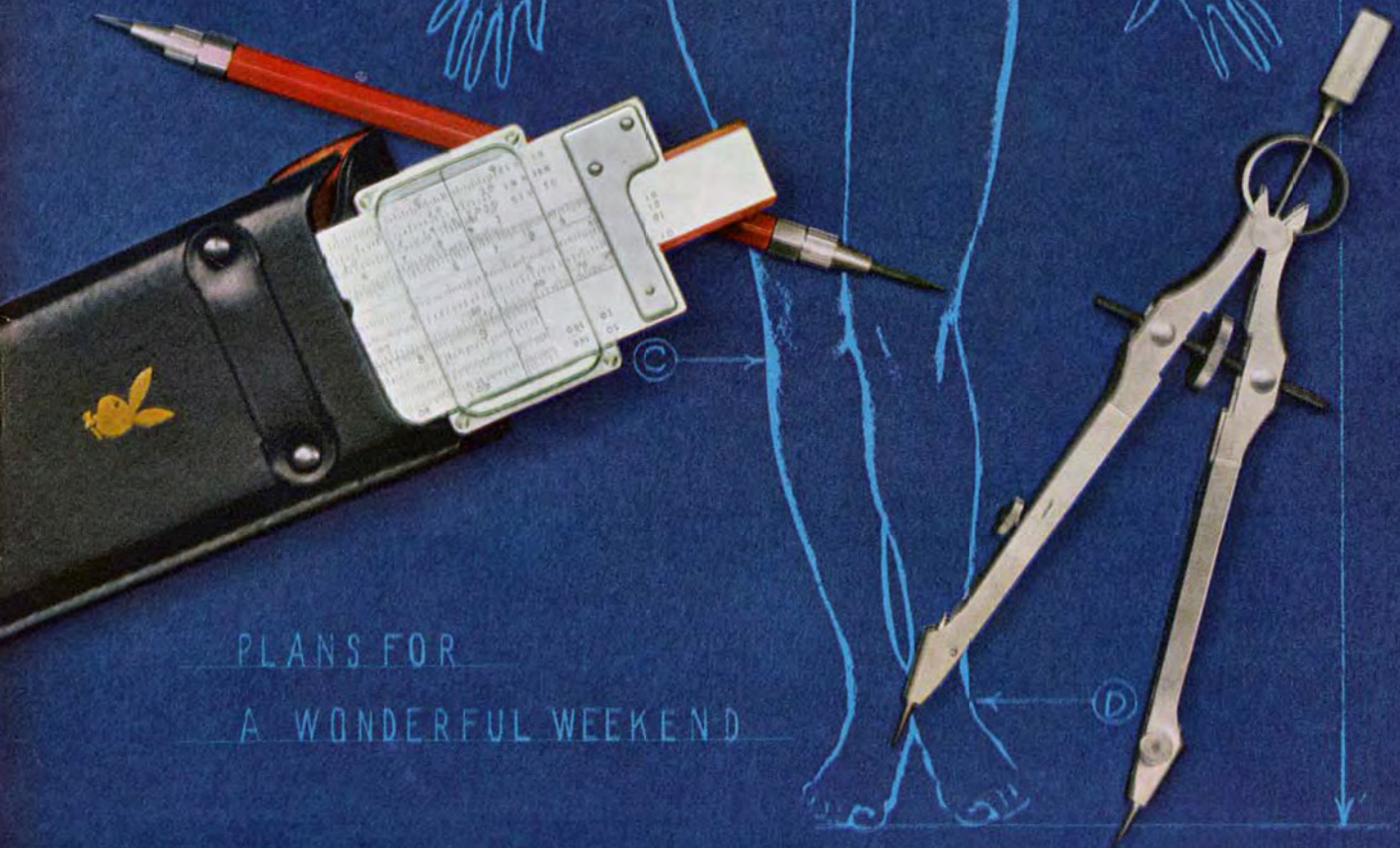
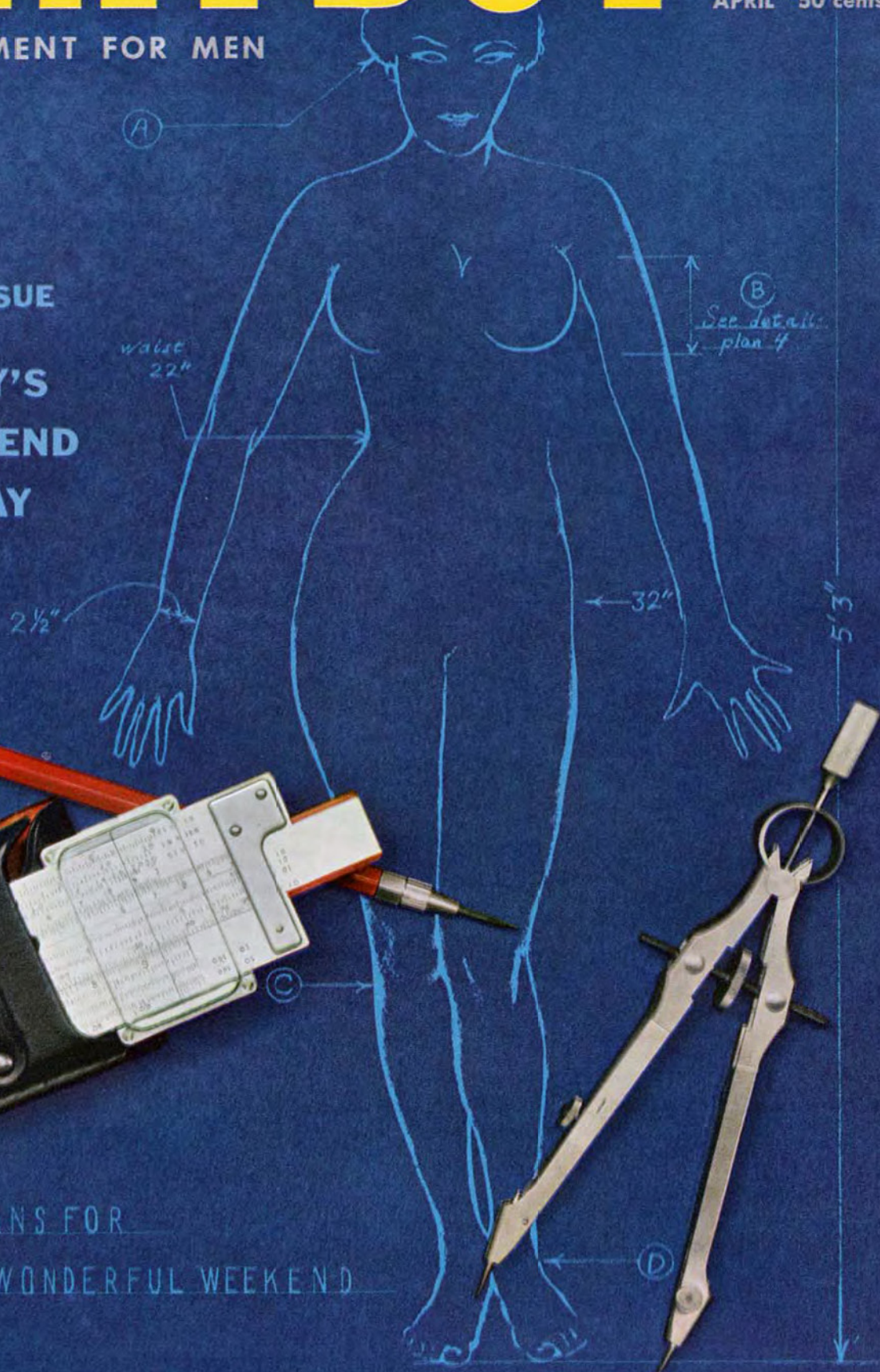


PLAYBOY

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APRIL 50 cents

IN THIS ISSUE
PLAYBOY'S
WEEKEND
HIDEAWAY



PLANS FOR
A WONDERFUL WEEKEND

PLAYBILL

PLAYBOY'S PENTHOUSE APARTMENT, OUR 1956 presentation of a high, handsome haven preplanned and furnished for the bachelor in town, is the most popular single feature ever to appear in these pages. Today, in 1959, we're still receiving letters of interest and inquiry about it. In this issue, you will find a spectacular companion feature, *Playboy's Weekend Hideaway*. Designed by James E. Tucker with renderings by Robert Branham, the same team that produced *Playboy's Penthouse Apartment*, these seven pages of plans for a smart get-away-from-it-all sanctuary may well out-Penthouse *Penthouse* in popularity. Tucker is an industrial designer by training and practice, and brings to his work a fresh and vigorous awareness of the esthetics of function. Branham is a serious experimentalist painter whose infrequent commercial work flashes with the insight of the fine artist.

Hollywood's Tina Louise and the pictorial story of a sexy Hollywood ad campaign vie for your attention this month, and Robert Jarvis' adroit satire *Chaucer in Hollywood* should give you a merry time. Last month, when we presented the first half of Shel Silverstein's Spanish impressions, you were promised an extraordinary treat this issue: Shel and a bull in the same arena in the classic dance of death. True to their word, both bull and Silverstein showed up and

you'll find them herein in their highly hilarious moment of truth.

Nassau Speed Week gives us a fine opportunity to talk about sports car fashions in *The Look of a Winner*; attractive aids to hanging one on are suggested in *Quiet, Jeeves* (the latest in silent valets and other clothing gadgetry); Thomas Mario goes *Fishing for Compliments* and comes up with fathoms of flavor in his article on the pleasures of prandial pisciculture.

Fiction this April includes the anecdotally brief fantasy *Nasty* by Fredric Brown, the ironic GI machinations of *With All Due Respect* by Fred (*Drop Dead*) McMorrow, and a particularly fine new novelette by Herbert Gold. *What's Become of Your Creature?* is just possibly the best story this gifted author has ever written. In it, Gold has succeeded in fusing the two sides of his artistic personality—the no-nonsense poesy of his "straight" work (*The Right Kind of Pride; Sleepers, Awake!*) and the free-form horseplay of his light stories (*The 44-Year-Old Boy Disc Jockey; Do Nice Artistic Girls?*)—into a bittersweet chronicle of love lost and found. A friendly suggestion: set aside a good part of your evening to enjoy this moving novelette, then flip back to *Playboy After Hours* for news of Gold's fourth book.



GOLD



TUCKER (standing) AND BRANHAM



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will receive a free 12-inch 33 1/2 R.P.M. album, with a nationally advertised price of at least \$3.98, for every two albums purchased from the Club. A WIDE CHOICE OF RCA VICTOR ALBUMS will be described each month. One will be singled out as the album-of-the-month. If you want it, you do nothing; it will come to you automatically. If you prefer an alternate—or nothing at all—you can make your wishes known on a form always provided. You pay the nationally advertised price—usually \$3.98, at times \$4.98 (plus a small charge for postage and handling).

ALL ALBUMS ARE 12-INCH 33 1/2 R. P. M.



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26. BING WITH A BEAT BING CROSBY... AND BOB SCORSBY... *From the Best of Bob Crosby and his all-stars, sings 12 oldies.*



30. GIGI Songs from the film score by Lerner—Loewe from *My Fair Lady*, sung by Gogi Grant and Tony Martin.



32. STUDENT PRINCE Mario Lanza sings hit show tunes by Romberg, also Lehar, Rodgers, Brodsky and Coward.



33. STRAUSS WALTZES Melachrino Orchestra. *Blue Danube, Artists' Life, Emperor Waltz, Voices of Spring, etc.*



35. GEORGE FEYER TAKES YOU TO HONOLULU & KAUAI Sparkling piano versions of the hit-show scores.



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54. MARIAN ANDERSON SINGS SPIRITUALS One of the all-time great vocal collections. Special reissue.



56. FREDDY MARTIN AT THE COCONUT GROVE—His most requested. *Dancing in the Dark, Carioca, Time on My Hands, Wunderbar, etc.*



57. LENA HORNE AT THE WALDORF ASTORIA On-the-spot recording of her sensational night-club show.



58. THE NUTCRACKER (Excerpts) Selections from Tchaikovsky's ballet music, played by the Boston Pops.



59. RHAPSODY IN BLUE, GRAND CANYON SUITE (Excerpts) Winterhalter Orchestra, Byron Janis, pianist.



60. CARLOS MONTOYA AND HIS FLAMENCO GUITAR A recital by the greatest living exponent of Spanish gypsy music.



73. THE EYES OF LOVE Dreamy, romantic tunes. *I Only Have Eyes for You, Smoke Gets in Your Eyes, I'll Be Seeing You, etc.*



75. DILO (UGH) PEREZ PRADO Prado's exciting band plays his hit cha cha *Patricia, also Back Bay Shuffle, Bandido, etc.*



76. THE NEW GLENN MILLER ORCHESTRA IN HI FI Miller style, modern repertoire, starring Ray McKinley.



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79. THE DRUM SUITE Progressive jazz composition by Manny Albam and Ernie Wilkins. Loaded with name stars.



83. MOONGLOW Artie Shaw and his two most successful bands. *Begin the Beguine, Nightmare, Star Dust, Frenesi, others.*



85. MUGGSY SPANIER —16 jazz gems, *Mandy, Blain't the Blues, That Do Da Strain, Sister Kate, Dinah, others.*



89. BILLY MURE, supersonic guitars, Virtuoso engineering and musicianship. *Peanut Vendor, Jealous, others.*



90. BULL RING PASODOBLES Colorful music with Federico Moreno Torroba and the Pasodoble Band of Madrid.



92. THE GOLDEN AGE OF BENNY GOODMAN Original recordings of B.G.'s greatest hits with Krupa, James, Berigan.



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4. COLLEGE CLASSICS Clancy Hayes vocals. *We'll Build a Hungarou, Shine on Harvest Moon*, more.



5. SOUTH PACIFIC Original soundtrack recording of the Rodgers-Hammerstein film hit, 15 perennial favorites.



6. THE DESERT SONG A glorious new recording of Romberg's melodious operetta. Giorgio Tozzi, large cast.



7. GISELE La MacKenzie sings ballads; *Stranger in Paradise, Hey There, Ebb Tide, Too Young, Moonglow*, etc.



8. MUSIC FOR RELAXATION *Star Dust, Autumn Leaves, By the Sleepy Lagoon, While We're Young* and others.



9. PORGY AND BESS Risé Stevens, Robert Merrill sing Gershwin's *Summertime, Bess, You'll My Woman Now*, etc.



10. DANCING WITH THE SMART SET Meyer Davis, society dance king plays 40 standards, show tunes.



19. WELCOME TO MY HEART 12 standard ballads warmly sung. *Love Letters, How Deep Is the Ocean?, Paradise*, etc.



20. THE KING PLAYS SOME ACES Xavier Cugat's latest album: his most famous hits in hi-fi. *Green Eyes, Adios*, etc.



21. JAMAICA Original-cast album. Score by Harold Arlen, E. Y. Harburg. Lena Horne, Ricardo Montalban, large cast.



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39. MARY MARTIN SINGS RODGERS—Richard Rodgers' songs with Hammerstein and Hart lyrics.



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48. YES INDEED! Tommy Dorsey with Sinatra, Stafford, Herigan, Marie, Hoogie Woogie, *Song of India, Star Dust*.



51. MODERN JAZZ Rated "Five Stars" in *Down Beat*. Features Art Farmer, Hal McKusick, Bill Evans, etc.



82. GUIDE TO JAZZ Armstrong, Basie, Dodds, Ellington, Waller, Hampton, Hawkins, Morton, Henderson, others.



64. AIN'T MISBEHAVIN' Fats Waller plays and sings 12 of his best: *Two Sleepy People, Honey-suckle Rose, Tea for Two*.



67. I BELIEVE Inspirational songs of all faiths; Schubert's *Ave Maria, The Lord's Prayer, Bless This House, Kol Nidre*.



68. DINAH SHORE sings blues and torch songs. *Blues in the Night, Memphis Blues, St. Louis Blues, Moanin' Low*, etc.



70. SCOTTISH SPLENDOR Pipes, drums, regimental band of the Black Watch. Rousing, fiery music in highest fi.



71. HI-FI HILARITY with the Guckenheimers Sour Kraut Band (featuring *Foot and Peasant Overture, Skaters Waltz*, etc.



72. TENNESSEE WALTZ; Gold, Cold Heart, I Love You So Much It Hurts; You Can't Be True, Dear; etc.



87. TOWN HALL CONCERT PLUS A must for jazz collectors, starring Armstrong, Traganter, Hackett in 1947 concert.



86. THE GREAT CARUSO Film soundtrack, top tenor arias: *La donna è mobile, Cielo e mar*, etc.



100. MAGOO IN HI-FI Jim Backus (Magoo), in a series of hilarious antics designed to show off your high-fidelity rig.



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DEAR PLAYBOY

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ANN & ABBY

May I compliment you on your *Dear Ann and Abby* spot in the December issue? You advanced the first practical advice to the lovelorn I've ever read. I think the article was terrific and should be made a regular feature of PLAYBOY. Gentlemen, I salute you in your crusade for the preservation of the male of the species!

Louis E. Grimshaw
Toronto, Ontario

The excellent answers given by the PLAYBOY Aching Hearts Club reflect my sentiments exactly. Let's have some more male opinions on female opinions.

Jim Poore
Duke University
Durham, North Carolina

Having just finished reading your recommendation to give the wife a fat lip the next time she was caught snooping into hubby's private possessions, I walked into the bedroom and found Mrs. Snoop herself pillaging my wallet. I hauled off and smacked her a good one in the smile. Your advice was sterling, except that she retaliated with the bed lamp and I have six new stitches in my cranium. Should I have used the back of my hand instead of the palm?

Ed Weeks
Torrance, California

Yes.

Ordinarily I wouldn't "move over" for anybody's masculine point of view on my *Dear Abby* column, but that satire in December's PLAYBOY caused me not only to move over, but to roll over (and chew the carpet!).

Abigail Van Buren
New York, New York

Congratulations for that beautiful job of out-witting Ann and Abby. Like wow! Your answers really gassed me. Make it a regular feature.

Don Rodi
Bellaire, New York

More Ann-&Abby soon.

LUGGAGELESS LOVE

Contrary to popular belief but nevertheless true, 99% of all hotel managers do not supervise the public's morals. Our main objective is to rent rooms; for business or pleasure. Readers of H. Allen Smith's *Luggageless Love* need have no qualms about renting rooms... like all merchants, we're interested in selling our product.

Richard B. Taylor
Managing Director
Frontier Hotel
Las Vegas, Nevada

Our first objective is to rent our rooms, not to screen our customers!

Jack Sigler
Coco Palms
Lihue, Kauai, Hawaii

Such problems can be avoided with my new invention—"The Handy Shack Suitcase." This marvelous invention looks like a plastic raincoat, but by ingenious zippers and a CO₂ cartridge becomes a suitcase. We plan to go into full-scale production as soon as our chief research engineer and a loyal secretary complete the necessary field service tests.

Allan M. Kessler
Boston, Massachusetts

Luggageless Love in your December issue was a real rib-tickler.

James F. Baker
Tulsa, Oklahoma

PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

After glomming your January *Playmate Review*, I enthusiastically nominate Joan Staley as Playmate of the Year. Mara Corday and Joyce Nizzari are my choices of alternates, with your own Judy Lee Tomerlin a close runner-up.

F. Vernon Tatum
New York, New York

Playmate of the Year? Linné Nanette Ahlstrand, of course!

Mike Gibson
Houston, Texas

A KICK



"The Voice" comes out swingin' on this one and catches you right in the ears. The count goes to twelve and includes: Bye Bye Baby, Saturday Night, My Blue Heaven, The Continental, American Beauty Rose, I Get a Kick Out of You. You'll bounce back for more 'cause it's a kick. A Frankie kick. And they're the best kind.

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Elizabeth Ann Roberts.
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Myrna Weber.
John D'Addamio
Plainfield, New Jersey

Joyce, Joyce, Joyce, Joyce, Joyce,
Joyce, Joyce!
Charles Simmons
San Francisco, California
*Readers' choice for Playmate of the
Year: Miss December, Joyce Nizzari.*

EXECUTIVE CHESS

I owe both my son (a Duke sophomore), who suggested I read *Executive Chess*, and John Howard Sims some thanks for a very pleasant experience. It is an excellent article, neatly spiced with an astringent wit found all too rarely in management literature.

Bernard Davis
New York, New York

THE YAWN

Hip, hip, hooray for swinging satirist Jules Feiffer! I yawned my poor head off while reading his wonderfully penetrating *The Yawn* in the January issue.

Benjamin S. Page
Durham, North Carolina

Please help me, I can't stop yawning.
Ron Skinner
Southington, Connecticut

I just mailed my six bucks for another 12 issues of PLAYBOY and I hope to see Jules (*The Yawn*) Feiffer cartoons in most of them.

Bill Berrisford
Jacksonville, Florida

You will.

NO ROOM FOR VICE?

Has Ben Hecht grown senile and docile with his advancing years? The nostalgia for Ben in the January issue of PLAYBOY will surely provide a laugh for any Chicagoan who reads it. Although there is no longer a segregated red light district in Chicago, houses of ill repute still exist, as any cab driver will *gladly* inform visitors.

Cecil H. Ellis
Chicago, Illinois

STORYSVILLE

Just finished your December issue, and wish to congratulate PLAYBOY and Garson Kanin for *We're Running a Little Late*. I think it's the best thing to appear in my favorite periodical in many months. Some I can take, and some I can leave, but I really enjoyed Kanin's effort.

T. Bruce Henderson
Anaheim, California

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Each month the Club's staff of musical experts selects outstanding recordings from every field of music. These selections are described in the Club Magazine, which you receive free each month.

You may accept or reject the selection for your Division, take any of the other records offered (stereo or monaural), or take ND record in any particular month. You may discontinue membership at any time after purchasing four records.

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9. The finest performance ever of the Duke's masterpiece



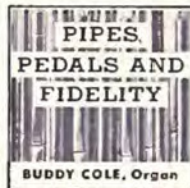
10. A truly magnificent performance of this majestic symphony



11. The great tunes from Rodgers and Hammerstein's fabulous hit



12. The two fiery Rumanian Rhapsodies—plus 2 more works



13. Organist Buddy Cole plays 11 tunes—Mine, Caravan, Carioca, etc.



14. Cugat's greatest hits—Besame Mucho, Tico-Tico, Brazil, 9 more



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2. Grofé: Grand Canyon Suite
3. Sing Along With Mitch Miller
4. Grieg Piano Concerto; Rachmaninoff Rhapsody
5. 'S Marvelous — Ray Conniff
6. Lester Lanin at the Tiffany Ball
7. Bells Are Ringing — Original Broadway Cast
8. Firebird; Romeo and Juliet
9. Black, Brown and Beige
10. Beethoven: Eroica Symphony
11. Percy Faith Plays "South Pacific"
12. Rumanian Rhapsodies 1, 2; plus two more works
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I have been a faithful reader and admirer of your magazine for quite some time. After finishing the December issue I feel I must compliment Jerome Weidman on his really stellar piece of fiction — *A Knight Lay Dying*. It was definitely one of the finest stories you have published.

Edwin M. Matzkin
Chicago, Illinois

Congratulations on the cleverest, most subtle piece of satire I have read in years. I speak, of course, of Jerome Weidman's *A Knight Lay Dying*. I must admit that at first I doubted his intent as he skipped from one cliché to another; but by the end of the piece, I was smiling broadly with each familiar phrase and hackneyed situation. How the man manages to move through the story without ever ruining the effect by verisimilitude or depth is awe-inspiring.

Rudolph Borchert
Las Vegas, Nevada

MAN AT HIS LEISURE

Where's it all going to lead? You have the best of everything in PLAYBOY! The best writers, like Beaumont. The best cartoonists, like Silverstein. And the best of all is your LeRoy Neiman. His recent illustration depicting the Pump Room in Chicago has got my feet itching and my taste buds blossoming. I beg of you: don't restrain that boy. He's really great!

Don Humphrey
Tucson, Arizona

LeRoy Neiman neatly captured the overall feeling one receives upon stepping into the Pump Room. He seems to have covered all the emotional responses in one painting. Let's have more of his impressions of nationally famous eateries.

Donald Gottschall
Chicago, Illinois

"Man at His Leisure" will be a continuing feature.

HAD HAD HAD HAD HAD HAD

Got a honk out of your December *After Hours* item about "That which is is that which is not is not is not that it is." But there's another way to punctuate it and still make sense: "That which is, is. That which is not, is not. Is not that it? It is." And have you ever tried to make sense out of this old mess? — "Where John had had had Pete had had had had had had had been correct." Solution: "Where John had had 'had,' Pete had had 'had had.' 'Had had' had been correct."

Colin Cheever
Portland, Maine

We've had it.

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



We were momentarily titillated, a while back, to learn that Hollywood had bought the screen rights to the novel *Lolita*. A second of sober reflection, however, reminded us that under the Tinseltown aegis the little nymphet and Humbert Humbert, her older admirer, would undoubtedly end up as cinematic versions of Orphan Annie and Daddy Warbucks. Exactly how will the movie be given the degree of antiseptis necessary for passing the censors? When we were in Hollywood recently, we garnered some astute predictions from screenwriter Alan Wilson. The eventual title of the picture, he says, will depend on the type of movie it represents. If it is to be for the entire family, they might call it *Little Woman*; if they want to turn it into a war drama, he suggests *The Best Years of Her Life*; as a sports drama, *The Smaller They Are, The Harder They Fall*; as a melodrama, *Too Much Too Soon*; as an adult western, *Have Nymphet, Will Travel*. If they decide to make *Lolita* into a musical, Wilson offers some possible songs: Humbert singing, *They Tried to Tell Me You're Too Young*; Lolita's solo, *You Ain't Nothin' but a Father Image*; and a duet on *Jail Bait Rock*. Anyone who fears that these assorted titles are at least risky if not risqué will be comforted to learn of a way out: the movie, laid in the hilly regions of a southern state, can open with the marriage of Lolita and Humbert, and close with our 12-year-old hausfrau knitting tiny garments while her spouse looks on with a properly cloying smile of approval. Then, of course, with the public softened up, it will be time for *Son of Lolita*. Is all this clear, Hollywood? If not, don't bother us. It's time for us to fix our girlfriend's Pabulum.

An anonymous group of benefactors has the University of Pennsylvania all shook up. They've offered to endow a professorship on taxation, but insist on a somewhat bizarre title for the chair: they want it set up in the name of the late Al Capone. Nobody has figured out who the expensive joke is supposed to be on—the mobster, the university, or the Internal Revenue boys—but the university officials wrestling with the problem are sorely taxed.

April Fool's Day item from a want ad in the *Idaho Free Press*: "One Rare Phallic Cymbal. Contact Mr. Peters at Northwest Nazarene College, Nampa."

We have received a brochure describing a course offered by Millikin University of Decatur, Illinois, presented on television yet. Included in the course are: *Body Positions*; *Exercise in General Technique*; *Entering and Exiting*; *Action as Related to Thought*; *Progressions*; *Building a Climax*; *Timing*; *Size of Performance*; *Pointing*; *Invention of Action*; *Rhythm*, *Tempo*, *Pace*. The course, of course, was on *Techniques of Acting*.

A certificate issued by an industrial accident claims tribunal in London reads: "This man is fit for suitable work which does not involve standing, sitting, bending or lying down." It wasn't easy, but we finally figured out an occupation for this unfortunate fellow: Meteorite Counter in a space satellite, while it's in free-fall and he's floating.

Remember the roulette variations we've told you about from time to time, like LP Roulette and Ivy League Roulette? Well, comes now a new game gaining popularity among the hip musician

set called *Jazz Roulette*. The way it works, according to Stan Kenton, is that all the band members grab for the music at once. The loser gets the melody.

With typical respect for the intelligence of its listeners, the BBC recently did a radio program about the nude shows and prostitution in London's West End. The hard economic basis of the sporting ladies' activities was sharply accented by one girl of the evening who, in an interview, defined sin as "doing it for nothing." Just one more example of the professional resenting the amateur.

One record company is trying to capitalize on the Cape Canaveral concussions with a record called *Countdown*, featuring an orchestra conducted by (fasten your seat belts) Sonny Moon. It occurs to us that Larry Welk may sue for inverted plagiarism—uh, ten . . . uh, nine . . . uh, eight . . .

RECORDINGS

We warmly appreciated the many critical accolades that greeted the first *Playboy Jazz All-Stars Album* a year ago; the industry, the musicians themselves, the critics and readers of the magazine dug it the most. This year's package, *The Playboy Jazz All-Stars Album, Volume 2* (PB 1958) is, in our modest estimation, a still more exciting double-disc collection of the sounds of jazz as blown by the best men in the biz. It is also a remarkable example of intra-industry cooperation—a far-reaching and complicated one, what with all the contractual red tape that had to be cut through to get all the performers on one label.

DAVE SALUTES DUKE



Last July 3rd was Ellington Night at Newport, R. I. On hand for a musical salute was Dave Brubeck, an artist with the courage, humor, honesty and inventive power it takes to rival the Duke as one of the giants of 20th century jazz. This recording of Dave's ducal tribute is one of the finest in our 1958 Newport Jazz Festival series.

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As a result, the release date of the album was somewhat delayed, but we think you'll think it was worth waiting for.

There's a Class-A Garner item—*Moroccan Quarter*—that waits to a smashing climax, and a cool cut of Brubeckiana, *Two Sleepy People*; also aboard is Shorty Rogers' *Viva Puente*, one of his best big-band tracks, and Jack Teagarden's *Blues After Hours*, with its superlative instrumental and vocal moods. Not only are the jazz poll winners winningly represented—from Brookmeyer and Gillespie to Goodman and Winding—but on a lot of the tracks you get bonuses in the form of elegant solos by non-winning sidemen but great jazz figures nevertheless; for instance, Victor Feldman, who blows vibes on the Barney Kessel track; Richie Kamuca and Art Pepper, sax men with Chet Baker; Don Elliott, on mellophone, with Paul Desmond, and Larry Bunker, vibes, with Bud Shank.

Some of the artists, we feel, are heard to even better advantage this year than last, particularly the singers. Sinatra's *Time After Time* is a typically lush ballad, in contrast to last year's rhythm tune, and Ella's *Blue Skies* is, in our opinion, a blue gas. An interesting innovation occurs on the two tracks by the winning tenor men, Stan Getz and Coleman Hawkins: they're both accompanied not by the personnel they usually work with but by the Oscar Peterson trio, a team that can help anyone across the goal line.

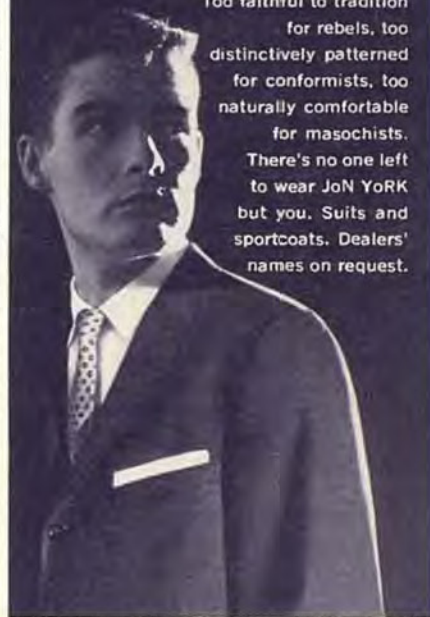
A couple of the winners heard on the two-platter package knew the blessings of economy: Ray Brown's unaccompanied bass solo and Shelly Manne's "there's-no-one-in-the-place-except-Red-Mitchell-and-me" excursion are as exciting as anything they've ever taped. In addition to the swinging sounds throughout, we think you'll like the line drawings of all the winners, their bios and complete current LP discographies, all most handsomely packaged: it's the most remarkable hour-and-a-half recorded jazz concert around. The price is \$9, and it may be purchased in most record shops or ordered directly through the magazine.

By this time, most everybody knows how fast and funny a fellow Mort Sahl is, and perhaps the best way to review his latest, *Mort Sahl 1960 or Look Forward in Anger* (Verve 15004), is to give you a few examples of the light Sahl acid: "The U.S. is going to go ahead with bomb tests—in schools and synagogues"; "The President's message from the satellite: 'Merry Christmas and get me down from here'"; "If I wasn't perceptive I could be a bigot"; "Trouble with being an atheist is you don't get any days off. If you're an agnostic, you don't know whether you get them off or not." You

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Lammermoor provided a perfect plot for that most florid and breast-beating of Italian operas, *Lucia di Lammermoor* (Victor LM-6055). Its composer, Donizetti (appropriately the grandson of one Donald Izett, a Scot) draped festoons of splendid melody on the romantic story, and these melodies are belted out slickly and skillfully by a Met cast featuring Roberta Peters, Jan Peerce and Giorgio Tozzi, under the stick of Erich Leinsdorf. Peters sings clearly and prettily; Tozzi is vocally dark and rich; Peerce is, as always, dependable, but (on the basis of this performance, anyway) the years have clouded his once vital and penetrating voice.

Mascagni's *Cavalleria Rusticana* (Victor LM-6059) is a one-act opera we have always thought too long; its star is the chorus, and though the choral passages are lovely, they act on the fast, fierce story like quicksand. Nevertheless, this first *verismo* opera, created in eight days by a fledgling composer who never wrote another hit, seethes with searing Sicilian passion, captured in this pressing by Renata Tebaldi, Jussi Bjoerling and Ettore Bastianini, under Alberto Erede. The popular drinking song is a standout; Bjoerling's metallic tenor gleams and Erede whips the chorus and ork into an infectious frenzy of *brío*. Both operas come complete with bilingual librettos.

The Poll Winners Ride Again (Contemporary 3556) is one of the aptest titles ever applied to an ept recording. Barney Kessel, Shelly Manne and Ray Brown are two-time winners of PLAYBOY'S OWN jazz poll and two trade-mag polls: *Metro-* *nome's* and *Down Beat's*; this is a companion LP to last-year's get-together; and they really do ride. The entire set of nine bands—none of them written arrangements—leads off with *Be Deedle Dee Do*, a new blues by Kessel, setting the tone of wide-ranging, inventive and swinging improvisation by all three guys. There's not a wrong note on either side; a happier combo doing better would be hard to dream up.

THEATRE

Like the celebrated Japanese film, *Rashomon* is concerned with a quest for the truth about a savage incident that took place in a Japanese forest a thousand years ago. Apparently the truth was as elusive then as it is now, and the ancient fable still supplies a fascinating whodunit for modern Broadway. For the better part of its stylized heroics *Rashomon* is an intriguing mystery yarn that offers four conflicting versions of the same incident. Only a few basic facts are common to all versions. A half-naked

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highwayman (Rod Steiger) waylays a wealthy samurai and his wife. The highwayman makes love to the woman (Claire Bloom) and the husband (Noel Willman) is killed. These are the facts, but as each participant gives his version of the affair (the dead man speaks through the voice of a medium) it is obvious that each is telling the tale as he prefers to believe it. Did the bandit find the lady willing, and did he kill the husband in fair combat? Is the lady a gentle creature and a loyal wife, or is she a slut? Is the samurai with his jeweled broadsword a warrior or a knee-knocking coward? The answer lies in the fourth version, staged according to the impersonal evidence of a frightened eyewitness (Akim Tamiroff). While the truth is somewhat deflating to each protagonist's picture of himself as a tragic figure of heroic stature, there's nothing deflating about David Susskind's magnificent production of Fay and Michael Kanin's play, the admirable cast and setting, the direction of Peter Glenville and the superbly illustrative music of Laurence Rosenthal. At the Music Box, 239 West 45th, NYC.

FILMS

Marilyn Monroe sings, acts and necks in *Some Like It Hot*, which is wild, wild, wild, and larded with clever purple wisecracks about the gangsters, girl dance bands and free-wheeling libertines of the Twenties. The screenplay by Billy Wilder and I. A. L. Diamond goes as follows: Tony Curtis and Jack Lemmon are a couple of broke musicians who are forced to make like broads in order to join a Florida-bound girl band — it's the only way they can escape gang leader George Raft. While celebrating St. Valentine's Day in their own odd manner, George and some pals had caught the two watching. In Florida, the gangsters come, the police (Pat O'Brien) come, there's some funny love-making (we mean funny like ha-ha) and not-so-funny chase scenes. Marilyn, Tony and Jack do nobly by the arty dialog and fairly simple characterizations they've been given, and director Wilder obviously worked like hell to make this the fine ribald classic it is.

That great Freudian jigsaw puzzle, the grisly just-for-kicks Jazz-Age killing of a 14-year-old schoolboy by a pair of bright but emotionally sick youths, has been brought to the screen with unusual dramatic force in *Compulsion*. Much credit goes to Dean Stockwell and Bradford Dillman who give incisive performances as Judd Steiner (Leopold) and Artie Straus (Loeb); a lot goes to conscientious director Richard Fleischer, who's imbued the by-now-familiar story

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with tension, excitement and even pathos. The picture in general follows the lines of Meyer Levin's novel. Richard Murphy's screenplay, while it makes Artie and Judd seem astonishingly real, is not nearly so explicit, of course, as the novel or the 1957 Broadway play about the homosexual neuroses of the pair. But there are closeups and bits of dialog pointing that way. Orson Welles is effective as the Darrowlike defense attorney and E. G. Marshall is superb as the trapper of the killers.

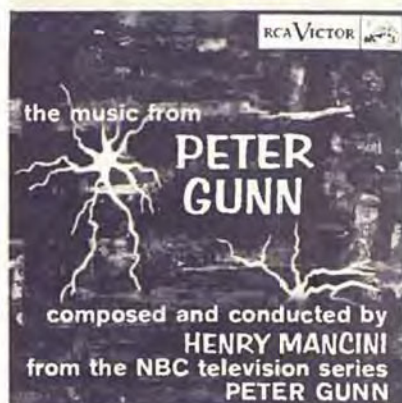
Figure for yourself the complete *bouleversement* of Ferdinand Pastorelli, alert Customs Sergeant on the French-Italian border. All his life he has considered himself French, only to learn that through a geographical caprice, he has been not French but Italian! Why? He had the mischance to be born in the kitchen (in Italy) instead of the bedroom (in France) of an on-the-border tourist inn. The only recourse for Pastorelli, aswim with respect for the law, is to become a citizen of Italy, then apply for entry into France, even though it means abandoning his wife and accepting legal help from a sly Italian smuggler. This, then, is the highly farcical foundation for *The Law Is the Law*, with Fernandel as the bewildered sergeant and the fantastically droll Tinto as the smuggler. The screenplay of Jacques Emmanuel and Jean-Charles Tacchella wrings wry humor from the consternation of innocents made felons by the unfeeling law, and Christian-Jaque has directed in a spirit of grand tomfoolery.

In contrast to the grim and grimy tone of most big-city waterfront films, *Never Steal Anything Small* is a barrel of bolts amounting to a hoodish harlequinade of the genre—and this despite no small amount of acid-tossing, extortion and other wharf-rat pastimes. James Cagney romps through his role of an ambitious schemer, Shirley Jones and Cara Williams lend scenic decoration, while Roger Smith ably mimes a hubby cuckolded by Cagney. Charles Lederer directed and did the rocketing script from the play *The Devil's Hornpipe* by Maxwell Anderson and Rouben Mamoulian. Rosy color and some bright songs and dances are thrown in so you shouldn't go away mad. And you won't.

BOOKS

In *The Waist-High Culture* (Harper, \$4), Thomas Griffith is a man concerned about the squeeze play which is turning American life into a sandwich of uniform mediocrity. "We are in danger of becoming a vibrating and mediocre people. Who can say of us that goodness and

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generosity inevitably triumph? That talent prevails and honesty pays? Who would say that quality is in any phase of our culture outracing the spreading debasement? Have we sold our souls for a mess of pottage that goes snap, crackle and pop? . . . We have left the dissemination of culture in the hands of those who feel no ultimate duty beyond profit . . ." While Mr. Griffith stabs away at much-worn windmills—the poverty of television, our laggard stance in the deadly race with Russia, the dollar obsession, our refusal to understand foreign nations—he is no cliché-lover, and the book shines with hard thinking and careful writing. Unlike lesser men who have stood on the same soapbox, he offers no three-, six- or ten-point program for the sure cure of all our ills, since of course no such panacea is possible. He writes as one who can denounce the notion that all men are created equal as a piece of fatuous nonsense and at the same time demonstrate an abiding, love-like respect for all humanity. *Waist-High* is a book that should leave a mark on the land.

A mermaid, a metal dragon, a man with a literal hole in his head, Pablo Picasso in person: this is only a partial cast of the characters who inhabit Ray Bradbury's latest collection, *A Medicine for Melancholy* (Doubleday, \$3.75). Menace, humor and gentle whimsy walk side by side in what well may be the best batch of Bradbury to date. The medicine for melancholy, if you're curious, is simply sex. Two of the niftiest yarns first saw public print in PLAYBOY.

The sixth bag of Peanuts from cartoonist Charles M. Schulz offers, shelled and salted, further episodes in the little lives of blanket-queer Linus, fiendish Lucy, bantam Beethoven buff Schroeder, stoic Charlie Brown and uncannine canine Snoopy who, after being offered "a whole piece of popcorn," responds with four panels of "Chomp Chomp Chomp Crunch Crunch Chomp Chomp Crunch," inspiring the observation: "If it were anyone else, I'd think it was careful chewing—with *him* I know it's sarcasm!" All goes to show that *You're Out of Your Mind, Charlie Brown!* (Rinehart, \$1).

Richard Lewisohn's *A History of Sexual Customs* (Harper, \$5.95) is an exhaustive, intelligent probe into the acts and attitudes that have attended man's most constant activity since the beginning of time. It is also a penetrating socio-politico-religious take-out on the ups and downs of male-female dominance and the gradual emergence of woman from chattel to chippie to chairman of the board. Fascinating facts abound: for instance, Harun al-Rashid, the caliph of

Baghdad in the Eighth Century, holds the world's record for concubines—some 400 odd, under one minaret. Never does Dr. Lewisohn offer moralizing or dusty-dry preachments; instead he takes the tack of the fascinated observer. Don't look for sensationalism, just solidly good scholarship and an eminently readable rundown on the most famous three-letter word in history. Thirty-two pages of photos and 16 line drawings are included.

With *The Optimist* (Little, Brown, \$4.50), Herbert Gold moves into the front rank of today's novelists. He's chosen a theme germane to our culture: what he calls "the American blues of success—of getting, taking, holding, keeping and not feeling the good of desire—the stomach-trouble, allergy, angina blues." To project this theme, he counterposes two crucial periods in the life of his hero, Burr Fuller: his ebullient youth as a college student and GI, and a time in his manhood when he's made to recognize his moral bankruptcy. We first meet Burr at 17—an eager, ambitious near-extrovert, who's convinced he'll get everything he desires. As a college sophomore, "scalded with first love and first ideas," his outlook is unchanged. We hear it in his shallow arguments with his somber, inner-directed friend, Mike Murray: see it in his callow rushing of socially approved, narcissistic, technically virgin Laura—in the way he sexually uses, then rejects, a simple-hearted "townie." Typically, a base betrayal by his fraternity brothers teaches him nothing; nor does the greater betrayal of the war, in which his dreams of glory fade into the many faces of death. When we next see him, at 35, he seems to have it made. He's a rising lawyer, a two-car, two-kid, wife-in-analysis (Laura, of course), picture-window suburbanite—and now a Congressional candidate. But during the hectic weeks of the campaign, events relentlessly force him to face himself. He struggles to avoid it, and the tortuous trajectory of these struggles constitutes the novel's climax. The author has piercingly anatomized what might be called the "dis-organization man"—the man who sees all the perils of other-directedness, but is sure that he can escape them, that he can be both powerful and uncorrupted. Gold's compassionate insight and accomplished craftsmanship transcend the schematism and bring it all violently to life. Most important, in Burr Fuller he has created a character who is perhaps less typical than George B. Babbitt, but no less significant, and who, like him, may well come to stand as the image of an era. Pivotal portions of the book originally appeared in PLAYBOY.



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PLAYBOY



THE JAZZ TEMPLE

WHAT'S BECOME OF YOUR CREATURE?

*the god of judgment became an angel
of mercy and sent unmerited joy*

A GIRL. A GAY, PRETTY AND SULLEN GIRL with full marks for both sweetness and cruelty. When he looked in her desk for cigarettes, there was a silken pile of panties folded like flowers in the drawer, perfumed like flowers, dizzying him with the joy of springtime. When she put on a pair of them, suddenly filling out the tiny petals of cloth in two paired buds, it was as if the sun had forced a flower into delicate Easter bloom. Oh he needed her, loved her, and so for honor to them both, let us tell the truth, as straight as the truth comes.

He taught one class at Western Reserve University just at the geological beginnings of the Allegheny Mountains in the city of Cleveland, Ohio — an abrupt slope after industrial plains. He told poetry students where Keats got his ideas (out of his head) and where Hart Crane got his (straight from his noodle). And why. And what therefore happened in the abstract line, "That is all we know on earth, and all we need to know." He, Frank Curtiss, about 30, making a living one way and another, was very inspiring on the subject of eternal beauty and truth, urns, Popocatepetl, Sunday Morning Apples, etcetera; also very unhappily married.

Until Lenka, having registered late, entered both his class and his life with all those aforementioned desperately particular flowertime devotions. She seemed to have been bleached by centuries of the fierce cold Finnish sun — transparent skin showing blue veins on her forehead and pink capillaries on her cheeks, thick wisps of hair so blonde it was almost white, the bluest eyes with a brush of darkened lash above them and a savant use of crayon at the outer corners. She had a pouting mouth, she lazily and insolently strolled to her seat putting on black shell glasses to examine *him*, she opened a frayed, thickly used spiral notebook. She turned out to be 22 years old and addicted to occasional efforts at gathering a bachelor's degree by evening classes.

During the first few meetings of the class, nothing



ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT CHRISTIANSEN

much happened to Frank besides an exaggerated exaltation of commentary on:

*But with the inundation of the eyes
What rocky heart to water will not
wear?*

Shakespeare was right: his heart dashed like water under her eyes. But he still had rocks in his head. Lenka stared at him, at a transparent, fidgety, too brilliantly nervous Mr. Curtiss, looked right through him with those enormous pale eyes, with that lipsticked mouth doing a lot of thinking about Frank Curtiss as he dissolved into foam and spray, with her vaguely pedantic heavy horn glasses being put on three or four times an hour. She bent her head to touch pencil to notebook, and smiled.

This did Frank Curtiss both harm and good at home. Good because it quickened his pulse, challenged his habitual faith that spring really must follow the dismal Cleveland winter under smoky, purple-gray, fouled industrial skies (at last the salted slush rustles into sewers, March scours the blue of heaven, sun tempts the folded leaves and forces open the bulbs in the gardens of the monkey house near University Circle); giving strength, it did him good in his private winter at home; and harm because it diminished his ability for loyal compromise in the hopeless bickerings, failures, discontents, silent starings over breakfast with his wife. Perhaps that was really harm and perhaps not.

Once Lenka smiled at him, for him, it seemed, for the first time. He had hurried through a late March snowfall and, swinging brief case, wearing his old paratroop boots, dressed for the weather, there was a crust of white like a monk's cowl on his head. He brushed it off: light crash of snow to floor; meltings on his neck; wet hair flung back with impatient hand; Lenka smiled. He saw small white front teeth, very close, one of them just slightly wedged forward. "What's become of your creature," Frank asked, "in the transparent swirls/ Where her heart plunged her?"

"I left the book at home," complained a serious lady getting extra credit for her teaching certificate.

"Look on with Miss Kuwaila, please. Jostled by the hurrying current . . . This is about a trout. Now why does the trout, a mere fish — ?" But he was confused, inspired, dizzied by the beauty of Lenka's wedged-forward tooth, and so said, "Let me give you the sound of the original. Que devient votre creature dans les orages transparents ou son coeur la precipita?"

The schoolteacher who had forgotten her book raised her hand as if she knew the answer. Turned out that she only wanted to declare that the lines lost a great deal in translation, so why bother? Jostled by the hurrying current, gravier ou balbutie la barque, her heart had

plunged her to a compelling chauvinism about English language stuff, Americano-type sublimities.

Again Miss Kuwaila smiled! Lenka could be delighted!

By regulation, of course, such a class included conference time. Lenka wrote poetry and also what she called — until he taught her better — "poetic prose." He forgave her:

*Love's wild beast, truth in the sword,
Self-stabbing couple whom we isolate . . .*

And so on; ouch. Enough of that much-tamed beast, the stainless steel sword which needs frequent sharpening, that repetitious, myopic couple. Better she should dance, and in fact, she danced. She made her living by teaching modern dance to the children of Shaker Heights; training accounted partly for the angle of her chin which meant pride to Frank Curtiss (his wife was abysmally discouraged, querulous); dancing and endowment accounted for the fine curve of calf into knee, then tuck and dip, then high and healthy sweep of behind. Don't forget ankle — slim it was. Don't forget high-arched foot. Now take mind off leg. She wore honest blouses, top button undone, second about to be, but she was really reluctant at this moment to show him her poetry, though Frank asked most sincerely (secretly relieved: he was spoiled by much art and even Lascivia, the midnight angel of sweet lust herself, would have suffered if she wrote verse-to-comb-the-libido-by or breathless doggerel or random-focused Eliotic pretension). Lenka liked dancing, however, she liked jazz, she liked jazz people in Cleveland and hung around. "When I was 16 I had long hair, I pulled it back and they thought I was older. I sat in on my first afterhours session when I was — no, 15, I think — hair in a bun, dimstone earrings, very cool."

In music she liked Lennie Tristano, Thelonious Monk, Miles Davis, and of course The Bird. Since Frank was ignorant in the matter, he only blinked to indicate piety. She went as far out toward the commercial as admitting that she could listen to Kai Windung, pass the time anyway, also Bartók, Dessau, Carl Orff. No, she would never be caught writing Eliot's last-gasp-of-Western-culture harangue or boyish Auden's plaint for Demo-Christian politics. Dylan Thomas was the great menace to a post-war adolescent who had gone to afterhours sessions with her copy of James Truslow Adams under her arm, revised 1948, new Questions for Study.

After the class, about 10 o'clock in the evening, Frank hurried straight home in the hope that some miracle had been worked in his absence, his wife had come to love him. Not this time. Another time? Hope had been his habit (flute music, dawn-rising, confidence

that orange juice would always taste good); now duplicity also became his habit — he took coffee with Lenka before class in the early evening. They parted; they came to class separately and he called her Miss Kuwaila, though it was Lenka as they huddled warming over their coffee. She did not use his name.

After the first accidental meeting and invitation, they avoided meeting by design. They just went to the same little shop up the hill in Little Italy by accident at the same time, muttered greetings, sat down — soon stopped muttering. Slightly past the university zone, the privacy of this place cost them a brisk walk. Frank began gradually to feel that he was not a stick, a pruned twig, a failed romantic adolescent: he could be a successful romantic adolescent, meaning something to someone besides himself. He bounced on the balls of his feet as he swung back down the hill. Once an oddly exciting, disturbing event took place: she met him for coffee, they separated as usual, but she did not come to class. That was on a Tuesday. On Thursday he demanded, "What happened?" "Oh, you know . . . Something came up."

She cocked her head, quizzical. *Say more, claim rights*, she seemed to be challenging him.

Jealousy meant private, most secret reassurance: he felt a quick and unhabitual liveliness despite his wife. A roller-coaster thrill of dread and rising release: prickly sweat breaking out along his newly shaved jaw. *Felt!* He was jealous of the something which came up, but first she had met him anyway in Little Italy — invaded he was by rapid hurt and stubborn hope, by these things yearning toward a prideful chin, an awkward-graceful dancer's walk, her small, fresh-lipped mouth. He asked her to meet him for lunch the next day.

"Why not?" she asked. She opened her eyes very wide, stared briefly at the hat on the rack at the next booth, saw no reason why not. "Yes," she said.

Since they had always met at night, her daytime fragrance and colors astonished him, delighted — the rich blue within her pale skin, the lemon shadings of her hair, she smelled different — cologne rather than the lightly astringent perfume to which she had accustomed him. Lord knows he did not need novelty: it merely pitched him higher. With an effort he stopped fiddling, put his pen back in his pocket.

She told him first about her friends, local musicians, dancers, oddball types, and then cautiously, without the habit of confiding — subtle tribute to him — about her own life. She had made her way from a farm near Elyria, leaving her parents firmly behind; she had made her own life, her own living, since she

(continued on page 32)



"Did you ring, Suzette?"

*a young singer
records
his first album*



Vocalist Frank D'Rone kids with the musicians between takes in late-night recording date for his first LP.



Conductor-arranger Bill Russo explains how he wants unusual ending for *Back in Your Own Back Yard* played.



PLAYBOY Publisher Hugh M. Hefner and December Playmate grow romantic as D'Rone sings *Sophisticated Lady*.

16594, TAKE ONE

IT WAS NEARLY MIDNIGHT before the recording session got under way. The first take didn't go smoothly. The musicians were still cold and the gaunt young singer was obviously nervous. "16594, take two," said the director from the control room, and the band began again, and as the singer swung more easily into the words, faces brightened and the drummer nodded in approval to the man on the bass. From the beginning, this had been a big night for singer Frank D'Rone, for he was cutting his first LP album; now suddenly it had become a big night for everyone in the studio, as the magic of the melodious and swinging voice caught and lifted them out of themselves. "Christ, he's good. Who is he?" someone asked. By session's end, there seemed little doubt that a great many across the country would soon know who Frank D'Rone is. There is some of Sinatra's appeal in his voice, and a bit of Tormé in his phrasing, but the result is pure D'Rone.

Frank's first LP didn't come easily. Under contract to Mercury Records for nearly a year, he had been limited to mediocre tunes for 45-rpm release, had begged for a chance to cut an album of good material, finally insisted on either

the opportunity to do an LP or release from his contract. Mercury granted permission and gave him complete freedom in the selection of songs, arranger and musicians. He spent weeks listening to music, got ex-Kentonite Bill Russo (who wrote the PLAYBOY article on Stan, February 1956) to arrange and conduct eight of the songs, hip Midwest pianist Dick Marx to handle another four. Russo, responsible for some of Kenton's more experimental sounds in the early Fifties, gathered a strange group for the session: five trombones, an oboe and three rhythm; Jack Tracy, ex-editor of *Down Beat* and Mercury's A and R man, was in charge of the recording itself. A small group of friends was there: Johnny Dante, who owns the offbeat club on Chicago's Near North Side called Dante's Inferno (*Playboy After Hours*, September 1958); PLAYBOY Publisher Hugh M. Hefner; December Playmate Joyce Nizari; Frank's girl, Laura Elliot. The session was supposed to last three hours, but it went so well they continued recording till dawn. A PLAYBOY photographer was roused from his bed to shoot the pictures for this spread, recording in photos a special recording session and the beginning of a new singing career.



D'Rone listens intently to replay of *My Foolish Heart*.



Director Jack Tracy gives instructions to D'Rone before trying another take.



Playmate Nizzari, Publisher Hefner, Frank D'Rone, his girl Laura and club owner Johnny Dante listen as director Jack Tracy (back to camera) replays tape of *Joey*.



Frank D'Rone sings against unusual background of five trombones, oboe and rhythm for most of album.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DON BRONSTEIN



Instruments at rest at the end of all-night session.



The man at the controls takes a break as recording goes into fifth pre-dawn hour.



"They won't be here for another 15 minutes — how about one for the road?"

his character, his manner, and even his name was

nasty

fiction By **FREDRIC BROWN**

WALTER BEAUREGARD had been an accomplished and enthusiastic lecher for almost 50 years. Now, at the age of 65, he was in danger of losing his qualifications for membership in the lechers' union. In danger of losing? Nay, let us be honest; he had *lost*. For three years now he had been to doctor after doctor, quack after quack, had tried nostrum after nostrum. All utterly to no avail.

Finally he remembered his books on magic and necromancy. They were books he had enjoyed collecting and reading as part of his extensive library, but he had never taken them seriously. Until now. What did he have to lose?

In a musty, evil-smelling but rare volume he found what he wanted. As it instructed, he drew the pentagram, copied the cabalistic markings, lighted the candles and read aloud the incantation.

There was a flash of light and a puff of smoke. And the demon. I won't describe the demon except to assure you that you wouldn't have liked him.

"What is your name?" Beauregard asked. He tried to make his voice steady but it trembled a little.

The demon made a sound somewhere between a shriek and a whistle, with overtones of a bull fiddle being played with a crosscut saw. Then he said, "But you won't be able to pronounce that. In your dull language it would translate as Nasty. Just call me Nasty. I suppose you want the usual thing."

"What's the usual thing?" Beauregard wanted to know.

"A wish, of course. All right, you can have it. But not three wishes; that business about three wishes is sheer superstition. One is all you get. And you won't like it."

"One is all I want. And I can't imagine not liking it."

"You'll find out. All right, I know what your wish is. And here is the an-

swer to it." Nasty reached into thin air and his hand vanished and came back holding a pair of silvery-looking swimming trunks. He held them out to Beauregard. "Wear them in good health," he said.

"What are they?"

"What do they look like? Swimming trunks. But they're special. The material is out of the future, a few millennia from now. It's indestructible; they'll never wear out or tear or snag. Nice stuff. But the spell on them is a plenty old one. Try them on and find out."

The demon vanished.

Walter Beauregard quickly stripped and put on the beautiful silvery swimming trunks. Immediately he felt wonderful. Virility coursed through him. He felt as though he were a young man again, just starting his lecherous career.

Quickly he put on a robe and slippers. (Have I mentioned that he was a rich man? And that his home was a penthouse atop the swankiest hotel in Atlantic City? He was, and it was.) He went downstairs in his private elevator and outside to the hotel's luxurious swimming pool. It was, as usual, surrounded by gorgeous Bikini-clad beauties showing off their wares under the pretense of acquiring sun tans, while they waited for propositions from wealthy men like Beauregard.

He took time choosing. But not too much time.

Two hours later, still clad in the wonderful magic trunks, he sat on the edge of his bed and stared at and sighed for the beautiful blonde who lay stretched out on the bed beside him, Bikiniless—and sound asleep.

Nasty had been so right. And so well named. The miraculous trunks, the indestructible, untearable trunks worked perfectly. But if he took them off, or even let them down . . .



THE LOOK OF A WINNER

*speed week in nassau
sets the pace for
sports car fashions*





PHOTOGRAPHY BY BRAD FULLER



Left, next to one of Lance Reventlow's zippy, blue Scarabs, our man in Nassau enjoys a tête-à-tête in a Zero King Cross Country surcoat with zipper front, raglan sleeves and a red foulard lining, \$19.95. Above, the owner of the Jag wears a Ban-Lon pullover shirt by Alfred of New York, \$13.95; his buddy chooses a bold-patterned patchwork madras pullover by Gant of New Haven, \$10.

TRUE SPORTS CAR DEVOTEES — who share with yachtsmen and skiers an exuberant enthusiasm for peripatetic participation in competitive events the world over — have discovered a new mecca: the 4.5-mile asphalt course laid out on Oakes Field in the Bahamas, home of the Governor's Cup and the Nassau Trophy. Within five short years, these races — originally for the exclusive pleasure of estate-owning local gentry — have taken on an international flavor and have become a magnet for the international sports car buffs, as well as dedicated racers, and something of a showplace and proving ground not only for cars but for that elegant and relaxed and yet func-

tional attire which has come to be called sports car fashion. In fact, it's a safe bet that what was seen at Oakes Field last winter — in cars and in fashions — will be dominating the scene up North this summer. Some of the niftiest of the garb is shown here. And some of the atmosphere in which *PLAYBOY* took its exclusive pictures of the posh event deserves your attention before we discuss the sports car fashions themselves.

As you debark from plane or ship on the island of New Providence in the British West Indies, and enter the city of Nassau, your ear is caressed by the gentle calypso rhythms of the natives' English. Street names are a throwback



Above, at the British Colonial Hotel, the sweater-clad lad likes his Swiss Blouse pullover in a cable design, \$15.95. Fellow atop the bonnet prefers simplicity in his Parbuster of iridescent gold tarpon cloth, \$14.95. Both by Golden Fleece.



Above, strolling the pits between events are three enthusiasts intent on getting a closer look at the sports car scene, 1903 to 1959. Simple white pleases the independent gentleman on the left: the rainproof driver's blouson features two breast pockets, by McGregor, \$10.95. The other guy sports a waterproof VisaVersa windbreaker, iridescent on one side, foulard on the other, by McGregor, \$17.95. His olive green pullover shirt is of hopsacking, by Gont of New Haven, \$6.50.

to earlier days when the surrounding seas were inhabited by buccaners: Old Bailey Mews, Gaol Alley and Infant View Road. Everyone, from the dark-skinned smiling Nassauvians, a gentle people, to the proud English aristocracy and the eager American tourists, meanders along cobbled streets and in and out of narrow Nassau lanes. The pace of life is slow and tranquil, the worries no more than whether you and your date should sip a gin and tonic at the Junkanoo Club or a gimlet at the British Colonial Hotel, with its spacious gardens and tall palms, olympic-sized swimming pool and patio dining. There are no traffic lights, no neon signs.

A few miles from this gentle life is a contrast that is startling, at least during the first week in December, when Nassau Speed Week is revving into high gear. You leave the center of town and its

luxury hotels and follow the signs that say "To Oakes Airport." Taut wire fencing marks the change and another sign that says simply "Pit Entrance" is the gateway to a different world.

A host of cruise ship visitors to the islands swarm out to the races and add a lot of antic color and behavior to the events. They are confined to the Spectator Stands, which at the present time are simple bleachers. Across the track is the very exclusive Promenade Club, with its palm-thatched roof and bright patio umbrellas. Protocol is strictly observed, with the box flanking the Start-Finish line occupied by Sir Raynor Arthur, Governor of the Bahamas (a job once held by the Duke of Windsor), and members of his official family. The rest of Bahamian society turns out in full force to take its place in the flag-bedecked boxes to the left and right of

the governor. Directly below the Promenade Club are the pits, where each car has its roped-off space.

For tooling your own Jag or Mercedes over the highways this spring and summer, you can concentrate on the kind of clothes that fit your own personality. One man's studied casualness is another man's sloppiness. For the warm weather coming up, manufacturers have designed a whole range of jackets for sports car drivers. Strongly recommended is the jacket with roomy pockets, to hold your map or other paraphernalia, and a tight waistband or side vents to prevent the coat from crawling up in back. Seek simple lines to avoid that heavy, bulky look that makes so many so-called "car coats" cumbersome and uncomfortable.

Sports car drivers have come to expect from their clothes the same things they
(concluded on page 89)



Above, as continental as the Mercedes-Benz pace car, the Fabrini car coat is of rainproof iridescent poplin, with side vents, wing collar, hacking pockets and tattersall lining, \$29.95. Below, the guy's olive suede driver's jacket boasts side straps and a tab-fastened collar, by Breier of Amsterdam, \$37.50.



Above, leaning against the rail of the Promenade Club, this sports car buff is completely comfortable in Lord Jeff's low-button lisle string-knit cardigan, \$8.95, which was designed to be worn over a polo shirt like the Ban-Lon by Alfred of New York, \$12.95.

YOUR CREATURE (continued from page 22)

was 17; she was, she supposed, "a permanent student—very treacherous—interested in too many things."

He smiled tolerantly. The jitters let up. "You're rather young to worry about it. Why should you feel out of place in school? You're just at the age when the mob graduates."

"I feel older, Frank," she said.

It was the first time she had used his name. Like a spill of warm honey on his tongue—*Lenka*, he wanted to say. It was the first certainty that her little stirrings under the table as they drank coffee, her brusque, bumping, bumping motions against him when they walked, were absolutely not accident. Gravity brought them colliding together, brushing, touching away. After class he told her he was keeping that book for her—please come along. He had an office and a key to the building, which was dark, almost empty at this hour. They entered, they went down the hall without lighting, he shut the door to his office, he still did not need light. April. Night birds sleepily twittering in the tree at the window. He turned, she turned, they kissed.

His heart thumped like a fish on a drum. Even through the coats they both were wearing she could feel his heart. She laughed, low and thrilled; she was perfectly at ease, his teacher now; she put her hand over his heart on the coat as if to catch the fish and squeeze it in her fingers. "You're frightened!" she said, and more gently, "don't be."

"I never kissed," he said, "anyone else . . . I mean since I was married."

She put her face up to his, pressing her hand against his heart through the coat. Again her mouth asked his to search it while she held up his heart, calmed it.

"But you know," she said.

It is not as if they let their clothes fall and made love then and there, with muffled cries, on the dusty floor of an overheated college office at night, hastily plucking at each other, anguished, grappling, tender, thrusting, greedy. No. She was not that sort of girl. She insisted that first they go for a walk outside in the spring evening. The thumping fish of his heart was eased.

From fresh air, from deep breathing of budded April trees and crisp thickly tended grass, out of silent strolling by Lenka's side at night, he felt eased and content. Now they did not need to speak. They returned to his office. She was *that* kind of girl, intelligent and purposeful. The building was deserted, and anyway, the watchman, who liked to sit on his stool and contemplate his arthritis, never bothered faculty members working late. But after locking the door, Lenka also leaned a chair against

the knob in case some joker came along with a pass key. She wanted no interfering fantasies for that first time. Playful, delighted, breathless, but thinking hard.

* * *

Frank Curtiss found his late return home that night surprisingly uncomplicated. His wife assumed that he had merely taken a couple of drinks. No marks showed, no teeth, bruise, or joy interrupted his wife's dulled recognition of him. In fact, his controlled elation, his satisfaction and triumph, brought the unpredicted bonus of an immediate easing of his trouble at home. Thanks to Lenka, his wife did not grate his own edginess; she too climbed off the razor blade on which they had been sitting in slashed togetherness. His own rebirth seemed to provide a fresh resource for both of them. Since he was able to put up with her, his wife let up on him for a time. Success to the successful, he thought, ease to the easeful! How beautiful to the mind is the Christian ethic, and how helpless before the fact of a struggling soul! Far from inheriting the earth, the meek get only muck. Stunned by time, the lamb trots where it's pushed, sheepishly.

Inconsistent as the mind of a lover, however, it turned out that unshameful Lenka, that creature of brave yielding beauty, also had her troubles. Frank was not accustomed to the calm and cool varieties of wildness. At 20 she had been sent to Europe to have her baby—"a public man" was all she would say about the father; Frank found the remark cryptic, unyielding. She had refused an abortion, but in Europe she had sickened, the baby had been taken from her dead—"I saw it, he looked alive, I didn't believe the doctor, I screamed and screamed and they put me to sleep again"; and now she could never have a child. This, she understood herself, had something to do with the intensity of dance study, poetry study, art chasing of several sorts.

Cunning and pity filled Frank's heart. Once more he suffered that wild thumping, as if the heart might crunch his ribs. This time Lenka did not notice; she was telling the truth about how it was before she knew him, and so his heart's labor could not now concern her. "I'll miss it more later," she remarked. "I always wanted a child. I try not to think about it. At least I won't let myself take dogs, cats, parakeets, you know. I'll make it work for me. I do dance calisthenics when I feel bad." Then she folded her hands, fell silent, fluttered her thick pale lashes, was a girl again.

In Frank's heart cunning and pity. Pity for this troubled lovely creature

who looked so pure and innocent, who surely was. Cunning because he need never worry about pregnancy. (This had bothered him. He suffered the usual fears of retribution.) "Lenka dearest," he said.

"That's all right. No need to feel anything. Want to see how I can stand with my foot higher than my head?"

They were in her room. Confused by confession he too had talked about trouble in love. He got up to cross the lamplit space for a cigarette; then it was that he opened her drawer as she watched, in unconscious confirmation of intimacy, and saw the sheaves of tiny folded panties; no cigarettes in that drawer; naked, he started across the room again, and caught her eyes on him, and the pity and the cunning and the pride at his ease and at her watching his recently slimmed middle (surprise! he was just strolling naked here) and her own curled loving body part under the sheets, all these matters were brought together; her eyes shut, her teeth showed as he rapidly returned to her; perhaps she smiled because she remembered his timid and boyish heart's pounding of a few weeks before; now he brazenly strolled, sprang flopping, laughing across the bed. They cleaved together.

* * *

Their meetings became more purposeful, deeper in pleasure and trouble. Once he waited 15 minutes in the corner of the park which, by May, was their property forever. He was worried; time problems of married men. Then he heard her sandals slapping the pavement, she was running, he saw her, *running*; she stopped abashed before him, blushing, murmuring. "I was afraid you wouldn't wait." He took her in his arms in the fading afternoon light, he kissed away the little beads of perspiration on her upper lip. They stood kissing, leaning, making passionate walking steps against each other, that vain effort to disappear into each other's bodies. He smelled her sweetness and heat and wanted to sink his arm into her back, stroking the curve, the yearning and folding into him.

But he saw his watch as he kissed her. "Later," he said. "Stay home. I'll come by your place."

"Oh promise, Frank."

"Of course. Don't worry. I'll manage."

It was not so easy. When he got home he found his wife worn and jittery, their child had an upset stomach: "Four times this afternoon," his wife said. But it was the heat, four wasn't too terribly many, she had given him paregoric and Kaopectate already. No, what was on her mind was a telephone call, an anonymous warning: "Do you want to know where to find your husband at this

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delectable dining from the deep

FISHING
FOR
COMPLIMENTS



WHENEVER THE WOLF in your stomach urges you to search the animal kingdom for something to eat, you find yourself more or less limited to four categories: beef, veal, lamb and pork. But when you move among the funny fellows you have, in this country alone, at least 180 different varieties from lake, stream, surf and sea. You may choose delicate silvery smelts no bigger than your finger, or you may take home a walloping chunk of a big-mouthed 40-pound bass. You may skin an eel that fights his way over the trackless ocean from the Sargasso Sea to a little estuary on the New England coast. You may settle for a plump trout that never left its lake in the highlands. And don't let anyone get away with the tired fiction that all fish taste alike: cite such opposite-tasting delights as swordfish and gray sole, salmon and kingfish, pompano and smoked finnan haddie.

In fish cookery, too, there are more branches of learning than there are schools in the sea. For the fish enthusiasts hanging around your apartment you can serve anything from raw carp, featured in native Japanese restaurants and sometimes delivered alive on a silver platter, to the French version of stuffed shad, which is kept in a warm baker's oven for 15 hours until every last little bone disintegrates into the pillowy, sweet white flesh. You can make a saffron-scented, garlic-tinged, tomato-laden bouillabaisse containing 20 different kinds of fish and seafood (and a fine kettle of fish it is, indeed) or you can sauté a mountain trout that takes six minutes' sizzling

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NEWS GOTHIC



venus extra bold extended



TYPE

TYPOGRAPHERS, as a general rule, do not enjoy a reputation for being wags and wisecracs, but in Hollywood most everything takes on the protective coloration peculiar to the clime, and even printers' devils manage to live up to their label literally.

The Magoffin Company, typographers located near legendary Vine Street, in a bid for the attention of advertising execs, took out a series of full-page display ads in the trade journal *MAC* (*Media Agencies Clients*). Each display ad displayed an eye-walloping chick in a state close to total undress. She was accompanied by the question **IS THIS YOUR TYPE?** and by a brief description of the typeface she represented. The typeface known as **Venus Extra Bold Extended** was interpreted by a bare blonde Venus with an extra bold look in her eye, extended on a couch; the **P. T. Barnum** face featured a sideshow belly dancer; **Hellenic** type was illustrated by a shot of a classically proportioned young lady in an abbreviated version of Grecian attire; **News Gothic** was presented in the form of a female newspaper reader whose clothing consisted solely of the newspaper she held in her hands; and so on, *ad nudeam*. The ads were avidly received and Magoffin's business boomed.

But when the Magoffin boys turned to **Railroad Gothic** and enlisted the services of sumptuous ex-**PLAYBOY** Playmate Marguerite Empey to impersonate a maiden-in-distress tied to a (toy) railroad track, they ran into trouble. *MAC* deemed the photograph just a trifle "too nude" for the publication. Too late to substitute another photo, Magoffin decided to publish a femme-free ad in *MAC*. In place of the expected beauty they printed a cartoon of a blindfolded adman, with the caption, "The publisher of *MAC* thought our ad scheduled for today was 'too nude for advertising men.' We will be happy to send proofs to those wishing to decide for themselves . . ."

Within a week, Magoffin had received more than 700 requests for the promised proofs — over 10% of *MAC*'s circulation — and *MAC* printed a good-natured editorial comment in the form of a picture of their offices being picketed by half-clad Magoffin models carrying "Un-fair!" signs.

*upper case girls make life
lively for an ad journal*

CASTING



Models picket the offices of MAC, the ad journal which called the Railroad Gothic picture "too nude." The publisher broadly registers dismay.



FISHING (continued from page 33)

in the frying pan.

To enjoy this kind of largess you needn't go spearfishing by torchlight or take rod and line and go hunting for tiger shark in tropical waters. Merely walk to the nearest fish stall, dip into the deep moat of cracked ice, and shanghai the freshest specimens you can find. A fish is fresh when its eyes are bulging and brightly arrogant, when the flesh is firm and your fingers leave no imprint, when the scales hug the body tightly and the fragrance is sweet and clean. If there's too pungent an odor, don't buy the fish. It's been held in storage too long, and it will develop an off-flavor when cooked. Of course, fish smoked or dried will have a characteristic aroma, not to be confused with staleness.

Fortunately, fish like king salmon, from faraway places, now travel refrigerated, by plane, to all parts of the country. Fresh-water fish are carried in tank trucks with freshly pumped water, and are delivered alive to big-city markets. A few years ago all frozen fish were watery and stale tasting, but recent advances in freezing are remarkable. Now you can buy frozen rainbow trout, some imported from Denmark, delightfully rich and supple in flavor. Even pound blocks of quick-frozen fillet of sole or haddock have been improved to the point where they can seriously challenge the flavor of the same fish freshly caught.

Lemon and fish form a fine finny affinity: no expert fish chef will start cooking his fish unless he has on hand a generous supply of lemons. It doesn't matter whether the fish is a fat butterfish or a lean bluefish: lemon picks up and slicks up its natural deep-sea flavor. You use lemon juice to anoint all baked fish before it goes into the oven and after it's placed on the serving platter. When you poach a piece of fish, the juice, together with the squeezed lemon itself, must go into the poaching water. And when the fish is carried to the table, it must be accompanied by generous wedges of lemon.

Butter also—fresh sweet 93-score butter—should be brushed on fish before it is broiled and just before it is served. When you sauté a fine piece of fish, you may use butter, but the butter in this case should be clarified: that is, slowly melted and then freed of all foam on top and solids on the bottom. Clarified butter, sometimes called drawn butter, will not turn a bitterish black when the fish is sautéed, as untreated butter will. If clarifying butter is a nuisance, you should use a clean, clear vegetable oil.

Parsley also has an old and honorable kinship with fish. Serve sprigs of parsley as a garnish on the fish plate. Chop it

as fine as powder, and, along with the lemon juice, add it to the butter which is brushed on the cooked fish. Dry the fresh curly parsley, and fry big handfuls of it in deep fat to go along with your fish fry.

When raw, fish, unlike meat, is tender. You cook it to change its flavor and to "firm" it rather than to tenderize it. Whenever a thin slice or fillet of fish is baked or fried too long, it will become wizened and sterile in flavor. The same drying out will happen to a large whole fish baked at too high a temperature, so keep the flame low. For cooking quickly under or over a strong flame, keep the fish on the fire for as brief a cooking period as possible. To protect small fish from the ravages of the heat, dip the fish on all sides in flour. When you broil a thick fish steak, like salmon, sprinkle the side of the fish exposed to the flame with bread crumbs and brush with butter, or coat the raw fish with flour and then brush it with oil. Both the breadcrumb treatment and the flour coating will form a delicious insulation.

Because of its natural tenderness, a fish should be handled very gingerly when it's on the fire. When you're broiling a fish, don't turn it; broil it on one side only. Then, if the fish is thick, transfer it to the oven section, still unturned, where the heat will cook the unbroiled side. Thirty years ago, Andrew Pagani, fish chef of the old Waldorf-Astoria, was known for his hollering "Never turn the fish!" Actually the idea is much older than that. Louis Diat, famous chef of the Ritz-Carlton, handled his fish in precisely this manner. When you're turning a piece of fish in the frying pan, lift it carefully with tongs, turn it with a large long spatula, or use two spatulas or a spatula and a long meat fork.

The fact that many fish recipes recommend a short cooking period is undoubtedly the clue to the present popularity of fish among those who like ease in their daily living. The amateur chef can, in 10 or 20 minutes, assemble a sizzling platter of shad roe, a planked salmon steak, an eel stew or a delightful plate of sole *bonne femme*.

For PLAYBOY followers who enjoy eating under the sign of Pisces, we offer the following easy formulae. Recipes are designed for four helpings.

BROILED DEVILED MACKEREL

Buy two mackerel, 1½ lbs. each. Have the fish dealer clean and split the fish for broiling, removing the backbone. Let ¼ cup butter stand at room temperature until it is soft enough to spread easily. Combine the butter with 1 table-

spoon prepared mustard, ½ teaspoon dry mustard, ¼ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce and a dash Tabasco sauce. Mix well until very smooth. Dry the inside of the fish with paper towels. Spread the butter mixture on the inside of the fish. Sprinkle the inside with bread crumbs. Place fish, skin side down, on a greased shallow broiling pan. Place the pan under a preheated broiler flame. Broil about 8 to 10 minutes or until fish is golden brown. Do not turn fish. Remove carefully with a large spatula onto serving plates.

RAINBOW TROUT WITH ALMONDS

Thaw four frozen rainbow trout, or eight for heavyweight appetites. Pour boiling water over 3 ozs. shelled almonds. Let them steep in the water 2 or 3 minutes. Drain water off the almonds, and slip the skin off each one. Cut the almonds lengthwise into thin slivers. Place them in a shallow pan with 2 tablespoons melted butter. Bake in a preheated oven at 375°, stirring frequently, until almonds are brown, usually about 15 minutes. Avoid charring almonds. Wash trout well in cold water. Dry with paper towels. Sprinkle generously with salt, pepper and paprika. Dip the fish in flour, coating each piece completely. In an electric skillet, heat ¼ inch oil to 370°. Sauté the fish until well browned on both sides. Sprinkle almonds over fish on serving plates or platter. Garnish with large sprigs of watercress.

SCOTCH SALMON

In a mixing bowl or casserole place 2 sliced onions, 2 smashed cloves garlic, 2 sliced pieces celery, 2 bay leaves, 2 cups red wine vinegar and ¼ cup salad oil. Place four salmon steaks, 6 to 8 ozs. each, in the vinegar mixture, and marinate for ¾ hour to 1 hour. Remove salmon from the vinegar mixture. Place it on a greased shallow broiler pan. Brush salmon lightly with butter. Sprinkle with salt, celery salt and paprika. Sprinkle lightly with bread crumbs. Place under a preheated broiler flame, 550°, for 5 minutes. Remove pan to oven section of range, and bake 5 minutes longer.

FRIED FILLET OF SOLE

For years, gourmets have monotonously pointed out that there are no true sole in American waters, only flounder. This may be literally true, but the fish we buy in this country as gray sole is so tenderly pleasing and succulent that nobody now stops to argue whether it's flounder or sole. The filets of any of the flat fishes are ideal for frying. There are no special mysteries in frying filets:

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CHAUCER IN HOLLYWOOD



FRANZ

*a not-so-parfit,
not-so-gentil night
in cleavageburg*

humor

By **ROBERT JARVIS**



Whan that Even with his sable cote
Upon gay Holywood doth darknesse floste
The yonge stars, the old, the blinde and halte
Do go hem forth to sluppe up the malte
And draggeth hem to bar and cocktail launge
And eek make mery in a manere straunge.
Bifel that on a night it chaunceth me
In taverne y-clept "House of Lordes" to be,
As gieste of a parfit company
(Of hem in alle good sooth I wolde nat lye),
Me thinketh it of intereste enow
Of ech of hem in vers to telle yow.

A STARLET was ther, faireste under sonne,
Two of another's brests wolde make hir one.
Hir hipes were clad in satin whyte as sno
And men with rounded eyen watched hem flo.
Hir heer was blonde hewe and longe biforn,
God woot! Me thocht it hadde ne'er been shorn.
She hadde lippes of scarlet, reed as blood
Ful semely, which she used in speche good.
But, sikerly, I thocht it greet pitee
Hir heer feel in hir eyen, she coude nat see!

With hir a **LEADING MAN** ther was, and bold
And though he looked yonge me thocht him old.
He hadde a heed of heer of blakest hewe
Wel must he kepte it slick with paste or glewe.
Bright tothed was he and often wolde hem sho
Nor leet no chaunce passe to make hem glo.
And sooth to seyn (it seemeth so to me)
His wordes were of hem-self alway, pardee.
Yet let him gazeth ones to left or right
And wommen fainteth alle through the night!

With us ther was a sad **COMEDIAN**
Who was, they quod, a very funny man.
Of bisnesse and of contacts he spak much,
Of radio-shos and optiounes and such.
But, though I listened hard for halfe the night,
No pun nor humour heard I from this wight.
"Allas!" quod he, "my income-tax is talle!"
And sighed and putte his lippes to a high-balle.
His face grewe longer as he dranke and he
Gan wepen in my brande newe Daiquirye!

A SINGER OF THE INNE came to the table
To visit us as soon as she were able.
She sang a song with eyen halfe cloos
And wore bryght paint upon hir naked toos.
Certes, hir gown of nette had caught my yē
For it was gay as any boterflye.
So daunced we, though hidous was the noyse
Of those y-clept, "The Boogy-Woogy Boyse."
But prively, as I wolde squeeze hir hand
She vowed she hadde a housband in the band!

A TALENT-SCOUT was ther and most polyte
Who sayde he heard I coude fair wordes endyte.
Sayde I, "As wel as any wight, I gesse."
Quod he, "A thousand pound?" and quod I, "Yesse!"
"Jeff Chaucer" is in gold upon my door.
I wryte for Bigger Pictures, what is more
My office eek is biggest on the lotte
But sadly has my wryting gone to potte.
And sholde my contract come by chaunce to ende
I will again to Caunterbury wende!



ON THE SCENE

barefoot in the desert

A VETERAN ARRANGER who still holds a carpenter's union card, a lyricist who dabbles in serious poetry, and a throaty thrush from Britain are bringing an exciting sound to jazz these days. The infectious beat of Count Basie is their basis. Using ingenious new lyrics and their own versatile pipes, trio Dave Lambert, Jon Hendricks and Annie Ross are note-for-note vocalizing such old Basie arrangements as *One O'Clock Jump*, *Shorty George* and *Little Pony*, with a basic rhythm section supplying the only instrumentation in back of lyrics like "Well thanks a lot but really baby I must quit the scene if you know what I mean/ Don't be quittin' just when you're hittin' the peak/ Get a record that will play a week." The gimmick incubated in 1954 when lyricist Hendricks took upon himself the mind-wrenching task of penning lyrics for the old Woody Herman favorite, *Four Brothers*. Teaming up with arranger Lambert (he's worked for Krupa, Kenton, James) and six studio voices, Hendricks recorded the number for Decca, but it laid a bomb. The astute Lambert decided that they were on the right track but in the wrong train. Reluctant to return to his hard-times sideline of carpentry, he hit the discouraged Hendricks with the idea of focusing his word-wielding craft on Basie. "The Count swings hard," said Lambert, "and he should lay well for singing." Hendricks agreed, got to work, and a demonstration record was cut of 12 voices singing a dozen Basie standards. It made the round of the platter caliphs, all of whom said it couldn't be done until ABC-Paramount jazz chief Creed Taylor climbed out on a shaky limb and signed them up. When the first cutting session went nowhere, the impatient Lambert cashiered his whole army of studio voices save one: Annie Ross, a curvy English-born warbler who sang with Lionel Hampton in Europe and whose adroit larynx rockets her to F over high C. The trio took off on a three-month multi-taping marathon (each singing four parts).



"Multi-taping is about as exhilarating as a walk across a desert with no shoes on," groans Lambert. The exhausting process hospitalized Annie and Hendricks for a week, but it resulted late last year in the exciting ABC LP, *Sing a Song of Basie (Playboy After Hours, October '58)*. As an encore the trio etched for *Roulette Sing Along with Basie (Playboy After Hours, March '59)*, this time with full Basie band and singer Joe Williams pitching in. Success-flushed and eager for experiments, Hendricks is anxious not to limit himself to Basie. He has put words to Milt Jackson's

Spirit Feel and Horace Silver's *Doodlin'*, which United Artists 45'd back-to-back. Inevitably, the Lambert bunch has been criticized as a too-tricky fad, and some carpers have deplored what seems like a lack of true creative invention in merely vocalizing old arrangements; but with their records selling in the healthy thousands, and with the hot response they get at cool spots like Birdland, the Apollo, the Blue Note and the Hungry i, these swingers are also gathering accolades to the effect that they are solid artists who are making a unique and lasting contribution to jazz.

calling his own shots

WHILE EVEN the most protean members of his race have rarely made headway in more than one acting medium, Sidney Poitier, at 35, has already taken a giant step in three. Starring in the new play *A Raisin in the Sun*, a dozen films (including the upcoming *Porgy and Bess*) and featured prominently in TV drama, Poitier is not only a Negro actor carrying an unprecedented work load, but equally important, he's calling his own shots. "I pick stories," says Poitier, "primarily as they suit my taste as an actor. But I also have certain principles which help determine my behavior in life. I try not to offend these sensibilities." Which was why, a few years ago when jobs were scarce and his wife was expecting, he turned down a sorely-needed \$1000 for three days' work in *The Phenix City Story*. "They wanted me to play a father whose son is killed by a mob, and who rises above the incident by forgiving them. To me this isn't the solution for this kind of problem." Trying to explain his remarkable success in the face of his fierce artistic honesty, he sums up: "I'm lucky. I'm fairly intelligent. I read lines coherently. I've got a strong determination to fulfill myself as a human being as well as an artist, and



I'm blessed with a kind of physical averageness." Miami-born son of a Nassau farmer, Poitier went to New York at 16, where he walloped docks, jerked sodas, and parked cars before winning an American Negro Theatre scholarship. From bit roles he graduated to a featured part in the Broadway hit, *Anna Lucasta*. Then on to a shuttle between

films and TV. His gamut-running versatility was manifested in such diverse roles as churchman in *Cry the Beloved Country*, Mau Mau leader in *Something of Value*, and juvenile delinquent in *The Blackboard Jungle*. But it was *The Defiant Ones* (for which he won the Berlin Festival Silver Bear Award) that presented him with his most satisfying role. "The film offered no panacea for social problems," says Poitier, "but it did demonstrate something significant: that two men of different races forced to live with each other, while still not digging each other completely, do discover that the other isn't such a bad guy after all." When, after 10 years of negotiations, Samuel Goldwyn finally got screen rights for *Porgy and Bess*, he said, "I've never considered anybody else for the role of Porgy but Sidney Poitier." The filmed version of the Gershwin-Heyward folk classic is very important to Poitier, aside from being a top-drawer showcase for him: "Few examples of American culture have received as enthusiastic a reception around the world as *Porgy*. The film should reach many areas that touring companies couldn't get to." When Poitier, as Porgy, ends the film with the rousing number, *I'm On My Way*, he is, if anything, understating his real-life case.

solid with the skim

THE SCULLERY MAID of the television world a little over a year ago, Cinderella network ABC is now giving her two no-longer-sing sisters, CBS and NBC, a case of teevee-jeebies, and the man behind it all is ABC's 40-year-old prexy, a burr-headed chunk of ebullience named Oliver Treyz. Madison Avenue laughed in 1956 when Treyz sat down to play ABC-TV president, especially since he was replacing crackerjack Robert Kintner, who defected to NBC. But in a burst of inspired programing, Treyz uncorked a one-two-three punch of oaters (*Lawman*, *Rifleman* and the off-trail, satirical *Maverick*), homicide (*Naked City*, *77 Sunset Strip*) and hayseeds (*The Real McCoys*), all top audience-grabbers, and ABC is now very much the third major league. Treyz, whose lifelong motto has been "Why walk when you can sprint?" bounded into communications in 1939 as a one-man radio program in upstate New York. From there he galloped into big-time radio, graduating to Director of ABC. When ABC-Paramount President Leonard Goldenson needed somebody to fill the ample brogans of departing TV chief Kintner, he couldn't help

noticing the galvanic Treyz ("Treyz is a driving force," said Goldenson at the time. "He likes the tough things to do rather than the easy and he has the productive capacity of six men and an IBM machine"). Installed in office, Treyz hired two full-time secretaries to handle calls and incoming correspondence (he seldom writes letters and doesn't hesitate to call anybody at any hour) and initiated the industry's first 25-hour working day. Tackling each new assignment as if he is already three days late, Treyz keeps a battery of associates on a constant travel alert, often notifying



them an hour before plane time that they are flying with him to California. Ideas spurt from him as from a geyser, and he constantly peppers bewildered aides with "How's this for a great idea? No, forget it, here's a better one!" The essence of the fantastic Treyz success formula (which for the first time in history has ABC out-rating CBS and NBC during many prime viewing hours) is: train all your big weapons on the young large-family audience. In 1957 Treyz felt that CBS star Ed Sullivan was ripe for heavy competition. He spotted the 60-minute *Maverick* in the half-hour slot preceding Sullivan. The huge audience that caught it stayed with it through the first 30 minutes of Sullivan, and a long-reigning monarch was uncrowned. While CBS and NBC have been throwing Sunday morsels and occasional week-night crumbs to the upper audience crust, ABC is almost entirely mass-oriented. However, Treyz has a ready reason: "We're still fighting to solidify ourselves with the skim. Once we've got it, we'll take care of the cream." His ambition is to make the third network the Number One network, and since the pace that Oliver Treyz maintains is for front-runners, not runners-up, few who know him doubt that he can do it.

YOUR CREATURE (continued from page 32)

minute?" Nothing more; just that and click.

"Students," Frank said, his heart sinking. "You deal with crackpots at a city institution, especially evening classes. Happens to everybody. Remember when Mel Bargin had that siege of letters?"

She was convinced, or worn out, or didn't care. Anyway, he was home in time for supper. They ate the silent meal of too many quarrels and the abandonment of hope. Frank knew that he would have to wait until she fell asleep before he took his habitual long walk.

She slept; he walked. Lenka lived on the bottom floor of a converted mansion. He pecked through the window. She had set up an easel and had been working in charcoal, a lamp was on, but she lay breathing gently across the bed, fully dressed, even shoes, the garter belt showed under the sprawled, slipped skirt. He tapped at the window. It was after midnight and the street deserted. She got up blinking, pouting, peered out to him: and oh then her beautiful smile on her beautiful pout and she opened the window.

Later he warned her of spies, his enemies or hers, most likely hers. She frowned, turned tense and worried—that was why he had waited to tell her. She admitted that she was the sort of girl who might have vengeful suitors lurking about. Covertly thrilled, forbidding this excitement, Frank rolled over and faced the window: Could someone have peeked at them under the drawn shade? She sighed. "Maybe it's my fault," she suggested, "breaking all the rules."

"Oh no!" And he thought: it's I who break the rules, crawling through a window for love like a burglar, and I hold on to my son and hope for my wife when it's hopeless.

"I guess both of us," she admitted softly, fairly.

But now they would have to be very careful. Frank could not be seen with her; they met in the park, in far corners of the city, or, most of the time, simply in her room. They sketched each other; they smoked, read, told each other stories; they made love. Frank found himself wanting to talk about his son, but bit his tongue. Self-conscious, self-judging, "Don't be frightened," she said more than once. Although almost 10 years older than Lenka, he came to think of her as wise and anciently mysterious, within the desperate yearning gift of herself, the will to be his of her open and lovely body. She had the patience of confident love.

Despite the secret isolation of their life together, the close confinement to odd places, then to her room, then, toward the end of the spring, in a

rising pitch of indulgence and claim, to her bed, he had never considered his rivals. She had no right to be jealous of his wife; he had no right to think of Lenka away from him with others. The telephone call to his wife brought the others to mind. He asked questions; she was reticent, unspecific. A few words about her mother and father, the farm, a brother who worked it; vagueness about her friends—he knew none of them—though sometimes a knock would come at the door and they would lie still, listening to the repeated knock, the slow steps away, the outer door slamming. He was marvelously flattered by her refusal to answer the telephone. Their time together was simply theirs. Though girlishly hurt that he would go no place with her, she understood. She proposed a backroom jazz session on the West Side where he could not possibly meet anyone who knew him. He was too cautious. He tried to complete his knowledge of her by looking up her records under camouflage of his faculty credentials. Greedily he studied her previous addresses, the maiden name of her mother, full of Ks, the solemn statement she had made on her first application. Her I.Q. score was extraordinarily high; this reassured him because he wondered if she had simply cast a spell over him—to some questions she merely answered with a stare. No, she was a human girl creature, not a witch. She had lazy grades, brilliant sometimes, sometimes mediocre. She was careful about picking up graduation credits. He felt silly when he handed her folder back to the secretary. "Hm, hm, yes indeed. Very interesting. Thank you."

There is a time in every man's life when he can do anything. It was this time in the life of Frank Curtiss. Despair with his wife had given up to deep gratification with a beautiful girl; he even did better at home; matters cooled and calmed; his work went well; he hardly needed sleep and did not suffer his usual rose fever during the spring he knew Lenka. No sniffles, no pink eyes. Expanded breathing, sharp sight. Of the occasional headache of fatigue and excess he was cured by the touch of her hand, her welcome when he came smiling, showing teeth, through her window. Slipping through, welcomed, he made love to her with the heavily settled industrial window grit still on his hands until it mingled with the secretions of love and summer—paste, carresses, perfume. Later he wrung his hands in soap, hot water, soap again, then cold water, in a gesture like expiation, rinsing away her smells, but soon came aware that this was not guilt—he found the scrubbing and splashing very fine to his summery blood. He did not think of the

future; he merely lived and believed himself in love, in a kind of love, surprised by love's surprises, acquiescing.

Since he adored his son, whom we leave absent from this history, he could not imagine dissolving his home; but he thought: *I'll wait, I'll see. In the meantime, I'll ride.* Things were going too well to be interrupted by dreams of perfection. There is no perfection, anyway, in an imperfect world (philosophy of adultery); the unhappy husband has the right to save himself (more philosophy for adulterers); life on earth means a quest for the absolute, compromise, violation, tribute, delight in apples, worms, indigestion, purest love, gossip, pecking apes, donkeys, creeps, squares (still more philosophy, poetry, grand hysteria); *enough!* thought Frank Curtiss. He had a son, Lenka could give him no child, and anyway he *had* a son. One last time, curled against him, Lenka murmured their password, "Don't be frightened, darling."

He began to laugh in the easy sprawl of his body, remembering the foolish creature he had recently been. "Frightened?" he asked, remembering mightily. Once weak and strict, now he floated down the river, agile, hale and strong. Or so Frank Curtiss seemed to Frank Curtiss. And he laughed, prospering, holding her away and cupping her gratified breasts which had changed, just as his body had, during the past months. "But I'm not frightened any more," he said.

He stopped laughing and very seriously, solemnly, thanked her for saving his life.

"I make you happy, don't I?" she asked. She had the sort of pale and delicate skin which flames at the first touch of a man's beard. With her downcast eyes, it gave her a perpetually astonished blush as they said goodbye. "Don't I make you happy, Frank? Oh I do!"

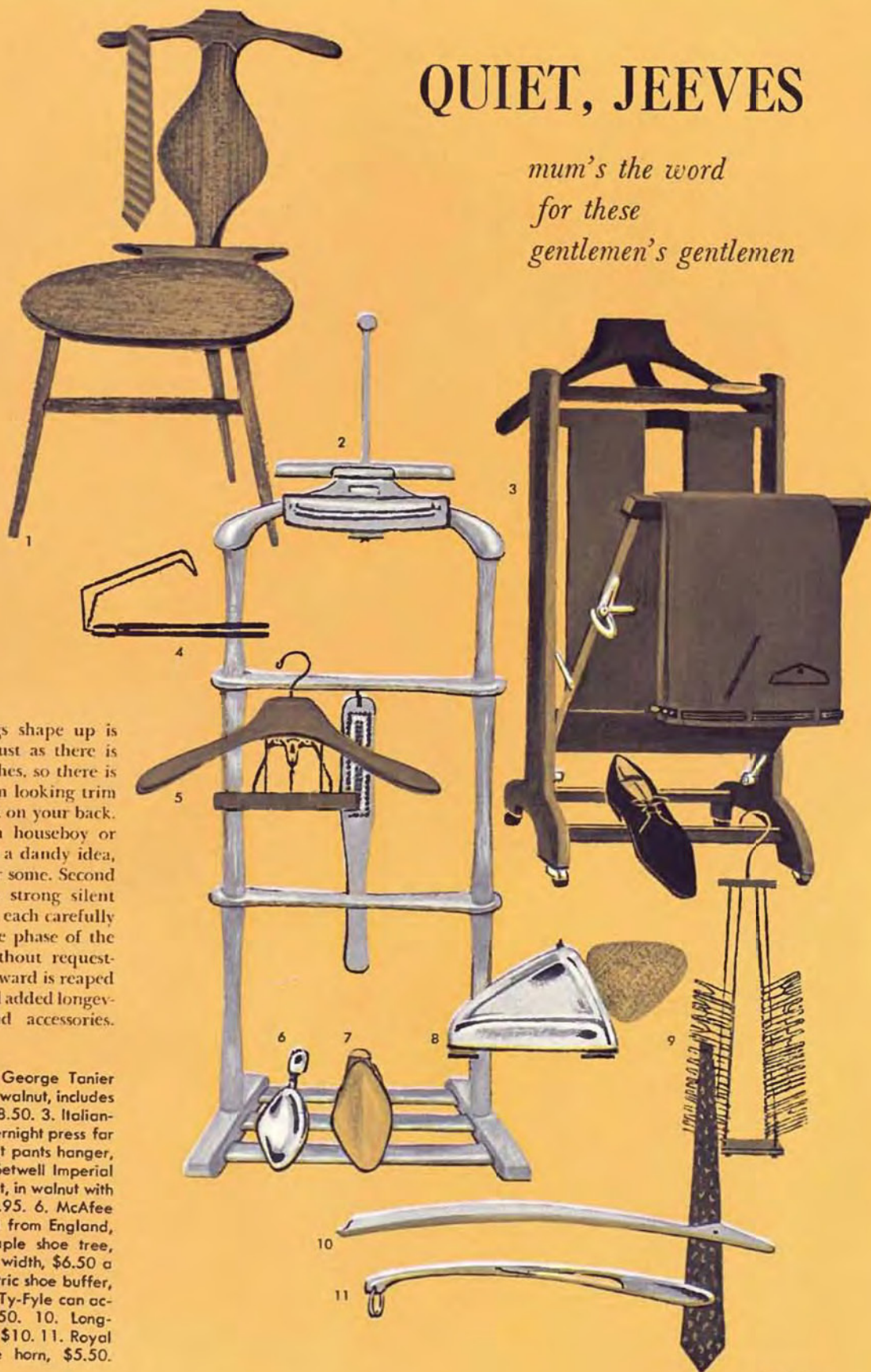
She did; the god of judgment had become an angel of mercy—had sent unmerited joy. No, he decided, everyone deserves to be able to carry a tune, find that wanton flush on a girl's cheeks, recall sweet love for a moment in the morning before going about the work of the day. "Oh I do love making you happy,"—she couldn't say it enough. He promised that it was the final truth and she should know it. Flowers, rebirth, ripening gourds, purity of delight.

It was therefore a considerable surprise to go home later and find a new lock on the door, a note from his wife warning him not to try to enter, and his clothes thrown into hampers on the porch. It shocked him that she had not even bothered to put out a suitcase for his use. In this numbed state he telephoned her from the gas station at the corner. It turned out that she had prepared

(continued on page 58)

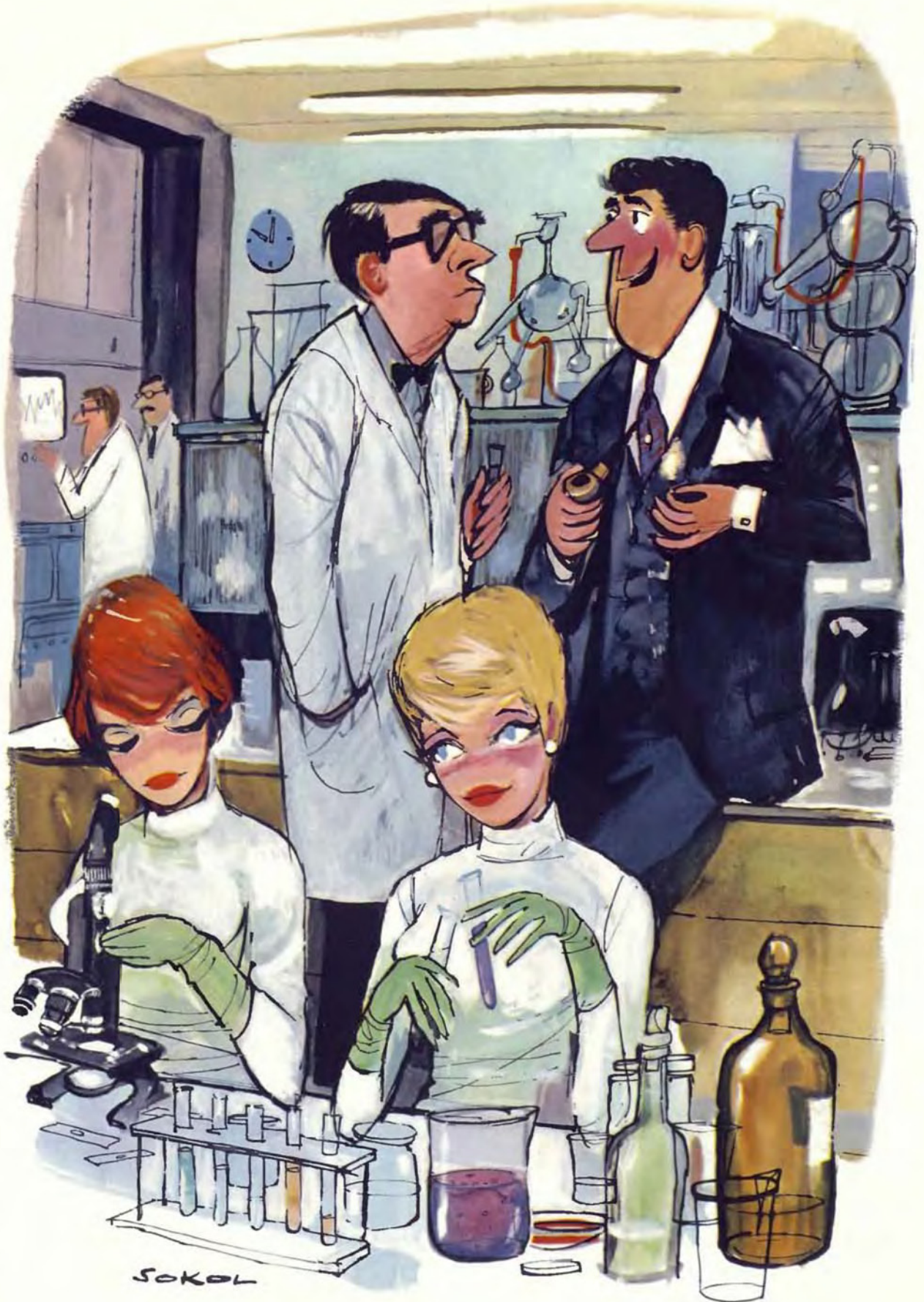
QUIET, JEEVES

*mum's the word
for these
gentlemen's gentlemen*



WARDROBEWISE, how things shape up is entirely in your hands. Just as there is a correct way to wear clothes, so there is a correct way to keep them looking trim and fresh when they're not on your back. First method is to hire a houseboy or personal valet, and this is a dandy idea, albeit a mite expensive for some. Second method is to employ the strong silent types of valets shown here, each carefully designed to attend to some phase of the gentleman's wardrobe, without requesting an evening off. Your reward is reaped in the crisp appearance and added longevity of your clothing and accessories.

1. Oiled walnut valet chair, George Tanier Inc., \$195. 2. Fitwell Valet in walnut, includes detachable clothes brush, \$28.50. 3. Italian-made Henry Hanger with overnight press for trousers, \$57.50. 4. Aristocrat pants hanger, gold-plated, \$5 a pair. 5. Setwell Imperial hanger for trousers and jacket, in walnut with gold-plated metal parts, \$5.95. 6. McAfee aluminum shoe tree imported from England, \$3 a pair. 7. American maple shoe tree, available in your length and width, \$6.50 a pair. 8. Beck of Grafton electric shoe buffer, \$30. 9. Gold-plated Tycaan Ty-Fyle can accommodate 100 ties, \$49.50. 10. Long-length English bone shoe horn, \$10. 11. Royal gold-plated horseshoe shoe horn, \$5.50.



SOKOL

"Guess what I made with a little alcohol last night."

*nancy crawford gives
new meaning to
the old hunting cry*

VIEW HALLOO!

CONTRARY TO POPULAR BELIEF, fox hunting began in America just about the same time it did in Merrie England. The pastime was carried here by early colonists, and these dyed-in-the-leather sportsmen were soon making their cries of encouragement ring resoundingly over the countryside to their hounds. Today, whether they ride to hunt or hunt to ride, fox hunters still aver that the classic chase has few peers for elegant excitement. We're in complete agreement, but we suggest that, along with the master of foxhounds, huntsmen, whippers-in, kennelmen, stablemen, hunting grooms, pad boys, earth-stoppers, et al., the personnel list for any hunt be judged incomplete unless it includes a reynard-router like our April Playmate, nubile Nancy Crawford of Virginia.





MISS APRIL PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH





Nancy has a firm hand on the bridle, sits a horse well, and otherwise displays one of the finest fox-hunting forms in the country.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY BARBARA AND JUSTIN KERR



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

At the risk of differing with Dorothy Parker, a friend of ours insists that men often make passes at girls who wear glasses. It really depends on their frames.



Staggering into his apartment, the bibber deposited himself in his bed and fell asleep. A half hour later he was awakened by a knock on the door. Wearily he struggled out of bed and, stumbling over almost every piece of furniture in the room, made his way to the door and opened it. Standing there was his drinking companion of an hour before.

"Gee, I'm sorry I woke you up, Joe," said the companion.

"Oh, that's all right," said Joe. "I had to answer the door anyway."

We've just been informed that the Internal Revenue Department has streamlined its tax form for this year. It goes like this:

- (A) How much did you make last year?
- (B) How much have you left?
- (C) Send B.



Interviewing the 65-year-old rodeo champion in Amarillo, Texas, the New York newspaperman remarked, "You're really an extraordinary man, to be a rodeo champion at your age."

"Heck," said the cowboy, "I'm not nearly the man my Pa is. He was just signed to play guard for a pro football team, and he's 88."

"Amazing!" gasped the journalist. "I'd like to meet your father."

"Can't right now. He's in Fort Worth standing up for Grandpa. Grandpa is

getting married tomorrow. He's 114."

"Your family is simply unbelievable," said the newspaperman. "Here you are, a rodeo champion at 65. Your father's a football player at 88. And now your grandfather wants to get married at 114."

"Hell, mister, you got that wrong," said the Texan. "Grandpa doesn't want to get married. He has to."

Henry was helping his son fly a kite in the back yard, but was having trouble getting it to stay up. His wife stood watching them from the porch. Henry had just run the entire length of the yard, trying to pull the kite into the air, only to have it thrash about uncertainly and plummet to the ground.

"Henry," said the wife, "you need more tail."

"I wish you'd make up your mind," said Henry, panting heavily. "Last night you told me to go fly a kite!"



Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *Ivy League drinker* as one who buckles from the back.

The young bride was having her new house decorated and while changing into something suitable for her afternoon bridge club, she noticed what appeared to be her husband's handprint on the wall in the bedroom that had been freshly painted the day before. She slipped into a filmy but adequate covering and, going to the head of the stairs, called down to the painter who was now working in the livingroom.

"Pardon me, but would you like to come up here and see where my husband put his hand last night?" she said.

"I'd love to, lady," replied the painter, "but I've got to get done with this painting first."

Heard any good ones lately? Send your favorites to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 232 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Ill., and earn an easy \$25.00 for each joke used. In case of duplicates, payment goes to first received. Jokes cannot be returned.

*plans for a bachelor's haven
far from the madding crowd*



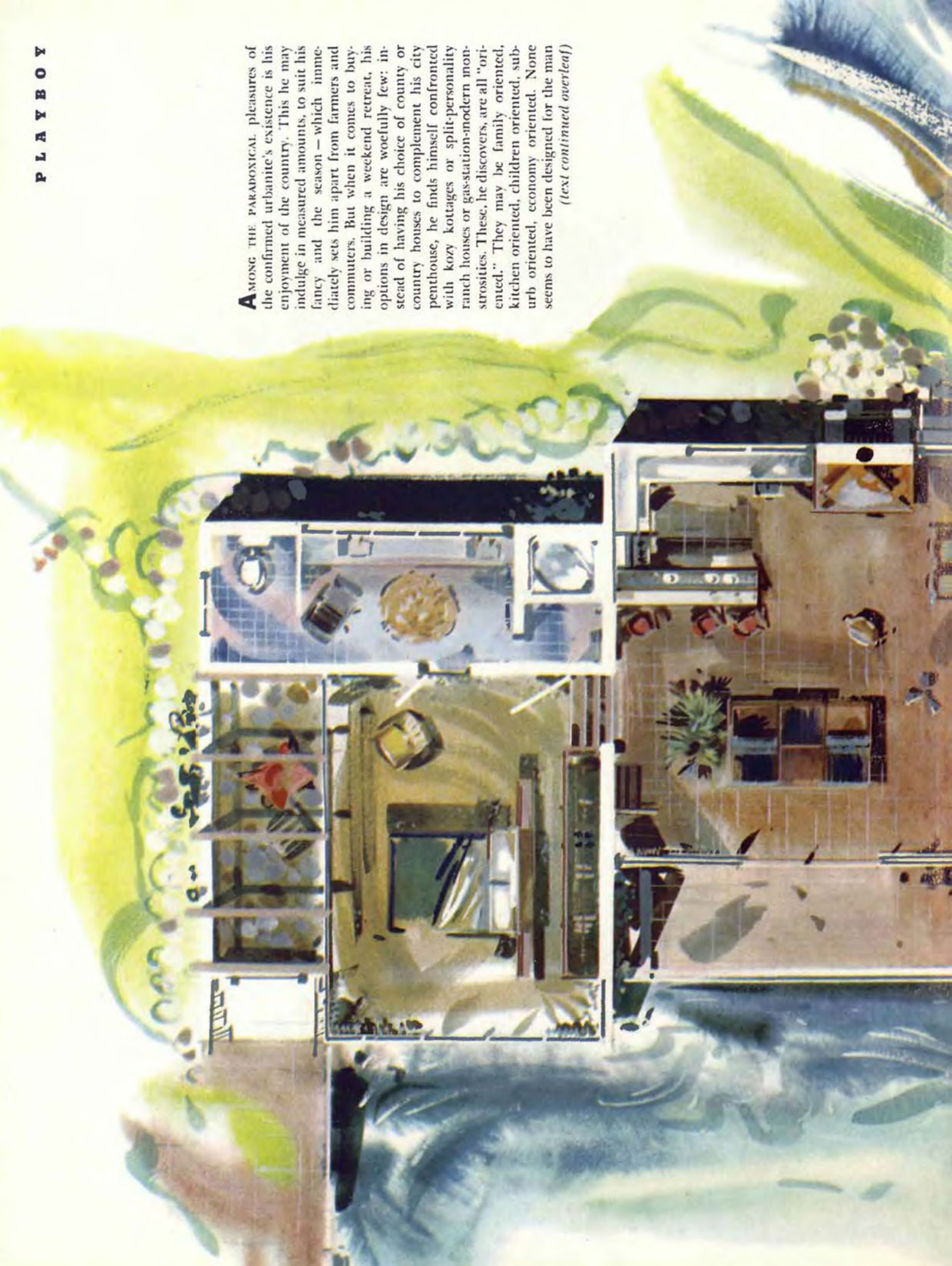
PLAYBOY'S WEEKEND HIDEAWAY

DESIGNED BY JAMES E. TUCKER — RENDERINGS BY ROBERT BRANHAM

modern living

AMONG THE PARADOXICAL pleasures of the confirmed urbanite's existence is his enjoyment of the country. This he may indulge in measured amounts, to suit his fancy and the season — which immediately sets him apart from farmers and commuters. But when it comes to buying or building a weekend retreat, his options in design are woefully few: instead of having his choice of country or country houses to complement his city penthouse, he finds himself confronted with cozy cottages or split-personality ranch houses or gas-station-modern monstrosities. These, he discovers, are all "oriented." They may be family oriented, kitchen oriented, children oriented, suburb oriented, economy oriented. None seems to have been designed for the man

(text continued overleaf)



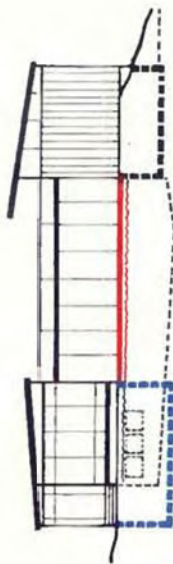


The hideaway comprises separate but integrated areas: center is the livingroom with glass walls facing lake and pool; at top is guest wing, two steps up from livingroom, with glass wall cantilevered over pool, private patio and bath; bottom is master's wing, four steps up from livingroom and providing sleeping and dressing areas, lounging area with glass wall facing lake and sun deck cantilevered over the water, divided bath, private patio above pool. The indoor-outdoor feel of the hideaway is accentuated by the fact that there is no "entrance door" as such, access being through sliding glass panels facing lake or pool; and also by the use of a continuous stretch of cost tiling comprising poolside and livingroom floor. Sun-worshippers' haven is the decked roof of the livingroom, with canvas shields to assure privacy.

INTERIORS, LOOKING TOWARD THE POOL



LIVINGROOM—as seen at midday from the dining area—has two fixed and six sliding glass panels with which a full 20 feet of wall may be opened to the pool, shores with the poolside walk-around a continuous, cast-composition floor. Thus, on a balmy day, indoors and outdoors, become one. When the air is chill, the glass doors are slid shut and a fire is kindled in the bowl-shaped hearth. Although devoid of partitions, the room seems to divide itself in terms of use: the relaxing area focuses on the free-standing fireplace, includes the two wing-back chairs and upholstered wall bench, strewn with cushions, nestled between walnut cabinets. Each cabinet houses a stereo speaker system; the left cabinet contains stereo components; the right one holds a service bar to which there is convenient access from the pool. Elevation of right shows rec room, beneath guest wing, in blue outline, livingroom floor level in red, and garage and boot house, in black, under master's wing.





Far left: Dux' rocking chair (like those facing fireplace), has adjustment for pitch and separate neck cushion, \$199. Left: Jens Risom stacked modular chests and base, flanking upholstered wall bench, \$521 complete in oiled walnut. Right: Flip-flop chaise by Burton-James Associates (not shown in scene above)—either half can be tilted up to form back—and matching ottoman which converts into cocktail table, \$265 complete. Far right: Bruno Mathesson oiled walnut drop-leaf table can open to maximum 110", folds down to 9", \$345 in 43½" width. The upholstered chair is oiled teak by Norskand, \$49.50.



REC ROOM—nicknamed "the cave" because of its subterranean location beneath the guest wing and its prehistoric wall decoration—makes it possible for those who are interested in gamesmanship to play indoors undisturbed and undisturbing. Here the music is unadulterated juke box; here an all-night poker session may greet the dawn light filtering through the pool. On invitingly warm nights, when the pool walls' recessed lights are on and it's floodlit for a midnight swimming party, the cave's windows are luminous living murals. Other times, there's a choice of games of chance and skill, including billiards and darts. And there is a bar-type bar where one may take refreshment between sessions of kitzing, or sit and sip while observing the swimmers through the underwater windows. A folding table-tennis "court" may be placed over the billiard table; wall panels conceal cupboards for sports equipment and storage for skis in summer and boating and pool gear in winter.

who, perhaps like you, wants his own place away from the city's hurly-burly, a place where he can relax for a weekend or a week, with companions of his choosing, in a house of his own which provides his accustomed comforts and whatever degree of privacy or gregariousness, formality or informality, the occasions of his pleasure require. Here, then, is that house, a gracious hideaway with the simplicity of contemporary elegance and the luxuriousness which the city man prefers. We have given it a lakeside setting; it would be equally suitable at the seaside, or perched on the slope of a hill with a view of the surrounding country.

As your sports car winds up the last quarter mile of road, you see the hideaway very much as it is pictured on Page 49. It is, perhaps, fairly early on a sunny morning. Looking over the house from the pool side, you see the central living-room with a wall of sliding glass panels partially open to the morning breeze and with gay canvas dodgers laced to the stanchions of the sun-bathing roof. To the left, a bit higher than the living-room, is the guest wing, with its private patio (far left) and its glass-walled lounge area cantilevered over the pool. To the

(text concluded on page 56)



Far left: livingroom bar stools are of oak, with revolving leather seats, by George Tanier, \$120. Left: master bedroom's cocktail table has oiled walnut base, by Burton-James Associates, \$85. Right: Eames' lounge chair, in master bath and on sun deck, has aluminum stretcher, Saron upholstery, \$224. Far right: master bedroom's upholstered lounge chair with teak frame, by Finn Juhl, \$271.



LIVINGROOM, above—facing food bar and cooking corner, as seen when looking toward the lake at night. The counter-bar forms one leg of a U-shaped, open kitchen, which is visually separated from the rest of the room by wood-panel screen hung from ceiling and matching screen forming room side of counter. All utility units are within counter or ore wall hung. A bit to the right is an indoor barbecue brazier with copper hood and electric spits; it backs (and shares tile chimney with) an outdoor barbecue. Farther to the right and beside the glass wall is the dining area. Thus, kitchen, brazier and dining area, while part of the livingroom, form an independent unit. The double chaise with cocktail table-ottomans, shown in the foreground, may be adjusted to face the pool or the food bar and portable TV.

MASTER BATH, left, has free-standing double wash basin, an indoor shower, an outdoor shower for a cooling rinse after sunbathing on the walled private patio (seen in background). Right-hand wall, not shown, is a wood-paneled partition which encloses toilet, provides linen storage and also holds slope stereo speakers and pullman vanity for girl-type guests. Sliding glass panels have floor-to-ceiling opaque draperies which may be closed against the sun.



MASTER BEDROOM—highest and most private in the house—is seen here at night when its lounging area, which is contoured over the water, gives it somewhat the feel of the stateroom of a yacht. A free-standing L-shaped enclosure shields the bed from the rest of the room and from the early-morning sun. Behind it, one may dress in privacy and have easy access to the bath and the clothespress with its built-in drawers and other closet fittings. The bedside table contains a master control panel

which can be pre-set to turn on, dim or extinguish lights in various parts of the room, or to tune the hi-fi in or out, draw drapes across the window well, floodlight the beach or pool. An upholstered couch backs the bed shield and is flanked by upholstered chairs, thus forming an intimate and separate room-within-a-room for casual entertaining or—as it's set up here—for a nightcap tête-à-tête. In warmer weather, the glass doors may be slid back to incorporate the nautical-style deck into the room.

WEEKEND HIDEAWAY (continued from page 53)

right of the livingroom is the master's wing, highest and most private part of the house. A walled, open-topped patio faces the pool; a roofed sun deck projects over the lake and provides shelter for the boat slip and dock below. If you stand at the near corner of the pool, you may be able to discern, beneath its surface, the windows of "the cave," a rec room under the guest wing.

Now, looking at the unroofed view on Pages 50 and 51, imagine yourself skirting the diving board and entering the livingroom at the first open glass panel. There are no steps to climb, no doors to open, and poolside and livingroom floor are continuous and smooth—a boon to barefoot swimmers by day and to romantic couples dancing at night. Before you is the bowl-like fireplace, with its hooded vent dramatically hung from the ceiling. You are now in the relaxed and rather sedentary part of the room; wing-back chairs and a cozy couch against the wall, between cabinets housing bar and stereo rig, have their focus here. Beyond is the dining area which enjoys an uninterrupted view of the lake; the drop-leaf table may be folded flat against the wall, for dancing, or opened to its full length for a buffet. Along the right wall of the dining area is a cabinet for china, glassware and other tableware. To the left of the dining area's window wall is an open hooded brazier (backing it, on the lake-side patio, is an outdoor barbecue), and in the far corner of the room is the food bar which sets off the kitchen area.

Between food bar and pool wall are twin chaises which, without being moved, can be converted to face lake or pool, or, with their backs dropped flat, form a double-bed-sized couch. Up a few steps on your left is the guest wing, down a few steps is the rec room, and four steps lead up from the right wall of the livingroom to the master's wing, a self-contained suite with sun deck, patio, lounging area, dressing area and divided bath.

The livingroom's colors and textures are as sophisticated as those of any town house, yet blend perfectly with the hideaway's bucolic setting. Bright, hand-loomed throw rugs on the sand-colored composition floor are a provincial accent of color. Translucent white draw curtains on a motorized track recessed into the ceiling may be drawn to temper the bright sun and bathe the room in lambent light. And there are full-length green drapes, complementing the buff-colored walls, oiled-walnut woodwork and white ceiling, which can close off all glass areas should you wish—at night or on a blustery day—to exclude the outside completely.

Let's take a closer look at the hideaway and those special virtues which make it gracious, convenient, comfortable and—above all—a place which breathes romantic excitement and relaxed good fun.

Let's say that you, as proud possessor of this bachelor domain, have driven up from the city with your dinner companion on a Friday night; Saturday morning finds you stretching luxuriously in the master bedroom's huge double bed. You're expecting guests this morning, but now you have time to appraise your own private quarters. The bed itself, with its ample 54" x 96" size and 24" attached foot bench, is an island in the room, given its private setting by its L-shaped, oiled-walnut, 5-foot-high shield. You reach over to the bedside-table console and press a button which slides back the motorized opaque drapes of rust-colored fiberglass which cover the five fixed glass panels of the wall facing the open side of the bed. Sunlight filtering through the full-length translucent glass curtains beneath the drapes now lights up the room. Another button draws back the draperies of the window wall facing the lake and a soft breeze stirring the water makes rippled reflections on the white ceiling. You rise, grab your robe from the valet chair (See "Quiet Jeeves," Page 41) at the foot of the bed, and stroll out onto the nautical-style sun deck for a morning look at the lake. Then back into the room, through the lounge area, and across the cocoa-brown wall-to-wall carpeting to the master bath.

The bath, 16' x 24', also has sliding glass panels for its outside wall; privacy is assured by the vertical siding of redwood which forms the outside walls of the master's wing and continues upward to enclose the flagged patio where you may enjoy an all-over sun bath in privacy. Dominant color of the bath is pale yellow, with brown accents and a slate-gray tile floor. The blond primavera walls of the john also house storage cupboards; a panel opens to your touch revealing linen shelves from which you nab a towel. Once showered, you re-enter your room, proceed to the dressing area behind the bed shield, help yourself to your duds for the day from the 18-foot storage wall which houses built-in drawers, shelves, closet space, and your own small bar.

Dressed, now, you go downstairs and outdoors for a look around. The wood siding, the smooth masonry of the guest wing, the fieldstone lower section of the house, and the huge areas of glass give the hideaway a gleaming elegance in the morning sun. And now the first couple among your weekend guests is coming up the drive. You greet them and lead them to the guest room. It's a large room—

28' x 22'—with a glass-walled lounge area suspended over the pool, large bath with double lavatory on lake side, and its own patio-sun deck with open beams (a continuation of the exposed oiled-wood ceiling beams) providing broken shade and support for a rolled awning. Steps lead down from this patio to the pool. The large double bed which stands free in the room has its head backed by modular cabinets and chests of drawers and there is a large storage wall with all closet facilities.

Soon other guests arrive and while the girls all go to do a spot of cooking, you take the men down to the rec room to show them the underwater windows facing into the pool, the bar, the juke box, and the large circular card table where, from time to time, there are stag poker sessions that last almost the entire weekend. And then you go back upstairs to join the girls.

Within a half hour they have brunch ready on a wheeled caddy beside the 30' x 60' pool. Later, there's swimming in pool and lake, water skiing, somebody turns on the stereo rig, somebody else climbs to the roof deck for a nap—but mostly there is wonderfully indolent lolling around, indoors and out.

At the cocktail hour your guests all come together again at poolside and the adjoining area of the livingroom. It's a cooler, less active part of the day. Talk is animated as you and a very special partner leave the group, pause at the bar to pick up a drink, and go to the privacy of the master's wing to watch the sun set over the lake. Later, she may whip up a huge salad while you broil a steak and other guests sit at the bar to keep you company and make you feel properly important. After dinner there are games in the rec room for the more sportsmanlike types, a bit of music and dancing for others, perhaps a moonlight boat ride or a moonlight swim in the lighted pool. And still later, when most of your guests for the day have departed and you and the select few who will stay the weekend have settled down around the fire, or are sprawled at ease in your room, you have a little time to realize what a wonderful hideaway is yours. There is intimate coziness when it's wanted, there's ample room for a gay crowd, there's privacy and sociability, all to be had in the seclusion of your own weekend retreat. It may even cross your mind, as you bid goodnight to the guest-wing contingent and prepare a final potation to share with your chosen companion, that within these walls you are, literally, an irresistible host.

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





"It's not the pharaoh I object to — it's his goddam friends!"

YOUR CREATURE (continued from page 40)

rather carefully. She had both keys to their car in her possession and advised him to take a taxi someplace, away. She suggested that he use the opportunity to spend a whole night with Lenka Kuwaila and see how he liked it. She remarked that she did not care to speak with him at all and that further discussions could be held through the intermediary of her lawyer. She gave him the lawyer's name and told him to look up the number himself. She paused before saying goodbye and added, "I waited until you finished final exams and you won't have to face so many people over the summer. I thought that was pretty considerate of me." She had also left about five dollars in their joint checking account.

He spent the night in confusion at a friend's house. For the first time he felt exhausted by his secret lovemaking with Lenka: he had left her with her smell still on his hands and come back to this news; there was an ache in his loins and a triangle of lead in his belly. It turned out that his wife had exact information about his connection with Lenka, dates and times and other, terribly intimate details. When her lawyer confronted him, he dully submitted, denied nothing, agreed to everything. Greater than the shock of his wife's action was his shock about the letters she had received. Lenka had simply recounted everything in tormenting detail, with obscene precision. He felt a lingering tenderness for his wife because of the jealousy she must have suffered, but whatever this secret suffering, it had now congealed to a buzzing, busy hatred and cold vengefulness which deprived him even of his sympathy for her. He was stripped bare.

Lenka left for New York without seeing him after his anguished telephone call to her: "Why? Why? Why did you have to do it that way, Lenka? Can't you see how it destroys everything between us, even the past?"

"I don't care about memories. What's over means nothing. Over. You didn't want to do more than crawl through my window a couple times a week —"

"But to write to her like that — what meant — how —"

"You cared more about a cold bitch than you cared for me. Just because you had a child."

"Why, why?"

She hung up on him.

He stood shrugging at the telephone. Women were hanging up on him all over the world. He was disconnected. Maybe it was really he, Frank Curtiss, they were hanging up on. He went on shrugging; it was a nervous twitch, a shaking-off-the-burdens tic.

Here we need not detail the pro-

longed anguish of a divorce when there is a child, when there has been a habit of suffering and also some distant memory of joy (this only increases bitterness and determination to hurt). He survived in a rapture of numbness, like a mouse in a paw. His wife tried to set rules about visiting their child; he raged and cursed her. But finally he saw her coolly from a distance, he saw her as impossible, for years she had been a step-wife to him. He was grateful to Lenka for the brutal surgery she had performed; the operation was bloody, but the patient survived. Things were arranged about his boy; he found a new job; he went to New York; a year passed. Where it went, he did not know, but now he considered himself a brilliantly wise 22 years old. He had been 21 when he married; the next years were poisoned by enough misery so that he wanted to leave them out; his year of liberation made him now 22. This was mainly a joke, and he had a fresh sprout of gray hair in his thick cropped black thatch, but the world seemed to be on his side once more.

He was hungry, he ate, he had enough money to invite girls for dinner, he ate voraciously, explaining everything, enticing them on long walks through New York, exciting them with his tourist's freshness of joy in the great city. He found a girl to join him in biting into an apple, sucking the sweet juice of it at dawn, finally kissing in good friendship and turning on their sides to sleep. Life went on with the freshness of the busy mornings and the hesitating night-falls of Manhattan. He found a good job writing coy letters for a chain of magazines, the sort that are printed to look as if they are typed: "You may have neglected to open our first bill. We know that you are a busy and successful man, but remember! The workman is worthy of his hire! And we here at *Daytime Magazine* consider our publication . . ." He had no automobile because of the responsibilities of parking, but could afford taxis (the workman was worthy of his hire). He felt free. He didn't even have a cold for two years after he separated from his wife; every change seemed to cure him of something. He threw away his bottle of aspirins. His married vision of himself as a heavy, shaggy, weary buffalo, head low and muzzle hurt, gave way to another image — he was lean, his posture was good, he was an agile bucko. When his former wife remarried, his last vestige of guilt disappeared. Free, free. He played badminton twice a week with a French girl who pronounced it "badd-ming-tonn." Free and agile. "I'd never have matured otherwise," he solemnly

told his friend.

"You theenk too motch," she answered.

So finally he decided to telephone Lenka, though his little French friend advised him that this was as bad as thinking. Just curiosity about how she was making out, he promised himself. ("Don't be frightened, darling . . ." And how she had buttered toast for him, making coffee on a hotplate. And the smell of her perfume when she had run toward him in the park, breathless at being late. "I make you happy, don't I?")

But after he told her how long he had been in New York, she said that she was not interested in seeing him.

"I held a grudge, you can understand that," he said. "I still think you were very wrong, but I'm grateful anyway. It worked out for the best."

"And it's over," she said. She told him that she had an official friend, a drummer with a well-known advanced jazz combo. She named him with pride. Frank asked later and discovered that her friend was known as "the Unholy Wazuli" — a gifted wildman with two breakdowns and a conviction for possession of heroin in his curriculum vitae. He claimed to blow finer drum under the hooves of horse, but others disputed the argument.

Disturbed by her refusal to see him, faintly jealous of the Unholy Wazuli, Frank bothered the friend who knew her. "Why do you want to mess with her more? She must be crazy."

"Yes, but I just want to talk with her —"

"To do what she did to you is plain nutty, pal."

"Yes, nutty, sure. But she cared for me." This is very important to all men, that a lovely girl cares, and especially an unhappily married man will forgive anything for love, even a good dose of nuttiness. The man unhappy in marriage may seem merely somber, but he is also crazy. Frank had believed that Lenka cared for him.

Now, however, Frank was enjoying non-conjugal bliss in New York, and although a certain sideways questioning look while buttering toast meant girl to him, and a certain springtime slap of sandals on the pavement made his breath catch hard, his life went on without much thought of Lenka. One spring day, now two years after he had first met her, he was strolling through Washington Square when he saw a girl walking ahead and he thought first of toast, and then, recognizing the tilt of her walk, yes, this time it really was Lenka. He had an hour before dinner. Without considering it further, he ran up to her, first closely studying her because he did not trust himself to see anything but her

(continued on page 84)

THE CRAFTY TAPESTRY MAKER

A newly translated tale from the *Heptameron* of Marguerite, Queen of Navarre

IN TOURS, there once lived a man who was a tapestry maker to the late Duke of Orleans, son of King Francis the First. Some years before, he had married a woman who possessed both honor and property. Having taught her to obey and to trust him in all things, he lived most peacefully and prosperously.

But in addition to his great love for his wife, this man was so kind and charitable that he often treated his neighbors' wives as he did his own—but always secretly, as befits this type of philanthropy. Moreover, he finally became infatuated with a servant girl of his wife's. Fearing that his wife might notice this new interest of his, he pretended to scold the servant often, saying that she was the laziest creature he had ever seen, and told his wife that what the maid needed most in this world was a sound beating.

Now it is the custom of the French, who indeed have many strange customs, that on Childermas, or Innocents' Day, anyone who is caught lying abed is given a mock lashing. So the tapestry maker said to his wife that they should take this opportunity to give the servant girl a good beating and encourage her to be more industrious.

"But," he added, "she must not receive the beating from your hand; for

it is too weak and your heart too tender. If I do this myself we shall certainly get better service from her than we do now."

The poor wife, who contradicted her husband in nothing, urged him to perform the deed, for she had not the courage nor the strength to do it herself. The tapestry maker gladly undertook the commission. So that his wife would know he did not intend to spare the maid, he purchased the stoutest switches he could find, and soaked them in brine.

When the Day of the Innocents arrived, the tapestry maker arose early. Taking the switches with him, he climbed to the upper chamber where the servant girl was still lying in her bed. There he had at her. Not with the switches, as he had told his wife, but with an entirely different weapon which he likewise chanced to have ready for the occasion.

The girl gave a very small shriek of surprise, but this did not stay him from his deed. Then, fearing lest his wife become suspicious, the tapestry maker began to strike the mattress most vigorously with his switches, until they were all broken. Afterward he descended and showed them to his wife, saying, "I believe, my dear, that your servant will long remember this Childermas Day."

Soon the girl, more in fear of losing

her job than in dismay at losing anything else, came and cast herself at the wife's feet. "Your husband," she began, "has treated me most shamefully. He has done the greatest wrong ever done to a poor servant, and thereby he has wronged you as well."

But the loyal wife, assuming the girl meant to complain of the switching she had received, interrupted. "My husband has done nothing that I disapprove of. Actually, I have been suggesting that he do this for a month now. So if you are unhappy you may blame me, and not my husband. In fact I am sure he was more lenient than he should have been."

"But my lady," insisted the girl, "when he came at me with that . . ."

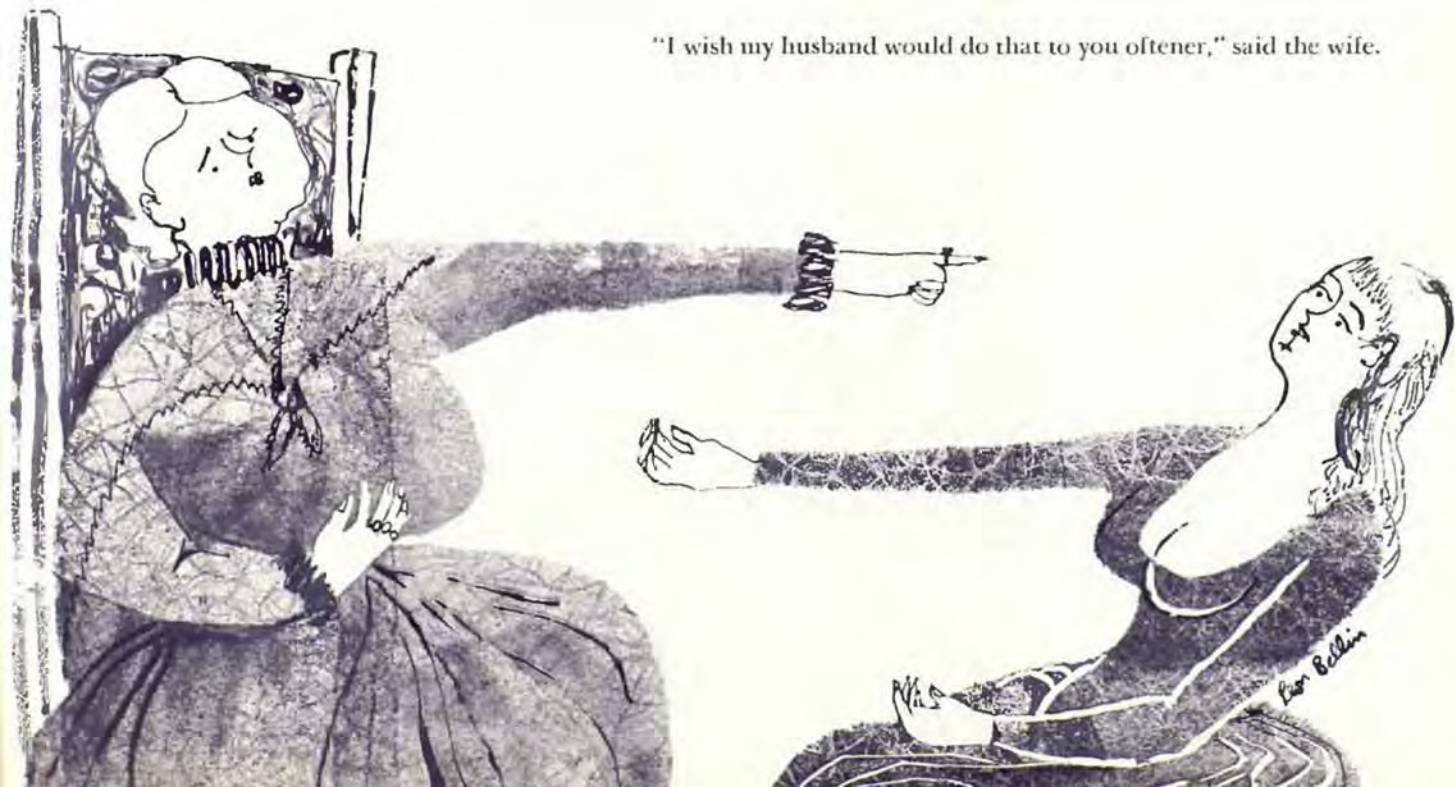
"Say no more!" exclaimed the wife. "Or I shall have him do it again right here where I may see he does it properly. I wish that he would do it to you oftener, both for your sake and my own."

Finally the maid, seeing that a woman as kind and virtuous as her mistress approved and even urged such things, decided that this must not be such a great sin as she had assumed. Never again did she speak of it, and the whole household was happy ever after.

— Translated by John A. Rea



"I wish my husband would do that to you oftener," said the wife.





FOR MANY YEARS, the American film industry has held an almost unchallenged monopoly on that comeliest of commodities, the Sex Goddess. Imagine, then, Hollywood's current consternation at being literally outstripped by a certain French upstart. Hence, the search to find a girl to outgirl Brigitte has become the first order of business. And despite the formidable censorship obstacles in the land of the free and the home of the brave, some of the Tinseltown titans think they may have found just the thing in titian-tressed Tina Louise. She has that quality of earthiness so popular in current European imports, and in her latest film, *The Trap*, she proves her ability to muss up a bed in the best BB tradition.

TINA

*hollywood hopes
she's the answer
to brigitte*









Getting pushed around is fast becoming Tina's cinematic forte. Aldo Ray did the mauling in *God's Little Acre*, and the sequence above and below is from a scene Tina shares with Earl Holliman in her new Paramount pic, *The Trap*. Tina and Earl play a husband and wife on the outs, but Earl decides to make up in a hurry. Like Bardot's towel, Tina's slip appears in every film. If the slip ever slips, BB may have to throw in the terrycloth.





"He'll promise me a month in Bermuda next summer if I promise him weekends in Atlantic City this spring."



WARSHAW

fiction By FRED McMORROW

WITH ALL DUE RESPECT

SERGEANT GAGLIANO stood between the trails of the howitzer, bellowing out the commands he was getting over the telephone headset from the executive officer.

"Shell H-E, V-T fuse thu-ree niner fo-wer!"

Number Six Man kned the fat projectile upright and Number Five expertly screwed the variable time fuse on its nose to the setting of 394.

"Charge seven!"

Numbers Four and Three slapped seven bags of powder into the casing. Six, Five, Four and Three placed the

loading tray under the gaping maw of the breech, put the shell on the tray and heaved it home with the rammer staff.

Corporal Billings swung the breech closed.

"Base deflection left two niner zee-ro!"

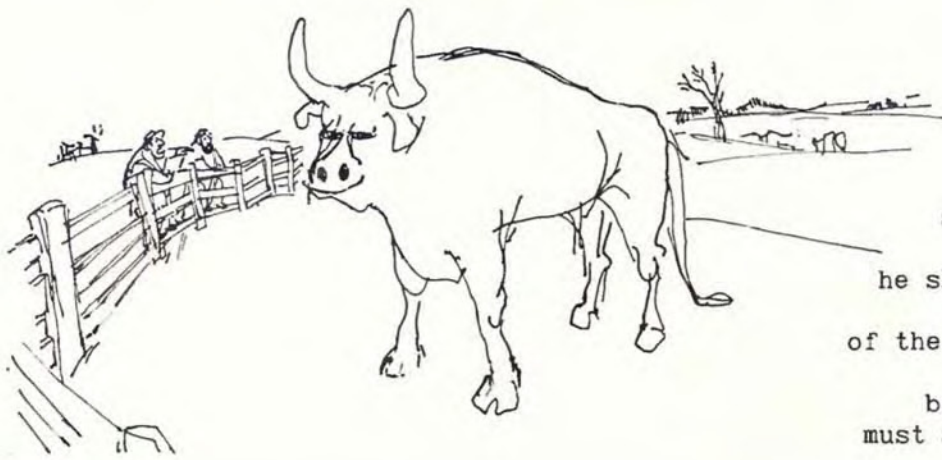
Number Two Man whirled his wheel and the snout of the howitzer turned gently toward the northwest where, over the lip of the rise, lay the German lines, only a thousand yards away.

"Ele-vay-shun, eight fy-ev!"

Billings spun the wheel on his side of

(continued on page 70)

in which a sure cure for cranky captains is prescribed



"That bull you see there is a coward, señor — he has been tried in a tienta and found to have no courage. He shall never know the excitement of the corrida — he shall never see the flash of the cape, hear the roar of the crowd, feel the honor of dying gloriously and bravely. No, señor, this bull must spend his entire cowardly life here among the cows."

SILVERSTEIN FIGHTS A BULL

*shel makes the
blood-and-sand scene:
the second of a
two-part portfolio on spain*



LA BARBA (THE BEARD) is what the citizens of Seville called the world's only whiskered bullfighter, Shel Silverstein. Gags about La Barba of Seville would seem in order, but these would tend to tarnish the glamor and dignity of the noble *corrida* tradition, so we will refrain. Before matching wits with *el toro*, Shel trained for a month at the ranch of Count Maza, just outside Seville. His instructors were Tito Palacios and John Short, both bullfighters of note, the latter a compatriot of Silverstein's. After mastering such intricate passes as the

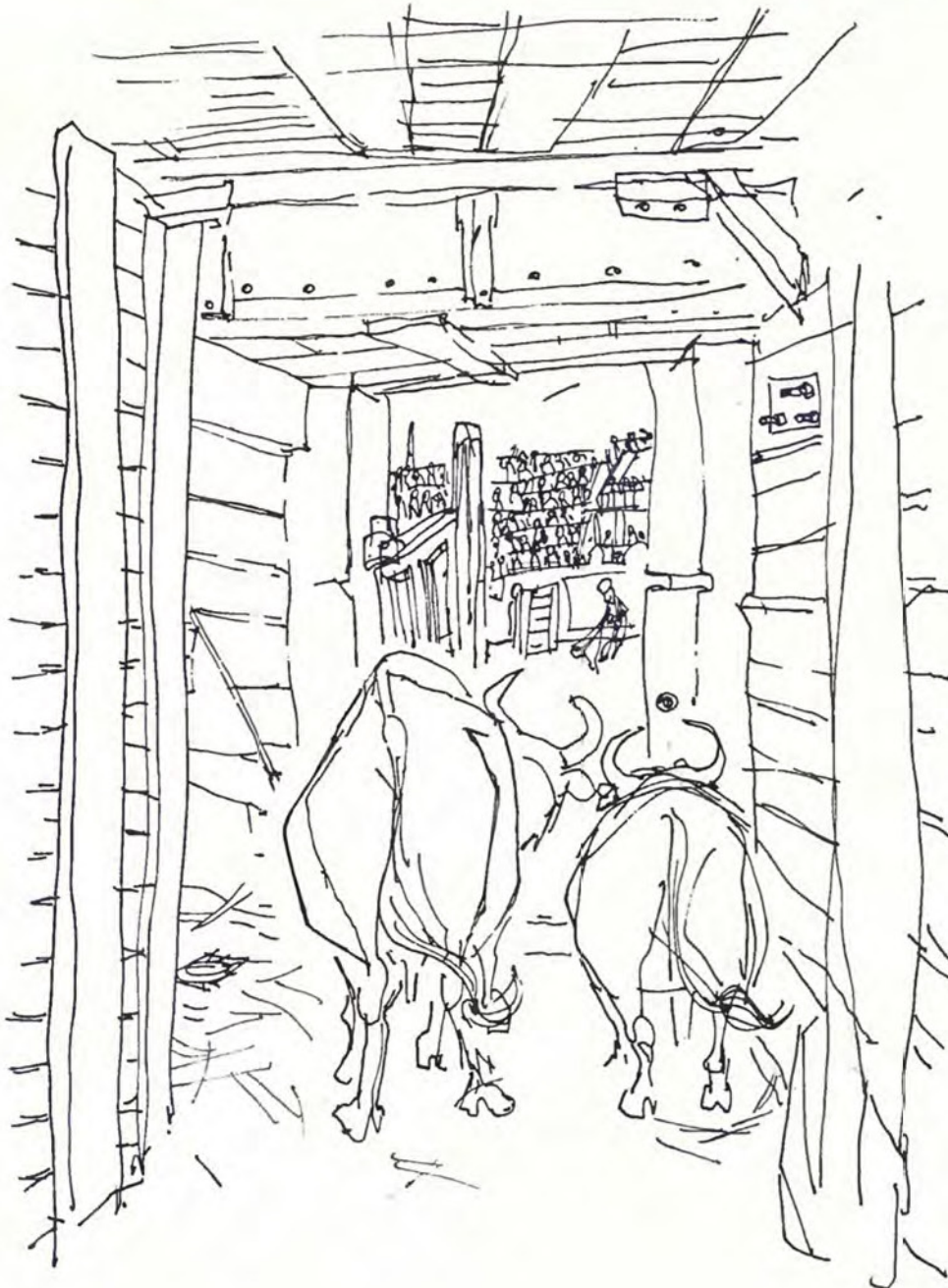
veronica, the *chicuelina* and the *goanera*, Shel donned the resplendent suit of lights, strode majestically through the gates of fear and faced the bull in the formal dance of death. "After that bout, I was known as El Corazón del Pollo," Shel says, insisting that it means The Lion-Hearted even when we opened our Spanish dictionary and showed him that *pollo* means "chicken." Did Shel kill the bull? "No," he admits, "but on the other hand, the bull didn't kill me. I still have a slight scar on the, uh, hip, though, where his horn grazed me." ¡Olé!



"Nothing fancy, now ..."

Professional bullfighters John Short and Tito Palacios help Shel into the traje de luces, or suit of lights.

"Not quite ..."



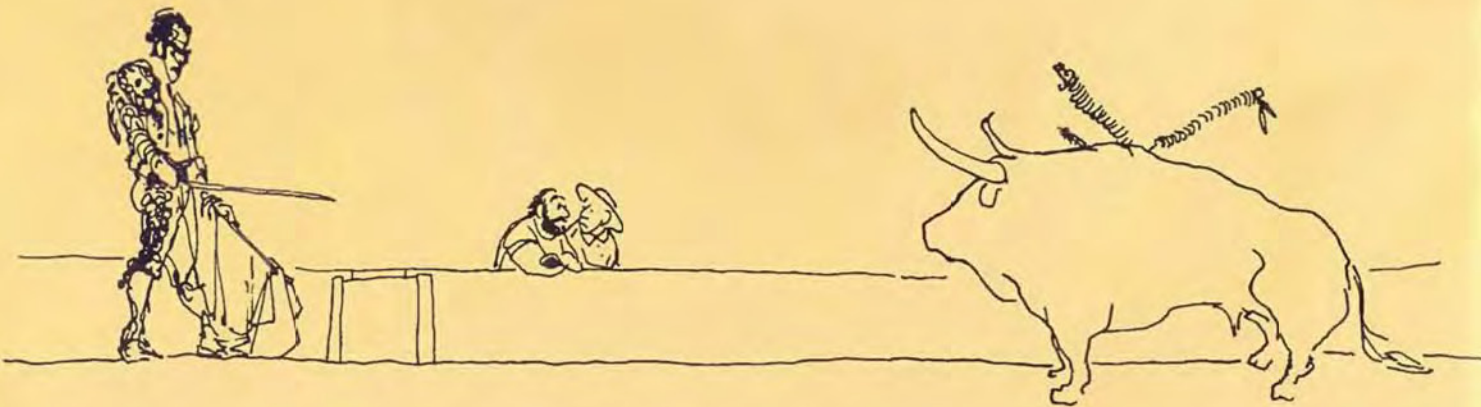
"Now watch him closely — see how he favors his right hand — now he's doing a revolera — best thing for a revolera is to stop short and catch him in the middle of his swirl — now he's doing a right-handed round pass. If you can — fake him off to the left and then bring your horns up fast and to the right and pow! Now watch this — he's trying a desplante. This is really fun. You wait until he's kneeling directly in front of you and then ..."



"That's my proposition, kid ...
 five hundred fast bucks and all
 you got to do is go out
 there and take a dive ..."



The moment of truth: El Corazón del Pollo and a too-brave bull bring high drama to la fiesta brava.



"Who you for?"



"Feel no sympathy for the bull, senor — he was born to die in this moment of truth. He was bred for this moment — it is his purpose, his tradition, his destiny to die on the sword of the torero ... Of course he doesn't realize this ..."



"Well for goodness' sake, what on earth do I want with those filthy old bull's ears!"

WITH ALL DUE RESPECT *(continued from page 65)*

the breech and Number Four Gun rose, like an anaconda spotting its prey. Billings locked the setting, turned to face the sergeant and picked up the firing pin lanyard.

"Fire!"

And Number Four Gun thundered and recoiled with the grace of a great snake, and the earth shivered under Gagliano's feet. He breathed deeply, his nostrils stung by the sweet, biting smoke.

The earth quivered again under him but much more gently, as Charlie Battery's shells went to earth in the German lines.

"That did it, men, that did it," came the executive officer's voice in his ear and those of the other three gun sergeants. "Infantry says it turned them back, what was left of them. Sixteen goddam Tiger Tanks, men. The colonel sends you his compliments. Mission accomplished."

Gagliano took off the headset and dropped it at his feet. The crew, all still in position for another round, was looking at him expectantly.

"The colonel says you couldn't hit an old lady crossing the street, men," Gagliano said. "He's coming down here and show you eight-balls how to handle a gun."

"What was it, anyway?" Corporal Billings said.

"Tiger Tanks again," Gagliano said. "Over across from Loiano. They were trying to bust up the 36th's heavy weapons. We stopped them. Relax, men. Rest. Smoke, if you like."

It was such a tired old joke, but they loved him and they laughed anyway. All but Billings set to work, opening the breech of their gigantic child and swabbing out its hot throat with the solvent liquid. The phone jangled. Billings picked up the headset.

"Number Four," Billings said. "Hi, Ray. Oh. OK. He'll be right down." He dropped the headset and stepped close to Gagliano.

"Burk said the captain wants you and the other section chiefs down the orderly room tent right away," he said. "I guess you know why."

Gagliano shrugged hopelessly. "Yeah, I know why," he said. "Nobody on the crew knows about it, do they? You didn't tell none of the men?"

"Oh, hell, no," Billings said. "I figured you'd tell them yourself if you wanted them to know."

"Yeah," Gagliano said. "Well, I guess it had to happen some time. Listen — make sure that breech is clean, will you?

I don't want no more hangfires this week."

As he trudged away, he smiled at himself, reminding Billings about cleaning the gun when that wouldn't be his responsibility any longer.

The other section chiefs were already there. They were all big men, as Gagliano was. At his desk sat Ray Burk, the tough little lantern-jawed man who was their first sergeant.

"Hi, Gag," Burk said, toying with a pencil. "All right. You men form a line in front of me here. Dress on the right."

"What is this? Are we gonna pass in review or something?" Gagliano said.

Burk sighed. "You been in the Army long enough to know what this is," he said. "You know how he is. He wants it real red-hot, like the Fourth of July or — ten-SHUT!"

And the captain stumped in, his head passing under the section chiefs' chests, his crisply pressed ODS ballooning about his thin little legs, his mousy face hidden under the burnished, battered steel helmet. He put the helmet on the desk and faced them.

"I think all you men know what's gonna happen here," he said. He nodded at Gagliano. "All right, you. One step fo-wahd — HARCH."

The giant clopped one step out of the line and snapped his heels together.



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The Seafaring Man is a

The captain folded his arms and looked at each one of them, savoring every second of the moment.

Then he pointed at Gagliano.

"Gagliano," he announced in his high, squeaky voice, "as far as I'm concerned, your appointment as a sergeant has terminated."

You motherless little crud, Gagliano thought, you haven't called me sergeant since we got you and you wouldn't do it even when you're busting me. You must have sat up all night thinking just how to say it. Well, I never called you sir, either. Just captain.

"I hope the rest of you men realize what this means," the captain said. For effect, he put his hands behind him and strutted solemnly to the tent door and gazed out at the titanic upward sweep of Montecatini Alto and its neighboring peaks, which looked like an angry stone ocean when you were on top of one.

The captain whirled around.

"Now if there's a man here that don't like it let him tell me so right to my face."

They only returned his stare, each one expressionless, soldierly.

"This damn man here has been a bone of contention in my crew since I took over this outfit," the captain said. "He don't want to toe the mark. He don't think I know how to handle soldiers.

He wants to wipe their noses for them. He don't deserve to wear a gun sergeant's stripes. Sergeant Burk! I want you to read off the charges against this man here."

Burk cleared his throat. "Captain, sir," he said, "with all due respect, sir, I just posted all them charges on the bulletin board and I don't see —"

"I don't see, Sergeant Burk, where the first sergeant gets off putting no interpretations on my orders," the captain said.

"It's not that, sir," Burk said.

"Then what is it? Maybe you don't think I should bust a man if I think he should be busted. Maybe you think I ought to ask you first. Is that it, Sergeant?"

Burk gave in. "All right, sir," he said, and took one of the quadruplicates from his TO BATTALION box. "Dereliction of duty; insubordination; failure to observe military courtesy; appropriation of a military vehicle for unauthorized uses; fraternization with the enemy."

"What's that?" Gagliano said. "What's that last one?"

"You will remain at attention, soldier," the captain said.

"Captain, sir," Burk said, "the ARs say a man has a right to hear all the charges against him."

The captain glared at Burk, helpless

rage all over his face. He couldn't bust Burk and he knew it. They all respected Burk too much and the captain knew they did not respect him.

"All right, Sergeant," the captain said. He stepped up to Gagliano and glared up at the big face above him.

"You know damn well what I mean by fraternizing with the enemy," he said. A flush crept up Gagliano's thick neck.

"If I might have permission to speak, Captain," he said.

"I told you to remain at attention." "If I might have permission to speak, goddam it, what the hell do you mean by the enemy?"

"I mean them dago whores we caught you with last night when you took the weapons carrier out," the captain said. "Is that so hard to understand?"

"Just because I was with some Italian girls I was fraternizing with the enemy?"

"That's right," the captain said. "I never see a dago yet I could trust and I'm sure General Truscott don't either."

"That's a lie, Captain," Gagliano said. "Go ahead," the captain said. "Speak your piece. It'll sound good when I take this to a higher court martial."

"The Italian people been on our side a long time now, Captain," Gagliano said, "and if you call that fraternizing with the enemy, me spending a nice,

(continued on page 76)



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WITH ALL DUE RESPECT

(continued from page 71)

sociable evening with a couple of girls and their mothers, Captain —"

"A bunch of whores," the captain said. "What decent girl would go out with some bum soldier who just stole some government property?"

"I admit that, Captain," Gagliano said. "If you're busting me for taking the weapons carrier, I admit I took it without no authorization. But the goddam enemy is them jeries, not the Italian people."

"Captain, sir," Burk said. "A word in private, sir?" They stepped outside into the blasting Italian sunlight.

"With all due respect, Captain," Burk said. "you can't make that charge stick and it'll only look bad if you try, sir. I know the colonel won't like it."

"Sergeant Burk," the captain said, "if I didn't need you like I need my two hands here, I'd rip the stripes right off your arm. Are you gonna stand in my way here too or are you gonna help me do my job and make soldiers out of this bunch of eight-balls?"

"With all due respect, sir," Burk said, showing no reaction at all. "any punk second lieutenant could knock the props right out from under a dumbbell charge like that if he was Gagliano's counsel, sir. If I might speak right out, sir?"

"Well?"

"Thank you, sir. With all due respect, sir, I'm just trying to save you from looking like a horse's ass."

The captain looked as if Burk had slapped him.

"All right, Sergeant," he said. "Eliminate that charge against him. But I want that whole busting order typed over again, all five copies including the one on the bulletin board there. Rip it off."

"Yes, sir," said Burk, ripping it off the buckboard and crumpling it. "It's all right. Battalion don't know anything about the case yet, sir. I hope the Captain won't take nothing I say personally, sir. It's my job as the first sergeant to advise you —"

"Don't you tell me the duties of a first sergeant!" the captain snapped. "Don't you think I know what a first sergeant's supposed to do?"

"Yes, sir," Burk said. "I know you got a tough job here. I just want to help you win the confidence and respect of the men, sir. You gotta remember, Captain, these men been together since this was a National Guard outfit back in '39. You don't want to create no more problems than you already got, sir. I hope the Captain understands me."

"You just understand me," the captain said. "If I have to, I'll bust every damn non-com including the mess sergeant. I'm going to make this a fighting, military outfit, Sergeant. Just remember

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that.”

“Yes, sir,” Burk said. They stepped back inside.

“Captain,” said Burk, at his desk again, “will Private Gagliano stay on Number Four crew or do you want him on one of the other guns?”

The captain smiled.

“I don’t want that man on the guns at all,” he said. “You will assign him to the ammo detail. I see by his MOS he’s a truck driver as well as a cannoneer. All right. He can drive with the ammo detail and help with the loading. He’s got a good, strong back, if he ain’t got a brain in his dago head.”

“Will that be permanent duty or battery punishment, sir?” Burk asked.

“No, that’s permanent duty,” the captain said. “The ammo detail. The pin-head squad.”

The phone buzzed and Burk picked it up. “Charlie Battery,” he said. “Good afternoon, sir. Yes, he’s here. For you, Captain.”

“Captain Barker here,” the captain said. “Oh, yes, Colonel. Yes, sir, everything’s just fine around here, just fine. Getting along? I’m getting along just fine, sir. Of course we’re ready for a new fire mission, sir. Oh, Oh, yes, sir. Yes, I’ve seen that on the map. No, we won’t need any extra time, sir. Sixteen hundred? That’ll be fine, sir. Yes, sir. Yes indeed, sir.” He handed the phone back to Burk.

“There’s a big fire mission starting at 16 hundred,” he said. “The 36th is moving up and we’re in support. The colonel said we can expect to keep each gun firing steadily until 24 hundred. You section chiefs” — he noted with satisfaction that Gagliano became unconsciously attentive — “you think you can do it?”

“We’ll do it,” said Sergeant Eaves, section chief of Number One Gun. “We been doing it since El Guettar, Captain.” That went home to the captain, that mention of the North African campaign, of a time when he wasn’t even in the Army.

“Well, now, I don’t know,” the captain said. “That’s a lot of firing. I don’t know if we got enough ammo.”

“There’s plenty of reserve ammo,” Burk said. “We brought in three new loads from Bassano this morning.”

“I’ll make that decision, Sergeant Burk,” the captain said. “And my decision is that we will go back with the trucks now, and I will go along. I want to see Gagliano in action.”

“Yes, sir,” Burk said. “I’ll call battalion and have the runner bring the jeep back.”

“No, don’t bother,” the captain said. “I’ll ride in the trucks. In fact, I’ll drive one of the trucks.”

The section chiefs looked at each other.

“Captain, sir,” said Sergeant Dudley,



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section chief of Number Two, "them prime movers are an awful handful of truck for anybody but an experienced driver. Especially out on Highway 65, sir. It's a lousy road. It's banked the wrong way on the turns. It's —"

"Now I be damn," the captain said. "Here's a man in his battery who's a little concerned about his captain. Well, ain't that nice. Don't you think I know how to handle an artillery truck, Sergeant?"

"Yes, sir," said Dudley. "Then keep your goddam mouth shut," the captain said. "Before we get started, there's a little ceremony I been saving up for this moment."

He stepped up to Gagliano and ripped the sergeant's stripes off the giant's arms.

The captain peered at the dark patch on the faded left sleeve, where the stripes had been.

"My, my," he said. "They been there a long time."

"Yes, they have, Captain," Gagliano said. "Since '39."

"Well, you'll never wear them again as long as I'm around," the captain said. "All right. Now you sergeants go out and get your cannoners ready for the ammo detail."

"Cannoners?" Burk said. "Captain, them cannoners done three fire missions already today and they're gonna be firing all night, too. They gonna need their strength, Captain."

"Are they men or little boys who gotta have their bottle, Sergeant?" the captain said.

"They're cannoners, sir," Burk said. "And with all due respect, sir, them are the best damn cannoners in the Army. But they ain't machines, sir."

"You know, Sergeant," the captain said, "this is a war we got on our hands here and sometimes we gotta expend a little extra effort. And sometimes we gotta show the men they gotta respect us."

"Yes, sir," Burk said. "But when your guns are in position you save the cannoners for the firing and you use the other men for the ammo details, sir. The telephone linemen and the radio section and the machine gunners, sir. That's who you use on an ammo detail."

"What kind of fairies I got here, anyway?" the captain said. "You sergeants afraid to make your men do a little work?"

Burk sighed. "All right, sir," he said. "We'll use the cannoners."

"You're damn right we'll use the cannoners," the captain said. "I'll be down the motor pool waiting for you."

He left the tent and they watched him until he was out of sight, beyond the ruin of the old German anti-aircraft position.

"I'm sorry, Gag," Burk said. The giant shrugged.

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"It's all right," he said. "I can't soldier under a man like that anyway."

"No, I mean that stuff he was saying about Italians," Burk said. "He shouldn't talk that way to any man."

"I'll tell you something else he shouldn't," Dudley said. "He shouldn't be in charge of no men. I wouldn't have a monkey-lover like that in charge of a latrine detail. He'd make you salute it before you buried it."

"By damn," said Sergeant Hansen, section chief of Number Three Gun. "I've seen this man's Army do some pretty damn dumb things, but when they made that red-hot a captain they started from the beginning again. What's the matter with the colonel, anyway, giving us a dope like that?"

"Don't blame the colonel," Burk said. "He couldn't help himself. You remember how it was when Captain Garver got it, them 24-hour fire missions, with jerry busting out all over the 36th's lines like an old pair of pants splitting. Hell, the colonel couldn't shift none of his officers around. He did all he could do, he asked Naples for a replacement."

"So we get a rear echelon commando from the Repple Depple," Eaves said, and spat on the floor.

"I never forget that first day," Burk said. "He says to me in that squeaky little voice of his, 'Sargint, I want you to get me the beat-apest old steel helmet you can find around here.' So I got it for him, and you know what he done? He sat up in his tent, half the night, hitting that helmet with a hammer. It wasn't beat up enough for him. And then he polishes it! Boy, what a red-hot."

"Where was he before he come to us, Ray?" Hansen asked.

"Just in the officer's pool at the Repple Depple," Burk said. "He was there six months and before that he was cadre at Fort Bragg. That's why he's such a red-hot, I guess. Back in the States all he had to do was push dumb re-cruits around and they put him in an outfit like this, with real soldiers, he don't know how to handle them. He don't understand why we ain't out policing up the area every morning. He misses the bugles."

"Here's his bugle, right here," Gagliano said. "Listen, Ray, who are you going to make?"

"For your section? Billings," Burk said.

"Good," Gagliano said. "He'll be a good sergeant. They're used to listening to him. I was afraid the captain'd try to put somebody on who wasn't in the crew."

"Not while I'm the first sergeant," Burk said. "I know what he's up to."

"Just what the hell is that crazy man up to?" Gagliano said.

"You got to be a first sergeant to spot it early," Burk said. "He figures that the

way the battery is now, it's a bunch of little cliques, all working against him. What he wants to do is go right down the line, busting the non-coms and splitting up all the crews and mixing them different, so they aren't with guys they been with for years. He figures that'll make it easier for him."

"He wants them stripes of yours awful bad, Ray," said Hansen. "I seen him looking at that first sergeant's diamond on your arm like it was a bare-ass woman."

"I know it," Burk said. "I know it better than any of you guys. I seen it that first day when he busted Johnson right in front of all the men and ripped the stripes off his arm."

"He'll never do that again," said Gagliano.

"He done it to you, didn't he?" Dudley said. "He done it right here, five minutes ago."

"Well, that was just among us sergeants," Gagliano said. "He would of done it in front of a formation if Johnson hadn't jumped him, that time. And me, big stupid me, I had to be Joe Noble and pull old Red off of him."

"And what if you let him kill the captain?" Burk said. "You would of been in command of a firing squad, the next morning. No, you done the right thing."

"Where's old Red now, Ray?" Eaves said.

"The last I heard he was in that Discipline Battalion near Naples," Burk said.

"I heard about that place," Eaves said.

"They sleep in shelter halves with one blanket, all year," Burk said. "They get one pair of fatigues and one razor blade and they gotta use that razor blade for a month and they got to shave twice a day."

"A guy in the 36th told me about it," Eaves said. "When he got out of there, he was glad to go back in the line. He said three guys died there last winter."

"Yeah," Burk said. "Well, let's get this over with. Go on, get the poor, motherless cannoneers."

At the motor pool they found the captain looking at his watch.

"Sergeant Burk, you know how long I been waiting here?" he bellowed.

"Sorry, sir," Burk said. "Some of the cannoneers was asleep."

"You just by damn better be sorry!" the captain said. The 40 men from the gun crews stood silent, watching Burk take it. The captain turned to them.

"Your sergeants, who been wiping your little noses all these years, they don't think you ought to go on no ammo details," he said. "Well, I think different. And I'm the captain. Anybody want to dispute that? Any son of a bitch want to differ with me?"

They just stood looking at him.

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weeks, since Captain Garver was killed," he said. "Now I don't know how he held this outfit together, because when I took command, you were a bunch of Boy Scouts. You didn't know nothing about military courtesy and you didn't have no discipline and you still don't. Oh, I know what you think of me. I ain't a National Guard, so I stink. I ain't a member of the club. Well, gentlemen, you're gonna respect me or I'll die making you do it. It's gonna be one of us, gentlemen, you or me, and by damn, it's not gonna be me! Now let's mount up on these trucks here and get some work done."

"Captain, sir?" said one of the cannoners.

The captain peered at him. "You're Private Zakian, ain't you?"

"Yes, sir," the cannoner said. "Captain, sir, when you said son of a bitch, who did you mean?"

The captain smiled. He had had his outburst and he felt genial now.

"I meant myself, son," he said, "because I'm one."

"That's good, Captain," said the cannoner, "because I'm not."

The laughter rolled over him like an ocean breaker.

"Put that damn man on report for seven days extra duty!" the captain shrieked at Burk.

After some coaxing the captain agreed to let one of the regular drivers sit with him in the cab. The trucks were tall, ugly seven-tonners, like buildings with wheels on them. They had the tremendous power necessary to jockey the great eight-inch guns around, and there was a lot the drivers had to know.

At the ammunition dump the captain perched himself on the fender of his truck, his shiny boots bouncing off the big, fat tire, shouting abuse at the silent, sweating cannoners as they wrestled the shells up to the truck tail-gates. An eight-inch howitzer projectile weighs 200 pounds.

It was three hours before the trucks were loaded to capacity. Burk took the captain aside.

"With all due respect, sir," he said, "I think you'd better let the driver handle the truck on the way back."

"I'll drive," the captain said.

"Captain, sir," Burk said, "you don't know what it's like pushing one of these things over the mountains with a load of H-E."

"I said I'll drive," the captain said.

"But you'll have men riding with you, sir. Suppose there's an accident, sir. With all due respect, sir, I don't think you should take the responsibility."

"Is that the way you talked to Captain Garver?" the captain said. "Did you tell him his business, too? Did he need his nose wiped like the rest of these NGS here?"

Burk felt himself breathing hard.

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"Listen, Sergeant Burk," the captain said. "I'm trying to set an example to these men here. I'm gonna drive that damn truck all the way back and what's more I'm gonna do it alone!"

"You mean you don't want the driver with you?" Burk said, controlling himself with a terrible effort.

"That's right. I'm gonna be up there in that little old cab all by myself."

"All right, you crazy bastard," Burk said. "But I'll tell you one thing you're not gonna do. If you take that wheel you're gonna have that truck all to yourself. I'm not gonna let any of my men ride with you."

"Your men, Sergeant?"

"Yeah, my men!" Burk said. "Listen, you: you're never gonna run this outfit because you don't deserve to be no officer. You can go to hell and I hope you do."

"I'm gonna enjoy this," the captain said. "I been waiting for you to hang yourself. You know what you just done, don't you? You just busted yourself."

"Yeah, I know," Burk said. "And if I look at that dumb bastard face of yours another second I'm gonna bust it."

Burk stepped out into the roadway and addressed the convoy.

"All you men riding on Captain Barker's truck," he called. "You get off there and ride on the other trucks. The driver, too. Taylor, you go ride with Eaves. Captain, you want to lead the convoy?"

"Oh, no," said the captain. "Let Gagliano lead. I'll be right behind him. I want to keep my eye on that boy."

Burk waited until all the men were mounted up. Then he climbed up beside Gagliano, leaned out and waved his fist in a circle. The engines bellowed into life. Gagliano let out the clutch and led the lurching behemoths over the bumpy driveway of the ammo dump to Highway 65.

Burk sat and stared silently at the countryside going by. Gagliano sat back, relaxed, only one hand on the wheel, as if he were tooling a convertible down a parkway. His own great bulk matched the truck's perfectly.

He noticed that Burk was silent.

"What's the matter, Ray?"

"Move over," Burk said. "Make room for one more private."

"What the hell are you talking about?"

"I mean I couldn't take it no more," Burk said. "I mean I blew my stack at the bastard and now I'm gonna get busted."

"Now what's the sense in that?"

"Who knows what's the sense," Burk said. "The hell with it."

"He can't do that to you," Gagliano said.

"Can't he?"

They were approaching the rise of Montecatini Alto. Gagliano's great paw grabbed the gearshift almost viciously

and his big left foot thundered on the steel floor of the cab as he double-clutched the truck down into a more powerful gear for the climb.

"Listen, Ray," he said, "you mean he's really gonna bust the first sergeant?"

"Yeah, he's gonna bust the first sergeant," Burk said. "Doesn't matter. I can't soldier under that guy neither."

On a curve, Gagliano looked in his side mirror and saw the captain hugging the wheel, his little head barely coming over the windshield.

"If he busts the first sergeant this outfit won't be worth a hill of crud any more," Gagliano said.

"I know."

"The men won't be no good."

"I know."

"You're the only guy who's holding us all together now."

"Sure."

They were near the top of the rise. Far to the west, Burk saw the British two-forty batteries firing, tiny puffs of white issuing from their mouths, and then, seconds later, in the German territory below them, the sudden bloom of the burst, the fat black smoke that seemed to sit on the earth like a tumbleweed.

Gagliano's eyes narrowed. He geared down to third, and the truck nearly crawled to a stop.

"He ain't gonna bust you, Ray."

"No, of course not," said Burk, "and

there ain't going to be no all-night fire mission, and jerry ain't going to fight no more, he's gonna come in my orderly room and say Burk, I surrender, and we're all gonna go home. Sure."

The captain's horn honked irritably, right behind them.

"All right, you bitch," Gagliano said. He let out the clutch and the truck tilted its flat snout and began to descend the mountain.

"Burk," he said, "just suppose this captain had to have a replacement, who would we get?"

Burk thought a moment. "We'd get our old exec, Lieutenant Tumpane," he said. "From the colonel's staff. He's the S-3 now. Look, knock it off, will you, Gag? Bastards like this never get killed."

The truck was gathering speed, impelled by its tonnage of high explosive.

"You know," Gagliano said, "I done a lot of crazy jobs when I was a civilian. I ever tell you about that?"

"How you was a wrestler, how you was a longshoreman, how you was a lumberjack, sure," Burk said.

"Well, back in '36 I was in the lumber camps," Gagliano said. "They give me a job driving a truck, hauling one of them big log trailers, where the logs are just held together with chains."

Burk noticed their speed but he did not mention it. He knew Gag was a hell of a driver and he trusted him.

"You think it's bad with jerry shoot-



"If you don't mind, Miss Cabot, I'd prefer to be put down as just Mr. X."

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ing at you," Gagliano said. "You should ride one of them log trucks. Man, you pucker up all over. The camp was up in the mountains and we hauled the logs down a road just like this, into town."

"Watch the speed, Gag," Burk said. "I seen a couple of guys who got into accidents," Gagliano said. "You know what them logs did? The chains couldn't hold them. They just smashed right into the cab and squashed them guys as flat as a hamburger."

"Hey Gag, for Christ's sake take it easy," Burk said.

"One day there I told the boss my brakes was gone and you know what he said? He said fine, then you'll just get there all the faster. And he give me a 50-dollar bonus. Well, you remember what it was like in '36. You'd do a lot more than that for 50 bucks."

"Gag, goddam it! Slow down!"

In the side mirror Gagliano saw that the captain was right on his tail, but the other trucks were still far up the mountain, making a slow, cautious descent. Now their truck was lurching like a toy being flipped by a giant hand.

"You really learned to handle a truck on them mountains," Gagliano said. Burk gritted his teeth and braced his feet against the fire wall.

Ahead of them was a sharp turn at whose apex was nothing—nothing but the map of north Italy, the little farms making a crazy-quilt pattern of color.

"Now you take a turn like that down there," Gagliano said, "with a load in back of you, a good driver, he'll know just how to handle it . . ." and swiftly, he geared the hurtling monster down to more power and gunned the truck for all it was worth as they entered the turn.

The engine snarled as if it were alive and the truck yawed sickeningly but the increased speed made the tires bite surely into the pavement and a hundred yards beyond the curve Gagliano's hands and feet flew again and the truck shuddered to a stop.

He sat back and listened, a dreamy smile on his face. Burk opened his eyes. Seconds went by.

And then, far, far below them, they heard an explosion that sounded like all the guns on the front firing at once.

"Now a driver who don't know nothing," Gagliano said, "on a turn like that he loses his head and listens to his impulses, and his impulses say step on the brake, and when he does that, he just keeps going straight ahead. See?"

The other trucks pulled up behind them. The men swarmed off and ran to peer over the cliff.

"Like I said, Sergeant Burk," said Gagliano, "it really takes a hell of a driver to handle a mountain."

"Like you said, Sergeant Gagliano," Burk said. "With all due respect."

FISHING

(continued from page 36)

simply dip them in flour, eggs, then bread crumbs, and drop them into deep fat. But PLAYBOY would like to pass on some of the artful steps used by professional chefs which transform the ordinary fried fish into a really rare repast. First of all, don't use the usual prepared toasted brown bread crumbs. Make your own moist white bread crumbs as follows: cut a loaf of long Italian or French bread into 1/2-inch-thick slices. Let the slices be exposed to the air for one day. Then cut them into small cubes. Drop them into an electric blender, a small quantity at a time. Run at high speed until crumbs are fine. Remove crumbs from blender, and repeat the process until all the bread has been made into crumbs. Store in the refrigerator until needed.

Wash in cold water 1 lb. fillet of sole. Combine 1/4 cup milk and 1/4 cup light cream, and steep the fillets in this mixture for 15 minutes. Drain the fillets. Sprinkle with salt, celery salt, white pepper and paprika. Dip in flour, patting off any excess. Beat 2 eggs with 2 teaspoons salad oil until well blended. Dip the fillets in the egg mixture, then in bread crumbs. Pat crumbs firmly onto each fillet. Chill the fillets, if possible, about 1/2 hour before frying. This chilling tends to make the coating more firm and dry. Heat fresh clean oil in a deep fryer set at 370°. Or heat 1/2 inch oil in an electric skillet set at 370°. Fry fillets until medium brown on each side. Drain on absorbent paper. Serve with prepared tartar sauce, catsup, Russian dressing or Aioli sauce (recipe below).

AIOLI WITH HORSE RADISH

Aioli is a garlic-flavored cold sauce, resembling mayonnaise in consistency, and delightful when served with fried, boiled or broiled fish. It should be served in a sauceboat. In an electric mixer, not a blender, put 2 egg yolks. Beat slightly. Gradually add, almost drop by drop at first, 1 cup olive oil. As the sauce thickens, the oil may be added in a very thin trickle. Avoid adding too much oil at one time, or the eggs and oil will not blend. Add 1 teaspoon sugar, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/4 teaspoon pepper, 1 tablespoon wine vinegar and 3 tablespoons horseradish. Over the sauce crush three cloves garlic in a garlic press. Mix well. Chill the sauce thoroughly before serving.

STUFFED SOLE WITH MUSSELS

Prepare sole for frying as in previous sole recipe. Mince 2 tablespoons parsley and 1 small onion. Sauté the onion in 3 tablespoons butter until tender but not brown. Drain a 4-oz. tin of smoked mussels. Chop mussels coarsely. In a



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mixing bowl combine the mussels, parsley, onion, 1/2 cup bread crumbs and the juice of 1/4 lemon. On each piece of breaded sole place about 2 tablespoons of the mussel mixture. Roll up sole. Fasten each piece with two toothpicks. Flatten each piece of rolled stuffed sole slightly on two sides. Heat 1/2 inch salad oil in an electric skillet set at 370°. Fry sole until brown, turning once. Remove toothpicks.

POACHED HALIBUT FONDUE

Place four halibut steaks, about 6 ozs. each, in a wide shallow saucepan. Add just enough water to cover the fish. Add the juice of 1 lemon. Drop the squeezed lemon into the water. Add 1 teaspoon salt and 1/2 teaspoon onion salt. Bring to a boil. Reduce flame and simmer slowly 10 minutes. Remove halibut from saucepan, draining well, and arrange fish on a greased shallow baking pan or shallow ovenware. In the top part of a double boiler over barely simmering water put 1/2 cup heavy cream, 8 one-oz. pieces gruyère cheese cut into small dice and 1/4 teaspoon salt. Heat slowly, stirring with wire whip, until cheese melts and mixture is smooth. Beat 2 egg yolks slightly and slowly add to cheese mixture. Remove from fire. Pour melted cheese over halibut steaks. Sprinkle with paprika. Preheat broiler at 550°. Place the halibut under the broiler flame for a few minutes or until the cheese turns a light golden brown.

BOILED WHOLE STRIPED BASS

Buffet tables as well as formal dinners are often adorned with a large whole boiled fish such as salmon or striped bass. The best utensil for cooking such a fish is a long oval fish boiler with removable rack. If such gear isn't available, tie up the whole fish in cheesecloth and cook it in a large pot. Use the cloth to remove the fish from the pot. A 6-to-8-lb. striped bass or salmon will provide about 10-12 portions. To cook it, first prepare a vegetable-flavored stock, court bouillon. In a large pot put 3 quarts water, 1/2 cup white wine vinegar, 2 sliced onions, 2 sliced carrots, 2 sliced pieces celery, 8 sprigs parsley, 1 bay leaf, 1/4 teaspoon rosemary, 4 teaspoons salt and 12 slightly crushed peppercorns. Bring to a boil. Simmer 30 minutes. Strain the liquid. Pour over whole fish. Bring to a boil. Reduce flame. Simmer about 3/4 hour. To test fish for tenderness, insert a long thin skewer into backbone. It should flake easily. Transfer fish gently onto silver platter covered with a large white cloth napkin. Remove as much skin as possible from fish. Serve with Hollandaise sauce if hot or with mayonnaise if cold. When your guests taste this, they'll flip, and that's no fish story.

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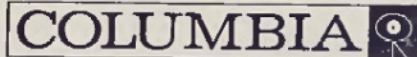
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YOUR CREATURE

(continued from page 58)

eyes when her eyes met his. She was still very pretty, but she showed early aging, a new fleshiness at her upper arms and a slight thickening of the legs, and when he said, "Hello, Lenka," and she turned, he saw the fine lines about her pale eyes.

"Well hello, Frank."

She waited coolly to see if he were merely greeting her. Before he lost himself in her, the thought came that she was paying the price for her ancient fragility, which had given her an almost adolescent grace; now she bore some unhealthy weight; she looked 10 years older already. "You want to have some coffee?"

"Well, you know. No man, no."

"What then?"

She smiled, showing her fine teeth, and consciously imitated someone else: "If I could have my druthers, I'd druther have a drink."

"Sure, let's go." And he hurried her by the arm. He was shocked because one of her front teeth was missing, and it gave the smile a wild blackness, again breaking the seamless dancer's grace which he remembered.

They talked; she recited as if he were an elocution teacher and she were doing her lesson. She was still with her Holy Wazuli. He had cut a great record, more than one, but you know, people put him down. Hard to get the gig when people put you down. The nut on his habit was 15 dollars a day now. He couldn't make it by himself *no way*. It's no ball, a habit—people on the outside don't dig one bit—it's something to do—you know.

He did not know. Very squarely he asked: "Tell me what's bothering you, Lenka."

"A nut of 15 a day."

"Explain."

"Well, you know . . ." Her man wanted her to work to support his habit.

"What kind of work?"

She shrugged. "Well, you know, man."

He was deeply shocked, "Don't! Please don't!" he gasped, shouted. He drew back from his own excitement, ashamed at how it might look, and tried to be smart, a man of the world, her way, and at the same time trying to make her feel his way about it. He said, "Lenka, promise. You probably think I'm still mad at you—"

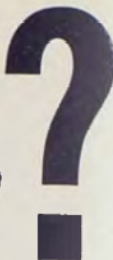
"You want to put me down, man."

"I don't any more, Lenka, It's over now, past."

She smiled, showing the black place in her teeth. It was what she had said. What's over is over. What happens last night is dead.

"OK. But I still care about you, Lenka. Promise you won't do that? God!

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To buy heroin!"

"It's usually why girls do it," she said. "I know lots of girls, that's how they join up—"

"Promise!"

"That's how they get in The Life."

"Promise you won't!"

She only shrugged and thanked him for the drink. He asked if she would like to meet him again soon. She smiled thinly and said, well, her friend was jealous. He remarked that this jealousy did not seem to go with the work he had in mind for her. "Well," she said, "you know."

Manhattan is very large, but sometimes far galaxies engage, interlock. Frank was not certain how it happened: he found himself with friends in the jazz world. The hipster bit, as they said, was very big that year. He knew his way around. The Wazuli was a famous character, "a crazy big talent, impossible," Larry Arnold, an editor of *Down Beat*, told him. They also knew about Lenka, though all they said was, "Cute. Unholy's chick." Was she with him, Frank wondered, confiding, under his conditions? Larry explained, "It ain't the old days, mon. America has really changed in this here regard—you dig like Riesman, Kinsey, Fromm, those cats? A girl can't just patrol, just sell the basic product. Sex and air are but I mean *free*, mon. It's the specialties pays off now. When you're tired of air, you want to be gassed."

Frank was thinking: she called it The Life.

"She's just an unusually stacked chick is all I meant," Larry said out of pity for his friend's troubled frown. He took the black line between the eyes for jealousy, when everyone but a hipster knows that jealousy is a butt in the stomach and bile in the cheeks. "Besides, I got no news of her—just the Wazuli's chick is all I hear, and he's banned from Manhattan clubs. Tried to play the Embers stoned out of his head. Park Department. Hon. Robert Moses-san, Commissioner-san, picked him up for stepping on the grass. Joke. Yok yok. Whyncha laugh with me, Mister Shelley?"

Frank fought down his imagination of her cool pale dancer's beauty being used in that way, the Finnish farm girl from Ohio with the I.Q. of 155 . . . He wondered if she had taken to horse herself. Someone who seemed to notice better than most said that there was no space in her teeth. She must have had money to get it fixed. She had seemed to lack vanity about it (and he recalled the confident disorder of her closet in Cleveland, the smell of her perfume and the bending body, dressing with her back to the mirror on the door).

Another year passed. Frank rarely

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thought of Lenka, though she was a part of his blood, his suspicions, and his tenderness with girls, and when he found himself liking a girl, he found himself reminded of Lenka's ways—tilted chin, curve of back, lazy easy dancer's walk. He now found one whom he liked very much and he was about to try marriage again, with hope. Settled in New York, his telephone number was in the book. And Lenka looked it up and called.

She asked if he would meet her. It was important. He agreed and named places, but to each she said, "No, not there. I don't make that scene." Finally she said, "Home all afternoon."

He was embarrassed. "Look, I'd rather meet you someplace else. How about under the Washington Square arch?"

"Well Christ Almighty," she said. Paused. "Well, all right."

They met. She gave him a wan smile. She was not wearing lipstick: he had forgotten how her paleness needed the blatant red of lipstick, except when she tanned in June. But the tooth had been expertly replaced, and apart from a peculiar stiffness of her face, the cautiousness of fatigue, she was a girl to make men turn around, shake their heads, and ask themselves if maybe. They strolled; she talked vaguely of having broken with the Wazuli—"and all that scene, you know, man"—and trying to write.

"How are you making a living?"

"I said I write, man."

"You're publishing things? What?"

"I wrote that article on hypnotism, you know." (He did not know—how could he?) "You know I left it there at that magazine. I never read the magazine so how should I know what they did with it?"

At last, more and more uneasy, wanting to call his girl, thinking they should set the date for soon, he demanded bluntly, "I didn't think you really wanted to see me. What's on your mind?"

"I got these letters from your wife," she said.

"What? My wife? You mean my former. You mean she wrote to you? Lately?"

"Yes, sure, didn't she tell you?"

This exasperated Frank. Since he went frequently to Cleveland to see his boy, he had frequently to see his former wife and he hoped for level dealings with her after all this time. He didn't like the idea of pen-pal exchanges between Lenka and her, those two distant chums.

"I'm worried about her," Lenka was saying. "That's why I thought you should pick up on these letters, see. You should fall up and look them over, you think?"

Yes, he thought. They walked across to her apartment on Christopher Street,

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a hall smelling of cat and a lazy custodian, mailboxes unmarked and flapping open, the locks broken. Lenka lived on the top floor. "I like air," she said vaguely. "I don't mind the walkup." She liked air, but the windows were shut and there was a choke of attic heat, close, hot, unclear. She called the place her pad and she actually had one—a thin mattress on the floor, with a cotton spread covering it, fresh from the laundromat but unironed, and orangish foam-rubber fat peeking at one corner. He remembered once making love to her and the sudden shock of four paws, a jealous cat leaping onto his back. She still had cats, but different ones, a pair of kittens. He wondered if the Unholy Wazuli and the temporary visitors had minded the cats. Lenka was moving against him, putting her head against his chest, arms limp, not moving now.

Frank stepped away. "Those letters." Pouting, she went to a cardtable and looked through a pile of papers, old copies of the *Times*, *Down Beat*, *Variety*, a row of paperback books leaning against the wall. A split-spined copy of *Zen Archery* had a letter marking her place, but Frank would have recognized the handwriting. This was Lenka's hand an unmailed letter.

She shrugged. "I guess I threw them away. I kept them around, but I was cleaning up . . ."

He wanted to laugh at the trivial, stupid, insane lie. Of course there were no letters: his former wife was as done with him as he was done with her. What possible advantage could Lenka gain in making a fool of him like this?

She may have invented a foolish lie, but she recognized the glare of contempt on his face, and in her life of now a quarter of a century, she had learned only one way to answer the judgment of men. She slid against him, on her face a mixture of coyness and dread, a flirtatious halfsmile, a slinking catlike practiced leaning against him, and her eyes filled with tears as she shut them, tears balancing on the wetted lashes, slipping down her cheeks. "Frank," she said haltingly. "I stopped remembering for a long time, I don't know, things were difficult, I thought you were too angry . . . But I've been remembering . . . That's why . . . Forgive . . ."

He put his arms around her, held her to him, but with confusion more than either amorosness or tenderness. He stretched, feeling her light hair against his chin, looking out over the small hot gray-and-brown room. There was a pile of 45-speed records: jazz. Probably the Wazuli's legacy. She lay her head against his chest and waited, but waited cunningly, her body rising and falling with exaggerated breath, fitting itself against his. He felt desire for her. Then he thought of the letters she had written

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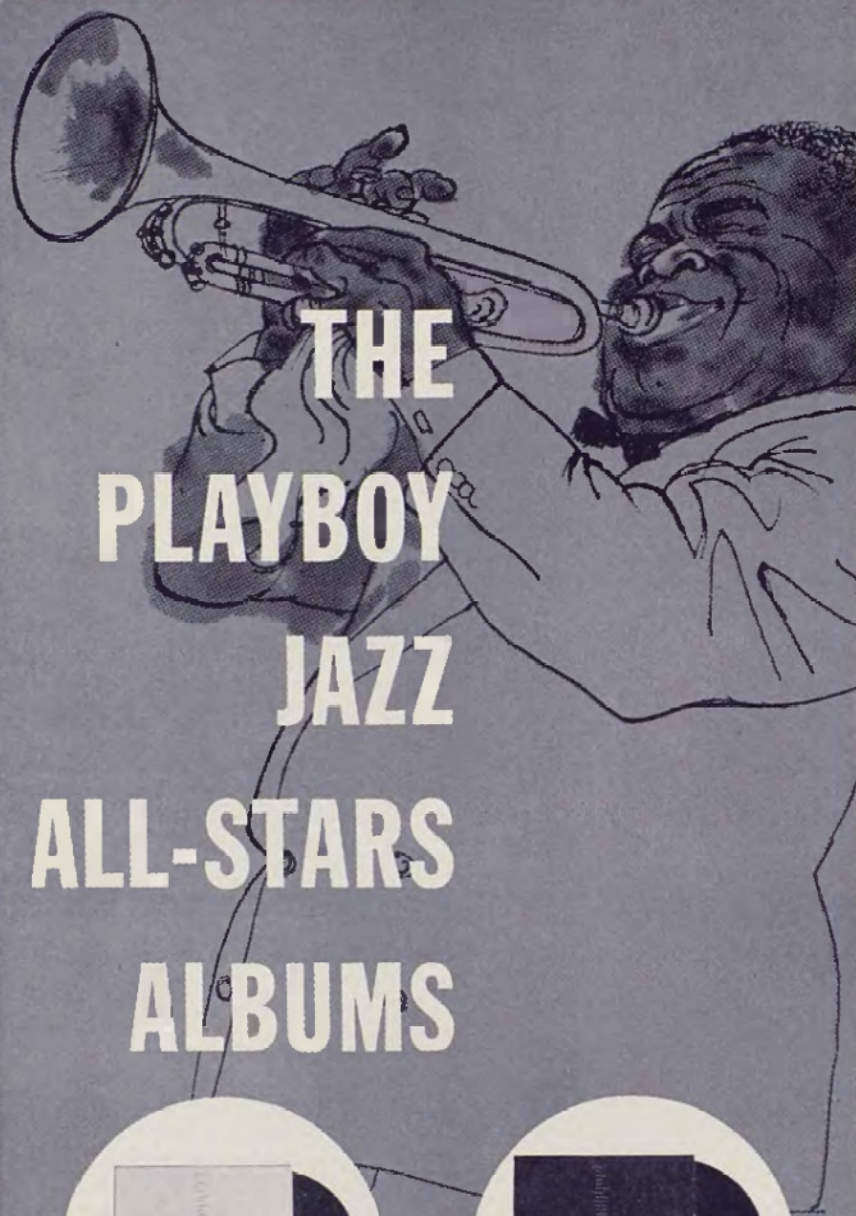
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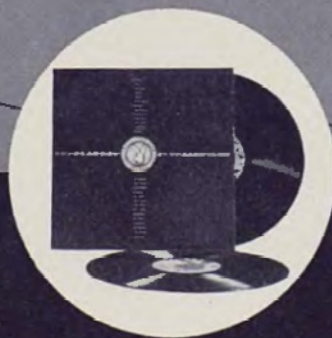
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to his wife, and the letters she had just now lied about, and suddenly, as he held her, she had turned her head up and wanted to be kissed, and his most vivid fantasy was this one: *She was unclean.* His uncurbed dread ran toward a muddle — deceit, illness, secret pity, slime, retribution. Not knowing what he feared, he thought only: filth, cunning, running filth, blotches, sores. Because he could not bear her sorrows, he thought: *Deceit and cunning and disease!* Her lips came open, slightly wetted, and her breathing stirred imperatively on his face. She was rubbing up against him, trying to make him kiss her, because it was another trick, like writing to his wife, like telling him so many lies; yet as before in Cleveland, she really wanted someone, wanted him, wanted the good comfort of love; and she also wanted to be kissed because she had a disease to give him.

He pulled away before their mouths touched; her nails clawed along his arm, shredding skin; he fled, hearing her sobs at the open door as he careened down the infested stairs and onto the free air of the street.

This was already long past the end, of course. But logic does not apply when a needful man has received love — even false comfort, false love. One more time, with the permission of his new wife, Frank telephoned to find out — what? How she was. He received the crisp mechanical answer: "The number you have called is not a working number. This is a recorded announcement. The number you have called is not a working number. This is a recorded . . ."

It would be useless to go to her apartment, but he went anyway, and then to the post office; but no place, no way, was he able to find a forwarding address. She was gone. Finally she had disappeared from his earth.

His wife, who was now pregnant, shrugged with a certain amount of satisfaction and relief. He kissed her, grateful because she had been easy on him about Lenka. "But she did me a favor, Frank!" — the sweet logic of the practical wife. "Otherwise you might still be in Cleveland. Rub my back, will you? No, just hold me."

On the side of life, he was stroking and comforting this dear person who carried his child; she lay her head against his shoulder with a worn, anxious smile; there were only a few more weeks to wait. But as he touched his lips to her hair, lightly moved his lips on her forehead, he could hear the angel on the other side of oblivion questioning that other girl, who bore no mark or sign of him: "Lenka Kuwaila, what about Frank Curtiss?"

And she rendered her verdict: "Well, you know . . ."

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PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

A SCANT DECADE AGO, winter was the time of the year to loll on the French Riviera, but the season has been slowly pushed ahead due to a change in the weather cycle. Now, you won't want to make that scene much before the first of May when the Cannes Film Festival kicks off (stay at the Carlton or the Martinez, but make reservations early). Come June, the whole coast is jumping. Where you stay and what you do depends entirely on you, since no two spots on the lovely Côte d'Azur are very much alike. The area around Juan-les-Pins and Cap d'Antibes continues to attract the international set, and the best place to rub silk-covered elbows with it is the Hôtel du Cap d'Antibes, where guests have access to the famous Eden Roc Club (bar, pool and restaurant). The younger Brigitte Bardot crowd settles around St. Tropez, with less expensive facilities and a rash of private villas. Monte Carlo is nearby too, with its famous and somewhat overrated Casino, and you won't want to miss the two casinos (plus a variety of restaurants and night spots) at Nice. Should you plan to savor this stunning stretch of coast at your leisure, we suggest you charter a sailing yacht complete with crew, cook and auxiliary diesel. Tab for a six-passenger ketch will run you betwixt \$1000 and \$1200 a month.

Despite what Browning said about oh to be in England now that April's there, we recommend the isle in June, for the colorful carnival atmosphere that's a key part of the Derby at Epsom Downs and the topper-and-morning-coat races at Ascot near Windsor. Should

you wish to arrive there in high old style, why not drive from London by coach behind four high-stepping bays, with a cold chicken and champagne lunch included in the \$30 tab? The Wimbledon Tennis Championships and the Royal Henley Regatta are also on that month, and they're all within a short 30 miles of London.

Stateside, islandwise, Nantucket kicks off its third centennial in June, and even though that spot of land can get a bit chilly at that time of year, the general fever of the populace should warm things up. While you're in that neck of the woods, you can stop off at Falmouth, on Cape Cod, and partake of the grub and grog at the Coonamasset Inn. And if you journey farther up the Cape—to Orleans, Truro and finally Provincetown—some of the best striped bass fishing in the world is no farther than a cast away: there are literally miles of deserted beaches that offer privacy, plus whopping big stripers. Should you not be adverse to tramping through the soft sand in your waders, you can trek to such excellent out-of-the-way fishing spots as Peaked Hill Bar or Race Run, but if hiking is not your métier, there are dune taxis available that will drop you off, then pick you up as the sun comes poking over the dunes (best time for surf casting is eight p.m. till sun-up, depending on the tides).

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