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ENCIRCLED BY A SWIM-SUITED coterie of admirers, our worldly-wise rabbit appears on this month's cover in his perennial posture of *savoir-faire*. Nothing unusual, except for the fact that each member of his worshipful contingent exudes an individual charm that should be instantly recognizable to all who follow PLAYBOY's impudent and sophisticated cartoons each month. To symbolize our long-lived fondness for this lively and adult art form—which PLAYBOY has been instrumental in reviving—we asked a septet of our most distinguished cartoonists to send along their shapeliest maidens as beach companions for our blue-blazer lapin, a collage created—as they have been from the earliest issues—by free-lance artist Bea Paul, wife of our own Art (Director) Paul.

From left to right, standing: a pink-skinned, bloomingly-bosomed Lorelei from the pen of John Dempsey, that cheerfully sardonic commentator on the seesaw struggle between the sexes, who began his cartoon career in the Seabees during World War II with a strip called *Fung Chow*. Next, a typically saucer-eyed, heavy-lidded damsel by Richard Taylor, Canadian-born fine artist (with paintings in The Museum of Modern Art), whose charmingly old-school cartoons have been a long-time staple in *The New Yorker*. Beside Taylor's chick, a characteristically bedroom-eyed, no-nosed nymph by Erich Sokol, an ironically inclined Austrian who began as a political caricaturist in Vienna, emigrated to the U.S. and PLAYBOY in 1957, where his voluptuous vixens have romped exclusively ever since.

Over our rabbit's equally-coveted left shoulder peeps a slim-ankled, bounteously-breasted vamp in the unmistakably stylized technique of veteran

Alberto Vargas, who painted American beauties for the great Ziegfeld in the Thirties, created the Varga Girl for *Esquire* in the Forties and whose peeled charmers now adorn our pages every month. In polka dots: a ponytailed, button-eyed jill by Claude (neglected surname—Smith), a deft draftsman who never finished correspondence school in cartooning, but has nevertheless been a PLAYBOY and *New Yorker* regular for years. On the right flank, an abundantly tressed, slightly bemused miss from E. Simms Campbell, whose cartoons date back to the original *Life* and *Judge* of the Twenties and whose diaphanously draped, curvy harem girls—and rotund sultan—were an *Esquire* institution for years before they moved over to PLAYBOY. Reclining admiringly at our rabbit's feet: a pug-nosed, ripely rounded seductress from Eldon Dedini, who began his career at the age of five by copying labels from applesauce cans, went on to become a Walt Disney artist, an *Esquire* staffer, then a *New Yorker* stalwart before joining PLAYBOY last year.

Our seven lively artists are joined from month to month by PLAYBOY's other regulars: Jules Feiffer, Academy Award winning satirical cartoonist laureate; mightily bearded Shel Silverstein, who entertains with drawings of his numerous travels, his *Teevee Jeebies*, his remarkable *Zoo* and, in this issue, something different for youngsters of all ages, *Uncle Shelby's ABZ Book*; the weird Mr. Gahan Wilson: the sick, sick, sick Howard Shoemaker; Phil Interlandi and his sophisticated guys and dolls; and twin brother Frank Interlandi, a political cartoonist for the *Des Moines Register*, who has just taken up his pen for PLAYBOY; Ben Denison, whose specialty is lithe-limbed ladies in carefully-delineated sports cars; Bev (neglected surname—Kennedy), whose forte is a lithographic look at unlikely moments in the lives of historical greats; Richard Loehle, who takes us still further back, to ancient times in Rome and Egypt; Al Stine and his bachelor babes, Babs and Shirley; Gardner Rea, whose cartoons have been amusing the smart set for more than forty years; wacky, ex-*Mad* man Jack Davis; plus Alden Erikson, Don Madden, Bill Murphy, Charles E. Martin, Chuck Miller, Arnold Roth and Ton Smits—who together supply PLAYBOY with the lion's share of what we aver is the freshest and sprightliest cartoon humor now being published.

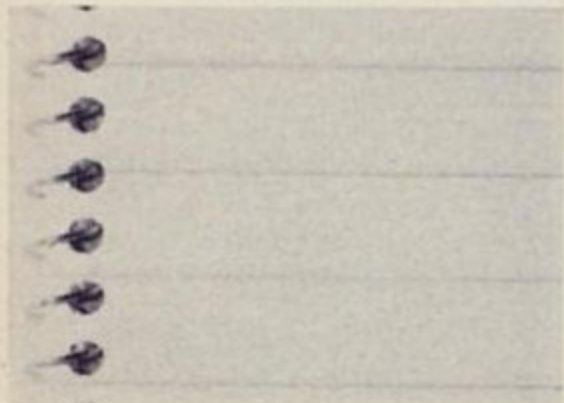
In another vein, but still part of the same rich ore, is this month's sheaf of short stories. With *Reality for This Lad*, Herbert Gold fashions a disquieting chronicle of a young man's inconstant loves. Gerald Kersh etches *The Defeat of the Demon Tailor*, a Kershian exercise in pungent characterization and crackling dialog, while Bruce Jay Friedman applies his ironic gifts to an eerie "ghost" story, *The Killer in the TV Set*. In a lighter mood are *The Girls of Hawaii*, a sun-splashed encomium to those exotically admixed misses; *"I'd Rather Eat a Rotten Nectarine,"* an admittedly screwball title for a satirical photo-and-text visit with Carl Reiner and Mel Brooks; and *Classic Cars of the Thirties*, a gallery of luxurious land yachts, accompanied by Ken Purdy's eloquent explication of their compelling mystique.

Amid all this sense, nonsense and sensibility, man's creature comforts are not overlooked. For those who dig an impeccably updated Ivy look, our annual *Campus Checklist* should prove a pre-season sartorial *sine qua non*. We also inaugurate a series of fashion profiles of prominent personalities who represent, in the editors' judgment, a distinctive point of view about men's attire. Leading off: Tony Curtis. Rounding out this abundant issue is Thomas Mario's latest excursion into gourmandise, *Cool It*—iced delights for summertime feasting. These and other delights await you within.

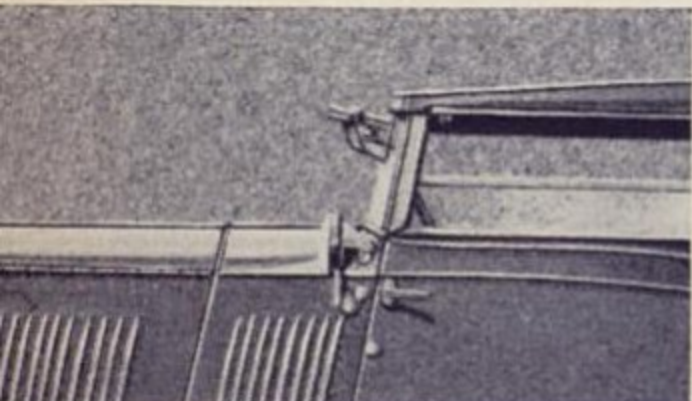
PLAYBOY



Hawaiian Girls P. 78



Campus Checklist P. 87



Classic Cars P. 43



ABZ Book P. 70

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DEAR PLAYBOY

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SKOAL-MATES

You have reached the pinnacle of feminine pulchritude in May's eagle-eyed exposition on *The Girls of Sweden*. Not only were these Scandinavian goddesses the most beautiful ever featured in PLAYBOY, but the article itself was a classic piece of prose.

Brad Gage
South Braintree, Massachusetts

The Girls of Sweden did an excellent job of stating in blunt terms what the American girl lacks.

Bob Golden
Troy, New York

The vision of the young amazon on page 91 without a trace of tan-line agitated my imagination more than a year's harvest of Stateside Playmates with their telltale protective stripings.

Phil Holland
Hayward, California

That luscious smorgasbord display should start a mass exodus to Sweden, but don't you think you may have committed an editorial blooper? Your Playmate of the Month must have had an all-time low lookership, compared to the Whooper rating of pages 84-91. There was no *flatbrod* in that feast for wistful eyes; it made Miss May seem like a nice, sweet, sticky slab of marshmallow pie.

Ralph Ingerson
Dubuque, Iowa

I found *The Girls of Sweden* the most factual and best-written article on this delightful subject that I have seen since coming to the United States two years ago as an exchange student from Goteborg, Sweden.

R. L. Petterson
Boise, Idaho

You dealt very penetratingly with the great understanding of Swedish authorities toward the unmarried mother. But you didn't add that these authorities need money for their activities; and guess who pays? They run an organization of Gestapo-like efficiency for the purpose of squeezing alimony out of the male "sinner," be he a Swede or a foreigner.

Sooner or later, they get you.

Bo Nilsson
Uppsala, Sweden

SCRAMBLED FONTS

In your April issue, R. W. Denny reports the existence of a following for PLAYBOY in Northern Rhodesia. I can safely report a similar following in Uganda, large by our standards, too. However, of more interest to me is correcting the geography of Jeremy Dole, as well as other minutiae in his excellent tale, *Wilbur Fonts in Africa*. His small, newly independent country in East Africa, Tamkasso, could hardly be bounded on the north by Uganda and on the south by Kenya. Even if it were, I am not surprised that there is economic instability, especially if cashews are the basis of the economy. One normally refers to a playboy lion as a male, not a buck, and I should like very much to be informed where on the Uganda-Kenya border there is an ample stock of rhino. Even granting the errors in minor details (amply balanced by judicious use of authenticisms like "simba" and "accent by Oxford"), the story is excellent. Did inspiration come from a recent visit by one of your government types?

Henry B. Thomas
Kampala, Uganda

Bwana Dole, knowing full well the geographic impossibility of Tamkasso, handled it that way to avoid any implication that it represented a specific country.

AT ODDS

I don't agree with T. K. Brown's conclusions in *Odds Man Out*. For over ten years I have consistently won with a system—and against casinos. Not all gamblers go broke; the few with good systems such as mine do not publish them. I am not a casino owner, employee or shill, but I do make a fair stipend against the house night after night. Mr. Brown is a novice who doesn't know his plus expectations from his minus expectations.

Charles E. Stevens
Wilson, North Carolina

I have read T. K. Brown's *Odds Man Out* in your May issue with great inter-

ARPEGE



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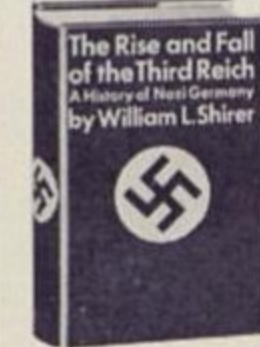
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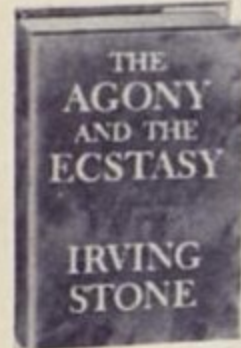


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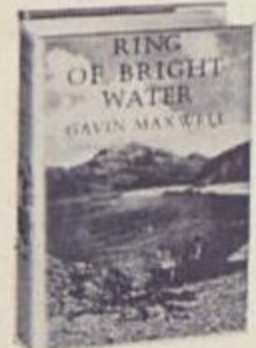
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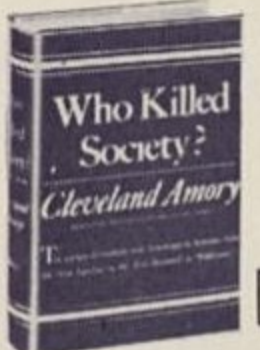
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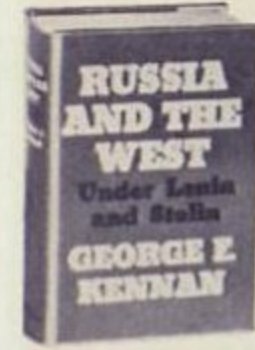
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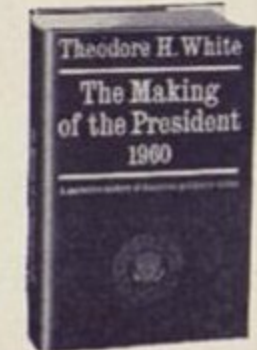
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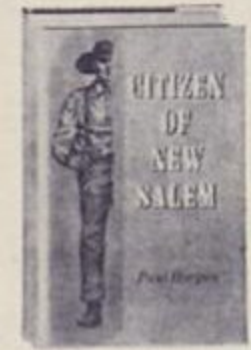
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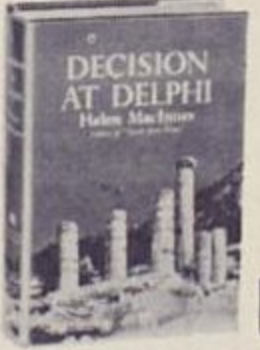
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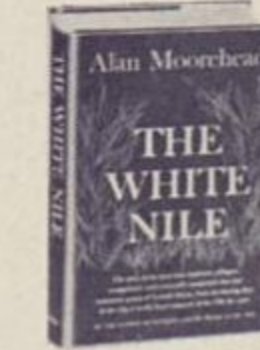
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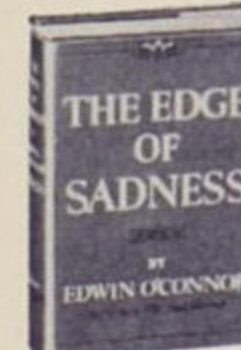
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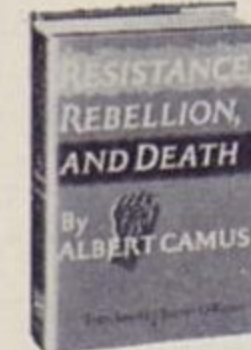
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est, and I agree thoroughly with him. I especially enjoyed his explanation of the Lurch system. Of course, this is no system at all: a man lurches to the table and makes a bet. However, this system has just as much chance to win as any other. In fact, it has a better chance, because the system player makes bet after bet until the odds finally break him. The lurcher may stagger away with a profit and not come back. All systems work when tried out at home. The reason is that if it fails to work the first time, the systematist changes his system so that it would have worked retroactively. Thus, if you were to record the results of a thousand spins at roulette for me, I could work out any number of mathematical systems that would win on those thousand rolls, but it would be even easier to work out twice as many that would fail. Horatius said, "How can man die better than facing fearful odds." He may die better, but he won't live better.

Oswald Jacoby
Dallas, Texas

Bridge expert Jacoby, author of "How to Figure the Odds," is an odds-on bet to know what he is talking about.

COVERING LETTER

I notice that the beautiful PLAYBOY cover girl for May is wearing contact lenses. It just proves that playboys make passes at girls who wear contact lenses.

Robert L. Phillips, Manager
Contact Lens Department
Bausch & Lomb
Rochester, New York

They undoubtedly do—but not in this case. Our May eye-ful was lensless. Playmate Susie Scott—on last month's cover was wearing contacts, however.

OLYMPIAN ADDENDA

When somebody tells me that he is engaged in a great crusade to free mankind from its shackles—this way, that way, the other way—I recall that the original crusaders were a bunch of bandits themselves. And when I perceive that the particular crusader, who is now so nobly shooting off his mouth, is also making money out of his crusade hand over fist, my suspicions are confirmed; the guy is just another mealy-mouthed hypocrite who thinks it is uncouth to admit he is out for loot. M. Maurice Girodias, the *Pornologist on Olympus* who appeared in your April issue, gives himself away when he writes, concerning *Lolita*, ". . . I was so far from imagining a success"—so great a success, he means—"that I omitted to retain a share of the eventual film rights." Now why should he have been entitled to a share of the movie money? Did he write the book? No, he didn't. Did he turn a profit on it? You bet he did: "The

book . . . was immediately successful." And he goes on to moan about the author, Vladimir Nabokov, who very naturally resented the contract which made Girodias "a junior partner, as it were, in his flourishing *Lolita* enterprise." In short, the old conflict between the man with the money and the man with the idea. Somehow, I think I'd rather be taken by a censor than a publisher. It would be a novelty, anyhow, and when the censor declaimed his nobility of purpose, I'd know at least he wasn't coining money out of it.

Avram Davidson
New York, New York

POST TIME

Robert L. Green may be *On the Right Track* in his selection of attire for those railbirds pictured in your May issue, but he is glaringly on the wrong track suggesting that one might handicap a futurity at Santa Anita. Long the outstanding location for winter racing in this country, Santa Anita offers horsemen an unparalleled array of stakes for that particular time of year. A futurity, however, being a stake race for two-year-olds, is not among them. January 1 is the birthday of all thoroughbreds regardless of their actual foaling dates, and since the Santa Anita meeting is conducted from December 26 to March 11, two-year-olds have just become such and are considered too young to be extensively raced. Futurities, or for that matter any stakes designed for two-year-olds, aren't held until late spring and, in most cases, midsummer.

Jerry Moynihan
Inglewood, California

SPEAK

As far as this reader is concerned, Ken Purdy's *Speak to Me of Immortality* in the May issue is one of the finest stories published by anybody—any time, anywhere.

H. Tom Miller
Pacoima, California

UNDERWRITING

My brother Edward and I would like to compliment you on the excellent article on Lloyd's of London. Our firm has had a very close association with Lloyd's since 1912, when our original firm was established in Amsterdam, Holland, and we still have a number of personal friends among the Lloyd's underwriters. What struck us was the novelty of seeing Lloyd's described in an American magazine without giving the usual impression of most articles that Lloyd's more or less gambles and specializes in unusual risks. We have taken the liberty of sending a number of your May issues to our London friends.

Henri Eyl
New York, New York

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ILL-FATED STAR

I read John Crosby's first fiction work, *A Star of the First Magnitude*, in the May PLAYBOY, and read it again. Some authors start their careers with excellent work; unfortunately, Crosby did not. You should let aspiring authors, whether they be well known or not, cut their teeth on lesser magazines if their material is not up to PLAYBOY's par.

Robert C. McAllister
Reading, Pennsylvania

PLANE TALK

As pilot, plane owner, and fancier of women, I can assure you that it just ain't like you say in May's *Invitation to Flying*. Never mind those \$100,000-plus junior airliners; the fact is most planes worth over \$15,000 are company-owned and most of the others are owned by family men, rich in years and money. Flying, for its own sake, is great fun, but a plane isn't the vehicle for impressing women. By an impartial survey, two out of five females wouldn't be dragged into a plane if their honor were at stake, and half the remainder get airsick or have stuffed ears. This leaves you with one-and-a-half girls where there should be five. Then, while you're checking for traffic in all directions, scanning the instruments, retuning the radio, and adjusting the trim, you may just have a little time to pass witty remarks—which can't be heard over the engine noise. It may impress a woman to know you've flown a few hundred miles for a date; it impresses her even more when you can't make it because of a cold front or a four-hundred-foot ceiling. If you can afford the annual inspections and petrol consumption of a Cessna 310F, you don't need a plane to impress a date. You'll do better putting your money into little gifts from Cartier's.

Sander Rubin
East Orange, New Jersey

As pilot and playboy, I read with great interest *Invitation to Flying* in your May issue. Egad! I've been flying for years and have never seen such accessories! All types of radio gear for navigational purposes, auto pilots to make the job more relaxing, and low-frequency sets to make the hours behind the stick musically enjoyable are within the realm of most pilots. But that luxury item draped so gallantly across the body of the Lake amphibian is a little harder to come by. Perhaps you can let your pilot-readers know through what distributor this is available.

Donald W. Bachmann
Santa Monica, California

Sorry, Donald, that was a pilot model and, therefore, unavailable to the general public.

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



We realize that name-dropping is a highly polished art, and far be it from us to tell its practitioners how to conduct their business. Yet it seems to us that if any of the art's adherents see the same friends often enough, they are liable either to run out of names to drop or start repeating themselves. We thought we might help by giving them additional ammunition. Pay attention now, name-droppers; here are some very close friends of yours whom you've known all your life: Tula (Tula Finklea—Cyd Charisse); Hy (Hyman Arluck—Harold Arlen); Aaron (Aaron Chwatt—Red Buttons); Loschy (Maria Magdalena von Losch—Marlene Dietrich); Gwylly (Gwynn Ford—Glenn Ford); Zel (Zelma Hedrick—Kathryn Grayson); Lennie, Julie and Artie (Chico, Groucho and Harpo Marx); Hube (Hubert Vallee—Rudy Vallee); Tom (Thomas Williams—Tennessee Williams); Shirl (Shirley Schrift—Shelley Winters); Beedie (William Beedle—William Holden); Hessie (Melvyn Hesselberg—Melvyn Douglas); Aussie (Fred Austerlitz—Fred Astaire); and Kap (Doris von Kappelhoff—Doris Day). And now for the highlight of your evening. At the propitious moment throw out something like this: "Oh yes, I know Jimmy Stewart very well, we're old friends." Then when someone asks you if being a general has changed him in any way, you casually come up with, "Oh no, not that Jimmy Stewart—Stewart Granger. You see, Stew's real name is James Stewart. Of course, I know the other James Stewart very well, too..."

Sign in a Flint, Michigan, cocktail lounge: PLEASE DON'T STAND UP WHILE THE ROOM IS IN MOTION.

Never underestimate the power of

criticism seems to be the moral in a *Variety* headline: JACKIE WILSON IMPROVES AFTER FAN SHOTS HIM.

Writer's Digest recently published a short instructional feature for the edification of its writer-readers. We rather like the Southern drawl the title assumed in the "continued from" column: *Grammar and Punctuatin Quiz*.

Add the following to our list of imaginary patent medicines for neurotic ills, cited in *Playboy After Hours* last February: Metropal, a vitamin-reinforced diet supplement for urbanites who have trouble making friends; Damyouol, a drug designed to help introverts release hostility; Kleptomycin, a potion for persons too withdrawn to steal; Endital, a sleeping pill offering a single-tablet overdose; Thanxamil, a pill for those who suffer from an inability to say goodnight to their host; and Zen-Zen, a peppermint preparation for Buddhists with booze breath.

Know all men by these presents that Robert Carter Allen has filed a petition in bankruptcy. Mr. Allen will be remembered as the author of the book *How to Build a Fortune and Save on Taxes*.

A group of Midwestern speech therapists celebrated the formation of a regional association with the publication of a quarterly, titled *Therapist*. Off went the typescript to the printer. Back came the first issue. In large type, naturally, was the logo: *The Rapist*.

William Saroyan, part-pixie and part-playwright, has a new play in German, *The Parisian Comedy or Lily Dason*, which is already a big hit in Vienna and

Berlin. Revolving around a retelling of the *Cinderella* legend—whereby everyone ends up with a prince of sorts—the new play numbers among its characters the following Saroyanesque creations: two men named George; two millionaires' sons, used interchangeably; four ladies named after flowers; three talking dogs, deployed as a chorus; one talking bird and five singing birds; and nine characters called Brigitte Bardot.

A Position Wanted ad from a West Coast savings-and-loan house organ: "Steno job: by blonde, no bad habits, willing to learn. Judi, DU 7-4721."

The customer is always right- or left-handed. A New York City bank, recognizing the truth of this maxim, is currently issuing left-handed checkbooks for southpaws.

From Dr. Walter Alvarez' *Keeping Well* column in the *Chicago Sun-Times*: "I read that studies by doctors and state police have shown that a dose of a certain tranquilizer plus two martinis can give a man the equivalent of a drink."

Headline from a footwear trade publication: SHOE WOMEN EXECUTIVES TO HEAR "IT'S BETTER WITH YOUR SHOES ON."

Former Postmaster General Summerfield was perhaps better known for his heated views on literature, particularly *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, than for other duties connected with his post. His departure from the Washington scene prompted one Democratic Senator to wisecrack: "When Arthur Summerfield had to return to private life, he wanted to find a job in which he could use his

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JOSE CUERVO TEQUILA

YOUNG'S MARKET CO., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Post Office experience. He didn't know whether to be a librarian or a game-keeper."

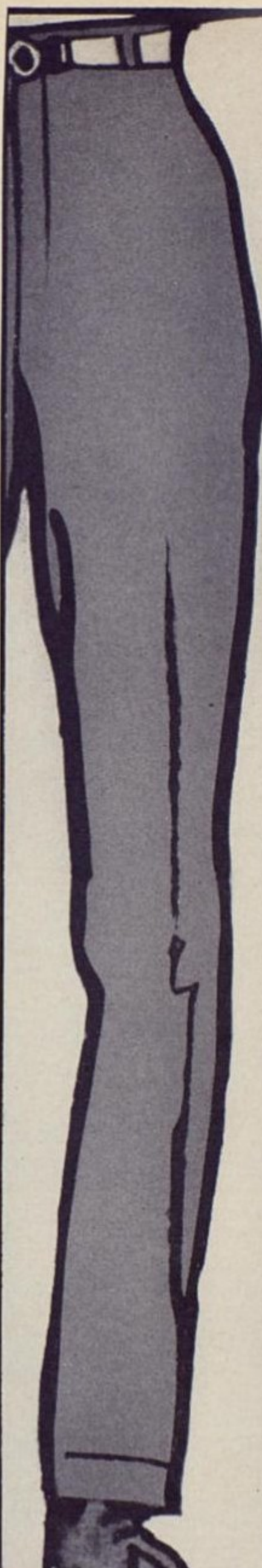
The London *Evening Standard* recently reported on a Swedish fisherman who was fined for clobbering his wife with a live eel. He was charged with cruelty to animals.

RECORDINGS

Erroll Garner's *Dreamstreet* (Octave), his first vinylizing after a three-year self-imposed sabbatical, proves to be a happy event for all concerned. The gremlinish Mr. G. seems to have been refreshed by his off-the-record hiatus. Accompanied by his regular partners, bassist Eddie Calhoun and drummer Kelly Martin, Erroll, as irrepressible and irreverent as ever, has managed to shake off a whole slew of pianistic clichés (granted, they were clichés Garner had originated) that had turned his last LPs into semicaricatures of himself. Garner's new recording company has evidently had a therapeutic effect: his fertile imagination and facile fingers create chameleonlike shapes and forms for such lichen-covered evergreens as *Just One of Those Things*, *Sweet Lorraine* and even an *Oklahoma!* medley. Welcome back, Erroll!

Four years ago, Cleveland disc jockey Bill Randle escorted blues singer Big Bill Broonzy into a Chicago recording studio. In three sessions, Randle taped ten hours of the aged but still able Broonzy singing, playing guitar and rattling off anecdotes about his nomadic career. A year later, Broonzy was dead. Now, in a five-LP set—*The Bill Broonzy Story* (Verve)—Randle's foresight provides exciting rewards for the jazz buff. Big Bill rambles on, recalling long-lost buddies and modulating from blues to work songs to spirituals to hollers to folk songs to pop refrains with startling ease. Our thanks to Randle for producing this ten-sided view of our jazz heritage.

A trio of top tenor men in settings that range from distinctive to distressing demonstrate that musically no man is an island. Let's get rid of the unpleasanties first. Backing Ben Webster with a string ensemble must have seemed at the outset to be a sound idea. Webster's mellifluous tone would appear to be a perfect frontispiece for the restrained, pastel-tinted cello, viola and violins, but on *The Warm Moods* (Reprise) they turn out to be obtrusive as hell. You're constantly aware, and painfully so, of an incessant sawing behind Webster that takes the bloom off some handsome horn work; it is especially unsettling to



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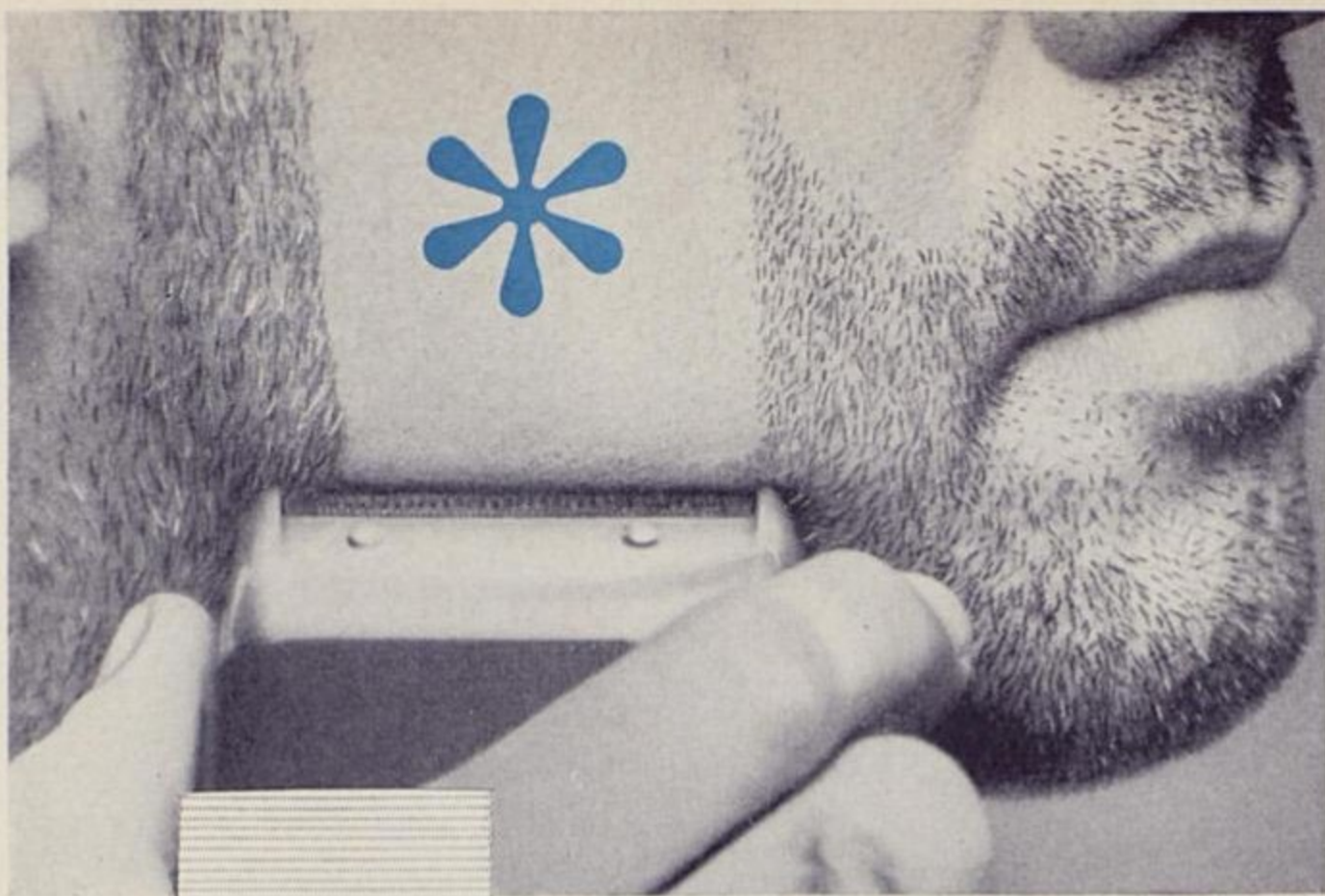
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hear Ben's beautiful balladeering on *Nancy*, *Time After Time* and *There's No You* butchered by backgrounds. Paul Gonsalves has better luck as he finds himself surrounded by kindred spirits on *Gettin' Together!* (Jazzland). Gonsalves, an Ellington stalwart for some years now, exhibits an unsuspected facet of his talents with a small group (rhythm plus cornetist Nat Adderley) that comes to the fore during the sensuous subtleties of *I Surrender Dear* and *I Cover the Waterfront*. Zoot Sims' *Choice* (Pacific Jazz), the first side recorded in 1954 with Gerry Mulligan and Bob Brookmeyer, and Side Two taped in 1959 with Russ Freeman and a rhythm section, has Zoot felicitously hand in glove with his fellow workers and in splendid instrumental voice, particularly on the 1959 outing which has a wonderfully Zoot-suited ballad, *You're Driving Me Crazy*, and the moving, Freeman-conceived *Choice Blues*.

A diverse group of distaff song stylists has more than earned an aural laurel this month. *Songs I Like to Sing!* (Contemporary), Helen Humes' note-able offering, spotlights the days-gone-by Basie thrush in a dozen straightforward examples of freewheeling, this-is-the-way-it-was warbling. The musicians, including many West Coast jazz giants, assembled under the command of Marty Paich, have tethered their avant-garde tendencies to suit Miss Humes' charmingly nostalgic delivery. *Frances Faye in Frenzy* (Verve), on the other hand, is as tautly drawn as one of Miss Faye's piano strings. The frenetic Frances is fever-pitched throughout as she drives her way through such Latin gavottes as *Perfidia*, *Besame Mucho* and *Frenesi*. Her vocalizing, which is just this side of flipsville, leaves the listener in a state of ecstatic exhaustion. Russ Garcia's group does a heroic job of trying to keep up, and certainly deserves some sort of commendation for meritorious achievement in the face of the rapid-fire Miss Faye. *Mavis* (Reprise) is the ex-New Zealander Rivers at her burnished best. With Marty Paich helping out at the helm, Mavis steers a comfortable middle-of-the-stream course between the way-out and the way-back. Miss Rivers, who alters a melody by design rather than whim, wends her way with knowledgeable élan through a varitempoed agenda that includes such tested items as *Honeysuckle Rose*, *There's No You* and *A Sleepin' Bee*. Chicago-based chanteuse Teri Thornton, making her disc debut, comes on like a husky-throated Sarah Vaughan. This is not meant as a knock; Miss Thornton's style may be derivative of the Divine One's, but she has a sound that's personalized enough to augur well for her musical future. *Devil May Care* (Riverside) has at least three ballads that are worth the price of the LP — *Detour Ahead*, *What's*

Your Story, *Morning Glory* and *What's New?*; the rest are so much gravy. A small group, featuring Wynton Kelly's piano, provides Teri with beneficially unobtrusive backdrops.

Having complained in these pages about the penchant of recording companies for proliferating various versions of the standard repertory *ad nauseam*, we'd like to point out two factors which legitimize the practice: (1) a performance superior to any other extant, (2) technical superiority in recording. One recent LP comes very close to fulfilling both criteria. Bach's *The Passion of Our Lord According to Saint John* (London) profits from a thoroughly English rendering. The German text has been accorded a new translation and, though purists may shudder, the nonlinguist music lover, who has had to read an English version while listening to the German, will be delighted to be spared the task. Further, he will no longer have to subject himself to the older, more stilted, less-fitted-to-the-music 1929 translation by Ivor Atkins. English, too (i.e., forthright and unhoked-up, yet sensible of the composer's intent and the drama of the story), is the performance by the Philomusica of London and the Choir of King's College. All soloists are English; the tenor, Peter Pears (who did the masterful translation), is not only gifted in his singing, but exemplifies all that's satisfying in this break-through performance in his complete emancipation from the German tradition of cloyingly pious nasality. The stereo sound is excellent, natural, spacious.

The New Frontier (Reprise) affords a view of Mort Sahl as gadfly of the Kennedy Administration. Sahl seems to be a mite uncomfortable and stretching for material as he plays devil's advocate to the Democrats, although he still has some sharply pointed quips rattling around in his quiver — "There was a rumor that the Cubans were going to assassinate all the Kennedys. Castro denied it; he said they didn't have enough ammunition. . . . It's funny that among all the bright people in the New Frontier, there don't seem to be any who ran against Kennedy in the primaries. . . ." For a proposed TV skit: "John: What's new, dear? Jackie: I bought a Dior and a Cassini today. John: Can I see them? Jackie: Sure, they're upstairs designing dresses. . . ." An imaginary speech by Joe Kennedy if Jack had lost the election: "What's happened to our sense of values? Does money mean nothing?" But the usual steady flow of dead-center sallies is quite noticeable by its absence. Perhaps Mort needs to warm up to his task, or maybe the Administration has to marinate for a while. *Will Failure Spoil Jean Shepherd?* (Elektra), on



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the other hand, finds marathon monologist Shepherd eyeball-deep in his own milieu, exhorting the Village crowd at One Sheridan Square. Shepherd is sent soaring or plummeting by the little things; he is also a nostalgia nut and can evoke a shimmering image of prewar life in South Chicago, or take off on the eccentricities of modern living: "There's an outfit over near Lexington Avenue that will make up an absolutely uncheckable résumé for you. . . . Chicago thinks New York is a plot. . . . It's getting so that guys who listen to Thelonious Monk records think they're talented. . . . There are eighty thousand guys getting PLAYBOY magazine who believe that girls fold out . . . and the Playmate write-ups always sound the same: Miss January is taking courses in Slum Clearance at NYU . . ." Suggesting more candid names for Detroit autos: "How about the Cadillac Narcissus, Dodge Oedipus, Plymouth Son-of-a-Bitch, the low-price Plymouth Bastard, or Ford Lust?" Shepherd also delivers a nine-minute dissertation on radio's Little Orphan Annie which rates as a masterpiece to anyone who ever owned a secret decoder pin.

FILMS

Ingrid Bergman, Yves Montand, Françoise Sagan—three names to conjure with. But not enough conjuring has been done with them in *Goodbye Again*, adapted from Miss Sagan's *Aimez-Vous Brahms?* The original was a vivid vest-pocket novel about a mature Parisienne who, after being cavalierly treated by her equally mature cavalier, submits to an ardent youth. She can't really love the lad, though—and he, to his despair, knows it. Finally, she goes back to the older man, ready to settle for less fire and fidelity along with less fuss. The film follows Françoise's plot but not her style. The heavy self-dramatization of boy and woman, the dialog that misses sophistication by the thickness of a ladies' magazine—these turn her modest dry wine into a party punch suitable for suburban consumption. Miss Bergman—who, as the forty-year-old Paula, screams, "I'm old! I'm old!"—walks away with honors for *The Old Bag We'd Most Like to Be Saddled With*. Montand is still having trouble trying to sound simultaneously audible and credible in English. He works hard at playing an expert lover, but he never quite gets the sin of Adam into Yves. As the youth, Anthony Perkins, who is rapidly becoming Mr. Coy in person, shows up at his worst when Coy meets Girl. Director Anatole Litvak has tried to inject some boulevard atmosphere into the film, but it turns out to be Wilshire Boulevard, and

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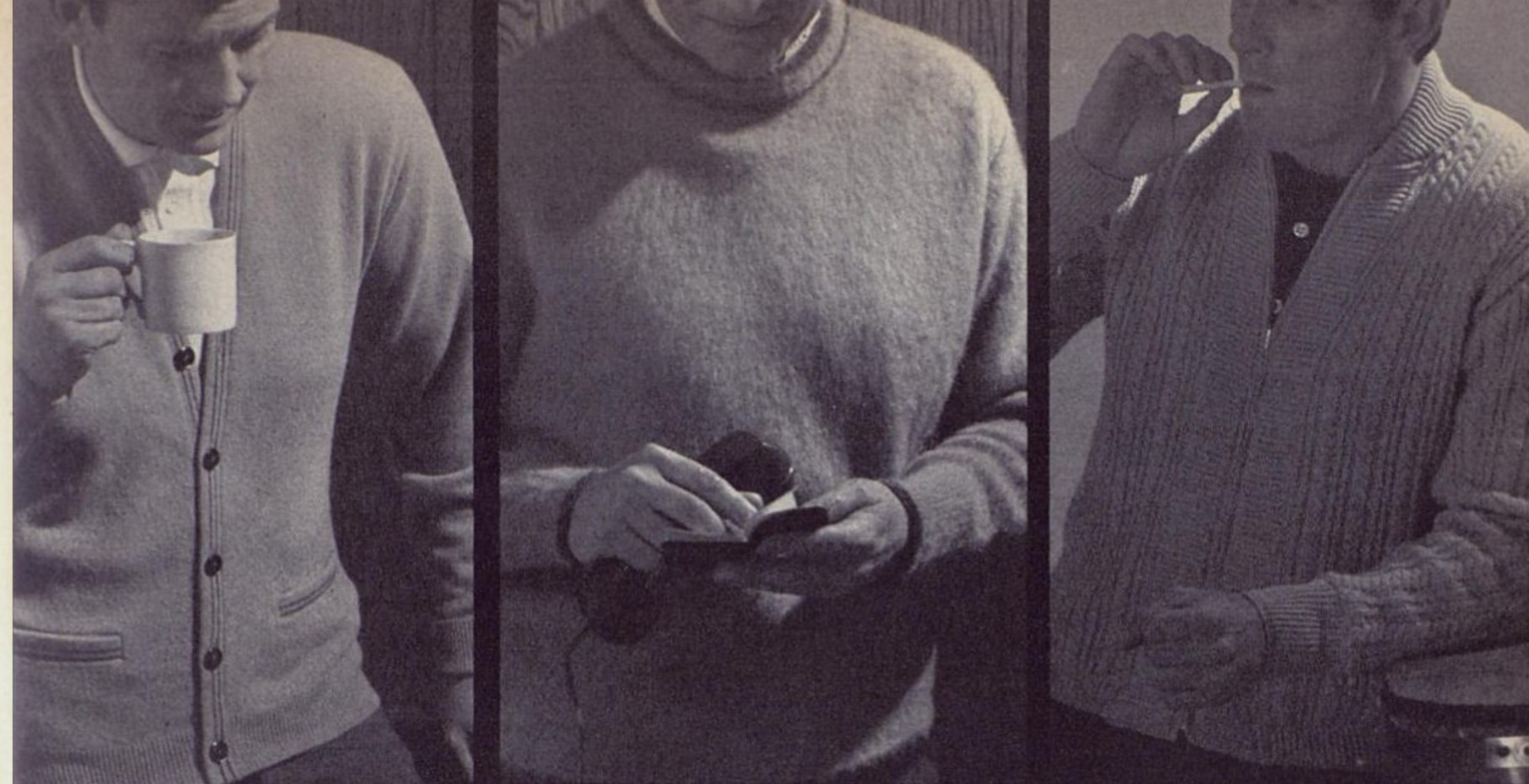
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Samuel Taylor's script is strictly plaster of Paris. The result is something of a bomb. *Aimez-vous bombs?*

In *On the Double* Danny Kaye doubles back for encores of a lot of well-known Kaye capers. There's the British bit, the stripteaser take-off, the Danny-type dance, the nonsense patter, and more hypochondria than you can shake a thermometer at. The script, if you'll pardon the expression, has to do with a nervous wartime GI in London who happens to look like a top English general who happens to be the target of Nazi spies. So the GI is asked to masquerade . . . and the general has a pretty wife . . . and when the spies get the impostor to Berlin . . . Your kid brother could fill in the spaces, and if his name is Jack Rose or Melville Shavelson, he did. Still, you can't turn Danny loose on his classic turns and not be rewarded with at least a modicum of hilarity. As the "wife," Dana Wynter is a breath of spring. As an aide, Wilfrid Hyde White purrs along as smoothly as a faithful Rolls-Royce. And in one big scene, Margaret Rutherford, that fullback of female frolickers, bucks her lines for a touchdown. Although this is no ten-course fun feast, we must give thanks in these humor-starved days for even a moderately meaty issue of Kaye-ration.

Peter Ustinov's film version of *Romanoff and Juliet* is very weighty whimsy. His internationally successful nonplay at least provided a cozy den in which the ursine Ustinov could prowl, paw and poetize, but the film, which he wrote, directed, produced, stars and stumbles in, tries to make the make-believe world real, and thus renders it unbelievable. Where the stage sets fitted the fable, the film's Italian location overwhelms it. Anyway, Ustinov's cotton-candy tale of a romance between the Soviet ambassador's son and the American ambassador's daughter in a fictitious country doesn't have much of a chance with lovers like joyless John Gavin and featherweight Sandra Dee. Akim Tamiroff, the Soviet pa, provides samovar weariest comedy moments in years. Occasionally a wisp of Ustinov charm slips in, but is quickly demolished by the pounded points and pointless pounding. Playwright Ustinov has been sorrily served by his screen-writer-director-producer.

The Guns of Navarone, based on Alistair MacLean's not-so-novel novel, is a World War II epic about six commandos—led by Gregory Peck—who infiltrate a German-held Greek island. Their mission: to spike two huge cannons that dominate a channel through which British destroyers must pass. There's a sea fight, a cliff-climb and an impersonation—stacy, to be sure, but in this case the

ham is quicker than the eye. Anthony Quinn, as a Greek partisan, and David Niven, as a chemistry prof turned demolition expert, give guts and grace, respectively, to the expedition. Producer Carl Foreman wrote the largely literate script; J. Lee Thompson directed with an eye for derring-do; and Dimitri Tiomkin composed a score that supports the two-hour-and-forty-minute movie like a thirty-dollar girdle. And cheers, chaps, for editor Alan Osbiston, who cut this film the way the headwaiter at Claridge's carves a duck. Navarone's guns are large-bore; the picture isn't.

THEATER

The Happiest Girl in the World is a mildly naughty musical that milks the ages for material, from the Nineteenth Century Gallic melodies of Offenbach to *Lysistrata*, Aristophanes' bawdy broadside against war. The songs, culled from *The Tales of Hoffmann*, *La Perichole* and a batch of other operettas, retain amazing vitality and charm, and E. Y. Harburg has furnished them with bright new lyrics. But the story of the Athenian matrons who denied their husbands the rights of the boudoir until they called off their war with Sparta is very old helmet, and adaptors Fred Saily and Henry Myers haven't done much to shine it up. While there are no complaints about the human beings in the play, *The Happiest Girl in the World* belongs to two immortals borrowed from Bulfinch—the beautiful goddess Diana, played by Janice Rule, who can sing and dance like the Graces as well as handle the bow and arrow; and Pluto, played by director Cyril Ritchard, who takes seven lesser roles as well. This is quite a lot of Mr. Ritchard, who can be a trifle cute on occasion; but at least he has the spirit which, Zeus knows, this slightly borrowed, slightly blue book needs. At the Martin Beck, 302 West 45th Street.

The Gaelic lads, lasses and assorted local luses in *Donnybrook!* are pugnacious, larger than life and occasionally a lot louder. No matter. A bit of noise and a spot of mayhem never hurt any theatrical whoop-de-do, and this one, based on *The Quiet Man*, bubbles over with a dozen of the most felicitous songs Johnny Burke has written since the Crosby-Hope *Road* pictures. Art Lund plays the Irish-American heavyweight who, after killing a man in the prize ring, quits the home of the brave for the imagined peace and quiet of his ancestral farm in Innesfree. Lund has sworn never to raise his mighty fist in combat again. He has the right idea, but he has come to the wrong place. He falls in love



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with Joan Fagan, a red-headed dish of dynamite with "the temper of Satan's mother-in-law," and runs afoul of Philip Bosco, her hulking bully of a brother, who looks capable of carrying out the threat he bellows at a neighbor, "I'll rip out yer arrums and choke yer to death wid yer own hands!" When Bosco welches on giving colleen Fagan her rightful dowry, it is only a matter of time and nagging before the quiet man is blasted out of his pacifist shell, precipitating the donnybrook that gives the musical its title. It's a grand brawl while it lasts, but the evening's showstoppers are incited by Eddie Foy as a puckish marriage broker and Susan Johnson as a predatory widow. Miss Johnson with her deadpan delivery and Foy with his soft-shoe slithering and his leprechaun's leer turn the party into a high-spirited Hibernian holiday. Erin goes bragh with a bang when these two take over the stage. At the Forty-Sixth Street Theater, 226 West 46th Street.

The distraught denizens of Feiffer's fief attain flesh-and-blood status in *The Explainers*, a first try by PLAYBOY's cartoonist-critic at transferring his perplexed people from the PLAYBOY page to the *intime* stage. Here, in a modestly dimensioned three-act revue produced by Chicago's Second-Cityniks, one may encounter the Feiffer Mad Ave type behind his horn-rimmed glasses; the leather-jacketed Feiffersville hipster; the girls of Feifferdom in search of Meaningful Relationships; and that supreme symbol of Feifferian inadequacy, Bernard, played with effective ineffectuality by Bob Camp. Spiced with social comment, these two hours of loosely related vignettes about Interpersonal Relations in the Modern Age add up to an intelligent in-joke anthology. Does Feiffer's stagecraft add anything significant to his pagecraft? At its best, as in Jules' jewel, *Passionella*, with its amply realized opportunities for lively production and the engaging performances of Paddy Edwards and pantomimist Paul Sand, the answer is Yes. But even the briefer pieces will evoke chuckles—and occasional guffaws—from Feifferphiles. Like the revue itself, the music (songs, dances and accompaniment), by Bill Mathieu, combines sophistication with freshness and charm. At the Playwrights at Second City, 1846 North Wells, Chicago.

BOOKS

John Steinbeck's *The Winter of Our Discontent* (Viking, \$4.50) combines fairy tale and detective story in a parable about success and corruption. Its central figure is Ethan Allen Hawley, a quaint New England blueblood, who

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has been stripped of his birthright and reduced to clerking in a grocery store. His problem is how to recover the family fortune, and its solution requires that he become expert, overnight, in business manipulation and intrigue. Not until the plums drop into his lap is his entire machination made clear to the reader. All this is entertaining, but as usual, Steinbeck, with his penchant for moral fable, is after more than entertainment. The novel begins on Good Friday, and its main subject is betrayal. To Ethan the Crucifixion has a deeply felt meaning, but this does not deter him from achieving proficiency as a Judas (selling out his boss) and as a Cain (causing the death of a brother-in-spirit). Unfortunately, the lesson to be learned from his corruption does not come through with force or clarity. Ethan rationalizes that he can shed immorality when it is no longer useful, just as he gave up killing after World War II—and we are inclined to believe him. But at the end of the novel, as he is preparing to be a tycoon, he is shocked almost into suicide by the discovery that his son, an entirely objectionable adolescent, has cribbed in winning an essay contest. It is hard to see why this flimsy straw should break such a back. After all, the son is evidently right when he says, echoing the rest of the town, "Everybody does it." But Steinbeck does not show immorality generated by the social machine. His sense of reality is, as in so many of his earlier novels, biological and naturalistic: "There are the eaters and the eaten." In a world of human animals, he tells us, whose civilization is all in their grace of manner, betrayal is not so much a sin as an inevitability. A provocative book from the pen of a major novelist.

Lewis Mumford, who has for forty years been flying the flag of civic sanity in the face of sun-blotting, land-gobbling, traffic-choked metropolises, attains both the apex of his career and the nadir of his pessimism in *The City in History* (Harcourt, Brace and World, \$11.50). This Jeremiah-ish history of Western civilization analyzes urban culture from its prehistoric origins through Athens, Rome, the Medieval towns and the Nineteenth Century industrial complexes with an eye to their lessons for today. But Mumford has little hope that a critical voice will be heard above the din of car horns, pile drivers and pneumatic drills. Despairing at the antihuman uses to which our overgrown cities are being put, moralist Mumford compares them to a declining Rome, marked by "the arena, the tall tenement, the mass contests and exhibitions, the football matches, the international beauty contests, the striptease made

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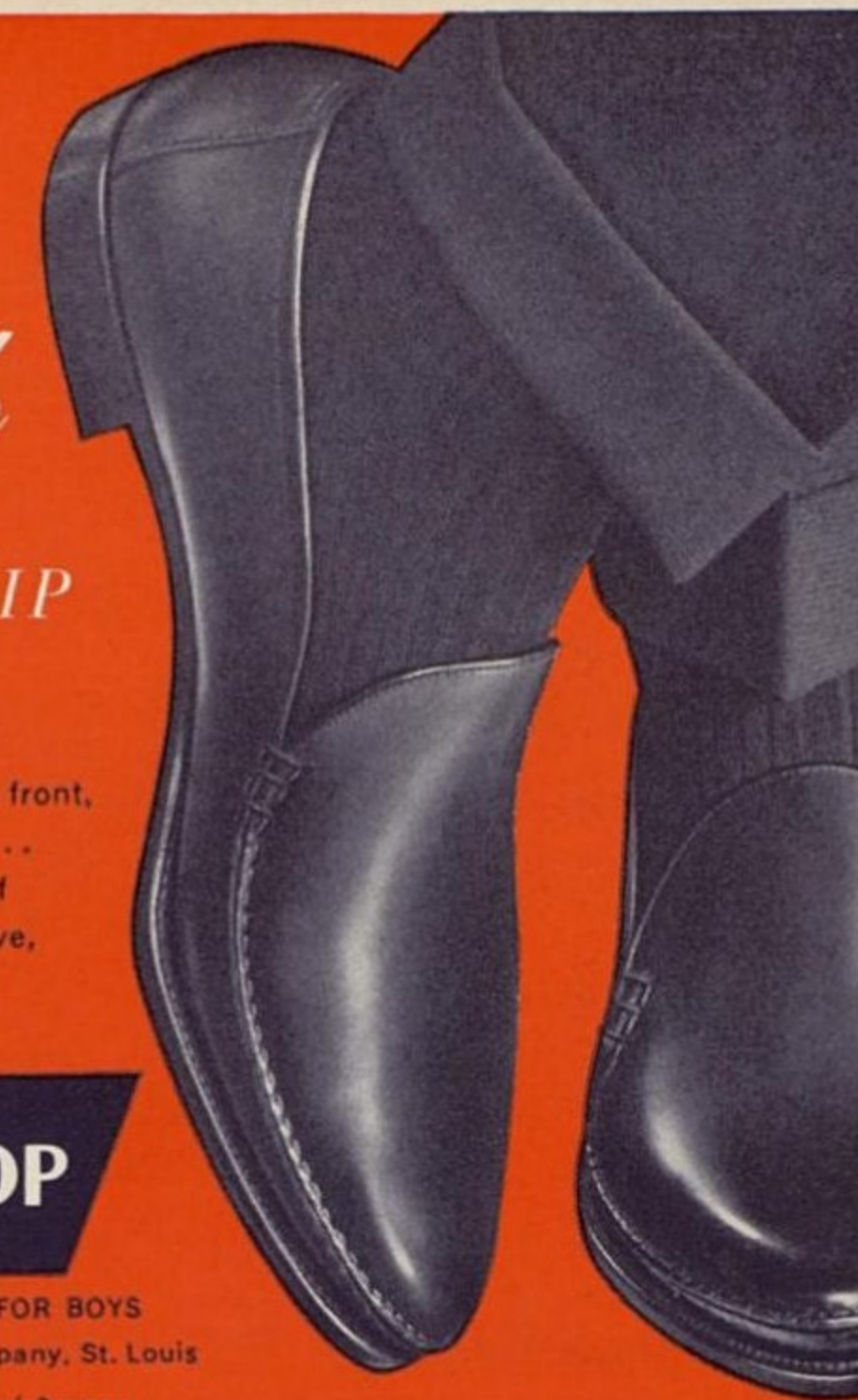
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If your taste was whetted by PLAYBOY's April portfolio of views from *La Vie Parisienne*, the handsome book from which they were previewed is now available. *The Girls from La Vie Parisienne* (Citadel, \$5.95) is a catalog of stylized cuties who originally appeared in the piquant French periodical and for a full sixty years (1870-1930) held the eye of the Continental connoisseur. They should have no trouble holding yours as well.

After twenty-seven summers of being spirited into this country by college students under dust jackets advertising *Anaphora of Great Eucharistic Prayer*, the pre-eminent work of America's least pious pornographer, Henry Miller, has at last been published on his native shores. Following its victory in the *Lady Chatterley* case, Grove Press has launched a second major assault against the bulwarks of U.S. book censorship with *Tropic of Cancer* (Grove, \$7.50), an adult Peck's Bad Boy Abroad, a funny, furious, phantasmagoric first-person account of men and whores in the promiscuous Paris of the Twenties. It is a bitter book (never more so than when Miller recalls his life in America: "When I think of this city where I was born and raised, this Manhattan that Whitman sang of, a blind, white rage licks my guts. . . . A whole city erected over a hollow pit of nothingness."), but it also has stretches of wild humor. Miller disdains sentiment and genteel romanticism, instead is possessed of an uninhibitedly surrealistic imagination. He never minces words or resorts to asterisks, but he never smirks. "This is not a book," Miller shouts. "No, this is a prolonged insult, a gob of spit in the face of Art, a kick in the pants to God, Man, Destiny, Time, Love, Beauty . . . what you will." After a quarter of a century, this brilliantly written, shamelessly shocking ode to fornication and philosophy stands as one of the key works of American literature in our century.



Quaffmanship



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Wherever he faces the "moment of truth"—in steaming jungle, sun-baked veldt, windswept tundra or the frozen steps of the Squaw Valley Stadium—the intrepid Sportsman Quaffer has discovered the infallible answer:

Lavish Carlsberg Beer on all concerned.

Such largess, he has learned, engenders unique results. The lion lies with the lamb and legend has it that even the Hatfields and McCoys have walked off in complete harmony after sharing the ineffable joy of quaffing Carlsberg Beer.

As dedicated to sports as he is to Carlsberg, the Sportsman Quaffer will brook no imbalance between the two. His athletic pursuits are confined solely to the 111 countries where Carlsberg is sold.

He comes *schussing* down snow-packed slopes only where he is certain a Carlsberg-equipped lodge awaits his pleasure. Though he yields to no man in his appreciation of a masterful *estocada*—not a matador alive could induce him to spend a hot afternoon at a Carlsbergless bullfight.

He stands waist deep in a rushing torrent presenting a Quill Gordon fly for the finicky appetite of the wily brown trout—while a full complement of Carlsberg Beer cools in the stream. His summer Sunday solace is the 19th hole where he replays every stroke between quaffs of Carlsberg.

As man inexorably progresses to the reaches of outer space and the 16-foot pole vault—the Sportsman Quaffer will remain in the forefront of those who push ahead—

jewel green Carlsberg bottle held on high in a toast to victor and vanquished alike.

His devotion to Carlsberg is unparalleled because Carlsberg is an extraordinary beer, a decidedly individual beer. It is so pleasant to the palate that you need not acquire a taste for it. You just fall in love with it at first quaff—and the love affair is enduring. It is incredibly good going down and there is absolutely no bitterness afterward.

Ask for Carlsberg at your favorite dining place or at fine stores in your neighborhood in any of the 111 countries in which it is sold. If the answer is no—remonstrate! Carlsberg is *not* in short supply. There are 70 fruitful acres devoted to the production of Carlsberg—the glorious beer of Copenhagen. *Skål!*

Carlsberg Beer



Brewed and bottled by the Carlsberg Breweries, Copenhagen, Denmark
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BECAUSE
EVERY DAY
COUNTS...



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ON
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MEN

Kings Men® is specially blended to give you a lift that lasts longer. It's the first 24-hour skin tonic with a lively, masculine fragrance. Kings Men soothes and smooths your skin, leaves your face relaxed and refreshed for the day. You feel great when you start your day with Kings Men: After Shave Lotion, Pre-Electric Shave Lotion, Aerosol Luxury Shave, Hairdressing, Deodorants. \$1 plus tax

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I just purchased what was advertised as a nine-ounce summer suit. Skeptic that I am, I weighed it at home. If that's a nine-ounce suit, I'm a ninety-eight-pound weakling.—R. I., Denver, Colorado.

With no reflection on your proportions or physical prowess, that may very well be a nine-ounce suit. The figure refers to the weight of a yard of the cloth, not the total weight of the suit.

A girl whom I've been seeing fairly frequently is finely structured but somewhat lacking in gray matter. This bothers me not at all (her other attributes far outweigh her lack), except when we are in the company of others. She insists on injecting a steady stream of grammatically mangled sentences. I don't think I'm a snob, but I must admit she embarrasses me when she makes such a display of her intellectual innocence. Is there anything I can do diplomatically to turn off my Miss Malaprop?—C. M., Dallas, Texas.

If she is as intellectually innocent as you say, don't try to muffle her; it will only inhibit the girl. Instead, play it for all it's worth. Create the impression that her garbled grammar is dizzily delightful; when she dethrones the King's English, laugh it up. Build her into a character straight out of Anita Loos—your own Carol Channing. Your friends will start seeing her in a new light. If Miss Information takes umbrage and decides to keep her mouth shut, you're still ahead of the game.

I've booked passage to Europe this fall and would like to take my car, a Detroit, with me. I've been told that it's a costly, complicated affair both going and coming and not worth the effort. Is this really the case?—T. P., Detroit, Michigan.

To a degree; the process is involved and certainly no bargain. First, you'll need a hatful of documents when driving abroad: your Stateside driver's license, of course; if you're confining your touring to one country, you'll need a Triptyque; if, as is usually the case, you're traveling through two or more countries, you'll be required to have a "Carnet de Passages en Douanes" (the names of these documents are French no matter what the country), an International Driving Permit, International License Plates and International Registration Certificate. Additionally, most European countries require a good-sized bond while you're motoring on their roads. Shipping costs will be somewhere between \$300 and \$600, depending upon the weight, for a round-trip passage, and only slightly less one way. You'll

need insurance against damage en route, and public liability insurance, mandatory in a number of European countries. Driving your own car through Europe can be fun, but the red tape involved can take a good deal of the edge off it. You'd be much wiser renting a car in Europe or buying one there with the proviso of reselling it (as a used car, of course) to the dealer when you've completed your vacation. European cars are designed for the Continent's sometimes unique driving conditions; they're gas misers (European gasoline prices are stratospheric), don't require high-test (in short supply over there), and they'll get you in and out of quaint little villages with ease. Rental charges in most European countries are quite modest, especially if you're going over during off-season. You can arrange purchase or rental beforehand on this side of the Atlantic from such outfits as Auto-Europe, Europe by Car, or International Auto Plan (all located in New York City).

Just what is an apéritif? I've cased them on wine lists, but am not quite sure just what they are and when they're served.—I. M., New York, New York.

Apéritifs are gentle-spirited appetite stimuli that are held in much greater esteem than cocktails by large segments of the civilized world. Because they are of much lower alcoholic content than, say, a martini, apéritifs usually leave the bibber with his taste buds intact and ready to enjoy fully the repast about to be served. They are divided between those that are wine-based (quinine-tinged vermouths and more strongly quinned wines such as Dubonnet) and those that are distilled (which are subdivided into aromatic bitters, and anise-licorice apéritifs such as Pernod and raki). A peripheral drink that is considered an apéritif, and a splendid one, is cassis mixed with dry vermouth or a dry white wine.

As a fairly new convert to boating, I can handle myself well enough as a member of an amateur crew, but I'm still bugged (and feel like a dope) when more experienced salts look at sailboats and make remarks like "Nice-looking cutter," or "That sloop would be faster and balance better if she were mast-headed," or "There's a yawl with a mizzen almost as big as if she were a ketch." In other words, are there simple ways of recognizing sailing rigs?—J. C., New London, Connecticut.

It's possible to get through the verdigris and down to brass stanchions in fairly uncomplicated fashion; sailboats fall into six major categories: catboat,

A
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"Scotch
me
lightly"



Deluxe

When asking for Ambassador Deluxe, say "Scotch me lightly." Does that mean go light on the Scotch? No. More lightness in your Scotch. Today, try the world's finest light Scotch. Try Ambassador Deluxe.

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The Ban-Lon® Viking by Esquire Socks® is your best investment because these socks go farther, more handsomely. Made of Enka nylon, they wash and dry quickly, wear longer, fit better. Yours in six off-beat colors. \$1.50 a pair.

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF KAYSER-ROTH

sloop, yawl, ketch, cutter and schooner. Basically, they can be identified as follows: the cutter, catboat and sloop are single-masted rigs. The cutter and sloop differ in that the sloop's mast is set farther forward than that of the cutter. Since its mast is farther aft, the cutter's headsails (forward of the mast) are larger in area than the sloop's. The catboat's mast is right up in the bow and carries no headsails, only a main. Today, the yawl, schooner and ketch are two-masted rigs (though some old schooners had as many as six masts). The yawl and ketch differ in placement of the mizzen (shorter) mast with respect to the rudder post. The yawl's mizzenmast is set aft of the rudder post and carries a small sail. The ketch's mizzenmast is set forward of the rudder post and carries a comparatively large sail, though not as large as the mainsail. The schooner is a sort of reverse-English ketch; the mainmast is aft of midships, with the mizzenmast farther forward.

I have recently turned my attentions toward a young widow whose husband died several years ago. She worshiped the guy, and her sincerest form of flattery is to tell me that I measure up to him—almost. It would be bad enough simply having to compete with the departed; what is worse is that I knew her late spouse fairly well and can bear eyewitness to the fact that he was a rabid extramarital skirt-chaser. Shall I let the lady in on this, or should I try to find a less distasteful way of exorcising a ghost?—E. P., Richmond, Virginia.

Probably the least effective thing you could do would be to tip off your friend to her late husband's behavior. At worst, you'll be put down as a liar or, at best, as a contemptible cad who speaks ill of the dead. In either case, you'll have had it. Shakespeare, as usual, said it best: "Vex not his ghost: O! Let him pass!" It would seem admirable on her part to have felt so strongly attached to her late husband, but time heals all wounds and often wounds all heels. As your image grows stronger, his will fade. She obviously likes you; be yourself and one day she'll give up the ghost.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, hi-fi and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy Building, 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Illinois. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on this page each month.



Playboy Club News

SPECIAL EDITION

AUGUST 1961



NEW ORLEANS CLUB OPENS OCT. 15TH!

Fabulous Fun Center Set for Famed French Quarter

NEW ORLEANS (Special)—On October 15th those who own a Playboy Club Key will find that it opens the door to still another of PLAYBOY Magazine's nationwide chain of Clubs. On that day the posh New Orleans Playboy Club, located at 725 Rue Iberville, just off Bourbon St., will officially debut.

The New Orleans Club offers Keyholders all the luxury features found in the Chicago and Miami Clubs—the swinging Penthouse and Library showrooms with their parade of sophisticated talent; the Playmate Bar with a magnificent hi-fi stereo entertainment center; a closed-circuit TV system that permits you to watch for friends and keep "an eye on the door" anywhere in the Club; the sumptuous Living Room Buffet, the Penthouse Prime Platter and the hearty Playboy Club Breakfast for "early" stayers (and you always dine heartily—be it breakfast, luncheon or dinner—for the price of just one drink). And, of course, there'll be fifty nifty Bunnies to brighten the setting.

All this swinging scene, including the best in jazz, will be set among appropriate touches of New Orleans elegance from a by-gone era—priceless Baccarat chandeliers, intimate alcoves and open-air terraces trimmed with traditional wrought iron grillwork.

PLAYBOY CLUB LOCATIONS

Clubs Open—116 E. Walton St. in Chicago; 7701 Biscayne Blvd. in Miami.

Locations Set—725 Rue Iberville in New Orleans; 5 East 59th St. in New York; 8580 Sunset Blvd. in Los Angeles.

Next in Line—Pittsburgh, Detroit, Baltimore, Boston, Dallas, San Francisco, St. Louis, Washington D.C., Cleveland.

"FASTEST MAN" AT THE PLAYBOY CLUB

FAMED TEST PILOT RELAXES AT CHICAGO CLUB



CHICAGO, May 10—Scott Crossfield, pilot of North American Aviation's X-15 plane which probes the fringes of outer space, along with lady astronaut Jerry Cobb (the first woman in history to be qualified for venture into outer space), recently found the Chicago Club Library a high spot during a visit to Chicago. The Bunny at right is lovely Barbara Grant.

Crossfield, Miss Cobb and Doctor Lovelace, expert on space medicine, were guests at a party for *American Machine and Foundry*.

PRIVATE PARTIES A HIT WITH KEYHOLDERS

Only individuals may own a key to the Playboy Club, but a Keyholder may bring in as many guests as he wishes. This fact is dramatized when a Keyholder reserves a room for a private party for himself or his company.

Recent parties have been arranged by Keyholders for groups from *Ryerson Steel, Great Lakes Chemical, General Electric, Motorola, Pepsi Cola, American Bankers Association, and Champion Spark Plug*. Parties vary in size from ten persons to over one hundred.

PLAYBOY CLUB TALENT LINEUP

CHICAGO (July 22 to August 11)—Three Young Men, Patti Leeds, Danny Apolinar Trio, Penny Malone, Wick and Brand, Ron Rich, Bob Davis Trio, Harold Harris Trio, Kirk Stuart Trio, and swinging pianist Claude Jones. (Opening August 12)—Vince Mauro, Chico Randall Trio, Peggy Lord, Mello-Larks, The Great Yonely.

MIAMI (July 22 to August 11)—Martine Dalton, Mark Russell, Jimmy Ames, Penie Pryor, Mickey Onate, Julian Gould Trio, plus Herbie Brock and Teddy Napoleon at the piano. (Opening August 12) Van Dorn Sisters, Lurlean Hunter, Mark Russell (holdover), Three Young Men, and Fred Barber.

Luncheon—Dinner—Breakfast at the Club



BOTH CHICAGO AND MIAMI CLUBS OFFER A DELIGHTFUL LIVING ROOM BUFFET STARTING AT 11:30 A.M. DAILY. A Buffet Key, obtainable from any Bunny or Barman throughout the Club, unlocks the pleasures of the Playboy Club Buffet served in the Living Room and changed at various times during the day, offering a menu in keeping with the hour. The Buffet Key entitles you to a complete luncheon, dinner or wee-small-hour breakfast for the price of a single drink. In the Penthouse, the famous Playboy Prime Steak Platter is served under the same unique price-of-a-drink policy.

MIAMI BUNNY HOP A SMASH SUCCESS!

MIAMI (Special)—Keyholders joining the "Bunny Hop Champagne Flight," from Chicago to Miami, to "open" the Miami Playboy Club, found themselves in fine company. On the flight were beautiful Bunnies from Chicago; famed Playmates in person; executives from PLAYBOY Magazine; and ten cases of champagne. The visit was climaxed by a special party at the new Miami Playboy Club. "Bunny Hops" are planned for other openings in the future. "Hop on board" for a real PLAYBOY fun time!



Mail Today for Information on Joining The Playboy Club

TO: International Playboy Clubs, Inc.
c/o PLAYBOY Magazine, 232 E. Ohio Street,
Chicago 11, Illinois

Gentlemen:
Please send me full information about joining The Playboy Club. I understand that if my application for Key Privileges is accepted, my Key will admit me to Playboy Clubs now in operation and others that will soon go into operation in major cities in the U.S. and abroad.

Name _____
(please print)

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ County _____ State _____

REALITY FOR THIS LAD

"goodbye, sarah; go home to your cuckold," he said, and the taste of impending loss was bitter on his tongue

fiction By HERBERT GOLD

I'M MOVING ON. No more games! I'm different now.

With these three ideas (really one), Peter Hattan floated out of the tunnel of love. For nearly four years he had been desperately attached, like a child, to a woman who remained faithful to her husband, except on Saturday afternoons, on occasional, hastily arranged evenings, or during special festive business trips when she came to his door with overflowing joy and bags of groceries in order to cook him a meal. The deprived and anxious love-making of adultery had been their habit, rending each other's flesh ("It's been so long, so long!"), followed by discussions of her children and the impossibility — the impossibility — followed by stiff recriminations, a blue space of solemnity, an obsessive studying of the clock, and long farewell waking dreams as they lay curled together on his bed. But she would not change. Nothing would change. And finally, some time after his thirtieth birthday, Pete decided to grow up. Goodbye to all that fanatic secret devotion.

He left a note for her, taped to his door, and just went out walking. When he returned, the note was gone; she had slipped his key under the door, wrapped in Kleenex, but no mawkish comments — no word at all. A damn sensible lady she was. Now she could stop making excuses to her husband. If she really had. If she hadn't really gone straight from Peter's bed into her husband's arms — she must have sometimes! Peter's jealousy flashed on suddenly, blinding him, and then off like a flashbulb. Dead and destroyed, with a charred worm of filament inside. Enough.

Now he tried her name once more: *Sarah*. Sarah. Sarah. Yes, it was over. The last sign of her was the two pears she had brought him for her Saturday-morning gift — luxury fruits from a luxury fruiterer, deep yellow and green, carried across town from Madison Avenue. Gluttonous, destroying, he ate them both, hunched over the sink, his hands drenched in ripe pear juice. He washed. He opened the window. Pear fragrance gone. Goodbye, Sarah; go home to your cuckold.

Peter sat at home that evening, looking at his one-room studio, now reduced by Sarah's absence to less than one room, and decided to get a new lamp for reading and to paint the walls white. A new life was beginning. He would become a suitor, a swain, and then in due course, a husband and father, each step succeeding the other in proper order, with a sense of time and growth. Goodbye to adultery, he thought, goodbye to timelessness. He opened his arms to a future of tender boredom, with a girl by his side always — the dream of the secret lover of a married woman — and while his arms were still open, he took



a banana off the refrigerator in the alcove. He huddled on a stool, peeled the banana, and filled his mouth with the sweetish paste.

All at once, he regretted his courage. Suddenly, as he tried to eat, the ceiling was cranked down upon him so that he had to hunch his back in order to keep from being crushed. Only the taste of fruit could save him now, and the banana was followed by a cold ripe peach. Again thick juice squirted on his hands. By eating he saved himself from the crisis of loneliness, and then went to bed at a strange early hour on that Saturday evening, just as if he had made love to Sarah again all the afternoon. A dinner of two pears, a banana and a peach; a swollen sleep before the smoky dusk of Riverside Drive had deepened into night outside his window; evasions, fears, indigestion, a sweating forehead, dreams of isolation.

But when he awoke, very early, just after sunrise on a springtime Sunday, he found himself with good appetite for the day. This pale young man, plump but graceful, with the easy stride of a tennis player and the soft middle of a man who had suddenly given up sport — he would go back to tennis, he would join a health club — strolled among early churchgoers, discovering the morning, and had the *Sunday Times* with his breakfast in a Rudley's. French toast because that was his mother's habit on Sunday. Eggs were for weekdays. The *Sunday Times* was for Sunday. He loafed the whole day through, with no afternoon longing for Sarah, no evening depression, and with a thrill of anticipation went to work on The Street Monday morning in his familiar crowd of stenographers and secretaries and female junior executives. Which unmarried one was for him? Which hopeful and bright one? Which fresh girl, full of juice, amid this crowd of carefully groomed or cleverly mused ladies?

The phrase which defined his employment — "I work on The Street" — always gave him a twinge of embarrassment. It meant that he worked on Wall Street: Saratoga Springs, Princeton, liberal arts; he followed this familiar path of the bright enough, lazy enough, not much skilled young man of good family. But from his wanderyear in Europe (parents dead, small legacy), he had learned that "on The Street" is a common phrase for prostitution, and now he wondered why he should ever have been pleased with his job. He sold stock to friends he had grown up with in Saratoga, the last vestiges of the old racing aristocracy (talk of famous horses); he picked up new customers in Southampton and at his clubs in town (talk of old Princeton days and the sick comics, talk of the "jet set"); he managed the portfolios of a few griping, talkative, blue-haired widows, who fancied him their clever son. And how endlessly they gossiped on the telephone! And the teas he had to take with them on their birthdays! They seemed to have several birthdays a year, though they never grew any older.

Peter had no real money of his own ("real money" is capital, not earnings), but he had a courteous manner, a retentive mind, a head of pale, barely thinning hair which he kept meticulously brushed, and an attractive air of melancholy which nevertheless

did not depress anyone; his mouth was small, firm, full and intelligent; his eyes were blue and light under eyebrows darker than his hair, habitually drawn together with an expression both complex and unthreatening; his words were direct, discreet and courteous all at once, and also sheathed an edge of judgment in the silence between them. Such a young man repays study by the discerning executive, and so it was with Peter Hattan. He was no longer a mere customer's man in the small firm where he worked. When one of the senior men came down with a popular disease (male climacteric: tantrums and inefficiency), and had to be eased into an improvised chairmanship, the surviving members of the firm looked at Pete Hattan and found him good. He was given their most junior partnership and assigned to study electronics and chemicals.

The cold war ran along nicely, with absorbing perturbations. Electronics and chemicals did well, and somehow this was put down to the credit of Peter, although he assured both the senior men and his clients that the scientists, the military and the politicians went their way without considering his hopes of fortune. Nevertheless, he was a messenger of good tidings, and the messenger had chosen well among companies and projects. Pete turned into his thirties and decided it was time to move on. Not really a grasping young man, he kept his large, faintly bohemian, one-room apartment, defying convention by remaining on the unfashionable West Side just because he liked his view of the Spry sign across the river on the Palisades; he made a bow to his success by buying a Jaguar, which spent most of its time in a garage; now he took a winter two weeks in Mexico and a summer two weeks in Paris. But the main resolution was about Sarah. And after less than a year of deliberation, he had lived up to it. When she would not leave her husband for him, he finally left that note of goodbye under the knocker on his door.

And now the freedom of erotic adventuring after all this stern fidelity. Pete sat at his desk, inhaled deeply and proudly, and took his first call of the week from a widow who wondered if they shouldn't maybe switch from U.S. Borax to IBM. On the one hand, IBM can buy up almost any new device of consequence, or improve on it, true. But on the other hand, U.S. Borax has all that borax in the ground and an active research department discovering new uses for it besides soap and high-energy fuel. "And cetera," Pete commented to his first widow of the day. He had a little repertory of these banal, mysterious phrases with which he cut off the old ladies before lunch.

But this time she replied crankily, "And cetera yourself, Peter, that reminds me. I just can't be alone on my wedding anniversary this year. Poor Mr. Warden passed away he died God bless almost seventeen years ago, so stop by, will you?" He felt it coming by the shrill leer of intention in her voice: "My niece —"

OK, OK. He knew these herds of nieces — long-toothed spinsters with festoons of lace hanging from the collarbones to give grace to their no-bosom bosoms. No, he would not do that job. He believed in love before inherited capital. This was not the way for Mrs. Warden to develop new uses for borax, either. But of course he would have to take the tea with her anyway, with pink cookies and napkins of a linen thick as white fur.

The niece. Ah Elsie, the niece. That profligate fate which has blessed New York and San Francisco and a few other American places distributes pretty girls where they are needed, and often just when. Elsie was no long-toothed spinster with a coated tongue; she was no glamorous beauty, either; she was merely an electric and pert little breathless thing, freshly styled by Sarah Lawrence, who wanted to be an avant-garde actress (no other guard would do). "You mean you want to play lesbians?" Peter asked, in order to see her blush and make her understand that he was an exceptional stockbroker.

He saw her blush. "What kind of a stockbroker are you?"

"Please, I'm a customer's man."

"Shush anyway, Auntie will hear you," she answered, and true enough, Auntie did hear them.

"You young folks must have lots to discuss, so will you excuse me? I don't understand the theater any more." And with a satisfied glower on her hairy, high-pressed face, the old lady went upstairs to dress for dinner.

They were alone and silent amid the diminishing afternoon and the reflection of light on silver. Elsie had small eyes, carefully extended by make-up, thickly veiled by dark lashes, and a small pert face which would get prettier and prettier until it abruptly crossed the border into matrondom. With a point of conscience, Peter realized that his silence was a paltry revenge on Sarah — he was trying to take control this time. And with a still sharper point of exacerbated pride, he wondered if his silence did not in effect give the control to Elsie.

"There were —" she said timidly.

He coughed and waited.

"Do you have a cold?"

He shook his head and waited.

"There was," she said. No interruptions. And then all in a rush: "A-girl-like-that-in-school." And her face went crimson in the last glow of sunlight

under the blinds.

A trumpet sounded in Peter's ear; he had won! His delay did not give over control after all! She was waiting for his lead! (The trumpet was also Mrs. Warden asking if he wanted an umbrella some damn fool had left in her umbrella stand six months ago.)

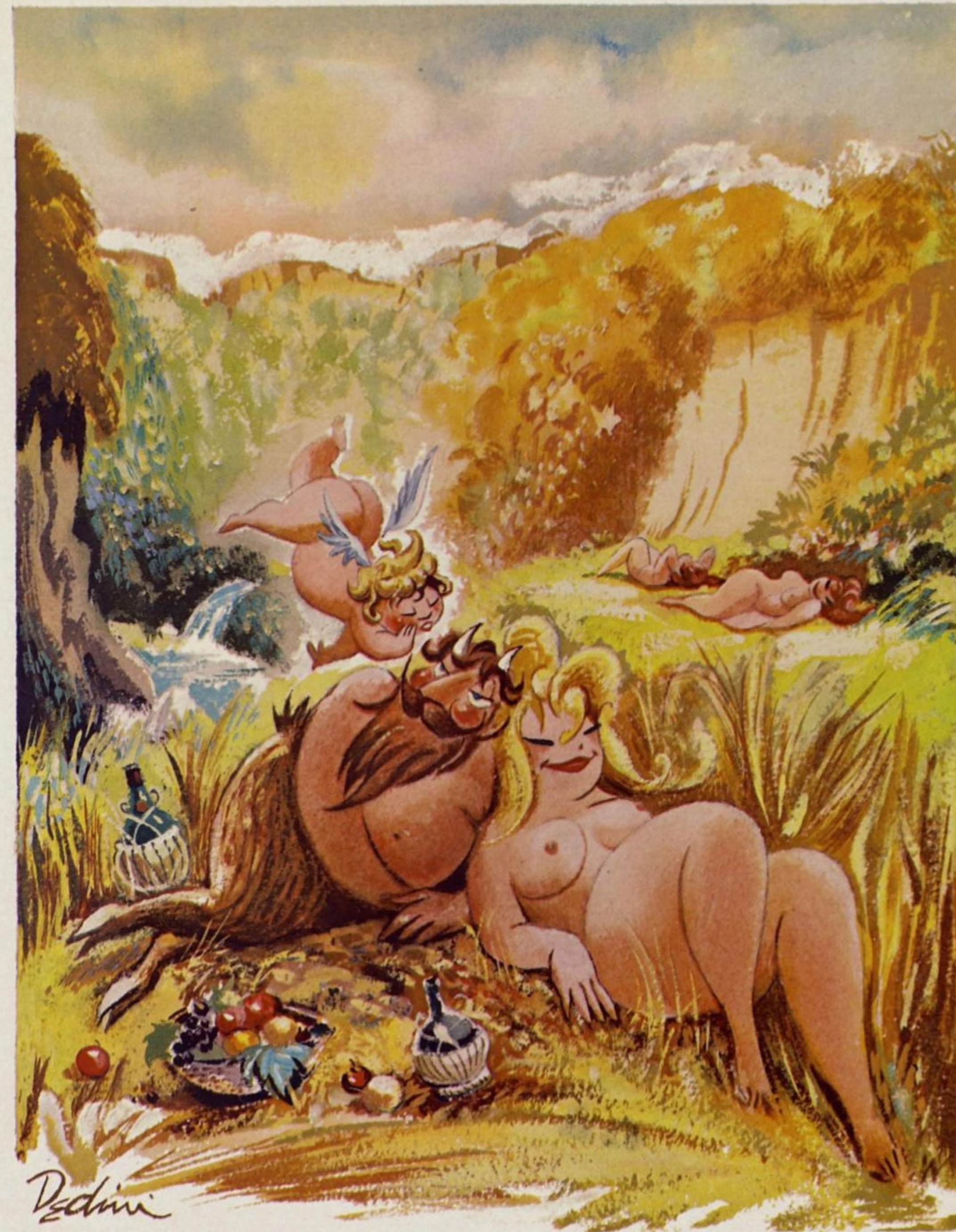
"No," he said, taking the hint, taking Elsie with him. They enjoyed dinner together, an illuminating discussion of the troubles "a girl like that" can get into, and, of all things, a neighborhood movie. Going to a neighborhood movie seemed somehow the subtle and complicated gesture: to remove her from her class, habits and expectations. He continued this original program of variation on the expected pattern by taking her to bed on the following evening, without the movie. Thereafter, for several weeks, they followed a rhythmically varied schedule, movie or bed, bed or movie, on alternate nights. By this time Peter discovered that he had almost exhausted the available stock of films and he began to notice about Elsie those little defects which men gratefully seize upon in order to make excuses for their own diminishing ardor: Her handwriting slanted backwards. She could not walk barefoot gracefully, since the tendons of her feet had been stretched by high heels, and she was a ludicrous spectacle on her way to the bathroom in the mornings. She preferred the Germans to the French, and this seemed inexcusable (the usual grounds: plumbing and politeness).

Worse, she wore her tiny eyelids covered with silver make-up and had the habit of modestly closing her eyes and fluttering the lids whenever she said something that implied faint flattery of herself. But as her entire repertory of philosophy, judgment, observation and comment all softly praised her own perspicuity, generosity and elevation of spirit, her face seemed to have no eyes for looking outward — only those two agitated, quicksilver, triangular spaces. "I never judge people . . . I can always tell from the way a man says hello if he's nice or just out for what he can get — you know — by that I mean a good time." And when she spoke about the "girl like that" at school, she meant to add, and did: "I may be a rebel and all that, but at least I'm normal."

What, thought Peter, must I do to get rid of Elsie? Before I am required to strangle her, that is. And do I run a chance of losing Mrs. Warden's account on grounds of having broken the windpipe of her niece?

He worried about this for several weeks, until Elsie announced that she had been offered the role of a corpse in a play by Ionesco, in return for which all she had to supply was part of the

(continued on page 42)



"You've had enough."

REALITY FOR THIS LAD (continued from page 40)

financing for the play ("Off Broadway it's not very expensive") and a few harmonious moments with the producer (male — Elsie was *normal*); and thus, on excellent terms, with Elsie very proud of her silvery-lidded business and artistic heads, they parted. Peter promised to come to opening night, but promptly forgot about it. Mrs. Warden restlessly shuffled her holdings about a bit (General Dynamics and Getty Oil), and then was quiet.

The life of the putative Strangler of Wall Street was suddenly much too quiet. He found himself shocked awake in the night, trapping his dream before it fled — Sarah's sleepy afternoon caresses. Elsie had blown through his life like a trial subscription to an unwanted magazine; his loneliness returned with its old-time insistence. He strolled down Broadway and gazed at the stylish loiterers, the beatnik girls all in black, the young marrieds doing their shopping in pedal-pushers, the Puerto Rican girls in voluminous gaily-colored skirts, all these women who wanted to, lived for, schemed at, and perhaps actually succeeded in making men happy. New York was full of women. Peter was full of longing. The subway shook the pavement at his feet and he thought, with lugubrious self-pity: In ten years I'll be over forty.

He grinned at this idea, close relative to the child's dream of his parents weeping by the side of his grave. He grinned under his burden of self-pity and nostalgia on the streets of New York, where every Jane seemed to have found her Jack, or at least to expect him soon. He smiled, judged himself, was not content.

To distract himself, he plunged and replunged into the study of love. He behaved as if he were studying those others, the girls, but in fact he knew he was studying himself, and this did not displease him. He began to develop his private theories, like all men who live alone too much with women. How can you tell if a girl has a good heart for love-making? Well, you make love, but by that time it may be too late for comfort. How do you know in advance? Show her a menu, and if she does not worry over it, but chooses decisively and then eats with good appetite, sweating slightly, she is OK. *Note:* Air conditioning throws off the calculations. *Note:* Fat girls don't count. And in fact it turns out, after all, that a fellow only really discovers the truth about a particular girl when he lives through those precarious getting-to-know-you moments, up the stairway and into the room and beyond. And perhaps there are differences for her, too, depending on whether it is only Peter or the man she has been waiting for.

After Elsie, you might have thought that the vision of Sarah — discreet, grateful and brooding, with her impulses to make him a home-cooked meal — would have tempted him. No. Or rather, not for long, not while fully awake. For despite his dissatisfactions with Elsie, she had given him something — freedom of action. He discovered an important underground doctrine about love: *You don't have to care.* Raised in a very moral American world, he had thought that strong desire was necessary to success; on the contrary, Elsie was easy on the heart and easy on the body. And why not? He did not need Sarah; he did not need love. He could settle for fun: boredom followed by release — fun.

Still, those long afternoons with Sarah and her pears and Berlioz in his small apartment had unsettled him, unnerved him for other girls. Because of Sarah, he judged Elsie from the height and the depths of other possibilities. He had cared, or wanted to care, or imagined caring. The newspaper society pages were full of glossy Elsies getting brightly married to well-brushed men like himself, but these were men who had had their college weekends, had passed relieved through a few paltry adventures, and had never known Sarah dreamily playing her fingers along the edges of the dime-sized bald spot in his silky thatch of pale hair. Gingerly those men in the papers had tested their points; they would never discover that a man can be plunged up to the hilt in flesh. Poor Elsies. Poor lads.

Following Elsie and a time of discreet meditation, during which electronics stocks continued to do well as a group, there was an Austrian divorcee named Inga. Inga did marvelous imitations of the Gabor sisters, seven or eleven of whom were her best friends. It seems that one of them met a great movie producer and said, "I hear you are the most important man in Hollywood." But by accenting the first syllable and leaving out the "r" in "important," the merry Gabor obtained the word "impotent." Peter listened to Inga tell this charming anecdote seven or eleven times, one for each sister, and after each time she always made sure that attention continued to be focused on her with a change-of-pace remark like, "Dahling, please get me my wrap, I'm cold."

With Inga, Peter discovered that it was possible to think of a woman as a foam-rubber doll and to throw himself upon her with destructive fury and yet be unable to mark her at all. Afterward, restoring her face, she would comment, "You were especially good tonight, I thought, dahling. It's those oysters, I'm sure. Whatever will we do when the months without 'r' come around?"

"I'll figure something out," he said, brooding malevolently on her preoccupation with "rs." He did not wait until May to stop calling Inga. And the funny thing was that she never once asked him to explain; she seemed to understand without apologies, and that was more sensitivity than he expected in her. He did see her once in a restaurant where he happened to be eating alone. She was in a crowd at a large table, and her voice rose above the clatter, in pseudo-Hungarian, "Oh dahling," she said, "you are in Hollywood the most important man."

He sneaked out of the restaurant without finishing his meal. He thought that perhaps his shame came of being discovered at dinner by himself, but as he hit the street, cool air and damp, a tangle of taxis, he realized that he was ashamed for Inga — she was still telling that same old story. Her companion at dinner was a well-known minor actor with a sulky handsome face and no talent. If he had been a few inches taller, he might have been a Hollywood star.

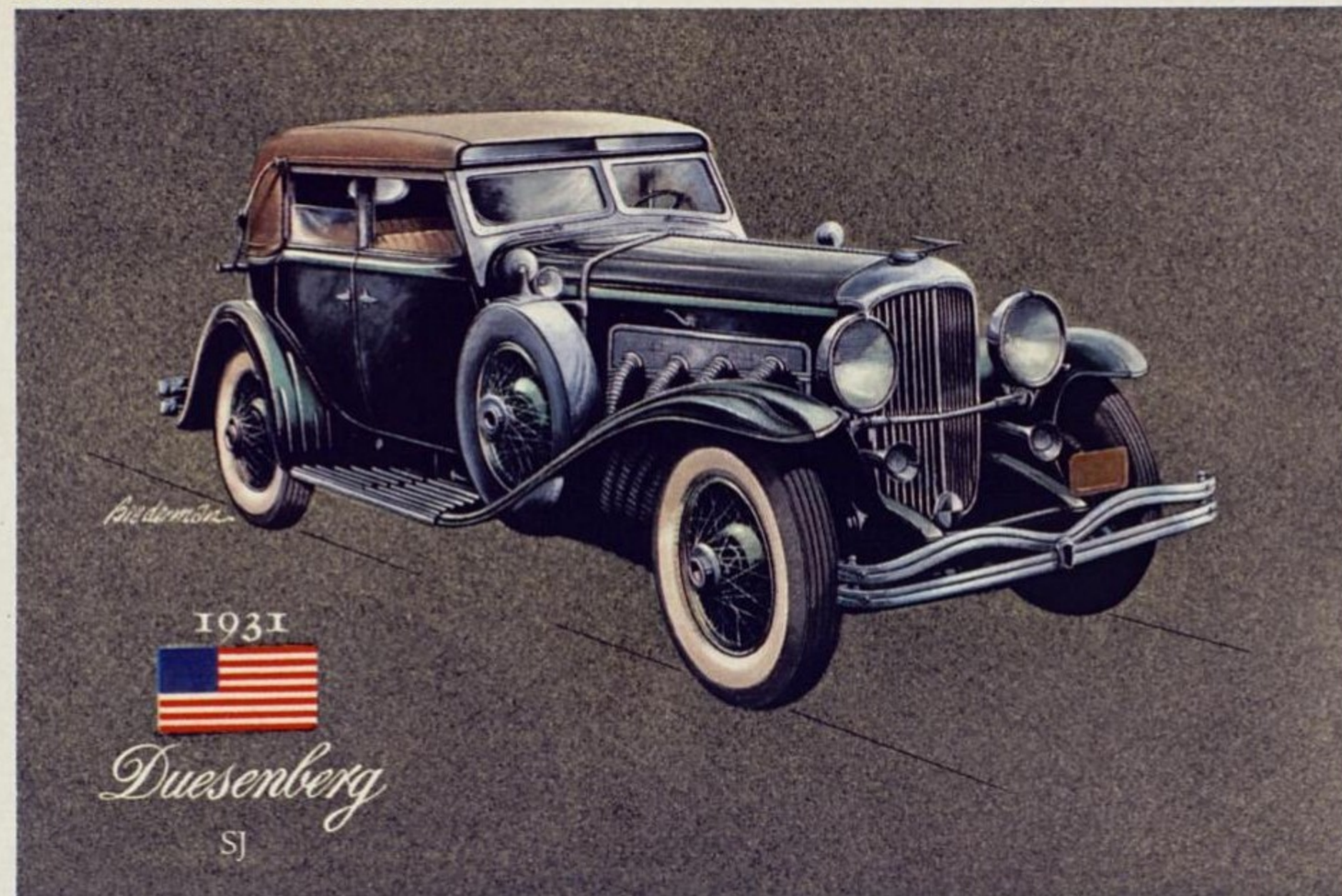
Perhaps partly in order not to be caught eating dinner alone, Peter then took up in rapid succession with a secretary in a rival brokerage firm, a Hawaiian pottery-maker whom he met in a Greenwich Village Mexican restaurant (shyly they later confided that too much spice gave them both loose stomachs), and a graduate student in physical education at Columbia. Each of these affairs ended with, in order of appearance, a demand of marriage simultaneous with the onslaught of boredom, a rapid accretion of fat at the hips and boredom, a slipped disc during badminton and boredom.

Look at me! thought Peter, again between women, and decided that perhaps his disease of the lapse of love was deeply significant of our age. Personal failures equal public failures — why not? But a man accustomed to hard-headed examination of annual reports was not easily satisfied by such glossy justifications. The bookkeeper's tables tell more of the story; mismanagement and diversion of effort and failure to use resources. Peter therefore gave up philosophy about love, and discovered that he could eat alone without much risk of being caught at it by going a little out of his way. He took to the movies again. He started with foreign art films, but gradually worked his way up to Alan Ladd Westerns. He visited museums, and noted that he was perhaps the only person in Manhattan who went to museums without looking to pick up somebody of the opposite (or same) sex. He also went to concerts. As his feelings atrophied, he developed a taste for the artistic expression of feelings. But he was not dead yet. He had a thrilling itch in his ears

(continued on page 97)

article BY KEN PURDY

PAINTINGS BY JEROME BIEDERMAN

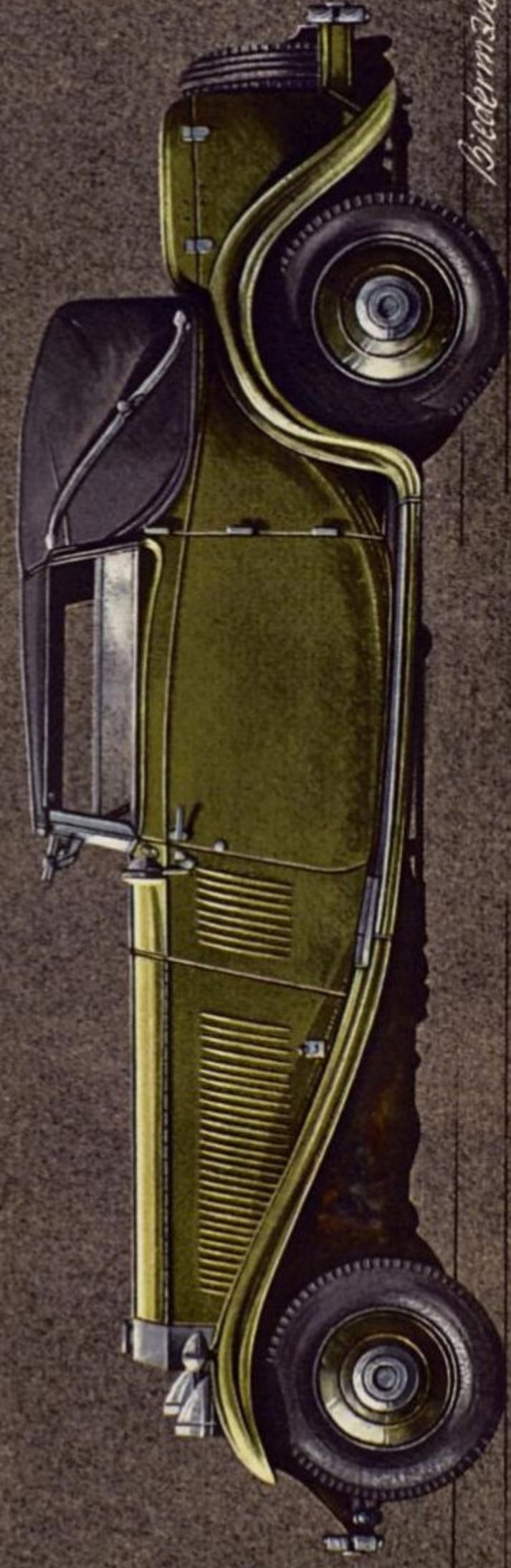


CLASSIC CARS OF THE '30's THE LUXURIOUS LAND YACHTS OF MOTORING'S ELEGANT AGE

IN 1991, THIRTY YEARS FROM NOW, will Cadillac El Dorados and Pontiac Bonneville and Humber Super Snipes be sought after and restored and lovingly tucked up in museums? I am assaulted by doubt when I consider this proposition. But when we look in the other direction, and contemplate the scene thirty years behind us, we see the streets of the world's great cities dotted with automobiles that were obviously destined for immortality, and deserving of it, too. Why is this? What differences have grown in these three decades?

We are talking now about gentlemen's carriages built to serve two basic purposes: to transport four people, at most, in elegance over city streets and boulevards, and to carry them, in comfort and at high speed, over the roads from one city to another, or from the city to the seashore, the mountains or the lake country. These were not

(text continued on page 48)



Biederman

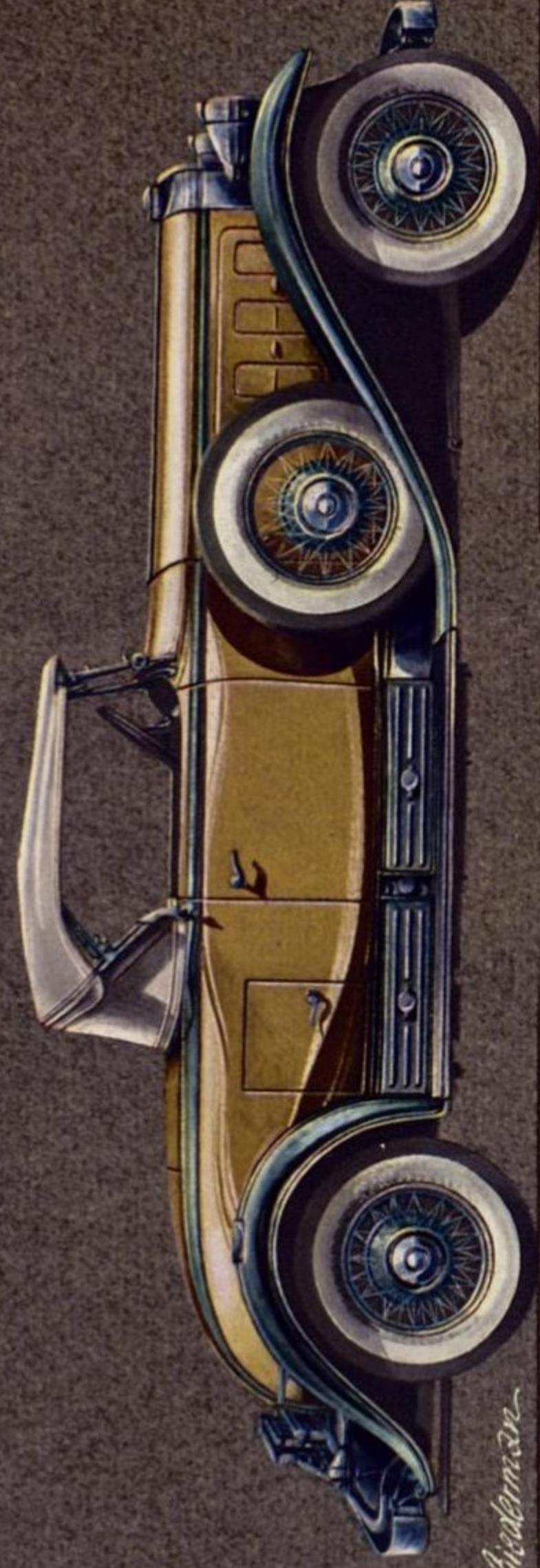
1933



The discerning motorist cut a handsome five-figure figure with this fine-lined P. II as he toolled toward a Westbury polo match, pulled up poolside at Pickfair, white-tie-and-high-tailed it for the Club New Yorker to ring in Repeal.

Rolls-Royce

PHANTOM II CONTINENTAL



Biederman

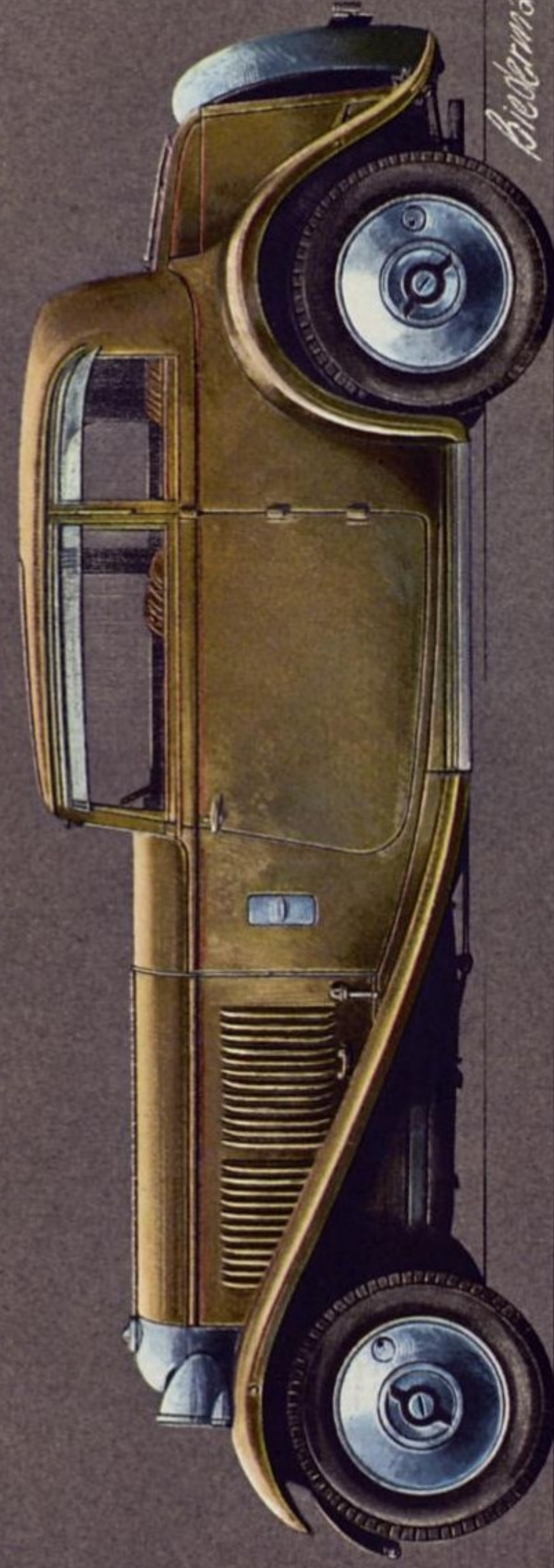
1931



Cadillac

V-16

Tethered outside the greensward of Forest Hills while its owner watched Ellsworth Vines and Helen Wills Moody mop up the opposition, or roaring down from Darien to catch the Ziegfeld Follies' opening curtain, this V-16 was a rumble-seated, steel-sinewed beauty.



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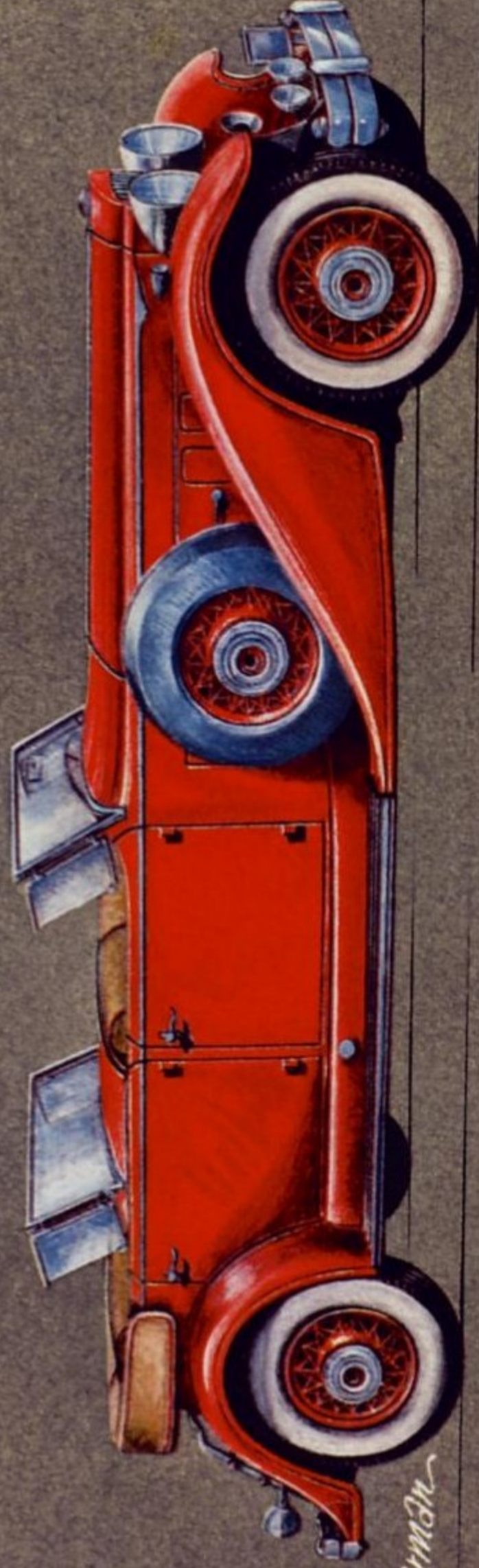
1930



Bentley

8-LITER

For high-speed, high-style Prohibition-era speak-seeking, the eager and exclusive 8-liter could slip swiftly from midtown Gotham's Silver Slipper up to Harlem's Cotton Club, whisk its passengers cross-country to sample the *sub-rosa* delights of the Windy City's rollicking Club Alabam or Four Deuces.



Biederman

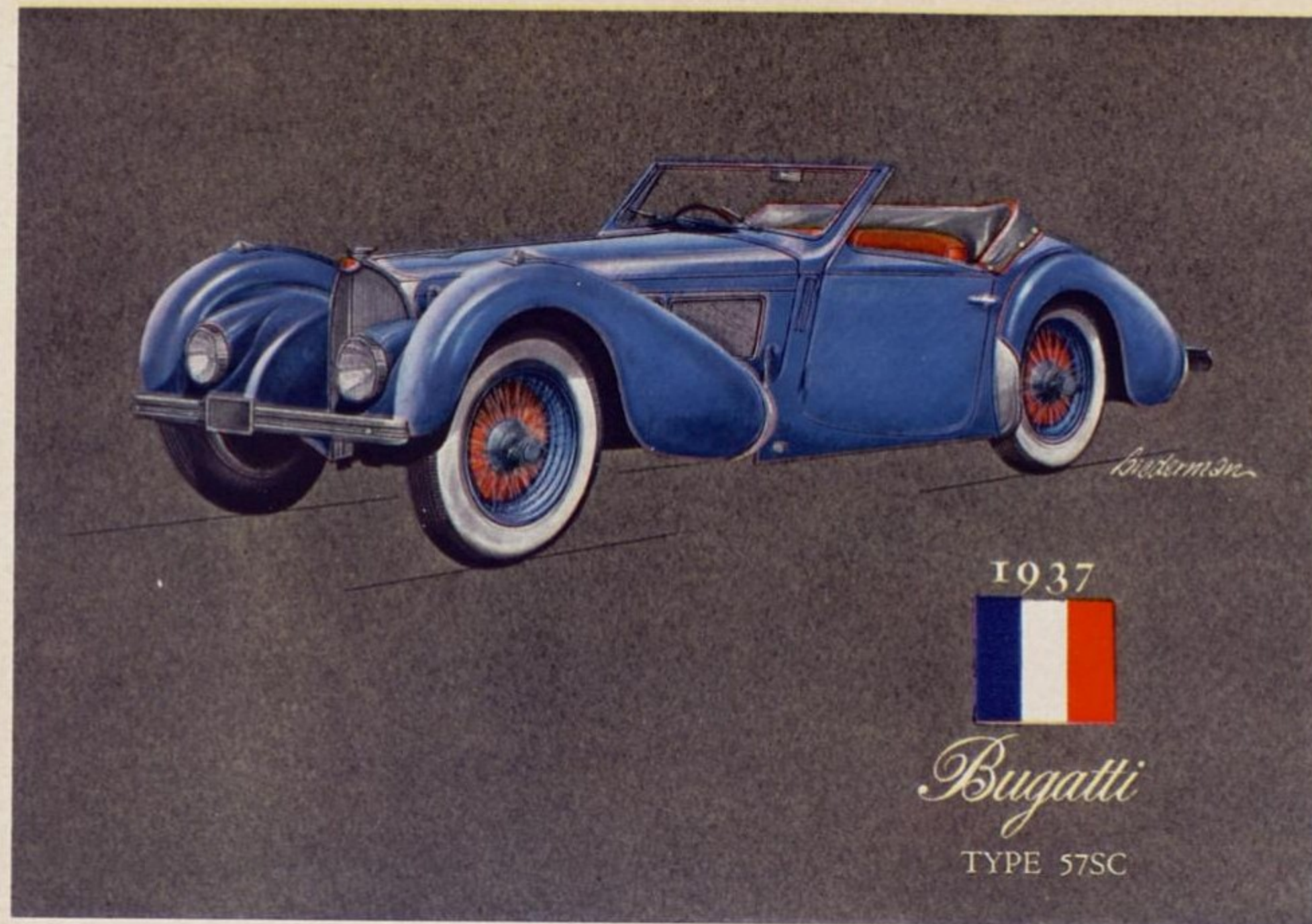
1933



Packard

SUPER 8 SPORT PHAETON

This Gothic-grilled Super 8 toted four fresh-air aficionados in dual-cowled distinction to such enlightened outdoor activities as Chicago's Century of Progress, pachydermous Primo Carnera magically relieving Jack Sharkey of his heavyweight crown, Don Meade whipping Broker's Tip to the front of the pack in the Kentucky Derby.



multipurpose cars in the modern manner. Emphatically, they were not designed to be easy for Mom to drive to the supermarket, with trunk space big enough to accommodate the deer Dad lays low on his annual hunting trip, and upholstered with plastic wonder-fabrics proof against upended chocolate ice-cream cones. The men who laid down these cars had in mind a clientele for whom a butler ordered the groceries, whose venison was slain by a gamekeeper, and whose squalling young were in the charge of a nanny who would expect to be drawn and quartered if one of them got anywhere near an ice-cream cone. Certainly persons less fortunately situated bought these cars now and again; but so did those who conformed to the designers' specifications, and they were pleased with them.

These were the cars that dominated the mad years between the end of the bull market in 1929 and the beginning of World War II, when many who had kept their money saw the deluge ahead and were inclined to say, "I can't take it with me, and I'll be damned if I'll leave it here."

Gaiety counted; gaiety and movement. Mayor Jimmy Walker of New York so accurately reflected the acceptable attitudes of his day that he became almost a cliché; his sins, which were notable, were forgiven, indeed were hardly termed sins at all, because the citizens of whom he was the nominal servant so ardently wished they could behave as he behaved. "Keep your hands to the plow, dear friends," he would say as he terminated ten minutes of attendance at a City Hall meeting and skipped down the steps to the waiting Duesenberg town car and told the driver to which of the currently fashionable speakeasies he wished to be hurried.

It was not a time for stay-at-homes. It was a time for travel and sensation-hunting and moving as quickly as possible from place to place. There was plenty of room on the roads and some of the automobiles available were splendid.

These were the motorcars the Americans call Classic, the British, Vintage and Post-Vintage Thoroughbred: cars of the breed of the SJ Duesenberg, the 8-liter Bentley, the Hispano-Suiza Boulogne, the Marmon 16, the P. II Continental Rolls-Royce, the Types 41, 46, 50 and 57SC Bugatti. Some were quicker than the others; some more comfortable, more reliable, more beautiful; but looking at them today, sitting in them, driving them, riding in (continued on page 58)

article **By J. PAUL GETTY** a well-aimed broadside at the yankee yahoo — a cultural clod with beer taste and a champagne pocketbook

THE EDUCATED BARBARIANS

SOME MONTHS AGO, a big-circulation European magazine published a cartoon which depicted a camera-draped American tourist and a tourist-guide standing in front of some Greek temple ruins. "First World War or Second?" the caption had the American asking.

Although this may not sound very funny to you or me, the cartoon was widely reprinted all over the Continent. Countless Europeans laughed heartily at what they considered a telling lampoon of the typical American tourist.

While foreigners have long acknowledged and acclaimed American leadership — and even supremacy — in science and technology, they have always been highly amused by the cultural illiteracy so often displayed by Americans and particularly by American men.

The curator of a famous French art museum tells me that he can instantly single out most American men in even the largest and most heterogeneous crowds that come to his galleries.

"It's all in their walk," he claims. "The moment the average American male steps through the doors, he assumes a truculently self-conscious half-strut, half-shamble that tries to say: 'I don't really want to be here. I'd much rather be in a bar or watching a baseball game.'"

In my own opinion, the average American's cultural shortcomings can be likened to those of the educated barbarians of ancient Rome. These were barbarians who learned to speak — and often to read and write — Latin. They acquired Roman habits of dress and deportment. Many of them handily mastered Roman commercial, engineering and military techniques — but they remained barbarians nonetheless. They failed to develop any understanding, appreciation or love for the art and culture of the great civilization around them.

The culture-shunning American male has been a caricaturists' cliché for decades, at home as well as abroad — and with good reason. The traditional majority view in the United States has long seemed to be that culture is for women, longhairs and sissies — not for one-hundred-percent, red-blooded men. Thus, it is hardly surprising that American women are generally far more advanced culturally than American males.

Because I spend much of my time abroad, I have many opportunities to observe my countrymen's reactions to the highly refined cultural climates of foreign countries. Frankly, I'm frequently shocked and discomfited by their bland lack of interest in anything that is even remotely cultural in nature.

A graphic — and, I fear, all too representative — example of what I mean can be found in the story of a meeting I had with an old friend in London last summer. My friend, a wealthy U.S. industrialist, stopped off in London en route to the Continent. He telephoned me from his hotel, and we arranged to have lunch together. After we'd eaten, I proposed that we spend a few hours visiting the Wallace Collection. I knew my companion had never seen this fabulous trove of antique furniture and art. As for myself, I was eager to revisit it and once again enjoy seeing the priceless treasures exhibited there. My friend, however, practically choked on the suggestion.

"Good Lord, Paul!" he spluttered indignantly. "I've only two days to spend in London — and I'm not going to waste an entire afternoon wandering around a musty art gallery. You can go look at antiques and oil paintings. I'm going to look at the girls at the Windmill!"

Then, I recall the dismal tableau enacted in my Paris hotel lobby not long ago when I played host to two American couples visiting Paris for the first time. I stood silently to one side while the husbands and wives argued about what they wanted to do that evening.

The ladies wanted to attend a special nighttime showing of a contemporary sculpture collection

that had received high praise from all art critics. The husbands objected vehemently.

"Hell, I've already seen a statue!" one of the men snorted. "Let's go to a nightclub instead!"

The other man agreed enthusiastically. The wives capitulated, and I, being the host, submitted to the inevitable with as much grace as possible under the circumstances.

As a consequence, we all spent the evening in an airless, smoke-filled cabaret exactly like every other airless, smoke-filled cabaret anywhere in the world, listening to a fourth-rate jazz band blare out background noise for a fifth-rate floorshow.

Now, I have nothing against cabarets, jazz bands or floorshows. I enjoy all three—provided they're good and provided I don't have to live on a steady diet of them. But I certainly can't understand why so many Americans will travel thousands of miles to a world cultural center such as Paris and then spend their time nightclubbing.

Countless experiences similar to these I've related have led me to believe that a comparison between modern American men and the educated barbarians of ancient Rome is not so terribly far-fetched after all.

I've found that the majority of American men really believe there is something effeminate—if not downright subversively un-American—about showing any interest in literature, drama, art, classical music, opera, ballet or any other type of cultural endeavor. It is virtually their *hubris* that they are too "manly" and "virile" for such effete things, that they prefer basketball to Bach or Brueghel and poker to Plato or Pirandello.

Unfortunately, this culture-phobia is not an aberration peculiar to the uneducated clods in our society. It is to be found in virulent forms even among highly successful and otherwise intelligent and well-educated individuals. I've heard more than one man with a Phi Beta Kappa key glittering on his watch-chain proclaim loudly that he "wouldn't be caught dead" inside an opera house, concert hall or art gallery. I'm acquainted with many top-level businessmen and executives with Ivy League backgrounds who don't know the difference between a Corot and a chromo—and couldn't care less.

The "anticulture" bias appears to thrive at most levels of American society. It is reflected in a thousand and one facets of American life. The nauseating, moronic fare dished out to radio, television and motion picture audiences—and presumably relished by them—is one random example. The comparatively sparse attendance at mu-

seums and permanent art exhibitions is another. Only a tiny percentage of the population reads great books or listens to great music. It's doubtful if one in ten Americans is able to differentiate between a Doric and an Ionic column. Save for amateur theatrical groups or touring road companies, the legitimate theater is practically nonexistent outside New York City.

Americans like to boast that the United States is the richest nation on earth. They hardly seem to notice that in proportion to its material wealth and prosperity, the American people themselves are culturally poor, if not poverty-stricken.

The far-reaching and powerful influence of traditional American culture-shunning was, I think, illustrated quite clearly during the recent Presidential campaign. The music editor of the U.S. magazine *Saturday Review* queried both Presidential candidates for their answers to two questions:

1. Are you in favor of establishing a post of Secretary of Culture with Cabinet rank?

2. To what extent do you believe the Federal Government should assist in the support of museums, symphony orchestras, opera companies and so on?

According to published reports, both candidates rejected the idea of creating a Cabinet post for a Secretary of Culture. Neither seemed to think that Federal aid to domestic cultural activities, institutions and projects should be extended much beyond that which is already being given to the Library of Congress and the National Gallery.

Now, by no means do I intend this as a criticism of either President John F. Kennedy or of Mr. Richard M. Nixon, nor do I in any way wish to imply that they are not both highly cultured gentlemen. I rather imagine that their replies were made on the advice of their political counselors who doubtless warned them to tread carefully and avoid having any fatal "longhair" labels attached to their names.

As far as the first question is concerned, I hardly feel myself qualified to argue its pros and cons. It is not for me to judge whether a Secretary of Culture would be good or bad for the nation.

I am, however, a taxpayer. As such, I cannot help but feel that a few Federal millions spent on cultural activities would be at least as well spent as the countless tens of millions lavished each year on bureaucratic paper-shuffling operations. Certainly all of our citizens would derive much greater benefits from such expenditures than they do from the costly pork-barrel projects to be found in almost every Federal budget.

The United States is the only major nation on earth that does not support

its cultural institutions to some degree with public funds. True, the Federal Government has, in recent years, spent large sums to send artists, musicians, entire art exhibits, symphony orchestras and theatrical and dance troupes on globe-girdling junkets to spread American culture abroad for propaganda purposes. These are, of course, valuable projects which do much to raise American prestige in foreign lands.

It is a grotesque paradox that the same Federal Government will not spend a penny to spread culture in America and thus raise the cultural level of our own people!

It strikes me that there is an Alice in Wonderland quality to whatever reasoning may lie behind all this. I am neither a politician nor a government economist. But it seems to me that if the Federal Government is legally obligated to see that the nation's citizens have pure foods, transcontinental highways and daily mail deliveries, then it has at least a moral obligation to see that they have the opportunities and facilities for cultural betterment.

Only one-tenth of one percent—a one-thousandth fraction—of the annual Federal budget would be sufficient to finance a vast program of support for cultural institutions and activities throughout the country. It is hardly overpricing the value of our cultural present and future to say that they are well worth at least one-thousandth of our Federal tax dollars!

History shows that civilizations live longest through their artistic and cultural achievements. We have forgotten the battles fought and the wars won by ancient civilizations, but we marvel at their architecture, art, painting, poetry and music. The greatness of nations and peoples is in their culture, not in their conquests.

Themistocles is given only a line or two in most history books. Aristophanes, Aeschylus, Phidias, Socrates—all of whom lived in the same Century as Themistocles—are immortals. The edicts and decrees of the Caesars are largely forgotten. The poetry of Horace and Virgil lives on forever. The names of the Medicis, Sforzas and Viscontis gain their greatest luster from the patronage the noble families gave to da Vinci, Michelangelo, Raphael and other unforgettable artists. What are Gneisenau and Scharnhorst in comparison to their countrymen and contemporaries: Beethoven, Schubert, Goethe and Heine? Surely, the moral should be obvious even to the most stubborn of culture-shunners among today's Educated Barbarians.

Nonetheless, entirely too many American men insist that they can see no reason for developing any cultural interests or appreciation of the arts. Some

(continued on page 115)

attire By ROBERT L. GREEN

TONY CURTIS:



A FASHION PROFILE

the sartorial slant on hollywood's swiftest conservative — inaugurating a special series on personalities with a personal point of view



Definitely not diffident about owning a Rolls, Tony stands beside his ice-blue prize in breezy gray-and-white-checked poplin jacket, spotless white flannel Bermudas, yellow sport shirt, forest-green knee socks, olive suede shoes.



Confabbing with producer Sy Bartlett, Tony's the image of understated individuality in blue-gray tropical, quiet rep, two-inch "Curtis" collar, high-tongued slip-ons. At ease with easel, the inner man emerges in a so-far-out-it's-in pink pima cotton jumpsuit. Abetted by golf-buddy Bob Wagner, the multihobbed star lines up a crucial putt in five-button knit pullover, fitted Jamaicans.

Breaking bread with Kirk Douglas and spouse at the Curtises' plush Palm Springs retreat, Tony inventively coordinates the poplin jacket from page 51 with shirt, tie and slacks for a fresh feeling of blue-black boldness. Rolls-side at the studio gate in an immaculate ensemble of large-patterned glen plaid and imported black mohair, the busy businessman-star pauses to take a call.

I CAN BEST DESCRIBE MYSELF as a swinging conservative — a guy who won't go down the line with any single style or fashion," Tony Curtis told us recently in an exclusive sartorial self-portrait. Freely translated, he meant he's the sort who believes in being suitably dressed for every occasion, but who isn't averse to introducing a bold note of color or design. This single declaration correctly keys his entire fashion personality; however "in" a color, fabric or silhouette, it never reposes in his wardrobe if he feels it does nothing for him.

"My clothing tastes are strictly personal," he confided. "Black is indisputably 'in,' and I agree that it has a place in a man's wardrobe, particularly in evening wear; but I think the whole black gambit has lapsed into faddism. I'm against the carbon-copy notion of people's wearing the same outfits simply

because they're stylish and current. I don't adhere to the strictures of the Italian Look, the British Look, the Armenian Look, or you name it. If you follow any 'look' down to the last buttonhole, you end up with nothing but a uniform; the last uniform I wore was in the Navy. This sort of conformity is a dangerous threat to a true fashion sense. Take the Ivy Look; though it originated many years ago at the Ivy schools, it came into its own as a new clothing direction for the general public only about eight years ago, liberating the American male at last from the deformities of excessive suit padding and pleating. Now, it's certainly a good thing to initially encourage people to dress with the security of an approved conservative look. But Ivy should be used as a stepping stone to greater freedom in style and silhouette for the young man just finding his place socially and economically. There is a more contemporary fashion



Smartly silk-trousered and happi-coated in the den of his comfortably contemporary domicile in Beverly Hills, Tony watches a late-night TV-replay of an early Curtis effort. Handsomely bedecked alfresco in V-necked Italian mohair sweater and chalk-white cotton-mesh tennis shorts, he drains a foaming glass after a vigorous set on the private court of neighborly neighbor Dean Martin.

Chaise-lounging with Janet at their Palm Springs poolside, Tony seeks sunny solace from the Hollywood social swim in burgundy Italian top and orange mid-thigh trunks. Back on his balcony in Beverly Hills, he takes the evening air—and a pre-prandial cooler—in a custom-tailored mohair dinner jacket with semishawl collar, peaked lapels, deep side vents, cutaway front and slanted pockets.

— call it Continental, American Continental, or just the Hip Look — which originated in the 1920s with such styles as the tighter coat, the cutaway front, the vested suit; and it gives you elbow-room for far more individual expression than all the regimental vogues."

It seemed natural, if not unavoidable, for us to invoke the hallowed name of Brooks Brothers—one of the few stores in the world whose very mention conjures up venerable visions of unshakable, unimpeachable conservatism. We therefore did so. "Brooks," Tony acknowledged, "has made some great contributions to fashion: the button-down collar, the polo coat, the pink shirt are just a few. The extent and entrenchment of their conservatism, however, may succeed only in frustrating any genuine expression of the personality of the man who doesn't really dig the 'agency' look. After all, it isn't everyone who works on Madison—and it isn't everyone's desire to look as if he did. Impeccable taste is the only real criterion, no matter how you dress. With magazines like *PLAYBOY*, *Esquire* and *Gentlemen's Quarterly*, there are plenty of guides around to help, without hindering, your self-expression. Each guy may have to feel his own way, but the great things he can find in small shops will give him a chance to express an individual fashion point of view, rather than transform him into one of a trudging herd."

A staunch advocate of the honesty of a three-way mirror, Tony espouses the "know-thyself" theory of dressing. "A man with a large chest shouldn't wear tight trousers," he counseled, regarding us a shade too appraisingly, we thought. "And a man with a small chest or upper torso shouldn't wear loose jackets. Thin, short men and stout, tall men shouldn't wear anything too flashy; it will only focus attention on their deficiencies. They should be particularly careful to select styles and tones which make the most of their assets." Entreated to impart a few of his own color preferences, Tony complied with the kind of self-confidence that comes only with long experience. "My wardrobe is predominantly gray, blue and black with a few beiges and browns—although I do avoid certain shades of brown and most greens except olive. Tints like red and yellow should be confined primarily to sweaters, swimwear and paisley-printed handkerchiefs. Off-colors like lavender and pink should be used very sparingly—at least in my group."

Well acquainted with the West Coast penchant for the bareheaded look, we broached the subject of hats, resigned to the probability of a giant cipher in the headgear department. "I own eleven

hats," he began offhandedly, "ranging from a Homburg to a yachting cap. I've had them for about five years." Openly impressed with this sizable wardrobe, we leaned forward for further details. "With the exception of a beanie, which I wear when I'm driving," he continued, "I've never worn any of them."

"I don't dig jewelry of any kind, either," he resumed, warming to the theme of sartorial dos and don'ts, "except for cuff links and studs with formal wear. From time to time, I may wear an oversize silk paisley handkerchief, folded around the neck of an open-collared shirt; but I just don't go for ascots. There's a fine line between the guy who can wear them with a real flair and get away with it, and the guy who comes off a phony. They're great for the group that can really wear them, but too often the ones who shouldn't are the ones who try." As for the bow tie—another accessory for the rare man who can carry it off—Tony simply dismissed it with a shrug. "I never wear one—except with evening wear, where they seem to work for everybody. There's nothing wrong with them, they're just not for me."

If any "look" is associated with Tony, it is the high shirt collar; persuaded that most people wear their collars too low, he has his made with a two-inch height. "Just as you show linen at the jacket cuffs, I think linen should show at the neckline above the suit." His choice in collar style inclines to the pin-type and medium spread. He is not a user of either garters or galluses.

"California," he went on, after a few minutes of sun-baked silence, "is no New York. You can get sunburned here in the dead of December." He gestured expansively to the smoggy heavens. "Such truck as overcoats, scarves, woolen gloves, galoshes and whatnot are about as useful here as a suit of armor. The climate demands a completely different attitude toward wardrobes—and so does the informality of the entertainment business. In New York or Chicago, very few men go to the office in sport shirts and slacks, or wear a sweater instead of a jacket. If I moved back East, I'm sure I'd have to replace most of my wardrobe." In the benign clime of southern California, however, he can do nought but go native, and play it cool. "On the fabric front, my favorites here are lightweights and summer tropicals. I especially dig Dacron and nylon in my shirts and underwear; their lightness makes outer garments fit better. I don't want to knock heavyweight wool, but I'm willing to let the sheep keep it—at least as long as I stick around California."

Unlike many luminaries who place

themselves in the hands of a reputable custom tailor and bow meekly to his dictates, Tony shops around. He feels, as do we, that the sweater, the pair of gloves, the shoes, the necktie, the improbable cuff links bought on the strength of nothing more logical or practical than a spontaneous impulse, can be among the most satisfying investments in vestment. He avers that the unswerving eye, the inflexible will, the uneducible wallet are a sure mark of the "loser" in mercantile, and probably other, matters. "I have a special weakness for reacting quickly to sweaters and shoes," he confessed, "and I can be relied upon to buy either of them, regardless of how many I already own." The hippest—or at least the happiest—shoppers, we've found, are those who thus obey their impulses before their sense of logic.

The subject of tog-shopping brought to mind the grim vision of the overbearing *Frau* who garbles her guy's garb by shadowing his every sartorial move. We found ourselves wondering aloud whether helpmeet Janet Leigh's obviously astute fashion judgment could be said to sway Tony's choice of duds. "Janet's influence doesn't affect me at all," he replied candidly. "I think most men know more about women's fashions than vice versa, anyway. A man should choose his own clothes for his own needs and enjoyment. Women have managed to invade practically every area of our lives; I think we should all get together and keep clothes-buying one of those rare moments when a man can relax in a man's world." Waxing passionate on this point, he went on: "Clothes should reflect the personality of the man who wears them—a distinction he's bound to lose if he relies on his wife's, or his girlfriend's, choice. If a butcher wants to express himself by buying an ascot, or an accountant finds an outlet in sporting an evening shirt with ruffles, I think he ought to be allowed that pleasure without any 'tsk-tsks' from the sidelines." Clinging tenaciously to the topic, we hauled out that hoary adage about a woman's most important possession being a well-dressed man, and tossed it up for grabs. Ever the realist, Tony smiled wisely and conceded, "Let's face it—when a couple goes out for the evening, the woman is the star. Therefore, she decides what she wants to wear, and the guy should harmonize as best he can. As with a good jazz combo, let her carry the melody, and you fill in the beat."

We learned that Tony buys about two thirds of his wardrobe off the rack—he's no fashion snob; the rest is cus-

(concluded on page 92)





cool
summer it
savories with a
frosty
flair

food By THOMAS MARIO

FOR FEVERED BROW, PARCHED THROAT AND JADED PALATE, the refrigerator can be a veritable ice palace of culinary cold comestibles during the hot months. In this labor-saving age, the preparation of many cool collations — from cooked crab and corned tongue to liver pâté and pickled herring — involves a ritual no more complex than the upending of cardboard cartons from the corner caterer. But such immemorial stand-bys as ham and potato salad all too often make their appearance at the summer dinner table as bungling stand-ins for the genuine article. For those who dig delicatessen, the best way to avoid wretched repasts is extensive trial-and-error research in the better gourmet shops. The resolute hamologist won't rest until he finds ham that's sweet but smoky, chewy but tender, lightly salted but not acrid; a description which includes such princely provisions as pungent Italian prosciutto, delicate Danish ham, hearty domestic Smithfield, and the ineffably savory, virtually transparent Westphalian ham from Germany. The dedicated potato saladier will search until he finds a variety that is absolutely fresh (made within three or four hours before display, or at least the same day) and seasoned with fresh chives rather than the traditional onion filler.

But the road to calm, cool and convenient warm-weather dining need not be littered entirely with delicatessen cartons, however commendable their contents. For most of us, the appetite for truly epicurean nourishment doesn't taper off by a taste bud during the hot months. Understandably salad-sated, pâté-pooped and pickle-weary, we crave such summertime specialties as fresh Gaspé salmon, slowly poached in its skin, then chilled within a few degrees of freezing, and coated with mayonnaise tinged with mustard — among the kingly edibables from a vast province of provender cultivated expressly for frigid feasting. You won't find them canned, bottled, boxed, deep-frozen, dehydrated or reconstituted in any long-grocery of our acquaintance; but they can be concocted at home on the range with far more gustatory gratification, if somewhat less childish ease, than any known prefab fare, hot or cold, plain or fancy. At the end of a lazy day's bake at the beach, or an afternoon's



jog on the commercial treadmill, few prospects are more appetizing than a choice fish, fowl or roast, plucked frosty-fresh from the victual vault. Cooked in advance, relegated to refrigerator, and brought forth shortly after the martini hour, such regal repasts can liberate the host from a summer-evening ritual which saps even the hardiest appetites: the hot-stove gambit.

A few canons of culinary cold storage should safely insulate him from possible frostbite as well. Apart from unswerving insistence on the best goods available, as in all mercantile matters, the primary precept is to use discretion rather than valor in the selection of birds and beasts for the buffet table. Unless a ravenous regiment is expected, the wise way is to procure joints and cuts of fairly modest proportions — large enough to satisfy, but small enough to roast and chill without unconscionable delay. If a tempting roast beef is among the iced delights in store, the sharp chef will take care to cook it especially rare, in order to conserve the precious pink juices so often lost not only in the oven but in the refrigerator. As with any roast meat, he will always take the further precaution of swathing his prize in one of the transparent plastics that seal rather than conceal their contents. Such delicacies as cold shrimp and whole cooked corned beef, of course, should be preserved in containers which permit them to steep luxuriously in their own rich liquids.

Whatever dish is docketed, hasty tabling is the principal prerequisite for frosty foods. Meat, fish and fowl will survive refrigeration for varying periods — smoked meats up to three days — before lapsing into rank senility. But all of them will have lost their youthful bloom after a scant twenty-four hours of wintry imprisonment. The best plan, therefore, especially with delicate seafood and tender roast duckling, is to seize and savor your chilled prey at the piquant peak of redolence — between five and eight hours after cooking.

For somewhat airier, if no less perishable midsummer meals, there is still another realm of cold cookery for particular palates: gelatin dishes. Among the most versatile of viands, these shimmering (continued on page 110)

CLASSIC CARS (continued from page 48)

them, one is struck by one universal characteristic: privacy. Nearly always, the coachbuilders placed upon these great chassis bodies that offered privacy of a kind today's motorists, sitting in mobile greenhouses of tinted glass, know nothing about. Sedans, limousines, four-passenger coupes, *berlines de voyage*, *coupes de ville*, sometimes even open double-cowl phaetons offered rear-seat passengers shielding from public curiosity that ranged from a discreet shadowing to total privacy behind heavy silk curtains. Modern attempts on this concept have nearly always failed in elegance and taste because they were makeshift and they required arbitrary blanking off of large areas of glass, as when the late King Ibn Saud ordered twenty Cadillac limousines at \$12,500 each, all five windows and the chauffeurs' divisions made of Argus glass, mirror-side out. The women of his harem could thus see and not be seen, but the automobiles must have glittered like circus wagons under the bright Arabian sun. The coachmakers of the Thirties did it better: I know a coupe 8-liter Bentley built with a rear quarter all blind except for a six-inch oval rear window of beveled plate. The saddle-brown leather of the seat is soft and smooth as only well-worn and cared-for leather can be, and there is room on it, and to spare, for two people, but not for three. That wasn't the idea. There are ashtrays and lighters and a mirrored vanity case holding perfume atomizers and the like; a small walnut cabinet on one side of the front-seat back holds a picnic set, a matching cache carries three cut-glass carafes for spirits. A foot-square table unfolds over each cabinet. A long way ahead, past the fellow driving, and his *petite amie*, is the short straight windshield, and one can look a little to one side and see out the front windows, but why bother?

This 8-liter Bentley was the last gasp of the original Bentley company of Great Britain, a gauntlet thrown in 1930 into the face of the approaching financial hurricane. W. O. Bentley, one of the giants of automobile design, had produced the heavy, immensely strong and quite fast 3- and 4½-liter Bentleys that dominated sports-car racing in the late 1920s. Bentleys won the 24-Hour race at Le Mans in 1924, 1927, 1928, 1929 and 1930. In 1929 they did it in a style that has not been seen since: Four Bentley cars were entered, and twenty-four hours later four finished: first, second, third and fourth! Bentleys were sought after in those days, but they were expensive to buy—and to make. The company never really rolled in money, and the 8-liter, with its twice-normal-size engine, was designed to intrude into the profitable luxury-carriage

trade. The 220-horsepower engine was available in one of two wheelbases: 12 or 13 feet; the lightest model weighed three tons, and the chassis cost was just under \$10,000. Mr. Bentley's purpose in design was to create a car that would carry luxury coachwork at 100-plus mph in silence. By the standards of the day he succeeded admirably. One hundred 8-liter chassis were produced and variously clothed by the many custom coachbuilders of the time. The 8-liter was a formidable automobile. As late as 1959 an 8-liter Bentley was breaking records with speeds in excess of 141 mph.

Eight liters of engine ran another *voiture de grand luxe* of the period, the Hispano-Suiza Boulogne. The Hispano-Suiza company was made up of Spanish capital in the person of St. Damien Mateu and Swiss talent in the person of M. Marc Birkigt. Birkigt was gifted in the extreme, and had he had the flamboyance of Ettore Bugatti or Gabriel Voisin, he would have been as widely known as either of them. He was respected, indeed, among professionals. The firm began in 1904, and "Hisso" aircraft engines were much used by the Allies in the war of 1914–1918. Birkigt's concepts of luxury motorcars came to full fruition in the 1920s, when he designed the big Boulogne. The model was named after a race won by one of the prototypes, but nearly all the fifteen chassis produced were bodied as gentlemen's carriages. André Dubonnet of Paris, sometimes irreverently called the *Apéritif King*, commissioned a Boulogne that is still in existence and is still among the world's half-dozen most spectacular automobiles.

Dubonnet believed that a Boulogne would make an ideal mount for an early *Targa Florio* race. No one else thought so. The Targa was a long and brutal race on rock-studded roads through the Sicilian hills in which small, tough, hard-sprung sports and racing cars usually did well. But Dubonnet had the weight of gold on his side, and he ordered an alloy-and-tulipwood body from the aircraft company that built the famous Nieuport fighters. The alloy frame was handmade, and two-inch strips of tulipwood were riveted to it. Wood and rivets were then sanded and polished. The body was beautiful, and suitably light, but M. Dubonnet did not win the *Targa Florio*. He finished sixth, though, and the tulipwood car is now in England. The original mudguards were metal, but the car's present owner, a Mr. L. G. Albertini, found a Thames boatbuilder who knew about tulipwood and ran him up a set in exactly the style of the body.

The Model 37.2 Hispano-Suiza was at one time the most expensive automo-

bile in the world, at \$11,000 for the bare chassis, but the V-12 of 1931, which cost less, was a better automobile, indeed it must be included in any list of the best automobiles of all time. It was quite stable on the road, would move from 0 to 60 mph in twelve seconds—still, thirty years later, an entirely respectable figure—and would exceed 100 carrying almost any kind of coachwork. Further, it handled much like a modern automatic-transmission automobile: the engine had so much torque that top gear could be used from 4 miles an hour up!

Pride of place among American-built automobiles of this genre goes to the Duesenberg, and, among Duesenbergs, to the model SJ; and among SJs, to the double-cowl phaetons, in popular opinion but not in mine: I incline to Murphy Beverlys, Rollston convertible Torpedo Victorias or Opera Broughams, or Hibbard & Darrin convertible town cars, automobiles fit for fast passage over rain-swept autumn roads, with the dusk coming down like violet smoke, and a long way to go before midnight, and what of it?

Fred and August Duesenberg made Duesenbergs in a determined effort to produce the most luxurious fast car, or the fastest luxury car, in the world. They were successful in this aim: an SJ Duesenberg would do 104 miles an hour in second gear and 130 in top. After all, the car should have been fast: its first fame came as a race car. For years Duesenbergs were a fixed part of the scene at Indianapolis, and Jimmy Murphy, winning the French Grand Prix in a Duesenberg in 1921, set a record that still stands: No other American driving an American car has ever won a European *grande épreuve*.

Only about 470 J and SJ Duesenbergs were built. Their basic price range was \$14,750 to \$17,750. A very few ran up to \$20,000 and perhaps half a dozen cost \$25,000. (Only two were sold to American customers at that figure.) However, some owners gilt the lily. For example, a maharaja carpeted the rear of his Duesenberg with a Persian rug which had, he said, cost him "several times" the price of the car.

There was something about the Duesenberg, long, lean, narrow, wholly elegant, that brought out the sybarite in most people. Nothing could be added to the car mechanically with profit; even the dashboard was so completely fitted out that nothing like it exists today: a stop-clock was standard, so was a brake-pressure indicator; colored lights winked on automatically to remind the driver to add water to the battery or push the pedal that greased the car while it was in motion. A second, simplified instrument panel in the rear was not uncommon. Inhibited in that area, a man of

(continued on page 108)

DAVIS



THE KILLER IN THE TV SET

some will do anything to get a sponsor
fiction By BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN

AT FIRST, MR. ORDZ noticed only that the master of ceremonies or star of the television show wore a bad toupee, one that swept up suddenly and pointily like an Elks' convention cap. It seemed to be a late-hour "talk" arrangement, leading off with a singer named Connie who did carefully-ticked-off rhythm gestures; one to connote passion, another, unabashed frivolity, and a third naiveté and first love. The show was one Mr. Ordz did not recognize, although this was beside the point since his main concern was to avoid going upstairs to Mrs. Ordz, a plump woman who had discovered sex in her early forties. In curlers, she waited each night for Mr. Ordz to come unravel her mysteries so that she might, in her own words, "fly out of control and yield forth the real me." Mr. Ordz (continued on page 68)



ADVERTISEMENTS FOR HERSELF

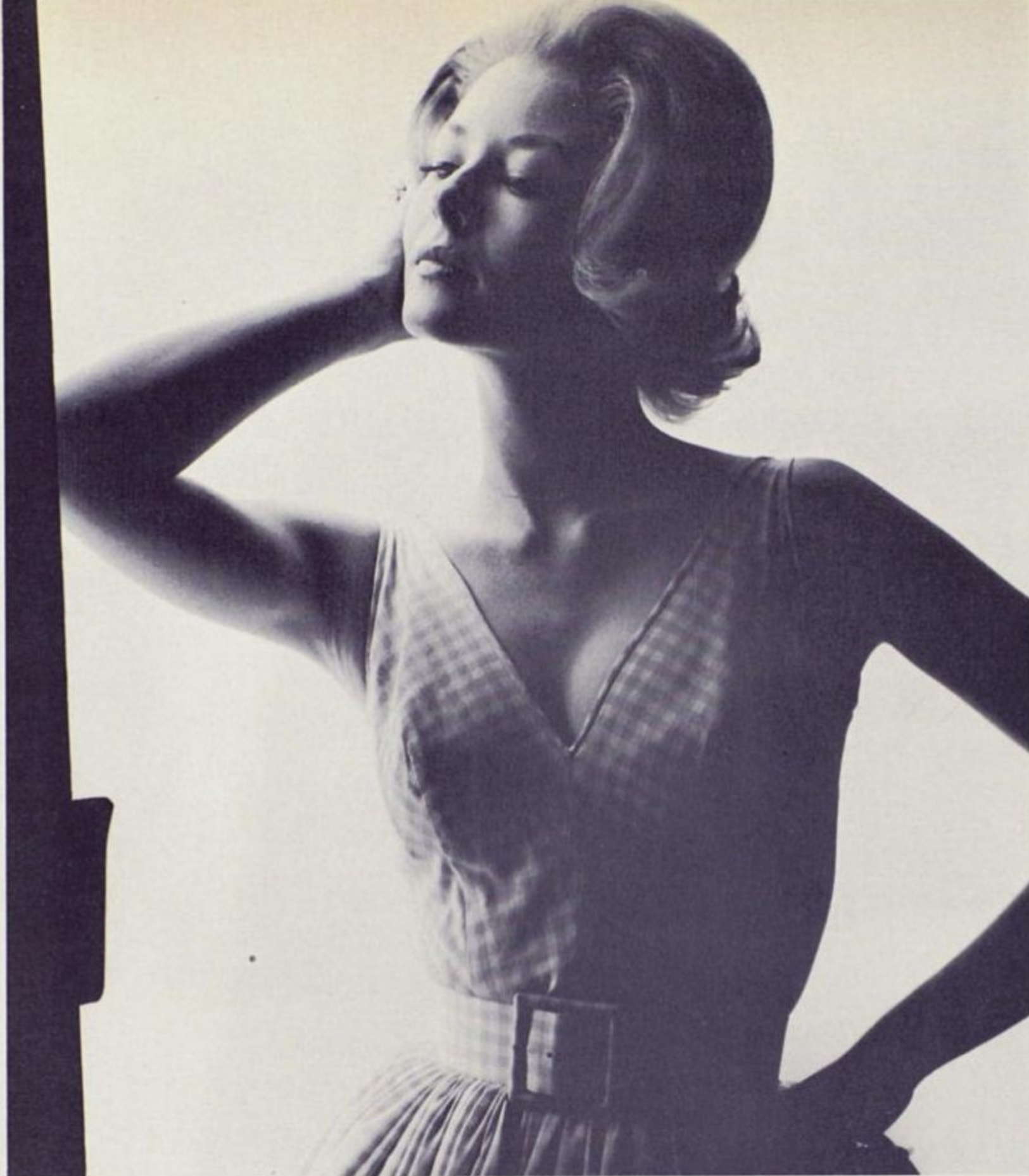
a frequent
playboy fashion plate is editorially paged
for august

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO CASILLI



MISS AUGUST PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH





FOR SOME MONTHS NOW, both readers and PLAYBOY staffers alike have had their interest piqued and their eyesight pleased by a handsomely-fashioned but lamentably unidentified mannequin modeling a round-the-calendar wardrobe of décolleté feminine modes for PLAYBOY advertiser Margie Douglas. When reader acclaim and editorial curiosity demanded an end to the lovely lady's anonymity, PLAYBOY acted, ferreted out the female in question, discovered she was Karen Thompson, a Los Angeles miss who divides her time between being a tele-vision on such shows as *The Aquanauts* and *Hawaiian Eye* and accenting our advertising columns. When we suggested that Karen come into the editorial fold, she was delighted, we were delighted, and the results herewith should prove equally delightful to our readers, who can now make a wide-screen appraisal of Karen's singular charms.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

We've heard of a new low in community standing: a man whose credit rating is so bad his money isn't accepted.

Some girls are music lovers. Others can love without it.



Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *drive-in movie* as wall-to-wall car-petting.

As they ran for their respective trains, Ralph called to his fellow-commuter, Paul:

"How about a game of golf tomorrow?"

"Sorry," Paul called back, "but it's the kids' day off, and I've got to take care of the maid."

If exercise eliminates fat, how come women get double chins?



A man will often take a girl to some retreat in order to make advances.

With deep concern, if not alarm, Dick noted that his friend Conrad was drunker than he'd ever seen him before.

"What's the trouble, buddy?" he asked, sliding onto the stool next to his friend.

"It's a woman, Dick," Conrad replied. "I guessed that much. Tell me about it."

"I can't," Conrad said. But after a few

more drinks his tongue and resolution both seemed to weaken and, turning to his buddy, he said, "Ok. It's your wife."

"My wife!"

"Yeah."

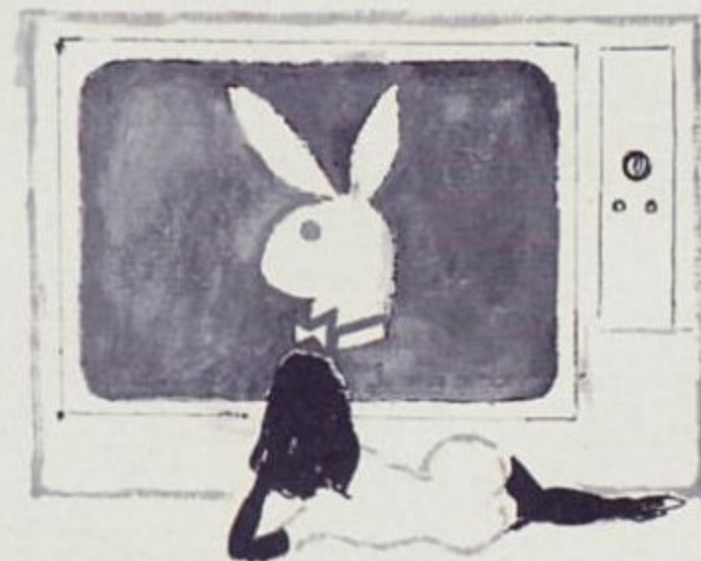
"What about her?"

Conrad pondered the question heavily, and draped his arm around his pal. "Well, buddy-boy," he said. "I'm afraid she's cheating on us."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *legal secretary* as any girl over eighteen.

Sue lay sprawled in sweet exhaustion on the bed, wearing a red ribbon in her bright blonde hair. Beside her, wearing not even a ribbon, Mark slowly lit two cigarettes and passed one to her. For a long moment, smoke and silence hung in the air. Then:

"My mother always told me to be good," Sue said with a little smile. "Was I?"



Many a girl owes the fact that she's a prominent figure to a prominent figure.

Roger, the handsome real estate agent, couldn't remember when he'd rented an apartment to a more desirable tenant. As she bent over his desk to sign the lease, he became aware that his pulse was beating in his ears with the sound of bongo drums.

"Well," he said, "that's that. I wish you much happiness in your new apartment, and here are the two keys that come with it."

She straightened up, accepted the keys, and favored him with a dazzling smile.

"And here is a month's rent in advance, honey," she replied. And she handed him back one of the keys.

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.



"For posing, I pay a dollar an hour, room and board."

KILLER IN THE TV SET (continued from page 59)

had had several exposures to the real her and now scrupulously ducked opportunities for others.

Four male dancers came out now and surrounded the singer, flicking their fingers out toward her, and keeping up a chant that went "Isn't she a doll?" then hoisting her up on their shoulders for the finale.

"Doesn't she just bash you over the head?" asked the m.c., pulling up a chair. The setting was spare, a simple wall with a chair or two lined up against it, much in the style of the "intellectual" conversation show. "I'd like to bash you over the head, too," said the m.c., "but I can't and I've got to get you some other way." Mr. Ordz snickered, sending the snicker out through his nose. It was a laugh he used both for registering amusement and also slight shock, and it served the side function of clearing his nasal passages. "All right, now," the m.c. said, "I used Connie to hook you, although I've no doubt I can keep you once you're watching awhile. Hear me now and hear me good. I've got exactly one week to kill you or I don't get my sponsor. Funny how you fall into these master-of-ceremony jokes just being up here in front of a camera and with all this television paraphernalia. Let me nail down that last remark a little better. I don't mean kill you with laughter or entertainment. I mean really stop your heart, Ordz, for Christ's sake, make you die. I've done work on you and I know I can do it."

Mr. Ordz thought the man had said "hard orbs" but then the m.c. said, "Heart, Ordz, stop your heart, Ordz. All right, then, Mr. Ordz. For Christ's sake listen because I just told you I've only got a week."

Mr. Ordz turned the dial and watched test patterns which is all he could get at two in the morning. He looked at a two-week-old *TV Guide* and saw there was no listing for a panel show that hour on Tuesday morning and then he called the police. "I'm getting a crazy channel," he said, "and wonder if you can come over and look at it."

"Wait till tomorrow morning and see if it goes away," said the police officer. "We can't just run out for you people."

"All right," said Mr. Ordz, "but I never call the police and I'm really getting something crazy."

He went to bed then, tapping his wife gently on the shoulder and whispering, "I got something crazy on TV," but when she heaved convulsively Mr. Ordz sneaked into the corner of the bed and pretended he wasn't there.

The following evening Mr. Ordz buried his head in a book on Scottish grottoes and read on late into the night, but when two in the morning came, he put aside the book and flipped on the

television set. "It'll be better if you put me on earlier," said the m.c., wearing a loud checkered jacket and smiling without sincerity. "You'll noodle around and put me on anyway, so why don't you just put a man on. All right, here's your production number, Ordz. I don't see any point to doing them. It's sort of like fattening up the calf, but I'm supposed to give you one a night for some damned reason."

The singer of the previous evening came out in a Latin American festival costume, clicking her fingers furiously and doing a rhythm number with lyrics that went "Vadoo, vadoo, vadoo vey. Hey, hey, hey, vadoo vey." She finished up with the word "Yeah" and did a deep, humble bow, and the m.c. said, "It'll go hard if you turn me off. I don't mean I can reach out and strike you down. That's the thing I want to explain. I can't shoot you from in here or give you a swift, punishing rabbit punch. It isn't that kind of arrangement. In ours, I've got six days to kill you, but I'm not actually allowed to do it directly. Now, what I'm going to do is try to shake you up as best I can, Ordz, and get you to, say, go up to your room and have a heart attack. I don't know whether you have heart trouble and another thing is I'm not allowed to ask you questions over this thing. But I *have* researched you, incidentally. It doesn't matter whether I like you or not—the main thing is getting myself a sponsor—but I might as well tell you I don't really care for you at all. You're such a damned small person and your life is such a drag. Now I'm saying this half because I mean it, and, to be honest, half because I want to shake you up and see if I can bring on that heart attack. And now the news. The arrangement is I'm to bring you only flashes on airplane wrecks and major disasters. It was a compromise and I think I did well. At first I was supposed to give you politics, too."

Mr. Ordz watched the first one, some coverage of a DC-7 explosion in Paraguay and then switched off the show and called the police again. He got a different officer and said, "I called about the crazy television show last night."

"I don't know who you got," said the officer. "We get a lot of calls about television and can't just come out."

"All right," said Mr. Ordz, "but even though I called last night I don't go around calling the police all the time."

The only one Mr. Ordz knew in television was his cousin, Raphael, who was an assistant technical director in video tape. He went to see Raphael during lunch hour the next day. It was a short interview.

"I don't think that's any way to get

a man," said Mr. Ordz. "I can see a practical joke but I don't think you should draw them out over a week. What if I *did* get a heart attack?"

"What do you mean?" said Raphael, eating a banana. He was on a banana diet and took several along for his lunch hour.

"The television set," said Mr. Ordz. "What's going on with it is what I mean."

"I'll fix it, I'll fix it," said Raphael. "What are you so ashamed of? If you were a cloak and suiter, as a relative I'd come to you for jackets. I don't see that any shame is involved. The real shame is beating around the bush. If your set is broken, I'll fix it. It doesn't matter that I work on the damned stuff all day long. You won't owe me a thing. Buy me a peck of bananas and we'll call it even. This is a lousy diet if you can't kid yourself a little. And I can kid myself."

"You don't understand what's going on," said Mr. Ordz, helplessly, "and I don't have the energy to tell you."

He went back to his job and late that night, instead of making an effort to stay away, he flicked on the set promptly at two. The m.c. was wearing a Halloween costume. "All right, it's Wednesday," he said, "and the old . . ."

Mr. Ordz cut the m.c. off in mid-sentence by turning the dial to another channel. He waited four or five minutes, feeling his heart beating and then getting nervous about it and squeezing his breast as though to slow it down. He turned back the dial and the m.c. continued the sentence, ". . . heart is still beating, but what you've got to remember is that . . ." Mr. Ordz flipped the dial again and waited roughly ten minutes this time, squeezing down his heart again, then flipped back and picked up the same sentence again: ". . . this thing is cumulative. It looks better for me, it's more artistic, if I bring it off at the tail end of the week. Sort of build tension and then finish up the deal, finish you up that is, right under the wire. What's that?"

The m.c. cupped his hand to his ear and peered off into the wings, then said, "All right, Ordz, they tell me you've been fooling around with the dial and it shocks you that you can't really miss a thing even if you switch off awhile. I don't care if you're shocked or not and the more shocks the better, although I'd rather you didn't go till the end of the week."

Mr. Ordz stood up in front of the television set then and said, "I haven't talked to you yet, but you're getting me mad. It doesn't mean a damned thing when I get mad unless I hit a certain plateau and then I don't feel any pain. I'm not afraid of heart attacks then or doctors or punches in the mouth, and I can spit in death's eye, too. It has no

(continued on page 104)



*** a lyrical survey of blues belters and balladeers, from Bessie Smith to Ella Fitzgerald, from Leadbelly to Ray Charles

the jazz singers

article by Bruce Griffin

part II IN THE EARLY YEARS of the Depression-wracked Thirties, jazz in all its expressions began to acquire a sophistication and a popular acceptance that had been denied it during its lusty, wailing prepubescence. A number of big bands — with sidemen duked up in tuxedos and blowing from neatly-inked arrangements on their music stands — were making decent money and playing to good crowds: Fletcher Henderson, Earl Hines, Bennie Moten, Andy Kirk, McKinney's Cotton Pickers and Duke Ellington were but a few. Paul Whiteman and Jean Goldkette worked at what was euphemistically called "symphonic jazz," a slicked-up, mostly-cornball, thoroughly-commercial sound that nevertheless gave instrumental voice to such crack jazzmen as Bix Beiderbecke and Frankie Trumbauer. With the Whiteman contingent appeared a vocal group known as the Rhythm Boys, among whom was a mellow baritone by the name of Harry Lillis "Bing" Crosby, who was destined to become the first major male voice in the field of popular jazz singing — which he dominated right up to the start of the Forties.

Crosby had been a law student at Gonzaga University in Spokane when he decided to chuck it and go into show business. After an unspectacular stint in vaudeville, he joined the Whiteman entourage in 1927 and organized the Rhythm Boys along with Harry Barris and Al Rinker. (continued on page 74)

UNCLE SHELBY'S ABZ Book

a primer
for tender
young minds
by shel silverstein
who loves
you dearly

"ABZDEFC
HIKJMLNOP
QRSVUT
W AND XYC

OH HOW HAPPY I WILL BE
WHEN I LEARN MY ABZ'S."

A IS FOR APPLE



SEE THE NICE GREEN LITTLE
APPLE.
MMM-GOOD! HOW MANY
LITTLE GREEN APPLES CAN
YOU EAT?
MAKE A CIRCLE AROUND THE
NUMBER OF LITTLE GREEN
APPLES YOU ATE TODAY.
1 2 3 4 7 9 15 19 27 32 67

B IS FOR BABY



SEE THE BABY.
THE BABY IS FAT.
THE BABY IS PRETTY.
THE BABY CAN LAUGH.
THE BABY CAN CRY.
SEE THE BABY PLAY.
PLAY, BABY, PLAY.
PRETTY PRETTY BABY.
MOMMY LOVES THE
BABY MORE THAN
SHE LOVES YOU.

Z IS FOR ZOO
SEE THE ELEPHANT
IN THE ZOO.
GIVE THE ELEPHANT
SOME PEANUT
SHELLS WITH
PEPPER INSIDE.
HA, HA, HA, HA.
YOU HAVE FOOLED
THE OLD ELEPHANT.
THE ELEPHANT IS MAD AT YOU
BUT DON'T WORRY—
BY TOMORROW THE ELEPHANT WILL
HAVE FORGOTTEN ALL ABOUT IT.

D IS FOR DADDY

SEE DADDY SLEEPING ON THE COUCH
SEE DADDY'S HAIR. DADDY NEEDS A HAIRCUT
POOR DADDY. DADDY HAS NO MONEY FOR
A HAIRCUT. DADDY SPENDS ALL HIS MONEY
TO BUY YOU TOYS AND OATMEAL. POOR
DADDY. DADDY CANNOT HAVE A HAIRCUT.
POOR POOR DADDY.
SEE THE SCISSORS
POOR POOR POOR DADDY



E IS FOR



EGG.
THE EGG
IS FULL OF
SLIMY
GOOEY
EGG WHITES.
DO YOU LIKE
TO EAT EGGS?
NO?
ERNIE LOVES EGGS.
ERNIE IS THE GIANT WHO LIVES
IN THE CEILING.
TAKE AN EGG AND THROW IT AS
HIGH AS YOU CAN AND YELL
"CATCH, ERNIE! CATCH THE EGG"
AND ERNIE WILL REACH DOWN AND CATCH THE EGG.

F IS FOR FINGER
FINGERS ARE FUN.

STICK YOUR FINGER INTO
YOUR NOSE. DOESN'T THAT
FEEL NICE? CAN YOU STICK
YOUR FINGER INTO THE
BABY'S EAR? THE BABY
IS CRYING. MAYBE HE
WANTS HIS BOTTLE. YOU
CAN STICK YOUR FINGER INTO
THE FIRE.—OOH—THE FIRE
IS HOT.
QUICK—STICK YOUR FINGER INTO
THE MAYONNAISE—THERE—ISN'T
THAT NICE AND COOL?
PRINT 'C-O-O-L' ON THE
MIRROR IN MAYONNAISE.
AREN'T FINGERS FUN?
TOMORROW WE WILL FIND SOME
NEW THINGS TO DO WITH FINGERS.

NOW IT'S TIME FOR
TOILET TRAINING

SEE THE TOILET.
THE TOILET
IS DEEP.
THE TOILET
HAS WATER
AT THE BOTTOM.
MAYBE SOMEBODY
WILL FALL IN THE TOILET
AND DROWN.
IF YOU WET YOUR PANTS
YOU WILL NEVER HAVE
TO SIT ON THE TOILET
AND YOU WILL NEVER
WORRY ABOUT FALLING IN.



G IS FOR GIGOLO

SEE THE GIGOLO.
A GIGOLO
IS A
MUSICAL
INSTRUMENT.
THE NEXT TIME
YOUR MOMMY GOES SHOPPING
ASK HER TO BUY YOU A GIGOLO.
SHE WILL THINK YOU ARE VERY
CUTE AND SHE WILL WRITE
IT IN TO THE READER'S DIGEST
AND THEY WILL PRINT IT AND
SEND YOU MONEY.



H IS FOR HOLE

THE HOLE IS BIG.
THE HOLE IS DEEP.
YOU CAN BURY THINGS
IN THE HOLE.
SEE THE TOASTER?
YOU CAN BURY THE
TOASTER IN THE HOLE.
SEE THE CAR KEYS?
YOU CAN BURY THE
CAR KEYS IN THE HOLE.
SEE GRANDMA'S TEETH?
SEE THE GOLF CLUBS?
SEE THE CAMERA?
MAYBE LITTLE SISTER
WILL SNITCH ON YOU
AND MOMMY WILL GIVE
YOU A GOOD LICKING.
WHAT ELSE CAN YOU BURY IN THE HOLE??

I IS FOR INK



INK IS WET.
INK IS FUN.
WHAT CAN YOU DO WITH INK?
WHAT RHYMES WITH INK?
"DR _____"

K IS FOR

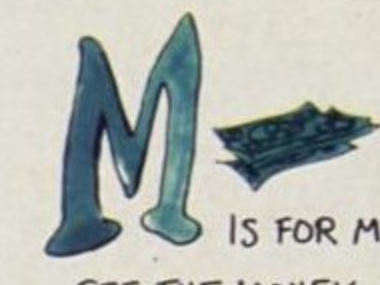
KIDNAPPER. SEE
THE NICE KIDNAPPER.
THE KIDNAPPER HAS
SOME ICE-CREAM
COMES. I LIKE
VANILLA. THE
KIDNAPPER HAS
A KEEN CAR.
TELL THE KIDNAPPER THAT YOUR
DADDY HAS LOTS OF MONEY. THEN
MAYBE HE WILL LET YOU RIDE IN
HIS CAR.



J IS FOR JUNKIE.
DO YOU KNOW
WHAT A JUNKIE IS?
ASK YOUR MOMMY.
IF SHE WILL NOT
TELL YOU ASK DADDY.
IF HE WILL NOT TELL
YOU GO OUTSIDE AND
TELL EVERYBODY THAT YOUR
DADDY IS A JUNKIE.

M IS FOR MONEY

SEE THE MONEY
THE MONEY IS GREEN.
THE MONEY IS IN MOMMY'S PURSE.
MOMMY AND DADDY ALWAYS
FIGHT ABOUT MONEY.
TAKE THE MONEY OUT OF
MOMMY'S PURSE AND SEND
IT TO P.O. BOX 41, CHICAGO, ILL.
THEN MOMMY AND DADDY
WILL BE HAPPY.



L IS FOR LAP

GRANDMA
HAS A SOFT
LAP.
GRANDMA
TELLS GOOD
STORIES.
DO YOU KNOW THE STORY
OF LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD?
DID YOU EVER NOTICE WHAT
BIG TEETH GRANDMA HAS??...



N IS FOR NOSE
DID YOU EVER
HEAR OF
PINOCCHIO?

PINOCCHIO WAS A PUPPET
WHO LIKED TO TELL LIES
AND EVERY TIME HE TOLD A LIE
HIS NOSE WOULD GROW LONGER
AND LONGER.
DO YOU THINK THAT WOULD HAPPEN
TO YOU?
TELL SOMEONE A LIE AND SEE
WHAT HAPPENS.
DID YOUR NOSE GET LONG?
NO?
ISN'T IT FUN NOT BEING A PUPPET?



O IS FOR OZ

DO YOU WANT TO VISIT THE MAGIC FAR-OFF LAND OF OZ WHERE THE WIZARD LIVES AND EVERYTHING IS EMERALD GREEN AND SCARECROWS CAN DANCE AND THE ROAD IS MADE OF YELLOW BRICKS AND EVERYTHING IS WONDERFUL?

WELL, YOU CAN'T BECAUSE THERE IS NO LAND OF OZ AND THERE IS NO TIN WOODMAN AND THERE IS NO SANTA CLAUS.

MAYBE SOMEDAY YOU CAN GO TO DETROIT.

P IS FOR PONY



WHERE IS THE PONY? THE PONY LIVES IN THE GAS TANK OF DADDY'S CAR. HE MAKES THE CAR GO. THAT IS CALLED HORSEPOWER. MAYBE THE PONY IS HUNGRY. THE PONY LOVES SUGAR. POUR SOME NICE SUGAR INTO THE GAS TANK. NOW THE PONY IS HAPPY. WHEN DADDY COMES HOME TELL HIM YOU HAVE FED THE PONY AND MAYBE HE WILL GIVE YOU A COWBOY SUIT.

Q IS FOR

QUARANTINE

ISN'T THAT A BIG WORD? DO YOU EVER SEE THAT WORD ON A DOOR? DO YOU KNOW WHAT THAT WORD MEANS?

IT MEANS

**COME IN KIDS
FREE ICE CREAM!**

IT'S NAP TIME

DO YOU WANT TO TAKE A NAP? LIE DOWN AND CLOSE YOUR EYES. IT IS DARK.

YOU CAN LISTEN IN THE DARK. WHAT DO YOU HEAR?

DO YOU HEAR THE BOOGEY MAN? DO YOU HEAR THE WEREWOLF? DO YOU HEAR THE BLOODY MONSTER?

NO NO THERE IS NOTHING THERE AT ALL, NOW GO TO SLEEP.

R IS FOR RED

THE FIRE ENGINE IS RED. THE FIREMAN'S HAT IS RED.

DOES THE FIREMAN IN THE RED HAT COME TO YOUR HOUSE IN HIS RED FIRE ENGINE WITH THE SIREN?

NO? TOO BAD. THE FIREMAN ONLY GOES TO PLACES WHERE THERE IS A FIRE.....



S IS FOR SPIT

HOW FAR CAN YOU SPIT?

WHO WANTS TO LEARN A

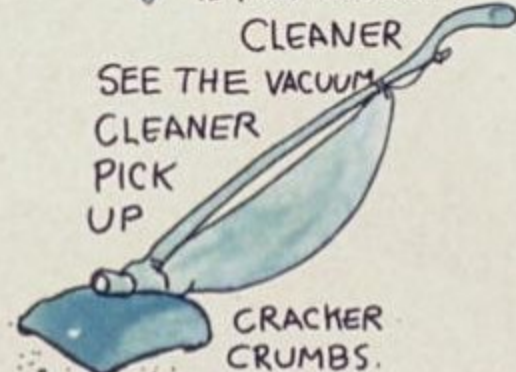
MAGIC WORD?

THE WORD IS **GIMBITYBUM**

IF YOU DON'T LIKE TO BRUSH YOUR TEETH JUST SAY THE MAGIC WORD AND YOU WILL NEVER HAVE TO BRUSH THEM AGAIN BECAUSE THEY WILL STAY CLEAN FOR EVER AND EVER.

ISN'T MAGIC EASY?

V IS FOR VACUUM CLEANER



SEE THE VACUUM CLEANER PICK UP CRACKER CRUMBS. SEE THE VACUUM CLEANER PICK UP CIGARETTE BUTTS. THE VACUUM CLEANER CAN PICK UP ANYTHING. DO YOU THINK THE VACUUM CLEANER CAN PICK UP THE CAT? I DON'T THINK SO.

U IS FOR



UNCLE CHARLIE DO YOU HAVE AN UNCLE CHARLIE? NO? TOO BAD. BUT YOU CAN HAVE A PRETEND UNCLE CHARLIE. WHEN YOUR DADDY COMES HOME TONIGHT TELL HIM THAT UNCLE CHARLIE CAME TO VISIT YOUR MOMMY TODAY. THAT WILL BE A GOOD JOKE ON DADDY. HA HA.

T IS FOR TV

SEE THE TV.

SEE THE COWBOYS ON TV. THE COWBOYS LIVE INSIDE THE TV. TAKE A HAMMER AND BREAK OPEN THE TV AND YOU WILL SEE ALL THE COWBOYS AND YOGI BEAR AND SHIRLEY TEMPLE AND HUCKLEBERRY HOUND AND **EVERYBODY**

WOWEE !!



W IS FOR WISH

DO YOU WANT TO HAVE YOUR WISH?

WHEN YOUR TOOTH FALLS OUT PUT IT UNDER YOUR PILLOW AND MAKE A WISH. WHEN YOU WAKE UP THE TOOTH WILL BE GONE AND THERE WILL BE A SHINY NEW DIME.

NOW YOU HAVE TEN CENTS. HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO GET

\$3.20?

Kids

HERE IS A PRESENT FOR YOU A SHINY NEW QUARTER AND I PASTED IT ON HERE MYSELF



SO HAVE FUN AND BUY ANYTHING YOU WANT.

YOURS TRULY,
UNCLE SHELBY

P.S. I HOPE YOUR MOMMY DOESN'T TAKE YOUR QUARTER OFF AND SPEND IT.

X IS FOR XYLOPHONE

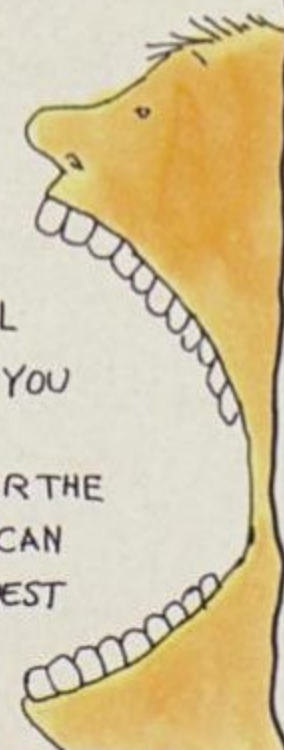
BECAUSE

X IS ALWAYS FOR XYLOPHONE.

Y IS FOR YELL

HOW LOUD CAN YOU YELL?

THIS BOOK IS FOR THE LITTLE KID WHO CAN YELL THE LOUDEST



C IS FOR CYCLOPS



ISN'T CYCLOPS A FUNNY-LOOKING GIANT? CYCLOPS ONLY HAS ONE EYE

GO AND PLAY WITH CYCLOPS GO STICK YOUR FINGER IN HIS EYE AND CALL HIM "ONE EYE"

CYCLOPS LOVES TO PLAY.

I WILL WAIT HERE FOR YOU.

SPIDE

BECAUSE YOU HAVE BEEN GOOD AND BECAUSE YOU HAVE LEARNED YOUR ABZ'S AND BECAUSE YOUR UNCLE SHELBY LOVES YOU, TOMORROW YOU CAN STAY HOME FROM SCHOOL.

**No School
Tomorrow!**

WARNING!

IT IS NOT NICE TO BURN BOOKS. IT IS AGAINST THE LAW. IF MOMMY OR DADDY TRIES TO BURN THIS BOOK CALL THE POLICE ON THEM.

Uncle Shelby
UNCLE SHELBY

P.S.

THE PAPER IN THIS BOOK IS NOT REALLY PAPER IT IS MADE FROM CANDY.....

Jazz singers (continued from page 69)

During his gig with Whiteman, Bing parlayed an early affinity for the style of Russ Columbo (and for the megaphone of fellow-crooner Rudy Vallee) into a lazy, appealing tone of his own—soon to be further shaped by the many jazzmen with whom he worked. He recorded with Bix in 1928, with the Dorseys in 1929, with the Duke in 1930—and later with Armstrong and Teagarden.

Bing never grunted or blasted in front of an audience; at ease and unruffled, he crooned with a nonchalant charm that wowed everyone during the Thirties, and left a legacy of lyrical naturalness that has been profitably appropriated by the more contemporary likes of Dean Martin, Perry Como, Dick Haymes and Pat Boone. Bing's easy-does-it manner, his knowledgeable way with a lyric and his sharp sense of the value of background jazz horns to a vocalist, made him a fountainhead of inspiration; he was undoubtedly the most influential vocalist of the Depression decade.

As the national economy slowly emerged from the wallows of the lean-money years, jazz audiences grew and grew. The ever-increasing popularity of records, radio and motion pictures had at last given jazz a national sounding board. And then came the night of August 21, 1935—one of the most significant in the history of jazz. After laying several large musical eggs along the East Coast, the Benny Goodman band opened at Los Angeles' Palomar Ballroom. The bespectacled clarinetist kicked off the program with a set of inoffensive standards; the audience shuffled a little, politely applauded at the end of each number, but remained generally unmoved. As Goodman recalls, "If we had to flop, at least I'd do it my own way, playing the kind of music I wanted to. For all I knew, this might be our last night together, and we might as well have a good time of it while we had the chance. I called out some of our big Fletcher Henderson arrangements for the next set, and the boys seemed to get the idea. From the moment I kicked them off, they dug in with some of the best playing since we left New York. The first big roar from the crowd was the sweetest sound I ever heard."

The swing era had come alive. "It was a dancing audience and that's why they went for it," said Benny, who immediately met the demand for the swinging sound by setting a key precedent: presenting arrangements of pop hits of the day—like *Goody Goody*—in the jazz idiom. Thousands of radio fans tuned to the Goodman band on its *Let's Dance* broadcasts over NBC. The collegiate set, too young to hear much of what was going on during Prohibition, flocked to the major cities to catch

and jitterbug to the sound of swing.

By 1938, Goodman had successfully invaded Carnegie Hall. Trumpeter Harry James cut out from Goodman to form his own band, as did Gene Krupa and Teddy Wilson. Glen Gray's Casa Loma band came on the scene; the Dorsey Brothers joined the parade. So did Bob Crosby, Charlie Spivak, Les Brown, Glenn Miller, Artie Shaw, Woody Herman, Charlie Barnet, Larry Clinton and a host of others. Jazz bands became swing bands, and most all of them featured singers out in front.

Some of the vocalists who warbled with the big bands of the late Thirties and Forties were more jazz-oriented than others; some had listened long and hard to the greats—Ma Rainey, Bessie Smith, Blind Lemon, Satchmo; and some of them were as far removed from jazz as Skinnay Ennis was from opera.

Helen Ward, Martha Tilton and Peggy Lee (the last an important jazz-based stylist to this day, firmly entrenched in the Billie Holiday groove) were among those who graced the Goodman bandstand. Helen Forrest and Dick Haymes sang prettily with Harry James. Ray Eberle and Marion Hutton did likewise with Glenn Miller, as did Bob Eberle and Helen O'Connell with Jimmy Dorsey. Of all of them, however, Tommy Dorsey took the prize when Francis Albert Sinatra left Harry James and joined the trombonist's band in 1940, at the age of twenty-two.

The skinny, immensely appealing young singer brought to the Dorsey band a sure and easy feeling for rhythm, an instinctive understanding of what a ballad was supposed to be about. As the best jazz singers had done in the past, he could communicate the meaning of a song through a highly subjective blend of phrasing and lyric delivery. Just as Goodman had brought a new kind of big-band jazz beat to the country, Sinatra brought a fresh kind of delivery to popular singing. As he tells it, the sound of the Dorsey trombone was the real key to his unique style. "I sort of bend my notes," he said, "gliding from one to another without abrupt breaks. The trombone is the greatest example of this." To up-tempo numbers Sinatra imparted the same extemporized vigor he heard on current trumpet solos, especially those of Dorsey sideman Ziggy Elman. But basically, his style was his own; he had identity; and he went his own way in music as well as in life. From the start, he sang with the impact of unfeigned emotion, because he both understood and believed in what he was singing; his concept of phrasing gave the downbeat to a whole new generation of singers ranging from Sammy Davis to Vic Damone to Julius LaRosa—some

great, some something less. Almost alone, the "Voice" changed the entire emphasis and direction of American popular music: from the booming big band with the singer perched out front, to the commanding solo vocalist with big-band background. There can be little doubt that he has been—and still is—the second major influence on the history of male jazz singing in a popular vein. He brought the genre to a new pinnacle of popularity—and vitality; and his personalized style, plus the echoes of hundreds he influenced, were potent enough to survive even the end of the swing era. Swing became infirm around 1945, a tired, cliché-ridden phenomenon, and slowly the big bands prepared arrangements for their own dirge. The voice of the small, experimental group was to be heard in the land.

The distinction between jazz and popular singing was never a clear one, except during the earliest years of jazz; and slowly it began to vanish—for good reasons. There can be no question that Sinatra's inflections, bent notes and special phrasings, that the mature Crosby's special brand of mellifluous nonchalance are consummate expressions of the personal kind of musicianship that is the very essence of jazz. During the Forties, the pure blues voices continued to wail, of course, along with the syrupy, non-inventive baritones, tenors and sopranos who culled nought but Broadway scores for their material. But there also emerged a raft of new singers with strong jazz backgrounds—or at least with an awareness of jazz principles—who did their best to enliven popular tunes with some of the imaginative embellishments that jazz had to offer. The difference between jazz and pop singing became one of degree, not of kind, as the influential flow of jazz made its way into the hearts and minds of singers throughout the U.S.

The sounds of jazz changed. With the bop revolution—the de-emphasis of arranged big-band sounds in favor of small-group harmonic experimentation—came a fresh new crop of singers. Jackie Cain and Roy Kral bopped under the banner of Charlie Ventura; their vocalese executions brought a contemporary freshness to the scat principle introduced by Armstrong several decades earlier, and adapted by Ella in the Thirties. Joe Carroll, with Dizzy Gillespie's band, added his eccentric embellishments to the far-out riffing, as did oddball obscurantist Slim Gaillard ("Cement Mixer—put-tee, put-tee"). All were allied to the brisk inventiveness of a youthful movement.

During the early Forties, the vocalist with Earl ("Fatha") Hines' band was a warm-throated baritone named Billy Eckstine, who had turned to singing after a so-so career as a self-taught trumpeter-

(continued on page 112)



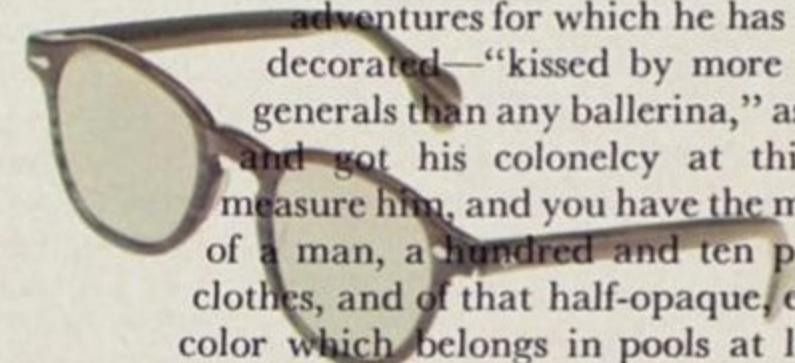
THERE IS A syndicated comic strip for which I have a wry affection. It depicts, in one little frame, the embarrassingly familiar life of a character called Carmichael, imbecile in joy and ludicrous in anger. One cartoon sticks in my mind: poor Carmichael, driven at last to desperation, stands, sunken-eyed, brandishing a limp fly-swatter and saying, "Leave the screens open—I feel mean tonight!" I was in just such a state of impotent harassment when, on upper Broadway, I met for the first time since 1945 no less a man than Colonel Chidiok Reason, late of the Royal Marine Commandos. He had his own way of doing things—which was sideways—and was making a pincer-movement of approaching 42nd Street by way of Harlem, for it is beneath the dignity of this dour, inflexible man to ask directions of a policeman. ¶When Colonel Reason had transferred from his Highland regiment to the Commandos, where his peculiar kind of autocratic individualism found more room for expression, nobody had expressed more than the coolest kind of formal regret. It wasn't that he'd been what they used to call a "jungly-wallah," meaning Tarzan-like and uncouth. In fact he was, I think, the only man in Malaya who had Spam formally preceded into his tent by a Piper. But there is a good deal of the holy terror in him—he is cantankerous, perverse, cross-grained. For example: he regards penicillin as a superstition, but believes that iron worn next to the skin prevents rheumatic fever, because his mother told him so, and therefore always wears a pony's shoe on a lanyard under his shirt—swears by it. Once, in the ETO, having been captured by the enemy, he applied this little horseshoe to the chin of a camp guard, who at once became unconscious, thus enabling Colonel Chidiok Reason to swap uniforms and, using the only German word he knew, march an entire enemy company into the British lines where it was duly locked up. The word was *Vorwärts!* ¶On another occasion he took over and occupied a strong enemy position by simply strolling up to the captain in command of the enemy force that held it—although only Chidiok Reason and seven of his men were left of his company—and saying, in his sublimely sweet and reasonable Aberdeenshire accent, "To avoid further bloodshed, my man, surrender. Do you not see that you are only fifteen to our one?"

the defeat of the demon tailor

fiction By GERALD KERSH

¶I mention only a couple of the fantastic adventures for which he has been heavily decorated—"kissed by more bewhiskered generals than any ballerina," as he puts it—and got his colonelcy at thirty-six. Yet, measure him, and you have the merest shrimp of a man, a hundred and ten pounds in his clothes, and of that half-opaque, evasive sand-color which belongs in pools at low tide—all but his eyes, which are brilliant blue. There is a sort of fine gravel on his upper lip and the backs of his hands. He is fanatical in his neatness: the only officer I ever knew who had his shoelaces ironed every morning. And a perfectionist in the matter of trouser creases. ¶Whenever you meet him he is either going to or coming from a tailor's shop, generally in a state of suppressed rage at their incompetence. I was not surprised, therefore, when, shaking hands with me for the first time in fifteen years, the first thing he said was, "Where can a man get his trousers pressed while he waits?" ¶"What's the matter with your trousers?" I asked; for his creases were sharp enough to satisfy the normally fastidious man. ¶"I have sent more than one of my ruffians to the cooler for appearing in public wearing a pair of concertinas like these," he said. ¶Now the Carmichael in me came out, and I said, "Why, Chidiok, two minutes' walk from here there's a tailor called Mr. Vara—an artist. He will press your trousers for you while you wait"—adding—"and you will wait, and wait. Mr. Vara is known as the Demon Tailor of Columbus Avenue; he is a compulsive storyteller. If he wants to talk, you will be compelled to listen, no matter how much of a hurry you happen to be in." ¶The colonel said, "Oh, will I? Take me to this man Vara." ¶"He will hypnotize you." ¶"He'll hypnotize your granny! Come on." And now at last, I thought, I approach a solution to the ancient riddle: *What would happen if an irresistible force met an immovable object?* For nothing but a strong anesthetic could stop Mr. Vara were he determined to tell you a story, while Colonel Chidiok Reason is well known as a man who will die before he surrenders. ¶I said, "I tell you, Vara will hold you whether you like it or not." ¶Colonel Chidiok Reason replied, "He, and the gathered might of Europe and Asia could not—with the Ancient Mariner in reserve! On the contrary, it is

the commando was a wily strategist, but tricky tactics were among the tools of the perspicacious presser's trade



I who will hold this man Vara in spite of himself."

"All right, will you bet?"

"I'll lay you two to one."

"In dollars?" I asked.

"I am not a betting man, for cash. Make it whiskey."

"Bottles?"

"I am not a bartender. I wager half a case to your three bottles."

"That you will hold Vara, but he won't hold you? It's a bet."

"A wager," said the colonel, primly.

But when we came into the little tailor's shop on Columbus Avenue, Mr. Vara was methodically tucking his wallet, watch and a gay silk handkerchief into the pockets of his holiday suit, which was hung out on a hanger—a jolly-looking outfit of chocolate flannel, with a Newmarket vest—and he was singing under his breath a little tuneless song, of which I caught the following words:

"Jennie's brother Irving took a big risk,
Bent to tie his shoelace, got a slipped disc . . ."

Hearing us, he looked up with a start, and said, frowning, "I thought I had locked the door."

"What for?" I asked.

"My wife's brother has met with an accident, and she has gone with the children to Bridgeport—and so," he said gaily, "I am shutting the shop for the day, and I am going to Jamaica, Long Island, to the horse races. I have an absolutely certain tip for the second race."

"But Mr. Vara," I said, "my friend must have his trousers pressed and —"

"—Tell your friend to go home and put them under the mattress and sit on them," said Mr. Vara.

At this, Colonel Chidiok Reason stepped forward and said, in a voice that made my blood run cold, "Are you referring by any chance to me?" Their eyes met. Mr. Vara blinked.

"Well . . . for an officer and a gentleman . . . it'll only take a few minutes." Then, recovering himself, Vara pointed to his little lidless box of a cubicle and said, "Go in there. Take off your pants. Sit down." I was surprised when Colonel Reason obeyed promptly and without protest, for I have seen him half kill strong men for addressing him in a less peremptory tone.

I said to Mr. Vara, with something unpleasantly like a sneer, "And you are the artist to whom time means nothing. You—"

"—No discussion, please!" said Mr. Vara. "If Vara says he is going to the horse races, Vara goes to the horse races. Enough!"

"Provided your wife isn't here to stop you," I said.

"My wife is an Act of God."

"But I told my friend you would tell us a story," I protested.

"What you tell your friends is your affair," said Mr. Vara, and he went to work faster than I had ever seen him work before; what time the colonel sat in the cubicle, one eye closed, squinting at Mr. Vara with the other, getting his range and taking stock of the position. The trousers were pressed in five minutes. Mr. Vara handed them over the side of the cubicle, and said, "Seventy-five cents. Hurry up, please."

The colonel obeyed; dressed briskly, and handed the tailor a five-dollar bill. Mr. Vara said, "My change is in the other pocket" — took the colonel's place in the cubicle and feverishly gesticulated in my direction — "Mr. Kersh, please hand me the brown suit on the hanger over there. I must dress, quick!"

But Colonel Chidiok Reason slid in front of me, quick as an eel and, taking Mr. Vara's trousers from the crossbar, rolled them up, tucked them under his arm and said with an astonishingly agreeable smile, "I, my fine-feathered friend, on the contrary, have a good hour to kill. And since you will not tell me a story, by heaven I will tell you one. And if you are in a hurry, Mr. Vara, you must wait until your hurry is over."

He put the trousers, in the pockets of which lay Mr. Vara's watch and wallet, upon a chair and sat on them. Disregarding the tailor's strangled cry of dumbfounded protest, he lit a cigarette and said, "So, you are going to the races, are you, my mannie? And in your passion for the Sport of Mugs you forget your manners, do you? And you are in a deuce of a hurry to squander your cash at the tracks, is that it? Well, let me tell you about the one and only occasion I laid good money on a horse, acting upon turf information of a kind that demonstrates your precious 'Time' to be an illusion. And I will thank you not to squirm when I talk, for if you do I'll break your leg . . ."

Mr. Vara sat frozen, in a kind of horrified fascination, while Colonel Chidiok Reason went on, very, very slowly:

" . . . Having put a stop to the highly irregular activities of Herr Hitler in Europe and Africa, and recovering from a hatful of machine-gun bullets in the briskets, I was sent to the Pacific by way of the United States of America in the early summer of 1947," said the colonel. "I was to be picked up in Los Angeles and conveyed thence to Indonesia where I was to conduct certain extremely tricky operations. The general idea was, that while convalescing on American T-bone steaks, I should make a lecture tour en route; and a very bad idea it was. For what was I to lecture about?"

"Military discipline, perhaps, but only before servicemen. But civilians? I am

no raconteur, such as you have the reputation for being, my fidgety little friend. And if it came to talking about myself and my own adventures—why, modesty forbade me, for the driest citation in my case would bring a blush to the cheeks of a Texan tall-talker. So I talked about nothing at all, but wore my kilt, and that did the trick. It met with deafening applause wherever I appeared. All the children wanted to play with the skean dhu, or dagger, in my stocking; all the men roared with delight whenever I took a cigarette out of my sporran; and one and all, directly or indirectly, took me aside to ask me, 'What do you wear underneath?'

"But traveling in trains I wore tropical trousers, for a kilt is hotter than the devil; and so I was in a constant state of miserable bedraggledness, since the trains then were still of the wartime vintage, overcrowded and badly ventilated, and that summer was a scorcher. Sir, I have lain wounded on an anthill, and I have sat on a Burmese hornet's nest; but never have I experienced the misery that fell to my lot between Chicago and Denver. Luckily, the hot and thirsty old train paused for breath and water at Denver, and I had two hours in that pleasing city. Naturally, I looked first for a tailor's shop, but found near the station nothing but a kind of rat hole like this (saving your presence) where I left a few changes of clothes to be sponged and pressed. Then I sought a bar, and had a glass of whiskey-and-water.

"It was here that I had my first conversation with a Red Indian. He came in out of the white sunlight like a shadow on the loose; a burly old gentleman with a face like a battered copper kettle. He was dressed all in black: a black leather shirt with fringes at the pockets, black trousers tucked into a pair of those high-heeled cowboy boots decorated all over with beads, and a black hat of the sort they tell me costs a hundred dollars. Instead of a hatband, he had a band of silver a matter of two inches deep, and his hair was done in two long gray braids. The barman said, 'Here's Chief See-In-The-Dark. He's a Character.'

"The Chief, if such he was, came and stood by me. He said, 'Beer' — and then pointed to my glass and said — 'Shot,' and before I could protest, we were served. So I drank his health politely, and he drank mine with a nod.

"'Beer?' I asked him. 'Beer,' said he. So I pointed to his glass and mine, and said, 'Beer — Shot.' I was picking up the language.

"After a brief interval, 'Shot — Beer,' he said. And later, 'Beer — Shot,' said I. It was most soothing. Every time he ordered he paid with a silver dollar. I

(continued on page 119)



"Did I ever tell you what happened one night when I wore that?"



The fiftieth state's fertile precincts have fostered an exotic ethnic amalgam. Left: Lenore Trumbull, a California emigrant, models Islands-inspired fashions at Waimanalo Bay. Bottom left: handsomely hammocked Tahitian danseuse Reri Tava insists on speaking only in her island French. Bottom right: British expatriate Robin Sowers guides perfume-factory tours.



the girls pictorial essay of hawaii

*a paean to the winsome
wahines of our
elysian archipelago*

IN THE HISTORY of man's quest for romance and adventure — which has taken him in search of fountains of youth and cities of gold — perhaps no dream has been pursued longer, nor more longingly, than the vision of a palm-fringed, white-stranded South Sea island thronged with beckoning Tondelayos. On January 20, 1778, when Captain James Cook, in command of two British four-masters, put ashore on a verdant Pacific archipelago which he called the Sandwich Islands, it seemed — for a while, at least — that man had at last found his elusive paradise. The Stone Age natives, who had never seen a white man before, hailed Cook as Lono, God of the Harvest, and forthwith bestowed upon him — in exchange for the immemorial beads and mirrors — a prodigal bounty of fruit, hogs and voluptuous brown-skinned girls. "No women I ever met were less reserved," he wrote dazedly in the ship's log. "Indeed, it seemed to me that they visited us with no other view than to make a surrender of their persons."

In the 183 years since this auspicious beginning, relations between the outside world and the Sandwich Islands — now known as Hawaii — have undergone a good deal of sophistication. To the disenchantment of some contemporary visitors, an intervening legacy of strait-laced missionary influence constrains most of the latter-day *wahines* of this updated El Dorado from swimming out to greet incoming ships — or even from waiting on shore — with favors granted as casually as a handshake. To the delight of all, however, they remain among the most refreshingly natural and disarmingly unspoiled women in the world. Indeed, more than a century of unprecedented racial intermingling — engendered by the mass immigration of labor to the Islands' (text continued on page 86)



Far left: comely sisters Gail (booth-based) and Lynn Howell, Waikiki teenagers, are infused with Scottish, English, Hawaiian, Chinese and Portuguese blood. Left: Leilani Fonseca stems from a half-dozen racial strains, enthusiastically evangelizes the classic hula at Don the Beachcomber's. *Wahine* Leilani's pretty Polynesian features have enhanced a stack of tropical-themed record-album covers. Below: Shirley Lexier, a bamboo-framed, tapa-draped and trimly-shaped dancer, decorates a foliage-fringed lanai in the haute monde Honolulu suburb of Black Point.



Top: Chinese-English-French-Portuguese Ruth Moore, poised over a pineapple at the Waikikian Hotel, works for a Honolulu department store, digs skindiving. Right: surfboarding Susan Hart is typical of the year-round vacationers that add glamor and romance to the Hawaiian scene.



Above left: aboard the charter barkentine California, trigly-rigged Poli Tonkin, a fine eight-nation potpourri, is intercepted aloft by Samara Kardack, a lovely melange of Indian, Polish and French antecedents; Barbara Rasmussen, Nordic and nautical, mans the helm. Below: Poli relaxes after the excitement of inter-Islands cruising. Above right: Hawaiian eyeful Patricia Branda Randolff dries off after a dishabilled dip. Right, top to bottom: nineteen-year-old Chinese-Hawaiian-English Leone Leong looks flight-trim in Aloha Airlines stewardess togs at Conrad Hilton's Hawaiian Village Hotel. Dianne Baker, University of Hawaii coed, is a dedicated between-classes beach belle. Muumuu-clad Susan Molina strolls past a uniquely Hawaiian enterprise. Far right: de-saronged Samoan miss Caroline Baltan pools her resources.





Left, top and bottom: Ann Tsunoto, a piquant Japanese pearl, works in her mother's beauty salon, has acting aspirations. Above and right: Tahitian tapa twirler Maté Ng is a featured dancer at the regally appurtenanced Royal Hawaiian Hotel. Below: daughter of an Army colonel stationed in Hawaii, twenty-year-old *malihini* (newcomer) Barbara Levy, sharing a Hawaiian Village beach with another bikinied beauty, revels in the idyllic sun-soaked, sea-sprayed fun that is Island living.



multibillion-dollar sugar and pineapple industries — has produced in the girls of today's Hawaii a combination of infinite variety, radiant beauty and extravagant endowment that is unique among the peoples of any land. Where else on either side of the international date line would you be likely to find a girl with long blonde Swedish hair, slightly slanted Korean eyes, tilted Irish nose, wide Samoan mouth, and full Polynesian bosom — ambulating under the mouth-filling monicker of Gull-Britt Kalanipuu O'Donahue?

Seasoning Hawaii's proliferating population of 633,000 are more than a hundred equally exotic amalgams, drawn mainly from seven predominating strains: Japanese, Caucasian, Hawaiian, Filipino, Chinese, Puerto Rican and Korean. No group of women anywhere could be more disparately constituted; but this fact has nurtured a mutual tolerance and understanding that make the girls of Hawaii even more alike than they are dissimilar.

Above all, after generations of living on a total land area roughly one twenty-fifth the size of California, they share a deep feeling of kinship not only with each other, but with the lushly verdured domain of a proud people who migrated from Polynesia to Hawaii's twenty islands more than a thousand years before the white man arrived. Beneath the veneer of Twentieth Century civilization, they have preserved for the soil and sand of their Islands an unalloyed devotion. In a silken climate where air and water temperatures seldom fluctuate from a benign 75 degrees, however, they pursue outdoor pleasures with something less than Scandinavian dedication. Suffusing them, in fact — as it does the peoples of most tropic lands — is a sun-warmed insouciance which those from more temperate latitudes often mistake for indolence — until they, too, have been swept into the soft rhythm of Hawaiian life.

Small wonder, and small loss, in an atmosphere of engaging informality, that these unjaded girls have little use for many of the trappings of sophistication with which the residents of cosmopolitan environments are so richly supplied — and often vainly preoccupied. Living amidst copious natural wealth, they lack the motivation to prize the fruits of labor — mental or material — so valued in less favored regions. Despite burgeoning, urban-centered modernity, they are still, and probably always will be, rurally oriented creatures, in that their fundamental attunement is to things that grow rather than things that are made. In an environment of seasonless tranquillity, they feel a kind of muffled remoteness from the outside world — from Cuba and the Copa, from Metrecal and the Met, from Gleason

and Gagarin.

Clearly, the virtues of Hawaii are not those of worldliness, but of life, and love of life, Island-style, which the natives call *hoomanawanui* (literally: "Let's take it easy"). In such an intellectual and emotional climate, it is hardly surprising that they approach the matter of careers with something less than the Manhattanite's well-known devotion. Some don tapa and ti leaf to hula for the *lei*-laden customers at Don the Beachcomber's, Hawaiian Village or one of the other Waikikian tourist temples; though others less gifted, and less exotically accoutered in pasties and G-strings, ply a somewhat broader version of this ancient art in the strip joints along notorious (but typically overrated) Hotel Street, unofficial headquarters for pass-holders from nearby Schofield Barracks. A few of these downtown doxies, in fact, amid the peeling plaster and ceiling mirrors of adjoining houses away from home, offer even more tangible comfort to our fighting men. But most of Hawaii's girls peddle less flamboyant wares as salesgirls and cashiers in Honolulu's thriving mercantile maelstrom. Relatively few will take stenographic and secretarial jobs with the big business firms on downtown's King Street, mainly because typing and shorthand, along with other skills and capabilities considered *de rigueur* by working girls from Bangor to Beverly Hills, are simply too much bother for most of Hawaii's *hoomanawanui*-steeped *wahines*. There are more adventurous types, of course, who become stewardesses on the local airlines, or desk clerks at Waikiki travel agencies; but such restless souls, in a land of bounty and beauty, are in a small minority. Whatever her professional proclivities, the Hawaiian girl is likely to be less governed by the familiar stimuli of salary and status than by such fetchingly uncomplicated considerations as short working hours, pleasant company and accessibility to the beach.

Quite simply and unquestioningly, then, she accepts and delights in her abundant land, and in her own full-bodied, unthreatened femininity. To Island and mainland males alike, she is unabashedly approachable to a degree rivaled only by the girls of Sweden. Though she lacks the unreserved *aloha* of her ardent antecedents, she is disarmingly direct and artlessly honest; and she expects the same in return. If the initial amenities are observed with sincerity — and above all, if the chemistry is right — she will respond with an unguarded intensity, an unarticulated simplicity and an inventive sensuality that will come as a revelation to any who have known only the embrace of those of more temperate climes and dispositions.

When the end of the affair finally

comes — as it often does when her lover is a visiting mainlander — the *aloha oe* will be refreshingly string-free, if not entirely tearless. Though the Hawaiian girl feels the familiar feminine instinct to prolong — and perhaps formalize — such liaisons, she is almost always content to love in the present — which, in a land profuse with simple pleasures that enrich everyday existence, is its own reward.

Since Hawaii has long been a realm of potent and polyglot allure to the West as well as to the East, the Islands harbor also a sizable contingent of resident Caucasian girls who, if not exactly native in blood, are either native born, or "go native" soon after arrival, and must therefore be considered among the girls of Hawaii no less than those of pure Hawaiian ancestry or of nonwhite admixture.

Many of the native-born girls, daughters of old-school white families, can trace their Island origin to the first wave of Boston missionaries who went to Hawaii in the early 1800s burning to "do good, but did well instead." Such venerable names as Dillingham, Bishop, Dole and Robinson identify clans that became the ruling dynasties of the Islands — its leading fief-holders, and the most powerful *seigneurs* of its enormous sugar, coffee, pineapple and cattle industries.

Tastefully aloof from the downtown din in such Nob-Hilly neighborhoods as Nuuanu Valley and Makiki Heights, they live on well-manicured estates in Oriental-carpeted mansions from which their dutiful daughters are sent to perfect their accents and hone their sensibilities in the nearest acceptable halls of higher learning: Vassar and Wellesley. After the prescribed period, they return to the hearth ripened for the coming-out cotillion and for the cementing of inter-family ties in wedlock — but not before padding out the servants' entrance, dancing pumps in hand, for a final fling of old-fashioned *hoomanawanui*.

The second breed of resident white girl has migrated to Hawaii too recently to earn the title of *kamaaina* (long-time resident), and too long ago to be dismissed as a *malihini* (newcomer); usually the period is about two years. Almost all of them find Honolulu at first depressingly indistinguishable from such high-powered paradises as Palm Beach and Cannes, devoid of the aboriginal charm envisioned from overseas — and with everything but pineapples, sugar and coffee costing twenty percent more than on the mainland.

Soon, however, the *wahine*-to-be finds herself a comfortable, semifurnished one-and-a-half in the palm-treed and pink-stuccoed Kaimuki district, a mile or so from Waikiki. It costs \$100 or more, and it isn't on the beach, but the

(continued on page 106)

haberdasherial accoutrements to complement the collegiate wardrobe

campus checklist

BEFORE THE SETTING of many more suns, summering scholars will be packing their trunks for the annual pilgrimage to some 2300 college towns from Berkeley to Brookline. For fashion-wise freshmen and style-hip seniors who hope to show up properly caparisoned on campus, a checkout of the collegiate sartorial scene previewed on these pages would be a well-advised forethought. With subtle blends of trim tradition and bold innovation, updated Ivy will be the byword for the fall term.

Among our prognostications: a resurgence of the three-piece suit in tried-and-true hues, perennial worsted and flannel, upswinging corduroy and hopsacking; brocaded and double-breasted departures for vested interests; a ruggedly dressy trend in outerwear, sparked by fresh applications of shearling, denim, duck and suede; acclaim for the new, neat, non-button small-spread collar; fashion favor for zip fronts, hip lengths, Argyle patterns in sweaters. Witness: 1. Lamb's-wool zip-front cardigan with club collar, raglan sleeves, stitched detailing, by Valcuna Ltd., \$19. 2. Felt hat with pinch front, narrow brim, bound edge and band, by Champ, \$10. 3. Combed cotton shirt in bold plaid with buttondown collar, back pleat, barrel cuffs, by Sero of New Haven, \$7. 4. Mustard and blue brushed Shetland wool muffler, by Cisco, \$5; mohair and wool plaid muffler, by Handcraft, \$6.50. 5. Multistripe pebble-weave wool and Orlon jacket with flap pockets, center vent, by Stanley Blacker, \$50. 6. Gray hand-sewn mocha calf gloves with palm vents, stitched V-design on backs, by Fownes, \$11; tan gloves with hand-thonged sueded calf backs, cape-skin palms, by Daniel Hays, \$12.50.





7



8



9



10

7. Wool cardigan with suede buttons, matching trim on collar and pockets, by Puritan, \$22.50. 8. Chino slacks with side pockets, warming Scottfoam laminated lining, by H.I.S., \$8; striped oval-braid elastic belt with leather trim, gilt studding, brass buckle, by Paris, \$3.50. 9. Left to right: camel-tone wool flannel vest with pearl buttons, matched pleated lining, by Hylo, \$12; terra-cotta plaid Viyella vest, reversible to solid terra cotta, by English Sportswear, \$14; paisley-patterned British wool challis vest with pearl buttons, pleated lining, by English Sportswear, \$14; all with side vents, welt pockets, adjustable back strap. 10. Natural unshorn shearling coat with deep collar, leather buttons, frog closures, reversed cuffs, patch pockets, by Breier of Amsterdam, \$100. 11. Left to right: unbleached denim shirt with buttondown collar, contrast stitching, large buttoned flap pockets, by Van Heusen, \$6; cotton hopsack pullover with short-point collar, back pleat, barrel cuffs, by Hathaway, \$8; striped cotton oxford shirt with tab collar, barrel cuffs, contour body, by Manhattan, \$5.50. 12. Brushed Orlon pullover with crew neck, by Robert Bruce, \$13. 13. Wool jersey knit cardigan with seven buttons, striped trim, by Brentwood, \$13. 14. Hounds-tooth wool jersey knit blazer with metal buttons, flap pockets, center vent, by Bernhard Altmann, \$75; cotton broadcloth shirt with buttondown collar, back pleat, barrel cuffs, by Hathaway, \$7; silk tie with diagonal self-stripe, by Arrow, \$2.50. 15. Hand-loomed brushed wool pullover with double crew neck, by Kingstone, \$25. 16. From top: flat elastic belt with slide adjusters, removable rhodium-finish cigarette-lighter buckle, by Pioneer, \$3.50; batik belt with leather trim, slide adjusters, gilt-finish buckle, by Pioneer, \$2.50; corduroy-grooved, sueded calf belt with brass inserts and buckle, by Paris, \$4.



11



12



13



14



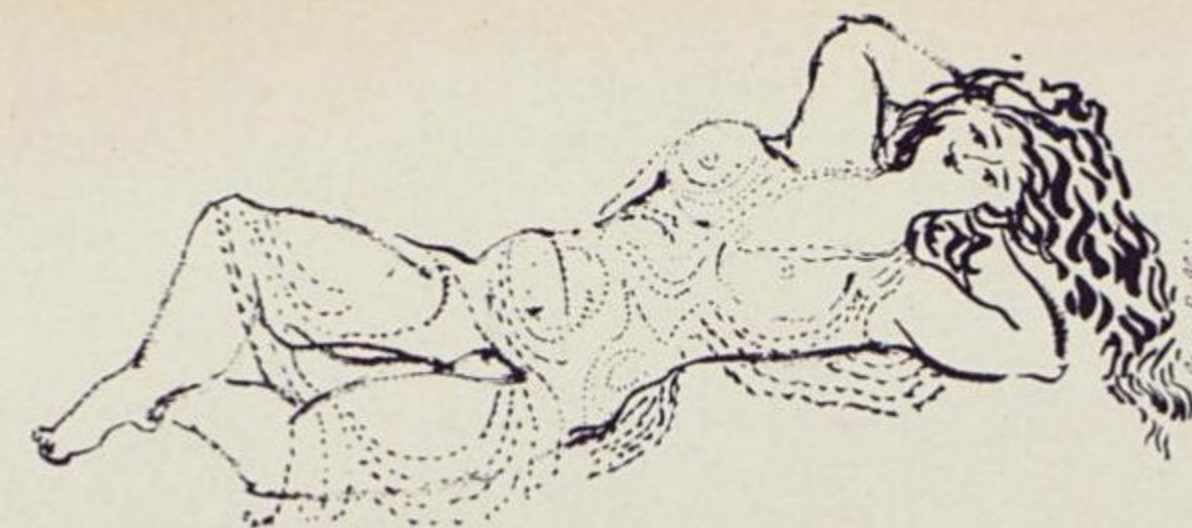
15



16



"Operator? Give me a wrong number."



THE ORATOR'S TRIUMPH

THERE WAS AT ONE TIME in Rome a young orator whose mistress was attracted to a new figure in the city, an older man of quite impressive physique and reputation.

The youthful orator grew concerned over this attraction, for it appeared that this man's reputation had so enchanted the mistress that the younger man faced the possibility of losing her. With this disaster facing him, he retired to the country where he meditated upon the matter two complete days and nights. Although he conceded his elder superior to himself in biological perfection, the young orator was blessed with creditable ingenuity and quickness of mind. On the third morn he struck upon a solution.

Acting quickly, he confided in the cousin of his mistress, who consented to pretend illness, thus requiring the presence at her side of the young woman. Then he proceeded to a section of the city where there lived a woman of unquenchable sexual appetite. He escorted this woman to his elder.

"I am told that you claim unusual physical prowess and ability," he informed the man. "I feel, however, that despite whatever advantages you may have had in the past, ancient one, I am presently more capable than you. I am willing to prove this with the sternest test imaginable."

Thus challenged, the elder became irate. "Not only have I always been greater than you, young one, but I am presently your superior in all aspects. I shall prove it to you by any test you feel appropriate."

"Very well, then," said the young man confidently, "I know of such a test. I have with me a woman who, it is claimed, can be satisfied by none but me." He presented the woman of insatiable desire. "Let us test ourselves with this woman and allow her decision to be final and accepted by both of us."

"And what would be the reward of my proving my superiority?" questioned the elder.

"Let it be thus: if she decrees that you are superior, I shall surrender my mistress to you as your own the very moment at which this woman makes that decision. If she decrees that I am superior, you must promise to leave the city, never to return again."

Immediately the elder accepted the challenge and retired to his quarters with the woman of hunger. Outside his door waited the youthful orator patiently as four hours passed and it grew dark, and then eight hours passed. Finally, at dawn, the elder emerged.

"I am unable to continue any longer," said the elder wearily. "I now submit that it is your turn to display your talents."

The younger man bowed most respectfully. "I must admit that in my youthful impetuosity I underestimated the greatness of your talent," he said. "I am forced to concede defeat to you at this moment, lest I be further embarrassed by proving myself so hopelessly inferior. Come with me and I shall immediately award you your prize."

With this, the young man took the elder to the home of the cousin and presented him to his mistress, who promptly took the man to her chamber. But so wearied was he from his efforts of a short while before, the elder found himself unable to engage her. After almost an hour, he was forced to leave the chamber in disappointment.

"I shall return when I am more rested," said he.

But the young woman, so disappointed at the man's inability to fulfill her expectations, drove him from the house, admonishing him never to return.

"Now," the young orator told her, "you can see most clearly that those things which appear to be of such greater promise than the ones at hand are not always so."

The young woman agreed, and withdrew to the chamber with the orator to whom she would forever remain faithful.

— Translated by Paul J. Gillette



TONY CURTIS (continued from page 54)

tom-tailored, chiefly suits and jackets from The Leading Man, a smart movie-colony men's shop (whose style-hip staff and black-suited owner, Mike Howard, occupy themselves with a Curtis coat-fitting alfresco in our lead photo). He pays about \$85 for a ready-made suit, \$160 for a custom job, \$185 for formal wear. A complete awareness of what is right for him determines his directions to the tailor. "I always ask him for certain adjustments — narrower pants legs and lapels, and the correct placement of the center button on my jacket," not, he asserts, for abstract design reasons, but simply to accommodate his stature and build. We inquired about his ideas on the padding scene in the tailoring of suits and jackets. "Crazy," he riposted, "provided you need corrective clothing. But for the normal build, it's nonsense. Tailors love it dearly, though, and will always sneak it in when your back is turned — if allowed. Consequently, I always demand no more padding in my suits than I get in my shirts, namely: none." Tony denied having a favorite designer for his personal wardrobe; a respecter of the expertise of the studio costume designer, however, he frankly declared one professional preference: "For picture work, I always try to get Orry-Kelly. Simplicity is the keynote to everything he does, and yet somehow he manages to give his clothes great style and flair. For my next picture, he has created a tuxedo for me that I like so much I'm having it altered for my personal wardrobe." Within the year, we were reminded, Tony would be donning duds patterned after the sartorial style of Hugh M. Hefner, PLAYBOY's Editor-Publisher, whom he will be portraying — peripatetically, we don't doubt — in a forthcoming film biography of the man and the magazine.

Apropos Flick City's familiar allergy to formal evening wear — a bane reportedly ranking with smog among the natives' disaffections — we cross-examined the well-dressed Mr. Curtis on his views. "There is a special pleasure for me in wearing dinner clothes," he replied heretically. "But more care should be exercised in the fitting of formal wear; this would help to eliminate much of the resistance to it. If evening clothes are unusually comfortable, self-consciousness is remarkably reduced." No cutter-up with cutaways and such, however, he added unequivocally, "When I dress formally, I dress very conservatively; it's a time for tradition."

Fully cognizant of the fact, according to the faithful fanbooks, that Tony is a successful product of the psychoanalyst's art — to which he credits much of

TONY CURTIS' BASIC WARDROBE

FORMAL WEAR

1 set of tails.
2 dinner jackets — both black; one lightweight and one regular weight.

SUITS

3 wash-and-wear — navy, olive, light-green synthetic fibers.
5 stripes and plaids — lightweight wool worsteds in gray, black, blue.
7 solids — gray and black in lightweight wool and worsteds.
3 double-breasted — lightweight wool in solid black, navy and gray pin-stripes — for evening.

SPORTS JACKETS

1 madras — brown-and-black cotton.
4 wash-and-wear synthetic-fiber plaids in grays.
2 corduroys — in beige and black.
6 solid colors — brown, gray, navy wool blends and worsteds.
1 herringbone — brown and black in lightweight wool.

SLACKS

23 pairs, predominantly black, some olive and brown, others in low-key grays, three bold-pattern plaids.

SHIRTS

8 stripes and simple patterns for dress, mainly in oxford — all button-down or modified-spread "Curtis" collar, latter sometimes worn with slide-pin.
22 in solid colors, mainly white and blue, and a few yellow, also for dress — all button-down or "Curtis" collar.

14 sport shirts — half small patterns, half solids, mainly blue and gray.

SHOES

17 pairs, including loafers, alligator, suede, patent-leather pumps, modified jodhpurs, desert boots, etc.

TIES

38, including six simple-patterned, ten solid black; solids and stripes predominating.

SWEATERS

8 lightweight slippers and cardigans in wool blends, cotton, jersey — all long sleeves, mostly in gray, black, white.
4 heavy "skiing" wool, including two turtle-necks, in gray and black.

SOCKS

40 pairs, all knee-length, mostly black cotton, nylon for dress, plus several pairs lightweight wool walking socks.
8 pairs regulation-length white sport socks.

his personal and professional growth into film roles requiring maturity and professional dignity — we phrased a query about the psychological significance of his mood-to-mood changes in outfit. "I hardly ever wear tennis shorts to a formal dinner," he answered with a smile. "My clothes vary with function — not with mood. I like all of them — or I wouldn't have bought them."

Digging the decor of Tony's spectacular \$250,000 hilltop eyrie in one of the eldest and poshest purlieus of movie-land, we conjectured, not unreasonably, that a specially designed dressing room and wardrobe might be a part of all this splendor. "Not really," he replied, "but I have enough closet space so that my suits aren't crushed. I always buy small hangers so the tips don't jab the jacket sleeves out of shape. I keep my shoes in a special rack at the bottom of the closet and I have a cabinet with drawers for sweaters and shirts. But that," he said, "is just about it."

Even sans de luxe dressing room, Tony cuts a figure favored across the nation; his name repeatedly pops up on "Best Dressed" rosters. But he steadfastly spurns such dubious distinctions, recognizing full well that most such celebrity-centered fashion pedestals rest on a firm foundation of sheer pufflicity. "Just once," he said resignedly, with about a half jigger of wry, "I wish somebody would pick a well-dressed list of guys making under ten thousand a year." More seriously, he feels that "a man's clothes should reflect not only his own personality but his profession. By these standards, Roy Rogers is as well-dressed as the Duke of Windsor" — both of whom, it happens, are among the members of Tony's own rather whimsical set of fashion plates, alongside such compatriots of the cloth as President Kennedy, Cary Grant and Morey Mandel (Tony's barber).

Becoming privy to the clear-cut views and clean-cut clothes of a habit-hip guy like Tony is always a felicitous fashion revelation. Also, it is a sober reminder that all too many men go through garb like emperor moths, from one season to the next, without once venturing within a sleeve's length either of Tony's pleasure in, or flair for, tasteful dress — inner-directed and outer-projected with daring but decorum. Such fashion squares can't seem to understand a simple truism of good grooming: that you owe your clothes more than a ticket to the cleaners; and that your clothes owe you considerably more than mere durability or creature comfort — manifestly, a mutual debt that this swinging conservative and his distinctive wardrobe have settled in full.



"I'D RATHER eat a ROTTEN nectarine" padded-cell portraits by the superbly nutty comedy team of carl reiner and mel brooks

humor

BY NOW IT IS APPARENT that the wares of all manner of funnymen — from the hippest routines of a Bruce or a Sahl to the bone-tired material of the dullest hacks — have found their way onto LPs (*Hip Wits Disc Hits*, PLAYBOY, September 1960). Some make it big (nine out of the first hundred LPs on a recent best-seller list were comic etchings); most don't get back the cost of the pressing. In at least one instance, the LP made the performer: Bob Newhart was a nightclub unknown when his first recording turned him into a star overnight.

Now we have the phenomenon of a comic duo that has made it entirely on wax; *2000 Years with Carl Reiner & Mel Brooks* is a hot sales item without Reiner and Brooks' ever having appeared on a nightclub stage together, which sets some kind of course record. They have, in fact, made only one public appearance to date as a team (on the Ed Sullivan Show).

Reiner is based in Hollywood, scripting movies (*Gidget Goes Hawaiian*) and producing and heading the writing staff for a Procter & Gamble TV series preeming on CBS in the fall. Brooks works out of New York, is doing the book for a Broadway musical that's slated for the upcoming season. Both veterans of Sid Caesar's *Show of Shows*, Reiner and Brooks have a unique and madcap *modus operandi* when taping. Brooks never knows what's going to be done; Reiner springs the characters on him cold right before the tape starts to wind. It seems incredible, in the light of this, that *2000 Years* consists completely of one-take routines.

Despite the possibility of another Sullivan shot and the fact that Capitol Records has bought the World Pacific master of *2000 Years* and reissued it on its own label, comedy's most successful nonworking team isn't even considering doing nightclub work. Which makes these kookie photos and accompanying text from Reiner and Brooks' ad-lib skits something special and something we're sure will entertain you.

PHOTOGRAPHED ESPECIALLY FOR PLAYBOY BY JERRY YULSMAN



THE PSYCHIATRIST

REINER: Doctor, I'm . . .

BROOKS: Do you have an appointment?

REINER: Yes, I do. I'm paying for this hour to interview you . . . Doctor Holdanish, you just told your nurse not to allow your patient back!

BROOKS: Yes! I can't take it. Naw, I can't . . . She spoke filthy. Filth! D'ya hear me? Filth . . . in . . . in my house . . .

REINER: Just a moment . . . sir . . . you are a psychiatrist?

BROOKS: That's right. Accredited. I'm not a doctor. I'm accredited.

REINER: Meaning what?

BROOKS: I mean that, uh, certain people have said, "You're accredited; you're all right."

REINER: But you are a doctor?

BROOKS: No, not in the legal sense.

REINER: Well, you have the word, D—, oh, it's not Dr.

BROOKS: No . . .

REINER: It's Dcr.

BROOKS: Yes. It's the docker.

REINER: Docker.

BROOKS: It's very close. If you don't look close, I'm a doctor.

REINER: Well, Docker Holdanish, you are treating people who are in

need of help?

BROOKS: Yes, I lift their hopes, I turn their spirits.

REINER: I'd like to get back to this poor girl who went screaming from

your office.

BROOKS: Well, she's filthy and dirty, and I nearly called a policeman in here to hit her and arrest her. Why do I have to hear that junk?

THE ASTRONAUT

REINER: We have our tape recorder set up at an Army base. We can't tell you exactly where for security reasons. We're going to speak to some of the men who are billeted at the base. Sir, may we speak to you?

BROOKS (Loud whisper): Yeah, sure, go ahead. Yeah, sure you can. What d'ya want to say? Say it fast; they'll catch us.

REINER: Sir, we're not going to say anything that would be against security...

BROOKS: Uh huh, uh huh, uh huh...

REINER: What do you do here at the base, sir?

BROOKS: I'm an astronaut.

REINER: Are you, sir, one of the seven astronauts that have been chosen...

BROOKS: That's right. I'm one of the seven. They're going to shoot me out into space, into the blue. Up above buildings (Whistle).

REINER: Now, sir, just one moment, just one moment...

BROOKS: Uh huh, uh huh, uh huh—sure. I'm a little nervous. I'm afraid I'm going to lose my life. That's what I'm afraid of.

REINER: Well, sir, may I ask you something?

BROOKS: Sure!

REINER: I saw the pictures of the seven astronauts that appeared in

"Life" magazine...

BROOKS: Oh, yeah, you saw those pictures. Yes!

REINER: You are not among them.

BROOKS: None of them are them!

REINER: You mean those are not the real...

BROOKS: No, those are models. They can't take pictures of us; we're monkeys, man!

REINER: What do you mean, you're monkeys?

BROOKS: Well, let me explain something...

REINER: Those are seven handsome men...

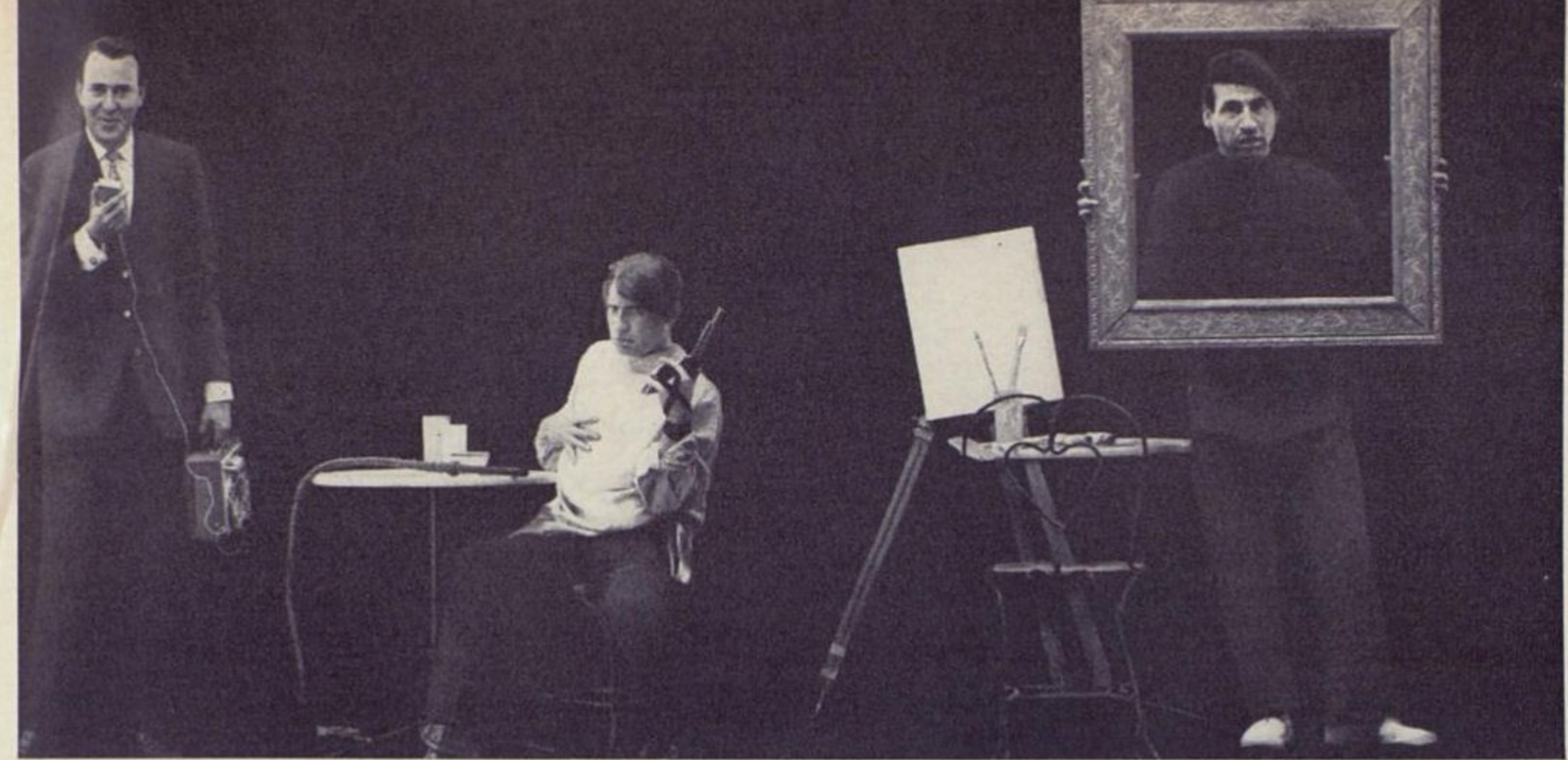
BROOKS: They're seven beautiful men. As a matter of fact, one of them is very beautiful. But that's none of your business and it's none of my business. Now those seven guys, they're models, see?

REINER: You mean they're not really fliers?

BROOKS: No, they're not really fliers! They're models. They say Commander Robert L. Jones. That's not Commander Robert L. Jones.

REINER: You are?

BROOKS: That's Estelle Winwood! God knows who he is! Who knows who he is? They're models, ya see, they're beautiful. They take pictures of them so that we're not ashamed for Russia to see such ugly little astronauts!



IN A COFFEEHOUSE: THE ACTOR

REINER: In the past few years, a type of meeting place has grown up throughout the country which is called a coffeehouse. There are many uninitiated people who have never been in a coffeehouse, I being one of them. We are going over to a table now where a gentleman is seated wearing a T-shirt, looking very much like an actor. I might describe him as looking like a cross between, uh, Marlon Brando and Joanne Woodward. I want to explain that. You do have blond hair? May we sit and talk with you, sir?

BROOKS (Method school inflection): Uh—if you are so in your mind to.

REINER: Yes! Was I right, sir, was I right? Are you an actor?

BROOKS: Yes, I happen to be a—uh—Lesbian.

REINER: I think, sir—uh, can I check you on that, I think you mean Thespian.

BROOKS: Well, uh, is that what...

REINER: Thespian... yes...

BROOKS: Thespian. I'll never get that wrong again!

REINER: Sir, whom do you consider the greatest actor we have in America today?

BROOKS: The greatest actor in America is Tallulah Bankhead!

REINER: Well, she's a great actress.

BROOKS: I don't mean actor-actress. I mean she knows what she's doin' up there, ya know?

REINER: Who would you pattern yourself after?

BROOKS: I would pattern myself after—uh—I loved that picture "The Fugitive Kind," I loved it very much,

very much. I try to be like Brando in my T-shirt, and just look very much like Joanne Woodward, who I love very much. I love her.

REINER: Well, you know, usually when people...

BROOKS: I also look a little like the producer; I love him, too.

REINER: Martin Juro, the producer?

BROOKS: Yeah, yeah, Marty Juro, he produced that picture. You'll notice my shoes are exactly like his. I loved that picture that much—that I became everything in it.

REINER: Well, sir, I think I've made a mistake. You're not an actor.

BROOKS: No, I'm not an actor, but I love to hang out here.

REINER: OK, well, it was a pleasure speaking to you.

BROOKS: Well, it was a pleasure almost to be an actor.

IN A COFFEEHOUSE: THE PAINTER

REINER: We're going into a corner of the coffeehouse now. On the walls surrounding the table are many, many paintings. There is a gentleman sitting here with a palette, a palette knife, some brushes, some oils—and I imagine he is the gentleman who painted these paintings. Am I right, sir?

BROOKS (Greek accent): That is correct in your assumption. You are totally correct and impeccably dressed, if I may say so.

REINER: Thank you, thank you very much...

BROOKS: A lovely tie gradually blending into the color of your suit.

REINER: Well, sir, may I ask you

about this particular abstract?

BROOKS: Yes. It's mainly impressionistic, postimpressionistic, pre-impressionistic and impressionistic.

REINER: Yes. This one is more of an academician type of painting...

BROOKS: No, it's not.

REINER: Well, it's very graphic... it's very graphic...

BROOKS: Yes, it's very graphic, it's very graphic.

REINER: It has a draftsmanlike quality. The spaghetti looks like spaghetti; the salad looks like a salad; and the garlic bread looks like garlic bread...

BROOKS: Oh, oh, oh... no, no. That's not a picture, that's my supper! It happens to be resting on a frame. That's my dinner. I eat that!

REINER: Oh, I'm sorry, sir...

BROOKS: Do you like that... wait a minute, do you really like it?

REINER: Well... it is very beautiful, but...

BROOKS: Do you think it looks like a collage of a...

REINER: Yes. The composition is lovely. I thought it was thickly painted.

BROOKS: I tell you what... if you really like it, I can lacquer it up and give it to you for forty bucks!

REINER: No, no, I'm afraid I wouldn't want to deprive you of your supper, sir...

BROOKS: All right... how about just the coffee and cake? For twenty dollars...

REINER: No, sir, I...

BROOKS: Gimme a dollar and a half for the coffee and cake...



FABIOLA

REINER: A little club on the East Side of New York has just opened up with a new young singer. In three weeks he has broken every conceivable record in nightclubs. Ladies and gentlemen, we want you to meet the new rage, Fabiola. Fabiola, on your last record alone, I understand you sold seventeen million copies.

BROOKS (Slurred, rather indistinguishable tone): That's right, man. Say fey! I just got lucky, man.

REINER: Fabiola, you are one of the most exciting performers I've ever seen on stage.

BROOKS: I've heard, I've heard that.

REINER: You're dynamic, you're exciting, you're vibrant.

BROOKS: I've heard that. I've heard I'm all that. I've heard.

REINER: Now, how would you describe your type of singing? It doesn't fit into any category I've ever seen before. It's not folk singing, it's not rock 'n' roll, it's not progressive jazz, it's not swing. What is it?

BROOKS: It's dirty, man! I mean, that's why I get 'em, because I'm dirty. Ya know what I mean?





REINER: About four days ago a plane landed at Idlewild Airport. The plane came from the Middle East bearing a man who claims to be 2000 years old. He spent the last six days at the Mayo Clinic. Sir, is it true that you are 2000 years old?

BROOKS (Yiddish accent): Oh, boy! Yes.

REINER: You are 2000 years old? It's hard to believe, sir, because in the history of man nobody has ever lived more than 167 years, as a man from Peru claimed to be; but you claim to be 2000?

BROOKS: Yes, I'll be, I'm not yet, I'll be 2000 October 16.

REINER: When were you born?

BROOKS: We didn't have formal years and names and writing. We didn't know! Nobody kept time. See, we didn't know, we didn't write, we just sat around and pointed in the sky and we said, "Wooo, hot."

REINER: That's all you said?

BROOKS: We didn't even know it was the sun!

REINER: You mean you really didn't know anything?

BROOKS: We didn't know anything. We were so dumb and stupid. We didn't know who was a lady! They was with us, we didn't know who they were! We didn't know who was the ladies and who was fellas.

REINER: You thought they were just different types of fellas?

BROOKS: Yes, just stronger or smaller or softer. The softer ones, I think, were ladies all the time. A cute, fat guy... you could have mistaken him for a lady. Ya know, soft and cute...

REINER: Who was the person who discovered the female?

BROOKS: Bernie!

REINER: Who was Bernie?

BROOKS: Bernie was one of the first leaders of our group.

REINER: And he discovered the female? How did it happen?

BROOKS: He said, "Hey, there's ladies here!"

REINER: I'm very interested to find out how Bernie discovered the woman. How did it come to pass?

BROOKS: Well, one morning he got up smiling. So he said, "I think there's ladies here." So I said, "What d'ya mean?" Ya know? So then he went into such a story, that it's hundreds of years later, I still blush.

REINER: Sir, could you give us the secret of your longevity?

BROOKS: Well, the major thing, the major thing, is that I never ever touch fried food... I don't eat it, I wouldn't look at it, and I don't touch it. And, never run for a bus, there will always be another. Even if you're late for work, ya know. I never ran for a bus. I never ran, I just strolled, jaunty, jolly, walking to the bus stop.

REINER: Well, there were no buses in the time of Herod.

BROOKS: No, not in my time.

REINER: What was the means of transportation then?

BROOKS: Mostly fear!

REINER: Fear transported you?

BROOKS: Fear, yes. You would hear an animal growl—you would go two miles in a minute. Fear would be the main propulsion.

REINER: I think most people are interested in living a long and fruitful life, as you have...

BROOKS: Yes, fruit is good, too. You mentioned fruit. Fruit kept me going for 140 years once when I was on a very strict diet. Mainly nectarines. I love that fruit. It's half a peach, half a plum, such a helluva fruit! Not too cold, not too hot, ya know, just nice. Even a rotten one is good. That's how much I love them. I'd rather eat a rotten nectarine than a fine plum, what d'ya think of that?

REINER: I can understand that.

BROOKS: Yes, that's how much I love them. Some good things.

REINER: Sir, what did you do for a living?

BROOKS: Well, many years ago, thousands of years ago, there was no heavy industry.

REINER: We know that.

BROOKS: The most things that we manufactured or we made was we would take a piece of wood, see, and rub it and clean it and look at it and hit earth with it, and hit a tree with it.

REINER: For what purpose?

BROOKS: Just to keep busy! There was nothing to do. There was absolutely nothing to do. We had no jobs, don't ya see?

REINER: What other jobs were there? There must have been something else besides hitting a tree with a piece of stick.

BROOKS: Hitting a tree with a piece of stick was already a good job. We couldn't get that job, ya know. Mainly was sitting and looking in the sky, was a big job. And another job was watching each other. That was light work—looking at each other.

REALITY FOR THIS LAD (continued from page 42)

when IBM jumped nineteen points in one day; it lost half the gain the following day—quake in pit of stomach.

It may be significant of our age, he decided, but it is more importantly significant of me. He folded his paper and thrust it over the side of his chair. He thought: I need to do or die somehow, to live and love somehow, or else be content to become a waxy middle-aged man with irritable moods and a cultivated eye. What do I want? Wildness. What do I get? A dream of tired blood. The grape gives its best when it is squeezed, trampled, fermented; I seem to be turning not into wine but a raisin on the floor, dry, hard, stale, and pushed to and fro by ants.

With this over-deep and rather literary thought, Peter fell to his knees and began looking for the raisins that had dropped as he ate from an open box. Crawling about nearsightedly, he had an abrupt fear of assault from the rear. He left the raisins for the maid. He dusted his hands together. It was time to do something about his isolated jitters. It was time to do the same old thing.

Going to the bathroom on this spring evening of verdant self-doubt, reproach and resolution, he examined his face in

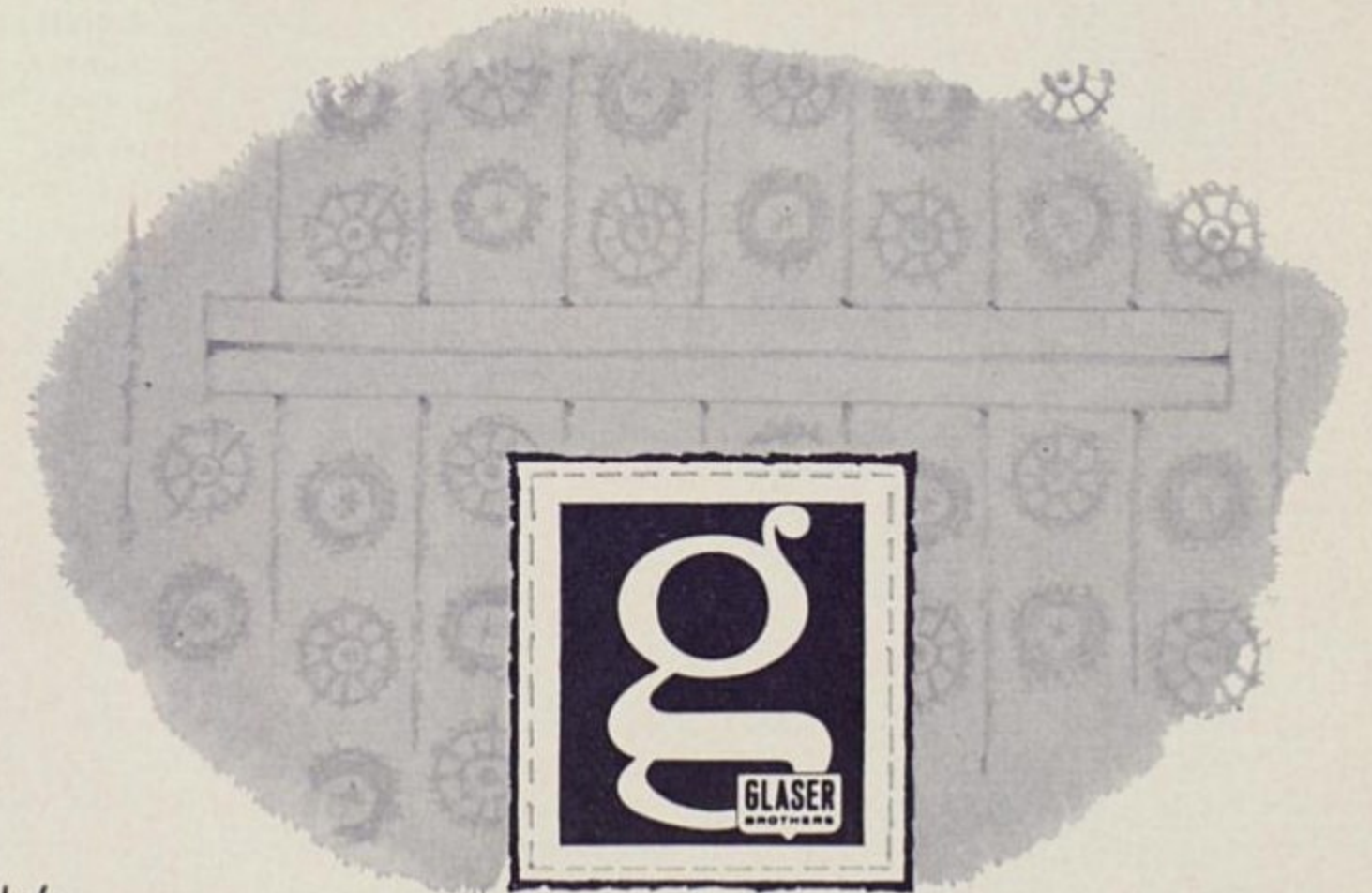
the mirror while the birds were busy receiving the season outside his window. Back in Saratoga, the dogwood was in bloom and the martins had returned; on Riverside Drive, there were kids a year older, there were mothers with eyes made up a new way, there were girls strolling and boys stalking. From the profile, he decided, he was a but slightly sagging Ivy League tennis player, and he could qualify to take most recent coeds to the Village Vanguard. From the front, at full face, he looked like a possible handsome young President of the United States, ever so delicately frayed by care, and wishing to care even more than he already by nature did (curled locks, proud and firm mouth). He was ready. Up arms again, up the flow of life, up girls and girlishness and girlhood! Spring has come, Peter my lad, and it is time once more!

But who? To whom? This nagging question required a major, statesman-like answer: *she whom he loved*. Ah, well done.

But what would be her blessed name? Alice, Betty, Carrie, Doris? Mary, Nora, Olive, Peggy? A personal identification, with individual characteristics, a way of opening her umbrella and a way of smiling, a lilt of voice and a glint of eye,

these things are important and make the difference between a genuine girl and a foam-rubber doll. (Cheep-cheep, said a robin redbreast at his window sill. He must remember to put out crumbs.)

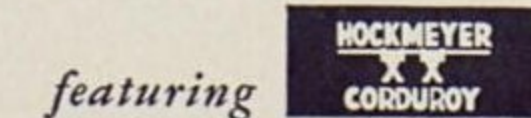
Resolutely, then, Peter fell in love, and with a particular girl named Irma, whom he met while she was out walking her dog and he was out walking her, although she did not know it at first. The dog seemed to understand at once. Upon seeing Peter, or rather, sniffing him, since dogs have limited vision but trust greatly in smells, the dog, whose name was Peter ("What a coincidence! We are fated for each other!"—"Now isn't that rather pretentious of you? I just *happened* to name him Peter, in honor of my visit to Rome"), began to bark and bark and jump in little circles, which caused a bright flow of admonition, and the dog then suffered a crisis, which was treated with alternate doses of icy calm and furious advice, and Peter being nearby, the cause of all this canine hysteria... he rescued her; he calmed the dog; he smiled; she smiled. And there they were, Irma and Peter, standing in the dusk near the Hudson River, making philosophy together. "Did you know," Peter remarked, the dog being safely diverted by a fire hydrant, "that dogs do not bark in a state of nature? They only learn to bark out of futile



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imitation of human speech."

"My dog," she replied; "I have never believed," she also remarked primly (she was not the sort of girl who); "but do dogs exist in a state of nature, Mr. Patten? My dog was bred in a kennel in Philadelphia."

"Ah, you know Philly, Miss?" Peter asked daringly.

"Umm," she said, and he knew that in the golden future which lay before them he should always remember to pronounce it "Philadelphia." Also the dog set up a crisp fresh yipping in protest against his dog-disparaging insinuations.

"It's Hattan," he said, "Peter Hattan. I've been to Philadelphia many times. Victor's. Eugene Ormandy. The Philadelphia Athletics."

Irma was a light and metal person who had gone to a fine finishing school, had been finely finished, and now was in town, like Elsie and ten thousand others, for a spell of Showbiz. Having been analyzed from the age of fifteen to seventeen, she had picked these slightly later years for her Stage of Parental Rebellion, as she named it; she had a little word for it, her own little expression; and she danced in an off-Broadway musical. This did not mean that she was less pretty or attractive or anything than the girls in the on-Broadway musicals, however. It only meant that she was slightly less skilled. She had just as much heart, and heart is what matters when you come right down to it (if you happen to be coming right down to heart), and she put all her talent and heart and hopes and dreams into her dancing and walking Peter. "I mean the dog, silly." She had a strong doubled bud of rump and that balletic stem above. And cute. Slender, but cute. When you can't think about breasts, you can think about doubled bud of springtime rump. Irma knew her own virtues: she had learned a trick of turning her back. She kept herself going with the aid of chicken salads (light on the mayonnaise), filter cigarettes ("I think they're all right, don't you?"), the love of a dog ("Well, he's almost like human"), and an occasional audition ("But there are some things I won't do even to get on Broadway"). As she confided to Peter, she had already suffered from one important romance, with a man named Mr. Marvin Magleberg, one of our foremost composers of Country and Western. He was a highly moral person who disapproved of rock 'n' roll and owned part of a Country and Western recording company in Nashville, Tennessee, where, it turned out, he also had a wife. Irma left him almost immediately upon discovering his guilty secret. She only waited until she had removed her belongings from his apartment and they had gone to see a musical for which he had written away for tickets in advance.

"Why the delay?" asked Peter.

From her blush, he understood that the delay only *seemed* like a delay. In spirit she had withdrawn her allegiance weeks before. As a matter of fact, she had given Marvin no joy from that day forward (the day on which she had gone through his pockets and discovered the letter, onward), except perhaps the pleasure of being seen with her in orchestra seats. And afterward, while he watched her white and angry little face on his pillow in the ghostly dark, her stemlike, firm-rumped body huddled away from him, the bud closed to him, he must have regretted his duplicity, don't you think?

Peter did indeed think.

But enough of Irma's past. It was her innocence and hope that captivated Peter, not her stupidity; for he too had suffered for love of a married person, and felt as if he had been used as the respondent in one of those Personals advertisements: SEEK LONELY MAN FREE SATURDAY MORNINGS AND WEDNESDAY AFTERNOONS. Ah, but Irma was free and with him always. They would do the *Times* crossword puzzle on Sunday afternoons because they had already done everything else they wanted to do. And Irma thought words are so educational, don't you think? Peter did think. And they would grow fat and amiable together, and then go on a diet together, slimming amiably. Health foods are so good for one, don't you think? Peter did so think. Who knows? They might even marry. Peter considered this seriously, without even being asked if he thought. They *would* marry, later. At his age, with a bald spot the size of a quarter on his scalp, it would soon be time. Soon, or perhaps later. And maybe a sturdy grain of stupidity is healthy in a wife.

They went to museums, and ate in museum cafeterias, and while they recuperated from works of art, Peter explained the workings of the stock market to Irma. She was fascinated. "How much can you make per annum?" she asked.

They went to theaters, mostly musicals, because Irma was not working now and she wanted to make sure that the employed dancers had been hired by mistake or by erotic influence. She was better than all of them. She had tendencies to paranoia—she believed that dancers sometimes used their bodies off-stage in order to influence casting directors. "Hmm, a tendency to stark realism," Peter informed her.

"That's not the same as paranoia, except in New York," she observed, switching her rump, and Peter decided that maybe contact with him was making her witty. "No," she replied, "that's contact with Life makes me humorous, a sense of humor. But you're interrupting, Peter. I was saying. Ever since I finished my analysis and entered like Real Life, I've always known that realism and

paranoia aren't the same, but they're similar, don't you think?"

"I wish you wouldn't always say don't-you-think," he said.

"I think that's an effort to reassure myself that you're emotionally in tune with me, don't you, Peter?"

He did.

Changing the subject, maybe, Irma informed him that a man of his abilities should be good for thirty-forty thousand by the time he was forty or more. She added thoughtfully: "Per annum." It was one of her favorite learned phrases. Like Shakespeare, she was gifted in little latinities. She ducked her head, twisted, showed him her back in the little gesture.

They went to tearooms and coffee-houses. They went to espresso shops where the floorshow consisted of poetry read to jazz, and to smaller places with bigger cups, where the floorshow consisted of interracial chess-playing, and to cappuccino specialty places with full-sized cups where the floorshow was just each other, themselves, Peter and Irma, cinnamon and hot milk, exploring the lovers' world of mute satisfaction, don't you think? And then, of course, less mutely, they went to bed. She had a small head and large muscular hips. Afterward Irma liked to talk about it. She felt that mature discussion domesticated a confusing violation of her body. It's more a spiritual than a physical action, or should be, don't you know? She liked to wonder about how many times they would perform this action per annum, and figuring on the average of their first month together, she toted up an impressive figure, one hell of a lot of spiritual actions. "Considering your age," she prodded hopefully. "After all, according to Kinsey, a man's best age is —"

"I know," he interrupted, "but that's before a man is a man. And it's quality that counts."

It was a fine, spiritual distinction. Irma brooded prettily over it. She also watched his diet and urged him to learn to love spices, as she did. She was noticing that the spiritual average of their first month had dropped slightly by their fourth month. They knew each other well, but she wondered if perhaps Peter would never plunge into her deepest depths of feeling and know her *very* well. "It takes an effort," she told him. "I come from a repressed background during my first, or formative, years and it's hard to break through to me. I tell you daddy was a stick! Please try, Petey."

He tried.

Afterward she did an exercise at the window, stretching her arms and tensing her buttocks, belly in, flexing below, her back to him—good for the muscles. "Ooh, the air is nice," she said to the open window. (continued overleaf)



"Before I was married, I used to get into all kinds of scrapes . . . Come to think of it, that's how I happened to get married . . ."

Don Madden

He tried and tried again.

Placidly Irma accepted his bids to uncover her repressions and placidly she rehearsed all the required responses, did all the exercises, but placidly she discovered that she still felt herself a stranger to the swirling maelstrom of passion. "Ooh, you're like a beast," she said, "and I like it."

But. But she didn't like it as much as she understood on good authority, she was supposed to. She pouted and hoped that this sort of thing (you know) didn't make a girl, like, *spread*. Peter pointed out that no, she shouldn't worry, in a way it was a kind of exercise. She worried. A dancer can't just exercise like any old muscles. She has got to be creative all the time.

Then a new outlet for creative expression of feeling occurred to Irma: another man and Peter's jealousy. "Tomorrow," she informed him, running her finger back and forth over his bald spot, "like tomorrow night, that is, I'll be busy. Freddie. He asked me like ages ago. You don't really mind, do you?"

To tell the truth, he didn't. At least not until he thought about it, and then no more than duty required. Alas, poor Irma, he like knew her well. He wanted a space of peace, recuperation, and reading, and he liked to stroll alone on the streets of a quiet evening. And so he didn't mind until the third or fourth time, and a certain special abstraction which he found in the center of Irma's customary talkative abstraction — a hard kernel of genuine hooky.

"What is it?" he asked her after a few weeks of this (sick headaches, cousins from out of town, unexpected yawning).

In a wee voice she answered, "Somebody else." She let this sink in. "But I can't decide between you. He isn't as — I don't know, you have so many good qualities, Petey. You're so nice."

"Who is it?" (Ice.)

"Freddie. Gosh, I feel terrible about the whole lousy mess, Petey. It lacks dignity like."

Peter knew what was expected of him. Rage, tears, sweaty protests, musing, desperate love-making. Forgiveness, violation of her body in order to possess it, more tears, promises, oaths. Sickness, fury and despair. Instead he declared, "Let me help you decide." Rapidly he summed up the arguments on both sides, and then crisply counseled her: "Pick him."

"Ooh, Peter, why?"

"Take my advice." He gathered up his hat, Mrs. Warden's friend's umbrella, and a pair of pajamas he had left on a hook in her bathroom. Irma watched him with half a fist in her mouth. He started to the door. She was wearing her most fetching bedtime shortie, one of his Ivy shirts, the buttons at the collar of which sometimes caught against the lace edging of her pillow when he

turned her over. Below her long graceful dancer's neck, the costume was held out by petite but genuine Irma, and then dipped in a free fall to just above her dimpled knees. Yes, there were real dimples, and when she crooked her knees, they dimpled at him. What is cute? Irma is cute. Sadly she followed him to the door, leaned against the wall in the hallway, took her fist all the way out of her mouth, and said reproachfully, in a low voice: "Peter."

He was human. The soft sound of soft her caused him to turn back, half willing.

"I care for you a lot," she said. "But a girl needs security, don't you think?"

A gentleman does not close the door on a pair of dimpled knees while the mouth three and a half feet above is moving. Perhaps she could say something important. She might have the wisdom of her dimples and her analysis, her firm embrace and her slow, switching amble.

"You never made me feel secure, Peter," she was saying. "I met this nice fellow I was telling you about, I really mean it, he is nice, one of the nicest I've met this annum, and he knew all about you — you know, I mean he could like guess — but he just cares for me so much, Peter, I mean don't you think that matters?"

The door closed as if someone else had slammed it. He was standing, looking at the door, and then he was rapidly walking. If she had run to his arms, letting the eloquent flesh speak, and not said the word "annum," his whole life might have been different. As it was, walking and walking, slowing down, strolling, peering into the darkened windows of a discount store on Broadway, he felt that his education in the vessels of love was now complete. He could see nothing more to learn. He believed in health, getting his rest, and keeping up with the world. He took a merely social interest in drinking. Tonight he wanted no sociability. Therefore he bought the early edition of the *Times*, had a dish of prunes in a cafeteria, and went to bed.

Exhausted and replete, he was tempted into a long period of continence, during which time he discovered that the warrants of a small electronics company in Cleveland had hidden values in a scanning device about to be brought out of the laboratory stage. He put a few thousand dollars in it and made a paper profit of twenty thousand in less than six months, without ever growing conceited. He decided to hold the stock for six months for the capital gains benefit; it slumped badly when IBM came up with a radical new method of performing the same operation; he ended the roller-coaster ride where he had begun. He felt neither shame nor regret; his company's fortunes obeyed scientific events over

which he had no control. But the gambler's excitement kept his evenings busy with vaguely sensuous reveries, dreams of luxury and power, a persistent fantasy of a Eurasian mistress (he had never known a Eurasian woman). The Captain of Finance slept alone on Riverside Drive, but talked United Artists Hindustani in his sleep. ("Me stunning girl in sari. You mighty Captain of Finance. Us make amour in stereo together.") He did not regret Elsie, Inga and Irma. His Eurasian charmer evaporated in the heat of the alarm clock. He had now cut both his losses and his gains.

All this could make him smile while reading his *Herald Tribune* at breakfast, and the days were full of gestures and amusements, but sometimes Peter awoke at dawn with a vacant nightmare anxiety, and he was holding his breath, gasping, coughing, fighting his way out of sleep, with the hot sheet entangled about his body: *They are pushing me around!* But then, as he heard the comforting hum of the electric clock and spied the rich gleam of his shoes in the little light off the street, he came back from the frights of sleep and realized that he had chosen his women. He had gone from one to the next in search of the perfection he defined for himself — gaiety, wit, grace, and the desire to please. And so tomorrow — Marijane or Rita or Julia. Be still, angry heart.

But tomorrow he knew that he had learned his lesson. He did not try. He would make do with his patience, with his Hollywood dream. He wore his body down to accepting sleep by spending the evenings at pulleys and bar bells in the Luxor Health Club, on West 46th Street, opposite the High School of Performing Arts, where delicious, milky young girls, with deep smudges of eye shadow and brilliantly capped teeth, loitered in cashmere sweaters with textbooks on American History and the Stanislavsky Method under their arms. Their arms were slender but their bodies were full; they laughed richly together, exchanging the complex wisdom of their experience with men who are casting directors and men who are agents; and then they went in to read about Senator McCarthy in Civics 3. They were gone when he emerged at the Luxor's closing time, exercised, steamed clean, exhausted. Head down, he lunged into the street and claimed a taxi.

A few months later came the great disaster of his life: her name was Patricia. Those others had confirmed him in a sour self-concern because they were sourly self-concerned and could not touch him. But Patricia, she was fresh, bright, tender, and, incredibly, she loved him. It was as simple as that. She quieted his sarcasms; she stilled his angry nighttime heart. She had a naturally affectionate nature as some girls have a naturally graceful sway to their walk. She had

responded to the sadness within him with a fierce determination to bring joy (perhaps this missionary intention is a flaw, too); she believed that her reality could penetrate his abstract, starchy dream of love (she was brave, she was foolhardy); she liked teaching him to ice skate again, and to kiss in doorways, and to have private jokes; and yet she was not a wreck of candybox femininity — she was a beautiful exception to all the rules.

Patricia remembered Peter from her childhood in Saratoga. The old-age daughter of a retired and forgotten Congressman, the occupation of his oblivion, she had given air to his last years and understood from the age of six that only her gaiety kept her father alive. They had lived in a gabled Victorian mansion which was now a boardinghouse during the racing season, a mausoleum with spittoons on the porches; it had gone to pay the old man's debts and his nursing during the final lingering, amnesic years. This shy child, grave and gay, prematurely burdened, brave with death-defying hope and explanations of senility — and yet nothing but a silken, dreamy child — had thought Peter grand, from afar, during a Christmas vacation from Princeton. It was a matter of an eight-foot scarf worn in the snow over a tweed jacket and thick blond hair like a Norse god's and the snow crackling when he walked.

"Ha!" Peter commented on her revelation. "I was more a sophomore than a god. And dry snow crackles when a Princeton mortal walks, too. What they won't think of in junior high school."

She had remembered him with breathless hope, and then he picked her out by fairy-tale luck, ten years later, on a winter weekend in the town where they had both grown up. Did their love ripen quickly? It sprang ripe from their wills. It shipped without spoiling from upstate New York on vacation to workaday Manhattan; they discovered the city together. With her small, delicate, old-fashioned face — oval, and oval cheeks, and long straight hair — she toured the city with him, and they explored each other; they hurried home in taxicabs, her face buried in his shoulder, breathless with waiting. The first time they made love, she sobbed with fear and desire, but said, "No, no, no, it's all right, no, no, no, Oh I won't say it —"

"Say it!"

"Oh I love you!"

And he found his own throat broken by dry sobs. And she took this for an answer. Perhaps it was, at that moment, even for him.

But sex is not love, though it can seem to be for a time; and can seem to be for an evening or many evenings; but there are also long days and week-ends and evenings when sex is only the map to love, not love itself, and a couple

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must look up from the map to find the land and the sky above. The pointing finger is not the star, and even that bright point of light a million miles away is not the star — for its own reality, the star needs a cushion of blackness and its location in the galaxy.

And tenderness, respect, gratitude, hope and desire are not love, either, though they often can seem to be. There were long evenings when Peter wanted to know why he was a salesman of stocks, bonds, warrants, and put and call options. And why there was not something better to do with his clever head and nostalgic heart. And why love cannot replace all the things which a man can imagine wanting to do when he puts his chair near the window, his feet on the sill, and looks out over that little stretch of green, interrupted by humming roadway, which runs down to the Hudson River.

Before falling in love, Peter had imagined that love could fill the barren February trees with leaves, twigs and ripe fruit. Now he found that love was merely love, and mere love slipped gravely away, like desire, like youth, like the hope of a future of effort and achievement. This, he decided, at the age when his friends were going through their first divorces, is how marriage becomes a trap. They begin with both love and the desire to make up for all the lacks

of their lives; marriage does not make up, and love withers; and thus the agonies of the happy hearth, upon which they revenge themselves for all their disappointments in work, in the world, in hope of grace. He had it all figured out, and abstained.

But in the meantime, there were pleasures with Patricia: kitchen pleasures of good appetite and drink, pleasures of coasting through the city together, easy with half-understood agreements, calm contemplation of the renewable pleasures of bed. Naked and playful, they would go to the window together and watch the Spry sign flashing on the Palisades across the river. Then Peter would try to forget, as he squeezed shut his eyes and embraced her, that she could invade but not come to rest in his heart.

Long before he decided for sure — he would wait, he was cautious — Patricia understood that he was slipping away. But since she loved him, she could not allow him to slip quietly away. This slender young girl from Saratoga, who had watched him in his red scarf, home from college for Christmas ten years ago, had now discovered sex, and now she invented and reinvented sex, imagining from her paltry experience that sex was what a man wanted. She remembered girlish conversations and hints and rumors. She tried to be clever and fanciful, and for love, for the dream of pleas-

ing him, she discovered fanciful, clever, desperate variations of whatever sex they had experienced together. True, this bemused Peter for a while. Who doesn't like experiences? Even a dream-ridden soul can be shocked awake. This slender child did *that*? She looked sideways and calculated so greedily?

But finally it wore him out. He had an ache in his loins and he took to saying, "No, honey, I'm sleepy." And he would doze with distant pity in his heart as he remembered the night before — her laboring body, slippery with sweat, running sleekness, her beautiful slender girlish body, and her eyes full of tears — her prayerful lips at his cheek: "You don't mind? You like this? You love me?"

He guessed that he did. He pitied her, cherished her, admired her, and was bored by her. He did not want to be bothered.

Peter wanted to be immortal, not merely subtly tickled, not merely to twist against thighs and suckle against breasts and be eased and lightened into dreamless sleep. He wanted to be nourished into dreams and reality — to make his mark. But love seemed to create invisible, markless pleasure and nothing else. The body turned heavy and violent and flushed, and then slept, and then was the same body once more. There was Patricia, sweet as a child after her exertions. There was Peter, drifting off. He looked at her and thought: No, she can't do it.

And thought: No, I've got to get out. And thought: I'll do it myself.

If he couldn't have everything, perfect everything he wanted in life, then he could at least have nothing, perfect nothing, the spacious vacancy of his heart. Again he created his dream of quiet in his room on Riverside Drive; the office and quiet, home and quiet, a view of the river and the days going quietly by. He was tired.

When at last she understood, she did not make a scene. It was as if her tears had been spent in effort and she had none to waste in regret. She did not curse him or berate him or reproach him, as some women do, but she did not wish him well, either. When he took her to the door of his apartment, she only looked into his eyes and said, "There are some things I would like to forget."

"I have good memories of you, Pattie," he said, with the relieved immediate tenderness of farewell. Together they had admired a crumpled-paper pink flower abandoned by a flirt in Central Park. Afterward he had bought her a real flower; she had kissed him openly, in the daylight, on West 57th Street, unashamed.

"Some things," she said softly, "I wish I didn't have to think of your remembering. I tried too much. I'm ashamed."



"We can either blackmail him with it, or make up a couple of hundred prints and go into business."

He patted her on the shoulder. Perhaps she could remember his casual platitudinous joviality, not her intimate striving. "Don't worry," he said, "I respect you."

She smiled, and her eyes turned very bright. "Do you?" she asked. "Do you? And you also respect yourself? Just waiting like that?"

She turned and her heels sounded down the hall and she was gone. She had applied her little female pinprick after all. But he did not blame her. He went to bed.

He ate, he slept, he worked, and the identical days filed by. Often now he dreamed and overslept the alarm. Repeated, repeated, remembering dreams vexed him; he spent the nights escaping over roofs, sliding, scraping, slipping, escaping only because he was especially quick, like an ape, over chimneys and turrets and towers, but slow, dangerously slow, crawling with torn fingers over the long treacherous stretches of loose slate; and the tireless enemy pursued him. "Oh no! Oh no!" he groaned, finding an abutment to scramble over just before he was touched, before the pursuing soft paws touched him. And sat up shocked awake. He welcomed the day and thought: *I can still run!* He ran to money and he ran to the Luxor Baths and he ran to his pure station in space. Despite his dream, he was making him-

self, and remaking; and not through the illusion of love but the reality of abstinence; and he was stern and smiling at his office, rigorous in his routines and easy after five, agile on his feet, the flesh of a thirty-three-year-old college tennis player, now on his way with an altered metabolism, reluctant to rush the net, licked into shape by exercise, diet and steam. He came home exhausted and fell into bed and thought he would not have the dream that night.

Inevitably, however, on one late afternoon in his office at 110 Wall Street, he felt the armor of blessed fatigue suddenly lift from his body as he sat at work, and with this lifting of weight, he welcomed back the jitters, the shakes, the horrors, desire — the soul's loneliness and the body's clamoring. An ant-heap city, making its obscure hive noise, was being sifted, fed, built, destroyed and rebuilt all about him; he had no comfort or extension in it, and felt like an ant separated from his kind by the gift of consciousness, but punished for his isolation by having no meaning or purpose. There is no place in the hill for the ant who abruptly decides that he would like to reconsider everything under the sun. Like a lost ant, he ran to and fro in his office. His secretary came in to ask if he were missing something. "Yes, just a thingamajig." Yes, just something. He smiled at her, be-

cause he was no ant; and she smiled back, because he was her boss and had smiled at her. He sent her back to her cubicle.

Now he had no more doubts. Even the simplest perfection requires compromise. He went home early, shook off his hot clothes, sat down naked at his desk, and wrote:

Sarah: Please take me back.

On your terms. Peter.

That would settle Saturday afternoon for him. The evenings and the long nights he would live through somehow. By this time next annum, the bald spot on his crown would be the size of a waxy silver dollar, and he could predict its rate of progress as he could predict most of his future.

But if Sarah did not remember him well enough to reply to his note? If she had made other arrangements? He predicted no excess of humiliation for himself. He might almost be relieved. There are even simpler arrangements with which he could make do until time relieved him of the only means he had found to share in human life. As he sat there, the letter folded in its envelope and the air conditioner blowing on his naked body, he thought of Sarah, he thought of Patricia; he felt his sex with his hand and found it engorged with the thought of sacrifice.



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KILLER IN THE TV SET (continued from page 68)

relation to my size or my weak wrists and abdomen. I'm just saying I'm mad now and when I am I'm suddenly articulate, fear no one and can get people. I don't care where you are. You've just come in here and done this to me and I swear I'll get you and I know I can do it because there are no obstacles when I feel this way."

"Calm down," said the m.c., lighting a cigarette. "Just sit down. All right, I admit I'm a little rattled now but it doesn't affect anything. I'm in a studio all right, but it's cleverly disguised and no one in the world would guess where we're set up. So all the anger in the world isn't going to change anything. Just calm down awhile and you'll see what I mean. Sing, Connie."

The hard-faced singer came out as a college coed in sweater and skirt. She pawed naively at the ground, waiting for the lift music and Mr. Ordz shouted, "And I don't want to hear her either."

"Who told you?" said the m.c., rising in a panic. "That's more work for me. You can't keep a damned secret in television. All right, I suppose you know you can have three alternates. The El-baya flamenco dancers, Orson's Juggling Giants or Alonzo's Acrobatorama."

"I'll take the Acrobatorama," said Mr. Ordz, shaking his fist at the set again. "But it doesn't mean I'm going along with any of this or that I don't want to get you just as bad as ever. I just like acrobats, that's all, and never miss a chance to see them. Then I'm going to watch your damned news and I'm going to bed." Mr. Ordz settled back to watch the acrobats who did several encores.

The m.c. came on again. He had changed his Halloween costume to a dinner jacket and he was puffing away at a cigarette. "All right, I'm going to go right into the news tonight. I am a little rattled and there's no point denying it. Do you think that this is what I wanted to be doing this week? I just want to get my damned sponsor and get out of here. That's all for tonight and here is your disaster coverage. I like you more than I thought I would and I got them to allow some sports. It's about a carload of pro football players that overturned in New Mexico, but it's sports in a way."

The following day Mr. Ordz went to see his doctor about a pain in his belly. "It's either real or imagined," he said to the doctor.

"Can you describe it?" asked the doctor.

"It's sort of red with gray edges and is constant."

"It'll probably go away," said the doctor. "If it turns blue let me know and we'll take it from there."

"Are you kidding me?" asked Mr. Ordz.

"I'm a doctor," said the doctor.

Mr. Ordz stayed in town that night to see a foreign film about a tempestuous goat farm. When it was over he went down into the lounge. He was all alone and the TV set was on. His m.c. was dressed like the *La Strada* carnival man.

"I expected this," said the m.c. "The research showed you have to peek under bandages. If a doctor said, 'Your life depends on it,' you'd have to sneak a peek anyway. So I knew you'd stay away from your set tonight, but I also knew you'd have to peek at some set. Whoever knocked research is crazy. Now look, forget last night when I said I was rattled. I know one thing. I've got to have a sponsor or I go nowhere. If I could reach out there and personally slit your gizzard I'd do it without batting an eyelash. As it is, I'll just have to torment your tail until you go by yourself. Incidentally, I can tell you the details. Research said you'd be here tonight, so by some finagling around I was able to get on much earlier, almost prime time. You can pick up the disaster flashes when you get home at two. Here's your Acrobatorama and if anyone comes in while we're on, we turn into a trusted, familiar network giveaway show."

When Alonzo's men had taken their third encore, Mr. Ordz took the train home and rode between the cars. At one point, he dipped his foot way down outside the car giddily, but then retrieved it and rode home for the two o'clock disasters.

The following night, Friday, Mrs. Ordz joined Mr. Ordz on the television chaise and showered him with love bites on the nose. "I'll erupt," she said, her matronly bosom heaving with tension. "I warn you I'll erupt right down here and we don't have a door shutter."

"Hold off," said Mr. Ordz. "I don't



tell you things, but I've got to tell you this thing." He told her the story of the secret channel and the m.c.'s threats, but her lids were closed and she whispered, "You're speaking words, but I hear only hoarse animal sounds. Tame me boobsie, tame me, or I'll erupt before the world."

"I can't get through to anyone because I'm too nervous to say what I mean," said Mr. Ordz. "If I get angry enough, if only I can get angry enough, everyone will hear me loud and clear."

"Wild," she said through clenched teeth. "You're wild as the wind."

"I wish you would hold off," said Mr. Ordz, but his wife would not be shunted aside and he finally carried her stocky body upstairs, getting back downstairs at two-thirty a.m. The hard-faced female singer said, "He told me to tell you that he had a cold but that he'd be back tomorrow night if it killed him. I don't know his name either. He said he didn't have time to line up a replacement and that you should just go to bed, unless you want to hear me sing."

"No," said Mr. Ordz. "I don't care what you do. I'm not going along with this. I just want to see how far the whole thing carries."

"Oh, that's right, you're the one who wanted acrobats. Do you think I'd do this crummy show if I had something else? But I figure one exposure is better than none and you might have some connections. I also do figure modeling. We're skipping the news tonight. Since you don't want me to warble a few, I have a modeling date tonight. I only do work for legit photogs."

In the morning, Mr. Ordz called in his secretary and said, "It's in defense bonds, savings stamps and cash, but it works out to six thousand dollars and I want my wife to get it."

"So just give it to her then," said the girl. "I don't know what you mean."

"I want you to know that it's for her if something happens to me."

"Don't you feel well, Mr. Ordz?" asked the girl. "You're supposed to put that in a will and it doesn't mean anything if you just tell it to a person."

"I'm not bothering around with any wills. I told it to you and you know it and that's all."

"But I can't enforce anything," said the girl.

"Don't argue with me. You just know."

The m.c. was wearing an intern's costume when the show came on much later, and was blowing his nose. "It was a pip all right. I used to get one a winter and I guess I still get them. All right then, now that it's come down to the wire I'd be teasing if I didn't admit it has crossed my mind that your heart might not stop and here I'd be without a sponsor. Research did tell me about the pain in the belly though, and of course that did relax me. You're on your

way. I get your life tonight, Ordz. Now look, this is the equivalent of your smoking a last cigarette. You're sick of me, I'm sick of you. If you go upstairs right this second and drink a bottle of iodine, the deal is you don't have to sit through the whole damned show. Fair enough?"

Mr. Ordz dropped his cheesettes and said, "So help me God I'm getting mad."

"And believe me," said the m.c., "the show stinks tonight. I do a whole series of morbid parodies of songs, real bad ones like *Ghoul That I Am*, and we've got a full hour of on-the-spot coverage of a children's school bus combination fire and explosion. Go upstairs, get yourself a regimental t^o or two . . ."

"I'm getting to the crazy point where I can spit in death's eye," said Mr. Ordz, rising from his chaise.

" . . . Rig them up noose-style to the shower nozzle, slip your head in there snugly and we'll all go home early."

"I'll get you," shouted Mr. Ordz. And with that he smashed his hand through the television screen, obliterating the picture and opening something stringy in his wrist. Blood spurted out across Mr. Ordz' six volumes of Churchill's war memoirs, sprinkling *The Gathering Storm* and completely drenching *Their Finest Hour*. Mr. Ordz studied his wrist and, until he began to feel faint, poked at it, watching it pour forth with renewed frenzy at each of the pokes. On

hands and knees then, he went up to his sleeping wife and clutched at her nightgown. "I erupt, I erupt," she said, in a stupor, and then opened her eyes. "Jeez," she said, "are they open at the hospital?" She got on a robe, and by this time Mr. Ordz had lost consciousness. Blood soaked Mrs. Ordz' nightgown as she gathered her husband up in her stocky arms and said, "God forgive me, but even this is sexy." She got him into the car, relieved to see some twitching going on in his neck, and at the hospital a young doctor said, "Get him right in here. I've treated bee bites before. Oh, isn't he the bee-bite man?"

Mrs. Ordz said, "I could just give interns a good pinch. That's how cute they are to me."

The doctor finally got a tourniquet and bandage on Mr. Ordz, who miraculously regained consciousness for a brief moment and peeked quickly under the bandage. "There are still people I have to get," he said. But then a final jet of blood whooshed forward onto the hospital linoleum and then Mr. Ordz closed his eyes and said no more.

When he began to see again, people were patting lotions on his face. "You're getting me ready for a pine box," he said, but there was no reply. More solutions were patted on his face. He was helped into a tuxedo and then lugged somewhere.

Out of the corner of his eye he saw his m.c. and two distinguished executive-type gentlemen soar out of the top of the building or enclosure he was in. The executives were holding the m.c. by the elbows and all three had sprouted wings. Then Mr. Ordz was shoved forward. Hot lights were brought down close to his face and cameras began to whirl. A giant card with large words on it was lowered before his eyes and one of the lotion people said, "Smile at all times. All right, begin reading."

"I don't want to," said Mr. Ordz, "and I'm getting angry enough to spit in all your eyes, even if I am dead." But no sound came from his mouth. The lights got hotter. Then he looked at the card, felt his mouth force into an insincere smile and heard himself saying to a strange man who sat opposite him in a kind of living room, munching on some slices of protein bread, "All right now, Simons, I've got exactly one week to kill you. And I'm not using entertainment talk or anything. I really mean take your life, stop you from breathing. There's nothing personal about all this. It's just that I've got to get a sponsor. But before we go any further, for your viewing entertainment, the Tatzo Trapeze Twins."



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girls of hawaii (continued from page 86)

lanai does have a view of the glittering harbor—over the TV aerial of her next-door neighbor. By taking on an easy clerking job at a downtown bookstore (best seller: Michener's *Hawaii*), and by modeling touristy beachwear at Waikiki hotel fashion shows on the side, she manages to swing not only the rent, but the payments on a second-hand sports car, which she soon learns facilitates not only getting around but making friends.

Occasionally, on the beach or at work, she will allow herself to be picked up by a sufficiently attractive tourist—provided he avoids the newcomer's temptation to make bad puns about leis. If she lacks access to an authentic native *hukilau* (beachside fish fry), she is usually Island-hip enough to suggest they stop in at Honolulu's number-one gourmet gathering place: Canlis' Broiler, the only outpost on Waikiki where, as a determined antitourist, she feels really at ease. Afterward, she'll take him on a leisurely crawl through the better Honolulu pubs, winding up at some friend's house party, where the spirits of fellowship will flow more inexhaustibly even than at a similar soiree in New York or Los Angeles. When the revelry peters out, she'll take her escort home for a nightcap, an album of Alfred Apaka (the Sinatra of the Islands) and perhaps a brief interlude of preliminary hanky-panky on the *lanai*. Then—remote from the tensions and conventions of main-

land life—she may invite her companion to tarry with her overnight—for the simple reason that she likes him. And when his sojourn is at an end, she will have learned to greet it with an equanimity approaching that of the existential native girl: ever-hopeful, tender to the last, unpossessively content with the pleasures of the here and now, in a land enchantingly anchored in both.

But the enticement of the Islands is far from monopolized by its extravagant feminine fauna, indigenous or transplanted. To thousands of *malihinis*, pouring through Honolulu in an endless, gurgling stream, Hawaii offers blandishments no less seductive. They savor its fragrance only fleetingly, but these omnipresent, ever-changing transients are as intrinsic to the fiftieth state as its winsome natives. There are so many of them (especially during the heavy holiday season from June through August) that the male visitor, from his awning-shaded deck chair on the terrace of any of the beachside hotels, can behold an almost unbroken vista of suntanned epidermis, ranging in shade from mainland-pink to burnished mahogany, stretching from horizon to horizon.

From his panoramic perch, the traveler has but to single out an unusually lovely naiad, then thread his way through the towels to proffer a strong male arm as she tugs her rented surfboard into the briny. Almost any open-

ing gambit will suffice—even the *lei* routine, in some cases; for if this army of tanning transients has anything in common, it is a uniform susceptibility to the seductive, somewhat schmaltzy spell of ukuleles, silvery moonlight, tropical flowers and hundred-proof rum. The alimony-funded Park Avenue divorcees; the L.A. secretaries on two-weeks-with-play, the over-twenty-eight-but-still-swinging single girls who've dipped into savings for a last fling; the fly-now-pay-later ladies with box cameras and stifled libidos; the well-fixed, well-stocked society chicks slumming on the wrong side of the ocean; the jet-propelled airlines stewardesses on three-day stopovers; the mainland coeds who've come to the University of Hawaii to sharpen their scholarship in hula, surfing and beachballing—all have converged on this animated archipelago with but one thought in mind: to take off their I. Millers, let down their Jackie Kennedy coiffures, and throw caution to the trade winds.

Once a connection is made, the *touri* (as Honolulu's beach boys call her) customarily coaxes her escort to introduce her to the somewhat overnourishing cuisine and Dorothy Lamour decor of Waikiki's assorted *kauhau* palaces (restaurants) and thatched-roofed grogshops. More often than not, by the evening's end, the tipping *touri* is in such good spirits that the hoped-for invitation to her hotel room becomes an appeal for guidance to that destination.

If she happens to prefer *largo* to *allegro vivace* as a holiday tempo, she may abandon the saturnalian scene on Oahu for the more primeval beauty of neighboring Kauai, Maui, Molokai, Hawaii or Lanai. Whether island-hopping or making the scene in Honolulu, however, the tourist girl pursues Hawaii's pleasures with a dedication matched only by the avid fun-seekers in such cement pleasure gardens as Las Vegas and Miami Beach. She has usually come to the fiftieth state hoping for a kind of Walt Disney Polynesianland, full of picturesque papier-mâché flowers and realistically automated hula dancers. If she has spent her fleeting vacation on Oahu—which has much of this outward appearance—she won't be disappointed; for this overcrowded, overdeveloped island needs time to become known, valued and ultimately cherished. But if she has ventured to the other islands, where the true enchantment of Hawaii is closer to the surface, she will find that some uniquely evocative catalyst in their lambent and fragrant atmosphere has whetted her capacity for living to a keener edge than she ever thought possible back on the mainland, only five flying hours, but many worlds, away. And she will leave with a sense of loss.

For the white girl who lives in Honolulu, Hawaii is a very different place. Unlike the *touri*, she came expecting to find an unspoiled island elysium, and was

LAUGHS

PAT Harrington, JR.

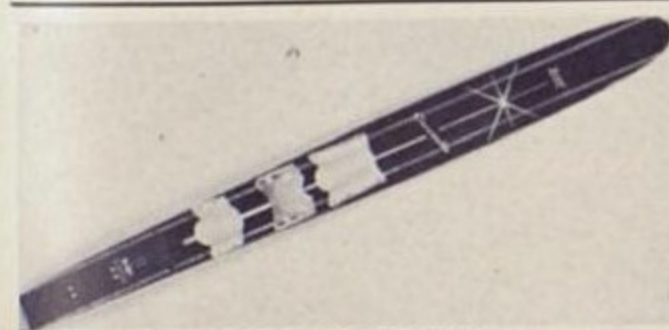


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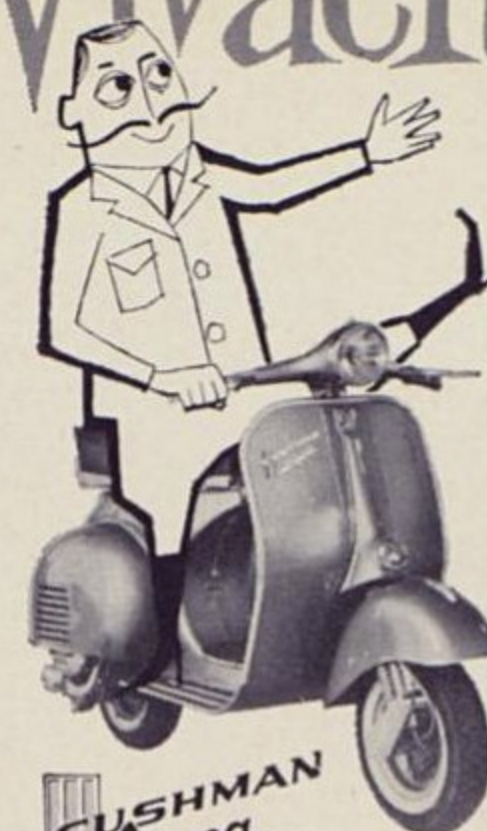
quickly disenchanted—until she began to fall into the quiet tempo which beats beneath the staccato rhythms of tourism, and to perceive the genuine warmth of the *aloha* spirit behind the seemingly empty travel-poster catch phrase. Every so often, of course, she'll still get the fleeting feeling that she's out of the mainstream, that the big things are happening in Paris and New York and the Riviera, that Honolulu, for all its glitter, is basically a pretty provincial town. Sometimes she'll find herself longing for the sting of autumn air, the smell of burning maple leaves, the sight of a snow-felted meadow; or simply to browse at Saks, sip a frozen daiquiri in the Pump Room, or dig a hip comic at the hungry i. But these moments of restlessness always pass; for she knows that a week back on the mainland would be all she could endure. *Hoomanawanui* is in her blood; she could never leave.

Even less could the Island-born white girl be happy away from home, though she lives in a land where her family influence is inexorably declining; where the untouched luxuriance of the paradise in which her grandparents settled a century ago has been profoundly altered by the impact of modernity. For she realizes that the shift in power and the changing face of the land are part of the irrevocable tide of contemporary life. And she cannot help becoming infected with the sense of get-it-done-yesterday vitality with which the land continues to grow. The ingenuous essence which originally drew her family to the Islands, however unfamiliar its ultimate façade, she knows, will never really disappear.

The native girl basks serenely in the harmony with which Hawaii's numerous races and nationalities share their close Island quarters. She realizes that the fiftieth state is still far from being the arcadia so admired by amateur sociologists. But with all its shortcomings, she knows that Hawaii is still the most laudable lab demonstration of interracial brotherhood witnessed in recent history. She accepts its inadequacies as she does those of her own friends, calmly confident that time—in the gently drumming rhythms of this beneficent land—will eventually erase even the few remaining frictions.

Certain querulous critics have said that her Hawaii is too luxuriant, too prodigal, too salubrious; her life too serene, too secure, too insular. But these same worthies, drawn by the allure which brought Captain Cook's ships to its white-stranded shores almost two centuries ago, keep coming back—to it and to her. Hawaii—like all storied island paradises—isn't, in reality, total perfection. But for those relaxed enough in temperament to succumb to its polyglot charms, it remains a sanctuary *sans pareil*. And the Hawaiian girl remains its most eloquent embodiment.

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CLASSIC CARS

(continued from page 58)

means was likely to expand in the matter of interior luxury. Duesenbergs were done in raw silk, silver and ebony. They were done in alligator and sandalwood, in patent-leather and ivory. Sometimes the back seats were arranged as two overstuffed chairs, covered in West of England cloth and filled with down plucked from the breasts only of a fleet of geese. A good many bespoke coachmakers working on this side of the water stood ready to fit out Duesenberg chassis: Murphy, Rollston, Willoughby, Derham, LeBaron, Judkins, Weymann, Walker, Brunn, Holbrook. Of all these, only Derham is still in business, but doing more modifications than from-the-ground-up work. There are only three left of the great British firms, and two of those are affiliated with Rolls-Royce and thus busy. The first-line French and German houses are nearly all gone, and the Italians, now the world's paramount coachmakers, have so prospered working for their own great designers, and making specimen cars for Detroit, that they do not want bespoke business, even at the prices they charge: say \$40,000 for a completely executed body to an original design. Even the oil pashas of the Arabian peninsula blink a bit at estimates in that range. The golden days when one could have a body made to one's own design for not much more money, in proportion, than the cost of a tailor-made over an off-the-peg suit, are a long way behind us.

Designers of the big classic motorcars kept the coachbuilders in mind when they laid down their specifications: long wheelbases, heavy chassis, engines remarkably powerful for the time. The Marmon 16-cylinder produced 200 horsepower. It was intended as a riposte to the Cadillac V-16 and the Duesenberg. It was a splendid automobile, and the 12-cylinder Marmon of 1934 was even better.

An item cataloged by Messrs. Rolls-Royce as "The 40-50 H.P. Continental Touring Saloon" was a kind of super Rolls-Royce, a Phantom II model modified to be faster than standard, and in other ways. The chassis was short, the steering column was low, and the springing and shock-absorbing arrangements were made for fast touring over dubious roads. The Continental cost about \$12,250 in 1933, with the standard four-passenger sedan body.

Ettore Bugatti of France clearly felt that he was approaching the ultimate in a gentleman's carriage when he designed a *coupe de ville*, or town car, on his own Type 41 chassis. The Type 41 Bugatti, one of the biggest automobiles ever built—its wheelbase equaled a London bus', and the engine was twice as big as a Cadillac's—was conceived as transport eminently suitable for

kings. There is some reason to believe that M. Bugatti did, at the beginning, consider actually restricting the sale of the model to kings. He relented, and Types 41, or Royales, were made available to any ordinary tycoon who was willing to spend \$20,000 for the chassis and half as much more for the body—providing M. Bugatti approved of the man. (Legend insists he refused to sell a Royale to the late King Zog of Albania because he didn't like his manners.)

Only seven Bugatti Royales were made. Two were *coupes de ville*, or *coupes Napoleon*, tiny but luxurious *cabines* for two passengers at one end, seven feet of bonnet ending in a silver rampant elephant radiator-mascot, at the other. The one M. Bugatti kept for his own use had the longest front mudguards ever made.

The market for \$30,000 motorcars slackened, so Bugatti made a slightly smaller version of the Type 41, the Type 46, a standard big straight-eight-cylinder automobile. It offered useful scope to the coachbuilders of France (Bugatti himself liked the Type 46 so much that he kept it in production until World War II closed the factory), and so did the Type 50, a similar model carrying a more powerful engine. The Paris firm Million-Guiet built bodies for Types 46 and 50 Bugattis that might have been called *ménage à trois coupes*: they carried three people, driver and one passenger in front, the other passenger sitting sideways in the rear, with a splendid view out the slotlike rear window, and a big triangular cushion on which to rest her feet.

The Type 57SC Bugatti, the peak of the company's seventy-odd models, the result of collaboration between Ettore Bugatti and his son Jean, was put on the market toward the end of 1937. It produced about 200 horsepower, had a top of 130 miles an hour—fabulous for the time—and was remarkably secure and roadable at high speeds. The chassis invited low, lean coachwork. A 57SC Bugatti was one of the Thirties' most desirable possessions.

Packard and Pierce-Arrow, who made such impressive limousines and touring cars, didn't offer many coupes, but both built lovely victorias and convertible sedans on V-12 chassis. So did Lincoln, also on a V-12, and there were splendid big Lincoln double-cowl phaetons.

The Pierce-Arrow Silver Arrow, aluminum-bodied, was much in advance of its time. Packard offered an interesting range of custom bodies, set out in a catalog so lush that it cost the company \$50 a copy to produce it. One of the last phaetons made by an American manufacturer was a Packard, turned out in 1939 for Franklin Roosevelt and armored to be proof against anything up

to 50-caliber machine-gun fire. Its cost wasn't released, but a Manchurian war lord, Chang Tso-lin, paid \$35,000 for an armored Twin-Six sedan.

Gabriel Voisin made a unique approach to the 12-cylinder engine, unique in the precise meaning of the word: nobody else ever did what he did, which was to put 12 cylinders *in line* in a production car. (One 12 in-line Packard was built, but never put into production.) This double-six engine was so long that it protruded into the driver's compartment, but the required length of hood enchanted the bodybuilders, and some noble carriages were laid down to take advantage of it. Voisin made V-12s, too, and his Sirocco Sports sedan on that chassis, low, squared, flat-topped, knife-edged, was a soaring expression of the squared-off style currently being talked of as *nouvelle vague*.

Few now alive have ever seen a Bucciali, more's the pity. It was made in France, but in the Thirties, too late in the century. The pinch of depression was on the rich English, the maharajas, the Rhineland steel-masters. French tycoons were inclining to something comparatively unostentatious when their *petites amies* needed new cars. It was a time of stress. Even the Hungarians were slowed down, and mad young things in Budapest were saying, "*Szeretném ha megengedhetném magamnak hogy úgy éljek mint ahogy élek!*" or, "If only we could afford to live the way we do!" Still, the big Bucciali cars stunned the Paris Salon. The power plant was a V-16 of aluminum and it glistened under the lights, engine-turned, like the inside of a cigarette case, everywhere. Even the blades of the fan were engine-turned. The Bucciali was very long indeed, and very low, the biggest front-wheel-drive motorcar ever built. There was nothing lithe or graceful about it, and one viewer is supposed to have said that it looked like "a bank-vault on wheels."

Daimler of England made a V-12 car of the same genre: tremendously long bonnet, blind rear-quarter coupe body, high wheels, a 150-inch wheelbase and the roof of the car just three feet, six inches from the ground! A good many Mercedes-Benz looked like that, too, built on the 540K chassis, a big straight-eight equipped with a "demand" supercharger, one that cut in and out at the driver's whim, and blew, when it was blowing, *through* the carburetor, with a shrill zombie scream. The 540K was heavy and there was nothing astonishing about its acceleration, but once under way it would cruise all day, solid as a battleship, in the 80s and 90s, and it would do 106 mph with a little run-up. It had the edge, there, on such American classics as the Cadillac V-16, most of which would not show 90 miles an hour, or the famous first-model Cord, the L-29, which was reluctant to do

much more than 75, for all its dash.

The V-16 Cadillac ran as high as \$7850 in price, and still it's doubtful that General Motors ever made a dollar's profit on one of them. The car was a prestige item. For some, it was even more of a status symbol, or a more satisfactory one, than a Duesenberg: When one said Cadillac 16 one was offering an almost palpable rating; the owner of a V-16 clearly ranked a V-12 man.

The Models 810 and 812 Cord—the round-nose, disappearing-headlights ones—were among the most beautiful automobiles ever built in America. The Cord was short-lived: a hundred hand-built models were made for the 1935 Auto Show and the firm was out of business by 1937. The rarity of the car was early established: More than twenty of the first hundred handmades were stripped and burned immediately after the show, on the ground that the cost of finishing them would have been too great. The Cord looked as if it had been born on the road, one admirer said, and even today the entry list of almost every *concours d'élégance* held in this country will show one or more Cords looking as new as they did the day they left the showroom. Probably only the original Lincoln Continentals, among American cars, are so admired and carefully tended.

The German firm of Maybach had made engines for the great raiding airships of World War I, and the 12-cylinder Maybach Zeppelin was another of the great massive carriages of the 1930s, solid, beautifully made, comparatively rare, like the Horch. The Italian Isotta-Fraschini was another, and the Minerva of Belgium. A few years ago I saw a Minerva limousine so big that it ran on doubled rear wheels, like a truck; and the jump seats, usually little folding things, were overstuffed club chairs!

There were smaller cars of the 1930s that wore a great air of chic: Delage, Delahaye, Talbot, Darracq, Hotchkiss, Stutz, Lagonda (made in England and named after a river in Ohio), but they had already begun to move away from the lushness of the golden times toward simple utility. There are cars being made today that are vastly superior in comfort and controllability to anything the 1930s knew: the Rolls-Royce, the new Lincoln Continental, the Mercedes-Benz 300, for example. The Jaguar XK-E, the Chrysler 300G, the Ferrari 250 GT, the Maserati 3500, the Aston Martin DB4 are all faster than anything made before World War II. But no one of them, shining with glass, can, for all its virtues, replace one of the shadowed, high-riding gentlemen's carriages of three decades ago, stiffly sprung, to be sure, a handful to drive, yes, but fascinating still for what they were and for what they recall of the vanished age in which they moved.



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cool it

(continued from page 57)
savories can lighten and brighten almost any course in a hot-month meal. In flavorful gels of genuine beef, chicken, veal and seafood stock, they triumphantly appear as both rich aspics and hardy consommés. Blended with heavy cream and sundry other components, unflavored gelatin becomes a mousse. When amalgamated with thick shredded cocoonut, puréed with plump black raspberries, apricots, strawberries or pineapple wedges, and laced with sherry, kirsch, madeira or rum, it is one of the most lordly desserts in the storied dominion of *haute cuisine*. But the mousse achieves perhaps its most delectable destiny as a manly main course, in toothsome tandem with such ingenuous ingredients as lobster, crabmeat and chicken—tantalizingly represented among this month's recommended *pièces de choix* by Chicken Mousse with Pistachios.

Mousse or venison, fish or fowl, any icy entree will be incomplete without the catalyst of a suitable vintner's vintage. As a rule, any wine compatible with a hot dish will be equally engaging with its summer counterpart, i.e., reds with meat, whites with seafood and poultry. For the truly discriminating, frankly sensual summertime host, however, it should be mentioned that few marriages between food and drink are as headily happy as that of cold cuisine with one of the lightly fruity German Rhine wines, moselles, or ebulliently full-bodied French burgundies. Opened at the height of their "spritz," or pleasantly sharp youthfulness (two years is the perfect age), and chilled to a fine edge for about two hours, they are the undeniable ultimate in warm-weather wassail.

Without further foreword, then, let us raise a toast to the gastronomic pleasures which await; for the iced meals cometh.

COLD STUFFED CRAB (Serves four)

- 1 lb. fresh or canned crab meat
- 1/2 cup mayonnaise
- 1/2 cup finely minced celery
- 1 teaspoon finely chopped chives or scallions
- 2 tablespoons finely minced green pepper
- 1 teaspoon prepared mustard
- 1/2 teaspoon dry mustard
- 1/2 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice
- Salt, pepper
- 2 hard-boiled eggs

Remove any pieces of shell or cartilage from crab meat and break into small

pieces. Combine with mayonnaise, celery, chives, green pepper, prepared mustard, dry mustard, Worcestershire sauce, lemon juice, salt and pepper, and pack the mixture into four crab shells or *coquille* (scallop) shells. Chop hard-boiled eggs very fine, sprinkle over crab meat and chill in the refrigerator until icy cold.

COLD SEA BASS IN RHINE WINE (Serves four)

- 2 sea bass, 1 1/2 lbs. each
- 1 large onion, sliced
- 2 whole carrots
- 1/2 small bay leaf
- 1 piece celery, sliced
- 4 sprigs parsley
- 1/8 teaspoon dried hot red pepper, crushed
- 2 whole allspice
- Salt
- 1 cup dry Rhine wine
- 2 teaspoons chopped fresh chives

Ask your friendly neighborhood fishmonger to split and cut the sea bass into four boneless filets—and to give you the heads, backbones, skin and tail. Back at the range, place these bits and pieces into a saucepan with the onion, carrots, bay leaf, celery, parsley, red pepper, allspice, 1/4 teaspoon salt and one quart water. Bring to a boil, reduce flame, simmer slowly for half an hour, and then strain into a wide shallow saucepan. Fold under the nether end of each filet and place them in saucepan with this liquid. Add wine, bring to boil, simmer five minutes, and then transfer to a shirred-egg dish or oval ramekin. Season the remaining cooking liquid to taste, and pour over the filets. Arrange two carrot slices (retrieved from strainer) on each filet, sprinkle with chives and chill in the refrigerator until liquid is gelled. Serve with horseradish dressing (1/2 cup mayonnaise, 1 tablespoon heavy cream and 1 tablespoon horseradish) and a fresh cucumber salad.

COLD SMOKED PORK LOIN (Serves four)

- 2 lbs. smoked pork loin
- Juice of 2 lemons
- 1/4 cup brown sugar
- 1/2 cup cold water
- 2 onions, sliced
- 2 pieces celery, sliced
- 1 green pepper, sliced
- 1/8 teaspoon freshly ground black pepper

(In procuring this hearty meat—known also as Canadian bacon "with the bone"—ask the butcher to split the backbone for easy carving.)

Place loin in a shallow casserole or baking pan, add remaining ingredients and allow to marinate at least four to five hours, overnight if possible, turning

meat occasionally. Duly steeped, place in preheated 375° oven with the marinade. Roast 1 1/2 hours, basting periodically in its own juices and seasonings. Then chill the loin thoroughly, cut into chops and serve with fresh potato salad and cold red cabbage.

CHICKEN MOUSSE WITH PISTACHIOS (Serves six)

- 2 whole breasts of chicken
 - 1/2 cup chicken broth
 - 1 envelope unflavored gelatin
 - 1/2 cup dry white wine
 - 1 medium onion, diced
 - 1/2 cup mayonnaise
 - Salt, pepper, nutmeg
 - 1 cup heavy cream
 - 1/3 cup shelled, peeled pistachios
- Boil chicken until tender, remove skin and bones, and dice meat fine. Bring chicken broth to a boil, remove from flame, add gelatin—pre-softened in the wine—and stir well. Pour mixture into the well of an electric blender, add onion and mayonnaise, and blend at high speed for about half a minute, while adding chicken in small pieces until puréed. Then season with salt, pepper and nutmeg to taste, and chill in a shallow bowl until gelatin begins to set—about 30 to 40 minutes. Beat cream until whipped, fold with pistachios into chilled mixture, turn into a six-cup ring mold (previously rinsed in cold water, but not dried), and chill in refrigerator until firm. When ready to serve, run a knife along the inside rim of each ring, dip the mold into warm water for a few seconds and unmold onto a platter. Serve

with cold asparagus vinaigrette.

COLD FILET OF BEEF PLATTER (Serves six)

- 1 whole filet of beef
 - Salad oil
 - Salt, pepper
 - Boston lettuce leaves
 - 2 4 1/2-oz. jars artichoke hearts in olive oil
 - 1 8-oz. tin cocktail mushrooms
 - 3 medium-size fresh tomatoes
- (Filet of beef is the long cut from which filet mignon is sliced, and may have to be ordered a day or two ahead of time. In any case, ask the butcher to remove all surface fat in order to allow for maximum browning; and to fold under and tie the thin tail end.) Once trimmed and trussed, place the filet in a shallow roasting pan, brush generously with salad oil, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and roast 30 to 40 minutes in preheated 425° oven, turning once. Remove and cool to room temperature; then chill in the refrigerator. Carve into slices about 1/4 inch thick, and arrange fan-wise in center of a large platter. Wash and dry lettuce carefully, and place twelve of the inner cup-shaped leaves around meat. Fill these alternately with chilled artichoke hearts and mushrooms; cut tomatoes into wedges, and place between lettuce cups. Then uncork a beaded bottle of bone-cold Rhine wine, decant its crystalline contents into waiting goblets, and commit your frigid fare with *sang-froid* to the hungry horde at hand.



"There's no doubt about it—our biggest job is to keep 'em out of Russian hands!"

Jazz singers (continued from page 74)

trombonist. Wholly relaxed, he'd saunter toward the mike, slip his hands into his pockets, and release as cavernous a sound as jazz has ever heard. *Jelly, Jelly* was his blues trademark, chasm-throated masculinity, his forte.

While Eckstine was with the Hines band—a group that also included Diz and Bird—he heard a young singer during an amateur contest at the Apollo Theater and promptly landed her a job with the same outfit in 1943. Her name was Sarah Lois Vaughan. Immediately endorsed by jazzmen of the day (and by such hip fringe-figures as Dave Garraway, then a disc jockey on his 1160 Club over NBC in Chicago), Sarah proceeded to hit it big. Her voice—unlike the coolly precisioned style of Ella—was ripe with warmth and richness, and with a deep vibrato inherited from Eckstine. She delighted in altering melodic lines to suit her mood—fanciful, beautifully imaginative extemporizing—just as so many jazzmen had done before her. Her major mentor: “Billy Eckstine, of course,” says Sassy (he reports the feeling is mutual).

Another influence emerged early in 1941, when Anita O'Day signed on with the Gene Krupa band. The Chicago-born belter had long been a fixture with Max Miller's combo at the Windy City's Three Deuces Club. Jazz buffs went big for Anita's husky, novel style—related to Billie Holiday's but tinged with the venturesome bent of the modernists. When Anita let go with *Let Me Off Uptown* (with a noble assist from stratospheric trumpeter Roy “Little Jazz” Eldridge), she epitomized the improvisational nature of jazz singing during the early Forties. In 1944, Anita joined the Stan Kenton band and made an instant hit with *And Her Tears Flowed Like Wine*. Hard-swinging, brash, endowed with an inventiveness usually associated only with top jazz instrumentalists, Anita has always been a musicians' favorite. In recent years, on the Verve label, she's attempted to polish the rough edges, to look into Broadway scores for more material, and to succeed without the sometimes-coarse mannerisms that distinguished her early career. One thing about Anita is certain: she set the stylistic stage for the string of Kenton vocalists to follow.

June Christy was the first and most able successor to Anita's Kenton throne. Shortly after joining Stan in 1945, she and the band came up with a hit, *Tampico*, and racked up a string of big sides in fast succession. Never a giant in matters of intonation, June's appeal is based on attractive rhythmic and melodic improvisation. Working as a single since she split with Stan in 1949 (except for

occasional Kenton concert tours), June has recorded extensively for Capitol and has developed an enviable repertoire of seldom-sung but first-rate tunes.

Chris Connor, who was next on the Kenton stand, listened long to the way Anita O'Day and June Christy sang. A trained musician (she played clarinet for eight years before turning to singing), Chris has also been working as a single since leaving Kenton in 1953. In recent years, she's applied her hip, somewhat mannered style (which includes a penchant for some of the flattest warbling in all of modern vocaldom) to a roster of little-known tunes on most of the LPs she has cut for Atlantic.

Ann Richards, Stan's most recent vocalist, marks the first departure from the O'Day-Christy groove. Her approach—influenced by the Kenton sound itself—is straightforward, strong and showbiz-oriented. Less experimental than her predecessors, she manages to move listeners with a simple, no-frills, openly emotional style.

Jo Stafford, a compatriot of Sinatra's on the TD stand (first as a member of the Pied Pipers, then as a featured soloist), also found a profitable career as a single during the late Forties and early Fifties. A smooth, always-on-pitch stylist from the Sinatra school of discipline, she has consistently exhibited a steady, impressive musicianship. Mary Ann McCall also served an apprenticeship with Tommy Dorsey, then went on to chirp with the bands of Woody Herman and Charlie Barnet. An original stylist, Mary Ann inspired the respect of modern jazzmen and recorded with several of the best, including trumpeter Howard McGhee and tenor man Dexter Gordon. Her popularity reached a peak in 1949, when she topped the *Down Beat* poll, and she continues to perform today.

As Mary Ann McCall fascinated modern jazzmen, Lee Wiley became the vocal favorite of the traditional groups. After working the pop circuit in the Thirties, Miss Wiley became closely allied with Eddie Condon and his Dixieland friends. Her skill in interpreting lyrics, and her hoarse, erotic voice—characterized by a wide vibrato—brought her recognition among jazz cognoscenti.

Lena Horne, who began as a hooper at New York's Cotton Club in 1934, turned some of the nuances associated with Billie Holiday—and several polished facets of her own—into a lucrative supperclub, Broadway, film and record career, a path which has led her to international fame.

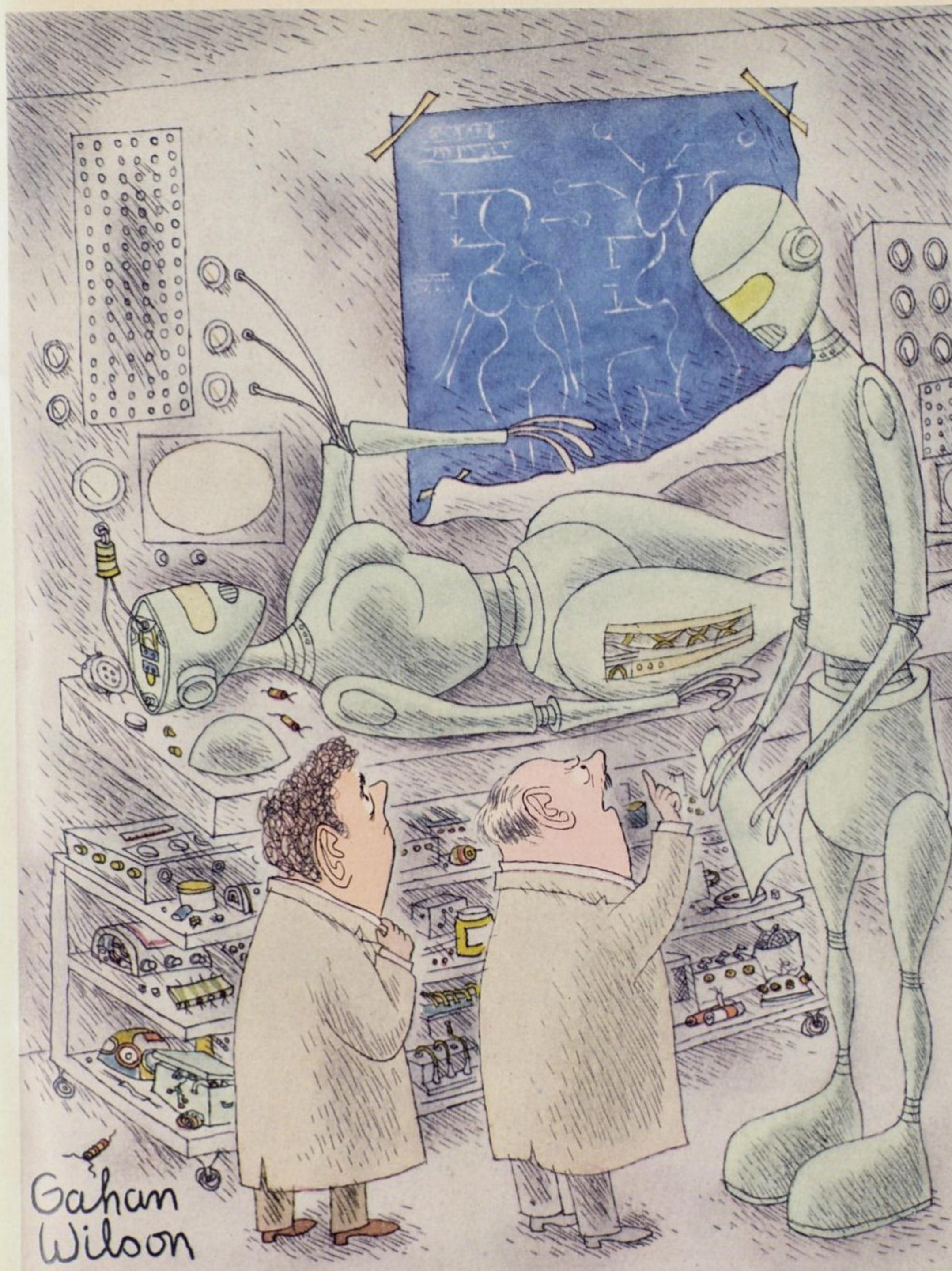
Mel Tormé, who dug Sinatra's casual approach from the start, made his dent as a drummer and songwriter and then as a solo singer and leader of a vocal group called the Mel-Tones. His careful

concern for the rhythms and phrasings of jazz has won for him a wide and enthusiastic following among fans and musicians alike, and his recent LPs for Verve—both as a single and with his revamped Mel-Tones—are some of the best things Mel has ever done. Herb Jeffries, whose balladry with the Duke Ellington band of 1940–1942 (particularly his now-classic *Flamingo*), taught a class of young singers how to tackle a love song, as did Al Hibbler, the Ellington vocal star from 1943 to 1951.

All through the history of jazz—but especially during the Thirties, Forties and early Fifties—noted instrumentalists like Armstrong and Teagarden have taken a hefty swing at vocalizing, often with memorable results. In listening to them, scores of other less-jazz-attuned singers—male and female—got a chance to learn what jazz and jazz singing were all about. Trumpet immortal Bunny Berigan contributed *I Can't Get Started*—a staple in most serious jazz collections. Nat Cole, a superb jazz pianist, doubled as keyboard and vocal artist with his trio from 1939 to the late Forties. Soon his singing proved so popular that he gave up piano almost entirely; few singers have so successfully emerged from a strictly jazz-based background to win world-wide recognition. Nat's casual but knowledgeable approach to singing bespeaks an admiration for Sinatra, and for the better jazz horn men with whom Nat worked for many years.

Before his premature death at thirty-nine in 1943, another pianist, named Fats Waller, brought a joy to singing—comparable to the gaiety inherent in his “stride” piano style—that harked back to the giddily spontaneous techniques of the earliest jazz pioneers. With doubtful results, Benny Goodman took a crack at vocalizing in an old Capitol version of *Gotta Be This or That*. Woody Herman, in addition to his bandleading and clarinet-alto chores, sang blues and ballads in an easygoing, lilting style, and even took a brief swing at straight vocalizing after he disbanded his first and greatest progressive Herd. Among the modernists, Chet Baker, Buddy Rich, Kenny Dorham, Dizzy Gillespie and Don Elliott have put their instruments aside and sung from time to time—all in keeping with their individual conceptions as top jazzmen.

During the Fifties, a veritable flood tide of singers inundated the musical scene. In an all-out assault on the ears and wallets of music-craving Americans, many of the new male vocalists dedicated themselves to little more than unconcealed emulation of Crosby or Sinatra. Others appropriated even earlier styles as a springboard to modernity. On the distaff side, Bessie, Ella, Billie, Sarah and



“Henceforth I don't want you to start any new projects without consulting Professor Frankfurter or myself!”

Anita have found their echoes, but the new-wave thrushes haven't gone in for imitation quite as openly as their male counterparts.

Among the old-school girl singers, several have managed to move into the present without losing favor — or flavor. Peggy Lee continues to look toward Billie Holiday stylistically, but has added a host of her own inflections; she seems to improve with age. Kay Starr, whose early days were spent working with jazz musicians, hasn't turned out a hit record in recent years, but still warbles with a sure sense of beat and Bessie Smith feel for blues. Doris Day, who swung with Les Brown's crack Sentimental Journey band, remains a soothing stylist. Annie Ross, currently one third of Lambert, Hendricks and Ross, is firmly rooted in jazz. From her first efforts to add words to jazz instrumentals (*Twisted, Farmer's Market*) in 1952, she's gone on to become a hip singer who can command attention at jazz festival or supperclub.

Judy Garland and Eydie Gormé are belters in the showbiz school, but nevertheless transmit a consistent jazz feel that lifts their solid, rafter-rattling techniques from the ordinary. Carmen McRae, once beholden to Sarah Vaughan, is less derivative these days — and consequently a more influential singer in her own right.

Abbey Lincoln, a Billie Holiday type; Mary Kaye, a Sarah Vaughan descendant; Dinah Washington, a Bessie Smith brand of blues shouter; and Dakota Staton, a curious blend of Sarah, Ella, Billie and Dinah — are all very much on the contemporary scene, too. Keely Smith, one of the few females to try following Sinatra in the phrasing department, manages to do more with it than most of his male impersonators. On a more modest level, Julie London whispers her lyrics beguilingly — a tribute to Sinatra's popularization of sensual singing. Lurlean Hunter — an untutored but intuitively hip stylist — has a wide and faithful following among musicians and discriminating listeners. Mavis Rivers and newcomer Aretha Franklin are but two others who nimbly blend the best of jazz and popular nuances.

Among the male singers, of course, not all of the Sinatra-influenced generation are second-rate. Ambitious, pugnacious Bobby Darin (whose singing style — and private life — are as close to Sinatra's as he can make them), and Vic Damone (whose career has zoomed of late after a prolonged dip) are both extremely aware stylists with wide followings. Sammy Davis, Jr., the multitalented mimic-dancer-singer and Clan-member extraordinary, displays a somewhat blatant adoration of Sinatra but still comes off as an enormously distinctive performer in his own right. Julius LaRosa, Andy Williams and Frank D'Rone have also fallen effortlessly and

successfully into step behind Sinatra. Steve Lawrence, a casually swinging singer, listened intently to both Sinatra and Crosby before setting out to discover his own niche.

There is a well-populated segment of current male singers, however, which owes very little to Sinatra. Harry Belafonte, who began as a jazz singer and flopped, turned to basic folk music from around the world, found his pot of gold, sparked a still-swinging folk movement, and set a lucrative example, since followed studiously by a plethora of ethnic song specialists. If his present style can be traced, it is probably closer to that of the early blues singers — heavily veneered with sophistication — than to any prominent jazz or pop vocalist. Buddy Greco, Bill Henderson, Johnny Hartman, Mark Murphy and Jon Hendricks are others who have found comfortable, if limited, grooves of their own.

Johnny Mathis sounds like a high-register version of Nat Cole, divested of Nat's vigorous sense of rhythm and ease in the jazz idiom. Johnny sang better at the start than he does today, but he has his own following in fans and singers like Adam Wade and Johnny Nash. The redoubtable Elvis Presley, long admired by armies of restive teenagers — and a flock of jazz critics — is actually closer to jazz than the great majority of present-day singers; much of the rock 'n' roll which made him — and which he made — famous can be traced directly back to traditional blues shouting; his raw, primitive style derives from the earliest wailing of itinerant blues singers, and to the rhythm-and-blues so popular for decades. As for Elvis' grotesque imitators — the Fabians, Little Richards, Frankie Avalons and Brenda Lees — the material they sing and the way they sing it is so echo-chambered, epileptic and hopelessly inept that it has little value.

The gospel singing of Mahalia Jackson, Sister Rosetta Tharpe and others also has deep roots in the jazz idiom, as a single listen to Nina Simone will eloquently testify. The fervor of the gospel has been a potent influence on singers like Miss Simone, whose background includes years of experience in jazz.

Ever since the heyday of the Thirties, vocal groups have had their niche in the history of jazz singing. The Mills Brothers set the pace for years, recording with such luminaries as Satchmo, Ella and Ellington. But in recent years, the important vocal groups have turned to the postbop modernists for their inspiration; most noteworthy, the Four Freshmen and the Hi-Lo's, both improvisational harmony groups, and Lambert, Hendricks and Ross, an inventive threesome given to combining original lyrics with some of the most familiar instrumental arrangements and ad-lib solos in jazzdom. Several of the more venerable

vocal groups — formed to supplement the big-band sound of the late Thirties and early Forties — are still around: the Modernaires, the Pied Pipers and Tormé's Mel-Tones, still swinging as they did in days of yore, still leaving their marks on countless new contingents.

Ray Charles offers one of the most exciting styles to come along in years and heads any list of present-day blues kings. Joining him are the likes of Joe Turner, Jimmy Rushing, Mae Barnes, Lizzie Miles, Champion Jack Dupree, Muddy Waters, T-Bone Walker, Lightning Hopkins, Jimmy Witherspoon, Fats Domino and countless others, old and young, the latest rages and rediscovered veterans, urban and rural blues-belters alike. Barbara Dane, a 1960 edition of Bessie, carries on the tradition, too.

The eminent Joe Williams, age forty-two, paid his blues dues with Jimmie Noone's band back in the late Thirties, later with Coleman Hawkins and Lionel Hampton, then in a long, illustrious stretch with Count Basie. In early 1955, Joe cut *Every Day*, an old blues he had heard sung by Memphis Slim years before, and the Basie-Williams entente was solidly in the jazz public's eye. Combining soulfulness with a sizable slice of savvy and sophistication, Joe is a natural man, big and powerful, with a sinewy voice that can handle a rousing, up-tempo blues or a gentle ballad with equally consummate ease. Today, split from Basie for the first time since 1954, Joe is making his big bid as a single.

So, the blues continue to be sung, with all their throbbing power, with all their pulse-quickening, four-four drive — vocally and instrumentally, the very essence of authentic jazz since its beginning. Today's audience for the blues is a vast one — far greater than during the days of Ma Rainey; but the message remains essentially unchanged.

From the savage eloquence of the first Negro field hand who wailed out his misery in song, to the polished professionalism of a Ray Charles or a Sammy Davis, the jazz singer — and his audience — have grown and matured in response to the changing rhythms of the music itself. Germinating in the soil of deep-rooted tradition, the jazz singers learned to think and feel for themselves — and to sing in their own private voice. Whatever their idiom — from New Orleans to soul jazz — all have become part of a constantly growing and infinitely varied heritage. The potency of jazz, and the promise of its future, spring from this independence, this freedom from bondage to the past. As long as composers continue to create jazz and instrumentalists to ad lib it, the human voice — that most flexible of all musical instruments — will find new ways to sing it.

BARBARIANS

(continued from page 50)

say they "haven't time" for cultural pursuits. Yet, week after week, they will spend dozens of hours at country clubs, loafing here or there, slumped in easy chairs in their homes, staring blankly at the vulgar banalities that flash across the screens of their television sets.

I've found that a disheartening number of businessmen and executives — young and old — obstinately maintain that "business and culture don't mix." They cling to the notion that businessmen have neither the temperament nor the patience to understand and appreciate anything "artistic." They seem to fear that participation in cultural activities would somehow "soften" them and make them less able to cope with the harsh realities of the business world. Without doubt, these are the weakest and most fallacious of all arguments.

The world's most successful commercial and industrial leaders have always been noted as patrons of the arts and active supporters of all cultural activities. There are also innumerable proofs that commercial and industrial development, far from being incompatible with cultural progress, actually gives culture its strongest forward impetus. It can be shown that the arts have always flourished most vigorously in prosperous, highly commercialized and industrialized nations.

One excellent example of this is provided by the Republic of Venice, which dominated the commerce of Europe and Asia for nearly eight centuries. The Venetian traders were as shrewd and as materialistic as any the world has ever known. The Venetians were also crack industrialists, mastering production-line techniques more than six hundred years before the first assembly line made its appearance in the United States. The gigantic arsenal at Venice was geared to turn out at least one fully-equipped, seagoing ship a day on an assembly line that began with the laying of the vessel's keel and finished with the arming and provisioning of the ship.

The Venetians were hard-headed, profit-conscious merchants and manufacturers. All things considered, they faced far more risks and problems in their day-to-day operations than any modern businessman. Nevertheless, these were the men who were responsible for the building of the Doges' Palace, the Golden Basilica of St. Mark, the great *palazzi* along the Grand Canal and uncounted other magnificent structures which they filled with works of incomparable beauty.

It was in and for "commercial" Venice that Tintoretto, Titian, Veronese and many other masters produced their greatest works. The canal-laced city of tough-skinned merchants and manufacturers became an artistic wonder of the



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world—and so it remains even to this day. The beauty and esthetic grandeur of Venice have endured—monuments not only to the artists who created the beauty, but also to the businessmen at whose behest it was created.

In modern times, cultural progress has certainly kept pace with industrial and commercial expansion in such nations as England, France, Italy, Germany and Sweden—to name only a few. Neither businessmen nor the populace as a whole in any of these countries is taking any less interest in cultural activities today than they did years, decades or generations ago. Quite to the contrary. It is evident that, although their lives have grown more complex and their pace of living has been greatly accelerated, they are still packing the art galleries, museums, concert halls, theaters and opera houses.

These people have learned a lesson it would be well for many Americans to study. They have learned that culture bestows many rewards and benefits—among them a better, more satisfactory life, great inner satisfaction and mental and emotional refreshment and inspiration.

Americans traveling abroad are often startled to hear rubbish collectors or street sweepers singing operatic arias or humming the themes of symphonies or concertos as they go about their work. If they happen to know the language of the country they are visiting, American tourists are even more surprised when—as frequently happens—they hear restaurant waiters or hotel employees arguing heatedly among themselves over the relative merits of various Impressionist painters or classical dramatists.

Many Americans who go overseas on business are nonplused to find their foreign counterparts interspersing their business conversations with references—and quotations—from great authors, poets, playwrights and philosophers about whom the Americans have only the haziest, skimpiest knowledge.

Saddest of all are some American businessmen I've encountered in Europe who went abroad to buy or invest and expected European manufacturers to entertain them in the best accepted Madison Avenue tradition—with wild nights on the town. I've listened with a straight face and, I hope, with an adequately sympathetic expression to the woeful recitals of several of these men who wailed that instead of the anticipated champagne-soaked orgies, they found themselves being taken to the opera or the ballet.

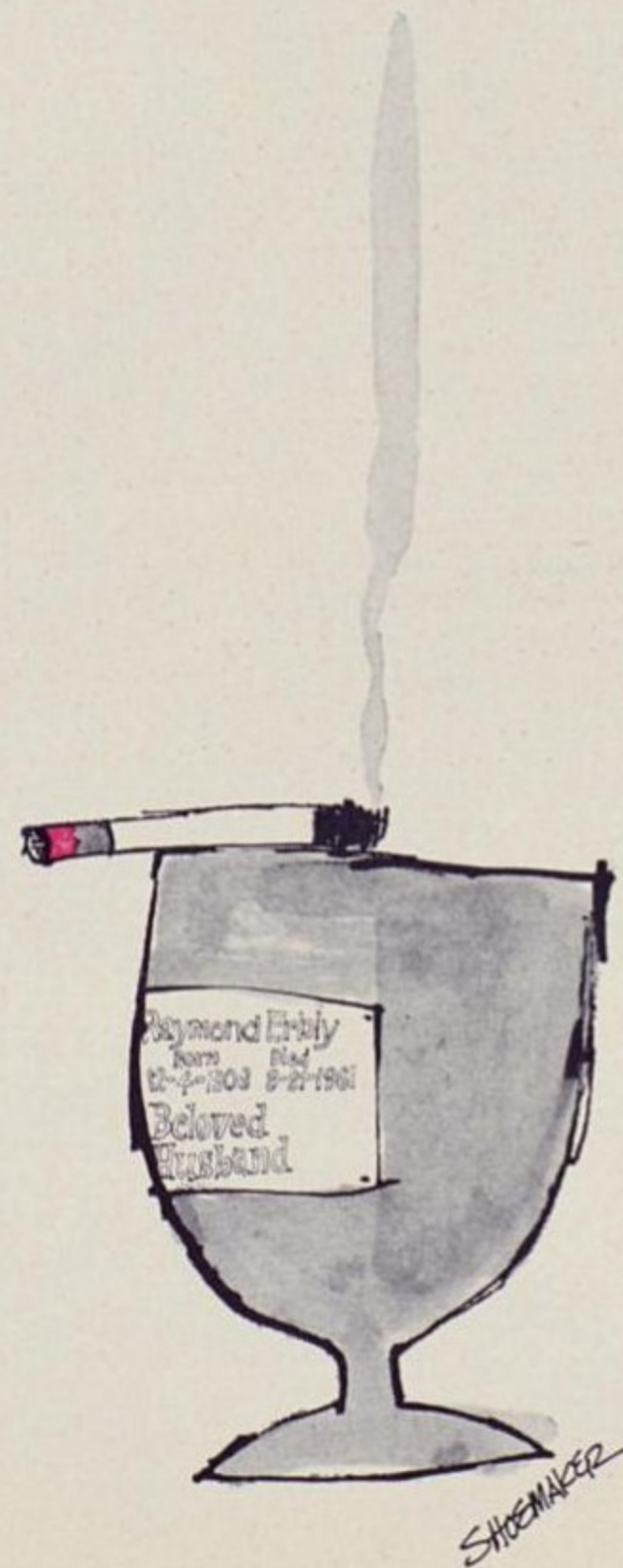
What I'm driving at is that the average man in most civilized foreign countries—be he laborer or industrial magnate—takes a keen interest in and has a deep appreciation of all forms of cultural and artistic expression.

There are, I suppose, several prin-

cipal reasons for the indifference—if not open hostility—of the majority of American men toward all things that come under artistic or cultural headings. Some of the roots can be found in our Puritan heritage. Early American Puritans, hewing to their stern, super-Calvinist doctrines, equated art with depravity, branded most music as carnal and licentious, shunned literature other than religious tracts or theological discourses and condemned virtually all cultural pursuits as being frivolous and sinful. In the Puritan view, that which was not starkly simple and coldly functional was, *propter hoc*, debauched and degenerate.

Despite the fact that the Puritans were only a minority to begin with and were entirely engulfed by gargantuan infusions of non-Puritan stock into the American melting pot, the influence of the Puritan heritage on American thought and behavior can be noted even to this day.

Then, there is the Colonial and Revolutionary tradition which so many alleged authorities have quite incorrectly defined as having demanded a complete break with all that was European, including the "decadent" cultures of England and the Continent.



The founding fathers desired no such thing. They sought political independence from England and wished to eliminate monarchy and titled aristocracy from the American scheme. But most leading figures of the American Revolution hoped to preserve the cultural traditions of the Old World and to transplant the highly developed art and culture of England and Europe to the New World.

Benjamin Franklin, George Washington, John Adams—to mention only three—were all men of culture. Anyone who has ever visited Thomas Jefferson's home in Monticello must have been impressed by the flawless taste reflected in the architecture and furnishings of the house built by this man who read the classics in Greek and Latin.

But then, one need look no further than the architecture of the nation's capital to find refutation of the theory that the founders of the United States desired to discard foreign artistic and cultural influences. The Capitol Building and the White House, both designed soon after the Revolutionary War ended, are excellent examples. The Capitol Building is strongly reminiscent of St. Peter's Basilica in Rome. There is a startling resemblance between the main façade of the White House and that of the Duke of Leinster's home in Dublin, on which architect James Hoban based his designs for the Executive Mansion.

Despite the mass of incontrovertible proof to the contrary, there are still ultrapatriots and professional chauvinists who believe that the Colonial tradition entailed a repudiation of classical—and particularly European or foreign—art and culture. From this fallacious concept it is only a short step to the theory that *all* cultural activities are un-American and unsuited for red-blooded Americans.

As if these influences—the Puritan and what might be termed the pseudo-Colonial traditions—were not enough, the average American man's attitude toward culture has been further warped by the mythical mystique of the American frontier heritage.

The rough-and-ready, generally unlettered and often uncouth, frontiersman long ago became the figure after which generations of American men would subconsciously pattern themselves. Believing that they are emulating praiseworthy qualities of their pioneer forebears, many U.S. males sneer at any art above the *September Morn* level and jeer at any music that cannot be played on a honky-tonk piano or twanged and scraped out by a self-taught banjo player and an amateur fiddler.

The figure of the two-fisted, fast-drawing and culture-hating frontiersman may be picturesque, but it is a misleading one. There were many cultured

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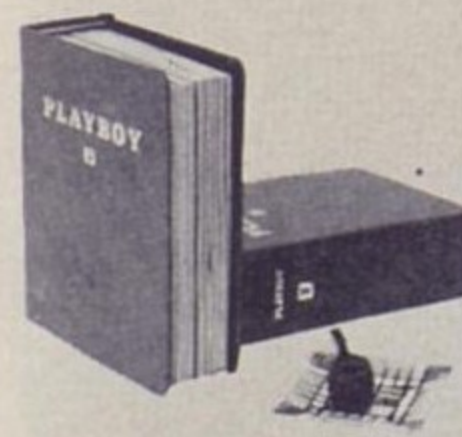
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men—and men who thirsted for culture—as well as barroom brawlers and gunslingers on the American frontier.

It is, perhaps, significant to note the examples provided by two rough, tough cities that played important roles in America's Westward expansion—San Francisco and Denver.

San Francisco's Barbary Coast and Denver's Holladay Street were probably the wickedest and wildest enclaves in all the wild, wild West. Even so, there were few Eastern metropolises that gave such quick and unstinting support to cultural projects as did San Francisco and Denver, even in their raucous infancy.

San Franciscans always showed an appreciation for music and art—even in the days when the city was a gold-rush-era Helldorado. There are very few metropolises in the United States today with higher general levels of taste and culture than San Francisco—and the city's cultural traditions go back well over a century.

Denver had its Occidental Hall and the Tabor Grand Opera House—the latter built by H. A. W. Tabor, as crude a character as can be found in American history. The Tabor Grand Opera House was a showplace of the West. Operas, concerts and lectures were given there—and Denverites packed the auditorium, listened attentively and, if contemporary accounts are to be believed, appreciatively.

I believe I am qualified to comment personally on the culture-shunning myth of the American frontier. My own forebears came to the United States in the Eighteenth Century. They were pioneers, mainly farmers, who came to America to build their futures in the wilderness. It was for one of them, James Getty, that Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, was named.

Judging by the memorabilia these people left behind, they and large numbers of their contemporaries hungered for culture and knowledge in all forms. They read avidly, passing books—particularly the classics—from hand to hand. They dreamed of the day when they could have good oil paintings on the walls of the good homes they hoped to build. They tried to teach their children to appreciate and love fine literature, art and music.

My own father was born in 1855 on an Ohio farm—and a very poor and unproductive farm at that. His widowed mother was impoverished and life was anything but simple and easy. Yet, the thirst for intellectual and cultural betterment was great. My father worked his way through school and college, and one of his greatest sources of pride was his membership in his university's literary society.

I, myself, had a heaping helping of life on America's last frontier when, in

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1904, my father, mother and I went to what was then the Oklahoma Territory. The great Oklahoma Oil Rush had just begun. Clapboard and raw-pine settlements mushroomed overnight around newly discovered oil fields and newly established drilling sites. Most grown men habitually carried six-guns strapped to their waists; shooting affrays were everyday commonplaces.

The situation had not changed much by 1909, when I first went to work as a roustabout on one of the oil wells my father was drilling in the Oklahoma fields. Nor was there a very great deal of difference in 1914, when I struck out on my own as a wildcatting oil prospector.

The oil-field workers and wildcatters were certainly hard, tough and virile, but I can remember many of the toughest among them dressing up in their Sunday best and going to Oklahoma City or Tulsa to hear a touring opera company or a concert artist perform.

When they struck it rich, a great many oil men—I might even say most—bought or built homes and purchased paintings, sculptures and antique furniture and rugs for them. They also went East, to New York, to see the plays and hear the operas and concerts.

True, their tastes were seldom refined or matured—at least not at first. But the fact remains that these rugged, hard-bitten men *did* thirst for artistic beauty, and they *did* take an active interest in and show appreciation for things cultural. By no means were they the culture-phobes that so many modern Americans think all frontiersmen and old-timers were, and whose imagined example they seek to emulate in order to prove themselves rugged, two-fisted, all-male men.

There are other factors that help produce such a high proportion of educated barbarians among American men—but,

regardless of the causes, the results are deplorable.

The saddest part of the whole situation is that the United States *does* possess outstanding cultural institutions and facilities. American symphony orchestras and opera companies are among the finest in the world. American museums and art galleries—public and private—have amassed some of the world's greatest collections of paintings, sculptures, tapestries, antique furniture—of art in all its forms from all historical periods.

Great music is available on phonograph records and recording tapes. Fine works by contemporary painters and sculptors and fine reproductions of the works of the masters are well within the reach of most Americans' pocketbooks. The great classics of literature are available in editions costing only a few cents per volume. Courses in art and music appreciation, literature, poetry and drama are offered, not only in the public schools and colleges, but also in adult education programs.

Tragically, only a comparatively tiny fraction of the population—and particularly of the male population—takes advantage of the myriad facilities and opportunities that are offered throughout the country.

Symphony orchestras and opera companies often end their seasons with staggering deficits. Few, indeed, are the art museums and galleries that can report regular heavy attendance. Countless record albums featuring the caterwaulings of some bosomy *chanteuse* or tone-deaf crooner are sold for every album of serious music that is purchased. Even greater numbers of lurid, ill-written novels are snapped up for every volume of serious literature that is bought. Save for a few sections of the country, cultural classes and courses seldom if ever have capacity enrollments.

Teachers and professors who conduct such classes have told me that a course that should have thirty or forty students enrolled in it will have only six or eight.

Americans, and especially American men, must realize that an understanding and appreciation of literature, drama, art, music—in short, of culture—will give them a broader, better foundation in life, and will enable them to enjoy life more, and more fully. It will provide them with better balance and perspective, with interests that are pleasing to the senses and inwardly satisfying and gratifying.

Far from emasculating or effeminizing a man, a cultural interest serves to make him more completely—and a more complete—male as well as a more complete human being. It stimulates and vitalizes him as an individual—and sharpens his tastes, sensibilities and sensitivity for and to all things in life.

The cultured man is almost invariably a self-assured, urbane and completely confident male. He recognizes, appreciates and enjoys the subtler shadings and nuances to be found in the intellectual, emotional and even physical spheres of human existence—and in the relationships between human beings. Be it in a board room or a bedroom, he is much better equipped to play his masculine role than is the generally heavy-handed and maladroit educated barbarian.

It isn't necessary to force-feed oneself with culture nor to forsake other interests in order to experience the benefits and pleasures offered by cultural pursuits. One's preferences, tastes and knowledge should be developed slowly, gradually—and enjoyably.

Culture is like a fine wine that one drinks in the company of a beautiful woman. It should be sipped and savored—never gulped.



"You call these paintings that will live forever? I told you we should have hired Michelangelo!"

demon tailor

(continued from page 76)

liked his style—there is something singularly Scottish about Red Indians—and was prepared to make his better acquaintance, so after a while I said to him, 'Pardon my asking, sir, but do you know any other words in the English language?'

"Some," he replied, 'but more Spanish.'

"Unfortunately, I know little Spanish, sir. You are not from these parts, I take it?'

"No.' You see? True economy of speech. An Englishman would have said something like, 'What, me? From these here parts? Not me. I come from Uxbridge. You take the bus from Shepherd's Bush Station and . . .' etcetera, etcetera. But this man gave me a plain and succinct No.

"They call you Chief See-In-The-Dark, I believe?'

"Yes.'

"May I ask why?'

"Yes.'

"Why?'

"Futuro is dark. I see futuro.'

"Beer—Shot," said I to the barman. Then, to the Chief, 'You see into the future, is that it?'

"Yes.'

"Well,' I said, 'I don't much regard that kind of thing. I come of a hard-bitten Presbyterian family, don't you see, and my father was very much down on the Witch of Endor, and all that. But my mother, bless her heart, used to have a go at the tea leaves on the quiet, in an innocent kind of way.'

"Shot—Beer," said he. Then he touched my medal ribbons and said, 'You—valiente.'

"Brave? Not especially,' I said. 'You know how some men are only sober when they're drunk. Well, I'm so saturated in crisis that I am only really calm when I'm in trouble.' He seemed to understand me. He nodded.

"I tell you futuro?' he asked.

"I answered him, 'Chief, only cowards and fools want to know the future. But,' I said, handing him that time-tarnished crack vulgar mockers love to make with palmists and card-readers, 'you may tell me, if you like, what's going to win the Derby.'

"I was ashamed of myself for having said anything so crass; but it was said, and he nodded, looking somewhat scornful. 'Win? Derby? Yes, I tell,' he replied, and held his forehead. 'Kentucky Derby, hah?'

"I said, 'What, do they have a Derby in Kentucky?' He nodded. I went on, 'You'll excuse my ignorance. My question was, so to speak, merely academic. I have not the slightest interest in horse-

racing, or in gambling in any form. It's ingrained. My parents were dead set against it, and it never appealed to me anyway. I have never even been to a race-meeting! I was speaking of the only Derby I know, the English Derby—'

"He held up a hand, and I was silent. His eyes became still as paint. Then he said, 'English Derby . . . Nueva Plaza de Mercado?'

"Why,' I said, 'that means New Marketplace, and it is a fact that the English Derby is run at Newmarket.'

"Pasado—futuro—nothing! All one. Like—' He drew an imaginary straight line in the air with such a steady hand that if you had put a spirit-level on it the bubble would have come dead center and stayed there. 'You ask, I tell. That win Derby.' And he touched the old SHAEF badge on my sleeve. Now, as you doubtless know, the Supreme Headquarters of the Allied Expeditionary Forces had adopted for their device a shield-shaped affair, having embroidered on it a crusader's sword surmounted by a very gaudy little rainbow; it looked like the trademark for some kind of *perfumed* disinfectant.

"This I don't get,' I said. 'Past and future are all one, and this guaranteed-not-to-hurt-the-most-delicate-skin advertisement is going to win the Derby . . . Barman! Beer—Shot.'

"Chief See-In-The-Dark said, 'I have few words.' Indeed, I imagine that even in his native tongue he was far from loquacious. 'I see it. Navanja.'

"That means orange,' I said.

"Yes. Orange. On *him*—pointing again to my badge—in *luvia*. In *fango*.'

"An orange in rain and mud,' said I. 'Well, I'm obliged to you for the tip, and the pleasure of your company. We'll have one for the road, and I'll be back to my train.'

"Wait.' He touched my chest. 'You have pain there?'

"A little.'

"No sleep?'

"Not as well as I might.'

"Wait. I give you sleep. I make you see in sleep. I have few words. Wait.' He took out an old silver snuffbox, and produced from this a round brown pill. 'Tonight eat that. You sleep, and you see in sleep.'

"Well, thanks,' I said, and put the pill in my cigarette case. Then I fished out an old silver Seaforth Highlanders' badge. 'Have that for luck,' I said.

"So we parted, the best of friends, for all I could not make head nor tail of his gibberish; and I got my clothes, and caught the train, and fell straight into the clutches of an elderly lady suffering from what I may describe as vicarious battle fatigue. She kept reading me letters from her son, who claimed, among other things, to have

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given General Patton a hot foot and got away with it. A barefaced lie: it was I who had done this thing!

"So, come midnight, I was too irritable and tired to sleep, and the wounds in my chest were throbbing, but then, remembering the Indian's pill, I took it out and swallowed it. The effects were curious. First I fell into a state that was neither sleeping nor waking—not yet was it a half-sleep. The rocking, clattering old train seemed to rush away, leaving me floating; and as I floated, the heavy parts of my body and mind seemed to flake away from me. Inconsequentially, I saw my SHAEF badge, and it came to me that the rainbow and the sword meant Gay Crusader, which must be the name of a race horse. *How stupid Chief See-In-The-Dark must think me!* I thought.

"Then his image passed out of my mind, and the roar of the train became the confused yelling of a great crowd. I blinked, and felt cold water on my face; opened my eyes, saw a sector of bright green turf through a veil of rain, and knew that I was in England, at Newmarket, on the racecourse on Derby Day. I was in my uniform, but was wearing a trench coat, for the sky was leaking like a sieve, and I was in mud up to my ankles.

"A young captain of infantry with whom I seemed to be on friendly terms asked me, 'How's your luck, Chid?'

"'Bad,' I replied. 'I came here with two hundred pounds in my pocket, and I'm down to eighty.'

"'Well,' said he, 'have a bit on Dark Legend in the next race.'

"'That's the fourth, isn't it?' I asked. 'A gentleman in civilian clothes said, 'Yes. But my money's on Danellon. He likes a heavy course, and it's been coming down in bucketfuls this past three days.'

"'No, sir, no!' cried a third man, 'mark my words, put your shirt on Sir Desmond. I have.'

"'The more fool you,' said his companion, a bowlegged little major. 'Sir Desmond'll never stay that course in this going. I've put everything but my false teeth on Diadem.'

"Other voices said, 'Invincible!' and 'Kingston Black!' But I looked moodily at my card, fumbling the money in my pocket. I read that the judge was Mr. C. E. Robinson. Handicapper, Mr. R. Ord. Clerk of the scales, Mr. William C. Manning. . . . Then my eye fell on the name of a horse. Gay Crusader! I had a sudden overpowering feeling that this horse must win. I ran to the nearest bookie, and shouted, 'Eighty pounds to win on Gay Crusader!' 'A hundred and forty to eighty, win, Gay Crusader,' said the bookie, giving me a ticket.

"Everybody shouted, 'They're off!' Off they were. A sea-green jockey took the lead, and there was a cry, 'Come on Invincible! Invincible! Invincible!' A purple jockey with scarlet sleeves was coming up close behind, clinging like a marmoset to the neck of his mount. He squeezed ahead. 'Dark Legend! Come on, come on Dark Legend!' came the cry, as the sea-green rider fell behind.

"As I saw it from where I stood, the last of the runners was ridden by a jockey in black and turquoise—they seemed to stand still. 'Dark Legend! Dark Legend!' the crowd roared.

"But then a jockey with orange-colored sleeves seemed to lift his horse out of the mud with his knees and throw it forward with a terrific hitch of his shoulders. The roar of the crowd became a scream: 'Gay Crusader!' And then Gay Crusader was past the post with Danellon three lengths behind, and Dark Legend third.

"I took my ticket to the bookie and he paid me two hundred and twenty pounds. 'I don't begrudge it,' he said. The young infantryman said, 'Lend us a tenner, Chid—I'm skinned.' I lent him a ten-pound note, and then I woke up. . . . What the devil are you laughing at, Kersh? . . . I woke up, I say, with such an intense sense of the reality of this dream, or vision, that I could still feel the crispness of that money in my hand, and smell the bookie's cigar smoke.

"Then I slept deep for several hours, and awoke much refreshed; but the memory of that dream was in my mind with the vividness of a true physical experience. So I wrote it all down, in the form of a letter to my friend and man of business, Mr. Abercrombie, of London; and I added a postscript saying, 'Please put eighty pounds on Gay Crusader for me, to win the Derby.' And I sent this letter by air mail from Salt Lake City.

"I received his reply a week or two later, in San Francisco, where I was lecturing at the Presidio. It ran somewhat as follows:

"'My dear Chidiok—I have received your very extraordinary communication to which, out of curiosity, I have devoted more time than it deserved. Either your Red Indian friend was singularly well-informed as to the past history of the Turf in England and was pulling your leg, or he was prophesying backwards. Gay Crusader won the Derby in the year 1917. Danellon and Dark Legend were, indeed, respectively second and third. Gay Crusader's colors were, in fact, white with orange sleeves. Danellon's were sea-green with purple cap;

Dark Legend's were purple and scarlet. The judge, handicapper and clerk of the scales were, respectively, C. E. Robinson, R. Ord and William C. Manning. I find, on inquiry, that the race went almost exactly as you described it. Gay Crusader *did* pay fourteen to eight. Only you are precisely thirty years too late. Take another pill, and try sleeping with your head in the opposite direction.'

"And there you have the naked facts of this extraordinary affair. If you offer me some rational explanation, such as, that at the age of eight or nine I happened, in Northern Scotland, to read a minute account of a race at Newmarket in the south of England, or that Chief See-In-The-Dark kept a complete file of back numbers of *Sporting Life* in his wigwam, and memorized them—well, go ahead.

"But I have detained you with this story, Mr. Vara, first of all to teach you not to hurry your betters, and secondly, that you may appreciate the fact that time is all on one plane. Past, present and future are all the same thing in the long run. Here are your trousers; let me have my change, if you please."

Mr. Vara was silent. He sat, bowed. I was sorry for him. Then he said, in a small, broken voice, "Mr. Kersh, will you be so kind as to lift the telephone and dial Susquehanna 1-3245? Ask Mike what won the second race at Jamaica."

I did so. "A horse named Phoenix," I told him.

"So? I was to have put my shirt on Varsity Express," he said. "So much for sure things. I am grateful to you, Captain, for detaining me."

"Colonel," said Chidiok Reason, turning to leave.

But Mr. Vara uttered a little cry, and said, "Stop! In all the flurry and unnecessary excitement, I have made a double crease in the right trouser leg at the back!"

"The devil you have!" said Colonel Chidiok Reason. "Where?"

"My rat hole of a shop is too small for a triple mirror, sir," said Mr. Vara. "Be so very kind as to take them off and I fix it in half a second."

He banged an iron onto the little stove. The colonel returned to the cubicle and handed Mr. Vara his trousers, growling, "Make haste, man. I have an engagement downtown in half an hour."

"More haste, less speed," said Mr. Vara, spreading the trousers on the board. "Past, present and future are all the same thing in the long run. And if you fluster me, sir, I am quite likely to burn a terrible hole in this fine garment. Have a cup of tea and relax; I am not going to the horse races after all. You have reminded me that I, too, was strictly

brought up. Sit still, and I will tell you a story about how I was brought up . . ."

And for three quarters of an hour he held the colonel's trousers in jeopardy under a very hot pressing-iron, while he told us the dullest story I have ever heard in my life. When at last he let us go, he said to the colonel, who was speechless with rage, ". . . And thank you for your fine story. I have great respect for the supernatural. I am not a scoffer. It would never occur to me to say to you, 'It could perhaps be that Red Indian was in a doughboy's uniform in Europe in 1917, and saw that same Derby.' Oh no, no! It would be almost impious to say, 'A Red Indian also likes his little joke, mister, and he was pulling your leg'—so I will not say it."

Colonel Chidiok Reason was exasperated into arguing. "The detail, man! The judge, the handicapper, the clerk of the scales!"

"I am only a poor tailor in a rat hole of a shop, but if I were a lawyer in court, I should ask, 'How many shots of Scotch whisky was it you mentioned having drunk, General? I put it to you that the Red Indian told you all these things, but'—Vara shrugged in deprecation.

The colonel said, "It's lucky for you you're not thirty years younger!"

"Even old age has its compensations," said Mr. Vara, letting us out of the shop. "Come again, come again often!"

I let a decent interval pass before saying, "Well, Chidiok, I'll take my half case in Old MacTaggart's Highland Dew."

"You'll take your what?" the colonel asked, amazed.

"My winnings."

"Have you gone daft? I held Vara against his will, did I not?"

"Vara held you against yours, didn't he?"

"How d'you know? Since when were you a mind reader? Who are you to say that I wasn't on reconnoiter, sparing, feeling my enemy out? I have lulled him into a false sense of security."

"The fact remains—"

"—Oh, of course, if you want to call the wager off, go ahead—if you insist on leaving the issue unsettled. But if I had time to finish this little game I could keep your Vara dancing half the night in his cubbyhole like a squirrel in a wire cage. For now I have my plan of campaign. My next move must nail him to the ground!"

"What move is that?" I asked.

"Obviously, my friend, I put on my tunic, shirt, tie, stockings, shoes—and nothing else. Over all, I wear my long greatcoat, go into his cubicle ten minutes before closing time, throw off my

coat, and scream bloody murder for the return of my kilt, swearing I was wearing it when I came in!"

"Better call it a draw," I said.

"Why so?" asked Chidiok Reason. "Why the devil so?"

"At the best, old fellow, yours would be a Pyrrhic victory."

"A victory is a victory, man!"

"Oh, talk sense, Chidiok! Would you sacrifice a platoon to kill a mouse?"

"If that mouse were gnawing at a vital line of communication. But where's your point, man, where's your point?"

"Look here," I said, "I've been in this country, off and on, a matter of fifteen years. The question of what a Scotsman wears under his kilt is one of the last jokes in the frayed old files of American professional humorists—it still bears embroidery because it remains a question! Would you tip the information to Vara? Yes, you would detain him. But would it necessarily be against his will? Say he called in the neighbors?"

The colonel paused, biting his lip. "The information I tipped might be false," he said. "I could wear, say, a

pair of drawers, green silk drawers."

"You would be improperly dressed," I said.

"On a commando stunt, anything goes," he reminded me.

"Against the civilian population of an ally?" I asked.

Quick as a snake, he was back at me: "I may wear the Chidiok plaid with civilian clothes."

"Say Vara rang the *Evening Tabloid*, and called a photographer?"

"Bah! Your imagination is overheated," said Chidiok Reason, drawing me into a bar. "Time to talk of the Vistula when you have crossed the Rhine, as Napoleon said—or ought to have said. A homeopathic dose of that same Highland Dew of which you spoke is called for; a wee tincture. Come!"

"They charge a dollar a drink for Highland Dew in the bars," I protested.

"Why should that worry me, since you are going to pay?" said the colonel.



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PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

WE HEREBY NOMINATE October as Get-off-the-Beaten-Track Month; it's that time of year when the Far East (most of which is a great deal farther off the aforementioned track than on) is between immoderate heat and the wet monsoon season. Out-of-the-way, happily, no longer means untouched by the travel lanes. A Pan Am 707 can at least jet you as far as a convenient jumping-off point for a short jaunt to your destination.

For instance, Bora-Bora—the island which James Michener has called “the most beautiful in the world”—is ninety minutes by flying boat from Tahiti, and boasts a spanking new hostelry, the Hotel Bora-Bora, replete with eighteen Polynesian-style bungalows on ten acres of white-sand beach fronting on the most magnificent lagoon in all of the Pacific.

Another handsome haven in an untrod tropic paradise is the Korolevu Beach Hotel on Viti Levu, main island of the Fiji group. Its specialty is torchlit, pulse-pounding Fiji war dances (not for real).

Macao deserves a longer visit than the usual eighteen-hour Hong Kong-ferry-trip-plus-casino routine it receives from most tourists. Best way to get to know it is to take the time to wander its tree-lined waterfront and quaint streets while your luggage airs out at the Tai Yip Hotel. Each of its cabaña-style rooms (there are only twenty), overlooking a pool and a brilliantly flowered garden, is a miniature suite tended by a giggling sloe-eyed miss who'll remove your shoes Japanese-style before you enter.

For all its primitive charm, the lush green isle of Bali in Indonesia neverthe-

less offers first-class accommodations at the Segara Beach Hotel near the capital, Den Pasar. You can do all of your sight-seeing comfortably from here—although Bali's most famous sights are now, more often than not, demurely clad—and enjoy the benefits of a fine beach plus sailing and fishing.

A far less primitive, but almost equally untrammelled isle, Ceylon, boasts a fine resort hotel within relatively easy reach of major tourist cities—the Mount Lavinia Hotel overlooking the sea eight miles from Colombo.

Our own favorite spot in Ceylon, however—Nuwara Eliya—is five hours by car up into the mountains. The English-style hotels of this hill station—Grand, Grosvenor and Saint Andrews—offer superb service by white-clad bearers in red sashes and turbans.

The route up to the Moon Plains is an experience in itself. The train climbs from the tropical lowlands through the Kadugannawa Pass for a superb view over the stunning Vale of Okande, then rolls across huge chasms over girder bridges to the town of Nanu-oya, where you change to a car and follow the valley of the Nanu-oya River, through more fantastic scenery, on into the upland moor. Which makes an appropriate grand finale to a month of unbeatable off-the-beaten-tracking.

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



NEXT MONTH:

“A SHORT HISTORY OF SWEARING”—PLAYBOY'S SCHOLARLY WIT DIS-CURSES ON MIGHTY OATHS AND BLASPHEMY—BY **WILLIAM IVERSEN**

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