

PLAYBOY



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THIS MONTH, THE FUN begins on the cover—where you can finish the drawing of our sophisticated rabbit, if you like. You'll find plenty of fun inside this issue, too.

A pair of luscious Elaines soothe our eyes in the pages ahead—screen star Elaine Stewart, who unveils exclusively for PLAYBOY's photographer; and Elaine Reynolds, our amusement park Playmate, who is pretty close to being an amusement park in her own right.

Al Morgan, author of *The Great Man*, probes great man Harry Cohn, *adult terrible* of Hollywood, the pugnacious Pygmalion who created love goddesses Hayworth and Novak. Ken Purdy takes us back to the hangover-tinged, reckless days of Prohibition in his nostalgic reminiscence, *The Alky Era*. Photographer-turned-writer Bern Keating discourses delightfully on aspects of our changing lingo in the amusing *Jouceling in the Derbiss*.

A food bar that ably encompasses all the urban man's cooking needs without relegating him to the kitchen and away from the fun is the subject of a feature we call, naturally enough, *The Kitchenless Kitchen*. Fashion Director Robert L. Green delineates for us *The Role of Continental*—where and why you should wear the smart new Italianate attire.

Playboy Plays the Market in an article of that name by Carl Bakal. You've read a good deal about the market recently, we trow, but we also trow you have never read an article as definitive

as this one, geared to both the pleasures and profits to be had in the market, with exclusive comment from such as Bernard Baruch.

Fiction, this month, is in the hands of PLAYBOY favorites. Richard Matheson, author of *The Distributor* (it copped the annual \$1000 Best Fiction Bonus and appears in the forthcoming *The Permanent Playboy*), offers the grim and Gothic *No Such Thing As a Vampire*. Matheson may well be considered an authority on vampires, having written a modern classic in the genre, the novel *I Am Legend*. T. K. Brown III and Herbert Gold contribute charmers to the fiction department: T. K.'s *Snakes in the Grass*, *Alas* is by way of being a sequel to his popular *The Sergeant and the Slave Girl* (PLAYBOY, April 1957); Herb's *A Very Good Sidewalk Story* is exactly that. A newcomer, Edward Wellen, joins the team with the short, dichotomous *Loving Couple*.

Shel Silverstein goes on safari in this issue. It's his first journey into the African jungle and, as you'll see, almost his last. There's a Ribald Classic, of course, a page of Feiffer, plenty of cartoons and Party Jokes; and—there's your 1960 Jazz Ballot. Be sure to vote for your favorite jazz performers of the year—just casting your ballot may win for you a free *Playboy Jazz All-Stars* album. Fill it in right now, why don't you? Even before you begin dipping into the good things this October PLAYBOY has on tap.



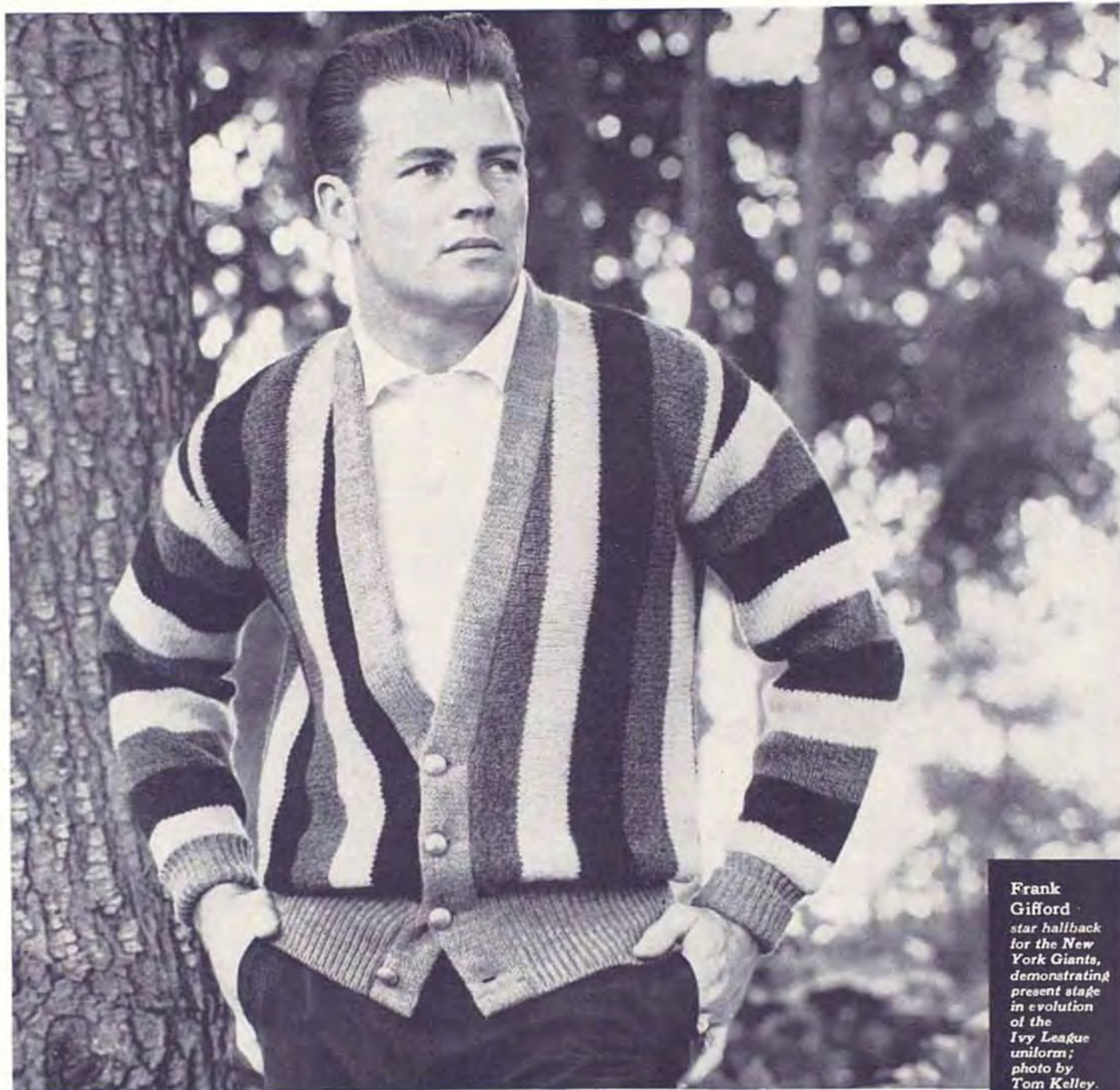
MORGAN



MATHESON



PURDY



Frank Gifford
star halfback
for the New
York Giants,
demonstrating
present stage
in evolution
of the
Ivy League
uniform;
photo by
Tom Kelley.



What happened to the button-down collar, the narrow tie?
Pictured here is the new Ivy League uniform.

Note carefully the sweater: perhaps also reread the headline and re-examine the photograph. Then walk through any college town, including the Ivy ones, and count the slacks and sweaters.

You will find that sweaters outnumber the snug three-button Madison Avenue jacket about 8 to 1 on any campus you might name; ties and striped shirts are hidden like housemothers.

Who is responsible? Well, frankly, the sweater shown here. It is practically required in a complete campus wardrobe. This year, the yarn is still the same: nothing but bulky wool, but the new colors are perhaps subtler

than before. Six color combinations have been assembled; yours is surely among them.

How to make your selection? Go to your sportswear registrar at one of the better men's stores and ask to see the Jantzen "bulkies"; it's that simple. Price is exceptionally low, considering the superb workmanship and expensive wool yarn. The cardigan is \$15.95, the same sweater in a crew neck is \$13.95.

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DEAR PLAYBOY

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

OSCAR

Cheers for the July PLAYBOY with Maurice Zolotow's entertaining article *The Little World of Oscar Levant*. The saga of the well-maladjusted Levant's magnificent disregard for the gods of "togetherness" is a ray of light in the gray-flannel gloom of a world as hell-bent on conformity as the dancers at Radio City. Maurice Zolotow combines an X-ray eye, an analytical mind, and sophisticated wit in a racy style which has that special quality I enjoy.

J. J. Seibert
Detroit, Michigan

Congratulations on your July issue! I was again fascinated. The highlight of the whole issue to me was the Oscar Levant article by Maurice Zolotow. I have witnessed the comeback of Oscar right from the start over TV. Since he is so uninhibited, we loyal fans of Oscar's have watched the ups and downs of his life from a good vantage point. Something that Mr. Zolotow did not mention, but which I consider interesting, was his rapid recovery from nervousness after he started in television. Around Easter of last year, Tom Duggan, a local personality boy who peddles controversy, had a major operation. Oscar took over the show. He had recently returned from a serious bout with his problems and it was visible in his face as he struggled to be funny. Without the help of Irwin Berke, Duggan's producer, I am sure he would never have made it. It wasn't long before Oscar had complete confidence, and watching him today, it is hard to remember his struggles. Congratulations again for an absorbing story of a fascinating personality.

Robert Montgomery
Long Beach, California

Having always been a fan of Levant's, I thoroughly enjoyed Maurice Zolotow's *The Little World of Oscar Levant* in the July issue.

Carl Goodman
Lynchburg, South Carolina

Many articles have been written about Levant which only depict the bad side of his genius. Those articles are published and tend to eliminate any details which enhance a better understanding. Your article was full of compassion and gave me an understanding of how and why this man acts as he does.

Leonard M. Kahn
Forest Hills, New York

May I extend my congratulations to author Maurice Zolotow on his article *The Little World of Oscar Levant*? Levant may be a mental case but in my opinion he is doing what the rest of us are afraid to do, he is bucking society. Here is a strong personality which I feel will be remembered for a long time.

Paul Richard Reid
Fargo, North Dakota

TEEVEE JEEBIES

Silverstein's *Teevee Jeebies* in July really broke me up. Let's have more!

Bill Taylor
Pasadena, California

With his amazingly clever *Teevee Jeebies*, Shel Silverstein has enhanced his already solid reputation as a true wit. I took the feature in to the radio station here a few days ago and it nearly demobilized our announcers, who are, incidentally, an impressive array of fertile wits in their own right.

James A. C. Thom
WXLW
Indianapolis, Indiana

Congrats to Shel Silverstein for his hilarious satire, *Teevee Jeebies*. I feel it would make a great monthly feature.

Ronald A. Weinstein
Portland, Oregon

I've been reading PLAYBOY for the last six years, but in all that time I haven't seen or read anything that was quite as enjoyable as shrewd Shel Silverstein's *Teevee Jeebies*. Those 16 silly-looking snaps with the satirical captions kept me in stitches for at least two hours. In fact,

MY SIN

... a most
provocative perfume!



LANVIN

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even now I'm tempted to pick up the magazine again to renew my laughter. I hadn't seriously considered purchasing a subscription to PLAYBOY, since I am often out of town and pick it up wherever I am and whenever I can. But, after reading *Teevee Jeebies*, I'm certain that in the near future, you will receive my subscription request, so that I won't miss out on any more of this witty man's work.

Raymond A. Dvorakowski
Buffalo, New York

Teevee Jeebies is the funniest single item to have appeared in PLAYBOY during my two years of reading the magazine. I laughed so much I got the hiccoughs. May you never cease to exist.

Jack Hayden
Orange, California

Ah, if only TV itself were as much fun as *Teevee Jeebies*!

C. P. Schneider
Dayton, Ohio

I haven't had such belly laughs since —?

L. E. Kinsey
Lincoln, Illinois

I would like to compliment you on the *Teevee Jeebies*. They really were terrific. I was sitting alone reading them and found myself laughing out loud. How about doing more in the next issue?

Rod McDonald
Shaker Heights, Ohio

More "*Teevee Jeebies*" soon.

YACHTING

This is to compliment you on your article covering yachting in the July issue. It made most interesting reading, and I am confident it pleased your readers.

Charles A. Dolbier
Mountainside, New Jersey

Congratulations to Stan Rosenfeld for the photographs and to your staff writers for the excellent presentation of *Invitation to Yachting*. It was accurate, factual and interesting!

Frank L. Argall
Beverly Hills, California

HAPPINESS

Although Meredith Willson has done more to contribute to the happiness of mankind than is usually done by one man, I would like to take issue with him on his thesis in his July PLAYBOY article, *Happiness for Fun and Profit*, that happiness follows the removal of unhappiness. His own musical comedy, *The Music Man*, proves this point. Even if Mr. Hill had been cleared of fraud, there would not have been happiness if Marian the librarian had not fallen for him.

Ernestine Grafton, Director
State Traveling Library
Des Moines, Iowa

“Find your
personal
pipe tobacco in
Kentucky Club’s
fine blends...

I did”

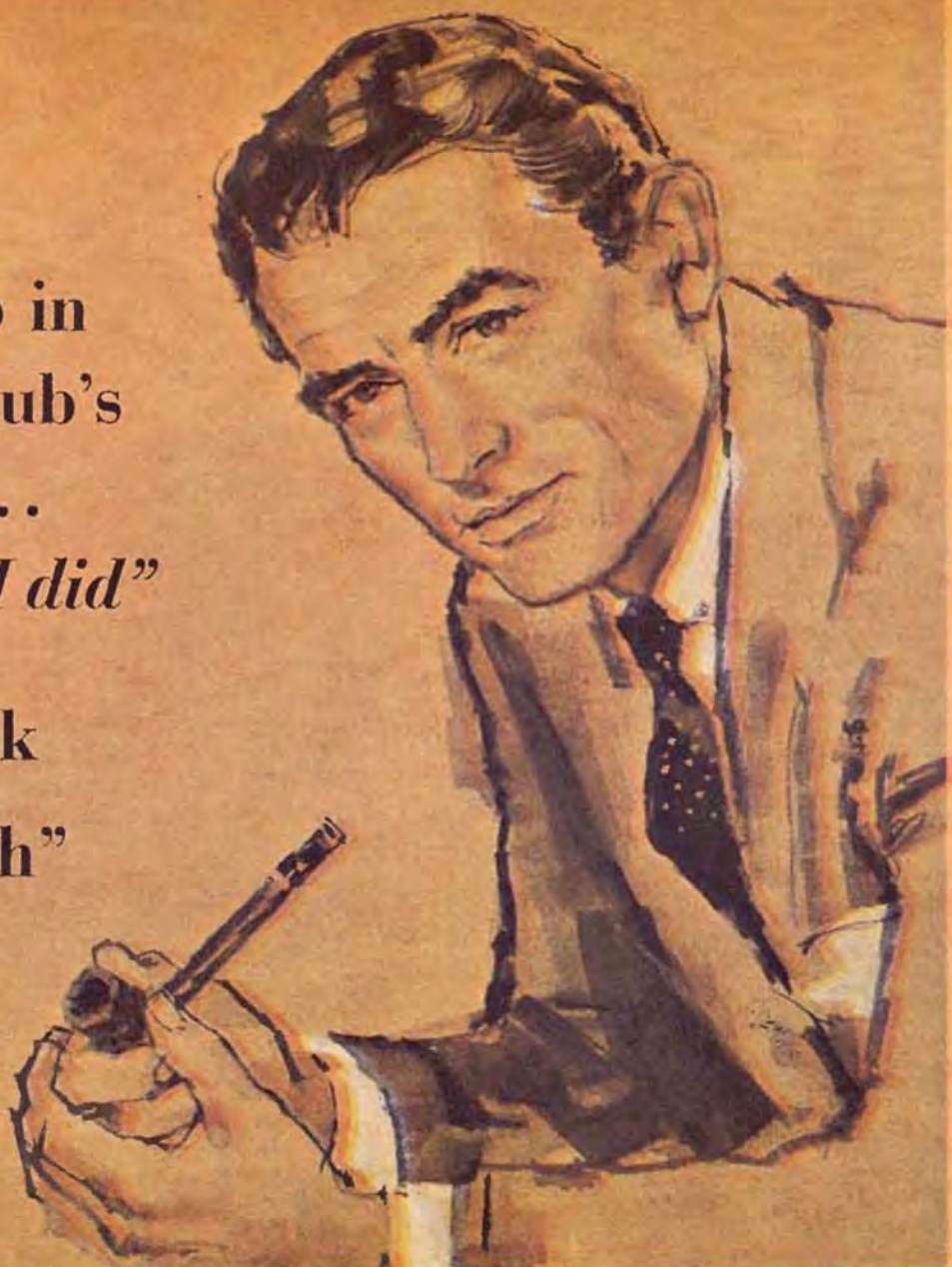
SAYS

Gregory Peck

SOON TO BE SEEN IN

“On the Beach”

A STANLEY KRAMER PRODUCTION
RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS



Which Kentucky Club blend
did Gregory Peck select?

Actually, the more important question is which blend best suits *YOUR* personal taste. Read the descriptions below—then start with the brands which sound best. All packaged in moisture-proof Kenseal Pouch. Keeps tobacco fresh, mellow and cool-smoking. *Kentucky Club, Wheeling, West Va.*



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PEPER'S POUCH MIXTURE—Mildly aromatic and smooth on the tongue. A little Latakia and a little Perique skillfully blended with 3 top-quality domestic tobaccos.

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BEAT PLAYMATE

After looking at your Playmate for the month of July, I must ask: did you say *beatnik* or *buttnik*?

Steve Sadler
KIOX Radio
Bay City, Texas

The July issue of PLAYBOY was terrific. The poetry was tops and the Playmate a real *sweetnik*.

J. Calder Joseph
Orlando, Florida

Your coinage *beautnik* to describe Yvette is erroneous. She's a *beastnik*.

Walter E. Magureia
Rockaway Beach, New York

Your July Playmate photo is undoubtedly the sexiest picture ever published in any magazine in the *world*. Please, if you will, give us *more* of Yvette!

Bob Johnson
Chicago, Illinois

Although you have had some mad little fillies in your estimable publication from time to time, the callipygian cutie in July is the most!

Charles C. Sords
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

You must be real square gentlemen, because you sure can't tell the Beat Generation from a pretty corny publicity gimmick! I read your magazine every month and have never found anything in it I disagreed with so vehemently as your July Playmate. This gal is not only *not* beat, the whole story was fictitious! I have lived in and among the so-called beats, and have fancied myself one, for several years. Never have I seen a beat chick shed her britches... bra, yes. Secondly, I've yet to see a beat drink wine out of a glass that at one time or another didn't hold jelly, peanut butter or a candle. There was, in your triple-page picture, no evidence of bongo drums, long black stockings, the essential shark tooth on a chain, or many, many other items no beat could be complete without. You call the Unicorn and Cosmo Alley beat hangouts. Man, have you seen the prices they charge? No self-respecting beat could afford an evening there, nor would he want to. Incidentally, I do dig your magazine, but this latest deal to publicize some would-be actress was more than I could take! 'Scuse me for now, must rush to my (ugh) job... have had to take work to support a hi-fi, an out-of-work artist, and an expensive wine habit.

Connie Gray
Los Angeles, California

Miss Yvette Vickers is the tops in beatniks.

Al Roseman
Jacksonville, North Carolina

MIXES WELL EVERYWHERE

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Cali-mental

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OR KID GLOVE LEATHER



DAVID WAYNE

co-starring in

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SING ALONG WITH MITCH <p>MITCH MILLER AND THE CAMERATA</p> <p>5. Sweet Violets, You Are My Sunshine, 14 more</p>	ROY HAMILTON <p>YOU'LL NEVER WALK ALONE</p> <p>20. Ebb Tide, Unchained Melody, I Believe, 9 more</p>	BELOVED CHORUSES <p>BACH - HAYDN - SCHUBERT RIMSKY-KORSAKOV SIBELIUS - HANDEL MORMON TABERNACLE CHOIR PHILADELPHIA ORCH.</p> <p>39. Handel's "Hallelujah", Sibelius' "Finlandia", etc.</p>	SOUTH PACIFIC <p>MARY MARTIN - PINZA ORIGINAL BROADWAY CAST</p> <p>23. This show album is the all-time musical best-seller</p>	ROSSINI: WILLIAM TELL AND BAISER EN SEVILLE OVERTURES <p>DONIZETTI: DAUGHTER OF THE REGIMENT OVERTURE SCHUBERT: MARCH MILITARE TCHAIKOVSKY: MARCH SLAV STRAUSS: ANGELEN MARCH VIK KRAMNIK, CONCERTMASTER AND LAMBERTO ORCHESTRA</p> <p>65. A hi-fi thriller. Six stirring overtures and marches</p>	ERROLL GARNER <p>SOLILOQUY</p> <p>9. If I Had You, I Surrender Dear, No More Time, etc.</p>	PERCY FAITH and ORCHESTRA <p>VIVA MUSIC OF MEXICO</p> <p>25. A hi-fi fiesta! Granada, La Paloma, 11 others</p>	TCHAIKOVSKY: SWAN LAKE SUITE <p>The Philadelphia Orchestra Eugene Ormandy</p> <p>2. "Superb... most sensuous of ensembles"—N.Y. Times</p>
NUTCRACKER SUITE <p>PEER SYNT CLAIR DE LUNE PHILADELPHIA ORCH., ORMANDY</p> <p>64. 4 superb works played by "World's Greatest Orch."</p>	POLLY BERGEN <p>THE PARTY'S OVER</p> <p>17. Make The Man Love Me, But Not For Me, 10 more</p>	RUDOLF SERKIN <p>BEETHOVEN "MOONLIGHT" Sonata "PATHETIQUE" Sonata "APPASSIONATA" Sonata</p> <p>67. Three sonatas—played with rare keyboard artistry</p>	THE GREAT BENNY GOODMAN <p>with HARRY JAMES GENE KRUPA LIONEL HAMPTON TEDDY WILSON AND OTHERS</p> <p>38. Orig. performances, 11 Goodman Classics in Swing</p>	Tchaikovsky <p>"PATHETIQUE" SYMPHONY Mitropoulos, New York Philharmonic</p> <p>66. Most popular of Tchaikovsky's lovely symphonies</p>	NORMAN LUBOFF <p>CHOIR Reverie THE LAMP IS LOW STRANGE MUSIC MY REVERIE 9 more</p> <p>32. Also: Garden of Love, Your Kiss, No Other Love, etc.</p>	GRIEG: Piano Concerto <p>RACHMANINOFF: Rhapsody in a Theme of Paganini PHILIPPE ENTREMONT, The Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy</p> <p>19. Pianistic fireworks abound in these two scores</p>	JAZZ OMNIBUS <p>ARMSTRONG CONDON MURPHY GARNER ELLINGTON and others</p> <p>46. Also: Dave Brubeck, Miles Davis, J.J. Johnson, etc.</p>
REX HARRISON JULIE ANDREWS MY FAIR LADY <p>ORIGINAL CAST RECORDING</p> <p>14. I Could Have Danced All Night, Rain in Spain, etc.</p>	MENDELSSOHN: ITALIAN SYMPHONY <p>HAYDN: LONDON SYMPHONY Demstein NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC</p> <p>34. Spirited performances of two gay symphonies</p>	THE FABULOUS DORSEYS IN HI-FI <p>30. Rain, Nevada, Peace Pipe, Love of Mine, 8 more</p>	BRAHMS: Symphony No. 3 <p>Academic Festival Overture Hungarian Dances WALTER NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC</p> <p>42. Grand performances by Brahms' finest interpreter</p>	HALL OF FAME HITS <p>BENNETT-Rags to Riches CLOONEY-This Ole House DAY-Whatever Will Be, Will Be LAINE-I Believe MATHIS-Chances Are STAFFORD-Shrimp Boats PLUS 6 OTHERS</p> <p>78. Also: Johnnie Ray, Four Lads, Guy Mitchell, etc.</p>	FRANCESCATTI PLAYS KREISLER <p>10. Francescatti's interpretations of 12 musical gems</p>	EDDY DUCHIN STORY <p>ORIGINAL DUCHIN RECORDINGS</p> <p>28. Duchin plays Man I Love, April Showers, 13 more</p>	WALTZES <p>TCHAIKOVSKY and STRAUSS THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA EUGENE ORMANDY</p> <p>68. 7 waltzes in "lustrous sound"—High Fidelity</p>

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THE DYNAMIC NEW DIMENSION IN SOUND



The roar of Napoleonic
siege cannon...

The knell of the heaviest
tuned bell in the world...

The true 1812 Overture!

No one, not even Tchaikovsky himself, ever heard his 1812 Overture as he truly intended it to be heard, until Mercury recorded it. For it is a remarkable piece, to be performed in a remarkable way.

In it, Tchaikovsky tells of the clash of French and Russian armies; of Napoleon's capture of Moscow; of his being driven out by fire—to start the long, disastrous retreat which was utterly to destroy the once-proud Grande Armée.

Tchaikovsky wrote for a complete symphony orchestra, plus a brass band, cannon, and church bells . . . and he intended the church bells to sound like (in fact, to be) the great bells of the Kremlin, ranging from high-pitched chimes to the 100-ton monster that hangs in the tower of Ivan the Terrible.

But it was not to be. Not in his lifetime. Not even in Russia. Not anywhere, until Mercury recorded the 1812 Overture with but one goal in view: to realize completely the music that flowed through Tchaikovsky's mind, but which no one had ever fully heard.

First came the incomparable high-fidelity recording, which proved to be the most dynamic, and by far the most demanded, record of the 1812 Overture ever known. And now, an entirely new recording, in stereophonic sound, has been made with the same infinite attention to Tchaikovsky's ideal.

Again Antal Dorati conducted the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra and the University of Minnesota Brass Band. And, from the Museum of the U.S. Military Academy at West Point, came a heavy French siege cannon cast in 1775. It weighed 3,180 pounds, and a special Naval-type carriage was made of heavy oak to stand up to the full charge of black powder.

For bells, Mercury recorded the magnificent carillon at New York's Riverside Church, with its full range of 74 bells, including the 40,926 pound Bourdon bell which is the largest tuned bell in the world.

The result is an incredible listening experience . . . an outstanding example of dynamics in sound, on Mercury records.

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Requested favorites you've watched Patti Page perform "on camera" for TV. 12 production arrangements such as: "It's A Good Day," "The Gypsy," "Crazy Rhythm."
Stereo SR 60025 Monaural MG 20398

MERCURY RECORD CORPORATION

I'm sure you have already received many comments on your Miss July, so mine will be short and sweet: a profound gas.

Ed Dykes
St. Louis, Missouri

I have piloted a good many Vickers-type aircraft when on special assignment loan to the British Government. However, none of those fuselages compared with that of Miss Yvette Vickers, your Beat Playmate in July.

Raymond Robert Suzor
Torrance, California

AND OTHER BEATNIKS

Why are you giving such large emphasis to the beatnik ideology? Surely these characters aren't the majority of your reading public. So far I haven't seen any beat poetry up to the literary standards of PLAYBOY. The beat method of writing has possibilities, but the writers don't seem to be able to do anything with their subject matter. Poetry is supposed to sound beautiful even if the subject isn't, and this stuff you printed in July is pure tripe. Have any of your beatnik poets ever succeeded on their own merits as writers, or are they read just because they're beat?

Sammy Ward
Bangor, Michigan

I've enjoyed your magazine for about three years — and not just enjoyed, acclaimed it. Everything — the fiction, the articles, the jokes, the Playmates, even *Dear Playboy* — has been a treat. But the beat poetry you published in July was just terrible. No command of technique, no structure, no logical development, incorrect use of words and grammar, utter drivel, absolute trash.

Doug George
Minneapolis, Minnesota

By publishing Kerouac, Ginsberg and Corso, you have given them a chance to show themselves to the general public that scorns and belittles without knowing the whole truth. More of this would be appreciated and I hope you will continue to give these men, and others like them, a chance to be heard.

Neil C. Buckley
Clearfield, Pennsylvania

I would imagine the beat poets must be quite an exclusive group. Not just anybody can write such lousy poetry. Even I can't, and I'm considered, hereabouts, a master at producing abominable verse.

J. A. C. Thome
Indianapolis, Indiana

What has happened to my dearly beloved magazine, the only magazine to which I have a subscription? Why this

The Inquiring Photographer

THE QUESTION

Everyone wants "The Best of Everything"—but everyone differs as to what it is. What's your idea of "The Best of Everything"?

WHERE ASKED

20th Century-Fox studios, Hollywood, during the filming of Jerry Wald's production of "The Best Of Everything," directed by Jean Negulesco in CinemaScope and Color by De Luxe.

THE ANSWERS

Carolyn, just graduated from Radcliffe, played by Hope Lange: I can't answer that till I've tried everything. I may not wind up with the best, but I'll sure as Satan have the most!



Dexter, man-about town, played by Robert Evans:

Girls!
Is
there
anything
else?



Gregg, young actress, played by Suzy Parker: Last year I'd have said to be a part of the theatre. But now it's to be part of the producer — that he'd as soon stop breathing as let me go!



David Savage, producer, played by Louis Jourdan: Creating for the theatre. I'd use anything, anybody, to stimulate my creative juices. I'll give them everything in return, short of myself.



Amanda Farrow, editor, played by Joan Crawford: Success in business — the feeling of power that comes with it. It makes up for the bit I have to play at night to keep what I've got in the daytime.



Whitey Ford says,

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if you want to pull her eyes over the wool

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pained and painful question, you ask? Well, it's because of articles like: *The Origins of the Beat Generation* by Jack Kerouac, June issue; or *The Sound of Beat* by Kerouac, Corso and Ginsberg, July issue. Kerouac is the character in whom the beatniks of the nation have found their perfect spokesman — a bum writer writing for a lot of bums. He prepared for his calling, in his own words, by "hopping freights, hitchhiking and working as scullion on merchant ships" and his background shines through every line of his shimmering prose which has been described by some of our outstanding literary critics as the closest thing in print to a marijuana jag. He and his adorers think of his style as being wild and free and unconventional, but to discriminating ears it sounds more like the hysterical yip of a frustrated virgin who has been unexpectedly goosed. For quite a while now, the so-called Beat Generation has been causing almost as much talk as the sack dress, the sick joke and rock 'n' roll, and is just about as permanent and important. Actually, of course, there is no such thing as a Beat Generation. There is only a scattering of goofballs, male and female, who cluster in the semi-slums of San Francisco and New York, uttering animal whimpers of protest and despair while belting themselves silly with drink and dope. The Beat Generation would be a more accurate name for the lot. Or Deadbeatniks. What does the so-called Beat Generation have to offer? It has racked up an amazingly high record of arrests for vagrancy, an awesome incidence of alcoholism, and accumulated more assorted junkies than the police blotters can keep track of. It also boasts a poet of its very own named Allen Ginsberg, who is one of the chief ornaments of the movement, according to the unwashed things who dig his stuff. He wrote something called *Howl*, which starts out to be poetry but which, as its title indicates, winds up sounding like the noise made by a dog in distress. An authentic creepnik masterpiece. Think it over, PLAYBOY!

Wade L. Anderson
New York, New York

REGARDING MORT SAHL SEEKING GOD AND A BEAT CHURCH, SUGGEST HE CHECK LEADVILLE ESPRESSO HOUSE ON THE ROAD TO SUN VALLEY, IDAHO. ONLY CONVERTED CHURCH IN U.S. (CIRCA 1880). COMPLETE COFFEE HOUSE, FOOD, LIQUOR, ENTERTAINMENT, DECOR, ATMOSPHERE, MOVIE THEATRE, MARVELOUS STAFF, DELIGHTFUL CLIENTELE. SHOULD BE ENVY OF NEW YORK, CHICAGO, LOS ANGELES —

DICK BARKLEY
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

In your spread *The Sound of Beat*, the little center photo of a banjo-playing folk singer is way out of place — as if

Jayson
means
excite-
ment!



These shirts...all Jayson Authentics...display it in true Ivy tradition with button-down collar, back collar button and center back pleat...in heraldics, ancient madders, foulards, and other classic patterns. \$5.00. Lower left: illustrating the paisley lined treatment is the fine corduroy. \$6.95

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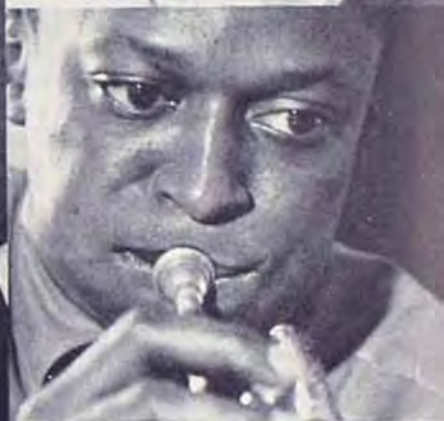
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DREAMSVILLE—Lola Albright with orchestra conducted by Henry Mancini CL 1327 CS 8133*



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FOR MEN



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CHANEL

would be in any beat feature. The folk singer (I'm one myself) is far from the world of the beatniks — he is definitely *not* beat. Incidentally, when are you going to give folk music some attention and start reviewing folk records in addition to jazz and classical?

Gilbert Kushner
Minneapolis, Minnesota

The photo of Mr. Banjo was shot in The Cellar, in New York. You can't get much better than that. Reviews of records by Oscar Brand, Cynthia Gooding, Ed McCurdy and Theo Bikel have appeared in past "Playboy After Hours" columns, and this month we review discs by Shoshana Damari and Ohela Halcvy. Next month, Bikel is "On the Scene."

ADVENTURES OF HERBERT

I dig this Herb Gold and *The Incredible Adventures of Dino*, but Dino, whose year of birth is given as 1928, says, "I'm 27," a truly incredible adventure in arithmetic!

Suzanne Eastwood
Chateauroux, France

What's in a name? A great deal, apparently, where PLAYBOY is concerned. By my count (which may be inaccurate, since I am missing the March and April issues for 1957), Herbert Gold has appeared in 13 of the magazine's 67 issues (for the mathematically minded, the percentage is 19.4). With the exception of one critical article on Beat and two preview-pieces (*The Right Kind of Pride: Sleepers, Awake!*) from a serious novel, Gold's output for PLAYBOY has amounted to just so much slick, commercial trash: scrapings from the bottom of the literary barrel. Self-consciously coy, deliberately arty, the style referred to in the April *Playbill* as "free-form horseplay" has no place in any literature worthy of the name. It cannot even be justified as entertainment, since the ability to be cute, verbally or otherwise, more frequently elicits disgust than amusement. So it is with the "light" stories of Herbert Gold, yet PLAYBOY continues faithfully to print such nonsensical offal as *The Incredible Adventures of Dino* and the earlier, more presumptuous yet equally unsuccessful *What's Become of Your Creature?* It would seem to be the editors' fond hope that Gold will soon begin another novel, meaty portions of which may accrue piecemeal to PLAYBOY. Meanwhile, why not sign him on as a staff member? Your readers may then look forward to a monthly spew of literary self-prostitution from an author who is clearly capable of much better stuff. PLAYBOY is so nearly on the Gold standard already that the conversion would be painless.

Bruce W. Lewis
Bloomington, Indiana

Close your eyes as you near page 59.



PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



We've gone all out to get you some first-hand information on kissing. Our research has led us to the surprising conclusion that not everybody is in favor of the pastime. Long ago, of course, George Meredith cried: "Kissing don't last; cookery do!" But we've preferred to go along with the definition Edmond Rostand got off in *Cyrano*: "A kiss when all is said, what is it? A rosy dot placed on the 'i' of loving; 'tis a secret told to the mouth instead of the ear." Consulting a dictionary can be depressing: "... the anatomical juxtaposition of two orbicularis oris muscles in a state of contraction." And the scientists throw cold water on the pleasurable pursuit with the information that a single kiss can transfer as many as 47,000,000,000,000,000,000 germs. Presumably it was this last fact that led the authorities of Riverside, California, to issue a by-law prohibiting all kissing until the four lips involved had been sterilized by a mixture of carbolic acid and rosewater. At London airport, a kiss on the airfield is against the rules because small, dutiable goods—such as diamonds—have been passed from mouth to mouth during a kiss. Kissing is also illegal in Britain between the driver of a car and a passenger when the car is in motion. This law is enforced in America too, and in Boston a traffic cop testified that a woman driving at 40 miles per hour kissed a male passenger for three and a half miles. Kissing is illegal in Britain if the girl is unwilling, but the law makes no provision for unwilling males. Our favorite pro-kissing historical anecdote concerns a wonderful lady named Lillie Dickson. In 1905, she went into a grocery to buy some spinach. A young clerk, who found her charms overpowering, drew her to him and kissed her passionately, whereupon she fled,

ruffled. But 10 years later, when she died, that young clerk received \$65,000 in her will, because, she said, he was the only man who ever kissed her. The moral of the story, perhaps, is to keep puckered at the spinach counter. Anyhow, for the time being at least, that's all we know about kissing.

In the hip set, a great new game called quirling is catching on like wildfire (one quirling aficionado claims he knows a wildfire that isn't catching on as well). You'll be happy to know that it requires no money, coordination, athletic ability, will to win nor expensive equipment. It takes no courage, self-sacrifice, team effort, *esprit de corps* nor devotion to God, school or country. All you need to play is a thumb and one finger, a tack (quirl) and a smooth surface to spin it on. The rules of thumb are as simple as the equipment. You take the thumbtack (the long carpet variety doesn't work), hold it firmly between your thumb and finger, and spin it onto a smooth surface, point downward. The idea is to make your quirl quirl longer than your opponent's quirl quirls. The present championship is held by a Dartmouth alumnus who kept his quirl quirling for 72 seconds. Championship quirling requires a stop watch and a dedicated group of contestants. Always make sure your environment is sympathetic to a quirling bout before you begin. Unwary quirlers have found themselves viewed with alarm, and even forcibly detained. Exercise care; without it, the quirling situation can become sticky, even tacky.

People in the District of Columbia get to read advertisements in their newspapers that are stimulating, to say the least. In its fashion section for

ladies, the *Washington Daily News*, in the recent past, carried an ad reading: "Open-crotch play suit with its own button front skirt. Such comfort for an all-day outing! Drip-dry cotton in bright blue or pink muted print. The squared-off playsuit goes sightseeing, picnicking, playing all day because the crotch un-snaps for your convenience." We understand that the ad caused quite a flap among its readers.

The last several issues of *The Village Voice*, read by the Greenwich Village beatnik set, have featured the following filler, which we feel is important enough to reprint in its entirety:

"(Special to *The Village Voice*)

In 1938 the State of Wyoming produced one-third of a pound of dry edible beans for every man, woman, and child in the nation."

With the thought that some of our readers may be interested in a post-graduate brush-up, we pass along a bulletin we've received: "A leading Scottish doctor, Mr. A. W. O. Taylor, chairman of the Marriage Guidance Council in Edinburgh, has just asked the city's education committee to support a scheme for night classes in the art of love. Dr. Taylor wants to start an evening school course for youngsters between the ages of 16 and 20 to teach them all about the arts of love and marriage. At the end of the course diplomas will be awarded to successful students." Thus far, we've had no word as to the nature of the homework or the final examination.

To judge by our mail, the sounds of commerce are taking on weird overtones. From the West comes a small brochure. Its message, in full, reads: "I have something you can use. *I bark!!* Have ap-



Why are so many college men switching to pipes?

SEND YOUR ANSWER IN 25 WORDS OR LESS

WIN 4 YEAR WARDROBE

261 PRIZES IN ALL

1st prize—A famous Botany "500" wardrobe every year for 4 years (2 Suits, 2 Sport Jackets, 2 Pair of Slacks, and 1 Topcoat.)

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Pick up an official entry blank at your regular tobacco counter, or write Kaywoodie Pipes, Inc., New York 22, for one.

HINTS TO WIN: Why men smoke pipes—

There's a rich, fulfilling, "all's well" feeling that a man gets only from a pipe. A relaxed, calms-you-down contentment that's associated exclusively with pipe smoking. And you get all the pleasure of smoking without inhaling.



Why pipe smokers choose KAYWOODIE

Kaywoodie Briar is imported, aged, selected, hand crafted, hand rubbed, tested, inspected, and only then does it earn the coveted Kaywoodie Cloverleaf. That's why Kaywoodie hefts airily light; always smokes cool and sweet. The exclusive Drinkless Fitment inside the pipe condenses tars, moisture and irritants as nothing else can. Try a Kaywoodie. One puff is worth 1,000 words.

Campus Yacht \$4.95



CHOOSE YOUR KAYWOODIE
from the famous campus collection...\$4.95



Campus Bulldog
\$4.95



Campus Billiard
\$4.95

other styles and shapes \$5 to \$50



White Briar
Pear \$5



Custom Grain
Prince of Wales \$10

KAYWOODIE

accents the male look

peared in the Hollywood Bowl as soloist (barking) with the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra under Kostelanetz in Ferde Grofé's *Hudson River Suite*. Have made recordings for dog food and other commercials. I bark, howl, yelp, whimper, roar, wail and make other assorted dog noises over 50 different ways and in 14 languages! Available for: television, radio, motion pictures, recordings, transcriptions, attention-getting commercials, special sound effects. Have your barking made to order—accurately and on cue. So—speaking for the dog set—meet WALTER R. SCHEIBEL. Keep my name on file for future use." Mr. Scheibel's address, of course, is Beverly Hills, California.

In the process of appending our own masculine viewpoint to the columns of Ann Landers and Abigail Van Buren (*Dear Ann and Abby*, December '58, *Playboy After Hours*, May, August '59), we've found ourselves more and more intrigued by the answers to letters that the ladies print under the heading CONFIDENTIAL. Since these answers are syndicated in hundreds of newspapers (through the *Chicago Sun-Times* and McNaught syndicates), they are only confidential to the extent that the original letters are not published—just the answers. Figuring out what these letters must have said has become a game around the PLAYBOY offices, and one which we thought we'd share with you. It works like so: first you read the verbatim "confidential" answers from Ann and Abby and, working backwards, below them you'll find the letters we've dreamed up that might have inspired them.

CONFIDENTIAL TO BOOTSIE: Sociable, my eye. Have you heard that "candy's dandy—but liquor's quicker"?

DEAR ANN LANDERS: *I'm a fairly attractive girl, and up to now I thought I knew my way around. Then I met Bill. He's the kind of droolsome, six-foot hunk of handsome that brings out all my warmer instincts. But he just can't seem to take a hint. I've gone so far as to invite him into my bedroom when I'm wearing something filmy, but all he wants to do is sit on the bed, eat my candy, and talk about world affairs. I'm at my wit's end. Should I give up, and just settle for him being sociable?*

BOOTSIE

CONFIDENTIAL TO "MAC": With your kind of luck I recommend that you wear suspenders, a belt and carry two safety pins. Good luck!

DEAR ABBY: *I got a problem what I think it's unusual and I don't know what to do. I'm too lucky with the girls. They are always like attacking me. Some of them even go so far as to try to take off my*

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

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



- Melachrino plays *Autumn Leaves, Star Dust, While We're Young, Estrellita*.
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- Blues types, rhythm backing. *Hallelujah, I Love Her So*, 11 others.
- Original soundtrack recording from Rodgers and Hammerstein film hit.



- All-time classical best seller by most talked-about pianist of the generation.
- 18 evergreens. *It Could Happen to You, Love Letters, Birth of the Blues*.
- Breath-taking new recording of best-selling suite from dramatic TV score.
- New recording of Kern-Hammerstein classic. *Gogi Grant, Howard Keel*.



- Operetta film stars remake their 12 biggest hits. *Indian Love Call*, etc.
- LANZA sings 12 Italian classics. *Funiculi, Funicula; Santa Lucia; Marie*.
- Miller-styled modern repertoire. *Ray McKinley, Burland*, 11 others.
- New remakes of their biggest hits. *Jalousie, Skaters Waltz, Liebestraum*.



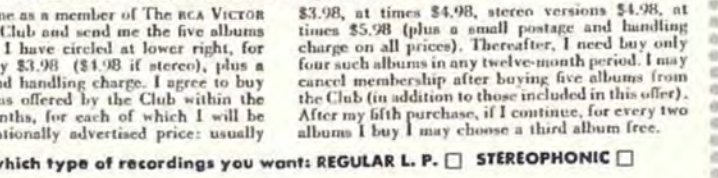
- On-the-spot recording. Yes, includes *Day In—Day Out* plus 14 others.
- 17 swaggering marches: *El Capitan, Semper Fidelis, On the Mall, On Parade*.
- Lush, rhythmic, exotic instrumentals. *Valencia, Granada, Delicado*.
- His 12 biggest hits, newly remade. *Green Eyes, Linda Mujer, Adios*, etc.



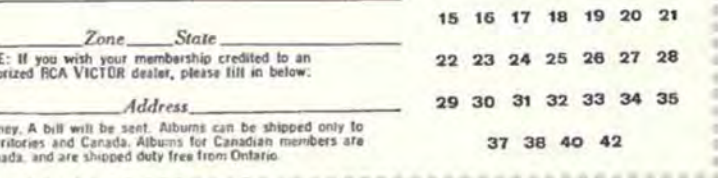
- Compte of Latin rhythms, cha cha, jazz. *Lullaby of Birdland*, 10 more.
- New Broadway star, top tunes from top musicals. *Flower Drum Song*, etc.
- Cha-cha versions of Latin tunes. *Perfidia, Frenesi, Tampico, Yours*, etc.
- 12 pop favorites and light classics. *September Song, Warsaw Concerto, Diane*.
- Absolutely the last word in sound and performance. The greatest *Gaité!*
- La MacKenzie sings 12 ballads. *Hey There, Ebb Tide, Too Young, Moon Glow*.



- 12 dance-mood favorites by trio plus strings. *I'll Get By, Dream*, etc.
- Plush, romantic mood setter for a bachelor apartment. 12 top standards.



- From king in beautiful selection of ballads, lindys, cha chas. *Tea for Two*.
- Pipes, drums, Black Watch Band in a sock sonic treat! *Marches, folk songs*.
- Litling Strauss operetta. *Risë Stevens, Robert Merrill, Jo Sullivan*, others.
- Liquid sounds from Hammond organ. *Over the Rainbow, Ebb Tide*, etc.
- Rich baritone of the *Graham Crusade* sings some most-requested songs.
- Fantastic sound, realistic atmosphere, familiar songs, virile singing. *Different!*
- My Man, Young and Foolish, They Say It's Wonderful, Yesterday*, 8 more.
- Pianist's trio plays *Summertime, The Man I Love, All of You, Cherry*, etc.



- Standards plus special material, fun-filled ad libs, Billy May arrangements.
- Wacky, banjo-pickin' country comics raise havoc with hits and specials.
- Modern big-band jazz: top West Coast stars. *Chances Are*, other hits.



- His latest and most danceable set yet. *Ballads, lindys, waltzes, Latin*, etc.



- Compte of Latin rhythms, cha cha, jazz. *Lullaby of Birdland*, 10 more.



- From king in beautiful selection of ballads, lindys, cha chas. *Tea for Two*.



- Standards plus special material, fun-filled ad libs, Billy May arrangements.

IF YOU HAVE A STEREO PLAYER
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a little imagination. Confidentially, it's fun.

FILMS

The Devil's Disciple is as outdoorsy and action-laden as you might wish — with a Revolutionary battle in New Hampshire streets, a hanging or two, and horsemen continually galumphing around — but it's wit that makes it well worth the watching. Sir Laurence Olivier as General Burgoyne, who was historically the leader of the English troops, and Harry Andrews as his military straight man carry the British argument so well you almost wish the redcoats had won; Burt Lancaster is a man of the cloth, at first piously pacifistic, later militant, and Kirk Douglas does most of the jibing for the American side. The brilliant original was written, of course, by George Bernard Shaw, and additional dialog by John Dighton and Roland Kibbee matches his masterful technique. Janette Scott is stimulating as Burt's pretty but prurient wife, who gets big eyes for Kirk; and Eva LeGallienne is properly soufaced as Kirk's mother, though she's not the dried-up bitch Shaw made her out to be. Director Guy Hamilton works in a nice feel for the period in his staging, and Richard Rodney Bennett's music is properly solemn or jivey as the action demands. If you have an ear for the electric in conversation, listen to Shaw.

It's hard to take Mickey Rooney's portrayal of a vicious labor leader seriously in *The Big Operator*, a bare-boned film based on a Paul Gallico story exposing intimidation of the rank and file by a crooked boss. Under investigation by a Senate committee, Mickey seems pixielike rather than menacing in his cornered-rat efforts to save his skin, though his deeds are nefarious enough: one foe is ground up in a cement mixer; an intransigent factory worker (Mel Tormé) is set afire and another one (Steve Cochran) is blindfolded and knocked about when he volunteers to fink on Mickey before the committee. While the picture starts off with a nod toward authenticity—Mickey taking the Fifth before the cameras and picket-line violence with a car being toppled over — it soon develops into the cliché of the helpless guy with bruised guts defying the villains to do their worst and it ends in a stagey free-for-all that belongs in Chapter 15 of an old cliff-hanging serial. Under Charles Haas' forthright direction, Cochran and Tormé are effective in their resolute roles and Ray Danton stands out as an assassin who enjoys his slimy work. Offbeat casting finds Vam-

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pira as a solicitous housewife; Jackie Coogan plays a Rooney stooge.

Clark Gable, frisky as a goat, is a play-producer — overbearing, full of charm and con — in *But Not for Me*. Frothily directed by Walter Lang, it's a somewhat fatuous picture whose every turn, or damn near, can be predicted, but which has occasional witty lines and funny scenes thought up by writer John Michael Hayes. What saves the picture from sinking under the weight of its own spurious urbanity are fine performances by Carroll Baker as Gable's cute secretary in love with her 56-year-old boss, and Lee J. Cobb as a playwright dedicated to integrity and the sauce. The plot finds free-spending Gable desperate to make a financial comeback by producing Cobb's play — which is about a young chick stuck on a much older guy. Gable's problems involve finding backers, nursing Cobb through benders, rewriting the play, blunting Carroll's amorous assaults and swapping cracks with his pesty ex-wife (Lilli Palmer). The main joke is Gable's refusal to admit his age, though he takes geriatric pills, and, when confronted by a handsome young rival (Barry Coe) for Carroll's affections, pats his jowls anxiously. Have no fear, though: you just *know* that cuddly Carroll will do her best to soften up his arteries.

Slick as ice, often as chilling, sometimes as brittle, is Alfred Hitchcock's virtuoso exercise in melodrama, *North by Northwest*. Cary Grant, a Madavenue operator of seemingly unwavering aplomb, is mistaken for another chap, kidnapped by suave spy James Mason, and catapulted cross-country into a series of improbable but highly entertaining dangers: force-fed a full bottle of booze, he drunkenly drives a car on a twisty mountain road; then he's strafed by a low-flying plane; hangs by his hangnails from the stone faces of Mt. Rushmore; and other "hairbreadth 'scapes" the imminent deadly breach," all of which are no fun for him but plenty for the audience. Grant does manage to have fun, though — on a Pullman with sinuous Eva Marie Saint in an innuendo-studded, heavy breathing makeout sequence refreshingly reminiscent of the real thing. The perilous proceedings are laced with humor (Grant trying to shave his stubble with Eva Marie's minuscule razor is a cutie) and the sum total is a blithely enjoyable pastiche of sophistication and corn — the delectable Hitchcock hokum in a long, long time.

From Louis S. Peterson's Broadway play, he and Julius J. Epstein have fashioned, in *Take a Giant Step*, a touching, honest and sometimes wryly amus-

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ing movie. It's the story of a sensitive Negro adolescent's sudden shocked awareness that he's expected to accept an inferior position in society because of his color. Johnny Nash, playing the hero, the son of a stern bank teller who has learned to swallow his pride, is in turn querulous, rebellious and chagrined at what he deems betrayal by his white companions, who don't call for him the way they used to, and by his parents for not backing him up against the white prejudice he faces. Johnny ends up in a Negro bar where he chums up to three lady patrons ("Pardon me, but are you girls prostitutes or something?") and visits the room of one of them for a few uncomfortable minutes. Returning home, wiser and broker, he's chewed out by his parents (Frederick O'Neal and Beah Richards), then thrust into a state of despair by the death of his grandmother (Estelle Hemsley), who was his only confidante. But he rouses himself out of it because of the friendliness of the hired girl (Ruby Dee). Nash's handling of a tough role is superb under Philip Leacock's sympathetic direction, and the dialog crackles with authority. Put this one on your calendar of special events.

DINING-DRINKING

Detroit's new on-the-river drinkery, *The Roostertail* (foot of Marquette, four miles from downtown), has no cover or minimum, and is a big, boaty "saloon," as owner-manager Lee Schoenith calls it. (When dining-drinking on the terrace in warm weather, you may spot the owner zipping his hydroplane over the waves and kicking up a roostertail as high as 75 feet behind him.) Whether you arrive by boat or car, you enter on ankle-deep bar-to-bar carpeting. Little lights wink seductively in a cozy extra-low ceiling over the bar. On stage you'll find maybe Pee Wee Hunt, The Harmonicats, Kirby Stone Four, Johnny Long or Claude Thornhill. They come and go on a two-week tide to the pleasure of the industrialists and car-makers who watch from bar and table. Upstairs, in the red-chaired Admiral's Club, Don Johnson wisecracks and plays the organ. There's a staff of 200, and the food and wine are tops. Coats required downstairs only. Hours 5:30 P.M. to 2 A.M.

To enter the *Cafe Continental* (44 E. Walton), just off Chicago's Rush Street, you walk down a gentle slope or take an elevator down one floor below street level. Once inside, you'll discover that all the elements that make up the *gestalt* of a romantic date are present under one roof. The cocktails are expertly blended; the service is peppy, precise and polite.



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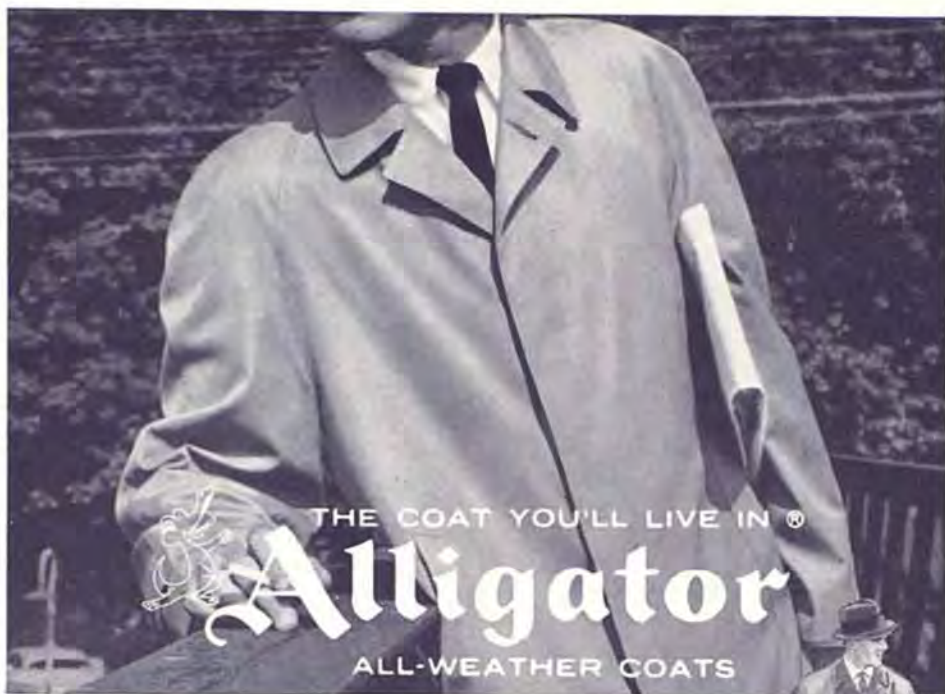


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During dinner, a strolling string trio mingles melody with your meal. The wine cellar, which adjoins the dining room, is well stocked, and you are free to visit it to select your jug. The decor, while not particularly plush, is nonetheless pleasant, though you might make it a point to ignore the mural behind the bar, a garish depiction of the more clichéd Continental landmarks, executed, unfortunately, in what appears to be dayglow ink. Prices are moderate, and the food (steaks, Continental and Italian dishes) is quite good. As an unusual appetizer, try the baked clams d'Angelo. Among the entrees which are specialties of the house, you'll find: veal aragona, tender filet of veal basted with garlic, butter, oregano and lemon and topped with anchovy strips and grated romano cheese; chicken Siciliana, marinated in olive oil, spices, garlic, lemon and cognac and then broiled; and beef piccante, slices of filet cooked in a wine sauce with capers and mushrooms. Dinners are served from 5 P.M. to 11 P.M. daily, with a wide selection of à la carte dishes for later hours. If you plan to dine after 7:30, best make a reservation. Plan your dinner to end near 9:30; that's when the first show starts in the room next door, the Cafe's Embassy Room. The night we were there, festivities began with the tasty piano of Art Hodes, whose Dixieland band alternated sets with the room's main (and presumably permanent) attraction, Bob Scobey's Frisco Band. Scobey on trumpet, Dave Black on drums, and Clancy Hayes, singing and beating his banjo, are the featured members of this happy sextet. Their performance is loud, slick and enthusiastic. The waitresses scamper about in skimpy leotards and silk net, rush your drinks to you and enhance the atmosphere. In the Embassy Room, there's a \$2.50 per person minimum on weekdays, \$3 on weekends. Open till 4 A.M. on Saturday.

RECORDINGS

Anyone who remains unconvinced that we have living among us bizarre types from other solar systems should test his belief by listening to *Wet Toe in a Hot Socket!* (Mirrosonic sp6002), a collection of comic grotesqueries by a female, of sorts, named Phyllis Diller. Her countenance, photographically reproduced in several places on the album cover, suggests the figure of a Martian's imagination ("My hair," she says, "is by General Electric. It's nylon"). Her vocal equipment reproduces exactly the tones of a lovesick duck, and her awesome way with a gag is punctuated by bursts of her insane laughter. A few quotations suggest her *outré* effects: "A highbrow is



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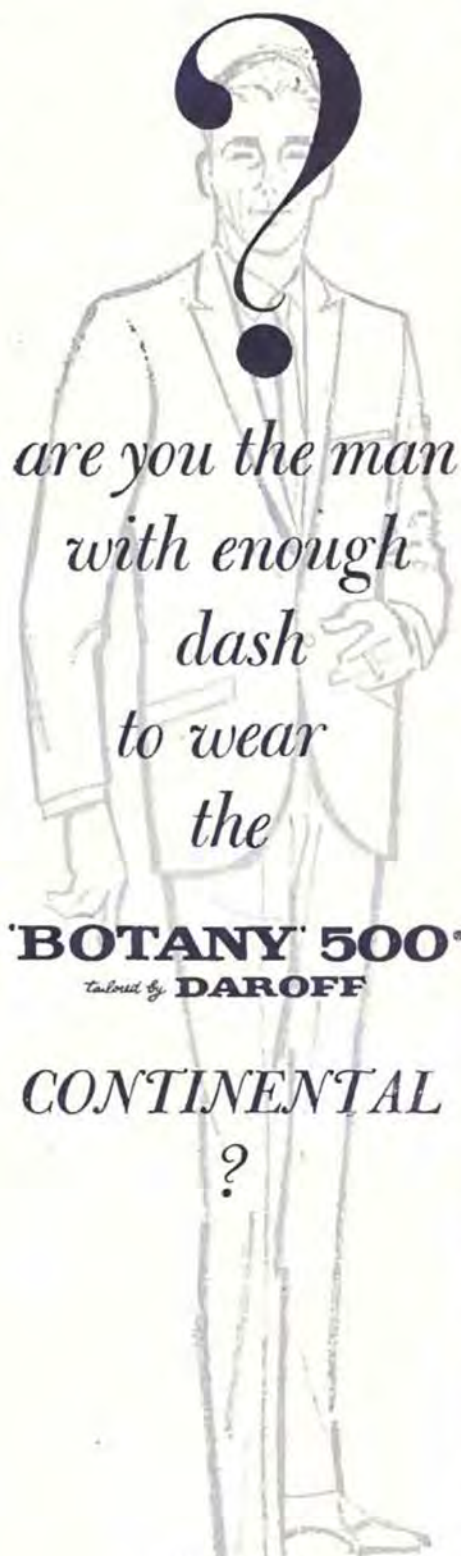
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During most of his profit-making hours, singer-pianist Ray Charles heads an earthy rhythm and blues band. Occasionally, however, Charles herds his crew into a recording studio and leaves the big beat behind. Purged of the R&B clichés, the group can swing in the best down-home fashion. On *Fathead/Ray Charles Presents David Newman* (Atlantic 1304), Charles features the members of his band, with highlights by David "Fathead" Newman on alto and tenor. Present and vigorously accounted for, too, are Bennie Crawford, baritone; Marcus Belgrave, trumpet; Edgar Willis, bass; and Milton Turner, drums. Among the tunes steadfastly approached by the group are *Willow Weep for Me*, *Mean to Me*, *Tin Tin Deo*, and several gospel-blues-flavored items. Charles' vibrant blues piano, the flashy horns of Newman and Belgrave, and the indomitable group spirit are something to hear.

As if to prove that Theodore Bikel isn't the only one who can sing Israeli songs, *Shoshana Damari Sings Songs of Israel* (Secco 430), and so does another young lady who calls herself *Voice of Israel: Ohela Halevy* (Riverside 12-836). Miss Halevy's voice is the lighter of the two, better suited to the gentler songs; Miss Damari's voice is big and savage, blending darkly with drums and rattling gourds; both gals belt out the flavorful, exotic tunes with high spirits.

Those who assert that Sonny Rollins' tenor solos are elaborate Morse-code messages can support their argument with some of Rollins' recorded efforts. Yet despite his moments of stridency and futile fingering, Rollins is not easily dismissed. Godawful in some outings and very very good in others, Rollins' problem is one of maintaining a consistent level. He's rather successful through eight tracks of a recent release—*Sonny Rollins and the Contemporary Leaders* (Contemporary 3564), probably because he has the superb support of Hampton Hawes, piano; Barney Kessel, guitar; Leroy Vinnegar, bass; and Shelly Manne, drums (Vic Feldman sits in on vibes on

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one tune). The numbers tackled include *I've Told Ev'ry Little Star*, *Rock-a-Bye Your Baby with a Dixie Melody* (Rollins has a bring-back-the-old-tunes fetish), *I've Found a New Baby*, *Alone Together*, *In the Chapel in the Moonlight* and *The Song Is You*. The tenor man stalks along skillfully, tossing in an occasional musical joke to bring matters down to earth. Between these respites, Rollins' horn rises heatedly in ecstasy and protest. A thinking man's jazz.

If Handel's operas today seem stiff and static, some of his oratorios, paradoxically, have the theatrical savvy of bustling operas. One such is *Judas Maccabaeus* (Westminster XWL 3310), particularly in this gleaming new pressing in which Maurice Abravanel conducts the Utah Symphony. *Maccabaeus* (it means "hammer"), the Jewish soldier whose triumphs are told of in the Apocrypha, is a tenor hero as potent as his operatic fellow-warriors, Samson, Rhadames and Otello, but unlike them, he does not come to a sticky end through women. John McCollum projects a sinewy Maccabaeus in this recording, bravely belting out the lung-busting, trumpet-embroidered arias, *Sound an Alarm, Call Forth Thy Pow'rs* and *With Honour Let Desert Be Crown'd*. As his brother, High Priest Simon, basso Don Watts runs him a close second in the virile numbers, *Arm, Arm, Ye Brave* and *The Lord Worketh Wonders*. In any oratorio, however, the real hero is the chorus: this one is the U of Utah's under David Shand, and its way with such choral passages as *Disdainful of Danger*, *See the Conqu'ring Hero Comes* and the closing *Hallelujah! Amen!* is the clinching element that makes this an exciting, exalting performance. Packaged in a rich white-and-gold album, this *Judas* is something to buy now and stash away as a posh gift for a Handel buff in this Handel anniversary year.

Like most everything else from that wild, whacky decade, the music of the Roaring Twenties is also enjoying a rousing revival. Take, for instance, *The Mod Twenties* (Atlantic 1302), a very special package indeed when put up against most of the attempted re-creations being cut these days. Piano and vocals are handled niftily by Bobby Short, a youngish chap currently wowing the supper-club set; but his style on these dozen ditties is not his sophisticated own. The mood of the LP, from jacket art on down, is remarkably authentic (or so an older crony says; we were still in three-cornered trousers near the end of the decade), full of all the syncopated zest and bittersweet nonsense that then abounded. There are the familiar tunes like *Nagasaki*, *That's My Weakness Now* and *Don't Bring Lulu*, but the ones we

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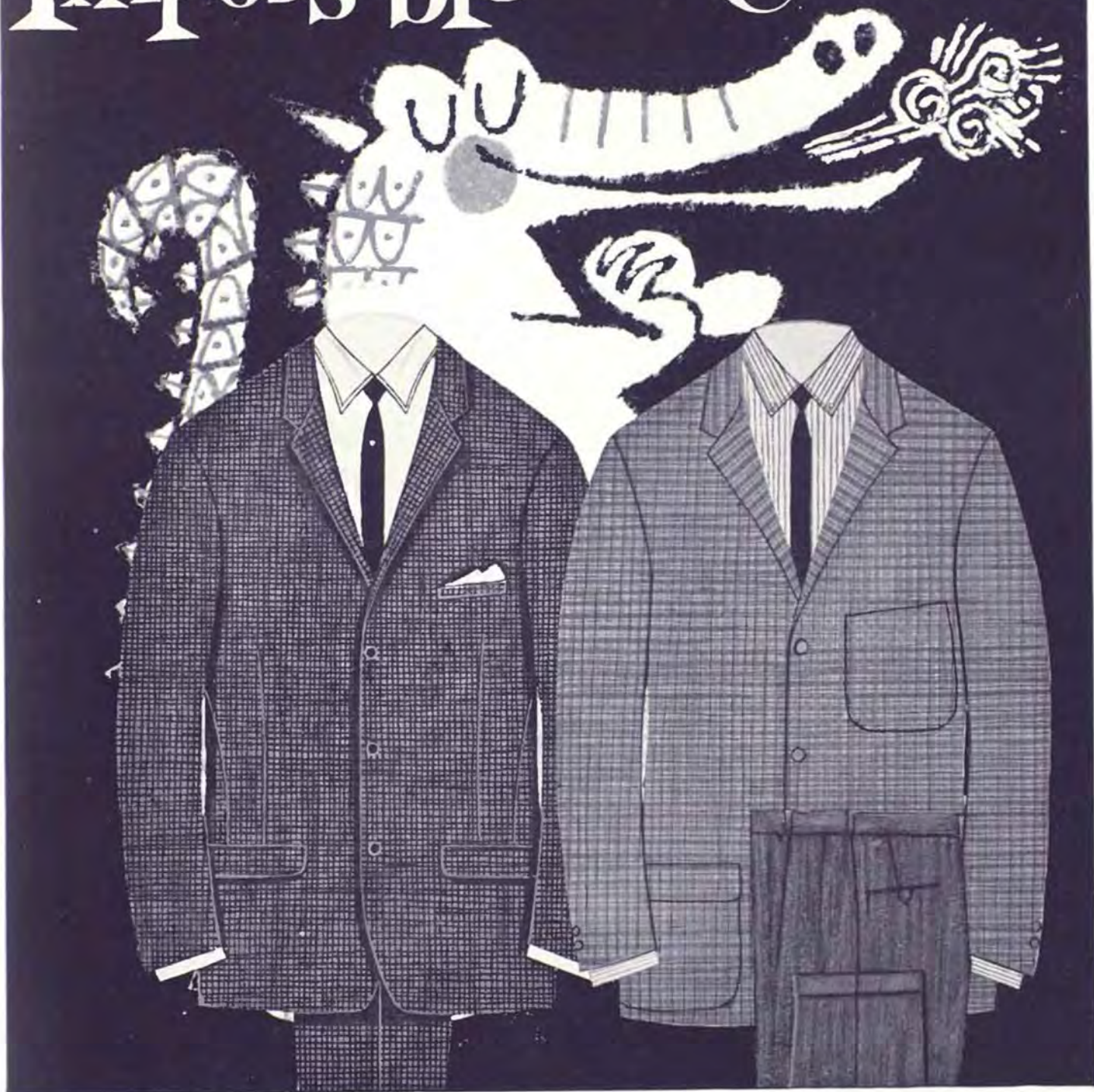
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dig the most were lesser-known items like *Changes: Laugh, Clown, Laugh* and *I'm Cert'ny Gonna See 'Bout That*. Bobby is backed by three different Dixieish combos, all of which supply just the proper measure of razz-ma-tazz to make this one of the best fun discs to come along this year. *The Swingers! Lambert, Hendricks & Ross* (World Pacific 1264) finds that dazzling trio departing from Basic tunes and the Basic band and picking up on several other jazz classics, the likes of Bird's *Now's the Time* and Miles' *Four*, among others. Backing is by a bevy of West Coasters, including Zoot Sims and Russ Freeman. Sounds great, doesn't it? It's not. The disc's a disappointment, at least compared to L. H. & R.'s previous efforts. Jon Hendricks' lyric lines are as clever as ever and the group wails as wildly as before, but we miss the Basic tunes and, come to think of it, the Basic band itself. *Swing Me an Old Song* (Liberty 3119) is Julie London in pretty voice indeed, singing, for the most part, a collection of rather feeble chestnuts (*Comin' Through the Rye, After the Ball, Old Folks at Home*): worth the price of admission, though, are Julie's silky smooth interpretations of *Cuddle Up a Little Closer* and *Bill Bailey*. We have no idea whether *Stay with Me* (Verve 8302), featuring Billie Holiday, was cut several months or several years before her death. The liner notes contain naught save scanty, irrelevant information: sidemen go unlisted, recording dates remain unknown. This annoyance aside, the disc contains good Billie, especially on such standard Holiday fare as *I Wished on the Moon, Do Nothing Till You Hear from Me* and *Everything Happens to Me*. Somewhere in the background, an excellent piano and trumpet wait their hearts out. Sorry we can't tell you who they are.

Two new interpretations of Beethoven's *Piano Concerto No. 5*, the Emperor, are now available: Solomon and the Philharmonia under Menges (Victor LM-2108), and Clifford Curzon and the Vienna Philharmonic under Knappertsbusch (London CS-6019). Despite the latter's advantage of stereophonic sound, Solomon's rendering comes off far better, combining sparkle and verve in the first and third movements with great sensitivity in the second. Curzon and Knappertsbusch proceed at a considerably slower tempo and the result is that the whole thing walks instead of soars; besides which, Curzon's piano is full of jagged edges and abruptnesses. Both men have a long, long pedal before they get in the same league with Schnabel, the maestro, whose tempo, by the way, is the fastest of the three, and whose old version for RCA Victor is still the best in the world. Apropos which, the complete *Beethoven Piano Concerti* (Victor LCT

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6700) played by Schnabel is still a nifty buy — if you can find it — recent technical improvements, including stereo, notwithstanding.

Duke's in Bed (Verve 8203) is the fairly literal title of a swinging gig — featuring Johnny Hodges' velvety and sometimes slippery wailing, abetted by eight Ellington sidemen — which Duke himself did not make. He did send over an original ditty of that name, though, and his influence is strongly felt in most of the other numbers. Worth a special extra listen are *Ballade for Very Tired and Very Sad Lotus Eaters* (a Billy Strayhorn original given a highly Ellingtonian handling), the overworked — but here freshly handled — *Black and Tan Fantasy*, first recorded by Ellington in 1927, and a solid eight-minute job on *Take the "A" Train*. This isn't all Duke and Hodges, though: the sidemen-soloists get — and give — a fair shake, among them Harry Carney, Jimmy Hamilton, Ray Nance, Quentin Jackson, Clark Terry and, of course, Billy Strayhorn.

If your shelves aren't already groaning under *Porgy & Bess* LPs, make a note to investigate a truly wild one entitled *The Jazz Soul of Porgy & Bess* (United Artists 4032, stereo 5032). The hero of this bravura venture is one William Orie Potts, an arranger and conductor from Arlington, Virginia, whose big band charts either capture the quintessence of the songs in jazz terms (as on *It Ain't Necessarily So*, featuring Al Cohn) or invest them with a new and dashing personality (*Summertime*, with Harry Edison, Al Cohn, Zoot Sims). The album contains so many sheets of essays and pix that it's almost anticlimactic to find only one disc. Much credit is due to producer Jack Lewis and to André Previn, whose notes are witty and informative, but the man in center stage is Brother Bill, who really soared on this one.

One of the best-kept secrets in jazz is the fact that the veteran skinsmith Jo Jones has intermittently been leader of his own group for the past couple of years. At last the trio has been captured for LPs, both monophonically (*Jo Jones Plus Two*, Vanguard 8525) and in stereo (*Jo Jones Trio*, Everest 1023). On both sets Jo is given unusually strong presence and in the Everest he practically swallows the Telefunken. In effect both LPs are also solo workouts for the flexible modern pianist and composer, Ray Bryant, who, with his brilliant bassist brother Tommy, makes this one of the more exciting small groups on the scene. Ray's *Bebop Irishman* is the high spot on Everest and his Tatum-like *Spider Kelly's Blues* stands out on Vanguard. The latter set also has a very lengthy drum workout on *Old Man River*. Like



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so many drum solos, it is rhythmically brilliant, technically adroit and, for most non-drummers, a thumping bore.

BOOKS

As a member of Britain's blue-blooded upper crust (married to the former Lady Rothermere), suave world-traveler Ian Fleming functions by day as foreign manager of London's very proper *Sunday Times*—but as darkness falls, he turns, Hydellike, to the creation of bizarre adventures for James Bond, fictional secret service agent *extraordinaire*. Bond, or 007 to give him his official code number, is a high-living, diamond-hard gentleman whose customary diet is sex, violence and torture, liberally spiced with the always-looming possibility of sudden death. In *Goldfinger* (Macmillan, \$3), Bond's seventh full-length excursion into the lion's den, the plot is perhaps a shade more wildly improbable than earlier efforts (*Casino Royale*, *Live and Let Die*, *Doctor No*, etc.). Yet it contains a full measure of headlong action—which has, of recent years, placed the implacable Fleming on world best-seller lists. With a firm nucleus of some 1,250,000 loyal British readers, his American devotees increase with each new title. *Goldfinger*, named after its deadly antagonist Auric Goldfinger, is typical Fleming if not vintage Bond. Before evil is vanquished, operative 007 suffers the horrors of "the pressure room," tackles a nightmarish Korean judo expert (who knows seven ways to barehandedly kill a man), beds down with a pair of willing and able young ladies, plays a tense game of golf for international stakes, and unwillingly assists the nefarious Goldfinger in the attempted sack of Fort Knox. Fleming's penchant for exotic locales, superb cuisines, fast sports cars, super-villainous villains and amoral, amply-endowed women steamrolls the reader to a flatly incredible climax, yet allows him scant time to wrestle with logic along the way. Wisely and loftily disdaining the Spillane school of soggy pulp characterization and sophomore rhetoric, Fleming's pages glitter with a witty intelligence and a descriptive thoroughness seldom encountered in such blatant adventure tales. We recommend *Goldfinger* for just what it is: sophisticated, tongue-in-cheek entertainment par excellence.

James Monroe Madison, the naval officer who abetted *The Revolt of Mamie Stover*, is back for another go as hero of William Bradford Huie's new one, *The Americanization of Emily* (Dutton, \$3.50). Now a lieutenant-commander, he's in



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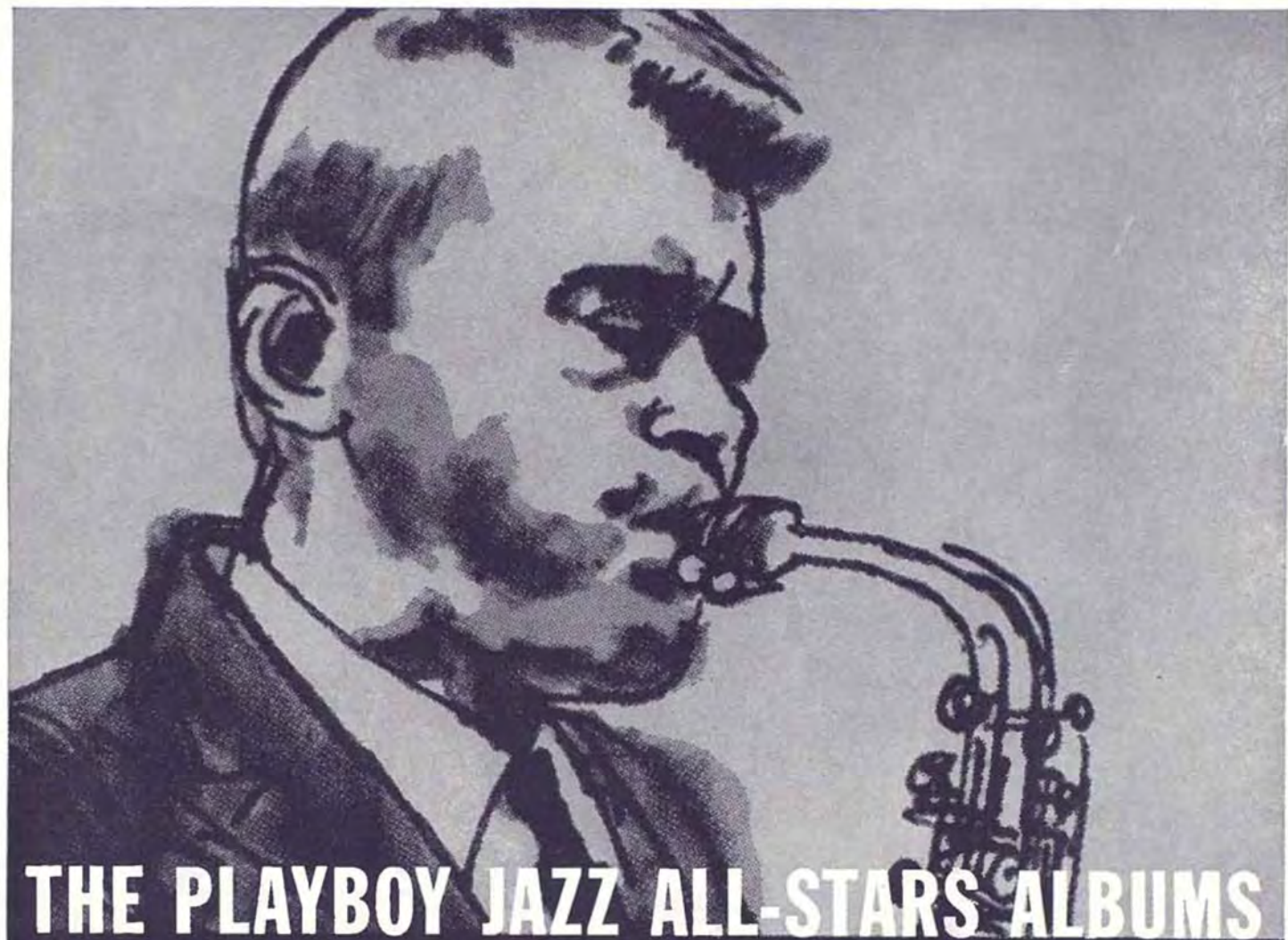
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London under the command of a three-star admiral who's charged with ensuring British-American cooperation. This admiral believes that wars are won at night, via good steaks, good bridge, good talk and bad women, all of which help make the next day's conferences a breeze. It's Jimmy's job to supply the women for all hands. With plenty of "tailbait" at his disposal, from lipsticks to panty-girdles, he has his pick of broads. Mostly he relies on "Sloane's Sluts," a dozen motor-pool drivers chosen from the Cream of British Womanhood. Typical is Pat, who's been 100% Americanized ("She has seen the ceilings of half the rooms in the Dorchester"). Atypical is genteel Emily Barham, an "English virgin" — i.e., she'll bundle for Britons but no Yanks need apply. So Jimmy decides to Americanize her. How he makes the scene, and how, under the pre-D-day stresses, sex ripens into love, is the salt of Huie's tale. Trouble is, he's not the guy to tell it. He's basically a reporter, and though the wry account of this supper-club war, the sharp-focus picture of the Omaha landing and the scatological scuttlebutt make racy reading, the interpersonal aspects of the plot fail to come alive. And though Huie pulls out all the stops, you're left feeling that you've seen and heard it all before.

Extraordinarily warm, honest and insightful, *Act One* (Random House, \$5) is the first installment of the autobiography of Moss Hart, co-author of such plays as *You Can't Take It with You* and *The Man Who Came to Dinner*, and the director of such as *My Fair Lady*. Mr. Hart's book is as much a biography of theatre as it is of Mr. Hart. In the Hartian metaphysic, the first task of the theatre is to get applauded, in other words, to please the audience. That this is far from being a cinch is a fact he makes appallingly clear. He talks of a playwright's using a blue pencil as if it were "a scalpel... as though the anatomy of a play were a living thing whose internal organs were to be explored surgically," and a living thing, indeed, is what a play in its tryout stages appears to be: a great ungodly beast that has to be wheedled and pleaded with, coaxed and cudgeled, diagnosed and dissected, and somehow — with one or two of its legs freshly amputated — made to dance as light as a water-fly in front of that other great beast, the audience. The story of the rather harrowing ups and downs involved in this process, and the story of Mr. Hart's life itself — from the Bronx to Broadway, from rags to glad-rags — make magnificent reading.

In *The Darling Buds of May*, H. E. Bates, hitherto known for sterner stuff,

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switched to farce and his salty saga of the larcenous Larkins brought plaudits galore. Thus encouraged, he's now knocked off a sequel, *A Breath of French Air* (Little, Brown, \$3.75), wherein he transports the tribe to a French seaside resort for a vacation. Seems the damp English summer has left them all a mite peckish; worse, young Charlie, hero of *Buds*, has yet to impregnate his wife Mariette, and it's hoped the salubrious French air will give nature an assist. So Pop piles them all into the Rolls and they wind up at a seedy hotel run by a twittery Mlle. Dupont and a smarmy clerk. Of course it rains for days, but then the sun begins to shine, and so does Pop. His earthy humor, lavish ways (Mlle. Dupont thinks he's a milord) and snippets of French, charm everyone in sight, and it ends up with Pop romancing all the women — especially Mlle. D. Mariette wears a smug smile, too, and as they go Rolling home they all pronounce the "froggy lark" just perfect. Too bad the same can't be said of the book. It strains too hard for laughs, leans too heavily on musty chestnuts about Gallic food, Gallic clothes, Gallic plumbing (Pop is reduced to using the bedroom window) and Gallic gall. In short, not the best of Bates.

The Permanent Playboy (Crown, \$4.95) is a fat treasure-trove of prize prose from this magazine's first half-dozen years. Editor Ray Russell says, in his Introduction: "The word 'permanent' refers, in part, to the physical sturdiness of this well-bound book; but it refers just as much to the enduring quality of the work you'll find herein." True words, for this jumbo tome contains fiction and articles by Algren, Bradbury, Caldwell, Collier, Hecht, Kerouac, Kersh, Mead, Schulberg, the Smiths H. Allen and Robert Paul, Steinbeck, Wodehouse, Wylie, and buckets more. All-time favorites and bonus-coppers are on hand: Beaumont's *Black Country*, Matheson's *The Distributor*, Ivor Williams' *The Pious Pornographers*, Gold's *What's Become of Your Creature?*, Langelaan's *The Fly*, Wallace's *I Love You*, Miss Irvine, Purdy's *The Noise*, and on and on. Variety is the keynote of this invitingly dip-into-able volume, for works of serious literary merit share honors with frothy satires, long novellettes are balanced against one-sitting shorties, fiction is coupled with non-fiction. We're puffed with pride over this book and will make no bones about calling it a deeply satisfying package of entertainment second only to PLAYBOY itself. Criticism? Well, let's see . . . the book *does* have one big drawback: you don't know where to start first.

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THE CONTAMINATORS

A Statement by the Editors of PLAYBOY

A CONSPIRACY OF SILENCE exists on a subject of such urgency that it can, without extravagance, be called the most important issue of our time.

It is the release into our atmosphere, by nuclear fission, of Strontium 90, a man-made radioactive element. Radioactivity is, among other things, a medically proven cause of leukemia, a cancer-like condition in which the marrow of the bones forms excessive quantities of white blood cells, with death the result—the inevitable result, for leukemia is incurable.

This, you may now be saying to yourself, is an odd message to be appearing in a magazine dedicated, as PLAYBOY is, to life's good things, to the joy and fun to be found in the world: but these good things, this joy and fun, will cease to exist if life itself ceases to exist. And that is precisely what may happen.

The need for this statement springs from the curious silence of the great American press on the subject. The newspapers and the mass circulation magazines have given the matter scanty, spotty coverage, often with a heavily optimistic slant. It has, therefore, become the job of the specialized, smaller circulation periodicals to talk to their own particular audiences. Publications of intellectual stature, such as *The Reporter* and *The Nation*, have spoken out frequently and eloquently on the dangers of Strontium 90. *The New Yorker* has been publishing regular compilations of sobering facts, under the title *These Precious Days*. As long ago as December 1957, readers of *The Magazine of Fantasy and Science-Fiction* were surprised to find in the lead position, taking the place of the accustomed yarn about spaceships or time travel, a piece of non-fiction by Dr. Isaac Asimov, Associate Professor of Biochemistry at Boston University School of Medicine. The chillingly ironic title was *I Feel It in My Bones*. What Dr. Asimov figuratively felt in his bones was Strontium 90.

When a nuclear bomb is tested, in the United States or anyplace else in this world, Strontium 90 is released into the atmosphere. It encircles the earth. It drifts down to us in the form of "fallout." It penetrates our water, our soil, our milk, our other foods. Eventually, it penetrates our bones, and can cause leukemia. It can lodge in our reproductive organs causing sterility or mutations—malformed births. Over a year ago, in August 1958, the United Nations Report on Atomic Radiation stated that 25,000 to 150,000 cases of leukemia would ultimately result from bomb tests held up to that time. The Report could not, of course, take into account the world-wide tests held since that time or in the "precious days" ahead of us. And the insidious thing about Strontium 90 is that it does not go away. It stays right here with us, quietly accumulating. With every new bomb test, every new laboratory fission, it accumulates, builds, its menace grows.

Every one of us now has Strontium 90 in his body. Being adults, we will probably be fortunate enough to die of old age before it has accumulated to perilous proportions. Today's children may not be so lucky. They have a longer period of accumulation before them. So have your children yet unborn. It is not inconceivable that today's very young children will not live a full life span. All may die before their time, of leukemia, possibly childless, or after having spawned grotesque mutations saturated with Strontium 90 from the moment of their birth.

There is a body of scientific opinion which does not agree that Strontium 90 is a great and immediate danger. In simple fact, no one knows with absolute certainty just how much Strontium 90 the human body can tolerate before irrevocable deterioration sets in. All agree it is deadly—the difference of opinion surrounds only the questions How Much and How Soon. But since the big question mark concerns not merely the devastation of a country or countries, not merely the death of thousands or millions, but something far more awesome, the death of life itself—then surely the only rational thing to do is to stop. Stop nuclear tests until we (and "we" means all nations) are very sure we know what we are doing. At the present time, we do not know what we are doing. Those, American and otherwise, who are releasing an agent of possible total extinction into the air have only vague and conflicting ideas of the results. They are men who have lost contact with reality. They must be stopped.

Alarmist talk? Yes. It is time for alarm. It is also time for action. Such action as: acquainting ourselves with the unpleasant but immutable facts; making sure everybody we know also becomes acquainted with them (at the risk of being boring, for the alternative risk is greater); writing to our Congressmen, demanding quick investigation; writing to our newspapers, demanding complete coverage.

And doing it today, for tomorrow may be—literally—too late.



*the unsung heroes
of the postwar army
were a plucky
platoon of reptiles*

THOSE WERE THE DAYS OF NO FRATERNIZATION. The Army had made a law against it. You were not allowed so much as to speak to a girl on the street. It was the spring of 1945, in Bavaria, and the Germans had just surrendered. We were a medical unit running a hospital — actually a sort of rest-cure establishment for exhausted soldiers — on a lake about 40 miles southeast of Munich. I was the duty sergeant and also the unofficial go-between with the natives, being the only man in the outfit who knew enough German to be useful; so all the problems and gripes came to me before they got any further.

And there were plenty of gripes about this anti-girl business. Maybe the war was over, but the Germans were still the Enemy — and that included the women. Our boys were not to be contaminated by any contact with them. Needless to say, this was driving them crazy. A dogface would offer a cigarette to a willing *Fräulein* on the corner and right away, before he could make his pitch, an M.P. was on top of him with, "Move along, trooper. You know the rules. No fraternization."

It was ghastly.

It was so ghastly, in fact, that I knew McHugh could not leave it alone. McHugh was our mess sergeant, a big, carelessly constructed guy with a face like what would happen if a sculptor started out on a gorilla and then changed to Fernandel at the last minute; and the main thing about him was his pure and gemlike hatred of the Army and its officers, which led him to evolve the most fantastic (and, incidentally, profitable) exercises in insubordination. And sure enough, one evening he showed up in the snack bar with the familiar mad gleam in his eye.

"Accompany me," he commanded, "and I will let you in on my latest stroke of genius."

We left the snack bar. It was dusk of a day in May, the kind that sets the buds to popping, the birds to yodeling, and the hormones to careering through the blood stream. As we walked along the margin of the lake, McHugh embarked on his topic.

"Consider this grotesque no-fraternization edict," he declared. "It exemplifies the Army mentality in its fullest and most idiotic flower. Here we've won the goddamned war and the Army decrees that we are not to enjoy the most elementary fruits of our victory. Clearly, our buddies need a champion, quick-witted and resourceful. To wit, me. Now, I have asked myself how the boys could best evade the sharp eyes of the M.P.s and indulge their natural instincts unmolested, and I have concluded that they should go out into the country to

SNAKES IN THE GRASS, ALAS

fiction By T. K. BROWN III

hunt snakes, under the protective wing of an officer. These hills are dotted with picturesque farms and hamlets, all of them teeming with females —"

"Chaplain Withers!" I exclaimed.

"Precisely. As you know, his hobby is snake collecting. I've sold him on the idea of a series of weekly excursions — he's already arranged for the transportation."

"Truly," I said, "an inspired concept." Without any question, the chaplain was the solution to the problem: a lover of his fellow creatures, a fountain of Christian charity, a man of serene good will, and, after a lifetime of missionary work among the heathen, possessed of an almost saintly innocence.

"Surely ten dollars per trip per buddy," McHugh went on, "is not too much to require for the privilege of participating in this project."

"And the only thing wrong with it," I said, "is that you won't find any snakes, being so busy with other matters."

"Ah," McHugh said. We had reached the service entrance to the kitchen, and McHugh led me down a corridor to the door of a storeroom, which he threw open. In one corner I saw about 20 two-quart jars, with labels on them; and each one contained a snake.

"These pickled snakes," McHugh explained, "were, until a few days ago, adorning the cellar of the bombed-out Museum of Natural History in Munich. It was not difficult for me, in my guise as a colonel of the United States Army, to persuade the Curator of Reptiles —"

"Are you telling me," I asked, "that you impersonated an officer?"

"A full turkey colonel of the Third Airborne Division, by the name of Jones, who signed a receipt for these twenty-four bottles of snakes, with which he hopes to instruct his troops in the joys of herpetology. The curator — a fine old geezer — was surprised and delighted to learn that the American barbarians were interested in such lofty things. He helped me load them into the jeep." McHugh surveyed his booty with a smile of quiet satisfaction; and suddenly he started one of his ghoulish chuckles. It began with his knees, which vibrated. It worked its way up his trunk, in a sort of wave, involving more and more of his body, until finally it reached his face, which curdled — all the lines in it changing direction — and he shook up and down while his horrible "Huh! Huh! Huh!" filled the room.

And it worked out just the way McHugh thought it would. He gathered up a group of 15 with no trouble about the 10-dollar fee. Two of the men were given snakes (well dried out in one of McHugh's ovens), which they secreted. The chaplain requisitioned two weapons carriers and off they went into the country on a sunny Saturday afternoon to a

likely spot chosen by McHugh: a dozen farms and a small community within a mile.

"All right, fellows," Captain Withers said, full of enthusiasm, "the thing to do is to scatter through the woods and fields. Poke under fallen logs, thrash around in the thickets. When you scare out a snake, try to catch him alive, the way I explained to you. OK, let's go!"

Off they went. The chaplain went off in one direction, beating at the underbrush with much spirit, and the 15 snake-hunters went off in 15 other directions, laden with cigarettes, candy bars and soap. All of them had a fine convalescent light in their eye, and it was not long before all were improving remarkably in the company of young females, offering material inducements to friendship, and in general accomplishing the purpose for which they had paid their sawbuck.

When, around sundown, they straggled back to their transportation, they found the chaplain rather crestfallen. "I didn't find a single snake," he said to the first few tired but happy warriors. "Not a one."

"Neither did we," they said. "Not a single snake."

"Golly, fellows," the chaplain said, "I hope this hasn't been too great a disappointment for you."

"Oh, no, sir!" they cried. "It's been fun! We want to try again."

The chaplain was feeling happy about this profession of interest when the real clincher came through: one of the men came running up waving a snake in the air. The creature, alas, had succumbed to the rigors of capture; nevertheless, Captain Withers was overjoyed. After his eager inspection of it he was also astonished. "Astounding!" he exclaimed. "What a great addition to my collection! I've never seen one like it before."

(Hardly surprising: it was a Tasmanian viper, totally extinct since 1884.)

And then another soldier burst into view with something in his hand. It, too, was a snake the chaplain was unfamiliar with — as it happened, a *Glypholycus bicolor*, found only in Lake Tanganyika. "What a day!" he cried. He was the happiest man in the ETO.

News of the snake hunt spread through the hospital like a life-giving flame. Guys on crutches and in wheelchairs experienced miraculous cures and wanted to go hiking. The next week there were 28 applicants, and the week after that, 46, and McHugh was getting wealthy. Every Saturday the trips went out, in a veritable motorized column: we had the best-fraternized sector of Germany and the chaplain, bless his innocent soul, had the best collection of anonymous snakes in the world. He put them in bottles on a bookshelf in his office, and admired them and puzzled

over them, but he couldn't lay his hands on any reference books to find out what they were.

"But when he finally does," I warned McHugh, "the party will be over, and you can explain to a general court martial why you felt tempted to dress up like a colonel."

And one Monday morning, after about the sixth excursion, the chaplain came bursting into the orderly room in a state of great excitement and dragged me over to his room to look at something.

He picked up a bottle. "One of the men found this day-before-yesterday, and I have just figured out what it is. Amazing!"

"What is it?" I asked, fearing the worst.

"Sergeant," he intoned solemnly, "this is nothing more or less than the boomslang of South Africa, the *Dispholidus typus*. I collected several of these during my missionary work down there. South Africa! Sergeant, do you realize what this means?"

I knew what it meant: the end had come.

"It's a major scientific breakthrough! It proves that in prehistoric times there was a land bridge between Africa and Europe — otherwise how could this boomslang boomslang himself — ha ha! — all the way to Bavaria? And how it fits in with the Higher Criticism! The Biblical Flood, you see, was the inundation of the Mediterranean Basin, which destroyed the bridge. I'm working up a treatise —"

"Oh, I wouldn't be too hasty, sir," I said, thinking fast. "If this boomslang has been in Bavaria since prehistoric times, how come he wasn't discovered here until last Saturday?"

The chaplain pondered a moment, and who should wander in during that moment but Lieutenant Barnes, the mess officer. Now, this Lieutenant Barnes was a thoroughly odious character, a puffy little guy with a nasty way about him, who always knew all the answers and made like a big shot, pushing people around and abusing privilege.

"Yes," the chaplain said unhappily, "I'm afraid you may have something there. But then we still have the question of how he ever got here."

"Maybe," I suggested, "he escaped from the Munich Zoo during a bombing raid and sneaked off into the country."

"I suppose that's what happened," the chaplain said.

"An enemy agent on the loose?" Lieutenant Barnes asked. "What's this all about?"

That was all the chaplain needed to set him off on a lengthy exposition, not only of the immediate problem but of the whole history of the weekly expedi-

(continued on page 56)

hated, feared, obeyed—harry cohn created love goddesses rita hayworth and kim novak

ON THE AFTERNOON of February 27, 1958, in an ambulance headed for a hospital in Phoenix, Arizona, Harry Cohn — the last tycoon, the last of Hollywood's one-man studio bosses — died of a coronary thrombosis. In a town and an industry where fear, hatred, envy and vulgarity are sometimes raised to the level of an art form, Harry Cohn was the king of them all. He was, it was said, the *most* feared, the *most* hated, the *most* envied and the *most* vulgar man of his time. When the word of his death was circulated around the Columbia lot on Gower Street ("Cohn's Kingdom"), one producer who had made several successful pictures with him smiled and said, "So the sonofabitch is dead? It almost makes you believe in God, doesn't it?"

A huge sound stage (Stage 12) at Columbia was turned, overnight, into a klieg-lighted Westminster Abbey. The walls were banked with flowers. The Art Department of the studio ran up a series of fake stained-glass windows. Appropriate music was piped in over a hastily installed P.A. system. The body was embalmed and placed on view in the most expensive casket available, and every big name in the motion picture industry filed past to pay last respects. Or maybe they just wanted to see for themselves that he was really dead.

If Harry Cohn had been able to count the house he'd have been pleased. No Queen's coronation did this kind of box office.

Somehow, the man in the coffin seemed undressed without the cigar in the corner of his mouth and the riding crop that he always carried in his hand as his symbol of office and authority. Somehow it seemed strange not to

SVENGALI OF THE SILVER SCREEN



BRADFORD

article By AL MORGAN



The pictures at top and bottom are of Marilyn Novak, young Chicago model—pretty, ambitious and unknown. At the right is the finished product of Harry Cohn's alchemy—Kim Novak, internationally famous movie star.



hear the string of four-letter words that made up Harry Cohn's normal method of communicating his ideas. The official eulogy was written by Clifford Odets and spoken by Danny Kaye. The unofficial one was spoken, it's said, by writer-producer Nunnally Johnson. "It just proves what Harry always claimed," said Johnson, eyeing the mob scene at the funeral. "Give the people an attraction they want to see and you'll fill the joint."

If Harry Cohn was hated and feared by the industry he'd been a part of most of his life, he won, at least, a grudging respect for his accomplishments. There were 45 Oscars in his office at Columbia. He had kept his organization operating when almost every other studio in Hollywood faced the possibility of being turned into a parking lot. He had created stars like Clark Gable, Jack Holt, Rita Hayworth, Robert Montgomery, Humphrey Bogart and Kim Novak. He had recognized television as, like it or not,



part of the entertainment world, and had created the first separate production unit devoted to making pictures for the TV industry, Screen Gems. He turned out such block-busters as *It Happened One Night*, *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town*, *The Jolson Story* and *From Here to Eternity*. And, as his last official act, he had subdued a storm of scandal, innuendo and gossip that threatened to blow his latest creation, Kim Novak, off the pedestal of stardom he had machine-tooled and manufactured for her.

Harry Cohn made his first picture in 1913, a five-reeler called *Traffic in Souls*. It cost \$5700 and returned more than \$450,000. It taught him two lessons he never forgot: "Big money can be made from a small investment" and "The public wants sex." He was to remember those lessons more than 40 years later when he created Kim Novak. He acquired

her for the small investment of \$125 a week and he manufactured her gold-plated, designed-for-public-consumption sex appeal as carefully as if he had been following a set of blueprints. Seven years after *Traffic in Souls*, with Joe Brandt and his brother Jack, he founded a motion picture company called CBC, a forerunner of Columbia Pictures, with a \$250 investment. In 1929 the Cohns bought out Brandt, and Harry became the president. That was the real beginning of his reign. One of his most cherished possessions was a silver cigarette case given to him by his associates at Columbia. It was inscribed: "To the best President since Lincoln."

What kind of man was this Celluloid Caesar, who ran his studio with the ruthlessness of a dictator and screamed profanity at his employees. (continued on page 116)



"You're fired, Perkins, and you, Miss Chumly, please step into my office."

nostalgia By KEN PURDY

THE ALKY ERA

when guzzling to get
blotto was striking a
blow for freedom



PEOPLE WHO DON'T REMEMBER Prohibition tend to think of it in terms of the speakeasy. This is convenient, romantic, and has the advantage that the movies have provided all of us with suitable mental images. What most people don't know is that speakeasy drinking was a comparatively minor part of the drinking picture.

First off, it must be remembered that the 1919-1932 drinkers were *earnest*. Most of them didn't know it, but they drank to assert their right to untrammelled freedom. When red-necked John Nance Garner was on the loose in Washington, he always put an invitation to a drink in a Prohibition-inspired phrase: "Let's strike a blow for Liberty." Prohibition drinkers drank defiantly, almost proudly. It was no social stigma to have a breath that would burn with a blue flame; indeed, it demonstrated that you were a sterling type, the right sort, one of the best. A lady could fall on her face into the soup at a banquet and not risk being dropped from a single invitation list. There was nothing wrong with getting drunk. People drank to get loaded. That was the idea.

They drank in speakeasies, yes, dismal little dumps, most of them, deadfalls into which you wouldn't send your worst enemy today, but they glowed golden then with the mantle of illegitimacy. The furnishings might be crepe-paper-covered orange crates, but the wonderful conspiratorial sense of being banded together against the law made up for it. The speakeasy was essentially a big-city phenomenon, and all the speaks in existence couldn't have slaked the national thirst if they had tried to. People drank not only in speakeasies, they drank everywhere: in their own homes, in friends' homes, in automobiles on the way to friends' homes and back from them, at every kind of social event from football games to christenings, and, if they were on the right economic level, in their offices. They didn't achieve the wonderful universal state of drunkenness that marked the Americans in Colonial times, when the righteous New Englanders flooded the land with rum, and even ministers of the gospel were frequently gassed beyond recovery by 12 o'clock noon, but they tried.

What did they drink? They drank anything that didn't actually smoke as it was poured. There was one test: is this

stuff alcohol? If it was, down the hatch with it, and hang on until the spasms had passed and you could get your jaws apart again. Starting at the top, they drank *good* liquor: bottled-in-bond, 17-year-old 100 proof bourbon. This was the government stuff, available in drug stores under prescription. Doctors could write 50 prescriptions a month for a pint each. The standard fee for the prescription was the same as the cost of the whiskey at the drug store: \$3. No patient could have more than one pint every 20 days, and the label usually read: "2 tbs. in water before every meal." The very rich made deals with their doctors for a book a month. The books would be filled out with false names and turned over to a friendly druggist in exchange for two cases of 24 pints and two extra pints. Smart druggists who happened to be near hospitals bought whole books from young staff doctors for as much as \$150 each. They'd fill out the prescription as they sold the whiskey — for \$8 a pint. It was superior merchandise, and worth the price, if you had it. Most people didn't.

As time wore on, Yankee ingenuity sprang into the breach, but when the crushing blow of Prohibition first fell, a thirsty man had to place his reliance on sources already available, and if he couldn't afford government-issue whiskey he had to settle for less. If he lived in a town big enough to have an Italian community he could buy homemade wine, white or red, for a dollar-a quart. At first it was pretty good stuff, but the demand was great, connoisseurs few, and soon the standard line was barely potable, opaque and sharp on the tongue. A quart would make you stiff as a goat, to cite one of the expressions of the day, and more would make you sick.

In German or Czech neighborhoods beer was available — at least they called it beer; it was beer-colored and had foam on top. It was usually sold in 26-ounce ginger ale bottles, 50 cents each. You didn't drink the whole bottle. You left an inch and a half in the bottom, sediment, mostly yeast culture. Two bottles would put you to sleep.

If you drank the stuff in the house in which you bought it, you drank it in the kitchen usually, standing up if you

weren't one of the three or four who could be accommodated at the kitchen table. Sometimes there would be a few

little tables set up in the dining room, covered with red checkered tablecloths in imitation of the New York speakeasy.

The "beer-flats" of the great Midwestern cities had another service: spare bedrooms. They were available for private parties, and many included the services of a compliant hostess.

Once in a great while you'd find a place of authentic charm — once in a very great while. Usually it was a roadhouse. I remember one such in the countryside to the north of Ithaca, N.Y., much favored by the few Cornell students who knew about it. This was a small farm and the genial proprietor made rye whiskey. It was smooth and good, it cost 50 cents a slug, and a dollar was the price for all the fresh bread and crumbly white goat's-milk cheese you wanted. The place was clean and quiet, there were two or three tables on a screened porch and you could sit there on a cool spring evening, looking out over the rolling green hills, and get boiled like a gentleman. I can still taste that rye: it was straw-colored, presumably because it had been but little aged, and to judge from its effect on experienced drinkers, it must have run about 100 proof. It produced a notably mild hangover, and was therefore considered to be of superior quality.

Most whiskey was pretty bad, naturally enough, since it was being made in cellars by ham-handed goons only just bright enough to know the difference between a pint and a quart. In the big cities along the East Coast, and those bordering the Great Lakes, the "just-off-the-boat" myth flourished. A great deal of genuine stuff did come across from Canada, of course, but it was expensive indeed. Labels and bottles, naturally, meant nothing at all. As one bootlegger emeritus told me, "If I got any good stuff I drank it myself." And much of it was used as flavoring for the blended booze that did reach the public.

Gin was popular because it was so easy to make. There were no mysteries about gin. Then as now it was made of alcohol,

(continued on page 80)



attire By ROBERT L. GREEN

THE ROLE OF CONTINENTAL

*new variations
on the italian theme*

THIS FALL, the Continental-versus-Ivy controversy continues to rage — but only in the minds of the uninformed. For the fact is that there is no conflict, nor has there ever been one. The well-dressed men of this country will continue to favor Ivy for all casual and most day-to-day wear; Continental will be a more formal and dressier adjunct to the complete urban wardrobe. Where uncertainty does exist — and this is just as true among tailors as it is among the laity — is in the area of definition: just what is Continental?

In its most classic manifestation, Continental is definitely Italianate. It is characterized by the concept that clothes should fit the body just as gloves fit the hand. Jackets are short, and fitted to the point of almost being pinch-waisted. The jacket skirt is deeply cut away and rounded from the bottom button — a matter of some mental discomfort to the man with even a suggestion of good living around the middle. Sleeves are slender and tapered, lapels (about which more in a moment) are narrow. Trousers, too, are extremely narrow, tapered almost to snugness and detailed to show off slim-waistedness: front slash pockets rather than side pockets, often no back pockets at all, pleatless, cuffless. It is at the shoulders that the glove-fit dictum is abandoned; in the classic Continental there is a sufficient degree of padding to

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CLASSIC CONTINENTAL

by Andrew Pallack, \$95.



MODIFIED CONTINENTAL

by Daroff, "Botany" 500, \$65.

AMERICAN CONTINENTAL

by Baker, \$150.



Int'l. and

"Personally, I don't think you'll need a neck strap!"



JURGENS

NO SUCH THING AS A VAMPIRE

fiction By RICHARD MATHESON

IN THE EARLY AUTUMN, Madame Alexis Gheria awoke one morning to a sense of utmost torpor. For more than a minute, she lay inertly on her back, her dark eyes staring upward. How wasted she felt. It seemed as if her limbs were sheathed in lead. Perhaps she was ill. Petre must examine her and see.

Drawing in a faint breath, she pressed up slowly on an elbow. As she did, her nightdress slid, rustling, to her waist. How had it come unfastened? she wondered, looking down at herself.

Quite suddenly, Madame Gheria began to scream.

In the breakfast room, Dr. Petre Gheria looked up, startled, from his morning paper. In an instant, he had pushed his chair back, slung his napkin on the table and was rushing for the hallway. He dashed across its carpeted breadth and mounted the staircase two steps at a time.

It was a near hysterical Madame Gheria he found sitting on the edge of her bed looking down in horror at her breasts. Across the dilated whiteness of them, a smear of blood lay drying.

Dr. Gheria dismissed the upstairs maid who stood frozen in the open doorway, gaping at her mistress. He locked the door and hurried to his wife.

"Petre!" she gasped.

"Gently." He helped her lie back across the blood-stained pillow.

"Petre, what is it?" she begged.

"Lie still, my dear." His practiced hands moved in swift search over her breasts. Suddenly, his breath choked off. Pressing aside her head, he stared down dumbly at the pinprick lacerations on her neck, the ribbon of tacky blood that twisted downward from them.

"My throat," Alexis said.

"No, it's just a —" Dr. Gheria did not complete the sentence. He knew exactly what it was.

Madame Gheria began to tremble. "Oh, my God, my God," she said.

Dr. Gheria rose and foundered to the wash basin. Pouring in water, he returned to his wife and washed away the blood. The wound was clearly visible now — two tiny punctures close to the jugular. A grimacing Dr. Gheria touched the mounds of inflamed tissue in which they lay. As he did, his wife groaned terribly and turned her face away.

"Now listen to me," he said, his voice apparently calm. "We will not succumb, immediately, to superstition, do you hear? There are any number of —"

"I'm going to die," she said.

"Alexis, do you hear me?" He caught her harshly by the shoulders.

She turned her head and stared at him with vacant eyes. "You know what it is," she said.

Dr. Gheria swallowed. He could still taste coffee in his mouth.

"I know what it appears to be," he said, "and we shall — not ignore the possibility. However —"

"I'm going to die," she said.

"Alexis!" Dr. Gheria took her hand and gripped it fiercely. "You shall not be taken from me," he said.

. . .

Solta was a village of some thousand inhabitants situated in the foothills of Romania's Bihor Mountains. It was a place of dark traditions. People, hearing the bay of distant wolves, would cross themselves without a thought. Children would gather garlic buds as other children gather flowers, bringing them home for the windows. On every door there was a painted cross, at every throat a metal one. Dread of the vampire's blighting was as normal as

what breed of horror was this which could not be impeded?

the dread of fatal sickness. It was always in the air.

Dr. Gheria thought about that as he bolted shut the windows of Alexis' room. Far off, molten twilight hung above the mountains. Soon it would be dark again. Soon the citizens of Solta would be barricaded in their garlic-reeking houses. He had no doubt that every soul of them knew exactly what had happened to his wife. Already the cook and upstairs maid were pleading for discharge. Only the inflexible discipline of the butler, Karel, kept them at their jobs. Soon, even that would not suffice. Before the horror of the vampire, reason fled.

He'd seen the evidence of it that very morning when he'd ordered Madame's room stripped to the walls and searched for rodents or venomous insects. The servants had moved about the room as if on a floor of eggs, their eyes more white than pupil, their fingers twitching constantly to their crosses. They had known full well no rodents or insects would be found. And Gheria had known it. Still, he'd raged at them for their timidity, succeeding only in frightening them further.

He turned from the window with a smile.

"There now," he said, "nothing alive will enter this room tonight."

He caught himself immediately, seeing the flare of terror in her eyes.

"Nothing at all will enter," he amended.

Alexis lay motionless on her bed, one pale hand at her breast, clutching at the worn silver cross she'd taken from her jewel box. She hadn't worn it since he'd given her the diamond-studded one when they were married. How typical of her village background that, in this moment of dread, she should seek protection from the unadorned cross of her church. She was such a child. Gheria smiled down gently at her.

"You won't be needing that, my dear," he said, "you'll be safe tonight."

Her fingers tightened on the crucifix.

"No, no, wear it if you will," he said. "I only meant that I'll be at your side all night."

"You'll stay with me?"

He sat on the bed and held her hand.

"Do you think I'd leave you for a moment?" he said.

Thirty minutes later, she was sleeping. Dr. Gheria drew a chair beside the bed and seated himself. Removing his glasses, he massaged the bridge of his nose with the thumb and forefinger of his left hand. Then, sighing, he began to watch his wife. How incredibly beautiful she was. Dr. Gheria's breath grew strained.

"There is no such thing as a vampire," he whispered to himself.

* * *

There was a distant pounding. Dr.

Gheria muttered in his sleep, his fingers twitching. The pounding increased; an agitated voice came swirling from the darkness. "Doctor!" it called.

Gheria snapped awake. For a moment, he looked confusedly toward the locked door.

"Dr. Gheria?" demanded Karel.

"What?"

"Is everything all right?"

"Yes, everything is —"

Dr. Gheria cried out hoarsely, springing for the bed. Alexis' nightdress had been torn away again. A hideous dew of blood covered her chest and neck.

* * *

Karel shook his head.

"Bolted windows cannot hold away the creature, sir," he said.

He stood, tall and lean, beside the kitchen table on which lay the cluster of silver he'd been polishing when Gheria had entered.

"The creature has the power to make of itself a vapor which can pass through any opening however small," he said.

"But the cross!" cried Gheria. "It was still at her throat — untouched! Except by — blood," he added in a sickened voice.

"This I cannot understand," said Karel, grimly. "The cross should have protected her."

"But why did I see nothing?"

"You were drugged by its mephitic presence," Karel said. "Count yourself fortunate that you were not, also, attacked."

"I do not count myself fortunate!" Dr. Gheria struck his palm, a look of anguish on his face. "What am I to do, Karel?" he asked.

"Hang garlic," said the old man. "Hang it at the windows, at the doors. Let there be no opening unblocked by garlic."

Gheria nodded distractedly. "Never in my life have I seen this thing," he said, brokenly. "Now, my own wife. . ."

"I have seen it," said Karel. "I have, myself, put to its rest one of these monsters from the grave."

"The stake —?" Gheria looked revolted.

The old man nodded slowly.

Gheria swallowed. "Pray God you may put this one to rest as well," he said.

* * *

"Petre?"

She was weaker now, her voice a toneless murmur. Gheria bent over her. "Yes, my dear," he said.

"It will come again tonight," she said.

"No." He shook his head determinedly. "It cannot come. The garlic will repel it."

"My cross didn't," she said, "you didn't."

"The garlic will," he said. "And see?" He pointed at the bedside table. "I've

had black coffee brought for me. I won't sleep tonight."

She closed her eyes, a look of pain across her fallow features.

"I don't want to die," she said. "Please don't let me die, Petre."

"You won't," he said. "I promise you; the monster shall be destroyed."

Alexis shuddered feebly. "But if there is no way, Petre," she murmured.

"There is always a way," he answered.

Outside, the darkness, cold and heavy, pressed around the house. Dr. Gheria took his place beside the bed and began to wait. Within the hour, Alexis slipped into a heavy slumber. Gently, Dr. Gheria released her hand and poured himself a cup of steaming coffee. As he sipped it, hotly bitter, he looked around the room. Door locked, windows bolted, every opening sealed with garlic, the cross at Alexis' throat. He nodded slowly to himself. It will work, he thought. The monster would be thwarted.

He sat there, waiting, listening to his breath.

* * *

Dr. Gheria was at the door before the second knock.

"Michael!" He embraced the younger man. "Dear Michael, I was sure you'd come!"

Anxiously, he ushered Dr. Vares toward his study. Outside, darkness was just falling.

"Where on earth are all the people of the village?" asked Vares. "I swear I didn't see a soul as I rode in."

"Huddling, terror-stricken, in their houses," Gheria said, "and all my servants with them save for one."

"Who is that?"

"My butler, Karel," Gheria answered. "He didn't answer the door because he's sleeping. Poor fellow, he is very old and has been doing the work of five." He gripped Vares' arm. "Dear Michael," he said, "you have no idea how glad I am to see you."

Vares looked at him worriedly. "I came as soon as I received your message," he said.

"And I appreciate it," Gheria said. "I know how long and hard a ride it is from Cluj."

"What's wrong?" asked Vares. "Your letter only said —"

Quickly, Gheria told him what had happened in the past week.

"I tell you, Michael, I stumble at the brink of madness," he said. "Nothing works! Garlic, wolfsbane, crosses, mirrors, running water — useless! No, don't say it! This isn't superstition nor imagination! This is *happening!* A vampire is destroying her! Each day she sinks yet deeper into that — deadly torpor from which —"

Gheria clenched his hands. "And yet I cannot understand it," he muttered,

(continued on page 100)



THE KITCHENLESS KITCHEN

The three famished people seen here are about to assuage their appetites in style. Perhaps they're just out of the theatre, having barely made an 8:30 curtain from a cocktail party where drinks seemed more important than cold canapés. Perhaps they had an early and hence light dinner before the show. In any case, they're hungry and have decided to go to the apartment of the lucky owner of a kitchenless kitchen for a midnight feast, some music and a relaxed good time, rather than fight the after-theatre crowds in a noisy restaurant. Now they're putting together a kingly collation in anticipation of later arrivals—who are probably driving round and round the block, looking for a place to park.

Whatever the circumstances, the kitchenless kitchen makes snacking or feasting a cinch and a treat. This handsome hunk of furniture, designed by PLAYBOY, dispenses with a kitchen as such entirely; it renders the proverbial hot stove unnecessary; it has no use for the usual collection of pots, pans, skillets, oven and other customary kitchen gear. A seven-foot-long peninsula in the room, it looks like a

modern living

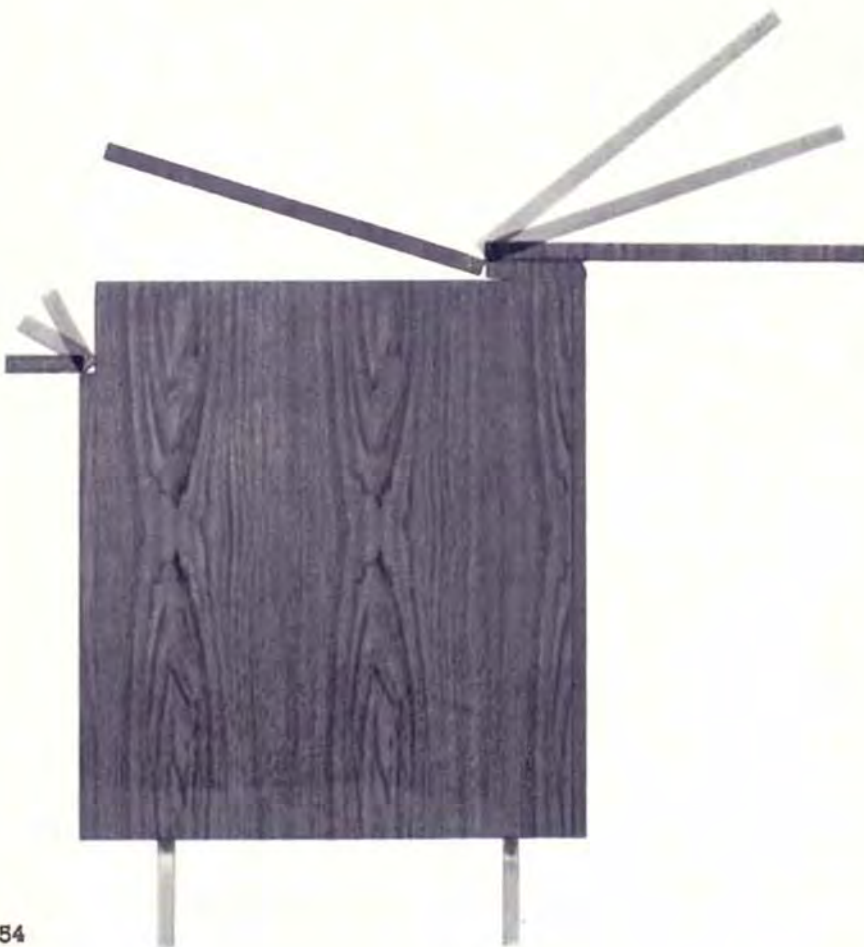
playboy designs a fabulous food bar for informal dining



Above: closed, the unit shows a clean expanse of matched-grain walnut formica. Pedestal end abuts wall for electric and plumbing connections, houses refrigerator. Below: stop-action photo shows how lid swings to form dining surface with ample leg room beneath, short panel drops to form cutting-board'

walnut storage chest or hi-fi cabinet when closed. Opened, it presents two gleaming formica surfaces. The higher one, at which the girls are sitting on rattan-backed stools, is a dining bar amply large for four and as wide as many a dining table. The lower, working-height surface, at which the host is presiding, sports full-length continuous cove lighting, a continuous electric plug-in strip, Monel sink with built-in garbage disposer, and a drop-down maple cutting board. In storage cupboards beneath are a four-cubic-foot Kelvinator (\$219.95) and roll-out shelves on which live the appliances that make the whole thing possible: automatic electric cooking utensils, each with its own heating element and thermostatic control or timer.

Consider the *(concluded on page 108)*



PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVE CUNNINGHAM, FELDKAMP-MALLOY



From the left: Farberware's Immersible dutch oven triples as a stew pot, steamer and deep fryer, \$27.95. Toastmaster toaster is a lazy man's dream: weight of bread lowers it and starts the toasting by itself, \$29.95. Westinghouse stout, spoutless coffeemaker is a cinch to clean, \$17.95. Foreground: Knapp-Monarch's automatic waffle iron has removable plates to convert it into a four-sandwich grill, \$29.95.



Below: PLAYBOY's fabulous food bar, seen here from its working side, is being used to prepare a sumptuous collation. A brace of Rock Cornish birds is being brought to perfection in a G.E. rotisserie with electric spit and push-button controls (\$89.95) and, to its right, tomatoes and peppers are grilling on a Westinghouse immersible griddle (\$19.95). Behind it is G.E.'s combination toaster and oven (\$31.95); although you can't see them, biscuits are browning in its oven drawer. Right of that is Nesco's deep-fat fryer (\$24.95) on which the right temperature for the golden french fries can be set on a dial. Prelude to the meal is a frozen daiquiri spun to perfection in Dormeyer's 3-speed push-button blender (\$45) and, at the other end of the dining surface, the java is kept hot in Farberware's 12-cup coffeemaker (\$29.95). On the roll-out storage shelves are, top row: Sunbeam saucepan (\$17.95) and Westinghouse buffet pan (\$16.95). Bottom row: Knapp-Monarch grill (\$27) and Farberware utility cooker (\$23.95).

Nesco's rotisserie-oven is big enough to hold a 20-pound roast, \$79.95. The pot part of Knapp-Monarch's "Chefster" lifts from automatic electric base, may be used for stewing, steaming—or popping corn, \$24.95.



Left: automatic vacuum-method coffee-maker, adjustable for strength of brew, two to 10 cups, by Knapp-Monarch, \$29.95. Right: a world-of-the-future English import, the infra-red Magicook broils a steak in one minute, crisp bacon in 20 seconds, calves' liver in 40 seconds. From VL&A, \$97.50.



SNAKES IN THE GRASS (continued from page 42)

tions. He drew the lieutenant over to the shelf and showed him with pride the fruits of the men's efforts in the field. The lieutenant went from jar to jar, peering carefully at the inhabitant of each, and I could see on his face the suspicion that was forming in his dismal brain.

"Captain," he said, "doesn't it strike you as remarkable that all these specimens are different? That they never catch the same snake twice?"

"Well now," the chaplain said, "that is remarkable. I never thought of that. Upon my word, how extraordinary, when you think about it."

"And you can't identify any of them?"

"I thought I was a pretty good snake man," the chaplain said with a happy chortle, "but these have me stumped — all except the boomslang. That's what makes this thing so terribly exciting."

Lieutenant Barnes said, "And another thing — don't these snakes look a bit old and beat up to you? They look pretty gray and soggy to me — like they'd spent a lot of time in formaldehyde."

The chaplain was beginning to look puzzled. He was too sweet-spirited a man to be able to suspect that somebody had pulled a fast one on him, and this left him with a lot of questions, all of a sudden, that he couldn't answer. Lieutenant Barnes drew himself up with a triumphant smirk. "Captain, if I may make a suggestion, next Saturday, when your snake-hunters come back with strange and exotic snakes, you just smell those snakes. Just smell them." And, with a fine sense of the dramatic curtain line, the cocky little bugger strutted out of the room — so bedazzled by his histrionics that he forgot I was listening.

"Now what in the world could he mean by that?" the chaplain asked me. "Surely he knows that snakes are odorless."

"He thinks they smell fishy," I said, and got out of there as fast as I could in search of McHugh. "The game is up," I told him; and, as I gave him a rundown on Barnes' detective work, his face took on the awful aspect of the enraged officer-hater lusting for the kill.

"Why, that slob! I'll crucify him!" He gnawed his nether lip for a while, as his features gradually turned back from Hyde to Jekyll, and then shifted around to Dagwood As Fiend. He went through his entire "Huh! Huh!" routine. "Tomorrow or the day after," he said, "there will pass through your hands, in the incoming mail, a letter for the chaplain. It will be in German and he will ask you to translate it. Your job is to translate it in a loud voice while Barnes is within earshot." He would tell me no more, having a taste for the mysterious and flamboyant.

The letter arrived the next afternoon, all right, looking authentically German, but it was not until the following Monday that the opportunity arose to make use of it. That morning Lieutenant Barnes was in the orderly room when the chaplain toddled in for his regular morning yak session. "Good morning, fellows," he said.

"Good morning, Captain," Barnes said. "I hear you didn't find any snakes on your trip last Saturday."

"That's true, by jiminy," the chaplain said. "For the first time, nobody caught a thing."

"Caught?" Barnes hooted. "Do you still think those men are catching those snakes? Captain, don't you realize —"

"Excuse me, Lieutenant," I interrupted, practically shouting, "but I have something urgent here for Captain Withers." I took the letter out of the drawer. "Sir, I believe this must be for you. It's addressed to the officer in charge of morals at the hospital."

"Morals?" the chaplain said. "Upon my word. That must mean me, I guess. What's it say?"

"Oh, I haven't opened it, sir," I said.

The chaplain tore it open and looked at it. "I'm afraid my German isn't up to this," he said. "Sergeant, would you be so good as to translate?"

I took the letter and cleared my throat. "Most Highly Respected American Officer," I read. "'An unprotected and helpless girl implores you to help her identify the heartless villain who has abused her innocence and has made her an about-to-be mother. I have not told him of my condition, for fear that he will run away and not marry me.'"

"What?" Lieutenant Barnes interrupted. "Some soldier has got a girl into trouble?"

"It seems so," I said, and continued: "But I will describe him to you so that you can identify him and keep him from escaping. Every Wednesday and Sunday he drives up to our place in a jeep. He is about one meter seventy tall, blond, with a little mustache —"

"Drives up in a jeep, you say?" the chaplain broke in. "Well, it shouldn't be too hard to find out who the man is. Somebody in the motor pool, I imagine. Wouldn't the trip tickets show it?"

I was watching Barnes from the corner of my eye and was pleased to note that his healthy pink had fled. "Jeep?" he croaked. "Wednesday and Sunday?" He got himself under control. "Captain Withers, I think I can handle this. Let me look into the matter."

"I wish you would," the chaplain said. "How distressing."

That evening I told McHugh of Barnes' gratifying reaction and asked

him to explain it.

"Simple and predictable," he said. "The lieutenant assumed that the letter, of which I was the author, referred to him."

"Has the lieutenant been dallying with indigenous personnel, female?"

"Twice a week for the past month," McHugh said, "Barnes has made me drive him out into the country to pick up a quantity of locally manufactured *Branntwein*, or brandy, for the stupefaction of our estimable officers."

"Preposterous," I interjected. "McHugh, you are lying to me again. Everybody knows we aren't allowed to get anything from the Germans. *Anything*. No food, no souvenirs, and certainly no liquor."

"A measure," he answered, "of the debased quality of all officers. Because this Barnes is doing it, and the others are drinking it. We drive up to this distillery, about five miles due south along the back roads. On the way, Barnes changes to a jacket without insignia. When we get there a blooming maiden, in a perfect state of preservation, appears in the doorway. She is a dilly, and her name is Minna. They embrace — a hideous experience for a man of my sensitivity. Together they walk to the warehouse, to see what hooch may be on hand. This process takes about an hour. An hour! Meanwhile, I am instructed to guard the jeep until Barnes saunters back with her haunch in one hand and a jerry can of brandy in the other. 'Home, James,' he says, the sonofabitch, and on the way back he has several swigs. Does he offer me any? He does not. And now, in addition, he wants to louse up my snake act. You will understand why I am so bent on his extermination."

"Tell me how this letter will exterminate him."

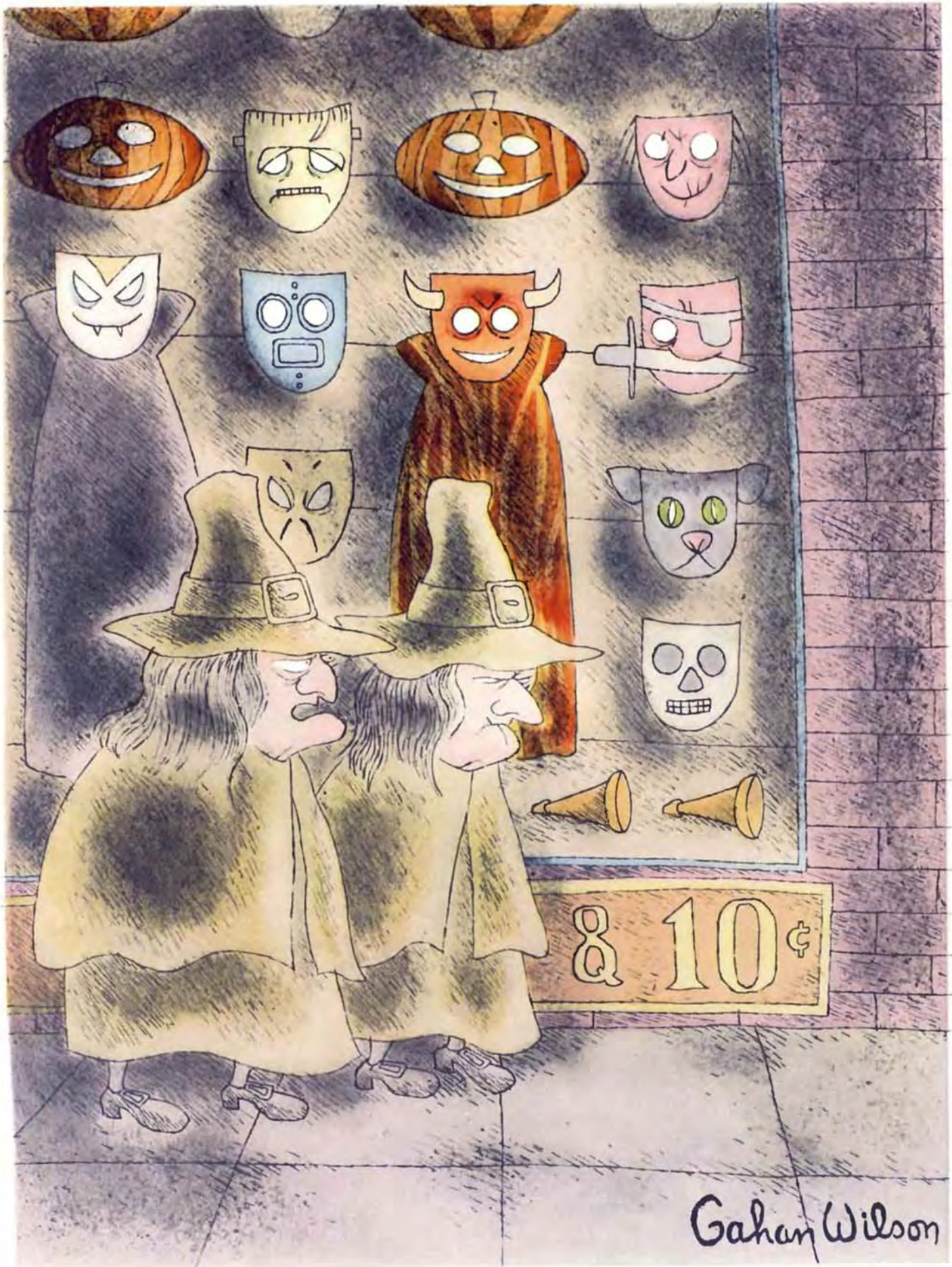
"Well," McHugh said, "a gentleman would immediately go to the girl and want to know why she had not told him, and he would stick by her in one way or another. But Barnes is an officer. My guess is he will try to skip out."

McHugh's guess was half right: Barnes did make the move to skip out, by applying for a transfer the very next day. I saw the papers — approved — on the CO's desk. But he was even less a gentleman — and more of a patsy — than McHugh had imagined. He planned to cover his tracks by framing McHugh, who told me about it a couple of days later.

Lieutenant Barnes, it seems, ordered the jeep on Wednesday as usual, just as if nothing had happened. But on the way to the distillery he manifested a much greater than usual concern for his driver's welfare.

"Sergeant," he said, "I've been thinking. I mean, about the foolishness of this

(continued on page 58)



"It's disgusting how they'll commercialize anything!"

SNAKES IN THE GRASS (continued from page 56)

rule about fraternizing. Don't you think so?"

"Whatever the Lieutenant says," McHugh replied.

"I mean," Barnes went on, "it just doesn't make good sense. Sergeant, I want to give you the chance for some female companionship. Today, you go get the brandy and I'll guard the jeep."

"Oh no, sir," McHugh said. "I couldn't do that."

"Couldn't do that? Why couldn't you do that?"

"Because, sir, that would be breaking regulations, getting something from the German economy."

"Oh, stow it, will you?" Barnes said. "We've been doing this for weeks now."

"We, sir?" McHugh said. "No, sir, you, sir. I've just been driving the jeep, on your orders."

"Dammit, man, get wise," Barnes said in exasperation. "I'm trying to do you a favor. That brewer's daughter is a very delectable and willing cook. You would appreciate making her acquaintance."

By this time they were pulling up in front of the distillery.

"Oh no, sir," McHugh said. "I really wouldn't want to make her acquaintance. That would be against regulations."

"Goddammit, McHugh!" the lieutenant shouted. "I'm ordering you to go in and get that liquor! Drink some of it, and take your time about it!"

"Well, if it's an order, sir," McHugh said, and got out with the jerry can.

Minna appeared at the doorway. Lieutenant Barnes pushed over a carton of cigarettes, slid into the driver's seat, and took off as fast as he could. McHugh went up to Minna and explained that he would be picking up the order this time. She looked perplexed for a moment, but not displeased, and together they proceeded to the warehouse. Two hours later they came out, hand in hand. The jerry can was full and they were using "Du" with each other, the intimate form of address.* They bade each other farewell with much tenderness and McHugh hiked a half mile down the road to where Barnes was hiding in the jeep.

"Have another drink, Sergeant," Lieutenant Barnes said, eagerly offering the

**Usually, getting from the formal Sie to the Du status with a German girl takes a good deal of time and a lot of archaic hoop-la. But there is one situation in which the transition from Sie to Du is instantaneous. It is likely to sound something like this (German girl speaking): "Nein, tun Sie es nicht! Nein, ich bitte Sie! Sie sollen nicht—nein! nein! Sie . . . Ach, Du! Du!" It was a situation of this sort, I gathered, that arose in the case of Minna vs. McHugh.*

can. "How did it go with good old Minna?"

"Oh, very well," McHugh said. "We had a most enjoyable talk."

"Talk? Is that all? Here, have another drink. Man, that girl wasn't made for just talk." Barnes got real confidential. "Listen, soldier, it happens they're transferring me out of here pretty soon, and I'd like to see you step into this nice little setup I have here. What a deal for you! I'll arrange it with the motor pool so you can make these trips alone. Man, you're in heaven! What do you say?"

"The lieutenant is most generous," was what McHugh said, "but this behavior of the lieutenant's is so unusual, and so contrary to regulations, that I very much fear the lieutenant is fixing to frame me for an unpleasant encounter with the provost marshal, sir."

"Oh, no!" Barnes exclaimed. "How could you ever suspect such a thing? I'm doing this because I like you, soldier."

And the upshot was that McHugh let himself be persuaded. He would consent to visit Minna twice a week and pick up five gallons of gorgeous brandy on the way back. Lieutenant Barnes left for his new post (the QM Supply Depot in Schweinfurt, a notoriously dreary place) smug in the belief that he had done a mighty foxy job of spreading the responsibility around if the question of paternity came up.

Thus, as usual, the mess sergeant landed on his feet, better off than before. Twice a week, with the blessings of officers thirsting for illicit liquor, he rode out to visit Minna, coming back to the hospital full of good spirits, some of which he retained for subsequent sale. Every Saturday he collected the head fees from the snake hunters and waved them off to their massive exploits in the cause of German-American friendship.

But toward the end of August the supply of snakes ran out; furthermore, the officers and doctors were getting noticeably curious about the weekly *Völkerwanderung*. McHugh decided, reluctantly, that the time had come to ring down the curtain. He was in the orderly room, debating with me how best to uncollect the chaplain's snakes and get them back to where they had come from, when the chaplain bumbled in and took the problem right out of his hands.

"How-de-do, fellows," he said; and then, after a little foot-scuffing and ministerial wind: "I've been thinking. About my snakes. And I'm positively ashamed. You know, it's been selfish of me to keep these wonderful specimens all to myself; selfish and unchristian. I've decided to donate them to an institution where others can share them. Yes siree, fellows, tomorrow we load all those bottles into a jeep and take them to Munich. To the

Museum of Natural History."

It was the only time I have ever seen McHugh lose his composure. In fact, he nearly lost his balance. "Oh, sir," he said, "that's a very poor idea. That museum is completely bombed out—all the personnel dead. I know what! Let's start a museum of our own, right here."

"But that would be selfish too, wouldn't it?" the chaplain asked serenely. "No, Sergeant. Surely we can find someone in Munich to accept these snakes. And I want you two men to help, if you don't mind—I've arranged for your passes already."

"Oh lackaday!" McHugh exclaimed after the chaplain had left. "This plot I could sell to Sophocles or maybe even Aeschylus. Sarge, let us evolve a tactic, or I am done for."

So we evolved a tentative plan of action. And the next morning, about 10:30, there we were in Munich, toting bottles of snakes into the ruined bowels of the museum and hoping that this was the curator's day off.

"Remember," McHugh whispered to me, "this gink doesn't know a word of English. Everything depends on your abilities as a mistranslator."

Our hopes were not rewarded: Captain Withers, leading the way, found him in a large, bare room in the basement. He introduced himself and then, with many smiles and expansive gestures, stated that he was giving a superb collection of snakes to the museum, looking toward the day when it would be possible to exhibit them to the public. He asked me to translate.

"Captain Withers," I said, "has expressed his gratitude for the loan of your snakes and wishes to tell you that the American soldiers have derived much edification from studying them."

The curator executed a courtly little bow. While he was doing so, his eye fell on McHugh, who was hiding behind me. "But Colonel Tchones!" he said. "Why are you in the uniform of a sergeant?"

While I explained to him that American officers often mix incognito with the common soldiers, to see how well they are doing their work, McHugh was telling the chaplain that the old man had apparently mistaken him for someone else. "Now let's get another load of snakes," he suggested, and made for the door.

When the curator saw the rest of the snakes, he had another question. "Where are my original bottles?" he asked. "With the labels and all the data for the museum records."

"The curator is extremely grateful," I translated, "and says it will give him great pleasure to identify the snakes and label them."

"Well now," the chaplain said, beaming all over, "I think I can give him a
(concluded on page 115)

*'twixt earnest and joke,
he enjoyed the lady*

A VERY GOOD SIDEWALK STORY

PAUL KONWAY lived on Barrow Street in Greenwich Village. This is not one of the very pretty, viny streets of white-washed brick and dusty trees. It is a canyon of low tenements and garages offering moving and storage. Paul, publicity director for a small corporation, spent most of the year writing its annual report. The rest of the time he pretended to be working on the annual report and wrote poetry in his drawer, slamming it shut and lighting a cigarette like a serious thinker when an officer of the company passed his desk.

In the evening Paul sometimes showed his poetry to his friends. They told him that it was wonderful. It was not wonderful. He sometimes thought that it was at least good, but in his heart of hearts he knew that it was not yet good, either. He was very good, however, even wonderful, at annual reports. Paul Konway was also lean, high-cheekboned, and fine in his movements, just like the architects named Paul in stories wherein the handsome, sad, young architect meets a girl named Candy or Cindy and he wants to build Beautiful Houses instead of parking garages and in the end Candy or Cindy turns out not only to love Paul but also to have a gruff but goodhearted father, probably named Zeckendorf, who needs a brilliant young architect for a Beautiful Homes housing project which he thinks of in the last paragraph.

But what am I saying? Paul was not even a little bit of an architect, and all the girls named Candy or Cindy were practical nurses or secretaries whose gruff, goodhearted fathers became gruff and badhearted when they heard that Paul wrote poetry.

"Will you marry me?" Paul once asked one of the girls named Candy or Cindy.

"Yes, dear Paul," she replied, "as soon as I finish my analysis. But probably then I will be too adjusted to marry a poet, so maybe you had better look elsewhere."

And off he headed into the night of Christopher Street, with the gloomy face of unsatisfied desire, looking elsewhere. Elsewhere turned out to be Kate Barker, who did not even live in Greenwich Village. You took the IRT subway uptown to 59th Street at Columbus Circle (local stop), walked a few blocks



east and a few blocks south, and there you could find Kate — sleek, vibrant and stimulating, a dark, condensed love goddess, more compact, muscled, and stately than love goddesses usually are in the movies, but breathing very deeply like a goddess of love, in her apartment above a delicatessen on Seventh Avenue. Part of the reason she breathed so deeply is that she had to walk four floors above the delly in order to enter the place she called her house away from home. Also she breathed excellently, yearningly, because she was an actress looking for work, a model in the garment district only until the right part came along.

Here on Seventh Avenue, amid the smells of pastrami and automobile exhaust, with neon flickering through her windows and the roar and rush of midtown Manhattan streaking by, she dreamed of carrying the burden of success back to Austin, Texas, which was her home at home. She played records by Brubeck and Monk in the meantime, and fought off the plump, lonely out-of-town buyers ("Why, just why not, honey?"), and tried a speech from a new script before her full-length mirror, on which hung negligee, panties and Paul Conway's tie. He had left it there the second time that he visited her, bringing her two peaches in a paper bag, then asking her to read the poem by William Blake:

*I asked a thief to steal me a peach:
He turned up his eyes.
I asked a lithe lady to lie her down:
Holy and meek she cries.*

*As soon as I went an angel came:
He winked at the thief
And smiled at the dame,
And without one word spoke
Had a peach from the tree,
And 'twixt earnest and joke
Enjoyed the lady.*

That poem is called *The Angel*, and it can be found with slightly more archaic spelling in several anthologies. How did Paul Conway persuade Kate Barker to read poetry by William Blake, John Donne ("Then be not coy, but use your time; and while ye may, go marry" — but no, that's Robert Herrick) and Paul Conway? Here's how. He went alone, consoling himself for Candy-or-Cindy's increasing adjustment to non-poets, to a flamenco recital at Carnegie Hall. He was gloomy (face of unsatisfied desire) and it was Saturday night.

The same day, it turned out, an out-of-town buyer had made a grotesquely clumsy pass at Kate while it was still light (late afternoon, September, daylight saving time) and she had nervously and angrily fled him, eaten a nervous angry sandwich, bought a ticket, and climbed the balcony to hear some nervous, angry, clacking, driving flamenco

music. Her ticket put her next to Paul Conway.

Ole! Ole!

In fact, *¡Ole! ¡Ole!*

First the early, traditional details: intermission cigarette, have you a light, fumble for match, joke, smile — very nice guitar, don't you think? Coffee afterward. Then they went strolling along Central Park South in the bright dry midnight of a fine Manhattan autumn. Kate felt calmed by this courteous, very formal young man — calmed and challenged. She was happy because Paul was not short and paunchy like out-of-town buyers. She was delighted and challenged. Paul was pleased because Kate had a high-carrying proud walk, a soft, pleased, and laughing voice, and a respect for both annual reports and poetry (a woman's practicality, plus the Mary Hardin-Baylor College, Belton, Texas, rural environment, no men, much reading of *This Is My Beloved*, by a young poet who is long since middle-aged). Paul was shocked by his good luck. And challenged.

They agreed that they had a great deal in common, some of it openly admitted, some secret. What they admitted was an interest in the theatre, poetry and music: "Diz blows the most," Kate said.

"Marcel Maas, the great French oboist, also blows the most," Paul gravely added.

She nodded and they held hands crossing the street. One thing they had in common which they did not admit aloud was the hollow, racketing loneliness of unattached young men and women in the great city. Their hands, which refused to unlock when they got across the street, made this admission. That was how Paul's tie came to be hanging on Kate's mirror. She invited him up, blushing, knowing he would understand that a girl from Mary Hardin-Baylor College (Belton, Texas) only meant to share some of her music with him. It was warm coming up the stairs and he asked permission to remove his tie. It was especially warm walking behind Kate as she showed him the way.

"By all means," she said. "Would you like some more coffee?"

"It keeps me awake."

"Me too," she said, so instead they had a glass of wine, which — as they noted — does not keep them awake but makes their cheeks pink. Both of them. They had another. Both the cheeks of both the new friends were made pink, but less by the wine than by the new friendship. The unusual importance of this sort of friendship can be indicated by studying a single aspect of it: they agreed ferociously, they quarreled tenderly about almost everything. For example, places to live in New York City. Paul loved the antique charm of Greenwich Village, its girls with ponytails and ballet slippers

and Indian jewelry made in little Navaho workshops on Second Avenue, its gabled roofs and leaded windows and winding, seldom unwinding streets, its gabble of culture and its atrocious rents. He loved life, he loved off-Broadway theatre, he loved art: how else to survive one blasted annual report after another?

"Spaghetti," Kate said contemptuously, "it's all spaghetti."

She preferred the Real People, Real Life of midtown Manhattan — the girls from furnished rooms who dress as if for the Princess of Monaco's wedding, the unemployed photographers photographing the unemployed actors, the smart shops for the smart people who come from somewhere else, the whirling, roaring din of this center of the central city.

"Frantic," Paul commented, "it's all a rat race. Those people are so busy getting ahead they forget they're human beings. And usually they don't even get ahead."

"Oh you're wrong! Snob!" Kate cried. "The Village is for squares — campus Bohemians!"

"You're worse than a snob," Paul said. "You don't understand."

"I do!"

"Don't!"

"Do!"

"Don't!"

With that they embraced fiercely. When they had finished kissing, they looked balefully at each other. Something strange, necessary, but dangerous was happening to them. When they finished this suspicious survey of each other, of Kate separately, of Paul separately, of Kate and Paul together, they each sighed. Then they were sighing together. Then they were sweetly kissing.

The path of true love runs unsmoothly on the Fifth Avenue bus from Washington Square to 55th Street. Squealing of brakes and hissing of doors. It is quicker but noisier on the subway. It is delicious but expensive by taxi, except during rush hours, when it is expensive but not delicious and the driver yells unmentionable commentaries to pedestrians, drivers and other obstructions. Manhattan can be defined as a great obstruction upon which dogs are walked and taxis handicapped. This creates terrible dangers for human beings with their eyes lifted to the marvels of the towered gothic island.

And transportation does not constitute the great problem of modern love, either, or if it does, the issue is the transportation of one soul into communion with another. Men and women have learned to make trouble for each other. Perhaps they always knew how, but with advancing civilization they have become increasingly expert at jolting discontinuities, jostling

(continued on page 88)

meet the miss we met at an amusement park

ONCE UPON A RECENT IMPULSE, we found ourselves visiting a nearby amusement park, reliving some of the fun of our boyhood. We looped a few loops, knocked over some simulated milk bottles with a baseball and had worked ourself about midway down the Midway when our eyes fell upon the beautiful young lady featured on these pages. Her

name, she told us, is Elaine Reynolds, and she graciously agreed to accompany us on our tour of funland. Lights flashed, bells rang, barkers barked, rollers coasted, popcorn popped and people cottoned to cotton candy, but the park's amusements paled by comparison with our vivacious companion, and there was nothing to do but bring her to you as Miss October.



PLAYLAND PLAYMATE

MISS OCTOBER PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH







PHOTOGRAPHY BY FRANK ECK



Making the rounds of the amusement park grounds, Elaine pauses before a properly popeyed devil, spins aloft in an airborne chariot, darts a dart at a balloon, and regards her reflection in a trick mirror. Knowing bystanders agreed she held more attraction than the attractions.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Getting married is a good deal like going into a restaurant with friends. You order what you want, then when you see what the other fellow has, you wish you had taken that.



A girl we know has met the rising cost of living by simply selling an extra key to her apartment.

Mrs. Smythe introduced her voluptuous young companion to the handsome cowboy who was to drive them from the railroad station to the dude ranch.

"Charley," she said, "this is an eastern acquaintance of mine, Miss Davis."

Charley gave Miss Davis a long, appreciative appraisal, smiled, and turned back to Mrs. Smythe.

"Ma'am," he said, "I'd be right proud to make your acquaintance."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *tattletale* as a girl who talks about her affairs.



Hgh and Ghg, a pair of newly arrived Martians, stood on a New York street corner leering at the traffic light across the way.

"Keep away from her or I'll knock your heads together," said Ghg to Hgh. "I saw her first."

"So what?" Hgh responded. "She winked at me!"

Just then the signal changed from go

to stop. The Martians stalked off disgustedly.

"Women!" Hgh muttered. "If there's anything I can't stand, it's a tease."

Never try to keep up with the Joneses; they might be newlyweds.

A recent independent survey indicates that it's still possible for a young woman with little or no experience to make her way into show business.

Sam, the private eye, was giving his curvaceous client a report.

"I trailed your husband into four bars and a bachelor's apartment," he said.

"Aha!" exclaimed the wife. "Go on, go on! What was he doing there?"

"Well, lady," Sam responded in an embarrassed tone, "near as I could make out, he was trailing you."



The difference between the average man and a playboy is that the average man likes to give a girl a present, while the playboy would rather give her a past.

Wee Willie was walking with Wanda, his new girlfriend, carrying her books home from grammar school. Both were eight years old.

"Wanda," said Wee Willie with worshiping gaze, "you are the first girl I have ever loved."

"Dammit," said Wanda, "I've drawn another beginner!"

Nothing keeps a girl on the straight and narrow more than being built that way.

A waggish friend of ours observes that money can't buy love, but it can put you in an excellent bargaining position.

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.



article By CARL BAKAL

THE MARKET

HE DROPPED BY HIS CLUB for an early lunch and a few hands of friendly blackjack with a crony. After ordering the drinks and the chips, he had a phone brought to the table and spoke a brief order into it. Then he settled down to the serious business of getting an ace in the hole as quickly as possible. Several martinis, one lunch, and a good many hands of blackjack later, he placed a second phone call, gave a second order, and thus, while clipping his pal for \$8.50, also earned a tidy \$2000.

How? By purchasing, during his first call, 300 shares of Lefcourt Realty at $7\frac{7}{8}$, an outlay of about \$2300. He was able to sell Lefcourt later that same afternoon for $14\frac{1}{2}$, and he was two grand to the good.

The blackjack was gambling; the stock transaction was speculation. There is a great difference between the two, and this article will explain it to you. It will also explain how this enterprising fellow could have made as nice a killing with a lot less cash than \$2300. As you already know from glomming newspapers and magazines, people in all walks are jumping into the market, from ad execs to zymologists. They're getting a second income by adding up their spare time and their spare cash and investing them profitably in what is perhaps the most exuberant bull market in history. (In the speculexicon, a bull is a rising market, a bear a falling one.) Everybody's doing it, but not everybody's doing it right.

Too many people are gambling rather than speculating. Too many people, as one Wall Street pundit puts it, "are recklessly rolling dice in the market with the idea that it is one big crap shooting society."

The reckless amateur blindly picks a stock with much the same abandon as he picks a horse or spins the wheel of fortune. But, whereas a horse player, before taking a flier on a filly, may study the form charts or even look at the horse — not that this usually

does him any good — the amateur speculator may know nothing at all about the stock into which he puts his money, when knowing something might easily do him some good.

Graphic illustrations of this heedless speculation are everywhere. In the zany 20s, a stock called Gold Dust (a maker of household cleaners) used to rise along with the gold group, just as today Seaboard Air Lines (a railroad) often responds bullishly when the airlines group goes up. A similar Alice-in-Blunderland approach to stock selection was seen when Alaska became a state: there ensued a wild rush to buy anything with the name "Alaska" in it. "They would even have bought a Baked Alaska if there was such a stock," recalls one broker. And, of course, any stock ending in "onics" is still a magic word to unwary speculators.

This pure chance approach has paid off for a few, but the long-run odds are against it. Some, by latching onto a Lorillard (which went from 18 in 1957 to a high of 88 in 1958), an American Motors (1958 price range: 8¼ to 39), or a General Time (35 to 104 during the first five months of this year), and possessing the stubbornness, stupidity, or perhaps good sense to hold on as these stocks zoomed upward, have managed to come out ahead or even make fantastic killings, proving that they are lucky, but not necessarily smart. One such fortunate soul put \$1200 into 400 shares of General Transistor (simply because it was an electronics stock), when it was first offered to the public for \$3 a share back in 1956; this year, when the stock hit a high of 88, the 400 shares were worth \$35,200. However, the usual experience of even those lucky enough to stumble onto a winner is to buy the stock after it has had a sudden surge upward, then get scared and sell out when it dips, after which, of course, the stock goes up again, attracting some more temporary hangers-on. Exact statistics are lacking, but most brokers, if pressed to the wall, will admit that nine out of 10 amateur speculators invariably lose their shirts, or at least some buttons, in the market.

Luck plays some role in the success of the expert or professional speculator, too. But he generally manages to come out ahead mainly because he knows what he is doing and leaves as little as possible to chance. Unlike the blackjack player, he can, to a great extent, control the odds against him and appraise his risks by making a careful study of the particular stock in which he may be interested and getting a pretty good idea when to buy and sell it. Then through certain well-developed techniques he can pyramid his profits to a staggering degree if he has hit it right, keep his losses to a minimum if he has

guessed wrong, and, as a matter of fact, often make money whether the market goes up, down or sideways.

In truth, seasoned speculators think they take far fewer risks than the so-called investors. For our purposes, let's just say that an investor is interested in a stock primarily for income, whereas a speculator seeks a capital gain with income a decidedly secondary objective. They may sometimes buy into the same stock, but for different purposes, or, as Merrill Lynch's Lou Engel put it, "One man's investment may be another man's speculation."

Anyone who thinks he's playing it safe by putting his money into bonds,

COMMISSIONS AND TAXES

In this article, brokers' commissions and taxes have been omitted for the sake of simplicity. The commission schedule is quite lengthy, but as a rule of thumb, if you buy or sell stocks in the medium price range in multiples of 100 shares, you can count on paying your broker about 1.2% on a single transaction. For "odd lots" — stocks in packets of less than 100 — your cost will be slightly higher per share. The commission on bonds is around .25%. Security Exchange Commission and state taxes on stock transactions are negligible.

The real tax bite is in the income tax, and here it is crucial how long you hold the stock. Profits from stocks held longer than six months are considered to be long-term capital gains, and are taxed at no more than 25%. Profits from securities held less than six months are short-term capital gains and are taxed as regular income, like salary or dividends. It is an important aspect of your strategy of market speculation to take this distinction into account.

blue chips or the bank, argue the speculators, runs the risk of having his capital eroded by inflation. Interest or dividends of 3% to 5% a year don't seem to mean very much when your money loses buying power at the rate of 3% to 5% a year. In the past 20 years, the dollar has been cut in half, and in the next 30 years, according to a former Under-Secretary of the Treasury, the present 48-cent dollar may be worth only a dime.

The investor in blue chips had blue skies from 1950 to 1957, with some stocks doubling and tripling during that period. But many haven't been doing too well lately. Such sacred cows as American Can, Royal Dutch, Amerada

and Standard Oil of New Jersey, to name only a few, are actually selling below their prices of a year ago, in the face of a market that has soared like Sputnik.

A good on-the-surface argument is often advanced by the conservatives in favor of buying the bluest blue chips, regardless of price, and sticking with them through thick and thin. It involves playing a popular Wall Street pastime which we can call "If." *If* — goes one of the typical exercises in this game — you had invested \$500 a year in Goodyear Tire since 1929, your shares would now be worth \$169,000, and in addition, you would have pocketed \$38,000 in cash dividends (all before taxes, of course). True. But the only thing the many examples of this sort illustrate (they are even more impressive for stocks like IBM and Dow Chemical), is the advantage of hindsight over foresight. They also presuppose the existence of a mythical investor (they're never real ones), with the Job-like patience to hold onto a good stock and even buy more of it in both good year and bad.

Another fallacy in this game of looking back at missed opportunities lies in the fact that even the bluest of the blue chips often fade. Pennsy, for example, sold as high as 110 in 1929; this year it has been hovering around 17. A good argument can be made on behalf of buying *carefully selected* blue chips for the long pull (but not necessarily forever), re-examining them from time to time, and switching out of them if they seem likely to take a turn for the worse. And considerable fortunes have been made this way. But the biggest fortunes have been made by the speculators who take a shorter-term view of things and are willing to take a chance, often on the stocks of the more obscure and perhaps more vulnerable companies. To be perfectly honest, somewhat more risks *are* often involved in the process, but this is the price one should expect to pay for the bigger gains possible.

Those who will use their spare time for an intelligent study of the stock market have a better-than-even chance of coming out ahead — and perhaps even getting rich quick — by emulating the techniques of successful professional speculators like Roman Shvetz.

A chunky man in his middle fifties, Shvetz puts in eight hours a day at his office at 79 Wall Street doing nothing but buying and selling stocks, and the week seldom goes by when he doesn't trade 40,000 or 50,000 shares with a total value running into six or seven figures.

Born in Russia and trained in China as a civil engineer, Shvetz gave up a high-paying partnership in a prospering export-import firm here in 1952 to devote all his attention to what, up to then, had been a spare-time obsession of his.

(continued on page 72)

best buskins for casual and rough-weather wear

BOOT SHOP



attire By **BLAKE RUTHERFORD**

HIGH AND HANDSOME, the boot takes a big step forward this fall. Long popular abroad, it gained a foothold here in the early Fifties with the advent of leisurely postwar living and the casual clothing kick. Then it went more elegant with the introduction of the Continental suit, whose cuffless trousers tend to snag in standard-height shoe tops. Now, there are casual boot creations for sport, lined ones for spectators at stadiums and ski slopes, plus sturdy, refined versions for city wear on inclement days — all offering tough, weatherproof footing for rainy autumns, snowy winters and slushy springs. So chuck those uncomfortable and generally unattractive overshoes and galoshes that have bugged you in the past; the new footgear provides style, sturdiness and protection — to boot.

Top row, left to right: Jeep, a wild-honey-color plain-toe chukka boot of corsoir leather with full shearing lining, by Botes, \$14.95; a high boot interpretation of the classic cordovan blucher, by Bostonian, \$24.95; plain-toe brown suede boot with a gold and black plaid nylon fleece lining, black non-slip ribbed rubber sole, by Wolf-Streeter, \$14.95; a smooth horsehide plain-toe boot with rubber ripple sole, by Taylor-Mode, \$18.95. Bottom row, left to right: moc-front onkle-high boot in burnt mople color, hand-sewn vamp, strop and buckle, by Roblee, \$15.95; Hush Puppies, a loden-green plain-toe chukka boot of water-repellent brushed pigskin, by Wolverine, \$10.95; Knock-a-Boot, an olive green reversed Shetland leather boot with a Velcro closure, black crepe heel/sole, by Botes, \$13.95; Superlight, a moc-front chestnut colfskin boot, hand-sewn vamp, by Regol, \$17.95.

MARKET *(continued from page 70)*

Starting from scratch, he read every book he could find on the stock market, now subscribes to nine financial newspapers and periodicals, admits that he has but touched the surface.

Like most speculators, Shvets generally steers away from the blue chips, although he will occasionally take a flyer in a stock of this quality if he feels it is due for a fast rise (for example, Chrysler, early this year).

He also prefers small, growing companies ("After all, an electronics company with sales of only five million or 10 million dollars a year has a better chance of doubling than a Westinghouse with its sales of two billion"), and particularly shuns stocks that pay dividends ("If they're too high, that's grounds for suspicion; besides, dividends are taxable as regular income").

If possible he holds a stock for more than six months ("Just long enough so that the long-term capital gains are taxable at only half the usual rate, up to a maximum of 25%"), although many of his deals are also closed out in a couple of months, weeks or days ("If I wait too long after a rise, the stock may go down again and then I don't make anything, taxes or no taxes").

Experienced speculators also do not follow the popular investor's practice of diversification; that is, spreading their risk by putting their money into many different stocks. "To diversify too much," says one pro, "is a sign that you're not too sure of yourself. On the other hand, if you concentrate on just a few stocks, you're going to be sure to take the time to study them pretty carefully."

Seasoned speculators will rarely follow the practice of dollar averaging (buying more of the same stock as it drops in price), but they will often pyramid or average up, and keep buying a stock as it continues to go up in price. "That means," says E. F. Hutton's famed Gerald Loeb, "I believe in following up one's successes and minimizing one's failures."

One of the things that distinguishes the really skillful speculator is this ability to capitalize on any given situation and squeeze the last drop of profit out of it—and often with a minimum of one's own cash tied up in the transaction; that is, on credit.

Wall Street's euphemism for credit is, of course, "margin," a term which was considered quite a dirty word circa 1929. Buying a stock on margin is something like buying on the installment plan but not quite. The similarity is that margin is a sort of down payment, representing the proportion of the price of a stock you have to put up in order to buy it, the broker lending you the rest at a rate of interest. The difference is that you never have to make any additional pay-

ments unless the price of the stock goes down. On the other hand, if the stock goes up, some wonderful maneuvers are possible—though not as possible as they were back in those giddy days of the 1920s when margin requirements were as low as 10%, or just a dime on the dollar. This meant that to buy \$10,000 worth of stock, you had to put up only \$1000 in cash.

With this leverage—as the device of doing a lot with a little is called in financial circles—quite a few people were able to run a shoestring into a fortune, and often back into less than a shoestring in practically no time at all. Because this free and easy use of Wall Street credit did to a great extent hasten the onset of the 1929 crash, Congress in the early 1930s gave the Federal Reserve Board the power to regulate margin requirements, and since then they have ranged (depending on the exuberance of the market) anywhere from 40% to 100%. They are now 90%.

However, lots of people are still playing the game, but differently. For every sophisticated speculator knows a number of devious and yet perfectly legal methods of escaping the present 90% margin requirements and playing the market with much more than the 10% credit his broker allows him. These methods, combined with certain other esoteric money-stretching techniques, permit him to do business in more or less the old way.

Special money brokers (some advertise in the *Wall Street Journal*, or your brokerage firm can put you in touch with them) lend you up to 85% or even 90% on any stocks other than outright cats and dogs at an interest rate of 1% a month, holding the stock as collateral. "This may seem high," says one broker, "but if your 100 shares of a \$50-stock move up half a point, this covers the interest and everything above it is profit." Banks are another source of credit at considerably lower rates—usually 5% to 6% a year—lending up to 50% on over-the-counter stocks (those not traded on registered stock exchanges) and up to 80% or 85% on bonds. Banks also lend up to 70% on listed stocks, too, but with the stipulation that the loan not be used for the purpose of carrying these stocks or buying other listed securities.

However, there's always a legal way out for the adroit. Those who do not wish to run afoul of the letter, if not the spirit, of the law, simply get loans on "convertible" bonds. A convertible bond is a mongrel (but perfectly respectable) form of security that can be converted into (that is, exchanged for) the company's common stock at will. It was once described by a financial writer as "a security for a man who cannot make

up his mind whether he is investing or speculating—that is, whether he wants the relative safety of a bond or the volatility of a stock." Because a convertible bond, through this feature, theoretically lets a man have his cake and eat it (it is supposed to sink only slowly and act like a bond when the market goes down and zoom up like a stock when the market goes up), and also often pays a fairly decent return (generally anywhere from 4% to 6%), many can be found in even the most conservative portfolios.

And there are other reasons why gentlemen prefer bonds (convertible). They are favorites of speculators who find in them a means of getting around the customary margin requirements for stock and, in addition, they offer a greater profit potential than that provided by buying or borrowing against the stock into which the bond is convertible.

A prime example of this technique in action is the experience of a speculator who last October decided that Northrop's 4% convertible bonds due in 1975 were a good buy. Each \$1000 bond (convertible into 36.7 shares of Northrop common at \$27.25) was then selling for \$1030, slightly above par. The speculator decided to buy 300 of them after first arranging with his bank to finance 85% of the \$300,000-plus involved in the transaction, with him putting up the other 15%, or about \$45,000. Interest rate charged him on the collateral loan was $4\frac{3}{8}\%$ or only $\frac{3}{8}\%$ more than the 4% he was getting on the bonds. (On some bonds, the interest rate is high enough to give you a "free ride" on the bank loan, or even give you a little profit.) By mid-May of this year when he decided to sell out, each bond was worth \$1630. Total profit on his \$45,000 investment: \$180,000.

However, let's get one thing straight about working a deal of this sort with convertibles. The risk is greater, too. Had the bonds, held as they were on 85% credit, dropped even a bit in price, the speculator would have had to fork over more money to the bank. And had they dropped \$150, his original \$45,000 would have been wiped out completely.

There are a number of other ways that permit you to escape that 90% margin requirement. One Federal Reserve Board regulation, for example, provides a neat loophole by allowing you to acquire stock "rights" and "when issued" stock—the new stock issued after a stock split—for down payments as low as 25%. (A stock split occurs when, for example, a corporation withdraws its stock that is selling for, say, \$100 a share and issues to the stockholders two shares of new stock worth \$50 apiece.)

Commodities—wheat, eggs, rubber.

(continued on page 74)

Needs by Jules Feiffer

LOOK, WE EACH HAVE **NEEDS** WE STRUGGLE TO SUPPRESS. YOU UNDERSTAND? I HAVE NEEDS AND YOU HAVE NEEDS. DO YOU FOLLOW?



BUT SOME OF US THROUGH READING AND SELF-HELP BECOME **AWARE** OF OUR SUPPRESSED NEEDS. WE **ACT** ON THEM, YOU UNDERSTAND?



WHILE OTHERS OF US, UNWARE OF OUR NEEDS, BECAUSE THEY ARE STILL HIDDEN IN OUR UNCONSCIOUS, NEVER ACT ON THEM, YOU SEE?



BUT EVEN THOUGH WE MAY NOT **THINK** WE HAVE THESE NEEDS IT DOES NOT MEAN WE **DON'T** HAVE THEM. IT ONLY MEANS WE ARE AFRAID EMOTIONALLY TO **ADMIT** TO THEM. FOLLOW?



BUT STILL THE NEEDS ARE THERE AND IF THEY'RE NOT SATISFIED WE RISK **SERIOUS EMOTIONAL DAMAGE**. GET MY POINT?



I WANT TO HELP YOU.



MARKET (continued from page 72)

lard — can be picked up for a 5% to 10% margin. U.S. Treasury Bonds can be gotten for as little as 5% margin, and a mere 3% cash down payment will purchase gold on the Canadian market.

Still other sources of leverage are possible through the use of such devices as warrants and put and call options. Both, in somewhat different ways, enable you to maintain a position in a lot of stock for comparatively little money.

A warrant is an option that gives the holder the privilege of buying a share of stock (from the company itself) at a fixed price within a stipulated period, anywhere from one to as much as 10 years or longer. A warrant is traded like stock. Most warrants (there are about a hundred different ones currently outstanding) are traded in the over-the-counter market; about a dozen are listed on the American Stock Exchange.

The famous RKO warrant illustrates how warrants work. First issued by RKO in 1940 after a reorganization of the company, it was good to buy a share of RKO stock at \$15 (for a period of 10 years). In 1942, however, the company stock was selling for only \$2.50 and the warrant commanded a price of $6\frac{1}{4}$ ¢ — seemingly expensive even at this price. For, you reason quite sensibly, why should I pay even $6\frac{1}{4}$ ¢ for a piece of paper which gives me the dubious privilege of putting up another \$15 for a stock that I can now buy on the open market for \$2.50? The only logical reason for you to risk even the $6\frac{1}{4}$ ¢ would be if you felt very bullish about the stock and thought it would go up considerably, though not necessarily to its conversion price of \$15. If this were to happen (and at the time it did seem rather unlikely), you could do much better by putting \$500 into the purchase of 8000 warrants than the same amount of money into 200 shares of the stock. For — and here lies the beauty of warrants — any big swings in the price of a stock are bound to be greatly magnified in the price of its warrant.

Let's look at the RKO picture four years later. The optimists were right: the stock had moved up to \$28 and the warrants to \$15. The \$500 investment in the stock would have appreciated 11 times to \$5600. And the \$500 worth of warrants would have grown to \$104,000, multiplying over two hundred times, or about 20 times faster than the stock.

The bestial side of warrants, of course, is that they can also go down just as fast as they go up. For, unlike stocks, warrants are merely pieces of paper which represent no equity in the business of the company, pay no dividends, and approach a value of zero as their expiration date nears — often, alas, just

too soon for you to cash in on their potential.

Because warrants offer their best opportunities when available at mere fractions of the price of the stock — a situation most likely in a depressed market — there are very few, if any, penny warrants around today. But quite a few selling at anywhere from a half to a third of the price of the stock can still be picked up.

They won't permit the same fabulous profits possible with the classic examples given but nevertheless are a useful speculative tool if you have good reason to believe that the stock to which they are tied is going to move up.

A few words of caution, however: don't buy warrants whose expiration dates are not at least a few years off. And don't buy them with the same blind abandon with which many people buy penny stocks. For even if the warrants are cheap, you can still lose everything you sink into them.

Puts and calls, perhaps the most curious creatures of the financial world, are still other types of options, but, unlike warrants, are not traded in the market. In principle, these options work very much like real estate or similar business options. For example, a speculator decided that there was some money to be made in Lorillard when it was priced at \$19 (back in 1957). Following the normal procedure, he could have bought 200 shares of the stock by laying out \$3800 (or somewhat less by buying the stock on margin). But he didn't want to tie up all this money in the stock market at the time. Moreover, he didn't want to risk losing much of the \$3800 in the event that Lorillard went down instead of up. So instead he paid \$450 for a call that gave him the privilege of buying 200 shares of Lorillard at \$19 anytime within the next six months. Five months later, Lorillard had jumped to \$60. The speculator thereupon decided to exercise his call. Through his broker, he bought 200 shares of Lorillard for \$3800, sold the stock immediately for \$12,000, winding up with the difference of \$8200 minus the \$450 cost of the option, or a profit of \$7800 less commissions and taxes. The beauty of this whole operation is that at no time did he stand to lose more than his \$450, even had Lorillard dropped to zero. He simply would not have exercised his option. And had Lorillard risen to only 22, he could have retrieved all of the cost of his call. As it turned out, he walked away with a profit of 1700% on a rather minute investment. Had he decided, at the beginning, to put \$3800 into the stock, his profit would have been just slightly more, roughly \$8200, but this would have rep-

resented a return of only about 200% on his investment. So that you can savor all the possibilities of this gambit, let's say that he had decided to sink the whole \$3800, not into the stock, but into calls. For this money he could have purchased 16 calls, giving him options on 1600 shares of Lorillard. His total profit, on the same basis, would have been \$60,000.

There are a number of other reasons why you might want to buy a call, aside from the obvious purpose of trying for a big gain with a minimum of money. You may, for example, have to sell stock you own because of a need for ready cash and yet wish to maintain your position in the stock. Or you might want to insure yourself against a loss in connection with a "short" sale (more about this in just a moment).

A put is just the opposite of a call and gives you the right to sell a stock at a specified price during the life of the particular option. Obviously, the main reason you'd buy one is that you were bearish or pessimistic about a particular stock or, perhaps, the market in general. (It is easy to understand why, in recent years, calls have been more popular than puts.) Suppose, for example, you feel that General Dynamics, selling at \$59, is due for a considerable drop in the next three months. For, say, \$350, you buy a put option, giving you the right to sell 100 shares of General Dynamics at \$59 anytime within the next three months. Should General Dynamics go up or remain at \$59, your option is worthless and you're out the \$350. If, on the other hand, General Dynamics goes down, say to \$40, you buy 100 shares of the stock at that price on the open market through your broker and then, exercising your option, have him sell it for \$59, coming out ahead by \$1550 (\$1900 less the \$350 cost of the option), or a profit of almost 500% on your money in three months or less.

Speculators use puts for a variety of other reasons. They may be dubious about a stock they own and yet not wish to sell it. As an alternative to a stop-loss order — instructions to a broker to sell a stock if it drops below a certain price — they protect themselves against a big drop by buying puts as a form of insurance. They also provide a less risky alternative to selling a stock "short."

Puts and calls are available in periods of anywhere from 30 days to a year and unlike warrants can be secured for most actively traded stocks, one option usually covering 100 shares of the stock. Cost depends on the length of the option, the price of the stock and its volatility. You can have your broker buy them for you from one of the 26-odd members of the Put and Call Brokers and Dealers Association or order them directly from

(continued on page 108)

*actress elaine invites
our photographer
to a private
shooting session*



pictorial

SULTRY MISS STEWART



ELAINA STEWART enjoys a privilege few film-fatales can lay claim to — she accepts screen roles only when they excite her, because she doesn't need the money.

She has interests in four Texas oil wells, real estate in Beverly Hills and Palm Springs, a portfolio overflowing with good dividend-paying stocks. "A lot of people told me I was crazy to invest in oil," she laughs, "but my bank in Abilene will tell you different." That's why — although she's made stunning appearances in *The Bad and the Beautiful*, *Take the High Ground*, *Brigadoon*, *Night Passage* and many other films, playing opposite such stalwarts of the cinema as Kirk Douglas, Richard Widmark, James Stewart, Victor Mature — she does it for kicks, not for cash.

But this doesn't mean Elaine's attitude toward acting is that of the casual hobbyist or dilettante. She approaches her hand-picked acting assignments like a professional, seriously and with dedication. "When I first came to Hollywood," she recalls, "I got some pretty unrealistic coaching. It was the year everybody stopped wearing bras and girdles under their dresses and went around saying 'Ooooh, darling' with rounded lips. But that isn't my idea of acting. Life isn't 'Ooooh, darling' all the time." These are the perspicacious words of a bright girl, not sour grapes, for — as these exclusive *PLAYBOY* photographs attest — Miss Stewart can make a good showing in the un-undied league any time she chooses. She seldom chooses, because she doesn't need pin-up publicity any more than she needs money, and she consented to this rare unveiling before the *PLAYBOY* lens for exactly the same reason she accepts screen roles: just for the fun of it.

PHOTOGRAPHY FOR *PLAYBOY* BY FRANK SCHALLWIG



These revealing photographs of film star Elaine Stewart, taken in her home in Beverly Hills, were sanctioned because she personally felt "PLAYBOY's pictures are always in the best possible taste and I think it would be fun to pose for you."





ALKY ERA *(continued from page 47)*

water and flavoring, and it was ready to drink immediately, with no nonsense about aging. In the early days gin was made by professionals who knew how to flavor it with essence of juniper berry, but later the flavoring was sold in drug stores and anyone could make the stuff. It was not often made in bath tubs because of the nuisance of siphoning out the last couple of bottles and because of the inevitable wastage down the drain. The simplest way to brew up a batch was to fill a gallon jug half with water—distilled water, if you wanted to be fancy—and half with alcohol. Then you added the juniper juice, corked it and rolled it back and forth across the floor a few times for mixing. The molecular action of the alcohol and water made the stuff warm and it was considered the mark of a connoisseur to let it cool to room temperature before drinking it, usually with ice, lemon and ginger ale.

For ambulant social consumption you carried the gin in a pint flask of Britannia metal, which imparted no taste—a tinny flavor would have improved much of the gin, at that—and drank it with setups. A 12-ounce bottle of ginger ale with ice and lemon cost a dollar in the better places, and usually there'd be a cover charge of three dollars or so. Gin was popular because, everything considered, it was safest. If you could be reasonably certain that your alcohol wasn't absolutely deadly, you didn't have much to worry about.

There were other compounds available, though. By 1928, extracts for making rye, bourbon, brandy and even such esoteric potables as anisette were available to the home chemist. All you needed was a source of straight A and the coordination of a chimpanzee. You bought the flavoring at a store—in New York they were called "Cordial Shops"—and added it to the alcohol. In time you learned little tricks. Some people added glycerine to smooth the stuff out. Others used Karo syrup or honey for the same purpose. Simpler drinks were also available: cherry whiskey, for example, rosy with soda-fountain syrup. A popular portion for innocent young ladies was a light mixture of alcohol and water, say 65/35, laced with lemon syrup.

There were malt and hops stores, too, to sell the makings for home brew. The malt came in three-pound cans and the label included a recipe for making ginger snaps. (It was possible, and they were good, too.) The stores also sold crocks, rubber hose, bottles, caps and so on. At first you had to buy yeast and hops separately, but soon they were all combined, and you just dumped the can into a big pan and heated it. Then you put it into a crock with five gallons of water and a pound of sugar. You stirred

it for a while and then let nature take over. About a week later you bottled it. You put a spoonful of sugar in each bottle first, for carbonation, and in some areas a magic pill called "Do More" was popular. Sometimes the stuff was good, sometimes it was terrible, but nobody ever threw it away. You drank it.

You could make wine, too. The malt stores sold grape juice in kegs. The kegs carried a dire warning in red: "DO NOT LET THIS KEG STAND WITH THE BUNG OPEN FOR SIX WEEKS. DO NOT AGITATE THE KEG UNDER THESE CONDITIONS. IF YOU DO, AT THE END OF SIX WEEKS YOU WILL HAVE WINE AND THIS IS ILLEGAL." Some people preferred wine bricks, a concentrate of grape juice in solid form. You tossed one into a keg, added water and followed the red-letter formula. Wine bricks cost a dollar and a half and one would make five gallons of wine, to use the term in the loosest fashion.

The necessary alcohol came from everywhere under the sun. The best was government issue, of course, 188 proof. Drug stores had it for prescription-making, and if a bootlegger admitted making his own stuff, instead of getting it right off the boat, he was likely to tell you that his brother worked in a drug store, or that he was a chemist with unlimited access to the real stuff. Drug store alcohol cost \$20 a gallon and was the only truly "straight" alky on the market. All other alcohol was cut with water. The alcohol that was delivered to my kitchen in a gallon can every Saturday for years was pure enough, but it tested at less than 100 proof, and cost \$5 a gallon.

Most A was "cooked." It was industrial alcohol, paint remover, lacquer solvent or some other deadly poison which had been boiled until the lethal ingredients had largely volatilized. Alky cooking was a very big business, and every big city had illicit plants turning out thousands of gallons a day. Alky cooking was a cottage industry, too. A small still on the stove could convert coarse yellow corn sugar into alcohol neatly and easily. Huge organizations grew up engaged in the business of delivering corn sugar to thousands of homes and apartments, collecting and paying for the finished product a gallon or so at a time. It was a small business, like wine-making, but it gave the women folks a profitable pastime. It solved the question of what to do with Grandma. She could always watch the still.

Amateur distillation of the finished product, finished except for the vital aging process, that is, was largely a rural endeavor because of the resultant odor. If you tried to set up a medium-sized still in the back yard of a city home, somebody would rat on you and the Federals would shortly call. In the prov-

inces you could hope to dissipate the telltale odor in the wide-open spaces. The Southerners were best at it, since they'd been in training since Colonial times. They made corn, and for some reason they packaged it in Mason jars. Many an unrepentant citizen can remember the cool caress of moonshine running into his ears as he tried to drink out of a Mason jar in a speeding Model T. To expedite deliveries, and foil the lurking Feds on the way, the Southern moonshiners developed a kind of Q-ship on wheels: a dismal-looking coupé equipped with a big hairy engine in front and truck springs in the rear, the better to cope with the weight of Mason jars and corn. Accepted practice was to run these formidable *voitures* over the mountain roads at night and without lights, and as fast as they'd go. I rode passenger, or shotgun, in one of them in Kentucky. I stared through the windshield in sheer horror, immovable, for about five minutes. Then I unscrewed a short jar of the stock and anesthetized myself. I wasn't afraid to die—I just didn't want to know about it.

Most people drank corn practically as soon as it was cool. Wiser men laid it down in charred kegs for a few months. But corn wasn't the only regional moonshine. In the cherry-orchard country of Wisconsin there was something called St. Nazienz, a cousin, twice removed, of cherry brandy. Minnesotans made wheat wine, and New Jersey farmers cooked applejack. There were two kinds of apple: distilled and frozen. The distilled stuff was made like whiskey, by running hard cider through a still. The frozen stuff was easier to produce: you just set a barrel of hard cider outdoors and let it freeze. Then you bored into the center, where the alcohol had concentrated. You drained that off and threw the rest away. The stuff may not have been as palatable as a fine calvados, but it had no less authority.

If you lacked the enterprise to brew up your own booze, and didn't want to patronize the thugs who had it for sale, you could make do quite acceptably with various synthetics openly sold. There were the beef-iron-and-wine tonics, usually 50 percent alcohol. There were flavoring extracts and mouthwashes. You needed kidneys like truck radiators, but you could get loaded, and that, after all, was the prime consideration. Vanilla extract would do until the manufacturers found a way to make it without alcohol, and I have had Listerine highballs, which are ghastly—although a small bottle of Listerine added to a dishpanful of canned grapefruit juice and alky gave it, for some tastes, a distinctive bouquet. With or without Listerine, grapefruit juice was considered the uni-

(concluded on page 86)



"Harriet! You're not going old fashioned on me now!"



"And then he seduced me. And it wasn't the first time, either!"



joun'cē·ing in thē dēr'biss

A HALF CENTURY after Kitty Hawk, one of aviation medicine's major problems — the Transoceanic Syndrome, characterized by paralytic pernicious boredom — remains only partly solved. Neither light reading nor small talk will help on a long flight, for the very adjectives "light" and "small" show that these are petty weapons soon worn out. There is only one escape: sleep. But how to attain it in an upright Z-position which can be changed only to three increasingly excruciating angles? Liquor is cheap aloft and effective for a time, of course, but on a really long jump there comes the inevitable headachy insomnia twice as bad as before. Dramamine was a promising drug, but laboratory-bound chemists worked on it until they produced a "clean" pill without what they thought were undesirable side effects, that is, the tendency to knock the patient out for a few hours of blessed repose.

The air traveler, however, is not completely without resource. For him who must fly, I can recommend any philology book set in small type and replete with passages such as:

The primitive voiceless mutes pass in Gothic into the corresponding aspirates, the primitive voiced mutes into the corresponding voiceless mutes, and the primitive voiced aspirates into the corresponding voiced mutes.

Aided by a moderate nip from the sky lounge, a few learned lines on the laws of language will overcome all but the most stubborn cases of aerial insomnia. Of course, the subject need not be philology. It can be epistemology, eschatology or 19th Century economics. Any abstruse subject will do so long as it fulfills two conditions: (1) it must be writ-

ten in an almost-but-not-quite incomprehensible jargon; and (2) it must be the kind of science whose mastery you've always promised yourself as soon as you found the time. One precaution: you must not really become interested. To want to be interested is all right, even imperative, but to become truly interested is disastrous. You are then doomed to sleepless hours of watching your feet swell over your shoe tops.

I issue this warning because I myself am in need of a new anodyne. Philology's opiate qualities were destroyed for me by my seatmate on a flight from Paris to New York. He was a GI, homesick for the prairie he had left a year before. He was the chummy type, and from the takeoff he hit the right droning note. Half listening to his monolog and half reading my good gray book, I had passed the evening in intermittent unconsciousness. And then the Lone Ranger brought the science of language to life for me forever by saying: "Finally I managed to get me some good eats in France when I remembered that the French for *filet mignon* was *châteaubriand*." I was hooked. Philology is real, and the historical process it studies was hard at work right at my elbow. I became a wakeful witness to the mauling and pummeling that shapes our language.

"When I left camp for home," he said, "on my way through France I vowed to treat myself to the best them foreigners had. I was going to stay at the King George Sank the Fifth Hotel and drink champagne wine all day. But first buck out of the chute, me and the management fell out. I checked in a mite early and the room wasn't even made up yet. They was derbiss every whichaway."

"Derbiss?" I mused. "Derbiss? Ah, yes,
(continued on page 102)

high in the sky, a brand new language was being born

LOVING COUPLE

fiction By EDWARD WELLEN



DAVIDSON



HE IS RESTING comfortably now, poor dear. I must be extremely quiet while I go about preparing our supper.

How his lamentably waxen face will light up when I tote in our hot trays and sit at his bedside in the candleglow! And that reminds me, we are running low on matches.

Neither of us is given to smoking — not that he could smoke in his present condition or that I would all at once take up smoking at the age of 51 (Heavens, how the years go by!), even to calm my nerves, lest the smoke annoy him. So it has worked out quite nicely that I thought of serving our evening meals by candlelight, making it essential to have on hand boxes of matches.

I see I have barely enough for this evening.

Now I must give my careful attention to scraping the antimony sulphide from the matches and then dissolving it in his dose of medicine.

None of that. It is a bitter thing, but he must see no tears. That would be foolish when my sole aim is to end his suffering.

No, it is right that he go while he is cheerful. I have heard that this strange cheerfulness is a sign of the end, so I am in a way only helping Nature.

There. Now to go in. Smile. It is hard, but smile.

Later I shall go out and buy a new plant for his night table. And while I am at it I shall get more matches.

SHE IS TIPTOEING about, trying not to disturb me, the darling. I truly believe it is harder on her than it is on me.

How contrary living is! And that necessarily goes for dying, which is after all a phase of living. I grow cold to think that only a short month ago I would have fumed with silent fury at her obtrusive efforts to be unobtrusive.

I know quite well I would have found all her little attentions and all her pathetic attempts at maintaining a soothing atmosphere extremely trying. That is the way of the ill. But now that I have cast the die I find myself oddly at peace and strangely unirritable. And I am happy that this is so, more for her sake than for my own. For she has been putting herself out to make my waning days happy ones.

And indeed they are, relatively speaking, happy ones. I have won the strength to bear the pain. I enjoy the fine meals — and even the ridiculously sentimental candlelight.

Upon reflection, this last truly touches me and I find myself loving her more than ever and feeling surer of the step I am taking.

I must die quickly. I must no longer be a burden to my beloved.

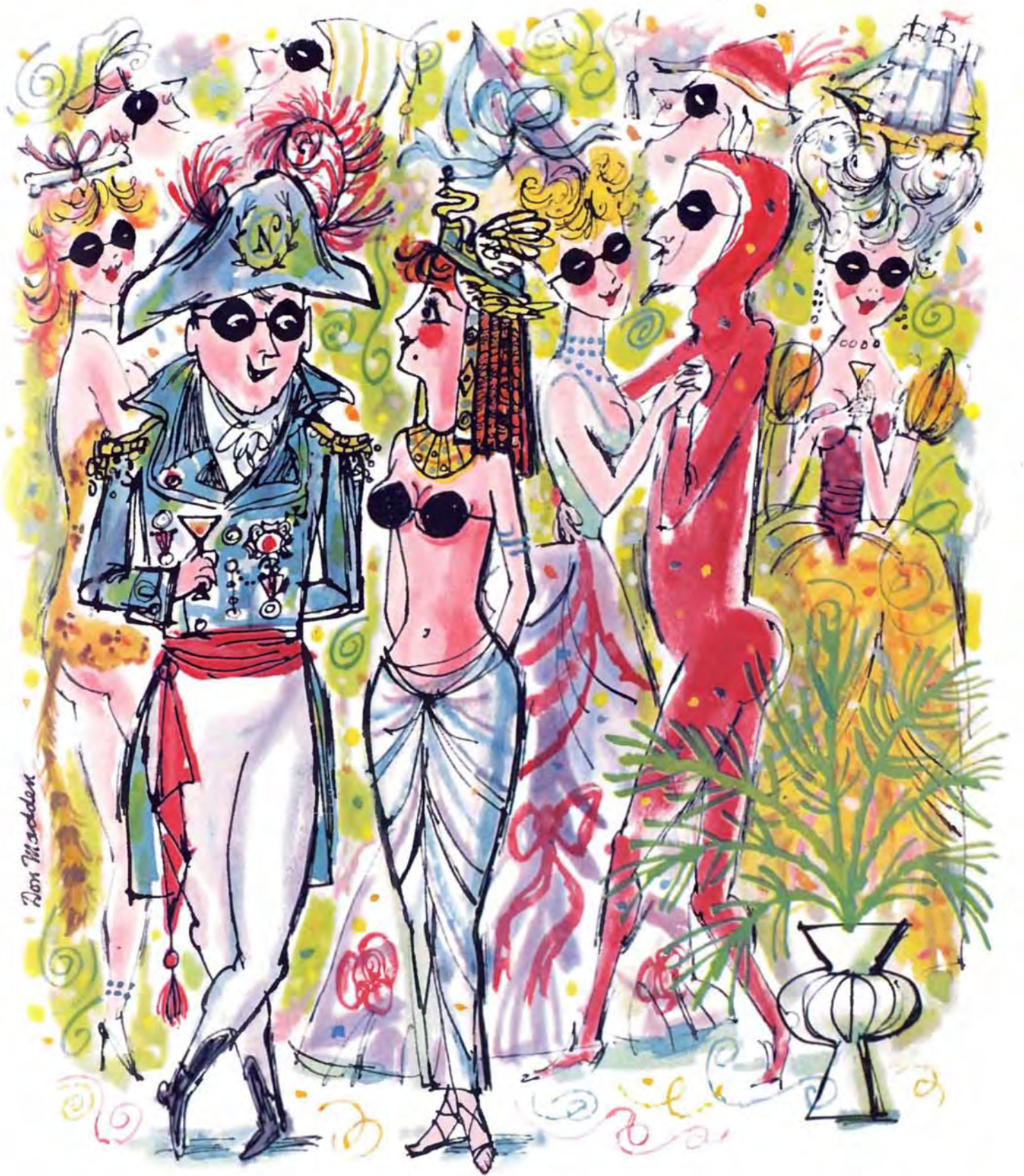
I hear her coming.

Now that I have settled it all in my mind, how easy it is to answer her sweet smile.

Yes, I shall keep spilling the healing medicine into the flower pot. Too bad the plant has died from the excessive moisture.



destiny dealt a sardonic game of doubles



"Time to unmask, Miss Crawford."

ALKY ERA (continued from page 80)

versal solvent and when I was in college no self-respecting fraternity would consider setting up a party without a few hotel-size tins of the stuff on hand. The Dekes used to give their dates something called simply "snow" (maybe this is the origin of "snow job") which was vanilla ice cream beaten up with straight A. Mixed properly you couldn't taste the alcohol, possibly because the cold ice cream dulled the taste buds, and many a dear little girl wildly overestimated her capacity to handle the stuff. And many an all-American boy, if it comes to that.

A word that frightened the uninitiated was "Jake," short for Jamaica ginger, a remedy for stomach ailments. Good Jake ran about 96 percent alcohol—that's 196 proof. It came in four-ounce bottles, each packing the equivalent jolt of perhaps eight contemporary martinis. I've seen people dump four ounces of Jake into a malted milk glass, add ice and Coca-Cola and drink it in 20 minutes. They were very drunk for a short while before they passed out. You could get really stiff on Jake, and by stiff I mean literally rigid. The trouble with Jake was that the government persuaded the makers to poison it, so that more than 30 drops, the prescribed dose to be taken in hot water, would have serious results when taken, in the label term we all knew so well, internally. People began dying from Jake. But good Jake was all right, taken slowly with plenty of cracked ice. The cracked ice was to convince you that your throat was not being burned off in strips.

Toward the end of the great drought, when repeal was almost in sight, most earnest drinkers got down to essentials. They drank ginger ale or Silver Spray or Green River dosed with straight A, or they drank near-beer that had been "spiked" or "needled." There were a lot of near-beers on the market, some of them pretty good. Kingsbury Pale, for example, was superior. You opened the bottle, filled the neck with alcohol, decanted it into a big glass or a mug. If you preferred to drink it out of the bottle, you used a technique known as "heeling." You put your thumb carefully over the neck of the bottle after you'd added the alcohol, slowly upended it and then struck the bottom a smart jolt with the heel of your shoe, or your date's shoe. The theory was that the shock miraculously mixed the beer and alcohol molecules. It was considered poor form for the bartender to heel the beer before serving it, although some experts contended that the alcohol would destroy any bacteria lurking on his big fat thumb, so what difference did it make? Roadhouse bartenders were not often moved by niceties of this or any other type. When I was in college a favorite

gentleman tended bar at a joint called Julie's. He was esteemed because if, after you'd had a few, you accused him of shorting the amount of alcohol he was putting into the bottle, he'd undertake to get rid of you the quickest way: he'd pour out some beer and really load it up. It was a nice arrangement, satisfactory to all. You were shortly dead drunk. This had been your aim, so you were happy, and you were quiet, so the barkeep was happy. It wasn't *his* alky, he was just a hired hand. And since the alcohol was usually in a big dishpan, it was as easy to put in two jolts as one. Reason for the dishpan was that it was quick to empty in the event of a raid. One movement and it was down the drain, whereas bottles might gurgle long enough for the Feds to grab a sample. Without a sample, they had no case. In the lush speakeasies elaborate devices were used for this purpose. New York's "21," now one of the nation's most celebrated restaurants, had a complicated arrangement involving a back-bar that tipped, dumping bottles, glasses and all into a chute rigged with sewer-gratings set at an angle. If anything reached the bottom intact it landed on scrap iron.

When Franklin Roosevelt restored sanity to the land with repeal, the kick went out of drinking for a lot of people. Bragging about your hangover was no longer considered smart, and people began to nurse the suspicion that you were a lush instead of just a fun-loving boy. And hangovers produced by legal booze were the palest imitations of the real thing anyway. Only prohibition rotgut could build a hangover that made death seem really and truly an attractive alternative. After all, the stuff was poison by any standard. I've seen medical students spiking beer with laboratory alcohol, its bright blue color advertising its deadliness. I've seen them next morning. They were living, if you could call it that. Actually they were in a borderline state between hangover and total extinction.

The Twenties were mad and gay, to be sure, but in a desperate kind of fashion. The country was awash with bad liquor and everybody drank as if there'd never be any more; but much more liquor is drunk today, I'm sure, and far fewer people, paradoxically, get drunk. And I think they have more fun. In the Twenties the idea was to be gay if it killed you, to raise hell because it was against the law, to have fun because it was the thing to do. It was a kind of ritual snake dance. Some of the historians of the time, with F. Scott Fitzgerald leading the van, have created the legend that the Twenties were an uninterrupted bacchanalia in worship of liquor, sex and money. Liquor there was, but less than now; money there was, but the

boom that blew up in 1929 was nothing to the boom of the 40s and 50s, and as for sex, it was popular to be sure; but as I've said, more liquor was drunk in the 40s and 50s, more money was made, and if the truth were known, probably more women, too.

The flapper famed in song and story talked a lot about sex. She talked a lot about emancipation, but she was inclined to prove her newly won free status by trying to drink like a man and dress like one. The shingle bob was a man's hair style, and if she wore short skirts, shapelessness was still her ideal. Her waistline was around her hips, to convince you that she had no hips, and the brassiere of the period was a 10-inch-wide horror called a bandeau, cinched up so tight, if possible, as to leave no telltale bulges at all. A girl built like Sophia Loren or Anita Ekberg was an object of pity. The flapper would kill you with the Charleston and the shag and the bunny hug, but she wasn't interested in proving she was a woman. Usually she was afraid, but she'd die before she'd admit it, so she was one of the great teases of all time. There were some notable exceptions, of course; that there were.

All in all, I don't want the Twenties back. It was a crude, rough and vulgar time, as it had to be with the likes of Al Capone and Dion O'Banion running the show. Still, there were moments. I remember a night in Evanston when the host offered a magnum of honest champagne to the couple who could stay under water longest in the pool. He was considerate of the girls, he had bathing caps for each of them; and he put everybody's clothes carefully away in a locked closet where they could come to no harm. I remember watching two Princetons, stoned to the eyeballs on A and grapefruit juice, fighting a duel with four-foot antique rapiers on a lawn near Westhampton, while the girl who was the root of it stood off to one side, slowly undressing in the moonlight and waiting for the blood-letting to be over. They might have killed each other at that; they were working like blacksmiths, but she stopped it finally by walking between them, taking their swords away and leading them *both* into the rose garden while the rest of us watched bug-eyed. An unusual girl. I haven't seen anything like that lately, come to think of it. And I remember a place in Madison, Wisconsin, a cool, wood-paneled little speak to which we used to repair around 11 in the morning, having passed up our eight, nine and 10 o'clock classes, and have a few quiet beers until four o'clock came around and we could start on the serious drinking of the night. Sure, there were a few good things to be remembered — if you lived through it all.



HOW AM I GOING TO KNOW whether my wife is still faithful to me?" asked Monsieur Martin. "We have been married for two years, and it is time for her to develop interests in other men."

"That's easy," said his friend Monsieur Le Blanc, the actor. "Go away on a trip and have your house watched."

"No, I don't want to take a chance like that. It would only encourage infidelity."

"I have an idea. I am an expert at disguises. Pretend to go away, and I can disguise you so well you can make love to your wife and she will never know it's you. You'll know what kind of wife you have without running the danger of throwing her into another man's arms."

"Are you sure she wouldn't recognize me?"

"Absolutely. The hardest part is the voice, but I have a device which when put in the mouth, changes the voice completely."

The husband announced to his wife he would be gone for a month.

A week later, Monsieur Le Blanc presented himself at the house with a handsome military gentleman. "This is Major Carrière. Since your husband is away, I have brought him to help you pass the weary hours."

The pretended officer began by telling Madame Martin she was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. He admired her taste, her intelligence, everything about her.

The next afternoon, Monsieur Le Blanc brought a poet dressed in a velvet jacket and wearing a large bow tie. He was even more exaggerated in his compliments and convinced the lady she had become his muse.

For two weeks the supposed officer and poet took turns calling on the beautiful Madame Martin and making love to her. But she was adamant. In spite of the protestations of love and admiration, she would never permit them to do more than kiss her hand.

At last, one afternoon, she seemed so beautiful and desirable the husband could stand it no more. He tore off his disguise, told his wife of his strategy, praised her for her faithfulness, and then took her upstairs to the bedroom.

Six months later, at a soiree, the young wife met a university student who had a little blond mustache and wavy blond hair. She became interested in him at once, and soon they were meeting in her house, during the sunlit hours when she assumed her husband was at his office.

This had been going on for several months when one day there was a loud knock at her door. Before they had time to do anything except jump out of bed, her husband forced the lock and rushed into the room.

"So!" he cried bitterly, "I have finally caught you in the act. I trusted you completely, and this is what you have done!"

She looked bewildered and innocent. "Oh, my dear husband," she said. "I am as much surprised as you. I thought this young man was you in disguise!"

— Translated by Hobart Ryland

THE DISGUISED HUSBAND

A new translation
from the *Histoires et Contes*
of J. F. Demachy

SIDEWALK (continued from page 60)

maneuvers. Obviously trouble is out of place in the instance of Paul Conway and such a rounded, generous, heel-clacking and softly sliding creature as Kate Barker. But Kate carried a burden of ambition in her sleek little head: an actress she was.

"An actress I am," she murmured, turning to examine her frowning face in the mirror. She smiled at it. It smiled back, showing its teeth.

"A woman you are," said Paul, "and a man am I. Therefore —"

The reason for this discussion of obvious basic matters is that these two nice people had come to what seemed the parting of their ways. That is, they were in love. Paul wanted to marry her; she even seemed, in certain moods, to want to marry him. Frequently this suffices to crush a beautiful friendship.

"You want me?" Kate said. "All right, go easy, you'll have me."

"I love you, Kate."

"Yes, but let's not hurry so. I have so many things to do first! How can I waste all my training, my talents, my —?"

The misery on his face stopped her. She kissed him. He did not kiss back. She kissed him again. He kissed back.

"I love you too," she admitted mournfully. "Isn't it awful?"

"Why?" Paul demanded. "Why awful? Seems to me like it makes the world go around. For example, I'm writing the best annual report of my career at this very moment, figuratively speaking. Yesterday, I mean. And as to my poetry, why, you should see the stuff on top of the stuff in my top drawer. It's great. Not the stuff on the bottom, the stuff on top."

He knew that he had not been a good poet but that now he was doing good work. He felt the change.

"And I, I too," she answered, "I'm a better actress today. Feeling. Depth. Truth and Beauty."

"So?"

"So you know," she said with eyes downcast. "Awful."

Paul had brought Kate good luck, it seemed, and this good luck for her meant bad luck for them. She was offered a fine part in a touring road company of that crusty, easily digestible comedy, *No Laughing Matter*. It would mean being away from New York — including midtown, Greenwich Village and Paul Conway — for perhaps a year. In a year, of course, almost anything can happen; but in a year without Kate, except for flying visits, Paul felt that nothing but brimming misery could happen. Gray loneliness is no fun at all, as anyone who has tried it knows. While he considered this prospect, a black and lowering jut of the jaw came over the sensitive face of Paul Conway, a touch of apeness in the countenance of the annual reporting poet.

He was thinking: Is it better to be the

wife of an unknown poet but well-known nice guy, living in Greenwich Village, than to have a small part in a fairly good road company of a well-tested play?

He was answering his own question: Yes. She would be a dope to risk losing me.

And under the angry apeness crept a chagrined challenge: I'm a fool if I don't capture her.

"Let's go for a bus ride up Fifth Avenue," he said. "Let's walk on Riverside Drive uptown."

"OK," she said, "is that where you want to quarrel? Because, love, I see you have your heart set on a fight." She took his arm and hugged it to her. "Let's not and say we did, all right? Let's look at the river and the boats and the Palisades and the Spry factory. Let's be romantic instead."

Unmollified, he said sullenly, "Change your shoes. Don't wear high heels if we're going to walk."

"But I walk just as well in heels, you know I do!"

Etcetera. This discussion careened rattlingly on, the eternal triangle — man, girl and spike heels. Unfortunately it could be settled by compromise, one high heel and one sandal, so they came to a national, a political, a truly statesman-like solution: Paul gave in. "On the unimportant things," Kate had always said, "you give in to me. On the important things I will give in to you. I think that's only right."

The trouble was that lovely Kate seemed to reserve the right to define what was important and what was not. And now, with a primary question, she entirely disregarded their cheerful solution to haggling. She stuck her small nose in the air and said: "I need to develop my career." Although she was developed in the other ways, intellectual, emotional, stacked, she had that bug crooning in her ear: You're an actress, Kate Barker, you are.

The worst of it was, as Paul had to agree, that the bug did not lie. She had talent. But this humming, buzzing bug could sting her away from him.

What to do? They strolled toward Fifth Avenue, Paul cursing Thespis and Dionysus and Sophocles and Shakespeare and Chekhov and Wilfred J. Wilfred, Jr., the distinguished author of *No Laughing Matter*. It did not help. Kate went smartly by his side. She hoped that Paul would come to Understand. (See "Surrender" in any determined woman's secret inner dictionary.) They sat silently in the bus, the dusk brimming up from the windy streets, down the pink, smoke-grazed, misty sky of Manhattan afternoons. They looked mournfully into each other's eyes with that age-old effort of lovers to read the future and find it

perfect, permanent, although no human effort can be permanent. She sighed. He sighed.

They were in danger of speaking poetry, on the brink, teetering, when the bus leapt forward and a man in a black coat with a fur collar banged his fist against the door, shouting, "Wait! Stop! You, you, you —" to the bus driver, who smiled triumphantly through thin lips as he churned through the traffic. The spell was modified. The world was still with them. Why the devil should that man wear a coat with a fur collar on such a fine autumn afternoon?

They got down from the bus. Paul, who was wearing sensible shoes, stumbled and nearly fell. Kate, who was wearing three-inch heels, caught his elbow. "Oh the breeze from the Hudson," she said. "Really nice."

They walked.

Hard, Paul decided. Firm. Make up your mind irrevocably. That was a hard word to think, so he pronounced it aloud for emphasis: "Irrevocably."

"That's the George Washington Bridge," said Kate. "Well-known architectural feat. International admiration. Very pretty."

Hard, firm, even angry, Paul thought. And so, standing there on the crisp autumn grass in early evening, looking out over the reflected black waters of the river, with all the island at their back and the future before them, hard, firm and angry, he moved to shake her (masterfully), and did; but the shake — that very mind-made-up shake — changed mid-air, midthought, to a mere caress. What other way is there to love?

The masterful way. Paul had difficulty getting to it.

Strongly heated, healthy, Kate leaned against him. She was his, she was all his, her hand and shoulder touched him, the long length of her body under the raincoat touched him, she was not his. She was an actress.

"By God you'll stay!" he shouted.

"Oh dear, oh dear," she said in tender dismay, moving away slightly. He regretted the vanished sweetness of their stroll by the park, but he was furious with plans for her. "Still thinking about that? But I'll see you frequently, Paul." The word frequently made a whistling shrill ring in his ears.

"Who's more important, me or *No Laughing Matter*?"

"You are, of course, silly, but that's my career. How'd you like it if I asked you to stop writing poetry? What is it you've been so busy writing lately, anyway?"

"There's no comparison. It doesn't interfere with us. In fact, it — it — it —" And he recognized the silliness of it. "It makes me a better man for you."

"I know." She touched his cheek. She

(continued on page 107)



THE 1960 PLAYBOY JAZZ POLL

WHITHER JAZZ? Television, radio, movies, fire houses, concert halls, steamboats, college campuses, aircraft carriers, golf courses, theatres and shopping centers—that's whither. Indeed, jazz has become so omnipresent that one funny fellow we know has come up with yet another catchy locale: why not, he asks, play jazz in dark, smoky nightclubs?

With all that jazz coming at you during the year, it's now time to pick your own favorites for the 1960 Playboy All-Star Jazz Band. And you'll be giving a real salute to the jazz musicians you like best when you vote for them in the fourth annual Playboy All-Star Jazz Poll, for a victory in the Playboy Poll is one of jazzdom's loftiest and most sought-after honors. By far the biggest and brightest poll around, it's also the only major jazz contest conducted out-

*vote for your favorites for the
4th playboy all-star jazz band*

CUT ALONG THIS LINE

LEADER

(Please check one.)

- Manny Albam
- Ray Anthony
- Harry Arnold
- Count Basie
- Buddy Bregman
- Les Brown
- Ray Conniff
- Johnny Dankworth
- Frank DeVol
- Kurt Edelhagen
- Les Elgart
- Duke Ellington
- Gil Evans
- Percy Faith
- Maynard Ferguson
- Jerry Fielding
- Terry Gibbs
- Dizzy Gillespie
- Benny Goodman
- Lionel Hampton
- Ted Heath
- Neal Hefti
- Woody Herman
- Harry James
- Gordon Jenkins
- Quincy Jones
- Stan Kenton
- Elliot Lawrence
- Michel LeGrand
- Henry Mancini
- Billy May
- Ray McKinley
- Thelonious Monk
- Herb Pomeroy
- Boyd Raeburn
- Johnny Richards
- Nelson Riddle
- Shorty Rogers
- Pete Rugolo
- Paul Weston

TRUMPET

(Please check four.)

- Red Allen
- Cat Anderson
- Ray Anthony
- Louis Armstrong
- Frank Assunto
- Chet Baker
- Shorty Baker
- Ruby Braff
- Billy Butterfield
- Donald Byrd
- Conte Candoli
- Pete Candoli
- Buddy Childers
- Buck Clayton
- Miles Davis
- Wild Bill Davison
- Sidney De Paris
- Kenny Dorham
- Harry Edison
- Roy Eldridge
- Don Elliott
- Don Fagerquist
- Art Farmer
- Maynard Ferguson
- Dizzy Gillespie
- Don Goldie
- Joe Gordon
- Bobby Hackett
- Al Hirt
- Harry James
- Jonah Jones
- Blue Mitchell
- Ray Nance
- Joe Newman
- Red Nichols
- Sam Noto
- Red Rodney
- Shorty Rogers
- Bob Scobey
- Charlie Shavers
- Jack Sheldon

- Allen Smith
- Rex Stewart
- Charles Teagarden
- Clark Terry

- _____
- _____
- _____

TROMBONE

(Please check four.)

- Fred Assunto
- Milt Bernhart
- Eddie Bert
- Bob Brookmeyer
- Georg Brunis
- Bobby Burgess
- Jimmy Cleveland
- Willie Dennis
- Wilbur De Paris
- Vic Dickenson
- Bob Enevoldsen
- Carl Fontana
- Curtis Fuller
- Al Gray
- Benny Green
- Urbie Green
- Slide Hampton
- Herbie Harper
- Bill Harris
- J. C. Higginbotham
- Conrad Janis
- J. J. Johnson
- Jimmy Knepper
- Kent Larsen
- Abe Lincoln
- Melba Liston
- Don Lusher
- Murray McEachern
- Lou McGarity
- Buddy Morrow
- Turk Murphy
- Kid Ory

- Tommy Pederson
- Benny Powell
- Frank Rosolino
- Jack Teagarden
- Kai Winding
- Britt Woodman
- Trummy Young

- _____
- _____
- _____

ALTO SAX

(Please check two.)

- Cannonball Adderley
- Al Belletto
- Earl Bostic
- Pete Brown
- Benny Carter
- Ornette Coleman
- Paul Desmond
- Lou Donaldson
- Herb Geller
- Gigi Gryce
- Johnny Hodges
- Lee Konitz
- John La Porta
- Charlie Mariano
- Hal McKusick
- Jackie McLean
- James Moody
- Lennie Niehaus
- Art Pepper
- Gene Quill
- Jerome Richardson
- Hymie Shertzer
- Bud Shank
- Zoot Sims
- Willie Smith
- Sonny Stitt
- Phil Woods

- _____
- _____

side of the music trade. The most popular jazzmen in each category—as determined by you—will receive the coveted sterling silver Playboy Jazz Medal; the winners will be invited to blow at the next Playboy Jazz Festival and appear in the fourth *Playboy Jazz All-Stars* two-disc album, a product of intra-industry cooperation among the nation's leading recording companies and issued by PLAYBOY as a non-profit, annual contribution to the world of jazz.

To help make the 1960 poll the most sparkling yet, everyone submitting a ballot will have an opportunity to win a copy of the second *Playboy Jazz All-Stars* album. One hundred voters will be chosen at random from among the jazz ballots received, and will be sent the handsome two-disc album featuring the winners of the second annual poll—at no charge. It matters not how you vote—merely sending your ballot automatically puts you among those eligible for the album. So simply read the instructions that follow, check your favorite jazzmen in the space provided and get your ballot in before the countdown closes.

1. The official four-page jazz ballot is printed below. The artists thereon have been selected by a Nominating Board composed of jazz editors, promoters, representatives of the major recording companies and winners of last year's poll. They have nominated the jazzmen they consider to have been outstanding in the past year. Their nominations should serve solely as an aid to your recollection of jazz artists, not a guide on how to vote. You

CUT ALONG THIS LINE

TENOR SAX

(Please check two.)

- Gene Ammons
- Georgie Auld
- John Bonnie
- Al Cohn
- George Coleman
- John Coltrane
- Bob Cooper
- Bud Freeman
- Stan Getz
- Jimmy Giuffre
- Benny Golson
- Paul Gonsalves
- John Griffin
- Coleman Hawkins
- Bill Holman
- Illinois Jacquet
- Bobby Jasper
- Richie Kamuca
- Harold Land
- Yusef Lateef
- Sammy Margolis
- Warne Marsh
- Eddie Miller
- Hank Mobley
- Jack Montrose
- Sandy Mosse
- Vido Musso
- Dave Pell
- Bill Perkins
- Flip Phillips
- Paul Quinichette
- Sonny Rollins
- Zoot Sims
- Sonny Stitt
- Buddy Tate
- Sam Taylor
- Lucky Thompson
- Charlie Ventura
- Ben Webster
- _____
- _____

BARITONE SAX

(Please check one.)

- Pepper Adams
- Ernie Caceres
- Harry Carney
- Al Cohn
- Charles Fowlkes
- Jimmy Giuffre
- Lars Gullin
- Frank Morelli
- Gerry Mulligan
- Cecil Payne
- Ronnie Ross
- Tony Scott
- Bud Shank
- Jack Washington

CLARINET

(Please check one.)

- Barney Bigard
- Buddy Collette
- Buddy DeFranco
- Pete Fountain
- Jimmy Giuffre
- Benny Goodman
- Edmond Hall
- Jimmy Hamilton
- Woody Herman
- Paul Horn
- Peanuts Hucko
- Rolf Kuhn
- John La Porta
- George Lewis
- Matty Matlock
- Sam Most
- Phil Nimmons
- Art Pepper
- Pee Wee Russell
- Tony Scott
- Bill Smith
- Sol Yaged

PIANO

(Please check one.)

- Toshiko Akiyoshi
- Mose Allison
- Count Basie
- Dave Brubeck
- Ray Bryant
- Barbara Carroll
- Sonny Clark
- Cy Coleman
- Eddie Costa
- Duke Ellington
- Bill Evans
- Tommy Flanagan
- Russ Freeman
- Freddie Gambrell
- Red Garland
- Erroll Garner
- Hampton Hawes
- Eddie Heywood
- Eddie Higgins
- Earl Hines
- Ahmad Jamal
- Pete Jolly
- Hank Jones
- Jimmy Jones
- Wynton Kelly
- Billy Kyle
- Ellis Larkins
- Lou Levy
- John Lewis
- Ramsey Lewis
- Dick Marx
- Dave McKenna
- Marian McPartland
- Thelonious Monk
- Marty Napoleon
- Phineas Newborn, Jr.
- Oscar Peterson
- Bud Powell
- André Previn
- Jimmy Rowles
- George Shearing

- Don Shirley
- Horace Silver
- Nina Simone
- Joe Sullivan
- Billy Taylor
- Lennie Tristano
- Mal Waldron
- Randy Weston
- Roger Williams
- Teddy Wilson

GUITAR

(Please check one.)

- Laurindo Almeida
- Irving Ashby
- George Barnes
- Billy Bauer
- Kenny Burrell
- Charlie Byrd
- Eddie Condon
- Bo Diddley
- Frank D'Rone
- Herb Ellis
- Tal Farlow
- Barry Galbraith
- Freddie Green
- Jim Hall
- Bill Harris
- Barney Kessel
- Mundell Lowe
- Oscar Moore
- Les Paul
- John Pisano
- Joe Puma
- Jimmy Raney
- Howard Roberts
- Sal Salvador
- Johnny Smith
- George Van Eps
- Al Viola
- Chuck Wayne

may vote for any living artists in the jazz field.

2. The nominees have been divided into categories which together comprise the 1960 Playboy All-Star Jazz Band. In some categories you may vote for more than one musician (e.g., trumpet, trombone) because bands normally have more than one of these instruments. Be sure to cast the correct number of votes: too many in a particular category will disqualify all your votes in that category.

3. If you wish to vote for an artist who appears on the ballot, simply place an X in the box before his name. If you wish to vote for an artist whose name was overlooked by the Nominating Board, just write his name in the space provided at the bottom of the category and place an X in the box before it.

4. The leader you select should be currently conducting a band of at least eight pieces. He, and all your other choices, should be picked because you feel that they have been the most outstanding in jazz in the past 12 months.

5. Use all four pages of the ballot and print your name and address on the last page. You may cast only one complete ballot in the poll, and that must carry your correct name and address if your vote is to be counted. This information will also be necessary if you are chosen to receive one of the 100 free Playboy Jazz All-Stars albums.

6. Cut your four-page ballot along the dotted lines and mail it to PLAYBOY JAZZ POLL, 232 E. Ohio, Chicago 11, Illinois. Ballots must be postmarked before November 1, 1959 in order to qualify, so get yours in the mail today. The results of the fourth annual Playboy Jazz Poll will appear in the February 1960 issue.

CUT ALONG THIS LINE

BASS

(Please check one.)

- Don Bagley
- Norman Bates
- Joe Benjamin
- Ray Brown
- Monty Budwig
- Paul Chambers
- Buddy Clark
- Curtis Counce
- Israel Crosby
- George Duvivier
- Johnny Frigo
- Squire Gersh
- Bob Haggart
- John Hawksworth
- Percy Heath
- Mort Herbert
- Milt Hinton
- Chubby Jackson
- Clarence Jones
- Teddy Kotick
- Scotty LaFaro
- Wendell Marshall
- Al McKibbon
- Charlie Mingus
- Red Mitchell
- Joe Mondragon
- Monk Montgomery
- George Morrow
- Oscar Pettiford
- Howard Rumsey
- Eddie Safranski
- Arvell Shaw
- Carson Smith
- Slam Stewart
- Leroy Vinnegar
- Wilbur Ware
- Doug Watkins
- Jimmy Woode
- Gene Wright
- El Dee Young

DRUMS

(Please check one.)

- Dave Bailey
- Ray Bauduc
- Louis Bellson
- Art Blakey
- Marvin Bonessa
- Roy Burns
- Candido
- Kenny Clarke
- Cozy Cole
- Barrett Deems
- Joe Dodge
- Nick Fatool
- Chuck Flores
- Chico Hamilton
- J. C. Heard
- G. T. Hogan
- Red Holt
- Oliver Jackson
- Osie Johnson
- Elvin Jones
- Jo Jones
- Philly Joe Jones
- Connie Kay
- Gene Krupa
- Don Lamond
- Stan Levey
- Mel Lewis
- Shelly Manne
- Lawrence Marable
- Jerry McKenzie
- Joe Morello
- Sonny Payne
- Charlie Persip
- Buddy Rich
- Max Roach
- Art Taylor
- Ed Thigpen
- Ronnie Verrell
- George Wettling
- Sam Woodyard

MISC. INSTRUMENT

(Please check one.)

- Peter Appleyard, *vibes*
- Candido, *bongo*
- Teddy Charles, *vibes*
- Buddy Collette, *flute*
- Bob Cooper, *oboe*
- Don Elliott, *vibes & mellophone*
- Victor Feldman, *vibes*
- Johnny Frigo, *violin*
- Terry Gibbs, *vibes*
- John Graas, *French horn*
- Lionel Hampton, *vibes*
- Paul Horn, *flute*
- Milt Jackson, *vibes*
- Fred Katz, *cello*
- Moe Koffman, *flute*
- Steve Lacy, *soprano sax*
- Yusef Lateef, *flute*
- Herbie Mann, *flute*
- Buddy Montgomery, *vibes*
- James Moody, *flute*
- Sam Most, *flute*
- Red Norvo, *vibes*
- Tito Puente, *timbales*
- Emil Richards, *vibes*
- Shorty Rogers, *Flügelhorn*
- Joe Rushton, *bass sax*
- Bud Shank, *flute*
- Harry Sheppard, *vibes*
- Jimmy Smith, *organ*
- Stuff Smith, *violin*
- Les Strand, *organ*
- Clark Terry, *Flügelhorn*
- Jean "Toots" Thielemans, *harmonica*
- Sir Charles Thompson, *organ*
- Cal Tjader, *vibes*
- Cy Touff, *bass trumpet*
- Art Van Damme, *accordion*
- Frank Wess, *flute*

MALE VOCALIST

(Please check one.)

- David Allen
- Louis Armstrong
- Chet Baker
- Harry Belafonte
- Tony Bennett
- Brook Benton
- Pat Boone
- Alex Bradford
- Ray Charles
- Nat "King" Cole
- Earl Coleman
- Perry Como
- Bing Crosby
- Vic Damone
- Bobby Darin
- Sammy Davis, Jr.
- Matt Dennis
- Fats Domino
- Frank D'Rone
- Billy Eckstine
- Jesse Fuller
- Buddy Greco
- Clancy Hayes
- Jon Hendricks
- Al Hibbler
- Frankie Laine
- Steve Lawrence
- Tommy Leonetti
- Johnny Mathis
- Johnny Pace
- Jackie Paris
- Johnnie Ray
- Jimmy Rushing
- Bobby Short
- Frank Sinatra
- Jack Teagarden
- Mel Tormé
- Bobby Troup
- Joe Turner
- Andy Williams
- Joe Williams

NOMINATING BOARD: Louis Armstrong, Chet Baker, Count Basie, Earl Bostic, Bob Brookmeyer, Ray Brown, Dave Brubeck, Miles Davis, Paul Desmond, Ello Fitzgerald, Four Freshmen, Erroll Garner, Stan Getz, Dizzy Gillespie, Jimmy Giuffre, Benny Goodman, Lionel Hampton, Coleman Hawkins, Hi-Lo's, Milt Jackson, J. J. Johnson, Stan Kenton, Barney Kessel, Shelly Manne, Gerry Mulligan, Oscar Peterson, Sonny Rollins, Frank Sinatra, Kai Winding; Rudi Meyer, Birdland; Frank Holzfeind, Blue Note; Jud Milton, KROD, El Paso, Texas; Louis L. Lorillard, Newport Jazz Festival; John Mehegan, *New York Herald Tribune*; Leonard Feather, PLAYBOY; Don Gold, Playboy Jazz Festival; Wilder Hobson, *Saturday Review*; Creed Taylor, ABC-Paramount Records; Jack Tracy, Argo; Nesuhi Ertegun, Atlantic; Sidney Frey, Audio Fidelity; Dove Cameron, Capitol; Irving Townsend, Columbia; Les Koenig, Contemporary; David Stuart, Good Time Jazz; Art Tolmodge, Mercury; Joy Finegold, Park Recording Co.; Bob Weinstock, Prestige; Fred Reynolds, Bill Simon, RCA Victor; Bill Grouer, Jr., Riverside; Teddy Reig, Roulette; George Wein, Storyville; John Hammond, Vanguard; Norman Granz, Verve; George Avakian, Warner Bros. Records; Richard Bock, World Pacific.



CUT ALONG THIS LINE

FEMALE VOCALIST

(Please check one.)

- Ernestine Anderson
- Claire Austin
- Pearl Bailey
- La Vern Baker
- Connie Boswell
- Jackie Cain
- June Christy
- Chris Connor
- Barbara Dane
- Doris Day
- Marge Dodson
- Anita Ellis
- Ethel Ennis
- Frances Faye
- Ella Fitzgerald
- Eydie Gorné
- Toni Harper
- Pat Healy
- Judy Holliday
- Lena Horne
- Helen Humes
- Lurlean Hunter
- Mahalia Jackson
- Beverly Kelly
- Beverly Kenney
- Teddi King
- Eartha Kitt
- Peggy Lee
- Abbey Lincoln
- Julie London
- Mary Ann McCall
- Carmen McRae
- Mabel Mercer
- Helen Merrill
- Jaye P. Morgan
- Helen O'Connell
- Anita O'Day
- Ruth Clay
- Patti Page
- Lucy Reed
- Ann Richards

- Annie Ross
- Felicia Sanders
- Pat Scot
- Dinah Shore
- Nina Simone
- Keely Smith
- Jeri Southern
- Jo Stafford
- Kay Starr
- Dakota Staton
- Pat Suzuki
- Sylvia Syms
- Sarah Vaughan
- Dinah Washington
- Margaret Whiting
- Lee Wiley

INSTRUMENTAL COMBO

(Please check one.)

- Louis Armstrong All Stars
- Australian Jazz Quintet
- Chet Baker Quintet
- Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers
- Dave Brubeck Quartet
- Georg Brunis' Dixieland Band
- Kenny Burrell Trio
- Charlie Byrd Trio
- Barbara Carroll Trio
- Cy Coleman Trio
- Ornette Coleman Quintet
- Buddy Collette Quartet
- Miles Davis Sextet
- Buddy DeFranco Quartet
- Wilbur De Paris Sextet
- Dukes of Dixieland
- Firehouse Five plus 2
- Red Garland Trio
- Erroll Garner Trio
- Stan Getz Quintet
- Jimmy Giuffre Trio
- Chico Hamilton Quintet

- Eddie Higgins Trio
- Ahmad Jamal Trio
- J. J. Johnson Quintet
- Jonah Jones Quartet
- Gene Krupa Quartet
- Ramsey Lewis Trio
- Lighthouse All-Stars
- Shelly Manne and his Men
- Mastersounds
- Marian McPartland Trio
- Mitchell-Ruff Duo
- Modern Jazz Quartet
- Thelonious Monk Quartet
- Gerry Mulligan Quartet
- Turk Murphy's Jazz Band
- Red Nichols' Five Pennies
- Red Norvo Quintet
- Oscar Peterson Trio
- André Previn and his Pals
- Max Roach Quintet
- Shorty Rogers' Giants
- Sal Salvador Quartet
- Bob Scobey's Frisco Band
- Tony Scott Quintet
- Bud Shank Quartet
- George Shearing Quintet
- Horace Silver Quintet
- Johnny Smith Trio
- Billy Taylor Trio
- Cal Tjader Quartet
- Toshiko Trio
- Art Van Damme Quintet
- Teddy Wilson Trio
- Kai Winding Septet

VOCAL GROUP

(Please check one.)

- Ames Brothers
- Andrews Sisters
- Axidentals
- Al Belletto Sextet
- Blue Stars
- Cadillacs
- Jackie Cain & Roy Kral
- Crew Cuts
- Davis Sisters
- Ebon-Knights
- Edmonds Sisters
- Four Freshmen
- Four Grads
- Four Lads
- Four Preps
- Hi-Lo's
- Honey Dreamers
- Ink Spots
- Mary Kaye Trio
- King Sisters
- Kingston Trio
- Kirby Stone Four
- Lambert, Hendricks & Ross
- McGuire Sisters
- Mellolarks
- Mills Brothers
- Modernaires
- Moonglows
- Platters
- Signatures
- Spellbinders
- Weavers

Correct name and address must be printed here to authenticate ballot.

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____
 Zone _____ State _____

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OF PLAYBOY
PROUDLY PRESENT

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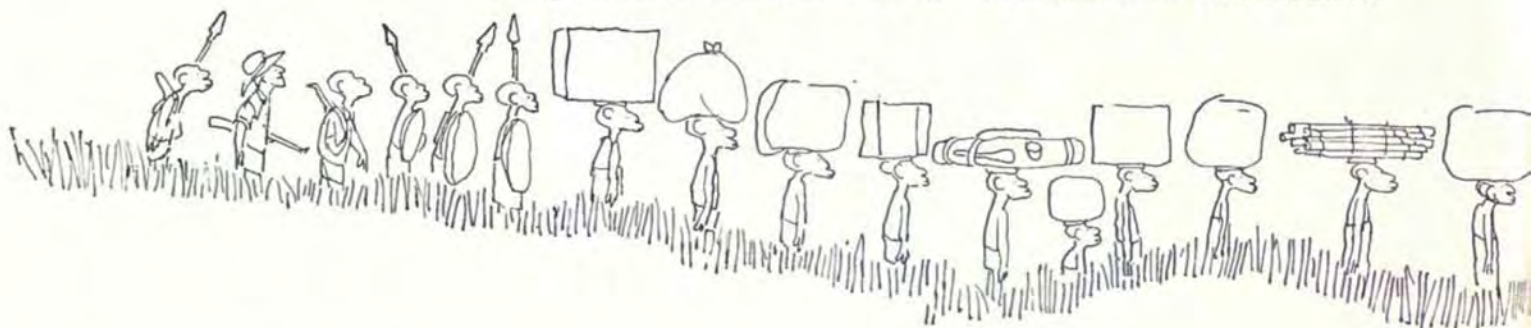
SILVERSTEIN IN AFRICA

THE FABLED THRILLS of big-game hunting in Africa are too enticing for the wandering adventurer to resist for long. Accordingly, after sketching the Arabs, Shel Silverstein went on safari. He proved hunter enough to fell a water buffalo, called the most dangerous game.

As our regular readers well know by now, Shel has traveled yon, hither and thither for *PLAYBOY* these past two years, enjoying adventures in Japan, Scandinavia, England, France, Russia, Italy, Switzerland, Spain and Araby with hardly a scratch on the tough Silverstein hide (he doesn't count the minor wound received in a Spanish bullring). But, returning from this safari in Central Africa, driving along the nearly deserted road to Kampala in Uganda, Shel and photographer-friend Pat Morin collided head on with a truck full of natives. Both men were badly hurt, Shel with his side caved in and left leg slashed open. They asked the natives to take them to a hospital, but the aborigines would do

nothing without payment, and the minds of the two men were so fogged by shock they couldn't remember where they had put their money. The natives left them lying by the side of the road. Hours passed under the white-hot African sun and the two men, unable to move, calculated that they would almost certainly die from their wounds and exposure, if prowling lions, drawn by the scent of blood, didn't eat them first.

Near dusk, a car carrying a Scottish couple came down the road. They took the injured pair 40 miles over a rough and rocky road to a tiny four-bed hospital at Fort Portal. Shel was hospitalized for three months; he came out of the experience 50 pounds lighter, his beard eight inches longer, toting a cane for a persistent, perhaps perpetual limp. But the Silverstein spirit remained undaunted; he brought back to the U.S. a sketch pad full of his humorous personal impressions of the Dark Continent.

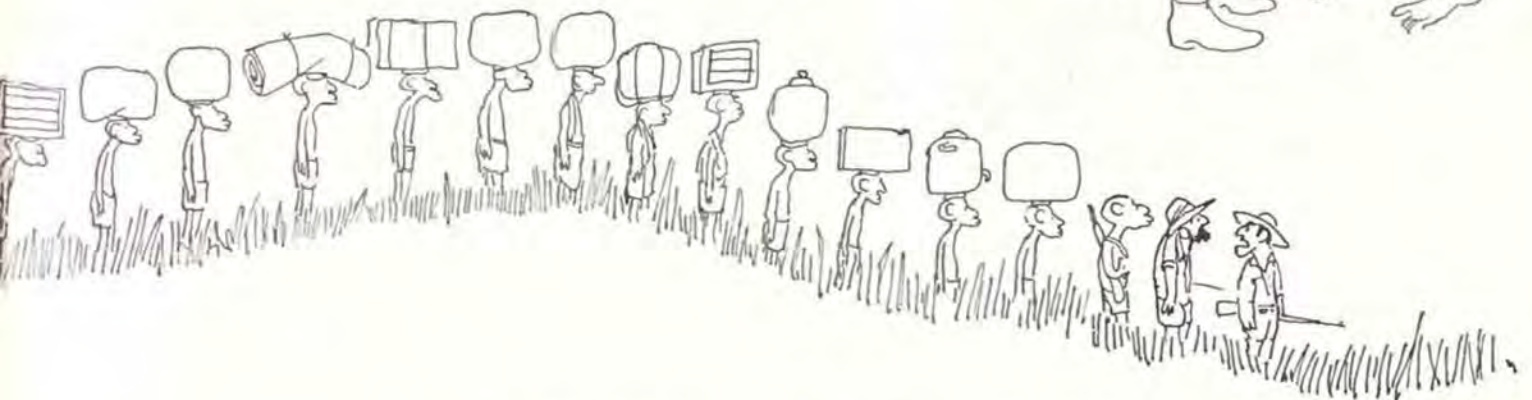


shel courts danger as a big-game hunter on safari



"To be honest with you, Silverstein,
you've given me the greatest challenge
in my 23 years as a white hunter.
I've found lions for Hemingway...
I've found white rhino for Gunther...
I've found Mau Mau for Ruark...
But 18-year-old blue-eyed blondes—
that's really going to take some doing."

"Now these little white things
called aspirins. You take two with a
glass of water and in
10 minutes...headache gone!"



"What do you mean — you just remembered
you can't stand the sight of blood?!"



Having just felled a water buffalo, Silverstein strikes the classic pose of the triumphant hunter. The feat was accomplished in Ubangi country, where Shel hoped to see the fabled saucer-lipped women. He saw none. "Progress!" he snorted.



"...And if you see
Edgar Rice Burroughs,
tell him for me
he's an ungrateful, cheap,
plagiarizing, thieving...."

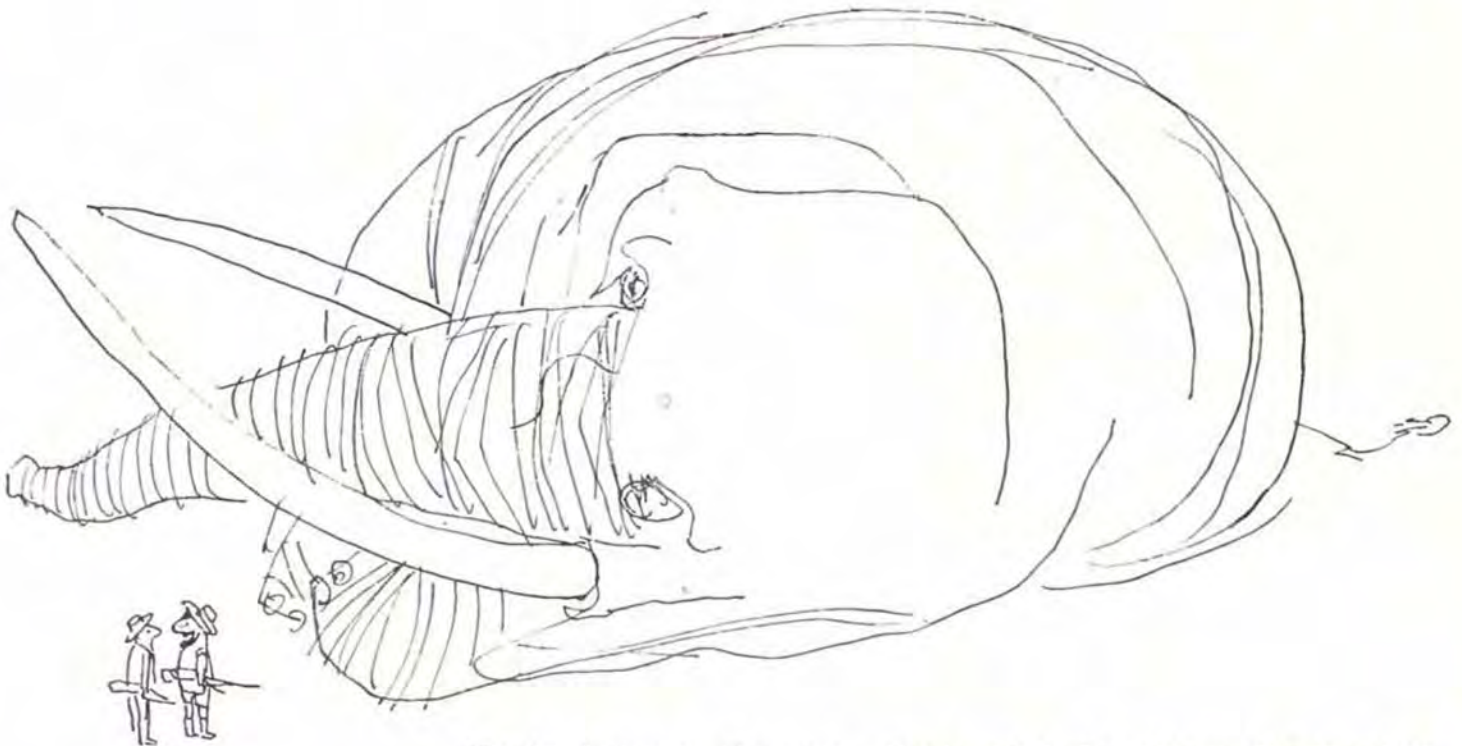


"I guess I'd better explain this in a hurry.
This is the bolt...after each round you pull it back
and the shell ejects. This is your rear sight...
you line this up with your front sight,
allowing for windage and...."

"I send your message to Gulu, Bwana...
Gulu drummer relay message to Mombasa...
Mombasa drummer relay message to Kantaga...
Kantaga drummer relay message to Usumbura...
Usumbura has no drummer, so they telephone
message to Kampala...Kampala drummer...."



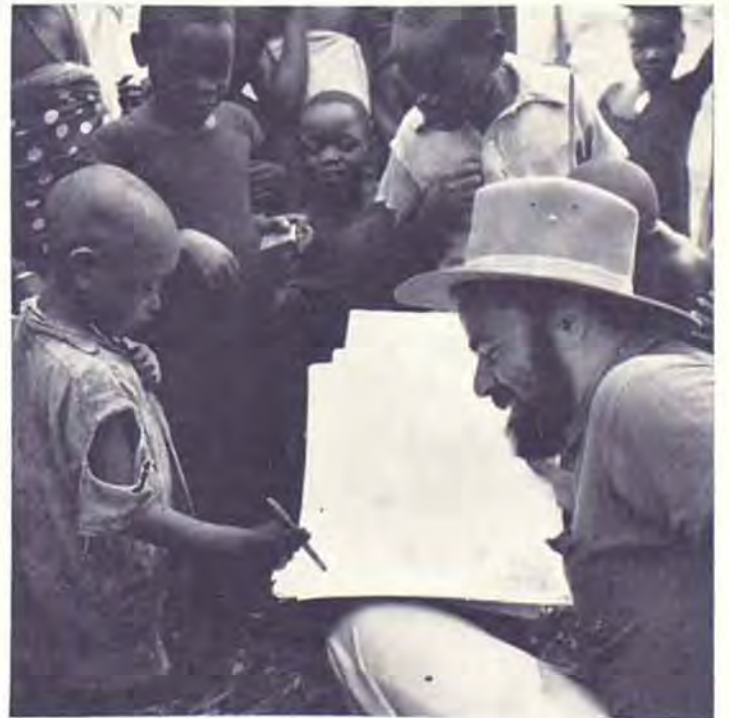
Rifle in hand, cartoonist Silverstein wades in the hippo-infested waters of Lake George in Uganda.



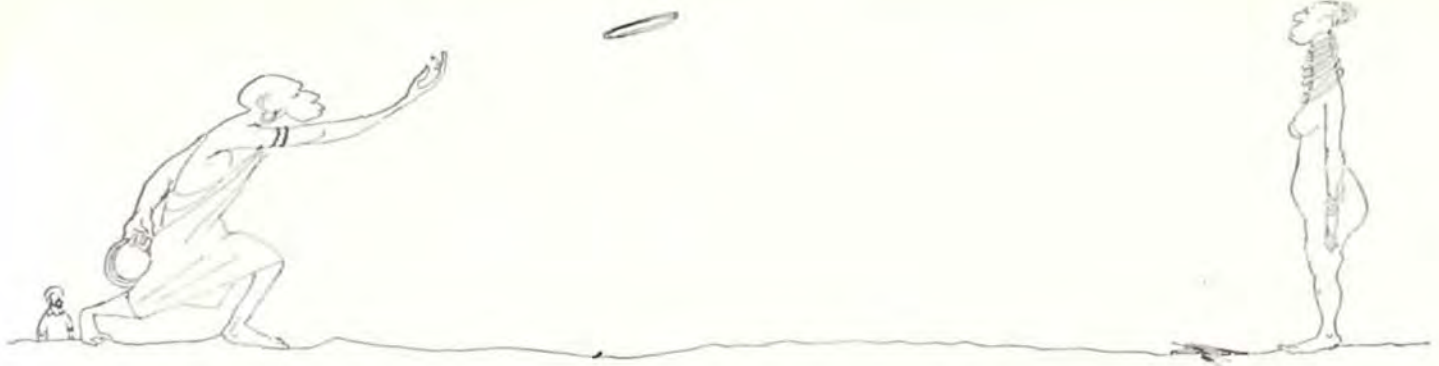
"Right between the eyes. How's that for fancy shooting?!"



"It just wouldn't work out, Ezaba—
you have your world and I have mine!"



Watusi children contribute to Shel's sketch pad. Shel claims the adult Watusi "aren't as tall as they were in King Solomon's Mines." He also claims "the pygmies aren't as short."



A shattered Silverstein was nursed back to health in this miniature four-bed hospital, manned by one English doctor, one German nurse, and natives. He passed the time sketching.



...And so the good kind lion let the little mousey go free
 and later when the lion was trapped in a big net
 and couldn't get loose, the grateful mousey came to his aid
 and gnawed through the net and saved his life and...."

THE BRITISH

Byford '98

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SOCK

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wear 'em
all year
'round

Same size, same shape, after washing. Ankle \$1.50. Garter length \$1.75. For color chart, write Dept. P, Abbey Imports, Inc., Empire State Bldg., N.Y.C.

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801 SOUTH MAIN STREET, BURBANK, CALIF.

VAMPIRE

(continued from page 52)

brokenly, "I simply cannot understand it."

"Come, sit, sit." Doctor Vares pressed the older man into a chair, grimacing at the pallor of him. Nervously, his fingers sought for Gheria's pulse beat.

"Never mind me," protested Gheria. "It's Alexis we must help." He pressed a sudden, trembling hand across his eyes. "Yet how?" he said.

He made no resistance as the younger man undid his collar and examined his neck.

"You, too," said Vares, sickened.

"What does that matter?" Gheria clutched at the younger man's hand. "My friend, my dearest friend," he said, "tell me that it is not I! Do I do this hideous thing to her?"

Vares looked confounded. "You?" he said. "But —"

"I know, I know," said Gheria. "I, myself, have been attacked. Yet nothing follows, Michael! What breed of horror is this which cannot be impeded? From what unholy place does it emerge? I've had the countryside examined foot by foot, every graveyard ransacked, every crypt inspected! There is no house within the village that has not been subjected to my search. I tell you, Michael, there is nothing! Yet, there is something — something which assaults us nightly, draining us of life. The village is engulfed by terror — and I as well! I never see this creature, never hear it! Yet, every morning, I find my beloved wife —"

Vares' face was drawn and pallid now. He stared intently at the older man.

"What am I to do, my friend?" pleaded Gheria. "How am I to save her?"

Vares had no answer.

"How long has she — been like this?" asked Vares. He could not remove his stricken gaze from the whiteness of Alexis' face.

"For days," said Gheria. "The retrogression has been constant."

Dr. Vares put down Alexis' flaccid hand. "Why did you not tell me sooner?" he asked.

"I thought the matter could be handled," Gheria answered, faintly. "I know now that it — cannot."

Vares shuddered. "But, surely —" he began.

"There is nothing left to be done," said Gheria. "Everything has been tried, everything!" He stumbled to the window and stared out bleakly into the deepening night. "And now it comes again," he murmured, "and we are helpless before it."

"Not helpless, Petre." Vares forced a cheering smile to his lips and laid his hand upon the older man's shoulder. "I will watch her tonight."

"It's useless."

there's never
been a color
slide viewer
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"Not at all, my friend," said Vares, nervously. "And now you must sleep."

"I will not leave her," said Gheria.

"But you need rest."

"I cannot leave," said Gheria. "I will not be separated from her."

Vares nodded. "Of course," he said. "We will share the hours of watching then."

Gheria sighed. "We can try," he said, but there was no sound of hope in his voice.

Some 20 minutes later, he returned with an urn of steaming coffee which was barely possible to smell through the heavy mist of garlic fumes which hung in the air. Trudging to the bed, Gheria set down the tray. Dr. Vares had drawn a chair up beside the bed.

"I'll watch first," he said. "You sleep, Petre."

"It would do no good to try," said Gheria. He held a cup beneath the spigot and the coffee gurgled out like smoking ebony.

"Thank you," murmured Vares as the cup was handed to him. Gheria nodded once and drew himself a cupful before he sat.

"I do not know what will happen to Solta if this creature is not destroyed," he said. "The people are paralyzed by terror."

"Has it — been elsewhere in the village?" Vares asked him.

Gheria sighed exhaustedly. "Why need it go elsewhere?" he said. "It is finding all it — craves within these walls." He stared despondently at Alexis. "When we are gone," he said, "it will go elsewhere. The people know that and are waiting for it."

Vares set down his cup and rubbed his eyes.

"It seems impossible," he said, "that we, practitioners of a science, should be unable to —"

"What can science effect against it?" said Gheria. "Science which will not even admit its existence? We could bring, into this very room, the foremost scientists of the world and they would say — my friends, you have been deluded. There is no vampire. All is mere trickery."

Gheria stopped and looked intently at the younger man. He said, "Michael?"

Vares' breath was slow and heavy. Putting down his cup of untouched coffee, Gheria stood and moved to where Vares sat slumped in his chair. He pressed back an eyelid, looked down briefly at the sightless pupil, then withdrew his hand. The drug was quick, he thought. And most effective. Vares would be insensible for more than time enough.

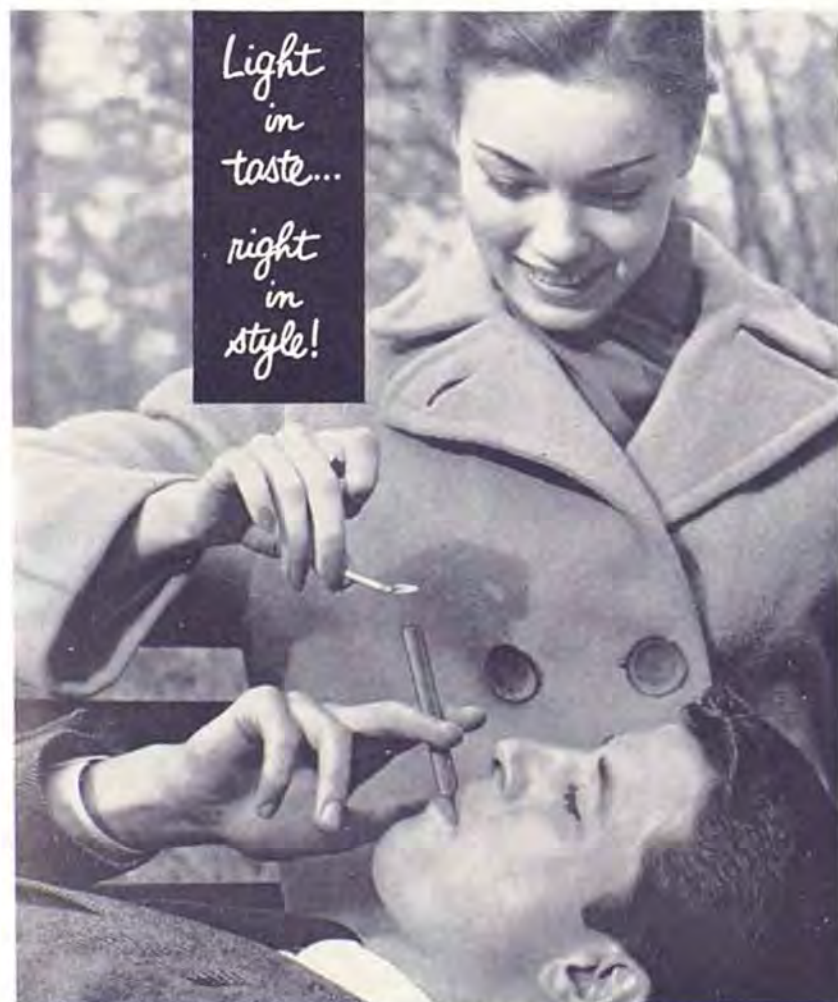
Moving to the closet, Gheria drew down his bag and carried it to the bed. He tore Alexis' nightdress from her upper body and, within seconds, had drawn another syringe full of her blood; this

would be the last withdrawal, fortunately. Stanching the wound, he took the syringe to Vares and emptied it into the young man's mouth, smearing it across his lips and teeth.

That done, he strode to the door and unlocked it. Returning to Vares, he raised and carried him into the hall. Karel would not awaken; a small amount of opiate in his food had seen to that. Gheria labored down the steps beneath the weight of Vares' body. In the darkest corner of the cellar, a wooden casket waited for the younger man. There he would lie until the following morning when the distraught Dr. Petre Gheria would, with sudden inspiration, order Karel to search the attic and cellar on the remote, nay fantastic possibility that —

Ten minutes later, Gheria was back in the bedroom checking Alexis' pulse beat. It was active enough; she would survive. The pain and torturing horror she had undergone would be punishment enough for her. As for Vares . . .

Dr. Gheria smiled in pleasure for the first time since Alexis and he had returned from Cluj at the end of the summer. Dear spirits in heaven, would it not be sheer enchantment to watch old Karel drive a stake through Michael Vares' damned cuckolding heart!



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joun'cel-ing in the der'biss
(continued from page 83)
the Naturalization of the Loan Word."

Words are generally fitted into the sound pattern of the borrowing language to the point where they cannot be distinguished from native words . . .

and, apparently, *debris* had undergone a desert change in the Southwestern air. I had read elsewhere . . .

The formative system of the language has become greatly restricted. If a new word is wanted, instead of producing it from elements already existing in English, we must often go to the Latin or Greek . . .

and, sure enough, the Academician of the Airways continued with: "The manager tried to get smart with me, but I don't Cato to nobody."

An example of borrowing from the classical to make a new word? An allusion to the austere old Roman's hatred of foreign pomp? Hard to say on short inspection. Other speech elements in his later discourse suggest that this formation may owe more to the creative process proposed by Lewis Carroll, the constructing of portmanteau words to combine two meanings in one word—*slithy* for *slimy* and *lithe*; *mimsy* for *miserable* and *flimsy*. Did we have here a case of *Cato* for *cater* to and *kowtow* to? His use of the neologism in the negative supports this latter conclusion. I had to leave the problem for later analysis because he was rushing along, scattering philological derbiss in his wake.

"I was bushed. When I was a dough-foot, I got the very-coarse veins in the legs and so they put me in the mechanized calvary, but all that jounceling around them lousy European roads just swole 'em worse, so as soon as this little frog backed outen the room, I taken off my shoes and I woulda thrun myself in the sack, but I reined up. I remembered I had on my last clean uniform, and I wasn't fixing to go out on no sightseeing in Paris all bed-raggled."

By now I was in a fever. The guy was a regular mine for a philologist. No, not a mine, a spewing volcano. I was frantically scribbling in my notebook.

"Mechanized calvary. . . ." That's more in the province of poetry than of philology. One pictures the painful jounceling (is it onomatopoeia, or a portmanteau of *jounceling* and *mangling*?) as the delicate leg veins swell and coarsen in protest. A Golgotha on wheels.

And consider *bed-raggled*. I could see that I had to do with a master image-maker, one of those daring experimen-

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"Goodness, Mr. Blandorf—I thought only stars got their own private dressing rooms!"

talists who have not shackled the imagination with nit-picking grammatical purism. Even after a year in Germany, his unfettered spirit rose above the prefix *be-* as a Germanic morpheme operative in English in lineal descent from Anglo-Saxon. He had not been stationed in Iceland, and so it is unlikely that he had traced the evolution of the Old Norse *dralla* to its present form of *draggle* as a frequentative of *drag*. To him leaped the vision of a last clean uniform all ragged (portmanteau of *rag* and *rumped*) by rolling on a bed. Bed-raggléd clothes simply looked as though they had been slept in.

"I coulda had the maid mash out a few clothes for me," he said, "but I ain't never been much for having servants. When somebody waits on me it makes me wreathe inside. Especially a lady. I won't even let my mom lawn the grass when I'm home."

"Lawn the grass" is a refreshing and reassuring sign that among the yeomanry, unbeknownst to Madison Avenue and the Pentagon, the people are still using the potent Functional Change in the hardy old way. When my seatmate, and presumably his kin and friends, want to toss a noun into the verb spot in a sentence, they do it without pretentious piddling. I'm glad his mom doesn't lawnize the grass.

"I wanted to see Paris, but I couldn't walk because the bus from Germany I come in was one of them doom cars, and I had give myself the back evil."

Smoky visions of a devil's chariot riding through nightmare landscapes came to my mind. "Doom car?" I asked.

"Sure. You know. With a big glass doom. That's how I came to get the back evil, stretching and rubbernecking at the sights."

"Back evil. . . ." Well, what, after all, is *mal à la tête* . . . *mal de mer* . . . *mal au coeur*? I made a note to try to trace this construction back to his ancestor's first impact with the Norman conquerors who probably sprinkled plenty of *mal au dos* around the English countryside.

"The cab I caught was the most rambleshacky old tub I ever seen."

The image-maker was back at work. *Rambleshacky* for a French taxicab is worthy of moving into the speedways. There is nothing more like a shack which rambles than an ancient G7 Renault colored the same dull maroon as the abandoned cabins falling apart among the shrinking cotton acres of the Southwest.

"We tawdled along down the Champs till this dame run across in front of us. She bunked her toe on the curb and fell. I shoved a forkful of that funny money

at the cabby and humped out to help her up. She had skunt herself up some, so I taken her to one of them little chairs and tables they clumber up the sidewalks with. I told the fluky to fetch us some coe-nee-ack, but he dumbed up on me and so the kid had to get through to him in their talk. I taken a good look at her.

"She was mighty quiet, just sipping the grapejack and smiling at me. Seeing as how I don't speak nothing real good, excusing English, I had to try her on that. She acted like she understood all right, so I started in on the snow job—about my daddy being a rich oilman and me being a big spender just out of Harvard College and only in the Army just for kicks.

"I was making good time, I thought, and just getting to the part about being rich and lonesome in the big city when she laughs and puts her hand on my arm and says, 'Tell me, Daddy, how did you know I was also a college grad?' in this Yankee-type English just as good as you or me. This kid was an American all the time, see?

"We talked some more and drunk a lots more hooch, but somehow my snow job didn't go across." He fell silent, staring glumly at his glittering boots. "She was a sweet kid, but somehow our twains never met."



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He shoved his hands into his pants pockets, pushed his overseas cap over his eyes and fell instantly asleep, only mildly troubled by the ache of what might have been.

He fell instantly asleep, but not I. Philology as an opiate was finished. I lived that flight out by sorting my notes till dawn, but I have a flight to Australia coming up. For most of two days I shall be seated in a space smaller than a mop closet. For two days I'll not lie down even for a second, and I'll stand only for a few short moments.

But I do not despair. I have found a volume of one of the splinter sects of psychoanalysis, a subject I've always meant to learn more about. My book contains page after page of prose like this:

Reality is revealed as uncoupled with annuality. . . . The unconscious periodicity of the *rhythms* of certain paradigmatic gestures reveals preoccupation with the gynoclatry inherent in archaic hierological practice.

Very promising. I don't think I'll be troubled on the flight, unless, of course, I sit next to a girl whose paradigmatic gestures reveal an unconscious impulse to ritualistic adultery in small crowded places.



ROLE OF CONTINENTAL

(continued from page 48)

give a bit of added width, and a sharpness to the angle between jacket and sleeve — in marked contrast to the natural curve of Ivy.

All these influences are apparent to some degree in the modified Continental suits which find greater favor here than abroad, even among those men whose personalities thrive on being somewhat daring in dress, since the comfort and ease of motion to which Ivy has accustomed us is too dearly prized to be completely given up. In the modified Continental (as in all new styles of clothing in every era) there are wide oscillations in tailoring. The modifications all these suits share — less padding at the shoulder, less pinching at the waist, less cut-away curvature of the jacket skirt — show their Italianate heritage, but there their similarities give way to all manner of variations. Lapels may be shawl, semi-peaked, or high-peaked, though all are narrow. Vents may be side or center, or none. Breast pockets may or may not be present. Side pockets are slashed to varying degrees, some of them welted, some plain, some flapped. Jackets can be three- as well as two-button. The trousers may sport one narrow pleat. Some tailors who label their clothes Continental, cut and detail the trousers in exactly

the same way that the newer Ivy slacks are cut — no belt loops, low "frontier" slash pockets (borrowed from Levis?) and a front overlap on the waistband.

The major aspect of the American Continental is its subtle *suggestion* of those details which characterize the extremer styles. Thus, it captures the general feeling of sophisticated elegance with a hint of fit at the waist, a bit of squaring in the shoulders but without padding, and with a slight shortening of the jacket. Many cutters, mindful of the urban popularity some years ago of the English Edwardian look, are cuffing jacket sleeves, with or without piping. Only a touch less formal than the extreme and modified Continental, the American version, which shows its Americanism in its relaxed comfort, attains its distinction via Continental detail rather than radical design. But in the American Continental, as in the modified, there is, this fall, a wide selection of tailoring variations — which you can exploit to your advantage. Basketball players and other tall types should seek the longer jackets of the American and modified styles. Men with a bit of executive spread where they sit will want to employ a rear-view mirror in deciding whether to go for no, side, or center venting. Such balefully negative considerations aside, the man who's shopping for Continental clothing owes

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it to himself to try a few of the many variations available before selecting those he'll buy.

And now we are ready to answer the question, if it still exists in anyone's mind: will Continental replace Ivy? Of course not. Like Ivy, it is more potent as an influence than as a national trend. Even today, only about 20 percent of the men's clothing sold in this country is genuine Ivy; but the reduction of padding and the general slimming (and the death of the double-breasted) which characterize 90 percent of men's clothing are evidences of the influence of Ivy. And so it is with Continental: the influence of the style will be widely felt, but the Continental suit itself will remain sufficiently rare to assure its wearers that added distinction of appearance which emanates from being tastefully apart from the herd. Good Ivy and good Continental are and will remain vital and complementary parts of the complete urban wardrobe. The former's correctness for casual and comfortable daily wear is matched by the latter's appropriateness for all those special occasions this side of the dinner jacket or tails.

The word Continental, of course, does not apply solely to suits. The accessories and haberdashery which live happily with your Ivy outfits will hardly do in company with Continental suits. Continental shoes are slimmer, thinner, more flexible; shirts are more form-fitting and have narrower sleeves (button-downs with Continental are as out as wide handpainted ties). Best collar style is the short spread, with round and tab running close seconds. Because more shirting shows 'neath the Continental jacket, you will want to pay greater attention to accompanying shirtings. Very Continental indeed are the demi-bosom shirt or microscopic pleats. Restrained patterned shirtings are also correct. Ties should be narrow and short enough so the ends don't protrude from the cut-away, short jackets.

As a matter of fact, the matter of correct accessories for the Continental suit can hardly be overstressed. You may choose to go hatless in Ivy, or let that shoeshine go another day; or you may affect a slouch-brimmed hat that might be more suitable for fishing. No one will begrudge you these occasional eccentricities. But once you've donned a Continental suit, you should be meticulously attentive to its accessories—and to the condition they are in, unless you're content to be as oddball as a man wearing tux and sneakers. The right accoutrements, regularly accorded the ministrations of the valet shop, are an essential part of the Continental outfit. Top it off with a Homburg or bowler—and step out in Continental style.

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SIDEWALK

(continued from page 88)

appreciated the seriousness which made him willing to risk looking foolish. "I know, and you're not one of those foolish little poets, either. You're my tall clever Paul. But don't you think being happy with my career, my talent — why not use the word? — makes me a better woman, too?"

"But it interferes."

"Not really. Not unless you look at it that way."

"How else can I look at it? You'll be in Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, Kansas City, St. Louis, Dallas, Houston —"

"Sh," she said, putting her finger on his mouth, "sh. Calm yourself, Mister Geographer."

"And I'll be writing my annual report and my verse and my other project all alone." He thought a moment. An ominous coolness fell over him. "Maybe alone," he said.

Well, so it goes, so it went. They disagreed away the evening, most uncontentedly, the way fierce lovers sometimes must. This devouring part of love makes it hard for everyone. It might be assumed, however, from what very often happens in such cases, that this is also the habit of true lovers. One would think that, since Kate loved Paul and Paul loved Kate, and in this romance the only serious triangulation was provided by Career in Road Company, it would be easy to solve the problem. Is it not better, as Paul argued, to be the wife of a steady poet than to have a secondary part in a fairly mediocre success?

Impossible to decide without the quarrel.

The quarrel taught Kate something about what she could lose, to wit, Paul. She remembered all at once her awful echoing midtown loneliness without him. He was striding silently by her side, not talking, distant, measuring himself away from her. He might just as well have been with someone else. In fact, she understood that he was already imagining someone else while she flourished briefly in Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, Kansas City, etcetera.

So the quarrel taught her about loss and Paul at her side reminded her of gain.

She saw him looking intently at the chalk scrawl on the sidewalk and she wondered, What's he brooding on — another girl? She touched his arm. "Please, Paul, what are you thinking about? Tell me."

"That phrase on the sidewalk — I saw the same thing downtown. It's beautiful, Kate, it's great poetry. Maybe he walks all over New York writing it."

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"But you seem so abstracted," Kate said. "so distant. What are you thinking about — Carmen?"

"And Leroy, too. I have an idea for a play — oh, a little comedy, something sweet and touching and off-Broadway that could be done at the Timely Playhouse. They suggested I try a play for them. There would be a part for you —"

"For me?"

He meant to show his teeth in pique at her ambitious hurry, but instead he turned his full smile on her. "I've been thinking about it ever since I met you."

"Make it a romantic comedy. I'll move down to the Village. Make it a romance, could you please, Paul?"

"It is." He touched her hair lightly. He waited. "It is already."

She knew that she was busy finding reasons to refuse the road company job. She knew that she was busy staying in New York. "What's the title?" she asked him.

"*Levoy Love Carmen*, of course."

She knew that she was very busy in his life, and he in hers, and forever, with no road companies to part Kate Barker from her very own staff playwright. She moved against him, resting her cheek and her sweet breath against his ear, murmuring her personal version of that very old, very good sidewalk story: "Kate love Paul."

KITCHENLESS KITCHEN

(continued from page 54)

repast we're looking down on (Page 53). Plugged into the AC strip, nearest the sink, is a Knapp-Monarch ebony-sided high-speed toaster (\$18.95). At a flick of the finger it will go into action so the toast will be piping hot when the eggs and link sausages (in Dominion's immovable fry-skillet, \$23.95) are ready. Our guy is expertly wielding the spatula over a mixed grill — chops, kidneys, bacon and such — being done to a turn on a capacious Sunbeam griddle (\$17.95); the imported Italian *espresso machina* (from Abercrombie & Fitch, \$13.50) is building up its head of steam, and herb-sprinkled garlic bread has just attained an even tan in Knapp-Monarch's handy little Redi-Oven (\$34.95) — which could just as nicely bake a frozen pie.

As for the girls, they've whipped up a salad, set the informal service, put out the relish tray and the wine, and one of them is sampling the bubbling cheese fondue in its copper and brass electrical chafing dish (from V.I.&A., \$60).

Of course, the kitchenless kitchen doesn't store all you need. However, a larder, other appliances, linen, silver — even a freezer — may be accommodated in the usual closets. And the separate kitchen may be consigned to oblivion for good, thus banishing the banishment of the host who would demonstrate his culinary *expertise* and serve forth a feast — or a snack — for his friends.

MARKET

(continued from page 71)

the put and call dealer, if you wish. The option dealers, in turn, get their puts and calls from people who think they can make money selling them (usually for the opposite reason you think you can make money buying them).

Naturally, profits in puts and calls are by no means a sure thing despite the examples given. If you go overboard on any old options just because they seem cheap, instead of getting options on stocks you have every reason to believe are going to move the way you want them to, you're almost certain to wind up with a wad of useless and pretty expensive paper. Not only must the stock move in the direction you want it to but it has to do so by a margin wide enough to cover the cost of your option as well as the commissions and taxes on the purchase and sale of the stock involved in the transaction. Options, too, have a fiendish way of expiring just as those promised golden riches are about to be reaped. To be on the safe side, stick to the longer term options (at least three months and preferably six), unless you're darned sure of your timing.

Another tricky technique, that of selling short, is well illustrated in the spectacular speculative career of Bill Stanley, a young, genial advertising salesman who also doubles as an early-morning disc jockey for WICH, a Norwich, Connecticut, radio station.

By a series of fortunate investments (Lorillard, Polaroid, Thiokol, Armour), and by using some of the aforementioned devices, Stanley, with no stock market experience, was able to pyramid \$2800 into \$41,000 in little over a year.

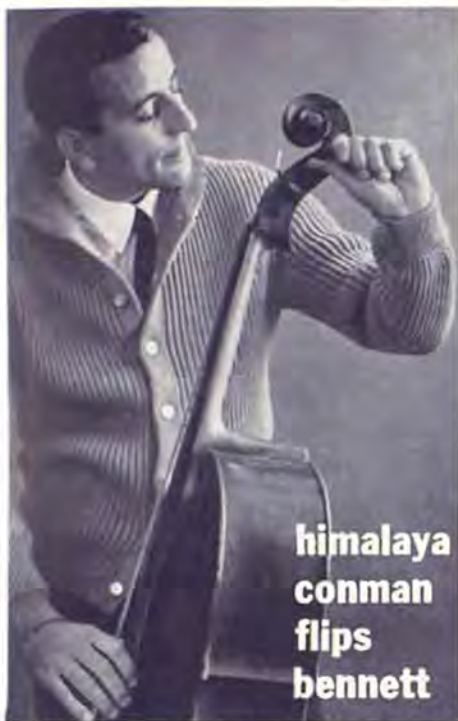
But he ran into trouble with American Motors. He first bought into it at \$13 back in the late summer of 1958 and he kept buying more of it as it kept rising. By the end of the year it had risen to \$41 and Stanley owned 1225 shares and calls on an additional 1800.

Had he cashed in his American Motors when it hit \$43, a few weeks later, Stanley would indeed have achieved his goal of having \$50,000 at the age of 30. But, like a lot of other people, he thought the stock was worth at least \$48, maybe even \$50, and so he hung on. Unfortunately, by this time the rumors of the Big Three entering the small-car field started to percolate and with them, American Motors took a nose dive, dropping to \$25.50 within a matter of days.

To get out with his skin, let alone salvage whatever profits he could, Stanley resorted to that ordinarily risky speculative technique known as "selling short." Like most other stock market maneuvers, this feat of financial legerdemain is not profound but it is somewhat complicated.



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In a short sale, you can sell stock you do not own when you expect that its price will drop. In actuality, you borrow through your broker a certain number of shares of the stock and agree to replace them. In doing this, the short seller must still observe the margin requirements and put up cash equal to 90% of the value of the stock that he borrows and sells. You sell the borrowed stock at the market price and hope that the price of the stock will drop so that you will be able to buy it back cheaply to cover your loan.

But if you've guessed wrong and the stock starts to rise, you're in trouble. Sooner or later, depending on how long your nerves hold out, you'll have to pay more for the stock you buy than for the stock you've sold it for. The short seller also must pay the dividends due the person from whom the stock was borrowed.

Although the consequences of short selling are not necessarily so dire (in fact, plenty of money has been made by the technique), the reason short selling can be quite a risky business, compared to the standard practice of buying a stock first and selling it later, is very simple. If you were to buy a stock in the regular manner at, say, \$16, the worst that could happen would be for it to go down to zero and the most you'd be out would be \$16 per share. (Not that this isn't bad enough.) But were you to sell the stock short at \$16 and it happened to go up, only the sky would be the limit on the amount of money you could lose. In fact, something almost this catastrophic happened with a stock called E. L. Bruce (flooring) a few years ago. It had been doddering along at \$16 when suddenly, during a fight for management control, it shot up to \$171 in a matter of months. Caught in the middle were some frantic shorts. Fearful that the stock could conceivably go up to \$500, some did buy back at \$171 to cover their short sales at 16. Those lucky enough to be short only 100 shares took a licking of \$15,000 on the deal.

However, there are perfectly valid reasons for one type of short selling, one that involves no such risk. This is called "selling against the box" and is the maneuver that Bill Stanley resorted to in order to protect some of his paper profits in American Motors. In selling against the box, you sell short against stock in the same company that you actually do own. That is, your own stock serves as collateral against the stock borrowed for the short sale and no margin payments are required.

You might sell short against the box instead of selling your own stock outright when you feel that the stock may dip temporarily and then come back. If you've made a mistake and the stock doesn't go down at all but continues up, you have the broker deliver your stock

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in the box to cover your short sale. (You also eat your heart out by figuring the extra money you *would* have made if you hadn't sold short.)

When Stanley saw his American Motors start to slide from 43, he sold some of his stock outright and sold the rest short against the box when it hit 35, thus guaranteeing his 35 selling price for the shares he still owned and had put up as collateral. Had American then started to rise from 35, he would have delivered this stock to cover his short sales. But, as mentioned, American Motors continued to drop. As it fell in a wave of frantic selling (during one day a quarter of a million shares were traded), Stanley decided that enough was enough; he bought stock on the open market at \$27 and delivered this newly acquired stock to cover his short sales, making eight points on the deal. When American Motors ultimately got back past 35 again, he sold out altogether, getting as much as 39 for some of his stock. Unfortunately, there wasn't much he could do about most of his 18 options: eight expired unexercised during this crucial period (total loss, \$4600); on five he broke even, and on the remaining five made a total of \$2500. All in all, he did manage to wind up about \$8000 ahead on his stock and options, but ruefully figures he would have had \$10,000 or \$15,000 more had he sold out at \$41 or \$43.

It should be obvious that none of the many techniques described mean a thing unless you have some idea as to when to buy and sell a stock and how to pick a stock that is going to perform spectacularly better than average. Lacking this prescience, the same techniques of leverage that can be used to put you speedily on the mainline to wealth can, by operating in reverse, catapult you to the cleaners just as quickly.

About the only thing certain that can be predicted about the stock market, or an individual stock, complicated as its action is by the play of emotions, the frailties of human judgment and a host of other unpredictables is that—in Bernard Baruch's memorable words—"it will fluctuate."

Not that at least some of the factors responsible for the fluctuations can't be studied and analyzed. To predict the course of the market as well as that of individual stocks, Wall Streeters have tried a variety of approaches, some quite logical, some loony, and some literally out of this world (correlating the market with the frequency of sunspots, etc.).

The two most practical approaches are the so-called fundamental and technical ones and each has its own often devout adherents. To determine the probable course of the market, the fundamentalists, among other things, study and integrate the various barometers of business activity—such economic indi-

cators as freight car loadings, industrial production, machine tool orders, commitments for new housing, business failures, and so on—or, in other words, "the fundamentals."

They believe, for example, that when freight car loadings are decreasing and the government is starting to ease up on credit (by lowering interest rates), a bear or declining market may be in the offing. This, in turn, may serve as a signal to switch from cyclical stocks (autos, aircraft, steel, mining, building, railroads, etc.) into defensive or relatively stable issues (foods, utilities, drugs, tobacco, etc.) or into bonds or, perhaps, to get the hell out of the market completely.

To determine the probable action of a particular stock and get some idea as to its present value, they look at its fundamentals too, and pore over balance sheets and statistical reports to study its earnings, dividend record, capitalization, ratio of assets to liabilities, and so on. Out of all this emerge several important yardsticks of which the one most frequently used to determine the market value of the stock is the so-called price-earnings ratio. If, for example, a company is earning \$3 a share per year (after taxes) and its stock is selling for \$45, it has a price-earnings ratio of 15, or in the vernacular of the Street, is selling for "15 times earnings." The blue chips used to compute the Dow-Jones industrial index are now selling at about 23 times their 1958 earnings.

Important and sound as the total fundamental approach may be, it unfortunately doesn't always provide the whole answer. The market has on several occasions been known to act opposite to the fundamental forecast.

Also, there is not necessarily any correlation between the action of the market as a whole and that of an individual stock. Nor do the fundamentals always offer a sure-fire means of determining what a specific stock should sell for. You can't always gauge this by the company's dividend, and the price-earnings ratio is not always a reliable guide.

Some good stocks are chronically underpriced year after year, whereas others, both good and bad, have recently been selling at astronomical P/E ratios. Ampex, for example, is selling at 85 times 1958 earnings, General Time at 77 times, Molybdenum at 358, and Royal McBee (which netted only 3¢ a share last year) at over 600 times earnings. If you take stocks like Chrysler which had deficits last year, a recent P/E ratio cannot even be computed at all.

There is an explanation why some stocks are often out of line with their statistical fundamentals. For one thing, a prosaic analysis of the past or even the present earnings of a company does not necessarily indicate what it will do in the future. These and other statistical fundamentals do not tell enough about



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other fundamentals such as the capabilities of the management (perhaps a new one) and the research department, the possibility of a merger or stock split (real or rumored), new products in the works, as well as other factors that may influence future earnings.

What, in the final analysis, determines the price of a stock, is not only its theoretical fundamental value, both present and foreseeable, but also what people, rationally or irrationally, think it to be worth. As Bernard Baruch put it, one of the problems of the speculator "is how to disentangle the cold hard economic facts from the rather warm feelings of the people dealing with these facts."

It was in failing to do this that Bill Stanley (and lots of other people) went astray in judging when to sell American Motors. On the basis of all the fundamentals, he should have been able to get \$48 or \$50 for the stock. With the company expected to earn around \$10 a share this year, this price would have been only five times earnings. After all, General Motors, which was expected to earn only \$3 a share, was already selling at \$50, or about 17 times earnings.

Certainly, five times earnings should not have been too unreasonable a price to expect for American Motors, a company well in the black. But, faced with the fear of what the competition of the Big Three's compact cars would mean to Rambler, people simply would not pay more than four times earnings for American Motors stock, cheap as this might have seemed. Time, of course, may prove them wrong.

Because it is not entirely safe to rely on the fundamentals, many turn to a technical approach to the market. Some go as far as to shun the fundamental completely (even to the extent of not caring what business a company may be in) and use one or a variety of pet formulas to guide them in deciding when to buy and sell a stock.

The technicians compare the price trend of a stock with the volume of trading in it. They know, for example, that an increase in the volume of trading in a stock with a rising price is generally a bullish sign—a sign to buy (but not always); and that an increase in the volume of a stock with a falling price is generally a bearish sign—a sign to sell (but not always). They also often sell on "good news"—an announcement of a dividend increase, a good earnings report, a stock split—especially if the stock has already had a substantial price rise (the insiders have already been buying it up prior to the announcement, and have probably pushed the price as high as it is going to go). They study such things as the size and changes of the "short" interest position (apparently on the theory that the shorts are usually wrong and eventually have to buy back the stock they sold short, a large short



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position is considered bullish), the "odd lot" transactions or purchases and sales of stock in less than 100 share units, and know on the basis of precedent that the market is most likely to rise in July, August and December, and most likely to dip in February and September.

In a class by themselves are the comparatively small but dedicated cult of chartists. A chart, for which some form of graph paper is used, contains a periodic record of the ups and downs in the price of a stock and often also its volume. As the chart is kept, a pattern gradually emerges which, depending on the type of chart, usually looks like needlepoint or a series of jagged lines. From the particular pattern or formation the consecrated chart reader is supposed to tell what the stock is going to do and about when it is going to do it.

The strange thing is that in some mysterious way charts often do work, although there are also occasions when two chart readers looking at the same chart do draw from it two opposite conclusions. If a chart doesn't seem to work, the usual alibi of the chartist is that he didn't read it correctly.

The gratuitous advice from relatives, friends and minions is worth just about what you pay for it—nothing—and can, in fact, cost you a great deal of money in the long run. Even if reliable, it may reach you third- or tenth-hand, weeks or months after the stock has already gone up. In fact, one of the reasons tips trickle out from the insiders is that they can sell to you when the tips have you all hepped up. Most customers' men are honest and well-meaning, but their tips are usually at least third-hand, too. And you must remember that they don't get any commission unless you buy and sell. They're only human, and the more active accounts will invariably command their more concentrated attention.

Another grim fact of Wall Street life is that most of the advisory and statistical services also often fail—and often quite miserably—in their chosen task. A number of independent studies made by various organizations have shown that the financial forecasting services as a whole have been wrong anywhere from one-half to two-thirds of the time—worse than if they had just flipped a coin.

In view of all this, you ask, what chance do I, a complete novice or comparatively inexperienced speculator, have of making out well in the market or perhaps even getting rich quick in it? A pretty good chance—if you are willing to give it a real try. For, as the consistently successful speculators know through experience, the best answer to the question as to what stock to buy and when to buy and sell it is most likely to come through your own investigation.

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basic principles of speculation in the countless books available on the subject. Among the best are Gerald Loeb's classic *The Battle for Investment Survival*, *The Sophisticated Investor*, by Burton Crane, and Philip Fisher's *Common Stocks and Uncommon Profits*.

You can even subscribe to some of the financial magazines or read them in the public library or your broker's office, and listen to tips—as long as you use this information as leads to follow up on yourself. For leads as to what to buy, it also doesn't hurt to have friends high in financial circles, have an uncle who's a broker, or know a good security analyst. You can also gather a surprising amount of good information simply by keeping your ears open. Bill Stanley learned about Lorillard, for example, when the tobacco company sent some of its representatives around to his radio station to buy time and he then got wind of the big filter-tip campaign in the works.

After a while you may, like many seasoned speculators, show a partiality toward small companies with relatively small capitalizations, that is, with a small floating supply of shares on the market. For when attention is directed to such a company, price swings (up as well as down) are almost inevitable.

You'll learn that one of the generally accepted distinguishing marks of a "growth" company is that its earnings increase at the rate of at least 10% to 12% a year. You'll also learn that a stock is not necessarily a good buy merely because the company is in a growth industry (chemicals, electronics, nucleonics, metallurgy, etc.). Many, of course, will eventually fall by the wayside.

How do you pick a growth company most likely to zoom? Here again, the knowing pros look among the smallest good companies in a field. "Assuming adequate management and finances," says George Edgar, astute senior electronics analyst of Carl M. Loeb, Rhoades & Co., "find the smallest equity base that provides maximum exposure to a specific dynamic development. Or in laymen's language, pick the smallest company in the hottest field.

"Take the transistor field. There are about 10 companies in it who amount to anything. The giants like RCA, GE and Westinghouse are already too big and besides they've got too many irons in other fires and so you eliminate them. Among the smaller companies you find Texas Instruments. Not a bad buy, but its equity base (number of outstanding shares multiplied by price of stock) is now \$500 million—maybe also already too big. Probably having a greater chance for maximum growth is General Transistor with its equity base of only \$28 million.

Since leverage can work to the advantage of a company in much the same way



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it can for you, you may also find yourself favoring companies with high leverage, that is, those with a comparatively large amount of bonds and/or preferred stock outstanding. The reason is briefly this: with the interest and/or dividends paid out on these securities constant, the earnings applied to the company's common stock multiply considerably when business is good. However, as in other forms of leverage, the reverse is also true. If business is bad, the common stock earnings drop.

One of the most important things you'll have to learn is that it is useless ever to attempt to buy at the very bottom and sell at the very top. "The only people who can ever do this," says Bernard Baruch, "are liars." The decision when to sell is perhaps one of the most difficult the successful speculator has to make, because of the great part emotionalism plays in it. The biggest fault of the amateur is his persistence in holding onto a stock even though it goes down, down, down—in the delusion there is no loss if the stock isn't sold.

Above all—whether the decision is to sell or to buy—it will help you to know as much about the stock in question as possible. You can be a fundamentalist, a technician or a chartist, but it is obvious that there is something to be said for using the tools of each approach.

Bill Stanley, like Roman Shvets, keeps charts as well as close tabs on the other technical factors likely to affect the price of the stocks in which he is interested, and he is also a student of the fundamentals. Before Stanley bought Lorillard he checked its sales at supermarket counters, dropped into drug stores and tobacco shops to ask clerks how Kent cigarettes were selling, pored over the company's sales figures in the tobacco trade journals. When he was considering buying American Motors, he visited auto dealers in practically all of eastern Connecticut to see how the Rambler was doing, looked into the various automotive trade journals to see at what rate Ramblers were being licensed. He now subscribes to eight different trade papers in various fields. He is not above phoning a company president at home if there is something he wants to know, or dropping in at a factory to pepper officials with questions, and he does it all in his spare time.

This then is the secret: research and keen analysis, the gift to grasp the sense of the stock situation and a little luck. Add a dash of patience to ward off cupidity and stupidity, an unsentimental nature so you can drop that favorite stock if it is obviously a loser, and some cool nerves that can take wide swings of the market with aplomb. It's an ancient but still true adage that scared money never wins on Wall Street.

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P109

SNAKES IN THE GRASS

(continued from page 58)

hand there." He knelt down and, pointing to one bottle after another, looked up at the curator and spoke very slowly and distinctly. "This is the fer-de-lance of South America, *Bothrops atrox*. This is a *Vipera berus*. This is a water moccasin, of course — *Agkistrodon piscivorus*. And here is a coral snake, *Micrurus fulvius* — dear me, what a venomous creature. Now, this is a *Dendroaspis angusticeps* —"

McHugh and I were looking at each other in stupefaction, with our mouths wide open. The same thought was in both our minds: the chaplain knew the names of all those snakes, and that none of them lived in Bavaria.

"My dear Captain," the curator interrupted, "since I have lived with most of these snakes for about twenty years, I am quite well acquainted with their names. I am most anxious, nevertheless, to get back the original labels."

"The curator says," I managed to bring out, "that he is a snake man himself and can identify all these superb specimens."

"Splendid!" the chaplain said, getting to his feet. "In that case, I think we can regard our mission as accomplished." We all shook hands with the curator.

"The captain says he will send the original bottles tomorrow," I told him.

On the way to the jeep the chaplain remarked, "I must say, that museum chap wasn't as grateful as I'd have been if someone had given me such a magnificent collection."

McHugh and I fell behind a few paces and exchanged hurried whispers, laden with a wild surmise.

"He knew the men didn't find them!"
"He knew what was going on the whole time!"

And, as McHugh was driving us back to our lake, Captain Withers explained. "I guess I surprised you fellows a bit there," he said happily. "Now, I don't know where the men got their hands on those outlandish snakes, and I don't care. The main thing in life is to do good. Those poor wounded and troubled soldiers have to get well — that's what matters. If they have to break a few stupid regulations, and pull the wool over somebody's eyes while they're doing it, well, that's where I felt I could do my little bit." He twinkled his eyes at us with a mixture of slyness, myopia and love-of-fellow-man. "I don't see any harm in their indulging a perfectly normal and healthy appetite, do you?"

"No indeed, sir," McHugh said, with a sort of awe in his voice. "Certainly not, I guess."

"Of course not," the chaplain said strongly. "Why, their bodies need what they went out after — need it regularly, and a lot more often than once a week. They won't do anyone any harm. Oh, that reminds me, what ever became of

that German girl who said some soldier had done her wrong? Lieutenant Barnes was going to look into it."

"There was nothing to it," I said. "We investigated thoroughly. She was trying to find some gimmick to get to the United States."

"It never did ring true to me," he said. "I've come to know the men pretty well, and that just didn't sound possible."

This appraisal of our buddies seemed a bit unrealistic, in view of what had been going on, and I asked cautiously, "Captain, what was it that tipped you off? I mean, that they weren't really looking for snakes."

"Well, when I found the boomslang," he answered, "and you pointed out how unlikely my hypothesis was about the land bridge, I began to recognize other snakes. But it was mainly — I realize now in retrospect — a remark I overheard on maybe the third or fourth trip. One of the fellows. Honestly, Sergeant, never in my life have I heard a man get so ecstatic over a vegetable. How they must

have been starving for fresh food! It was touching — really touching."

"Fresh food?" I said.

"This soldier," Captain Withers went on, "had discovered some fresh tomatoes at one of the farms. 'You should have seen that tomato,' he said. 'What a dish! So rosy, so plump, so nice and squishy!' I tell you, it warmed my heart, what pleasure there was in his voice."

McHugh nearly drove us into the ditch.

"After that, of course," he continued, "well, I just played along with them. And many's the remark my sharp old ears picked up. Why, do you know, some of those men must be pretty fine shots with their pistols, to be able to bring down a wild bird on the wing."

"Wild bird?"

"Yes siree," the chaplain said emphatically. "I know for a fact that one of the men got himself a quail on his very first try. I heard him say so."

That was when McHugh took us straight off the road and into the DRIVE CAREFULLY — STOP ACCIDENTS sign.



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SVENGALI

(continued from page 45)

stars and friends?

He was this kind of man: Harry Cohn, who believed in talent — one associate said he was always willing to kiss the toe of talent — never let anyone forget that he was the supreme boss of the studio. He made the final decisions. He was the final authority. Nothing that came out of Columbia Studios did so without Harry Cohn supervising it, passing on it, and, in passing, molding its final form. Lunches in the commissary were command performances; Cohn arrived briefed on what was happening on the sound stages and fired questions at his underlings throughout the meal.

No revenge was too petty if Harry Cohn thought someone had slighted him, made fun of him or put one over on him. Producers who had made a wisecrack that rubbed him the wrong way found themselves taken off pet assignments and reduced to office-boy status to work out their contracts. He played one associate against another, keeping them off balance and insecure. One Hollywood doctor who made something of a specialty of ulcers and stomach disorders said, "I used to feel guilty about not splitting my fees with Harry Cohn. He threw an awful lot of business my way."

He was a petty tyrant who made even his top executives punch a time clock. Anyone leaving the studio at what Harry Cohn considered to be an early hour was reprimanded like a 20-dollar-a-week office boy. If he had a gripe against somebody on the Columbia payroll, he rarely brought it up in private. He always waited until he had an audience and humiliated the victim by dressing him down in foul terms in front of his friends and associates. He equated terror with power and once told a friend, "You don't have to fire somebody to make him get back in line. You just have to make him *think* you might fire him. That'll straighten him out. Frighten them and they won't give you any trouble." He is also the only man in history whose profanity was sanctioned by a Federal court. Charles Vidor, the director, once tried to get out of a contract because he couldn't stand Cohn's language. The Federal court dismissed the suit, ruling that such language was part of Cohn's speaking vocabulary, used by him as superlative adjectives.

A few years before his death, he had his portrait painted by an artist who was the current toast of the Hollywood art set. When it was unveiled, it turned out to be a glorified portrait of a young Greek god that bore only the faintest resemblance to its subject. Nobody pointed this out. Everybody praised the likeness. "What's the matter?" asked Cohn. "Are you all blind? I know goddam well I don't look anything like that.



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But one of these days I'm going to kick off. You think I want my grandchildren to look at a picture that really looks like me?"

He was also this kind of man: when Rita Hayworth, the love goddess that he had created, wanted to quit in 1953, he smashed his riding crop on the desk and said, "When you came here, you were a nothing. A nobody. All you had were those two big things and Harry Cohn. Now you just got those two big things."

When he was snubbed by the proprietor of one of New York's most expensive and exclusive restaurants by being made to wait 15 minutes for a table, he bought the building and forced the restaurant to move.

He is said to have had every office at Columbia bugged with hidden microphones and justified it by saying, "I'm the boss. I gotta know what's going on."

At the sneak preview of a new Columbia picture he held forth at great length to his sidewalk court on what a waste of time previews are. "Who the hell needs a bunch of idiots in Encino to tell me whether my picture is any good or not? I got the best indicator in the world. My ass. If I sit still, everything's fine. If I start squirming, something's wrong."

"Good God," said producer Herman Mankiewicz. "Imagine! The whole world wired to Harry Cohn's ass!" Mankiewicz was fired.

He was this kind of man too: he outbid most of the other major studios for the screen rights to C. S. Forester's best seller *The Good Shepherd*. He thought it would make a wonderful vehicle for Humphrey Bogart. Before the picture could be put into production, Bogart became ill. It was common knowledge in Hollywood that Bogie was a dying man. Cohn called him regularly and told him to stop faking and get out of bed and get to work on *The Good Shepherd*. The script became a kind of talisman to Bogart in his final days. He never really believed he was going to die. "Listen," he said. "I can't really be sick. If I was going to die that bastard Cohn would have cast somebody else in the picture. As long as he holds it for me, I must be going to get better."

When a studio chauffeur had to have a leg amputated, Cohn paid all the bills, and when he came out of the hospital, Cohn gave him the concession rights to a very valuable lunch counter location on the lot.

The man Ben Hecht dubbed "The White Fang" was also like this: somebody suggested *The Odyssey* as a picture possibility. Cohn read a treatment of it. "It's about a lot of goddam Greeks," he said. "Who wants to see a picture about a lot of goddam Greeks?"

Robert Rossen, who put some of those Oscars on Cohn's desk with *All the*

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King's Men, was involved in a bidding duel with John Huston for the screen rights to Tom Lea's novel *The Brave Bulls*. The price went up in five-thousand-dollar jumps and finally Rossen, who was to produce and direct the picture as an independent production for Columbia, went to Harry Cohn to get an OK to make the final offer. "For God's sake, what the hell is this book all about?" Cohn asked. Rossen recognized the impossibility of explaining the subtleties of the moment of truth or the lore of the bullring to Harry Cohn. "Look Harry," he said. "It's *Body and Soul* . . . with bulls."

"Should make a helluva picture," said Cohn. It did.

Rossen, like a lot of the other men who worked with Cohn, respected him as a movie-maker. "He was the greatest better on talent I've ever known," said Rossen. "If he thought you had it, he gave you your head. He once told me this, 'Go ahead, do it your way. It's your picture. But if it falls on it's face, it's your tail too.'"

Harry Cohn's last creation was a chubby little Chicago model named Marilyn Pauline Novak, and Cohn knew he could carry it off in a breeze. "If you wanna bring me your goddam wife or your aunt we'll do the same for her," he said later. The creation of his final star was forced on him. In 1953, Harry Cohn's earlier creation, Rita Hayworth, walked out on her contract at Columbia, after a monumental argument with Cohn over money. The argument bore out to Cohn the truth of one of his most repeated quotes, "I have never met a grateful performer in the picture business." Black-listing Rita Hayworth or putting her on suspension or even punching her off a couple of walls wouldn't solve any of the problems her walkout created. Cohn, it was said, was willing and able to do any of these if they would help. When Miss Hayworth left, she left behind her a pile of expensive properties Cohn had bought for her. With the departure of his only operational love goddess, Cohn was boxed in. The side of his desk took the beating from the riding crop that Miss Hayworth might have absorbed if she had been around. His court waited for the word from Mount Sinai. "So we don't have another dame with big boobs on the lot," he said. "So what. We ain't got a star? We'll make one!" The whack of the riding crop on the desk punctuated his decision.

The lightning struck the daughter of a claim clerk for the Milwaukee Railroad. Marilyn Novak, Chicago born, had drifted out to the coast after winning a contest as "Miss Deep Freeze." Stranded in San Francisco, she headed for Hollywood and was working as a model and an occasional extra at RKO. Max Arnow, Cohn's chief talent scout, spotted her in



JAWS OF DEATH

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the office of agent Louis Shurr and arranged a screen test. The screen test had Marilyn standing against a prop fireplace, throwing her chest at the camera and murmuring "I want love!"

Harry Cohn's reaction: "She mumbles. I can't understand a goddam word she's saying." He offered to sign her to a \$100-a-week contract, a peon's wage in Hollywood, and almost let her go when her agent demanded \$125. Cohn threw in the extra 25 with all the interest of a man putting a quarter in a beggar's cup. "She ain't got it," he said. "She's fat, she mumbles and she ain't even got what Hayworth started with." The Cohn search for a new face continued and Marilyn Pauline Novak was thrown into the hopper as just another \$125-a-week contract player. The casting department put her in a quickie called *Pushover* and she got a fair amount of audience mail. As a result of the interest she was put into something called *Five Against the House* and the mail poured in. Harry Cohn never argued with an audience and he forgot his misgivings about the girl's possibilities. For better or worse, Marilyn Pauline Novak became a "property" and his answer to Hayworth's walkout. The first and most obvious step in the creation of his star was a change of name. Marilyn had to go. Miss Monroe had a prior claim to it. After searching his soul and beating the furniture with the riding crop, he made a command decision again. Novak would stay. "It's reverse English," he said. "Who the hell ever heard of a glamor girl named Novak? It's the goddamdest thing. I like it." For two days she was called Kit Novak. "It'll remind people of kittens," said Cohn. "And that's the right image we want for this one, relaxed but with big claws." Miss Novak hated the name Kit and she cried on the shoulder of publicity director George Lait who arranged a meeting with Cohn. She emerged from the office smiling. Kit had disappeared. Kim Novak was born. This visit to Cohn's office had some historical interest. It was the first time she had used tears as a weapon. She used them, with no noticeable success after that first visit, so often that Cohn's nickname for her was "The Cryer."

With the name settled, Cohn went about creating his new star with all the efficiency of a master sculptor. Like any other artist beginning a new work, he had to decide on the overall basic theme. He recognized that Marilyn Monroe had cornered the market on the "Let's put all our cards and some of our clothes on the table" school of sex appeal. Jayne Mansfield was the unchallenged queen of the "If you got 'em, show 'em" school. He decided on something a little more subtle, a little more old-fashioned. Kim Novak was to be the promissory note of sex. Her voice was to be low and in-

sinuating. To hell with her mumble. She was to purr where others growled. She was to be half bitch, half baby. She was to have a sexy sweetness, a virtuous voluptuousness. That, according to a close associate, was Harry Cohn's masterplan. He turned the specialists loose on her. Her teeth were straightened, leveled, whitened and, where necessary, replaced. She was put on a rigid diet, pounded in the studio gym and given acting lessons. "For God's sake," said Cohn, "get rid of the mumble. I still can't understand a goddam word she says." The studio's entire publicity force was assigned to

her with Harry Cohn personally calling the shots. No story or publicity still went out without his approval. Her hair was bleached and lavender became her trademark. The legend was born that she was discovered by agent Louis Shurr riding a bicycle—a lavender bicycle—through the streets of Beverly Hills. She was photographed in a lavender bedroom in lavender slacks with three lavender buttons open on her blouse. Just before the cameraman took the shot, Kim, with the instinct of a former "Miss Deep Freeze," opened a fourth button.

The publicity department did its work



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WHERE YOU MEET THE STARS
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well. Long before the public had seen Kim Novak on the screen she had become a personality. Her name and face were known through thousands of stills and hundreds of picture layouts in fan magazines and Sunday supplements. She was cast in a bit part in *Phffft!* It was a trial run. Cohn was ready to shoot the dice for the big stakes. He cast her in one of Columbia's most important properties, the stage hit *Picnic*. Joshua Logan, with the Broadway laurel wreaths still on his brow, arrived to direct the picture to discover that somebody named Kim Novak, by order of Harry Cohn, was his female star. "Sure he balked," said Cohn later. "But he knew he took Novak or he got off the picture. He did fine with her. He found out all he hadda do was pinch her a couple of times to make her cry. I coulda told him that. One thing she can do is cry."

When *Picnic* was released, the studio publicity department moved into high gear. Surprisingly enough, pinches or no, Miss Novak got decent reviews for her work. Somebody had certified Harry Cohn's blank check on Marilyn Pauline Novak. The publicity stories painted a sure-fire canvas of the new star. She preferred to live in a \$20-a-week room at the Studio Club, a residential club for aspiring actresses, rather than a Beverly Hills mansion. She was still dating her old pre-stardom boyfriend, Mac Krim. She loved pizza pies, didn't drink or smoke and preferred sweaters and slacks (lavender) to mink.

Picnic was followed by *The Eddy Duchin Story*, *The Man with the Golden Arm*, *Pal Joey* and *Jeanne Eagels*. Harry Cohn had accomplished his purpose. He had created, out of some rather unpromising material, a 20-million-dollar property and in the process he had even managed to hedge his bet financially. Kim was loaned by the studio to Otto Preminger for *The Man with the Golden Arm* for \$100,000. At the time, the studio was paying her \$750 a week. Like Miss Hayworth before her, Miss Novak demanded a bigger salary. Harry Cohn screamed. Miss Novak emerged from the meeting and announced, "I didn't cry at all. I was very dignified and, you know, it was the best talk Mr. Cohn and I ever had." It was, too. She got the advance in salary she'd asked for.

Miss Novak hadn't hurt her case any by holding a press conference before her meeting with Harry and telling the reporters that she was paid so little that she had to go to the studio to get her hair done and borrow a dress whenever she went to a party. "Don't say things like that," Cohn told her later. "It makes me sound cheap."

Now that she was getting the salary of a star, Miss Novak began to act like one. At least she began to act like the kind of star she'd read about in the

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fan magazines when she was a chubby little girl back in Chicago. On the set she was known to fluctuate between tears and tantrums. She discovered Freud and sprinkled her self-revelations during interviews with words like "emotional tensions based on sibling rivalries." She talked about her "basic insecurities" and paraded anecdotes about her childhood with the assurance that comes only to a beautiful girl who can get away with boring her listeners by talking about herself in the third person. Like the queens of another era in Hollywood, she frequently had mood music played for her on the set. During the filming of *Jeanne Eagels* she kept an accordionist gainfully employed for weeks playing *Poor Butterfly* to get her in the mood for a series of scenes involving the hootchy-kootchy and a midnight skinny dip with co-star Jeff Chandler. She didn't feel the studio was really interested in her progress as a serious actress and is said to have paid for her own dramatic lessons.

To Harry Cohn, all of this was an old story. He had seen countless other Cohn creations behave the same way. He had solved the only major problem, a salary dispute, and his studio again had a Cohn-created love goddess in residence. What he didn't know was that he was on the threshold of his final fight, a fight that some Hollywood sentimentalists contend killed him, a fight that certainly contributed to the coronary thrombosis that proved to be fatal. In a minor way, Harry Cohn was responsible for the whole thing. Miss Novak, insecure and frightened by the build-up, *did* prefer staying at the Studio Club among the girls she considered her peers. She was afraid of the Hollywood parties and the whoop-te-do of the Beverly Hills, Bel Aire, Brentwood social axis. Cohn ordered her to go out socially, to be seen in the right places and to get her name in the columns. So she started being seen at Hollywood parties.

At one of the parties she met Sammy Davis, Jr. They became friends and saw each other again. And again. Then they fell in love. Blind items began to appear in some of the gossip columns, starting with Dorothy Kilgallen's, and Harry Cohn began to get restless. Miss Novak made several command appearances in the Throne Room at Columbia and, on these occasions, she had reason to cry in the presence of her creator. The affair reached its apogee in Chicago in December 1957. Sammy was appearing at the Chez Paree and Kim was in town to spend the holidays with her family. Word reached Cohn that the two of them planned to be secretly married. He had to move fast, and he did, with all the awesome influence and pressure at his command.

For the record, it should be said here that Harry Cohn's reaction to the ro-



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mance between his new star Novak and Negro entertainer Davis had nothing to do with prejudice or bigotry. "Say what you will about Cohn," an associate told me. "He was an intolerant s.o.b., but not about that kind of thing. He didn't give a damn what color you were; where, or if, you went to church. He was interested only in what you could do for Columbia Pictures and Harry Cohn!"

His anger at the Novak-Davis coupling was simple to explain. Harry Cohn was in the movie business. Kim Novak was his top star, and any publicity that threatened to cut down the box office appeal of Miss Novak's pictures with any segment of the public had to be destroyed. Insiders claim that Harry Cohn, who manipulated the gods of publicity with inspired skill in building Miss Novak into a star, really performed his greatest feat in silencing the stories about her and Sammy. Even the peephole magazines were muffled until many months after the affair — and Harry Cohn — were dead. Whether Cohn used bribery, threats, persuasion or fear of reprisal to silence the gossip may never be known.

What is known is that the romance and marriage were successfully thwarted. Sammy suddenly announced that he was going to marry a nightclub performer of his own race. Those close to him insist that Sammy's sudden marriage to a girl he'd never dated was "arranged" and that — in fact — it was his only "out." The marriage ended in divorce six months later with a hassle over a supposed prenuptially promised settlement.

Just what sort of pressure could be applied against one of the biggest names and talents in show business today, that could force him to not only stop seeing the girl he loved, but marry someone he hardly knew? The trade paper *Hollywood Close-Up* stated, "It has been regarded as an open secret within Hollywood that Davis was alleged to have been threatened by hoodlums in Las Vegas, acting at the instigation of the head of a major studio, that if he didn't get married 'by Saturday' to 'anybody,' he 'would be taken out in the middle of the desert and we will plug out your other eye.'" Sammy had previously lost an eye in an automobile accident.

It worked. The storm abated. The scandal, the gossip died. Shortly after Sammy's marriage, Kim was linked romantically with some of the biggest, most acceptable box-office names in Hollywood; romances, cynics claimed, that were made on Gower Street rather than in heaven, Columbia Pictures, which was another way of saying Harry Cohn, gave Miss Novak a \$100,000 home in Bel Air, presumably as a bonus for signing a new contract.

With order again restored to his kingdom, Harry Cohn went to the desert re-



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sort in Arizona to rest up. Dorothy Kilgallen, who had probably done more to raise Mr. Cohn's blood pressure in the last months of his life than any other columnist by printing the most frequent and most transparent blind items about the Novak-Davis situation, had the last word, after his death.

"Harry Cohn's Hollywood friends," she wrote, "were shocked but not surprised by his sudden death. They believe he would have been alive today if he had been able to maintain a more philosophical attitude a month ago when his biggest star, Kim Novak, was threatening to make headlines he considered undesirable. At the time the movie tycoon was described by intimates as apoplectic over the situation. It's ironic that after going to great lengths to straighten out Kim's life, he forfeited his own."

The residue of hatred and fear Harry Cohn left behind him has dissipated somewhat in the year and a half since his death in that ambulance in Phoenix, Arizona. Today, most people preface their stories and anecdotes about him by saying, "I know he was a bastard, but I kinda liked him." Clifford Odets' eulogy put it in slightly more literary terms:

"We have felt his anger, his defiance, his stubbornness, his pride, but many of us have felt his warmth, his understanding, his gentleness and, some of us, even his love. Cohn was an individualistic and independent man who had a true sense of being what you are, let the chips fall where they may." Pointing to the transformed studio where Cohn's body lay, Danny Kaye recited Odets' final words, "This was Cohn's cathedral."

It was the final irony that the author of that eulogy is the same man who wrote the Broadway play, *The Big Knife* (later made into a movie), about the clash and conflict between a film star and a diabolical studio head, who some felt bore a striking resemblance to Harry Cohn. The ruthless movie mogul in *Knife* stopped at nothing, including murder, to coerce his star into signing a new contract.

Hollywood, a town that can (and has) sentimentalized even an Adolf Hitler, has a short memory. The backbiting, the fear and the humiliations are, if not forgotten, rapidly becoming amusing qualities of a legend. The 45 Oscars, the world-wide grosses of *The Jolson Story*, *Picnic* and *From Here to Eternity* and the continuing stardom of Harry Cohn's last creation, Kim Novak, carry a lot of weight in a town that worships success and accepts it as the justification for almost anything. Harry Cohn, retroactively, is being measured for sainthood.

How that infallible indicator of his would have squirmed at that!

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PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

A DECEMBER VACATION holds the bonus kick of the holiday spirit whether you choose to loll in the tropical sunshine or schuss through fine powder snow. One of the most alluring of the skiing prospects is Squaw Valley in California, where the Winter Olympics will be held in February. It's close to Lake Tahoe and the Nevada border, offering gambling at the Cal-Neva Lodge and similar places that straddle the line. Not far from Squaw Valley—roughly between Yosemite and King's Canyon—is the new and smartly modern Mammoth Mountain Inn, a year-round resort featuring everything from skiing to hunting to swimming, with superb grub as well. A chalet for four runs \$28 a day, but meals are extra.

New England, too, is studded with resorts that offer a fine double treat—skiing (if there's snow in time) and an opportunity to relish the spirit of Christmas past. Try two Treadway Inns (there's a string of them from Vermont to Florida): Long Trail Lodge in Vermont's Green Mountains and Williams Inn in the Berkshire Hills of Massachusetts, where the 12 days of Christmas are celebrated by the traditional Boar's Head Ceremony. Prices are reasonable, for the comfort and service you get: Williams Inn has a \$59 five-day package that includes room and meals from Sunday to Friday, plus ski instruction and unlimited use of T- and J-bar lifts at Dutch Hill.

Down south, the Orange Bowl with its allied festivities makes a good reason to spend the holidays in Florida. For a

special treat, try the Useppa Island Club on an offshore hunk of land near Boca Grande. It's a private estate and charges \$18 a day on up for relaxed tranquillity, a bartender with savvy, excellent food, fine golf, a superb beach and high-level guests. The club opens December 20.

There's a new auto race that should draw you to Acapulco come December. Climaxing a week of sports events, the 400-mile affair will run on a 16-mile track from Caleta Beach to Icacos and back. Instead of crowding into grandstands you can take your leisure aboard launches anchored offshore. The place to stay in Acapulco is the Lav Brisas. Recently taken over by Hilton, it offers such extras as a refrigerator bar in each cottage kept well-stocked with tropical fruits and native drinks. The tab is \$100 a week without meals. But for the ultimate, take one of their cottages with its own private pool so arranged that swimming in the buff is as private as a dip in your own tub. You are supplied with your own pink-and-white jeep to steer around to La Concha Beach Club, where the resort has cleared two coves for swimming, to parties at other cottages, to the pier for skin diving and water skiing, and of course to the main lodge for lavish meals, café and cabaret entertainment. This super package only runs an additional \$50 per week.

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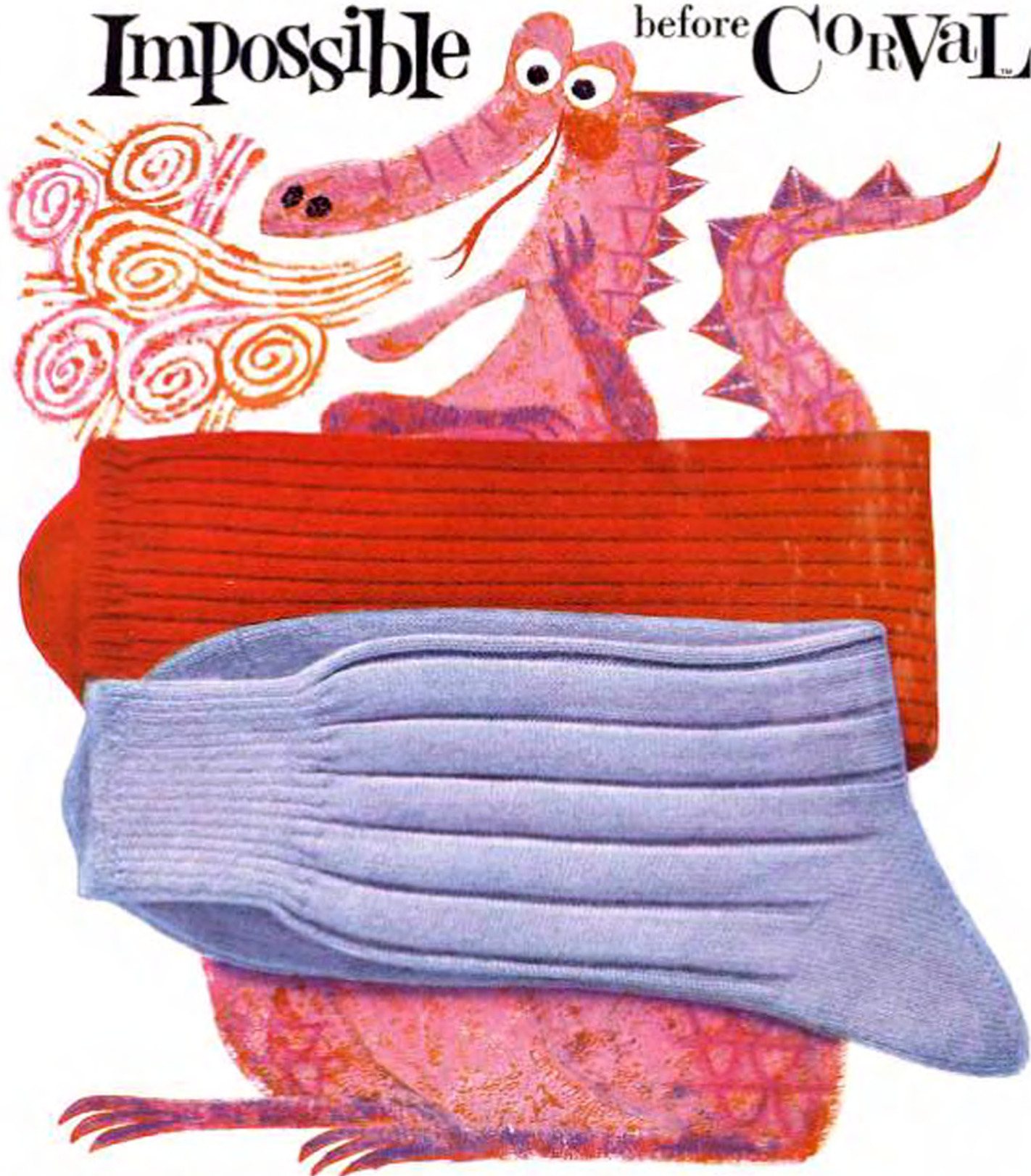
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