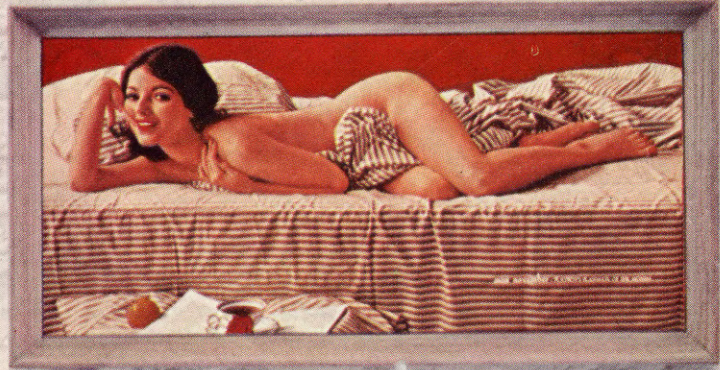


JANUARY 60 cents

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ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN



**HOLIDAY
ISSUE
FEATURING
FIVE-PAGE
PLAYMATE
REVIEW**

**“HEMINGWAY SPEAKS HIS MIND”
“THE ODDBALL” BY JULES FEIFFER**



[[A Christmas message from Valleyfield, Quebec to the U.S.A.]]



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RUSSELL



HEMINGWAY



FEIFFER

PLAYBILL



BEMELMANS

JANUARY IS THE MONTH we give away thousand-dollar bills in the form of our Best Fiction and Article Bonuses. In 1960, first-rate fiction was written for us by P. G. Wodehouse (who contributed an entire novel), John Collier, Robert Graves, Jerome Weidman, Edward Loomis, Ian Fleming, Shirley Jackson, Leland Webb, John Wallace, Bernard Wolfe, Eugene Ziller, Gerald Kersh, T. K. Brown III, Ray Bradbury, Richard Matheson, Ken Purdy, and many others. Though it was difficult choosing among them, the editors strongly and unanimously felt that Ken Purdy should receive the Bonus for his eminently entertaining October story, *The Book of Tony*. A particularly fine crop of articles, too, filled our pages in 1960: high-calibre work by Al Morgan, John Sack, Richard Gehman, Arthur Knight, Dalton Trumbo, Ralph Ginzburg, Arthur C. Clarke, Herbert Gold, Ben Hecht, Eric Bentley, William Iversen, Charles Beaumont and several other illustrious gentlemen. Again, an embarrassment of riches confronted us; again, the decision of the editors was unanimous: to bestow the laurel on the brow of the man who wrote the passionate and penetrating essay on *Chaplin* in our March issue: Charles Beaumont.

Speaking of top-calibre writing, there's a great deal of it in this kickoff issue of the new year. A few months ago, *PLAYBOY* lost an Executive Editor and gained a stellar scribe when Ray Russell—who had been with us since early in our first year—began an extended leave of absence in order to keep a full-time date with a typewriter. Ray had always done a bit of writing for us in his free hours (satires and nostalgic pieces, mostly, like his popular *Enter the Handsome Stranger* and *The Postpaid Poet*), but

he felt he wanted to devote concentrated effort to the longer and more serious forms. Such a work is *Sardonicus*, the short novel which leads off this first *PLAYBOY* of 1961. A Gothic horror story in the grand manner, it is more than a deft literary tour de force—it is a meaty, dramatic, highly entertaining yarn. We hesitate to say it will take its place alongside such classic horror novelettes as *The Turn of the Screw* and *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, but its tone is strongly reminiscent of that great tradition.

Our 1960 Best Fiction author is represented in this issue, too. Ken Purdy's *Conversation Piece* is another of his diabolic constructions, a fictive ploy in dialog form, as wickedly wise as any we've seen. Herein, also, we offer two tightly-written tales by Anton Chekhov, thanks to the ingenuity and translating skill of Ann Dunnigan, a Chekhov scholar, who unearthed these previously unpublished gems in her explorations of Chekhovia. Her latest book, *Anton Chekhov: Selected Stories*, is a New American Library offering.

On the subject of literary giants, few have conquered readers and critics as forcefully as has Ernest Hemingway. We have collected some of his thoughts on life, love and related matters—vital and trivial, personal and universal—as expressed in published interviews and books through the years. From them emerges a philosophy of life as trenchant as his prose. This special *PLAYBOY* compilation—*Hemingway Speaks His Mind*—is presented in warm tribute to sixty-one-year-old Papa, whom Alfred Kazin has termed "the bronze god of the whole contemporary literary experience in America."

Ludwig Bemelmans, whose artistry with pen and brush is as perceptive as

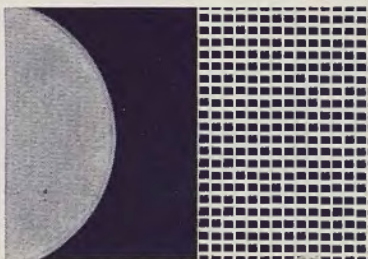
it is prolific, is an impressively knowledgeable gourmet as well. In addition to pursuing a productive literary career (thirty-odd books, including his latest novel, *Are You Hungry Are You Cold*), he's managed to have a fling at innkeeping, to serve as decorator and part-owner of Manhattan's Hapsburg House restaurant, and to rule a quaint bistro on Paris' Ile St. Louis. For this festive holiday issue, he declares his unabashed love for *Caviar*, the aristocrat of gourmet delights, in as charming and informative a devotional essay as it's ever been accorded. And since this delicacy goes perfectly with the aristocrat of viniculture—champagne—we've coupled Bemelman's magnum opus with an opus on what goes into a magnum: *The Beauties of the Bubby*, by our own Thomas Mario. The duo should add to the gaiety of this New Year season.

What else is new this January? Jules Feiffer, our cartoonist-philosopher laureate, relates the six-page theory of Franchot, an identity-seeker in a conformists' world he helped to make. *PLAYBOY* Fashion Director Robert L. Green outlines in photos and text the latest English and Italian silhouettes. A new slant on New Year's resolutions lists the pledges a flock of famous folk might wish they'd made last January. Comic Don Rickles, tagged the Sultan of Insult, is shown in action, cutting down and convulsing a celebrity-filled audience. An enticing array of the newest in stereo equipment is on display for high fidelity fans. On display, too, in our annual Playmate review, are the lustrous lines of our 1960 misses, a dozen damsels never in distress. Before their unwrapped beauty captivates your rapt attention, accept our warmest wishes for a wish-fulfilled New Year.

PLAYBOY



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REVIEWS LIKE THESE...

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"The arm tracks well at the lowest stylus forces recommended by the cartridge manufacturer."

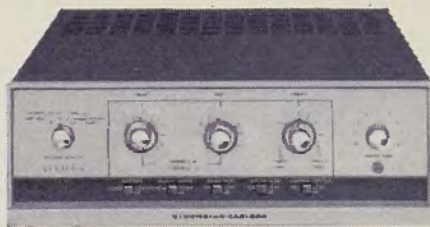
"The hum field surrounding the PR-500 is very low, and no difficulty should be experienced from this source even with poorly shielded cartridges."

"... the Stromberg-Carlson PR-500 performs in a manner comparable to that of the most expensive turntables and arms, yet sells for much less."

"The PR-500 is an excellent value at \$69.95."

Hirsh-Houck Laboratory—
High Fidelity Magazine, May '60

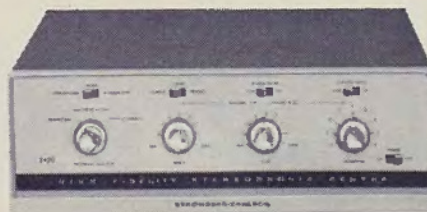
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ASR 660—an extremely clean, beautifully designed stereo amplifier • Continuous power: 36 watts (18 watts per channel) • Music power: (IHFM standard): 44 watts (22 watts per channel) • Total harmonic distortion: 0.6% at 18 watts per channel • Intermodulation distortion: 1% at rated output (4:1 ratio, 60 and 7,000 cps) • Frequency response: ± 0.5 db, 20-20,000 cps • Separate channel, clutch-type bass and treble controls • Scratch filter (18 db/oct); Rumble filter "Twin T" filter, null at 20 cps • Loudness contour switch; Balance control; Channel reverse switch; Program selector; Master gain control • DC on pre-amp heaters for low noise; A plus B center speaker terminals.

Suggested List Price: \$149.95



ASR 220C—an unusually versatile medium power stereo amplifier • Continuous power: 24 watts (12 watts per channel) • Music power (IHFM standard) 28 watts (14 watts per channel) • Total harmonic distortion: 0.7% at 12 watts per channel • Intermodulation distortion: 2% at rated output (4:1 ratio, 60 and 7,000 cps) • Frequency response: ± 0.5 db, 20-20,000 cps • Separate channel clutch-type bass and treble controls • Scratch filter (18 db/oct); Rumble filter "Twin T" filter, null at 20 cps • Magnetic phono pre-amp with new, low noise tubes • A plus B center-speaker terminals.

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"The tuner sells for **\$79.96.**"

Hirsh-Houck Laboratory—
High Fidelity Magazine, June '60

The ASR-880 Amplifier . . .

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"The distortion of the ASR-880 is very low at usual listening levels when correctly operated . . . it has a rare combination of very high gain and very low hum. The amplifier has a number of special features, such as center channel output and a very effective channel-balancing system, as well as the usual stereo control functions found in all good amplifiers."

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Hirsh-Houck Laboratory—
High Fidelity Magazine, Sept. '60



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DEAR PLAYBOY

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

CARL SANDBURG

My most grateful thanks to you and Carl Sandburg for your handsome October issue and the six new poems and the parable.

Mrs. Adda George
Honorary President
Carl Sandburg Association
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Mr. Sandburg has made a valuable addition to your magazine.

Congressman Fred Schwengel
1st District, Iowa
House of Representatives
Washington, D.C.

Here is authentic Sandburg — with his expansions on the commonplace, his sleepy vitality. There is a new beauty here, too. In the poem *If You Hate a Man*, there is large and exhilarating significance. The poem *Love Is a Deep and a Dark and a Lonely* touches the multi-rhythms of love.

Gwendolyn Brooks
Chicago, Illinois

Praise from Pulitzer Prize-winning poet Gwendolyn Brooks is praise indeed.

I think the manner in which you presented Carl Sandburg's new poems was most effective. Also, I think the notion of bringing Sandburg to your readers is an immensely sound idea. Sandburg has more fans than Presley.

David Brown
20th Century-Fox Film Corp.
Beverly Hills, California

You are indeed to be congratulated for your creative publishing.

Norman Corwin
Sherman Oaks, California

Both Carl and I held our fingers at that wonderful gal in your center spread as we read his poetry in the October PLAYBOY. And we remained enraptured all evening. Carl's poems are as good as ever. This is no surprise. But in all seriousness, I thought what a wonderful thing for you to have done. Not necessarily that you published Sandburg, but that you knew instinctively that pretty girls, nice as they may be, never support a magazine. In the long run, good poets are why people buy

magazines. The girls are a divertisement. I also thought of my friend Carl Sandburg who has covered the labor wars, written poems out of the agony of the Depression, given Lincoln to the American people — and now to have found publication among those delightful girls of yours. Ah, to be eighty-two-and-a-half years old and to be published in PLAYBOY. It should happen to me.

Harry Golden
The Carolina Israelite
Charlotte, North Carolina

CHEER LEADERS

Just what does your Anson Mount use for a crystal ball anyway? Last year I checked out his *Pigskin Preview* at the end of the season and couldn't believe that anyone could be that accurate in choosing the winners in a game as uncertain as football, as far in advance as he must have to work in order to meet the deadline of a monthly magazine. But I dismissed it, figuring he'd simply lucked out. Now I'm looking over this year's predictions and PLAYBOY is the one and only publication that saw the Minnesota powerhouse coming and pegged it as the season's long-shot winner. Incredible. And who else would have had the guts to put little old Iowa State in the Top Twenty at the beginning of the season? My hat's off to you, PLAYBOY, and to your pigskin prognosticator, Anson Mount. You seem to know as much about football as you do about the indoor sports, and you put the so-called sports magazines in the shade with your pre-season gridiron guesstimating.

Paul Simpson
Chicago, Illinois

Enjoyed *Playboy's Pigskin Preview*.
Ray Eliot, Assistant Director
Athletic Association
University of Illinois
Champaign, Illinois

I think your predictions are tremendous.

Stuart K. Holcomb
Director of Athletics
Northwestern University
Evanston, Illinois

It was refreshing to read an unbiased account of college football so intellec-

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tually written and so well presented.
Anthony J. Frank
Lebanon, Pennsylvania

Anson Mount did a fine job of covering football throughout the country.
Ivan B. Williamson, Director
Division of Intercollegiate Athletics
University of Wisconsin
Madison, Wisconsin

Bob Woodruff of the University of Florida was not treated disgracefully in any manner, nor subjected to humiliating abuse by the press. Woodruff was not fired because he couldn't win them all — no sir — it was because he was producing such uninteresting losers that the people of Florida, who pay good money to watch the Gators, decided they were not getting their money's worth. It's that simple. Woodruff was allowed to continue at the University in order to achieve his pension and received the finest of treatment around the state of Florida throughout his career in Gainesville.

Irv Rubin
Miami, Florida

Anson Mount's article displays a curiously juvenile attitude toward universities and intercollegiate sport. The "incredible reason" that the faculty is the "ultimate authority" on athletics should be obvious. A university is an institution of higher learning. Extracurricular activities, including football, are entirely secondary to that main purpose.

Raymond M. Hood, Jr.
Los Angeles, California

SOPHIA

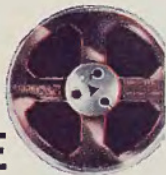
You've paid tribute in your pages to some of the most beautiful women in



the world, but none have been any more delightful and desirable than Sophia Loren in your August issue.

Paul Widick
St. Paul, Minnesota

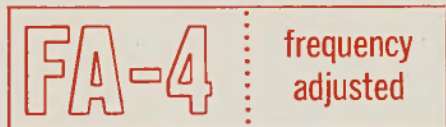
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PAINTING A PLAYMATE

For a magazine that is so superior in so many ways, you (or your staff) should have done better with September Playmate Ann Davis. Several of your PLAYBOY artists are almost as good at touching up the styles and techniques of other artists as is photographer Don Bronstein at touching up the monthly Playmate to a flawless, plaster-robot type of Greek sculpture. Some of the near-plagiarisms in the issue: Braque, Matisse, Modigliani and Seurat. What was wrong with Grandma Moses? Not ready for her yet?

Tom Dodd
Utica, Michigan

The Seurat-style painting by Richard Frooman is the most seductive, provocative and purely erotic portrait of a woman I have ever seen. Mr. Frooman has immortalized Ann Davis as Leonardo da Vinci did Madame de la Gioconda. My compliments to Mr. Frooman for his development of a great talent. My compliments to PLAYBOY for the choice of a great model.

Robert E. Clarke
North Hollywood, California

Man, how those artists butchered Ann Davis. Photographer Don Bronstein's portrait puts those guys in the shade.

Lex Kavanaugh
Santa Monica, California

Painting a Playmate is a fine representation of the outstanding art and design that have always been incorporated in the contents of your magazine.

Donald S. Mackie
Houston, Texas

No male enjoys the beauties and undraped charms of a female more than I do, but your taste and appeal slipped to a new low when you printed the photographs of the nude Miss September draped around your PLAYBOY artists. This gal must be sexually sick to pose for these photos regardless of the money involved. And you, the staff of the magazine, must have been very, very sick, too.

Daniel F. Abeel
Hyattsville, Maryland

Never felt better, thank you.

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Donald R. Williamson
Cleveland, Ohio

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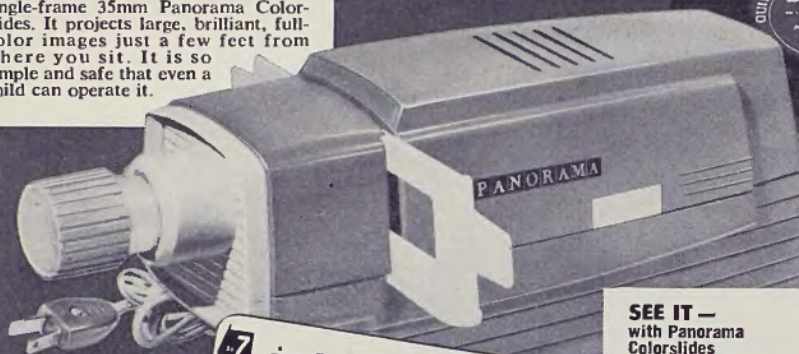
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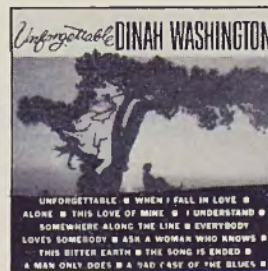
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well be proud of. Of course, the editorial material comes up to what I would expect from Robert L. Green. He is a man of authority and conviction who has the gift of graphic diction that excites one's interest in all that he writes.

L. C. Pfeifle
President and General Manager
American Institute of Men's and
Boys' Wear, Inc.
New York, New York

A most handsome presentation of the new styles, fully up to the level of the whole magazine in terms of appearance, art work and general sophistication. I want to add that I was particularly relieved to find a lack of preciousness, which is rarely the case with other men's fashion presentations. There's a good mixture of price levels and straight information for the consumer — also relatively rare in this business.

Joseph Scheines, Editor
Apparel Manufacturer
New York, New York

DISCORD IN ¾ TIME

Tristram C. Colket III, M.D., who writes *Dear Playboy* from Vienna, the "bad Disneyland," misses his picture window, bridge game, gin bottle, ready-made breads, subway rush, gum on his shoes, ma's own cooking, and the illusion of the gay, glamorous life at home, does he? Not for this Philistine, the Breughels, the Staatsoper, the intimate coffeeshouses, the Mozart Masses, the white wine, the subtle (and nicely decadent) elegance. As one who lived, worked and studied in Vienna, I must protest.

G. Randall Jelinek
Steger, Illinois

Dante's Inferno must be a nifty spot compared with our poor old Vienna as Tristram C. Colket III, M.D., describes it. But, at least to some Americans, we manage to give the impression of being human and friendly.

Ingrid Wehrhan
Vienna, Austria

DISCONTENTED

For the sake of my sanity, and, I am sure, that of many other devoted readers, would you please put the table of contents on the same page each and every month.

Kenneth D. White
Seattle, Washington

Starting September 1960, PLAYBOY has been running its table of contents on the page following "Playbill," which is the first editorial page in the magazine. We've done this to help our readers find it as quickly and easily as possible.



PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



As our contribution to the holiday festivities now in full swing, we pass along the following — a somewhat edited version of a memorandum that a New York exec with a talent for straight-faced spoofery circulated at his office. We have, for discretion's sake, changed the names.

TO: ALL FEMALE OFFICE PERSONNEL

FROM: PAUL ARNOLD

SUBJECT: 1960 OFFICE PARTY

The office party, as most of you know, is set for next Friday, at noon. Girls who were present at previous office parties have been, I realize, looking forward to seeing me on that occasion. Due to the unprecedented demand for my services this year, and the limitations imposed on me by nature and time, I must set forth the following rules and regulations for conduct at the office party.

1. ALL GIRLS WISHING TO PECK ME ON THE CHEEK, or pinch my cheek and say, "Isn't he a doll!" will line up at the twentieth-floor water cooler. If time allows, I will appear there late in the party to accommodate them.

2. GIRLS WITH NO PREVIOUS SEX EXPERIENCE, OR TRAUMA, will please report Thursday night at 7:30 P.M. to my assistant, Mr. Henry Fisher, who will give you pre-party instruction, a chalk-talk and a specially prepared pamphlet from the National Safety Council.

3. DOROTHY EGAN WILL REPORT DIRECTLY TO ME IMMEDIATELY ON RECEIPT OF THIS MEMO. What I have in mind is the same thing as last year, but I'd like to get started a little earlier.

4. A LITTLE RACK WITH NUMBERED TAGS WILL BE PLACED ON THE CORNER OF MY

DESK. (I'm sure you've all seen this system work in the bakery.) Girls — please take your number, then line up in quiet and orderly fashion. To insure fair treatment, memorize your number and, when called, be ready to specify exactly what you want.

5. Any girl found trying to cut in out of turn, or clawing at the other girls, will be disqualified and will not be accommodated until the end of 1961.

6. Girls — remember the Golden Rule. Do unto me only what you would let me do unto you. Take only what you need! Waste not, want not!

7. ALL GIRLS WILL TAKE WHATEVER SPECIAL PRECAUTIONS ARE INDICATED. DON'T DEPEND ON ME!

8. MARRIED GIRLS WHOSE HUSBANDS DO NOT UNDERSTAND THEM. To all those in this classification, a brief note — it would be best if you could keep in mind how messy emotional entanglements can become. What I mean is: I'll give you the usual few words of sympathy about your husband; we'll drink our little toast; we'll have our moments of pleasure; and then — *let's break it off clean*. Back to the office Monday morning as though nothing had happened. No wistful looks, no tears, no regrets. We're grown people, all of you and I. *Let's remember that*.

9. TO THE NEW GIRLS WHO HAVE JOINED THE ORGANIZATION SINCE THE LAST PARTY: I must beg you to control yourselves as best you can. Try to maintain your dignity if it is at all possible. And, in years to come, when you tell your friends about it (and I know you will) please be sure to give me the good press I deserve.

10. Special attention will be paid at this affair to those who have done their

part during the regular year.

11. Girls who bring up the subject of office politics at critical moments in the procedure will be tabled indefinitely.

12. Lips that touch Sheldon Corwin's shall never touch mine!

13. Girls who are essentially "rejects," "seconds" or "irregulars" will report to my assistant, Mr. Henry Fisher, who is in charge of sub-standard merchandise.

P.S. TO ALL MEN IN THE OFFICE: Once I have completed a given girl, as you know, I have no objection to your taking up with her, if that makes the holidays a little happier for you. For your convenience, I will label each girl as completed. Thank you, and may the devil take the hindmost.

•
Sign tacked on a passing truck: HALF TON. WILL TRAVEL.

•
Headline from the Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, *Patriot*: WOMEN BOAST OF "BIG ONES." It referred, of course, to catching fish.

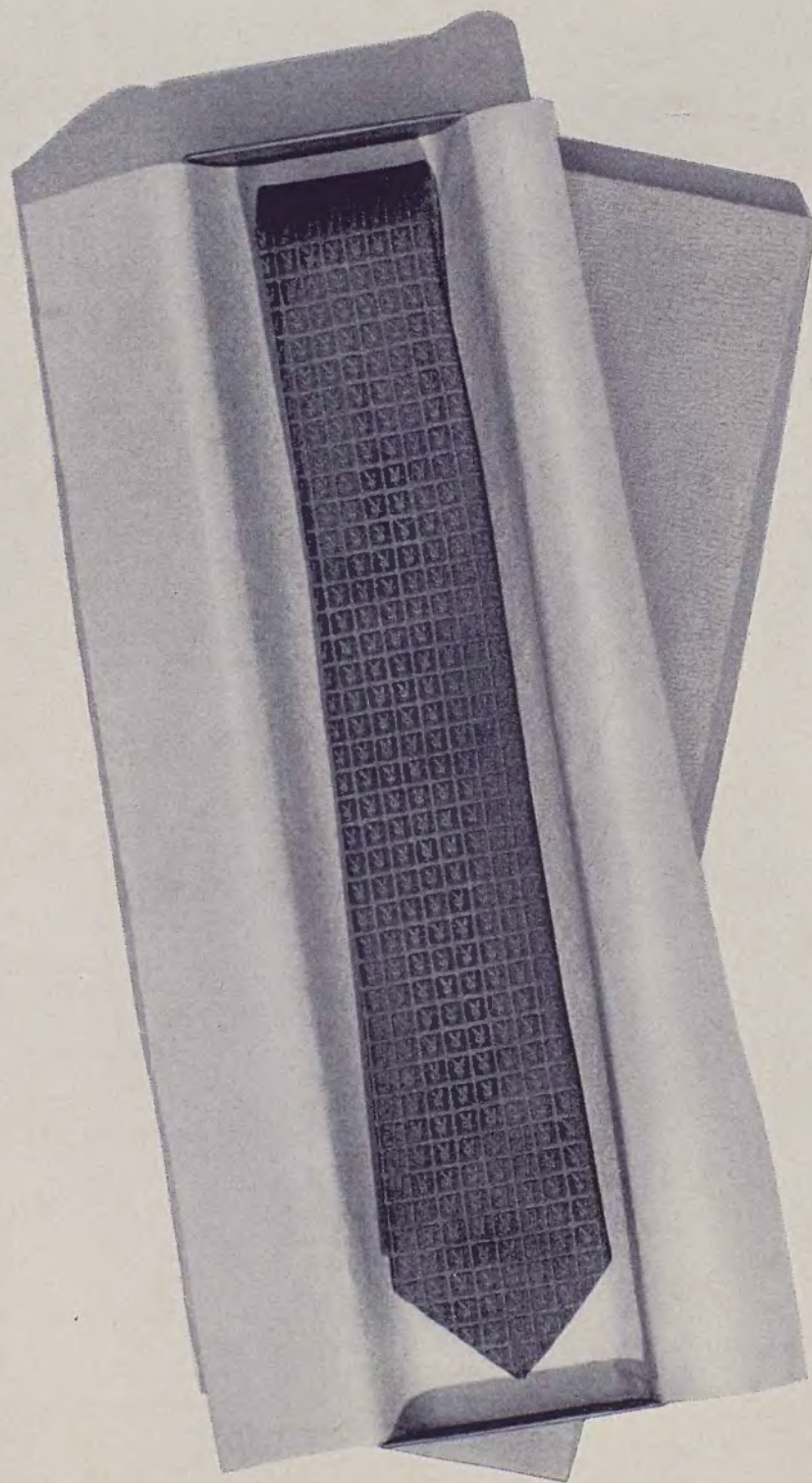
•
Who remembers: The Century of Progress? . . . Tom Mix and Tony? . . . *Liberty Magazine* (reading time: twelve minutes)? . . . *When the Lights Go On Again All Over the World*? . . . Penny paraffin bottles full of flavored water? . . . Simone Simon? . . . Card games like *Touring, Authors, Rock*? . . . The Lane sisters? . . . *Stop the Music*? . . . "Mr. Coffee Nerves"? . . . "No stoop, no squat, no squint"? . . . Hubba, hubba? . . . *Garroway-at-Large*? . . . Candy cherries on top of ice cream cones? . . . "Taint funny, McGee?"

•
Chicago twin movie bill: DESIRE IN THE DUST AND PLEASE TURN OVER.

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BOOKS

If it's a last-minute gift you're searching for, here are four big books, every one of which is guaranteed to evoke grins of glee. *Vanity Fair* (Viking, \$10) is not the leaden Thackeray novel, but an outsize album of gleanings from the slick pre-*New Yorker* magazine that flourished between 1914 and 1936. The contributors include Benchley, Huxley, Cummings, Eliot, Woollcott, Millay, Molnar, Maugham, Sandburg, Wodehouse, Dorothy Rothschild before she became Dorothy Parker, and so on. The book's most precious ore, however, is its plentiful photography—youthful portraits of famous faces now dead or blighted by age (Yeats looking exactly like Audie Murphy in pince-nez). The writing, seen through the wrong end of time's terrible telescope, is sometimes disconcerting—for instance, Tom Wolfe's line, "Yuh hoid what I said, didn't yuh?" the man named Bull said in a heavy menacing tone." On the other hand, the photo captions often provoke sweet sighs of reminiscence or of rue—boyish Robert M. Hutchins being mentioned as "presidential timber" or "Enrico Caruso—a young man who has lately been attracting a good deal of attention as a singer." Cleveland Amory and Frederic Bradlee (nephew of Frank Crowninshield, the magazine's renowned editor) have done the culling and have done it well. In *Rome for Ourselves* (McGraw-Hill, \$15), novelist Aubrey Menen takes us along on his urbane excursions into the myths of the city where he makes his home. He has 151 breath-taking plates to help him and you couldn't ask for a more sophisticated, more knowledgeable, or lovelier tribute to the Eternal City. In 1959, a striking exhibition of photographs at New York's Museum of Modern Art, entitled *The Artist in His Studio*, sparked excitement in limited circles. Now, Alexander Lieberman's probing pictures of modern masters at home and at work have been combined with a sampling of splendid reproductions and his own sensitive essays to make a distinguished and enlightening art volume. *The Artist in His Studio* (Viking, \$17.50) begins with Cézanne and pays beautiful homage to thirty-nine of the greatest painters, architects and sculptors of the fabulous School of Paris. It took ten years to complete—and fully justifies the time and effort. James Beard's *Treasury of Outdoor Cooking* (Golden Press, \$12.50) is a 282-page trove of recipes involving grilling, skewering, pit roasting and the like. (Nor does Beard neglect outdoor drinking.) The lavish color illustrations alone are enough to awaken the most sated taste buds.



Seated, l. to r.: Bennett Cerf, Faith Baldwin, Bergen Evans, Bruce Catton, Mignon G. Eberhart, John Caples, J. D. Ratcliff
 Standing: Mark Wiseman, Max Shulman, Rudolf Flesch, Red Smith, Rod Serling

Photo by Philippe Halsman

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These famous authors have applied to the teaching of writing—for the first time—a principle which has proved itself time

and again: "If you want success for yourself, learn from successful people."

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220. Best-selling modern-jazz album from TV series. Composed, conducted by Henry Mancini.



219. Varied vocal program by country-pop star. *Till the End of the World, Someday, A Fool Such As I*, 9 others.



215. Long-awaited new Pops recordings of the *Rhapsody*, plus *American in Paris*. Earl Wild, piano. Spectacular new sound!



214. Best-selling album by the new vocal sensation! *The Lady Is a Tramp, Someday, I'll Get By, Thou Swell*, etc.



1. Singing strings, soothing moods. *Autumn Leaves, Star Dust, By the Sleepy Lagoon, While We're Young, Estrellita*.



210. 12 Yankeeland standards go cha cha! *Paper Doll, Manhattan, If You Knew Susie, Ciri-birbin, Isle of Capri*, etc.



204. *Hawaii in hi fi!* 12 authentically played all-time Hawaiian hits: *Sweet Leilani, The Hawaiian Wedding Song*, etc.



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16. Key highlights from Tchaikovsky's enchanting masterpiece for ballet (and the whole family). *Waltz of the Flowers*, etc.



235. Mellow violins, candlelight moods. *Music Maestro Please, Autumn Leaves, Dark Eyes, Two Guitars*, Regular L.P. only.



239. Britain's top marching band. *76 Trombones, March of the Siamese Children, Get Me to the Church on Time*, 9 more.



216. Hank sings *Any Old Time, Moonlight and Skies, Blue Yodel #10, Roll Along Kentucky Moon, The One Rose*, etc.

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243. Tenor sings hits from Romberg operetta: *Drink, Drink, Drink; Serenade; Deep in My Heart, Dear*; more.



202. Soundtrack recording from late tenor's last film. *Come Prima, Vesti la giubba, O sole mio, Schubert's Ave Maria*.



127. The most brilliant guitar virtuoso extant! Authentic gypsy rhythms in blazing high fidelity. Regular L.P. only.



37. Pianist's trio plays *Summertime, The Man I Love, All of You, Cherry, Pennies from Heaven, I Cover the Waterfront*.



245. The Sing-Along Spectacular! 33 all-time top tunes, song sheets for home harmonizers. *Heart of My Heart*, etc.



244. His 12 zaniest hits. *Cocktails for Two, Chloe, My Old Flame, Glow Worm, Laura*, etc. Regular L.P. only.



148. Sinatra, Stafford, Pied Pipers. *Marie, Song of India, I'll Never Smile Again, Opus No. 1*, etc. Regular L.P. only.



249. Their 12 top hits. *Sentimental Me; Rag Mop; Naughty Lady of Shady Lane; You, You, You; Regular L.P. only.*



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3. Blues types, rhythm backing. *Hallelujah I Love Her So, One for My Baby, Fare Thee Well, God Bless the Child.*



247. Sound extravaganza. *Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing, Laura, Around the World, Song from "Moulin Rouge."*



4. Original soundtrack recording from Rodgers and Hammerstein film hit. 15 hardy perennials. M. Gaynor, R. Brazzi.



221. Their 12 all-time hits, freshly recut in hi fi and stereo! *Twilight Time, Don't Take Your Love From Me, etc.*



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248. Top vocal trio, 12 mellow tunes. *The Old Lamplighter, Red Sails in the Sunset, True Love, Cool Water.*



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58. Flowing, many-mooded guitar plus rich, warm strings. *Estrellita, The Three Bells, Green-sleeves, 12 in all.*



100. Two super-stars, 12 Gershwin treasures in fresh, modern manner. *Summertime, It Ain't Necessarily So.*



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103. "Muted-jazz" trumpeter and quartet—in hi fi. *It's All Right with Me, All of You, etc. Regular L.P. only.*



227. 13 Hawaiian and Polynesian hits recorded in Hawaii. Includes full-color photos of Hawaii, text by Mr. Michener.



237. Carle goes ragtime! *Who's Sorry Now, Alexander's Ragtime Band, Nobody's Sweetheart, etc. Regular L.P. only.*

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DEVIL MAY CARE
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FOOLS RUSH IN
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GLEN ISLAND SPECIAL
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THE HOP
I CAN'T GET STARTED
I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO CHANGE MY PLAN
IDA
IMAGINATION
INTRODUCTION TO A WALTZ
IT MUST BE JELLY
JAPANESE SANDMAN
JUST A LITTLE BIT SOUTH
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KING PORTER STOMP
LADY BE GOOD

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LITTLE BROWN JUG
LOVE WITH A CAPITAL "YOU"
MAKE BELIEVE
MELANCHOLY BABY
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MISTER MEADOWLARK
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MOON OVER MIAMI
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MY DEVOTION
NAUGHTY SWEETIE BLUES
OH SO GOOD
ON A LITTLE STREET IN SINGAPORE
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RHAPSODY IN BLUE
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SWEET ELOISE
THERE'LL BE SOME CHANGES MADE
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Esra Pound (Macmillan, \$6.95), by Charles Norman, follows the erratic career of America's most controversial man of letters through a turbulent half-century. Out of this scrupulously wrought biography emerge the poetic brilliance, the personal force, the professional generosity that made such an impact on Joyce, Yeats, Eliot, Cummings and Hemingway, Robert Frost, William Carlos Williams, Amy Lowell and, through them and lesser-known writers, on the shape of American and English literature in the Twentieth Century. But with Pound's extraordinary gifts came the virulent anti-Semitism, the mystical economics and the perverted politics that caused him to leave America and broadcast for the Fascists during the war. Mr. Norman fulfills the biographer's job admirably. An appreciative critic but no apologist, more concerned with analyzing the poet's achievements than speculating about his psyche, he provides a fascinating insight into the paradox of Pound's genius.

Good Bye, Ava (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$3.95), if not Richard Bissell's best novel, is by no means his worst—and that's not bad. Here is all of Bissell's patented riverboat humor and down-home sexiness, his sudden verbal slapstick and quiet but surprising turns of plot. Like Evelyn Waugh, Bissell has mastered the chancy knack of introducing a grim incident into the fun without destroying the book's basic tone or violating taste (in *Ava*, a sympathetic character dies a violent death three quarters of the way through). The story's prime movers are its river-rat narrator, his river-rat crony, the crony's pneumatic, guitar-strumming, disarmingly direct, often half-nude wife, and a rich s.o.b. named Rip. Plot elements include Rip's carnal designs on the wife and his use of local influence to win his point. Notwithstanding a so-so crack about this journal ("I don't know why *PLAYBOY* magazine reminds me at all of Rip, really, except that he liked Fun. Or 'fun and games' as *PLAYBOY* would put it, heh, heh"), we recommend *Good Bye, Ava* as deftly wrought holiday reading. Or fun and games, heh, heh. No, we won't explain the title. You want us to do *all* the work?

FILMS

With *General della Rovere*, Roberto Rossellini makes an impressive bid for re-admission to the circle of the world's leading film directors. In the spate of *neo-realismo* that came from Italy after World War II, Rossellini's *Open City* and *Paisan* were outstanding. Rossellini

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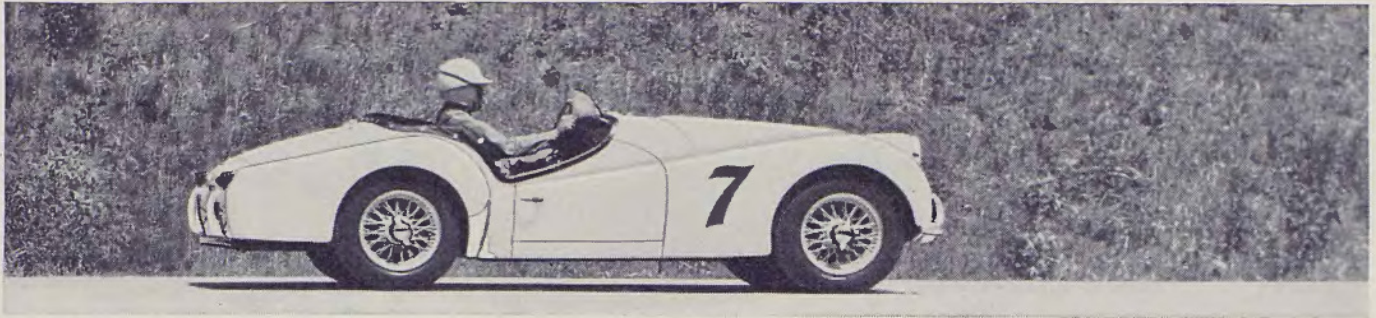
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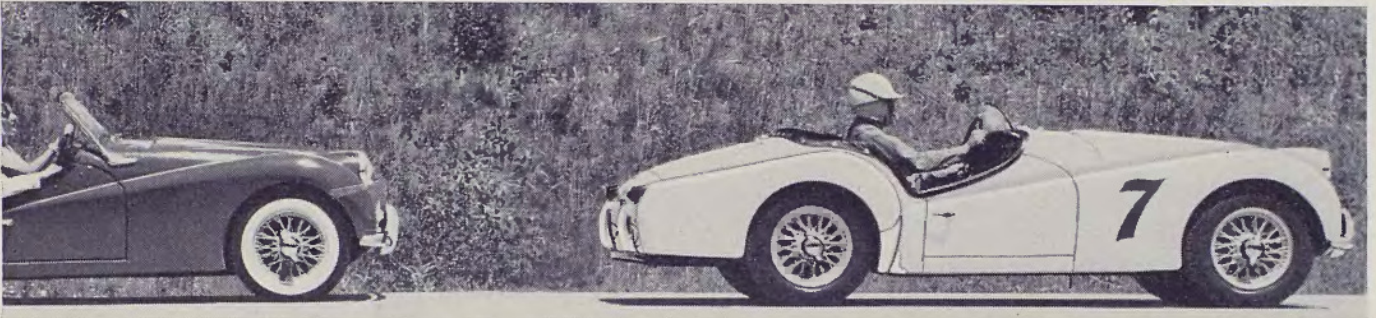
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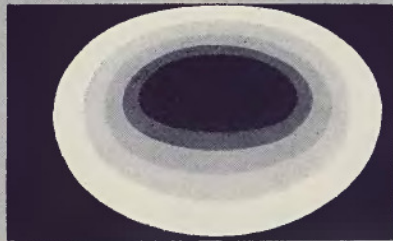
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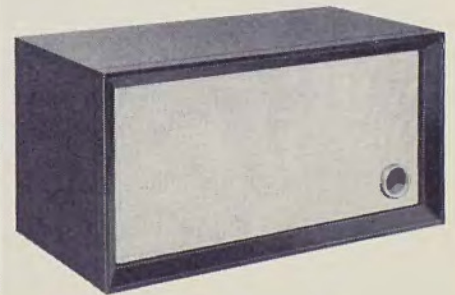
made these films with the urgency of a man putting hot hands on your shoulders and forcing you to look at the texture of tortured yet hopeful life. But then came fifteen years of inactivity or of pictures better left unmade. Now, with the superb Vittorio de Sica as his star, Rossellini gives us a serious film in which he returns to the war and Genoa under the German occupation. De Sica is a con man and pimp, arrested and brought to a German colonel who is amused by his Falstaffian capacity to lie himself out of tight corners. In return for eventual freedom in Switzerland, De Sica agrees to pose as a captured partisan general and is put into prison so that he can smoke out a partisan leader. The tragic events he witnesses in prison, for some of which he is himself responsible, give the scoundrel a sense of the rottenness of his life. If the film is not as moving as it ought to be, it is because it takes much too long to get to its drama, which begins with the masquerade. Even so, Rossellini has done a remarkable job of creating with gray light and select detail the sense of a withering era.

The World of Suzie Wong has at last, one hopes, reached its final incarnation. Evidently there are those who will never tire of the Legend of the Wholesome Whore. *Suzie* will get your heart-throbs if you can take seriously the story of the painter (here an American) who goes to Hong Kong for a year and falls in love with his model, in spite of the fact that she is a "yum yum" girl and has an illegitimate child. Like so many American films made abroad these days, this one is at its best as painless travelog. Hong Kong jumps to teeming life behind William Holden (the painter) and newcomer Nancy Kwan (*Suzie*). The color photography is subtle and first-rate, and Richard Quine keeps his camera alert and probing. But it cannot jab genuine life into a film whose level of reality is that of a "daring" rental-library novel. At the same time that it attempts to be sophisticatedly broad-minded, it is as fascinated by the very *idea* of a prostitute as any sixteen-year-old.

In case anybody still hasn't heard, *Butterfield 8*, John O'Hara's 1935 tale of a chippie with plenty of trouble, has been updated about thirty years, uplifted (BU-8 is now the New York telephone exchange of a model agency) and made into a movie. Elizabeth Taylor, looking plump, squeezes quite a bit of emoting from the role of a girl who finds, after a happy career of sleeping around, that true love is fraught with misunderstanding. Laurence Harvey is his customarily mannered self as the married man whom Liz helps regain his self-respect only to have him accuse her

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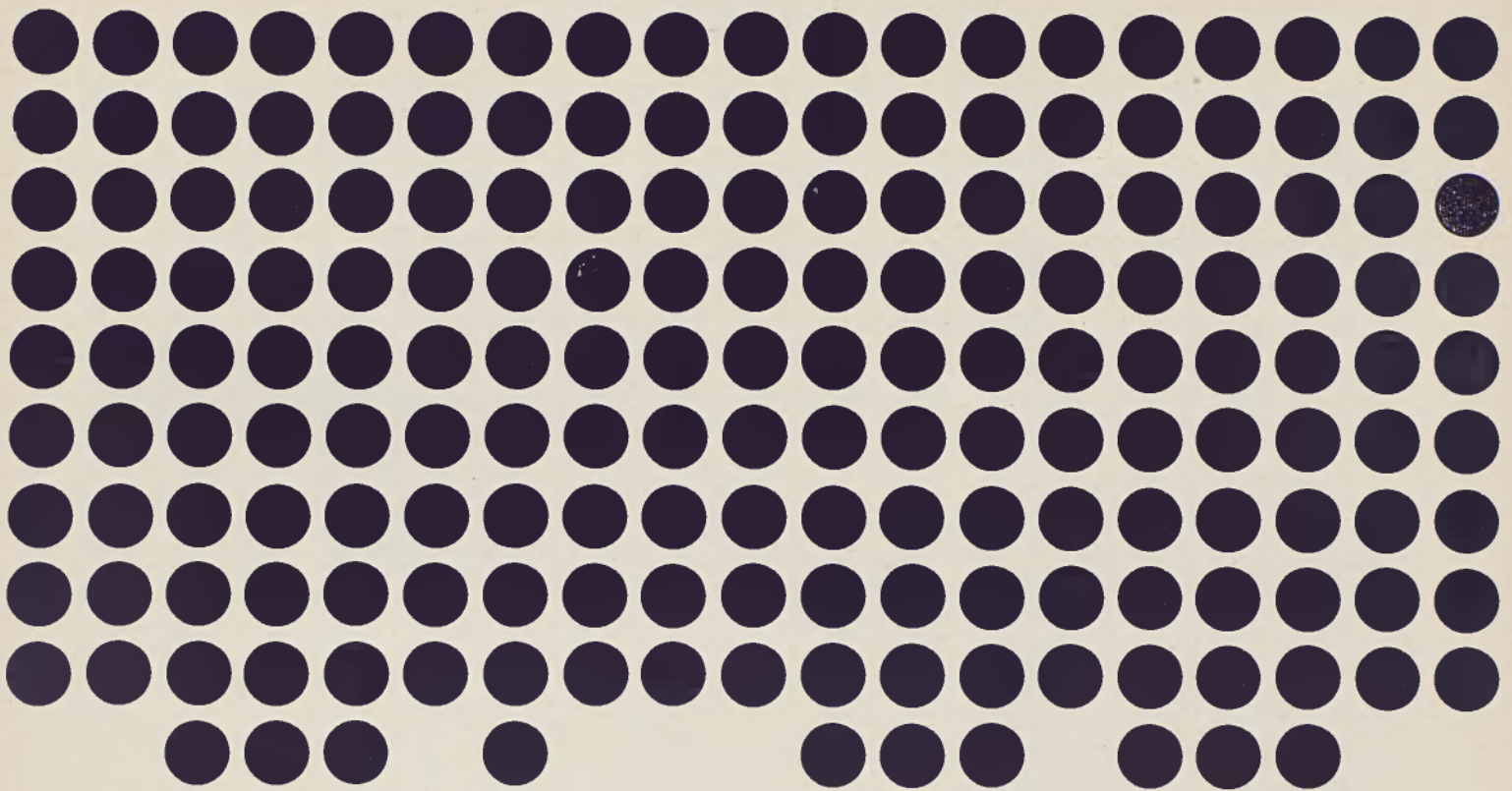
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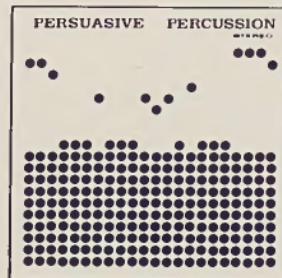
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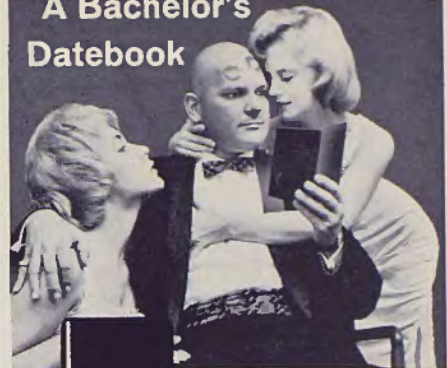
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of stealing his wife's fur coat. The stars are not abetted by dialog like: "Please forgive me for the words I uttered last night" and "This is the most important telephone call of my life." Bright moments in this dreary almanac of dubious relationships are supplied by Mildred Dunnock as Liz' self-deceiving mother, Betty Field as her sarcastic friend, Kay Medford as a freewheeling motel madam and a talented newcomer named Susan Oliver. Susan plays the girlfriend of Eddie Fisher, who is present but barely participating.

RECORDINGS

The Button-Down Mind Strikes Back! (Warner Bros.), a second helping of Bob Newhart's own special cup of hemlock, is a rollicking reminder of just how funny this guy is. **PLAYBOY** took cognizance of Newhart's explosive arrival on the comic scene in last July's *Acts and Entertainments*. Since that time, Bob has taken blasts at nightclub work (drunks get on his nerves) and discovered many more foibles and follies of Homo sapiens. His observations are, if anything, more pointedly perceptive, his throwaways more casually caustic than ever. Bob describes a fly-by-night flight to Hawaii on the Mrs. Grace C. Ferguson Airline (And Storm Door Co.): you check in at her home and weigh your luggage upstairs in the john. When you climb on board the DC-1, the captain greets you and explains that the line can offer low fares by eliminating frills and extras, such as maintenance, radar and technical instruments, and apologizes for the passengers' having to stand all the way, but points out the overhead hand straps (for first-class fares only). The captain continues, "In case we have an emergency landing, you will receive plenty of warning; the co-pilot becomes hysterical . . . By the way, have any of you been to Hawaii before? It's sort of liver-shaped, isn't it? Would you mind pointing it out when we get there?" An instructor at a bus drivers' school sets up typical situations for the student drivers. An old lady is running for the bus: "You pulled out much too fast, Johnson. She gave up a half-a-block away. Ease out. Fine. Did you all notice how he slammed the door in her face?" A woman with packages starts heading for the back of the bus: "Hit the accelerator, brake, accelerator, brake. Notice how she spun up to the front of the bus?" For homework there's a drill on mispronouncing the names of streets. Newhart's Ledge Psychology routine should create the biggest stir of all. A cop in sports jacket climbs out on a ledge to dissuade a jumper. Idea is to act com-

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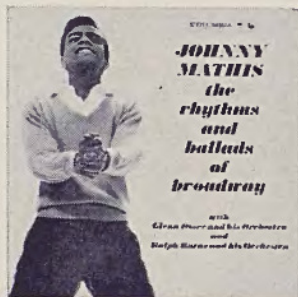
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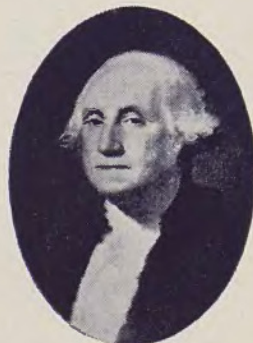
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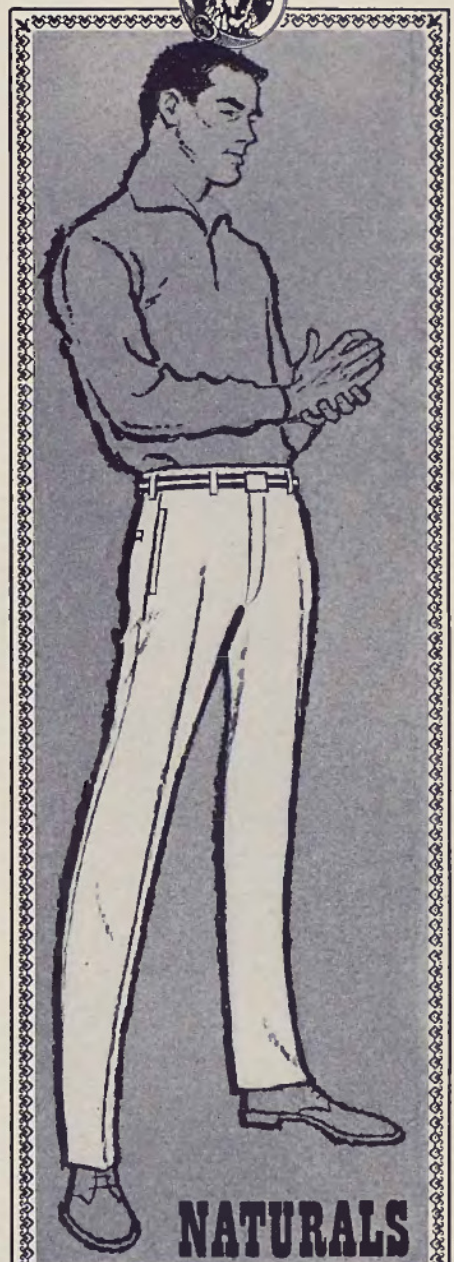
STEREO & MONAURAL DISCS

pletely indifferent. "Oh, Hi! Thinking about jumping? First time? Me? I'm on my way to work. You in advertising? Just a lucky guess. Which way'd you come out? There are two ad men on the southeast corner. Didn't get their names. One had the Edsel account. You're drawing a fine crowd for a weekday... Chickening out? You do have a certain responsibility to those people. OK, I'll go in first and then you follow me. Oh by — Now where'd he go?" Bob's dry, soft-sell delivery gives the material an aura of utter reality and extracts maximum mileage from its matter-of-fact insanities.

Good jazz need not depend, of course, on big-name jazzmen. The point is proved again in *Blue Jubilee* (Jazzland) which features a moderately obscure Cleveland tenor man, Joe Alexander, a Flügelhorn and trumpet man, John Hunt, who, till now, has been content to hold down a chair in the Ray Charles band, pianist Bobby Timmons, the only one in the group to have achieved a modicum of fame, and several members of the rhythm section who have yet to make their mark. And yet together they have created a relaxed, swinging LP. No one cuts any pioneering swathes, but the pressureless atmosphere extant throughout the recording session has produced the kind of casual jazz one so often wishes for but so seldom encounters. Hunt's Flügelhorn is particularly pleasing and splendidly *sotto voce* on a euphonic pair, *Brown's Town* and *Weird Beard*. We also applaud Timmons for his solo on *I'll Close My Eyes*. The latter tune, unhappily, reveals leadman Alexander's Achilles' heel, a disconcertingly tremulous vibrato, brought sharply into focus by the slow beat. But don't let a few unfortunate moments keep you from becoming better acquainted with what is otherwise a generous helping of gentle jazz.

Songs I Love to Sing (Mercury), made up of the type of ballad Brook Benton has handled time and time again, is his best effort to date. Admittedly, it's taking the path of least resistance to supply a singer with songs that present no problems, but after catching Brook's at-ease noodling on such swingers as *They Can't Take That Away from Me* and *I Didn't Know Enough About You*, we're all for the end's justifying the means. (Clyde Otis' backgrounds, incidentally, play no small part in the pleasant proceedings.) A further example of this profitable preoccupation with the status quo, Dean Martin's *This Time I'm Swingin'* (Capitol), offers no new worlds for Mr. Casual to conquer. With Nelson Riddle as his aide-de-camp, Martin ambles amiably, if not particularly energetically, through a dozen evergreens which he wears as com-

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fortably as an old fedora. *Imagination* and *Mean to Me* are typical examples of the genre. Unimaginative programming? Sure. Enjoyable listening? Sure. On the other hand, we have the Hi-Lo's, a decidedly superior vocal ensemble, attempting to explore, in *All Over the Place* (Columbia), some seldom-traveled avenues. The project is commendable; the results are near disastrous. A number of the tunes are unworthy of the effort. One in particular, *April in Fairbanks*, has lyrics which, to give them the benefit of the doubt, are supposed to be humorous. ("There is nothing more appealing; You feel your blood congealing.") For some inexplicable reason, the Hi-Lo's sing them deadpan and, unfortunately, their ennui is infectious.

Andres Segovia, now in his second half-century as a concert guitarist, provides a pair of peerless performances on *Segovia* (Decca). Supported by the Symphony of the Air, conducted by Enrique Jorda, he plaintively plucks his way through Manuel Ponce's *Concierto del Sur* and Joaquin Rodrigo's *Fantasia para un gentilhombre*—works penned especially for him. The folk music of Mexico and Spain, blended with the formal, noble grace inherent in the approach of both composers, offer Segovia the challenge his art demands. We hardly have to note that he meets such challenge with bravura. Another guitarist, Laurindo Almeida, presents a different, comparably compelling program—*Conversations with the Guitar* (Capitol). On each of ten compositions, Almeida engages in a dialog with mezzo-soprano Salli Terri, flutist Martin Ruderman, clarinetist Mitchell Lurie or viola virtuoso Sanford Schonbach. In addition to encompassing Spanish folk material, the conversations include explorations of works by Villa-Lobos, Debussy, Frescobaldi and Almeida. Throughout, Almeida is in top form, and his guests are forcefully fluent.

Dick Sherman and Milt Larsen, who have written all the songs in *Smash Flops* (PIP) and its psychotic sequel *Sing a Song of Sickness* (PIP), may lead perfectly ordinary private lives, but we doubt it. It took a certain wonderfully nutty outlook to dream up numbers such as *Congratulations, Tom Dewey*; *We're Depending on You, General Custer*; *When the Hindenburg Lands Today* and *Bon Voyage, Titanic*, all part of *Smash Flops'* collection of somewhat post-mature hosannas. Just so no one would think they've gone soft, the boys have followed this up with their sick suite which contains among others, these morale-building items: *Watch World War III on Pay TV*; *Guillotine Days*; *It's Fun to Be Hazed*, and *Leave the Slums Alone!* *Smash Flops* is sung by The Characters,

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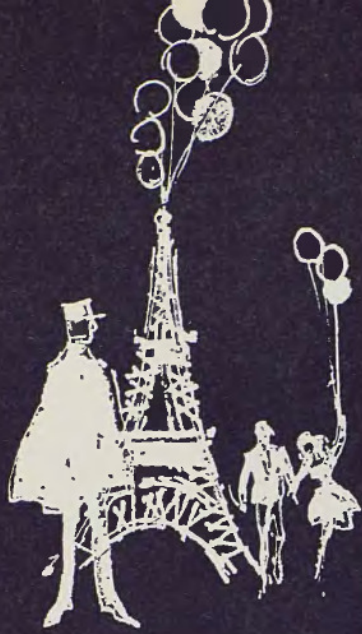
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an appropriately cornball vocal group who make it all seem like good clean fun. *Sickness* goes one zany step further by combining the talents of The Crown City Four, a barbershop quartet, with such adroit jazz instrumentalists as Sammy Weiss, Red Callender and Pete Gandoli. The highest praise we can offer iconoclasts Sherman and Larsen is to accord them, as accolade, this quote from the immortally immoral W. C. Fields: "Any man who hates dogs and babies can't be all bad."

THEATRE

Tenderloin is a big brash musical hit for no very good reason except size and Cecil Beaton's sets and costumes. Ordinarily, you would expect something a little niftier from the live-wire minds behind *Fiorello!* — producers Robert E. Griffith and Harold S. Prince, director-writer George Abbott, collaborator Jerome Weidman. But with the exception of Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick, who have produced a charming score, all of them miss by a mile. The plot, based on the late Samuel Hopkins Adams' total recall about the time when New York below Forty-second Street was a hell hole of harlotry, is both simpering and silly. The crusading Dr. Parkhurst, here disguised as one Dr. Brock of a Madison Avenue church, attacks the whores and the pimps and the dishonest cops and politicians of his parish, and gets framed for his trouble. The book, bluntly, is a bore. As Dr. Brock, Maurice Evans plays leapfrog in a bathing suit, sings a bit, struts like a music-hall minstrel. Surprising antics from a Shakespearean-Shavian thesp, but not immensely interesting. A particular source of annoyance here is that the costumes do no service to the pretty, talented girls involved. Cecil Beaton may be kidding or he may have decided that loose women are ludicrous. Anyway, he's against them, and they look it. At the 46th Street Theatre, 226 West 46th Street, NYC.

English history, dramatized by France's Jean Anouilh and translated by Lucienne Hill, makes for welcome theatre at a time when Broadway needs a reminder that musical comedy and the kitchen-sink school of drama do not exhaust the possibilities of the stage. *Becket*, part pageant, part chronicle, tells of the relationship between two men of heroic stature in Twelfth Century England. In *Murder in the Cathedral*, T. S. Eliot treated, in high poetry, the death of Thomas Becket, the Archbishop of Canterbury, at the hands of Henry II's henchmen. Anouilh, recalling in modern terms and with a minimum of poetry the relationship between the cal-



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low king and his subtle primate, is more successful at evoking their roistering days together than in illuminating Becket's change of heart and allegiance after he has been made a lord of the Church. When he abandons his king and one-time friend to defend the Church against a usurping state, the conflict is at once political and terribly personal. Fortunately, director Peter Glenville, who is involved up to here with Oliver Smith's overwhelming sets and vistas of barbaric barons nudging papier-mâché horses, has two fine players to cut to the heart of the matter. Laurence Olivier, supple and unpredictable as a wastrel courtier, resolute and articulate as a suddenly dedicated prelate, gives the fine performance one would expect of him. Anthony Quinn, sounding a little as he always has in past roughneck roles, rises above type-casting to make the Plantagenet king a lout with justifiable illusions of grandeur. The conflict between these two strong men may be trumped-up history, but it is triumphant theatre. At the St. James, 246 West 44th Street, NYC.

Although the improvisations of Miss Elaine May and Mr. Mike Nichols have been seen, heard and celebrated on TV, LPs and in the transcontinental bistros, their first Broadway appearance, *An Evening with Mike Nichols and Elaine May*, is something special. You will recognize parts of it—but no matter. They can tackle any subject that comes to mind and lay it low with a mind of their own: an idiot starlet interviewed by a vacuous radio reporter, or a pair of teenagers trying to manipulate their lighted cigarettes while they neck. In dialog, they satirize literary styles of various popular authors in ten seconds. Françoise Sagan, for instance: Nichols—“This thing with you has been the dirtiest, cheapest, most base thing in my life.” May—“Don't say another word. You'll spoil it.” Then Elaine takes over as the fuddiest of the duddiest of PTA chairwomen, introducing a Capote-like compote of a playwright named Alabama Glass, who tells about his new play that may not be done next season. It stars Katharine Cornell, Louis Armstrong and a basketball team with which the heroine has an affair after having taken to drink, prostitution and puttin' on airs. Her husband has committed suicide because he was unjustly accused of not bein' a homosexual. At one point during the evening, the audience gets a chance to offer the first and last lines of a playlet and the style in which it must be played—Method, Kabuki, Shakespearean—ad lib ad absurdum. Get Nichols and May on a good night and you have the best show in town. At the John Golden, 252 West 45th, NYC.



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PLAYBOY ON



TELEVISION

THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I met an attractive young thing at a party and, then and there, requested the pleasure of her company for an evening on the town the following week. She accepted. Seven days later, when I arrived at her apartment at the appointed hour, I discovered her arm in arm with another guy, ready to depart for that night out she'd promised me. When I mumbled my dissatisfaction, she announced that I should have confirmed our date by phone a day or two before the chosen night. Was she kidding? — J. L., Memphis, Tennessee.

Contemporary womanhood requires coddling. While we're not certain that women merit the vote, we do admit that it's often wise, in a tactical sense, to comply with at least some of the principles of protocol the lovely creatures establish. The creature you selected obviously insists on confirmation, as the airlines do. So if you want to fly united, confirm your date after you've made the basic appointment. Actually, we suggest you avoid making dates more than a week in advance; it's better to maintain a flexible schedule for those luscious late entries. But if you do book well in advance, do confirm.

What's the difference between brandy and cognac? — W. T., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

All cognac is brandy, but not all brandy is cognac. Brandy is the generic term. To be labeled cognac, a brandy must be distilled from only those grapes grown in the Cognac district, the Charentais, of France (the region around the city of Cognac, on the Charente).

My best buddy got nailed by his beloved and is about to embark on a matrimonial career. He understands the responsibilities of the bride's family, but what bills does the groom's family foot? — L. L., Los Angeles, California.

The groom and/or his clan provide the funds for: the bride's engagement and wedding rings, the marriage license, the bride's bouquet and corsage, corsages for both mothers and grandmothers, and the clergyman's fee. The groom dips into the bank account, too, for ties, gloves, boutonnières and hotel expenses for his best man and ushers. He rewards his attendants with personal gifts, usually jewelry, and presents his bride with a gift, too. The groom tosses the bachelor dinner a few days before the wedding (but not the party the night before the wedding — that's the best man's job). And he keeps enough aside to cover all wedding trip expenses. After that he doesn't have to worry about who pays what — he foots all the bills.

What's the consensus on suspenders? I like to wear them but I have a rough time buying suits equipped to take them, and every time I remove my jacket in the office, the boys give me the "old man" routine. Are braces out of place in our streamlined society? — D. N., Cleveland, Ohio.

If you're properly unworried about not moving with the masses, stick to your guns and galluses. For formal wear, of course, suspenders are the sine qua non, and with the vested suit in a dramatic resurgence, more and more of the scoffers will discover just how right braces are with tripartite attire.

The crowd I go with is making plans for a ski weekend, and I'm hung up. I am strictly an indoor man and don't know the first thing about slaloms and herringbones. Should I chicken out, or try to bluff my way through? — R. B. G., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

You really don't have to do either. Let's face it; you just can't fake skiing. And we don't advise phonying an accident, either. Your cohorts won't believe it. Even if they do, the only thing you'll get out of it is a solo stint in the ski lodge. First thing to do is to determine just how proficient your crowd is. If there are a number of novices to keep you company on the beginners' slope, then there's no need to bluff; going to school with a flock of snow bunnies can be fun. If they're at the intermediate level or better, your wisest move might be to defer accepting any invitations until you've gone to ski school on your own and feel you can make a respectable showing. Of course, if you're a man completely given to urban pursuits, why fight your natural instincts? Indoor amusements have a non-seasonal attraction that avoids both frostbite and sunstroke.

A very special young lady and I have been seeing each other for quite a spell now, and we've spent some delightful hours together at my apartment. Recently, though, she asked me if I'd mind if she brought over some of her own lounging attire, since my stuff is much too large for her. I don't want her gear hanging in my closet when she's not here, for obvious reasons. How can I say no — gently? — B. D., Cadillac, Michigan.

Surprise her with a gift — a man's robe and slippers in the smallest available size — and assure her that they're for her and her alone. Most women get a kick out of wearing men's duds, and these items don't stand out when hanging in your closet. And, of course, they can be

used for any other emergency situation you might run into.

Recently I received a meerschaum pipe as a gift. I have been advised that handling such a pipe with the bare hand is taboo. The suggestions I have so far recommend the use of a piece of chamois or leather gloves. If either of these is used, what changes will occur in the color of the pipe? — H. P., Bowling Green, Ohio.

It seems downright silly to go through the whole ritual of wearing gloves or holding your meerschaum with a chamois while you're breaking it in; it's a lot less involved to (a) have your tobacconist get you a fitted chamois sleeve for the pipe, although this comes dangerously close to one of our pet peeves — plastic rain covers for hats and canvas covers for leather luggage, (b) have it pre-smoked (quality tobacconists such as Dunhill have this service available), (c) simply hold the pipe by the bit until it is broken in. The meerschaum should turn ivory, then tan, and finally dark brown. "Playing the Piper," in the September 1959 issue of PLAYBOY, covered the subject at some length.

I'm tired of seeing my favorite television shows vanish because of so-called "poor ratings." How are these ratings determined? And who are the meatballs who claim to have a finger on the public pulse? — I. B., New Orleans, Louisiana.

The leading rating-taking organizations include the American Research Bureau, A. C. Nielsen, Pulse, Trendex and Videodex. Each surveys a number of homes, using the following methods: the diary — a standard form on which viewers indicate their TV habits; the personal interview — by phone or in the home; and mechanical systems — attaching to each TV set a device which records on film, or relays by wire to a central office, the household's viewing preferences. For those loyal TV bugs who are never confronted by the rating services, the best indication of preference — and one of the most effective in keeping first-rate shows on the air — is a letter to sponsor and/or station. If you haven't written one lately, don't blame the rating systems for axing your favorite fare.

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



SARDONICUS

a novelette By RAY RUSSELL

listen, said the master of the castle, and you will learn how monstrous a man can become

IN THE LATE SUMMER OF THE YEAR 18—, a gratifying series of professional successes had brought me to a state of such fatigue that I had begun seriously to contemplate a long rest on the Continent. I had not enjoyed a proper holiday in nearly three years, for, in addition to my regular practise, I had been deeply involved in a program of research, and so rewarding had been my progress in this special work (it concerned the ligaments and muscles, and could, it was my hope, be beneficially applied to certain varieties of paralysis) that I was loth to leave the city for more than a week at a time. Being unmarried, I lacked a solicitous wife who might have expressed concern over my health; thus it was that I had overworked myself to a point that a holiday had become absolutely essential to my well-being; hence, the letter which was put in my hand one morning near the end of that summer was most welcome.

When it was first presented to me by my valet, at breakfast, I turned it over and over, feeling the weight of its fine paper which was almost of the heaviness and stiffness of parchment; pondering the large seal of scarlet wax upon which was imprinted a device of such complexity that it was difficult to decipher; examining finally the hand in which the address had been written: *Sir Robert Cargrave, Harley Street, London*. It was a feminine hand, that much was certain, and there was a curious touch of familiarity to its delicacy as well as to its clearness (this last an admirable quality far too uncommon in the handwriting of ladies). The fresh clarity of that hand — and where had I seen it before? — bespoke a directness that seemed contrary to the well-nigh unfathomable ornamentation of the seal, which, upon closer and more concentrated perusal, I at length concluded to be no more than a single “S,” but an “S” whose writhing curls seemed almost to grin presumptuously at one, an “S” which seemed to be constructed of little else than these grins, an “S” of such vulgar pretension that I admit to having felt vexed for an instant, and then, in the next instant, foolish at my own vexation — for surely, I admonished myself, there are things a deal more vexing than a seal which you have encountered without distemper?

Smiling at my foible, I continued to weigh the letter in my hand, searching my mind for a friend or acquaintance whose name began with “S.” There was old Shipley of the College of Surgeons; there was Lord Henry Stanton, my waggish and witty friend; and that was the extent of it. Was it Harry? He was seldom in one place for very long and was a faithful and gifted letter-writer. Yet Harry’s bold hand was far from effeminate, and, moreover, he would not use such a seal — unless it were as a lark, as an antic jest between friends. My valet had told me, when he put the letter in my hand, that it had come not by the post but by special messenger, and although this intelligence had not struck me as remarkable at the time, it now fed my curiosity and I broke that vexing seal and unfolded the stiff, crackling paper.

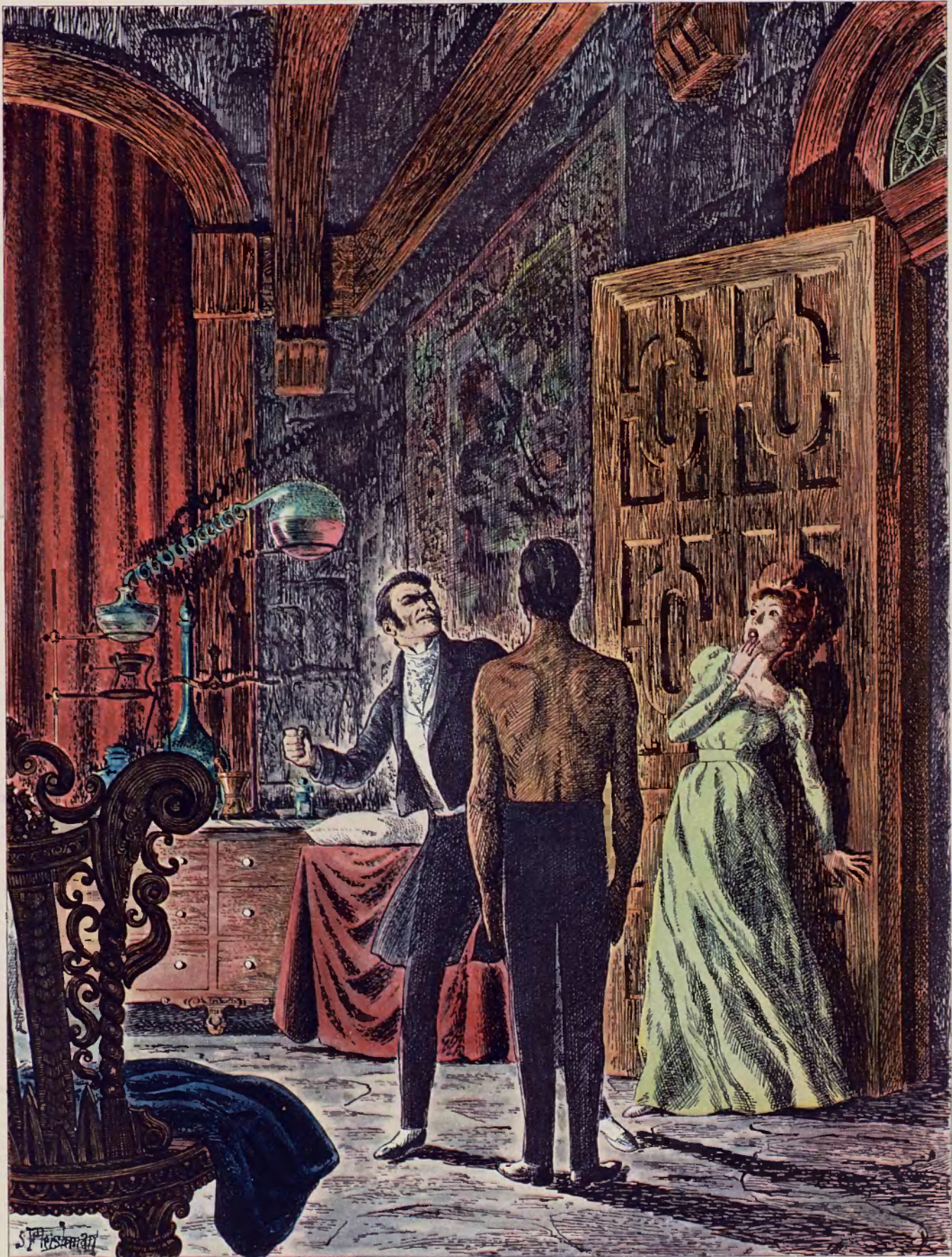
The message within was written in that same clear, faintly familiar hand. My eye first travelled to the end to find the signature, but that signature — *Madam S.* — told me nothing, for I knew of no Madam S. among my circle.

I read the letter. It is before me now as I set down this account, and I shall copy it out verbatim:

“My dear Sir Robert,

“It has been close to seven years since last we met — indeed, at that time you were not yet Sir Robert at all, but plain Robert Cargrave (although some talk of imminent knighthood was in the air), and so I wonder if you will remember Maude Randall?”

Remember Maude Randall! Dear Maude of the bell-like voice, of (continued on page 38)



“Accept this token of my censure and detestation!” I said.





SARDONICUS (continued from page 34)

the chestnut hair and large brown eyes, of a temperament of such sweetness and vivacity that the young men of London had eyes for no one else. She was of good family, but during a stay in Paris there had been something about injudicious speculation by her father that had diminished the family fortunes to such an extent that the wretched man had taken his own life and the Randalls had vanished from London society altogether. Maude, or so I had heard, had married a foreign gentleman and had remained in Europe. It had been sad news, for no young man of London had ever had more dotting eyes for Maude than had I, and it had pleased my fancy to think that my feelings were, at least in part, reciprocated. Remember Maude Randall? Yes, yes, I almost said aloud. And now, seven years later, she was "Madam S.," writing in that same hand I had seen countless times on invitations. I continued to read:

"I often think of you, for — although it may not be seemly to say it — the company of few gentlemen used to please me so much as yours, and the London soirees given by my dear mother, at which you were present, are among my most cherished recollections now. But there! Frankness was always my failing, as Mother used to remind me. She, dear kind lady, survived less than a year after my poor father died, but I suppose you know this.

"I am quite well, and we live in great comfort here, although we receive but rarely and are content with our own company most of the time. Mr. S. is a gracious gentleman, but of quiet and retiring disposition, and throngs of people, parties, balls, &c., are retrograde to his temperament; thus it is a special joy to me that he has expressly asked me to invite you here to the castle for a fortnight — or, if I may give you his exact words: 'For a fortnight at least, but howsoever long as it please Sir Robert to stay among such drab folk as he will think us.' (You see, I told you he was gracious!)"

I must have frowned while reading, for the words of Mr. S. were not so much gracious, I thought, as egregious, and as vulgar as his absurd seal. Still, I held these feelings in check, for I knew that my emotions towards this man were not a little coloured by jealousy. He, after all, had wooed and won Maude Randall, a young lady of discernment and fine sensibilities: could she have been capable of wedding an obsequious boor? I thought it not likely. And a castle! Such romantic grandeur! ". . . Invite you here to the castle . . ." she had written, but where was "here"? The letter's cover, since it had not come by the post, offered no clue; therefore I read on:

"It was, indeed, only yesterday, in the course of conversation, that I was recalling my old life in London, and mentioned your name. Mr. S., I thought, was, of a sudden, interested. 'Robert Cargrave?' he said. 'There is a well-known physician of that name, but I do not imagine it is the same gentleman.' I laughed and told him it *was* the same gentleman, and that I had known you before you had become so illustrious. 'Did you know him well?' Mr. S. then asked me, and you will think me silly, but I must tell you that for a moment I assumed him to be jealous! Such was not the case, however, as further conversation proved. I told him you had been a friend of my family's and a frequent guest at our house. 'This is a most happy coincidence,' he said. 'I have long desired to meet Sir Robert Cargrave, and your past friendship with him furnishes you with an excellent opportunity to invite him here for a holiday.'

"And so, Sir Robert, I am complying with his request — and at the same time obeying the dictates of my own inclination — by most cordially inviting you to visit us for as long as you choose. I entreat you to come, for we see so few people here and it would be a great pleasure to talk with someone from the old days and to hear the latest London gossip. Suffer me, then, to receive a letter from you at once. Mr. S. does not trust the post, hence I have sent this by a servant of ours who was to be in London on special business; please relay your answer by way of him —"

I rang for my man. "Is the messenger who delivered this letter waiting for a reply?" I asked.

"He is sitting in the vestibule, Sir Robert," he said.

"You should have told me."

"Yes, sir."

"At any rate, send him in now. I wish to see him."

My man left, and it took me but a minute to dash off a quick note of acceptance. It was ready for the messenger when he was ushered into the room. I addressed him: "You are in the employ of Madam —" I realized for the first time that I did not know her husband's name.

The servant — a taciturn fellow with Slavic features — spoke in a thick accent: "I am in the employ of Mr. Sardonicus, sir."

Sardonicus! A name as flamboyant as the seal, I thought to myself. "Then deliver this note, if you please, to Madam Sardonicus, immediately you return."

He bowed slightly and took the note from my hand. "I shall deliver it to my master straightway, sir," he said.

His manner nettled me. I corrected him. "To your mistress," I said coldly.

"Madam Sardonicus will receive your message, sir," he said.

I dismissed him, and only then did it strike me that I had not the faintest idea where the castle of Mr. Sardonicus was located. I referred once again to Maude's letter:

". . . Please relay your answer by way of him and pray make it affirmative, for I do hope to make your stay in _____ a pleasant one."

I consulted an atlas. The locality she mentioned, I discovered, was a district in a remote and mountainous region of Bohemia.

Filled with anticipation, I finished my breakfast with renewed appetite, and that very afternoon began to make arrangements for my journey.

I am not — as my friend Harry Stanton is — fond of travel for its own sake. Harry has often chided me on this account, calling me a dry-as-dust academician and "an incorrigible Londoner" — which I suppose I am. For, in point of fact, few things are more tiresome to me than ships and trains and carriages: and although I have found deep enjoyment and spiritual profit in foreign cities, having arrived, the tedium of travel itself has often made me think twice before starting out on a long voyage.

Still, in less than a month after I had answered Maude's invitation, I found myself in her adopted homeland. Sojourning from London to Paris, thence to Berlin, finally to Bohemia, I was met at _____ by a coachman who spoke imperfect English but who managed, in his solemn fashion, to make known to me that he was a member of the staff at Castle Sardonicus. He placed at my disposal a coach drawn by two horses, and, after taking my bags, proceeded to drive me on the last leg of my journey.

Alone in the coach, I shivered, for the air was brisk and I was very tired. The road was full of ruts and stones, and the trip was far from smooth. Neither did I derive much pleasure by bending my glance to the view afforded by the windows, for the night was dark, and the country was, at any rate, wild and raw, not made for serene contemplation. The only sounds were the clatter of hooves and wheels, the creak of the coach, and the harsh, unmusical cries of unseen birds.

"We receive but rarely," Maude had written, and now I told myself — Little wonder! in this ragged and, one might say, uninhabitable place, far from the graces of civilized society, who indeed is there to *be* received, or, for the matter of that, to receive one? I sighed, for the desolate landscape and the thought of what might prove a holiday devoid of refreshing incident, had combined to cloak my already wearied spirit

(continued on page 50)

THE BEAUTIES OF THE BUBBLY



a new year's toast to champagne

drink By THOMAS MARIO

ONE WOULD NOT DRINK GIN out of a lady's slipper or christen a ship with a bottle of Scotch.

Such occasions, and indeed all occasions when high gaiety and celebration set the tone, require a special drink; a true nectar with pedigree, swank and swagger; a brilliant drink; a bravura drink; a drink that is what the cadenza is in music, what white tie is in dress, what the diamond is among stones. Clearly indicated is something more than just a drink, something that is also a symbol. And if ever a single symbol immediately and unmistakably meant luxurious living, that symbol is the scintillant wine known variously as nosetickler, gigglewater, fizz, the bubbly, and sometimes even as champagne.

Gladstone always drank a quart of it with his dinner. It flows freely through every volume of Galsworthy's *Forsyte Saga*. Wine expert Alexis Lichine calls it the "most famous wine of all" and Alec Waugh considers it "delightful, fascinating" and "in many ways the greatest of all wines." "So fresh, so wholesome, so gay to look at, so rejuvenating [Waugh goes on]; exquisite in color and flavor, with such a sharp sting upon the palate; how it warms the blood and lightens the spirit. How quickly a party gets going under its influence. It is nearly as effective as a dry martini and how much pleasanter to taste; how much more beneficent in its effects." The Restoration playwright Farquhar, in his *Constant Couple*, wrote "Malice ne'er spoke in generous Champaign." During the same epoch, Matthew Prior versified thus: "By nerves about our palates placed,/ She likewise judges of the taste,/ Else (dismal thought) our warlike men/ Might drink thick Port for fine Champagne." Thomas Walker, back in 1835, said "its exhilarating quality serves to start the guests, after which they seldom flag." Lord Chesterfield's favorite toast is said to have been: "Give me Champaign and fill it to the brim,/ I'll toast in bumpers every lovely limb!" Etherege sang the praises of its restorative powers: "It quickly recovers/ Poor languishing lovers." The last line of Martin Armstrong's poem, *Fine Champagne*, is particularly felicitous: "The Essence of the Essence of the Grape." It is the drink Anthony Eden sips, to the accompaniment of little biscuits, during his midday "coffee" break. It was the only fluid Beau Brummel would condescend to use as a cleaner for his boots. Movie queens have rinsed their golden tresses with it, courtesans have bathed their sleek pelts in it, Good King Wenceslaus (of Christmas carol fame) neglected to sign a treaty because of one chalice too much of it; Hilaire Belloc equated it with Privilege, Christopher Isherwood likened it to Religion, and as for Robert Smith Surtees — "Champagne," he hiccupped, "certainly gives one werry gentlemanly ideas."

It certainly does. And yet, for all that, it is a beverage that is well on its way to becoming a popular favorite, for excellent champagne is now within the reach of the happy many instead of the happy few. In champagne-tasting sessions held this past summer, PLAYBOY discovered that a champagne need not necessarily be vintage or even imported to be superlatively good drinking. But vintage champagnes are still the most deeply satisfying, if only psychologically, and it's not a bad idea at all to pamper yourself and your friends once in a while — especially during this festive season — and enjoy the elegance and the expansive feeling that goes hand in hand with classic French champagne, its lore, its romance, its patina of connotations, its unparalleled flavor, tingle and *chatoyance*. For this reason, let's get the whole occult subject of vintages out of the way right now, in one short, simple paragraph:

Great age does *not* mean great champagne. After about ten years, the bubbly will lose its zest in the bottle, so look askance at a 1950 vintage or earlier. The great vintage year now available is 1953. 1952 is also excellent and is obtainable, but not quite as obtainable as '53. 1959 — not yet available, of course — promises to be the vintage of the century, champagne-wise, so keep an eye peeled for it. A happy combination of favorables in France during that year (little rain, no hail and a continuous hot sun) are the reasons. When in doubt, take the advice of your liquor dealer on the subject of vintages; if you doubt his know-how, remember this home truth: although great age doesn't mean great gigglewater, great price usually does. In the case of imports, certainly, you pay for what you get in champagne, and the more it costs, the better it usually (continued on page 98)



the noblest roe of them all

food By LUDWIG BEMELMANS

IN PARIS, THERE WAS A GREAT GOURMET who had Cartier construct a little gold ball which he wore on the other end of his watch chain. He would go to one of the good restaurants, have his plate heaped with caviar, and then drop the golden sphere from a foot above the plate. If it passed through the caviar without effort, he pronounced it first rate. If the ball got stuck in its passage and did not reach the bottom of the plate, he sent the plate and the black stuff back to the kitchen.

I have never been quite this fussy when eating caviar, though I do not blame the gentleman for performing the ritual. Caviar has always been within my reach, since I was born into the hotel trade and raised therein. It was available in various grades in all the cold-food departments of the many establishments for which I worked.

The best caviar I ever found was in the old Ritz in New York, and to avail myself of some, I and several busboys in the Banquet Department invented a system of thievery which worked very well for a while. The *garde manger*, as the man in charge of caviar and other delicatessen is called, carefully weighed the cans of caviar, before and after each banquet. We overcame this problem by burying in the bottom of the can some object — usually a silver peppermill — which equaled in weight a large coffee cup of the stuff. The caviar was later enjoyed, in a corner of the magnificent Ritz ballroom, under a darkened crystal chandelier against priceless tapestry, and with some millionaire's leftover wine. Like all stolen things, it tasted wonderful. Those were the best caviar days I can remember.

Caviar is to dining what a sable coat is to a girl in evening dress. In those days of *mâitres d'hôtel* who were properly trained and knew their business, it was a compulsory item on the menu of any consequence. There was no escape. A birthday, a christening, New Year's, Christmas, a marriage, an engagement, a dinner of state — every occasion demanded it.

Even today, it is not just snobbism that demands caviar, but, like the rites that go with High Mass, the solemn preparations of crepes suzette, the flaming swords with lamb skewered on them, the serving of caviar makes for drama: the wheeling in of wagons, the blocks of ice in the shapes of swans, bears, turtles. (I have seen caviar served buried in the midriffs of reclining ice nudes bedded in ferns and roses.) All is silent except the gypsies' violins and the popping of champagne corks.

The people who sit at adjoining tables suddenly also must have caviar. The *mâitre d'hôtel* pushes back his cuffs and, with the smallest spoon in the establishment, carefully digs out a pigeon's-egg-sized portion and places it on your plate, at \$7.50.

As a young man, I had a cozy picture about caviar production. In my mind's eye, I saw the broad mouth of a river, which I comfortably called The Malossol; in it a lot of big Russkies, with beards like in *Boris Godounov*, were singing boat songs and wading and carefully lifting immense sturgeons out of the water while relieving them gently of their eggs

with a soft, sluicy swish and then putting them back again, like milked cows let out to pasture. This tableau was in the style and colors of Chagall, and quite pleasant. I ate my caviar in relaxed, uncomplicated gourmand fashion.

I got straightened out after reading a journal devoted to the facts of life — a sturgeon's life, that is. After the sturgeon are caught, they are clubbed and their bellies slit open to remove the ovarian sac that contains the roe. The ovaries are then gently forced through a sieve of fine threads on a wooden frame to separate the eggs from the sac. The eggs are then processed with varying degrees of salt. The salting is done under directions of a *nastavnic*, a master taster. There aren't many of these masters around today, and caviar buyers swear that they can tell who prepared the roe just by rolling a sample of the eggs around on their tongues.

This rolling the eggs around the tongue is comparable to the wine-tasting legend, according to which a lover of a certain vintage can tell which barrel the wine

(continued on page 100)



fiction BY KEN PURDY

CONVERSATION PIECE

*confession may be good for the soul,
but it can play merry hell with chivalry*

FOR AS LONG AS IT TOOK the phone to ring three times he considered not answering it. His mother hadn't called for a couple of days and he didn't feel like going through *that* again. But in the end he decided that it wasn't his mother calling and he picked it up.

"Hello," he said.

"Jay," she said. "Hi."

"Hello, pet," he said. "How are you, Barbara-girl?"

"I'm all right," she said.

"Where are you?"

"Home."

"Is Tommy there? I haven't talked to him in a long time."

"Yes, he's here," Barbara said. "He's in the library. Look, I have to tell you something."

"OK. Do you want to have lunch?"

"No, I have to tell you right now."

"Sure you should?" Jay said.

"It's all right," Barbara said. "He's busy. The architect is with him."

"You're out of your mind, girl, I've told you that."

She ignored it.

"I'd love to give you lunch," he said.

"Can't do it," she said. As she spoke it seemed to him that the line current fell, although he didn't hear an extension receiver come up. But he was sure about the power drop. He remembered lines in Washington in McCarthy's time, with so many taps draining current that the legitimate users had to shout to be heard. He knew the effect when he heard it.

"Somebody at the door here, Barbara," he said briskly. "Call me back in five minutes."

"Wait a minute," she said. "I told Tommy about us."

He felt his face flush, and his heart quit for a split second and then went on in a thumping little grace note but that was all. It is nice, he thought to himself, to be bright, and to plan for every eventuality. I'm sorry, girl, he said to himself. He waited another beat.

"You told him *what* about us, Barbara?" he said slowly, softly, working at it.

"Everything," she said. "I'm sorry, Jay, but I had to."

"I really don't get it," he said. "What
(continued on page 118)

The ODDBALL by JULES FEIFFER

Franchot had one philosophy in life "IN A LAND AS RICH AND WONDERFUL AS OURS



ANYONE CAN BE WHATEVER HE WANTS TO BE" And what was it that Franchot wanted to be?



He wanted to be exactly like everyone else. "IT MAY BE HARD BUT IM WILLING TO PRACTICE" he said.

And so he went into training. He went to the movies everyone else went to.



He went to the plays everyone else went to.



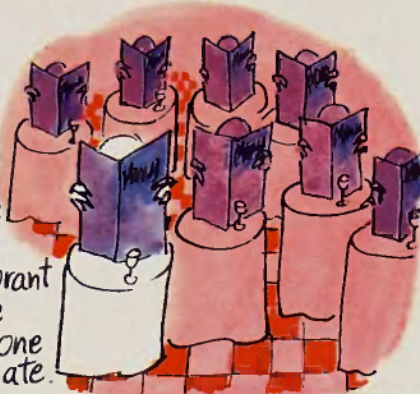
He read the same books everyone else read.



He bought the same suits everyone else bought.



And ate at the same restaurant where everyone else ate.



And through the years a strange thing happened to Franchot. He began



At a cocktail party of his ivy league friends he looked like this:



At a beer party of his old neighborhood friends he looked like this:



At a muscatel party of his bohemian friends he looked like this:



His ivy league friends told him jokes about his old neighborhood friends.



His old neighborhood friends showed him satiric impersonations of his bohemian friends.



His bohemian friends whispered startling revelations about his ivy league friends.



He was liked by them all because he was like them all. Of Franchot it can truly be said that here was an integrated personality.

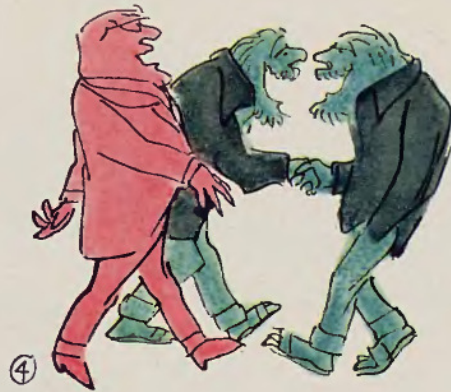


Then one day the trouble began.



He was innocently walking along with one of his ivy league friends -

when suddenly - coming right at them - was one of his bohemian friends.



Something inside of Franchot snapped. His whole, carefully assembled existence seemed to be splitting apart. He walked the city streets till dawn. And then, troubled and at odds with himself, he went home to sleep.



The next morning he awoke with a strange feeling. In a panic he ran to the mirror



and made his horrible discovery -

He was all mixed up!

No matter how hard Franchot tried he couldn't straighten himself out. He looked like **this** to his ivy league friends who began saying of him: "FRANCHOT IS NAHT A TEAM PLAYER."



FRANCHOT IS NAHT A TEAM PLAYER.

He looked like **this** to his old neighborhood friends -



who said of him: "FRANCHOT IS A FINK."

He looked like **this** to his bohemian friends -



who said of him: "FRANCHOT IS NOWHERE" and they quit introducing him to modern dancers.

But Franchot didn't want to be nowhere. He just couldn't help himself.

He started liking movies nobody else liked.



And reading newspapers nobody else read.



And having opinions nobody else had



Finally in desperation Franchot went to a psychiatrist.

"ONCE I ACTED LIKE EVERYONE ELSE" he said.

"IS THAT SO" said the psychiatrist.



"ONCE I THOUGHT LIKE EVERYONE ELSE" he said.

"IS THAT SO" said the psychiatrist.



"ONCE I LOOKED LIKE EVERYONE ELSE" he said.

"IS THAT SO." said the psychiatrist writing so furiously that he broke the point of his crayon.



"AND NOW LOOK AT ME" said Franchot

The psychiatrist looked



"OURS IS A GROUP IDENTITY PROBLEM" said the psychiatrist. "OH" said Franchot.



"YOU TRY TO IDENTIFY WITH TOO MANY GROUPS. FIND THE GROUP, THE ONE GROUP TO WHICH YOU ARE BEST SUITED AND STICK TO THAT GROUP. ACCEPT ITS MORES - ACCEPT ITS FOLKWAYS - ACCEPT ITS ATTITUDES. IN A WORD" concluded the psychiatrist - "ACCEPT"

Then he led Franchot down a long hall to a door marked:



"MY OWN INNOVATION" said the psychiatrist. "A LABORATORY CONTROLLED GROUP WHO ARE PREPARING THEMSELVES FOR SOCIETY." And he opened the door -

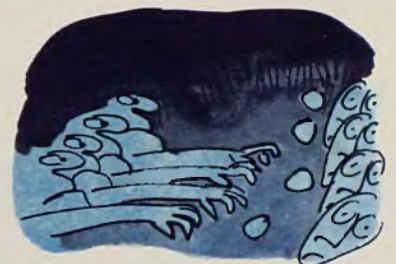
onto a large room full of people.



Some of the people were yelling at some of the other people.

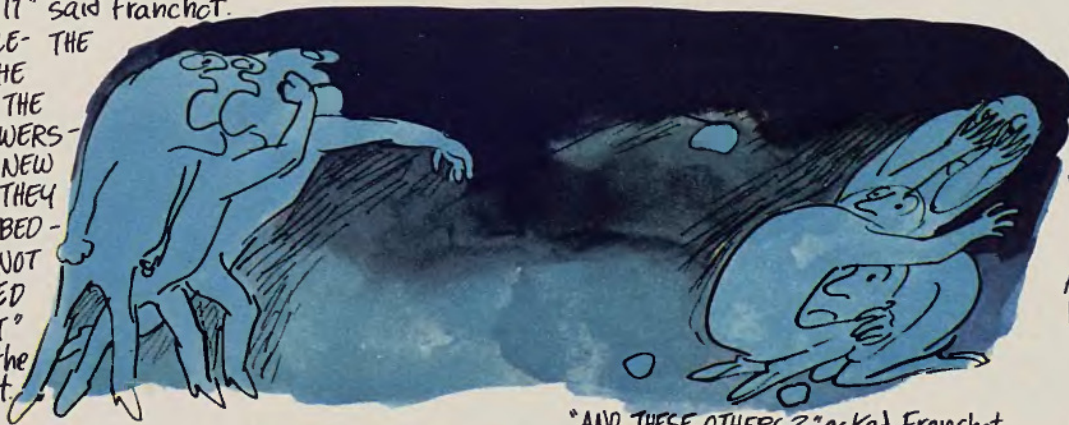


Some of the people were punching some of the other people.



Some of the people were throwing stones at some of the other people.

"I DON'T GET IT" said Franchot. "THOSE PEOPLE - THE YELLERS - THE PUNCHERS - THE STONE THROWERS - THEY ARE NEW PATIENTS - THEY ARE DISTURBED - THEY HAVE NOT YET LEARNED TO ACCEPT" explained the psychiatrist.



"AH!" smiled the psychiatrist. "THESE ARE MY OLD PATIENTS. THEY ARE ACCEPTING VERY WELL."

"AND THESE OTHERS?" asked Franchot.

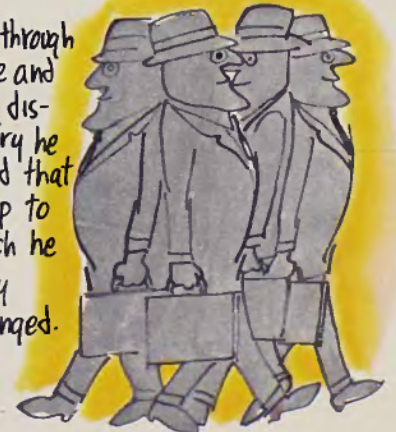
Franchot declined the doctor's invitation to join the group.



"AN INTELLIGENT PERSON SHOULD BE ABLE TO WORK OUT HIS OWN PROBLEMS." he said. And he went into the world to find himself the one group with which he could completely identify. He researched. He studied. He surveyed the scene.



And through time and self discovery he found that group to which he truly belonged.

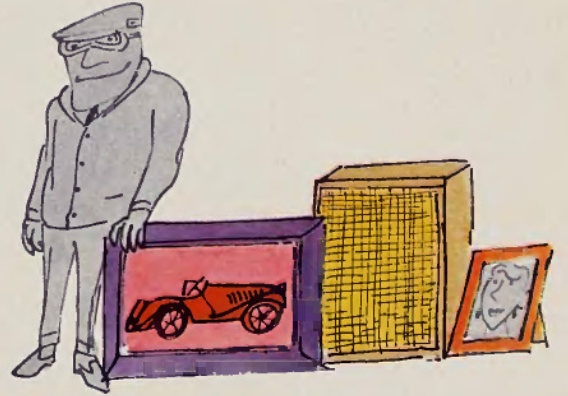


And he identified. He identified like mad. And soon you couldn't tell him from anyone else in his group.

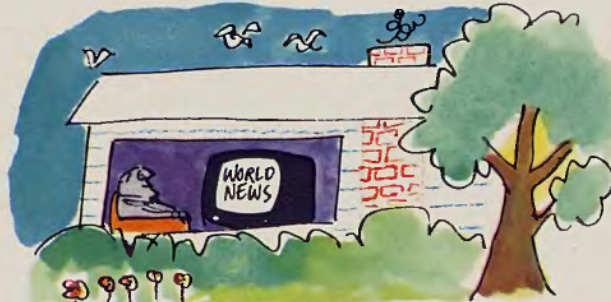


He read the right books, he saw the right musicals, he drank the right cocktail before eating the right dinner.

He acquired the right car, the right stereo system, and the right wife.



And they had the right number of children and lived in the right suburb with the right education system.



And when he found something with which he had trouble identifying he smiled tolerantly and said the words that fixed up everything - "ACCEPT."

And his dreams were almost always good and his sleep was almost always untroubled.

And people almost always said after meeting him -



"I NEVER CAN REMEMBER HIS NAME BUT THERE GOES ONE OF OUR KIND."

But as the years rolled by, every once in a while, Franchot would look into his mirror and see.



And, in this manner, Franchot lived happily ever after.



just like everyone else.

So he stopped looking in mirrors and he was never bothered again.

SARDONICUS (continued from page 38)

in a melancholic humour.

It was when I was in this condition that Castle Sardonicus met my eye—a dense, hunched outline at first, then, with an instantaneous flicker of moonlight, a great gaping death's head, the sight of which made me inhale sharply. With the exhalation, I chuckled at myself. "Come, come, Sir Robert," I inwardly chided, "it is, after all, but a castle, and you are not a green girl who starts at shadows and quails at midnight stories!"

The castle is situated at the terminus of a long and upward-winding mountain road. It presents a somewhat forbidding aspect to the world, for there is little about it to suggest gaiety or warmth or any of those qualities that might assure the wayfarer of welcome. Rather, this vast edifice of stone exudes an austerity, cold and repellent, a hint of ancient mysteries long buried, an effluvium of medieval dankness and decay. At night, and most particularly on nights when the moon is slim or cloud-enshrouded, it is a heavy blot upon the horizon, a shadow only, without feature save for its many-turreted outline; and should the moon be temporarily released from her cloudy confinement, her fugitive rays lend scant comfort, for they but serve to throw the castle into sudden, startling chiaroscuro, its windows fleetingly assuming the appearance of sightless though all-seeing orbs, its portcullis becoming for an instant a gaping mouth, its entire form striking the physical and the mental eye as would the sight of a giant skull.

But, though the castle had revealed itself to my sight, it was a full quarter of an hour before the coach had creaked its way up the steep and tortuous road to the great gate that barred the castle grounds from intruders. Of iron the gate was wrought—black it seemed in the scant illumination—and composed of intricate twists that led, every one of them, to a central, huge device, of many curves, which in the infrequent glints of moonlight appeared to smile metallically down, but which, upon gathering my reason about me, I made out to be no more than an enlarged edition of that presumptuous seal: a massive single "S." Behind it, at the end of the rutted road, stood the castle itself—dark, save for lights in two of its many windows.

Some words in a foreign tongue passed between my coachman and a person behind the gate. The gate was unlocked from within and swung open slowly, with a long rising shriek of rusted hinges; and the coach passed through.

As we drew near, the door of the castle was flung open and cheery light spilled out upon the road. The portcullis, which I had previously marked, was

evidently a remnant from older days and now inactive. The coach drew to a halt, and I was greeted with great gravity by a butler whom I saw to be he who had carried Maude's invitation to London. I proffered him a nod of recognition. He acknowledged this and said, "Sir Robert, Madam Sardonicus awaits you, and if you will be good enough to follow me, I will take you to her presence." The coachman took charge of my bags, and I followed the butler into the castle.

It dated, I thought, to the Twelfth or Thirteenth Century. Suits of armour—priceless relics, I ascertained them to be—stood about the vast halls; tapestries were in evidence throughout; strong, heavy, richly-carved furniture was everywhere. The walls were of time-defying stone, great grey blocks of it. I was led into a kind of salon, with comfortable chairs, a tea table, and a spinet. Maude rose to greet me.

"Sir Robert," she said softly, without smiling. "How good to see you at last."

I took her hand. "Dear lady," said I, "we meet again."

"You are looking well and prosperous," she said.

"I am in good health, but just now rather tired from the journey."

She gave me leave to sit, and did so herself, venturing the opinion that a meal and some wine would soon restore me. "Mr. Sardonicus will join us soon," she added.

I spoke of her appearance, saying that she looked not a day older than when I last saw her in London. This was true, in regard to her physical self, for her face bore not a line, her skin was of the same freshness, and her glorious chestnut hair was still rich in colour and gleaming with health. But what I did not speak of was the change in her spirit. She who had been so gay and vivacious, the delight of soirees, was now distant and aloof, of serious mien, unsmiling. I was sorry to see this, but attributed it to the seven years that had passed since her carefree girlhood, to the loss of her loved parents, and even to the secluded life she now spent in this place.

"I am eager to meet your husband," I said.

"And he, Sir Robert, is quite eager to meet you," Maude assured me. "He will be down presently. Meanwhile, do tell me how you have fared in the world."

I spoke, with some modesty, I hope, of my successes in my chosen field, of the knighthood I had received from the Crown; I described my London apartment, laboratory and office; I made mention of certain mutual friends, and generally gave her news of London life, speaking particularly of the theatre (for

I knew Maude had loved it) and describing Mr. Macready's farewell appearance as Macbeth at The Haymarket. When Maude had last been in London, there had been rumours of making an opera house out of Covent Garden theatre, and I told her that those plans had been carried through. I spoke of the London premiere of Mr. Verdi's latest *oeuvre* at Her Majesty's. At my mention of these theatres and performances, her eyes lit up, but she was not moved to comment until I spoke of the opera.

"The opera!" she sighed. "Oh, Sir Robert, if you could but know how I miss it. The excitement of a premiere, the ladies and gentlemen in their finery, the thrilling sounds of the overture, and then the curtain rising—" She broke off, as if ashamed of her momentary transport. "But I receive all the latest scores, and derive great satisfaction from playing and singing them to myself. I must order the new Verdi from Rome. It is called *Ernani*, you say?"

I nodded, adding, "With your permission, I will attempt to play some of the more distinctive airs."

"Oh, pray do, Sir Robert!" she said.

"You will find them, perhaps, excessively modern and dissonant." I sat down at the spinet and played—just passably, I fear, and with some improvisation when I could not remember the exact notes—a potpourri of melodies from the opera.

She applauded my playing. I urged her to play also, for she was an accomplished keyboard artist and possessed an agreeable voice, as well. She complied by playing the minuet from *Don Giovanni* and then singing the *Voi lo sapete* from *Le Nozze di Figaro*. As I stood over her, watching her delicate hands move over the keys, hearing the pure, clear tones of her voice, all my old feelings washed over me in a rush, and my eyes smarted at the unalloyed sweetness and goodness of this lady. When she asked me to join her in the duet. *Là ci darem la mano*, I agreed to do it, although my voice is less than ordinary. On the second singing of the word "mano"—"hand"—I was seized by a vagrant impulse and took her left hand in my own. Her playing was hampered, of course, and the music limped for a few measures; and then, my face burning, I released her hand and we finished out the duet. Wisely, she neither rebuked me for my action nor gave me encouragement; rather, she acted as if the rash gesture had never been committed.

To mask my embarrassment, I now embarked upon some light chatter, designed to ease whatever tension existed between us; I spoke of many things, foolish things, for the most part, and even asked if Mr. Sardonicus had later demonstrated any of the jealousy she

(continued on page 104)

attire By ROBERT L. GREEN

EUROPEAN FASHION DATELINE

*britain and italy: a contrast
in trends that are
influencing american styling*

AMERICA'S WORLD OF MEN'S ATTIRE is pivoting more and more on a London-Rome axis. Time was when the well-dressed American male was swathed from cradle to grave in naught save British-influenced toggerly—American fealty to Savile Row was unswerving.

A sartorial swing to sunnier climes began a decade ago, however, when the first Italian-influenced designs arrived on these shores. This minor rebellion has since turned into a major revolution, with the Continental Look virtually dominating the men's fashion scene in

Besuited in the best British tradition is our guy at the right, chatting with famed English movie producer Roy Boulting, and a script girl, on a British film set. His suit, aptly called London Line, is a solid worsted in a three-color check design; three-button jacket has two vents in the back; by Aquascutum, \$100.

BRITISH ITALIAN

When in Rome, relaxing with a beautiful woman at a terrace cocktail party overlooking the Palatine Hill, do as the more knowledgeable Romans do. Recognize the need for adding new color directions to your wardrobe, like this Lago blue linen short-jacket suit, with three buttons and side vents, by Brioni, \$125.

almost every category of apparel.

Now the British have regrouped their forces, have taken a long, hard look at why and how the enterprising Italians took the initiative away from them, and have launched a counterattack calculated to restore world-wide prestige to Savile Row. The British Menswear Guild (a manufacturers' group) has introduced the London Line, which contains a number of marked changes from the traditional British fashion image. The changes, though, are evolutionary and, objectively speaking, not thumpingly radical. But for the conservative British tailors, it is equivalent to landing a man on the moon. In essence, the change

(text concluded on page 54)





PHOTOGRAPHS BY DESMOND RUSSELL, LONDON; GERRY ZWIRN, ROME

ITALIAN

Our Roman friend visits Gian-Carlo Menotti's Festival of the Two Worlds at Spoleto and is fascinated by the grace of Japanese dancer Akiko Kanda. She, in turn, digs his narrow-striped sports jacket of Scottish wool, with covered buttons, center vent and hand-stitched patch pockets, \$110, worn over cuffless gray flannel slacks, \$50, both by Angelo Litrico.

An after-lunch cordial and good conversation are dispensed by the Duke of Bedford (left) in his dining room at Woburn Abbey. His guest is correctly attired for the English countryside, in a block-and-white houndstooth tweed sports jacket with a green thread running through it, \$45, over gray worsted trousers, \$15.50. Both are by Jaeger.

BRITISH





BRITISH

The elegant White Elephant in London's Mayfair is a private bar and dining club frequented by the younger members of British society. Our standing bibber wears a shawl-collar silk and wool dinner jacket faced in black satin, by Benson, Perry & Whitley, Ltd., \$160. His chum's dinner jacket is worked with grasgrain facing, by G. Ward & Co., \$130.

On the Pincian Hill in Rome is situated the chic and charming restaurant, Casina Valadier, a gathering place for Rome's smart set. And smartly attired is the gentleman on the left, taking his after-dinner stroll in his silk and mohair dinner jacket with shawl collar and side vents, \$200. The other guy wins admiring glances, too, with his white silk and linen dinner jacket with a shawl collar piped in black silk, over black linen trousers, \$190. Both are by Baratta.

ITALIAN



consists of the British adapting to their own uses the innovations invented by the Italians. A good deal of the ponderousness associated with tweeds and brogues has been whittled down to appeal more to American tastes. Specifically, the new British look may be seen in:

Suits — Although the length of jackets will remain the same and will continue three buttoned, features will include slant-flapped pockets and side vents. One interesting variation on this theme is a whipcord sports jacket with four flapped pockets, deep side vents, and bellow-pleated shoulder yoke. The double-breasted suit, always a favorite in Britain, will be updated with a narrowed but well-proportioned overlap and smaller lapels. Trousers will be seen more and more sans turn-ups (American translation: cuffs); some will carry cross pockets which should please the jodhpur set. The most popular slacks, called "chelseas," are narrow but not stovepipe.

Outerwear — In-town topcoats will be more elegant and formal than heretofore, with an emphasis on neat geometry. The trend toward shorter lengths will continue. Even countryish coats will have a dressier air about them. Raincoats will run toward darker shades and will also have a trimmed-down look.

Hats — Headgear will be smaller and darker, with brims diminishing to the point of no return. Sports hats will trend toward the Tyrol but will be seen in blacks, dark grays and blues; whatever the color, tones will be dark. Tweed hats in every variety of material have been introduced with great success. The Delta — with its upturned brim on either side — is meeting with favor. In black, and sometimes bound around the brim, it often replaces the Homburg.

Shoes — Footwear will be lighter and narrower; even that bastion of British both-feet-on-the-ground-ism, the blucher, has been caught up in the march toward weightlessness, though the British still like a hefty look: high-risers and low boots are a definite part of the picture. There is also a strong dividing line between town and country footwear with no chance of mistaking one for the other.

Sweaters — Although the heavy-knits are still very much on the scene, there is a movement toward a lighter weight and a re-emphasis on the classic look.

Ties — Muted and minimal are the tie laws for this season. Foulards were never more in than now and are worn with just about everything.

The English silhouette is a well-defined one. Jacket shoulders are natural or soft-shouldered (light padding). There is a hint of suppression at the waist, which often creates a flare outward at the bottom of the jacket. The flare is more conservative for town clothes and more extreme in country clothes. The jacket is usually three-button, but the

English put the center button slightly above the normal waistline to give freedom to the flare. Slanted hacking pockets are common, as are pronounced side vents (not mere slits) or a very deep center vent. The chest is full cut. The jacket is a bit shorter than standard American models.

The British sports jacket is a welcome and familiar sight everywhere. It is usually cut from the rugged, heavier tweeds, the traditional glen plaids and district checks. The slacks worn with a sports jacket are generally gray flannels and cavalry twills, whipcords, coverts and gabardines. All are done in a trim, slim cut but are usually single-pleated. The traditional town accoutrements of bowler, stiff white collar and fastidiously furled umbrella are still very much standard uniform for men of the city.

This, then, is the London Line, new yet sure of its antecedents, for the British bid to regain men's fashion supremacy is based on tradition. While this avoids any disastrously wrong guesses, it is also not prone to fire the imagination of the public. A step in the right direction, it still may not be strong enough to loosen the grasp of that fine Italian hand on the glass of fashion.

And the Italians have no intention of relinquishing their hold. They have always shown flair and imagination. Paradoxically, it is these traits, combined with a boldness of purpose and a disregard of rigid ideas (the very things which catapulted the Italians into fashion prominence), that threatened their hard-won status. In their search for fresh ideas, they were often losing track of the design validity. Clothing, in many instances, was being overdesigned; faddishness was setting in, affectation was on the rise. Quite often, the clothes were taking the play away from the man, a mistake the British have never made. It is to the Italians' credit that they have been flexible and resilient enough to overcome their initial errors. Rome has not been too proud to learn a few things from Bond Street, recognizing that the sleek worsted and nubby too-bright iridescent silks were losing ground to the British checks and plaids in woolens, chevots and twists, and more substantial cloths. The Italians are now adapting their styling to these fabrics. The silk suit is still important in Rome, but the bold patterns have been toned down to quiet over-all mat weaves. The Italian silhouette is, of course, still a dominant force, with a modified Continental look the key to America's current fashions.

While the Italians are taking their cues from the British anent fabrics, their color sense needs direction from no one. Currently, a quite bright blue is being used for blazer and sports jackets and is particularly effective when interpreted in flat linen, an ideal combination for

warm weather or resort wear. Orange is the big new color for sweaters and accessories; and the pink shirt (once a Brooks Brothers cliché on our shores) is making a strong bid for favor.

The shorter jacket is a hallmark of the Italians; it has just a little waist suppression, three buttons as a rule (often self-covered), slanted pockets and side vents. The vents are now medium in length or very deep. Blazers, mentioned before, are a must in the Italian wardrobe, and white flannel with blue striping is popular. Tweed interpretations, too, are on the increase. The Italian penchant for slimness in slacks continues unabated and the rest of the fashion world has followed. Even the most staid establishment on Savile Row has taken the hint and abandoned the pantaloon look.

Major changes are under way in Italian outerwear, too. Raincoats in particular have undergone a complete metamorphosis. It wasn't too long ago that Italian foul-weather gear was so over-gimmicked that it practically required a set of plans to figure out. Today, cued by the British, the designs are simple and direct. The best of Italian raincoats are styled as topcoats with a good range of rich colors, but mostly in deep browns, and lined with corduroy or foulard. The Italians have clung doggedly to their much-loved side vents.

Italian hats retain their almost skimmed dimensions; velours and fake furs are becoming important for sports hats. In knitwear, the Italians maintain their leadership, but, again, have simplified, with kid mohair as a strong contender to replace the oversize, bulky mohair sweaters for casual wear.

And so we have it: the Italian Look and the London Line, and from a distillation of both will emerge the changing American Look, based on our own physical needs and patterns of living.

The classic look of our American Ivy has picked up the plaids of Scotland and aspects of the Continental silhouette, the slightly shorter jacket with its more open and rounded front. The bold British weekend suit has launched a whole new category of country clothes here. Strong plaids, stripes and checks are very much in vogue. A revolutionary concept of color in American menswear has been assimilated from the Italians. Olive green, now universally accepted, is being mixed with blues, golds, reds, tans, grays and browns. And the London Line will undoubtedly beget many interpretations and adaptations by American manufacturers. Indeed, America's major fashion contribution is its proven ability to distill the best from other nations, combine it skillfully, and come up with something that is often a marked improvement on the originals.

““ HEMINGWAY SPEAKS HIS MIND ””

*a philosophy of life as trenchant as his
prose emerges from the statements and writings
of america's foremost literary figure, in a
compilation by the editors of playboy*

““ The country a novelist knows is the country of his heart.”

ON SOME OF THE GOOD THINGS IN LIFE: “Wine, bread, oil, salt, bed, early mornings, nights, days, the sea, men, women, love, honor, beloved motorcars, bicycles, hills and valleys, the appearance and disappearance of trains on straight and curved tracks, cock grouse drumming on a basswood log, the smell of sweet grass and fresh smoked leather, and Sicily.”

ON LOVE: “It is an old word, and each man takes it new and wears it out himself.”

ON CUBAN WOMEN: “Move down the street and look into the black eyes of these Cuban girls. You’ll see hot sunlight in them.”

ON WHAT HE HAS LEARNED FROM PAINTING: “I learned how to describe a landscape from Mr. Paul Cézanne by walking through the Luxembourg Museum in Paris a thousand times with an empty gut, and I am pretty sure that if Mr. Cézanne was around he would like the way I make them and be happy I learned it from him. I learn as much from fine painters about how to write as from fine writers.”

ON GOYA: “He believed in blacks and in grays, in dust and in light, in high places rising from plains, in movement, in his own *cojones*, in what he had seen, felt, touched, smelled, enjoyed, drunk, mounted, suffered, spewed-up, lain with, observed, loved, hated, feared, admired and destroyed. Naturally no artist has ever been able to paint all that but he tried.”

ON THE SKY: “The best sky is in Italy and Spain and Northern Michigan in the fall, and in the fall in the Gulf off Cuba.”

ON THE SEA: “It’s the last free place there is.”

ON ITALY: “It’s like having died and gone to heaven — a place you figured never to see.”

ON NEW YORK: “It’s a phony town you come to for a short time. You stay too long and it’s murder.”

ON SPAIN: “The people have that terrific spirit of *alegría*. I don’t know just what the word is in English, but it means a deep-going happiness that nothing can kill.”

(continued on page 95)



*playboy offers some
famous folk
some firm resolves
they might have
made last january*

RETROACTIVE NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS

humor

THERE IS A BAR IN SAN FRANCISCO where all the patrons are given party hats and noisemakers and, at midnight — every single day of every month — they celebrate the dawning of another new year. They shake hands and they kiss each other and they sing songs like *Auld Lang Syne*. The one thing they don't do is make resolutions. Frequency breeds perspective and they know better; resolutions are like women: many are made but few are kept. And, like the kept woman, the demands of a kept resolution often grow to outweigh its attractions. Making resolutions can be fun, however, so we decided to make a few ourself, and to make it all just that much more enjoyable, we've made them for *other* people. And to complicate things further, we decided to make our resolutions for last January 1st instead of this. So here they are, some firm resolves a number of famous folk *might* have made a year ago, but didn't, with varying results.

Jazz Impresario George Wein: I will try to show, through this year's Newport Jazz Festival, how jazz can help immeasurably in easing world tensions and improving human relationships.

Dag Hammarskjöld: I will take a long, leisurely vacation this summer, even if it means missing the Congo Independence Day festivities.

Elvis Presley: I will stop trying to press my luck when I get out and sign up for some singing lessons under the GI Bill.

Dick Clark: I will give poor Charlie Van Doren a job with one of my music or record companies until his bad publicity dies down.

Conrad Hilton: I will invest a million dollars in improvements and added facilities at the Havana-Hilton, for the big tourist season.

Air Force Secretary Dudley Sharp: I will learn never to speak out of turn like old Charlie Wilson, and will remember that whenever the Air Force has anything to say, we'll put it in print.

Pilot Francis Powers: I will open a little studio in Virginia and see if portrait photography isn't more profitable than landscapes.

Norman Vincent Peale: I will pay that long-overdue courtesy call on the Pope after Labor Day, even if it means missing the election campaign.

Maria Callas: I will brush up on my Aristotle.

Harry Truman: I will find a man who can give me a dental examination and a pedicure at the same time.

Beverly Adland: I will practice discretion so only my hairdresser knows for sure.

Ingemar Johansson: I will concentrate on showbiz. If I'm ever invited to fight Floyd Patterson again, count me out.

Eva Marie Saint: I will broaden my vocabulary.

Tony Accardo: I will retire from my active business life as a beer salesman, and live by selling a few of my valuable possessions — like the City of Chicago.

Gamble Benedict: I will ask Grandmother to fire that damned chauffeur unless he stops making passes at me.

Adolf Eichmann: I will consult a plastic surgeon and join B'nai B'rith.

Nikita Khrushchev: I will revisit America, and behave with such charm and dignity that I will be invited to visit Disneyland.

Jack Paar: I will do something quite dramatic, publicity-wise, before my contract runs out — a good-will tour to Japan, that's it!

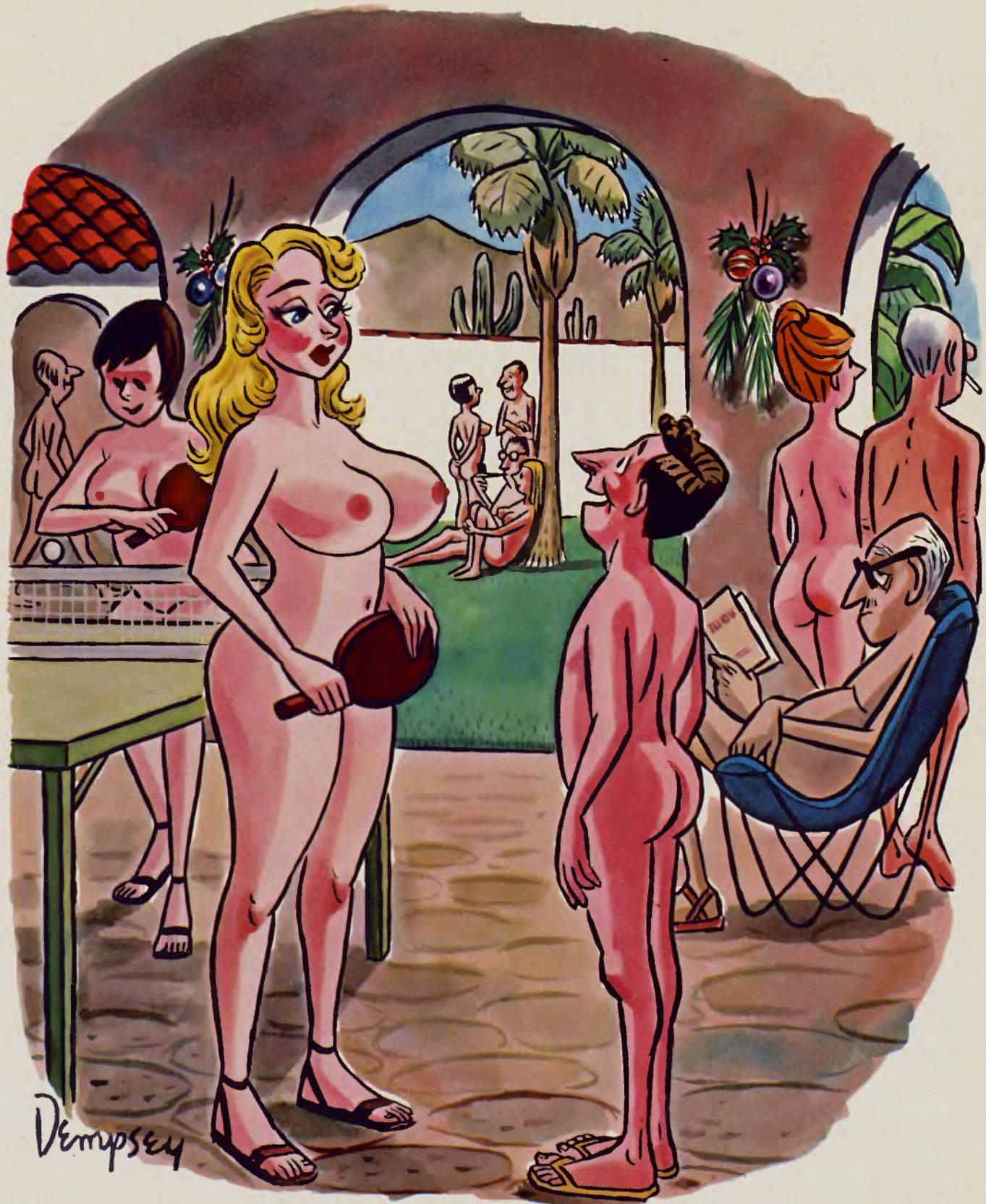
Patrice Lumumba: I will resign from the NAACP.

Fidel Castro: I will register for the Dale Carnegie course.

South African Prime Minister Verwoerd: I will inform my advisors that I need exposure at crowded cattle shows like a hole in the head.

Dwight Eisenhower: I will do something quite dramatic, publicity-wise, before my contract runs out — a good-will tour to Japan, that's it!





"Miss Watkins, may I have the very great pleasure of taking you to the club's New Year's Eve dance?"

*miss january's own
topography is a real
estate broker's dream*

well- developed property

THIS BEING THE MONTH when resolutions are made, we thought we'd find a Playmate who's well on the way to fulfilling her own. We landed a beauty in the person of Connie Cooper, a twenty-year-old from Southern California who has resolved to become a real estate broker. Presently working part time for the management of a large Hollywood apartment building, Connie is boning up on her knowledge of leaseholds, freeholds and hereditaments at a nearby junior college. Standing five-feet-five, and weighing 110, Connie's own landscaping is, from north to south, an impressive 37-21-36. As delicate as a cloisonné figurine, her charms are at their best indoors, where her proclivities run to such things as collecting Oriental knick-knacks with which to decorate her mantel, and those big, fuzzy honey-bears with which girls like to strew their beds. When it comes to men, Connie leans toward someone who will share her interest in opera, who can sit by a stereo rig half the night discussing the relative merits of Puccini and Wagner whilst sipping Strega. "The thing I like most about a man is *enthusiasm*," says Connie — a state of mind she should have no trouble stimulating.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY PAUL MORTON SMITH





MISS JANUARY
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

After a refreshing shower and a brisk toweling off, Miss January looks to the completion of her toilette via the comb for her long, lovely ash-brown hair and a spritz or two of her favorite scent to enhance her already abundant appeal.



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *beatnik* as Santa Claus the day after Christmas.

Some girls think it's fun to fight against being kissed, while others prefer to just take it lying down.



An ingenious psychiatrist we know claims there are millions to be made on his invention — a double couch.

The 6:07 commuter's train was quite late in leaving for its exurban destination, and Hank and Mack were enjoying their wait in the station bar. They had, in fact, been drinking long enough to have reached the stage of semi-maudlin confession about their sex life.

"You know," Hank said, "I never had any relations with my wife at all before we were married. Did you?"

Mack reflected with what, under the circumstances, was admirable sobriety. "Gee," he finally said, "I dunno. What was her maiden name?"

Give some girls an inch and they've got a new bathing suit.



Vacation time was sun-tan time as far as Joan, an admirably proportioned secretary, was concerned, and she spent almost all of her day on the roof of her hotel sopping up the warm sun's rays. She wore a bathing suit the first day, but on the second, she decided that no one could see her way up there and she slipped out of it for an overall tan. She'd

hardly begun when she heard someone running up the stairs; she was lying on her stomach, so pulling a towel over her derrière, she continued to recline as before.

"Excuse me, miss," said the flustered little assistant manager of the hotel, out of breath from running up the stairs. "The Hotel Plaza doesn't mind your sunning on the roof, but we would very much appreciate your wearing your bathing suit as you did yesterday."

"What difference does it make?" Joan asked rather coolly. "No one can see me up here and besides, I'm covered with a towel."

"Not exactly," said the embarrassed little man. "You're lying on the dining room skylight."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *shebang* as a girl who can't say no.



The man who can read women like a book usually likes to read in bed.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *money* as the poor man's credit card.

Flustered and flushed, Carol sat in the witness chair. The beautiful but empty-headed blonde had gotten herself named corespondent in a divorce case, and was presently being questioned in court.

"So, Miss Jones," the lawyer intoned, "you admit that you went to a hotel with this man?"

"Yes, I do, but I couldn't help it."

"Couldn't help it? Why not?"

"He deceived me."

"And how did he do that?"

"Well," Carol said earnestly, "he told the clerk at the reception desk that I was his wife."

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.



"I don't see anything here that says we can't . . ."



"Hello, Century Calendar Company?"



"Hello, Century Calendar Company?"

Dempsey

nuts!

humor **By ROBERT PAUL SMITH** *from those damn little acorns grew some not-so-great oaks*

WHEN I WAS TEN YEARS OLD, Mitch said to me, "I pinched a cigarette from my old man. You want a drag?"

So now I've got cigarettes with filters, with all-tobacco filters, with filtered filters, with recessed filtered filters, with a touch of mint, a soupcon of menthol, high porosity paper, very little nicotine. I got ashtrays, silent butlers, holes in my shirts, table lighters, two yellow fingers, pocket lighters, lighter flints, tar on my teeth, lighter springs and wicks and fluid, cigars, cigar cutters, pipes and pipe cleaners, a dry throat and a collection of chest X rays.

Mitch gave up smoking when he got married.



Lou came over to me at the high school dance and said, "You want a belt?"

So now I got gin and vermouth and Irish and a cocktail shaker, bourbon and pearl onions and a lemon peeler, old fashioned glasses and a case of white wine, highball glasses and very old brandy, raki and rye, sherry and three patent corkscrews.

Lou's been AA for ten years.



Mary Anne McKelvey had a special-delivery letter for me the first time we played post-office.

So now I got one wife, two kids, three cats, four outstanding notes, five doctors docting, six creditors a-leaping, seven faucets leaking, eight light bulbs replacing, nine pants a-mending, ten insurance policies a-lapsing, eleven shoes a-mending, twelve debts a-owing.

Mary Anne lives all alone, except for a partridge in a pear tree.



I was standing on the block playing kick the can and Mr. Stuttgart asked me if I wanted a ride in his Brush electric.

And so I got a garage with an oil stain, a set of socket wrenches, the radiator off a model A, the air filters off a '29 MG, a complete set of seat covers for a Rambler I got rid of three years ago, a mashed thumb, grease in my hair, a pair of tires for a Hupmobile, license plates for ten years back, two automobiles, four snow tires, a jack, some rusty chains, credit cards and liability policies, an owner's license, a driver's license, and three outstanding parking violations.

I saw Mr. Stuttgart on the train the other day.



John Dean gave me a pocket knife for my twelfth birthday.

And so I got a jack plane, a block plane, a circular saw, seven screw drivers, an assortment of bolts and nuts which are total strangers, a large scar on my thumb, sandpaper and varnish remover and varnish restorer and varnish, a wood vise, a metal vise and a rusty glass cutter.

John Dean has a secretary to sharpen his pencils for him, and he lives in an apartment hotel with a first-rate superintendent.



"How do you know you don't like sauerkraut on a hot dog until you try?" asked my older sister.

And so now I got Tellicherry pepper and Indian curry, Austrian raspberry juice and Swiss chocolate, English mustard and four kinds of French dressing, marjoram and tarragon, celery seed and garlic powder, enormous grocery bills and the large economy size Pepto-Bismol.

My sister is a vegetarian.



I went to school, and Miss Hoerning said, "Dickie Dare went to school," and after a while I said, "and on his way he

met a horse. 'Good morning, horse,' said Dickie Dare."

And so now I got novels, plays, autobiographies, confessions, accusations, poems, magazines, journals, news-letters, dictionaries, thesauri, not enough bookshelves, reading glasses, charge accounts, book catalogs, a night table so full of books you can't put a bottle of aspirin on it when I am sick and running out of things to read.

Between Dickie Dare and the *Daily News*, Miss Hoerning is through reading for the day.



"Don't be afraid of the doggie," said the lady, "pat the nice doggie."

And so now I got a leash, a collar, a feeding bowl, a drinking bowl, dog yum-mies, and dog vitamins, a collection of leaky galoshes and dog-toothed shoes, several gloves with less than five fingers, a large spot on the living room rug, a deposit account with the local vet, and a bed (not a dog-bed) that assays thirty-five percent dog hair.

The lady runs a kennel and gets rid of her puppies as soon as they are weaned.



"Form your letters carefully," said Miss Prendergast . . .

And so I have a typewriter, carbon paper, an editor, an agent, a publisher, writer's block, a bad stomach, insomnia, very little money, and I don't get to sit around an office having coffee breaks, vacations with pay and insurance plans. I have a cell with a door on it I even lock myself.

When Miss Prendergast said writing, she meant penmanship.

All these strangers keep giving me those damn little acorns, and I'm the one that has to raise those great oaks.



THE STRIDES



refinements, innovations and things to

THE TRUE HIGH-FIDELITARIAN has been described as a happy crossbreed of perpetual malcontent and eternal optimist — a man never quite satisfied with his sonic lot but always convinced that perfection lies just around the corner. His quest for more life-like sound led him recently to stereo and to a wholesale conversion of apparatus. But it's not in the nature of the high fidelity beast to remain content for long. Today we find him exploring some new refinements—integrated components, phantom channels, ambiophony, tape cartridges, FM multiplex — and avidly eying a parcel (text continued on page 72)

The galaxy of gleaming gear for the stereo buff pictured on these and the next four pages is representative of the new strides made by equipment manufacturers both here and abroad. Starting at lower left, Sargent-Rayment 5100 dual 50-watt stereo amplifier: with one oversized power transformer for both channels to provide balanced regulation; \$183.60. Sargent-Rayment 8000 AM-FM Tuner and Control Center: with separate audio output from each channel for tape recording; reverse button for instantaneously reversing right and left channels; \$249.40. RCA Victor Mark 8 Stereo Console: AM-FM Tuner, automatic 4-speed changer; 15" center speaker; mid-range and

OF STEREO



come in the world of twin-eared sound

high-frequency speakers in both right and left enclosures, which swing out from console; input for multiplex adaptor; in walnut; \$550. Fisher SA-300-B 90-watt stereo amplifier: with hum and balance controls in each channel; \$179.50. Tandberg Series 6 Tape Deck: 3-speed, 4-track; push-button control, including pause; 3 separate heads for erase, record and playback; \$498. To the right of the Tandberg, Rek-O-Kut N-33HC single-speed Stereotable: with belt drive and walnut base; S-220 Micro-prise Arm; Autoprise Automatic device starts the turntable, lowers the arm, lifts it on completion of the LP, returns it to the rest, and switches off the motor; with Pickering Collectors Series 380C cartridge; \$179.70. DuKane-30 self-powered columnar corner speaker: with Ionovac (ionized air generates the high frequencies), two mid-range speakers plus 12" woofer; \$199.50 (2 are needed for stereo). Concertone 505K Stereo Tape Recorder: 2-speed, 4-track; separate record and playback preamps; \$550. Below the Concertone, Wharfedale Achromatic two-way speaker: with layer of insulating sand; \$109.50. Stephens Trusonic E-2 speaker system: 12" woofer, Toroid tweeter; Eames enclosure; \$275. Harman-Kardon Stereo Festival II Model TA260 AM-FM receiver, amplifiers and control unit: 60-watt output; walnut enclosure; \$329.90.



That's not a screen behind the Herman Miller lounge chair; it's the KLH Model 9 dual full-range Electrostatic loudspeaker system: two complete units with built-in power and step-up transformers; can be separated for stereo; solid walnut frames; \$1030. Koss Stereophones: completely separate stereo channels for private listening; foam rubber earpieces; \$24.95. Ampex Signature Console: twin 40-watt amps, 6 speakers, AM-FM stereo tuner, Ampex tape player-recorder, audio control center, Garrard 4-speed turntable and tonearm, oiled walnut cabinet with parquet inlaid doors; \$2600. Atop the Ampex, Sherwood S-7000 Stereo AM-FM Receiver and Control Unit: 50-watt amplifier, Acro-Beam tuning eyes, six slide switches, phase reverse and tape monitor; \$307. Eico HF81 Stereo Amp-Preamp: total 28 watts, separate low- and high-level inputs, ganged level controls; factory wired; \$109.95. Stromberg-Carlson PR-500 single-speed manual turntable and tonearm: dual drive with two



hysteresis-synchronous motors operating in tandem through one belt drive; with Fairchild SML cartridge; \$104.90. H. H. Scott 310-D FM Tuner: multiplex input, wideband design for weak-signal reception free of noise, drift and interference; tuning meter; walnut case; \$204.90. Scott Model 290 stereo 100-watt basic power amplifier; \$239.95. Utah Third-Channel Reverberation unit with built-in gain control; mahogany; \$109.90. Transis-Tronics TEC S-25 all-transistor amplifier-preamp: 50 watts, 16 inputs, relatively heatless; \$289.50. Jensen TR-30 Tri-ette 3-way Speaker System: 12" Flexair woofer, mid-range and tweeter; walnut; \$169.45. Audio-Empire 208-G belt-driven 3-speed turntable: with illuminated push-button power control; Model 98 transcription arm; Model 108 stereo cartridge; satin gold finish; walnut base; \$174. Sony-Superscope Sterecorder 300: 2-speed, 4-track recording, playback; hysteresis-synchronous drive motor; separate recording indicator light for each channel; instant stop; \$399.50.



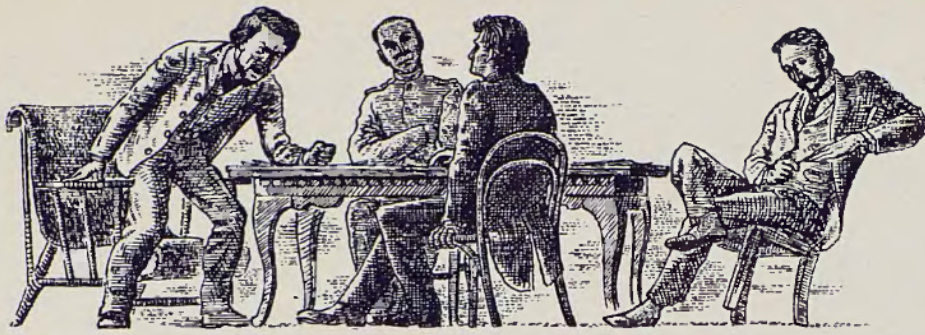
of new gear on the audio dealer's shelves. A virtual explosion of new recordings—4-track and stereo disc—and of new recording companies, whet the appetite.

Most of the news in stereo is developmental, rather than inventive, as we shall see. For example, observe those all-in-one stereo pickups in the dealer's window. They're the result of a trend to integration that got under way a few years ago with the Shure Stereo Dynetic Reproducer—a sleek piece of audio jewelry that married a made-for-each-other

From the lower left, Knight 775, 75-watt stereo amplifier: provision for an optional third channel speaker; \$169.50. Atop it, Knight 125B Stereo AM-FM Tuner: multiplex input; low-noise 50-ohm antenna input for fringe-area FM reception; \$139.95. Acoustic Research AR-3 Speaker System: 12" woofer, 2" mid-range dome radiator and 1 3/4" high frequency dome radiator; in a fiberglass-filled cabinet; walnut; \$231. Garrard Type A Automatic Turntable and Tonearm: 4-speed; full-sized, heavily weighted turntable; walnut base; Stereodyne II cartridge; \$103.94. Zenith Beethoven Model SFF2570 Console: 4-speed



record changer, AM-FM tuner with control center, 40-watt stereo amplifier, two 12" woofers, two horn-type treble tweeters, sound reverberation unit; blonde oak finish; \$750. Sitting on the Zenith, Grommes 50PGA Stereo Amplifier-Preamplifier Control Unit: 50 watts, 2 contour controls, low and high filters, brown leatherette case; \$209.95. Norelco Continental 400 Stereo Player-Recorder: 4-track, 3-speed; self-contained record and playback amplifiers with dual preamps and speakers; \$399.50. James B. Lansing Linear-Efficiency Series 50 Speaker System: 15" woofer, model 175 tweeter; oiled walnut cabinet, mohair grille cloth; \$535. Sitting on the J. B. L. speaker, McIntosh MC-240 80-watt Stereo Amplifier: all connections are to an accessible sloping side panel; chrome and black finish; \$288. McIntosh C20 Stereo Preamplifier: 15 pairs of stereo inputs; walnut cabinet; \$259. Atop the McIntosh, Grado Stereo Tonearm: Laboratory Series with Grado Custom Cartridge; counterweight; \$69.50. Lower right, Lund 1001 Swedish-designed integrated sound system: low-frequency radiator; two high-frequency radiators, driven by two transformerless built-in amplifiers resulting in a spherical concert-hall blend of sound; \$395.



A LIBERAL DARLING

fiction By ANTON CHEKHOV

two oddly contemporary stories

In show business circles today, two topics often crop up in conversation. One concerns the restrictions currently placed upon comedians — the intricate and frustrating censorship of so-called “controversial” humor that makes use of once-acceptable political, sexual and dialect material. The other concerns modern dramatists’ emphasis on the slice-of-life to the point of mundanity and drabness, their invoking of the word “realism” to excuse lurid and violent situations. But these bones of contention are by no means new, for almost a century ago the celebrated playwright and storyteller, Anton Chekhov, spoke of them in these two amusing tales, written in 1884 but not rendered into English until Ann Dunnigan translated them for this first *PLAYBOY* of 1961.

A LIBERAL DARLING

EVERY YEAR at Christmas time the ladies and the government officials of Chernopoopsk organized amateur theatricals for the benefit of charity. The preceding year the affair had been unsuccessful; the management had been in the hands of old Councilor Chushkin, a “Bourbon” who cut half the play and gave no leeway to the raconteurs. This year the committee protested, and the ladies took it upon themselves to select the play. The other arrangements — the choice of raconteurs, singers, and directors for the dances — were entrusted to a young official, Kaskadov, university trained and a liberal.

One December morning Kaskadov stood, hands on hips, before the pondering committee. “Well, gentlemen, whom shall we choose? The dances will be directed by Lieutenant Podligailov of the gendarmery, and . . . ah . . . of course, myself. The male singers will be . . . ah . . . I and . . . ah . . . I think perhaps Lieutenant Podligailov of the gendarmery. He has a delightful baritone — though, just between ourselves, rather coarse. Now, who will tell anecdotes during the intermission?”

“Let’s have Tletvorsky,” suggested the chief clerk, Kislyae, who sat cleaning

his fingernails with a match. “Last year he was a marvelous raconteur, the rascal. His ugly mug alone is worth a lot! The fellow drinks, but — all talented people drink. Even Raphael, they say, drank!”

“Tletvorsky? Ah, yes, I remember. He’s not bad, but — his style, his style! . . . Nikifor, call him in.”

In came a tall, round-shouldered man with a dark, tousled mane, large red hands and rust-colored trousers.

“Sit down, Tletvorsky,” Kaskadov addressed him while blowing his nose into a scented handkerchief. “As you see, we are once again undertaking the theatricals. But, sit down. Drop that unnecessary kowtowing. Let’s be human! Well, now, during the intermission and after the performance we plan to have readings, as we did last year; but here in Chernopoopsk we simply have no raconteurs or readers. I suppose I could read something, and Lieutenant Podligailov reads fairly well, but we have absolutely no time. Once again, we are obliged to appeal to you. Will you do it, my dear fellow?”

“I suppose so.” Tletvorsky lowered his eyes. “But, Ivan Matveich, if they are going to restrict me the way they did last year, then it’ll just be ridiculous!”

“No, no, complete freedom — the most complete freedom, my dear fellow. You read whatever you want to read, however you want to read it. That’s exactly why I undertook the management myself, to give you freedom. Otherwise I should never have agreed. In other words, don’t be constrained in your choice of material, nor in anything else. You will read something, tell an anecdote, recite a few verses, and, in general — ”

“That’s possible. I might do something from Jewish life.”

“Jewish? Excellent! Splendid, my friend! However . . . would that be suitable? The trouble with that, my dear fellow, is that Medkher and his daughters will attend the performance. He’s a convert, but, even so, it’s awkward. He’d be offended. Try something else.”

“You’re good at telling stories about Germans,” mumbled Kislyae.

“You may be right,” agreed Kaskadov. “Take something German. Only wait — that, too, would scarcely be suitable. Her Excellency is German; she was born

Baroness von Rietkart. Impossible, my dear man. You don’t have to be constrained, but it would do no harm to be discreet. In times like these, between you and me, everyone takes everything personally. Last year, for example, you told an Armenian anecdote, in which, you recall, the inhabitants of Nakhichevan said, ‘Give us your hose, and when, with God’s help, you have a fire, we’ll give you two.’ What’s offensive in that? But, they took offense!”

“Oddly enough, they were terribly offended,” affirmed Kislyae.

“We know what he meant,” they said. And the young ladies blushed at the word ‘hose.’ You must distinguish between what is proper and what is not. Discretion and more discretion! For example, if you were to take something from Russian folkways, say . . . something like Gorbunov’s comic sketches — fine! Delightful! But impossible. His Excellency will think you are mocking the people. And he would be partly right. But, just between ourselves, these are terrible times. God only knows what times!”

“You know, maybe I could read something of Nekrasov’s — ‘And on her brow the fatal words: sold at public auction.’ Perfect!”

“No, no, NO!” Kaskadov threw up his hands. “It will be a family evening — ladies, young girls. And you with your ‘fatal words’! What’s the matter with you, brother? Don’t even think of it! You don’t have to go to extremes. Take something that’s not controversial, something neither one thing nor the other, like . . . ah . . . something in a lighter vein.”

“In a lighter vein? How about Tolstoy’s *The Sinner*?”

“A little on the heavy side, brother,” Kaskadov frowned. “*The Sinner*, the last monolog in *Woe from Wit*, all that is trite, worn-out, and somewhat . . . controversial. Select something else — and please, don’t feel limited. Choose anything you like — anything!”

Tletvorsky gazed at the ceiling, in deep thought. Kislyae looked at him, sighed, shook his head scornfully and said, “You must be pretty corrupt if you can’t think of something moral.”

“This is not a question of morals,

CONCERNING AND THE DRAMA



by a great master, never before published in the english language

Zakhar Ilych," Kaskadov interceded. "But it is true, Tletvorsky has a one-track mind."

Tletvorsky flushed and scratched his eye. "Why did you send for me, if I'm immoral and one-sided?" he brought out as he made for the door. "I didn't ask to take part."

When he had gone, Kaskadov commenced pacing up and down. "I do not understand such people, Zakhar Ilych!" he exclaimed, rumpling his hair. "I swear to God, I do not understand. I myself am not a conservative, not a conformist — I am even liberal, and I suffer for my way of thinking. But I do not understand such an extremist as this gentleman! I and — ah — Lieutenant Podligailov are considered freethinkers — society looks askance at us. His Excellency suspects me of sympathizing with ideas. And I do not deny my convictions! I am a liberal! But — such people as this Tletvorsky, I do not understand! Here you have an extremist, and, it may be reprehensible of me, but I cannot endure extremists. I'm not a conservative, but I simply cannot endure that! Denounce me, call me a conformist, but I am unable to extend my hand to gentlemen of the Tletvorsky ilk." Kaskadov sank exhausted into an armchair and gave himself up to thought.

"Kick him out, that's all," muttered Kislyayev, who, having nothing better to do, was applying a rubber stamp to his cuff. "Kick him out, and that's all . . . That's all."

CONCERNING THE DRAMA

TWO FRIENDS, Justice of the Peace Poluyekhtov and Colonel Fintefleyev of the General Staff, were discussing the arts as they sat over a friendly snack.

"I have read Taine, Lessing — but then, what haven't I read?" Poluyekhtov said, helping his friend to some Caucasian red wine. "My youth was spent among artists. I've done some writing myself, and I understand a good deal. You know what I mean? I'm not an artist, not an actor, but I do have a nose for it, a flair. It's the heart! I can immediately distinguish anything false or unnatural. You don't fool me, brother, even if you're Sarah Bernhardt or

Salvini. I get it at once if there's anything like a — a sort of trick. But why don't you eat? This is all we're going to have."

"Thanks, I'm already full, brother. It's true, as you say, our drama has declined, drastically declined."

"Of course it has! But just consider, Filya, the present-day dramatist and actor tries to — how can I express it so you'll understand me? — tries to be true to life; so, on the stage you see just what you see in life. Do we need this? What we need is expression, an effect. You're already fed up with life, it's commonplace, prosaic. You need something like a — something that would draw out all your nerves and turn your guts inside out. Formerly an actor spoke in an unreal, sepulchral voice, beat his breast with great fists, shouted and fell through the earth! That was expressive! And the words were expressive! He spoke of Duty, of Humanity, of Freedom — in every action you saw self-sacrifice, suffering, great deeds for the sake of humanity, and frenzied passion. But now? Now, you see, they want something life-like. You look at the stage and what do you see? P-f-f-f! You see some kind of a bum, a crook, a worm in torn pants talking some kind of nonsense. They make a hero out of this beggar, and, I swear, it drives me mad! If one of them happened to appear in my court — and it's just too bad he doesn't — I'd take care of the good-for-nothing: according to the one hundred and nineteenth article, I'd give him three or four months, just on the strength of my personal convictions." The bell was heard. Poluyekhtov was about to stand up and nervously pace the room, but he sat down again.

Into the room came a little red-cheeked schoolboy wearing an overcoat and with a school bag on his back. He shyly approached the table, made a bow, and handed a letter to Poluyekhtov. "Mama sends her regards, Uncle," he said. "She told me to deliver this letter to you."

Poluyekhtov unsealed the envelope, put on his glasses, and started to read. "Right away, darling," he said. Having read the letter, he rose. "Come on. Ex-

cuse me, Filya, if I leave you for just a second."

He took the boy by the hand and, gathering up the skirts of his dressing gown, led him into the next room. In a moment the colonel heard strange sounds: a childish voice began to plead; the entreaties soon changed into screams, and the screams were followed by a heart-rending sob. "Uncle, I won't do it again," the colonel heard. "Dear Uncle, I won't, I wo-o-o-n't. A-a-aowl I won't!"

The sounds continued for one or two minutes, then everything grew quiet. The door opened and Poluyekhtov came into the room. The boy followed him, buttoning up his overcoat and trying to restrain his sobs. Having buttoned the coat, he wiped his tear-stained face with his sleeve, made a little bow and left. There was the sound of a door closing.

"What was all that?" Fintefleyev inquired.

"Oh, my sister sent me a letter asking me to whip the boy. He got bad marks in Greek."

"What did you whip him with?"

"A leather belt — it's by far the best. Well, now, where did I leave off? . . . Formerly you used to sit in your seat, look at the stage, and feel! Your heart worked — seethed! You heard words of compassion, you saw edifying deeds; you saw, in other words, something fine. And would you believe it, I used to weep? I used to sit and cry like a fool. 'Petya, what are you crying about?' my wife used to ask me. And I didn't know myself why I was crying. For me, generally speaking, the theatre is a cultural influence. But frankly, who is not moved by art? Who is not ennobled by it? What are we indebted to, if not to art, for the existence in us of our higher feelings — feelings unknown to primitive man, and unknown, as well, to our forebears. Now, look here, I have tears in my eyes. Tears are good, I'm not ashamed of them. Let's drink, brother! May art and the spirit of humanity flourish!"

"Let's drink! God grant that our children may know how to feel, as we feel."

The two friends drained their glasses and commenced talking about Shakespeare.



STRIDES OF STEREO (continued from page 72)

cartridge and tonearm into one indivisible unit. The Shure pickup sounded as well as it looked and set a pattern for similar efforts by EMI, Fairchild, London-Scott and Weathers. These integrated pickups all share one common concept: that a cartridge and its transport mechanism work most efficiently when treated as a single entity. Within that concept, of course, there's a good deal of variation in design. We happen to be especially partial to the London-Scott pickup, not only for its clean sound and ease of handling, but also for the fact that its manufacturer has thoughtfully produced an interchangeable head for 78-rpm records. It slips on the London-Scott arm in place of the stereo cartridge and automatically increases stylus pressure. With it we've had a glorious time listening to our prewar Bix Beiderbecke and Claudia Muzio shellacs. On an up-to-date stereo rig they sound better than ever.

Take a look at a column-like piece of equipment from EMI and you'll discover that the principle of integration has been extended to amplifiers and speakers as well. Here again the idea is to mate two components for optimum efficiency. Speakers are by nature uneven performers. In an integrated unit the amplifier is specifically designed to compensate for the peculiar foibles of its accompanying speakers. EMI's Model DLS-1 is an amplifier-speaker system that comes in a vertical enclosure a bit over four feet high. If you were to remove the grille cloth you would see at the base a 25-watt amplifier and above it three speakers which share various segments of the frequency spectrum from 30 to 15,000 cycles. The unit was originally designed for monitoring work in the London studios of EMI (a firm that puts out recordings on the Angel, Capitol and His Master's Voice labels) and was made to please the exacting ears of such splenetic auditors as Maria Callas and Sir Thomas Beecham. It's custom built and by no means inexpensive (\$594 per unit), but the sonic results are exemplary. The Integrand Corporation in Westbury, Long Island, manufactures an integrated amplifier-speaker system that's about half the size of the EMI and about half as expensive, and other firms are tooling up.

Phantom channel is a circumlocution for "third channel." Whatever you call it, its visible form is a third speaker set between the left-right channels, and its function is to plug up stereo's so-called "hole in the middle." We have always considered this awful hole to be more a visual than an auditory problem. When you see an eight-foot chasm separating Speaker A from Speaker B, you

can easily convince yourself that there's a paucity of sound in between. Actually there may be plenty, depending on the acoustics of the room and the relative angling of the speakers. We remember an early stereo demonstration given by Westminster Records in which three large speakers were set up before the audience. At its conclusion everyone remarked on the solid wall-to-wall impact of the sound, and there was much knowing discourse on the virtues of using a third channel. It was only then that Kurt List, Westminster's musical director, confessed that the center speaker was a dummy. He had placed it there simply to prevent our attention from focusing too securely on the left and right sound sources.

Since that experience we've never been much bothered by a hole in the middle. But if it bothers *you*, don't fret; the matter is easily set to rights. Most of the new stereo preamps and control amplifiers have a tap at the rear marked "Center Output." Merely connect this to a separate amplifier (your old mono job in the attic will do nicely) and connect the amplifier to a third speaker placed midway between the basic stereo pair. The result is a phantom channel combining the left and right stereo tracks in presumably equal proportions. If you still detect an acoustic cavity, consult a psychoanalyst.

We can't find "ambiophony" in our dictionary, but we're assured by the hi-fi cognoscenti that it will be on everybody's lips before long. The term refers to the phenomenon of background acoustics—the impalpable ingredient that makes an orchestra in Amsterdam's Concertgebouw sound different from an orchestra in Detroit's Ford Auditorium. Theoretically, a well-made and well-reproduced recording should convey a pretty fair notion of hall acoustics. Practically, say the ambiophonists, the four walls of a small apartment living room can't possibly do acoustic justice to a hundred-piece orchestra unless some electronic help is forthcoming. Enter now various reverberation devices which purport to inflate your living room to concert hall proportions. They are being much touted this winter by makers of phonograph consoles (Philco and Zenith, for example) and are also being sold as accessories to owners of component equipment by Fisher and Sargent-Rayment. Fisher's Dynamic Spacexpander sells for \$59.50, Sargent-Rayment's Reverberation 202 for \$47.75, and both are connected between the preamp and power amplifier stages in the component chain. Results? Well, it depends. If you want to bestow an appropriately church-like acoustic ambiance on an organ or choral recording, the reverberation de-

vice will do it nicely. If you want to make David Oistrakh sound as if he were playing in the middle of a huge empty vodka barrel, the reverberation device can do that as well. But who wants it to? We see considerable merit in the concept of ambiophony, and we'd be the first to admit that Beethoven's Ninth Symphony sounds cramped in our living room. But we also believe that the present reverb accessories can stand improvement and that they may distort more recordings than they improve.

You'll have to wait for the latest developments in tape cartridges, because they're not yet on the market. But if all goes according to schedule, we'll be hearing plenty about them before the year is over. In case you haven't kept *au courant* with the progress of recorded tape, a bit of past history might be helpful before we gaze into the crystal ball. Recorded tapes began to make a sizable dent in the market about five years ago when they were the only practical stereo medium. At that time they ran at 7½ ips (inches per second), came on open reels, were recorded on two tracks, and cost a good deal of money. The arrival of stereo discs in 1958 knocked the props out from two-track 7½-ips tape, because the discs were far cheaper and at least comparable (if not absolutely equal) in stereo quality. Whereupon RCA Victor announced a stereo tape cartridge which was to be not only competitive in price with the stereo disc but just as easy to use. Its reels, encased in a plastic container, required no threading, and its tape ran at 3¾ ips and used four tracks instead of two. For a variety of reasons, this development never got off the ground, and in time RCA beat a silent retreat. Meanwhile, the Ampex Corporation (Ampex is to tape apparatus as Rolls-Royce to motorcars) began boosting four-track open-reel tape at 7½ ips. A subsidiary of Ampex, United Stereo Tapes, started distributing an impressive array of recorded tapes at reasonable prices, and soon the tape business came to life again. By the end of 1960 every major record company was issuing four-track 7½-ips tape and total sales for the year were estimated at ten million dollars.

One of the prime advantages of four-track 7½-ips tape is its compatibility with existing tape players. Almost any tape-transport mechanism can be adapted from the old two-track to the new four-track operation. You merely order a conversion kit from the manufacturer of your tape player and do it yourself, or consign your tape equipment to the ministrations of a competent service man. Either way, the change-over shouldn't cost more than fifty dollars. Of course, four-track heads are standard equipment on all the new tape players, and you'll

(continued on page 90)

playboy's playmate review

a portfolio of the past delightful dozen



MISS JULY: TEDDI SMITH



MISS NOVEMBER: JONI MATTIS

Our July firecracker was Teddi Smith, who turned niftily nautical on board a cabin cruiser and thus enriched the summer scene. Joni Mattis, here in pensive mood, brightened our video screens with scene-stealing appearances on *Playboy's Penthouse*, and further rewarded a proper and healthy curiosity by affording us a more intimate appraisal in varied and fetching poses as Miss November.

REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST casts a warm glow over the winter months, when, with happy New Year's resolution, we again take a backward glance at the lovelies who so beautifully held aloft the Playmate of the Month escutcheon during 1960. It was, in delightful retrospect, a great vintage year; a twelve-month in which, somehow, the girls were more exciting, more intriguing, more inviting than ever. True, we are filled with perennial pride at each January's stock-taking, but we cannot deny what our eyes ascertain to be so: on the beach, in an art museum, at work, at play, in sweet repose, the pretties who honored our past year's pages were a magnificent *tour des filles*. We can only hope tomorrow holds such dazzling delights in store. Here, then, in splendid profusion, are *les girls*—individually outstanding, collectively consummate.



MISS JANUARY: STELLA STEVENS

Miss January, Stella Stevens, our delectable delegate from Dogpatch, was an exquisite *Appassionata van Climax* in the celluloid *Li'l Abner*. Stella's statistics made her an obvious choice to dismay Daisy Mae. One of the mere breath-taking landmarks of Beverly Hills, Miss Stevens displayed abilities both stentorian and statuesque in the movie, is well on her way to becoming a Stella attraction in flickerdom. By far the most attractively packaged gift we presented to our readers this past Christmas was Carol Eden. Miss December, frolicking in the snow and thawing out while her clothes were doing the same off-camera (and the viewers were doing the same off-magazine) was unseasonably but not unreasonably olluring. Anyone for mistletoe? While we're being seasonal, Ginger Young was definitely very warm for May. Ginger has parlayed equal parts proportion (36-23-36) and acting prowess into a promising career before the TV cameras and on the boards. We wouldn't care if Ginger's thesping rated no more than a walk-on in a high school musical; we know what we like, and we like what we see. Whatever dramatic ability the magnificent Miss Young has is, as far as we're concerned, pure gravy. February's Susie Scott, we pointed out in civic appreciation, is a Chicagoan. Whether this had anything to do with the great Scott topography was not for us to say. In the shortest of months, Susie was long on looks and our own special Valentine. LP-collector Scott is, for the record, 37-23-36, which should be sweet music for even the most jaded ears. Another Windy Cityite, June's Delores Wells, appeared under an assortment of chapeaux and the milliners never had it so good. Here, hatless Delores makes us a bit light-headed as she models a couple of cushions. Hatted or not, Delores rates a daffed Stetsan any time.

MISS DECEMBER: CAROL EDEN





MISS MAY: GINGER YOUNG



MISS FEBRUARY: SUSIE SCOTT

MISS JUNE: DELORES WELLS





MISS OCTOBER: KATHY DOUGLAS



MISS MARCH: SALLY SARELL



MISS AUGUST: ELAINE PAUL

Leaves and readers' heads turned in October. The leaf bit is a regular autumnal occurrence and a delightful phenomenon of nature; the head-turning was occasioned by Kathy Douglas, an equally delightful natural phenomenon. Kathy, who calls Hally-wood home, revealed a taste for mythology among other things. We could only envy Mr. Bulfinch Miss Douglas' devotion and regret our previous inattention to the classics. Art student Sally Sarell, our Miss March, tended toward the abstract—artistically speaking, of course. Her physical accoutrements are astoundingly real. Greenwich Villager Sarell, no beatnik she, was a one-time farmerette in Finland, happily abandoned plow for palette, Helsinki for Manhattan. Elaine Paul, August's Designing Playmate, is a Brooklyn-based fabric designer whose attributes were obviously not constructed out of whole cloth. Miss Paul made materialists of us all. Our September song was mare of a lang, low whistle when Ann Davis served with admirable distinction as a model for eleven—count 'em—eleven PLAYBOY artists who were inspired in many-splendored directions by Ann's eye-catching geometry. Staff photographer Don Branstein's artful camera gave the reader an ideal basis for comparison, and further pause for thought. We took an exhilarating spring-time gambol with April's Linda Gamble who proved conclusively that Pittsburgh produces more than steel, coal, and the Pirates. Private secretary and antique collector Gamble was the most exciting thing to happen to the pride of the Allegheny and Monongahela since Andrew Carnegie, and made a welcome addition to our own collection of American Modern.



MISS SEPTEMBER: ANN DAVIS



MISS APRIL: LINDA GAMBLE



"Excuse me, officer, could you please direct me to the Empire State Building."

WHEN YOU FIRST SMOKE MARIJUANA (the Professor said) there are all sorts of kicks the old teahounds will try to steer you into to heighten your enjoyment. Some of them are pretty much at the physical level, like getting loaded and eating a cheap cafeteria meal to see how much more intensely good it tastes than your sober imagination of a gourmet's feast, or taking a simple amusement-park roller-coaster ride and discovering space flight. Others call on the imagination a little more. There are several pretty obvious ones involving all the most beautiful girls in the world — or if your fellow weedheads are intellectual you may be guided into imagined converse with all the great musicians of the past and all the great artists and writers. Liszt may play your inner piano, Paganini your violin, Poe may tread behind you on a midnight walk reciting his poetry. Some of these kicks can be very simple. My teacher put his hand lightly on my head as I sipped that first drag and he told me to close my eyes and then he said softly, "You're just a little weed growing in the desert and the wind is blowing through you." Of course he meant the marijuana weed — weed itself.

If you're young and previously unacquainted with drugs and with intense creative activity (the Professor continued briskly), you may take this imaginative bait and have a few memorable bangs before the first flush fades away forever and you quit all drugs if you've got sense. It'll be like you wrote a beautiful poem without ever writing it. If you're older and have done some heavy drinking and so on, you probably won't respond at all and you'll tell your well-meaning mentors that weed is much overrated.

But there's one kick they'll try to give you that will almost certainly work for you at least once, whether you're a fresh kid or a dull codger. It's one of the biggest and best and simplest kicks there is, and it involves another

ALL THE WEED IN THE WORLD



was it only an old hophead's dream? fiction **By FRITZ LEIBER**

"all." And it's a good kick. (The bad kicks, like knowing that all the cops in the world are just outside that green door, will come whether you're steered into them or not.) This kick is about all the weed in the world — but before I tell it I've got to tell you about the old doctor.

This ancient six-foot-three-inch wreck — a rain-streaked, fire-blackened ruin of a man with a few bats already flitting through his warped and paintless belfry and a few worms already gnawing at his toes inside his size-fifteen shoes with their little black hangnails of peeling leather — this walking catastrophe had got his M.D. from a homeopathic college back at the turn of the century. He'd occupied the same office for forty years — already the building was changing over from offices to slum apartments — and he was to go on occupying it until he died and they tore the building down. And he was a confirmed miser — he had a box of string (each piece coiled like a rattlesnake) and a box of dead rubber bands (maybe the strings had bit 'em) and barrels of pharmaceutical samples going back to 1900, and already the newspapers had started to pile up ominously in the corners. Even by middle-class standards his office was a dark and cluttered hole with sooty green walls, but it was good enough for his dollar patients and for me, who paid him five to write me morphine prescriptions. In fact to me his office was a dim dark restful shrine that soothed my jitters as if the black dust of the walls were loaded with cocaine. Eventually we got to know each other well, and by bits and pieces he told me his story.

In his youth this old stricken eagle, this thunder-blasted tree, had had a great dream to which he had dedicated his whole life. It had come to him while he was interning at a primitive mental hospital — a vision of healing the sick minds of mankind with narcotic drugs alone. Remember this was back in the days when opiates were on the open market, when even Sigmund Freud briefly thought the newly-discovered cocaine was great for everyday use (at least by a young and vigorous psychiatrist), when the best thing you could (continued on page 117)



Chivalry flourishes at Squaw Valley, where young men have little difficulty in securing après ski sipping companions. The astute male knows that the chick of his choice may require some aid. When the time comes, he's ready, as this smart skier is in assisting the lady in putting on her boots. Techniques may differ, but the scene, as perceptive artist Neiman saw it, is quite typical.



Offenbach invades Squaw Valley in the persons of a foursome of ski-footed can-can dancers. The brisk mountain atmosphere, the festive friendliness of the ski hideaway and the rapport that exists among lovers of the exhilarating sport contribute to such spontaneous goings-on. Dressed in bright outdoor outfits, the girls demand attention—and get it.



Roy Neiman '60

man at his leisure

*skiing in a stunning setting:
neiman sketches squaw valley*

SQUAW VALLEY, California, one of the treasures of the Sierra Nevadas, is a two-mile-long ski center flanked by three snow-clad peaks rising more than eight thousand feet above sea level. The site of the last Winter Olympic Games, Squaw Valley forms an incomparable nature amphitheatre, a superb setting for the winter sportsman. Rivaling in runs and facilities its Continental counterparts—St. Moritz, Davos, Cortina d'Ampezzo—Squaw Valley attracts skiers—pros and weekenders alike—from Lake Tahoe, just seven miles away, to lands as distant as Norway and Peru. Squaw Valley today (thanks to the legacy of the '60 Olympics) boasts not only superior slopes for all skiers—snow bunnies to experts—but also the man-made aids to the sport left over from the Olympic installations: modern chair lifts, an immense indoor skating arena, three outdoor rinks, dormitories and dining rooms designed for the comfort of competitors and vacationers alike. The luxurious Squaw Valley lodge and inn, crowded to bursting by Olympic spectators and competitors, now serve as centers of conversation and good cheer for the smaller, gayer crowds of recreational skiers.

PLAYBOY artist LeRoy Neiman, who tours the world in our behalf, found Squaw Valley to be a combination of awesome peaks, deep powder snow,



Left: in the crisp morning air, skiers depart the lodge for the chair lift and a day of schussing on the slopes. The glare of sun-on-snow makes goggles indispensable to these well-equipped sportsmen. Above: a pair in a pause to leap-frog and frolic.



A ski patrolman with a broken leg rigs ski poles as crutches and gets around nimbly on a snowshoe. In six weeks, he'll be back in action, efficiently surveying the slopes.

and ruggedly rustic yet thoroughly luxurious accommodations. During his midwinter sojourn there, he chatted with skiers, scanned the slopes and roamed the premises, sketching his impressions. "The skiing society is wildly, marvelously garbed," he says. "The wardrobes are bulky, textured and brilliantly colored. The bright-patterned sweaters, ski pants, socks, caps, face masks and goggles are in vivid contrast to the starkness of the snow.

"On the slopes," Neiman recalls, "the skiers appear large and powerful in their sports attire; at night, when the valley is transformed into a world of flickering lights, the lodge and inn are warmly inviting. After the skiers' day is over, they converge on the bar, the dining room, the roaring log fires—to chat, sing and sip."

Throughout the day and evening activities, the crack skiers exist apart from the crowd. Reverently-observed heroes, they are dedicated to the sport. In them, and in the dazzling atmosphere of Squaw Valley, Neiman's search for artistic inspiration was more than satisfied, as his paintings strikingly illustrate.



When the skiers' day ends, they congregate in the lodge, within warming distance of the crackling fire, to converse, relish the hot buttered rum or hot spiced wine, to romance and relax. Skis are stacked; goggles and masks are tossed aside in favor of an evening of toddies and tête-à-têtes.



DeRoy Hanson '60



*"Happy New Year!
Which resolution
shall we break first?"*

Vargas

FADE IN on a dark, smoke-swept field. The wind is whistling and occasional bolts of lightning flash in the distance. A symbolic fox on two lean legs suddenly appears, munches on a patch of mandrake, and then vanishes. A vulture swoops low, symbolically flying backwards. She picks a symbolic banana from a tree with her beak, and then flies off again. Cut to a black carriage drawn by two black horses, clattering down a nearby road. Cut to inside the carriage. BJORNSTRAND, a conjurer with Christlike features, is brooding silently in a corner and sucking on an unlighted pipe. At his side is KATHERINA, a beautiful blonde actress. At KATHERINA's left is a grotesque old woman, known affectionately as THE CRONE. Sitting alone in the seat opposite them is DR. SVENSK, a distinguished-looking octogenarian.

KATHERINA (to BJORNSTRAND): You make me go all hot under my corsets.

BJORNSTRAND: Heat is an illusion . . . (to DR. SVENSK) What is the hour, Doctor?

DR. SVENSK (looking at a watch that has no hands): I have half past eternity. But I may be a trifle slow.

BJORNSTRAND: Slowness is an illusion.

THE CRONE (playing catch with a human eye against the side of the carriage): I see what I know and I know what I see, little lizards.

The carriage stops and GUNNAR, a white-haired old man wearing a black cape and hood, and carrying a scythe, climbs aboard. He sits down alongside DR. SVENSK.

DR. SVENSK (fatalistically): You have come for me, have you not?

GUNNAR: Step by step we will go into the Darkness.

DR. SVENSK: I understand. But first may I accomplish one single, meaningful action on earth?

GUNNAR: As you wish. (Pause) You play, of course?

DR. SVENSK nods his head. GUNNAR takes out a Monopoly board from under his cape and gives DR. SVENSK a pair of dice and a token. The doctor rolls the dice and moves his token six boxes to Stockholm Avenue.

KATHERINA (to BJORNSTRAND): You

kindle a fire beneath my lily-white bosom.

BJORNSTRAND (to KATHERINA): Why have you come here to demoralize and destroy me, daughter of Eve?

THE CRONE (still bouncing the human eye against the side of the carriage, and occasionally showboating by catching it with one hand): I know what I see, and I see what I know, little lizards.

DR. SVENSK (his token resting in Jail): I long to bare my entrails, break my neck, cut out my tongue, and cleanse my impurities. But first I will have a dream sequence.

DR. SVENSK lies back in his seat and falls asleep. Cut to a silent, foggy street. The doctor is standing alone beneath a huge clock that has no hands or numbers. From his pocket he takes out a pencil and a small calendar that has no months. He makes a notation somewhere between where March and August might have been. Then he enters a nearby shop and purchases an Almanac with no pages from a storekeeper with no face. As he steps back into the street, a horse-drawn hearse with no horse appears. DR. SVENSK enters the hearse and crawls into an empty coffin that is stuffed with newspapers that have no dates. The hearse moves slowly to the seashore, where it stops. The doctor steps out of the coffin and removes his shoes and socks. He begins to run painfully over the hourglass-covered beach. He suddenly stops running, looks down, and screams. The hourglasses have no sand.

Fade and cut back to the carriage. GUNNAR is shaking DR. SVENSK awake.

DR. SVENSK (opening his eyes): I did not die but I am a ghost already.

GUNNAR (laughing mirthlessly): A shadow of a shadow, Doctor. Bliss is a thick, strangulating fog settling down on one's life.

BJORNSTRAND: Strangulation is an illusion . . . As a matter of fact, so is settling down.

KATHERINA (to BJORNSTRAND): You boil my blood and bring smoke to my loins.

BJORNSTRAND: That is a doubtful truth. God is silent and humans babble.

THE CRONE: Does anyone have a spare

eye? Mine fell out of the carriage.

GUNNAR (taking DR. SVENSK by the arm): Come, Dr. Svensk, the Darkness awaits us.

DR. SVENSK: But I have yet to accomplish my one single, meaningful action on earth.

GUNNAR: You shall, yet. You shall, yet. The carriage stops. GUNNAR and DR. SVENSK alight and walk off into the forest.

Cut back to the carriage.

BJORNSTRAND (sucking on his unlighted pipe): Life is an angry ape.

BJORNSTRAND puts down his pipe, removes his Christlike mask, and reveals himself as THE KING OF SWEDEN.

THE KING OF SWEDEN (formerly BJORNSTRAND): But then again, apes are an illusion.

KATHERINA removes her beautiful actress mask and reveals herself as the real GUNNAR, a white-haired old man wearing a black cape and hood, and carrying a scythe.

GUNNAR (formerly KATHERINA): Anger is also an illusion.

THE CRONE removes her grotesque crone mask and reveals herself as a grotesque crone.

THE CRONE (formerly THE CRONE): Illusion is an illusion.

GUNNAR (formerly KATHERINA): Your hours are up, my friends. It is time for you both to go into the Darkness . . . Dr. Svensk awaits you there.

THE KING OF SWEDEN: Dr. Svensk? But he is not in the Darkness. He merely went off into the forest with Katherina, who wore a Gunnar mask.

GUNNAR: Yes, and with Katherina's help there in the forest, he accomplished his one single, meaningful action on earth . . . A wondrous feat for an octogenarian, to be sure, but he has paid the price . . .

The three descend from the carriage and walk slowly down the long, dark road.

THE KING OF SWEDEN: What is the hour, old Crone?

THE CRONE (removing a watch from her battered purse): I cannot tell, Your Majesty. This timepiece has hands. ♣

THE SEVENTH STRAWBERRY

satire By LARRY SIEGEL

a very deep
screenplay to be
read aloud
with a heavy
swedish accent



STRIDES OF STEREO (continued from page 76)

find some beauties on the market today — from sources both foreign (Ferrograph, Sony, Tandberg, Uher) and domestic (Ampex, Bell, Viking, Webcor).

At this point we'll bring in that crystal ball and direct your attention to a plastic wafer the size of a graham cracker. What you see is a new tape cartridge developed jointly by CBS Laboratories and the Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing Company. Within the graham cracker is enough tape to play for sixty-four minutes; moreover, with the cartridges stacked on an automatic-changer spindle, you can enjoy (if that is the word) five hours of nonstop music. In the CBS-3M cartridge the tape has been slowed down to $1\frac{7}{8}$ ips; and though it's only $\frac{1}{7}$ inch wide, there's room for three separate tracks. Two of the tracks contain the usual left-right stereo channels, the third is for a reverberation signal that's supposed to provide concert hall illusion (ambiophony again). Peter Goldmark, head of CBS Labs, claims that the $1\frac{7}{8}$ -ips cartridge will have better sound quality and better durability than a stereo disc, and for the moment we'll have to take his word for it, since the cartridges and apparatus to play them won't go on sale until later this year. Also expected later this year is an improved version of RCA Victor's tape cartridge. Whether either the CBS or RCA device will replace stereo discs or four-track $7\frac{1}{2}$ -ips tape in the fi man's affection remains to be seen.

There's no doubt, however, that FM stereo multiplex will get an enthusiastic reception the moment it makes its belated debut. Stereo broadcasting at present entails transmission of the A and B channels on two separate wave lengths — generally from the AM and FM transmitters of the same station. This is a far from ideal system and can be regarded as at best a stopgap measure. Multiplexing, which permits the simultaneous transmission of two separate signals on one static-free FM wave length, is the obvious answer. The difficulty has been that there are six versions of the answer. Six different multiplex systems have been submitted to the Federal Communications Commission for approval, each of them having the virtue of compatibility (which means that a tuner adapted for multiplex can pick up both channels of a stereo signal, while a regular FM radio tuned to the same wave length will pick up only the normal monophonic signal). From these six multiplex systems the FCC must choose one as the industry standard. Its decision has been pending for two years. As soon as it comes, FM tuner makers will go into high gear to bring forth the adapters you'll need to receive stereo multiplex broadcasts. Most recent FM tuners already have a plug in the back for a

multiplex adapter, so it's merely a question of paying the requisite coin of the realm (about \$50) and hooking the multiplex gadget into your stereo setup. Inputs for left-right tuner channels are standard equipment on all stereo preamps and control amplifiers.

In case you're beginning to wonder whether every interesting stereo development is in the nature of a Future Trend, relax: right now the shops are full of new equipment calculated to entice even the tone deaf. For instance, that old problem of changer *vs.* turntable is being resolved by some ingenious compromises that promise to give us the best of both components. Exhibit A is a new device brought out by the Rek-O-Kut Company that transforms a turntable into an automatic record player. It's called the "Autopoise" and can be attached to any of Rek-O-Kut's S-series tonearms. You press a button and "Autopoise" starts the motor, lowers the arm onto the record, lifts it upon completion of the side, returns it to the arm rest, and shuts off the motor. The gadget does everything except change the record. If you insist on automatic change and still hanker after turntable quality, investigate Exhibit B — the Garrard Automatic Turntable. This English import has a six-pound cast turntable, a heavy-duty motor, and a dynamically balanced tonearm with built-in pressure gauge. There's a removable spindle in the center; leave it on and you have an automatic changer, take it off and you have a professional-type turntable. Similar turntable/changer combinations are offered by United Audio (Dual 1006) and Miracord (Model XS-200).

Incidentally, the built-in pressure gauge is becoming standard equipment on most of the new tonearms. You'll find automatic calibration on the Empire 98, ESL S-2000, Rek-O-Kut Gyropoise, and Shure Professional tonearms, to name a few. If you're one of those timid souls who are perpetually worried about ruining delicate stereo pressings with too-heavy stylus pressures, worry no longer. Get a calibrated arm, set the pressure gauge to the number of trans recommended for your cartridge, and forget about it.

Builders of stereo amplifiers are currently engaged in a hotly contested power race. The sweepstakes began about a year ago when Harman-Kardon brought out its Citation II Stereo Power Amplifier — an impressive hunk of equipment that weighs 60 pounds, delivers 120 watts (60 watts per channel), and costs \$229.50 factory assembled. Word soon got around that it was very possibly the finest power amplifier ever made. No doubt cunning circuitry and top-grade parts had much to do with its sterling performance, but so did all that com-

fortable wattage. Hence, the power race. You can now get stereo power amplifiers in the 90-to-120-watt range from Acro, Fisher, Sargent-Rayment and H. H. Scott, as well as from Harman-Kardon. Saul Marantz, whose uncompromising dedication to producing quality equipment has long been appreciated by audio connoisseurs, has enlivened the contest by marketing a new single-channel amplifier (Model No. 9) conservatively rated at 70 watts; with two of them for stereo, you're in the 140-watt class. Anyone who followed Detroit's horsepower race a few years ago knows that this sort of fever can be extremely contagious, and the chances are that the biggest, most powerful amplifier has yet to be built.

All these super-power amplifiers must be used in conjunction with a control preamp, of course. If you incline to the Citation II amplifier, you'll probably want its partner, the Citation I preamp, which has also received some loud hosannas for its absolutely flat response and simple flexibility. It will set you back about \$280, assembled at the factory and housed in a walnut cabinet. Other preamps of comparable quality and in the same general price class are available from the Messrs. Fisher, Marantz, McIntosh and Scott.

Stereo control amplifiers (in which the preamp and power amplifier share the same cabinet) haven't yet gone quite so far in the power race, but they're getting heftier all the time. Fisher's X-202 is a solid 50-watt job that tips the scales at 32 pounds and costs \$229.50. We had one in use for several months and found nothing to complain of. Scott's time-tested Model 299 control amplifier has been upped from 40 to 50 watts, and for the real megalomaniac the firm puts out its Model 272 at 88 watts. General Electric, Grommes, Crosby and Stromberg-Carlson also make stereo control amplifiers in the 50-watt-or-better category.

If a reaction does set in and we all start yearning suddenly for high fidelity "compacts," a West Coast outfit called Transis-Tronics will already have done the pioneering. As you can guess from the name, they're making transistorized equipment. Transis-Tronics' latest model, the S-15, is a book-size, tubeless, transformerless, 40-watt stereo control amplifier which weighs a mere $7\frac{1}{4}$ pounds and costs a mere \$129.50. For the man who requires more power the company makes the S-25, also tubeless but not transformerless, hence, larger, heavier, and more costly. In addition to their diminutive size, the acknowledged advantages of transistors are lack of heat (no warm-up time, no deterioration of parts), lack of hum, and lack of microphonics. However, there have been disadvantages too, such as background hiss

(concluded on page 94)

nightclubdom's sultan of insult, don rickles, aims his acerb wit at delighted celebrities



“I AM YOUR EMPEROR!”

“ALL KIDDING ASIDE, Frank, it's nice of you to be here — taking a few hours off from your sex life.” When insult artist Don Rickles aimed that shot at Sinatra, the often volatile Frank responded with a laugh instead of a snarl. In fact, Frank very nearly knocked over his drink in uncontrolled mirth, for Rickles has a way of breaking celebrities up while cutting them down — to life size. In the three years since he first opened at Hollywood's Slate Brothers Club, Don has become a headline attraction by bruising and battering the egos of his audiences. He announces from the stage that he believes in the Will Rogers dictum: “Never pick on a little man,” then proceeds to compliment the “bigness” of those present by insulting everyone in sight, with special attention given to celebrities. Rickles' diatribe is often outrageous (“Your fly is open, sir. What are you, some kind of sex nut or something?!” Or to a well-established but aging star: “I won't pick on you, miss. You're a has-been.”), but incredibly, the high and the mighty of showbiz are more often amused than miffed, have clasped Rickles to their collective bosom, wind up calling their agents instead of their lawyers after such abuse to find a spot for Don in a movie or TV show they are doing. The acting assignments present no serious problem for Rickles, who put in time at the American Academy of Dramatic Art. The dramatic training helps in his nightclub act, too, as Rickles rants and raves at his audiences, beseeches them to follow him blindly in all manner of anti-social activities, for “I am your emperor!” And as the audiences swear allegiance to this sultan of insult, they also have quite a time for themselves, as the pictures on the next two pages indicate.



TONY CURTIS & JANET LEIGH . . . *"Tony, remember in the Bronx when you used to play stickball and you got the girls behind the signs? . . . I'm only kidding, Janet, he was a monk!"*



MILTON BERLE . . . *"Go ahead, laugh it up, Milton. I saw your cardiogram. You've got an hour!"*



JACK LEMMON . . . *"Saw you in 'The Apartment,' Jack, and I think you should have left the gas on."*



ANTHONY FRANCIOSA & SHELLEY WINTERS . . . *"Is that your wife with you, Tony? Sure, sure. A motel deal if ever I saw one!"*



KIRK DOUGLAS . . . *"Take off your toga — the picture's finished."*



NAT "KING" COLE . . . *"I don't care what Faubus tells you. I say you can go to school."*



STAN KENTON & ANN RICHARDS . . . *"I pick on Stan Kenton. Why not? I've heard his music."*



SAMMY DAVIS, JR. . . . *"Why do I pick on this Negro boy? I'll tell you why. Because he's a Jew!"*

STRIDES OF STEREO (continued from page 90)

and instability, and they have caused most designers of amplifier equipment to give transistors a wide berth. The Transis-Tronics people feel they have the difficulties licked, and to back up their belief they're giving a two-year guarantee with each new instrument.

Speakers, of course, have been getting more compact ever since the advent of stereo. The challenge has been to retain big-speaker quality within little-speaker dimensions. Edgar Villchur's acoustic-suspension principle espoused by Acoustic Research and KLH has had a wide and merited vogue, and you certainly can't go wrong with, say, the AR-3 (\$231) or the KLH Four (\$224). But a good many other small speaker systems are also now clamoring for your attention. G. A. Briggs, the doughty Yorkshireman who designs and manufactures Wharfedale speakers, has recently introduced the Wharfedale '60 Achromatic speaker system, which uses a nonresonant sand-filled panel to boost bass response. The Dukane Corporation is

sponsoring the French-developed Ionovac speaker system, utilizing ionized air to propagate high-frequency sounds in place of the conventional vibrating diaphragm (\$139.50 for the two-way, \$187.50 for the three-way bookshelf models, \$199.50 for the stand-up corner model). Harman-Kardon is plunging into the speaker act with the Citation X, an omnidirectional honeycomb speaker system (\$250). Weathers Industries has its Triophonic Speaker System consisting of two small upper-range units and a hideaway bass speaker with its own amplifier (\$169). And the Advanced Acoustics Corporation urges you to consider the "440" Bi-Phonic Coupler, an unbaffled speaker system employing a flat wooden diaphragm instead of a paper cone for sound radiation (\$134). As we go to press, we have not yet auditioned the completely new Harman-Kardon Citation X speakers, which should be available by now at \$250 each, but we hear great things about their design and suggest you give them a close listen before making a decision.

Which one of these is best? It's a question only you can answer; the only sensible way to choose a speaker system is to listen to several and choose the one that sounds most pleasing to you, *preferably in your own pad*. The better dealers, if they're convinced there's an ultimate sale in the offing, will let you try a couple of speaker systems at home before you make up your mind.

All the systems mentioned above ought to pass muster from the decorative point of view. On the off chance that your listening room is baronial, you might want to consider a couple of mammoths, the KLH Nine full-range electrostatic system (70 inches high, \$1030) or the JBL-Ranger Paragon system (103 inches wide, \$2070). There are some rooms of goodish size in which there is no substitute for a physically large sound source, such as the Ranger Paragon provides.

In the matter of FM tuners: with the FCC decision on multiplex just around the corner, it would seem prudent to make certain that the tuner you choose has provision for easy multiplex adaptation. You'll find a good selection purveyed by Fisher, Bogen, H. H. Scott, General Electric, Sherwood, Madison-Fielding, Pilot and Sargent-Rayment, and the new Harman-Kardon Citation III.

If you're not all thumbs, you might consider constructing a piece of equipment from one of the many do-it-yourself kits on the market. You'll not only find yourself disbursing less cash, but when you solder the last connection, flip the switch, and discover that the damn thing really works, Edison and Marconi will just have to make room for you in the Hall of Fame. Stereo power amplifiers are the quickest, easiest, most foolproof kits to assemble. Start off with one of these, then promote yourself to the preamp and tuner class. The Heath and Dynaco outfits manufacture a full line of kits (amplifiers, preamps and tuners in a variety of models), and you can also find a good selection of kits offered by mail-order houses such as Allied Radio and Lafayette. Acro, Citation and Eico gear is available in kit form, and the McIntosh and H. H. Scott people have recently gotten into the act with a build-it-yourself amplifier and FM tuner.

Lest we forget, all this shiny new equipment is made to reproduce music, and it's worth repeating that there's now an extraordinary amount of memorable music-making on stereo discs and tapes. Stereo recording techniques have noticeably improved over the past couple of years; we still encounter an occasional lemon, but the over-all standard is beyond cavil.



B. Wiseman

"That shirt tickles!"

HEMINGWAY

(continued from page 55)

ON BULLFIGHTING: "Formal bullfighting is an art, a tragedy and a business. To what extent it is an art depends on the bulls and on the men who are hired to fight them. I know of no modern sculpture, except Brancusi's, that is in any way equal to the sculpture of great bullfighting. However, as with any book on mountain climbing, skiing, sexual intercourse, wing shooting, or any other thing which it is impossible to make come wholly true on paper, it being always an individual experience, there comes a time when you must have climbed, skied, had sexual intercourse, shot grouse, or been to a bullfight so that you will know what we are talking about."

ON SHOWING DISPLEASURE AT A POOR PERFORMANCE IN THE BULLRING: "I believe firmly in the throwing of cushions of all weights, pieces of bread, oranges, vegetables, small dead animals of all sorts, including fish and, if necessary, bottles—provided they are not thrown directly at the offending bullfighter's head, and the occasional setting fire to a bullring if a properly decorous protest has had no effect."

ON HIS PUBLISHED BOOKS: "A finished book is like a dead lion. Maybe someone comes along and gives you a prize for finishing off a big lion, and that is good, but what you're interested in is the next lion."

ON HOLLYWOOD'S VERSION OF *THE SNOWS OF KILIMANJARO*: "I unfortunately was not able to sit through it, so I cannot tell how it came out."

ON HAVING DONE A GOOD BOOK: "If it is good, is about something you know, and is truly written, you can let the critics yip. Then the noise will have that pleasant sound coyotes make on a very cold night when they are all out in the snow, and you are in your own cabin that you have built and paid for with your work."

ON FUTURE WORK: "I have written and rewritten some 200,000 words of what eventually will be a very long book about the sea. It is divided into four volumes, any one of which could be published separately. Also, I have some 30,000 words done on poems. Then I have about ten short stories ready for another collection which Scribner's will bring out one of these days."

ON DAILY WORK HABITS: "You begin in

The majority of the quotations in *Hemingway Speaks His Mind* are from published interviews in magazines and newspapers, including: *Conquest, Wisdom, Paris Review, The New Yorker, The New York Times, Atlantic, Newsweek, Bluebook, The Nation, Time, Holiday, Look, Life*. Quotations from Hemingway's writings are: On Showing Displeasure at Bullring, On Goya, from *Death in the Afternoon*, © Charles Scribner's Sons, 1949; On the Sky, On What Can Harm a Writer, On Classics, from *Green Hills of Africa*, © Charles Scribner's Sons, 1935; On Soldiering, On Cowardice, from Hemingway's introduction to *Men at War*, © Crown Publishers, Inc., 1955; On Good Things in Life, from Hemingway's introduction to *In Sicily* by Elio Vittorini, © New Directions, 1949; On Killing, from Hemingway's introduction to *Man and Beast in Africa* by François Sommer, © H. Jenkins, 1953. Special research by William F. Nolan.

the cool of the morning and you write until you come to a place where you still have your juice and know what will happen next, and you stop there and try to live through until the next day when you hit it again. When you stop you are as empty, and at the same time never empty, but filling, as when you have made love to someone you deeply care for."

ON A DAY WHEN THE JUICE WAS UP: "I wrote three short stories in one day in Madrid when it snowed out the San Isidro bullfights. First I wrote *The Killers*. Then, after lunch, I got in bed to keep warm and wrote *Today Is Friday*. I had so much juice I thought maybe I was going crazy. So I got dressed and walked to Forno's, the old bullfighter's café, and drank coffee, then came back and wrote *Ten Indians*. This made me very sad and I drank some brandy and went to sleep."

ON OBSERVING: "You search for small things that make emotions: the way an outfielder tosses his glove without looking back to where it falls, the squeak of resin on canvas under a fighter's flat-soled gym shoes, the gray color of a con's skin when he has just come out of stir."

ON WHAT MAY BE LEFT OUT OF A BOOK: "The test of any book is how much good stuff you can throw away. I try to write on the principle of the iceberg: seven-eighths of it is underwater. *The Old Man and the Sea* could have been a thousand pages long. But I had a good man and a good boy, and of course the ocean is worth writing about just as the man is. So I was lucky. I've seen the marlin mate and know about that. So I could leave that out. I've seen a school of more than fifty sperm whales and once harpooned one nearly sixty feet in length, then lost him. So I could leave that out. All the stories I heard from the fishing village I left out. But the knowledge was there—and it was what made up the underwater part of my iceberg."

ON STYLE: "I wish to strip language clean, to lay it bare down to the bone."

ON REWRITING: "Sometimes I will correct a short story forty or fifty times. I rewrote the last page of *A Farewell to Arms* thirty-nine times before I was satisfied."

ON PROFANITY: "My war stories have a good deal of profanity in them. That's because in war you talk profane, although during peace I always try to talk gently."

ON WAR: "I hate war profoundly. You make the best of them. The first world war made little sense to me. The last one was different. Much of it made sense. Also, I had such good companionship, and it was the first time I ever had a chance to fight in my own language."

ON SOLDIERING: "A good soldier does not worry. To live properly in a war the individual eliminates all such things as potential danger. Then a thing is only



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bad when it is bad. Danger only exists at the moment of danger. It is neither bad before nor after."

ON COWARDICE: "Cowardice, as distinguished from panic, is almost always simply a lack of ability to suspend the functioning of the imagination."

ON BEING HIT BY A MORTAR SHELL IN THE FIRST WORLD WAR: "I felt my soul coming right out of my body, like you pull a silk handkerchief out of a pocket. It flew around, then came back and went in again and I wasn't dead any more."

ON READING YOUR OWN OBITUARIES: "It quickly becomes a vice and is, ideally, to be avoided."

ON SEEKING DEATH: "If you have spent your life avoiding death as capably as possible, but also taking no backchat from her and studying her as you would study a beautiful harlot who could put you soundly to sleep forever with no problems, you could be said to have studied her, but you have never sought her."

ON THE DECEASED: "It is too bad there's no way of exchanging some of the dead for some of the living. I've known some very wonderful people who even though they were going directly to the grave managed to put up a very fine performance en route."

ON THE NOBEL PRIZE: "I cannot but regret that the award was never given to Mark Twain, nor to Henry James, speaking only of my own countrymen. I would have been happy if the prize had gone to Isak Dinesen, or Bernard Berenson, and I would have been most happy to know that the prize had been awarded to Carl Sandburg."

ON WHAT MAKES A GREAT BOOK: "After you have finished reading it you feel that all of it happened to you, and afterwards it all belongs to you; the good and the bad, the ecstasy, the remorse and sorrow, the people in it and the places and how the weather was."

ON CLASSICS: "A new classic does not bear any resemblance to the classics that have preceded it. It can steal from anything that it is better than, anything that is not a classic. All classics do that. Some writers are only born to help another writer write one sentence."

ON MARK TWAIN: "All modern American literature comes from one book called *Huckleberry Finn*."

ON A BIOGRAPHY OF HEMINGWAY: "How would you like it if someone said that everything you've done in your life was done because of some trauma. I don't want to go down as the Legs Diamond of Letters."

ON CRITICS: "Sometimes the worst of them give off an odor that you only smell in the armpits of traitors after they have been hanged."

ON DREAMS: "In my nocturnal wanderings I am always between twenty-five and thirty years old and am irresistible to women, dogs and, on one occasion, to a

very beautiful lioness who subsequently became my fiancée."

ON HIS GOOD FRIEND, MARLENE DIETRICH: "The Kraut's the best that ever came in to the ring. If she had nothing more than her voice she could break your heart with it. But she has that beautiful body and that timeless loveliness of face."

ON GATE-CRASHERS: "It's chic to crash our gate. We get a lot of crazies and a lot of s.o.b.s. . . . The company of jerks is neither stimulating nor rewarding."

ON CANDID PHOTOGRAPHERS: "They sit around me sometimes for a whole week waiting for me to let my mouth drop open. So I just don't open my mouth for a whole week."

ON ONE OF HIS MANY CATS: "I have a cat named Boise who wants to be a human being. So Boise eats everything that human beings eat. He even chews Vitamin B Complex capsules, which are as bitter as aloes. He thinks I am holding out on him when I let him go to sleep without Seconal."

ON DRINKING: "Once at the Floridita I drank steadily from ten-thirty in the morning till seven that night. It's better when you drink standing up because you can hold more that way. Of course this depends on whether or not you can stand up. Others may need to assist you."

ON BOXING: "Never lead against your opponent unless you can out-hit him. Crowd a boxer, take everything he has, to get inside. Duck a swing, block a hook. Counter a jab with all you own—and never let them hit you solid."

ON HONOR: "There is honor among pick-pockets and honor among whores. It is simply that the standards differ."

ON KILLING: "Killing cleanly and in a way that gives you esthetic pride and pleasure has always been one of the greatest enjoyments of a part of the human race. At seventeen you would rather kill a grizzly bear than any other thing. At forty-five, having killed many, you would not kill a bear under any circumstances because you have learned over the years that he is your brother. But you will continue to kill your pheasants high and clean as long as you have eyes to do so."

ON BIG GAME HUNTING: "You must be calm inside, as if you were in church, when a lion or a rhino is coming at you. A charging rhino will come in at a trot that turns into a gallop. I let him come much further than is good for either of us in order to be truly sure of my shot. Then I squeeze the trigger."

ON COOKING LION STEAK: "First you must obtain your lion. Then you skin him and remove the two strips of tenderloin from each side of the backbone. These should hang overnight in a tree out of the reach of hyenas, and should be wrapped in cheesecloth to protect them from flies. The following day you slice the tenderloins, cutting them as thick

or as thin as you like. Then grill the steaks, basting them with lard made from eland fat."

ON HIS AFRICAN FRIENDS: "I'm an honorary Negro."

ON DEEP-SEA FISHING: "You fish with your legs. If your legs were cut off you could still fish and if both arms were cut off you could still fish, but you would have to rig differently. As long as charter boats are extremely expensive and both guides and their anglers want results above everything else, big-game fishing will be closer to total war against the fish than to sport. Of course, it could never be considered an equal contest unless the angler had a hook in his mouth as well as the fish."

ON BOATING TUNA: "You've got to boat them fast to keep the sharks off. If you let them get tired or sluggish that's when the bastards move in."

ON VISITING THE ZOO: "I love to go to zoos, but not on Sunday. I don't like to see the people making fun of the animals, when it should be the other way around."

ON PROFESSIONAL LOYALTY: "Writers should stick together, like wolves or gypsies."

ON WRITERS, ACCIDENTS AND GUNSHOT WOUNDS: "You should not, ideally, break a writer's head open or give him seven concussions in two years or break six ribs on him when he is forty-seven or push a rearview mirror through the front of his skull or, really, shoot at him too much. On the other hand, leave the sons of bitches alone and they are liable to start crawling back into the womb."

ON ADVISING A WOULD-BE WRITER: "He should go out and hang himself because he finds that writing well is impossibly difficult. Then he should be cut down and forced by his own self to write as well as he can for the rest of his life. At least he will have the story of his hanging to commence with."

ON THE THINGS THAT CAN HARM A WRITER: "Politics, women, drink, money and ambition. And the lack of politics, women, drink, money and ambition."

ON WHETHER THE MOVIE INDUSTRY HAS RUINED SERIOUS WRITERS: "Most whores usually find their vocation."

ON WHETHER BEING ECCENTRIC CAN HELP A WRITER: "What difference does it make if a guy lives in a picturesque little out-house surrounded by three hundred feeble-minded goats? The question is: can the bastard write?"

ON BEING A JOURNALIST: "It is valuable to the point that it forcibly begins to destroy your memory. A writer must leave it before that point. But he will always have scars from it."

ON A WRITER'S EDUCATION: "Once I thought of establishing a scholarship and sending myself to Harvard, because my Aunt Arabelle has always felt very bad that I am the only Hemingway boy that never went to college. I only went

to high school and a couple of military cram courses, and never took French. I began to learn French by reading the Associated Press story in a French paper after reading the American AP story, and from that it was only a jump to Dr. de Maupassant, who wrote about things I had seen or could understand. Then Dumas, Daudet and Stendhal. When I read Mr. Stendhal I knew that was the way I wanted to be able to write."

ON THE "SPILLANE SCHOOL" OF LITERATURE: "I don't break a man's arm just to hear the bones crack or shoot a woman in the belly when there are lots of better things to do with her."

ON SYMBOLS: "No good book has ever been published that had in it symbols arrived at beforehand and stuck in like raisins in bread. Raisin bread is all right, but plain bread is better."

ON "CONTEMPORARY THEMES": "As far as 'contemporary themes' are concerned, that is a lot of crap. The themes have never changed: love, lack of it, death

and its occasional temporary avoidance which we describe as life, the immortality or lack of immortality of the soul, money, honor and politics."

ON HIS POLITICS: "If anyone thinks I am worried about anyone reading political implications in my stories, he is wrong."

ON GOING TO RUSSIA: "The State Department asked me to go over there, but what the hell would I do? I don't know the language and you can't find out a damn thing if you don't know the language. I'm OK any place they speak French, Italian, Spanish or Swahili."

ON WHAT HE WANTS TO DO UPON GROWING OLD: "I'd like to see all the new fighters, horses, ballets, bike riders, dames, bull-fighters, painters, airplanes, sons of bitches, big international whores, restaurants, wine cellars and newsreels — and never have to write a line about any of them. And I would like to be able to make love good until I am eighty-five."



"Here comes your model now."

BEAUTIES OF THE BUBBLY (continued from page 40)

is. Class dismissed.

The whole Sec, Brut, Extra Dry scene is a confuser, probably because although *sec* is the French word for "dry," champagne labeled with that word is actually semi-sweet. Compounding the confusion, Extra Dry is not the driest. Here's the way it goes: *Brut* is an extremely dry champagne that may taste almost sour to a virgin palate; *Extra Dry* is not quite as dry as that; *Sec* is rather sweet, but not cloyingly so. You may also run across *Doux*. This is very, very sweet and is not to our taste. The most popular types are those two middle-of-the-roaders, Extra Dry and Sec. Sample them all and drink the type that suits your taste best, and for the love of Bacchus don't become a victim of that champagne snobbery that says the drier it is the more in it is. We like Extra Dry and occasionally Sec, depending upon our mood, but if you prefer *Doux*, by all means drink it, and if the Sahara-dryness of Brut hits the spot for you, drink that. Pink champagne? Why not? It's pretty to look at, and it has a distinctive flavor, a "pink" flavor or fruitiness.

No other drink comes in bottles of such magnificently graduated size. There are ten: the split (6½ ozs.), the pint (13 ozs.), the fifth (26 ozs.), the magnum (52 ozs.), the jeroboam (104 ozs.), the rehoboam (156 ozs.), the methuselah (208 ozs.), the salmanazar (312 ozs.), the balthazar (416 ozs.) and the nebuchadnezzar (520 ozs., or the size of a small boy). Nothing larger than the methuselah is exported from France, and the largest domestic size is the jeroboam.

If your acquaintance with champagne has been rather casual, the best way to properly train your palate is to buy three or four pints or splits of champagne covering a wide price range. Chill them, and taste them slowly, one after another. Don't allow too long an interval between tastings. Eat a piece of bread stick if necessary to clear your taste buds now and then. Don't try the experiment if you've had a drop of any other kind of alcohol beforehand. Don't smoke. And by all means do it before mealtime when your taste buds and your nose are alive and kicking. The obvious differences that are revealed from one bottle to the next are always amazing. The experience will be a corking good one merely as an *apéritif* session.

There are a few important clues to excellence the knowing taster will seek. One of the first is the champagne's vinosity. It's simply the essential and natural flavor of the grape, call it "grapyness" if you will. Time and again a taster sampling a poor champagne will say that it tastes like water, meaning it lacks the deep, straight unmistakable flavor of the fruit—the flavor that reaches the top of your mouth and stays

there after your glass is empty. It's just like a man eating a steak that's tender but who complains that it's less "beefy" than it should be. Dryness is often a valuable cue, too, since sugar is often, but not always, used to mask poor champagne. Aroma is important; in trying to gauge the aroma of champagne, the comparative test just suggested works better than anything. Such qualities as *finesse* and mellowness are learned only through long and happy practice. The effervescence of a fine champagne is shown in small steady bubbles, sometimes so small they're barely visible. It should not look like Alka Seltzer. In a testing recently, we found one magnificent champagne still alive with bubbles an hour and thirty-five minutes after pouring, standing at room temperature.

Little American champagne bears a vintage year, but that which does is usually an estimable bottling. When French champagne carries a vintage year, it simply means that in that particular year grapes were produced which gave the champagne—a *unique* flavor. The salient fact to remember is that most old French firms use the same quality wines for their non-vintage as their vintage champagnes. They keep their quality uniformly high by an elaborate, artful, running system of blending wines from both different vineyards and different years. In any so-called vintage year, one man's grapes may be superb; his neighbor's might be unfit for vinegar.

If you're wondering when champagne should be served, stop wondering: it can be served any time. It has been called a dessert wine, and indeed it is wizard at meal's end, but actually it is the only potation that can be tipped before dinner as a cocktail, during dinner as an accompaniment to every course, and after dinner with the savory. It is a complement to all foods and is indispensable with caviar. Some say it is grand stuff on certain mornings, too, as a specific against the horrors.

How to serve? There's no mystery. Prior to pouring, it should of course be thoroughly chilled, but not frozen to death. If you're using the trusty fridge, rather than a bucket, place the bottle as far away from the freezing section as possible. The best temperature is between 40 and 50 degrees. Don't jostle the bottle unnecessarily before opening it. Old hands at removing corks follow this ritual. Twist off the wire muzzle. Hold the cork in your left hand. Grasp the body of the bottle with your right hand. Keep the bottle inclined slightly, but don't aim it at your guests. Be sure your grip on the cork is firm; you want it to stay in your hand, not take off like an unguided missile. Turn the bottle with your right hand, holding the cork still until it pops. Make sure the cork

has no off odor. Wipe the rim of the bottle with a napkin. The best glass for savoring both flavor and bouquet is the 8-ounce tulip-shaped glass. Fill it half full. Opinions appear to coincide in regard to the saucer-shaped glass with the solid stem: it dissipates the bubbles too quickly. Opinion is divided in regard to the hollow-stemmed glass, however. Many experts claim that it, too, tends to debubble the bubbly, but other experts swear by it. To quote Alec Waugh again: "The best glass of all, they told me ['they' being French wine shippers], to retain the sparkle is one with a hollow stem." Ladies in the upper stratum of Continental society have discovered a new trick for "storing" champagne bubbles. They scratch the inside bottom of the glass with a diamond ring: the tiny scratches can't be seen, but they do provide a kind of cache for the bubbles, and the drink's sparkle lasts longer. We must admit we've not tested this ourselves. Debunkers now frown upon the traditional white napkin which was wrapped around the bottle on the assumption that the warmth of the hands was undesirable. Apparently, this assumption has since been proven baseless, so the napkin may be dispensed with, if you wish. It is so glamorous, however, so much a part of the champagne image, that we have a soft spot in our heart for it.

That grand moment when the bottle is opened has been described with feeling and accuracy by the great Lichine: Most people, he avers, "feel a pleasant surge of excitement as the wire muzzle is twisted off the cork and it is slowly pried loose, the expectant pause giving way to happy chatter as the cork pops, the wisp of smoke curls up, and the sparkling wine foams into the tall glasses. Many frown on the practice of allowing the cork to pop, but others believe that the pop is half the fun." PLAYBOY is firmly pro-pop.

Apropos serving, it may be wise to be familiar with a couple of the less loathesome mixed champagne drinks. We prefer our bubbly unalloyed, but occasionally the ladies will express a yearning for one of these:

The champagne cocktail. Drop one of those *small* sugar lumps into a saucer-style glass (not with a hollow stem). Add a dash or two of bitters. Fill the glass with very cold champagne and then plunk in a twist of lemon. Because you're adding sugar, it's best to avoid the sweeter champagnes for this cocktail.

Champagne punch. Many champagne punches are aswim with fruits, brandies and liqueurs—and here we absolutely put our foot down. The most pleasant champagne punch is also the simplest. Get a large block of lemon ice or sherbet (the two-quart size will fit best into most punch bowls). Freeze it until it's stone-hard, place it in the bowl, and fill



Gahan Wilson

"Well — that's showbiz!"

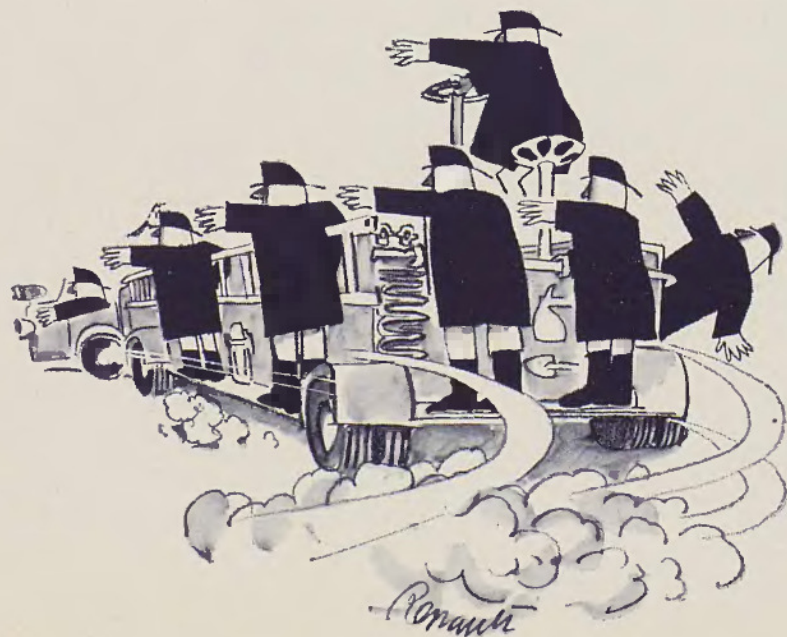
the bowl with freshly opened champagne. It should be good champagne, but there is no sense wasting a fine vintage on a punch.

One of the questions a fair guest may ask is that hardy perennial, "Why is champagne so expensive?" So perhaps you should know the answers. One reason, of course, is that it is outrageously overtaxed as a luxury. But it would be expensive even were this not true. For one thing, the bottling procedure is terribly intricate. After fermentation has stopped, the bottles are placed on wooden racks with the necks slanting down. At frequent intervals a cellarman twists or shakes the bottle, coaxing the thick sediment toward the cork. An expert, they say, is capable of about thirty thousand shakes a day. When all the sediment nestles against the cork, the bottles are placed cork down, *sur point*, where they stay at attention for about a year. Then in a series of delicate assembly-line steps, specialists perform the miracle of getting rid of the sediment while losing practically none of the bubbles. Each upside-down bottle is dipped in a brine bath up to the neck line in order to freeze the sediment into a solid mass. A workman quickly pries loose the cork, and the pressure in the bottle sends the cork with its frozen cargo popping out. The bottle is temporarily plugged until another worker replaces any wine that might have been lost. Then a small amount of rock candy sugar dissolved in old wine is added, depending on how sweet the champagne is to be. This syrup, the *liqueur d'Expédition*, is added just before the final cork seals the bubbly prior to shipment.

The high cost of bottling champagne is only part of the squeeze. So severe is the French law in the Champagne district that only grapes of a certain type are allowed to be grown. They must be

pruned in a certain way and tied in one of four approved styles. Not only during the fall but all year long the vines are carefully nursed. If frost threatens, you will see thousands of smudge pots dotting the hills of the Marne. Most owner-growers prefer to have a variety of patches in different sections so that if the worst tragedy of all — hail — occurs, it may possibly strike one section and not another. When the grapes are finally harvested, only those of a certain mature size, color and ripeness are selected and laid out on long reed tables for inspection. Over them a woman stands with long pointed shears, ready to snip off any single grape that isn't perfect. Like fresh eggs, the grapes are tenderly placed in large baskets. On the way to the pressing houses, they're borne on ox-driven carts fitted with large springs to prevent even the slightest bump, since premature bruising might cause fermentation too early. From a certain tonnage of grapes only a restricted amount of juice is permitted to be drawn for champagne. While the law specifies that champagne must be aged at least a year, most old houses age it three to five.

Another question you may be asked is, "What makes it sparkle?" It might be fun to answer with an anecdote about the time Frederick William the First of Prussia asked that same question of his Academy of Sciences. The savants stroked their beards and sent off this reply to their monarch: "The problem is worthy of attention and the Academy will pursue the problem to its ultimate conclusion. We need fifty to sixty bottles of French champagne to study the subject properly." Frederick William promptly ordered the sixty bottles, but he gave the scientists only a dozen of them. The remaining forty-eight he drank himself.



Caviar

(continued from page 42)

comes from. I have at one time had the great pleasure of looking on as a blindfolded connoisseur was asked to decide whether the wine in a certain bottle was red or white — and he couldn't tell.

To make caviar, a lady sturgeon is needed, first of all. This fish, known to ichthyologists as *genus acipenser*, has twenty different species, varying widely in size and weight. The sterlet sturgeon never grows larger than three feet, while the giant beluga can get up to twenty-four feet in length, weigh in at one ton and live to be three hundred years old. They mature in about fourteen years, and when caught, give up to three million-odd eggs.

Sturgeon live out most of their lives at the bottom of the sea, nosing around on the sofa-soft sea floor for the snails, tiny crabs and small fishes on which they must feed because of their toothlessness. In the spring, they go up large rivers to spawn and they sometimes do so later in the year as well for some mysterious reason. Today, almost all caviar comes from sturgeon that manage to survive in the Caspian Sea. The best for caviar are found in the southern, sweet water, the Iranian portion of the sea.

But the Caspian Sea wasn't always the only source of sturgeon. Before 1900 caviar was exported from the United States to Europe, competing favorably with the Russian product. The American caviar industry was centered in the East, but sturgeon were found as far west as the Sacramento River in California, and caviar for export was sold in San Francisco. Almost all of the United States caviar was sent to Europe, since Americans had so little taste for it at that time that caviar sandwiches were given away free in saloons with a glass of nickel beer, as they are given away today on planes, along with free cocktails.

But alas, caviar lovers, I must now sadden your hearts. Photographs taken from on high show that there is doom all around us. From the Caspian Sea to Astrakhan, the center of the Russian caviar industry, the water is evaporating, leaving only immense mud flats. The Volga is being diverted for other purposes; there are huge dams, and no one has bothered about installing fish ladders. In the other rivers of Russia, the royal fish is being killed off by industrial pollution. Like the American buffalo, the sturgeon seems to be headed for the museum, and caviar for near extinction.

I don't know any of my young friends that would cross the street to get it anyway, and when they take a canape of it from a tray at a cocktail party they wear a disgusted look, and ask whether there is a towel handy to wipe their hands on.

Although it is a "health food," maybe it is on the way out with the rococo way of life, with the old things, with kings and queens, monocles and sabres, Lubitsch films and Winterhalter ladies, agreeable afternoon seductions and the good wines of yesterday. So I shall examine it with *tristesse*—a last look before I step into the frozen food locker and close the door after myself.

In France once, traveling off the high roads, I came to the city of Auch and met a man there who had the *Guide Michelin* in his hands, who told me that he followed this guide on his holidays. The way a man follows the races, he visited hotels and restaurants, to check on the quality and to complain if it was not as stated. His name was Michel Brodsky; he was a Russian of advanced years and not the most optimistic of people.

He showed me the book with the red cover, and he said, "You know the editors of this guide on eating, marching with the times, have become much less demanding than they were once; in fact, they now are disposed to great tolerance, so much so, that the mere fact that a restaurant which offers its clientele a wash-room that has a seat on its toilet is immediately awarded a star."

In the city of Auch, Monsieur Brodsky pointed out a small hotel especially recommended by the *Guide*. This place was the target of his critical interest: one of those ancient establishments of beaten exterior, in a side street, solid and sombre, and of cozy warmth when you enter it. It had its good clientele, this old hotel. Soon, Monsieur Brodsky, with pad and pencil, was at the caviar, at the table next to me; he knocked on his glass with his caviar knife and the half-deaf maître d'hotel came running and went through a Marcel Marceau act of agony in listening to the complaint and miming his apologies and concerns. Finally, he offered to take the Blinis that had been served with the caviar back to the kitchen. Monsieur Brodsky, however, said that it was hopeless, for the cook who had turned out these would certainly not win a prize with his next attempt. Monsieur Brodsky said to me, "Look at it: it's a pancake, not a Blini."

Blini is to caviar what ham is to ham and eggs. In Russia, caviar has always been an important part of life. Before the revolution caviar was eaten mostly during the two-week period before Lent, with Blinis that were made of buckwheat mixed with white flour, sugar, salt and yeast to make a mixture that was left overnight to rise. The batter was then poured into hot cast-iron pans which had been lightly brushed with a feather dipped in grease. The pancakes—the size of a teacup saucer—were

brought to the table where everyone's plate held some melted butter. With this, sour cream at room temperature and caviar—either fresh or pressed, sturgeon or salmon, depending on the financial status of the family—was served. In those days, too, the children took red caviar sandwiches to school with them, if they were lucky enough to have parents who could afford to send them to school.

There are few people who know about caviar in America; oh, there is a Romanoff, or an Obolensky who knows, but not many others. In America, caviar is served with an assortment of chopped-up onions, whites of eggs, yellows of eggs—and that is quite all right, if you want to kill the taste of it. I like it plain, with lemon only, and, of course, with those little thin Blinis, which no one knows how to make any more. You have trouble getting them even in the best restaurants in Paris; and the Russians of the old school, who kept up tradition—alas, they are passing away, and with them the old-fashioned Russian restaurants. The young Russians don't care; they all become scientists.

There is one cardinal rule about eating caviar at a restaurant. Always go to places where a lot of it is consumed, for once a can is opened, it is the most perishable of articles and it quickly becomes not only unpalatable, but turns dangerous. Caviar poisoning, while an elegant fashion of dying, is not pleasant.

The world of caviar eaters is small, and sooner or later you run into a fellow devotee. I met Monsieur Brodsky again in the bar of the good ship S.S. United States. The conversation was of caviar.

"You can eat the price of your passage in caviar on this ship alone. It is free; have some," said Monsieur Brodsky. "They buy eight thousand pounds a year for this ship. They run after you with it; it is the only place where you must say—'Please, no more caviar.' You can have it at every meal and you get it until the farewell dinner whether you want it or not."

"Caviar?" said the steward in the bar. "These, of course," said Monsieur Brodsky, "are not the eggs of the sterlet that were reserved for the Czar. These are a grade below, but very good stuff."

Caviar grading is an extremely specialized skill and requires many, many years of practice. The freshness of the fish, its size, the size and shape of the eggs and the fish's spawning time are all factors entering into the indefinable sense of taste that it takes an expert years to acquire.

After the caviar has been graded, it is stored in cans and kept under refrigeration until enough cans have accumulated to make up a shipment. The cans are sealed with a band of rubber which keeps air out and yet permits a little

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movement of the tops so that the caviar eggs don't get pressed too tightly against the can top and break, releasing the oil inside them.

For shipping purposes, three of the cans are sewn into a cloth sack. Eighteen of these sacks are then put into racks inside huge wooden kegs. The sacks and the kegs are always surrounded with ice, since caviar must be kept at a temperature of between 28° and 32° Fahrenheit.

During the war years, when refrigerated ships weren't available, no caviar came to the U.S. from Russia or Iran. Right after the war ended, an enterprising American importer filled the hold of a liberty ship with ice, loaded it up with caviar kegs packed right on the ice and brought it back to the caviar-starved gourmets of America.

The most common types of caviar are those from the beluga sturgeon, which have the largest eggs, and are preferred by Americans; the schipp and osetrina types, with medium-sized eggs from sturgeon that are usually less than half the size of the beluga; and the tiny eggs that come from the sevruga sturgeon, a comparatively small fish that only grows to a length of five feet. Europeans generally like the smaller sizes of caviar. The very special rare green-gold caviar that the Czar, Stalin and the Shah ate came from the bellies of the sterlet, and only a handful of other people have ever tasted it.

Within each type of caviar there are also a number of variations possible. The color of the caviar, for example, may range from light gray to coal black, de-

pending upon how close to the spawning period the fish were caught. The closer to spawning, the more gray the caviar becomes.

I was becoming gray too, for we had had several vodkas and a great deal of the ship's supply of caviar. The steward came, with a new tray.

"Would you care for a little more caviar, sir?" he asked.

"No, thank you."

To change the subject I started to talk about Tolstoi. "A great lover of caviar," said Monsieur Brodsky, so I got up and we walked to the little restaurant that is decorated with blue velvet and crystal chandeliers—and there on the table, in ice, was a can of caviar.

The rare black stuff that is so costly and so very delicious is brought to the United States in quantities of seventy tons a year. When you imagine all the people who can afford it—from the Oscar Award dinners in California, the state dinners for both our allies and enemies at the various embassies, the servings at countless de luxe restaurants all through America, the gourmet dinners offered in the sky by all the airlines and on board the ships that go to sea, and the millions of cocktail parties from La Jolla to Southampton—then seventy tons a year seems little. That it isn't more is due to the fact that most caviar is served with those abominable little teaspoons. Seventy tons a year is indeed but a small mound of black goodies for the richest nation on earth. I am speaking, of course, of the de luxe caviar, malossol, which means "slightly

salted." There are lesser grades, which do not come within the calculation of the true caviar lover. They come in miserable little glass pots with metal covers. Year in, year out, in sun and snow, they frame salami and pastrami in the windows of delicatessen shops, together with pickle jars and smoked herrings. This kind is buckshot size, black glue that causes your teeth to stick together and locks your jaws, and is sold in great volume.

What many true caviar lovers call the very best, better even than malossol, is the slightly less expensive pressed caviar. Aristotle Onassis, a true caviar expert, eats this by preference. It is a staple in his diet, and is kept at all restaurants and nightclubs he frequents.

The Hotel de Paris in Monte Carlo, where Ari has his meals, is one of the last great restaurants. At a dinner given there by a Texan, the menu started with baked potatoes, hollowed out and filled with caviar, and very good.

Christian Dior used to put caviar on the bottom of small dishes and then have an egg cooked over them and serve the whole cold as an hors d'oeuvre.

I have a preference for fresh caviar, and will shamelessly attend a dinner party of awful people to partake of it, if I know the hostess has enough big serving spoons. Madame Vandable, the wife of the owner of Maxim's of Paris and an outspoken woman, once said: "Mon Dieu, Ludwig. You eat the stuff as if it were porridge." She is kind enough to send me a can of it packed in ice on my birthdays.

I met my caviar friend Brodsky again at the Pavillon Restaurant in New York, which, *Guide Michelin* or not, I consider the best French restaurant in the world, better than any on the Continent. Its maniacal proprietor, Monsieur Henri Soulé, has a passion for caviar, its service, its treatment, and he commands the best.

"Ah," says Monsieur Soulé, "no one knows what one suffers running a quality restaurant. You know the fish you see here swam yesterday in the Mediterranean. Today it is here. It has come from France to America, by jet through Customs, with a health certificate like you or I. *Un poisson français*. Alas, it was not always that way. At one time there was no caviar to be had—imagine!"

For years after the Russian revolution, the caviar industry remained at a complete halt. The operation of the grading and processing plants had been in the hands of a few non-Russian companies, the European caviar "houses" which, like the great merchant banking houses, had dynasties. But the revolution ended all that and the non-Russian interests were all expropriated. In 1924, the caviar industry slowly began to function again, under government ownership.



"They wouldn't all look the same to me!"

"Have you been in Russia lately?" asked Monsieur Brodsky of Monsieur Soulé. When you ask him something that has nothing to do with food or the serving thereof, he turns deaf and runs away from your table, to cut up some meat on the heated silver service wagon. He was gone, sharpening two knives.

My friend Brodsky fell back into the subject of caviar again. "Today," he said, "the export of Soviet caviar is the responsibility of Prodintorg, the huge Soviet food trust." He then went on to explain the intricacies and operations of the caviar business . . .

The foreign caviar houses, which are the wholesalers of the trade, can only get their Russian caviar through Prodintorg. Until 1953, when the Iranians went into business for themselves, Persian caviar was also a Soviet monopoly, marketed only under a Russian label, and the Russians acted as does any capitalist monopoly — setting and maintaining prices at the highest level they felt the market could bear. Indeed, the way the Soviets ran the caviar trade bore a close resemblance to the kind of control the South African diamond monopoly still exerts over the world diamond trade. When the Soviet-Iran agreement was still in effect, the Russians even controlled the price and distribution of caviar in Iran itself, and no caviar was available there except that marketed under a Russian label, even though it may have come from the shores of Iran itself.

The problem of price is just as pressing for a Russian or Iranian party-giver as for an American, since unpressed fresh sturgeon caviar is nearly as expensive in the two countries that produce it as in the countries that just eat it up, at \$7.50 a spoonful, or at \$36 a pound, which is what it sells for in a gourmet shop here. It is understandable why in the one and only fancy food store in Moscow, located in Ulitsa Gorkova, comparatively few people buy fresh sturgeon caviar, since it costs ninety rubles a pound, two hundred times the cost of bread. Red salmon caviar is far less expensive, of course, and comes packed in cellophane or plastic bags. In Iran, too, caviar is very expensive, selling for about \$25 per pound in American money. But it isn't the cost alone that keeps Persian consumption of caviar down at a low level. *Khaviar* has never been as popular a dish there as in the Soviet Union, Europe or in present-day America.

On the other hand, caviar can be found on the menu of almost every Russian restaurant. It's rarely served very elegantly in the Soviet Union and is generally brought to the table in a small round glass dish, set in a silver-plated metal holder. The caviar itself varies greatly in quality, depending on the restaurant and the area of the country, but it is almost always of the *sevruga* variety,

the cheapest type. Obviously, the Soviet reserve their more expensive, best-quality caviar either for export or for the use of high Soviet officials, although the Russian bureaucrats are showing a good deal more austerity about food and drink now than they did a few years ago, when an unlimited amount of caviar and vodka was s.o.p. at all official Soviet parties.

Now, however, the Russians face stiff competition from the Iranian product. The caviar houses in Paris, Hamburg, London and New York have begun to import more and more Persian caviar and less and less from Russia. The entire Iranian industry is nationalized, although there is some bootlegging of caviar in the large cities. The Iranians are exporting more than one hundred and fifty tons a year and rapidly learning the intricacies of the trade.

I said: "So the outlook is bright."

"The outlook!" Brodsky said. "What's an outlook today? On the one hand you have the lakes and rivers being polluted and the fish dying out; on the other hand you have an increase in caviar production. One goes crazy figuring out this world."

I called for a cigar. "We'll think about cigars," said Brodsky. "I suppose you smoke good Havana cigars — and there is another problem, Fidel Castro. How long is that going to go on? Maybe suddenly there will be no more cigars, maybe suddenly there will be no more caviar. Now if one could talk to Khrushchev and say 'Listen — what if you get to the moon, and meanwhile down here all the caviar is drying up and you lose the monopoly? Why don't you divert a few scientists to look after the problems of the sturgeon?'"

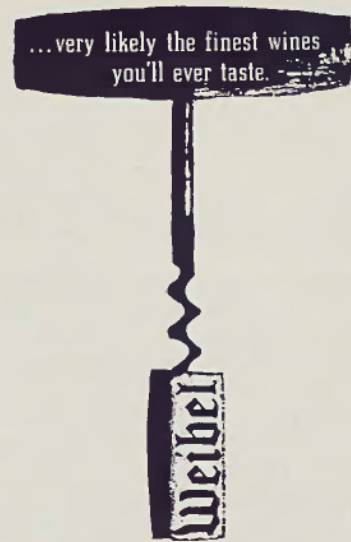
Another caviar friend passed our table, Mr. Gilbert Miller, connoisseur of food and wine, and a man who can afford both. He sat down at a table across from ours. He studied the card and asked for caviar.

He said: "This is the place for it in New York, you know."

I got up and started to leave as Brodsky said to Gilbert Miller: "You like caviar?"

"Very much," said Mr. Miller.

"Caviar is my specialty," said Monsieur Brodsky. "Incidentally, have you observed that the two most costly delicacies in the world are black caviar and truffles. My family was in the caviar business before the revolution; we supplied caviar to the Czar, to all the first families in Russia and to the great restaurants. Every Russian knew Michel Brodsky and Son, *Fournisseurs* to the Imperial Family. Our truck rolled in and out of the Kremlin and to the summer palace and the winter palace. Rasputin ate our caviar for breakfast, lunch and dinner — and so did Chaliapin. I will tell you all about caviar," said Michel Brodsky.



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had said, in her letter, that she had erroneously thought him to have exhibited. She laughed at this—and it brightened the room, for it was the first time her face had abandoned its grave expression; indeed, I was taken by the thought that this was the first display of human merriment I had marked since stepping into the coach—and she said, "Oh, no! To the contrary, Mr. Sardonicus said that the closer we had been in the old days, the more he would be pleased."

This seemed an odd and even coarse thing for a man to say to his wife, and I jovially replied: "I hope Mr. Sardonicus was smiling when he said that."

At once, Maude's own smile vanished from her face. She looked away from me and began to talk of other things. I was dumbfounded. Had my innocent remark given offence? It seemed not possible. A moment later, however, I knew the reason for her strange action, for a tall gentleman entered the room with a gliding step, and one look at him explained many things.

"Sir Robert Cargrave?" he asked, but he spoke with difficulty, certain sounds—such as the *b* in Robert and the *v* in Cargrave—being almost impossible for him to utter. To shape these sounds, the lips must be used, and the gentleman before me was the victim of some terrible affliction that had caused his lips to be pulled perpetually apart from each other, baring his teeth in a continuous ghastly smile. It was the same humourless grin I had seen once before: on the face of a person in the last throes of lockjaw. We physicians have a name for that chilling grimace, a Latin name, and as it entered my mind, it seemed to dispel yet another mystery, for the term we use to describe the lockjaw smile is: *Risus sardonicus*. A pallor approaching phosphorescence completed his astonishing appearance.

"Yes," I replied, covering my shock at the sight of his face. "Do I have the pleasure of addressing Mr. Sardonicus?"

We shook hands. After an exchange of courtesies, he said, "I have ordered dinner to be served in the large dining hall one hour hence. In the meantime, my valet will show you to your rooms, for I am sure you will wish to refresh yourself after your journey."

"You are most kind." The valet appeared—a man of grave countenance, like the butler and the coachman—and I followed him up a long flight of stone stairs. As I walked behind him, I reflected on the unsmiling faces in this castle, and no longer were they things of wonder. For who would be disposed to smile under the same roof with him who must smile forever? The most spontaneous of smiles would seem a mockery

in the presence of that afflicted face. I was filled with pity for Maude's husband: of all God's creatures, man alone is blest with the ability to smile; but for the master of Castle Sardonicus, God's great blessing had become a terrible curse. As a physician, my pity was tempered with professional curiosity. His smile resembled the *risus* of lockjaw, but lockjaw is a mortal disease, and Mr. Sardonicus, his skullish grin notwithstanding, was very much alive. I felt shame for some of my earlier uncharitable thoughts towards this gentleman, for surely such an unfortunate could be forgiven much. What bitterness must fester in his breast; what sharp despair gnaw at his inwards!

My rooms were spacious and certainly as comfortable as this dank stone housing could afford. A hot tub was prepared, for which my tired and dusty frame was most grateful. As I lay in it, I began to experience the pleasant pangs of appetite. I looked forward to dinner. After my bath, I put on fresh linen and a suit of evening clothes. Then, taking from my bag two small gifts for my host and hostess—a bottle of scent for Maude, a box of cigars for her husband—I left my rooms.

I was not so foolish as to expect to find my way, unaided, to the main dining hall; but since I was early, I intended to wander a bit and let the ancient magnificence of the castle impress itself upon me.

Tapestries bearing my host's "S" were frequently displayed. They were remarkably new, their colours fresh, unlike the faded grandeur of their fellow tapestries. From this—and from Mr. Sardonicus' lack of title—I deduced that the castle had not been inherited through a family line, but merely purchased by him, probably from an impoverished nobleman. Though not titled, Mr. Sardonicus evidently possessed enormous wealth. I pondered its source. My ponderings were interrupted by the sound of Maude's voice.

I looked up. The acoustical effects in old castles are often strange—I had marked them in our own English castles—and though I stood near neither room nor door of any kind, I could hear Maude speaking in a distressed tone. I was standing at an open window which overlooked a kind of courtyard. Across this court, a window was likewise open. I took this to be the window of Maude's room; her voice was in some way being amplified and transported by the circumstantial shape of the courtyard and the positions of the two windows. By listening very attentively, I could make out most of her words.

She was saying, "I shan't. You must not ask me. It is unseemly." And then

the voice of her husband replied: "You shall and will, madam. In my castle, it is I who decide what is seemly or unseemly. Not you." I was embarrassed at overhearing this private discussion on what was obviously a painful subject, so I made to draw away from the window that I might hear no more, but was restrained by the sound of my own name on Maude's lips. "I have treated Sir Robert with courtesy," she said. "You must treat him with more than courtesy," Mr. Sardonicus responded. "You must treat him with warmth. You must rekindle in his breast those affections he felt for you in other days . . ."

I could listen no longer. The exchange was vile. I drew away from the window. What manner of creature was this Sardonicus who threw his wife into the arms of other men? As a practitioner of medicine, a man dedicated to healing the ills of humankind, I had brought myself to learn many things about the minds of men, as well as about their bodies. I fully believed that, in some future time, physicians would heal the body by way of the mind, for it is in that *terra incognita* that all secrets lie hidden. I knew that love has many masks; masks of submission and of oppression; and even more terrible masks that make Nature a stranger to herself and "turn the truth of God into a lie," as St. Paul wrote. There is even a kind of love, if it can be elevated by that name, that derives its keenest pleasure from the sight of the beloved in the arms of another. These are unpleasant observations, which may one day be codified and studied by healers, but which, until then, may not be thought on for too long, lest the mind grow morbid and stagger under its load of repugnance.

With a heavy heart, I sought out a servant and asked to be taken to the dining hall. It was some distance away, and by the time I arrived there, Sardonicus and his lady were already at table, awaiting me. He arose, and with that revolting smile, indicated a chair; she also arose, and took my arm, addressing me as "Dear Sir Robert" and leading me to my place. Her touch, which at any previous time would have gladdened me, I now found distinctly not to my liking.

A hollow joviality hung over the dinner table throughout the meal. Maude's laughter struck me as giddy and false; Sardonicus drank too much wine and his speech became even more indistinct. I contrived to talk on trivial subjects, repeating some anecdotes about the London theatre which I had hitherto related to Maude, and describing Mr. Macready's interpretation of Macbeth.

"Some actors," said Sardonicus, "interpret the Scottish chieftain as a creature compounded of pure evil, unmingled with good qualities of any kind. Such



Fortinlander

"Just a moment, sir — you're overly excited . . ."

interpretations are often criticized by those who feel no human being can be so unremotely evil. Do you agree, Sir Robert?"

"No," I said, evenly; then, looking Sardonius full in the face, I added, "I believe it is entirely possible for a man to possess not a single one of the virtues, to be a demon in human flesh." Quickly, I embarked upon a discussion of the character of Iago, who took ghoulish delight in tormenting his fellow man.

The dinner was, I suppose, first rate, and the wine an honorable vintage, but I confess to tasting little of what was placed before me. At the end of the meal, Maude left us for a time and Sardonius escorted me into the library, whither he ordered brandy to be brought. He opened the box of cigars, expressed his admiration of them and gratitude for them, and offered them to me. I took one and we both smoked. The smoking of the cigar made Sardonius look even more grotesque: being unable to hold it in his lips, he clenched it in his constantly visible teeth, creating an unique spectacle. Brandy was served; I partook of it freely, though I am not customarily given to heavy drinking, for I now deemed it to be beneficial to my dampened spirits.

"You used the word 'ghoulish' a few moments ago, Sir Robert," said Sardonius. "It is one of those words one uses so easily in conversation — one utters it without stopping to think of its meaning. But, in my opinion, it is not a

word to be used lightly. When one uses it, one should have in one's mind a firm, unwavering picture of a ghoul."

"Perhaps I did," I said.

"Perhaps," he admitted. "And perhaps not. Let us obtain a precise definition of the word." He arose and walked to one of the bookcases that lined the room's walls. He reached for a large two-volume dictionary. "Let me see," he murmured. "We desire Volume One, from A to M, do we not? Now then: 'ghee' . . . 'gherkin' . . . 'ghetto' . . . 'ghoom' (an odd word, eh, Sir Robert? 'To search for game in the dark') . . . 'ghost' . . . ah, 'ghoul!' 'Among Eastern nations, an imaginary evil being who robs graves and feeds upon corpses.' One might say, then, that he ghooms?" Sardonius chuckled. He returned to his chair and helped himself to more brandy. "When you described Iago's actions as 'ghoulish,'" he continued, "did you think of him as the inhabitant of an Eastern nation? Or an imaginary being as against the reality of Othello and Desdemona? And did you mean seriously to suggest that it was his custom to rob graves and then to feed upon the disgusting nourishment he found therein?"

"I used the word in a figurative sense," I replied.

"Ah," said Sardonius. "That is because you are English and do not believe in ghouls. Were you a Middle-European, as am I, you would believe in their existence, and would not be tempted to use the word other than

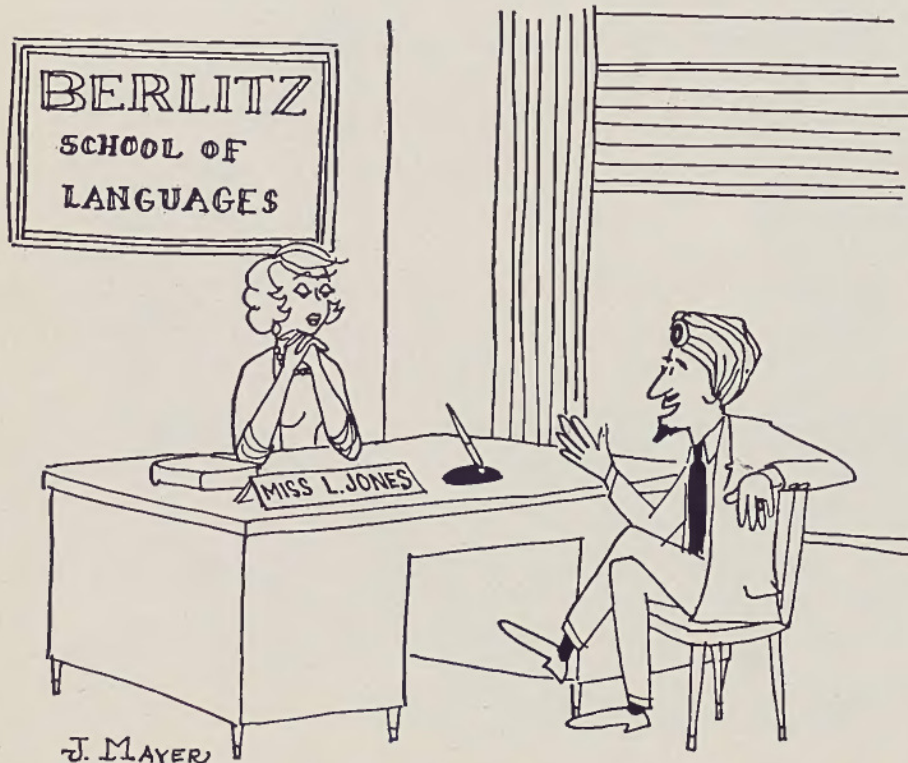
literally. In my country — I was born in Poland — we understood such things. I, in point of fact, have known a ghoul." He paused for a moment and looked at me, then said, "You English are so blasé. Nothing shocks you. I sit here and tell you a thing of dreadful import and you do not even blink your eyes. Can it be because you do not believe me?"

"It would be churlish to doubt the word of my host," I replied.

"And an Englishman may be many things, but never a churl, eh, Sir Robert? Let me refill your glass, my friend, and then let me tell you about ghouls — which, by the way, are by no means imaginary, as that stupid lexicon would have us think, and which are not restricted to Eastern nations. Neither do they — necessarily — feed upon carrion flesh, although they are interested, *most* interested, in the repellent contents of graves. Let me tell you a story from my own country, Sir Robert, a story that — if I have any gift at all as a spinner of tales — will create in you a profound belief in ghouls. You will be entertained, I hope, but I also hope you will add to your learning. You will learn, for example, how low a human being can sink, how truly *monstrous* a man can become."

"You must transport your mind," said Sardonius, "back a few years and to a rural region of my homeland. You must become acquainted with a family of country folk — hard-working, law-abiding, God-fearing, of moderate means — the head of which was a simple, good man named Tadeusz Boleslawski. He was an even-tempered personage, kindly disposed to all men, the loving husband of a devoted wife and father of five strong boys. He was also a firm churchman, seldom even taking the Lord's name in vain. The painted women who plied their trade in certain elaborate houses of the nearest large city, Warsaw, held no attraction for him, though several of his masculine neighbours, on their visits to the metropolis, succumbed to such blandishments with tidal regularity. Neither did he drink in excess: a glass of beer with his evening meal, a toast or two in wine on special occasions. No: hard liquor, strong language, fast women — these were not the weaknesses of Tadeusz Boleslawski. His weakness was gambling.

"Every month he would make the trip to Warsaw, to sell his produce at the markets and to buy certain necessities for his home. While his comrades visited the drinking and wenching houses, Tadeusz would attend strictly to business affairs — except for one minor deviation. He would purchase a lottery ticket, place it securely in a small, tight pocket of his best waistcoat — which he wore only on Sundays and on his trips to the city — then put it completely out of his mind



"My wife doesn't understand me!"

until the following month, when, on reaching the city, he would remove it from his pocket and closely scan the posted list of winners. Then, after methodically tearing the ticket to shreds (for Tadeusz never lived to win a lottery), he would purchase another. This was a ritual with him; he performed it every month for twenty-three years, and the fact that he never won did not discourage him. His wife knew of this habit, but since it was the good man's only flaw, she never remarked upon it."

Outside, I could hear the wind howling dismally. I took more brandy as Sardonius continued:

"Years passed; three of the five sons married; two (Henryk and Marek, the youngest) were still living with their parents, when Tadeusz—who had been of sturdy health—collapsed one day in the fields and died. I will spare you an account of the family's grief; how the married sons returned with their wives to attend the obsequies; of the burial in the small graveyard of that community. The good man had left few possessions, but these few were divided, according to his written wish, among his survivors, with the largest share going, of course, to the eldest son. Though this was custom, the other sons could not help feeling a trifle disgruntled, but they held their peace for the most part—especially the youngest, Marek, who was perhaps the most amiable of them and a lad who was by nature quiet and interested in improving his lot through the learning he found in books.

"Imagine, sir, the amazement of the widow when, a full three weeks after the interment of her husband, she received word by men returning from Warsaw that the lottery ticket Tadeusz had purchased had now been selected as the winner. It was a remarkable irony, of course, but conditions had grown hard for the poor woman, and would grow harder with her husband dead, so she had no time to reflect upon that irony. She set about looking through her husband's possessions for the lottery ticket. Drawers were emptied upon the floor; boxes and cupboards were ransacked; the family Bible was shaken out; years before, Tadeusz had been in the habit of temporarily hiding money under a loose floorboard in the bedroom—this cavity was thoroughly but vainly plumbed. The sons were sent for: among the few personal effects they had been bequeathed, did the ticket languish there? In the snuff box? In any article of clothing?

"And at that, Sir Robert, the eldest son leapt up. 'An article of clothing!' he cried. 'Father always wore his Sunday waistcoat to the city when he purchased the lottery tickets—the very waistcoat in which he was buried!'

"'Yes, yes!' the other sons chorused, saving Marek, and plans began to be laid for the exhuming of the dead man.

But the widow spoke firmly: 'Your father rests peacefully,' she said. 'He must not be disturbed. No amount of gold would soothe our hearts if we disturbed him.' The sons protested with vehemence, but the widow stood her ground. 'No son of mine will profane his father's grave—unless he first kills his mother!' Grumbling, the sons withdrew their plans. But that night, Marek awoke to find his mother gone from the house. He was frightened, for this was not like her. Intuition sent him to the graveyard, where he found her, keeping a lonely vigil over the grave of her husband, protecting him from the greed of grave robbers. Marek implored her to come out of the cold, to return home; she at first refused; only when Marek offered to keep vigil all night himself did she relent and return home, leaving her youngest son to guard the grave from profanation.

"Marek waited a full hour. Then he produced from under his shirt a small shovel. He was a strong boy, and the greed of a youngest son who has been deprived of inheritance lent added strength to his arms. He dug relentlessly, stopping seldom for rest, until finally the coffin was uncovered. He raised the creaking lid. An overpowering factor filled his nostrils and nearly made him faint. Gathering courage, he searched the pockets of the mouldering waistcoat.

"The moon proved to be his undoing, Sir Robert. For suddenly its rays, hitherto hidden, struck the face of his father, and at the sight of that face, the boy recoiled and went reeling against the wall of the grave, the breath forced from his body. Now, you must know that the mere sight of his father—even in an advanced state of decomposition—he had steeled himself to withstand; but what he had *not* foreseen—"

Here, Sardonius leaned close to me and his pallid, grinning head filled my vision. "What he had not foreseen, my dear sir, was that the face of his father, in the rigour of death, would look directly and hideously upon him." Sardonius' voice became an ophidian hiss. "And, Sir Robert," he added, "most terrible and most unforeseen of all, the dead lips were drawn back from the teeth *in a constant and soul-shattering smile!*"

• • •

I know not whether it was the ghostliness of his story, or the sight of his hideous face so close to mine, or the cheerless keening of the wind outside, or the brandy I had consumed, or all of these in combination; but when Sardonius uttered those last words, my heart was clutched by a cold hand, and for a moment—a long moment ripped from the texture of time—I was convinced beyond doubt and beyond logic that the face I looked into was the face of that cadaver, reanimated by obscure arts,

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to walk among the living, dead though not dead.

The moment of horror passed, at length, and reason triumphed. Sardonicus, considerably affected by his own tale, sat back in his chair, trembling. Before too long, he spoke again:

"The remembrance of that night, Sir Robert, though it is now many years past, fills me still with dread. You will appreciate this when I tell you what you have perhaps already guessed—that I am that ghoulish son, Marek."

I had not guessed it; but since I had no wish to tell him that I had for an instant thought he was the dead father, I said nothing.

"When my senses returned," said Sardonicus, "I scrambled out of the grave and ran as swiftly as my limbs would carry me. I had reached the gate of the graveyard when I was smitten by the fact that I had not accomplished the purpose of my mission—the lottery ticket remained in my father's pocket!"

"But surely—" I started to say.

"Surely I ignored the fact and continued to run? No, Sir Robert. My terror notwithstanding, I halted, and forced myself to retrace those hasty steps. My fear notwithstanding, I descended once more into that noisome grave. My disgust notwithstanding, I reached into the pocket of my decaying father's waistcoat and extracted the ticket! I need hardly add that, this time, I averted my eyes from his face.

"But the horror was not behind me. Indeed, it had only begun. I reached my home at a late hour, and my family was asleep. For this I was grateful, since my clothes were covered with soil and I still trembled from my fearful experience. I quietly poured water into a basin and prepared to wash some of the graveyard dirt from my face and hands. In performing my ablutions, I looked up into a mirror—and screamed so loudly as to wake the entire house!

"My face was as you see it now, a replica of my dead father's: the lips drawn back in a perpetual, mocking grin. I tried to close my mouth. I could not. The muscles were immovable, as if held in the gelid rigour of death. I could hear my family stirring at my scream, and since I did not wish them to look upon me, I ran from the house—never, Sir Robert, to return.

"As I wandered the rural roads, my mind sought the cause of the affliction that had been visited upon me. Though but a country lad, I had read much and I had a blunt, rational mind that was not susceptible to the easy explanations of the supernatural. I would not believe that God had placed a malediction upon me to punish me for my act. I would not believe that some black force from beyond the grave had reached out to stamp my face. At length, I began to believe it was the massive shock that

had forced my face to its present state, and that my great guilt had helped to shape it even as my father's dead face was shaped. Shock and guilt: strong powers not from God above or the Fiend below, but from within my own breast, my own brain, my own soul.

"Let me bring this history to a hasty close, Sir Robert. You need only know that, despite my blighted face, I redeemed the lottery ticket and thus gained an amount of money that will not seem large to you, but which was more than I had ever seen before that time. It was the fulcrum from which I plied the lever that was to make me, by dint of shrewd speculation, one of the richest men in Central Europe. Naturally, I sought out physicians and begged them to restore my face to its previous state. None succeeded, though I offered them vast sums. My face remained fixed in this damnable unceasing smile, and my heart knew the most profound despair imaginable. I could not even pronounce my own name! By a dreadful irony, the initial letters of my first and last names were impossible for my frozen lips to form. This seemed the final indignity. I will admit to you that, at this period, I was perilously near the brink of self-destruction. But the spirit of preservation prevailed, and I was saved from that course. I changed my name. I had read of the *Risus sardonicus*, and its horrible aptness appealed to my bitter mind, so I became Sardonicus—a name I can pronounce with no difficulty."

Sardonicus paused and sipped his brandy. "You are wondering," he then said, "in what way my story concerns you."

I could guess, but I said: "I am."

"Sir Robert," he said, "you are known throughout the medical world. Most laymen, perhaps, have not heard of you; but a layman such as I, a layman who avidly follows the medical journals for tidings of any recent discoveries in the curing of paralyzed muscles, has heard of you again and again. Your researches into these problems have earned you high professional regard; indeed, they have earned you a knighthood. For some time, it has been in my mind to visit London and seek you out. I have consulted many physicians, renowned men—Keller in Berlin, Morignac in Paris, Buonagente in Milan—and none have been able to help me. My despair has been utter. It prevented me from making the long journey to England. But when I heard—sublime coincidence!—that my own wife had been acquainted with you, I took heart. Sir Robert, I entreat you to heal me, to lift from me this curse, to make me look once more like a man, that I may walk in the sun again, among my fellow human beings, as one of them, rather than as a fearsome gargoyle to be shunned and feared and ridiculed.

Surely you cannot, *will not deny me?*"

My feelings for Sardonicus, pendulum-like, again swung towards his favour. His story, his plight, had rent my heart, and I reverted to my earlier opinion that such a man should be forgiven much. The strange overheard conversation between Maude and him was momentarily forgotten. I said, "I will examine you, Mr. Sardonicus. You were right to ask me. We must never abandon hope."

He clasped his hands together. "Ah, sir! May you be blest forever!"

I performed the examination then and there. Although I did not tell him this, never had I encountered muscles as rigid as those of his face. They could only be compared to stone, so inflexible were they. Still, I said, "Tomorrow we will begin treatment. Heat and massage."

"These have been tried," he said, hopelessly.

"Massage differs from one pair of hands to another," I replied. "I have had success with my own techniques, and therefore place faith in them. Be comforted then, sir, and share my faith."

He seized my hand in his. "I do," he said. "I must. For if you—if even you, Sir Robert Cargrave, fail me . . ." He did not complete the sentence, but his eyes assumed an aspect so bitter, so full of hate, so strangely cold yet flaming, that they floated in my dreams that night.

. . .

I slept not well, awakening many times in a fever compounded of drink and turbulent emotions. When the first rays of morning crept onto my pillow, I arose, little refreshed. After a cold tub and a light breakfast in my room, I went below to the salon whence music issued. Maude was already there, playing a pretty little piece upon the spinet. She looked up and greeted me. "Good morning, Sir Robert. Do you know the music of Mr. Gotschalk? He is an American pianist: this is his *Maiden's Blush*. Amiable, is it not?"

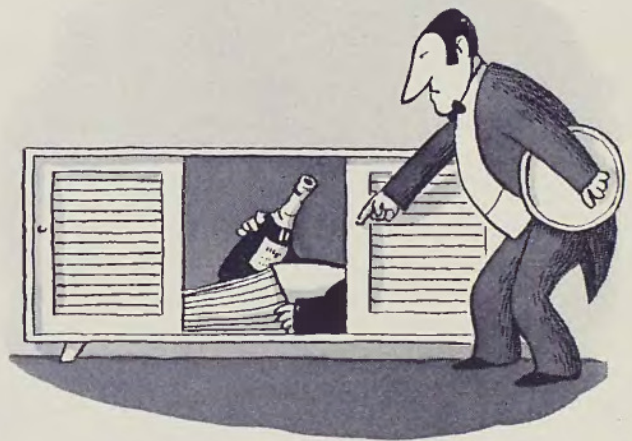
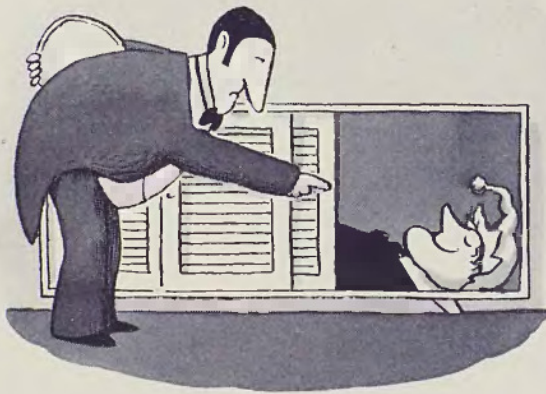
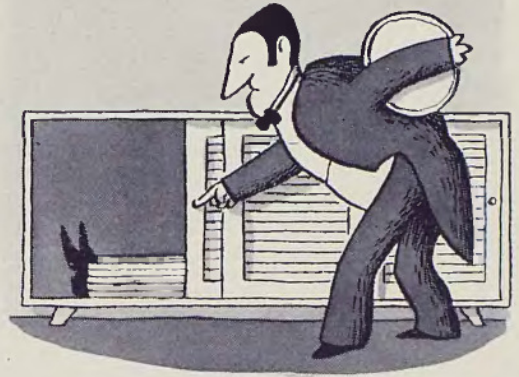
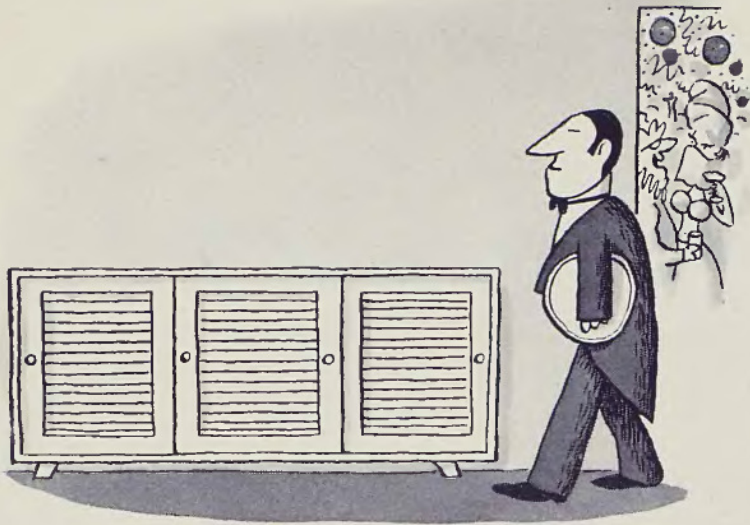
"Most amiable," I replied, dutifully, although I was in no mood for the embroideries of *politesse*.

Maude soon finished the piece and closed the album. She turned to me and said, in a serious tone, "I have been told what you are going to do for my poor husband, Sir Robert. I can scarce express my gratitude."

"There is no need to express it," I assured her. "As a physician—as well as your old friend—I could not do less. I hope you understand, however, that a cure is not a certainty. I will try, and I will try to the limit of my powers, but beyond that I can promise nothing."

Her eyes shone with supplication: "Oh, cure him, Sir Robert! That I beg of you!"

"I understand your feelings, madam," I said. "It is fitting that you should hope



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so fervently for his recovery; a devoted wife could feel no other way."

"Oh, sir," she said, and into her voice crept now a harshness, "you misunderstand. My fervent hope springs from unalloyed selfishness."

"How may that be?" I asked.

"If you do not succeed in curing him," she told me, "I will suffer."

"I understand that, but —"

"No, you do not understand," she said. "But I can tell you little more without offending. Some things are better left unspoken. Suffice it to be said that, in order to urge you towards an ultimate effort, to the 'limit of your powers' as you have just said, my husband intends to hold over your head the threat of my punishment."

"This is monstrous!" I cried. "It cannot be tolerated. But in what manner, pray, would he dare punish you? Surely he would not beat you?"

"I wish he would be content with a mere beating," she groaned, "but his cleverness knows a keener torture. No, he holds over me — and over you, through me — a punishment far greater; a punishment (believe me!) so loathsome to the sensibilities, so unequivocally vile and degraded, that my mind shrinks from contemplating it. Spare me your further questions, sir, I enjoin you; for to describe it would plunge me into an abyss of humiliation and shame!"

She broke into sobbing, and tears coursed down her cheeks. No longer able to restrain my tender feelings for her, I flew to her side and took her hands in mine. "Maude," I said, "may I call you that? In the past I addressed you only as Miss Randall; at present I may only call you Madam Sardonicus; but in my heart — then as now — you are, you always have been, you always will be,

simply Maude, my own dear Maude!"

"Robert," she sighed; "dearest Robert. I have yearned to hear my Christian name from your lips all these long years."

"The warmth we feel," I said, "may never, with honour, reach fulfillment. But — trust me, dearest Maude! — I will in some wise deliver you from the tyranny of that creature: this I vow!"

"I have no hope," she said, "save in you. Whether I go on as I am, or am subjected to an unspeakable horror, rests with you. My fate is in your hands — these strong, healing hands, Robert." Her voice dropped to a whisper: "Fail me not! oh fail me not!"

"Govern your fears," I said. "Return to your music. Be of good spirits; or, if you cannot, make a show of it. I go now to treat your husband, and also to confront him with what you have told me."

"Do not!" she cried. "Do not, I beseech you, Robert; lest, in the event of your failure, he devise foul embellishments upon the agonies into which he will cast me!"

"Very well," I said, "I will not speak of this to him. But my heart aches to learn the nature of the torments you fear."

"Ask no more, Robert," she said, turning away. "Go to my husband. Cure him. Then I will no longer fear those torments."

I pressed her dear hand and left the salon.

Sardonicus awaited me in his chambers. Thither, quantities of hot water and stacks of towels had been brought by the servants, upon my orders. Sardonicus was stripped to the waist, displaying a trunk strong and of good musculature, but with the same near-phosphorescent pallor of his face. It was, I

now understood, the pallor of one who has avoided daylight for years. "As you see, sir," he greeted me, "I am ready for your ministrations."

I bade him recline upon his couch, and began the treatment.

Never have I worked so long with so little reward. After alternating applications of heat and of massage, over a period of three and a quarter hours, I had made no progress. The muscles of his face were still as stiff as marble; they had not relaxed for an instant. I was mortally tired. He ordered our luncheon brought to us in his chambers, and after a short respite, I began again. The clock tolled six when I at last sank into a chair, shaking with exhaustion and strain. His face was exactly as before.

"What remains to be done, sir?" he asked me.

"I will not deceive you," I said. "It is beyond my skill to alleviate your condition. I can do no more."

He rose swiftly from the couch. "You *must* do more!" he shrieked. "You are my last hope!"

"Sir," I said, "new medical discoveries are ever being made. Place your trust in Him who created you —"

"Cease that detestable gibberish at once!" he snapped. "Your puling sentiments sicken me! Resume the treatment."

I refused. "I have applied all my knowledge, all my art, to your affliction," I assured him. "To resume the treatment would be idle and foolish, for — as you have divined — the condition is a product of your own mind."

"At dinner last night," countered Sardonicus, "we spoke of the character of Macbeth. Do you not remember the words he addressed to *his* doctor? —

"'Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd;

Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;

Raze out the written troubles of the brain;

And with some sweet oblivious antidote

Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that

perilous stuff

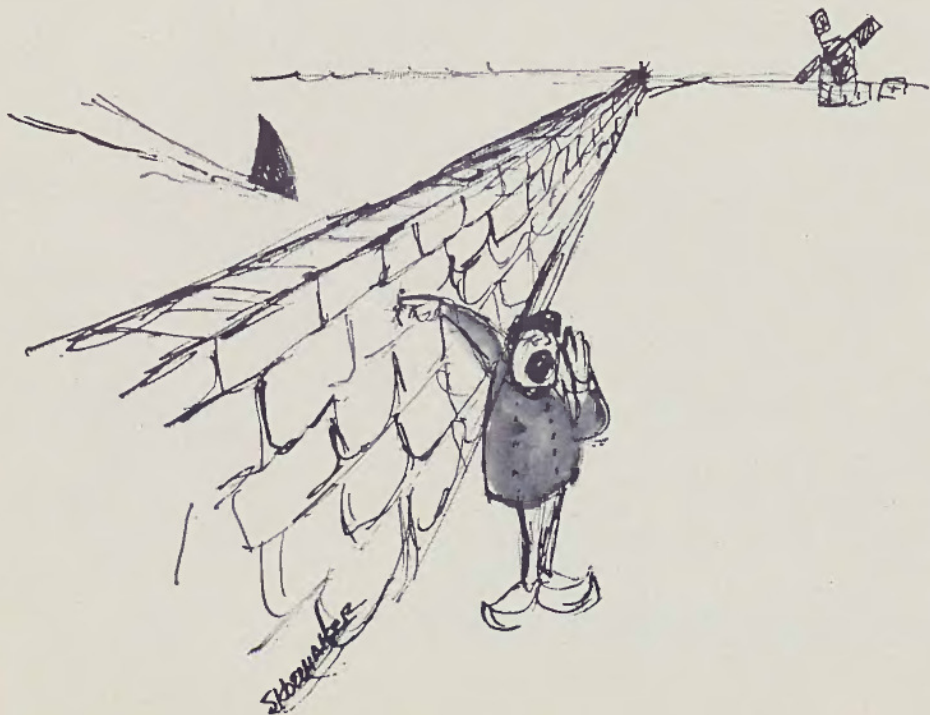
Which weighs upon the heart?'"

"I remember them," I said; "and I remember, as well, the doctor's reply: '*Therein the patient must minister to himself.*'" I arose and started for the door.

"One moment, Sir Robert," he said. I turned. "Forgive my precipitate outburst a moment ago. However, the mental nature of my affliction notwithstanding, and even though this mode of treatment has failed, surely there are other treatments?"

"None," I said, "that have been sufficiently tested. None I would venture to use upon a human body."

"Ah!" he cried. "Then other treat-





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ments *do* exist!"

I shrugged. "Think not of them, sir. They are at present unavailable to you." I pitied him, and added: "I am sorry."

"Doctor!" he said; "I implore you to use whatever treatments exist, be they ever so untried!"

"They are fraught with danger," I said.

"Danger?" He laughed. "Danger of what? Of disfigurement? Surely no man has ever been more disfigured than I! Of death? I am willing to gamble my life!"

"I am not willing to gamble your life." I said. "All lives are precious. Even yours."

"Sir Robert, I will pay you a thousand pounds."

"This is not a question of money."

"Five thousand pounds, Sir Robert, ten thousand!"

"No."

He sank onto the couch. "Very well," he said. "Then I will offer you the ultimate inducement."

"Were it a million pounds," I said, "you could not sway me."

"The inducement I speak of," he said, "is not money. Will you hear?"

I sat down. "Speak, sir," I said, "since that is your wish. But nothing will persuade me to use a treatment that might cost you your life."

"Sir Robert," he said, after a pause, "yestereve, when I came down to meet you for the first time, I heard happy sounds in the salon. You were singing a charming melody with my wife. Later, I could not help but notice the character of your glances towards her . . ."

"They were not reciprocated, sir," I told him, "and herewith I offer you a most abject apology for my unbecoming conduct."

"You obscure my point," he said. "You are a friend of hers, from the old days in London: at that period, you felt an ardent affection for her, I would guess. This is not surprising: for she is a lady whose face and form promise voluptuous delights and yet a lady whose manner is most decorous and correct. I would guess further: that your ardour has not diminished over the years; that, at the sight of her, the embers have burst into a flame. No, sir, hear me out. What would you say, Sir Robert, were I to tell you — that you may quench that flame?"

I frowned. "Your meaning, sir? —"

"Must I speak even more plainly? I am offering you a golden opportunity to requite the love that burns in your heart. To requite it in a single night, if that will suffice you, or over an extended period of weeks, months; a year, if you will; as long as you need —"

"Scoundrel!" I roared, leaping up.

He heeded me not, but went on speaking: ". . . As my guest, Sir Robert! I offer you a veritable Oriental paradise

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of unlimited raptures!" He laughed, then entered into a catalogue of his wife's excellences. "Consider, sir," he said, "that matchless bosom, like alabaster which has been imbued with the pink of the rose, those creamy limbs —"

"Enough!" I cried. "I will hear no more of your foulness." I strode to the door.

"Yes, you will, Sir Robert," he said immediately. "You will hear a good deal more of my foulness. You will hear what I plan to do to your beloved Maude, should you fail to relieve me of this deformity."

Again, I stopped and turned. I said nothing, but waited for him to speak further.

"I perceive that I have caught your interest," he said. "Hear me: for if you think I spoke foully before, you will soon be forced to agree that my earlier words were, by comparison, as blameless as The Book of Common Prayer. If rewards do not tempt you, then threats may coerce you. In fine, Maude will be punished if you fail, Sir Robert."

"She is an innocent."

"Just so. Hence, the more exquisite and insupportable to you should be the thought of her punishment."

My mind reeled. I could not believe such words were being uttered.

"Deep in the bowels of this old castle," said Sardonicus, "are dungeons. Suppose I were to tell you that my intention is to drag my wife thither and stretch her smooth body to unendurable length upon the rack —"

"You would not dare!" I cried.

"My daring or lack of it is not the issue here. I speak of the rack only that I may go on to assure you that Maude would *infinitely prefer* that dreadful machine to the punishment I have in truth designed for her. I will describe it to you. You will wish to be seated, I think."

. . .

"I will stand," I said.

"As you please." Sardonicus himself sat down. "Perhaps you have marvelled at the very fact of Maude's marriage to me. When the world was so full of personable men — men like yourself, who adored her — why did she choose to wed a monster, a creature abhorrent to the eyes and who did not, moreover, have any redeeming grace of spiritual beauty, or kindness, or charm?"

"I first met Maude Randall in Paris. I say 'met,' but it would be truer to simply say I saw her — from my hotel window, in fact. Even in Paris society, which abounds in ladies of remarkable pulchritude, she was to be remarked upon. You perhaps would say I fell in love with her, but I dislike that word 'love,' and will merely say that the sight of her smote my senses with most agreeable emphasis. I decided to make her mine. But how? By presenting my

irresistibly handsome face to her view? Hardly. I began methodically: I hired secret operatives to find out everything about her and about her mother and father — both of whom were then alive. I discovered that her father was in the habit of speculating, so I saw to it that he received some supposedly trustworthy but very bad advice. He speculated heavily and was instantly ruined. I must admit I had not planned his consequent suicide, but when that melancholy event occurred, I rejoiced, for it worked to my advantage. I presented myself to the bereaved widow and daughter, telling them the excellent qualities of Mr. Randall were widely known in the world of affairs and that I considered myself almost a close friend. I offered to help them in any possible way. By dint of excessive humility and persuasiveness, I won their trust and succeeded in diminishing their aversion to my face. This, you must understand, from first to last, occupied a period of many months. I spoke nothing of marriage, made no sign of affection towards the daughter for at least six of these months; when I did — again, with great respect and restraint — she gently refused me. I retreated gracefully, saying only that I hoped I might remain her and her mother's friend. She replied that she sincerely shared that hope, for, although she could never look upon me as an object of love, she indeed considered me a true friend. The mother, who pined excessively after the death of the father, soon expired: another incident unplanned but welcomed by me. Now the lovely child was alone in the world in a foreign city, with no money, no one to guide her, no one to fall back upon — save kindly Mr. Sardonicus. I waited many weeks, then I proposed marriage again. For several days, she continued to decline the offer, but her declinations grew weaker and weaker until, at length, on one day, she said this to me:

"Sir, I esteem you highly as a friend and benefactor, but my other feelings towards you have not changed. If you could be satisfied with such a singular condition; if you could agree to enter into marriage with a lady and yet look upon her as no more than a companion of kindred spirit; if the prospect of a dispassionate and childless marriage does not repulse you — as well it might — then, sir, my unhappy circumstances would compel me to accept your kind offer."

"Instantly, I told her my regard for her was of the purest and most elevated variety; that the urgings of the flesh were unknown to me; that I lived on a spiritual plane and desired only her sweet and stimulating companionship through the years. All this, of course, was a lie. The diametric opposite was true. But I hoped, by this falsehood, to lure her into marriage; after which, by slow

and strategic process, I could bring about her submission and my rapture. She still was hesitant; for, as she frankly told me, she believed that love was a noble and integral part of marriage; and that marriage without it could be only a hollow thing; and that though I knew not the urgings of the flesh, she could not with honesty say the same of herself. Yet she reiterated that, so far as my own person was concerned, a platonic relationship was all that could ever exist between us. I calmed her misgivings. We were married not long after.

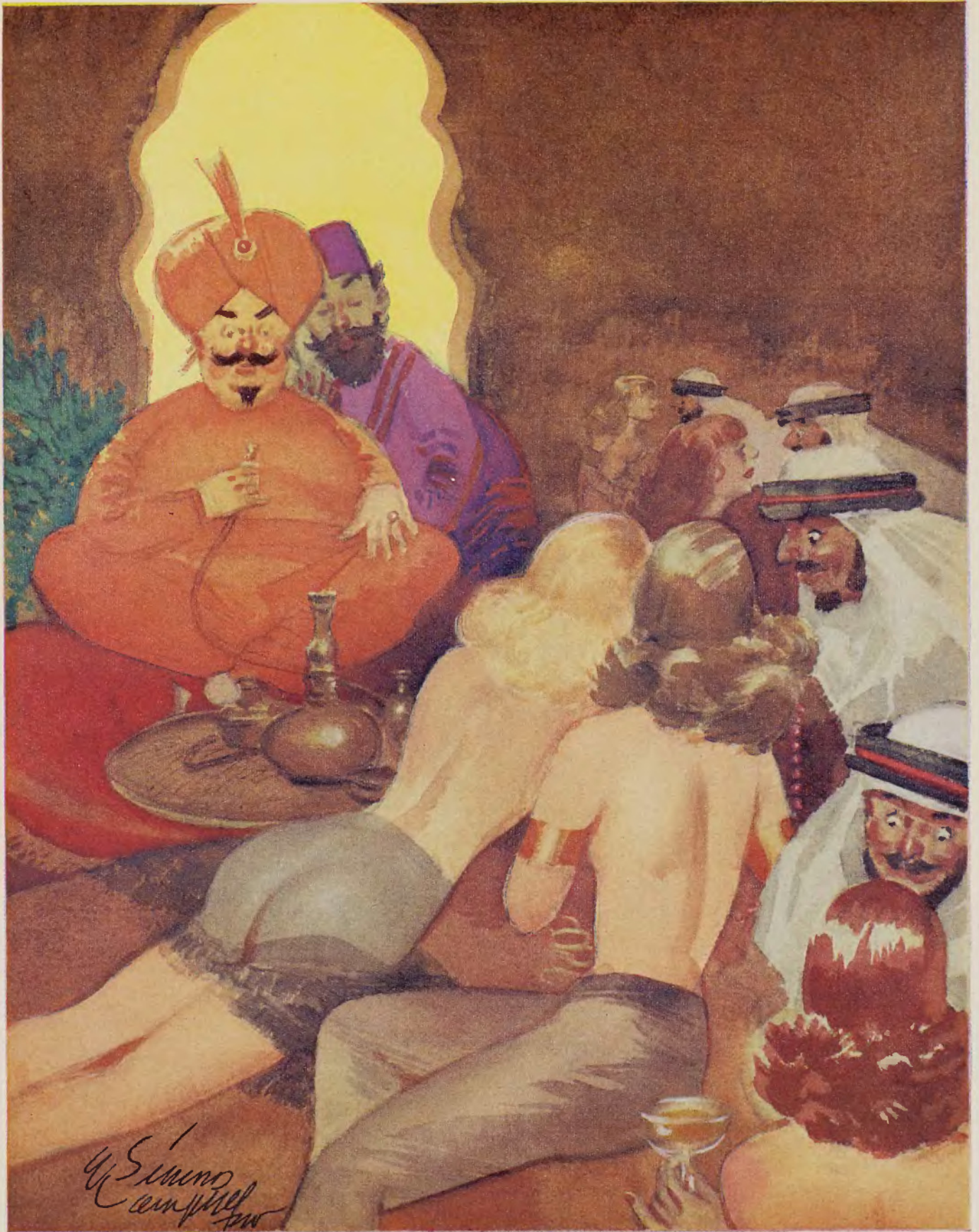
"And now, Sir Robert, I will tell you a surprising thing. I have confessed myself partial to earthly pleasures; as a physician and as a man of the world, you are aware that a gentleman of strong appetites may not curb them for very long without fomenting turmoil and distress in his bosom. And yet, sir, not once in the years of our marriage — not *once*, I say — have I been able to persuade or cajole my wife into relenting and breaking the stringent terms of our marriage agreement. Each time I have attempted, she has recoiled from me with horror and disgust. This is not because of an abhorrence of all fleshly things — by her own admission — but because of my monstrous face.

"Perhaps now you will better understand the vital necessity for this cure. And perhaps also you will understand the full extent of Maude's suffering should you fail to effect that cure. For, mark me well: if you fail, my wife will be made to become a true wife to me — by main force, and not for one fleeting hour, but every day and every night of her life, whensoever I say, in whatsoever manner I choose to express my conjugal privilege!" As an afterthought, he added, "I am by nature imaginative."

I had been shocked into silence. I could only look upon him with disbelief. He spoke again:

"If you deem it a light punishment, Sir Robert, then you do not know the depth of her loathing for my person, you do not know the revulsion that wells up inside her when I but place my fingers upon her arm, you do not know what mastery of her very gorge is required of her when I kiss her hand. Think, then; think of the abomination she would feel were my attentions to grow more ardent, more demanding! It would unseat her mind, sir; of that I am sure, for she would as soon embrace a reptile."

Sardonicus arose and put on his shirt. "I suggest we both begin dressing for dinner," he said. "Whilst you are dressing, reflect. Ask yourself, Sir Robert: could you ever again look upon yourself with other than shame and loathing if you were to sacrifice the beautiful and blameless Maude Randall on an altar of the grossest depravity? Consider how ill you would sleep in your London bed, night after night, knowing what she



U.S. Simon
Campbell

*"Don't let our Moslem friends fool you, Excellency.
They're only forbidden to drink."*

was suffering at that very moment; suffering because *you* abandoned her, because *you* allowed her to become an entertainment for a monster."

The days that passed after that time were, in the main, tedious yet filled with anxiety. During them, certain supplies were being brought from London and other places; Sardonicus spared no expense in procuring for me everything I said was necessary to the treatment. I avoided his society as much as I could, shunning even his table, and instructing the servants to bring my meals to my rooms. On the other hand, I sought out the company of Maude, endeavouring to comfort her and allay her fears. In those hours when her husband was occupied with business affairs, we talked together in the salon, and played music. Thus, they were days spotted with small pleasures that seemed the greater for having been snatched in the shadow of wretchedness.

I grew to know Maude, in that time, better than I had ever known her in London. Adversity stripped the layers of ceremony from our congress, and we spoke directly. I came to know her warmth, but I came to know her strength, too. I spoke outright of my love, though in the next breath I assured her I was aware of the hopelessness of that love. I did not tell her of the "reward" her husband had offered me — and which I had refused — and I was gladdened to learn (as I did by indirection) that Sardonicus, though he had abjured her to be excessively cordial to me, had not

revealed the ultimate and ignoble purpose of that cordiality.

"Robert," she said once, "is it likely that he will be cured?"

I did not tell her how unlikely it was. "For your sake, Maude," I said, "I will persevere more than I have ever done in my life."

At length, a day arrived when all the necessaries had been gathered: some plants from the New World, certain equipment from London, and a vital instrument from Scotland. I worked long and late, in complete solitude, distilling a needed liquor from the plants. The next day, dogs were brought to me alive, and carried out dead. Three days after that, a dog left my laboratory alive and my distilling labours came to an end.

I informed Sardonicus that I was ready to administer the treatment. He came to my laboratory, and I imagined there was almost a gloating triumph in his immobile smile. "Such are the fruits of concentrated effort," he said. "Man is an indolent creature, but light the fire of fear under him, and of what miracles is he not capable!"

"Speak not of miracles," I said, "though prayers would do you no harm now, for you will soon be in peril of your life." I motioned him towards a table and bade him lie upon it. He did so, and I commenced explaining the treatment to him. "The explorer Magellan," I said, "wrote of a substance used on darts by the savage inhabitants of the South American continent. It killed instantly, dropping large animals

in their tracks. The substance was derived from certain plants, and is, in essence, the same substance I have been occupied in extracting these past days."

"A poison, Sir Robert?" he asked, wryly.

"When used full strength," I said, "it kills by bringing about a *total* relaxation of the muscles — particularly the muscles of the lungs and heart. I have long thought that a dilution of that poison might beneficially slacken the rigidly tensed muscles of paralyzed patients."

"Most ingenious, sir," he said.

"I must warn you," I went on, "that this distillment has never been used on a human subject. It may kill you. I must, perforce, urge you again not to insist upon its use; to accept your lot; and to remove the threat of punishment you now hold over your wife's head."

"You seek to frighten me, Doctor," chuckled Sardonicus; "to plant distrust in my bosom. But I fear you not — an English knight and a respected physician would never do a deed so dishonourable as to wittingly kill a patient under his care. You would be hamstrung by your gentleman's code as well as by your professional oath. Your virtues are, in short, my vices' best ally."

I bristled. "I am no murderer such as you," I said. "If you force me to use this treatment, I will do everything in my power to insure its success. But I cannot conceal from you the possibility of your death."

"See to it that I live," he said flatly, "for if I die, my men will kill both you and my wife. They will not kill you quickly. See to it, also, that I am cured — lest Maude be subjected to a fate she fears more than the slowest of tortures." I said nothing. "Then bring me this elixir straightway," he said, "and let me drink it off and make an end of this!"

"It is not to be drunk," I told him.

He laughed. "Is it your plan to smear it on darts, like the savages?"

"Your jest is most apposite," I said. "I indeed plan to introduce it into your body by means of a sharp instrument — a new instrument not yet widely known, that was sent me from Scotland. The original suggestion was put forth in the University of Oxford some two hundred years ago by Dr. Christopher Wren, but only recently, through development by my friend, Dr. Wood of Edinburgh, has it seemed practical. It is no more than a syringe" — I showed him the instrument — "attached to a needle; but the needle is hollow, so that, when it punctures the skin, it may carry healing drugs directly into the bloodstream."

"The medical arts will never cease earning my admiration," said Sardonicus.

I filled the syringe. My patient said, "Wait."

"Are you afraid?" I asked.



"You don't want to get drunk... you don't want to make love... you don't want to do anything!"

"Since that memorable night in my father's grave," he replied, "I have not known fear. I had a surfeit of it then; it will last out my lifetime. No: I simply wish to give instructions to one of my men." He arose from the table, and, going to the door, told one of his helots to bring Madam Sardonicus to the laboratory.

"Why must she be here?" I asked.

"The sight of her," he said, "may serve you as a remembrancer of what awaits her in the event of my death, or of that other punishment she may expect should your treatment prove ineffectual."

Maude was brought into our presence. She looked upon my equipment—the bubbling retorts and tubes, the pointed syringe—with amazement and fright. I began to explain the principle of the treatment to her, but Sardonicus interrupted: "Madam is not one of your students, Sir Robert; it is not necessary she know these details. Delay no longer; begin at once!"

He stretched out upon the table again, fixing his eyes upon me. I proffered Maude a comforting look, and walked over to my patient. He did not wince as I drove the needle of the syringe into the left, and then the right, side of his face. "Now, sir," I said—and the tremor in my voice surprised me—"we must wait a period of ten minutes." I joined Maude, and talked to her in low tones, keeping my eyes always upon my patient. He stared at the ceiling; his face remained solidified in that unholy grin. Precisely ten minutes later, a short gasp escaped him; I rushed to his side, and Maude followed close behind me.

We watched with consuming fascination as that clenched face slowly softened, relaxed, changed; the lips drawing closer and closer to each other, gradually covering those naked teeth and gums, the graven creases unfolding and becoming smooth. Before a minute had passed, we were looking down upon the face of a serenely handsome man. His eyes flashed with pleasure, and he made as if to speak.

"No," I said, "do not attempt speech yet. The muscles of your face are so slackened that it is beyond your power, at present, to move your lips. This condition will pass." My voice rang with exultation, and for the moment our enmity was forgotten. He nodded, then leapt from the table and dashed to a mirror which hung on a wall nearby. Though his face could not yet express his joy, his whole body seemed to unfurl in a great gesture of triumph and a muffled cry of happiness burst in his throat.

He turned and seized my hand; then he looked full into Maude's face. After a moment, she said, "I am happy for you, sir," and looked away. A rasping



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laugh sounded in his throat, and he walked to my work bench, tore a leaf from one of my notebooks, and scribbled upon it. This he handed to Maude, who read it and passed it over to me. The writing said: *Fear not, lady. You will not be obliged to endure my embraces. I know full well that the restored beauty of my face will weigh not a jot in the balance of your attraction and repugnance. By this document, I dissolve our pristine marriage. You who have been a wife only in name are no longer even that. I give you your freedom.*

I looked up from my reading. Sardonicus had been writing again. He ripped another leaf from the notebook and handed it directly to me. It read: *This paper is your safe conduct out of the castle and into the village. Gold is yours for the asking, but I doubt if your English scruples will countenance the accepting of my money. I will expect you to have quit these premises before morning, taking her with you.*

"We will be gone within the hour," I told him, and guided Maude towards the door. Before we left the room, I turned for the last time to Sardonicus.

"For your unclean threats," I said; "for the indirect but no less vicious murder of this lady's parents; for the defiling of your own father's grave; for the greed and inhumanity that moved you even before your blighted face provided you with an excuse for your conduct; for these and for what crimes unknown to me blacken your ledger—accept this token of my censure and detestation." I struck him forcibly on the face. He did not respond. He was standing there in the laboratory when I left the room with Maude.

This strange account should probably end here. No more can be said of its central character, for neither Maude nor I saw him or heard of him after that night. And of us two, nothing need be imparted other than the happy knowledge that we have been most contentedly married for the past twelve years and are the parents of a sturdy boy and two girls who are the lovely images of their mother.

However, I have mentioned my friend Lord Henry Stanton, the inveterate traveller and faithful letter-writer, and I must copy out now a portion of a missive I received from him only a week since, and which, in point of fact, has been the agent that has prompted me to unfold this whole history of Mr. Sardonicus:

"... But, my dear Bobbie," wrote Stanton, "in truth there is small pleasure to be found in this part of the world, and I shall be glad to see London again. The excitements and the drama have all departed (if, indeed, they ever existed) and one must content one's self with the stories told at the hearthstones of inns, with the flames crackling and the

mulled wine agreeably stinging one's throat. The natives here are most fond of harrowing stories, tales of gore and grue, of ghosts and ghouls and ghastly events, and I must confess a partiality to such entertainments myself. They will show you a stain on a wall and tell you it is the blood of a murdered innocent who met her death there fifty years before: no amount of washing will ever remove that stain, they tell you in sepulchral tones, and indeed it deepens and darkens on a certain day of the year, the anniversary of her violent passing. One is expected to nod gravely, of course, and one does, if one wishes to encourage the telling of more stories. Back in the Eleventh Century, you will be apprised, a battalion of foreign invaders were vanquished by the skeletons of long-dead patriots who arose from their tombs to defend their homeland and then returned to the earth when the enemy had been driven from their borders. (And since they are able to show you the very graves of these lively bones, how can one disbelieve them, Bobbie?) Or they will point to a desolate skull of a castle (the country here abounds in such depressing piles) and tell you of the spectral tyrant who, a scant dozen years before, despaired and died alone there. Deserted by the minions who had always hated him, the frightening creature roamed the village, livid and emaciated, his mind shattered, mutely imploring the succour of even the lowliest beggars. I say *mutely*, and that is the best part of this tall tale: for, as they tell it around the fire, these inventive folk, this poor unfortunate could not speak, could not eat, and could not drink. You ask why? For the simple reason that, though he clawed most horribly at his own face, and though he enlisted the aid of strong men—he was absolutely unable to open his mouth. Cursed by Lucifer, they say, he thirsted and starved in the midst of plenty, surrounded by kegs of drink and tables full of the choicest viands, suffering the tortures of Tantalus, until he finally died. Ah, Bobbie! the efforts of our novelists are pale stuff compared to this! English literateurs have not the shameless wild imaginations of these people! I will never again read Mrs. Radcliffe with pleasure, I assure you, and the ghost of King Hamlet will, from this day hence, strike no terror to my soul, and will fill my heart with but paltry pity. Still, I have journeyed in foreign climes quite enough for one trip, and I long for England and that good English dullness which is relieved only by you and your dear lady (to whom you must commend me most warmly). Until next month, I remain,

"Your wayward friend,

"Harry Stanton

"(Bohemia, March, 18—)"

Now, it would not be a difficult feat for the mind to instantly assume that the unfortunate man in that last tale was Sardonicus—indeed, it is for that reason that I have not yet shewn Stanton's letter to Maude: for she, albeit she deeply loathed Sardonicus, is of such a compassionate and susceptible nature that she would grieve to hear of him suffering a death so horrible. But I am a man of science, and I do not form conclusions on such gossamer evidence. Harry did not mention the province of Bohemia that is supposed to have been the stage of that terrible drama; and his letter, though written in Bohemia, was not mailed by Harry until he reached Berlin, so the postmark tells me nothing. Castles like that of Sardonicus are not singular in Bohemia—Harry himself says the country "abounds in such depressing piles"—so I plan to suspend conclusive thoughts on the matter until I welcome Harry home and can elicit from him details of the precise locality.

For if that "desolate skull of a castle" is Castle Sardonicus, and if the story of the starving man is to be believed, then I will be struck by an awesome and curious thing:

Five days I occupied myself in extracting a liquor from the South American plants. During those days, dogs were carried dead from my laboratory. I had deliberately killed the poor creatures with the undiluted poison, in order to impress Sardonicus with its deadliness. I never intended to—and, in fact, never did—prepare a safe dilution of that lethal drug, for its properties were too unknown, its potentiality too dangerous. The liquid I injected into Sardonicus was pure, distilled water—nothing more. This had always been my plan. The ordering of *materia medica* from far-flung lands was but an elaborate façade designed to work not upon the physical part of Sardonicus, but upon his mind; for after Keller, Morignac, Buonagente and my own massaging techniques had failed, I was convinced that it was only through his mind that his body could be cured. It was necessary to persuade him, however, that he was receiving a powerful medicament. His mind, I had hoped, would provide the rest—as, in truth, it did.

If the tale of the "spectral tyrant" prove true, then we must look upon the human mind with wonderment and terror. For, in that case, there was nothing—nothing corporeal—to prevent the wretched creature from opening his mouth and eating his fill. Alone in that castle, food aplenty at his fingertips, he had suffered a dire punishment which came upon him—to paraphrase Sardonicus' very words—*not from God above or the Fiend below, but from within his own breast, his own brain, his own soul.*

ALL THE WEED IN THE WORLD

(continued from page 83)

do for a mental case was to keep him soothed down and quiet. (They still have that last idea, why else lobotomy?)

Today it is hard for us to visualize how lightly people regarded narcotic drugs then (the Professor said wistfully) and how easy they were to purchase. The Harrison Narcotic Act of 1914 wiped them off the legal market faster than Roosevelt banned dealings in gold.

At any rate, the old doctor (young then) had the inspiration that there must be a specific narcotic drug that in massive doses would cure each recognized form of insanity. He even had them provisionally identified — morphine for mania, codeine for hysteria, cocaine for involuntional melancholia, heroin for catatonia, laudanum (though it's no single drug) for dementia praecox, and so on. Somehow the old doctor never got on drugs himself, but his theory was worthy of a King Weedhead — actually it is quite a kick just by itself.

There wasn't much he could do then to test his theory — he didn't have the reputation or a private sanitarium — but he could prepare to test it. At that time the most important preparation was to get hold of an adequate supply of the drugs he'd need. Narcotics were still openly purchasable, but they wouldn't be for long. The Shanghai Conference and the Hague Convention were coming up and the Harrison Act was already a little black cloud on the horizon. The old doctor didn't want mankind to miss out on the boon he was readying for it just because soon even he, a licensed physician, wouldn't be able to get hold of the essential drugs in the large quantities he'd need, so for the next few years he sank all his spare cash in narcotics, purchasing them all over the country and trying to make sure that he had an adequate supply of every known drug — because he couldn't be certain yet just which narcotic would prove to be the specific remedy for each form of insanity. Even after the passage of the Harrison Act, he continued in a small way to build up his stock, especially of newly discovered drugs, through the regular medical channels available to him.

A few years later he got a fine opportunity to test his great theory: his wife went crazy, and a little later their two children took off in the same direction. He shot them each full of what he considered was the right drug. His theory didn't work. One by one, he had to ship them off to the asylum.

That was the little tragedy that finished the old doctor as a dreamer (the Professor said softly). That was the lightning bolt that blackened and blasted him, that started the first bats winging through his lonely belfry, that turned

him into a miserly automaton. Being an addict, I often wondered what had happened to his great stock pile of drugs, but that was one point where the old doctor got cagey with me. He'd never quite say. I suppose I assumed that he'd sold them or used them somehow in the natural course of things — after all, would he be writing morphine prescriptions for me if he could with greater safety and profit be selling me some? Besides, his great dream had been dead for twenty years or so when we had our little talks.

What I forgot was the degree of his miserliness and the rigidity of his automatism. There were larger and hairier bats in his belfry than I ever guessed.

I soon drifted away from the city and the old doctor (sighed the Professor), partly to take an involuntary cure for my addiction at Lexington. The cure didn't altogether work, but eventually I did make the unusual but not unheard-of transition to alcohol. At any rate, when I got back to the city again I was a wino and (what is almost a tautology) I was broke. I looked up my friend the old doctor and he was dead and they were tearing down the building he'd practiced in for over fifty years.

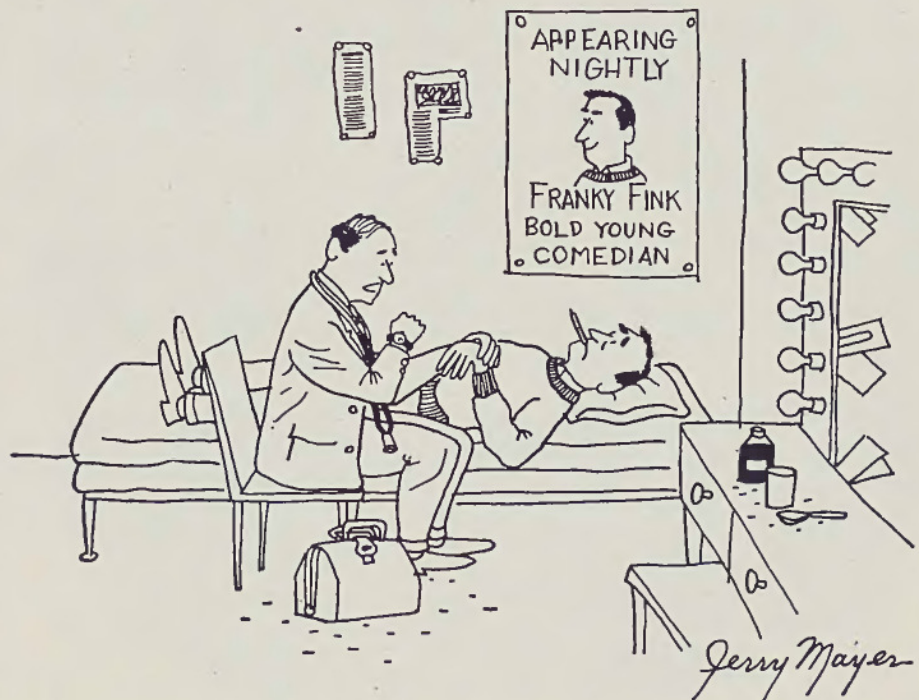
For the next week or so I camped nights in that half-destroyed building. It was a convenient den and the dead old doctor's dismantled office — still with the same soot-drifted green walls — was a closer approximation to home for me than any other spot in the known world. I remember I dripped a couple of tears the night I dragged myself and my jug up the crazy stairs and came to the fa-

miliar doorway — and discovered just in time that they'd knocked the floor out of his place that day. The green wall across from me was still up, though the plaster and laths had started to fall away here and there, but in between was just a pit unevenly floored with rubble two stories down.

That night I camped in the room across the hall, where there was still a floor. It must have been almost dawn when I woke up coughing. The air was full of smoke and the floor was hot and I heard distant sirens. I struggled into the hall and there the heat really hit me.

Light flared through the old doctor's door. Someone (another crazy wino probably) had set fire to what was left of the building. The floor below and the opposite wall were ablaze. And at the very moment I looked in, a big section of flaming lath and green-crusted plaster fell away right across from me, revealing a dark space behind it that had been hidden for decades.

Now pause (the Professor said) and recall that I was going to tell you about a kick involving all the weed in the world. For this kick, you simply imagine that all the weed in the world has been harvested and dried and variously processed and then gathered in one spot close by you — all the reefers, all the joints, all the hemp, all the bhang, kif, takrouri, dagga, charas, mutah, manzoul, maconha, djamba, ganja, esrar, dynamite, tea, pot, stick, gauge, grass, yummy (for those are all names that have been used for marijuana) — and that someone has set fire to this resinous and ecstasy-loaded haystack and that you are sitting at a comfortable distance downwind from it, in-



"You're a very sick, sick comedian!"

haling the beatific smoke.

Back to the real fire now and to me crouching in the old doctor's doorway and staring across the floorless space at the wall opposite—a wall as far away from me as that of China, as far as my ability to reach it went.

The dark space revealed by the falling lath and plaster was not empty, but neatly lined with shelves, and on the shelves were all manner of boxes and tins and bottles—big bottles with glass stoppers, filled mostly with white powders and crystals. Already one or two of the bottles had burst with the heat and the bold labels were blackening, but I could read enough of them to tell the story—and I'm sure I could have guessed the story without any labels at all.

Even as I watched, a few more bottles exploded and the local flames sprang up more fiercely. Most of the opiates are highly inflammable, you know—people *smoke* opium—they're unsaturated hydrocarbons.

So there I crouched and watched them burn—not fifteen feet away from me but absolutely inaccessible. The white crystalline morphine and heroin and cocaine, great swelling jars of it. The tins of black bubbling opium with the pale blue flames shooting up. Hashish melting and flaming and running like some lava of the Eastern gods. The tall sealed beaker of ruby-red laudanum—that really set everything blazing when it burst, for laudanum is opium dissolved in alcohol.

The big bottles of melting barbiturate capsules—red seconal, blue Amytal, yellow Nembutal, phenobarbital, tuinal, Veronal. Oily, hot-burning chloral and paraldehyde. Volatile chloroform and the devil-god ether—*there* were explosions for you! And all the endless others that the old doctor had gathered in his crazy quest—pantopon, paregoric, papaverine, novocaine, procaine, thebaine, narcotine, narceine, codeine, Dilaudid, Dicodide, Dionin—all, all burning, burning completely and utterly.

I didn't hear the fire engines arriving or the hoses sizzling into the flames, or the firemen finally clumping up the stairs behind me. I just crouched there witless, staring and sniffing, until I blacked out.

The firemen found me in time, though I sometimes think that was the worst thing that ever happened to me. I woke up in the city hospital, telling my story over and over again to anyone who'd listen. I honestly think I was still higher than a kite on the variegated fumes I'd sniffed.

Of course everyone told me the old building burned down completely, and that was so.

All my big mouth should have got me was trouble (the Professor finished) except no one believed that my story was anything but a wino's vision, an old hop-head's dream.



"Could you call back in twenty minutes, dear? I'm right in the middle of something."

CONVERSATION PIECE

(continued from page 43)

do you mean—everything? What's everything?"

"I told him that we'd been having an affair," she said. "What else do you think I mean? I told him that, and I told him everything about it."

"Dear God," he said. "What in the world did you tell him *that* for?"

"I had to," she said. "My conscience wouldn't let me keep it from him any longer, that's all. It was too hateful. I'm sorry. I couldn't help it. I know you're furious, and I'm sorry."

"I'm not furious at all," Jay said. "But Barbara: why a thing like that? And why me? Why pick me out?"

"That's an odd remark," she said. "Why you. After all, I haven't been having an affair with anybody else."

"I suppose not," Jay said. "But you haven't been having one with me, either."

She didn't answer and he began to count: one, two, three . . . he was on eight when she spoke. "Are you out of your mind?" she said.

"No," he said. "Not at all. Look, Barbara, it's not that I wouldn't *like* to sleep with you. I would. You know it, and Tommy knows it, or he should know it, and I know it. I'd love to. But after all, there are things in the way. Take the fact that Tommy's a friend of mine, and let the rest go."

"You *can't* be drunk, not at ten o'clock in the morning," she said slowly.

"Barbara, look," he said. "If this is a reverse-English proposition, believe me, I'm flattered. I've never been so flattered in my life. And I'm sorry I can't take you up on it. But you know it's impossible."

"Stop it!" Barbara said. "Stop it, you son of a bitch! You know damned well I'm not propositioning you, and you damned well know that we've been in bed together every chance we've had for three months, and I don't know what in hell you're trying to do to me, saying we haven't. What *are* you trying to do to me?"

"Barbara," he said quietly. "Look. I *know* how it is with you. I know you've got this weird notion that somehow you've failed Tommy all down the years, that somehow you've been cruel to him, or let him down, or whatever—I can't understand it, and I don't know anybody else who can—but anyway you do think so, and obviously you think you ought to be punished for it. My own view is that you haven't done anything at all to Tommy. I think he's lucky to have you. But I know you have this idea, and I know it's real enough to you. OK. And I'd help you any way I could, you know that. Only not this way. Just don't cut me in on your private fantasies. Don't get me hanged as

a goat when I'm only a sheep, in other words."

"Jay," she said. "In March, when Tommy was in Florida, you took me home from Helen Martineau's party, and we went to bed right here in this apartment. You didn't leave until eight the next morning. And since then we've been together here and I don't know how many times at your place, and in Bremley House, and once in Pete Mileson's apartment. Is that a fact, or isn't it?"

"Are those facts, you mean," Jay said. "Or aren't they. And the answer is, no, they aren't facts. Look, Barbara, I'm as susceptible as anyone else, and more than most, and it's no secret—but the only way you could get me to go to bed with you in your own house would be at the point of a gun. It just isn't in me. That's just *too far north*. You ought to know me better. As for Bremley House, I've had lunch there a couple of times—never with you—but I haven't been in a room there, not ever, I think, and anyway not for the last two years."

"Your name is on that register twice since April," Barbara said.

"My name?" Jay said softly. "I doubt that. I doubt that very much, that you'd find my name on the Bremley House register." He waited a couple of beats. "Look, Barbara," he said, "have you talked to your analyst about this?"

"Dr. Chelminsky? Certainly I told him that I was going to tell Tommy about us, if that's what you mean."

"And he told you to go ahead and do it?" Jay said.

"He did."

"Ah. But then, he thinks you really *have* had an affair with me, doesn't he? You told him so, right?"

"Of course I told him. Jay, listen to me . . ."

"Just a second, pet. Don't you see what a weird position you're getting yourself into? Don't you see how unreal it is, how irrational? Here you are arguing like a maniac with me that you have had an affair with me, that you have been unfaithful to Tommy, that it is true and you can prove it—doesn't it strike you as a little odd that you should be trying so desperately to convince yourself that something happened that never happened at all? Aren't you trying as hard as you know how to get yourself punished? You think you've committed some imaginary offense against Tommy down the years, and now you want to get yourself punished for it by admitting another imaginary offense. Don't you think you'd be wiser to explain the whole thing to Chelminsky just as it has happened? After all, what's so pointless as lying to a psychiatrist? Think about that for a second. Are you paying this guy \$35 an hour, \$175 a week, to *lie* to him?"

She was shrieking before he had finished. "Stop it!" she yelled. "Shut up!

I'm *not* lying to him, and you know it! And if I have to prove that you're my lover, I *can* prove it. I know every mark on your body, I . . ."

"So does everybody else who ever saw me in swimming trunks," Jay said.

"I know things about your body that no one finds out watching you swim!" she said. "I know *everything* about you, just for one thing, I know that . . ."

"And they say girls don't talk," Jay said sadly. "All right, I did sleep with Janie Berthold, lots of times, all winter as a matter of fact. So, before she went to Italy she gave you a blow-by-blow. Well, bully for her. I hope it was a good report, that's all."

"Jane Berthold never told me word one about you," Barbara said.

"That's OK," he said. "Nobody objects to a little white lying when it's to cover up for a friend. Forget it."

She didn't speak for half a minute.

"Jay," she said finally. "What *is* this? What are you trying to do? Do I have to describe every stick of furniture in Pete Mileson's apartment to you? Are you really going to try to tell me that you and I didn't go there, 618 Cabinet Street, four A-for-Apple, last Wednesday, that was the ninth, that we didn't go there at two o'clock, you went in first and I came a few minutes later, that we didn't take a shower together and that I didn't tell you, when we came into the bedroom, that I'd seen Pete with Hilda Barnes the night before? And afterward didn't we eat a whole jar of his brandied pears? And then . . ."

"I'm sure you know Pete Mileson's apartment," Jay said. "Why not? You know Pete. You know Jerry and Marnie Mallory, they're his closest friends, and the Boothroyds, they're with him all the time. Pete has a couple of parties a month, you've been there I'm sure, why wouldn't you know his apartment?"

"All right, Jay," she said. "OK. Goodbye. Goodbye, louse."

"Look, Barbara," he said. "Take my advice. Listen to me. Tell Chelminsky. And as far as Tommy's concerned, I don't know anything. Next time I see Tommy, I'm going to act just as if nothing had happened—because nothing *has* happened. But tell Chelminsky, Barbara.

Tell him. After all, you've been seeing him for over a year now. It's time you were getting somewhere. Tell him. Get well, baby. Get well."

He heard the soft click as the extension cradle came down. He waited. "Goodbye, Barbara," he said.

She hung up.

He waited an instant for the tone and then dialed. I wonder what the architect thought, he said to himself, sitting there watching Tommy glued to the phone.

"Extension 614," he said. "Jay Garner. Mr. Mileson there? Thanks," he waited.

"Pete," he said. "You feeling strong?"

"I guess so, buddy," Pete said. "Should I be?"

"You just might get a phone call from Tommy McInerney," Jay said. "I don't think you will, I think I've fixed it, but you might, because I'm afraid Barbara-girl has finally blown her wig, and all the way, this time. She says she told him I'd been laying her—and once in your apartment. How about that?"

"The girl must be out of her skull," Pete said.

"I told her that," Jay said. "The whole idea is idiotic. I mean, does she think you're running a hot-bed joint there, everyone you know carrying a key?"

"Ridiculous," Pete said. "I'd be shocked if I knew you'd had anything to do with a broad like that, buddy."

"You'd have every right to be, pal," Jay said.

"I resent her thinking I'd let anybody use my flat for sordid assignations," Pete said. "And matinees, at that."

"An absurd idea," Jay said.

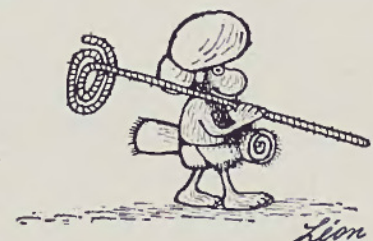
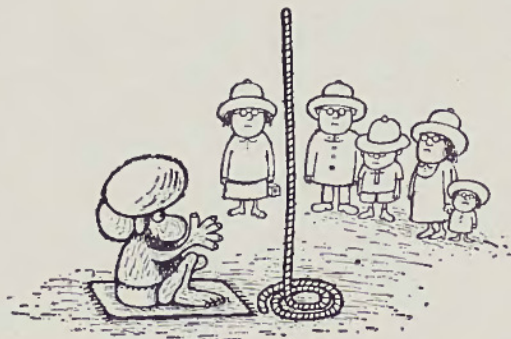
"I never would," Pete said. "And if I did, I'd have certain rules, like for example anybody who eats up a quart jar of brandied pears should replace them."

"Two for one, they should be replaced," Jay said. "And a bottle of like Mumm's thrown in."

"That makes sense," Pete said. "Maybe I'll see you at the club tomorrow?"

"Sure," Jay said. "We'll see if we can't turn up a couple of beasts."

He hung up. Six minutes later the phone rang. This time, somehow, he was sure it was his mother. He let it ring, counting. The old lady quit on fourteen.



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PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

MARCH, in most of these United States, is a month much given to blustery winds and piercing chill. In short, it is a perfect month to get away from it all on a cruise. The time and tariff need only be limited by one's own tides of fortune.

Highlighting the March cruise departures this year is a trend toward longer stopovers at a port or two. Typically, two sailings from New York — on thirty-eight- and thirty-nine-day runs to the Mediterranean, March 4 and 29 at \$595 up — give you but a day or less ashore at Lisbon, Gibraltar, Barcelona, Naples, Palermo, Messina in Sicily, Patras in Greece, Venice, and Dubrovnik on the Yugoslav coast, but then provide a full seven days in Rome and Florence before you have to sail back.

A couple of South American ship runs allow stopovers of three to eight days in Buenos Aires before heading north again, and another Mediterranean cruise leaves you in Europe to stay over as long as you please and come back any way you wish.

If you're the maverick type who's daunted by the thought of a planned cruise, take a regularly scheduled ship sailing to a dream destination and laze around there as long as you care to. New resort and fun facilities in the Canary Islands, Haiti, Puerto Rico and Nicaragua make them prime targets for this sort of jaunt.

On a stopover in Nicaragua, should you fancy that, try Tarpon Lodge across from San Carlos at the south end of Lake Nicaragua — a fresh-water lake that sports marine shark, swordfish, snook,

huge tarpon plus the usual fresh-water fighters as well. Including transfer from Managua, five days at the lodge (meals, boats, guides, everything) cost but \$272.

In Haiti, a new Arawak Indian-styled cabaña colony on Cacique Island, forty minutes by boat from Port-au-Prince, offers simple, right-on-the-beach comfort. The cabañas look like a collection of straw-thatched native huts. Inside, however, each is completely modern. Every form of ocean fun is now on tap and a golf course is being laid out. Daily tab is \$12 for two, \$8 single, plus meals.

In Puerto Rico, twenty minutes by plane from San Juan, another resort area — at Vieques — is now open for business. First step in a sixteen-million-dollar development is the twenty-two-room luxury guest house, former home of a French plantation owner, which is a center for skindiving, horseback riding and beach basking. Tariffs run \$30 for two, \$20 single, with two meals a day and all facilities.

In the Canaries, where the swimming's great all year, investigate usually-overlooked Hierro, Gomera, Fuerteventura and Lanzarote islands. You can fly there from England or Spain, or sail there from Barcelona, a four-day trip with stops at a string of small coastal towns en route. The government-run inn at Lanzarote is a great base for skindiving — but you must bring your own gear.

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



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