PLAYBOY

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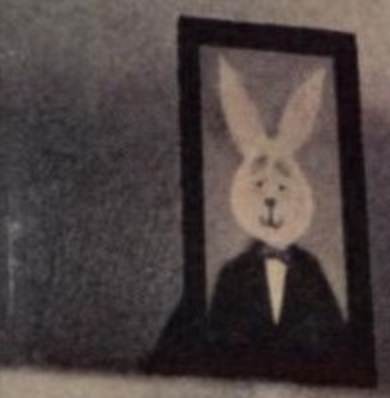

COUNTRY CLUB PLAYMATE

IVERSEN

GEHMAN AND GIGLI

FRANK

MATHER

PLAYBILL

THE DATE ON THE CABLE addressed to PLAYBOY editor Ken Purdy was May 10, 1957; the place of origin was Brescia, Italy. The message read: ARE YOU INTERESTED STORY SUNDAYS MILLE MIGLIA COULD HAVE IT IN NEW YORK WEDNESDAY STOP ALL THE BEST=PORTAGO. Purdy didn't have to think twice about that one: an article on the world-famous sports car race written by the Marquis de Portago? A natural. He sent off an affirmative cable. But two days later the Marquis was dead, killed in the race he had planned to cover for the magazine. This month, one year after the tragic accident, Ken Purdy writes about the philosophy and personality of the late Alfonso de Portago in *The Life and Death of a Spanish Grandee*.

We go backstage, in this issue, back there among the ropes and flats, work lights and stage braces, and breathe deeply of the sweet smell of grease paint: a musical comedy flowers before our very eyes from the moment of inception to the tension-packed, hope-filled opening night; we sit in on every rehearsal, eavesdrop on every conference, watch whole scenes yanked from the show in dress rehearsal and put back just before the first performance. *Oh Captain!* is the production; writer Richard Gehman and photographer Ormond Gigli are the cocked-ear, peeled-eye cicerones who depict in text and photographs *The Birth of a Broadway Show*.

For this first R-less month of 1958, Thomas Mario produces some prose about a certain mischievous mollusk that should make you *Happy as a Clam*. William Iversen turns Togetherness inside out and advocates *Apartness*. Frederic A. Birmingham invites you to a *Spring House Party*, and gently suggests what to bring along in the way of wearables. Lari Laine, our Miss May, is a curvilinear *Country Club Cutie*.

A couple of recent movies provide us with grist for our merry May mill: we supply a missing scene for *God's Little Acre* and get with elfin Elga Andersen of *Bonjour Tristesse*.

Fiction is in strong, sinewy hands this trip: Berkely Mather, a globe-spanning Australian, is the author of our suspenseful lead story, *The Man in the Well*; Pat Frank (he of the best-selling novels *Forbidden Area* and *Mr. Adam*) tells a twisty tale in *This One Is on the House*; Alan E. Nourse spins a yarn about The Prince of Darkness and a particularly *Hard Bargain*.

Anthony Boucher is a name that sets sciencefictionados to salivating like Pavlov's dogs with anticipation of puissant, piquant prognostications of Things to Come – for Tony, in addition to being the author of some of the best extrapolative fiction of our day, is also the editor of *The Magazine of Fantasy and Science-Fiction*, a summit publication in its field. Tony gives us *Wizards of a Small Planet*, in this issue, an article that calls s-f more prediction than fiction. Tony has come up with an interesting sidelight on the term "science-fiction" as seen from the French viewpoint: "science" in French is a feminine noun and so is "fiction," but oddly enough, the French term for "science-fiction" comes out masculine. We've always felt that this exciting brand of storytelling was particularly masculine in slant, and s-f has been, and will continue to be, a vital part of PLAYBOY's entertainment package.

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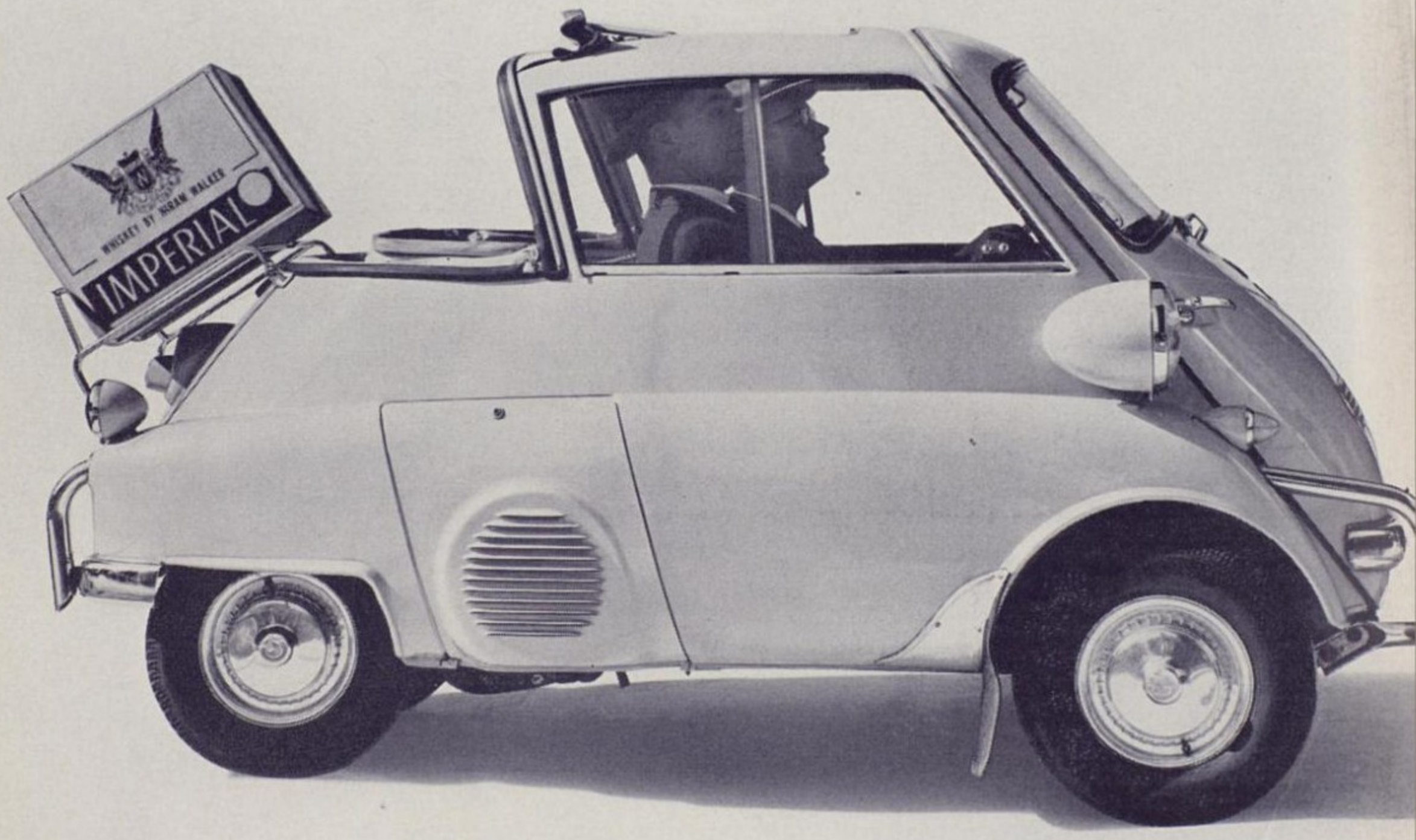

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DEAR PLAYBOY

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ALIVE — AND KICKING

I just this minute finished Ray Russell's January piece, *The Postpaid Poet*. It was wonderful. A little gem. The sharp and fond stirrings of my delight can better be imagined than described. God, the bug-eyed hours in the Thirties I must have spent browsing in the slick pulp pages of that fat and succulent book! Russell caught it all.

Ben Benson
Evanston, Illinois

With many a nostalgic sigh, I read Ray Russell's piece about Johnson Smith. When I was a kid, back in the Twenties and early Thirties, I used to dream of the day when I would be rich enough to order all I wanted from that fabulous catalog. I still own a copy which I just can't bear to throw out. But I imagine PLAYBOY will be getting a sharp note from Johnson Smith & Company — they are still doing business out of Detroit.

Theodore Peterson, Dean
College of Journalism
University of Illinois
Urbana, Illinois

The inference in *The Postpaid Poet* that our company went out of business when plumbing came indoors is an insult to American youth! There is still a place in the world for our pocket-size stench bomb, "Red Ant" itching powder, exploding cigarettes and sure-win dice, just as in the days of my father, Johnson Smith, the original postpaid poet. We await an apology. If it is not forthcoming pronto, Ray Russell will be hissed and harassed, pelted and peppered, to such an extent that adventures in fission and fusion, inner and outer space, or visits from the Abominable Snowman will seem like siesta time in Shangri-La. Even now, our catalog of 3200 novelties (send one thin dime to 6615 E. Jefferson St., Detroit) offers enough agonizing paraphernalia to satisfy Mr. Russell in his most diabolical moments. (Incidentally, I enjoyed his article.)

Paul Smith, President
Johnson Smith & Company
Detroit, Michigan

A LASS & A LACK

Your February Playmate, Cheryl Kubert, would look sexy in a sleeping bag. Mansfield has to resort to nudity. Please stop featuring big-bosomed, expensive Hollywood types. Give us more of "the girl next door" — like Cheryl.

Keith Gallisted
Chicago, Illinois

Cheryl reminds me of my kid sister, and Liz Roberts was just as bad. Let's have more buxom, healthy, sexy females — like Mansfield.

Tom Miller
Long Beach, California

Cheryl Kubert is the first All-Girl Girl we have ever seen.

Students for Cheryl Kubert
Swarthmore College
Swarthmore, Pennsylvania

Boy! Is Cheryl a dish!

Robert Louis Wren
Cincinnati, Ohio

Miss Kubert is, without a doubt, the most appealing girl who has ever appeared in PLAYBOY.

John Steinhauser
Stanford, California

The buck has been made, counted and deposited; Jayne has put on her clothes, smoothed her goose-flesh, and gone back to Muscle Beach. Swell. Photographs of delightful damsels gas me as much as they do anyone — but publicity-seeking, gourd-breasted, slack-hipped, slack-jawed broads with grotesquely protruding, gnarled, becorned feet, lying on beds of mangled mink . . . these, friends, do little for my libido. I don't really care if a girl is famous or not. All I see is the girl. Please — back to pretty girls! No nudes next month of Ethel Barrymore!

Bill Elliott
Bell, California

Jayne Mansfield is the most perfect specimen of womanhood ever displayed in your terrific magazine.

Bob Malesich
New York, New York

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THE POLL

Orchids to the readers who voted for the really top artists in the Poll. In this mad heyday of rock-'n'-roll trash, it does my heart good to see that so many people still have good taste in music. I applaud the readers' selection in all departments except one. How can an all-time great like Louis Armstrong finish anywhere but first?

Carl Cordi
Beckley, West Virginia

When it came to selecting a vocalist and vocal group, your "hip, aware, sophisticated, discriminating, in the know" reader lost his wits.

Alvin Barone
East Elmhurst, New York

Elvis "Jelly Knees" Presley received 169 votes too many.

Dan Buckley
St. Cloud, Minnesota

Thank you for the honor bestowed on me. I think you are doing a wonderful job in sustaining interest in jazz music. My best wishes for the continued success of PLAYBOY.

Benny Goodman
New York, New York

PLAYBOY JAZZ ALBUM

I want you to know what a great job Playmate Lisa Winters did in helping to promote *The Playboy Jazz All-Stars* album in Los Angeles. She personally

visited every d.j. in town (in the photo she's talking with Dick Whittinghill at KMPC), presented them with the album and discussed it on the air. Needless to say, the disc jockeys flipped, and they've been plugging the album ever since. It is going to be one of the big-selling LP albums of the year, I'm sure—in this part of the country at least.

Bob Crites
Los Angeles, California

Playmates Colleen Farrington and Linda Vargas helped promote PLAYBOY*'s jazz album with jockeys in New York and Chicago.*

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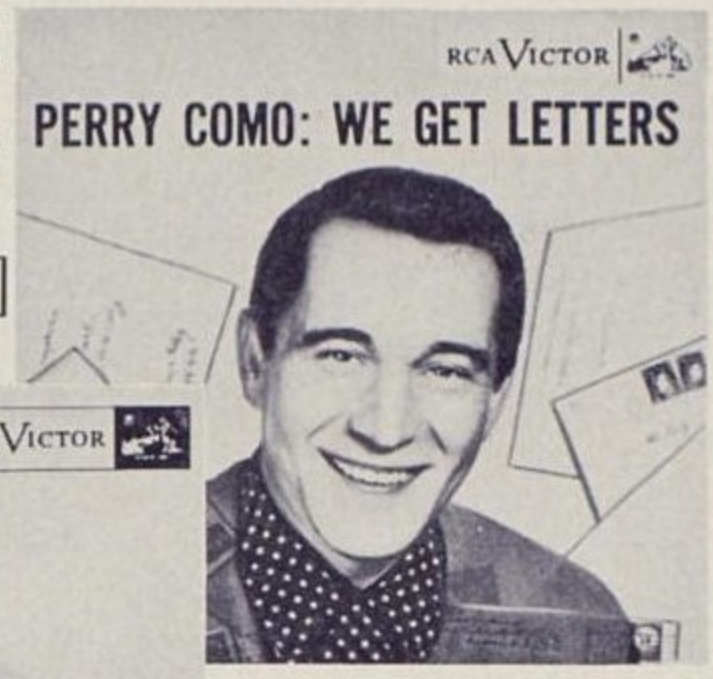

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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

Readers who got a belt out of last month's *The Little World of Orville K. Snav* should turn handsprings over a new gadget we've uncovered, a sort of electronic BunaB. In appearance, it's rather impressive and businesslike-looking: a 6″ x 5″ x 4″ steel box with gray baked enamel finish, a chromium carrying handle on top, two banks of four signal lights on the front — the sort of device you'd expect to see in the labs where they put together digital computers. The signal lights blink, on and off, in no discernible pattern; if you stare long and hard you may think you can detect a kind of order in the blinking, then you find you're wrong. There are no directions on the mechanism, none come with it, there are no switches to turn it on or off. The day ours arrived in the mail, it was blinking its patternless patterns and it has been doing so, 24 hours a day, for the 10 weeks since. Jim Moran, press agent extraordinary and perennial TV guest, dropped by our offices and saw it — and wanted it immediately. We offered to help him get one of his own, but wouldn't part with ours — too useful for discombobulating patternless, random visitors. Once, we carried the machine on a flight to New York and set it down — blinking — on the empty seat next to us. Stewardesses, then the captain, eyed it — then us — warily, retired to the back of the plane and had a conference in muffled tones. We didn't look up from our newspaper. This portable, self-powered marvel would seem to be truly The Ultimate Machine, for it does nothing whatever, except blink. The inventor-genius of this remarkable device informs us that he personally assembles each one and loses 73¢ when he sells it (for $20). Fortunately, he adds, he's only sold around 50 so far.

•

Passion Knows No Clime Department: *The Detroit News* carried the following lost and found ad in its classified section this past winter. "FOUND — girdle, stockings, ear muffs. Northland Center parking lot. PA 2-6899."

•

Henrici's, a venerable eatery in Chicago's Loop, has been giving the giggles to diet-conscious patrons via a special souvenir "low-calorie menu." On it are such succulent victuals as Fried Bee's Knees and Mosquito Knuckles, Boiled Out Stains of Old Table Cloth, Belly Button of a Navel Orange, Lobster Antennae, Broiled Guppy Fillet, Chopped Banana Seeds, Butterfly Liver en Casserole, Pickled Hummingbird Tongue, Prime Rib of Tadpole and Aroma of Empty Custard Pie Plate. To wash your entree down? One brimful, bona fide, seven-ounce glass of effervescent, better-than-ever steam.

•

Sign in a small tailoring-reweaving shop in Salem, Oregon: "As ye rip, so shall we sew."

BOOKS

In *The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit*, Sloan Wilson had something to say about a Fifties phenomenon — the war veteran turned Organization Man — and it won him both cash and kudos. Now comes his Opus 2, ***A Summer Place*** (Simon & Schuster, $4.50), and for those who wonder whether he can repeat, the title is the tip-off. It's a perfectly OK title, but it just doesn't say very much. Neither does the book. This Summer Place is on a Maine island restricted to those who can pass a blueblood test, and here, in the Thirties, Ken Jorgenson, a solid, stolid young lifeguard from the wrong side of the Mississippi, meets Sylvia Raymond, a teenage tease ("there was that about her which immediately made people interested in knowing whether or not she was chaste"), who goads him till he rapes her. They go their separate ways, but They Can't Forget. Ken marries a sniveling Buffalo girl, invents a plastic which makes him rich at 35. Sylvia snags Bart Hunter, who bats 1.000 in the Ivy League but can only field highballs. He turns his paternal pad on the island into a summer hotel — and up show the Jorgensons as paying guests. This time it's love; divorces are arranged; Ken and Sylvia get hitched. But is that the end? Uh-uh. The whole business is now reprised, though in mellower tones, between Ken's daughter and Sylvia's son. Parental understanding gives them a better shake, even though young Molly gets pregnant — and this is probably Mr. Wilson's point. The latter half of the book generates some genuine heart-pull, but the total effect is right out of *Redbook*.

•

A big, fat, handsome, gift-type, salty-type, expensive-type book called ***The Story of American Yachting*** (Appleton-Century-Crofts, $12.50) cruised across our desk this month and right into the starboard end of our picture-books-for-grownups library shelf. Title just about describes the volume: from early engravings to last year's action photos, a 300-year chronological portrait of the gentleman's sport emerges. The readable and gratifyingly brief text is the work of Stanley Rosenfeld and William H. Taylor, familiar names to the boating fraternity. Stanley's famous daddy, Morris, a man who has a virtual lock on the yacht-picture dodge, is responsible for the bulk of the 200-odd pix. All are splendiferous: you almost feel the spray.

•

In these days of jaded journalism, when the average news-hack is afraid to

bite the handout that feeds him, it's refreshing to flip back to the curled-lip, turn-of-the-century newspaper wars via Allen Churchill's ***Park Row*** (Rinehart, $4.95). This was the era when three youngish Lochinvars—Pulitzer (36), Hearst (32) and Ochs (38)—charged out of the west to give New York's timerous tabloids a shot in the masthead. With James Gordon Bennett already entrenched, the ensuing struggle was titanic, and it's the banner-line story in Mr. Churchill's book. But he also includes a conducted tour of the fourth estate as it then was, and a circumstantial account of Park Row's decline and fall when the big-business operators, who bought and sold papers like cordwood, took over. Though you may have seen some of it before, Mr. Churchill has put it together in a provocative package focused on the people involved. But he's inclined now and then to sacrifice pertinence to personalities and drama to detail. Perhaps our author, who knows his way around the city desk, should have spent more time pounding a beat.

FILMS

After all the folderol about coming up with a fresh face and figure for the title role of ***Marjorie Morningstar,*** whom did Hollywood unearth but Natalie Wood, a home product. Natalie gets through her lines OK, firms her chin and expresses mild perplexity, or maybe mild despair, at her failure (after a two-hour, three-minute search) to locate and lasso Mr. Right. Now, the success of Herman Wouk's long narrative wasn't due to the originality of the plot, but rather to the author's sharp insight into the behavior of a specific socio-economic-religious group: the Jewish population of Central Park West. Wouk's acid analyses have been, for the most part, lopped from a patty-cake screenplay by Everett Freeman. Gene Kelly is definitely a misfit for the role of the erratic songwriter Noel Airman, who turns out much less devilish on screen than he was in the book. The picture really belongs to three vets: Claire Trevor as Marjorie's propriety-conscious mother, Everett Sloane as her doting dad, and Ed Wynn as uninhibited Uncle Samson, all of whom remind one of *The Goldbergs,* except that Marjorie's folks prefer a stinger to a glass of tea. Ed Wynn is pretty lucky. He escapes from the proceedings before the second hour's footage begins. You may be even luckier.

•

In ***The Young Lions,*** 20th Century-Fox has cracked the covers of Irwin Shaw's trenchant World War II novel, cast it true and come up with a tale of arms and the man that is close to being great.

To brush you up a bit, its theme is that war does not pit good guys against bad guys, but real guys against real guys. To drive it home, *Lions* tallies the troubles of three very real, very different soldiers – a Nazi and two G.I.s – whose life lines parrallel, then meet with a bang against a background of babes, barbed wire and battle. The principals are blond, guttural-speaking Marlon Brando as stonily-correct Lt. Christian Diestl; Montgomery Clift as the sensitive, compassionate, gutsy Jew, Noah Ackerman; and Dean Martin as the genial, hip Michael Whiteacre. Crooner Martin, in the part of a Broadway type (tooled especially for him), is amazingly effective, as are Brando and Clift. Hope Lange, as Clift's girlfriend, is extremely touching; and May Britt, who fiddles with Brando, is as sloe-eyed, sneaky and seductive a wench as we've ever seen. Horribly realistic battles and fisticuffs abound, but the most effective scenes are the quiet ones: Diestl on a razed-city stroll spotting a one-legged kid; Ackerman agonizingly self-conscious with his dying father; the grisly march of concentration-camp inmates toward their shocked liberators. Director Edward Dmytryk rates a Silver Star for his restraint; in almost no case does he sit too long on scenes that could have been ghastly or maudlin.

•

Originally filmed as a *See It Now* TV show, ***Satchmo the Great*** – about a world jaunt made by Armstrong and combo – has been expanded for moviehouse cats. It's a cheery project, with Louis' high-register dynamics interspersed with froggy vocals and happy-talk with Ed Murrow, who tries to pin down what-is-jazz and gets nowhere. It's exciting to see how Louis gasses Londoners, Switzers, Parisians, Danes and Gold Coasters, winding up at Gotham's Lewisohn Stadium to blow, with the local Philharmonic, *St. Louis Blues* for W. C. Handy and a wild Yankee audience. This Dipper, he's real polyglot, man. For those who would exercise ears alone, *Satchmo the Great* is available on disc (Columbia CL 1077).

•

Let's suppose you're Orson Welles, pudgy, beet-red, spunky despite your years, a roistering character out of William Faulkner. You own everything in sight in a drowsy Mississippi town. Your aim, before dying, is to start a dynasty – little enough to ask – but your grown-up kids can't come through. Your married son is a spongehead who, while he has big eyes for his cuddly wife, can't seem to breed none. And your daughter (23 and still not married!) wastes time on a rich dude with a mama complex. Well, you'd naturally corral the first likely stud walking by and mate him up with your daughter, and that's what Welles, as

bumptious Will Varner in ***The Long, Hot Summer,*** sets out to do. He bribes flat-flanked Ben Quick (Paul Newman), mean as a spring grizzly, into courting Clara (Joanne Woodward), who bridles at being bred with a man she despises (footnote: in real life, Woodward is Mrs. Newman). But even more than Clara, her brother Jody (Anthony Franciosa) resents Quick as a threat to his birthright. As Quick insinuates himself into power, hate splatters all over the screen like shrapnel: Jody tries to murder him; Clara chews him out; Varner flies into a series of rages; the townspeople damn near lynch him. In rendering this segment of Faulkner's novel *The Hamlet,* director Martin Ritt has done an expert job, and the acting by all hands is right smart; scenes are, by turns, funny, exciting and occasionally moving. In all, a fine picture.

RECORDINGS

Stan the Man has a brand-new plan. In ***Rendezvous with Kenton*** (Capitol T932), released since Stan took control of the Rendezvous Ballroom in Balboa, Cal., we are granted a listen to (a) the orchestra's revamped personnel, (b) the ballroom's acoustics (this and all future releases, Stanley declares, will be taped in their Pacific *pied-à-terre*). The present band doesn't go as far out as earlier incarnations, but it does boast a gifted new discovery in one Joe Coccia, who wrote two originals for this set and arranged the 10 standards. Several holdover horns, including Bill Perkins' muscular tenor, the notable Sam Noto's trumpet, Lennie Niehaus' alto; and one striking new soloist named Kenny Shroyer, whose improbable piece of plumbing is the bass trombone, are engagingly featured.

•

Seldom has an echo of the Rip-Roaring Twenties given out with a more ripping roar than ***Oh, Kay!*** (Columbia CL 1050), a lovingly-faithful recap of the smash musical comedy that ran on Broadway for more than 250 performances back in 1926. From the frolicking flappers on the cover to the zingy flapdoodle on the vinyl, it's a brash and bright paean to the bootlegging era. The variously witty, wistful and romantic score (by George and Ira Gershwin) is as fresh today as it ever was, is breathlessly delivered here by Barbara Ruick and Jack Cassidy as the leads (Kay, who is OK with the boys, and Jimmy, whose posh Long Island mansion is used as a cache for the bathtub gin). In the background vamps a typically-Twenties pit band; catgutty, meowing and two-beat. Some of the dandy ditties still whistled today include *Maybe; Clap Yo' Hands;*

Do, Do, Do; *Dear Little Girl*; and the top ballad of the evening, *Someone to Watch Over Me*. In case you weren't around at the time (we weren't), the liner notes inform us that P. G. Wodehouse and Guy Bolton did the book especially for British-import Gertrude Lawrence. Victor Moore kicked up his heels in it too (as Shorty McGee, the bootlegger who guarded the "stuff") and in a smaller role was the lovely Betty Compton, whom New York mayor Jimmy Walker spotted and fell for like a ton of "Kiss Me Quick" buttons. It's all here – the re-created razz-ma-tazz, the slap-happy, shimmying flavor of the decade that was easily the zaniest of all time. Fine fare, say we, for perking the spirits and counteracting Welk-schmerz . . . Another major step in that direction is ***Eydie Gormé Vamps the Roaring Twenties*** (ABC-Paramount 218), not an attempt to take us back to the styles of yesteryear, but rather a fresh-as-tomorrow interpretation of some of that era's most durable chestnuts. Eydie does it grandly, backed by Don Costa's big, belting arrangements of the likes of *Toot Toot Tootsie, Goodbye*; *Singin' in the Rain*; *Tip Toe Through the Tulips* and a sensational *When the Red, Red Robin Comes Bob, Bob Bobbin' Along*. Eydie warbles the opening chorus of this latter through a muslin mask to get the effect of an old Gennett platter, then the hi-fi curtain parts and she socks through the rest in roaring mid-1958 style. She doesn't know how to sing a song badly, boasts an almost flawless sense of timing and breath control coupled with remarkable pipes. This disc is another gem.

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The jazz show-tune albums continue apace. Jimmy Giuffre and a medium-sized band, with all arrangements and almost all solos by the leader, do right by Meredith Willson in a musicianly salute to ***The Music Man*** (Atlantic 1276). The Dick Hyman Trio, in its modern jazz mood, swings Lerner and Loewe's ***Gigi*** agreeably on MGM E3642. But it took our own Jazz Editor to rectify the situation that has long kept the lyrics out of these jazz-goes-to-Broadway LPs; as a result we now have the first such set ever to include vocals: Livingston and Evans' ***Oh Captain!*** (MGM E3650), interpreted by the Leonard Feather–Dick Hyman All Stars. The vocals are handled neatly by Marilyn Moore, whose *Femininity* sounds even more feminine than Abbe Lane's, and Jackie Paris, still among the most underrated of jazz voices. Bonuses come in the form of instrumental solos by Hyman, Coleman Hawkins, Harry Edison, Art Farmer, Jimmy Cleveland, and a bright surprise in the baritone sax work of Tony Scott.

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After listening to ***Lee Konitz Plays with***

the Gerry Mulligan Quartet (Pacific Jazz 406), we got out one of our favorite old 10-inchers with the same group and played that, were delighted to find no changes in attitude, manner or style. Then we glanced at the liner notes, saw pix of Gerry, Chet Baker and Konitz looking quite boyish, finally noted that the "new" LP session was recorded back in 1953. OK, we're slow-witted, but this stands out: good, solid Pacific jazz that sent us way back then, now passes the test of time with flying colors . . . Mulligan's on hand again on ***The Gerry Mulligan–Paul Desmond Quartet*** (Verve 8246), with Dave Bailey's drums and Joe Benjamin's bass completing the foursome; there's a lot of swinging in this cool set and Gerry and Paul – though each is a master technician alone – seem to inspire each other to new heights . . . ***The Magic Flute of Herbie Mann*** (Verve 8247) is as accurately descriptive a title as we've run across in a long time: Herbie weaves a wide range of flautistic spells (with a variety of sidemen) which encompasses Latin, swing, cool and you-name-it, as he plays *Body and Soul, Frenesi, Stardust, Peanut Vendor,* and eight other goodies.

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The immense advantages that monaural discs have over stereo tapes are the available repertory and the quality of musicianship they offer. Too little that's so-far obtainable in stereo is music: too much of it is novelty material selected to show off the virtues of stereo sound. Happily, three significant break-throughs are on hand this month in the classical field: an extraordinarily sensitive yet powerful playing of Beethoven's ***Concerto No. 5,*** the "Emperor," by Artur Rubenstein and the Symphony of the Air under Josef Krips (Victor FCS-61); the Sorkin Symphonette, Leonard Sorkin up, playing ***Vivaldi (Concerto Grosso in D Minor), Mozart (Eine Kleine Nachtmusik) and Bach (Prelude in E Major),*** all with great spirit (Concertapes 23-3A); and a lucid reading of Bartók's ***Second String Quartet*** (Stereo Age C-1) by the Kohon String Quartet.

THEATRE

Replacing a mere review of ***Oh Captain!*** in this issue is a full text-and-photo takeout, starting on page 48, of the musical now playing at the Alvin, 250 W. 52nd, NYC.

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Norman Krasna's ***Who Was That Lady I Saw You With?*** comes up with a second act that's even funnier than the first. The whole thing is cockeyed, wonderful and inventive, certainly the most irrepressible idiocy of the season. It all begins when Peter Lind Hayes, a chemistry prof at Columbia, is nabbed nuzzling a coed. Mary Healy (his spouse off-stage and on) heads for Reno while Peter, a simple soul with the heart of a lamb, calls on his pal Ray Walston, a TV writer, for succor. Walston, a complicated soul with the heart of a coyote, in no time has Peter and himself posing as FBI agents whose dangerous mission includes scouting subversive female students. Mary is proud to discover that her husband is an undercover hero (hitherto, she had thought of him that way only in the boudoir), but the real FBI takes a narrow view of the masquerade when honest-to-gosh spies become involved and guns start popping. One of the more hilarious scenes finds Peter drugged by the enemy, jailed in the boiler room of the Empire State Building and under the impression that he is a prisoner aboard a U-boat. He decides to sink it, stands rigidly at attention while singing *America the Beautiful* as a calliope of busted valves and hissing steam pipes sounds off. Rouben Ter-Arutunian's sets add hugely to the speed and humor of the jest, as do Roland Winters and William Swetland as a pair of ulcerous, honest FBIers. But it's Hayes, Healy and Walston who stroll off with the hosannas. At the Martin Beck, 302 West 45th, NYC.

DINING-DRINKING

The phrase "no entertainment" applies only in its narrowest, most literal sense to ***Michael's Pub,*** a drinkery-dinery just east of Fifth Avenue in New York (3 East 48th). For, from luncheon through closing around two in the A.M., a special kind of entertainment holds sway. This consists, for the visitor, in spotting "unknown" celebrities of stage, screen, radio, TV, books, magazines, newspapers and advertising – unknown in the sense that they are, for the most part, the creative powers behind public façades. Trade talk, quips and table-hopping dominate the scene, which otherwise has the solid and quiet charm of a chop house – a good, modern chop house without "decorator" gimmicks. Fact is, some five years ago, Michael Pearman – who'd been maître de of a dark and fancy dining parlor – cannily decided that a clean, neat, comfortable place, with a short and simple menu of superb chop-house fare and a good bar-type bar with good man-sized drinks, might be just what New York needed. Since opening day, he has been proved overwhelmingly right: It's SRO at Michael's all day long, so make your reservations well in advance.

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PLAYBOY

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THE MAN IN THE WELL

fiction By BERKELY MATHER

when the moon is full,
he struggles and screams
of a treasure forever lost

THERE WERE SIX of them in the waiting room when Sefton arrived, so he ran a cursory eye over them and went out again and hung about in the doorway of a haberdasher on the other side of the Strand.

He had not been frightened by what he saw but let there be a dignity about all things – even applying for a job. There were two young men in duffel coats, one of them with a beard, a hard-bitten elderly character who might have been an ex-bosun from the Irrawaddy Flotilla, two one-time sahibs who looked absurdly alike in their yellowing bloodlessness and a woman who looked as if she had just crossed the Gobi on a camel. If this was the short list he was willing to bet on his chances.

He had lit his sixth cigarette by the time the last of them emerged, so he nipped it economically and crossed through the midmorning traffic and went up the narrow stairs again. A clerk took his name in and after a brief wait led him through to an inner office. A lanky, elderly man rose from behind a littered desk and held out his hand.

"Mr. Sefton?" he inquired. "Sorry if I've kept you waiting. Please sit down. You must excuse this mess – my agent has lent me his office for these interviews."

Sefton bowed, sat, balanced his hat on his knees and waited. The other man gazed at a spot on the

wall over Sefton's head, screwed up his eyes and pursed his lips.

"As phony as the papers say he is," Sefton thought, and added savagely, "silly old goat."

Minutes ticked by, traffic rumbled outside and from nearby Charing Cross an engine whistled shrilly. At last the old man broke the silence.

"There have been many other applicants, Mr. Sefton," he said softly.

"Which you short-listed down to seven – none of whom so far have suited," Sefton answered. "I hope I will. I am very keen on joining you."

The other looked slightly nettled.

"May I ask where you gathered that information?"

"Counted heads in the waiting room when I arrived and then timed their exits from across the street. None of them stayed long." His grin robbed the statement of offense. "I think I'm your man, Professor Neave."

"That remains to be seen," Neave answered stiffly. He shuffled through a file of letters in front of him and selected one that Sefton recognized as his own. "Would you care to elaborate on this a little?"

"Sure," answered Sefton promptly. "Eight years as assistant engineer with the Sontal Gem Mining Corporation in Mogok, Upper Burma. I speak good Burmese and can get along in most of the dialects – Shan, Chin and Karen. I know the country well and was an M.T. officer in the Royal Indian Army Service Corps during the war. I get along with people, can take and carry out orders –" he paused very slightly "– and I can keep my mouth shut."

"Why did you leave the Sontal Corporation, Mr. Sefton?" the professor asked.

"For the same reason as the rest of the staff," Sefton told him. "The Japs were 10 miles up the track and traveling fast. We sent the married men and their families to Rangoon before the railroad from Mandalay was cut off, and we ourselves set fire to the whole shebang and got out in the last vehicle to leave. We only got to Yeu – that's just north of Bhame – when our petrol gave out. We walked the rest of the way to the Chindwin, right through the dry belt. I say 'we' – but only I made it. Dysentery, malaria and starvation did for the rest. It was a bad year and the monsoon was late."

"How long did the journey take you?"

"Just over three months. Our speed was that of the sickest man."

"And then?"

Sefton shrugged. "Nothing much more to it. I crossed into Assam by the Tiddim Track and fell in with our forces in Imphal. I was a long time in the hospital and then I joined up. I fought my war with the Fourteenth Army and finished as a major."

"What have you been doing since?"

"I put my gratuity and savings into a small engineering shop in Lancashire in the first place – and lost the lot. Since then I've had a variety of jobs in my own line of country – deep drilling in Brazil, and I've been up the Gulf with an oil concern among other things —"

"Are you married?"

"No – and I haven't a soul in the world dependent upon me."

"What remuneration would you expect?"

"I don't want anything – except to go with you."

The professor brightened visibly for a moment and then covered up. "I don't understand, Mr. Sefton," he said.

Sefton leaned forward.

"I told you I'd had a series of jobs, professor," he said earnestly. "All of them have been reasonably well paid and I left each one of them of my own accord – often in the face of strong persuasion to stay on. Restlessness – inability to find a niche in this postwar world – call it what you like, but I know I'll never be able to settle down until I get it out of my system."

"Get what out of your system?"

Sefton paused and gazed out of the window for a full minute before answering. "It's hard to say," he said at length. "Put it this way. I was a reasonably settled young man with a career ahead of me with Sontal. The war finished all that. The corporation never started up again. I had seen my friends die on that trek and I'd been unable to help them. I'm not neurotic, but – but –" he spread his hands. "Oh, hell, I don't know – I've just got a yen to go out there again, to see the places we walked through – to feel the sun beating down on me and to get the stink of the jungle back into my nostrils. I want to face up to something I've been running away from all these years and to realize how little it all means in retrospect." He stopped suddenly. He had rehearsed this speech carefully but now he wondered if he had not overdramatized it. *Hell, that wouldn't have deceived a kid,* he thought ruefully, and added aloud, "This must all sound very silly, professor."

But the professor smiled sympathetically, "Not at all. I think I understand. I was part of a lost generation myself in 1918. All right, Mr. Sefton – you've been very frank with me. Let me tell you something about myself and *my* reason for going out there." He pushed a box of cigarettes across the table and Sefton, noting the virgin ash tray, realized that he was the first who had been thus favored and felt his confidence rise accordingly. "I take it that you know a little about me – my one-man expeditions – my modest reputation as an author and popular lecturer —?"

Sefton looked suitably shocked. "Who doesn't, professor?"

"None of the previous applicants, apparently," answered the professor with more than a touch of sourness. "One young man had heard, without particular interest, a 15-minute talk of mine on television. The woman confused me with Professor Lever, the ornithologist, while most of the others were far more interested in what I could pay them than in the journey and its objects. Still, be that as it may – I want a man who knows Upper Burma, who is prepared to rough it, who can drive one jeep and maintain two and who, in short, is prepared to accompany me on a trip over the old Burma Road from Calcutta to as far as we can get toward the China border. A man who can relieve me of the chores of the trip while I collect material and take pictures for my next lecture tour, but who at the same time can be rather more – er – intellectually congenial than the average paid employee." He rose and held out his hand. "I think you might well be that man, Mr. Sefton."

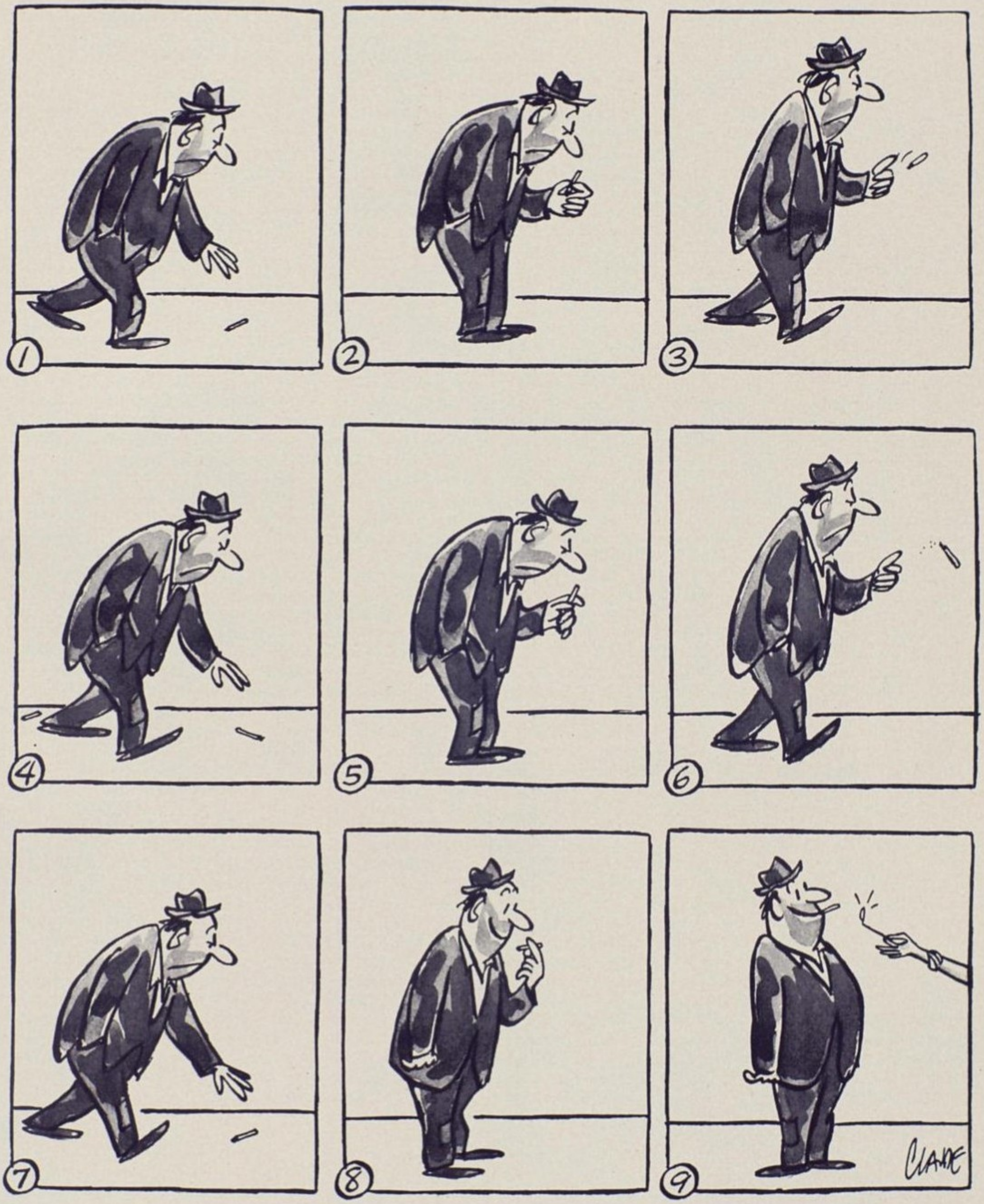
In Sefton's heart was a paean of joy and relief.

• • •

He halted the jeep at the top of the last rise before Kohima. Down the winding road that led back toward Manipur he could see the second jeep snaking round the hairpin bends that multiplied the crow-flight distance tenfold. The road had all but gone back to the jungle since he had last seen it in the closing days of the war. Then it had been a tarmaced miracle of engineering that had carried four lines of heavy military traffic all round the clock. The teak-built culverts and Irish bridges had now for the most part rotted through and Sefton, breaking trail, had had to stop many times since they had crossed the Brahmaputra at Gauhati to allow the professor to catch up.

He lit a cigarette and tried for the 50th time to fight down the feverish impatience that bedeviled him. Left to himself he could have pressed on through to the dry belt in a week, but with this old fool's insistence on stopping to take photographs, plus his maddening refusal to travel in the heat of the afternoon, it looked as if the time might well be quadrupled. And now it seemed more than probable that they would be held up in Imphal. The Indian government was engaged in sporadic jungle fighting with the Naga tribes who, promised their autonomy when the British left, were demanding it in terms that bordered on small-scale warfare. Politics! Politics had stopped

(continued overleaf)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CLARKE

his getting into Upper Burma twice before. What the hell had it to do with him? All he wanted was a couple of hours in a pagoda near Yeu . . ."

The professor had arrived now. He pulled up triumphantly in just the very spot he should have avoided, and Sefton bellowed wrathfully.

"For God's sake – how many times have I told you not to stop in mud?" He strode over and pushed the old man roughly out of the driver's seat and jabbed furiously at the starter. The engine roared but the wheels spun impotently. He cursed and got the tow-rope out of his own jeep and for the 20th time yanked the professor onto firm ground.

"There are certain fundamental rules for good manners, too," answered the professor tartly. "Things are getting a little out of hand, Sefton. I would remind you that although you are not drawing a salary, *I* am in charge of this expedition."

"You want to get across Upper Burma to the Chinese border, don't you?" snarled Sefton. "OK then, suppose you leave it to someone who knows, and do as you're damned well told."

"I'm not a child and this is not my first experience of the jungle." Neave was thoroughly angry now. "If things are to go on like this I would much prefer to take a paid driver on from Imphal and to pay your passage back to Calcutta by lorry."

Sefton recognized danger signs and temporized.

"I'm sorry, professor," he said and drew his hand wearily over his brow. "All this rather brings things back – and I think I have a touch of fever coming on." He smiled bravely. "You were quite right to slap me down. I'll behave from now on."

The professor accepted his apology with a slight inclination of his head and turned stiffly back to his jeep.

"Once over the Chindwin, you old bum," thought Sefton as they started off again, "and you can go to blazes. I'll have to watch my step till then, though – I don't want to be left stranded when I'm this close."

The old man's Delhi-endorsed papers took them through the check point at Imphal without question and even with an offer, which Sefton politely declined, of an escort as far as the border. They camped that night at the top of the Tiddim Track where rusting Japanese tanks made green hillocks under the creeping undergrowth which still, after 12 years, could not altogether cover the scars of that last fierce battle.

Sefton lay under his mosquito net and watched the pre-monsoon clouds gathering over the pass and blotting out the stars. They had been gathering that night he crossed. He stretched out on his camp bed and listened to the jungle night sounds and the professor's gentle snores the other side of the fire. His thoughts went back over the years.

There had been six of them at first in that crazy truck. Findlay, the Scotch manager – tall, grim, ascetic – who was a Sanskrit scholar and who some said was a secret convert to Buddhism; Muirson the Eurasian clerk; the two Karen coolies; and Ngu Pah, the pretty little Burmese nurse who had insisted on standing by her tiny hospital until the last moment; and himself. The Karens had deserted early and Muirson, opium-besotted and malarial, had died at the end of the third week. That left the three of them. Three oddly assorted people on foot in the middle of the freakish dry belt after the truck had finally petered out. There was a well in the pagoda to which they had struggled before Findlay collapsed, and Ngu Pah, the lightest of them, had climbed down the rotten rope to see if any dribble remained in the sand at the bottom. But it had been bone dry. The rope had broken as she struggled back and had left her clinging to the masonry a few feet from the top and they had been hard put to it to rescue her.

It was that night that he made his decision. Findlay could obviously go no farther and Ngu Pah was showing signs of failing too. Her tiny frame had borne the brunt of that hellish journey as she had carried her full share of the water and rations and finally the heavy wash-leather bag that Findlay would entrust to nobody but her.

He knew what that bag contained because he had seen Findlay making his selection from the trays of pigeon-blood rubies before they had dynamited the strong room and set fire to the rest. They had been unable to send their usual shipments out to Rangoon for some months, so there had been a lot of stuff to choose from. That bag must have weighed seven pounds if it weighed an ounce. My God – seven pounds of uncut rubies. She had not let the bag out of her possession for an instant after Findlay had handed it to her. She had even slung it round her neck when she climbed into the well. Sefton wondered when she had first begun to suspect his intentions. He had tried for years to justify to himself that final act of treachery. He no longer bothered now. In Sefton's world it was every man for himself. He had stolen the bag that night while she slept and Findlay raved in his delirium – and with it he had also stolen their last half gallon of water and the pitiful remains of their rations, and he had set out on the last desperate stage to the Chindwin and safety.

She had cheated him though – the little devil. He made the discovery the night before he crossed the border. He had opened the bag to make a careful selection of just what he could carry on his person with safety, meaning to cache the rest where, if the war went the right way, he could come back and collect it later. He remembered the feel of the rough sand and gravel that poured over his hands as he untied the thong. He had screamed and groveled in his rage out there in the jungle and then, when sanity returned, he thought about going back – but the Japs were closing in fast and he could see the smoke from burning villages a scant five miles behind him. That's where the stuff had gone – down the bloody well – and that's where it was now. Obviously they couldn't have survived long. Findlay was almost a goner when he left them, and Ngu Pah couldn't have gone down the well again to recover the stones because the rope had snapped. He had often tortured himself with the possibility of the girl surviving the war and going back for them, but he had brushed that aside. Without food and water she could not have lasted another week. No – the rubies were still there, at the bottom of the well – of that he was convinced.

Twice he had raised the necessary money and gone out to Rangoon on the pretext of starting up in engineering, but try as he would he had been unable to get permission to go through to Upper Burma. There had been constant internecine warfare along the line of the Irrawaddy since the British had left, and both sides regarded visitors with suspicion. He had tried it without permission and had narrowly missed being shot for his pains. The third time he had attempted to go out they had refused him a visa, as had the India government when he applied for a mining license in the Shan hills. The professor's advertisement had been a heaven-sent final chance. He would *get* there this time – by God he would.

His plan of action was made. Their road lay through Yeu – there was no other way in. He would come down with a simulated attack of malaria there. The way to Mandalay was easy so he would persuade the professor to go on alone, promising to catch up with him in a few days. They weren't on such friendly terms that the old man would boggle much at that. He *would* catch up too – but then he'd quit. He had enough ready cash to pay his way back to England – and more than enough wit to get the stones in with him.

He grunted, flicked his cigarette out into the damp undergrowth, swatted a mosquito and dropped quietly to sleep.

They reached Yeu four days later without incident except for a few further bog downs on the professor's part. Sefton had suffered from malaria often

(continued on page 64)

the race for the moon
is old stuff to the science-fiction boys

article By ANTHONY BOUCHER

WIZARDS OF A SMALL PLANET

MAN TOOK HIS FIRST STEP into space on October 4, 1957 — a date which future encyclopedists are certain to rank above October 12, 1492, in the history of Earth.

And just about the only people who were not amazed were the handful — maybe a quarter of a million — who regularly read science-fiction.

Science-fiction readers have known that man has had the scientific knowledge and technical ability to leave this planet for over a decade. It's been essentially a matter of time, money, effort; so there was nothing inherently surprising in its final accomplishment.

And now that we are relatively unfazed by such an epoch-making event, general readers are beginning to look at us and wonder how much else we may know — how many "crazy science-fiction ideas" may be just as crazy as the notion of earth satellites.

This isn't, of course, the first time science-fiction has been years or decades in advance of the news headlines; but people forget fast, and have mostly forgotten already how impressed they were a dozen years ago by science-fiction's foreknowledge of the atomic bomb.

There was, as you may have heard, one classic incident when the FBI cracked down on a science-fiction magazine for publishing the secret of the A-bomb — a secret which was at that time known to nobody except the workers on the Manhattan Project, a few Communist spies, and anybody who could understand prewar technical articles on nuclear research.

This story is usually told as a startling example of science-fiction happening to hit upon a truth of real science. Actually, its moral is something else again: It's an example of a much rarer phenomenon — a story so timidly elementary that for once science was able to catch up with science-fiction.

The story in question was *Deadline*, by Cleve Cartmill, and it appeared in *Astounding Science-Fiction* for March 1944 — a year and a half before the general public had ever heard of atomic fission. But did it create a general stir (outside of the FBI offices)? Did readers recognize it as a brilliantly terrifying prophecy? Did they acclaim it as a fresh, exciting stroke of imagination?

Well, hardly. The editor did not think it worth mentioning in his advance announcements the previous month; and a reader vote rated it sixth place in an issue with six stories.

Cartmill was one of the best writers in what was probably the best science-fiction period yet (the early Forties), but this time he wrote — as can happen to any of us — a real clinker. It takes place on the planet Cathor (location and time unspecified), and is about a

war between two forces named, with all the subtlety of Serutan, Seilla and Sixa. Our hero, Ybor Sebrof, is a Seilla agent sent into Sixa to destroy a bomb invented by their top scientist. He has troubles with the beautiful leader of the underground ("He was male . . . put together with an eye to efficiency; and she was female, at the ripening stage"), and gets into the power of the scientist (who at least is not mad). When all seems lost, Ybor "whipped his short, prehensile tail (which has not so much as been hinted at – unless by that obscure reference to male efficiency – in the preceding 9,000 words) around the barrel of Dr. Sitruc's "gun" and everything comes out OK.

We – the science-fiction readers of 1944 – read this and shuddered. One letter-to-the-editor described it as "mediocre fantasy." And when we came to the passage that perturbed the FBI ("Now the explosion of a pound of U-235 . . . releases as much energy as a hundred million pounds of TNT"; "Two cast-iron hemispheres, clamped over the orange segments of cadmium alloy . . . the powdered uranium oxide runs together in the central cavity. The radium shoots neutrons into this mass – and the U-235 takes over from there"), we thought, "Oh Lord, another atomic bomb story! Cartmill usually comes up with fresher ideas than that!"

Which was the point that John W. Campbell, Jr., then as now editor of *Astounding,* made to the FBI agents when they suggested a cease-and-desist order on stories about A-bombs. Atomic energy, for peace or war, was already a commonplace of science-fiction. *Stop* writing about it and you'd give enemy agents the perfect tip-off that a genuine A-project was under way.

For what matters, as concerns the prophetic nature of science-fiction, is not so much the occasional on-the-nose exactness as the broader education of the reader, inducing him to take advanced concepts for granted before their existence is suspected by the general public, or sometimes even by scientists.

A good example is this very theme of the earth satellite, which goes back in fiction the best part of a century, to Edward Everett Hale's *The Brick Moon,* serialized in *The Atlantic* in 1869 and 1870. Hale's moon was, as far as accuracy goes, terrible. Its material, its means of projection, its equipment – nothing about it would work. But it did establish – in fiction, long before it was ever discussed as a factual project – that a man-made moon could be put in an orbit around the earth, and that much scientifically valuable data could be drawn from observing such a satellite.

The frequency with which the prophecies of science-fiction come true is the result of at least three factors. The simplest is that, by now, science-fiction has prophesied so very many, often mutually contradictory, futures that it's getting harder and harder for reality to come up with anything that hasn't been set down in fiction some time some where. Fire off enough prophetic shots and some of them are bound to hit the bull's-eye . . . and you can afford to disregard the ones that don't. For instance, no matter what the surface of the planet Venus (which is hidden from our observation by permanent clouds) turns out to be like, from a water world to a desert, there'll be a science-story which has in advance described it exactly – and usually on the basis of statements by orthodox astronomers, who also believe in the shotgun method of speculation.

Of course not everyone can be so lucky as Jonathan Swift, who in 1726 had Lemuel Gulliver meet astronomers who had discovered that Mars possessed two small moons (in 1877, by what Willy Ley has called "the purest coincidence known to the history of science," Asaph Hall discovered that Mars sure enough *does* possess two small moons). But a certain number of random guesses are bound to turn out to be "prophecies," purely by the odds.

Then a large number of science-fiction's accurate hits come about because writers and scientists (or technologists or manufacturers) are thinking along the same lines. Fastest example of fulfillment I know: In 1953 Ann Warren Griffith sold *The Magazine of Fantasy and Science-Fiction* a story *Captive Audience* about a miniature sound device which could be inserted in products so that they would continuously give off their own commercials, drawing the poor consumer's attention to their yummy goodness. Even before the story could be printed, Miss Griffith walked into a supermarket and was assailed by a jar of prunes equipped with a miniature sound device which, etc.

Often both writer and scientist are developing concepts which have been widely discussed and published, but which remain virtually unknown to the general public. Recently in a lecture I mentioned the fact that the word *television* first appeared in print in a radio magazine (Hugo Gernsback's *Modern Electrics*) in 1909. Afterwards a woman in her sixties wanted to assure me earnestly that there couldn't have been a radio magazine in 1909 because there wasn't any radio then; she was there and she *knew*. Radio as a mass medium of entertainment and advertising didn't, it's true, appear until almost 20 years later; but in 1909 there did exist "wireless telegraphy," as an important means of commercial communication. There were thousands of radio enthusiasts, to whom Gernsback's magazine was addressed, and it didn't take much prophetic insight to see the future potential. Gernsback himself foresaw it in 1911 in *Ralph 124C 41+,* which is the first, the best and the worst American science-fiction novel. The worst in that its writing is such as to make *Tom Swift and His Electric Cottonpicker* seem a work of high literary sophistication; the first and best in that it was the pioneer in thinking ahead logically from actual known data, and scored more accurate prophetic hits than any other single glimpse of the technological future: TV, nylon, plastics, tape-recording, helicopters, satellites and a host of other gadgets either realized by now or clearly in our immediate future.

This use of available but publicly ignored material accounts for science-fiction's successes with the A-bomb, as well as with peacetime atomic power (it was as far back as 1942 that Lester del Rey wrote the still impressive short novel *Nerves,* about the medical aspects of disaster in an A-plant), and now with the preliminaries to space flight.

And this same method should have enabled us to foretell Russia's headstart into space. In 1941 I was writing a mystery novel (*Rocket to the Morgue*) for which I needed a great deal of factual background on the history, past, present and future, of rocket research. At that time there existed precisely one popular book (P. E. Cleator's *Rockets Through Space*) in the English language on rockets and space flight. Counting privately published volumes and highly technical works, there had been five books published in English on the subject.

At that same time there had been 18 such books published in German . . . and 31 in Russian! Willy Ley, the leading German (and now American) historian of rocketry, tells me that 30 years ago he was forced to teach himself to read Russian; there was no other way of getting at much of the most important theoretical writing. Konstantin Eduardovich Tsiolkovsky (1857-1935) was unquestionably a world pioneer in ideas for using rocket propulsion to conquer space – and was far more recognized and honored after the revolution than before.

All these data were available – plus such items as the Russian announcements of a projected space platform three months before our much-publicized satellite announcement in 1955 – and some science-fiction writer should have had the prophetic sense to write a serious story of the Russian space pioneers – though partial credit must go to Steve Benedict for hinting at Soviet moon-conquest in his *Stamp from Moscow* (1953), if only as a caprice. But we

(concluded on page 46)

LOVERS OF LITERATURE may not rate Erskine Caldwell's novel *God's Little Acre* as one of the master works of our time, but this raw little volume of life in the Georgia cracker belt has sold more than eight million copies, ranking it just behind the Bible and Dr. Spock's baby book on the all-time best seller list. Among the legion of loyal *Acre* fans, you may remember, was sex-starved Ensign Pulver of *Mister Roberts*. A copy of the book was discovered by Roberts hidden in Pulver's bunk – heavily annotated with marginal comments like "Good writing!" and "Excellent description!" alongside the steamiest, seamiest passages.

Now, 25 years after the first *Acre* taker opened the book in his hot little hands, the story has been made into a film, directed by Anthony Mann, starring Robert Ryan as Ty Ty Walden, and titian-tressed Tina Louise and Aldo Ray as that torrid twosome, Griselda and Will. Our enthusiasm over this news was dampened somewhat when we learned that what was most certainly Ensign Pulver's favorite scene has been omitted from the movie. Perhaps you remember it. We confess that it was our favorite, too.

Will faces Griselda and in a voice of passion, says: " 'I'm going to rip every piece of those things off of you in a minute. I'm going to rip them off and tear them into pieces so small you'll

PLAYBOY'S LITTLE ACRE

pictorial

we lend a helping hand in the filming of a caldwell classic

PHOTOGRAPHED ESPECIALLY FOR PLAYBOY BY DON ORNITZ

never be able to put them together again . . . I've woven cloth all my life . . . we're going to start spinning and weaving again tomorrow, but tonight I'm going to tear that cloth on you till it looks like lint out of a gin.'" And, a page or so later: "He had worked as he had never done before, and the shredded cloth lay on the floor at his feet . . ."

We've always been a dedicated devotee of film art and have secretly harbored a desire to direct a film ourself. The missing scene seemed to provide an excellent opportunity to make like De Sica, so we got in touch with Miss Louise and Mr. Ray, rounded up a camera and a cameraman, dusted off the leggings, megaphone and canvas chair that had been waiting patiently in our hope chest, and shouted "Roll 'em!" The set and costumes may not be authentic, but we think the discerning critic, Ensign Pulver, would agree that Aldo and Tina have truly captured the spirit of Caldwell and have turned out one of the most energetic examples of acting since Mr. Thespis first monopolized the conversation.

"You mean all the way from 23rd Street to Central Park?"

A YEAR AGO, on the 12th of May, a Ferrari automobile running in Italy's Mille Miglia race crashed in the village of Guidizzolo near Brescia. The car had been making something over 150 miles an hour and it killed nine of the spectators lining the long straight road. It killed the co-driver, Edmund Nelson, and it killed the driver, a Spaniard named Alfonso Cabeza de Vaca y Leighton, Carvajal y Are, 13th Conde de la Mejorada, 12th Marquis de Portago. He was 28.

In the days after Portago's death, a standard picture of him was quickly established on the front pages of the world's newspapers: an immensely wealthy aristocrat, charter member of the international set, an indefatigable pursuer of beautiful women, and a man obsessed with the wish for an early and violent death. Portago would have laughed, I am sure, reading his obituaries. Two months before he died he had laughed when I had repeated a columnist's remark about his "death wish."

"It's so ridiculous," he said. "I'm sure

article **By KEN PURDY**

the life and death of a spanish grandee

Portago in retrospect, twelve months later

I love life more than the average man does. I want to get something out of every minute. I want to live to be a very old man. I'm *enchanted* with life. But no matter how long I live, I still won't have time for all the things I want to do, I won't hear all the music I want to hear, I won't be able to read all the books I want to read, I won't have all the women I want to have, I won't be able to do a twentieth of the things I want to do. I want to live to be a hundred and five, and I mean to."

But Eddie Nelson, who had been Portago's friend for years, and who was to die with him, had a different belief. "I know Fon says he'll live forever," Nelson remarked, "but I say he won't live to be 30."

Nelson didn't say that because he believed Portago had a "death wish." He knew better than that. He felt that simple percentage would kill Portago: he didn't believe that anyone could go on exposing himself to hazard as Portago did and survive. Because he tried so hard to wring every drop of juice out of every moment of his life, Portago was always in a hurry, and he had no patience with time-consuming caution. Normally it takes 10 years to become a top-ranking Grand Prix racing driver — 10 years, that is, for those few who can do it at all. Portago never drove a racing automobile until 1954, but by 1957 he was ranked officially among the world's first 10 drivers. He believed that he would be champion of the world by 1960. I for one would not have bet against it. He had been, briefly, an airplane pilot — he apparently believed that the primary function of aircraft was to fly under bridges — a jai-alai and polo player. He was a superb horseman and, typically, he was interested only in jump-races. He was the world's number-one amateur steeplechaser in 1951 and 1952. When he was invited to go down the St. Moritz bobsled run he said he'd be glad to — if he could steer. Told that he'd have to learn the run first in a good many trips as a passenger he said he'd rather skip all that and learn it straight off. He steered the first time he went down — and he took 15 seconds off the time of the then Swiss champion. Later he was captain of the Spanish bobsled team in the Olympics, and he set one-man skeleton-sled records on the Cresta run, too. He was a tremendous swimmer, handy and willing in a street fight, with a very short jolting punch. He was not a big man, not heavily muscled, but he had unusual strength, great endurance, abnormally sharp eyesight, an almost incredible quickness of reaction. He could catch knives thrown at him, pulling them out of the air by their handles.

Because he was so flamboyant, and because he had disdained the confinement of the schoolroom early in his teens, most people thought that Portago's interests were entirely physical. It was not so. "During most of the eight years I was married to Fon," Carol Portago told me, "I think he read a book a day. He read history and biography, and little else. I don't believe I ever saw him reading a novel, a modern novel, although he did like Robert Graves. He thought most novels a terrible waste of time. One day, coming back from a race in Nassau, I read *Peyton Place* on the plane. Fon muttered about it all the way home. He said it was idiotic to waste time on such books."

Portago did have pronounced views on the well-rounded life. "The most important thing in our existence is a balanced sex life," Portago once said to me. "Everybody knows this is true, but nobody will admit it — of himself, that is. But if you don't have a happy sex life you don't have anything."

"It's the first thing historians suppress when they write the lives of great men," I said, "and often it was an astonishingly big factor in their lives."

"Of course," Portago said. "Look at Nelson, look at Napoleon."

"Well, look at George Bernard Shaw," I said. "He gave it up altogether, and married on condition that his wife never mention sex to him."

"A freak," Portago said. "A very untypical writer. Look at Maupassant. A prodigy, in more ways than one. Well, as for me, making love is the most important thing I do every day, and I don't care who knows it."

• • •

On his father's side Portago was born to one of Spain's ancient titles. His mother, a Briton, had been married before and she brought to Portago's father, the 11th Marquis, an enormous American fortune. The last king of Spain, Alfonso XIII, was Portago's godfather and namesake. As a baby, and as a child, he was close to beautiful. In his teens, he looked petulant, and in maturity he was simply tough. Sometimes he looked like a hired killer, sometimes he looked like what he was — a Spanish grandee to the bone. One of his friends said, "Every time I look at Fon I see him in a long black cape, a sword sticking out of it, a floppy black hat on his head, riding like a fiend across some castle drawbridge." Portago himself said that had he been born in another century he would have been a Crusader, a free-booter, a knight errant. I'm sure he often thought of that, and probably with longing. A determined lust for adventure, plus an inclination toward government, runs through the Portago line, and Spanish history is studded with the name. In the 16th Century one of Portago's forebears, Cabeza de Vaca, was shipwrecked on the Florida coast. He *walked* to Mexico City, recruiting an army as he went. Another conquered the Canary Islands, another was a leader in the fight to drive the Moors out of Spain. Portago's grandfather was governor of Madrid, his father was Spain's best golfer, poloist, yachtsman; he was a fabulous gambler said to have once won $2 million at Monte Carlo, a soldier and a movie actor. He died of a heart attack on the polo field, playing against his doctor's orders.

Portago's childhood was in the standard pattern of the wealthy European nobility: a melange of governesses, tutors, Biarritz, lessons in the graces — dancing, horsemanship and so on. In the inevitable early pictures — six-year-olds at a birthday party, ranks of red-faced nannies in the rear — he is easy to pick out, and not only because he is usually close to the camera. There is a calm arrogance about the child, and he seems to be just on the point of moving. Portago kept a careful record of his life almost to the end of it. He collected pictures, he was a paper-saver, he recorded almost literally everything he did. He kept six huge leather-bound scrapbooks, so big that three of them make a load too heavy to carry comfortably. They are full of photographs and newspaper clippings, obviously cut with ruler and razor blade and pasted in dead straight and level. He told me that he didn't believe even his wife knew how detailed these scrapbooks were. Why had he gone to such trouble? Ego? Certainly. That, plus the wish to be sure that his children would be able to form a firm portrait of him. And I think he thought of the record of his life as something quite apart from himself. He was proud of his lineage, and he did not want the life of the 12th Marquis de Portago to be less well-recorded than the other 11 had been. And, as he said, he looked forward to a long life. And a full one.

I asked him if he intended to go on driving until he was as old as the present champion of the world, Juan Manuel Fangio, now in his middle forties. I knew that he would say no.

"Never," he said. "Certainly not. In any case I'll stop when I'm 35, and if I'm champion of the world, sooner."

"And then?"

"I'm ambitious for myself," he said. "I wouldn't be racing automobiles if I didn't think I could get something out of it, and not only the championship. I haven't told this to a great many people, but — well, you see, Spain has had no national hero for many years. That's what the championship of the world means to me."

Portago never attempted bullfighting, the sport in which the Spaniards have been accustomed to find their heroes. Few Spanish aristocrats ever do. "I have

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attire **By FREDERIC A. BIRMINGHAM**

OF ALL THE DELIGHTFULLY romantic social occasions invented by man, none has the glamorous excitement of the weekend house party in the country. These delicious convocations—big enough for the rovingest eye and intimate enough for delectable dalliance – share the traditional glamor of an ocean cruise and offer much more, too. There's the same gaiety and conviviality of "social" rooms and lounges that one finds on shipboard, but at the weekend house party the group is smaller and hand-picked by the host instead of by anonymous travel agents; the private goings-on in staterooms are matched by the cozier room-to-room visiting; and the comparative shortness of the precious weekend hours more quickly dissipates the chillier barriers. Everyone's bent on fun, and there's a conspiratorial air of promise from the moment the guests forgather.

At this time of year – between the snows of winter and the dog days of summer (when we'll take an air-conditioned apartment, thank you) – the country weekend house party comes into its own. And with more and more people turning commuters or part-time country

what to wear while making like a guest

SPRING HOUSE PARTY

Right: you're allowed only one entrance, so you might as well make it a good one. You do—by way of an H. I. S. Himalyan cloth combination of sueded cotton poplin, light as heather, tough as gorse; about $40. The scootercoat-on-the-arm, by Buck Skein, is a cotton number that's built like a winter jacket but scaled down in heft for spring zephyrs; $19.95. The host's striped sports jacket is of rugged cotton ticking, by H. I. S.; about $20; while the guy holding up the doorway sports a polished cotton cardigan, by Buck Skein, that's OK for most any afternoon romp; $6.95.


LeRoy Neiman

gentlemen, it has become one of the happier national institutions (international, in fact: the French now have a word for it, "*week-end*").

Of course, like every good social institution, *le week-end* has evolved its own protocol and procedures. Used to be that the city slicker could visit his country cousin and, on arrival, merely doff his suitcoat, take off his collar and roll up his sleeves. Nowadays, the niceties call for proper weekend garb. In selecting a weekend wardrobe, don't stint: better to be oversupplied with the right duds for the variety of occasions that might arise, than to make like a world wanderer who must travel light. And remember, you won't have hotel facilities for ordering a shave bomb, buying an extra shirt in the lobby, or getting a shine or a fast pressing job, so pack with care and foresight. Don't count on borrowing from your host or other guests; if you do, you may be non grata at that particular hacienda for good. Remember, too, that though you'll be assigned your own room, you'll have visitors in and out, night and day: it's only good sense to make sure your personal gear – luggage included – be elegant symbols of the man you are.

Your host, of course, will have told you, if you don't know from previous visits, pretty much what to expect in the way of daytime activity, and you can select from your wardrobe accordingly. If there's to be riding, golf or tennis, you'll tote your own proper equipment. And if, as is likely, there will be a spot of house-to-house visiting, or a dinner or dance at the country club, you'll want something adequately formal but not citified and stiff.

Let's assume nothing unusual is planned by your host and that if some too strenuous outdoor activity is on his agenda – like climbing the nearest cliff

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Left: waxing merry at cocktail and canapé time, the wisdom of a well-stocked weekend wardrobe becomes evident. The traditional yachting jacket in blue flannel and brass buttons, by Sidney Blacker, cannot be beaten on any score; $32.50. Couple it with a silk foulard necktie, and should the jacket flip back when you reach for a cigarette, all can see the lining is in a matching print. The lad upstage, making out with the sheathed delight, wears a striped dacron-cotton jacket, by McGregor, in the shorter cut; $35.

Right: every house party has its formal moments—an evening dance at the club or a late dinner thrown by your host. He's in a Lord West silk dinner jacket that goes off the black standard, but not off the deep end; $75. A guest, however, has the privilege of taking it easier, and this guest has chosen a Sidney Blacker smoke-blue jacket of light cotton-worsted mix, fine for the small hours and small talk; $39.50.

"Just what kind of a girl do you think I am — a contortionist?!"

BOYER

food

BY THOMAS MARIO

Happy as a Clam

a mischievous mollusk's piquant personality, on the land, on the sea, on the table

TO A STUDENT OF SEAFOOD, a clam is impudence itself.

Remember the first time you tasted one? And how, in comparison with the subtler oyster, the clam on the half shell seemed positively brash and roistering? Your taste buds experienced a strange flippant sensation, and you undoubtedly asked yourself, if you reacted like most new clam eaters, whether it was good or bad. You probably were still on the fence after you'd finished the first half-dozen littlenecks. But days later, for some unexplained reason, you were overtaken by what is known as clam hunger, a sudden irrational yearning for the bumptious chewy morsels.

Even on the sea bottom, the clam is a self-asserting creature who refuses to know his place. The oyster is a cooperative fellow who fastens onto a mud flat and proceeds to grow plump until he's dredged up and delivered to an oyster bar. But the clam resists all care and cultivation because he doesn't stay in one place long enough to take orders. He patiently waits until you get right on top of him and then he deftly burrows out of sight and gloats. When he wants to eat, he raises his insolent neck up to the water and siphons down his food. If you're on the Pacific Coast and you reach for him by hand he just may turn out to be a razor clam, and you'll wind up with no supper and a mutilated mitt. Or he may be one of the gweduc clams (pronounced gooey-duck) with a neck over two feet long that he pulls down into the sand faster than you can dig. Now and then, along the Atlantic shores, entire colonies of clams will suddenly disappear and then just as mysteriously reappear in a capricious game of peek-aboo.

Along the British shores, there are the notorious red-nosed clams, tough and mean enough to bore through rock so solid even power drills have a tough time making a dent. The ultimate in audacity is displayed by the Tridacna clams of Australia's barrier reef, monsters sometimes weighing over 500 pounds. So heavy is the Tridacna that when its shells fasten onto the anchor chain of a tugboat, the boat can't budge.

But behind the clam's rude manners one soon discovers pure sweetness and succulence. Its snappy seafood flavor blends well with countless other foods yet never loses its identity. You may eat a piece of fish and perhaps not know whether it's halibut or cod, but there's no mistaking a clam. Whether it's an icy clam juice cocktail in a men's bar, a gigantic clambake on the beach, bisque of clams in a cosmopolitan hotel, or fried clams at a roadside stand, the distinctive clam flavor emerges – pert, salty-sweet and rich.

There's no country in the world where clam dishes are created in such profusion as in the United States. The French and English eat oysters and mussels, but pay relatively little attention to the clam. Even in this country, the mischievous mollusks were snubbed for a long time. Colonial New Englanders were actually starving when Ruth Aldon Bass of Duxbury, Massachusetts, watching a pig rooting in the shore sands, followed his lead and came up with the first New England clam chowder.

Of all specialty cooks, clam men are undoubtedly the most obstinate mavericks in the world. As surely as the tides rise and fall, it can be predicted that some bullnecked legislator in the coming months will introduce a law forbidding the use of tomatoes in New England clam chowder. With just as much certainty it can be stated that when you order a clam stew in New York City, you'll automatically get hard-shell clams and if you ask for soft clams, you'll be looked upon as a bean-headed bumpkin from Maine with the straw still sticking out of your ears. Now, all of these arbitrary views over which regional cooks have locked spoons for decades have a certain piquant charm, but they don't make for interesting culinary inventions. New England clam chowder with milk, Manhattan clam chowder with tomatoes, or Rhode Island clam chowder with neither tomatoes nor milk can all be found in good or bad versions depending upon the imagination and judgment that go into their making.

Unlike fresh oysters, which are not sold in most states during the R-less months, you can enjoy hard- or soft-shell clams all year long even though some states limit the season during which clams may be taken. Market clams vary in size from the one-inch bean clams on the Pacific Coast to the New England chowder clams which sometimes run to six inches in diameter.

CLAMS ON THE HALF SHELL

For cocktail parties, *intimes*, pre-dinner frolics, late beer busts or just gratifying the inner man at any time of the day or night, clams on the half shell are a smart idea. On restaurant menus, large clams on the half shell are listed as cherrystones. The smaller sizes are called littlenecks. Raw clams should

be served positively glacial. The cocktail sauce served with the clams should be absolutely volcanic. You can buy raw clams already opened. These should be purchased right before eating. If they remain opened several hours, they tend to shrink somewhat and lose flavor. Should this happen, some of their freshness can be restored by sprinkling them with ice-cold bottled clam juice or salt water, just before serving. One teaspoon of salt to a pint of water is the right proportion.

For the man who wants to open his own clams, there is a mechanical clam-opener which does a good fast job. You can open them somewhat more neatly with an oyster knife, a short stubby utensil with a blunt blade and a round handle. Ask or bribe your seafood dealer for a lesson in this manly art of clam-opening.

For variety, put a dollop of ice-cold caviar on each freshly opened clam on the half shell. You may add chopped chives or scallions to the cocktail sauce or zip it up with horseradish, Tabasco sauce, Worcestershire sauce or cayenne pepper. The opened clams may be sprinkled with lemon or lime juice, white wine vinegar or garlic-flavored vinegar.

STEAMED SOFT CLAMS

Soft clams, known generally as steamers, have a milder yet somehow richer flavor than their hard-shell kin. The best are about two inches long, and you provide at least a dozen per guest. The shells of raw soft clams are normally open, with the neck protruding. A man must eat a peck or two of soft clams before he fully realizes why fingers were invented. It would be the silliest of affectations to attempt to separate the steaming hot shells of a soft clam, pull off the brown skin covering the neck, lift the clam out of the shell, dip it in hot clam broth, bathe it in melted butter and finally drop it into the mouth by means of anything other than the thumb and index finger.

Since the steamer clam keeps its shells open in its sandy natural habitat, it's frequently full of that habitat. To remove the sand from soft clams, wash them well under cold running water, scrubbing them with a vegetable brush. Then cover them with cold water. Add 2 tablespoons salt and 2 tablespoons cornmeal or oatmeal for each gallon of water in which the clams are steeped. Let them remain in this water overnight in the refrigerator. Before steaming, throw off the water and again wash the little beggars. Place them in a steamer kettle or in a pot with a tightly fitting lid. Add 1 cup water for each quart of clams. Bring water to a boil. Reduce flame slightly and let the clams steam for 6 minutes, stirring a few times so that those on top may be in closer contact with the boiling water. When the clams are steamed wide open, remove them from the pot, place them on a platter and cover them with a cloth napkin to keep them hot. The liquid remaining in the pot is clam broth or clam juice. It may be used for clam juice cocktails or clam soup, but ordinarily is served at the table along with the steamers. Pour off the liquid carefully, avoiding as much as possible the sediment remaining on the bottom of the pot. Strain the broth through three thicknesses of cheesecloth. For each guest, provide a small dish of melted sweet butter, livened with lemon juice, as well as a cup of the strained clam broth.

Provide your guests with outsize napkins, and if they seem reluctant to tie them around their necks, set the sensible, etiquette-breaking example yourself. Soft-shell clams are flamboyantly messy eating, and though a few snobs may prefer to proudly wear their butter stains as Heidelberg students wear their dueling scars, the majority will be grateful to you for protecting their dinner jackets, shirts, ties, cummerbunds and décolletages.

BAKED CLAMS WITH OREGANO

(4 Servings)

½ cup butter
2 medium-sized cloves garlic
10 sprigs parsley
¾ teaspoon oregano
⅓ cup Italian-bread crumbs
Salt, pepper
32 cherrystone clams on the half shell

Anybody who has ever tasted oregano in pizza or pasta will love this dish. Let the butter stand at room temperature until it can be spread easily. Preheat the oven at 475°. Remove garlic skin. Smash the garlic with the flat side of a heavy knife. Chop together the garlic, parsley and oregano until the parsley is almost like a powder. Add the bread crumbs and butter. Mix to a smooth paste. If you have rock salt, or can get it, spread it to a depth of ½ inch in a large shallow baking pan or in pie plates. The salt will enable you to place the clams evenly in the pan without tilting and losing their juice. Sprinkle the clams lightly with salt and pepper. Divide the butter mixture, spreading a dab on each clam. Place the clams in the pan. Bake until the edges just begin to curl, usually about 10-12 minutes. Avoid overbaking.

CLAM BALLS

(4 Servings)

1 tablespoon butter
1 egg yolk
2 medium-sized potatoes, peeled and boiled
7-oz. can minced clams, drained
Bread crumbs
½ teaspoon lemon juice
1 teaspoon grated onion
1 teaspoon horseradish
1 tablespoon parsley, chopped very fine
Salt, pepper
Flour
2 whole eggs, beaten

The best thing since the invention of beer and pretzels is beer and clam balls. Into a mixing bowl put the butter and egg yolk. Force the hot potatoes through a potato ricer or food mill into the bowl. Stir well at once. Add the drained clams, ⅓ cup bread crumbs, lemon juice, grated onion, horseradish and parsley. Add ¼ teaspoon salt and ⅛ teaspoon pepper or more to taste. Stir well. Chill the mixture in the refrigerator two or three hours. Shape into balls of about one inch in diameter. Dip the clam balls first into the flour, then in the beaten eggs and finally in the bread crumbs. Fry in a kettle of deep fat preheated to 370°. Drain on absorbent paper. Serve them furiously hot.

CHICKEN AND CLAMS, VALENCIA

(4 Servings)

3 lb. young chicken cut for frying
Salt, pepper, paprika
Cooking oil
3 tablespoons butter
1 green pepper, diced
1 onion, finely chopped
1 clove garlic, finely chopped
1 bay leaf
¼ teaspoon saffron
¼ cup dry white wine
1 chicken bouillon cube
1 cup rice
11½-oz. jar clams in juice

Sprinkle the chicken with salt, pepper and paprika. Heat ¼ inch of oil in a large frying pan. Fry the chicken until light brown on both sides. Remove chicken from the pan and set aside. In a large heavy pot fitted with a tight lid melt the butter. Add the green pepper, onion, garlic and bay leaf. Sauté slowly until the onion just turns yellow. Put the browned chicken in the pot. Add the saffron and wine. Drain the juice off the clams and add enough water to it to make 1¾ cups of liquid. Pour this liquid into the pot. Add the bouillon cube. Cover and simmer slowly for ½ hour. Add the rice to the pot, stirring well so that the rice is immersed in liquid. Again cover the pot and cook slowly until the rice is tender, from 15 to 20 minutes. Add the clams and cook a minute or two longer, just long enough to heat the clams through. Spoon the rice and clam mixture onto the serving platter. Place the chicken on top. Then just clam up and eat.

APARTNESS

togetherness-haters, unite—you have nothing to lose but your janes

TOGETHERNESS — despite the claimstake in the form of an upper-case "T" that's been hammered into the word by certain people — has been with us since the dawn of time, though sometimes it seems even longer. In its original lower-case form, "togetherness" lies at the base of all civilization. To its influence upon the questing human mind we owe the invention of the tandem bicycle, two-handed rummy, office parties, competitive water polo, beer, skittles, sex and the double bed. Without it, we would have no government, no laws, no love, marriage or pari-mutuel betting. The Elks and the Loyal Order of Moose would be just a lot of guys at loose ends for something to do on Thursday nights. Haig would never have teamed up with Haig to produce pinch bottles. Rodgers would sit next to Hammerstein on the bus without even knowing him, Sophia and Brigitte would have ended up old maids, nobody's socks would match, and all would be anarchy and confusion.

So much for the positive side — the old-fashioned, voluntary, see-you-Sunday-if-it-doesn't-rain type togetherness that was good enough for Father, and is good enough for me. But what of this new brand of compulsive closeness, lauded as a social virtue and sweeping the country like a seven-year virus? Is it something you catch from sitting around a suburban living room watching the Lawrence Welk show? A mystic sense of oneness that comes of making a burnt offering of prime sirloin on an outdoor grill? If so, it could easily be avoided. But the difficulty is that the New Groupishness is everywhere, ready to strike rich and poor, married and single, alike.

The time has come to at least consider the threat that Organized Togetherness holds for us as normally sociable, positive-thinking individuals. To this particular member of the mob, it represents both romantic dystrophy and marital sclerosis

humor **By WILLIAM IVERSEN**

– Dad hanging out the diapers, and Don Juan playing pinochle with his playmate's father while she and her sister give each other home permanents in the kitchen – which room, according to *McCall's*, the Magazine of Togetherness, is The Heart of the House.

Leafing through a handful of issues of that publication, one gets the impression that the kitchen is to Togetherness what Oak Ridge is to nuclear energy – a combination laboratory and power plant where radioactive *Gemütlichkeit* is produced and harnessed for the good of all mankind. Under the heading of "Better Living," one finds such titles as *Kitchen with Built-in Sunshine, We Remodeled a Modern Kitchen, A Wardrobe of Knives,* and *Try This: Four Kitchen Tricks.* Snatching at picture captions in a "Personal Story" on a couple of married teenagers, we learn: "Though they haven't been to a dance since 11-month-old Debbie was born, they make up for it by dancing in the kitchen nearly every night while dinner is cooking." In the same issue, a story that purports to tell *Why Women Are in Love with Rock Hudson* informs us: "The Hudsons live in a two-bedroom, red Pennsylvania Dutch farmhouse nestled close against a steep hill in Hollywood, Rock's bachelor house. Although small, it has handsome pine paneling, some custom-made furniture and a modern kitchen with a copper stove. Even as a bachelor the kitchen was important to Rock, who has been known to polish off three meals at one sitting and still look hungry."

Whether or not Rock and his wife cut the linoleum with a nightly cha-cha, the story doesn't say, but a few pages later we are treated to a picture tour of the Abraham Lincolns' Springfield home, and find ourselves standing by the Great Emancipator's flapjack-laden wood stove watching one of his sons take a kitchen bath. Then, the next thing we know, we're off to visit a "Togetherness House" in Florida, where "The kitchen is backed by the coral rock of the living-room fireplace," and "Built-in cooking units, dishwasher, wood cabinets, intercom system and power center give a maximum of work and floor space."

If ever a periodical showed signs of being queer for kitchens, it's the Magazine of Togetherness. It seems as if their writers need only approach a kitchen, typewriter in hand, to have its keys begin to chatter like a Geiger counter approaching a uranium mine.

"The Early American kitchen – and the way of life it spelled – is being rediscovered today by families all over the country," an anonymous correspondent reported in a picture spread devoted to full-color sink studies and candid refrigerator shots. "No room has ever surpassed its feeling of warmth and ampleness, of being a place where good things were always cooking and the family could relax together."

Now, I don't know how this sort of thing affects you, but the picture of Mummy, Dad and all the kiddies lounging around the Early American kitchen's dining area waiting for the Spam to fry, made me feel like putting on my Paul Revere's hat and sticking my head in the oven. As a lifelong food-fancier and veteran icebox commando, I still prefer to do my relaxing in the living room or cut out in the garage, and, like others of my age, sex and shoe-size, am just as interested in what might be cooking in the privacy of a French Provincial boudoir.

It's sad to report, however, that couples who have no taste for amour in an apron, and would just as soon not try any kitchen tricks, are hard put to it to find any privacy in the modern home. With the current stress on "open-floor" plans, walls and doors are rapidly disappearing, and rooms have given way to "areas." There are living areas, dining areas, sleeping areas – and possibly even bathroom areas, with peek-a-boo plumbing, free-form seats and a through-view from the street. In such a setup, the problem is not how to get people into the kitchen, but how to get them out of it. With the breakfast bar bordering on the TV-hobby area, the kitchen is often no more than a contemporary appliance grouping standing in the middle of the floor like the interior of a hamburger joint that has been miraculously spared by a capricious tornado. "Beehive patterned" curtains partly screen the wide double windows facing a picture view of the neighbors' side yard. Over the tidy little desk in the planning center, one almost expects to see a sign exhorting the family to "Thimk" – or, more apropos, a cross-stitched sampler bearing the motto "TogetherMess."

Whether spelled with an "m" or an "n," however, Togetherness refuses to be confined to the kitchen. Out there amongst the pots and pans, the milk of human gregariousness is being whipped into a pudding of claustrophobia that even the wariest of unwed males may be served. The recipe is in her eyes when she leans across a candlelit table in that fiddle-haunted gypsy *boite,* and suggests running up to Darien for a weekend with her folks. It's in her voice when she hums *My Blue Heaven,* offers to sew a button on your shirt, and calls you at the office to find out where you were until three o'clock this morning. Poet and dreamer that you are, you probably won't even notice what is happening until you wake up some morning and find yourself fused into a team. Linked in the common experience of sitting around the kitchen listening to the pagan throb of the Bendix, and watching the pure, gemlike flame of the pilot light, you'll grow so accustomed to her face, she'll begin to look like Minnie Mouse. Worse yet, you may begin to look like Mickey.

To quote Miss Burchell, my old biology teacher: "What, then, is the answer?"

Just the other day rumors reached me that certain socially conscious individuals have been attempting to establish a movement in favor of Apartness, but they're having trouble getting organized. One faction wants to take to the hills and dress in goatskins, like Harry the Hermit, while another is trying to raise funds to buy *McCall's* and change its name to *The Journal of Joint Diseases.* Personally, I'm with the middle-of-the-roaders who favor splitting up into one-man cadres and conducting a suave cloak-and-jigger campaign to get Togetherness restored to its original small-"t" status.

Scattered throughout the country, a group of anonymous Apartisans are even now resisting pressures to congregate on anything but a part-time, strictly-for-kicks basis. Dedicated to the proposition that enough is enough, they count amongst their number men from all walks of life – doctors, lawyers, insurance adjusters, trombone players, optometrists and hydraulic engineers. Romanticists all, they refuse to enter a kitchen, even for ice cubes, and have taken vows of chastity regarding all women with their hair up in curlers.

It must have been one of these unknown freedom-fighters, boring from within an advertising agency, who wrote the copy for a recent magazine ad that could very well serve as the Apartisan Manifesto. It's called "A new experience in road-hugging," and features a black-and-white glossy of a mischievous brunette nuzzling the well-tailored shoulder of an obviously cognizant citizen driving a posh little pushmobile called the Triumph TR 3.

"Suddenly you two are coming closer and closer to everything your racing hearts have ever wanted . . . in the compact, leather-cushioned 'togetherness' of the Triumph TR 3.

"Each in your own bucket seat . . . with your own lion's share of stretch room . . . you both feel confidence at once . . . letting her out on the open road thru her full, true speed. . . ."

I mean, that's the full, true "togetherness," as far as I'm concerned. The sum of two apples who understand each other . . . *coming closer and closer to everything your racing hearts have ever wanted . . . with your own lion's share of stretch room . . . each in your own bucket seat.*

Even a Jag-addict or a Porsche-hound can appreciate those sentiments.

"Hop in, baby, and shut the door."

fiction By PAT FRANK

THIS ONE IS ON THE HOUSE

it was sweet duty for a young cop: knocking over a hollywood "massage parlor"

THE INSURANCE COMPANIES gave William Haike, a private detective, all the credit for solving the Creighton jewel robbery. My editor was interested. He said, "This is the third big one Haike has cracked. There ought to be a good feature in him if he'll talk. Find out how he does it."

I said I'd known a Bill Haike, a young cop, in Los Angeles. The name was fairly uncommon. I wondered whether it was the same guy.

His office was in one of those antiseptic new buildings, rising disdainfully on stainless steel stilts as if holding up its pink marble skirts above Madison Avenue's grime, where you expect to find prosperous publicists, attorneys and advertising agencies, but not a private eye. Furthermore, he had a suite. The prim gold sign on the frosted glass announced, HAIKE ASSOCIATES, INC., and under this, in modest italics, *Inquiries and Investigations.* The reception room decor was subdued and expensive modern, with Hogarth prints and an original Utrillo on the walls. Mr. Haike was in and would see me.

It was the same Bill Haike.

He had come out of the Army, an MP lieutenant, in 1946, and had taken the first job offered, which was with the Los Angeles police. Because he was quick, able and honest, his advancement to plain clothes had been rapid. He was not large, but compactly built. His features were regular, his hair crisp and wavy, and his eyes a startlingly clear and deep blue. His fellow cops called him "Pretty Boy," but he had killed a child-molester with the edge of his hand, which was why I, covering the story, had come to know him in the first place.

If eight years had put pounds on him, they didn't show under the careful tailoring. His face had fined down a bit, and he seemed more mature, and perhaps wiser and harder. He swung a bar out from under his free-form desk and asked whether I still drank. I told him yes, but not until after the sun was over the yardarm, and I told him why I was there. I pointed out that the right kind of publicity could be very helpful to a private detective agency.

"We don't need publicity," he said. "We've got eight insurance accounts and that alone is more than enough. We dropped all domestic cases – they're always nasty – three years ago. Once in a while we take on a private case, if it's interesting and big, just for kicks. But if you really want to do the story ——"

I said I wanted it, and that he should start at the beginning and tell me why he decided to quit the L.A. force and go on his own.

Bill smiled. When he smiled he developed a dimple, and it was this dimple, according to the other cops, that made the women cave in, either wanting to sleep with him or mother him, or both. "That's the part that will have to be off the record," he said. "You see, I was fired. On the books it says I resigned without prejudice, but actually they made it impossible for me to stay on the force. They put me back in uniform and gave me a cemetery beat north of Burbank. Since I lived with my folks south of Santa Monica, I faced 60 miles of driving through Los Angeles traffic just to get to the precinct and back. No man can do that

sort of thing for very long and survive."

"Why did they bust you?" I asked.

"Incompetence," he said. "I will tell you the tale."

• • •

It was the practice, in Los Angeles, to rotate the brighter young detectives through all the special units, so that by the time they were ready for promotion they would have a well-rounded knowledge of the department. Bill Haike had made a good record in Robbery and in Homicide, and then he was shifted to the Vice Squad.

In any large city the Vice Squad can be a dangerous deadfall for the young detective. Principally, vice means illegal gambling and illicit sex, and these pastimes are by no means a monopoly of criminals. A Vice Squad cop, if a fanatic enforcer of the laws, can make a fool of himself raiding church bingo parties and hauling in intertwined twosomes from parks and beaches. If he is corruptible, he finds unlimited opportunity for pay-offs, in cash or flesh, and if he is really wrong he discovers blackmail. In addition, Los Angeles is a magnet for odd people and odd practices, and its sins are varied and wonderful.

For the first few weeks Bill drew routine duty casing horse rooms and numbers joints. One day the captain called him in and asked him a series of unusual questions. Had he ever used prostitutes or pimps as stoolies? Was he known in the Hollywood whore houses? Had he ever had a prostitute as a girlfriend? If so, did she know he was a cop?

The answer to all these questions was no, and the captain appeared pleased. "OK, Haike," he said, "I've got a special assignment for you. You'll work under Lieutenant Gilley. Take the rest of the day off and report to him here at six this evening."

"Can you tell me what it is, Captain?" Bill asked.

The captain looked at him curiously. Freshmen on his squad weren't supposed to ask questions. Nevertheless he said, "Gilley is going to knock over a massage parlor in Hollywood. You're going to be the inside man. That's sweet duty, boy, but don't forget that you're a cop, because we don't want to miss on this one."

In certain sections "massage parlor" was the euphemism for a fancy bordello. It was said that in some massage parlors the appointments were as luxurious and sanitary and the services as complete, except for string music and the tea ceremony, as you would find in a house in Tokyo. Bill wondered why it was necessary to knock over this particular massage parlor. So he asked.

The captain didn't answer at once, and Bill knew his honesty was being evaluated. Then the captain said, "We can't afford a tip-off on this one, Haike, so keep it within these four walls. Don't even talk to another cop."

The place was known as Mame's, although not so listed in the phone book. Two nights before, an Influential Personage had invited a visiting fireman from the East, equally influential in his own bailiwick, to sample Mame's. They had arrived drunk, so all they had received was a massage, which was the rule of Mame's house. The Personage had protested, and Mame had ordered him out. When he threatened to close her down, she had used judo on him, and he was suffering from a dislocated shoulder as well as extreme humiliation. Now the Personage demanded that the police department make good his promise. "He made a loud, official complaint," the captain said, "and he has a lot of power. Mame should've been more careful. Too bad for Mame."

When Bill returned to the squad room at six, Lieutenant Gilley was skimming through a stack of confiscated comic books, his beer belly ballooned against the edge of his desk. Gilley was a gross, enormous man, face and hands as red and coarse as commercial-grade beef. He was foul-mouthed, cynical, and had been 12 years on the squad. Reputedly, he was rich.

Three other men were seated around the desk. They were all veterans of the squad, and while they were of different heights, they had all eaten too well, and they had all begun to look like Gilley. They waited, glum and uncommunicative, for the lieutenant to finish his reading.

Gilley pushed aside the comic books and wiped his steel-rimmed glasses. He inspected Bill, skeptically, and spoke. "Now this is an important grab and we don't want no muckin' muck-ups. The captain says they don't know you in the cat houses, and you don't look like no cop, and that's why he picked you to play the mark with hot pants. You ever been on a job like this before, Haike?"

"No, sir."

"Ever been in a cat house before?"

"Not in this country." Beggett, the oldest detective sergeant on the squad, snickered. Bill added, casually, "I don't have to pay for mine, like some old geezers do." Beggett's smile came off.

"I hear," Gilley said, "that up in Robbery they call you Pretty Boy. Well, you're going to need all that charm. This Mame is a cagey bitch and she picks smart girls. If they catch wise that you're a cop, all you'll get is a fast rubdown, a slap on the ass, and then out the door with a sweet smile and 'Come again.' "

"Do I go in alone?" Bill asked.

"Yep, boy, you win the cherries. Only there ain't no cherry at Mame's. What you do get is a professional piece on the city's time. We stay out of sight, outside, until you've had time to get in the saddle. We give you, say, an hour. Then me and Quinn hit the front door and Beggett and Jola hit the back."

Bill was to leave his badge, gun, police identification card, and anything else that would show his occupation, in his locker. "Sometimes, while you're on the table, they go through your wallet," Gilley explained. "They don't take nothin'. They just look." Gilley brought three bills out of his desk — a 100, a 50, and a 20. The bills were microscopically marked, and their serial numbers recorded in the captain's notebook. "It's a real high-class house," Gilley said. "You'll need one of these — 20 bucks for a quickie, 50 if you stick around for a midnight encore, 100 for all night and breakfast in the morning."

"What happens," Bill asked, "if all I get is a massage?"

"If that happens," Gilley said, "pay for it yourself and stay away from this squad room."

Mame's place was a three-story stucco building 100 yards off the Sunset Strip, with chartreuse awnings extending across the sidewalk. A Hollywood photographer and a gift shop leased space on the ground floor. Everything above was Mame's. She owned the building.

Bill went up the stairs. In the second-floor hallway a middle-aged woman, dressed in a nurse's uniform, sat at a receptionist's desk, a switchboard at her side. Bill said, "I'd like to get a massage."

"Your name, please?"

"Haike. William Haike."

"Did you have an appointment, Mr. Haike?" She glanced at her pad.

"No, I didn't. You see I was in the drafting room all afternoon, and I didn't get a chance to call. Anyway the fellow who told me to come up here said it would be all right."

A figure stepped out of the office just behind him. Bill turned. He knew it was the madam, and that she had been standing in the doorway, listening. Mame was tall and dark, evenly tanned, and she moved like a cat. She was dressed in a faultless beige linen suit. Her face was so smooth and immobile that it seemed she wore a lacquered mask. It was impossible to guess her age, but her eyes were steady, wise, and old.

"You've never visited us before, have you, Mr. Haike?"

"No. I've only been in town for a couple of weeks. I'm from San Francisco." He had bought the suit he now wore in San Francisco a year before. The labels, if examined, would back up

(continued on page 67)

COUNTRY CLUB CUTIE

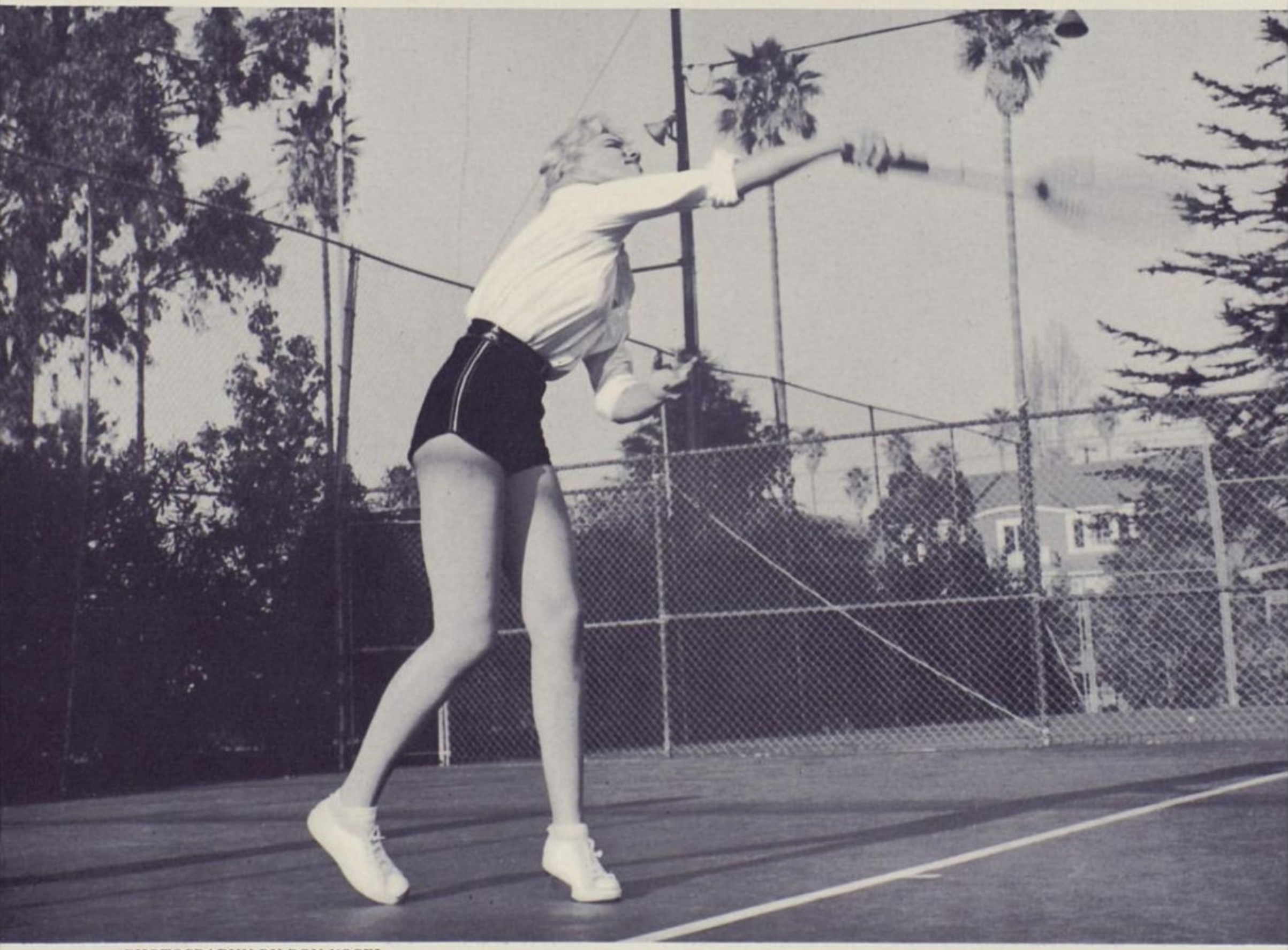
miss may is a fetching
fixture at million-dollar knollwood

MISS MAY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

ROUGH WINDS DO SHAKE the darling buds of May, contended that wordy fellow from Stratford, but Knollwood Country Club in Granada Hills, California, is not Stratford, and few rough winds turn up there to distress such darling buds as Lari Laine, our May Playmate. Lari, a member of the exclusive pleasure dome, takes advantage of the many opportunities for funsies offered within its swank demesnes: she digs the ultra-modern swimming pool, the 150-acre golf course, the spacious dining room and cocktail lounge and all the rest of the splendor she shares with Bob Hope, George Gobel, Eddie and Debbie Fisher and other members of the million-simoleon project. On these pages, you'll discover Miss Laine enjoying a few strenuous sets of tennis on the Knollwood courts. You'll also discover her — deliciously dewy after a revitalizing shower — in the ladies' locker room, an attractive area out-of-bounds to all males save those who read PLAYBOY.

Lari Laine, above, refuels between tennis sets; below, she delivers a stinging overhand smash. Tennis is only one of Knollwood's fun features.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY RON VOGEL

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A profound philosophy of life is reflected in the reply of a no-longer-wealthy roué who, when asked what he had done with all his money, said: "Part of it went for liquor and fast automobiles, and part of it went for women. The rest I spent foolishly."

The hotel reservations clerk opened the telegram and read: "DO YOU HAVE ANY ACCOMMODATIONS WHERE I CAN PUT UP WITH MY WIFE?"

We're going to have a wonderful time tonight, dearest," said the young man to his date as he greeted her in the living room of her parents' home. "I have three tickets to the theatre."

"But why do we need *three* tickets?" asked the truly voluptuous young lady.

"Simple," said he. "They're for your mother, father and brother."

It's certainly nice to have someone like you with us this evening," said the night-club comic to the annoying ringside heckler, "and may I be the first to shake you by the throat."

A cool musician was strolling down Broadway when he came upon an old organ grinder playing his beat-up instrument while a monkey did a little dance on the sidewalk and doffed his cap for coins.

"Man," said the musician, stopping to watch, "I don't dig your music, but that crazy kid of yours has got a lot of talent."

The young married couple had moved into an apartment next to a sexy fashion model, and whenever the husband went over to borrow something it usually took him much longer than his wife thought it should. On one especially extended trip, his wife lost all patience and pounded several times on the wall between the two apartments. Receiving no answer, she called the model on the phone.

"I would like to know," the wife said huffily, "why it takes my husband so long to get something over there!"

"Well," replied the model coolly, "these interruptions certainly aren't helping any."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *gold digger* as a girl who breaks dates by going out with them.

Two chorus cuties were talking things over between shows.

"I've been out with hundreds of men," said the first, "but I haven't let one make love to me."

"Oh," said her friend, "which one was that?"

Walter arrived at his office late one morning and was greeted with giggles from the pretty receptionist.

"What are you laughing at?" asked Walter.

"There's a big black smudge on your face," said the girl.

"Oh, that!" said Walter. "That's easy to explain. I saw my wife off on a month's vacation this morning; I took her to the station and kissed her good-bye."

"But what about the smudge?"

"As soon as she got on board, I ran up and kissed the engine."

THE Hollywood star announced to her press agent that she was about to enter wedlock again, for the fifth time.

"Oh," said the agent. "Against whom?"

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

Gahan Wilson

"How did a guy like you ever get into a business like this?"

WIZARDS *(continued from page 22)*

goofed . . . probably because the Russians have claimed so many "firsts" that we don't believe them even when, as with Tsiolkovsky, they have an authentic one.

Some of science-fiction's most frighteningly accurate prophecies have been, not in the physical sciences, but in the fields of sociology and history – and often when the author's intent has been the exact opposite of prophecy. It's a common device in imaginative fiction to write about a future that *could* happen if present trends continue, presenting it as a Horrible Example, with a prayer of "God, let it not be like this!" *Brave New World, 1984, The Space Merchants, On the Beach* – all typify this approach.

In 1914 Arthur Conan Doyle wrote a short story, *Danger!*, explaining how England could be starved by the then unheard-of device of a submarine blockade. The admiralty thought the story foolish until the Germans instituted just such a blockade in World War I.

In 1915 Edgar Wallace – who, like Doyle, wrote occasional science-fiction along with his mysteries – published a novel called *1925: The Story of a Fatal Peace,* in which Germany loses World War I but is tolerantly allowed to rebuild her military establishment until she is in a position to start the whole thing over again.

And back in 1907 Jack London wrote one of the all-time masterpieces of political prophecy in *The Iron Heel*: a precise step-by-step analysis of the coming of fascism, the economic and social reasons for its invention and the methods by which it would gain power. London's only serious error was in placing the phenomenon in America rather than Europe.

The hoped-against may turn out to be true prophecy; the hoped-for may prove to be false. Farthest from the target of any political prophecy yet made is one in Cartmill's *Deadline*: that the A-bomb would be developed by the Axis (or Sixa) because "we, the Seilla," though having the knowledge and skill required, "would not dare to set off an experimental atomic bomb" for fear of its incalculable damage to the world present and future.

The most interesting cause of accurate prophecies, however, is neither luck nor well-researched thinking; it is the fact that science itself is influenced by science-fiction – often directly, sometimes at such a remove that the scientist himself may not know what's happening.

I. M. Levitt, director of the Fels Planetarium of the Franklin Institute, recently published an earnest ultra-scientific article on the opening of the Space Age. When he came to the possibilities of going beyond the solar system, he wrote: "Now the scientist begins a bizarre speculation that puts even the science-fiction writer behind the times. . . . Cold-minded, sober scientists have an ingenious solution" – which turns out to be the familiar science-fiction cliché of the "Noah's Ark of space," the ship which is a miniature world in itself, self-sustaining and self-perpetuating, so that the remote descendants of the original crew make planetfall centuries after the launching. This idea appeared first (as far as I know) in Don Wilcox' *The Voyage That Lasted 600 Years* (*Amazing,* October 1940) and received its definitive treatment in Robert A. Heinlein's *Universe* (*Astounding,* May 1941). It's still with us in fiction – at least three stories on the theme appeared in the past year. Yet a scientist can, with no notion of its history, advance it cold-mindedly and soberly as a new idea beyond the reach of science-fiction.

But the influence of science-fiction on science is usually more direct. In 1897 Kurd Lasswitz, a mathematics professor at Cotha, published a novel called *Auf Zwei Planeten (On Two Planets)* which contained, among other attractions, the earliest detailedly accurate working out of the orbital problems of space flight. This ponderous but popular novel exerted great influence on actual German rocket research. Most of the members of the German Rocket Society *(Verein fur Raumschifffahrt)* were Lasswitz devotees who had been first attracted to space activity by this novel. These *Verein* members were the same men who went on to become the rocket experts of Peenemünde, who developed the V-2, and who were later divided, almost as spoils of war, between Russia and America – working for either country, as they had worked for Hitler, on any military project as long as it was potentially a tool toward space flight.

In addition to nine technical works, the Russian writer Tsiolkovsky wrote a novel of space flight, *Vne Zemli (Beyond Earth),* which was his most popular book and the first to be reprinted after the revolution. There's no doubt that it's as familiar to Russian rocket enthusiasts as the Lasswitz novel is to Germans, or that the present German-assisted Russian space program is to a large extent a deliberate realization in fact of the science-fiction of Lasswitz and Tsiolkovsky.

Among American scientists, there is of course the "cold-minded, sober" type that will have nothing to do with any idea published outside of a professional journal; but the younger men, the scientists and engineers actually engaged on the projects of the future (such as atomics and space flight), are almost invariably readers of science-fiction – and often took up their careers out of adolescent passion for the future depicted in the bright-covered magazines. Every science-fiction publisher knows that his largest per capita sales will be near universities with a major physics department (CalTech, MIT, California, etc.) or in highly classified government projects (Oak Ridge, Hanford, White Sands, etc.).

You know waldos? Those tiny remote-control mechanical "hands" that are used to manipulate radioactive material? They're named after the title character of Heinlein's *Waldo,* who invented them in 1942 – and inevitably so named because everybody working with them was almost automatically a Heinlein reader.

From here on out in the Space Age, the prophecies of science-fiction may be fulfilled with even greater frequency, because space will be conquered by men who are steeped in those prophecies.

You will find in today's science-fiction – particularly in the work of such realistic-imaginative writers as Heinlein or Clarke – the step-by-step account of that conquest: from small satellites, such as the Sputniks and the Explorer, to a large habitable space station; thence to the moon and its conversion into a yet larger way-station to space; on through the exploration of our nearest neighbors, inhospitable Mars and unknown Venus, to the eventual complete knowledge of this small solar system and ultimately (in one of science-fiction's most worn but still thunderous phrases) To The Stars – perhaps by the almost-as-fast-as-light photonic drive on which Russia is now working, and which has long been familiar in fiction.

Science-fiction's sternest and most persistent prophecy of the immediate future is this: a species which has attained atomic power and space flight can no longer afford the luxury of national and racial rivalries, but must unite or perish. "There are no nationalities beyond the stratosphere," writes Arthur C. Clarke in *Prelude to Space* (1951). "We will take no frontiers into space."

Which may well prove to be the most tragically incorrect of all science-fiction's prophecies.

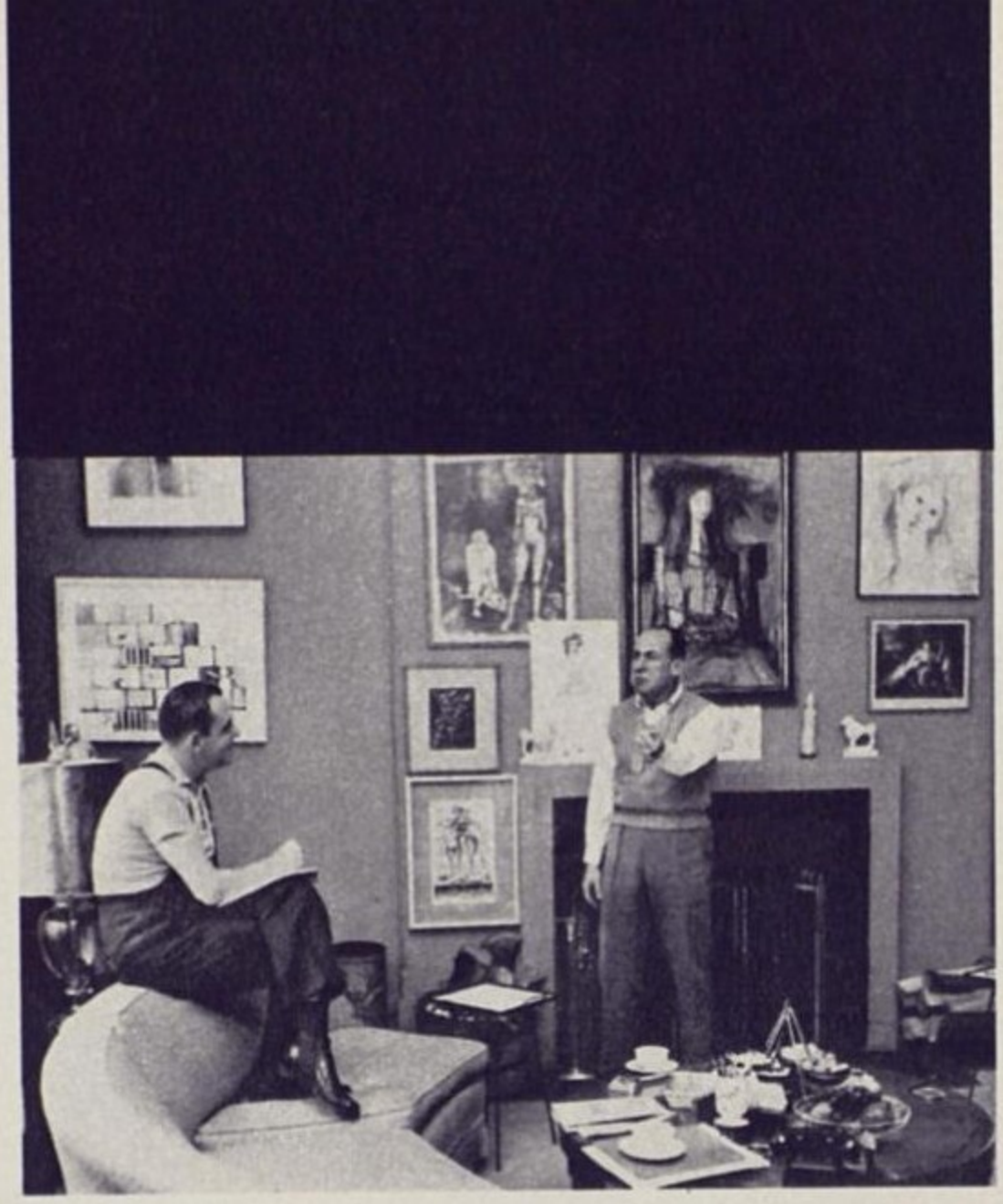
We've had several United States Presidents who were well-publicized readers of mystery novels, and now one who is addicted to westerns. Maybe what we (and every nation) need, in the age we have entered, is a leader who reads science-fiction.

SHIRT SHRIFT

just for the sport of it: comfortable, casual, colorful tops

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RALPH COWAN

WHEN DECKING YOURSELVES OUT for pursuits in the open air, gentlemen, be sure you don't choose a sport shirt that looks like it went through an explosion in a paint factory. In its stead, the more correct jobs boast an orderly pattern – small foulard figures or tartan stripes – or the always-in-taste solid shades. Unless you plan for real action – say, five games of polo in a row – long sleeves are preferred, simply because they help shield you from the sun. North: a free-and-easy nylon golf pullover with knit trim that is both rain and wind resistant, by Buck Skein; $7.95. East: a good-looking Hathaway buttondown with tartan stripes in breeze-light gingham. When the day's activities suddenly switch, you may don a necktie with this, slip into a lightweight, solid-color sports jacket and be ready for anything from cocktails to summer theatre; $10.95. South: on deck or at the club, this McGregor seagoing affair of classic nautical cut in washable knitwear is always shipshape; $4. West: a lustrous cotton buttondown by Marlboro that also does double duty with jacket and tie; $5.



"Then, pow! — when the girls come on in those costumes, it'll take their breath away!" José Ferrer and Al Morgan, co-writers of *Oh Captain!*, block out the order of scenes in Ferrer's apartment. Ferrer is holding forth at this particular moment and Morgan is evaluating.

article **By RICHARD GEHMAN**

THE BIRTH OF A BROADWAY SHOW

"oh captain!" from initial notion to opening night

PHOTOGRAPHED ESPECIALLY FOR PLAYBOY BY ORMOND GIGLI

Even before the first rehearsal, more than the entire cost of the show has been raised by this corps of go-getting ladies whose chore it is to sell out benefit performances of shows "we have confidence in." Theirs is a rigidly organized business and, of course, they keep a percentage of sales. Here, Ferrer and co-producer Don Coleman curry favor.

WHAT GOES INTO the making of a Broadway theatrical production? Recently, the editors of this magazine asked that question of themselves, then assigned me to write a day-by-day diary of a show's conception, inception and reception that would not only chronicle the birth pangs of one specific show, but also be, in a sense, a portrait of Everyshow.

We picked a musical that was, at the time, little more than a gleam in the eyes of novelist Al Morgan and actor-director José (The Hose) Ferrer. The projected production was to be based on the clever and successful British film *The Captain's Paradise*, which starred Alec Guinness. Morgan and Ferrer, who had worked together on the screenplay of Morgan's best-selling novel, *The Great Man*, would do the script for the show, and Ferrer would direct.

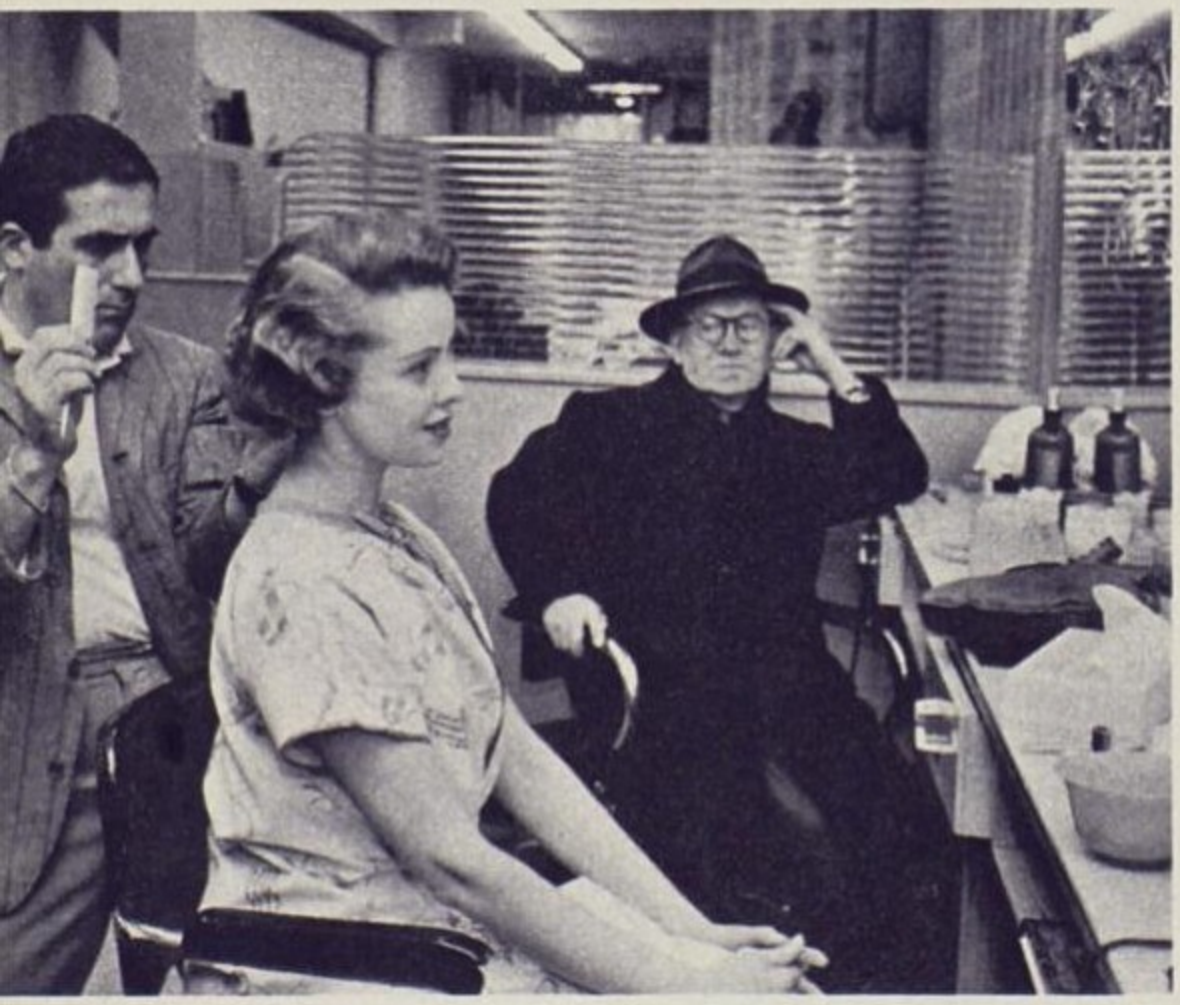
In the film *The Captain's Paradise*, Alec Guinness played a proper English sea Captain with a tendency to behave most improperly. He had a small boat that ran between Gibraltar (where he kept a mousy English wife) and a mythical African port called Calique (where he was married to a French sexpot). To complicate matters, the mousy English wife longed for adventure and glamor, while the sexpot honed for hearthstone and hominess. The Captain was found

(continued on page 51)

Above, Ferrer and Morgan flank Jay Livingston, one half of the songwriting team, as he tries out a new number for the producers. Below, the actors' imaginations are taxed as they try to conjure up a Parisian cabaret from an odd assortment of chairs on a bare rehearsal stage. Tony Randall glowers upon his unsuspecting English wife, played by Jacquelyn McKeever, as she toys with a dashing Spaniard. Ferrer tells her: "A big grin, then a *bigger* take when you see Tony."

Left, Tony Randall as the Captain and Abbe Lane as his French light-of-love, rehearse a nibbling scene while Abbe holds the book for both of them. As he chomps passionately on all available areas of exposed skin, he mutters, "I could never resist French food." Abbe responds: "Henri, ple-e-ease! If you *must* bite, bite on the face where nobody will see it!" (Abbe plays a stripper.)

Above, during a dance rehearsal, the winsome hoofer sitting in the foreground studies a chemistry textbook while waiting for her cue. Right, choreographer Jimmy Starbuck helps ballerina Asia Mercoolova perfect an intricate dance position. Asia, born in China of Russian parents, attended rehearsals in these sheer black hip-high stockings plus such abbreviated pants that she was good-humoredly nicknamed "The Crotch That Walks Like A Woman." Schooled in the classic ballet tradition, she had to work hard and long with Starbuck to learn the techniques of jazz dancing. Below, third lead Jacquelyn McKeever undergoes deglamorization. Originally a ringleted blonde, Ferrer decreed that her hair had to be muted in color and corned-up in styling to give her that Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire appearance her role required. Hair stylist Ernest Adler, pictured here as he wields the unkind comb, took six hours to perform the task. The glum character in coat and hat is Jackie's manager, who is taking a rather dim view of this desecration of a stellar client. When it was all over, Jackie sighed stoically and was heard to mutter, "Oh, well . . . at least I get an opportunity to look sexy later on in the show!"



Miles White, above, captained *Oh Captain!* costumes. "Theatrical costumes," he says, "though sometimes appearing gauzy and flimsy, are really the toughest clothes in the world. They have to be, because they take a lot of punishment during strenuous dancing and acting. And they have to last out the run or the producer squawks."

out and somehow ended up before a firing squad, first taking the precaution of bribing the men. The squad shot their leader, and the Captain did a Fairbanks over a wall to freedom.

Ferrer and Morgan went to work on this basic story, changing the locales to London and Paris. Elaborating on the plot, they decided to reveal that the Captain's First Mate had once been the husband of the sexpot (she had left him because he had been too stodgy for her). They also decreed that the two girls would meet in Paris and become sympathetic toward each other, and that both would give the arrant Captain the

Left and above, José Ferrer and Miles White preside over the costuming of Abbe Lane and Jacquelyn McKeever. As the French sexpot, Abbe is attired revealingly and therefore wails, "Miles! My husband will never let me on the stage in this outfit! I may as well go back to burlesque!" On the other hand, Jackie, as the dowdy wife, must wear baggy tweeds in most of her scenes: the frumpish mirror image of these does not delight her, but she blushes with pleasure when Ferrer makes a crack about her sexiness in a gay gown.

air. Then the First Mate and the sexpot – her name was Bobo – would rediscover each other and go off, and the English wife would take the Captain back. In the finale, the four of them would turn the Captain's ship, the S.S. Paradise, into a nightclub. Not much of a plot in these days of the Serious Problem Musical, but it was enough to have some fun with – and the producers began casting about for people to help. They got the famous Jo Mielziner (who has done the sets for 225 shows) and they signed Miles White, whose credits as a costumer included *Oklahoma!*, *Carousel*, and several circuses (he once designed ballet dresses for elephants). On the advice of Johnny Mercer, Jay Livingston and Ray Evans were signed to do the songs for the show. Livingston and Evans had written about 70 movie scores and had won three Academy Awards, but they had never done a Broadway show. Abbe Lane was signed for the part of the French girl, and immediately everybody began to wonder if it had been a good idea: from Spain, where she was making a movie, Miss Lane proclaimed that her cooch days were over. Henceforth, said she, she would concentrate on Dramatic parts. The producers shuddered and hoped she didn't mean it. With Miss Lane came, as though drawn by a ring in his nose, Xavier Cugat, her band-leader husband, to essay the role of the First Mate. About this

Above, on board the good ship Paradise, Randall tells his First Mate of his three lives: prim and proper in Britain, rugged on the high seas, unbridled and licentious in his bohemian lovenest on the Paris left bank. Below, a rehearsal goof is received with varying degrees of dismay by Morgan, dance-stager Starbuck, songster Evans and Ferrer.

Right, Tony Randall and Jacquelyn McKeever do a double strip in the "beddibyes" scene, performed in Philadelphia but cut from the show in New York to speed up the pace. In this, the Captain and his British spouse went through a pantomime of their nightly bedtime ritual. Seeking to arouse her phlegmatic husband, the wife undressed in his line of vision. Unstimulated, even faintly disapproving, the Captain only pulled down the shade. His own method of disrobing was to first cover himself from chin to floor with a long nightgown, then remove his clothes underneath it and hand them out, item by item. At one point, it actually seemed as if he was going to make a pass at his wife, but it was only his tobacco and stately calabash pipe he reached for. Above, in Paris, he becomes another man: a leering libertine complete with easel, black cigarettes and obliging Abbe Lane.

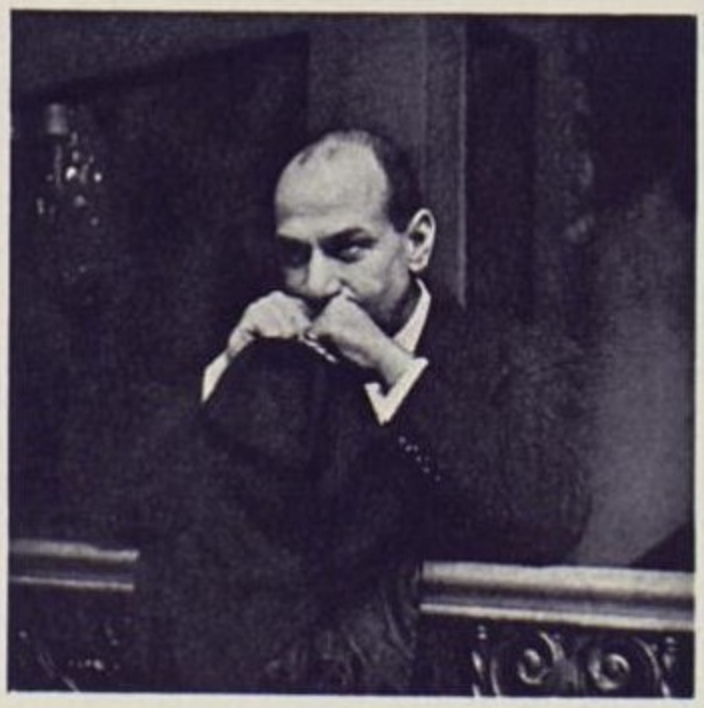
"Love is hell!" shrieks a chorus girl, far left, as she seemingly bares her breasts. Actually, the exposed "bosom" protruding from twin foxhead mouths is realistic rubber. Near left, French mistress Abbe Lane and English wife Jackie McKeever finally meet and plot the Captain's downfall. Below, in a cabaret scene, Abbe sings the suggestive *Keep It Simple,* a song in favor of uncomplicated, no-strings-attached love. As her cohorts cavort in the guise of organ grinders' monkeys, the fiery Mrs. Cugat belts out: "Keep it simple, No crazy chords for me, Keep it simple, Let me hear the melody! . . . Why be tricky? Grab a quicky!"

time I began following the show like a hungry Airedale and keeping a diary of what I observed and heard. And here it is:

Oct. 17, 1957. New York. Producers Don Coleman and Howard Merrill, both in their late thirties, have been trying for so long to get this show on, they already feel like veterans. The two men are in Sardi's waiting to meet a kid who called them a few days ago. "He says he's raised $25,000 to put in a show," Merrill explains, "and he'll put it in ours if we let him be a production assistant. He's just out of Cornell."

"We've just about raised all our money," Coleman says. "About four

Above, the Captain's two fair ladies get him in the middle. They sing the vengeful ditty, *Double Standard*, as they manhandle him and generally give him a hard time. Below, Ferrer views the New York opening from the rear wall. His misgivings give way to enjoyment.



years ago we began looking for a property. Thought of *The Captain's Paradise*, but just then the Theatre Guild announced that they were doing it with Danny Kaye. About a year later it was free again. Then began the goddamnedest negotiations – with the company that made the original, with the writer, with stars, directors, and so on."

"They didn't think we meant business because we'd never done a show before," Merrill says. "Once we sent them a $10,000 check to show good faith. It came back – the show still wasn't free. We heard that Don Ameche wanted to do it, and we talked to his agent. He helped us get the rights, but then Ameche couldn't do it. Sid Caesar wanted to do it, then decided to go back into TV. We considered George Sanders, Alfred Drake, and tried to get Guinness himself. No thanks. Then we tried like hell to get Joe Ferrer to play it, but no dice. Finally we signed Tony Randall – he played the Mencken part in *Inherit the Wind*, Mr. Weskit on the *Mr. Peepers* TV show, did a few films, *Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?*, *No Down Payment*, and so on – and although he's never done a Broadway musical, he's one of the best young talents around."

"The English wife was even tougher," Merrill says. "We tried for Maureen O'Hara and Joan Collins but no soap."

Nov. 4. Jo Mielziner begins work on sketches for the sets. As he has seen it, the script moves from scene to scene like a motion picture. There has to be some way of getting scenery on and off without closing the traveler-curtain and forcing the characters in the preceding scene to step forward and finish on the forepart of the stage. Mielziner, scrawling absently on the paper pinned to his drawing board, remembers an earlier show wherein he used two parallel treadmills running in opposite directions. The stagehands set the furniture on the belts of the treadmills and it floated in neatly.

"But those things never work, do they?" Coleman asks. "They jerk when they start and stop, the actors lose their balance getting on and off, they —"

"They'll work," says Mielziner, quietly.

Nov. 5. Coleman and Merrill believe the name of the show should be changed so people won't think they've already seen it, and so the new version can be sold to the movies if it is a hit. Name changed to *Paradise for the Captain.*

Nov. 7. Name today is *Anyone for Paradise?*

Nov. 8. Now it is *Paradise, Anyone?*

Nov. 10. Ferrer suggests *Tail of Two Cities.*

Nov. 11. "Listen, for God's sake," says Coleman to Merrill, "we've got to get a title so we can get out the ads."

Nov. 13. Title changed, once and for all, to *Oh Captain!*

Nov. 14. Jay Blackton, a musical director with many Broadway shows behind him (*Oklahoma!*, *Call Me Madam*, *Happy Hunting*), picks the vocal chorus today – eight boys and seven girls.

Nov. 19. Ray Evans and Jay Livingston are working in a room furnished only with a piano and a couple of folding chairs in a 57th Street rehearsal hall. There are crumpled-up pieces of music paper all over the floor, crowding the cigarette butts. Ray Evans, slight and wiry and prematurely gray, says, "We've got 21 songs – counting the three numbers we reprise. This score's gone fairly well. We did it mostly in a couple of months . . . Right now we're polishing, trying to make the lyrics better. Columbia is going to record the original cast LP, and Rosemary Clooney (Mrs. Ferrer) is going to record *Surprise*. Of course you can't tell, but we think it'll be a hit."

Nov. 21. Ferrer sits in a darkened theatre while nearly 300 pretty, talented actresses, all of whom can sing, dance, act and do a passable British accent, audition for the part of the British wife. None will do. One, Susan Johnson, he remembers from *The Most Happy Fella* – he tells her she won't do for the wife, but he wants to see her later. Then up comes Jacquelyn McKeever, 22, blonde, an ex-schoolteacher, whose previous experience consists of a small part in *The Carefree Heart* (closed out of town) and some jobs in summer stock. She has a high, throaty voice; she moves awkwardly; she is attractive but no knockout. Ferrer picks her.

"She's an unknown," Merrill protests.

"She's got a quality that affects me like Deanna Durbin used to," Joe says. "She'll be great – wait and see."

So they sign her. They send her for acting lessons, they send her for dancing lessons, they send her to brush up on her singing, they send her to Berlitz to learn a proper British accent. And they pray that Ferrer is right.

Nov. 22. Final auditions for the dancers are held at the Phyllis Anderson Theatre, lower Second Avenue. About 60 girls and boys are on the bare stage, their faces eager and apprehensive in the light from the single enormous bulb hanging from a ratty cord. The twittering boys are in tights or jeans; the girls are in old leotards with wrinkled knees, or blouses and pants – all except one, who wears sheer black stockings and red pants that amount to little more than a G-string to show off her spectacular legs.

"We've already picked *that* one," Morgan whispers.

The choreographer, Zachary Solov, on leave from the Metropolitan Opera (this is his first Broadway show), points to an exotic dark-haired girl who resembles Sophia Loren. "There'll be spots where she'll be effective," he says to Ferrer.

"If you want her, pick her," Ferrer says. "I'm nuts about those four little girls over there." He gestures toward a petite quartet standing to one side.

Assistant stage manager George Quick calls, "Will everybody who's been eliminated please leave?"

"How do we decide on the remaining ones?" Morgan asks.

"We'll strip them to the waist," Ferrer says, winking. "Look at that one on the left, the blonde." She is wearing a white blouse, flesh-colored stockings, and black pants. She is not exceptionally pretty, but it is hard not to notice her figure. "Got class," he says.

"Character," Morgan says, sardonically.

"Whatever it is," Ferrer says, "she's got a quality I like." He turns to Solov. "Let's have her, Zach." To Morgan he adds, with a perfectly straight face, "She reminds me of my mother."

Nov. 23. The front room of Ferrer's apartment, on West 57th Street, is more cluttered than usual. On either side of the fireplace, all the way to the ceiling, yellow sheets of paper are stuck to the wall with tape, each containing a word identifying a scene.

"First act's on the right, second on the left," Morgan says. "We've juggled the scenes every which way, trying to get the proper sequence."

"Break the story down this way," Ferrer says, "and the faults leap out at you."

"The way it goes now is roughly like this," Morgan says. "Open with the villagers singing *This Is a Very Proper Town*. The Captain comes on and joins in last chorus. Then a door floats in on a treadmill, he steps through it as it passes, and he's in his house, which is let down from the flies. Scene with his English wife to show how she longs for some glamor. He sings *Life Does a Man a Favor* (*When It Gives Him Simple Joys*). Then it's 10 o'clock – beddibyes. They undress and go to bed and float out. Villagers reprise first song, and it's morning and Captain leaves. Next scene he's on the S.S. Paradise with his First Mate and his crew, singing *Life Does a Man a Favor* (*When It Leads Him Down to the Sea*). They sing a song about him and do a dance on the deck. Then the Captain, back in the cabin with the First Mate, sings a song about his three paradises – England, the ship, Paris. Scene switches back to the cottage. A man comes and tells the English wife she's won a cooking contest and gets a free trip to Paris. She sings *Surprise* and then there's a dream-ballet in which some hobgoblins dress her for the trip. We got Johnny Brascia as the *couturier* – he's terrific."

"You should see Miles' costumes for this one," Ferrer says. "Crazy."

"The Captain arrives in Paris," continues Morgan, "and he does the *Favor*

(continued on page 72)

ON TUESDAY, Preisinger saw the Devil's face in the mirror just as he finished shaving.

It might have seemed odd, but with Preisinger it was an old story. Every Tuesday morning, there it was, regular as daylight. This morning he regarded the face coldly. "You," he said, "had better drop by for a chat, I think."

"Really?" said the Devil.

"Really," said Preisinger. "We're supposed to have a bargain, you know. And you're not holding up your end at all. You'd better stop by, or I'm afraid the deal is off."

He finished his shave, and walked into the solarium to ring for breakfast. Only three years gone, he mused. Seven years to go. And seven years was really quite a long time.

He was finishing his orange juice and coffee when the Devil stepped through the wall into the room. The Prince of Thieves smelled slightly of sulphur and scorched cloth. He was tall and handsome in his sleek black Homburg and fine black Chesterfield. In his hand was a slender ebony walking stick.

"Now what is this foolishness," he said, "about canceling our bargain? Just three years gone, and already you're complaining?"

"I've a perfect right to complain," said Preisinger coolly. "You're slipping. You haven't been doing right by me. You aren't keeping your end of the bar-

fiction **By ALAN E. NOURSE**

ILLUSTRATION BY BOB CHRISTIANSEN

HARD BARGAIN

a maiden untouched by human hands—that's all he wanted

gain at all. Not at all."

The Devil glanced around the room. "Well, now," he said. "You seem to be doing quite well. The finest penthouse apartment in the city. Ample funds to maintain it. Hardly my taste in clothing, but that's your business." He looked sharply at Preisinger. "You do look a trifle peaked, though. Hard night last night?"

"Not the most gratifying night imaginable," said Preisinger.

"Really? Something wrong with the supply?"

"Oh, no," said Preisinger. "Quite the contrary. They flock to me. Everywhere I turn there are girls, dozens of girls."

"Ah!" The Devil frowned slightly. "Are they unwilling? Do they reject your attentions? Or perhaps they're a bit too bold, eh?"

Preisinger shook his head. "No, no. Nothing like that."

"Well, then! Has the variety been unsatisfactory? Do you find them unattractive? No?" The Devil shrugged. "Then you disqualify your own claim. What more could you ask? You have seven years to go – but I've kept my part of the bargain."

"The letter, perhaps," said Preisinger. "Not the spirit. Your part of the bargain was to please me completely, and I've never quite been pleased. Something has been missing from the start."

"If you're talking about love, I can't help you there," said the Devil. "It's quite out of my line, you know."

"Nothing so maudlin as that," said Preisinger quickly. "No, it's much harder to define." He leaped to his feet, groping for words. "These girls are too – how can I explain it? – too knowledgeable. There's nothing for them to learn. Yes, that's it! They seem so – *experienced*."

"I thought that was considered a virtue," said the Adversary dryly.

"But can't you see?" said Preisinger. "They know all the rules! They perform like puppets on a string. There's no feeling of achievement, no sense of awakening ——"

But now the Devil's eyes gleamed with understanding. "You mean it's *innocence* you want!" He guffawed. "You come to *me* in quest of innocence? How delightfully naive! Think of it! For 10 earthly years I must supply you with unlimited ease and wherewithal plus the loveliest girls in the world to satisfy your most extravagant whim. In return I am to receive from you an insignificant trifle that you don't even believe exists – your soul." The Devil roared with laughter. "And now you demand innocence as well!" He paused. "An intriguing idea, but ridiculous. Quite ridiculous."

"You mean you can't do it," said Preisinger.

"I mean nothing of the sort," snapped the Devil. "A completely innocent maiden, untouched by human hands ——" He stroked his chin. "Difficult. Incredibly difficult."

"But *could* you?" demanded Preisinger. "If you only realized how fearfully dull these others are – could you possibly do it?"

"Hardly," said the Devil, "under our present contract. This would take work, time, the greatest delicacy. The price would be high." He looked at Preisinger. "Would you give me your remaining seven years?"

Preisinger's face grew pale, but he nodded slowly. "Anything," he said.

The Devil beamed. "Then it's done. You'd have one night with her only, of course. More would be unthinkable."

Preisinger's fingers trembled. "She must be perfect. It must be worth a hundred thousand other nights."

"You have my word," said the Devil.

"I must be the first man, absolutely the first, even in her mind ——"

"That is understood."

"And if you fail – the entire bargain is off."

The Devil smiled. "Agreed. And if I succeed ——" He touched the coffee cup with his ebony stick and it turned glowing red. "One night," he said, and vanished through the wall.

• • •

For five days Preisinger waited.

Before, he had been sated and dulled; now he was vibrant with anticipation. But as the days passed he grew jumpy and irritable. Each new face he saw on the street he scanned eagerly, then turned away in disappointment. His nerves grew taut. His body and mind were filled with an uncommon yearning.

On the sixth day he found her, late in the afternoon, in the basement gallery of a small art museum.

She was tall and slender. Her hair was ash blonde, her mouth full. She walked with grace, inconspicuously conspicuous, self-contained, an island to herself. She was cool as a March breeze, and warm as laughter by the fireside.

She was delightful.

He followed her, and spoke to her, and she smiled at him without suggestion. They moved through the gallery together. Her laughter was cheerful; her eyes warmed as she looked at him.

He learned that her name was Moira and that she was 19 years old. He learned many other things that did not interest him in the least. They left the gallery and walked in the park and looked across at the city and talked.

Preisinger suggested cocktails.

"Fine," said the girl. "But I've never had a cocktail."

"Incredible," said Preisinger.

"But true," said the girl.

They had two cocktails, but no more. They talked about art and music and books, and her understanding was gratifying. They talked about love and desire and fulfillment, and her innocence was disarming.

Presently they ate and danced on a roof garden high above the city. She danced with ease and innocence. Preisinger steeled himself as her cheek touched his and her body moved close to his. *Control*, he told himself, *patience*. She was the one, she was what he had sought for so long, but it was too soon, too soon ——"

She was delighted by the lights of the city below. She breathed deeply of the night air, and her nearness to him was overwhelming. "There is a better view where I live," he said. "We could have some music, perhaps a little wine."

She smiled up at him. "Yes," she said. "That would be good. I'd like that."

The view *was* better from his windows. The colors below were breathtaking. The music took on new meanings; the wine was his finest stock, its color delightful, its flavor superb. They talked and laughed softly, and then they were silent. The lights dimmed gently, the firelight glowed.

She was sublime.

He did not realize until later that he had not been the first.

The Devil had failed, after all, and he was free. The thought caressed him as he slept with his head on her shoulder.

• • •

In the morning she was gone, and the Devil stood by the window, twirling his ebony stick with impatience.

Preisinger saw him and burst out laughing. "You fool," he cried. "You couldn't quite bring it off, and yet I didn't mind a bit. You didn't keep the bargain, but you gave me what I had to have, all the same."

The Devil just looked at him.

Preisinger stopped laughing. "Well? Why are you waiting? We're finished, get out! The bargain is void."

"Not quite," said the Devil. "I gave you what you requested."

"But not to the letter," cried Preisinger. "I was not the first. Another man was before me ——"

And then the Prince of Liars was laughing as smoking tears poured from his eyes. "And you call *me* a fool," he said. "Did you really think I could command innocence without blemish? Ridiculous. I never could. Of *course* there was another – but the Devil is the Devil, not a man."

And with a roar of laughter he led Preisinger through the wall into the furnace.

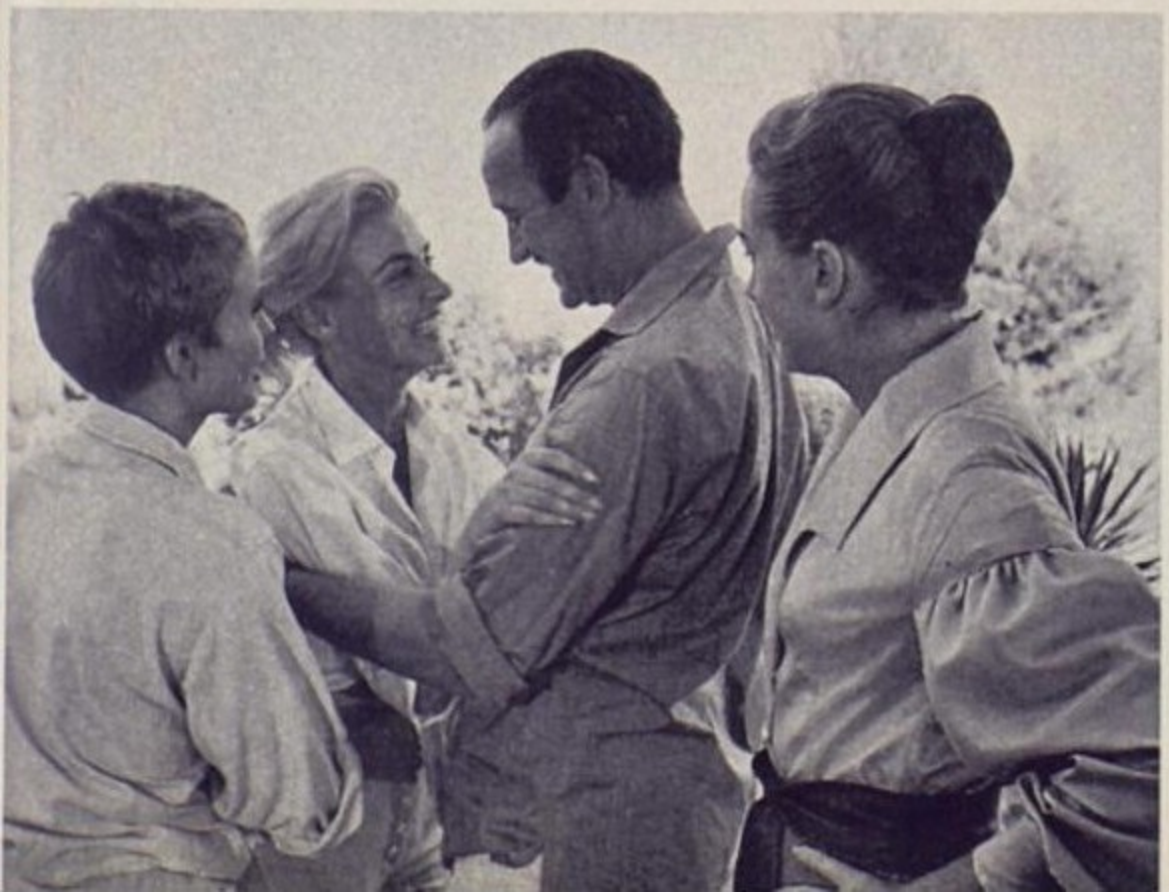
"Well, it's been fun, kid, and if you ever get over to Harrisburg, Pa., be sure to give me a buzz!"

THE LIMBER LIPS of Elga Andersen would probably have a tough time forming that gloomy greeting, "Hello, sadness," the never-used translation of the book-title *Bonjour Tristesse*. "Bye, bye, sadness" would be a much more characteristic utterance, for Miss Andersen is a laugh-loving pixie type, given less to morbid moods than to funny hats, practical jokes and swimming in a state of nature. Nonetheless, German-born Elga graces the screen version of the Françoise Sagan book, playing one of David Niven's multiple mistresses, Denise by name. Though her role in *BT* is small, the editors of this journal were struck by her ebullience and beauty, and we lost no time in rounding up, for your delight, the willowy Bob Willoughby photographs on these pages.

ADIEU, TRISTESSE

a puckish pretty brightens
the filming of the bonjour book

Below, an informal moment between takes on the *Bonjour Tristesse* location at Aly Khan's Riviera villa: Jean Seberg, Elga, David Niven, Deborah Kerr.



During the *Bonjour* filming, director Otto Preminger teasingly dubbed Elga "Zippo" because she had commented she considered buttons far more romantic than zippers.

MAN IN THE WELL

(continued from page 20)

enough to be able to simulate the symptoms with a degree of realism that frightened the other man. He had even had the forethought to break the thermometer in the medicine chest so that his temperature would not give the lie to his agonized shaking each evening.

He had no difficulty in recognizing the turn off to the pagoda as they drove past it that last afternoon. It was a few miles east of a tiny village that had been deserted in those panic-stricken days, but which was now repopulated. There was a well there which might have saved the other two had they known about it. A yellow-robed priest sat under a spreading peepul tree at the junction of road and track with a brass begging bowl before him for the offerings of the faithful. He was the first they had seen since crossing the Chindwin and the professor was delighted in spite of his preoccupation with Sefton's fever. He leapt out of his jeep, camera ready, but the priest dropped his eyes to the ground and covered his shaven head with a fold of his robe.

"The camera is a form of evil eye," Sefton explained. "These poonghies don't like 'em. Come on – plenty more of the idle devils where we are going. There's a whole monastery full of them in Yeu. By God, I'll be glad to get there – I'm feeling lousy."

They put up at the monastery rest house, and the professor wandered happily about with his camera for a couple of days while Sefton realistically recuperated. The old man was mildly indignant at Sefton's suggestion that he should go on alone but the latter worked on him skillfully. The Buddhist Feast of the Tooth would just about be starting in Meikhtila – the faithful came from all parts of Asia for this – opportunities for photography that it would be a crime to miss. Just catch the first rafts of teak coming down the Irrawaddy with the break of the monsoon. He'd be all right here – the monks were pretty decent to travelers. Catch him up in Mandalay in a week – as fit as a flea again. The old man at last capitulated and with many a guilty backward glance, went on up the road.

Sefton gave him half a day for safety, and then set off back along the road they had come. He had no fear of the pagoda being occupied. They built these things on the top of practically every hill in Upper Burma, put a statue of the Buddha inside, a couple of dragonlike chhinthes outside to guard him against evil spirits, dug a well for his refreshment and thereafter avoided the place like the plague.

It was just as he had last seen it. Perhaps the purple bougainvillea over the archway that spanned the entrance to the small courtyard was a little more luxuriant, and the monsoon rains, short-lived but fierce in these parts, had washed some more of the white plaster from the pinnacled roof, but the Buddha was unaged, sitting, feet crossed beneath him, soles upward, forefinger and thumb of the right hand grasping the little finger of the other, jeweled lotus on his brow, as serenely as he had sat and watched 15 years before.

He drove on a hundred yards or so and hid the jeep in a bamboo thicket. It was not necessary – nobody had seen him come this way, and anyhow no Burmese would dream of walking a mile or so uphill to investigate. It was the secretiveness of his nature that made him do it – just as the beasts of the jungle are at pains to conceal their tracks even when no danger threatens. He took a coil of rope and an electric torch from the toolbox and hurried back. He was sweating now in spite of the evening cool. His heart was hammering and his breath was coming in short, sharp gasps that almost choked him.

There was a carpet of dead leaves inside the pagoda that rustled and

crackled under his feet as he skirted the image and hurried round to the well at the back. The shaft dropped sheer and black and the beam of his torch hardly reached the bottom of it. He dropped a stone over the edge and heard with satisfaction a slight thud as it landed on dry sand. There probably never had been water in the damned thing at all. There were some, Findlay among them, who said that these shafts had never been intended as wells at all but were relics of some older and darker religion in which they had figured in other and more sinister roles – human sacrifices or something.

He knotted the rope round a projecting stone cornice and paid it out into the darkness until its slackness told him it had reached the bottom; then he swung his legs over and commenced his descent. It was easy at first as the masonry was rough and offered some purchase to his feet. It had only been that which had saved Ngu Pah. Lower down, however, the sides became marble smooth and he was glad that he had the forethought to wear rope-soled *espadrilles*.

The ease with which he found the rubies came as an anticlimax that was almost a disappointment. He felt like a child who had been set too simple a task in a party game. He saw them in the first beam of his torch even as his feet touched the sand. They lay on a ledge in the masonry, wrapped in the rotting remains of a once-bright-blue silk scarf – a heap of dull pebbles which even in their uncut and unpolished state threw back the light of the torch in a reddish effulgence.

He wanted to shout and to sing – to throw them in fistfuls over his head like confetti. Instead, he sat down in the sand and lit a cigarette with trembling hands and then trained the beam of the torch on the rubies and just gazed.

It was a good 10 minutes before he was steady enough to remove his sweat-soaked shirt and scoop the rubies into it – and a further agonizing 10 before he was satisfied with the security of the bag he made of it. He finally fastened it under his belt; then, belaying the rope twice round his waist, he commenced the hard climb up.

He had gone a good 15 feet before it happened – his body bowed stiffly outward from the side of the well – feet pressed firmly against the stones. He was not aware of falling. The first realization came to him as he lay flat on his back in the sand with the rope coiled loosely about him and the chunk of masonry which had missed his head by inches beside him. He started to scream then – shrilly and horribly – and he was still screaming and tearing at the sides of the well when the moonlight at the top of the shaft was blotted out by the head and shoulders of a man – a man with a shave poll and a swathe of yellow cotton across his chest. He could not make out his face but he knew it was the priest from the track junction and he stopped screaming and started to babble in Burmese.

The priest answered in English with a strong Edinburgh accent.

"I knew you'd be back for them, Sefton, in the fullness of time."

Sefton tried to speak but his throat muscles refused to function. The voice went on.

"Aye, vultures always return to their carrion – and that is what those stones are. I intended to steal them from my employers in the first place. I had already broken faith by intent. It was that knowledge that brought me to the samadhi of the Middle Way. These robes are not a disguise, Sefton – they are my atonement."

"Mad," thought Sefton and fought down another wave of hysteria. "Findlay!" he called shakily. "Findlay – I came back to see if I could find any trace of you. I haven't rested, Findlay, in all these years ——"

"That I can well believe," answered Findlay. "A man cannot escape his karma. Well, you have the chance to

make your peace now – as I have."

"Findlay – you can't do this to me – you can't murder me —" He was babbling now.

"I have done nothing. In your greed you tied your rope to an unsafe stone. Do you not see the symbolism of it?"

"Findlay – Findlay – listen to me – I know what you must have thought at the time, but I went off to find food, water, for all of us. I couldn't return, Findlay – before God I couldn't – I got lost and then I fell ill myself – I wandered for weeks before I was picked up and then I'd lost my memory. You've got to believe me, Findlay – you've *got* to —"

Findlay appeared not to hear him. His voice droned on dreamily, "Aye – the divine symbolism of it all – the sacrifice of little Ngu Pah – three times she made that five-mile journey for water and food for me after you had stolen our reserve. She died on her return from the last one and I made shift to bury her under the bougainvillea at the gate. Did ye no sense something as you entered, or had your greed blinded you to everything except those scraps of crystalized alumina?"

"I don't want your damned rubies —"

"They're not mine – nor yours," Findlay answered. "They've returned to the earth that formed them. Down there they can do no more harm."

"All right then – let them stay here," Sefton sank to his knees in the sand, "but you've got to help me out, Findlay —"

"I can neither help you nor hinder you, Sefton. That is your karma – as *this* is mine." And Findlay held his hands over the opening to the shaft. Against the patch of light Sefton saw with a turning of his stomach that the fingers had degenerated into formless stubs. "Leprosy, Sefton – a curse turned blessing because it was only that which held me back from taking the jewels out myself – and thereby gave me my chance of atonement and peace."

"You can't leave me here – that's murder. You're a Buddhist, you say – Buddhists can't kill – not even animals. Get another rope, Findlay – get another rope!" His voice had dropped to a pleading whisper.

"I shall not kill you, Sefton," said Findlay, "not even by negation. You must make your own choice, though. If I get another rope I cannot tie it securely myself with these fingers. I must therefore get help from the village. You will have to come up empty-handed in that case – I should insist on that and ask the villagers' assistance if you broke faith."

"The – the other choice —?" Sefton croaked.

"I shall drop food and water to you for as long as you need it."

Sefton screamed again. "Listen, Findlay! There's money down here – millions! Be sensible. They've got cures for leprosy in Europe now – and you can get a pair of artificial hands that'll do everything your own could. There's enough here and to spare for both of us. Get a rope long enough to loop round the statue and drop both ends to me – you needn't try to tie it. Just let me come up so we can talk it over. If you don't agree to anything I say I'll go away peacefully and never come back – I swear it —"

"If you came up and I were alone, Sefton, you'd kill me," Findlay said. "You know that is in your heart already. I couldn't prevent you – nor would I try – but if that happened I would be robbing you of any chance you may still have of finding peace. That would be against the course of the Middle Way. We are all involved in the destiny of others and a man may not stand by and watch another destroy himself."

Sefton broke then. He fell forward on his face and pounded on the sand with his fists and howled like an animal in torment.

The villagers hauled him up at midnight and the monks at Yeu tended him carefully until the professor, worried at his non-arrival in Mandalay, came back to look for him. Then they shipped him home to a large house set behind high walls in the quietness of the English countryside, where he has found peace – except when the moon is full and he struggles in his canvas jacket and screams about rubies and ropes and a priest who is fed by the faithful at the roadside.

HOUSE PARTY

(continued from page 31)

or helping him build a retaining wall – you'll have the savoir-faire to finesse it without offending. On this assumption, here's the clothing and equipment to take along:

Before packing, make a check list of the little things you'll need (hankies, studs, ties, bath accessories, etc.) and lay them out on your bed. Then lay out the right number and kind of shirts, then add one for luck. Then shorts, underclothes, socks; a sweater and or weskit; and your best PJs and foulard dressing gown and leather slippers (these you'll want for a lazy breakfast, or for sharing a nightcap in your room or another guest's). Shoes next: take a leather-soled black pair for dress-up, and a rubber-soled pair for clomping about out of doors. If these have a slight tread they'll do for golf (your country host won't take kindly to golf-cleat marks on his random-width antique floor boards or modern inlaid rubber tile). At any rate, avoid those inch-thick red rubber soles affected by some college freshmen. Last, lay out your outerclothing: slacks, sports jacket, country formal wear – about which more in a moment. Pack for preserving press and freshness, rather than for living out of your luggage. Now make a final check – sunglasses, leather-palmed string gloves for top-down driving, windproof lighter, pipe and pouch? – and then, and only then, get out the things you'll wear and carry en route.

Plan to travel in a suit, a comfortably relaxed job. (The ruggeder tweeds can get uncomfortably hot in a train, or in an open car on a day that's warm and sunny.) Carry a light, water-repellent topcoat. Your shoes should be leather-soled spectator sporters. By all means, wear a hat. Thus outfitted, you'll be comfortably correct in transit and, on arrival, you won't have to excuse yourself to change.

Check the gear in the drawings for the right sort of garb for a country stroll, a round of golf, or a fast trip in a sports car to the nearest split-level Colonial liquor emporium. For these occasions – or a tour of somebody's kennels or stables – we recommend tailored sportswear which makes you look muscular but

not sweaty and which discreetly suggests ferocious action without forcing you into any. There's an art to selecting clothes of this type. They're among the best-looking in a man's wardrobe — and can be the worst — if you go over the line from the functional-looking to the gadgety-looking.

See the drawings, too, for tips on the proper formal attire. No matter how posh the proceedings, city formals won't do. They can, however, easily be adapted to rural shindigs: wear a matching cummerbund and tie in tartan or a harmonious color; wear a soft-collared pleated shirt — or even a smooth-finished daytime buttondown with four-in-hand, if you sense the formality will be rather informal.

Inevitably — and happily — a major feature of the country weekend is the totally relaxed, conversational, delightfully unplanned drifting together of everyone as the sun goes down and the juniper hour is at hand. There's a fire in the grate, the bar is set up for self service, one by one and in couples the guests wander in from outdoors or come down the stairs from a fresh-up shower and change. Your host probably has the hi-fi playing softly; the doors may be open onto the patio; some guests just lounge and talk, others dance, others find a bay-window seat or a chaise for a quiet tête-à-tête. For this hallowed occasion, you'll wear the suit you traveled in, or your dressier slacks and jacket. The leather-soled sport shoes will do nicely for a casual dance or two. Should the spirit suddenly move the group, you might all whisk off to someone else's house party, to see how they're doing and to case the social talent; in that event, you'll still be dressed correctly.

Well, let us assume that you have been agile enough to imbibe at least as much Scotch as ozone, and that the weekend has been a success in other ways, too — with happy renewals ahead.

Here are two gentle points of etiquette we suggest:

1.) A house gift is a good idea. Best bet is booze, but stay away from the regular liquors (thus avoiding the possible implication that you want to be sure of getting exactly what you prefer to drink in your host's establishment). Take along a good wine, a liqueur, or a fine imported brandy. There's no obligation to serve these while you're there, and they'll take on the aura of a gift more than a contribution.

2.) Before you rhapsodize at the Sunday breakfast buffet over the charming view of the garden from your bedroom window, stop and reflect. Was it your room for sure which looked down on the garden — or hers?

ON THE HOUSE

(continued from page 38)

his story.

She was silent, estimating him.

"I work at Douglas," he said, "in drafting." The aircraft plants were always hiring new people. Some of them would be lonely and womanless.

"Do you know Mr. Peacock there?"

It was an old trick. If you weren't sure of somebody, you asked whether he knew a non-existent person. If he said he knew him, he was lying. "I don't know any Peacock," Bill said.

Mame said, "I only have one masseuse who isn't busy this evening. She's new here, but I'm sure you'll find her satisfactory." She called, over her shoulder, "Nancy!"

Nancy came out of the office. She wore a white nylon garment with Grecian lines, one shoulder bare — more a robe than a dress. Her blonde hair was done up on top of her head and she wore high-heeled pumps, accentuating her slender height. Her skin was flawless and golden, her eyes merry. She was, Bill guessed, in her early twenties. Mame said, "Nancy, you can take Mr. Haike upstairs to number seven."

Bill knew, from the tone, that he was in. He followed Nancy to the third floor. Her legs were gorgeous, and she was supple and beautifully made.

The third-floor hallway reminded him of a hospital corridor, with its soundless, rubberized floor and heavy steel, numbered doors. They entered the anteroom of number seven. She said, "You can undress here and put this towel around you. I'll be in the rubbing room." She spoke with just a trace of a southern accent.

Bill undressed, hanging his clothes carefully on the silent valet, wrapped the towel around him, and padded into the other room. It didn't look like a rubbing room, except for the table. There was a day bed in an alcove, but it didn't look exactly like a bedroom either. It was more like a one-room apartment, intimately furnished and comfortable. He looked at his watch. It seemed a shame that he could enjoy it for only 50 minutes.

He lay face down on the table and she adjusted the towel casually around his buttocks. She spread oil across his shoulders and back, and her fingers went to work on him, alternately strong and gentle, rippling and kneading. Her thumbs pressed into the muscles at the base of his neck. "You're very tense," she said. "Try to relax."

He tried. It was difficult. He kept thinking about Gilley and the three others outside, waiting to bring the doors down. He had a sudden fear that he could not play his part convincingly if he kept thinking about Gilley. He concentrated on the girl, and the warmth of her hands. She worked down to his leg muscles. Then she said, "You can turn over now."

He turned over on his back and she adjusted the towel. He wondered how to get to the subject. Maybe he shouldn't be too fast. Maybe it was the custom for the girl to put the proposition. He said, "How did you get into this place, Nancy?"

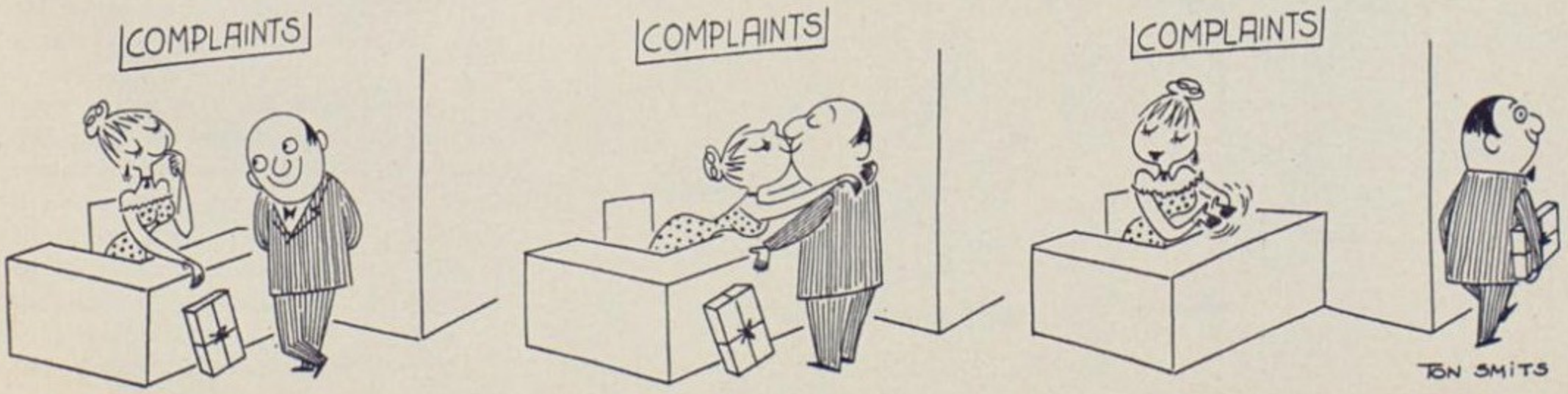
Her fingers stopped. "Why are you so interested?"

"I don't know. This doesn't seem like the right place for you."

Her fingers moved again. "It isn't. I ought to be back in Opawicki Springs."

"Where?"

"Opawicki Springs. It's a little town in Florida. I was Miss Opawicki County five years ago, and I had the lead in the Opawicki Players at least twice each season. Last year Wolfe Brothers sent a camera crew down to do some underwater films. I've been swimming under water since I was six, and they gave me a part. The producer told me I had the makings of an actress and signed me for 13 weeks, at 500, with options, and I



came to Hollywood. The underwater picture was a flop, the producer was fired, and I never got another chance in front of a camera. My option was dropped. When my money ran out I couldn't go back home. I couldn't face it. You see, everybody in Opawicki Springs thought I was on the way to being a star."

It was a stock story, but Bill sensed she was telling the truth. "So then you came here?"

"Not right away. I tried other things first – like living with a director. Finally I decided that if I was going to put out I might as well get paid for it."

"You been here long?" Bill asked.

"Only a week." Her hands stopped moving. "I talk too much. You didn't come here just to get a massage, did you?"

"No, I didn't," Bill said. Her face was only inches away from his, her mouth open, expectant. He drew her down to him, and then remembered the money, and his duty. He released her and said, "Do I pay now – or later?"

She laughed and said, "Don't you know, really?"

"No, I don't."

"This really is amateur night. I'm supposed to get the money first. Rule of the house. But you can give it to me after, if you want. I think I'm going to like you, and you're going to like me."

Bill said, "Oh, no! I don't want you to get in trouble. I'll pay now." He felt like a heel.

She said, "You know the rates?"

"A hundred for all night?"

"That's right. I was hoping you'd stay the night."

He swung his feet to the floor and walked into the dressing room. She was beside him, holding to his arm. He picked up his trousers and felt for his wallet. He noticed that she looked at his pants, and then reached out her hand and touched the cloth. She frowned and said, "That's nice material."

Bill brought out his wallet and opened it and found the hundred-dollar bill. He held it out to her. She looked up into his eyes, and her face seemed serious and a bit wan. She shook her head no. She said, "No thanks, dear. This one is on the house."

He pressed the bill on her. She only shook her head and backed away, back into the other room. She said, quietly, "Put your money back in your wallet and come to bed with me."

It was a wonderful experience. Bill lost all sense of time. He completely forgot his duty until, faintly, he heard a commotion in the hallway. The door burst open and Gilley stood over them. "All right, you," he said to the girl, "get your clothes on. You're under arrest."

Gilley stayed there while they dressed. Then he said, "Sister, where do you keep the money?"

"In this drawer," she said, indicating the bedside table.

"Did she put it in there, Haike?" Gilley asked.

"No. She didn't put it anywhere, because I didn't give her anything. You see, lieutenant, it was for free."

Gilley opened his mouth, but no words came out. His arms dropped, loosely. At length he spoke, "Why you double-crossing son-of-a-bitch!"

As Bill tried to explain to the captain later, he wasn't really conscious of hitting Gilley. It was simply a reflex action.

So Bill Haike was ordered back into uniform, and told that for the rest of his life he could guard the tombstones and mausoleums of one of the most exclusive cemeteries in Burbank. He turned in his badge and gun.

Two days later he found Nancy. He hadn't been able to get her off his mind. He himself was bewildered by this compulsion. At first he told himself he just wanted to complete unfinished business. Then he rationalized that he had guilt feelings. But perhaps it was only curiosity. He wanted to find out why she had given herself to him free.

He found her home address (a studio apartment in Westwood) through Central Casting. When he walked in she was neither frightened nor angry. She was playing records, and whistling, and packing. "Go out in the kitchen," she said, "and make yourself a drink. Then maybe you can help me crate the books. The express people will be here in an hour."

"Where are you going?" he asked from the kitchen. Wherever it was, he felt distressed.

"I'm going home to Opawicki."

"You will be happy to know," he said, "that I am no longer a cop."

"Didn't think you would be," she said, "after you took that lieutenant apart. You will be happy to know that I am no longer a whore."

"What happened?" he asked.

"I got fired. Mame is very strict. I did the wrong thing. I shouldn't have taken you to bed with me. I should have run downstairs and warned her."

Bill didn't understand at once. He said, "You mean, you knew I was a cop?"

"As soon as I saw your pants worn smooth and shiny over the right hip pocket I knew you carried a holster there. That meant you were either a cop or a mobster. Then I saw the inside of your wallet. Two small holes in the leather, where you usually pinned your badge."

He felt deflated and dejected. "So,

FEMALES BY COLE: 47

Romantic

being a smart girl, you turned down the bill. You let me have it on the house."

She smiled at him. "No. It wasn't that. If I'd wanted to play it smart, I'd still be working for Mame. But I took a chance. I thought maybe you'd come alone. I thought you were a pretty nice guy, although a cop." She took the drink out of his hand and set it on the table. "And I wanted you. I'm not sorry. Are you?"

• • •

Bill chuckled. "You see, she was a shrewder detective than I was."

"So that's why you left Los Angeles," I said. "Too bad it's off the record. I suppose that then you came to New York and started this agency?"

"Not right away," Bill said. "I kicked around L.A. awhile, and then I opened an agency in Miami. Still have a branch there."

The office door opened and a girl came in, not Bill's secretary nor receptionist but another one, poised and carefully groomed. Bill rose and I rose and Bill said, "This is Miss Chesney. She'll tell you about the Creighton case. She broke it."

The girl looked me over. "Newspaperman," she said, and then, suspiciously, "Is he OK?"

"Very trustworthy type," Bill said. "Knew him in L.A."

"Glad to hear it," she said. "I wondered — 70-dollar suit but 100-dollar tie, hand-painted Italian import." She glanced down at my wrist. "And that lovely gold Swiss watch — 400, with the duty."

I could understand how she knew I was a newspaperman — I had, unconsciously, pulled a sheaf of copy paper out of my pocket — but I didn't like the crack about the tie and watch. "Not gifts from the Mafia," I assured her.

Her sharp little nose wrinkled. She stepped closer to me and sniffed. Her merry eyes rolled around as if expecting to find a label printed in the air, the way women always do when identifying a perfume. "My apologies," she said. "So you've got a rich girl. And she has good taste. Shops at Bendel's."

"If you're so psychic," I challenged, "tell me what she looks like."

She examined my coat lapels, frowned, and then said, "Let me see your watch a minute." I handed it to her, and she found what she was looking for, one fine hair caught in the stem. "People think she is a blonde," Miss Chesney said, "but you and I know better, don't we?"

Bill grinned. "Nancy," he said, "is the associate half of Haike Associates. I always say she's smarter than I am. Now you know why."

spanish grandee

(continued from page 28)

thought about it, of course," he said. "I like to watch bullfights. I suppose that's natural since I'm Spanish, but I've never thought of trying it because I couldn't start early enough. To be any kind of *torero*, you must begin almost as a child, you must live with bulls, learn how they think. Racing cars don't think. When I give up racing I'm going to Spain and go into politics."

"You seem hardly the type," I said.

"Maybe the word is wrong," he said. "Maybe I should have said 'government' instead of 'politics.' In any case, if you want to know what I mean, I mean that I think I could reasonably hope to be foreign minister of Spain."

Later, from Paris, he sent me a photograph of himself and Fangio and the Pretender to the Spanish throne. On it he had written, "With Fangio and Don Juan, the *future king* of Spain."

• • •

When he found automobile racing, Portago knew that he had come to his real *metier* and he abandoned all other sports.

Portago had driven midget track racing cars in Paris, but it was not until 1953 that he found out what automobile racing was really like.

"I met Luigi Chinetti, the New York Ferrari representative, at the Paris auto show in 1953, and he asked me to be his co-driver in the Mexican Road Race — the Carrera Panamericana. All he wanted me for, of course, was ballast. I didn't drive a foot, not even from the garage to the starting line. I just sat there, white with fear, holding on to anything I thought looked sturdy enough. I knew that Chinetti was a very good driver, a specialist in long-distance races who was known to be conservative and careful, but the first time you're in a racing car you can't tell if the driver is conservative or a wild man, and I didn't see how Chinetti could get away with half what he was doing. We broke down the second day of the race, but I had decided by then that this was what I wanted to do more than anything else. I used to think that flying was exciting, and for a long time riding seemed very rewarding. I rode, mostly steeplechases, twice a week at least for two years. But those things can't be compared with driving. It's a different world. So I bought a three-liter Ferrari."

When Portago began to drive in earnest, early in 1954, no one took him seriously. He was almost universally considered to be just another rich dilettante. He and Harry Schell, an American living in Paris who is now ranked number six in the world listings, took the three-liter Ferrari to the Argentine for the 1000-kilometer sports car race. Said

BESSIE LUE SMITH

Portago: "Harry was so frightened that I would break the car he wouldn't teach me how to change gear, so when after 70 laps [the race was 101] he was tired and it was my turn to drive, I did three laps, during which I lost so much time that we dropped from second to fifth place, before I saw Harry out in the middle of the track frantically waving a flag to make me come into the pits so he could drive again. We eventually finished second overall and first in our class. I didn't learn to change gears properly until the chief mechanic of Maserati took me out one day and spent an afternoon teaching me." Portago had driven all his life, of course, since childhood in fact, but changing gears on a passenger car bears little relation to shifting on a 175-mile-an-hour competition car, when a miss on a shift from fourth to third, for example, can wreck engine or transmission or both and perhaps kill the driver as well.

Schell and Portago ran the three-liter in the 12-Hour Race at Sebring, Florida, in 1954. The rear axle broke after two hours. He sold the Ferrari and bought a two-liter Maserati, the gear-shifting lesson thrown in, and ran it in the 1954 Le Mans 24-Hour Race with Alessandro Tomaso co-driving. They led the class until five in the morning, when the engine blew up. He won the Grand Prix of Metz with the Maserati — "but there were no good drivers in it" — and ran with Louis Chiron in the 12 Hours of Rheims, Chiron blowing up the engine with 20 minutes to go while leading the class. He ran an Osca in the G.P. of Germany, and rolled it. "God protects the good, so I wasn't hurt," he said.

In 1954 Portago broke down while leading the first lap of the Mexican Road Race, a murderous affair run the length of the peninsula. He won three races in Nassau that year. He broke an automobile occasionally, and he was often off the road, but he was never hurt until the 1955 Silverstone race, in England, when he missed a gear-shift and came out of the resulting crash with a double compound break in his left leg.

The crash had no effect on Portago's driving; he continued to run a little faster on the circuit and to leave it less frequently. At Caracas in Venezuela in 1955 he climbed up on Juan Manuel Fangio until he was only nine seconds behind him, and he finished second. He was a member of the Ferrari team in 1956, an incredibly short time after he had begun to race. The precise equivalent of his rise in this country would be for a man to be a first-string pitcher for the Yankees two years after he had begun to play baseball. He won the Grand Prix of Portugal in 1956, a wild go-round in which the lap record was broken 17 times; he won the Tour of France, the Coupes du Salon, the Grand Prix of Rome and was leading Fangio and the great British driver, Stirling Moss, at Caracas when a broken gas-line put him out of the race. After Caracas that year I asked Moss how he ranked Portago.

"He's certainly among the 10 best in the world," Moss said, "and as far as I'm concerned, he's the one to watch out for."

Running in the Grand Prix of Cuba in 1957 he was leading Fangio by well over a minute when a gas-line broke again, and afterward, when they gave Fangio the huge silver cup emblematic of victory, he said, "Portago should have it."

He ran at Sebring in '57, driving alone nearly all of the 12 hours and finishing seventh; he ran at Montlhery in France, breaking the track record for *gran turismo* cars, and then went to Italy for the Mille Miglia. It was a race he did not like. Few professional drivers do like it: a thousand miles over ordinary two-lane roads, across two mountain ranges, beginning at Brescia, down the Adriatic coast, across the boot of Italy and back to Brescia through Florence. The Mille Miglia is probably the world's most dangerous automobile race. The weather is usually wet, there are hundreds of cars running, from tiny two-cylinder runabouts to Grand Prix racing cars barely disguised as sports models and capable of 185 miles an hour. "No matter how much you practice," Portago said to me, "you can't possibly come to know 1000 miles of Italian roads as well as the Italian drivers, and, as Fangio says, if you have a conscience you can't drive really fast anyway. There are hundreds of corners in the Mille Miglia where one little slip by a driver will kill 50 people. You can't keep the spectators from crowding into the road — you couldn't do it with an army. It's a terrible thing, the Mille Miglia."

To make matters worse for him, the illness of another driver on the team forced Portago to take a car he loathed and mistrusted, the 3.8 Ferrari. As a rule he was indifferent to the cars he drove, had no affection for them, could barely tell one from the other, but the 3.8 he considered to be somehow malevolent. He told a reporter that he was intent only on finishing, that he was, in effect, going to take it easy. But when he slid down the starting ramp at Brescia, with Nelson hunched enigmatically beside him, he forgot all that, his bitterly competitive instinct took over and he began to go. He was fourth overall at the first check-point. Peter Collins, lying third, broke a half-shaft, and when Portago was given this information, he knew that he could finish third without any trouble at all. It wasn't enough. He knew too that he might finish second, that he might even win. He ran the car at the absolute limit of road adhesion. At the Ferrari depot in Florence, he re-

fused two new tires, grudging the 45 seconds it would have taken to put them on. He had run nearly the whole 1000 miles, he was within 20 minutes or so of Brescia and the end of the race when a tire blew out, or a half-shaft broke, on the straight at Guidizzolo and the car lifted its wheels off the road and left him helpless as it flew through a telephone pole, went into and out of one ditch and came to rest finally in another.

Portago's widow, Carol McDaniel Portago, left their New York apartment with the children, Antonio, four, and Andrea, seven, and went to Italy to take her husband's body to Spain. The world's newspapers duly ran the funeral pictures and that was that.

Portago married Carol McDaniel, a South Carolina girl, in 1949. He had been living in New York for some time. He met her at a party, told her two hours later that he intended to marry her. They spent most of their eight years of married life in France. A beautiful and enchanting woman, Carol Portago brought to her husband a social stability that was new to him. She became an intimate of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor and she could move with grace in any circle. "Carol, in a sense, tamed Fon," one of their friends has said. "To the degree that anyone could, she brought him into the 20th Century. I think he regretted not having been born in the 1600s, lots of us thought that, and I believe that Carol helped him fit into his own time."

Portago was volatile, violent, headstrong, almost desperate in his determination to take every sensation out of every minute of his life. Carol Portago is tranquil, firm-minded, strong-willed in her own right, and their life together produced some heady moments. If Portago felt that a man had impugned his honor, the debate was apt to be short and terminated by a right cross to the jaw, and among the people to whom he publicly demonstrated this side of his nature was a columnist who has not even yet forgiven him. Portago's airy indifference to the maxim "Never, but never hit a reporter" ensured that his attentions to women other than his wife, and they were many, would have maximum coverage in the public prints. And at least one of the women concerned demonstrated a semi-professional ability in publicity on her own right. Just before Portago's death, columnists were frequently predicting that he and his wife would be divorced.

"Like so much else that was printed about Fon," Carol Portago told me, "that has no connection with reality. Fon's attitude toward divorce was very Catholic: to him divorce was anathema, it was impossible, unthinkable.

"Another thing: there was very little that was sneaky about Fon. He moved quite beyond commonplace deception. I

knew him, I think, better than anyone else, and there was very little indeed in his life that I did not know about. We could talk about anything, and we did. I can assure you that some of the explanations, excuses, that he gave me at one time or another when we talked about something that he had done were strange and wonderful, often hilarious, even, but you could not laugh at him because he was absolutely sincere. All one can say about it, really, is that he was unable to resist a beautiful woman, any more than he was able to resist any other kind of challenge. He could not be changed. It was a facet of his nature, and not by any means the most important, either. Most of his attachments were completely casual. One was not, but even that had ended before his death.

"After all, the essence of Fon's whole personality was his maleness. He was totally a man, and he was almost ferocious in his determination to live by his own rules."

What was he, really? He was the absolutely free spirit.

"If I die tomorrow," he told me the day before the 1957 Sebring, "still I have had 28 wonderful years."

I cited to him the Spanish proverb "In this life, take what you want – but pay for it."

"Of course," he said. "Of course, that's exactly it. You must pay. You pay . . . you try to put it off, but you pay. But I think, for my part at least, I think the game is worth the candle."

When Portago died, I wrote for the magazine *Sports Cars Illustrated* an appreciation of him. Nothing that I have learned about him in the months since inclines me to change it:

He was not an artist, he left nothing of beauty behind him and nothing of use to the world. He moved no mountains, wrote no books, bridged no rivers. He saved no lives, indeed he took innocents with him to death. He could be cruel. If he wished to indulge himself he would do it, though the act hurt and humiliated others who had done him no harm nor in any way earned his malice. Yet it would be a flinty heart that did not mourn his death. At the very least he was an adornment in the world, an excitement, a pillar of fire in the night, producing no useful heat or light perhaps, but a glory to see nonetheless. At most he was an inspiration, for, with the mere instruments of his life set aside – the steeplechasing, the motor-racing, wealth, women, world-roaming– he proved again what cannot be too often proven: if anything at all is meant for us here, we are meant to live life, there is no folly like the folly of the hermit who cowers in his cave, and a dead lion is a greater thing than a live mouse.

BIRTH OF A SHOW

(continued from page 56)

song again – this time, *When It Puts Him in Paree*. He meets a flower girl – played by Danilova."

"You should see her dance," Ferrer says. "You know, she was trained in Russia. She must be over 50, but she's absolutely sensational. A gasser!"

"They dance," Morgan says. "Then the Captain goes to see his mistress, Bobo – Abbe Lane. She's a stripper. She sings *Femininity* – it ought to stop the show . . . 'Why do I always end up on the tiger skin?' she asks. The scene switches back to the boat. To the great dismay of the First Mate, the English wife arrives. Her name in the show is Maud, by the way. She says she's been looking all over Paris for her husband. He offers to go looking for the Captain with her, and they get on a sight-seeing bus. A Spaniard gives Maud champagne and takes a chop at her. The Spaniard is Paul Valentine . . . pretty good. They go to a nightclub, run by Susan Johnson – we wrote in a part for her because she's got such a wonderful brassy voice. This is the same club where the Captain's stripper works, and the first act ends with the Captain and Maud confronting each other as the chorus girls are dancing and Susan's trying to sing."

"The second act's been giving us some trouble," Ferrer says, "but it's just about worked out – the First Mate and Bobo get together, the English wife takes the Captain back, and they turn the Paradise into a bistro. Great, we think." He crosses to a coffee table and knocks on it solemnly.

"We open in Philadelphia January 11," Morgan says, portentously.

Nov. 26. The show has its first casualty – Zachary Solov, the choreographer. He and Ferrer have been arguing since the end of auditions. "I know I don't know anything about staging dances," Ferrer says, "but I know what I want and what you're giving me isn't it." Furious, Solov resigns.

Nov. 27. Coleman and Merrill are going crazy trying to find a replacement for Solov. Ferrer has an inspiration. "Who was that kid who did the dances on the old TV *Show of Shows*?"

"Jimmy Starbuck," Merrill says.

Ferrer begins to pace, muttering to himself. "A guy who works in TV is used to getting numbers on and off fast. That's what we need."

Dec. 5. Singers and dancers go into rehearsal today, singers under Jay Blackton, dancers under Jimmy Starbuck.

Dec. 12. Oh Captain! is rehearsing in the Central Plaza, a meeting hall on lower Second Avenue ordinarily given over to Masons, Shriners, neighborhood weddings and, on weekends, jam sessions attended by college kids. Ferrer and his principals are in the main ballroom, a

flowered-wallpaper horror, cluttered with artificial blooms, rickety lecterns and funeral chairs. The Hose is sitting on a chair tilted back against a wall, his cap pulled down over his eyes, feet up on a table; around him, in a semicircle, are Abbe, Jackie McKeever, Paul Valentine, Danilova and Susan Johnson. They are mumbling their parts aloud and Joe is interrupting from time to time with suggestions or comments. Co-producer Howard Merrill, impeccably dressed and emotionally disheveled, is surveying the scene happily. "The advance is up to $1,200,000," he says. "It's a combination of the property and Joe's name — he's one of the biggest draws on Broadway."

Out in the hall, Tony Randall and Cugat are sitting side by side on a bench, earnestly reading lines to each other, holding the book between them.

Ferrer calls a break. "The big surprise is Cugie," he whispers to Morgan over coffee. "This morning he handled himself like he's been on the stage all his life. Abbe is a little stiff, but she'll be all right. Come on, let's go watch the dancers."

We go to a room on the floor below, where Starbuck is critically inspecting a line of girls as they go through a wild, abandoned dance. "The first act finale," Ferrer says. "How's it going, Jimmy?"

Starbuck shrugs. "I really can't do much more until I get the costume list from Miles White tomorrow. So far, though, fine."

"Crazy," Ferrer says. "I'll have the staging blocked out by tomorrow."

Dec. 22. At the stage door of the Alvin Theatre on West 52nd Street, a brown tweed blur shoots by us in a headlong rush for the knob, flings it open with a gasped "Excuse," and shoots inside like an Osborn drawing of motion. This is David Newburge, the kid who brought the $25,000 into the show, now a production assistant and known as The Gopher — "Go for this, David," someone will say every minute or two; "Go for that, David." He accepts it with graceful resignation.

It is hard to believe that a musical comedy, a thing of light and gaiety, can be born in such gloomy surroundings. The seats of the Alvin are covered with huge spreads of muslin except for a few rows down front where the production staff sits during rehearsals. The place smells musty and damp, and the deep shadows seem deeper because the only illumination is from the "work light" — the single bulb in the center of the stage. The rehearsal outfits of the participants give no hint that they are engaged in anything resembling fun. Actresses, to whom acting is not work but second nature, love to have the world believe that they work like sandhogs; they therefore rehearse in clothes the average suburban housewife wouldn't wear to a

supermarket. Abbe, in an old blue fuzzy sweater and a disreputable black skirt, looks like an underpaid scullery maid. The chorus girls seem to be the molls of a gang of Brooklyn juveniles. Only Jackie McKeever, new to the theatre and therefore ignorant of the rules, has had the bad taste to come dressed neatly.

Today's run-through goes well enough, but Ferrer is dissatisfied. He sits in the third row, his cupped hand pushing his face into lugubrious lines. He says quietly to Howard Merrill, "We're replacing Cugie."

"We're *what*?"

"He won't do."

"Who'll we get?"

"I'm bringing in Eddie Platt from the coast."

"Who the hell is Eddie Platt?"

"You know who he is, for Christ's sake," Ferrer says. "He was with me in *The Shrike* and about six other plays."

"How much will he cost us?"

"Not any more than Cugie—well, maybe a little more."

"Why don't you give Cugie another chance?" Merrill asks.

"He won't do," Ferrer says, stubbornly. "He doesn't react properly—his reactions aren't an actor's. I thought they were at first, but they aren't. Abbe and Jackie aren't experienced, either, but they have instinctive reflexes—they react like a prize-fighter or a bullfighter . . . Cugie reacts like an orchestra leader. He's got to go."

"Who's going to tell him?" Coleman asks.

"I'm the director," sighs Ferrer. "I'll tell him."

Jan. 2, 1958. In the Alvin, Ferrer is rehearsing Tony Randall and Jackie in the scene where Maud confronts the Captain in Paris with her discovery of his infidelity. Randall is muttering his lines listlessly; he does not believe in turning on the full charge until he is before the footlights. Ferrer seems a bit displeased with him. McKeever is giving it the old college try. She seems semi-hysterical. Her principal dramatic gesture consists of clutching at the bottom of her girdle, through her skirt, which is provocative enough but not especially meaningful.

Ferrer is frowning. He is leaning on a ramp that leads from the stage down to the seats, bending his head so that he appears to be attempting to get an upside-down view of his navel—as though his thoughts, conceived in his guts, are luminous enough to shine through. He starts to give the pair a direction and is interrupted by stage manager Jimmy Russo.

"They're ready to cut the belt for the treadmill."

"Will it make noise?"

"Quite a bit."

"Come on, kids, we'll go downstairs," Ferrer says, wearily. They go to the base-

ment of the theatre. In the Ladies' Room, Livingston and Evans are polishing lyrics. In the Men's, Starbuck is drilling girls in a routine. Morgan, exhausted by constant rewrites, is asleep on a sofa. "The poor bastard's been getting no sleep at all," Ferrer says.

He turns back to Jackie and Tony. In this scene, Jackie seizes her austere Captain and bends him back in an old-time silent-movie kiss, to communicate the fact that a few days in Paris have let down her British tresses. Randall is to express astonishment at his wife's transformation, but he is not doing it properly. "Look, Tony," says Ferrer, "it's like the old English joke where the guy comes home and finds his wife in bed with his best friend. He says, 'Geoffrey, I *have* to — but *you!?*' "

After a few more minutes, Joe calls a break. "We're coming along fine," he says. "I couldn't be more thrilled. Tonight we try a run-through — we've invited some friends and we're going to run the whole friggin' thing."

7:30 P.M. Ferrer is onstage, addressing the invited audience. He says that it is his and the producers' notion that every play has two casts — "Us, and you, the audience." He says that we would see quite a complete first act and about two thirds of a second. He begs our indulgence for the lack of costumes, lights, scenery, orchestra — and for the incomplete book, lyrics and music. "We're constantly changing and polishing," he explains.

It is exciting as the piano begins and the singers roll in, jerkily and unsteadily on the precarious treadmills. The opening is pleasantly GilbertandSullivany. Then Randall and Jackie come on in their first scene, which is long and overexpository. The "beddibyes" scene, in which they take off their clothes and go to bed, drags and drags. So do all the musical numbers and dances. Randall has lost some of his afternoon's boredom and takes on a certain authority as he struts about in built-up heels. Jackie, alas, is as smalltown as ever; her high, throaty voice is too stiff, among other things. Abbe Lane is not much better. The Danilova dance seems to take hours.

An hour and a half later, the production staff is meeting in the basement lounge. Two bottles of Scotch stand on the refreshment bar. Instead of a grim conclave, with intimations of doom, everybody is manic with joy.

Ferrer is saying, "We're so far ahead it's amazing."

Somebody says that the opening dialog between Jackie and Tony is too long.

"Oh, crap," says Morgan. "A remarkable number of people have joined the Writers' Union during the past four days. People tell me *everything* is too long. OK, they even say the strip tease is endless. Look — we have to establish characters. Joe and I didn't blunder into this thing. We thought it out carefully beforehand, talked for days, thought it over . . ."

"We had a hit show tonight at the end of the first act, I don't care what anybody says," Ferrer says.

January 5. Philadelphia. The show moved here today for several days of rehearsals, one invited-audience preview, the opening, and a two-week run.

Jan. 8. "My God," says The Gopher, rushing by with his arms full of costumes, "I don't know how we're ever going to get this thing on. We got a dress rehearsal with piano tonight, and these still have to be pressed." He rushes away; he is always in motion.

Nearly everything is in readiness. O'Connell has all his props, the treadmills and scenery are working smoothly, Mielziner is lighting the stage, Miles White has delivered all his costumes. Down in the pit the quiet, conscientious Blackton is working on scores by the light of a gooseneck lamp on the piano. Some of the cast are rehearsing at the Lu Lu Temple, a Shriners' hall across the street, but most of them are on hand. Ferrer is all over the place, leaping up the stairs to the stage, jumping down, shouting orders and hissing asides to his secretary. I copy down some of his memos and notes:

Make upstairs curtains same as downstairs in Capt. house. Cut second kiss when Capt. enters. Bottle on table by his chair should be English beer. Lights out entirely at end of first scene. Pipe on table is wrong shape; get curved pipe. Tony looks hung-up when he goes to mantel to get cribbage set — get him something to do.

Those are merely his notes on the first scene; by the time rehearsal is over, there are 57 more.

Jan. 11. Opening night in Philly is a sellout.

In New York, an opening demands black tie; in Philadelphia it is optional. Ferrer, Morgan and everyone else on the production staff turn up in dinner jackets, as though to express their respect for each other.

The villagers begin their stately procession across the stage. Tony comes on and gets a hand, but not a big one. He delivers the line designed to get the first laugh: "I love to see the pippets a-mating on the moor . . ."

No one laughs.

Livingston and Evans look at each other glumly.

"It's because it's Philadelphia," Don Coleman says. "They never heard of pippets here."

"It's because he didn't belt the line," Ferrer says.

A man sitting in the rear row turns around and utters a stern "Shhhh!"

This audience is singularly unresponsive, sitting on its hands except during

the times when the scenery is going in and out on the belts.

"In Philadelphia, they applaud the sets," says Vinnie Donahue.

The dialog between Tony and Jackie still seems interminable, but then the pace picks up. We realize, with surprise, that the beddibyes scene, where they take off their clothes, has been cut.

"Joe cut it this afternoon," Don Coleman says. "He cut 20 minutes out of the show."

The *Surprise* ballet also has been cut. John Brascia, the star of that number, is standing in street clothes watching the proceedings onstage. His face is a dead white in the shadows; every sound from the orchestra in the pit seems to wrack and stiffen him. He has a run-of-the-play contract; he will draw his salary, which will enable him to study, practice or travel. But to contemplate that now is cold comfort; he has been cut in the hour before his great opportunity, and he is desolate.

"I don't think that Abbe Lane's so sexy," one woman says to her husband at intermission. He gives her a patient look.

"It's her clothes," another woman says. "In that *Femininity* song, she ought to wear something sexier."

Ferrer overhears this. "I've been arguing with Abbe for weeks," he says, angrily. "She ought to wear the costume Miles originally designed. Much sexier. But she thinks she's an *actress*, for Christ's sake."

The audience is more enthusiastic during the second act.

"I'll be damned," says Ferrer. "This is supposed to be the weak part of the show."

"It *moves* better, that's for sure," Morgan says.

Now the audience is hooked, and by the time the finale comes on, and Mielziner's ingenious moving sets transform the Captain's ship into a nightclub before the audience's eyes, everybody is ready to stand up and cheer. Howard Merrill dashes in from the lobby, where he has been listening to a Philadelphia radio reporter's commentary on the first three quarters of the show. "It's a rave!" he cries. "This guy says it's a smash!"

The noise in the theatre, with the people calling for curtain call after curtain call, is deafening. Someone sets up a cry for Ferrer, and others begin yelling for him. He goes onstage, tears streaming down his cheeks (in addition to his other accomplishments, The Hose can cry hose-style almost at will).

Jan. 12. "There's still a hell of a lot to be done," says Ferrer. "On the dances, especially. Starbuck needs help. It's been a tremendous job for him, putting this on singlehanded."

"Who'll we get?" Merrill asks.

"I'm bullish on Onna White," Don Coleman says. "She did *The Music Man* – biggest hit in New York this season."

"Who'll tell Starbuck we're bringing her in?" Merrill asks.

"I'll tell him," says Ferrer. "Look, the only god around here is a hit show. Everybody's expendable, including me."

Jan. 14. The Philadelphia newspaper notices were sensational, but they were nothing compared to *Variety*. It says "Smash." It says, "Despite trade misgivings about the wisdom of trying to make a legit musical from a click picture, the transformation has been made not only with success but also with distinction."

"I wish I thought it's as good as they do," Ferrer murmurs.

Jan. 16. Rehearsals are still going on every day. The two collaborators are still trying to improve the book. A laugh is needed in the next-to-last scene.

Randall, rehearsing in T-shirt and jeans, calls down to Ferrer, "I've got an idea for a laugh. All through the play I've been saying, 'It's a good-sized ship . . . I run a tight ship.' It just came to me – how about if right at the end I say, 'A *loose* little ship'?"

"Try it tonight," Ferrer shrugs, without enthusiasm.

Randall tries it; it gets the biggest laugh in the show.

"That's the second line he's contributed," Morgan says.

Backstage, Jimmy Russo, the stage manager, is missing. Someone explains that he and Ferrer had several disagreements and Russo handed in his notice. George Quick has replaced him.

Jan. 17. Danilova's dance is cut at tonight's performance.

Jan. 18. "They didn't like it last night," Ferrer says at the production meeting.

"Let's put Danilova back in," Merrill suggests. "The show seems to get small without her – that dance actually *establishes* Paris."

"OK – but we'll cut it in half," says Ferrer.

In the second act there is a song sung by the First Mate and the Captain, *I've Been There and I'm Back.* At the rehearsal later on, the reinstated Danilova, wearing an incredibly ancient pair of light blue warmup tights, is doing exercises in the wings. "I been dere," she says, "and I come back." Her number, restaged, has been put back in the show; so has a new version of the dance for *You're So Right.*

Jan. 19. "Even with the restaging, *You're So Right* is wrong," Ferrer says. "I wonder if we don't need a new ——"

Livingston and Evans look stricken. "Not a new ——?"

"I'm afraid so," says Ferrer. "Get busy."

This is Sunday, but there are rehearsals all morning, afternoon and evening.

Jan. 20. Coleman and Merrill are aglow – and with good reason. Several movie producers have expressed interest

in acquiring the film rights, and today a New York syndicate has made an offer to buy out their producers' half.

At tonight's performance, Onna White's restaging of the sailor's dance is in, and Susan sings *Jubilee* in the finale of the first act.

Jan. 21. Ferrer is seriously thinking of cutting *Jubilee*. Coleman says he's *got* to make his mind up soon and freeze the show. Ferrer says he'll freeze it when he's ready.

Jan. 22. Bruce McKay, a baritone and one of the Captain's crew, is staring dispiritedly at the backstage bulletin board. "My God, another day of rehearsals — from 11:45 A.M. to 7:45 P.M., tomorrow. I've never been in a show where they worked us so hard." A chorus girl, going by, gooses him and giggles. He catches her by the wrist and embraces her, and she rubs her body against him. It is clear now why the cast seldom complains about the rigorous schedule.

The weather has been miserable; nearly everybody has a cold. Abbe is out with laryngitis tonight. Her understudy, B. J. McGuire, goes on without a rehearsal and does a capable job. She looks sexier than Abbe because she is wearing the negligee that Miles originally designed for the star.

"That settles it," Ferrer snarls. "Abbe's going to wear that goddam kimono or *else*!"

Jan. 23. A new number, written in two days, goes in for *You're So Right*. It's called *It's Not Too Late*. "It's not too good, either," says Morgan, tonelessly.

Jan. 24. George Quick surveys his cue-script, now so changed, altered and scribbled upon as to be unintelligible to anyone but him. "This is an easy show to run tonight," he says. "We've done the whole thing this way once before — first time that's happened for days."

Jan. 25. Closing day in Philly. Ferrer is in good spirits. "I feel like a jockey riding some great horse," he says. "He's 20 lengths behind, then he starts to gain, knocking off horse after horse — pretty soon there are four horses left, then two, then one, then he's home. That's what we've done, we've knocked out the rough spots one by one."

Eddie Knill, company manager, reports that receipts up front have been phenomenal. "We broke the house record the first week, and we broke our own record this week," he says. The news seems to inspire the cast to greater efforts, and tonight's performance is the best so far.

"We're going to kill 'em in New York," says The Gopher, his thin face shining.

Jan. 26-30. New York. Rehearsals, rehearsals, rehearsals. Ferrer methodically puts back everything he cut in Philadelphia — everything, that is, but the *Surprise* ballet and the beddibyes scene. *You're So Right* is back; so is *Give It All You've Got*. New costumes have been

ordered for the *You're So Right* dance. Nearly all of Onna White's changes on Starbuck's numbers have been taken out and Starbuck's original movements put back in.

Coleman says, rather disgustedly, "We've spent $15,000 on new costumes, $7,500 on overtime rehearsals, and $10,000 on arrangements and copying for the musicians — and the show is just about the same as it was opening night in Philadelphia."

Jan. 31. First paid New York preview — and first disaster. As the curtains are about to open for the last scene, frantic shouts are heard backstage. The boat's counter-weights are too heavy to lower it from the flies — it will not come down. Ferrer streaks for the door to backstage. The actors face the audience in bewilderment. Finally Tony steps forward. He says to the audience, "We *were* supposed to have the boat here, but something happened." This gets a laugh, and they do the finale without the boat.

Feb. 1. The boat is fixed, and drops nicely.

Feb. 3. The girls are livid — rehearsals have been called for tomorrow, the day of opening night. "How'll we ever get our hair done?" they shriek.

Feb. 4. Curtain-time is 7:30 P.M. on opening night, in order to give the morning newspaper critics plenty of time to get back to their offices and write their reviews. At 7:00 P.M. there already are crowds of rubbernecks and autograph hunters flanking the entrance to the Alvin Theatre. A mounted policeman stands by to keep order.

The audience is streaming in. Harvey Sabinson, the show's press agent, is bobbing about frantically. "What an opening!" he cries. "Everybody in town wanted to come! Know who I turned down this afternoon? Bob Hope! Also Lollobrigida and Paulette Goddard! Couldn't find seats for them. I turned down Milton Berle, too, but somehow he got two seats up in the mezzanine. I let in Walter Slezak because he's got a big laugh. We'll need it."

The celebrities begin to arrive: tiny Billy Rose, with the gorgeous Joyce Matthews towering over him; Cugie, with Jayne Meadows (Steve Allen, her husband, is in Cuba); Jim Backus, distinguished in a ruffled shirt and bowler hat; the director Otto Preminger, erect as a Prussian general; Rosie Clooney arrives, wearing a white gown and an apprehensive expression. Here and there come the critics: the mousy, pipe-sucking Atkinson of the *Times*; the genial Watts of the *Post*; the debonair McClain of the *Journal-American*; Gibbs of *The New Yorker*, aloof and reserved. They and their colleagues are the only members of the audience who are not excited; this is just another job, their attitude seems to say.

The overture commences. Ferrer rushes up the side aisle from the door to backstage. A radiator-cover runs along the rear wall of the theatre — he boosts himself up to sit on it.

"Now," he whispers to Morgan, "the agony begins." Morgan nods.

They are wrong. There is no agony. This is the best audience they have ever had. They begin laughing — which no audience has done before — when the English villagers sing, "We ship our oldest movies overseas to Channel 9." They roar at Tony's "I love to see the pippets a-mating on the moor." Danilova's dance nearly stops the show. The entire first act goes sensationally well, and the finale gets a great burst of applause.

In the lobby, Martin Gabel says, "Very good, I'm enjoying it." His wife, Arlene Francis, nods agreement.

Coleman and Merrill have lost their nervousness. "They *love* it!" Merrill whispers. That appears to be the case throughout the second act, as well. The cast takes 11 curtain calls, and there are cries of "Authors! Authors!"

Backstage is crowded with hundreds of friends, well-wishers, relatives and hangers-on, bumping into scenery, knocking over props, generally driving the doorman and the house manager out of their minds.

It is obligatory for the show's brass to put in an appearance at Sardi's after the opening. The rest of the company and staff show up at a pseudo-Polynesian restaurant on East 57th called Luau 400. One by one the cast members drift in, some in twos and threes, some with wives or husbands or dates, and settle in the fake huts that line the walls and serve as booths. Now that the opening is past and the backstage celebrations are behind them, they are ready to relax — but they are expectant. The *Herald Tribune*, with Walter Kerr's review, will be on the streets within an hour. Kerr is tough, and this season he has been tougher than usual for some reason. Atkinson will follow an hour later; Atkinson is getting crotchety. These two have been known to kill a play with their reviews.

The management of Luau 400 apparently has instructed its waiters to take their time serving the liquor. Tension mounts. A Hawaiian-oriented trio is methodically working its way through the score of the show, but nobody is dancing; for that matter, nobody is listening.

The Gopher runs up, harried and stricken. "Oh, God! I know Kerr is going to give us a bomb — I saw his face as he left the theatre, and he looked sore." He puts his fists to his forehead. "What will I tell all those people I raised the money from?"

Fifteen minutes later the suspicions are confirmed. Word comes from Sardi's that Kerr's review is a blast. Ray Evans, who preferred to be with the company

rather than go with the brass, comes in slowly from the telephone, his long, lined face even sadder than usual.

"He hated it," he says, simply.

The word runs through the room, and even the fact that the booze at last has begun to arrive cannot stir a hum out of the silence that has fallen.

The *Tribune* arrives. Kerr's closing lines are, "Mr. Randall . . . keeps bucking everybody up with a cheery 'Good show.' It would be nice to be able to echo him this morning."

"Well, there's still Atkinson," singer Stanley Carlson says. "He liked *Jamaica* — if he liked that, he'll surely like us!"

When the *Times* finally comes, we see that Atkinson has written not only a rap but a personal attack on Ferrer. He says, ". . . Mr. Ferrer has substituted leers for wit and generally debased the style to the level of the old-fashioned varsity show. Mr. Ferrer has been away from Broadway too long. New York is a big town now."

Coleman and Merrill arrive, looking haggard. Morgan follows them. "What *happened?*" he says, unbelievingly. "What the hell happened? Is this Hate Ferrer Week for those guys? The audience loved it—what got into the critics?"

Nobody can answer; nobody knows. Ferrer arrives and waves, smiling sheepishly. But the party is over.

Feb. 5. Some notices are such out-and-out raves that it is hard to believe these reviewers are not writing about a show completely different from the one Kerr and Atkinson saw. Chapman of the *News*, Coleman of the *Mirror*, Alston of the *World-Telegram and Sun* — they all love it. Watts in the *Post* is not quite as enthusiastic but is still very admiring. McClain in the *Journal-American* likes the principals, but says he thinks "the Captain's ship lists slightly to starboard." His review is about half-and-half.

Ferrer stands on the steps of the Captain's cottage with the cast gathered around him. This is his farewell address.

"The story is sad on two, pretty good on five," he says. "I have only one thing to say — eight happy audiences a week will make *real* jerks out of those two jerks. You now have a harder job — you have to work harder all the time. Let me point out that we broke the house record twice in Philadelphia, and those people down there aren't idiots. We've got a million and a half advance in the till. We sold a lot of tickets this morning and they're still selling. We've got 30 standees out there today, so we just can't accept the opinions of Atkinson and Kerr as typical of the reception this show is getting. It's up to you. I'll be in every few weeks, to spank you or give you a feel. So — work. God bless."

Everybody cheers as he puts on his cap and walks off.

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PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

ON THE SOUTHERN SLOPES of the Pyrenees, the Running of the Bulls will be held in Pamplona July 7-13. Everyone and his third cousin is free to hop into the ring with the big bad bulls, just like Errol Flynn did in *The Sun Also Rises*. Or, if that isn't your cup of tea, you can tote your *fino* to your hotel balcony when the six A.M. rocket signals the loosing of the huge black Miuras, and watch them rage through the narrow streets, hot on the heels of the local daredevils. Later, with sash, Basque beret, wineskin and your own version of Lady Brett, you can mingle with the crowds and participate in the dancing, jousting, clowning and what have you.

Much of the same sort of circus takes place in Portugal at the Fair of the Red Waistcoat at Vila Franca de Xira, July 14. A restaurant in the old palace there even provides a private bull ring in which you can square off with a young, quarter-weight (300-pound) bull with padded horns, an encounter guaranteed to help you work up an appetite for the house's hefty $1.25 dinner.

If place names like Tignabruaich in the Kyles of Bute set bagpipes skirling in your soul, hie thee to Scotland's tight little western isles, the Hebrides, where the crafty crofters loom the dandiest woolens and tweeds your eyes ever did see. There's no trick, either, in buying a couple of bolts at staggeringly low prices, sending them home for your own tailor to whip into shape. For a scant $2.50, you can board a mail boat at Oban and be your own Boswell during a one-day sail to the wee sea towns of Iona, Staffa and Tobermory.

Another seaport a little nearer at hand is Newport, Rhode Island, which gets July going with its big four-day Jazz Festival, a bash that is now as firmly entrenched as Lincoln's Birthday. Jazz bigwigs from all points of the U.S. (plus several from Europe) huff and puff almost round the clock, and when they're not making stimulating sounds they're discussing what it's all about. Massachusetts makes almost as merry at the Berkshire Music Festival at Lenox, primarily for the long of hair, from which it's only a short jazz-lover's leap down a winding country road to the Berkshire Music Barn, which echoes alternately with contemporary jazz and folk balladry.

Westward, one of the charms of California's Laguna Beach is its Pageant of the Masters from July 20 to August 18, which offers local boys and girls in living tableaus of such works as *Blue Boy*, the *Night Watch* and *Venus de Milo*. The miss from Milo, as you might expect, is as charmingly undraped as she was in the original. Quite incidentally, the local art colony exhibits its own masterpieces during this period, not the least of which are the excellent meals at the Old Brussels there.

For further information, write to Janet Pilgrim, Playboy Reader Service, 232 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Illinois.

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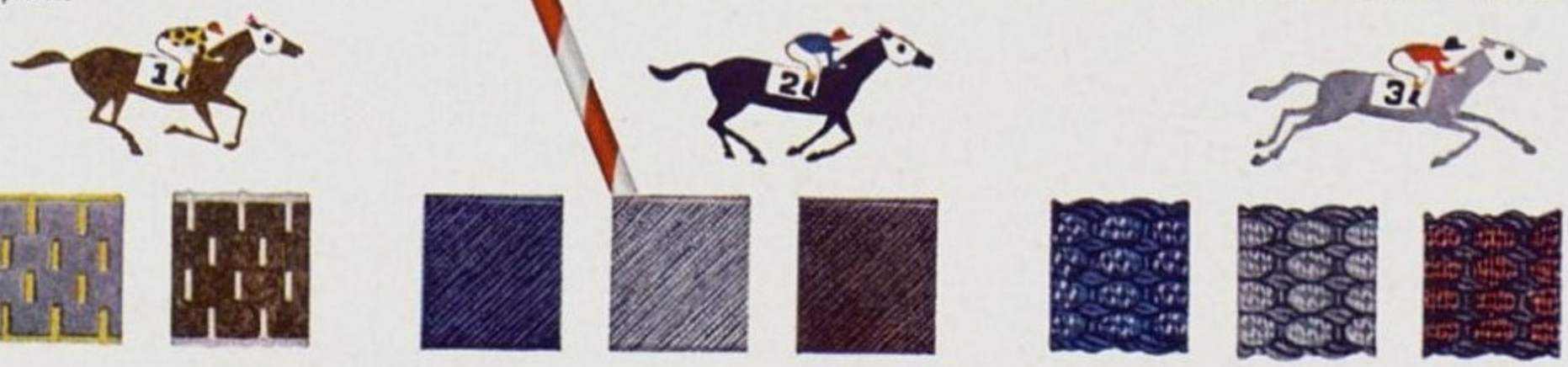

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A young man who regards the purchase of every suit as a solid investment that will pay him attractive dividends, the PLAYBOY reader knows the importance of proper attire to both social and business success. He not only wants to make the right impression, but he has the wherewithal to do so. Facts: According to the leading independent magazine survey, a larger percentage of PLAYBOY families spent more than $500 on wearing apparel during the last 12 months than those receiving *any* other magazine. (The top 41.7% of PLAYBOY households alone invested over $158,000,000 in clothing during the past year.) Not surprising when you know that the survey also shows the average PLAYBOY reader has a higher income than the reader of any other men's magazine. The PLAYBOY reader is younger, too. 75.5% of all PLAYBOY readers are between 18 and 34, the acquisitive age when every purchase is a brisk step ahead. (Source: Starch 52nd Consumer Magazine Report, June 1957 and Starch Supplement on PLAYBOY, January 1958.)

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