

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

DECEMBER 50 cents

★ ★ ★ PLAYBOY

JACK KEROUAC • ALBERTO MORAVIA • ROALD DAHL • MAX SHULMAN



SIXTH

ANNIVERSARY

ISSUE



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Ricardi—Gaucho collar that buttons to the top. Sizes 36-46. \$18.95; Shirt shown: Concord Ivy—button-down collar, tapered body. S-M-L-XL. \$5.00



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MORAVIA

WE'RE CELEBRATING two festive occasions in this December gift package: PLAYBOY's Sixth Anniversary as defender of the sophisticated young man's credo and, of course, another sugar-plummish, martini-lined Christmas season. In this, the bulkiest issue in our history, we've included more holiday diversions than you can shake a sprig of mistletoe at. For strictly seasonal savor, try *Playboy's Christmas Cards*, unlike any you're likely to receive. For tips on easy-to-cook, happy-to-eat yuletide feasts, devour *The Christmas Casserole*, by Thomas Mario. For anticipating the gifts-under-the-tree scene, accept our *Invitation to a Playboy Christmas*, a stunning array of gifts—from sweater to ship—offered for your inspiration.

Inspiring, too, is a foursome of fiction by the ever-beat Jack Kerouac, the sometimes beat Alberto Moravia, the rarely-beat Max Shulman, and the never-beat Roald Dahl. (Active writers, these guys. Moravia's book, *The Wayward Wife*, Dahl's *Kiss Kiss* and Kerouac's *Visions of Cody* are due in the shops soon; Shulman's *I Was a Teen-Age Dwarf* is in the stores now and his *Dobie Gillis* series is on TV screens.)

For still more delectable partridges in the PLAYBOY pear tree, try both rich halves of our special insert—*The Legend of Don Juan*, a profusely illustrated article by Ribald Classicist J. A. Gato, and *Sherlock*, cartoonist Gahan Wilson's parody of Conan Doyle's shrewd sleuth.

Al Morgan, a rather shrewd sleuth himself, investigates the role of television sponsors in guiding program content via his incisive *And Now, a Word from the Sponsor*; Morgan's TV background (also utilized in his novel-turned-film, *The Great Man*) serves him in good stead. And if his point reaches you, calm down in a bridge game, utilizing the new techniques spelled out by T. K. Brown III in *A Fine Italian Hand*, the lowdown on the nifty Italian bidding system you can incorporate into your own game in order to better clobber your opponents.

Speaking of systems, the French seem to have found one to assure success to a variety of pouting chicks: simply look and act like Brigitte Bardot. A string of European BB-type dolls is presented for your consideration in *Building a Better Brigitte*. From these vixens move on to foxes, in artist LeRoy Neiman's view of a swank North Carolina fox hunt. A Neiman etching, *Ladies of the Hunt*, was admired this year by no less a personage than Great Britain's Queen Elizabeth when she visited Chicago. His hunt paintings for us this month form another in our *Man at his Leisure* series. Be merry.



When you enjoy such elegance...and feel such comfort

... it must be **After Six** BY RUDOFKER

Frankly, we admit to a bit of foreign intrigue in this new AFTER SIX. We saw the basic appeal of this style in our annual journey to Europe's style centers. And we made it your very own, adding American dash and the kind of comfort you demand. Please take special note of the angled shawl collar. Very new. So are the trimmed pockets and detachable satin cuffs. Fabric is a jet-black conspiracy of mohair and worsted. The place to find this smart formal wear is at any really smart dealer's. It's known as the "Continental 707"—about \$95.00. Other models from \$45.00 (slightly higher west of the Rockies)

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DEAR PLAYBOY

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

MISS AMERICA

I read with a great deal of interest the article on the Miss America contest in the September issue of PLAYBOY and wish to extend to you a very hearty "well done." I have one suggestion to make: PLAYBOY ought to make it known around Atlantic City that the new Miss America would have the opportunity to become one of PLAYBOY's Playmates — that would really send the hens into a clucking conference!

Bill Hayden
New York, New York

Devoured your great article on the Miss America Beauty Pageant and I am afraid I blew my top. How long is this curious animal, the American male, going to sit idly by and let the old biddies run his life?

Jerry Dean
Anderson, Indiana

Have just finished reading an article in the September issue of PLAYBOY, entitled *The Miss America Joke*. It really angered me. The fact that those rules were made to keep the whole affair from turning into one big, wild party (which I suppose you'd like better) probably never occurred to you. As for comparing the contest with foreign ones in other ways, who always comes out ahead? You're darn right, the good old U.S.A.

Mildred Brandt
Orange, New Jersey

Go soak your head.

Three cheers for the jeers of Oliver Kinkaid in his *The Miss America Joke*. When does he start to work on the New England "finishing schools"?

James Perklen
New York, New York

If the same good taste which has made PLAYBOY such high-level entertainment were extended into the field of choosing a Miss America, she would stand a far better chance of being what we all expect her to be: a really exceptional American beauty.

Bill Flogaus
Los Angeles, California

I back PLAYBOY on practically any subject it tackles, but your views on the Miss America Pageant compel me to take a stand for the other fellow. It's true that the contest's rules are much too rigid, but looking at it from the contest's standpoint, I think you'd have to give in some to their side. Our Miss America is chosen to represent our country's ideals.

Jerry Lyam Hair
Dallas, Texas

Congratulations on your article, *The Miss America Joke*. A story exposing this farce was long overdue. I am in favor of switching the management and judgment of the Miss America Pageant from the biddies and prudes of Atlantic City to the broad-minded men on the staff of PLAYBOY.

Glen D. Rogers, Jr.
Springfield, Illinois

The Miss America Joke was very well written and also very true. A really beautiful girl has but one chance in a thousand to win any more.

Byce Burleigh Bond
Norfolk, Virginia

THE MOUNT CLUB

I enjoy your magazine very much, but I think you'd do yourself good and spare us readers if you would stick to things you know a little about. I am referring to the miserable attempt at forecasting college football by Anson Mount. Mount obviously doesn't know a thing about football. He picks Parseghian as coach of the year. Now Ara is a darn good coach, but Mount also picks Wisconsin to finish up as national champs. If this should be true, wouldn't it be logical to pick the Badgers' Milt Bruhn as top coach? In Mount's ratings of the top teams, which I'm sure he must have drawn out of a hat, he fails anywhere in the top 20 or as a breakthrough to list Army, which has two probable all-Americans playing on it. His choice of the Air Force to finish seventh is moronic, and his selection of North Texas as a breakthrough is ridiculous. Bob Anderson's absence from the number one team is unforgivable. I think you would do a lot

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145. The original recordings of *In the Mood*, *Moonlight Serenade*, *Kalamazoo*, *Tuxedo Junction*, *String of Pearls*, *Pennsylvania 6-5000*, *Little Brown Jug*, *St. Louis Blues*, *Farewell Blues*, *American Patrol*, *King Porter Stomp*, etc.



109. 12 all-instrumental Miller "takes" from 1940-42 broadcasts. Swingers and ballads include *I Got Rhythm*, *Lamplight Blues*, *My Buddy*, *On the Alamo*, *Moonlight Sonata*, *On Army Team*, *Anchors Aweigh*, *Vilia*, *Sleepy Lagoon*.



110. The original versions of Miller's biggest dance hits. *Serenade in Blue*, *Adios*, *At Last*, *Pavane*, *Danny Boy*, *Chattanooga Choo Choo*, *Beautiful Ohio*, *Avril Chorus*, *My Isle of Golden Dreams*, *Johnson Rag*, *Sun Valley Jump*, etc.



197. Glenn with the Army Air Force Band. Mostly smooth ballads such as *My Ideal*, *People Will Say We're in Love*, *A Lovely Way to Spend an Evening*, *Star Dust*, *Long Ago and Far Away*, *Holiday for Strings*, *I Love You*, more.



183. Artie's 12 biggest band hits, 1938-43. *Begin the Beguine*, *Star Dust* (with Billy Butterfield, Jack Jenney), *Frenesi*, *Indian Love Call* (Tony Pastor), *Nightmare* (theme), *Temptation*, *Dancing in the Dark*, *Traffic Jam*, etc.



105. Chamber-jazz masterpieces by the 1940 (Butterfield, Guarneri, etc.) and 1945 (Eldridge, Kessel, etc.) Fives. *Smoke Gets in Your Eyes*, *Special Delivery Stomp*, *My Blue Heaven*, *Summit Ridge Drive*, *The Sad Sack*, etc.



124. Basic Como collection includes 14 of Perry's million-sellers since 1945. *Prisoner of Love*, *Till the End of Time*, *Temptation*, *When You Were Sweet Sixteen*, *Wanted*, *Round and Round*, *Because*, *Magic Moments*, etc.



123. Classic Caruso favorites recorded at the peak of his incredible career. *Vesti la giubba*, *La donna è mobile*, *Cielo e mar*, *Una furtiva lagrima*, *Celeste Aida*, *O Paradiso!*, *Che gelida manina*, *Air de la fleur*, etc. Enhanced sound.



192. The original recordings of BG's biggest hits, with Krupa, Elman, James, Berigan, Hampton, etc. *Sing Sing Sing*, *Don't Be That Way*, *One O'Clock Jump*, *Bugle Call Rag*, *Down South Camp Meeting*, *And the Angels Sing*.



108. The original Goodman Trio, Quartet and Quintet (with Wilson, Krupa, Hampton, etc.) play 12 of their 1935-38 best. *Body and Soul*, *Tiger Rag*, *Runnin' Wild*, *The Man I Love*, *Sweet Georgia Brown*, etc.

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187. Highlights of historic 1947 concert with Teagarden, Hackett, etc., plus others (Ory, Byas, Hodges, etc.) from same period. *Rockin' Chair; St. James Infirmary; Pennies from Heaven; Save It, Pretty Mama; Sugar*—12 in all.



104. Jelly's richest legacy, 16 1926-28 collector's dreams with Simeon, Dodds, Ory, Mitchell, etc. *Original Jelly Roll Blues, Grandpa's Spells, Black Bottom Stomp, Doctor Jazz, The Pearls, Kansas City Stomp, The Chant*, etc.



102. The original Dukes, starring clarinetist Pete Fountain, strut through 12 Dixieland classics in highest fi. *Muskrat Ramble, When the Saints Come Marching In, Tiger Rag, Tin Roof Blues, Panama, That's A-Plenty*, etc.



148. With Sinatra, Stafford, Pied Pipers, Berigan, Rich. All big ones. *Marie, Song of India, I'll Never Smile Again, Boogie Woogie, Little White Lies, Star Dust, Opus No. 1, Who?, I'm Gettin' Sentimental Over You*. 3 others.



111. 1938-46 Dorsey treasures star Sinatra, Stafford, Berigan, Elman, Shavers, etc. *East of the Sun, Embraceable You, Blue Skies, What Is This Thing Called Love?, Tea for Two, The One I Love, Chloe, For You, Violets for Your Furs*, 6 more.



116. Bing in the late '20s and early '30s with the Whiteman and Arnheim bands. Swingin' rhythm versions of *Ol' Man River, I'm Comin' Virginia, Them There Eyes*; first ballad hits: *Wrap Your Troubles in Dreams, It Must Be True*.



120. The man who invented crooning and introduced the biggest hits of the early '30s: *Auf Wiedersehen, My Dear; Sweet and Lovely; Just Friends; All of Me; Time on My Hands; The Blue of the Night; You're My Everything*; etc.



117. 16 earthy songs of wanderlust and women—most of them previously unissued—by the fabulous "father of country music." *Blue Yodel No. 5, High Powered Mama, No Hard Times, Let Me Be Your Side Track*, etc.



162. Monumental anthology of 16 traditional jazz classics selected by French critic Panassié from RCA Victor archives. Armstrong, Basie, Bechet, Dodds, Ellington, Hampton, Hawkins, Henderson, Hines, Lunceford, Morton, etc.



97. Via player-piano rolls, Gershwin plays his *Rhapsody in Blue* IN HI-FI. Also—in modern sound, playing their own music—Fats Waller (*Squeeze Me*), Felix Arndt (*Note*), Zex Coufrey (*Stumtling*), James P. Johnson.



191. Original recordings of romantic hits, including recitations by Franklyn McCormack. *Josephine, I Love You Truly, None But the Lonely Heart, Why Do I Love You?, Because You Love Me, Alone, The Lamp of Memory*, etc.



164. The jolly jazz genius, vocals and piano with his combo—the cream of his repertoire. *It's a Sin to Tell a Lie, Your Feet's Too Big, Honeyuckle Rose, Hold Tight, Two Sleepy People, The Minor Drag, The Joint Is Jumpin'*. 5 more.



113. Latest group of Waller reissues, 16 selections. *Porter's Love Song to a Chambermaid, Lulu's Back in Town, Us on a Bus, Georgia on my Mind, Carolina Shout, My Very Good Friend the Milkman, I'm on a Seesaw*, etc.



101. 16 gems from the band's finest period, 1940-42 (with Webster, Hodges, Carney, Ivie Anderson, Herb Jeffries, etc.). *Take the "A" Train, Cotton Tail, Main Stem, Perdido, I Got It Bad and That Ain't Good*, more.



119. The original (1944) *Black, Brown and Beige Suite* plus 10 more in fat collection from the 1940-46 period. *Cerule Love Call, Jack the Bear, Do Nothin' Till You Hear from Me (Concerto for Cootie), Warm Valley, Ko-Ko*, more.



185. 16 classic Chicago-Dixieland jazz sides cut in 1939. Personnel includes Brunies and Glenn. *Sister Kate, At the Jazz Band Ball, Black and Blue, That Da Da Strain, Dinah, Riverboat Shuffle, Relaxin' at the Touro, Eccentric*, etc.



103. Tasteful "muted jazz" recital of show tunes and jazz classics by America's hottest-selling trumpeter and his quartet—in hi-fi. *It's All Right with Me, All of You, Lullaby of Birdland, Muskrat Ramble*, others.

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 187 191 192 197

ATTENTION, STEREO OWNERS: Most of these collector's items are not and never can be available in stereo, but they belong in every well-balanced record library. Most of The RCA VICTOR Popular Album Club's new selections and alternates, however, are available in stereo versions at \$4.98, at times \$5.98. If you prefer to receive the stereo version whenever you order an album, please check box at right,

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Kevin Geraghty
Niagara, New York

THREADSVILLE

Enjoy the attire section of the magazine immensely — wish you would expand it.

John R. Hanna
Houston, Texas

ADSVILLE

I liked my favorite magazine better before it started accepting all that advertising.

Peter Cummings
Los Angeles, California

But the advertising helps us make your favorite magazine both bigger (more actual editorial pages) and better. PLAYBOY continues to turn down almost as much advertising as it accepts, will take only ads that compliment the reader, his interests and his tastes.

PIPESVILLE

As a pipe smoker of some three years, I enjoyed very much your article on the pipe in the September issue of PLAYBOY. You treated the subject in such a way so as not to offend the veteran pipe smoker but also to appeal to those who contemplate pipe smoking in the future. The pictures used with the article were excellent.

C. C. Clements
Knoxville, Tennessee

Your article on pipe smoking and pipe smokers was excellent! You forgot to mention, however, that an additional benefit of pipe smoking is the avoidance of the mess of cigarettes and cigars, always spilling ashes and burning the furniture.

P. T. Pafford
Chicago, Illinois

Thanks for the really fine article on pipes. There seems to be a parallel between pipes and violins — the most beautiful wood does not *always* yield the

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I did”

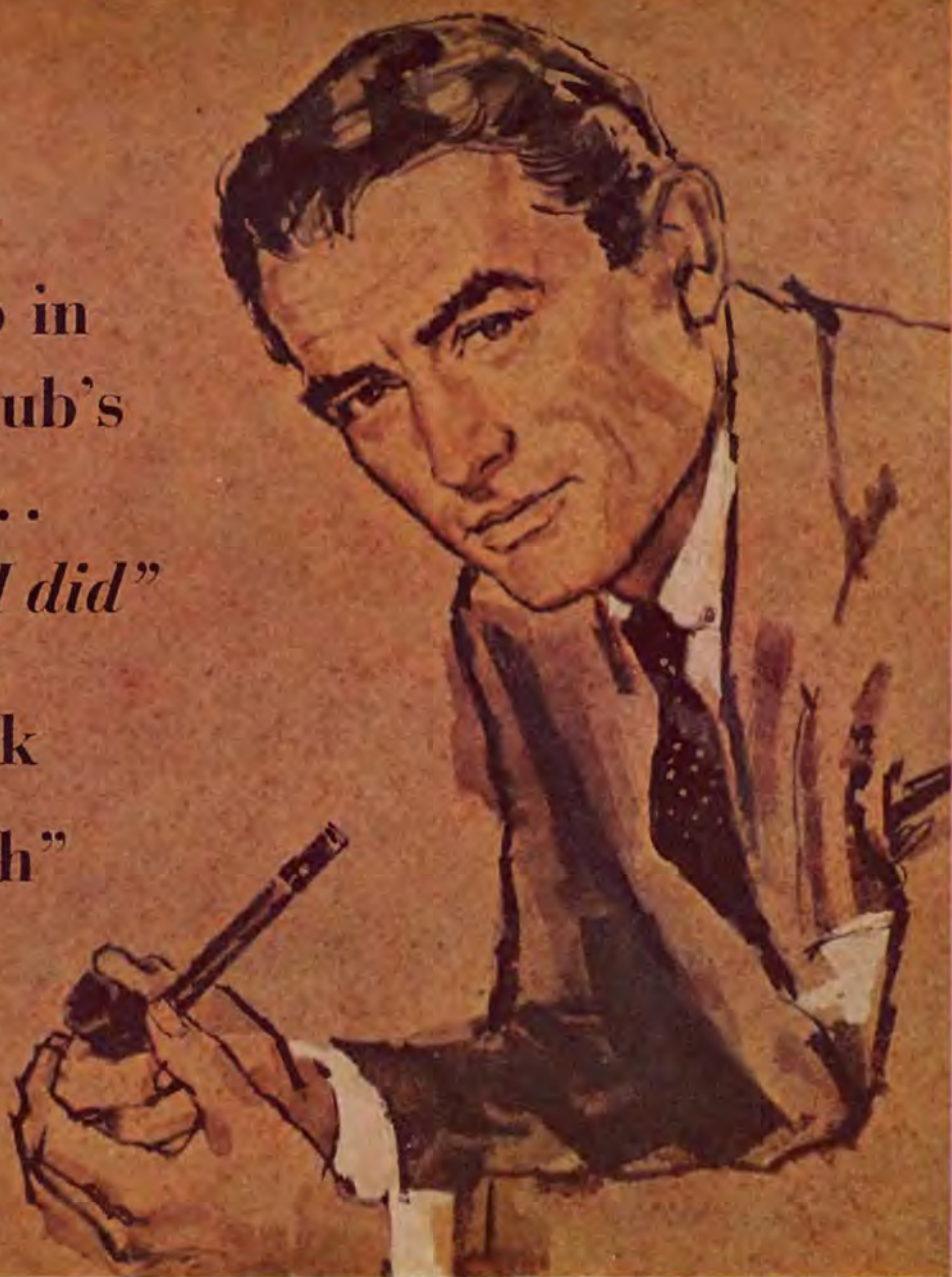
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best functional results. My favorite pipe buys are in the \$3.50 to \$7.50 range of English makes. Not of the finest grain, these specimens are generally well-turned-out, finished and free from flaws. And they provide a lot of smoking pleasure at a reasonable cost.

Arthur Whiteman
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

In my 30 years as a pipe hobbyist and 15 years as a purveyor of pipes and tobaccos, your *Playing the Piper* is the first article of its kind I've seen that wasn't a compound of misinformation, malarkey and drivel. Your facts were 100% accurate. On matters of opinion—and there are many schools of thought—your author's opinions so coincided with mine that I'd suspect he was one of my disciples.

Myron Goodman
Bridgeport, Connecticut

I enjoyed your article on pipes and what goes in them. As an old pipe smoker, may I add a tried and true model you missed. It is the churchwarden, with the bowl at the end of a stem anything from 10 inches to 15 inches from your face, which makes it delightful for fire-side book readers. Cool, too, naturally. Another thing you can bet on in buying a pipe: if you have a bit that makes you feel like a sword swallower asked to make a speech in the middle of his act, you have a cheap pipe. Good pipes have their bits tooled out of "plate" and the bits are thin between your teeth, yet strong enough to resist the guys who love to chew through the vulcanite. The origin of the saddle-bit is interesting. It was first made for hunters and other riders as a precaution against having the smoking equipment rammed down a man's throat if he were thrown. For a sweet break-in, try this, which works especially well with a big-bowl type: place an oversize copy pencil or anything cylindrical in the bowl, then pour salt in the space between the pipe wall and the pencil. Pour wine on the salt until it is moist, adding a little more as the salt sinks. Leave it for a day, then twist the pencil as you remove it to leave salt wall intact. Dump in granular tobacco and smoke several pipefuls before reaming out the salt wall and smoking the pipe in the regular way.

Lyall Dawkins
Buckeye, Arizona

ROGER

Roger Price's *The Tree* in the September PLAYBOY was one of the funniest stories I have ever read. It's still making the rounds among my friends, and I've had to get another copy of the issue for my permanent files.

Charles Edwards
Gary, Indiana

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ULTRABLITZ

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My bone of mirth got quite a working over when I read Roger Price's story, *The Tree*.

Bill Morris
Jacksonville, Florida

Dug *The Tree* the most. More Roger Price, please?

Jim Dunn
Edmonton, Alberta

Roger is working on a new PLAYBOY piece right now.

KOOKIE DIGS PLAYBOY

I am taking the liberty of enclosing a film strip from a *77 Sunset Strip* episode in which Edd Byrnes — Kookie — can be seen reading a copy of *PLAYBOY* Magazine. Not only is *PLAYBOY* a favorite of



mine, but I also find your gals so attractive that I cannot resist using them in our series. I have already used three of your center-spread "Misses"—Dolores Donlon, Joan Staley and Marianne Gaba—in previous episodes, and we hope to use more of them in the future.

Howie Horwitz, Producer
77 Sunset Strip
Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc.
Burbank, California

BUNNY'S HONEYS

Bunny's Honeys are all dolls, and so is Bunny.

Arnold H. Barzman
Elmhurst, New York

COOKING WITH WHISKEY

My thanks to Tom Mario for those recipes in *Cooking with Whiskey*. Excellent is not an adequate adjective to describe them.

Tony Garbo
New York, New York

THE GABA GOODIES

Coming from the same neighborhood which produced movie beauties Marianne Gaba and Kim Novak, I was naturally quite pleased to see Marianne as your September Playmate.

Len Jarzab
Chicago, Illinois

Almost failed to notice your September Playmate, Miss Gaba, on the Groucho



Jantzen International Sports Club ski expert and cinematographer Warren Miller and ski instructress Mrs. Joe Marrillac wear coordinated Olympic After-Ski Sweaters at Squaw Valley.

First look at good form for Squaw Valley

The ski world's flair for style always pitches the fashion note for sportsmen. This season, more than ever. For what's seen at Squaw Valley will have international repercussions. Here are the fast and the fashionable, to compete and compare against the high Sierra backdrop of the VIII Winter Olympics.

What will they wear? For the U. S. Team, the Olympic Committee chose

these coordinated after-ski sweaters (and the actual competition sweater) by Jantzen. Expert Warren Miller approved the cut and the comfort of these coordinated cardigans. As you can see, they're a bulky textured knit with shawl collar and raglan sleeve. 100% wool, the colors are red, white and navy. \$29.95 for his or hers, whether you ski or just go to see, at better stores everywhere.

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AGES OF MAN,
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CL 1345



SONGS OF THE BRITISH ISLES—NORMAN LUBOFF CHOIR
CL 1348 CS 8157*



HOMETOWN, MY TOWN—TONY BENNETT
CL 1301 CS 8107*



GREAT GETTIN' UP MORNING—MAHALIA JACKSON
CL 1343 CS 8153*



BALLAD OF THE BLUES—JO STAFFORD
CL 1332 CS 8139*



THIS GAME OF LOVE—VIC DAMONE
CL 1368 CS 8196*



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FOR MEN

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CHANEL

Marx TV show until the shoulder strap from her gown slipped the second time.

James G. McKinley
Glendale, California

PLAYBOY definitely seems to improve with age. Not only have the pages increased in quantity but also the number of writers, artists and photographers. And you have the best in the business: Gold, Sheckley, Wodehouse, Beaumont, Wallace, Stine, Silverstein, Davis, Wilson, Yulsman, Yeager. Your Playmates get lovelier all the time. Marianne Gaba is one of your very best.

P. W. Rasmussen
Annandale, Virginia

BINDERS FOR LOVELAND

Enclosed is a check for nine dollars. Please send three PLAYBOY binders to my husband. We simply *must* protect your delightful magazines. In our house it is a race every month to see who will get to buy and read it first. Keep up the wonderful work!

Mrs. Jack M. Rothrock
Loveland, Colorado

PREZ

Leonard Feather has written a truly touching epitaph to the late Lester Young in your September issue. It is said that a man's attributes are only realized posthumously; Prez is only now receiving the praise he richly deserves. I heard Prez in person in 1956. Even in his declining years his musicianship was superb. The instrument seemed to be part of him and the tenor saxophone will always be synonymous with his name. Congratulations to PLAYBOY and Mr. Feather for the finest jazz biography you have ever published.

Howard Woronov
Syracuse, New York

So Lester Young dies from overexposure to drink and the weed, and then what? Are his great tenor adventures supposed to excuse the fact that he was a weak character? The story that he could not adjust to the complex 20th Century is a lot of bunk. Did he contribute more to society than F.D.R., Jonas Salk or Albert Schweitzer? Can you imagine one of these gentlemen floundering in the chaos of Lester Young's drunken stupefaction? I enjoyed the Prez for several years at JATP and agree with Mr. Feather as to his talent. But when you try to evaluate his drinking and sordid decline as being correlated to his deep musical expressions, you give an excuse and not a reason. The Prez always wanted things to be "pretty." Due to his personal weakness, he did not leave a very "pretty" legacy or example for aspiring young tenor men.

Vince Carlo
Honolulu, Hawaii



32

how to make the most popular drinks



A bottle of Southern Comfort is shown next to an open book, possibly a recipe book, with a pen resting on it. The scene is set against a background of colorful, abstract patterns.

Recipe for a good time...

It's more fun mixing drinks and drinking 'em...when you follow this basic guide! Is the cocktail hour your favorite...except when you're serving time in the kitchen playing bartender? Do you dread wading through pages of outer-space recipes to find that one down-to-earth sour? Or do you skip the *mix-up* altogether and jovially ask, "What kind of *highball* will you have?" Wait—don't throw in the bar towel—your hosting problems are solved—right on these pages. Here you'll find, not every drink known to man, but *those most in demand!* With the best recipe for each drink, after many elimination tests (wow!)...and the easiest to fix, too. Plus simple, intriguing ways to vary these basic favorites. Just keep this handy mixing guide at your elbow, and your guests will bend theirs with cheers!

and don't forget the SOUTHERN COMFORT

You need only a few staple liquors for a basic home bar—whiskey, gin, vodka, rum and Southern Comfort. S.C. is so versatile, its unique flavor adds new zest to the old stand-by drinks. Not to mention the many favorites that can only be made the Comfort* way!

*Southern Comfort®

WHAT IS SOUTHERN COMFORT?

In the gracious days of the Old South, men had time for the finer things. One such man-of-leisure in New Orleans was disturbed by the taste of even the *finest* whiskeys. He took time to "smooth his spirits" with some rare and delicious ingredients...and Southern Comfort was born! The formula for this unique 100 proof liquor has remained a family secret to this day. We think *you'll* like it!



tips from the experts

THE MAGIC FORMULA TO SUCCESS = MEASURING!

The best drinks are the result of exact measurements of the finest ingredients. Not even a highball should be mixed by the "eyeball" method. Here're the figures you can count on: pony = 1 oz., one jigger = 1½ oz., dash = ¼ teaspoon.



WHAT KIND OF SUGAR IS BEST?

Some prefer the way powdered sugar blends with ingredients in certain drinks, even though it "clouds up" a bit. Finely granulated sugar makes a clearer drink. Take your choice, but put sugar in the shaker . . . first!



DON'T SKIMP ON THE ICE!

Use cracked ice for shaker drinks, lots of cubes for highballs. Avoid "stale" ice, with that "icebox taste."



CHILLED GLASSES—BETTER COCKTAILS!

Before mixing cocktails, fill glasses with cracked ice to cool 'em. When mixture's ready, dump ice, dry glasses—and pour.



WHEN TO SHAKE—WHEN TO STIR?

If a drink is made only with clear liquors, it requires only *stirring* with ice for proper mixing (the Stinger is one of few exceptions). *Shake* drinks with hard-to-blend ingredients like: fruit juice, eggs, cream or sugar . . . and give it all you've got!



SECRET OF THE FROSTED GLASS!

For "frosted" drinks, put wet glasses in the icebox, or bury in shaved ice. For the "sugar-frosted" glass, dampen rim of pre-cooled glass with slice of lemon, then dip rim in powdered sugar for a few seconds. Knock off excess.



BASIC GLASSWARE



See the new Double Old Fashioned glass—and special offer on last page!



Comfort^{*} Manhattan

*Sardi's Restaurant &
Sardi's East, New York*

The drink that Manhattan Island is proud to have as a namesake. As welcome in any crowd . . . as spring in Central Park.

$\frac{2}{3}$ Southern Comfort
 $\frac{1}{3}$ dry vermouth
dash Angostura bitters*

*Stir with ice and strain into glass.
Add cherry.*

*Southern Comfort®

the 8 "whiskey-whetters" . . .

MANHATTAN

$\frac{1}{4}$ Italian (sweet) vermouth
 $\frac{3}{4}$ bourbon or rye
dash Angostura bitters*

*Stir with cracked ice,
strain, serve with cherry.*

MINT JULEP

several mint sprigs
1 tsp. sugar
dash water
bourbon

*Crush mint, sugar, water
in 12-oz. glass. Fill to top
with cracked ice, pour
bourbon to $\frac{1}{2}$ -in. of top.
Stir 'til glass frosts.*

Mint won't mind being crushed if you soothe it with Southern Comfort instead of bourbon (no sugar).

*Bitters Optional

OLD FASHIONED

1 lump sugar
dash Angostura bitters*
splash of plain soda
jigger ($1\frac{1}{2}$ oz.) bourbon or rye
*Muddle sugar, bitters,
soda. Add 2 ice cubes,
orange slice, cherry.*

It's high fashion to make this old favorite with Southern Comfort instead of bourbon—omit sugar.

WHISKEY SOUR

$\frac{1}{2}$ jigger lemon juice
1 tsp. powdered sugar
jigger ($1\frac{1}{2}$ oz.) bourbon or rye
*Shake well with cracked
ice, strain. Serve with
orange slice, cherry.*

Use Southern Comfort with $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. powdered sugar . . . for a sour to bring out the smiles!



SPANISH HOT TIDBIT...

Take large size green olives stuffed with pimiento and roll each in a slice of lean bacon . . . secure with toothpick, bake 'til bacon's crisp in 450° oven.



Comfort* Old Fashioned

*The Ambassador East,
Chicago*

One of the best *nips* the Windy City has to offer. Served at the Pump Room, it'll be a favorite in your living room, too!

dash Angostura bitters
splash of plain soda
jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort

Stir bitters and soda, add ice cubes and S.C. Top with twist of lemon peel, orange slice, cherry.



... most folks will whistle for

ROB ROY

1 part Italian (sweet)
vermouth
2 parts scotch
dash Angostura bitters

*Stir with cracked ice,
strain. Serve with twist
of lemon peel.*



TODDY

1 lump sugar
dash Angostura bitters
1 oz. water
2 oz. bourbon, scotch or rye

*Muddle sugar, bitters,
water. Add ice cubes,
liquor, lemon peel twist.*

Give your Toddy a "full body" ...
make it with Southern Comfort in-
stead of your usual whiskey.

WARD EIGHT

½ oz. lemon juice
½ oz. orange juice
2 oz. rye
4 dashes grenadine

*Shake with cracked ice,
serve without straining.
Add orange slice.*

SCOTCH 'n COMFORT*

1 jigger each: water, scotch
and Southern Comfort
*Pour over cracked ice,
add twist of lemon peel.*

BERMUDA EASY SPREAD...

Chop equal parts of Bermuda onion and good Swiss cheese very fine, or put through meat grinder ... spread mixture on buttered bread, cut in small pieces.



Comfort* Collins

*Fontainebleau Hotel,
Miami Beach*

The drink that steals the lime-light, even under a Miami moon!

jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort
juice ¼ lime
7-UP

*Pour in tall glass with ice cubes,
add lime, fill with 7-UP, stir.*

Try a S.C. Highball — 1½ oz.
Southern Comfort, squeeze ¼
lime, fill with soda or cola.

*Southern Comfort®

double-quartet of gin...

DRY MARTINI

1/5 French type (dry) vermouth 4/5 dry gin

*Stir with cracked ice, strain, add green olive or
pearl onion. For a Vodka-tini use vodka, omit gin.*

GIN 'N TONIC

juice & rind of ¼ lime tonic water
jigger (1½ oz.) dry gin

*Put lime, gin, ice cubes in 8-oz. glass, stir. Fill with
tonic. Go Mexican—skip the gin—viva tequila!*

Put more tone in your tonics; use Southern Comfort instead of gin . . .
nothing more soothing than a "Comfort 'n Tonic"

TOM COLLINS

1 tsp. powdered sugar ½ jigger lemon juice
jigger (1½ oz.) gin plain soda

*Dissolve sugar in juice. Add ice cubes, gin, soda
and stir well.*

GIMLET

3 parts dry gin or vodka dash plain soda
1 part Rose's Lime Juice

Shake gin 'n juice with ice, strain. Top with soda.

SNAPPY SNACK...

Blend deviled ham with tart mayonnaise, diced
celery or radish. Core center of large dill pickle . . .
stuff with mixture, refrigerate. Serve in ½-in. slices.



Comfort* on the Rocks

*Jack Dempsey's,
New York*

Popular drink in Times Square that'll make a hit with your guests, too. Just pour a round and watch the fans gather!

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort

Pour into old fashioned glass with cracked ice or ice cubes. Add twist of lemon peel, stir.

*Southern Comfort®

...vodka & tequila favorites!

BLOODY MARY

1 jigger (1½ oz.) vodka
2 jiggers tomato juice
½ jigger lemon juice
dash worcestershire sauce
salt and pepper to taste
Shake with ice, strain.

Follow the new "party line"... replace vodka with Southern Comfort.



SCREWDRIVER

2 oz. vodka
orange juice

Put 2 ice cubes in 6-oz. glass. Add vodka, fill with juice, stir.

Be a master craftsman—make your next Screwdriver with a jigger of S.C. instead of vodka.



MARGARITA

1 oz. Cuervo tequila
½ oz. Triple Sec
1 oz. lime or lemon juice

Shake with cracked ice. Moisten glass rim with fruit rind, spin in salt. Sip over the salted edge.



ALEXANDER

½ oz. fresh cream
¾ oz. creme de cacao
1 jigger (1½ oz.) gin or brandy

Shake well, serve.

Brandy's dandy—but ¾ oz. S.C. makes a really "Smart Alex"!

QUICK DIP...

Raw vegetables—carrots, radishes, celery, scallions and slices of cauliflower—to dunk into Russian dressing, mayonnaise or sour cream with chives.



Comfort* Sour

Trader Vic's, San Francisco,
New York, Los Angeles, Havana

A drink with smooth enjoyment in every sip . . . in the South Pacific atmosphere of Trader Vic's, or in any gathering of good friends.

½ jigger lemon juice
½ tsp. powdered sugar
jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort

*Shake well with cracked ice, strain.
Serve with orange slice and cherry.*

winning foursome...

with everyone!

DAIQUIRI

juice of ½ lime or lemon
1 tsp. powdered sugar
jigger (1½ oz.) light
Bacardi rum

*Shake with cracked ice
'til shaker frosts, strain.*

Daiquiri, smackery, m-mm! Use ½
tsp. sugar, Southern Comfort (sans
rum), adds new meaning to the word.

ST. LOUIS COCKTAIL

½ peach or apricot
chilled Southern Comfort

*Place peach or apricot in
large champagne or sher-
bet glass. Add chipped ice,
fill with Southern Comfort.*

STINGER

2 parts brandy
1 part white creme de
menthe

*Shake well with cracked
ice, strain.*

Forget the brandy, and ring in
smooth Southern Comfort for a
Stinger that's a humdinger!

CHAMPAGNE COCKTAIL

1 lump sugar
dash Angostura bitters
chilled B.V. champagne
*Saturate lump of sugar
with dash of bitters. Add
ice cube, fill with cham-
pagne, twist of lemon peel.*

ROQUEFORT APPETEASERS...

Blend Roquefort with trace of onion juice . . . heap on
walnut halves. Or try Roquefort with chopped stuffed
olives, horse-radish, mayonnaise . . . on crackers.

*Southern Comfort®

PLAYBOY, December, 1959

Scarlett O'Hara

*Brennan's French Restaurant,
New Orleans*

Drink of the Old South . . . in the tradition of hospitality you'll find at Brennan's.

juice $\frac{1}{2}$ fresh lime
 $\frac{3}{4}$ oz. Ocean Spray cranberry juice
2 oz. Southern Comfort

Shake well with cracked ice, strain into glass.



rousing cheer for winter . . .

NEW ORLEANS EGGNOG



(serves 10)

1 qt. Dairy eggnog mix
 $\frac{1}{2}$ pt. Southern Comfort

*Pour chilled ingredients in punch bowl.
Beat mixture, dust with nutmeg.*

HOT BUTTERED RUM

jigger Jamaica rum small piece stick cinnamon
1 lump sugar lemon peel small slice butter
Put ingredients in old fashioned glass, fill with boiling water, stir. Wonderful way to butter up guests is to use Southern Comfort instead of rum (no sugar).

TOM & JERRY

1 egg $\frac{3}{4}$ oz. brandy
1 tsp. pwd. sugar $\frac{3}{4}$ oz. rum

Beat white and yolk of egg separately. Blend, add sugar, beat. Add brandy, rum, pour in mug. Stir and top with hot milk or water, nutmeg.

MILK PUNCH

1 tsp. pwd. sugar jigger ($1\frac{1}{2}$ oz.)
3 oz. rich milk Southern Comfort

Shake with cracked ice, strain. Dust with nutmeg.

• Southern Comfort®



PARTY PUNCH (serves 25)

| | |
|----------------------------------|--|
| fifth bottle Southern Comfort | 8 oz. grapefruit juice |
| 4 oz. Jamaica rum | 4 oz. lemon juice |
| 8 oz. pineapple juice | 2 qts. B.V. champagne or plain soda |

Fast party starter. Cool ingredients 1 hour or more. Pour into punch bowl over large piece of ice. Add champagne, citrus fruit slices, cherries. If plain soda used, pour in first.

Featured at 8,000 Diners' Club restaurants!



Stir with ice, strain into glass, top with a twist of lemon peel.

AND TOP OFF YOUR DINNER WITH THIS AFTER-DINNER DRINK OF DISTINCTION

BLUE BLAZER

1/2 white creme de menthe
1/2 Southern Comfort

Pour creme de menthe in cordial glass, float S.C. on top and ignite. When the flame dies, let glass cool and serve. Sure beats after-dinner mints!

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Presto! Just slip off the brand name (on an
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wrapped to delight a friend's taste.



Special offer!

**Save 1/2 on Southern Comfort
Steamboat Glasses**

Fast becoming the basic *all-purpose* glass
for highballs, on-the-rocks, etc.! Set of 8,
with stunning blue and gold steamboat
motif; no advertising appears on them.

the **DOUBLE** Old Fashioned is THE fashion

\$3.50 Set of 8 giant-
size (15 1/2 oz.)
glasses
\$7.95
Value

Send check or money order to:

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NEW! GAY "STEAMBOAT" COCKTAIL NAPKINS



Cheery napkins say "Smooth Sailing," are color-
mated to glasses in blue, gold and black. Two
plump packs of 40 each, for the price of postage
and handling alone. \$1.00 value, **only 25¢**

Send 25¢ in stamps or coin to:

Dept. PN, Southern Comfort, 1220 N. Price Rd., St. Louis 32, Missouri

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PLAYBOY, December, 1959

Printed in U. S. A.

32

how to make the most popular drinks



PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



Those who liked our October takeout on kissing may sit still to hear what we've learned on a related and seasonal subject, mistletoe. First of all, and probably very important to the mistletoe itself, is the happy fact that there are male and female mistletoe plants. If you remember your Virgil, you may recall mistletoe was the "golden bough" that enabled Aeneas literally to go to Hell (and return safely). The ancient Druids of Britain, who built the great, mysterious monuments at Stonehenge, called mistletoe *all heal*, for they believed it would cure every kind of disease and act as an antidote for sundry poisons. (On the other hand, modern botanists warn that mistletoe itself is poisonous; the berries anyway.) Among other ancient benefits, an administration of an elixir of mistletoe was believed to overcome sterility in man or woman, relieve spasms and epilepsy, banish a stitch in the side or a crick in the back, reduce enlargement of the liver and spleen and relieve tumultuous action of the heart. The Druids further thought that wearing mistletoe would render one safe from witchcraft, and they were also the cats who started the pleasant practice of kissing under it. At the winter solstice (end of December) the pagan celebration of which was gradually replaced by the present-day celebration of Christmas, a branch of mistletoe would be hung over the doorway of every Druid household, in the belief that only happiness could enter under the mistletoe. Coming through a doorway thus bedecked implied a pledge of peace and friendship, to be sealed with a friendly handshake—or, in the case of a man and a maid, with a kiss. When it came time for the Druids to gather their mistletoe in December, the archpriest led a solemn procession into the forest. Only he was permitted to cut

the mistletoe, with a golden scythe never used for any other purpose. The twigs cut off by the priest were not allowed to touch the ground. They were caught on a snow-white cloth, held at the corners by four virgins, which were easier to find in those days. Winding up this collection of conversation pieces for holiday ice-breaking, we regret to inform you we've been through John Bartlett's *Familiar Quotations* (Centennial Edition) and *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations* (Second Edition) and have unearthed no literature on the merry berry except for a poem called *The Mistletoe Bough* by Thomas Haynes Bayly (1797-1839). No, we never heard of him, either.

A note on what may become known as Beat Diplomacy: one of the gateposts of Dumbarton Oaks, the Washington estate which has been the setting for several international conferences, bears a plaque that reads: WAY OUT.

Football jerseys were being swiped from the dressing-room lockers of the University of Miami at an alarming rate, until the coaches solved the problem by applying psychology. All the practice jerseys have now been stenciled with the words: "Fourth Team."

Clement Moore's *A Visit from St. Nicholas* has suffered many a parody, but none, we think, more merry than this hipster version we dug (literally and figuratively) out of *Music Views*, a publicity booklet put out by Capitol Records:

"Twas the night before Christmas and all through the pad
Not a hip cat was swinging, and that's nowhere, dad;
The stove was hung up in that stocking routine,

In hopes that the fat man would soon make the scene;

The kids had all had it so they hit their sacks,
And me and the bride had begun to relax,
When there started a rumble that came on real frantic
So I opened the window to figure the panic;

I saw a square short that was makin' fat tracks,
Bein' pulled by eight dogs who were wearing hat racks;
And a funny old geezer was flippin' his lid,
He told 'em to "make it" and man, like they did!

I couldn't help diggin' the scene on the roof
As I stood there just waiting for chubby to goof;
They stood by the chimney in bunches and clusters
'Till tubby slid down, coming on like Gangbusters.

Like he was the squarest, the most absolute,
But face it, who cares when he left all that loot?
He laid the jazz on me and fled from the gig,
Wailin', "Have a cool yule and man later, like, dig?"

THEATRE

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reprise of the Warren G. Harding administration, with its Teapot Dome scandal, its record of theft and bribery in high places, even its whisper of a President's extramarital follies. Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee (dramatists of *Auntie Mame* and *Inherit the Wind*) have turned the unsavory chronicle into a modern morality play, compelling by the sheer force of its dramatic urgency. As the 29th President, Griffith P. Hastings is a fine white-hair-halooed figure of a man (Melvyn Douglas makes up to look a little like Harding) and a political bumpkin with less talent for steering the ship of state than a drunken sailor. Hastings is nominated as a compromise candidate by a cozy cartel of party bosses who know which breadwinner can be buttered best. Elected, the hopelessly inadequate Chief of State forms a cabinet from among his poker-playing, boozing cronies. What these inimical intimates do to him and the national economy is blacker than the headlines that first screamed the news more than three decades ago. Director George Roy Hill skillfully rides herd on the inevitable clichés that are occupational hazards in any drama of crooked deals and "smoke-filled" rooms, but it is Melvyn Douglas who gives *The Gang's All Here* its guts and gusto and its small, sharp edge of poignance. An amiable, almost incredibly ingenuous fall-guy in the beginning, he becomes a genuinely pathetic figure of bewilderment as he reads *A Boy's Book of the Presidents* in search of another as inadequate as he. Douglas is staunchly supported by Jean Dixon as his enigmatic First Lady, and by E. G. Marshall, Paul McGrath, Arthur Hill, Bert Wheeler and Victor Kilian as the men closest to the embattled White House. In the end, a tortured man, as he rises at last to denounce his nefarious friends to the press, his ignoble career ends in 45 seconds of true greatness. At the Ambassador, 215 West 49th St., NYC.

RECORDINGS

Miles Davis' latest LP, *Kind of Blue* (Columbia 1355), is marvelous. It's as simple and as unqualified as that. The fragile-toned trumpeter and his empathic companions — alto man Julian Adderley, tenor man John Coltrane, pianist Bill Evans (Wynton Kelly sits in for Evans on one track), bassist Paul Chambers and drummer Jimmy Cobb — exploit five Davis inventions, all quite uninvolved and all quite exquisite. Two ballads — *Blue in Green* and *Flamenco Sketches* — are Louvre-level *objects d'art*. A blues — *Freddie Freeloader* — is played without the inclusion of a single cliché. Davis, despite his imperfect technique and pipsqueak sound, is at his imagina-



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tive grandest and so are Coltrane and Adderley. Evans is the best young pianist in jazz. In fact, it's one of those rare jazz LPs every buff should own. And, by the way, Davis fans will want to pick up *Miles Davis and the Modern Jazz Giants* (Prestige 7150), reissued recordings originally cut in 1954 and 1956, featuring the trumpeter with Milt Jackson, Thelonious Monk, Kenny Clarke, Coltrane and others. Historically valid stuff, as they say in the jazz periodicals.

Bessie Smith in stereo? *Unmöglich*, you may murmur; yet had the Empress of the Blues lived on into the present era her LPs might not have sounded too different from what you hear on *Live! with the Blues* (Dot 3177). The big, bear-shaped tones belong to Barbara Dane, a tall blonde from Los Angeles and the only ofay chick Satchmo himself ever wanted for his band. Though she stumbles badly on up-tempo pops like *Bye Bye Blackbird*, and suffers some intonation trouble, you can tell from her muscular, throaty use of folk blues material (*How Long, Mecca Flat Blues, In the Evening*) that she's studied extensively at the Bessie Smithsonian Institute. In Earl Hines' accompanying combo the oddly modern trumpet on a couple of tracks is not Benny Carter as listed (he only made part of the album) but Shelly Manne's trumpeter, Joe Gordon.

"The band scene has been ready for a fresh, bright young leader... but nobody came along who was just right... now Quincy Jones has, and I know he's going to make it." Thus spake Bill Basie in his liner notes for *The Birth of a Band* (Mercury 60129), maiden LP by a unit that recently took off for Europe (with a revamped personnel). Basie is right. Quincy's sounds are smooth and slick; the arrangements (he wrote six of the 10) all swing, and with men like Phil Woods and Clark Terry (not to mention girls like Melba Liston, trombone, and Patti Bown, piano), plus tunes like *Whisper Not, I Remember Clifford* and the old Prez piece *Tickettote*, he could hardly miss. For streamlined, not-too-far-out big-band jazz, a sort of extension of the best of Basie, this team has it.

Wanda Landowska died four months ago. In her 80 years she had re-created the harpsichord as a contemporary instrument and almost singlehandedly built public taste for it to such an extent that other musicians found it economically feasible and artistically gratifying to perform on it in public and on discs. Following her 1923 debut at Carnegie Hall she recorded an immense repertory of Bach's works; her *Goldberg Variations* sold tens of thousands of copies in its first month of issue; her complete *Well-Tempered Clavier* (a monumental

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job) is a classic which she, herself, described as her last will and testament. Now, a *Wanda Landowska Memorial Edition* (Victor LM-2389) has been issued, a single disc on which may be heard Bach's 15 two-part inventions and seven of his 15 sinfonias (three-part inventions). Landowska had planned to record them all, but death intervened. This record may well become a collector's item, for it preserves her at her best, reveals her profound understanding of Bach, displays her sinewy elegance at the keyboard, and the warmth and color with which she clothes both the music and her own tremendous technical precision. The last track on Side One is her spoken introduction to the two-part inventions on Side Two.

If you're the loyal sort and feel that Ella Fitzgerald can sing no wrong, you'll have eyes and ears for *Ella Fitzgerald Sings Sweet Songs for Swingers* (Verve 4032). But if you've heard Ella at her best, you might want to switch off the rig after a few tracks of this one. It's not that everything goes astray (it can't if Ella is involved). It's just that Frank DeVol's pop-style arrangements are heavy-handed and intrusive, preventing Ella from doing much more than singing the melodies once over lightly. Caught in this vise, Ella gives it the old jazz try (on such as *Sweet and Lovely, I Remember You, Gone with the Wind and Lullaby of Broadway*), but can't win. Her flexible sound at times penetrates the clouds and clichés DeVol flings her way, but this isn't the happy or moody, warm or hiply cool Ella we know so well.

Should there be a jazz trumpeter with greater technical skill, more penetrating wit, and a more adventurous mind than John Birks Gillespie, we haven't heard him. Since Diz and Charlie Parker brought new life to jam sessions in the Forties, the goateed leader has been playing with kingly authority. His newest LP, *Have Trumpet, Will Excite* (Verve S313), might well convert even the moldiest fig. The mesmerizing moments (and there are few that aren't) include a dreamy opening chorus and humorous close to *My Man*, a heatedly revitalized *St. Louis Blues*, a movingly lyrical *There Is No Greater Love* and a tightly flowing *I Found a Million Dollar Baby*. Backed by the group with whom he made the jazz-club circuit in 1959 (Les Spann, flute and guitar; Junior Mance, piano; Sam Jones, bass; and Lex Humphries, drums), Diz is comfortably at home. From Note One he fulfills the potential of his angular horn, exhibiting instant rapport between thought and technique.

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Preacher, Doodlin' and Senor Blues are among them), has a composer's field day in *Finger Poppin'* (Blue Note 4008). The pianist heads an able quintet (including Blue Mitchell, trumpet; Junior Cook, tenor; Eugene Taylor, bass; and Louis Hayes, drums) in thumping and thoughtful performances of eight of his own tunes. The titles don't mean much yet, but keep your ears open for other versions of *Juicy Lucy*, a wiggly stroll; *Come On Home*, the personification of Silver's funky world; and *You Happened My Way*, a very slow, velvety ballad. There are other refreshing moments, too, in keeping with Silver's non-conformist approach. As he expresses it on the liner, "I don't stop to think about measures until after I'm finished writing. As long as they feel even and comfortable, that's all that counts." He ought to be pleased with this LP. It makes it—evenly and comfortably.

FILMS

In *Odds Against Tomorrow* (refreshingly small screen, black and white) director Robert Wise examines the robbery of a small-town bank by three diverse types united by a craving for riches. Hatching the plot is Ed Begley, a deposed cop seeking vengeance for a year in the hoosegow, compliments of a crime investigating committee. Begley convinces Robert Ryan, a morbid ex-con, that the bank job is a pushover. Belafonte, a singer in debt to a loan shark, enlists, too. From pre-robbery huddles through the botched bank-crashing, the camera peers at the conflict between Negro-hating Southern white trash Ryan and olay-representing slickster Belafonte, and Begley's good-guy efforts to make them forget the color of each other's pelts. When Begley is cut down by police, Belafonte and Ryan clash and the two die, gun fighting, in a fire created by a stray bullet sparking an oil tank. The police, naturally, can't tell Belafonte from Ryan. No-surprise moral: we're all the same when we're charred. Begley and Ryan manage their roles with handy competence, but Belafonte, as is his unfortunate wont when he essays a straight thespian chore, is strangely stiff, brings to the role little of the loose-limbed ease of Harry the Singer. The other members of the cast, including Shelley Winters and Gloria Grahame as two of Ryan's conquests, do their best, which helps. But most of the creative vigor is in the background music, composed by the Modern Jazz Quartet's John Lewis, and the sharp photography of Joseph Brun.

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gly, globoid nurses squinching by the pop-eyed crew in narrow passageways, smooching in the galley, babies born during a depth-charge shivaree, perfumed gobs, champagne and a bewildered goat. Ashore, more hanky-panky: one of the sub's lieutenants, Tony Curtis, striking a blow against bureaucracy, scrounges and steals machine parts and toilet tissue for the desperately needy sub. All this happens in *Operation Petticoat*, a deliberately whacky account of the unwarlike adventures of a thoroughly unheroic sub. Clobbered by Jap bombs while in port in the Philippines, the sub wheezes and galumphs across the Pacific to a safe spot for repairs. But wily operator and ladies' man Curtis finds some marooned Army-type nurses and brings them aboard. The skipper, Gary Grant, more hipped on getting the sub fit to fight than drying brassieres on his periscope, is miffed but helpless. Curtis carries on with blonde Dina Merrill, Grant's bosom pal is Joan O'Brien, while Arthur O'Connell, a machinist, grumpily accepts the attentions (under the boiler) of Virginia Gregg, the top nurse. In spite of all this interservice cooperation they don't do much damage to the Japs. They do sink a truck, however. Direction by Blake (*Peter Gunn*) Edwards is properly whiz-bang. For connoisseurs, the credits are cute as hell.

Brooding, gritty, classically statured Richard Burton looks back, forward and from side to side in anger in *Look Back in Anger*, and the effect, in general, is exciting, but you sometimes wonder exactly why the hell he's so mad, and about what. He labors bitterly in his candy store by day, sometimes plays jazz trumpet in a dive at night and lives miserably with his wife (Mary Ure) and business partner (Gary Raymond) in a Midlands flat. Conflict is compounded when wifey asks an actress friend (Claire Bloom) to share their crowded digs. At first at odds with Claire, Burton becomes very chummy with her indeed after his wife leaves him. Nigel Kneale wrote the screen adaptation of John Osborne's smash play, the upshot of which is about as whimsically depressing as anything you'll ever see. This is director Tony Richardson's first feature, and he's not afraid to push a camera past its theoretical limits to get fluidity and force. You won't find Hollywood slickness here, and you won't miss it.

Gay, bright, sassy, brassy and naughty: *Pillow Talk* tries so hard to be all of these things that it ends up being none of them. The direction is crisp and polished in all but where it counts—the bright, brittle places, where it begins to scuff its toes; the writing, generally amusing, becomes embarrassing and self-

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conscious where the passages become blue; as a comedienne Doris Day is freckled — as a roué, Rock Hudson is rueful — and Tony Randall has fallen in love with playing Tony Randall. The gimmick in the plot is the telephone: Doris and Rock share a party line, but she can't use her phone 'cause he's always on the line talking some broad into sharing his pad. After she has worked up a good mad against him on this account, they meet, and you'll be surprised how well you can predict the rest.

The German film *Rosemary* (scripted by Erich Kuby from his novel, *Das Mädchen Rosemarie*) is based on fact: prostitute Rosemarie Nitribitt, gifted by Nature with a talent for listening to troubles, worked Frankfurt industrialists for wads of dough (1000 marks a throw where the standard is 20) and built a nice nest for herself. Then, two years ago, some cuckoo got in it and strangled her with her own stockings. Pressure from Rosemary's capitalist clientele was exerted upon director Rolf Thiele when he started shooting her story, but the flick got made and did boffo B.O. in West Germany last year. It's not hard to see why, and it's not hard to see why the fat-cats yowled. They're made out to be lecherous lunks fearful of their wives and unable to keep secrets (of any kind) from Rosemary, who works her way up in the world, tycoon by tycoon. At the behest of a French industrialist, she records her customers' bedtime yatata; soon these customers learn their best business secrets are in the hands of rivals. Confronted by this, she is plenty uppity, and you can only push those cartels so far. Willowy Nadja Tiller is Rosemary, and Peter Van Eyck and Carl Raddatz are rival tycoons. Norbert Schultz' music is outstanding in a Kurt Weillish way, suitable to the moods of this somber and slightly sordid picture.

BOOKS

Gift-tome *extraordinaire*: the startling *Observations* (Simon & Schuster, \$15) of lensman Richard Avedon, with text by Truman Capote. In this voluptuous volume, Avedon's camera catches close-ups, most of them delineating every pore and crinkle of the subject's skin, of the greats of the creative arts: writers (Carson McCullers), actors (Humphrey Bogart), painters (Bernard Buffet), dancers (Escudero), composers (Igor Stravinsky), singers (Marion Anderson), directors (René Clair), designers (Gabrielle Chanel), comedians (Bobby Clark), poets (Marianne Moore) and playwrights (Arthur Miller). In all, there are nearly 100 probing camera portraits to

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delight the eye. Capote's commentary is lucid and witty, suffers the one drawback of not being integrated with the photos; thus, one reads about Cesare Zavattini whilst a puckish Charlie Chaplin stares out from the facing page. Enough carping: this is a thing of beauty.

Shirley Jackson is a kind of literary Jekyll-Hyde who alternates gay, laughing books about the trials of the suburban housewife with macabre chillers wherein, with sound insight and sure touch, she probes the dank recesses of the psyche. *The Haunting of Hill House* (Viking, \$3.95) is one of the latter — her best since *The Lottery*. Don't let the title fool you. It's not just a ghost story, but a masterpiece of what might be called Freudian Gothic. The setup is simple: Dr. Montague, an anthropologist-turned-ghost-breaker, has found an authentic haunted house in the gnarled hills above a remote, unfriendly village, and to help him check the various phenomena he's invited several people who have had psychic experiences. Only two show: flip, sophisticated Theodora and mousey Eleanor, a bereft, 30ish spinster who's spent her adult life caring for her invalid mother, newly dead. With the Doctor and debonair Luke, representing the owners, they begin their vigil. When the manifestations start they try to be casual but they are deeply shaken; Eleanor most of all, for it's she whose name is found written in blood on the walls, she who sees the grass move under invisible feet, she who wakes in the night clinging desperately to a disembodied hand — yet she who comes to have a final, awful affinity for all that she most fears. But is it also she whose inner feelings of great guilt are really the genesis of the whole phantasmic phenomenon? We are not told. Certainly this is a book which can be read on several levels and will be richly rewarding on each, so expertly does Miss Jackson blend documentary realism with dark imaginings. Besides that, it will scare the daylights out of you.

Soft of cover but hard of core are some recent paperback originals that have come to our attention. *Harvey Kurtzman's Jungle Book* (Ballantine, 35¢) is subtitled *Or, Up from the Apes (and Right Back Down)*. An original batch of kookie Mr. K's satirical draftsmanship, it ribs, in comic-strip-type panels, jazz-backed shamus shows (*Thelonius Violence, Like Private Eye*), big-biz shows (*The Organization Man in the Gray Flannel Executive Suite*), sagebrush schizophrenia shows (*Compulsion on the Range*) and Deepest South shows (*Decadence Degenerated*). Yoks galore here, despite a



SCHULTZ IS A MANY SPLENDORED THING

Beppo Schultz, boulevardier, raconteur, connoisseur, sportsman, bon vivant, hail fellow well met—in short, typical American college man—smokes today's new Marlboros.

"Why do you smoke today's new Marlboros, hey?" a friend recently asked Beppo Schultz.

"I smoke today's new Marlboros," replied Beppo, looking up from his 2.9 litre L-head Hotchkiss drive double overhead camshaft British sports car, "because they are new."

"New?" said the friend. "What do you mean—new?"

"I mean the flavor's great, the filter's improved, the cigarette is designed for today's easier, breezier living," said Beppo.

"Like this 2.9 litre L-head Hotchkiss drive double overhead camshaft British sports car?" asked the friend.

"Exactly," said Beppo.

"She's a beauty," said the friend, looking admiringly at the car. "How long have you had her?"

"It's a male," said Beppo.

"Sorry," said the friend. "How long have you had him?"

"About a year," said Beppo.

"Have you done a lot of work on him?" asked the friend.

"Oh, have I not!" cried Beppo. "I have replaced the pushrods with a Roots type supercharger. I have replaced the torque with a sychromesh. I have replaced the tachometer with a double side draft carburetor."

"Gracious!" exclaimed the friend.

"I have replaced the hood with a bonnet," said Beppo.

"Lando'Goshen!" exclaimed the friend.

"And I have put gloves in the glove

compartment," said Beppo.

"My, you have been the busy one," said the friend. "You must be exhausted."

"Maybe a trifle," said Beppo, with a brave little smile.

"Know what I do when I'm tired?" said the friend.

"Light a Marlboro?" ventured Beppo.

"Oh, pshaw, you guessed!" said the friend, pouting.

"But it was easy," said Beppo, chuckling kindly. "When the eyelids droop and the musculature sags and the psyche is depleted, what is more natural than to perk up with today's new Marlboro?"

"A great new smoke with better 'makin's' and a great new filter!" proclaimed the friend, his young eyes glistening.

"Changed to keep pace with today's changing world!" declared Beppo, whirling his arms in concentric circles. "A cigarette for a sunnier age, an age of greater leisure and more beckoning horizons!"

Now, tired but happy, Beppo and his friend lit Marlboros and smoked for a time in deep, silent contentment. At length the friend spoke. "He certainly is a beauty," he said.



"He's a male," said Beppo.

"You mean my 2.9 litre L-head Hotchkiss drive double overhead camshaft British sports car?" asked Beppo.

"Yes," said the friend. "How fast will he go?"

"Well, I don't rightly know," said Beppo. "I can't find the starter."

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muddy wash technique. *I'm Driving My Analyst Crazy* (Citadel, \$1) by Jory Graham and John Wallace (not the same name PLAYBOY author) is a blithe bunch of psych. psych. psych cartoons starring a meek little headshrinker whose patients take notes when they're not asking questions like "Well — doesn't everybody?" In his oddly-titled suspense novel, *Torture Love-Cage* (Novel Books, 35¢), author Jack Savage sophomorically out-mickies Spillane in the hayrolling and horsewhipping of naked dames, but projects a driving, kaleidoscopic yarn about a good guy pursued by bad guys, beatniks and wild, wild women through a big city's neon-glitter and a labyrinth of grotesque characters. Twists (of fate and of arm) are piled high in this hectic, Hitchcockian horrorama.

The Playboy Cartoon Album (Crown, \$5), edited by Hugh M. Hefner, is a handsome, hefty, hard-cover collection of 650 sophisticated and guffaw-gleaning cartoons from PLAYBOY's first half-dozen years. It's a colorful package — literally, because 60 of the cartoons are in full color — and contributing to the festive feast are the zany likes of Jack Cole, Jules Feiffer, Arnold Roth, Shel Silverstein, Erich Sokol, Gahan Wilson and many other members of the mirthful elite. You'll pardon our saying so, but this is strictly a laughing matter, available just in time for Xmas giving. Order an extra for yourself, too.

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GIFTING THE GIRLS

for a golden yule: a guide for guys on pleasing their playmates

By **ROBERT L. GREEN**

THE ART OF BEGIFTING YOUR pretty paramours is an acquired one, yet is not difficult of acquisition if you go about it right. The knowing gentleman, before he rings up his Christmas belles for an invitation to play Santa, makes certain he reflects his astute understanding of their tastes and desires by the gifts he bestows on each and every damsel on his list. The key to it all rests within the women themselves.

Before you plunk down any pelf for a present, look for your ladies among these basic types:

1. The ultra-feminine, long-finger-nailed variety: she devotes her time to being smart, sophisticated and worldly. What is chic and is important to her, and your gift should reflect this.

2. The brisk-efficient career girl: she's tailored and extremely capable in everything she attempts; success and status are what she craves.

3. The sporty, outdoorsy type: both active and spectator sports give her a charge; the wind in her hair frames her beauty most effectively.

4. The perennial girl: she digs every facet of life and lives it to the fullest; enthusiasm is her trademark; she side-steps depression continuously.

5. The intellectually oriented type: she's witty, opinionated and vitally concerned with the latest in the arts and world events.

Once you slip each lady into her rightful niche, it becomes a simple matter to purchase the correct cumshaw for her yuletide delectation, the very one that will set you head and shoulders above the less-knowing men in her life. Herewith, some hints to start you off in the right direction.

One of your first moves is to determine—in each case—if the gift is to be practical or luxurious. The type and

tone of her life will tell. The length of time you've known her is important too. If the ink is barely dry in your address book, an inexpensive, but knowing gift will do the trick: if you discussed jazz during your one bright evening together, try an LP by one of her favorites. If you've talked of world travel, try an inexpensive currency-converting card, for changing dollars to drachmas and the like.

If you're always glad to see her, but aren't involved in a perpetual chase, an impersonal gift is appropriate: umbrellas, fountain pens, candy, books, luggage, handkerchiefs, perfumes, traveling clocks, cigarette lighters and costume jewelry are so tagged. However, if she's the one who phones after midnight—and you can anticipate the calls—give some thought to that personal, luxurious gift: furs, jewelry, a complete glove wardrobe to cover her wee paws on all occasions, or negligees. If you've lingered, lingerie is fine; if not, forget it.

Consider the gal's mode of living. A bachelor girl in an efficiency apartment would be blessed with a glamorous short housecoat, but might feel a bit absurd in a fur-trimmed negligee. Consider, too, the upkeep of any clothing before you send it. If it will spend most of its life in the cleaners, she doesn't need it.

Don't burden your women with demanding gifts. Dogs, fish and birds may seem charming, but when she finds herself having to take daily care of them she may clench her teeth. A far-out color in a garment or accessory could force her to buy matching or coordinated items, so beware of the eccentric shade.

Absolutely avoid any gift that might make her feel you're out to improve her appearance. She probably feels you dig her as she is, so dismiss electric razors, bath soaps, a glamor course, exercise or

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Don't give her silver if she obviously prefers gold. Don't give her earrings if her coil covers her ears. And don't ask her what she wants; it's your task to find out.

Spend your loot sensibly. It's much better to give a tiny gold lapel pin from a well-known jeweler (be label conscious) than an oversized piece of glittering costume jewelry. Strive for the finest of its kind; the best leather wallet outrates a just-average purse costing more. A pack of playing cards from Cartier or Tiffany is more meaningful than six decks from a chain store.

Don't buy a diamond ring, unless you want the life that goes with it: it means engagement. Make it a jeweled cocktail ring instead.

With these warnings before you, you can see that the big challenge is in thinking of each woman you're honoring as a total person. The gift that makes her feel that "he knows the real me" is the only gift to give.

Three categories of goodies that are guaranteed to satisfy are furs, jewels and perfumes. She'll be delighted to wear a perfume once used by Madame Du Barry, or a jewel that's the real thing (however small), or the fur that's on the brink of making it, fashion-wise. The latter two may require painstaking shopping, but perfumes are a breeze to buy. Most gals respond to "You smell delicious; what is it?" promptly, with the name of the fragrance. Once you have the name, march off to the perfume counter and recite it. Chances are your woman's found the type that is perfect for her. And when it comes to perfume, you're in luck, because most brands and fragrances can be found at the very last minute, at drug stores as well as department stores.

Try a variation on the perfume preference test in obtaining sizes from her. When out with her, ask her what size "that woman" might wear. The wise male selects a plump one in stating the question, so he can follow up with "what a difference, but what size are you?" An old trick that works, too, is to ask her to help you select a gift—when size is important—for a relative who just happens to be her size.

In matters of clothing, there are some classics always in favor. Cashmere sweaters, silk blouses, lace handkerchiefs, black velvet treader pants, Indian saris, unique belts and costume jewelry are a few such staples. Handbags of all sizes and shapes await your choice, but don't forget the earlier admonition about matching accessories to her existing wardrobe. And add an extra surprise gift inside the bag: a pocket comb in a tortoise-shell case, a *flacon* of her favorite perfume, or a monogrammed key

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ring will be the memorable complement.

There's something to be said, too, for a gift that's meant to be shared by two. A china breakfast set, a bottle of precious liqueur (with two handsome glasses, of course), an espresso machine, a magnum of champagne (again, with glasses), or a season's series of opera tickets serve exactly that purpose.

If you haven't listened too attentively before to her feelings on diversions, begin before Christmas and take notes. If she expresses an interest in photography, buy her a fine photo album. If she plans to add that sports car to her worldly goods, give her a gold car key with her name and address on it. If she tells you she plans to spend Christmas skiing at Aspen, see to it that she receives a single rose each morning during her stay.

If she's the lounging-clothes type, get her a carved ivory cigarette holder. If she's going abroad for the first time, buy her a set of guidebooks or a menu passport—a pack of convenient-sized cards that lists restaurants and specialties wherever she's headed. If she earns her own way and wants you to know it, follow up with a gold checkbook holder. If she's ecstatic about her new apartment, send her that single piece of furniture that can serve as a conversation piece and be functional to boot: a small antique desk or chair, an area rug, a box made of polished or inlaid wood, unique book ends, or an original by her favorite contemporary artist will do it. Check the local galleries; special holiday collections are usually available.

Personalized gifts provide double insurance: monogramming guarantees that the gift will be retained (eliminating the exchange scene, accompanied by price disclosure), and anything personalized has that "only for me" value. During the season, most stores provide three-day monogramming service. Initials are acceptable, certainly, but don't forget that nicknames, secret words, bits of cherished poetry, the date you met her, or notes of a favorite song are impressively original. The items that can be personalized are endless: two brandy snifters with your name on one and hers on the other, a silver box with a quotation that expresses your feeling for her, cocktail shakers, sterling silver bookmarks, stationery, hand mirrors, compacts, desk sets, luggage, gold charms for bracelets, leather address books, etc.

What's most important is that the gift be unique, and that it *seem* to be the product of dedicated hours of searching for her gift. "Extreme" items often are effective. Buy her a wooden salad bowl, but make it the largest ever seen. If you select a wrist watch, be certain it's the thinnest and smallest you can discover. Find the jewel box with the most secret compartments or a mammoth stuffed

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BUSY SHOPPING?



ALWAYS TIME FOR A TREND MILD LITTLE CIGAR



Humidor Pack of 20 35¢

Enjoy 'em yourself—and give a Gift Carton to your friends. 200 wonderfully mild little cigars—short enough to enjoy anytime. Blended with Havana tobaccos—big cigar taste and aroma.



Gift Carton of 200 \$3.25
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Stephano Brothers, Cigar Division
Philadelphia 7, Pa.

**PIONEER IN
MODERN LITTLE CIGARS**

toy or an oversize brandy snifter planted with growing miniature flowers.

Finally, don't panic if your largesse isn't ready in time. In an emergency, gift or membership certificates can be offered with an imaginative flair, simply by wrapping the certificate ingeniously.

Once you've decided on the logical lagniappe for the lovely lady, your next step is to plan the shopping junket. No pain here if you do it *early* enough, as the posters always plead. But who does? The trick is to do your shopping on bad-weather days, which turn out to be good ones for you, and to shop before lunch, since crowds are smaller then.

Should that prove impossible, and the thought of competing in crowded stores with wild-eyed harridans on a buying spree daunts you, there's a happy and sensible alternative which will cost you maybe one extra buck per gift and will buy you three happy advantages. Once you've decided on the nature of the gift, go get it at the most notoriously high-priced shop you can find, rather than a department store known for economy. You'll get good service in uncrowded surroundings, wider and better choice of designs and materials, and the store's label—as well as the present itself—will bedazzle the biddy you're trying to impress.

There's no reason for you to do your gift-buying alone or without benefit of expert counsel. The leading department stores and specialty shops in all major urban areas offer personal shopping services, usually a fleet of fleet young chicks who are anxious to tramp around the store with you pointing out what is new and fascinating. And many stores have unique departments set up to appeal to special preferences. Try the boutique shop for rare imported items, the gourmet shop for delectable foodstuffs, the perfume bar for that nifty fragrance. Then, too, most worth-while stores have men-only shops featuring a gallery of gifts for women, with models and a coterie of saleswomen to assist you and offer suggestions. Many of these shops offer the gentleman a restful haven in which to inspect the merchandise, and a cocktail and cigarettes to help him relax while making his choices.

You can't forget the importance of colorful, imaginative wrappings to set your gifts off perfectly. Just about all better-quality stores offer standard gift wraps for Christmas items, or de luxe coverings at a slight extra charge. The latter is definitely worth the fee. For that very *special* doll on your list, it's an inventive touch to wrap her gift yourself, using the best possible material on the market. Tell her you did it especially for her, then sit back and reap your rewards. Merry Christmas.





12 MONTHS OF PLAYBOY

A BIG GIFT FOR ANY MAN

First 1-Year Gift **'6** Additional 1-Year Gifts **'4**



This is last year's beautiful Playmate Christmas card.



This year, an equally exciting full-color card, hand-signed in your name, will be sent everyone on your

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 address _____
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 (Renewals begin when present subscription expires)
 All gifts are new subscriptions Some gifts are renewals
 Total number of subscriptions _____
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 Enter additional subscriptions on reply envelope or on a separate sheet of paper.

Paris shopping list
for well-gifted men



IF HE'S A MAN-ABOUT-TOWN . . . He'll flip his wig over this Bowler and belt set, the maddest gift of the year, and a handy dresser valet, too. The "Paris" Belts are terrific themselves; cowhide with initial hook buckle or Heraldic buckle—\$4 with Bowler; Genuine Morocco—\$5 with Bowler.

For _____ His Belt Size is: _____



IF HE'S A NON-CONFORMIST (Or Likes To Think He Is) . . . Add this rare, colorful Paisley fabric Belt with Heraldic Buckle to his collection of unusual accessories. For the man who wants everything—\$2.50.

For _____ His Belt Size is: _____



ONE FOR THE ROAD . . . He'll have an extra car key around him always, with a "Paris" CAR-KEY Belt. The tongue of this ingenious buckle is a duplicate car key. Tallow leather, \$3, or Morocco belt, \$5.

For _____ His Belt Size is: _____



ALLIGATOR: RESERVED FOR NO. 1 BOY . . . Not for any second fiddles on your list. Only the top man deserves this precious "Paris" Alligator—the king of luxury leathers! \$10.95.

For _____ His Belt Size is: _____



FOR TALL, SILENT TYPES—THE "CAVALIER" . . . Rippling with masculinity, this elegant belt of rich, supple, vaca is touched with swagger, right down to its unique leather buckle and heroic name. \$5.

For _____ His Belt Size is: _____

BEFORE THE ROAD

a new novelette

By JACK KEROUAC

AROUND THE POOLHALLS OF DENVER during World War II a strange looking boy began to be noticeable to the characters who frequented the places afternoon and night and even to the casual visitors who dropped in for a game of snookers after supper when all the tables were busy in an atmosphere of smoke and great excitement and a continual parade passed in the alley from the backdoor of one poolroom on Glenarm Street to the backdoor of another — a boy called Dean Moriarty, the son of a Larimer Street wino. Where he came from nobody knew or at first cared. Older heroes of other generations had darkened the walls of the poolhalls long before Dean got there; memorable eccentrics, great poolsharks, even killers, jazz musicians, traveling salesmen, anonymous frozen bums who came in on winter nights to sit an hour by the heat never to be seen again, among whom (and not to be remembered by anyone because there was no one there to keep a love check on the majority of the boys as they swarmed among themselves year by year with only casual but sometimes haunted recognition of faces, unless strictly local characters from around the corner) was Dean Moriarty Sr. who in his hobo life that was usually spent stumbling around other parts of town had somehow stumbled in here and sat in the same old bench which was later to be occupied by his son in desperate meditations on life.

Have you ever seen anyone like Dean Moriarty? — say on a streetcorner on a winter night in Chicago, or better, Fargo, any mighty cold town, a young guy with a bony face that looks like it's been pressed against iron bars to get that dogged rocky look of suffering, perseverance, finally when you look closest happy, prim self-belief, with Western sideburns and big flirtatious eyes of an old maid fluttering lashes; the small and muscular kind of fellow wearing usually a leather jacket and if it's a suit it's with a vest so he can prop his thick busy thumbs in place and smile the smile of his grandfathers; who walks as fast as he can go on the balls of his feet, talking excitedly and gesticulating; poor pitiful kid actually just out of reform school with no money, no mother, and if you saw him dead on the sidewalk with a cop standing over him you'd walk on in a hurry, in silence. Oh life, who is that? There are some young men you look at who seem completely safe, maybe just because of a Scandinavian ski sweater, angelic, saved; on a Dean Moriarty it immediately becomes a dirty stolen sweater worn in wild sweats. Something about his tigerish out-jutted raw facebone could be given a woe-down melancholy if only he wore a drooping mustache (a famous bop drummer who looked just like Dean at this time wore such a mustache and probably for those reasons). It is a face that's so suspicious, so energetically upward-looking like people in passport or police lineup photos, so rigidly itself, looking like it's about to do anything unspeakably enthusiastic, in fact so much the opposite of the rosy Coke-drinking boy in the Scandinavian ski sweater ad that in front of a brick wall where it says "Post No Bills" and it's too dirty for a rosy boy ad you can imagine Dean standing there in the raw gray flesh manacled between sheriffs and Assistant D.A.s and you wouldn't have to ask yourself who is the culprit and who is the law, he looked like that. And God bless him he looked like that Hollywood stunt man who is fist-fighting in place of the hero and has such a remote, furious, anonymous viciousness (one of the loneliest things in the world to see and we've all seen it a thousand times in a thousand B movies) that everybody begins to be suspicious because they know the hero wouldn't act like that in real unreality. If you've been a boy and played on dumps you've seen Dean, all crazy, excited and full of glee-mad powers, giggling with the pimply girls in back of fenders and weeds till some vocational school swallows his ragged blisses and that strange American iron which later is used to mold the suffering man-face is now employed to straighten and quell the long wavering disorderliness of the boy. Nevertheless the face of a great hero — a face to remind you that the infant springs from the great Assyrian bush of a man, not from an eye, an ear or a forehead — the face of a Simon Bolivar, Robert E. Lee, young Whitman, young Melville, a statue in the



park, rough and free.

The appearance of Dean Moriarty on the poolroom scene in Denver at a very early age was the lonely appearance of a boy on a stage which had been trampled smooth in a number of crowded decades, Curtis Street and also uptown; a scene that had been graced by the presence of champions, the Pensacola Kid, Willie Hoppe, Bat Masterson re-passing through town when he was a referee, Babe Ruth bending to a side-pocket shot on an October night in 1927, Old Bull Baloon who always tore greens and paid up, great newspapermen traveling from New York to San Francisco, even Jelly Roll Morton was known to have played pool in the Denver parlors for a living; and Theodore Dreiser for all we know upending an elbow in the cigarsmoke, but whether it was restaurateur kings in private billiard rooms of clubs or roustabouts with brown arms just in from the fall Dakota harvest shooting rotation for a nickel in Little Pete's, it was in any case the great serious American poolhall night and Dean arrived on the scene bearing his original and sepulchral mind with him to make the poolhall the headquarters of the vast excitement of the early Denver days of his life becoming, after a while, a permanent musing figure before the green felt of table number one where the intricate and almost metaphysical click and play of billiard balls became the background for his thoughts; till later the sight of a beautifully reverse-englished cueball leaping back in the air, after a cannonading shot at another ball belted straight in, bam, when it takes three soft bounces and settles back on the green, became more than just the background for daylong daydreams, plans and schemes but the unutterable realization of the great interior joyful knowledge of the world that he was beginning to discover in his soul. And at night, late, when poolhalls turn white and garish and eight tables are going fullblast with all the boys and businessmen milling with cues, Dean knew, he knew everything like mad, sitting as though he wasn't noticing anything and not thinking anything on the hard onlooker's bench and yet noticing the special excellence of any good shot within the aura of his eyeball and not only that the peculiarities and pitiful typhood of every player whether some over-flamboyant kid with his fourth or fifth cigarette dangling from his mouth or some old potbellied rotation wizard who's left his lonely wife in a varnished studio room above a "Rooms" sign in the dark of Pearl Street, he knew it all.

The first to notice him was Tom Snark. Tom was a hunchbacked poolshark with the great moon blue eyes of a saint, an extremely sad character, one of the smartest wellknown shots of the

younger generation in the locality. Dean couldn't have been more than 15 years old when he wandered in from the street. It was only that many years before, in 1927, that Dean was born, in Salt Lake City; at a time when for some Godforsaken reason, some forgotten, pitifully American, restless reason his father and mother were driving in a jalopy from Iowa to L.A. in search of something, maybe they figured to start an orange grove or find a rich uncle, Dean himself never found out, a reason long buried in the sad heap of the night, a reason that nevertheless in 1927 caused them to fix their eyes anxiously and with throat-choking hope over the sad swath of brokendown headlamps shining brown on the road . . . the road that sorrowed into the darkness and huge unbelievable American nightland like an arrow. Dean was born in a charity hospital. A few weeks later the Model A clanked right on; so that now there were three pairs of eyes watching the unspeakable road roll in on Paw's radiator cap as it steadfastly penetrated the night like the poor shield of themselves, the little Moriarty family, lost, the gaunt crazy father with the floppy slouched hat that made him look like a brokendown Okie Shadow, the dreaming mother in a cotton dress purchased on a happier afternoon in some excited Saturday five-and-ten, the frightened infant. Poor mother of Dean Moriarty, what were your thoughts in 1927? They came back to Denver over the same raw road; somehow or other nothing worked out right the way they wanted; without a doubt they had a thousand unspecified troubles and knotted their fists in despair somewhere outside a house and under a tree where something went wrong, grievously and eternally wrong, enough to kill people; all the loneliness, remorse and chagrin in the world piled on their heads like indignities from heaven. Oh mother of Dean Moriarty, but was there secretly in you a lovely memory of a Sunday afternoon back home when you were famous and beloved among friends and family, and young? — when maybe you saw your father standing among the men, laughing, and you crossed the celebrated human floor of the then-particular beloved stage to him. Was it from lack of life, lack of haunted pain and memories, lack of sons and trouble, and humiliated rage, that you died, or was it from excess of death? She died in Denver before Dean was old enough to talk to her. Dean grew up with a childhood vision of her standing in the strange antique light of 1929 (which is no different from the light of today or the light when Xerxes' fleets confused the waves, or Agamemnon wailed) in some kind of livingroom with beads hanging from the door, apparently at a period in the life of old Moriarty when he was making

good money at his barber trade and they had a good home. But after she died he became one of the most tottering bums of Larimer Street, making futile attempts to work and periodically leaving Dean with his wife's people to go to Texas to escape the Colorado winters, beginning a lifetime swirl of hoboing into which little Dean himself was sucked later on, when at intervals, childlike, he preferred leaving the security of his Ma's relatives, which included sharing a bedroom with his stepbrother, going to school, and altar-boying at a local Catholic church, for going off to live with his father in flophouses. Nights long ago on the brawling sidewalks of Larimer Street when the Depression hobos were there by the thousands, sometimes in great sad lines black with soot in the rainy dark of Thirties newsreels, men with sober downturned mouths huddled in old coats waiting in line for misery, Dean used to stand in front of alleys begging for nickels while his father, red-eyed, in baggy pants, hid in the back with some old bum crony called Rex who was no king but just an American who had never outgrown the boyish desire to lie down on the sidewalk which he did the year round from coast to coast; the two of them hiding and sometimes having long excited conversations until the kid had enough nickels to make up a bottle of muscatel, when it was time to hit the liquor store and go down under ramps and railroad embankments and light a small fire with cardboard boxes and naily boards and sit on overturned buckets or oily old treestumps, the boy on the outer edges of the fire, the men in its momentous and legendary glow, and drink the wine. "Wheecool Hand me that damn bottle 'fore I knock somebody's head in!"

And this of course was just the chagrin of bums suddenly becoming wild joy, the switchover from all the poor lonely woe of the likes of Moriarty having to count pennies on streetcorners with the wind blowing his dirty hair over his snarling, puffy, disgruntled face, the revulsion of bums burping and scratching lonely crotches at flophouse sinks, this agony waking up on strange floors (if floors at all) with their mad minds reeling in a million disorderly images of damnation and strangulation in a world too unbearably disgusting to stand and yet so full of useless sweet and nameless moments that made them cry that they couldn't say no to it completely without committing some terrified sin, attacked repeatedly by every kind of horrible joy making them twitch and marvel and gasp as before visions of heart-wrenching hell penetrating up through life from unnumberable hullabalooing voices screaming in insanity below, with piteous memories, the sweet and nameless ones,

(continued on page 56)



*"It must be fate — my wife and your husband breaking
their legs on the same day!"*



quick, easy, happy holiday eating

AT THE OUTSET, let anyone who still looks upon the casserole as merely a trencher for bulky peasants' food remind himself of squab *en casserole*, *coq au vin*, breast of chicken with broccoli *Mornay* or *cassoulet* of duckling. For holiday chefs who, each year, rebel more and more against oversize roasting pans, tough giblets and mountainous bread dressings, such dishes are the staunchest sort of ally, because they combine the heights of both elegance and ease.

In turning to the casserole, the wise cook simply avails himself of the oldest utensil in the entire *batterie de cuisine*. Earthenware casseroles were used by men in the earliest times, and you'll still find brown earthenware casseroles in restaurants specializing in French provincial cooking, or in stores displaying imported cooking ware. But these honorable relics have generally been replaced by the porcelain cast-iron casserole, a utensil which is ovenproof, flameproof and almost foolproof.

There are two ways in which the sturdy new casserole makes gala cooking easier. First of all, it disencumbers the pot-washer of countless pots and pans that would otherwise pile up in the kitchen sink: a large casserole is versatile enough to take the place of a mixing bowl, a sauté pan, saucepan, stew pot, baking dish, roasting pan, serving dish and storage dish for either refrigerator or freezer. Secondly, a casserole opens the door to the most comfortable kind of informal serving.

Even at those tables where the conventional roast turkey *must* appear on the menu at any cost, the casserole can come to the aid of the carver. It works like this: the turkey is roasted so that it's finished a few hours before the guests arrive. At his leisure the carver walks into the kitchen, rolls up his sleeves and gets down to work. First of all, like any professional cook, he uses his bare hands to separate leg and thigh from the breast. In the same way he removes the tailpiece and the two tender chunks called the oysters. He carves the meat at his own pace. When the bird becomes awkward to handle, he grabs a side of the cavity, with his left hand, and, with his right hand, slices alongside the keel bone, wings and back. After the carving is completed he fills a large shallow casserole with mounds of bread dressing, separated comfortably from each other. On the dressing he first places dark meat, then crowns it with slices of white meat. He pats each portion into a hemisphere, and covers the casserole.

About 20 or 25 minutes before the festal rites begin, he pours into the casserole a half cupful or full cup of chicken or turkey stock (the amount depending on the number of portions), places the casserole in a moderate oven and returns to his double martini. Just before the turkey is borne to the table, he pours piping-hot gravy over each appetizing mound in the casserole. At the table, the placid host comfortably lifts each portion from the casserole to the serving dish. The proceedings are urbane, but — infinitely more important — the

turkey is hot, moist and actually seems more fresh-tasting than when it's carved at the table. Second helpings are kept in the covered casserole resting over a candle flame, where they remain hot throughout the meal.

If this kind of formulary strikes you as somewhat too mechanized, be assured that it won't seem so to your diners. The kind of husky and charming casserole that's come into vogue in recent years is impressive when it's brought to the table. And it's practical. It's so tough that you can take it from the hottest oven and place it in the coldest water, and it won't crack. Models of this type of kitchenware now range from tiny little cocottes for drawn butter to huge round or oval casseroles big enough for a rich brown gosling or three or four guinea hens.

The following yuletide dishes are

(continued on page 108)

THE CHRISTMAS CASSEROLE

The Battler



CHON!
CHON!

WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO PROVE?
WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO PROVE?



FOR GODSAKES LARRY, COME AWAY!



C'MON! YOU GONNA FIGHT?
C'MON!

WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING? YOU'RE CRAZY! YOU KNOW THAT?



LARRY- HE'S DRUNK. COME AWAY.



YOU GONNA TALK OR FIGHT?
C'MON. C'MON.

I CANT WALK AWAY, HELEN. IT'S A QUESTION OF DIGNITY.



DIGNITY? LARRY, YOU'RE CRAZIER THAN HE IS. NOW YOU COME WITH ME.



LISTEN - ARE YOU GONNA C'MON?

HOW WOULD YOU FEEL ABOUT ME IF I RAN AWAY? HOW WOULD I FEEL ABOUT MYSELF?



LARRY, I SWEAR IF YOU THINK I'M PROUD OF YOU FOR GETTING INTO A STREET BRAWL YOU'RE SADLY MISTAKEN!



LOOK
FELLA!
LET'S
GO!

IT'S NOT
JUST A
STREET
BRAWL.
IT'S A
SYMBOL
OF MY
WHOLE
MANHOOD!



FOR GODSAKES, LARRY,
YOU'RE IN ANALYSIS
FOR YOUR MAN-
HOOD. GET-
TING SENT
TO THE
HOSPITAL
WON'T
HELP!



C'MON, GUY!
YOU GONNA
FIGHT?

CAN'T YOU
UNDERSTAND,
HELEN?
THIS IS A
MOMENT
OF TRUTH.
A TIME
OF SELF
JUDGMENT!



ARE YOU CRAZY?
A STREET BRAWL?
O MY GOD, LARRY,
YOU'VE GOT THE
LOGIC OF A
SEVEN YEAR
OLD!



HEY, FELLA,
YOU GONNA
FIGHT? I
GOT TO
GO HOME
SOON.

SO I'M A SEVEN
YEAR OLD,
AM I?
YOU CAN'T
EVER
RESIST
CUTTING ME
DOWN WHEN
YOU GET AN
AUDIENCE
CAN YOU,
HELEN?

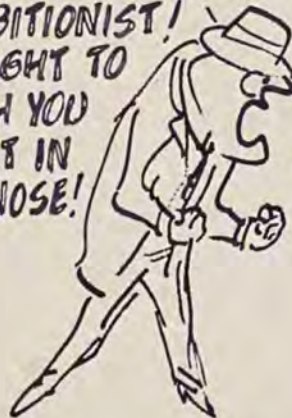


IT WASN'T I
WHO DREW THE
AUDIENCE BY
MAKING A
PUBLIC
EXHIBITION
OF MYSELF!



THE HELL
WITH IT,
FELLA.
IT'S NOT
WORTH THE
AGGRAVATION.

A SEVEN YEAR OLD
EXHIBITIONIST!
I OUGHT TO
PUNCH YOU
RIGHT IN
THE NOSE!



C'MON!
C'MON!

JULES
FEIFFER

BEFORE THE ROAD (continued from page 50)

that reached back to fleecy cradle days to make them sob, finally bound to sink to the floor of brokendown toilets to wrap around the bowl and maybe die — this misery with a bottle of wine was twisted around like a nerve in old man Moriarty's brain and the tremendous joy of the really powerful drunk filled the night with shouts and wild bulging power-mad eyes. On Larimer Street Dean's father was known as the Barber, occasionally working near the Greeley Hotel in a really terrible barbershop that was notable for its great unswept floor of bums' hair, and a shelf sagging under so many bottles of bay rum that you'd think the shop was an ocean-going vessel and the boys had it stocked for a six months' siege. In this drunken tonsorial crapper called a barbershop because hair was cut off your head from the top of the ears down, old Moriarty, with the same tender befuddlement with which he sometimes lifted garbage barrels to city disposal trucks during blizzards or passed wrenches in the most tragic, becluttered, greasedark autobody shop west of the Mississippi (Arapahoe Garage by name, where they even hired him), tiptoed around a barber chair with scissor and comb and razor and mug, to make sure not to stumble, and cut the hairs off blacknecked hobos who had such vast lugubrious personalities that they sometimes sat stiffly at attention for this big event for a whole hour. "Well now say, Dean, how've been things in the hotel this summer; anybody I know kick the bucket or which, or seen Dan up at Chilian Jack's?"

"Can't talk right now Jim till I get the side of Bob's head done — hold on just a second whilst I raise up that shade."

And a great huge clock ticked these dim old hours away as young Dean sat in the stove corner (in cold weather) reading the comic pages, not only reading but examining for hours the face and paunch of Major Hoople, his fez, the poor funny easy chairs in his house, the sad sickening faces of his hecklers who always seemed to have just finished eating at the table, the whole pitiful and interesting world in back of it including maybe a faint cloud in the distance, or a bird dreamed-in in a single wavy line over the boardfence, and the eternal mystery of the dialog balloon taking up whole sections of the visible world for speech; that and *Out Our Way*, the ragdoll rueful cowboys and factory workers who always seemed to be chewing wads of lumpy food and wrapping themselves miserably around fenceposts beneath the great sorrowful burdens of a joke; yet most blazing of all the clouds, the clouds that in the cartoon sky had all the nos-

talgia of sweet and haunted distance that pictures give them and yet were the same lost clouds that always called Dean's attention to his immortal destiny when suddenly seen from a window or through houses on a June afternoon, lamby clouds of babyhood and eternity, sometimes in back of tremendous red-brick smokestacks that were made to look like they were traveling and toppling on the first and last day of the world and all its drowsy butterflies; making him think, "Poor world that has to have clouds for afternoons and the meadows I lost"; sometimes doing this, or looking at the sad brown or green tint pictures of troubled lovers in sensual livingrooms of *True Confession* Magazine, his foretaste of days when he would grow up and spend useless hours looking at nudist magazines at the corner newsstand; sometimes, though, only fixing his eyes on the mosaic of the tiles on the barbershop floor where he'd long imagined each little square could be peeled back endlessly, tiny leaf by tiny leaf, revealing in little microscopic encyclopedia the complete history of every person that ever lived as far back as the beginning, the whole thing a blinding sight when he raised his eyes from one tile and saw all the others like the swarming vast infinity of the world bedazzling the void. In warm weather he sat on the sidewalk on a box between the barbershop and a movie that was so completely beat that it could only be called a C or a D movie; the Capriccio, with motes of dusty sunshine swimming down past the slats of the box office in drowsical midafternoon, the lady of the tickets dreaming with nothing to do as from the dank maw of the movie, cool, dark, perfumed with seats, where buns slept and Mexican children stared, there roared the gunshots and hoofbeats of the great myth of the American West represented by baggy-eyed riders who drank too much in La Cienega Boulevard bars galloping in the moonlight photographed from the back of a truck in California dirt roads, with a pathetic human plot you sometimes think is worked-in to make everybody overlook who the riders really are. What disappointment little Dean felt never having a dime, or 11 cents, to see the show; not even a penny sometimes to spend all the time he wanted selecting a chocolate candy from a lovely cluttered counter in a poor dim candy store run by an old Jewish woman in a shawl where also there were celluloid toys gathering dust as those same immortal clouds passed over the street outside; the same disappointment he felt on those nights when he sat amidst the haha-ing harsh yellings of those bums under the bridge with the

bottle, when he knew that the men who were rich tonight were his brothers but they were brothers who had forgotten him; when he knew that all the excited actions of life which included even the pitiful getting of the night's wine by his father and Rex led to the grave; and when suddenly beyond the freightyards toward the mountain darkness inhabited by great stars, where nevertheless and amazingly in a last hung dusk a single flame of the sun now making long shadows in the Pacific lingered, high, on Berthoud's mighty wall as the world turned silently, he could hear the Denver & Rio Grande locomotives double-chugging at the base of a raw mountain gap to begin the train-order climb to the dews, jackpines and windy heights of the mountain night, pulling the sad brown boxcars of the world to distant junctions where lonely men in Mackinaws waited, to new towns of smoke and lunchcarts, for all he knew as he sat there with his ragged sneakers stuck in the oily yard and among the sooty irons of his fate, to the glittering San Franciscos of fogs and ships. Oh little Dean Moriarty if there had been some way to send a cry to you even when you were too little to know what utterances and cries are for in this dark sad earth, with your terrors in a world so malign and inhospitable, and all the insults from heaven ramming down to crown your head with anger, pain, disgrace, worst of all the crapulous poverty in and out of every splintered door of days, if someone could have said to you then, and made you perceive, "Fear life but don't die; you're alone, everybody's alone. Oh Dean Moriarty, you can't win, you can't lose, all is ephemeral, all is hurt."

Old Bull Baloon (speaking of loneliness and the diaphanous ghost of days) a singularly lonely man, and most ephemeral, along about these years went broke and became so poor that he went into a ridiculous partnership with Moriarty. Old Bull Baloon who usually went around wearing a poker-wrinkled but respectable suit with a watch chain, straw hat, *Racing Form*, cigar and suppurated red nose (and of course the pint flask) and was now fallen so low, for you could never say that he could prosper while other men fell, that his usually supposititious half-clown appearance with the bulbous puff of beaten flesh for a face, and the twisted mouth, his utter lovelessness in the world alone among foolish people who didn't see a soul in a man, hounded old reprobate, clown and drunkard of eternity, was now deteriorated down to tragic realities and shabbiness in a bread line, all the rich history of his soul crunching underfoot among the forlorn pebbles. His and old Moriarty's scheme was well nigh absurd; little

(continued on page 62)

The Legend of Don Juan

By J. A. GATO

IN SPAIN, a land of ardent religiosity, at Christmas, when such ardor burns brightest, a certain play is performed in theatres throughout the nation. To be present in the audience at these times is an unforgettable experience. A ripple of restlessness runs through the spectators every time the main character steps on stage. There is scattered applause, excited murmuring; and then a wave of voices rises to snatch the familiar lines from the actor's mouth. The actor smiles and bows, pleased at having evoked such response, and he speaks unheard as the many voices of his audience intone the verses for him in a swaying, swelling litany.

The character who has so stirred these people, and whose drama is re-enacted every year at the highest Christian festival, is not the Nazarene, nor any saint, nor even a mighty warrior of Spain nor a beloved patriot or savant. His name is Don Juan.

Man and myth, noun proper and noun improper, he is the subject of not only this 19th Century Spanish play (*Don Juan Tenorio*, by José Zorrilla) but also of other plays and other stories, songs, poems, operas and films in many languages. In recent times, he has been the subject of psychological autopsies, too. Don Juan is said to have wooed and won exactly 1003 women in Spain alone;

*out of the crucible
of renaissance spain
came an image of
freedom for all men*



therefore, the analysts would have us believe he was no better than any other obsessive sexualist. He was a fixated infant, he was a latent sadist, he hated his father, he hated his mother; naturally, he was a homosexual. Perhaps the notion that a man makes love to many women because he happens to like women is too simple for our times. We have to search for other, darker reasons. But that "we" does not include the Spanish, for whom Don Juan is no tormented pervert and no inconsequential skirt-chaser. He is what all men would like to be if they had the fibre and the fire. He is Virility incarnate. And he is a Spaniard. It is important to remember this, for to understand Don Juan one must understand the Spanish soul, of which opulent texture Juan is an inextricable brocade.

Youth, love, passion, courage, strength: these are the elements Spain sees in Don Juan, her wayward son, her incorrigible boy, afire with the fierce Latin potency they understand and for which they have a word: *donjuanismo*. Spanish mothers may shake their heads ruefully, but with a brand of Spanish pride, at some Juan of theirs who pursues the señoritas. "Cosas de amor," they say, "cosas de Don Juan." Which is the Hispanic equivalent of "Boys will be boys."

There is something primitive and patriarchal, something oriental and almost Biblical about the man's position in Spanish society. Northern peoples can hardly understand it. The world was made for man, say the Spanish, and woman is no more than a part of that world, a complement to his being. The women have believed this, they have gloried in it, they have accepted with relish this philosophy down through the stormy years of Spanish history. Fertile ground, this, in which to grow a Don Juan. But the fertile ground of a patriarchal society required other ingredients to create such a unique personality. It required the right time in history, the right place on the map, and the imagina-

tion of an artist. The artist was a 17th Century Mercenarian friar named Gabriel Téllez.

Téllez gained immortality under the nom de plume Tirso de Molina, as the author of a play, *El Burlador de Sevilla* (*The Deceiver of Seville*). In this play, Don Juan—who was later to be treated by Byron, Molière, Goldoni, Pushkin, Mozart, Rostand, Dumas, Shaw, Richard Strauss and others—made his first appearance in world literature. *Don Giovanni* enthusiasts will find the Tirso plot somewhat similar to the Mozart opera:

Juan has just made love to an Italian noblewoman in her bedroom. She had given herself to him thinking he was her intended, Duke Octavio. Juan makes his escape under dramatic circumstances, and after many priapic encounters with fishergirls, peasantgirls, harlots and others, he disguises himself as the affi-



anced of another lady called Doña Ana. The girl's father, Don Gonzalo, catches him and Juan has to kill the old gentleman in order to escape. Later, in a cemetery, Juan sees the statue of Don Gonzalo on a grave. He insults it. The statue comes alive and Juan invites it to dinner. The statue accepts, and the play ends with Juan being dragged down to Hell by the stony avenger.

Such was the flamboyant plot of Tirso's *El Burlador*. Did the good friar base his fictional rogue upon a living model? Well, in Seville they will show you a rose arbor planted by a certain Miguel de Mañara centuries ago, and he was a Don Juan in real life, according to *sevillano* legends; in Tirso's own time there lived a certain Cristobal Tenorio, who seduced and raped and left a trail of broken hearts behind him; there was Lope de Vega, known as the monster of nature, who wrote 1800 plays and excelled in

activities amatory as well as literary; but perhaps the most likely candidate of all was a nobleman named Juan de Tassis, Duke of Villamediana, who awed even his ribald era with new heights of deadly charm and ruthless immorality. He was quietly disposed of after an amour with the king's favorite mistress.

Any or all of these might have served Tirso as a model, but no one has succeeded in proving that any of them did. All such a listing can prove is this: that Renaissance Spain, like Renaissance Italy, France and England, produced a breed of men who believed that one way to demonstrate their manhood was through abundant exhibitions of sexual dominion over women. It was a spirit in the air, and Tirso, a priest who heard thousands of confessions and who traveled widely, could hardly escape being steeped in it. Such was the artist who gave birth to Don Juan out of reality, legend and his own creative genius.

What of the time and place of this birth? The two are so intertwined that it would be difficult to talk about one without the other. Spain was, in Tirso's day, still a great power in the world. Europe aped Spanish manners, dress and literature. But the Renaissance came late to Spain and it came diluted. Spain's Renaissance was a rebirth hedged in and curbed by forces weak in Italy and France, but strong in the Iberian Peninsula. Spain was not touched by a reformation, and of course never had the agony of a counter-reformation. Its church was strong, its people were orthodox, strait-laced, strict, especially in regard to respectable women.

And here is the essence of Don Juan's greatest attraction for Spanish manhood. Don Juan dared to fly in the face of all this at a time when the Spanish Inquisition was still alive and active. People still went to the stake for heresy, and Juan was a near-heretic. He was an iconoclast and a rebel. It took courage—more courage than any other man had ever demonstrated—to do what Don Juan did. He trampled social customs, openly committed adultery, violated convents and dragged out novices—in short, broke all traditions religious and secular. G. B. Shaw said, in the preface to his own Don Juan play, *Man and Superman*, "What attracts and impresses us in *El Burlador de Sevilla* is . . . the heroism of daring to be the enemy of God. . . . such enemies have always been popular." Furthermore, Juan dared to defy an institution so Spanish as to defeat comparison. This was *pundonor*.

Pundonor, point of honor, was the terrible code of Spanish noblemen. It gave pause to many a would-be Don

Juan. The particular point of honor it concerned itself with was that of the women of the family. Transgression against a woman called for swift and final vengeance by her brothers, her father, or her husband. If we can draw anything from studying the literature of Tirso's time, as well as the court records, *pundonor* was a way of life. According to its strictest rules the woman had to die, as well as the man, *even if she had been raped*. The stain was on her, guilty or innocent, and her family through her was in disgrace. Only by blood could that stain be removed. So Spanish was *pundonor* that one authority avers no real Spaniard would have violated it so often, and therefore Don Juan must have been an Italian. But defiance of *pundonor* gave Tirso one of his strongest elements of shock. By having Don Juan smash even this icon he imparted to him a bravery that fascinated and amazed Spanish audiences. Nothing could have awed a Spaniard more than this.

And now the place of Juan's origin: Tirso called him *The Deceiver of Seville*, and it is true that Seville is proud to claim him. To appreciate the importance of this birthplace and how it contributed to the renegade character of Seville's favorite son, we must know something of that southern region of which Seville is a principal city: Andalusia, which at one point is less than eight miles from Africa.

For something like 800 years, Andalusians lived like a Moslem people, cut off from European culture and Christian custom. Men from Morocco, Arabia and Syria invaded the Iberian Peninsula in 711 A.D. Their influence was felt longer and more strongly in Andalusia. Voltaire said, "Africa begins with the Pyrenees." Even today, anyone who travels south from the French border will sense a gradual difference, the farther south he goes. By the time he arrives in Andalusia, the African impact is vivid. Where else in the Western world can you find women wearing veils over the lower parts of their faces? Where else in the Western world do palm trees and oranges and rice and sugarcane grow so profusely?

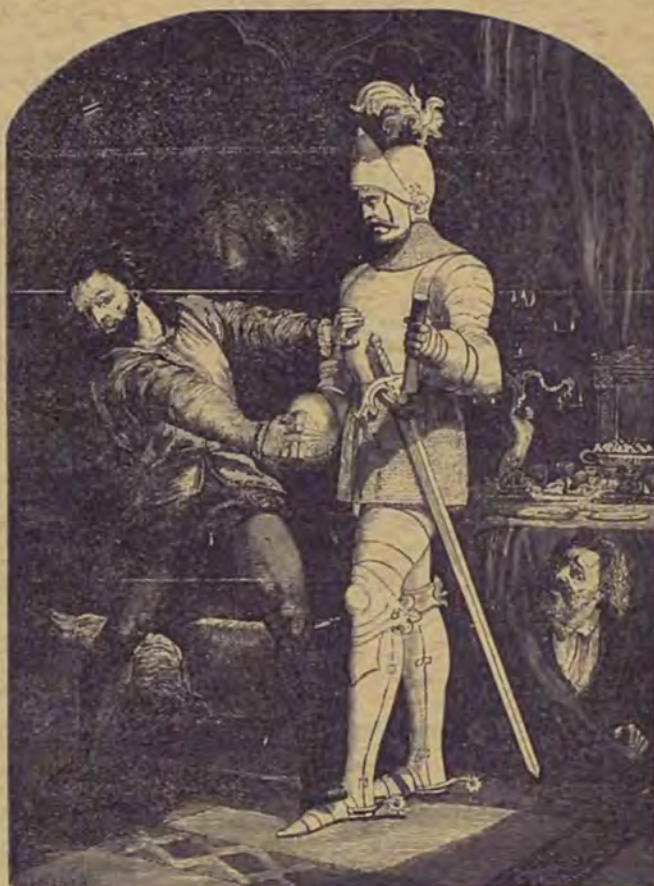
In eight centuries, habits and customs send down deep roots. The Moors practiced polygamy, like most Mohammedans. Spaniards lived side by side with them, and some, the *Mozárabes* ("men who try to live like Arabs"), wore Eastern garments, learned Arabic, sent their children to Moslem schools and ate Moslem foods. Many *Mozárabes* even took Arabic names. They had harems and concubines. In Andalusia, polygamy was a legal institution for the better part of a thousand years. "Custom is stronger than



Friar-playwright Gabriel Téllez, above, was the fountainhead of the entire Don Juan mythos. He wrote under the name Tirso de Molina. Below: on Broadway, Charles Boyer played G. B. Shaw's intellectual Juan to the Devil of Charles Laughton.



Gaiety reigns in a scene from *Don Giovanni*, above. Below: an old engraving depicts the statue's revenge.



Juan had gentle moments, as this idyllic illustration from Byron's poem testifies.



Monks of Seville condemn Juan to death in one version of the legend.



Popular basso Ezio Pinza epitomized the Mozartean Juan of *Don Giovanni*.





Film Juans have been athletic (Errol Flynn, 1949), abductive (Doug Fairbanks, 1934), satanic (John Barrymore, 1926).

morals," said Havelock Ellis. This Andalusia of the Moors, luxury-laden and fabulous, a part of the East transplanted to Europe and protected from the North by its stark mountains, inspired Tirso who had visited it. The Moors were gone, but their blood and their customs had not passed away.

Tirso's *El Burlador*, though it introduced Don Juan to the world, has never been as popular with Spaniards as Zorrilla's *Don Juan Tenorio*, the play they enjoy during the seemingly inappropri-



ate Christmas celebration. There is a very good reason.

The Juan of Tirso dies unabsolved. His last words, spoken to the statue of Don Gonzalo who is dragging him down to Hell, are searing to the Spanish soul: "Let me call someone to hear my confession!" The statue is relentless: "There is no time. Your repentance comes too late." Both sink into infernal fire, "to the sound of great noise." It is a grim play and a didactic one, for Tirso—ever the priest—wanted to show that no one could put off repentance to the last second and then hope to escape God's punishment.

Zorrilla's play is another matter. Here, too, Juan is the great iconoclast. He is still the great love-rogue, the rebel against established order. He is every bit as wicked and arrogant. There is still something grand, Mephistophelian, divinely infernal about him. But Zorrilla knew his Spaniards and he knew theatre

audiences.

In his last scene, he puts Don Juan in the cemetery with the statue of Don Gonzalo. Juan is on his knees. "Let me go," he pleads, "for even now there is a single last grain of sand in the hourglass of my life, and if it is true that one jot of contrition gives salvation to a soul for all eternity, then, Holy God, I believe in Thee; if my wickedness is unheard of, Thy mercy is infinite. God have mercy upon me!"

Don Gonzalo says, "No. It is too late."

On this cue, a tomb opens and one Doña Inez steps forth. She is the one woman Juan truly loved in his life, and she is pure Zorrilla. "No!" she cries to the statue. "I am here, Don Juan. My hand protects that hand of yours that you have held out to the Most High in true repentance; and God pardons Don Juan at the very edge of the grave."

The play ends spectacularly. To quote the stage directions: "Flowers open and give passage to various tiny angels, which surround Doña Inez and Don Juan, shedding upon them blossoms and perfume, and to the sound of sweet and distant music the theatre is illuminated as by the light of dawn. Doña Inez falls upon a bed of flowers which appear to view in the place of the sepulchre, which vanishes. Curtain."

For Spaniards—perhaps for all men—shrewd showman Zorrilla provided a loophole, a ray of hope that, legitimate or spurious, has an undeniable appeal. It is as if Don Juan were saying to us: Live! Taste of life's joys, even of those joys that are called forbidden. If at the final hour there is real masculine forthrightness, an honest man-to-God talk, then things may not go badly for you. Look at me, the man who lived only for the moment, the greatest lover of them all, the rebel who enjoyed life to the last sharp thrill; and remember—I got off.

Odd and even sacrilegious as this may seem to some, there is an irresistible message here that goes a long way toward explaining why the legend of Don Juan may not be such strange fare for the Christmas festival, after all. Considered in its intricate and fascinating context, it is almost a way of saying, in Spanish, God rest ye merry, gentlemen. Let nothing you dismay.



Ramberg's engraving shows Juan carried off by demons. Below: Louis Jouvet as Juan in Molière's tragedy, *Le festin de pierre*.



Juan's valet reads the list of 1003 amours to a dejected lady.

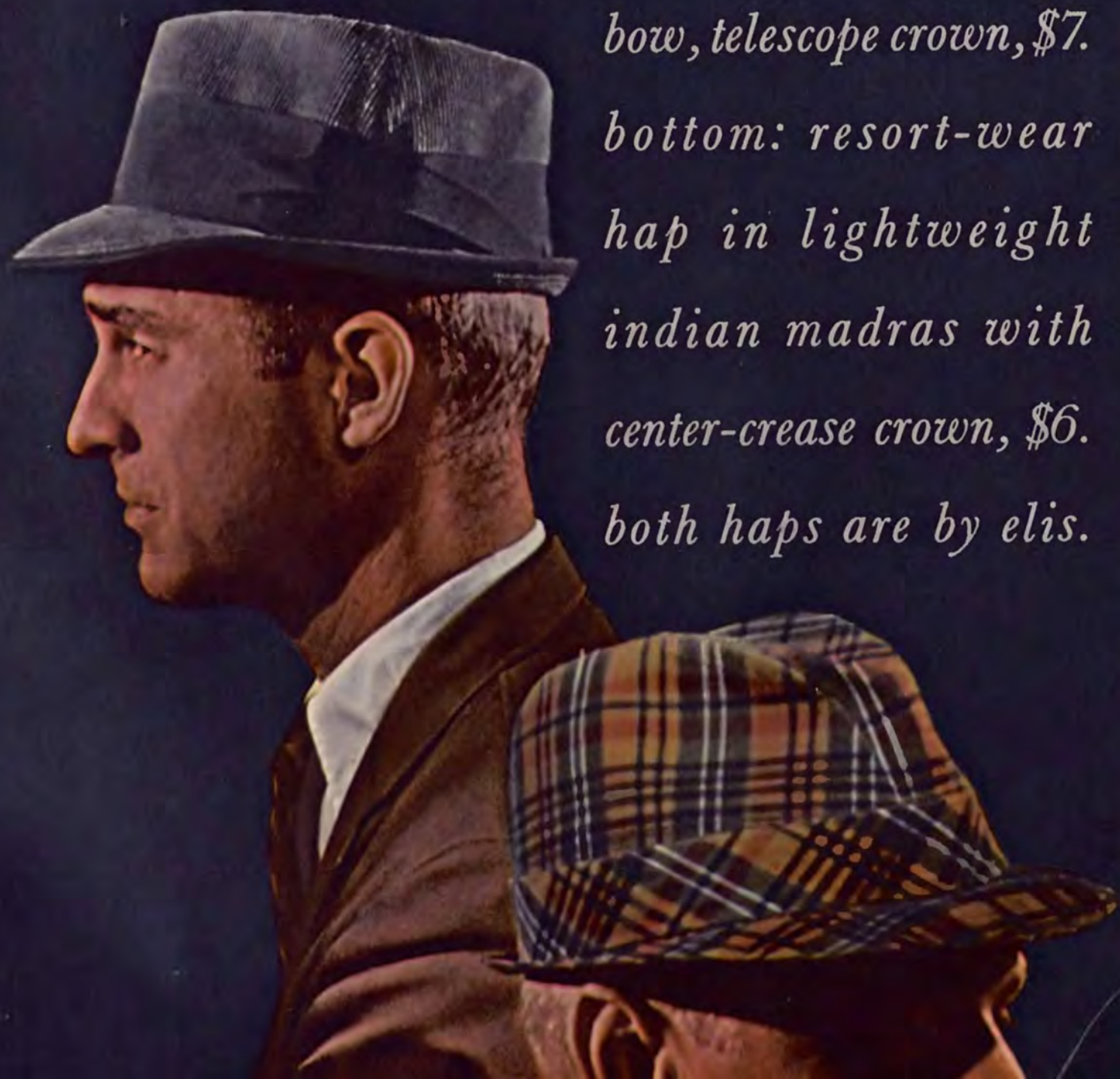


attire **the hap** is a happy combination of hat and cap, sports all the features of a fine fedora with a disappearing back brim for a neat, trim appearance when you're casually garbed. top: cold-weather hap of slate-gray corduroy with grosgrain piping, trim and

bow, telescope crown, \$7.

bottom: resort-wear hap in lightweight indian madras with center-crease crown, \$6.

both haps are by elis.



BEFORE THE ROAD (continued from page 56)

Dean was taken along. They got together a handful of greasy quarters, bought wire, screen, cloth and sewing needles and made hundreds of flyswatters; then in Old Bull's 1927 Graham-Paige they headed for Nebraska to sell door to door. Huge prairie clouds massed and marched above the indescribable anxiety of the earth's surface where men lived as their car belittled itself in immensity, crawled eastward like a potato bug over roads that led to nothing. One bottle of whiskey, just one bottle of whiskey was all they needed; whereas little Dean who sat in the rattly backseat counting the lonely pole-by-pole throb of telegraph lines spanning sad America only wanted bread that you buy in a grocery store all fresh in a happy red wrapper that reminded him speechlessly of happy Saturday mornings with his mother long dead—bread like that and butter, that's all. They sold their pathetic flyswatters at the backdoors of farms where farmers' wives with lone Nebraska writ in the wrinkles around their dull bleak eyes accepted fate and paid a nickel. Out on the road outside Hugo a great argument developed between Moriarty and Old Bull as to whether they were going to buy a little whiskey or a lot of wine, one being a wino, the other a whiskey alcoholic. Not having eaten for a long time, feverish, they leaped out of the car and started making brawling gestures at each other which were supposed to represent a fist-fight between two men, so absurd that little Dean gaped and didn't cry. And the next moment they were embracing each other, Old Moriarty tearfully, Old Bull raising his eyes with lonely sarcasm at the huge and indefatigable heavens above eastern Colorado with the remark, "Yass, wrangling around on the bottom of the hole." Because everybody was in a hole during the Depression, and felt it. They returned clonking up Larimer Street with about \$18 which was promptly that night hurled downward flaming in the drain like the fallen angel—a vast drunk that lasted five days and was almost humorous as it described crazy circles around town from the car, which was parked on Larimer at 22nd, little Dean sleeping in it, to an old office over a garage in a leafy side street that Old Bull had once used as headquarters for a spot remover venture and where pinochle at a busted dusty rolltop desk consumed 36 hours of their fevered reprieve, to a farm outside town (now abandoned by some family and left to Old Bull) and where drinking was done in barns and ruined livingrooms or out in cold alfalfa rows, finally teetering back downtown, Moriarty migrating back to the railyards to collapse beneath Rex

in a pool of urine beneath dripping ramps while Old Bull Baloon's huge puker tortured bulk was finally reposed on a plank in the county jail, straw-hat over nose. So when little Dean woke up in the car on a cold clear October morning and didn't know what to do, Zaza the beggar without legs who clattered tragically on his rollerboard on Wazee Street, took him in, fed him, made him a bed on the floor like a bed of straw, and spent that night thundering around in bulge-eyed sweat trying to catch him in a foul hairy embrace that would have succeeded if he'd had legs or Dean hadn't lowered himself out the transom.

Years of hopping around with his father like this and on freight trains all over the West and so many futilities everywhere that he'd never remember them all, and then Dean had a dream that changed his life entirely. It was in reform school, after the theft of his first car and when he hadn't seen his Pa for a year; he dreamed he lived in an immense cosmic flophouse dormitory with the old man and Rex and other bums, but that it was somehow located in the East Denver High School Auditorium; that one night he was walking across the street in an exhilarated state, carrying a mattress under his arm; all up and down the street with its October night lights glittering clear swarmed the bums, with his father off somewhere doing something busy, excited, feverish. In the dream Dean was 30; he wore a T-shirt in the brisk weather; his beer belly bulged slightly over the belt. His arms were the muscular arms of an ex-boxer growing flabby. His hair was combed slick but it was thinning back from bony frowns and Mephistophelean hairlines. His face was his own but it was strangely puffed, beaten, the nose in fact was almost broken; a red-necked, battered, fired-from-the-railroad hobo in his inevitable final American Open Spaces Dempsey Whiskey-bottle Night; tragic, dirty, young-old. When he coughed it sounded harsh and hoarse and maniacally excited like his father. He was going somewhere to sell the mattress for wine money; his exhilaration owed to the fact that he was going to succeed and get the money. And suddenly his father wearing his old black baseball cap came stumbling up the street, howling hoarsely "Hey Dean, Dean, did you sell the mattress yet? Huh Dean did you?"—and ran clutching after him with imploration and fear—a dream that Dean woke from with a repugnance only he could understand. It was dawn; he lay in the hard reformatory bed and decided to start reading books in the library so he would never be a bum, no matter what he worked at to make a living, which was

the decision of a great idealist.

At 15 this child had the regimen of his life worked out in a confused and still and all pathetically practical way. He rose at seven A.M. from Old Bull Baloon's rolltop desk (his current bed); if the office was filled with poker players he slept in the bathtub of the Greeley or other hotels. At 7:15 he rushed downtown, washed at barbershop sink, if it was not available he used the YMCA sink. Then he delivered his paper route. Around nine he went to the Smith residence, where he knew a near-idiot maid that he made love to on the cellar cot, after which she always fed him a big meal. If this friendship with idiot maid sometimes failed he ran to Big Cherry Lucy's at the Texas Lunch (ever since 13 Dean was able to handle any woman and in fact had pushed his drunk father off Cherry Lucy Halloween Night 1939 and taken over so much that they fist-fought like rivals and Dean ran away with the five-dollar stake). At 10 he rushed to the library, read Schopenhauer and magazines and unconsciously wide-eyed delved into the *Lives of the Saints* (sometimes when he wasn't reading funnies as a child, in the days with Father, he'd get a real book off the old Greeley Hotel shelf in the huge damp lobby downstairs and read down over the first words of every line Chinese style in childly thought in an antique rockingchair). At 11 o'clock he asked to wash cars and sometimes asked to park cars at the Rocky Mountain Garage (already he could drive better than any attendant in Denver and had in fact stolen several other cars to try his skill since his time in the "joint" and parked them back on the same block intact except for change of position); noon hour he used a paper route buddy's bike to ride five miles to friends' families for big meals, then helped with chores till two. Back to library for afternoon reading, history, encyclopedias and the mysteries of the dictionary, and to make use of the library toilet; four o'clock rest and meditation and connections in poolhall till closing time unless semi-pro twilight ballgame or other spectacles of interest spring around town. Eleven o'clock he stole nickels off newsstands for a bowery beefstew and found the place to sleep.

It was a Saturday afternoon in Denver, October 1942, when Tommy Snark first saw pure-souled Dean sitting on that bench with his lower lip jutted up habitually in unconscious power that Snark thought was a gesture of profile power, a pose for somebody, when actually Dean was only dreaming there, wearing Levi jeans, old shoes, no socks, a khaki Army shirt and a big black turtleneck sweater covered with car grease, and carrying a

(continued on page 116)



CRIME AT THE TENNIS CLUB

fiction By ALBERTO MORAVIA

ABOUT THE MIDDLE OF THE WINTER the committee of one of the best-known tennis clubs in our town decided to give a grand Gala Ball. The committee, which consisted of Messrs. Lucini, Mastrogiovanni, Costa, Ripandelli and Micheli, set aside a certain sum of money for providing champagne and other drinks and refreshments, and for the hire of a good band, and then went on to draw up a list of those who should be invited. The members of the club belonged for the most part to the class which is commonly called the upper middle class; they were all of them the offspring of rich and respected families and — since one has to have a job of some kind — they all carried on the appearance, anyhow, of some profession or other: and so it was not difficult to assemble, from amongst relations, friends and acquaintances, an adequate number of names, many of which were preceded by titles of nobility of secondary importance but nonetheless decorative that would later give an aristocratic luster to the event in the society columns of the newspapers. At the last moment, however, when there was nothing left to be done but send out the invitations, there suddenly arose — as generally happens — an unforeseen difficulty.

"How about the 'Princess' — aren't we going to invite her?" asked Ripandelli, a young man of about 30, handsome in a somewhat southern style, with glossy black hair, black eyes and a dark, oval face with perfect features; he was known for his resemblance to one of the most celebrated of American film stars and was quite aware of this and made use of it to make an impression upon women.

Mastrogiovanni, Lucini and Micheli approved the idea of inviting the Princess; she would provide an extra bit of fun, they said, possibly the only bit of fun; and with loud bursts of laughter and mutual backslapping they reminded one another of what had happened last time: how the Princess had had so much champagne that she was quite drunk, and someone had hidden her shoes, and she had been forced to wait until the last guests had left so that she could walk out in her stocking feet . . .

It was only Costa — bird of ill omen, as they called him — the tall, ungainly Costa with big tortoise-shell-rimmed spectacles on his long nose and his thin cheeks never properly shaved — it was only Costa who protested.

"No," he said, "let her stay at home this time, the Princess . . . I had quite enough of her at the last dance. If you want some fun you can go and pay her a visit, but don't do it here . . ."

His companions rebelled and told him exactly what they thought of him — that he was a spoilsport and a fool and that, in any case, he didn't own the club.

They had been sitting for two hours in the little committee-room and the air was thick with cigarette-smoke; it was warm and damp in the room on account of the fresh (continued on page 66)

the princess would provide an extra bit of fun for the evil-minded coterie of cads



FREE-VERSE GREETING
(for that beatnik poet friend)

Falling, drifting, snowflakes are raining;
Rainflakes are snowing, dralling, fisting.
Ambulance-white are the Christmas snowmen.
Under the tree there is sweet anodyne,
Despite the first letter of this poem's every line.



John
Dempsey

TO A TRIUMPHANT RIVAL

Take her! She's yours! All's fair, they say!
I bear no grudge, nurse no vendetta.
This Christmas she wants (besides her way)
One mink, one necklace, one Lambretta.

playboy's



TO A FORMER NYMPHET

My yen for you last Christmas, tyke,
Was fraught with fright and frantic peril:
Walls of stone, San Quentin-like,
Were on my mind, and striped apparel.
Now, though, that a year has passed,
A year that has not gone by fast,
I can, at long and longing last,
Ask you: will you be my garel?

*missives and missiles
for the jolly season*

CHRISTMAS CARDS

By **RAY RUSSELL**



8n this day, good friend and true,
My earnest, fervent wish for you
Is peace of mind and peace of soul,
A spirit clean and strong and whole,
Carols sung by little nippers,
Fireplace, pipe and comfy slippers,
Love renewed and faith reborn
And a popper to go with all this corn.



NEW DECADE CARD

Happy New Decade! May laughter resound
As into the Sixties now all of us bound.
Will they be Roaring? Will they be Gay?
Will they be laden with death and decay?
Whatever may come, let us face it informally,
Ten times as loud and as loaded as normally.

THE TENNIS CLUB *(continued from page 63)*

plaster of the walls and they were all wearing thick sweaters of various colors under their coats. But outside, projecting across the panes of the window, could be seen a single fir branch, so still, so melancholy against the gray background of the sky that there was no need to go over and look out in order to see whether it was raining. Costa rose to his feet.

"I know," he spoke emphatically, "I know your intention is to play some kind of dirty trick on that unfortunate woman . . . Well, I tell you once and for all—you're mean cads and you ought to be ashamed of yourselves."

"Costa, I thought you were more intelligent," Ripandelli declared, without moving from his place.

"And I didn't think you were so evil-minded," replied Costa; he took down his overcoat from its hook and went out without saying good-bye. After five minutes' discussion, the committee decided unanimously to invite the Princess to the ball.

* * *

The ball began a little after 10 o'clock in the evening. It had been raining all day and it was a damp, misty night; down at the far end of the suburban avenue in which the clubhouse stood could be seen, in the dim distance between two dark rows of plane-trees, a glow and a confused movement of lights and vehicles as the guests arrived. In the vestibule a hired manservant relieved them of their coats and wraps, and then the women in their light evening dresses, the men in tail coats, all moved on, talking and laughing, into the large, brilliantly lit ballroom.

This room was of considerable size and reached up to the full height of the building: a gallery with a blue-painted wooden balustrade ran around it at first-floor level, and out of this gallery opened a few small rooms which were used as dressing rooms and for the storage of game equipment. An enormous chandelier in the same style and of the same color as the balustrade hung from the ceiling, and attached to it, for the occasion, were festoons of Venetian lanterns stretching away to the four corners of the room; the wainscot was also painted blue; and at the far end, fitted in underneath the corner of the little staircase leading to the floor above, was the refreshment bar, with its bright-colored rows of bottles and its shining coffee machine.

The Princess, who was not a princess at all but, so it was said, merely a countess (it was also rumored that once upon a time she had moved in high society and had been banished from it because of some ugly story of adultery, elopement and financial ruin) arrived soon after

11 o'clock. Ripandelli, who was sitting with a group of ladies opposite the wide-open door into the vestibule, saw the well-known figure—short, rather squat, with feet turned outward like a web-footed bird—as, with her slightly bent back turned toward him, she handed her cloak to the manservant. "There we are," he thought, and, his heart filled with exultation, he went across through the dancing throng to meet her, reaching her just in time to stop her slapping the face of the manservant, with whom, for some futile reason of her own, she had picked a quarrel.

"Welcome, welcome!" he called to her from the doorway.

"Ah, Ripandelli, come and deliver me from this brute!" she said as she turned toward him. The Princess' face was not beautiful. From beneath a forest of curly hair, cut very short, her black eyes, round and beset with wrinkles, shone out livid and wild-looking; the nostrils of her long, sensual nose were full of hairs; her wide mouth, its lips painted and age-roughened, was unceasingly lavish of brilliant, fatuous, conventional smiles. The Princess dressed in a manner that was at the same time showy and shabby: over her out-of-date dress, with its long skirt and a bodice so tight that the two long, meager swellings of her bosom caught the light, she had thrown a black shawl embroidered with birds, flowers and arabesques of every possible color—in order, perhaps, to conceal an excessively low neckline; and across her forehead she had tied a band, from beneath which her rebellious hair escaped in all directions. Thus adorned, and laden with artificial jewels, she made her entrance into the ballroom, peering ahead through a silver-rimmed eyeglass.

Luckily the turmoil of dancing couples prevented her being noticed. Ripandelli steered her into a corner. "Dear Princess," he said, assuming an impudent tone of voice, "whatever would have happened to us if you hadn't come?"

The deluded expression in her eyes showed clearly that she took quite seriously any stupid thing that was said to her; but out of coquettishness she replied: "You young men try to hook all the women you can . . . and the more you catch, the better for you. Isn't that so?"

"Shall we dance, Princess?" asked Ripandelli, rising. He led her on to the floor. "You dance like a feather," said the young man, as he felt the full weight of her body pressing heavily on his arm.

"Everyone tells me that," answered the shrill voice. Crushed against Ripandelli's starched shirt front the Princess, palpitating, seemed in a rapture of ecstasy. Ripandelli became bolder.

"Well, Princess, when are you going to invite me to your house?"

"I have a very small circle of friends," replied the unfortunate woman, who, notoriously, lived in complete solitude; "only the other day I was saying the same thing to the Duke of L. who was asking the same favor of me . . . a very limited circle of carefully selected people. One can't be too careful nowadays, you know."

"Ugly old bitch," thought Ripandelli. "No, no," he went on, aloud, "I don't want to be invited with everybody else. You must let me come and see you in an intimate sort of way . . . perhaps in your bedroom."

This was an audacity, but she accepted it without protest. "And if I invite you," she asked, in a voice that was tender and a little breathless owing to the emotion of the dance, "will you promise me to be good?"

"As good as gold."

"Then I'll allow you to take me home this evening . . . You have a car, haven't you?"

The dance was finished now, and, as the crowd passed slowly into the refreshment room, Ripandelli mentioned a little private room on the first floor, where a bottle of champagne awaited them. "This way," he said, indicating the staircase; "up here we shall be able to talk more intimately."

"Oh, you're a rascal, you are," she said, hurrying up the stairs and threatening him with her eyeglass; "you think of everything."

The little private room was a small place with rows of white lockers round the walls, in which rackets and tennis balls were usually kept. In the middle, on a table, was a bottle of champagne in an ice bucket. The young man closed the door, invited the Princess to sit down, and immediately poured her out a drink.

"To the health of the most beautiful of princesses"—he stood facing her as he gave the toast—"and the woman I think about night and day!"

"Here's to your health too!" she replied, bewildered and excited. She had dropped her shawl now, and her shoulders and bosom were displayed. The thin back might have been that of a woman still young, but in front, where the edge of her dress slipped downward with every movement, first on one side and then on the other, the discoloration of the yellowing, wrinkled flesh revealed the ravages of advancing age. Ripandelli, his head resting on his hand, was now gazing at her with two falsely passionate eyes.

"Princess, do you love me?" he asked all of a sudden, in a voice full of emotion.

"What about you?" she replied, with remarkable assurance. Then, as if over-

(continued on page 80)

BOTH MEN were dressed in frock coats, striped pants and flowing black silk ties. One was fragile and fawn-eyed, the other paunchy. The paunchy one stood up as Swifty entered the room. "Señor Ellingboe?" he said. "I am Blasco Diaz. And this is the celebrated pianist Nestor Del Campo of whom I have the honor to be manager."

"Great, great," said Swifty. "Wonderful, wonderful."

"Señor Del Campo does not have English," Diaz said. "I shall interpret for you."

"Fine, fine," said Swifty. He rubbed his hands briskly. "All set? Come on, the cab is in front of the hotel."

They followed Swifty out of the room, scurrying to keep pace with his long lean legs. In the elevator Del Campo said something plaintive in Spanish to Diaz. Diaz shook his head firmly. The elevator stopped. They crossed the lobby, got into a cab and drove away.

"Cigars?" asked Swifty, proffering a handful. Diaz accepted one, Del Campo murmured "Gracias" and shook his head. Swifty lit Diaz' and his own. "Great day for the game," he said. "Great."

Del Campo glanced nervously at the traffic and closed his eyes.

"I am looking forward to see my first baseball," said Diaz, "but Señor Del Campo is not pleased to go. He has fear of crowds and besides he wants to stay in his room and rest for the concert tonight. But I explained that of the photographer to him. It will be of great importance, the publicity, I said."

"Right," replied Swifty vigorously. "The *Bulletin's* got a half million circulation. That ain't bad, friend."

Diaz nodded. He puffed his cigar for a moment. "Señor," he said, placing an apologetic hand on Swifty's bony knee, "you will excuse me, but of what benefit is all this to you? What is your — how you say — angle?"

Swifty toyed with the idea of being indignant, but he was so proud of his scheme that he decided to be frank instead. "I'll be frank," he said. "Business has been rotten at the ball park this year and unless I can jazz it up pretty soon, the boss is going to get him a new press agent. I think this Del Campo deal is going to do the trick."

"May one ask how?"

"I'm going to tap an untouched audience — the highbrows. Highbrows don't go to ball games; they think it's low-brow. But when they see pictures of a concert pianist like Del Campo letting down his long hair at the ball park, really having himself a time, then — you see?"

"Ah," said Diaz, "I see."

"Of course," added Swifty hastily, "the publicity won't hurt your boy none either."

Del Campo opened his eyes and said something in Spanish to Diaz.

"He is carsick," said Diaz.

"Here's the ball park," said Swifty.

Joe May, hard and bored, the *Bulletin* photographer, was on the grass near first base when they got into their box. Swifty called him over. "Hi, Joe." He pointed at Del Campo. "This one."

Joe nodded and began setting up his camera.

Swifty turned to Diaz. "Joe is going to be shooting Del Campo all through the ball game, so tell him to smile and cheer and act like he's enjoying himself."

Diaz relayed the instructions. The pianist nodded, blinked unhappily at the sun, and spoke briefly to Diaz.

"He would like a parasol," said Diaz.

"No, no, no," exclaimed Swifty. "He don't get the idea at all. This has got to be informal, relaxed. Take off his coat and tie."

After a short argument, Del Campo surrendered the garments and sat, miser-

(continued on page 138)

lowbrow is lowbrow and highbrow is highbrow and when the twain meet . . .



SULLIVAN



Above: A colorful panorama met the eye of those invited to the 26th Annual Hunter Trials held by the Moore County Hounds of Southern Pines. Each year, the gala event draws entrants from hunts all over the nation and there is spirited competition over the intricate course — to the accompaniment of much visiting back and forth among riders and spectators in their sports cars and station wagons. Horses, riders, guests, grooms, hounds, horse vans, and the lovely rolling country in the crisp air of late February made for the memorable scene LeRoy Neiman captures here. Mounted, her back to the artist, is Mrs. Winston Guest, buttoning her weskit while a groom holds her jacket. A bit to the left, in the middle background, are three judges seated atop a tallyho, a kind of four-in-hand carriage. This trial course is one of the best in the country. Left: LeRoy Neiman's quick eye captured this humorous moment at the mounting steps.

man at his leisure

the world of the hunt field and pursuit of the fox, as seen through an artist's eye

THE MOORE COUNTY HOUNDS, Southern Pines, North Carolina, is one of the oldest, most venerated, most active and most colorfully dedicated hunts in the nation. The township is also beautiful to look upon (rolling, lovely country, part wooded, with open stretches, hilltops, glades and vales), rich, insular and inhabited for the most part by men and women of immense vitality whose vocation and fondest love is the hunt. From the day that summer's heat abates until spring zephyrs gentle the hot blood, these Nimrods and Dianas live to hunt—but definitely not vice versa. Such mundane activities as earning a living, such plebeian pursuits as going to an office, are as foreign to them as to the dramatis personae of a stylish Victorian novel about the British aristocracy.

One crisp winter day, the Southern Pines *Pilot* published a Page One story titled "PLAYBOY PAINTER TO SKETCH ANNUAL HUNTER TRIALS," which said, in part, "LeRoy Neiman, one of the nation's outstanding painters of urban life and regular contributor to Playboy Magazine, arrived here yesterday on a special assignment to . . . paint the Moore County Hunter Trials and other activities in connection with this event . . . to be published as part of the magazine's 'Man at his Leisure' feature."

So it was that Neiman entered this world apart, observed the ancient and arcane sport of pursuing renard over hill and dale, met the well-favored followers of the hounds, observed them in their *recherché* habitat and transferred his vivid impressions to sketch pad and canvas. The scene has been written about by insiders and for insiders; it has been rendered in etching and old print. This is probably the first time, however, that a contemporary urban artist has spent five days as the guest of a hunt, caught its spirit and savor with total freshness of vision, and made notes—in words and pictures—of those things which struck him as unique and memorable.

It was a windy, bright day when Neiman arrived at Southern Pines. Already, members of hunts from all over the country had arrived, virtually all of them as guests of the local gentry. This was the height of the hunting season—in five days Neiman observed three hunts—and the culminating event for which all had gathered was the Hunter Trials (a keen competition over a closed course simulating all the conditions of the hunt field), to be followed by a formal Hunt Ball.

Neiman had been picked up from a commercial airport by a hunt member in a private plane (he was soon to learn that flying and riding to hounds seem to go hand in hand) and had an opportunity to scan the landscape panoramically, from a low altitude. He saw estates, mile upon mile of fine old houses in magnificent settings, a few farms among them, woods, rugged country and manicured grounds—and more estates. Everyone in Southern Pines, he discovered, is involved with hunting in some way, so that even the farmers' fences are paneled, that is, provided with post-and-rail sections over which the horses of the hunt soar—or fall—at full gallop.

Once on the ground, Neiman made another discovery: dogs and dog hair. In sports cars and station wagons, in houses and out, wherever one sat, his clothing was liberally flocked with the hairs of the Dalmatians which are the standard and ever-present pets of the hunt-field elite. The hounds of the hunt (never, ever, referred to as dogs) are not pets; (concluded on page 72)



Above: At hunt's end, Master of Fox Hounds presents brush to a rider for fine performance. She rides sidesaddle; both are formally clad. Below, M.F.H. and hounds. When "hunting his own hounds" (i.e., working them) he wears a hunt cap instead of high silk hat.





Above: The hounds are on the scent and the field's on a run, taking a jump at full gallop. Spills are frequent but the pace does not abate. Hunt protocol calls for the M.F.H. to lead the riders — unless he's hunting his own hounds, in which case he's up ahead with them and the whips. Then follow the long-term, most respected members of the hunt, then the rest of the riders, finally children, and grooms who are breaking in untrained horses. Right: The quarry of the hunt is affectionately known as "foxy," earns only praise if he manages to escape—provided he's given the field a good, hard ride. There'll always be another time, when foxy may be outfoxed.





Above: From this hillside vantage point, LeRoy Neiman painted the hunt-field scene. The hounds are hot on foxy's trail, the riders come pelting through the valley behind them. Below: End of a drag hunt—for which, hours before the hunt, a fox-scented sack is dragged over a tricky course, culminating at a tree in whose branches a hunk of raw meat is cached. The hounds are baying at it now, the riders assembling; the meat will be thrown to the pack.



they are working partners in the hunt.

"Man at his Leisure," says Neiman, "is a title that needs to be qualified. These people seem never to rest. Leisure in the sense of not having to work, yes; but I've never seen so much activity. I think you might call these people kinetic personalities; all their huge energy, all their self-expression, is poured into physical action. I've never seen such rugged health combined with incredible grace and physical coordination. Riding, walking, driving, flying a plane — everything's done beautifully, and to the hilt. And with this kinetic expression there seems to go a kind of spirited recklessness which you might call courage, but I think it is more aptly conceived of as joy in danger. Come to think of it," Neiman says, "I don't believe they are aware of danger as such; I think they automatically respond to hazard as a challenge. But the main impression is of activity, a continuous outpouring of energy, of which they seem to possess an inexhaustible amount."

The meet (i.e., the gathering together of members for the start of a hunt) may be as early as five in the morning — though as the season progresses it may be as late as 11. And those who hunt may have jogged to the meet from miles away, leaving their home stable in total darkness. It is a seemingly disorganized and brilliant scene: huntsmen mounted and on foot, grooms everywhere wiping boots and saddlery, the whips shouting at the yipping pack. (Neiman recalls that Ozelle Moss, Master of Fox Hounds of the Moore County Hounds, knows each hound by name, knows which are leaders and which followers, which steady and which apt to run off on a false scent.) This hunt's colors are navy blue and scarlet in the field (scarlet and royal blue in the evening) and in the winy air of a Carolina morning the meet struck Neiman as being a stunning spectacle of color and motion.

Later, with the hounds on the quarry's trail and the field following the cries of the hounds, the single-minded riders get down to the *raison d'être* of their lives. At such times their expressions are impassive; horse and rider may grunt in unison from the exertion of going over a jump, but neither sees the painter, sketch pad in hand, watching the field stream by: whips with hounds, M.F.H., older members of the hunt, then the younger people, then the children and the grooms training green horses, and finally the local farm owners — who are always invited and who accord the hunt the use of their lands — dressed in rat-catcher tweeds.

If the hounds split or have scattered too far, the M.F.H. calls a check; when the horn calling the hounds is heard, all riders head for it; and then, from the check point, the hunt is on again. It may

last a few hours; it may last most of the day. Renard may get away — which is OK with all, provided he's given them fine sport. If there is a kill, the M.F.H. will award the fox's brush (tail), pad (paws) and mask (head) to riders who have done exceptionally well or are in at the kill. "After an early-morning hunt," says Neiman, "when ordinary mortals who'd ridden that hard would be exhausted, these supermen and superwomen enjoy a hunt breakfast, where the day's serious drinking and eating begin. This 'breakfast' may go on until the cocktail hour — with people going in and out, hopping into cars to go visit friends or go home and change clothes, then returning or going on to a cocktail party at still another estate. And there is talk. Animated or bored, there is talk — about horses, about riding, about riders, complete post mortems of the morning's hunt with frequent references to earlier hunts and comments on tomorrow's. Not once in five days and nights," Neiman says, "did I hear a word about world affairs, politics, business, the arts. All these people are widely traveled — but their talk about foreign countries is concerned exclusively with their relative virtues as places to hunt. These incredibly handsome people are great name droppers, too — of horses and families, not celebrities. And when they aren't talking about horses or hunts, they talk affectionately about 'foxy,' or about how wonderfully a 70-year-old huntsman still rides, or how well a seven-year-old is coming along.

"As for the artist wandering in their midst — me — they couldn't have cared less. I was treated with courtly courtesy verging on indifference; I roamed their houses — all beautifully furnished in authentic antiques — and gazed at the hunting prints and trophies and mounted pads and masks on their walls; and I looked in vain for a painting that wasn't a huntsman's portrait, or a book not connected in some way with the huntsman's and rider's world.

"And I tried to keep up with them. Not in drinking, which would have been impossible (although no one appeared especially drunk), but just in the social and sports rounds they made. After a hunt, hunt breakfast, cocktails, dinner and after-midnight bedtime, there they were at a meet the next dawn, looking ruddy-faced and vital, full of spizz and ready to go. A particular morning I'm thinking of was the start of a drag hunt, in which a spoor of rags is trailed over the countryside some hours before the hunt, which culminates at a tree in which meat has been hung. The hounds took off, then the riders in hot pursuit; it was one hell of a ride. Then the interminable breakfast with horse talk — and this time, for the first time, I heard talk about flat racing, a form of eques-

trian competition for which the hunt people feel complete contempt. As a matter of fact, the only other form of riding they seem to accord any real status is steeplechasing, perhaps because of its grueling danger and because gentlemen riders participate.

"Here were all these people — all the girls with the Grace Kelly look: long blonde hair, dark glasses, fur coat thrown over riding habit — and all of them bursting with humorless vitality. I was curious to hear so much talk about hunting the day before, since I'd been told there was to be no hunt that day. It turned out there wasn't — so these people had got up at dawn to shoot ducks.

"I mentioned that the hunt crowd all seemed superb physical specimens. That may in itself have something to do with their dedication to sport — rather than the other way around. It probably also accounts for something else about them I noticed: I saw no overt sex play, overheard no make-out talk, never saw a man and girl steal off alone — but all the time the atmosphere seemed charged with a kind of animal spirit which had overtones of sex about it. It's hard to explain, but I got the feeling that most of these people were quite aware of sex without making a 'thing' out of it, or stressing it, and didn't feel the need to parade it. Perhaps their formal code of conduct is so perfectly learned that the usual evidences of flirtation simply aren't seen. I think, though, that this marked lack of sexy behavior may reflect an acceptance of sex as an important, natural part of their lives."

Neiman's last day in Southern Pines was the day of the field trials over one of the toughest and most famous courses in the world. "Here," says Neiman, "a man at his leisure who's not part of the fox-hunting set may enjoy watching them in action. Parking space for car and occupants is ten dollars and the parking area, which overlooks the course, is a social center for drinking, chatting (about horses and riders), eating out of huge picnic hampers and cheering the riders. Believe it or not, they all had the strength — riders and spectators — to go on that night to the formal Hunt Ball."

Two things struck Neiman particularly forcibly. One was that this tight-knit group of participants in the pageantry and protocol of the sport had a tacit awareness and esthetic appreciation of their own colorful role in it, "like costumed members of some tribal ceremonial," says Neiman. The other thing was this: Neiman went direct from Southern Pines to Miami. "You won't believe it," he says, "but the people in Florida suddenly seemed small and puny by comparison — and pale!"



LEGAL TENDER



*ellen stratton: competent,
relevant, and material*



MISS DECEMBER PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH





A GIRL can't hold down a position as legal secretary with a pleasing appearance and a head full of feathers, so our December Playmate Ellen Stratton is further proof, if proof be needed, that a girl can be bright and beautiful at the same time. Ellen has worked for a leading West Coast law office for the past 21½ years, and confides that her secret ambition is to be a lady lawyer. How do Ellen's lawyer bosses feel about her appearance as PLAYBOY's Playmate of the Month? They dig it. So, gentlemen of the jury, we are prepared to testify that we've a serious case on Ellen Stratton and any objections will be promptly overruled as soon as you've considered Exhibit A, her full-color Playmate pose attached hereto.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY WILLIAM GRAHAM

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

It was the social event of the season: the identical twin sons of a wealthy oil tycoon married the twin daughters of a millionaire textile manufacturer. Unfortunately, all four of the newlyweds got very drunk on their wedding night. Now, a year later, the newly arrived offspring are listed in *Who's Who*, but nobody is really sure who's whose.



Many a young tomato has been cultivated by an old rake.

A friend of ours reports that he was innocently walking down the street the other day, when he was accosted by a fellow flashy in features and dress — the very model of a con man.

"Hey, buddy," the con man said confidentially, "you wanna buy a hot?"

"A hot what?" our friend asked.

"You name it," said the flashy one with a smile. "I'm having a very good season."

Have you heard that catchy little love song that's headed for jukebox fame, titled, *How Can I Miss You if You Won't Go Away?*



It was tea-time in the pad, and the air hung heavy in thick blue folds as the beat bunch and their tourist friends lit up. Suddenly, a loud voice in the hall demanded that they open the door in the name of legality. The smokers frantically

gathered their still-smoking weeds and stuffed them in the cuckoo clock. The police entered, searched diligently, found nothing and left. The bunch breathed a sigh of relief and made for the cuckoo clock just as the clock's hands announced three A.M. The little door popped open, the bird poked his head out and said, "Hey mannn, what time is it?"

In the race toward matrimony, many a lucky secretary finds herself on the last lap.

Her bountiful bosom heaving in chagrin, Susan confessed her tearful tidings to her mother.

"Mom," she said, "I'm pregnant."

"Ye Gods!" screamed her mother. "Who is the father?"

She lifted her weeping face. "How should I know?" she wailed. "You never would let me go steady."



Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *chaperone* as an elderly woman who accompanies young women to see that they do not indulge in any of the things she would have indulged in if she hadn't been chaperoned when she was a young woman.

A man has reached old age when he can't take "Yes" for an answer.

Concluding his final lecture before the holidays, the professor of criminal law observed, "Remember, gentlemen, if you have an affair with a girl under age, with or without her consent, it's rape; if you have an affair with a girl of age, without her consent, that's rape; but if you have an affair with a girl of age, with her consent, Merry Christmas!"

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.



Ingrid Landi

"Don't jump to any conclusions, Mr. Henderson!"

THE TENNIS CLUB *(continued from page 66)*

come by a temptation too strong to be resisted, she stretched out her arm and placed her hand on the back of the young man's neck. "What about you?" she repeated.

Ripandelli threw a glance at the closed door; they must have begun dancing again now, he could hear the rhythmic tumult down below.

"My dear," he answered slowly, "I long for you, it's driving me crazy, I'm incapable of thinking or speaking sensibly . . ." There was a knock at the door; and then the door opened and Lucini, Micheli, Mastrogiovanni and a fourth man of the name of Jancovich burst into the room. This unexpected fourth was the oldest member of the club, a man of about 50 and already going gray; in figure he was ungainly, with a long, lean, melancholy face, a thin nose, and two deep ironical furrows running down his face from his eyes to his neck. An industrialist, he made a lot of money; he spent the greater part of the day at the tennis club, playing cards; and at the club even the younger men called him by his Christian name, Beniamino. Now, as soon as Jancovich saw Ripandelli and the Princess, he gave, as had been arranged beforehand, a cry of pain and raised his arms above his head.

"What? My son here? And with a woman? And, what's more, with the woman I love?"

Ripandelli turned toward the Princess. "Here's my father," he said; "we're lost!"

"Get out of here!" went on Jancovich in his colorless voice. "Get out of here, you unnatural boy!"

"Father," answered Ripandelli haughtily, "there is only one voice I shall obey, the voice of passion."

"And you, my love," went on Jancovich, turning with a sad, dignified expression toward the Princess, "don't let yourself be taken in by this rogue of a son of mine; come to me instead and lean that charming little head on the breast of your Beniamino, who has never ceased to love you."

Biting his lips hard to prevent himself from laughing, Ripandelli flung himself upon his so-called father, crying out: "You call me a rogue, do you?" There followed a fine scene of wrath and confusion. Jancovich on one side, Ripandelli on the other, held back with difficulty by their friends, pretended to make every possible effort to get at one another and come to blows; cries of "Hold them, hold them, or they'll kill each other" rose above the tumult, together with ill-suppressed bursts of laughter; while the Princess, terrified, cowered back into a corner, her hands clasped together. At last it became possible to calm the two raging antagonists.

"There's nothing to be done about it," said Lucini, stepping forward. "Father and son in love with the same woman: the only thing is for the Princess to make her choice."

So the Princess was asked to give judgment. Undecided, flattered, worried, she came out of her corner with her usual swaying walk, one foot pointing this way, the other that. "I can't choose," she said finally, after a close examination of the two competitors, "because . . . because I like you both."

There was laughter and applause. "And me, Princess—do you like me?" asked Lucini suddenly, taking her round the waist. This was the signal for a kind of orgy: father and son were reconciled and embraced each other; the Princess was made to sit down in the middle of them and an abundance of drink was pressed upon her. In a few minutes she was quite tipsy: she was laughing and clapping her hands, and her hair, standing out round her face, made her head look enormous.

The men started asking her sly questions. "Somebody told me," said Micheli at a certain moment, "that you're not a princess, that you're really nothing at all, just the daughter of some little pork-butcher: is that true?"

She was indignant. "That was a slander, and no doubt whoever told you was the son of a pork-butcher himself . . . I'd have you know that before the war there was actually a Prince of the blood who sent me a marvelous bunch of orchids, with a note; and the note said: 'To my dear little Adelina from her Gogo.'"

These words were received with shouts of laughter. These five men—who allowed their mistresses, in private, to call them by such names as Nini or Lulu, my little cherub or my little piggy-wig—seemed to consider the nickname of Gogo and the pet name of Adelina as being the height of absurdity and stupidity; they held their sides, they ached with laughing. "Ah Gogo, naughty Gogo," they kept on saying.

The Princess, intoxicated and highly flattered, distributed smiles and glances and taps with her eyeglass in every direction. "Oh Princess, how funny you are!" shouted Lucini right in her face, and she—just as though he had paid her a compliment—laughed. "Oh Princess, my Princess," sang Ripandelli sentimentally; but all of a sudden his face hardened: he put out his hand and mercilessly grasped her breast. Red in the face, she struggled to free herself, but next moment suddenly laughed again and cast such a glance at the young man that he at once released his hold. "Ugh, what a flabby breast," he cried to the others, "it's just like squeezing a rag . . . What

about undressing her?" Now that the program of jokes was more or less at an end, this proposal met with great success. "Princess," said Lucini, "we've been told that you have an extremely beautiful figure . . . Well now, be generous and let us see it. Then we'll die content."

"Come on, Princess," said Jancovich, in his serious, bleating voice; and without more ado he put his hands on her and started trying to pull the shoulder straps of her dress down over her arms. "We can't allow you to keep your lovely body hidden any longer . . . that lovely little pink and white body all full of dimples like the body of a little girl of six . . ."

"Oh, you shameless creatures!" said the Princess, laughing. But, after a great deal of insistence, she consented to lower her dress halfway down her bosom: her eyes were shining and the corners of her mouth were trembling with pleasure.

"It's true I have a nice figure, isn't it?" she said to Ripandelli. But the young man made a grimace, and the others exclaimed that it was not enough, they wanted to see more; and Lucini gave a tug at the top her dress. Then—whether it was that she became ashamed of displaying her already middle-aged body, or that a flash of consciousness, penetrating the fumes of wine, showed her to herself as she actually was, flushed and disheveled, her breast half bared, surrounded by brutalized men in that little white room—all of a sudden she began to resist and to struggle: "Leave me alone, I tell you, leave me alone!" she commanded, trying to release herself. But the sport had excited the five men. Two held her by the arms, while the other three pulled her dress right down to her waist, exposing a torso yellowish and puckered with flabby sallow breasts.

"God, how ugly she is!" exclaimed Micheli; "and what a lot of clothes she's got on! She's all bundled up with clothes . . . she must have at least four pairs of drawers on . . ." The others were laughing, exhilarated by the spectacle of this unattractive, angry nakedness, and were trying to free her hips of their encumbering mass of clothes. This was not easy, for the Princess was struggling violently; the crimson face beneath the fleece of hair was pitiable, so clearly did it express terror, desperation and shame. But this resistance on her part, instead of moving Ripandelli to pity, irritated him like the spasms of a wounded beast that refuses to die. "You ugly bitch, are you going to stay still or not?" he shouted at her suddenly, and, to give force to his words, he took a champagne glass from the table and dashed the iced wine over the unfortunate woman's face and chest. The

(continued on page 133)

fiction By ROALD DAHL

A FINE SON

*three dead children
were all she
could stand: this
one had to live*



"EVERYTHING IS NORMAL," the doctor was saying. "Just lie back and relax." His voice was miles away in the distance and he seemed to be shouting at her. "You have a son."

"What?"

"You have a fine son. You understand that, don't you? A fine son. Did you hear him crying?"

"Is he all right, Doctor?"

"Of course he is all right."

"Please let me see him."

"You'll see him in a moment."

"You are certain he is all right?"

"I am quite certain."

"Is he still crying?"

"Try to rest. There is nothing to worry about."

"Why has he stopped crying, Doctor? What happened?"

"Don't excite yourself, please. Everything is normal."

"I want to see him. Please let me see him."

"Dear lady," the doctor said, patting her hand. "You have a fine strong healthy child. Don't you believe me when I tell you that?"

"What is the woman over there doing to him?"

"Your baby is being made to look pretty for you," the doctor said. "We are giving him a little wash, that is all. You must spare us a moment or two for that."

"You swear he is all right?"

"I swear it. Now lie back and relax. Close your eyes. Go on, close your eyes. That's right. That's better. Good girl . . ."

"I have prayed and prayed that he will live, Doctor."

"Of course he will live. What are you talking about?"

"The others didn't."

"What?"

"None of my other ones lived, Doctor."

The doctor stood beside the bed looking down at the pale exhausted face of the young woman. He had never seen her before today. She and her husband were new people in the town. The innkeeper's wife, who had come up to assist in the delivery, had told him that the husband worked at the local customs-house on the border and that the two of them had arrived quite suddenly at the inn with one trunk and one suitcase about three months ago. The husband was a drunkard, the innkeeper's wife had said, an arrogant, overbearing, bullying little drunkard, but the young woman was gentle and religious. And she was very sad. She never smiled. In the short time she had been here, the innkeeper's wife had never once seen her smile. Also there was a rumor that this was the husband's third marriage,

that one wife had died and that the other had divorced him for unsavory reasons. But that was only a rumor.

The doctor bent down and pulled the sheet up a little higher over the patient's chest. "You have nothing to worry about," he said gently. "This is a perfectly normal baby."

"That's exactly what they told me about the others. But I lost them all, Doctor. In the last eighteen months I have lost all three of my children, so you mustn't blame me for being anxious."

"Three?"

"This is my fourth . . . in four years."

The doctor shifted his feet uneasily on the bare floor.

"I don't think you know what it means, Doctor, to lose them all, all three of them, slowly, separately, one by one. I keep seeing them. I can see Gustav's face now as clearly as if he were lying here beside me in the bed. Gustav was a lovely boy, Doctor. But he was always ill. It is terrible when they are always ill and there is nothing you can do to help them."

"I know."

The woman opened her eyes, stared up at the doctor for a few seconds, then closed them again.

"My little girl was called Ida. She died a few days before Christmas. That is only four months ago. I just wish you could have seen Ida, Doctor."

"You have a new one now."

"But Ida was so beautiful."

"Yes," the doctor said. "I know."

"How can you know?" she cried.

"I am sure that she was a lovely child. But this new one is also like that." The doctor turned away from the bed and walked over to the window and stood there looking out. It was a wet gray April afternoon, and across the street he could see the red roofs of the houses and the huge raindrops splashing on the tiles.

"Ida was two years old, Doctor . . . and she was so beautiful I was never able to take my eyes off her from the time I dressed her in the morning until she was safe in bed again at night. I used to live in holy terror of something happening to that child. Gustav had gone and my little Otto had also gone and she was all I had left. Sometimes I used to get up in the night and creep over to the cradle and put my ear close to her mouth just to make sure that she was breathing."

"Try to rest," the doctor said, going back to the bed. "Please try to rest." The woman's face was white and bloodless, but there was a slight bluish-gray tinge around the nostrils and the mouth. A few strands of damp hair hung down over her forehead, sticking to the skin.

"When she died . . . I was already pregnant again when that happened, Doctor. This new one was a good five

months on its way when Ida died. 'I don't want it!' I shouted after the funeral. 'I won't have it! I have buried enough children!' And my husband . . . he was strolling among the guests with a big glass of beer in his hand . . . he turned around quickly and said, 'I have news for you, Klara, I have good news.' Can you imagine that, Doctor? We have just buried our third child and he stands there with a glass of beer in his hand and tells me that he has good news. 'Today I have been posted to Braunau,' he says, 'so you can start packing at once. This will be a new start for you, Klara,' he says. 'It will be a new place and you can have a new doctor. . . .'"

"Please don't talk any more."

"You *are* the new doctor, aren't you, Doctor?"

"That's right."

"And here we are in Braunau."

"Yes."

"I am frightened, Doctor."

"Try not to be frightened."

"What chance can the fourth one have now?"

"You must stop thinking like that."

"I can't help it. I am certain there is something inherited that causes my children to die in this way. There must be."

"That is nonsense."

"Do you know what my husband said to me when Otto was born, Doctor? He came into the room and he looked into the cradle where Otto was lying and he said, 'Why do *all* my children have to be so small and weak?'"

"I am sure he didn't say that."

"He put his head right into Otto's cradle as though he were examining a tiny insect and he said, 'All I am saying is why can't they be better *specimens*? That's all I am saying.' And three days after that, Otto was dead. We baptized him quickly on the third day and he died the same evening. And then Gustav died. And then Ida died. All of them died, Doctor . . . and suddenly the whole house was empty. . . ."

"Don't think about it now."

"Is this one so very small?"

"He is a normal child."

"But small?"

"He is a little small, perhaps. But the small ones are often a lot tougher than the big ones. Just imagine, this time next year he will be almost learning how to walk. Isn't that a lovely thought?"

She didn't answer this.

"And two years from now he will probably be talking his head off and driving you crazy with his chatter. Have you settled on a name for him yet?"

"A name?"

"Yes."

"I don't know. I'm not sure. I think my husband said that if it was a boy we were going to call him Adolpus because it has a certain similarity to Alois. My husband is called Alois."

"Excellent."

"Oh no!" she cried, starting up suddenly from the pillow. "That's the same question they asked me when Otto was born! It means he is going to die! You are going to baptize him at once!"

"Now, now," the doctor said, taking her gently by the shoulders. "You are quite wrong. I promise you you are wrong. I was simply being an inquisitive old man, that is all. And look—here he comes now."

The innkeeper's wife, carrying the baby high up on her enormous bosom, came sailing across the room toward the bed. "Here is the little beauty!" she cried, beaming. "Would you like to hold him, my dear? Shall I put him beside you?"

"Is he well wrapped?" the doctor asked. "It is extremely cold in here."

"Certainly he is well wrapped."

The baby was tightly swaddled in a white woolen shawl, and only the tiny pink head protruded. The innkeeper's wife placed him gently on the bed beside the mother. "There you are," she said. "Now you can lie there and look at him to your heart's content."

"I think you will like him," the doctor said, smiling. "He is a fine little baby."

"He has the most lovely hands!" the innkeeper's wife exclaimed. "Such long delicate fingers!"

The mother didn't move. She didn't even turn her head to look.

"Go on," cried the innkeeper's wife. "He won't bite you."

"I am frightened to look. I don't dare to believe that I have another baby and that he is all right."

"Don't be so stupid."

Slowly, the mother turned her head and looked at the small, incredibly serene face that lay on the pillow beside her.

"Is this my baby?"

"Of course."

"Oh . . . oh . . . but he is beautiful."

The doctor turned away and went over to the table and began putting his things into his bag. The mother lay on the bed gazing at the child and smiling and touching him and making little noises of pleasure. "Hello, my son," she whispered.

"Sssh!" said the innkeeper's wife. "Listen! I think your husband is coming."

The doctor walked over to the door and opened it and looked out into the corridor. "Come in, please," he said.

A small man in a dark-green uniform stepped softly into the room and looked around him.

"Congratulations," the doctor said. "You have a son."

The man had a pair of enormous whiskers meticulously groomed after the
(concluded on page 139)



INVITATION
TO A
PLAYBOY
CHRISTMAS

LET NOTHING YOU DISMAY: if you don't know what you want — or think she may not — cast an eye over the good gifts gathered here, circle your choices, leave the pages prominently displayed.

LEFT, from bottom to top: Marantz stereo console preamplifier with 24 inputs and 6 AC outlets, \$273. Schick three-speed electric razor with adjustable head, \$28.50. Rolfs billfold of Brazilian hornback lizard, with full-length 14k gold bar for signature engraving, \$100. Tiffany 14k gold house or car key on a 14k gold link chain, \$47. Studebaker 8-cylinder Lark, first convertible among the American compact cars, with all extras, \$2745. Henke four-buckle Speedfit standard ski boots, \$52.50. Philco Safari battery or AC portable transistor television, 15 pounds, \$250. Hart aluminum skis, one-piece construction so safety edges can't pull out, \$84.50. Countess Mara all-purpose valet stand, \$67.50. Blonder-Tongue Audio Baton has tone control for each of nine octaves in the sound spectrum, allowing amplification or reduction of all audio frequencies; input provisions for connecting any program source, \$119.95.

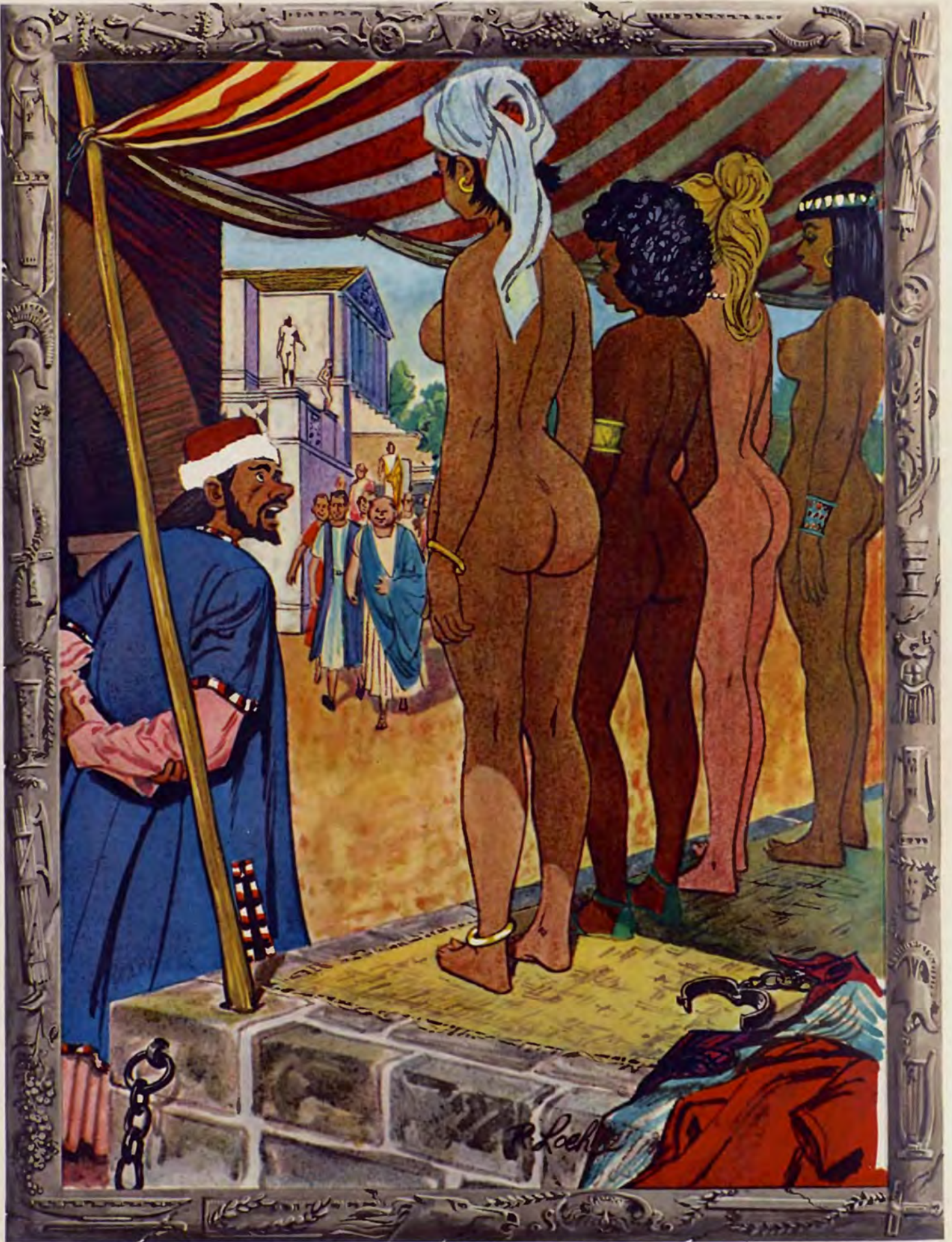
RIGHT, clockwise from six: Alfred Dunhill Italian checkbook with rosewood frame, \$27.50. Hallicrafters SX-62A 6-band short-wave receiver, \$375. Lafayette Audio-Spectacles, sunglasses with a built-in three-transistor AM radio, \$24.50. Dunhill sherry decanter set of smoked Holmegaards crystal from Denmark, \$24. Colt .22 Woodsman matched target pistols, \$150. Scherr dynamometer stylus pressure gauge, \$11.65. Irvin Sky Glider nylon sport chute, 30' diameter, \$275. Viewer Products Previewer-8, for 8mm movies, \$12.95. FrigiKing automobile air conditioner installs under dashboard, \$298. French Selmer trumpet in Bb-A with first valve trigger, brass finished in gold lacquer, \$375. RCA Victor Hillsborough Hideaway 21" TV, in walnut with brass trim, converts to table when not in use, UHF, \$450. Dunhill tobacco humidor, goat-skin over wood base, brass trim, \$35. Moving clockwise in inner circle: Malcomb Franklin antique wooden soldiers, hand carved and painted, papier-mâché clothing; Highlander, \$42, 1812 Soldier, \$36. Kinematix stereo balance meter permits use of unequal volumes to compensate for seating that is off center acoustically, \$14.95. Paris, Canterbury and Hickok belts, leather and woven, form a belt wardrobe for all occasions, \$35.50. Symar chrome triple liquor dispenser pours one shot, \$150. Silvertrol electric outboard, no noise or vibration, cruises average fishing boat at 3½ mph, trolls at 1¼ mph, \$99.50.





LEFT, clockwise from 6: Lauffer "Design 2" stainless flatware, 42-piece service for eight, \$99.50. Allied wide-band, high-sensitivity oscilloscope for testing frequency response of color TV, b&w TV, FM, AM and hi-fi sounds, \$299.90. Bausch & Lomb Balscope, excellent image clarity, contrast and color rendition, less tripod and holder, \$115. Polaroid 800 Land Camera, electric eye setting, uses Polaroid 3000 ASA film, \$168. New Renault Caravelle sports-car convertible, 4-cylinder, water-cooled rear engine, four forward gears, East Coast P.O.E., \$2475. Telefunken Allvox extension speaker, 30-20,000 cps, \$25. Jantzen Vorlage bulky wool 6-button cardigan, \$19.95. Kaywoodie Presentation collection, 28 matched grain pipes (plus carved head, calabash and meerschaum models) in walnut cabinet, \$2500. Steelman Transitate portable transistorized, battery-operated tape recorder-player, 6½ lbs., \$199.95. M. Low U.S. Navy Mark II rapid-reading sextant, in mahogany case, \$88.

RIGHT, left row from bottom to top: Olympia rugged portable typewriter in wide choice of type faces, \$120. Ulla skiers' pullover of Dynel pile, water repellent, \$59.95. E. S. Lowe cowhide game chest with more than 12 games, \$110. Revere 8mm movie camera, fully automatic exposure, f/1.8 Cine-zoom lens, provides wide-angle, regular and telephoto, \$209.50. Schrade-Walden Presentation pen knife in 14k gold with 3 steel blades, \$125. Battaglia overnight case in calf, detachable portfolio, \$125. Center row, bottom to top: Ronson Meteor Vavafame butane table lighter, \$19.95. Chanel Pour Monsieur cologne, 16 ozs., \$13.50. Gonset FM auto radio tuner, \$99.50. Dansk ice bucket, Siamese teak, \$29.95. Buehler 16' Turbocraft with propellerless, water jet drive, fiberglass construction, moves in less than 3 inches of water without damage to high-riding hull, 38-mph top speed, \$3590. Maison Gourmet salt and pepper mill set, teak and stainless steel, \$12. Right row, bottom to top: Alfred Dunhill men's fitted toilet case, cowhide, \$100. Czech-made Cezeta 175 scooter, Jawa 9-horsepower motor, speeds to 56 mph, \$429. Paul Masson Spirit Vine Vitis, 80 proof brandy, apothecary jar, \$14.75. Waltham skindiver's watch, submersion timing dial, self-winding, \$200. Frank Ryan nesting teak end tables from Denmark, \$75. Sidney Rubeck hang-up, no-spill bottle holder from France, \$15. Sills kidskin vest, wool facing, \$49.95. Shure Studio Stereo Dynetic arm and cartridge, requires minimum tracking force, simple stylus replacement, \$89.50.



"Here they come. Now, remember, smile."

pionship Bridge series now being carried over ABC-TV.

But before you decide to master an Italian system, it wouldn't hurt you to have some idea of what you'll be getting into. American players are used to the concept of artificial bids—like the Blackwood four no trump and the one-club convention for a weak no-trump distribution—but are not at all prepared for the degree of artificiality that characterizes the Italian systems. They are riddled with conventions, cue bids, asking bids, cockeyed inversions of the normal order, and artificial responses. To take one small fragment of the Neapolitan Club system as an example, an opening bid of one club means a hand with 17 or more high-card points; it says nothing about clubs as such. Any other suit bid indicates length but not strength in that suit, and the weaker of two suits is usually bid first. One no trump and two clubs are used to indicate a *bona fide* club suit.

Partner's first response to one club is equally artificial. It conforms to a step system similar to Blackwood and shows "first-round controls"—aces and kings. Two clubs, for instance, shows three controls: an ace and a king or three kings.

But here the complications set in. If your opponents interject a bid, your schedule of responses is transposed higher, and each opposing bid requires a different schedule. Right away you have four or five times as much memory work as with our old familiar Blackwood. With every step of the bidding the complexities increase; and of course there are all the other possible opening bids that we haven't even mentioned yet.

At about this point in your tentative love affair with an Italian system you may begin asking yourself whether it wouldn't be possible to graft just one part of the system onto your regular bidding habits, which are probably Goren—that nifty one-club opener, for example. The answer is an emphatic No. Because what do you do when you have a real one-club bid in a hand worth less than 17 points? You need another artificial convention to cover it and you are back in the Neapolitan system again, which by its very nature is going to move in 100% or not at all. And the same is true for the Roman.

Having made this categorical statement, we will now back away from it. Both of these systems have, in addition to their highly artificial basic structures, even more artificial superstructures for particular situations; and a couple of these superstructures can be grafted onto garden-variety Goren. As it happens, both concern slam bidding—the area in which the most splendid results can be obtained, and in which Ameri-

can Standard bidding is least efficient. If you want a relatively painless means of souping up your game, this is where you should start paying close attention.

The Roman Club has evolved a major improvement on Blackwood, and Edgar Kaplan has already sponsored it for play in this country. It reveals not only how many aces the responder holds, but *which ones*. After the four-no-trump asking bid, the response convention is:

- 5 clubs: no aces or three
- 5 diamonds: one ace or four
- 5 hearts: two aces—both red, both black, both major, or both minor
- 5 spades: two aces—different in both color and rank of suit (i.e., either the aces of spades and diamonds, or the aces of hearts and clubs)

The same responses at the six level indicate kings after an asking bid of five no trump.

The advantages of this convention over Blackwood are obvious. Take the following pair of hands:

| OPENER | RESPONDER |
|-------------|--------------|
| ♠ K Q x | ♠ J 10 x x x |
| ♥ K | ♥ A x x |
| ♦ K Q J x | ♦ A |
| ♣ A Q J x x | ♣ K 10 x x |

The bidding:

| OPENER | RESPONDER |
|--------|-----------|
| 1 ♣ | 3 ♣ |
| 4 NT | 5 ♥ |
| 5 NT | 6 ♦ |
| 6 NT | Pass |

When responder bids five hearts, opener knows (since he holds the club ace) that responder holds either the spade and heart aces (both major) or the heart and diamond aces (both red). In other words, he is sure of the heart ace, and that is the one he is worried about, to protect his singleton king. His five no trump gets the information he wants about the missing club king and he goes to the almost laydown six no trump.

Note that Blackwood would not have done this good a job for him. Responder's five hearts, showing two aces, would have left him in doubt about the heart ace; he could not bid six no trump but would have to bid six clubs, settling for the lower score value and running the risk of a spade ruff. Note also that the Roman Blackwood provides its additional knowledge to only one of the enemy, the man with the fourth ace, who may or may not be in a position to use it.

Another device that you can borrow from the Italians—but a riskier one—is in the field of asking bids. These are jump bids to a new suit *after trump* is established. They ask for controls in the suit jumped to. "First-round controls" are an ace or a void; "second-round

controls" are a king or a singleton.

| OPENER | RESPONDER |
|---------|-----------|
| 1 ♥ | 3 ♥ |
| 5 ♣ (?) | |

The responses are by steps and show increasing degrees of control:

One-step (in the example above, five diamonds): neither first nor second-round control.

Two-step (five hearts): king or singleton (second-round control).

Three-step (five spades): ace or void (first-round control).

Four-step (five no trump): ace and king (first- and second-round control).

An example of how the asking bid can keep you out of trouble:

| OPENER | RESPONDER |
|-------------|---------------|
| ♠ A K J x x | ♠ Q x x |
| ♥ Q x x | ♥ x x x |
| ♦ A K J x x | ♦ x |
| ♣ — | ♣ A K J x x x |

The bidding:

| OPENER | RESPONDER |
|---------|-----------|
| 1 ♠ | 2 ♣ |
| 2 ♦ | 2 ♠ |
| 4 ♥ (?) | 4 ♠ |
| Pass | |

Opener is thinking of slam possibilities and asks about those weak hearts. The one-step reply tells him a slam is out and still keeps him at the four level. (A two-step reply—four no trump—would have forced him to five spades, which he would have had the combined strength to make. Any higher response would have indicated slam.) Observe that with this hand he would not bid the Italian Blackwood four no trump: finding one ace, which might be (and was) the ace of clubs, would not help him any.

And here is an example of how an Italian asking bid can get you into slam position:

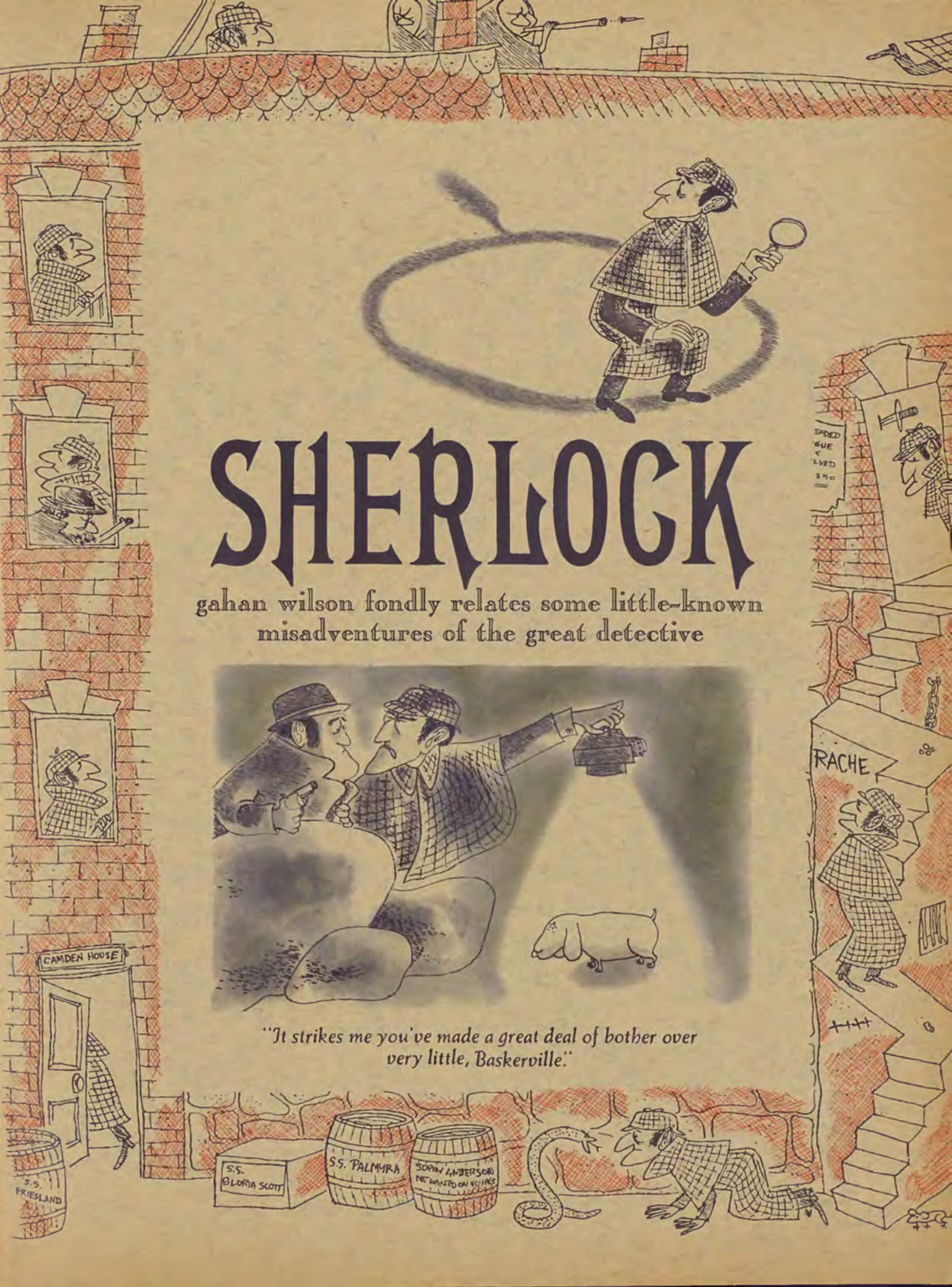
| OPENER | RESPONDER |
|-------------|----------------|
| ♠ K Q x | ♠ A x |
| ♥ K Q x x x | ♥ A x |
| ♦ x | ♦ Q x x |
| ♣ Q x x x | ♣ A K 10 x x x |

The bidding:

| OPENER | RESPONDER |
|--------|-----------|
| 1 ♥ | 3 ♣ |
| 4 ♣ | 4 ♣ (?) |
| 4 ♠ | 6 ♣ |
| Pass | |

After opener supports clubs, a slam appears likely unless the opponents can cash two diamonds, and so responder asks about them. Opener shows his singleton, and six clubs is virtually assured. Neither Blackwood nor Italian Blackwood could have developed the necessary information.

The danger to watch for in using these asking bids is that the response (concluded on page 108)



SHERLOCK

gahan wilson fondly relates some little-known misadventures of the great detective



"It strikes me you've made a great deal of bother over very little, Baskerville."

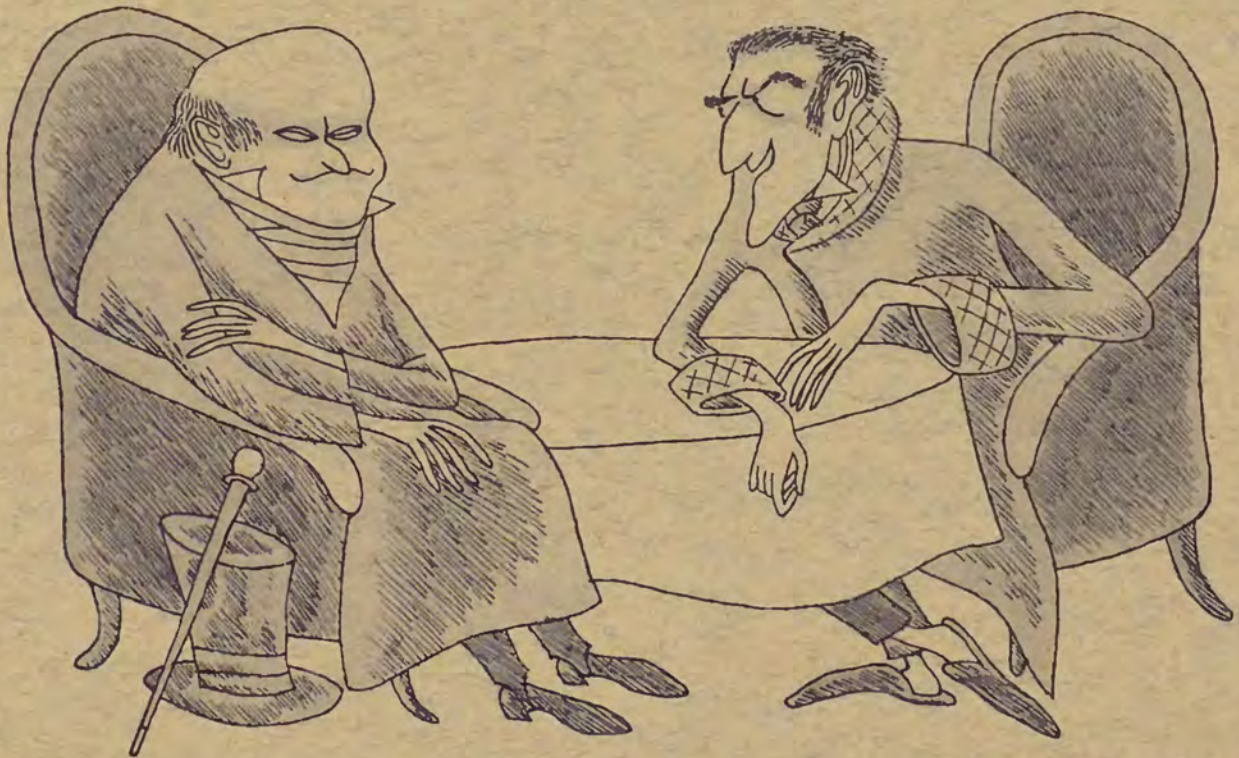
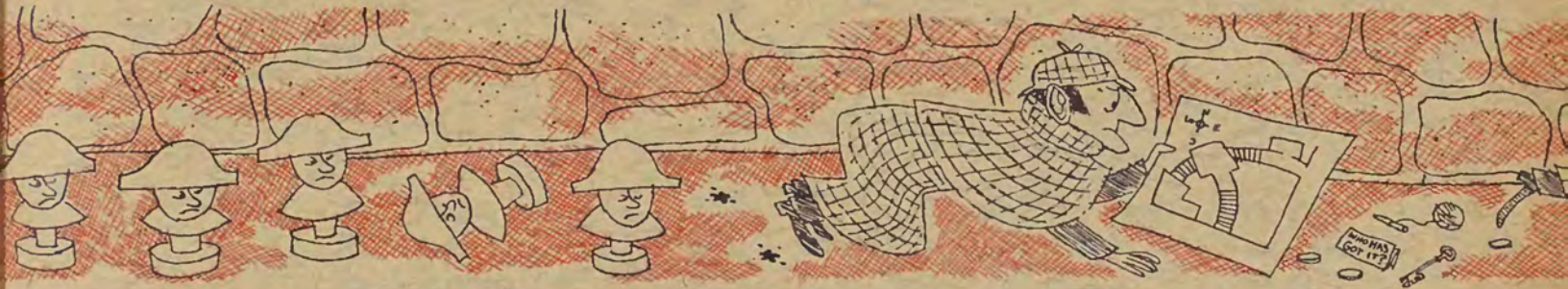




"That's hardly necessary!"



"Good Lord, Holmes—you are a master of disguise!"



"Of course we'll have to arrange some method of concealing our agreement from Watson, Professor Moriarty . . ."

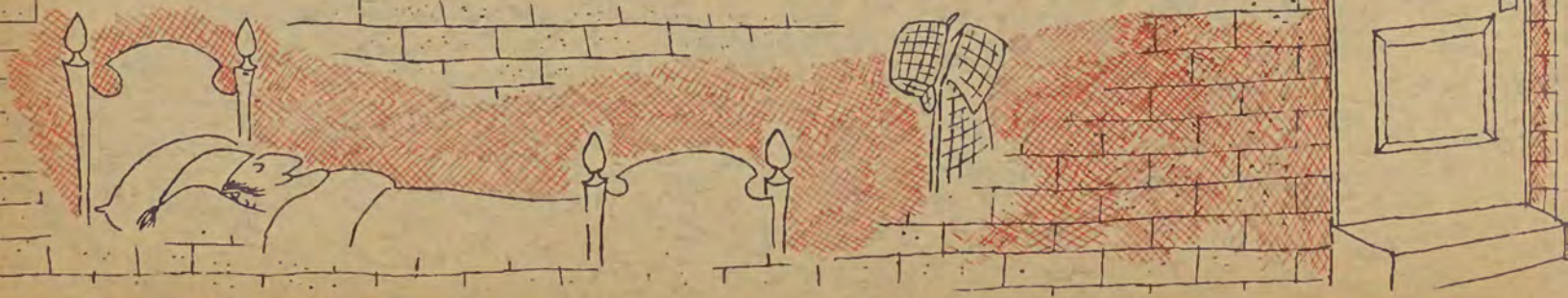


"Perhaps we'd best wait for Inspector Lestrade."



Gahan Wilson

"Extraordinary thing, Watson—the clues indicate the killer to have been a man of your exact build and appearance!"





AND NOW, A WORD FROM THE SPONSOR

ONE OF THE MOST TERRIFYING sequences in 1984, George Orwell's prophetic novel about Big Brother and the dictatorship of the future, concerns the governmental department that rewrites history. Whenever facts or the truth conflict with the official opinion or line of the State or the Ruler, those facts are changed, the truth is destroyed, lies are substituted, history is rewritten.

To a great many of the people working in television — writers, producers and directors — Big Brother isn't a fictional bogeyman. He exists. He's here. He manufactures breakfast foods, deodorants, automobiles or soaps.

He's a sponsor.

In a quiet, unspectacular way, this particular Big Brother has taken over the picture tube of the TV set in your living room. He has more power over what you see or don't see than any censor in history. He has, whenever he wants to use it, enough power to control, for his own special interest, what comes into the 44 million homes in America with TV sets. That's enough power for even a Kubla Khan.

On *Playhouse 90* not long ago, the sound portion of the program was blotted out when the words "gas chamber" were spoken in a drama called *Judgment at Nürnberg*. The sickening, historical facts of Belsen, Dachau and Buchenwald were secondary when balanced against the fact that *Playhouse 90*, that week, was sponsored in part by a gas company. History was rewritten and rearranged because, presumably, the sponsor didn't want the public to be re-

minded that this great servant of the people, gas, could be used to exterminate them.

The opening shot of the New York skyline in a recent TV spectacular may have looked a little strange to a native New Yorker. Something was missing. The something was the Chrysler Building. The program was sponsored by the Ford Motor Company. The Chrysler Building was simply blotted out and removed from the skyline.

Viewed in one light, these two examples are amusing anecdotes to trade across a dinner table. Looked at from another point of view, they are only two examples of the kind of censorship, control and stranglehold that sponsors, aided and abetted — or passively tolerated — by their advertising agencies, exercise on the greatest mass medium in history.

As one TV producer explained it to me, "It's the nature of the beast. It's the only art form I know where art and commerce climb so quickly and shamelessly into the same bed. And you know who winds up getting seduced." He didn't say "seduced" either.

To underline his point, he threw a letter across the desk at me. The letter was from the sponsor of the dramatic show he was currently producing. There had been an argument about the climax of the show and the sponsor had demanded drastic changes because the writer's ending conflicted with the sponsor's point of view and might possibly offend some viewers. The letter is worth quoting because it has some historical pertinence. It sums up the position of

the man who pays the bill and, by default, has taken over the right to dictate content.

"We are aiming at a corporate image," the letter said. "We want to create the friendliest image possible. We want to avoid controversy. We do not want to give offense or build up, in the mind of the viewer, an unfriendly attitude toward our product. In other words, I don't give a good goddam what the ending I want does to your show dramatically. Your ending is controversial. That makes it wrong. If it offends just one slob, somewhere, with a half a buck in his pocket for my product, it's wrong and it goes out. End of argument."

Admittedly, some of the instances of client interference border on the hilarious and sound like something out of *Alice in Wonderland*. How about the poor ball player who had the misfortune to be nicknamed "Lucky"? He'd earned the name while in the bush leagues when the bus he was riding collided with a railroad train and left him as the only survivor. The nickname didn't survive one ball game in the majors. It seems his team's broadcasts were sponsored by Chesterfield. "Lucky" summarily had his nickname changed by the sponsor to "Larky."

Or take the case of the TV director who had the misfortune to invent a piece of business for his hero in a drama sponsored by a cigarette company. To show his nonchalance, he had his hero tap the end of his cigarette on his cigarette case before lighting it. The sponsor hit the roof. This might suggest to the

(continued on page 98)

the men who pay the tv pipers are beginning to write the scripts



two words could save stapleton from the most hideous of punishment: forgive me

DECEMBER 28TH

fiction By THEODORE L. THOMAS



WHY MUST THEY DO IT ON December 28th? John Stapleton considered the question. That was the worst part of it, the date. December 28th, tucked neatly between the brightest holidays of the year.

Stapleton spun from the small window in a characteristic rush of motion. Hands locked behind him, he stared at the door. In the back of his mind he knew there was good reason for the date. They had picked the anniversary of the day he and Ardelle had married, a day of special gladness, in the heart of the holiday season. Yes, December 28th was a time for many things, but it was not a time for a hanging.

In three steps Stapleton was at the door; he took the bars into his two great hands. Understanding the reason for the date did nothing to sap his anger at it. Most of the world celebrated, and it seemed to Stapleton that this universal jubilee was at his expense. The world danced at his hanging.

Stapleton somberly began his exercises. The guards saw, and looked at each other uncomfortably. Stapleton took the pencil-thin bars into his two hands and methodically tried to pull them apart. First, the right hand directly in front of the massive chest, the left hand off to one side. The tendons stretched audibly. Then the hands were reversed, and again the tightening of great muscles. Then both hands on a single bar, and both feet on another. The soft grunts and the low rumbles deep in the throat echoed in the chamber as Stapleton worked on the bars, worked until his body was covered with a fine sweat. Stapleton knew, and the guards knew, that the thin shafts were of an alloy capable of withstanding the best efforts of 10 men such as Stapleton. Yet the slow and careful straining, the deliberate and intense attack on the bars by the massive man created the illusion that he was able to rip them out of their moorings. Twice a day Stapleton took his exercises on the bars, and twice a day the guards watched with a fear that knowledge could not dispel.

Stapleton finished. He stood at the door breathing deeply, his hands clenching and unclenching, the fingers making a scraping sound as he forced the tips

across the callused and furrowed palms. The guards visibly relaxed and turned away. Stapleton looked at the clock and grunted. It was almost time. In a few moments now they would come for him.

He grunted louder. Let them come. Ardelle was dead, Ardelle and that other. And no matter what they said or did, it was right it should be that way. There are things a man knows who has been one with a woman like Ardelle. Between such a man and such a woman there could be nothing concealed, not for long. How strange that she should have tried.

But the time came when he looked at her with a mild question in his eyes. The response—the incredible, soul-shaking response—was a flicker of the panic of discovery. Just a brief flash in her eyes, but he read it well; it was enough.

Ardelle was silent throughout all that followed. She understood this man of iron and fire, and so through it all she made no sound, no moan. With the other it was different. The other had been playing a kind of game, and he was not at all prepared to pay the price of losing. He died badly.

And Stapleton? There was an enigma. Here and now, when men need no longer die for their crimes, was a man who refused to admit that a crime had been committed. So little was needed to save him, but that little he refused to give. Here and now, a man need only cry out, "Forgive me, I was wrong. Forgive me," and he was saved.

Stapleton turned to watch as the outer door opened to admit a tall gray-haired man. With measured strides the man came close to the bars and looked through at Stapleton. The pain was as strong in his face as ever, the sorrow and pleading as eloquent. His words when he spoke were husky with suffering. "John Stapleton, how say you? Have you erred?"

Stapleton looked at him and said, "I have not erred. I did what had to be done, nothing more."

The man with the gray hair turned away. The walk back to the door was solemn, for his head was bent and his shoulders trembled. Then he was gone.

There was a stirring and a shuffling of many feet outside the outer door. Stapleton knew they were coming for him, and he stepped back to the center of the cell. He knew how this would be. They would come into his cell fearful that he would unleash his physical might, yet they would be unable to look at him. He would wait a moment, then laugh, then lead the procession to the gallows chamber. He would stand with his head in the enfolding blackness, feeling the snug rope around his throat and the knot behind his left ear. When the moment came there would be no sensation of falling; there would be a mere lightening of pressure against his feet. And the thudding shock and the searing flash of light before his eyes. Then blackness.

These things he knew well, but there were other things. There was the doctor who stood by to pronounce him dead at the earliest possible moment; the oxygen-carrying blood must not be kept from the brain longer than 4.8 minutes. Once dead the intravenous needles were inserted and the pumps took over where the heart had failed.

The surgeons came on next. With high dexterity they repaired the broken cervical vertebra, the torn muscles, the crushed veins and arteries. When they were finished they placed the head and neck in a cast, and turned their attention to the restoration of the heartbeat. This was soon accomplished, and the unconscious Stapleton was wheeled back to his cell.

Usually he recovered consciousness during the middle of January. By March he was out of bed, still wearing his cast. In June he started his exercises, for he insisted on being strong. In August he put aside his cast. All during the fall he grew strong in order that the cycle might begin again on December 28th. How many times had it been since that first time back in 1997? Fourteen? Eighteen? One loses count, but no matter. If this is what they must do, let them.

But why must they always do it on December 28th?



FROM THE SPONSOR (continued from page 95)

audience that his cigarettes weren't well packed.

Richard A. R. Pinkham, senior vice-president of the Ted Bates ad agency, testifying before the Federal Communications Commission, noted that a manufacturer of non-filter cigarettes wanted the villains in a drama he sponsored to smoke only filter cigarettes.

Reginald Rose, one of TV's top writers, wrote a powerfully moving story for the Alcoa Theatre called *Tragedy in a Temporary Town*. One scene detailed an attempted rape in a trailer camp. When publicity about the show was released, the sponsor was besieged with mail, but not about the rape scene. (One critic contends that in any given week on TV there is more blood and violence than could be found in any similar week on World War II's battlefields.) The complaints were from trailer manufacturers. Alcoa makes aluminum and sells quite a lot of it to trailer manufacturers. Mr. Rose changed the locale of his attempted rape to a construction camp. You see, Alcoa does not make lumber and we can assume construction camps have no effective lobby.

Another TV writer, Dale Wasserman, made an adaptation for the Kraft Theatre of Bret Harte's classic, *The Luck of Roaring Camp*. In one scene, a group of miners got together and agreed that they would share equally in any ore that came out of the mine they were working. The sponsor read the script. "Communism!" he cried. It was changed, and another classic bit the dust.

Mr. Wasserman, who told me, "You cannot write for television without the constant awareness of someone looking over your shoulder," has had more than his share of troubles with advertising agencies and sponsors. One of his shows, *The Fog*, has become TV's equivalent of the Dreyfus Case. *The Fog*, according to Mr. Wasserman, who should know, was originally conceived as an allegorical drama about man's destructive tendencies toward himself. It chronicled one evening in the life of a town upon which a mysterious and deadly fog descended. In that original draft, it was apparent that the source of the fog was the chimney of a manufacturing plant, which released poisonous waste products on the community in the form of a gas. Mr. Wasserman's script was bought immediately by *Studio One* for \$7500, a rather large fee for an hour show. Westinghouse, the sponsor, turned thumbs down on the script. *Playhouse 90* rejected it and it was finally sold to *Climax*, which was sponsored by Chrysler. Wasserman was called to the West Coast, where *Climax* originated and, by direct dictation of the sponsor and the agency,

he rewrote over 40 pages of the script. In his opinion, the changes were so drastic and so unrealistic that the purpose, power and effectiveness of the script was being destroyed. When they asked him to change the source of the fog, he walked out. His walkout had no effect on the production at all. Chrysler owned the script. They could make any changes they wanted to, with or without Wasserman's help and approval. He insisted that his name be removed from the credits and lodged a protest with the Writer's Guild. The version that went on the air bore very little resemblance to the original script Dale Wasserman had written. The source of the fog, in the final, telecast version, was a swamp, and the hero was a nice young scientist employed by a nice large corporation who tracked down the brand-new and nice safe villain: Mother Nature.

Wasserman's trouble with *Climax* was not unique. In talking to other TV writers, directors and producers who worked the show, I heard hundreds of examples of interference and pressure. John Frankenheimer, one of the industry's most creative directors, has a whole batch of scars on his back labeled *Climax*. "It got to the point," he told me, "where the producers weren't producing it any more. The agency and the sponsor were. They were dictating what types of scripts had to be on the show, they had cast approval, script approval and if they didn't want to offend anybody — as they kept saying — that didn't include the creative people involved in the show. They offended hell out of us."

Even a show with the quality and week-in-week-out excellence of *Playhouse 90* is not without its taboos, as evidenced by the *Judgment at Nürnberg* incident. Another of its sponsors is Allstate Insurance, and suicides can never happen on a *Playhouse 90* show when they are sponsoring the show. One rather wry joke among some *Playhouse 90* writers goes like this: "It would be unfortunate if anyone wrote about a guy who committed suicide by putting his head in a gas oven. Then he'd have both sponsors on his neck."

If some of the changes and deletions seem ridiculous and petty, the basic reason behind them isn't. This is an industry that may have the all-time patent on timidity and fear. It wasn't too long ago that five anonymous phone calls were enough to blacklist a performer and make him unemployable. A supermarket owner in upstate New York was able to set himself up as a one-man vigilante committee by threatening sponsors with that most dire of punishments, removing their products from

the shelves of his stores, unless they fired the people he wanted fired or stayed away from themes he considered taboo. Like Willy Loman in *Death of a Salesman*, the sponsors want to be liked, well liked. They don't want to offend anybody and it is one of the odd axioms of this world that if you start out not to offend anybody you frequently wind up not pleasing anybody either.

At the moment, as any aware American will admit, one of our most pressing domestic issues is the integration fight. You would never know it from watching your television screen. Any drama that in any way touched on integration would, almost inevitably, offend some segment of the Southern market. Reginald Rose told me that it would be absolutely hopeless to try getting a drama about integration on a sponsored program in America today. Most of the writers and producers have faced up to the inevitable and stopped submitting scripts about the problem.

Rod Serling, who has won more Emmys and more fame than any other TV writer, thought he had enough national reputation and prestige and was enough in demand to make a try at exploring one facet of this vital problem. He wrote a play called *Noon on Doomsday*, which dealt with the Emmett Till case. This, you will remember, was the case involving a young Negro boy from Chicago who went to visit relatives in the South, whistled at a white woman, and was murdered for it. It seemed to Serling that this was a valid story, a valid experience to be appraised and dramatized. The script, as Serling wrote it, never got on the air. The locale was changed to New England. The sponsor issued a release to Southern newspapers disavowing any connection with a Southern locale. No Negroes appeared in the play and to avoid offending anybody, anywhere, a scene in which a character was to drink Coca-Cola was cut because, according to the sponsor, Coca-Cola might be regarded as a "Southern drink."

An example of how far the sponsor will go to placate even one irate listener or viewer was told to me by one of the top brass at the Batten, Barton, Durstine and Osborn Agency. "We had a show a couple of years ago that got the damndest letter from a viewer in the South," he said. "He wrote directly to the client so we didn't have a chance to smooth things over. It seems that this viewer claimed that in this show we showed a Negro man kissing a white woman. He vowed that as long as he lived he would never buy our sponsor's product. You have no idea how one little guy, somewhere, hating your product can burn into the gut of a client. Anyway, we investigated. You know

(continued on page 111)

BUILD-

BETTER

BRIGITTE

ING A



Isabell



Pascale



Pascale



Daniele



Jacqueline



Mylène



Agnès



Annette

If "imitation," as Charles Caleb Colton first said, "is the sincerest of flattery," then Brigitte Bardot, *sans doute*, is the most sincerely flattered girl in a nation with a well-worn reputation for flattering girls. Today, in France, talented young directors and producers like Roger Vadim, Louis Malle, Claude Chabrol, Joseph Lisbona and Jean-Pierre Mocky (none of whom is over 35) are throwing themselves wholeheartedly into the search for sexy young starlets; these latter are springing from the screen like so many shapely mushrooms — and never have so many owed so much to one girl. There was a time, and not too long ago, when the puckish pulchritude of la belle BB was considered a commodity suitable only for export. Frenchmen, blasé producers reasoned, were far too sophisticated to go ga-ga over a girl as did the naive natives of the U.S.A. Turned out that the titans of cinema were themselves naive in underestimating the power of BB's properties and

pout. Frenchmen loved her, naturally; also, the foreign reaction was unexpectedly overwhelming in its approval and its box-office dividends. The reaction of the French film makers was predictable: the one who owned BB hastened to make a flurry of films starring her; the others began to find as many reasonable fac-similes as possible and push them before the cameras immediately, scarcely giving them time to undress. For what has been borrowed is not only Brigitte's appearance — the long hair, the pouting child-woman attitude, the body ripe unto bursting — but also Bardot's *modus operandi*: the scripts for the films in which these BB echoes appear invariably call for the exposure of excellent expanses of Gallic goodies, and a tastefully titillating sexual tussle or two. Of the hot host of imitators, the young ladies whose faces ornament the top of this page are perhaps the most promising. They are, reading clockwise from bottom left: Mylène Demongeot, Isabell Corey, Pascale Petit, Pascale Audret, Daniele Gaubert, Jacqueline Sassard, Annette Vadim and Agnès Laurent. Competition in the Bardot Derby has made cinematic attitudes in France swing around full circle; of recent date one film, *Les Liaisons Dangereuses*, directed by Roger Vadim (the man most responsible for BB's meteoric rise, and her first husband), starring his present wife, Annette, was edited, given a permit "for adults only," and, temporarily at least, denied an export permit — which, ironically enough, meant that it was for domestic consumption *only*. Where will it all end? No one really knows. BB's happy lack of inhibition has started a jolly snowballing trend, with the end in sight literally but not figuratively. What does the future hold in store for the Bardot-appreciative movie public? In this area, we are prepared to offer what seems to us to be a safe prediction. Unless we miss our guess, we can expect shortly to be inundated by a series of films in which the BB imitators we've mentioned, and others besides, will attempt to outdo the original and each other in charm, provocation, and the exposure of overall femininity (you'll find sample scenes on the next pages). For men of clear vision, it's an unexpected cinematic harvest. Especially in light of the season, the more, say we, the merrier.

the famous french sex kitten has brought forth a litter

Pascale Petit, Jacqueline Sassard and Mylène Demongeot (from top to bottom, right) form a trio of temptresses. Petite Mademoiselle Petit doubles between movies and the stage, presently receives more French fan mail than Brigitte. Jacqueline, though French, first became a star in Italy, was signed to a seven-year contract as soon as French producers saw her in her first role. Mylène left a successful modeling career for the movies, was seen here as David Niven's girl in *Bonjour Tristesse*.



Pascale, Jacqueline and Mylène join Alain Delon in a playful wrestling scene (above and right) from the movie *Three Girls in Paris*. The plot concerns the Parisian misadventures of the trio. Each is separately wooed and won by Alain; then they discover he is something less than faithful to them, and together determine to wreak appropriate revenge.



Sophie Destrades, here a couchful of pulchritude, is a slightly plumper version of Brigitte. Just turned 18, Sophie was named Miss France and Miss Europe in the first two beauty contests she entered. Her film career is barely under way (the pun is intended), but she has already begun to imitate Bardot — she's dating BB's guitar-playing ex-boyfriend, Sacha Diestel.



Agnès Laurent (left and below) is no stranger to PLAYBOY pages (*Pocket-Size Parisienne*, July 1958) or, it would seem from this scene, to Jean Marais. The film sequence is from *Un Amour de Poche* (*Pocket Love*), a movie that has not played the U.S., in which Agnès is reduced to pocket size by scientist Marais, in order to keep their illicit love affair from being discovered by his wife. Here, Marais holds doll-Agnès and nude Agnès herself — in the film, one appears to turn into the other.





Jeanne Valerie in a pensive portrait (left) and a pouting pose (above). The gentleman whose line is busy is Gérard Philipe, and the movie in which Jeanne makes like an unadorned telephone stand is *Les Liaisons Dangereuses*, the French film denied export, censored for home distribution. Literally rounding out the cast is stunning Annette Vadim (below).



Pascale Audret is a French girl who was brought up in Spain, returned to France to star in such films as *Bal de Nuit* (above and below). The setting is a girls' dormitory, and Pascale comes out second best in the struggle of the sweaters.



Annette Vadim (above and right) in scenes from *Les Liaisons Dangereuses*, a film which explores the naked truth about love. Her husband and director, Roger Vadim, once husband and director to Brigitte, is considered by many the man most responsible for Bardot's popularity. For this reason, and because of her natural charms, Annette may well be the girl most likely to acquire the crown and sceptre of cinematic sex if BB abdicates.



Estella Blain (left and below) is known as a talented comedienne, but there is little of the light touch in the scene she plays with Robert Hossein in *Women Vanish*. The white slave trade is the subject of the movie, and, attempting to recruit Estella, Robert is none too gentle. Estella's film career started slowly a few years ago, but when the Bardot craze began, her ability to fill BB's shoes (et al.) has created a continuous demand for her services.



Dany Carrel (left, above) is featured with Estella Blain (top of page) in a scene from *The Girl Hunters*. The hunters of the title are Charles Aznavour (left), France's counterpart of Frank Sinatra, and Jacques Charrier, who is Brigitte's new husband.



Gisele Gallois is the name of this tasty blonde on the rocks, one of the latest entries in the race to see whose pretty face and figure can replace la Brigitte's. French producers are overjoyed by the BB imitators for reasons besides their box-office popularity: wardrobe costs for the female stars of their films are the lowest in cinematic history.



The cause of it all, Brigitte Bardot in the famous flesh, enjoys an afternoon of boating and bathing at St. Tropez. Her whirlwind rise was a phenomenon unique in movie annals, and the reasons for it have been the subject of endless speculation: her body is as delightfully developed as anyone might wish, but because her face is that of a willful, mischievous child, and because the men cast opposite her are often older stars like Jean Gabin, Charles Boyer and Curt Jurgens, many people have seen in her success similarities to the fictional heroine of the spectacular best-seller, *Lolita*. Her popularity, whatever its causes, has not been hurt by the efforts of her imitators; still secure as the world's first female of filmdom is Bardot, bar none.



humor BY LARRY SIEGEL a writer of paperback cover blurbs
and a writer of movie posters meet on the 8:11

"HELLO, BOB. How do you like this 8:11? A half hour late again."

"This is by far the most talked-about train of the year. And the story of its operation is one of the most shocking of our age. Brutal, cruel, affecting untold lives, it offers an illuminating message of corruption to every thoughtful commuter."

"Could a man have a better reason for throwing his life away?"

"No, I suppose not. By the way, Mike, how's Nancy, your enigmatic and yet tender, warm and affectionate wife?"

"Still enigmatic as hell, Bob. As long as you broached the subject, you might as well be one of the first to know. We're getting a divorce. You see, Bob, I live for love. While *she* . . . well, she sort of represents — to me at any rate — every misguided girl who was ever involved with an older man."

"But, Mike, you're not so old. In fact right now you're at your brilliant, productive best. Leave it to those proper, rich Bostonians to make some men feel they just don't belong. What about the kids, Mike? Who will pick up the pieces of their shattered lives?"

"We haven't discussed that yet. You know, Nancy and I have explored every aspect of our powerful personal story. The weakness in man, the temptation in woman, the ways of love . . . stuff like that. But it won't work. Perhaps there's someone else in the picture. Who knows?"

"I'm sorry, Mike. And here everyone thought that yours was the greatest marriage to come out of World War II."

"I thought so, too. And now the whole thing hits me like a million volts of horror. You see, individually we're terrific, but together we're terrifying. Anyway, enough about me. How was your vacation?"

"Not bad. We spent a week on the sun-drenched fever coast of Nantucket, a week in the treacherous forests of the Poconos, and then we cruised up the dangerous rapids off Sandy Hook, where a sudden mistake means certain death . . . Oh say, Mike, you'll never guess who we met in Provincetown. Laura Combes. Remember her?"

"Why, of course. That tawny-haired Norwich girl. The one who used to charm men to their destruction. Doesn't she have a little girl now?"

"That's right, Rebecca. Anyway she still looks wonderful. Laura's expecting again, you know."

"The author of Rebecca has done it again!"

"Oh no, she's not married to Doug Tyson any more. Now it's a guy in real estate, I believe she said. Ah, Laura. The times we had together. Bawdy, beautiful, superb, bullet-paced, tender, ecstatic."

"Also, I imagine, heart-warming, dramatic, terrifying, extraordinary, ribald and sensational. Tell me, Bob, what's the original, uncut version of how you and Laura met?"

"I'm not surprised that you ask, Mike. After all, there are several mutilated, emasculated renditions making the rounds. Well, here's the only unexpurgated version, authorized by both Laura and myself. We were two young kids. She a lonely girl on the beach at dusk. Me a bewildered boy, eager for love. Before you knew it, there it was. A fumbling kiss, a surge of young passion. And out of that event came a shattering story that exploded and thundered across Old Greenwich."

"I suppose what God made beautiful, temptation made irresistible."

"Yes, I suppose you could say that. Anyway, that's all water under the

bridge. Now I'm a lonely man caught between the need for his wife and an adulterous passion which will probably mean my damnation."

"You don't mean to say that you and Sheila are . . ."

"No, nothing like that. Our destinies are inextricably linked. But yet, every so often I sense the seething restlessness that imbues a marriage between the provincial daughter of a domineering New England pastor and an urbane mid-century libertine."

"Hmm, and I always thought yours was the happiest show in town."

"Not by a long shot, Mike. I'll be brutally frank with you. I've discovered that I can only find real happiness with a girl of breeding. For example, a proper, rich Bostonian."

"You mean . . . ? But who would have ever dreamed? You, Bob, my lifelong friend! What I don't understand is that *you're* an older man too. You're as old as I am."

"I know that. It's just that she makes me feel that I belong. Oh, Mike, I'm sorry. My life's just one slashing, frenzied story of someone who will stop at nothing to get what he wants."

"Well, don't let it get you down, Bob. We're all trapped from time to time in a whirlpool of love, impulses and emotions. Oh, here we are . . . Grand Central."

"Sometimes I wonder, Mike, if I'm the biggest heel in America or a man in a million. The men who know me have one answer. The girls who love me have another. What's going to become of me?"

"Only God knows *that*, Bob. And He won't breathe a word to His friends about the exciting climax."



commuter special





"Say . . . You're not Mr. Pendelton! There goes Mr. Pendelton . . ."



Ribald Classic

ROBERT DE SAINT-FAL, a dashing young captain of the Dragoons, was infatuated with a damsel named Nancy who was beyond all doubt the fairest in the whole city of Paris or in its suburbs. Although she was haughty and cared only for plumes and trinkets, her aloofness made him more aflame than ever. "Nancy," he cried, "can you have no pity on my burning love?"

"I suppose I *might* consider it, were I not so busy these days. You do seem a reasonably likeable young man, though rather immature."

"You are heartless," sighed Saint-Fal. Tomorrow I must leave with my battalion in the King's service. I may even be killed, and never see you again."

"That *would* be a pity," she admitted, becoming a bit more tractable. "I shall make a bargain with you. If you do not shave during the whole campaign, perhaps we can see more of each other when you return, if I'm not so dreadfully tied up then. You might be rather handsome in a full beard," she mused.

"So be it. My beard shall remain uncut from this very hour. See that you keep your part of the bargain as well. But perhaps just to encourage me, I might have a small advance on my reward?"

"Ah, no!" she said, "for I don't see even the tiniest whisker yet. But if you remain constant to your promise and to me, you shall have any recompense you may choose to dream of."

Knowing that she was trifling with him, Saint-Fal departed, promising himself to make her pay dearly.

He did not write to Nancy, although a hundred times a day he had to bear the taunts of fools about his love and about his promise. Two months later in Paris there were rumors of a bloody battle. "Twenty officers in one corps have perished." At least 30 in the regiment of Saint-Fal were reported slain.

And still Nancy received no letter from him. It could not be doubted that Saint-Fal was dead. So Nancy found another, and amused herself, and then found several others too. "Saint-Fal, why did you not write?" she sometimes murmured. "Another has plucked the flower so solemnly promised to you."


Winter came, and soon Saint-Fal, covered with glory, returned, praised in the bulletins, magnificently bearded and ready to take his rightful place in history and in Nancy's bedchamber.

And she, seeing the luxuriant growth on his chin, was no longer a tigress, but a lamb. Now she smiled on victory's favorite. "Never, my brave Saint-Fal, could I refuse the promised sweet reward to your perfect devotion. How handsome you are now. Take my heart, for you merit even more."

Everything he desired was his. But he soon realized that similar rewards had been given to others with less devotion than he, and perhaps even with smaller beards.

In the morning, Nancy, half swooning, cried (with a frankness rare in women, save when they know their secrets are already discovered), "O my hero, whose steadfastness inspires me so, learn my crime! Learn to hate me, dear Saint-Fal, for I have betrayed you. While you were gone, another . . . Can you ever forgive poor fragile Nancy? Never again will I be false, I swear it."

"Don't fret, my sweet," said Saint-Fal, who learned nothing new from her confession. "See, my beard too is false," and casting it in her face he turned and left her.

—Translated by John A. Rea 

FALSE PRETENSES

A new translation
from *Les Contes Nouveaux*
of the Chevalier de Nérchat

ITALIAN HAND

(continued from page 90)

may, in conveying its information, push you over the contract that can be made with that information. You must not ask for more than you can handle.

And in general these Italian refinements call for great caution, precisely because they are so finely tooled and make such demands on the memory. They leave great scope for human fallibility. You would be foolish to try them in serious play before you had submitted them to a thorough trial with a steady partner. But if you take reasonable precautions, and find that these innovations lend zest to your bidding with a partner similarly indoctrinated, be informed that this short survey has provided hardly half the wisdom that the Italians offer in the matter of slam bidding. The Neapolitan declarative-interrogative (D.I.) four no trump and the Roman grand slam force are also available to you. The latter is not earthshaking and the former is too involved for treatment here, but Kaplan's or Goren's book will give you the lowdown.

And, of course, if you *really* want to dismay and annihilate the other half of your regular bridge foursome, get one of the Italian systems down pat.



CHRISTMAS CASSEROLE

(continued from page 53)

engaging and exotic enough to make keeping holiday for your friends fun without folderol.

SQUAB EN CASSEROLE

- 4 1-lb. squabs, cleaned for roasting
- 4 medium-size potatoes
- 1/2 lb. small silver onions, peeled
- 3 tablespoons butter
- 2 tablespoons salad oil
- salt, pepper
- 1/2 cup dry white wine
- 1/4 cup brandy
- 1 teaspoon meat extract
- 1/2 lb. button mushrooms
- 15-oz. can imported tiny carrots

Peel the potatoes. Cut lengthwise into four sections each. Heat the butter and salad oil in a flameproof casserole over a direct flame until butter melts. Add the potatoes and onions. Sauté until vegetables are light brown. (You may cover the casserole if necessary to avoid sputtering fat.) Remove potatoes and onions from casserole. Set aside. In the same fat sauté the squabs on top and bottom until light brown. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Add white wine and brandy, and set aflame. When flames subside, add the meat extract. Stir well. Add mushrooms, onions and potatoes.

Place the covered casserole in a preheated oven at 375°, and bake one hour, basting occasionally with gravy in casserole. Drain carrots, and add to casserole. Continue to bake, uncovered, until squabs are browned and tender.

CHICKEN WITH BROCCOLI MORNAY

- 4 breasts of chicken, boiled
- 1 small-to-medium-size bunch broccoli
- 3 tablespoons butter
- 3 tablespoons flour
- 1 1/2 cups hot milk
- 3 beaten egg yolks
- salt, pepper, paprika
- 1/4 cup heavy cream
- 4 tablespoons grated parmesan cheese
- 10-oz. can cooked wild rice
- 2 tablespoons butter

Wash broccoli, removing outer green leaves. Cut stems of each piece lengthwise into three or four pieces without separating sections. Cook in slightly salted water until just tender. Avoid overcooking. Drain broccoli. Carve chicken breasts into thin slices, removing skin and bone. Keep warm.

In a heavy saucepan melt the 3 tablespoons butter. Remove saucepan from fire. Stir in flour, blending well. Gradually add hot milk to pan, stirring with wire whip. Return to a moderate flame. Simmer slowly, stirring frequently,



you're ready for

about 10 minutes. Add 3 tablespoons hot sauce slowly to beaten egg yolks, mixing well. Slowly add egg yolks to hot sauce in pan, stirring constantly. Add salt and pepper to taste. Cook over a slow flame, stirring 2 or 3 minutes. Avoid longer cooking and high heat, or sauce will curdle. Beat cream until thick, and fold into hot sauce. Add 2 tablespoons grated cheese.

Put wild rice in the bottom of the casserole with 2 tablespoons butter. Separate rice grains with fork. Add a few tablespoons water to prevent burning, and cook over a low flame until rice is heated thoroughly. Arrange broccoli on top of rice. Place sliced chicken on broccoli. Spoon sauce over the chicken. Sprinkle with balance of the grated cheese. Sprinkle lightly with paprika. Place under a broiler flame until top of sauce just begins to brown. Watch carefully to avoid burning. Serve at once.

HAM ROULADE

10-oz. package frozen leaf spinach
3 tablespoons butter
1 medium-size onion, minced
salt, pepper, nutmeg
3/4 lb. canned, or country, ham,
sliced thin
no. 2 can sweet potatoes, drained
1 tablespoon butter
1/4 cup brown sugar

3 tablespoons madeira or sherry
3-oz. can pecan halves

Cook spinach until tender. Drain spinach well and chop coarsely. Melt the 3 tablespoons butter. Add the onion and sauté until onion is yellow. Add spinach to onion, mixing well. Add salt, pepper and nutmeg to taste. Separate ham slices. On each slice place a small amount of the spinach mixture. Roll up the ham slices from the short end. Cut sweet potatoes lengthwise into half-inch slices. In the casserole melt the 1 tablespoon butter over a slow top flame. Add the brown sugar and madeira. Bring to a boil. Simmer 1 minute. Place the ham rolls in the casserole. Arrange sweet potato slices between ham rolls. Sprinkle pecans over top. Baste with liquid in casserole. Bake covered at 375° for 30 minutes, basting occasionally. Bake uncovered 15 to 20 minutes longer. Baste again just before serving.

CASSOULET OF DUCKLING

1 lb. great northern beans
1 large onion, peeled, stuck with 4
cloves
1 carrot
2 pieces celery
1 bay leaf
salt, pepper, paprika
4 1/2-lb. duckling
2 tablespoons butter

1 large onion, minced
no. 2 can tomatoes
2 8-oz. cans tomato sauce
1/4 cup finely minced parsley
1 lb. garlic sausage or thick country
sausage
1/2 cup bread crumbs

Wash beans well, and soak in 1 quart cold water in a casserole overnight. Add another quart of water. Add the whole onion, carrot, celery, bay leaf, 1 teaspoon salt and 1/4 teaspoon pepper. Add the neck and gizzard of the duckling. Simmer beans slowly over a top flame until tender, about 1 1/2 to 2 hours.

While beans are simmering place the duckling in an uncovered roasting pan. With a meat fork pierce the duckling skin in about a dozen places to permit fat to escape. Roast at 325° until tender, about 2 hours. Drain off fat from time to time, as it begins smoking. When duckling is finished roasting, remove it from the pan. Again drain off fat, and add 1 cup water to brown pan drippings. Place roasting pan over top flame. Stir well. Bring to a boil. Add this gravy to the casserole.

In a small saucepan melt the butter. Add minced onion and duckling liver. Sauté until onion turns yellow. Chop liver coarsely. Set aside onions and liver.

Remove the whole onion, carrot, celery and bay leaf from the beans. Add

anything in Adlers!



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THE BRITISH

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the sautéed onion and liver to the beans. Chop the tomatoes coarsely. Add the chopped tomatoes together with their juice to the beans. Add the tomato sauce and parsley. Add salt and pepper to taste.

With a poultry shears cut the duckling into small-size serving pieces. Add the duckling to the casserole, forcing the duckling underneath the beans. Bake covered in a slow oven, 325°, 1 1/2 hours. Remove lid from casserole. Cut sausage crosswise into 1/4-inch-thick slices. Place sausage slices on beans. Sprinkle bread crumbs over top of sausages. Sprinkle lightly with paprika. Bake uncovered until top is brown, about 30 to 40 minutes longer.

PORK ROAST EN CASSEROLE

- 3-lb. loin pork roast, boned and tied
- 1/4 cup dry white wine
- 1/4 cup cider vinegar
- 1/2 cup cold water
- 1/2 teaspoon bouquet garni
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1/4 teaspoon freshly ground pepper
- 12 crushed juniper berries
- 2 sliced onions
- 2 sliced pieces celery
- 8 sprigs parsley
- 1 bouillon cube
- brown gravy color
- 2 teaspoons arrowroot or cornstarch
- 8 carrots
- 4 medium-size potatoes
- 2 small white turnips
- 10-oz. package frozen peas

In a large casserole place the pork, white wine, vinegar, water, bouquet garni, salt, pepper, juniper berries, onions, celery and parsley. Marinate about 24 hours, turning the meat occasionally in the marinade.

Remove pork and vegetables from the marinade. Pour the marinade mixture into a saucepan.

In a hot oven, 450°, roast the pork in an uncovered casserole until the meat is brown, from 30 to 40 minutes.

While the pork is browning, bring the marinade mixture to a boil. Add the bouillon cube. Add a small amount of brown gravy color. Dissolve the arrowroot in 2 tablespoons cold water, and slowly stir into the simmering marinade mixture. Strain this gravy, and pour over the pork in the casserole. Cover the casserole and bake at 350° for 1 hour. Peel the carrots, and cut crosswise into two-inch pieces. Peel the potatoes, and cut lengthwise into quarters. Peel the turnips, and cut lengthwise into six wedges each. Place the potatoes, carrots, turnips and peas in the casserole. Again cover with the lid. Continue to bake until meat and vegetables are tender, 25 to 30 minutes longer.

Serve with gusto, and deck the bowls with boughs of parsley (fa la la la la, la la la la).

Make your front door a
giant Christmas Card!



DOOR GREETING
personalized with your name

Wish them the biggest, gayest "Merry Christmas" in the neighborhood with new, "Fine Art" designed DOOR GREETING . . . the huge, pine-scented Christmas card that covers your entire front door! DOOR GREETING measures 6' high, 3' wide. It's silk screened (hand paint process) on weather resistant poster material in glowing Christmas colors. Trims to fit your door perfectly.

Your family name is hand painted at bottom of DOOR GREETING, as shown. DOOR GREETINGS are \$3.95 each, postpaid. Specify SNOW MAN or RELIGIOUS style. Order extras for gifts. 3 for \$10.95 or 6 for \$19.50. Mail your order now for early delivery.

FREE! Order by December 8th, receive 60 matching Christmas package seals with same color, design as your door greeting

WHITE PASS DISPLAYS
BILLINGS 5, MONTANA

YUWAKU KIMONO
In the Orient Yuwaku means temptation. Need we say more!

"Mon Paro" brocade—with deep butterfly sleeves fully lined in contrast. Imperial holiday white with Turquoise or Ebony with Red. One size fits all.

\$12.95 ppd.

send for
Christmas
catalog

JU 2-3622

Penthouse Gallery

Penthouse Gallery, 15 W. 55th St., Dept. P-10, N. Y. 19

8 pc. 24 K Bar Set
Superb Golden Elegance 24K gold plated bar set . . . 8 distinctive mixer's helpers with simulated marble stag handles. The perfect touch for any host or hostess. Items stored handsomely in Tiffany Chest. Check or M. O. (no C.O.D.'s) \$9.95 prepaid. Satisfaction guaranteed.

DARO INDUSTRIES
P.O. Box 174
Providence 1, R. I.
STuart 1-3472

His and Hers
TYROLEAN TWOSOME!



Jaunty "Alpine" model for campus, ski slopes, sports cars, round-about-town. Made of genuine fur felt—styled by European craftsmen. Velour-like finish. You can mold to your favorite shape. In Tyrol green, black, charcoal gray, dark brown, hunter's red. Specify sizes and colors. Postpaid, each. **\$6.95**

R. P. SNELL CO., 738 Broadway, New York 12, N.Y.

what happened? The kinescope print that had run on this Southern station was defective and the hero looked a little dark. You know what the client made us do? He sent one of our account executives down South to see this one man. The account executive took along a projector and a new kinescope print of the show and held a private screening for him. That slob was so grateful that he promised to use the product twice a day and four times on Sunday." He quickly added, "I'm just trying to show you the sense of responsibility our client had toward his audience."

That, I suppose, is one explanation of the situation.

In June and July of 1959, the Federal Communications Commission set up a hearing in New York City to investigate, among other things, the control of the advertisers over TV. As agency executive followed agency executive into the witness chair, a clear, sharp picture began to emerge. Jack Gould, TV critic of *The New York Times*, summed up the hearings this way: "What was made abundantly clear and evident was that advertising agencies, which never solicit billings on the screen, in practice may be virtually the actual producers. The Theatre Guild, David Susskind and Desi Arnaz

may take the public bows but they don't make an important move without an approving nod from the agency men. If the taboos, apprehensions and anxieties of sponsors and agency men may have application in the market place, it does not follow that such a set of mores should govern one of the country's major platforms for human expression."

During the same testimony in that FCC hearing room, the reasons for the situation were spelled out. Dan Seymour, a reformed quizmaster and m.c. who is now vice-president of J. Walter Thompson, testified that on dramatic show after dramatic show the advertising agencies delete material deemed contrary to a sponsor's interest. Any political mention is prohibited in drama supervised by his agency.

C. Terence Clyne, senior vice-president of McCann-Erickson, said as a matter of policy a sponsor is not in the business of displeasing the viewer and wants to leave him with a pleasant and favorable impression. Robert L. Foreman, executive vice-president of BBD&O added that even a small segment of audience mail can make a sponsor "apprehensive." He recalled seeing the head of a large corporation reading every letter received concerning the program

he sponsored.

Richard A. R. Pinkham chimed in with a mild justification for a sponsor's fondness for tried and true material. For the TV cycles that currently include Westerns, private eye whodunnits and drama on the mass magazine level. Said Mr. Pinkham, "There isn't a company that wouldn't love to sponsor *Hamlet*, the Sadler's Wells Ballet or the Chicago Symphony, if it was consistent with good business practice. Such choices are not possible for package goods products like soap, cigarettes and drugs which must have a mass circulation advertising." Mr. Pinkham, striking a blow for his clients, took a sideswipe at his old alma mater, the networks. "It is up to the networks to see that continuing vitality is injected into television. I don't think an advertiser or his agency can have this uppermost in his mind. We are businessmen, buying for business reasons."

Mr. Pinkham's statement puts the finger on one of the vital reasons for the purchase, season after season, of the safe, pallid pap that will appeal to a mass market. Last year more than one billion, three hundred and 15 million dollars was invested in television advertising. That means, actually, that one out of every 10 advertising dollars went into TV. In their own defense, sponsors say that they are not patrons of the arts.



Light up the NEW
MURIEL®
CORONELLA
the excitingly different
small cigar

- Refreshingly Light in Taste
- Mellow and Pleasing in Aroma
- Smart and Casual in Size
- Wonderfully Rich in Enjoyment

... even if you've never
 or hardly ever
 smoked a cigar before!

PACKAGES OF **5** for **25¢**
 ENJOY A PACK TODAY!



**WORLD'S COOLEST
LIGHTEST
DRIEST
PIPE**

HUNTER by Falcon

Needs no pipe cleaner. Needs no drying-out. Never smokes hot, never a bitter slug. Weighs 1 ounce. Finest interchangeable imported briar bowls. **Hunter**, by Falcon—straight or bent shank stem in black, brown, anodized aluminum, gift cased \$5. **Falcon**—straight aluminum stem, gift cased, \$3.95.

Special Offer 25¢

Hear these authentic recordings of dramatic events from

"The Amazing World of Short Wave Listening"
narrated by Alex Dreier, Radio-TV "Man on the Go"

- President's voice from outer space!
- Actual capture of a desperate criminal!
- Radio amateur at Little America!
- Ships at sea . . . aircraft in action!

S-107
receiver
\$94.95

4 short wave bands plus standard broadcast. Phono and headset jacks, built-in speaker.

MAIL COUPON TODAY!

hallicrafters
DEPT. 18, CHICAGO 11, ILL.

Gentlemen: Please rush by return mail my recording, "The Amazing World of Short Wave Listening." I enclose 25¢.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

They are, simply and logically, businessmen trying to sell their products. And in huckstering that product, the sponsor and his agency have their own bible. It is something called "The Cost Per Thousand Index." In simple terms, it means how much the advertising actually costs to reach one thousand members of the audience. The real guidepost is not: does it sell products? That is hard to determine. The cost per thousand is not. A rating, presumably, tells you how many people saw your program. You prorate the cost and find out the magic number, the cost per thousand. Obviously, the greater the audience, the lower the cost per thousand, and, theoretically, the more effective the advertising. To borrow an old campaign slogan, the lower the cost per thousand, "the bigger the bang for the buck."

Bill Ewald, former radio and TV critic for the United Press and currently holding down the critic's chair at *Newsweek*, talks about the "ten million second-class citizens in the viewing audience." "Take, let's say, Sid Caesar," he told me, illustrating his point. "After one of his programs, a rating is taken and it is ascertained that ten million people watched him. That's a whale of an audience, ten million people watching a show and hearing a commercial message. It is not so impressive if a Western on another network opposite it has an audience of twenty-five million. Eventually, the program that has pleased and attracted ten million people disappears. The ten million that watched it may have, in gratitude, rushed right out and bought the product; the twenty-five million may have been too busy switching the dial to another Western to bother. Nobody can find that out. Ten million viewers brings the cost per thousand up higher than twenty-five million viewers do. So the show goes off the air. This, understandable though it may be, gives a sponsor control of what the audience gets in the way of programs." Mr. Ewald has very little sympathy for the argument that sponsors give the public what it wants.

"If you feed somebody garbage over a period of time," he says, "he eventually works up a tolerance for garbage, particularly if you ketchup it up with big names, but it is still garbage. It's like saying, 'My son likes opium and I'm a good parent because I give him only the best opium.'"

John Crosby, the *New York Herald Tribune's* syndicated TV critic, is even more vehement about what has been happening to television. Faced with the argument that sponsors have a perfect right to give the public what it seems to want, he counters with the argument that there must be a sense of responsibility involved.

"In every newspaper survey on reader-

It's all there on

SOUNDCRAFT TAPE

because Soundcraft is the world's best recording tape!

Buy it today!

Reeves Soundcraft Corp., Gt. Pasture Rd., Danbury, Conn.

HIDE A BAR COMPLETE OR IN KIT

Locking - Rolling - Fold-up Bar Holds 40 Bottles - 4 Doz. Glasses

Now—a bar for the biggest party—or cozy two-tone. This charming little giant is the most completely versatile bar ever. Use it 3 ways: locked, as liquor cabinet; open, for self-service; rolled out from the wall, turned around, for bartender service. Hinges open to reveal 20 bottles of liquor, 20 bottles of mix, nearly 4 doz. assorted glasses, and all bar accessories. Adjustable shelves, brass guard rails and fittings. Simple, compact, fits snuggly into home, apt., office, cottage. 21" W., 19" D., 30" H.—open 38" W. Finely crafted of knotty pine. In satin smooth honey-tone or maple liquor-resistant finishes. **9.95 Exp. Chgs. Col.**

IN KIT—Jouered floors complete. Pre-fitted, drilled, sanded, ready for finishing. Simple instructions. **\$34.95. Exp. Chgs. Col.**

Large New Free Catalog Money-Back Guarantee

YIELD HOUSE
Dept. PB12-D, No. Conway, N.H.

Flips - - The NEW, TINY Cigarette Holder that FILTERS, TOO!

Flips Let FLAVOR come through!

New look in smoking! A neat, tiny holder with its own recessed filter that traps nicotine and tar. Perfect for regular or filter cigarettes without change of flavor. One Flip lasts a whole pack! Then throw away.—In White or Lipstick Red.

30 for \$1.00 . . . 144 for \$4.00

Flips P.O. BOX 946, Elmira 15, New York

for the playboy on the go . . .

THE *Continental* CREDIT CARD POCKET SECRETARY

- Holds 18 credit cards in visible index style glassine sleeves.
- Currency compartment
- Folds flat, fits trim and slim
- Black or brown genuine Morocco
- The ideal gift — wonderful to own.

\$8.50 Postpaid
Send check or money order. Price includes federal excise tax.

DAVID'S Personalized with your name stamped in gold—add 75¢. Sorry, no COD's

7127 EAST KELLOGG ST. • WICHITA 7, KANSAS



"With this firm, Miss Costello — only the men have to keep on their toes!"

**For Your Office Desk
Mysterious
Little Black Box
S-l-o-w-l-y
A Pale Hand Emerges...!**



ORDER BY MAIL ONLY!

This little black box just sits there—quiet, sinister, waiting for you or your visitor to throw the switch on. Then, suddenly it comes to life, with a whirl of power-twitching and jumping as if a demented genie were locked inside. S-l-o-o-w-l-y the lid rises. From beneath emerges a pale, clutching hand. The hand grabs the switch, pushes it to "off", quickly disappears back in the box. The lid slams shut. Once again, all is quiet. All, except your shaken friends, many of whom will immediately take the pledge! Be first to own it! Send now. *Ideal also for the bar.*

Complete with batteries, only **\$4.98** plus 25¢ for postage and handling. Guaranteed to unnerve or money back. Enclose remittance. Available by mail only from

SPENCER GIFTS CF-5 Spencer Bldg., Atlantic City, N. J.

**build your own
STEREO HI-FI
save up to 50%**



see how you save!
Quality 20-watt Stereo amplifier—the best you can build—for only **\$44.50**

Build the best—build KNIGHT-KIT® hi-fi equipment...so easy to assemble...no experience necessary...the only do-it-yourself hi-fi with guaranteed specifications. You'll marvel at KNIGHT-KIT musical quality—you'll like the savings.

Send for our FREE catalog showing dozens of Knight-Kit amplifiers, tuners, preamps, speaker systems—everything in Stereo; all hi-fi accessories.



ALLIED RADIO
100 N. Western Ave., Dept. 154-M9, Chicago 80, Ill.
 Send FREE 1960 Knight-Kit Catalog

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

ship, the comic strips come out way ahead of any other feature for popularity," he said. "If we ran a newspaper the way these people run broadcasting, we'd have nothing but comic strips. What's happening to television is the worst national scandal since Teapot Dome. Nobody accepts the sense of responsibility. Nobody leads the way. The idea is to make money and the public comes absolutely last."

Popularity, the sponsor's greatest aim, is determined for the most part by rating systems. Even the experts in the field differ on the value of one system over another. An agency will usually believe the one that shows the best results for his clients.

John Crosby remembers the case of one comedian who had a meteoric rise and fall. At one point in his career, he was number one on one survey, the top-rated performer in the country. He wasn't in the top 40 in any of the others!

Guess which survey that comedian and his sponsor believed?

The newest rating system along Madison Avenue, one that most of the top advertising executives think is a major step forward, is "a qualitative measuring rod rather than a quantitative one." Dehucksterizing that phrase, it works like this: In addition to asking their small sampling whether they watched the program in question, they ask if they liked it and if they liked it more or less than usual.

Major step forward!

Another interesting example of sponsor and network shenanigans is a program that was kept off the air for two years, Project 20's production called *Back in the Thirties*. Project 20 is a separate production unit within the corporate framework of NBC. It produced such excellent documentaries as *Victory at Sea* and *The Jazz Age*. *Back in the Thirties* was a portrait of one of the most important, vital eras in American history, a period of Depression, war scares and fear.

Because of Project 20's track record, it is safe to assume that it was a good job. It was shown, to critical acclaim, in England, the Scandinavian countries, France and Germany. It won a prize at the Edinburgh Festival, but it was not shown in the U.S.

Why? No sponsor would touch it.

Trade observers contend that sponsors pulled back because a good portion of the original 90-minute program was concerned with the administration of Franklin Delano Roosevelt and his leadership during the Depression years. That was not, in the words of one observer, an image that major advertisers wanted to be associated with. Nobody with even the most cursory knowledge of Project 20 and its staff would suspect that there was any distortion or glamori-

Personalized Drinking Stein



For the young sophisticate who has everything — except something to drink it from. A staunch symbol of today's conquests. To the Grad or Dad — a decorative remembrance of yesterday's beerfests, rallies, intimacies etc.



Bold, Grecian embossed, this distinguished Mug exemplifies the finest in ceramic craftsmanship. Individualized in 22 Kt. Gold; kiln-fired after personalizing. Height 5½", Dia. 3½", Capacity 24 oz. A treasured souvenir or gift.

Only \$4 Ppd. Satisfaction guaranteed. Specify white or black glaze when ordering. Buy direct from migr. and save. Dealers' discount of 20% on orders for doz. or more. Price includes tax. Write for free catalog showing other pottery items available for social functions.

EAST LIVERPOOL CHINA COMPANY
Dept. 129, East Liverpool, Ohio



SHUT BOX The latest game rage

A fabulously entertaining and absorbing new game which combines the throw of the dice with your ability to reason with numbers. More a game of skill than of chance. Made of the best quality hardwood, lined with green felt, with dice, and instructions printed on the back. Send check or money order (no C.O.D.s).

Shut Box Co., Box "F" Sheboygan Falls, Wisconsin
Send only \$6.95 We pay postage

Convertible Owners

Make Your Plastic Windows Like NEW Again!



WITH PLASTIC WINDOW RENEWER

- Removes Surface Scratches
- Cleans and Polishes
- Removes surface discoloration
- Removes road grime, etc.
- Restores crystal-clear vision
- Cleans and polishes in one simple operation
- Anti-static
- Restores all plastic windows and surfaces on boats
- Cleans plexiglas, polystyrene, vinyl, most other plastic products
- Each, Ppd. (No C.O.D.s, please) \$1.50

NATIONAL MAIL ORDER CO.
Dept. 5-12, 831 W. Washington Blvd., Chicago 7, Ill.

1000 Name & Address Labels \$1
ANY 3 DIFFERENT ORDERS \$2 PPD

Sensational bargains! Your name and address printed on 1000 first quality gummed labels. Padded! Packed with FREE Plastic GIFT BOX. Use them on stationery, books, cards, etc. 1000 only \$1. ppd. SPECIAL—SAVE MONEY! ANY 3 DIFFERENT ORDERS \$2. Satisfaction guaranteed. Handy Labels, 1250 Jasperwood Bldg., Culver City 1, California

Mrs. Arthur H. Robinson
1035 Thurstal Avenue
Rochester, New York



It's
all there
on

SOUNDCRAFT TAPE

because
Soundcraft
is the world's
best recording
tape!

Buy it
today!

Reeves Soundcraft Corp., Gt. Pasture Rd., Danbury, Conn.



NEW!

**TRANSISTOR
RADIO
SUNGLASSES**

\$24.95
PPD.

Exciting new combination—Precision transistor radio built right into handsome two-tone black cordovan sunglasses. Station selector, volume control, battery, aerial, earphone, all ingeniously contained in temples. Exceptionally clear tone. Optically ground and polished lenses; can be fitted with your own prescription lenses, if desired. Smartly styled for both men and women. Eliminates carrying cumbersome radio to sports events, beach, camp, anywhere outdoors. Order now for Xmas, birthdays, anniversaries, etc. *Completely Guaranteed!*

Precision Electronics, Dept. P, Room 209
4036 Wilshire Blvd. Los Angeles 5, Calif.

BE A BULLFIGHTER



Amaze your friends and family showing them that you are a famous Bullfighter. This JUMBO SIZE poster 100 x 50 inches, full color, will feature your name along with other courageous Spanish *toreros*.

Also available medium size 66 x 33 inches, only \$4.00. It is an outstanding gift for your friends. Order now, sent postpaid for only \$5.

Money Back Guarantee!

ARTES DE ESPAÑA

José Antonio, 57 • Madrid • Spain

BENCH MADE IMPORTED FLYING JODHPURS

There's no boot like it! Men who ride, fly, hike prefer it—sport car fans endorse it too! Glove-soft longwearing leather in black, brown, tan. Sizes 5 to 13, Narrow, Med., Wide. Fully leather lined. Sizes 13 1/2-15, \$3 extra. Send for Free folder. \$2 dep. on COD's. Satisfaction guaranteed.



ORDER
BY MAIL

NAVARRO BROS.

DEPT. P • 206 SAN FRANCISCO • EL PASO, TEXAS

zation of F.D.R. They were dealing with history; and covering the Thirties without devoting considerable footage to F.D.R. would be like covering a coronation without showing the king. In a remarkable show of disinterest in their public service obligations, they put *Thirties* back on the shelf where it gathered dust for two years. Then, in October of this year, it was debuted in this country, in prime evening time—but unsponsored. However, it was not quite the same show. It was called *Life in the Thirties*. It had been cut to 60 minutes. It gave equal time to Alfred A. Landon, whom some of you may remember as a heroic figure of the Thirties famous for having grown sunflowers in Kansas.

The emphasis had been shifted from the Roosevelt administration and become, in the words of NBC, a more "warm and humanistic view." With the de-emphasis of F.D.R. and a quiet rewrite of history, it became at least acceptable and pure, if not quite marketable.

If television has become, in the words of Bill Ewald, "a sort of visual marijuana," there is more than enough blame to go around.

Some of it belongs to networks that refuse to lead, refuse to face up to their responsibility to present programming for that small minority, the intelligent, discriminating viewer: networks which dump their public service programs into the Sunday-afternoon ghetto and networks which refuse to take the kind of hands-off stand on editorial material that reputable newspaper and magazine publishers insist on with their advertisers.

Some of the blame belongs to the public for sitting still and taking the ketchuped garbage that is fed to them. If sponsors are so sensitive to mail, and we have it on the word of one of the High Priests of the advertising world that they are, it would seem sensible to deluge them with letters when the iron fist is seen slipping out of the velvet glove.

It seems to many of us that the major share of the blame belongs to the nut-and-bolt, detergent, cigarette, soap, automobile or soup manufacturer who feels because he is paying the check he has also inherited the mantle of David Belasco and Joseph Goebbels. If any government official or agency exercised the control, practiced the distortion or censored our major mass medium the way sponsors do there would be screams of "Throw the Rascals Out!" And out they would go.

The sad, realistic truth is that all of us on the audience side of the picture tube are being short-changed and cheated by the Big Brother who is picking up the tab.

Viking

performance
is PEAK performance



The requirements for truly high-fidelity tape recording (monaural or stereo) are easily delineated. They are:

A linear transport.

High quality heads (laminated, for high recording level without saturation).

A clean recording amplifier. Critically adjusted recording bias.

All Viking decks meet professional requirements for minimum flutter and wow.

All Viking decks are factory equipped with laminated recording heads.

Viking recording amplifiers feature do-it-yourself "peaking adjustments" — for that engineer's touch that marks the difference between just another recording and a master tape.

Write for Viking's "Here's How — Of Better Tape Recording."



9600 ALDRICH AVENUE SOUTH
MINNEAPOLIS 20, MINNESOTA

Viking OF MINNEAPOLIS

EXPORT DIVISION: 23 Warren St., New York 7, N. Y.
Cable: SIMONTRICE, NEW YORK (All Codes)



CONTINENTAL TWOSOME

Perfect to give, delightful to own... Abbreviated cutaway Sports Jacket, shown above, is tailored in fine 100% wool worsted flannel. In all sizes, Short, Regular and Long. Black, Olive or Navy... \$29.95. Black and White hound's tooth \$34.95. Our boldly patterned low-rise slacks are tailored to fit with slimly tapered legs. Frontier pockets. In 100% wool worsted with Gray, Black or Olive predominating. In your size, \$12.95.

THE **Stag** SHOP

29 West 8th Street
New York 8, N.Y.

(In the heart of Greenwich Village)

Add 50c for mail orders (no COD's), and while you're at it, ask for our brochure

The rage of PLAYMATES in Japan . . . the

TEMPTRESS
(in soft-as-silk rayon sujette)

A Classic beach or bathrobe of exotic Oriental design especially purchased direct from one of Japan's oldest manufacturers. Provocative triple squares are hand-blocked, and color fast. Made of rich, lustrous material with the feel of real silk. Huge kimono sleeves gives tremendous freedom of movement.



Colors midnight black on silver background; for men and women. one size fits all due to unique wrap-around design. ABSOLUTELY NOT AVAILABLE ANYWHERE IN THE U.S.A.

Patent No. 121094
Yokohama, Japan

Add 50¢ for 1st class mailing. NO COD'S, PLEASE. Guaranteed authentic design, finest quality. Money refunded if not completely delighted.

GEMS OF THE ORIENT
ASIATIC IMPORTERS
P. O. BOX 2385 • HONOLULU, HAWAII

"I HAVE
HEATHKIT
HI-FI" says

Les Brown

Les Brown
Well-known
orchestra leader



AND HE BUILT IT HIMSELF! Like thousands of others, Les Brown finds building Heathkit Hi-Fi fun, amazingly easy, and the "best buy" way to true high fidelity equipment.

Learn how you can "build it yourself"—and save 50% or more on the world's finest high fidelity equipment.

Send today for your free Heathkit catalog — or see your nearest authorized Heathkit dealer.



HEATH COMPANY

a subsidiary of Daystrom, Inc.
Benton Harbor 3B, Michigan

Please send the latest Free Heathkit Catalog.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

BEFORE THE ROAD

(continued from page 62)

brand-new toy accordion in a box he had just found by the side of the road; perched among the usual great number of Saturday onlookers half of whom were waiting for tables and talking about everything that had happened during the week, the kind of things that made Dean feel like a sheepish fool with no news of his own and marveled to see them all curling their mouths in the derisive telling of interesting tales, even while Snark said to himself "Must be some young new punk." Dean sat there, stunned with personal excitement as whole groups of them shouted across the smoke to other fellows in a tremendous general anticipation of the rapidly approaching almost unbearably important Saturday night in just a few hours, right after supper, when there would be long preparations before the mirror and then a sharpened-up city-wide invasion of bars (which already at this moment had begun to roar from old afternoon drinkers who'd swallowed their bar egos long ago), thousands of young men of Denver hurrying from their homes with arrogant clack and tie-adjustments toward the brilliant center in an invasion haunted by sorrow because no guy whether he was a big drinker, big fighter or big lover could ever find the center of Saturday night in America, though the undone collar and the dumb stance on empty street-corners on Sunday dawn was easy to find and in fact 15-year-old Dean could have best told them about it; the premonition of this oncoming night together with the dense excitement of everything around the tables in the shadowy hall nevertheless failing to hide certain hints of heartbreaking loss that filtered in with chinks of daylight from the October street and penetrated all their souls with the stricken memory not only of wild wind blowing coalsmoke and leaves across town, and football games somewhere, but of their wives and women right now, with feminine purposes, with that ravenous womanly glee trotting around town buying boxes of soap, Jello, floorwax, Dutch Cleanser and placing these on the bottom of their wagons, then working up to oranges at the fruitstand, quarts of milk, tissue paper, finally chops, steak, bacon pyramiding to eggs, cigarettes, the grocery slip on top with a little new toy and maybe new socks or a new housedress or light-bulb, eagering after every future need while their men-louts slammed around with balls and racks and sticks in the dimness of their own vice. And there in the middle of it stood melancholy Tom Snark, the habitué, the one always ready to take anybody on for a game, hunch-backed, meek, dreaming at his upright cue-stick as naturally as the sentry at his

"TASTELESS..."—N. Y. Times
"JEJUNE..."—London Standard

TOM LEHRER has finally recorded his new songs, *Poisoning Pigeons in the Park, Masochism Tango, Oedipus Rex, We'll All Go Together When We Go* and 7 more.



AN EVENING WASTED WITH TOM LEHRER
A live-concert recording with spoken introductions by Mr. Lehrer.

12" LP TL202 \$4.98
12" LP TL202S (Stereo) \$5.98

MORE OF TOM LEHRER

Same 11 songs, sung by him, but without the applause, laughter, and his insipid introductory remarks.



12" LP TL102 \$3.98
12" LP TL102S (Stereo) \$4.98

You can get these at many stores, if that's the way you want to be, but, failing that, send check or money order to **MAELSTROM, INC.** (Add 4% sales tax for California orders.)

P. S. Write for Maelstrom catalog anyway. It's free.

444 Market Street Dept. 10  San Francisco 11, California

WHY WAIT!

Be the first in your block to have your very own

TOMBSTONE



The one thing everyone needs, but never gets to enjoy themselves. Be smart—be prepared. You may die tomorrow.

The perfect Christmas gift! Not many have their own. What a wonderful way to say you care enough to send something he really needs. Of course until he or she goes, it makes a good paper-weight or something.

Made of durable heavy material, finished to simulate stone. Measures 6" high, base is 5 1/2" long, 1 1/4" deep. Print clearly on your order the name as it is to appear on the tombstone—[date of birth is optional].

Your investment \$6.95 postpaid to live customers with money.

Send a good check or money order to:
FLAIR, Dept. R. I. P., P. O. Box 29, Wheelon, Ill.

GIVES You \$100.00 a Year

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spear and looking like the hull-bump of a Naval destroyer that you see on the horizon with its spindly ghost of a foremast, a figure so familiar in the brownness of the room that after a while you didn't see him any more like certain drinkers disappear the moment they put their foot on the brass rail (Old Bull Baloon, Damion Love, others), just for the most part standing there chalking his cue in the gesture of poolhall nonchalance he and all the others used for quick look-sees, reassured. When he saw Dean he raised his eyebrow, interested in the wild-looking cat, but like an old woman rocking on a porch noting storm-clouds before supper, placidly, dumbly surprised. Tom Snark in this lonely earth was a crippled boy who lived in unostentatious pain with his grandmother in a two-story house under great sidestreet trees, sat on the screened porch with her till poolhall time, which was usually midafternoon; en route made the rounds of downtown streets, mild, sincere, dropping a word in the shoeshine shanty, another into the chili joint where his boys worked, then a moment on the sidewalk with that watchful, spitting, proprietary air of all young men of American daytime sidewalks (there's more doubt in the night); and then into the poolroom like a man going to work, where you could best judge his soul, as Dean did, seeing him standing stooped at his cue-stick with that unfathomable patience of an old janitor awaiting a thousand more nights of the debris of rotation, snookers and pinocle in the same brown meeting hall, his huge round eyes once they were fixed on you persisting like a baby's who's terror-stricken by life watching a stranger go by his part of the sidewalk. Then again you saw that he prowled like a fox in his atmospheres, a weirdy, a secret wise man making his living at pool; if you looked closer you saw that he never missed a difficult shot once he finally got down to it; that when he did go down and propped his thin artistic hand with forefingertip and thumb joined in a lean architectural rest for the cue's smooth passage, unfolding his sculptured fingers below for ornament and balance on the green, a gesture so sophisticated in America that boys see it in their dreams as soon as they've seen it once, at these times he was even less noticeably at work than standing loafing in bunchy balled-up gloom at the rickety pylon of his cue-pole. Raggedy Dean sitting there watching this Tom Snark was the enactment of the drama of an American boy for the first time perceiving the existence of an American hero, nay an American poet - this Tom Snark so tragically interesting, so diseased, beautiful, potent, because he could beat anybody yet be so obscurely defeated as he slouched down in the press of the crowd, sometimes

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
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flashing a languid sad smile in answer to the shouts of dishwashers and dryclean pressers but usually just enduring eternity on the spot he occupied, his Pepsi Cola unattended on the ballrack, his eyes dreaming upon sorrows that must have been as deep as an Assyrian king's and notwithstanding that when Dean grew up he learned they were nothing but the pure dumb trances of a sweet crippled poolshark. At the moment when this strange love for Tom Snark and the great American image of beautiful sadness which he represented was leaping in Dean's imagination, and Snark himself understood from the corner of his eye that this boy wasn't only interested in learning pool from him but everything he knew and would use it for purposes of his own which were so much vaster than anything Snark had ever dreamed that he would have to plead for Dean's guidance in the end, Dean immediately jumped up, ran over and made the first great con man proposition of his life.

It had to be a fantastic proposition: the moment Snark looked amazed and dropped his superior pose out of sheer perplexity, in fact embarrassed pain because what was he expected to do with a kid rushing up to him and saying "Do you want to learn philosophy from me?" with a wag of the finger, sly eyes, neck popping with muscles like a jackinthe-box straining at the void of the world for the first time with a vigorous evil spring, Dean, his position established, leaped in. "No further than that yet, and of course omitting to discuss the fact because already almost understood, i.e., you teach me how to beat pool" (pointing at himself) "and I teach you" (socking Snark in the chest with his forefinger and really hurting him). "I teach you further into psychology and mesta-fysics" (Dean mispronounced "metaphysics" at this time because he still didn't know how and it caused him tremendous private grief to remember this) "and further beyond all that and in order to cement our relationship and in fact — of course if you agree, and only if you agree, as I do — in fact to establish a blood brother loyalty of our souls, if you wish to use clitchay expressions at this time or any other, and again just as you agree, *always as you agree*" (jabbing the iron finger again but this time careful not to touch, just holding it quivering powerfully within the tiniest fraction of an inch from Snark's chest) "I propose *now* and without any further shillyshallying, though" — (rubbing his hands busily, rocking back and forth with one foot in front of the other, his head down but watching Snark with an underlook that was very arrogant, cocky, suddenly sarcastically suggestive, the rocking deliberate not only like a boxer getting ready arranging his skip rope or a pitcher on the mound rubbing up the ball with a

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half-sarcastic expression on the catcher's preliminary sign but almost hypnotic in the way it attracted Snark who watched entranced and just barely seemed to be wonderingly rocking with him)— "though I can whip a car into a going condition even if it's awful old ugh and I know buddies for free greasejobs plus where to steal cans of oil and even one tankful during the ballroom dance at eleven tonight on Broadway when I go around the cars parked in my boy's lot with my siphon and mouthsuck up into cans on the average half a gallon per car which is unnoticeable but awful hard work, et cetera on, I still *have to find the car*, you see, huge troubles natcherly as I consider energy and every and all contingency but listen carefully to me (and I will, no fear, to compensate, find, or steal a car, anytime you agree, or say, whatever) if you want to go to the Notre Dame game this Saturday in South Bend Indiana and *really* want to see it and not just loafing the idea — stop a moment to understand!" he commanded Snark who'd started to speak. "All week I heard you and the other fellows bettin', sayin' 'Well now I sure would like to see that thar Notre Dame game by gawd and talkin' like people often do whose wish-plans never do crystallize see because of lazy blocks that multiply on the back road of old delays yet I'm offering you a *real genuine chance* and I repeat if you really want to see it I'll get my Uncle Bull's old rattleytrap clonkclonk hoophoop Graham-Paige see look if necessary wow" (this was such a tremendous concession Dean showed a stagger back) "See? — which, won't he miss it, not only because it doesn't run hor hor, but right now he's freezing his assets in Montany hee hee hee" (staggering back, bent in half, lofting from his somehow non-laughing sad face a fantastic long highpitched sillygiggle for what he thought in those days in spite of his erudition with words was a terrific joke and in fact bumping against others one of them a gloomy CBQ switchman who was just then bending down for an easy straight shot and missed completely on account of Dean in his foolish kid stupid excitement to be noticed, a sentiment that the switchman, chewing his gum as fast as he could go while aiming now expressed by not removing his cue from where it finger-rested but just turned to look at Dean with jaws chewing slowly) "and positively I can take you to the game and back in record time through chill winters and U.S. mails and all things and really blow the road wide open so long as you provide your ticket of course, after all, whoo!" (wiping himself in a parody of adroitness with a dirty handkerchief) "see? whereas you watch the game but I'll wait outside either in the car or in a diner listening on the radio or better try to see panoramic

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He took him home that afternoon to his grandmother's house. They had a big snack from the icebox, Dean drinking two and a half quarts of milk in fear that he'd never see that much for several more years, and making sure not to tear the bread when he folded it over the butter, clutching his chest, actually clutching his chest when he realized Snark's grandmother was only standing over them to refill their glasses from a fresh bottle of milk, not pleased or displeased but just a nice old woman with a rosy moon face, glasses, white hair, wearing cotton stockings over her piano legs that supported her so firmly and unmovably in the halos of her bright linoleum and a housedress that in the course of tender chores around the house which was as comfortable as an old pillow, had taken on the kindly, almost dear shapelessness of herself, the simplicity and sadness of her stolid mother-like repose at the poor hunchbacked boy's side as he bent to his supper, her grandson whom she served and honored, enough to make Dean feel like crying for his own mother who he was positive now would have been something like Snark's grandmother (though in reality she had been an ascetic gaunt with tears), just as calm, plain, humble, like old mas who run rickety grocery stores

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in the backfence neighborhoods of home in Ohio or home in Truckee. In Snark's bedroom upstairs the boys spent a quiet hour facing each other at a folding card table set near the window where the lace curtains puffed in with the breeze and played over the flowery wallpaper and knickknacks of windowshelf, the mere sight of this graceful drowsy phenomenon making Dean marvel and joy (always high at 15) to be in a real home that had lace curtains and little feminine lonely frills in it to beat harsh nature, as Snark, not realizing that Dean was thinking these things, proceeded in a thorough explanation of the various first steps in cheating at cards.

"First off you see Deanie you mark 'em best with your thumbnail like this, usin' your own code if you like, to designate face cards, aces and deucies."

"Yes!" cried Dean. "Yes indeed!"

From a closet next to a dark wood dresser with carved iron grips that swung on little hinges in rich significant clicks, and next to the right front bedpost of Snark's fourpost manorial boxspring bed in which Dean imagined Snark slept like the little boys in fleecy nightgowns in mattress advertisements of *The Saturday Evening Post*, which he realized now he was confusing with a rubber tire ad that shows a little boy wandering out of bed with a candle on New Year's Eve but expresses the same tender comfort of angels and vision of American children (ah poor Dean, who'd seen this vision in those soaked magazines that have been dried by the sun and stand on tattered edges among weeds and cundrums of backlots), from that closet that seemed so rich because it was next to these things and inside had the luxuriant darkness of suits all flashing dim from starry moth crystals (and their starry odor) and the faint gold of shoe trees, Snark pulled out a fairly good brown tweed suit and, with a slight bow like a Viennese nobleman, like the Bela Lugosi vampire bowing to the young hero at the door of the Rainy Castle, he presented it to Dean to keep. Dean in turn offering his toy accordion as collateral anyway, with a smile and still bowing Snark saying he'd keep it for him. It was Dean's first suit; he bulged out of the new clean underwear; bulged out of the starched white shirt that was handed to him with a laundry cardboard brace in the collar that made him wonder if he had to fiddle with it like irascible millionaire husbands tugging before last minute mirrors in B movies; he bulged out of the necktie that wound foursquare round the pillars of his neck, but out of the suit he exploded, the buttons were in danger of popping, the trouser creases were stretched flat out of sight on his thighs, the back seams of the coat showed connective spinal threads, the sleeves took the shape of his forearms that suddenly

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looked almost as big as Popeye's.

"Damn! Do I look sharp?"

He looked all right but strange. So awed by these new clothes that he could hardly turn his head when Snark talked to him, but only nodded up and down, his long hair bushy and uncombed, his thoughts all pompous sweaty astonishment like the cartoon characters they draw with bewildered perspirations raining from their heads, just as ludicrous as that, and yet as that bright afternoon that had shed its radiance unasked for so long now showed itself to be turned into old red afternoon when they stepped forth from the house, and piteous remorse among men, birds and trees that had transpired while they were dressing still haunted the air with that hung silence that makes people ask themselves sadly "Oh what happened to the afternoon?" and later when the general autumn dying quietly like a brave soldier overwhelms them, "Oh what happened to the year?" Dean, very like an Episcopalian farmer boy going to church the Sunday morning before his wedding day and with the same absentminded ignorance of the wide surroundant brooding over him that characterizes all mortal persecuted breath beneath this hugeness, literally had to be led stupidly and stiffly down the street by Snark as they hurried back to the pool parlor to meet the entire gang.

It was going to be a big night, suit and all. It didn't take long for Dean to quicken his steps with Snark's and soon they had pinpointed downstreet and were swinging around the corner to a big trolley line thoroughfare, hurrying for the big-traffic, ever-more-exciting, all-of-it-pouring-into-town Saturday night both of them with the same bright fresh gleam in their eyes that you see on the shiny fender of a new automobile when it turns in from the darkness and out-skirts of town and immediately reflects Saturday night Main Street neons where before it just sat black in a dark garage or else in the driveway collecting dim dressing lights from the upstairs of the house, vanishing like a comedy team rightwards in a vision of ankles twinkling in the dusk with regardant bending figures pointed downtown plunging through the same pocket of excitement which was not only their point of sober discussion but raised little fogs from their mouths as they yakked along (with lone envy Dean used to watch other guys cutting along like this, sometimes from mission reading-room windows on nights when it was so cold he thought he could read what the buddies said before their intense voluminous talking-fogs whipped back to dissolve in wintry emptiness); Dean finally forgetting he was wearing a suit, forgetting the high entrapment of the collar and the woolly stuffing around



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his armpits and the unfamiliar scuffling cuffs out of which he soon in fact resumed telling Snark further things and all things about himself, gesturing out of the shiny round starch his big grimy cracked hands that were not at all the hands of an absorbed banker in the street but more like a dirt farmer's at a funeral and worse like horny toads in a basket of wash. "Now in Gaga's barber-shop in back and settin' way up high behind the water heater I have a bag of clothes, harkening to clothes, but to go and pick it up involves terrible divisions with Gaga over money my old man owed him even though it's just old pants and belts and polkadot shirts, but further I have an extra pair of fairly good work shoes settin' way up high so nobody can notice on top of a locker in the Y and my plan, actually and no lie, was getting down to Colorado Springs or Raton or some such to freeze m'fingers off in construction camps or whichever—" and so on as Snark assured him he had plenty of clothes for him and not to worry. Excitement of hurrying downtown on foot for the big night reached a supreme peak when suddenly as they rushed arm-in-arm and came to cross Broadway the light instantly changed for them and they didn't have to wait but just hustled right straight on across the street for the poolhall, that light that wouldn't allow lulls in the rhythm of their joy holding up whole avenues of traffic exactly for them to sweep along, profound, bowed, bumping heads together; Dean so singing in his soul now that he had to talk on several levels to express himself to Snark: "Even though as you say there's just as much work around here and why even go to Fort Collins where it's so c-o-l-d (whee! zoom! look at that new Caddy!) and I didn't further finish about earlier speaking of Gaga and all the things I want you to know—"; his arm around Snark, cramped armpits or no cramped armpits, Dean the only one who'd ever put his arm around the hump of Snark's sorrow; similarly in the moment, seeing, just as they reached the other curb, in the exciting shadows of a five-and-ten awning and to his deeper and simultaneously running amazement, a beautiful girl fixing on him from her casual one-leg-forward hand-on-hip position a cold arrogant look of sensuality done with misty eyes and something suggestive, impatient, almost too personal to understand (she's waiting for the bus), astonishing him in the realization that he was wearing a suit for the first time in his life and this was the first official sex-appeal look from a regular high-heeled downtown socialite honey (still finding room to yell "Snarky watch that new Caddy beat the light now!") and reflecting: "So this is what these damn dames and big guys been doin', givin' each other tur-ble personal glances of angry



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snakes' love that I didn't know about in my previous boy-days beatin' around the sidewalk with my eyes on the gutter lookin' for nickels and dimes wearin' goldang old pants. Damn! Lessgo!"

In the poolhall the hour was roaring. It was so crowded that spectators were standing obscuring everything from the street and somebody had the backdoor open simultaneously with the alley door of the Welton Street parlor so that you could see a solid city block of poolhall from the north side of Glenarm to the south side of Welton interrupted only by a little tragic alley of shadows with a garbage can, like looking down a hall of mirrors over a sea of angrily personalized heads and islands of green felt, all in smoke. To Dean it was a vision, the moment of his arrival that everybody was waiting for, yet even though he stood in the door at the side of great cool Tom Snark the Virgil of this big Inferno, wearing not only his clothes but the same gorgeously sophisticated robe of their afternoon's adventure which was already undergoing a rich change to evening and the lazy explorations that were to come, a decadent refinement that all the dumb rats in this dimness would have to struggle to understand to know anything hereafter even about pool, nobody made a move to notice or even really cared and Dean would have immediately felt drowned again except suddenly for the saving memory of a hunch he used to have in boyhood which was

that whenever he turned his back on the people who were involved with him and even others who happened to be standing nearby, perfect strangers sometimes, they immediately gathered with the speed of light at the nape of his neck to discuss him voicelessly, dancing, pointing, until, jerking his head around for a quick look or just slowly to check, it turned out they'd always twanged back in place with all-to-be-expected fiendish perfect hypocrisy and in exactly the same position blandly as before. Remembering anyhow his father when in his cocky way of bums he used to stagger happily into some place howling "Hallelujah I'm a bum." Dean as he came in, very carefully digging everything through shrewd half-closed eyes so he could size up and savor the scene for everything it had, jazing on the balls of his feet in that thing Americans do instead of pinching themselves, now repeated the song to himself, "Hallelujah I'm a bum." in a secret, sly, interested whisper of his own he always used to refer back to sad factors of the past.

While Snark was busy looking around, Dean directed his attention to a spot on the floor near table number one where, after he had tired of looking at people on those long watchful nights, he used to spend stranger further hours on the onlooker's bench absentmindedly studying the reality and vying with the existence of cigarette butts and spit by estimating exactly how it got there on the

floor, wondering why for instance a particular calm spit gleamed like it did even though it had been rejected like a person's rejected and spat out exactly (the clock) two and a half minutes earlier by a blue-jowled conductor who had thought to spit and wouldn't have spat otherwise but came apparently to think of something completely different at the button wire counting the score and scratching his chin (all as voices of the room reverberated around the walls and moaned in his absent not-listening ear), so that as far as the spot of this conductor's own spit was concerned it no longer existed for him, only for Dean; Dean then estimating exactly how he himself got there, not only the world but the bench, not only the bench but the part of the bench he filled out, not only that but how he got there to be aware of the saliva and the part of the bench his butt filled out, and so on in the way the mind has: at all of which now because it wasn't his best idea of what to do in a poolhall, in Snark's company he made his ceremonial sneer and official revenge, even in the roaring noise and even though among all these Saturday feet he couldn't quite see the exact spot he had studied, though he knew there were new cigarette butts and spit on that spot now, like little brothers and sisters following in the stead of others long ago studied and swept away, in any case doing all this so that the first full-fledged moment of his poolhall characterhood would not be



"Pardon me, but haven't we met before?"



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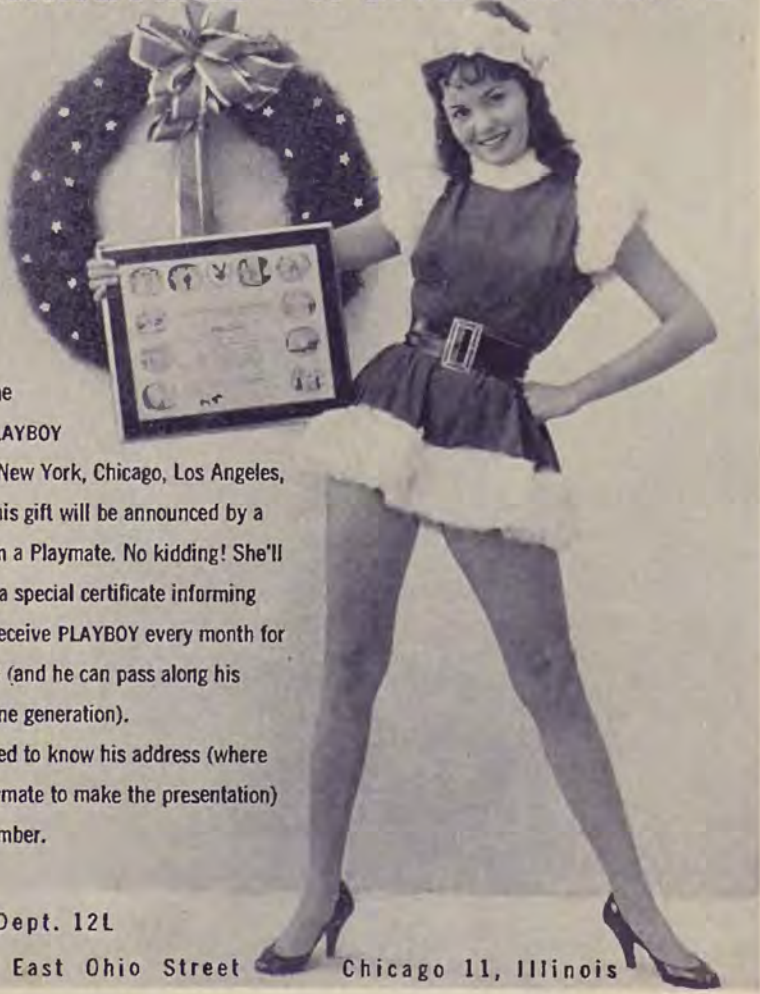
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spoiled in fevers and forgetful excitement like running up to people to talk, but instead he would take advantage of his big chance to keep his attention disciplined on those sources of strength that had brought about this good luck, and so do so in the roots of previous well-considered sorrow of October in the poolhall.

"What are you doing Deanie?" asked Snark when he noticed how pensive he was.

Oh ragged sailing heart! — it was far from time for Dean to be able to even want to explain his craziest secrets. "Actually and no lie, Tom, I was thinking to myself what a wonderful guy this Tom Snark fellow is really truly indeed."

Ed Dunkel, Roy Johnson and Bob Evans were the nucleus of Tom Snark's gang at the time. They were grouped around a rear table in the usual ritual get-together game of rotation that they had every Saturday evening as a kind of preliminary tactical conference on the night's action and for starting and a Coke. The program tonight featured two girls who were babysitting for the weekend in a house up near the Wyoming line. But this night without knowing it they were grouped around with hot-headed dumbness the purpose of which is always to be ignorant of what's about to happen, the only sure thing you can remember when you look back to see what people were doing during an important historical moment, sore, sullen, sighing from the drag of time, inattentive as always, impatient not only with life but always exactly the life unfolding in the immediate vicinity, the miserable *here*, the lousy *now*, as though all the blame was on that, and yet the poor souls actually sitting in that mysterious Godlike stuff that later makes them say, "Listen, I was there the night Tom Snark came in with Dean the day he found him, 1942, autumn, they had the Army-Columbia game that day, I bet on it and heard it on the radio too, we were all playing pool me and Ed Dunkel who just got haircuts and Roy Johnson and Jackoff and I dunno who the hell else, krise we all drove to Wyoming that night, sure, it was a *great, mad* night!"

Dean was introduced around. "Here comes Tom Snark; who's that kid with him? What's that, your cousin? What happened to you and Jackoff Friday night? *Dean* is it? Hiya boy." And Dean with that strange little feeling of pleasedness that shivers deep in your chest and makes you want to hug yourself and explain everything to the man next to you, found himself standing at one table among all the others roaring with what he could now almost call his own gang as exciting shadows outdoors fell and they played eightball — Dean and Snark versus Dunkel and Johnson with good-



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natured Evans kibitzing. And everything they said and everything they did — one reaching up to slap over the score and another reaching down to set his Coke and another looking horizontally along his cue to see if it was too curved — was all part of one great three-dimensional moil that was all around him now instead of just flat in front of his face like a canvas prop, he was up on the stage with the show now.

So he stood there with his weather-beaten face growing more excited and redder by the hour, his big raw hands gripped around a cue, looking bashfully at his new friends and planning deep in his mind from everything they said and did the positively best, in fact only way to begin completely, helplessly impressing everyone and winning over their favor so conclusively and including their souls that eventually of course they would all turn to him for love and advice; mad Dean, who eventually did run the gang, who was now just being merely coy quiet knowing instinctively the best way to start despite the fact that he never knew a gang before and the only thing he'd done was grab some poor kid by the arm in the junkyard or a newsboy in the street or some of the bicyclists on the paper route and make long strange speeches to them like the great speech he made to Snark that afternoon but they were too young to understand and frightened. So he stood stiffly at attention at the table, sweaty in his suit, or made stupid hilarious shots laying out his big hand flat and flaccid for a cue-rest as if a baby was trying to shoot pool, and the boys laughed but only because Dean was so seriously absentminded in his hilarious dumbness (*trying to learn*, they thought) and not because he was inconsequential. Right away the biggest fellow in the gang took a liking to Dean, six-foot-four Ed Dunkel all shiny handsome in his Saturday night suit, who was always looming over everybody with a long grave calm that was half comical because it seemed to come from the loneliness of his great height which prevented him from being on a level with other faces so that he dreamed up there his own special juvenile dreams all the less realistic because they were so far from his feet where the ground was, the others had to stare dumbly at his vest most of the time, a fate that he accepted with immense and tender satisfaction. This goodnatured long tall drink of water took a liking to Dean that soon became hero worship and later led to their rambling around the country, buddies — a thing that Roy Johnson noticed and resented from the start. Johnson had a pinsharp handsome face with long black hair falling down sides that he kept shoving back with both hands as if the brains were tormenting his forehead. He was

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almost instantly jealous and immediately proclaimed next day in Snark's ear (when it was too late) Dean wasn't everything he seemed to be. So when the gang gave up the precious table and let their empty Cokes plop in a floorbox with a "So long fellas" and left the hall to jump in the car a '37 Ford belonging to Evans, for the ride north to Wyoming about 80 miles, the sun just then going down in vast unobserved event above the maddening souls of people, and Dean above the objections of everyone else insisted on driving to show his skill, but then really fantastically wheeled the car out of town with beautiful spot-shot neatness and speed, the boys who were prepared to criticize his driving and give pointers or stage false hysterical scenes forgot they were in a car and fell to gabbing happily. And suddenly out on East Colfax Boulevard bound for Fort Collins Dean saw a football game going on among kids in a field, stopped hard at the curb, said "I was quarterback at Mesa Grande!" (reform school), ran out leaping madly among kids (with noble seriousness they were wearing those tragic lumps like the muscles of improvised strongmen in comedies), got the ball, told one boy to run like hell, clear to the goalpost, which the kid (wakened from a reverie with helmet tucked under-arm) did, but Dean said "Further, further," and the kid halfway doubting to get the ball that far edged on back and now he was 70 yards and Dean unleashed a tremendous soaring wobbling pass that dropped beyond the kid's most radical estimate, the pass being so high and powerful the boy completely lost it in cyrical spaces of heaven and dusk and circled foolishly but screaming with glee - when this happened everyone was amazed except jealous Johnson, who rushed out of the car in his sharp blue suit, leapt around frantically in a mixup of kids, got the ball (at one point fell flat on both knees because of his new shinybottom shoes that had only a half-hour's poolroom dust on 'em) and commanded the same uncomplaining noble boy to run across the field and enragedly unfurled a long pass but Dean appeared out of nowhere in the mad lowering dusk and intercepted it with the sudden frantic action of a wildfaced maniac jumping into a roomful of old ladies; spun, heaving a prodigious sky pass back over Johnson's head that Johnson sneered at as he raced back, he'd never been outdone by anybody ("Hey whee!" they yelled in the car); such a tremendous pass it was bound to be carried by the wind, fall in the road out on East Colfax, yet Johnson ran out there dodging traffic as mad red clouds fired the horizon of the mountains, to the west, and somewhere across the field littler tiny children were burning meaningless fires and screaming and playing football



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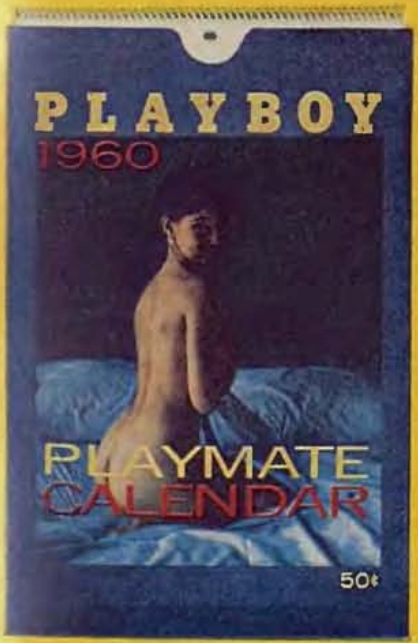
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with socks some just meaninglessly tackling one another all over in a great riot of October joy. Circling in the road, almost being murdered by a car driven 80 miles per by Denver's hotshot (Ray Rawlins, who tooted), Johnson made a sensational fingertip sprawling-on-knees catch instantly and breathtakingly overshadowed by the fact that dramatic fantastic Dean had actually gone chasing his own pass and was now in the road screaming with outstretched hands from the agony that he was barely going to miss, himself sprawling as terrorstricken motorists swerved and screeched on all sides. This insane scene was being beheld not only by Ray Rawlins laughing like hell as it receded 80 miles an hour out of his rearview window, but across the wild field with its spastic fires and purple skies (actually an empty lot sitting between the zoom-swish of Colfax traffic and some old homes, the goalposts just sticks the kids put up) was propped all by itself there an old haunted house with dry gardens of autumn planted round it by 19th Century lady ghouls long dead, from the weatherbeaten green latticed steps of which now descended Mr. behatted be-headed Denver D. Doll the mad schoolteacher with the little brush mustache, within months fated to be teaching Dean how to wash his ears, how to be impressive with high school principals—Doll now stopped, utterly amazed, halfway down, by the sight of Dean and Roy Johnson furling in the road (almost getting killed too), saying out loud "My goodness gracious what is this?"; same who in fact that afternoon, at the exact moment Dean was approaching Snark, sat in a grave of his own in his overcoat in an empty unheated Saturday classroom of West Denver High not a mile across town, his brow in his hand as blackboard dust swam across October fires in the corner where the window-opening pole was leaned, where it was still written in chalk from yesterday's class (in American Lit) *When lilacs last in the dooryard bloom'd*, sat there in a pretense of thinking for the benefit of any teachers and even kids passing in the hall with some of whom just before he'd in fact been joking (threw a feeble lopsided pass across the afternoon lawn as he hustled from Studebaker to business), had sat moveless in a pretense of remembering, with severe precision, the exact date of something that was bottlenecking his entire day, left wrist raised for a quick look at how much time was left, frown of accompaniment already formed, drawer pulled with letterheaded memo paper ready to fly the instant he smacked the desk deciding, but actually choking over loss, choking over loss, thinking of the love, the love, the love he missed when his face was thin and fresh,

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hopes were pure. O growing old! O haggard ugly ghoul is life's decay! Started life a sweet child believing everything beneath his father's roof; went from that, immersed and fooled, to that mask of disgusted flesh called a face but not the face that love had hoped and to that soul of a gruesome grieving ghost that now goes shuddering through nightmare life cluttering up the earth as it dies. Ah but Roy Johnson wanted to throw a pass to Dean and Dean challenged him and said "Run with the ball and let's see if I tackle you before you reach that Studebaker where the man's standing"; and Johnson laughed because he had been (absolutely) the outstanding runner everywhere (schools, camps, picnics), at 15 could do the hundred in 10:6, track star speed; so took off not quite realizing what he'd done here giving Dean these psychological opportunities and looking back at him with taunts "Well come on, come on, what's the matter, can't you run?" And so that Dean furiously, as if running for his life, not only caught up with him but (even when Johnson spurted up his speed in wholehearted frightened realizing race) caught up with him easily, in his sheer excitement, with his tremendous unprecedented raw athletic power he could run the hundred in almost 10 flat (actually and no lie) and a sad, remote tackle took place in the field, for a moment everybody saw Dean flyingtackling horizontally in the dark air with his neck bulled on to prove, his head down almost the way a dead man bows his head self-satisfied and life-accomplished but also as if he was chuckling up his coatsleeve at Johnson-about-to-be-smearred, both arms outstretched, in a tackling clamp that, as he hung suspended in that instantaneous fix of the eye, were outstretched with a particular kind of unspeakable viciousness that's always so surprising when you see it leaping out of the decent suits of men in sudden sidewalk fights, the cosmopolitan horror of it, like movie magnates fighting, this savagery explosively leaping now out of Dean's new suit with the same rage of shoulderpads and puffy arms, yet arms that also were outstretched with an unspeakable mute prophesied and profound humility like that of a head-down Christ shot out of a cannon on a cross for nothing, agonized. Crash, Johnson was tackled; Denver D. Doll called out "Why didn't you try that in the road I have a shovel in the car." nobody noticing, even as he drove off; and Dean, like Johnson with his knees all bruised and pants torn, had established his first great position of leadership in Tom Snark's famous gang.

Long ago in the red sun . . . that wow-mad Dean who went on the road with me.

THE TENNIS CLUB

(continued from page 80)

abrupt aspersion gave rise to a plaintive, bitter cry and a frenzied burst of resistance. Somehow or other she managed to free herself from the hands of her tormentors and, naked to the waist, waving her arms above her head, her hair darting out like flames, her disordered mass of clothes trailing downward from her hips, she hurled herself toward the door.

Astonishment, for one moment, prevented the five men from acting. But Ripandelli shouted, "Catch her or she'll be out in the gallery!" and they threw themselves, all five of them, upon the woman, whose escape had been barred by a precautionary locking of the door. Micheli seized her by one arm, Mastrogiovanni round the waist, Ripandelli actually by the hair. They dragged her back again to the table. Her resistance had infuriated them, and they felt a cruel desire to beat her, to stick pins into her, to torment her. "Now we want you naked," shouted Ripandelli into her face; "naked — that's how we want you." She stared at him with terrified eyes, still struggling; then, all at once, she began to scream.

First she uttered a hoarse cry, then another like a sob, and finally, unexpectedly, a third of extreme shrillness, a piercing "Ay-eee!" Micheli and Mastrogiovanni, frightened, let go of her. As for Ripandelli, possibly it was only at that moment that he became conscious, for the first time, of the seriousness of the situation in which, with his companions, he had become involved. It

was as though an enormous hand had squeezed his heart — with all five fingers, as one squeezes a sponge. A terrible rage came over him, a bloody hatred for this woman who had now flung herself against the door again; shouting, he showered blows upon her with his fists, and he himself, at the same time, was smitten with a black sense of hopelessness, with the kind of anguish that says, "There's nothing to be done, the worst has happened, better accept the inevitable . . ." He had a moment's hesitation; then, with a hand that did not seem to belong to him, so independent of his will power did it appear, he seized the empty bottle from the table and brought it down with his full strength, just once, on the nape of her neck.

She sank to the floor across the doorway, in a manner that left no doubt as to the efficacy of the blow, and lay on her right side, her forehead against the closed door, her clothes spread round her like a heap of rags. Standing near her, the bottle still in his hand, Ripandelli concentrated the whole of his attention upon her back. At the level of her armpit there was a mole the size of a lentil; this detail, and perhaps also the fact that her thick mass of hair rendered her face invisible, made him imagine, for a second, that he had struck someone quite different and for quite a different reason — for instance, some splendid-looking girl with a perfect figure whom he had loved too dearly and in vain and upon whose inanimate limbs he would throw himself weeping and remorseful, bitterly remorseful, and whom it might perhaps be possible to bring back to life. But then the torso gave a strange jerk



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and abruptly turned over on its back, showing the woman's bosom with one breast falling in each direction and—horrible sight—her face. Her hair concealed her eyes ("luckily," he thought), but her mouth, half open in a curiously expressionless way, reminded him all too vividly of certain slaughtered animals that he had seen as a child. "She's dead," he thought calmly, at the same time frightened by his own calmness. Then he turned and put the bottle back on the table.

The other four, who had sat down at the far end of the room by the window, looked at him uncomprehendingly. The table in the middle of the room prevented them from having a clear view of the Princess' body; they had seen only the blow. Then, with a kind of cautious curiosity, Lucini rose and, leaning forward, looked toward the door. The thing was there across the threshold. His companions saw him turn pale. "This time we've gone a bit too far," he said in a low, frightened voice without looking at them.

Micheli, who was sitting in the farthest corner, rose to his feet. He was a medical student, and his privileged position in this respect gave him, as it were, a feeling of responsibility. "Perhaps she's only fainted," he said in a clear voice; "we must bring her round . . . wait a moment." He took a half-full glass from the table and bent over the woman's body, while the others formed a group round him. They watched him as he passed his arm under her back, then lifted her and shook her, and poured a little wine between her lips. But her head swung from side to side, her arms hung lifelessly from her shoulders. Micheli laid her down on the floor again and put his ear to her chest. After a moment he raised himself again. "I think she's dead," he said, still flushed from the effort he had made.

There was silence. "For God's sake, cover her up!" suddenly cried Lucini, unable to take his eyes from the body. "Cover her up yourself!"

Again there was silence. From down below the sound of the band came distinctly to their ears; but now it was more subdued, it must be a tango they were playing. The five men looked at each other. Of them all, only Ripandelli was now sitting down. He was staring straight ahead of him, his shoulders bent, his head in his hands: he could see the black trousers of his friends forming a circle round him, but they were not close enough together, so that it was impossible not to see through the spaces between them the prostrate mass of the body lying against the white-painted door at the other side of the room.

"What a mad thing to do," began Mastrogiovanni as though protesting against some ridiculous idea, turning at the same time to Ripandelli; "with the

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bottle! . . . whatever came over you at that moment?"

"I had nothing to do with it," said someone in a trembling voice. Ripandelli, without moving, knew it was Lucini who spoke. "You're all witnesses that I was sitting over at the window."

It was Jancovich, the oldest of them all, with his melancholy face and flat voice, who answered him. "Yes, yes," he said, "argue that point, my dear chaps, as to who it was and who it wasn't . . . Then right in the middle of this interesting discussion someone will come in and we shall all go and finish our argument in some other place."

"Well, we shall go there in any case," said Ripandelli somberly.

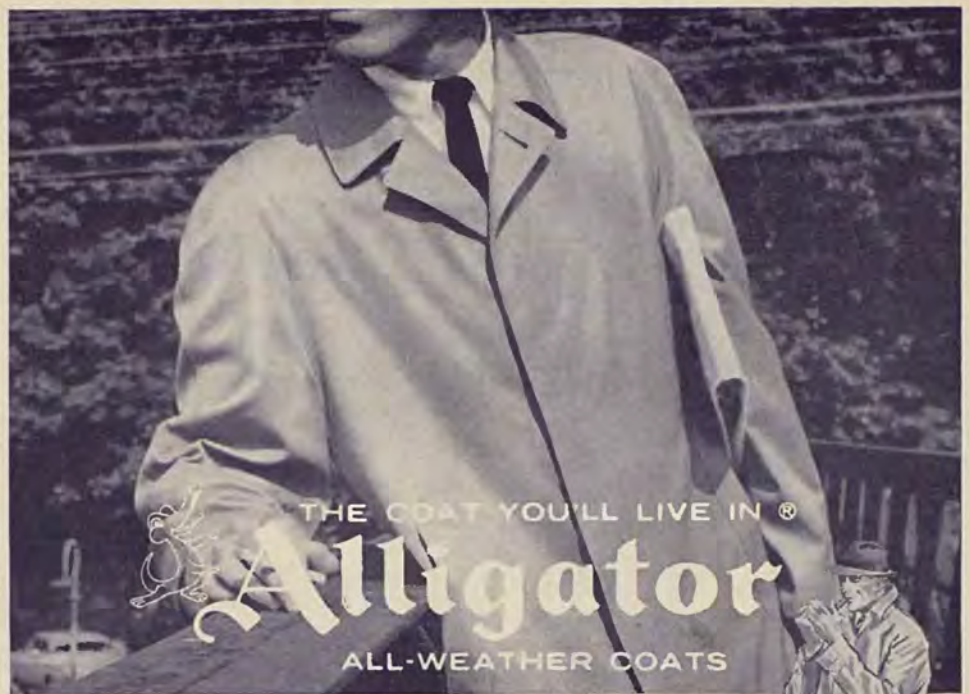
Jancovich made a gesture both violent and comic. "This chap's mad," he said. "Just because he himself wants to go to prison, he wants everyone else to go there too." For a brief instant the whole of his thin face was deeply furrowed by laughter. "Now just listen to what I say."

"???"

"Well now . . . The Princess lived alone, didn't she? So it will be a week or so before her disappearance is noticed. We'll go down now and dance, and behave as if nothing had happened . . . When the ball is over, we'll get her into my car and take her right away somewhere, outside the town. Or perhaps . . . perhaps we could throw her into the river. Then it'll be thought that she killed herself. She lived all alone . . . in a moment of depression . . . these things do happen. In any case, if people ask us where she is, we'll say that she left the room at a certain moment, and has not been seen since. Are we all agreed?"

The others turned pale with fear. The woman was dead — that they knew; but the idea of having committed a crime, of having killed someone, and of being on that account in a state of guilt, had not yet entered their minds. They felt they were Ripandelli's accomplices merely in the matter of amusement, not of murder. The suggestion that the corpse should be thrown into the river brought them abruptly face to face with reality. Lucini, Micheli and Mastrogiovanni protested, declaring that they had nothing to do with it, that they did not wish to have anything to do with it, that Ripandelli must extricate himself as best he could.

"All right then," answered Jancovich, who had been mentally calculating the legal possibilities of the position, "that means that we shall all meet again, in court: Ripandelli will be found guilty of murder, but we nonetheless shall get a few years each as accessories to the crime." They were silent, in consternation. Lucini, who was the youngest of them all, was white in the face, and his eyes were filled with tears. Suddenly he shook his fist in the air, "I knew it would end like this," he cried; "I knew it . . .



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Oh, if only I had never come!"
 But it was only too evident that Jancovich was right. They had to come to a decision: at any moment someone might come in. The opinion of the oldest man present was approved and, all of a sudden, as though they wished to stifle thought by action, all five of them started with alacrity to eliminate all traces of the crime. The bottle and glasses were locked up in a cupboard; the corpse was dragged, not without difficulty, into a corner and covered with a large towel; there was a small looking-glass on the wall and each of them went over and examined himself to see if he was clean and tidy. Then, one after the other, they left the room: the light was turned off, the door locked and the key taken by Jancovich.

The ball, at that moment, was at the height of its brilliance. The room was crowded, there were clustering groups of people seated round the walls; others were perching on the window-sills: in the middle the multitude of dancers swirled hither and thither; a thousand "shooting stars" were flying from every direction and people were pelting each other with little multicolored balls of cotton-wool: from each corner came shrill and strident sounds of toy whistles and pasteboard pipes; balloons of every color were swaying amongst the paper streamers hanging from the chandelier, and every now and then one of them would explode with a sharp pop, as the dancing couples competed for them, struggling to snatch them from one another and crowding round anyone who had preserved his own balloon intact. Laughter, voices, sounds, colors, shapes, the blue clouds of tobacco smoke—all these to the bemused senses of the five men who leaned over the balcony and gazed down from above into the luminous cavern, became fused into the golden haze of unattainable Arabian Nights festivity creating the effect of a paradise of irresponsibility and frivolity which to them was lost, forever lost. Whatever efforts they might make, their thoughts drew them back, forced them again into the little room full of lockers, with the wine-glasses on the table, the chairs in disorder, the window shut, and, on the floor in one corner, the corpse. But at last they pulled themselves together and went down the stairs.

"Now I do beg of you," said Jancovich, as a final injunction, "be animated, dance, enjoy yourselves as though nothing had happened." Then, led by Mastrogiovanni, they all five went in and mingled with the crowd, indistinguishable now from the other male dancers who, dressed like them in black and holding their partners in their arms, filed past the platform on which the band played, in the slow rhythm of the dance.



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FOUL BALL

(continued from page 67)

able and puny, in his shirt sleeves. The game began. Del Campo shuddered at the speed of the first pitch, bit his lip as the ball smacked into the catcher's mitt. "Madre mia," he keened. "O madre mia."

Swiftly cast an uneasy look at Joe who stood with camera poised. "For Pete's sake," he said to Diaz, "tell him to smile."

Diaz told him. Del Campo shook his head and uttered a string of passionate words. "He wants to go home," translated Diaz.

"Make him smile," Swiftly repeated impatiently.

Diaz pleaded and Del Campo at length complied with a wan grin. But as Joe clicked the shutter, the batter hit a long fly to deep center and Joe photographed an expression of utter terror.

"Great," muttered Swiftly furiously. He called to Joe, "He's a little nervous. The next one will be better. How about one with peanuts?"

Joe shrugged. A vendor was summoned and a bag of peanuts was placed in Del Campo's limp hand. "Tell him to throw the peanuts in his mouth," said Swiftly.

Del Campo protested vehemently. "He does not like peanuts," said Diaz. "They make him nauseous."

"Just one," begged Swiftly. "Just one."

The pianist was finally persuaded and a look of gastric agony was recorded on film. Swiftly forced a hollow laugh. "Don't worry," he assured Joe. "The next one will be better."

"I ain't worried," said Joe.

In the second inning a bottle of pop forced into Del Campo's mouth produced a portrait that the late Lon Chaney couldn't have equaled. Swiftly sweated profusely. A few more such pictures and his job would be a memory. And perhaps baseball itself. Swiftly wheedled, threatened, stormed, but the pianist only grew more agitated. Joe snapped relentlessly. In the next two innings he made studies that included every nuance of consternation.

Joe leaned on the rail with a grin as the fifth inning began. "This is turning out better than I thought," he said.

"Joe," cried Swiftly, "you ain't going to use those pictures?"

"Why not?" replied Joe. "This'll make a sensational spread. I'll get a raise for this."

Swiftly slumped in misery approaching Del Campo's. Listlessly, hardly seeing, he sat staring at the ball game. The first batter fouled a pitch into the third base stands. A knot of spectators stood up, scrambling for the ball. One, triumphant, snared it. Swiftly sat up, suddenly struck with inspiration.

Del Campo was sitting in a sort of stupefaction, accompanied by sporadic



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trembling. Diaz was trying to soothe him with liquid phrases and tender pats. Joe was happily making one picture after another. "I'll be right back," said Swifty to Diaz. "Don't go away."

He climbed out of the box and drew Joe aside. "Listen, Joe," he said earnestly. "I got a proposition. If I can get you one good picture of Del Campo, a really sensational picture, will you tear up the others?"

"What kind of picture?" asked Joe suspiciously.

"Del Campo catching a foul ball."

"How do you know a foul ball is coming this way?" asked Joe.

"We'll take it," said Swifty. "After the game I'll have one of the boys hit him a fungo."

"No," said Joe.

"Please!" begged Swifty, looking at him with eyes that would melt even a photographer's heart. "Please, Joe, I got a wife and kids!"

"Well, all right," said Joe grudgingly.

Swifty gave him a grateful handclasp and raced to the home team's dugout. Here he made arrangements with Bill Devlin, the batting coach, to hit the ball to Del Campo after the game. Then he returned to the box.

When the game ended, Del Campo, flagrantly relieved, rose from his seat. Swifty promptly pushed him down again. The pianist loosed a torrent of piteous Spanish, but Swifty held him firmly. "One more minute," he said soothingly. "Just one more minute."

Bill Devlin, carrying bat and ball, took a stance in the first base coaching box. "Ready?" he called.

Swifty looked at Joe. Joe's camera was in position.

"Ready," answered Swifty.

Devlin tossed the ball up, swung his bat. Swifty slipped behind Del Campo and raised his right hand to catching position. The ball whistled toward the box. Swifty moved Del Campo's arm slightly to the left and released it. The arm stood frozen upright. The ball sped true into Del Campo's hand. Joe clicked the shutter.

Del Campo is working again. His three broken fingers have healed as good as new. And he didn't really lose any money during his long idleness. What he collected from the ball club was at least as much as he could have earned playing concerts.

Swifty is working again, too. He's press agent for a symphony orchestra. And doing well. Attendance was way off when he took the job, but he fixed that. He got a wonderful idea to tap an untouched audience — the lowbrows. Lowbrows don't go to symphonies; they think it's highbrow. So Swifty got his baseball player to go to a concert and he got Joe May to come over and . . .

FINE SON

(continued from page 82)

manner of the Emperor Franz Josef, and he smelled strongly of beer. "A son?"

"Yes."

"How is he?"

"He is fine. So is your wife."

"Good." The father turned and walked with a curious little prancing stride over to the bed where his wife was lying.

"Well, Klara," he said, smiling through his whiskers. "How did it go?" He bent down to take a look at the baby. Then he bent lower. In a series of quick jerky movements, he bent lower and lower until his face was only about 12 inches from the baby's head. The wife lay sideways on the pillow, staring up at him with a kind of supplicating look.

"He has the most marvelous pair of lungs" the innkeeper's wife announced. "You should have heard him screaming just after he came into this world."

"But my God, Klara . . ."

"What is it, dear?"

"This one is even smaller than Otto was!"

The doctor took a couple of quick paces forward. "There is nothing wrong with that child," he said.

Slowly, the husband straightened up and turned away from the bed and looked at the doctor. He seemed bewildered and stricken. "It's no good lying, Doctor," he said. "I know what it means. It's going to be the same all over again."

"Now you listen to me," the doctor said.

"But do you *know* what happened to the others, Doctor?"

"You must forget about the others. Give this one a chance."

"But so small and weak!"

"My dear sir, he has only just been born."

"Even so . . ."

"What are you trying to do?" cried the innkeeper's wife. "Talk him into his grave?"

"That's enough!" the doctor said sharply.

The mother was weeping now. Great sobs were shaking her body.

The doctor walked over to the husband and put a hand on his shoulder. "Be good to her, Herr Hitler," he whispered. "Please. It is very important." Then he squeezed the husband's shoulder hard and began pushing him forward surreptitiously to the edge of the bed. The husband hesitated. The doctor squeezed harder, signaling to him urgently through fingers and thumb. At last, reluctantly, the husband bent down and kissed his wife lightly on the cheek.

"All right, Klara," he said. "Now stop crying."

"I have prayed so hard that Adolffus will live."

"Yes."

"Every day for months I have gone to the church and begged on my knees that this one will be allowed to live."

"Yes, Klara, I know."

"Three dead children is all that I can stand, don't you realize that?"

"Of course."

"He *must* live, Moiss. He *must*, he must . . . Oh God, be merciful unto him now. . . ."



"Now I'm really mad!"

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Write to Janet Pilgrim for the answers to your shopping questions. She will provide you with the name of a retail store in or near your city where you can buy any of the specialized items advertised or editorially featured in *PLAYBOY*. For example, where-to-buy information is available for the merchandise of the advertisers in this issue listed below.

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PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

SQUAW VALLEY, CALIFORNIA, will have a *revue internationale* in February, when snow-sportsmen and salubrious squaws from throughout the world invade that Sierra Nevada wonderland to compete in, and observe, the eighth Olympic Winter Games (February 18 through 28). While Red Nichols and his glistening Five Pennies welcome tourists at Lake Tahoe's Harrah's Club (just a sleigh ride away), the weather will be brisk and the competition invigorating in the valley, as Olympic skiers, skaters and hockey stars glide over the ice and snow. The Olympic staff, working wildly for more than three years, guarantees reasonably priced accommodations and an around-the-world menu.

Try a 41-day cruise along the east coast of South America so that you can sample Rio at carnival time, explore the casinos of coffee-rich Santos, dig the worldly fascination of Montevideo, and blink at the glitter of high-living Buenos Aires. They're all memorable, but above all don't skip Montevideo, the city designed for the knowing tourist. Framed by long ocean beaches, with the best hotels along the shoreline, the capital city of Uruguay is easy on the eye and bank balance. A three-day stay at the beach-side Hotel Nogaro, including a

city tour, a dash into the country for a *gaucho asado*—a choice-beef meal around an open fire—and a circuit to the more distant resorts along the water, comes to \$50 Uruguayan pesos for two. Any old Yankee dollar brings you 11 pesos, so it becomes a \$31.80 weekend, a beckoning bargain.

In February, too, giddy festivities abound elsewhere, from Norway's sun pageant in Narvik (the sun's a gas, we've always said) which welcomes the shining hours back after a prolonged winter, to the bejeweled Opera Ball in Vienna. The Bal du Rat Mort ("Ball of the Dead Rat" for mature Mouseketeers) at the Kursaal of Ostend in Belgium is superslick, with roulette and baccarat the games to play. The Carnival of Flowers at Nice shows off some of Europe's long-stemmed lovelies along warm Mediterranean shores. And the ski-lodge gaiety that accompanies such top snow events as the Garmisch Grand Slalom, the Parsenn at Davos or the Arlberg-Kandahar race at St. Anton is guaranteed to thaw any numb nose.

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



NEXT MONTH:

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"THE LOVE PHILTRE"—SOPHISTICATED FICTION BY JEROME WEIDMAN

"THE DIFFICULT HUSBAND"—THE LATEST STORY BY ROBERT GRAVES

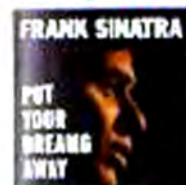
"SOFTLY WALKS THE BEETLE"—A SARDONIC TALE BY JOHN COLLIER

"GIRL WITH THE TELEPROMPTER HEART"—SATIRE BY RAY RUSSELL

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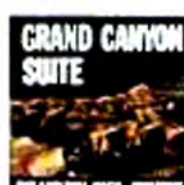
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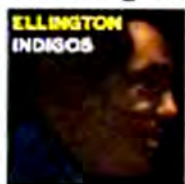
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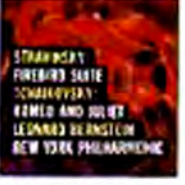
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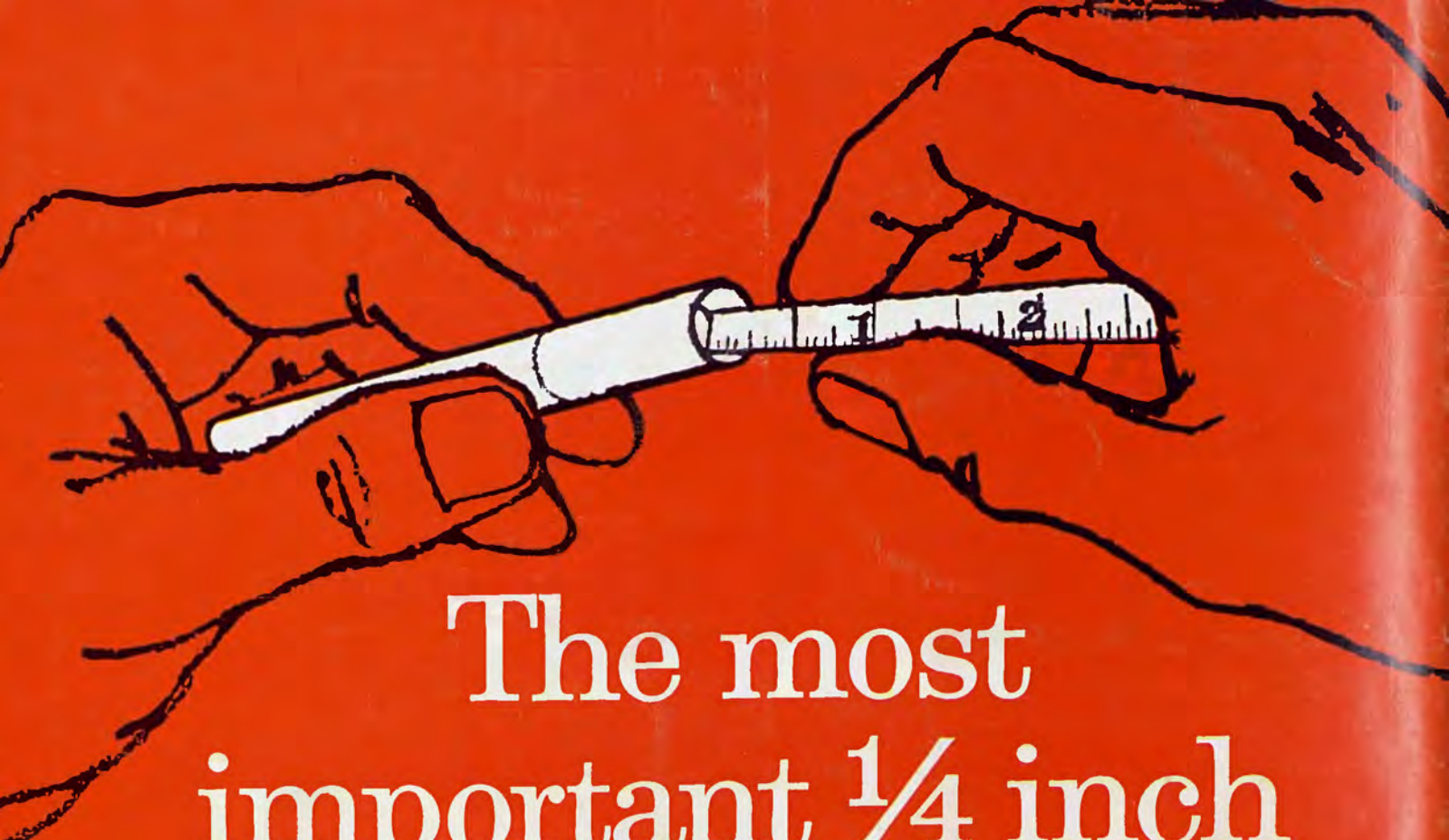
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