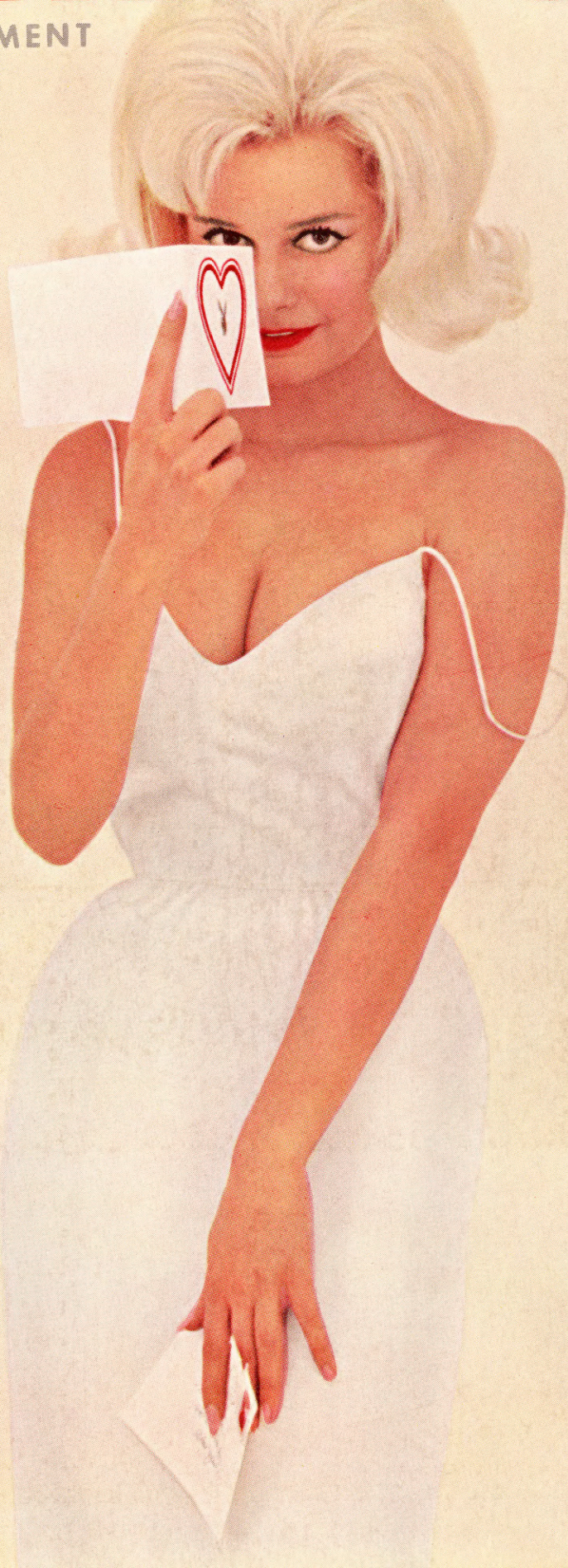


FEBRUARY 60 cents

# ★ PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT  
FOR MEN



*Girls of Rome*  
*1962 Playboy Jazz Stars*  
*Silverstein's Zoo*  
*The Bugatti by Ken Furdy*  
*New fiction by*  
*Bernard Wolfe*  
*Bruce Friedman*  
*Gerald Kersh*



**JOHNNY MATHIS**  
JOHNNY'S MOOD



April in Paris  
There's No You  
10 more  
COLUMBIA

4. Also: I'm in the Mood for Love, How High the Moon, etc.

**HEAVENLY**  
Hello, Young Lovers  
Stranger in Paradise  
10 more  
COLUMBIA  
**JOHNNY MATHIS**



3. Also: Moonlight Becomes You, More Than You Know, etc.

**CLAIR de LUNE**  
A Debussy  
Piano Recital by  
PHILIPPE ENTREMONT  
COLUMBIA



98. "Extraordinarily beautiful...brilliant, silvery"—N.Y. Times

Portrait of My Love  
**STEVE LAWRENCE**  
Orchestra Conducted by  
DON COSTA  
COLUMBIA



18. Don't Blame Me, More Than You Know, For You, 12 in all

**NEVER ON SUNDAY**  
Original Sound Track Music  
COLUMBIA




61. All the delightful music from the year's gayest comedy

**TILL ROGER WILLIAMS**  
April Love  
Tammy  
Jalousie  
9 MORE  
KAPP



10. Also: Arrivederci, Roma; Oh, My Papa; Moonlight Love; etc.

**ROGER WILLIAMS**  
**YELLOW BIRD**  
KAPP



11. Gigi, An Affair to Remember, Green-sleeves, 12 in all

**LENER & LOEW**  
**Camelot**  
RICHARD BURTON  
JULIE ANDREWS  
and Original Broadway Cast  
COLUMBIA



53. "Most lavish and beautiful musical, a triumph"—Kilgallen

**HARMONICATS**  
Peg O' My Heart  
Deep Purple  
Tenderly  
-10 More  
COLUMBIA



6. Also: Malaguena, Sabre Dance, Perfidia, Mam'sello, etc.

**TV SING ALONG WITH MITCH**  
COLUMBIA



7. California, Avalon, Moonlight Bay, 16 favorites in all

**SENTIMENTAL**  
Sing Along with Mitch  
Heart of My Heart  
I'll See You In My Dreams  
15 More  
COLUMBIA




8. Also: Singin' in the Rain, Hello! My Baby, Ida, etc.

**FINLANDIA**  
PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA  
MORMON TABERNACLE CHOIR  
plus  
Valde Triste - Swedish Rhapsody - Peer Gynt Suite No. 1  
COLUMBIA



102. "Electrifying performance...overwhelming"—HiFi Rev.

**THE PLATTERS**  
Encore of Golden Hits  
Twilight Time  
My Prayer  
Only You  
9 more  
Mercury



1. Also: Great Pretender, Enchanted, Magic Touch, etc.

**THE PLATTERS**  
Remember When?  
Sunka Gets In Your Eyes  
Prisoner of Love  
My Blue Heaven  
plus 9 more  
Mercury




2. Also: Somebody Loves Me, Thanks for the Memory, etc.

**SCHUBERT:**  
Symphonies Nos. 5 and 8 ("UNFINISHED")  
BRUNO WALTER conducting  
COLUMBIA



103. "Glowingly beautiful, full of color"—N.Y. Times

**AHMAD JAMAL**  
HAPPY MOODS  
ATLGO



92. I'll Never Stop Loving You, For All We Know, 8 more

**RAY CONNIF**  
his orchestra and chorus  
CONCERT IN RHYTHM  
COLUMBIA




25. I'm Always Chasing Rainbows, Serenade, 12 in all

**SAY IT WITH MUSIC**  
(A Touch of Latin)  
RAY CONNIF  
COLUMBIA




26. Also: I've Got You Under My Skin, Too Young, etc.

Unforgettable  
**DINAH WASHINGTON**  
Mercury



15. When I Fall in Love, I Understand, Song Is Ended, etc.

Tchaikovsky  
**NUTCRACKER SUITE**  
Prokofiev:  
**PETER AND THE WOLF**  
Leonard Bernstein  
N.Y. Philharmonic  
COLUMBIA



100. "Skillfully performed, beautifully recorded"—High Fid.

**A DATE WITH THE EVERLY BROTHERS**  
WARNER BROS.



73. Cathy's Clown, A Change of Heart, Love Hurts, Lucille, etc.

**ELLA FITZGERALD**  
sings GERSHWIN  
VOL. I  
Verve Records




31. Clap Yo' Hands, But Not for Me, Man I Love, plus 9 more

**JOHNNY HORTON'S GREATEST HITS**  
Battle of New Orleans  
Sink the Bismarck  
North to Alaska  
plus 9 more  
COLUMBIA



67. Also: Comanche, Johnny Reb, The Mansion You Stole, etc.

*Inside*  
**SHELLEY BERMAN**  
Verve Records



59. "Hilarious..."—L. A. Examiner, Not available in stereo

**MESSIAH**  
ORMANDY PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA  
THE MORMON TABERNACLE CHOIR  
FARRELL LUTY  
CURTIS WAINFIELD  
COLUMBIA




93-94. Two-Record Set (Counts as Two Selections.) The Mormon Tabernacle Choir; Ormandy, The Philadelphia Orch.

**LORD'S PRAYER**  
MORMON TABERNACLE CHOIR  
COLUMBIA




91. Also: Londonderry Air, Blessed Are They That Mourn, etc.

**SONGS OF THE NORTH & SOUTH 1861-1865**  
Mormon Tabernacle Choir  
COLUMBIA



92. The Bonnie Blue Flag, Battle Cry of Freedom, Dixie, etc.

**Rhapsody in Blue**  
An American in Paris  
Leonard Bernstein  
plays  
Gershwin  
COLUMBIA



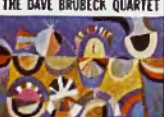
95. "Fierce impact and momentum"—N.Y. World-Telegram

**FRANKIE LAINE**  
HELL BENT FOR LEATHER  
High Noon  
Wild Geese  
Mule Train  
9 more  
COLUMBIA



24. Also: Rawhide, Wanted Man, The 3-10 to Yuma, etc.

**TIME OUT**  
THE DAVE BRUBECK QUARTET  
COLUMBIA



77. Take Five, Three to Get Ready, Everybody's Jumpin', etc.

**TCHAIKOVSKY: 1812 Overture**  
Capriccio Italian  
ANTAL DORATI  
MINNEAPOLIS SYMPHONY ORCH.  
COLUMBIA



101. "The most exciting reading I've ever heard"—High Fidel.

**REX HARRISON JULIE ANDREWS MY FAIR LADY**  
ORIGINAL CAST RECORDING  
COLUMBIA




54. The best-selling Original Cast recording of all time

**BOUQUET**  
PERCY FAITH STRINGS  
Tenderly  
Laura  
Speak Low  
plus 9 more  
COLUMBIA



21. Also: Song from Moulin Rouge, Ebb Tide, etc.

**JEALOUSY**  
PERCY FAITH  
Begin the Beguine  
Where or When  
COLUMBIA 10 More



22. Also: I've Told Every Little Star, Black Magic, etc.

**BROOK BENTON**  
GOLDEN HITS  
Kiddio - The Same One  
Endlessly - 9 More  
Mercury



13. Also: So Close, Hurtin' Inside, So Many Ways, etc.

**GREAT MOTION PICTURE THEMES**  
EXODUS  
NEVER ON SUNDAY  
THE APARTMENT  
plus 13 more  
UNIVERSAL RECORDS



62. Also: Some Like It Hot, Magnificent Seven, Smile, etc.

**GRAND CANYON SUITE**  
PHILADELPHIA ORCH., ORMANDY  
COLUMBIA



96. This brilliant musical painting is an American classic

**GOLDEN VIBES**  
LIONEL HAMPTON  
with reeds and rhythm  
COLUMBIA



79. Smoke Gets in Your Eyes, My Funny Valentine, 10 more

**THE BROTHERS FOUR**  
GREENFIELDS  
EIGHTH LIGHT - YELLOW BIRD  
plus 9 more  
COLUMBIA



19. "Lighthearted, winning informality"—HiFi Stereo Review

**RACHMANINOFF: PIANO CONCERTO No. 2**  
ENTREMONT - BERNSTEIN  
N.Y. Philharmonic  
COLUMBIA



99. "A performance of many eloquence"—New York Times

**THE FABULOUS JOHNNY CASH**  
DON'T TAKE YOUR GUNS TO TOWN  
RUN SOFTLY, BLUE RIVER  
PLUS 10 OTHERS  
COLUMBIA




69. Also: One More Ride, I Still Miss Someone, etc.

**FLOWER DRUM SONG**  
ORIGINAL BROADWAY CAST  
RODGERS & HAMMERSTEIN  
COLUMBIA



55. "A hit of gargantuan proportions!"—N.Y. Daily Mirror

**HAWAII**  
The Fabulous 50th State  
SAM MAKIA and the Makapu'u Beach Boys  
KAPP




44. King Kamehameha, Blue Hawaii, Across the Sea, 9 more

*In Person*  
**MILES DAVIS**  
FRIDAY NIGHT  
COLUMBIA



78. Bye Bye Blackbird, Walkin', All of You, etc.

**CHOPIN: The 14 Waltzes**  
Brailowsky  
COLUMBIA




97. Mr. Brailowsky is "a poet of the piano"—N.Y. Times

**Gunfighter Ballads**  
MARTY ROBBINS  
Cool Water  
Big Iron  
El Paso  
9 More  
COLUMBIA




71. Also: Billy the Kid, Running Gun, In the Valley, etc.

**THE WORLD'S GREATEST THEMES**  
**FERRATE & TEICHER**  
COLUMBIA



38. Romance, Theme from The Apartment, Love Affair, 9 more

**MAHALIA JACKSON**  
The Power and the Glory  
Orch. and Choir Cond. by PERCY FAITH  
COLUMBIA



29. Onward Christian Soldiers, Rock of Ages, 12 in all

**SERKIN**  
BRAHMS:  
Piano Concerto No. 2  
Philadelphia Orch.  
Ormandy  
COLUMBIA



105. "A masterful account of this massive work"—HiFi Rev.

**ROY HAMILTON**  
You Can Have Her  
KAPP



27. Never Let Me Go, Jungle Fever, Down By the Riverside, etc.

**gypsy passion**  
ANDRE HODELANETZ  
COLUMBIA and his Orch.



41. Dark Eyes, Two Guitars, Hora Staccato, 14 in all

**FOLK SONGS and DRINKING SONGS from GERMANY**  
EPIC



90. Lighthearted singing, lusty and utterly delightful

**FLAMENCO SPECTACULAR**  
RECORDED IN SPAIN  
COLUMBIA




89. Fandangos, Sevillanas, Alegrias, Tanguillos, 8 more

**ROMANIAN Rhapsodies 1 & 2**  
**HUNGARIAN Rhapsodies 1 & 2**  
PHILADELPHIA ORCH., ORMANDY  
COLUMBIA



106. "Superbly played, exciting"—Amer. Record Guide

**Norman Luboff Choir**  
MOMENTS TO REMEMBER  
I'll Never Smile Again  
Paper Doll  
The Breeze and I  
plus 9 more  
COLUMBIA



36. Taking a Chance on Love, South of the Border, 10 more



# Announcing COLUMBIA RECORD CLUB'S WINTER BONUS FESTIVAL

## BRAND-NEW SELECTION

Today's best-selling albums from America's leading recording companies — exclusively from the Columbia record club!

## BRAND-NEW OFFER

The most exciting values — the greatest savings — ever offered by any record club!

## TOP STARS IN EVERY FIELD OF ENTERTAINMENT

Classical • Popular • Jazz • Broadway  
Movie • Humor • Country and Folk

HERE'S THE MOST EXCITING OFFER EVER MADE BY ANY RECORD CLUB! If you join the Columbia Record Club during its Winter Bonus Festival, you will receive ANY SIX records of your choice—a retail value up to \$36.88—for only \$1.89. Never before has the Club offered so many records for so little money! What's more, you'll also receive a handy record brush and cleaning cloth — an additional value of \$1.19 — absolutely FREE.

TO RECEIVE YOUR 6 RECORDS FOR ONLY \$1.89 — fill in and mail the postage-paid card today. Be sure to indicate whether you want your 6 records (and all future selections) in regular high-fidelity or stereo. Also indicate which Club Division best suits your musical taste: Classical; Listening and Dancing; Broadway, Movies, Television and Musical Comedies; Jazz.

HOW THE CLUB OPERATES: Each month the Club's staff of music experts selects outstanding records from every field of music. These selections are described in the Club Magazine, which you receive free each month.

You may accept the monthly selection for your Division . . . or take any of the wide variety of other records offered in the Magazine, from all Divisions . . . or take NO record in any particular month. Your only membership obligation is to purchase six selections from the more than 400 to be offered in the coming 12 months. Thereafter, you have no further obligation to buy any additional records . . . and you may discontinue your membership at any time.

FREE BONUS RECORDS GIVEN REGULARLY. If you wish to continue as a member after purchasing six records, you will receive — FREE — a Bonus record of your choice for every two additional selections that you buy!

The records that you want are mailed and billed to you at the regular list price of \$3.98 (Classical \$4.98; occasional Original Cast recordings somewhat higher), plus a small mailing and handling charge. Stereo records are \$1.00 more.

MAIL THE POSTAGE-PAID CARD TODAY to receive your 6 records — plus your FREE record brush and cleaning cloth — all for only \$1.89.

NOTE: Stereo records must be played only on a stereo record player. If you do not own one, by all means continue to acquire regular high-fidelity records. They will play with true-to-life fidelity on your present phonograph and will sound even more brilliant on a stereo phonograph if you purchase one in the future.

... as a new member you may take

# ANY 6

of these superb \$3.98 to \$6.98 long-playing 12-inch records—in your choice of

REGULAR HIGH-FIDELITY  
or STEREO

# \$1.89

FOR ONLY

RETAIL VALUE  
UP TO \$36.88

if you join the Club now and agree to purchase as few as 6 selections from the more than 400 to be made available during the coming 12 months



(A \$1.19 VALUE)

Plus this extra gift  
**FREE**

with membership

RECORD BRUSH AND  
CLEANING CLOTH

Insure true-fidelity sound reproduction and prolong the life of your records and needle. Specially treated cloth picks up surface dust, brush keeps grit out of grooves.

## Featured Albums of the Month by these Great Recording Stars

THERE ARE 63 RECORDS IN ALL TO CHOOSE FROM...  
55 ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE AND 8 MORE HERE!



ELLA FITZGERALD

30. Mack the Knife. Gone With the Wind, Misty, Too Darn Hot, etc.



ANDRE PREVIN

40. Give My Regards to Broadway. Take Me Along, 9 more



CANNONBALL ADDERLEY

84. Cannonball Adderley Quintet in Chicago. Wabash, Grand Central, etc.



JONATHAN WINTERS

58. The Wonderful World of Jonathan Winters. "Hilarious"—HiFi Review



DIZZY GILLESPIE

81. Have Trumpet, Will Excite. "Mesmerizing"—Playboy



GERRY MULLIGAN

85. Gerry Mulligan Meets Stan Getz. Let's Fall in Love, etc.



BROOK BENTON and  
DINAH WASHINGTON

17. The Two of Us. Call Me, Love Walked In. 12 in all




OLATUNJI

86. Afro-Percussion. "It swings . . . it's full of excitement"—Downbeat

More than 1,250,000 families now enjoy the music program of COLUMBIA RECORD CLUB, Terre Haute, Ind. 8

© "Columbia," "Epic," "Mercury" Reg. © Columbia Record Club, Inc., 1962





*The crisp powder snow billows behind her as this lone skier takes her chances schussing a precipitous headwall.*

**It's great to take chances  
but not on your bourbon**

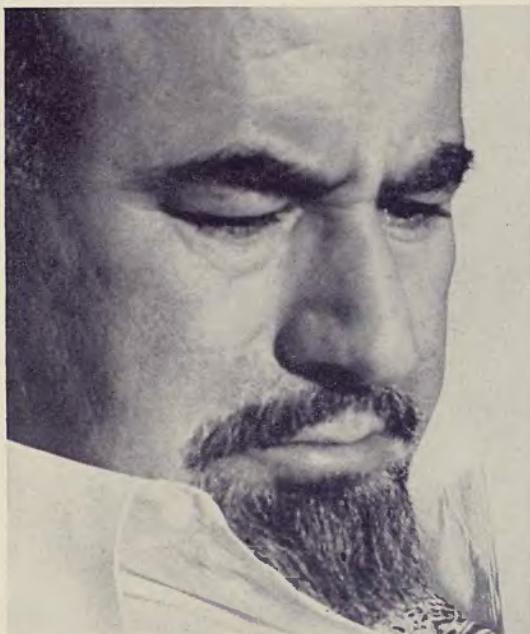
Insist on Walker's DeLuxe.  
Unconditionally elegant. Matured to the  
exact moment of mellow perfection.



**Walker's DeLuxe is 8 years old** STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY • 86.8 PROOF  
HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC., PEORIA, ILL.



SILVERSTEIN  
(right)  
and friend



KERSH

## PLAYBILL

FRIEDMAN



THE BOUNCY bonbon adorning this month's cover is Cynthia Maddox, a 20-year-old Valentine confection who adorns our offices daily — to our great delight — as full-time receptionist-secretary and part-time model, exclusively in our pages. Exclusive, too, are PLAYBOY's annual silver medal awards which we dispense every February to the sterling winners in our Jazz Poll. Your choices for the 1962 Playboy All-Star Jazz Band (total votes cast in this sixth annual poll, it should be noted, broke all previous records), and those luminaries selected by last year's winners as All-Stars' All-Stars, have been lightly limned by caricaturist Mike Ramus, whose portraits provide the proper note of harmony for musicologist Leonard Feather's reprise of the 1961 jazz scene.

The better to hear all this jazz, we invite you to join us in *Fitting Out for Twin-eared Sounds* — a discerning photo-and-text appraisal of a quartet of stereo rigs, priced for a variety of aural persuasions and sizes of and noteworthy in stereo gear is appended with sound

money clips. Our definitive survey of what's new ideas on housing your audio equipment.

Tuned in again to the Hollywood milieu is Bernard Wolfe, who, in *Anthony from Afar*, combines a humanist's compassion with a keen observer's pitiless probing as he lays bare the rodent rage and terror behind the glad-grin mask of a Tinseltown phony. In that world peculiarly his own, Shel Silverstein, cartoonist formidable, has rounded up another absurd menagerie of rhyme-accompanied creatures to provide us with a zany sequel to December 1960's *Silverstein's Zoo*. The bearded prophet took time off last August from his far-out safaris to dream up his delightfully perverse primer, *Uncle Shelby's ABZ Book*, later showed another of his facets by unfurling his sandpaper tenor and thrumping guitar at Chicago's Gate of Horn, prompting one critic to opine that Shel "is one of the best singers who is also a professional cartoonist that I know of." Undaunted, Silverstein has returned to the seemingly limitless veld of his imagination and corralled an unheard-of herd of hallucinatory beasts that might have turned Barnum green — not necessarily with envy.

Enviably, indeed, were PLAYBOY staffers assigned to delineate, verbally and visually, the eternal charms of *The Girls of Rome*, the fifth in our globe-girdling tributes to the lovely ladies of the world's great lands and cities. Leicester Hemingway's third installment of his powerfully moving four-part biography, *My Brother, Ernest Hemingway*, picks up the thread of Hemingway's life as he becomes traumatically involved in the epic tragedy of the Spanish Civil War, and takes leave as the literary giant — hurtling toward another conflict — heads for the battlefields of World War II.

Gerald Kersh departs from his usually incisive commentaries on contemporary foibles with *The Spanish Prisoner*, a swashbuckling, picaresque melodrama of Douglas Fairbanksian proportions filled with dark Spanish beauties, bloodthirsty Bedouins, derring-do and deathless devotion — and a characteristically Kersh capper that twists the tale to its ultimate irony. We also offer Bruce Jay Friedman's *The Investor*, a delicious grotesquerie in which a patient's temperature and the stock market fluctuate in uncanny cadence. Uncannily acute is Larry Siegel's latest satire, *Comedy of Eros*, a sharply barbed one-act playlet concerning that phenomenon of psychiatric togetherness: group therapy. In do-it-yourself contrast is Rolf Malcolm's *The Perils of Passion*, a short and decidedly snappy literary quiz anent the exploits of those who have risked death and fates worse than same (if only in fiction) for the sake of a lingering glance, a stolen kiss or a night of passionate abandon. Filling out February's bountiful roster is *Bugatti*, Ken W. Purdy's appreciative appraisal of the man and the classic car; *Three Fashion Finds*, a gallery of sartorial trendsetters from the Italian Riviera; *Timely Revival*, heralding the return of pocket watches as up-to-the-minute adornments for the gentleman's vest; and finally, the finely sculpted configurations of Playmate Kari Knudsen, a *Good Skate* fresh from the fjords of her native Norway.



# PLAYBOY



Twin-eared Sounds P. 46



Anthony from Afar P. 44



Girls of Rome P. 88



Jazz Poll Winners P. 77

## CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

PLAYBILL.....	5
DEAR PLAYBOY.....	9
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS.....	15
THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR.....	23
MY BROTHER, ERNEST HEMINGWAY—biography..... LEICESTER HEMINGWAY	26
ANTHONY FROM AFAR—fiction..... BERNARD WOLFE	44
FITTING OUT FOR TWIN-EARED SOUNDS—modern living.....	46
COMEDY OF EROS—humor..... LARRY SIEGEL	51
SILVERSTEIN'S ZOO—satire..... SHEL SILVERSTEIN	52
THE PERILS OF PASSION—quiz..... ROLF MALCOLM	57
THREE FASHION FINDS—attire..... ROBERT L. GREEN	59
THE SPANISH PRISONER—fiction..... GERALD KERSH	64
GOOD SKATE—playboy's playmate of the month.....	66
PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES—humor.....	72
BUGATTI—article..... KEN W. PURDY	74
THE 1962 PLAYBOY ALL-STARS—jazz..... LEONARD FEATHER	77
THE INVESTOR—fiction..... BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN	84
TIMELY REVIVAL—accouterments.....	87
THE GIRLS OF ROME—pictorial essay.....	88
THE EUNUCH—ribald classic.....	97
PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK—travel..... PATRICK CHASE	136

HUGH M. HEFNER *editor and publisher*

A. C. SPECTORSKY *associate publisher and editorial director*

ARTHUR PAUL *art director*

JACK J. KESSIE *managing editor*

VINCENT T. TAJIRI *picture editor*

MURRAY FISHER, TOM PAYNE, SHELDON WAN *associate editors*; ROBERT L. GREEN *fashion director*; DAVID TAYLOR *associate fashion editor*; THOMAS MARIO *food & drink editor*; PATRICK CHASE *travel editor*; J. PAUL GETTY *consulting editor, business and finance*; CHARLES BEAUMONT, RICHARD GEHMAN, WALTER GOODMAN, PAUL KRASSNER, KEN W. PURDY *contributing editors*; JEREMY DOLE *assistant editor*; ARLENE BOURAS *copy editor*; RAY WILLIAMS *editorial assistant*; BEV CHAMBERLAIN *associate picture editor*; DON BRONSTEIN, MARIO CASILLI, POMPEO POSAR, JERRY YULSMAN *staff photographers*; REID AUSTIN *associate art director*; PHILIP KAPLAN, JOSEPH H. PACZEK *assistant art directors*; HOWARD BLUME *layout*; DOROTHY CHU, ELLEN PACZEK *art assistants*; JOHN MASIRO *production manager*; FERN HEARTEL *assistant production manager* • HOWARD W. LEDERER *advertising director*; JULES KASE *eastern advertising manager*; JOSEPH FALL *midwestern advertising manager*; VICTOR LOWNES III *promotion director*; NELSON FLETCHER *promotion mgr.*; DAN CZUBAK *promotion art director*; HELMUT LORSCH *publicity mgr.*; BENNY DUNN *public relations mgr.*; ANSON MOUNT *college bureau*; THEO FREDERICK *personnel director*; JANET PILGRIM *reader service*; WALTER J. HOWARTH *subscription fulfillment mgr.*; ELDON SELLERS *special projects*; ROBERT S. PREUSS *business mgr. and circulation director*.

GENERAL OFFICES, PLAYBOY BUILDING, 232 E. OHIO STREET, CHICAGO 11, ILLINOIS. RETURN POSTAGE MUST ACCOMPANY ALL MANUSCRIPTS, DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS SUBMITTED IF THEY ARE TO BE RETURNED AND NO RESPONSIBILITY CAN BE ASSUMED FOR UNSOLICITED MATERIALS. CONTENTS COPYRIGHTED © 1962 BY HMH PUBLISHING CO., INC. NOTHING MAY BE REPRINTED IN WHOLE OR IN PART WITHOUT WRITTEN PERMISSION FROM THE PUBLISHER. ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN THE PEOPLE AND PLACES IN THE FICTION AND SEMI-FICTION IN THIS MAGAZINE AND ANY REAL PEOPLE AND PLACES IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL. CREDITS: COVER DESIGN BY PAUL/AUSTIN, PHOTOGRAPHED BY DON BRONSTEIN; P. 5 PHOTOS BY BRONSTEIN, JERRY YULSMAN, JOE COVELLO; P. 26 COPYRIGHT © 1961, BY LEICESTER HEMINGWAY, PUBLISHED BY ARRANGEMENT WITH WORLD PUBLISHING COMPANY; P. 27 PHOTO BY EUROPEAN; P. 28 PHOTOS BY UPI, CULVER; P. 29 PHOTOS BY CULVER, EUROPEAN; P. 46-49 PHOTOS BY PLAYBOY STUDIO; P. 51 DRAWING BY PHILIP KAPLAN; P. 59-61 PHOTOS BY GERRY ZWIERN; P. 87 PHOTO BY POMPEO POSAR; P. 88-95 PHOTOS BY POSAR (13), MARIO CASILLI (8), JOHN G. ROSS, FRANCO PINNA, WILLIAM STELLING.



## ***Moonstruck?***

By sports cars?  
Wake up and live.  
Go see your hometown BMC  
dealer for the down-to-earth  
facts on all sports cars.  
Compare!  
Compare BMC warranties and  
parts and service facilities with  
all other makers.  
Compare prices, models, colors,  
power and performance  
as most sports car experts  
already have. See for yourself  
why there are more BMC sports  
cars on the road than those  
of all other makers combined.  
Then sell yourself  
with a test drive.  
You'll be sold for keeps!  
Day and night.  
Night and day.



**MG MIDGET/MGA 1600 Mk. II/AUSTIN HEALEY 3000 Mk. II/SPRITE**

*Going abroad? Have a BMC car meet you on arrival. Write for details.*

Products of **The British Motor Corporation, Ltd.**, makers of MG, Austin Healey, Sprite, Morris and Austin cars.  
Represented in the United States by Hambro Automotive Corporation, 27 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.



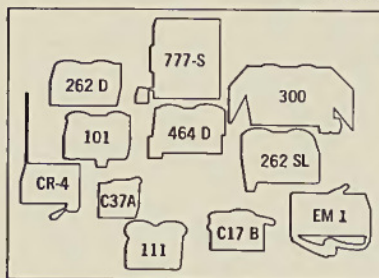


# This is Sony

**THE MOST COMPLETE LINE OF QUALITY TAPE RECORDING EQUIPMENT IN THE WORLD**

■ **SONY Stereo Tape Deck 262-D**—4 & 2 track stereo recording and playback tape transport to add tape to your existing hi fi system. \$89.50. (Also available, not pictured, the new SRA-2 stereo recording amplifier for the 262 D. \$89.50.) ■ **SONY Stereorecorder 777-S**—All transistorized professional 2 & 4 track stereo recorder featuring the revolutionary Sony Electro Bi Lateral Heads. The world's finest tape recorder. \$725. ■ **SONY Stereorecorder 300**—A complete professional-quality hi fi stereo tape system with 4 & 2 track recording and playback in one portable unit. \$399.50. ■ **SONY Portable 101**—2 speed, dual-track, hi-fidelity recorder with 7" reel capacity. \$99.50. ■ **SONY Stereorecorder 464-D**—Dual performance 4 track stereo tape deck with built-in recording & playback pre-amps for custom installations and portable use. \$199.50. ■ **SONY Wireless Microphone CR-4**

—Pocket size mike and transmitter providing complete freedom from entangling microphone cables. \$250. ■ **SONY Condenser Microphone C-37 A**—For purity of sound reproduction, the unqualified choice of professional studios throughout the world. \$295. ■ **SONY Sound on Sound Recorder 262 SL**—The perfect recorder for language, music and drama students. With 4 track stereo playback. \$199.50. ■ **SONY Tape recorder 111**—A popularly priced, high quality bantam recorder for everyday family fun. \$79.50. ■ **SONY Condenser Microphone C-17 B**—Miniature size (3¼" x ⅝" diameter) and exceptional background isolation unidirectional cardioid pattern. \$350. ■ **SONY Newscaster Portable EM-1**—A professional on-the-spot battery powered portable recorder with precision spring wind constant speed motor. \$495. *All Sony Stereorecorders are Multiplex ready!*



For additional literature and name of nearest franchised dealer write Superscope, Inc., Dept. 2, Sun Valley, California

**SUPERSCOPE**

*The Tapeway to Stereo*



## DEAR PLAYBOY

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

### PANEL DISCUSSION

I have just finished reading the November *Playboy Panel on TV's Problems and Prospects* with a feeling of awe. I have been a PLAYBOY fan for several years. I enjoy Purdy and Silverstein and the rest, but this last Panel—well, it's so damned far above anything else that I've seen in your publication that I feel obligated to write and congratulate you. As long as you continue to exhibit a mature approach toward the problems and issues of our time, there will be a devoted following for your magazine.

George C. Kinzer  
Auburn, Alabama

David Susskind did not produce *Marty*—neither the television nor the film version. He had absolutely nothing to do with either, despite what I read in the November issue. The producer referred to is Fred Coe.

Delbert Mann  
Beverly Hills, California

*As director of both the TV and film versions of "Marty," you should know what you're talking about, Delbert. We'll have to share the blame with the "Celebrity Register," which lists Mr. Susskind as the producer.*

This boob from the provinces was much intrigued and fascinated by your Panel. It was like reading a whodunit at one sitting to see who the culprit was. Many new ideas upset some old convictions on what is wrong with TV. It was a long piece that seemed fascinatingly short. Many thanks.

Gerald Robertson  
Bellingham, Washington

Having read with avid interest your latest *Playboy Panel*, I hasten to commend your mature and eminently fair approach. The comments were enlightening and reasonable in direct proportion to the speaker's experience and success. Mr. Susskind was peeved because he hadn't sold a couple of his package ideas; Mr. Freberg—always bright—lampooned the guys who didn't let him go all the way; Frankenheimer looked for a brighter day for his own talents;

and Serling (who started with us here at WKRC-TV in Cincinnati) showed that he can overcome the obstacles on talent alone. But Crosby takes the cake. This fellow, with no experience of any kind whatever in TV, is doubtless the master of the prettily turned phrase. The vitriol of his remarks reflects the destructive attitude of that leech upon the arts: the self-appointed expert. If Mr. Crosby had bothered to exercise the same restraint he wished on others, he might not have contributed to the demise of many a budding television series in bygone days. Mr. Crosby considers himself the leader of a so-called intellectual elite who claim to be "liberal," but whose very intolerance of anyone else's point of view can only be a destructive force in a free society. TV can benefit by more panels such as yours. As for the Crosbys, next time invite Bing and leave John to his smug contemplation of his own little complacent world.

L. H. Rogers, II  
Executive Vice President  
Taft Broadcasting Company  
Cincinnati, Ohio

*John Crosby's television experience isn't limited to the viewing side of the TV scene, Mr. Rogers. Mr. Crosby has, in fact, had several shows of his own, including "The Seven Lively Arts."*

### CONTINENTAL COVERAGE

The November article on *The Lincoln Continental* was terrific. All hands around here were very much impressed. The photography was outstanding and, as usual, Ken Purdy did his finest.

Gene Koch  
Lincoln-Mercury Division  
Ford Motor Company  
Dearborn, Michigan

Ken's article on the Lincoln Continental was good Purdy—so good, in fact, that I felt like putting my 1941 rag-top under glass. *Vive le Continental—vive la différence!*

Claude Jackson  
Los Angeles, California

Why do you merely titillate your esteemed readers? Although I was cer-

# MY SIN

...a most  
provocative perfume!



# LANVIN

*the best perfume Paris has to offer*

Purse size \$3; Spray Mist \$5;  
Toilet Water from \$3; (plus tax)

PLAYBOY, FEBRUARY, 1962, VOL. 9, NO. 2, PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY NMH PUBLISHING CO., INC., PLAYBOY BUILDING, 232 E. OHIO ST., CHICAGO 11, ILLINOIS. SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN THE U.S., ITS POSSESSIONS, THE PAN AMERICAN UNION AND CANADA, \$14 FOR THREE YEARS, \$11 FOR TWO YEARS, \$6 FOR ONE YEAR. ELSEWHERE ADD \$3 PER YEAR FOR FOREIGN POSTAGE. ALLOW 30 DAYS FOR NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS AND RENEWALS. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: SEND BOTH OLD AND NEW ADDRESSES TO PLAYBOY, 232 E. OHIO ST., CHICAGO 11, ILLINOIS, AND ALLOW 30 DAYS FOR CHANGE. ADVERTISING: HOWARD W. LEDERER, ADVERTISING DIRECTOR; JULES KASE, EASTERN ADVERTISING MANAGER, 720 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 19, NEW YORK, CI 5-2620; BRANCH OFFICES: CHICAGO, PLAYBOY BUILDING, 232 E. OHIO ST., MI 2-1000; JOE FALL, MIDWESTERN ADVERTISING MANAGER; LOS ANGELES, 8721 BEVERLY BLVD., OL 2-8790; STANLEY L. PERKINS, MANAGER; SAN FRANCISCO, 111 SUTTER ST., YU 2-7954; ROBERT E. STEPHENS, MANAGER; DETROIT, 705 STEPHENSON BLDG., 6560 CASS AVE., TR 5-7250; FLORIDA AND CARIBBEAN REPRESENTATIVE, THE MAL WINTER COMPANY, 7450 OCEAN TERRACE, MIAMI BEACH, FLORIDA, UN 9-2661; SOUTHEASTERN REPRESENTATIVE, PIRNIE B. BROWN, 1722 RHODES-HAVERY BUILDING, ATLANTA 3, GEORGIA, JA 2-8113.



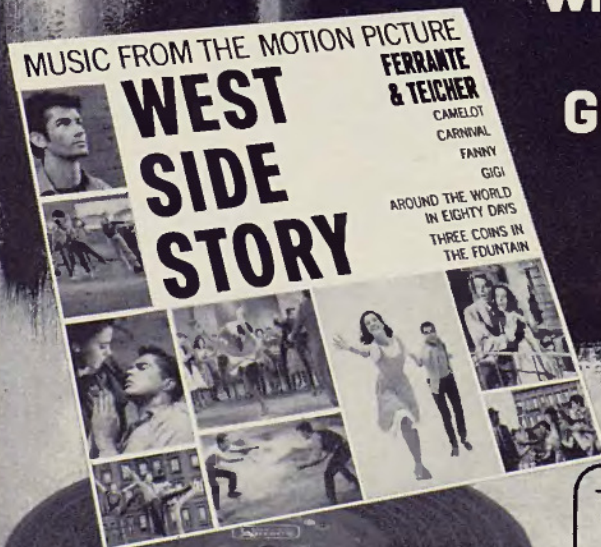
Give her  
an island  
and a  
Paper: Mate  
pen



Lady Capri #2.95

©1961, THE PAPER MATE CO. PAPER MATE and CAPRI, REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

the most  
**EXCITING ALBUM**  
of the year  
with music  
from the  
**GREATEST**  
PICTURE  
of the  
year!



UNITED ARTISTS ALBUM  
UAS 6166 (STEREO)  
UAL 3166 (MONO)

**UNITED**  
**ARTISTS**  
RECORDS

THE PROUDEST NAME  
IN ENTERTAINMENT

tainly happy to be able to read about the most excellent Lincoln Continental. I am perverse enough to want to read more about it. Surely you might have allowed the capable Mr. Purdy to write a bit more thoroughly on this glamorous subject, since so many of us *hoi polloi* have to be content with these flimsy flivvers made nowadays.

Jay Willfong  
Lakeland, Florida

For more of Ken Purdy's automotive expertise, see his report on "Bugatti," the man and the machine, on page 74 of this issue.

#### REDACTORS RE REBUS

Mr. Siegel's *Nary a Cross Word* got crossed up. Can you picture the final death scene with the desperate husband and his adulterous wife both lying on the floor dying, with a knife (kris) protruding from each of their lower arms? Had Shakespeare tried this particular point of vulnerability, would not many of our classic heroes still be bleeding to death? The ulna, you realize, is one of the two parallel bones placed between the elbow and wrist.

Richard Allan Friedman, M.D.  
San Francisco, California

*It is, you'll agree, a terrible way to die.*

I was replete with felicity upon perusal of Larry Siegel's *Nary a Cross Word* in your November issue. It was manna to my fatigued retinas.

Rudy Littlefield  
Wiesbaden, Germany

My kepi is off to Larry Siegel for his *Nary a Cross Word*.

Chuck Neuens  
Chicago, Illinois

#### TOKYO ROSES

I am in Tokyo on the trail you prescribed in your November *Playboy* on the *Town in Tokyo*—sans expense account. I will testify that your article was factual to the minutest detail.

Colonel Bill Miller  
Tokyo, Japan

Your pic shows a "wet back" lathered up while sitting in the tub. There's an old Japanese saying: "Soap in tub is *verboden*." Soap is applied and removed in a tiled area adjacent to the tub. Water is scooped out of the tub with the metal basin shown in the photo and poured on the bather.

Stuart Schwartz  
Laurel, Maryland

*What you say is usually the case, Stuart, but there are many number of modern Japanese who find sudsy togetherness more fun than the tub protocol of their ancestors.*



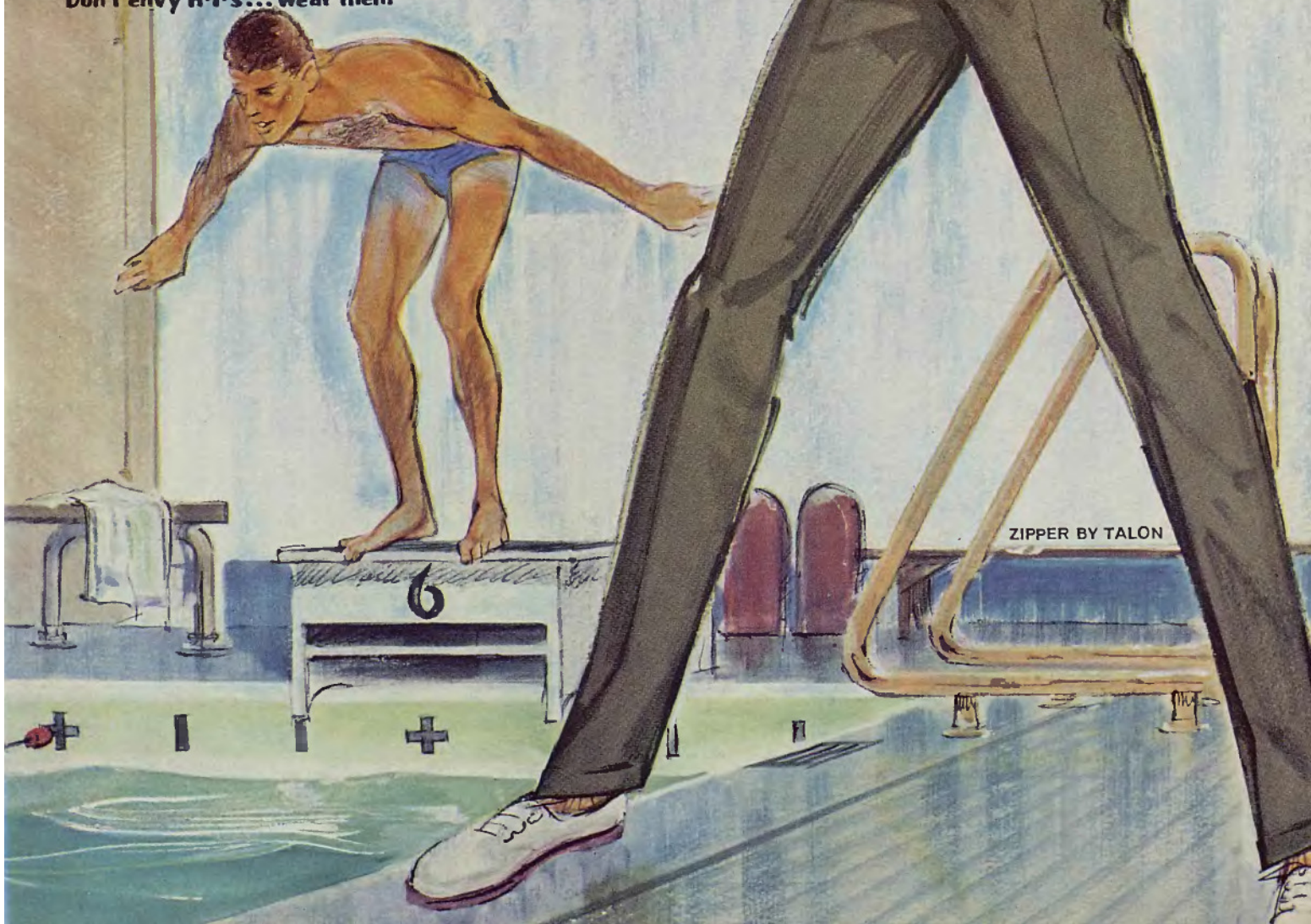
WIN YOUR LETTERS IN STYLE! MAKE A SPLASH IN SLIM-LINE

# POST-GRAD SLACKS

Timing a sprint or making time with a date, you're every inch a man in lithe, tapered Post-Grads, America's favorite slacks. Traditionally styled with belt loops and cuffs; in a flock of colorful, washable fabrics. \$4.95 to \$10.95 at stores that spell style with three letters... H-I-S  
16 E. 34th Street, New York 16

**h.i.s**<sup>®</sup>  
SPORTSWEAR

Don't envy H-I-S... wear them



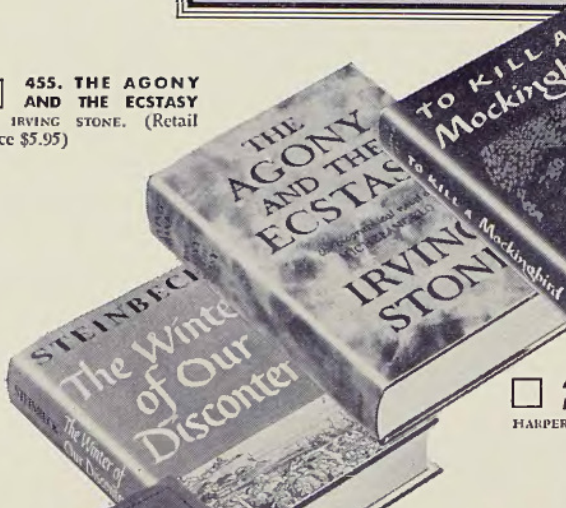
ZIPPER BY TALON



# OUTSTANDING BOOKS RECOMMENDED

JUST FOR SELF-APPRAISAL: CHECK THOSE YOU INTENDED TO

455. **THE AGONY AND THE ECSTASY** by IRVING STONE. (Retail price \$5.95)



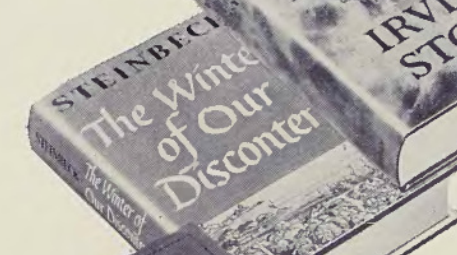
435. **TO KILL A MOCKINGBIRD** by HARPER LEE. (Ret. price \$3.95)



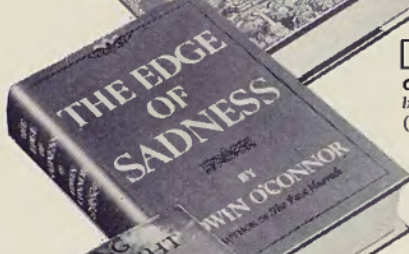
431. **THE RISE AND FALL OF THE THIRD REICH** by WILLIAM L. SHIRER. (Retail price \$10)



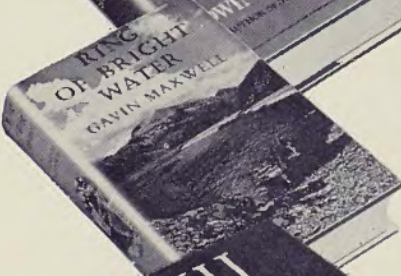
485. **INSIDE EUROPE TODAY** by JOHN GUNTHER. (Retail price \$4.95)



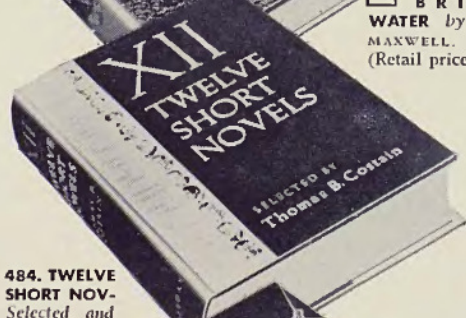
486. **THE WINTER OF OUR DISCONTENT** by JOHN STEINBECK. (Retail price \$4.50)



463. **THE EDGE OF SADNESS** by EDWIN O'CONNOR. (Retail price \$5)



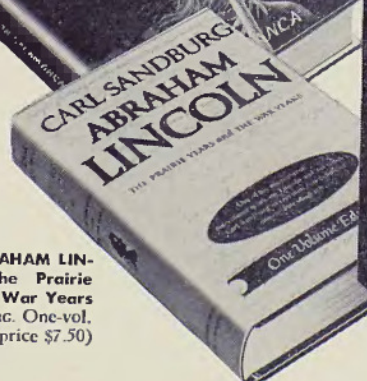
457. **RING OF BRIGHT WATER** by GAVIN MAXWELL. Illus. (Retail price \$5)



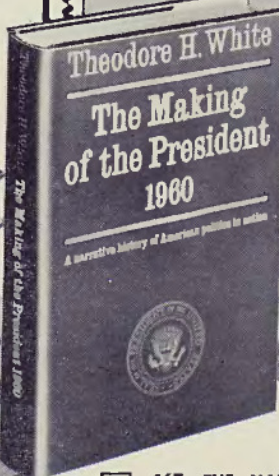
484. **TWELVE SHORT NOVELS**. Selected and edited by THOMAS B. COSTAIN. (Retail price \$7.50)



479. **LILITH** by J. R. SALAMANCA. (Retail price \$5.50)

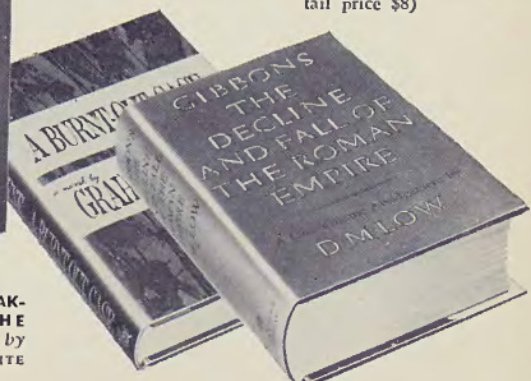


448. **ABRAHAM LINCOLN: The Prairie Years AND The War Years** by CARL SANDBURG. One-vol. edition. (Retail price \$7.50)



467. **THE MAKING OF THE PRESIDENT—1960** by THEODORE H. WHITE. (Retail price \$6.95)

451. **A BURNT-OUT CASE** by GRAHAM GREENE. (Retail price \$3.95)



443. **THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE** by EDWARD GIBBON. 1-vol. abridgment by D. M. LOW. (Retail price \$8)

In a limited trial subscription... to demonstrate how membership in the Club can effectually keep you from missing particular books you want to read...

# ANY THREE FOR \$1 EACH

IF YOU AGREE TO BUY THREE ADDITIONAL BOOKS WITHIN A YEAR AT THE MEMBERS' PRICES, WHICH AVERAGE 20% BELOW THE REGULAR RETAIL PRICES



# BY THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

READ BUT FAILED TO... THROUGH OVERSIGHT OR OVERBUSYNESS



498. **LIVING FREE** by JOY ADAMSON. Illustrated. (Retail price \$5.95)

500. **THE AGE OF REASON BEGINS** by WILL and ARIEL DURANT (Retail price \$10)

502. **THE COMING FURY** by BRUCE CATTON. Maps. (Ret. price \$7.50)

493. **SINCLAIR LEWIS** by MARK SCHORER Illustrated. (Ret. price \$10)

## A TRIAL MEMBERSHIP THAT MAKES GOOD SENSE

THE PURPOSE of this suggested trial membership is to demonstrate two things by your own experience: first, that you can really keep yourself from missing, through oversight or overbusyness, books you fully intend to read; second, the advantages of the Club's unique Book-Dividend system, through which members can regularly receive valuable library volumes—at a small fraction of their price—simply by buying books they would buy anyway. The offer described here really represents "advance" Book-Dividends earned by the purchase of the three books you engage to buy later.

\* The three books you choose from those pictured on these pages will be sent to you immediately and you will be billed one dollar for each volume (plus postage and handling). For the additional books you agree to buy you will pay, on the average, 20% less than the regular retail prices

(plus mailing expense). For example, the members' price for *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich*, which retails for \$10, is only \$5.95—a saving in this case of over 40%.

\* You have a wide choice always—over 200 Selections and alternates will be made available to Club members during the year.

\* If you continue after buying the three books called for in this trial membership, you will receive, with every Club choice you buy, a Book-Dividend Certificate. Each certificate, together with a nominal sum—usually \$1.00—can be redeemed for a valuable Book-Dividend which you may choose from a catalog of more than a hundred fine library volumes which now average more than \$7.00 in retail value. Since the inauguration of the Book-Dividend system, \$270,000,000 worth of books (retail value) has been received by members through this profit-sharing plan.

466. **RUSSIA AND THE WEST UNDER LENIN AND STALIN** by GEORGE F. KENNAN. (Retail price \$5.75)

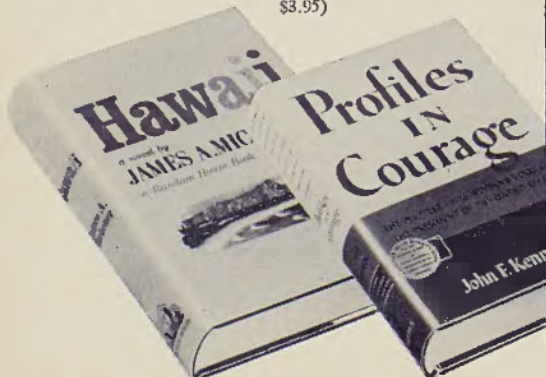
499. **A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH** by VIRGILIA PETERSON. (Retail price \$5)

483. **PETER FREUCHEN'S BOOK OF THE ESKIMOS.** Illustrated. (Retail price \$7.50)

454. **THE LAST OF THE JUST** by ANDRE SCHWARZ-BART. (Retail price \$4.95)

186. **HAWAII** by JAMES A. MICHENER (Retail price \$6.95)

465. **PROFILES IN COURAGE** by JOHN F. KENNEDY. (Retail price \$3.95)



BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, Inc.  
345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y.

A762

Please enroll me as a member of the Book-of-the-Month Club\* and send me the three books whose numbers I have indicated in boxes below, billing me \$3.00. I agree to purchase at least three additional monthly Selections—or alternates—during the first year I am a member. The price will never be more than the publisher's price, and frequently less. I have the right to cancel my membership any time after buying three Club choices (in addition to those included in this introductory offer). After my third purchase, if I continue, I am to receive a Book-Dividend Certificate with every Selection—or alternate—I buy. Each certificate, together with a nominal sum—usually \$1.00—will be redeemable for a Book-Dividend\* which I may choose from a wide variety always available. PLEASE NOTE: A Double Selection—or a set of books offered to members at a special combined price—is counted as a single book in earning Book-Dividend Certificates and in fulfilling the membership obligation to buy three Club choices. \*A small charge is added to cover postage and mailing expenses.

INDICATE BY NUMBER IN BOXES BELOW THE THREE BOOKS YOU WANT

MR. }  
MRS. }  
MISS } (PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY)  
Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

Selections and alternates for Canadian members are usually priced slightly higher, are shipped from Toronto duty free, and may be paid for in either U.S. or Canadian currency.



# it doesn't show yet but he's losing his hair!

(and chances are if you're over 25 so are you!)

Nothing can keep you from losing hair naturally. But why rush things with an unhealthy scalp? Your hairdressing may keep your hair neat, but does it keep your scalp healthy, too? 'Top Brass' moisturizes to stop dry scalp, with no greasy build-up. And it's medicated to fight dandruff. So get 'Top Brass' in the tube or... the new cream-liquid in plastic squeeze bottle.



**'TOP  
BRASS'**

MOISTURIZING  
HAIR DRESSING  
FOR MEN

Revlon



**'TOP  
BRASS'**

THE MOISTURIZING  
HAIR DRESSING  
FOR MEN

Revlon

MEDICATED TO FIGHT DANDRUFF



My planned business-pleasure trip to Tokyo will, I am sure, be much enhanced as a result of your article.

George O'Donnell  
Beacon, New York

Your writer obviously became disoriented by the joys of Japan. Unless things have moved around since last I was there, beautiful Mount Fuji is southwest, not "northwest of the capital city," as you stated in the next-to-last paragraph of your otherwise excellent article.

Malcolm H. Moss, M.D.  
New York, New York

Your diagnosis is absolutely correct, doctor.

## PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

Kudos to the authors of your *Playboy After Hours* section, especially the young man writing the movie reviews. They are the equivalent of the cherry topping on a whipped-cream base.

E. X. Eichelberger  
Portland, Oregon

Your review of *Splendor in the Grass* was pathetic, to say the least. This movie should be required viewing for every Educational Psychology class taught at respectable colleges. It portrayed very well the elements of tragedy, and anyone unmoved by the diffused implications of young love must be "way out." Granted a few incidents were overworked, but not to the extent alluded to by your so-called reviewer. It seems that, to your critic, movies are unacceptable unless they reek with raw sex. Take off your esoteric façade and look at the world sans the morality of a sex maniac.

R. Gregg Paillex  
San Francisco, California

PLAYBOY's review took issue with *acne-age erotica that has a pat plot line artificially constructed on a box-office foundation of sex.*

Unwittingly, you created a new pastime and party game with the first item in November's *Playboy After Hours* which matched book titles with rhyming authors' names. I mentioned this amusing fancy to some friends, and it caught on at once. Before the evening was over, we had devised the following combinations: *Antic Hay* by Zane Grey; *Huckleberry Finn* by Errol Flynn; *The Man Who Came to Dinner* by Cornelia Otis Skinner.

Allen Glasser  
Brooklyn, New York

Thanks, Allen Glasser, you're a gasser, so here's a pair for you: "Auntie Mame" by Billy Graham and "War and Peace" by Pee Wee Reese.





## PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



The other day, amidst the eternal fall-out of press releases, publicity hand-outs and news clippings which crosses our desk, we happened across three items that gave us pause. The first was a squib—written in standard upper-case flackese—for a Mad Ave PR account engagingly letterheaded in the finest Young Married tradition: “SHELTERS FOR LIVING.” The purpose of the piece, we learned on further inspection, was to announce a “SPECIAL NEWS PEG.” “FIRST TIME A FALLOUT SHELTER WILL BE HAULED INTACT THROUGH NEW YORK STREETS AND EXHIBITED IN GRAND CENTRAL STATION,” the copy bellowed, then went on with helpful suggestions for picture possibilities: “DRAMATIC CONTRAST SHOTS OF SHELTER AGAINST NEW YORK SKYLINE, RUSSIAN EMBASSY, UNITED NATIONS BUILDING.” The shelter, we were informed, is in effect a “Family-Library-Music room within stout, scientifically engineered walls . . . a beautiful addition to any family’s plan for pleasant living.” Included was a quote from the “well-known interior designer” who worked on the shelter: “I have tried . . . to make a shelter a place of repose and buoyant relaxation.”

The second item which caught our attention was a piece in a San Francisco paper noting a local trend: certain discriminating and foresighted citizens have already stocked their shelters with champagne and caviar for a “rainy” day.

The final eye-stopper was a small box on the front page of *Variety*, reporting that a “veteran publicist-distrib has formed Survival Films to distribute 16mm and 8mm pix for use in fallout shelters.” This worthy was quoted as saying, “Claustrophobia being the principal consideration, the pictures will be

comprised of outdoor subjects and travelogs, in addition to inspirational messages by world leaders.”

Now, we don’t intend to enter here into the national imbroglio on whether building fallout shelters is intrinsically a good or bad thing. What does concern us is the picture we’re unable to erase from our mind of a young family snugly ensconced in the buoyant relaxation of its Family-Library-Music room shelter, sipping the bubbly and watching the true-life adventures of *Nikki, Wild Dog of the North*—while above them civilization dissolves into radioactive dust. When one considers the inventiveness of the friendly merchants who are doing their best to sustain this fantasy, one can only stand in awe of the extraordinary adaptability of human avarice. It is indeed bizarre that history’s illest wind is blowing good, swiftly and surely, into the coffers of the commercial carpetbaggers.

With gentle sarcasm, *New York Times* columnist James Reston recently observed, “One of the truly touching things in this country today is the thoughtfulness and kindness of the men who build fallout shelters. No group of citizens is showing more solicitude for the future well-being of the nation . . .” We agree—though of course this group should also include those kindly and public-spirited men who outfit shelters with the better things of life. It’s all too easy to imagine a typical brainstorming session in a Park Avenue citadel (in-wise, advertisingwise, Park is on the rise, Mad Ave on the wane) wherein such soothing concepts as reposeful shelters are hatched.

“All right, gang,” the account exec purrs to those assembled, “let’s bombard a few atoms and see if they split. Holocaustwise, we’ve got to sell the country

on the upbeat angle, make them believe that surviving an atomic attack is really a *fun* thing. You know, the whole bit—an opportunity for Mom and Dad and the kids to knit the family unit closer together. Get the picture? The family that burrows together stays together. If we work it right, we can even make survival a status thing—show how the chic shelter hostess stocks her electric john with decorator-colored toilet tissue, serves vintage bubbly instead of distilled water, and like that. As I see it, if we get a few breaks—a lot more atmospheric testing and a couple more of those 50-meg jobs—we’ll be sitting in clover. One thing we’ve got to get the lab boys working on, though—built-in obsolescence . . .”

We’ve striven mightily to find a silver lining in the atomic cloud, and think we’ve found it: if nothing else, these idealistic men are a reassuring argument for the continuation of the species. Even if the earth is singed to a black crisp one of these days, we are confident that, with or without shelters, the versatile entrepreneurs of our time would prove indestructible. Rising phoenixwise from the ashes, they would soon be busily peddling goods to one another—market-researched bludgeons and duplex co-op caves. Get the picture?

Stenciled on a door at the Ford Motor Company Engineering Division in Detroit: EMERGENCY EXIT—NOT TO BE USED UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES.

For a new twist on the game of mating unlikely same-name couples, first suggested in these pages July 1960, add familial pairings of people and institutions, like so: Bobo and Oysters Rockefeller, Miriam and Johns Hopkins, Emily and Washington Post, Sally and Sperry



# English Leather®

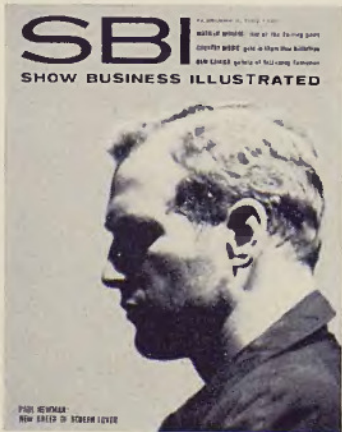


...the SHOWER SOAP on a cord, packed in a redwood box. \$2.00. Paired with ALL-PURPOSE LOTION, \$4.00 (plus 20¢ tax), for the set.

**MEM COMPANY**  
67 Irving Place, New York

## PAUL NEWMAN ON CAMERA AND OFF-THE-CUFF

At the apex of his acting career, Paul Newman takes a "Sweet Bird" in hand with a firm grip on the cinema box office. How did Newman cast off the method mold and emerge a distinctive and powerful cinema idol? You'll find out in SHOW BUSINESS ILLUSTRATED. On sale at your newsdealers January 24—February 6.



Rand, Pat and Montgomery Ward, Mary and Madison Square Garden, Joey and Hazel Bishop, Juanita and Carnegie Hall, Olive and Standard Oyl.

Tooting unconcernedly down the San Bernardino Freeway toward Los Angeles a while back, our eye was caught uneasily by a billboard for Rose Hills Memorial Park. Its message: RECKLESS DRIVERS — WE DIG YOU THE MOST.

We applaud academic freedom, but this is ridiculous: from a local-interest item in an Illinois weekly — "Making the most of her hard-won scholarship, Julie was named to the Dean's Lust in her very first semester."

In Westhampton, Massachusetts, five apple-checked Boy Scouts marched resolutely into the woods for their compass test. They were lost for 23 hours.

### MOVIES

*Flower Drum Song*, the Broadway show that put the goo in moo goo guy pan, is now dribbling over the screen. Rodgers and Hammerstein wrote the sweet, unpungent songs for which they may someday be forgiven. The dialog has been served up with a worn chopstick by Joseph Fields. The story, from a novel by C. Y. Lee presumably adapted from the contents of a stale fortune cookie, deals with Hong Kong girl who goes to San Francisco with contract for marriage to night-club owner who is in love with star. Star, in turn, is pursued by rich boy, good egg; but is egg too young to choose own wife? Honorable father think so. Meanwhile, third girl loves rich boy unrequitedly and dreams about him in ballet full of Freud rice. The complications would drive a litchi nuts. Best scene in film: Nancy Kwan, as the star, in triple mirror image, singing *I Enjoy Being a Girl*. Best scenery in film: Nancy Kwan's legs.

A Greek tragedy about Sicilian longshoremen in Brooklyn sounds improbable, but Arthur Miller made a worthy try at it in his play *A View from the Bridge*. The film version ladles thick brown cafeteria gravy over the spare Spartan diet of the original. The simplicity, the understatement — all gone; in their place another waterfront picture with shiny jackets, shiny foreheads, shiny streets. Eddie Carbone, a Brooklyn longshoreman, is subconsciously in love with the niece he has reared. He helps smuggle into the country a couple of cousins from Sicily, Marco and Rodolpho. Rodolpho and the niece go *zoom!* Eddie, tormented by a jealousy he can't acknowledge, tips

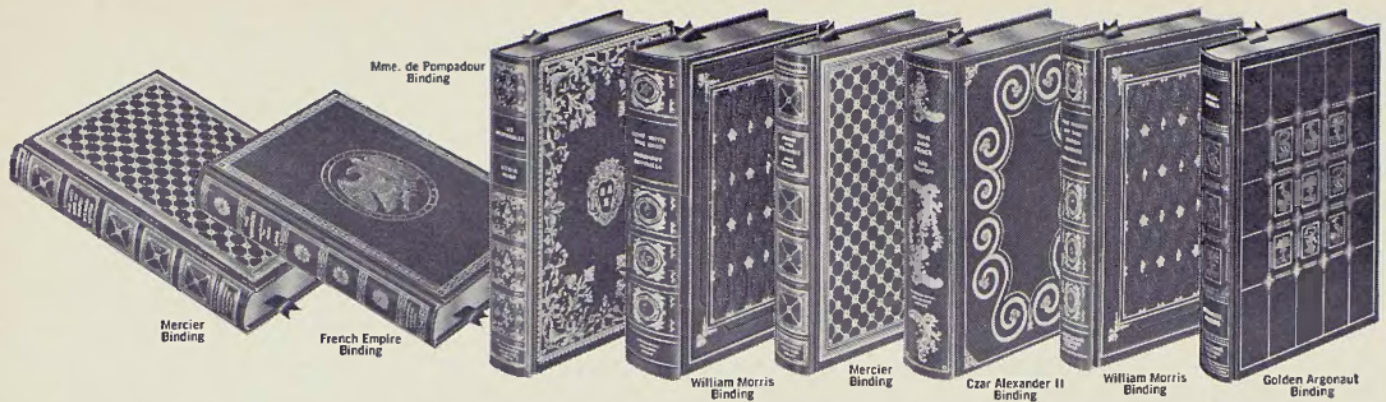
off the Feds about the brothers, and Marco kills him. (Oops, sorry. That's the play. In the movie Marco just beats him publicly, and Eddie does himself in with a baling hook.) Norman Rosten's adaptation is full of dusty play-adapting devices, and Sidney Lumet's direction is spotted with look-at-me cleverness, but the international cast wrings some drama from the doings. Although Raf Vallone and Jean Sorel (Eddie and Rodolpho) have a tough time with English, they can convey power in any language. Maureen Stapleton is appropriately bewildered as Mrs. Eddie, and Carol Lawrence, the niece, is a fetching Brooklyn fawn. The film is worth seeing just for Raymond Pellegrin, the remarkable French actor who plays Marco. But divested of its Greek girdle, the whole affair suffers from Canarsie spread.

*Wie geht's* at the Brandenburg Gate? Well, until the Russians built the wall to keep all the oppressed West Germans from flooding in, the frontier was frenetic, according to Billy Wilder's comedy, *One, Two, Three*. James Cagney, head of Coca-Cola in West Berlin, and his *Frau* (Arlene Francis) are chaperoning his boss' 17-year-old daughter. The kid turns up married to an East German Communist (Horst Buchholz). Cagney speeds to get the marriage annulled — only the girl turns out to be pregnant, and Cagney has to speed to get the marriage un-annulled. The boss then phones from Atlanta that he'll be there next day, and Cagney has just a few hours to make a bourgeois out of Buchholz. Wilder and I. A. L. Diamond, who gained their portion of Paradise with *Some Like It Hot*, have modernized *One, Two, Three* from a Molnár comedy — with barb and bite and occasional backstrain from reaching for a laugh. (When a chap with a monocle embraces Buchholz, he leaves his monocle in the young man's eye.) It's pretty wild Wilder, but, still chuckling over the final sight gag — which we won't spoil in print — we vote *Ja*.

### RECORDINGS

*Clap Hands, Here Comes Charlie!* (Verve) finds Ella Fitzgerald succinctly surrounded by a rhythm section as she chronicles the tuneful foibles of 30 years of pop balladry. The themes delineated are disparate in quality and content, ranging from the lovely and too-seldom-heard *Good Morning Heartache* to that inane ditty of the Thirties, *Music Goes 'Round and 'Round*, which is really not worth Miss Fitz' attentions. But be the basic material good, bad or indifferent, its metamorphosis under Ella's aegis is, as always, magical. A similar survey of





To introduce to you the beautiful volumes of the  
**INTERNATIONAL COLLECTORS LIBRARY**

any 3 OF 22 MASTERWORKS IN THESE AUTHENTIC PERIOD BINDINGS... YOURS  
 (A \$10.95 value in International Collectors Library Editions) free WITH TRIAL MEMBERSHIP

THE great private libraries of the past have bequeathed to us rare and sumptuous volumes of exquisite, hand-crafted design. These volumes are today priceless treasures found only in museums and in the libraries of the wealthy. Yet — on the most limited budget, you may have thrilling reproductions commissioned by the International Collectors Library!

A MAGNIFICENT LIFETIME LIBRARY FOR YOUR HOME. Within the exclusive, luxurious bindings of the International Collectors Library are the greatest works of literature — novels, poetry, travel, biography, history — some of which, extraordinarily long in the original, have been abridged for modern reading. Each binding is inspired by the splendor of the original, and is elaborately embossed in gold, to enrich your home. The paper is of special quality, and the page tops gleam with genuine gold. Each volume has its own attractive ribbon marker.

AVAILABLE TO MEMBERS ONLY. The Library distributes these volumes to members only for just \$3.65 each. These beautiful editions are not for sale anywhere else. You will receive an advance notice each month of the forthcoming release. If you do not want it, simply notify us and it will not be sent; otherwise, it will come to you for only \$3.65 plus small shipping charge. Your sole obligation as a trial member is to accept as few as four selections during the coming twelve months, after which you may resign at any time.

MAIL THE COUPON TODAY! Send for your three free volumes today. If you are not overwhelmed by their beauty and value, return them in 7 days and that will end the matter. Or, keep all three free and become a Library member. Remember — you may cancel your trial membership at any time after accepting four more books. So — mail the coupon now!

INTERNATIONAL COLLECTORS LIBRARY, Garden City, New York



**CHOOSE THE 3 VOLUMES YOU WANT FREE**  
 (Each Title Available Only in Binding Indicated)

- LES MISERABLES — Victor Hugo  
Abridged to 384 pages
- MADAME BOVARY — Flaubert  
Mme. de Pompadour Binding  
(Antique brown)
- THE CRUSADES: The Flame of Islam  
— Harold Lamb  
French Empire Binding  
(Rich tan)
- GONE WITH THE WIND  
— Margaret Mitchell
- THE HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES  
— Nathaniel Hawthorne
- MOBY DICK — Herman Melville  
Abridged to 432 pages  
William Morris Binding  
(Blue and gold)
- ANNA KARENINA — Tolstoy
- BROTHERS KARAMAZOV — Dostoevsky  
Abridged to 483 pages
- WAR AND PEACE — Tolstoy  
Abridged to 741 pages
- CRIME AND PUNISHMENT — Dostoevsky  
Abridged to 416 pages  
Czar Alexander II Binding  
(Wine-red)
- ANNAPURNA — Maurice Herzog  
Golden Argonaut Binding  
(Jade green)
- SHORT STORIES OF DE MAUPASSANT  
Oriental Tree of Life Binding  
(Slate blue)
- THE RAZOR'S EDGE — Maugham  
OF HUMAN BONDAGE — Maugham  
THE WAY OF ALL FLESH — Butler  
Louis XVI Binding  
(Superb green)
- JANE EYRE — Charlotte Brontë
- THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII  
— Bulwer-Lytton
- PRIDE AND PREJUDICE — Jane Austen
- WUTHERING HEIGHTS — Emily Brontë
- VANITY FAIR — Thackeray  
Mercier Binding  
(Rich blue)
- THE TRAVELS OF MARCO POLO  
Cobden-Sanderson Binding  
(Laurel green)
- AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF CELLINI  
Fleet Street Binding  
(Burnt orange)

International Collectors Library, Dept. 2-PVA-2  
 Garden City, N.Y.

Please enroll me as a trial member in the International Collectors Library and send me the three free volumes checked below. If I am not delighted, I will return all three books in 7 days and my trial membership will be cancelled. As a member, I am to receive an advance description of each forthcoming selection, and I may reject any volume either before or after receiving it. It is understood that I may take as few as four selections during the coming twelve months at the exclusive price of just \$3.65 each, plus shipping — and I may resign membership at any time after doing so simply by notifying you.

**Check the Three Volumes You Want Free**

- |   |   |  |
|---|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Brothers Karamazov (3)   | <input type="checkbox"/> Moby Dick (13)             | <input type="checkbox"/> House of 7 Gables (22)                  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Crime and Punishment (4) | <input type="checkbox"/> Of Human Bondage (14)      | <input type="checkbox"/> Short Stories of DeMaupassant (23)      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> The Crusades (5)         | <input type="checkbox"/> War and Peace (16)         | <input type="checkbox"/> Vanity Fair (24)                        |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Gone With the Wind (6)   | <input type="checkbox"/> Wuthering Heights (17)     | <input type="checkbox"/> Annapurna (25)                          |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Jane Eyre (8)            | <input type="checkbox"/> Anna Karenina (18)         | <input type="checkbox"/> Autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini (26) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Last Days of Pompeii (9) | <input type="checkbox"/> Pride & Prejudice (19)     | <input type="checkbox"/> The Razor's Edge (27)                   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Les Miserables (10)      | <input type="checkbox"/> Way of All Flesh (20)      |  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Madame Bovary (12)       | <input type="checkbox"/> Travels of Marco Polo (21) |  |

MR. \_\_\_\_\_  
 MRS. \_\_\_\_\_  
 MISS \_\_\_\_\_  
 ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
 CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ 4-CL29

Offer good in Continental USA only.





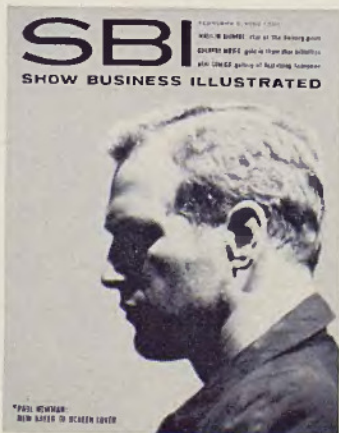
Born for fun people, BOGEN's "Fun Couple" stereo receiver adds whoopee to any scene. Full, quality sound...chic, contemporary style...built-in Multiplex for stereo FM...the peak performance found in all components by BOGEN, leader in sound for 30 years. Receivers, amplifiers, tuners from \$154.95. Turntables from \$49.95. Write for FREE hi-fi component catalog.



Desk PB-2, Paramus, N. J.—A Division of The Slesler Corporation

## THE CLAN OUT WEST

Sinatra and his band of Rough Riders do a Greeley into the wide open spaces, using mesquite, mustang and other frontier phenomena as a backdrop for their latest epic. Photos by Sammy Davis Jr. record this western Clanbake in SHOW BUSINESS ILLUSTRATED. On sale at your newsdealers January 24—February 6.



anthems old and new, bright and blue, is undertaken by Ann Richards in *Ann, Man!* (Atco). While Miss Richards, an enchanting eye-ful, lacks Ella's extraordinary vocal skills, she is, nevertheless, an accomplished songstress at her best when she can belt out a lyric. In this vein, *Yes Sir, That's My Baby, Is You Is or Is You Ain't My Baby* and *Evil Gal Blues* are very much her métier. Also offered is a delightful reprise of *An Occasional Man*, an eloquent reminder of its engaging attributes. No such audio attractions are apparent on Eydie Gormé's *I Feel So Spanish!* (United Artists). Eydie's first-rate talents are submerged in a morass of stodgy, soporific and saccharine Latin refrains. Don Costa's stereo-typed orchestrations do their best to drag Miss Gormé down with them. In most cases, unfortunately, they succeed. The supremely successful firm of Lambert, Hendricks & Ross (check the Jazz Poll results, page 135) have issued another dividend, *High Flying* (Columbia), which confirms their status as harmony's fat cats. The items tendered are all late arrivals on the jazz scene. L, H & R turn the *au courant* into the avant-garde as they wend their surrealistically polysyllabic way home with the Ike Isaacs Trio in expert attendance.

Collectors, please note. *The Essential Charlie Parker* (Verve) is the Bird's monumental output for that label distilled to its one-LP essence. Parker's prodigious alto is found in the company of Gillespie, Davis (when Davis was still in the osmosis stage), Monk, Hodges, Webster and Roach. Oddly enough, *Funky Blues* and *KC Blues*, which can hardly be called typical of the Parker repertoire, gave us our biggest boot; they show a roots-based Bird—a *rara avis*, indeed.

Eighteen years ago the Nat Cole Trio cut its initial disc for Capitol, *Straighten Up and Fly Right*. Almost two decades later, the trio and its sound have disappeared, except for a Capitol reissue series and the nostalgic remembrances of the fans of the Forties. In recent years, Nat Cole has gone it alone, as one of the top attractions in showbiz, rarely compromising the straightforward, warm style that first called attention to him. Now, in a recapitulation of a satisfying career, we have *The Nat "King" Cole Story* (Capitol), a three-LP re-creation of some of the "King's" best recorded moments. With top-caliber studio men substituting for Nat's original cohorts, the crooner revisits trio territory (*For Sentimental Reasons, Route 66* and others) and the orchestral realm (*Lush Life, Mona Lisa, Ballerina*) in a 36-tune recapping. It's a deserved tribute to one of the most consistently listenable singers around.

## THEATER

With *Gideon*, Paddy Chayefsky deserts the Bronx for the Bible and achieves his most affecting work to date. Using three chapters from the book of Judges, the author of *Marty* recasts in colloquial terms the Old Testament story of how God, walking the earth, saw the humble farmer Gideon and chose him to lead the scattered tribes of Israel to victory over the Midianite marauders. Tyrone Guthrie, with characteristic vigor, keeps a large cast of actors in constant transit across David Hays' drab-tented, rock-strewn stage, but only two are central to this parable of man's relationship to God: Fredric March as a majestic Jehovah in flowing black robes and with gray hair and beard, and Douglas Campbell, a Gideon clothed in homespun and ignorance. Here is a very human Almighty who can love Gideon yet despise him a little, like a tolerant father with a backward child. And here, awakening to change and growth, is Gideon, the bewildered oaf who feels his first stirring of rebellion with his first rush of vanity, the faltering individualist who cries out in frustration that the Lord is "too grand a concept" for mortal comprehension, and rejects all further parley with his God to seek out his own destiny as a man. Chayefsky's restatement of biblical profundities brings boldness and originality to the Broadway season. At the Plymouth, 236 West 45th Street.

The musical biography of Edmund Kean, the great Shakespearean actor of the early 19th Century, is an overwrought extravaganza that has almost everything going for it except a book sturdy enough to support the production. This is a flaw that will be readily disregarded by Alfred Drake fans who have been impatiently awaiting his return in another flamboyant role like his *Kismet* of nine years ago. *Kean* grants their wish, along with a modicum of dividends. Ed Wittstein's sets and costumes offer a colorful cross section of Regency London from the haunts of the *haut monde* to the alleys and ale-houses of pimps, bawds and pickpockets. Director-choreographer Jack Cole alternates spasms of kaleidoscopic action with arty interludes, and the Robert Wright-George Forrest score, if undistinguished, makes for easy listening. Although Peter Stone's libretto stems from sound sources (Jean-Paul Sartre out of Alexandre Dumas  *fils*), it falters between Kean, the brawling, wenching "King of London," handy man in a bordello or a boudoir, and Kean, the brooding, introspective actor in search of his own identity. Is he anything besides an extension of Shakespeare's tragic heroes? Kean asks himself.





*Linger Awhile*  
with **Vic**  
**Damone**

*Swingin' in a tender mood*

*After the Lights Go Down Low • Deep Night • Linger Awhile  
Stella by Starlight • Change Partners • When Lights Are Low  
Soft Lights and Sweet Music • In the Still of the Night  
Let's Face the Music and Dance • Close Your Eyes  
There, I've Said It Again • One Love*

*With Jack Marshall's music*



**Forget the flowers. Don't bother with the wine.  
Skip the candlelight. This is all you need.**

Just turn on the phonograph and slip this album onto the turntable. Then just watch what happens to her when she hears Vic sing tunes like "Stella by Starlight... Close Your Eyes... Linger Awhile... Change Partners... Deep Night... One Love... Soft Lights and Sweet Music... Let's Face the Music and Dance... When Lights are Low... In the Still of the Night... After the Lights Go Down Low... There! I've Said it Again."

She'll wriggle out of her shoes, curl up sensuously, and make a lot of nice romantic gurgling sounds. That's the effect of the *new* Vic on the pretty ladies. We call him "new" because it's true. You've never heard him sound so warm, so intimate, so subtle. And with these gently swinging, danceable arrangements, he's nothing less than great! For guaranteed results, this is all you need. Trust US. © CAPITOL RECORDS, INC.







**950 and 950-A.** The actual concert recorded live!  
**THIS TWO-DISC RECORDING** counts as two selections... Enter each number in separate space on coupon.



**124.** Prisoner of Love, Till the End of Time, Temptation, others.



**276.** Year's best-selling classical record. Leinsdorf conducts.



**5.** The biggest-selling classical L.P. of all time.



**1.** Also 10 more soothing instrumentals - While We're Young, others.



**4.** Younger Than Springtime, Some Enchanted Evening, 13 more hits.



**325.** Stravinsky credits Montoux for popular acclaim of this score.



**291.** Rich Spanish Gypsy moods spun by the peerless guitarist.



**214.** Also: Blue Skies, Goody Goody, The Lady Is a Tramp, 6 others.



**301.** Oriental orchestral feast, sumptuous sound. A hi-fi "must."



**215.** Finally - the definitive versions of Gershwin's classics.



**243.** Plus: other Romberg delights sung by the late, great tenor.



**24.** Plus: Too Young, Warsaw Concerto, Charmaine, others.



**250.** Epic film score containing original version of the hit theme.



**220.** Best-selling modern jazz album from the TV series.



**219.** Country-pop star also sings Dear Hearts and Gentle People, etc.



**304.** Sonic conversation piece features colorful Grofe, Beethoven.



**270.** Leisurely, lulling melodies include Fascination, others.



**204.** Authentic Island moods. Sweet Leilani, Aloha Oe, 10 others.



**261.** Also: Secret Love, Unchained Melody, etc. by new vocal sensation.



**269.** Nation's hottest folk-singing trio recorded in concert.



**102.** 12 Dixieland classics in ultra hi-fi: Tiger Rag, The Saints, more.



**212.** Plus: Sleep Walk, etc., in zesty, teen-slanted dance tempos.



**316.** "A compendium of marvels...sublime," noted The Reporter.



**309.** Glowing hi-fi performance of this richly melodic score.



**292.** Also: Red River Valley, The Last Round-Up, 18 Western gems.



**295.** Also: Wonderland by Night, Donny Boy, etc. by piano ace.



**274.** And 10 more by TV trumpet star with swinging band/strings.



**221.** Plus: Peg O' My Heart, etc. New versions, 12 instrumentals.



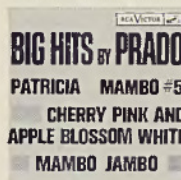
**236.** Lively, new night club act by hilarious country-style comics.



**319.** Chopin's Polonaise in A-Flat, Minute Waltz, etc. (Regular L.P. only)



**313.** Definitive recording in of a superbly romantic masterpiece.



**281.** And 8 more of his top Latin dance bond hits in "new sound."



**272.** Also: It's Magic, Bacio, etc. - 12 glorious choral triumphs.



**951; 951A; 951B.**

Collector's deluxe album! The most popular band leader who ever lived leads his star-studded orchestra featuring Morion Hutton, Tex Beneke, Roy Eberle, The Modernaires in 50 unforgettable numbers released for the first time. Reg. L.P. only. **This 3-record set counts as 3 selections.** Enter each number in separate space on coupon.

**INCLUDES 16-PAGE SOUVENIR PROGRAM**



**103.** "Muted jazz" trumpeter, quartet in hi-fi (Reg. L.P. only)



**267.** Delight your friends with this unique Southern comedy act.



**275.** Favorite, dreamy waltzes played sweet and soft. (Reg. L.P.)



**89.** Powerful native African percussion - "Fascinating" says Variety.



**315.** Electronic stereo reprocessing of one of his finest performances.



**145.** Also: Kalamazoo, Tuxedo Junction, 7 more favorites.



**14.** Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing, many more favorites.



**211.** Crackling beat of irresistible rhythms played by the master!



**298.** My Prayer, East of the Sun, etc. - 12 glorious instrumentals.



**2.** The original TV-action hit album. All-star modern "mood" jazz.



you may have

# Any 5 RCA Victor records \$1.87

THREE RCA CORPORATION OF AMERICA

Prices charged by many dealers total up to \$29.90

If you join the new RCA Victor Record Club now and agree to purchase only 5 records during the year ahead



342. Piano, full orch. Over The Rainbow, Night And Day, others.



347. The newest best-selling hit album of folk songs and comedy.



348. Stunning sophisticated film score of Moon River, 11 more.



277. Sinuous, danceable twists on TV themes. Latin settings.



280. Guitar virtuoso plays Lullaby of Birdland, Marie, others.



333. Nature's moods immortalized in this brilliant tone poem.



293. Sophisticated Lady, Deep Purple, St. Louis Blues, more.

**W**HY DOES Reader's Digest Music make this generous offer? Simply to prove to you how economically your family can enjoy a new adventure in musical living. Now that Reader's Digest Music has taken over operation of the *new* RCA Victor Record Club, you can take your choice of the best-selling popular music of our time... the best-loved classical music of all time... for far less than you would normally expect to pay. Now, through the *new* RCA Victor Record Club, you can enjoy these seven benefits unequalled by any other record club.

- 1. Upon joining**, you may have any 5 records for only \$1.87, plus a small charge for handling and postage. You select one record FREE for each two you buy after fulfilling your introductory agreement—with a tremendous range of music from which to choose your dividends.
- 2. A fascinating new magazine**, Reader's Digest Music Guide, free each month, edited by music experts and available exclusively to Club members.
- 3. You get the widest possible choice** in selections... symphonic or popular, Broadway or light classical, jazz or opera... several hundred each year from the world-famous RCA catalog.
- 4. Records are selected** by the editors of the Reader's Digest Music Guide, then pre-tested with

panels of Club members to assure that all selections are ones Club members most want to own.

- 5. You can also acquire** special records made for Club members only—records you cannot buy elsewhere at any price. They are superbly recorded by RCA to meet the exacting standards of Reader's Digest Music.
- 6. You'll like this** convenient, error-free "armchair" shopping plan that lets you pay for your records *after* receiving them and *while* enjoying them.
- 7. If you are** ever dissatisfied with any selection, you may return it within 10 days for full credit or exchange.

### How The Club Brings You The Best In Music

EACH MONTH you will be offered a Featured Selection for the Division you join—either Popular or Classical. If you want this record, you need do nothing. It will come to you automatically. Or, you may choose any other record you wish from *either* Division, or take none at all that particular month.

Shown on these pages are records typical of the high quality and unusual variety available through the *new* RCA Victor Record Club. Select the five you want most. To begin enjoying the many benefits of membership, fill in the handy coupon today.

**FREE TO CLUB MEMBERS**

a year's subscription to Reader's Digest Music Guide, edited by music experts chosen by Reader's Digest. Read articles like these in the first issue:

- Say It With Music—All The World Will Listen
- "Sing From The Heart," I Told Perry Como
- Making Music Come Alive For Your Children
- How Van Cliburn Recorded The "Emperor" Concerto



341. New calypso album Belafonte fans have waited 6 yrs. for.



This 3-disc set counts as 3 selections... Enter each number separately on coupon.



339. Brilliant, masterful interpretation by Heifetz and Reiner.

952; 952A; 952B. Complete opera with li-bretto. Celebrated cast! Bravos from the critics: "The Turandot one has waited for, and it surpasses all previous albums"—N.Y. Times. "It ranks as a milestone"—Hi/Fi Stereo Review

**RCA VICTOR RECORD CLUB,** 195-2  
 c/o Reader's Digest Music, Inc.  
 P. O. Box 3, Village Station, New York 14, New York

Send me the 5 RCA Victor records whose numbers I have filled in below, billing me only \$1.87. I agree to purchase during the year ahead. 5 additional records, at the Manufacturer's Nationally Advertised Prices (usually \$3.98 for Popular, \$4.98 for Classical; stereo an additional \$1.00). I understand a small handling and postage charge, plus sales/use taxes where applicable, will be added to each shipment. Thereafter, for every two additional records I purchase, I will receive a dividend record of my choice, FREE.

**SEND ME THESE 5 RECORDS** (Fill in numbers here)

					25
--	--	--	--	--	----

Enroll me in the following Division of the Club:

CLASSICAL  POPULAR (Check only one)

Check here if you have stereo equipment and wish these and future selections in stereo.

Name..... (please print)

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

If you wish membership credited to an authorized RCA Victor Dealer, please fill in below.

Dealer.....

Send no money. A bill will be sent. Records can be shipped only to residents of the U.S., its territories and Canada. Records for Canadian members are made in Canada and shipped duty free from Ontario.





49 PROOF

The difference between  
eating and dining is

## CHERRY HEERING

DENMARK'S LIQUEUR DELIGHT SINCE 1818

FREE DANISH RECIPE BOOKLET, BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED  
WRITE SCHENLEY IMPORT CO., 350 FIFTH AVE., N.Y. 1, N.Y.

bring out  
the playmate in her...  
give her

**PLAYMATE PERFUME**

♥ Perfect Valentine's Day Gift

PLAYBOY'S very own scent-sation.  
\$15 the half-ounce. Tax included.  
By mail, postpaid.

Playboy Club Keyholders: Please specify  
your key number when charging. Shall we  
enclose a gift card in your name?

Send check or money order to:  
**PLAYBOY PRODUCTS**  
232 East Ohio St.  
Chicago 11, Illinois

Does his boozy, bosom companion, the Prince Regent (Oliver Gray) regard him as equal or as equerry? And do his doxies — a bitchy Danish countess (Joan Weldon) and a stagestruck heiress (Lee Venora) — love him for his performance off stage or on? This soliloquizing doesn't mix well with the musical comedy formula. What snatches *Kean* back from the yawning brink is Alfred Drake's voice, his affinity for the Shakespearean line and his bravura impersonation of a magnificent mountebank. At the Broadway, Broadway and 53rd Street.

### BOOKS

The hero of Robert Penn Warren's novel *Wilderness* (Random House, \$4.95) is a Bavarian Jew whose given name, Adam, and deformed foot announce that he stands for guilty humanity in the large. Resolved to serve the Northern cause in the Civil War, Adam comes to America, where he surmounts obstacles and resists temptations — only to find that each success in these tests is, in some way, a failure, each act of fidelity a desertion. Feeling totally devalued, he crosses at last the crucial river to the Wilderness, the territory of defeat, death and self-knowledge. At the end of the novel, he is ready to come out again, having learned to live with human shortcomings. His experience would be more impressive if it were not quite so nakedly symbolic. The temptations that beset Adam derive from a philosophical concept rather than from human experience. Abstractions like Freedom, Worthiness, Truth are always on his mind, and he pauses continually to ponder his values. But despite the obtrusive symbols, Warren's morality tale has considerable dramatic power. Few modern writers know so much about the ambiguities of the ethical life, and few have his sense of history. And perhaps relating man to his history, letting him live it, is, after all, the best way to restore to the poor slewfoot his tragic dignity.

Jack Paar's second book, *My Saber Is Bent* (Simon & Schuster, \$3.95), is moderately sharp-edged — the work of a semi-gay blade. Mostly it's made up of high- and not-so-highlights from his shows. (For scholars of the future, the Ed Sullivan feud and the Berlin fracas get explained again.) One chapter about fairies (yes, Virginia, *those* fairies) contains some candid comment about their limp-wrist hold on the entertainment world, but Paar seems upset that John Gielgud's career wasn't ruined by his police trouble. If you're a Paar buff, this is your buffet. Otherwise — we kid you not — bother not.





# THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

**R**ecently I asked a young lady of my acquaintance if she would care to spend a weekend with me in Las Vegas. She seemed delighted at the idea and replied that she would be more than happy to be my guest. Then, after I had bought a pair of plane tickets and was about to telegraph for a room reservation, she advised me that, of course, it was going to be separate quarters. I now regret having asked her — but I don't know how to back out gracefully. What would be a suitable course of action in a situation such as this? — B. B., New York, New York.

*Honor your word and go. A weekend invitation of this sort does not necessarily imply a blanket invitation as well, and if the young lady wants to sleep solo she has every right to do so. The fact that you are paying the freight in no way entitles you to a rounder-trip ticket. Our hunch is that her acceptance of the invitation and her insistence on the proprieties of separate accommodations imply a desire to maintain appearances coupled with a tacit willingness to be persuaded once you're on the scene. If your gambling instincts don't go beyond the gaming tables, however, we suggest you research your prospective traveling companions a bit more thoroughly in the future, and thus avoid any chance of disappointments.*

**A**s a recent devotee of big-league auto racing, I'd like to know how the drivers' world championship is decided. No one has been able to give me a concise answer. — B. C., Madison, Wisconsin.

*The world championship of driving is determined by a tabulation of the six best performances of drivers competing in the international Grand Prix races. (Each year there are approximately 10 — the Grands Prix of Argentina, Belgium, England, France, Germany, Holland, Italy, Monaco, Portugal and the United States customarily make up the list.) In the system adopted by the Fédération Internationale de l'Automobile, drivers receive eight points for a first-place finish, six for second, four for third, three for fourth, two for fifth and one for sixth; the driver amassing the most points for his six best performances wins the championship. The practice of awarding an additional point for fastest lap was discontinued in 1960, due to the undependable timing facilities found at some circuits. It should be remembered that luck and the comparative capabilities of the cars play a large part in determining the ultimate winner. Stirling Moss of England is unquestionably today's fastest driver, yet through the 1961 season he*

*had never won the world championship (currently held by Phil Hill of California, the first American to win it).*

**I** have been dating a girl who absolutely refuses to touch a drop of liquor. She's a good kid, but has never really learned how to relax and enjoy herself. Now, I have a hunch that beneath her pretty but prim exterior there lies a reservoir of warmth and affection — my problem is how to tap it. The other day I had a brainstorm. Why not try loosening her up by feeding her a meal wherein all the courses are prepared with alcoholic ingredients? I would appreciate it if you'd supply me with a menu that meets this somewhat offbeat requirement. I am a fairly accomplished cook. — A. U., Boston, Massachusetts.

*Don your bonnet de chef, and rustle up the following haut fare:*

*Brandied cheddar spread  
Cheese soup with ale  
Frogs legs Provençale (white wine)  
Veal scaloppine Marsala  
Fruit-stuffed avocado, rum dressing  
Crepes with curaçao  
Cafe Brulot (cognac)*

*All of the above dishes may be found in "The Playboy Gourmet." We might add, A. U., that while your scheme is imaginative, the chances of your girl becoming even slightly high from this fine repast are slight. Whenever liquor or wine is cooked — that is, heated until it boils — the alcohol vaporizes, and the alcoholic content of the uncooked items listed here is so minute as to have no inebriating effect whatever. We suggest you rely on other, subtler factors to thaw your girl's proper façade: the appeal that the tastefully prepared viands and potables will have to her latent sensuality, and the obvious fact that you have gone out of your way to give her a pleasurable evening.*

**M**y question — or rather questions — have to do with trouser cuffs. When do I cuff, when not? I believe (but am not certain) that cuffs on Continental trousers are optional; is this the case? What about slacks worn with the increasingly British-looking sports jackets? What about suits which are predominantly Ivy — as most of mine are? And are cuffs worn with the American Continental style? — C. C., Baltimore, Maryland.

*Herewith some on-the-cuff advice on a subject that is still strongly tied to personal tastes. The Continental silhouette, which introduced the cuffless trouser, almost always (except in France) calls for cufflessness. Slacks of covert, cavalry twill, bedford cord, etc., which are being*



## BEEFEATER BEEFEATER®

the imported  
English Gin that  
doubles your  
martini pleasure



Beefeater—symbol  
of integrity in  
British tradition  
and in the finest  
English Gin.

*Unequaled  
since 1820*

## BEEFEATER GIN

94 PROOF • 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS  
KOBRAND CORPORATION • NEW YORK 1, N. Y.





**A NEW  
SYMBOL OF  
STYLE  
LEADERSHIP  
BY WINTHROP**

# Featherped

A classic for style and comfort. Full cushioned insole and cushioned arch are mighty light on your feet... anywhere, anytime! Black or Brown.

ALSO  
WINTHROP JRS.  
FOR BOYS



# WINTHROP

A product of International Shoe Company, St. Louis, Missouri

worn with the British-style sports coats are cuffless in this country. In Britain, however, they are still being worn with cuffs. The dyed-in-the-wool traditional Ivy weaver still demands cuffs on his trousers. But here again there is evidence of a trend toward the slim elegance of the cuffless trouser. The American Continental style is usually worn without cuffs. In short, the option still exists; but gentlemen in the avant-garde of fashion favor trousers sans cuffs.

**F**or the first time in my 25 years, I find myself in the flattering position of having a girl really making a terrific play for me. She announces it at parties and when we're double dating. It's "I'm going to marry this gorgeous hunk of man if he'll let me, and if he won't I'll be his mistress or his slave," or words to that effect. Yet, when we're alone together and having a great time, things get sticky just when the real action should begin. She gets moody and depressed, pushes me away and says she can't stand the idea of my even looking at other girls. She cries, and when I try to comfort her she threatens to commit suicide unless I marry her. Then she says the best thing would be to never see me again and runs home to her mother's house, where she lives. The next morning she calls me at work and apologizes abjectly — and we're off again. Last time this happened, I took an hour off from my job and drove her round and round the park in my car in broad daylight so we could have an unemotional, serious talk. She had me practically persuaded that her neurotic jealousy and rages (which I might as well admit accounted for scratches on my face more than once) would vanish if I married her. It sounded very convincing at the time and I believe she really does love me and that my feelings for her are more than just the result of being flattered by her attentions. Next day, I discussed it with a long-time, happily married, older friend. He said that marriage is a tough proposition at best and that this sounded like the makings of the worst marital mess foreseeable. He assured me this girl would not commit suicide if I broke off with her and urged me to do it just as quickly and painlessly as I could. Is he right? — J. K. S., Washington, D.C.

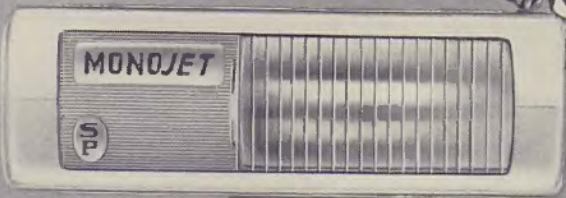
Yes.

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 these pages each month.



REMEMBER WHEN taking flash photos meant loads and loads of bulky flashbulbs or heavy electronic flash contraptions?

Who would dream  
Electronic Flash  
could get so very light,  
so really tiny!



Smallest (under 17 ozs.) lifetime electronic flash unit. Permanent, rechargeable battery will store over 70 flashes and then recharge overnight... 'Freezes' the fastest action for color and black & white. Your one time cost, less than \$75.00. Write For Free Booklet.



\* YOUR DEALER WILL DETERMINE EXACT RETAIL PRICE IN YOUR AREA

ALLIED IMPEX CORP. 300 PARK AVE. SO., NEW YORK 10 • CHICAGO 10 • DALLAS 7 • LOS ANGELES 16







**Dickies**<sup>®</sup>  
*Casuals*

with the sharpest look in slacks...

*The Blade*<sup>\*</sup>

with horizontal front pockets

\*DESIGN PATENT APPLIED FOR



# My Brother, Ernest Hemingway an intimate and personal biography of the writer as man and artist

By Leicester Hemingway part III

*In Parts I and II of his biography, "My Brother, Ernest Hemingway," Leicester Hemingway explored, from the intimate, uniquely revealing point of view possible to an only brother, the many-faceted emergence of the celebrated writer as man and artist. He wrote of Ernest's strict Middle Western upbringing, his wounding at the Italian front in World War I, the drumming out of his family by his parents which preceded his first marriage, his subsequent expatriate years — beginning as a newspaper correspondent and evolving into a master creative writer, first of short stories and then of a major novel, "The Sun Also Rises." Leicester also told of his brother's tempestuous personal life, a divorce and second marriage (to Pauline Pfeiffer) followed by his return to America and Key West — the setting of "To Have and Have Not." There, Hemingway became a dedicated deep-sea fisherman and, in a brief getaway period, found a taste for African big-game hunting; more important, he entered his great productive surge, initially marred by the prophetic suicide of his father but adorned by the publication of "A Farewell to Arms." Now, as Part III opens, we find the ever-restless writer drawn back to an old love — as a foreign correspondent, in the Spanish Civil War.*

From the time that Ernest's contract to cover the Spanish Civil War for the North American Newspaper Alliance was signed in January 1937 until March, when he arrived in France ready to cross the border, Ernest was busy calling and writing Washington and New York, rounding up friends and arranging for assistance and permission for various projects.

The first project Ernest had in mind was the making of a documentary film that would show both what life was like in a typical Spanish village before the war and then the extent to which the war disrupted and changed it.

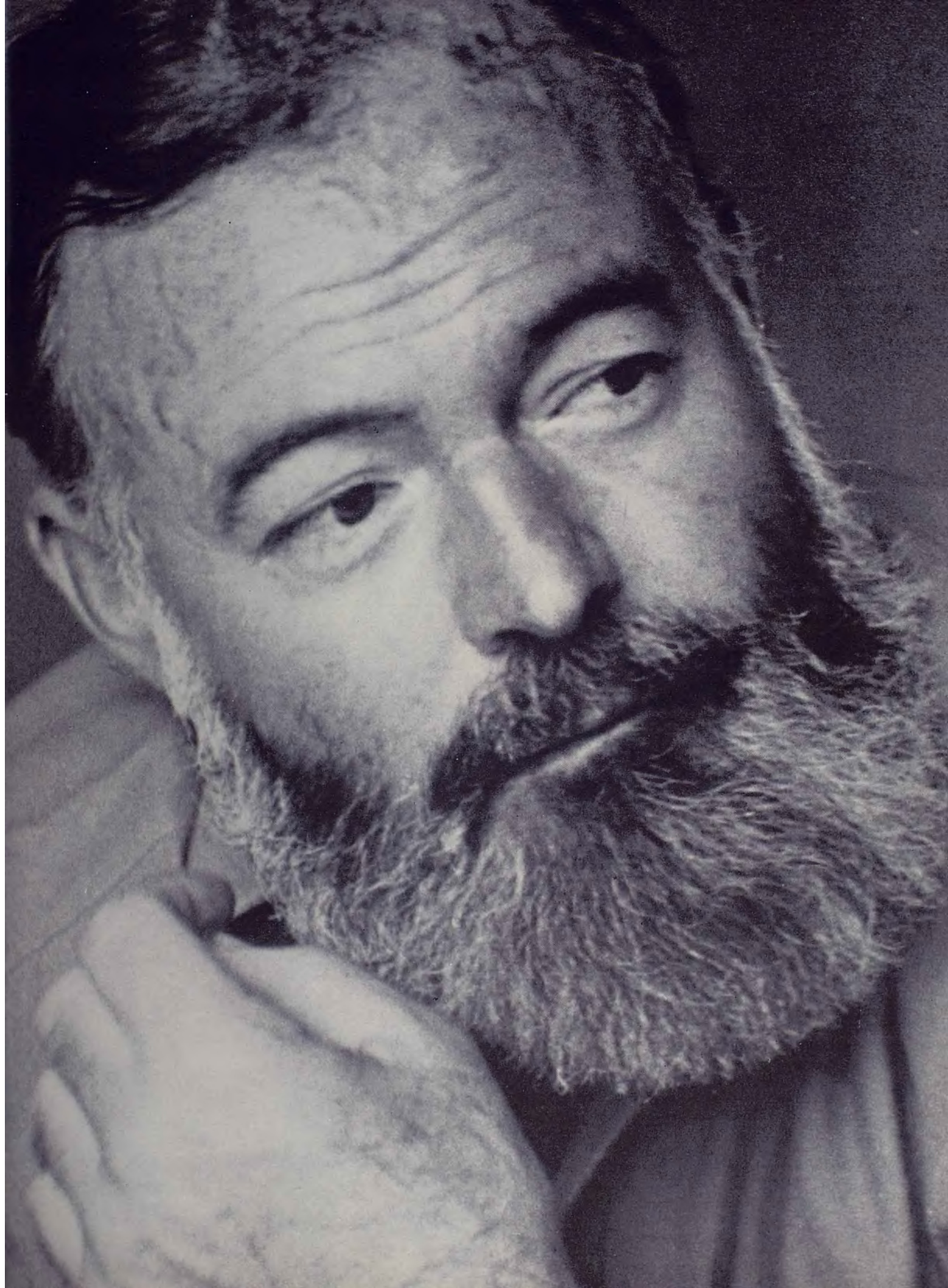
By March 18, Ernest had flown into Republican Spain. He landed at Barcelona just after a bombing raid; then he continued down the east coast to Alicante, with its African scenery, and finally to Valencia, where fresh meat was still obtainable outside the city and the inhabitants were enthusiastic about the war.

The following week Ernest personally went over the terrain on the Guadalajara front where the Government troops had won over the Italians, their first victory in eight months of fighting against the invaders. In cold rain and snow flurries, he kept moving while under shell fire. He was deeply disturbed by the sight of the dead Italians who had believed they were being sent to Africa for garrison duty and had instead run into accurate small-arms fire and the antitank guns that took on their so-called invincible mechanized columns.

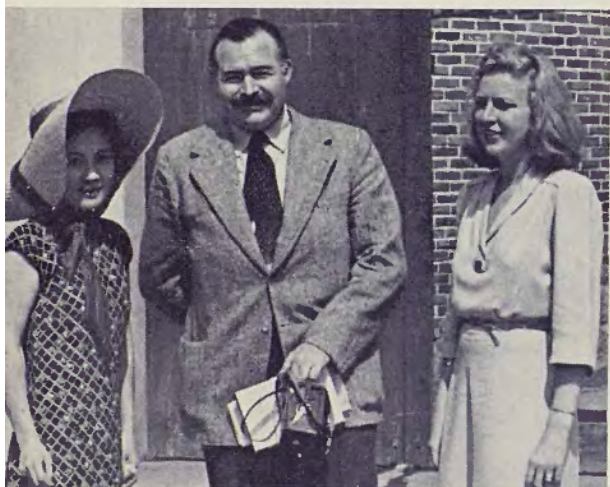
A week later, Ernest wrote an analysis of the Brihuega battle, where the Guadalajara Italian retreat had begun. He was convinced that it was the biggest Italian defeat since Caporetto in World War I, and described the scene, the weapons used, the scattered and abandoned equipment and papers of the defeated and the dead. Medium tanks had beaten light tanks. Government morale was high.

"One morning I got a letter from some people in Hollywood asking me to do everything possible for Errol Flynn who was coming over to see the war firsthand," Ernest told me later. "I figured he could be valuable in raising money back in America. So when he got to Madrid in late afternoon, I started organizing a grand tour for the following day. I had to get permits, a car, a chauffeur and gasoline. Had to ask favors to organize it, and I hated asking favors. Favors have to be repaid, and when you're indebted to some people









Top to bottom: Hemingway talks to New York reporters following 1937 scuffle with author-critic Max Eastman. Ernest and third wife Martha Gellhorn visit Madame Chiang Kai-shek in 1941. Hemingway, Gary Cooper and guide relax after Sun Valley bird shoot, 1942.

you can't report truly. Anyway, got it organized. Then Flynn wants to make the rounds of the bars. Turned out OK. We got back to the hotel by midnight. Had to get lots of rest before heading for the front. Hell. Next morning I was up at six and calling his room. No answer. Went downstairs and they told me Señor Flynn had checked out, get that, checked out. Said he was leaving Madrid. Clerk said he looked fine but seemed in a hurry. The hotel had been shelled but it had been a pretty quiet night.

"I called around and apologized for the change of plans, and waited for word. It came the evening of April 5. Flynn was reported resting comfortably after getting hit in the head by falling plaster in the siege of Madrid."

Ernest hurried into the preparations for making the documentary film. Joris Ivens, who was directing and photographing, had reached Spain, and so had John Ferno, a cameraman engaged for the project. Much of the daily film coverage was being made outside Madrid in the village of Morales. Other scenes were also necessary. In order to film actual combat, Ernest took the photographers and their most portable equipment to locations where they could shoot pictures of tanks in action under good lighting conditions. Hank Gorrell of United Press went along. On April 9 they saw the second Republican attack in four days designed to relieve the pressure against University City. Before the day was over, they had all been sniped at repeatedly. Once they found a marvelous observation point with a view of the battle spread out below. But bullets kept taking chips out of the woodwork next to them and they hastily moved before the snipers' corrections for windage eliminated their group. By the time the light faded they had taken some excellent footage, setting the camera up on a bombed-open third floor of a house where they could observe without being seen.

A few days later they went along on an infantry and tank attack that further helped free the city of Madrid. Ernest sent back stories graphically describing the crackling of small-arms fire, the smell of smoke and ammunition, and the mysterious blossoming of flames as objectives just beyond view through the brush were shelled by the attacking troops.

On April 22, Ernest and several hundred thousand other people had been under bombardment in Madrid for 11 consecutive days. He described the different kinds of explosions, ranging from rifle fire to trench mortars and high explosive artillery, and what each of the missiles did on impact to the buildings and the people.

"When Sidney Franklin finally did manage to turn up in Madrid where we were, everything got much easier," he told me later. "Sidney was the greatest scrounger, organizer, and haggler ever to help hungry people in Republican Spain. He could talk a stranger out of a hatful of eggs like most people can get a light for a cigarette. He was wonderful."

Ernest himself had a talent for providing fresh meat. Borrowing a shotgun from a friend, Ernest used the correspondents' car to drive out to the Pardo front on the other side of the city from the Hotel Florida where he was staying. There in a few hours he bowled over four rabbits and shot a duck, a partridge, and a lone owl that he mistook for a woodcock as it flew through the trees. "I decided that was meat enough, after what I mistook for a covey of partridges taking off turned out to be a trench mortar shell that landed just over the next ridge," he told me.

Early in May of that year he filed his final dispatch from Madrid and prepared to return to France and then the United States. He had filed nearly a dozen stories, some by mail through the Govern-



ment censorship. He had also written some magazine pieces; had seen a great deal of the film shot that would be edited into *The Spanish Earth*; and was gathering notes in order personally to do the narration for the film's sound track.

When Ernest reached New York again he was determined to make the most of his time there. He was already laying plans to return to Spain in the fall. He knew how many details would have to be arranged in advance if the trip were to be successful. He wanted to help with the cutting of the film and see that certain sequences were not eliminated. He had to do his own work with the sound track and had to arrange for distribution and showings. The object was to get the maximum exposure for the picture in order to raise funds for ambulances, medical aid, and other assistance for the Spanish Republic and for those who were fighting for its continued existence.

He did everything he could on the film, and also wrote some additional material for the news syndicate to be used as dispatches. Then he headed for Key West to see Pauline and the children, whom he had been missing fiercely during recent months.

Ernest wrote me just before heading for Bimini late in May. He said Spain had been very instructive and that he had seen the remains of Guadalajara and all of another battle, having gone with the infantry on attacks and filmed one counterattack. In Madrid he had come through 19 days of really heavy bombardment and the news syndicate had been paying him so much by the dispatch that he figured he'd have to get himself killed by about the fourth dispatch in order for them to get their money's worth.

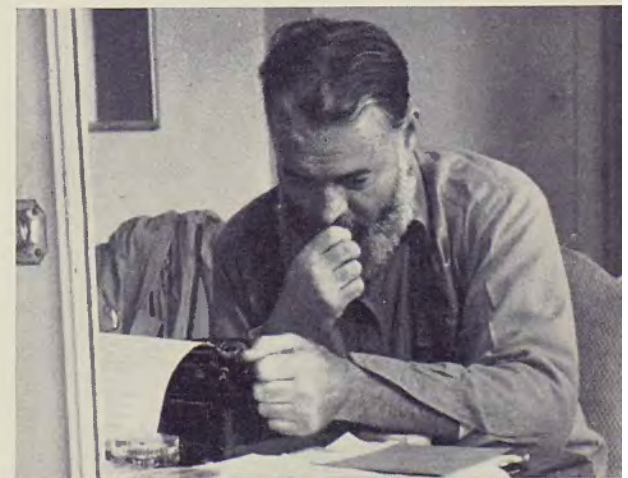
At that time I had almost completed my second year on the *Chicago Daily News* as a reporter and editor on the weekly regional sections. Soon after I started working for the *News*, I had met Mary Welsh, then assistant society editor. Because the regional sections and the society department were next to each other in the city room, we had frequent opportunities to talk. Mary was a cheerful, petite blonde from Minnesota who kept her stockings nicely pulled up and liked to sit on a desk swinging her legs while she talked.

Mary had read everything of Ernest's that was available and was obviously fascinated by him. "Tell me, what's he really like?" she would ask. I had a small sailboat then and we went sailing in it. After that she jokingly referred to it as "our boat." Our relationship was utterly innocent and based almost entirely on her tremendous fascination with Ernest. Later she went East and worked for the Luce publications. Years afterward in Europe she finally met her hero.

That summer of 1937 was a time of decision for Ernest. He was talking animatedly with friends and acquaintances, doing his best to organize help and raise money for the Spanish Republic. Through his big-game fishing he had met many of the wealthy inheritors of American fortunes. He concentrated on these people, knowing that if they could develop social consciences they could aid the Spanish cause quickly and effectively, through the funds they controlled.

But he ran into disappointments. What seemed so clear-cut to him was murky and full of hidden pitfalls to others. When asked to give medical aid and contribute to alleviate the suffering on both sides of the war, some of his friends would have nothing to do with the idea. Some were afraid that if they gave aid it would assist only the Communists who were known to be siding with the Spanish Government against the Germans, Italians and rebel Spanish generals.

But others of his friends were as favorable toward the Government side as was Ernest. William B. Leeds, who owned the huge oceangoing yacht *Moana* and was heir to a tin-plate fortune, thought



Top to bottom: Ernest and Martha sail off Havana, 1940. Papa chats with critic George Jean Nathan and Marlene Dietrich during wartime meeting. Again a professional observer of valor and death, Hemingway works as a war correspondent for *Collier's*, 1944.



# My Brother, Ernest Hemingway (continued)

very well of the idea. In Havana that summer, Bill Leeds invited Ernest aboard and they discussed what should be done.

He subscribed enough money to buy a full dozen ambulances, complete with surgical and emergency equipment, to aid the suffering among the wounded on both sides. The ambulances never reached Spain. They were blocked, during shipment, by the American Neutrality Act that forbade the shipment of equipment of any kind to Spain.

That summer Ernest also made a second contract with the North American Newspaper Alliance. It was to confirm a verbal agreement he had made with John Wheeler after his return to New York in May. The financial terms remained the same, but in the second contract more specific agreement was reached on the frequency of filing dispatches. Ernest could file several in a short period if in his opinion the news developments warranted them. But he was not to be paid more than \$1000 in any one week, no matter how many dispatches he sent.

The premiere of *The Spanish Earth* was held at the White House. Joris Ivens went down from New York with Ernest to have dinner with President Roosevelt before the showing. It went off well and both were house guests that night.

Something else happened that summer that was to have far-reaching effects on Ernest's career and personal life. While he was in Key West, Martha Gellhorn, a young writer who had published one book and was starting to do well in the magazine field, came down to interview Ernest for a magazine article. Martha was a tall blonde from St. Louis with extremely good legs, a fine sense of humor, and the ability to write exceedingly well. She located Sloppy Joe's bar, saw Ernest's name on one of the bar stools, and asked if he really came in there as had been rumored.

"He sure do when he's in town," said Skinner, the large, shrewd Negro who tended bar when Joe Russell, the owner, was absent. "It's almost three o'clock now. If he's here, he'll be comin' in."

In a matter of minutes, Ernest arrived, took a look around, and was pleased with the scene. He and Martha were introduced and were talking like old friends even before the first drink. Ernest liked the idea of the article and was expansive, considerate and winning in alternate moods.

Martha, in turn, found herself instantly fascinated by Ernest. He talked

as well as he wrote and was wonderfully amusing when he wanted to be. At the same time he was absolutely dedicated to the belief that talent in the fine arts was not enough. It must be used to make the world a better place in which to live, and that included fighting for human freedom wherever it was threatened. He had great plans for his next trip to Spain and urged that Martha go over and see for herself what was happening, if she could possibly do so. Martha, in her first book, had graphically shown some instances of man's inhumanity and already shared with Ernest his belief that a writer should do what he could for human rights and dignity.

In New York, in the middle of August, while preparing for the trip to Spain, Ernest went to Max Perkins' office at Scribner's and encountered the writer Max Eastman. Eastman had written critically about Ernest's writing attitudes, indicating that there was an air of "false hair on the chest." His criticism was considered fair comment as criticism goes in the world of letters. This was the first time the two men found themselves together in the same room. Amenities soon changed to obscenities and, while Max Perkins himself withdrew, there was a brief physical exchange of energy and each of the men was then led off to issue his own statement to the press. Eastman claimed he had wrestled while Ernest had boxed, and that he had personally come out ahead. Ernest claimed he had "disciplined" Eastman and had a book with a bloody smudge inside as evidence of an impact area. The Perkins office was a shambles, and the event gave the literary world some juicy gossip that reverberated in the columns and at cocktail parties for some months.

During the summer, while in Bimini, Ernest had made changes and read the final proofs of *To Have and Have Not*, due for publication in the fall. He had used as characters some types that seemed remarkably like recent friends who he had decided had a definite, if peculiar, value to society, especially in a novel.

His new book, the first in which he showed a change from the enjoyment of experience to a justification of his own life, was, he told me, in many ways the most important he had ever written. Before it, he hadn't cared how life went as long as he could create productively. From this point on, he cared profoundly about other people's lives.

That summer he had addressed the League of American Writers at Car-

negie Hall. He made what he described as "the only political address I ever intend to make," and told what he had seen in Spain, how it had affected him, and what he intended to do about Fascism everywhere.

The speech was serious and it put him on record. Ernest was always at his best once he had made a difficult decision. From then on, he was committed to implementing his beliefs. At the end of summer, when he was again back in New York, ready for Spain and a more lengthy stay, he had privately raised some \$40,000 in advances from his publisher and from other sources, which he donated for medical aid to the Government of Spain.

Ernest's first dispatch on his second visit was filed from the Aragon front, where he had a chance to talk with the tough trained Americans who had survived the first year of the conflict. He noted that the wounded, the cowards, and the romantics had all been cleared away, leaving the good, dedicated fighters. In the time that Ernest had been back, these men had captured Cuenca and Belchite, using Indian fighting tactics that were again proving their value to infantry in the field. He went over the ground at Belchite with Robert Merriman, a former University of California professor who was a staff officer in the 15th Brigade and who had led the assault on an ancient fortification there. The stink of death was so strong there afterward that the burial squad members wore gas masks while doing their work.

Ernest's experiences of the war and what he knew of it could best be presented as a play, he decided. The fact that he had never written a play before did not bother him. He was a master of dialog. He had been a dramatist all his life, seeking turning points and crises as other men seek security and social status. He set to work drafting a series of acts, while continuing to advise and assist in filming additional footage outside Madrid.

His romantic life took a sudden upsurge when Martha Gellhorn arrived in the capital with full status as a correspondent. Martha and Ernest gravitated toward each other naturally. They were both romantics, determined to make their contributions in a fight against tyranny. Each held the other in high esteem. They both stayed at the Hotel Florida where virtually all correspondents stayed. By combining forces with Martha on the food, entertainment and companionship fronts, Ernest made his



room one of the few places (though he changed its location from time to time) where friends and strangers could get a drink, sometimes a snack, and even a meal. They could hear good music played on the portable, hand-wound record player, while listening to typewriter keys clicking out the phrases and sentences that would be read later throughout the world. Ernest worked on his own material, worked over Martha's; she in turn copied out his material, and they combined their thinking and sometimes their phrases in magazine pieces under one by-line or the other.

In late September, Ernest, Herbert Matthews [of *The New York Times*] and Martha Gellhorn made an adventurous trip through the northern mountains to study this "lost" front. They were the first American correspondents permitted to make a survey of conditions there. In preparation, they bought blankets and sleeping bags, and carried what food they could. Using a truck as a base, they visited the higher positions in the mountains on horseback.

"Ernest and Martha were wonderful traveling companions," Herbert Matthews told me later. "She and I used to call him 'Scrooby.' By nightfall we had always found something to drink. But even while we were camping, Ernest enjoyed the soft luxury of pajamas whenever he could."

That fall Ernest wrote some wonderful scenes for the play, *The Fifth Column*, and captured several hearts among the inhabitants of Madrid. The most perceptive, outgoing and enraptured was that of Martha Gellhorn. They came to mean as much to each other as people could who were living daily with death in a heroic atmosphere and doing creative work.

Pauline sensed from Ernest's letters that the old relationship no longer existed. She determined to fight for what she had, and hoped to hold. Early in December she planned to go to Paris for Christmas, and there have Ernest join her. The trip was a rough one, with December storms. But Pauline arrived with plenty of will power and a determination to preserve their marriage. After some days of visiting and sight-seeing, Ernest and Pauline returned to New York, then to Key West.

Ernest had a great amount of work still to be completed and he had, in a sense, left a part of himself in Spain. He knew he had to go back. But he was unwilling to discuss it with anyone. He felt so strongly about it that he avoided all talk of future plans.

The winter weather would limit both sides to patrols and raids during the coming months, he realized. But he had

## SMOKY VELOURS... Ivy's Newest Fashion

Compliment-winning stripes with a luxurious, velvety touch... their misty, muted tones unmistakably traditional, impeccably correct \$2.50

Other Wembley ties to \$5.00



**Wembley**  
the tie with the COLOR GUIDE®

At  
fine stores  
everywhere





**HENRY MANCINI** "Combo!" More imaginative Mancini arrangements . . . this time specifically for his own small combo. The sounds are fresh and swinging . . . some planned, some improvised. All are in a tasteful framework to display great solo and ensemble performances. Twelve works of wonder pulse with intimacy and élan, among them: "Tequila" and "Moanin'."



**SIR JULIAN** "The Thirteen Fingers of Sir Julian." You can almost take the title at its word! For this is an amazing tour de force at the organ by an adroit new artist with talent unlimited and a fine sense of humor. An album with a delightful range of mood, from the exotic "Misty," "Lover" and "Song From Moulin Rouge" to Sir Julian's own witty "Bach Goes Berserk!"



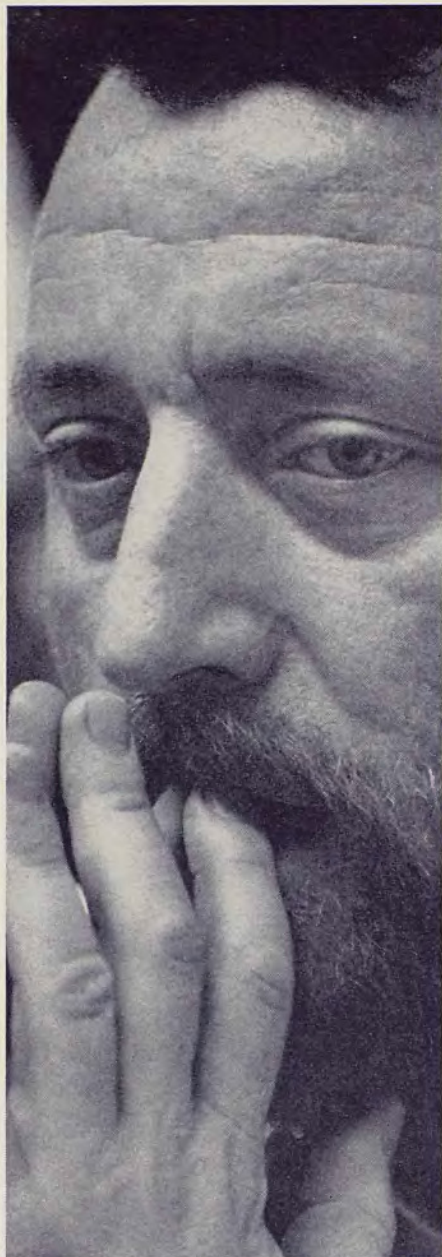
**AL HIRT** "Horn A-plenty." The mighty Al, more magnificent than ever and backed by the big, brassy sound of arranger-conductor Billy May, gives a vibrant new treatment to enduring standards. Hollywood's brass elite sat in for this one and the Hirt horn, leading all the way, polished off its greatest session yet! "That Old Feeling," "Easy Street," "Margie," 9 more.







**THE LIMELITERS** "Sing Out!" Lou Gottlieb, Alex Hassilev and Glenn Yarbrough, in their first studio-recorded album for RCA Victor, have a brand-new sound that is round, real and rousing! America's most exciting folk singers, blending sparkling humor and dazzling musicianship, sing twelve wonderful songs they've never recorded before. Rush out for "Sing Out!"



**THE NORMAN LUBOFF CHOIR** "Sing! It's Good for You." Now you can join the world's greatest choir, in a lively jaunt through such optimistic odes as "The Best Things in Life Are Free," "I Got the Sun in the Morning," "Oh, What a Beautiful Mornin'," "Pick Yourself Up," and eight others. If singing along isn't your dish, you'll find just listening a tasty experience!



# BIG NEW ENTERTAINMENT

## ON RCA VICTOR



**RCA** The most trusted name in sound

AVAILABLE IN LIVING STEREO AND MONAURAL HI-FI.



THE EDITORS  
OF PLAYBOY  
PROUDLY PRESENT

TWO  
EXTRAORDINARY  
VOLUMES  
OF  
ENTERTAINMENT



THE PERMANENT PLAYBOY

The outstanding feature-fare of PLAYBOY's first six years, artfully edited by Ray Russell. Includes the most fabulous fiction, the most scintillating articles, the heights of humor and sly satire . . . all bound to please you in a handsome hard-cover book. By such outstanding writers as ERSKINE CALDWELL, JOHN COLLIER, NELSON ALGREN, CHARLES BEAUMONT, RAY BRADBURY, ADRIAN CONAN DOYLE, BEN HECHT, JOHN KEATS, HERBERT GOLD, JAMES JONES, JACK KEROUAC, GERALD KERSH, P. G. WODEHOUSE, SHEPHERD MEAD, BUDD SCHULBERG, H. ALLEN SMITH, ROBERT PAUL SMITH, PHILIP WYLIE and JOHN STEINBECK. 49 wonderful works including such standouts as *The Fly*, *The Pious Pornographers*, *The Beat Mystique*, *The Distributor*, *The Noise and Black Country*, to name a few.

THE PLAYBOY CARTOON ALBUM

Edited by Hugh M. Hefner. 650 rib-tickling reasons to take your humor off the shelf. A hilarious harvest of the sauciest, most sophisticated, outrageously funny cartoons of PLAYBOY's first half-dozen years, beautifully-bound in a handsome hard-cover book. The album hosts such top-talent contributors as JACK COLE, JACK DAVIS, JOHN DEMPSEY, JULES FEIFFER, PHIL INTERLANDI, GARDNER REA, ARNOLD ROTH, SHEL SILVERSTEIN, CLAUDE SMITH, TON SMITS, ERICH SOKOL, AL STINE, R. TAYLOR, GAHAN WILSON and many others. A dazzling array of fun and color—carefully culled for uninhibited good times. For party perusal or private pleasure, PLAYBOY's Cartoon Album is the ultimate in witmanship.

Please send me these editions:

- \_\_\_\_\_ copies of THE PERMANENT PLAYBOY of \$5 per copy
- \_\_\_\_\_ copies of THE PLAYBOY CARTOON ALBUM of \$5 per copy
- \$ \_\_\_\_\_ enclosed in check or money order.

\_\_\_\_\_

name \_\_\_\_\_

address \_\_\_\_\_

city \_\_\_\_\_ zone \_\_\_\_\_ state \_\_\_\_\_

PLAYBOY Book Dept.  
232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Illinois

PLAYBOY CLUB Keyholders may charge to their key numbers.



# My Brother, Ernest Hemingway (continued)

vast and only partly matured projects under way in Spain. He was beginning to keep his own counsel at last, like a good general unable to trust, or unsure of the value of, his advisors. He was reaching a new plateau.

While Ernest was in Spain in the fall of 1937, he had shown some sharp pangs of remorse, even recalling the look of his garden in Key West in a dispatch that described the devastation of shelling and the strange feeling that had come over him as he looked at a field of swaying blue flowers which had sprung up soon after high explosives and incendiaries had cleared the surface of all living things.

He had experienced tragedy at firsthand and vicariously through innumerable friendships. When he went to visit the home of his friend Luis Quintanilla, the great Spanish painter, he was appalled. Several members of Luis' family had survived. But the family house was a shell. All the fine paintings that had taken years to produce were destroyed. Shreds of them hung on the partial walls of several rooms. In one corner he saw several large leather bindings. He went over eagerly, thinking that at least some of the books were still intact. He touched one. And then another. They fell apart. A smoldering fire had reduced them to ashes.

When a wave of arrests swept Valencia, Ernest found that his good friend, Professor Robles, had been picked up, tried in haste, and executed. John Dos Passos arrived soon afterward and searched for the man, fearing some harm might have come to him because of his views. It took days—and they were agonizing days—before Ernest could be absolutely certain of his information. Then he had to confront Dos with the news. The event and the delay in getting facts, and the enormity of the execution of a good and innocent man, formed another of the gut-wrenching wounds that worked on Ernest. It disturbed him far more than the deaths of thousands of men he did not know on both sides of the conflict.

Ernest could smile at fat señoras breaking into a run for cover from the strafing planes. But his eyes showed the horror when he saw children lying dead. Ira Wolfert told me how Ernest choked up and said, "God, those small, white faces—like stepped-on flowers. They're so innocent and pure, and forever thrown away."

When telling me about it the following spring, Ernest also spoke of the funnier aspects of the war. He told me about meeting Hungarian General Lu-

kacz of the 12th International Brigade for the first time. "He held a big banquet for me, Baron," Ernest laughed, "but I damned near choked trying to keep a straight face. The real honored guests were the prettiest girls in the village. He'd invited them, too. That was the closest I ever came to being a solicitor."

And one night he went to see a Marlene Dietrich movie in Madrid. Just at the moment when Marlene was to be shot as a Mata Hari, a shell landed right outside. The whole building shook, but Ernest said the patrons kept their seats and roared with laughter at the perfect timing.

In the early spring of 1938, Ernest worked intensely back in Key West, revising *The Fifth Column* and, thinking beyond it, he began to feel that there must be a great novel buried in the treachery, courage and sacrifice that he had seen during recent months in Spain.

In March I visited Key West. Ernest seemed curiously relieved to have the chance to talk again. We had written and phoned each other, but we had also been out of contact occasionally because of distance.

The fall before, our sister Sunny and I had jointly taken the responsibility of digging out family pictures and records for a research team *Time* magazine had sent out to Oak Park. They were preparing a cover story on Ernest and his latest book. Because we did not confer with Ernest, I knew we were wide open to his severe discipline. A truthful explanation of the way the *Time* team had gone about its work, of the urgency, and of our mutual decision finally to cooperate with *Time*, seemed the best action possible. Luckily Ernest was realistic and forgiving.

"Christ, Baron, you did the best you could. They had you, in the old journalistic way, with that 'We'll get it from the neighbors if you don't give.' Hell. I'm not sore. One of the pictures they used wasn't me, though. They probably have an entirely different staff doing picture captions."

In the next few days we talked a lot, went fishing once, went swimming often, and hoisted a number of tall glasses. Ernest was then drinking 15 to 17 Scotch and sodas over the course of a day. He was holding them remarkably well.

That was the way it went, but it abruptly ended one morning with a long-distance phone call. Ernest took it in the front hall, then shouted for a pencil and paper. I rushed them to him.

"They've started a drive, you say? This may be the drive to the sea. It would cut off all the rest of the country if they seal the border. Sure I'll go again. There's a plane out of here this afternoon. No, I'll see you when I get up there. Goodbye."

Pauline was very quiet. Then she said, "What do you want me to do to help?"

"Pack my cold clothes, and warm clothes, too. Poor Old Mama." Ernest's look of angry eagerness changed to one of hurt. "Oh damn! Things were going so well, I should have known it would bust wide open." Then the hurt look was gone and he brushed past Pauline, still talking to her. "It'll be mountain fighting and I'll need cold clothes for that, but the summer's coming on. I don't want to get my damned throat in an uproar, not with the price of Scotch at that many pesetas per gargle. The spring thaw has got everybody ready to end the war in a month . . . Come out here, Baron, I want to talk with you."

We went out back and had a quick one out of the bottle without dirtying any glasses. "Listen," he said, "I can get you a captaincy in the Lincoln Brigade if you want to come. It might straighten a lot of things out for you and at least you'll learn a hell of a lot. This war's got to wind up, because the big one is coming fast. How about it?"

I explained that I couldn't go because of finances: I had a wife and young son to think about. I don't mind admitting that I was strongly tempted.

Ernest's third European trip during the Spanish War was a crucial one. He was in a hurry to reach the territory he'd left only three months earlier. He knew how much might have happened in that time.

He crossed the Atlantic by boat and flew into Republican Spain by the now-familiar route, stopping at Barcelona. There he filed his first dispatch of the new series, April 3, 1938, after the breakthrough at Gandesa. He described the refugees going through on the roads under airplane strafing, though pink almond blossoms covered the sunlit hills nearby, then he concentrated on the experiences of American members of the Lincoln-Washington Battalion, which had been surrounded on a hilltop outside Gandesa. The Americans in their flight had moved with extreme caution. Their objectives were to swim the Ebro River to safety, and a chance to fight again. They had made their way through the Fascist lines at night. Some literally stepped on the hands of Fascist



# My Brother, Ernest Hemingway (continued)

troops resting in the pitch blackness.

At Tortosa on April 15, Ernest witnessed the Fascist bombing of the Barcelona-Valencia road by scores of planes. The city disappeared in a haze of yellow dust. When they could see it again, he and his friends managed to get through on an emergency bridge. He reported feeling like a mountaineer exploring craters on the moon.

Down at the Ebro delta, the new spring crop of frogs filled the ditches. There Ernest picked and munched on wild onions while he watched preparations for the coming battle as the Fascist forces pressed their way to the sea.

In Madrid on May 10, Ernest filed his final news dispatch of the war. He was very pleased to see his old friends in the capital, and to note the excellent defensive positions that had been developed during the months of stalemate on this front. The morale of Loyalist troops, officers, sappers and civilians was still excellent. They seemed honestly more content to be fighting their own separate war than to be lumped with the defenders of other regional cities. The food situation was critical, and had been for some time. But there was plenty of ammunition to withstand a further siege. Though diplomats at that time were certain the war would end in a month or so, Ernest felt that it might well go on for another year. History proved that his estimate was accurate.

Before flying out of Spain again, Ernest first went through all his things and destroyed many of his papers, personal and professional.

"I'd gathered so much information, some of it very hard to get, that I'd have been a prize catch if our plane had been forced down on the rebel side," he told me later. "It hurt like the devil to destroy my own notes."

Once out of the country, Ernest and Martha, who had again met in Spain, headed for Paris and a few days of fun before sailing to New York to face the realities of civilian existence once again.

The trip home had the kind of drinking anyone would have wanted after seeing and learning about that particular war. But as the Normandie neared New York, Ernest became more preoccupied, then gloomy. By the time the ship docked, Ernest was keeping to himself, truculent, and his statements to reporters were subdued. He made no predictions and excused himself as quickly as possible.

Ernest headed directly for Key West, tired from the tension more than from the activity. He knew he had some good

stories and that the sooner he wrote them the better he would feel. But this reasoning didn't work out. Ernest was moody and torn by conflicting feelings. Pauline was so glad to have him back safely that for a time it seemed they would be able to work everything out smoothly again.

Ernest was thoroughly involved with getting *The Fifth Column* produced. He ran into one difficulty after another. Instead of easing out to the Bahamas or cutting over to Havana, where he often found it possible to relax and increase production, he stayed in Key West through June and July so as to be able to communicate easily with people in New York. At the end of July he drove with Pauline, Patrick and Gregory out to Cooke, Montana, where he could find friendly ranch life and a complete change of scene. But a month there was enough to clarify his feelings. By the end of August he was heading back to Europe again on the Normandie.

When he returned to Spain, still with credentials and able to fulfill magazine commitments, the war was definitely going against the Republican side. Ernest missed the most exciting part of the battle of the Ebro in the humid August heat, but he was there when it came to an end. The Ebro front was the last hope of the Republican cause. It temporarily worried the Fascists, but when it began to cave in it took the Republican hopes with it. By October, Negrin, Premier of the Spanish Republic, was convinced that all available troops could not stem the flow of Fascist invaders.

In mid-November, Ernest and Herbert Matthews were with Vincent Sheean on the west bank of the Ebro, just before that front collapsed. A few days later they were among the last to recross the river as the Fascist advance continued. Ernest saw the war drawing to an end, and left Spain without filing further news dispatches. The news syndicate felt there was little interest being shown by readers in America.

Ernest was carrying a heavy load of misery when he returned to Key West. He was having difficulty with his own personal code of ethics. He had finally decided that he needed to make a clean break with Pauline. The move would not be an easy one. As Ernest once said, "Once you've really loved someone, you never stop . . . completely."

His problems were not eased when our mother came down to Key West for a visit. She was on a self-appointed

good-will mission. Ernest knew it and would have nothing to do with it. He got her a suite at the Casa Marina Hotel, had her come over to the house frequently, and kept his own counsel. He knew the spot any son is in when explaining to a parent that his previous wisdom has been open to criticism. And he had taken enough censure during the time of his first divorce to avoid all future encounters.

After Mother left, Ernest took the Pilar to Havana and began writing *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. Martha came down to Havana on occasion, and Ernest continued to work well on the book. During her first visit, the two located a fine, high piece of land six miles east of the city, just back of Cojimar where there had once been an ancient watchtower, or vigia. A sprawling, one-story house was in one corner. The place had an air about it and a marvelous view. They bought the 19 acres, kept the old name of Finca La Vigia, and proceeded to refurbish the entire grounds.

Martha was enchanting. She had real brains, beauty, and the body of a Circe. I was delighted that she was about to become my favorite third sister-in-law, though I gave full honors to the first two.

The summer of 1939 Ernest's predictions on the coming big war came true. He read all the dispatches as they were released. And he kept working in the face of continuous distractions, ranging from guests to political problems. That winter Martha went to Finland to do some magazine pieces for *Collier's* on the Russo-Finnish War.

Later, when I had come back from a special Caribbean assignment, Ernest and I went out drinking and fishing and hangovering just for the wonderful release that came of his winding up projects. For he was at last finishing *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. He told me he had worked on it steadily for 15 months. "It's a ballwacker, Baron. An honest-to-Christ ballwacker."

Early in November 1940, Ernest's divorce from Pauline became final. Pauline was as gracious and considerate as any human being could be. She wrote a wonderful letter to Mother saying that she was certain the news had been a blow to her, as it had been to Pauline's own parents, and that she was sorry. But she said Mother would always be a mother to her. She was convinced that under the circumstances it had been the best thing to do for all concerned, and that she was glad it was over. The heart of another, she said.



### Johnny Lives It Up

The Mathis magic works again, as Johnny takes ballad or bounce in the same wonderfully effortless stride. Conductor Nelson Riddle's arrangements help set the lively scene.



LOOK

### Subways Are for Sleeping

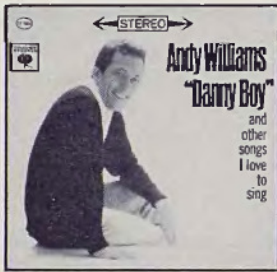
Hold tight! Hit makers Styne, Comden and Green take you on a breathtaking ride through the zany world of drifters and grifters who dream their private dreams in public places—like the subway!



WHAT'S

### Andy's Choice

TV and record star Andy Williams has a voice as tender as a heartbeat, and a special affection for gentle persuaders like "Danny Boy" and "Summertime." Andy now records exclusively for Columbia Records.



COMING

### Pick a Pair of Love Songs

There are two sides to a love story, as Ray Conniff, his band and his singers tell it. The girls sing a love song—the boys answer with another. And there's a happy ending—especially with the Conniff beat.



OUT ON

### The Dukes of Broadway

The happiest jazz around these days is played by the peerless Dukes of Dixieland. And for their first Columbia (LP), the Dukes cavort on Broadway with hit show tunes in snappy Dixieland tempos.



COLUMBIA

### 12-of-a-Kind

Lady Luck is fickle, but Frankie Laine woos her and wins her with a dozen lusty songs about horses, poker, dice, roulette... and women.



RECORDS 

CHOOSE SPECTACULAR STEREO OR MATCHLESS MONAURAL



# My Brother, Ernest Hemingway *(continued)*

was a dark forest, and she then observed that people could only do what they could and "really considering what they have to contend with in this world, it is amazing that they do as well as they do." She urged Mother to come down again to see her and her sons, Patrick and Gregory, and to visit me and my wife and sons, Jake and Peter, who were also in Key West. She reported everyone strong and healthy and said I was writing well. The letter expressed the kind of feeling which Ernest had long searched for in others.

Two weeks after the divorce Ernest and Martha were married by a justice of the peace in Cheyenne, Wyoming.

While vacationing at Sun Valley that fall, Ernest and Martha had completed the sale of film rights for *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. It went to Paramount for \$150,000, then a record sum.

Ernest wanted Ingrid Bergman to play Maria and Gary Cooper to play Robert Jordan in the film. Ingrid at that time was under contract to David Selznick, and when Ernest heard this he was delighted. He knew Coop would do everything possible to arrange his own freedom for the role. They were friends who had shot many birds together, and for years Ernest had been an admirer of Cooper's acting style.

In the spring of 1941, Ernest and Martha flew to San Francisco and from there to Honolulu, Midway, Wake, Guam, Manila, Hong Kong and Singapore. They also went inland to see what had happened to China since the fighting had forced the relocation of the government's headquarters. As guests of Generalissimo and Madame Chiang Kai-shek, they moved about within the permissible areas, and floated down the Yangtze River like a pair of Connecticut Yankees in a Mandarin's Court. Ernest enjoyed the situation enormously.

Covering the British defenses in the Far East, as well as the American preparations for a defensive war, Ernest filed a series of dispatches to *PM*. He talked with British military officers, coolies, the members of exclusive clubs, and foreign adventurers, trying to bring into focus their assessments of things to come. In this, he was both lucky and astute. He predicted the war would come from Japan, against British and American bases throughout the Pacific and southeast Asia.

By July, Ernest and Martha were back in Havana. After the United States entered the war, Ernest and I continued for more than a year writing through the censorship between this country and Cuba. I was in radio intelligence sta-

tioned in Washington for two years before I was finally sent overseas.

Two years passed before we had a chance to see each other again. I was in England in the spring of 1943, a year before Ernest arrived, but Martha got there as a war correspondent for *Collier's* about six months after I did. I wangled out of the soft job doing radio intelligence work at the Embassy, and into an Army uniform as a member of a documentary film unit. Martha lent me 20 pounds before she headed back over to the Mediterranean front in the spring of 1944. Soon after, Ernest came bounding into town. He had been made chief of *Collier's* European Bureau, a real tribute to Joe Knapp's fair and forgiving nature after the fight they had had in Bimini years earlier. As *Collier's* chief of correspondents, Ernest would approve expense accounts, including Martha's.

There was a lot of catching up to do when Ernest finally arrived in London, six weeks before the invasion of Normandy. He sounded mighty cheerful when I called him at the Dorchester Hotel just after he had checked in. "Come on over, Baron, soon as you can. I'll meet you down at the bar in 10 minutes."

I reached the small bar downstairs in his hotel in seven minutes flat and was just ordering a beer when Ernest walked up, resplendent in a full beard and his correspondent's uniform. "Ho, Stein, you're looking good," I said.

"You too, kid," he grinned and punched me on the shoulder lightly. He was effusive. "Those bucket seats on the Lancaster bomber were for the birds, but we beat them here, the birds, I mean. The ones we saw over Newfoundland and Ireland. Damn. Have you ever seen such a green island as Ireland from the air? I flew over with the RAF and those chaps really knew the course. Beats standing in line for a priority on the civilian airlines. Here—what are you drinking?" He saw the beer being poured. "Bartender, keep that beer. Another time it may save a life. But right now, us brothers are going to have a few mouthfuls of Scotland's most noted product. Baron, don't you agree?"

"I'm backing you, Stein. How long's it been since the Florida?"

"Too long," he said. "And hell's own number of things later."

We got our whiskies, touched glasses in a silent toast, and drank. Then Ernest went on in a quieter, calm voice. "Got something to show you. Promise not to tell anyone? *Anyone*, you understand?"

I nodded. Ernest took another swallow, unbuttoned his tunic enough to reach

into a shirt pocket, and handed me a well-used envelope. I opened it and suddenly knew how good a man can feel about a job that is over, when it has been using all his nervous energy for a long time.

It was quiet there in the small bar of the Dorchester. Most people were upstairs dressing for the evening. Ernest finished his drink and had another as I read down the black sheet with the small white letters. It was a photostat of a letter on a Department of State letterhead. Beyond "The United States of America," I read the name of the Embassy, the salutation, and the involved, two-paragraph statement by Spruille Braden, the Ambassador to Cuba who was the personal representative of the President.

In summary, it stated that the bearer, Ernest Hemingway, had, over a lengthy period of time, performed hazardous and valuable operations in the prosecution of the sea war against Nazi Germany that were of a highly confidential nature. The undersigned was highly cognizant of the value of these and grateful for the manner in which they had been performed.

"Jeezus, man, you've done it again."

"Listen, Baron," Ernest began, "it wasn't the time, or the danger. That was the best part, truly. But those unprintable underlings had me feeling my temper a couple of times."

"What was the first time?" I'd been a straight man for years, but never a more eager one than at that moment.

"When they made me sign that memo receipt. It was for \$32,000 and it covered only the radio equipment. We had good stuff to listen with, stuff so sensitive you could get bearings if you could keep the boat from swinging. We even heard weak signals from out in the Atlantic."

"Who was the crew? What equipment did you have?"

"That was the best part. The most everybody could handle, and we stowed it so it wouldn't show. During most of the time we had a full crew—nine, counting me. You wouldn't have known her. The *Pilar* has new engines now. We had the best crew we could get. They were pros from the very start. Some Cuban boats had been sunk damned close, you know."

I knew. I reminded him about the Colombians and the schooners that had been machine-gunned, with survivors getting back weeks later. They were people we knew.

"That's what we hoped for, having one come alongside like that."

"Would you have been able to get them?"

"Nobody knows for sure. That was bad luck. But you should have seen what we carried, and our defenses. One of the



local boys came to me and said, 'Papa, I don't feel good without some armor for the boat. Why not carry armor? Then if the Germans shoot straight at us when we close in, we won't be full of holes. I can't sleep good just thinking we ought to have some armor.' So then I found some steel plate. We had one section that would have stopped or deflected anything but a five-inch deck gun, and maybe that. It was so damned heavy when it was stowed, we ran trimmed down by the head. She didn't respond well and felt lopy. Plenty of our value was being lost in weight. We had to be maneuverable. But I carried the armor anyway. The kid had been talking for the whole crew, I figured. Finally the boy came to me. 'Papa, I don't sleep so well knowing we are heavy in the water forward.' So we took off the armor and she was a real boat again."

"What kind of damage could you do?" New drinks were in our hands.

"Plenty. Besides small arms, we had machine guns, bazookas, and something big to put the chill on a Kraut conning tower. We had a bomb with a short fuse and handles. We kept it topside, below the canvas spray shield, unlash and ready to fling. The idea was to keep nosing around where we heard them talking. Eventually one would surface and order us alongside. Then two of the crew would arm the bomb, grab the handles, and, as we came abreast of the sub's conning tower, we figured to clean her decks with our guns while we flung the bomb over the lip of the conning tower. It would either blast the watertight hatch off or go down the hatch and explode in the periscope control area. Either way we'd then have a live one that couldn't dive. You know . . . all her code books, armament, and the crew as prisoners for intelligence to use against the rest of the Kraut fleet everywhere."

"But no contact?"

"None close in. We came awfully near though. We could hear them talking out by Cay Sal and both east and west of the city, down the coast. I found myself remembering plenty of Kraut and they used slang even, talking with each other. The one we located for certain was bombed by a plane the day after we were called in. The pilot said he was certain that he got it, but it didn't satisfy the Pilar's crew. We got whistled in like dogs that had found game but couldn't stay to see it bagged."

"How long were you at it?"

Ernest considered that a moment. "One time we were out for 90 days straight, with me making trips into Nuevitas by launch for supplies. Hey, your old boat is still running down there. I saw her. Another time we were out 103 days. That's how I got this unprintable skin cancer crud. Too much sunburn on same places. Doctor advised skipping the shave for several weeks. By then, had beard. I

This is a certified  
**f:35<sup>d</sup>**  
**PERFECT PRESENCE SOUND**  
**RECORDING**

*f:35<sup>d</sup> Perfect Presence Sound marks a new film breakthrough in sound engineering. Only Mercury's f:35<sup>d</sup> recording technique can achieve "infinite depth" in the widest range of authentic sound possible. Original recording made on 35 mm film.*

ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT  
MERCURY SOUND STUDIOS

This **GOLD SEAL** of Validity insures infinite depth for infinite listening pleasure . . .

and only  has it

**MERCURY's f:35<sup>d</sup> Perfect Presence Sound marks the new film breakthrough in sound.** New recording techniques plus 35mm film provide a recording with the widest dynamic range ever. Surfaces are incredibly quiet. No tape hiss. No flutter. All you hear is broad, musical sound that defies comparison with any other recording technique. Listen. When you've discovered the thrilling difference that f:35<sup>d</sup> brings to music, you'll want to own all f:35<sup>d</sup> recordings. Ask for them.



CLEBANOFF AND HIS ORCHESTRA  
STRINGS AFIRE  
PPS 6019/PPS 2019



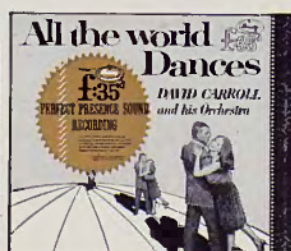
XAVIER CUGAT  
CUGAT PLAYS  
CONTINENTAL HITS  
PPS 6021/PPS 2021



PETE RUGOLO  
10 SAXOPHONES  
AND 2 BASSES  
PPS 6023/PPS 2023



GEORGE BARNES  
GUITARS GALORE  
PPS 6020/PPS 2020



DAVID CARROLL  
ALL THE WORLD DANCES  
PPS 6022/PPS 2022



FREDERICK FENNEL  
CONDUCTS COLE PORTER  
PPS 6024/PPS 2024



# My Brother, Ernest Hemingway *(continued)*

like it, so make cracks at your peril. Let's have another drink."

The next afternoon Ernest was his old self, stimulating and full of energy. "Big morning, checking damned documents and thinking out coverage with Bill Courtney and Joe Deering," he said. "Damn, I wish Marty would show up. She's somewhere in Italy. I sent a radio message yesterday. No answer. C'mon, kid. Let's walk. You can show me where things are, without making it a Cook's tour."

We headed down the edge of Hyde Park, then past the Palace down Pall Mall and over to Piccadilly Circus, and then Bond Street, talking all the way. "Damn," he would say admiringly, from time to time. "This is a rich country. Look at that, Baron. Even after the big bombing raids, these buildings stand up well. And the clubs and homes. Such quiet taste. The dough they have, they know enough not to show. I even like the stores. Let's walk around by Hardy's. I want to see the place I've been buying fishing tackle from for all these years."

We walked all afternoon. When we got back to the hotel there was a message from Robert Capa, the photographer, and Ernest was off for the evening.

I saw Capa the next day. "Papa's got troubles," he grinned. "That bloody beard scares off all the girls."

"I've got an idea," I said, remembering the old Chicago days. "Introduce him to Mary Welsh. I saw her the other day talking to Bill Walton. He'll know where she can be reached."

In a couple of days, Ernest was feeling personally admired again and life was very pleasant around him.

"Come to our house. It's a party for Papa tonight," Capa said a few days after Ernest's arrival. It was a time of great uncertainty. Only general officers knew how close D-Day was, and one of them had already been sent back to the States for talking too loud. London was a beehive with all the frantic, often aimless activities. There were always parties by correspondents or officers and the most popular party game seemed to be the making of fascinating, guarded hints to pretty girls. Everyone knew something about everyone else. For journalism is a fairly limited, crafty occupation. Those who had survived a few years of it were seasoned observers, versed in sources, indications, and an ability to write hunch stories. The coming attack was to be the show of shows. It would either wrap up the war in Europe or be one of history's great fiascos, the observers said.

At Robert Capa's apartment that night there was a general air of seriousness that soon disappeared with the diversity of the drinks. Capa was a master at organizing, scrounging and liberating. In

this city full of rules and regulations, he had organized a supply of the finest bottles from various officers' messes in the city and nearby.

There were descriptions of great dispatches, anecdotes of the times that fantastic pictures had been caught, recitals of inoculations, drawings of strange equipment and discussions of units that had odd missions, and comparisons of stories yet to be written.

We got to going back over so many times, and the weird things that had happened, that the time, the drinks, and gradually the other guests began drifting out. Suddenly it was very late.

"That's the good thing about alcohol," Ernest said. "It ruins your time sense. If you can pick the times of destruction, you've got a very happy life ahead . . . Come on, kid, let's box. We need some action." We put down our glasses and sparred for a while.

Capa's girl was named Pinky. She was a Belgian girl who had escaped; she was freckled, charming, and an engaging hostess. "Reason I call her Pinky," said Roberto, "is because she tastes like strawberries. Honest. Kiss her yourself and see." He was absolutely right.

"Miss Pinky, my daughter," Ernest said, "you are a treasure. You are the kind we seek. You are something beyond words."

Pinky was taken aback. She blushed.

"Now you do this," Capa said. "She's my girl. Don't make her blush. Get your own girl."

We sparred some more. A good doctor stayed out in the kitchen with us. His name was Peter and he was *simpatico*, Ernest felt. He wanted to talk more about things of the past and how things had been. "Easy and lucky," he summed them up. "Easy because that's the way it goes best, and lucky or we wouldn't have made it this far and we wouldn't be here now."

The night was almost over and there was a singing in my ears. We all were intent on clearing the apartment and went around saying, "Shhhh, shhhh," and out in the foyer we called "Good night" in loud voices to signal our leaving. Suddenly we were out in the foggy night air. Peter and his girl and Ernest headed around the corner. "I'll drive you to the Dorch," Peter said to Ernest. "You can't get a cab this time of night. Not even a general could."

I called a last farewell in what seemed much too loud a voice on those early-morning streets, as they headed around the corner. I faintly heard a car start up as I went on down the block to my own billet nearby. It was after three o'clock of a cloudy morning.

I had slept less than three hours before first call. Out of the sack, dressing,

shaving, and on the move, I was out of the billet, the last house next to a bomb crater in Knightsbridge, within 10 minutes. In the early-morning air, I shed the last of a hangover and in 20 minutes had reached Ernest's hotel on foot. I rang. No answer on the house phone. I went up. As I walked down the hall to his pale-green suite, it was absolutely silent. He liked having people check on him. I knocked. No answer. I tried the door. It opened. But neither bed had been disturbed. It was like the story of Goldilocks, except nobody was home and nobody would be for a long time. As I came out, Capa came down the hall.

"Papa had an accident right after they left this morning. Where were you?"

"I said good night and went to get some sleep. Where's Papa? Is he badly hurt?"

"Not bad, just cut. He's in the hospital right near here. They phoned me just a while ago and I came over to see if anyone was here. Let's go see him."

We moved swiftly then. At the hospital in Knightsbridge past which I had just walked, the night was still on. The day staff hadn't taken over yet. No guard was at the door. No permission was needed to enter. There was only a sleepy admission attendant who looked up room numbers. We went upstairs to the room where Ernest lay, half propped up. The top of his scalp was split not quite half open, pink and gaping. A bandage ran like a halo around his head. Below it twinkled those birdlike eyes, taking in everything.

"Hi, Baron. You missed a great ride in the London air. Seen the papers yet?"

"What happened?"

"Hit a water tank right down the block. Peter's legs are bad. His girl is all cut up. I'm the lucky one. They'll operate on each of us, soon as the doctor comes. I need some stitching done. But have you seen the papers?"

"No . . . why?"

"Some reporter came to the desk. Thought he had a story. I want to see what the press says. Those bloody unprintable . . ." He was like a great bear who had just had a meat cleaver removed from his skull. He was hurt, yes. But he was far more thoroughly enraged and nothing was going to stop him at that point. It was a poor time to say it had all been an accident. Ernest had suddenly been thrown from the back seat clear into the car's windshield. What infuriated him was realizing he was going to be in bed at such a crucial time.

". . . so get me the papers, will you, Baron? Don't worry about me. I'll be out of here and in bed at the hotel as fast as possible. I just need a mending job. But try and wangle some leave from your out-





## PLANS NOW SET FOR BALTIMORE PLAYBOY CLUB!

### PLAYBOY's Ultra-Modern Club to Set Social Scene in Chesapeake Bay Vicinity

BALTIMORE (Special) — The hub of Baltimore's night-life area will soon be enriched by the striking, ultra-modern Playboy Key Club to be located at 1006 N. Morton Street, near famed Mount Vernon Square and the stately Belvedere Hotel. Presently standing on the Club site is an eighteenth-century coach house which will be completely renovated to house five levels of PLAYBOY's noted hallmarks — good-hearted fun and highly-praised entertainment.

Thus, Keyholders will be delighted to enter the Baltimore Club and find the familiar, yet subtly different, Penthouse and Library showrooms featuring sophisticated talent; the Playmate Bar with its hi-fi entertainment center; the closed-circuit television

system; the sumptuous Living Room Buffet; the Penthouse Prime Platter and the hearty Playboy Club Breakfast. And completing this beautiful setting will be the presence of the lovely and gracious Bunny hostesses.

Moreover, special features of the Baltimore Club have been conceived with the acknowledged good taste of the Keyholders in mind. Fully aware of their appreciation and preference for the

**Your One  
Playboy Club Key  
Unlocks  
All Playboy Clubs.**

unique, the Baltimore Club will utilize a magnificent cantilevered staircase with steps winging out from a tall, stately marble column. Each flight of this staircase will lead to a level housing a Playboy Clubroom—five levels in all.

There will also be a flood-lit floating garden surrounding a breathtaking waterfall.

**THE PLAYBOY CLUBS  
ARE OPEN SUNDAYS**  
CHICAGO & NEW ORLEANS  
4:00 P. M.—4:00 A. M.  
MIAMI  
5:00 P. M.—4:00 A. M.

Residents in the Chesapeake Bay area are invited to take advantage of the \$25 Charter Rate. After the Club officially opens, keys will be only available at the \$50 Regular Fee.

### PLAYBOY CLUB LOCATIONS

Clubs Open—116 E. Walton St. in Chicago; 7701 Biscayne Blvd. in Miami; 727 Rue Iberville in New Orleans.

Locations Set—5 East 59th St. in New York; 8580 Sunset Blvd. in Los Angeles; 1014 E. Jefferson Ave. in Detroit; 1006 N. Morton St. in Baltimore; 3914 Lindell Blvd. in St. Louis; 736-38 Montgomery St. in San Francisco.

Next in Line—Pittsburgh, Boston, Dallas, Washington, D.C., Puerto Rico.



Be it business or pleasure, Keyholders receive the finest in luncheon service and taste-tempting menus, while they pay ONLY THE PRICE OF A DRINK. The wide choice of dining atmospheres includes the Roast Beef Cart at the Playmate Bar (upper left), the Living Room Buffet (upper right) with menus that vary from day to day; and the Penthouse, featuring the "Playboy Prime Platter," served by Playboy's beautiful Bunnies.

## PLAYBOY IN NEW ORLEANS!



New Orleans Mayor Victor H. Schiro (second from left) was on the receiving end of a key for a change. Hugh M. Hefner, President of Playboy Clubs International, presents Mayor Schiro with a Playboy Club Key at the opening of the Crescent City Club. Pictured with the Mayor and Hefner are film star Monique Van Vooren (left) and Bunny Chris Myers.

## PLAYBOY CLUB KICKS OFF CHICAGO CRUSADE OF MERCY CAMPAIGN Club Employees Contribute \$1,600



The Playboy Club is a good neighbor in each community. Bunny-Playmate Christa Speck, representing 90 employees of the Chicago Playboy Club, presents a check for \$1,600 to Brooks McCormick, campaign chairman of the Crusade of Mercy. This represents an average contribution of \$17.70 per employee for this year's fund drive.

### Mail Today for Information on Joining the Playboy Club

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

Gentlemen:

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

Name \_\_\_\_\_ (please print)

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ County \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



# My Brother, Ernest Hemingway *(continued)*

fit, if you can. There's so damned much to do, I'll need somebody reliable around the joint."

That morning none of us in London realized what bulletins had gone out in the day's news. A British dispatch had reported Ernest Hemingway killed in a blackout accident in London. With wartime censorship in effect, an error that could have been corrected in a minute during peacetime became an all-day job of correction in May 1944. In the meantime, early-shift staff members on major newspapers elsewhere were preparing obituaries for the first time in Ernest's life. It took time for the major wire services to straighten out the report. While that was being done, people in far-off places were mourning the loss of Mr. Papa, the spokesman for a generation that liked to think of itself as lost.

The next few days passed in a whirl. Martha came back from the Mediterranean area. The situation called for diplomacy. Once sewn up, Ernest's head was giving him hell, but he didn't want to admit it. And when Marty came to visit, there were words bandied about. These were followed by notes to be delivered. I was the messenger. It was a bad spot to be in because I felt a definite loyalty to each of them and hated to hear things that rankled.

As soon as possible, Ernest left the hospital and got into bed at the Dorchester. He was grouchy as a bear with sore toenails. Though ordered to stay away from alcohol, he was pouring himself whiskey only five days after the accident, and growling to himself whenever room service was slow, or if my errands took unduly long. He read a lot of newspapers, but without seeming to care how contrived the bits of news were.

It was just a week after the crash, but Ernest was dressed and ready to get some exercise when I reached his suite one morning.

"How's the head actually feeling?"

"It's working all right, kid. It throbs pretty good. Took my pulse this morning just by listening. The way it feels, you ought to be able to hear it right from where you're standing . . . Come on, let's walk. I want to see some of the RAF types today."

No human being ever talked Ernest out of an idea. He either tried it or discarded it himself. That was how it was when, through friends, he managed to get permission to go along on first one, then two, low-level missions in Mosquito fighter bombers against "targets of opportunity" in occupied France.

He made the first flight only 10 days after the accident, and when he told me what had been arranged I did a kid brother's level best to slow him down,

pointing out that sudden changes of altitude could bring on bleeding and that as the son of a physician he knew he ought to wait until the stitches were removed.

"Skip all that, will you, Baron?"

"It's been skipped because you're in charge. But you should wait."

"This is when they're flying these missions. They run into all kinds of interesting things. You know me, kid. I'll be back." Then he went down the hall. He said he wanted to ask the maid for some small gift, for luck. He came back with a champagne cork.

The next afternoon Ernest was up in his suite feeling jubilant. "It was great, Baron. I felt terrific as we came back." He had seen a lot of country, had been in some fast action, and the plane had not been hit or knocked down, or set afire, or forced into a scrambled landing. Best of all, his head wound hadn't hemorrhaged. It was a fantastic chance he'd taken. He had his own reasons, call them reactions, for taking that chance. Any logical man would have stayed in bed, listening to the arterial throbbing while the ice packs melted on his brow. I realized Ernest had found a drastic cure for the blues that had been trying to set in. Looking out the window, he said in a sad, quiet voice, "She only came to see me twice while I was laid up and hurting here. What a way for a wife to be . . ."

From then on, whenever anyone asked about Martha, Ernest would explain briefly, "She's here, too, right now. But this isn't her area. She was assigned to the Mediterranean theater of operations. And it's quite a show. Down there, I mean."

Each of them tried to put personal feelings aside when it came to business. They were, no matter what their personal problems, each capable of delivering great value in their publishable dispatches. Yet Martha was obliged to regard Ernest as a news bureau chief, an official who would look over and authorize her expense accounts. "He's worse than the Government," Marty told me by way of summing up Ernest's attitude.

Then one day things really began moving. "Get over to this supply place and draw me some equipment, Baron. Here's the list."

Ernest was already thinking of something else as I read down through webbelting, canteen, haversack, helmet and liner, wool cap underliner, correspondent's note case, first-aid pouch, gas mask, plastic poncho for gas attack, and other things.

"Hey, Stein," I said. "You want this right away?"

He nodded.

"The supply place at the PX is

mobbed right now. I came by there this morning. Could bring you my own gear as far as possible. I can always replace it later. It would have my serial number, though."

"That's OK. It's fine with me."

So Ernest went through the active part of World War II with equipment lettered "Hemingway 10601462" on the reverse of everything.

In the weeks before D-Day there had been a campaign strange to the practiced observers in the public relations field. Throughout London the correspondents were literally being given the pitch. Young publicity-conscious officers were telling them why they should join the such-and-such group during the invasion. The public at home was full of curiosity and every outfit was conscious of home-town publicity.

Ernest had been approached by several outfits. One that he liked considerably, because of its leaders, was the 4th Infantry. The major general in charge was Raymond Barton, an intelligent Southerner with a bushy mustache, who loved his men and his assignments, whatever they might turn out to be. He had made gentlemen out of clods and riflemen of ditchdiggers. The 4th Infantry Division had Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., a man of thought as well as action, as one of its three brigadiers. He was a New York editor with guts, stamina and ability and had just come through the North African Campaigns with the kind of record most officers dreamed of. General Roosevelt's aide-de-camp was Captain Marcus B. Stevenson, son of the then Governor of Texas. Stevie knew Ernest was the combat correspondent he wanted, the one person the men in the outfit would respect. Stevie outlined a campaign, carried it out, and won the interest and decision. Ernest would go in with the 4th, wherever it went. The publicity siege was over.

A great scurrying movement spread over the staging areas the first weekend in June. There was a lot of talk, but it was all small talk. Ernest headed down the coast where he would load aboard the attack transport Dorothea Fox. I went with another unit to Scotland where we boarded the cruiser Southampton. With hundreds of thousands of other Allied troops, we crossed the Channel the evening of June 5, 1944.

---

*This is the third installment in Leicester Hemingway's four-part biography of his brother Ernest. The last installment will appear in March.*







*"Do you folks realize that we may be snowbound up here for two or three days?"*



# ANTHONY FROM AFAR

*behind his slick façade  
there was a dangerous  
brittleness, a ghastly begging*

*fiction* By BERNARD WOLFE

I REMEMBER MY FIRST MEETING with this Anthony. It was in the busiest social center in Hollywood, the assembly room that is to the actor what his club is to a London barrister; the unemployment insurance office on Santa Monica Boulevard.

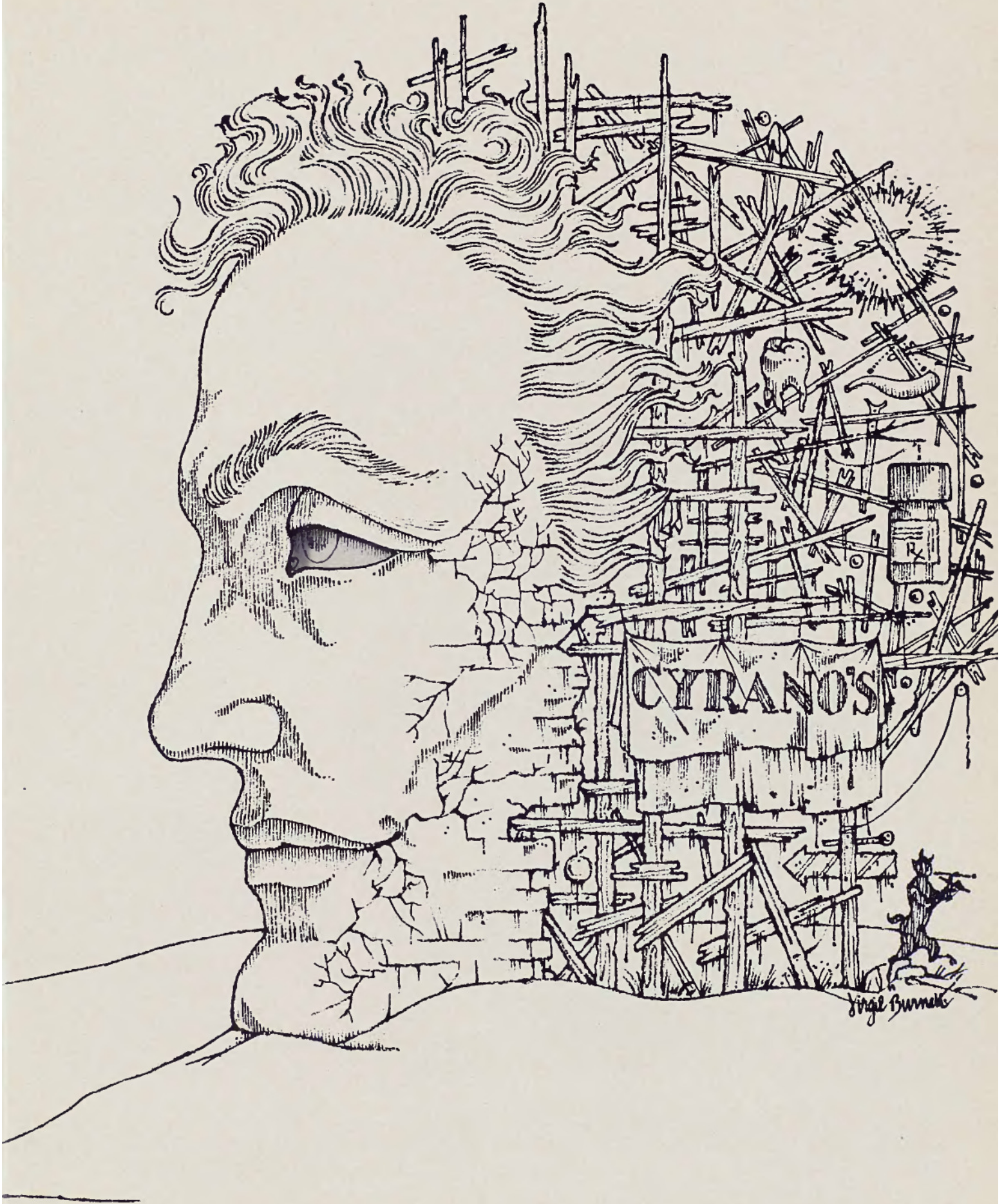
My friends, who know what I think about the handing out of *Trinkgeld* and other lagniappes to the laughing boys of the acting fraternity, will ask what I was doing in a place like that. I was not after handouts. The way it happened, a friend of mine, a bristle-edged New York novelist named Gordon Rengs, had made the mistake of staying on in Hollywood after finishing his first movie script. The hotter hotheads of the Writers' Guild, fellows who are pleased to think that the typewriter has something fundamentally in common with the pick and shovel, had clenched their fists, a gesture not easy to make when your fingers are hooked with writer's cramp, gathered up their exclamation points and put through a strike for a *two-pool* wage. Months passed. Gordon, who had literally eaten up his savings, had had to choose whether he would let his electric typewriter or his Alfa-Romeo be repossessed and, being the romantic he is, had decided for art over mobility; as he had no way of getting around, I had offered to drive him to the money dispensary.

Well. This day I was walking up and down in the rear of the unemployment office while Gordon Rengs tried to collect his bonus for not working. A rangy young fellow with ominous shoulders came over to take his place in one of the pay-window lines and, looking over the room as though it were the lobby of Grauman's Chinese on premiere night, his eye caught mine, he stared, there was a moment of large question marks; after which his classic cowpoke countenance lit up with a smile I can only describe as canyonesque.

It's not an unmixed blessing to have a well-known face. People have peculiar, much too emotional, reactions when they meet in the flesh a face they have seen over and over on the movie screen or the television tube. Some of them want to take it home. Almost all of them want to touch it. (continued on page 56)







Virgil Burnick



## FITTING OUT FOR TWIN-EARED SOUNDS

*from the best that's new in stereo gear, the editors*

THE MOST IMPORTANT RECENT DEVELOPMENT in the world of high fidelity is, of course, the long-awaited debut of stereo, or multiplex, FM. For the benefit of anybody who may have tuned in late, we should explain that the FCC in Washington has finally put its seal of approval on a method for broadcasting stereophonic program material over a single FM carrier signal. The technique by which one station can broadcast two separate channels is called multiplexing. It involves transmitting a combination



**\$500:** Our suggestion for a moderately priced, good-sounding rig would include the Sherwood S-8000, which incorporates a stereo FM multiplex receiver, plus a 64-watt (32 per channel) power amplifier and control unit; Garrard's Type A Automatic Turntable, which is both a turntable and a changer, with calibrated stylus-pressure gauge, fitted out with a Shure M77 Dynetic cartridge; the music goes round and round and comes out a pair of Jensen TF-3 speaker systems, smallish yet full sounding, each with 10-inch woofer, two midrange units and spherical tweeter. Optional: Allied's KN-1402 equipment cabinet at \$74.50.



## FITTING OUT FOR TWIN-EARED SOUNDS

*select four rigs gauged to your preferences and pelf*

of left and right channels on the main carrier, while a subcarrier transmits the "difference" between the two channels. An ordinary FM radio — sensitive only to the main carrier — will continue to give forth mono sound in proper balance; a stereo FM radio — with its built-in multiplex circuitry designed to decode the subcarrier — will sort out the left and right channels and pipe them into your stereo speakers. This sounds complicated, and it is; but it does seem to work with startling success. The



**\$1000:** Stepping up a notch in both preference and pelf, we lean toward Fisher's 800-B AM-FM all-in-one multiplex receiver with 65-watt stereo amplifier and control unit, and a Stereo Beam indicator to tell you when you've hit a multiplex signal; the Thorens TD-124 Transcription Turntable with a variable speed adjustment control and illuminated stroboscope, coupled with an Ortofon RMG-309 tone arm and SPU-GT cartridge; the speakers are a pair of Tannoy Dual 12" Concentrics in Belvedere Senior enclosures that give out refreshingly open and honest sounds. Optional: University's Medallion Credenza equipment cabinet at \$180.



bugs that plagued some of the early stereo FM transmissions — excessive background noise, capricious separation, and the like — have apparently been eradicated. And with more and more FM outlets converting to stereo all the time, we see nothing but fair sailing ahead. You'll find an abundance of stereo FM tuners, and of multiplex adapters for existing mono tuners, already in production by the major component houses.

Although stereo FM has been hogging most of the limelight in recent months, a couple of other new developments are worth reporting. The trend toward miniaturization of high fidelity componentry seems to be



**\$1500:** At this figure, the compleat fidelitarian can have just about anything he craves. We suggest he start off with the Empire Troubadour turntable, arm and cartridge combination that tracks perfectly at one gram in utter silence; a Bell T-337 four-track stereo record/playback tape deck plus two Electro-Voice Model 664 microphones; H. H. Scott model 350 stereo FM tuner, ultrasensitive and drift-free; to run it all, a Fisher X-202-B 75-watt Master Control Amplifier; for clean bass and treble, a pair of Bozak B-302As, a three-way speaker system mounted in Urban enclosures. Optional: Bozak's C-305U equipment cabinet at \$185.



gaining momentum. It's true that most of the large manufacturers are still giving transistors a wide berth — on the principle that the transistor's superiority in the audio field has yet to be proven — but a couple of the smaller outfits are concentrating on transistorized equipment exclusively, presumably to some profit. Whatever the electronic pros and cons of transistors versus vacuum tubes, there's no doubt that transistorized gear has definite advantages when space is at a premium. Omega Electronics' 60-watt stereo control amplifier, for instance, measures a slim three inches from top to bottom; and since transistorized equipment



**AND UP:** For the guy with plenty of cash and spare room, a Rek-O-Kut Model B-12H turntable with Shure's Model 232 tone arm and Audio Dynamic's ADC-1 cartridge; Miracord Studio H automatic changer with Pickering 381 cartridge; Sony's transistorized 777-S record/playback stereo tape recorder plus two Shure Model 330 Uni-Ron microphones; Harman-Kardon Citation III-X stereo FM tuner; National's NC-190 AM and Shortwave receiver; Marantz Model 7 preamplifier powered by two Marantz Model 9 70-watt amplifiers; Electro-Voice Patrician 700 speaker systems; Superex ST-M headphones. Optional: Barzily cabinet at \$230.



runs cool, you don't have to worry about ventilation. Speaker systems are shrinking in size, too. The Rek-O-Kut/Audax Sonoteer system manages to sequester five speakers in an enclosure that measures four inches from front to back; Jensen's 3-P Thin Line system (also with five speakers) is even thinner. It's only fair to add that some strong differences of opinion exist as to the feasibility of extracting adequate bass response from speaker systems this small. We'll duck the fight and propose that you listen for yourself. The question of balancing off compact size against the ultimate in performance is a purely personal equation, anyway.

We note also a continuing trend toward compact, low-cost, integrated turntable-arm combinations. The British Garrard people did the pioneering in this area a couple of years ago with their excellent Type A Automatic Turntable. Now there are competing units from Miracord, ESL and Acoustic Research—all of them beautifully engineered and all costing in the neighborhood of \$100 complete with cartridge. Some superb new cartridges are available, too—high in compliance, minute in mass, capable of lifting master-tapelike sounds from a well-cut stereo groove.

In the early, uncluttered years of high fidelity, the problem of housing componentry never seemed much of a problem. A foot of shelf space for your record changer, some obscure cranny for a low-powered amplifier, a corner for the speaker—and you were in business.

But soon sonic complications set in. FM broadcasting began to revive itself, and room had to be found on the shelf for a wide-band tuner. Then, since good radio fare is worth a repeat performance, more space had to be found for a tape recorder. Next, the compact 10-watter was retired in favor of a many-knobbed control amplifier of impressive power and bulk, while the original changer gave way to a heavy-duty hysteresis turntable with a long, delicately counter-balanced tone arm. By this time the shelf had developed an alarming sag—and books had clearly lost the battle for *Lebensraum*. Stereo administered the final blow by booting the inconspicuous folded-horn speaker out of its modest corner and depositing two new acoustic-suspension systems in full view along a prominent wall. From this moment dates the proposition that high fidelity apparatus should be heard and not seen.

For a while, the proposition was simpler to enunciate than to implement. Cabinetry lagged far behind componentry in the first flush of stereo. But today stereo esthetics have caught up with stereo electronics. The handsome phonograph is back in fashion—and even the all-out fidelitarian will concede that you

can have your decibels and decor, too.

The freestanding equipment cabinet undoubtedly serves as the most popular and widely applicable contrivance for getting stereo gear out of sight and into logical operating arrangement. It can be small or large, plain or fancy, cheap or expensive—according to your needs, taste and bank account. An economy-do-it-yourselfer (in this case, a finish-it-yourselfer) can spend as little as \$62.50 for a nifty cabinet from Allied Radio that houses two pieces of electronic gear (generally, a tuner and control amplifier), a changer or turntable, a few dozen records, and two bookshelf-size speaker systems at a separation of five feet. On the other hand, the affluent can go to a custom cabinet house (for example, Gray Sound Corporation in New York City) and spend \$800 or so on an individually designed behemoth that stretches nine feet in length and hides speakers, audio electronics, TV screen, and a posh bar behind disappearing tambour doors of the rarest tropical hardwoods.

Between these extremes there exists a wide selection of good-looking cabinetry in the \$100 to \$300 range. Bozak's Urban equipment cabinet (\$185), which we've shown on page 48, falls into this middle category. Its lines are simple, its construction solid, its internal layout well conceived. Tuner, preamp and power amplifier are panel-mounted behind the left door; records or tape-player go behind the right door; a changer or turntable nestles into a well beneath a lift-top on right. Speakers in separate enclosures flank the cabinet on either side. Altogether a dandy choice for contemporary quarters. But it's by no means the only choice. Fine stereo furniture is being turned out in profusion these days, and with most of it you can't go wrong. The chief things to demand are adequate ventilation (even the *Magic Fire Music* sounds better when your equipment isn't overheating), easy accessibility (tubes do have to be changed from time to time), and provision for an occasional upgrading of your gear (a properly designed box—one with removable mounting panels, for example—will not box you in).

Of course, the equipment cabinet isn't the only answer to the problem of stereo housing. If you're decorating your pad from scratch, you may find an even better solution in the "music wall"—which integrates high fidelity equipment into a general storage complex. This is the approach followed by Sherwood Electronic Laboratories in its new Correlaire line of modular units. Here, the equipment and speaker cabinets form part of an integrated assemblage that can include a TV cabinet, a drop-leaf bar cabinet (which comes with a set of glasses—but no potables), a drop-leaf desk, a buffet (with shelves for dishes, drawers for

linen and silverware), and chests and bookcases of various shapes and sizes. Pick the units you need, stack them on Sherwood's modular bases, and you have an attractive wall for stowing away the prime appurtenances of the good life. We've also seen some sleek music walls constructed from the Danish-made Royal System components—superbly finished teak cabinetry that hangs from long wooden rails affixed to the wall.

It has been our pleasure recently to gather together a considerable quantity of the new components and to assemble them into four suggested rigs of varying cost and complexity. We submit them as a general guide to the prospective stereo fidelitarian. One of the rigs is a sky's-the-limit deal for the man who doesn't have to look at price tags. The other three can be put together for approximately \$500, \$1000 and \$1500. The operative word is "approximately." Discounting has seeped into the high fidelity trade, and list prices can sometimes be subject to reappraisal—particularly for the customer in quest of a complete rig. Remember, though, that you'll want your equipment properly guaranteed and serviced—so be wary of the cash-and-carry dealer who offers a whopping discount and nothing else.

We begin with the man who wants a basic, up-to-date listening system at the lowest possible cost commensurate with decent quality—a figure which we put at about \$500. The kernel of his system is a stereo FM receiver that combines a sensitive multiplex tuner, a flexible stereo control preamp, and a fairly hefty power amplifier all on one chassis. We've chosen the Sherwood S-8000 (\$299.50)—an all-in-one unit that uses 21 tubes (plus four silicon rectifiers) to deliver 32 watts per channel. The record player that feeds into the S-8000's phono input jack is the aforementioned Garrard Type A Automatic Turntable (\$79.50), which combines the solidity and precision of a professional turntable with the convenience of automatic changing. Its dynamically balanced tone arm (with a calibrated stylus-pressure scale, of course) will accept practically any cartridge on the market. Our choice is the brand-new Shure M77 Dynetic cartridge (\$27.50), an improved version—in terms of stylus compliance, frequency response, channel separation, output level—of this firm's much-respected M7D model. A pair of Jensen TF-3 speaker systems (\$79.50 each, unfinished) completes the rig. The TF-3 encases a 10-inch woofer, two 3½-inch midrange units, and a high-frequency spherical tweeter in an unobtrusive, smallish enclosure. It's good value for the money. Even so, we find that we've gone over budget by \$65.50 and haven't even provided a case for the Sherwood

(continued on page 116)



NEXT TO PIZZA AND MOTELS, one of the most prevalent phenomena in the land today is group psychotherapy. In teams of anywhere from six to 12 members, the groups gather regularly for mass problem-probing and advice-offering sessions, each individual playing to some extent the role of analyst as well as patient. Now I, for one, have no quarrels with this unique form of psychic togetherness, but I can't help concerning myself with some of its possible consequences. For example, to what extent does the intimacy of the formal group session carry over into the after-hours social life of its members? And, perhaps even more important, after members have become so emotionally dependent on one another, where—in so-called normal, everyday situations—does the individual begin and the group leave off?

*The Time: About nine on a Saturday evening.*

*The Place: An East Side Manhattan apartment.*

*The Cast: The members of a regular Wednesday-night psychotherapy group.*

*The Occasion: A housewarming party given by one of the group, named June.*

"June, I can't tell you how charming your apartment is, and the party's just great. But then, yours always are."

"Thank you, Bill, I'm glad you're having such a nice time. It's always good to see you."

"Say, June, do you have a minute? There's something I want to talk to you about."

"Certainly, Bill. What is it?"

"I hardly know where to start . . . June, the 10 of us have been in this same group now for about a year."

"That's right, Bill."

"And over the past 12 months all of us have gotten to know and understand *you* better than you do yourself."

"The same goes for *you*, too, Bill. And all the others in the group. But what are you getting at?"

"June, during all this time you've . . . you've . . . I don't know how to say this . . . well, you've grown to become rather fond of me."

"Bill, your feelings for *me* are quite strong, too."

"Do you *mean* that?"

"Of *course* I do . . . Oh, Bill, excuse me, there's someone at the door. I'll be right back."

"Hi, Nancy, come right in. The party's just getting under way."

"Hello, June, what a lovely place you've got here."

"Thank you. Oh, say, Nan, I meant to ask you . . . Who was that distinguished-looking gentleman who took you home after last Wednesday's session?"

"That? Oh, *that* was my father."

"The bastard!"

"Well, June, I guess I'll go inside and say hello to the rest of the gang."

"Fine. As a matter of fact, Bill and I were just discussing something extremely personal. Why don't you come over and join us?"

"Thank you, no. I'll let you give me all the details later."

"Hi, Bill . . . Sorry to run off on you when I did. Nancy just arrived."

"Forget it, June . . . Anyway, what I was going to say was that you've been trying to tell me something for the longest time now, but you don't

*quite* know how to go about it."

"Oh, Bill, believe it or not, *you've* been wanting to say something to *me*, too."

"June, a kind of strange feeling has come over you the past few weeks and you can't really explain it. All you know is that whenever I'm near you, you seem to . . ."

"Oh, damnit, Bill, there's the doorbell again . . . Honestly, I'm *so* excited over what you've been telling me. Please don't budge till I return."

"Hello, Art, I'm so very (concluded on page 99)



humor By LARRY SIEGEL

*a few well-couched words on group therapy, the thinking man's philter*



**UNDERSLUNG ZATH**



*a second imaginary menagerie  
for children of all ages*

**SILVERSTEIN'S  
ZOO**

*satire* **By SHEL SILVERSTEIN**

**WILD CHEROTE**



**A COAT OF CHEROTE**

I'd like a coat of Wild Cherote.  
It's warm and fleecy as can be.  
But note: What if the Wild Cherote  
Would like a coat of Me?

**THE WRATH OF THE ZATH**

I fear the wrath  
Of the Underslung Zath.  
Will someone else tell him  
It's time for his bath?

**QUICK-DISGUISED GINNIT**

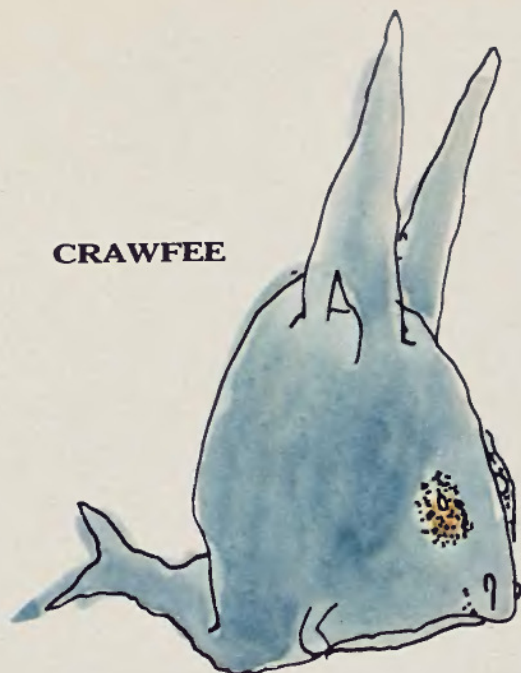


**THE GINNIT**

This is the Quick-Disguising Ginnit.  
Didn't he have you fooled for a minute?



**CRAWFEE**



**MUFFER**

**THE SILLY CRAWFEE**

That silly fish, the Crawfee,  
Has been swimming in my coffee.  
But now I've drunk it up  
And he isn't in the cup.  
And he's nowhere to be found . . .  
Do you think that he has drowned?

**SEE THE MUFFER**

Above, you see the Muffer, who . . .  
You *don't*?  
Well anyway, you see his tracks, the Muffer has gone to sup . . .  
You *don't*?  
Why that sly old beast . . .  
I do believe he's gone and covered them up!



**TRAP FOR A FURLESS FLATCHIM**

**HOW TO CAPTURE A FURLESS FLATCHIM**

The most contrary beast alive  
Is the Furless Flatchim.  
What do you think of this clever trap  
That I've invented to catch him?



## BLOATH



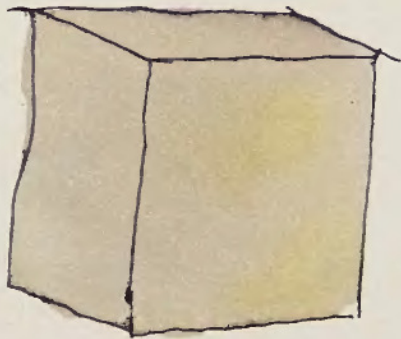
### ABOUT THE BLOATH

In the undergrowth  
There dwells the Bloath  
Who feeds upon poets and tea.  
Luckily I know this about him,  
While he knows almost nothing of me.

### UPSIDE-DOWN HALLOOHALLAY



### GREEL'S EGG



### THE EGG OF THE GREEL

This egg is the Feather-Breasted Greel's.  
If it makes you feel funny just looking at it,  
Imagine how the *Greel* feels.

### THE HALLOOHALLAY HAS TRIED

The Upside-Down Halloohallay  
(I think his name is Fred),  
He stood up on his feet one day  
(At least that's what the neighbors say),  
And tried his best to stay that way.  
(But oh, there was the deuce to pay,  
The blood went to his head!)



## WHEN THE SLINE COMES TO DINE

When the Glub-Toothed Sline  
Comes to my house to dine,  
You may find me in France or Detroit  
Or off in Khartoum,  
Or in the spare room  
Of my Uncle Ed's place in Beloit.

You may call me in Philly,  
Racine or Rabat.  
You may reach me in Malmö or Ghor.  
You may see me in Paris,  
And likely as not,  
You will run into me at the store.

You may find me in Hamburg,  
Or up in Saint Paul,  
In Kyoto, Kenosha or Gnome.  
But one thing is sure,  
If you find me at all,  
You *never* shall find me at home.



**GLUB-TOOTHED  
SLINE**

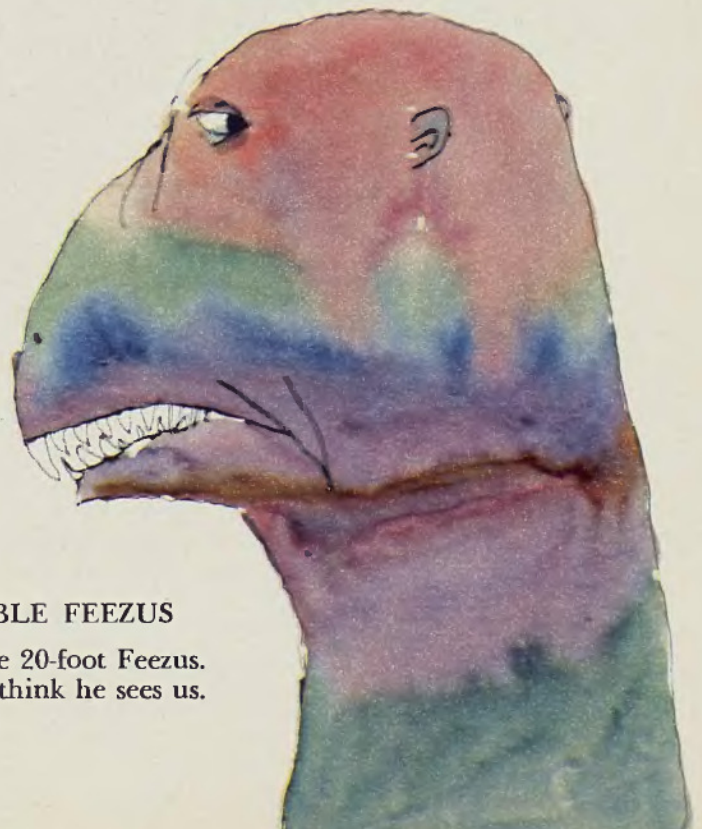
## DROAN



## THE BALD-TOP DROAN

I see you there, old Bald-Top Droan  
Hiding in that ice-cream cone.  
I'll get awful, awful sick  
If I give your head a lick.

## FEEZUS



## THE TERRIBLE FEEZUS

There is a terrible 20-foot Feezus.  
Shhh . . . I don't think he sees us.



## ANTHONY FROM AFAR (continued from page 44)

A few, the more perverse, would like to hit it. In very few cases can they simply let it go by on the assumption that, after all, it is a face like any other, with the standard capacity for gulping things down and making noises, distinguished only in the sense that it has gotten around and been photographed more than most. I have never considered it any clinching proof of merit that my features have been ogled at and daydreamed over by multitudes; all that means is that I have worked with pleasing regularity over the past 20 years, accumulating exposures the way a hod carrier accumulates calluses. But it also means that it is not easy for me to walk down the street or in any way appear as a private citizen in public places. My face has become a magnet, even a target. People keep stopping to gape at me and I never know whether they're going to say hello or spit.

This young fellow snorted, gaped, goggled. He left his place in line to walk over to me and say, "Unless I'm seeing things, no, I've got to be right, it's Farley Munters."

I did not care for the muscled heartiness, the positive, belligerent joy in his manner, all the more so considering the nature of the place he had cornered me in. I said, "I don't think I've had what is called the pleasure?"

"I've been seeing you in pictures for years and years," he said with enthusiasm. Of course he would want to drive home the chronological gap between us; young actors use their one weapon, youth, like a machete. "I'm a big fan of yours, Mr. Munters, sir." His deference I found insulting; I am, after all, only a shade past 40 and not yet entirely used to being thrown in with the sirs. "My name's Anthony Trilling, sir."

He was very blond. He was very tall. He was at the most 24. His eyes were impossibly blue. Though dressed abominably, with a yellowish salt-and-pepper jacket and off-green, welt-seamed slacks that looked like rejects from a Salvation Army swap shop, plus suede desert boots that seemed to have been run through a bog of French's mustard, he had the snub-nosed good looks that stand out on a dance floor and the leanness through the hips and thighs that goes well on a saddle or skis or in a sports car. He was obviously an actor who introduced himself all the time to strangers; his hand-shake had too much breezing energy for a man whose entire program at the moment was to collect a stipend for not doing the one thing he claimed he could do with enough professionalism to justify people paying him good money for it.

"If that's really your name, I'm happy for you," I said. I was not happy with

myself when I heard my mouth adding, "I'm waiting for someone."

"Right. Sure. You betcha. Mr. Munters," he said with the air of reciting high mass, "I would never in my worst nightmares think of you at any time in your life collecting unemployment." He made a dramatic hissing sound between his teeth. "A man like Farley Munters, unemployed! That'd be like, like Bernard Baruch on, on a bread line!"

Then Gordon was coming up, grunting, "No *pourboires* for us literary folk, they tell me I'm not eligible for payments because I'm on strike. Strike me dead and they very well may. There goes my IBM after my Alfa. I won't be able to write, not even home for money, without my trusty electric typewriter. Arise and shine, ye prisoners of starvation."

As I turned to leave, Anthony Trilling said, invisible hat in hand, practically curtsying, "I only hope before I'm finished to be one tenth the actor you are, Mr. Munters, one twentieth."

I said, "Work hard, and don't eat fatty foods."

He said seriously, "That's a heck of a good tip. I'll do that, you betcha." Without warning he unleashed a smile that was all equatorial sun.

. . .

Hollywood is a town of drugstore and coffeehouse cowboys, and most of their hangouts are along the Strip. When I am home with my family in Kew Gardens I stay put, I have no interest in seeing faces without blood connection to mine and even those that are so related to me I would rather not see uninterruptedly, but when I am by myself in Hollywood I pick up the local virus fast, a virus that makes you jumpy and a bit feverish unless you're sitting in some Strip establishment at a marble table drinking an espresso or a mocha frost; I become one more cowboy with round and hungry eyes, staring and being stared at.

What I stared at a staggeringly disproportionate amount of the time, in the days that followed, was the young, eager, lean-boned, relentlessly enthusiastic face of Anthony Trilling.

The first time I saw him I was driving home from the studio along the Strip and had stopped for a red light at La Cienega. Anthony Trilling was standing on the corner diagonally across from me, devoting all his attention to an eye-buggingly constructed girl whose black hair was piled in a beehive hairdo and whose entire lower half was stunningly outlined by glare-pink Capri pants hugging her skin straight down to her studded gold high heels. She was holding on to one of his hands with both of her own, trying to keep it away from her, and he was systematically

slapping her lovely cheek. He looked up for a moment and saw me. He flashed a big how-are-you grin, waved, and returned to his work.

Two nights later I met Gordon Rengs at the night club called the Crescendo. Gordon had earlier been at a strike meeting of the Writers' Guild at the Beverly Hilton and he was telling me in tones of disbelief how it felt to attend a proletarian rally in the fanciest grand ballroom in town while half the clenched-fist firebrands were at the bar in the lobby with their fists clenched around martini glasses.

"There's a difference between us," he was saying. "I felt uneasy in that ballroom, it seemed to me we should all of us be in white ties and tails and doing the tango with Ginger Rogers or Rita Hayworth, and instead there were men raising their fists and demanding that we start to picket the exploiting studios. Men making \$2000 and \$3000 a week, wanting to march up and down carrying placards against the exploiters. I don't fully understand this town. There seems to be a class struggle going on between various strata of millionaires."

A tall figure congealed alongside our booth. It was Anthony Trilling, dressed in a ridiculously short-jacketed and lean-legged Italian suit vaguely olive in color and with a high sheen.

"Mr. Munters!" he beamed. "A pleasure, it's real good to see you!" Saying which, he took a seat next to me and assumed a man-to-man pose. "I'd like to explain something, about the other afternoon, I want you to know, Mr. Munters —"

"Allow for the possibility," I said, "that I don't want to know. There is an infinite variety of things in this world that I prefer to be kept in the dark about."

"No, listen," he said in dead earnest, "I know it must have looked funny. See, this girl, the thing of it is, she was sort of living with me, and she went over to Schwab's and ran up a bill of close to \$200 for cosmetics and junk like that, all on my charge account, only by this time she wasn't living with me any more. When I ran into her and accused her of doing it out of spite, why, she got nasty and dared me to do something about it, so I had to belt her. Two hundred, that's a lot of loot, and us not even being together any more and all." He nodded, satisfied with his logic.

"Some theoreticians might say that in certain circumstances a girl could need \$200 worth of cosmetics to cover her black-and-blue marks," I said. "I wouldn't say that, necessarily, but some theoreticians might. Some cosmeticians, too."

"Get the point?" he said, ignoring my point. "We were already busted up, I told her to get lost and moved her stuff

(continued on page 58)



THE  
PERILS  
OF  
PASSION *quiz* by ROLF MALCOLM

---

*The course of True Love, and even of light dalliance, has never run smooth, as we know, but few lovers of our acquaintance have actually risked a legislated death penalty for a moment of bliss. Such a dire punishment for such a tender transgression is not unknown in literature, however. Listed on this page are descriptions—but not the titles—of five novels, plays, etc., in which a stern law imposes capital punishment for unwed shenanigans. All—well, all but one—are extremely well-known works, and even the single obscure work that we’ve included just to be stinkers is by a famous master. Your job, of course, is to supply the missing titles. Rack up a score of five and you’ll go scot free; get four right and we’ll commute the sentence to life; get only three correct and we’ll have to make that solitary confinement; anything lower—off with your head! The answers are on page 117.*

- 1. An English operetta once banned in the U.S.*
- 2. A Hebrew book of laws and medical advice.*
- 3. An English novel that has not a single word in its title.*
- 4. An English comedy that has been attributed to at least five different authors.*
- 5. A German opera by a composer who, while persuading the wife of his dearest friend to become his (the composer’s) second wife, was at the same time asking another friend to be on the lookout for a wealthy woman he (the composer) might marry.*



## ANTHONY FROM AFAR (continued from page 56)

out, and *after* that she went and hung this charge on me. A thing like that, you can't let them get away with it."

Early the following week I was having a quiet lunch by myself in the commissary at MGM, where I was working on a picture. Up came, of course, of course, Anthony Trilling, this time shaggily splendid in a jerkin and pants of unshaved buffalo hide, black wig cascading to his awesome shoulders, a jagged scar running like a file of caterpillars from his forehead to his chin. He informed me that he had a part as a buffalo hunter in a popular television show, small but with some lines. I congratulated him and added that supporting roles are not to be dismissed because enough of them enable an actor to support himself and thus keep from being a public ward.

"Farley," he said with his own brand of programmatic joviality, "I'd like you to know, we're just about made up."

"You're made up very well," I said. "Your hair looks like the forest primeval and that barroom brawler's scar seems to have been come by honestly."

"What?" he said. His face looked puzzled, then eased back into its customary grin. "Oh. You mean my make-up. I wasn't talking about what they did to me in make-up. What I mean is, *Norva* and I made up."

"*Norva*?"

"*Norva* Hameel. You know, the girl that was with me that afternoon."

He sat down. Now that he had put us on a first-name basis, which I disliked more than his calling me sir, he apparently assumed that we were natural luncheon partners.

"*Norva*'s that ice-skater that became a dancer," he said informatively. "You know, she did a couple things on TV, the Perry Como show and the Frank Sinatra show, she got pretty good notices. We're getting back together. She's class, she's a ratey chick, though sometimes she gets out of line and you have to come down on her. Women don't respect you otherwise, they figure you for some kind of patsy if you let them walk all over you."

"You mean, if they walk over you they have a tendency to walk out on you?"

"That's the absolute truth of it," he said. "They don't walk out on *me*."

About that time I took to dropping over to *Cyrano*'s in the late evening to have an espresso and see the busy sights. All the people in the area who weren't nailed down by families, or who had families that had run out of nails, were beginning to congregate in this tastily set-up room. It was a good coffeeing place for a dislocated New Yorker with the handcuffs of time on his hands; he

could always find there a tableful of other New York D.P.s trying to fill in the hours until blessed bedtime. Here I would meet with writers like Gordon Rengs and Ivan Masso and an occasional actor like Tony Reach, one of the few members of my profession whom I can tolerate socially because his attitude toward life is that of a truck driver, which is what he looks like, rather than an actor, and we would play the game of topping each other's witty sayings while we watched the girls, the fantastic girls.

One girl I found myself watching with regularity was *Norva* Hameel. I found her to be extravagantly designed in all details. She was in the place every night, each time with a different man who was never, not once, not even for a moment, Anthony Trilling. The men she appeared with were invariably 20 years older than Anthony Trilling.

Anthony Trilling was there, too. Never with anybody. He always sat in a far corner, his back against the wall, looking the crowd over as he sipped his cappuccino, the picture of the dashing young man about town having a quiet coffee break from his hectic night life. The smile of masterful self-assurance never dimmed on his face as he surveyed the room and toted up the lush possibilities. Every so often he would casually pick himself up and stroll to another table to chat with some particularly striking girl, leaning close to her, talking into her ear with jocose insinuation, the smile fixed on his face with all its stickum sureness; after a few minutes he would amble lazily back to his table and take up his solitary post again, smiling as *Cheshire*-catly as ever, very certain of himself and his multiplying merits. The one girl he never tried to speak to was *Norva* Hameel. He never looked in her direction. For her part, she never looked in his.

He developed a horrible habit. The first few times he spotted me at a table he would beam his indomitable smile my way, wave his hand in a respectful salute, and let it go at that. But the fourth or fifth evening, after he had made a few sallies toward the girls at neighboring tables, only to return to his own with his lips twisted in supreme cockiness, he suddenly, after studying our group, reached a decision, heaved himself to his feet, and came over. He said, "Farley, fellows, nice to see you, mind if I sit down?" And before I could figure out an answer that would mean no without spelling it out he was installed next to me, giving me the affable, we're-all-in-this-together grin, elaborately at ease with himself and the world. It got so that he was joining us each and every night we assembled there. A ghostly

silence as of the grave, of Forest Lawn, of Utter-McKinley, would fall over the table the moment he loomed up. We never had anything to say to him. My friends simply assumed that he was my buddy — he had actually taken to calling me "old buddy" — and continued to talk among themselves, leaving me to cope with this hilarity machine. They referred to him as Farley's beamish boy and were happy to grant me a monopoly on him.

For some reason he assumed that I had a ravenous hunger for all the least details of his biography. Before too many evenings had passed he was busy filling me in on his life story.

"I was a lineman for the telephone company in Ann Arbor, Michigan," he told me chattily. "That was how I made my living, climbing telephone poles and splicing wires. I never thought about anything but shinnying up poles days and balling nights. But the girls, the girls especially, they would always be kidding me about how I looked like a movie star and I ought to be in pictures. I always took it for a lot of loose jaw and I just balled away the nights and never let it get to me. But then these Hollywood people came to Ann Arbor to shoot a picture on location and damn if one of the girls didn't go up to the producer and tell him there was this young stud in town with a million-dollar face and build and he would be a natural for the movies, and she got this man to take a look at me. You know how it is, Farley, I went along with it just as a gag."

"For laughs," I said. "For the lark of it."

"Sure. But the producer, he looked me over and said it was worth a try, if I would pay my expenses out to Hollywood he would arrange for a screen test. Me, a monkey on the telephone poles, going to Hollywood for a screen test! But the chicks, they kept after me and after me. And the guys down to the telephone company, they were forever bugging me about it, too. So finally I said, what the heck, I was due for a vacation anyhow, what was the harm to it if I took me a trip to Hollywood and balled around some with the glamor chicks. So I went, just for a vacation."

"To see the sights," I said.

"And ball me up a storm. Well, the studio didn't offer me a contract or anything like that after my test, but it's close to two years now and here I am in Hollywood, with my own pad in the hills and working enough on TV to get along, I've got union cards that say I'm an actor and I'm on the scene and not complaining. Not me, Farley, no sir. Not that I'm so hipped on being a big actor, it's not that *primarily*. I like the life and they tell me I've got some future here,

(continued on page 62)





attire By ROBERT L. GREEN *fresh continental trendsetters from the italian riviera*

---

*three fashion finds*

---

The indefinable but unmistakably Italian look of tailored nonchalance is tastefully and imaginatively epitomized, we feel, by our showcased trio of fashion discoveries on this and the following pages: the elegantly unorthodox four-button spectator sports suit with vertical front pockets, the tropically awning-striped dinner jacket with self-covered buttons, and the rugged coarse-weave beige cotton pullover shirt with color-coordinated slacks. (concluded on page 117)





Preceding page: our man in San Remo charms a *signorina* in his immaculate linen spectator sports suit with four-button jacket, sharp waist suppression, vertical front pockets, side vents, half-belt in back, vertical-striped silk lining to match shirt, by Roman Style for Cezar, Ltd., \$100. Above: on location in Portofino, a Roman movie director surveys his sandy set in an awning-striped silk jacket with self-covered buttons, center vent, by Brioni of Rome, \$110. Right: soaking up the sun in nearby Rapallo, a beach-bound vacationer sets style trends — and distaff heads turning — in a heavy-weave beige cotton pullover shirt with four-button placket, \$15; color-coordinated coarse-woven linen slacks, \$25, both by Gino Giusti.









## ANTHONY FROM AFAR (continued from page 58)

but that's not the thing of it. Acting is more or less a thing to keep me on the scene in this balling town. What happened was, as soon as I made the scene with these Hollywood chicks I knew all the other places were spoiled for me, old buddy. There are balling chicks all over the world but I tell you, the ones out here are *special*. There's *action* in this town. Too much for one stud."

Another night he made a sweep with his hand to indicate all the special chicks in this special place and said with a humorous smacking of the lips:

"Know what? Sometimes I sit here and look around and I have to say to myself, this is happening to me, this is really happening, because I can hardly believe it. Look at them with their saucy faces and blue eyelids that never stop batting! They're the most beautiful chicks in the world, enough to make a man slobber on both sides of his mouth and in the eyes, too, and they're in the same room with me and they're right here for the asking, the smiling, the nodding, the lifting of a finger! Isn't that too much? Isn't it the end? What a grabber of a town, Farley! It heaves the beautiful stuff at you and all you have to do is hold your hands out!"

He noticed that my eyes were on Norva Hameel, who was sitting across the room holding hands with a middle-aged man I vaguely recognized as a talent agent. His face turned serious, serious for him, anyhow, the high-voltage smile went down a few volts, and he said in a lowered voice:

"Farley, I guess I forgot to tell you, I had to break it off with Norva again. She's really hung on me, but she doesn't know the meaning of money and she sleeps all day long and she can't get to sleep at all unless she puts her thumb in her mouth and rocks herself back and forth, back and forth. What I'm trying to say, she's a kook, and living with somebody as messed up as that is a drag. I guess she was trying her best to make it with me but her best isn't good enough. There are too many swingers in this town for a fellow to try and make it with a kook, one that can't get herself organized and moving. I didn't kick up any fuss, I just told her quietly I was sorry but we were getting nowhere fast and she'd have to cut. She cried a lot and I didn't feel good about that but what can you do? I found her a nice little pad off Robertson and helped her move and it's finished for good. I don't talk to her when I see her around because it would just stir up all the sadness in her and make her feel bad, and I'm telling you straight, I wish her only the best. She's a good kid in lots of ways, but man, it's a messy scene, messy, and there are too many other things to do

with your young life."

I watched Norva Hameel playing with her companion's fingers while he planted a kiss on her ear lobe. I said, "Exactly. There's no point to stirring up the sadness in her."

By this time Anthony was looking around the room and turning on all the happy face volts again. I could not think of another word to say. Something about his unflagging good cheer I was beginning to find insufferable; more than that, it threw me into a profound depression. My own face was fixed in a novocained freeze that made me think I would never be able to smile again, an exercise I do allow myself from time to time, though not too often or with too much broadness or for too prolonged a stretch.

He became a little restless as my silence went on and on. His hands went up to adjust his slim-jim tie. Finally, with his stubborn happiness clinging to his face like overlooked egg, he said he had to talk to somebody, excused himself, and went over to a nearby table. He bent down to talk some sort of special intimacies into the ear of a very pretty blonde, who listened with sober face, listened some more, looked up at him for one shaved second with a polite on-again-off-again smile, and turned her back on him. His fingers went to work on his tie again. He looked quickly around the room, no slightest trace of a sobering shadow on his face. He gave me a fast and total grin, waved cheerily and went out.

I tapped Tony Reach on the shoulder. "You know a lot of girls," I said. "Do you know the one over there?"

"Which one?"

"Norva Hameel, the dancer."

"Know her? I had a wild 10 days with her in Acapulco, last year I think it was, yeah, sometime last year."

"Do something for me, will you? Invite her and her friend over here and keep the friend occupied for a while. I want to ask her something."

"For you, old buddy," Tony said, "anything. Ask her any questions you want except about Acapulco. I don't want you to find out my trade secrets."

Tony got up and crossed the room, his big, rock-solid body swinging easy as it does. In a minute he was back with the couple, introducing them around. I pulled out a chair next to mine and indicated to Norva Hameel it was all hers. She sat. If she really had bought \$200 worth of cosmetics, I reflected, just about all of them were on her face at this moment, but all the same she was fantastically made, a cunning bit of handiwork, from her aquamarine eyes to her high and mighty bosom and back up again to her come-and-get-it dimples.

"I understand you know somebody I know," I said in my best offhanded style. "Anthony Trilling?"

She looked at me with dark fjords soaring in her wonderful blue-green eyes. "He's a creep," she said.

"I don't know him very well."

"Well, I do, and he's a creep."

"I somehow had the impression that you and he were pretty good friends."

"Did he tell you that? I never had anything to do with him, I'd have to have leukemia and I don't know, go bald in the bargain, before I'd give him a second look, no, a first look, still and all he goes around telling everybody he and I are very matey in all departments. That in itself shows you he's a creep, doesn't it?"

"As I say, I don't know too much about him. This interests me, Miss Hameel. What do you find so objectionable about him?"

"He's seen too many old Cagney movies. He thinks the way to impress the girls is to grind a grapefruit in their face."

"He's tough with women?"

"He likes to show them his muscles. He thinks it's manly to slap them around. If you ask me, that's because there's some question in his mind about just how much of a man he really is."

"That may be very astute of you," I said. "All the same, weren't you and he pretty close at one time?"

"I get it," she said. "He told you I was living in his apartment. He went all around town telling people that."

"And you weren't? Living in his apartment, I mean? If you don't mind my asking?"

"I was living there, all right. Only he *wasn't*. Look, Mr. Munters, you're a wonderful actor and I've been in your fan club for years, you're a man I really and truly admire, so if you want to know the facts about me and this nut I'll be glad to give them to you. The way it all started was, for months this Anthony was following me around town like we were at opposite ends of some umbilical cord. He'd come up to my table in restaurants and clubs and give me the big hello as though we were pals from the cradle. I always gave him the quick brush because I've got no time for gawking boys when there are a few men around. Then he began sending me flowers and silk kerchiefs and charm bracelets. I always sent his nothing presents back. Pretty soon he was ringing my doorbell and calling me on the phone, asking for dates, and I always told him no, I make it a practice not to go out with men under 40, which by the way is true, I want to make a point of that, and if he wanted a girl so bad why didn't he go down and look over the pickings at Hollywood High? There was no stop-

(continued on page 104)





*"Frankly, I think you've learned to live too well  
with your inner tensions."*





ONCE IN A BLUE MOON, when the Albany Post Road near Hetheringham is being repaired, the traveler is directed to a complex of dirt roads whereon he may get to Bunterton. On such occasions, Mr. Ciuccia sets a board on a pair of trestles by the wayside and puts on display whatever wizened or retarded fruits and vegetables he may have coaxed out of his obstinate little piece of land. So he makes tobacco money. He smokes Toscani cigars — not because he enjoys them, but because their exhalations kill green fly, and he is proud of his flowers. “Dey likea me, I likea dem,” he told me, reluctantly handing me a potted Easter lily to which I had taken a fancy.

I paid for it, and said, “You might give *(continued on page 118)*”

*fiction* By GERALD KERSH





# THE SPANISH PRISONER

*the resourceful picaro's  
courage was matched  
only by his enduring love*



PHOTOGRAPHY BY BARBARA AND JUSTIN KERR





*a nordic charmer  
warms the  
wintry scene*



**GOOD  
SKATE**





MISS FEBRUARY  
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Norway, a frosty land of fjords and folklore, has long evoked superlatives from fanciers of natural scenic beauty. Ideally illustrating the wisdom of such praise is our February Playmate, a captivating example of nature's Nordic handiwork called Kari Knudsen. Born in Romsdal, Norway, a tiny hamlet of less than 80 souls, Kari spent her girlhood there dreaming of becoming an actress; two years ago she sailed alone for the U.S. to seek her own Valhalla amid Broadway's neon glitter. In the States, our green-eyed thespian has proved to everyone's satisfaction that she is amply endowed with talent as well as piquant beauty, for she has already garnered a fistful of stage, screen and TV credits. A well-turned 23, Kari is sold on horseback riding, knitting, modern jazz and dating. But she definitely does not dig over-egoed guys who call her "honey" at first sight. Although she is happily becoming Americanized, Kari occasionally has a homesick hankering for the fjords in her past; on winter weekends she is apt to leave her acting chores behind and go native with a rink-a-ding whirl of skating in New York's Central Park. Needless to say, this lovely argument for international exchange is an eye-catching figure skater (she cuts a neat 36-23-35). In the foldout, 5'4" Valkyrie Kari presents a Valentine dividend: her on-the-rocks cavorting done for the day, she relaxes before the hearth in a fetchingly feminine pose, an inviting northern light in her eyes as she warms both herself and the winter season.





# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

After an engagement of several years, George and Gloria were finally married. When they returned from their honeymoon, a bright-eyed friend asked Gloria how she enjoyed married life. Absent-mindedly, the bride replied: "To tell the truth, I can't see a bit of difference."



Sunday was to be the day of Joe's wedding, and he and his father were enjoying a night-cap together before they retired to gather strength for the next day's event.

Lifting his glass in a toast to his father, Joe asked: "Any advice before I take the big step, Dad?"

"Yes," the father said. "Two things. First: insist on having one night out a week with the boys."

"Makes sense. And second?"

"Second: don't waste it on the boys."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *old maid* as a girl of 24 — where she should be about 36.

It has recently been brought to our attention that a definite parallel exists between a martini and a woman's breasts. One is not enough, and three are too many.



With a bushel of apples, you can have a hell of a time with the doctor's wife.

Upon leaving a hotel bar one evening, an executive friend of ours noticed a drunk sitting on the edge of a potted palm in the lobby, crying like a baby. Because our friend had had a

couple himself that night, and was feeling rather sorry for his fellow man, he asked the inebriated one what the trouble was.

"I did a terrible thing tonight," sniffled the drunk. "I sold my wife to a guy for a bottle of Scotch."

"That is terrible," said our friend, too much under the weather to muster any real indignation. "And now that she's gone, you wish you had her back."

"That's right," said the drunk, still sniffing.

"You're sorry you sold her, because you realize too late that you love her," sympathized our friend.

"No, no," said the drunk. "I wish I had her back because I'm thirsty again."

The girl who stoops to conquer usually wears a low-cut dress.

But Robert," she gasped, "why did you park here when there are so many nicer spots farther down the road?"

He stopped what he was doing just long enough to mutter, "Because I believe in love at first site."



Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *bachelor* as a rolling stone who gathers no boss.

While making the rounds of producers' and casting directors' offices, Sally made a successful contact, and as a result was offered a speaking role in a feature-length Western.

The first day's script called for her to be thrown from the horse into a clump of cacti. The second day, she had to jump from a cliff, her clothes on fire, into a mountain stream, and swim to shore. On the third day, she was cuffed around by the villain, and the director — a stickler for realism — reshot the scene five times. The fourth day, her boot caught in a stirrup, and a runaway horse dragged her for two miles.

Wearily, she managed to limp to the producer's office.

"Listen," she said hoarsely, "who do I have to sleep with to get out of this picture?"

Heard any good ones lately? Send your favorites to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 232 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Ill., and earn \$25 for each joke used. In case of duplicates, payment goes to first received. Jokes cannot be returned.





*"Disney will flip!"*



ETTORE BUGATTI was an Italian who lived his life in France among Frenchmen, and he was, they said, *un type*, or as we say, a character, an exotic, one of a kind, greatly gifted, proud, unswervingly independent, indifferent to any opinion but his own, amused, aristocratic, impractical, profligate, a connoisseur, a gourmet, a *bon vivant*.

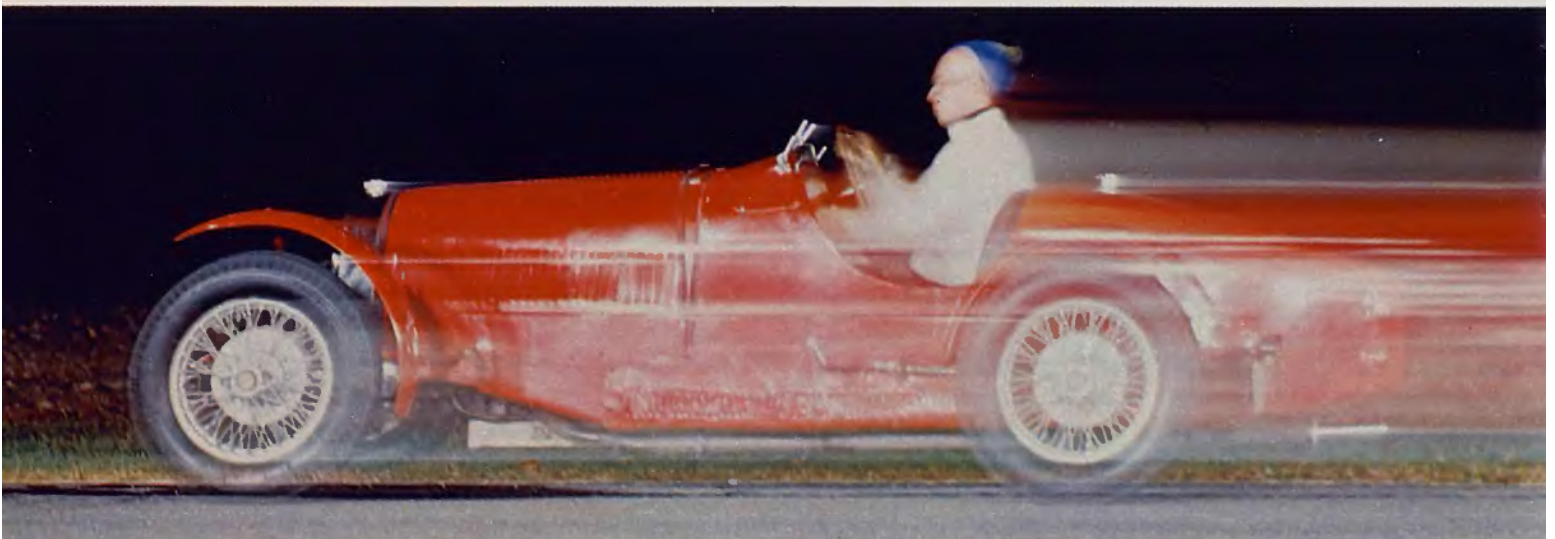
He died in 1947 after 66 years of life full of frenzy and creation. There are many photographs of him. He is in one of his racing cars in 1925, his two sons crowded into the cockpit with him, one 14, one three, Bugatti is smiling at the photographer and waving, his hand gloved in what looks to be immaculate chamois. Another, he is sitting, six feet off the ground, in a car he built for the Paris-Madrid race of 1903. Another, he is wearing goggles and a helmet. The helmet is odd-looking. M. Bugatti has been amusing himself. He has taken a knife or a scissors to the brim of a bowler, and made a helmet of it. He didn't cut it all off: he made a neat little bill in front, to shade his eyes. Another, he is 25 or so, and apparently about to go riding. He's wearing a cap, a flaring short coat, pipestem breeches he must have put on barefoot, a hard collar four inches high, on his left wrist a watch and a massive bracelet showing under an inch and a half of cuff, alto-

article

By **KEN W. PURDY**

*an appreciative  
appraisal of the man  
and the classic car that  
bears his name*

# BUGATTI



Immediately above: sliding to a halt after a nighttime run, a Type 37A Grand Prix Bugatti, 4 cylinders, supercharged. Top: the author's





PHOTOGRAPHY BY DANIEL RUBIN



1934 Type 50, a 115-mph touring car, one of 12 of the type in existence. The unique three-passenger body is by Million-Guiet, Paris.



gether a figure of shattering elegance and *sang-froid*.

Bugatti made about 60 different models of automobile. One that he liked particularly was the Type 46. It wasn't his most inspired design, and nagging little things often went wrong with it. A Parisian brought his 46 back to the factory time after time. One day M. Bugatti, *Le Patron* as he was known in deference, came upon the fellow in a corridor.

"You, monsieur, I think," he said, "are the one who has brought his Type 46 back three times?"

The man admitted it, full of hope.

Bugatti stared at him. "Do not," he said, "let it happen again."

King Zog of Albania, visiting in France, wanted to buy a Bugatti Royale, a ducal motor-carriage priced at \$20,000—for the bare chassis. The body came separately, and expensively. Bugatti did not, ever, care to sell a Royale, a Type 41, to anyone who merely happened to have \$30,000 or so, even if he was a reigning monarch. The aspirant customer was always invited to spend a little time at the Bugatti château in Molsheim, in Alsace, so that *Le Patron* might, covertly, estimate his character. Zog came, saw, was seen, and heard, in due course, that there was not, alas, a Royale available, nor could one say, unfortunately, when the factory would be able to make one.

"Never!" Bugatti told one of his assistants. "The man's table manners are beyond belief!"

"My dear fellow," Bugatti told a customer who complained that his car was hard to start in cold weather, "if you can afford a Type 55 Bugatti, surely you can afford a heated garage!"

Ettore Bugatti had earned the right to be arrogant. The Type 55 might not start first push on a January morning, but it was the fastest two-seater on the world market in 1932, and the most beautiful, and while its 115 miles an hour is no great figure today, half-a-life-time later, it's not slow, and its fender line is still the loveliest ever put on a motorcar. No one else ever attempted anything like the mammoth Royale, its engine nearly three times as big as a Cadillac's, its dashboard fittings of solid ivory, a Jaeger stopwatch in the center of the steering wheel, where men of lesser imagination put a horn button. (The Royale had *four* horn buttons, on the *underside* of the steering wheel, one at each spoke.)

Bugatti's Type 35 Grand Prix car appeared in 1924. In 1925 and 1926 it won the incredible number of 1045 races. Some time in the future, some other single model may do as well—but the Bugatti record has been on the books for 35 years now. In 1936 a Type 57S ran 135.42 miles in 60 minutes, and

it was 20 years before any other stock passenger car went faster. And then there's the Type 50, and the 44, the 37, the 51, the 57SC . . . there have been 5000 makes of automobiles, and of them all, is the Bugatti the most intriguing, the most enchanting, the farthest ahead of its time in its own day, and the most venerated now? Very probably.

Enter the devotees:

The man whose note paper carries, not his name or his monogram, but the scarlet oval Bugatti radiator badge, engraved in miniature.

The man who wears the Bugatti Owners Club tie seven days a week.

The man who was suddenly presented, in 1957, with an opportunity to buy a brand-new Type 46, miraculously preserved through World War II, 75 kilometers on the odometer. The only way he could raise the money was to sell his house, so he promptly sold his house.

The young lady of Paris, whose boyfriend swore he'd go out of his mind if he didn't have a Bugatti. The year was 1934, and money was tight. Her father had it, though, and in cash. She killed him, took it, and bought the car. Her name was Violette.

It's just a car, surely?

No, it isn't, in the sense that it is very like other cars. The Bugatti was so unlike most other cars of its day as to become, almost, a different kind of object. This is true almost in equal measure of the Ferrari today. It's no use trying to convey to a man who has been driving a new Cadillac for six months, the experience of driving a 250 GT Ferrari. He won't understand because he doesn't have the frame of reference. Even people who did have the frame of reference were startled by exposure to some Bugattis, as Mr. C. W. P. Hampton, a British connoisseur, writing in 1937:

"I had a trial run up the Barnet bypass with Williams, the Bugatti works demonstrator, who had brought over a Type 57S electron coupe Atlantic. It was simply terrific: 112 mph still accelerating over the crossroads past the Barn—and the roads cluttering up with the usual Friday evening traffic. Along the next stretch we did 122 mph, and I thought, under the circumstances, that was enough . . . thereafter we cruised along at a mere 90–95 mph, once doing just over 100 in third gear . . . the speed constantly maintained was prodigious . . . along almost every yard of the crowded thoroughfare . . ."

("Williams" was never called anything else during the years he spent with Bugatti as a demonstrator and a team-driver. No one knew anything about him except that he was young, British, seemed to have spent all his life in France and could pass as French. When World War II broke out he dropped into the Resistance, worked successfully

for a long time, then disappeared at the hands of the Germans. It is now known that his name was William Grover and that he held the rank of captain in a branch of the British armed forces, presumably Intelligence.)

The truly creative make their own worlds and populate them with people of their own choosing. Ettore Bugatti did that, and most of the people around him were, like "Williams," anything but ordinary.

Says René Dreyfus, champion of France and Bugatti team-driver in the 1930s, "It was easy to believe, in those golden years, that we were not living in France at all, but in a little enclave, a little duchy, Molsheim, quite independent . . ."

Bugatti came to Molsheim, now the department of Bas-Rhin, then in Alsace-Lorraine, in 1906. Thereafter he worked in France, and thought of himself as French to the bone—he called his Italian birth "that accident"—but he did not take French citizenship until the year he died. He had been born in Milan, in 1881, son of one artist, Carlo, brother of another, Rembrandt. He first intended to be an artist as well, but he judged his brother's talent superior to his own, and it was not in Bugatti's nature willingly to be second to anybody in anything. In the years just before the turn of the century, the automobile was as exciting as the missile is today, perhaps even more exciting. Bugatti was apprenticed to the firm of Prinetti & Stucchi of Milan, and in 1898 he built a motor-vehicle of his own, and raced it, probably a modification of a Prinetti & Stucchi motor-tricycle. In the same year he made a four-wheel car from the ground up, and then another, which won an award given by the Automobile Club of France and a gold medal at an international exhibition in Milan in 1901.

Bugatti's gold-medal car so impressed the French firm of De Dietrich that they hired him as a designer. He was still a minor, so his father had to sign the contract in his stead. For the next few years Bugatti designed for De Dietrich, for Mathis, for Deutz, for Isotta-Fraschini and, later, for Peugeot. While he was working for Deutz, in Cologne, Bugatti designed and built, in the basement of his home, the small car which he called the Type 13. He left Deutz in 1909 and on Christmas of that year he came to Molsheim, with Ernest Friderich, a mechanic who had been his friend and associate since 1904. He rented an abandoned dye works, Friderich installed the machinery and staffed the place and in that year five cars were made. By 1911 there were 65 employees, and Friderich, driving a tiny 1.4-liter Bugatti, won his

(continued on page 100)



# THE 1962 PLAYBOY ALL-STARS

A LOOK AT THE  
CURRENT JAZZ SCENE  
AND THE WINNERS  
OF THE SIXTH ANNUAL  
PLAYBOY POLL



*jazz* By LEONARD FEATHER In 1961 jazz opened its own New Frontier, a Frontier that was, on occasion, replete with politico-sociological overtones. Leading the way out of the night clubs — which (except for scattered jazz-oriented oases) are now past their peak as fertile breeding grounds for fresh new sounds — ambitious young jazzmen showed themselves eager to seek out new horizons for their art. More and more, these expanded boundaries were encompassing foreign tours, LPs and concerts. It was more than ever a jazz year with an international flavor. Soon after England's Victor Feldman quit the quintet of Cannonball Adderley, Joe Zawinul from Vienna sat in his chair. Dizzy Gillespie's major projects for the year included two suites written for him by Lalo Schifrin, his Argentine pianist-composer. Quincy Jones, the perennial cosmopolite of jazz, celebrated the release last fall of *Boy in the Tree*, the Swedish film in which he made his bow as a movie orchestrator.

Operation Bands-Across-the-Sea started promptly on New Year's Day, when Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers flew to Japan, opening the following night at Sankei Hall in Tokyo. His two-week tour, with singer Bill Henderson, marked an ironic high in musical diplomacy, for Blakey triumphed where statesmen and politicians had feared to tread. ("The greatest experience of our lives . . . we cried all the way home on the plane.") This was the first salvo in a year-long fusillade of jazz in Japan. Another highlight (organized, like Blakey's, by the young impresario Monte Kay, a founder of Birdland) was the visit of the Modern Jazz Quartet, which played several classical-cum-





DUKE ELLINGTON, *leader*



DIZZY GILLESPIE, *trumpet*

J. J. JOHNSON, *trombone*

CANNONBALL ADDERLEY, *alto sax*



## THE 1962 PLAYBOY ALL-STARS' ALL-STARS

jazz works in concert with the Tokyo Symphony and was also received with Oriental enthusiasm.

Throw a few dozen darts at a map of the world and you'll probably hit the spots where American jazz was red-carpeted last year. Additional high points: Les McCann's trio, amid tough competition (Basic, Ray Charles and Lambert, Hendricks & Ross), got the only standing ovation and requests for encores at the festival in Antibes, France. Audiences from Tel-Aviv to Amsterdam took Ella Fitzgerald and Oscar Peterson to their hearts. Guitarist Charlie Byrd's trio, back from three months in Latin America for the U.S. Information Agency, criticized Ugly Americans whose official arrogance and unhipness sometimes fouled up the tour. South America also played host to its first commercially sponsored festival tour (Chris Connor, Roy Eldridge, Coleman





WES MONTGOMERY, *guitar*



RAY BROWN, *bass*

PHILLY JOE JONES, *drums*

LAMBERT, HENDRICKS & ROSS, *vocal group*



### THE 1962 PLAYBOY ALL-STARS' ALL-STARS

Hawkins, Zoot Sims and Al Cohn) with the *Voice of America's* articulate spokesman Willis Conover as *compere*.

One American jazz luminary who found foreign shores something less than hospitable was trumpeter Chet Baker. The onetime Jazz Poll winner spent the year languishing in a Lucca, Italy, lockup on a narcotics rap. Chet's incarceration and subsequent inactivity made him ineligible for the voting, although a number of readers cast sympathy ballots for him. Only musicians able to work at the time the polls close are considered in the balloting for either the Playboy All-Star Jazz Band or the All-Stars' All-Stars.

Foreign strands cultivated their own fertile beds of jazz. Warsaw, Poland, held its fourth annual Jazz Jamboree and there was even a jazz festival in Tallinn, Estonia, with local talent. At Karuizawa, a sort of





FRANK SINATRA, *male vocalist*



MILT JACKSON, *vibes*

ELLA FITZGERALD, *female vocalist*

MILES DAVIS QUINTET, *instrumental combo*



### THE 1962 PLAYBOY ALL-STARS' ALL-STARS

Grossinger's of Japan, the first all-Nipponese jazz festival was staged.

Lend-lease took on a new aspect as the Anglo-American exchange switched from big bands in concert halls to soloists in night clubs. Britain's jazzman of the year, tenor-and-vibes man Tubby Hayes, played several weeks at lower Manhattan's Half Note, in return for which Zoot Sims was allowed to stretch out for a similar stint at the Ronnie Scott Club in London.

Speaking of tenor man Scott's club reminds us that the past year found a slew of American artists doubling as bonifaces. Singer-guitarist Barbara Dane used her Sugar Hill bistro in San Francisco not only as a base for her own talents but for the reintroduction of blues veterans such as Tampa Red and Mama Yancey; pianist





JOHN COLTRANE, *tenor sax*



BUDDY DE FRANCO, *clarinet*

GERRY MULLIGAN, *baritone sax*

OSCAR PETERSON, *piano*



### THE 1962 PLAYBOY ALL-STARS' ALL-STARS

Ahmad Jamal enticed Chicagoans with not-too-far-out jazz and not-too-far-East cuisine at his Alhambra restaurant (unhappily defunct at year's end); Shelly's Manne Hole flourished on Cahuenga Boulevard in Hollywood as did Pete Fountain's French Quarter on Bourbon Street in New Orleans.

The night-club field in general suffered from a near-famine of top jazz names. The MJQ, Garner, Miles and anyone else who could afford it tended to cut club appearances to a minimum. But the less pretentious and better-run watering holes — New York's Five Spot, San Francisco's Jazz Workshop, Chicago's Birdhouse, Hollywood's Renaissance — retained their hold on an in-group of hipper fans, while the bigger spots, such as Basin Street East in Manhattan and the Crescendo on the Sunset Strip, leaned to the pop fringe of the jazz crowd for



# THE 1962 PLAYBOY ALL-STAR JAZZ BAND



MILES DAVIS,  
*first trumpet*

DIZZY GILLESPIE,  
*second trumpet*

LOUIS ARMSTRONG,  
*third trumpet*

MAYNARD FERGUSON,  
*fourth trumpet*

J. J. JOHNSON,  
*first trombone*



LAMBERT, HENDRICKS & ROSS,  
*vocal group*

ELLA FITZGERALD,  
*female vocalist*

FRANK SINATRA,  
*male vocalist*



CANNONBALL ADDERLEY,  
*first alto sax*

PAUL DESMOND,  
*second alto sax*

DAVE BRUBECK,  
*piano,  
instrumental combo*

patronage, offering big bands and commercial-jazz combos.

The Playboy Club circuit, meanwhile, had developed into a meeting ground for established names and fresh talent. David Allen, Johnny Janis, Aretha Franklin, Johnny Hartman, Jimmy Rushing, the Al Belletto combo, Ann Richards, Phyllis Branch, Andy and the Bey Sisters, Irene Kral, Jerri Winters, Bill Henderson, Ernestine Anderson and Lurlean Hunter were some of the hip voices heard in the land of PLAYBOY.

In general, it was a newsworthy year for jazz on celluloid, mainly on the strength (despite a weak story line) of *Paris Blues*, for which Duke Ellington and Billy Strayhorn spent several months writing and tracking their score, some of it played by French musicians.



SHELLY MANNE,  
drums

KAI WINDING,  
second trombone

BOB BROOKMEYER,  
third trombone

JACK TEAGARDEN,  
fourth trombone

RAY BROWN,  
bass



STAN GETZ,  
first tenor  
sax

JOHN COLTRANE,  
second tenor sax

GERRY MULLIGAN,  
baritone sax

STAN KENTON,  
leader

PETE FOUNTAIN,  
clarinet

BARNEY KESSEL,  
guitar

LIONEL HAMPTON,  
vibes

Charlie Mingus and Dave Brubeck trekked to England to take part in *All Night Long*, furnished with a Johnny Dankworth score. Teo Macero, penning the charts for a flick called *Faces and Fortunes*, promised "an amalgam of 17th and 18th Century sounds and modern jazz."

Conversely, the swinging-private-eye trend on TV, a rocket in the *Peter Gunn* heat of 1959, by 1961 was a burned-out firecracker. *Asphalt Jungle*, seen earlier in the year, had a theme by Duke Ellington and scoring by Calvin Jackson, but was not renewed in the fall. ABC's *Straightaway*, an auto-racing series with music by Willie Maiden and Maynard Ferguson, played by Maynard's band, was one of the new sparks; meanwhile, Henry Mancini, who fired the *Gunn*-shot that had started the whole race, defected to the films. (continued on page 129)



# THE INVESTOR

11/8	IDEAL GEN	.00	3	20
18 7/8	ILL CENT	2...	4	30
1	ILL POWER	2...	2	52
	IND GEN	.60...	3	2
	IND P&L	1.70...	3	
	IND E MEX	.40g		

Milton Glaser



SINCE THERE WERE NO open beds at the hospital when he arrived, the man had been put temporarily in a room used for storing defective bottle caps. Seven days after his admission he lay there among the caps, his eyes bulging sightlessly at the ceiling. A bowl of Spanish shawl fish stood on the table beside him with a note against it that said, "Your favorites, from Mumsy." Four doctors conferred in low voices around him and when the specialist from Rochester arrived, they broke their circle to help him off with his coat. The specialist was a neat man with little feet, given to clasping his hands behind his back, rocking on his heels, making smacking sounds with his lips and staring off over people's shoulders. No sooner did he have his coat off than he was rocking and smacking away, his glance shooting out of the room into the midday sun.

"I'll tell you frankly," the resident doctor said to him, "I didn't want to go out of the house." He was a nervous, middle-aged man, not technically bald but with patches of hair scattered carelessly about his head. "We've done a pile of work on him and I say if you don't have a specialist in the house you're not a hospital. But it is a baffler and everyone kept saying bring in Rochester and I do agree you get freshness when you go outside. Keep going outside though and you're not a hospital. In any case, the house has done it all, doctor. Blood, intestines, heart, neurological. We don't get a sign of anything. Come over and have a look at the bugger. He hasn't moved a muscle in a week."

"Not just yet," said the specialist, rocking and smacking, his eyes high, glancing off tops of heads now so that the resident doctor found himself looking into the specialist's neck.

"I've heard that you don't look at patients immediately in Rochester," said the resident doctor. "We dart right over to them here. Oh well, I guess that's why one goes out of the house."

"Nourishment?" asked the specialist between smacks.

"Yes, I know you're big on that in Rochester," said the resident. "A few nibbles of an American cheese sandwich now and then. That's all he's taken. We thought we'd go intravenous tomorrow."

"Pulse?"

"Fairly normal," said the resident. "I like your reasoning. I have to confess there was a time I wanted very much to practice in Rochester. Still, I feel this is a sound house we have here."

"The patient's temperature?" asked the specialist, looking directly overhead now as though annoyed by a helicopter.

"Irregular. It's  $101\frac{7}{8}$  just now. The house is using the new electronic thermometers. They're awfully good, get you all the way from 25 to 150 degrees, and they work in eighths. We're fussy about temperature and record every fluctuation. It's a program the house is developing—Snub Pulse, Study Fever. It's our pet around here, and we thought we might even interest Rochester in converting."

"What was it yesterday?"

"Let me see —" said the resident, studying a chart. "It was  $103\frac{5}{8}$ , down around two points today."

"And the day before?"

"One hundred even," said the resident.

"Tell me," said the specialist, lowering his eyes slightly for the first time since his arrival, "was it by any chance in the 90s the day previous?"

"Ninety-nine and three eighths," said the resident.

The specialist stopped rocking and his eyes met the resident's full this time. "It held steady at that figure three days before that, didn't it?"

"Why, yes," said the resident. "Right on the button four straight days. You're good. Funny, you think you've got something down pat, temperatures, for example, and far away in another house, there's someone running circles around you. Excellent show, doctor. You've got to go out of the house now

*fiction* By **BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN**

*"we're champs at temps," the medic said, but more than a doctor was needed to chart the patient's inexplicable fever*



and then, you really do."

"Plimpton Rocket Fuels," said the specialist, his eyes wide now, his mouth open.

"Fuels?" said the resident. "Are they a hive? I didn't see any sense to skin work since the whole thing's so up in the air, so I just skipped right over it. Our house dermatologist checked him though and found his skin clear."

"Electronics," said the specialist, beginning a slow rock of deep concentration.

"I'm surprised you buy that theory up in Rochester," said the resident. "Why, the radiation level is so low here in Queens, it would take . . ."

"You don't understand," said the specialist. "Electronics. Electronics stock. I'm in it. For seven days your patient's fever chart has followed the exact pattern of Plimpton Rocket Fuels, which closed at 101 $\frac{7}{8}$  today. I know because I called my broker and asked him whether I should stay in."

"I don't know what to do about a thing like that," said the resident. "You think it's mental, eh? I tell you if it's psycho we shoo them right on. We're a good house, but we're a small house and we're not equipped to do head people."

"It's a glamor issue, too," said the specialist, peering at the sun. "That means wide swings. Christ, if only he'd been on a good, solid blue chip. All right, I'll have a look at him."

The patient was a neutral-looking man who might have played hotel clerk parts in movies. The specialist took his wrist and rocked back and forth with it a few times as though trying to lead him from the bed into a tango.

"Of course you see more of these in Rochester than we do," said the resident, "but it seems to me all he has to do is liquidate his holdings. Such a man has no business in the market."

The specialist passed his hand over the man's eyes and the resident said, "I don't know, sometimes I feel by your silence you're rapping the house. I'll stack it up against any house its size on the Eastern seaboard."

The specialist knelt now and whispered to the patient. "Are you in Plimpton?"

The patient was silent.

"How many shares of Plimpton do you own?" the specialist whispered.

The patient continued to stare goldfishlike at the ceiling, but then his hands fluttered.

"Pencil and paper," said the specialist.

"We've got everything," said the resident, diving into the bedside table. The patient's hands took the equipment and in a weak scrawl wrote:

*Stock Market not for our kind.  
Drummed into me from childhood.  
Work too hard for our money. Had*

*a thousand, wanted to put it into Idaho Chips. Remembered Mom's words. Not for our kind. Would have been rich. Once lost a hundred on cotton futures. But no stocks. Thanks for your interest, Jerry.*

"But why Plimpton?" the specialist said to the window, crumpling the note. "Of all issues to get on. Gorch Gas and we'd have a chance. All right, it won't affect anything, but try to get some liquids into him. There won't be any till the board opens tomorrow, but keep me informed as to any changes in temperature."

"We check temps every 12 minutes around the clock," said the resident doctor. "You'll have to twist our arms to get a pulse reading from us, but we're champs at temps."

. . . .

The specialist visited the patient four in the afternoon the following day. "I know, I know," he said to the resident, "she jumped two and three eighths today. That stock will give you fits. If you think that's a swing, watch it for a while. You've got to be out of your mind to stay with Plimpton. Still, it's exciting, a crap game every day. Tell me, did he go with it?"

"Right to the fraction. You remember, the stock opened a little soft and he was up taking applesauce. But that wave of late-afternoon buying finished him right off. I've got him in ice packs now. I was up all night with our temps and the Dow Jones index. I thought there might be some more of this. The house is terribly sensitive about epidemics. I came up with an ulcer patient in the ward who was on Atlas Paper Products for three days, but I checked the market today. Atlas went off four even and our ulcer man closed at 103 $\frac{1}{2}$ . So I guess the Plimpton fellow is all we've got. You must see much more of this in Rochester than we do."

"I don't want to talk about Rochester," said the specialist. "We've got a sick man and if I know Plimpton, there isn't going to be much time. If I was on one, I wouldn't want it to be Plimpton. Get his wife down here. Maybe she can tell us how this started."

The patient's wife had a vapid but pretty face and a voluptuous figure. "I guess you know your husband's hooked up to the market," said the specialist, rocking and smacking a bit, his eyes wandering off down the hallway. "So we thought we'd get you down here. Do you know of anything he had to do with the stock market that might have gotten his fever tied on to Plimpton Rocket Fuels?"

"Jerry doesn't like anything white collar," said the woman, flouncing and rearranging her figure on the chair. "I'll give you our whole marriage. He married

me 'cause I had red hair, green eyes and big boobs. He got me on the phone once by accident and we got to talking and he asked me what I looked like and I told him red hair, green eyes and big boobs. So he come right over and we got married. I don't know if he goes to the stock market. He goes to the burly a lot. He'll go to any burly, even in Pennsylvania. He says he likes the comedians but I suspect he's looking at boobs."

"You don't feel he's ever plunged around on the big board then?" said the specialist, making soft, speculative smacking sounds with his lips.

"Are you making those at my things?" said the woman, gathering her Persian lamb stole about her shoulders.

"I'm a doctor," shot back the specialist.

"Well, I don't know," said the woman. "Jerry delivers yogurt. He's not in the union so he has to do his deliveries on the sly. He doesn't like anything white collar. Is any of that what you mean?"

"You haven't helped us," said the specialist. "We've got a sick man."

When the woman had flounced off into the elevator, the resident said, "A house is only human. What can any house do against opposition like that?"

"She can go to beans," said the specialist. "What's Plimpton doing now, 104 $\frac{1}{2}$ ? That means it's all up to the President. He's coming over at 11 tonight. You'd do just as well to drop your temps and tune in on him."

In his address, the President called for an end to spiteful silences in our relations with the Russians and Plimpton took it on the chin to the tune of a five-and-a-quarter-point plunge.

"I know, I know," said the specialist, getting out of his coat and making for the patient's bed. "His fever's broken and he feels better. Look, I've had this baby since it came on the boards at two dollars a share and if you think Plimpton is going to sit at 99 you're all wet. Did he close with it?"

"Of course," said the resident. "But something's going on in him. We've never seen anything quite like it in the house. Get your ear down on his epiglottis."

The specialist did so and said, "It's a clicking sound."


"Not unlike that of a stock market-ticker tape, wouldn't you say?"

The specialist got down again and said, "It goes tick-a-tack-tick-tick, tick-a-tack-tick-tick. Is that the way you get it?"

"More or less," said the resident. "It's certainly good for a house to get a wide variety of things. I may even suggest that we stop shooing off psychos. What the hell."

The patient's hand fluttered and the  
(concluded on page 98)





The continuing popularity of vested interests in men's attire is a trend that will bear watching in a special way this season: the venerable pocket watch has resumed its time-honored role as an elegant accouterment for the gentleman's waistcoat. Losing none of their classic masculinity, the handsome new pocket chronometers combine tasteful tradition with clean design. Watchwords aside, consider this impressive show of hands. Left to right: perpetual calendar watch in 18K gold with 18-jewel Swiss movement, moon phase indicator, by Patek Philippe, \$1050; contemporary 14K gold watch with 17-jewel Swiss movement, by Girard Perregaux, \$175; 14K yellow-gold watch with 23-jewel movement, sterling silver dial, hinged back with protective inside cap, by Hamilton, \$275; 18K gold watch with 18-jewel Swiss movement, 24-hour dial, revolving rim that tells time anywhere in the world, by Patek Philippe, \$1050; sturdy 10K gold-filled Railroad watch with 21 jewels, block-numbered dial, rustproof hairspring, by Elgin, \$97.50; gold-filled pocket alarm watch with 17-jewel Swiss movement, luminous hands, by Le Coultre, \$75.

*up-to-  
the-  
minute  
watches  
to  
adorn the  
gentleman's  
vest*

**TIMELY  
REVIVAL**



*a laurel-wreathed salute to the beautiful signorinas of the eternal city*

# IRRO

*pictorial  
essay*



Above, l to r: forum-framed Marilu Tolo is a model member of Rome's high-fashion legions. Gamine Mori Bruna promenades



# THE GIRLS OF MICE



with a bouquet of balloons. Linda Veras idles enticingly in her Tiberside flat. Syrian-born Antonella Lualdi is a voluptuous movie veteran at 21.



**R**OME IS THE OLDEST, AND PROBABLY THE GREATEST, of the world's capital cities. It has been the lodestone and fountainhead of Western civilization, the axis of a stupendous pagan empire, the capital of Christendom. It has stood while Babylon, Byzantium and Carthage crumbled. Yet Rome is young. After 2500 years of turbulent history it retains its magnetism for travelers of every faith and nationality. Borne on DC-8s instead of elephants, brandishing American Express checks instead of spears, bent on pleasure instead of plunder, they invade today's Eternal City in annual armies of 18,000,000 from every corner of the shrinking globe. Many, in the black, white, red and yellow habits of countless Catholic orders, come as spiritual pilgrims. Some, wearing expressions no less reverent, come to bask in the lambent afterglow of the Renaissance or to explore the world's greatest repository of antiquities from four millenniums of human history. A few, not unreasonably, come solely to worship at the altars of Bacchus and Lucullus in Rome's cornucopian array of restaurants. But most come simply to join the city's 2,500,000 denizens in that civilized celebration of the (continued on page 126)



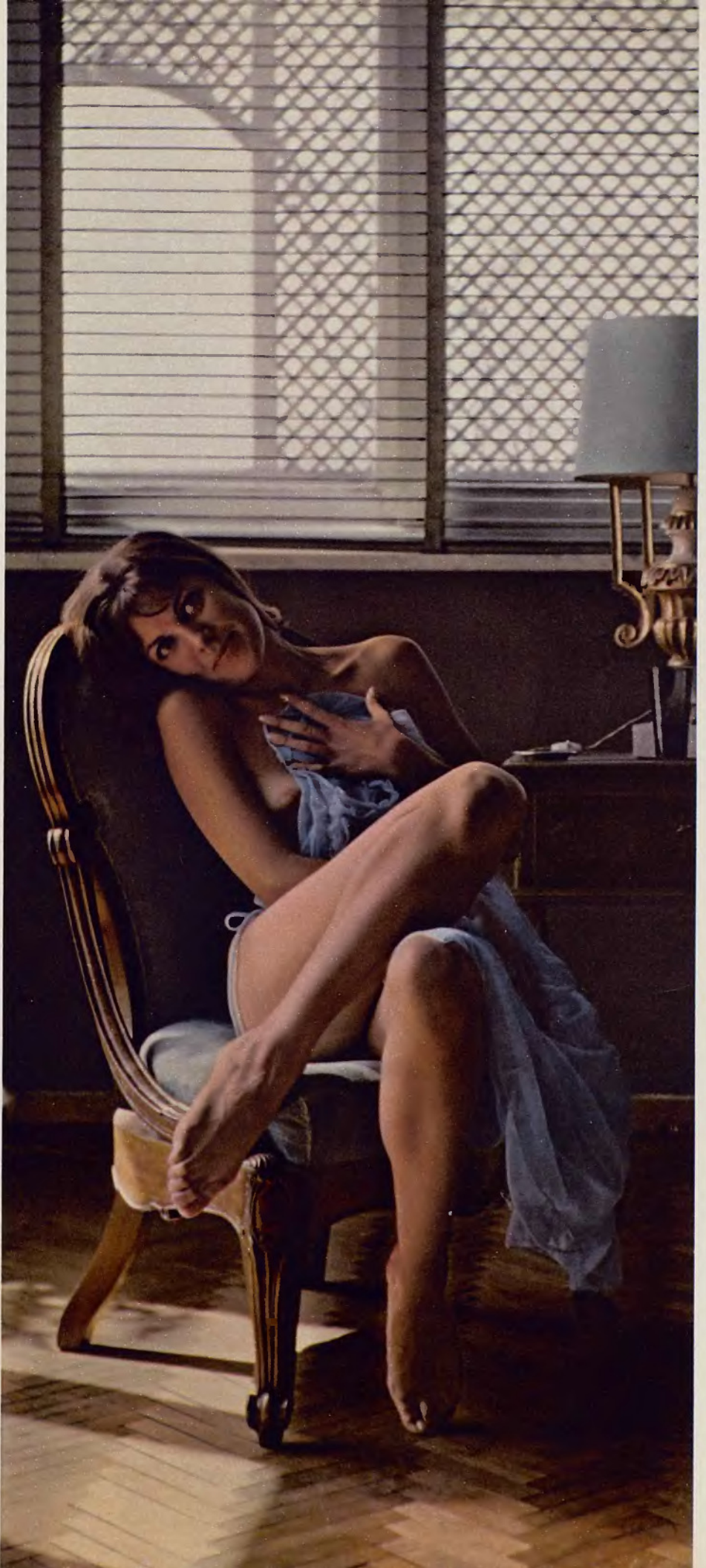
Top left: theater-buff Raffaella Carra takes time out from her ambitious schedule of diction and dramatic lessons for the daily ritual of a rooftop sunbath. Top right: Fiorella Viglietti, a student of classic dance, pauses to sip at a sidewalk fountain en route to historic Piazza del Campidoglio for a tour of the Capitoline Museums. Above: raven-tressed Stefania Sabatini, a dolce film starlet, ambles down the teeming Via Veneto, Rome's flower-fringed, frenetic mecca for the smart set, to meet her date at an outdoor caffè.





Top left: Tania Dragas, a bit player in *La Dolce Vita*, lives her own sweet life in the baroque opulence of a Palatine pad. Above: balletophile Tayna Berryl adorns the garden of a Roman villa. Left: Cathia Caro has prardigious film aspirations, and assets to match.





Top: Claudia Cardinale, a broodingly beautiful new star, is touted to rival BB in S.A. Above: Dorothee Glöckelin left Germany to further her budding movie career in Rome.





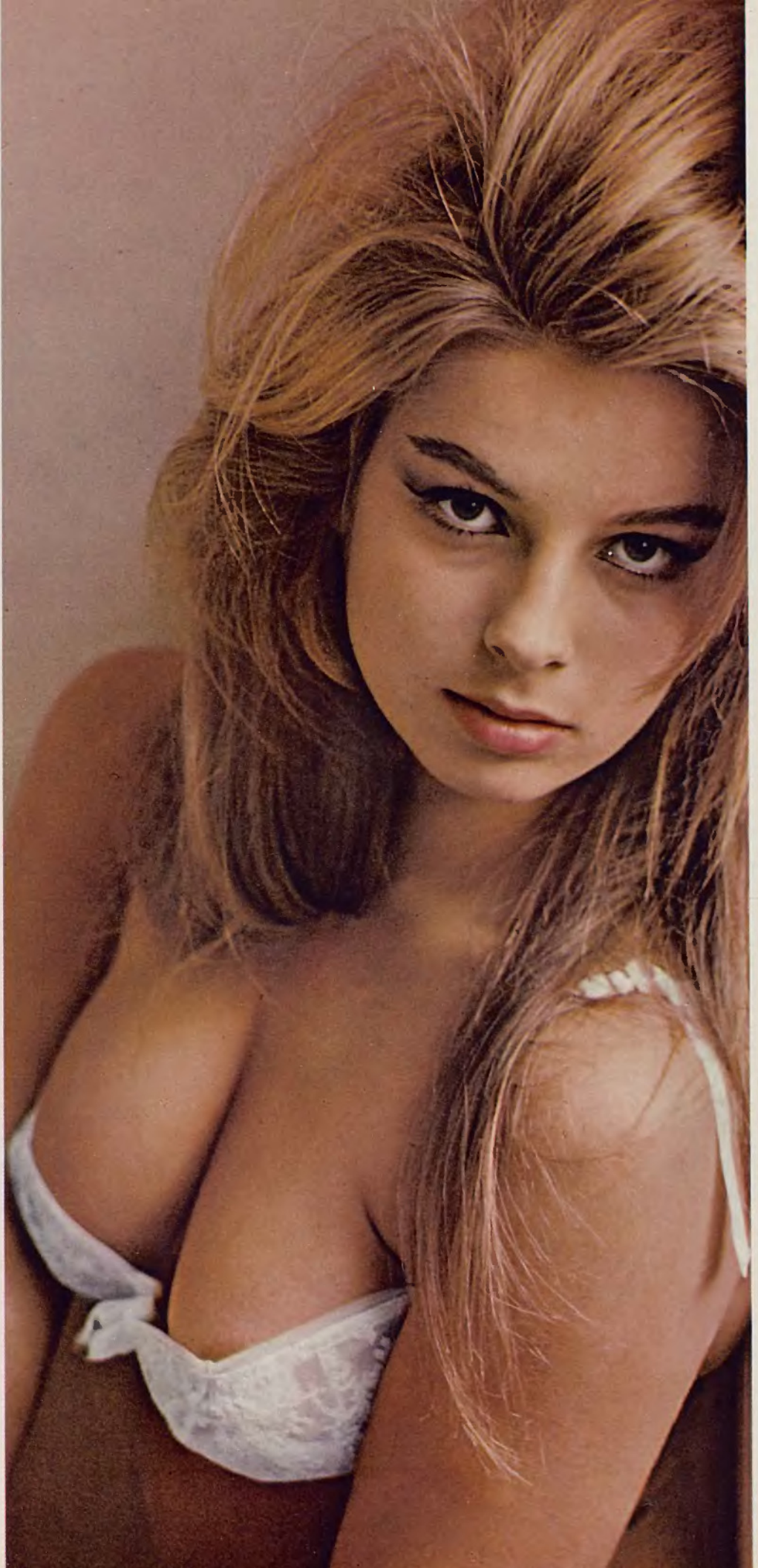
Left: Janine Jacquin, a transplanted Paris mannequin, lounges languidly between shootings and showings. Above, clockwise from top left: Londoner Maureen Lane went to Rome as an extra in *Cleopatra*, decided to remain there. Pianist Anna Fillippini leans from the balcony of her ultrathin digs overlooking the Piazza di Spagna. Starlet Barbara Nelli observes a daily Roman ceremony: the midafternoon siesta. Terry-swathed Luciana Gilli exudes a feral, full-bodied essence indicative of southern Italian origin.





Top left: Lucia Branconi is an unabashed aficionado of rock 'n' roll and pasta. Top right: Anita Pallenberg nurses an espresso at a sidewalk caffè. Above: actress Ilaria Occhini muses in the muted medieval splendor of La Cabala, Rome's most elegant night club. Right, from top: in the renowned Palazzo Orsini, socialite Lina Sotis sits amidst regal Renaissance trappings. Gianna Cagnetta rests beside a stone lion in the Borghese Gardens. At nearby Ostia Lido, Gabriella Botticelli wades winsomely into the Tyrrhenian.





Right: flaxen-haired Gesa Meiken, a recent emigrant from Hamburg, debuts on screen this year in *Baccaccia '70*, a much-heralded spectacular.



*"He really shouldn't have —  
but then I shouldn't have either."*







## the eunuch

A freshly translated tale from *Les Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles*

THERE LIVED IN LONDON in olden time a young secretary who was as handsome as he was clever. He worked for a jealous middle-aged man who had a beautiful young wife, and he burned to sample the favors she daily paraded before his eager eyes. One day the young fellow decided to tell her how he felt. It turned out that she shared his sentiments and had been waiting, as a woman should, for him to make the first move. Once he made it, she reciprocated in kind and before very long they were tasting the sweetest fruits of love.

For some weeks this idyl lasted, for the secretary's office was in the home of his employer and the young man made the most of the plentiful opportunities offered him. But the lovers feared that some day the jealous husband might stumble upon them *flagrante delicto* or, at the very least, hear and heed gossip. Therefore, the secretary decided to employ a stratagem of which he had heard. It required practice, but the time devoted to the learning of it turned out to be well worth the trouble.

One day he approached his master with tears in his eyes and said: "Sir, there is a secret in my life and I must share it with someone. Troubles shared, you know, are troubles half removed. And if I don't talk to someone, I shall end up a madman or a suicide."

"Come, come, my boy," said the master. "Nothing can be that bad. Let me share the burden and keep the secret."

The young man hesitated, but finally at the insistence of his employer he said, "Sir, I look like a normal young man, and people think I am, but, alas, I lack that which makes a man and I am ready to die of sadness."

"Tell me all, my lad," said his master.

"Telling would never convince you, sir. Only visual proof can suffice." By an Oriental trick that few men in England have ever mastered—the retraction of the tokens of his masculinity—he convinced the older man, just as he would have convinced a physician, that he was less than a normal man.

His grieved and astounded master insisted that they make the best of a bad situation. "True it is," he said, "that you can never please a woman nor beget progeny, but there are compensations. You can be a son to me and a companion to my young and, I fear, flighty wife. So far she has lived honorably, but she is pretty and young and I am old and ugly. Sooner or later she may slip into sin and be seduced. With a male companion her own age, a safe companion, like you, my son, her honor and mine will be safe. When I am out of town you must live right here in the house, guarding her person and my honor as I shall guard your sad secret. Agreed?"

The secretary allowed himself to be persuaded and the old husband was at ease, smiling at the innocent pleasure his young wife took in the handsome and harmless lad's company. If he left the city on business, he made his secretary sleep in the house; if his wife decided to go on a pilgrimage to Canterbury or to visit her relatives, he would sooner have let her go without her chambermaid than without the obliging secretary.

As for the young people, they, as long as vigor and life lasted, enjoyed fortune's gifts and more than lived up to all that the lady's husband expected of them.



## INVESTOR (continued from page 86)

resident dove forward with a pad.

He wrote, in bolder, somewhat less feverish strokes this time:

*No connection. Joke. Also do police sirens, foghorns, and Chester Morris. Do you like to kid around, too? Jerry.*

"I'd get plenty sore," said the specialist, "but I'm gentle to patients, cruel only to relatives and visitors."

. . .

Plimpton picked up only an eighth of a point the following day, but the specialist was grave and irritable. "The worst," he said. "I know she's holding firm in the 90s, but I heard something nasty from a gynecologist friend of mine. He claims Plimpton may buy Tompkin Rocket Fuels. You get a Plimpton-Tompkin merger and our friend will go up like a torch. All right, there's something bothering me and I'm doing my bit now." The specialist picked up the phone and said, "Hello, Connie, look I want to unload Plimpton. No, I'm not crazy. I've got a patient whose temperature is on it and I've got to try to get it down. Maybe I'll come back in when this thing is resolved. All right, Conrad."

"I never thought I'd see the day when I'd let Plimpton soar and not soar with it," said the specialist, his eyes wandering off into a broom closet. "But you're either in the medical profession or you're not."

"I just want to say that I've never seen anything quite like that in the house," said the resident. "And I want to shake your hand and tell you that it comes not just from me but from the whole house."

"There'll be none of that," said the specialist. "Let me see now. Put a call through to the company. I say do anything if you've got a patient who's liable to go up like a torch!"

"This is a new sound in doctoring," said the resident, putting through a call to Wyoming. The specialist grabbed it away from him, smacked his lips a few times and said, "I don't want any Board of Directors. Get me the company physician. That you? Look, I want to stop that Tompkin merger if I can. I've got a patient, nice lad, whose fever is hooked up to Plimpton and this merger is going to kick him way upstairs and out of business. Yes, it's my first. Heard of a clergyman whose pulse was tied up to the '51 Cardinal fielding averages, but I think that worked differently. I'm vague on it. You won't do a thing? I didn't think so, but I thought I'd give it a try."

The specialist hung up and said, "He says if he as much as opens his mouth, it's socialized medicine. I'm not sure if

he's right but I haven't got time to go figuring it out. I'd better take a look at our man."

The specialist took the patient's pulse and said, "I hope he and his wife don't have any little dividends. All right. I know. That's not funny. I always did tell baddies."

A note in the patient's handwriting was affixed to his pajama lapel. It said:

*What kind of a soak are you putting on me for this treatment? I forgot to ask about the soak. If it's steep, somebody's going to get it right in the old craw. I don't see any point to being high class when you're doing biz. Yours, Jerry.*

"In our confusion we forgot to submit a partial bill," said the resident.

"I don't want to talk dollars," said the specialist. "Practice medicine. Did you see me sell my Plimpton?"

"I've seen things I've never seen before in this house."

"I just don't want him going off like a torch," said the specialist.

Plimpton vaulted four points early the next day on the strength of the Tompkin merger speculation, but the rumor was quashed early in the afternoon and the stock settled back with a two-point gain. The patient's wife appeared in the room and said to the specialist, "I'm sorry I was fresh about what you did yesterday. I figure you're in there with unhealth all day and you can't help what kind of sounds you make with your mouth when you see a healthy set of things. I'll have a beer with you if you like."

"I'm trying to be a doctor," said the specialist.

"Maybe it was my fault," said the woman. "Plenty of wives go to the burly with their old men. Maybe he really did go there for the comedians. I want the old buzzard to get better."

"He's in a good house," said the resident.

Trading was brisk the following day, and the net result was fine for the market but unfortunate, of course, for the patient. Rails, utilities, industrials, all had nice gains by early afternoon. Specifically, Plimpton got right out in front by noon, racing up to 105 $\frac{3}{4}$ , and then the worst happened. At five in the afternoon the specialist appeared in the hospital and did not remove his coat. "I don't feel up to examining him right now," he said to the resident.

"I want to say something on behalf of the whole house," said the resident.

"I know, I know," he said to the resident. "You're very kind. But perhaps if I'd sold just a day earlier. Or spread a rumor about bad management in the company. You don't think as clearly as you should when you're in the middle

of one of these."

"This house has been privileged to see at work one of the finest . . ."

"You're very kind," said the specialist. "All right, I suppose we ought to call his kin, the wife, and get her down here."

"Once in a man's life," said the resident, "he's got to break some new ground, to do something out of his deepest heartfelt yearnings. I'm going back to Rochester with you, if I may."

But the specialist's eyes were off somewhere in the isotope ward. In 20 minutes, the wife was there.

"He went at three this afternoon," said the specialist. "We did everything we could, but you can't tamper with the economy. It's too powerful. It was something we couldn't anticipate. The stock got up to 105 $\frac{3}{4}$  and then split two for one. He didn't have a chance. When he dropped to the new price, 52 $\frac{7}{8}$ , we hot-toweled him and he did rally a point or two, but when the board closed for the day it was all over. Look, I know I should hold back awhile, but I'm all keyed up and I'm blurring this right out anyway. You're a doll and have you ever been to Rochester?"

"My mother said all doctors were bastards, and we paid them in crops, the main one being asparagus spears. Are you sure you're not saying all of this because of m'boobs?"

"I'm a sensitive doctor-type," said the specialist, staring off over her pompadour.

"I ought to collect up Jerry, but I'm not collecting anyone who's always hung out at the burly," said the woman, taking the specialist's arm. "I hope you're not a bastardo."

"Taking a bride is in the finest medical tradition," said the resident. "I'm backing you both to the hilt and will see to it that the house takes care of Jer."

With that the specialist flew out of the hospital with the woman, pouncing upon her once in the railroad sleeper that whisked them northward and once again the same evening, minutes after they arrived at his bachelor duplex in the Rochester suburbs. He held his pounces to two daily through their one-week honeymoon, but on the eighth day of their marriage, the specialist found himself tearing home in mid-afternoon to institute a third, between hospital research and afternoon clinic. The couple then went to five, the doctor giving up afternoon clinic completely. It was only then he realized, at first in panic and then with mounting satisfaction, that they were on a new issue, something called Electronic Lunch, which had come on the big board almost unnoticed but seemed to be climbing swiftly thanks to recommendations from two old-line investment services.





happy you could make it."

"You know I wouldn't miss one of your parties, June."

"How is everything, Art? What's new with you and Barbara?"

"Nothing really. I know she's still not too happy about this rather immature attachment I've got for her. But she's deathly afraid of saying anything and hurting my feelings."

"Well, you can't really blame her . . . After all, she is your mother . . . But Art, don't just stand there . . . come inside and get sociable."

"You lead the way, June."

"Now then, Bill, please . . . please continue where you left off before."

"June, what I was saying was that a sort of strange feeling has come over you during the past few weeks and you can't explain it."

"Yes . . . and you said it happens when you're near me."

"Exactly . . . Oh, damnit, June, what's the sense in beating around the bush any longer . . . What you've been trying to tell me for the longest time now is that you love me."

"Bill . . . Oh, Bill . . . you love me, too."

"There, darling, you said it . . . I never thought you would."

"Bill, you have no idea how happy I've made you feel."

"June . . . June . . ."

"Oh, my God, there's that damn doorbell again . . . I won't be a minute, dearest."

"Hello, Peter, come right in."

"Hi, June, did I miss anything?"

"No, but most of the gang's already here . . . How have you been? . . . Oh, say, Peter, you'll never guess whom I ran into on Fifth Avenue yesterday . . . Liz."

"June, I couldn't care less."

"You're a fool, Peter . . . She's a darn nice kid and she's good for you. A lot better for you, I might add, than that tramp Arnold . . ."

"June, must we talk shop?"

"No, I suppose not. Say hello to the kids and mix yourself a drink."

"Hello, Bill darling, I'm back."

"If that doorbell rings once more, I'll . . ."

"Ha ha . . . easy, dearest . . . you'll burst a blood vessel."

"You know something, June? You love me when I get angry."

"Do I?"

"Yes, you like the way my cheeks flush and the way I gnash my teeth . . . You think I'm just adorable that way."

"I'm so glad, Bill."

"June, who would have thought a year

ago that a girl with such a strong trauma brought on by severe sibling rivalry could actually find security with me — and eight others?"

"And, dearest, I never dreamed that a fellow who had transferred his hatred for his stepmother to all women could ever really, truly love someone as you love me."

"June . . . dear, dear, darling June . . . Do you know what you'd like more than anything else in the world right now? For me to kiss you right here in front of everyone in this room."

"Would I, Bill? How wonderful! But first you'll have to make an official marriage proposal."

"Ha ha, you little pixie . . . All right, here I go down on my knee . . . Now, how's this? . . . June, will I marry you?"

"Of course you will, darling . . . Of course you will."

"Dear, I'm so happy that I just have to tell everyone . . . HEY, GANG, JUNE AND I HAVE AN ANNOUNCEMENT TO MAKE . . . WE'RE GETTING MARRIED!"

"How perfectly marvelous!"

"Congratulations, kids!"

"All the luck in the world!"

"Actually, we've known about it for some time now, Bill, but we wanted to surprise you two."

"When's the big day, Bill?"

"Soon . . . Next week at City Hall. And then—even June doesn't know this yet—then on Saturday we're leaving for a two-week honeymoon in Bermuda . . . Unless, of course, Saturday isn't convenient . . . Now how many of you can't make it on Saturday? . . . Raise your hands . . . All right, what about a week from Saturday? . . . Well then, how about two weeks from . . ."



"Go roll your own!"



## BUGATTI (continued from page 76)

class in the Grand Prix du Mans and was second overall, just behind a mammoth 6-liter Fiat. The disparity in size between the two cars made the victory most impressive, and Bugatti was famous from that day onward. His cars were to win so many races, rallies, sprints, hill climbs that no one now remembers them in their thousands, but this was the first one and it mattered the most.

(Fantastically, Bugattis are still winning races, although the last of *Le Patron's* own designs was built in 1939. Of course, 20-year-old cars can't compete with brand-new ones, but there are many races for old cars today. For instance, the famous circuit at Bridgehampton on Long Island schedules such an event every year. There were seven Bugattis entered in the last Bridgehampton, among many other makes contemporary with them. They completely dominated the event, coming in first, second, third and fourth. Indeed, when the winning Bugatti, D. H. Mallalien's Type 51 Grand Prix car, came down the straight, the very first turn around, there was nothing else in sight behind it.

In July 1961, Mickey Thompson, who has driven faster than anyone else living today, broke six international records in a series of runs at March Air Force Base. One of them was a mile record that had stood for 31 years. It had been made by a Bugatti.)

When the First World War broke out in 1914 Bugatti had to leave Alsace, of course. He designed a straight-eight aircraft engine which was built in France and in the United States, under license, by Duesenberg. The Duesenberg engine,

heart of the most luxurious automobile we have made, was clearly derivative from this Bugatti design. Bugatti was interested in airplanes, as he was in everything that moved by mechanical means. He built at least one airplane, and Roland Garros, one of the great French aces of World War I, was his close friend, indeed he named his second son for Garros. Garros was a pioneer in development of the machine-gun synchronizer which allowed firing through the propeller arc.

(The first American soldier to die in line of duty in World War I was an aircraft mechanic, part of a crew sent to France to assay Bugatti's airplane engine. The man stepped into the propeller while the engine was running on a test bed, *hélas!*)

After the war had been won, Bugatti went back to Molsheim and settled into a pattern of life extraordinary for an industrialist, indeed extraordinary for anyone. Ettore Bugatti made a small world for himself, and he lived at the peak and center of it. It was a world of many parts which he arranged to fit neatly together. There was the factory, first. It was a model factory. The cleanliness of the place was startling. Bugatti bought soap and scouring powders and cleaning rags in such quantity that his accountant swore the firm was supplying every home in Molsheim.

"It doesn't matter," Bugatti would say. "Things must be kept clean, very clean."

He probably did come near to employing someone from every family in Molsheim, when the payroll ran 1000

individuals. Out of 3000 families he knew a great many of these individuals by name. Indeed, for a long time he knew by name every man who worked for him, and thus could deliver compliment or reprimand with proper force. He was severe with people who mistreated tools. Every machine tool in the place, vise, lathe, shaper, whatever, was polished and engine-turned, like the inside of a cigarette case, and *Le Patron's* choler would spiral at the sight of a hammer scar or file mark on one of them.

He toured the factory on a bicycle or in an electric cart, both of his own design and manufacture. The French, among whom he lived, and the Italians, among whom he was born, prided themselves on their production of the world's lightest and finest bicycles, but Bugatti thought them all heavy and graceless, and so made his own. When he made his morning tour of the establishment he would often be in riding habit. His stables were extensive, and he had a covered riding hall. (The graceful lines of the Bugatti radiator, the most beautiful ever put on an automobile, are thought by some to derive from the horseshoe.)

He alone carried the master key that opened all the doors of the factory, all identical doors of brass-bound varnished oak.

There was one formal title on the Bugatti table of organization, and that was Bugatti's own. His subordinates had no titles. One man was in charge of purchase, another was chief accountant, another was head of the racing department, and so on, but no one had a title. M. Bugatti was chief and the rest were little French Indians. Such a system will work under one condition: the chief must be able to command devotion by reason of innate dignity, ability, force of personality, *not* merely by the fact of his being boss. This Ettore Bugatti could do. The soaring range of the man's imagination, his power of creativity, his sheer *drive* were clearly evident.

The Bugatti château was a stone's throw from the factory, and between these two places were the rest of the units that made up the establishment: the stables, the riding hall, the kennels housing 30 or 40 fox terriers, the doves; the museum for the works in sculpture of Rembrandt Bugatti, and the museum housing historic horse-drawn carriages; the distillery in which Bugatti produced his own liqueurs, the powerhouse in which his own electricity was made. Farther away, but still definitely a part of the establishment, Bugatti's hotel, *Le Hostellerie du Pur Sang*, where clients of the house would find food, drink and lodging fit for the gentry, and where one's standing with *Le Patron* could be gauged: some clients were given bills on departure, some were not, and some bills were more than others.

Each of these buildings reflected M.



"If we're attacked, Mrs. Jennings, there's room in my shelter for you, but no other neighbors . . . !"



Bugatti's iron-hard view of the properties. The powerhouse, for example . . . Living as he did, Bugatti did not always have a great deal of cash on hand. He was not, after all, Henry Ford. His lifetime production of automobiles was a week's work for a Detroit assembly plant, and not a big week's work, at that: 9500 cars. So his bills sometimes ran on. He shared the attitude of the Edwardian aristocrat: he considered reminder of indebtedness to be an affront. The Strasbourg utility company once made this *gaffe*. Bugatti paid the bill and simultaneously drew up plans for a powerhouse of his own. When it was completed, beautiful in white tile, mechanically *le dernier cri* in every way, he summoned the representative of the Strasbourg company and gave him a conducted tour. When he had finished he said, "So you see, m'sieur, I shall no longer have need of your firm's services." So saying, we must presume, he strode to the master board and pulled the main switch. Bugatti's life was full of such gestures. Indeed, his whole life *was* a gesture, a sweeping, magnificent gesture.

Even Bugatti's failures were notable. In 1922 he produced a team of round-bodied, tublike racing cars that were so ugly they were unreal. The next year he rolled out a team of motorcars notable only because they were uglier than the 1922s: they were slab-sided, slope-topped monstrosities of such short wheelbase that the back of the engine protruded into the cockpit, and of course they would not handle, besides being revolting to look upon. But in 1924 came the first of the Type 35s, then, and now, the most beautiful racing automobiles ever built, and, at least until the post-World War II Alfa-Romeo and Ferrari machines came along, the most successful.

The Type 35s made Bugatti and it was of their time, and the time immediately following them that René Dreyfus and others of the entourage think when they talk of the golden times. Every weekend during the season the little blue cars would leave Molsheim for a circuit in France or England or Italy or Germany or Spain, where they would probably win. On Monday or Tuesday they would be back, dusty and oil-stained, and the mechanics would tear them down and make them as new again. Meanwhile, the drivers, the aristocrats of the establishment, could amuse themselves as they pleased, eating well, drinking well in the company of pleasant people. Of course, there were times when there was no money, but in Molsheim one did not, if one were a driver, need money in order to live well, and if an imperative necessity *did* come up . . . René Dreyfus once wrote, in the magazine *Sports Cars Illustrated*, "When I had not been paid for a while, and needed money, it would not occur to me to ask for it, and

of course it would be unthinkable to approach M. Bugatti. If one were not paid, it meant only one thing: there *wasn't* any money just then. So I would go to see M. Pracht, the treasurer, and we would have a bright little conversation, moving around the subject for a while and then getting down to cases. In the course of the next day or two I would pick up a chassis, or two chassis, and take them to Robert Benoist, a former team-driver who had a Bugatti agency in Paris. I would sell them to Benoist and be in funds again.

"If M. Bugatti did not often reward his employees with money, he had other means. Like the head of any state, he instituted a supreme decoration, a sort of Bugatti Victoria Cross. This he conferred rarely, and it was much coveted: a wristwatch made by Mido to Bugatti's own design. It was very thin, very elegant, and the case was formed in the familiar horseshoe shape of the Bugatti radiator. When a driver had made a notable win against heavy odds he might be given a Bugatti wristwatch. Even a customer might be given one, if he were a notably *good* customer, say one who had bought eight or nine cars and made no complaint if some little thing went wrong with a couple of them. One was summoned to *Le Patron's* presence, perhaps in his château on the grounds, and there, with all due ceremony, the plush-lined box would be presented. It was a great honor, and no one would have conceivably equated a watch from M. Bugatti's own hands with mere money . . ."

Dreyfus tells, too, of a typical Bugatti *beau geste* which arose when he built his first *automotrice*, or rail car. He had conceived this idea when he found he had 23 huge 300-horsepower engines on hand, and the Depression of 1929 just getting under way. Why not make fast, self-powered railway cars? Why not, indeed? Bugatti ordered a big shed built on the factory grounds and began to draw up plans (the cars to have two engines, or four, to have speeds up to 120 miles an hour, running on rubber-mounted wheels, and stopped by cable brakes; the chauffeur to sit, not in front, incongruous among the passengers, but in a little cupola on the roof, alone, undistracted, and with a proper view). But when the first *automotrice* was finished, it was evident that *Le Patron* had, as it were, made an oversight. The railway station was a mile distant, and there was no track. Indeed, M. Bugatti had not even had the *automotrice* built on track. It had been built on the floor. And it would by no means go through the gate in the wall that solidly surrounded the factory.

Bugatti was not disturbed. He spoke to one of his supervisors. "Knock down the wall, if you please," he said, "and ask 800 or 900 of the men if they would be good enough to push the car down

to the station for me tomorrow night."

It was done, the car riding on rollers so that the flanged wheels would not destroy the road, hundreds of men pushing, dozens carrying torches, the women bringing the wine. The *automotrices* were a great success. They really did run 120 miles an hour, their strange cable brakes did stop them, and the records they set — Strasbourg-Paris, Paris-Nice — stood for years after World War II. To this day, the repair of *automotrice* engines is important in Molsheim.

They were Type 41 engines, made for the Royales, the kings' coaches. When the Depression came down on France, Bugatti had built only seven Type 41s, his answer to the soft challenge of a British dowager at dinner: "Ah, M. Bugatti, everyone knows you build the greatest racing cars in the world, the best sports cars. But for a town-carriage of real elegance, one must go to Rolls-Royce or Daimler, isn't that so?"

He went from dinner to the drawing board, the story goes, and laid down the first line then and there: a huge automobile, long as a London bus, seven feet from windshield to radiator cap, the engine running in nine individually water-cooled bearings, all working parts machined to zero tolerance, plus or minus nothing. Daimler, indeed!

Even at a ferocious \$20,000 without a body, the Type 41 was in a seller's market, until the Depression broke, and certainly two or three of the most spectacular motorcars ever set on the road were 41s. There was a two-seater roadster, for example, a thing to dwarf every other roadster ever built. Bugatti himself used a *coupe de ville*, or *coupe Napoleon*, a tiny cabin for two, an open cockpit for chauffeur and footman, and all that engine out in front. He had as well a *berliner de voyage*, or double berliner, looking something like two medieval coaches put together; there was a convertible with German coachwork, a straight limousine, a sedan, a touring car . . . there are four 41s in the United States today. The most accessible is the convertible given to the Ford Museum in Dearborn by Charles Chayne of General Motors. It is one of the notable attractions of the Detroit environs.

The Type 46 was a smaller version of the 41. It was usually offered as a sedan or a big coupe, but for that usage I think the Type 50, which has a detuned racing engine, double overhead cam, supercharged, and producing more than 200 horsepower, is to be preferred. A listing and description of all 60-odd Bugatti models is not for this place, but the most interesting, aside from the Royale and the children's racing car he built first for his son Roland and then in limited series for the get of the very rich, are Grand Prix cars, the various 35s, the intermediate 51, the Type 59, a 170-mph car with which Bugatti at-



tempted singlehanded to stem the tide of the Nazi-backed German race cars of the late 1930s and the 185-mph 4.7-liter; the "Brescia" and "Brescia Modifie" cars of the early 1920s; among the passenger cars, the Types 40, 43, 44 (considered by J. Lemon Burton, an eminent British *Bugattiste*, to be one of the best of all), 50, 55, 57, 57C, 57S, 57SC.

Wide variation exists even in this truncated catalog. The 44 is supposed to have come about because Mme. Bugatti taxed her husband with the noisiness and harsh springing of his sports models. Accordingly he designed the 44 as a lady's car. A good one will do 80 miles an hour, it's reasonably quiet, starts easily, is pleasant to shift, and has the softest clutch I, at least, have ever laid foot to. The 43, on the other hand, is a detuned version of the racing 35B given, usually, an open four-seater body. It's a harsh, brutal, fast automobile. The 55 was race-bred, too, a Grand Prix Type 51 engine in a Type 54 chassis, while all the 57s were smooth passenger cars of varying speed capabilities up to 130 miles an hour, rare today, fantastic in the 1930s. Bugatti made something for everyone — almost. Some authorities have held that he should have put out a four-cylinder, double overhead camshaft, supercharged passenger model. To demonstrate the worth of this thesis, C. W. P. Hampton, previously mentioned, spent an unmentionable sum in pounds sterling to create such a car, putting together a Type 40A engine, a Type 55 body with various bits from 37, 39, 49, 51 and 57 models. The result was a pretty little coupe, living in Detroit the last I heard of it.

Most members of the international Bugatti Owners Club, the oldest and biggest club of its kind in the world — there are more than 1000 members — would take a fairly distant view of this kind of cobbling if it were committed by just anyone, but Hampton's devotion to the make goes back very far, and he is an authority of eminence, learned in Bugatti lore. This is not an easy position to achieve, for the history of the Bugatti is much more extensive than that of most other automobiles, many tens of thousands of words have been published about it in many languages, and even the basic text, *The Bugatti Book*, runs to 375 pages. The Bugatti Owners Club has been publishing a magazine treating of Bugatti matters for nearly a quarter of a century.

The BOC itself is unique if for no other reason than its possession of a 17th Century manor house as headquarters. This is Prescott, near Cheltenham in Gloucestershire, 90 miles from London. The house is a big one, built of Cotswold stone. It was, until 1871, the seat of the Earl of Ellenborough. The driveway leading up from the public road is more than 1000 yards long and has been made

into one of the most famous hill-climb courses in the world. In 1949 a wrought-iron gate was installed in the garden wall at Prescott as a memorial to Ettore Bugatti and his son Jean. Jean, who showed signs of great brilliance as a designer, died in 1939, at 27, in avoiding a drunken postman who had come, on a bicycle, onto the Molsheim circuit. Bugatti came around a corner at high speed and elected to go off the road rather than hit the man. Ettore Bugatti died, in 1947, at the end of a victorious struggle to retain control of the factory in the upheaval of postwar France. Because he was still an Italian citizen during World War II, he had been able to bluff the German occupying authorities to a certain extent, but still he was technically an enemy alien when peace came. And there had been, even before the war, grave labor difficulties at Molsheim. During the war the Germans made torpedoes in the factory. The Canadians seized it from the Germans and burnt much of it in an accidental fire. The Americans took it over, hid away all the machine tools and equipment before the Battle of the Bulge — and lost the papers. Pierre Marco, one of Ettore Bugatti's oldest collaborators, traveled tens of thousands of miles through France, much of it in a creaking, charcoal-burning automobile, searching for the red-monogrammed Bugatti tools. He found most of them, too, took them back to Molsheim, rounded up many of the old workers, and put the factory back to work. At first he did anything. He would make stove lids if the price was right. Ultimately a few cars were produced, Type 101s, which were not really new, and a racing car, the Type 251, again not really new, in 1955 and a competitive failure. Today the factory is flourishing, making industrial and marine engines and so on, but no automobiles. Roland Bugatti survives, his sisters survive, the second Mme. Bugatti survives, but without Ettore Bugatti, nothing marches as before.

He was a man of parts. He was marked in many ways, by his determination to live like a duke, his belief that a mechanical device should be artistically beautiful as well as technically correct — he wouldn't employ a draftsman who couldn't draw in perspective, in the round — by his ability to project himself 20 years ahead of his time. He was imperious, stubborn, supremely creative — he died holding hundreds of patents covering such things as razors, fishing reels, sail rigs, Venetian blinds — and fallible. Some details on his cars were outrageously impractical. Bugatti water pumps, for example, are hard to lubricate and keep in service, and some, indeed most of his engines are so complex that even experienced Bugatti mechanics must quote figures like \$1500 as overhaul cost.

But, taken all in all, good with bad, his cars have magic. This is *not* to say that there is nothing as good as a Bugatti on the world market today. That's nonsense. There are dozens of cars as good as a Bugatti, and better, cars faster, more roadworthy, more reliable, cheaper, more comfortable, and so on down a long list. But they are not the *same*. There is an indefinable, impalpable quality of *life* in a good Bugatti that does not exist in lesser machines. Of course, much of the charm of the Bugatti automobile lies in the aura of splendor that lay around its creation: *Le Patron* stalking the factory corridors in pongee and yellow corduroy, a brown bowler on his head and a Malacca stick in his hand; a champagne gala at the château; the little blue cars screaming across a finish line in one-two-three order; Benoist flying down a country road away from the pursuing Nazis in a Type 57, a reigning beauty of the Paris stage posing beside her Type 46 at a Deauville *concours d'élégance* . . .

Within the week just past as I write this, I have driven, and for some little distance, two great contemporary high-performance automobiles: a 3500 *gran turismo* Maserati coupe, \$13,500 worth of Italian *macchina*, and a Bentley Continental "Flying Spur," at just under \$27,000 one of the most expensive motorcars ever built, and at the moment the fastest luxury car, or the most luxurious fast car in the world. I've also driven a Type 50 Bugatti a hundred miles or so. The Maserati will run away and hide from the Bugatti, and the Bentley makes it sound like a cement mixer in full cry. Maserati and Bentley performances peak, like a needle on an instrument, and that is that. The Bugatti never seems to peak. There's nothing imperturbable about a Bugatti, it may exceed every expectation, or it may inexplicably goof off, but whatever it does, the impression that *more* is possible, *more* is available, remains with the driver. The car seems to be willing to try, and try again, and keep on trying forever.

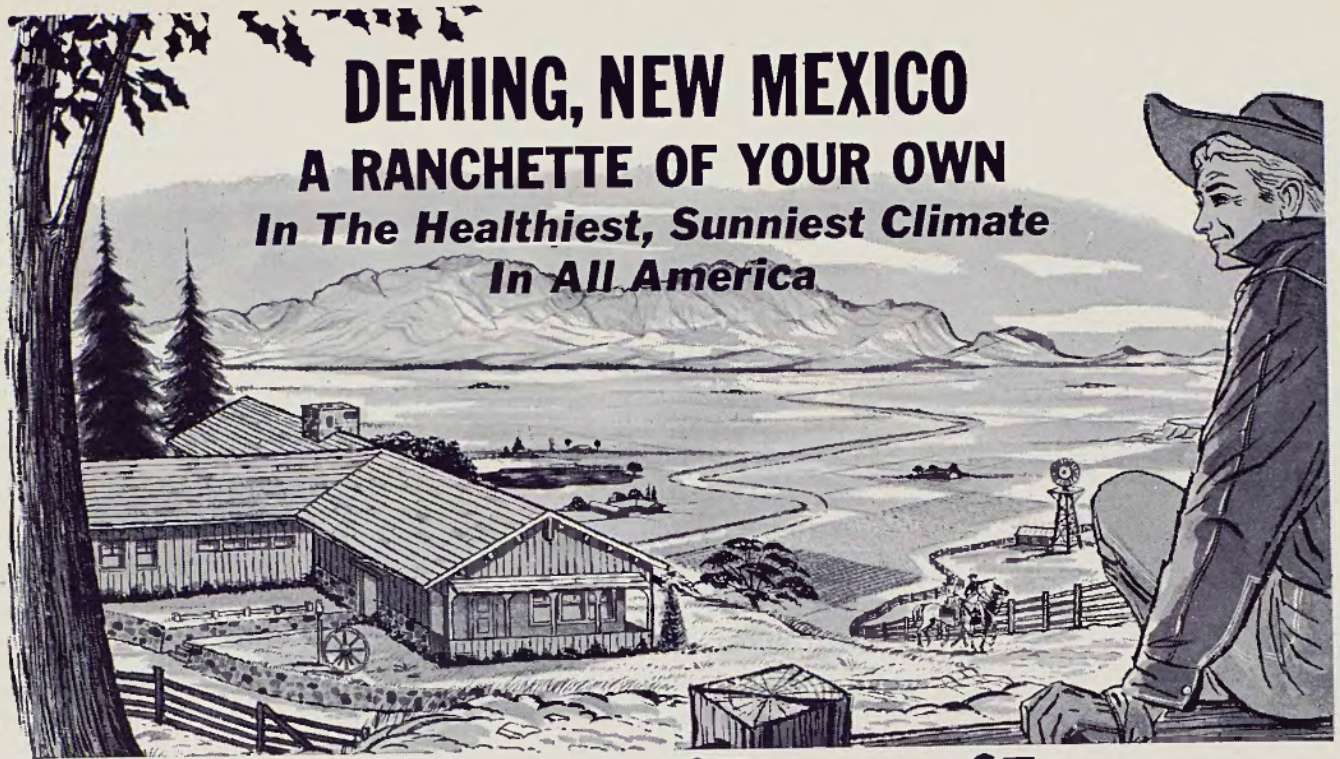
This may be the essence of the quality that Ettore Bugatti tried to put into his cars. Thoroughbred — *pur sang* — was a phrase he liked. He believed that his cars had breeding. He said, and it was true, that from 1909 to 1939 no driver was killed or even seriously injured through material failure of a Bugatti automobile. Perhaps this was because he knew how to design an automobile to endure great stress, or because he used only the best materials on the market — special Sheffield steel, for example — but Bugatti did not think so. He thought it was an indefinable thing, really breeding. He may have been right. Who is to say he was not?



# DEMING, NEW MEXICO

## A RANCHETTE OF YOUR OWN

### In The Healthiest, Sunniest Climate In All America



**\$199 PER HALF ACRE**

**\$5 DOWN \$5 PER MONTH**

There is a broad ribbon of highway that begins in the heart of Savannah, Georgia and winds for 3000 miles to its terminus in exciting Los Angeles. This ribbon is mighty Route 80—the most travelled all-weather highway in the U.S. Millions of Americans have followed it to the West, coursing through the rich hills of Georgia and Alabama, passing through the heart of Mississippi and Louisiana and entering into the plains of Texas. Gradually the scenery begins to change. Texas begins to roll; distant hills become higher. Then suddenly one emerges into "The Land of Enchantment." New Mexico's wonders erupt in a blaze of color and majesty. The mighty mountains thrust themselves, tree-topped, into the unimaginable blue of the sky. Dust and smoke have vanished from the air and the lungs drink in great delicious draughts in heady delight. If it is wintertime snow may cap the lofty mountains. If it is spring or summer or fall the unspoiled air touches the skin softly and the feeling of well-being is nowhere else equalled. But winter or summer, it is almost certain the sun will be shining in New Mexico—the sunniest, healthiest state of all 50. Yet great 80 is just beginning to take you through the sunshine wonderland of America. In the tropical southwestern pocket of our country you glide through towns like Las Cruces and Deming. A short while westward and you are in Tucson and Phoenix, Arizona, and from there the West Coast beckons. But nowhere in this enchanting Southwest is there a more beautiful area than the mountain-rimmed, pure-aired New Mexico region of Las Cruces and Deming.

To live anywhere in New Mexico is to live better. The superb climate, naturally air-conditioned in the summer and brilliantly sunny in the winter—the breathtaking beauty of a lavish Nature—the young vigor of a state that is causing an unprecedented business and investment boom—the record which shows that one lives longer, that health improvement is almost miraculous—these are the reasons that tens of thousands of Americans already have come here to live, and hundreds of thousands of others will be following in the immediate years ahead.

Consider then: Here in the center of this miraculous climate and beauty are towns which have grown amazingly in the last 10 years. Las Cruces, for example: In 1950 it had 12,000 people. By 1960, 37,000... a rise of 300% in 10 years! (How about your town? Has it grown 3 times its size in 10 years?) Like Tucson and Phoenix, this area is a beautiful semi-tropical paradise where palm trees and long staple cotton-fields flower the landscape. Statistics show the same 85% of possible sunshine, summer and winter; these same figures reveal even purer, drier air than in Phoenix or Tucson.

A few minutes from the flavorful town of Deming (population 8,000) is a 5,000 acre Ranch, picture-framed by the breathtaking Florida Mountains. So real, so beautiful, so typically the romance of the Southwest is this valley Ranch that it has been photographed for the covers of many magazines including the official publication of the State of New Mexico. What better way to describe its Southwestern flavor than to tell you that when the producers of the movie THE TALL TEXAN sought an authentic locale for their picture, they chose the very land we are now sub-dividing into the DEMING RANCHETTES. THE TALL TEXAN was filmed on our ranch, the same place where you may have a Ranchette of your very own!

This is the lovely basin of land where heavy equipment is now at work constructing wide roads facing every DEMING RANCHETTE. Every Ranchette will have direct access to avenues leading to three major highways surrounding our property—U.S. Highways 80, 70 and State Highway 11.

DEMING RANCHETTES is blessed with water which is called "America's finest drinking water, 99.99% pure." (Almost every shop in Deming displays this proud claim in its window.) Home building has already begun in DEMING RANCHETTES and electric lines and telephone connections await you. Schools, hospitals, churches, shops, theaters, golf course, tennis courts—these are close by in the charming growing city of Deming. Fertile soil is yours for the planting, and wait until you see the stunning landscape of cotton fields in bloom. Fruit trees... apple, peach, pear and plum... do not grow better anywhere.

And the price of your Ranchette? Just \$199 complete for a half-acre, \$5 down and \$5 monthly. That's the complete price—no extras, no interest, no taxes! At this moment you may reserve as many half-acre sites as you wish but please bear this in mind: DEMING RANCHETTES is not an enormous development and land such as this goes fast. At these prices you may want your Ranchette to be larger—one, two—even five acres. An immediate deposit will guarantee that your half-acres will adjoin each other (this may not be so in the near future). And you take no risk in sending your deposit. Your \$5 per half-acre will definitely reserve your land but does not obligate you. You have the unqualified right to change your mind 30 days after we send you your Purchaser's Agreement, Property Owner's Kit, Maps and Photographs—30 full days to go through the portfolio, check our references, talk it over with the family. If, during that time, you should indeed change your mind your reservation deposit will be instantly refunded. (Deming and Albuquerque Bank references.)

Ten years ago, in nearby Las Cruces, a comparable fertile half-acre such as we offer in DEMING RANCHETTES could have been bought for \$199. Today it's up to \$2000! Experienced realtors predict the same future for Deming—in a much shorter time! If this makes sense to you your next act is mailing the coupon below. And one more thing: we promise that no salesman will annoy you. Thanks, sincerely, for your attention.

**DEMING RANCHETTES DEPT. L-54**  
112 West Pine Street, Deming, New Mexico

Gentlemen: I wish to reserve the following site in Deming Ranchettes:

- ½ acre for \$199. I enclose \$5 as a deposit.
- 1 acre for \$395. I enclose \$10 as a deposit.
- 1½ acres for \$590. I enclose \$15 as a deposit.
- 2½ acres for \$975. I enclose \$25 as a deposit.
- 5 acres for \$1925. I enclose \$50 as a deposit.

Please rush complete details, including my Purchaser's Agreement, Property Owner's Kit, Maps, Photographs and all data. It is strictly understood that I may change my mind within 30 days for any reason and that my deposit will be fully and instantly refunded if I do.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... ZONE ..... STATE .....



## ANTHONY FROM AFAR (continued from page 62)

ping this nut. He had the hots for me and he wouldn't quit. Then I got in a jam. Financial reverses. All my finances went into reverse. I'd done a couple TV things, you know, musicals, and for a while there I was going pretty good, but then my agent couldn't line up anything for me for the longest time and before I knew it I was broke and behind in the rent and the landlord was serving me with eviction notices. One way or another Anthony snooped around, talking to some of the younger fellows in my agency I suppose, and he found out about the spot I was in. So he came loping around and he says to me, he's moving into a big house up in Laurel Canyon with a friend of his, and his apartment off Miller Drive is paid up for three months, so why didn't I just take over this apartment and live there rent free till things straightened out for me? I didn't have penny one, I couldn't turn down an offer like that. Only the understanding was, I was going to be living there off Miller Drive and he was going to be living up in Laurel Canyon. He had different ideas. After I moved up there he was calling all the time, wanting to see me, and a couple of times I let him come up, just to have a quick drink, you know, just to be nice to him for the loan of the apartment. The second week comes the kicker. This night he shows up with his suitcases and says he's sorry but his friend's parents and kid sister have just come out from Philadelphia and there's no room for him in the Laurel Canyon house any more, so he has to move back into his apartment. It was all part of a plan, I smelled it right away. I told him I'd moved up here on the assumption that the place was mine for three months and I had no place else to go but I most certainly was not going to share my bed and board with him so he had to make other arrangements. That was when he began to smack me. He really gave me some hits. I got knocked around fine. But he didn't get what he was after. Or maybe bashing me around was *all* he was after. I hear there are men who get their kicks that way. Well, the end of it was, the neighbors heard the screams and racket and called the fuzz. I told the officers my story and they put Anthony in a cell overnight and in the morning let him go on the promise he wouldn't come near the apartment as long as I was occupying it. That's all the buddy-buddy Anthony Trilling and I ever were, and that's how come I was living at his place for a little over a month. It may sound like a hot affair to some people but to me it's a gang of assault and battery and that's all."

"It sounds like this fellow's love life is one long Hit Parade." I could think of no more sensible comment to make.

"Do you mind if I ask you one more thing? Wasn't there some business about \$200 worth of cosmetics that were charged at Schwab's?"

Her full lips smiled a frosty Norwegian smile.

"You bet there was," she said. "Here's the inside wire on *that*. When this nut was giving me the going-over he smacked me across the mouth and cracked off my front tooth, this one here, right at the gum line. I couldn't very well go around seeing producers and casting directors with a big black hole in my mouth so I had to borrow \$200 to get this broken tooth capped. Knowing I could never get a cent of this money back from dear Anthony I did the only thing I could think of to make him pay, I knew he had a charge account at Schwab's so I went down there and got all these cosmetics and things and one of the salesgirls, a girl I'm pretty friendly with, she and I go to the same gym, she agreed to put it on this nut's account. He was out \$200, exactly the amount I was out, even Stephen."

I was not sure I wanted to pursue this story any further but there was no easy way to back off.

"About three or four weeks ago, on Sunset Strip," I said, "I saw him slapping you. Was that over the things you charged?"

"Sure. I ran into him on the street and he threatened to get the fuzz after me for fraud or something. I told him, fine, let him do that and I would get the fuzz on *him* for beating me up and costing me that money to get my tooth capped, and I assured him I could make more trouble for him than him for me because he was already locked up once for hitting me."

"There's only one thing I don't understand," I said. "A couple of weeks ago Anthony told me you and he had made up and were back together. What was in his mind, to tell me a thing like that?"

She snorted through that lovely Norwegian nose.

"I can tell you exactly what was in that garbage pail he calls his mind. This was a couple of weeks ago? Well, just about two weeks ago there was a ring on my doorbell and when I went to answer it who was standing there, big as life and twice as sassy, but old friend Anthony. I told him if he came near me I would call the cops but he pushed his way in anyhow. He had to talk to me, he said. He couldn't sleep, he couldn't eat, he was going out of his mind thinking about me and brooding about how things could have been different between us. I told him I had no objection to his brooding over me so long as he got lost while he was doing it. He had to have another chance, he said with tears in his eyes. How could he have *another*

chance, I said, when he never had a ghost of a one in the first place? That was when he fell down on his hands and knees and began to eat the carpet, practically. You won't believe this, but this big he-man, this Mr. Muscles, was rubbing his cute little nose into the carpet and sobbing like a baby with the colic and telling me through his fat tears that he would do anything, even let me keep the cosmetics from Schwab's and in addition get up the \$200 for my tooth, he'd do all this and more, he'd take a vow on his mother's grave never to lay a hand on me again, cross his heart and hope to die, if only I would move back into his place and be his little tootsie. I told him that before I would live in the same house or even on the same block with him I'd have to be a quadruple amputee and have the world's worst case of gingivitis, too. What do you think he says at this dramatic high point in our lives? He doesn't pick himself up from the floor and make for elsewhere like any self-respecting man. No, not him. He begins to weep and moan some more and says that I don't have to give him my answer right away, he wants me to take my time and think it over, give it some careful thought because this could mean a lot to both of us, our whole lives were at stake, and with this he begins to kiss my shoes and send up a real holler about how lonely he was, how genuinely and sincerely lonely, these I believe were his exact words. Well, it must have been right after this soap-opera bit that he told you we were kissing and making up. You see? Somehow he got things so twisted in that twisted excuse for a head that he really thought I would consider his proposal. Yes, by the way, there was a proposal, too. He offered, if I wanted it that way, to marry me. That was when I said those things about quadruple amputees and gingivitis. I guess he really imagined I would come back to him, though I'd never been anywhere in the vicinity to begin with. He must have, because he told several people we were going to be back together. Together! I wouldn't take togetherness with him in the Forest Lawn Cemetery. I told him that, too, and all he said was, don't make any hasty decisions, don't say anything you'll regret, think it over. In between the sobs about being genuinely and sincerely lonely, this was the essence of his blow-top remarks. I want you to understand me, Mr. Munters. I want this to be very clear. Even if he wasn't the nut of the world I wouldn't waste one minute on him because all my experience tells me that it takes a man up to his 40th birthday at least to get his diapers off. I want you to appreciate my thinking on this, in case I haven't established it. Does that answer your question?"

"It does," I said. "I consider it a very





*"That will cost her points!"*

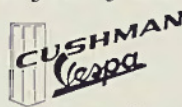




## Those who have a choice, choose **VESPA**

... styled for fun, designed for easy going. Talk about economy and comfort, Vespa's got it! Live it up on a lively Vespa

—your dealer will let you try one.



See your dealer or write for FREE booklet.

**CUSHMAN MOTORS** 909A No. 21st, Lincoln, Nebr  
A subsidiary of Outboard Marine Corporation

## old THE NEW MARILYN MONROE

Back with Di Maggio again, away from parties and night life, and relaxing in front of a TV set, Marilyn Monroe returns to the old life. Is MM any less volatile or is this merely another stage in a never-ending emotional cycle? You'll find out in **SHOW BUSINESS ILLUSTRATED**. On sale at your newsdealers January 24—February 6.



full and rich answer. It may keep me from sleeping for a week, it was so rich and full."

"Well, Mr. Munters," she said, "you wanted to talk about Anthony Trilling. You can't talk about garbage without bringing up its smell."

"Something just occurred to me," I said. "When you go to sleep do you put your thumb in your mouth and rock yourself back and forth?"

"No. I have a simpler technique, I just close my eyes and go. But I can think of somebody who does those things."

"Who?"

"Anthony Trilling."

"How would you know that?"

"One afternoon I came back to the apartment in the hills from some interviews and found Anthony stretched out on the lounging chair in the patio. He had his thumb in his mouth and he was rocking back and forth. I wasn't just saying that about preferring mature men, Mr. Munters. It's a big thing with me, to avoid the thumb-suckers. Maybe we can go into it another time."

"Your teeth are lovely," I said, "including the capped one. It's been a pleasure talking to you and I'd like to hear your theories about maturity levels sometime. I think right now I'll go back to my hotel and lie down."

The following week disaster struck. Struck, then ricocheted.

Gordon Rengs was in a bad way just then, finding it hard work to fill in the hours. He didn't have any writing projects of his own to busy himself with, since he'd just spent two months on top of a mountain in Big Sur finishing a long novel and so was for the moment drained and without a thought in his head; worse yet, with the writers' strike still on he couldn't get any script work in this town, there was no money to be made; and he was too busted to clear out.

We had a routine. I would pick him up in the morning on my way to the studio and then he would take the car and head for the beach at Santa Monica to get the sun and count up the blank spaces in his head. Toward the end of the afternoon he would come back to the studio and wait until I was through work, and we would drive home together.

When he showed up on this black afternoon I was in my dressing room waiting to be called for the shooting of one last scene. We chatted about this and that. I was soaking some reeds that I intended to make a floral basket with.

"You should always wear an 11th Century monk's cowl," he said. "You look gorgeous."

"If I were sure of that," I said, "I'd hie me this very day to the nearest nunnery."

There was a silence. I fingered the

round bald spot on my monk's wig. It felt like cellophane.

"I was at Muscle Beach this morning," he said. "I didn't stay long."

"Oh? Why was that?"

"There was a weightlifter there who must have been at least 65. He was doing handstands and pushups. I had the impression that from the time he was able to walk he had been spending all his waking hours doing handstands and pushups. It depresses me to see the means become the end."

"Muscles are useful. With them you can build more muscles."

More silence.

Hollywood does something peculiar to New Yorkers, they run out of things to say to each other and there are long gaps in their conversations. When they are together they look like people in a mesmeric coma who rouse themselves from time to time to say something fitful and rather absent-minded to each other and then slump back into their comas again. In New York we can get together night after night and never be at a loss for things to babble about but out here we falter, our eyes get glazed and we begin to avoid looking at each other. I don't know why that is; but one thing to consider is the fact that in this place everybody talks about movies and when you look upon yourself as a nonmovie person, an outsider to the movie world, you have nothing to say about movies except that they are good or bad or long or short; but neither can you turn your thoughts to other matters of perhaps weightier import because movies are the preoccupation of this monolithic town and other matters seem somehow unreal and beside the point here. In any case, we occasional visitors sit for long periods with each other and try to keep our eyes from meeting.

"Speaking of muscle," Gordon said at last, "there's this business with that young fellow you know. I hope the party goes off well."

"Party? Young fellow?"

"Anthony, what's his name, Trilling. The one who's arranging the birthday party for you."

"Muscle Beach must have left you mentally disturbed. I don't know about anybody giving a birthday or any other kind of party for me."

"Anthony is. Didn't he call you? He said he was going to."

"I haven't heard from him. Maybe he's tried to reach me here but I've given them instructions that I don't want any phone calls put through while I'm on the set, it interferes with my basket weaving. Why would Anthony be giving me a party?"

"Farley, I don't want to be a spoilsport, I hate to have to draw your attention to this, but the dismal fact is that you've got a birthday coming up next Tuesday and Anthony Trilling has his



hot little heart set on celebrating the event."

"I don't let my *wife* give parties for my birthdays," I said. I fingered the bald spot again, it felt like chamois now, wet chamois. "Why should I let a young squirt like Trilling do something I forbid my own wife? How the hell did he find out about my vital statistics, anyhow?"

"He's an admirer of yours, Farley. He went to the library to bone up on the details of your illustrious career in *Who's Who* and he came across the date of your birth, it was as simple as that. I ran into him yesterday at the beach, it clean slipped my mind. I'd parked the car at the Santa Monica Pier and as I was walking along the sand past Muscle Beach there was Trilling standing on his hands on the parallel bars and yelling my name. You should see his muscles, he looks like a skinful of mushmelons, he's obviously a weightlifter from way back, it seems that he comes to the beach every free day he has to work out. He told me he'd found out you had a birthday coming up and he thought it would be real nice, you betcha, to throw a party for you and make you feel less lonely in your home away from home. You betcha."

"Call it off, Gordon. Scotch this thing before it becomes a monster. I don't propose to spend a whole evening basking in the terrible glare of Trilling's smile. You can get radiation poisoning from a dazzler like that."

Gordon looked surprised. "I thought he was a friend of yours, that's the only reason I agreed to the idea. You and he always have your heads together."

"As a novelist you should have a more acute eye. What happens when our heads are brought together is that *he* is always talking and *I* am making a concentrated effort not to listen. I've become an expert at it, I've learned how not to listen to him for 20 minutes at a time." I groaned. "You agreed to have this party?"

"I'm afraid I did, Farley. I thought you and the beamish boy were, as he puts it, old buddies. You should have tipped me off."

"I don't listen *to* him and I don't talk *about* him. Some crosses you bear in stony silence, as a matter of human dignity." I looked into the mirror and decided that Gordon was, on the whole, more right than wrong. I did look almost lordly in these robes. "Where is this gala to be?"

"At my place. Trilling said he would be glad to throw the party in *his* apartment but it's a small place and he wants to invite a lot of people. He asked if I had a big apartment and when I said it was big enough he suggested I be the host while he made all the arrangements and I couldn't see why not. My place, Tuesday, eight o'clock, don't dress, loincloth and tortoise-shell glasses will

do, and I'm afraid there's no way out of it. The lad said he was getting to work on the phone right away. He's probably invited half the population of Hollywood by now."

"Tuesday. Tuesday." Something about the time bothered me. Then I thought what it was. I clapped both my palms to my fringe of ratty monk's hair. "Are you sure my birthday's Tuesday?"

"That's it. I checked. There are some things that are out of our hands, Farley."

"It *can't* be Tuesday." I groaned again. "Don't you read the trades? No, I guess you don't any more than I do. But at least I keep my ear reasonably close to the ground and I know what Tuesday is, it's Academy Awards night, the saints preserve us. Hey. Ho. Fetch me my smelling salts."

"Is that right?" He blinked at me. "Well, yes, I guess you're right, I remember hearing talk about it. Still, what difference does that make? You never go to the Awards. You didn't even go the two times you were up for an Oscar yourself."

"Of *course* I don't go. I don't even belong to the Academy." Gordon knew my thoughts on *that* subject. I have a very strong conviction that acting is, or should be, a nine-to-five or eight-to-11 job, and that when an actor walks off the set or the stage at closing time he should put all this nonsensical grimacing he does for a living behind him and try to look like one more unspectacular citizen, devoting his attention to unshowy activities such as basket weaving. For this reason I do not go to union meetings and I belong to none of the extracurricular movements that my fellow craftsmen are forever flocking to so that when the day's work is done they can go on talking about said work through the wee hours of the night. I think, in short, that an actor should feel enough embarrassment about the bulky wages he is paid for making faces that he would want to lose himself in the crowd when he gets off stage. "Gordon, you know what's going to happen that night. In this town all the people who can't go to the Awards in person are glued to their television sets *watching* them. We'll have to sit with a bunch of idiots whose horizons are all marquees and watch for two solid hours while actors pat each other on the back and make carefully rehearsed choked-up speeches. Two solid hours. For my birthday they give me the Chinese water torture. Mine host, it will be the agony of the decade."

"Don't worry," Gordon said. "There'll be lots of pretty girls to ease the pain."

"Pretty girls? From where?"

"From the four points of the compass, compliments of beamish Anthony. He's inviting all the girls in town."

That night *I* went looking for

She's got a voice that makes a heat wave out of a ballad or the blues...and she shouts a powerful gospel song...she's the freshest new sound of the year, and

# HER NAME IS erma ERMA FRANKLIN

...AND HERE IS HER DEBUT ALBUM!  
LN 3824/BN 619\*



© "Epic" Music Rec. "CBS" T. M. Photo in U.S.A.

\*Stereorama  
ON EPIC RECORDS

## FOR BIG OR TALL MEN ONLY!

SIZES 10 TO 16,  
WIDTHS AAA TO EEE!

We specialize in LARGE SIZES ONLY — sizes 10 to 16, widths AAA to EEE! Over 40 styles in dress, casual, work and athletic shoes. Get perfect fit in your hard-to-find large size! Top quality, sensible prices; money-back Guarantee; Not sold in stores — by mail only. Write TODAY for FREE complete Catalog!



SEND FOR FREE CATALOG



### EXTRA-LONG CARDIGAN!

Bodies 4" longer than ordinary! Longer sleeves too! Also dress and sport shirts, slacks, jackets, raincoats, Sox, underwear — all wardrobe needs for big or tall men! Write for FREE Catalog!

KING-SIZE, INC. 3562 Forest St., Brackton, Mass.



### FLORIDA LAND SALE!

Only \$10 a month. Guaranteed high, dry 1/4 acre homesites. Only 2 1/2 miles to Rainbow Springs. 6 miles to Dunellon schools, shopping, churches, etc. Lovely homes, HARD-PAVED roads, mile-wide fishing lakes, beaches, free country club. Total cost \$795. Write for free photos, maps.

Rainbow Lakes Estates, Dept. G-15.  
817 Silver Springs Blvd., Ocala, Florida  
AD59072 (Q-3)



Anthony. I found him at his usual table at Cyrano's, alone as usual, unruffled as usual. I swallowed my distaste and joined him. The doubled intensity of his beam told me he was tickled to death and proud as a penguin.

"About this party," I began.

"It'll be a brawl," he said. "I tried to call you at the studio to tell you about it, but they said you weren't accepting any calls. You can leave the whole thing in my hands, it'll be a bash."

"It's a nice gesture," I said, "and I want you to know I'm touched, but don't you think you ought to have some help with the arrangements? People like Gordon Rengs and Tony Reach could be very helpful in drawing up the guest list, for instance. Tony especially."

"I specifically told Gordon that I'd make up my own guest list and do all the inviting. Farley, I've got me a guest list that'll make you flip. Most of them are already invited. It'll be a gas."

"Just which people are you inviting?"

"Leave the details to me, Farley. Let me worry about it, old buddy. I'll just tell you this, there are going to be 15 fellows, all your best friends around town, and 30 girls, two for each guy. That's the perfect proportions for a party if you ask me, let each stud know he's got *two* gals in the room who are for him alone and he'll feel rich. This party will make Hollywood history."

"Tell me," I said, "who are these 30 girls?"

"I'm inviting the finest stuff around, all the real swingers, just the ones I know personally, ones I've gotten a taste of myself and can vouch for. It'll be the gassiest collection of Hollywood swingers ever put together under one roof."

"If you run short of names or if some of your people can't come I'm sure Gordon and Tony would be happy to make some suggestions. They might call up a few of *their* friends."

"Run short? Are you putting me on? Listen, Farley, news is already getting around about this party and some of the swinging chicks have been calling *me*, trying to get invited. There'll be plenty of stuff to go around, don't you worry. Two and maybe three times around. Each stud is going to have all the stuff he can handle and then some."

"Well," I said, "I'd feel better if you'd let my friends help out. I hate to think of you doing the whole thing yourself."

"That's the way I want it, Farley. This is from me to you, and it's an honor to be able to do it." He regarded me with switchblades of slyness opening in his eyes. "You'll never guess who one of the girls is I'm getting for you."

"For me?" I wished I had my monk's cowl on to put more conviction in my next lines. "You don't seem to understand my position, Anthony. I'm a married man."

"I know that, Farley. But what the

heck, you're 3000 miles away from your family and you're working damn hard all week and a sensitive man like you, I know it, he's got to relax and live a little."

"Anthony, forget about getting anybody for me. Invite anybody you want but don't tell any of the girls they're for me. There are too many grapevines between here and New York and I don't want any word about wild parties for me getting back to my family, I've reached the age where I value my peace and my quiet hours by our Kew Gardens fire-side."

"It's too late," he said with a kind of crowing triumph. "She's already invited. For you, specifically."

"Who's invited?"

"Norva." His mouth bubbled with gaiety as it formed the magical syllables.

I stared. "Norva Hameel?"

"Right."

I stared some more. "Anthony, have you taken leave of your senses entirely?"

He patted me on the arm. "No, seriously, Farley, I thought this over from all angles. I asked myself, what kind of a girl would be just right for my friend Farley, who would he really appreciate, who would knock him out, you know? And the answer each time was, Norva! See, she's not my dish, we're not for each other, but she's got a lot of real fine qualities and she's a darned good looker, too, and I know you two will hit it off like busters, I just know it. She thinks you're the living end, she feels honored just to be asked for you. I promise you, you're going to flip over this number, Farley. I guarantee you'll have an evening with her that'll go down in the history books. Take it from me. I've been there."

"I thought you weren't talking to her," I said.

"Oh, that was just here in Cyrano's and around town, you know. But I wanted you two to get together so I called her and she said she'd be delighted. You know what I think? I think this party'll be good for her. If somebody real distinguished like you treats her nice and warms up to her, why, it could help her to get over me. She needs somebody to pay some attention to her to get her mind off, well, me."

I studied the tablecloth. My hands were itching to heave the sugar bowl or the bread sticks at him, maybe both, one missile at each joyous eye.

"You really think she'll come?" I said to the tablecloth.

"I know it," he said, showing me all his showcase teeth. "She's dying to get to know you."

My mouth felt dry. I signaled the waiter for another espresso.

"All right, Anthony, you're in charge of arrangements. On to the brawl."

"Two girls to each stud," he said. "Three, maybe. That's the way to make

a fellow feel rich and wanted, right, old buddy?"

He gave me his widest, richest grin.

I should explain that my antipathy to birthday parties is more than a piece of eccentricity or orneriness. I hate them with all my being. With each passing year my feeling grows stronger that there is no reason why your dear ones and your close friends should make a ceremony of standing over you on your birthday and counting you a little further out when there are so many total strangers in the world only too glad to do it.

All the same, when I got to Gordon's on the dreaded night, just to see how the third act of this dramaturgically soggy farce would turn out, I was impressed by the care that had gone into the preparations. There were cartons of ice cubes, a well-stocked bar, a barman, canapés, a maid to circulate the canapés; Anthony had arranged the whole thing through a catering service and it had been arranged lavishly. I wondered if Anthony had spent on all these fancy touches the \$200 that under other circumstances he might have paid to Norva Hameel for her dental bill. A baker's dozen of my men friends were on hand, all in their best suits, and Anthony was hopping here and there in high spirits, his face flushed, making sure that everything was shipshape. Beauty, Gordon's big, black Belgian sheep dog, a gentle bitch with soft and brimming eyes, was lying in the corner, just as satisfied to be left out of the incipient festivities.

"When are the others coming?" I said to Anthony.

He looked at his watch. "It's a little before eight. They should start showing up in a few minutes."

He was wearing another skimpy Italian suit, a silvery one whose jacket was a modified double-breasted with cut-away front and a loose-hanging belt in the back. It looked like a high-school graduation outfit that its owner had decided to take out of the mothballs after sprouting a good six inches. I wondered again why the current vogue demanded that a man-size body be draped in boy's garments; maybe the idea was to suggest that there is an imperishable tyke in even the weightiest of weightlifters? What comes next, knee pants and Eton collars?

"Listen, Farley," Tony Reach said, "I skipped the Awards to come to this wing-ding and I'm not complaining, you understand, but while we're waiting for the broads to arrive do you mind if we watch the program on television?"

"Why should I mind?" I said. "Obviously as a working actor you want to see whom the Academy had the appallingly bad judgment to pick for its top honors over yourself. Go ahead and needle yourself and think of gloomy thoughts about the botchy taste of your



colleagues if it makes you happy."

"If you're going to be snotty about it," Tony said, "let me point out something, colleague. What you weren't nominated for this year was the best job of acting in a *supporting* role but what I wasn't nominated for was best job in a *starring* role. I'll pull rank on you if I have to, old colleague."

"I was nominated *twice*," I said, "and you were nominated only *once*. Would you like *me* to pull a little rank on you?"

"Gentlemen," Gordon Rengs said, "you do your venerable profession no credit with your cheap bickering. This room is full of people who have lost out on all sorts of top awards over and over and none of *them* is being vain enough to boast about it." He switched the television set on and moved over to the corner to pat Beauty, who raised her lovelorn limp pools of eyes in boundless gratitude.

A half hour later we were still sitting around the room watching the most eminent actors of Hollywood cooing each other out of the limelight, the same 15 of us in our best suits. Anthony was hunched on a large leather ottoman on one side of the television set, his eyes glued to the screen, munching potato chips. He did not seem to be in the least aware of the cross-examining glances that were beginning to be directed at him by all these nattily dressed men without women. He chewed rapidly.

A half hour after that we were still watching the program, still without the ladies. Not one guest had arrived. I had had two drinks and as nearly as I could count it Anthony had had five. He was shoveling the potato chips into his mouth with conveyer-belt hands. There seemed to be moisture gathering on his forehead. He considered the carpet for a moment and his smile stretched another inch.

"I didn't think that was the best musical score at all," he said suddenly, smiling at the carpet. "I thought that was a very ordinary musical score and I would never even have nominated it. I can think of at least five movies that had better musical scores and they weren't even named in the nominations. I'll bet you anything the voting must be rigged for the old-timers or something like that." He was talking very fast and with no variation in tone.

All eyes in the room were turned to him. He was avoiding them all.

Finally Tony cracked his knuckles and said, "Listen, kid, did I hear a rumor you invited some broads to this wingding? The one thing I don't see at this nice party tonight is broads."

Anthony did not look up. Now he seemed to be making a study of his ankle-high, elastic-sided Italian boots. He shivered just a little. He took a long swallow of his sixth drink and looked at his watch.

"Well," he said to his watch, "it's not nine yet. I told them all between eight and nine and you know how people are, especially broads, they don't like to be the first ones at the party so they figure they'll come like a half hour *after* the last time you said and be safe, there'll be plenty of people ahead of them, you know how they think."

He had finished the big platter of potato chips without assistance. He reached for another equally big platter that was on the coffee table and began to pile into that.

"I know how broads think," Tony said. "They think, if they're not interested in going to some party, they don't go. They're peculiar that way."

"They'll be here!" The words shot out of Anthony as though from a catapult in his throat. "There'll be 20 of them, 30, I don't know how many, groovy ones, too, I'm not putting you on! My God, holy cats, can you blame me if they all figure they'll be on the safe side and come late? They all said they were dying to come and asked for all the details and wrote down the address and everything, how could they not come, they've got to come!"

His eyes were raised now and going from one of us to the next, as helpless and full of ghastly begging as Beauty's; but all the time, there under his sweaty forehead, flanked by his alarmingly red cheeks, his lips were fighting to hold on to their nonchalant partying smile.

"You must be a big man with the broads," Tony went on lazily. "You invite 30 of them to a party and not one of them shows up. You must be a real sensation with the broads. You should

tell us sometime how you got to be such a killer."

"Lay off, Tony," Gordon said. "If they said they'd come and they don't, he's not responsible."

"He's responsible," Tony said. "If they're staying away, it's not from us, it's from him."

"They're coming, they're coming, you can bet anything you want!" Anthony was holding his glass and the ice was rattling in it, his hand was shaking so much. "I do all right in that department, if there's one thing I know how to do it's how to handle myself with, with, listen, they wouldn't say they were creaming over the idea of this party and then hang up and just forget about it, I know them and I know, I'm sure, no, they wouldn't do it!"

He ran out of words then and I saw why. His eyes had been flitting around but now they had lit on the television screen and were flaring to double size. The final musical number was being presented to the Awards audience, a fast, boppy dance routine with three slender gay boys making arched-back ballet leaps around a shapely girl who was snaking her arms up and down and doing modernistic convulsions with her abdomen and long fine legs.

Anthony's idiot-inert smile wavered. The ice in his glass was making so much noise that he set it down. His hands went to his neck to do some unnecessary adjusting on his tie.

He turned his stricken eyes to me. The twitching girl on the television screen was undeniably, unavoidably, sickeningly, Norva Hameel.

For a while he said nothing. His facial



"All you have to do is throw one little old fight!"



When the moment is magic...  
the champagne is

# COOK'S

*Imperial American Champagne*

RENOWNED 'ROUND THE WORLD • AMERICAN WINE COMPANY, FRESNO, CALIFORNIA  
Booklet for Brides-to-be. Suggestions on wedding plans, champagne service. Send 50¢ to Cook's, 350 Fifth Ave., Room 3B31, New York 1, N.Y.

it really pays  
to **CHOOSE AVIATION**  
AS A CAREER

Aviation offers you opportunities, challenge and the highest earnings in American industry. Spartan's technical training can be your short cut to success you can measure: a fine new home, the latest model automobile, a happy family free from financial worries. Courses are only 8 to 22 months duration. Extended payment plan and job placement service. Train now at Spartan for greater opportunities and higher earnings.

*Mail this coupon today!*  
**SPARTAN SCHOOL OF AERONAUTICS**  
Director of Admissions Dept PB12  
Municipal Airport Tulsa, Oklahoma

- Aircraft & Powerplant Mechanic (Piston and Jet)
- Flight Engineer
- Electronic Engineering Technologist
- Electronic Technician
- Master Instrument Technician
- Pilot Ratings

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ AGE \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

## SPARTAN

muscles did some rippling. Then he mumbled, "She said she'd come. She said so. Maybe she meant she was going to do this performance first, then change her clothes and get right over here fast, that must have been her thinking. She didn't mention anything about being late but maybe that was how she had it planned in her mind, that she'd shoot right over as soon as she did this bit at the Awards. Naturally she couldn't turn down this chance to do her routine before all these important people, you couldn't ask her to pass up a chance like that, she probably thought she could squeeze both things in, sure, first the performance and then the party, that must be it."

Tony was looking him over thoughtfully.

"Norva Hameel's a friend of yours, too?" he said. "You know her real well, like you know all the other broads you invited?"

"Norva Hameel," Anthony said with a sudden spurt of brightness, "is one of my oldest and closest friends in Hollywood."

"That so?" Tony said pleasantly. "And tell me, how do you and Lizzie Taylor spend your nights?"

"We were as close as any two people in this town, ask anybody!" Anthony sputtered. "We had a real thing, Norva and me! She wouldn't let me down, I can tell you that right now, not after all the time we spent together!" He faltered. His eyes wandered. He took a deep breath and added in a husky voice, "We were, we were an item. I can show it to you in black and white. Sidney Skolsky wrote us up once in his column."

"If Skolsky ever got a hot tip like that," Tony said, "he must have gotten it from one person, you, you big blast of funky wind. I know Norva a little better than you do, laddy boy. Before she'd waste one minute on one of you two-bit weightlifters she'd sooner take cyanide. She begins to laugh out loud every time she sees one of you tight-assed muscle boys come sashaying with your fan-magazine profiles and tossed-salad hairdos down the Strip. She's told me many times what she thinks about you boys with the big chests and the football shoulders. It's her theory that you work your muscles overtime because nothing else in you will work worth a damn. And stop eating up all the potato chips, you punk. Potato chips won't do anything for what ails you."

It was an incredible splat of venom from big, easygoing, amiable Tony Reach. In all the years I'd known him I had never heard him sail into anybody with such undiluted homicide.

For a time after Tony ran out of words Anthony continued to sit very still. His head was down and no part of him moved. Then he did something



astonishing. He bolted up, crammed a big handful of potato chips into the dead center of his unshrinkable smile, and almost skipped across the room to where Beauty was lying. He squatted at the dog's side and held out his quivering hand, saying with rushed, pell-mell good humor, "Here, Beauty, come on, old pal, give me your paw, all right, now, good dog, let's have your paw, will you?"

I motioned to Gordon to follow me. We went into the bedroom.

"Bad," Gordon said. "Bad things in that room."

"I expected *some* kind of fiasco," I said, "but this beats me. He must have invited a lot of girls and he must have been pretty sure they'd come or he would never have dared show up himself. What could have gone wrong?"

"Doesn't make sense. There's something way off with this lad but I don't know what."

"There's only one way I can figure it. This is a badly disturbed fellow who simply can't take no for an answer, who goes to pieces when he's denied something and who I suppose is denied over and over. I happen to know that on more than one occasion he's knocked girls around when they didn't dance to his tune, whatever kind of shrilling music his tune may be. Maybe the girls know how touchy he is and how much trouble he can make if they refuse him. Maybe when he asked them to the party they just said yes to get rid of him and put it out of their minds the next minute."

"Could be. If he's an arguer and a troublemaker a girl might agree to come and pretend to be writing the address down, just to cut the conversation short."

"Well, however it happened, we've got a nightmare in there now. We've got to break it up somehow, before Tony eats this kid alive."

"What's bothering Tony? He's always such a placid, good-natured guy."

"He can't stand what he calls punks. Especially Hollywood actor punks. He's an old unhipstrionic pro and he'd like to break these young strutting psychos in two with his bare hands. Besides, I think he may sense some potency disturbance in this boy that enrages him, I don't know why."

"Because it echoes something in him?"

"I don't think that for a minute. Tony's practically the top ladies' man in town. He gets the cream of each new batch of girls each and every year. He *couldn't* have that kind of problem, I think he's just a pro in all departments who bridles at the amateurs in all departments."

"Maybe. It could also be that the two of them have potency troubles at opposite ends of the erotic scale and for that reason they're incompatible, they come at each other snarling and clawing."

"You mean, satyriasis is a form of potency disturbance?"

"That's one school of thought. Isn't it a possibility that each man jeers at the potency trouble of the man next to him, so long as it's different from his own? Well, we don't have to get technical about it."

"The question is, how do we handle this thing? Before there's blood all over the carpet?"

"Here's what I suggest, Farley. When we go back I'll sit down with Tony and keep him occupied. You ease the kid out into the patio and tell him everything's all right, no hard feelings, but it would be best if he just faded away, to avoid trouble. Once you give him an excuse to go outside I don't think he'll be too anxious to come back."

"Let's try it. I tell you, Gordie, I'm going to make it a policy from now on never to be in the same room with weightlifters, whether they're my fans and old buddies or not."

"I'm with you there, old buddy. Muscles are nice to have but when you make them your life work you're in trouble, most likely of the kind we were specifying earlier."

"Tell that to my wife, will you? She's been after me for months to start doing setting-up exercises."

"Well, old buddy, I never meant to suggest that if you're all flab and a yard wide it automatically follows that you're a real lover boy."

"Come on, let's get to work. I'm kind of sorry Norva Hameel *didn't* come. What I'm suggesting is that I strongly suspect she could inspire me to be a real lover boy."

. . .

It was a good enough plan we'd worked out, but we never got the chance to try it. When we returned to the living room we found the tension there very close to exploding. And it had changed in quality. All of our friends were still sitting wordlessly, looking at Anthony, but their faces had shifted from exasperation to puzzlement; when I considered the object of their attention I saw why.

Anthony was now on the floor alongside Beauty, but what he was doing with her could no longer by any stretch of the imagination be called play. He had become intent almost to the point of hysteria; he was issuing commands like a drill sergeant and insisting that the poor animal carry them out on the spot and with precision. It had somehow become a point of honor with him, more, an obsession, a matter of life and death, that the dog make every move he dictated, jump, twist, and contort herself as he willed it. His voice was rasping with strain and his eyes were feverish.

"I told you to give me your paw, now, right now, paw!" he ground out. "Come on, quick!" He grabbed Beauty's paw and yanked it, dragging her across the carpet; she regarded him with sad, bewildered eyes. "Didn't you hear what I

said? Now you give me your paw! Make it fast, now!" He tugged her forward, shoved her back. "Roll over, dog! Do what I tell you, roll!" With both hands he took hold of her fur and flopped her from side to side. "Roll, don't you understand anything? When I say roll I mean roll!" He rotated her again, roughly. There were still the remnants of that crazed, creepy smile on his lips. I could still see a mask of jollity there which was meant to say that it was all in fun, but the mask was crumbling and in his eyes was a wild gleam that I did not want to watch because it said that this was very far from fun.

I looked over my shoulder at Gordon. I knew how fond he was of his dog and how he hated the whole idea of training dogs to obey orders. I had heard him say more than once that dogs should be dogs and not jumping jacks educated to entertain their masters and make them feel masterful.

Gordon had forgotten about going over to Tony to engage him in conversation. His eyes were narrowed as they riveted themselves on Anthony.

"You're going to do what I say!" Anthony rattled on. He snapped imperious fingers. "Let's go, shake hands, I said, shake hands!" He pulled at her paw again. "Quick, now, roll, roll!" He slammed her body around some more.

Gordon stepped over to him.

"Stop bothering the dog," he said.

Anthony did not look up. "You can't be that stupid," he said. "You know what I mean and you're not obeying out of spite. Paw! Shake hands! Roll, I said! Roll!" His hands went harassingly at the animal.

"I told you to leave her alone," Gordon said.

I put my hand on Anthony's shoulder.

"Anthony," I said. "You'd better stop. She's not trained to obey orders, she just can't do it."

Anthony turned his face up then. His hands were still jerking the dog here and there.

"I'm just playing with her," he said. "Look, she ought to learn these things, dogs need training, it gives them discipline and they mind when you tell them what to do."

"Gordon will teach her what he wants to. It's his dog. Quit it, Anthony."

"No, really, listen," Anthony said. "I know dogs, I've had them all my life, they make much better pets when you show them you're master and your word is what goes. She'll learn, she looks like a smart dog, you'll see. I've had a lot of experience at this, watch." His eyes were piercingly bright and his face was one sheet of moisture from hairline to collar; his cheeks were stained with scarlet. "Beauty! Paw! This minute! Shake! Don't pretend you don't understand! Shake! Roll! One, two!" He shoved her around. She looked up helplessly as her



body plowed this way and that under his flying hands.

Gordon bent over Anthony.

"For the last time," he said, "I'm warning you, *get your hands off that dog.*"

"Paw!" Anthony sputtered. "Roll! Roll! Paw!"

Back and forth Beauty went, like a sack of potatoes in a stevedore's hands.

I don't know what got into Gordon to make him do what he did next. Maybe it was his frustration over being without work because of the strike, or his misery and emptiness now that he'd finished a big novel and was too drained to figure out another project for himself, or his being haunted by the memory of the girl he'd had to break up with when he left New York for the Coast, or his disenchantment with Hollywood because he'd been through dozens of gaudy all-surface Hollywood girls, a breed he'd never had anything to do with before, and had not been able to work out anything meaningful with a single one of them; it might have been all these things. Maybe, too, he sensed, as I did, that young Anthony had been taking a terrible whiplashing from all the eyes in this room for a good two hours, topped by Tony's devastating frontal attack on him and all his paraded merits, and feeling beaten and stripped naked had retired to the corner to assert his mastery over the one living creature in the room that was not filled with contempt for him, that was weaker and more defenseless than he was. Maybe Gordon sensed all this and could not stand to see Beauty being made the butt of this cripple's need to lord it over some living stuff. In any case, Gordon raised his hand and smashed the back of it across Anthony's cheek with all his might. It was quite a blow. The crack of it reverberated up and down my spine.

Anthony was 20 years younger than Gordon and had close to 30 pounds on him. He could have done damage to Gordon, assuming that he could have gotten to him with all of us around. But he did not even try to strike back. All he did was rise to his knees in a hunched position, his head down. His shoulders began to heave and there were choked sounds from his lips. He was sobbing and doing his best to hold it in.

Abruptly, the worst part of the fit passed and he raised his head.

Now over the film of sweat on his cheeks were the running lines of tears. But he was still, even in this ultimate humiliation, even now, when every last camouflage had been stripped from him and he was exposed as he had never in his life been exposed, he was still holding on to his cracked, tottering, insane parody of a smile, holding to it for dear life, all his facial muscles taut with the strain to keep the tears from overrunning the happy, on-top-of-everything front.

"You didn't have to do that," he said. "I was just kidding around with her. They like a little roughhouse, for gosh sakes."

Gordon was standing there in iced fury, his fists half raised to hit out again at the least provocation.

"Don't take it out on a helpless dog," he said. "Don't try to make a dog say yes when the rest of the world says no."

Anthony's eyes opened still wider. He shuddered. His hands went to his cheeks and pressed against the skin there, as though he had been slapped by Gordon's words rather than by the blow earlier. He knew what Gordon was saying. He knew exactly.

All of a sudden the smile collapsed and fell apart like a Chinese fortune cookie; and for once his face was on display for the world to see without the adornments of false joy.

It was not a face to look at when it was smileless. What had been kept out of sight by the infectious grin was an agony and an incredible panic. The world was to him a firing squad, he had the look of a man going through life as though expecting at any moment to be executed. Life in his terrified eyes was a firing squad that wouldn't fire and wouldn't lower its guns. All his days were firing squads that only stood there and aimed.

I took him under the arm and helped him to stand.

"It's all right, Anthony," I said. "Gordon doesn't like to have people touch his dog. You didn't know."

But he was not listening. His hands were still to his cheeks and he was still staring with his ravished eyes at Gordon, the source of the words that had just executed him but left him breathing, the spokesman this day for the firing squad that was as big and as lasting as the world. His lips struggled to form words.

"Why do they lie to me?" he said. "All of them? Lie to me and tell me no? Always and forever?"

He wasn't asking Gordon in particular. He was asking the firing squad of a world, of which Gordon was only for the moment spokesman. He simply wanted to know once and for all, was formulating the big question for the first time in his life in so many words, why it was that the world was a landscape of guns from horizon to horizon, guns permanently pointed in his direction, and why his life was one long death sentence that was never quite carried out.

"It's all right," I said. "Let's go outside and get some air."

He offered no resistance when I led him out to the patio. He was limp, all his cultivated muscles loose, as I guided him to the patio door and down the steps to where his MG was parked. When I opened the door of the car and pressed him easily toward it he slid onto the seat at once.

"Will you be all right?" I said. "If you don't feel like driving I'll be glad to take you home in my car."

"I'll be all right," he said.

"Get a good night's sleep," I said inanely. "You'll wake up in the morning feeling better."

"No way to feel better," he said to the windshield, to the firing squad. "More you look at it the worse it gets. They don't want you and all they want is to tell you no and bite when it suits them. All you can do is sit around and wait."

With that, he fished his key out of his pocket, slipped it into the ignition, started the car and drove off.

The next morning Gordon dropped me off at the studio, as usual, and took the car to the beach. They were not ready to call me for my scene so I was busying myself in my dressing room getting the upright reeds in position for the floral basket I was about to make; I am a firm believer in keeping the hands occupied to prevent the mind from getting preoccupied. But even with my hands working I kept thinking back over the complicated events of my splendid birthday party.

There came a knock at the door. It was the assistant director.

"Phone call for you, Farley," he said.

"You know I don't take calls on the set," I said.

"Party says it's urgent. It's a Miss Hameel, Norva Hameel." His knowing smile made me wonder if he had ever had 10 wild days in Acapulco.

I went to the phone.

"It's me, Norva Hameel," she said immediately. "Excuse me for bothering you on the set, Mr. Munters, but I had to talk to you. I want to tell you why I didn't come to your party last night and how much I would have liked to have been there if the circumstances had been different."

"I know you were busy at the Awards," I said. "I saw you on television. You were very good."

"Oh, it wasn't the Awards kept me away. I could have come over after, but it was impossible with that nut around."

"Anthony actually invited you?"

"Did he *invite* me? You'll never believe what he did to me, Mr. Munters. He was on the phone every day for a week, morning, noon and night, saying I had to come to this party and was going to be your date. I kept hanging up on him because I had the unpleasant feeling he wanted to show you he had some kind of mysterious control over me and could throw me into anybody's arms just by snapping his fingers. I like you and admire you, Mr. Munters, but you can see I couldn't show up under those circumstances."

"I understand fully, Miss Hameel, and your sensitivities do you credit. But do you really think he wanted you to be





*"I was going to have a sandwich sent in, but as long as you're in town I'll take you to dinner. Good night . . . er . . . Maggie!"*



**WHAT'S  
A MILE OR SO  
BETWEEN  
FRIENDS...**

**WHEN YOU'VE BOTH GOT THE  
EICO® WALKIE-TALKIE**

**CITIZENS BAND  
TRANSCIVER #740**  
complete with leakproof  
rechargeable battery and charger

**Kit \$54.95**      **Wired \$79.95**  
Carrying Case \$3.95  
Add 5% In the West

Push the button and you're in touch — from out on the lake, from the golf course — from any place up to 1½ miles away. It's as simple as that — and no license needed! Operates 2500 hours on the battery. US made — an original product of EICO research. For complete details and free EICO catalog on over 80 easy-to-build kits for stereo hi fi, citizens band, "ham" gear, transistor radios, test equipment, write to Dept. PB-2.

**ELECTRONIC INSTRUMENT CO., INC.**  
3300 Northern Blvd., Long Island City 1, N. Y.



## SUSSKIND CALLS THE SHOTS

TV impresario David Suskind brings his controversial autobiography to a caustic close with several well-chosen words about working in Hollywood and the present state of TV. Don't miss the final installment of the most discussed memoirs of the season in *SHOW BUSINESS ILLUSTRATED*. On sale at your newsdealers January 24—February 6.



In Chicago

**THE PLAYBOY GIFT SHOP**  
120 E. Walton Street\*

my, ah, date? Wasn't that just an excuse for him to see you again?"

"You don't know how this nut's mind works, Mr. Munters. He kept insisting he wouldn't say two words to me, that I was going to be with you, and I believed him. I think it was more important for him to be able to throw me at somebody than to have me himself. It would have been another way of beating me up, one the fuzz couldn't get him for. Besides, I think he would have gotten some peculiar kicks in that cesspool of a mind of his *thinking* of me being with somebody else, I mean, *really* being with them, and him knowing all the time he'd arranged it."

"Interesting theory. I'll take it under advisement."

"But that's not what I'm calling about, Mr. Munters. Wait till you hear the whole story. What I finally did was, I couldn't stand getting all these calls from him so I did something drastic, I had the phone company change my number. I thought that would hold him but I was wrong. Yesterday afternoon I was doing some ironing and it was kind of muggy so I had the front door open to let in the air. All of a sudden I looked up and there was Anthony. He came right in and said I was going to the party and I was going to be your date. I forgot how you have to treat this nut, I was so sore, I just snapped that I wasn't going and he'd better get out. He began slugging me, the same old story, and telling me if I didn't come he would kill me. That was when I realized I was using the wrong tactics with this maniac. I was scared out of my wits. So I said, all right, if he would stop hitting me I would come. He said, fine, you were a wonderful man and I would like you, it would be an honor for me to be your date. When he left I looked myself over in the mirror and found he had given me one lovely shiner, the eye was practically closed. The make-up man at the Awards had to work over the eye for more than an hour before he had it disguised good enough so I could go on. I wanted you to know, Mr. Munters. I didn't dare to come to the party after that. I was scared to be in the same room with this raving maniac."

"I'm sorry, Miss Hameel. If I'd had the slightest idea what was happening I could have tried to stop him. I simply didn't know."

"Don't blame yourself, Mr. Munters. It hasn't got anything to do with you. He's just out of his head and there's nothing you or anybody else can do about it. What I'm doing this afternoon is, I'm going down to police headquarters and ask them to lock him up again on assault and battery charges, and if they won't do that to give me some protection. They'll believe me when they see this eye, it's closed up tight now."

"That's a shame, Miss Hameel. I'm

genuinely sorry you had to go through so much."

"Well, I'll live. The police will take care of this mad killer from now on. I just wanted you to know how disappointed I was that I couldn't get to your party. Under other circumstances I would have made it a point to be there."

"It would have been a pleasure to have had you there, Miss Hameel. Perhaps another time."

"I'd like that, I really would. As soon as this eye heals up, that is."

"I hope it gets better quickly."

"I'm sure it will. They usually clear up fast. Anyway, I can always wear dark glasses."

"Goodbye, Miss Hameel."

"Goodbye, Mr. Munters."

I had a long, leisurely lunch in the commissary. I sat by myself, eating an Elizabeth Taylor salad and reading Montaigne's autobiography, which I find to be a good antidote for almost any kind of catastrophe such as my partying of the night before. Soon after I got back to the set, about 2:30, Gordon showed up. I was surprised. He never came back from the beach this early.

"The party's over," he said. "For good. Read this."

He handed me a copy of the *Mirror-Examiner* folded back to the fifth page, pointing to a brief news story near the bottom. This was the text:

"The body of Anthony Trilling, 23, television bit player, was found by the police this morning in his apartment at 1173 Greenview Place, in the West Hollywood hills off Miller Drive. Trilling, whose real name, according to letters and personal documents discovered on the premises, was Paul Wasniecki, of Ann Arbor, Michigan, had apparently swallowed the contents of a bottle of sleeping tablets. No suicide note was left but Detective Sergeant James W. Macready informed newspapermen that across the bureau mirror were scrawled the words, 'Too many of them too many.' It is Detective Macready's theory that Trilling used a deodorant stick to spell out these words shortly before he lost consciousness. Police were puzzled by one object found in the bedroom, a portion of a human tooth, apparently an incisor, buried in a small block of transparent plastic. This plastic cube was suspended over the bed by a string and scratched into one of its faces in irregular letters were the cryptic words, 'She still bites.'"

I put the paper down. My eyes strayed to the mirror. It seemed to me that if I did not get that damn silly wig and absurd moth-eaten robe off right away, that minute, I would be condemned to spend the rest of my days looking like that, a lumpy, greasy monk in pancake make-up. We're making up, he had said. He had made up now. With himself. He was all made up with himself. I rubbed the round bald spot on my



monk's wig. It felt like the cold parchment skin of a dead man.

"Yes," I said. "The party's over."

"The sweating's over," Gordon said.

"You always see somebody like that from a distance. From afar. His smile is a wall of glass between you and him two miles wide. You never come close enough to see that the one thought in his mind is how long he can hold out with his hands tied and the firing squad aiming at him."

"You think any of the girls at Cyrano's tonight will notice he's gone?"

"No. They'll be too busy smiling, putting up a wall of glass around themselves two miles wide. Gordon, what do you make of this?"

"What I make of it," he said, "is that Hollywood acts on some as a fungus, a dry rot, a progressive rust, rather than as a community. Acting is a profession in which you tell lies to make a living and sometimes you can die of it. Life is an impossible job of work for which they'll never enact an eight-hour day or a minimum wage. Too much value is attached to the happy face and too many work themselves into the grave cultivating it. Things have a tendency to be partially bad all over, more so on some streets than on others. It's amazing, in this land of perpetual sun, how many city blocks there are that the sun never shines on. Christ, I don't know what to make of it. I would give a good deal to know the meaning of that cracked incisor in the plastic cube."

"Excuse me," I said. "Have to make a phone call."

I went outside to the wall phone. I called the Screen Actors' Guild and got the number I wanted. I dialed and waited through several rings.

"Miss Hameel?" I said. "Farley Munters."

"Oh, Mr. Munters," she said. "How nice."

"I'm afraid what I have to tell you isn't very nice. There's a story in today's paper that you ought to know about." I read the whole thing to her.

There was a long silence. I could hear her breathing.

"Paul Wasniecki," she said. I could hardly hear her. "I never knew that was his name."

"You never can tell about names around here. Or faces."

Another silence.

"Oh, my God." Her voice had more power now. "That nut. He ran out of girls to beat up on. He finally had to beat up on himself."

"His whole life was one long beating. Whether it came from himself or the outside, he was getting slapped all the time."

"So was I. Not by myself. By him."

"Well, I suppose he was trying to even the score. Give the world back what he thought he was getting from it every

minute. You happened to be handy. Within reach."

"I don't think I follow you, Mr. Munters."

"What I'm trying to say is, he finally had to reach out to the firing squad and pull the triggers himself. That's it. I think so. It doesn't matter."

"But what was he doing with that piece of my tooth hanging over his bed? That's weird."

"You kept saying no to him and he thought each time you were biting him. Something like that, maybe. He thought the world was making a slow-motion meal of him."

"Well," she said, "the boys are getting separated from the men. That incredible nut."

The make-up man's dressing table was just to one side of where I was standing. I moved over so that I could see myself in the mirror. I decided that I really didn't look so bad in this outfit after all. Matter of fact, I looked rather distinguished. A bit overweight, maybe, but that could be handled with a regular regimen of setting-up exercises.

"Mr. Munters," she said, "I'm sorry, truly sorry, that we had to meet under these circumstances."

"I know what you mean," I said. "I am, too."

"Are you going to be out here long? I heard your picture was going to be finished in a few days."

"I'm doing my last scene this afternoon," I said. "I take the jet to New York in the morning, but I'll be coming back out in May, May the 17th, to do another picture. I'll be here for six weeks at least."

"That's wonderful," she said.

I could almost see the wide smile on her dimpled Norwegian face as she said this. I leaned over to see my own face in the mirror and forced my lips into a broad smile.

I thought: I shall remember Anthony Trilling's all-out grin, the cancer on the lips of my profession and my life, till the day I die, at which time I sincerely hope I will be able to summon up enough rage, not as an actor, as another trapped and tricked animal, to take over all of my face.

"Yes," I said, "I like the idea, too. California is good for my sinuses. My hay fever doesn't bother me at all out here."

"I really hope we'll have a chance to get together when you're back, Mr. Munters," she said.

"Let's make a point of it," I said.

I studied myself in the mirror. I wondered, irrelevantly, how I would look in a monk's cowl strolling around the sunny streets of Acapulco.

"I'll look forward to it, Farley."

"I will too, Norva."



## INTRODUCTORY OFFER!



mono—AFLP 1956/stereo—AFSD 5956

The outstanding selections of all the big Dukes Of Dixieland hits. Recorded in brilliant clarity and dynamic, exciting presence. For a limited time available at this special low price.

**NOW ONLY**  
**\$ 298** MONO or STEREO  
MANUFACTURER'S NATIONALLY  
ADVERTISED PRICE

**BUY NOW AND SAVE UP TO \$3.00**  
(catalog price will be 4.98-5.95)

AVAILABLE AT YOUR RECORD SHOP,  
OR WRITE TO: Dept. P11

**AUDIO FIDELITY INC.**  
770 Eleventh Avenue, New York 19, N.Y.



only for those who want the ultimate

# SHERWOOD

Superb Stereo/Hi Fi and  
New Modular Cabinetry

Now interchangeable furniture in rich walnut to complement the perfection of Sherwood components. A new matched speaker system of unparalleled quality...everything you want to create the most beautiful sound possible... installed and operated by anyone in 15 minutes. Sherwood Electronic Laboratories, Inc., 4300 N. California Ave., Chicago 18, Illinois. For brochure write Dept. P-2.



## TWIN-EARED SOUNDS (continued from page 50)

receiver (\$7.50) or a base for the Garrard (\$4.49). But remember that we're talking list price and that dealers have been known to talk discounts, especially when complete rigs are under discussion.

Before we leave the \$500 category, here is an alternate suggestion for the purist who would rather put off FM stereo for the nonce in the interest of getting higher quality in the other departments. He'd be well advised to start off with the ESL Gyro/Suspension turntable—a four-speed, belt-driven job that can be had with a hysteresis synchronous motor (\$79.95 including base)—and the Dynaco TA-12 unitized stereo pickup (\$49.95) with its remarkably smooth Bang & Olufsen cartridge. The stereo amplifier could easily be Harman-Kardon's A-500 (\$159.95), which has an output of 25 watts per channel and embodies just about every control and function indicator devised by the hand of man. For speakers we'd choose a pair of AR2As (\$109 each, unfinished), which offer a solid bass, bright highs and clean transients. Later on, an FM stereo tuner and a four-track tape deck can be added.

For our \$1000 rig we'll assume again that FM stereo is a *sine qua non*. We'll throw in AM, too (everyone has to go slumming occasionally), and favor the Fisher 800-B AM-FM stereo receiver (\$429.50), another all-in-one unit that gives over 30 watts per channel and does a superb job of bringing in noise-free, distortionless stereo broadcasts. (Incidentally, the 800-B has a useful Stereo Beam indicator to tell you when you've hit upon a multiplex signal as you wander over the FM band.) For record-playing equipment our choice goes to some carefully crafted imports. The Thorens TD-

124 Transcription Turntable (\$99.75, plus base), which comes from Switzerland, embodies such refinements as a variable speed adjustment control, an illuminated stroboscope, and built-in bubble and leveling controls. With this proven and much-admired piece of equipment we've mated the Danish-made Ortofon RMG-309 arm (\$59.95) and SPU-GT cartridge (\$49.95). Ortofon gear is new to America, but in Europe it has an almost enchanted reputation—which we can well understand after hearing the magnificent performance of this arm and cartridge combination. Speaker systems? In the indicated price range (that is, around \$200 per speaker) there's an embarrassment of choice. We finally settled on a pair of Tannoy Dual Concentrics in the Belvedere Senior enclosure (\$223 each). This British import has impressed us as an unusually musical transducer—open and free in sound, not at all boxy in its over-all effect. But we'll be the first to admit that opinion on speakers is as unpredictable as the opinion on women, so consider also the KLH Model 7 (\$203 each), a largish acoustic-suspension system; the JansZen Z-300 (\$203.50), which marries a two-element electrostatic tweeter to an 11-inch cone woofer; and the Fisher XP-4 (\$199.50), in which the woofer is molded directly onto the enclosure for improved bass.

The man with a thousand dollars to spend may happen to put a higher priority on four-track tape than stereo FM—quite justifiably, too, if he lives in an area where stereo FM has yet to take hold. Should this be the case, we recommend a Scott 299-C stereo amplifier (\$224.95), with its comfortable 36 watts per channel, in place of the Fisher 800-B. The \$200 thus saved can be invested in a Tandberg Model 65 tape player (\$199.95), which handles both two- and four-track tapes at 7½ and 3¾ ips for playback only.

So we're now up to \$1500 and no longer concerned about either/or decisions. At this figure the fidelitarian can have just about everything. We'll start him off with the Empire Troubadour turntable-arm-cartridge combination (\$200), which will track nicely at a stylus pressure of one gram and is as free from rumble and flutter as anything on the market. For tape equipment we've favored the Bell T-337 (\$369.95), a four-track stereo record/playback unit that's operated via a panel of convenient piano keys. It's foolproof, handsome and ruggedly made. Because the Bell T-337 is a recording as well as a playback unit, a good microphone for home taping sessions is indicated. The Electro-Voice Model 664 (\$95 each) gets our nod because of its cardioid pickup pattern and solid construction. Stereo FM reception is handled by the H. H. Scott Model 350

Tuner (\$199.95), a wide-band unit typical of this company's penchant for turning out drift-free, ultrasensitive radio gear. We've entrusted the remaining electronics to Fisher's X-202-B Master Control Amplifier (\$249.50), a 75-watter that has a useful tape monitoring system. For the \$1500 man's speakers the choice has fallen on a pair of Bozak B-302As in the Urban cabinetry (\$254.50 each). This is a three-way speaker system in an infinite baffle enclosure, and its clean bass and brilliant treble are of the kind to make even the most tone-deaf take notice.

If \$1500 will get you "just about" everything in a high fidelity installation, what will everything cost? Well, who cares? This is a damn-the-expense assemblage for the man who has plenty of spare room and spare cash, and it's frankly meant to look as well as sound impressive. To begin with, he will have two record players—a turntable-arm combination for really spectacular stereo sonics and an automatic changer for somewhat less attentive listening. His turntable is Rek-O-Kut's best, the Model B-12H (\$139.95), a massive, precision-tooled affair with a heavy-duty hysteresis motor; the arm, Shure's Model 232 (\$29.35), a 12-incher of lovely design; the cartridge, Audio Dynamic's ADC-1 (\$49.50), with its extremely high compliance, low tracking force, minute mass and .6-mil tip radius. For the changer we've selected the new Miracord Studio H (\$99.50), a neat German import that combines a hysteresis motor with a blissfully smooth changing mechanism. In its mass-balanced (no springs) arm we've put the Pickering 381E Series Stereo Flux-valve cartridge (\$60) equipped with three V-Guard stylus assemblies—.7-mil for stereo, 1-mil for mono LP, 2.7-mil for 78s—to cover all possible contingencies. The tape recorder is Sony's all-transistorized Model 777-S (\$725), a tidy piece of professional engineering that offers such amenities as Electro Bi-Lateral Heads (the equivalent of six stereo heads, ½ track and ¼ track, for the record, playback and erase functions), hysteresis drive motor, remote-control push-button operation, and modular plug-in circuitry. A pair of Shure Model 330 Uni-Ron microphones (\$120 each) are included for the home stereo recordist; their generally silken response should please the most perfectionist amateur recording director.

Next in this profligate rig comes the stereo FM tuner, and here our vote goes to the Citation III-X (\$319.90), one of the celebrated Hegeman-designed units from Harman-Kardon, somewhat unconventional in circuitry but splendid in performance. For non-FM reception we've included the new National NC-190 receiver (\$219.95), a dual-conversion communications set that covers the AM broadcast band and the entire shortwave spectrum (up to 30 megacycles) as well;





six major foreign broadcast bands, from 13 to 49 meters, are calibrated on the bandspread dial for easy tuning. For the preamp and the power amplifiers, we've turned to the products of Marantz, a firm that is to audio componentry as Rolls-Royce is to automobiles. The Marantz Model 7 preamp (\$264) and Model 9 70-watt power amplifier (\$324 each, and you need two for stereo) are at the very pinnacle of the *ne plus ultra* category. Our money-is-no-problem man obviously lives in spacious quarters (or he can move if he doesn't), so we've had no hesitation in choosing two monster speaker systems for him, the Electro-Voice Patrician 700s (\$795 each) with their unique 30-inch woofers. The thunderclap in *Das Rheingold* really shakes the floor boards when it rolls through these Patricians, and the effect may just possibly arouse a neighbor's ire in the small hours of the morning; to be prudent, then, we've also thrown in a pair of Superex Model ST-M headphones (\$29.95) for the occasions when a private sonic world would seem to be in order.

Our only misgiving about this system is that some well-heeled enthusiast may actually go out and order one sound-unheard. Actually, the man who's going to invest this much cash in a super stereo rig should be pretty intransigent about choosing the componentry that most closely suits his particular sonic tastes. For example, instead of the Patrician 700s he might well prefer the J. B. Lansing Hartsfield corner-horn system (\$948 each) or the Ranger-Paragon one-unit stereo system (\$2102), the Bozak Concert Grand (\$550 each), or the Tannoy GRF (\$385 each). And in place of Marantz electronics, his fancy could just as readily alight on the equally posh McIntosh C-20 stereo preamp (\$234) and MC-240 80-watt power amplifiers (\$288 each).

In short, the moral — whether you're exuding or economizing — is to listen before you leap. Tailoring a system to your own whims and ways is one of the chief delights of stereo. If our four sample rigs have started you planning one of your own, or upgrading the one you now own, we can write a grateful Q.E.D. 🐣

## PERILS OF PASSION

(answers)

1. *The Mikado*, by Gilbert and Sullivan, which (along with *Madam Butterfly*) went unproduced in this country during World War II, because of its Japanese locale. Soon after the curtain rises on Act One, the lovesick hero is informed of the Mikado's stern decree:

"That all who flirted, leered or winked,

Unless connubially linked.

Should forthwith be beheaded."

2. *Leviticus*, the Third Book of Moses. "And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying . . . 'And the man that committeth adultery with another man's wife, even he that committeth adultery with his neighbor's wife, the adulterer and the adulteress shall surely be put to death.'" (King James Version.)

3. *1984*, by George Orwell. In the totalitarian state of the future described by Orwell, "The sex instinct created a world of its own which was outside the Party's control and which therefore had to be destroyed if possible. What was more important . . . sexual privation induced hysteria, which was desirable because it could be transformed into leader worship. . . . *The unforgivable crime* was promiscuity between Party members. . . . The sexual act . . . was rebellion. Desire was thought-crime." (Italics ours.)

4. *Measure for Measure*, by William Shakespeare (or, according to various cultists, by Francis Bacon, Christopher Marlowe, Ben Jonson, the 17th Earl of Oxford, the Sixth Earl of Derby, et al.). In this play, the first civil act of Angelo, newly appointed Deputy of Vienna, is to revive an old statute by which the hero, Claudio, is

" . . . Condemn'd upon the act of fornication/To lose his head."

5. *Das Liebesverbot*, an early opera by Richard Wagner. The libretto was based on *Measure for Measure*.

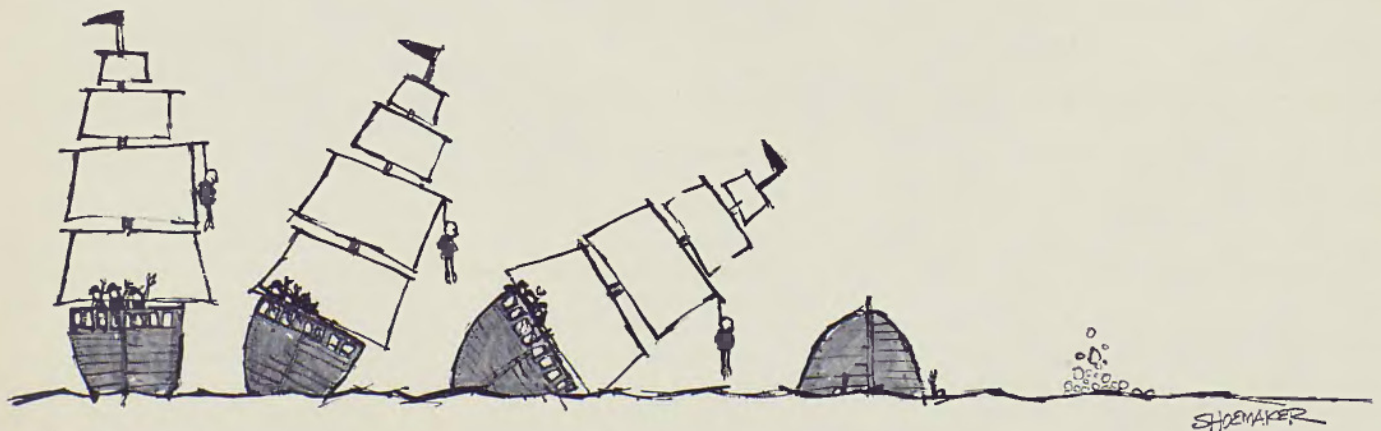
## three fashion finds

(continued from page 59)

Impeccably correct for resort wear around the globe, both summer and winter, the spectator suit (while uniquely atypical *in toto*) incorporates many elements of the current Continental mode in sportswear: longer jackets, extending three or four inches below the sleeve end; natural shoulders; narrow lapels; fitted chestlines; gentle waist suppression; slightly fuller sleeves than in recent seasons; cuffed trousers (though business and evening suits remain cuffless) and highly individual detailing. The ascot-accented silk sport shirt, Roman-striped to match the jacket lining, reflects the bold-striped shirt influence which dominates both leisure and business wear on the Continent, and exemplifies the kind of subtle style detail which has made Italy a fountainhead of worldwide fashion design for discriminating men.

The circus-striped silk jacket, a formalized adaptation of the popular American blazer, can be worn both at sporty and semiformal functions. Available in a spectrum-spanning selection of muted and uninhibited shades, fitted with three self-covered buttons for a custom-tailored touch, and worn in coordination with meticulously matched ascot, open-collared shirt and solid-color slacks, these jackets have created a new look of studied informality in resort wear which promises to make the leisure scene in a big way this season both in America and abroad.

Our featured bulky-weave pullover shirt, spotted on the strand at Rapallo, is one of a rich assortment of increasingly esteemed Italian sport shirts in coarse-woven fibers. The monochromatic beige theme of this handsome shirt and slack outfit sets the tone for this year's Riviera styles. From hat to shoes, shades of tan, beige and straw — accented with a soupçon of crimson, purple, cerulean and gold — enliven the resort wardrobe with what might accurately be termed venturesome understatement. 🐣





SPANISH PRISONER *(continued from page 64)*

me a bit of paper. The pot's all earthy."

He growled, "Paper! You wanna me I should put *jam* on it, maybe?" There was a gutted old ledger or manuscript book to hand. He ripped out a few pages and wrapped the flowerpot. "So long," he said.

I took the flower home — it was to enhance my evening *à deux* — unwrapped the pot, stood back, and said involuntarily, "What beautiful handwriting!"

"Whatever are you talking about?" my companion inquired.

It was the wrapping paper: fine, hand-made stuff, unruled and covered with marvelously regular lines in a very fine longhand, written in black ink with a flexible sharp nib.

I saw, in the top right-hand corner of the uppermost sheet, *Charles Ouimet. Journal. Paris, 1863-1865. p. 142*. The other pages were headed similarly, with consecutive page numbers. Charles Ouimet, whoever he may have been, must have had an eye on posterity. Well, I thought, greater work than Ouimet's has ended in dirtier hands than Ciuccia's — the manuscripts of Bach ended in a butcher's shop.

I read on. Ouimet wrote a stylized kind of French . . .

"What is it?" my young dinner guest asked.

I said, "It seems that somebody dined out with the great."

Ouimet had written:

"*Monday. Mlle. T— and I dined with Alexandre Dumas the Elder and the American actress Adah Isaacs Menken of New Orleans.*

"Dumas, gorged with rich food, had the appearance of a sleepy hippopotamus, but his bloodshot eyes were shrewd and sly under his fleshy brows, like the eyes of a mischievous child pretending to hide under a pillow. His coat was too tight, somewhat the worse for neglect, and so marked with the brown tints of ancient sauces as to remind one of the palette of a painter trying colors for an autumnal landscape. Yet the beautiful American could not take her great black eyes off him. As we sipped our coffee, she asked him naively, 'Master, is it true that in *The Count of Monte Cristo* you took the idea of the escape of Edmond Dantes from the memoirs of the Baron von der Trenck?'

"Dumas answered, 'No, sweet lady, but what if I had? Would you, for example, ask the cook downstairs if the sublime omelets we ate tonight were merely modifications of the work of a chicken? No, dear lady, I'm sorry, I can't help it — I'm a genius. I transcend and transmute the commonplace. The seed of *Monte Cristo* was blown into the fertile garden of my mind by a curious little tale. I let it germinate, *here* — and

*here*—.' He struck himself on forehead and breast; one of his waistcoat buttons flew off. For you, Divine Mazeppa, I'll tell the little story which was to become the germ of what the world wrongly regards as the greatest romantic novel of our age . . . Yes, wrongly, Monsieur Ouimet! *The Three Musketeers* is the greatest. I rank *Monte Cristo* second, only. I know my limitations.'

"So, pausing occasionally to feed Adah Isaacs Menken a grape or an apricot, Alexandre Dumas drew into his immense chest a breath that seemed to exhaust the atmosphere of our little private dining room, and went on; dry, matter-of-fact, inexorable; covering the tablecloth with diagrams made of forks, fruit and decanters . . ."

. . . I met him about 30 years ago in Malaga, in early summer. I love Spain, but the Spaniards disappointed me somewhat; they are jealous as Moors and keep their women behind gratings. I refer, of course, to the Spanish gentleman. But even the shopkeeper — even the mechanic, the fisherman, the muleteer, the barber, the cab driver, the humble artisan — is devilishly quick with a knife if one so much as winks at his wife. I was never perfectly comfortable in Spain. It is the only country in Europe — except Corsica, where the men are just as barbarous — in which I sometimes found myself with time to kill.

In other words, I was bored. I loitered about the wharves, observing the sailors and the ships, and eating *chirimoyas*, that sweetest of fruit. They say that a dozen *chirimoyas* eaten daily for a fortnight will kill you. Then when my time comes, let me perish of a surfeit of *chirimoyas*, in the arms of a beautiful woman, to the music of Rossini! How so be it, one ship in particular caught my fancy — a merchant vessel of antiquated pattern, but of distinctive elegance of line, smartly painted and decorated with a finely carved figure-head representing a glorious girl in bridal dress. The name of the ship was Mercedes. As I stood, admiring, a deep voice said, "My ship pleases you, señor?"

I turned and saw a gentleman who might have been Don Quixote himself, he was so tall and thin and long-limbed; only he was dressed all in rich black, relieved only by white cambric ruffles at wrist and throat, and was leaning on a long, gold-headed ebony stick. His hands, I noticed, were all tight sinew and drawn wire, conveying an impression of immense nervous strength, and although his manner was courteous his tone was peremptory, almost harsh.

I replied, as best I could, that I profoundly admired both vessel and figure-

head — that the latter, indeed, interested me most of all. He, grimly smiling — possibly at my Spanish — replied in heavily accented French, "Ah, yes, the figurehead is handsome, but not nearly as beautiful as its original, after whom the ship herself is named."

We introduced ourselves to each other, then, and I learned that this was the immensely wealthy merchant Juan Gutierrez. He continued, "If M. Dumas will do me the honor to join me in a simple little dinner at my house, such as it is, I shall be most proud to present you to the lady."

"I shall be enchanted, señor," said I.

"If you will grant me the privilege of sending my humble four-wheeler to your hotel at eight o'clock . . .?"

You might have thought that I was to be dragged off in a donkey cart to eat wormy chick-peas out of a wooden bowl in a sooty hovel. But I was conveyed in a high black-and-gold coach drawn by four peerless matched black horses to a magnificent house in a high-walled garden of exotic trees and brilliant flowers. The gates were of intricately wrought iron, guarded by a forbidding keeper and two frightful black dogs as big as lions and twice as shaggy.

I was received in a luxuriously appointed salon, adorned with rarities from all over the earth, but my attention was caught and held by a transcendently magnificent portrait of a breath-taking beauty in the Spanish style. The frame alone must have been worth 100,000 francs! Seeing my awe-struck gaze, and hearing my gasp of rapture, Gutierrez said, "It is a good likeness. I do not know much about pictures, but the painter, one Goya, is well spoken of in high places, they tell me." I looked about me expectantly. "She will join us for coffee," he said.

Explaining that his lady was indisposed with a passing migraine, he took me into dinner. Courtesy compelled me to take a sip of wine, to his good health and long life. He said, gravely, "It is written in my *djuk* that I shall not die until snow falls in the heat of mid-summer in the streets of Malaga."

"That will be never, then," I said. "But what is a *djuk*?"

"It is a gypsy word, meaning destiny."

So, in the course of a superlative dinner, a description of which — since you have already dined — might seem wearisome, the merchant of Malaga told me something of himself.

His family, driven by poverty, had come to the coast from the plains, where for generations they had been horsemen and cattlemen. At the age of 10, young Juan Gutierrez shipped as cabin boy aboard a merchantman. Quick to learn, clever with his hands, very tall for his age, and remarkably strong and agile, he was an able-bodied seaman at 16, and



second mate before he was 19 years old. By this time he had seen much of the world and learned the lingua franca of the sea, which involves a little of every language. There was no situation, he flattered himself, to which he could not adapt himself. So we all think, until we fall in love.

He fell in love with Mercedes de Baeza, daughter of a prosperous ship's chandler of Malaga. She was only 16, but already regarded as one of the most beautiful girls in that city. And there was that about Juan Gutierrez which made her prefer him to any other man she had seen. Her look told him that. He went straight to her father and asked for her hand in marriage.

Old De Baeza laughed at him. "Do you think I am going to throw my Mercedes away on a mere second mate of a merchantman?" he asked.

"Next year I shall be first mate," said Juan.

"And after that?"

"In a couple of years, I shall have a command," said Juan.

The chandler said, "What then? In Malaga one cannot spit without hitting a sea captain. No, no, my boy! Come back with a ship of your own, and then we might talk."

Juan went away bitterly enough, but before he sailed he contrived to talk with Mercedes. "I shall wait for you," she said.

"When I return," said he, "it will be in a ship of my own."

Then he went down to the port. On the way he saw a crowd of children hissing and making the sign against the evil eye, and throwing fruit rinds at an old gypsy woman who was trying to rest in the shade of a wall. Juan, who was a kindhearted young fellow, and broad-minded for a Spaniard, having learned in his travels that it takes all sorts to make a world, drove the children away. He gave the old woman a piece of money, saying, "Go with God."

She thanked him, and said, "For your courtesy, young gentleman, I will read you a *djuk* and give you a blessing, for gypsies can bless as well as curse, if they wish." Laughing, he held out his hand, but she put it aside, saying, "That is for fools. Let me read your eyes." Her gaze met his and held it so that he could not have looked away had he tried. "You shall have your heart's desire," she said.

"A ship of my own?" he asked.

"Twenty ships of your own and the girl you love."

He laughed; it was the old story. "And when shall I die?"

She said, "I shall send my Watcher to keep you from harm, but you must die when snow falls in the heat of midsummer in the streets of Malaga. That is written." With which absurdity, she hobbled away.

So Juan sailed for the East Indies, where his captain traded cheap guns and powder for valuable silks and spices. It was a prosperous voyage, but it brought our hero no nearer to his command, let alone the ownership of his own vessel, and his beloved Mercedes seemed never so far away. They came safely around the coast of Africa. It was when they were in the Mediterranean itself that they were struck by one of those unforeseeable, abrupt and frightful tempests, luckily rare in those waters. As if 50 batteries of artillery had been waiting in ambush behind the blue of the sky, there was a puff of black cloud, a glare of white fire, and all their masts were gone in one shattering blast! The ship was helpless in a mountainous sea, and at the mercy of all the 32 winds in collusion. She foundered. Juan lashed himself to a spar and, with an ardent prayer to Heaven, let the waves take him. He also cried, "Mercedes!" And, to be on the safe side, muttered, "Remember my *djuk*, gypsy." Then the waves beat the senses out of him.

He came to himself on a sandy beach and saw that he was surrounded by

armed men in white robes, bearded to the eyes, and very villainous looking. They gave him water. He spoke to them in the lingua franca, thanking them. They grinned, and one of them said "Save your breath. You're coming with us to Sakr-el-Drough."

Now this, in the old days, was a name that inspired terror in the African desert. Sakr-el-Drough was a great robber sheik, notorious for his outrageous cruelties, his instability of mood and his Mohammedan piety. Most Christian sailors would have preferred to be thrown back into the ocean. But our Juan Gutierrez was young and levelheaded and in love — astounding combination! — and he went cheerfully enough.

The Sheik Sakr-el-Drough sat in the shade, drinking coffee. He was a terrible man, Gutierrez saw — just like the pet hawk that always perched on his shoulder. "What is your faith?" he asked the prisoner.

Now I have told you that Juan was a quick-witted boy. He was as good a Christian as the next, but he saw no sense in being flayed or impaled on a



*"One faction leans toward a communistic ideology, the other has capitalistic tendencies. Now, the question we have to ask ourselves is, which of the two will make a better Rain God?"*



# AHEAD

*A Season of Great Entertainment in*

# SBI

## SHOW BUSINESS



## BEHIND

### THIS OFFER:

**TALENT • DISCOVERY**

**COLOR • PERCEPTION**

**PERCEPTION** in feature articles from the polished pens of big-name writers and critics. ☆☆☆☆☆☆☆

**TALENT** to amuse, delight and entertain you. **DISCOVERY** of new personalities, lavish shows, dramatic moments. **COLOR** more than enough to defy a rainbow. **PERCEPTION** in feature articles from the polished pens of big-name writers and critics. ☆☆☆☆☆☆☆

## FLASHING PROFILES

Stepping into SBI's spotlight: **DORIS DAY**—colorful text and photo story of the girl with the wide-screen smile and sugar-coated voice; **ROBERT MITCHUM**—belligerent bar brawler or sensitive wonder? **JOHN WAYNE**—in-depth examination of a filmdom king known as "the Duke;" **MELINA MERCOURI**—modern-day Hellion of Troy. ☆☆



## BETWEEN

★ **SBI's COVERS** ★

★ **PREVIEWS • REVIEWS** ★

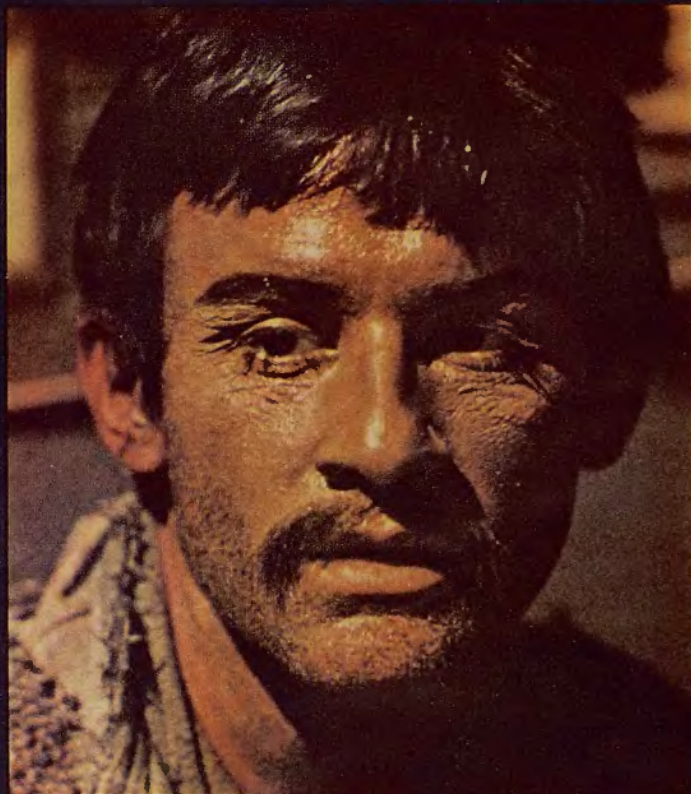
★ ★ ★ ★ **LISTINGS** ★ ★ ★ ★

What's the best movie showing? What's the best play going? What's the new in LP's? Who's singing what at the Met? What's worth your TV time? Who's tickling ribs, styling songs, calling the jazz faithful in nightclubs across the country? SBI is the glittering guide that puts the answers at your finger tips, makes your entertainment as spirited and lively as the many-colored, flashing lights of Broadway.





# ILLUSTRATED ☆ ☆ ☆ SUBSCRIBE NOW—SAVE \$4.00 ☆ ☆ ☆ ON YOUR NEXT 21 ISSUES OF SBI



THEATER ☆ ☆  
 ☆ ☆ MOVIES  
 TV 🎩 ☆  
 🎩 RECORDS  
 NIGHTCLUBS  
 ☆ ☆ SPECIAL  
 EVENTS 🎩



## FEATURE ARTICLES

In coming SBI issues: PHYLLIS DILLER pokes her nose into American dressing rooms—24 hours with rubber-faced comic JERRY LEWIS—the "new humor" by NAT HENTOFF—onstage, backstage with the famed KABUKI THEATER—perilous world of Hollywood's stuntmen—some straight talk on payola-plugola—and more in today's great, new "show stopping" magazine, SBI! It covers the stages of the world for you, the audience. ☆ ☆ ☆



## ★ SAVE ★ MONEY

Order your SBI subscription now and *save money*. A 21-issue subscription is just \$7. You save \$4.00 over the newsstand price, a full 1/3 on every issue. Use this *opportunity* to increase your entertainment enjoyment at this special low subscription rate.

**MAIL COUPON OR  
ORDER CARD TODAY!**

SHOW BUSINESS ILLUSTRATED  
 Is Entertainment Excitement  
 ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆  
 Clip and Mail Today ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆  
 ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆  
**SAVE \$4.00**  
 ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

Send me 21 big, colorful issues of SHOW BUSINESS ILLUSTRATED at \$7.00 (regular newsstand price \$11). Subscription also includes the year-end Annual Review, Preview and Awards Edition selling for \$1 on newsstands everywhere.

name \_\_\_\_\_ (please print)  
 address \_\_\_\_\_  
 city \_\_\_\_\_ zone \_\_\_\_\_ state \_\_\_\_\_

I enclose \$7.00.  Bill me later.  
 Also enter my subscription to PLAYBOY: 12 issues for \$6. For postage outside U.S., U.S. Poss., Canada, Pan-Am Union, APO & FPO add \$5 for SBI subscription, \$3 for PLAYBOY. Credit extended in U.S., U.S. Poss., Canada, APO & FPO only. 026  
**FULL MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE**—The publishers will gladly refund the full purchase price of any copies not mailed, if not 100% satisfied.

SHOW BUSINESS ILLUSTRATED  
 ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆  
 232 E. Ohio Street  
 ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆  
 Chicago 11, Illinois ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆





*"Land sakes, if it wasn't for me, you'd all go out there half dressed!"*



point of doctrine; so he answered, looking the Sheik straight in the eyes, "I am a servant of God." He added, for the benefit of the superstitious Bedouins, "Also, I am watched over by a *djuk*."

"A *djuk*?" asked the Sheik with interest. "Is that some kind of *jinn*?"

"Did I not come alive through the tempest?" asked Juan, evading the question.

"Hm. Where do you keep this so-called *djuk*?"

"It keeps me."

"Can your *djuk* convey you through the air?"

"If need be," said Juan.

"If I threw you off a roof, would he catch you?"

"Of course!" said Juan, boldly; for if worst came to worst, he thought, a speedy death would be preferable to a slow one.

The Sheik said, "I have read of such things but have never seen them." He was evidently in a benign mood today. "I shall put you in a pit from which even a panther could not escape, and we shall see if your *djuk* can lift you out. . . . Ho, there!"

So they lowered Juan Gutierrez into an ancient stone grain pit. The deserts of North Africa are full of such forgotten marvels; this pit might have been a thousand years old, or even older. It was shaped roughly like a cone, wide at the bottom, narrow at the top, and lined with stone polished by the centuries. "Fly out of this," said a guard. "The Sheik gives you a hundred days. You shall have food and water every evening. Personally, I think you'd be better off buried alive to the neck in the sand—the agony only lasts a day, that way. Whistle up your *djuk*!"

Then Juan touched the stone floor of the grain pit, and saw the guard push a wooden lid into position over the aperture, 25 feet up. He sat down in total darkness, trying to think. He had the navigator's ingrained habit of taking his bearings, so first of all he tried to determine the size of the floor on which he found himself. Prisoners had been kept there before; there was a litter of dried-up mutton bones. Marking a spot with one of these, he measured the circumference of the floor, heel to toe, and decided that it was approximately 63 feet. This meant that the diameter of the floor must be 20 feet, more or less.

Now, lying flat on his back, very stiff and straight, with his heels in the angle where floor and wall met, he measured off about six feet—which was his height—and marked the spot where his head rested. Standing on this spot, he found that by raising his hands above his head he could touch the wall of the pit with his knuckles.

In his mind's eye he made a sort of diagram of a cross section of the cone;

as he visualized it, eight feet from the floor on which he stood the diameter would be about eight feet, more or less, enough for him to suspend himself across, as an alpinist ascends a rock chimney or *couloir*.

If only he could find some little ledge for his fingers to grip at that point! But there were no ledges, and he had nothing with which to make one, for he had been stripped naked.

He sat again, wringing his brain for some solution to this problem, but only trivialities came into his mind. He remembered, for instance, that he had bought jade earrings as a gift for Mercedes, and these were now at the bottom of the sea. . . . Jade, that was it! It came into his mind vividly, now, that someone had told him how the patient Chinese cut this most obdurate of stones by means of string and wet sand.

He had plenty of sand, of the finest and grittiest, which had drifted into the pit. He had a little water. There was no string, but he would use a bone!

He went to work at once, denying himself the little brackish water he so urgently craved. "Mercedes, Mercedes, Mercedes," he kept saying, over and over again. "One little fingerhold, for Mercedes' sake!" The stone was not jade, but it was very hard; yet such was the will of the man that if it had been solid diamond he would have worn it down, my friends!

On the 40th day the Sheik himself deigned to shout down, "You and your *djuk* do not seem to be doing so well, after all." Juan managed to reply, cheerfully, "Oh, we have really important matters to discuss, noble Sheik. I'll come up shortly."

"*Djuk* or no *djuk*, you are a remarkable fellow," said the Sheik, "and I am really interested to see what happens to you."

That evening the guard, as usual, lowered a little basket of food and water, and this time Juan found a large lump of sweet caramel with sesame seeds. "For your *djuk*," the guard explained, before he pushed back the lid of the pit. Juan ate everything to give himself strength, for his little groove was now about six inches long and half an inch deep, and tonight he meant to make his attempt.

Having eaten and drunk all the water, he slept until midnight, as nearly as he could guess. Then he stood, facing the wall, reached up, found his fingerhold, and lifted himself. I have told you that he was very agile and strong. Now, hope made him lighter and stronger. He drew himself up to the level of his shoulders, pushed upward and outward with all his might, feeling in the darkness with his toes. His feet touched the opposite wall.

Inch by inch, at first, and then faster

as the cone narrowed, Juan Gutierrez worked his way upward; and thankful he was for his horny fingers and his sailor's muscles!

And at last he was under the wooden lid. It was not locked—who would waste locks on such a dungeon? He pushed. It lifted. He crawled out, silently lowering the lid back into place. The sentry was squatting on his haunches, fast asleep. Juan thought of knocking him on the head, taking his clothes and arms and making a dash for liberty. But he did not know where he was, so where was he to run? He therefore whistled shrilly, and the man awoke, spun round, saw him, and let out a great shout. The Bedouins awakened and came running.

"How is this?" asked the Sheik; and the sentry swore that Juan had been whisked out of the pit before his very eyes, which lie suited Juan very well indeed. The Sheik had him washed and fed. "Your *djuk* seems to have scratched your back rather badly," he remarked.

"Mine is a very rough *djuk*," said Juan; which was true, since *djuk* is Gypsy for destiny.

Having feasted him, then, they led him up a long spiral staircase in the ruins where they camped, and put him into a little room with one small unshuttered window. Pointing to this, the Sheik said, "You are free to come and go as you please, with your *djuk*. It is only 40 feet down to the soft sand."

Then they left him. Juan looked out of the window. The Sheik had not lied; the soft sand was no more than 40 feet below. But between Juan and the sand the wall was planted at various intervals with huge iron hooks, rusted to needle points, and of varying sizes. The nearest row of hooks was 15 feet below the window, which was so set back that a man might not jump clear.

He had heard of this horrid device from another sailor. The Moors would simply drop a criminal from the top of the wall, and wherever the point of a hook took him, there the hapless wretch would hang, until death released him.

Now if I had only six feet of rope! thought Juan Gutierrez. But he had nothing. He was still naked, and his cell was bare. He sat, disconsolate, thinking of all the ropes he had ever handled—hemp and coir, grass and rawhide, horsehair—*Horsehair!* His own hair, disheveled, hung 18 inches long! He had watched the herdsmen plait halters of hair when he was a child, and his mind, as we know, was strong to retain. He had heard somewhere that there were as many as 100,000 hairs on a human head. His own hair was dense, coarse and healthy. What more did he need?

Without delay he set about plucking his scalp, hair by hair, and plaiting a thin but very strong cord.

In six weeks he was completely bald,



free!

Pickering's TECH-SPECS... a handy pocket-sized guide that helps you plan your stereo hi-fi system for space... from pickup to enclosure. Send for your copy today—address Dept. P-22.

**Pickering & Co., Inc.**  
Plainview, New York

**SURPRISE YOUR SWEETHEART!**

SEND THE WORLD'S **BIGGEST VALENTINE** (34" x 44") DIRECT FROM **LOVELAND U.S.A.** \$1.00 PPD

WE WILL SIGN YOUR NAME AND MAIL DIRECT FROM LOVELAND

INCLUDE YOUR FIRST NAME AND YOUR SWEETHEART'S FULL NAME AND ADDRESS

Orders accepted as late as Feb. 10th

**CUPID CARDS** DEPT. B **LOVELAND, COLORADO**

**BUILD**

- AUTHENTIC SHIP MODELS**  
RED JACKET CLIPPER SHIP (Not Plastic)  
A real collector's piece. 21" long. Fully shaped wood hull and parts, tapered masts, all fittings, detailed instructions. \$19.00 ppd.
- GENUINE CIVIL WAR GUN**  
1841 Smoothbore cannon, the James 6 pounder. Most ornate, with turned brass barrel, of the era. Model 7 1/2" long, 3 1/2" high. \$7.50 ppd.
- NEW, 40 page 8 1/2 x 11 catalog** — a treasury of ship and gun model information. Send 50¢ for your copy.

DEPT. MARINE MODEL CO., INC.  
370 Halesite, Long Island, N.Y.

**1 1/4 ACRE**  
Including Easements  
**FLORIDA**  
**COUNTRY ESTATES**

**FLORIDA HIGHLANDS**  
ONLY **\$895**  
Complete Price  
**\$10** DOWN MONTHLY  
30 Day Money-Back Guarantee  
FREE: Warranty Deed Title Insurance

In the very heart of Florida's beautiful "Blue Grass" area, 16 miles from Ocala. Graded roads are in ready to be maintained by purchaser. **YOU CAN DRIVE TO YOUR PROPERTY NOW.** Each estate can be divided into 4 homesites, each 75' x 135'. Buy for future retirement, vacations, or as an unsurpassed investment in "Space-Age" Florida.

**HIGH, DRY, BEAUTIFUL LAND AT LESS THAN THE PRICE OF A HOMESITE ALONE**

Florida Realty Center, Inc., Broker Dept. M 5-2  
520 N. E. 79th St., Miami 38, Florida  
Please send full information without obligation.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

AD 61094

but his cord was made.

It never occurred to his captors to notice any change in his appearance — they had seen too many men whom they had kept locked up lose hair, teeth and sanity, too. The Sheik, meanwhile, anxious to see Juan's *djuk* in action — or not, as the case might be — had set up a pavilion by the wall, where he sat watching, smoking and drinking coffee. But our Juan was not disposed to perform for any Sheik's amusement; besides he had learned the value of a little mystification.

So one night, while the Sheik slept, he tied his hair cord to a bolt that had once held a shutter hinge, and let himself down. Once standing on the first hook, the rest was easy: he had only to swing himself down, hand over hand, from one hook to the next, so that in two minutes he was standing unhurt on the sand.

When the sun rose the Sheik came out to praise Allah and Mohammed — and there stood Juan Gutierrez!

Now the Bedouins were truly amazed. "Join us with your *djuk*," the Sheik said, "and you shall have high honor." When Juan refused, the Sheik was offended. "Then go," he said, dressing him in new clothes. "Take water, food and a knife; go. I shall give you a day and a night by way of start. On the second day I and my men shall follow you. If we catch you, you are mine. If not, you are free. It is a sportsman's offer," said the Sheik, stroking his hawk, "for you have your *djuk*, and we have nothing but horses."

They let Juan Gutierrez go, then, and he, traveling by the sun, went north toward the sea. But he knew that his chance of escape was negligible. The going was slow in that soft sand, especially for an unmounted man. With only a day's start, he would surely be run down by the Bedouin horsemen.

Notwithstanding the circumstances, his heart beat high and light. Who else in all the world could have escaped from the pit of darkness and the wall of hooks? Almost he believed in the old gypsy and her Watcher, and his own stories of the so-called *djuk* — the desert affects one like that. Thinking always of Mercedes, he strode doggedly northward, where he knew the sea must be, pausing only to swallow a mouthful of water and a handful of dates. He walked throughout the day, and on through the night. But when the second day broke he knew that he was lost.

He found himself in an utterly deserted village which had sprung up and died long before by the ruins of an ancient Roman fort. Here, under a broken triumphal arch, savages had penned goats; there, a villa had been taken to pieces to make huts. In the center of this place still stood a proud

column, raised in honor of some deity, emperor or hero. The statue which it might have supported was gone, but the column stood — chipped, battered, sand-blasted, but firm.

By now, Juan reasoned, Sheik Sakr-el-Drough and his horsemen would have set out on their hunt. His tracks would be clear. Where was he to hide? He did not know. *Can I bury myself?* he asked himself, ironically. Then he was thinking, *No, exactly the reverse — go up into the sky.* And, of course, the column was the solution. If he could climb to the top of it, and lie there, who would think of looking for him?

He promptly took off his long robe, his headdress and his boots and hid them carefully under some stones. Barefoot, clad only in wide cotton trousers with his knife at his belt, he approached the shaft of the column. To us it might have seemed unscalable. To a mountaineer, or an experienced sailor, the wind-worn sections offered a multitude of finger-and-toe-holds. He laid hold of the fluted shaft, and began to climb. It was hard, but he was used to hard tasks. Up the shaft he swarmed, up and up to that part of the column which curves gracefully outward — the *cyma recta*, as it is called. Here, he had to stop.

It was necessary at this point to make a deadly decision. He could climb down the way he had come up and trust to the tender mercies of the Sheik; or he could launch himself into the air, making in the same instant a closing clasp knife of his body while his long arms strained for the corona of the column — the very lip of the overhang.

If he missed, he was a dead man.

If he did not miss, he was a dead man; for having reached the platform at the top of the column, there were no earthly means by which he could come down again except by throwing himself off.

He remembered the saying, *If we stand still we die, if we go forward we die — better go forward.* Calling on the name of Mercedes, he leaped, and his fingertips hooked the very brow of the cornice.

He dragged himself up and lay, spent, 60 feet above the ground.

Soon, recovering a little, he saw that from his present eminence he commanded a clear view of many miles of the desert in every direction. He recognized certain tiny puffs of smoke far to the south as the dust of the Sheik's riders. Then, regarding the eight-foot square on which he was lying, he found something wrong about it. What? The Romans, in war at least, were a practical people, he had learned. But do practical soldiers build columns in the desert for no reason — not even to support a statue? There was nothing here but a green bronze ring. He then saw that the ring



was attached—as a handle—to a circular bronze plate. He pulled at the ring. The plate stirred. A wild excitement surged through him. He pulled steadily with all his might, and the bronze plate swung up on a hinge. The metal was discolored but still strong. The plate was a trap door. The column was hollow, and inside, at regular intervals, were placed spikes for climbing up or down. It was a forgotten Roman observation post!

The Bedouins, when they came, were amazed to find that Juan's tracks had suddenly vanished. Then he called from the top of the column: "Ahoy, Sheik! I am up here, and you are down there, so you have not caught me by a good 60 feet. Well?"

Sakr-el-Drough marveled. Also, he was somewhat afraid. He answered, "Certain things are too wonderful for me. How you got up there I do not know; but of one thing I am certain—you cannot climb down, unless your *djuk* carries you again."

"I shall be down before the moon rises," said Juan.

"If you can do that," said the Sheik, "I will fill your hands with jewels and give you safe conduct to the sea, for I have had enough truck with your *djuk* and your wizardries."

So, at sunset, Juan made his way down and found the panel in the die of the column that opened like a door. It was made to be unrecognizable as such from the outside, but was easy to find from within. Knowing his pursuers would all be gazing skyward in the dim light, he boldly stepped out. Closing the door behind him, and moving quietly as a shadow, Juan appeared in the midst of the Bedouins and said, "Here I am, Sheik."

And the Sheik Sakr-el-Drough kept his word. He let Juan fill a pouch with jewels from his hoarded plunder, and gave him a good horse, and sent him safely to the coast.

There he took passage to Bilbao, where he sold half his jewels to a reputable dealer and, with the proceeds, bought a sound merchant ship complete with her cargo of logwood, renamed her Mercedes, and sailed her south to Malaga.

So Juan Gutierrez married his sweetheart and became the richest merchant in the south of Spain.

He had told me all this at some length. At last, the doors were opened, and we sprang to our feet as the lady Mercedes herself came in. Forty years before, when she was 80 pounds lighter, I dare say she might have been as Goya painted her. However, I showered her with compliments; but even as I did so, I could see by the old gentleman's eye that he was jealous still! And when I

took my leave, Gutierrez came with me to the great gate, and when it was locked after me the watchman handed him the key, which he clutched tight in his tremendous hand.

So I went to my hotel, musing. This strange character, who had cut stone with sand and struggled out of impossible pits, who had let himself out of dungeons and down over walls of hooks while hanging onto his own hair, who had writhed up stark columns and clambered down again in the dark—all to be his own jailer, in a prison of his own making! Food for thought there, my friends, food for thought . . .

... Adah Isaacs Menken said, somewhat wistfully, 'Ah, it is sad, is it not, to grow old and lose one's beauty?'

"M. Dumas replied, 'If in his eyes she was young and beautiful still—then so she was. But as for me, she was old enough to be my mother. This was 30 years ago; it's all one, now.'

"I asked him, 'And Señor Gutierrez?'"  
 "'Oh,' said M. Dumas, 'soon after our meeting, he had some business on the wharves. It was at the height of summer. The heat was sweltering. At siesta hour, he walked toward his carriage. On the way he had to pass an old man leading a wretchedly overloaded horse carrying panniers. The unfortunate animal slipped on the cobblestones. Being badly balanced, she fell bodily, sideways. Poor Gutierrez was in the way. So as she fell in the street she broke his neck against a post.'

"I said, 'So much for *djuks*!'"  
 "'M. Dumas replied, 'Indeed. The peasant, or whoever he was, was terribly upset. He shouted *Help! Help! Nieva has fallen upon the poor gentleman!* His horse, if washed, would have been white, you see, and so he called her Nieva, *nieve* being Spanish for snow. . . Gypsies can be so literal.'

"Then, fearing that he might have put me a little out of countenance, and being the soul of good nature, M. Dumas soon put me at my ease by taking me aside and, confessing that he had left his purse at home, borrowing 10 napoleons.

"The hour being late, our pleasant little party broke up, but I have engaged to dine with M. Dumas again on Friday."

Here the ms. ended. I sat quietly, my dinner long cold.

My young companion said, "Let's go back and see if Ciuccia has any more."

We did so. Ciuccia growled, "More paper likea dat? I usa for tomato. Gooda paper, holda juice. Allagone. What you wanna for? No good—all wrote on."

So we bought a geranium, and he wrapped it in the Book Section of the *Times*.



The step beyond the turntable,  
the step beyond the changer...



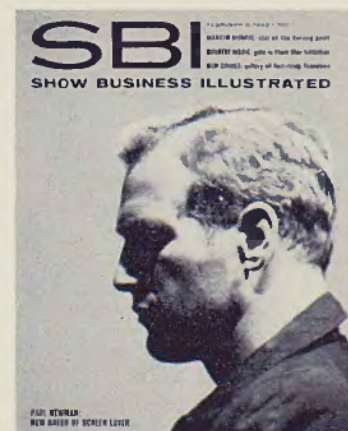
... THE  
**AUTOMATIC  
 TURNTABLE**  
**GARRARD'S**  
 LABORATORY SERIES **TYPE A**

For the first time you can enjoy these advanced stereo features in a single unit: dynamically balanced tone-arm; full-size, 6 lb. non-magnetic turntable; laboratory-balanced precision motor...plus the convenience of the world's finest automatic record changing mechanism. \$79.50

FOR LITERATURE WRITE DEPARTMENT CB-972  
 GARRARD SALES CORP., PORT WASHINGTON, N. Y.

**HILLBILLY  
 HEAVEN**

Nashville, Tennessee, once meeting spot for a few assorted twangers and yodelers, now looms as second city for the recording world. The sound may be corny, but record companies are finding that there's gold in them thar hills. How did it all come about? You'll find out in SHOW BUSINESS ILLUSTRATED. On sale at your newsdealers January 24—February 6.





## GIRLS OF ROME (continued from page 90)

senses known as *la dolce vita Romano*. For the visiting American male in Rome, a single stride from the carpeted hush of his downtown hotel into the swirling slipstream of Roman foot traffic is sufficient to dispel any lingering doubts about the principal reason for and most eloquent embodiment of this suavely sensuous spirit: the girls of Rome.

As the male visitor ambles through the ancient streets—clamorous with car horns, clanging trams, screeching brakes, clip-clopping carriages, tolling church bells, stentorian newsdealers, bricklayers whistling the latest Domenico Modugno hit, rock 'n' roll cannonading from open windows—the girls swirl and eddy past in an endless stream, as oblivious of the din as of the florid compliments strewn in their paths by amiably impertinent Roman men. Conditioned—and understandably partial—to the Sophia Loren image of the Italian woman as an almond-eyed, wide-mouthed, bounteously beamed and bosomed sex symbol, the visiting American may be delightfully disarmed by the polyglot variety of Roman girls.

Like Sophia, the traffic-stopping, ebony-haired madonna strolling along the Tiber will have the satiny olive skin, the opulent endowment, and probably the colloquial dialect endemic to southern Italy. The willowy blonde emerging with a hatbox from a downtown dress shop, on the other hand, with her fine-boned features, luminously white complexion, wraithlike figure and ordinarily impeccable Roman syntax, is as likely to be an emigrant from northern Italy as from Scandinavia. Abhorring the machine-tooled precision of American and Parisian hair styles, they have imparted to the poodle, pageboy, bouffant and beehive coiffures a certain artful disarray, a studied carelessness which is peculiarly Italian and somehow natural-looking, despite the exacting care (and considerable quantities of spray net) involved in their creation. Many Roman girls, however, eschewing the latest fashions, elect to wear their hair luxuriantly long and flowing, achieving a spontaneity less contrived and equally engaging. Resisting the temptation to bedaub their faces with the cosmetic industry's vast array of rouges, powders and pancake makeups, they apply only the palest of lipsticks to emphasize already radiant complexions, plus a thin line of black to accent already enormous eyes.

Shopgirls and socialites, cashiers and coeds, stand-ins and starlets, maids and mannequins, B-girls and ballerinas—all are enthusiastically engaged in Italy's second-ranking national pastime (after eating): the *passeggiata*. Everyone in

Rome does it, and they seem to be doing it most of the time. More than a stroll, less than a promenade, it is a kind of purposeful wandering—more for its own sake than with any fixed destination in mind—performed with an indefinably theatrical air, as if all the city were a stage, and all its men and women players. As played by Rome's guilelessly unself-conscious girls—unencumbered by girdles—it ranks deservedly among the city's major spectator sports for male pedestrians. Unlike the demure walk of most American girls, it begins at the hips rather than the knees, generating the gently undulating sway which inspired a case-hardened visiting Hollywoodian to observe recently that the Roman girl in departure "makes Vikki Dougan look like Spring Byington." Not unexpectedly, this softly swiveling gait bespeaks a temperament both ardent and voluptuous. Like their city, the girls of Rome are essentially emotional both in allure and in orientation.

Lamentably, males who may be entertaining the intriguing notion of sowing a few oats are barking up the wrong libido. For despite her temperament, coquettishness, eye-popping fuselage and sensuous propensities, the average Italian girl, even in worldly Rome, is characterized by an equally passionate devotion to the spirit. She will almost always conduct herself around men with an unswerving propriety—inspired and sustained by her deep-rooted dedication to family and Church—which keeps her pure in fact, if not entirely in heart, until marriage.

In effect, then, the family fortress is virtually impregnable to any but those in search of permanent liaisons. Roman girls customarily respond to all but the most formal and diplomatic introduction with icy disregard, or with a paralyzing stare known locally as "the ray." In consequence, most of Rome's single men turn elsewhere for casual companionship and noncommittal diversion. Some surrender to the city's well-equipped infantry of approachable streetwalkers. But many more prefer to fraternize with golden hordes of foreign girls—once a commodity borne to Rome by its plundering legions—who now pour into the Eternal City of their own eager accord from Scandinavia, France, Germany, England, America, even from the Near and Far East. With its ambivalent *ambiance* of serene antiquity and vibrant modernity, the city almost always transcends their most extravagant expectations. And if the men, in their determination to exalt the memory of Giovanni Casanova, are sometimes direct in their overtures—resorting less to the expected bonbons, poetry

and flowers than to stage-whispered street-corner compliments and carefully administered pinches for an opening gambit—there is at least no room for doubt about the nature of their interest.

Unlike New York or London, with their sharply delineated enclaves for every class and clique, residential Rome is a patchwork quilt of loosely interwoven socioeconomic threads: artists and white-collar workers, nobility and *hoi polloi* not infrequently share the same street, if not the same wall. Certain neighborhoods, of course, are more popular with one group than another—not because they're currently "in" or "out"—but simply because of common incomes, interests, occupations, architectural tastes and scenic preferences. Many of the city's landed and titled gentry, for instance, guard their well-bred and usually inbred future heiresses behind high ivied walls in the tapestried sanctuaries of monolithic Renaissance *palazzi* along stately, tree-lined Via del Corso in the heart of town, or nearby in the sedate elegance of Piazza dei Santi Apostoli.

On a somewhat less grand scale, Rome's more prosperous merchants and prominent literati—daughters in tow—occupy opulent niches in the ultramodern terraced apartment buildings of Eur, a parklike purlieu on the other side of town.

Middle-income families, and the lioness' share of the city's single girls, settle uptown and downtown, north, south, east and west—wherever they feel most at home—but mostly in burgeoning low-rent residential areas outside the 1700-year-old Aurelian Wall, whose crumbling battlements still enclose much of the old city and its old families. Some keep cats, read De Lampedusa in paperback, and listen to Frescobaldi on the radio amidst the antimacassars and *beaux-arts* decor of iron-gated 19th Century brownstones in Prati, a picturesque precinct just north of Vatican City's domes and spires.

The vast majority of Rome's artistically inclined are to be found vying with one another for damp basements, musty garrets and cramped studios within a tiny downtown domain—far more compact in area and complex in constituency than Greenwich Village, its closest sociological facsimile—bounded on the west by the staid mansions of the Via del Corso; on the north by the Piazza di Spagna, whose flower-mantled Spanish Steps the unattached young men and women of the city seem to have made their unofficial headquarters, winter or summer, day or night; on the south by the coin-tossing tourists at the Fontana di Trevi; and on the east by that spangled strip of high-rent real estate, the Via Veneto. A broad boulevard lined with bristling newsstands,



chic shops, elegant hotels, colorful flower stalls and assorted sidewalk *ristoranti*, *trattorie* and *caffès*, it is Rome's mecca for the smart set, the movie crowd, the idle rich, the decadent aristocracy, the tourist legions, the bohemian settlement, the limp-wrist persuasion, the flesh peddlers and the omnipresent, flashbulb-popping *paperazzi*.

As with their choice of pad, Rome's *signorinas* couldn't conceive of approaching the matter of job-hunting armed with the Manhattan girl's scientifically weighed appraisals of status values and opportunities for advancement. Those who work are less likely to pick one job over another because of its fashionability than because of economic necessity and personal predilection. They tend to regard their jobs as little more than a promising, socially acceptable environment for meeting eligible men, and as a useful and usually enjoyable source of interim income to cover costs between adolescence and matrimony.

For girls of every lineage, income level and educational background, the city's most sought-after profession is its proliferating motion picture industry, currently engaged in a Roman orgy of moviemaking—200 features last year—which has restored Italian films to a role of electric worldwide importance which they have not enjoyed since the postwar genesis of neorealism. Like Schwab's drug store for aspiring Lana Turners of bygone days, the chic sidewalk *caffès* of the Via Veneto have become hangouts for the would-be Lollobrigidas and Lorens of the Continent. They preen and promenade, sit, cross their legs and sip *cappuccino* at conspicuous sidewalk tables, all in the hope that one of the architects of Italy's cinematic renaissance—Fellini, Antonioni, Visconti, Ponti, Rossellini, De Sica, De Laurentiis—will stop for an *aperitivo*, notice them, and sign them up on the spot for a bit part.

The brightest, and some say the most fragrantly enduring, of Rome's infinitely varied crop of blossoms are those nurtured not in the overrich, underproductive soil of Roman nobility, but in the fertile intellectual earth of its upper-middle income families. Along with the city's colony of misses, *mesdemoiselles*, *Fräulein* and *flickas* from abroad, they are virtually alone among their contemporaries in knowledge of and concern with the worlds of art, music, literature, theater and cinema. Though they often chafe about not being able to live in bustling, prosperous Milan—hub of Italy's theatrical, operatic, art and publishing worlds—most are content to make the best of opportunities offered in the capital, which are very good indeed. A goodly number from these two groups become executive secretaries for Rome's assorted

industrial or ad world panjandrums; or bi- and trilingual interpreters for various international corporations, travel agencies or even in Italy's diplomatic service. But most of these cultivated creatures gravitate to the arts, fine and otherwise.

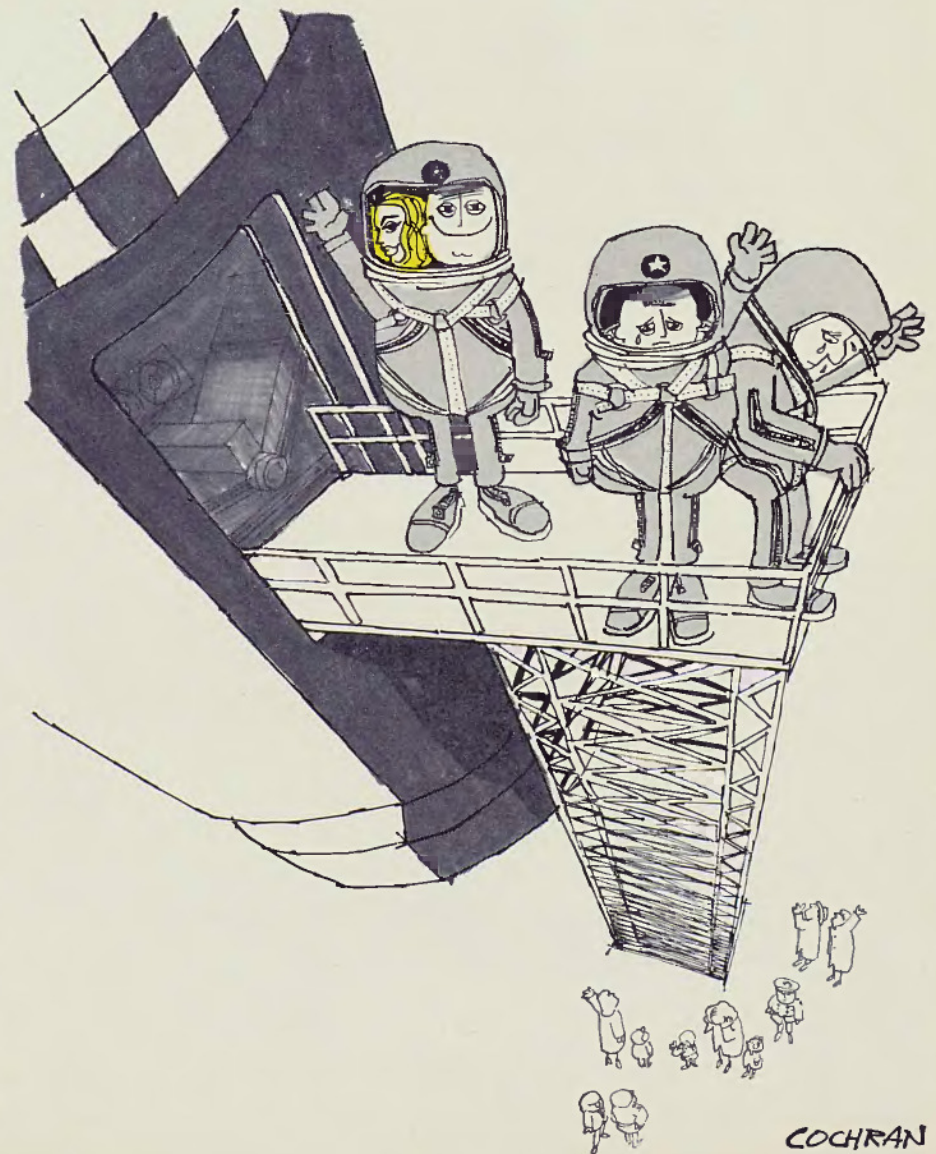
Most of Rome's working girls, however, can ill afford the considerable college and tutoring tuitions which qualify the daughters of better-fixed families for skilled jobs in the upper-middle echelons of the art, fashion and communications worlds. An abundance of no-less-enjoyable, if somewhat less-prestigious, positions is available to the majority possessing only secondary school diplomas and a pocketful of dreams. The qualifications include little more than friendliness, courtly manners, good grooming, quick intelligence and a sense of humor—a description which fits more than enough of Rome's remarkable girls to create a waiting list for almost every desirable post.

Many of these *signorinas* work as sales-

girls and cashiers in the exclusive emporiums of the Piazza di Spagna or the Via Condotti, Rome's 300-yard-long Fifth Avenue. Others labor as manicurists, Alitalia desk clerks, nurses' aides, dental assistants, receptionists, typists, switchboard operators and the like.

Perched on a lower rung of Rome's economic ladder are a group of girls who have known few of the social or scholastic advantages enjoyed (and in some cases, ignored) by the daughters of well- or even modestly heeled families. Some are self-supporting emigrés from the provinces, but most are native Romans who live at home and take jobs to supplement a meager family income: as salesgirls in trinket shops; cashiers in neighborhood movie houses; maids in hotels and well-to-do homes; seamstresses in the workrooms of big *couturiers*; waitresses in small *caffès* and *trattorie*; cigarette, hatcheck and sometimes B-girls in the downtown night clubs.

Imported and indigenous, several thousands of these girls also drift across





## FORT LAUDERDALE City Jail SWEAT SHIRTS

We've got your number. You're one of those swingin' Campus Cads who ended up in the cooler. And if you're not, you can look like a distinguished alumnus of the Ft. Lauderdale City Jail, complete with serial number on your sweat shirt! Two styles: ribbed shawl collar and tailored zipper-collar opening. White, all-cotton, quality sweat shirts printed in black, front and back, with these immortal words: "FT. LAUDERDALE 476928 CITY JAIL" Sizes S, M, L, XL.

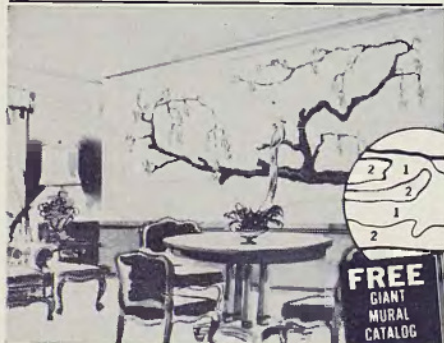


Shawl Collar \$4.95  
Zipper Front \$5.95

Send Check or Money Order to:

**HOUSE OF WOOLLEY**  
P.O. Box 2 • Clayton 5, Missouri

© 1962 — allow 2 weeks for delivery —



### PAINT YOUR OWN WALL MURAL!

Enjoy the beauty, creative satisfaction of painting a lovely 5 to 14 ft. wide mural directly on your wall! New "paint-by-numbers" method is fun, incredibly easy. Takes just 3 to 5 hours. Artists charge up to \$350; wallpaper scenic cost \$100, and more. Our complete kits, \$12.95 & up. Also fabulous "Black Light" mural kits. Many exquisite modern, provincial, oriental, etc. designs. A stunning prestige touch! Send for FREE Color Catalog. "How to" details (encl. 10¢ for postage handling).

#### MURAL ART CENTER

1038 S. LaBrea, Dept. H812  
Los Angeles 19, Calif.



### "A Sterling Caricature"

That's what you'll be with your caricature etched on rich sterling, hand crafted links. Send distinct photo for our artist. Sorry we can't return it. Order sterling links only, \$15. With matching tie clip, \$20. Earrings, \$15. Tax incl. (Shown above, 3/4 size.) Send photo and check or money order. Ideation, Inc., Box 1841, Columbus 16, Ohio.



#### WINDJAMMER CRUISES

Adventurous Playboys and Broad Minded Bunnies find Caribbean off beat islands great fun and relaxing aboard millionaire's sailing yacht. Fish-Skintive—Bend a line or an elbow with small, congenial, coed group. 10 DAYS BEFORE THE MAST—\$175

Capt. Mike Burke Je 2-3407  
P.O. Box 1051-P, Miami Beach 39, Fla.  
Write for Illustrated brochure

the social barrier into an age-old vocation pioneered under the arches of ancient Rome. Evicted in 1958 from the pillowed and mirrored comfort of numerous bordellos, the city's flourishing strumpet population — even larger, some estimate, than that of pleasure-oriented Paris or London — energetically espouses the tenets of individual enterprise in the maze of side streets surrounding the tourist-thronged Via Veneto. Most, in the time-honored tradition of the trade, offer their familiar wares — for prices ranging from \$5 to \$30, according to the nature and duration of services required — in dimly lit doorways adjoining no-luggage transient hotels. But a few of the girls cruise up and down the avenues in white Alfa-Romeos — following the example of Milan's renowned "Klaxon girls" — scanning the pavements for \$100 passengers with a yen for diversions in secluded parking areas.

On foot or wheels, the company of these amiably audacious *signorinas* is difficult to avoid; but the discriminating traveler, in the Eternal City as elsewhere, prefers the challenge of the chase — which the infinitely varied, irrepressibly vivacious girls of Rome manage to make a merry one indeed. It can end in thorns or clover, depending on the persuasiveness of the pursuer; but it always begins in sunlight. In the benign flush of spring, summer and early autumn (the most salubrious and opportune seasons for a Roman holiday), they adorn the parks and squares of the city as ubiquitously as the oleander and bougainvillea which line its boulevards. Lounging on the Spanish Steps, window-shopping along the Via Condotti, sipping espresso in sidewalk *caffè*s, they offer the urbane visitor a unique opportunity for a field survey.

Whatever his preference, the accepted icebreaker is an invitation to share an *aperitivo* (the closest Roman facsimile to the cocktail, which is virtually unknown) in some nearby *caffè* or *bottiglieria*. At such occasions — before lunch, between 1:30 and 2:30, being the best time for making friends — the universal drink is Italian vermouth, served on the rocks, with soda, or with bitters. After an hour of slow sipping and casual small talk, most Italian girls will excuse themselves for a dutiful luncheon at home with their families. If one's companion is a self-supporting emigrant from abroad or rural Italy, however, the acquaintance can often be pleasantly prolonged with a repast in one of the city's epicurean array of restaurants. And afterward, a leisurely *passaggiata* — arm in arm, if the liaison is going well.

The unhurried Mediterranean pace flows on into the evening as the girls — with escorts and without — repopulate the canopied tables of the sidewalk *caffè*s for a lingering pre-prandial Cin-

zano or vermouth cassis in the gathering twilight. And then, with a ceremonious pleasure which Anglo-Saxons often fail to fathom, they begin — around 9:30 or 10 P.M. — that protracted Italian ritual known as *cena*: dinner. Heirs of a 2500-year heritage of Lucullan cuisine, Romans lavish more time and love on the preparation, consumption and discussion of food than perhaps any other people in the world.

Most of Rome's formal entertainments — theater, opera, concerts — begin after 9:30, or feature late performances. Few Roman girls, however — apart from the college-bred and the foreign settlement — can be expected to relish the intellectual wit and satire of the Roman stage, to know a basso from a coloratura, or even to stay awake through a moonlight performance of Gregorian chants by the renowned Academy of Santa Cecilia in the Roman Forum. Native girls, for the most part, prefer their amusements light, active, contemporary and American. In the city's clamorous, crowded cabarets, they seem to enjoy nothing more than squeezing onto postage-stamp dance floors to pay homage to the latest dance fad from the U.S.A. Beneath the pleated silk ceiling of La Cabala, Rome's most elegant and exclusive club (upstairs from the Hostaria dell'Orso), they will implore their escorts to join them in grinding out the Pachanga. Rugatino, scene of the historic Anita Ekberg incident, has since achieved an even higher destiny as a red-white-and-green-striped version of Manhattan's Peppermint Lounge; in the velvet murk of this basement *boite*, patricians and proletarians mingle freely sipping two-dollar drinks and performing the Twist. Those more progressively but less gymnastically inclined make the cool scene in the Grotto dei Piccioni, just off the Piazza di Spagna. In open cars with their hair blowing, unabashed Old World romantics often spin out to posh Palazzi, an opulent colonnaded mansion overlooking the entire sweep of the city from Monte Mario, where they can drink toasts Viennese style and tango on the terrace until dawn.

The single-minded single male, however, finds his way into the cavernous neon pleasure palaces off the Veneto — Il Pipistrello, Jicky Club, the Florida and their ilk — frankly pick-up spots for pros.

Embodying the somehow compatible contradictions of Rome's turbulent past and peripatetic present, the Roman girl is a paradoxical creature of myriad mingled bloods: serene yet volatile, sensual yet spiritual, naive yet worldly wise, eternally alluring yet eternally elusive, inviting the admiration of the transient traveler, often — but thankfully not always — only from afar.



## PLAYBOY ALL-STARS

(continued from page 83)

Live music on TV, after struggling through the summer with the wispy nostalgia of *Glenn Miller Time*, featuring Ray McKinley's reincarnation of the Miller band, had a welcome fall revival on Steve Allen's show via ABC, with assorted jazz guests performing on Steve's dependably hip level. A Westinghouse late-night series, *PM East—PM West*, helped to balance the musical aridity of Jack Paar's stanzas (as witnessed by the complete anonymity of stellar trumpet man Clark Terry in the José Melis studio band) by offering intelligent presentations of Basie, Buddy Rich, the MJQ, Mulligan and the like. In Hollywood, glory-roader Mahalia Jackson, backed by a combo including Barney Kessel and Red Mitchell, filmed 78 five-minute programs for TV use. *Playboy's Penthouse* went along on its broadly syndicated way propagating the type of talent too seldom seen in these days of mass-oriented video: Cal Tjader, Kai Winding, Brubeck, Krupa, Diz, Basie, Joe Williams, Lambert, Hendricks & Ross.

Late in the year, an NBC special, *Chicago and All That Jazz*, re-created the Windy City's halcyon days with such two-beat practitioners as Eddie Condon, Bud Freeman, Pee Wee Russell, Johnny St. Cyr, Buster Bailey and Red Allen.

Radio had very little live jazz of consistent content. Far and away the best offerings were those of Dick Hyman's ruggedly nonconformist combo hippping housewives every morning on CBS' *Arthur Godfrey* show with Monk and Miles-inspired originals. The jocks, by and large, were *in statu quo*, with the FM boys still ahead of their AM brethren in tasteful programing.

The legit stage, always a rare and grudging host to jazz, held out some bright, if transient hopes, as young singer-composer-playwright Oscar Brown, Jr.'s first stage production, the musically hip *Kicks & Co.*, collapsed in a pre-Broadway Chicago tryout. Bobby Scott's perceptive jazz score for *A Taste of Honey* was much more of a plus sign.

Our cautious comments last year on the subject of jazz festivals were not premature. Newport, which almost didn't make it at all, finally put on a show, run by a non-Wein group. It wasn't profitable; neither was Randall's Island; neither were Buffalo, Evansville, and most of the other major U.S. festivals.

The major exception to the red-ink rule was Monterey, where the fourth annual convention not only broke financial records by grossing over \$100,000 in five shows, but also maintained its admirable standard of esthetic resourcefulness under the shrewd direction of deejay Jimmy Lyons. Detroit, too, had a successful festival on a modest scale.

A good deal less festive was the fact that jazz in 1961 had become a sociopolitical battleground. Negro musicians, militantly proud of their heritage, showed through their music and their words a new awareness of the world scene.

While a dozen newly liberated African nations took their seats at the UN, albums such as *Freedom Sound* by the Jazz Crusaders, *Uhuru (Freedom) Africa* by Randy Weston, *Africa Brass* by John Coltrane, titles such as Charlie Mingus' *Prayer for Passive Resistance* and Max Roach's *Tears for Johannesburg*, testified to the musicians' growing involvement.

The Lumumba riots at the UN found the LP team of drummer Max Roach and jazz singer Abbey Lincoln prominent among the demonstrators. Like many Negroes who had suffered through white chauvinism, they had turned the coin over to reveal its reverse side—Negro nationalism. Roach, co-composer with Oscar Brown, Jr., of the *Freedom Now* suite, astounded a Carnegie Hall audience when, interrupting Miles Davis in mid-solo, he sprang on stage and raised banners demanding African freedom. At the Monterey festival, Dizzy Gillespie played compositions inspired by African countries.

Diz kept his combo mixed, but in other jazz circles there were signs that integration was bowing to disintegration. There was a conspicuous growth in the reverse prejudice known as Crow Jim, as the antiwhite, often anti-Jewish, Black Muslim movement gained strength among Negro musicians, and fans tended to equate authenticity and soul with dark pigmentation. "Racial lines are now drawn more strongly than ever before in jazz," observed syndicated columnist Ralph Gleason. "Clubs are reluctant to hire any white groups except the top few . . . because they will not draw the jazz fans. . . . Eastern record companies . . . have turned down nationally known white musicians because they were the wrong color."

Negroes working in white bands (as well as Cannonball Adderley, Chico Hamilton and others who had hired white sidemen) were subjected to caustic third-degreeting: "Why do you work with these white cats? Get with the movement—stay with your own!" The promising white trumpet star Don Ellis, after working and living in harmony with Negroes in the U.S. Army in Germany, felt the chill as soon as he came home, estimated that anti-Caucasianism in jazz exceeded anti-Negro feeling tenfold.

Happily, for every brooding manifestation of Crow Jim, there were sunnier developments. The new Negro found his place not only on the bandstand but behind the desk: as A&R man (Quincy Jones at Mercury), production company owner (JulNat Enterprises, founded by the Adderley brothers), big-time restaura-

# marantz

Second to None



model 7  
Stereo Console

model 8B  
Stereo Amplifier

The Marantz model 8B amplifier and model 7 preamplifier offer a quality of performance which can only be approached—not equalled. Use these well-proven Marantz components if you want the comforting assurance of the finest results obtainable.

#### Points of superiority include:

**Model 7 Stereo Console** • 1M distortion @ 10V ea. pk. RMS, within 0.15%, 0.1% typical • Hum and noise, 80 db below 10 mv phono input • Sensitivity, 400 microvolts (0.4 millivolts) for 1 volt output • Beautiful precision construction • Price \$264 (Cabinet extra)

**Model 8B Stereo Amplifier** • 35 watts per channel • Harmonic distortion, less than 0.1% in most of range, less than 0.5% at 20 cps and 20 kc • Exceptionally stable under all conditions • Price \$249. (higher in West)

Write for literature No. 56L

# marantz

25-14 BROADWAY, LONG ISLAND CITY 6, N. Y.



## MICHIGAN

### FREE WINTER FUN-PAK



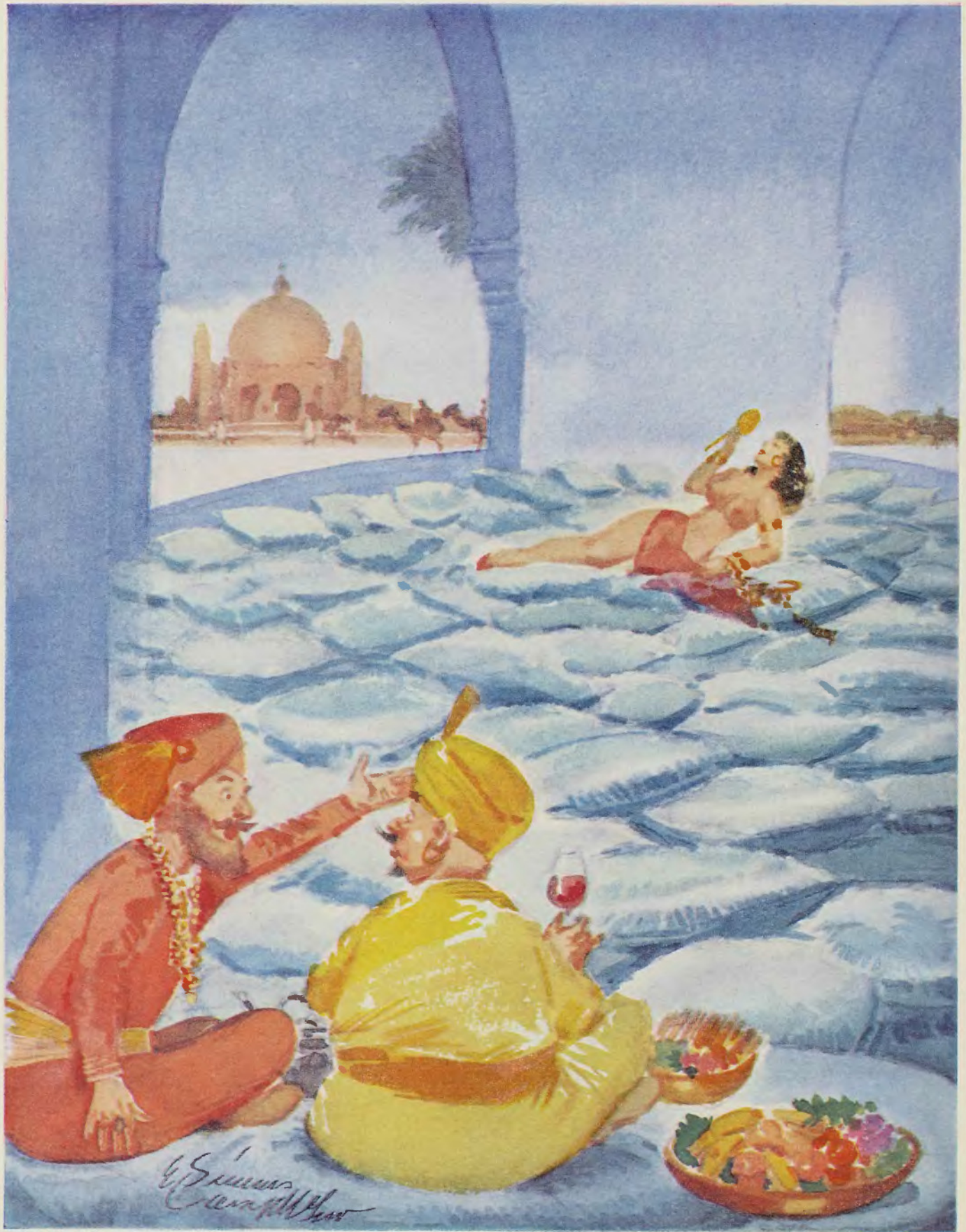
### SKIING! SKATING! Snow Fun

Start planning now! Fill out coupon, tape to a postcard and mail to: Michigan Tourist Council, Room 61, Mason Bldg., Lansing 26, Michigan.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY & ZONE \_\_\_\_\_  
STATE \_\_\_\_\_

PLEASE  
DRIVE  
SAFELY





*"I can't stand crowds."*



rateur (Ahmad Jamal's previously mentioned Alhambra in Chicago), personal manager (John Levy, by 1961 the most powerful in all of jazz), record company operator (Ewart Abner of Vee Jay), show promoter (Andrew Mitchell, who presented Ray Charles to the first integrated audience in Memphis' history) and in almost every other major and minor executive capacity in jazzdom.

On records it was a big year for costly and ambitious multi-LP projects, mainly in the form of "Story" albums such as *The Count Basie Story*, *The Birdland Story*, *The Big Bill Broonzy Story*, *The Nat "King" Cole Story*, *The Fletcher Henderson Story*. With LPs rolling off the assembly line like 16th notes cascading in an Oscar Peterson out-chorus, the exposure offered to young talents came sooner and more easily than ever. Noteworthy in a long list of important new (or newly heard-from) names were Miles Davis' protégé: flute, alto, and almost any other reed man Paul Horn, leading an attractive modal-mood quintet; trumpeters Carmell Jones, Don Ellis, Richard Williams and Freddie Hubbard; saxophonists Eric Dolphy (alto), Stanley Turrentine (tenor) and Marvin Holliday (baritone); the phenomenal guitarist Grant Green, a St. Louis blue streak; and the 23-year-old vibist Mike Mainieri of Buddy Rich's quintet.

John Coltrane became a leading (and oftentimes controversial) topic of conversation in jazz circles as he made the club circuit with his quartet, recorded for the first time with his own big band, and acquired an auxiliary reputation by switching occasionally from tenor to soprano saxophone. Lydian-mode architect George Russell, peering around the corner to infinity, made headway with his thriving infant sextet. Sonny Rollins, entering his third year of self-imposed retirement, finally debuted, at the 11th hour, a quartet at New York's Jazz Gallery.

The most remarkable combo of the year, and almost any year for that matter, was formed several months ago when Philly Joe Jones joined the Miles Davis Quintet. Philly Joe, with J. J. Johnson and Miles, made a glittering triumvirate of this year's Playboy Jazz Poll winners.

Vocally, it was a shouting, stomping season. Big Miller (Monterey, 1960 and 1961) contributed valuably to Jon Hendricks' unique narrative *Evolution of the Blues* on a Columbia LP. Nancy Wilson had everything working for her: cool beauty and an individual sound to match, plus LP partnerships with Shearing and Adderley. Ann Richards, who started the year by teaming with Stan Kenton on an LP and ended it by suing for divorce, continued to develop as a jazz singer of power and conviction; Aretha Franklin, a teenaged John Hammond find, stepped right out of the New

Jersey churches into the world of gospel-jazz, and Carol Sloane, unknown until her surprise capture of the crowd at Newport, joined the top stratum of jazz-oriented pop singers. That stratum once again included the irrepressible Judy Garland, who defied the laws of gravity by bouncing back higher than ever with an unbelievably successful concert tour and a best-selling LP, *Judy at Carnegie Hall*.

While it gained an impressive roster of new names, jazz lost many long-established major contributors. The year's toll was headed by Miff Mole, first real trombone soloist of jazz history, and Nick La Rocca, trumpeter and founder of the Original Dixieland Jazz Band. Also lost were Louis Armstrong's longtime vocalist Velma Middleton, who died in Africa; and the swing-era arranger Andy Gibson. Four tragically premature deaths were recorded. Vibraphonist and ex-cop Lem Winchester, 32, killed himself while toying too confidently with a gun; the brilliant 25-year-old bassist Scott La Faro perished in an auto accident; trumpeter Booker Little, 23, died suddenly in a New York hospital; Don Barbour, 33, founder of the Four Freshmen, who had quit the group in 1959 to work as a single, perished in a car crash on the Hollywood Freeway.

On the big-band front, the event of the year was the March unveiling of Stan Kenton's well-trained new crew, with its section of elephant horns, more accurately known as mellophoniums. Benny Goodman and Woody Herman fronted part-time big bands; Ellington and Basie, though shaken by personnel upheavals, still clung to the upper echelons in musical achievement and popular esteem. Ocie Smith temporarily filled the Basie vocal spot left vacant in January by Joe Williams. Quincy Jones, fresh out of headache pills, had to give up the regular band-leading bit in midsummer.

The trend toward a jazz-classical merger was impressively manifest in such works as John Graas' *Jazz Symphony No. 1*, recorded years ago in Europe but given its first U.S. in-person hearing last year in Beverly Hills. John Lewis was responsible for a ballet score, *Original Sin*. The composer of the year was J. J. Johnson. His *Perceptions*, long enough to cover an entire LP (and it did, on Verve), was commissioned by Dizzy Gillespie, who premiered it to stunning effect at Monterey.

The teaching of jazz continued its sharp ascent. By late 1961 close to 6000 of America's 30,000 high schools had faculty-supervised dance bands. The Stan Kenton clinics of the National Band Camp project, with many of his best-known alumni on the faculty, expanded from one to three campuses (Indiana U, Michigan State, SMU). Oscar Peterson's music school in Toronto stretched

its course from four to five months, with Peterson, Ray Brown and Ed Thigpen in residence. In New York, pianist-teacher John Mehegan enlarged his Juilliard and Columbia U classes.

Record sales, according to our annual check with *Billboard* files and cross-checks with other dependable sources, indicated that the 10 top-selling instrumental jazz artists of the year all weighed curiously to the top half of the alphabet, as follows: Cannonball Adderley, with *African Waltz* and others on Riverside; Gene Ammons with *Jug* and *Boss Tenor* on Prestige; Dave Brubeck with *Time Out* on Columbia (from which Paul Desmond's 5/4 composition *Take Five* became an unexplained hit with the teen set); Ray Charles with a whole five-foot shelf of albums on ABC-Paramount, Impulse and Atlantic; Miles Davis with his two-volume *At the Blackhawk* on Columbia; Pete Fountain for the LP named after his club, *Fountain's French Quarter* on Coral; Erroll Garner, whose *Dreamstreet* on ABC-Paramount was his first new set in three years; Eddie Harris' *Exodus* on Vee Jay; Al Hirt's *Greatest Horn in the World* on Victor; and Hank Mancini, with *Mr. Lucky Goes Latin* on Victor.

. . .

Toward year's end, musicians and aficionados tuned in to PLAYBOY and jazz were asked to tell the former their preferences in the latter, naming their choices in terms of the artists' previous 12 months' activities. As has been an annual custom since 1957, the winners of the PLAYBOY readers' poll, which again showed a record-breaking tally of total votes cast, were assigned a seat of honor behind the mythical music stands of the 1962 Playboy All-Star Jazz Band. The musicians who were themselves winners in the 1961 poll were asked to name their own favorites in each category; their balloting gave us our list of All-Stars' All-Stars. Once again there were similarities and divergences between readers' and musicians' choices; again, both sets of winners will be awarded the much-prized Playboy Jazz Medals.

Jazz artists who won honors in 1961 and were thus eligible to vote in the musicians' own segment of the election were: Cannonball Adderley, Louis Armstrong, Bob Brookmeyer, Ray Brown, Dave Brubeck, Miles Davis, Buddy DeFranco, Paul Desmond, Duke Ellington, Ella Fitzgerald, Stan Getz, Dizzy Gillespie, Benny Goodman, Lionel Hampton, Coleman Hawkins, Milt Jackson, J. J. Johnson, Jonah Jones, Philly Joe Jones, Stan Kenton, Barney Kessel, Dave Lambert, Shelly Manne, Gerry Mulligan, Oscar Peterson, Frank Sinatra, Jack Teagarden and Kai Winding.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR LEADER: For the third time in a row, Duke Ellington took the nod over Count Basie; the two



hardly perennials had the field almost all to themselves. Gerry Mulligan spring-boarded from a tie for sixth a year ago into third place. 1. **Duke Ellington**; 2. Count Basie; 3. Gerry Mulligan; 4. Maynard Ferguson; 5. Quincy Jones, Stan Kenton.

**ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR TRUMPET:** Once again Diz and Miles made it a private contest, and once again Dizzy came out on top for the third time running. Diz and Miles left the slimmest of pickings for the rest of the troops, with Clark Terry garnering enough for third place; what little remained was spread paper thin, producing a six-way tie among Dick Collins, Kenny Dorham, Art Farmer, Maynard Ferguson, Don Goldie and Jack Sheldon, none of them receiving enough votes to rate a listing. 1. **Dizzy Gillespie**; 2. Miles Davis; 3. Clark Terry.

**ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR TROMBONE:** J. J. Johnson, bone specialist *extraordinaire*, as in all Playboy Jazz Polls past, dominated both the readers' and musicians' voting. Bob Brookmeyer remained firmly entrenched in the second slot, while Urbie Green advanced from fifth to third to displace veteran Jack Teagarden. 1. **J. J. Johnson**; 2. Bob Brookmeyer; 3. Urbie Green; 4. Jack Teagarden; 5. Curtis Fuller, Bill Harris.

**ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR ALTO SAX:** Cannonball Adderley breezed into first place by a handsome margin. But Ellington stalwart Johnny Hodges, unplaced in last year's All-Stars' All-Star balloting, came out of nowhere to take second spot, while Lee Konitz squeezed into a three-way tie for third with Paul Desmond and Sonny Stitt. 1. **Cannonball Adderley**; 2. Johnny Hodges; 3. Paul Desmond, Lee Konitz, Sonny Stitt.

**ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR TENOR SAX:** In a distance-lends-enchantment turnabout, expatriate Stan Getz returned to this country this past year only to have his first-place crown removed by John Coltrane. Stan dropped back into a third-tier tie with Coleman Hawkins, while Zoot Sims remained steadfastly in second place. 1. **John Coltrane**; 2. Zoot Sims; 3. Stan Getz, Coleman Hawkins; 5. Ben Webster.

**ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR BARITONE SAX:** The mighty Mr. Mulligan still reigns supreme on baritone, but Harry Carney made a solid showing to hold on to second place, while Pepper Adams, the Detroit strongman, kept his third slot. 1. **Gerry Mulligan**; 2. Harry Carney; 3. Pepper Adams; 4. Cecil Payne; 5. Bill Hood.

**ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR CLARINET:** In an amazingly static display of status, positions one through four were facsimiled from last year, with Buddy DeFranco reed and shoulders above the rest. 1. **Buddy DeFranco**; 2. Benny Goodman; 3. Jimmy Giuffre; 4. Jimmy Hamilton.

**ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR PIANO:** Oscar Peterson copped the crown once more as the

musicians' piano favorite, but Bill Evans, displaying surprising strength, almost scored an upset. The rest of the field was scattered sparingly behind. 1. **Oscar Peterson**; 2. Bill Evans; 3. Erroll Garner; 4. Thelonious Monk; 5. Dave Brubeck.

**ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR GUITAR:** For the first time since the Playboy Jazz Poll's inception, Barney Kessel has been up-ended as the musicians' chief guitar man; Wes Montgomery jumped from third to the Number One spot with Barney dropping down a notch. Jim Hall slipped to third in the reshuffling. 1. **Wes Montgomery**; 2. Barney Kessel; 3. Jim Hall; 4. Kenny Burrell; 5. Herb Ellis.

**ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR BASS:** The redoubtable Ray Brown has, it appears, established a permanent base on bass—our readers and musicians concurring once more on his peerless qualities. Miles' able Paul Chambers retained second position, while elder statesman Milt Hinton moved up from fourth to third place. As George Duvivier plummeted from sight, Percy Heath and Sam Jones popped up in a tie for fourth. Red Mitchell, last year's fifth-place holder, left the listings because of the tie for fourth. 1. **Ray Brown**; 2. Paul Chambers; 3. Milt Hinton; 4. Percy Heath, Sam Jones.

**ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR DRUMS:** Philly Joe Jones, who ascended to the musicians' drum throne last year, proved his mettle to make it two in a row. Art Blakey remained in second, while Buddy Rich rose to a third-place tie with Brubeck percussionist Joe Morello, forging ahead of Mel Lewis, who dropped from third to fifth. Shelly Manne, who slipped from first to fourth last year, ran out of the money this time around, even though it was by a scant few votes. 1. **Philly Joe Jones**; 2. Art Blakey; 3. Joe Morello, Buddy Rich; 5. Mel Lewis.

**ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR MISCELLANEOUS INSTRUMENT:** Bags' groove, to quote a Milt Jackson tune title, was very much his fellow musicians' groove as the MJQ's vibes luminary mopped up the opposition once more. Second place held some surprises, though, as flutist Frank Wess and harmonica virtuoso Jean "Toots" Thielemans, both unmentioned a year ago, split the honors. John Coltrane's recent explorations on the soprano sax brought him a fourth-place tie with *status quo* Lionel Hampton. 1. **Milt Jackson, vibes**; 2. Jean "Toots" Thielemans, *harmonica*, Frank Wess, *flute*; 4. Lionel Hampton, *vibes*, John Coltrane, *soprano sax*.

**ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR MALE VOCALIST:** Frank Sinatra, by now a vocal institution, once more went all the way with readers and musicians, although the going got a good deal rougher this year as wild blues shouter Ray Charles came very close, jumping from fourth to a near-miss second. (Charles, one of the

hottest names in the jazz field, made the wrong kind of headlines in November when he was arrested in an Indianapolis hotel room for alleged possession of narcotics. Ray, a much-troubled man, was said to have been hooked since the age of 16.) Ex-Basieite Joe Williams became an ex-second place holder as he dropped to fourth, with Nat Cole hanging on to third and the roly-poly Jimmy Rushing moving up to tie David Allen for fifth. 1. **Frank Sinatra**; 2. Ray Charles; 3. Nat Cole; 4. Joe Williams; 5. David Allen, Jimmy Rushing.

**ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR FEMALE VOCALIST:** Ella, the distaff *vox* of the *populi* and musicians alike, as usual had no near peer. Miss Fitz' lady-in-waiting Sarah Vaughan could make no appreciable headway over last year, but Carmen McRae made her debut in the musicians' poll an auspicious one by placing third ahead of Peggy Lee and Dinah Washington. 1. **Ella Fitzgerald**; 2. Sarah Vaughan; 3. Carmen McRae; 4. Peggy Lee; 5. Dinah Washington.

**ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR INSTRUMENTAL COMBO:** Their fellow musicians dug the Miles Davis Quintet the most for the second consecutive year, while the soul-searching Cannonball Adderley Quintet climbed from fifth to second. The MJQ drifted down to fifth from runner-up, with the Dave Brubeck Quartet and Oscar Peterson Trio divvying up the show position. 1. **Miles Davis Quintet**; 2. Cannonball Adderley Quintet; 3. Dave Brubeck Quartet, Oscar Peterson Trio; 5. Modern Jazz Quartet.

**ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR VOCAL GROUP:** Lambert, Hendricks & Ross solidified last year's first-place win as the Hi-Lo's, stiff competitors previously, had to settle for second with the Four Freshmen. An impressive import, the Double Six of Paris, bowed in with a flourish in fourth, while the ageless Mills Brothers dropped one slot to fifth. 1. **Lambert, Hendricks & Ross**; 2. Four Freshmen, Hi-Lo's; 4. Double Six of Paris; 5. Mills Brothers.

The sixth annual Playboy Jazz Poll recorded readers' opinions in prodigious numbers. The readers, a singularly unfickle collective body, returned most of the previous year's incumbents to their places of honor on the All-Star Jazz Band podium, but several prominent personages were conspicuous by their absence; a few shiny new faces appeared among the medal winners.

Stan the Man retained his leader's baton with the greatest of ease. Kenton, the king for the sixth time running, actually piled up a greater margin than last year. Duke Ellington coupled his All-Stars' All-Star win with a second-place popular finish, switching last year's rankings with Count Basie. *Peter Gunn*-slinger Henry Mancini held steady in fourth spot.



There was a mild flurry of activity in the All-Star Jazz Band's trumpet section. Miles Davis remained securely seated in the lead chair, but Dizzy Gillespie moved up to second, playing musical chairs with Louis Armstrong. Big-band major domo Maynard Ferguson upended Jonah Jones from the fourth chair.

Everything was peaceful in the bonny yard as the trombone section *status quoed* it for another year: dittoed from last year were J. J. Johnson, a shoo-in, Kai Winding, Bob Brookmeyer and Jack Teagarden. Below the favored four, however, the natives were restless. Frank Rosolino edged up from sixth to a distant fifth behind Teagarden.

Cannonball Adderley waltzed into the lead alto chair, deposing Paul Desmond after a five-year reign by the Brubeck nonpareil. Earl Bostic stayed a distant third, while Bud Shank dropped from fourth to fifth, exchanging positions with Johnny Hodges.

The readers gave Stan Getz a royal welcome back to the States by returning him as first tenor sax, but that stormy petrel of the tenor, John Coltrane, displaced Coleman Hawkins in the second chair. Sonny Rollins clung to his fourth-place position despite a year of inertia.

Gerry Mulligan, seemingly unassailable as baritone *sine qua non*, once more made the opposition appear Lilliputian by comparison and received more votes than any other musician in the poll. The big surprise was in the runner-up slot, where Jimmy Giuffre soared from last year's sixth-place finish.

The end of an era was signified by the voting for 1962 Playboy All-Star clarinet: Benny Goodman, the consummate King of Swing, finally had to doff his regal robes after five years as licorice stick man Number One to make way for Pete Fountain who moved up from his heir-apparent role of last year.

Last year's balloting for the piano chair was a toss-up among Dave Brubeck, Erroll Garner and Ahmad Jamal, the result remaining in doubt until the final tallies were in. This go-round, however, Brubeck had a much easier time of it. And André Previn, whose recordings have been disc-dealers' delights this past year, stepped up smartly from fourth to second place. Garner and Jamal dropped to third and fourth.

The issue was really in doubt on guitar this year. Chet Atkins, a perennial runner-up, got off to an early lead. It wasn't until the balloting had passed the halfway mark that regular All-Star winner Barney Kessel overtook him to garner his sixth consecutive laurel as guitarist of the year. Wes Montgomery, the All-Stars' All-Star selection, rocketed from eighth a year ago to third.

Ray Brown, an immovable object on the Playboy Jazz All-Stars, was as firmly entrenched as ever as the readers' top bass

man, making it an easy six in a row. Second and third bass held the same men as last year, with Charlie Mingus and Paul Chambers repeating their positions.

The rhythm triumvirate of Kessel, Brown and Shelly Manne remained unbroken as Shelly piled up a Manne-sized margin of victory for the sixth time.

The miscellaneous instrument category once more proved mallet man Lionel Hampton's private domain as he moved his vibes on the Playboy Jazz Band platform for the sixth consecutive time. The MJQ's vibrant vibes man Milt Jackson again was second.

The male vocal mike on the Playboy All-Stars seems to be Frank Sinatra's for as long as he stays in business, although the fantastic Ray Charles this year did manage to close the gap by several thousand votes to nail down second securely. Charles' surge bumped Johnny Mathis from second to third. Meisterfolksinger Harry Belafonte improved his position slightly, rising from fifth to fourth.

The contest for female vocalist was, as usual, no contest at all with the peerless Ella Fitzgerald easily gathering up the honors. Beneath PLAYBOY'S First Lady of Song, Peggy Lee, parlaying a big year in the clubs and on vinyl, came on from fourth to take second-place honors from June Christy, the popular poll's perennial Number Two girl. Sultry songbird Julie London held tightly to third position, while Miss Christy slipped to fourth.

The Dave Brubeck Quartet continued its dominance of the instrumental combo voting with the Modern Jazz Quartet in tight possession of the place position again. Ahmad Jamal's Trio, on the other hand, dropped from third to fifth, changing places with the George Shearing Quintet. The Miles Davis Quintet echoed last year's fourth-place finish.

Making it two years in a row as both the musicians' and the readers' leading vocal group, Lambert, Hendricks & Ross had matters well in hand. Onetime winners, the Four Freshmen were lifted in the ratings from third to second, nudging the Kingston Trio back to third. The Limelites, unlisted a year ago, made it all the way up the list to fourth.

The following is a tabulation of the hundreds of thousands of votes cast in this biggest of all jazz polls. The names of the jazzmen who won places on the 1962 Playboy All-Star Jazz Band are in boldface. In some categories, there are two or more winners in order to make up a full-scale jazz orchestra. Artists polling less than 100 votes are not listed; in categories where two choices were allowed, those receiving less than 200 votes are not listed; in categories where four votes were allowed, no one with under 400 votes is listed.

(continued on next page)



SHE'LL WANT YOU IN ...


unbelievably tight  
"SANS" with invisible pockets

The tightest slacks ever created ... the new TODD'S "SANS" ... they're unbelievably tight. So tight that the pockets have to be invisible. Tapered to a mere 13" bottom. Ebony, Brown, Pewter. **5.98**

ORDER BY WAIST SIZE AND COLOR. NO C.O.D.'s.

**Todd's**  
DETROIT  
NORTHLAND CENTER  
5000 SCHAEFER 1216 RANDOLPH

ANN ARBOR E. LANSING  
1209 S. University 211 E. Grand River

*Sail* 

romantic  
tropic waters aboard the  
**Clipper Gully Sark.**  
Cruise the Bahamas for 10  
fun-filled days ...  
Please rush free brochure.  
CLIPPERSHIP CRUISES  
Dept. 34 Dupont Plaza Center  
Miami, Florida FRanklin 4-8469

Chicago's most famous Restaurant  
Since 1868  
**HENRICI'S**



No matter where you are come by jet or car

CHICAGO HenriCI's at O'Hare Inn, 2½ min. from Airport and on Randolph between Dearborn & Clark  
ST. LOUIS Bel-Air Motel

in Chicago it's  
**ALLGAUER'S**  
on Randolph West of State  
FABULOUS FOOD  
Luncheon • Dinner • Cocktails • After-Theatre  
also in Highland Park, Illinois



LEADER

1. Stan Kenton	8,667
2. Duke Ellington	3,885
3. Count Basie	3,222
4. Henry Mancini	2,859
5. Gil Evans	1,617
6. Gerry Mulligan	1,491
7. Maynard Ferguson	1,353
8. Benny Goodman	1,134
9. Quincy Jones	1,092
10. Nelson Riddle	756
11. Lionel Hampton	552
12. Les Elgart	537
13. Billy May	492
14. Ray McKinley	456
15. Pete Rugolo	441
16. Harry James	413
17. Les Brown	411
18. Ted Heath	357
19. Michel LeGrand	348
20. Woody Herman	297
21. Shorty Rogers	273
22. Si Zentner	246

TRUMPET

1. Miles Davis	18,195
2. Dizzy Gillespie	11,607
3. Louis Armstrong	10,791
4. Maynard Ferguson	7,683
5. Jonah Jones	7,422
6. Al Hirt	7,200
7. Art Farmer	5,058
8. Nat Adderley	4,356
9. Bobby Hackett	4,341
10. Shorty Rogers	3,399
11. Billy Butterfield	2,988
12. Harry James	2,874
13. Roy Eldridge	1,710
14. Red Nichols	1,641
15. Pete Candoli	1,620
16. Conte Candoli	1,509
17. Donald Byrd	1,374
18. Lee Morgan	1,290
19. Clark Terry	927
20. Buck Clayton	783
21. Charlie Shavers	744
22. Blue Mitchell	732
23. Don Cherry	714
24. Wild Bill Davison	714
25. Harry Edison	712
26. Kenny Dorham	639
27. Muggsy Spanier	579
28. Jack Sheldon	570
29. Bob Scobey	549
30. Joe Newman	477
31. Frank Assunto	471
32. Ruby Braff	453
33. Doc Severinsen	414

TROMBONE

1. J. J. Johnson	20,568
2. Kai Winding	14,097
3. Bob Brookmeyer	10,956
4. Jack Teagarden	10,593
5. Frank Rosolino	3,903
6. Slide Hampton	3,465
7. Urbie Green	3,249
8. Si Zentner	3,156
9. Turk Murphy	2,706
10. Kid Ory	2,595
11. Jimmy Cleveland	2,058
12. Bennie Green	2,013
13. Trummy Young	1,980
14. Milt Bernhart	1,941
14. J. C. Higginbotham	1,941
16. Curtis Fuller	1,866
17. Carl Fontana	1,647
18. Bill Harris	1,617
19. Al Gray	1,512
20. Tyree Glenn	1,341
21. Wilbur De Paris	1,287
22. Fred Assunto	1,272

23. Dick Nash	912
24. Quentin Jackson	882
25. Lawrence Brown	741
26. Vic Dickenson	675
27. Benny Powell	651
28. Jimmy Knepper	579
28. Cutty Cutshall	579
30. Tommy Pederson	552
30. Julian Priestner	552
32. Murray McEachern	540
33. Lou McGarity	537
34. Bob Enevoldsen	501
35. Dickie Wells	459
36. Melba Liston	417
37. Georg Brunis	402

ALTO SAX

1. Cannonball Adderley	13,575
2. Paul Desmond	12,468
3. Earl Bostic	5,613
4. Johnny Hodges	3,087
5. Bud Shank	2,841
6. Ornette Coleman	2,148
7. Sonny Stitt	1,863
8. Zoot Sims	1,587
9. Lee Konitz	1,410
10. Benny Carter	1,020
11. Ted Nash	852
12. Charlie Mariano	702
13. Lennie Niehaus	699
14. Pete Brown	579
15. Phil Woods	570
16. Lou Donaldson	567
17. Jackie McLean	537
17. James Moody	537
19. Willie Smith	525
20. Paul Horn	480
21. Al Belletto	474
22. Gigi Gryce	441
23. Eric Dolphy	414
24. Herb Geller	399
25. Hank Crawford	357
26. John Handy	261
27. Gabe Baltazar	249
28. Bob Donovan	243
29. Marshall Royal	219

TENOR SAX

1. Stan Getz	12,846
2. John Coltrane	7,038
3. Coleman Hawkins	5,826
4. Sonny Rollins	2,109
5. Jimmy Giuffre	2,100
6. Zoot Sims	1,881
7. "Fathead" Newman	1,329
8. Bud Freeman	1,233
9. Paul Gonsalves	1,227
10. Georgie Auld	1,206
11. Dave Pell	1,095
12. Eddie Harris	1,077
12. Ben Webster	1,077
14. Vido Musso	1,041
15. Illinois Jacquet	939
16. Bob Cooper	933
17. Sonny Stitt	924
18. Benny Golson	867
19. Al Cohn	864
20. Gene Ammons	843
20. Eddie Davis	843
22. Buddy Tate	696
23. Flip Phillips	690
24. Jimmy Heath	645
25. Yusef Lateef	624
26. Richie Kamuca	603
27. Hank Mobley	555
28. Bill Perkins	492
29. Eddie Miller	465
30. James Moody	459
31. Frank Wess	408
32. Bill Holman	360
33. John Griffin	276
34. Sam Firmature	264

35. Teddy Edwards	252
36. Bill Barron	243
37. Charlie Rouse	207

BARITONE SAX

1. Gerry Mulligan	20,658
2. Jimmy Giuffre	1,275
3. Bud Shank	1,059
4. Pepper Adams	1,056
5. Harry Carney	1,002
6. Al Cohn	978
7. Sahib Shihab	621
8. Chuck Gentry	354
9. Lonnie Shaw	351
10. Ernie Caceres	291
11. Frank Hintner	237
12. Jay Cameron	234
13. Ronnie Ross	219
14. Bill Hood	201
15. Lars Gullin	183
15. Cecil Payne	183

CLARINET

1. Pete Fountain	7,629
2. Benny Goodman	7,119
3. Jimmy Giuffre	3,648
4. Buddy DeFranco	3,099
5. Woody Herman	2,094
6. Buddy Collette	1,269
7. Tony Scott	1,023
8. Pee Wee Russell	516
9. Jimmy Hamilton	477
10. Matty Matlock	402
11. Bill Smith	384
12. Paul Horn	360
13. Sol Yaged	339
14. Edmond Hall	324
15. Barney Bigard	309
16. Peanuts Hucko	195

PIANO

1. Dave Brubeck	5,412
2. André Previn	3,570
3. Erroll Garner	3,099
4. Ahmad Jamal	2,907
5. George Shearing	2,139
6. Oscar Peterson	2,058
7. Thelonious Monk	1,293
8. Duke Ellington	813
9. Count Basie	669
10. John Lewis	660
11. Horace Silver	651
12. Ramsey Lewis	600
13. Bill Evans	519
14. Teddy Wilson	402
15. Wynton Kelly	303
16. Bobby Timmons	294
17. Eddie Heywood	285
18. Les McCann	258
19. Red Garland	255
20. Mose Allison	225
21. Bob Darch	197
22. Earl "Fatha" Hines	195
23. Ray Bryant	165
24. Victor Feldman	129
25. Lennie Tristano	126
26. Bud Powell	120
26. Jess Stacy	120
28. Hank Jones	102

GUITAR

1. Barney Kessel	6,405
2. Chet Atkins	6,231
3. Wes Montgomery	2,196
4. Eddie Condon	1,674
5. Charlie Byrd	1,536
6. Les Paul	1,521
7. Johnny Smith	1,404
8. Laurindo Almeida	1,221
9. Herb Ellis	882
10. Kenny Burrell	744
11. Sal Salvador	738
12. Mundell Lowe	651
13. Jim Hall	609

14. Al Viola	468
15. George Van Eps	408
16. Freddie Green	345
17. Tal Farlow	342
18. Al Hendrickson	330
19. Oscar Moore	216
20. Jean Thielemans	201
21. Billy Bauer	138
22. Joe Puma	135
23. Dennis Budimir	132
24. Barry Galbraith	129
25. Bill Harris	126
25. Les Spann	126
27. John Pisano	111

BASS

1. Ray Brown	5,928
2. Charlie Mingus	3,105
3. Paul Chambers	2,097
4. Percy Heath	1,593
5. Leroy Vinnegar	1,278
6. Red Mitchell	1,173
7. Chubby Jackson	1,104
8. Buddy Clark	1,011
9. Norman Bates	1,008
10. Gene Wright	1,002
11. Israel Crosby	867
12. Bob Haggart	741
13. Eddie Safranski	696
14. Arvell Shaw	690
15. Milt Hinton	627
16. Sam Jones	591
17. Slam Stewart	549
18. Don Bagley	540
19. Monk Montgomery	489
20. El Dee Young	366
21. Howard Rumsey	348
22. Joe Benjamin	342
23. Eddie Jones	246
24. Pops Foster	243
24. Johnny Frigo	243
26. George Duvivier	219
27. Red Callender	204
28. Keter Betts	186
28. Joe Mondragon	186
30. Mike Rubin	150
31. Bill Crow	147
32. Curtis Counce	135
33. George Morrow	126
34. George Tucker	120
35. Gary Peacock	105

DRUMS

1. Shelly Manne	6,720
2. Gene Krupa	3,867
3. Joe Morello	3,750
4. Art Blakey	1,914
5. Buddy Rich	1,878
6. Cozy Cole	1,719
7. Philly Joe Jones	1,485
8. Chico Hamilton	1,350
9. Max Roach	1,317
10. Jo Jones	678
11. Louis Bellson	618
12. Connie Kay	426
13. Sonny Payne	363
14. Rufus Jones	276
15. Stan Levey	249
16. Sam Woodyard	210
17. Louis Hayes	207
18. Ray Bauduc	201
18. Mel Lewis	201
20. Vernell Fournier	180
20. Ed Thigpen	180
22. George Wettling	171
23. Nick Fatool	159
24. Elvin Jones	156
25. Denzil Best	132
26. Roy Haynes	126
26. Red Holt	126
28. Ron Jefferson	123
29. Art Taylor	111



MISCELLANEOUS INSTRUMENT

**1. Lionel Hampton, vibes 7,125**  
 2. Milt Jackson, vibes... 3,573  
 3. Cal Tjader, vibes... 2,007  
 4. Miles Davis,  
*Flügelhorn* ..... 1,671  
 5. Herbie Mann, *flute*... 1,449  
 6. Red Norvo, vibes... 1,359  
 7. John Coltrane,  
*soprano sax* ..... 1,134  
 8. Art Van Damme,  
*accordion* ..... 1,068  
 9. Candido, *bongo* ..... 888  
 10. Terry Gibbs, vibes... 771  
 11. Bud Shank, *flute* ..... 741  
 12. Jimmy Smith, *organ*... 726  
 13. Don Elliott,  
*vibes & mellophone*, 654  
 14. Shorty Rogers,  
*Flügelhorn* ..... 603  
 15. Yusef Lateef, *flute*... 399  
 16. Buddy Collette, *flute*... 378  
 17. Shirley Scott, *organ*... 318  
 18. Frank Wess, *flute*... 288  
 19. Bob Cooper, *oboe*... 285  
 20. Milt Buckner, *organ*... 264  
 21. James Moody, *flute*... 258  
 22. Victor Feldman, vibes... 246  
 23. Jean Thielemans,  
*harmonica* ..... 228  
 24. Sam Most, *flute*... 222  
 25. Ray Brown, *cello*... 201  
 26. Paul Horn, *flute*... 165  
 27. Ray Nance, *violin*... 156  
 28. Eddie Costa, vibes... 150  
 29. Gary Burton, vibes... 132  
 30. Steve Lacy, *soprano sax* 117  
 30. Stuff Smith, *violin*... 117

MALE VOCALIST

**1. Frank Sinatra 10,761**  
 2. Ray Charles ..... 4,203  
 3. Johnny Mathis ..... 1,938  
 4. Harry Belafonte ..... 1,515  
 5. Nat "King" Cole ..... 1,023  
 6. Mel Tormé ..... 858  
 7. Joe Williams ..... 765  
 8. Bobby Darin ..... 723  
 9. Buddy Greco ..... 540

10. Oscar Brown, Jr. .... 528  
 11. Frank D'Rone ..... 492  
 12. Jon Hendricks ..... 468  
 13. Andy Williams ..... 456  
 14. Mose Allison ..... 399  
 15. Sammy Davis, Jr. .... 387  
 16. Tony Bennett ..... 306  
 17. Perry Como ..... 300  
 18. Louis Armstrong ..... 294  
 19. Steve Lawrence ..... 273  
 20. Brook Benton ..... 270  
 20. Jimmy Rushing ..... 270  
 22. Billy Eckstine ..... 252  
 23. Bill Henderson ..... 228  
 24. Frankie Laine ..... 216  
 25. Al Hibbler ..... 210  
 26. Bing Crosby ..... 207  
 26. Dean Martin ..... 207  
 28. David Allen ..... 177  
 29. Pat Boone ..... 171  
 30. Roy Hamilton ..... 159  
 31. Vic Damone ..... 153  
 32. Fats Domino ..... 132  
 33. Mark Murphy ..... 123  
 34. Earl Grant ..... 105

FEMALE VOCALIST

**1. Ella Fitzgerald 10,182**  
 2. Peggy Lee ..... 2,157  
 3. Julie London ..... 1,998  
 4. June Christy ..... 1,275  
 5. Nina Simone ..... 1,194  
 6. Sarah Vaughan ..... 969  
 7. Chris Connor ..... 783  
 7. Keely Smith ..... 783  
 9. Dakota Staton ..... 750  
 10. Doris Day ..... 744  
 11. Anita O'Day ..... 630  
 12. Judy Garland ..... 597  
 13. Dinah Washington ... 525  
 14. Joanie Sommers ..... 513  
 15. Gloria Lynne ..... 507  
 16. Nancy Wilson ..... 438  
 17. Della Reese ..... 414  
 18. Annie Ross ..... 411  
 19. Eydie Gormé ..... 396  
 20. Mahalia Jackson ..... 372  
 21. Carmen McRae ..... 252

22. Pearl Bailey ..... 225  
 23. Etta James ..... 216  
 24. Lena Horne ..... 213  
 25. Diahann Carroll ..... 201  
 26. Ann Richards ..... 195  
 27. Diana Trask ..... 186  
 28. Aretha Franklin ..... 180  
 28. Mavis Rivers ..... 180  
 30. Jane Morgan ..... 171  
 30. Kay Starr ..... 171  
 32. Eartha Kitt ..... 162  
 33. Patti Page ..... 153  
 34. Jo Stafford ..... 132  
 35. La Vern Baker ..... 105  
 36. Jaye P. Morgan ..... 102

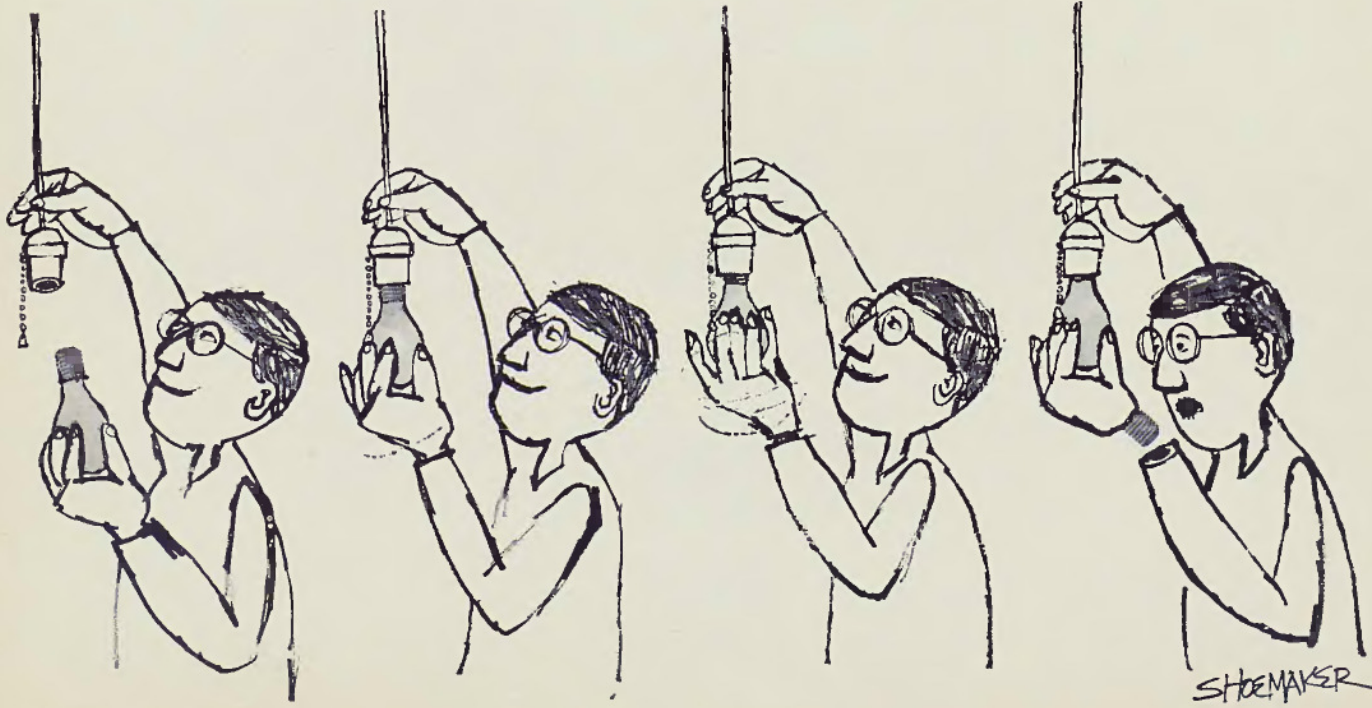
INSTRUMENTAL COMBO

**1. Dave Brubeck Quartet 7,500**  
 2. Modern Jazz Quartet... 2,742  
 3. George Shearing  
 Quintet ..... 2,055  
 4. Miles Davis Quintet... 1,587  
 5. Ahmad Jamal Trio... 1,566  
 6. Cannonball Adderley  
 Quintet ..... 1,329  
 7. Al Hirt's New Orleans  
 Sextet ..... 1,176  
 8. Louis Armstrong All-  
 Stars ..... 1,161  
 9. André Previn Trio... 849  
 10. Jonah Jones Quartet... 690  
 11. Dukes of Dixieland... 657  
 12. Oscar Peterson Trio... 651  
 13. Art Blakey and the Jazz  
 Messengers ..... 621  
 14. Ramsey Lewis Trio... 582  
 15. Horace Silver Quintet... 396  
 16. Shelly Manne and his  
 Men ..... 384  
 17. Art Farmer-Benny  
 Golson Jazztet ..... 336  
 18. Cal Tjader Quintet... 318  
 19. Dizzy Gillespie Quintet 309  
 20. Australian Jazz Quartet 282  
 21. Chico Hamilton  
 Quintet ..... 279  
 22. Stan Getz Quartet... 261  
 22. Kai Winding Septet... 261

24. Nina Simone and her  
 Trio ..... 252  
 25. Red Nichols' Five  
 Pennies ..... 246  
 26. Les McCann Ltd. .... 234  
 27. Charlie Mingus  
 Quartet ..... 210  
 28. Gene Krupa Quartet... 204  
 29. Red Norvo Quintet... 186  
 30. Thelonious Monk  
 Quartet ..... 171  
 31. Charlie Byrd Trio... 162  
 32. Shorty Rogers' Giants... 159  
 33. Jimmy Giuffre Trio... 141  
 34. Barney Kessel Quartet 129  
 34. Turk Murphy's  
 Jazz Band ..... 129  
 36. Ornette Coleman  
 Quartet ..... 111  
 37. Bob Scobey's Frisco  
 Band ..... 108

VOCAL GROUP

**1. Lambert, Hendricks  
 & Ross B,418**  
 2. Four Freshmen ..... 5,229  
 3. Kingston Trio ..... 2,970  
 4. Limeliters ..... 2,589  
 5. Hi-Lo's ..... 2,142  
 6. Brothers Four ..... 1,209  
 7. Platters ..... 852  
 8. Mills Brothers ..... 660  
 9. Kirby Stone Four ..... 642  
 10. Jackie Cain & Roy Kral 633  
 11. Mary Kaye Trio ..... 576  
 12. McGuire Sisters ..... 474  
 13. Ames Brothers ..... 423  
 14. Double Six of Paris... 375  
 15. Weavers ..... 372  
 16. Four Lads ..... 339  
 17. Ink Spots ..... 285  
 18. King Sisters ..... 243  
 19. Bud and Travis ..... 234  
 20. Modernaires ..... 168  
 21. Al Belletto Sextet... 144  
 22. Axidentals ..... 129  
 22. John LaSalle Quartet.. 129





# PLAYBOY READER SERVICE

Write to Janet Pilgrim for the answers to your shopping questions. She will provide you with the name of a retail store in or near your city where you can buy any of the specialized items advertised or editorially featured in *PLAYBOY*. For example, where-to-buy information is available for the merchandise of the advertisers in this issue listed below.

BMC Sports Cars .....	7
Dickies Slacks .....	25
HIS Slacks .....	11
Monojet Electronic Flash Units.	24
Paper Mate Pens .....	10
Sony Tape Recording Equipment .....	8
Wembley Ties .....	31
Winthrop Shoes .....	24

Use these lines for information about other featured merchandise.

---



---



---



---

Miss Pilgrim will be happy to answer any of your other questions on fashion, travel, food and drink, hi-fi, etc. If your question involves items you saw in *PLAYBOY*, please specify page number and issue of the magazine as well as a brief description of the items when you write.

**PLAYBOY READER SERVICE**  
232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Ill.

**SEND  
PLAYBOY  
EVERY  
MONTH**



- 3 yrs. for \$14 (Save \$10.00)
- 1 yr. for \$6 (Save \$2.00)
- payment enclosed     bill later

TO:

name

address

city

zone

state

Mail to **PLAYBOY**  
232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Illinois

026

## PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

APRIL, AS T. S. ELIOT almost said, is the coolest month — especially for the gentleman traveler who wishes to mix memory and desire in a foreign clime. Overseas highways and byways are still happily uncluttered, and the race for space in top hosteries has not yet reached its frenetic summer pitch.


Start your vacation with a merry-go-round whirl of theatergoing in London, then ride the overnight sleeper ship to the Hook of Holland. Here a short foray will take you through fields brilliantly carpeted with tulips. Book on the MS Europa or MS Helvetia for a riverboat gambol up (five days) or down (four days) the Rhine, from Rotterdam to Basel or vice versa — through Holland, Germany, France to Switzerland. These ships offer swimming pool, sundeck, bar and no less than five meals a day, and provide opportunity for ratskeller roistering during stops at Dusseldorf, Cologne, Heidelberg and Ruedesheim.

Top off your overseaing journeys with a visit to unpublicized but lush Antalya on the Turkish Riviera, a tiny village of clustered red-roofed villas, Roman ruins and wisteria-draped balconies which crowds a glassy green harbor. You can swim under cliffside waterfalls which cascade into the warm sea, or take to the ski trails among the 10,000-foot peaks of the Taurus range, just an hour's drive away. Antalya may be most comfortably reached from Istanbul by coastal steamer; the 10-day round trip, plus a

full week at the resort, will cost under \$100, even if you're accompanied by a spa-ing partner.

If you wish to relax closer to home, there is no likelier locale than Bermuda, particularly near the end of March when spring vacations bring a swarm of collegiate Easter bunnies to brighten already sunny shores. As a with-meals guest at any of the hotels which subscribe to the Hoppin' John Plan, you may dine without extra charge at a variety of spots, dance in the Moongate Garden of the Bermudiana and catch the calypso shows at the Castle Harbour, the Gombey Dancers at Harmony Hall and the thumpings of the Esso Steel Band on the Harbour Terrace of the Inverurie Hotel (or the imported entertainers at the Carlton Beach, Bermuda's newest hotel). It's all included in your \$90-\$125 weekly tab.

Stateside, if you're planning to motor through California, be sure to take advantage of the wine country's open-house hospitality — all the major wineries welcome visitors, and a check with the Wine Institute at San Francisco will tell you which ones jibe with your itinerary. One typical establishment (near Saratoga) welcomes *vino* enthusiasts with a guided tour through cavernous valley-floor cellars, shows wine and champagne fermenting operations and then serves up generous samples.

For further information on any of the above, write to Playboy Reader Service, 232 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Ill. 

### NEXT MONTH:

**"SAGITTARIUS"**—A NEW BLOOD-CHILLING NOVELETTE BY THE AUTHOR OF "SARDONICUS"—**RAY RUSSELL**

**"THE VANISHING AMERICANS"**—IN THE RESTLESS VOICE OF DISSENT LIES THE KEY TO OUR COUNTRY'S GREATNESS—BY **J. PAUL GETTY**

**"CLARA"**—THE FIRST IN A NEW SERIES OF MEMOIRS OF A YOUNG CHICAGO NEWSPAPERMAN—BY **BEN HECHT**

**"THE LOVE CULT"**—AN EMINENT MAN OF LETTERS CASTS A CRITICAL EYE AT THE NATION'S FAVORITE PANACEA—BY **ALFRED KAZIN**

**"THE PRODIGAL POWERS OF POT"**—ACCLAIMED BY ANCIENTS, FROWNED ON BY FUZZ, BEATIFIED BY BEATS, MARIJUANA REMAINS THE MOST MISUNDERSTOOD DRUG OF ALL TIME—BY **DAN WAKEFIELD**



You can read character all over its face!



Large capitals ..... demonstrate pride

Simplicity of style .. shows maturity

Even spacing ..... reveals consistency

...Large loops point to pleasure

... Easy flow reveals excellent taste

.....Slanting script shows individuality





*More refreshing to begin with... more refreshing all the way*



# Newport refreshes while you smoke

Only Newport gives you the soothing coolness of menthol plus a refreshing hint of mint . . . in a blend of the world's finest quality tobaccos. It's this exclusive combination that makes Newport so refreshing.