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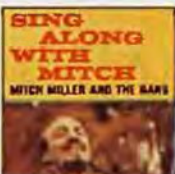
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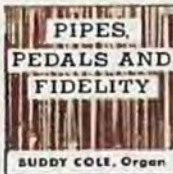
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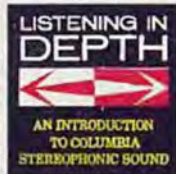
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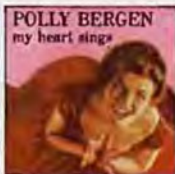
39. Also: Sylvia, Coppelia, etc.



31. Solitude, Autumn Leaves, etc.



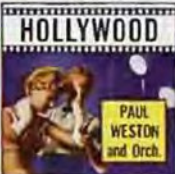
42. Body and Soul, I Got It Bad, 10 more



13. Don't Blame Me, Lucky Day, etc.



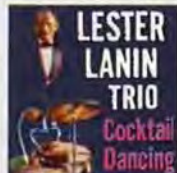
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bass removes his jacket to show the vest . . . it plays a duet and reverses from Corduroy to colorful Ancient Madder print that matches jacket lining. Vest available separately, about \$6.

piano turns his back and you see the snazzy flap pockets of his trim, tapered, Post-Grad slacks. If bought separately, about \$7.

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PLAYBILL

"I HAVE ALMOST FORGOT the taste of fears," Macbeth big-talks near the end of the play, but a few king-size jolts knock the props out from under him soon after. In much the same way, hardened Hollywood studio cop John Pollock, who thinks he's seen everything, is beset by terror when he learns of a certain scalp-crawling evil in this month's lead yarn, *The Taste of Fear*. You'll search this *Playbill* page in vain for a photo of the story's author. "Hugh G. Foster" is a creature of the night who prefers to submerge his true self in an unpiecemeal cloak of pseudonymity. *Fear* marks his first major appearance in *PLAYBOY*, but you may recall a charming lightweight number of his called *The Doll* (September 1956).

Roger Price is far from pseudonymous. When this kookie creator of *Doodles* and *Mad-Libs* sold us *The Tree*, his story of a dendrophiliac Village beatnik, he lost no time in announcing the sale on the Jack Paar show. His pride was justified, for *The Tree* is a uniquely funny fable.

Uniquely funny were the cartoons of the late Jack Cole, who died one year ago. Did we say "were"? Jack's cartoons are as funny now as when they first appeared. You'll have an opportunity, this month, to laugh again over your favorites in the four-page tribute, *Cole Remembered*.

Barry B. Spacks is a young *PLAYBOY* discovery whose way with words we think you'll find delightful. His first *PLAYBOY* story, *A Song in His Pocket*, appears in this issue. Between stints of teaching and chapters of a novel-in-progress, Barry is now busy writing another story for these pages.

Offbeat is a term worn threadbare by overuse these days, but we think it fits Robert Sheckley's chillingly grim story, *The World of Heart's Desire*; and just as offbeat is the method chosen to illustrate the yarn, *Heart's Desire* has not one illustration, but 10, as you'll see when you turn to the exciting art displayed on pages 72 and 73.

Gridiron crystal-gazer Anson Mount once again sticks his neck out in our annual *Pigskin Preview*, decorated with original football paintings by Robert Christiansen. Fifty-yard-liners will also dig the twin-topped football cape featured in Blake Rutherford's *Dually Attired*, and the campus raiment suggested in Robert L. Green's *Checklist: College Classics*.

Playing the Piper is *PLAYBOY*'s first statement on pipes, but though it's first we feel it's the last word: definitely the definitive, easy-to-read scoop on pipesmanship for veteran stem-clenchers as well as chaps who are just thinking about taking the plunge into puffing.

Tom Mario is on hand with a particularly appetizing notion: *Cooking with Whiskey*.

The late tenor-sax man, Lester Young, liked everything that was pretty, but his life was a rhapsody in ugliness. Leonard Feather blows him a gentle epitaph in this issue's evocative *Prez*.

Girls? Fear not: *Bunny's Honeys* features the gorgeous Playmates shot by female photographer Bunny Yeager, plus an appearance by Bunny herself; magazine cover girl Marianne Gaba uncovers as Miss September; and photos of beauties at beauty contests supplement Oliver Kinkaid's blast, *The Miss America Joke*. Have fun.



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E.



G.



F.



H.

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DEAR PLAYBOY

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

KEROUAC

I love the way Jack Kerouac closed his June article, *The Origins of the Beat Generation*: "woe unto those who spit on the Beat Generation, the wind'll blow it back." Here's hoping the squares get wet faces!

Leon Abelseth
Chicago, Illinois

To Kerouac I say: write more, shout louder, travel farther before the dreary sinners do us in and it is too late!

Virginia Barr
Corona Del Mar, California

Despite the clever satires you have published on the work of beat authors Kerouac and Ferlinghetti, I fear you have fallen prey to popular taste with your June article, *Origins of the Beat Generation*. I must say that I have read and enjoyed most of Kerouac's novels, but I could not bring myself to enjoy the shoddy, ill-written and subjective self-praise which you deemed a "pleasure and privilege" to publish. May I enter a protest against your fine magazine's keeping up with the Joneses in such an obvious way? And finally, may I pitch for a "Generation of Elegance"? I have no wish, as a practicing poet, nor as a man, to be associated with a group of bums who find such great pleasure in riding "boxcars, boxcars, boxcars" or living in the nearest and foulest slum with winos and drug addicts. My friends take delight in driving across country in classic Rolls-Royces and living with beauty and beautiful things, as do I. There's nothing wrong with a clean shirt, good food and drink, and a pocket full of money. Unless Mr. Kerouac is giving his royalties to the nearest charity, I am sure he enjoys such things, and if he does not, he is a fool.

David Ossman
New York, New York

For the past two years it has been an interesting pastime of mine to ponder the meaning of "beat," and also wonder whether there is any justification for Jack Kerouac to be outside a mental institu-

tion. All during this time of reading, discussing and watching "beatitude," the last thing in the world I suspected was hypocrisy. I almost believed that there might possibly be something beautiful here, a purpose, a freedom of life and thought, unhampered by convention. But Kerouac, in his tangle of Hemingway, Ayn Rand and Joyce which he calls *The Origins of the Beat Generation*, in one breath extolls the virtues of physical filth and free love, and in the next, the beauty of a crucifix and Catholicism. His long-winded jumble did accomplish one thing: it established that "beat" is synonymous with immaturity and confusion.

John J. Curtis
St. Paul, Minnesota

Such a display of words! Words that can't be found in a dictionary that even lists "ain't." I read the article and was unimpressed. I *studied* the article in an attempt to derive some meaning from it and became less impressed; I venture to say there is no meaning. If there is some philosophy (using the term loosely) to the grandly displayed words, I must confess that I'm not beat enough to understand it. And if I may borrow another PLAYBOY reader's approach, "Who gives a damn about the Beat Generation?"

Phillip E. Holt
Fort Wayne, Indiana

Congratulations on finally publishing an article by Jack Kerouac, giving the low-down on beatnikism. The Beat Generation is here to stay!

Harriet Katz
Boston, Massachusetts

Beat is nothing new; it was the same sort of unrest that gave rise to the expatriate "Lost Generation," and when Beat has lapsed, eventually a new quest will begin. Free thought cannot be squelched nor disillusioned out of existence. That Beat *will* fade is certain, but there remains the possibility that during its brief stay it may uncover a few voices as gifted as those of the "Lost Generation" of the past, bringing fresh atti-

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tudes and perspectives to literature and the arts. Kerouac is one — there may well be others.

Dennis Riordan
 Milwaukee, Wisconsin

I think Jack Kerouac is an abominable snow-man!

John Snyder
 San Jose, California

Kerouac's *Origins of the Beat Generation* is a true classic. Your magazine should be commended for publishing it. So I commend it!

Linda McKinnis
 Kansas City, Missouri

Mr. Kerouac's formula is basically childish and irresponsible, the product of a strangely immature person, seeking the attention and the appraisal of the world at large, which really couldn't care less.

Jean Pierre Frankenhuis
 Boston, Massachusetts

I report that your article, *The Origins of the Beat Generation*, was as entertaining as Jack Kerouac's *On the Road*. I expect to find more of the same in the coming issues of PLAYBOY. Even the beatniks may find time to read!

Earl Wegner, Jr.
 Mundelein, Illinois

Anyone who digs this trash and is in the ranks of this misconceived, misinformed "holy man" is OUT!!!!

Joseph R. Bibeau
 Subic Bay, Philippines

THE EASTERN CHEST

Finally PLAYBOY publishes an article on the beauties of the Far East (*Oriental Sex*, June issue), but you make the mistake of featuring an Asian girl with an atypically large, Western-style bust, instead of the traditional petite variety. For shame! You do the small-bust contingent a disservice.

H. W. Colville
 San Francisco, California

QUAFFMANSHIP

Thomas Mario, in his excellent article on beer in the June issue, used the term "civilized guzzling" to denote beer drinking know-how. We think you will be interested in the new word we have just coined: "Quaffmanship" — the art of drinking beer.

Leif Wium, President
 Carlsberg Agency, Inc.
 New York, New York

As an incurable fancier of the mellow brew, I read Thomas Mario's June article, *Beer and Skittles*, with avid interest. There is, however, one point on which I disagree with Mr. Mario. From the way I understand it, the purpose of the glass bottom in the old-fashioned pewter



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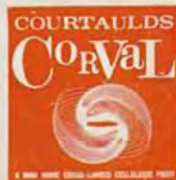
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mug was *not*, primarily, at least, to enhance the color of the brew. Rather, the idea of glass bottoms became popular as a result of the growing social importance of the beer hall. The glass bottom allowed the individual to keep track of what was going on about him and, especially, to see whether a new arrival to the hall was friend or foe. No doubt such awareness detracted somewhat from the enjoyment of the beer but, be that as it may, certain things, like the safeguarding of life and limb, must stand before the enjoyment of the malt.

Sigmund J. Albert

Waltham, Massachusetts

Mario says: "If Mr. Albert thinks he can spot a friend or foe by looking through the glass bottom of a pewter beer mug, just let him try it. He'll discover that his line of vision is outside the mug rather than through it. Secondly, if there is beer in the mug, he'll discover that the brew isn't exactly transparent. Glass bottoms were originally installed in pewter mugs only for the socially elite, because glass in the 15th Century was extremely expensive. Ordinary beer drinkers used tankards of cheap metal, wood, or leather. Those who could afford the glass bottoms were wealthy types who wanted to check the color of good beer. I refer Mr. Albert to Andrew Campbell's 'Book of Beer' (p. 131) and the April 1956 issue of 'Modern Brewery Age.'"

THE HILTON CLUB

I enjoyed your satirical line-up of projected Hilton hotels in the June *Playboy After Hours*, and thought you should know about Mr. H's latest hostelry: Death Valley's own Wiltin' Hilton and Reno's Jiltin' Hilton.

Nolen Brown
Kilgore, Texas

MEDICINE FOR MELANCHOLY

After a slight siege of homesickness, I took a walk down to the local *Zeitungshiosk* (newsstand). Of two American magazines, PLAYBOY was one. A doctor couldn't have prescribed a better medicine. Thanks for making PLAYBOY *eine internationale Revue*.

Doug Nelson
Zurich, Switzerland

ARISTOTLE UNDONE

I enjoyed *The Undoing of Aristotle* in your June issue. My hat is off to your translators, and I hope they keep the Ribald Classics coming, as amusing and entertaining as they have always been in the past.

Gene Bianco
Hicksville, New York

THE ROOM IS WARM

Every man, it is said, has two professions: his own and writing. The first one he works at. The second one "he



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will get around to one day." Or he takes a course in Short Story Writing at the local university. As a teacher of such a course, I meet them all, come to learn their second profession. They arrive bursting with experiences and wanting to know. "Do I have a story?" they ask. "How do I write it?" There are some answers beyond "A story is not written, it is re-written" and "A short story is a story that is short." The best answer to "How can I learn to write?" is READ! And for a many-hued look at what is being written, how and by whom, the best answer I can give is PLAYBOY. There they can find the texture and pattern, the themes and concerns, of people living today's life today. I can read to them from PLAYBOY . . . read authors who will later show up in anthologies of "the best." Henry Slesar, Ray Russell, Adrian Conan Doyle, Herbert Gold . . . Algren, Caldwell, Collier, Jones, Moravia and Schulberg. And the man who can play the whole orchestra; Ray Bradbury. See how it's done and try to match it. See how your own material is handled. You can be a skindiver like T. K. Brown or an ex-trumpet man like Willard Marsh. The room is warm, the company is good. Open PLAYBOY. I tell my students, as you would open a door on a room full of the best.

George Logan Price
University of California
San Francisco, California

MOO

Are you quite sure the artists who draw the wonderfully curved and full-bosomed females for PLAYBOY actually use *women* for their models? To a farm woman like me, there is something about them that looks an awful lot like a Holstein cow.

Mrs. A. B. Mayfield
Halstead, Kansas

To city boys like us, there is something about your letter that sounds an awful lot like sour grapes.

STORYSVILLE

PLAYBOY has been my mag since its inception—and not just for the Playmates either. Mostly because of your fiction, which is the greatest. Many are the souls who agree with me when I begin to expound as to the quality of your stories, as opposed to the pat formula fiction found in other magazines. Keep it up. I like your voice. It's my voice.

Scott Mason
Minot, North Dakota

THE SCEPTRED ISLE

When I was in the States recently I encountered PLAYBOY for the first time, and I'd like to commend you on an exceptionally fine production. I envy you the sense of achievement you must be enjoying and even the headache you'll be having night and day to ensure that each issue is so much better

than its predecessor. I brought back a dozen copies for my colleagues in Fleet Street. They think *PLAYBOY*'s a wow! I showed it yesterday to playwright Sean O'Casey and am pleased to report that it had the famous Irish rebel's approval.

Michael de Havilland Geraghty
London, England

POLAR PLAYBOY

I think you and your readers will enjoy this photograph of *PLAYBOY* at the center of Antarctica. The flag was autographed by all the members of the first party to winter over at the South Pole, including Dr. Paul Siple, as a part of the Navy's scientific expedition, Deep Freeze I. We made the flag from parachute rigging material as a tribute to our favorite magazine. The chaplain's office was charged with supplying recreational supplies for our installation and they conducted a survey in which the men wrote down their preferences in magazines and newspapers. *PLAYBOY* won by a wide margin, so the chaplains threw out the survey, but some of us sub-



scribed on our own just the same. The Playmates soon became the most popular wall decoration in the camp and one chief wept when somebody swiped his favorite from the ceiling over his bed.

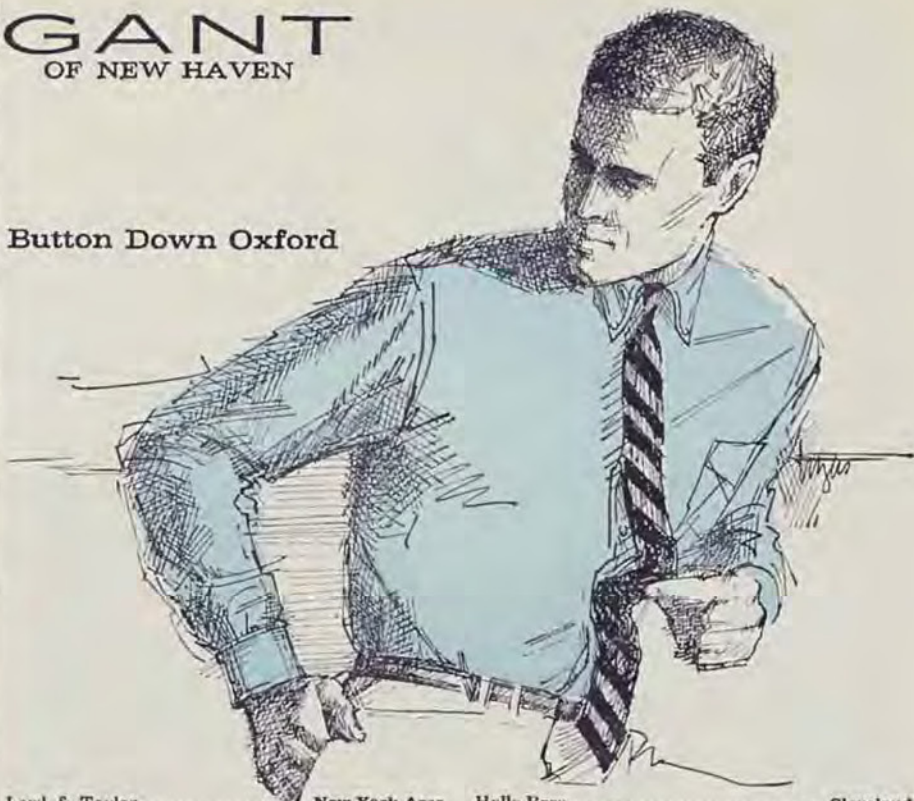
Morton P. Beebe, Ex-Lt., J.G.
San Francisco, California

THE CLASSIC FIGURE

While the cult of the overblown bosom may still hold sway in Chicago and Hollywood, it is a fact that here in San Francisco there flourish a number of independents who put esthetics above primitive fertility symbols. Not wishing, on the one hand, to be reminded of Mother, or on the other hand, to court little boys, these gentlemen prefer a line that is significantly female, but restrained. With them, the fold below is *out*. The clean, firm profile is *in*. Being a man of this persuasion, I feel that it is in order for me to offer my thanks to *PLAYBOY* for its consistent hard sell, by way of the Playmate feature and such

GANT OF NEW HAVEN

Button Down Oxford



Lord & Taylor.....	New York Area	Halle Bros.....	Cleveland
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Terry & Juden.....	New Orleans	Jack Henry.....	Kansas City

GANT OF NEW HAVEN, 162 JAMES ST., NEW HAVEN, CONN.

Who really invented the Bacardi Party?

Northern playboys claim Southland goofs-



Back in March we first announced that "deep in Dixie we've uncovered a new playboy pastime—The Bacardi Party."

Lo and behold, Alaska is now reported as challenging this claim. The parka-clad playboys say *they* were the first to concoct the delightful idea.

As you know, a Bacardi Party is where the guests bring Bacardi and the host supplies the mixings—as many as he can turn up. Fun!

So have yourself a Bacardi party. You may not have invented it, but you certainly can *discover* it. Just bear in mind the old saying: No Bacardi Party can be a Bacardi Party without *Bacardi*.

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FOR MEN



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CHANEL

other features as *The Classic Figure*, of the large economy size. This sets up an ideal for the undiscerning male, to which he aspires, and leaves the choicest field wide open to gentlemen of taste.

C. M. Clark
San Francisco, California

PEANUT

The story in your June issue, *The Voyage of the Peanut* by Harvey Jacobs, was one of the most humorous things I have read in a long time. What's more, it was humor with substance.

Ronald Neuwirth
Brooklyn, New York

They taught me in medical school that veins don't pulsate. They goofed! Mine throbbed with pleasure as I read *The Voyage of the Peanut*.

L. Neuman
San Diego, California

Harvey Jacobs: really great!

Jim Barnside
Indianapolis, Indiana

VENI, VIDI, VESPA!

Thoroughly enjoyed Jerry Yulsman's pictorial satire on the motor scooter, *Veni, Vidi, Vespa!* in your June issue. If the lovely and lovable nude passenger on page 27 were a standard accessory, scooter sales would soar!

Bill Bagnall, Editor
Motorcyclist Magazine
Pasadena, California

Speaking from the city that seems to be the spawning ground for scooters, Jerry Yulsman's satire was hilarious and not at all far from exact truth. More like this, please.

Vernon L. Lewis
New York, New York

Quite a large debate has been growing hereabouts over a certain picture in your June issue. In Jerry Yulsman's *Veni, Vidi, Vespa!*, there is a shot of a Greenwich Village artist and his completely nude model sitting on a motor scooter right in the middle of what appears to be a city street! This debate has attracted photographic-minded and female-minded students alike. The question: where, when and how was Yulsman's photo taken?

Robert Osekavage
Schenectady, New York

Where? On an actual Greenwich Village street. When? Early dawn. How? By cloaking the nude cutie in a raincoat and having a female photographic assistant whip it off just long enough for Yulsman to snap the shutter. Since several test shots were necessary, the assistant was kept busy whipping the coat off and on.

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



If you've been paying attention to recent liquor ads, you may have noticed that girls are finally beginning to get interested in the sauce. For the past 25 years or so, women haven't been allowed to appear in whiskey ads through the self-policing of the Distilled Spirits Institute. But now the ladies are allowed to appear, and even leer a little at the distillate being pushed (though they still can't be shown holding a glass in the new ads, let alone, God forbid, raising one, and "provocative dress" is frowned upon). How come this generous change of heart on the part of the D.S.I.? Well sir, the Institute says that "the social use of alcoholic beverages...at mixed parties has become an accepted part of gracious living." We'll bet it wasn't easy to come right out and say that, in so many words; it probably took a lot of research, and certainly a lot of guts. Shocking as it may seem, we recently attended a party where the women not only looked at the liquor, but actually d--k it as well.

A heartening indication that the brotherhood of man is still a consideration for some people, if only in a mercenary sense, was an advertisement we came across in *The Pakistan Review* (sells for one thin rupee). To the magazine's readership, it bore this message: "Rare Opportunity to acquire Italian Made Prayer Carpets."

Who needs: to fly 700 mph in a jet and then wait 25 minutes for baggage? . . . mixed drinks made with fruit juice? . . . college baseball? . . . pro football? . . . "ways" of life? . . . the things a movie star says or does off-screen? . . . "independent" research organizations? . . . radio wake-up shows? . . . theatre-in-the-

round? . . . too-clever "studio" greeting cards? . . . the phrase "Why not?" . . . people who walk up escalators? . . . television dramas about how rotten it is to be a success? . . . novels over 300 pages long? . . . more than one middle initial? . . . hearty breakfasts? . . . sunlamp faces with dead-white hands? . . . girls named Billie, Johnnie, Ronnie, Fred? . . . shoelaces that break when you're in a hurry? . . . fluorescent lights? . . . "a credit to his race"? . . . fat men in seersucker suits? . . . Raymond Massey? . . . busy signals? . . . rubber plants? . . . two-tone shoes? . . . parsley? . . . pennies?

Sign in the maternity ward of Tomlin hospital, Cape May Court House, New Jersey: ABSOLUTELY NO VISITORS ALLOWED EXCEPT A HUSBAND OR HIS SUBSTITUTE.

Just about to break upon a breathlessly awaiting public are the American-made small cars for 1960. By planting a spy, cunningly disguised as a carburetor, in one of the major automotive factories, we've managed to get our hands on a lexicon of the words that will no doubt be used to describe these compact chariots in forthcoming advertisements: SMIG—a combination of the words "small" and "big," this will be used to describe small-car maneuverability combined with "big-car bigness."

PRESTONOMY—is, of course, big-car "prestige" blended with small-car "economy."

DOWNETTE—down payment on a small car.

WHASE—wheel base on a small car.

EELB—made up of the letters left over when you subtract the new whase from the old wheel base, means all the roominess *outside* the car.

SMAR—any small car. A small-car

owner will, of course, be "smarter," if not wiser.

Elektra Records, we've known for some time, specializes in folk songs of other lands, complete with immensely helpful bilingual booklets of lyrics. But we think they've carried things a mite too far on the corrugated cardboard protectors their discs are mailed in. In the lower left corner, neatly printed in blue ink, appears the stern admonition, DO NOT BEND! In the lower right corner, likewise neatly printed, appears the same phrase in some unidentified but exotic dialect: DO NO BEND!

On the outskirts of Stamford, Connecticut, is one of those palatial automata that grab your car at the entrance and eject it, at the exit, all laundered and polished. Motorists driving onto the ramp where they leave their buggies to the ministrations of the mechanical marvel are confronted with a boldly printed sign under which their untended car vanishes: BIG BROTHER IS WASHING YOU.

A brokerage firm factotum of our acquaintance was passing his secretary's desk recently when he noticed a folded paper on its top, bearing the legend OPEN IN CASE OF FIRE. He opened it, of course, as any other red-blooded and nosy young American executive would have. On the inside was printed: "Not Now! In Case of Fire, Stupid." The embarrassment our friend felt was somewhat made up for a few weeks later. In his organization, the appearance of this magazine is greeted with a scramble for first readership. One month, his well-rounded office helpmeet was present when the mailman brought the office copy. She pounced on it, and sent it in to his office with a note attached: "You

CONGRUOUS!



The knit is news in ties this year (wear it fashionably anytime, anywhere), and these freshly-styled classics make the most of any occasion, formal or informal, business or pleasure.

All silk, full-fashioned, in a wide range of carefully conservative colors and designs, including, above:

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will have the honor of being the first." Seconds later, the note was back on her desk. Beneath her message, our friend had scrawled, "Great! When?"

BOOKS

In the summer of 1958 thousands of landlubbers who didn't know which end of a sailboat was which (much less port from starboard)—and couldn't have cared less—got all het up over the 17th competition for The America's Cup, a yachting classic since it was first raced (between Britain and the U.S.) in 1851. Everybody knows that the British challenger, Sceptre, was cruelly clobbered, and many will remember the names of the American boats that raced each other to determine which would defend the Cup: Vim, Columbia, Weatherly, Easterner; Columbia the winner. What all the excitement was about is the theme of Carleton Mitchell's *Summer of the Twelves* (Scribner's, \$10), a handsome, beautifully illustrated, big book which, in recounting the events leading up to the Cup defense and the defense itself, manages to recapture an astonishing amount of that excitement. (The title refers, of course, to the 12-meter yachts which competed.) Mitchell is a crack yachtsman, author of five books, owner and skipper of the fabulous Finesterra (only boat to rack up two consecutive wins in the Newport-Bermuda race) and seagoing lensman. He's a dandy writer, too; moreover, mercifully for the landlocked, his book is divided into narrative and technical parts, so that no nautical jargon or technical discussion mars his lively re-creation of the thrilling blue-water contest.

Polly Adler several years back proved that *A House Is Not a Home*. Now along comes Eunice Gray, a beautiful first novelist, writing about Jennifer Owens, a beautiful heiress, to prove that a home can be a house. As the whoring heroine of *Under One Roof* (Pennington, \$4.50), Jennifer is a sophisticated, irresistible, self-admitted nympho who cohabits with a count, carpenter, coffee grower, criminal, construction worker, and a score of others. She weds about six of her bed partners, but the only lover to whom she shows any lasting fidelity is Lloyd Forbes: he alone completely satisfies her in bed. But even this fidelity is somewhat misplaced, since Lloyd is the husband of Jennifer's sister, a stern devotee of the Seventh Commandment. In the course of her 30-year tramping, Jennifer manages to lose her sister-in-law to an abortionist, her father to a heart attack, and her mother and sister to suicides—most of this leaving her rather unmoved.

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R610 BOOGIE AND BLUES—Listen to the rollicking rhythm and blues and foot tapping boogie of two driving electric guitars with Fender bass and drum by three old pros at this business—The Aristocats.



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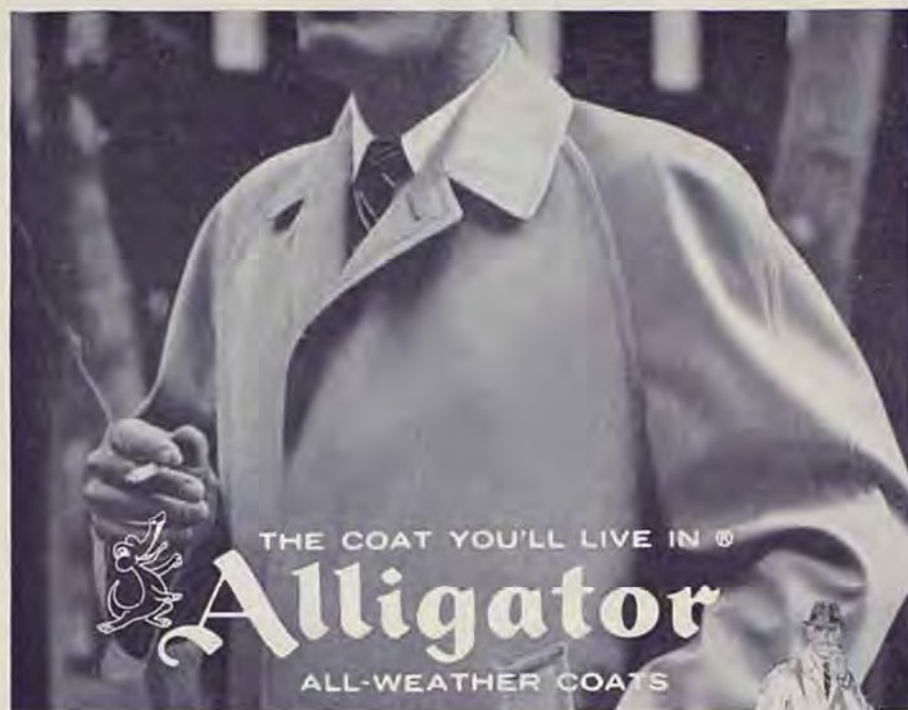
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The main portion of the book's activity goes on under one roof at the Owens family mansion, a stately and luxurious affair on Chicago's Gold Coast, while the rest of the carryings-on cover three continents. Miss Gray writes well, but too frequently reaches for the closest cliché and *deus ex machina*.

"The Town may da-da-damn me for a Poet, but they si-si-sing my Songs for all that," said alehouse balladeer Thomas D'Urfev, who is reputed to have stuttered fearfully "except when singing or swearing." Wrote Alexander Pope to Henry Cromwell: "It may be said of Mr. D'urfey, to his Detractors: Dares any one despise him, who has made so many Men drink? Alas, Sir! This is a Glory which neither you nor I must ever pretend to." D'Urfev, no shrinking violet, probably agreed with Pope, for of his own products he held the opinion that "Scarce any other Man could have perform'd the like, my double Genius for Poetry and Musick giving me still that Ability which others perhaps might want." Moralists disapproved of D'Urfev's songs: "They will never bring a Man to Repentance," said one such, Arthur Bedford, "but always have the contrary Effect." Neither Bedford's censure nor Pope's irony could keep a good song down: this year, almost two and a half centuries after first publication, there has been issued a facsimile edition of the 1144 songs D'Urfev grouped under the title *Wit and Mirth: or, Pills to Purge Melancholy* (Folklore Library, 6 vols. in 3 books, \$25). While hardly a mass interest item, the songs (most of which come with musical notation) succeed in building vivid images of a bygone, bustling, ribald society that could sing the most lofty odes and, in the next breath, warble doggerel concerning sexual bestiality and intestinal accidents. The crudities notwithstanding, D'Urfev's overall message is "a Knowledge divine,/That the World's chiefest Blessings [are] Women and Wine."

Variations on the theme of *Vanity Fair* in modern male dress are played in *Try for Elegance* (Scribner's, \$3.95): a broke artist-become-Brooks-Brothers-salesman clothes the shop's clientele by day (while battling his boredom and frustration), unclothes his affluent and artistic 18-year-old mistress by night (while battling her desire for men of means), and dreams in between of eventually clothing himself in the elegant garb of society. The plot is enticing, if thin, centering on the hero's relationship with Lee, "a petite, organized, and unconcerned sort of little thing you might want to keep on a shelf, cradle in your

arms occasionally, and ravish when she'd allow it," who wanders into his store on the second page of the story. She wanders into his bedroom on the average of every 10 pages thereafter, only to wander off in the end for Gino, her previous lover, who's returned from Europe. Although surprisingly well written for a first novel—the author, David Loovis, is himself a Brooks Brothers salesman—the story suffers from a large lack of substance and sophistication. Loovis plays his familiarity with fabrics, furnishings, martinis and mid-town Manhattan for all they're worth, but the net effect is somewhat forced and flat.

"Be proud of corn!" roared Cecil B. DeMille. "Corn is soul, corn is that which makes you cry and laugh. Corn is all humanity. Yes, my pictures have corn and I am proud of it." Dialog? "Pretty writing can ruin a picture," snarled C. B. "God protect me from the writer who wants to write." One DeMille scripter walked off the set in a huff because C. B. was shooting a scene the writer hadn't written yet. DeMille was his own best writer, drawing stories from Scripture and filling the holes with hokum out of his own gleaming head. When filming *King of Kings*, he confessed he couldn't make sense out of the character of Judas, deeming it unlikely that anyone would betray a King for "a lousy 30 pieces of silver. There must have been a dame in the background." C. B. supplied the dame by making Judas and Mary Magdalene an item, something the original authors had failed to report. Stenographers took down C. B.'s impromptu translations of Biblical language, "and Samson made there a feast" becoming "He's stepping pretty high, this punk from the hills . . ." "And her father said, I verily thought that thou hadst utterly hated her; therefore I gave her to thy companions" came out as "[Samson] says, 'Those sons of bitches married my girl off. You connived in it, Papa, and anything I do in your goddamn city is on your head.'" He once remarked, "I can make a picture out of any 50 pages of the Bible," then added, "except possibly the Book of Numbers." Lions plagued DeMille, and he used the noble animals in more than one film. In *Sign of the Cross*, he wanted a group of them to walk up a flight of stairs to a Roman arena. The trainer told him lions don't climb stairs. But these lions did—when DeMille, grabbing a chair and an ax handle, entered the cage, shouting and bullying the kingly beasts into doing his imperial bidding. During the shooting of the same picture, the trainer was on the receiving end of DeMille's wrath:



VIEW FROM THE MOUND

BY WARREN SPAHN

A new series of articles by baseball's famous left-hander expressing his personal views on everything from fast balls to Fall fashion

Relax . . . it's a "7th Inning Stretch" Belt by PARIS



Proper relaxation has solved many of my problems. For example, in St. Louis last season, I was pitching an important game and was very tense for the first four innings, just kept missing the corners. Then, instead of pacing back and forth, I relaxed between innings. That did the trick—I went on to win.

It's healthy for all of us to take it easy once in awhile—and fun, too . . . especially if you wear comfortable clothes that know how to relax with

you. That's why my wardrobe includes a "Paris" "7th Inning Stretch" Belt. This is one belt that actually breathes with you. It's smart-looking, too—made of the fine smooth cowhide that can be worn with almost any type of fabric, and looks especially fine with tweeds and worsteds. Be sure, though, that you select black belts with blue or gray suits, and brown leather with shades of brown fabrics. The color of your shoes, too, should always match the color of your belt.

Select your favorite "Paris" "7th Inning Stretch" Belt at any fine men's shop or department store.

For my free booklet, "A View From The Mound," write: Warren Spahn, c/o Paris Belts, 1143 W. Congress Parkway, Chicago 7, Illinois.

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"This is an outrage! Those goddamn lions of yours are urinating on my Christian martyrs!" Years later, Victor Mature, as Samson, refused to wrestle a live lion. C. B. assured him it would be perfectly safe: "This lion was trained as a cub and raised on milk." Glumly, Mature replied, "I was raised on milk, too, but I eat meat now." Mature won his case and wrestled a stuffed specimen. Stories like these form Phil Koury's *Yes, Mr. DeMille* (Putnam, \$4.50), an indifferently-written, uncritical, but anecdote-packed book that fairly cries for dozens of years-spanning photos and movie stills (there are precisely six stilted shots on the endpapers, nothing pictorial inside). Well, we think there's little cinematically wrong with humanizing Scripture or scorning "pretty writing" in favor of effective visual storytelling, and DeMille's approach to movie-making and the Bible were artistically sound—in theory. It's a shame his films were, for the most part, inhumanly pompous, too talky, too slow and—for all his reputation as a maker of "spectacles"—visually unimaginative and slightly sleazy. But DeMille, in the words of adulator Koury, "sold pictures on a mass basis, and in the mass market he found his strength."

RECORDINGS

While you're reading PLAYBOY's verbal salute to Prez in this issue, you'd be wise to spin the definitive *Lester Young Memorial Album* (Epic SN 6031). This is a two-disc compendium of Lester's greatest sides, made with the Basic band between 1936 and 1940, and jazz just doesn't get any better. On it are the now-classic *Lester Leaps In*, *Blow Top*, *Tickle-Toe*, *Rock-a-Bye Basie*, *Riff Interlude*—a total of 24 tunes that eloquently showcase the president of the tenor saxophone during his halcyon years. Later Lester can be caught on *The Lester Young Story* (Verve 8308): Prez blowing with various small combos from 1930 through 1956. Despite the ravages of too much booze, he still managed to cut most of the other tenor men around: cock a special ear toward his delicate but always swinging treatments of *I Want to Be Happy*, *Let's Fall in Love*, *New D. B. Blues* and the beautiful and somewhat ironically titled *Prez Returns*.

Jean Shepherd (Elektra 172) is a collection of mirthful monologs by that talented gentleman. Many of his basic notions are funny: for instance, that Peter Pain (you remember: the central figure of the old Ben-Gay advertisements) has been liquidated because motivational

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researchers discovered he was selling pitchforks instead of the product; or that present-day salesmanship coupled with our stress on youth have led us to "the fun funeral for progressive young moderns." The most intriguing items on the record are Shepherd's proposal for a rugged male magazine (it's called *Guts*, and plastic viscera drool from each copy), and a look at a Chicago White Sox Fan, to whom defeat is so ingrained a way of life that a close loss is considered a victory. Though he can be a deft comic, Shepherd, in most instances, shows an unfortunate tendency to milk his subjects beyond their, or his, potential; subtlety and understatement are not his fortes. Instrumental bridges on the disc are enhanced by the efforts of PLAYBOY's shaggy Shel Silverstein (virtuoso of the kazoo and washboard), who lingered long enough to script some nutty liner notes and draw a collection of still nuttier cartoon characters, each one holding a letter of the alphabet. Spell it backwards and you get: "Jean Shepherd is a dirty rotten one-way sneaky son of a bitch."

In case you read the wire service stories a few months ago about the so-called "jazz mass" that added a touch of purple to a few blue noses, be advised that under the euphemistic title *20th Century Folk Mass* (Fiesta 25000) it's now for sale on a British recording. Composed by a former Cambridge undergraduate named Geoffrey Beaumont, it's a generally pallid affair with comparatively little real jazz content; but certainly there seems to be no violation of good taste in the pop-music approach to the *Kyrie*, *Offertory*, *Pater Noster*, etc. Frank Weir's Orchestra and the Peter Knight Singers perform it with appropriate respect and occasionally with swinging vigor. It's recommended to curiosity-seekers, but as Steve Allen said in his poem celebrating the work, "Man, I doubt that good St. Paul would really dig this kind of ball; so let's not sell the organ yet, despite the groovy press we get."

Ellington Jazz Party (Columbia 1323) features the Ellington band, nine added percussionists, Dizzy Gillespie, Jimmy Jones, Jimmy Rushing, and a studio audience. The percussion corps is utilized on two Ellington originals, preciously titled *Malletoba Spank* and *Tymperturbably Blue*. The band, as precisely coordinated as ever, works over Duke's four-part *Tool Suite*, and Diz joins them for a penetrating few minutes of *U.M.M.G.* (Upper Manhattan Medical Group, if you must know). Alto man Johnny Hodges has *All of Me* all to himself. Finally, all hands — Dizzy, Jimmy Jones sitting in for Duke, and blues shouter Jimmy Rushing — join the band for *Hello Little Girl*, a blues

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rampage. Dizzy and Hodges shine in their solo efforts and Rushing is appropriately rough-hewn, while the band itself has an errorless ball, making the lightweight nature of these Ellington compositions seem less apparent. Ellington hasn't forgotten that it don't mean a thing if it ain't got that swing.

One of the most elegantly packaged memorial albums we've seen in a while is *Glenn Miller and His Orchestra* (Victor LPM-6100), a three-disc round-up of never-before-released performances, most of them from the 1940-41 Miller radio broadcasts. All-out Millerphiles will get wet-eyed at the sounds ("Marion, Tex and the Modernaires salute the Bulldogs with a swell new tune, *Blues in the Night*"), and there's also something old, borrowed and blue—half-a-hundred tunes in all. The classic Miller numbers are not among them, of course, but there's plenty of ear balm for the still-faithful Miller fan.

Although we yield to no one in our admiration for baroque music as a relief from romantic schmaltz and are gratified by its increasing availability on discs, there are times when we seek respite from its intricacy and ornamentality. On these occasions our recourse is to the growing repertory of pre-baroque recorded music, much of which sounds astonishingly—and paradoxically—fresh, and vigorously direct in its appeal. *Music of the Medieval Court and Countryside* (Decca DL 9400) is a fine case in point. Performed by New York's Pro Musica Antiqua, it presents 13 pieces, religious and secular, for a variety of voices, including countertenor, and such instruments as recorders, treble viol, rebec, finger cymbals, tambourine and bell. Geographically, the pieces cover France, England, Spain and Italy; in time the range is 12th to 16th Century. Great stuff, this, full of melody, fervor and the musical (as opposed to mere background) use of percussion. Two other discs compare favorably, *Troubadour and Trouvère Songs* and *English Polyphony* (Expériences Anonymes 0012 and 0024). The former is out of 12th and 13th Century France, the latter out of 13th and 14th Century England. All three LPs are copiously and learnedly annotated and include the verses (and translations) of all songs. Another top-drawer classical series is the Vanguard collection of *Masterpieces of the Italian Baroque* recorded and released under the auspices of The Bach Guild. One excellent example: *The Violin Sonata* (Vanguard BG stereo 5013), with fiddler Jan Tomasow and harpsichordist Anton Heiller turning in near-perfect performances of seldom-heard sonatas by Tartini, Marcello, Vivaldi, Albinoni and Vitali.

While many of the young jazz saxophonists attempt to substitute eccentricity for identity, Sonny Stitt, at 35, relentlessly and compellingly pursues the blues beat. In *The Hard Swing* (Verve 8306), Stitt wields both alto and tenor on a tour of seven standards and four originals. The masterful moments include a balladic *What's New?*, a break-neck-speed *I Got Rhythm*, and a pointed tribute to Prez, *Blues for Lester*. Stitt rarely pauses, and it's to the credit of pianist Amos Trice, bassist George Morrow and drummer Lennie McBrowne that they manage to keep pace. The swingin' Mr. Stitt, too often considered unfashionable by the younger horn men, has few peers in today's jazz world, as this LP vividly affirms.

In 1941 Duke Ellington masterminded the production of the musical revue *Jump for Joy* in an effort to combat the stereotyped view of the Negro in the American theatre. It was a superlative Ellington score (with assists from Paul Francis Webster, Sid Kuller and a few others). Yet the musical was too sophisticated, too specialized for the early-40s market, and it folded fast. In the hands of able modern jazzmen, however, it is reborn in *Jump for Joy* (Mercury 36146). Alto saxophonist Cannonball Adderley, trumpeter Emmett Berry, a string quartet, a sturdy four-man rhythm section and the charts of Bill Russo pay stunning tribute to Ellington. All instruments mesh exquisitely on *I Got It Bad and That Ain't Good* and the lovely *If Life Were All Peaches and Cream*. The familiar material (*I Got It Bad*, *Just Squeeze Me*) and the lesser-known Ellington compositions (*Two Left Feet*, *Nothin'*, *Blip*, *Chocolate Shake*, *The Tune of the Hickory Stick*) are treated reverently here; an 18-year gap in Ellington history has been memorably closed.

Billie Holiday (MGM 3764) demonstrates some of the things that happened to what was once an impeccable vocal instrument. Ray Ellis did his best to provide Billie with the right arrangements, with tunes she had never done before (and, in a couple of cases, apparently hadn't taken the trouble to learn) and a combo with Harry Edison and Al Cohn did their best to back her up. The result is a mixed bag — recorded shortly before she entered the hospital — in which she sometimes manages to recapture past glories, but at other times you tense up wondering whether she's going to make it to the end of the chorus. In light of Lady Day's death this has at least a documentary value as well as fleeting moments of bittersweet beauty. A fresh new chick — Marge Dodson — can be sampled on *In the Still of the*

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Night (Columbia CL 1309). As do most disc debuters, Miss Dodson relies on tested song fare (*Someone to Watch Over Me*, *These Foolish Things*, *The Man I Love*, etc.), but she is also cagey enough to include a couple of seldom-heard nifties (*Sand in My Shoes*, *Looking for a Boy*) which she warbles in a perkily pleasant voice. Sounding amazingly like Frank Sinatra is Tommy Leonetti on *Dream Street* (Camden CAS-524). Helping the illusion is Marion Evans and his orchestra, who do a neat emulation of the Nelson Riddle style. The results are not at all unpleasant, and we think you'll like the likes of *Now I Know* and *Cross Your Heart*, among others. Good, clear, throaty thrashing is the specialty of *Ernestine Anderson* (Mercury 20400), who sports all the enthusiasm and some of the phrasing qualities of an early Sarah Vaughan. *Stardust*, *My Ship*, *Azure-Te* and *Social Call* are super standouts on a standout disc. Helen Merrill's *You've Got a Date with the Blues* (Metrojazz 1010) exposes her milky, boudoir tones in a simple setting arranged by Jimmy Jones. Two of our favorite songs are included: Duke Ellington's *The Blues* (from *Black, Brown and Beige*) and the nostalgically lovely *When the World Was Young*, a French ditty with magnificent Johnny Mercer lyrics.

There's a relaxed, almost giddy air to the proceedings on *Barney Kessel Plays "Some Like It Hot"* (Contemporary 3565). Seven top West Coast swingers, headed by guitarist Kessel, confront the film's title tune and nine neglected standards heard in the film. Among the sidemen: Art Pepper, clarinet, alto and tenor; Joe Gordon, trumpet; Jimmie Rowles, piano; Jack Marshall, rhythm guitar; Monty Budwig, bass; and Shelly Manne, drums. Among the tunes: *I Wanna Be Loved by You*, *Sweet Sue*, *Runnin' Wild*, *Down Among the Sheltering Palms* and *By the Beautiful Sea*. Kessel, Pepper and Gordon man the front line with characteristic strength, and the rhythm section maintains a sprightly pulse throughout. The modern view of these well-aged tunes, as expressed by Kessel and buddies, is faithful and charming.

Tenor man Sonny Rollins has had more coherent moments than those in (hang on) *The Modern Jazz Quartet at Music Inn/Volume 2; Guest Artist: Sonny Rollins* (Atlantic 1299). Fortunately, though, Rollins participates on just two of the six tracks. In a ballad medley (*Stardust*, *I Can't Get Started* and *Lover Man*), Bird's *Yardbird Suite* and John Lewis' originals (*Midsommer* and *Festival Sketch*) the quartet is its impeccable self—sans Sonny—with pianist Lewis,

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vibeist Milt Jackson, bassist Percy Heath and drummer Connie Kay speaking with a single, delightfully disciplined voice. Rollins enters in stumbling gladiator fashion for extended bouts with Jackson's *Bugs' Groove* and Dizzy's *Night in Tunisia*. His misdirected attempts at humor, uniformly heavy-handed, are incongruous in the subtle MJQ atmosphere, rich with delicate nuances. Verdict: the MJQ, four tracks to two.

The record company originally scheduled to release *Poetry for the Beat Generation* refused to do so, after it was recorded, on the grounds that some of the material it contained was in bad taste. Well, it's been put out now by another concern (Hanover 5000), and after listening to the record we're convinced that only a sick ear could hear anything objectionable. With Steve Allen doodling pleasantly and unobtrusively at the piano, Jack Kerouac reads 14 of his works, including some still unpublished. They range all the way from the meaningless and obscure to the beautiful, profound and good humored. Kerouac has the ability to capture a man in one sharp phrase (*Charlie Parker*, "... gleefully he whistled the perfect horn..."), or to depict an environment in a single characterizing image (*Bowery Blues*, "... unutterably sad, the broken, winter-shattered face of a man passing in the bleak ripple..."). Perhaps most successful of the poems is *I Had a Slouch Hat Too One Time*, the narrative monolog of an aging man who had been a panhandler, pickpocket, shoplifter and drug addict. While Kerouac's enunciation and speed will sometimes blur a line or two beyond comprehension, his readings in general are exciting. Beyond all else, he says, he wants to be sincere, and he is.

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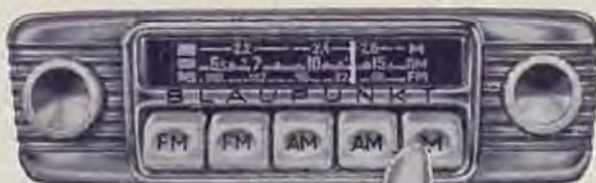
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O. Henry never sat in *O. Henry's Steak House* (6th Ave. and West 4th St.) because it is a new enterprise, though cunningly antiqued with artifacts of the past. There's an 1890 solid mahogany bar, gaslights that once illumined the streets of Baltimore, and on the floor, sawdust. Converted from a butcher shop, the abattoir theme is retained in the chopping-block cocktail tables, meat hooks for coats and beer mugs, two walk-in refrigerators transformed into room-temperature dining rooms, and waiters in straw hats and white coats. Steak, chops and fish broiled over live coals are the house's pride and its hosts are the Messrs. Di Lucia, *père et fils*.

FILMS

In the country of the blind, the one-eyed man is king, and in a season of pretty bad U.S. films, Otto Preminger's *Anatomy of a Murder* seems almost good. Mr. Preminger has shrewdly allowed scripter Wendell Mayes to carry over much of the frank talk from Robert Traver's novel of a rape case (*Playboy After Hours*, March 1958), so words like *panty*, *bitch*, *rape*, *spermatogenesis*, *completion* (in the male sexual sense) are bravely tossed around, creating the impression of an "adult" movie. The plot, like Traver's original, hasn't much to offer in the way of twist, and one can pretty much call the shots. Method-actor Ben Gazzara plays the arrogant Army loopy on trial for killing the bruiser who allegedly raped and clobbered his pretty young wife, Lee Remick; James Stewart puts his copyrighted drawl to fair use as the shambling, small-town defense lawyer; non-theater Joseph N. Welch (of the McCarthy hearings) is cute as hell as the judge; fussy faker Arthur O'Connell is hard to take as a lovable old law-&-liquor-steeped has-been. A bravura performance is given by one George C. Scott as Stewart's opposing legal eagle: cold and sharp as a scalpel, he dominates the screen and almost demolishes Stew's case. Duke Ellington did the cool jazz score (is a crime flick complete without one these days?) and makes a brief appear-

ance as a café 88er. Flawed but flavorful fun, this film.

Russia's *Great Is My Country*, for all its three-projector Kinopanorama and Soy-color with nine-track stereophonic sound (or maybe because of these) is no easier nor harder to take than a Cinerama travelog. Numbingly propagandistic narration vitiates much of the excitement, just as the Lowell Thomas blather mars our home-grown parallel product. On the plus side, though, this tour of the U.S.S.R. features magnificent shots of mountain peaks, the Kuibyshev hydro-power station and chilly Lake Ritsa in the Caucasus, and fairly jazzy, lilting music. Picking up on Cinerama's roller-coaster and toboggan rides, producer-director R. Karmen gives the audience its stereoptical kicks via a bumpety trip down the rapids of the Tissa atop a log raft, an auto ride along a winding mountain road and a grasshopper's view of a wheat thresher. Other stops in the tour are a steel plant, a Baku oil field, bathers frolicking in the Black Sea, the Sixth World Youth and Student Festival, and a wild Mardi Gras-type outdoor ball with firecrackers. Voice-over is done by C. Henkina (a lady) and J. Adamov (a man). She asks the questions — "And where is the Donetz coal shipped to?" — and he answers. You get the idea. Technically, the projection is like Cinerama too: there's distortion in the side panels, jiggle in the match lines, and one panel is sometimes brighter than the others.

Michel Boisrond's wispy and overcoy French flick, *Women Are Weak*, is based on a most intriguing premise: a handsome young man with a motorcycle and flamboyant teeth has the stuff and leisure time to make out with every ravishing female he chooses. But the movie somehow chugs to a stop halfway through and becomes desperately silly. At this point, the trio of girls whom the fellow has been simultaneously pursuing combine wits (about one and a half) to punish him in a melodramatic fashion. Naturally, during this mishmash several square yards of all the principals' epidermises get exposed — in a living-room wrestling match among the lucky lad and friends, in a swimming-pool sequence, and just generally. Alain Delon is the young man, with Mylene Demongeot, Jacqueline Sassard and Pascale Petit playing the diabolical young ladies. Noel Roquevert has a few funny bits as the choleric parent of one of the girls, but that and the wrestling choreography are about the only creative bright spots in the picture. *Women may be weak*, but so, unfortunately, is the screenplay.

It is the West of 1870 and there is this honest-to-god vampire dressed in a black

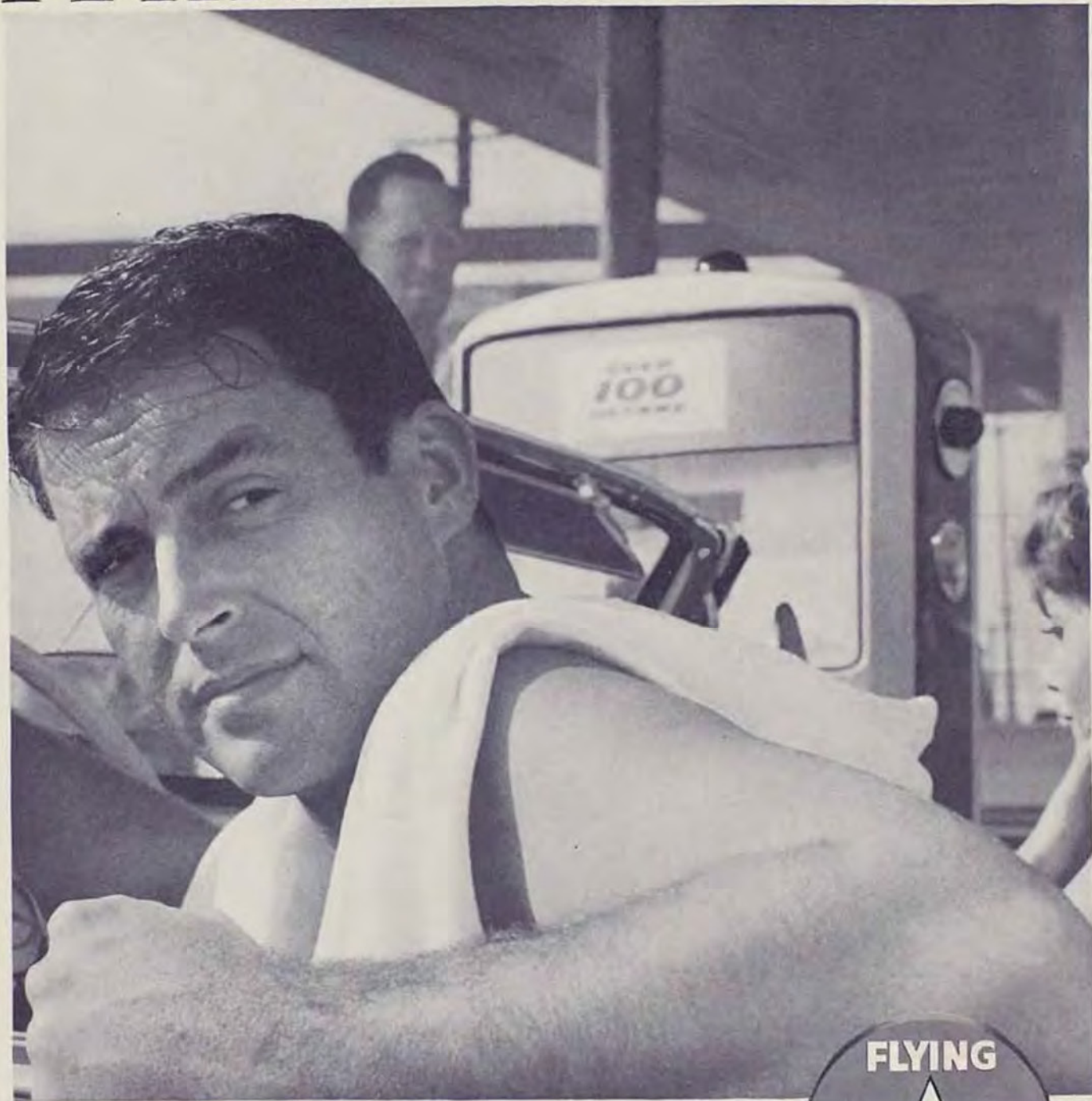


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Stetson, black shirt, black vest, black chaps and black boots. He is strong as a Borax mule on account of his high-hemoglobin diet, but anybody can beat him to the draw. Does he care? Not a whit, because bullets simply have no effect on him. Now, his habit of sucking blood from pretty blondes around town naturally arouses irritation wherever he goes, and this forms the plot of *Curse of the Undead*, with Michael Pate playing the surprisingly likable vampire. The fact that each of those dead blondes (discriminating vampires evidently prefer blondes' blood) has two dots on her throat finally gets up the suspicions of Preacher Dan (Eric Fleming) and from there on it's Good against Evil. One of the surviving, but shaky, honey-tressed fillies is Kathleen Crowley, and Bruce Gordon plays a more conventional badman. Direction by Edward Dein is properly eerie, but the screenplay (which he and Mildred Dein did) can't help poking a little fun at the horror clichés it employs, and a good thing, too.

Samuel Goldwyn's production of *Porgy and Bess* is overpowering. It's bawdy, poignant, brutal, full of big passions (made bigger in Todd-AO) and musically eloquent. As an unrelievedly long spectacular, it is also tiring, though performances are fine. Sidney Poitier is extremely touching as the crippled Porgy, resignedly accepting the fact that he must walk on his knees, and driven to ecstasy by the gift of Bess' sometime love. Dorothy Dandridge is sleekly beautiful and pitiable as the temptation-fighting Bess, hooked on cocaine. Sammy Davis, Jr., as Sportin' Life, is a lively, dapper little snake, forever trying to get Bess to traipse off to New York with him, his bait the happy dust she needs. As Bess' man Crown, Brock Peters is a bull-like hunk of evil, involved in a street fight and an explosive rape scene, among the most effective of their sort ever filmed. Pearl Bailey is a treat as the bumptious, gold-hearted Maria. One strange drawback: the cast was evidently so anxious to avoid the cinematic stereotype of Negro speech (this is supposed to be Charleston in the year 1912) that they speak with stagey, unrealistic clarity. Oliver Smith's sets are impressively broken-down, Otto Preminger's direction is taut, with an ever-present note of foreboding, and Leon Shamroy's photography is filled with subtle pictorial delights. N. Richard Nash's screenplay, based on the Gershwin-DuBose Heyward opera, makes good use of all the talented people. Heard on the sound track as Bess is Adele Addison; Robert McFerrin sings Porgy's songs, and an outstanding job they — along with the others singing for themselves — do.



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Frank Gifford, star halfback for New York Giants; Ken Venturi, great golf pro. Photo at Pebble Beach by Tom Kelley.



Frank Gifford and Ken Venturi applaud the new wafflelike knit

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friends. After all, they're exactly right for Frank and Ken and you. The yarn is wool, one hundred per cent; the colors are olive on black, charcoal on camel, burgundy on navy, gold on charcoal, burgundy on black, and navy on white; the pullover is \$17.95, the cardigan \$19.95. At better stores, as we say.

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Jantzen Inc., Portland 8, Oregon



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PLAYBOY

HE
TASTE
FEAR

fiction By HUGH G. FOSTER

OF



*through the echoing emptiness of latter-day hollywood
stalked creatures more vicious than tigers*



ARTHUR PAUL

AFTER COFFEE-AND-DANISH in the studio commissary Pollock walked back, past the sound stages in a jagged transverse, to his office in the Security Bungalow. He sat at a desk centered between two windows in what had once been a dressing room for actors. A large make-up mirror rimmed with naked light bulbs faced the door, so that anybody who entered saw his own reflection first.

There was time to kill. He listened to the jets streaking from Lockheed to the Mojave testing corridor, their howl thinning to a scream that hurt like a sliver under the nail. A studio messenger-girl let her bicycle fall prone to the walk, and came inside with the afternoon's last mail. She wore the regulation bolero jacket, toreador pants and Monty beret with a badge on it stamped *Courier*. Her hair, after the fashion of Kim Novak, was like a casque of well-rubbed pewter; and her breath heavy with Juicyfruit gum. The leather pouch slung over her shoulder was branded *Fairchild Films*, each *i* dotted with a silver star in persistent compliment to Brigadier General J. Sidney Fairchild (Ret.).

Pollock smiled, not at the girl gone briefly ape before her own image, but at the *Intra-Studio Dispatch* which she dropped among the hieroglyphs on his desk blotter. He could still, after seven weeks here, find diversion in these mementos of the studio's martial heyday. As Fort Fairchild it had compounded Army training films; morality-reels on the perils of contracting military gout, and other inspirational footage. For all this, its garrison became ungratefully known as — Pollock laughed quietly — the Crotch Commandos. Other relics, the "caps" and "sarges," amused him less. Least of all the major, who billed himself on the front door of the bungalow as *Maj. Lennard Erickson, Chief Security Officer*.

The two bedrooms had been chopped through to make Erickson's private office, and he appropriated the sole key to the bathroom. His secretary, Miss Toussaint, occupied an alcove in the front room, which otherwise was stacked with locked filing cabinets.

There had developed between Pollock and Cecile Toussaint an easiness; an entente of subordinates to the insolent authority of Major Erickson. Both had access to each other's Form 215-A, *Primary Personnel Record*, and traded silence for silence about the data on it.

Toward the end of the day she came into Pollock's room, pausing just inside to light her cigarette with a flaring Zippo. "The major," she said. "Just phoned in from off the lot." Her finger ran down a page of her notebook peppered with shorthand symbols. "I wish you could read this, John. It's about you."

"Masonic?"

"Strictly. Between the major and me, and to go no further. So, listen: Confidential memo. Do not transcribe. . . . Is Pollock around anywhere? No? Now listen: I gave him his orders about a special investigation he was to go on tonight, this date, after studio hours. . . . No, no! He doesn't have to be reminded about it. What I want you to do is keep yourself busy at your desk till you know for sure if he leaves tonight at the regular time or stays on the lot like he was told. Either way I will call you back to check. That's all."

"Very good. You read that just like Joanne Woodward."

"He's certainly got his needle out for you, John."

"Jackknife. He's trying to whittle me down to size and stuff the shavings into his Adler Elevators."

Erickson's clear animus developed gradually from the cat-footed suspicion that possesses any corporation executive whose assistant is hired "over his head," as Pollock had been, by the New York office.

During his first week at Fairchild he was Mr. Pollock, Deputy Chief Security Officer. Then it became "See Pollock, my assistant." Yesterday, both he and Cecile heard him at an open telephone: "I'll have my man Pollock check on it."

"Makes it sound as if I slept on a cot outside his door."

"So long as your take-home stays the same, John, I wouldn't mind. . . . But what about this thing he wants you to do tonight?"

"You know what it is?"

Cecile monitored the intercom every chance she (continued on page 42)



TASTE OF FEAR (continued from page 40)

got, and of course she knew. Pollock was told to search the lockers and personal effects of the girls in the stenographic pool for evidence that typewriter ribbons and carbon paper were being pilfered. A chintzy enough job, unwillingly done in the past by an old wardrobe matron. But to goad Pollock, Erickson had put a knob on it. "What I'm out after mainly, Pollock, is proof there's deviation around."

"From what, Major? There's several kinds."

"Do I have to give you a blueprint? You know the kind I mean."

"I know now; not that it's any of our business."

"That's for me to decide. The girls will be out of there at five-forty-five, so I want you on the job no later than six."

"Hold on a minute, Major —"

Cecile had to close the key at that point, and now, Pollock told her, "It's a job I wouldn't put a reformed p.i. on."

"So — ?"

"So, in five minutes I'm leaving the lot. From here straight to the Finnish baths on Santa Monica; then to have my dinner in that Czech restaurant on Sunset; and from there, home. And tell the major I took great pains to inform you."

"Mind if I just say you left?"

Three hours later Pollock was at home, and well into a Kingsley Amis novel. The building was called the Argyle Mansionette Apts.; and the same coy, French diminutive was applied to everything. Foyerette, dinette, refrigerette. He was in the kitchenette, pouring himself a glass of iced coffee when the telephone rang.

It was Erickson, brisk and crackling with cheap-jack arrogance. "Pollock, you seem to have ignored the orders I gave you for tonight. Any reason why they weren't carried out?"

"Yes. I think you understood me when I told you it was nothing you'd want to move on if you put it in writing. A draft of it at least, for the Legal Department to reword so that it wouldn't sound completely like invasion of privacy. Then, if you signed it as a responsible executive of the studio —"

Erickson abandoned his austerity to babble. "I had enough from you, Pollock. . . . I didn't hire you to come out here —"

"You didn't hire me at all, Erickson."

"And maybe I can't fire you either, is that what you're thinking? But I promise you I'm going to work on it." His voice rasped with anger. "You weren't brought out here to deliver New York Police Academy lectures at a salary four times what you got as a cop."

"Detective, First Grade. And I took a leave of absence; I wasn't busted down

to the subway toilet detail."

Pollock recovered his glass and stepped out on the terracette, a tiny, railed embrasure overlooking the electronic frenzy of Vine Street. Glass serpents, lions, rabbits, lizards frisking among neon flora of every shape and color except those which exist on earth. Every six seconds a fire-tailed rocket burst into smithereens, advertising a barroom. The Cyclotron. *Try Our Isotope Slinger with Gamma Rays — Only Two per Person.*

There was no sky; only the dull reflection, as in a muddied pond, of the street below. And there were no people abroad in all the shimmering light. The city was infested, engulfed by endless ranks of luminous scarabs. They moved, they halted, moved again, and finally dropped from sight into the crevasse of distance.

The wind, freshening, wove through the television aerials with a long, spiraling sigh over Pollock's head. At his elbow, and from the floor below, a voice throbbed with binaural clarity. "So get a jar today. And remember — ask for it by name. The Cream of Sheba, for ugly blackheads and blemishes."

A whisp of dew flicked at his eyelids. And the breeze that carried it sucked more sounds from the open windows. . . . "Why schlep from store to store when there's a one-stop Fetch-a-Tessen as near as your phone." . . . "Not one, but a combination of medically tested ingredients." . . . "We can't go on this way — hiding — hiding. Oh, Travis, how can you pretend that Gwen isn't silently mocking us with our secret?" "Stop it, Mercedes! Stop raising the ghost — the living ghost of that brooding figure confined to her wheelchair by mononucleosis." "Hold me, then. Take me. Love me . . ." "It comes to you in a plain wrapper. The address again is Iron John, Box 2218. . . ."

From the tatters of sound above, below and around him, Pollock tried to distinguish human speech from that which leaked past loudspeaker grids. No dice. The meanings overlapped and fused; all smoky, and with the wanton balance of an asylum finger-painting.

A sneary rain fell Sunday until late in the afternoon. Then, for an hour or two the sun levered up the lid of smog, and Hollywood was bright again. Pollock bought a newspaper, too unwieldy to read at the counter in Musso-Frank's. He finished his steak and left the restaurant.

It was the hour of Hollywood's sabbath promenade. Unharnessed from their automobiles, the people walked in the thinning afterglow. From Cherokee, east on Hollywood Boulevard, Pollock found his own pace to be faster than the

ambling shuffle of a community that is rarely on its feet. The stores were closed, so they had nothing to stare at but themselves mirrored in each other.

They were in front of him and behind him. They pressed against his side; their clothes touched his. Yet, he could get no warmth from them; nor, conversely, the dry chill of exclusion. They were a horde whose habits, he felt, could not be described; only interpreted, as with a nagging dream.

That night he wrote a letter about it to his wife. "You remember once asking me what *spooked* meant, the way it's used nowadays? Well, I can't tell you exactly yet, but it's beginning to form. Whether it's me apart, or everybody else in this town but me, I haven't quite figured out. But, one of these days I'll know."

There was a calmer-than-usual atmosphere about the studio when Pollock arrived for work and his certain encounter with Erickson.

"The major's been in and gone," Cecile explained. "Funeral. Manny Cleveland, General Fairchild's brother-in-law. They all went, the executives that is, to show respect."

Then, at three o'clock, a courier brought him a "Personal — Receipt Requested" letter. The gummed flap was still moist when he opened the envelope, and the meat of it was in the second of three short paragraphs: *In accordance with Art. 9 of the said Contract, due notice is hereby given that the Studio does not elect to exercise its option on your services beyond the termination of the initial period of employment hereunder.*

He calmly pocketed the letter. Glancing out, he saw that a relief-girl was at Miss Toussaint's desk. She moved obligingly aside as he took the key of the personnel file cabinet from a tray in the center drawer.

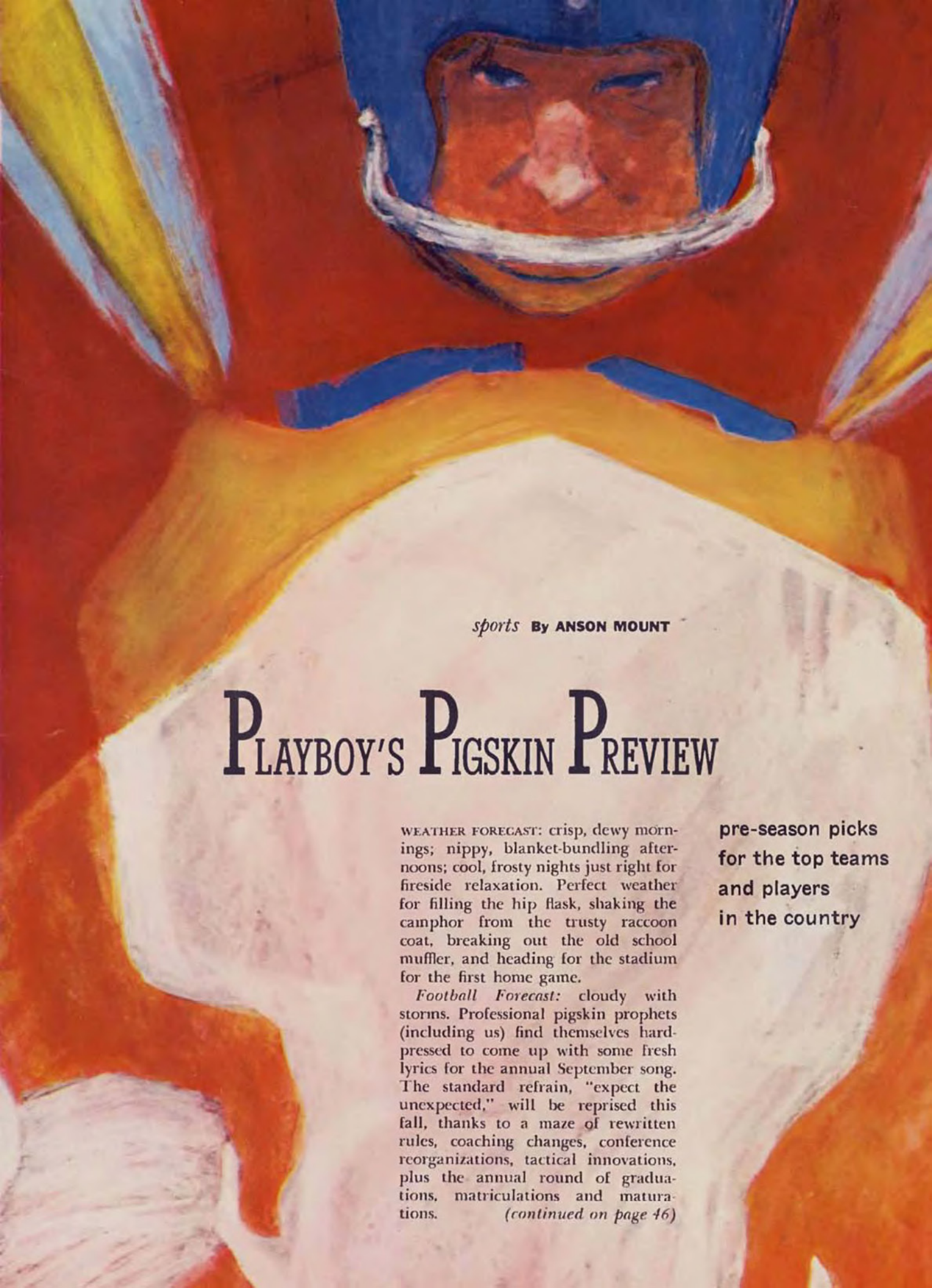
When he returned a few minutes later, carrying his own folder, the girl pointed to a visitor. "This gentleman wants to talk to somebody here, and I told him the major might not be in till much later."

A short man, in faded drill almost invisible against the blond furniture of the reception room, stood up.

"I'm from over on Stage 9," he said. "Over where they're shooting this Hindu picture. My name is Klemm. Petey, they know me as. If you don't mind, it's something I wouldn't want to mention in front of this young lady."

In Pollock's room the man waited until the door was shut, fiddling with his hat — a sun-helmet made of varnished cardboard — and licking his lips. He had the mouth of a hard drinker, flaccid, and the edges rimmed with brown scale. "It's about the tigers," he said. "I want

(continued on page 108)



sports By ANSON MOUNT

PLAYBOY'S PIGSKIN PREVIEW

WEATHER FORECAST: crisp, dewy mornings; nippy, blanket-bundling afternoons; cool, frosty nights just right for fireside relaxation. Perfect weather for filling the hip flask, shaking the camphor from the trusty raccoon coat, breaking out the old school muffler, and heading for the stadium for the first home game.

Football Forecast: cloudy with storms. Professional pigskin prophets (including us) find themselves hard-pressed to come up with some fresh lyrics for the annual September song. The standard refrain, "expect the unexpected," will be reprised this fall, thanks to a maze of rewritten rules, coaching changes, conference reorganizations, tactical innovations, plus the annual round of graduations, matriculations and maturations.

(continued on page 46)

**pre-season picks
for the top teams
and players
in the country**

PLAYBOY'S 1959 PREVIEW ALL-AMERICA TEAM



COACH OF THE YEAR:
Parseghian—Northwestern



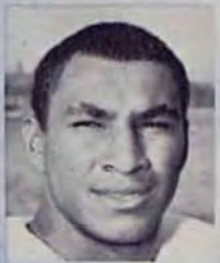
QUARTERBACK:
Don Meredith—SMU



FULLBACK:
Prentice Gault—Oklahoma



CENTER:
Jackle Burkett—Auburn



HALFBACK:
Dick Bass—CDP



HALFBACK:
Billy Cannon—LSU



END:
Curtis Merz—Iowa



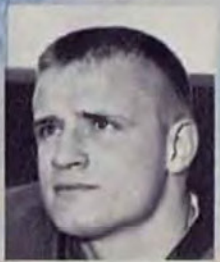
TACKLE:
Don Floyd—TCU



GUARD:
Mike McGee—Duke



GUARD:
Zeke Smith—Auburn



TACKLE:
Jim Heineke—Wisconsin



END:
Jim Houston—Ohio State



ALTERNATE ALL-AMERICA TEAM

Ends: Ditka (Pitt)
Hudson (Florida)

Tackles: Lanphear (Wisconsin)
Cordileone (Clemson)

Guards: Davis (Syracuse)
Terrell (Mississippi)

Center: Fugler (LSU)

Quarterback: Cummings (N.C.)

Halfbacks: Burton (Northwestern)
Anderson (Army)

Fullback: White (Ohio State)

Sophomore Back of the Year:
Roman Gabriel (North Carolina St.)

Sophomore Lineman of the Year:
Sammy Oates (Hardin-Simmons)

THE ALL-AMERICA SQUAD

(All of whom are likely to make someone's All-America eleven)

Ends: Goldstein (N.C.); Carpenter (Army); Burford (Stanford); Stickles (N.D.); Witcher (Baylor); Simms (Rutgers); Faison (Ind.).

Tackles: Rice (Auburn); Ficca (USC); Gossage (Northwestern); Gardner (Duke); Majac (Missouri); Dingens (Detroit).

Guards: Stalcup (Wis.); Cochran (Ala.); Maltony (Purdue); Bronson (A.F.); King (Rice); Wright (Mich. St.); Dennis (Brig. Young).

Centers: Baughan (Ga. Tech); King (Rice); Holub (Texas Tech); Lapham (Iowa); Andreotti (Northwestern).

Backs: Izo (N.D.); Lucas (Penn St.); Thornton (Northwestern); White (Clemson); Rabb (LSU); Franklin (Miss.); Hackbart (Wis.); Anderson (Army); King (Houston); Bird (Ky.); Kilmer (UCLA); Mack (N.D.); Ramirez (Texas); Jarus (Purdue); Martin (Mich. St.); Saunders (S.C.); Flowers (Miss.); Smith (UCLA); Spikes (TCU).

TOP TWENTY TEAMS

National Champion:
WISCONSIN 8-1

2. Auburn	9-1
3. North Carolina	9-1
4. Southern Methodist	9-1
5. Mississippi	9-1
6. Oklahoma	9-1
7. Air Force	9-1
8. Louisiana State	8-2
9. Texas Christian	8-2
10. Clemson	8-2
11. Syracuse	8-2
12. Southern California	8-2
13. Texas	8-2
14. Purdue	7-2
15. Iowa	7-2
16. Northwestern	7-2
17. Florida	7-3
18. Georgia Tech	7-3
19. California	7-3
20. Penn State	7-3

Possible Break-Throughs: Navy, Ohio State, Houston, Washington State, Washington, North Texas, Houston, Rice, College of the Pacific, Michigan State, Illinois.

PLAYBOY'S PIGSKIN PREVIEW (continued from page 43)

For a warm-up, here are some of the new elements that have influenced our pre-season prognostications for the football scene:

Rules: the goal posts have been set more widely apart to increase the potency of the field goal as an offensive weapon, and a "wild card" substitution rule has been introduced to allow a single player to enter the game when the ball is dead.

Tactics: a number of teams are expected to come up with adaptations of Army's highly successful "lonely end" formation. Report has it that Bud Wilkinson, at Oklahoma, is experimenting with a formation featuring not one, but three isolated players. Other coaches, noting that LSU was the nation's only major team to come through unbeaten and untied last year, will undoubtedly be switching to the Bengals' three-team system, or variations thereon.

Coaches: Earl Blaik suddenly retired at West Point to enter private business, and Eddie Erdelatz left Annapolis in great haste for nowhere in particular. Caught by surprise, officials at both schools had to scurry around for successors. And Notre Dame fired Terry Brennan. Seldom in football history has the canning of a coach kicked up such national furor as when Brennan was bounced four days before last Christmas. An extremely able, dedicated and personable coach, Brennan had been hired in 1954 with the announced intention of maintaining "intercollegiate athletics within their proper dimensions . . . those of university life and purposes." When Brennan proceeded to do just that, and dropped an occasional game in the process, the South Bend fundraisers found the pickings increasingly slim. There followed the so-called "surrender to excellence," and Brennan was tossed out.

Player Distribution: no longer will two or three teams dominate the major conferences to leave the others scrambling to stay out of the cellar. Given a bit of luck, almost any team in any conference across the land could well wind up on top of its respective heap come bowl time.

As Bobby Dodd, head coach at Georgia Tech, recently observed, "What we're seeing now is a trend toward .500 football in every major conference. . . . Unless a team comes up with several exceptional players to go with their average boys, there is little chance to improve on an even break."

Better high school coaching all over the country has resulted in a wider distribution of the available good players. The so-called small colleges are now often able to hold their own with the majors.

Conferences: two important considerations here, one on each coast. In the East, eight teams have united to found the University Division of the Middle Atlantic Conference. Out West, the Athletic Association of Western Universities has replaced the defunct Pacific Coast Conference.

So with all this in mind, here we go again with our predictions for another year.

THE EAST			
INDEPENDENTS			
Syracuse	8-2	Holy Cross	6-4
Penn State	7-3	Pittsburgh	5-5
Navy	7-3	Boston College	5-4
Boston U	6-3	Army	4-5
Villanova	6-4	Colgate	3-6
IVY LEAGUE			
Princeton	7-2	Yale	5-4
Dartmouth	7-2	Penn	3-6
Harvard	5-4	Brown	3-6
Cornell	5-4	Columbia	1-8
MIDDLE ATLANTIC CONFERENCE			
Rutgers	7-2	Gettysburg	5-4
Delaware	7-2	Bucknell	4-5
Lehigh	6-3	Temple	3-6
Lafayette	6-3	Muhlenberg	2-6
YANKEE CONFERENCE			
Connecticut	8-1	Rhode Island	4-5
Maine	5-3	New Hampshire	3-5
Massachusetts	4-5	Vermont	2-5
OTHERS			
Buffalo	7-1	Hofstra	6-3
Brandeis	6-2	Colby	4-3
Amherst	6-2	Coast Guard	3-4
Tufts	6-2	Springfield	2-7

Any way you slice the apple, it looks like Syracuse and Penn State in the East this year. But mostly Syracuse. With the cream of last year's Orange Bowl squad returning and a generous helping of recruits who threaten to displace some of the returning veterans, it looks like a lush year for the Orangemen. Brightest components in this setup appear to be the Davis boys (no kin); Roger at guard is of real pro caliber, and rookie Ernie at halfback is said to be the hottest Syracuse back since Jim Brown.

Penn State's hopes this year seem to be pinned largely on quarterback Richie Lucas, whom Coach Rip Engle has called the finest all-round college football player in the country. The usual risks of having one such outstanding player (enemy defenses concentrate on him and he's likely to get clobbered) are lessened by the presence of Galen Hall, an excellent soph quarterback, and a big, experienced (if somewhat slow) line up front.

But don't count out Navy, the real dark horse in the East. Erdelatz' departure will hurt because there isn't a smarter coach in the country, and the vacillations of Academy brass could have disastrous effects on morale. Neverthe-

less, the hard core of last year's squad is back, including Bellino and Tranchini. New Coach Wayne Hardin plans to use alternate first teams of equal ability, so the Middies are likely to be just as fresh in the second half as they are in the first.

On the strength of last year's performance and the fact that Bob Anderson and Bill Carpenter are returning, many learned sports buffs are fingering Army for the Lambert Trophy again this year. But not us. The cadets lost 14 of their first 22 from last year, and the Army squad just isn't deep enough to take up that much slack.

The tub-thumpers at Pitt are crying the blues this year over the loss of their best line material. However, Mike Ditka, the best Pitt end in 20 years, is still around. Principal problems: lack of team speed and reserves.

Villanova, on the other hand, may field its best team in years. The Wildcats seem to have plenty of everything (save quarterbacks). Boston University and Holy Cross also look improved, while Boston College will suffer more than usual from graduation losses.

A new factor on the Eastern football scene is the recently formed Middle Atlantic Conference (University Division). Rutgers and Delaware are co-favorites here, but either Lehigh, Lafayette or Gettysburg could take it with a little luck. Rutgers seems as sound as last year despite the loss of Bill Austin, while Delaware is heavily loaded and could be the number-one sleeper in the East.

Dartmouth and Princeton should vie for Ivy League honors, with a slight nod going to the Tigers on hard-nosed depth. Harvard is the dark horse. Yale should be much improved after a disastrous season last year. Cornell and Penn are also on the rise, so the Ivy League race could turn into quite a scramble.

THE MIDWEST			
INDEPENDENTS			
Notre Dame	4-6	Detroit	6-4
Marquette	5-5		
BIG TEN			
Wisconsin	8-1	Michigan State	6-3
Purdue	7-2	Ohio State	5-4
Iowa	7-2	Michigan	4-5
Northwestern	7-2	Indiana	3-6
Illinois	6-3	Minnesota	2-7
MID-AMERICAN			
Miami (Ohio)	8-1	Ohio U	5-4
Bowling Green	6-3	Western Mich. U	4-5
Kent State	5-3	Marshall College	3-6
Toledo	5-4		
OTHERS			
DePauw	6-3	Xavier	4-6
Bradley	5-3	Dayton	2-8
Wabash	5-4	Washington U	3-5
Louisville	4-5		

It looks like a lean year at Notre (continued on page 116)



SULLIVAN

a beat fable of a far-out cat

humor By **ROGER PRICE**

THESE DAYS, more and more people are trying to get farther and farther out. I mean, especially fellows who are like over 18. When I was that age back in West Virginia anyone who smoked or drank or made out once in a while with a girl from the West Side was pretty hip. But today everyone smokes and drinks and makes out, so if you want to move you have to really reach. Like growing beards isn't much now, or wearing red shirts or dirty jeans. Or digging Zen or slow jazz or making scenes. None of that is really and truly cool. It doesn't represent any kind of rebellion anymore, because all the nervous types are latching on, and the real and true hipsters know it. But they keep reaching and trying. Sometimes they go over the edge. Like what happened to Shelley Kahn.

Shelley had a pad near Fourth and McDougal. He'd been living in the Village ever since he got out of high school back in Buffalo. He'd tried beards and jazz and beer, but he had true instincts and nothing got to him. Pot always made him sick to his stomach, and that bugged him for a while, so he finally began concentrating on women. The high point of this was one time he made out with a dyke in the afternoon. He spent about a year working on a poem about it, but eventually no

one wanted to hear the poem anymore, and he started saying, "Who am I?" and "What the hell?" — you know, sort of probing and trying to analyze seriously his life philosophy, and he decided he had to go. Like even farther.

So one real neat, early spring day he was hanging around the fountain in Washington Square and he got this crazy idea. It wasn't an idea like he had planned it. It was just this wild feeling. I guess it really happened to him. He fell in love with a tree.

It was a pretty ordinary-looking tree, one of those elms with little leaves and sort of scrawny branches. It was all right, you know, but nothing special. The other kids that hung around at the White Horse and the Figaro couldn't see what he dug in the tree, but they were happy for him. You know how it is, they figured it was time he settled down. And they were sort of proud of Shell too. No one had ever got hung up on a tree before that anyone could remember. There was a little piece about it in the *Voice* and Shell gave up his part-time job at the motor scooter garage and spent all his time hanging around the park picking bugs off the tree and digging it.

Naturally, at first, some problems came up. He got

THE TREE

pretty jealous of a boxwood bush he thought was growing too close to the tree and pulled it up and almost got busted by Tommy, the park cop. And he had an awful lot of beefs with dog-owners.

Along about the end of June, Shell began to brood, and one afternoon he got everyone together and explained that the tree was being persecuted. You see, he'd been to City Hall to see if he could take the tree back to his pad with him, and they said "No," and he had this theory that the Park Commission was keeping the tree like in slavery, because it couldn't vote or get any education or fulfill itself. It sounded sort of goofy, but Shell was very sincere, and he got everyone to join a committee — they're all big liberals down there — and they started getting up petitions to have the tree integrated.

Nothing much was going on that spring. Some marines had landed in the Near East, and there was some fighting in India and France but nothing anybody was interested in, so they got a lot of action out of the petitions. Some of the Madison Avenue types who come down to the Village on weekends got in on it, and they made a tie-in with the Conservation League and got some sort of form letter from the Department of the Interior endorsing the plan. Other committees began to form as far up as 92nd Street. They got out pamphlets attacking Robert Moses, who is in charge of parks, and tried to see the Mayor and had meetings around the fountain.

Shell would make little talks at the meetings and at the bongo-parties people threw to raise funds, and he was really sincere, no question about it. One night when the Gypsy was trying to be funny and asked him if he was sure whether it was a girl tree or a boy tree, he got sore and punched her. Then everyone went over to the *Voice* and Shell gave them an interview saying he was ready to get a job, so he could take the tree out to Long Island where he could look after it. Charley Rasputin drew up some crazy engagement announcements, and Little Bird promoted a big wine party at the Gate. It was a ball.

But right after that the publicity got out of hand. *Life* did a story on it and counter-groups started to form. You know, squares who were against the tree. Nuts, mostly. They'd send Shell letters saying he was a pervert, but Shell was a free-thinker and this kind of stuff didn't bother him. And more and more people signed the petitions.

Then some rich industrialist square, some old guy who wasn't in favor of anything, gave the anti-tree groups some loot, and they got organized with an office and a weekly newsletter written by Joseph Kamp. They hired a hall and invited John Kasper up to address

them and had loud-speaker trucks all over the Village hollering out slogans like, "WOULD YOU WANT YOUR DAUGHTER TO MARRY A TREE?" and "TREES HAVE APHIDS." Inflammatory stuff like that.

This way they got more loot and had arm bands made and got more members. They'd hire buses and bring members in from New Jersey and crazy places like that, and they'd roam around making threats against the tree. Shell's group had to stand guard over the tree night and day, and they started carrying switch-blades and tire chains. This way they got the younger kids interested and on their side.

The *World-Telegram* ran an editorial saying the tree was underage and that Shell should be arrested as an example. Then the *New York Post* sent reporters down and wrote a series of articles about how well trees were treated in Israel and how our State Department didn't care. And the Hearst papers had page-one stories pointing out that George Washington didn't like trees.

This was the tip-off that political pressure was being exerted. And sure enough, the next day, on orders from someone higher up — no one would ever say who it was — the police arrested 12 trees for loitering in Central Park. And the traffic detail towed away all the trees along East 78th Street and impounded them in the city garage for overtime parking.

This gave the squares who were against the tree more confidence, and they organized night-rider groups and they'd go around wearing sheets and masks and chop down trees after dark. In three weeks there wasn't a tree in New York City outside of Washington Square. Birds started building nests on people.

And then a third group sprang up, a bunch of real cukes who called themselves the "Arboreal Neo-Atavists" or something like that, and had a religious cult. They were a lot of geeks and old ladies and they were against everyone. They wanted to take the tree off somewhere, so they could worship it. When it came to troublemaking, they were the worst. What can you do in a rumble with old ladies?

But the liberals and all the teenagers were guarding Washington Square like crazy. Every night there'd be rumbles around the park and speeches all over lower Fifth Avenue and Eighth Street. Finally, on the second day of September things got out of hand. There was this gigantic rumble by the Arch. It was a real riot, like with TV cameras and cars getting turned over and even a couple of cops got in the hospital. The next day the President sent in paratroops, and that night he made a little speech on all the TV networks and was very cool about it and grinned a lot and sort of put things in their proper perspective.

The President said that although he wasn't familiar with the tree situation in New York, not having had time, that is, to study all the details, his advisers had briefed him, that is, they had filled him in on the big picture, and he felt that the trouble, or rather the disagreement which was in the American tradition of everyone having his say, that is, being able to speak his mind freely as opposed to the Russian Communism system which repressed free speech and religion, he felt, he said, that the situation would work itself out, in other words, would resolve itself in The American Way if it was just left alone. He went on like this for a few minutes and ended up saying some nice things about the enlisted trees in World War II. After that, public opinion began to swing toward the tree. The Vice President made a statement saying he was categorically and definitely neither for nor against the tree. The Governor came down to the park and had his picture taken with it and said he was pleased because he had never seen a tree close up before. And the *Saturday Evening Post* sent a fellow around looking for Shell to get him to write a story called *The Tree and Me*.

For about three weeks no one could do enough for the tree. Ed Sullivan sent a remote camera crew down and introduced it on his program. There was movie interest in doing its life story. The Ford Foundation set a fund to replant all the trees that had been cut down in New York. Tourists were all over the Village; they came to get their pictures snapped beside the tree, and business was great.

But while all this was going on no one saw anything of Shelley. During one of the early rumbles he tripped over a bench and hurt his knee and sort of cut out. He didn't really split. He just withdrew. He was sensitive and could see the whole thing was getting pretty general. He was having to go to meetings and stand guard at night just like everybody else. It was getting to be a drag.

Worst of all, he realized he was beginning to lose interest in the tree. He still liked it, you know, but he wasn't hung up. He didn't feel fulfilled and figured it was a weakness in him, so he started to think again, Who needs it? What the hell? and like that. Probing.

Right about then — it was the day after the President's speech — this cat from the *Saturday Evening Post* found Shelley in his pad and offered him \$500 cash as an advance on the story, *The Tree and Me*, if he would tell it to Gerold Frank. Well, Shell took it, and the *Saturday Evening Post* cat got him to a phone and had him talk to Gerold Frank a couple of minutes and give him the first three or four chapters. When he left, ol' Shell got all confused. He wasn't
(concluded on page 115)

THE ★ MISS AMERICA JOKE



THE SCENE is Atlantic City. The all-female panel of Miss America judges is huddling to select a winner, but the procedure is only a formality; of the 50 original entrants, 49 have already been eliminated: it has been proved, you see, that 27 had, during the contest, consumed at least one drink containing alcohol; another 22, watchdogs reported, had been seen conversing with members of the opposite sex, unchaperoned. The sole remaining girl is only moderately appetizing in her bathing suit, and her performance in the talent contest consisted of a series of deep knee-bends to the strains of *I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy*, supplemented by the rendering of that beloved melody on the alto kazoo, more or less in tune and rhythm. Nevertheless, it is she who will reign as Queen of America's biggest beauty contest.

Far-fetched? According to the rules and conditions presently prevailing, it's almost near-fetched enough to happen this year. It is a measure of our manic determination to call America first in all things that we believe we annually produce the world's greatest beauty contest. There was a time when the Miss America thing *was* a beauty contest, of sorts. That was long ago. Today, the "Miss America Pageant," to give the joke its right name, is a triumph of commerce and momism, hedged with more rules than govern the daily lives of the inhabitants of a monastery, and productive, usually, of a vaguely pleasant appearing, but most undistinguished female to reign the whole year through as Miss America.

This is not typical of beauty contests in general. Foreign contests are especially noted for their single-minded concentration on beauty. Even

article By OLIVER KINKAID

on the boardwalk at atlantic city, a pretty girl is like a malady



Miss America contestant manages a smile as she arrives for judging, despite atmosphere of grim security created by guards and chaperone. Girls can be eliminated from contest for speaking to a man or sipping a small beer.



Forest of legs (above) was farmed by recent Miss Univer-sers, who gathered at paalside for uninhibited water-fral-icking. Miss England, acting like a watery jack-in-the-box, was engagingly unabashed by an unexpected accident (below).



other American contests popular today ignore "talent" in favor of appearance. Though blatantly organized for publicity purposes, the Miss Universe affair, for instance, still tries to honor the best-looking girl it can find. Compared with America, the Universe invariably ends up in far better shape. When Mrs. Penny Duncan was chosen Mrs. America in 1951, physical beauty was the criterion, and a suspected lack of it caused three-fourths of the judges to accuse her of wearing falsies. In order to refute this charge, she had to retire behind the scenes with a reporter (female) who verified her, or their, authenticity. There was a time when beauty contests were fun, but that was before the women took over. Knowing New Yorkers were amused to see a few years ago, in the photographs of contestants for a big and important beauty contest, the shining faces of two of the town's most popular callgirls. A Canadian promoter who sponsored a beauty contest for the Province of Quebec found photos of two of the leading entrants, Miss Montreal and Miss Quebec City, cheek-by-jowl in *Le Devoir*, a daily newspaper. This did not fill him with joy, however, for they were rogues' gallery shots—both had been pinched for hustling. A French girl thought up a direct method of blitzing the judges of a contest in Nice, France. She wasn't even officially entered when she jumped on the platform, stripped naked in a trice, and announced that she wished to be judged. She was judged to be out of order, but nobody was very angry. And back in the 20s, when the Miss America Pageant did not resemble a spinsters' sewing circle, Earl Carroll was often one of the judges, a duty undoubtedly made more interesting by the fact that he always had some of his *Vanities* chorines among the contestants.

There is, of course, no danger of anything untoward occurring in the Miss America Pageant of today; there is also no danger of anything interesting happening. The women have seen to that.

A nation governed by reason should include in its constitution a provision against the supervision of beauty contests by women. Women dominate the executive direction and management of the Miss America contest, and they have, of course, ruined it. When it began it was fairly simple: good-looking girls in bathing suits paraded before judges until one of them was declared winner. Today, partially in order to drag the proceedings out sufficiently long to justify a \$60,000 TV fee and to turn the house over three times, the girls are judged in three categories: in bathing suits, in evening gowns, and for something called talent. The boundaries of this latter category can be stretched to accommodate the ability to break four balloons, the width of the stage away, with seven arrows. Contestants have been known to sing, dance, "recite," trampoline-tumble and even crochet—all badly, usually—and this depressing certainty is one of the reasons why hardened reporters, scenting an assignment to Atlantic City for the duration of the contest, tend to whimper and beg for mercy, promise reformation, the restitution of owed monies and tee-total abstinence for life, if only they are let off. Among the delights they will find waiting for them in Atlantic City if go they must is *The Miss America Press Bible*, which says, among other things: "Thou Shalt Not: (1) Call any contestant on the phone at her hotel or while she is in the convention hall; (2) Interview or photograph the contestant when she is not accompanied by or in the presence of her hostess; (3) Photograph anyone or anything in the Miss America Coronation Ball."

The so-called *Bible* goes on like that, in an impious mockery of the Decalogue, imperiously and insultingly laying down The Law to members of the press. The brains behind the Pageant have not only forgotten that it is a beauty contest—they have also forgotten that without the cooperation of the fourth estate they would not exist.

The hawk-eyed "hostesses" who stick leech-like to the contestants during their every waking moment are instructed to discontinue "Any interview which causes distress to a con-

testant, or any picture which is improper, indecent, embarrassing or in poor taste." Since there may be wide areas of disagreement over a question of taste between a major magazine photographer and an Atlantic City clubwoman, quarrels are common and the press seldom wins.

In addition to the press *Bible*, the Pageant authorities are the proud authors of a little booklet which tells contestants how to comport themselves. This is all set down in a series of official rules which are strictly of the read-'em-and-weep variety. A couple of the best go like this:

"Contestants are not permitted at any time to enter a cocktail lounge, nightclub, bar, inn, tavern or any place where liquor is served, while competing for the Miss America title. Violation of this rule will bring automatic elimination from further judging, *although they will not be advised of the action.*" (Italics ours.) This is an enchanting refinement. It's perfectly possible for a girl to knock herself out for three days and nights, practicing her talent exhibition, perhaps something really *hard*, like drawing George Washington's face with colored ink from squirt-guns, and starving herself to get those last fractions off her bottom, and all the time she's dead and doesn't know it, from having been spotted sneaking a short beer. But to go on with the pamphlet, said to be from the pen of Miss Eleanora Slaughter, Pageant Director since 1940: "Contestants are not permitted to speak to any man, including male members of their own families, unless a local hostess is present. They are not permitted to dine with a man at their hotels or elsewhere; nor are they permitted to receive a man in their rooms, their own families not excepted." *Time* magazine reported Judge Bennett Cerf as wryly wondering if the girls were all certified virgins, his implication being that they met rigid standards in all other respects. Judge Moss Hart's *cri de coeur* reflected the ineffable boredom of three days' exposure to this nonsense: "We're God's fools!"

The point and purpose of the *cordon sanitaire* around the girls is, ostensibly anyway, to proclaim to all and sundry that the contestants are germ-free in the moral sense as well as the physical; but it would seem that it is also expected to nip in the bud even the most baseless gossip. Consider, for instance, a remark made by Chairlady of Hostesses Mrs. John M. Alton. Explaining the necessity of keeping fathers sundered from their daughters (to whom they have presumably had free access for a couple of decades), Mrs. Alton said, "Why, we had one father who was the handsomest thing you ever saw. If his daughter had been seen alone with him, people might have thought *anything*." People like Mrs. Alton might have thought anything, is what she meant.

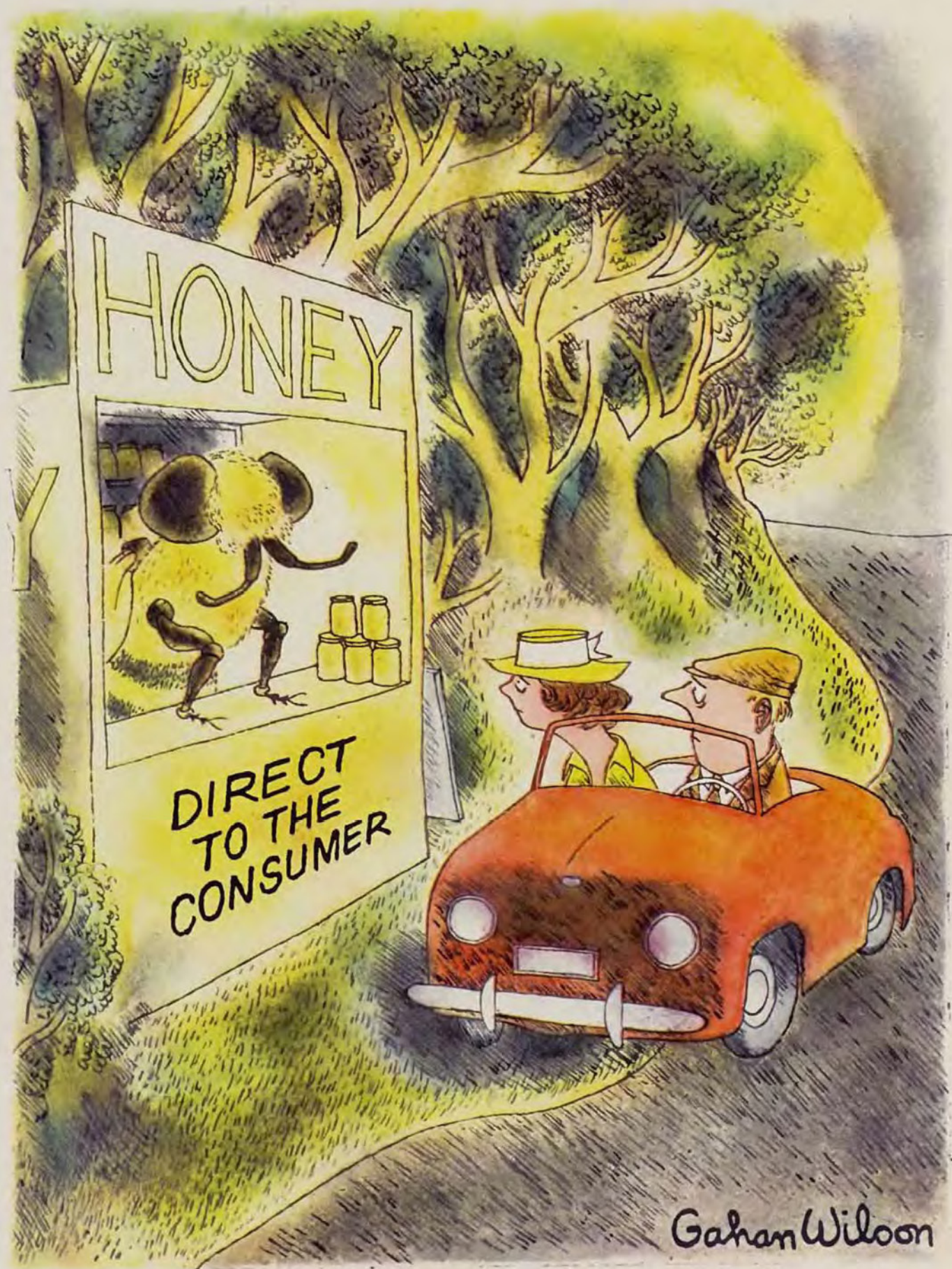
When you come right down to basics, the measures taken to cover and control the girls in the Miss America Pageant have extended far beyond anything that might be considered necessary as precaution against mishap: what presently goes on in Atlantic City is simply a reflection of the fact that America's biggest beauty contest has developed into a fiasco by and for women, and narrow-minded women at that. There is a spreading rumor that the bathing suit exhibition on which the contest is founded is highly offensive to some of the reigning geezers of Atlantic City, and it is not impossible that a bull from the hand of Miss Slaughter will before long signal its demise.

What is the significance of the fact that America's most highly-touted beauty contest is run by and for women? When your mind has stopped reeling under the socio-sexual narcissistic-cum-lesbian-cum-matriarchal implications of it all, you might twist it around the following questions:

What do the present rules and regulations have to do with the selection of a beautiful girl? Is a girl who refuses to talk to a man unchaperoned automatically better-looking than a blabbermouth? Is a girl automatically ugly because she enjoys an occasional drink or an occasional man?

The biddies of Atlantic City say yes.





Gahan Wilson

PREZ

jazz By LEONARD FEATHER



a blue requiem for jazzman lester young

PLAY A BLUES for Lester Young. At one time, he leaped out of the Basie band and was heard, in wheaty-toned, languorous pleas, groping for beauty in 12- or 32-bar sighs. When he played with inimitable delicacy, he transformed the most banal tunes into dramatic, personal monologs, wondrous speeches emerging from a kaleidoscopic life tinged with gin and bourbon and cheap wine and marijuana. When he stumbled, he often fell, scratching for answers, scratching for grace, love and beauty.

Billie Holiday named him.

"When it came to a name for Lester, I always felt he was the greatest, so his name had to be the greatest," she wrote in her autobiography. "In this country kings or counts or dukes don't amount to

nothing. The greatest man around then was Franklin D. Roosevelt and he was the President. So I started calling him the President. It got shortened to Prez."

Lester was the president and the other tenor saxophonists knew it.

"I was about 12 or 13," remembers Al Cohn, one of today's better Prezian tenor men, "and at that time clarinet was the instrument in jazz. I'd found nothing interesting in the saxophone. Then I began rummaging through the nine-cent bargain counters in those stores that sold used 78s, and someone told me about a band—Count Basie. Well, when I heard *Jumpin' at the Woodside* and *Dark Rapture*, I switched overnight. Prez was the reason I became a saxophone player."

"Lester had his own sound and style, even way back around 1933 in Kansas City," says Coleman Hawkins. "The kids today are too young to have heard him when he was real great—his best days were just around the time I came from Europe in 1939, when I first heard him with Basie. And none of those imitators could ever really get anywhere."

"Prez got that soft tone, so different from Hawkins', because that's the way he wanted everything in life," says a former Prez sideman. "Why, I even got him a pair of shoes once and one day I came in and found them in the wastebasket. Then I realized—they were hard-soled shoes and he would always wear moccasins or slippers. It had to be soft and gentle or Prez wanted no part of it."

Prez himself was soft and gentle, and infinitely lonely. Confronted with one-nighters, deadlines, booking agents and nightclub drunks, he recoiled repeatedly into his own quietly decaying world, destroying himself more with each retreat. He shuffled toward beauty, grasped it momentarily, lost it, and resumed his ambling way.

"Lester's approach to everything he did in life was concerned with beauty," says pianist Billy Taylor. "He liked things pretty, and the word had a special meaning for him; the highest compliment he could pay anyone was 'That was real pretty.'"

Beauty was the perpetual goal, existing apart from Prez' way of life, like an icon available for solace. His way of life was something else. He read comic books. He was a Giant fan. He drank gin with a sherry chaser, or Courvoisier with beer. He consumed buttermilk and Cracker Jack, or sardines and ice cream. For years he could sleep only in a room filled with light and the sound of a radio at full volume. Once, at Birdland, he battled members of the Basie band, armed with a water pistol. He spent much of his off-stand time listening to vocal records. Sinatra was his man.

But on the stand, Prez was his own man, and jazz was his language. Often

obscure in his speech, he spoke lucidly and warmly through his horn. When he did, the musicians gathered and the critics took notes.

In the early days, Prez' ideas did not enchant the conservatives in jazz. When he tumbled the status quo that persisted since Coleman Hawkins first established the tenor saxophone as a jazz voice in the late Twenties, there were cries of agony and resentment. Prez wasn't moved by them. A fastidious perfectionist, he was certain of his artistry, but he was less certain of facing a complex 20th Century life. Tormented by an inability to adjust to the demands of society, he turned to eccentricity as a facade for his uncertainty.

Many who thought they knew him well believed him to be a junkie. He wasn't, but he matched the stereotype. The washed-out, parchinent complexion and generally distracted manner made him seem vaguely Asian. His eyes, heavy-lidded and resting stoically on gray bags, would become illuminated unpredictably with a gentle twinkling that accompanied quiet, slow laughter. Often Prez would shuffle onto the bandstand with ridiculous, mincing little movements, or move across the stand with crablike sidesteps until he reached his destination. Once he'd reached it, he'd stop and shiver slightly. As drummer Dave Bailey put it, "like a chicken spreading its feathers."

His idiosyncrasies were part of the masquerade, the massive characterization. Prez used an almost entirely personal language most of the time, a language that's become standard jazz argot. "Bells!" and "Ding-dong!" signified approval. "No eyes" indicated reluctance. He sprinkled his speech with double-talk words, punctuating with "oodastad-dis!" or "vout" or the suffix "oreeny." "I feel a draft" was his signal flag for racial discomfort, when Jim Crow was watching him. White musicians weren't "ofays" to Prez, but "gray boys." He greeted strangers with "How are your feelings?"

The more Prez declined in his battle with the forces of life, the more he depended on such hip talk to help him exclude any intruders. He struggled to forget the intrusions: tortuous Army experience, countless rebuffs from his non-jazz peers, days in Bellevue and nights on booze.

Prez was earning more than \$50,000 a year during his better days with the Norman Granz troupe in the early part of the Fifties, but the income dissolved as Prez withered. The beginning of the end was signaled when he entered Bellevue in the winter of 1955. Liquor, marijuana, and the masochism they fed had humbled the tenor saxophonist no other jazzman could defeat in blues combat. After a brief respite at Bellevue, Prez

returned to the same destructive environment. A complete nervous collapse put him in Kings County Hospital late in 1957. Almost totally inactive before his collapse, Prez had left his third wife Mary, son Lester, Jr., and a daughter Yvette, born in December 1956. He was living in a dingy room in a cheap hotel. He had been fired after a few nights on a job in Harlem because, too weak to stand, he had attempted to lead his combo from a chair.

The hotel room was desolate. Prez' horn, his phonograph and a few snapshots of his parents were his only possessions. Drinking constantly, he spent most of his time staring at Birdland, across the street.

His career had ended. His life would soon follow.

Prez, born Lester Willis Young, had come far from his Woodville, Mississippi, birthplace. Born on August 27, 1909, he moved to New Orleans with his family when still a child. He remembered his family, particularly his father and the family band he headed, in conversations with Dr. Luther Cloud, a psychologist-physician who attempted to save Prez during his last days of degradation.

"My father was a fine musician," Prez told Cloud. "He studied at Tuskegee Institute. He knew a lot about music and he tried to teach me everything. He taught all the instruments and could play them all, especially trumpet and violin. . . . He traveled with carnival minstrel shows, a week in each town. . . ."

Prez started playing drums when he was 10. The family band needed a drummer. "They were too much trouble to carry around, so when I was 13 I switched to alto," he once told Cloud. "And all the time I was learning, with my brother Lee and my sister Irma. My father would try to teach me scales and I'd goof off and learn everything but the scales. One day my father discovered that I wasn't really learning to read—I was doing it all by ear. He got so mad he put me out of the family band." After being fired by his father, Prez did learn to read music, out of revenge for the incident.

As a child, he attended church with his family, but did so more as a chore than as a matter of belief. "There was some shyness about him when it came to church-going," his mother recalls. "I think it was shyness, too, that made him drink later on—it gave him courage with which to face the public."

The official break with the church came during his teens and was linked closely to his extreme sensitivity to Jim Crowism. Prez and his sister visited a small country church and were among the few Negroes present. When Prez heard the minister shout "black sin" and

(continued on page 68)

Cooking with Whiskey

TO STIMULATE APPETITE, drinking alcoholic beverages before eating is an entertainment enjoyed by many citizens of this country. But less understood in America, and certainly less followed, is the high art of making a fine meal finer by adding whiskey in the cooking.

European gastronomes have been preparing meats, fowl and seafood with distilled spirits for centuries; French chefs in particular include the brandy bottle on the spice shelf as a matter of course. Sumptuous liver pâtés, lobster Americaine (sometimes spelled Armoricaine), boeuf à la mode and duckling in aspic have all, at one time or another, been enhanced by brandy. Happily enough, American whiskey can do the same versatile job, and in some cases may actually do it more impressively.

Don't expect an intoxicating effect from cooking with whiskey. Alcohol, which boils at 173° F., either vanishes in the sprightly blue flames, if the whiskey is set afire, or else simmers away as the gravy reduces. What remains is a perceptible and really matchless flavor. Chefs who use whiskey for the first time are sometimes surprised by the fact that it doesn't dominate taste, but blends with and supports other flavors easily and beguilingly. And when whiskey is first burned rather than simply poured into a sauce, it acquires a lush concentrated flavor.

Note the small amounts of liquor in the following formulae. An overdose of whiskey in cookery, like an excess of salt or sherry or garlic, must always be avoided if you want to enhance the dish to which it is added. Don't splash your whiskey into the mixing bowl unmeasured. Unless you can pour it with the unerring hand of an experienced bartender, you'd better put your faith and your whiskey in the standard jiggers, measuring cups, tablespoons or teaspoons.

The whiskey in your pantry needn't be so expensive that it makes you wince when you pour it into your Brunswick

stew or crab meat. In most recipes, light 86 proof bourbon or a good blended whiskey will do a fine job. In recipes where the liquor isn't subjected to fire, as in the Bavarian cream recipe, you might want to select a fine old 100 proof bourbon for the best possible results.

If you're the type of cook who enjoys improvising with seasonings, a tip to remember is that whiskey seems to go best with rich rather than light dishes. Even foods which aren't heavy calorically, like mushrooms or onions, but which develop a savory natural aroma or flavor in the pan, fraternize beautifully with whiskey. Thus, in a clear chicken bouillon or clam broth, whiskey would be off key. But in a rich split-pea soup or black-bean soup, it's the difference which can make your guests enthusiastic.

We've put unadorned names on the following recipes, to indicate the basic dishes before they're enhanced by the bottle, but you can make the names of the foods ritzier, if you are so inclined, by calling them Chicken Liver Pâté Bourbonnaise, or Crab Meat With Toasted Almonds Avec Booze, or Breast of Chicken En Redeye, and like that.

ONION SOUP

1 large Spanish onion
butter
1½ ozs. bourbon or blended
whiskey

1 pt. fresh or canned chicken broth
salt, freshly ground pepper

Cut the onion in half through the stem end, then into the thinnest possible slices (julienne). Sauté in a soup pot with a few tablespoons butter. When the onions are a rich yellow, but not yet brown, add the whiskey. Wait a few seconds until the whiskey gets hot. Then set a match to the pan, and let the booze blaze for about 10 seconds. To stop the blazing, cover the pan with a lid. Add the chicken broth, and simmer slowly about 15 min- (continued on page 60)



how to put the proof in the pudding and a host of other tasty dishes too

COLE REMEMBERED



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



"I have it: let's swap wives."



"I'm not worried. She's run off on affairs before. She'll be back. He won't, but she will."



"Like they say in the travel folders, Miss Duncan - 'Getting there is half the fun.'"

ONE YEAR AGO this month, Jack Cole met sudden and untimely death. Certainly among the most distinctive American cartoonists of our time, his rich style became part of PLAYBOY early in our first year of publication and he quickly was established as the artist most closely identified with the magazine.

While he lived, not a month went by after our fifth issue without at least one full-page Cole cartoon in these pages. This month, in fond remembrance, we have gathered together some of his best-loved pieces of work: proof, if proof is needed, that creative men are not at all like old soldiers; for though they may die, they never fade away.





"I'm sorry, handsome, but I'm afraid you can't charge it to the Diners' Club here."



"John! John! Your creepie-peepie is on!"



"Here's one ambassador, if they want to recall, they'll have to come and get!"



"In the beginning, I created the heaven and the earth . . ."



Cooking with Whiskey (continued from page 55)

utes. Add salt and pepper to taste. (Purely for the sake of experimentation, you may want to go through the same ritual again, omitting the whiskey. When you compare the two finished versions for taste, the whiskey-flavored soup will be the better by far.)

DESSERT SAUCE

- ½ cup heavy sweet cream
- 2 tablespoons sugar
- 2 teaspoons 100 proof bourbon
- freshly ground nutmeg

There are a few recipes in which whiskey isn't cooked, but poured in straight from the bottle. If you like a creamy rice pudding or baked apples (both of these in high quality are now available in cans), try them with this easy spirited sauce: To the cream add the sugar, whiskey, and a dash of nutmeg. Stir until the sugar is dissolved. Pour the cream, ice cold, over the dessert. Or pour the same cream over a bowl of fresh, sliced, sweetened Elberta peaches. Your conversion to whiskey-eating will take place with the very first bite.

CHICKEN LIVER PÂTÉ (1¼ cups)

- ½ lb. fresh or frozen chicken livers
- ¾ stick (3 ozs.) butter
- ½ cup very finely minced onions
- 1½ ozs. bourbon
- 1 teaspoon lemon juice
- ¼ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
- 2 teaspoons prepared mustard
- ½ teaspoon dry mustard
- 2 tablespoons heavy sweet cream
- 1 teaspoon horseradish
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ½ teaspoon freshly ground pepper
- ¼ teaspoon monosodium glutamate

Chicken liver pâté is a purée used as a canapé spread. The best utensil for making liver into a purée is an electric meat grinder. A hand meat grinder is second best. If you own neither of these, you'll have to force the liver through a colander, a job tedious but necessary to give the liver its smooth consistency.

Thaw the chicken livers (if frozen). In a heavy saucepan melt the butter. Do not brown it. Add onions and livers. Sauté a minute or two. Add whiskey. When the whiskey is hot, set it ablaze. Let it flambé about 10 seconds. Continue to sauté the livers slowly until they are cooked through, about 8 to 10 minutes. Avoid overcooking or livers will become tough. Remove livers and onions from pan, saving the liquid. Put the livers through a meat-grinding machine, using the finest blade. In a deep mixing bowl combine the ground livers with the liquid from the saucepan. Add lemon juice, Worcestershire sauce, prepared mustard, dry mustard, cream, horseradish, salt,

pepper and monosodium glutamate. Mix very well. Store the pâté in the refrigerator until well chilled. It will be at its flavor peak if chilled overnight. Serve on canapé wafers, salted crackers or small rounds of Melba toast.

CRAB MEAT WITH TOASTED ALMONDS (Serves four)

- 1 lb. fresh crab lump
- ½ cup slivered almonds
- 4 tablespoons butter
- ¼ cup blended whiskey
- 1½ cups cold milk
- 1 cup light cream
- 2 scallions
- 2 eggs
- salt
- celery salt
- white pepper

Crab meat epicures will use nothing but freshly cooked de luxe crab lump as sold at the best fish stores. There are times, however, when the de luxe crab is not available at any price. Frozen king crab meat or canned crab meat may be substituted.

Place the slivered almonds in a shallow pan or pie plate with half the butter. Bake in a moderate oven, 350°, about 10 minutes or until lightly browned. Avoid charring almonds. Sprinkle with salt. Set aside.

Remove any pieces of shell or cartilage from the crab lump. In a heavy saucepan melt the rest of the butter. Add the crab lump. Sauté, stirring constantly, about 1 minute. Add whiskey and set it aflame. When flames subside, add 1 cup milk and 1 cup cream to saucepan. Add all the whites of the scallions and about half of the greens, thinly sliced. Bring liquid to a boil. Reduce flame, and simmer 5 minutes. Turn flame very low. Beat eggs in ½ cup milk. Gradually add egg mixture to saucepan, stirring constantly. As soon as all of the egg mixture has been added to the pan, remove the pan from the flame at once. Add salt, celery salt and white pepper to taste. Sprinkle almonds on top. Serve on toast.

BREAST OF CHICKEN (Serves four)

- 2 whole breasts or 4 half breasts of chicken
- ¼ cup flour
- ½ teaspoon paprika
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 2 tablespoons salad oil
- 2 tablespoons minced onion
- 1 tablespoon minced parsley
- ¼ teaspoon chervil
- ¼ cup bourbon
- 4-oz. can mushrooms
- 10-oz. can tomatoes
- ¼ teaspoon sugar
- ½ teaspoon monosodium glutamate

salt
pepper

Ask the butcher for breasts of two 3½-lb. frying chickens if possible. If breasts are bought from a chicken parts store, select the large size. Cut each whole breast in half before cooking. Place chicken in a paper bag with flour, paprika and salt. Shake bag well to coat chicken thoroughly. Remove chicken from bag, and shake off excess flour. In a heavy saucepan melt the butter. Add salad oil. Sauté the chicken until light brown on both sides. While the chicken is sautéing, add onion, parsley and chervil to pan. After the chicken breasts have been browned, add whiskey, and set aflame. Allow the blazing to continue for about 10 seconds. Add mushrooms, pieces and stems, together with the mushroom juice, to the pan. Empty the contents of the can of tomatoes, saving the juice. Chop the tomato meat coarsely. Add the tomatoes together with their juice to the pan. Cover with a tight lid, and continue to simmer 12 to 15 minutes, stirring occasionally. If necessary, remove the lid and continue to cook until the sauce is medium thick. Skim excess fat from sauce. Add sugar, monosodium glutamate and salt and pepper to taste. Serve with noodles, vermicelli or rice in a casserole.

BAVARIAN CREAM (Serves four)

- ½ cup whiskey
- 1 tablespoon unflavored gelatin
- 2 eggs
- ½ cup sugar
- ⅛ teaspoon salt
- 1 cup milk
- ½ teaspoon vanilla
- ⅛ teaspoon freshly grated nutmeg
- ½ cup heavy cream

(In this pudding the whiskey flavor emerges just as it would in a julep or a highball. Use anything from straight old rye or 100 proof fine bourbon to a light blended whiskey to suit your own individual preference.)

Combine the gelatin and whiskey. Stir to soften the gelatin. Separate whites from yolks of the eggs. In the top part of a double boiler beat egg yolks well. Add sugar and salt. Add milk. Mix well. Cook over simmering water (the water should not touch the top section) stirring constantly, especially in "corners" of pan, until mixture begins to thicken. It should look like a thin cream soup. Remove from the fire. Add vanilla, the whiskey and gelatin mixture and the nutmeg. Stir until the gelatin dissolves. Place in a wide mixing bowl. Chill in the refrigerator until the mixture begins to thicken around the edges, and is syrupy looking in center. Beat the egg whites until stiff, fold into the gelatin mixture. Beat the heavy cream until whipped
(concluded on page 96)

*her face is her
fortune, but there's
hidden treasure too*



A COVER GIRL UNCOVERS

IF THE FACE IS FAMILIAR, it is because Marianne Gaba's cute countenance has appeared on countless magazine covers across the country, especially the romance and movie fan publications which chronicled, in considerable detail, her recent "going steady" with teenage heart-throb Ricky Nelson. Marianne is a starlet in Hollywood, concentrating on what she hopes will be a successful movie career, with just enough spare time to satisfy the lensmen who shoot those magazine cover portraits, but up till now insufficient attention has been given to the rest of the Gaba goodies. This may seem peculiar, too, since it was surely the sum total of Marianne that won for her the Miss Illinois title in the Miss Universe contest two years ago and first took her to Hollywood, but it can be explained by Marianne's reluctance to be typed as "just another bathing beauty" and her corresponding refusal to pose for any of the West Coast's hundreds of pin-up photographers. She has made an exception for PLAYBOY, however, for which we're mighty grateful, and so we proudly present something more of Marianne Gaba than has ever graced a magazine before, in the fetching form of Miss September.

MISS SEPTEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH







Pensive here, puckish in other portraits, Marianne owes her success to a face of many subtle moods.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY LAWRENCE SCHILLER



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A bookseller of our acquaintance admits to having been momentarily flustered when a dewy-eyed damsel asked for a volume she titled *How to Make Friends and Influential People*.



A man is getting old when he runs out of gas after he runs out of gas.

Carol had been dating one man steadily for almost a year, and her mother was growing concerned.

"Exactly what are his intentions?" she demanded.

"Well, Mom, I'm really not sure," Carol said. "He's been keeping me pretty much in the dark."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *petting party* as an affair that lasts until someone gives in, gives up or gives out.



The Alaskan miners were whooping it up in a Fairbanks bar and kidding a visiting Texan about his state now being the *second* biggest in the Union.

"Texas may no longer be the biggest state," said the Lone Star oilman, "but it's still the toughest!"

"*Toughest?!*" cried one of the miners, almost beside himself with laughter. "Why, up here in Alaska we don't consider a man a man unless he can down a fifth of whiskey in one pull at the bottle, wrestle a grizzly bear with his bare hands, and rape an Eskimo woman, all in one night!"

"There's nothing to that," said the oilman. "Any Texan worthy of the name

could do that!" Whereupon, a wager was made on whether or not this particular Texan could prove himself by these prescribed Alaskan standards. He took a full fifth of whiskey and downed it without considerable trouble.

"All right," he said, "where do I find me a grizzly bear?"

The miners explained that the mountains surrounding the town were full of bears and that he would have no trouble finding one, so the Texan stalked out into the night, and the Alaskans returned to their drinking and merrymaking, convinced they had seen the last of their new acquaintance. But two hours later, lo and behold, the Texan came staggering back into the bar. His clothes were in shreds and his body a mass of bloody cuts and bruises. For a moment no one spoke, then the Texan said: "All right, now where's the Eskimo woman you want me to wrestle?"



Nobody gave the bride away, but several young men at the wedding could have.

The bearded Cuban was describing his country to a U.S. women's club.

"Our most popular sport is bullfighting," he declared.

One matron, obviously upset at the thought of so bloody a spectacle, asked, "But isn't it revolting?"

"No," said the Cuban, smiling, "that is our second most popular sport."

She talked him into buying her a dress, then he talked her out of it.

Friend of ours recently made a sizable contribution to the Home for Unwed Mothers. But he says next time he intends to give money.

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.



PREZ (continued from page 54)

"black as hell" he sensed a personal and racial slight. In later years, he owned religious figurines and spoke of God, but rarely attended church.

The initial flight from paternal discipline and Jim Crow came when Prez was 18. His father told him that the family band had been booked on a string of dates in the South. Prez fled, to join a band known as the Bostonians. He played baritone, alto and tenor, and the band was based in Salina, Kansas.

"It's too bad more people couldn't have heard Lester play alto sax," says Benny Carter. "When I was on the road with McKinney's Cotton Pickers in 1932 we hit Minneapolis and somebody told us about a wonderful alto player in a local club. I went to hear Prez and was enraptured. It was the greatest thing I'd ever heard. He had a definition and a mastery that I don't think he ever felt necessary to display on the tenor."

During the early Thirties, Prez wandered through Kansas, Missouri, Oklahoma and Minnesota with King Oliver's band, Water Page's Blue Devils and several others. "Those were tough times," he said once. "The Blue Devils band was getting bruised, I mean *really* bruised, playing to audiences of three people. One time all our instruments were impounded and they took us right to the railroad tracks and told us to get out of town. There we were, sitting with those hobos, and they showed us how to grab the train. We made it—with bruises. We got to Cincinnati, no loot, no horns, all raggedy and dirty, and we were trying to make it to Kansas City."

Prez moved on alone. In Kansas City he acquired a tenor and borrowed clothes from Herschel Evans. And at this time, Prez played his first job with Basie.

"I was working at the Cotton Club in Minneapolis and I used to hear Basie on the air," Prez remembered. "Everything sounded great except his tenor man [one of Evans' predecessors], so I sent him a wire. He'd heard me before, so I joined the band. It was very nice. Just like I thought it would be."

"When Prez first came to me at the Reno Club in Kansas City," Basie recalls, "it was like nothing we'd ever heard. And it was consistent. In all the years he was with our band he never had a bad night. No matter what happened to him personally, he never showed it in his playing. I can only remember him as being beautiful."

Prez took his first wife with him when he left Minneapolis to join Basie in Kansas City, but all that is known about the marriage is that it soon failed. Prez never talked about it. The accumulating traumas of racial pressures, parental discipline, woman trouble and musical rebellion were aggravated when he left

Basie to accept an offer of more money from Fletcher Henderson in 1934. He replaced Coleman Hawkins in the Henderson band, but he could not erase Hawkins' image.

"I came to New York with the band and I got bruised because I didn't play like Hawkins," he said. "They rang the bell on me. So I really did a lot of tear-drops there, you know? Some people just didn't have eyes for certain things. I was rooming at Fletcher's house and Mrs. Henderson would come in every morning and start playing me them records with Hawkins and everything, to show me what to do, and I would listen, because I didn't want to hurt nobody's feelings."

But Prez had feelings, too. Proudly bearing a letter from Henderson stating that he had *not* been fired, Prez returned to Kansas City. After six months with Andy Kirk's band, he rejoined Basie. Within a year jazz patron John Hammond had arranged for the band to head East. A combo record date, with Prez and Basie, was held along the way, in Chicago, and the first Basie big-band date was cut in New York early in 1937.

Later, bop-era tenor man Dexter Gordon said, "Hawk had done everything possible and was the master of the horn, but when Prez appeared we all started listening to him alone. Prez had an entirely new sound, one that we had been waiting for, the first one to really tell a story on the horn."

It was during these decisive years with Basie that Prez reached his peak. His pork-pie hat became his symbol, but it was his unique sound and conception on tenor that attracted musicians, fans and critics. He leaped and they followed. With fame came an expansion of eccentricity. He claimed to have psychic and prophetic powers. When he left the Basie band in 1940 it was ostensibly because a recording session had been called in defiance of one of his superstitions—the date was Friday, the 13th of December. But, according to drummer Jo Jones, a Basie compatriot and one of Prez' closest friends, the reason for Prez' walk-out was the culmination of a sorrow Prez had been bearing for almost two years, since the death of Herschel Evans.

"They were supposed to be battling on the bandstand, but actually Lester had the greatest respect and admiration for Herschel. It was just like a twin dying. Soon after, Lester would be so restless that he would keep his coat and hat underneath the music stand and other guys would have to pull him back down to his seat to keep playing." According to Jones, Prez didn't drink heavily until Evans died.

Jones feels that "after Herschel died, Lester felt it was his duty to play Her-

schel and Lester. He had a dual thing going—he'd play four bars of himself and four for Herschel. He was lost."

After leaving Basie, Prez tried heading his own combo. When this proved unrewarding, he sat in on jam sessions at Minton's and the Village Vanguard, then he went on the road with Al Sears' band, touring for USO camp shows. He engaged in musical battles with tenor man Budd Johnson and spent his nights warming dice. "He had the damndest bad luck," recalls Johnson. "I never saw him win once, though he'd stay up all night long. He wouldn't quit; he just loved to see 'em roll."

Prez rejoined Basie as abruptly as he had departed three years earlier. Jo Jones ran into him at a 52nd Street bar and, in behalf of Basie, invited Prez to return. "I bought him a short beer," Jones says, "and told him, 'Now don't forget we're at the Lincoln Hotel. Be at work tonight at seven.' And at seven o'clock there he was."

The stint with Basie was his last regular tour of duty with a big band. When he was asked if he might form his own big band, he said "Would I care to form a big band? Oooh. I would love to, but I wouldn't go for the okey-doke—they headaches, them evil spirits. I can barely make it with five. Like the old lady told me, there's always a bastard in the bunch, and you never know who it is. . . ."

But he discovered several in the bunch when the Army called him in 1944. He survived for 15 months, beginning as a mess orderly in the infantry, but the experience sent him plummeting downhill.

"First he had his horn and they took that away from him," says Charlie Carpenter, Prez' manager from 1946 to 1957. "They wouldn't let him play in the band. And he had his hair long and they made him cut it off. Maybe that's why later on he let it grow so long it started to curl up and he told me he wanted to braid it real long down his neck like an Indian. Anyhow, the Army was a terrifying experience for him."

Prez entered an Army hospital for minor surgery and, in completing a routine form, admitted to having smoked marijuana. Despite a move by a sympathetic officer—jazz fan to have Prez discharged, several Army men were waiting for him when he emerged from the hospital and returned to the barracks. Jo Jones, who was stationed at Fort McLellan, Alabama, with Prez at the time, remembers the details.

"I got back before noon and all hell had broken loose. Lester's locker had been searched. The major who made the search found some photographs. 'Who is this?' he asked Lester, and Prez said, 'That's my wife.' Well, the major was from Louisiana and this was Lester's second wife, also named Mary, who

(continued on page 106)

Definitely slated for the fall fashion checklist are these correct campus accessories. (1) A heather-brown single-breasted wool jersey sweater vest with smooth brass buttons and contrasting piping on patch pockets, by George Heller, \$15. (2) A challis tie of hand-blocked English wool, in a rust and green Paisley pattern, by Reis of New Haven, \$2.50. (3) Italian-made gloves, with hand-sewn buffed pigskin palms and wool cracheted back, by Fownes, \$4.95. (4) Close-knit all-wool muffler in oxford gray and white, by Himalaya, \$7.50. (5) A dark-green velour hat with ornamented band and feather, and tapered crown, by Knox, \$16.50. (6) All silk and full fashioned is this trim knit tie, heather-toned red and black, by Nickels, \$2.50. (7) For variable weather, the water-repellent Hampton hat, in nugget-colored smooth felt with a black band and quarter-inch under-welt on the brim, by Disney, \$8.95.

CHECKLIST: COLLEGE CLASSICS

IT HAS OFTEN BEEN OBSERVED that collegiate fashion is a fairly static matter when it comes to the wardrobe basics, i.e., suits, slacks, sports jackets, shoes and such. The persistence of Ivy on campus has been noted (and approved) for years. In our estimation, this does not reflect lack of daring, nor unimaginative conservatism on the part of collegians. Our guess is that the academic cycle is at the heart of the matter: lower classmen emulate upper classmen and each senior class impresses the impressionable freshmen with its taste—and foibles—in garb.

And that is why—for the collegian who would indulge his desire for originality and express his flair for tasteful variety—accessories loom larger than for any other walk of life. It is only in accessories (and in tailoring detail—see last month's *PLAYBOY*) that new and trend-setting styles show marked shifts in emphasis from year to year, with the wardrobe basics evolving much more slowly.

Which is one reason crafty chaps on campus look forward eagerly to fine fall weather. For that's the season to trot out the wardrobe accessories. Somewhat snowbound (continued on page 104)



distinctive accessories that mark the best-dressed men on campus

attire By **ROBERT L. GREEN**



CHECKLIST: COLLEGE CLASSICS
(continued)



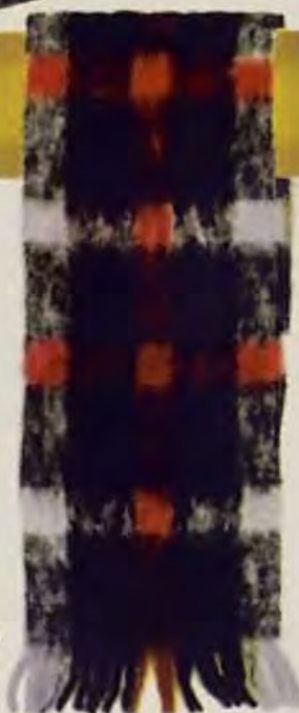
18



20



17



19



21



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23



24

Country #

(8) "Forword Snap," a young-exec felt hat in town taupe shade, pre-snapped with a high roll brim, by Dobbs, \$13.50. (9) Charcoal-gray and white high-button demi-shawl wool cardigan, bulky knit, by Drummond, \$18.95. (10) Brown capeskin gloves with synthetic lamb's-wool lining, by Meyers Moke, \$8.95. (11) Russet-colored looped mohair "six footer" muffler, ribbed and aerated, by Mont Blanc, \$15. (12) Hand-blocked English wool chollis heraldic tie, by Reis of New Haven, \$2.50. (13) "Horlequin," o brass, tomato and ivy awning-striped boot-neck pullover of shaggy wool and kid mohair, by Fashion Hill, \$15. (14) Rugged and washable is this country-weave cotton shirt with button-down collar, by Cisco, \$7.95. (15) Tan glen plaid wool "Scordigan," a vest-buttoning muffler with two large patch pockets, by Cisco, \$3.95. (16) Challis-printed olive elastic belt, by Canterbury, \$3.50. (17) Brass-color Continental web belt, by Canterbury, \$3.50. (18) Bleeding Indian madras cotton vest, fully lined, by Mayhoff, \$10.95. (19) Imported bold black, gray and red block plaid mohair muffler, by Handcraft, \$6. (20) Gray hound's-tooth check all-wool cloth hat by Bressler, \$10. (21) Olive-patterned, soft-combed cotton socks with multi-ply heel and toe, by Esquire, \$1. (22) Elastic hemp belt with cowhide tab and brass buckle, by Greenholl, \$2.50. (23) Patterned print cotton tie, silk lined, by Taylor, \$2.50. (24) Olive cotton elastic single-cinch belt, by Canterbury, \$3.50.



NELSON



ALBANO



BLUME



SCHULTZ

Searching for an illustrative approach as unique as this story, PLAYBOY Art Director Arthur Paul decided to give LeRoy Neiman's class at the Midwest's foremost art museum free rein in interpreting it. Paul told the young talents, "Don't comb the magazine for 'style hints.' Use any medium you feel comfortable in — chalk, water color, casein, pencil, collage." Thus, though all the pictures illustrate the same story, each has its own personality and point of view. The variegated result is 10 individual looks at "The World of Heart's Desire," presented side by side on these pages to display their differences, similarities and strengths.



CANADAY



HODINOTT



HAKANSON



WEISBROD



NIEMINSKI



SIEGEL

fiction By ROBERT SHECKLEY

THE WORLD OF HEART'S DESIRE

the oldest dream of man was his: limitless fulfillment

MR. WAYNE CAME TO THE END of the long, shoulder-high mound of gray rubble, and there was the Store of the Worlds. It was exactly as his friends had described: a small shack constructed of bits of lumber, parts of cars, a piece of galvanized iron and a few rows of crumbling bricks, all daubed over with a watery blue paint.

He glanced back down the long lane of rubble to make sure he hadn't been followed. He tucked his parcel more firmly under his arm; then, with a little shiver at his own audacity, he opened the door and slipped inside.

"Good morning," the proprietor said.

He, too, was exactly as described: a tall, crafty-looking old fellow with narrow eyes and a downcast mouth. His name was Tompkins. He sat in an old rocking chair, and perched on the back of it was a blue and green parrot. There was one other chair in the store, and a table. On the table was a rusted hypodermic.

"I've heard about your store from friends," Mr. Wayne said.

"Then you know my price," Tompkins said. "Have you brought it?"

"Yes," said Mr. Wayne, holding up his parcel. "All my worldly goods. But I want to ask first —"

"They always want to ask," Tompkins said to the parrot, who blinked. "Go ahead, ask."

"I want to know what really happens."

Tompkins sighed. "What happens is this. I give you an injection which knocks you out. Then, with the aid of certain gadgets which I have in the back of the store, I liberate your mind."

Tompkins smiled as he said that, and his silent parrot seemed to smile, too.

"What happens then?" Mr. Wayne asked.

"Your mind, liberated from its body, is able to choose from the countless probability worlds which the Earth casts off in every second of its existence."

Grinning now, Tompkins sat up in his rocking chair and began to show signs of enthusiasm.

"Yes, my friend, though you might not have suspected it, from the moment this battered Earth was born out of the sun's fiery womb, it cast off its alternate-probability worlds. Worlds without end, emanating from events

large and small; every Alexander and every amoeba creating worlds, just as ripples will spread in a pond no matter how big or how small the stone you throw. Doesn't every object cast a shadow? Well, my friend, the Earth itself is four-dimensional; therefore it casts three-dimensional shadows, solid reflections of itself, through every moment of its being. Millions, billions of Earths! An infinity of Earths! And your mind, liberated by me, will be able to select any of these worlds and live upon it for a while."

Mr. Wayne was uncomfortably aware that Tompkins sounded like a circus barker, proclaiming marvels that simply couldn't exist. But, Mr. Wayne reminded himself, things had happened within his own lifetime which he would never have believed possible. Never! So perhaps the wonders that Tompkins spoke of were possible, too.

Mr. Wayne said, "My friends also told me —"

"That I was an out-and-out fraud?" Tompkins asked.

"Some of them implied that," Mr. Wayne said cautiously. "But I try to keep an open mind. They also said —"

"I know what your dirty-minded friends said. They told you about the fulfillment of desire. Is that what you want to hear about?"

"Yes," said Mr. Wayne. "They told me that whatever I wished for — whatever I wanted —"

"Exactly," Tompkins said. "The thing could work in no other way. There are the infinite worlds to choose among. Your mind chooses, and is guided only by desire. Your deepest desire is the only thing that counts. If you have been harboring a secret dream of murder —"

"Oh hardly, hardly!" cried Mr. Wayne.

"— then you will go to a world where you *can* murder, where you can roll in blood, where you can outdo De Sade or Nero, or whoever your idol may be. Suppose it's power you want? Then you'll choose a world where you are a god, literally and actually. A bloodthirsty Juggernaut, perhaps, or an all-wise Buddha."

"I doubt very much if I —"

"There are other desires, too," Tompkins said. "All heavens and all hells will be open to you. Unbridled sexuality. Gluttony, drunkenness, love, fame — anything you want."

"Amazing!" said Mr. Wayne.

"Yes," Tompkins agreed. "Of course, my little list doesn't exhaust all the possibilities, all the combinations and permutations of desire. For all I know you might want a simple, placid, pastoral existence on a South Sea island among idealized natives."

"That sounds more like me," Mr. Wayne said, with a shy laugh.

"But who knows?" Tompkins asked. "Even you might not know what your true desires are. They might involve your own death."

"Does that happen often?" Mr. Wayne asked anxiously.

"Occasionally."

"I wouldn't want to die," Mr. Wayne said.

"It hardly ever happens," Tompkins said, looking at the parcel in Mr. Wayne's hands.

"If you say so . . . But how do I know all this is real? Your fee is extremely high, it'll take everything I own. And for all I know, you'll give me a drug and I'll just *dream!* Everything I own just for a — shot of heroin and a lot of fancy words!"

Tompkins smiled reassuringly. "The experience has no drug-like quality about it. And no sensation of a dream, either."

"If it's *true*," Mr. Wayne said, a little petulantly, "why can't I stay in the world of my desire for good?"

"I'm working on that," Tompkins said. "That's why I charge so high a fee; to get materials, to experiment. I'm trying to find a way of making the transition permanent. So far I haven't been able to loosen the cord that binds a man to his own Earth — and pulls him back to it. Not even the great mystics could cut that cord, except with death. But I still have my hopes."

"It would be a great thing if you succeeded," Mr. Wayne said politely.

"Yes it would!" Tompkins cried, with a surprising burst of passion. "For then I'd turn my wretched shop into an escape hatch! My process would be free then, free for everyone! Everyone could go to the Earth of his desires, the Earth that really suited him, and leave *this* damned place to the rats and worms —"

Tompkins cut himself off in mid-sentence, and became icy calm. "But I fear my prejudices are showing. I can't offer a permanent escape from this world yet; not one that doesn't involve death. Perhaps I never will be able to. For now, all I can offer you is a vacation, a change, a taste of another world and a look at your own desires. You know my fee. I'll refund it if the experience isn't satisfactory."

"That's good of you," Mr. Wayne said, quite earnestly. "But there's that other matter my friends told me about. The 10 years off my life."

"That can't be helped," Tompkins said, "and can't be refunded. My process is a tremendous strain on the nervous system, and life expectancy is shortened accordingly. That's one of the reasons why our so-called government has declared my process illegal."

"But they don't enforce the ban very firmly," Mr. Wayne said.

"No. Officially the process is banned

as a harmful fraud. But officials are men, too. They'd like to leave this Earth, just like everyone else."

"The cost," Mr. Wayne mused, gripping his parcel tightly. "And 10 years off my life! For the fulfillment of my secret desires . . . Really, I must give this some thought."

"Think away," Tompkins said indifferently.

. . .

All the way home Mr. Wayne thought about it. When his train reached Port Washington, Long Island, he was still thinking. And driving his car from the station to his house he was still thinking about Tompkins' crafty old face, and worlds of probability, and the fulfillment of desire.

But when he stepped inside his home, those thoughts had to stop. Janet, his wife, wanted him to speak sharply to the maid, who had been drinking again. His son Tommy wanted help with the sloop, which was to be launched tomorrow. And his baby daughter wanted to tell about her day in kindergarten.

Mr. Wayne spoke pleasantly but firmly to the maid. He helped Tommy put the final coat of copper paint on the sloop's bottom, and he listened to Peggy tell about her adventures in the playground.

Later, when the children were in bed and he and Janet were alone in their living room, she asked him if something were wrong.

"Wrong?"

"You seem to be worried about something," Janet said. "Did you have a bad day at the office?"

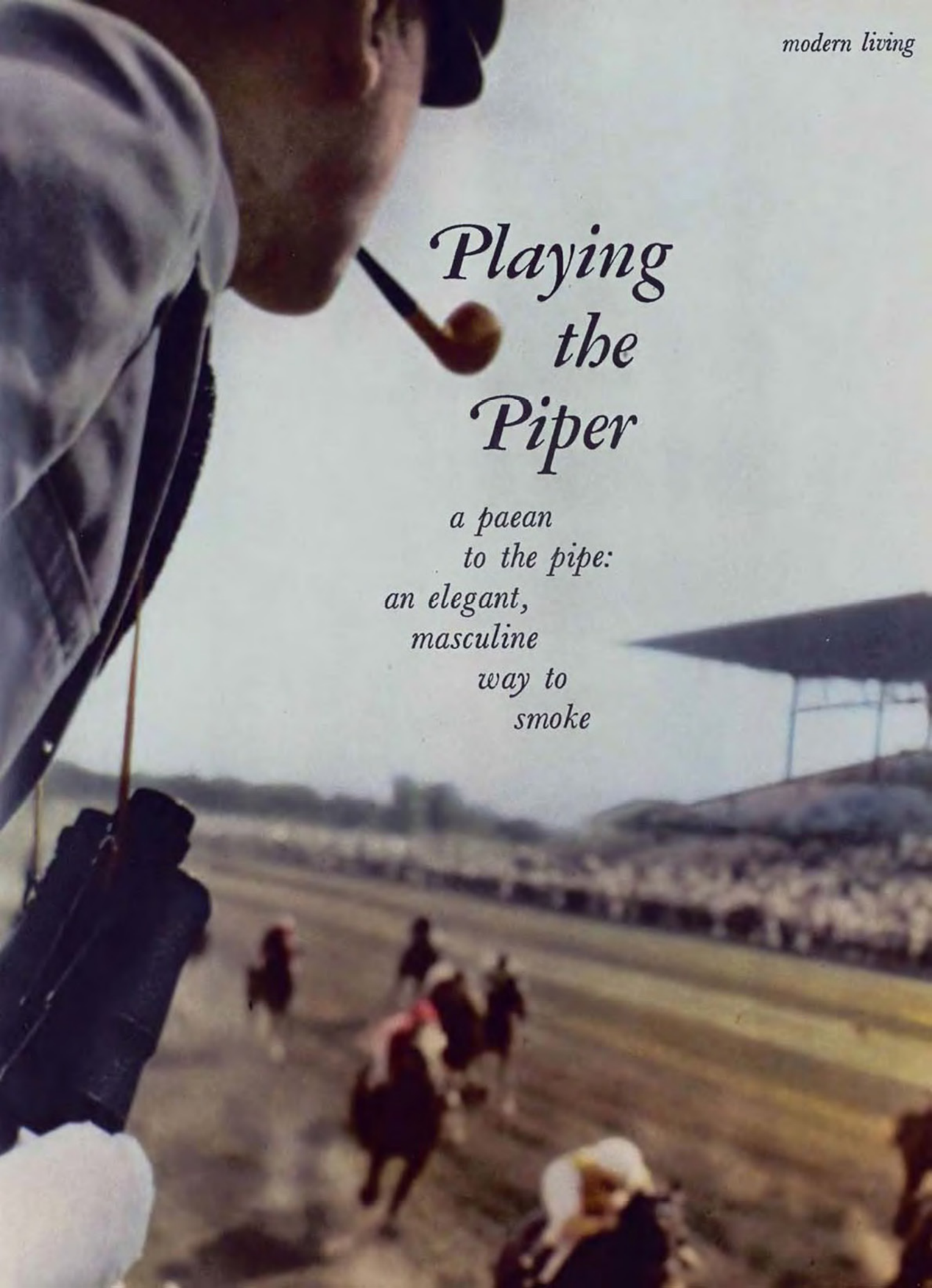
"Oh, just the usual sort of thing . . ."

He certainly was not going to tell Janet, or anyone else, that he had taken the day off and gone to see Tompkins in his crazy old Store of the Worlds. Nor was he going to speak about the right every man should have, once in his lifetime, to fulfill his most secret desires. Janet, with her good common sense, would never understand that.

The next days at the office were extremely hectic. All of Wall Street was in a mild panic over events in the Middle East and in Asia, and stocks were reacting accordingly. Mr. Wayne settled down to work. He tried not to think of the fulfillment of desire at the cost of everything he possessed, with 10 years of his life thrown in for good measure. It was crazy! Old Tompkins must be insane!

On weekends he went sailing with Tommy. The old sloop was behaving very well, making practically no water through her bottom seams. Tommy wanted a new suit of racing sails, but Mr. Wayne sternly rejected that. Perhaps next year, if the market looked

(concluded on page 123)

A man in profile, wearing a light-colored shirt and a dark cap, is shown smoking a pipe. The pipe is a classic smoking pipe with a dark bowl and a straight stem. The background is a blurred scene of a horse race, with several horses and jockeys running on a dirt track. A large crowd of spectators is visible in the distance, seated in bleachers under a large canopy. The overall tone is classic and elegant.

*Playing
the
Piper*

*a paean
to the pipe:
an elegant,
masculine
way to
smoke*



Below, an assortment of necessities and accessories for the care and feeding of your pipes. Front to back, left row: pipe cleaners, \$.10; vulcanite polish and pipe preservative, \$.25 each; absorbent Kaoloid pellets, \$.50; Kleen Reem cleaner and reamer, \$6; black leather pouch with one snap, \$4.50, combination pouch and pipe case in peccary, \$6.50, and Rotator pouch in regimental stripes, \$3, are all from Dunhill. In the middle row, from back to front: two-pipe case from Dunhill, \$7.50; one-pound-capacity pouch by Iwan Ries, \$5. The tools: three-pronged is by Duncon of England, \$1, and is sitting on Dunhill's gold-encased combination tool, \$12.50; below that, from left to right, are a traditionally-shaped reamer from Denmark, \$1; a reamer by Cook, \$.49; a combination tool, \$12.50, and a standard tool, \$3.50, both from Dunhill. Far right row, pouches front to back are: leather Rotator from Dunhill, \$5; two-snap pouch by Comoy, \$3.50; Rogers' combination pipe case and tobacco pouch in alligator, \$20; and Comoy's buckled pouch, \$3.50.



Left, 10 basic pipe shapes, from bottom to top: billiard full bent by Iwan Ries, \$4.95; billiard straight grain by Comoy, \$30; apple silver banded by Keyser, \$12.50; poker by Dunhill, \$20; Canadian by Barling, \$10; Dublin by Keywoodie, \$6; Prince of Wales by Dunhill, \$22.50; large pot with saddle bit by Marxman, \$5; yachtsman by Barling, \$10; bulldog banded, Keywoodie, \$20.

THE PIPE! It is a great soother, a pleasant comforter! Blue devils fly before its honest breath! It ripens the brain; it opens the heart; and the man who smokes thinks like a sage and acts like a Samaritan."

Flying blue devils, open hearts and sagacious thinking aside, we might add to the venerable Lord Lytton's paean to the pipe, penned in 1851, that the smoker also gets a lot of plain old pleasure out of it. For there has not come into the world since his time a more enjoyable way to take tobacco, nor a more prestigious, masculine symbol (few women have taken to the pleasures of the pipe, though many have doted on cheroots). Long steeped in legend and lore, the pipe today is enjoying a renaissance as never before, along with all other styles of smoking. In fact, the hip *(continued on page 80)*



Right, leaves from the blender's book, bottom to top: Latakia adds aroma; coarse cut and bright Virginia are mild; Burley, base of most blends, lends body and mellowness; perique adds strength; Turkish imparts fragrance. Orange, apple and brandy give flavor and moisture. Two small cans hold: Havana leaf for body; deer's tongue, an herb which, like baxed honeycomb, adds sweetness.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MORTON SHAPIRO



Above, a collection of the unusual in pipery. Across the top, left to right: white briar by Kaywoodie, \$5; calabash from Iwan Ries, \$15; Pioneer meerschaum from VL&A, \$33. Directly below are blond Pipo, Iwan Ries, \$7.95; Medico's pigskin-covered briar, \$7.50; folding swivel pipe, Dunhill, \$22.50; Canadian-shaped peel by Loewe & Co., \$10; Airorate Icepack, Yello-Bole pipe with three interchangeable bowls, \$5.95. The four remaining, left to right: Kaywoodie campus, \$3.95; Sasieni Fantail Sondblast, \$10.95; windproof pipe from Mastercraft, \$3.50; hand-carved heavy-weight from Iwan Ries, \$17.95. Left, holders and humidors, moving clockwise from sixish: the cork-centered ashtrays, with holder \$22.50, without \$10, ore by Dunhill; suede-covered humididor is imported from France by Morshall Field, \$14.50; the earthenware humididor, \$7.50, sterling silver humididor, \$35, and mahogany veneer humididor and rack, \$45, are all from Dunhill; the 36-holder walnut rack, \$20, and the leather-covered rack and humididor, \$35, are from VL&A; and the walnut rack for 24 pipes, \$15, is by Dunhill.



contemporary man realizes that merely one method of taking his tobacco is not enough, that all three popular forms — pipe, cigarette and cigar — have their places in his scheme of things. But of all three forms of smoking, pipes have shot up the fastest in popularity of late, perhaps as part of a growing appreciation of the good things of the days of yore, like the Edwardian touch in men's clothing and the returning popularity of the beard. Today, whether he's tooling his sports car along in a rallye, skiing, golfing, yachting, or just enjoying a tête-à-tête at his apartment, the man of sophisticated activity boasts a pipe for every occasion, and he finds a fine pipe filled with his favorite blend of tobacco to be an occasion in itself.

The number of men in the world today who smoke pipes is close to 60 million and their pipes have been — and are — made of just about anything you can think of (and some things, like lobster claws, that might not readily pop into your mind): all the metals — including gold, silver, platinum, iron and brass — plus bone, ivory, clay, gourds, nut shells, tortoise shells, jade, pottery, corncobs, porcelain, horn, and all woods that will tolerate the heat.

But when all is said and done, the best all-round pipe material for today's lively living is still briar.

Briar boasts unique qualities that set it above most other pipe materials, and if it didn't already exist as a shrub (*Erica arborea*), it would be necessary to invent it. It's a small, scraggly bush that grows in the hot countries along the shores of the Mediterranean and the material from which the pipes are made is taken from its root, the process of growth being somewhat analogous to the means whereby goose livers are turned into *pâté de foie gras*. Instead of being force-fed, as the goose is, *Erica arborea* is mercilessly trimmed and pruned above the ground so that its roots will grow huge. When they're big enough — two hundred years will produce a nice size, three to four feet in diameter — the roots are dug up, cut into convenient-sized chunks, boiled in water for 12 hours to kill any life in the wood, and buried under straw to season for six months. They are then delivered to the pipe-maker, whose life is full of surprises.

Because the grain of the wood varies greatly, he cannot tell, when he begins to turn a pipe, whether it will finish out as a beautifully grained premium-special or a two-dollar dog with imperfections that must be filled with putty and stain. A perfect straight-grain pipe — the grain running vertically to the body of the bowl, hard, dense, close and clear — may easily sell for \$100 or more. Generally, though, its cost is justified more by esthetic considerations than by the quality of the smoking it provides —

which would in all likelihood be equaled by a less perfect-looking \$20 job. The special virtues of briar — good, bad or indifferent briar; straight-grained, wavy or bird's-eye briar — lie in its lightness and its ability to withstand heat and absorb tobacco juices. It's tops for all-round use, and, of course, briar pipes will comprise the bulk of your collection. What you should watch for in a bit is tastelessness and comfort when the pipe is clamped between your own jaws. The best bits around are made from compressed vulcanite, though amber (especially on meerschaums), horn, tortoise shell, ivory and a myriad of plastics are also used. The question of metal filters, or "plumbing," in a pipe has assumed the breast-beating proportions of the cigarette filter battle. Purists of the pipe will have nothing to do with plumbing of any sort, while others swear that it helps screen tars and other irritants, ensures a smooth, gentle draw.

At one time or another in their careers, pipe buffs are usually smitten hard by meerschaum, and with good reason. The word, in German, means sea foam, and you can still come across some knuckleheads who believe that a meerschaum pipe is carved from miraculously hardened and compressed sea foam. Of course it's not, even though chunks of its material — hydrous magnesium silicate — are sometimes found bobbing around the Black Sea. It's a lightweight, porous substance not unlike coral in that it is composed of the fossilized and compressed remains of small sea animals. Most of it comes from Asia Minor, where it's dug out of the ground at a depth of about 250 feet, and when turned into a pipe, the stuff smokes like a dream, thanks to its high absorptive capacity.

When new, a meerschaum pipe is beautifully white and waxy smooth. It's soft, light and as sweet-tasting as you could wish for. After considerable smoking, it turns ivory, tan, then brown, and finally almost black — if it lasts that long. But it has its drawbacks too. A meerschaum is as fragile as a hand-blown champagne glass and will usually not survive even a short fall: raindrops will spot it, and so will your fingertips. During the breaking-in period, some Jean Hersholt types do nothing but sit by the fire, read *Silas Marner* and smoke their meerschaums only while wearing gloves; others make little chamois jackets for theirs. Both procedures are totally unnecessary, and a little silly to boot, since you can hold your pipe by the bit during the coloration process. If you don't want to go to the trouble meerschaum requires, we suggest you pick up a pipe with a briar bowl but lined with the swell-smoking meerschaum.

An item of exotica in the realm of pipe smokery is the hookah, or narghile, the water-pipe of the Middle East. Its

primary attraction, aside from its romantic association with harems, is the fact that it delivers as cool a smoke as you might wish, since the smoke is drawn through water. Until such time as an enterprising inventor finds a way to make it fit the hand or pocket, however, the hookah cannot seriously be considered as a suitable companion for the modern man on the move.

There is nothing whatever mysterious, arcane or esoteric about the happy pleasures of smoking a pipe. But like any of the other niceties of life that man may savor — choosing wines, assembling a stereo rig — it's best to know what's what so that you extract the last measure of enjoyment from it.

The basics are these: when breaking in a briar, smoke a dozen short pipefuls, evenly lit and slowly. Fill the pipe progressively more each time so that it will cake evenly from bottom to top. Some sages, though, say this is hogwash: they claim a first-rate, hard-grained briar requires no breaking in whatever, that it should give you jim-dandy results from the first pipeful, filled all the way to the top. A neat way out of the dilemma is to try one of the pre-smoked pipes on the market. Never smoke it so fast that it gets unpleasantly warm to the hand. Never refill a hot pipe — put it aside until it's completely cool. Clean it daily and don't let the coating of carbon which lines the bowl get any thicker than a penny. When you put a pipe away to rest, stand it up in a rack, don't lay it down; it's a good idea to stick a pipe cleaner into the shank and down into the bowl. Don't bouk your pipe against hard surfaces to get the ashes out — you'll scratch it or chip the briar. (A clod, and likewise a connoisseur, can be spotted by the way he empties his pipe.) Instead, dig the ashes out with a pipe tool or give it a knock against the heel of your hand. Buy only those pipes with a good thick side-wall. You can, if you wish, rub the bowl of the pipe with water, honey-water, molasses, port wine or rum: this helps the carbon to form.

Of shapes and styles of pipes available there is a fascinating variety derived from 12 basic shapes which are identified by an ancient nomenclature: apple, billiard, bulldog and so on. Many of them have been designed with a specific function in mind, and here's what you'll want in your collection, and why:

For indoor reading, lounging by the fire, digging the sounds on the hi-fi or just plain watching TV, there's the "half-hour" fist-sized bowl pipe with the curved stem and bit, like the calabash. For active sports out of doors — golfing, fishing or sailing — the stubby, medium-sized bowl is recommended, in either bulldog or apple shapes. For driving or for windy days, you'll want a pipe with

(continued on page 97)



"What was that bit about forsaking all others?"



Miss May of 1959 and a guest of PLAYBOY's Miami House Party in the same month was sly-eyed Cindy Fuller. Readers' letters indicated special appreciation for Bunny Yeager's photos of the Fuller fuselage when it was becomingly bundled in a Bikini.



As Miss August of 1958, Myrna Weber roosted wieners, wormed many a reader's shorts as well.

WE'D BE WIDE OPEN to wise replies if we asked you what lovely Lisa Winters, Joyce Nizzari, Cindy Fuller, Myrna Weber, Mary Jane Ralston and Bonnie Harrington have in common, so instead we'll tell you they've all been featured in PLAYBOY — as memorable Playmates or as guests at our May '59 House Party — in photographs taken by lovely Linnéa Eleanor Yeager (rhymes with *vaguer*, which she emphatically is not), known to most as Bunny.

Bunny Yeager's talent for scouting out such beautiful feminine subjects for her camera has been attributed to the fact that she was a highly successful model herself before deciding there was more money to be made behind the camera than in front of it. With a model's background, she finds it easy to win the confidence of newcomers interested in professional posing and she enjoys another natural advantage, too: the nicest young ladies are often shy about modeling for a man, but such maidenly modesty has no meaning when the lensman is a lenswoman. Thus, Bunny Yeager — as enticing an eyeful as many of the girls she photographs — has been responsible for some of the most popular Playmates ever to grace these pages; and in addition to bringing pleasure to PLAYBOY's editors and readers, Bunny has also brought recognition to herself: the Professional Photographers of America recently voted her "One of the Top Ten Women in Photography."

BUNNY'S HONEYYS

*to one lovely lady goes the
credit for many of playboy's
most popular playmates*



As fresh and alluring as many of the models who pose before her camera, Bunny (above) is a top-notch photographer who has introduced PLAYBOY readers to several of their most popular Playmates; for example, Jayce Nizzari (below), Miss December, 1958.



Many of Bunny's most ardent admirers want her to spend more of her time as a model. This display of Yeoger charm should help explain their enthusiasm.



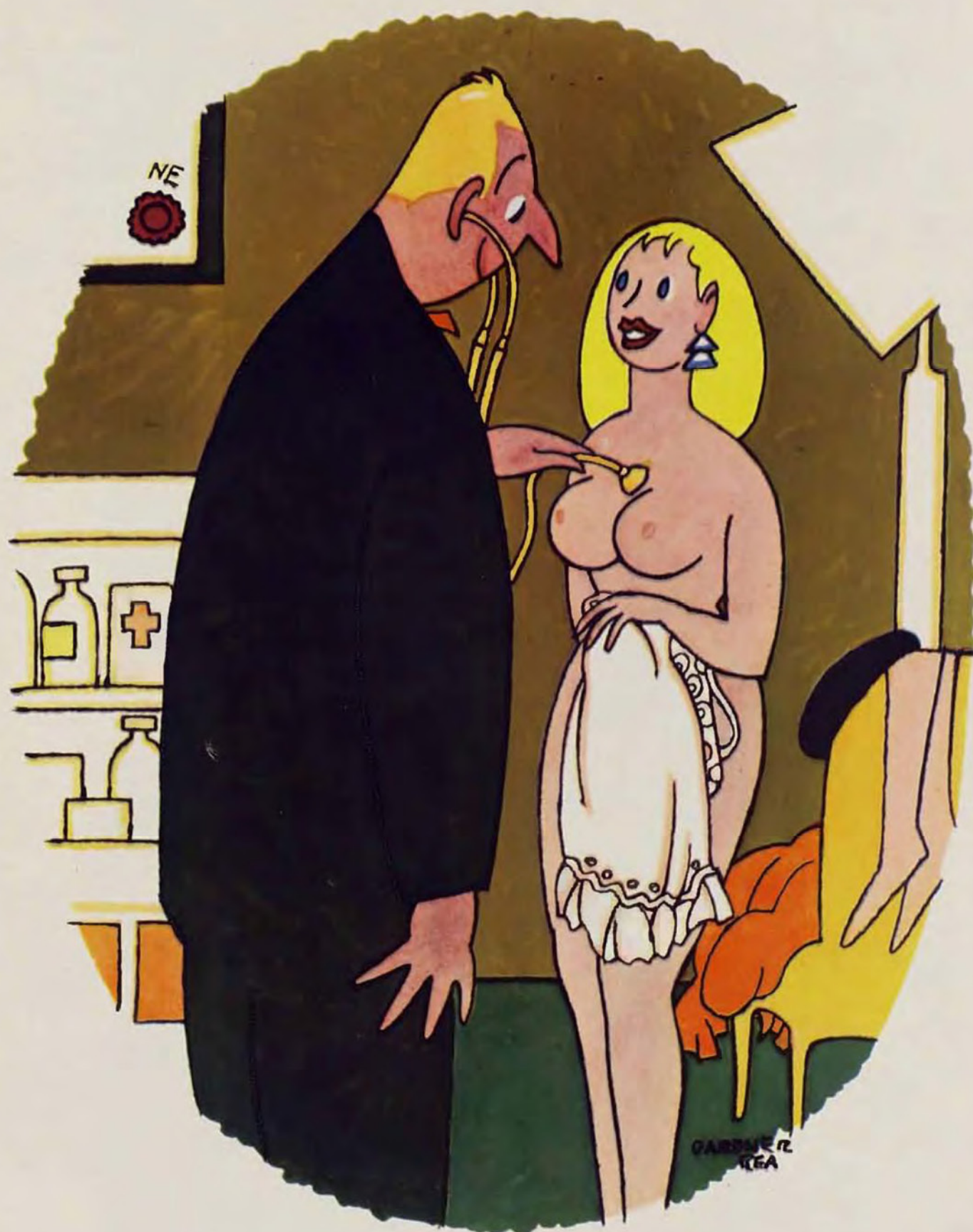
PLAYBOY's Miami House Party, last May, was a smashing success, with both those who attended in person and readers who were guests via the printed page. Sparking the fun were Bonnie Harrington (above) and Mary Jone Ralston (below).





Lovely Lisa Winters gave **PLAYBOY** readers another reason for being grateful to Bunny Yeager. Too shy to pose for a male photographer, Lisa felt no timidity before Bunny's feminine lens, became a most delectable Miss December of 1956.





"Surely there's no need of our both saying 'Ah,' doctor."

MY GIRL MILLIE HAS THIS NUTTY IDEA sometimes that we should just go around singing one of these songs I write until somebody notices. She's addicted to little pep-up things like: "How many drug stores you think Lana Turner sat around in before they got the idea she had to be discovered?" What had to be discovered there, I tell her, you could at least see with the bare eye.

I've been writing songs now for a couple of years, as a hobby; it has to be a hobby—I might as well try to make a living selling pterodactyls. There's an old proverb which says of a certain sort of person, "If he started to sell hats, babies would be born without heads." I've always thought that was about me. I have a sheaf of songs as fat as the score of Handel's *Messiah*—nobody will look at them. Here's my theory: to get all the way inside a music publisher's office you have to have long silky legs and a well-plunged neckline, and as it turns out, all I've got to recommend me is a pretty nice Adam's apple. What do you suppose it's like in there, where they buy the music? Cigarette trees and soda-water fountains? I guarantee there's not a music publisher in New York who would hesitate to set fire to his building rather than listen to me. It's mysterious. A big girl, sort of a receptionist at one of these places, tried to explain it to me once, while I stood under her bust where it was shady. "You look exactly like twenty minutes of wasted time," she said. So I figure, you know, the hell with it—if you don't have any pull, let it go. But Millie has this deep simplicity—she wants people to stand up for themselves. She thinks I can't stand up for myself because I'm spineless. "Well," I tell her, "how can you stand up if you don't have a spine?" But fooling around only makes her rabid.

"The songs are lousy, Mil," I say.

"That doesn't make a bit of difference. All the songs you hear nowadays are lousy. Are yours any more lousy? I mean, how lousy is lousy?"

I have to admit she has a point there. "Look," I say, "you probably haven't noticed, but I work five days per week." I sell fire insurance, you see, so naturally I don't have time to plug songs like the boys in the business.

"There's Saturday."

"Nobody in on Saturday."

"OK, how about your lunch hour?"

"Same as everybody else's. What do I do, sing to them in Liggett's?"

"Sure, why not, if that's the only way? But you could get an hour off sometime! You haven't even tried with *Zulu Hitchhike!*" *Zulu Hitchhike!*, that was the latest product—it might have had a chance, with the right connections, Mitch Miller or somebody. It was pretty noisy, anyway. But I've given up so many times I don't even bother to copyright the new ones as they come along. I just sing them once, softly to myself in the john, before I lay them to rest.

"You can't sell a song on a street corner," I tell Millie.

"It's a good song," she says, to give me ambition.

"Sure, it's great," I say. "It's terrible: everybody would love it if they happened to hear it. But shut off that crazy beam in your eyes, kid—no accordion, no hat for the pennies: that's where I draw the line!"

But you know how women are, once they get hold of a Truth they can't sit still. And what happened to me, Millie actually talked me into advertising a song at random—not on the street corner, you know, but in bars and such where professional music people are supposed to hang out. It was a thing called *Got a Song in My Pocket*. How we did it sounds crazy, but is there an uncrazy way to just burst out with a song in a public place, if you're not part of a movie, I mean?

We'd go into a restaurant where some of the bodies belonged, we'd been told, to song-sellers and pushers and players, and when we had maybe a sandwich and a glass before us, Millie would say, very loud: "Honey, what was that lovely song you were singing to me the other day?"

"Oh," I'd reply—we had all this worked out—"you mean that little thing? You mean *Got a Song in My Pocket*, the one I wrote?"



A SONG IN HIS POCKET

and some very windy places in his wallet

"Yes! The one with music and lyrics by you. Why don't you sing it?"

"Here?"

"Yes, I like it."

"You want me to sing it? Now?"

"Please."

So off I'd go, *a cappella*:

"Got a song in my pocket,

Fish it out 'n sing it,

Jus' a li'l song about m' baby and me:

Don't rightly know if it got a melody

But the lyric's

Panegyric

And empiric .

As can be . . ."

And on like that. We'd go from place to place until Millie got tired. It takes her a long time to get tired. Most people stay alive on food and air, but she does it on optimism.

Calmly, at intervals, I'd repeat: "Millie, this is crazy."

She'd speak the one word: "Advertising." And on we'd go.

During this period I still went to work every morning, white shirt and tie in the subway, but in the evenings I'd change to a bohemian sweater and muss up my hair and start to skiffle out *Song in My Pocket* in some bar or other to a couple of drabs and a washed-out Dalmatian. I got pretty tired of singing that song. What was worse, I started to pick up delusions about it, seemed to hear it on everyone's lips, as if they were mumbling the lyrics to themselves. A couple of times I actually imagined I heard people *singing* it, or trying to — very painful, since they usually had the second chorus wrong. By the end of a week, considering the number of renditions I had given, the song *should* have been as well known as the national anthem. "OK," I said, "enough. Now, we've advertised — you happy?" As far as I could see, nothing had been accomplished. But Millie was undeterred. "The next step," she said, "is to find somebody to buy it."

"Right! That's not only the next step, it was also the last step!"

"Well, then I guess we just keep singing . . ."

But I'd really had enough, and for a while she left me alone. I think she left me alone for four days. Then she came at me like this:

"We make a record!"

"Wha-at?"

"A record."

"What type of record, pal?"

"The type of record you give to a disc jockey. Pal. And once a disc jockey plays it we have a publisher!"

"Down comes the publisher in a golden car held by almost invisible wires from above the stage — very nice effect."

"Always joking, Winkeler — where will that get you?"

"Don' know," I said, "Ah'm wukin' on it."

"Look, honey, if you made a record at one of those booths and took it to Don Bateson or Jenny Gebhart Vance or somebody and got them to put it on the radio . . ."

"You mean one of those little places like a closet where you put in a half buck?"

She nods.

"With not even accompaniment?"

"I'll chord for you on the harmonica."

"You? The harmonica?"

"Now sweetie . . ."

"No!" I cried, "No! No! No!"

So after the record was made — a tight squeeze, since Millie has one of those moving-parts harmonicas — we started looking for a kindly disc jockey. You'd think that would be a snag, wouldn't you? For Millie?

"Look them up in the phone book," she said.

"Millie, they don't list disc jockeys in the phone book."

"In the yellow pages they do."

"Kid, they don't."

"Oh," she stamped, "you're a damned defeatist!"

But there is a program in the eerie hours coming out of Newark, where you call the crazy nut up and talk to him on the phone over the radio. Sometimes people sing — I guess he holds the phone to the mike and grabs some hashish in the interlude. Nobody's listening anyway, except Millie and me. My eyes feel like desiccated watermelon seeds. It's late. It's three A.M. This guy is talking on the phone to an old lady who says she can only sleep on Tuesdays — it's something happened in her youth, she says. This is Tuesday, but even so she can't get to sleep. What should she do?

"Cats, cats, what should she dooooo?" the jockey shouts. "This poor little lady can't sleep, sore-labor's-bath, buns-for-hurt-minds . . . so let's help a little, let's suggest a little, the world keeps turning, O Sophonisba, what shall we do for this fair lady?"

"He's insane," Millie says. "Call him."

"Never!" I cry. "Pour!" The bottle is no more than half empty.

"Call," she says, "and then the two of us" — she drops her eyes — "can horse around."

So, considering the prize I've been offered, I find myself on the line to the jockey character and all the whiskey-courage has suddenly gone out of me.

"So?" he says.

"Got a song," I breath. "Nize song. Name Winkeler. Trafalgar 4-7291."

"Hey cats" — his shout comes at me from the phone *and* the radio — "Got a guy here got a song called *Winkle*, Trafalgar 4-7291. Guy can't sleep on Tuesday, what should he dooooo?"

I wait, figuring maybe he'll come out of the fit. There is that awful silence you

(continued on page 100)

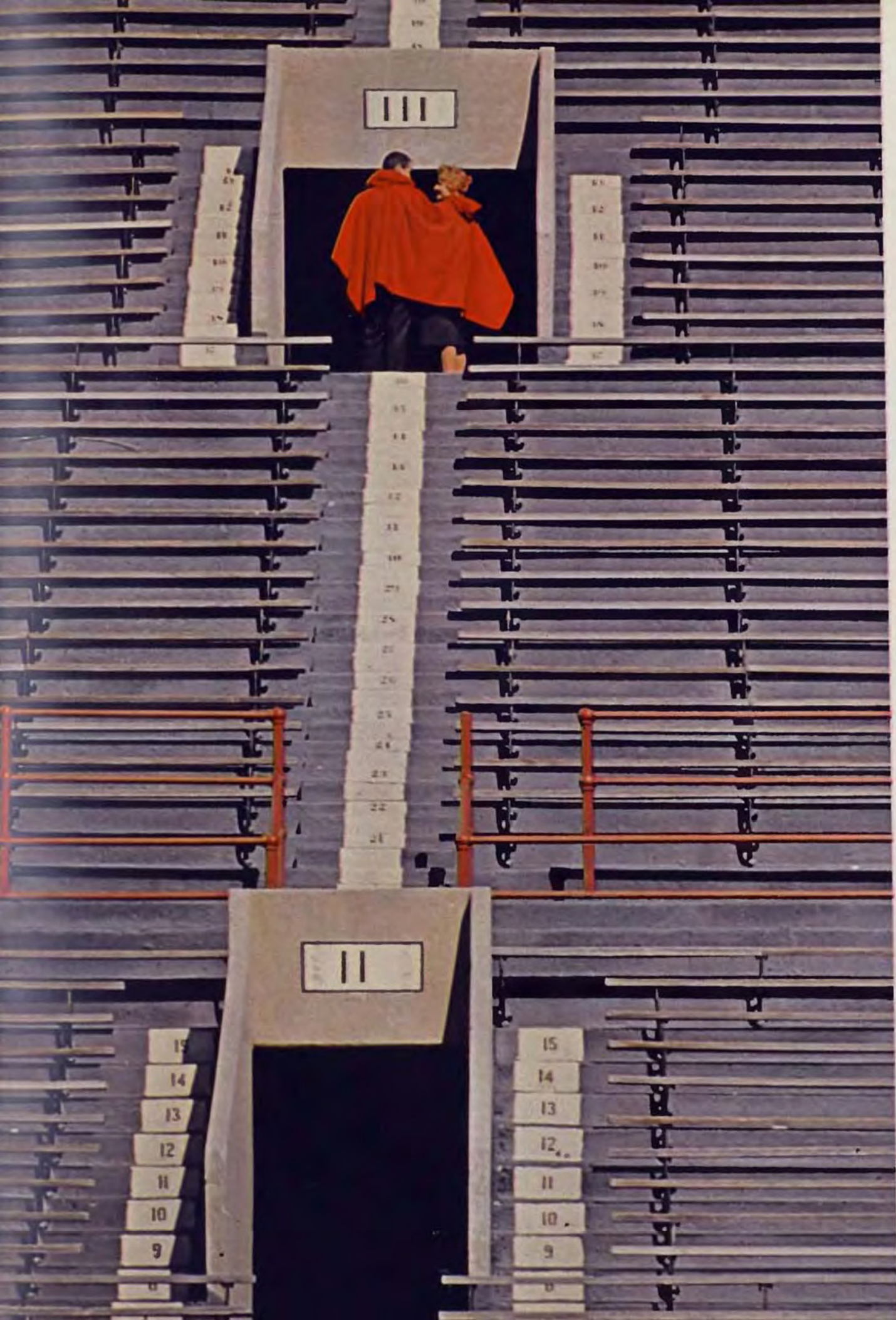
DUALLY ATTIRED

*the double-header
cape is grand
for the gridiron*

TWO HEADS *are* better than one, especially when they're bobbing out of a mad dual cape designed especially for compatible collegians. Like the cape-ably attired couple at the right, you and your date will probably discover that you've lost all track of time and score, lingered longer than other spectators in the stadium. And outside the stadium — for *après* ski, sports-carring or just plain skylarking — nothing touches the double-header for coziness and paired protection against the fall winds. Patterned after the traditional South American poncho, the double cape threatens to rival the loden and raccoon coats in popularity this fall, even beats the traditional blanket for passing the flask. It's all wool and warm, yet lightweight and comfortable. Available in red, black, beige or a red/gray plaid, the double-header comes in one size that fits all; \$24.95. (If permanent propinquity is not your cup of grog, two single capes — easily zipped together should the need arise — are suggested; \$14.95 each.)

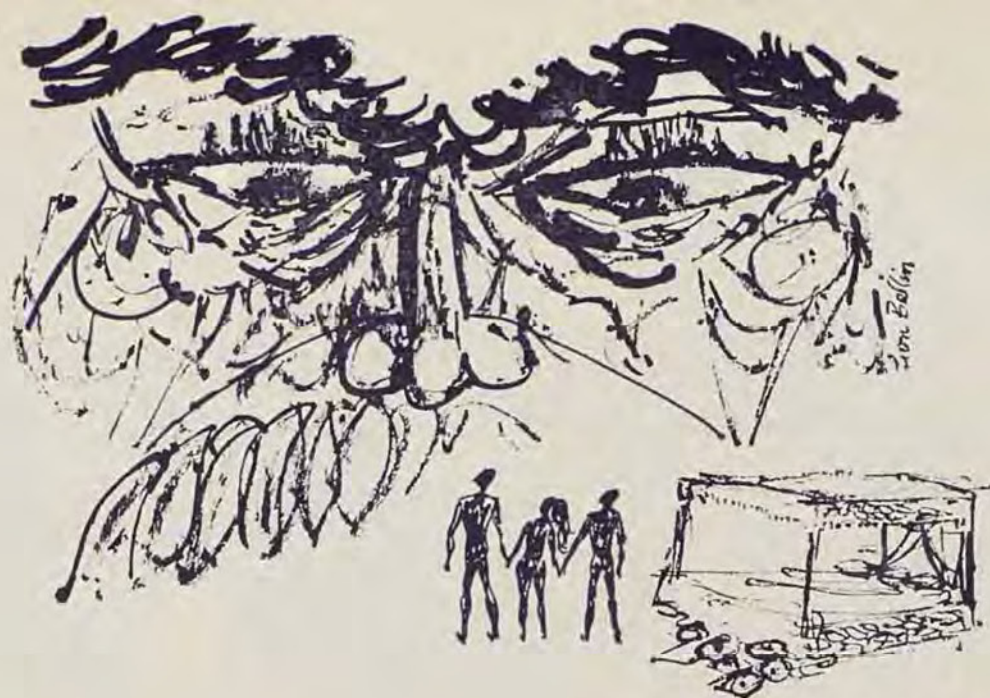
attire

By BLAKE RUTHERFORD





"Remember when you put up that sign a few short months ago? I was just an office boy then, but it sparked my imagination. One good idea led to another, until — but I'm keeping you, Mr. Anderson, and you're probably anxious to get to the unemployment office and file your claim for compensation . . ."



Allah was very displeased.

STRANGERS IN PARADISE

A new translation from *The Book of the Forty Wazirs* by Sheikh-Zadah

TWO ANGELS, Hâroût and Mâroût, looked down at the earth and spoke of mortals. "That Allah should have created beings so sinful!" they piously exclaimed. "He should visit a plague upon them. He should wipe them out!"

Allah in his wisdom heard and was not pleased. He had created men and he had set sin in their path — all for his own reasons. Hâroût and Mâroût should not have criticized. He therefore summoned the two angels into his presence, and when they had made obeisance and risen to their feet, he spoke to them sternly.

"Go down to earth and live among humans," he commanded. "Be filled with the feelings that move men. Know their temptations. Resist them, if you can. Learn what it is to be mortal and to feel the stings of desire."

Hâroût and Mâroût went, and made lodging their first night on earth in the house of a man and wife who took boarders. The man was ugly and old; the woman was young and very beautiful. She looked in a strange way at her angelic guests. She did not know them for what they were, but their shining faces and heroically formed bodies entranced her.

Hâroût and Mâroût were oddly stirred. Nothing like this had ever been felt in heaven. The human bodies they occupied behaved in strange ways. Their human hearts beat strongly.

"Relieve this passion," they said to the woman. "Ask in return what you will, but do now what we desire."

"Whatever I wish I can have?" asked the woman.

Hâroût and Mâroût gave their angelic promise which could not, of course, be broken. When she asked them to end her husband's life, they ended it mercifully. Then the woman carried out her part of the bargain with Hâroût and Mâroût and these angels knew full well what temptation was and how easily man falls into its clutches.

When they returned to face Allah, they hung their heads and trembled, for they could see that he was furious.

"You may not stay in heaven!" he thundered. "I give you the choice of two courses: you may descend into hell and spend eternity with Satan; or you may go back to the hell of temptation on earth. Which is it to be?"

Hâroût and Mâroût went back to the boarding house, and if what men say is true, they are there to this day, suffering happily ever after.

—Translated by J. A. Gato

A Meeting at the Summit by JULES FEIFFER

WHAT EXACTLY DO YOU DO, MR. MERGENDELLER?

WELL I'M A-



FRAN! DICKIE!



FRAN YOU OLD DEAR! I THOUGHT YOU'D DROPPED OFF THE FACE OF THE EARTH! I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU SINCE - WHAT WAS IT - P. TOWN?

NO - I THINK IT WAS F. ISLAND



OUT OF THE QUESTION! IT MUST HAVE BEEN N. TUCKET. ANYWAY IT'S BEEN - WHAT HAS IT BEEN - YEARS?

AT LEAST! I'D SAY YEARS.



DEAR FRAN - TELL ME DO YOU SEE ANY OF THE OLD CROWD? I'VE COMPLETELY LOST TOUCH.

HEAVENS, I SHOULD HOPE NOT! YOU KNOW HOW IT IS. ONE OUTGROWS EARLY RELATIONSHIPS.



ISN'T THAT TRUE? I FIND IT'S TRUE. I'VE OUTGROWN JUST ABOUT EVERYONE I WENT TO SCHOOL WITH.

I'VE OUTGROWN MOST OF MY POST SCHOOL RELATIONSHIPS.



OH, HOW I EMPATHIZE!
YOU KNOW HOW POLITICALLY
ORIENTED I USED TO BE?
WELL, I'VE OUTGROWN
POLITICS.

HOW
MARVELOUS
FOR YOU!
I'VE OUTGROWN
EUROPE.



HAVE YOU? WELL I
WILL SAY THERE ARE
LIMITS. DON'T GROW
BEYOND THE REACH OF
ALL OF US, MIND YOU.

THAT'S TRUE.
SOMETIMES I
FEEL I'VE
OUTGROWN
GROWING.



DEAR FRANK WELL WE MUST
HAVE A DRINK SOMETIME.
ARE YOU IN THE BOOK?

NO,
I'M
UNLISTED.



FINE. I'LL GIVE YOU A
RING. MY BEST TO ALL
THE BUNCH.



DICKIE IS AMUSING BUT HE'S
ALWAYS BEEN FRIGHTENED BY
THE PROFOUND. DON'T YOU
AGREE MR. — I'M SORRY,
I'VE FORGOTTEN YOUR NAME.

MERGENDEILER. I'M
AFRAID I'VE NEVER
MET THE GENTLEMAN.



ISN'T THAT INTERESTING,
JUST WHAT IS IT YOU DO,
MR. MERGENDEILER?





ON THE SCENE

MORTON DA COSTA: *the upbeatnik*

THIS MONTH IN NEW YORK, rehearsals begin on a new musical based on Edna Ferber's *Saratoga Trunk*, with songs by Johnny Mercer and Harold Arlen. The show's author, director and co-producer is a boyish 44-year-old named Morton Da Costa. The hits he's directed (*The Music Man*, *No Time for Sergeants*, *Auntie Mame*) have been big, fast dazzlers, unabashedly loud and colorful; yet Da Costa is cool and collected, and his recipes for theatrical success are low-pressure-cooked. Lest anyone confuse leniency with flaccidity, he vows: "I'd rather direct a grammar school Halloween play *my way* than *Hamlet* with restrictions." He took his first fling at filmville last year, directing the celluloid version of *Mame*, only because it was served up to him à la carte blanche. Television? "Never!" Then he qualifies: "Or at least not so long as soap-makers double as script editors." *Saratoga* (the first show he's written) is scheduled to open in December; as soon as it's on the boards, Da Costa, who has restricted himself almost entirely to comedy, hopes to plunge into serious drama. "But it will have a special, upbeat point of view. There is nothing constructive in picking out the sordid and depraved side of life and wallowing in it. It takes greater strength to conquer pessimism than to surrender to it."

DALLAS LONG:

just warming up

IF YOU ATTENDED last year's Compton Invitational in California, you saw an 18-year-old dental student heave the hefty 16-pound shot over 61 feet. It was impressive, but not to the future dentist, Dallas Crutcher Long III, who said, "I was just warming up." He wasn't joking. Since that time, the bulky Arizonian (6' 4", 255 lbs.) has unofficially shattered the world record on more than three occasions, and his fantastic "best" of 64-6 (set in an Arizona school meet) is a full 16 inches beyond Parry O'Brien's world mark of 63-2. Long credits North Phoenix High track coach Vernon Wolfe for his initial success: "Vern supervised bar-



bell workouts and helped me master O'Brien's 180° body-spin delivery." In his senior year, Long deserted football (as all-state tackle) to concentrate exclusively on "the iron." Coach Wolfe says, "Dallas had to decide whether he wanted to be a good shot-putter or a great one." Long held the Arizona shot-put record — and once achieved 66-7½ with a 12-pound shot — before heading for the University of Southern California. Now maintaining a B average as a Sigma Phi Epsilon pledge at USC, he admits he's going for the "impossible" 70-foot mark, then adds with a grin, "but I also go for Kim Novak, cool jazz and steaks."

DAVID ALLEN: *once more, with suffering*



YOU MAY NEVER HAVE heard the voice of the man who is quite possibly the best singer of romantic ballads in the business: David Allen. He's had a scant three LPs released (*A Sure Thing, Let's Face the Music and Dance, I Only Have Eyes for You*), done only a couple of network TV shows, is just beginning to make the national nightclub rounds. Who says he's so good? The hippest segment of the world of jazz, the musicians themselves. Last fall, when PLAYBOY inaugurated the Musicians' Poll as part of the All-Star Jazz balloting, Allen very nearly beat out Sinatra for the All-Stars' All-Star award in the category of Male Vocalist. Actually, this is Allen's second singing career. He sang with Jack Teagarden in the early 40s and with the fine Boyd Raeburn band just after the war. Then he got caught in the trap that has gripped many another jazzman, drugs. Finally, to support his habit, he forged some checks and went to prison. There he shook his addiction and, he feels, matured. But he must still contend with the lack of personal confidence that drove him to drugs in the first place, plus a volatile temperament: when a *Variety* reviewer recently panned him, Allen stalked into the critic's office and literally spat in his eye. Now that he's on his way again, how far David Allen's second career will go depends on how thoroughly he can shake the demon insecurity as he has already shaken the habit. One thing is certain: all that suffering has given his singing a depth and warmth he could never have achieved by mere technique or fancy phrasing.

Cooking with Whiskey (continued from page 60)

and fold into the gelatin mixture. Turn the mixture into a 1-quart gelatin mold previously rinsed in cold water and not wiped dry. Chill in the refrigerator until firm. To unmold run a knife around edge of mold. Dip bottom of the mold in hot water for several seconds. Unmold onto serving platter.

If a large mold isn't available, the cream may be spooned into champagne or sherbet glasses before it is jelled and served without unmolding.

LOBSTER TAILS AMERICAINE
(Serves four)

- 1 1/4 lbs. frozen African lobster tails
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 2 tablespoons olive oil
- 2 tablespoons minced shallots or onions
- 1/4 teaspoon chervil
- 1/4 teaspoon leaf thyme
- 1/4 cup bourbon
- 1/4 cup white wine
- No. 2 can tomatoes
- 2 teaspoons meat extract
- salt
- pepper

This recipe, which calls for both whiskey and white wine, follows a traditional French pattern. In order to retain the deep cool seafood flavor of the crustaceans, the lobster tails are cooked in

their shells. When the cooking is completed, the lobster tails may be served intact, or the meat may be removed from the shells and returned to the sauce before the dish is taken to the table. If you leave the meat in the shells, you should provide both oyster forks and oversize napkins or bibs to protect guests in extricating the sweet meat.

Thaw the lobster tails. With a heavy French knife cut through the underside of the tails, separating each piece in half lengthwise. Then cut crosswise into 1 1/2-inch pieces. In a heavy saucepan melt butter. Add olive oil. Add the lobsters to the pan, and sauté until the meat stiffens and turns white. Add the shallots or onions to the pan. Add chervil and thyme. Sauté 2 or 3 minutes more. Add whiskey and wine. Set the spirits aflame. Let them blaze for about 20 seconds. Empty the contents of the can of tomatoes, saving the juice. Chop the tomato meat coarsely. Add the tomato meat and the juice of the tomatoes to the pan. Add meat extract to the pan. Stir well. Simmer slowly 5 minutes. Add salt and pepper to taste.

CHEESE FONDUE
(1 3/4 cups)

- 1 tablespoon butter

- 2 tablespoons finely minced onion
- 1 1/2 ozs. blended whiskey
- 1 tablespoon flour
- 1/3 cup light cream
- 8 ozs. shredded gruyère cheese
- 1/4 cup grated parmesan
- cayenne pepper, salt

This melted-cheese dish may be served as a hot appetizer or as a main course for a late supper party. In the latter case it's hard to imagine it without tall seidels of cold beer within easy reach. For hot hors d'oeuvres, pour the fondue into a chafing dish, and provide the guests with cubes of French bread to be dipped into the cheese, community fashion. If the fondue is served at the table, this recipe will provide two generous portions, and should be served on crisp toast.

In the top part of a double boiler over a direct flame, melt the butter. Add onion. Let the onion sauté about 1/2 minute. Add whiskey and set it aflame for about 15 seconds. Add the flour, mixing well. Add light cream. Stir well with a wire whip. Place the mixture over simmering water in a double boiler. Add gruyère and parmesan cheeses. Cook, stirring occasionally, until cheese is melted. Add a dash of cayenne pepper and salt to taste. If your guests have properly appreciative palates, their reactions should be as spirited as your cooking.



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Playing the Piper (continued from page 80)

a hinged lid to prevent flying ashes; a long-shanked pipe is a good idea here, so that the smoke doesn't blow into your face. For office or evening use, a medium or small pipe is called for, or a folding pipe for easy storage in the pocket, or a flat-bottomed pipe that can be set on a table without tipping over.

The joys of pipe-collecting are many and varied, an attendant kick to one of the most satisfying forms of smoking on earth. You'll want at the very least seven pipes, one for each day of the week, though anything less than a dozen pipes, selected in accord with your tastes and activities, is frowned upon as the mark of a tyro. (You should allow each of your pipes from two to three days' rest after prolonged use; this protects the flavor of the smoke and prevents a soggy pipe.) You can trot right out and pick up a nice matched set of 28 pipes for \$2500, all cut from the same piece of briar, and you'll be the envy of your friends, but most guys prefer to amass their own favorites one at a time, and so do we.

Trappings and accessories with which the pipesman can keep his gear in first-class shape are also available in happy profusion. To establish the proper pipe-smoking atmosphere, there is a rich variety of pipe racks, humidors, pocket

pouches, cleaners, reamers, tampers, lighters, travel cases, carbon cutters, ashtrays, and so forth. Make sure the lighter you choose is specifically designed for pipes; there are two types, cylindrical and jet, both tops for speed and convenience of operation. The tools you purchase should be used often enough to keep your pipes in tiptop working condition, and the important thing to watch for in your humidor and pocket pouches is that they are designed to keep your tobacco moist and fresh. Humidors are available in a rich variety of fine woods, glass and earthenware; while pocket pouches come in all kinds of elegant materials that make them both good-looking and functional.

It is axiomatic that women like the appearance of a man with a pipe clamped in his mouth—so axiomatic, in fact, that there exists a group of male gentry who habitually carry a handsome pipe in their manly jaws, yet never bother to light it. Let us dismiss these pipish poseurs as unworthy of consideration. The genuine pipesman smokes his pipe.

His choice of what to smoke is well-nigh infinite. There are six basic types of tobacco: Burley, Maryland, Virginia, Turkish, Latakia and perique. There are also many, many sub-types, including

rarities grown, if one can believe their adherents, in one-acre patches high in the Himalayas, which are plucked by blue-eyed virgins, and only during years in which a total eclipse occurs. Strong enough to make the eyes smart, a straight pipeful of any one of the basic or sub-basic types might drive you to snuff-dipping in a hurry. They must be artfully blended to be fully palatable to most smokers. In general, Burley and Maryland are used to supply body to a blend, bring out the flavor of the other tobaccos, and also help them burn slower. Virginia is a light, quick-burning and mild tobacco used to make the blend stay lit and burn easier. Turkish tobacco is wonderfully aromatic, fast burning and light. Latakia cools and flavors a smoke, adds a delightful aroma and rich flavor. Perique also cools and flavors, but is more pungent and heavier than Latakia, adds body and strength to a blend.

Nothing in the smoker's world is quite so creative as the blending of his own tobacco; but few are competent to undertake it, and it's most rewarding to shop around for prepared blends at first. If you'd like to try your hand at it, though, a simple way is to buy one of the sampler blending kits put out by several companies. These give you small amounts of a variety of tobaccos which you can try in various proportions and

anything in Adlers!



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combinations — until you hit on a blending that suits your personal taste. On the other hand, Dunhill's can now make up for you any one of 18,000-odd blends, so you needn't hasten to experiment in blending, at least not at first.

What you will want to know is that, in general, there are three types of blends: mild, medium and full. Contrary to what you might expect, the mild blends — especially if they're finely cut and rapidly smoked — can burn hot and bite the tongue, but they do possess a soft, delicate flavor. Medium or full blends will usually provide you with a smoother smoke, since they burn with a slow combustion, are known for their exotic, rich flavor, are fine for outdoor use or after-dinner savoring. The cut of a tobacco is also important, and four are in general use: granulated, shredded, flaked and plugged. Granulated blends are the most popular in the U.S.

Depending on your point of view, you can either adulterate or enhance your blend by adding bits of fruits, herbs, spices or liquors. Commonly used are apples, oranges, vanilla, molasses, honey, rum, cognac and suchlike. Each will add its own particular flavor to your tobacco, and often will help restore dry tobacco to the proper degree of moistness. Aromatic blends, with various forms of sugar, glucose and molasses added, boast increased moisture-holding qualities, give off a sweetish aroma that most practiced pipesmen frown on.

The way in which a particular tobacco will burn — and how much enjoyment it affords you — will depend directly on its quality, cut, the amount of moisture it contains and how you pack it in the bowl. If you pack it too tightly, the pipe will draw poorly and keep going out. If you pack it too loosely, you'll get a fast, hot smoke. We recommend that you pack it in layers; that is, put in a little tobacco, tamp it down, add more and do the same until the pipe is full.

Whatever the blend, whatever the cut, whatever the style or type of bowl you choose, pipe-smoking is full of little extra rewards. It will make you feel cooler on a hot day and warm you in the winter. You can develop an affection for it, as for an old friend. A good pipeful, as British physician William Vaughan said in 1626, "... is a most singular and sudden remedy against the Migraine, the Toothache, the fits of the Mother, the Falling-Sickness, the Dropsy, the Gout and against all such diseases as are caused by windy, cold or waterish humours. And for them that have moist brains, and cannot sleep, they must take the fume at their going to bed. . . ." Moist-brained or no, a present-day gentleman will readily recognize that this form of taking tobacco can become an exciting pipeline to smoking enjoyment.



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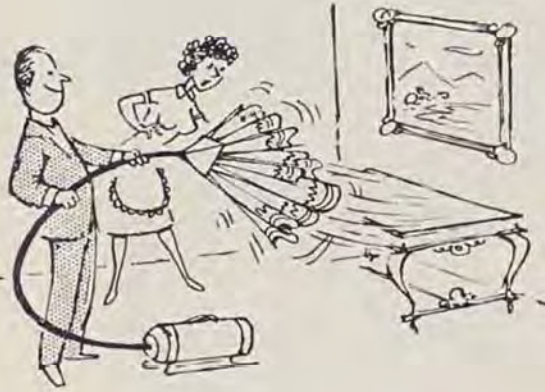
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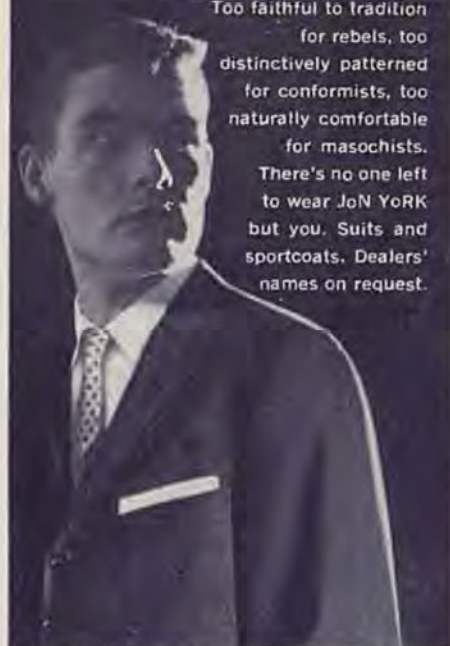
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SONG IN HIS POCKET

(continued from page 88)

get on the radio. Then he screams at me. "So sing already, Winkle! Sing, sing!"

Millie is right there with the record and the player and we pipe *Song in My Pocket* all the way to his crazy ear in Newark, and in a second it's coming back to us through the air—we're connected to the mike! It sounds tinny, muggy, distant as a cloud, but it's there, all right, right on the radio!

"He mentioned the *phone number*," Millie cried.

"Nize, Winkle, vedy nize," says the jockey—I'd hung up the minute the record eased out, but he was still getting at me from the radio—"Look, old hound, next time you start feeling that bad, just *mutilate yourself!*"

But Millie snaps off the radio. She has tears in her eyes. "Honey," she says, "you're in, you're in! That's advertising!" "Fine," I say, "but naturally, with all the music publishers in town trying to get to me at once there is of course a crossing of the lines and busy-signals and that's why the phone doesn't —"

"RING."

"The phone," she says.

"RING."

"Want me to get it?"

"RING."

"It's your phone," she says sweetly.

I smile at her, cutting the next ring neatly in two. "Hello?" I say.

"This is Gold of Gold and DeGroat, Songs. You the guy just on the phone?"

I signal wildly to Millie. "I'm just on the phone now."

"Before," insists Gold, "on the air."

"That's me!"

"You come in tomorrow, you hear?"

He mentioned the address.

"Sure, sure, what time tomorrow, Mr. Gold?"

"Any time. You tell the girl. Tell her your name. What is your name?"

"Winkeler, sir. James A. Winkeler. I'm —"

"OK, you tell her, she'll shoot you in. Tomorrow, hear?" And he's gone.

Millie looks up in casual inquiry. "Appointment for tomorrow?" she asks.

I nod, stumbling toward a chair.

"Well, well," sings Millie, sarcastic. "Well, well, well." Then her eyes soften. "Come over here, you big dope."

By the next morning, though, she had dropped the irony and was all pep and propaganda. "When you go in to see him, don't sneak back into your shell like a frightened rabbit," she said, pushing me off. "Blow your trumpet, play the piano—you know, stay awake and push!"

I flicked up one eyelid delicately between thumb and forefinger. "Awake and push," I repeated. I understood then why



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the old lady on the radio usually got some sleep on Tuesday night — so she wouldn't feel the way I did on Wednesday morning. My blood just starting to circulate, my face held up by after-shave lotion, I started to hum the song in the subway, for practice, and my ears insisted that all the people around me were singing or humming or whistling it too. But after talking a lot with Millie and singing *Song in My Pocket* for a straight week and, well, horsing around until nearly six o'clock in the morning, you reach a stage where you no longer trust things like ears. One thing, I thought — Millie was right all along. I was going to see Gold of Gold and DeGroat (I'd never heard of that one) simply because of *advertising*. Before I found the building I'd even convinced myself I had some chance of selling him an option on the song. Full of push, I bounded clumsily through the door of his office and hit sharply against a desk. The room was no bigger than a good-sized closet. There was no girl to tell my name to. I realized with disappointment. "Speak, son," said a voice from behind a cloud of cigar smoke, "I don't have all day." It was Mr. Gold — he was built like a flour sack. Pretending to be alive I sat down immediately at his vintage upright and struck out the opening bars of my masterpiece. There was a definite stirring be-

hind the fog of cigar smoke. I pounded away on the instrument in careless rapture, thinking that if a man couldn't sell music there was still a great future tuning music publishers' pianos.

But Gold was listening. He was still interested. It wasn't just a crazy three A.M. impulse gone sour. He even heaved himself to his feet — obviously, with his build, a thing he wouldn't do for just anybody. He stepped across to the piano and placed his hand on my shoulder. I sagged but boldly struck up the lyric a second time. "Look, that's enough," said Gold. "I know it already."

"Sure, you've heard it on the radio!" I shouted, doing two complete revolutions on his revolving piano stool without a trace of my usual inhibition.

"And elsewhere," says Gold.

"In restaurants, in bars, at your family dentist!"

"Here in my office. About four days ago. Sung by the guy I took an option from. I also since heard it from three more guys tried to sell it to me. What's so special about this song every *gonof* in town should try to sell it to me?"

"It's ubiquitous," I said, my heart having bounced down near my shoes. Some crook had jumped the gun. No copyright, no protection . . . Millie had advertised me right out of a hit tune! I would have hung myself if only there

had been room to do so in Gold's office.

"Let me talk to your partner about this," I said, thinking I'd take a stab at the other guy — I could tell I wouldn't get any justice out of Gold. "Where's DeGroat?"

"Sonny, I love you," Gold said, rocking his head from side to side. "You got the highest level gall I ever seen! I'm thinking I'll *sue* you, and you try to *sell* me the song which I already got an option on it! There is no DeGroat," he added. "I just put the name in the firm for class. It's the brand of cigar I smoke. Here, take one, you're a good boy, you got push — I appreciate that."

So, to show you how things happen, we talk awhile, and he offers me a job, and before I can catch up with my pituitary gland, there I am with him in a new office, the size of a *double-closet*. I'm Gold's song pusher. But it isn't all that great. One consolation, *Song in My Pocket* flopped, after rising all of two inches from the ground in less than a month — it would have killed me if the guy that picked up my uncopyrighted masterpiece had made out! I realized from this that the only difference between thieves and other people is that the thieves steal things and end up broke and the other people *don't* steal things and end up broke.

"Hell, the *song* doesn't matter," Gold



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insists, just like Millie. "Over a certain level, like does it have some music or a little lyric, after a point one song's as good as another. So big deal about *Song in My Pocket*—we take one of those jingles of yours, we put in a harmonica solo, maybe a wind machine, plus a singing group they go *habooble-la, habooble-la* in the background, and you got a hit, boy, a hit!" A beam lights up his face and he has a mystical moment. "You can sell anything," he whispers, "anything. This is a crazy country." So when I complain things are moving slowly, his arm comes down across my shoulder like a side of beef, and he says: "All right, so we got to keep the firm going peddling fire insurance—soon, boy, with you pushing, we'll have a hit!"

But I don't know. I've got troubles. One thing, I'm making less on insurance with Gold than I did before. Then there's all the crazy phone calls. Ever since I was on the radio from Newark, I've been getting these phone calls, mostly in the middle of the night. There are guys who want me to write a song about their life story and split 50-50, and jokers who—God forbid—want to sell me insurance, but the problem comes in with the babes. All these women keep calling me, with late-at-night in their voices, sometimes when Millie and me are sort of too involved for her to appreciate competition. She's getting a little disturbed, you know? I mean, maybe a touch of jealousy or something?

"Look," she says one night, "why don't you move? Or change your phone number?"

"I can't move, Mil," I say, "it's too expensive—you should see the windy places in my wallet."

"Well, that fire insurance just doesn't sell fast enough, Winkeler."

"What do you want me to do, go out and start fires?"

"Big joke! You know, Winkeler, you're back where you started from? Horsing around is all right, but, you know, a girl wants other things now and then? Nice restaurants, liquor, a little giftie . . ."

"A sable stole, a Ferrari . . . Millie, you're nuts!"

"Look, I have an idea—why don't you just forget about the music . . ."

"Great!"

" . . . take out the lyrics and be a poet! I bet if you sent some of them off to the magazines, why . . ."

So what I'm looking for now is an editor. You know, an editor with a sense of humor? I have this ode here, for example, cute little thing entitled *Zulu Hitchhike*. And if I don't find a guy soon who's willing to print it, I'm scared stiff Millie's going to come up with another idea.

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TEDDY WILSON and His Trio

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Together Wherever We Go / Everything's Coming Up Roses / Some People / Mama's Talking Soft
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CHECKLIST

(continued from page 69)

in winter and sunstruck in summer, these attire adjvants seem to breathe and flourish in the crispy air of autumn.

And that isn't all. While lending your campus duds those touches of color and character that make an outfit distinctively and individualistically your own, they also provide handy conversation pieces for engaging the attention of that new chick in Comparative Biology—thus becoming, one is tempted to utter, accessories before the fact.

Starting at the top, headgear this fall is geared for comfort, with cloth the dominant material. The cloth chapeaus are cut, sewn and lightly blocked into shape in the fashion of the model worn by Rex Harrison in *My Fair Lady*. Most of them can be shaped by you according to preference or ingenuity. In all cases, the cloth hat is lightweight, soft and crushable, and comes in tweeds, plaids, solids and mixtures.

In felt hats also, this is the season for lightweights, crushables and casual mixtures. Offbeat trims are much in evidence. Colors will be dark to medium to accompany the dark and burnished tones this fall. Matching the suit and hat will yield a monotone effect, while an off-brown or off-green against a dark suit breaks the single tone barrier. Brimful though the hat box may be this fall, hat brims will be anything but full: some will come as narrow as an inch and a half. Pork-pies and Tyroleans will still be popular, and are best with wool tweed suits and sports coats. Smooth-surface telescope and pinched crown hats belong with business suits.

Mufflers and scarves range from classic block plaids and tartan stripes in regular lengths to mufflers six feet long that can be worn in many a manner. Developments in outerwear collars and linings have limited the demand for mufflers in recent years, and prompted the manufacturers to make the move to more multi-purpose mufflers. Some are designed to button as vests with large patch pockets, and others with ends woven together in a mitered point do double duty as a hood. On the strictly functional side, there are many college quads where a muffler is a most welcome warmer and warder-offer of wintry wind, and its decorative aspects are bright, for colors and combinations range from the far out to the conservative. Many are available in school colors.

A swift switch of scarves will make your coat a veritable chameleon. For casualness, an endless looped mohair in an offbeat shade; for elegant distinction, a tartan-plaid Shetland wool muffler; for dressier occasions there are some fine reversible scarves—one side of cashmere and the other of silk.

Some fashions—like the perennial button-down shirt—may be said to be circular in popularity, that is, they are always in style. Others are cyclical, disappearing for a while and then returning, like the extra vest today. It is on its way back and rightly so. It's a terrific accessory as long as some sense of color and pattern coordination is used. The spectrum runs from tattersall patterns to solid colors, and the freshest addition to the scene is the bleeding Indian madras cotton vest. There are some swell suedes around and they should be treated like good luggage. Even though tags sometimes proclaim them as prepared for dry cleaning, your best bet is to let them darken with age and experience and forget about the cleaning. Metal buttons, which got their big push in the blazer market, are finding a new place as vest closures. For a very individual treatment you might scout out some old regimental or yacht club buttons and have a tailor put them on.

Today, the greatest shift in emphasis in the accessory wardrobe is the number of sweaters one should own. There has been a burst of styles and colors and an unusually high percentage of them are good. The crew neck model is still tops, but pushing pretty hard are both the cardigan and the boat neck pullover. Monster sweaters of bulky knits have a high practicality and popularity. They come in solid colors running to the gold family and the greens, both of them mixed with black. They are almost sweater coats, and are a solid solution to the problem of what to wear to October football games when the weather is still too warm for a stadium coat. Collars come in for attention too. Shawl-collared long cardigans are bound to please sports car addicts: turn up the "big-stitch" cardigan collar, and put the car top down, even in September and October, and you're set for some pleasant driving. A strong Scandinavian influence is still seen: white or vivid background colors and intricate multi-colored patterns on the yoke and sleeves. Stripes are accented in unexpected places—a mid-arm shoulder line, a patterned motif down the sleeve, pocket trim, an over-all fine line, or bold blazer style.

On the shirt front the button-down oxford has been and continues to be the overwhelming favorite, but there is plenty of merit in not confining yourself to the one style: even some of the button-downs carry shorter collars, and they are good-looking indeed. Add a pin-collar shirt or two, and for special dates a tab collar. The spread collar just can't pass the course on campus.

Lots of new color has been added to shirts. Check the soft green shades as a change from all white. Stripes both narrow and broad are right. Although oxford cloth and broadcloth are the

prime favorites, the chambrays are handsome too. In sport shirts the most popular are the cut and sewn shirts, which range from cottons to corduroy, rather than the knits.

Ties remain narrow: rep stripes and wool challis are musts. In addition, a wide selection of bold conversation prints in cottons and wools is available. With the darker trend in sports coats, a little life in the tie department won't hurt. Gold and brass and green shades like loden and putty on the Paisleys and madders are the color news this fall. When you are putting on your tie, remember the dimple in it is the final touch of the well-dressed man. Before tightening the long end, form a crease in the center of the tie; pull the tie through, forming the dimple with your index finger, and tighten.

Belts? The unusual reigns. Once limited to the responsibility of holding up your slacks, the belt today has become an important fashion accessory. Webbing formerly associated with the military services has been handsomely adapted to civilian use. Elastic materials are sufficiently under control so that they work effectively for the life of the belt rather than give away to a non-stretch sag. Neckwear patterns in prints and Paisley have been printed on or

woven into them to be used either as matching sets with ties or to be worn independently. Design derivations come from all over the world, and even the dock-worker's hemp has been converted into a smart accessory. Buckles run the gamut from the classical brass and silver closures to medallions and crests of all sorts.

Essentially, socks come in three categories: business, formal and sportswear. Good grooming demands that a business suit be accompanied by either solid-color ribbed, or a very conservative pattern. For best results, choose a solid color that harmonizes with your suit. If you demand color, select a quiet-pattern sock, a neat panel Argyle, a cluster stripe or a clock design. But there is a big choice of other patterns—spaced triangles, Greek keys, snowflake effects. Fabric mixtures have been improved for increased comfort and washability. Lamb's wool and nylon, wool and Orlon, and for the first time a functional mercerized cotton is on the market. Wool sport socks are a consistent favorite with the active collegians who appreciate their absorbent and sole-cushioning qualities.

The glove scene still boasts the full-fashioned unlined numbers in solid leather, either black or brown, for dress-up occasions. They come in calf, ostrich

and a variety of other animal skins. For greater warmth, and for less formal affairs, you can pick up a lined glove, with rabbit, moleskin, Orlon pile or lamb's wool providing the additional warmth. We recommend wool or one of the new synthetics; fur invariably wears thin at the fingertips and isn't as warm as it looks. Also available are gloves that combine wool crocheted backs with a pigskin palm, or a calfskin back with a wool palm, a trend that fits perfectly with the neater, lighter look recommended in hand wear. For driving, you'll want a leather palm (cloth slips); for walks on blustery days, the wind-proof leather back is best. Just as there are stretch socks to fit all sizes, there are now stretch gloves. Some are well designed, but for a better fit why not get your own size in the style you like? Gloves should be coordinated with outerwear to harmonize unless the choice is a bold cloth or knitted number which serves as a color accent.

If you can't find exactly the right accessories at home, or if you still are not too sure of the clothing needs at the college of your choice, remember that there are good men's stores on every campus and they stock the items that are just right for the local scene.



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(continued from page 68)
was white. [Ironically, Prez later claimed to have had little affection, at any time, for the girl, a jazz follower much younger than Prez. He was conscious of her whiteness and experienced uncomfortable times because of it during the brief period the couple lived in California prior to Prez' Army tour. The marriage ended during that Army term.] The major just slammed down the pictures and said, 'Place this man under arrest.' His excuse was that he had found some pills. Actually, there was nothing that Prez hadn't obtained from the dispensary—they were just pills to deaden the pain from the surgery. In addition, the major resented the fact that people had tried to arrange a discharge for Prez.

"So he found an article of war that gave him a chance to bring charges against Lester. They might as well have turned him in for having aspirin on him, but somehow it was maneuvered so he got a five-year sentence. Later on, when the truth came out, to save face for the major, they didn't reverse the decision entirely, but reduced it to one year and sent Prez to the detention barracks at Camp Gordon, Georgia. It was the most agonizing period in his life.

"A soldier at Camp Gordon who was a bass player and knew Prez managed to send him out on a detail to build a bridge. By this time he was so terrified that he actually tried to run away. I don't think he ever told a soul about this except me. 'But then I got into the bushes and I saw those people with the guns,' he said, 'and I came back.'"

In a desperate search for escape, Prez managed to swap candy bars for liquid cocaine. With a friend (a dental corpsman) he rigged up a still behind his bunk, mixed the cocaine with 180 proof alcohol from surgical supplies, and fermented whatever fruit the amateur distillers could find. Inevitably, the MPs found the still. Prez' sentence was extended several months. Eventually, Prez was granted a dishonorable discharge. Too distraught to appeal, he returned to New York. "I'm out," he would repeat, "I'm out. That's all that matters."

But it wasn't all that mattered. Prez returned to a jazz world in upheaval. "It was pitiful," says Billy Taylor, "to see him walking along 52nd Street, hearing all those young kids playing the ideas he had discarded. He came back looking for some roots, and he failed to find them; you could see him wondering where to turn."

Away from fans and reporters, Prez found little time for his imitators. He preferred to listen to records by Frank Sinatra or Dick Haymes. Lured by the economic promise of Norman Granz' Jazz at the Philharmonic tour in 1946, he found himself pitted for a string of

hopeless years against honking, crowd-begging tenor men. He played his best after hours. When not on tour, he had trouble maintaining his own group. His sidemen invariably were less intense about the music than Prez was. "It takes pretty people to make the music pretty," he said after a dismal rehearsal, "and ain't a single pretty bastard in my band."

"Lester had already reached the point of no return by 1946," says Charlie Carpenter. "He was tired of the responsibilities of the world and was looking for an escape. It just seemed that everything had to go wrong for him."

Prez continued to ramble. And decay persisted, physically and artistically. On a concert package tour with the Basie band and several name combos, he worked a set in front of the band. His performance, a frightening, distorted image of his past, inspired laughter within the band. Some laughed with Prez, as he played absurd, audience-taunting figures. Some of them laughed at him.

Yet the obsession with beauty continued to compel him. On one occasion, he found a wounded bird and took it to work with him. He nursed it between sets, admiring its beauty and pitying its helplessness. Later, when the bird disappeared, he explained that he had given it the strength to fly—with a small nip of bourbon.

After his second marriage failed, Prez found hope in yet a third. It produced two children, and it provided Prez with a potentially satisfying home life in St. Albans, Long Island.

But after his second trip to the hospital—for liquor consumption leading to malnutrition and a nervous breakdown—and apparent cure, Prez left his third wife and St. Albans. She was a fragile, introspective, proud woman, the closest thing to a housewife Prez had known. She wanted to create a home for him. But she never fully understood him, nor was she able to lead him. "It wasn't that the marriage ever really broke up," she points out, "he just wanted to be in New York where things were happening."

The final year of Prez' life was spent with Elaine Swain, whom he had known for a few years. Miss Swain had been a companion of several well-known jazzmen, including at least two Prezian tenor men, and had maintained a close friendship with Billie Holiday. She confined her activities to Prez during his last year, spending hours recording his rambling reminiscences in notebooks, to date unpublished. Yet, she was unable to save him. Despite her care, his physical condition deteriorated rapidly. He was unable to get out of bed without aid. Elaine and his doctor persuaded Prez to eat, and attempts were made to dilute his gin with water. Prez spent time listening to popular records. He continued to stare out of his window at

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Birdland. Tranquilizers and vitamin pills by the dozen helped. Gin and bourbon were replaced by wine. Prez began to gain weight.

The operators of Birdland staged a tribute to him. Dozens of jazzmen attended and a jam session ensued. Set after set passed and Prez played valiantly. Stepping forward to cut the special cake prepared for the occasion, he held the knife with one hand and with the other fingered his horn to play *I Didn't Know What Time It Was* to express his surprise on being so honored.

Late in 1958, improved still more, Prez prepared to fulfill a booking in Paris. Eager to return to the sympathetic environment he had relished on earlier visits to Europe with JATP units, he planned his trip. At this time, his brother Lee, now a solid success as Nat Cole's drummer, visited Prez and upbraided him for his way of life. It was their last meeting. Prez resumed his heavy drinking. When Dr. Cloud told him "we all have worries," Prez said bitterly, "You have no problems. You're a white man."

He departed for Paris early in '59. Refused permission to cook meals in his room at two Paris hotels, he forgot about food. He found little time for sleep. Too feeble to travel, he required a week to muster sufficient strength for the trip home. He cabled Elaine that he would leave Paris for New York. The cable was dated Friday, the 13th of March.

He shuffled weakly from the plane at the New York airport. Back in his hotel room, he returned to the glance-at-Birdland, records-on-the-phonograph, bottle-in-hand routine. That first afternoon he began to fade. By midnight he had consumed a fifth of vodka and most of a pint of bourbon, but had not eaten. At one o'clock the following morning, March 15, lying in his bed half asleep, he began to move his mouth as if he were playing his horn. Elaine, alarmed, anxiously phoned for aid. Twenty minutes after Prez stopped breathing, a doctor arrived and pronounced him dead.

The police were concerned with tangible items. They impounded \$500 in traveler's checks, Prez' horn, a ring and a wallet—pending settlement of the \$76 hotel bill from Prez' earlier stay at the same hotel.

Four days later, at a funeral home on East 52nd Street, those who had heard Prez and had not forgotten him listened to Al Hibbler sing *In the Garden* and trombonist Tyree Glenn play a muted solo of *Just A-Wearyin' for You*.

"Prez would have liked that part," said one musician later. "But the photographers snapping flashlight pictures while it was going on—he wouldn't have wanted that to happen. Wasn't no beauty in that and Prez wouldn't have wanted anything that wasn't pretty."

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TASTE OF FEAR

(continued from page 12)

this feller to let up on me, or there might be trouble. That's the reason I'm putting it up to you Security people."

"Start back a little," Pollock suggested.

"All right. It goes back to him slipping me a bottle of Double Eagle rye. Then he wanted me to take ten dollars. Then twenty. No! And now he's offering me fifty bucks."

"Sounds like he might be getting near your price. For what?"

"It ain't a bit funny—not to me."

"I'm sorry. . . . These tigers you mentioned."

"There's Akbar," Klemm said, and wincing, repeated, "Oh, that Akbar! And Mogul, not so powerful maybe, but meaner. But just to show you how strong this Akbar is, there's a tree made outen cement for them to scratch on. Thirty inches around the trunk, and branches a foot thick. Well, sir, Akbar takes one swipe at a pea-hen roosting, and knocks that branch clean off. I take care of their feeding; regular rations of this fresh horsemeat. Failing that, them tigers'd as soon eat me, or you, mister, and lick their whiskers after."

"Now, just what's your complaint?" Pollock wanted to get at his folder.

"Just this—" Klemm was not elusive; he was simply unaccustomed to framing petitions. "Me, personally, I'm kind of used now to knocking them wild horses down with a sixteen-pound sledge; slaughtering them like they say, and quartering up the carcasses." His voice became strident. "But I'll be goddam if for twenty bucks—or even fifty bucks and any number of bottles of whiskey—I'll go and turn a live horse in the stockade with them two cats! No sir! That would make me just as bad as him. . . . Let me tell you something, mister—" He glanced backward at the door and spoke lower. "You know, there's certain people get their kicks that way."

"That's their problem, Mr. Klemm."

"Women, too—if you want to believe that!" Klemm whispered moistly. "You know where our place is—over on the other side of Thousand Oaks? Well, it must have been a couple-three weeks ago, one of them tall types—about forty, I'd say; swell-dressed like them extras they use in ballroom pictures. She comes up to Brownie Snyder, that's the owner, with a proposition. She'll pay for a live goat, or a pig, whatever it cost; for us to chuck it in the cage with Freckles—that's the leopard you see in all them King Solomon pictures. Well, you know what Brownie told her she can go and do."

"I can guess."

"Now comes the topper." Klemm took



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Birdland. Tranquilizers and vitamin pills by the dozen helped. Gin and bourbon were replaced by wine. Prez began to gain weight.

The operators of Birdland staged a tribute to him. Dozens of jazzmen attended and a jam session ensued. Set after set passed and Prez played valiantly. Stepping forward to cut the special cake prepared for the occasion, he held the knife with one hand and with the other fingered his horn to play *I Didn't Know What Time It Was* to express his surprise on being so honored.

Late in 1958, improved still more, Prez prepared to fulfill a booking in Paris. Eager to return to the sympathetic environment he had relished on earlier visits to Europe with JATP units, he planned his trip. At this time, his brother Lee, now a solid success as Nat Cole's drummer, visited Prez and upbraided him for his way of life. It was their last meeting. Prez resumed his heavy drinking. When Dr. Cloud told him "we all have worries," Prez said bitterly, "You have no problems. You're a white man."

He departed for Paris early in '59. Refused permission to cook meals in his room at two Paris hotels, he forgot about food. He found little time for sleep. Too feeble to travel, he required a week to muster sufficient strength for the trip home. He cabled Elaine that he would leave Paris for New York. The cable was dated Friday, the 13th of March.

He shuffled weakly from the plane at the New York airport. Back in his hotel room, he returned to the glance-at-Birdland, records-on-the-phonograph, bottle-in-hand routine. That first afternoon he began to fade. By midnight he had consumed a fifth of vodka and most of a pint of bourbon, but had not eaten. At one o'clock the following morning, March 15, lying in his bed half asleep, he began to move his mouth as if he were playing his horn. Elaine, alarmed, anxiously phoned for aid. Twenty minutes after Prez stopped breathing, a doctor arrived and pronounced him dead.

The police were concerned with tangible items. They impounded \$500 in traveler's checks, Prez' horn, a ring and a wallet—pending settlement of the \$76 hotel bill from Prez' earlier stay at the same hotel.

Four days later, at a funeral home on East 52nd Street, those who had heard Prez and had not forgotten him listened to Al Hibbler sing *In the Garden* and trombonist Tyree Glenn play a muted solo of *Just A-Wearyin' for You*.

"Prez would have liked that part," said one musician later. "But the photographers snapping flashlight pictures while it was going on—he wouldn't have wanted that to happen. Wasn't no beauty in that and Prez wouldn't have wanted anything that wasn't pretty."

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TASTE OF FEAR

(continued from page 12)

this feller to let up on me, or there might be trouble. That's the reason I'm putting it up to you Security people."

"Start back a little," Pollock suggested.

"All right. It goes back to him slipping me a bottle of Double Eagle rye. Then he wanted me to take ten dollars. Then twenty. No! And now he's offering me fifty bucks."

"Sounds like he might be getting near your price. For what?"

"It ain't a bit funny—not to me."

"I'm sorry. . . . These tigers you mentioned."

"There's Akbar," Klemm said, and wincing, repeated, "Oh, that Akbar! And Mogul, not so powerful maybe, but meaner. But just to show you how strong this Akbar is, there's a tree made outen cement for them to scratch on. Thirty inches around the trunk, and branches a foot thick. Well, sir, Akbar takes one swipe at a pea-hen roosting, and knocks that branch clean off. I take care of their feeding; regular rations of this fresh horsemeat. Failing that, them tigers'd as soon eat me, or you, mister, and lick their whiskers after."

"Now, just what's your complaint?" Pollock wanted to get at his folder.

"Just this—" Klemm was not elusive; he was simply unaccustomed to framing petitions. "Me, personally, I'm kind of used now to knocking them wild horses down with a sixteen-pound sledge; slaughtering them like they say, and quartering up the carcasses." His voice became strident. "But I'll be goddam if for twenty bucks—or even fifty bucks and any number of bottles of whiskey—I'll go and turn a live horse in the stockade with them two cats! No sir! That would make me just as bad as him. . . . Let me tell you something, mister—" He glanced backward at the door and spoke lower. "You know, there's certain people get their kicks that way."

"That's their problem, Mr. Klemm."

"Women, too—if you want to believe that!" Klemm whispered moistly. "You know where our place is—over on the other side of Thousand Oaks? Well, it must have been a couple-three weeks ago, one of them tall types—about forty, I'd say; swell-dressed like them extras they use in ballroom pictures. She comes up to Brownie Snyder, that's the owner, with a proposition. She'll pay for a live goat, or a pig, whatever it cost; for us to chuck it in the cage with Freckles—that's the leopard you see in all them King Solomon pictures. Well, you know what Brownie told her she can go and do."

"I can guess."

"Now comes the topper." Klemm took

another cautious glance at the door. "You know Brownie keeps the place open Sundays for the public—kids and all—a quarter admission. I put on a little show with the cats and a lecture like, when all of a sudden I'm looking up, and there she is again—the same dame. Now, dogs ain't allowed on the premises on account it nerves up the animals. But she must have had this one hid under her coat—one of them skinny wire-haired terriers. Before you know it, it's inside the cage and Freckles hooks one paw. I don't have to tell you the rest. But you can imagine that with two tigers and a horse! I ask you!"

"What did you—Brownie—do about this woman?"

"Oh, she was cute! To cover up she yelled and made out her poor little doggie jumped in there on his own. Nobody's fault, she claimed, and started picking up her lipstick and stuff where the pup must have kicked her purse open, and everything spilled out. Part of it was inside Freckles' cage. Compact and a couple of cards stuck together with a piece of tishy-paper in between. Printed up with the name of a lawyer. Marshall it was—Alex something Marshall—on South Olive Street. I figure a dame like that must keep him busy."

"We veered off, Mr. Klemm," Pollock said. "Your complaint had to do with some tigers the studio is renting. What's the arrangement?"

Klemm explained. Brownie's deal was for \$250 a day, including Klemm's services as handler. The script called for one tiger. Akbar was more photogenic, but Mogul was on hand, too, as a spare. The wild horses on which they were fed? They came by truck trailer, shipped by an outfit in Wyoming which had a license to round them up; otherwise they would be shot by government rangers.

"From what you tell me, Mr. Klemm, I don't see how the studio is involved. You're being propositioned to put on this—this show—at your own place, not here on the lot. And, besides, you don't want any part of it."

"Right so far. But I tell you this guy keeps pestering me," Klemm wailed. "He's got me so I don't know how I'm going to be able to handle Akbar. It's not the animals—it's me that's getting spooked. And it's catching, like fever. And if the cats get it from me, there won't be any working with them. Scenes won't come off right, and it'll cost the studio a day, maybe two days retakes."

"What I'd do, Mr. Klemm, is take this up with the Humane Society."

"Aah, they don't bother with people. Only animals," Klemm scoffed. "They had their agent here this morning, looking to see if I was using a gooser. . . . You know—some trainers slide a pole with a hundred and ten volts in the tip up against the animal and give him a touch with it to start him. But what I'm

doing gets around that. I got a long strip of chicken wire laid along the track Akbar's supposed to move on. Onto that I hook up a series of dry cell batteries with an induction coil; and if that cat gets stubborn I hit the switch. And, brother, you begin to see action." He illustrated by leaping out of his chair. "When you come over I'll show you how it's rigged. It's a night scene, see? The girl with the red dot on her forehead is all alone in the silk tent. And twenty feet away is Akbar, crouched down—"

As soon as Klemm left, Pollock began working on the papers in his folder with a razor blade. It took him less than 15 minutes to finish and replace the file. The shreds of paper he had cut out were still in his pocket. 20 minutes later, when Major Erickson sent for him.

He saw his open folder on Erickson's desk when he entered, and Erickson tapping it rhythmically with his pencil. "What this amounts to, Pollock, is stealing confidential data belonging to the corporation."

"I left all I thought the corporation has a right to know about an ex-employee, Major."

"You're getting kind of lippy now that the creases are out of your belly, aren't you?"

"And I'm not putting them back by bending over to kiss—"

"That's all. Oh, and I gave orders to have your car searched nights when you leave the lot. With people on notice—"

"I don't have a car," Pollock said. "and whatever I carry out of here is in my pocket. Now, give some orders about that. . . . I usually leave by the front gate."

"Good. You can leave right now, and

you don't have to bother coming back. I'd just as soon not see you around any more."

"It's mutual. But I'm not willing to pay six hundred dollars for the privilege."

Erickson slapped his desk. "Well, god-damit, I am! I'll put an order through tonight—right now. You don't have to come any further in than the cashier's window in the morning. They'll hand you out an envelope. . . . Come in here, Cecile, and bring your book."

She bustled at her desk until Pollock came out. "Anything in your desk, John? He'll go through it," she whispered rapidly.

"Corporation's desk, isn't it?"

"What are you going to do now?"

"Get a cup of coffee."

Tigers were nowhere on his mind, and he had come abreast of Stage 9 when Klemm caught his arm. "He's inside now. Lemme give you his name—Forbes—the writer on the picture. He's sitting in there with the director."

Klemm drew him into the vast interior of the sound stage, guiding him over a tangle of cables to a village in Hyderabad where two men sat in canvas chairs.

Pollock studied the puffy face contorted over a script; the lips pouting like a burst rose; the rumpled hair; the flabbiness and pallor of the cheeks. Here, by Lombroso's standards, Pollock thought, was the face of a criminal voluptuary. Most likely a talented fellow, highly paid, and harassed; as now, called down to repair a weak scene, or revise unutterable dialog. The tense kind, who *needed*—if one wanted to be charitable—the sort of recreation he



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asked Klemm to procure. The other man was totally and wholesomely different: younger, relaxed and leaning back with easy grace. He turned his head, saw Pollock, and smiling in tentative recognition, stood up and came toward him. "You better talk to him," Klemm muttered and slid out of sight in the weighted gloom beyond.

"Hello. I'm Scotty Forbes. Did you want to see me?"

For a second or two, in a protean struggle with his mistake, Pollock was unable to say anything. Then: "There's been a beef with the Security office."

"So Tiger Boy's smoked up?" Forbes' voice was flat, with something of a drawl, but pleasant. He smiled openly. "Well, it looks as if that gag bombed. . . . What was the story he told you?"

"A long, dirty one," Pollock answered. "Here — let's find a place to sit down. . . . I don't know your name."

"Pollock. But don't bother. I didn't intend to stay."

"Just leaving, myself. I'll walk out with you."

They left the sound stage together, Forbes choosing the diagonal street leading to the main gate. "I thought you might want to ask me a lot of questions, Mr. Pollock."

"Not a one."

"I'm disappointed — but only because the rib rolled over and died. Anyway, you must have taken that little wino's story seriously enough to come down and study me from the shadows in three-quarter profile."

Pollock was able to smile. "To tell the truth, I was studying your friend, the director."

"This I've got to tell him! Chuck Corbett, the repopulator of Bel Air — the begetter of eight kids! A papal knight on top of that. Taken for a *dec-gen-erate* — by an *expert*!"

"You have to be an expert to be that far off base."

Forbes pointed to a handsome red-wood bungalow behind some fine shrubs. "There's my office. Come in for a minute."

Pollock glanced at his watch. "I've just got time to make the five-twenty bus to Highland and Yucca."

"Just till I shave, and then I'll run you down," Forbes urged, and steered him over the flagstone to a side door and into the largest room of the house, furnished as a library.

Looking around from a green leather armchair at the profusion of Brueghel prints on the paneled walls, Pollock said, "I thought you writers hung out in the Writers' Building near the other gate."

"Not me. I wouldn't walk into that iron lung even to use the cigarette machine. It's in my contract. Privacy — enough room to swing an idea." Forbes paused to plug in an electric razor,

"This heap of slats was put up for Katya Szabo, remember, when she came over here to make eight pictures for Manny Cleveland."

"The late Manny Cleveland."

"I stand corrected — poor bastard. A mattress death, I hear. And I always thought he'd go out howling, the other way. Almost did, at that, one time when Katya cut loose at him with a *pistola grande*. Would have got him, too, if she'd had a better target than his so-called parts. Later on, his wife — Sidney Fairchild's sister — and two female wrestlers swooped down on her while she was giving Manny a flourish, and really fixed her goulash." Swathes of tough, black whisker disappeared as he spoke against the razor's hum. "And don't think Manny hadn't made work for that good squad since. If ever there was a crow-pecked lout — which reminds me —"

Forbes pressed the buzzer and his secretary came in. "Helen," he said to her, "I love you like rubies. A little favor. Send a telegram to General Fairchild, care the studio. Condolences — that sort of jazz. Say I was indisposed — sorry about his loss. Make that 'overcome.'" He turned to Pollock. "I must be on Sidney's louse-list for not showing up at the burning ghat this morning." He shuddered. "Moping along behind a corpse — having to shake hands with the widow — almost the same as touching one. Did you go?" Pollock shook his head. "I thought you might, seeing as you belong to the Fairchild household troops. . . . That's all, Helen, for now."

"I've got a reminder here," the girl said, "about your dental appointment at six o'clock."

The hand holding the electric shaver went clay-white. "I can't tonight. Make it next week sometime."

"But Scotty, Dr. Arnold told me be sure to tell you —"

Trembling, Forbes all but shrieked, "I don't want to know what he told you!" He glared at the girl, the wings of his nose flaring out. "If I do, I'll ask you." She left abruptly, her face red with shame and rage.

Then, as if this passage had never taken place, the writer looked amusedly at Pollock. "So, you say the poor man's Frank Buck went to Erickson — another creep — with his yarn about the tigers."

"No. He came direct to me."

"Scout's oath. Pollock — did you believe him?"

"It doesn't matter to me."

"Just the same, I owe you an explanation of the whole thing."

"Not officially. I don't work here any more."

Forbes unplugged the razor. "So you turned in your trench coat." He wound the cord around the instrument and held it out to Pollock. "Want one of these? Take it. I've got about thirty of

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The film writer bit sharply at his upper lip. "I couldn't—I mean even handle a blade. Just taking it out of the wrapper gives me a—I just stand there and see that thin, shiny edge so close to those two veins that cross on my wrist—and I get sick."

In the parking lot across the street from the studio, Pollock guessed wrong about the make of Forbes' car. It was not the Thunderbird, but the blue Dodge in the adjoining slot.

It had been drizzling, and the tires hummed over the slick on Ventura Boulevard. There was an hour of daylight unspent, and a streak of red from a vanishing rainbow still glowed above Laurel Canyon. When Pollock remarked simply that it was a nice time of day, Forbes said, "I say it's the cool of the evening when the drinking begins. How about a stimulant?"

Why not? It was better than a drink alone with flat soda out of the refrigerator.

They sat in the Plandome Grill on the Sunset Strip, in the amber-lighted, baronial Men's Lounge. Forbes' kind of place; it "went with" him. And with everything about him—his tactile narcissism in the feel of his own face. His naked cowardice at the reminder of an appointment with the dentist. His approach to the rim of shrieking panic at a dribble of blood—his own only. As for that of horses—

"Knock this one back, John. . . . Waiter, some more of the devil's lubricant here. . . . Only seven weeks, so you haven't begun to understand the way industry-people huff and puff thinking up ribs on each other. Friend or foe, all alike. You'll have them played on you, and in time you'll be planning them. Better ones, I hope, than my dud with that rum-pot and his scabby tigers." He turned to the waiter. "Gus, stand by to repel boarders. Another Scotch old fashioned and a pale gibbon."

Forbes' explanation sounded reasonable—a quality which distinguishes the most poisonous lies. And this is one of them. Pollock decided. The Scotty Forbeses indeed play their costly hoaxes; but on their own kind. Not on the Pety Klemms of Desiluland.

"Sure Desiluland—or hadn't you noticed? More than half the studio facilities, Fairchild included, are leased out. DeMille has been called by the Great Producer, and the rest are headed for the bottom of that 21-inch electric bottle. But, in between 'Is-your-stomach-burning-up?' and 'Your-golden-liver-bile' they still need me to give the mummies some lines to gum; and you, Johnny, to keep them from getting into each other's

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scanties on the studio's time."

Nibbling a spear of pineapple, Pollock wished for a sandwich—a slab of cake—anything absorbent. But the waiter brought two fresh drinks, and plugged a telephone into a jack beside Forbes. "Call for you."

"You beat me to the ameché by seconds," Forbes drawled into the phone. ". . . No, with a friend of mine from the studio." Then Forbes listened intently for a moment, and resumed talking. "No, Al, just the other way around. Listen—set up the projector. I'm bringing along some footage that'll make up for everything. . . . After dinner. Start scraping the mould off three of your best porterhouses." He merely glanced at Pollock, as if for quick compliance, but ignored the dubious headshake, and concluded: "Along about half-past seven. Bye, now."

"That was a quick shuffle," Pollock said. "Still, I can't claim to have another engagement. Could we pick up some claret to go with that steak?"

"It's all there, John; that is, if you're satisfied with the best. It won't be Château Manischewitz."

Forbes took the car over Coldwater Canyon. "Let's double back over the Freeway to Flintridge," he said. "Give us time to talk. . . . Now, this job you kissed off?"

"I was canned. Erickson had a longer arm than I suspected."

"That snot-ape! Nipped you off like a ripe mango, huh? What were you getting—five hundred?"

"Three."

"Peanuts."

"Not where I come from."

"Got anything lined up?"

"I'm going to give San Francisco a whirl. Maybe I don't belong here in the first place."

"Cut! Johnny, that's a word-for-word playback of my tape nine years ago, when I changed my flag from Chicago and came out here in the first covered Buick. *Nothing* belongs here—in the first place! Nothing's indigenous to this chip off the Kalahari Desert except horned toads and cactus. We're all transplanted, like the eucalyptus tree. But once you take hold, all those gags about Hollywood—about how it's like lying in a swimming pool of warm farina—well, they sound a lot funnier right here, at the place of origin, than while mushing through that fudge-sundae snow around Radio City."

The car breasted Mulholland Drive and wove downward to San Fernando Valley, Forbes silent in the dense oily wake of a truck loaded with oranges. But, Pollock wanted to hear him talk some more; on the subject of Hollywood—on anything. From the first he had appreciated Scotty's crackling remarks, brief or extended. His locutions were not the hipster's obscure turn of phrase.

They had, instead, a graphic clarity that illuminated both the subject and Scotty's mind with sudden streaks. That, Pollock realized, was why he had remained in this man's company. He was uncommonly stimulating—even for Hollywood.

"If I decided to stay," Pollock remarked, "I'd have to get on with some aircraft or industrial security department, or pick up an assignment with a private agency."

"How're you fixed for coconuts? Got enough copra for the traders, meanwhile?"

"Money? I can get by nicely, thanks."

"I wasn't offering any. I've got an iron rule against lending it. The last one who asked got a swift kick in the groin for his trouble. My own brother. If it's a real hardship case, up to five dollars, I furnish the address of the nearest blood bank."

As the car swung into the Cahuenga lane from the Pass it caused a heavy object to slide and thump on the flat ledge behind the seats. "Mind holding that in your lap the rest of the way, Johnny? It might open and brim out like spun gold, because that's what that can of film is. A thousand feet of it that I have to have back in the morning."

"Back to the studio?" Pollock offered. "I'll be glad to take it. I'm calling for my closing check."

"No. A private source I rent these from. Comes to an arm and a leg, but worth it. Wait'll you see."

"Oh, one of those 'sporting' reels —"

Suddenly, and for once without theatricality, Forbes scowled in patent disgust at the term Pollock used. But he recovered just as quickly, and with a forgiving grin. "No—I can't bolt that swill. That's for the Velvet Paw trade, frat houses and beer busts in legion cellars."

"Well, don't be sorry," Pollock said. "It's not my speed either. . . . My error, Scotty."

"Forget it, lad." Forbes slapped the film tin; continued patting it as he spoke, and smoothing its glossy top. "There's a thousand feet of UFA film in this packet. Sixteen frames to the foot, and every one as great in its own medium as a Dürer engraving. From the standpoint of plastic design, composition and content."

His eyes flicked often from the road, and to the tin of celluloid, as if to make sure it was still there, under his palm. "After thirty years it's still as clear as optical glass. You'll see. The only thing that dates it is the printed subtitles—in German. But they're not really essential. For instance, there's a medium-close shot of an officer explaining something about keeping their heads down and not struggling. But his gestures tell it pretty well."



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"I might be able to translate," Pollock said. "I did thirty months' occupation duty there after Remagen."

"Great! That'll give it another dimension. Maybe tip us to a nuance I didn't catch when I ran it through a Movieola this morning. . . . Brilliant! In the great manner of Pabst and Murnau. Compared to the way we handled the camera for the Streicher and Ribbentrop hangings—and the way UFA did their subjects, the difference is like between Mickey Spillane and Hammett's Continental Op. With those UFA boys you see it first, and the lens just confirms what you're looking at."

An enthusiastic eagerness that communicated itself even to the gas pedal came into his voice. "Take the fade-in right after the main and credit titles. Exterior—medium-long shot of a dirt road somewhere in China—Kiangsi Province, I think it said. Two trucks coming up in background and—cut! After this establishing shot, the rest of it is all in camera-dimensions from close-up to medium-full, and such angles as Gadge Kazan never dreamed of."

"Sorry, Scotty," Pollock said lightly, "you're leaving me in a fog on that first dirt road."

"You'll get it. The competence will come through as you watch." He resumed with more controlled eagerness. "The trucks stop near a big ditch, and you can count them—Combies, or whatever they are—being helped off the trucks in a medium-full so that you can count them. Twenty-eight, all with their hands tied behind them. All looking pretty tacky; expressions the same, registering nothing—a rimless zero. Camera pans with them as they're marched off by the soldiers; four guarding each line. Now—reverse angle! The cab of the leading truck opens and out steps another Chinese—no uniform. He lifts out two swords, Japanese-type—this long, but heavier; and, as we move in to close shot, he unwraps an oily cloth from the swords, glances over toward where the prisoners are already kneeling in b.g., one line behind the other, and starts rolling up his sleeves. . . . How's that for making each frame count?"

He did not pause long enough for an answer; nor would Pollock have been able to give him one. He tried, however: "The object, I imagine, is suspense—"

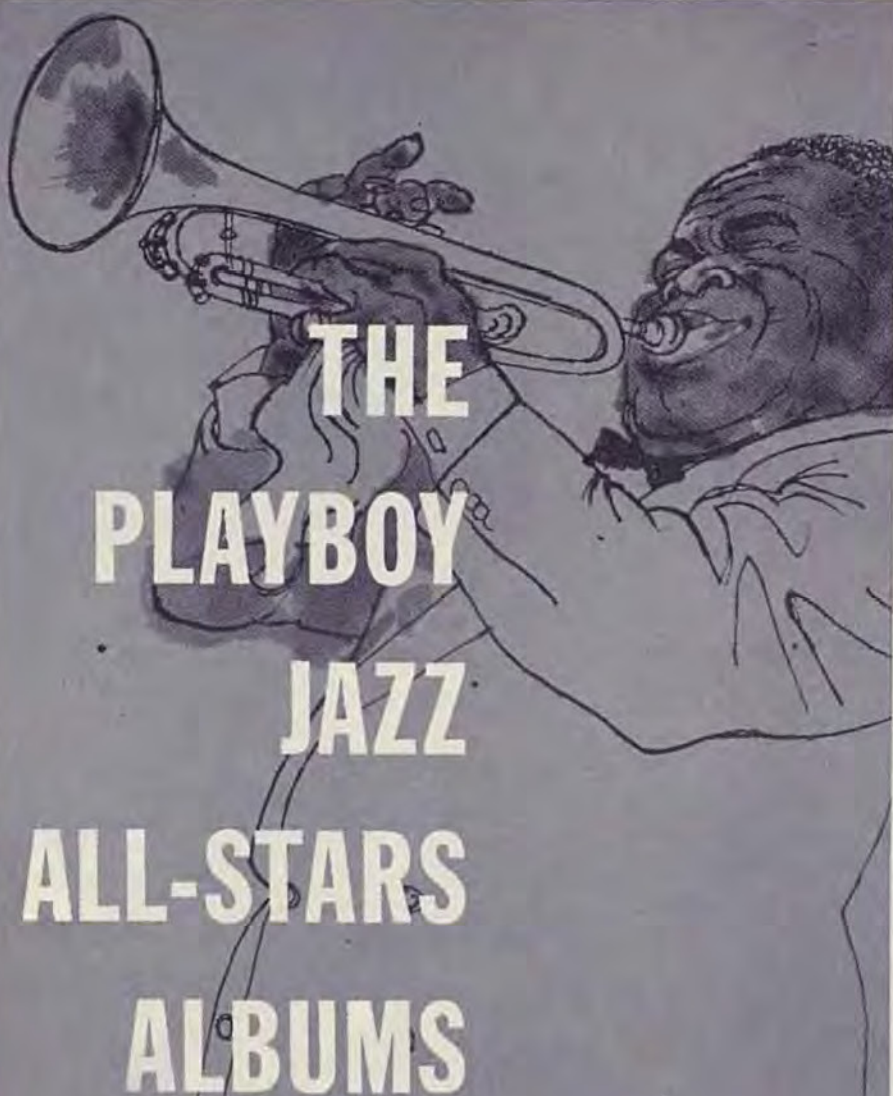
"Good try, lad. But suspense is the wrong word. You see, there's no waiting for Chapayev and the Seventh Red Cavalry. What's happening can't *unhappen*. So the footage *builds!* We go to a medium-full shot: another Chinese with a basket under his arm. He stops behind each prisoner and sneers something from the basket into his ears. . . . What? . . . Extreme-close shot: contents of basket. Mud! Just plain old mud, to plug up the prisoners' ears. There's a



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title inserted there to explain why this is done. You'll be able to tell us, John."

"I suppose to keep him from hearing the approach of the —"

"The executioner! And is *he* qualified for his work! Deadpan all the way through! Low-angle high-hat shot first on Number One kneeling there, mouth drooling open. Swordsman's feet, in slippers, tipped in frame to show his stance. . . . He's working the back row first, naturally. . . . Camera pans up in the same arc as the sword coming down, and *freezes* as it connects. Silent, mind you, but I swear you'll be able to hear the *thunk!* . . . And so on.

The car swung east on Franklin in the direction of the Los Feliz Hills. His mouth dry, Pollock repeated, "And so on. All twenty-four?"

"Of course not. Eight, and then a dissolve - lap-dissolve, rather - as he comes forward to the truck to swap swords and does five more in the front row. Fadeout. . . . I left out the intercuts —"

"Just as well," Pollock said, and felt suddenly, desperately thirsty. "How much farther do we have to go?"

"To Vermont and then left. . . . Now, about you, John? That job? Would you go back to it under conditions where you wouldn't have to tangle sterns with Erickson? I can go right to Sid Fairchild and put it in mesh, and that'd be only part-payment on a couple of *big* favors he owes me."

"I don't know."

"Give yourself a couple of days to defrost. Meanwhile, I'll start cutting the buttons off that *schtunk*-major of yours."

"About tonight, Scotty —" Pollock began.

"Yeah, tonight. About *Al* - no cracks about what's in this reel - not before dinner, or she'll want to slap it right into the projector."

"She?" Pollock asked in casual astonishment. "I had no idea at all that - is it Alice?"

"No, *Alix*, A-I-i-x, for 'X-marks-the-spot' Marshall. She's my lawyer."

"Office downtown? South Olive Street?"

"That's right. . . . Then you know her?"

"Just the name," said Pollock. "It came up in some connection."

His lips dried in the searing rush of blood to his face, and the cigarette in his mouth clung as if cemented there. He drew it savagely away and saw it muddled with stringy spittle. He swallowed hard to engorge the taste of fear; and it rolled back - a lump of dry-ice, expanding in frigid steam, upward through his trunk, to his wrists and to the frontal lobes of his brain.

"I've got to get out," he said. "Pull up at that Shell station ahead."

Forbes slowed automatically, but the car rolled on in the same lane, without warping toward the yellow sign two blocks distant. "We'll be at Al's in four minutes, and you can have first crack at the sandbox."

"Right now!"

"Sure, if it's *that* urgent." Scotty pulled in beside a gas pump. "I'll get some fuel meanwhile. . . . Man about a dog situation?"

Pollock said, "Yes — that's it," dropped the can of film on the seat and got out of the car. He passed behind a wood lattice screen to the rest rooms, and peered out.

Scotty was still in the car, fumbling with the keys to find the one for the gas tank filler spout.

There was a weed-choked alley between the Shell station and the next building, a florist's shop. The weedy path ran around that structure as well, and it brought Pollock across an abandoned miniature golf course to the adjoining street.

Three minutes later he was at Vermont Avenue, where he waited in the doorway of a dry cleaner's until he saw the dome light of a vacant taxicab.

When he reached the Argyle Mansionette lobby, the manager waved to him with a message slip from the switchboard. "You're just a teeny minute too late, Mr. Pollock," she announced. "A gentleman for you just hung up — for the second time."

"He'll call again."

"That's what I told him to do, Mr. Pollock."

"I won't be in. What I mean, Mrs. Senft, is that I don't want to speak to him. Tell him I called from outside and left a message for him. Will you do that little favor for me? . . . Here — I'll write it down."

The woman read from the slip:

"The man said the dog was one of those skinny wire-haired terriers."

"That's fine. . . . Now, Mrs. Senft, I'm going to do something for you."

"But you don't have to, Mr. Pollock."

"It'll be a pleasure. . . . Beginning tomorrow, anybody comes looking for an apartment, you can show them mine."

"But your month isn't up till —"

"Thanks very much, Mrs. Senft. I've enjoyed staying here."

Upstairs, Pollock heated a family-size can of chili con carne, and ate it ravenously with a box of crackers.

After carefully washing the single dish and spoon he used, he stepped out on the terracette. The night was clear, and he could see far, but the view no longer interested him.

Crossing to the door, he bolted it with the chain — something he had never done before.

THE TREE

(continued from page 48)

used to being so heavy with all that gold, and he sort of flipped. Like he went on a binge. He made a big tour of all the coffee houses, buying for everybody, picking up checks, and he didn't stop spending for four days. When he finally snapped out of it, he only had \$460 left, and he decided right then that he needed help.

So he goes to see this therapist who has an office on Bleeker Street over the Casa Bartolotti. The therapist explained things right off to Shell about how it was OK for him not to accept responsibility because his father had projected his own guilt feelings about being a chicken plucker onto him. And he explained that his ambivalence toward the tree was because the tree represented his mother. All basic stuff, you know, but sound.

This therapist wasn't a Freudian. He liked to do most of the talking himself and he was a great one for non-repression. Like if Shell suddenly felt an urge to dance, the therapist would rhumba with him for a while — nothing laggy, you know — he was just showing Shell what freedom was.

Pretty soon Shell began to get the message and was able to function again. He called Gerold Frank on the phone and gave him some more chapters and the *Post* sent him another \$2000 as final payment on the story, and he started getting cool. The turning point was when he went uptown and bought some T-shirts at Brooks Brothers. Right after

that he had a big fight with the therapist and refused to pay him, so he knew he was off the hook.

In the meantime, the paratroopers had pulled out and people were starting to forget about the tree. There was an airplane crash and a big murder in Queens, some 19-year-old shot eight people, and that started the liberals agitating against the death penalty and for more mental health. They formed new committees and got out posters with this kid's picture on them saying, THIS CHILD NEEDS HELP, and the first thing you know the *Saturday Evening Post* canceled *The Tree and Me*, the American Civil Liberties Union postponed action on the tree and the whole thing just blew over.

Right after that I got a ride to the West Coast and didn't get back to the Village for about a year. First thing I noticed was that the tree was gone. The tourists had whittled it away for souvenirs. And I didn't run into Shell anywhere either. Then one night in the Cho-cho San, Ira told me he'd seen him on the subway a couple weeks back. Shell had taken the money he got from the *Saturday Evening Post* and had married a skinnay chick named Shirley and had opened up a butcher shop in the Bronx.

Just goes to show that in spite of all the jazz about Shell's generation being "beat" and "non-conformist" and all, they still have a sense of direction and the old American pioneer spirit and the drive to go out and get what they want. Once they make up their minds.



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PLAYBOY'S PIGSKIN PREVIEW

(continued from page 16)

Dame, and things are going to get worse before they get better. The schedule is even tougher than usual, only 13 lettermen are returning, and the boys will have to adjust to a new coaching staff. The first team may be fairly sharp, especially in the backfield, where Mack, Crotty and Izo return, but the reserves will be green and untested. It may be a bleak beginning for Coach Joe Kuharich.

The Big Ten race will be the most unpredictable in the country this fall. To begin with, few folks can remember when a consensus pre-season favorite ever won the Big Ten championship. Secondly, there are four teams this year (Wisconsin, Purdue, Iowa and Ohio State) that are being touted by various dopesters as "sure winners," all of approximately equal potency and any one of them good enough to cop the national championship. Add a refreshing wrinkle, each of these colossi is playing the other three, and here's the way things are lining up:

Ohio State will probably field a first team as lethal as ever, but after that Woody Hayes has trouble. He lost 12 of his top 14 linemen from last year's squad, plus backfield stars Kremblas and Clark. At the opening of fall drills Hayes still hadn't found a starter at center. There is sophomore talent aplenty, but this will be the greenest Buckeye squad since 1947. So Ohio State is the most likely team to be eliminated from the top four.

But Wisconsin still looks like the best bet. This is the year the Badgers have been building for, and they're really loaded. Aside from Auburn's, there probably isn't a better line in the country. Jim Heineke and Dan Lauphear are the deadliest pair of tackles to be found on any team, and Dale Hackbart is superb at quarterback. If the Badgers can survive their games with Purdue and Iowa, which they play on succeeding Saturdays, they could go all the way.

In recent years Purdue's team play has fluctuated from Saturday to Saturday. Last year their biggest slowdown came against Wisconsin and it spoiled an otherwise undefeated season. But this year the Boilermakers look hungry. Most of the work horses are back from last season, and Bob Jarus is one of the niftiest fullbacks in the country. If the depth problem at tackle can be solved, the Boilermakers will roll this year.

In many eyes Iowa is highly favored to repeat as Big Ten champ. These hopes are not without reason, for the Hawkeyes seemed to have enough material last year to field two championship teams. Nevertheless, there are problems: the interior line was hard hit by graduation; Mitchell Ogiego and Willie Fleming are not returning for their senior

year (leaving the Hawkeyes without an experienced quarterback to run the complicated winged-T attack) and the eligibility of fullback Don Horn was in great peril as of August 1st. But the Iowa squad is big and deep and the Hawkeyes' greatest asset has always been the cagey coaching of Forest Evashevski.

It is also quite possible that while these giants are busy knocking each other off, another team (Northwestern or Illinois, or even Michigan State) could sneak in the back door and take it all.

The most likely team to pull this trick is Northwestern. The Wildcats have perhaps the roughest schedule in the country this year (seven Big Ten opponents, with Oklahoma and Notre Dame for "breathers"), but the Evanston 11 may be able to run this gauntlet. They have 29 out of 34 lettermen back from last year's astonishing team, a brilliant crop of sophomores, the Big Ten's best quarterback and halfback in Dick Thornton and Ron Burton, and team speed to spare. Also, keep an eye on soph back Al Faunce. Coach Ara Parseghian, who gets our enthusiastic nomination as Coach of the Year, will probably field two "first" teams this fall.

Both Illinois and Michigan State are set to pull some surprises. Don't count the Spartans out merely because of their disastrous 1958 campaign. Duffy Daugherty still has the nucleus of an excellent team and he's set to spring a double wing formation and dazzling speed on his opponents this year.

At Illinois, Coach Ray Eliot has announced that this will be his last year. It could also be his best. Illinois has always been a rather unknown quantity until the start of the season, Eliot being secretive about his plans and weepily pessimistic in his pronouncements. But he always manages to spring a few eye openers, and the Illini have a tradition of fabulous and unheralded halfbacks. The boys will be anxious to give Ray a suitable send-off, so a booby trap may be awaiting the opposition at Champaign this year. Loss of Ron Kreitling, who gave up his senior year to sign with the Cleveland Browns, will hurt the Illini, however.

We could be wrong, but it looks like a lean year at Indiana, Michigan and Minnesota. All three teams are deeply immersed in rebuilding programs that are only beginning to pay off. The trio is troubled with depth problems, and the Hoosiers and the Wolverines will both be fielding lighter teams this year. If the Golden Gophers do manage to come up with a gilded gridiron year, the credit will largely go to the broad shoulders of Tom Brown, a truly fabulous guard of whom all the other Big Ten coaches speak with awe.

We'd like to call attention here to the rapid rise in the past three years of

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the Mid-American Conference, a development that has been largely ignored by the press. Outside of league play, these teams have done very well against the majors. The squads at Bowling Green, Miami, Kent State, Toledo and Ohio U are getting stronger every year, and some top-notch football is being played in the shadow of the Big Ten.

THE SOUTH

SOUTHEASTERN CONFERENCE

Auburn	9-1	Alabama	6-4
Mississippi	9-1	Georgia	5-5
LSU	8-2	Tennessee	5-5
Georgia Tech	7-3	Vanderbilt	4-6
Florida	7-3	Tulane	4-6
Kentucky	6-4	Miss. State	3-6

ATLANTIC COAST CONFERENCE

North Carolina	9-1	N. C. State	5-5
Clemson	8-2	Maryland	5-5
South Carolina	6-4	Wake Forest	4-6
Duke	5-5	Virginia	2-8

SOUTHERN CONFERENCE

Virginia Tech	8-2	The Citadel	4-6
Richmond	5-4	George	
William & Mary	5-5	Washington U	3-6
West Virginia	4-6	Davidson	3-6
VMI	4-6		

INDEPENDENTS

Memphis State	7-3	Chattanooga	5-5
Miss. Southern	5-5	Miami (Fla.)	1-9
Florida State	6-4		

The Southeastern Conference looks like a scramble among Auburn, Ole Miss and LSU for the conference title, with Florida, Georgia Tech and Kentucky equally dangerous dark horses. But Tulane (and this will serve for this year's trip out on the limb) gets our nomination as top '59 giant-killer. The Greenies fielded a largely soph team last year, and most of the squad is back: bigger, faster and more experienced. Also, they've been consigned to the conference cellar by all the guessers, and this is the best thing that could happen to an SEC team. Dwarfed by neighboring LSU, the Green Wave could sneak up and engulf a few unsuspecting cousins this fall.

And that is exactly the trick LSU pulled off last year. Dietzel & Co. won all their games, the conference and national championships, the Coach of the Year Award, and every other honor in sight. Not one pre-season dopester (blushingly, we were included) picked them in the top 20! But this year the Tigers won't be lying in the grass; they'll be the prime target on all their opponents' schedules. So, despite the impressive fact that almost the entire championship squad, including Billy Cannon, is returning, we can't see the Tigers duplicating last year's feat.

Our nod goes to Auburn, which sports the most terrifying line in the country. Two All-Americans, Center Jackie Burkett and Guard Zeke Smith, play side by side, and the backfield shows signs of

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exhibiting some of the spark and speed that was missing (but not especially needed) last year. The Auburn defense will probably be just as impregnable as ever.

Coach John Vaught of Ole Miss recently confided to a close friend that he has more and better material than at any time in his 13 years at Oxford. We doubt that this is merely whistling in the dark, because the Rebs have built a reputation for regularly fielding top-flight teams despite a comparatively small enrollment. Vaught will have his usual speed merchants in the backfield and a big and fast line led by guard Marvin Terrell. But the Rebs' best ace-in-the-hole may turn out to be a tackle named Bob Khayat, a field-goal specialist whose toe might well prove to be the margin in the close ones this fall. (An interesting sidelight: both Ole Miss and Mississippi State will field a first-string fullback named Flowers.)

Georgia Tech was a much better team last year than its won-lost record indicated. This year, despite an even tougher schedule, the Engineers will be hard to handle. Coach Dodd still has most of last year's squad, plus an excellent crop of sophomores. But the Engineers will have to win some close ones to carve a 7-3 record from a schedule that includes such intersectional toughies as SMU, Clemson, Duke and Notre Dame.

Tech's companion in the dark horse slot is Florida, which has kept the hard core of its Gator Bowl team, including phenomenal end Dave Hudson. The Gators will be improved, and if they can chew up either LSU or Auburn they will probably land right back in another bowl game.

Both Kentucky and Alabama are planning to use LSU's celebrated three-team system this year, but Kentucky seems more likely to make a success of it. They have the necessary depth plus a truly great halfback named Calvin Bird.

Tennessee will begin to show the first fruits of a rebuilding program this year, but the full harvest won't be ripe for several seasons. Georgia, on the other hand, is beginning to arrive, and should get an even break this season. Vanderbilt and Mississippi State begin the long road back after serious graduation losses.

At North Carolina, Coach Jim Tatum has completed the rebuilding job he went there to do more than three years ago, and the Tarheels are stacked with plenty of everything in all the right places. This looks like the big year they've been waiting for at Chapel Hill. Tatum is up to his ears in speedy giants and gigantic speedsters, but the brightest of Jim's gems is quarterback Jack Cummings, who may be the best in the land. If the Tarheels can take their first two games against Clemson and Notre Dame,

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the Atlantic Coast Conference Championship will be within easy grasp and the national championship a distinct possibility.

But don't forget Clemson. Last year we predicted great things for this come-from-nowhere team, and they wound up in the Sugar Bowl. The nucleus of that great team is back, including quarterback Harvey White and a terror of a tackle named Lou Cordileone who weighs 250 pounds and does the 100-yard dash in 10.5 seconds. He's faster than some of the Clemson backs. The Tigers could be even more dangerous than last year and the question of the conference title may be settled when they tangle with the Tarheels on September 19.

South Carolina is placing much of its hope for a winning season on fabulous fullback John Saunders, while North Carolina State takes the wraps off a new quarterback named Roman Gabriel who will make State as dangerous as a cornered rattlesnake. Gabriel, who does everything superbly, could easily win All-American mention his first year out, and we hereby nominate him for Sophomore of the Year.

Duke also has an almost certain All-American in guard Mike McGee, but with a green backfield, the Blue Devils' offense will be less spectacular than usual.

Tom Nugent takes over the job of bringing the Maryland Terps back to national prominence, and some progress should be noted his first season. Paul Amen's rebuilding job at Wake Forest will also begin to show results this year, and the Deacons could have their best season in several years.

West Virginia's domination of the Southern Conference may well be ending. For one thing, the Mountaineers have become preoccupied with outside rivalries. But more important, power is on the upgrade at William and Mary, Virginia Tech, VMI and even Richmond. This looks like Virginia Tech's year.

Andy Gustafson's new staff at Miami will be baptized by fire while negotiating a scorching schedule that almost reads like the Top Ten. What's worse, almost the whole first team from last year is missing, and the remainder of the Hurricane squad is largely untested. Things look grim in Coral Gables.

One of the most important recent developments in Southern football has been the emergence of three independents, Florida State, Memphis State and Mississippi Southern. Florida State has already become a major football power after converting from an all-girl school barely 10 years ago. Last year Southern was undefeated, while 1959 looks like it will be the biggest season ever at Memphis State.

THE NEAR WEST

BIG EIGHT

Oklahoma	9-1	Kansas	4-6
Missouri	6-4	Colorado	4-6
Oklahoma State	6-4	Iowa State	4-6
Nebraska	5-5	Kansas State	3-7

MISSOURI VALLEY CONFERENCE

N. Texas State	7-2	Cincinnati	5-5
Houston	7-3	Wichita	5-5
Tulsa	7-3		

It's the same old bogey-man in the Big Eight this year: Oklahoma. This is an announcement hardly calculated to astonish anyone. Bud Wilkinson has the usual collection of gladiators: an excess of everything except experience in the second team. But even this is a questionable liability: the upcoming sophs are so good that they've displaced several of the many returning lettermen. The folks at Norman have said categorically that Prentice Gautt is the greatest fullback in Oklahoma history, and Oklahoma is always one of the fastest teams fielded anywhere. They *could* drop the opener to Northwestern, but after that it will probably be clear sailing.

Oklahoma hasn't lost a conference game since Bud Wilkinson became head coach in 1947. This year's likeliest candidate to finally turn the trick is Mis-

souri. Under Dan Devine, the Tigers are enjoying a slow but healthy revival, and if Dangerous Dan can find good replacements for the center of his line, this season at Missouri could be the best since the war.

Kansas and Nebraska are also on the upswing with serious rebuilding programs, but the rugged intersectional games on this season's schedule will keep the Kansans from looking as good as they really are. Still, they could take a lesson from Nebraska. The Cornhuskers beat both Penn State and Pittsburgh last year (making them unofficial champions of the State of Pennsylvania) while dropping all but one of their other games.

Colorado suffered the heaviest graduation losses in the Big Eight, and Sonny Grandelius, taking over from Dal Ward, faces a dreary season fighting it out with Kansas State and Iowa State to see who stays out of the conference cellar.

The Missouri Valley Conference is probably the most underrated circuit in the country. In 29 intersectional games last season with other major conferences and major independents, the MVC teams won 21 and lost 8. Yet, within the league, the competition was so close that the champion, North Texas State, suffered its only loss at the hands of the



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cellar team, Wichita. This year the conference race stacks up exactly the same way: the title is up for grabs and nobody seems to have the needed knock-out punch. Likeliest winners, on depth and experience, are Houston and North Texas State. But don't bet any money on it.

THE SOUTHWEST

SOUTHWEST CONFERENCE

SMU	9-1	Arkansas	5-5
TCU	8-2	Texas A & M	3-7
Texas	8-2	Baylor	3-7
Rice	5-5		

BORDER CONFERENCE

New Mexico State	7-3	West Texas State	4-6
Arizona State (Tempe)	7-4	Hardin-Simmons	3-7
Texas Western	5-5	Arizona	2-8

OTHERS

Arizona State (Flagstaff)	8-1	Abilene Christian	5-5
East Texas	8-2	Trinity	4-5
		Texas Tech	4-6

We warned you last year that the Southwest Conference title would be a toss-up among the top four teams (Texas Christian, Southern Methodist, Texas and Rice), and that's exactly the way it turned out. This year it will be the same, but with all four schools returning to the starting gate with much-improved teams. Rice seems to have the roughest road to travel because of its intersectional schedule. The Owls, however, have a way of winding up with a much better season than the experts predict, and in this 20th year for Coach Jess Neely it could be the same way.

The role of "team to beat," if it can be allotted to anyone, should go to SMU on the sole strength of All-American Don Meredith's passing. If this slinging junior can stay healthy and the defense can be tightened up, SMU should be one of the half dozen top teams in the nation.

Both Texas and TCU are impressive, thanks to plain old hard-nosed depth. The Horned Frogs have almost their entire squad from the Cotton Bowl game, while Texas has been heavily reinforced where it needed it most with a slew of speedy backs from last year's brilliant crop of yearlings. Both Texas and TCU will sport an impressive ground offense, but both may suffer from ineffective passing. Intersectional battles early in the season (TCU vs. LSU and Texas vs. Oklahoma) could set the pattern of success or disappointment for either team.

Arkansas will display one of the fastest backfields in the land, but a serious lack of experienced depth in the line will make the going rough. Still, the Razorbacks finished strong last year and Broyles' expert coaching has now begun to show results, so look for Arkansas to pull a few surprising upsets this year.

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Texas A & M and Baylor are both facing the long climb back from the bottom. Baylor's new coach, John Bridgers, inherits a light and bright green squad. At A & M, Jim Myers will be a bit better off, but not much.

Texas Tech, getting ready to enter the Southwestern Conference in 1960, is busy building an impressive new stadium and a stockpile of talent. Tech has its first All-America candidate in Center E. J. Holub. But this season's schedule is a pretty big bite, and the Red Raiders may not be quite ready to digest it all.

The Border Conference seems destined for a wide-open race. Both past powers, Hardin-Simmons and Arizona State at Tempe, are suffering severe graduation losses and most of the other teams look much improved. From here, New Mexico State appears to have its snazziest team in 20 years, and the Aggies should end up in the top drawer. Hardin-Simmons will be hamstrung by a fierce interconference schedule, but the Cowboys have at least one bright spot in a phenomenal end with the picturesque name of Sammy Oates. As a freshman last year he was practically a one-man team, won every honor in sight, and was one of the nation's leading pass receivers. Sammy, incidentally, is a deaf mute and receives his signals in the huddle by sign language.

THE FAR WEST

THE COAST STATES

Southern California	8-2	UCLA	6-4
College of the Pacific	7-2	Washington	6-4
California	7-3	Oregon State	5-5
Washington State	6-3	Oregon	5-5
		Stanford	3-7
		San Jose State	3-7

SKYLINE CONFERENCE

Wyoming	8-2	Utah	4-6
New Mexico	7-3	Denver	4-6
Brigham Young	7-3	Utah State	4-7
Colorado State	5-5	Montana	3-6

INDEPENDENTS

Air Force	9-1	Idaho	4-6
Montana State	8-1		

The Pacific Coast Conference is dead and buried, apparently to no one's sorrow, and the Athletic Association of Western Universities has arisen to fill the void. The AAUW, composed of the California schools who were members of the PCC and the University of Washington, has contracted to furnish the host teams in the Rose Bowl games after 1960. This year, however, the former members of the PCC will meet in conclave at season's end to select a West Coast team for the Rose Bowl.

But tapping a team for the Tournament of Roses might well raise some thorny problems. The two teams which seem the strongest are both ineligible

for the trip to Pasadena: California having gone last year, and Southern Cal being on NCAA probation.

On the strength of statistics, California would seem to be number one again. The Golden Bears return to the fray with only three players missing from their first two teams of last year. They will be heavier, faster and very, very deep. But the picture changes somewhat when we take a look at Southern Cal. The Trojans fielded a predominately sophomore team last year and still finished strong. Added experience and a big boost from soph backfield speed will make USC a fearsome factor on the Coast. Most important of the new faces may be a pair of yearling halfbacks, Lynn Gaskill and Alan Shields.

The actual Rose Bowl bid will most likely go to the winner of a three-way war between UCLA, Washington and Washington State. The Uclans had a poor record last year as illness and death caused coaching changes twice in the same season. Now they are finally off NCAA probation, have full use of their seniors, and a stable coaching staff.

Washington and Washington State seem about equally matched, although the Huskies have the edge with few graduation losses and the expert place-kicking of George Fleming. Washington State was a power in the West for the first time in many seasons last year, but



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inconsistent play and bad luck hexed them. Both the Huskies and the Cougars will be heavier and faster.

It will be difficult for either Oregon or Oregon State to match some of their excellent teams of recent years. Both have the benefit of clever coaching, however, and the something-new-every-week style of attack will continue to fascinate fans in the Beaver State. (Interesting oddity: Oregon and Washington State are playing each other twice this season.)

Stanford is still rebuilding, and this year boasts one of the finest passing combinations in the country — Dick Norman to Chris Burford.

College of the Pacific may be the really big surprise on the West Coast. They return with All-America halfback Dick Bass and a line that averages 222 pounds. COP may go undefeated.

The Air Force Academy astonished everyone last year, and they have every prospect of fielding just as good a team this season. Their most obvious liability, of course, is loss of the surprise factor. But returning are backfield aces Mayo, Quinlan, Lane and Pupich, and a small but extremely fast line led by Howard Bronson. Also, the schedule includes Army, and the Falcons should really be up for that one. Look for another great year for the Air Force, and probably another bowl bid.

The Skyline Conference has three favorites this fall, depending on which crag of the Rockies you're from. We'll go along with Wyoming, which seems to have enough stuff left over from the Sun Bowl to continue winning. Brigham Young, though always a contender, operates under an unusual kind of handicap which is especially noticeable this year: the Cougars not only suffer the normal deprivations of graduation, but much material is lost each year to church missions. If depth problems can be solved, though, Tally Stevens will have a good first year as head coach.

New Mexico was the surprise of the Skyline last year, and the chances are good that the Lobos will be hotter than ever this season. Albuquerque enthusiasts insist that Coach Mary Levy has two legitimate All-America candidates in his stables, Don Perkins and Don Black.

...

If the past is any criterion, your favorite grid giant will probably get the Goliath treatment from some unheralded David. And that dark horse parading to the post may well turn out to be one of a different color at the finish line.

For, win, lose or tie, football bears them all as the essence of the enigmatic and the epitome of the unpredictable. Whether Thanksgiving Day finds us eating turkey or crow is anyone's guess.



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HEART'S DESIRE

(continued from page 71)

better. For now, the old sails would have to do.

Sometimes at night, after the children were asleep, he and Janet would go sailing. Long Island Sound was quiet then, and cool. Their boat glided past the blinking buoys, sailing toward the swollen yellow moon.

"I know something's on your mind," Janet said.

"Darling, please!"

"Is there something you're keeping from me?"

"Nothing!"

"Are you sure? Are you absolutely sure?"

"Absolutely sure."

"Then put your arms around me. That's right . . ."

And the sloop sailed itself for a while.

Desire and fulfillment . . . But autumn came, and the sloop had to be hauled. The stock market regained some stability, but Peggy caught the measles. Tommy wanted to know the differences between ordinary bombs, atom bombs, hydrogen bombs, cobalt bombs, and all the other kinds of bombs that were in the news. Mr. Wayne explained to the best of his ability. And the maid quit unexpectedly.

Secret desires were all very well. Perhaps he *did* want to kill someone, or live on a South Sea island. But there were responsibilities to consider. He had two growing children, and the best of wives.

Perhaps around Christmas time . . .

But in midwinter there was a fire in the unoccupied guest room due to defective wiring. The firemen put out the blaze without much damage, and no one was hurt. But it put any thought of Tompkins out of his mind for a while. First the bedroom had to be repaired, for Mr. Wayne was very proud of his gracious old house.

Business was still frantic and uncertain due to the international situation. Those Russians, those Arabs, those Greeks, those Chinese. The intercontinental missiles, the atom bombs, the Sputniks . . . Mr. Wayne spent long days at the office, and sometimes evenings, too. Tommy caught the mumps. A part of the roof had to be reshingled. And then already it was time to consider the spring launching of the sloop.

A year had passed, and he'd had very little time to think of secret desires. But perhaps next year. In the meantime —

"Well?" said Tompkins. "Are you all right?"

"Yes, quite all right," Mr. Wayne said. He got up from the chair and rubbed his forehead.

"Do you want a refund?" Tompkins asked.

"No. The experience was quite satisfactory."

"They always are," Tompkins said, winking lewdly at the parrot. "Well, what was yours?"

"A world of the recent past," Mr. Wayne said.

"A lot of them are. Did you find out about your secret desire? Was it murder? Or a South Sea island?"

"I'd rather not discuss it," Mr. Wayne said, pleasantly but firmly.

"A lot of people won't discuss it with me," Tompkins said sulkily. "I'll be damned if I know why."

"Because — well, I think the world of one's secret desire seems sacred, somehow. No offense . . . Do you think you'll ever be able to make it permanent? The world of one's choice, I mean?"

The old man shrugged his shoulders. "I'm trying. If I succeed, you'll hear about it. Everyone will."

"Yes, I suppose so." Mr. Wayne undid his parcel and laid its contents on the table. The parcel contained a pair of army boots, a knife, two coils of copper wire, and three small cans of corned beef.

Tompkins' eyes glittered for a moment. "Quite satisfactory," he said.

"Thank you."

"Goodbye," said Mr. Wayne. "And thank you."

Mr. Wayne left the shop and hurried down to the end of the lane of gray rubble. Beyond it, as far as he could see, lay flat fields of rubble, brown and gray and black. Those fields, stretching to every horizon, were made of the twisted corpses of buildings, the shattered remnants of trees, and the fine white ash that once was human flesh and bone.

"Well," Mr. Wayne said to himself, "at least we gave as good as we got."

His year in the past had cost him everything he owned, and 10 years of life thrown in for good measure. Had it been a dream? It was still worth it! But now he had to put away all thought of Janet and the children. That was finished, unless Tompkins perfected his process. Now he had to think about his own survival.

He picked his way carefully through the rubble, determined to get back to the shelter before dark, before the rats came out. If he didn't hurry he'd miss the evening potato ration.



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PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

IZANEEN, ANYONE? Bulwago, Kiubo or Ushumbura? They're all way stations for a 100-day auto tour of the dark continent that gets on the road at Capetown and wends northward, to Nairobi. November is a dandy time of year to make the jaunt. It's probably the most complete African tour that has ever been offered, and will give you a chance to glimpse spots like Mount Kilimanjaro, an Opaki-capturing station (Opakis are rare African mammals closely related to the giraffe), Basutoland and Murchison Park, among many, many others.

Another part of the world that's at its peak in November is the fabulous city of Hong Kong. In addition to the usual rewards reaped in touring the Orient, there are extra kicks here, like the Portuguese colony of Macao, long hailed as the Monte Carlo of the East. And, of course, you'll have the opportunity to build up your wardrobe at give-away prices from the British-indoctrinated tailors that abound.

Back on the beaten path, November signals the start of the bullfighting season in Mexico, with such stalwarts of the cape as Jorge "El Ranchero" Aguilar and Antonio Velazquez scheduled to skewer the brave bulls on Sunday afternoons. Farther south, in Maya land, it's now possible for you to drive all the way to Yucatan. Best way to make it (the roads are not quite expressways yet) is by jeep-luck, and if you don't mind a couple of rattling eyeballs, you can be one of the first to make the scene on wheels.

If your desires run more to the civilized social whirl, we suggest a city-hop-

ping tour of South America, with your first stop Buenos Aires. Argentina's capital offers you some of the best in theatre, grub and just plain resorting, all with that infectious Latin flavor thrown in. Just a short flight east, there are Uruguay's smart suburban resorts outside Montevideo, while an hour from Rio sits the leading summer resort of Brazil—Petrópolis—where you'll want to stay at the Quitandinha Hotel, resembling nothing so much as a castle out of the *Ambian Nights*, but with Brazilian flavor, of course. Some of the facilities and adornments: indoor heated Roman pool, huge gymnasium, an indoor bird cage larger than most apartments, a private theatre, art gallery and *beaucoup* bars and restaurants. Yet a two-room suite costs less than \$10 a day. If you're any sort of a fishing fiend, you should be heading to Chile pronto, where the fat trout are rising in the spring-fresh Andean Lakes. You can do it on your own, or make a tour that takes you there by air, offers rooms at luxury mountain resorts, and the best guides around. You can go after the big rainbows anytime after November 20, but there's deep-sea fishing (no season, of course) before then.

The hunting season gets under way in the States in November, and Thanksgiving marks the opening formal meet of fox hunts at Tryon, Sedgefield and Southern Pines in North Carolina.

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



NEXT MONTH:

HARRY COHN—HOLLYWOOD'S FABLED STAR MAKER, PROBED BY **AL MORGAN**; PLUS RARE PHOTOGRAPHS OF **KIM NOVAK**

SILVERSTEIN ON A SAFARI—SHEL HUNTS LIONS IN AFRICA

YOUR BALLOT—IN THE FOURTH ANNUAL **PLAYBOY JAZZ POLL**

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