so he wouldn't trip on them (b) call your friends to watch (c) get something to eat afterwards (d) none of these things.*

*The important thing with women is (a) have a knife in your pocket (b) make sure your hair is combed (c) drive a red car (d) something else.*

*Bright lights are a sign of (a) rain (b) foreign domination (c) poisoned drinking water (d) none of these things.*

*National security means (a) warmer weather than we used to have (b) television programs (c) political influence (d) something else.*

*The main point in criminal activity is (a) dressing real warm if it's cold (b) not to get caught (c) keep in your own lane on the highway (d) avoid such activity.*

Test was kind of interesting, Joe thought, as he handed in the papers. And now — back to the lathe. Go around the long way, avoid Aberdeen's machine. Gahdamn pest.

Dr. Colles took a good look around his office. It had never seemed so cramped and grubby before. Once again he found himself wondering if he ought not to get out of test construction and evaluation — way out — into some more lucrative field of psychology. Not many clients paid so well as Melchior Enter-

(continued on page 34)

## TWO'S A CROWD

THE LITTLE CARS so popular today can present a tight problem for those couples with amorous leanings. In fact, for a twosome to have leanings in *any* direction without colliding with windshield, dashboard, steering wheel, cigarette lighter or gear box is a devilishly difficult feat. Herewith, then, some sporty verse on the cuts and bruises of outrageous fortune in a sports car.

*humor* By FRANCIS D. COLLINS

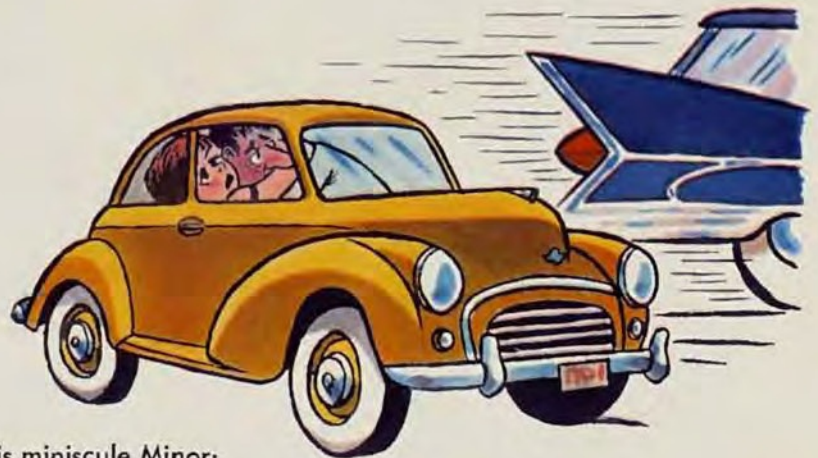
*illustrated* By JOHN DEMPSEY



Walter, who drives a Renault,  
Claims the car has one serious fault.  
When he says, "Josephine,  
Please jump in my Dauphine,"  
She will vault, but will halt, short of Walt.

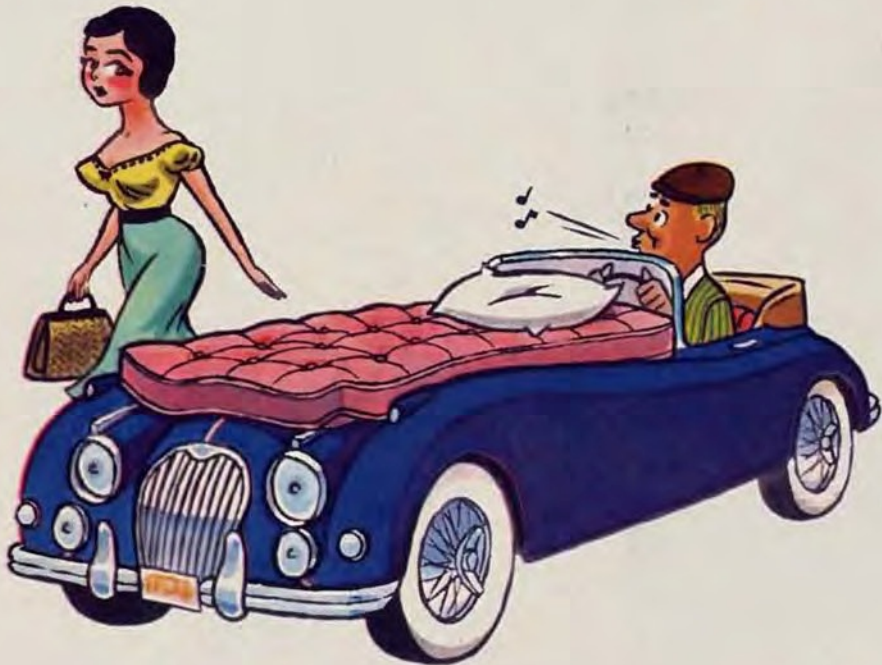


A guy, with a babe, in a Fiat  
Said: "Where in the hell is my key at?"  
When he started to look,  
She uncorked a right hook:  
"That's not where it's likely to be at!"



Said Bill of his miniscule Minor:  
"For petting it couldn't be finer,  
But for love's consummation  
The wagon called station  
Will tend to make matters supiner."

Sid sat in his little old Lloyd,  
Distressed and a trifle annoyed.  
His attempt at seduction  
Brought the car to destruction  
And made him appear most absoid.



There once was a fellow named Flagg,  
Used to prowl in his jaunty new Jag.  
When he'd find one that would  
They'd climb out on the hood,  
The better to zig and to zag.



On spotting a pair in a Porsche  
The drunk stood and watched their contorsche-  
'Ns awhile and then said,  
Slowly shaking his head:  
"They'd do better while riding a horsche."



A fellow from old Copenhagen  
Made a girl in his tiny Volkswagen.  
The price was quite high:  
The shift in his eye,  
And a slash from the dash on his noggin.



There once was a fellow named Brett,  
Made a lass in his classy Corvette.  
We know it's absurd,  
But the last that we heard  
They hadn't untangled 'em yet.



And then there's the fellow from Hades  
Who tried out a bright red Mercedes.  
He said: "This is swell.  
I'll use it in Hell  
To torment all the knaves and their ladies."



## NO FIRE BURNS (continued from page 30)

prises; in plain fact, none of them had. Not by a long shot. And his work for them was about over now, anyway. A competent personnel man like Taylor could carry on the tests without the constructionist. There was something about Taylor . . . smooth, knowing . . . without too much eagerness, he considered asking the young man to send him follow-up reports on how the psychopaths turned up by the special test were responding to treatment. Of course, some of them were bound to reject treatment. And they couldn't be obliged to accept, either, worse luck. Well, that wasn't his responsibility. He didn't even know who was doing the therapy.

Except that they would get the credit. But that was how it went. Therapy, therapy, that was all the public thought about. How many articles in general publications did you ever see about test constructionists? Let alone movies or TV. "I do the work, others get the credit," Dr. Colles thought with some bitterness.

Feeling the inevitable postproject let-down, Colles' eyes wandered over the top of his desk. Mail . . . He'd checked through the mail; nothing of interest. Idly, he picked up a brochure-like thing on glossy paper. It had failed to attract his preoccupied attention earlier.

*Ease-A-Just News Jottings*. Published by and for the employees of Ease-A-Just Gear and Tool (a Melchior Enterprise). Oh, yes, he recalled talking to Taylor's assistant concerning a short piece about the test, for the house organs. He started to lay it aside, then opened it. Might be something about the test in there. Of course, the real reason hadn't been explained to the employees.

"Old friends of Mabel Quinn (formerly Stoltzfus), of the cafeteria staff, will be glad to learn that she and Patrolman Quinn are now the proud parents of twin boys. Congratulations, Mabel, we knew you had it in you!" Dr. Colles winced, turned a page. "Maintenance Wins Softball Tiff" — well, good for Maintenance . . . No, nothing here. He started to toss it away once more, but something caught his eye and was gone before he could fix what it had been. This was annoying. With a sigh, he opened the paper again, began a systematic search. He had to find it, or it would haunt him. There: a name.

The box score:

	Maintenance			Machine Shop		
	AB	R	H	AB	R	H
Smead cf	1	0	0	Guthrie 2b	2	0
Clock rf	2	0	0	Brandt ss	3	0
Dupont lb	2	0	0	Rayan lb	3	1

And the name was Clock. Frowning slightly, Dr. Colles repeated it. He muttered it again, as he took several files

from the cabinet and leafed through the contents. *Clock!*

Dr. Colles whistled. Then, being a systematic man, he wrote down all the names in the *Ease-A-Just News Jottings*, rewrote them in alphabetical order; then began to compare them with the names in his files. He whistled again.

The door opened. His assistant said, "If you want me, Doctor, please call me by name. I'm not your dog; don't whistle."

For several seconds he stared at her, expressionless. Then he said, "My apologies, Miss Blick. It won't happen again. But, since you are here — Don't we subscribe to a clipping service on the various corporations which — We do. Thank you. Then, if you will be kind enough to bring me the clippings relating to Melchior Enterprises . . . Thank you, Miss Blick."

Most of the clippings were from the financial and industrial pages of the papers and did not long engage Dr. Colles' attention. Several, however, were from the news sections, and these he proceeded to read. Once or twice he pursed his lips as if to whistle, but each time he glanced at the door and restrained himself. Instead, he said, "Well, well . . ."

*Industrialist Linked to Forced Sales of Beer*. "Well!" *Murdered Man Revealed As Former Melchior Employee*. "Well, well!" *Grand Jury Probes Alleged Tie-in of Melchior with Local* . . . "Well, well, well!"

Dr. Colles was coming out of the Personnel Office when he met Edward Taylor coming in. "Your assistant told me you wouldn't be in today," Colles said.

"I didn't expect to be in . . . This is a rather large outfit, you know — not that it couldn't be larger if — yes, I've been occupied at another office. Can I help you?" He looked at Colles with cool gray eyes.

"No, I don't think so, but thank you. Your assistant was very helpful."

With smile swift as always, though perhaps a trifle less charming, Edward Taylor said he was glad of it. "Where are you heading for now? To see Mr. Melchior? Ah, yes. A. M. thinks a lot of you. As do I." His manner, as they parted, seemed rather thoughtful.

Doctor Colles, crossing the large expanse of floor between the door and Mr. Melchior's desk, had ample time to note and admire the quality of the thick rug and massive furniture. "You do me an honor," said the businessman, shaking hands. "If you'd told me you were coming, I'd've sent my car."

The psychiatrist waved his hand. "I

found myself with no appointments today," he said. "So I decided to catch up on things I'd been putting off. I discharged my assistant. And I came out here." Melchior said, Oh? He inquired if the assistant hadn't given satisfaction. "Not for a long time," said Dr. Colles. "Anyway, yes, I wanted to ask you — how are those tests working, which I devised for you? Are they giving satisfaction?"

"Perfectly, Doctor."

"I'm naturally gratified to hear that. I was wondering how the idea was working out. I was wondering, too, if you'd tell me the names of the gentlemen who are working on the rehabilitation end of the scheme. The ones who are treating the people whom my special test has turned up."

He looked expectantly at Mr. Melchior. The latter said, after a moment, "Well, I wouldn't know about those details, Doctor. Edward Taylor, being in charge of personnel, would be in a better position to know. He knows the men, and they know him. But I kind of have an idea that the other part of the plan is still in its planning stage. But you could write to Edward and I'm sure he'll be happy to give you the details."

Dr. Colles nodded. "Odd sort of notion came to me this morning," he said. "Shall I tell you about it?"

Mr. Melchior, no longer quite so cordial, looked at his watch. "All right, if you want to," he said.

"You know, I was wondering how the whole idea was working out. So I called up your assistant personnel manager and asked to see the records. He told me to come over and help myself."

There was a pause. "He shouldn't have done that, Doctor," Mr. Melchior said. "Not without consulting me first. Those records are confidential."

Colles said he could understand that. He apologized, hoped it would not make any trouble for the assistant personnel manager. "I have a feeling, Mr. M.," he said, "that he was not fully aware of the implications of the testing scheme, anyway. May I elaborate? Thank you . . . I do appreciate your not reminding me that you are a very busy man. Well." He cleared his throat. He waited, but as nothing else was offered, he continued, "Now, in regard to my own especially constructed test: Only certain particular questions were used in the marking, as you know, the others being either window-dressing, or designed to lull the testee into a state of unawareness, so that the chances of getting true answers to the others were increased. What were the results? Thirty-three individuals scored above the ninetieth percentile, showing marked psychopathic tendencies. Of these, eleven were women, and I rather imagine that they were sent

(continued on page 84)

*fiction* By CHARLES BEAUMONT

WHEN HE HEARD THE SCREAMS, Carnaday stopped walking. A fist closed about his heart. He stood perfectly still, waiting, sure that the end had come and that he had lost. The screams grew louder, raking across his eardrums like angry claws. He forced himself to look up.

"Damn!"

He sighed. Two crows. Just that. Two crows, on a telephone pole, fighting. And what else could it have been? He cursed again and wiped the cold film of perspiration from his face. Why should he be afraid? It was Farrow who ought to be worrying now, if only the fool knew.

He watched the crows till one shot up and out of sight, defeated; then he hurried on. The episode contained no symbolism. Although in his time, which was now approaching 400 years, he had fetched corpses back to life, turned lead into gold, and visited the moon, Simon Carnaday was nevertheless a skeptic at heart. What he did not understand, and he understood a great deal more than most people, he did not believe. Symbolism, to him, was nonsense. Psychiatry, though, was worse. Which compounded Farrow's insult, made it insupportable, the last, the final straw.

As he strode down the dingy street, his shoe leather (continued on page 85)



## SORCERER'S MOON

*when an up-to-date warlock  
casts a spell, he uses an  
up-to-date method*

BARR



*"This is my first attempt at posing, Mr. Bernard — so I hope you'll be patient with me for a while."*

# THE LITTLE WORLD OF OSCAR LEVANT

"THERE IS A THIN LINE between genius and insanity," Oscar Levant said recently. "I have erased that line."

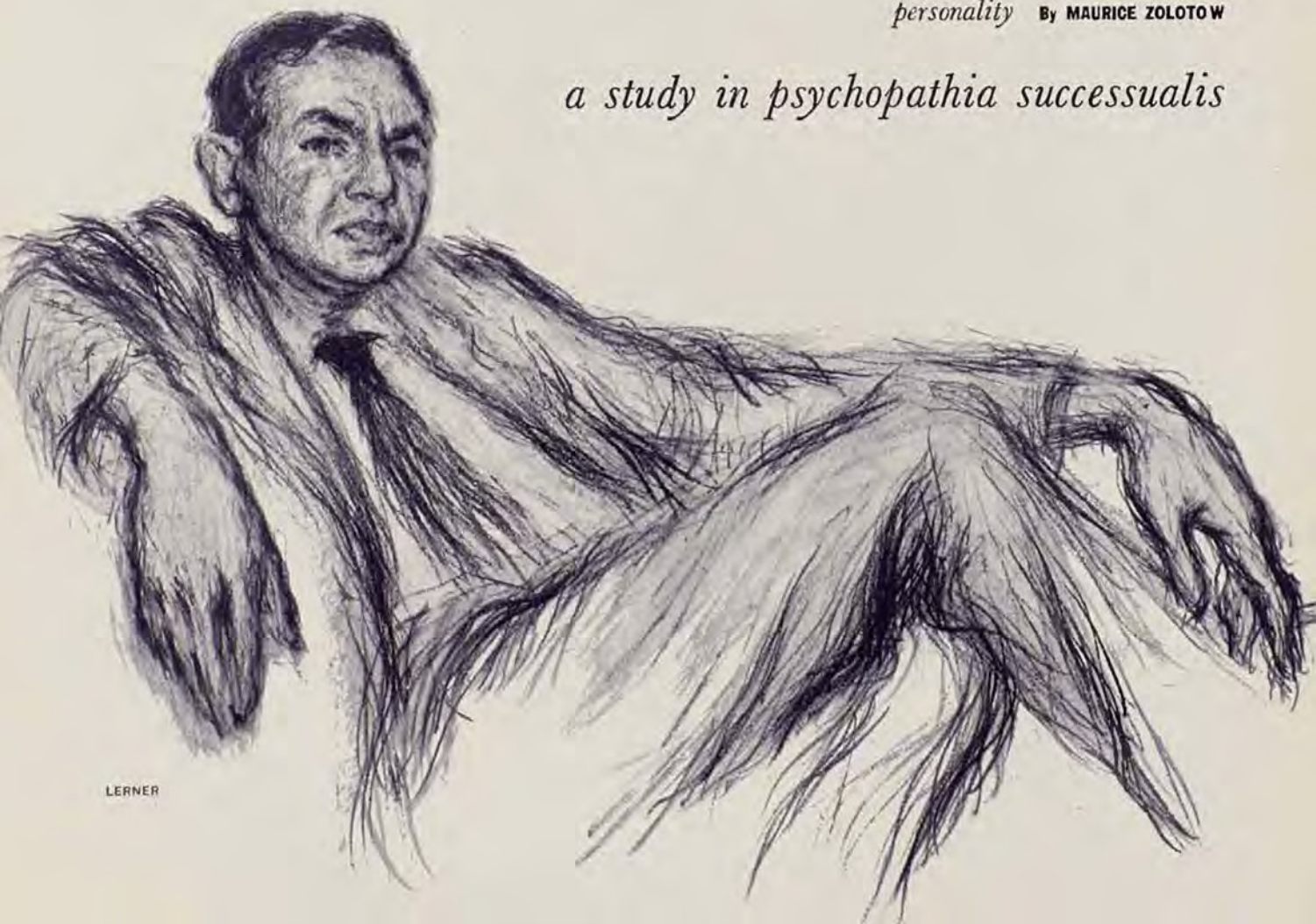
Levant — pianist, wit and schizophrenic — has made psychological history by carving a full-time career out of madness. He is also making money. Los Angeles, where Levant telecasts, is populated with many lunatics. Levant is one of the few who not only admits he is one, but exults in it. Few cultural phenomena of our time are as weird as the *Oscar Levant Program*, seen and heard over KHJ-TV, Tuesdays and Fridays, from 7:30 to 9 P.M. On this program, Levant bangs a piano, interviews celebrities, and expresses his sarcastic opinions on a variety of subjects. He is a compulsive talker. On some evenings he has held forth in a soliloquy for the full 90 minutes. His favorite subject is himself. The aspect of himself that he finds most fascinating is his insanity.

Levant opened one show with these words: "I'd like to welcome you tonight on behalf of the mentally deranged of southern California and the outpatients of all the mental hygiene clinics."

Another time he boasted: "I'd just like you all to know that I'm now in the middle of a severe mental and emotional breakdown. It's my fifth in two years." He paused and smiled — Levant's smile resembles nothing so much as the bared fangs of a wolf — and continued: "My life is like a rondo. A rondo is a musical form in which the same theme repeats and repeats and repeats. That's the way it is

*personality* By MAURICE ZOLOTOW

*a study in psychopathia successialis*



with my psychosis. It comes back again and again." He went on to explain: "I've been in four hospitals in the last six years. I have had insulin shock therapy, electroshock therapy and psychotherapy. One of these days I'm going to do this show in white tie and straitjacket."

He describes — sometimes in morbidly clinical detail — all his hypochondriacal symptoms. "I just had an intolerable palpitation in my heart," he will say, clutching at the left side of his chest and looking terrified. "I may have a heart attack at any moment." He suffers from chronic insomnia and often paints graphic pictures of the torments of his sleepless nights. When he does fall asleep he has terrible nightmares. "My nightmares," he says, "make the average horror movie look like *Little Women*." He suffers from hallucinatory visions and auditory delusions as well. Once, while in a mental hospital, Levant and a group of other patients were taken to nearby Disneyland. "I resented Disneyland very much," Levant recalls. "My own hallucinations are so much better. I could clean up on my hallucinations if I wanted to commercialize on them."

Levant is cleaning up plenty. With a panel of rotating sponsors — about 10 — he takes in \$1800 a week for just three hours of being himself. Although as Levant once said, "Being myself is not easy." Being a sponsor of Levant isn't easy either. Like Henry Morgan and Bob and Ray, he has no respect for his sponsors. Unlike them, however, Levant has raised disrespect to the level of high art. One of his sponsors is a packager of bat guano, a powdered fertilizer very popular on the West Coast. Levant's method of pushing the product is to leer at the audience and chortle, "Bat guano is delicious. I spread it on my cereal every morning." Or: "Four out of five doctors recommend Geritol. The fifth one recommends bat guano." The sales of bat guano have been spreading.

One night he read the commercial for an Emerson portable radio, which vaunted the fact that it was unbreakable. "I'll show you how unbreakable it is," Levant shouted. He then picked it up and hurled it at the studio wall. The case shattered. Sales of the radio went up anyway. When a commercial for an air-conditioning portable unit claimed that it was lightweight, Levant picked it up to demonstrate it and pretended to collapse from the strain. One of his sponsors is White Front Stores, a chain of budget-priced furniture stores. "And remember," he said one night, "they have free delivery service." He sighed. "That's the reason I'm so tired all the time." Quite a few television viewers took this statement literally and complained to the sponsor when Levant did not personally deliver their orders.

Once Levant ran into a non-maso-

chistic sponsor, Philco. Philco did not see the humor in Levant's jibes at their products. A typical crack was that when he started to do Philco commercials they had promised him a radio and he had never got it. "But it's just as well," he said, "because it wouldn't have worked anyhow." Finally, Philco sent over a beautiful young girl to read the commercials. Levant insulted her so severely she never came back. Then Philco stopped sponsoring him. Levant told his fans the tragic news and then added somberly:

"Don't buy any of the Philco products — until they stop persecuting me."

The merry-andrew of mental illness does not work from a written script. He does not rehearse. He does not chat with his guests either before or after the program. The show is completely spontaneous. Levant can — and does — say anything that enters his disordered mind, and it makes no difference how high the target.

"I'm like Eisenhower," he once cracked. "Once I make up my mind, I'm full of indecision."

"Ralph Edwards," Oscar says, "wanted to do my life — but he couldn't find any friends." Since he has no friends, he has no compunctions about saying nasty and sardonic things about everybody. Dinah Shore is noted for her sweet, sugary personality. Discussing her, Levant remarked, "My doctor told me it was dangerous for me to watch the Dinah Shore program as I have a tendency to diabetes. . . . The trouble with Dinah is she suffers from euphoria. Someday I'm going to give her sadness lessons." Of Debbie Reynolds, he said, "She never has to worry about losing her voice. She hasn't got one."

Why eminent persons are willing to endure the slings and arrows of outrageous Oscar by going on his show is one of those mysteries of human nature which are insoluble. He has had *la crème de la crème* on his show, ranging from Christopher Isherwood and Aldous Huxley through Peggy Lee, Zsa Zsa Gabor, Pappy Boyington, Sammy Davis, Jr., stripper Tempest Storm, Sugar Ray Robinson and Fred Astaire. Well-known guests not only submit, but volunteer. When Astaire offered to appear, Oscar said, "Fred, I'm so suffocated by nostalgia and so unhappily happy that I can't speak — which is one of the great public services of all time."

Usually when he asks his victims a question, he never lets them answer. Jack Lemmon says, "That's because Oscar thinks so fast that when he asks you a question, he knows what you're going to answer before you answer, and he's off on some other subject."

Leo Durocher says, "Being on Oscar's show is like arguing with four umpires at the same time." Twenty-five years previously, Alexander Woollcott, himself

possessed of a biting wit, said something similar: "Talking to Oscar is like fighting a man who has three fists instead of the regulation two." Oscar traveled in fast company in those days, parrying ripostes with such famous scintillators of the Twenties and Thirties as Dorothy Parker, George S. Kaufman, Heywood Brown, Moss Hart, Robert Benchley, Noel Coward. He met and bested his opponents on their own ground and finally Woollcott admitted, "Oscar Levant is the wit's wit."

The hero of this saga is also irresistible to women. The unsophisticated male may find this hard to believe, since physically Levant is not exactly handsome. In fact, some people might even describe him as downright repulsive. He stands, or rather sags, five feet nine inches, and weighs 155 pounds. His posture is terrible. He has a slight limp in the left leg, the result of a childhood accident. He owns only three suits — all dark blue single-breasted models. The suits are never clean and always rumpled. His hair is black turning to gray and he rarely gets a haircut. He slaps a greasy dressing on his hair and sometimes when the studio klieg lights highlight his head he resembles a tango dancer who has grown fat, aged and depraved. His ears protrude. His nose is large and irregular. His cheeks are slack and fat. His lips are gross and sensual. "I am an epic in bloat," he once said. His eyes, though, are dark and soulful, and women go for Oscar. Oscar, in his turn, has often been attracted to beautiful women — dancers, singers, actresses — and he has married two of them. His first wife was Barbara Smith, a voluptuous musical comedy dancer. They were divorced after a few months of matrimony. Harpo Marx asked him why the marriage had broken up. Oscar shrugged his shoulders.

"We were incompatible," he explained. "And besides I had a definite feeling she loathed me." Another time he said, "I'm a controversial person. My friends either dislike me or hate me."

The first Mrs. Levant later married Arthur Loew, the theatre owner. Shortly after they got back from the honeymoon, the phone rang in the middle of the night. It was Oscar.

"How dare you wake me up at two in the morning?" his ex-wife said.

"I just wanted to ask you something," he said.

"Yeah?"

"What's playing at Loew's 86th Street tomorrow?"

Oscar's second — and current — wife is the former June Gale, one of the Gale Sisters, who were a singing and dancing act of the 1930s. She's still a lovely, charming woman, gentle and soft and well made. They met in November 1939 at a party. The courtship was intense

(continued on page 90)

# CHARCOALMANSHIP

*cooking on the outside, smiling on the inside*

ANY AMATEUR CHEF worthy of his salt and other spices should be aware of the advantages inherent in outdoor barbecuing. A situation is created in which the male assumes complete control, while delighted damsels sit admiringly on the sidelines. The elemental environment of nature, in which cocktails combine with the atmosphere to enhance appetite, builds maximum anticipation for eating a memorable meal. And, most important of all,



*food*

By THOMAS MARIO

BRADFORD

cooking al fresco is easy.

The fundamentals remain simple to master, even though there's been a definite trend toward bigger and better broilings. For a while it seemed that nothing could possibly surpass the flavor of a well-aged club steak browned over red-hot coals in the open. Then someone discovered that a two-inch steak spouted considerably more juice per pound than a one-inch steak from the very same short loin. Today, along with the humble hamburger and other staples, it is not uncommon to find a fresh-air fire under a revolving spit, on which a haunch is being done to a turn.

But this expansion of the firebrand's menu should cause no consternation among devotees of the grate outdoors. Memorize the few following pointers, and your efforts as an outdoor chef will all be chefs-d'oeuvre.

The easiest way to start a fire is to use a box of self-starting charcoal briquets. They require only a lighted match to get going. When the box burns away, the briquets are smoldering with white ash. Ten or 15 minutes later they're ready for you to start things broiling. The self-starting box is comparatively expensive, but you can always use a single box for the initial operation and then add briquets from a bag.

Taming a fire, after it's under way, is a breeze once you know how. If you want a fire that quickly sears, the kind of heat that you need, for example, in broiling minute steaks or shish kebab, your coals should be piled about two or three inches high. But if you need a lazy radiant fire for a whole pork loin or a large Muscovy duck, the briquets should be spread out in a single layer and separated from each other. To take advantage of all the heat, line your outdoor brazier with aluminum foil; it not only reflects the heat, but is also handy for cleaning the rig later: you simply fold up the foil and remove it. Of course, some outdoor chefs never clean the grate, preferring to leave the ashes as support for the next cook-out.

To stoke the fire easily, keep a circle of fresh briquets at the outer edge and move them toward the center as needed. Don't dump them on top of the lighted coals, or they'll send up an avenging smoke screen.

Keep handy a bottle of cold water fitted with a spray top (the homely laundry bottle works fine), or a large brush dipped in cold water, with which to drizzle the flames, should the fire rage out of control when dripping fat falls into it. Some fire fighters find a water pistol very useful in this common emergency. Don't drown your fire, of course; simply restrain it until it glows cheerfully again. When all of your coals show white and you want a stronger fire, tap

them gently to remove the outer ash. The red-hot centers will then spring to life.

Almost all modern barbecue equipment is fitted with the kind of grill that can be raised or lowered as needed. For fast searing, have the grill close to the fire. Raise it when you want the heat to be less consuming. A tip on cleaning your grill: use a wire brush. Don't use steel wool; small particles may lodge in the food. Before you put anything on the broiler, wipe it with a cloth or brush dipped in salad oil. This small step keeps the food from "freezing" to the searing metal.

The electrically driven spit has so much to recommend it that every chef should employ this modern version of a traditional method of cooking. Its obvious advantage in grilling large cuts of meat is that it's automatic. You can circulate among your guests while the meat slowly turns. You can pass out schooners of beer or sip tall juleps without being on a constant fire watch. But the prime attraction of rotisserieing over charcoal is the delicious outdoor flavor of the meat itself. A leg of lamb, for instance, roasted on a spit over charcoal, is not only different from the same meat cooked in an indoor oven but infinitely more toothsome. One reason for this is that meat cooked on the revolving spit is self-basting. The juices don't just run off the meat, but slowly wash around the flesh, clinging to it and keeping it juicy at all times. This couldn't possibly be done as well with the usual basting brush or syringe. And the turning meat on a spit is cooked more evenly. A rib roast is not overdone at the edges and raw in the center, but pink and succulent throughout.

When you build a fire for outdoor rotisserie cooking, arrange the coals, at the beginning, directly under the meat. If the meat has a substantial layer of fat, the coals will flare from the drippings. This may be permitted for a short while until the meat is light brown. Then the coals should be spread in a circle, with none directly below the meat. If the fire continues to roar excessively, place a drip pan under the meat. Fill this pan with about 1/2 in. of water. Don't attempt to use the drippings in the pan for basting the meat; as we've explained, the meat will be sufficiently basted in its own juice. The meat will cook sufficiently even though there's no fire directly beneath it; the heat radiating from the sides, front and back, as well as the smoke and heat trapped in the metal hood above the meat, will do a thorough job. If, after the meat is done, you want still more browning, simply remove the drip pan for a few minutes, and the live coals will char it as deep brown as you wish.

Meat for a spit should always be trimmed of excess fat. Be sure the butcher ties the meat or poultry so it's symmetrical in shape and as compact as possible. All meat should be balanced properly on the rod; that is, the spit should go through the center of gravity. Failure to find this may cause the motor to get out of whack. If you're cooking a number of pieces, like three or four broilers at one time, be sure that each piece is properly secured to the spit rod. You may buy extra fasteners for this purpose.

Because some roasts are long and narrow, like a filet of beef, rather than thick and chunky like a rib roast, a meat thermometer is quite useful. Buy the metal type of thermometer for outdoor cooking. Be sure that the tip of the thermometer rests in the thickest part of the meat and doesn't touch the spit rod. Its face will indicate whether the meat is rare, medium or well done.

For broiling medium-size cuts like an English mutton chop or spring chicken, nothing is more useful than a roll of wide aluminum foil. You keep the fowl over the coals only until it is "colored," that is, lightly charred, showing a mite of burnt skin here and there but not browned until it's unrecognizable. Then you wrap the bird in the foil and return it to the fire to finish cooking. Old kitchen curmudgeons will wag their forks and warn you that this is completely wrong. Something that's broiled, they'll pontificate, should never be covered lest it acquire a steamy flavor. In this instance the experts have the charcoal under the wrong chicken. The foil acts as a small individual oven. Some of the steam escapes. And once the woody flavor of the live charcoal has crept into your chops or chicken, it doesn't leave it. Of course you remove the food from the foil as soon as it's ready for the knife.

#### HAMBURGERS

Don't buy the chopped beef in the butcher display case. It may be half fat and may include veal or pork besides beef. Buy a piece of inexpensive beef like chuck and ask the butcher to grind it to order. A pound of chopped beef will yield four moderately large patties or six to eight sandwiches.

The meat should be put through the coarse blade of a grinder only once. If it is ground twice, as some butchers insist on doing, it will be pasty and mushy. Hamburgers will be tough and dry if the meat is handled too much before cooking or if the meat is overcooked. To each pound of chopped beef add 1 teaspoon salt, 1/8 teaspoon pepper and 1/4 cup milk or light cream. The liquid ensures that the burgers will be moist after cooking. You can grate a very small onion into the meat if you like. But if you want to preserve the natural

(concluded on page 54)



# Superman

I USED TO  
BE  
SUPERMAN.



I USED TO GO  
RESCUING PEOPLE  
ALL THE HELL  
OVER THE  
PLACE.  
WHEREVER  
YOU  
LOOKED  
I WAS  
SAVING  
SOME-  
BODY.



THEN ONE DAY  
I PULLED THIS  
CHICK FROM  
THE RIVER.  
DO YOU  
THINK SHE  
THANKED  
ME?  
NO!



SHE JUST WANTED TO  
KNOW WHY I HAD THIS  
COMPULSION  
TO RESCUE.



SHE ACCUSED ME OF DOUBTING MY  
MASCULINITY AND HENCE MY  
EXHIBITIONIST TENDEN-  
CIES. SHE WANTED  
TO KNOW WHY I  
DIDN'T SPEND  
MORE TIME  
READING.



SHE TOOK ONE LOOK AT MY CAPE  
AND SAID I WAS A LATENT  
TRANSVESTITE, AND  
WHY WAS MY  
COSTUME SO  
SKIN TIGHT  
AND DID I  
RESCUE  
MORE  
MEN  
THAN  
WOMEN -



I TRIED TO TELL HER  
SHE SHOULDN'T JUDGE  
ME THE WAY SHE  
JUDGES EARTH  
PEOPLE. SHE  
JUST PATTED  
MY HEAD  
AND  
SMILED.



SO AFTER A LOT OF  
ARGUMENT BACK  
AND FORTH I  
FINALLY GOT HER  
TO ADMIT THAT  
ALTHOUGH I  
MIGHT NOT  
BE SUPER,  
I WAS A  
LOT  
BETTER  
THAN  
AVERAGE!



NOW I HAVE A REGULAR  
OFFICE JOB IN THE  
CITY AND A HOUSE  
IN THE SUBURBS.  
WE'RE BOTH  
VERY  
HAPPY.



JULES  
FEFFER

PHOTOGRAPH BY WILLIAM CLAXTON AND MAYNARD FRANK WOLFE



*out-groups are in-groups where the beat meet to eat*

# THE COFFEE HOUSES OF AMERICA

text by JIM MORAD

AN OLD EUROPEAN CUSTOM with a new American accent has taken hold on both Coasts and at a few hip points in between. This is that rallying place of beat intellectuals, the coffee house, which—from obscure sproutings in Greenwich Village at the end of World War II—has mushroomed in big cities and college outposts into a five-million-dollar-a-year business. The mushroom has roots deep in Old World culture, for Samuel Johnson and his Boswell cracked their wisest in the coffee houses of 18th Century London, and the very word *café* is, of course, just the French way of saying coffee. But unlike modern cafés, the American coffee house of today seldom serves anything stronger than coffee.

It's pretty strong coffee, of course; the black and bitter Italian espresso made of dark, heavily roasted beans and brewed under terrific steam pressure in gleaming imported *machinas*, but the principal intoxicant in these houses is not the beverage but the customers.

These customers are of two stripes, as is the decor of the two separate and distinct kinds of coffee house in business today. There are, first of all, the shabby hideouts with cracked walls and carefully nurtured cobwebs in the corners. Here, earnest, unsmiling talk about poetry and politics and the meaning of life is uttered by bearded boys and lip-stickless girls, to the background of a listlessly plucked guitar. Beat poets recite beat poems. A broke bohemian can, in the Continental tradition, nurse his single cup of espresso all evening with nary a prod from the waitress. Greenwich Village, of course, abounds in such places: Caffè Reggìo, Café Roué, Caffè Bongia and Figaro Café, to  
*(concluded on page 95)*



Above, San Francisco: at the Coexistence Bagel Shop in North Beach, unofficial headquarters for the beat movement, a couple ponders the conformities of the world of "tourists."



Left, New York: the Bizzorri earns its nome from its Greenwich Village following and the quality of its wall paintings. Right, Hollywood: the Cyrono, among the more ornate klotch-hovens, thrives on a clientele made up largely of showbiz people.



Above and above right: in Greenwich Village, the Rienc was one of the first coffee houses to gain popularity. On weekdays, villogers and guests meet for sketching, reading and unconventional conversation. On weekends, however, the self-defeating popularity often forces the management to discourage everything except very rapid coffee drinking.



Above: court jester in the kingdom of the sick is Lennie Bruce, holding forth at Cosmo Alley, Hollywood, to jazz accompaniment. Right: in the Insomniac at Hermosa Beach, a group of beat poetasters pays oral homage to *Howl*, the magnum opus of the beatniks' poet laureate, Allen Ginsberg.

## TO HARPO MARX

By JACK KEROUAC

O Harpo! When did you seem like an angel  
the last time?  
and played the gray harp of gold?

When did you steal the silverware  
and bug-spray the guests?

When did your brother find rain  
in your sunny courtyard?

When did you chase your last blonde  
across the Millionaires' lawn  
with a bait hook on a line  
protruding from your bicycle?

Or when last you powderpuffed  
your white flour face  
with fishbarrel cover?

Harpo! Who was that Lion  
I saw you with?

How did you treat the midget  
and Konk the Giant?

Harpo, in your recent nightclub appearance  
in New Orleans were you old?  
Were you still chiding with your horn  
in the cane at your golden belt?

Did you still emerge from your pockets  
another Harpo, or screw on  
new wrists?

Was your vow of silence an Indian Harp?





Left: actress Fay Spain engages in earnest conversation with husband, painter John Altoon, at the Venice West, in Venice Beach, California. Right: a hangout for New York University students like Jackie Volens, Figaro Café, Greenwich Village, offers facilities for enjoying the omnipresent entertainment of the beat world, chess.



Several beatniks uncooled enough to vote Maggie Ryan "Miss Coffee House." Our camera caught her at the Insomniac, Hermosa Beach, California.

## TO LINDSAY

By ALLEN GINSBERG

*(Vachel Lindsay, who used to read his poems from door to door, committed suicide in 1931)*

Vachel, the stars are out  
dusk has fallen on the Colorado road  
a car crawls slowly across the plain  
In the dim light the radio blares its jazz  
the heartbroken salesman lights another cigarette  
In another city 27 years ago  
I see your shadow on the wall  
You're sitting in your suspenders on the bed  
The shadow hand lifts up a pistol to your head  
Your shade falls over on the floor

*Paris, 1958*

# THE SOUND OF BEAT

*three new poems from three leading beatnik poets*

## MADE BY HAND

By GREGORY CORSO

MADE BY HAND if it's MADE BY HAND it's got to be good  
That's what 14th Street always said  
MADE BY HAND, silk labels would prove that  
Street peddlers said MADE BY HAND, but they often lied  
When I was a boy all the rich Italians wore MADE BY HAND  
In fact they used to keep the back side of their ties out  
so that all could see their MADE BY HAND signs  
I even once sewed on a MADE BY HAND label  
on a NOT MADE BY HAND tie, yes  
And I also sewed a CASHMERE SWEATER label on a  
itchy cotton sweater, and  
— Well, anyway, now that I know better it doesn't  
make any difference  
Because if I thought it did  
I surely would have brought back from Europe lots  
of CRAZY MADE IN PARIS  
MADE IN ROME labels



Peripatetic humorist Mort Sahl visits one coffee house after another on his nightly, after-performance rounds. Here pictured at the Chez Paulette in Hollywood, Sahl avers he's seeking God in these ground beaneries, also says he often finds sharp new material for his act.



# BEAT PLAYMATE



WHEN OUR TEAM of researchers and photographers descended upon Los Angeles to gather material for the L.A. portion of this issue's feature, *The Coffee Houses of America*, they saw many beauteous bohemiennes sipping espresso. Being thoroughly indoctrinated company men, the question "Playmate?" flashed through their minds more than once. But when they spied Yvette Vickers at a small table in Hollywood's Cosmo Alley, that question became an affirmative, exclamatory statement.

Yvette — though possibly a mite more attractive than most — is representative of the girls who inhabit the beat coffee houses of Hollywood. She's a

movie hopeful, having appeared in a number of films and TV shows. She's interested in serious acting, ballet, the poetry of Dylan Thomas, classical music ("Prokofiev drives me out of my skull!"). She has strong opinions and is more than a bit of a rebel, frowning prettily on conformity. She is also reckless and uninhibited enough to race a Jag in the desert for kicks. And she confesses to being "somewhat of a nut" about health food: she's often to be seen stowing away vitamins and minerals at an "organic food restaurant" called The Aware Inn. That is, when she's not digging the *Scythian Suite* in the dim light of a coffee house.

*we find a beautnik in a coffee house*

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











Beautiful beatnik Yvette Vickers, between movie and TV acting stints, hobnobs with friends and colleagues in such Hollywood coffee houses as Cosmo Alley (at left) and The Unicorn (below).



## PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The curvy redhead was wearing something she called an Atomic Bikini—50 percent fallout. "If anybody tries to criticize this bathing suit," she declared, "I'll just laugh it off."



Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *cat-o'-nine-tails* as a hipster with a busy social life.

"I'm through going to psychiatrists," asserted the callgirl. "I just can't get used to a guy who tells me to lie down on a couch and then sends me the bill."

"My goodness, Mr. Bartholomew," purred the pretty young thing, "I've never met a landlord quite like you before. I wonder if I could pay a few months' rent in advance?"

Passionate picnickers should bear in mind that some girls are like flowers—they grow wild in the woods.



The old maid rushed up to the policeman. "I've been raped, I've been attacked," she cried. "He ripped off my clothing. He smothered me with burning kisses, then he made mad, passionate love to me!"

"Calm yourself, calm yourself, madam," said the officer. "Just when did all this take place?"

"Twenty-three years ago this Septem-

ber," said the woman.

"Twenty-three years ago!" he exclaimed. "How do you expect me to arrest anyone for something he did twenty-three years ago?"

"Oh, I don't want you to arrest anyone, officer," said the woman. "I just like to talk about it, that's all."

Two ragged beatniks were sitting on a small pier in the Florida Everglades, dangling their feet in the stagnant water. Suddenly an alligator swam up and snapped a leg off one of them.

"Hey, man," the unfortunate fellow said to his buddy, "like an alligator just bit off my leg."

"Which one?" asked the cool friend.

"I dunno," said the first cat. "You see one alligator, you seen 'em all."

We know a luscious young dish who went to Hollywood because she wanted to make love under the stars.



"Darling," seductively sighed the fashion model, "if I didn't wear all these beautiful clothes, would you still think me attractive?"

He smiled, and replied, "Test me."

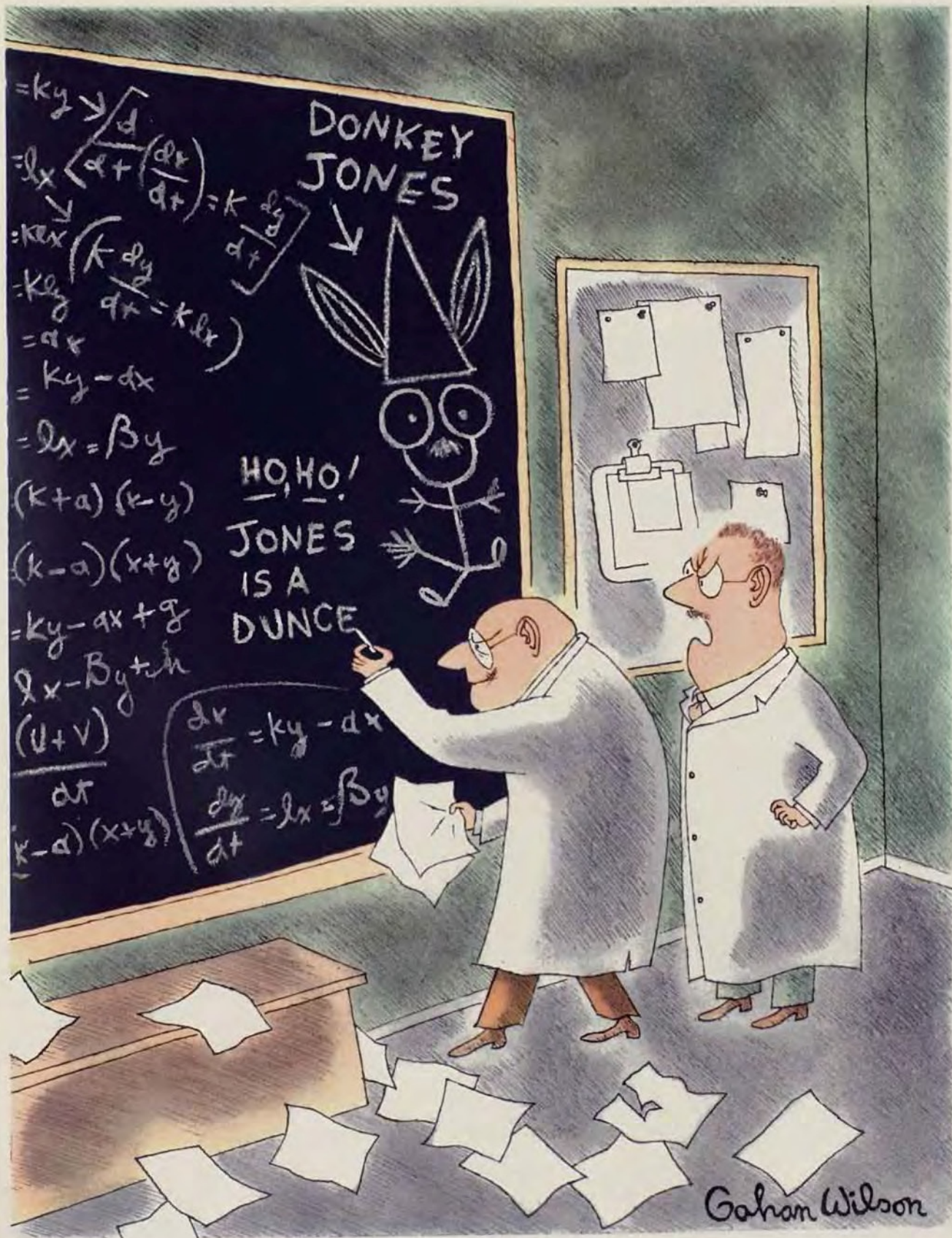
"Have you ever performed one of these delicate brain operations before?" asked the patient, as a nurse prepared to put him under an anesthetic.

"Oh, yeah," said the man in white standing over him, "nothing to it."

"It's funny," said the patient, "but you look exactly like a bartender who works in a bowling alley where I bowl every Thursday night."

"I am," said the fellow with a smile, "but I'm also a man who thinks for himself."

*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.*



"Very well, Carter, you've proven my theory faulty — let it go at that!"

## CHARCOALMANSHIP *(continued from page 40)*

beef flavor, add as few extras as possible.

Shape the hamburgers into uniform portions. Separate them with wax paper. Chill them well before broiling. Cold chopped meat will not tend to break apart during cooking.

Brush the hamburgers with butter after they are browned. Serve them on freshly toasted split buns. Within arm's reach keep your arsenal of catsup, onion rings and hot pepper relish.

### STEAKS

At least half the success in broiling steaks is in buying the right meat in the first place. There are tender, semi-tender and tough cuts of beef. Tender steaks, following the nomenclature used in retail butcher shops, are porterhouse, club, rib, delmonico or filet mignon. Filet mignon is the tenderest of all beef cuts. It lacks, however, the flavor of porterhouse. Semi-tender beefsteaks are the sirloin or hip steaks and the T-bone. Chuck steaks or round steaks are tough and should not generally be used for outdoor broiling. Buy, if possible, beef which is stamped U.S. Prime or U.S. Choice. You should allow from 1/2 to 1 lb. of meat per person. The steaks should be at least 3/4-in. thick to permit thorough browning on the outside without overcooking inside. The best beef has a good layer of outer fat. But you should cut away the outside fat in excess of 1/4 in. before broiling. Gash the fat in two or three places to prevent curling when the meat is grilled. Turn the steaks only once when broiling.

As soon as the steaks are done, brush them with butter or softened butter mixed with a few drops of lemon juice. Or place a lump of butter on the serving plate and put the steak on top of the butter to make a natural gravy.

### CHARCOAL ROASTED LEG OF LAMB

Buy a light leg of lamb weighing from 6 to 7 lbs. This will provide six to eight portions. A lightweight leg usually indicates that the meat is spring lamb, young lamb free from the fatty taste one detects in yearling lamb or mutton. Have the butcher bone the leg. Tell him to trim it of excess fat. Have it tied for roasting. In a large bowl, casserole or pan in which the leg can rest comfortably, make a marinade by combining 2 sliced onions, 1 sliced green pepper, 1 sliced piece celery, 2 smashed cloves garlic, 8 sprigs parsley, 1 teaspoon rosemary, 1/2 cup salad oil, 1/4 cup lemon juice, 1 teaspoon salt and 1/4 teaspoon pepper. Place the lamb in the mixture. Marinate it overnight, or at least 12 hours, turning several times to coat it uniformly.

Remove the lamb from the marinade. Fasten it securely on the center of a spit rod. Insert meat thermometer in the

lamb. Roast over charcoal until the thermometer shows that the meat is between rare and medium, about 1 1/2 to 2 hours. Serve it with a prepared ice-cold mint sauce, or a mixture of half mint sauce and half red currant jelly. Foil-roasted potatoes are delicious with lamb and quite easy. Slice Idaho or California baking potatoes crosswise into three sections. Wrap each potato individually in a double thickness of aluminum foil. Place the potatoes on the grill directly over the fire. Roast for about an hour, turning once. Test whether they're done by inserting the fork right through the foil into the potatoes.

### BARBECUED SPARERIBS

Allow from 3/4 to 1 lb. spareribs per person. Buy meaty spareribs which are in long pieces rather than the odd-shaped end pieces that can't be fitted properly on the spit rod. For 2 lbs. spareribs make a marinade of 1/2 cup brown sugar, 1/2 cup vinegar, 1/3 cup soy sauce, 1 teaspoon cinnamon and 2 cloves garlic smashed. Marinate the spareribs in this mixture 2 to 3 hours. Turn the spareribs several times while they are being marinated, and brush them with the liquid to coat each side thoroughly. When using this marinade, the ribs should *not* be basted during broiling. Fasten the spareribs on the spit rod, weaving the rod in and out of the ribs to hold them securely. Cook on the rotisserie about 1 hour or until deeply brown. Previous boiling is not necessary for this dish. Use a drip pan, if necessary, to prevent excessive charring.

### CHARCOAL ROASTED RIBS OF BEEF

Buy a 6-lb. Newport roast, that is, ribs of beef which do not include the bony short ribs; or buy the completely boneless cut of the same meat known as the Spencer roll. Each pound of meat will provide a handsome portion. Tell the butcher not to place the usual extra layer of fat on the meat. Trim the meat's own fat so it is not excessive. Have the roast securely tied. Take it out of the refrigerator at least an hour before cooking. Fasten securely on the center of the spit rod. Insert meat thermometer into the thickest part of the roast before turning on the motor. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Roast until meat is done to degree desired, allowing 15 to 18 minutes per pound cooking time if you like your beef rare. Let the meat "set" at least 15 minutes before carving.

### LAMB CHOP, MIXED GRILL

This is a large charcoal broiled lamb chop festooned with a number of garnishes, the most popular of which are tomato, bacon, small link sausages and mushrooms. If the chops are of single

thickness, that is, one rib, they may be broiled directly over the charcoal. Since lamb fat is notorious for causing charcoal to flare, the fire must be restrained from time to time. If double-thick lamb chops are used, they should be merely browned over the fire and then transferred to an aluminum foil wrapping to finish the cooking. A double-rib lamb chop should be at least 1 1/2 ins. thick. A double-thick loin lamb chop from which the center bone is removed and into which a lamb kidney is imbedded is known as the English lamb chop. Either type of chop should be sprinkled lightly with salt and pepper before broiling. When assembling your garnishes for the chops, follow this counsel implicitly: Whole or half tomatoes should be quite firm for broiling; brush them with salad oil, and sprinkle the cut sides lightly with salt, sugar and paprika before placing over charcoal. Mushrooms should be brushed generously with melted butter and fastened on a skewer before they are exposed to the coals. Bacon or sausage, because of their large fat content, are best if sautéed in a pan over the fire rather than directly over the open flames. Two other vegetables which fraternize agreeably with lamb are green peppers and eggplant. Cut firm bell peppers in half lengthwise, remove seeds, brush with melted butter or oil and charcoal broil until tender. Eggplant takes somewhat offbeat treatment; cut each peeled slice 3/4-in. thick; brush very generously with olive oil (it will absorb the oil like a blotter); sprinkle with ground cumin; rub the cumin into the eggplant; broil on both sides until fork tender. Any of the aforementioned garnishes which are browned but need further cooking may be wrapped in the same foil with the chop and cooked until tender.

### CHICKEN LUAU

For each two portions allow a single broiler weighing about 2 to 2 1/4 lbs. Have the broiler split in two. Brush with soy sauce. No salt is necessary when soy sauce is used. Place the broiler halves on the broiler rack as far from the fire as possible. Broil until medium brown on both sides. Place each broiler half on a large piece of greased aluminum foil. Brush the chicken generously with softened or melted butter. Alongside each piece of chicken place a banana sprinkled lightly with cinnamon and cut in half. Arrange 6 or 8 canned pineapple chunks and 1/2 cup sliced canned mangoes alongside or on top of the chicken. Wrap each portion securely in aluminum foil, folding in the edges. Return the chicken to the fire. Broil about 12-15 minutes longer on each side. Serve directly from the foil on dinner plates or platters. Your chicken-pickin' guests will call your luau a wauu.

## PLAIN AND FANCY

WISE WAY to take on a fresh, sporty appearance: go both plain and fancy. Wear solid-shade jackets and patterned slacks for country doings and spectator sports, do it vice versa when you're in the city.



*active* By **ROBERT L. GREEN**

Left: navy blue Scottish worsted blazer with natural shoulders, side vents, flapped hacking pockets and lined in mustard silk, by Andrew Pallack, \$55. With it is worn a pair of black, white and wine checked wool slacks with tapered legs and Italian-cut front pockets, by Dunlee, \$22.50. Right: a gray and white ribbon seersucker jacket of Dacron, Orlon and nylon with high-notched lapels, by Famous-Sternberg, \$29.50. The slacks to accompany the jacket are white wash-and-wear Minorca cotton cords with Italian-cut front pockets, by HIS, \$5.

## PLAIN JACKETS, FANCY PANTS



Left: Dacran and cotton hopsack jacket in a three-button model, by Haspel, \$39.50, worn with Dacran and cotton tick striped wash-and-wear slacks, by Dunlee, \$13.50. Right: black Scottish lamb's-wool blazer, natural shoulders, with crest buttons, by Norman Hilton, \$75, coupled with white and black checked lightweight worsted slacks, by G. W. Heller, \$39.50.



# FANCY JACKETS, PLAIN PANTS



Right: the good-looking jacket is a green and black square faulard print on cream-colored silk pongee, three-button, natural-shoulder model, by John Alexander, \$75. The slacks to be worn with the jacket are a deep green, 70% Acrilan and 30% rayon wash-and-wear job, with tapered legs, pleatless front and flaps on the back pockets, by Jaymar, \$10.95.

DRAWINGS BY ROBERT BRUNTON



*"This is a helluva time to start playing hard to get!"*

## HAPPINESS FOR FUN AND PROFIT

humor By MEREDITH WILLSON



CURING UNHAPPINESS IS SIMPLE, so don't expect anything complicated on the following pages.

First, is it true that everything is temporary? Of course. Including unhappiness? Certainly. Then it will pass away? Without any question. Positively? Oh shut up. All right; but if it passes away it must leave something in its place. Like what—anger? Well, no. Indifference? There's no such thing as complete indifference. A vacuum? No, no, when unhappiness flies out of the window, happiness stumbles in through the door. Now the thing about it is this. Knowing for sure that everything is temporary, an unhappy person knows he will have to accept happiness again sooner or later, so he may as well accept it sooner. In fact (unless he's a dope) he may as well accept it *at once*. And if you're a dope you shouldn't go around reading articles.

Let's be fair, though, and scientific. There is one flaw in the above reasoning. We assumed the premise that everything is temporary. We didn't *prove* it. Summing up, then, the only thing standing between you, Reader, and happiness is some kind of irrefragable (look it up, isn't it a beauty?) proof that nothing really lasts.

In proving that everything is temporary we recognize, of course, that the transitory quality of *material* things is self-evident. Our concern then is obviously with *attitudes* and stuff like that. Moral attitudes? OK. Remember a thing called moral turpitude? Those two words described one of this century's most stringent attitudes, yet it found no more permanence in our society than charcoal chewing gum. Moral turpitude, in case your memory has mislaid it, meant traveling around in public on a friendly basis with someone not legally related to you. If you did that 20 years ago they threw you in the hoosegow and took away your citizenship. Today—oh well, you read the papers. *Poop* used to be an awful word. So did *jerk*. So did another word I'd like to tell you about that was first used in public back in the Twenties. Said usage was considered to be so daring and lascivious, that the Greenwich Village Follies in which the word appeared was sold out for a solid year to people who just had to go hear it to believe it.

Its debut took place in a black-out in a one-room-apartment set, with combination kitchen, living room and bedroom furniture, and some bath fixtures in the corner by the door, stage right. The audience was carefully reminded, all through the sketch, that the maid's name was Fanny. Luella Gear was the star, I believe. She kept hollering "Fanny! Bring me a drink," "Fanny! Answer the phone," "Fanny! Turn on the light." The pay-off unfolded like this, as I remember it:

PLUMBER: Good afternoon, madam. LUELLE: Good afternoon. Are you the plumber? PLUMBER (*glancing at tool kit*): I ain't the monkey keeper at the Bronx Zoo. (The doorman at the Capitol, Little Orphan Annie, Grover Whalen, or Morris Guest. Different answer every night.) LUELLE: Did you bring the sink? PLUMBER (*glancing at sink he is carrying*): Does this look to you like a grand piano? LUELLE: Never mind. Just install it. Fanny! Shut off the fan! PLUMBER: Where should I install it? LUELLE: Well, let's see. . . . PLUMBER: I could put it over here by the tub. LUELLE: No good. I couldn't reach it. PLUMBER: How about up here by the clock? LUELLE: Too high. Don't you know a person has to bend over when they wash? PLUMBER: Then how about right here behind the door? LUELLE: No good. Every time somebody opens the door I'd get a bang in the— Fanny! Close the window!

That was some horrified gasp that went up night after night in the Winter Garden, I can tell you.

And take the biological educational film which pictorially, and in clinical detail, indoctrinates today's youth with "pregnancy, its cause and effect," starting with fourth graders, I'm told. (I mean the indoctrination starts in the fourth grade—not pregnancy. Attitudes aren't *that* temporary.) Would you dare confess to the socially wise young one of today that you had to learn "the facts of life" *en parable*, as it were, through a bumbling five- or six-minute nature talk from father dealing with the free-home-delivery tactics of the pollen-distributing

bee? Neither would I.

So all attitudes are temporary — including the attitude you call your unhappiness. Realization of this truism must delight you. Delight is happiness. So you are now happy.

Unless you want to be stubborn and cling to some form of specialized or categorized unhappiness, like unhappiness caused by a feeling of inferiority.

For inferiority unhappiness, a never-failing remedy is to add some easily acquired fillips of information to your knowledge. Here are a few samples selected for their ease in memorizing.

There are more cats in New York City than there are people.

You heard of Goths, the ancient barbarians? You heard of Visigoths? Well, very few people know that means *West* Goths. Oh yes, the Goths from the East are *Ostragoths*.

Texas comes from the Indian word "techas" meaning "friend."

The song *Lo Hear the Gentle Lark* contains a reference to the warbler mounting up from his "moist cabinet." Would you believe it this means his nest? (I couldn't tell you why the silly bird built it under a drainpipe.)

Camel's-hair brushes are made out of squirrel's hair. They are only called that because they were invented by a man named Camel.

For the inferiority-unhappiness victim it is also wise to acquire a few facts generally believed to be true *in reverse* by almost everybody. For instance:

"Effete" doesn't mean "sophisticated" or anything like it. It means "barren."

Having learned the above pieces of information you are now smarter in some respects than almost everybody. Therefore you can't possibly feel inferior. Therefore you can't possibly be unhappy because of feeling inferior. Therefore you are now happy.

Unless you are among the few who suffer from superiority unhappiness. If so, relax, please. You are comparatively easy to cure. Just keep telling yourself that most of the contributions to all the sciences and all the arts were made by superiority-complexed people. And go right on being superiority-unhappy. You will soon realize that only in that state is your specie ever truly happy.

Some people get unhappy now and then for no reason at all. If you're one of those, Reader, I have to be firm with you. You're dull. Plain dull. Only people who have no imagination can get unhappy about nothing. Before you get imagination, though, you must develop enthusiasm. The best way to do that is to pretend you're Portuguese. (If you're already Portuguese I don't believe it.) Portuguese people are always full of enthusiasm, imagination and happiness. On the few occasions when they are unhappy, you may be sure they have some

good reason. Or at least a reason.

I knew a fine imagination one time in the possession of a Portuguese train butcher on the N.Y., N.H. and Hatfud who used to call out "Anywon-else? Fresh-fruit-juice-of-orange right here. Get your ice-cold fresh-fruit-juice-of-orange." He sold twice as much "juice-of-orange" as he ever would have sold "orange juice."

I remember a roadside stand doing a great business along the Portuguese Bend highway — just because their sign left off the plurals. Catches the eye to read "BEET — TOMATO — POTATO — PLUM — PEACH — APRICOT." I am sure you are now enthusiastic about the Portuguese and if you are enthusiastic you can't be unhappy. Therefore you are happy.

Unless you're unhappy because you can't sleep. Insomnia is something all right. I mean it's nothing to laugh at and anything you can't laugh at is apt to make you unhappy, I'll be the first to admit. I'll go so far as to say the Insomniacly Unhappy present the first real challenge we've encountered in our discussion up to this point. (I put the italics in Insomniacly to make it pronounceable: not for you, for me — I frequently read people to sleep.) Now then. In making any kind of clinical progress one must always hack through a jungle of superstition and age-old remedies — counting sheep, for instance. Theoretically, this old wives' trick should work, but actually it never does for the reason that it is always a last-resort "cure" undertaken in cold anger. Under such circumstances, you make the attempt with a chip on your shoulder bound to do everything you can to prove that nothing as childishly simple as counting sheep could possibly put anybody to sleep unless he was feeble-minded. It naturally follows that the best way to prove you're not feeble-minded is to stay awake. This gives you some degree of satisfaction, but no sleep, and certainly no happiness come the dawn. (Various philters will, of course, give you sleep but they will leave you even more unhappy in the morning.)

Twisting the above sack of apples around the faucet we come into possession of the following juice.

It is not possible to monotonize yourself to sleep with childish formulae.

All right. But doesn't this suggest that it may be possible to monotonize yourself to sleep with *complicated* formulae? We need subdivision here and lots of it!

- (1) Those who can't cook
- (2) Those who can't learn the words to popular songs
- (3) Those who can't ride a horse
- (4) Those who can't play the bassoon
- (5) Those who can't blow glass (non-glassblowers)
- (6) Those who can't decorate outdoor Christmas trees. And so on. *There is a categorical subdivision for every insom-*

*niac*. Find yours, and work out your own complex substitute for sheep-counting. Examples follow:

(I) For those who cannot cook, try to prepare this recipe in your mind at your first sign of wakefulness:

#### CANDLESTICK SALAD

Find a straight banana (this search can put you to sleep for months on end).

Peel it.

Stick it upright in the middle of a pineapple ring.

Dribble mayonnaise down its side to represent candle grease.

Slap a cherry on top for a flame.

(II) For those who cannot remember words to popular songs, read over, just before turning out the light, the following well-known lyric as it is set forth here *in reverse*. Then try to quote it whenever you find yourself unable to "cork off."

*Today ban-nan-UHS no have we*

*BUH-nan-as no have we.....Yes!*

Results are guaranteed to accrue in this order: confusion, amusement, relaxation, sleep, HAPPINESS.

Of course I will admit that a great deal of unhappiness is caused by worry. George Gallup engineered a poll one time on the subject of worry. In answer to the question "What do you worry most about?" the big reply from people of every age was "money." Well everybody knows that people seldom worry about money if they like their job, so Mr. Gallup's poll must have been telling us that most people don't like their jobs. This could be the basic flaw of the universe; a tremendous amount of unhappiness could be based on this flaw; and I would like to say this flaw doesn't sound like a very difficult flaw to repair. The thing about it is this: *If only people would be as persistent trying to find their affinities as they are their allergies there wouldn't be any round pegs in square holes — therefore there wouldn't be any unhappiness.*

You say you *like* your job, Reader? It's only around the house that you're unhappy? One of the lucky ones, eh. Well sir, then may I say you are a lead-pipe cinch to prescribe for? *Do something*. That's my advice. *Just do something*. Something legal of course. Like pretending to lose your voice. Look here: *In Merced, California, TV antennae are higher, figuratively as well as literally, than in any other place in U.S. Something to do with Yosemite next door. Hence, to locate the richest family in town find the highest antenna.* I found that modest gem in the piano bench one day, on the back of a piece of music paper. I read it in amazement bordering on shock, not because of its content but because the remark was jotted down in *my own handwriting*. Do you recall a

*(continued on page 86)*

# INVITATION TO YACHTING



A DELIGHTFUL DIVIDEND of the current boating boom is the emergence of the smaller yacht, a far cry from the gold-braid days of million-dollar floating palaces, just as far from the popular family cockleshell. Between these extremes, today, there is a growing world of yachts and yachtsmen which is less formal than of old and less overpoweringly exclusive, but which still preserves those nautical niceties consistent with fine fun afloat. Today's stock yachts in the 30-foot to 50-foot range are compact pleasure packages providing luxurious quarters comparable to those ashore, vessels on which one may enjoy a way of life which has glamor, excitement, variety and the camaraderie of a very special sport. In this magical world, adults have adult excursions on cabin cruisers and cruising auxiliaries, men get away for easygoing weekends of sport fishing and poker. *(continued on page 65)*

*playboy's guide to fun afloat*



**CHRIS-CRAFT 55-foot Constellation** is a stock-built luxury vessel ideal for coastal cruising, entertaining and living aboard. Her V-bottom hull permits ample beam and consequent spaciousness: she sleeps 10, has a roomy main salon, broad decks, three separate staterooms (one of which—at right—is being used by two pretty crew mates for a fresh-up), cruises at 17 mph and costs \$60,000 and up, depending on optional layouts and decor.

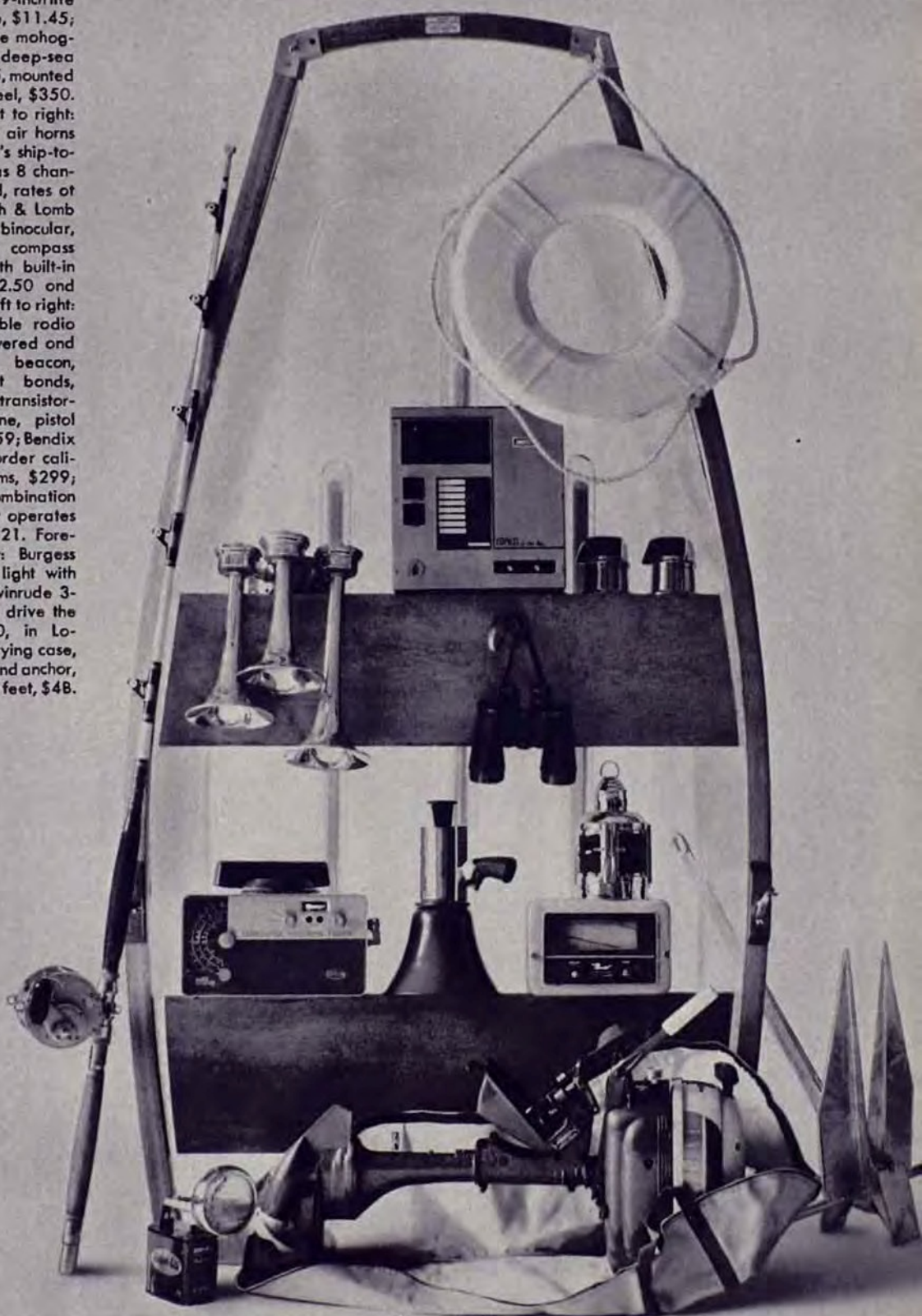


**OUT O' GLOUCESTER** is a compact, sporty 30-footer, rugged and wonderfully seaworthy for her size. Offshore fishing and cruising are her meat; she accommodates four in comfort, has twin controls and flying bridge, and her easily driven hull gives her a cruising speed of 21 mph with twin 135-horsepower engines. She has a very roomy afterdeck for her size which makes her fine for partying as well as fishing, costs but \$15,900 complete.



## NAUTICAL GEAR

Hung on and placed around Sudbury's transparent plastic 44-pound, 8-foot dinghy, \$199.95: Coast Guard-approved 19-inch life ring, from Masters Marine, \$11.45; opposite it, leaning on the mahogany gunwale, Tycoon deep-sea trolling rod of glass, \$135, mounted with Fin-Nor salt-water reel, \$350. On midship seat and left to right: Buell triple, low-pressure air horns in brass, \$300; Vocaline's ship-to-shore radio-telephone has 8 channels plus broadcast band, rates of 135 watts, \$725; Bausch & Lomb 7x50 wide-field Navy binocular, \$205; matched chrome compass and course indicator with built-in lights, by Airguide, \$22.50 and \$20. On the stern seat, left to right: Raytheon Ranger portable radio direction finder, self-powered and transistorized, receives beacon, marine and broadcast bands, \$299.50; Calomity Jane transistorized battery megaphone, pistol grip and trigger switch, \$59; Bendix transistorized depth recorder calibrated in feet or fathoms, \$299; atop it Perko's chrome combination port and starboard light operates on oil and electricity, \$21. Foreground, in usual order: Burgess clamp-on sealed beam light with 6-volt battery, \$9.95; Evinrude 3-horsepower outboard to drive the dinghy nicely, \$161.50, in Lafayette's leatherette carrying case, \$13.45; Danforth 18-pound anchor, suitable for craft up to 40 feet, \$48.



## NAUTICAL GEAR

The fiberglass Minimum Dinghy, just under 7 feet, is unsinkable, weighs 45 pounds, \$179. Chrome mobile is a Windometer, lives atop yachtman's house, hooks to three-dialed blond box (indoors) to show wind velocity and direction (center dial is a barometer), by Aircraft Components, \$99.50. Standing on Windometer case are Airguide's chrome clock and barometer, \$33.50 and \$18.50, suitable for mounting, shown in walnut deskrest, \$6.50. Continuing counterclockwise: mahogany chart case-table, from Commodore, \$25. RCA ship-to-shore radio telephone, 8 channels, \$750. Standing on it, the DF-O-Matic transistorized, battery-powered radio direction finder with left-right course indicator, \$249. Raytheon's direct-reading depth saunder (2 to 120 feet), \$159.50. Tubular aluminum Fold & Stack cockpit or deck chair, \$7.20. The indefatigable British Seagull 1½-horsepower lightweight outboard (dandy for this dinghy), \$130. Six-step, mahogany folding boarding ladder by Perko, \$72.50. On its steps, going up: chrome gimbaled ashtray with wind guard, by Rubel, \$16.95. Zenith's transistorized portable in leather case doubles as small-boat radio direction finder, \$99.50; Bendix automatic pilot's wheelhouse control, hanging beside it remote control for change of course and power steering from any position on boat, \$674 complete. Flare pistol with 6 shells (two shown), by Kilgore, \$29.95.







and other aspects of high living on the high seas are pleasantly prevalent. Several factors have contributed to this easier, water-borne way of life, most important among them the boats on which it is lived — a representative fleet of which is pictured on these pages.

The yachtsman's vessel nowadays may be his for as little as the cost of a fine car or — unless he demands overpowering opulence — no more than he'd pay for a superior house. Modern construction, modern motors, modern electronic gear and other accessories have made paid crews largely dispensable — which in turn has increased privacy and the size of owners' quarters, while decreasing the size of the vessels themselves. Indeed, these smaller seagoers have just as much space devoted to the comfort and pleasure of the owner and his party as the big babies did, and they go far beyond them in many a luxurious wrinkle. This holds true right down to the smallest

**HUCKINS** is to motor yachts what Rolls-Royce is to cars: both represent the finest in construction and design, are notable for their indifference to fads and trim, provide instantly recognizable distinction. Above is the Linwood 53 Fairform Flyer, driven with great stability and quiet by twin engines in the extreme stern and at a cruising speed of 27 mph. Her accommodations for eight are the last word in seagoing luxury, include three baths and four separate staterooms. Price varies with buyer's preferences in layout and fittings, probably averages \$75,000. Below: a yachtsman at bridge's wheel enjoys a sense of power.





CREEKMORE (left) is an out-and-out sailer but her fiberglass construction makes for more room below than conventional wood vessels of her 36-foot length provide. Yawl rigged here (more commonly sloop rigged) she is an easily driven and easily handled centerboarder with accommodations for four or five (in main cabin and stateroom). Ample cockpit makes her fine for day soiling and cruising—and she should do well in ocean racing, too. Sails are Dacron, price about \$20,000 including gas or diesel auxiliary engine.

vessels that can be classed as luxury craft. Space and gear have been utilized in the canniest ways, and the gentleman who lives well ashore and doesn't want to go hairy-chested just because he's on a boat, can take his pleasure and comfort with him. There is nothing unusual about TV and hi-fi on today's yachts. Galleys in which meals to satisfy the most Lucullan taste can be turned out are a commonplace, and the surroundings in which to enjoy these amenities are appropriately pleasant.

Ship-to-shore radios, radio direction finders, radar, depth recorders, automatic pilots and electronic megaphones are some of the gear in general use today, engineered for reliability in a compact package and styled to fit in with the most modern decor. No pulsing heap of wires, tubes and old solder need intrude on the tasteful, well-thought-out way most modern yachts are furnished.

Many of today's yachts are set up with entertaining aboard in mind, and designers have also made sure that there is plenty of locker space for the proper clothes. Informality aboard one night and a blast on the town the next are easy to manage.

Marinas — those yacht-accommodating motels which offer every shore convenience as well as berthage for boats — now



ENTERPRISE 35 is the ultimate development of the sport skiff for deep-sea fishing and high-speed performance in rough water. Her characteristics are great strength, light weight, tremendous power: she'll cruise at 32 mph, has a top speed of 42. Although she sleeps four in wheelhouse and stateroom, her principal feature is her large cockpit, continuous with the wheelhouse. This makes her not only ideal for fishing but great for lazy basking—and a boat-hoppers' haven at cocktail time. Enterprise has dual controls; below, she's being skippered from the flying bridge as she gets up and planes. Price, about \$37,500.



Code flags not in *The Sea Scout Manual* but not hard to read: cocktail flag invites bibbers aboard; sleepy bunnies say "Quiet, please"; Jolly Roger opprises fair game of pirotical intent; battle axe means Mrs. Bligh is standing by to repel boarders.

dot the nation's shores and waterways, making it possible to cruise in comfort from harbor to harbor, rendezvousing with other boating buddies at sundown when the cocktail flag is flown. Visiting back and forth, or exploring the harbor in the outboard-powered dinghy, provides a fun-filled respite from the day's run. Here, too, one may lay over on a blustery day, snuggled down in the cabin with congenial companions, or go ashore to find what action the local scene affords.

Recognized yacht clubs — once few and overpoweringly exclusive — are also to be found in almost every harbor and boating center. And membership entitles you to guest privileges at most other clubs — everything from a mooring and ice to the Saturday night dance — wherever you may be.

There's another facet which characterizes yachting as we like it. This is the delightful halfway point between rugged ocean voyaging, entailing the kind of hardship which prompts landlubbers to say "Who needs it?" and the equally unneeded and opposite occupation of paddling around a pond. Blue water or fresh water, the modern yacht — power or sail — provides sensational runs, whether it's an afternoon of drinking or fishing, or zipping along to the tune of a spanking breeze, or a couple of weeks of island and harbor hopping in the Bahamas, Long Island Sound, the Great Lakes, Puget Sound and the Straits of Juan de Fuca, the Coast of Maine, the Keys or wherever.

The term "yachting" can, of course, mean different things to different people. For some, it's the only way to exist: they literally live afloat. Others are dedicated racers who relish the tension of competition (which in boat races can be viciously keen); some get their clout from battling the elements and mak-

*(concluded on page 82)*



**NEWPORTER** (above) is a superb cruising ketch that verges on the matar-sailer. 40 feet on deck, 32 feet on the waterline and clipper bowed, she has luxurious accommodations for six in two staterooms and her large, airy doghouse. Built of fiberglass-covered plywood, Newporter really sails, yet has a cruising range at 10 mph of 1000 miles under quiet diesel power. She sells for \$25,000 to \$30,000, depending on equipment, and may be had sloop rigged. Left: Newporter's unusual cockpit features a cushioned poop deck for lolling about as she foats along, a mahogany taffrail, plenty of standing headroom under the mizzen boom, davits to hold a pram. Doghouse windows give helmsman good vision ahead.



MATTHEWS 42-foot convertible sedan cruiser with flying bridge is built on a stock hull which can be equipped with a variety of cabin plans. Matthews is one of the oldest and most respected builders; the vessel shown here is comfortable, sturdy, accommodates six in two staterooms and wheelhouse, and boasts a large, circular dining nook opposite her galley. Her round-bottom hull makes her an excellent sea boot, gives her a cruising speed of 20 mph. Cost varies with layout and power plant, runs upward from about \$33,000. Below: at anchor in a snug harbor a portion is folded back to join wheelhouse and cockpit into a 20-foot-long area. This is when the cocktail flag is flown to beckon other yachtsmen and their dates for impromptu drinking and dancing as the sun goes down.

PHOTOGRAPHED ESPECIALLY FOR PLAYBOY BY STANLEY ROSENFELD





*"Say, maybe I could go to the masquerade party as Brigitte Bardot."*



## THE INCREDIBLE ADVENTURES OF DINO

*do you think a man succeeds because he has a song  
in his heart and a sneaky bookkeeper? it is not so simple*

IN THE SPRING a light young man turns to fancy thoughts of taking his activities out onto the leather seat of his convertible. Sometimes it is only imitation leather: but then often, alas, it is only imitation activities.

Dino Durbin was tired of prostituting his poetic talents at writing the blurbs on the back of Coolster record albums, especially since he was paid only enough to support a 1949 Buick convertible of which the top had converted downwards definitively in 1952. Girls loved him in

the sun; when it rained or suddenly cooled, they cooled toward him, despite the stock of used raincoats which he offered to gather about them.

"As I said about that Zeke Smith group, honey, no, it was Rootie Jones and his Hot Flashes, you're a masterpiece of synchronization and chilled passion —"

"If you don't either get that top up or me out of the rain, dig, I'll run out onto the road and lie there until a passing motorist picks me up." This was Norrie speaking, tousle-haired, sullen, golden-

haired Norrie.

"Like I said, chilled passion," said Dino, coaxing the motor to start, adjusting the poncho over Norrie's electric cropped head, and deciding that he was giving up band chicks from here on in. On to better and smaller things! he thought. "I'm going back to graduate," he said moodily.

"Gradgewaite? Where's that? I thought you came from Ashtabula."

"No, collitch," he said, pronouncing  
(continued on page 76)

A former star on the Yugoslavian Olympic swimming team, Tania Velia doffs her team shirt and suit to give our camera an unobstructed view of her championship form.



**F**IFTEEN SWIMMERS comprised the Yugoslavian Olympic team competing in Austria in 1954. Fourteen returned to their Iron Curtain country. One, Tania Velia, selected as "Miss Yugoslavia," displayed brains to match her blonde beauty by slipping away from the guards into the American zone at Salzburg, to escape forever from Yugoslavery. Tania cooperated swimmingly when we asked to take pictures. She was wearing her modest team sweatshirt and swimsuit. We explained that, for **PLAYBOY**, we'd like something a bit more appealing, so she obligingly peeled off the shirt and suit and swam about in her birthday finery, and fine it was. "Something like this?" asked the Slavonic tonic. "Everything like that," we said.

## MAKING A SPLASH

*pictorial*







*from behind the iron curtain, an aquatic form divine*

Unlike many bathing beauties who won't get wet, Tania, once elected Miss Yugoslavia, obviously enjoys a spree in a pool. One reason why may well be that it was her swimming prowess that enabled her to flee from Communism. Speaking of it now, she says, "I swam my way to freedom."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY SAM WU





The rules of refraction are powerless to distort Miss Velia's pulchritudinous posing at pool's edge (above). Refreshed and relaxed from her exercise, Tania uses a diving board as her place in the sun (below), fortifying her midsummer tan.



## DINO (continued from page 71)

toothily so that she would understand. "I'm going to better myself."

"Yes, go better yourself a little, Dino honey. You're never too old to learn."

"I'm twenty-seven. I'm healthy. I can get a crewcut and take a couple courses. Like that, I'll learn to advance myself in my chosen field of endeavor, writing lies about musicians on record jackets." He gave her his profile as they moved down the country road; the rain took a slant, and down it swirled, through his eyebrows, sideburns, under his own poncho, and trickled into his suit, where some but not enough of it was absorbed by the strap of his Ivy League pants.

"A-chew," said Norrie. "Better than spending the money on a summer session, dig me, you should fix the top of this wagon. However, rest assured that I'll be true to you until you return."

And her mouth came apart in peals of wild ironic laughter.

A few days later, young, forward-looking, ambitious Dino Durbin was masquerading as a young, forward-looking, ambitious young man on the campus of Powdermilk University. Having prepared several jacket blurbs in advance, leaving only the names of the outfits blank, he persuaded his boss, Jake Durbin (who also, as luck would have it, happened to be his father) that a leave of absence was for the good of the company. Jake checked his last bit of copy and OK'd the leave, and now, in a class in modern poetry, Dino was trying to forget his most recent prose poem:

"Hex Spot has a real swinging group of the new archifrigido school. When discovered in the back room of the Swift meat packers, his musical efforts still showed traces of the bleating of the disappointed lambs who are demoted into Spam, but gradually he has learned to use his trumpet in a less introspective manner, while retaining all the thoughtfulness which characterizes this movement. Not that Hex wishes to disown entirely the frantic exhalations of Bartók, Brubeck, and the Swift piggyper, but he has something unique on his mind, and with the unusual combo of (3, 4, 5, 6, 7 — check exact no.) men, he manages to express the supreme pathos of our time in such a number as the highly controlled *Wolley Segap*. (Yes, this is Yellow Pages spelled backwards.) It may be some while before the squares at Newport, Cape Canaveral, or the Café Bohemia learn which end is up, but . . ."

Jake Durbin had studied the electrotyped sheet. "You've earned a rest, son," said Jake. "Go."

Dino dodged the brass paperweight thrown by his father, and went.

Now he was listening to Michael Mainwaring, well-known young critic, lectur-

ing about how only those who appreciate today's music can absorb a true sense of contemporary life and poetry. "You must not get out of touch," said Mainwaring. "The day of the ivory tower is past. Attention, attention must be paid modern man! Go out and purchase a record of Muggsy Spanier or Glenn Miller — play it on your gramophone — hear the beat of today's hearts. Those who say that *Porgy and Bess* will never sell are wrong! I predict a great success for Gershwin, as well as for the poetry of T. S. Eliot, W. H. Auden, and if the fates only will it, yours truly."

He bowed modestly, took up his straw boater and his bamboo cane, and exited backwards in his version of a youthfully insouciant step (modified Charleston). "Why do you suppose he does that?" Dino mused aloud.

"Obsession," said a lithe young voice behind him. It could be described as a lithe young voice because it bent around his ego, peeled off the protective coating, and left the libido bare and quivering. It was the voice of Saralee Sanders, smiling and happy young daughter of a former commander in the Navy who had unexpectedly illuminated her childish innocence by strangling her mother. She told Dino all this within a few minutes. "Pop loved me too much, thus wanted me all to himself. Mom got in the way. She really had to go. I used to ambition for being a band singer, but now I want only the quiet life of a devoted intellectual, retired from the world. Do you like my hair? I think ponytails are coming back. At the trial Pop said he broke Mom's esophagus because she talked too much, but that couldn't be, because each and every member of our family is positively taciturn. Not a word, I mean. He must have been lying is how I dope it out. You're Dino Durbin, aren't you?"

"Would you like to fall out for some coffee?" asked Dino as soon as he could plant the suggestion.

It grew.

"Yes," said Saralee. "I started to say about Mainwaring's obsession, Dino — that walking out backwards jazz. It's because he's afraid of being surprised from the rear. Aren't people geese? When you know Freud and all, I mean. I mean geese. I've been analyzed and I understand about such things. I think incest is square, don't you? I'd love some coffee. Cream, no sugar."

On the way out, down the sweet winding paths of a Vermont campus, Saralee brushed lightly against Dino, chattering all the while with the gay abandon of girlish flirtation about neurosis, poetry, hydrogen fallout. Dino wished she would bump him that way some more. His self-confidence was returning with each nudge and jiggle, gradually, after the

cumulative shock of the many Norries who objected to his unconvertible convertible; and when Saralee slipped off her shoes as they sat sipping coffee, caressed him gently with her toes, and even snagged a toenail in his Argyle socks, he felt that graduate work toward a Ph.D. lay exactly in his line.

"You don't mind, do you?" Saralee asked.

"No, I can always get new socks."

"I mean about reading poetry aloud to each other for the oral sound of it. Poetry has an oral dimension, you know."

"Yes, in showbiz we add words to music in order to make what we call 'songs.'"

"Oh I've heard of that. Hm. 'Songs.' Caedmon records has some *songs*. Combines poem and chords, doesn't it? Impure medium, no? But about that toe-work, my analyst cured me of the obsession. I used to always feel for men's ankles with my feet. It used to be neurotic. Now that I'm healthy I only do it for kicks, that's the college word for 'fun,' in case you didn't know —"

"I dig."

"What? Huh? You say something? A penny for clarification of your innermost psychic dialog, Dino."

Naturally this sweet and nubile lass, softly walking, leaning her hand lightly upon his arm, talking to a cooperative tune, caused thoughts to arise in Dino's turbulent young male breast. Thoughts of long walks and deep communication, thoughts of promises and fulfillment, thoughts of SILENCE, BLESSED SILENCE, in the arms of the strangler's favorite daughter.

She also had her own car with a top which went up and down by a button. She explained how it worked and suggested that Dino try pressing her button. He tried, and she slapped his face. "Later, sillykins," she said. "Not that button. You've hardly said anything to me at all about yourself, and here I've told you so much, confided in you . . . Aside from the strangle slaying, I come from a good family. We always answer our letters from the *Reader's Digest* and pay our rent on the first. I want you to meet Pop as soon as they let him out."

"I ambition to," said Dino.

But her face darkened. "Only they've extended his sentence because of what he did in the shower room at the Pen. I don't think he meant anything by it, do you? He was just trying to be friendly."

"A solid chap, I'm sure. Those boys just don't understand true friendliness. They've lost their primal innocence."

"He's willing to turn the other cheek, why aren't they? No charity. Do you like Miles Davis?"

Saralee had her little way of changing the subject, but Dino determined to get used to it. Everyone has habits, and

(continued on page 80)

# TEEVEE JEEBIES

*new dialog for the late late show*

THE NEXT TIME YOU TURN ON your television set and find yourself confronted with an evening of vintage film fare so familiar you can almost recite the trite and true dialog before the actors do, try playing our new game, Teevee Jeebies. Any number can play, and the rules are simple: Turn down the audio, and create your own scenario for the stirring scenes that move across your screen. (If you turn off the video as well, you may improve matters further, but you won't be playing the game.) The more active the imagination, the more the fun. See what a good time we've had with these scenes from some typical TV movies?



*"I know this is entertaining as hell, but how about helping me with my bags before I miss the 5:18!!"*



*"I . . . I've lost the Wildroot account."*



*"These TV dinners just aren't worth a damn!"*



*"For Pete's sake, Harry, can't you wait till city hall opens in the morning and we can get a license?!"*



*"It's not exactly that we want to get married, Judge . . ."*



*"Good evening, Ed . . ."*



*"This 'Peanuts' really breaks me up."*



*"You silly son of a bitch!"*



*"You want to know why your share's smaller this week? I'll tell you why — 'cause you've been throwing your newspapers on the lawn instead of up on the porch — that's why!!"*



*"I asked you before we went out this evening, 'Do you have your key?' . . . I said, 'Don't forget to take your key.' . . . I asked, 'Are you taking your key or should I take mine?' . . . I asked you . . . I told you . . . I . . ."*



*"What do you mean, 'Charlie gave them to you'?"*



*"I've never mainlined either, but what the hell . . ."*



*"Thanks anyway, but I'm getting it with this back-scratcher."*



*"I told you we should have gone to the public beach!"*



*"Here it is — 'Frigidity, a state of being abnormally adverse to sexual contact with the male, usually manifesting itself in . . .'"*



*"Better take the afternoon off."*

## DINO

(continued from page 76)

after all, you don't often find a beautiful, charming and cooperative girl your first day back in summer school. Beautiful (honeyblonde hair, honeytanned skin, laughing eyes and plump lips) and charming (educated, sophisticated, her own car) she was; and cooperative she seemed to be (that trick of leaning, walking, looking into his eyes). "Say, you seem to be getting a little conjunctivitis," she said. "Reminds me of my pop. I got just the drops for you."

Dazzled and head-lightened by such luck, Dino let himself be led back to Saralee's apartment. It was a magnificent sublet, with French windows opening onto a view of the Vermont hills. She opened them, stretched her arms toward the Green Mountains, took a deep breath, put some records on the phonograph, and said, "I'm going to slip into something more comfortable."

"What?" A negligee, thought Dino, guessing hopefully.

"Oh, I think I'll slip into some Zoot Sims. This uptown jazz makes me jitter a little." She pressed the reject nob on the phonograph. "Lie down, please."

"Aw, Saralee, don't be so modern. Let me take the initiative, will you?"

"I got the zincfrin for your eyes," she announced. "It'll knock 'em out. Lie down."

Blissfully Dino stretched himself onto the couch. (He was a modern man after all.) Once again life seemed worthwhile, after all the ills the flesh is heir to—broken shoelaces, toilet paper that won't unwind, damp socks, stuck convertible tops, a domineering father. A life needs focus. Dino was reading great poetry in order to rise above his troubles, and now Saralee, who was a little poem herself, bent over him with an anxious look and a dropper in her hand. Plop, plop. Two drops in each eye. It stung. "Ouch!" said Dino, and reached for Saralee.

She comforted him, stroked his hair, and then slapped his face. It was the same reaction that she had had in the car when Dino had wanted to try out her gadgets. She was willing to whisper sweet sick jokes into his ear, but not sweet nothings. "Aw," he said, quoting *Immortal Poems of the English Language*, edited by Oscar Williams: "My Love is like to Ice, and I to Fire."

"That's Edmund Spenser," said Saralee, "and it means you want to cop a feel. No baby. No sir. In the first place, Spenser (1552-1599) is *vieux jeu* and very square, and in the second place, my poor dead mother told me only to kiss the man I intend to marry. Otherwise it's unsanitary."

"Who said anything about kissing? Besides, I could brush my teeth."

"I don't care, I'll get a Bad Reputation." Saralee's mouth wore that plump yes-I-will-and-no-I-won't pout. "Who are you," she asked, "who are you to drive me toward ruin in a car with a top that doesn't fold back up neatly? Sometimes those disbarred illegal doctors make you wait outside in the rain. Your move, Dino." And she stopped and showed her teeth. This was an argument she hoped to lose.

"Better get wet with me than be bored and contract horrible Tired Blood," said Dino.

Saralee paused as if considering the remedy he proposed. She sighed. She looked into the brink, turned away dizzy, declared: "Just because I'm a coed you don't have to think I'm one of Those Girls, just because I have such a luscious suntan, just because I'm so well stacked." And Saralee extended her fingernails and examined them carefully, from several angles, as if they were mirrors.

"We'll have to look into this," said Dino.

Saralee contemplated Dino bleakly. He did not seem to understand. "Course it's different," she said, "if a person is like going steady. Then a person has a duty to find out if a person is soulmates with a person. What kind of pin you wear?"

"I'm not pledged yet. I'm sort of old for the fraternity life."

"You're never, not ever too old for literature and Sagma Tao, the Zen hipster frat. If you'll give up Edmund Spenser, not to mention Oscar Williams, you can probably get in on the strength of your literary attainments. Tell something to your little friend: are hip and hep the same things, mon? What do you think of *By Love Possessed*? Do you have a cigarette?"

Lighting her at the end which gives you more of what you pay for a filter for, Dino said, "It's a great number. I heard Rootie Jones and his Hot Flashes premiere it on their Vegetable Compound Show, direct from Nashville." Dino chanted the lyrics for Saralee:

*Ah'm glad ya possessed me  
Cuz naow Ah'm By Love Possessed*

And so it came to pass that, for love of Saralee Sanders, Dino joined the hippest frat on campus, Sagma Tao. It shall be noted here that the founder of the frat, Old Tao Sagma, the mon himself, preached the exchange of essences; that is, that opposites attract; that is, in translation from the original San Franciscan, "He Who Wants To Get There Best, Must Not Come Around From Behind." (The translation by Constance Garnett was somewhat stiff at the comma. It corners well, however, and has two speeds in reverse.)

Back to our lovers in suspended animadversion. The basic truths of life were being given a hard time by Saralee.

Going steady did not seem to mean as much to her as it did to Dino. "Do you think we can catch a fresh trio this weekend? Let's drive to town," she asked.

"Oh my, but I'd rather just spend the day in the library, and then have a milkshake," said Dino.

As you can see, they were learning from each other.

"—smooching," said Dino.

"Or trying hard to," Saralee said. "But I do dearly love a single gold band, don't you?"

Conflicting currents were running in the hearts and minds of Dino and Saralee. Dino wanted to celebrate that holiday which comes whenever a man can make it come; Saralee wanted to set a date for it, and make it public. At the same time, during their hours together Dino was becoming interested in poetry and books—for the sake of books and poetry. And Saralee was growing bewitched by the glamor of singing before a big band (a quintet) or a little intimate combo (five men). This too was for the sake of ideals.

"But I wanted to get away from all that—the music biz and Norrie and longplays," Dino protested. "It's not real. The band chicks even got falsies that jiggle."

"But little me, I wanted something more in life than A in lit and B-plus in creative writing. . . . But Norrie? *Norrie who?* WHO NORRIE?"

"Oh cripes," said Dino.

"You have a past!" said Saralee, eyes narrowing, pointing an accusing finger at Dino.

He blushed. "Yup," he admitted. "Time Wounds All Heels."

She fell into his arms. "Why didn't you tell me? I want to hear all about it. Did you hurt her terribly? Darling," she said, rubbing her hands through his hair, then taking his hand and rubbing it over her. "Oooh, you thrill me."

Now at this point we must introduce an essential element in Dino's character: he was not a stupe. He was not even a dope. He was hip and he was smart. He knew the story of Pygmalion, and how the weary old Greek tried to make a perfect woman from rather damp, unpromising clay, and of the trouble this caused everybody. It occurred to Dino that he did not want trouble. A little bit of itchy trouble, yes; but a whole lot of crawly trouble, no. He was not born to play Pygmalion.

"Pardon, kid," he said, "I got to send a wire."

He went home and thought and thought and thought. At last he remembered what he had said to Saralee: "Got to send a wire." It occurred to him that he might as well do it. He dictated to Western Union over the telephone in his modest little apartment: BE WITH ME BEAUTY FOR THE FIRE IS DYING JOHN



MASEFIELD CIRCA 1900 HOW ABOUT A WEEK-END ON CAMPUS WIRE REPLY DINO.

If women are going to be all alike, thought Dino, maybe Norrie whom I know is a bit smarter than Saralee, whom I know too well. In other words, stop running and see. Try her patiently. Wait. Watch. Get the top to the convertible fixed.

Norrie arrived, looking good. He recognized her by the size 36-D cups. "You are more beautiful," he cried, "than the morning star. Hair like threaded gold! Eyes piercing to the undersoul! Nose by Hellenic sculpture! Bazoom by Jayne Mansfield! Touch like flame! Feet as to a gazelle's, swiftly running! Gown by Balenciaga!"

She stared at him, her mouth slightly open, eyes bugged. She sniffed the air for the fragrance of clove gum.

"Your voice is perfection without echo chamber or Luboff chorus! Eyes by hyperthyroid! Your tongue is sweet as the rose and red as sugar, only vice versa! When you kiss, your aroma —"

"By Ponds," she said. "You really been to college, nescafé? Will you write jacket blurbs like that for me? Will you? Will you write them? You will?" "Yes," he said.

"OK," she snapped. "But will you please goddammit talk like a human being when you're only talking?"

The weekend passed in several days. It was good to renew auld acquaintance, but Dino now realized that, like Dick Whittington, he had to make his fortune before he could be worthy of Norrie, Saralee or Felicity (who worked in the library). He remembered Shakespeare's (1564-1616) command, "Absent thee from Felicity a while." He must go back to the city and prove himself. He sent Norrie away. He explained to Saralee. He dawdled by Felicity's desk in the library.

Tears filled Saralee's eyes, and tenderly Felicity sighed, "Goodbye, baby, goodbye. Goodbye, honest Iago. Have a good time, Dino (1928-?)."

Felicity only added, "You'll be charged three cents a day for each overdue book."

He left college for the last time.

This time, however, he hoped to prove himself by not working for father. His father understood, and contributed to the feeling of independence by taking away his gasoline credit card, his allowance, and a tie he had lent him last Easter. "Prodigal, return!" cried his dad. "But if you don't, then starve, Buster."

Dino felt this pressure as crass but making a certain sense. Fortunately he had lifetime subscriptions to his favorite magazines, but there are other needs! Other hungers! Rent, food, clothes,

quarters for the washing machines, pennies for girls' thoughts, buffered aspirins for after the girl gives you her thoughts. Popular songs seemed like a way to make a living for a man who had sincere-type commercial feelings, and so he managed to use his influence to get Tib Greenleaf to record a sure-fire number, *The Lord Loves a Happy Man*. But the song bombed. It came in just between calypso and rockabilly, missed the religious upbeat season, and the Comfort label went bankrupt.

Then he used his influence with performers to find a brief substitute job as disc jockey in Chicago: "Hi y'all to all you fellas out there in radioland, and to those of you fellas who are mothers with growing children and doing the washing today, I see by the calendarland it's washdayland in Old Chicagosville. Well, you fellas ought to try the new detergent, Detergentsville . . ."

But this too did not satisfy his yearning for creative fulfillment; i.e., they failed to renew his contract.

Finally he returned to New York to visit his father, the mogul, titan, and Nimrod of the pay-your-own-way song business. Most of the composers of Coolster numbers were true artists who would not accept royalties. His father greeted him in friendly fashion, all his peccadillos forgiven. (Dino had sent his



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father a live peccadillo from the Everglades.) "Son," said Jake Durbin, "tell me what you want out of life. I'm in a theoretical mood today. The income tax people just finished going over one of my sets of books and I'm clean as a whistle."

"Congrats, pops," said Dino.

"Well, Jeez, I was lucky. You can't lose 'em all. But tell me."

Dino formulated his thoughts crisply. "Well, daddy-o, and you really are my daddy-o, pops. I just want the simple American things—friendly spouse, kiddies, cottage with the white picket fence, power lawn mower, electric knife sharpener—"

"Musical, eh? I like that." Pops nodded solemnly. "But what about the girl? You got some chick in mind for wiving purposes, son?"

Dino explained that this department was not yet filled. It was difficult. There were two girls, Saralee and Norrie, very different types. Opposite ends of the spectrum. Nothing at all alike. One was a band singer and the other one wanted to be a band singer.

"Hum," said his daddy. "This is a serious problem. I didn't know you made out so well. Chip off the. Tell you what, we'll audition them both. You take me in as a partner there in that department, and I'll make you a partner in the business, the money department. I'm getting older, son. I'm slowing down. I'm not the man I used to be. . . . In other words, I like tender young girls." He gnashed his teeth; he sneveled. "Let's be pals, son," he said. "Lead me to them."

Thus it happened that Dino Durbin, after many vicissitudes and disappointments, became a self-made man in the recording and publishing business. Do you think a man rises to the rank of music publisher because he has a song in his heart, a cigar in his mouth, and a sneaky bookkeeper? It is not so simple and the path is fraught with pain and trouble.

Take Dino Durbin, for example. He lost both Norrie and Saralee to his father. Turned out that they liked sincere-type, mature-type men with gray-ing sideburns and power machinery to cut through the glory road. Dino wrote jacket copy for both of them, however, and received autographed photographs in return. "For Dearest Darling Dino," Saralee added: "From your stepmother."

As soon as he could get the convertible top repaired, he would take out Felicity and try for true love once more. She seemed to be a sweet, young thing, laconic and lovable, with no ambitions to rival Rosemary Clooney. At least he had never caught her singing in the shower. Sad to say, he had not yet caught her in the shower at all.

## YACHTING

(continued from page 68)

ing like old salts, and a dedicated coterie lives for and dreams about the big fish. But there are many—and we are among them—who prefer a bit of all of this, plus the sheer pleasure of being with likeminded friends and commanding a shipshape vessel that gives more in fun and sport than she demands in handling.

These are the generalities of the yachting picture. How about the practical details? What is the best boat for you, how much does it cost, what are the facts of life on running it?

To live afloat in the manner described here, the size range starts at about 30 feet, and \$10,000 can be looked on as a bare minimum initial cost. From here, the limit is what you make it. A large modern yacht, custom built to an owner's special taste in equipment, layout and interior decoration, can gobble up a quarter of a million without even getting her bottom wet. But whereas almost every luxury yacht was custom built 20 years ago, many of the finest now available are turned out by stock-boat builders with national distribution through dealers. Even though they are stock boats, each one is finished off to an owner's own taste and requirements, and they give nothing away in design and engineering, or in layout and fittings. As a rule of thumb for customized stock boats of this type and for cruising auxiliaries, those from 40 feet up can be figured at about \$1000 a foot for the smaller ones, and perhaps \$1200 a foot once you get over 50 feet. The figure jumps at an owner's whim in highly responsive fashion.

Under 40 feet, the price per foot can be kept a lot lower. A good stock 35-footer need not be much more than \$500 a foot, and there are 30-footers available at about \$300 a foot if the extras are kept down. Today's 28-30-foot stock cabin cruiser, sport utility or cruising sailboat in the \$10,000 range, offers more boat for the overall size than craft a third again as big did 12 years ago.

Boats under 40 feet seldom require a professional captain or provide crew accommodations, and any owner who wants to can learn to run such a boat by himself. Above this size, availability of amateur or paid helping hands should be considered in determining choice of vessel.

Maintenance is another key consideration, since modern materials and construction methods have made fewer inroads in the big boat field than in small, mass-produced outboards and racing sailboats. Fiberglass has yet to make its appearance in large power-boats, although it is now common for sailboats up to 40 feet. This reduces maintenance on hulls to a minimum.

Great ingenuity now goes into devis-

ing the utmost in accommodations per foot of length. A popular layout for sport-fishermen and utility boats in the smaller range utilizes two bunks and a head (marine toilet) under the forward deck and a convertible area under the shelter cabin which opens on the cockpit. In it are galley, sink and icebox, making bartending simple, plus day benches that can be used as overnight bunks by curtaining the shelter.

This same principle has been carried over to the big cabin cruisers. Many of them now have sliding panels that open their main lounge up to the adjoining sun deck, forming a single space for entertaining and relaxing that makes use of two-thirds of the boat's length. Below this area are separate, comfortable staterooms for when the party wants to divide itself into equal parts.

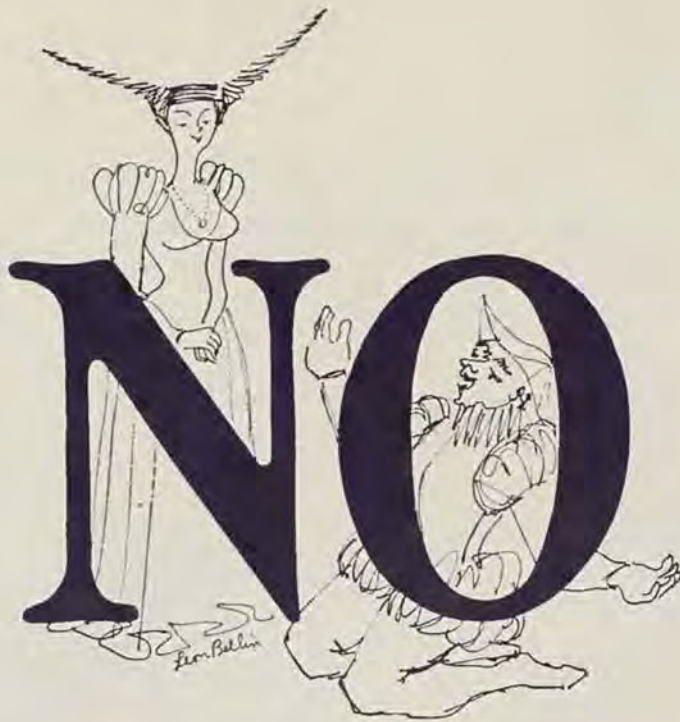
A great many power boats are fitted out for sport fishing by the addition of a flying bridge for better conning, and have fighting chairs and outriggers. Unsuitable, however, is the cabin yacht with a stateroom in the stern and a high sun deck over it—six feet off the water is no place to land a marlin.

All these things should be thought of in deciding on what kind of boat to buy. If your hours afloat are to be informal and easygoing and mostly during the daytime, you have no need for an elaborate yacht with complete living accommodations. If you prefer to spend long periods on a boat in comfort comparative to a well-appointed city apartment, a simple utility sport boat with a big day cockpit and small cabin wouldn't give you what you want. Type of berthing accommodations available, depth and character of home waters, and your party-giving proclivities should all be considered.

An entirely separate world is the one of sail. Its devotees tend to be the more romantic, philosophical type, who notice such things as full moons, the delicate curve of a well-cut mainsail and the blessed silence when the motor is turned off. Sailboats take longer to get somewhere and are not for the speed fans per se, even though there is just as much of a sense of power and speed in a sailboat going nine knots as in a powerboat going 29. They present more of a challenge, more variety, and a more complete escape from the hurly-burly of shore life.

All of which adds up to this: whatever your preference in power or sail, in size and layout, in function and cost, there is probably a stock boat that comes very close to your ideal. And whatever that ideal may be, you'll find other yachtsmen who share it and with whom you can spend hours or days at a time in the pursuit of those intimate and informal pleasures which the nautical life uniquely provides.





## Ribald Classic

The first English translation of a tale from the Portuguese *Contos Tradicionaes* of Theophilo Braga

A WEALTHY CHATELAIN, in the old days, was married to a lady of great beauty and small intelligence. When he was required to make a long journey to the king's court and thus leave his wife alone for many days, he feared that her simple mind might lead her into peril, for scoundrels and adventurers were aroam in the land. Therefore he counseled her: "Woman, you must promise that during my absence, should persons of any rank put questions of any nature to you, a plain No will *always* be your answer." This, he reasoned, was the least complicated way to keep her and his property from harm. The lady promised, and the chatelain departed.

After he had been gone for some time, the lady grew bored with loneliness and could find no distraction other than peering over the edge of her roof-terrace or gazing down on the road from the window of a watchtower. One day a very gallant young knight passed that way. He directed a pretty compliment to the lady whose beauty had caught his eye. She returned the look demurely and even smiled. "Most beautiful of *senhoras*," he then said boldly, "would you consent to my spending the night in your bower?"

"No," replied the lady without the slightest hesitation.

The knight was taken aback by the promptness of that No, for the lady's eyes and whole demeanor were hardly

so negative. He tried again: "Well, do you want me to be eaten by wolves as I cross the mountain?"

"No!" said the lady quickly.

The knight was astounded by this apparent change of heart, and he pursued the matter, saying: "And do you want me to ride on and fall into the hands of highwaymen as I pass through yonder dark forest?"

"No," replied the lady.

The knight began to perceive that her No might very well be some sort of answer by rote, and accordingly changed the phrasing of his questions. "Then you deny me all hospitality?" he asked.

"No."

"You refuse to let me into the house to spend the night?"

"No."

After these replies the knight entered the chateau and continued to converse with the lady, and to all his questions her answers were the same. Thus, when he asked if his features displeased her, or if a little kiss would offend her, or such-and-such a caress insult her, she replied "No."

When he had had enough of these minor pleasantries, he asked her, "May I retire now to my bedroom?"

"No," said the lady softly.

"I may not sleep alone, then?" he inquired.

"No," she whispered with a smile . . .

The following morning, much re-

freshed, the knight arose and was eager to set out again on his journey, for he had much to do. The lady, however, restrained him with warm arms. Surfeited with her bounty, the knight said, "Do you command me to stay longer with you?"

"No," she sighed wistfully.

The knight then left, and rode on to the king's court. He found knights and gentlemen sitting before a blazing fire exchanging adventures. When his turn came, he did not hesitate to recount the story of No. But when he came to the part about how he had gained access to the lady's bed, the chatelain, who was still at court and who had been listening with misgivings, laid a hand on his shoulder and anxiously asked:

"But where did this happen?"

"Oh," said the knight, quickly catching on, "I fear that I must end my story on a disappointing note. I must have walked in my sleep in the lady's house. When I reached her door, I slipped on a rug and fell to the floor. I woke up then and returned to my room, and you will well understand how furious I was to be awakened from so pretty a dream."

The husband sighed with relief, but he had to admit, as did all the others present, that the knight's adventure was the most interesting told that evening.

— Translated by J. A. Gato



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## NO FIRE BURNS

(continued from page 34)

packing pretty damned quick — though I hope in such a manner as not to hurt their feelings. The Mad Bomber and all that, eh, Mr. Melchior? Now, of the remaining twenty-two — a check of the records is in your personnel office, Mr. Taylor being fortuitously absent — *twenty are still employed*. What happened to the other two?" he shot the question.

"Quit," said Mr. Melchior. "We're planning to get rid of the others as soon as we can manage for them to get the treatment."

"Oh, I don't think you are," Colles said. There was a pause.

"No? Well . . . what *do* you think, Doc?"

"What do I think?" Dr. Colles asked. "I combined the information I've just mentioned with certain intelligence gleaned from the newspapers, and I think that you, Mr. Melchior, are an Emperor of Crime — if I may wax a trifle purple in my prose — and that your purpose is not to weed the psychopaths out, but to weed them in."

The tycoon smiled a thin, cold smile. "Doc, you speak the most beautiful English I ever heard. But you flatter me. I'll level with you. An emperor? Not even a king. Maybe," he shrugged modestly, "a grand duke, let's say."

The doctor slowly let out his breath with a sound like that which Yoga calls *Sitali*, or serpent-hiss. He looked the other in the eyes. "But you will rise," he said. "You are bound to."

The grand duke said, calmly, that he hoped so. "Believe me, Doc, it isn't easy though. I got rivals. People with other territories would like to have mine. People who work for me would also like to have mine. But I figure I'll be OK. I move with the times. My father rode a mule. I ride a Cadillac." And he proceeded to explain.

Melchior Enterprises (he said) might be compared to an iceberg of which the greater mass is submerged. There were many similar icebergs in the country, some smaller, some bigger. They generally avoided coming in collision with others, but ships were not always so fortunate. In the crime business, of course, disputes could not be settled by an industry-wide arbitrator. In which case . . .

"I'm not the only one who has personnel trouble, Doc," Melchior explained. "Lots of times the others get in touch with me: 'Anthony, I need somebody. Send somebody good.' Well, one hand washes the other, I like to help out. But it's *hard*, you know, Doc, to get somebody really good."

Dr. Colles said he could appreciate that.

It used to be, Melchior went on, that the syndicates got the tough boys from the slums. But they did not really suit the tempo of the times. They were not so dependable. They were conspicuous. They got into fights over matters which had nothing to do with business. Right after the war there had been a supply of combat veterans available, they had been generally satisfactory, but there weren't many around anymore. The turnover was rather high.

"You know what I want, Doc?" he said. "Or, better, what I don't want? I don't want guys who're outstanding. Guys with criminal records. Guys who kill for the fun of it, or to pay off grudges or they have no control of their tempers, and another acrobat grabs their girl in the wrong place. *Not* them."

"What I want are steady fellows. Dull types who live in tract houses and have small families. I don't care what their religion is, but only *small* families. Shows what I call prudence. Or maybe they live with a mother, or with a brother or sister who has the family. Now, people like this are working for me right along, on the legitimate. Or applying for jobs with me. But how do you know who's suitable? How? You can't just ask a guy right out."

Colles said, "And so you came to me to help you find them. Exactly as you go to business school to find accountants. And I know just the type you mean." He nodded, smiled faintly.

"I pay a flat salary," Melchior said. "Plus a bonus in negotiable bonds. That's good for everybody, nothing shows on the books for taxes. But nothing spectacular. These men I want, they're not for the spectacular and it isn't for them."

"How right you are," Doctor Colles said.

The type Melchior wanted (Colles went on) was the distillation of the average man, except, of course, that he was killer-prone. *Why* will he kill? *Why* will he kill perfect strangers? "We were speaking, at our first meeting," he said, "of 'lack of communication.' We might add, 'lack of religion' — 'lack of love' — of the capacity to really love. These men are the men who lack. There is something dead in them. They don't kill because a fire burns in them, but because *no* fire burns in them. The potential was always there — men like your Grubacher, who shot his rival for the foreman's place — but it took my test to discover it, to channel it." He paused. "My test," he said.

"Oh, yes, I know the type. Men who will calmly and coolly kill to get another twenty dollars a week. Who'll kill rather than cut down on their American Standard of Living, rather than change their way of life. Why, yes — I imagine that my twenty little discoveries

were quite willing to go forth and slay, once it was shown how safe and profitable it was . . . Yes, I imagine they perform their missions with dispatch, with no more excitement and as much efficiency as they would in repossessing a car, reading a gas meter, or serving a summons — and then try to cheat a little on their expense account — but just a little."

"So what now, Doc?"

"So what now? Melchior, when I'd calculated all this, and your role in it, I decided that you were by way of being one of those men-who-lack, yourself."

"Yeah?"

"And then, do you know what?"

"What?"

"Then I came to the conclusion that I was by way of being one of them, too."

The grand duke raised not only his eyebrows, but his eyelids. He made a little noise resembling a giggle. And again he asked, "So now what, Doc?"

"Why —" The psychologist considered. "Now I suggest that we discuss how I may be of further use to you. I rather think I will enjoy the Professor Moriarty bit. Is Taylor privy to — He is? Yes I see it now, never mind, he's young, and lacks what I — But before that, my dear Anthony: shall we discuss that bonus, payable in negotiable bonds? In advance, of course: you are certain to attain kingly rank, perhaps even imperial, but — the hazards of the chase, you know — so: in advance."

Toward the close of that year, at late of night, two men came down the steps of Mr. Melchior's club. It was cold, and there was a noisy wind.

"Where is your car?" Dr. Colles asked, gazing up and down the empty street.

"I told him to be here at eleven-thirty," said Mr. Melchior. "He ought to be here any minute now. You want to go back in —?" But Colles suggested a walk around the block.

As they rounded the corner and turned up their coat collars, two men turned to them, one of whom said, "Excuse me, Mac: This the way to the Terminal?"

"Oh, no," said Dr. Colles, gesturing. "You go —" One of the men took a revolver from inside his brown suit and shot Dr. Colles in the head. He fell without further words.

"Has Taylor gone crazy?" hissed Melchior, aghast. "Not here, you fool! Not now!"

"Here *and* now," the man said, stepping to one side as his companion moved forward.

"Do you know who I am?" Melchior cried.

"It don't matter," said the second man. The wind tore away the sound of the second shot and the noise Melchior made when he went down. The two walked a

few blocks to a more traveled street, hailed a cab.

"What is this, about an eighty-cent fare?" the man in the brown suit asked his companion, who had a wart between his eyes, as he peered at the passing street signs.

"About eighty, yeah. What do you think, Joe? Taylor won't check — we could make it, say, three dollars on the swindle sheet?" Joe said he thought they could get away with three.

"You going fishing Sundry?" his companion asked.

But Joe Clock shook his head. "Sattady night is the bowling turnamint," he pointed out. "So that means I be out too late to get up early enough for fishing. You know what a late night can do if you don't get your sleep: it takes all the strength out of you."

The other man nodded his agreement. "Well, so Sundry you can do some work on them power-tools you got in your cellar. A quiet weekend at home is a good thing in lotsa ways."

And they gazed out of the windows of the cab with no great interest and they chewed their gum as if they tasted in it the mild, approaching flavor of the quiet weekend at home.



## SORCERER'S MOON

(continued from page 35)

grinding the dark coat of soot and cinders, Carnaday recalled again that monstrous conversation; and again it made his blood run hot. He could see Farrow's vulpine face, hear his soft mocking voice . . .

"Really, Simon, you ought to see a good psychiatrist. I'm quite serious. This persecution complex of yours is beginning to worry me."

"It isn't a complex. It's a fact. I *am* being persecuted, and by you."

"Oh, nonsense! Be reasonable, Simon: why should I want to persecute you? For what purpose? I have everything I want — and so, for that matter, do you. Riches, comfort, eternal life. What could I possibly gain?"

"The one thing you don't have."

"Which is?"

"Distinction, Farrow. Distinction. We're the only two warlocks left on Earth, but that's one too many for you, isn't it? It upsets you. It gnaws at you. If I were a little less powerful, then it wouldn't be so bad. You'd at least have seniority. But our power is equal. And you can't stand it."

"Simon, Simon — what can I say? You're being absurd."



"Dammit, what's the matter with you people?  
She's my daughter, I tell you!"

"Am I? Yesterday a car missed me by less than an inch. The day before, I nearly stepped into a manhole. Accidents, Farrow?"

"Of course! I mean, give me *some* credit, old man. If I were really trying to do away with you, do you suppose I'd go about it so crudely?"

"Well —"

"Believe me, Simon, what you need is psychiatric treatment. We may be sorcerers, but we're human, too, don't forget that. I'll find a good man, someone to trust, and send you his address . . ."

The letter had arrived the following day. But it had not contained an address.

Carnaday took the rune from his pocket and glared at it. Just a piece of parchment, with strange runic markings scrawled across its surface; yet it was a more powerful, a *suver* instrument of destruction than all the silly bombs in the world. "Damn Farrow!" he said, superfluously — they were, of course, both damned in any case — but then he remembered his cleverness and smiled once more. For a while, he'd been numbed with panic. The rune had given him three days, and he had tried desperately to pass it back, always without success. Farrow shrewdly resisted all attempts. He did not accept telegrams or special delivery letters. He did not respond to shouts of "Fire!" He did not touch papers. He stayed inside. And the time had drawn nearer, and nearer. Then Carnaday had had his inspiration, and he felt that all would now be well.

He walked up the evil-smelling, rickety staircase and opened the cracked door.

"Mr. Bryan?"

A bald, thin, tiny-eyed man with dewlaps squinted through a haze of cigarette smoke. "Yeah," he said.

"My name is Carnaday. I called."

"Yeah."

"Let us be frank. I've heard, Mr. Bryan, that you are one of the best private detectives in the state and that as a process server you recognize no peer. If that is true, then you stand to make a fair amount of money for a few hours' work. If it isn't true, we are wasting our time."

The thin man shrugged, blinked, exhaled.

"Well?"

"Put it this way, Jack. I been in business 25 years. You stay in business 25 years, you ain't exactly inexperienced. Check-o?"

"A good point. But, please be honest with me. In your capacity as process server, have you ever . . . failed?"

"Not yet."

Carnaday frowned. "This job," he said, "will be difficult."

The thin man smirked. "Tell you something, Jack. They're all difficult. All these bastards, they try to give you the dodge." He laughed, harshly. "But I

know the tricks. I know tricks they never even thought of. In the end, I get 'em."

Carnaday rubbed his hands together. "Excellent. Then you'll work for me?"

"I work for anybody, any time."

"Yes; but there is one catch, Mr. Bryan. The paper must be delivered — personally, into the party's hands — before midnight tonight. That is absolutely essential. Can you do it?"

Bryan shrugged.

Carnaday placed five 100-dollar bills on the glass-top desk. "Can you do it?" he repeated.

The thin man stared at the bills, then he put them into his pocket. "Let's have the paper," he said.

Carnaday took a last look at the markings on the rune. He inserted the parchment into an envelope and handed it, along with Farrow's address, to the private detective. "You will find him at home," he said. "I'll wait here."

Bryan nodded and went out.

Carnaday leaned back in the chair. He prayed to the demons of the Outer Circle, then to those of the Inner Circle, and, finally, to each of the Black Powers. He walked to the window and raised it and stared at the moon, which was low and close, like a giant eye.

Nine o'clock came and went. Then 10. At 11, Carnaday began to perspire. He knocked his hands together and paced, glaring at the moon.

Then the cracked door opened and the private detective walked in.

"Well?" croaked Carnaday, in a choked whisper.

The thin man grinned. "I thought you said it was gonna be difficult."

"It — wasn't?"

"Nah. A cinch. He played cute awhile, but then I gave him Routine Six. Routine Six always works."

Carnaday felt weary with relief. For the first time, he was pleased at Farrow's low opinion of his intelligence. It allowed him to catch the fool off guard. Hiring a process server to cast a rune — could there be a grander joke? He glanced again at the moon, which seemed closer and lower, and started out of the office.

"Just a second."

Carnaday turned around. "Yes? What is it?"

The detective smiled and pressed an envelope swiftly into the sorcerer's hands. "You forgot your receipt. For the five bills."

"Oh." Carnaday nodded, turned and got nearly to the door before his heart congealed into a hard icy knot. He tore the envelope apart. He looked at its contents.

"Like I told you," said Bryan, shrugging. "I work for anybody, any time."

Then, slowly, suggestively, the moon outside the window blinked.

## HAPPINESS

(continued from page 60)

Paul Bunyan tale about a very cold country where any time a person spoke his words froze, spilling out of his mouth onto the pavement with a frosty clatter? Just for a moment I wondered if something like that could have happened to me a long time ago and if somehow those jotted words of mine had been thus glacially preserved in the piano bench, because I remembered the remark as part of an erstwhile casual conversation!

Now, Ellery, why would a person jot down his casual conversation?

Simple, dad: because he was temporarily unable to speak.

Yes, that was it. Some months back, after being twanged almost without interruption since childhood, my vocal cords had seemed to require a few bars' rest. For the next eight days I became, on the advice of my doctor, vocally tacit, expressing myself solely with pad and pencil. For eight *fruitful* days, I will quickly add, Reader. That is why I recommend this amazing experience to you. I urge it on you. *Pretend you've lost your voice for a few days.* You will be caught up in a life so different from any you've known that your immediate past and all its problems (including the unhappiness that has brought you and me fleetingly together) will melt quickly away! The thing about it is this: When you definitely cease speaking you suddenly become *formidable*. As follows: Your silence will denote thought so you will immediately begin to appear wise to others. Realizing this you will actually start feeling wise and soon you will find yourself behaving accordingly. And strong. "Strong" and "silent" go together like Zsa and Zsa.

And in replying to criticism from any member of your family — a not infrequent cause of unhappiness — you certainly aren't going to grab a pad and write the usual retorts: "If you think for one moment that I am going to stand here and —" "After slaving and slaving from morning till night it does seem that a little appreciation —" "Is it too much to ask —" Why no. All your impetus would be gone before you even got started. Your steam would have escaped before you could remember how to spell "slaving." No, instead, you will defend yourself with a look, probably a hurt look. You've now taken on a humble quality — a humility that renders you extremely lovable, and in realizing this you will feel magnanimous all over, a condition instantly rendering you superior to any other member of your household. In a moment you will be benign. Benignity is happiness.

When you finally get to the point of actually writing something on your pad you may be sure you will not be satisfied with ordinary kill-time remarks.

Small talk is not for the wise, the strong, the silent, the humble, the magnanimous or the benign. You will "speak" only when you have something to say, and then you will be inclined to phrase your written remarks with more care than you ever did your spoken ones, unconsciously looking for the succinct phrase instead of the long-winded.

And look here. After a few days or a week you will be able to *gather up* your casual conversations! You will be dumbfounded when you see how many subjects you have discussed, how one thought has given birth to another, how you skipped from idea to idea with the agility of a grasshopper at a Sunday school picnic. But above all you will realize with horror how volatile your *spoken* remarks have been through the years. Think of the millions of opinions, queries and rejoinders you have uttered in your life that, not written down, have fled with the wind—even views spoken only a few weeks ago of which you now haven't the remotest remembrance! Oh, you will be pleased and frightened at your swath—known and unknown. You will feel in some unaccountable way a potential giant—a comet—a fireball. You may even start to write poetry if only to capture what you suspect may very well be sparks sputtering in your wake. They won't be, of course, but that's the best part of all: *you* becoming happily and valiantly industrious in an attempt to bloom a little through the crab grass, a process that of itself proves you to be braver than anybody, a process, therefore, wherein the less successful you are the more you contribute! "Long live the weeds," said Theodore Roethke on this very subject—in one of the few poems since *The Wonderful One Hoss Shay* that I've been able to understand:

*Long live the weeds that overwhelm  
My narrow vegetable realm! . . .  
All things unholy, marred by curse,  
The ugly of the universe. . . .*

*With these I match my little wit  
And earn the right to stand or sit,  
Hope, love, create, or drink and die:  
These shape the creature that is I.*

Now to quit puttering around and get our teeth in specifics.

A person may be unhappy because he has (a) just had some colossal disappointment; (b) been publicly insulted; (c) done something unbelievably stupid. Or any combination, such as (a) and (b); (a) and (c); (a) and (b) and (c), etc. Let us be content, though, for now, to take only individual possibilities.

(a) Some Colossal Disappointment

If a person has had (a), the simplest treatment is for him to hunt up someone else who has had (a), not only occasionally but if possible someone who is *always* having (a). Then the thing of it is for the "amateur (a)" to cure the "professional (a)" and in so doing he will cure

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himself at the same time.

(b) Publicly Insulted

Now if you are a person who has been (b), just consider yourself extremely lucky. Again you are allied with science and the arts. In fact, you have something in common with *all the great men and women in history*. Every one of the world's inventors, explorers, great political figures, doctors, lawyers, composers, sculptors, painters, poets, authors, conductors, instrumentalists, singers, actors and dancers have at one time or another been mercilessly (b) by the professional critics — except for Dr. Schweitzer, who doesn't need to be happy. And every one of the professional critics has been equally (b) by the world's inventors, explorers, great political figures, doctors, lawyers, composers, sculptors, painters, poets, authors, conductors, instrumentalists, singers, actors and dancers — including Albert Schweitzer. Who do you think you are to sidestep such an experience? Liberace made a career out of being (b).

(c) Something Unbelievably Stupid

If a person has done (c), the locale where he has done it will give us an important subdivision, thus:

1. in the home

Now when someone (you, of course, would never fall into such evil ways) is guilty of doing (c) sub. 1, he undoubtedly will be unhappy about it. And he will be particularly unhappy if he is a middle-aged husband in a middle-class suburban home. But we, and he as well, must face the facts of our society, to wit: Every middle-aged husband in every middle-class suburban home is guilty of doing (c) sub. 1. Ergo: All of 'em are bound to be unhappy, but at least each and every one can lessen his condition if he remembers the old adage that misery loves company, and if everyone behaves alike in the home he should be glad that he is a conformer — glad that he's not odd or anything. So now he's glad, and if he's glad he must be happy. Good on him. Or rather he would be happy if I can convince him that he does do the same things in the home everybody else does. All right, then:

For one thing he calls his female dog a good little "girl," he tells visitors that "she doesn't know she's a dog, she thinks she's people"; he counts his gray hairs twice a day; and always gets mad every Sunday because he can find every part of the Sunday paper except just that particular section he's looking for; he gets a third degree burn the first day of vacation every summer in the same places at the same beach; he dunks when he thinks nobody's looking; he meticulously covers a yawn with pinky extended, even when he's in bed with the lights out, but he'll chew his cuticle like a cannibal looking the boss right in the eye. He firmly believes that turning the hands

backward is bad for the clock; he tries to top the guest of honor's joke knowing he'll be hated for it; he talks about whichever relative doesn't happen to be present; he tells little lies about his best friends; he phones the newspaper in the middle of the night to settle arguments; puts airmail stamps on local letters; eats crackers in bed; saves theatre ticket stubs; tells the neighbors how early he has to rise and then stands in the vestibule for an hour and a half saying good-night; could learn to speak four languages in the time he spends refilling the lighters around the house; he is pretty sure that milk and fish don't go together; he tickles ev'ry baby in the neighborhood and dutifully repeats kootchi, kootchi, kootchi; touches the floor 10 times every morning — well, five times; hunts for the morning paper under the porch daily; cancels dentist's appointments; plans to take up night-school Spanish; paints the mailbox and quits smoking tomorrow sure; brags about going to church; forgets to put film in the camera; can never find the fly swatter; reads the comics before the editorial page; argues about the light bill; misplaces the TV log out of the evening paper; lets his driver's license lapse; and, having been told that he can read the Bible in a year, one chapter a night, plans to start sometime real soon; revamps his telegrams till they make no sense in order to crowd the message into 10 words; expects to shoot good golf without ever taking a lesson; leaves his slippers in the bathroom instead of under the bed; gets burned changing the light bulbs; tries to break an apple in half every now and then without success; carries around a wallet bursting with cards and old post office receipts he doesn't even know he has; and remembers his favorite TV or radio program five minutes after it has gone off the air. He never has a pencil near the phone; can sleep through thunderstorms, but tosses and turns all night because of a gentle tap of the venetian blind three rooms away; spends 53 man-hours per summer lugging a faded old canvas chair in and out of the rain; considers that breakfast propped up on a pillow with coffee and crumbs spilling all over the bed-clothes is a rare privilege; takes unreasonable pride in his lighter's dependability; would love to wear French berets, but not having the nerve, invariably makes fun of the fellow who does; always tries to manage one extra squeeze out of an empty toothpaste tube; forgets about stopping the milk over the holiday weekend till he's 40 miles out of town; says "My how you've grown" to every kid on the block; never picks up a child without screaming "opsy-daisy"; can always think of a clever retort spiced with just the right amount of sarcasm two hours after the argument; and *always* — repeat *always* — finds the celery and olives in the back of the ice-



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box after the dinner is over and the company's gone home. He firmly believes that the Ohio Match Company thought up the three-on-a-match superstition; that there are no songs like the old songs, no doughnuts like the old doughnuts, no apples like the ones he used to steal in backyards, no girls like the one that married dear old Dad; and, of course, he falls down the cellar stairs at least four times a year, once for jelly, once for potatoes, and twice for old magazines.

Now that we have convinced mister middle-aged suburban home-owner that he really is happy, we can return to you and your problems.

Of course, stretching credulity as far as it could possibly stretch, the most challenging possible case among any of you readers would be the total or jackpot combination in which the patient had simultaneously suffered (a), been (b), and has (c), with subdivision 1. It seems to me I would be forgiven were I to look upon such a monstrous possibility as a solely hypothetical one, and, skipping over it as such, consider that your problems, in the main and to the best of my ability and in accordance with my most earnest attempts to align my conscience with my titular contention on this modest article, have, therefore, been dealt with. I am checkmated in this assumption, however; checkmated for the only possible reason: I myself have been a victim of (a) + (b) + (c)!

I will try to tell you exactly what happened. No I won't either, I can't.

Reader, dear, I've enjoyed meeting you and I have had no intention of belittling your own particular kind of unhappiness. It's all very well to say Things change. It will pass. It's only your imagination, and so on. My unhappinesses are real and I know yours are too. I sincerely hope, however, that the mere circumstance of somebody publicly acknowledging those 10 foregoing words in print may be of some small succor.

And I'll remind you now, before you and I go our devious ways, that the most successful route leading away from an unhappy state of mind is Diversion — the kind of Diversion which, in exchange for your protracted concentration, will absorb you as it challenges you. Here is a small list of suggested world problems for you to become absorbed in.

1. There is still no workable music holder for a marching piccolo player.

And above all, do not take things for granted in an attitude of defeatism. When I was a boy I took for granted that I had less stamina than my brother because I couldn't shovel snow as long as he could. Only recently have I achieved final happiness in this regard by learning I was born with inferior circulation. All I can say to you, Reader, is "Go thou and do likewise!"



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## OSCAR LEVANT

(continued from page 38)

and they eloped, a few weeks later, in a chartered plane to Fredericksburg, Virginia. Screenwriter Charles Lederer was best man. The Justice of the Peace was a solemn individual, and every time he came to a "do you" he intoned the phrase with drama. After the tenth "do you," Oscar leaned forward and said he had a question to ask.

"What is it?" asked the J.P.

Oscar boomed, "Do YOU?"

So they were married and, as the ancient pun goes, they lived scrappily ever after. Mrs. Levant is forever leaving her husband - and forever returning. Once, after June had left him, Oscar told a friend, "I don't blame her. Can you imagine what it must be like living with me for even an hour?"

In 1947, she sued for legal separation and maintenance. She said he earned \$200,000 and possessed \$500,000 in property, cash and negotiable securities. Oscar is an extremely slow man with a buck. He has amassed a lot of money from his concerts, his recordings and his radio-television appearances. He spends very little of what he makes and may be worth a million dollars. The Levants occupy a 10-room Spanish-style Moorish pillared mansion at 905 North Rexbury Drive, Beverly Hills, California. The place is disintegrating, inside and outside. The plaster is flaking off. The house needs painting. The furniture is falling apart.

Getting back to the marital merry-go-round of the Levants, she changed her mind about the separation in 1947 and returned to Oscar's bed, board and badinage. Since then they have carried on, privately and publicly, a running guerilla war. Once, in Miami Beach, Oscar became so unbearable that, before a large and interested group, she cut her wrists and flung herself into a swimming pool. The cuts were superficial and June swims well so no harm was done. For several weeks Oscar behaved like a gentleman.

I first encountered Levant about 10 years ago in his New York *pied-à-terre*. As we started conversing, I asked if I might have a drink. He summoned his wife, introduced me, and told her to break out a bottle of good Scotch. Mrs. Levant said there was no Scotch or other alcoholic refreshment in the house. Oscar then gave his wife a dressing down such as I have never heard a husband give a wife - especially before a stranger and for such a trivial reason.

Levant himself does not drink. "I tried being an alcoholic," he says. "I once drank steadily for a whole year - but it didn't take." Oscar's kick is sleeping pills. He digs nembatal, seconal and sodium amytal. Mrs. Levant is in charge of the pills. When he has been a good

boy he is allowed two pills at 11 P.M. When he has been a very good boy he is allowed three. He is also a big caffeine man, swallowing about 60 cups of coffee a day. He doesn't eat much. His main form of sustenance is black coffee. He calls this liquid refreshment "drunch."

Not long after the Scotch incident, Mrs. Levant decided to get a divorce. But soon after, she withdrew the divorce action. The battles continued. Last spring, they reached a high point. In May, during one of his telecasts, Oscar rubbed his sides, groaned, and told his audience, "I have a broken rib. My wife hit me with a shoe and she cracked my rib."

However, June Levant has her own television program, on KCOP, Monday through Friday, 3 to 4 P.M. She rebutted his accusation. "I didn't hit him," she said. "He's exaggerating. I just gave him a little push. He's a hypochondriac anyway."

Two nights later, Levant replied on his own show: "We were playing emotional ping pong and she hit me with the paddle. . . . The secret of a happy marriage is that your wife murders you and then you're supposed to apologize for it."

But they were soon reconciled. Levant announced it on his program and added, "I really don't blame her for hitting me. How would you like to be my wife?"

Two months later, the volcano erupted again. On Wednesday evening, July 9, Levant telephoned the police department of Beverly Hills. He asked for protection. Two squad cars tore over to Roxbury Drive. Chief of Police Clinton Anderson led a posse of officers into the house. "Levant," Anderson later reported, "was yelling and screaming. You could hear him a block away."

Levant told the police: "That woman attacked me with a scissors. She tried to cut me. She's dangerous." Mrs. Levant had locked herself in the bathroom. Anderson talked her into emerging, which she did, when assured that Levant would leave right away. On July 17, in Superior Court, Mrs. Levant filed for divorce. She said she could no longer endure living with this genius. "He's gotten too big for one woman," she said. "I have decided to give him to the world."

On television, Levant said, "My wife is Irish. We have quite an emotional range at our house. From *begorra* to *oi vah*."

Five days later they were together again. A New York paper headlined the reconciliation: OSCAR LEVANT AND WIFE HISS AND MAKE UP.

Levant told reporters: "I am magnificent. I cannot hold a grudge. Of course she should get a divorce. Not from me - from that lawyer of hers. I am an open-minded man. All I want is my own way."

When he signed a contract with Columbia Artists, president Frederick Schang told him, "Oscar, as long as you're with us, there will never be any trouble. Whenever there is any dispute, it will always be settled in your favor." Levant thoughtfully considered the proposition. "That seems quite fair," he said finally.

Oscar's appraisal of himself and his endeavors is typically modest. "My show is perhaps the greatest in the history of television," he tells inquirers. He once told me, "I gave up reading because it takes my mind off myself."

The Levants have three children, all girls. During his wife's first pregnancy, Oscar told Ira Gershwin, "She's trying to poison the mind of our child against me." Gershwin said, "How can she do that? The child isn't even born yet."

"She's writing nasty letters about me and swallowing them," Levant explained.

Oscar is devoted to his daughters and their photographs hang in every room of the house. With them he is charming, adoring. He takes an interest in their education and growth. The family has dinner together every night. Often, after dinner, he plays the piano. His favorite composers are Gershwin and Chopin. "This Chopin," he once told me, "this is genius. He gets right down to the guts of the music. He doesn't give you that intellectual crap like today's composers."

By his own testimony, he is a bad father, however. Even here he is superlative. "I'm the worst father in history," he said not long ago. "I have one rule with my children and it works. I tell them, 'You can come to me only when you *don't* have problems. If you have problems, go to somebody else.' Well, at least it gives my children a good reason to hate their father and this is very therapeutic."

Oscar Levant has good reason to know the emotional dangers in a situation of overbearing parental love. He was born in Pittsburgh on December 27, 1906, the son of Max Levant, who ran a small jewelry store at 1420 Fifth Avenue. The youngest of four boys, he was mama's darling. Oscar was the restless, nervous one but Mama Levant, though he was her favorite, kept him rooted to the piano practicing three hours a day. At 10, according to his first teacher, Oscar showed signs of great talent, being able to interpret Bach fugues with "adult intelligence." He also displayed prodigious memory. He could memorize any piano piece after two readings. By the time he was a high school freshman, he was the leader of a dance band that played school hops. During his youth, his only escape from mama's success drive was baseball. He played hooky from Forbes Public and later Fifth Avenue High to go to Forbes Field and see the Pirates.

To this day, Levant is a passionate baseball fan. Baseball is the frame of reference for two of his classic maxims:

"Sleeping with your wife is like striking out the pitcher."

"Ballet is the fairies' baseball."

At 15, Levant quit high school and struck out for New York. He studied composition with the noted theorists, Sigismund Stojowski and Arnold Schoenberg. Oscar aspired to be a Rachmaninoff, a great concert pianist and a composer of serious music. He didn't have the financial backing a young musician needs to get a foothold in the highly competitive field of concertizing. An interviewer in Florida once asked him what advice he would give young pianists: "Marry a rich woman," he snarled. In despair, young Levant began playing in dance bands and taking any one-night club dates he could get. Once, hired to play at a stag party at the Astor Hotel, he started tinkling a Mozart sonata while two babes were disrobing and he was thrown out. He wrote one popular song hit: *Lady Play Your Mandolin*. In 1928, he did his first acting bit, the role of a pianist in a speakeasy in *Burlesque*, a Broadway melodrama. He was hired to repeat the role in the movie version, was then cast as pianist in other films such as *Rhythm on the River*, *Humoresque*, *The Barkleys of Broadway*, *An American in Paris* and *Rhapsody in Blue* (in which Levant played George Gershwin's pal, Oscar Levant). He wrote the musical soundtracks for many films and

his tune, *Until Today*, from the *Nothing Sacred* score, won him the Academy Award for the best song. Oscar's winning an Oscar impressed him not one whit.

What did impress him was George Gershwin. Gershwin was a versatile man, a man of irresistible charm, of demonic vitality, and of creative inventiveness. To Levant, Gershwin possessed the quality of genius and personality that Levant neurotically believed was missing in himself. For 10 years — until Gershwin's untimely end in 1937 at the age of 38 — Levant and Gershwin were inseparable. Gershwin is the only person to whom Levant has ever played second fiddle — or second piano. Levant was Gershwin's confidant, companion and sometime stooge.

Musically, Levant was the foremost exponent of Gershwin's longer works. From about 1927 on he began performing the *Rhapsody in Blue* with symphony orchestras. For years he played nothing but Gershwin in public. When Gershwin wrote his *Concerto in F* in 1925, Levant's enthusiasm ran high. "Now," he chortled, "I can double my repertoire." He played the concerto at its world premiere with the New York Philharmonic. One of Levant's prize possessions is a gold watch bearing the inscription, *From George to Oscar, Lewisohn Stadium, August 15, 1932*. "I've been late by this watch to every important appointment I've had since then," Oscar says.

The unexpected death of Gershwin,



"Golly, gang, what do you suppose Peter Penguin and Donald Donkey will do when they discover Freddy Frog has eaten all the jelly beans?"

from a brain hemorrhage, was a terrible blow to Levant. A few weeks later, many of the leading singers and instrumentalists in Los Angeles played at a Gershwin Memorial Concert in the Hollywood Bowl. Ira Gershwin, George's brother and the lyric writer for his musical comedies, observed: "Everybody else was playing for the audience—but Levant was playing for Gershwin." After the concert, Levant broke up backstage and went into a state of crying hysteria. He had to be carried home.

From then on, he began to experience acute states of anxiety, nightmares, psychosomatic heart ailments and a general neurotic maladjustment that became progressively worse. One of the first signs of Gershwin's ailment had been a loss of finger coordination during a concert. Levant now became obsessed by the belief that his own hands were losing their coordination. Through the next two decades—through his years of triumph as the most witty panelist on *Information Please*, through his successes as one of the highest paid concert pianists on the circuits, Levant lived with his inner torments. During all this time, he went to psychoanalysts, having, at one time, an analyst on both coasts.

Then, in 1953, while playing the *Rhapsody in Blue* in concert, he was suddenly filled with the conviction that his fingers were paralyzed, that his brain was affected like Gershwin's. He fled the concert. He began seeing things and hearing things. He became a recluse in his Beverly Hills home, not answering the phone or opening the mail. By now Levant was not only deeply in love with his wife, but emotionally dependent on her as well. She used to comb his hair before a concert. She gives him haircuts even now, as he is mortally afraid of barbers. She once cut his hair on the television program. It was Mrs. Levant who compelled Oscar to go to a sanitarium for shock treatments. She said if he didn't, she would divorce him. He consented to go, but not before yelling, "You make *The Shrike* look like *Blossom Time!*"

And yet the admirable aspect of this man and his miseries is that out of his tormented soul he is able to draw laughter. "I am the verbal vampire of television," he said not long ago. He is able not only to laugh at the world, at all its hypocrisies and stupidities, but he is able to laugh at himself, at his ego, at his mental disorders, at the hospitals where he's been confined, at the disorderly raggle-taggle of his life.

Recently, columnist Earl Wilson asked Levant, "When are you going network?"

"Everybody asks me that," Levant replied, "except the networks."

## JAZZ, JAZZ, JAZZ

(continued from page 29)

beck Quartet and the Jimmy Giuffre Three. They'll all be heard at the Playboy Jazz Festival, in the most spectacular jazz bash ever staged.

The number of rhythmic conclaves set for the current season is, like everything else in jazz this season, without precedent. In fact, the Playboy Jazz Festival will be like a stupendous *chef-d'oeuvre* in a vast, summerlong feast of jazz. Here is a complete list of all the important festivals across the country, with all the available information as of press time:

**BERKSHIRE MUSIC BARN, LENOX, Massachusetts.** Numerous jazz concerts on the grounds of Music Inn, featuring Count Basie, July 1; Stan Kenton, July 12; the Four Freshmen, July 15; Modern Jazz Quartet, August 2; Jimmy Giuffre, August 16; Duke Ellington, August 22. Also a three-week School of Jazz August 9-30. For full details and weekly resident rates write to Music Inn, Lenox, Mass.

**BOSTON JAZZ FESTIVAL, Boston, Massachusetts.** Fenway Park, normally the home of the Red Sox, will yield August 21-23 to a rhythmic roundup assembled by the Sheraton Chain-Newport Festival folks. Appearing will be the Four Freshmen, Modern Jazz Quartet, Oscar Peterson, Sarah Vaughan, Thelouious Monk and Duke Ellington. For tickets, write to the Sheraton-Plaza, Boston, Mass.

**CINCINNATI FESTIVAL, Cincinnati, Ohio,** in the pavilion of the Cincinnati Zoo, August 28-30. Chris Connor is the only one signed as of press time. For tickets, write to the Barney Rapp Agency, Hotel Sinton, 4th and Vine, Cincinnati, Ohio.

**DETROIT JAZZ FESTIVAL, Detroit, Michigan.** The first of what is hoped will be an annual event in the Motor City, to be held in the Symphony Shell of the State Fairgrounds August 14-16, featuring Duke Ellington, Dave Brubeck, the Dukes of Dixieland, Gene Krupa and others. Tickets: Mr. Ed Sarkesian, 16545 Mendota St., Detroit, Michigan.

**DIPLOMAT JAZZ FESTIVAL, Hollywood-by-the-Sea, Florida.** An eight-week festival, the first for the Sunshine State, is scheduled to run through July and August with such stars as Chris Connor, Dakota Staton, Gene Krupa, Gerry Mulligan, Flip Phillips and Bill Harris already signed. Tickets and information: Harold Gardner, The Diplomat, Hollywood-by-the-Sea, Florida.

**DUKE ELLINGTON JAZZ FESTIVAL, Tamiment-in-the-Poconos, Pennsylvania.** June 25-28. Lectures by Dr. Marshall Stearns, forums featuring Ellington musicians, concerts by the band, etc. For weekend and weekly resident rates write to Tamiment-in-the-Poconos, 7 East 15th, NYC 3.

**FOLK MUSIC FESTIVAL, Newport, Rhode Island.** Freebody Park. An offshoot of the jazz festival will make Newport news

this season as the top names in folk music converge for their own special hoedown July 11 and 12. The Kingston Trio, Pete Seeger, Theodore Bikel, John Jacob Niles, Bob Gibson and Odetta have been signed as of press time. Write Newport Folk Festival, 63 Touro St., Newport, Rhode Island, for tickets.

**FRENCH LICK JAZZ FESTIVAL, French Lick, Indiana.** Produced by Sheraton Chain-Newport Festival, the second annual session will take place July 30-August 2, with Stan Kenton, Count Basie, Sarah Vaughan, Dizzy Gillespie and Louis Armstrong. Tickets: French Lick Music Festival, Sheraton Hotel, French Lick, Indiana.

**JAZZ ON THE HUDSON, every Friday night through August 28,** modern jazzmen entertain on all three decks of a Hudson riverboat on cruise. Departs from pier 80 in Manhattan at 9 p.m. Tickets: Jazz on the Hudson, Commodore Hotel, 42nd St. and Lexington Ave., New York.

**MONTEREY JAZZ FESTIVAL, Monterey, California.** Activities at the second annual festival to be held on the Monterey County Fairgrounds October 2-4 will include new works by John Lewis, recently appointed Monterey musical director; and sessions featuring Sonny Rollins, J. J. Johnson, Erroll Garner, Jimmy Giuffre and Sarah Vaughan; also a special performance of a major concert work by Gunther Schuller. For tickets, write to Jazz, Monterey, California.

**NEWPORT JAZZ FESTIVAL, Newport, Rhode Island.** Founding event of the domestic festivals, the sixth annual affair gets under way at Freebody Park. Talent includes Count Basie, the Four Freshmen, George Shearing, Ahmad Jamal, Lambert, Hendricks and Ross, July 2; Modern Jazz Quartet, Oscar Peterson, Phil Napoleon, Dizzy Gillespie, July 3; Erroll Garner, Duke Ellington, July 4; Louis Armstrong, Stan Kenton, Dave Brubeck, July 5. Enrollment: Newport Jazz Festival, 63 Touro St., Newport, Rhode Island.

**OAKDALE MUSICAL THEATRE, Wallingford, Connecticut.** Features Broadway musicals, and will present one jazz concert in July and two in August. Dates have not been set as of press time. Write Oakdale Musical Theatre, Wallingford, Connecticut, for tickets and details.

**RANDALL'S ISLAND JAZZ FESTIVAL, New York City.** Scheduled to appear August 21-23 are Dave Brubeck, Duke Ellington, Gerry Mulligan and many others yet to be booked. Tickets: Randall's Island Jazz Festival, Henry Hudson Hotel, 353 West 57th St., New York 19.

**RAVNIA, Chicago, Illinois.** Although this summerlong festival features mainly longlocks music, Les Brown will appear July 8 and 10; two nights—August 5 and 7—will be devoted to *The Story of the Blues* with Clara Ward and her sing-



ers, Franz Jackson and His Original Jazz All-Stars, John Davis, blues singer Brother John Sellers, and narration by Studs Terkel. Gerry Mulligan and the Kingston Trio are set to appear July 22 and 24. Tickets: Ravinia Festival Association, 231 S. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

**TORONTO JAZZ FESTIVAL**, Toronto, Ontario. Produced by the Sheraton Chalmers-Newport Festival, this will be held in the Canadian National Exhibition Park July 22-25 with many of the same artists who will appear at the French Lick Festival. Further details: Jazz Festival, Sheraton Prince Edward Hotel, Toronto, Ontario.

**PLAYBOY JAZZ FESTIVAL**, Chicago, Illinois, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, August 7, 8 and 9 — one session Friday night at 8 P.M., two sessions each on Saturday and Sunday, one at 2 P.M., the other at 8 P.M. — at the air-conditioned Chicago Stadium, 1800 West Madison St.

Each of the five performances will be entirely different, and equally star-studded. Performers have been chosen from among the finest jazz talent playing and singing today, with heavy emphasis on the winners of PLAYBOY's annual Jazz Poll, and every school of jazz will be represented—Dixie, swing, progressive and cool. It will be possible to enjoy the performances of more jazz greats during this festival than most people are able to see and hear in a lifetime.

The shows are shaping up like this, with several gaps still in the talent roster: Friday evening, August 7, will feature the cool winds of the Dizzy Gillespie Quintet and the Kai Winding Septet. Also on tap will be the Sonny Rollins Trio, one of the most talked-about jazz groups playing today, as well as the firmly established Dave Brubeck Quartet, featuring Paul Desmond on alto, and the fresh sounds of the Jimmy Giuffrè Three.

Saturday afternoon, August 8, the Festival stage will be jumping to jazz-dom's most illustrious composer-arranger-pianist-bandleader, Duke Ellington, complete with orchestra. Blues will be served Oklahoma style by Jimmy (*Sent for You Yesterday and Here You Come Today*) Rushing. In a jazz combo contrast, the Dukes of Dixieland will be on hand, as will the Oscar Peterson Trio.

Saturday evening, the thundering Count Basie band will be on deck, along with vocalist Joe Williams. And to sing a song of Basie and along with Basie: the remarkable Lambert, Hendricks and Ross. Combo excitement will be provided by Chicago's own Ahmad Jamal Trio, a headed-for-the-top jazz group, as well as the Jack Teagarden All-Stars and the Earl Bostic Sextet. All of Saturday's festivities — both shows — will be mc'd by jazz digging yokster Mort Sahl.

The Sunday afternoon bash, August 9, will reunite the cyclonic Stan Kenton band with Stan's swinging ex-canary,

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June Christy. Also heard to be exciting vocal stylings of the Four Freshmen, as well as ballads by fast-rising David Allen. For a change in pace, an added kick will be an approximate re-creation of the Austin High Gang, featuring Jimmy McPartland's cornet, Bud Freeman's tenor sax, Pee Wee Russell's clarinet, George Wettling's drums and Art Hodes' piano.

The wind-up session Sunday night will offer a unique blend of the timely with the nostalgic: the show will celebrate the newly released flick, *The Five Pennies*, in which Danny Kaye (to Red Nichols' sound-tracking) re-enacts a segment of Red's life. Nichols will be present with his Five Pennies as will Louis "Satchmo" Armstrong and his All-Stars, who are seen and heard prominently in the movie. Other Sunday-night specials, along more modern lines, include the J. J. Johnson Quintet, chirper Chris Connor as well as tenor man Coleman Hawkins.

As we go to press, negotiations are also under way for Frank Sinatra, Nat "King" Cole, Sammy Davis, Jr., Johnny Mathis, Sarah Vaughan, Steve Allen, the Terry Gibbs band and others.

The Chicago Stadium, the gig spot, is the world's largest indoor arena. The home of a vast array of attractions, from sporting events to national political conventions, the mammoth arena has a seating capacity of more than 22,000. A few minutes' ride from the heart of Chicago's downtown area, the Stadium has many claims to fame, including residence of the world's largest (value: \$250,000) pipe organ. The thousands of jazz fans pouring into the Stadium for Playboy's Jazz Festival weekend will make the event the biggest of its kind ever held. And the talent roster guarantees that it'll be the best, too.

Visually, the show will be unique, with spectacular, specially designed stage facilities. Aurally, too, every need has been anticipated: mikes and speakers will be strategically spread to provide the best possible sound. The entire sound system is under the supervision of Allied Radio, one of the world's largest high fidelity firms. Between sets, you can browse through an exhibition of the very latest in stereo components and records, and listen to demonstrations of the gear without charge.

In all, the Playboy Jazz Festival promises to be a swinging affair—the beginning of The End. You'll have to write for tickets fast if you want to be assured of seats for you and your friends, since it's sure to be a sellout. Ducats can be had for individual performances (\$5.50, \$3.50, \$1.10) or for all five performances for the price of four (\$22, \$13.20, \$4.40), available from the Playboy Jazz Festival, PLAYBOY Building, 232 E. Ohio, Chicago 11, Illinois. All seats are reserved. Like the man says, it's a scene you won't want to miss.



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(continued from page 43)

name just a few. In San Francisco, Matt Vidaver's Tea Room and Coffee Gallery is an outstanding example.

Then there are the lush, luxurious coffee houses with glittering crystal chandeliers, deep-pile carpeting, and walls filled with good, sometimes valuable, paintings. In these, the talk is livelier, if shallower; frequent smiles are flashed; and the nursed cup draws frowns from the management. The beat atmosphere prevails here, too, but it is all tongue-in-cheer. The girls wear make-up; the boys wear suits; beards are less prevalent. Hi-fi music—cool jazz in some, Vivaldi and Bach in others—is a staple cushion for the chatter in many places, be they beat, mezzobeat or plushly beat. Coffee houses of this more glamorous genre include Serendipity 3, Orsini's, The Coffee Mill and Caffè Ristorante Ca d'Oro in New York, Il Piccolo Libresso, Vienna Coffee House and D'Oro in San Francisco.

Although the coffee is of secondary interest in a coffee house, most menus offer endless and exotic variations on the basic espresso: Caffè Choccolaccino, Cappuccino, Crème di Colombo, Caffè Cordoba, and so on, variously spiked with cinnamon, hot milk, chocolate, eggs, whipped cream. Straight espresso customarily costs about a quarter or 35¢; the fancier versions may run as high as a dollar. Usually available to those the TV commercials call the "over-coffee'd" is a cup of cocoa or a glass of lemonade. Pastry, cheeses, relish trays and hero sandwiches are often to be had, too.

The American coffee house has brought with it a beat mating technique reminiscent of a Jules Feiffer cartoon. The robust, hyper-hearty approach that may work in a bar fails every time in a coffee house, claim those who have made out in both milieus. "You have to play it cool in the coffee houses," they say. "you can't just walk in and take over. You become part of the scene, see, and the chicks dig you, and you're on your way." The typical, if apocryphal, case of a fellow we'll call Jason has been cited:

Jason, legend has it, picked out a coffee house popular with cute but mixed-up girls. He strolled in unobtrusively, quietly placed his order, and sat alone in a corner, peering sullenly into his gradually cooling Cappuccino and "acting inner directed and withdrawn, see?" It wasn't long before a warm, low feminine voice husked in his ear: "Is anything wrong? . . ." After a few Leave-me-alones from Jason, the girl was hooked. "Oh, I know your problem so well," she assured him, "and I can help you . . . I can help you *prove* you're a

man!" And she did, although Jason had needed no proof.

Coffee houses now spottily span the continent—they can be found in Philadelphia (Artist's Hut and Humoresque), Chicago (Café Bellini), Detroit (New Bohemia Club and Barbaro's) and the numerous campus hangouts—but the areas of highest concentration and interest are New York City, San Francisco and Los Angeles. The Los Angeles houses cater largely to hopeful male and female starlets who yearn to crash films; hence, the highest percentage of nubile femininity is on tap in such L.A. coffee houses as Cosmo Alley and the Unicorn.

Herb Cohen, who owns these two in partnership with actor/folk singer Theo Bikel, says of coffee house clientele, "There has always been an out-group. There is one now. This group is no different than it always was except that today it is called the Beat Generation. This out-group is the in-group at the coffee houses. At the Unicorn, it consists of students, Hollywood hopefuls (talented and untalented), writers, dancers, models and painters. The majority of the people, though, are those who are dis-

satisfied with society but don't know exactly where their dissatisfaction lies. Like all suffering people, they want someone to suffer with so they make the coffee houses their homes. Each coffee house has its own in-group. Not necessarily creativity, but understanding will get you into one of these groups. A tourist is anybody who is not a member of the coffee house in-group. He can live next door to you and still be a tourist."

Beat comic Mort Sahl has become the champion and the symbol of the American coffee house. Although he performs in the gin mills, he hangs out in the java joints, prowling them in the wee hours after work, drawing from them and their customers much of his incisive, insightful material. In addition to material, Sahl says he is seeking God in the coffee houses. Those who know him best insist he isn't kidding.

Whether he is or not, Sahl's idea of a beat church with an espresso machine as its altar creates—better than anything else—a vivid image of what the coffee house has come to mean to an important segment of today's American urbans.



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# PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

WINE TIME to do Europe is in the fall: the weather is balmy, the days are still long, the dusks are softer and the social season is on the upswing, while the obstreperous rubbernecks have headed back home. And September is festival time in almost any country you pick: harvest festivals, music festivals and just plain fun festivals abound from one end of the Continent to the other.

One of the tops in classical-music con-claves runs from August 15 to September 10 in Lucerne, Switzerland. This year, the baton waving will be done by such luminaries as Ansermet, Klemperer, Kubelik, Reiner and Von Karajan.

And if you are looking for colorful pageantry, there are two spots you might investigate. In Wingene, Belgium, you can watch living tableaux portraying the magnificent masterpieces of Peter Bruegel. And at Marostica, Italy, there is the traditional living chess game. It all started in the Middle Ages when two knights agreed to fight a duel for a fair damsel's hand. It was decreed, instead, that she should wed whichever of the suitors vanquished his rival at the noble game of chess. Today this game is reproduced in the piazza, marked out in squares like a gigantic chessboard, where living chessmen, dressed in flashing armor, move from square to square, repeating the moves made by the two players.

In spots like Jerez, Spain, home town of sherry, and the burgundy country in France, the harvests are celebrated by toasting your health with goblets of wine. And for the gourmet, the food fair at Dijon offers something special—sam-

ples of each delicacy at the stalls.

A novel air route to Europe is via Bermuda. One-way tourist fare from New York to London is but \$360, and you can break the trip for a couple of frolicsome days on the coral strand.

If you're looking for the sun in September, a bit closer to home, the Caribbean is the spot. An unusual trip you might want to sample is the hydrofoil ride from Puerto Rico to the Virgin Islands. The hydrofoil is, of course, a speedy ship that rises out of the water to skim over the waves on projecting fins, and is capable of hitting speeds up to 50 mph. It's a 2½-hour jaunt twist Santurce and St. Thomas, at a mere \$9.

You can island-hop more conventionally, and no less romantically, in one of the Beechcraft Bonanzas operated by the BWIA subsidiary, Leeward Islands Air Transport, which now links such offbeat points as Anguilla, Barbuda, Montserrat, Dominica and Nevis, short on posh tourist accommodations but long on virgin sights and lush beaches. One of the islands—Beef—has no radio, no telephone (you can almost shout across it anyway), but it does boast one little eight-room hotel. At Dominica, one of the loveliest islands in the Lesser Antilles group, there is a refurbished sugar plantation at Golden Rock that offers guest cottages perched around a swimming pool.

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



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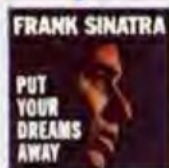
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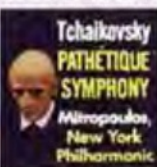
78. Also Johnnie Ray, Guy Mitchell, The Four Lads, etc.



7. Fire Dance, Clair de Lune, Malaguena, Tango, 9 more



27. Mockingbird, Not Much, Down by the Riverside, 9 more



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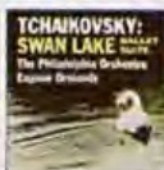
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