

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

APRIL 60 cents

"THE WONDERFUL CLOUDS" PART ONE
OF A NEW NOVEL BY FRANCOISE SAGAN
SPRING AND SUMMER FASHION FORECAST
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR
PLAYBOY ON THE TOWN IN PARIS



"You're some tomato.
We could make beautiful Bloody Marys together.
I'm different from those other fellows."

"I like you, Wolfschmidt.
You've got taste."



Wolfschmidt Vodka has the touch of taste that marks genuine old world vodka. Wolfschmidt in a Bloody Mary is a tomato in triumph. Wolfschmidt brings out the best in every drink. General Wine and Spirits Company, N.Y. 22. Made from Grain, 80 or 100 Proof. Prod. of U.S.A.

Stormy weather...

makes no difference.

These new BMC sports cars storm right along at lightning pace. All of them—and notice the range you're looking at. BMC offers more different models, color combinations, power and performance choice than all other sports car builders combined. Price tags start with the very lowest for any true sports car! Wide choice among options, too—these new detachable hard tops, for instance, weather beaters all of 'em. Get in the splash. Go see your nearby BMC dealer—ask to take one of these windswept beauties out for a trial run—forecast: sheer fun, rain or shine.



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.

WIN YOUR LETTERS IN STYLE!
TAKE A SURE "FIRST" IN A COOL H-I-S
SPORT COAT

It's natural to feel like throwing your weight around a bit when you wear a featherweight H-I-S Sport Coat. Gives you authority. Makes you feel like big. And plenty cool 'cause this jacket is light as a leaf on the shoulders which, incidentally, are all your own.

Slightly cut-away 3-button front, flapped pockets, center vent.

Shown here in washable Batik, \$25.
Also in Chambray, District Checks, Plaids, Cords, Seersuckers and Dacron blends...\$16.95 to \$35
at stores that spell style with three letters...H-I-S
16 East 34th Street, New York 16

h.i.s[®]
SPORTSWEAR

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



Chambray

PLAYBILL

AS A SPRINGTIME SALUTE TO PLAYBOY's 100th issue (and some 78,000,000 individual copies that have been purchased since we began publishing eight-plus years ago), we're celebrating April in Paris, and cordially invite you along. In a tip of the chapeau to that city, the season and our century mark, we've come up with a potpourri of Gallic goodies.

First, beginning in this issue, we present *The Wonderful Clouds*, a new novel by Françoise Sagan (recently married for the second time), that worldly-wise chronicler of Europe's young international set and author of such best sellers as *Bonjour Tristesse*, *A Certain Smile* and *Aimez-Vous Brahms*. In this, her latest and perhaps most luminous work, Mlle. Sagan depicts with her unique deftness and deceptively transparent prose the consuming boredom and narcissistic nihilism of a prematurely grave young couple as they seek to both flee and pursue their inner selves and each other across two continents. *Clouds* will be published in hard cover this July by E. P. Dutton.

Pivotal setting of the Sagan book, Paris is also the timely subject of our April *Playboy on the Town* excursion: not only a nine-page encomium to the glittering city of light and love, but an *au courant* cosmopolite's guide to its legendary *divertissements, à deux*. To our appreciative appraisal of Gallic gourmandise therein, add the subtle piquancy and red-hot heartiness of Dixie cuisine as delineated by Food and Drink Editor Thomas Mario on his cook's tour of dishes prepared with a pronounced *Southern Accent*. In Paris or at home, you'll swing into spring in style after a glom at the good-looking garb in our annual *Spring and Summer Fashion Forecast*, this season's definitive statement on upcoming sartorial trends.

On the fiction front this month, a pair of PLAYBOY newcomers

tell tales tall and taut, respectively. Veteran novelist and magazine free lancer Paul Darcy Boles weaves with *The Stancias' House* a warmly woolly yarn wherein a fez, a fire, a garbage bag, a moose head and a 5'10" maid conspire to plot a choppy course for true love. And Vance Aandahl, an 18-year-old sophomore at the University of Colorado, etches with *Adam Frost* a chilling nightmare version of what passes for human life in the post-atomic era, in the first of what we hope will be a stream of stories from this greatly gifted young writer.

Old PLAYBOY hands take over with further fiction, fact and fun. *Saturday Review* movie critic Arthur Knight, who authored our pioneering and popular study of *The Far Out Films* just two years ago this month, is back with *Cinema on a Shoestring*, an equally trenchant, fact-packed companion piece on the high hopes and low budgets of America's new wave of art-moviemakers. Our other Arthur (surnamed Clarke) ranges deep into the earth and out to the sun in *You Can't Get There from Here*, as he explores the possibilities of probing these formidable frontiers in the second of his new series of prognostications on the prospects of science. Larry Siegel, our satirist in residence, provides a welcome leavening of April foolery as he strums *Folk Songs for Moderns*, a medley of droll new variations on balladic themes of yore. And Henry Slesar ironically imparts *A Way to Make It* in the predatory asphalt jungle: become an executive bittersweet.

Next, assay the assets of Christa Speck, last year's splendidly sensuous Miss September, as the erstwhile bank-secretary-turned-Playmate reappears this month as our Speck-tacular Playmate of the Year. Wind up with a person-to-person call on Bobbie Lane, a ring-a-ding *Right Number* as our telephonically inclined Miss April, and then get busy yourself with a leisurely leaf through the rest of this overflowing 100th issue.



AAND AHL



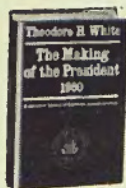
SAGAN



KNIGHT



SIEGEL



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



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



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



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



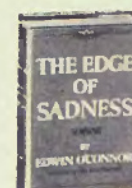
431. THE RISE AND FALL OF THE THIRD REICH by WILLIAM L. SHIRER. (Retail price \$10)



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



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



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



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



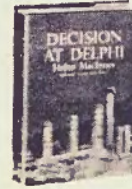
465. PROFILES IN COURAGE by JOHN F. KENNEDY (Retail price \$3.95)



458. JAPANESE INN by OLIVER STATLER. Illus. (Retail price \$6.50)



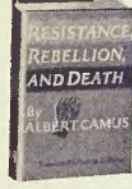
439. TAKEN AT THE FLOOD by JOHN GUNTHER. Illus. (Retail price \$5)



436. DECISION AT DELPHI by HELEN MAC INNES. (Retail price \$4.95)



434. THE DEVIL'S ADVOCATE by MORRIS L. WEST (Retail price \$3.95)



459. RESISTANCE, REBELLION, AND DEATH by ALBERT CAMUS. (Retail price \$4)



194. THE LONGEST DAY by CORNELIUS RYAN. Illustrated (Retail price \$4.95)



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

An Invitation to Readers
WHO MAY HAVE CONSIDERED
MEMBERSHIP IN THE
Book-of-the-Month Club
~
CHOOSE ANY THREE
of the books shown on these pages
FOR \$1 EACH
IN A LIMITED TRIAL MEMBERSHIP . . . IF YOU AGREE TO BUY THREE
ADDITIONAL CLUB CHOICES—AT THE MEMBERS' PRICES—WITHIN A YEAR



480. THE WAR CALLED PEACE by HARRY AND BONA OVERSTREET (Retail price \$4.50)



461. CITIZEN OF NEW SALEM by PAUL HORGAN. Illustrated. (Retail price \$3.75)



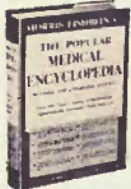
496. FREDERIC REMINGTON'S OWN WEST by FREDERIC REMINGTON. Illustrated (Retail price \$7.50)



123. A TREASURY OF SCIENCE. Edited by HARLOW SHAPLEY (Retail price \$6.95)



160. SINGER SEWING BOOK by MARY BROOKS PICKEN Illustrated. (Retail price \$4.95)



157. THE POPULAR MEDICAL ENCYCLOPEDIA by MORRIS FISHBEIN, M.D. Illustrated (Retail price \$4.95)



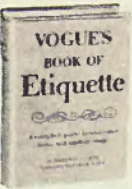
161. THE JOY OF COOKING by IRMA S. ROMBAUER and MARION R. BECKER Illustrated. (Retail price \$4.95)



156. ENCYCLOPEDIA OF THE OPERA by DAVID EWEN. (Retail price \$7.50)



158. GOREN'S NEW CONTRACT BRIDGE COMPLETE by CHARLES H. GOREN. (Retail price \$4.95)



159. VOGUE'S BOOK OF ETIQUETTE by MILLCENT FENWICK (Retail price \$6.50)



504. DR. SPOCK TALKS WITH MOTHERS by BENJAMIN SPOCK, M.D. (Retail price \$5)



491. HELPING YOUR CHILD TO READ BETTER by ROBERT M. GOLDENSON. (Retail price \$3.95)



489. HOW TO BE ACCEPTED BY THE COLLEGE OF YOUR CHOICE by BENJAMIN FINE. (Retail price \$4.95)



490. FEEDING YOUR BABY AND CHILD by BENJAMIN SPOCK, M.D., and M. E. LOWENBERG (Retail price \$3.75)



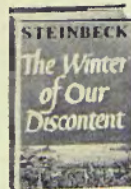
152. BARTLETT'S FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS. 13th edition. (Retail price \$10)



151. IDEAL MARRIAGE: Its Physiology and Technique by TH. H. VAN DE VELDE, M.D. Illustrated. (Retail price \$7.50)



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



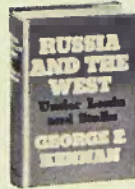
486. THE WINTER OF OUR DISCONTENT by JOHN STEINBECK. (Retail price \$4.50)



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



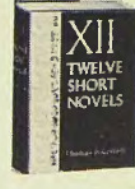
499. A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH by VIRGILIA PETERSON. (Ret. price \$5)



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



487. THE SHORT STORIES OF ERNEST HEMINGWAY (Retail price \$6)



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



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



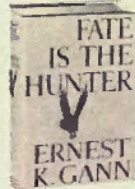
454. THE LAST OF THE JUST by ANDRE SCHWARZ-BART (Retail price \$4.95)



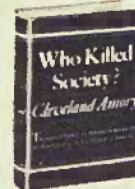
452. CHINA COURT by RUMER GODDEN (Retail price \$4.50)



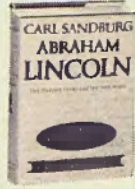
451. A BURNT-OUT CASE by GRAHAM GREENE. (Retail price \$3.95)



450. FATE IS THE HUNTER by ERNEST K. GANN. (Retail price \$6)



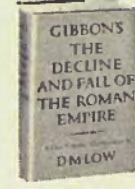
449. WHO KILLED SOCIETY? by CLEVELAND AMORY Illustrated. (Retail price \$6.50)



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



447. VANITY FAIR: A Cavalcade of the 1920s and 1930s. Illustrated (Retail price \$10)



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



433. TIMES THREE by PHYLLIS MCGINLEY. (Retail price \$5)



430. THE CHILD BUYER by JOHN HERSEY. (Retail price \$4)



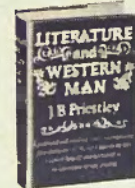
420. THE POLITICS OF UPHEAVAL by ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, JR. Vol. III of The Age of Roosevelt (Retail price \$6.95)



418. THOMAS WOLFE: A Biography by ELIZABETH NOWELL. (Retail price \$5.95)



413. THE GOOD YEARS by WALTER LORD. Illustrated (Retail price \$4.95)



412. LITERATURE AND WESTERN MAN by J. B. PRIESTLEY. (Retail price \$6.95)



409. THE AFFAIR by C. P. SNOW (Retail price \$4.50)



405. DR. SCHWEITZER by NORMAN COUSINS. Illustrated (Retail price \$3.95)



104. ADVISE AND CONSENT by ALLEN DRURY. (Retail price \$5.75)



101. EXODUS by LEON URIS. (Retail price \$4.50)



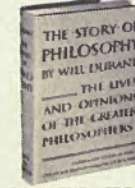
108. ACT ONE by MOSS HART. (Retail price \$5)



126. THE AFFLUENT SOCIETY by JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH. (Retail price \$5)



139. ULYSSES by JAMES JOYCE Unabridged. (Retail price \$4.75)



149. THE STORY OF PHILOSOPHY by WILL DURANT (Retail price \$5)



446. THE FASCINATING WORLD OF ASTRONOMY by ROBERT S. RICHARDSON. Illustrated (Retail price \$5.95)



112. THE KING MUST DIE by MARY RENAUD. (Retail price \$4.50)

GOOD SENSE FOR EVERY READING FAMILY

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 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 represents "advance" Book-Dividends earned by the purchase of the three books you engage to buy later.

* The three books you choose will be sent 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 aver-

age, 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 of over 40%.

* If you continue after 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 over \$7.00 in retail value. Since the inauguration of the Book-Dividend system, more than \$270,000,000 worth of books (retail value) has been received by Club members through this unique profit-sharing plan.

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, Inc. A764
345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y.

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 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. } (PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY)
MISS }

Address

City Zone State

Selections and alternates for Canadian members are usually priced slightly higher and are shipped from Toronto duty free.

PLAYBOY



Parisian Pleasures P. 45



Shoestring Cinema P. 64



Favorite Playmate P. 90



Fashion Forecast P. 77

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 HMM 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 ARTHUR PAUL. PHOTO BY SHERMAN WEISBURD; P. 3 PHOTOS BY PAT COFFEY. SANFORD ROTH. JERRY YULSMAN (2); P. 19 PHOTO BY RICHARD AVEDON. COPYRIGHT, ©, 1961 BY HARPER'S BAZAAR; P. 38 ENGLISH TRANSLATION "THE WONDERFUL CLOUDS" COPYRIGHT, ©, 1961 BY JOHN MURRAY (PUBLISHERS) LTD., LONDON AND E. P. DUTTON & CO., INC., NEW YORK; P. 45-55 PHOTOS BY YULSMAN. HERMAN LEONARD, DON BRONSTEIN. PETER LEVY; P. 87 PHOTOS COURTESY OF THE BETIMAN ARCHIVE. CULVER PICTURES; P. 90-93 PHOTOS BY MARIO CASILLI; P. 91 INSET BY POMPEO POSAR; P. 105 PHOTO BY PLAYBOY STUDIO.

CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

PLAYBILL.....	3
DEAR PLAYBOY.....	9
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS.....	19
THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR.....	35
THE WONDERFUL CLOUDS—fiction..... FRANÇOISE SAGAN	38
PARIS—playboy on the town.....	45
THE STANCIAS' HOUSE—fiction..... PAUL DARCY BOLES	57
FOLK SONGS FOR MODERNS—satire..... LARRY SIEGEL	60
A WAY TO MAKE IT—fiction..... HENRY SIESAR	63
CINEMA ON A SHOESTRING—article..... ARTHUR KNIGHT	64
RIGHT NUMBER—playboy's playmate of the month.....	68
PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES—humor.....	74
PLAYBOY'S SPRING & SUMMER FASHION FORECAST—attire..... ROBERT L. GREEN	77
YOU CAN'T GET THERE FROM HERE—article..... ARTHUR C. CLARKE	87
PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR—pictorial.....	90
ADAM FROST—fiction..... VANCE AANDAHL	97
THE STORY OF DUMB HANNS—ribald classic.....	99
THE MAD SCIENTIST—humor..... SHEL SILVERSTEIN	101
ON THE SCENE—personalities.....	102
SOUTHERN ACCENT—food..... THOMAS MARIO	105
PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK—travel..... PATRICK CHASE	142

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 WAX *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 MASTRO *production 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 MASTRO *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 FUTCH *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*.

*Your taste buds will tell you why
you'll feel better about smoking
with the taste of Kent!*



Your taste will become clear and alive, because

KENT with the MICRONITE filter
refines away harsh flavor...
refines away hot taste...makes the
taste of a cigarette mild and kind!

Get your taste buds back to normal. Try a carton of Kent without switching and see how Kent is kind-tasting to your taste buds, kind-tasting to your throat. Enjoy the wonderful taste of the world's finest quality tobaccos. Then try your old brand! What a difference in taste! You'll feel better about smoking with the taste of Kent.

A PRODUCT OF P. LORILLARD COMPANY—FIRST WITH THE FINEST CIGARETTES—THROUGH LORILLARD RESEARCH

©1962 P. Lorillard Co

*As an icy gale sweeps into
his billowing spinnaker, this bold
sail skier takes his chances racing
along the crusty snows of Vermont*



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

Insist on Walker's DeLuxe.
Smooth and famous. 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.

DEAR PLAYBOY

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

RACE RESULTS

My only regret is that I can't adequately explain the deep emotional feeling I received from reading Ken Purdy's *Tell Me the Reason, Do* in your January issue. As long as you people set such a high standard for your fiction, PLAYBOY will remain an outstanding magazine.

Bill Boettcher
Missoula, Montana

The January issue tops all PLAYBOYS I've ever had the pleasure of reading. Being a lover of car racing, I was particularly fond of Ken Purdy's *Tell Me the Reason, Do*. Add one more superlative story to his already long list.

Stewart A. Oswald
Houston, Texas

Although I feel that Ken Purdy occupies a position in his field comparable to that enjoyed by Stirling Moss in Grand Prix racing, I disagree with his conclusion that there is no reason to explain the deaths of Ollie Ramirez and Peter Hart (and, presumably, all other drivers) in *Tell Me the Reason, Do*. Any man who risks his life without a reason is an idiot, and no one who knows the top G.P. drivers would apply this term to them. Having crashed rather badly on more than one occasion in my own sports car, I feel entitled to attempt to offer a reason for these deaths. Usually, there is more than one reason for racing and, occasionally, dying. The degree of a man's pride is an important element, and is closely related to what I believe is the most important single reason—the desire for respect, usually the respect of the other first-class drivers. I contend that Ollie Ramirez died because he was a very proud man who strongly desired the respect of Peter Hart and his kind. In his attempt to win this respect, he drove beyond the limits of his ability. Peter Hart died for exactly the same reason, except that in his case he wanted the respect of Phil Hill and Stirling Moss. The reason that I have a rather positive opinion on this matter is that Eric Hauser damn near died at Turn One at Riverside last year. The reason? He was

trying for the lap record—a “shortcut” approach to winning the respect of the top drivers.

Eric Hauser
Culver City, California

Eric Hauser is the owner-driver of Old Yeller #1, one of the West Coast's most famous pieces of racing machinery.

I presume many readers will write calling attention to Ken Purdy's slip of the typewriter in his intriguing *Tell Me the Reason, Do*, when he has the four leading drivers running six miles a minute. I have often driven my old T-Bird at 2.166 miles a minute, but if I had a girl like Janey Sawyer I would never exceed the speed limit and would be careful going up and down stairs.

Edward S. Clark, Jr.
Bay City, Michigan

Many sharp-eyed readers did write, Ed, to point out Purdy's runaway speedometer. Sorry we stripped a gear, failed to correct Ken's error.

Just had to write. First Hemingway and the bulls; now Purdy and the cars. Tremendous!

W. F. Rockwell, Jr.
Dunbar, Pennsylvania

Tell Me the Reason, Do was undoubtedly the finest tale I have ever read. I'm a professional driver and look at it as a professional. Does it tell a true-life story? Yes. There is, in Mr. Purdy's yarn, the action and life that I and my friends here and abroad have found in auto racing.

Eddie Sachs
Center Valley, Pennsylvania

Our and the author's thanks to one of the country's top Indianapolis drivers.

PAPA PAEAN

I have read the first two installments of *My Brother, Ernest Hemingway* by Leicester Hemingway. I think it is a first-class job; he gives an intimate picture of his famous relative.

John N. Wheeler
Chairman of the Board
North American
Newspaper Alliance
New York, New York

ARPEGE



MY SIN

BY

LANVIN

the best Paris has to offer

PLAYBOY, APRIL, 1962, VOL. 9, NO. 4. PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY HMM 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, \$15 FOR THREE YEARS, \$12 FOR TWO YEARS, \$7 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 2-7994, ROBERT E. STEPHENS, MANAGER; DETROIT, 708 STEPHENSON BUILDING, 6960 CASS AVE., TR 5-7250; SOUTH-EASTERN, FLORIDA AND CARIBBEAN REPRESENTATIVE, PIRNIE & BROWN, 3108 PIEDMONT RD., N.E., ATLANTA 5, GA., 233-6729.



JACK WINTER makes you a winner in any league in these Trophy Model "active sports" slacks. Slim-silhouetted with a trim, beltless waist supported by adjustable side-straps and waistband grippers. The VYCRON polyester and fine cotton poplin brings you through an on-the-go day in great shape—crisply bounces back after automatic wash-and-drip-dry. Fabric performance and quality are verified under the continuous supervision of United States Testing Company. Full range of in-fashion colors. Slacks about \$10.95, walk shorts about \$8.95, at Weber & Heilbroner and other fine stores. For the one nearest you, write Jack Winter, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

Vycron[®]
POLYESTER FIBER

BEAUNIT FIBERS, DIVISION OF BEAUNIT MILLS, INC.,
261 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

FINE ART COLLECTING

I wish to congratulate you on the exceptionally fine article *The Fine Art of Acquiring Fine Art* in your January issue. Sidney Tillim has done a thorough job of reporting on modern American artists. In my opinion, one of the finest paintings used to illustrate the article is *Jockeys*, by LeRoy Neiman, which is from my gallery.

Frank J. Oehlschlaeger
Oehlschlaeger Gallery
Chicago, Illinois

Mr. Tillim's article was interesting, but I found the accompanying photographs misleading; for nowhere in them did I see any art, much less *fine art*. The colorful daubs, smears and blotches—framed and hung like pictures—did not thereby become art. They are not serious expressions of talent, or training, or tradition, or genius, any more than the scribbling by that renowned chimpanzee.

Mort Slotnick
Eastchester, New York

Although it is very apparent that the roguish, stylish, uninhibited, super-human American male image that your magazine is attempting to portray is quite popular with the men of our absurd society, I, who was once fairly devoted to your publication, have had it. On pages 64 and 65 of your January issue you exhibit a beautiful creation by Robert Rauschenberg, another by Jasper Johns, and numerous other excellent artistic achievements surrounding a pair of necking, swooning, obvious dolts, who, you want it to seem, are amorous because of the creativeness that surrounds them. Some people may quibble about Art for Art's sake; but how about first learning to put Art in Art's place.

Allan E. Klein
New Brunswick, New Jersey

HOLIDAY ISSUE AT ISSUE

What else can I do but cheer when I see Miller, Lawrence and Saroyan all in one issue? However, what about the Millers, Lawrences, Saroyans of today who are undoubtedly still "plagued by poverty, reviled by critics," rejected by publishers and editors (the public never rejected Lawrence; it was never given a chance to know him)?

Gerald Robitaille
Paris, France

You may have thought the listing of great names on your January cover justified the special dollar price. Maybe you were right. I was dubious. But when I read their work, I realized my favorite mag had done itself and its readers proud. Because for *PLAYBOY* the big names produced magnificent writ-



Your
Alligator
goes
with you
everywhere

ALLIGATOR "725". New Dacron waterproof. Rich blue color, smart brass trim. \$18.75.

Whatever the weather, you'll look your best in an Alligator. Good-looking smart styles, excellent fit—all wool worsted gabardines, fancy wools, finest yarn dyed cottons in plains and woven patterns. Also blends with Eastman Kodol polyester, DuPont Dacron polyester, Courtaulds Topel cross-linked rayon. All water repellent. Fine Dacron waterproofs, too. America's most wanted coats. At better stores everywhere—\$11.95 to \$70.75.

 **Alligator**
THE BEST NAME IN ALL WEATHER COATS AND RAINWEAR

The Alligator Company • St. Louis, New York, Chicago, Los Angeles



"FLOYD CRAMER GETS ORGAN-IZED"
That "Last Date" sound has its first date with the organ! Floyd is backed by big band brass for a half dozen favorites ranging from "A String of Pearls" to "Perdido." But Floyd is never far from the piano, so... flip for a surprise as America's top-selling pianist demonstrates his wizardry at the piano with six sparkling hit melodies.



"SING ALONG WITH JONATHAN AND DARLENE EDWARDS" (Just try!) Two delightful satirists take on a dozen "sing-alongs" and pepper them sportingly one by one. Darlene's improvised obbligatos are (almost) perfectly in tune with chorus and Jonathan's unrestrained piano flourishes. All set now? Let's start with the likes of "Play a Simple Melody"...ah-one, ah-two...



JOE MORELLO "It's About Time." Swinging and driving his own group for the first time out, Joe Morello, the drummer's drummer (and PLAYBOY Jazz Award winner) takes "time" as his theme... and waxes immortals like "Time on My Hands," "Summertime," "I Didn't Know What Time It Was" and other all-time greats. Great drums, great combo, a truly great album!





RUDY VALLEE "The Young Rudy Vallee." The title still fits. Rudy continues to be the charmer as star of RCA Victor's Original Cast Album "How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying." Now listen to the younger Rudy's "Heigh, Ho, Everybody." For more real nostalgia, Rudy croons: "Your Time Is My Time," "Betty Coed," and 9 others. In Monaural Hi-Fi only.



ANN-MARGRET "On the Way Up." Ann-Margret explodes more of the versatile talent which is catapulting her to the top! Side 1 shows her fire and enthusiasm with rock numbers "Oh, Lonesome Me," "Heartbreak Hotel," and 4 others. Side 2 shows her warm, vibrant, approach to 6 ballads, including "His Ring," "Let Me Go, Lover," "Moon River," "My Last Date."

**BUY NOW
DURING
RCA VICTOR'S
ONCE-A-YEAR
DISCOUNT
DAYS!**

ENJOY SPECIAL SAVINGS ON EVERY L. P. IN THE ENTIRE RCA VICTOR CATALOG. AT ALL PARTICIPATING DEALERS* UNTIL THE 15TH OF APRIL.

RCA VICTOR



RCA The most trusted name in sound

AVAILABLE IN LIVING STEREO AND MONAURAL HI-FI



“Eventually, why not now?”

Many years ago General Mills originated this great slogan for its Gold Medal Flour. We admire it so highly that we are “borrowing” it (with permission, our lawyers insist), because it so perfectly states the case for bourbon.

The case is this: a clear and growing trend to Kentucky straight bourbon is sweeping the country. We have always said that *eventually* everyone will discover that bourbon “tastes better.” So, we say, “*why not now?*”



Kentucky bourbon has a taste as simple and pleasing as the natural grains of its origin. At its modern 86 proof it is as mild as most domestic or imported whiskies. It is so smooth and honest in character that many people don't want to change its taste with mixers. They drink their bourbon with pure water—or “branch.”

Of the many wonderful, light, mild bourbons of Kentucky, more people prefer Old Crow to any of the others. This is quite a recommendation when you think of it. But then, great men of America's past—HENRY CLAY for instance—have testified to Old Crow's greatness since the year 1835. It was and is the ideal of what a straight Kentucky bourbon should be.



Light · Mild · 86 Proof

OLD CROW

Kentucky Bourbon



ing. Ken Purdy's story was a masterpiece in miniature, a sure shot for “best” story anthologies for years to come. Irwin Shaw delivered a Sunday punch to the big-name writers who coast along between books, selling mags pap for name value only. Wodehouse has been silly at times, but his witty essay on his craft was a unique delight. Ray Bradbury's fantasy was both charming and wise — and brilliantly done. The Garson Kanin story was a gem of insight into a sophisticated relationship which yet had universal implications. Saroyan's blithe tale was in his best (and earlier) vein. Henry Miller's manifesto was a bright light in the grotto of bigoted ignorance. But the best of the lot was your brilliant culling from D. H. Lawrence's letters and your stunning accompanying commentary, a combination which told me more about the author than any biography I've seen. I don't know how you pulled this off, but the issue is indeed, as you promised, a collector's item of literary coups. Congrats and many, many thanks.

Dan Duncan
San Francisco, California

The January issue of PLAYBOY is easily your finest yet. D. H. Lawrence, Hemingway, Feiffer, Miller, Saroyan — a roster of prominents to appease the most eclectic reader.

Ronald Jones
North Hollywood, California

Why didn't someone ever show me that there was more than met the eye to PLAYBOY? I finally opened the covers of the magazine when my husband received the first issue of the subscription I got for him: “You ought to read this,” he said, and when I saw January's *The Courting of the Muse* by P. G. Wodehouse, I thought, “Not bad for this kind of magazine.” So I read it. I timidly ventured to turn the pages and saw D. H. Lawrence's *Unpublished Letters*. I nearly flipped with joy. I was exhausted from kicking myself when I came upon *The Fine Art of Acquiring Fine Art*. It was too much. I thought of all those years when my husband would bring home a copy and I would delegate it to his bureau drawer (without cracking the cover). Needless to say, I will be a steady fan from this issue on.

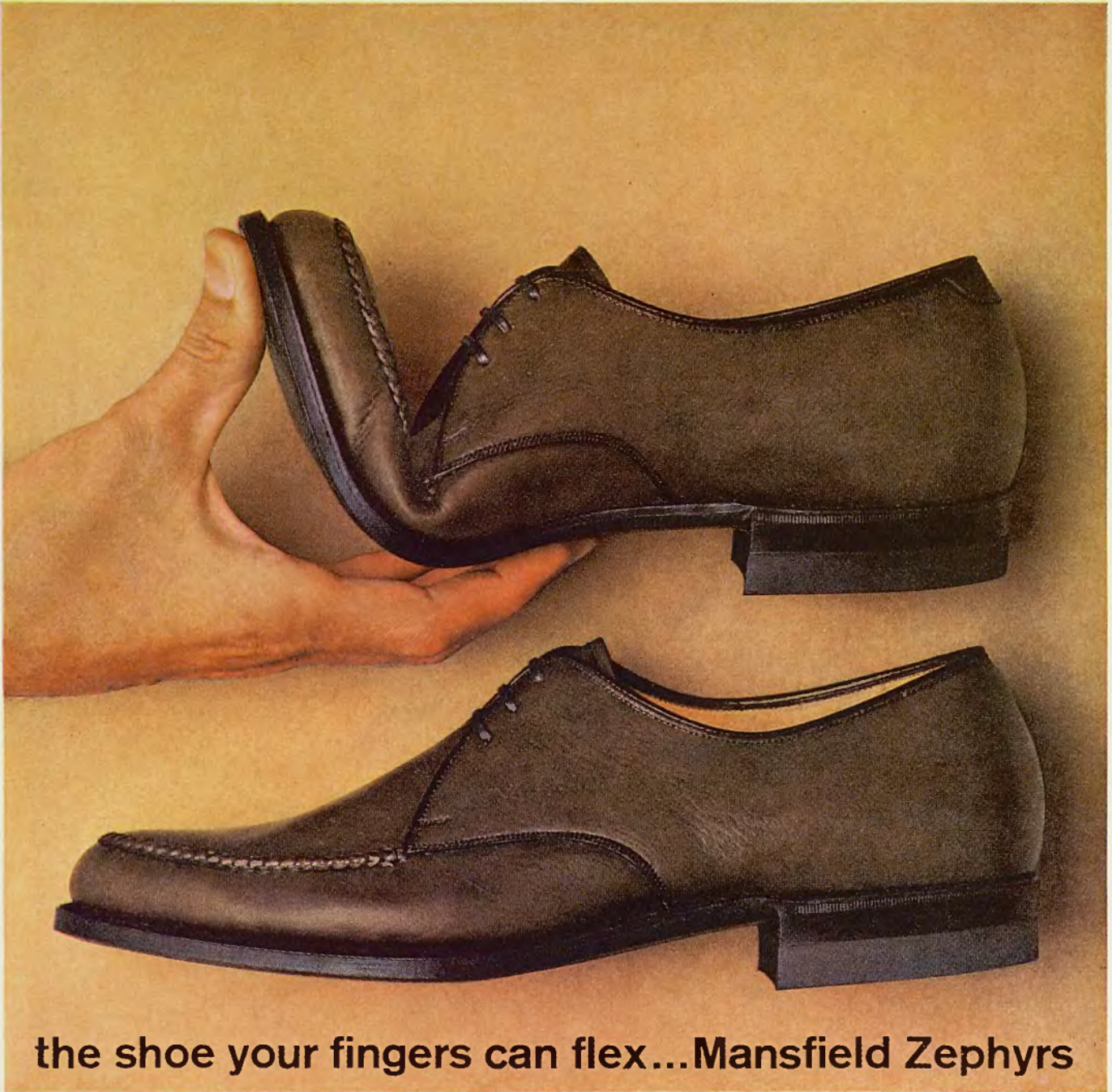
Mrs. E. M. Sternbergs
Cincinnati, Ohio

One dollar is out of the question as a price to pay for your magazine which can be read, digested and discarded in a matter of hours by the average reader.

Bob Chapman
Northridge, California

What do you pay to spend a couple of hours in the theater, Bob?

Featured: #1320, Cypress Brown three-eyelet Zephyr with hand-sewn cobbler's stitch. Also #1321 in black. Bottom: #1322, Cypress Brown Snug-Top Zephyr slip-on. Also #1323 in black. Most styles \$11.95 to \$19.95. Also makers of Bostonian and Bostonian Boys. Write for name and address of your nearest Mansfield Dealer. Bostonian Shoes, Whitman, Mass.



the shoe your fingers can flex...Mansfield Zephyrs

(That's why Zephyrs are such a comfort to your feet!)

You can actually flex these Zephyrs between two fingers. The secret's in the sole. Deep inside, the inner-sole has been specially "mid-flexed" by a unique Mansfield process! As a matter of fact, the Zephyr is all softness and ease. Plush glove leather pampers your feet. A smooth heel-to-toe cushion of cloud-soft foam gives you a refreshingly buoyant feeling. Note the cobbler's hand stitching. It helps make the shoe extra-soft where your foot flexes. With all this comfort, Mansfield Zephyrs give your feet solid support. Slip into Zephyrs at your Mansfield Dealers. You'll walk out with a wonderful light-footed feeling!



MANSFIELD ZEPHYRS by the makers of Bostonians



Photographed at Loch Lomond, Scotland, by "21" Brands

Why there's a little of Loch Lomond in every bottle of Ballantine's

Loch Lomond, Scotland's celebrated lake of ballad and verse, imparts something very special to Ballantine's Scotch Whisky. It lends some of its serenity and sunny-lightness to the spirit.

Realistically, Loch Lomond's azure waters are perfect for making Scotch. For good Scotch requires a water of uncommon gentleness. And the Loch's water is measured at only 3 to 5 degrees of hardness (London's water measures up to 300 degrees). Another important consideration: Ballantine's contains a delicate harmony

of 42 Scotch Whiskies, each contributing its particular flavor to this Scotch's pleasing personality.

The final result is Scotch never brash or heavy—nor so limply light that it merely teases the taste buds.

The final result is Scotch Whisky as Scotch Whisky should be. Good-natured, full of proud heritage, flaunting its authentic flavor and quality to all those who enjoy its company. Just a few reasons why: *the more you know about Scotch the more you like Ballantine's.*



DEDINI ADDENDA

I am about to break the number one rule in my lexicon of many rules which forbids me to comment on the work of others, because I've always felt that this is the function of the underpaid, would-be writers who belong to a queer private club called Critics or Whom Do We Shaft Next? In any case, please let me say that the Peyton Place-Santa cartoon in *Dedini's Christmas Portfolio* in your December issue is probably the funniest thing I've ever seen in my life and if it were not on two pages I'd cut it out, frame it, and hang it in my living room. The loud sounds you've been hearing these days are the belly laughs all the way from New Hampshire to Chicago.

Grace Metalious

Gilmanton, New Hampshire

Thank you for the Christmas card, Grace. We agree that the sated Santa escaping in the St. Nick of time after a "Peyton Place" peccadillo in your famous town was one of Dedini's merriest Yuleogies.

SALTY SELLERS

I must tell you I enjoyed December's *The Golden Age of Slapstick Comedy* by Charles Beaumont. Incidentally, I enjoyed the pictures of the girls much more, and in case you are interested, I am a keen art student of 18, and I was wondering if you could forward me any others under plain cover—or wrappers as they are known in this country. But seriously, folks, I enjoy reading *PLAYBOY* very much.

Peter Sellers

London, England

MILLERITES

Heartiest congratulations to *PLAYBOY* for providing us with a small taste of Henry Miller's beautifully honest prose. There is no such thing as obscenity; there are only small minds. I'm afraid, however, that Mr. Miller is in for a long struggle. God must have loved small minds; he made so many of them.

Nicholas Carter

Sherman Oaks, California

It is nice to hear that Henry Miller thinks his book *Tropic of Cancer* is a classic; now all he has to do is convince the rest of the world.

Timothy H. Meyer
Salem, Oregon

A salute to Henry Miller for the deft and agile manner in which he rebuffed the hypocrisy of those pious mental midgets of Boston.

William M. Hale
San Antonio, Texas

I have been a bookseller on the Monterey Peninsula for 22 years and have known Mr. Miller for at least 15 years.



YOUNG MAN with feet on the ground plans to go places

... all of them up, of course! He's the young executive, the university man who wins, places, shows his very best sporting taste in Charter Cloth... our weave of Dacron polyester and worsted... right-on-weight... light-weight, long-on-looks. Where do we go from here... the natural-as-possible tailoring: with shoulders true-to-form, length less than usual. New trend in town: collecting Charter Cloth sportcoats... your choice of solids and stripes, plaids and patterns is as wide as "that". \$39.95

At your favorite store or write:

CRICKETEER & TRIMLINES®

200 Fifth Avenue, New York

This is appeal #35 to the young man who wants to make \$10,000 a year before he's 30.

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



NEW! CREAM-LIQUID FORMULA

**'TOP
BRASS'**

THE MOISTURIZING
HAIR DRESSING
FOR MEN

Revlon

MEDICATED TO FIGHT DANDRUFF



To me, he is a great person. His books have great literary quality. The sensationalism that is going on about some words (that most people use but are shocked when they see in print) has nothing to do with the merit of the writings of Henry Miller. I would even refer to Mr. Miller as a deeply religious man, interested in doing what he can to help his fellow man.

Roland Bartell
Monterey, California

PLAYMATE REVIEW

I'm all for giving up nuclear physics and heading into the banking field after seeing Miss September, Christa Speck, again in the pages of PLAYBOY.

R. R. Derousseau
Los Alamos, New Mexico

Thoroughly enjoyed January's *Playmate Review* and would like to acknowledge the unsurpassed beauty of Los Angeles bank secretary Christa Speck.

L. Verler
St. Louis, Missouri

After perusing *Playboy's Playmate Review*, I give my vote to Lynn Karrol, Miss December, for Playmate of the Year. The choice was difficult.

Blake Illingworth
Montreal, Quebec

I've read your magazine for many years and have never written. But now I'm impelled to break my silence to cast my vote for Barbara Ann Lawford. The choice wasn't easy to make. May your discerning eye for Playmates remain forever sharp.

William Hayes
Dubuque, Iowa

Dianne Danford for the body beautiful.

Andrew Larson
Schenectady, New York

What a way to start the new year: Christa Speck was out of this world.

Michael J. Stevens
Evanston, Illinois

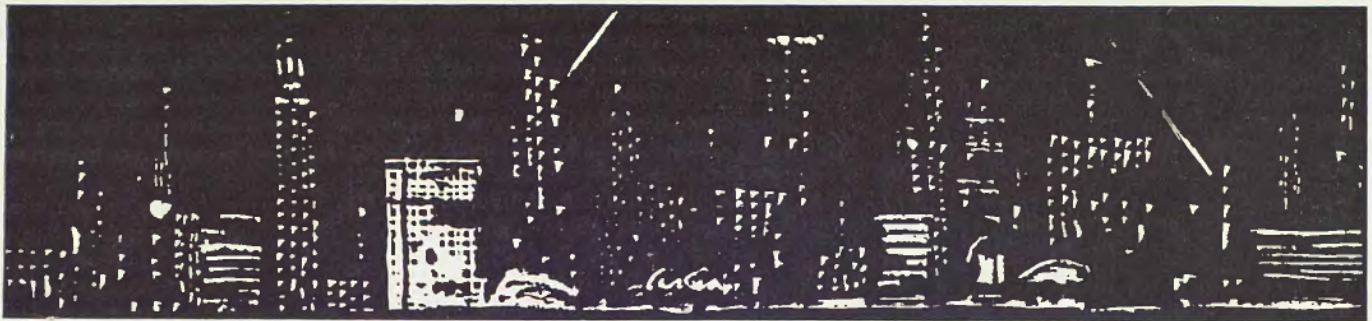
It has indeed been a bountiful year. There have been almost too many good-looking Playmates from which to choose. But after much careful consideration, I'd like to state that Christa Speck is undoubtedly the wildest wench ever to grace your pages, and should be Playmate of the Year.

Steve Surryne
Sacramento, California

See pages 90-93 of this issue for our choice of the fairest of them all.



PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



In the eight-plus years since Marilyn Monroe adorned the centerfold of our premiere issue, PLAYBOY's Playmate of the Month has become one of the most celebrated — and imitated — institutions in publishing. As we unveil our 100th unveiled gatefold girl herein, it is gratifying to report that PLAYBOY has finally made its editorial influence felt in perhaps the most decorous and rarefied realm of magazine journalism: the world of women's fashion. In the January issue of *Harper's Bazaar*, amidst the usual array of fine-boned females dressed to the teeth and well beyond in the costly creations of *haute couture*, is an eye-filling full-page photograph by Richard Avedon



of Contessa Christina Paolozzi — one of high fashion's most womanly mannequins — elegantly accoutered in naught but her birthday suit. For the magazine's stunned readers, this altogether delightful excursion into photographic nudity was their first view of the comely Contessa — or any other fashion model, we

suppose — wearing nothing more than a Mona Lisa smile. We'd had the pleasure of glimming this same photo before, however, because it was actually shot by Avedon for PLAYBOY and submitted for consideration of the Contessa as a possible Playmate. We think the bare-breasted Contessa would have looked nice in PLAYBOY's pages, but we're really quite pleased to have her wind up in a women's fashion magazine instead. Though far fewer appreciative urban males got the chance to dig her statuette lines, we can't help enjoying the spectacle of female finger-wagging, tongue-cluckings and head-shakings precipitated by the publication of *Harper's Bazaar's* first "Playmate of the Month."

We join with the city council of Minneapolis in commending its retiring city purchasing director for having "carried on the duties of his office with a minimum of cost to the city."

Our nomination for this month's Champion and Protector of Youthful Morals goes to Representative Clare E. Hoffman of Michigan. During an impassioned House debate over a proposed bill to "expand oyster and clam research," a sharp-eared informant transcribed the following exchange between our statesman and Rep. John D. Dingell, also of Michigan:

DINGELL: "There are places in the world at the present time where we are having to artificially propagate oysters and clams."

HOFFMAN: "You mean the oysters I buy are not nature's oysters?"

DINGELL: "They may or may not be natural. The simple fact of the matter is that female oysters through their living habits cast out large amounts of seed and the male oysters cast out large amounts of fertilization."

HOFFMAN: "Wait a minute! I do not want to go into that. There are many teenagers who read *The Congressional Record*."

For the academic interest of those who care about such things, we supply the following tidbit of research data gleaned from Princeton University's library catalog: the school owns three volumes of Krafft-Ebing's renowned *Psychopathia Sexualis*; two will be found on the locked shelves of the main library, and the third in the Gymnasium, among the Raycroft Collection of Books on Sports.

Who remembers: Aloise Havrilla? . . . G-8 and his Battle Aces? . . . pin-ups of Chili Williams in a polka-dot bathing suit? . . . "Vas you dere, Charlie?"? . . . plus fours and floppy caps? . . . Chandu the Magician? . . . needle beer? . . . matchstick-and-needle darts with paper vanes? . . . Marion Zioncheck, the mad Congressman? . . . Bert Gordon, the Mad Russian? . . . the DO-X 12-engined flying boat? . . . Barry Wood singing *Any Bonds Today*? . . . Lucky Strike Green? . . . "Venus plus Vino equals V.D."? . . . snowball fights with garbage-can-cover shields? . . . penny chocolate marshmallow teddy bears? . . . when courage was called moxie, pluck, sand and grit? . . . Dead End Kid Bernard Punsky? . . . a rubber ball whose brand name was Leader and which bounced only half as high as a Spalding? . . . Renzo Cesana? . . . "That's right, Scorpion, I'm Don Winslow of Navy Intelligence"? . . . lamp shades with colored scenes in which waterfalls tumbled and forest fires flamed? . . . Elmo Tanner? . . . Tennessee Jed? . . . Tom Swift and His Electric Cannon? . . . Captain America and Bucky? . . . Charlie Chan's chauffeur Mantan Moreland? . . . V-mail? . . . *On the Good Ship Lollypop*? . . . Etta

**No brush.
No lather.
No blades.
No blood.
No push.
No pull.
No bull.**



**All you get
is the shave
that's
rated best.**

A blade shaves skin; a Ronson CFL Mark II shaves beard (shaves it closer than any other electric shaver). \$23.50 buys you blades, razor, shaving creams, powders, brush and styptic pencils for a year's use. \$23.50 buys you a Ronson CFL Mark II for a lifetime. Ronson, of course, is the quickest of the electric shavers; far faster than blade and soap. ("I had a beard and I had a Ronson. In 2 minutes I had only a Ronson.") If you shave with a blade, test-shave a Ronson. Within a week, you won't use anything else. And you will know why Ronson is rated best* for closeness. Best for speed. And best for comfort. ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANADA/RONSON CDRP., WOODBRIDGE, NEW JERSEY

RONSON

*RATINGS AVAILABLE ON REQUEST

Kett? . . . The Blue and Red Networks?
. . . Jon Gnagy and "You Are an Artist"?

From a Detroit daily, an ad we answered a moment too late: "CAREER GIRL to share lovely home; 5 rooms, private bath and abasement."

MOVIES

If you don't know Scott Fitzgerald's *Tender Is the Night*, perhaps you can endure the film of that name. If you do know it, slender is the likeness and massive is the blight. The characters appear to be the same people they were in the book; Dick Diver is still a psychiatrist, and his wife is still the girl he cured only to have her betray him; but then ginger ale is the same color as champagne and just as bubbly. The picture comes equipped with theme song ("*Tender is the night, so-o-o-o-o tender is the night*"), which is sung under the opening credits to give fair warning of the kind of mind that fashioned this film. There are a few good Twenties touches of Americans trying frantically to capture European high life while ol' man Riviera just keeps rollin' along; but so much of Fitzgerald's poetic delicacy has been destroyed that the movie goes practically Scott-free. Dick Diver, perhaps the most romantic hero of 20th Century American fiction, is played by badly miscast Jason Robards, Jr. The haunted and haunting Nicole, Diver's belle, is attempted by Jennifer Jones, Hollywood's answer to Benzedrine. Jill St. John and Tom Ewell are present and unaccountable. A large V-for-Vulgar to Ivan Moffat, the screenwriter, and Henry King, the director.

The Day the Earth Caught Fire is a sizzler. This British film deals with the tremendous effects on mankind of two simultaneous nuclear explosions. The earth gets retitled from its present angle, the weather goes freakish, and something Even Worse begins to happen. It's sci-fi with a message. Although the special-effects boys manage to devastate London and dry up the Thames, the emphasis stays on imperiled human beings. A love story between a London *Daily Express* reporter and a girl in a government office helps, despite some banal badinage, to keep things simmering, while four huge bombs are being purposely detonated to help get the earth off its crazy new axis. Edward Judd and Janet Munro make laudable lovers, and Leo McKern turns in an ace job as the ace science reporter, through whose eyes much of the tale tensely unfolds. Wolf Mankowitz and Val Guest, who wrote the story for the screen, have issued a powerful warn-

ing of what can come from fission in troubled waters.

The Children's Hour will seem more like five hours to grown-ups. Lillian Hellman's story of two young women who run a girls' school and are ruined by a vengeful child's rumor of their Lesbian propensity once seemed a vivid allegory of virtue's vulnerability to vice, but its venom has been heavily diluted. This is partly the fault of John Michael Hayes, the scriptor, who has managed to take the sting out of Hellman's dialog. But mainly, it's that producer-director William Wyler's wiles seem to be on the wane. Consider his casting. Much as we like Shirley MacLaine, she is not a dramatic actress. Fay Bainter, as the grandma who louses things up, gives a strictly stock-company performance. James Garner, playing a young doctor with heart of oak, acts like one. And the supposedly chilling child is played by a newcomer named Karen Balkin, whose coaching is conspicuous and corny. The only casting coup is Audrey Hepburn as Shirley's partner. But even Audrey cannot win out against the ponderous pacing and TV-type camera work. Wyler made his first film of Miss Hellman's play in 1936 (called *These Three*); he should have left ill enough alone.

Only Two Can Play, the new Peter Sellers comedy, is based on a Kingsley Amis novel (*That Uncertain Feeling*) and deals with a young librarian in a Welsh town, father of two, husband of one and ogler of hundreds. Of the many girls he eyes, the one who ayes *him* is the willowy wife of a town councilor who can help him to a promotion. Sellers' spade-work as a rake leads to one of the funniest seduction scenes ever put on film. The ending may be a trifle more virtuous than the proceedings justify, but the dialog is engaging, the acting acute, the general tone topping. Sellers, without fancy makeup or far-outré characterization, comes up a comic actor instead of a comic cutup. Virginia Maskell is any sane man's idea of a wife, and Mai Zetterling is luscious as his hit-and-mistress. Bryan Forbes, rapidly becoming one of the best screenwriters in English, stitched the script.

Sweet Bird of Youth, the Technicolor film based on the Tennessee Williams play, smacks of conscious concoction. Williams goes about his business like a macabre baker, tenderly listing his favorite ingredients: abortion, alcoholism, dope addiction, blackmail, male whoring, demagoguery and — oh yes, a pinch of implied castration. Paul Newman and Geraldine Page repeat their stage roles as the self-salesman and the shopworn movie star who visit his Gulf hometown. Their

**We don't roll.
We don't adjust.
We don't flip.
We don't float.
We don't lo-speed.
We don't raise.
We don't lower.**



**All we do
is give you the
shave that's
rated best.**

Many shavers claim a lot. Ronson claims nothing; we let an honored testing panel speak for us.* It rates the Ronson CFL Mark II best for closeness. Best for speed. Best for comfort. The reason is Ronson's new multi-blade 'Miracle' cutter (so christened by our engineers). It is so sharp and sensitive, it actually amplifies whiskers into sound. Ronson "talks"; crackles when it's cutting, hums when it's done (to shave, all you have to do is listen). Ronson has Super-Trim for long hairs, sideburns. And Mark II introduces replaceable cutters (only \$3) you snap in at home in 10 seconds. You keep it sharp for life. ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANADA/RONSON CORP., WOODBRIDGE, N. J.

RONSON

*RATINGS AVAILABLE ON REQUEST



BOTTLE OF THE SEXES

He always lets her win. He doesn't mind waiting his turn.

The world's lightest scotch is well worth waiting for.

bedroom scenes are wild, crazy-mirror reflections of life — but the conflict between his sex-stoked career and his love for a local lass proffers more pome than pain. And the small-town politics that are part of the plot have from the start a touch of the jejune. Before long, jejune is bustin' out all over. Ed Begley, as the girl's Big Daddy, chomps away uncharmingly. Rip Torn, as his sadist son, demonstrates that if you give an actor a bad name, he doesn't have to live up to it. The lad is good. Director Richard Brooks adapted the play and gave it a more upbeat ending than the original — doubtless to please the MGM upbeatniks.

THEATER

Broadway does considerably better by Tennessee Williams — and vice versa — than Hollywood this season. In *The Night of the Iguana*, Williams rejects the crash of violence for a compassionate contemplation of the lonely and the lost. His limbo is a shabby hotel moldering in the umbra of a rain forest on the west coast of Mexico. Its bizarre inhabitants include a defrocked minister given to bouts with the bottle, teenage girls and his battered conscience; a vulgar, predatory, sex-starved widow who is waiting for him to abandon hope of one day regaining his pulpit and settle for her board and bed; and a wise and wistful New England virgin who has wasted her life mothering her senile grandfather of a poet. At the end of the play, the symbolic iguana of the title, which has been imprisoned under the veranda for fattening and the frying pan, is given its symbolic release, but no such miracle can be expected for the human prisoners. Unlike the iguana, the spinster in her wisdom and the preacher in his feeble rebellion are inescapably tethered to their destinies. Only for a moment's meeting and parting can they give each other the tender understanding that allows them to forget their fates. Williams' play is least successful when he introduces peripheral characters, such as a quartet of Nazis, to simulate some spurious activity. But nothing can detract from the combination of perceptive writing and matching performances by director Frank Corsaro's accomplished cast: Bette Davis, triumphant in the end, as the raucous, red-headed widow with her blouse gaping wide to her naked midriff; Patrick O'Neal as the remnant of the renegade who boasts of committing "fornication and heresy in the same week"; and Alan Webb as "the oldest living and practicing poet," who finishes his last poem a breath before his deathline. Outstanding even among these is Margaret Leighton's monumental por-




his
socks ...



ROYAL
GUARD

...naturally!

SOLD AT FINER STORES MOST EVERYWHERE!




A NEW
SYMBOL OF
STYLE
LEADERSHIP
BY WINTHROP

THE
LARK

Jaunty as spring . . . this soft
glove leather casual in bone,
cactus brown or honey tan.
Foam-cushioned insole and ribbed
crepe sole are comfort insurance.

ALSO
WINTHROP JRS.
FOR BOYS



WINTHROP

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

"Florida playboys swear

Black Devil not born in Smogsville!"



BACARDI
POPULAR LEADER FOR 100 YEARS

So runs an uncensored wire from our Florida man (personally *we* deplore that smog talk). But whether it was created in California (as reported last month), Florida or Nelsonville, Ohio — it's a gasser!

Mix 3 parts Light Bacardi, 1 part dry vermouth, stir well with ice. For the satanic touch, add a *black* olive. Devilishly smooth. Perfect at Bacardi Parties to toast the rising moon!

(For those still in the dark, a Bacardi Party is where the guests bring Bacardi, and the host supplies the mixings — as many as he can think of! *Fun.*)

New York Fiend Invents Devilish Device! SEND FOR ONE!

Straight out of the Middle Ages (the guy who invented it is 39) comes a fiendish device. Black Devil puppet moves, talks, appears in cloud of smoke (with your devilishly clever help and a puff of cigarette smoke, of course). Send only 50¢ (in unsmoked money please) to "Devilish Device," Bacardi Imports, Inc., 595 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y. Send today—supply mysteriously limited.



trayal of the old maid, one of the most memorable characters Williams has ever fashioned out of hope and despair. Together, Williams and Miss Leighton make a most affecting descent into the spiritual netherworld. At the Royale, 242 West 45th Street.

RECORDINGS

In what may be the funniest album ever, *Mike Nichols & Elaine May Examine Doctors* (Mercury), the twosome vivisect the medical profession from psychiatry to psurgery with a black bagful of delightfully unclinical clowning. We offer as infectious specimens their opening *A Little More Gauze* gambit in which Dr. Nichols forces Nurse May to accept a date with him in the midst of an operation (as Nichols begs May to say yes, she reminds him that the patient's oxygen is failing, to which the good doctor replies: "Don't change the subject"), and *Transference* (An encouched Nichols mentions what he feels is the strange notion that the analyst is his mother. May, a Yiddish-accented Jungian, replies that it's understandable and that it happens quite frequently, then remarks that Nichols looks peaked and inquires whether he had lunch. When Mike answers peevishly that he had a little chopped liver and a Pepsi-Cola, May singsongs back: "Pepsi-Cola? That's a meal!" After Nichols mentions that he's very nervous and he just doesn't know what to do, and that he's tried everything, May supplies the capper: "Have you tried a little chicken soup?"). The manic pace continues right on through the closing band, which is an unedited taping of Nichols and May breaking up completely as Mike evolves a skit in which he tells his mother that the family will have to make sacrifices because he's decided he wants to study hard and go into medicine — to become a registered nurse. May supplies a second punch line when she says how happy she and his father will be when they can tell people: "There goes our son — the nurse." We broke up, too, from start to finish of this slick pitch for sociable medicine. *Lenny Bruce — American* (Fantasy) is the unlikely title of a very likely LP. A stiletto-sharp Bruce discourses (in almost antiseptically expurgated fashion, we might add) on a traumatic gig in Lima, Ohio ("The first day you go through the five-and-10; the next day, you walk through the park and look at the cannon. I stayed at the show business hotel; they got a guy there who's the movie projectionist; another guy sells Capezio's. I was held over for spite."), runs through a helpful how-to on the right way to relax colored people at parties (High points of Bruce's party

INTER-OFFICE MEMO. Effective at once no employee shall remove his jacket in the office unless he is wearing a Truval shirt--we must present a businesslike image at all times. Please note that Truval short sleeve styles combine crisp fashion and cool comfort. A report from Engineering rates the fabrics as 100% pima cotton, batiste or broadcloth. Henceforth all personnel must wear identification badges as it is difficult to tell top management from junior executives in a Truval. Cost is only \$3.35, or 3 for \$10--just petty cash. Other short sleeve models \$3 to \$5. Our corporate policy is to shop at Truval dealers, where fashion and value meet.

350 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
Truval
shirts



© 1992 Truval Shirts, New York



It's smart to buy right...

EXTRA LIGHT
House of Stuart

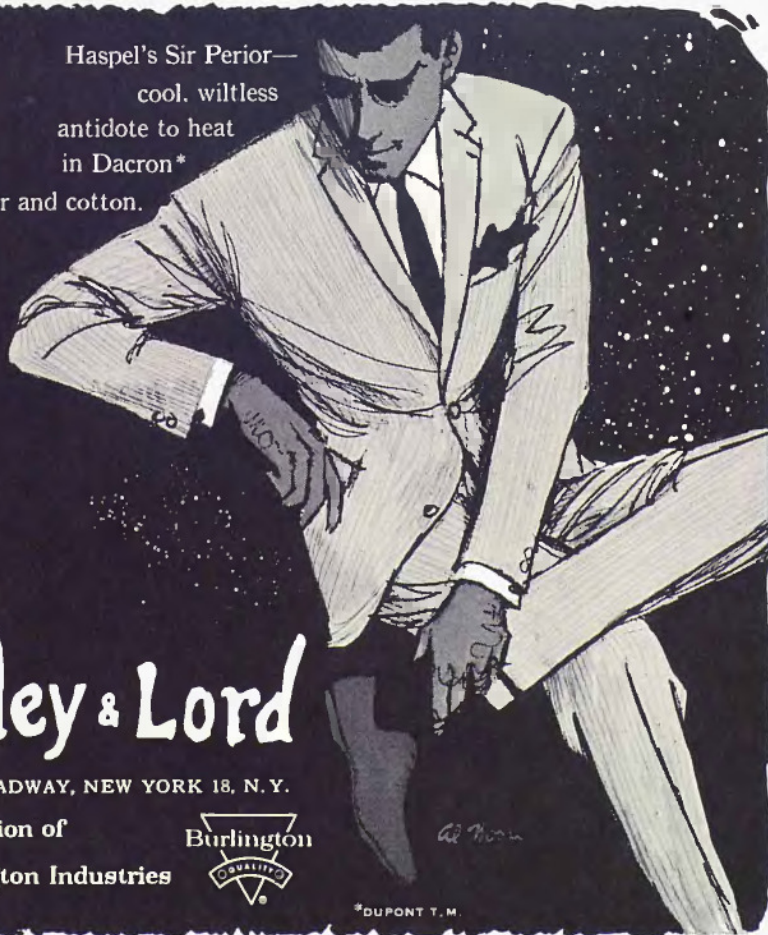
100% Imported
Blended Scotch Whisky

about
\$5
fifth*

*depending on individual state tax

Imported by BARTON DISTILLING IMPORT CO.,
New York City 86 PROOF

Haspel's Sir Perior—
cool, witless
antidote to heat
in Dacron*
polyester and cotton.



Galey & Lord

1407 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 18, N. Y.

A Division of
Burlington Industries



*DUPONT T. M.

FOR YOUR NEAREST RETAILER WRITE US AT 1407 BROADWAY, N. Y.

conversation: "Joe Louis was certainly a helluva fighter . . . That Bojangles sure was some dancer . . . You all have a natural sense of rhythm . . . Have you had anything to eat? Maybe I can get you some watermelon and fried chicken? . . . I'd like to have you over to the house, but I have a sister . . . But come on over, anyway—after dark."), offers a ploy to throw a motel desk clerk off the track ("How much is it by the month?"), and delivers a Mexican-American youngster's brotherhood plea to his ethnically com-mingled gang ("We all have to stick together—and beat up the Polacks"). Bruce's tag-off is a beautifully enacted travesty of the Hollywood prison movie that is a comedic classic.

Combo! (Victor) represents Henry Mancini's first foray into the restrictive precincts of arranging for a small (compared to his huge TV-theme teams) jazz group. Mancini has had the good sense to surround himself with superior sidemen, 11 in all, as he undertakes a catholic compendium of swingers and mood pieces. Among the latter is a hauntingly harpsichorded (by Johnny Williams) takeoff on *Playboy's Theme*, which was written especially for PLAYBOY's television show by Cy Coleman.

Although the first volume of *The Judy Garland Story—The Star Years* (MGM) is a disappointment in that the movie sound-track songs are, quite often, minor melodies that should have died with the movies, Volume Two—*The Hollywood Years*—is something else again. It is crowded with great tunes, all worthy of Miss Garland's golden years—*You Made Me Love You, Over the Rainbow, But Not for Me, The Boy Next Door* and many more. One puzzlement is the carry-over from Volume One of *Johnny One Note* for a reason that is neither apparent nor explained. Another is that one LP is subtitled *The Star Years* and the other *The Hollywood Years* even though they both cover a good deal of the same time span. While we can't claim charter membership in Dinah Washington's vast fan club, we must say that her current LP, *Tears and Laughter* (Mercury) finds Dinah at the top of her form. It could just be that the combination of Quincy Jones' orchestra and a stack of generally superlative standards has proved the boost for a finer Dinah. There are a few uninspired items on hand, but they are distinctly in the minority. If you want to dig a Dinah Washington sound-alike with just a soupçon of Kay Starr tossed in, lend an ear to *Timi Yuro: Soul!* (Liberty). The young lady has taken herself out of the teenage milieu with this LP. Back-dropped by orchestra and chorus, Timi travels the evergreen route, encompassing and enhancing, among others, two of our favorite ballads: *If I Had You*

Duet by Day and Previn
 A pair of stellar swingers—Hollywood's Doris Day and pianist André Previn—meet on (LP) for the first time with spectacular results. The songs are intimate, the style is suave.



LOOK

Hearty and Hellish
 The Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem sing lustily of battles, bottles and beauties—all subjects dear to the hearts of true Irishmen and true folk-song fans.



WHAT'S

Farrell and Faith
 Grand Opera's Eileen Farrell does glorious things to a ballad, especially when complemented by Percy Faith's silken arrangements.



COMING

J. J.'s Satin Touch
 Perennial poll winner J. J. Johnson's solo trombone is backed by "Cannonball" Adderley's rhythm section, in satin-smooth renditions of originals and standards.



OUT ON

Swingin' Sermon
 Singer-actor-lyricist-composer Oscar Brown, Jr. blends folk songs and jazz to deliver a powerful, often humorous, always entertaining musical commentary on the human condition, "between heaven and hell."



COLUMBIA

Good Grief—It's Peanuts!
 The wise and wonderful comic strip is now a hilarious (LP) with Arthur Siegel as gentle Charlie Brown, and Kaye Ballard as his mockingly matter-of-fact cohort, Lucy.



RECORDS

CHOOSE SPECTACULAR STEREO OR MATCHLESS MONAURAL



ron
MERITO
 makes your rum drinks

SC **RUM** PTIOUS

It's the finest
 tasting rum
 from
 Puerto Rico

Our great reserves of fine, light, dry Puerto Rican rums—plus the craftsmanship that comes from generations of fine rum making—give Merito rum an unmatched delicacy. Use Merito and, quite simply, you'll use the best.



and *Then I'll Be Tired of You*. Maggie Whiting has had the odd misfortune of being so consistently good for so long that her first-rank vocal abilities are taken for granted and are largely untouted. *Past Midnight!* (MGM) emphasizes everything that's estimable about Miss Whiting's warbling—true, unfrilled, unaffected renderings of impeccably chosen material. Some of the session's standouts: the opener *By Myself*, *Mean to Me* and *They Can't Take That Away from Me*.

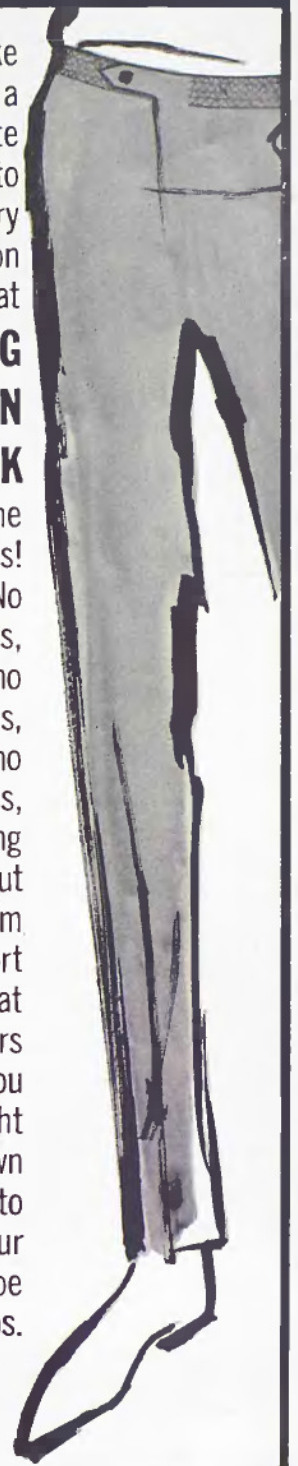
The piano of Oscar Peterson, spotlighted as on *The Trio* (Verve), or sharing honors with Milt Jackson on *Very Tall* (Verve), proves itself a marvelously pliant instrument capable of freewheeling solos or subtle support. The first LP, recorded live at Chicago's London House, has Peterson, backed by bassist Ray Brown and drummer Ed Thigpen, in a formidable display of keyboard virtuosity, ranging from the somber *The Night We Called It a Day* through the boisterous *Chicago*. The latter LP, with nonpareil vibist Jackson augmenting the trio, is a fascinating example of instrumental interplay. Oscar, normally an irrepressible spirit, shows himself expertly adept at supplying delicate backgrounds for Jackson's gentlest malleting, as on *Green Dolphin Street* and *Heartstrings*, or helping Milt exuberantly whip up a large batch of soul, as on *Work Song* and *John Brown's Body*.

Recorded in London, Mel Tormé's *My Kind of Music* (Verve) finds the Mel-lifluous Tormé tonsils gainfully employed in an album divided almost right down the middle between Tormé-penned tunes and those written by songsmiths-turned-film-execs Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz. The Dietz-Schwartz ditties hold up surprisingly well considering that some have been on the music stands for over 30 years, although the Tormé touch puts a bright new shine on a few that have been dulled with age. *Linger Awhile with Vic Damone* (Capitol) highlights another sterling practitioner of the vocal arts. The tunes hereon, oldies all, are lightly lilted. Damone's orchestral aide-de-camp Jack Marshall provides pluperfect backing as Vic casually caresses such *objets d'art* as *Close Your Eyes*, *After the Lights Go Down Low* and *In the Still of the Night*. A further example of Quincy Jones' extraspecial orchestral talents may be found on *Billy Eckstine and Quincy Jones at Basin Street East* (Mercury), an electric etching of live performances at the Gotham hot-boite. Mr. B has rarely been better, as the Jones boys push him on to new heights. Particularly glowing is the Eckstine-Jones teamplay through a four-part Ellington medley, and the Nat Adderley-Oscar Brown soul stirrer, *Work Song*. Words and music flow in fine fashion on *Rah* (Riverside),

Take a minute to try on that

LONG LEAN LOOK

she likes!
 No belts, no buttons, no bulges, nothing but trim comfort that tapers you right down to your shoe tops.



All of spring's smartest patterns and colors. To about \$20.00 at better stores.

Ask at your favorite store, or write Playboy Reader Service, or YMM Sansabelt Slacks Michigan City, Indiana.

SANSABELT®
SLACKS BY
YMM®
 YOUNG MAN'S MOOD

A DIVISION OF JAYMAR-RUBY INCORPORATED

® LIC. BY V. LECOTIER AND G. B. TRENTAUX OF FRANCE U.S. PAT. 2,757,283



For Golf
 Full-Fashioned
BAN-LON[®]
 Brookview
\$8.95



Do you know why Puritan Ban-Lon Brookview has become a classic knit shirt on the golf course? Because Brookview has the "look"... Because after 40 times in your washer-dryer the only change you'll see in this shirt is an improvement in its looks. Puritan Ban-Lon* Brookview, is truly full-fashioned. Every shirt is automatically knit to size. Collar, cuffs, and placket are joined to the body of the shirt (stitch for stitch). Not just sewn together. That's why the Brookview fit is forever. For golf, wear Puritan's full-fashioned Ban-Lon Brookview, in more than 20 colors. Sizes S,M,L,XL, \$8.95.

Boys sizes \$7.95. Junior sizes \$6.95.

*100% Textralized[®] Nylon Yarn

Proven 100% wash and dry
 In the Westinghouse Laundromat[®]
 Automatic Washer and Dryer.



To have the look—it must have the label

PURITAN[®]
 THE PURITAN SPORTSWEAR CORP., EMPIRE STATE BUILDING, NEW YORK CITY

A CATALOG OF SINATRA MOODS

! select a mien to match your own



ebullient:



R-1001

RING-A-DING DING!
Let's Fall in Love • Be Careful, It's My Heart • A Foggy Day • A Fine Romance • In The Still Of The Night • The Coffee Song • When I Take My Sugar To Tea • Let's Face The Music And Dance • You'd Be So Easy To Love • You And The Night And The Music • I've Got My Love To Keep Me Warm • Ring-A-Ding-Ding • Arranged and Conducted by Johnny Mandel



effervescent:



R-1002

SINATRA SWINGS Falling In Love With Love • The Curse Of An Aching Heart • Don't Cry Joe • Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone • Love Walked In • Granada • I Never Knew • Don't Be That Way • Moonlight On The Ganges • It's A Wonderful World • Have You Met Miss Jones? You're Nobody 'Til Somebody Loves You • Arranged and Conducted by Billy May



evocative:



R-1003

SINATRA SINGS AGAIN THE SONGS OF THE DORSEY DAYS
I'm Getting Sentimental Over You • Imagination • There Are Such Things • East Of The Sun (And West Of The Moon) • Daybreak • Without A Song • I'll Be Seeing You • Take Me • It's Always You • Polka Dots And Moonbeams • It Started All Over Again • The One I Love Belongs To Somebody Else • Arranged and Conducted by Sy Oliver



glandular:



R-1004

SINATRA & STRINGS
Stardust • Yesterday • I Hadn't Anyone 'Til You • It Might As Well Be Spring • Prisoner Of Love • That's All • Don't Take Your Love From Me • Misty • Come Rain Or Come Shine • Night And Day • Arranged and Conducted by Don Costa

All albums available in Mono and Stereo

an exemplary LP featuring the voice of Mark Murphy in front of conductor-arranger Ernie Wilkins' driving band. Mark makes the most of *Angel Eyes*, *Spring Can Really Hang You Up the Most*, *Out of This World*, and nine other jazz, near-jazz and nonjazz-oriented (*My Favorite Things*, into which Mark interpolates a batch of fliply hip lyrics) numbers. Mark Mr. Murphy well.

BOOKS

Katherine Anne Porter's *Ship of Fools* (Atlantic Monthly Press, \$5.95) should amply fulfill the expectations of her admirers who have long been awaiting this, her first full-length novel. Miss Porter holds a high place among American writers for her infallible style and for the subtlety and force of her analysis of the drive to death in this century. It is good to report that the style of the author of that small masterpiece, *Pale Horse, Pale Rider*, is as faultless as ever and even more versatile. Equally important, her treatment of the contemporary conundrum has broadened immeasurably. Out of a cast of 30-odd not-so-odd characters assembled on board a steamer bound for Germany from Mexico, Miss Porter creates an image of Western society: First-class passengers literally look down on those in steerage; gentiles ostracize or patronize Jews; there are national cliques and a pecking order of respectability; the elite sit at the captain's table. But the social hierarchy is undercut as the moral weaknesses common to all the passengers are exposed. The novelist's eye is for the sins committed in the commonplace self-righteous life: sins of indifference, of treachery and betrayal, of self-deception, dishonesty, cowardice, cruelty. No one is exempted, and although Miss Porter can be sympathetic, she is, like Dante, a severe judge. As their little frailties and frictions erupt into shocking violence, everyday folk are gradually shown to be no less deformed than the hunchback, their fellow-passenger and mirror. On carnival night they put on the masks of their souls and are seen frankly to be grotesques. This brilliant novel begins in realism and ends as a persuasive symbol of the moral failure of Western man — persuasive because it locates his essential weakness in those intimate attitudes and gestures we take most for granted.

Peter De Vries has established himself as America's most accomplished writer of the comic novel, yet even in his most hilarious books, *The Tunnel of Love* or *The Mackerel Plaza*, there has been a persistent strain of melancholy and mysticism. In *The Blood of the Lamb* (Little, Brown, \$4) this strain has become domi-

Sinatra is new...
newer...
newest...on

reprise
records



TO PLAY AND PLAY AGAIN



WOOL WANTS YOU

to experience for yourself the new permanent crease that will never cease.^{*} See how trousers keep a fresh-pressed look day after day. Feel the new freedom and ease of wool for spring added to wool's natural knack for tailoring, fit and comfort.

Wear an all-wool blue 20/20 suit with the permanent trouser crease by Eagle. At Saks 34th, New York; Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn; B & B Clothes, Jamaica; The Arrow Store, Philadelphia; Hyman Brothers, Boston; National Clothing Co., Rochester, N. Y.; Charles Baker, Buffalo; Werner-Hilton, St. Louis; M. L. Rothschild, Chicago; Hughes Hatcher Suffrin, Detroit.

THE WOOL BUREAU, INC., 360 LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.
^{*}Certification Mark





Enjoy Songs of Early Times Historic American Song Album \$1.25

Songs that stirred the Spirit of '76... marched with Civil War soldiers... heralded the Jazz Age. The authentic songs of our country's heritage, heard wherever folk music lovers gather, yours in

a 12" mono or stereo LP for just \$1.25. The perfect companion to another collector's item—the true old-style Kentucky Bourbon, always smoother because it's slow-distilled. USE COUPON BELOW.

MAIL TODAY

Songs of Early Times, P. O. Box 345, Spring Park, Minnesota

Please send me _____ records at \$1.25 each. I enclose \$ _____
 Mono _____ Stereo _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

L 4-1-62 Make checks payable to Songs of Early Times



EARLY TIMES

©ETDC 1962



Playboy Club News



VOL. II, NO. 21

PLAYBOY CLUBS INTERNATIONAL
DISTINGUISHED CLUBS IN MAJOR CITIES

SPECIAL EDITION

YOUR ONE PLAYBOY CLUB KEY
UNLOCKS ALL PLAYBOY CLUBS

APRIL, 1962

BUNNIES COMING TO THE SILVER SCREEN!

Playboy Goes Into Production This Summer

HOLLYWOOD (Special) — All the glamor and excitement, the showbiz aura surrounding our bevy of Bunnies and voluptuous Playmates, will be part and parcel of one of the most sought-after Hollywood spectaculars of recent years—*Playboy*, starring Tony Curtis. The film, to be produced by Curtleigh Productions for Columbia release, is based on the meteoric career of Hugh M. Hefner, head of PLAYBOY magazine and Key Clubs.

know — that rather than a "make-believe" world of froth and fancy, the Key Clubs espouse the urban man's "dream-come-true" of leisure life. And film patrons will perceive the fulfillment many times over of the initial promise to make the Playboy Clubs as unique among night clubs as PLAYBOY is unique among magazines. For the Clubs now stand beyond the realm of "gala niteries." Club facilities — good food and drink mid



Let's roll 'em! Hugh M. Hefner, President of Playboy Clubs International, and Tony Curtis close the deal for *Playboy* in Hollywood. Also shown are Stan Margulies, producer of the movie, and Sol Schwartz, Vice President of Columbia Pictures.

With film production set to start by late summer, globe-wide moviegoers will soon be transported by celluloid into the delightful world of the magazine and Key Clubs — a world as close to the heart of show business as Hollywood itself. But they will also see what the initiated already

posh surroundings — are now available to Keyholders and their guests both day and night, with a terrific talent roster holding forth in the showrooms come eventide.

Small wonder, then, that the film *Playboy* has been earmarked as one of Columbia's most important undertakings.

NEW ORLEANS CLUB SET MARDI GRAS TEMPO



Pre-Lenten revelers find their Elysian Fields mid the merrymaking scene of the Crescent City Club, Keeper of King Carnival spirit the year round.

NEW ORLEANS — In high key since its recent opening, the New Orleans Club was in perfect pitch with the advent of Mardi Gras. All the excitement, mood and color of Bacchanalian feasts were nowhere more evident than at the Crescent City Club. Keyholder-revelers the country over were present — wending their way through street-dancing throngs to join the care-free celebrants at Playboy's spirituous inner sanctum.

Enlivening the carnival atmosphere was our top-notch talent roster: comedian Don Rice, guitarist-singer Bob Weymouth, humorist Paul Gray, vocalist Jo Ann Miller and electrifying Margaret

Ann and the Ernie Mariani Trio.

The Club's first participation in this traditional pageant

PLAYBOY CLUB LOCATIONS

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

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

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

toasting the Pursuit of Pleasure highlighted what we already knew — that at the Playboy Club, Mardi Gras reigns 365 days of the year!

PLAYBOY CLUB TALENT LINEUP

CHICAGO (Through April 2)—Connie Carroll, Chase & Reed, The Diamonds, Paul Etheridge, Suzanne Hall, Dick Havilland, The Madcaps, Mickey Onate, Jerry Shane. **(Opening April 3)**—Bobbi Baker, Ken Colman, Joe Conti, Paul Lennon, Lewis & Dane, Tom Pasle, Anne Richards, Bruce Stevens, Barbara Streisand.

MIAMI (Through April 2)—Don Corey, Jackie Jocko Duo, Moms Mabley, Mimi Martinique, Pat Morrissey, Jimmy Rushing, Larry Storch. **(Opening April 3)**—Don Alan, David Allen, Fred Barber, Hackett & Raven, Kathy Keegan, The Madcaps, Iris Paul, Jerry Van Dyke.

NEW ORLEANS (Through April 2)—Don Alan, The Chuck-A-Lucks, Johnny Janis, Anne Richards, Wick & Brand. **(Opening April 3)**—Stu Allen, Ronnie Chapman, Prof. Irwin Corey, Pat Morrissey, John Shirley and Bonnie.

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

Gentlemen:
Here is my application for Lifetime Key Privileges to the Playboy Club. Enclosed is my check for \$_____ (Playboy Club Keys are \$50 within a 75-mile radius of Chicago and in the state of Florida. Keys are \$25 outside these areas). I understand that if my application is accepted, my key will admit me to Playboy Clubs now in operation and others soon to go into operation in major cities throughout the U.S. and abroad.

Check here if you wish only information about joining the Playboy Club.

Name _____ (please print)

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ County _____ State _____ DEPT. 221

Bourbon Supreme

"The Bourbon That Named Itself"



The golden tassel that decorates every bottle of Bourbon Supreme is symbolic of its national renown as one of America's finest bourbons . . . Charcoal Distilled for extra lightness.

THE AMERICAN DISTILLING COMPANY, INC. • New York, N. Y. • Pekin, Ill. • Sausalito, Calif.
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY • 90 PROOF



A man gets seen in 417!

Only time separates him from his destination. Generally it's a quick trip. And he knows what tact to take to get there—in style! Van Heusen "417". It's Snap-Tab smart! No pins . . . no pins—just a quick one-two snap brings the collar correctly into place to keep it neat and smooth. It's among the featured shirts in Van Heusen's authentically styled "417" Collection of dress and leisure shirts. Make note of them soon. They're available wherever fine men's wear is sold.



by VAN HEUSEN

nant, with results that are not totally successful. The seasoned De Vries reader will at once recognize the wildly improbable characters, the lunatic situations and, of course, the outrageous puns and malapropisms. There's the girl who speaks of a mute question, the man with so many pet theories that someone suggests he become a veterinarian, and the economist with an advanced case of tuberculosis who is held up as an example of conspicuous consumption. One meets Doc Berkenbosch, the inept physician who treats his patients for stomach ulcers and legions on the lung, and Greta Wigbaldy, the blonde beauty with whom the novel's hero, Don Wanderhope, is surprised in the bed of a model home by a group of house-hunters. But such comedy plays a distinctly secondary role to the central theme of *The Blood of the Lamb*—the problem of maintaining a belief in God in a world which seems to be filled with sorrow. In the last third of the book, De Vries throws aside the comic mask altogether. The 11-year-old daughter of the hero is struck by leukemia and the novel becomes the heart-breaking chronicle of this lovely child's gradual disintegration and final death. The scenes in the Children's Hospital are possibly the most poignant that De Vries has ever written, yet they are so out of character with the earlier comic sequences that they seem almost to belong to another novel. The fusion of the comic and the tragic is a tricky business, and, despite a distinguished attempt, De Vries, talented though he is, has not quite been able to bring it off.

It's a *Dog's Life*, *Charlie Brown* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, \$1) is the 11th bag of nuts from *Peanuts*-vendor Charles M. Schulz, and it is chock full of salty new adventures involving his diminutive gang of worldly-wise *Wunderkinder*. Pigtailed Violet, we learn, has usurped Lucy as champion deflator of egos ("The subject is closed, Charlie Brown. It simply goes without saying that you are an inferior human being."); living a human's life, Snoopy the pooch takes time out from pathetically ineffectual impersonations of gorillas, dinosaurs and Count Dracula for a little social work ("I will become symbolic of the little man crying out in anguish against the world's madness . . . after supper"); Beethoven buff Schroeder vows to become "the Sam Snead of music"; mud-pie-chef Pigpen, onetime "walking soil bank," herein earns the title of "instant sandbox." And when blanket-queer Linus beseeches, "What's the cure for disenchantment, Charlie Brown?" the balloon-headed sage replies simply, "A chocolate cream and a friendly pat on the back." So, we might add, is the book.



THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I have been squiring an attractive young lady who is feminine in all departments save one: she has a disconcerting habit of coloring her language with blue expressions. The girl works in the publicity department of a Mad Ave firm, where it is considered chic to punctuate one's sentences with salty talk. Now, I am an occasional four-letter man myself—but only in unmixed company. It really grates me to hear these pungent terms issuing from her pretty lips, especially when there are other couples present. How can I get her to cut the crudities without sounding like some sort of Victorian square? — B. K., New York, New York.

It's a curious phenomenon that some females can employ the vivid verbiage of a longshoreman and carry it off in good style, while with others even a mild epithet makes them sound crude as the proverbial trooper. In the latter situation, there are a number of homely remedies open to the male who has taken the coarse. First, you can appeal to her common sense: explain that the bright blue patois of her particular in-group is not dug by the world at large, where the ground rules state that the fair should not be foul. If this rationale is not sufficient to make her swear off, try persuading her that, regarding femmes, people tend to equate loose language with loose morals (not necessarily true—but she may fall for it). And if these cursory solutions don't work, as a last resort you might attempt selling her on the idea that indigo small talk is a generally accepted trademark of women with masculine characteristics. Under threat of this libelous label, she should come clean in a trice.

Can you enlighten me as to why a cocktail is called a cocktail? — T. K., Seattle, Washington.

Theories as to the origin of the word are as mixed as its many namesakes. One school of etymological tipplers holds that "cocktail" first became a popular addition to our national vocabulary back in Revolutionary times when an Elmsford, N.Y., barmaid named Betsy Flanagan took to decorating a special libation she sold (called "Betsy's Bracer") with the tail feather of a rooster. Others maintain that the name was coined during the early 1800s in New Orleans, where Louisiana purchasers were fond of sipping a blend of brandy and bitters from an eggcup—or coquetier, as the French-speaking populace called it. A third group suggests that cocktail comes to us from the Aztecs: supposedly a Toltec noble invented a potent concoction and sent a

sample via his daughter, Xochitla, to the king, who gratefully dubbed it a "xocltl." Since all these explanations seem equally plausible, we leave it to you to choose—as the spirit moves.

I would like to know when it is considered proper for a guy to have his suit jacket (or sports jacket) unbuttoned. For instance, when I dine out, is it *de rigueur* that my jacket remain buttoned throughout the meal? Being a type who likes to unbend while feeding the inner man, I sincerely hope that such isn't the case. What's the story? — J. J., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Sorry, J. J., but in any intrinsically social situation both suit jackets and sports jackets should normally remain buttoned. The only exception in the suit category is the vested suit, which does permit an opened jacket. It is usually acceptable to wear a sports jacket open if a sweater or vest is worn beneath. Naturally, if you're alone with friends you may suit yourself in any manner you wish. In public, though, don't loose your buttons.

When attending a large dinner party, is it always necessary to wait until the hostess is served before starting to eat? — F. R., Charlotte, North Carolina.

Not unless you're fond of cold victuals. At dinners that include more than six guests, it is perfectly proper protocol to begin eating as soon as several of the other guests—at least three or four—have also been served. Usually your hostess will give you the green light at this point anyway—but even if she doesn't, you'll be committing no faux pas in appreciatively setting to before she and the remaining guests are able to follow suit. In parties of six and under, where food service is more expeditiously accomplished, it's good form to wait until all have received their fare.

During college my extracurricular life was brightened considerably by the comradeship of a most compliant miss. While our romance was undeniably fun, it never quite made it into orbit—at least from my point of view—and I was sure that our entente would come to a friendly end at graduation. This hasn't happened. Since I started working, my firm has transferred me twice to widely separated cities—and each time I have moved the girl has followed, establishing herself in a nearby apartment. This arrangement is hardly disagreeable to me, for in addi-



FITTED
Comfort

The BRIARWOOD
Silk Label Series.
Model 242-2.
Imported Brown
or Mulberry
Olive Pala Calif.

FITTING *Style*

Porto-Ped
Air Cushion Shoes

Crafted of PORTO-PED'S exclusive, imported Pala Calfskin to produce shoes of classic elegance.

Treat your feet to a try-on. See your PORTO-PED Dealer, or write for his name, and a descriptive folder. \$16.95 to \$24.95. Silk Label Series from \$19.95.



The BRADFORD
Silk Label Series. Model 244-2.
Pin-Tuk Blucher in Imported Brown
or Mulberry Olive Pala Calif.



HERE'S THE SECRET!

In Porto-Peds, you walk and stand on an air-celled carpet of soft sponge rubber.

PORTAGE SHOE MFG. CO., Milwaukee 1, Wis.
A Division of Weyenberg Shoe Mfg. Co.



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
KOBRANO CORPORATION • NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

tion to her other attributes, she is also an admirable cook, and I usually have dinner at her apartment two or three times a week. Lately, however, my conscience has begun to bother me with the thought that I may be helping to sabotage her life. I have told her as bluntly as possible that I don't love her and that the chances of our ever marrying are remote. She replies, with a patient smile, that we were obviously meant for each other and that someday I will realize how much she means to me. Am I a louse if I make no further efforts to disrupt the pleasant status quo? It is, after all, her life to do with as she pleases, and she *does* make a lovely camp follower. — M. S., Los Angeles, California.

Unless the girl is a masochist, it's likely that your actions belie your words and that she knows better than you do just how dependent on her you are. Indeed, it sounds as though she's already your wife in fact, if not in name. This may be the result of sheer sloth on your part as well as persistence on hers. In any event, the situation isn't only unfair to her, it is to you, too — and unhealthy for both, to boot. Date other girls, urge her to have other dates, too. Be kind but firm about continuing to play the field even if she reproachfully refuses to do likewise and sits home alone brooding. She won't do it for long. A gentlemanly way to win her acquiescence to this is to point out that if she's right in believing you're made for each other, dating others will resolve all doubts in her favor. And so it may.

I am curious to know why the growths of hair that descend in front of one's ears are called sideburns. Why the suggestion of combustion? — G. T., Bloomington, Indiana.

"Sideburns" is a long-haired misnomer: the correct term should be "burnsides," so named after shaggy Union General Ambrose E. Burnside, who shaved his chin but let his mustache and side whiskers flourish. The cause of the transposition of the words is obvious — unfamiliar with its military name-sake, people assumed that the syllable "side" was an adjective denoting the location of the hair apparent, hence, placed it first, modifying the mysterious but memorable "burns."

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.



CONFOUND the TYRANTS

If your inclination be for the simple and distinguished CLOTHING known as NATURAL SHOULDER, your course is WELL-CHARTED.

Avoid the TYRANNICAL imposts of those who maintain, without PROOF, that their NATURAL SHOULDER CLOTHING is AUTHENTIC because of its HIGH PRICE.

Depend, rather, on the tasteful materials, authentic cut and honest VALUE provided by DAROFF, tailor of Philadelphia.

Confound the TYRANTS! Demand NATURAL GENTLEMAN clothing at its NATURAL PRICE. Identify it by the 'Botany' 500 tailored by Daroff label.

Suits \$55 & up. Sport Coats \$37.50 & up (slightly higher in the West). For the merchant nearest you, write us: H. Daroff & Sons, Inc., 2300 Walnut Street, Philadelphia 3, Pa. (a division of Botany Industries).



'BOTANY' 500®

tailored by DAROFF
of Philadelphia
(The Cradle of Freedom in Menswear)



When a
cigarette
means
a lot...

you get lots more from **L&M**

more body
in the blend



more flavor
in the smoke



more taste
through the filter



It's the rich-flavor leaf among L&M's choice tobaccos that makes every puff heartier—for full pleasure. L&M has more of this longer-aged, extra-cured leaf than even some unfiltered cigarettes. And with L&M's modern filter—the Miracle Tip—only pure white touches your lips. L&M, in pack or box—the filter cigarette for people who really like to smoke.



fiction By FRANÇOISE SAGAN

THE WONDERFUL CLOUDS

in this new novel, the best-selling chronicler of the young international set brilliantly depicts their restless, roving searchings and their narcissistic, self-destructing instabilities—as seen through the lives of a tormented couple as they seek to both flee and pursue their inner selves and each other in Key Largo, New York and Paris **PART I**

"You've forgotten your hat," Josée said.

Alan shrugged his shoulders. The car was already rumbling, or rather, purring. It was an old dark-red Chevrolet. He took no interest in sports cars.

"This is Key Largo. It gets terribly hot," insisted Josée.

"Get in. Brandon will lend me his. He has a thick skull."

The only subject he wanted to talk about was Brandon, the only people he wanted to see were the Kinnels. Eve Kinnel was both intelligent and ugly, but not aggressively so. She was fond of Josée and, like Brandon, apprehensive of Alan. Indeed, the Kinnels saw eye to eye about everything, shared everything except, of course, Brandon's hopeless and secret infatuation for Josée.

It was Alan's new game. He assumed the air of a spectator helplessly watching a passionate love affair, called Eve "my poor fellow sufferer" and smiled meaningfully whenever Brandon spoke to Josée. The situation was gradually becoming unbearable, in spite of the combined efforts of Josée and the Kinnels to turn it into a joke. Josée had tried everything: anger, apathy, entreaty. She had even gone off by herself, refusing to see the Kinnels, but Alan found her and spent the afternoon drinking and praising Brandon's charms.

They were supposed to go fishing together that day. Josée had slept badly and looked forward with a kind of savage delight to the moment when Eve, Brandon or she would burst out hysterically. With a little luck, it might happen today.

The Kinnels stood on the jetty with the dejected look they had worn for the past week. Eve held a basket of sandwiches, and with her free hand made what was meant to be a light-hearted gesture. Brandon smiled wanly. The large Chris-Craft rolled indolently in the little harbor; the sailor waited.

At that moment Alan stumbled and put his hand to the back of his neck. Brandon came up to him, took his arm:

"What's the matter?"

"The sun," said Alan. "I should have brought a hat. I don't feel well."

He sat on a stone bollard and dropped his head. The others looked at one another hesitantly.

"We'll stay here if you don't feel well," said Josée. "It would be madness to go out to sea in this sun."

"No, no, you love fishing, you three go without me."

"I'll drive you back home first," said Brandon. "You've possibly got a touch of sunstroke and it would be better not to drive."

"But you'd lose an hour's fishing and you're such an enthusiastic fisherman. No, it would be much better if Eve drove me home. She hates fishing and would probably rather look after me or read aloud to me."

There was a silence. Brandon turned away and Eve, who was looking at him, thought that she understood.

"That's the best idea. I'm sick of sharks and whatnot. And after all, you'll be back soon."

She spoke calmly, and Josée, who was about to protest, said nothing. But she was seething with rage. "That's just what he wants, the fool. And without running any risks . . . he knows perfectly well that the boat is only a 30-footer, and there's a sailor aboard. And there is Eve, looking discreet, and Brandon blushing . . . What does he really want?" She wheeled around and walked up the gangplank.

"Eve, are you sure . . ." ventured Brandon.

"Why of course, darling, I'll take Alan home. Good fishing to you and don't go too far out; the sea is getting rougher."

The sailor whistled to himself, impatiently. Brandon reluctantly got into the boat and leaned his elbows on the rail, by Josée. Alan raised his head and looked at them, smiling; he seemed perfectly all right. The boat slowly left the dock.

"Brandon," said Josée suddenly, "jump. Jump ashore at once."

He looked at her, looked at the dock now a yard away, cleared the rail at a leap, slipped and recovered his balance. Eve screamed.

"What's going on?" asked the sailor.

"We're off," said Josée without turning. She looked Alan straight in the eye. Brandon stood on the dock nervously dusting himself off. Alan was no longer smiling. Leaving the rail, she sat in the bow of the boat. The sea was magnificent and she was alone. She had not felt so well for ages.

The basket had, of course, remained on the dock, so she shared the sailor's lunch. The fishing had been excellent: two barracudas, each caught after a 30-minute struggle. And she felt exhausted, famished, delighted. The sailor apparently lived on tomatoes and anchovies, and they joked over the thought of a huge succulent steak. He was very tall, rather loose-limbed, burned black, and had the eyes of a spaniel.

The sky began to cloud over, the sea grew choppy, and on reaching the end of the key they decided to turn back. The sailor lowered a line into the sea, and Josée took the fishing chair. Sweat streamed unceasingly from their bodies, each staring silently at the sea. Once, she felt a bite, but she struck too late and brought up an empty hook. She called the sailor to ask him for fresh bait.

"My name is Ricardo," he said.

"And mine, Josée."

"You're French?"

"Yes."

"What about the man on the dock?"

He said "the man," not "your husband." Key Largo was evidently not an island where couples were necessarily married. She laughed.

"He's American."

"He doesn't like fishing?"

"No. Sunstroke."

Since putting out to sea that morning they had not spoken of their strange departure. He bent his head. His hair was cropped short and was very thick. He baited the huge hook very quickly. Then he lit a cigarette and handed it to her. She liked the easy familiarity with which people treated one another in this part of the world.

"Do you like fishing by yourself?"

"I like being by myself now and then."

"I'm always by myself. I like it better that way."

He stood behind her. She vaguely thought that he might have been lashing the helm and that it was not a very wise thing to do with the sea growing rougher.

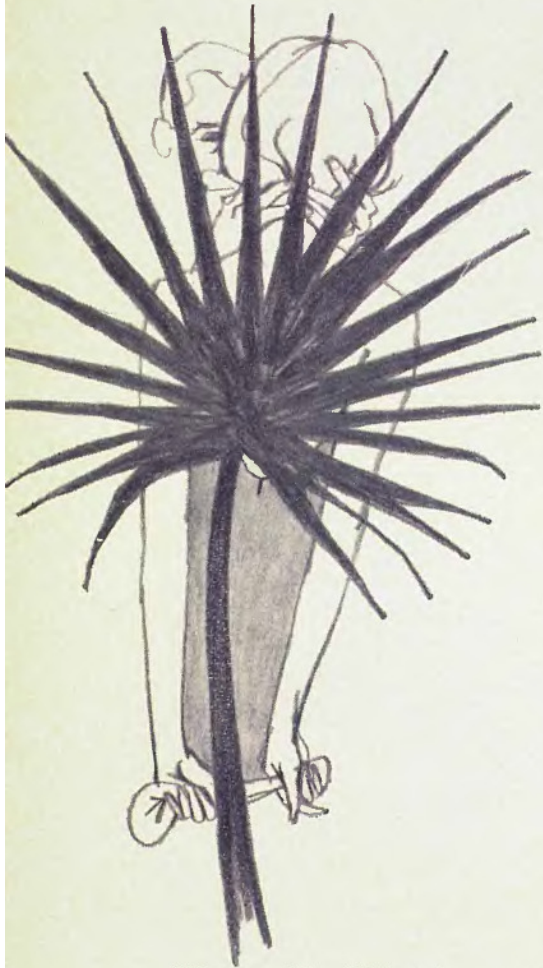
"You're hot," he said, and laid his hand on Josée's shoulder.

She turned. He looked at her steadily with pensive doglike eyes and there was nothing either threatening or ambiguous about his expression. She examined the hand on her shoulder; it was large, square, ill-kept. Her heart beat faster. What disturbed her was that quiet, watchful look, without a trace of embarrassment. "He'll remove his hand if I tell him to and that will be the end of it." Her mouth felt dry.

"I'm thirsty," she said faintly.

He took her by the hand. Two steps separated the deck from the cabin. The sheets were clean and Ricardo very brutal. Afterward, they found a wretched fish hooked on the line, and Ricardo laughed like a child.

"Poor thing . . . we weren't bothering much about him . . ."



His laugh was infectious and she began laughing with him. He held her by the shoulder. She was in a happy mood and did not remind herself that this was the first time she had been unfaithful to Alan.

"Are French fish as stupid as that?" asked Ricardo.

"No. They're smaller and much more wily."

"I'd like to go to France and see Paris."

"And the Eiffel Tower?"

"And the French girls. I'll start the engine again."

They returned slowly. The sea had calmed down; the sky was tinged a livid pink by a storm that had failed to develop. Ricardo steered, turning now and then to smile at her.

"A thing like this has never happened to me before in all my life," thought Josée, and smiled back at him. Before they landed he asked if she would go fishing again and she said no, that she was leaving soon. He stood on deck for a moment and she looked back at him once.

On the landing stage, she was told that her husband and Mr. and Mrs. Kinnel were waiting for her in the bar at Sam's. The Chevrolet had remained where it was. She joined them after taking a shower and changing her dress. In the mirror, she thought she looked 10 years younger and had recovered the half-mischievous, half-embarrassed expression that had been hers in Paris from time to time. "An exasperated woman is easy game," she said to the glass, quoting an old saying of her closest friend, Bernard.

They greeted her in polite silence, the two men rising a little too hastily. Eve gave her the ghost of a smile. They had spent the afternoon playing cards and seemed to have had a dull time of it. She talked about her two barracudas, was congratulated, and the conversation died. She made no attempt to revive it. Seated with her head bowed, she was staring at their hands, involuntarily counting their fingers. When she realized what she was doing, she burst out laughing. They jumped.

"What's the matter with you?" Alan said.

"Nothing. I was just counting your fingers."

"Well, at any rate, you've come back in good form, whereas Brandon has been dull as dishwater the whole afternoon."

"Brandon?" She had forgotten about Alan's game. "Why?"

"You made him abandon ship. Don't you remember?"

Strangely enough, all three looked annoyed.

"Oh yes, of course. The fact was that I didn't want Eve to spend the day alone with you. You never can tell . . ."

"You're trying to turn the tables," said Alan.

"There are four of us," she said gaily, "enough to make two mixed pairs. Don't you think so, Eve?"

Eve looked at her in bewilderment and did not reply.

"But since you were eaten up with jealousy, and completely obsessed by the idea of Brandon and me cozily angling for little fishes together, you wouldn't have paid any attention to Eve, and she would have been horribly bored. So I sent Brandon back. That's all. What are we going to eat?"

Brandon nervously stubbed out his cigarette. He did not like her making fun — even imaginary fun — of the wonderful day they might have spent together. For an instant she felt sorry for him, but she was wound up and could not stop.

"Your jokes are in exquisite taste," said Alan. "I hope Eve finds them amusing."

"I still have a good one in reserve," said Josée. "I know you'll find it wildly funny. I'm keeping it for dessert."

She no longer made any attempt to control herself. She had found again the wild euphoria, the taste for violent, irreparable gestures that had been for years a permanent element of her nature. She felt inside her the laughter, the freedom, the glorious detachment of an earlier existence bursting once more into life. She rose from her seat and went to the kitchen.

They dined in heavy silence broken only by Josée's jokes, her travel tales and her reflections about food. The Kinnels finally thawed and began to laugh, too. Alan remained completely silent. He stared at her and drank a great deal.

"Here comes the dessert," said Josée suddenly, and turned white.

The waiter brought in a round cake topped by a single candle and placed it on the table.

"One candle," said Josée. "It's to celebrate the first time I've been unfaithful to you."

They sat petrified, looking from Josée to the candle, as though trying to solve a riddle.



WONDERFUL CLOUDS *(continued)*

"The sailor on the boat," she said impatiently. "Ricardo."

Alan got up, hesitated. Josée looked at him, then lowered her eyes. He went out slowly.

"Josée . . ." said Eve. "That's a very poor joke."

"Not at all. Alan understood it perfectly."

She picked up a cigarette and her hand shook. It took Brandon a full minute to find his lighter and snap it open.

"What were we talking about?" asked Josée.

She felt exhausted.

. . .

The door of the car shut with a bang and Josée stood by it wavering. The Kinnels looked at her silently. Not a light in the house. Yet the Chevrolet was there.

"He must be asleep," said Eve, without much conviction.

Josée shrugged her shoulders. No, he was not asleep. He was waiting for her. There would be a monumental scene. She had a horror of scenes, of any kind of conflict and, where Alan was concerned, of words. However, she had only herself to blame. "I'm a fool," she thought, as she had so often before, "a complete fool. Why couldn't I keep my mouth shut . . . ?" She turned despairingly to Brandon.

"I don't think I'll be able to stand it," she said. "Take me to the airport, Brandon, lend me the money for the fare, I'm going back to France."

"You can't do that," said Eve. "It would be so . . . er . . . cowardly."

"Cowardly, cowardly . . . What on earth does that mean? I'm only trying to avoid a useless scene, that's all. You're talking like a Boy Scout. Cowardly . . ."

She spoke under her breath, desperately trying to find some way out. Someone was about to censure her, someone who had every right to do so. That was an idea she had never been able to accept.

"He must be waiting for you," said Brandon. "He must be very much shaken by all this."

All three whispered. They looked like terrified conspirators.

"All right," said Josée, "I can't go on dithering. I'd better go in."

"Would you like us to stick around a little while?"

Brandon had a look of tragic nobility. "My old beau's forgiven me," thought Josée, "but with a bleeding heart." She smiled swiftly.

"He won't kill me," she said, and as she saw the Kinnels' horrified expres-

sion, added emphatically: "And even if . . ."

She waved goodbye to them and turned away, resignedly. In Paris, things would have happened differently: she would have spent the night with gay easygoing friends and then at dawn she would have gone home too exhausted to be terrified of a scene. But here, she had lingered with two stern critics, and whatever courage she possessed had gradually seeped away. "Perhaps he *will* kill me," she thought, "he's crazy enough." But she did not really believe it. Deep down, he would be delighted, would seize avidly on such a good excuse to torment himself. He would insist on knowing every detail, every . . .

"My God," she sighed, "what on earth am I doing here?"

She wanted her mother, her home, her old surroundings, her friends. She had tried to be sophisticated, to travel, to marry, to leave her country. She had believed it possible to make a fresh start. And now, on a hot night in Florida, leaning against the door of that bamboo-filled house, she felt like sobbing, calling for help, behaving like a child of 10.

She pushed open the door, paused in the darkness. Perhaps he really was asleep. Perhaps she could tiptoe to bed without his hearing her. A wild feeling of hope swept over her. The way it was when she came back from school with a disastrous report, when she stood on the doormat listening to the confused sounds inside the house. Were her parents giving a dinner party? If so, she was saved. The impression was exactly the same, and she vaguely realized that she felt no more frightened now of an outraged husband than she had been, 15 years earlier, of parents who were not particularly bothered by a zero in geography, even though it had been earned by their only daughter. Perhaps there existed a limit for uneasy consciences, for the dread of consequences, and perhaps you reached it once and for all at the age of 12. Her hand went up to the electric switch and turned on the light. Alan was sitting on the sofa, looking at her.

"Ah, there you are," she said stupidly.

And she bit her lip. The retort was easy enough, but he spared her. He looked pale and there was no sign of a bottle anywhere near him.

"What are you doing in the dark?" she went on.

And she sat down meekly a few yards from him. He swept his hand over his eyes, as he often did, and she felt a

sudden urge to put her arms around his neck, to comfort him, to say that she had lied. But she did not move.

"I've called up my lawyer," said Alan in a calm voice. "I told him I wanted a divorce. He advised me to go to Reno or somewhere. On the grounds of mutual misconduct, or just mine, as you like."

"Oh," said Josée.

She felt stunned and relieved at the same time, but could not take her eyes off him.

"After what's happened, I think it's the best thing to do," said Alan.

He rose and put on a record.

She nodded assent. He turned around so quickly that she jumped.

"Don't you agree?"

"I said yes; at least, I nodded yes."

The music filled the room and involuntarily she found herself trying to recognize it. Grieg? Schumann? There were two concertos that she always muddled up.

"I also called up my mother. I let her know—very briefly—how things stood and told her what I'd decided to do. She approved."

Josée did not reply. She looked at him, and the face she made signified: That doesn't surprise me.

"She even said that she was glad to see me behaving like a man at last," added Alan almost inaudibly.

His back was turned; she could not see his expression but imagined what it must be like. She made a hesitant move in his direction, then stopped.

"Like a man . . ." repeated Alan pensively. "Can you imagine? That's what got me. Honestly"—and he turned to her—"honestly, do you think it's behaving like a man to leave the only woman you've ever loved just because she spent half an hour in the arms of a shark fisherman?"

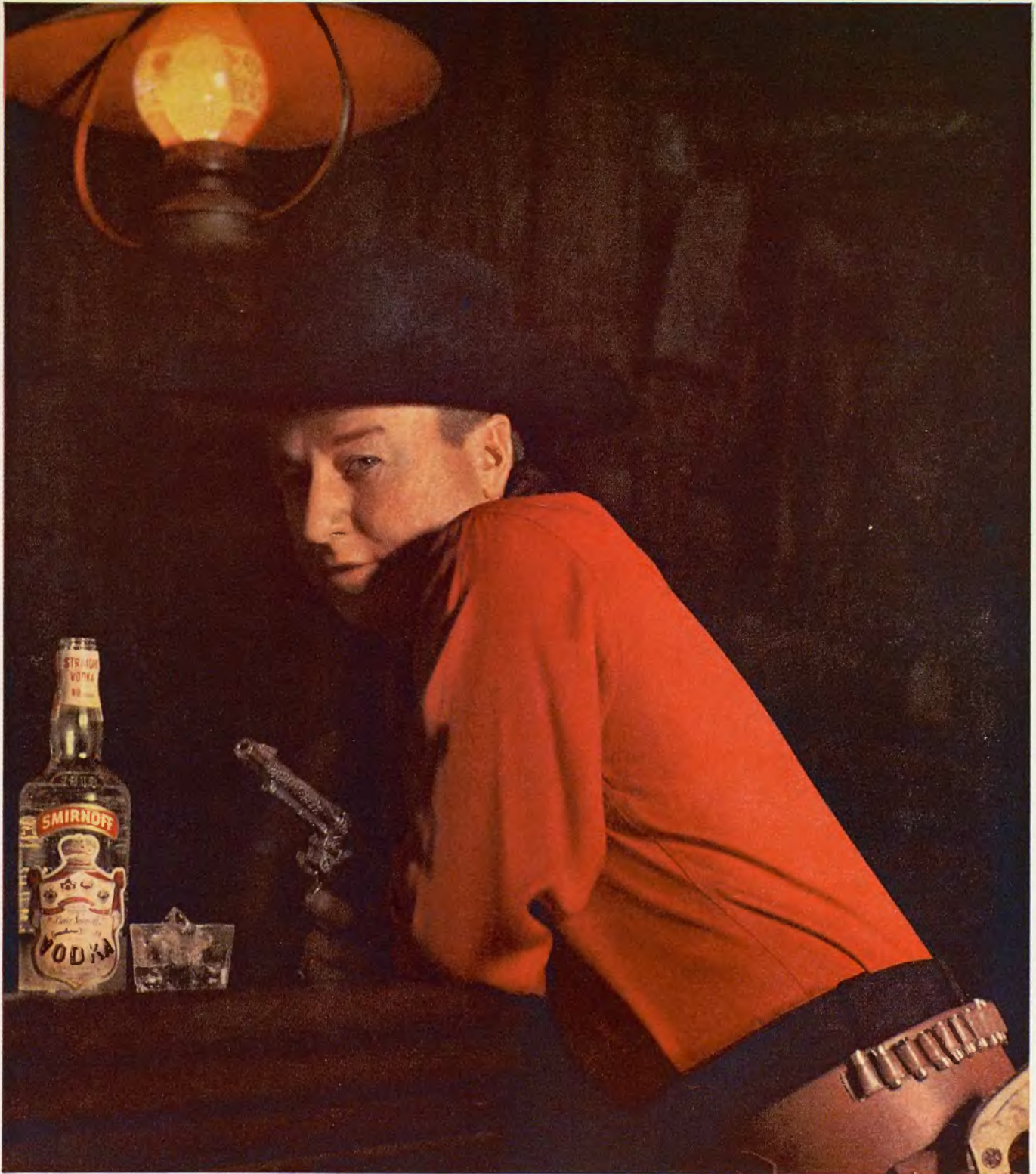
He put the question to her candidly, exactly as he would have put it to an old friend, without a trace of resentment or irony in his voice. "There's something about him that I like," thought Josée, "something crazy that I like."

"I don't know," she answered. "No, I don't think so really."

"You're being objective, aren't you? I'm sure of that. You're capable of being objective about anything and everything. That's one of the reasons why I love you so much. And so deeply."

She got up. They stood face to face, looking at each other with a deeper recognition. He placed his arms on her shoulders and she slid between them to lay her cheek against his sweater.

"I want you to stay. Of course I won't



OUR COWBOY PHILOSOPHER IS "LONESOME GEORGE" GOBEL OF TV AND BROADWAY FAME.

NEVER GAMBLE WITH A STRANGER AT A BAR! Even people who wouldn't dream of having any vodka but smooth, flawless Smirnoff® in their homes are inclined to become careless when ordering at a bar. They *want* Smirnoff. They *expect* Smirnoff. But they fail to *specify* Smirnoff. So what they're likely to be served is a lesser vodka for their money. Don't take the gamble. Command Smirnoff by name. Insist! Persist! Resist anything else!

it leaves you breathless

Smirnoff®

THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING VODKA

WONDERFUL CLOUDS *(continued)*

forgive you," he said. "I'll never forgive you."

"I know," she replied.

"I haven't lanced the wound. There'll be no going back and starting again from the beginning, bygones won't be bygones. I'm not what my mother understands by a man, and you know it."

"Yes, I know," she said, and felt like crying.

"You're tired, so am I. What's more, I've lost my voice. I had to shout to make myself heard in New York. Can you imagine me yelling: 'My wife has been unfaithful to me. No, no, unfaithful. U for . . . Ludicrous, isn't it?'"

"Yes," she said, "ludicrous. Now all I want is to go to sleep."

He released her, took off the record and put it away carefully before turning to her:

"Was he good in bed? Do tell me . . . how was he?"

. . .

She was walking on high heels down Fifth Avenue, wearing a beatific smile, when she ran into Bernard. They stared at each other with the same amazement before falling into each other's arms.

"Josée . . . I thought you were dead."

"No, only married."

He laughed. He had been very much in love with her in Paris a few years before and she remembered him as he was then, lean and dejected, in his old raincoat, saying goodbye to her with tears in his eyes. And there he stood, broader, darker, smiling. Suddenly she felt as though she had recovered her entire family all at once, her whole past, to say nothing of finding her own self again. She began to laugh.

"Bernard, Bernard . . . how wonderful to see you! What are you doing in New York?"

"My book has come out here. You know, I've been awarded a prize—at last."

"And now you take yourself rather seriously?"

"Very seriously, and I'm in the money, too, and a womanizer. You know, the man of letters who has just produced a masterpiece."

"A masterpiece?"

"No, just a best seller, but I never admit it and seldom give it a thought. Let's go and have a drink."

He took her to a bar. She looked at him and smiled as he talked about Paris, their friends, his success, and once more she recognized the mixture of gaiety and bitterness she had always liked so much in him. She had always thought of him as a sort of brother.

This was not what he wanted and once very briefly she had tried to fall in with his desires but that was long, long ago. Meanwhile, there had been Alan. She frowned, and he paused.

"What about you? Your husband? He's American?"

"Yes."

"Nice, honest, quiet, adoring?"

"I used to think so."

"Vicious, unbalanced, unscrupulous, cruel, brutal?"

"He's not that either."

Bernard began laughing.

"Now listen, Josée, I've painted two typical portraits for you. I'm not surprised that you should have found something special, but do explain."

"Well," she said, "he . . ."

And suddenly she burst out sobbing.

She cried for a long time on Bernard's shoulder, a distressed, embarrassed Bernard. She cried for a long time over Alan and herself and over what they had meant to each other and over what had ended or was about to end. For this meeting had made her realize what she had refused to face for the last six months; that she had made a mistake. And she set herself too high a standard, she was too proud to be able to fool herself any longer. The far too tender nightmare was over.

Meanwhile, Bernard wiped her face with his handkerchief, in all directions, muttering indistinct remarks and threats concerning the dirty, lowdown bum, etc. . . .

"I'm going to leave him," she said at last.

"Do you love him?"

"No."

"Then stop crying. Don't talk; have a drink or you'll be completely dehydrated. You're much prettier, you know."

She began laughing, then took his hand in hers.

"When do you go back?"

"In 10 days. Are you going back with me?"

"Yes. Don't let me out of your sight for the next 10 days, or at least, as little as possible."

"I've got to fit in a broadcast, between two advertisements for shoes, but that's my only engagement. I was thinking of taking it easy. You can show me New York."

"Fine. Come and have a drink this evening. You'll see Alan. You can tell him that this can't go on any longer. Perhaps he'll listen to you, and . . ."

Bernard jumped.

"You're as crazy as ever. It's up to you to talk to him."

"I can't."

"Now listen, divorce isn't a very serious business in America."

Then she tried to talk to him about Alan, but Bernard, with his logical French mind, talked about common sense, psychopathology and an immediate divorce.

"I'm all he has," she said despairingly.

"That's a silly remark," began Bernard, then stopped, and after a moment continued:

"Sorry, there must still be some remnants of jealousy left in me. I'll see you this evening. And don't worry, I'm with you."

His last remark would have made her smile two years earlier, but now it reassured her. There was no doubt that success, whether he believed in it or not, had steadied Bernard. And also, she had asked him to protect her and he had found her as attractive as ever. They parted, mutually impressed.

. . .

Alan stood before the mirror putting on his tie, surprisingly handsome in his dark suit. She was ready first and was waiting for him. It was one of Alan's manias to watch her dress and make up, to get in her way, to hinder her under the guise of helping her, then narcissistically to change his own clothes while she watched him. Once again she admired the bronze torso, narrow hips, sturdy neck, thinking that very soon they would no longer belong to her and wondering with a sort of shame if she would not miss all this beauty as much as everything else.

"Where shall we have dinner?"

"Wherever you like."

"Oh, I forgot to tell you that I met one of my old friends from France, Bernard Palig. He writes novels, and his latest book has come out here. I asked him to dinner."

There was a short silence. She wondered why Alan's reactions should seem important to her since she was going to leave him in 10 days. But looking at him the fact seemed as impossible as it had seemed inevitable a couple of hours earlier.

"Why didn't you tell me before?"

"I'd forgotten all about it."

"Isn't he one of your old loves?"

"No."

"There's never been anything between you? What's the matter with him? Is he one-eyed or something?"

She held her breath for a second. She could feel a noose of anger tightening and gathering inside her, and she

(continued on page 128)

PLAYBOY ON THE TOWN IN



PARIS



a cosmopolite's guide to the incomparable city of light



Other cities are towns," Emperor Charles V proclaimed in the early 16th Century, "but Paris is a world."

The wondrous world of Paris, well into its third millennium of existence, today continues to cast as seductive a charm over the imaginations of men as it has in times past. Throughout the ages, the poet, the philosopher, and more recently, the tourist, have found it to be an exceptionally indulgent and knowledgeable city, most notably in all matters sensual and esthetic: its art and architecture, its food, its drink, and its women have always presented an unparalleled appeal. The passing centuries have simply stepped up Paris' tempo, without altering any of its inherent *joie de vivre*.

Located in northern France, the capital city of Paris lies in the Seine Valley, neatly halved by the Seine River into its celebrated Right and Left Banks. The municipality, shaped like a chunky kidney, is divided up into 20 *arrondissements* housing some 2,850,000 souls, making it France's largest city. The last war and the persistent Algerian crises, always about to be resolved and omnipresent in the French press, have left few visible outward traces on Parisian life. The Paris of 1962 is more prosperous, sensuous and carefree a town than ever in its long history.

The faces of Paris are many and infinitely varied. It offers visitors pleasures from the physical to the cerebral, the sacred to the profane. It has the three-ring brassiness of the Place Pigalle, the aristocratic splendor of the Louvre, and the

Left, from top: a couple inspect a studio *en plein air* on the cobble streets of bohemian Montmartre. Spring sunshine warms the venerable façade of Left Bank dwellings. Two preoccupied shoppers stroll the labyrinthine byways of the Flea Market in search of bargains antique and new. Right: lovers enjoy a midmorning rendezvous amidst the Bois de Boulogne's lush sylvan hush.



glittering elegance of Europe's finest restaurants and the world's most fashionable women. It has the simple charm of being, quite effortlessly, a beautiful city, a city where soft green infuses the double phalanx of trees along spacious avenues, where the fragrance of fresh flowers softens the air, where a bright sun in the April sky brings out young lovers along the Seine, the Champs-Élysées, the Rond Point, and the pond in the Luxembourg Gardens. It is a city where all life seems lyrical and intimate.

To partake of the delights of Paris in April, all a man needs is a week or so of leisure, a healthy supply of cash, and a style of his own to match the city's. *(text continued on page 53)*

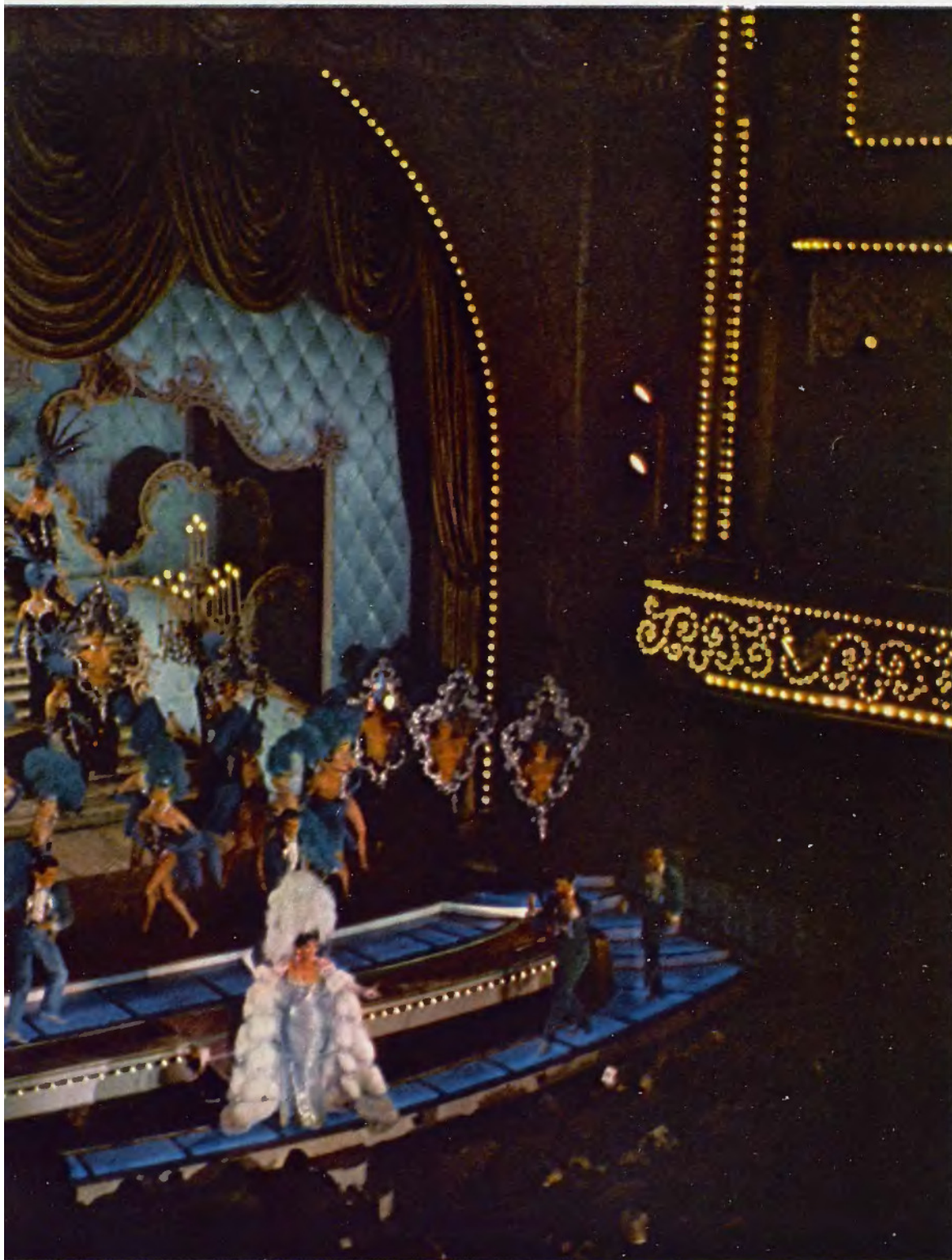


Above: *baigneurs* soak up the sun, pool their assets on board a barge conveniently moored in the midtown Seine. Right, from top: between courses, diners engage in a gambling bout at the boisterous student bistro, L'Auberge des Arts. Stretch-driving steeplechasers flash by at elegant Auteuil in the Bois de Boulogne. Aperitif aficionados jam the outdoor seats of the Left Bank's Café des Deux Magots, eminent existentialist haunt. Far right: a guy and his gay *amie* ascend steep Montmartre stairs for a late-afternoon vista of Paris the incomparable.





Left, from top: fairest of the fare at Le Coq Hardi restaurant. The Tour d'Argent serves up epicurean delights with a view of Notre-Dame. El Djazair boasts sensuous Algerian *ambiance* and belly dancers.



Above: the tourist-renowned Folies-Bergère, fabled citadel of full-bodied, fleshy, saucily spiced extravaganzas, stacks its stage with plumed and spangled *femmes* in a glitteringly explosive grand finale of song and sex à la française. Right: a niftily wiggling nude hooves with rhythmic Gallic abandon.





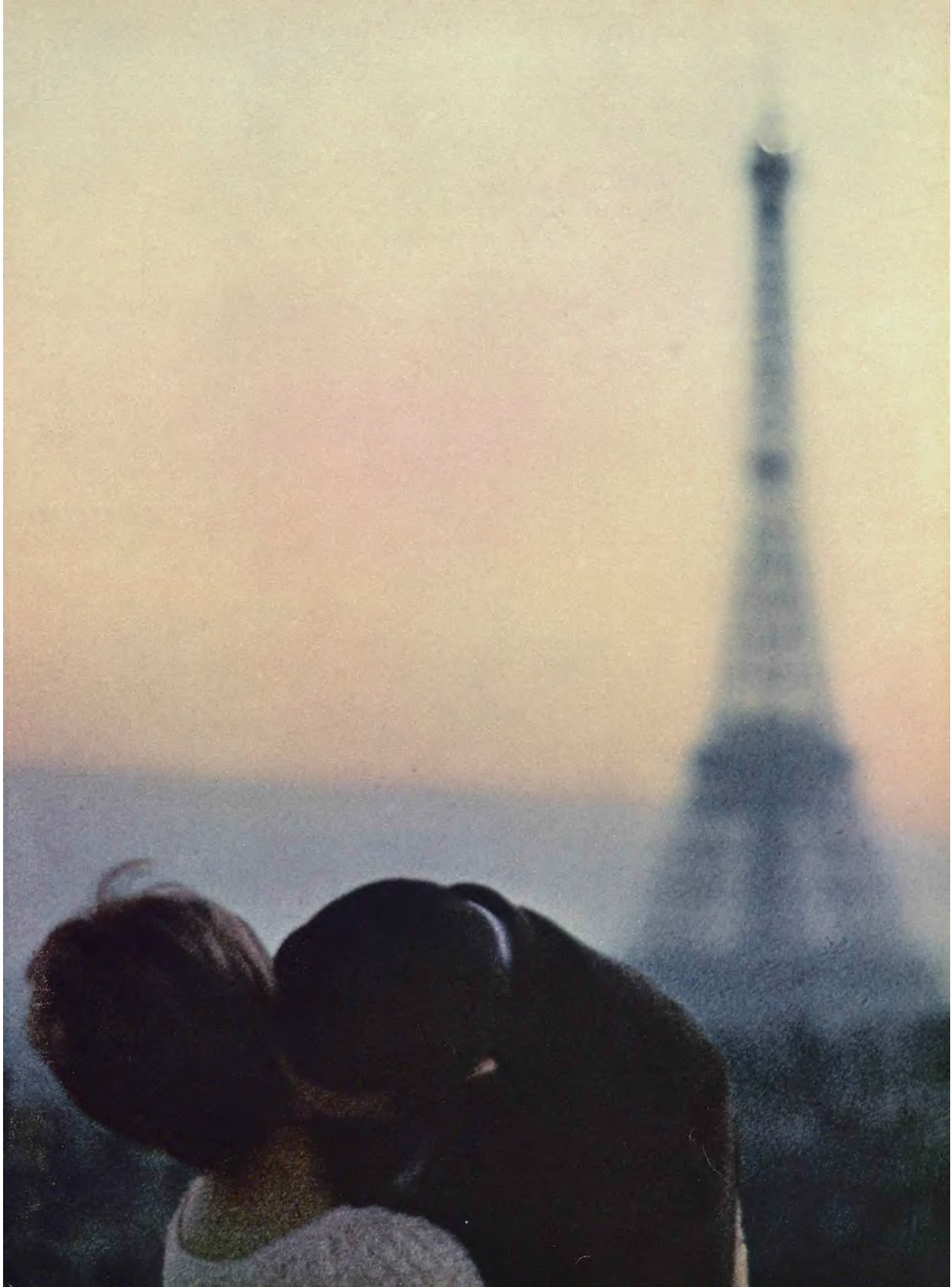
Preparatory paper work is nil: your passport and the standard vaccination certificate suffice. Pack what you'd take for a trip to New York; the Paris climate is generally more temperate. If you're traveling by jet, you can board directly in Los Angeles, Chicago or New York. If you can't wait to savor Gallic sounds and tastes, fly Air France; first-class passengers are served up a five-course meal featuring the distinguished cuisine of the French provinces, accompanied by a choice of 10 superb wines and liqueurs. As you sip a smooth Chassagne-Montrachet 1957 with your *brochettes d'agneau aux herbes de Provence* at 25,000 feet, you will quickly become a firm believer in progress à la française. Your round-trip tariff from New York runs about \$939 first class and \$525 economy. If time is of no consequence to you, you can, of course, boat it, via such luxury craft as the French Line's fine new liner, (text continued on page 56)

Left: a fetching chorine undulates at the Lido. Above: pert Poupée la Rose reveals her true self at the Crazy Horse Saloon, top Paris strippey. Below: a stylish pair about to enter the Opéra, architectural masterwork of the Second Empire. Right, clockwise: figure work from a filmstrip shown at Pigalle's hoven for buff buffs, Les Naturistes. A typically kinetic late-hour Left Bank café. Haute couture and cuisine accompany dinner à deux at the chic Berkeley restaurant.





Upper left: multilingual folk singing in Gordon Heath's atmospheric L'Abbaye. Upper right: a Montparnasse blowout (guests of honor: the Modern Jazz Quartet). Above: students of the hip add a neat twist to Chez Régine. Right: two wheel-hour celebrants close up a Champs-Élysées sidewalk café. Far right: like countless others, a fond duo discover their springtime *raison d'être* in Paris, traditional city of light and love.



France. For the average vacation-length sojourn, our vote goes to the jets, with arrival time selected to give you your first thrilling view of Paris by daylight (most cities of the world look much the same from the air at night). Your first view of Paris rooftops and the Eiffel Tower as you sweep in over the city is memorably worth the planning. And an afternoon arrival will give you just the right amount of time to check into your hotel and freshen up for an evening in Paris.

Arrival at Paris' Orly Field with its new handsome reception building and its streamlined hotel and restaurants is a fast, efficient operation, with customs clearance being largely a quick formality. If you want a car for your stay, one of a number of rental services right at the airport can turn almost any model — French or U.S. — directly over to you. Since Paris traffic and parking these days are two problems you can live without, and since taxis in town are abundant and reasonable, we'd suggest your passing up the car. If you want to go week-ending in the environs of Paris, then a car is a must, and easily obtained in town, either at a daily or a weekly rate.

It is only a 20-minute run from Orly, down the Autoroute du Sud, and then, almost before you are aware of it, you are swinging around L'Étoile, where 12 grand boulevards form the spokes of the Arc de Triomphe's hubbubbing hub. The cafés are lit, and the early-evening chestnut vendors are drifting through the sidewalk cafés as you cruise along the Champs-Élysées, past the Citroëns and the Mercedes casually stacked along the wide sidewalks of the avenue. You slip by Alexandre's, slowly enough to catch a glimpse of chic couples sipping aperitifs; then you are past the theaters, the aristocratic shop façades, and the glittering water fountains at Rond Point. With a sense of mingled discovery and pleasure, you begin to realize that the old cliché about the charm of April in Paris is not a myth at all, but a seductive and compelling reality.

The romantic mystique of Paris, however, should not cloud your thoughts in regard to the selection of your headquarters hotel. In making your choice, two emphatically practical criteria should be borne in mind: the appeal of your hotel's *quartier* or district, and the proximity of likely feminine companionship. Such considerations should lead you to choose a hotel in one of two places. The first is the territory around the Avenue des Champs-Élysées, Paris' mile-and-a-half-long main drag that runs gently uphill from the spacious 18th Century Place de la Concorde to the Arc de Triomphe. This neighborhood is the stronghold of most of the 485 registered French movie producers; not unnaturally, a goodly

number of film-minded young lovelies frequent the district by day and by night. Since nearly all of Paris' celebrated high-fashion industry is also centered here, you will be near the influx of modish international mannequins as well.

Of the Right Bank palaces, the George V on the avenue of the same name qualifies as the liveliest, with a house catering to South American millionaires and their interest-bearing daughters, big-wheel American execs, and what at times appears to be the entire movie industry, both foreign and domestic. It boasts a two-star restaurant, a tea lounge where elegant young women congregate after an afternoon's shopping, and a bar well worth a call at cocktail time. Comfortable, roomy, cream-colored singles run from \$16 a day; suites from \$20; all prices being topped by the ever present 25 percent service charge. Breakfast is extra, as is usually the custom in Paris.

On a less ostentatious but still opulent scale is the Hôtel Lancaster, discreetly located on Rue de Berri, also off the Champs-Élysées, whose fashionable suites, complete with functioning fireplaces, house many a high-powered celebrity with a desire for quiet. Prices range close to those at the George V.

A word of caution concerning the ornate palaces: with the possible exception of the George V, the big Paris hotels swing not. You eat like a *roi*, get fine service, and encounter tolerant, knowledgeable *concierges* who will fix you up with everything from a postage stamp to a lady for the night. But, by and large, these hotels are relatively moribund institutions.

Bearing this in mind, you'll find comfort and consideration whether you stay at the Royal Monceau, Avenue Hoche, a block and a half from the Arc de Triomphe; the walnut-garnished Raphaël, on Avenue Kleber, a block away from the Arc in the opposite direction; or the Plaza-Athénée, off the Rond Point des Champs-Élysées on Avenue Montaigne between Christian Dior's and the Seine. Slightly farther away from the Right Bank center, but much closer to the Left Bank world of St-Germain-des-Près, is the Crillon on the Place de la Concorde. The Crillon has a fine ground-floor bar, mainly frequented by American and British diplomatic types — the U.S. Embassy is across the street — and Anglo-American press men. Farther along, toward the Opéra, is the famous Ritz on Place Vendôme. Although the days of Hemingway and Scott Fitzgerald are long past, the hotel still offers superlative service, and, for those lucky enough to get a room on the Place, an extraordinary view. It is also excellently located, for some of the finest custom shops and art galleries are to be found along the Place Vendôme.

The other storied center of Paris is to be found in the heart of the Left Bank, which owes its reputation to two of its six *arrondissements*: the fifth and sixth, better known as the Latin Quarter. Here a freewheeling student atmosphere reigns day and night. Without question, as you'll quickly discover, the French *étudiant* is the most uninhibited bookman in the civilized world today.

All of which, over the years, has resulted in a built-in *je m'en fou*, anything-goes spirit that has become the trademark of the Latin Quarter. If you intend to make this anarchic center your base of operations, remember that there are no palatial hotels on the Left Bank, though there are abundant excellent ones, ranging from the small *pension* type to such charming hostels as the handsome white-fronted Hôtel Relais Bisson which faces the Seine, a block from Place Saint Michel. From your window — be sure to ask for a room with a view — you can see Notre-Dame to your right, and the sweep of the Île de la Cité to your left; the chore of arising in the morning can be made almost painless by the sight of the Seine and its slow, low barges glimpsed through a haze of white chestnut blossoms. River-view rooms with bath run about \$10 a day, and the hotel has a two-star restaurant that specializes in seafood.

A brief word here regarding hotel tipping. There will be the 25 percent service charge added to your bill, so technically you're not expected to tip above or beyond that. But many people — mostly Americans — do. Naturally, to reward the porter who totes your bag and any individual who renders you a beyond-the-call-of-duty service will prove rewarding.

In all monetary transactions, incidentally, you should bear in mind the following franc facts: the current exchange rate is 4.95 new francs (or *nouveaux francs*) to the dollar; so, for simplified calculation, the franc-buck ratio is five NF per dollar.

It's our advice to steer clear of the black market money hucksters. Time was when these shady chaps could help a visitor with favorable rates, but now — ethics aside — there's no percentage in dealing with the profiteers. It is to your advantage, though, to remember that making purchases with traveler's checks in many shops (but not in hotels and restaurants) usually nets you a neat 20 percent discount. Credit cards, by the way, are widely accepted in Paris, and hundreds of eateries, hotels and shops bear the insignia of the Diners' Club and its ilk.

After you've established headquarters in the hostelry of your choice, you'll be set to swing out for a town-painting tour of the magnificent city of light. Since going solo in Paris is strictly for the birds,

(continued on page 76)



THE STANCIAS' HOUSE

fiction By PAUL DARCY BOLES

it took a moose head and a fire to bring true love to flower

I HAD THE CAR backed halfway down the drive, past the portulacas, when my father yelled, "Hoy!" from the side porch and then vaulted over the rail and held up both hands like an opera policeman.

I put on the brakes. Everything was shining in the summer evening. There's a wild feeling in the air, those times, with the world flowering at its height; it looked to me that the grass leaped a special green, that the moon—you could see just a happy edge of it in the sky—would be a brute of an article, the best moon invented. Stars were coming out. I was thinking, *Cleo Torfree, Cleo Torfree; what a girl, what a face, what intelligence, what a life.*

My father, or Professor Stancia as about everybody calls him, was wearing the red fez he likes around the house;

but he had on a shirt and tie, and real pants and not summer shorts, and even shoes. He plucked up the bicycle that'd been left in the drive and slung it onto the grass and came up to the car. He stood back and sighted at the car, critically.

"Thanks, Professor," I said.

"Uhhm. Robin, the car shines. It glitters. But—" His nose wrinkled. It is a short nose; below it is a bandit's mustache. When he is teaching literature (which he does well) the nose and the mustache wriggle like a rabbit's face. "—but what's that smell?"

I said, "Seaweed. I'm hoping Cleo won't notice it."

"Rather strong. Maybe her perfume will drown it out."

"Maybe," I said. "It's seaweed the twins dumped in the back of the car

last Sunday when we were at the beach. I got it all cleaned out, but it still smells fishy."

"Uhhm. Sort of invigorating, though. Well—" He put his hands on his hips and looked approvingly back at the house. "Your mother's all dressed up; the twins are in the library playing a decent, quiet game of ping-pong—Alamana—" Alamana is our maid; she often practices opera singing in the twilight. "—is reading an instructive book. The house is in apple-pie shape and I can't find anything. We're set to receive your young lady, Robin."

"Yes sir," I said. "Thanks again for getting that bike in the nick of time." The bike was Morgan's; he is the taller twin. "I'm depending on the Stancias to put up a civilized front," I said. "It doesn't have to be for long. Just long

enough to impress Cleo. Then we'll scoot along to the movies and you can all fall apart again."

My father the professor shook his head. "Greater love hath no—" he started to say; then he just nodded, and waved me on. I backed the rest of the way down the drive without hitting any obstructions. I headed the car toward the Torfree's over on Murmuring Lane. Now and then I took a clear breath (with an iodine-and-fish scent in it) to steady myself, and smiled like a fool up at the strengthening moon.

Everything was perfect at the Torfree house. You couldn't help comparing it with the wild willy-nilly air our house usually had. The catalpa trees beside their front walk were clipped just so, like tractable poodles. The baby's-breath bushes were all shaped to a fare-you-well. There was soft music—something by Johann Strauss—going in the background. I lifted the knocker and let it fall with a polite sound. I said without saying it out loud, *Cleo, I love you. Now you are going home with me and meet my family and we will tell them we are engaged. Then we will zip out before they can start celebrating this fact, and go sit in the back row of the Onyx Theater and neck gently. And later I will take us for a ride beside the lake and we will admire all the little fishes in the moonlight.*

The door opened; Mrs. Torfree said, "Cleo will be right down, Robin."

"Thank you," I said. I stepped in. Mrs. Torfree had her pince-nez on, and she appeared very dignified in a gentle way. Mr. Torfree, who is in the Gear and Belting business—or Belting and Gear, I never quite understood—was even more dignified in a not-so-gentle way. He was sitting in the living room. He got up, shook hands with me in his iron grip (like Gears and Belts) and said, "There's something wrong with your tie."

I clutched my tie. "Look in the mirror," said Mr. Torfree.

I took a look in the Federal mirror over the side table. One of the twins—it would be Mars, who was artistic by spasms—had painted a design on it. The design was advanced and messy. The paint was luminous. It had naturally caught Mr. Torfree's attention in the modest gloom of the Torfree living room.

"Sorry," I said, swallowing a few times. "Imagine I spilled soup on it at dinner. I have other ties," I explained.

"Should hope so," said Mr. Torfree, sitting down again and rattling his newspaper. He'd been reading the financial section. "Strong soup," he added.

I sat down, and went to sweating softly. After a while Mrs. Torfree said

in a kind of sweet whisper, "How's your mother, Robin?"

"She's dandy, thank you," I said. I didn't say that she was sculpting a figure of Hercules to go in the back garden. That summer she'd already sculpted the figures of Hermes, Diana, Thor and Minerva. They stood around our back garden like giants, really something to look at if you cared for that stuff. The summer before she'd bred hamsters in the shed behind the garage. We'd had something like 800 hamsters before the hobby stopped. She'd sold them all to a pet shop and had about broken even.

"Your father," said Mr. Torfree. He was looking around his newspaper. "Is he still riding his scooter to the university?"

The sweat was collecting behind my ears. I said, "No sir. He doesn't have any summer classes."

Mr. Torfree frowned a bit. "All right, I'll rephrase it. Is he still riding that thing?"

"No sir," I said. "He gave it up." I didn't say that he'd given it up because he'd had an accident with it which demolished the thing. It had been a pretty noble scooter, man-size, with special rubber tires and a sort of cache-box on the front where he could keep a lot of books and papers in transit. He'd never learned to drive a car and wouldn't ride in one. If he hadn't been about the best teacher the university had, I suppose somebody there'd have stopped him riding it *before* the accident.

"Wise move," said Mr. Torfree, and settled back to reading again.

Then Cleo came down the stairs and into the room and the room came alive like it was lighted. She was wearing a lilac dress with a white scarf, and the dress skirt belled out from her waist just so, and so, and I stood up and said without saying it, *Cleo, I love you and I want to be a responsible, quiet citizen and not just a crazy member of the crazy Stancia family, and I hope this is clear.*

Then we were outside. The moon was higher, and bigger, and I kissed her a little in the catalpas' shadows. She kissed me a little, too.

Then we were in the car, and pulling away. And I kept near the curb in the deeper shadows and kissed her a lot. Then she was kissing me a lot, and she was all fine knees and cool-warm body and good lips and silk and fire, until all at once she said, "What have you been carrying in this car?"

"Seaweed."

"Oh," she said.

"It'll blow away," I said. "In a month you won't notice it. Did you tell your mother and father about our engagement?"

"No," Cleo said. She was leaning a little out of the window. "I tried to,

but I couldn't. They seem to expect so much."

"Indeed," I said. "Will you stop leaning away from me and come in here where I can see you?"

"There's air out here," Cleo said. "I can't help it if I'm sensitive about things like this. I was raised a sensitive girl. Are you sure you weren't carrying a sulphur-bottom whale or something?"

"How irrelevant can you get?" I said. "I love you. Love laughs at those trifles."

"Not my love, Robin," she said. "I want everything to be smooth as silk in our world. I'm not *critical*, I just have to know what I'm getting into. I know your father is famous and great, and I know your mother is beautiful and dashing, and I know you're going to be a terrific poet—in addition to your job with the Watchatooly Insurance Company—but I *also* have to know our home will be a solid, nice one and not crazy as a bedbug all the time."

"Oh, boy," I said. "You haven't even seen our home close up. We're about the most solid, nicest people you ever saw. Everything else is a lot of silly rumors and the rumors happen because nobody else in town has the gumption to—" I stopped, swallowed, and said, "I mean because there isn't anything else for anybody to talk about in this town."

We'd been talking pretty loudly. I swung the car up the drive of our house. I stopped it. I listened. Everything was quiet and pleasing, with the crickets singing in the grass and the peepers sounding from the willows in the garden. Cleo had already gotten out. She was taking deep, clear breaths.

I joined her. "That's better," she said. She kissed me, a lot and hard. I did the same. Disengaging herself, she said, "You're probably right. It's just that my father seems to be a little disturbed about our going steady so long."

"Your father," I said, "is a—" Cleo's dark blue eyes were shining with the reflections of moon and stars. "—a careful man," I went on, walking Cleo across the grass. "And rightly so. But there's no need at all for any hesitancy. Look at the house," I said, stopping again. I waved a hand. "Charming. French provincial. Plenty of space. Nice, well-clipped lawn." I had finished mowing it three hours before; it had been high enough for small children and fair-sized burros to lose themselves in. My father the professor does not think outward appearances are essential. It was just sheer parental fondness on his part that'd urged him into helping me set everything up inside the house for this meeting-and-inspection tour.

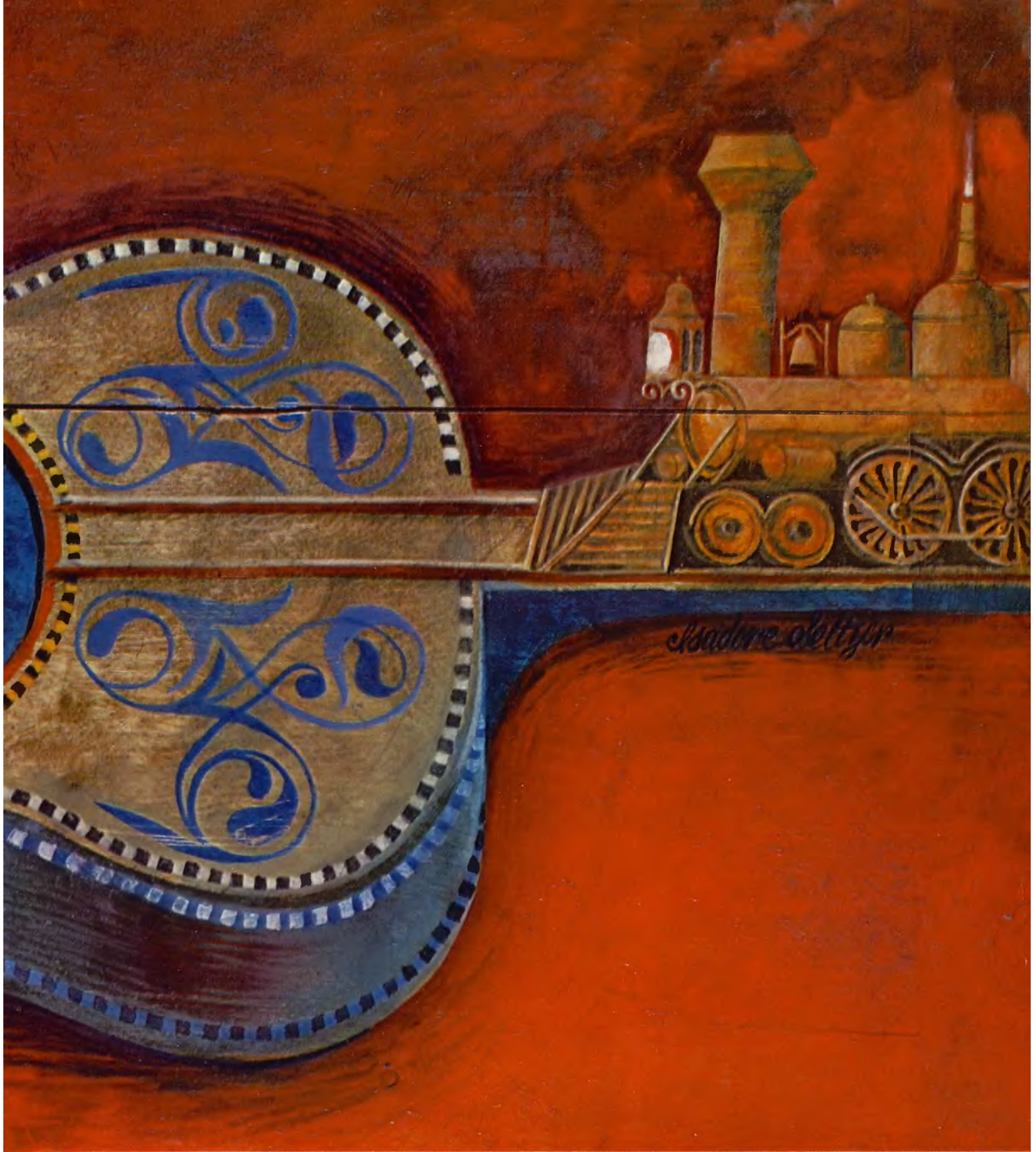
Cleo squeezed my arm. "All right,"

(continued on page 96)





PERHAPS NO OTHER MEDIUM embodies and reflects an age as does the folk song. It brings home vividly to future generations the vicissitudes, the joys and the tragedies of life in bygone eras. It recently occurred to me that, while our generation is still singing the songs of the American Revolution, the Negro slave, frontier love, and the building of the railroad, posterity might find it difficult living *our* era vicariously. Not only do most of today's songs not mirror our age, but they have all they can do to retain



their popularity *tomorrow*, let alone a century from now. Which is why I feel that the time has come for today's writers to start penning authentic folk songs of the 1960s for people of future generations to sing and enjoy. To start the ball bouncing, turn the page for my contributions, modestly offered as stimuli to more gifted (if less farseeing) poets.

A Tongue-in-cheek Updating
satire
FOLK SONGS FOR MODERNS
by Larry Siegel
of Yesteryear's Ballads

JIM HOFFA

(a work song in the mold of *John Henry*)

When Jim Hoffa was a little baby
Sittin' on his mammy's knee,
The town's kiddie cars he went and organized,
Said, "A laborin' man I wanna be,
Lord, Lord, a laborin' man I wanna be."

Jim Hoffa drove down the old truck run
Across the land and back.
He drove so hard that his Jag broke down,
So he switched to his shiny Cadillac,
Lord, Lord, he switched to his shiny Cadillac.

Jim Hoffa said to the bosses,
"I'm lord of the truck and van."
Then he dived right in his swimmin' pool,
Like any old laborin' man,
Lord, Lord, like any old laborin' man.

In Washington all the big shots
To roast Jim was their plan.
But he beat 'em with 90 lawyerin' men,
Like any true laborin' man,
Lord, Lord, like any true laborin' man.

They'll take Jim Hoffa to the graveyard
When he's done with a full life's span.
And the wind that blows o'er his million-buck tomb
Will sing, "Here lies a laborin' man,
Lord, Lord, here lies a laborin' man."

THE DISCHARGED ADMAN

(a Madison Avenue chantey patterned after *The Drunken Sailor*)

What shall you do with a discharged adman?
What shall you do with a discharged adman?
What shall you do with a discharged adman
Early in the morning?

Chorus

My God, he lost ad billin',
My God his ulcer's killin',
My God, he's done some swillin'
At the Biltmore barroom.

Grab him by the coat, boys, that has a Brooks label,
Lift his body up, boys, from under that table,
Help him to compose next a résumé fable,
Early in the morning.

(Repeat Chorus)

Fill his glass again, boys, with the very best port,
Though he's at the stage now where he shouldn't take a snort,
Put him on the 10:12 train that goes to Westport,
Early in the morning.

(Repeat Chorus)

Send him to his wife at their split-level,
He is sure to get the very devil,
If she's not engaged in pre-noon revel,
Early in the morning.

(Repeat First Verse)

THE STREETS OF LAS VEGAS

(a Western roundelay to the tune of *The Streets of Laredo*)

As I walked out in the streets of Las Vegas,
As I walked out in Las Vegas one day,
I spied a young singer laid out on the sidewalk,
His poor heart was bursting and life ebbed away.

"I am a young singer whose sad heart is breaking,"
These words he did say as I boldly walked by.
"Come sit down beside me and hear my sad story,
I'm just a young singer and know I must die.

"I played the Sahara, I played at the T-Bird.
I played Desert Inn and the Dunes, it's a fact.
I played the Sands, too, and my voice it was brilliant —
But the Clan didn't once break into my act.

"Frank sat there so still at his great big front table,
And Sammy not once interrupted my song,
Dean didn't jump out on the floor with his bourbon.
I'm just a young singer and know I've done wrong.

"Oh, beat the drum slowly, and play the fife lowly,
Play the dead march as you carry me along.
Though I'm paid 15 Gs every week, I'm a failure,
The Clan never once broke into my song."

(Repeat First Verse)

GINNY AND TOMMY

(a blues song in the *Frankie and Johnny* tradition)

Ginny and Tommy were lovers,
But Lordy, they had no sex.
She had a deep father fixation,
And a powerful guilt complex.
She'd been his girl, but her libido's not strong.

Tommy went down to the corner,
Went into the store for Miltown,
Said to the pharmacist fellow,
"Has my Ginny been aroun'?"
She'd been his girl, but her libido's not strong.

"Well, I won't tell you no story,
And I won't tell you no lie,
Ginny told me about an hour ago,
She was seein' Dr. Fry.
If she's your girl, her libido ain't strong."

Oh, Tommy went to the skyscraper,
On this fact all witnesses vouch.
Went into Dr. Fry's office,
There was Ginny on the couch.
She'd been his girl, but her libido's not strong.

The doctor said to poor Tommy,
His voice as cool as could be,
"I've cured her father fixation,
She has transferred her love to me.
Now she's my girl, and her libido's quite strong."

Tommy jumped out of the window,
His blood on the sidewalk it ran.
Ginny, now quite well-adjusted,
Said, "I wanted him for best man."
He'd've been best man, but he done her wrong.

ON TOP OF OLD NIELSEN

(a TV producer's lament, to the tune of *On Top of Old Smoky*)

On top of old Nielsen was our TV show —
But now it's been canceled, 'cause of Newton Minow.

On top of old Nielsen with 30 point two —
Alas, *The Bloodsuckers*, we're told it is through.

Newt Minow he killed it with his "wasteland" cry,
Now Coopersmith's Pickles is too frightened to buy.

Six years they've been with us on prime network time,
They helped us bring glory to blood and to crime.

They'd sworn to renew us, they said the show swings.
Instead they will sponsor the Budapest Strings.

On top of old Nielsen was our TV show —
But now it's been canceled, 'cause of Newton Minow.





A WAY TO MAKE IT

fiction By HENRY SLESAR

by the mathematics of his offer, one plus one would equal success

MARTHA HILLER LIVED in Bedford Heights, and although her husband Tom made the hour-long train journey into the city every weekday morning, her once-a-month visit required all the frantic preparations of a trek into the African interior. She usually arrived, exhausted, near noon, and after a whirlwind tour of the Fifth Avenue stores, she would meet Wendy Garde in the Hotel Chandler's dining room for lunch. Wendy and her husband Graham still lived in the city, despite the efforts of the Hillers to entice them to greener pastures where their friendship could flourish amid the spreading crabgrass. But Graham was stubborn as pavement; every evening, when Tom left the office of the frozen-food company which employed them both, Graham would grin wickedly and wish Tom a sweatless train trip, free of breakdowns. Then he'd take a cab home.

One Wednesday noon, Martha showed up for her lunch date looking more bedraggled than usual, and the fact that she had foregone the shopping expedition entirely made her weary state all the more perplexing. She didn't reply to Wendy's curious questioning until there was half a gibson under her cinch belt.

"It's sleep," she said. "Not enough of it, I mean. I've been eating phenobarbital like peanuts, and it's all that man Dunston's fault."

"Dunston? You mean Graham's boss?"

"Tom's boss, too," Martha frowned, "and I'm sorry for both of them. Now listen," she said seriously, "the only condition I'll tell you this is absolute secrecy. I'm not fooling about this. Wendy, it means an awful lot that you don't talk about this to *anyone*. Not even Graham."

Wendy giggled. "You want me to take an oath in blood? How about a bloody mary?"

"Just an oath," Martha said grimly. "Because if one word of this gets back to Tom or *anybody* in that damned chicken company we might have a couple of unemployed husbands."

Wendy, who had the surprised eyes of a child even when her pretty face was in repose, clasped her hands on the table mat and leaned forward expectantly. Martha had been her senior in the sorority at college and they had long since established a big-sister, little-sister relationship.

"It happened about three weeks ago," Martha said, lighting a cigarette and inhaling deeply. "Two days after that party we all went to at Dunston's apartment. Tom (continued on page 131)

CINEMA ON A SHOESTRING

article **By ARTHUR KNIGHT**

*high hopes
and low budgets:
america's new breed
of moviemakers*

(A) Stanley Kubrick's independent venture, "Killer's Kiss," gained him entree to Hollywood. (B) Shirley Clarke shot Jack Gelber's junkathon, "The Connection," won Cannes film award. (C) Title art from "Black Orpheus," Gallic precursor of new American approach. (D) Semidocumentary "The Savage Eye" focuses on L.A.'s seamier side. (E) Short "A Bowl of Cherries" spoofs abstract expressionists. (F) Another short, Richard Evans' "Toys on a Field of Blue," probes children's war games. (G) "Blast of Silence"—minimum-budget mimicry of Hollywood gangster film. (H) French new wave's "Breathless" stars Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg. (I & J) Satchmo and musicians in still photographer Bert Stern's "Jazz on a Summer's Day" film of Newport. (K) "Guns of the Trees" was produced by Jonas Mekas for \$10,000.



Although France's new wave of film makers has long since begun to ebb, American moviegoers are currently discovering a similar movement sprouting in this country. Within the past year, there has been a strong sprinkling of offbeat, low-budgeted pictures to spice up the standard fare provided by the major studios. Many more are slated for the near future. Or rather, many more are in production and *hopeful* of release in the months ahead. For these are the works of independent picture makers who owe neither financial nor artistic allegiance to the Hollywood studios. Indeed, most of them will cheerfully admit that the kind of movie they want to make is something that the studio mentality could never understand. The only hitch is, all the main channels for getting films into the movie houses are firmly controlled by the tentacular distribution arms of those same studios. The road to recognition — which is what most of these youthful pioneers want more than riches — is not an easy one.

But strangely, there is little sense of frustration about them. If at present the big distributors have chosen to ignore their efforts, the investors have not. Many of the current crop of low-budget independents are being financed by former theatrical angels who had their wings singed once too often by the stage. Broadway's record in recent years of a few profitable hit shows amidst a succession of costly failures has made the movies seem a safer, if not quite so glamorous, field in which to take a flyer. The independent productions cost no more — and often considerably less — than a Broadway show; and their audience potential is, by comparison, enormous. Even the palms of hardfisted Wall Streeters have begun to itch a little.

The pattern for these new independents is already clear-cut. After an inexpensive short or two, in which the would-be film maker both tests and proves his ability, he is ready to take on a feature production. Armed with his one- or two-reeler, and the story or a developed script on what he wants to do next, he begins his search for backers. At one time, he might have gone directly to the distributors; in this day of agency deals and star packages, however, the chances for an untried talent with an offbeat idea to win a sympathetic hearing are minuscule. The real opportunity lies in coming in with a completed picture. To help with this, a new type of producer has already appeared on the scene — the man who knows little about movies, but a great deal about where the money is. Since many of them have theatrical backgrounds, they have been largely instrumental in deflecting potential investors from Broadway to the screen.

The result has been something strikingly similar to the growth of the off-Broadway theater in the past few years — a kind of off-Broadway movie. The accent is not only on low budgets, but on a nonconformist approach to themes that are themselves far from the beaten track. Most of these film makers will hasten to explain, however, that theirs is no deliberate, premeditated radicalism. Actor John Cassavetes, whose improvised *Shadows* foreshadowed the movement, recently said, "I'm a conservative, strictly a conformist. But this was a story I wanted to make and the only way I could make it." The manner of its telling, with the actors inventing their lines as they went along, was motivated as much by the low state of his finances as by the high purposes of his art, Cassavetes admitted. He just couldn't afford a writer.

If any one philosophy unites these young film makers, it is this insistence that their productions be done their way, and represent their point of view. "Anybody who has anything to say, and enough in him to say it his own way, can make a movie with \$10,000," says Jonas Mekas, a Greenwich Village film critic and the editor of the highbrow periodical *Film Culture*. Mekas recently completed his first movie, *Guns of the Trees*, for that sum (not counting deferred payments to actors, laboratories, etc.). Apart from this, however, both the social and the artistic credos of the individuals making off-Broadway films are strikingly dissimilar. Although a few have banded together along with Mekas under a "New American Cinema" banner, many prefer to deny that any such thing as an American new wave exists. It is less a movement than a coincidence, they maintain.

The fact is that all of the new waves of the past few years, whether in France, England or Italy, have been pretty much coincidences — coincidences transformed into movements by critics, magazine writers and canny press agents, rather than by the film makers themselves. In France, the breakdown of the large movie companies gave an unprecedented opportunity to predominantly young (under-30) assistant directors, camera assistants, documentary directors and movie critics who had never before handled a camera. Because the pictures turned out by the French old masters had become too expensive and too unprofitable, producers welcomed experimental films made on low budgets — especially since they were generally financed by the film makers themselves. And when first the French moviegoers, then the American distributors, showed marked interest in these works, the welcome grew hearty indeed. On the other hand, the moribund English studios, where bookkeepers rather than film makers reign supreme, had so discouraged anything offbeat or chancy that the government itself intervened to provide funds for a Free Cinema movement, the original impetus behind such films as *The Entertainer*, *Room at the Top* and *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*.

But whether *nouvelle vague* or Free Cinema, each of the works bearing the label was itself sharply individual. Indeed, it would be difficult to imagine pictures of more contrasting aims and styles than such successful French

efforts as the lush, allegoric *Black Orpheus* and the crude, slice-of-life realism of *Breathless*, the frank eroticism of *The Lovers* and the probing, philosophic *Hiroshima, Mon Amour*, the slickly commercial *The Cousins* and the poignant yet angry *The Four Hundred Blows*. More than anything else (except, perhaps, the fact that they were made for peanuts), this sense of individuality, of a director making a personal statement on film, affected the young ambitious film makers in this country. If it could be done in France, they reasoned, it might at least be attempted in this country. And so, quite independently—in New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Los Angeles—pictures went into production, the pictures that, coincidentally but inevitably, were to be grouped together as America's own new wave.

One more impetus worth noting is Hollywood's lamentable inability to search out fresh film talent. When new directors appear on the studio contract lists, they are invariably men who have already made their mark on Broadway or in television. New writers are brought to the studios only after a hit play or a successful novel. They may know nothing whatever about the peculiar demands of the motion picture medium; but if they made it once, the theory seems to be, perhaps they can do it again. In the crafts—photography, editing, assistant direction, sound—the unions have made it virtually impossible for any newcomer to find work. Even if he should be so fortunate as to be admitted into a union, he still must serve years of apprenticeship before being permitted to advance to a creative role. By setting up his own production, however, an ambitious and talented film maker can circumvent both the frustration of waiting and the necessity of gaining prior recognition in one of the other entertainment arts. These are important inducements.

. . .

Because the critics, for expediency's sake, have tended to tag every American low-budgeted, independently produced movie by an unfamiliar director with the new wave label, there is an assumption that at least the aims—if not the themes and techniques—of all such film makers are the same. Nothing could be further from the truth. In fact, the motivations are almost as varied as the individuals who make these pictures. Two extremes are evident, however. At one end are those film makers who make pictures because they have something to say which, they feel, can best be said in movies. At the other end are those who make pictures mainly because they want to break into the studios. They remember that Stanley Kubrick moved into the big time on the strength of *Killer's Kiss*, an action melodrama shot largely on the

streets of New York. More recently, Leslie Stevens, John Cassavetes and the Sanders brothers landed contracts with major studios on the basis of their own first shoestring productions.

The result has been a spate of inexpensive melodramas, like *Blast of Silence*, whose primary purpose is to demonstrate that their producers can turn out routine merchandise every bit as good as the Hollywood brand, but cheaper. (Actually, this is rather less of an accomplishment than it sounds. Some of the unions will close their eyes at corner-cutting on a first production that they would never otherwise permit. Nor are the independents saddled with the studio overhead charges—generally about 40 percent of the budget—that are automatically added to any picture produced by or for a major.)

Ironically, it is here that one finds most of the blasted hopes. Attempting to beat Hollywood at its own game, the novices too often lack the slick production finish of the studios, or the resources to include in their casts even such lower-magnitude luminaries as the distributors consider essential for marquee bait. It is axiomatic that nobody can make a Hollywood movie better than Hollywood itself; and there must be at least two dozen proofs of this currently languishing in the film vaults of New York and Los Angeles—Hollywood-type pictures made by aspiring tyros that no distributor has been willing to handle.

But there is a further irony in the fact that the most conspicuously successful film of this kind, *Private Property*, blatantly advertised itself as "the first American 'new wave' picture." Produced and directed by playwright Leslie Stevens for a paltry \$60,000, it is reported to have grossed \$1,000,000—which is the kind of waving that Hollywood can understand. It earned Mr. Stevens a multiple-picture deal with 20th Century-Fox (where he went to work immediately on a \$2,000,000 adaptation of his hit comedy, *The Marriage-Go-Round*, featuring such new faces as Susan Hayward and James Mason). *Private Property*, with its intimations of homosexuality, its promise of rape, and its moments of calculated violence, was about as new wave as his *The Marriage-Go-Round*. Had it appeared only a few months earlier, it would probably have been handled as a routine exploitation picture and gone promptly into the burlesque houses. Canny salesmanship transformed it into an experimental film, however, and won it screen time in art theaters throughout the country. In the process, *Private Property* added significantly to existing confusion about the new film movement.

Perhaps *Private Property's* ready acceptance, both by the theaters and by

audiences, provides a valuable clue as to what the off-Broadway film is *not*. Its serious and articulate directors speak derisively of movies that are too easy to enjoy, of pictures that permit one to loll back in his chair and be entertained by three hours of Technicolored, wide-screen vapidness. This, they point out, Hollywood does with a vengeance. They want their pictures to make demands of an audience, to involve them, to force them to react. They want to handle subject matter too touchy, or too special, for the major studios—not necessarily sex themes (although sex is certainly not barred from the premises), but material that reflects the people of today and their problems. They dare to be controversial, even antagonistic to the *status quo*. Above all, they recognize that they are not making pictures that will please everyone. The time has come, they feel, to admit that there is such a thing as a minority audience, and to realize that this minority is large enough to support serious, artistic, adult, low-budgeted productions.

That this is true to some extent has already been proven by such American new wave forerunners as Morris Engel's highly successful *Little Fugitive* of a few years back (which several of the French new wavers have claimed as their own source of inspiration), the handsome *Jazz on a Summer's Day*, such semidocumentaries as *The Savage Eye* and Lionel Rogosin's bitter *Come Back, Africa* and Cassavetes' *Shadows*. But it is also true that Engel's latest picture, *Weddings and Babies*, still awaits a distributor, despite an armload of prizes from European festivals; and that Tom Laughlin's *A Proper Time* and Alex Singer's *Cold Wind in August*, although both taken by distributors, have received only the most cursory exposure. The film makers may be convinced that an audience exists for their works, but the distributors—and particularly the major distributors—are as yet unwilling to work out the patterns for reaching them most effectively.

Fully aware of this, Shirley Clarke, one of the leading figures in the New American Cinema movement, decided to bypass the distributors altogether in introducing her movie adaptation of Jack Gelber's off-Broadway play, *The Connection*. No sooner was the first print out of the laboratory than she was off to Europe for a round of the film festivals there last summer. First stop was Cannes, where her picture, although shown out of competition, won an award from the French Society of Film Authors. She also screened it at Locarno, Spoleto and Venice. By the time she returned to New York, she had completed distribution deals not only for the United States, but for France, Great Britain,

(continued on page 100)



*"The fog
Creeps in and breasts — er — rests
On the foghorn sound
And the thighs — er — cries
Of the gulls.
Flotsam,
Beached by the knees — er — seas . . ."*



PHOTOGRAPHY BY FRANK ECK

right number

miss april is a most engaging topic of conversation

AMONG THE MORE MYSTIFYING rites practiced by teenagers everywhere is the nonstop, often acrobatic telephonic chatfest. We will be the first to admit that these talkathons can be beguiling as well — especially if the dispenser of gifted gab is as well-connected as our lovely April Playmate, Roberta Lane. Bobby-soxed Bobbie delights in dialing her confidantes for an exchange of girl-talk about the hopeful male operators who feel, as we, that her pert face, live-wire personality and captivating party lines (34-21-34) are worthy of close attention. Nineteen-year-old Miss April, a nifty queen from Queens, New York, harbors sweet dreams of an acting career in TV; while waiting for the big break she helps to pay her phone bills (last month's local calls: \$26.18) with secretarial work in New York City. Accustomed as she is to private speaking, this belle telephoner also takes an active interest in such outdoor pursuits as horseback riding and long walks in the country, and waxes enthusiastic over Scottish bagpipe music, dancing (she's a whiz at modern terpsichore, both interpretive and popular) and attending Broadway shows — *à deux*. While she currently is not overly concerned with matrimony, our 5'2" communications expert vows that the guy who eventually gives her a ring will be a warm, fun-loving type who steers clear of white lies and blue language. In the accompanying foldout, Bobbie radiates her own fun-loving warmth as she sits all alone by the telephone, a person-to-person smile on her sunny face, an inviting call in her bright blue eyes. In view of which, we invite you to join us in a ready response to Miss April, our entrancing talk of the town.





MISS APRIL

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



April Playmate Bobbie Lane leads a ring-a-ding life as she cheerfully whiles away phone-filled hours talking to and about men.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Imagine the dismay felt by the aging Don Juan who finds himself Don after Juan.

The John Birch Society is reportedly organizing a youth auxiliary — the Sons of Birches.



To the astonishment of his friends, Martin, as gay a blade as ever cut a swath through a gaggle of girls, announced his intentions to marry. Speculation ran high as to what his conduct would be after the nuptials, but Martin put an end to all doubt when he toasted the bridesmaids at the reception.

"Girls," he said warmly, his eyes flitting lightly over their charms, "I want to wish you all the best of luck, and to extend the hope that each of you will, in the near future, take the place of the bride."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *falsies* as extra padded attractions.



Many a man has been slapped because his hand was quicker than the eye.

A hitchhiker was picked up by a rich Texas oilman driving a big, bright-colored, richly upholstered, high-powered convertible. As they drove along the open highway, doing well over 50, the young hitchhiker noticed a pair of very thick glasses on the seat between them.

"Are those glasses yours?" the hitchhiker asked nervously, noting that the Texan was staring intently at the road before him and

the speedometer was still climbing.

"Yep," came the reply. "Wouldn't go nowhere without 'em. Cain't hardly see my hand in front of my face when I ain't got 'em on." And to the hitchhiker's dismay, when the Texan turned to talk, he squinted in his passenger's general direction, unable to make him out clearly on the seat beside him. Then sensing the hitchhiker's uneasiness, he added: "Ain't got nothing to fret over, though, sonny. This here windshield is ground to my prescription."

Ye Middle English edition of our Unabashed Dictionary defines *chastity belt* as an antitrust suit, and *unchivalrous knight* as the one who files it.

Marvin the Nature Lover spied a grasshopper hopping in the grass, and in a mood for communing with nature rare even among full-fledged Nature Lovers, he spoke to the grasshopper, saying: "Hello, friend grasshopper. Did you know they've named a drink after you?"

"Really?" replied the grasshopper, obviously pleased. "They've named a drink Fred?!"



First prize at a recent costume ball we attended went to a young woman who wore a maternity jacket over her dress, together with the sign: I SHOULD HAVE DANCED ALL NIGHT.

Beauregard discovered his wife in the arms of her lover and, mad with rage, killed her with his .38 revolver. A jury of his Southern peers had brought in a verdict of justifiable homicide, and he was about to leave the courtroom a free man, when the judge stopped him.

"Just a point of personal curiosity, suh, if you're willing to clear it up?"

In reply, Beauregard bowed.

"Why did you shoot your wife, instead of her lover?"

Beauregard ran his finger lightly over his mustache.

"Suh," he replied, "I decided it was better to shoot a woman once than a different man each week."

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.



"... He's from the Internal Revenue Service ... something about an amusement tax ..."

PARIS (continued from page 56)

your thoughts will naturally revolve toward the possibility of striking up a liaison with a comely native. Here, fortunately, the possibility is entirely probable. But you should remember that despite hoary legends of French give-me-libertine-or-give-me-death accessibility, there still exists a high number of strait-laced lasses from protective families that would make the Apley clan seem wildly frivolous in the matter of mores. However, centuries of metropolitan, permissive sophistication have, in general, produced a people who are more tolerant and more worldly in regard to sex than any other group on earth. Respectable French matrons, for example, can be heard discussing in public clandestine amours that might well kindle a blush in Greenwich Village. In Paris, most of the time, all seems to be *affaire* in love and war.

It is a happy fact that in Paris during the postwar years the intellectual profeminist circles have been persuasively articulate in arguing that the *jeune fille* is entitled to the same degree of independence in her sexual adventures as her frisky *frère*. All of which means that in the intellectual fringe circles—which covers a far greater territory than in the States—the pretty *Parisienne* is more often than not eager for an opportunity to prove her independence. This commendable quality in Frenchwomen is underscored in such diverse media as Roger Vadim's sensual films and Simone de Beauvoir's candid memoirs. It is most prettily illustrated in the frank and interested glance of the typical Parisian girl.

Quo vadis, then, to find these entrancing declarers of independence? A profitable possibility is one of the countless cafés that line the boulevards and avenues. In Paris, it should first be noted, the ubiquitous cafés can set the pattern of your day. There is the morning café, near your hotel, where you sip potent coffee and munch hot *croissants* while leafing through the Paris edition of the *Herald Tribune*, taking note of forthcoming concerts, plays and festivals and scanning the latest comic confection of Art Buchwald, the happy pundit of the foible-minded. Here, too, you start the day right by according approval to feminist movements as they swing past on the *troittoir*.

You won't be out of line in such frank Francophile savings—it's the second oldest game in Paris. The women, in their finely cultivated, openly appealing way, expect it: the stately, self-possessed *femmes* in the Chanel and Cardin suits; the pettily pert starlets with piled honeycombs of BB hair and tiny wasp-waists; the pale gamins with unlacquered lips and ventilated midriffs, rubbing the

late-morning sleep from their wide doe eyes—each is intensely alive and knowing, casually aware of her own charms and the admirers thereof.

If in the morning the quality of coffee and scenery are the main determinants in the selection of a café, other motives affect the café *aficionado* in his choice of setting at afternoon aperitif time: here one meets friends, conducts business, gloms the latest issue of the French weekly, *L'Express*, and, most apropos, seeks that entente cordiale that more than anything else can make a Parisian visit memorable.

Undoubtedly you will want to chart your own course in seeking out the cream of feminine café society; in any case, you'll be well advised to sample the following better-known haunts. On the Right Bank, the Café Le Paris, halfway down the Champs-Élysées from L'Étoile and adjacent to the BOAC office, is one of the better getting-acquainted locales in town. Under its blazing blue awning every evening toward six you'll find a café klatch of extremely pretty young demoiselles, mostly in their late teens and early 20s, sitting by themselves or occasionally in pairs, languidly sipping a glass of Pschitt soda water, thoughtfully appraising the passing crowds. While these girls usually arrive by themselves, they rarely leave without an attentive escort. The waiters here will prove most helpful in striking up a conversation. The language barrier, which may have you worried, is actually not much of a problem. Your rusty school French will find sympathetic ears, and besides, most young girls in Paris speak a smattering of English—and probably feel considerably less modest than you about practicing a foreign tongue on a stranger.

Another Right Bank standby is the Bar Silène on Rue François Premier, a place that's nondescript on the outside, but ultracozy and dark within. A few doors away on the corner of Rue Pierre-Charron is La Belle Ferronnière, a watering spot much frequented by *Paris-Match* photogs and reporters. Here, though, the pick-up prospectus gets a little tricky: some of the female habitués are semiprofessional free lancers. The field is more agreeably amateur at Fouquet's, the movie producers' mecca on the corner of the Champs-Élysées and Avenue George V; in the past few years this has become the most fashionable place to meet for drinks in the general Right Bank area. It also boasts a superior restaurant, which, at high noon, looks like the Franco-American Movie Producers' Club. Superior distaff company is also to be found at the Drugstore, next to the Arc de Triomphe.

This is an engaging French version of our native product, combining newsstand, perfume counter, legit drug department, *tabac* (tobacco being a government monopoly, you can only find your cigarettes in shops identified by a red carrotlike shape) and café-restaurant.

The most likely area for discovering a Paris match on the other bank is along the Boulevard de St-Germain-des-Prés, celebrated during the immediate postwar years as the chief existentialist hangout. Its three principal cafés continue to draw intellectuals, students and an attractively varied crop of girls. The section takes its name from the 10th Century church of St-Germain, which rises across the square from the Café des Deux Magots. The Deux Magots is the key café in the area—Jean-Paul Sartre and Simone de Beauvoir, high priest and priestess of existentialism, can still be found now and again on the terrace nursing their after-dinner coffee. Across the street from the Magots is the Royal St-Germain which gets the overflow trade; next to it is the popular Brasserie Lipp, a spot favored by serious beer drinkers.

Remember that while reconnoitering at one of these cafés you should never order a cocktail. You can spend a day and an evening lingering over a cup of coffee and a brandy, if you like, or you can switch from coffee in the morning to a mixed drink in the latter part of the day. Cocktails, though, are out. To the French a martini is a strange beast, and like as not if you order a dry martini you will wind up with a lukewarm drink that's half vermouth. If you must have a cold, clear, dry martini, then try the bars at the Ritz and the Crillon. Your ancestors were here in an earlier day, and a legion of foreign journalists, along with lost and not-so-lost generations of Americans, have influenced the bartenders to a degree that some still find amazing, in view of the Frenchman's traditional inclination to follow his own course and his stubborn resistance to any sort of foreign intervention. At nearly all cafés we recommend choosing among Scotch, Pernod, Danish and German beer, French brandy, wine and coffee.

Other promising sites for possible *rapprochements* are the quality movie houses. In Paris the cinema is an art form that attracts dedicated and knowledgeable devotees. There are ciné-clubs with their revivals of Chaplin and early Jean Gabin films; there is also a chain of 10 art movie houses that is constantly digging out the best films from the recent festival circuits. For the non-passé past, you can turn to the Museum of Modern Art and its stock of early surrealist films. But by far the most popular movie shrine is the Cinémathèque Française, housed in the basement of the Pedagogical Museum,

(continued on page 115)



PLAYBOY'S SPRING AND SUMMER FASHION FORECAST THE DEFINITIVE STATEMENT
ON THE COMING TRENDS IN MEN'S WEAR AND ACCESSORIES By ROBERT L. GREEN



Spring will be a little light this year — and a lot brighter. A burst of color — in whitened versions of the bold tints which set the tone in leisure wear last year — will infuse the vernal wardrobe from lids to loafers with a fresh new look of colorful coolness.

Classic simplicity in solid- and near-solid tones will dominate the picture: tastefully subdued in dress shirts and suits, more intense in sweaters, slacks and blazers. Stripes will be holding their own in modest pin- and pencil-stripes for neckwear, slacks and dress shirts; but also, happily, in awning-striped blazers, sport shirts and cabaña tops. In the season's biggest and boldest new design for leisure living, knit shirts, swim suits and yachting jackets will be getting the color message loud and clear from see-worthy signal-flag motifs block-paneled across pockets, shorts, sleeves and waistbands in high-visibility shades both frosted and feral. Classic checks, plaids and herringbones in smaller treatments can be expected to make a two-fold fashion statement: quietly in suitwear, outspokenly in sports coats. Paisleys will again be popular in traditional ascot wear, but will be retreating from jacket linings and moving into the trim new line of fabric belts along with tropic tones of madras — which will be (text continued on page 84)

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD WAITE

Above: blondes prefer gentlemen who prefer classically correct casual wear: collarless Orlon cardigan banded with blue and crimson, by Robert Bruce, \$15; cotton knit short-sleeved pullover, by McGregor, \$5. Right: mirthfully maiden-voyaging, shipshape lass lends hand as boat-swain throws weight around in bold-striped cotton knit pullover with crew neck, ¾ sleeves, \$5; cotton knit shorts with side vents, extension waistband, \$8: both by Catalina.





Left: naiads play friendly game of pool with aqualounger in nautical flag-patterned cotton briefs with fly front, full lining, by Catalina, \$5. Right: guy getting playful nip on nape is sea-breezily bedecked in cotton rib-knit pullover with boat neck, $\frac{3}{4}$ sleeves, side vents, by Jantzen, \$5; cotton chambray boxer shorts with side pockets, by R.F.D., \$8. Far right: another chap earns admiration with his own neck-nuzzling — and trimly check-striped French denim country jacket with ocean pearl buttons, flap-patch pockets center vent, \$40; Arnel-rayon belt-loop slacks with side pockets, \$14; both by R.F.D.; cotton chambray shirt with tab collar, barrel cuffs, by Sero of New Haven, \$7. Below: idylling at poolside, fond fellow reclines in Dacron-cotton pullover with short sleeves, Continental collar, by McGregor, \$8; Hawaiian-length cotton stretch knit swim trunks with front-tab belt, by Jantzen, \$7.

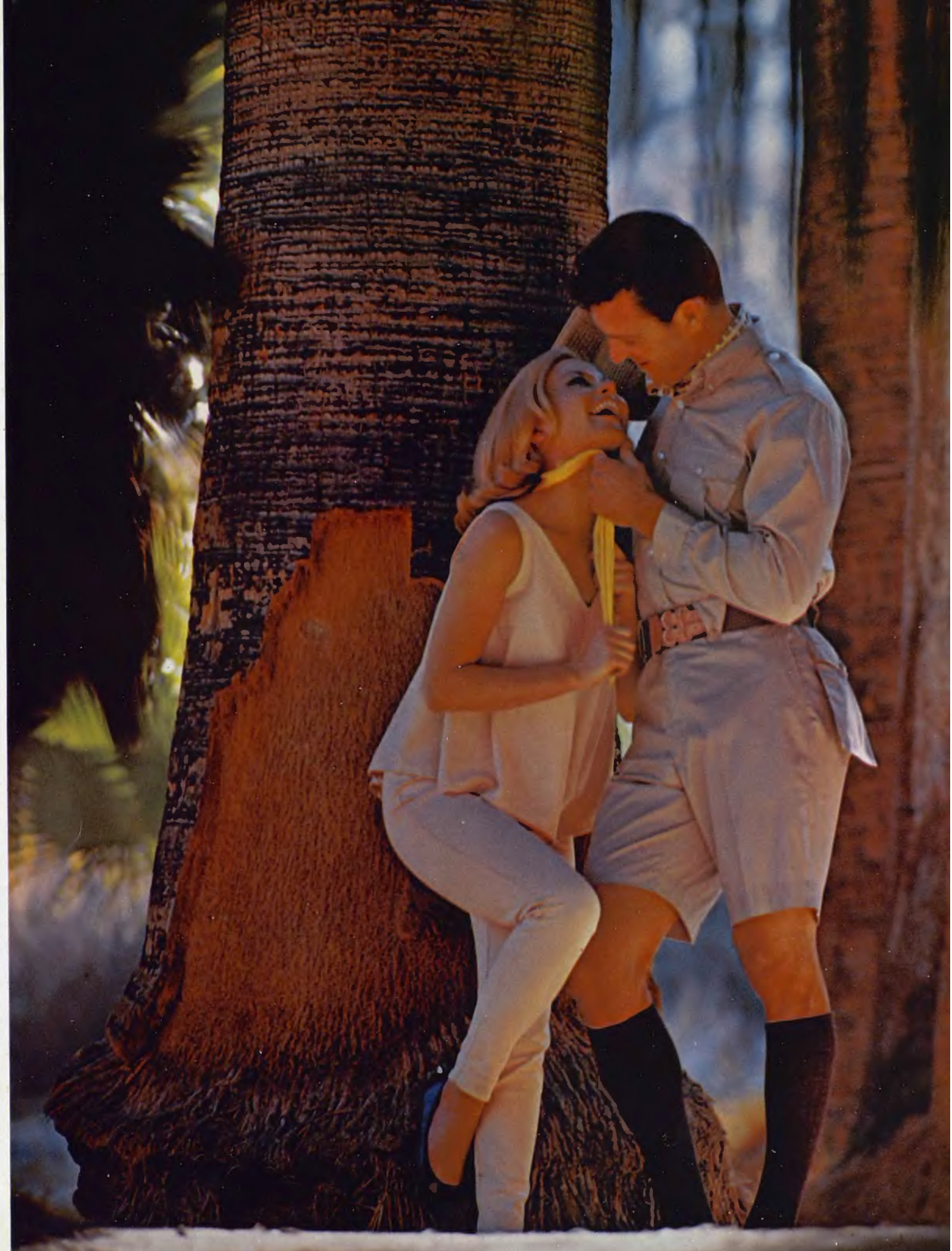




Right: for swinging in the rain, our man chooses a ribbed cotton cord raincoat with fly front, raglan sleeves, flap-patch pockets, plaid lining, by Alligator, \$23; traffic-stopping cloth hat with foulard band, pinch front, stitched crown and brim, by Champ, \$5. Middle right: tennis buff tries for love game in his warm-up jacket of rayon, Orlon and acetate twill with zip front, striped knit cuffs and collar, \$13; action shorts with three pockets, tunnel loops, leg vents, and side tabs that button up, \$9; both by Puritan.



Above: girl has eyes for escort in wool-mohair cardigan by Himalaya-Sportogs, \$16; Dacron-cotton batik slacks by Anthony Gesture, \$11. Right: beau-tied beauty digs date's laminated Orlon-wool topcoat with slash pockets, side vents, by William Barry, \$35. Far right: great white hunter tames tigress in Dacron-cotton safari shirt with epaulet shoulders, bellow-patch pockets, \$13; trek shorts with British polo belt, \$17; both by R.F.D.





accenting casual attire in such departments as hatbands and summer parkas. Batik, meanwhile, has been abandoned by blazers and will be offering an unhurried view of exotica in dusky-patterned leisure slacks designed for coordination with solid-color jackets. The newest wrinkle in summer headgear: a rakish sport straw lined from brim to crown in polychrome abstract-impressionist motifs.

From a material point of view, spring and summer styles will be rich with variety. Fabrics for both dress and sportswear will be hardy and handsome lightweights keyed to the kinetic pastimes of today's work-hard, play-hard man on the go. Airy cottons and cotton mixtures, mostly in frosted citrus shades, will be cooling it in everything from dress shirts to walk shorts. Bantamweight denims and chambrays — many with rough-stitched seams outlined in contrasting threads (continued on page 86)



Left, from top: merrymaking miss toasts suitor's taste in sportswear: Dacron-cotton jacket with three-button front, flap pockets, center vent, by Northcool, \$30; cotton pullover with raglan sleeves, by Van Heusen, \$4. On the nose socially and sartorially, gentleman offers lady fair the coat off his back: cotton raincoat with front and back yoke, set-in sleeves, belt, deep center vent, by Europe Craft, \$35; Avron-Arnel jacket with flap-patch pockets, center vent, \$40; Orlon-viscose slacks with ¼-top pockets, buttoned side tabs, \$18; both by St. Laurie. Above: facile with gab and garb, guy cracks one-liner in one-button mohair-worsted suit with cloverleaf lapels, slanted pockets, ventless back, by Phoenix, \$80. Right: gracious guest extols her host's hospitality — and elegant matador-style, braid-trimmed dinner jacket of Turkish kid mohair, with peaked lapels, buttonless front, ventless back; pleatless trousers with braided seams, contour waistband, top-seam change pockets, by Andrew Pallack, \$150.



PHOTOGRAPH BY DON BRONSTEIN

or work-shirt detailing — will be endowing poolside pullovers and sailing surcoats with a brawn-new look of rugged masculinity. Nifty for early-season wear, wool and mohair with their respective compound mixtures will be sharing the sartorial spotlight in springweight dinner jackets, sports coats, suits and sweaters. Ventilated knits will be spinning a lively new yarn in summer sweaters, beach and boating attire, even in semi-dress wear. Weightless versions of the new woven stretch fabrics — adapted from trim-limbed ski pants — will be striding briskly into form-fitting summer slacks, swim trunks, walk shorts and outdoor action shirts of twill-, gab- and silk-textured cotton mixtures and durable synthetics in stripes and solids.

The shape of things to come will be perceptibly and, in some cases, dramatically recast. Double-breasted suit styles (*Doubling Up*, March 1962), recently re-animated in slimmed-down, updated versions, will be joined by double-cousins of the cloth in elegant blazers, sports coats, and even shirts. In another innovation, the clean-lined one-button suit is expected to find favor among Jims slim enough to do it justice. And the new slacks will approach the ultimate in tailored trimness.

As a tastefully understated counterpoint, suit styles will be cleaving to classic lines and conservative coloration. The familiar outline of the natural-shoulder suit — with three-button jacket, center vent, flap pockets, notched or cloverleaf lapels in medium widths, and pleatless trousers with conventional cuffs, belt loops and eighth- or quarter-top pockets — will be swinging into spring. So will Continental styles — cuffless, pleatless and some without breast pocket. Dark-toned tweeds in lightweight wool and wool blends will be most right for the still-chill early season; and, for later on, the perennial pick of muted plaids, checks and solid patterns in weightless gabs, mohair blends and tropical worsteds — dominated by olives, blues and grays in dusky compound-color permutations of blue-olive, blue-gray and olive-gray. Even these subdued suit styles, however, won't escape infusion with the vigor of the new leisure wear. The above-mentioned one-button suit — with cloverleaf lapels, slanted pockets, ventless jacket and pleatless belt-loop trousers — will be available in the same soft-sell tones, patterns and fabrics as traditional three-button styles, looking best, we feel, in imported mohair of gray or blue.

The word in formal wear is black, as always — summer or winter. Classic models will retain their peaked lapels, satin facing and slim-lined silhouette, unimpeachable for casino or cotillion. To the venturesome, however, we commend an impeccable new variation: a short

matador-style jacket trimmed in knotted black braid; detailed with peaked lapels, buttonless front and ventless back; and matched with braid-seamed trousers featuring contour waistband and top-seam change pockets.

At the other end of the sartorial spectrum, sports jackets will be going like '62 in emancipated shades and styles. Bold plaids and stripes of green, gold, cobalt and crimson will be coming on strong not only in standard three-button models (with lapped seams and patch or flap pockets), but in novel sports coat versions of the resurgent double-breasted style in suitwear, complete with rounded front, slanted pockets, peaked and semi-peaked lapels. Whites — a leisure-wear basic back in the Twenties — and whitened treatments of hot-hued yellows, oranges and fire-engine reds will be moving in with styles both updated and innovated in a variety of solids, stripes, plaids and checks. The new line of dark-toned jackets, meanwhile, will provide welcome accents of black-brown and deep blues in compound mixtures of gray and black to offset the dazzle of these light, bright shades. Solid-color themes will be getting equally big play in the new double-knit jersey jacket; really a lightweight sweater detailed like a sports coat with three-button front, side pockets and lapels, this upcoming style will be showing up in muted tints of olive, blue and gray.

The boom in blazers will continue unabated in solid tints ranging from soft heathers and denim blues to bright scarlets and blue-olives. The classic Navy blues and blacks are always in good taste. The prevailing hopsacks and flannels of past blazer styles will be augmented by bantamweight poplins, denims, oxfords, chambrays and soft-textured silk- and linenlike fabrics. Three-button models will remain in charge, but the revived double-breasted blazer will be entering its second flaming youth in jazzy new solid tones and contemporized detailing: slim peaked lapels, flap pockets, natural shoulders and relatively unsuppressed body lines.

The look of the new trousers will be one of trailblazing departures in style, tone and fabric. Most models will be stripped of cuffs, some of belt loops, a few even of back pockets. Many will sport lean-lined pants legs measuring a scant 15 to 13 inches; narrower fronts and extension waistbands; and even hidden pocket treatments neatly closed by side zippers. The resulting profile — a tailored silhouette as reed-slim as any yet seen in American or Continental trouserwear — will be following the straight and narrow in bold denims and ducks, permanent-press tropicals, lightweight cottons of miniature herringbone design, and formfitting stretch weaves. Both patterned and solid colors will be showing up in shades ranging from subdued

blues, bone whites and standard black to banana yellows and frosted oranges.

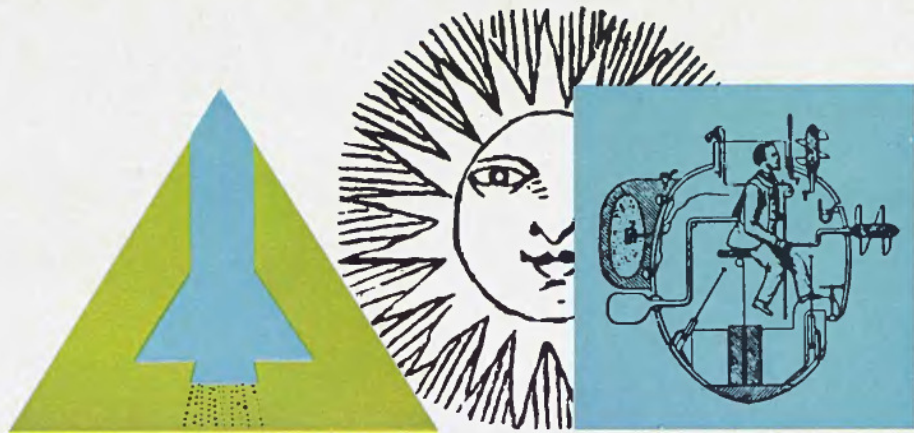
The new belts will be making the scene in colors and textures as venturesome as the slacks they'll be complementing. Designed for dress as well as sportswear, fabric belts — in rustic hems, hopsackings, cords and elastics of madras, batik, paisley, striped and blanket-plaid designs — promise to be close runners to leather as the *sine qua non* of the dress-belt wardrobe. Leathers will remain basic, of course, but in sumptuous grades of earth-toned brown and olive as well as black. Cloth or hide, all the new belts will be buckled with classically unadorned simplicity.

Dress shirts will retain their traditional balance between conservatism and experimentation. Colors will soften to sedate pinks, olives and tobaccos; low-key blues will lead the field in tones of powder, sky, French and pale blue-green. Stripes hold sway in patterned shirt styles, with widths ranging from hairlines to broad Bengals in quiet hues. White shirts, meanwhile, will acquire subtle surface interest with a variety of wide-mesh and nubby weaves in lightweight fibers. In detailing, the barrel cuff retains its substantial edge over the French; and the tapered look continues to prevail in body styles. In some sections of the country, snap-tab collars are running close to buttondowns in preference; modified spreads will run a close third, and the new snap-tab rounded collar, a fast-rising fourth in both long- and short-sleeved styles. Available in every pattern, color and collar, the new compound-fiber shirts will make the wash-and-wear scene into an expedient both practical and pleasurable for business travel needs, country weekends, and vacation resort wear; try them on for size — and style.

The harvest of spring and summer ties should enable you to achieve correctness and distinction with ease and elegance. Color, as elsewhere on the vernal style scene, will be making the biggest stir in solid or red-accented blues, ultramarines, tigers and black. Stripes will be abundantly in evidence with vivid combinations of blue with crimson, green and yellow. Challis and foulards will be on tap, too, in summery new shades; even silk shantung will be putting up a bold front in lively compound-color treatments of gold, aqua, olive and maroon. But if you're not feeling fit to be tied, the new ascots — we hailed their return last month — available in a choice selection of classic paisleys and geometrics, can provide *the* correct finishing touch for your informal wardrobe.

On the April-shower front, rainwear has happily ceased to serve as a single-purpose garment. Without exception, the versatile new line of lightweight

(concluded on page 94)



YOU CAN'T GET THERE FROM HERE

AN ARRESTING INQUIRY INTO THE LIMITS OF THE POSSIBLE: PROBING THE PROXIMATE REGIONS OF EARTH AND SUN **ARTICLE BY ARTHUR C. CLARKE**

THERE IS A STRIKING THOUGH CLUMSY PHRASE from the autobiography of the 19th Century writer Richard Jefferies that has stuck in my mind for many years: "The unattainable blue of the flower of the sky." *Unattainable*: that is a word we seldom use these days, now that men have reached the greatest heights and depths of Earth and are preparing to journey far beyond the sky. Yet only a century ago the North and South Poles were utterly unknown, much of Africa was still as mysterious as in the time of King Solomon, and no human being had descended a hundred feet into the sea or risen more than a mile into the air. We have gone so far in so short a time, and will obviously go so much further if our species survives its adolescence, that I should like to pose a question which would have seemed very odd to our ancestors. It is this: "Is there *any* place which will always remain inaccessible to us, whatever scientific advances the future may bring?"

One candidate springs to mind at once. Only 4000 miles from where I am sitting is a point far more difficult to reach than the other side of the Moon — or, for that matter, than the other side of Pluto. It is also 4000 miles from you; as you have probably guessed, I refer to the center of the Earth.

With all apologies to Jules Verne, one cannot reach this interesting spot by descending into the crater of Mount Sneffels. In fact, it is impossible to descend more than a couple of miles through any system of craters, caves or tunnels — natural or artificial. The deepest mine goes down only 7000 feet.

Just as it does in the sea, the pressure below the Earth's surface increases with depth, owing to the weight of the material above. The surface rocks of our planet are about three times as dense as water; therefore, as we go downward into the Earth the pressure rises three times as quickly as in the sea. When the bathyscaphe Trieste reached the Challenger Deep, seven miles below the surface of the Pacific, there was a pressure of over a thousand tons on every square foot of its surface, and the walls of the observation sphere had to be made of steel five inches thick. The same pressure would be reached only two miles down inside the Earth, and this is a mere scratch on the surface of the globe. At the Earth's center, the pressure is estimated to be over 3,000,000 tons per square foot, or 3000 times that which Trieste encountered.

Under such pressures, rocks and metals flow like liquids. In addition, the temperature rises steadily toward the interior, reaching perhaps 6000 degrees Fahrenheit at the center. It is obvious, therefore, that we cannot hope to find a ready-made road into the heart of our planet, and the old idea of a "Hollow Earth" (once put forward as a serious scientific theory) must be reluctantly dismissed — together with a whole host of subterranean fantasies such as Edgar Rice Burroughs' *At the Earth's Core*.

The greatest depth to which the oil companies — the most energetic of underground explorers — have so far drilled is just over five miles. This is a quarter of the way through the solid crust of the Earth, which is about 20 miles thick beneath the continents; under the oceans, the crust is much thinner and plans are now being made to drill through it (the so-called Mohole Project) to obtain samples of the unknown material upon which it floats.

The conventional drilling technique involves turning a bit at the end of thousands of feet of pipe, rotated by an engine at the surface. As the drill goes deeper, more and more energy is lost in friction against the wall of the hole, and it takes hours to lift and lower the miles of piping every time a bit has to

be changed. Newer methods do away with the rotating pipe and put the power source on the drill itself, driving it electrically or by hydraulic pressure. The Russians, who have pioneered in this field, have also developed what is effectively a rocket drill, which burns its way into the ground behind a 6000-degree oxykerosene jet. Using one or another of these techniques, it would now be possible to drill a 10-mile shaft at the cost of several million dollars. This would take us halfway through the crust of the Earth—or a four-hundredth of the way to the center.

A six-inch drill hole is not what most people have in mind when they speak of underground exploration, so let us look at some more exciting possibilities. Russian mining engineers have already built man-carrying mechanical moles for tunneling at shallow depths; they are very similar to the device that Burroughs' hero employed to reach Pellucidar, the world inside the Earth. These machines solve the problem of soil disposal in exactly the same way as does the common or garden mole, which was the prototype on which their design was based; the earth loosened by the drilling head is compacted and tamped to form the tunnel wall.

Even in fairly soft soil, the mechanical mole is very slow-moving. Its speed is limited to a mile or so a day by the power available (electricity is supplied through a trailing cable) and by the wear and tear on the drilling mechanism. An "earth probe" that really hoped to get anywhere would have to have a fundamentally new type of excavating technique, and a very considerable supply of energy.

Nuclear reactions could provide the energy underground, as they already do undersea. As for the method of excavation, here again the Russians have suggested one answer. They are now using high-frequency electric currents to blast a way through rocks by sheer heat, and an underground arc could burn its way through the Earth just as fast as one could pour energy into it. Ultrasonic vibrations might also do the trick; they are now being employed on a small scale for cutting through materials too hard to be worked with ordinary tools.

A man-carrying, nuclear-powered "subterranean" is a nice concept for any claustrophobe to meditate upon. For most purposes, there would be little point in putting a man in it; he would have to rely entirely upon the machine's instruments, and his own senses could contribute nothing to the enterprise. All the scientific observations and collection of samples could be done automatically according to a prearranged program.

Moreover, with no human crew to sustain, the vehicle could take its time. It might spend weeks or months wandering around the roots of the Himalayas or under the bed of the Atlantic before it headed for home with its cargo of knowledge.

The depth that such an earth probe could reach would be limited by the pressure its walls could sustain. This might be very high indeed, if it were designed as a solid body and the empty spaces inside it were filled with liquid to provide additional strength (another argument for having no crew).

In the laboratory, steady pressures of a quarter of a million tons per square foot have now been produced; this is equivalent to the pressure 400 miles inside the Earth. This does not mean that we can build vehicles theoretically capable of going 400 miles down, but a 10th of this figure does not seem beyond the bounds of possibility. Temperature is a less serious problem; apart from occasional hot spots like volcanoes, the temperatures in the crust do not exceed six or seven hundred degrees Fahrenheit. It appears, therefore, that we may eventually explore most of the Earth's crust, if we really wish to do so, with machines which can be visualized in terms of today's engineering techniques.

Difficult though the problems of physically exploring the outer layers of the Earth may be, they are quite trivial compared with those we have to face if we hope to travel into the mantle (the next 1800 miles) or the core (from 1800 miles down to the center). No existing technology could help us here; all the materials and forces now available are hopelessly inadequate to deal with the combined effects of 6000 degrees F and 3,000,000 tons to the square foot. We could not hold open a hollow space as large as a pinhead under such conditions for more than a fraction of a second; our toughest metals would not only flow like water, but would be converted into new and denser materials.

Any exploration of the Earth's deep interior cannot, therefore, be carried out by direct physical means, until and unless we gain control of forces many times more powerful than those that we possess today. But where we cannot travel, we may yet observe.

To see into the Earth with the precision and the definition with which we can explore the interior of our own bodies would be a marvelous achievement, of the greatest scientific and practical value. An X-ray photograph would have been unbelievable to an 1860 doctor; yet now we are building up what are virtually crude X-ray

photos of the Earth, from the wave patterns produced by natural earthquakes or by explosions. (We can now make bangs big enough to shake our planet; it is not generally realized that the greatest explosion ever recorded—that of the volcano Krakatoa in 1883—could be matched by a large fusion bomb.)

The pictures are still very crude and lacking in fine detail; in particular, they tell us virtually nothing about the dense central core, which is almost 4000 miles in diameter. We do not even know what it is composed of; the old theory that it is made of iron has been somewhat discredited lately, and it may well turn out to be some fairly conventional rock compressed by the enormous pressure into a form denser than lead.

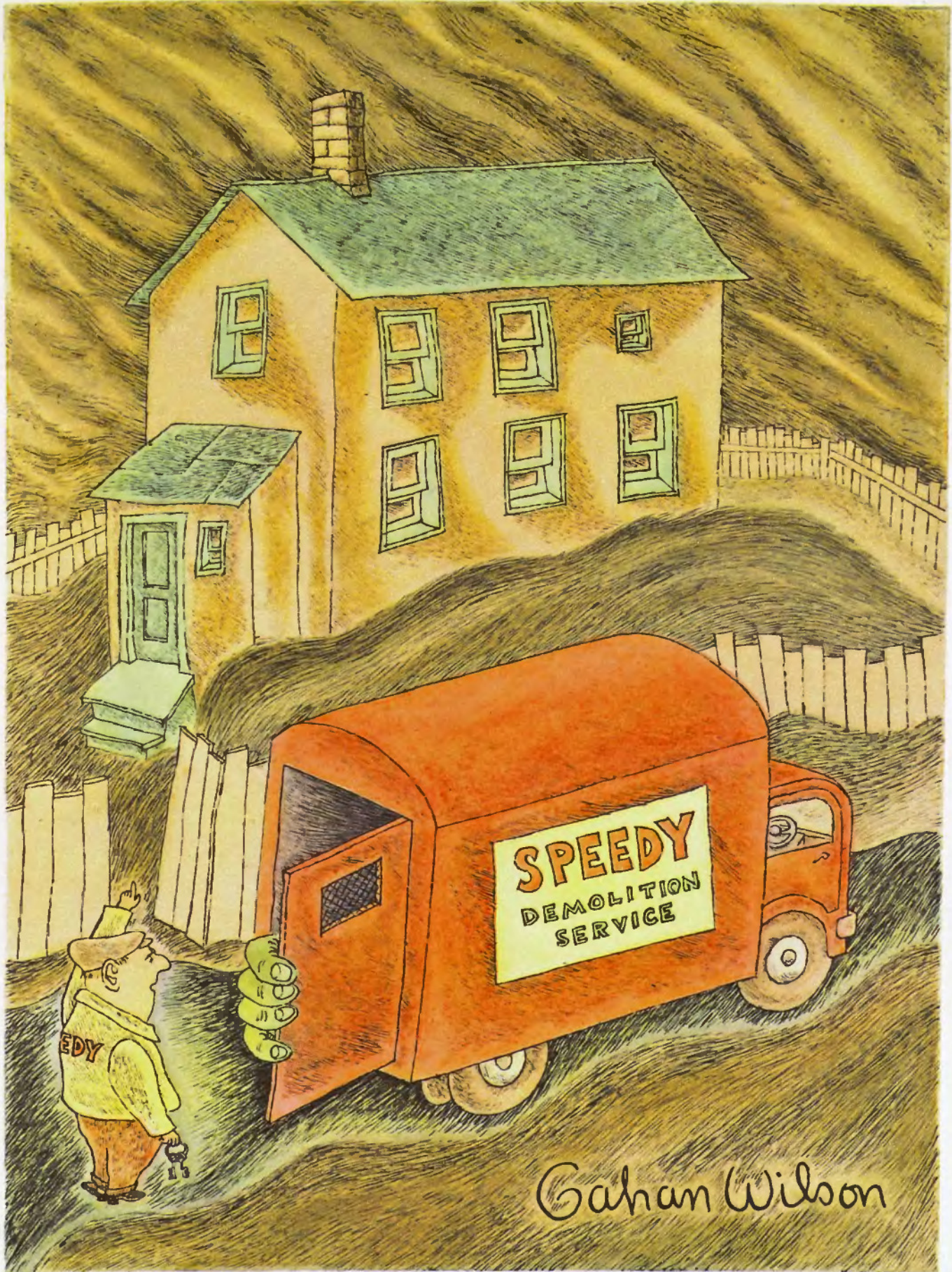
What we want in order to explore this region are waves that will pass through the solid Earth as easily as X rays pass through a human body, or light waves through the atmosphere, bringing back to us the information they gather on their journey. But such an idea is obviously absurd; you have only to think of the 8000 miles of impenetrable rock and metal that screen you from the antipodes—

Well, think again. There are, if not waves, *entities* to which this massive Earth is as transparent as a soap bubble. One is gravitation. Though I have never met a physicist who would give me a straight answer to the question "Is gravity propagated in waves?" there is no doubt that it goes straight through the Earth as if it weren't there.

Something equally penetrating is that most peculiar and elusive of atomic particles, the neutrino. All other particles are stopped by a few inches, or at most a few feet, of materials such as lead. But the incredible neutrino, having no mass and no charge (to put you out of your misery, it *does* have spin), can shoot through a lead screen 50 light-years thick without being noticeably inconvenienced. Torrents of them are sweeping at the velocity of light through our so-called solid Earth at this very moment, and only one in a million million notices the trifling obstruction.

I am not suggesting that we could use either gravity or neutrino beams to give us close-ups of the Earth's core; both are probably too penetrating for the job, since you cannot scan an object with rays that go through it *completely*. But if such extraordinary entities exist in nature, there may be others that possess the properties we need, and which we can use to map the interior of our planet as the radiologists map the insides of our bodies.

(continued on page 124)



"Kill!"



MARIO CASILLI

Playmate of the Year



PLAYBOY's readers and editors were in complete accord last year in their pick of the fetching Playmate pack: all returns called for a return of spectacular Christa Speck as our Playmate of the Year.

The winsome Christa first decorated our pages as Miss September, and drew an unprecedented avalanche of approving missives; in December her frolicsome poolside capers were the most popular highlight of the *Playmate Holiday House Party*. Formerly a model of fiscal fitness as a Los Angeles bank secretary, 20-year-old Christa now draws appreciative interest as a pert Bunny at the Chicago Playboy Club. In gratitude for the accolades of her discerning admirers, our lady bountiful here passes in review the memorable face and figure (38-22-36) that made her the choicest of the choice in 1961.







Christa's extraspecial appeal lies in the subtle fusion of little-girl mischief and big-girl sensuality that together evoke a most persuasive call to arms.



FASHION FORECAST *(continued from page 86)*

spring outerwear will be designed for occasions inclement and otherwise. In classic solids, plaids and checks the raincoat-topcoat-spectator-sports-coat silhouette will retain the free flair of raglan sleeves, bal collars and Continental styling in lengths just below the knee. Among styles designed for the active sportsman — and for the guy who simply wants to look the part — the square-end tab and neat spread collars vie equally with the bal for fashion favor; and the welted Alpine shoulder, with its ribbed shoulder seam and set-in sleeves, creates a squared-off look that merits attention. In coats equally suitable for an early-morning trek through the woods or a cool afternoon at an exhibition ball game, the weightless warmth of laminates — sponge-rubber Scottfoam bonded to fabric — have banished bulk.

Sweaterwear for spring will be no less lightly bright. Classic V-neck pullovers and cardigan styles will be seasoned for colorful comfort with shirting-weight fabrics, warming or ventilating as needed, in a polychromatic variety of subtle self-patterns: midget herringbones, springy bouclés, alpaca ski prints and classic cable knits. The new seven-button cardigan will be going six-button models one better in fashion preference; but the new cardigan-sweater-pullover-shirt sets in matching yarns, weights and textures are expected to earn an even bigger nod from the knowledgeable. Side buttons on some sweaters add a distinctive fashion highlight.

Bedecked with every seafaring motif from anchors to signal flags, summerized versions of winter sportswear will run rampant: hoods atop deck jackets; drawstring-bottomed summer parkas in every fabric from madras to party-striped slicker cloths; flag-designed windbreakers in water-repellent poplins; knitted pullovers with crew-neck collars; button-front surcoats with oversize pockets; collarless cardigans of heavy-duty denim, corduroy and Dacron-cotton in tones ranging from solids in frosted blue, green and yellow to tricolors in red, white and blue. Zip-and button-front deck jackets will be paneled with broad blocks of equally forceful color in complementary tones and textures: vertical-striped burnt oranges, diagonally crisscrossed saffrons, cobalt-blues V-shaped to outline yokes. Even winter stretch fabrics in lightweight counterparts will be sighted in ultra-casual beach-warmer coats with matching pants. Still other coats will employ the rough-stitched outline of work-shirt detailing to achieve a ruggedly masculine look for deck or boardwalk.

Elsewhere on the casual scene: sport-shirt styles, liberated last season from conservative Ivy conventions, will again

be sparked by refreshing revivals and innovations, and splashed with primary pigments. Featherweight versions of wide-weave denim and chambray — with sleeves, yokes, collars and pockets outlined in rough-stitched seams — will be infusing leisure wear as well with the work-shirt look in frosted shades of ocher and umber, citron and vermilion. Key-noting a contrasting trend to tailored lines are the double-breasted shirt, inspired by the resurgence of the elegant Thirties' silhouette in suits; and the smart new shirt-jacket, cut along the clean lines of the Ivy sports coat (complete with vents, lapels, flap pockets, rounded front and three-button front) in high-key solids and tricolor stripes — an eminently suitable style for patio dining, beachside barbecues, or just about anything else under the summer sun. Even traditionally tailored shirts will be cutting a wide swath in bold solids, circus stripes, flashy plaids and brightly accented classic checks, with the trim snap tab and a shorter, neater button-down running neck and neck in collar preference.

In knit shirts, nautical flag patterns are the order of the day, with collars, sleeves and pockets illuminated by panels of sunburst color. The revived one-piece collar will be seen on Continentally detailed pullovers. Cardigans will appear with and without collars, the latter getting our nod for its clean-lined simplicity. And action knits — especially the new line of sweater shirts in luxurious alpaca textures, stretch terrys and supersoft velours — will be swinging handsomely with raglan sleeves, ribbed bottoms and underarm inserts for unlimited freedom of movement.

Emulating the lean lines and lively tones of spring and summer slackwear, the new walk shorts will be stepping out in styles tailor-made for the slim physique and active pastimes. With slimmed-down leg and seat dimensions, these sport-keyed shorts — some side-vented — will be showing up in plain-front Alpine lengths, shipshape boating styles with wide-web belts, traditional Bermuda models, and in striped and solid shades ranging from classic white and navy to supercharged reds and oranges.

Color will be making its biggest splash in swimwear — as the plaids, checks, tweeds, stripes, batiks and geometrics of last season are met with a new wave of nautical flag motifs in pennant-paneled trunks of cardinal red, chrome yellow, electric blue and Kelly green. The classic boxer-style brief, revamped with legs, pockets and/or waistbands in contrasting shades, will be taking on a nautical new look. Flag-patterned stretch styles will be cutting no less fine a figure on beach and boardwalk, but only, we ad-

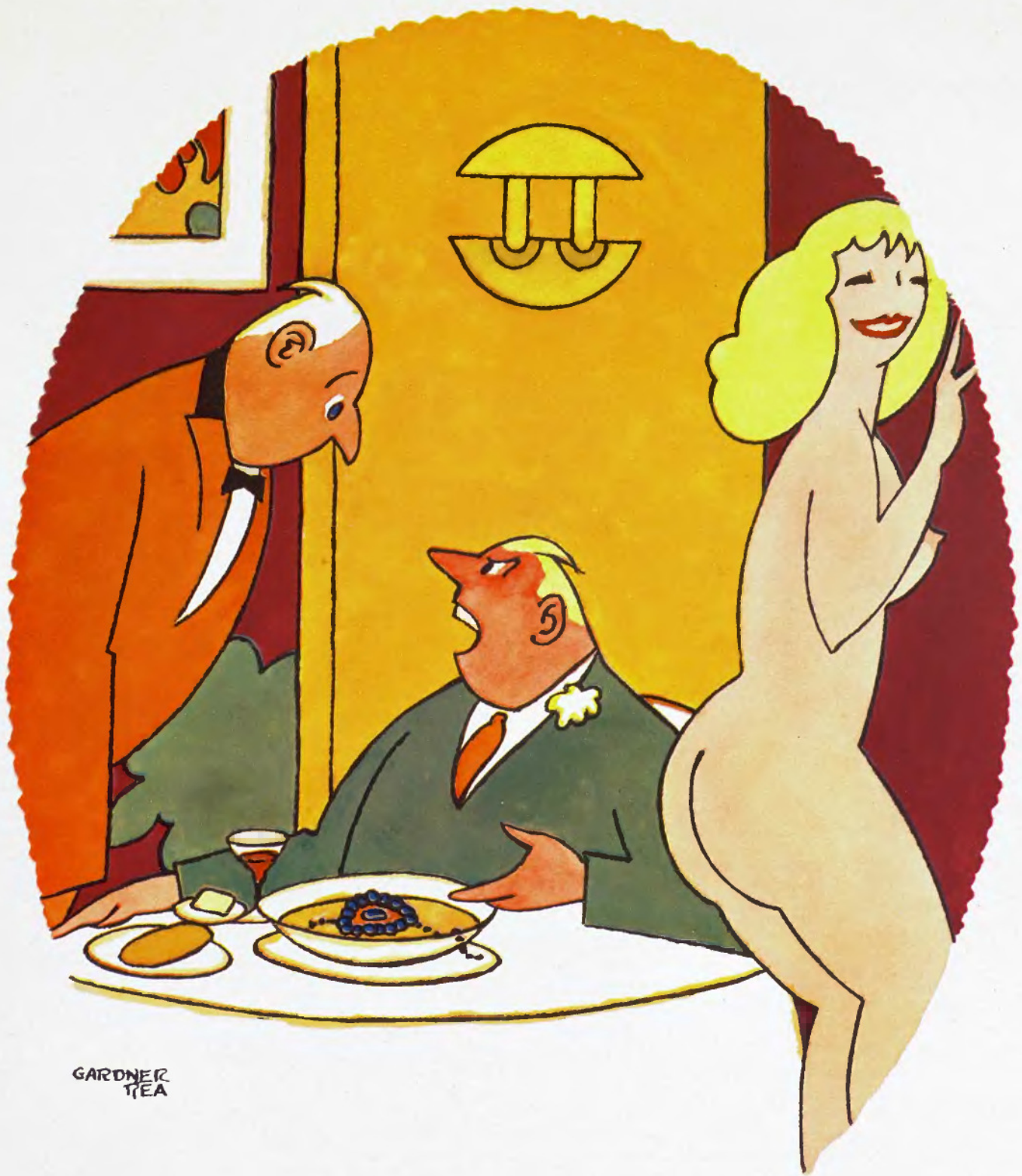
vised, among the flat of stomach and lean of hip. Conventional knits, too, will have their season with a variety of styles, mostly in boxer and Jamaican lengths; and in undiluted solid tones ranging from cool whites and black to jungle shades of salmon and scarlet, tangerine and lime. But the standard square-leg brief remains indisputably basic to any wet-wear wardrobe.

Cabaña sets will blend tradition and innovation with tasteful abandon in freestyle tops keyed to the tints and patterns of coordinated trunks and walk shorts. These two-piece beachside warmers will be making their presence comfortably felt with knit pullovers, cardigan-style tops and tapered outside shirts in unabashed plaids, flag-bright maritime motifs, tropical stripes and the new line of work-shirt denims and chambrays sleekly urbanized for leisure wear.

Crowning the warm-weather silhouette is an array of jaunty headgear for work-day and weekend wear. The heavy-lidded feel of cloth hats has been moth-balled by lightweight straws, slimly brimmed and trimly tapered for both strand and thoroughfare. Headlining the urban straw-hat circuit is the pinch-front model in an airy assortment of supersoft weaves and tradition-breaking tones of olive, bronze and blue. Even the classic panama, updated with trim shapes and equatorial shades, will be pushing for a comeback. But our straw vote goes to the immaculate Milan hat, first featured by us in last year's Spring and Summer Fashion Forecast. This is a close-woven, shape-holding style most effective in spotless ivory-white banded with black — though most of the new dress hatbands, in a reversal of sartorial convention, will be lighter-hued than the lids they complement. Colorwise and otherwise, the bumper crop of straws for leisure wear will go to the heads of the daring — or exhibitionist — in a prismatic assortment of weaves, textures, tones and trims. Some will be ablaze with abstract-impressionist motifs painted on the straw; others ventilated with decorative rows of quarter-inch brass grommets. Most will sport narrow bands patterned with madras prints, bold plaids, batiks or contrasting woven straws.

Proceeding from head to toe, we find the lighter, brighter look of the vernal wardrobe stepping lively in shoe styles ranging from the classic loafer to the canvas deck shoe. Toeing the mark in featherweight leathers and ventilated fabrics, the new line of spring and summer footwear spans the spectrum smartly from black to white, with rich earth tones of tan, olive and honey most actively afoot. Thus shod, you'll be ready to put your best foot forward and set a brisk fashion pace indeed.





"Waiter — what is this G-string doing in my soup?!"

STANCIAS' HOUSE

(continued from page 58)

she said. "Say, your tie lights up."

"I know," I said. "I'll change it."

. . .

Then everything was perfect; my father the professor had even taken his *fez* off (a thing he seldom does, even when bathing) and he sat under the lamplight reading *The Birds* by Aristophanes (Dudley Fitts' translation) and laughing from time to time because he always laughs when he reads it. My mother was wearing a gold-and-silver gown which she once wore to a meeting of the Root Culturists in New York — that was the year she raised roots in the bathtub and the sinks, and fried them and baked them and had us eat them for health, which of course we did to please her, and they hadn't tasted bad.

I breathed out, calmly. I breathed in, proudly.

"Mother," I said. "And Professor. I'd like you to meet the girl I'm going to marry, Cleo Torfrec."

My mother got up, my father got up, and a more dignified couple you never saw. My mother kissed Cleo, and said, "Oh, Robin, she's ravishing, you're lovely, dear," and several other good things, and my father bent and kissed Cleo's fingers and said, "We welcome you, and we sincerely congratulate our oldest son."

Somebody, I saw, had even taken down the moose head from over the piano — my father the professor loved the moose head, he'd won it on a punchboard years before, and my heart was touched that he'd let it be taken down from where it had been for all those years.

"Do sit down," said my mother. She tinkled a little bell; an old and very small ship's bell from a very small French ship. It was the bell we usually kept around the neck of the moose. "Alamana will bring us tea," she said.

Tea? Tea at this hour? I raised my eyebrows at my mother, but she looked the other way, and my father the professor coughed slightly behind his *moustache*.

My mother tinkled the bell again, and Alamana came in. She is quite tall for a woman, almost 5 feet 10, and she was wearing the uniform my mother got for her 10 years ago, which she'd never liked; she was wheeling a tea cart. She kept her face straight forward and didn't even wall her eyes at me or at Cleo; she started filling cups, and slicing cake, and my mother helped her, and my father said, "Beautiful hair; hair like the wing of a golden plover," to Cleo. Cleo smiled.

I mean, it was probably a delectable family moment; and then it fell apart like a cardhouse falling. The first thing

that made it tumble was Mars; he stuck his red head in from the library, and I could see he'd come that way from the kitchen, because he was carrying a large paper-wrapped bundle of garbage. He winked at me, and put a finger on his lips, and started to tiptoe out the side door. He'd have made it if Morgan, the other twin, hadn't showed up right that second in the door from the side hall. They *looked* all right; they even had their hair brushed. But that wasn't the point — the point was that Morgan, sighting Mars, made a wiggling motion with his fingers for Mars to sling him the garbage in a pass, and Mars couldn't resist it.

Even through the despair that shot up into me as I saw this, I couldn't blame Mars or Morgan. I'd have done the same thing at their age. Just because it was Mars' turn to tote out the garbage, and because he'd happened to postpone it this long, wasn't anybody's fault. Fate, yes, fault, no.

There wasn't time to yell or squeak. The pass went zinging along and Morgan took a yeoman jump for it, but it was too high and the garbage bag shattered on the wall above him. Eggshells and coffee grounds came spraying out into the room, and Morgan stood there looking down at them with something a little horrified and a little like terrible laughter working in his throat, his eyes. Then he lifted his head and sighted over at Mars.

They have 12 dozen routines, all awful, all the reason vaudeville died. Morgan shouted suddenly, "What's your name?"

Mars shouted, "Mars Stancia!"

Morgan yelled, "Your rank?"

Mars yelled, "So're you!" Then followed the business of both of them doubling up, going, "Har, har, har" in unison, and straightening like a couple of jack-in-the-boxes.

Mars' turn, then. He said, "We got a goat over at our house. Hasn't got any nose."

Morgan: "How does he smell?"

Mars: "Terrible!"

Again the business of doubling over, and the "Har, har, hars."

Then Morgan: "Say, go run up the curtain!"

Mars: "Whattaya think I am, a monkey? Har, har, har."

And, finally, Morgan, with some degree of inspiration at this point, "Hey, wattaya do with the garbage at your house?"

And Mars, triumphantly, "We kick it around till it gets lost!"

At this, they both rolled on the floor. Alamana had glared at them as they started, but now she was laughing. She

has a rich laugh that shakes roof beams. She sagged back to the piano bench, her uniform cap falling off, and then she swung around and struck the first bars of the *Toreador's Song*, which she dotes on. My mother started singing along with her, companionably, and my father the professor looked at me and shrugged gently. The moose head rolled out from behind the piano because the piano was shaking, and it looked up at Cleo with its yellow eyes.

Cleo was staring at me. Above the music, I said, "All right! I tried to pretend things weren't what they *are!* I love my family —" I'd thrown back my coat, stuck out my chest, and I was beating a fist into the air the way I do when exercised. "They're a *family*, not a bunch of stuffed penguins. But I love you, too, and what're you going to do about it?"

Cleo's blue eyes were wide as big violets, but you wouldn't think such eyes could also look like those of a Bengal tigress.

"Do? I — am — going — home — and —" She was trying to get her ring off. She kept trying, all the way to the door. She was still trying, on the steps. For a second I was glad her parents hadn't noticed the ring, because it would save *them* a lot of trouble. It was fairly small, which was I guess the reason they hadn't seen it. But through all this, I was in anguish and getting madder by the second. "— and I never want to see you — again —"

She was out and zipping along the walk. I boiled out after her, and jumped in the car. My mother came and jumped in beside me. Alamana swarmed in beside my mother. Morgan and Mars got on board just as we were curving out into the street. My father the good Professor Stancia had found his *fez*, clapped it on, and he was following Cleo at a distance of about 10 feet, trying to reason with her in his fine, free, positive manner.

I snaked the car along the curb and leaned toward Cleo.

"You can keep the ring! I wouldn't want anybody else to have it!" I had to holler above her voice and my father's reasonable voice. "I never want to look at anybody else! Every time I even *think* about anything, write a poem, try to draw up a policy, *you're* in it. That's love! You're a spoiled, sheltered brat but you'll grow out of it and I'm still and always willing to take the chance you will."

Alamana boomed, "'At ring won't come off, honey, less'n you use soap!"

My father said, "My dear, exterior appearances are very deceptive. Instinct, warmth, understanding — these are values far above the appearances the world offers us —" He was trotting closer

(continued on page 111)



ADAM FROST

he pitted the shreds of his sanity against hopelessness and the terror of the hunting pack

fiction By VANCE AANDAHL

"And why dost thou not pardon my transgression, and take away mine iniquity? for now shall I sleep in the dust; and thou shalt seek me in the morning, but I shall not be." — Job 7:21

FROST SMILED IN THE DARKNESS. His lips moved.

*"Light breaks where no sun shines;
Where no sea runs, the waters of the heart
Push in their tides;
And, broken ghosts with glowworms in
their heads,
The things of light
File through the flesh where no flesh
decks the bones . . ."*

"You shut up, Frost."

"Shut up good."

Frost lifted his eyes and gazed at the two men who served as his companions.

"I'll shut up sometime — maybe never."

They stared at him in the moonlight. His face

was sunned nut-brown; his eyes were flecked with green gold; his hair was the color of water. He had once been a teacher — now he was something else.

"A candle in the thighs

*Warms youth and seed and burns the
seeds of age;*

Where no seed stirs,

The fruit of man unwrinkles in the stars,

Bright as a fig;

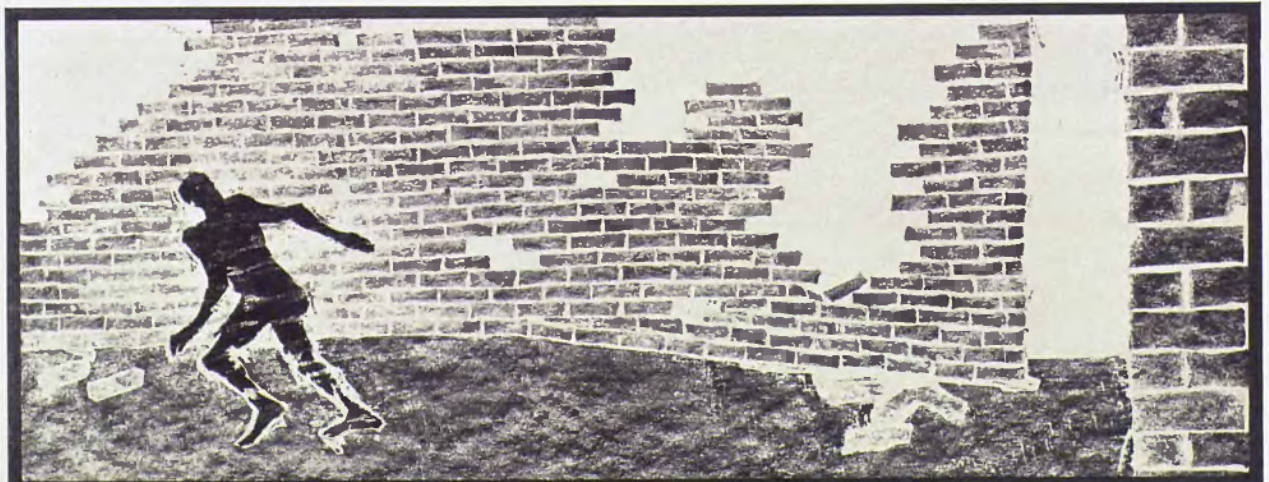
*Where no wax is, the candle shows its
hairs.'"*

"You shut up," said the one-armed man. "I want to think."

"About what?" asked Frost.

"About the coming of Our Lord. About . . ."

Frost did not listen; instead, he continued to read — silently now, forming the words upon his lips without uttering them. The pages in his hands were silvered by *(continued on page 134)*

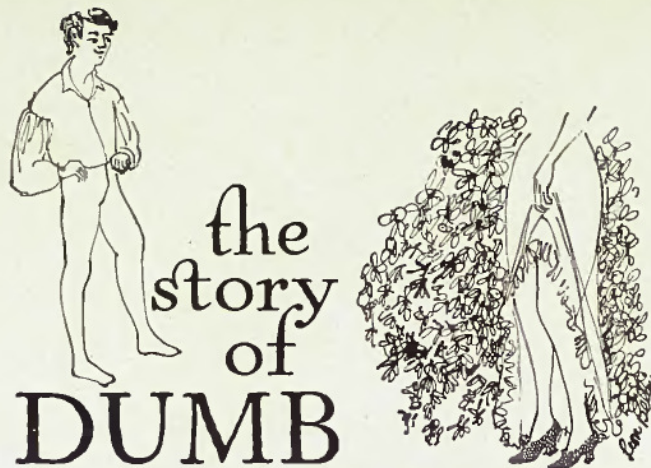


BILL SMITH

"Excuse me while I do my diary, Mr. Barkus . . . or will there be something else to write about?"



Vargas



the
story
of
**DUMB
HANNS**

Ribald Classic A newly translated 16th Century German folk tale

HANNS WAS A WELL-BUILT young peasant, stout of breast, sturdy of leg, strong of arm. His hair was nut brown and curly and when he smiled — which was often — his teeth shone whitely like the fresh bubbling milk in a milkmaid's pail. Now it happened that the young peasant's beauty attracted the lascivious gaze of the mistress of the castle, Lady Frolinde, whose misfortune it was to be married to a man of six and threescore years and in no way capable of damping the fires of my lady's ardor. And this same Lady Frolinde took it upon herself to seek out the young peasant.

One evening when Hanns was returning from the fields, lazily herding the weary oxen in front of him, he heard a soft voice come from the bushes at the side of the path. "Come, Hanns . . . come, Hanns, come," the voice urged. He turned and, to his surprise, he saw Lady Frolinde standing there, beckoning to him invitingly. And her ladyship had raised her long red skirts to reveal her fine white legs, still free from any blemish. Hanns hesitated. Again Lady Frolinde repeated her invitation. But then Hanns shook his head and went on his way, leaving the lady and her hot desires unquenched.

Another peasant, who had observed the happening, followed Hanns and said: "Hanns, why didst thou refuse Lady Frolinde, so hot with desire?"

But Hanns did not reply. Instead he showed his fine white teeth in a smile and the other peasant went angrily on his way, cursing Hanns for a fool.

Several days passed and again Hanns was returning from the work in the fields, and it so happened that he made his way homeward down the same path as before. And again he heard the soft voice of Lady Frolinde calling from the bushes. Now the good lady was afire with passion and she urged Hanns to come to her with words, hot and lascivious in intent. But this was not all. She had bared her fine white breasts,

never before exposed to the sight of any man save the weary eyes of her husband. Hanns hesitated. But then he shook his head and went on his way, leaving the lady and her hot desires unquenched.

The same peasant who had observed the first encounter between Lady Frolinde and Hanns chanced again to see this meeting, and again he hurried after the young man and asked the same question as before.

"Hanns, why didst thou refuse Lady Frolinde, so hot with desire?"

Again Hanns did not reply. Instead he showed his fine white teeth in a smile. But this time the other man persisted. "What a stupid fellow thou must be when her Ladyship shows her leg and then her breast, so fine and white, and thou dost naught!"

Hanns did not lose his smile. He clutched the other by the hand and said, "Follow me."

Puzzled, the other peasant let himself be led along the way. They had gone not more than a hundred paces when another voice made itself heard in the bushes, soft and inviting. The other peasant turned, startled. It was Mistress Kaethi, the daughter of the selfsame Lady Frolinde, a fine pretty girl with raven-black hair. And Mistress Kaethi was as naked as the day she was born, with breasts like fine ripe autumn apples and hips like the curve of the sea's spray. "Come, Hanns," she whispered.

The mouth of the other peasant fell open in wonderment and Hanns laughed and said, "So now you understand. Why drink the water from the old well, when the fresh water from the young spring is not yet touched?" And with that he went to Mistress Kaethi and, laughing together, they disappeared into the bushes to frolic and gambol to their hearts' delight, leaving the other to go slowly on his way, pondering the strangeness of the human heart.

— Translated by Charles Whiting



CINEMA (continued from page 66)

Israel, Japan and Sweden as well. "I felt I had to handle it myself," she said recently. "The big companies have a dozen pictures to sell at a time. I had only one, and I knew it by heart. Who was better qualified to do the selling job? Besides, I think I've shown that all films don't have to be handled in the same old way."

Mrs. Clarke, a spry, vehement, intense young woman, perhaps best typifies the purposes and the attitudes of America's new film makers. She chose Gelber's *The Connection* for her first feature because, as she put it, "I felt it was important. I liked what it had to say. To the big studios, it was probably just a depressing play about dope addiction. To me, it's the story of people trying to make some connection with the world they live in. I tried to keep it as true to the original as possible, filthy language and all. And I think in the end that we've achieved a greater sense of truth in the film than was ever possible in the theater."

In the play, two documentary film makers interrupt the action from time to time, Pirandello fashion, to explain to the audience, to talk to the actors and to shoot their picture. In the film, what the audience sees is the documentary that was being shot — an apparently straightforward account of what went on in Leach's pad while a group of junkies gathered to connect with their fix. To achieve this, Mrs. Clarke had her set designed with four solid walls. Nothing was shot from any camera position that would necessitate the removal of a wall, or even the shifting of furniture. The actors, most of them from the New York company of *The Connection*, were encouraged to live their parts. Cots were set up in the studio, and between takes they would stretch out on their bunks and listen to progressive jazz played for them on Mrs. Clarke's "Victrola." (Her use of the word invariably sent the hipsters among them into gales of laughter.) Throughout the 19 days of shooting, every effort was made to sustain the illusion of the claustrophobic, self-contained world of the confirmed addict.

Surprisingly enough, the all-union crew enjoyed the experience tremendously. Many of them had worked earlier with Elia Kazan for *On the Waterfront* — and not since *Waterfront*, they said, had they been involved in anything so exciting. Some of them even went so far as to invest in the film, buying shares in the limited partnership that had been set up to finance it. And they came to the daily screenings of the rushes (which is not only unprecedented but impossible in any major studio). "After the first week or so," Mrs. Clarke reported, "the crew began to abandon their poker games and stretched out on the cots

listening to the 'Victrola' — while the actors took up poker. They all had a great time."

The Connection may well go down in history for an odd reason. Because the junkies refer to dope with a four-letter obscenity, New York's Board of Regents has refused to license the film for public exhibition. As of this writing, the picture is not yet in release. When it appears — if it appears — it will be the first time that word has been uttered from the screen. Pending an appeal, Mrs. Clarke pointed out, "Here is still another area where we've got to sell the idea of specialized films — the courts. With a film like *The Connection*, you can't just hang out your sign and say, 'Come and get it.' You've got to realize that some people will be shocked, some bored, and some, I hope, fascinated. Those are the ones I've got to reach — not the vast, anonymous mass audience that Hollywood plays to. I want to prove to the courts, to myself and to other film makers that there are special audiences for specialized films in this country."

Most producers of these new, offbeat pictures are awaiting the American reception of Mrs. Clarke's experiment with more than ordinary interest. Their own futures, they feel, are very much involved. They know too well the reluctance of distributors and exhibitors to handle anything too unconventional, or pictures designed for less than maximum patronage. The experience of young Curtis Harrington is not atypical. A former experimental film maker who had spent the last six years as production assistant to Jerry Wald, Harrington took a leave of absence to produce and direct *Night Tide*, a romantic drama with supernatural overtones. Based on his own original script, financed with money that he himself had raised, the picture was completed last summer and promptly began the rounds of the distribution offices. No one was interested. The picture was good enough, they admitted, but it was — well, different. Harrington held a number of sneak previews in various parts of the country. The preview cards were predominantly favorable, some excellent. A print was sent to Spoleto, then Venice. The Italian critics were unanimous in praise of its "cinematic storytelling." The American distributors remained uncertain. Its story of a young sailor who falls in love with a girl who thinks she is a mermaid — and might well be one — they considered too far out for the circuits. Eventually, *Night Tide* landed with a small company that specializes in exploitation of horror pictures, and went out as a second feature early this year.

Tom Laughlin, a husky football player and TV actor turned director, has an even more difficult problem. Based on

the fact that the sale of his first film, *A Proper Time*, returned him a 100-percent profit, he was able to obtain financial backing for a far more ambitious second picture, *Among the Thorns* (Part One in a projected autobiographical trilogy titled *We Are All Christ*). Laughlin's objectives were at once limited and specific. In his study of a high school senior who thrives on adulation and turns from his church in despair, he hoped to create on the screen an image with which modern youth could identify, a hero whose problems would be shared and understood by today's teenagers. Preliminary test runs in a few college towns in California and the Middle West (where the picture was shot) were most revealing. The youngsters, most of them, were wildly enthusiastic over what they saw. In at least two instances, Laughlin's admirers set up additional on-campus screenings immediately after the previews. But adults fled the theaters in droves. The director's attempt to shoot each scene quite literally as his young hero saw it at the time was incomprehensible to them. (The boy's father, for example, a weak and negligible man, is left partially outside the frame in a number of the shots.) Unfortunately for Mr. Laughlin, few distributors are teenagers. He is currently re-editing his picture and plans additional shooting in the hope of making his picture more marketable.

Jonas Mekas' *Guns of the Trees* presumably is destined for a similar fate. After a preliminary screening last winter at New York's avant-garde Cinema 16, the picture apparently has nowhere else to go. Mekas has described his film as an examination of "the thoughts, feelings and anguished strivings of those among the young generation who are faced with the moral perplexities of our times" — hardly a theme designed to capture the mass market. Filmed in and around New York, it is a perhaps overly earnest attempt to explain that "those fearful tremblings which, to the older outsiders seem merely beat prose, are the inevitable price of a rebirth." Mekas' film, with its poetic interludes written and read by Allen Ginsberg, with its script designed to irritate all but the initiate, with its answers that are no answers, poses the knottiest question of all. Can a movie that makes no compromises win an audience of any size, an audience large enough to make the production of such a picture profitable?

And yet, without waiting for an answer, the wave continues to mount. Ernest Pintoff, who turns out some of TV's cleverest cartoon commercials, has just completed a live action featurette, *The Shoes*, starring Buddy Hackett, and now has three features that he plans to do. Robert Frank, the photographer who

(concluded on page 101)

THE MAD SCIENTIST



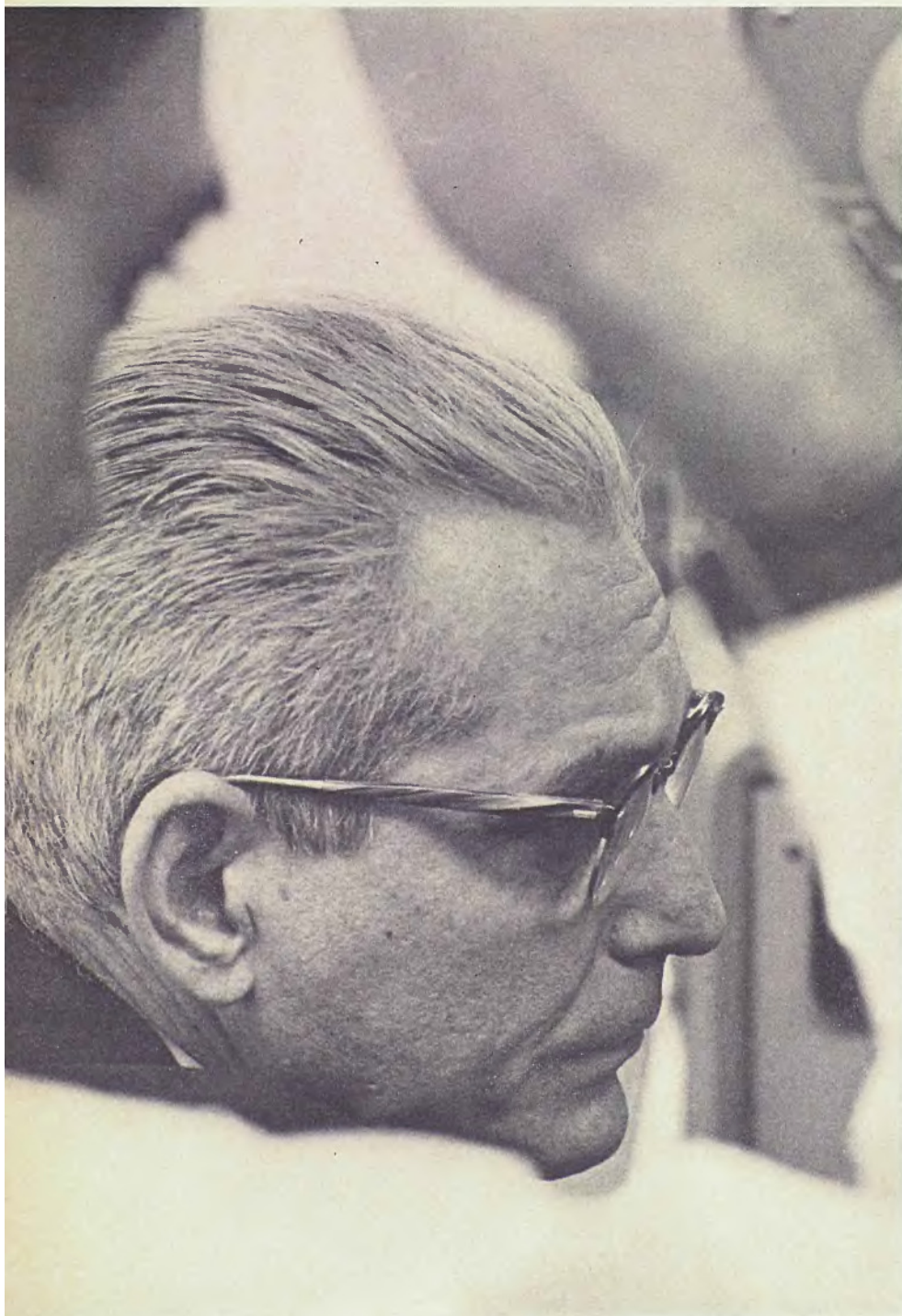
"BORP!"



Silverstein



ON THE SCENE



STEWART HEGEMAN *faithful to fidelity*

"IN THE REPRODUCTION of sound, what really matters is not what oscilloscopes and meters tell you, but what you hear," says Stewart Hegeman, an audacious audio engineer known for his iconoclastic independence which has—almost as a by-product of his creative, never-mind-the-cost experimentation—won him industry-wide recognition as the white-maned wonder of the components field. Virtually every one of his theoretical explorations of electronic sound has evolved into a new design snapped up by manufacturers. He has done tuners for Dyna, pre-amps for Lafayette, speakers for Eico. When the trend in hi-fi components stressed compact economy and styling, Harman-Kardon put into production Hegeman's circuitry for a huge, plain, expensive amplifier, the Citation II, and other outsize, high-dollar Citation units, found itself with a line of top-ranked best sellers, and demand outstripping supply. Where other hi-fi concerns employ engineering staffs and stylists, Hegeman—ever the purist—works virtually alone to devise superior equipment, with manufacturers impatiently awaiting each new, painstakingly-worked-out Hegeman design. In his rambling Glen Ridge, New Jersey, home-laboratory, the 47-year-old innovator evidences a Rolls-Royce-like concern for his products. Hegeman turned to hi-fi as a career in 1950 after a 15-year stint as a test engineer for Western Electric. As an independent audio consultant, he's explored every area in the realm of sound, from developing Westminster's excellently engineered Lab Series recordings, to creating custom-built tape decks for private customers (on a six-month waiting list). His present major project is the construction of a super stereo amp for his own lab: it will have 11 transistors per channel and a flat response from one to 500,000 cycles ("I want a response that's so wide it offers no restriction to any part of the audio spectrum," he says). A vital part of his life, and one reason for his success, is his deep love of music, a characteristic not shared by many of his fellow audio engineers. "To me," says Hegeman, "music is more than the tones of a signal generator reproduced without measurable distortion."

MARVIN KONER

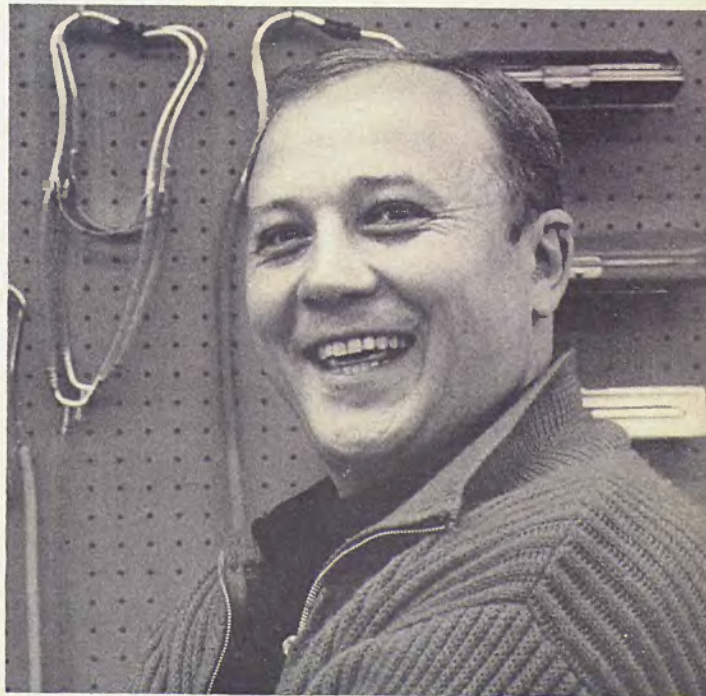


JACKIE GAYLE *no headstone unturned*

WHEN BARREL-BODIED, demon-driven comic Jackie Gayle ends his onstage cannonading there are few icons left standing. The Gayle-ic shillelaghs are applied with unrestrained enthusiasm to hero, heroine and hallowed institution alike. With Gayle force, the fast-rising funnyman takes note of Nathan Hale's final speech before he was hanged ("Make it a Windsor knot"); Joan of Arc's last words ("I'm smoking more but enjoying it less"); Ivy League KKKers ("They all wear three-button sheets"); Barry Goldwater ("He sounds like he should be a handleader; you know — Barry Goldwater and His Conservatives"); the Denver police scandals ("A woman called the police station to report a suspicious-looking prowler car outside her window"). Gayle, a 34-year-old, born-in-a-trunk type (his father worked at New York's Loew's State Theater; his brother is also a comic), is managed by Lenny Bruce's mother, Sally Marr, who has achieved a modicum of fame in her own right as tutor at L.A.'s Pink Pussycat night club's School of the Striptease. That tabby-tabbed ecclsiastery was just one of the many lower-echelon lubritoriums circuted by Gayle in leaner (financially, that is) years. Today, the galvanic comic is a four-figure-a-week first-stringer in such plush pubberies as San Francisco's Purple Onion, Houston's Tideland, and the Playboy Clubs' showrooms. In irreverent tribute to Bruce, his idol and benefactor, Jackie the Giant Killer offers this testimonial: "Lenny is the illegitimate son of Nathan Leopold."

DONALD HYATT *a way out of the vast wasteland*

ON ANY GIVEN LIST of the best TV shows from the current season, chances are that many, if not most, will have been produced by a tweedy, pipe-smoking ex-ski instructor named Donald Hyatt. As NBC's head of Special Projects, this prolific producer-director has prospered by ignoring every accepted formula for success in a medium which — despite the goadings of Newton Minow — retains its resolute lock on the doctrine of the greatest goo for the greatest number. During its eight-year history, his celebrated series of *Project 20* documentaries has garnered more critical kudos and major awards than any other public affairs program in television. Yet it draws unprecedented average audiences of 35,000,000 and more with such "noncommercial" presentations as *Mark Twain's America*, *Victory at Sea* and *The Coming of Christ*. "Too many people," explains Hyatt, "draw an iron curtain between informational and entertainment programing. We've tried to blend the best ingredients of both into a new kind of program." With a serene dedication which his rat-racing employers find engagingly mystifying, the 38-year-old producer has done exactly that. Combining the techniques of live TV, video tape and film with an original process of still-picture animation which imbues vintage photographs with lifelike movement, Hyatt and his 20-man staff have quietly amassed laurels and ratings which enable the Sarnoffs, the sponsors, the FCC — and even the public — to have their cultural cake and eat it, too. This month's diverse offerings include a romantic look at *The Beauty of Woman* from Cleopatra to Claudia Cardinale; and on Easter Sunday, *He Is Risen*, a reverent reconstruction in color of the Resurrection of Christ, seen through the medium of great Renaissance paintings. Hyatt's documentary menu for the fall is a bounteous banquet of Special Projects ranging from an evocative exploration of the nation's musical heritage to an ambitious pictorial history of 18th and 19th Century America. A way out of the vast wasteland would seem to be in sight: attaining new Hyatts.



DON BRONSTEIN

made the beatnik *Pull My Daisy*, recently finished *The Sin of Jesus*, based on a short story by Isaac Babel. Lewis Allen, a theatrical producer and partner of Shirley Clarke on *The Connection*, filmed William Golding's shocker, *Lord of the Flies*, in Puerto Rico last summer. On the West Coast, Kent MacKenzie, a talented industrial film maker, put the finishing touches to a three-year labor of love, *The Exiles*, a wholly factual account of the Indians who live out their aimless lives in the heart of Los Angeles. Presented at the Edinburgh Film Festival last fall, it delighted the documentarians there—and enraged our State Department representative. Mekas' *Film Culture* group has two more productions, *Hallelujah the Hills* and *Waters Abate*, written and ready to go; and Shirley Clarke is at work on the script for her second feature, an adaptation of Warren Miller's *The Cool World*.

Even the studios are no longer completely oblivious to this movement. John Cassavetes, on the strength of *Shadows*, went on to direct an offbeat—and, he insists, honest—picture about jazz musicians for Paramount, *Too Late Blues*. He wrote the story himself, and cast it with a number of the actors who had worked with him on his earlier film. To his delight, he reports that Paramount gave him a relatively free hand in the production. Dennis and Terry Sanders, whose Dostoevsky-in-blue-jeans adaptation of *Crime and Punishment, U.S.A.* was another precursor of the American new wave, recently completed *War Hunt*, starring John Saxon. The story of a psychopathic killer in the Korean War, it is their first of a two-picture deal for United Artists. "The only restraints we've known," says Dennis Sanders, "came from our budget. We chose the story, developed it ourselves, and made it our own way. The people at U.A. didn't even see it until after our final cut." (Nevertheless, the Sanders admit that they have several other stories in mind that will have to be made outside a major studio—stories that not only violate the industry's Production Code, but could not possibly be cast with star names. For these, they would need the utter freedom of the new independents.)

To accompany such offbeat features, there are even more offbeat shorts. The protean Mr. Pintoff has established new levels for sophisticated humor in cartoons with his *The Violinist* and *The Interview*, the latter a devastating parody of a radio announcer trying to communicate with a far-out hipster. *The Day of the Painter* (which took an Academy Award last year) and *A Bowl of Cherries*, two clever spoofs of the abstract expressionists, have already been widely circulated. *Roostops of New York*, per-

ceptively photographed and cleverly edited by a new group of young professionals, trains a fresh eye on the Manhattan skyline. *Toys on a Field of Blue* views children's war games through the bitterness of a shattered veteran. *Week-end Pass* follows an ingenuous sailor through the fleshpots of downtown Los Angeles. Together, these shorts are infusing vigor and wit into a field too long dominated by dreary travelogs and increasingly conventional cartoons from the major studios.

• • •

No matter how these newcomers cut the corners, however, and no matter how much of their production they do on their own, film remains the most expensive of all the arts. Raw stock, processing, sound recording, the rental of special equipment—each of these sends budgets soaring. When to these basic costs are added the wages of union technicians and prescribed union crews (inescapable if a film is to be shot in a studio), the expenses skyrocket. Cassavetes, shooting largely with hand-held cameras on the New York streets, brought in *Shadows* for \$40,000; Shirley Clarke, making *The Connection* entirely in a studio, ended up at almost \$170,000—of which, she estimates, \$70,000 might have been saved if she could have gone nonunion. Some of the independents, counting their pennies, shoot all of their exteriors first with nonunion crews, then make their deals with the unions when they enter a studio. Some have even tried to skirt the unions altogether, although they know that this is risky. Both *Blast of Silence* and *Roostops of New York* were made nonunion, then sold to majors for distribution—and were withdrawn in several important markets after brief runs. The projectionists refused to handle them. Projectionists, of course, belong to the same over-all union as the electricians, grips and stagehands.

Not all union officials are the heartless ogres that they have often been painted. On occasion, they have proved willing to make concessions to young people starting out on their first film (although *only* on their first film). Within the past few months, there has even been talk of a profit-sharing arrangement between independent producers and the unions—although nothing has come of it so far except talk. Producers have balked at the notion of having their scripts approved by union officials, and several of the unions have refused outright to consider the proposal at all. What is clearly needed, however, is some comprehensive policy for this new kind of picture making. Obviously, *Guns of the Trees* is never going to reach as many people as *The Guns of Navarone*; more people will see *Mutiny on the*

Bounty than *Night Tide*. The theatrical unions, simply by comparing the number of chairs in an off-Broadway theater with the houses farther uptown, have conceded the necessity for dual scales. The off-Broadway movie is less fortunate. There is always the possibility—albeit remote—that a film like *The Connection* will break through to the big time; and in that eventuality, the unions want their people well protected. Unfortunately, to date their only formula for meeting that eventuality has been to charge the small independent the same as MGM.

Perhaps the day will come when these film makers, for their own protection, will see the need to band together in the movie equivalent of the League of Off-Broadway Theaters. It will not be easy. Not only are they spread across the country from New York to Los Angeles, but often they are separated by an even wider ideological gap. The realist tendencies of a documentary-trained director are scorned by the poetic film maker; the beatnik is derisive of any story idea that might possibly be commercial; and the skilled professionals sneer at any trace of amateurism in a picture regardless of the excellence of its ideas. The quality of individuality that is this new movement's greatest strength may also prove to be its greatest weakness. If differences of approach remain equated as personal differences, differences that preclude any unified action, the financial problems facing each of these new film makers may never be solved.

The same may be said of distribution. New patterns have already been suggested, including the circuiting of pictures of limited appeal through a series of one-night stands in art houses and university auditoriums throughout the country. Again, however, cooperation is essential—cooperation, and the reluctant admission on the part of the film maker that his picture *might* be of limited appeal. Most of them, however, still think of distribution in conventional terms. Most of them still hope that the special audiences they envisaged for their pictures will come to see them at their neighborhood houses.

Perhaps someday even that may be so. For the qualities that these new film makers are bringing to their pictures are the very ones that Hollywood has lost in its mad scramble to make the most expensive movie of all time on the world's widest screen—the urgency of a personal statement, the adventure of untrammelled subject matter, the stamp of the individual artist. What the off-Broadway movie promises, above all, is a kind of creative vigor and excitement that has been too long missing from our films.



food By THOMAS MARIO

SOUTHERN ACCENT

WHEN THACKERAY PENNED the line "This Bouillabaisse a noble dish is —," he was eulogizing not the original French fish stew from Marseilles but the classic pot-pourri he had savored in a New Orleans restaurant. Verily, the culinary distance between Southern pecan stuffing and *pâté de foie gras* is a good deal shorter than the mileage separating Lake Pontchartrain and Lyons would indicate; the best of our Southern cookery and the elite of French cuisine bear too many common familial traits for them to be dismissed as coincidental. Our frame of reference for Dixie cookery does not, of course, include the abominations hatched by those neoned eateries squatting like luminescent toadstools along our Southern highways, where *haute cuisine* is a plate of eggs fried hard on both sides and butted against an ominous mound of hominy grits. For the best of the Southern table, you must go into such famed corners as the inns of Williamsburg, the Creole caravansaries of New Orleans' trellised French Quarter, and the stately dining patios of Charleston, where Carolinians still follow the royalist custom of eating the main meal at three o'clock in the afternoon.

The analogies between the two schools are constant and copious. There are few more serene adventures in eating than the French King Henry IV's *pot-au-feu*, a golden broth made with chicken, beef and vegetables and served in a deep earthenware casserole. But every Kentuckian who's been to Paris comes back convinced

that the legendary power of *pot-au-feu* is not one whit more attractive than that of his native burgoo, a soup made, strangely enough, of chicken, beef and vegetables with a few added luxuries Frenchmen are relative strangers to — young butter beans and sweet corn off the cob. From the coast of Brittany to Nice, Frenchmen of all classes gourmandise on their native seafoods, using them in countless cooking extravaganzas. In like manner, the culinary imaginations of Southerners in this country are fired by oysters from the tidewater of Virginia, Florida yellowtails, and fabulous mountains of shrimp from the gulf ports of Mississippi.

There are even close parallels to be drawn in the fanatic zeal with which Gallic and Southern chefs demand the finest meats, fowls and seafood extant, and damn the expense. Both become completely irascible when the subject of calories is broached (the prodigious quantities of heavy cream and sweet butter their dishes call for are legend), and both feel in no way bound to follow any recipe to the letter.

However, it isn't its similarities to, so much as its differences from its Gallic counterpart that's etched American Southern cuisine so prominently on the world's gastronomic map. Whenever a Frenchman argues that cooking in America did not become civilized until after the French Huguenots settled in the Carolinas or after Thomas Jefferson returned to America from the French court with a fat portfolio of recipes, a Dixiean riposte is that one of the best regular customers for Virginia ham, among many modern French notables, was Marshal Foch, and that chicken Maryland and Florida pompano now



from subtle piquancy to red-hot heartiness, dixie's cuisine offers fare rewards

appear on countless French menus as *poulet à la Maryland* and *pompano sauté amandine*.

One of the first tenets in the Southern code of good eating is lavishness. If a host miscalculates, it's always on the side of too much. But somehow or other his groaning board, though often overpowering, is never oppressive. If fried oysters are offered, there won't be a paltry half dozen or so bivalves dolorously dotting a dinner plate, but a stout hearth loaf of Vienna bread, hollowed out in the center, brushed generously with butter, browned in the oven and then piled high with its teetering cargo of crisp brown oysters from Chincoteague. If there's tartar sauce, it won't be spooned niggardly into a shallow desert dish; instead, it will be ladled into a sauceboat of de luxe size built for Colonial appetites. To this day, many Southern chefs find portion-counting an anathema. The very word portion makes the Southern gourmet's soul shrivel. Huge china or silver platters and casseroles are much more soothing to their psyches, and they pile them high with deviled crabs, glazed hams, roast quail, fried chicken and hot breads all edging each other in a glorious traffic jam.

Perhaps the biggest assets of the South's festive board are the native bounties harvested from its own fields and hauled in off its long shoreline. Happily these gifts are no longer confined to the Southern states. An Oregonian can buy the same pink crustaceans white-haired colonels still eat for breakfast in a Carolina shrimp pie. At gourmet shops all over the country, you'll find water-ground corn meal for making spoon bread light as down. Black turtle beans for soup are no longer an oddity found mostly in Georgia. From St. Augustine to San Francisco the magnificent Eastern

de luxe crab lump (fished from Carolina waters) is on frozen-food shelves, but unlike frozen Northern lobster, the crab lump suffers not an iota by freezing. Even the powder of young sassafras leaves, which only the Indians of the bayou once knew how to grind for gumbo soup, is now on spice shelves everywhere as gumbo filé.

Hospitality in the South, warm as a friendly sunburst, covers drink as well as food. The justly famed Southern punch bowl (Thomas Jefferson's father once paid for 200 acres of Goochland County land with an enormous bowl of rum punch made by Henry Wetherburn, keeper of Williamsburg's Raleigh Tavern) isn't merely taken off the shelf for a holiday fete; it is wheeled out on terraces and set up in dining rooms all year long as a comfortable way of handling large crowds for informal drinking before or after dinner. Punch recipes—many of them on the cocktailish dry side—are usually as doggedly guarded as family heirlooms.

The exotic intricacies of most Southern cuisine preclude the three-minute chef, but if you possess the patience required of any art form, there are bounteous culinary rewards below the Mason-Dixon Line. And you don't need acres of lilac, miles of trimmed boxwood or piles of damask to savor the recipes which follow. Just arrange for the presence of another guy and two dolls (with or without crinolines) to break spoon bread with you.

OYSTER AND CHICKEN GUMBO (Serves four)

This recipe allows for seconds, thirds and possibly fourths; it can be a complete meal.

3-lb. fowl
1 large onion, peeled

3 pieces celery
6 sprigs parsley
2 envelopes instant chicken broth
Salt, pepper
½ cup rice
1 medium green pepper
1 medium sweet red pepper
¼ cup butter
1 teaspoon creole seasoning
24 freshly opened medium oysters with liquor
½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
⅛ teaspoon Tabasco sauce
2 tablespoons minced parsley
2 teaspoons minced chives
1 tablespoon gumbo filé

In a soup pot cover fowl with cold water. Bring to a boil. Drain off water and wash fowl under cold running water. Return to pot and cover with cold water. Add onion, celery, sprigs of parsley and 1 teaspoon salt. Simmer slowly until fowl is tender, about 2½ hours. Remove fowl from pot. Skim fat. Add instant chicken broth, salt and pepper to taste. Strain broth. Boil rice, following directions on package. Keep in warm place. Place peppers in a shallow pan in oven preheated at 500°. Bake 20 to 25 minutes. Rub peppers with a dry towel to remove thin outer membrane. Cut each pepper in ¼-in. dice, discarding seeds and stem ends. Melt butter in a large soup pot. Add peppers and sauté slowly about 5 minutes. Add creole seasoning. Drain liquor from oysters and add to pot. Add strained chicken broth and simmer slowly about ½ hour. Remove skin and bones from fowl and cut meat into ½-in. cubes. Add diced chicken, Worcestershire sauce, Tabasco, minced parsley, chives and salt and pepper to taste. Simmer 10 minutes. Place oysters uncooked in a large soup tureen. Remove soup from fire and slowly stir in gumbo filé. Do not reheat soup after this step or it will become gummy. Pour hot soup over oysters in tureen. Add rice. Serve with oyster crackers, Trenton crackers or garlic bread. Pour iced chablis.

BURGOO (Serves eight)

3-lb. fowl
1½ lbs. beef chuck
10 sprigs parsley
1 large onion
2 pieces celery
½ small white turnip
Salt, black pepper, cayenne pepper
4 tablespoons sweet butter
½ cup onion, small dice
½ cup celery, small dice
¾ cup sweet red pepper, small dice
1 bay leaf
1 teaspoon marjoram
1 cup toasted bread crumbs
2 cups potatoes, small dice
10-oz. pkg. frozen Fordhook lima beans
12-oz. can whole-kernel shoe peg corn



"The stampede is set for midnight tonight. Pass it on."

3 tablespoons prepared horseradish
3 ozs. bourbon

In a large soup pot put the fowl, beef, parsley, whole onion, celery pieces and turnip. Add 2 quarts water and 2 teaspoons salt. Bring to a boil. Skim well. Reduce flame and simmer slowly, keeping pot covered, 2½ to 3 hours or until meat and fowl are very tender. Strain broth, skim fat well. Remove skin and bones from fowl. Cut fowl and beef into ½-in. dice. Melt butter in a large soup pot. Add diced onion, diced celery, sweet red pepper, bay leaf and marjoram. Sauté slowly until vegetables are tender but not brown. Stir in bread crumbs. Add strained broth and potatoes. Simmer slowly until potatoes are tender. In a separate pot cook lima beans, following directions on package. Drain limas. Add limas and corn, together with its juice, to the pot. Add ⅛ teaspoon cayenne pepper, salt and black pepper to taste. Add horseradish, diced fowl and diced beef. Simmer 5 minutes longer. Add bourbon. Skim fat. Serve in soup bowls.

BREAST OF CHICKEN MARYLAND
(Serves four)

2 large or 4 small whole breasts of chicken
1 cup light cream
½ cup flour
Salt, pepper, paprika
3 tablespoons butter
3 tablespoons salad oil
½ lb. sliced bacon
1 tablespoon flour
2 tablespoons dry sherry
1 envelope instant chicken broth
Dash cayenne pepper

Have the butcher split each breast, removing the keel bone. Wash, and dry well with absorbent paper. Soak in cream for ½ hour. In mixing bowl combine ½ cup flour with 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon paprika and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Remove chicken from cream, draining well. Save cream. Dip breasts in flour mixture, coating thoroughly. Pat well, then shake off excess flour. Melt butter and heat with oil in a heavy cast-iron or cast-aluminum pan with metal handle. Sauté the chicken until brown on both sides. Drain off excess fat from pan, but do not wash pan. Return chicken to pan, and bake in oven preheated at 350°, about 20 minutes or until chicken is well browned but not dry. While chicken is baking, sauté bacon slowly until brown. Drain off fat, and keep bacon in warm place. When reaching for pan handle in the oven, be sure to use a thick pot holder. Remove chicken from pan. Add 1 tablespoon flour to pan and place on top flame. Slowly stir in cream in which chicken was previously soaked. Bring to a boil. Reduce flame and simmer very slowly about 5 minutes. Add sherry and instant broth. Stir well. Season with salt,



THE LEESURE HOURS

Time for Classic Tapered Slacks by Lee

These are the hours worth waiting for. At last you're away from workaday routines. And you're set to let fun fall as it may. Lee trim tapered slacks go with this kind of life. They take to relaxing as easily as you do. Lee slim Classic style with cuffs and belt loops. Dacron® and Cotton wash and wear. Treated with Scotchgard® rain and stain repeller. In Olive and Blue Checks or Charcoal and Blue Checks. \$6.95.

Leesures® by Lee

© 1962 H. D. Lee Co., Inc., Kansas City, Mo.

YOU ALWAYS GET THE
BEST for LISTENING



TONIGHT plus other Motion Picture & Broadway Hits—as played by Ferrante & Teicher.
UAL 3171 UAS 6171 (Stereo)

STANDING ROOM ONLY — The Highwaymen present their authentic folk songs.
UAL 3168 UAS 6168 (Stereo)

WE REMEMBER TOMMY DORSEY, TOO—Great Dorsey songs sung by the Modernaires.
WWR 3524 WWS 8524 (Stereo)



UNITED ARTISTS RECORDS

THE PROUDEST NAME
IN ENTERTAINMENT

BURNT IVORY®

SUBTLE SEASONING FOR INDIVIDUALISTS



Style 240

Burnt Ivory, the prestige and personality leather . . . the older it grows, the deeper it glows. Hand-sewn detailing enhances the exclusive appeal of this inimitable, hand-burnished tannage. About \$20.

exclusively

**Taylor
made**

Style 222



at your local Taylor merchant or write E. E. Taylor Corp., Dept. T-6, Freeport, Maine

Also manufacturers of British Walker Shoes for Men

pepper and cayenne pepper. Pour sauce on platter. Place chicken on top of sauce. Place bacon on chicken breasts. Garnish with peach fritters.

PEACH FRITTERS (Serves four)

- 2 12-oz. packages frozen sliced peaches, thawed
- 3 eggs, well beaten
- 1¼ cups flour, sifted before measuring
- 1½ teaspoons baking powder
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ⅛ teaspoon freshly ground nutmeg
- Salad oil

Drain peaches well. Put contents of one package in well of electric blender and blend until pureed. Cut balance of peach slices crosswise ¼ in. thick. Stir the peach puree and sliced peaches into the beaten eggs. Sift together the flour, baking powder, salt and nutmeg. Add dry ingredients to egg mixture, stirring only until a coarse batter is formed. Heat ¼ in. oil in an electric skillet preheated at 370°. Drop batter by large spoonfuls into skillet. Brown fritters on both sides.

ROAST QUAIL WITH WILD RICE AND PECANS (Serves four)

- 8 quail
- 8 thin slices salt pork, large enough to cover each breast
- ¼ cup coarsely chopped pecans
- 3 tablespoons butter
- ½ cup wild rice
- 2 tablespoons minced onion
- 2 tablespoons minced celery
- Salt, pepper, monosodium glutamate
- 12-oz. can chicken broth
- 1 tablespoon arrowroot or cornstarch
- Brown gravy color
- 1 tablespoon brandy
- 1 tablespoon dry sherry

Place pecans in a shallow pan with 1 tablespoon butter. Bake in oven preheated at 350°, 10–12 minutes. Wash rice well and boil in 1 quart salted water until tender, about 25 minutes. Drain rice. Melt remaining 2 tablespoons butter in saucepan. Add onion and celery. Sauté slowly until tender. Remove from fire and add rice and pecans. Season with salt, pepper and monosodium glutamate. Stuff rice into cavity of each quail. Fasten vent with toothpicks. Place salt pork on quail breasts. Roast quail in oven preheated at 450°, 20 to 25 minutes. Remove quail from pan and discard salt pork. Pour off excess fat from pan. Add chicken broth, and bring to a boil. Simmer 5 minutes slowly. Dilute arrowroot in 2 tablespoons cold water and slowly stir into pan. Cook a minute or two longer. Add brown gravy color, brandy and sherry. Place each quail on canapé (recipe below). Pour gravy over quail. Serve with crabapple jelly or guava jelly.

CANAPÉS FOR QUAIL (Serves four)

- 8 slices long French bread ½ in. thick

Butter

Quail livers

1/4 lb. chicken livers

1/8 teaspoon powdered sage

1/8 teaspoon leaf thyme

1 small onion, minced

1 piece celery, minced

1 tablespoon brandy

Salt, pepper, cayenne pepper

Melt 2 tablespoons butter in a saucepan. Add quail livers (if you can find these small organs), chicken livers, sage, thyme, onion and celery. Sauté slowly until livers are brown. Let the mixture cool slightly. Put the sautéed livers and vegetables through a meat grinder twice, using the fine blade. Or force the livers through a colander until pureed. Add brandy, salt and pepper to taste, and a dash of cayenne pepper. Spread each slice of bread on one side generously with butter. Place the buttered side down on a preheated heavy pan or griddle. Sauté until brown. Brush or spread butter on other side of bread and brown. Spread one side of each slice with liver mixture. Place each slice under a roast quail.

BAKED VIRGINIA HAM WITH PORT
(Serves 12)

1 whole Virginia country ham, completely cooked, about 12 lbs. cooked weight

1 cup tawny port

12-oz. can chicken broth

1 cup dark brown sugar

1 tablespoon prepared mustard

2 tablespoons bread crumbs

1/2 teaspoon ground cloves

1/2 teaspoon ground cinnamon

1/4 teaspoon ground allspice

2 tablespoons tawny port

2 tablespoons arrowroot or cornstarch

2 teaspoons bottled onion juice

(Any completely cooked smoked ham with bone may be used in this recipe.) Remove outer skin from ham. Place ham, fat side up, in a baking pan. Pour 1 cup wine and chicken broth into pan. Bake in oven, preheated at 350°, for 1 1/2 hours. Baste about every 15 minutes with liquid in pan. Combine sugar, mustard, bread crumbs, cloves, cinnamon, allspice and 2 tablespoons wine into a paste. Add more wine if necessary to make the paste smooth enough to spread easily. Spread on fat side of ham. (It is not necessary to score ham by cutting diagonal slices in the fat.) Continue baking until top is glazed and brown. Remove ham from pan. Measure liquid in pan. If necessary, add port and chicken broth in equal amounts to make 2 cups liquid. Bring to a boil over a top flame. Simmer 5 minutes. Dissolve arrowroot in 1/4 cup cold water. Slowly stir into simmering liquid. Add onion juice. Add brown

gravy color if desired. Carve ham. Pour hot gravy over slices on platter. Pass additional gravy in sauceboat. Surround slices of ham with glazed apples (recipe below).

GLAZED APPLES FOR HAM
(Serves 12)

2 cans baked apples containing 3 apples each

1/3 cup apricot jam

Ground cinnamon

Drain apples. Cut each one in half crosswise, using a very sharp knife. Place apple halves, cut side up, in a shallow baking pan. Put jam on a cutting board and with a heavy French knife chop thoroughly until pureed. Spread or brush jam on top of apples. Sprinkle with cinnamon. Place under a preheated broiler flame until top is glazed and lightly brown.

BEEF DAUBE
(Serves four)

4 lbs. beef rump

1/4 lb. sliced bacon

1/4 teaspoon leaf thyme

1 bay leaf

4 whole allspice

8 peppercorns

1 cup dry white wine

1 1/2 cups canned brown sauce

8-oz. can tomatoes, coarsely chopped

Astonishing
ALL-NEW REVUE direct from PARIS!
Spectacular! Sensational!

Opens March 7!
4th Titanic Edition!

Le Lido de Paris
"Voila" Revue

70 European Stars
World-Famed Bluebell Girls

Conceived by Pierre Louis-Guerin & Rene Fraday
Staged by Donn Arden

STARDUST Hotel
LAS VEGAS

Wilbur Clark's
DESERT INN
& COUNTRY CLUB
Las Vegas

10TH TOURNAMENT OF CHAMPIONS MAY 3-6

\$45,000⁰⁰ (PLUS) TO GOLFERS **\$35,000⁰⁰** TO DAMON RUNYON FUND

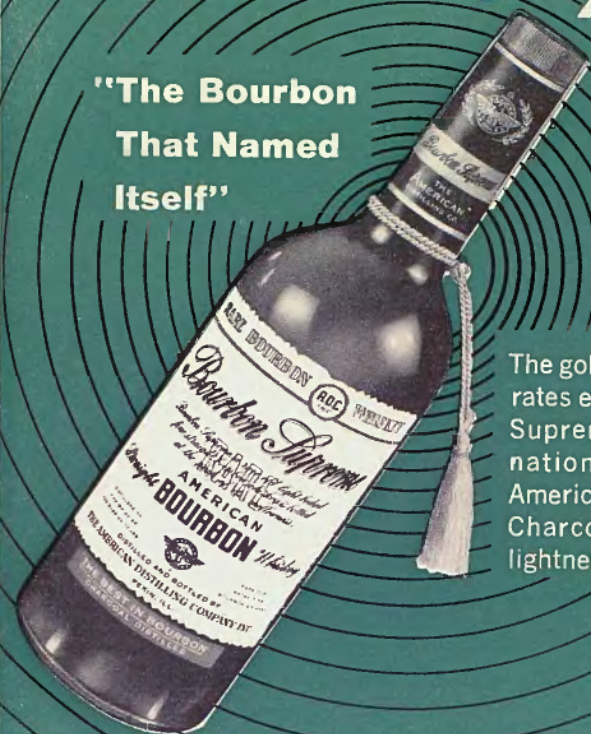
WORLD'S BEST GOLF, PLAYED BY THE WORLD'S GREATEST PROS!

* Tournament of Champions Week! April 30-May 6 *
* **7 DAYS OF FUN, FRIVOLITY & GOLF!** *
* On Stage! **PHIL HARRIS** *

ON NBC-TV-MAY 6

Bourbon Supreme

"The Bourbon
That Named
Itself"



The golden tassel that decorates every bottle of Bourbon Supreme is symbolic of its national renown as one of America's finest bourbons . . . Charcoal Distilled for extra lightness.

THE AMERICAN DISTILLING COMPANY, INC. • New York, N. Y. • Pekin, Ill. • Sausalito, Calif.
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY • 90 PROOF



SONY
RESEARCH MAKES THE DIFFERENCE

ALL-TRANSISTORIZED,
AC or BATTERY OPERATED
TRULY PORTABLE TV

A SONY TV takes everything in its stride: A cozy evening by the fire (it operates on AC current); relaxing after the rally or on a weekend cruise (it works from a 12v auto or boat battery; lazing away on a picnic or beach (it's equally happy with its own portable power pack). Regardless of how you use it, you'll find the remarkable SONY 8-301W truly portable TV will play with a brilliance that only 23 transistors and an aluminized, direct view 8½" screen can provide. Weighing a scant 13¼ lbs., and with built-in antenna, the SONY 8-301W TV lists at \$249.95. "Space Age" BCP-2 alkaline battery power pack, leakproof and rechargeable scores of times, only \$39.95 list. ALSO ASK FOR A DEMONSTRATION OF SONY ALL-TRANSISTORIZED BATTERY OPERATED RADIOS.

SONY CORPORATION OF AMERICA 514 Broadway, New York 12, N.Y.

- 1 large onion, peeled
- 1 carrot
- 6 sprigs parsley
- ½ small turnip
- Salt, pepper

Lard the beef with the bacon; that is, pull strips of bacon through the meat from top to bottom, using a larding needle. If you lack this gadget, make narrow tunnels through the meat with a sharp paring knife and force the bacon through with the finger. Place beef in a shallow pan in oven preheated at 450°, until brown, about 30 to 40 minutes. Transfer to a heavy stewpot. Add remaining ingredients. Cover with tight lid and simmer until meat is tender, about 2½ hours. Strain gravy. Skim fat. Correct seasoning with salt and pepper. Pour gravy over sliced meat on platter.

SPOON BREAD (Serves four)

- 1 cup corn meal
- 1 cup cold water
- 1¼ cups boiling water
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ½ teaspoon onion powder
- 3 tablespoons butter
- 1 cup cold milk
- 4 eggs, well beaten

Mix corn meal and cold water, blending well. Slowly stir into boiling water in a large heavy saucepan. Add salt, onion powder and butter. Reduce flame as low as possible. Cook about 5 minutes, stirring frequently. Remove from fire. Slowly stir in cold milk, blending well. Slowly stir in eggs. Turn mixture into a greased casserole. Bake in oven preheated at 425°, uncovered, about ½ hour or until top of spoon bread has risen and is lightly browned. Serve at table from casserole. Place a dab of soft butter on top of each serving.

ARTILLERYMEN'S PUNCH (12 glasses, six ozs. each)

- 18 ozs. 86 proof bourbon
- 6 ozs. light rum
- 3 ozs. dark Jamaica rum
- 3 ozs. apricot liqueur
- 6 ozs. lemon juice
- 12 ozs. frozen concentrated orange juice
- 18 ozs. very strong black tea
- 2 lemons, sliced

Put all ingredients in a punch bowl over a large block of ice. Let mixture stand for at least 20 minutes to ripen and chill. It will dilute slightly. Punch ingredients may also be poured into a large pitcher with ice. Serve in pre-chilled punch glasses.

A final requisite is to savor it all at a properly leisurely pace. It's an old Southern custom, and we're not just whistling Dixie.



STANCIAS' HOUSE (continued from page 96)

behind her.

Mars said, "She's stuck-up, whattaya want to waste your time for, Rob?"

And Morgan said, "She isn't crying, though. Maybe she might turn out all right."

My mother said, "It's a simply lovely evening. I think I may be able to finish Hercules' nose, the moon's so bright."

Cleo didn't say another thing then. She just walked faster. She was really sailing—maybe five miles an hour. Things went like this all the way to Murmuring Lane.

I stopped the car in front of the Torfree's, and I was just hopping out—Mother and Alamana and Mars and Morgan on my heels, my father puffing up the walk behind Cleo—when the first fire truck came. It zoomed around the corner on three wheels (it has six) and stopped; and at the same second, Mrs. Torfree burst out of the front door. Behind her, slower, came Mr. Torfree; his eyebrows were a little singed and his shirt was blackened, and he was wearing some sort of chemical apparatus around his neck.

The fire siren died away, and men began streaming from the truck. They jumped over the oleander bushes and sailed along through the bridal wreath and the baby's breath; in the distance another siren was wailing. Neighbors were erupting from front doors, coming along in a galloping hurry, a little pleased and friendly, and pretty excited. Cleo had stopped cold on the walk. She was looking at her mother and father. They came toward her. I stood beside her.

Her mother nodded, at something Cleo'd asked with her eyes.

"Oh yes," her mother said. "It's happened again. He said he'd just go down and play with his chemicals for a moment or two—" She swayed slightly, a hand to her forehead, and my good gallant father caught her and propped her up. Mars and Morgan propped my father up a little, in turn. Mr. Torfree looked to me the one who most needed propping, so I said with sympathy, "Sir. What happened?"

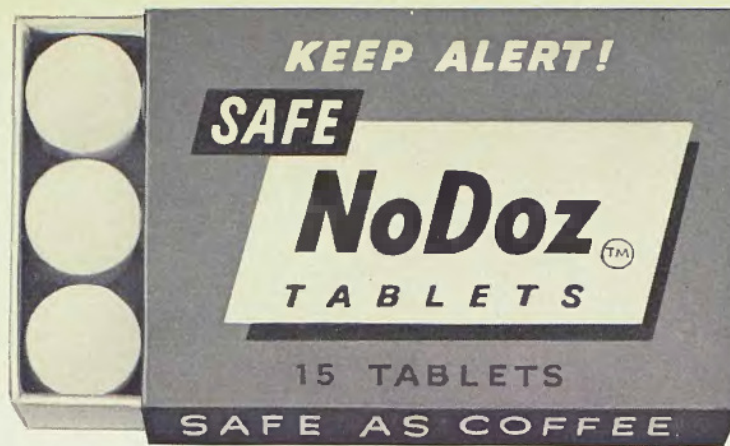
"You got some biggety burns," Alamana said, peering at him. She ducked gently. "Not so biggety they can't be treated, but we knows what to do. You come along to our house, easy now."

My mother said eagerly, "Page one hundred seven, in the Home Nursing course; we'll be happy to see you're made comfortable. Come along—" She was steering Mrs. Torfree along, too, by now; we all lumped ourselves toward the car.

"Happened?" said Mr. Torfree. "It was simply an experiment. Professor Stancia!" Mr. Torfree drew himself up, and for the first time I liked him. He

had what appeared to be powder burns over his left eye, but he wasn't a remote man any longer, he was something that breathed and jumped and lived. "Professor," he said to my father, "isn't a man's home his castle? Isn't it one of





THE SAFE WAY to stay alert without harmful stimulants

Never take chances with dangerous "pep pills." Instead, take proven safe NoDozTM. Keeps you mentally alert with the same safe refresher found in coffee. Yet NoDoz is faster, handier, more reliable. Absolutely

not habit-forming. Next time monotony makes you feel drowsy while driving, working or studying, do as millions do... perk up with safe, effective NoDoz. Another fine product of Grove Laboratories.



ASK ANYONE
who's been
to Puerto Rico

They'll surely tell you
the best-selling, best-tasting
quality rum on the Island is



DON Q[®]

Finest Rum for You

80 Proof. Schieffelin & Co., New York
Also available at 151 Proof



THE NEW LOOK... SNUG TOPS
BY CROSBY SQUARE



THE HOUSE OF CROSBY SQUARE 539 W. WRIGHT MILWAUKEE, WIS.

his sacred rights to do with that home and in that home what he wishes? Of course I didn't want to endanger others — it was purely accident. I must've got the wrong bottle. It's a hobby of mine, this experimenting — keeps my spirit fresh — ”

“Ah,” said my father. “Of course, of course. A hobby — ”

I said, also gently, under the hubbub around us, “Like your scooter, Professor. Like your fez. Like the moose head, and Mother's sculpting and root-raising and hamstering and all the rest. Like — ” and by now I was stopping on the walk, and breathing in Cleo's perfume, and looking straight in her eyes. “— Mars and Morgan's fooling around; which didn't mean a thing except that they're themselves.”

My father looked back. Smoke was coming out of the basement windows of the Torfree's, and the firemen were breaking glass with a jolly sound. It looked like they'd save the house all right.

“Like Alamana's opera,” he said to us. He was helping Mr. Torfree along now, and Mother had charge of Mrs. T. They were getting in the car. “Or seaweed — ” His nose and mustache made their rabbit-wrinkle. “— or anything at all which stems from human nature in the pursuit of its joy.”

Mr. Torfree wheeled around a little, grunted, and said, “You go ahead and marry this boy, Cleo. Don't stand on ceremony. Don't get to be a stuffed shirt. Keep that ring *on* your finger where it belongs!”

They were all in the car, Mother driving and Mars and Morgan helping her drive — they like to shift.

They pulled away. Firemen were bawling orders; two more trucks had arrived. Cleo stopped fiddling with the ring and walked along at my side. There was the smell of wild beauty and quick-growing things in the darkness under the catalpas, and it was even better under the oaks farther along, and we couldn't hear much after a while but the sounds of our own feet.

“OK?” I said then when we stopped walking.

“Well,” she said soft into my neck. “Your hair is like the wing of a golden plover,” I said. “Professor's right. I love you.”

“Well, I love you,” she said into my ear.

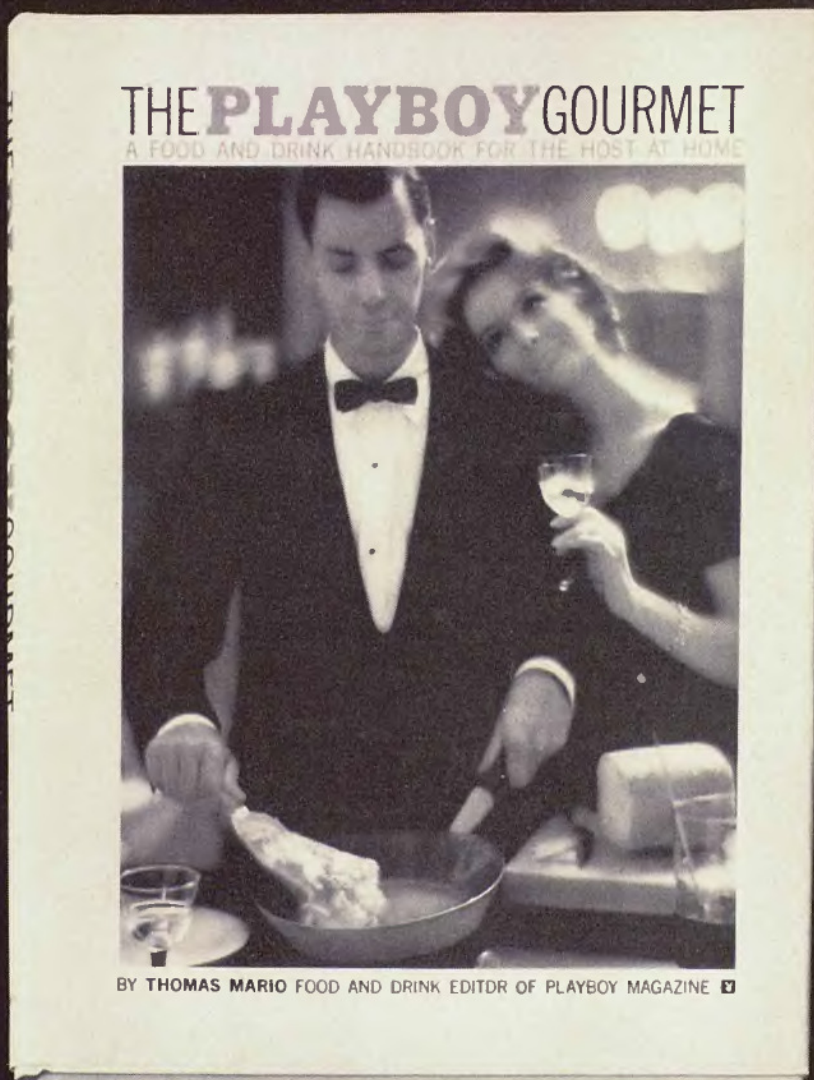
We kissed each other a lot, a great deal, then, and she said, “Keep that tie. I like it to light up. I want all our children to have neckties just like it.” And then she looked up with her hands on my face and said, “Har, har,” and we both said, “Har.”



THE PLAYBOY GOURMET

Whether entertaining à deux or en masse, THE PLAYBOY GOURMET will earn for you a glowing reputation as a chef supreme and a host unparalleled. Not the homemaker's all-purpose encyclopedia of ho-hum cookery, THE PLAYBOY GOURMET is tastefully attuned to the educated palate of the urban male. Its 22 chapters, 320 pages, run the gastronomic gamut from canapé to *glacé*, apéritif to cordial, picnic capers to holiday cheer. Over 75 color illustrations season this sumptuously bound symposium of PLAYBOY's epicurean essays—written with wit and wisdom by Food and Drink Editor Thomas Mario. Served up with an introduction by Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner, the book is laced with tidbits of gastronomic lore and common-sense culinary tips. THE PLAYBOY GOURMET is dedicated to the pleasure of eating and drinking well.

the
complete
food & drink
handbook
for the
host
at home



BY THOMAS MARIO FOOD AND DRINK EDITOR OF PLAYBOY MAGAZINE

ORDER YOUR PLAYBOY GOURMET NOW

Tempting to the eye
Pleasure for the palate
THE PLAYBOY GOURMET
Use the handy coupon at the right
to order your copies.

Makes a superb gift for your
favorite host or hostess.

PRICE: \$12.50 PER COPY

Please send me _____ copies of THE PLAYBOY GOURMET at \$12.50 per copy.
Check or money order is enclosed for \$ _____
Charge to my Playboy Club Key number which is _____

name _____
(please print)

address _____

city _____ zone _____ state _____

PLAYBOY BOOKS

232 East Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Illinois

H-101



Amilby

PARIS (continued from page 76)

29 Rue d'Ulm, behind the Pantheon. This institution is subsidized by the French government, and shows a different movie three times a night, seven nights a week. All the new wave directors got their feet wet here, and even today if the Cinémathèque is featuring a slightly avant-garde flick, you can expect to spot Truffaut, Godard and Chabrol in the audience.

The *ambiance* in these celluloid emporiums is remarkably conducive to quick friendships. The fact that famous directors do frequent the Cinémathèque insures the presence of alert, attractive dolls bent on film careers, as well as lovely, earnest young intellectuals who want to be the first girl in the *quartier* to have seen the new masterpiece. They are all worthy of close-up attention.

If you have local connections, you should try to wangle an invitation to a turn-of-the-century tea dance, still a fairly active and fashionable Paris institution. These affairs are usually held at Ciro's, 6 Rue Daunou, across from the venerable Harry's New York Bar, of 1920s fame; at the Club des Champs-Élysées on Avenue Montaigne under the vast theater of the same name; and at Les Îles Bleues, a spot tucked behind shrubbery between the Grand Palais and Place de la Concorde. The hours are always, scrupulously, 4:30-7 P.M., and the *danseuses*, as you might gather, are principally creatures of leisure.

Once you have found a scenic scene-making companion, your next concern will be to choose a suitable site for *à deux* dining. For the gourmet, amateur and expert, the sumptuous cuisines of Paris present an embarrassment of riches; in no locale within the accessible regions of the universe can a trencherman and his woman encounter such superb food, service and style. In fact, in Paris, as you'll discover, dining is a seriously beloved pastime, that can involve anywhere from two to three hours—serving the fare with a graceful flair is deemed as important as the creation of the sorcerous sauce that accompanies your turbot and your 1955 white burgundy. The French, aware as always of the importance of form and style, have elevated the *métiers* of waiter, *sommelier* and *maître de* to professions of distinction and authority. The French have been the discerning overseers of the training and artistic standards of the world's greatest chefs; they have seen to it that nearly all of their important restaurants, from the incomparable Grand Véfour (on the Right Bank) to the petit Chez Allard on Rue St.-André-des-Arts (on the Left Bank), are supervised by masters of the taste-making trade.

Realizing that their country's honor and reputation are involved with their restaurants' tables of contents, the French, in a quasi-official way, have entrusted the Michelin tire people with the task of keeping a constant eye on the standards of Gallic restaurateurs. The result is the familiar red *Guide Michelin*, a pocket-sized directory to the choicest culinary delights in France. Michelin employs an untiring full-time staff of inspectors who travel about sampling myriad meals; frequently the editors remove a star or add one to a restaurant's name, depending upon the dinner and service its anonymous inspector is given.

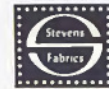
Each Parisian restaurant is characterized by its own style and unique atmosphere, and practically all are noted for an extraspecial *spécialité de la maison*; wines at La Reine Pédaque and Lapérouse, pressed duck at the lush Tour d'Argent, filet of sole Ritz at the regal Ritz Hotel. In selecting a dining destination for yourself and your amiable *amie* you should first decide on the tone you want to impart to the evening: elegance or informality, *haute cuisine* or a happy casualness.

If formality is fitting, you can't top the grand Tour d'Argent, the justly renowned gourmet mecca that perches five stories above the corner of the Quai de la Tournelle overlooking the Seine and Notre-Dame (try to reserve in advance the choice table by the huge bay window). Under the direction of Claude Terrail, who is usually on hand to greet his guests, the restaurant offers a savory assortment of culinary wonders. The pressed duck is the most celebrated course here, and if you've indicated in advance that this is your dining desire, you'll find a card at your table giving the number of your bird (now approximately 520,000). The wine cellar is one of the best in Paris and rates a visit. The tab for two who have made the cook's Tour d'Argent will fall in the neighborhood of \$18. A tipping tip is in order here: as in most cosmopolitan cities, gratuities are a deeply ingrained part of the philosophy of those who seek to serve you well. In most restaurants the service charge—12 to 15 percent—is added to your check. (When in doubt, ask, *Le service est compris?*) In cases where it is *compris*, you don't have to leave a sou behind you on the table. Neither the headwaiter nor the captain rate a tip, but the *sommelier* does, since he is not cut in on your 15-percent dole; if he wines you as you dine, a bonus of one or two new francs is entirely adequate.

Maxim's of the Rue Royale is, of course, the showplace restaurant of Paris. The unabashedly romantic atmosphere of the Merry Widow era still

MOHAIR and wool in a new blend makes Harmonaire the most comfortable fabric for ten months wear! This unique and lustrous suit—70% worsted, 30% mohair—is weighty enough for Winter, porous enough for Summer, perfect for in between. Distinctively tailored by Harmony Clothes. \$57.50 at these and other fine stores:

Brooklyn, ABRAHAM & STRAUS
Newark, BAMBERGER'S
Atlanta, DAVISON-PAXON
Minneapolis, EKLUND CLO. CO.
Cleveland, HIGBEE'S
Columbus, F. & R. LAZARUS
Oakland, KRIEG'S
Flint, SMITH-BRIDGMAN
Richmond, THALHIMER'S
Little Rock, GUS BLASS CO.
Or write HARMONY CLOTHES •
PHILADELPHIA 32



HARMONAIRE





Love
match!

the
young
crowd
and

SPLINTERS

by  SUN COUNTRY®

The slacks for the crowd that knows the score — there's clothesmanship in every neat line. Tailored with the new 13-inch tapered look — not an unnecessary inch anywhere. See them in popular Sandtan color. Only \$4.98.

for stores
nearest you write

HORTEX MANUFACTURING COMPANY | EL PASO, TEXAS

persists, and the food is more than sufficient to make you forget the 40-franc-a-person tab. You should bear in mind that Friday night is dress night — no one, outside of De Gaulle, gets in sans black tie or evening clothes.

Though it may seem at first thought to be a likely locale for tourists, the first landing of the Tour Eiffel contains an excellent restaurant that is frequented more by knowing Parisians than by visiting outlanders. The food is first chair, and as you sup you can relish an Eiffel eyeful of a panoramic view over the glittering city stretching to the far *faubourgs*.

For a more relaxed milieu, head for the charm-laden Broche-d'Or on Rue Bernard-Palissy, a tortuous, twisted street (half a block from the Café des Deux Magots) that has, in the last couple of years, become one of the most fashionable in Paris. In the Broche-d'Or you'll find 17th Century engravings, oaken tables and chairs, an open hearth where a white-smocked chef grills massive steaks and chops, and delectable young waitresses swathed in low-cut, belle-skirted adaptations of 17th Century serving-maid costumes, delightfully dispense cassis, superior wine and delicious hors d'oeuvre tidbits. While you're partaking of the baby artichokes and radishes, the chef brings for your inspection a tray of inviting cuts, including chicken, lamb chops, pork, veal and steak. Although technically the Broche-d'Or opens at seven, the smarter set doesn't start arriving till about nine. Dinner for two here will run around \$20.

If you're in the mood for fun, you might try À la Grenouille on the Rue des Grands-Augustins, a raucous eatery that has been dubbed, not without cause, Roger's Madhouse. The tables are crowded, the din is unrelenting, and the menu is printed on a blackboard in a far corner of the room: binoculars are provided for those who can't make it out with the naked eye. You'll find the merry mood here surprisingly contagious.

In the St.-Germain-des-Prés district there's another convivial little eatery called Les Assassins. Tucked at the bottom of Rue St. Benoît, it consists of a tiny, cheerfully rowdy, ground-floor room where the patrons sit elbow to elbow, eating unpretentious food (\$2.50 for dinner), guzzling red wine, and singing good-naturedly off-color French folk songs.

Another winning bet in Paris is the bistro, a type of restaurant popular to visitor and native alike. A bistro (the name comes from *bistrot*, the off-yellow shade commonly found on the walls) is a noisy, bustling place with sawdusted floors and a bright nickel-covered bar. The fare is classic French family cooking: *pot-au-feu* and *boeuf à la mode*, the latter a tender piece of beef lovingly

Latest
"pocket"
camera



Budget Priced MINOLTA 16-P

No fussing...no focusing...no figuring
Just set the "Weather Dial" and shoot

Don't you know someone who could use a pocket camera that can be carried everywhere? A camera that takes brilliant color slides...and jumbo black & white or color prints. A simple-to-operate camera where you just set the "Weather Dial" for perfect exposures.

Lens is an ultra-sharp Rokkor f/3.5. Film advances and shutter cocks with a quick turn of a thumb-wheel. And it's fully synchronized for flash.

If you do think of someone, recommend the remarkable Minolta 16-P—the only camera that does all this yet costs so little.

Wide choice of Kodak, Ansco, and Agfa Film
Choose from Kodachrome, Anscochrome, Agfacolor, Kodak Panatomic-X, Plus-X, and Tri-X. Film is available at just about every photo shop.



The World Famous MINOLTA 16-II
(over 100,000 in use)

Over 100,000 of these professional-quality pocket cameras are in use around the world. Perfect for those unexpected pictures and everyday shooting. Full range of speeds to 1/500; fabulous Rokkor f/2.8 lens and rapid film advance.

Use Genuine MINOLTA Film
The same "drop-in" cassettes fit both the 16-P and 16-II; available almost everywhere.



MINOLTA CORPORATION, 200 Park Av. South, New York 3

PLAYBOY GIFTS

QUALITY GIFTS FOR PLAYBOYS AND PLAYMATES



Off-hand sophistication, in cuff links and tie tack emblazoned with PLAYBOY's engaging bunny. Lustrous black enamel on rhodium.

Tie Tack TT \$2.50
Cuff Links CL \$4.50
The Set CLT \$6.50



Provocative potpourri—PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES. Hundreds of hilarious jokes and limericks from your favorite magazine, liberally seasoned with PLAYBOY's incomparable cartoons. 190 pages. Hard-bound. PJ. \$3



Give your playmate the Order of the Playmate Garter . . . she'll treasure it for years. Sleek black satin and misty imported French lace, embroidered with the PLAYBOY bunny. Choose black or white lace.

G \$2



PLAYBOY's worldly-wise Liquor Caddy adds a spirited touch to bookcase, bar or mantel. He'll hold any bottle, 4/5 quart size.

LC \$5



Lively PLAYBOY rabbit decals—to decorate anything from cocktail glasses to sports cars. Seven black and white emblems in assorted sizes—3/4", 2" and 3 3/4" square.

D \$1



Trim touch for a trim ankle . . . a delicate ankle bracelet with the distinctive PLAYBOY bunny charm. Lustrous black enamel on rhodium. Safety clasp.

ANK \$2.50



WE PAY POSTAGE ON ALL PLAYBOY GIFTS.

Please send the following item(s): _____ (use code letter(s) and specify quantity

when ordering more than one; specify color & size where choice is indicated.)

_____ \$ _____ (total)

TO: name _____

address _____

city _____ zone _____ state _____

Gift card to read from: _____

Enter additional gifts on a separate sheet.

MY: name _____

address _____

city _____ zone _____ state _____

You can also send me the following item(s): _____ (use code letter(s) when order-

ing more than one; specify color & size where choice is indicated.

_____ \$ _____ (total)

I have enclosed \$ _____ in check or money order for total order.

Charge to my Playboy Club Key number, which is _____

PLAYBOY PRODUCTS 232 East Ohio St., Chicago 11, Illinois

**SOCKRATES
SAYS...**



THE HEIGHT OF
COMFORT IS 2 FEET
WITH NEW **University®**
CREW-SADERS® BY
Inter woven®

As fine a pair of socks a fellow ever
set foot in. 75% High-Bulk Orlon
acrylic gives them the super-soft
comfort and 25% nylon assures
that this comfort lasts longer.

One size fits all in your
choice of 19 colors.

\$1.50

Modelli di
FILIPPO VERDE
©

MADE IN ITALY
for fashionable men

Mezzo Boot

Handsome slip-on styled in the
comfortable new ankle height.
Cashmere calf accented with
hand-stitching; fully leather
lined. Deep brown or black.
American sizes.

from the Verde collection,
\$12.95 to \$19.95

For name of store nearest you and free style booklet please write

VERDE SHOE CO., Brockton 20, Mass.

simmered in cognac and carrots. Chez Allard on Rue St.-André-des-Arts just off Place St. Michel is one of the finest Paris bistros extant. Largely frequented by showbiz types, it's a must on your itinerary. It's also imperative that you phone a couple of days in advance to reserve a table.

If you're in Montmartre and the hour is late, stop in at the informal restaurant known as Gabby and Haynes, a home away from home for wayfaring American jazz musicians. It's run by Leroy Haynes, who came over on the GI Bill many a year ago and stayed to cook—notably fried chicken and barbecued spareribs.

Provided the spring weather is favorable, Paris offers a lionized share of out-of-door eating arenas. Sprinkled in the well-kept woodlands of the Bois de Boulogne on the west end of the city are a number of eminent restaurants—the Pré Catelan, Orée du Bois, Pavillon Royal and Pavillon Dauphine—where you can dine on a terrace under the stars, observing the sudden lighting of the Eiffel Tower and listening to the sylvan sounds of the Bois. All these *in-time* oases feature small bands, so dinner can be combined with dancing. In town, the best alfresco eateries are the Lasserre rooftop restaurant on Avenue Franklin D. Roosevelt, and the Laurent or Ledoyen in the shrubbed park areas between Concorde and the Rond Point.

The variety to be found in the palaces of Parisian provender is vast, and one of the pleasures to be encountered in a sojourn here is that of discovering your own favorite dining spots. We include here a brief catalog of those that gratified our palate. There are many others of equal merit. On the Left Bank you can bank on Lapérouse (try the foie gras and *médailon de veau Orloff*), Chez Perreard (dishes from the province of Savoy), La Bouteille d'Or (an inn for ins back in the 13th Century) and the Bellechasse (for fine, remarkably inexpensive food). In the vicinity of Champs-Élysées and the Place de la Concorde there are Fouquet's (the wild duck and flaming woodcock are eminently satisfactory), Relais du Plaza-Athénée (good for the late-late meal), the Berkeley (try the steak *au poivre*), and Taillevent (great wines and superb *quenelles de brochet*). Near the Opéra you'll find the Café Le Paris, Grand Véfour and Pharamond. In the region of Montmartre's beautiful *butte* are the atmospheric Cochon d'Or and Chez la Mère Catherine.

Paris also has an ethnic restaurant for every conceivable gastronomic desire, from Indonesian, Moroccan and Russian fare to that of Italy, the Near East and Serbia. If you're a fan of international cuisine, it should be noted that the San Francisco serves the finest Italian food

in Paris; the Left Bank Le Catalan offers Basque and Spanish dishes; Chinatown boasts (not surprisingly) Chinese fare, the best in town; Le Hoggar is a haven for buffs of North African *couscous*; Chez Louis specializes in Czech and Viennese delicacies; and the Dinarzade has topflight Russian courses. In sum, picking your cuisine is a matter of epicurean taste—and in Paris it's nearly impossible to go wrong.

After you and your *jeune fille* have finished dining, you'll be ready for the evening's pleasurable entertainments, be it *boite*-hopping in Montmartre, dancing, catching the current opera, or attending one of the girl-studded music-hall shows. A tried and true mode of launching the post-prandial festivities is to drop in at one of the smart bars in St.-Germain for a cognac and coffee.

Foremost among these are Les Nuages, a dark and decorative rendezvous that serves the best espresso coffee in the neighborhood; Le Village, a favorite of foreign journalists, American writers and local *ouftêtes*; and Le Cercle de Rive Gauche, where show types drink, dine and dance. Over on Île Saint Louis there's the casually sophisticated Franc-Pinot bar and restaurant, a popular hangout for BB and other chic chicks.

If your inclination leans toward a round of dancing, then check into one of the Parisian private clubs—10 new francs to the doorman will be sufficient portal pay to gain you prompt admittance. These swinging clubs, which corner nearly all the current hip from Françoise Sagan to Mlle. Bardot, provide an intimate setting and prime Scotch and vodka, and are in tune till four or five in the morning. According to the skittish dictates of the fashionable world, a club will be in one season and out the next, with old favorites unpredictably receiving new leases on popularity. The Epi in Montparnasse, which has an upstairs grocer's stand for the carrot-artichoke crowd, was swarming (as this issue went to press) with unattached fillies. The Club St. Hilaire off the Champs-Élysées, on the other hand, rarely hosts a soloing *danseuse*.

On the Left Bank you might try the Club-St.-Germain-des-Prés on Rue St. Benoît, the prosperous prototype of the cellar way of life. Here there's a lively band—usually a competent jazz combo, generally French, occasionally American—and a kinetic crop of *cave* men and women. Also worthy of a look-in in the same area are the Tabou, Chez Régine and Le Keur Samba; in the latter you can dine in dim amber lighting and catch a wild African floorshow. You'll note that most of these spots have a number of seemingly indefatigable couples always in action on the floor; they are the instruments through which the management lures others into dancing and, in general, maintains a high *à la mode*

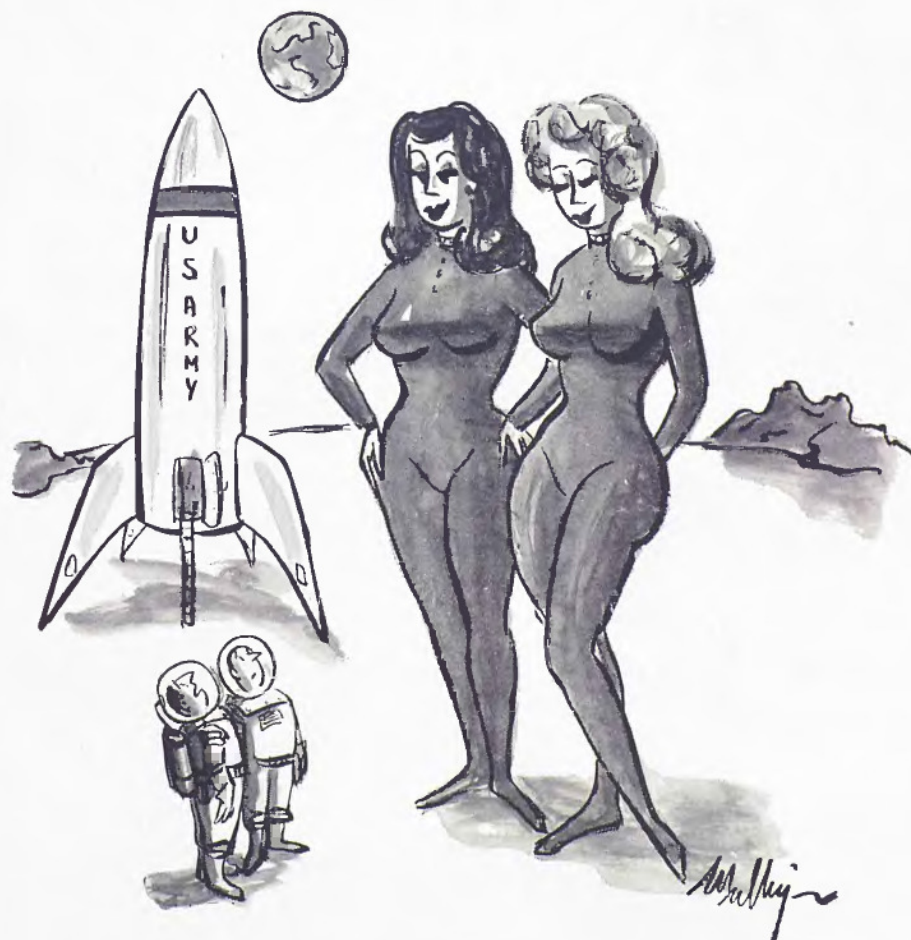
mood. The girls are called *entraineuses*; between hoofing bouts they nurse a Coke at a table and will gladly accept an invitation to dance with someone other than their partners. These lasses, usually in their late teens, earn a couple of bucks a night. If you're dateless, and if the appeal is mutual, they'll gladly spend the evening dancing and drinking with you. Whether or not one of them ends up as a *peignoir* pal is strictly up to you.

The best nighttime show in Paris is by all odds Le Crazy Horse Saloon, on Avenue George V, next door to the high-fashion maestro, Balenciaga. The director of this *boite*, Alain Bernardin, first imported le striptease to Paris a decade ago, and in so doing happily transformed the entertainment habits of the Continent. The striptease, as it is practiced by the coquettes of Le Crazy Horse, bears scant resemblance to its rowdily bumptious American antecedents. The belles peal with languorous elegance, doffing their raiment to the rhythms of cool jazz against gimmicky cinematic lighting arrangements. Bernardin, who has spent the last 10 years in the enviable, if tiring, pursuit of fresh talent, considers it a bumper year if he uncovers one or two new strippers among the 2000 he auditions. One of

these, a 17-year-old altogether charmer named Poupée la Rose, is the show-stopper of the current passers in revue. During her *vie en rose* act, pert Poupée retains only black silk stockings and provocatively placed chains of black beads.

This dark, low-ceilinged cellar, fitted out in an imaginative Gallic impression of a Western saloon, packs in some 250 buff enthusiasts a night, seven nights a week. The service is first-rate, and there's no annoying nonsense of forcing champagne or too many drinks on the patrons of the art. The first drink comes to three dollars, including the uncover charge and entrance to the dancing and entertainment; all succeeding rounds are \$1.50 per. Curiously enough, except for a reverent stag line at the bar, most of the clientele here is made up of couples and even families. With their usual fervent habit of converting everything to metaphysics or epistemology, the French take the phenomenon of stripping most seriously.

In Paris, nearly all night clubs with a floorshow feature one or more strip acts. The undraped bosom, of course, has long been the *raison d'être* of all shows intrinsically girly, and the heartland of the *belle poitrine* set is to be found about the Place Pigalle—or Pig



"I have never felt so inadequate in my life!"

new Horizons



new Horizons



PARFUMS CIRO
PARIS • NEW YORK

Alley, as several generations of American servicemen have fondly dubbed it. Pigalle is a brassy, vulgar and gaudy area that caters primarily to the tourist, the French provincial and the sucker. When making the rounds here at night you'll encounter pulsing pink neon signs outlining voluptuous nudes, a midway show replete with small Ferris wheels and a merry-go-round set up on the broad sidewalk running down the center of the boulevard, and battalions of peddlers offering bargains in feathery pictures, handwoven rugs, peanuts and women. The most notable no-nus-is-bad-news Pigalle fleshpots are Eve, Les Naturistes and Folies Pigalle; all front the Place Pigalle and contain a profuse amount of bra-less wonders. Champagne at \$10 and \$20 is slapped on your table without your bidding; between numbers the girls work the bars. There is also a multitude of seedier establishments, if you dig the infra dig dives, and many strolling fare ladies who'd appreciate a moment of your time and a look at your money clip.

Regarding the pros and cons of these conning pros, it should be mentioned here that the houses of ill repute, once so numerous and so fondly remembered in the reminiscences of returning dough-boys, are now illegal. They were shuttered shortly after World War II, mainly through the efforts of female deputy Marthe Richard, who has since been heard voicing regret concerning her intervention. The fact is that most of the girls left the houses and the confines of hygienic control to play the old bawd game on Parisian sidewalks. Most of the attractive play-for-pay practitioners have moved with the times; rather than garbing themselves in the familiar uniform of old — long hair, short puffy fur jacket and ankle-strap spike heels — many now clothe themselves in fashionable Chanel suits or suede jackets, and have shifted their beats from the poorer sections of town to smarter hunting grounds. You can find them after 10 in the evening patrolling the Madeleine and the upper end of the Champs-Élysées; they approach you discreetly and murmur "Tu viens, cheri?" (Literally: "You coming, honey?") If your answer is affirmative, they take you to a nearby hotel for a half hour or so. Most of the *filles de la nuit* who peddle their talent in the prosperous quarters speak a fluent if picaresque brand of GI English; nearly all are in their early 20s and endowed with an exceptional prettiness. The rates for these *amour-the-merrier* salesladies run from \$10 to \$20.

As in most European capitals, call-girls also ply their person-to-person trade in Paris, although the means of access to this friendly elite is not always readily apparent. Your *concierge* should prove as competent in this area

WHAT'S A MILE OR SO BETWEEN FRIENDS...



WHEN YOU'VE BOTH GOT THE EICO® WALKIE-TALKIE

CITIZENS BAND TRANSCEIVER #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-4.

EICO ELECTRONIC INSTRUMENT CO., INC.
3300 Northern Blvd., Long Island City 1, N. Y.

"Spring Tonic"



All-purpose sport socks



Wigwam SOCKS

Give your feet the "lift" of soft, shape-holding Wigwams. You'll find many styles, weights and colors to choose from at leading department and sporting goods stores.



WIGWAM MILLS, INC., Sheboygan, Wisconsin
In Canada: Henson Mills Ltd., Hull, Quebec

for every sport and everyday wear, too!



**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 911A No. 21st, Lincoln, Nebr.
A subsidiary of Outboard Marine Corporation



Worthiest successor to the "old school tie"...

THE PLAYBOY CLUB TIE

PLAYBOY's famous bunny woven into an eye-catching all-over design on a conservative tie of finest pure silk. Subtle seasoning for your wardrobe in: brown, gray, red, olive or navy, each combined with black. \$5.00 p.p.d.

Should we enclose a gift card in your name?

Send check or money order to:

PLAYBOY ACCESSORIES
232 East Ohio St. • Chicago 11, Ill.

Playboy Club Keyholders may charge to their Key numbers.

as he is in others. The standard fee, payable in advance, is \$100, which entitles you to a night's companionship.

If you're in an extravaganza mood, you should sample either the Lido or the Folies-Bergère, Paris' two most celebrated entertainment palaces. The Lido, located in huge basement quarters just under the center of the Champs-Élysées, offers an excellent dinner at 9:30, followed at 11 by the best cabaret show in town, a professional package that includes the ring-a-ding Bluebell Girls and some of the most fetching nudes in France. Though many of the acts are American and detract from the Frenchness of it all, the show itself is a fast-paced affair that can hold its own with any in Las Vegas. An evening's outing with dinner can run to \$30 for two; halve it for just drinks and the show.

The Folies-Bergère on Rue Richer is an institution dating from the Eighties that today continues to entice SRO crowds to its close-to-four-hour shows. Its successful formula has changed very little over the decades: lavish costumes; extravagant dance numbers; a soupçon of audience participation; Gallic chorines of delightful parts who strut onto the runway wearing little besides their outlandish hats; jugglers; acrobats; and a couple of sudsy operetta vignettes. A current addition is the live-wire American star, Sherry Young, who appears to be well on her way to replacing Josephine Baker as our choicest export to the life of Folie. A seat in the plush orchestra armchairs will cost you eight dollars, and can be obtained most easily through your hotel.

For unabashedly romantic drinking and dancing, head for the night club Monseigneur, near Pigalle, where a weepy squadron of 30 violinists is apt to swoop about your table to serenade you and your girl with a passionate gypsy medley. In the same spirit and neighborhood is Shéhérazade, a gypsy joint featuring gold-encrusted ceilings and dashing waiters wielding flaming shashlik swords.

If, on the other hand, you're looking for a cool spot for jazz listening, your best bets are the Blue Note and the Mars Club, both close to the Champs-Élysées. Though in general Paris jazz fare is not especially hip — they venerate New Orleans style, and haven't as yet moved with the times — the music in these clubs is excellent, and usually provided by American regulars and distinguished transients like the Modern Jazz Quartet. Top jazz, albeit on discs, is also to be dug along the Rue de la Huchette near Notre-Dame; the street is alive with cellars and *discothèques* bearing hallowed names like Storyville and St. James Blues.

The same street also houses a dandy belly-dancing parlor, El Djazair, which features four fine navel swingers. You

Heineken's Heineken's Heineken's Beer

*A treasure of pleasure
from Holland to here!*

*Fully aged.
Natural carbonation only.*

*Brewed to
Heineken's exclusive
old-world formula.*



SPECIAL OFFER

Handsome Heineken's glasses (one shown above), imported directly from Holland, are now available at a special price: 6 for \$4.00. Allow about 3 weeks for delivery. Send check or money order to S. M. D. Co., Dept. P, P. O. Box 1580, N. Y. 17, N. Y.



**IMPORTED
Heineken's
HOLLAND BEER**

GEN. U.S. IMPORTERS: VAN MUNCHING & CO., INC., NEW YORK, N.Y.

sit on low cushioned seats lining the wall, and sip mint tea or whiskey at huge brass handworked tables. The spirit is high Casbah, and the clientele often includes a number of genuine Saudi Arabian princes complete with retinues.

The most chic place on Rue St.-Séverin is the Grande Séverine, which belongs to Maurice Girodias, owner and publisher of the Olympia Press. Tucked in a 12th Century cellar, it offers its guests five different, but equally elegant, dining rooms and two alternating orchestras — one jazz and one Latin American.

Two other modes of entertainment rate a brief word. The first, called a *chansonnière*, has for its chief ingredient political satire. This Sahlitaire can be great irreverent fun, but only if you have a fluent command of the lingo. The second is the music hall, such as the Alhambra and the Olympia, which puts on variety shows headlined by the likes of Edith Piaf, Yves Montand, Georges Brassens and Charles Aznavour. You have to sit through a potpourri of acrobats, jugglers and comedy acts before the main dish is served, but it's generally worth the wait.

For a late nightcap, we warmly endorse dropping in at Gordon Heath's candlelit L'Abbaye, a small bar across the way from the old St. Germain church where Heath sings French and American folk songs. Commencing at midnight, requests are sung, and a candle is snuffed after each until the room is dark.

The traditional capper to a festive night on the town in Paris is a visit to

Les Halles for a great heaping bowl of onion soup. Since its inception in 1183 as a public market, the area of Les Halles has been, in the graphic phrase of Émile Zola, the "belly of Paris." Here, at three and four in the morning, while most of the city sleeps, the mile-square section rocks with the organized chaos of trucks, wagons and carts zeroing in from the provinces with the next day's providential provender. In this confused and raucous scene you'll see rugged blood-stained butchers hefting entire quarters of beef upon their shoulders; these beefy types have equally robust appetites, and it is because of them that so many solid restaurants have flourished in the neighborhood.

For morning fare at its best, try the Au Pied de Cochon, on Rue Coquillière. Pass up the more expensive topside restaurant for the brassy brasserie below: here you can savor pigs' feet — grilled, broiled, pan-fried, smoked or boiled — or order a sturdy white china bowlful of onion soup topped by an oven-browned crust of cheese, while watching the butchers drop by the zinc bar for *vin rouge* and a moment's conversation with ultrachic *Parisiennes*.

During the daylight hours of your succeeding days in Paris you will, of course, want to make the touristic tours of the buildings, parks and monuments that together impart to the city its historic texture and unique sense of timeless beauty. Foremost in any site-seeing itinerary should be the Louvre, an ex-royal palace (built by François I) that is

today the *premier* art museum of the world. Don't try to tramp through all the galleries in one day (there are 16 miles of them); for maximum enjoyment, ration your visits to an hour or so at a time. By all means, see the chef-d'oeuvres that are on display: the *Mona Lisa*, the *Venus de Milo*, and the *Winged Victory*, but don't fail to consult the museum's catalogs for less conventional esthetic treats of art and archeology. And obviously, if you have more than a passing interest in the arts, save time for the city's other museums, and its myriad art galleries, unique in excellence in the Western world.

Other magnificent buildings that require an appreciative pilgrimage are the Cathedral of Notre-Dame, the most famed of all medieval works of art; the Hotel des Invalides, a resting place not for the sick but for deceased French military heroes, including Napoleon; the church of Sacré Coeur atop Montmartre, a gleaming white structure built in Byzantine style where a spectacular view of the city may be enjoyed (at its best when you arrive for a breath of air at dawn); La Sainte Chapelle, a 13th Century Gothic masterwork on the Île de la Cité; the Pantheon, the domed burial place of such French notables as Jean Jacques Rousseau, Voltaire and Victor Hugo; and the Opéra, the ornate architectural climax to the Second Empire.

You should also pay a visit to the grand grounds of the Tuileries, the Luxembourg Gardens and the Bois de Boulogne. Lying between the Place de la Concorde and the Louvre, the gardens of the Tuileries comprise a gracious stretch of real estate that still retains its elegant 17th Century floral symmetry; set in a slightly more relaxed milieu, the Left Bank Luxembourg Gardens are a tranquil haven for lovers, sailboat-sailing kids and their mademoiselles, and people who just want to laze in the sun. The big and unboisterous Bois is a park on the western fringe of the city that is liberally sprinkled with ponds and lakes, and peaceful byways that draw much of the Paris citizenry on balmy Sunday afternoons. There are also two superlative race tracks here: steeplechasing Auteuil, and Longchamp, where top stake runnings are held each spring.

As is the case in most cities, perhaps the best way to capture Paris' intangible and spritely spirit is by wandering at random along the avenues and *rues*. It's a mistake to overorganize these promenades, for a routined route is not conducive to the spontaneous kicks that seem to accompany an ad-lib jaunt. We do advise, however, that you trek at least once along the Place Vendôme, the Rue du Faubourg-St.-Honoré, Rue St.-Honoré, Rue de la Paix, Avenue Matignon and the Avenue de l'Opéra — *prime à pied* areas for those who enjoy window-brows-



"Cut it, Oedipus, she's old enough to be your mother!"

ing past the world's most superlative shops. And you might reserve one Sunday morning for a perambulation through the Flea Market (or *Marché aux Puces*, as the locals call it), where you'll encounter convoluted acres of gimcrackery. Everything under the *soleil* is sold here, and occasionally you can pick up a prize antique at bargain rates.

Should you desire to take off on a one-day spin to Paris' rural environs, there are a number of choice choices open to you and your traveling companion. (Renting a car poses no problem; we lean toward either a Floride or a smooth-riding DS convertible.) One popular destination is Versailles, the palatial diggings of Louis XIV which loom some 13 miles out of town. Flanked by magnificent gardens and parks, this massive palace is shot through with historic rooms, ranging from the boudoir of Marie Antoinette to the Hall of Mirrors where World War I's peace treaty was signed. Thirty-seven miles to the south lies Fontainebleau, a regal retreat where François I and his successors indulged a double passion: love of hunting and love of women. Here a 57,000-acre forest sides the lavish palace that Napoleon and Josephine, among others, utilized for many a pleasant interlude. Churchgoers and connoisseurs of religious art and architecture will find the great cathedrals of Reims (96 miles out) and Chartres (63 miles) within easy motoring distance of Paris.

If you and your *femmelin* are amenable to the quiet of a rustic weekend, you can't do better than to make tire tracks to the ancient village of Montfort-l'Amaury, 45 minutes out of town. Head for the Auberge de la Moutière, an inn that prospers under the astute direction of Maxim's M. Carrère. This Edenesque spot offers eight rooms superbly suited to *double-entendres*, a top cuisine and wine cellar, and flawless service.

Almost as bucolic and equally pleasurable, are leisurely drives in an open carriage through the parks or along the Seine, and boat trips on the river itself, either around the Ile de la Cité or out as far as St. Cloud and back.

Whatever side excursions you choose to make, you'll assuredly want to spend the concluding carefree days of your visit back in Paris, that persuasive and fortuitous fusion of the sensuous and the spiritual, the joyous and the nostalgic, the earthy and the sublime. Returning to the welcome confines of its unique *arrondissements*, you'll realize with fresh perception that Paris is, above all, a state of mind, a stylized approach to life as it should be lived. Breathing its heady spring air, you'll come to understand — and will never forget — the elusively seductive *raison d'être* that has won for it the name of incomparable city of light.



Men, there IS a big difference!

look
trim
in
the

SLIMU
zone

with
Brief or
Mid-Thi
control



Munsingwear
since 1886[®]



SLIMU BRIEF. Maximum comfort plus healthful support in the SLIMU zone keep you looking better, feeling better in this superior brief that slims and trims you.
S, M, L, XL \$1.95

SLIMU MID-THI. New in the SLIMU family. Mid-thi length, for the man who wants the comfort and good looks of a slimmer, trimmer thigh, plus support in the SLIMU zone.
S, M, L, XL \$2.95

Both styles with these superior Munsingwear features:

- Exclusive male pouch design
- Heat resistant two-way stretch elastic abdominal band
- Patented horizontal fly permits lower abdominal support
- Nylon reinforced leg bands
- Premium combed cotton-taped seams
- Design provides healthful support, improves posture, relieves fatigue

sold only at finest department stores and men's stores.

Munsingwear, Inc. • Minneapolis 5, Minn.



THIS IS YULYA



singing 12 new continental songs of love in
'12 FACES OF LOVE'

"Yulya is superb; her husky, intimate voice . . . raises visions of small, smart, sad little boites. This record is solid and highly satisfying entertainment." (High Fidelity) ". . . an excellent voice spiced with an exotic flavor which gives extra kick to her English lyrics . . ." (Variety) "Yulya is a real discovery and so is this release."

Now At Your Favorite
Record Dealers or order
by sending \$4.98 to:
STAND RECORDS,
105 W. 55 St., N. Y. 19



Uniquely Aromatic! Accept with our compliments your first pouch of this new and uniquely aromatic blend. In V.I.P. Mixture, The House of Edgeworth offers you a rare combination of premium tobaccos cut for easy packing and cool smoking. For free full-size pouch, send name and address to: V.I.P., Dept. G-8, P.O. Box 6-S, Richmond, Virginia.

Limited to USA

THE HOUSE OF EDGEWORTH
Larus & Brothar Co., Inc. • Fine Tobacco Products Since 1877



Plaque in Light or
Dark Oak
Popular size 6" x 7"
\$6.50 inc. freight
Any size made
Descriptive Brochure
sent free

CASTELL & SON

Montpellier Walk, Cheltenham, England

Heraldry for the Home

Records of over
50,000 Family Arms
held. U.S. Colleges,
Clubs, Associations,
etc.

Heraldic
Mural Decoration
for Colleges,
Churches, etc.

IDEAL GIFT
Blazer Badges, Auto
Badges, etc.
Any design copied

YOU CAN'T GET THERE

(continued from page 88)

We may well discover, when such a survey is made, that there is nothing particularly interesting deep down inside the Earth—merely homogeneous shells of rock or metal, growing denser and denser toward the center. Almost invariably, however, the Universe turns out to be more complicated and surprising than we could have supposed; consider the way in which "empty" space was found to be crowded with radio waves, cosmic dust, stray atoms, charged particles, and heaven knows what, just as soon as we started to explore it. If nature runs true to form, we shall discover something deep inside the Earth that we will not be content merely to survey from a distance. We'll want to get at it.

It may want to get at us, as I suggested some years ago in a short story called *The Fires Within*. This was based on the fact that forms of matter exist, under high pressure, so dense that by comparison ordinary rock would seem more tenuous than air. Indeed, this is a gross understatement; granite is about 2000 times as dense as air, but the "collapsed matter" in the heart of a dwarf star is 100,000 times, and in some cases 10,000,000 times, as dense as granite. Although even the pressures inside the Earth are far too small to crush atoms to this inconceivable density, I assumed, for purely fictional purposes, that creatures made of compressed matter might be swimming round inside the Earth as fish swim in the sea. I hope that no one takes the idea any more seriously than I did, but it may serve as a fable to prepare us for facts almost equally surprising, and much more subtle.

If our descendants—or their machines—ever succeed in sinking far down into the molten interior of the Earth, it may be through the use of techniques developed very far from home for quite different purposes. To consider these, let us take a detour far out into space—to the giant planet Jupiter, which our first automatic probes will be circling and surveying in the 1970s.

I am a little tired of reading in books about space travel that Jupiter is a planet upon which men will "certainly" never land—although I cannot pretend that I am very anxious to go there myself. Here is a world with 11 times the diameter of Earth, and more than a hundred times its area; if our entire planet were spread out across the face of Jupiter, it would appear about the size of India on the terrestrial globe. But we have never made

THE NEW LENNY BRUCE!



LENNY BRUCE—AMERICAN
(Fantasy 7011)

AVAILABLE AT ALL STORES

or **4.98** ppd. to:

Fantasy Records

855 Treat Ave., San Francisco 10, Calif.



CHANGE YOUR WATCH BAND!

Replace your watch band with a fresh, stylishly correct Brite Watch Band. Now in popular Military Stripes and Weaves plus Metal Expansion in yellow or white, leather inlay. From \$1.00 to \$5.98 at stores everywhere.



playboys and playmates at leisure . . .

go for the great good looks, the easy comfort of the Playboy Shirt. Impeccably tailored of luxurious cotton knit and emblazoned with the distinctive PLAYBOY rabbit. \$5 each, ppd.

Smashing colors: red • black • white • smoke pewter green • stone blue • manila • antique gold • azure blue.

Playboy Shirt: small, medium, large, extra large

Playmate Shirt: small, medium, large

Should we enclose a gift card in your name?

Send check or money order to:

PLAYBOY SHIRTS

232 East Ohio St. • Chicago 11, Illinois

*Playboy Club Keyholders may
charge to their Key numbers.*



any maps of Jupiter, for we have never seen its surface; like that of Venus, it is perpetually hidden by clouds—or what, for want of a better word, we may call clouds.

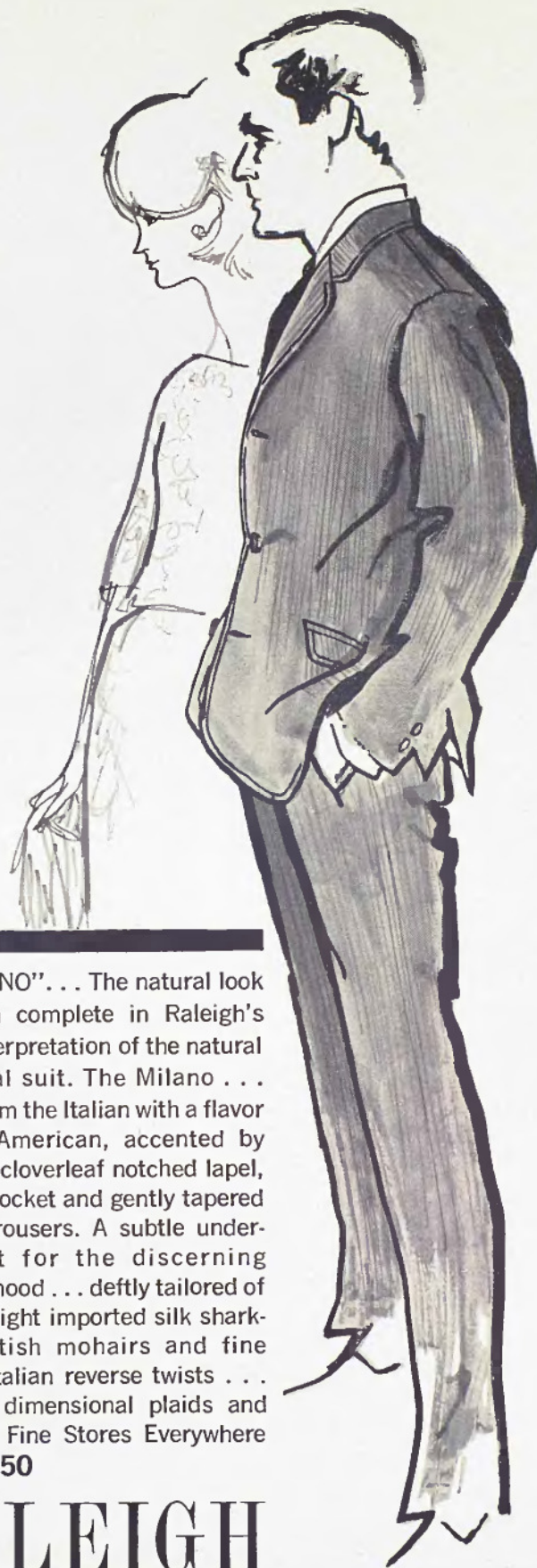
They are drawn out in ever shifting parallel bands by the swift spin of the planet, and across half a billion miles of space we can watch the progress of mammoth storms or disturbances, many of them larger than Earth. The meteorology of Jupiter is a science whose very foundations are not yet laid; out there in the cold twilight so far from the Sun, a huge atmosphere of hydrogen and helium is being torn by unknown forces. Yet despite these convulsions, some features manage to survive for years at a time; the most famous of these is the Great Red Spot, an immense oval object some 25,000 miles long which has been observed, on and off, certainly for 120 years and perhaps for three centuries.

Because of Jupiter's size, and the scale of the events taking place there, it is natural to assume that its atmosphere is very much deeper than ours—perhaps a thousand, rather than a hundred, miles in thickness. But this is not the case; because Jupiter's gravity is more than two and a half times Earth's, the planet's atmosphere is compressed into a layer which may be only 50 miles deep.

At the bottom of that layer, the pressure must mount to values which we know only in the depths of our oceans. To enter the atmosphere of Jupiter we would need not merely a spaceship, but a bathyscaphe. There may be no definite solid surface on which any vehicle could land; the hydrogen may become steadily more dense until it turns first to a liquid slush, then—when the pressure reaches a thousand times that at the bottom of the Challenger Deep—to a metallic solid.

Yet, someday men are going to visit this world; the exploration of Jupiter may be one of the greatest enterprises of the 21st Century. Jupiter will be the laboratory in which we shall learn to withstand, control and use really high pressures, and from this work may arise vast new industries in the years to come. (There is no lack of raw materials on a world that weighs 300 times as much as Earth.) When we have learned how to survive in the lower levels of the Jovian atmosphere, we shall be better prepared to burrow into our own planet.

On Jupiter our main problem will be pressure—and perhaps the sheer violence of gales that may blow at hundreds of miles an hour. We shall not have to contend with high temperatures; the outer layers of the atmosphere are at about 250 degrees below zero Fahren-



THE "MILANO". . . The natural look is herewith complete in Raleigh's modern interpretation of the natural Continental suit. The Milano . . . adapted from the Italian with a flavor distinctly American, accented by side vents, cloverleaf notched lapel, no breast pocket and gently tapered pleatless trousers. A subtle understatement for the discerning American mood . . . deftly tailored of incredibly light imported silk sharkskins, British mohairs and fine imported Italian reverse twists . . . in muted, dimensional plaids and stripes. At Fine Stores Everywhere from \$69.50

RALEIGH

Manufacturers of Naturaleigh and Wall St. Clothes
designed by Amore Pace

heit, but at "ground level" it may be slightly tropical, though that is now anyone's guess. If there are places in the Solar System that are unattainable because of temperature alone, we must look for them much closer to the Sun.

The planet Mercury is an obvious choice. This little world—just over 3000 miles in diameter—knows neither day nor night, since one face is turned perpetually toward the Sun and the other is in eternal darkness. At the center of the illuminated hemisphere, in that unimaginable endless noon where the Sun hangs forever vertically overhead, the temperature must rise to seven or eight hundred degrees Fahrenheit. And on the dark side, where the only heat received is the feeble glow of starlight, it is at least 400 degrees below zero.

These temperatures, extreme though they are by ordinary standards, are well inside the range of today's industrial and scientific techniques. The conquest of Mercury will not be an easy project, and not a few men and machines will perish in the attempt. But we shall have to get closer—much closer—to the Sun before we run into real trouble.

The temperature rises quite slowly at first as we move in toward the central fire of the Sun; here are some figures which show what would happen to a spaceship whose hull was at a comfortable 65 degrees F in the vicinity of Earth.

As the ship went past Venus, 67,000,000 miles from the Sun, the hull would reach 160 degrees F; at the orbit of Mercury, 36,000,000 miles from the Sun, it would touch 400 degrees F. We would have to approach the Sun to within 10,000,000 miles before the temperature passed 1000 degrees F.

Five million miles out from the center of the Sun, it would be approaching 2000 degrees F; 1,000,000 miles, 4500 degrees F. This last distance is only half a million miles above the surface of the Sun, which is at a temperature of about 9000 degrees F.

Materials are known which remain solid at temperatures above 6000 degrees F; graphite starts evaporating around 6800 degrees F, while hafnium carbide holds out to 7500 degrees F—the record, to the best of my knowledge. Thus we could send a hafnium carbide nose cone to well within a million miles of the Sun—a hundredth of the Earth's distance—and hope to get it back in one piece. Instrument-carrying, expendable probes, well protected with layers of refractory material which slowly boiled away, could even reach the surface of the Sun before they disintegrated.

But how close to the Sun could a man-carrying ship approach in safety?

The answer to this question depends upon the skill and ingenuity of the refrigeration experts: my guess is that 5,000,000 miles is an attainable distance even with a crew-carrying vehicle.

There is one useful trick we may employ to get quite close to the Sun in (almost) perfect safety. This is to use a convenient asteroid or comet as a sunshade, and the best choice known at the moment is the little flying mountain appropriately named Icarus.

This minor planet travels on an orbit that every 13 months brings it within a mere 17,000,000 miles of the Sun. Occasionally, it also passes quite close to Earth; it will be within 4,000,000 miles of us in 1968.

Icarus is an irregular chunk of rock one or two miles in diameter, and at perihelion, beneath a sun that appears 30 times as big in the sky as it does from Earth, the surface of this little world may reach temperatures not far short of 1000 degrees Fahrenheit. But it casts a cone of shadow into space; and in the cold shelter of that shadow, a ship could safely ride around the Sun.

In a short story called *Summertime on Icarus* I described how scientists might embark on such a (somewhat) hair-raising sleigh ride to get themselves and their instruments close to the Sun, which would be unable to touch them as long as they remained on the cool side of their mile-thick shield of rock. Though it would be possible to construct artificial heat shields, like today's reentry nose cones, it will be a long time before we can give ourselves the protection that Icarus would provide for nothing. Small though it is, this minor planet must weigh about 10 billion tons.

There may be other asteroids that go even closer to the Sun; if there are not, we may one day make them do so by a nudge at the right point in the orbit. And then, dug well in below the surface, scientists would be able to skim the atmosphere of the Sun, whipping across it and out again into space on a tight hair-pin bend.

It is interesting to work out how long the ride would take. Being a rather small star, the Sun is "only" 3,000,000 miles in circumference. A satellite just outside its atmosphere would move at about a million miles an hour, so would circle it every three hours.

A comet or asteroid falling toward the Sun from the distance of Earth would be moving somewhat faster than this at its point of closest approach. It would flash across the surface of the Sun at a million and a quarter miles an hour, and so would make its swing round the Sun in little more than an hour, before heading off into space again. Even if a few megatons of rock boiled away in the process, the instruments and observers deep inside the asteroid would be safe—unless,

of course, there was a navigational error and they plunged too deeply into the solar atmosphere, to burn up through friction as so many artificial satellites of Earth have already done.

What a ride that would be! Imagine flashing high above the center of a giant sunspot, a gaping crater 100,000 miles across, spanned by bridges of fire over which our planet Earth could roll like a child's hoop along a sidewalk. The explosion of the most powerful hydrogen bomb would pass unnoticed in that inferno, where whole continents of incandescent gas leap skyward at hundreds of miles a second, sometimes escaping completely into space.

Ray Bradbury, in his short story *The Golden Apples of the Sun*, described the descent of a spaceship into the solar atmosphere to obtain a sample of the Sun (which we now know, incidentally, to be 90 percent hydrogen, 10 percent helium, plus a mere trace of all the other elements). When I first read this story, I dismissed it as charming fantasy; now I am not so sure. In one sense we have already reached out and touched the Sun, for we made radar contact with it in 1959—and how unbelievable that would have seemed a generation ago! Even a close physical approach no longer seems completely out of the question, thanks to the development of the new science of plasma physics, born within the last 10 years.

Plasma physics, sometimes known by the jawbreaking name of magnetohydrodynamics, is concerned with the handling of very hot gases in magnetic fields. Already it has enabled us to produce temperatures of tens of millions of degrees in the laboratory, and ultimately it may lead to the goal of limitless power from hydrogen fusion. I suggest that, when we have acquired some real mastery of this infant science, it will also give us magnetic or electric shields that can provide for more effective protection against both temperature and pressure than can be obtained from any walls of metal. The old science-fiction idea of the impenetrable shield of force may no longer be a dream; we may be forced to discover it, as the only real answer to the ICBM. When we possess it, we may have a key not only to the interior of the Earth, but even, perhaps, to the interior of the Sun.

This search for the unattainable has taken us, in imagination, to some strange and hostile places. The center of the Earth, the depths of the Jovian atmosphere, the surface of the Sun—though these are certainly beyond the reach of today's technologies, I have given reasons for thinking that they need not be forever out of bounds, if we really desire to visit them.





"And I was so afraid that working for a giant corporation would be an impersonal, cold, inhuman relationship!"

WONDERFUL CLOUDS *(continued from page 44)*

counted the pulsations of the artery in her throat, which had suddenly started to pound. She just prevented herself saying, "I'm getting a divorce," in a flat, decisive tone of voice. Then she remembered that you don't walk out on someone through spite and that she was going to hurt Alan quite enough as it was.

"He's not one-eyed," she replied: "he's very sweet and I know you'll like him."

Alan stood motionless, holding his clumsily knotted tie between his fingers. He raised his eyes to hers in the mirror, astonished by the gentleness in her voice.

"Forgive me," he said. "It's already sad enough that jealousy should make me stupid, but it's quite inexcusable that it should make me so rude."

"Don't become human," thought Josée, "don't start to change, don't disarm me or take away my reasons for leaving you. Don't do that to me." Then perhaps she

would no longer have the courage to leave him, and leave him she must. She positively must. Now that her mind was made up, that she had a taste of life without him, she lived in a state of complete dizziness that wanted to spill over into words. So long as those words had not been spoken, nothing was settled, her decision did not really exist.

"In fact, I did have an affair with him. It lasted three days."

"Ah!" said Alan, "he's the writer from the provinces. I forget his name."

"Bernard Palig."

"You told me about it one evening. You went to see him to tell him his wife needed him, and stayed on at the hotel. Isn't that the one?"

"Yes," she answered, "that's the one."

She suddenly had a picture of the grayish square at Poitiers, the shabby paper on the walls of the room and, again, breathed in the smell of the prov-

inces. She smiled. All that was to be hers again: the gentle hills of the Île-de-France, the neat little gardens, the old houses, the air of Paris streets, the golden Mediterranean, all the images that crowded her memory.

"I didn't remember that I'd told you."

"You've told me lots and lots of things. The only things I don't know about you are what you have forgotten yourself. I've dragged everything out of you."

He turned toward her. It seemed years since she had seen him dressed in a suit, and this man in dark blue, these hard eyes in a child's face, were suddenly alien to her. "Alan," a voice said inside her, but she did not move.

"It's impossible to drag anything out of anyone," she said. "Don't worry. And please be kind enough not to insult Bernard."

"Your friends are my friends."

They did not take their eyes off each other. She began laughing.

"Hostile . . . That's what we've become. Hostile to one another."

"Yes, but I love you," said Alan in a polite voice. "Come, we'll go and wait for your friend in the library."

He took her arm and involuntarily she leaned on him. How long had she been leaning on that arm? A year? Two years? She no longer remembered and suddenly felt frightened that her arm might miss his, that she might never know again where to lay her hand. Security . . . ironically enough, this neurotic man was her security.

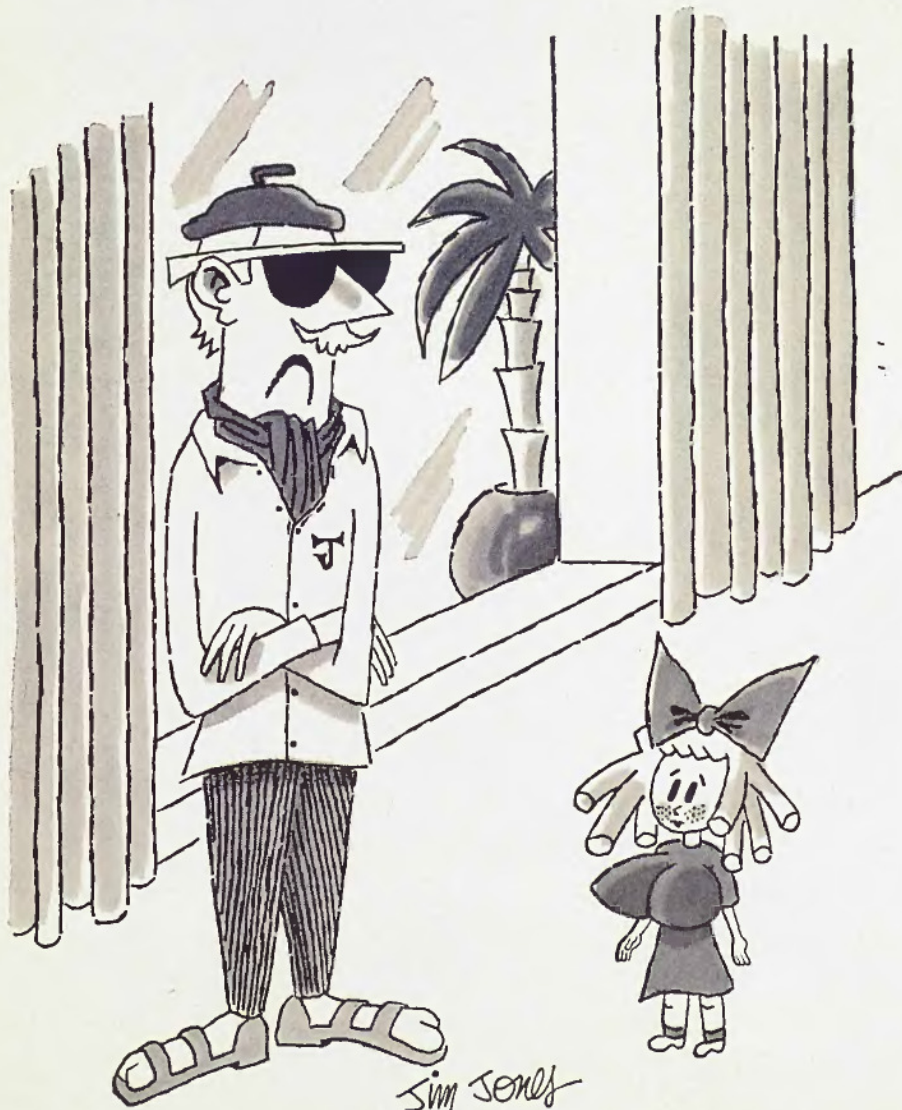
Bernard arrived punctually and they had cocktails and talked politely about New York. Josée had imagined she was about to witness the impact of two worlds, of her two worlds, but as it turned out, she was simply drinking a martini with two men of about the same build, equally well mannered, who had once had, or who still had, a strong feeling for her. Alan smiled, and Bernard's expression, which had been rather condescending when he arrived, quickly changed to one of annoyance. She tended to forget how unusually good-looking Alan was and felt an odd pride in the fact. So much so that she neglected to keep her eye on the cocktail shaker, and it was only when she caught an expressive signal from Bernard that she turned around to see what Alan was up to. He was fumbling with a package of cigarettes in an attempt to get one out.

"Shall we go and have dinner?" she said.

"One last drink," suggested Alan pleasantly, and he turned to Bernard, who refused.

"But I insist," Alan continued. "But I insist." The atmosphere had suddenly become tense. "I really insist." Bernard got up.

"No, thanks. I'd much rather go and eat."



"As a kid star in pictures . . . you've had it."

"Not until you've drunk a toast with me," said Alan. "You can't refuse."

"If Bernard doesn't want to," began Josée, but Alan interrupted her.

"Well, Bernard?"

They stood and faced each other. "Alan is more athletic, but he's drunk," thought Josée swiftly. "And anyway, I can't remember if Bernard is tough or not. But it's scarcely the moment for a study in comparative anatomy." She took the glass from Alan's hand.

"I'll drink with you. And so will Bernard. What to?"

"To Poitiers," said Alan, and drained his glass at a gulp.

Bernard raised his glass.

"To Key Largo," he said. "One kind thought deserves another."

"To this charming gathering," said Josée, and burst out laughing.

All three returned at dawn from Harlem. The skyscrapers stood out sharply against the mist rising from Central Park, and in the cold air the yellow leaves seemed to have found a fresh vigor.

"What a beautiful city!" said Bernard under his breath.

Josée nodded. She sat sandwiched with one on each side, as she had the entire evening. They had settled her between them, danced with her one after the other, like automatons. For once, Alan drank in moderation and made no further allusions to awkward subjects. Bernard seemed a little less tense, but she could not recall having spoken directly to him — or he to her. "It's a dog's life," she thought, "a real dog's life. And a life that people might possibly envy me." Alan let down a window to throw away a cigarette, and cold air swept into the taxi.

"It's cold," he said. "It's cold everywhere."

"Except in Florida," she said.

"Even in Florida." He turned so suddenly toward him that Bernard started. "My dear Bernard," he said, "let's forget the young woman sitting between us for a second. I'll forget you're a logical Frenchman and you'll forget I belong to the privileged class."

Bernard shrugged his shoulders. "How strange," thought Josée, "he knows I'm leaving Alan and going back to Paris when he does and he's the one who looks annoyed."

"There," said Alan, "everything has been forgotten and now we can talk a little. Driver!" he cried, "find a bar, anywhere you can."

"I'm sleepy," said Josée.

"You can be sleepy later. Now I've got to talk to my friend Bernard, who has the Latin idea of love and can throw some light on our ménage. Besides, I'm thirsty."

They found themselves in a small, deserted bar on Broadway, The Boccage, and the name with its spelling mistake made Josée smile. And what idea could the proprietor possibly have of the

do you have shirt hang-over?

Shirt hangover got you down? Dress up in a Shapely. Can't hang over because it's tapered to a "T". Follows a man's lines, gives you a man's look! This elegant plaid over-print available in varsity or traditional button-down collars. The body is tapered...the sleeves are tapered...you're trimmed down. In a handsome variety of the newest Spring shades at your favorite store, about \$4. It's tapered to a "T".

Shapely
UNIVERSITY CLUB

MACK SHIRT CORP., CINN. 2, OHIO

JAZZ FOR MATURE FANS

The controversial French film, "Les Liaisons Dangereuses," may be for "mature adults only," but this sound track recording is for anyone who digs hard-swinging jazz, as delivered by Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers.



LA 16022



© "EPIC", MARCA REG. "CBS" T.M. PRINTED IN U.S.A.

ROBERTS STEREO TAPE RECORDERS



Stan Kenton: "Leaves nothing to be desired—really unbelievable at \$299.50!"

ONLY THE ROBERTS 1040 4-TRACK STEREO TAPE RECORDER

Combines these Advanced Features:
Records New FM MULTIPLEX STEREO CASTS • 4-track stereo and monaural record/play • 2-track stereo and monaural play • Sound-with-sound, using either track as basic track • Dual, self-contained power stereo amplifiers • Dual, built-in extended range stereo speakers • Automatic shut-off.

\$299⁵⁰

ROBERTS ELECTRONICS, INC. Dept. P-4-L
5920 Bowcroft Ave., Los Angeles 16, Calif.
Please send me:

- Roberts Stereo Tape Instruction Manual containing stereo and monaural applications. I enclose 25¢ (cash, stamps) for postage and handling.
 The name of my nearest dealer.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

wooded downlands of Normandy called *bocage*? Was it merely the sound of these two syllables which had caught his fancy? Alan ordered three glasses of brandy and threatened to drink all three if they took anything else.

"So now we've forgotten Josée," he said. "I don't know you, I'm just a drunk you've picked up in a bar who's been boring you stiff with his life story. Suppose I call you Jean, that's a typical French name."

"All right, call me Jean," said Bernard. He was ready to drop with sleep.

"What are your views on love, my dear Jean?"

"I have none," said Bernard, "absolutely none."

"That's not true, Jean. I've read your work or at least one volume of it. You have a wealth of ideas about love. Well, I'm in love. With a woman. With my wife. I love her with a sadistic, devouring passion. What must I do? She is thinking of leaving me."

Josée looked at him, looked at Bernard, who was waking up.

"If she's leaving and you know why, I can't see what there is for me to say."

"Let me explain what I believe. Love is something that has to be sought for. People look for it in pairs, and it usually happens that only one of the pair gets hold of it. In this case, it was me. My wife was delighted. She came up to me like a doe to eat this tender, inexhaustible fruit out of my hand. She was the only doe that I could bear to feed."

He swallowed his drink at a gulp, smiled at Josée.

"You must excuse such comparisons, my dear Jean. Americans are apt to become poetical. Anyway, my wife gorged herself, my wife now wants something else or won't stand being forcibly fed. And yet, I still have that fruit, it weighs heavy in my hand and I want to give it to her. What am I to do?"

"You might imagine that she also has a fruit in her hand and that . . . those comparisons of yours get on my nerves, anyway. Instead of always insisting on being the one to give, you might have thought that she had something to give, too, you might have tried to understand her, how should I know . . ."

"You're married, aren't you, my dear Jean?"

"Yes," said Bernard, and stiffened.

"And your wife loves you and feeds you. And you do not leave her, although she bores you."

"You seem very well informed."

"And you do not leave her because of what you call pity, isn't that it?"

"That's none of your business," said Bernard. "It's you we're talking about."

"I'm talking about love," said Alan. "That calls for a celebration. Barman . . ."

"Stop drinking," said Josée in a low voice.



Allen-A® walkers

"THEY DON'T RIDE." Swim-trunk smart cotton knit undershorts for the man who likes snug support without binding. \$1.65. Look for the Allen-A oval on fine underwear, hosiery, sweaters, sportswear, too.

THE ALLEN-A COMPANY, PIQUA, OHIO



"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, ¾ size.) Send photo and check or money order. Ideation, Inc., Box 1841, Columbus 16, Ohio.



100 & 1 Devastating Remarks



for the cutting "SophistiCAT"
The booklet that will verbally arm you to the teeth. Send \$1.00 check or money order, your name & address to:
Dept. P12
STEPHEN LITTLE ASSOCIATES, INC.
P.O. Box 252, Keavy, N. J.



THE PLAYMATE PIN

Winning way to pin your favorite playmate. A miniature PLAYBOY rabbit that will remind her of you every time she wears it. In black enamel on rhodium; safety clasp. \$2 ppd.

Shall we enclose a gift card in your name?

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

Playboy Club Keyholders:
Please specify your key number when charging.

She felt ill. It was true that she had fed on Alan's love, had found in it a reason for living — or a means of passing the time, she thought furtively. It was also true that she was worn out, that she no longer wanted to be "forcibly fed," as he expressed it. Alan continued:

"And so you are bored with your wife, my dear Jean. Long ago you loved Josée, or at least you thought you did, and she gave in to you and you two played a sentimental and melancholy duet in the same key. For your violins are perfectly attuned, that is, in a minor key."

"If you like," said Bernard.

He looked at Josée, and neither of them smiled. At that moment, she would have given anything to have loved him passionately, in order to have some defense against Alan's remarks. Bernard seemed to understand, and blushed.

"What about you, Alan? What have you done? You've loved a woman, and poisoned her life."

"Well, that's something, anyway. Do you suppose somebody else could fill it?"

They turned to her. She got up slowly.

"This discussion fascinates me. Go on with it, since you've forgotten all about me. I'm going to bed."

She was outside the bar before they could rise to their feet, and found a taxi at once. She gave the driver the address of a hotel she had once heard of.

"It's late," murmured the driver with the air of a connoisseur, "it's too late to go to bed."

"Yes," she agreed, "it's much too late."

And suddenly, she saw herself running away in a taxi, at 27, leaving a husband who loved her, crossing New York at dawn and saying very gravely: "It's too late." She told herself that as long as she lived, she would never be able to resist rehearsing situations, staging them, "seeing herself" from the outside. She told herself that she should have been weeping in the taxi or becoming panic-stricken instead of vaguely wondering if the driver's name — fastened to the seat according to regulations — were really Silvius Marcus.

It was only after ordering a plane ticket for Paris, a toothbrush and some toothpaste, all to be delivered that afternoon — it was only when she lay curled up in bed, daylight vaguely stealing into the anonymous room, that she began shivering with cold, fatigue and loneliness. She was used to sleeping by Alan, and during the half-hour it took her to fall asleep she saw her own life as a huge disaster.

This is the first part of Françoise Sagan's novel "The Wonderful Clouds." It will be concluded in May.



WAY TO MAKE IT

(continued from page 63)

was out of town, the Fort Worth office I guess, and I was catching up on my wedding. Around 10 o'clock in the morning I get this call, and it's Mr. Fatty Dunston himself. Well, I was dumbfounded, of course, because he *knew* Tom wasn't there, and why should he call me? It turns out he wanted to know if I could come into the city and have lunch with him, for God's sake. You know me and my trips to the city, Wendy, it's like putting one of those things into orbit. But he said it was about Tom, and pretty important, so what could I do but say yes? Somehow, I managed to get dressed and on the train by 11 o'clock, and I met him at the King Edward restaurant and is *that* a clip joint, let me tell you. I had a chopped steak no bigger than a golf ball and it cost five dollars.

"Anyway. He was just nice as pie to me, a real gallant, all spiffed up in that outsize \$500 suit with his little mustache brushed up like Douglas Fair-

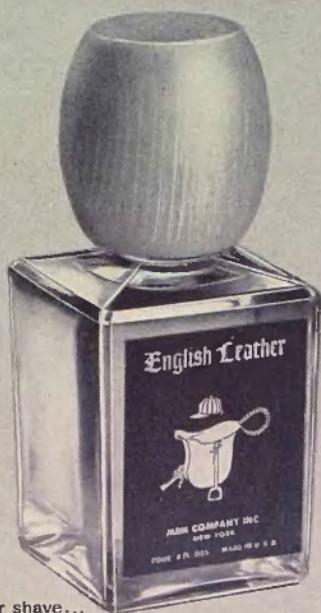
banks. He said he was happy I could come into town, and that he had been real taken with me at the party, and certainly envied Tom his good fortune and all that stuff, and he wished *he* had had a happy marriage instead of that messy divorce, because a happy marriage was more important than money, hah-hah, him ordering *coq au vin*, nine dollars not even including dessert.

"Then he starts talking about Tom, which is what I wanted to hear. Tom's a very bright young man, he says, doing a superb job, great future. Of course, he says, I've always wanted to meet *you*, my dear, because a man's wife is the very *foundation* of his success in a big company like Dunston Foods, and they always like to know the executive's *whole* family. And now that he's met me, he's more certain than ever that he made a good choice when he picked Tom for a certain assignment he had in mind. My ears picked up on *that* one, all right, because Tom's been hinting about something big happening in the office. Well, Fatty plays coy around



"I'll drink to that!"

English Leather®



after shave...
after shower...
after hours... the ALL-PURPOSE
MEN'S LOTION
\$2.00 \$3.50 \$6.50 plus tax

MEM COMPANY
67 Irving Place, New York



HIP-HUGGER SHIRT \$5.95

by Mr. Edd

Tapered right down to a snug hug at the hip! Our cotton chambray shirt has the clean, crisp lines, look and texture to make it the better upper half for spring-summer goings-on. Two-button closures at either hip. Light blue, deep blue, red, melon orange, honey gold, mint green, charcoal. S, M, L, XL.

Broadstreets

11 Stores in New York, New Jersey and Chicago

BROADSTREET'S, 525 Madison Ave., N. Y. 22

	Quan.	Size	Color
Hip-Hugger Shirts @ 5.95			
<input type="checkbox"/> Check <input type="checkbox"/> Charge <input type="checkbox"/> C.O.D. Diner's Club # _____			
NAME			
ADDRESS			
CITY ZONE STATE			
Add 35c for postage & handling outside delivery area			

the subject for a while, and it's only when we're having coffee that he finally gets down to crass facts. It seems that Dunston is making a new appointment in the company, a vice-president and general manager's job covering all four branch offices, and Tom is his number-one candidate. It's a real top-level job, second in command to the old man himself, and it pays a whole lot more than Tom brings home now. Naturally, I got excited when I heard about it, because it's just what Tom and I have been hoping for.

"Only one thing wrong with the idea, Dunston says, sort of grinning, and that's why I wanted to talk to you personally before I made any move. I know you and Tom are very devoted to each other, and since you don't have any children or anything, well, it might be sort of rough on you. After all, Tom would have to do an awful lot of traveling between offices, and company policy won't let him bring his wife along, and won't that be difficult for me? I fielded that one all right, and said I certainly wouldn't let that stand in Tom's way. Yes, says Fatty, but won't you be awfully lonesome during those days that Tom is out of town? No, I said, I could always come into town and sponge off my friends (meaning you, of course) so it wasn't anything for him to worry about.

"Well, that didn't satisfy him at all. I don't know, he says, I just don't see how I could do such a thing to a beautiful healthy woman. Get that healthy. It just wouldn't be right, he says, depriving you of your husband's warmth and affection. He was having a brandy now. He already had three martinis to begin with, and he smelled like an accident in a liquor store. Don't you see, my dear, he says, with his fat fingers paddling my waist, I don't like the idea of you all alone up there in the country without male companionship. And what I'd like you to consider, and carefully, please, very carefully, is having someone fill that void when Tom is away, someone close to you both, someone who understands.

"Well, I sure understood by now, and if I had any doubts those chubby fingers of his were making it highly evident. I sort of slithered away from him and practically swallowed my tongue in astonishment. I mean, what do you say to a man like that, anyway? My husband's boss, for God's sake, the ruler of our destiny, if you want to look at it that way. I'm sure it won't be any hardship, he says, and Tom doesn't have to know anything about it, and a nice girl like you needs a little masculine variety in her life anyway, don't you agree? I don't remember much after that, except that the waiter came with the check and my com-

plexion was the color of ketchup, and all I could think about was getting back on that darling train and quivering all the way home. You think about it, he said when we were outside on the street, you think about it real hard, dear, because it means an awful lot to the three of us. And one more thing. You won't mention this to Tom, will you? You know what I mean, dear? Yes, I knew what he meant.

"Well, that's what happened, and you can see why I've been chewing the pillowcases for the past couple of weeks. Of course, I didn't tell Tom. The last thing we need is for Tom to punch him in the nose and blow five years of work. On the other hand, career or not, I couldn't see myself taking Fatty's business proposition. Yet if I didn't . . ." Martha shrugged, and finished her second drink.

"My gosh," Wendy said. "So what happened? What did you tell Mr. Dunston?"

"I didn't have to spell it out. About 10 days ago, he called me up again and invited me for another lunch, to talk it over in detail. I said I wasn't interested, not in lunch and not in him. I don't know what will happen now, to Tom, I mean. Maybe nothing. I hope so," Martha said spiritlessly. "God knows, I hope so."

She met Tom at the station in Bedford Heights at seven that evening, and she could read the depression in his slow, shuffling steps from train to car.

"Bad day?" she said lightly. "Cheer up. I went to the city today and didn't buy a button. Think of all the money we saved."

"Good girl," he mumbled, and kissed her nose.

At home, she made him a drink and watched him sip it. Then he looked up and said:

"Guess what? The old man announced a new appointment today. They've created a new title: v.p. and general manager, in charge of all offices. Big job, big salary. And you know who got it?"

"Who?" Martha said.

"Graham," Tom said. "Can you imagine that? Two years with the company. Maybe he was just as surprised as the rest of us. He's already been packed off to the Fort Worth office for his first assignment. Graham," Tom sighed. "That lucky son of a bitch. I think I'd better have another drink."

"In a minute," Martha said, getting up from the chair, her heart pounding. "I think I ought to call Wendy and congratulate her."

She dialed the number. The phone rang and rang and rang.





"No, I'm not the 'Kissing Bandit' . . . !"

SLACKS FOR BIG OR TALL MEN ONLY!



Inseams up to 39"! Sizes up to 52! Extra long rise! Smart styles and fabrics, all specially cut for BIG or TALL men! Also dress and sport shoes in sizes 10 to 16, widths AAA to EEE! Shirts, jackets, sweaters, socks and raincoats too! We're America's top specialists in large sizes! By mail only. Satisfaction Guaranteed! Write for big FREE Catalog today!

KING-SIZE, INC. 2882 Forest Street
Brockton, Mass.

Available after
400 years!
VALUABLE ACREAGE ON
**Old Spanish
Land Grant**
at booming
Albuquerque, New Mexico
—only \$10 monthly

With 274,000 people now and streaking toward a million, fast-growing Albuquerque, New Mexico, now offers you the opportunity of a lifetime to own choice big-city homesite land for pennies on the dollar—far below current market prices. Learn how you can actually be a big landowner here for only \$10 monthly and get in on the fortune-building potential of big-city land in this booming sunshine resort metropolis, famed for the best climate in the U.S.A.

For the first time in history, this beautiful old Spanish Land Grant is now being subdivided into big Western-size half-acre and full-acre homesites, and offered to land investors at huge discounts from all other current land prices in the entire Albuquerque area. Guaranteed ideal land for building, with roads, power, phones, water system already available to those desiring to build homes now or later.

RIO RANCHO ESTATES is located directly on the banks of the romantic Rio Grande River, only five minutes from metropolitan Albuquerque, and right next to a \$12,000-a-acre golf course development. Schools, churches, theatres, big-city shopping all just a few minutes downtown from property.

FOR INVESTMENT-RETIREMENT

Nowhere else in the entire Southwest can you buy choice land in such a prime location—so close to a major city—for as little as \$10 monthly. Complete price only \$795 per half-acre, \$1,495 per full-acre ranch estate. Remember—this is big-city land, with adjacent property already priced at \$4,500 to \$12,000 per acre. Act now! Land prices are starting to skyrocket in this "Sunshine Paradise" of the great Southwest. Rush coupon for FREE fact book, land maps, photos. No cost or obligation.

HOW TO
INVEST
PROFITABLY
IN
SOUTHWEST
REAL ESTATE

RIO RANCHO ESTATES, Dept. RR-32
A Division of American Realty & Petroleum Corp.
1429 Central Avenue, N.W.
Albuquerque, New Mexico

Please rush FREE fact book, land maps, photos and details on the big-city land opportunity you offer at far-below-market prices, at ALBUQUERQUE, New Mexico.

Name.....

Address.....

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

© 1982 Rio Rancho Estates, Inc.

ADAM FROST

(continued from page 97)

the thread of moonlight that stretched, impeccably taut, from a broken window to the floor. His hands—they were silvered, too, silvered forever, silvered with clusters of shiny sores.

"I can't stand it," said Frost's other companion, a nondescript man who spoke very quietly. "Every day, we grow weaker. Every day, something goes putrid. One day, it's an eye. The next, it's a foot. The following morning, perhaps a mind. We are all very weak."

"We always were," said Frost. He did not smile.

"Weak and sinful," hissed the one-armed man. "The Day of Judgment is upon us. Armageddon has come." He shivered in an ecstasy of madness, tapping his stump against the blackboard.

"No," said the nondescript man. "Only one thing has come. Hunger."

"I'll go to the library," said Frost, "and see if any food is left." He arose, leaving the small puddle of ghostly light that the moon provided; he wandered among the broken, burnt desks, through the classroom door, and down the black hall.

In a few moments, he came to the school library, a room lost in utter darkness. He felt his way along the shelves, until he reached the cranny where he had hidden three precious tins of beef. They were gone. Frost searched for half an hour. Then, in a moment of perverse disgust, he grasped a book and threw it into the darkness. When he heard it strike a bookshelf, Frost shivered with exultant triumph, as though he had thrown away death itself. Then he sank into depression, like a man who is pulled into the black ocean by a gentle but powerful tide. He sat down on the floor and rubbed his face, savoring bitterly the sadness that threatened to drown him. He could feel the soft sores that covered his hands and wrists, the sores that glimmered silver.

Why do we suffer so? Why did we choose to burn ourselves to death? Why did we kill Marcia? Why can't we just exist, like the amoval grass and the thoughtless wind . . . ?

Frost's sorrow was interrupted by a gentle, insistent pounding that came echoing down from the ceiling above. It could mean only one thing: an intruder had come to the school. He had undoubtedly discovered and stolen Frost's beef.

Beset with a fiery desire for revenge, he crept from the darkened library and ascended the stairs with catlike care. There, on the fourth floor, the rhythmic pounding was incessant and clear. It came from behind a door. Where the door met the floor, a thin crack allowed candlelight to slither out, flickering across the floor with a pulse as terrifying

ELECTRIC LIVE-ACTION BARTENDER



Throw on switch, he reels from side to side, shakes chrome & plastic mixer, listens to crystal cubes click, fills glass, gulps it down, smacks lips. Then face turns red—smoke streams from ears! Metal, approx. 1 ft. high, velvet suit, vinyl face, fuzzy white hair. Batt. not incl. (Batt. 2/25¢) Each \$4.98

Sorry, No C.O.D. - Money Back Guarantee

STUYVESANT

DEPT. P, 178 FIRST AVE., N.Y. 9 • AL 4-5200

from
Italy



MADE ON AMERICAN LASTS

FOR MEN WHO KNOW STYLE
We present the new—the different—the exciting... in dramatic imported footwear. Sold by mail in a handsome variety for street, dress, casual wear. Sizes 5 to 13; widths A to EEE. From \$12.95 to \$19.95.
#2009 Molded Sole favorite in grained calf.
Write for FREE catalog TODAY!
Eleganza 112 Freight St.
IMPORTS Brockton, Mass.

YOU'RE IN!



Fine fastening for any man—PLAYBOY's new key chain. It's a cinch to hold your keys securely. Handsomely finished in ebony black enamel on rhodium; brightened with PLAYBOY's famed bunny

\$2.50 ppd.

Shall we enclose a gift card in your name?

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

Playboy Club Keyholders:
Please specify your key number when charging.



THE SIGN OF THE PLAYBOY

Add the PLAYBOY flair to sweaters, jackets with the natty PLAYBOY rabbit emblem. Black washable Durasuede trimmed in white. 3 inches square. \$1 ppd.

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

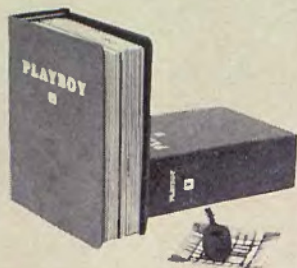
BLACKHAWK
SAN FRANCISCO

★ **JAZZ** ★

Good only on Tues., Wed., Thurs.,
& Sun. • Sunday Jam Session 3-7

ADMIT ONE
FREE

PLAYBOY PRESERVED...



... in our sturdy antique tan leatherette binder. Protects 12 precious issues of PLAYBOY, keeps them in one place for your periodic perusal. PLAYBOY's name and emblem stamped in gold leaf. Send check or money order. \$3.00 ppd.

Should we enclose a gift card in your name?

PLAYBOY BINDERS

232 E. Ohio St. • Chicago 11, Illinois

Playboy Club Keyholders may charge to their Key numbers.

FOR THE RETIRING PLAYMATE...



Gay red and white candy-striped shortie nightshirt and old-fashioned nightcap—in soft, toasty warm flannel. Finishing fillip: the jaunty PLAYBOY bunny emblem adorning the pocket. One size fits all. \$4 ppd.

Shall we enclose a gift card in your name?

Send check or money order to:
PLAYBOY PRODUCTS

232 East Ohio St. Chicago 11, Illinois

Playboy Club Keyholders: Please specify your key number when charging.

and patterned as the throbbing noise within. Frost moved forward slowly, momentarily caught in the web of sound and light. He grasped the cold door-knob, paused for a second, and then threw the door open.

"Who are you?" asked a man, a smiling man, a man who was waiting for Frost, waiting in the middle of the room, surrounded by four burning candles. At his feet was an empty tin of beef and a set of African drums. He stood strongly erect, his eyes wide and bright, his teeth glittering.

"My name is Frost. Who are you?"

"Does it matter? I could have killed you — that matters. Doesn't it?"

"Could have killed me?"

"I still can, if I want to. You're very stupid not to carry a weapon."

"I expect violence from the dogs. So far, I haven't worried about other human beings."

"Stupid as hell."

"Probably. What is your name? Why did you take my food?"

"Your food!" The tall man laughed abruptly — not harshly, but with a certain terrifying suddenness. "Your food! You don't have any food. You don't have anything."

Frost grimaced. "Neither do you."

"I have my drums." The tall man glanced sharply at Frost. "You're not afraid of me, are you?"

Frost was afraid to answer. The tall man settled to the floor, where he sat cross-legged.

"The others were afraid of me. They called me Crazy Allan. They never gave me any of the meat. That's why I left them — I was hungry."

"The other ones? How many? Where?"

"Don't be so anxious. You wouldn't want to meet them."

"I've lived here for three months and the only faces I've seen belong to a madman and a one-armed fanatic! Where are the others? Are there women?"

The tall man arose again, glaring at Frost; when he spoke, his voice was soft and mellifluous.

"I've known about you and your friends since I came here, two days ago. I could have killed you then. I still can. Perhaps I will. At any rate, I will tell you what I please, and you will do what I please. Do you understand that?"

"Yes," said Frost.

"Then sit down."

They both sat. The tall man began to play his drums, softly at first, then with more and more force, until the room was filled with a swelling torrent of rhythm. He swayed above the source of this magic, playing upon it with the tips of his fingers, lost in a wild passion. Then, as abruptly as he had begun, he stopped. He stared at Frost, smiling gently.

"I ate all three cans of beef. I was very



DATING BAITING OR ONLY WAITING

THE ALL NEW PATTERNS AND COLORS AND SLIM TRIM EFFECTS OF THESE HARRIS CASUAL SHORTS WILL REALLY TURN YOU ON!



In the store where you shop, or you may write to Harris Slacks, Union Manufacturing Co., 110 West 11th St., Los Angeles 15, Calif.

hungry. I may eat you."

"Don't say that."

"Why not? I may. The others—the people I lived with—wanted to eat me. At least, I think they did."

"Do you really mean that?"

"Those damn supermarkets lasted about two months. Then everything went rotten. After that, we got hungry. They all hated me, so why not? Of course, they didn't tell me, but I could see it in their eyes. It was going to be a big surprise, just for me. I left when they were asleep. They can eat a dog—if they're smart enough to catch one."

Frost smiled. "They might be smart enough to catch you."

"I don't think about it."

"In the meantime, what are we going to eat?"

"I don't know. Maybe I'll eat you."

"You mean that. You really do."

"Oh, shut up! Go back to your friends! Get out of here! I don't give a damn. I just want to play my drums . . ."

Frost arose quietly, fear flooding through his body like cold water; he walked numbly from the room, then burst into perspiration as he stumbled down the stairs. There, in the dark hall of the third floor, he stood and thought.

How does one fight an insane animal? I have to find a weapon. I have to walk with care. That's all. That must be all . . .

He walked slowly down the hall, until he reached the black classroom which held his companions.

"Frost?" asked the one-armed man. "Is that you?"

"Yes."

"Do you have the food?" asked the other.

"No."

"Damn it! You said you had food in the library!"

"You sinful fool . . ." The one-armed man hissed in the darkness. "Forget your

stomach. Other things are upon us; the Lord's vengeance is upon us . . ."

Frost's other companion laughed.

"You're a sinner," cried the one-armed man. "You'll burn!"

Frost stood like marble against the wall, listening to the ugly dissonance of their voices; he stood there, frozen, staring blankly into the darkness, frantically trying to think.

"Burn?" The other man laughed again. "Burn? In Hell?"

"Yes," said the one-armed man. "Hell! Believe it!"

"I don't need Hell! I'm in Hell now! We're all in Hell, burning up, rotting away, disintegrating into meaningless elements. You don't think so? Can't you feel it? Every day we decompose. First it's a finger; then an eye; perhaps . . ."

"Yes! And when you die, your soul will live on in eternal pain!"

"Hogwash! I don't have a soul, and I won't live forever. But you—you want to live forever, so you believe in it. That's the purpose of your religion. But it won't work: the laws of the universe will cut us down—I promise you that."

"Can't you even feel the guilt of sin?"

"Yes, sometimes. I don't know why . . ."

"We need food," said Frost, whispering softly into the darkness.

We need food, but we need more than that. We need the courage to crawl out of this mud-pit existence. Our minds are going blind in this place of devastated learning.

"Damn it, then, go get it!" shouted the atheist.

"You're afraid," said the one-armed man. "You're alone and afraid . . ."

"I'm not afraid!" cried the other man. "Why should I be afraid? I understand life, and I understand death! You're afraid! You're confused!"

Frost could barely keep from screaming as he listened to them snarl and hiss

at each other. He ran from the room, followed by the one-armed man's voice.

"God is watching you . . ."

As their voices faded in the distance, Frost slowed to a confident and almost luxuriant walk; he became pleased with his own sanity. But then, when he reached the stairs, he could hear the soft drumming of the tall man's self-contained ecstasy, echoing through the school like nightmares in a depraved mind.

Frost went downstairs, his head buzzing crazily. He stood in the main hall, thoughtlessly watching the moonlight slide through glass doors and slither about the crumbling statues of long-dead educators. Then he remembered.

I have to get a weapon.

He ran down the halls, searching through the inescapable darkness for a weapon, hoping for the appearance of some fiery blade, the brilliant revelation of some unknown strength. As he crept through the rubble that once had been a gym, he remembered again.

There's a basement around here, where the janitors stayed. There must be something there.

After many minutes of search, Frost found a steep and narrow stairway; he descended it into the bowels of the school, where dust and ashes had already collected to a depth of six inches. He shuffled blindly, until a plank tripped him; as he groped in the darkness, his hand fell upon a heavy hammer.

Grasping the tool, Frost arose, full of confidence; he now had a weapon. Suddenly, though, a new terror arose: he was lost.

The basement was large; it contained a boiler room, storage rooms, and a book room, all of which were connected by an intricate pattern of halls and stairs and connecting tunnels. Frost scuttled frantically up and down these passages. Once he had to crawl on his hands and knees; once he discovered an obstruction in his way and had to turn back. As his terror grew, he saw eyes in the darkness—green eyes and red; he heard the soft padding of paws 20 feet behind him; he smelled the hot odor of decaying flesh. His head struck something hard; he turned and ran.

Suddenly, a spot of moonlight came into sight, like a beacon of safety. He crept up to it, followed it to its source, and found himself in the boiler room. Half of the ceiling had fallen in, and the huge black boilers that towered above him were clearly illuminated in the moonlight. They seemed to glower; there was neither safety nor escape here. Frost turned again and ran from the room. Then, inexplicably, he was ascending the stairs he had sought, rushing heavenward step by step. When he reached the first floor, he collapsed in the exhaustion that follows hideous fright.



"Will you stop saying, 'That's a crock, that's a crock,' every time I tell you something!"

So now I have a weapon. So now I can crush skulls. So now what?

He lay on his back, panting softly, running his hands over each other, touching the sores that covered his palms and wrists. Each day, the silvery swellings had been crawling farther up his arms. Now they had nearly reached his elbows. He gently touched his upper arms, fingering the strong curve of his shoulders.

These next? Then my chest, my face, my belly, my legs, my back, my whole body? What weapon do I use to fight this? A hammer?

Frost jumped to his feet. Clutching the hammer tightly, he ran down the hall to the shattered glass doors.

There was a grocery store three blocks away; he had gone there four times in the past — always during the day. The night frightened him, but perhaps it would be better; at least, he wouldn't see the terrible carcasses, half-bone and half-rot, that lay everywhere in the endless postures of death. He would only smell them.

Filled with apprehension, Frost jumped through an empty door frame and ran to the protective shadow of a dead tree. Nothing moved on the school's grounds; beyond, nothing could be seen but the crazy silhouettes of half-topped buildings and crushed houses, looking like a vast army of grotesque monsters.

Afraid to wait any longer, he began to run across the gravel, cursing at every crunching step. Almost instantly, he found himself crouching at the corner of a house, listening in hushed horror for the footsteps of an enemy. There was only silence.

He began to creep from house to house, scuttling through the darkness. Nothing else moved. Only one thing frightened him during his journey: as he passed a car, his face brushed against a glittering, moonlit tibia that hung, clawlike with its footbones, from the window. He fell back on the cement groaning with fear until he saw that it was only a bone; then he arose, with a tremulous shiver, and ran into the night.

The grocery store was an odorous hell. As Frost reached its open doorway, he was met by the thick fog of a thousand sickly-sweet smells. He wanted to vomit. Even so, he entered, leaped over two rails, and began to stalk up and down the littered aisles.

The meat counter was the worst. Most of the meat had been stolen when it was still edible; what was left had rotted together into a gelatinous mass of hams and pork chops, salami and hamburger. The vegetables were equally foul in appearance, heaped into piles like green and yellow cancers. Strange molds, orange and blue, stretched from pile to pile like the mantle of death.

Frost rushed to the section where cans had once been kept. Shelf after shelf



WHATEVER SHAPE YOU'RE IN

Rough Rider SPORT COATS AND SLACKS
WILL FIT AND FLATTER YOU

Look better...Wear better, too!

At Better Stores Everywhere • Rough Rider, Inc. Napa, California

**the
Concord
880
is for
connoisseurs***

If you're going after top results in stereo tape you'll want to meet the Concord 880. There isn't a unit 4-track stereo recorder that can match the 880's important professional features. 3 heads, 3 speeds, 2 separate speakers, sound-on-sound, computerized tracking, dual VU meters and many other big advantages in achieving professional standards in stereo recording and playback. Enjoy the luxury of listening to the Concord 880 soon. Certainly before you invest in any tape recorder. And write for your copy of the specification brochure "All The Facts." Priced under \$400.

* naturally it's Bill Holden

CONCORD 880
—CONCORD ELECTRONICS CORPORATION

was empty, spotlessly and completely empty. He fell to his hands and knees and searched the floor; he hunted behind counters and shelves; he dipped his hands into a freezer and found only a mucky pool of ice cream. Nowhere could he find a can. Then, beset with a terrible fear, he began to lick the sour ice cream from his fingers, to eat the stale potato chips and crushed cookies that covered the floor.

In this moment of madness, he was interrupted by a sound, a whining sound, the sound of hunger . . .

Now where's the damn hammer? It's in your belt, idiot! Get it out, get it out, get it out!

He fumbled desperately for the hammer. Then, holding it in both hands, he scuttled toward the door.

Crouched in the moonlight, their eyes glowing like embers, were three bonethin, snarling dogs. One of them leaped at him; he knocked its shriveled body aside with a single swing of the hammer. Lying on its side, it howled once and died. The other two jumped at their dead companion and began to tear wildly at the hairless, sore-infested skin that stretched over its bones. Frost ran from the store, lost in a wave of revulsion and fear.

When he stopped running, he found himself farther from the school. One block away was a larger store, a supermarket. After catching his breath, he trotted across the street, down the sidewalk and into the store.

The supermarket proved to be a gargantuan replica of the little grocery store. Finally, after half an hour of searching, Frost found a crate of cans in a storage room. They contained condensed milk: this was good; water was becoming as scarce as food, and condensed milk was better than water.

He left the store and began the return journey, using both hands to carry the heavy crate.

Now I have food . . . if only I had Marcia, all would be well . . . but all you have are these damn sores . . . Marcia is rotting somewhere and I'm in Hell . . . covered with sores . . . you'll be one vast sore in a year . . . one vast blister of poison and evil and nothingness . . .

A dog howled somewhere in the darkness. Frost fell mindlessly into the shelter of a bush, clutching the milk crate like a shield. As he huddled there, an incessant pounding noise suddenly burst through the chill silence. It seemed to come from the direction of the school. Frost cringed in abject terror: the noise was approaching. It sounded like the throbbing pulse of a giant's blood.

Somehow, Frost knew that the sound was the sound of drums—the tall man's drums.

Steadily, like drifting sand, like the wind itself, the pounding noise moved

Nice things happen . . .
when you give

PLAYBOY ACCESSORIES

Jaunty jewelry to remind your playmate who her favorite playboy is. You'll outdistance all rivals—except, perhaps, the sly PLAYBOY bunny. Black enamel on rhodium.

Bracelet \$3 ppd.

Bracelet and Earrings, the Set \$7 ppd.

Shall we enclose a gift card in your name?

Send check or money order to:

PLAYBOY PRODUCTS

232 East Ohio St. Chicago 11, Illinois

Playboy Club Keyholders: Please specify your key number when charging.



perennial reading pleasure . . .



THIRD PLAYBOY ANNUAL

A curl-up-by-the-fire collection of the best of PLAYBOY's early features. Sparkling stories, impudent satire, riotous humor from such outstanding PLAYBOY contributors as Ray Bradbury, Herbert Gold, Jack Cole and Shel Silverstein. 160 pages, over 30 in full color. Hard-bound. \$4.50 ppd.

Shall we enclose a gift card in your name?

Send check or money order to:

PLAYBOY PRODUCTS

232 East Ohio St. • Chicago 11, Illinois

Playboy Club Keyholders: Please specify your key number when charging.

closer. Frost could see the crimson flickering of torches now; he could hear the sound of many voices, chattering a flurry of monkey-talk. Suddenly, a mob of half-naked people came into sight, led by a little man wearing a huge trench coat, which dragged behind him like some vast and majestic robe, fluttering occasionally in a wisp of wind. He was beating upon the tall man's drums.

Behind the drummer came an old man, his white beard glowing with the luster of perspiration, and an old woman, who seemed to be his shadow. They wore filthy, dirt-stained robes, the de-based vestments of some priest; about their scrawny necks and arms were twisted great strands of pearls and beads; bands of gold hung from their wrists and ankles in grotesque profusion.

These people were followed by six young men, bony parodies of manhood, who, walking in pairs, bore on their shoulders three poles. Hanging from two of the poles were the bodies of Frost's companions, the fanatic and the atheist. The tall man, still alive, was tied to the third.

Frost shuddered with fear and drew back, rustling the leaves of a bush. Instantly, a middle-aged man lifted his spear and moved toward the sound; the others turned and watched. For a moment, Frost remained poised and motionless; then, gasping what might be his last breath, he bolted from the shrubbery and ran desperately into the night. He was followed by a terrible silence—a nothingness, as though he were running from a nightmare of his own imagination. This silence was broken once by the thin whistle of a passing spear. Frost stumbled, then continued into the darkness.

A sudden exultation filled him: he was running, running far ahead of their pounding feet, far ahead of their spears, outdistancing even their shouts, running easily away from them, away from the past itself. He burst into laughter as he ran—a gay, frothy laughter, a laughter of joy. Then his foot caught in a fallen fence and his own momentum threw him to the ground. As he began to arise, he was struck down by a great mass of flesh.

When Frost awoke, he found himself tied to a telephone pole. The tall man, breathing deeply, was tied to the other side of the pole. Lying a few feet away were the bodies of Frost's former friends. Seated 100 yards away, in the middle of a street, were the marauders—nearly 30 of them. They seemed to be singing a song.

"Crazy Allan! Wake up! Wake up!"

"Stop struggling. They'll just kill you sooner." The tall man spoke quietly.

"We can get free," said Frost. He breathed rapidly; there was a flicker in his eyes.

"Unless you keep quiet, we'll be just



**Two feet closer to
success... in**



THE CELEBRITY BOOT

Handcrafted in satin-soft black calf with red kid quarter lining, cuban heel and continental trimmed sole.

Strikingly handsome and perfectly correct with sports clothes, business suit or formal wear.

Write now for the name of your nearest retailer

CONNOLLY SHOE CO. Stillwater 6, Minn.



bring out
the playmate in her...
give her

PLAYMATE PERFUME

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

IT'S ALWAYS TIME FOR A
RALLYE CAR/MATE GIFT



**24 HOUR DIAL
SWEEP SECOND HAND
270° MOVABILITY**

**Only
\$12.95***

The perfect gift for sports car (or compact) playboys and playmates. A precision instrument for rally timing. More value at less cost.

*MANUFACTURER'S EXCISE TAX INCLUDED.
RETAIL EXCISE NOT APPLICABLE.

**ORDER NOW . . . If not available
at your local dealer's, WRITE**

Robertshaw 

ROBERTSHAW-FULTON CONTROLS COMPANY
LUX TIME DIVISION
BOX 1850—WATERBURY, CONN.

save most on
stereo hi-fi

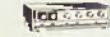


see the best values
in the 1962

**ALLIED
CATALOG**

free

featuring **NEW MULTIPLEX STEREO**
and **ALL-TRANSISTOR STEREO HI-FI**



**NO MONEY
DOWN**
easiest terms

World's largest hi-fi selection, including products and values available only from ALLIED. Save on complete Stereo systems, all famous-name components, hi-fi cabinetry, tape recording. Save most with exclusive KNIGHT® components and quality build-your-own KNIGHT-KITS®. Get our money-saving quotations for component systems of your own selection. Send coupon today for our Free 444-page 1962 Catalog!

ALLIED RADIO **free**

ALLIED RADIO, Dept. 235-D2
100 N. Western Ave., Chicago 80, Ill. **444-page catalog**

Send FREE 1962 ALLIED Catalog.

Name _____
PLEASE PRINT

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

as free as they are." The tall man nodded at the two bodies.

"Why are you so damn calm and cool?" Frost licked his lips and glanced backward at his fellow prisoner.

"I'm not calm and cool," said the tall man, speaking softly. "I'm mad. They took my drums."

"So what?"

"I love my drums."

"You're crazy."

"Not as crazy as you."

"And what about them?" Frost spat at the two bodies. "A few hours ago they were arguing about life and death. Now they know."

"Do they?"

"Oh, I think so. I don't think they've ceased to exist. Not completely. I don't think that at all . . ."

"Shut up!"

"OK! I'll shut up, just for you!"

Frost struggled with the rope that bound his hands together; the tall man glared silently at the cement, his face straining with some hidden exertion; the marauders continued to sing.

To the east, a thin line of yellow light outlined the roofs of shattered houses and then grew upward until the entire sky was fringed with turquoise. A vast fleet of clouds was suddenly gilded with light; almost instantly, the gilt was stained blood red, and the clouds were like death ships sailing through a sea of gold. Tenuous rays crept over a thousand roofs and turned the world gray. For one brief moment of trembling expectation, nothing happened; and then, with a burst of brazen light, the sun rose.

I remember a poem about the rising sun . . . a poem of my childhood? . . . a poem for Marcia? . . . a poem then, or a poem now? . . . a poem when? . . . was it last night, in the school? . . . you think perhaps it was, don't you? . . .

"Dawn breaks behind the eyes;

From the poles of skull and toe the windy blood

Slides like a sea;

Nor fenced, nor staked, the gushers of the sky

Spout to the rod

Divining in a smile the well of tears."

"Shut up, Frost! I'm almost loose! Just shut up and don't move!"

"Crazy Allan . . . do you know that poem?"

"Just shut up, or I'll leave you here!"

The tall man hissed with the desperation of hope. Suddenly, his hands were fumbling against the small of Frost's back; a moment later, the ropes fell loosely about their legs.

"How did you do that?" asked Frost. Then, receiving no answer, he glanced over his shoulder and saw that the tall man's hands were torn and bloody.

"Frost, listen carefully. I have a gun in the school. If we can get it, they'll leave us alone. We'll try to sneak away. If

**MORE WILL LIVE
THE MORE YOU GIVE**



**HEART
FUND**

tales of playboys past . . .

**PLAYBOY'S
RIBALD CLASSICS**



Saucy, sophisticated tales of love, culled from the best of the ages and wittily retold for modern readers. Zesty, laugh-provoking stories spun by Casanova, Boccaccio, Balzac, de Maupassant and other masters. Hard-bound.

53 ppd.

Shall we enclose a gift card in your name?

Send check or money order to:

PLAYBOY BOOKS

232 East Ohio St. Chicago 11, Illinois

Playboy Club Keyholders:

Please specify your

key number when charging.

they see us, we'll have to outrun them to the school."

"How far?"

"It's about one mile to the west. Can you run that far?"

"I don't know . . . I don't think so . . ."

"Listen to them sing," said the tall man, ignoring Frost's fear. Turning his head slightly to one side, Frost strained to hear the words that the marauders were chanting in the light of the new dawn.

"They're singing . . . a cigarette commercial . . ."

"They're enjoying it, too," said the tall man. "Let's go, quietly."

They lifted their feet from the tangle of ropes and began to tiptoe away from the telephone pole, keeping their eyes on the band of singers. They had gone no farther than 20 feet when one of the marauders shouted hoarsely and pointed at them. The tall man and Frost ran desperately down the street.

Frost knew that he could not escape. This time, his captors would probably kill him immediately. The tall man was already ahead of him; every step increased the distance. A few stones clattered at Frost's feet, and behind him the sound of angry voices grew nearer. Then, 40 feet ahead, the tall man stumbled and went sprawling into a gutter. Frost passed him in a moment, barely aware of what had happened. As he turned at the intersection, he caught one glimpse of the tall man, surrounded by his enemies like a bear surrounded by dogs, stalling the marauders while Frost escaped. With a sob, Frost ran through a yard, down an alley, through another yard, and across a street. He came to a gasping halt at the porch of a fallen house, then crawled weakly through the debris, burrowing into a pile of ashes until he was hidden.

He saved my life and I didn't even have the guts to stop and help him . . . you just would have been killed yourself . . . you couldn't have helped him . . . and now he lies there, food for beasts, while I solace myself because I am tired and hungry . . . I am a coward who even lacks the strength to hide his cowardice behind the final, unnecessary sacrifice . . . light breaks not on me . . .

Exhausted, Frost fell into a deep sleep.

Light broke on Frost: he stretched awake in the luxuriant warmth of mid-morning; the sunbeams had crept through the ashes. He lifted his hands to his neck and massaged it gently. Then his fingers slipped over his hairy jaw, across his lips, along the bridge of his nose, and onto his forehead. He opened his eyes suddenly and studied the darkly silver interiors of his palms. Rolling over, he half-kissed the hot ashes. Then, arising and stretching, he surveyed his surroundings.

He was near the edge of the city. In the distance, down a long street, a tiny patch of scorched prairie could be seen; beyond the prairie, peacefully blue, were the mountains. Without a backward glance, without a thought of the terrors he had just undergone, Frost began walking toward the peaks, leaving the blackened metropolis behind him. He continued until noon, mindlessly brave, without seeing another living thing. Hunger beset him then, and he began to ransack the occasional cafés and stores that were scattered along the highway. Within half an hour he had found a can of soup and two cans of figs. He took them to a place at the side of the road, where the grass still grew and a tree still had leaves.

One hundred feet away was a junk heap of old cars and garbage cans; Frost

went there to find a piece of metal with which to open the three cans. Instead, behind a huge stack of ruined tires, he found a girl.

"Don't hurt me!"

She was an ordinary thing, tangle-haired and unwashed. She hadn't been touched by radiation. Hunger, however, was written on her narrow, sallow face.

A girl . . . beautiful as a gray mist . . . delicate as a reed in the wind . . . her eyes are like moons . . .

"Marcia . . ." whispered Frost, licking his lips. "It's little Marcia . . ."

"Who are you? Please don't hurt me."

"Hurt you? How could I hurt my little Marcia?"

The girl began to move away from Frost. He followed her, step by step.

"Who are you?"

"I'm Frost—your Frost. Look at me. Look at my face, my body—I'm your Frost."

"Your arms!" The girl shuddered. Frost looked downward.

Clusters of sores had almost reached his shoulders. The skin on his hands was peeling away; it hung in greenish-gray ribbons about his wrists. His fingernails had fallen out. One of his fingers was gone . . .

My silver hands are the hands of a god — of a creator . . . I am the regenerator of my race . . . Adam Frost I, and this is little sweet Marcia Eve . . . it is so nice in the sunlight . . .

He chased her wildly over the junk pile, caught her from behind, and threw her onto the garbage and filth. She screamed. He pushed at her face with his hands until she was quiet.

Then, sprawling on a heap of refuse, Frost madly gave life to mankind's first new child . . .



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.

Alligator Coats.....	11
BMC Sports Cars.....	1
"Botany" 500 Clothes.....	36
Cricketer Clothes.....	17
Eagle Clothes.....	31
Galey & Lord Suits.....	26
Harmonaire Suits.....	115
HIS Sportswear.....	8
Interwoven Socks.....	118
Leesures by Lee.....	107
Mansfield Zephyrs.....	15
Minolta Cameras.....	116
Munsingwear Underwear.....	123
Porto-Peel Shoes.....	35
Puritan Sport Shirts.....	99
Raleigh Clothes.....	125
Ronson Electric Shaver.....	20, 21
Royal Guard Socks.....	23
Shapely Shirts.....	129
Sony Portable TVs.....	110
Spillers Slacks.....	116
Taylor Made Shoes.....	108
Truval Shirts.....	25
Van Heusen Shirts.....	34
Verde Shoes.....	118
Winthrop Shoes.....	24
Jack Winter Slacks.....	10
YMM Slacks.....	28

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 \$15 (Save \$9.00)
 1 yr. for \$7 (Save \$1.00)
 payment enclosed bill later

TO:

name _____

address _____

city _____ zone _____ state _____

Mail to **PLAYBOY**
232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Illinois
046

PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK


BY PATRICK CHASE

WITH THE RAREFIED DAYS of June coming into sight again, the best time of the year to start planning a sojourn to the cool countries is upon you. To abet you, we here offer a hinterland hint or two anent top-of-the-world fun in Alaska and Scandinavia.

One of the more rewarding ways to reach our heftiest state is to catch a modern steamer out of Vancouver, British Columbia (they depart at nine-day intervals, charge \$240 up, round-trip tariff), and sail north through the island-studded Inside Passage along the rugged British Columbia coast to Juneau and Skagway. In craggy Skagway you can relive the jubilant Gold Rush days in such hell-for-leather saloons as the Golden Nugget, where mustachioed croupiers and cancan cuties evoke memories of Dan McGrew's crew, then return to your own luxury diggings on board the cruise ship. If you decide to tarry between sailings, you can glom the state as the natives do via the bush-plane circuit: a short airborne jaunt will lift you over the wild Kenai Peninsula to Homer and the Kenai moose reserves; three days on a riverboat out of Wrangell will take you up the Stikine River to Telegraph Creek, kickoff base for further probes of the Tahltan lava beds or Dease Lake on the Arctic watershed — no half-baked Alaska this, but the truly invigorating state as few tenderfeet ever experience it.

Half a world away, Scandinavia plies its guests with a cornucopia of June festivals: prime times may be had at the

Danish town of Frederikssund (for the beery Viking Festival) and in Sweden, where entertaining 18th Century theatrical performances are a feature at the Drottningholm Court Theater. For those who wish to case Stockholm and its friendly *flickor*, we warmly endorse lodgings at the Foresta, a tiptop hotel on a cliff overlooking forested Vartan Lake that is directly accessible by helicopter from Bromma Airport and a scant 10 minutes by cab from downtown Stockholm. One of the more memorable excursions that can be made from this capital capital is a round-trip, overnight flight above the Arctic Circle for a view of the Midnight Sun and a stop-off at Kiruna for a bracing Laplander coffee and succulent smoked reindeer meat; tripping to this light fantastic costs a mere \$70. Those who wish to scan Scandinavia in more leisurely fashion can sign up for one of the North Cape cruises departing New York in June; the Bergensfjord sails on June 22 for a 45-day round-trip run through Nordic ebb and flow, pausing for high-caliber calls in Scotland, Ireland, Norway, Denmark, Sweden, Finland, Russia and Poland; and the Caronia casts off on the 28th for a similarly seaworthy journey that skips the Soviet Union, stops off instead at Iceland and the far-out Lofoten Islands.

For further information on any of the above, write to *Playboy Reader Service*, 232 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Ill. 

NEXT MONTH:

"THE PLAYBOY TOWN HOUSE"—COMPANION TO PLAYBOY'S FABULOUS PENTHOUSE AND WEEKEND HIDEAWAY, NINE FULL-COLOR PAGES OF POSH PLANS FOR EXCITING URBAN LIVING

"QUEEN DIDO"—IN WHICH A YOUNG REPORTER LEARNS THAT HEART-BREAK CAN CANCEL A CORONATION—BY **BEN HECHT**

"THE WONDERFUL CLOUDS"—THE FINAL INSTALLMENT OF A NEW NOVEL OF MODERN LOVE AND MARRIAGE—BY **FRANCOISE SAGAN**

"WHAT MAKES AN EXECUTIVE?"—THOSE CRITERIA BY WHICH THE YOUNG MAN READY TO MOUNT THE LADDER OF CORPORATE LEADERSHIP MAY EVALUATE HIS CHANCES FOR SUCCESS—BY **J. PAUL GETTY**

JIMMY DEAN
BIG BAD JOHN
and other fabulous songs
COLUMBIA

298. Smoke, Smoke That Cigarette; 16 Tons; 10 more

GREAT PICTURE THEMES
EXODUS
NEVER ON SUNDAY
THE APARTMENT
plus 13 more
COLUMBIA

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

MEMORIES
SING ALONG WITH MITCH
COLUMBIA

118. My Blue Heaven, Sleepy Time Gal, At Sundown, Dixie, etc.

FIRESIDE
SING ALONG WITH MITCH
COLUMBIA

260. Annie Laurie, Sweet and Low, My Bonnie, 20 in all

LERNER & LOEWE
Camelot
RICHARD BURTON
JULIE ANDREWS
and Original Broadway Cast
COLUMBIA

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

GOLDEN GOODIES
DINAH WASHINGTON
BROOK BENTON
SARAH VAUGHAN
PLATTERS
COLUMBIA

275. Twelve original hits by the stars who made them great

MORE GOLDEN GOODIES
MISTY
BLUE TANGO
CARAVAN
RAMBLES
LIGHTS
MISERLOU
9 MORE
COLUMBIA

276. Also: Peg o' My Heart, Sugar Blues, Yours, Misty, etc.

TCHAIKOVSKY
The SLEEPING BEAUTY
Ballet Suite
PHILADELPHIA ORCH.
EUGENE ORMANDY
COLUMBIA

115. Superb performance of this enchanting ballet score

RAY CONNIFF
his orchestra and chorus
CONCERT IN RHYTHM
COLUMBIA

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

RAY CONNIFF
Somebody Loves Me
GOLDEN EARRINGS
IT HAD TO BE YOU
10 MORE
COLUMBIA

117. Also: You'd Be So Nice to Come Home to, etc.

UNIQUE PERCUSSION
TERRY SHYDER
and the All Stars
PUTTIN' ON THE RITZ
PICNIC—10 MORE
COLUMBIA

283. Puttin' on the Ritz, Man I Love, Deep Night, 9 more

JOHNNY MATHIS
the rhythms and ballads of Broadway
COLUMBIA

253-254. Two-Record Set (Counts as Two Selections). Let's Do It, Spring is Here, I Am In Love, 21 more

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

294. "Extraordinary playing of great beauty"—Chic. Trib.

BRAMHS INTERMEZZI FOR PIANO
GLENN GOULD
COLUMBIA

294. "Extraordinary playing of great beauty"—Chic. Trib.

ROGER WILLIAMS
YELLOW BIRD
KAPP

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

ROGER WILLIAMS
songs of the SOARING '60s
Theme from Carnival
Theme from Exodus
Itsy Bitsy Bikini
—9 more
KAPP

252. Also: Are You Lonesome Tonight?, Calcutta, etc.

Serenade for Strings
The Strings of THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA
EUGENE ORMANDY Cond.
COLUMBIA

195. Barber: Adagio for Strings; Borodin: Nocturne; etc.

TIME OUT
THE DAVE BRUBECK QUARTET
COLUMBIA

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

CLAIR de LUNE
A Debussy Piano Recital by PHILIPPE ENTREMONT
COLUMBIA

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

JOHNNY HORTON'S GREATEST HITS
Battle of New Orleans
Sunk the Bismarck
North to Alaska
plus 8 more
COLUMBIA

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

THE PLATTERS
The Sound of Hawaii
PERCUSSIVE PINEAPPLES
LANI ROYAL with the DIAMOND HEAD BAND
COLUMBIA

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

A DATE WITH THE EVERLY BROTHERS
WARNER BROS.

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

SPANISH SONGS & DANCES IN MOTION
JOSE GRECO
COLUMBIA

291. "Exciting melodies and spirited rhythms" Billboard

THE ESSENTIAL CHARLIE PARKER
Verve

209. Kim, Chi Chi, She Rote, etc. Not available in stereo

THE ALAMO
ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK
plus Marty Robbins-The Brothers Four
COLUMBIA

188. Re-creating the rousing excitement of a mammoth film

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

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

I Have Dreamed
DORIS DAY
COLUMBIA

259. I'll Find You, You Stopped Out of a Dream, 10 more

Gerry Mulligan
THE CONCERT JAZZ BAND
Verve

278. Sweet Lullaby, Hawaiian War Chant, Harbor Lights, etc.

REX HARRISON JULIE ANDREWS MY FAIR LADY
ORIGINAL CAST RECORDING
COLUMBIA

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

MENUHIN
BARTOK
VIOLIN CONCERTO
Dorati
Minneapolis Symphony
COLUMBIA

159. A stunning performance of this modern masterpiece

MESSIAH
ORANDY PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA
THE MORMON TABERNACLE CHOIR
FARRELL LEPTON
CUNNINGHAM
WARFIELD
COLUMBIA

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

JOHNNY CASH
NOW, THERE WAS A SONG!
Seasons of My Heart
I Couldn't Keep From Cryin'
Just One More
plus 8 more
COLUMBIA

264. Honky-Tonk Girl, Time Changes Everything, etc.

JOHNNY CASH
NOW, THERE WAS A SONG!
Seasons of My Heart
I Couldn't Keep From Cryin'
Just One More
plus 8 more
COLUMBIA

264. Honky-Tonk Girl, Time Changes Everything, etc.

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

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

Gerry Mulligan
THE CONCERT JAZZ BAND
Verve

138. Out of This World, I'm Gonna Go Fishin', etc.

In Person
MILES DAVIS
FRIDAY NIGHT
COLUMBIA

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

MILES DAVIS PLAYS PORGY AND BESS
COLUMBIA

235. Summertime, My Man's Gone Now, Prayer, 9 more

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

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

I'll save the last dance for you
damita jo
Columbia

265. Dancing on the Ceiling, Dance, Bal-lerina Dance, etc.

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

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

BROOK BENTON SINGS
THE BOLL WEEVIL SONG
FRANKIE AND JOHNNY
10 OTHERS
Columbia

257. Also: Careless Love, Honey Babe, Johnny-O, etc.

WALL TO WALL STEREO
GOLDEN PIANO HITS
Ferrante & Teicher
AND THEIR ORCH.
BEGIN THE BELIEVE
WARSAW CONCERTO
MISERLOU - 9 MORE
Columbia

118. Also: Near You, Autumn Leaves, Exodus, 'Til, etc.

CHOPIN: The 14 Waltzes
Brallowsky
COLUMBIA

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

Cherry Pink AND Apple Blossom White
Jerry Murad's HARMONICATS
COLUMBIA

5. Mack the Knife, Kiss of Fire, Ruby, Ramona, 12 in all

The Divine SARAH VAUGHAN
Imagination
Phase Mr. Brown
It's Love
9 more
Mercury

124. Leave It to Love, Padre, Come Along With Me, etc.

ANDRE PREVIN A Touch of Elegance
THE MUSIC OF DUKE ELLINGTON
COLUMBIA

261. Solitude, It Don't Mean a Thing, Perdido, 9 more

AHMAD JAMAL HAPPY MOODS
ARGO

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

THE BROTHERS FOUR BMOB
Best Music On/Off Campus
COLUMBIA

20. Riders in the Sky, I Am a Roving Gambler, 10 more

Tchaikovsky: NUTCRACKER SUITE
Ravel:
BOLERO - LA VALSE
COLUMBIA

293. "Exciting La Valse... sunny Nutcracker" High Fidelity

THE FOUR LADS Love Affair
AN AFFAIR TO REMEMBER, LOVE IS A MANY SPLENDORED THING—19 MORE
COLUMBIA

279. Also: A Fellow Needs a Girl, While We're Young, etc.

Kostelanets LORE OF PARADISE
Bali Hai
Sweet Lullaby
Moon of Manabara
12 MORE
COLUMBIA

262. Also: Hawaiian War Chant, Song of the Islands, etc.

banjos back in town
The Banjo Barons play 38 all-time favorites
COLUMBIA

277. After the Ball, Billy Boy, Toot, Toot, Tootsie; etc.

DINAH WASHINGTON
For Lonely Lovers
Columbia

263. Out of Sight Out of Mind, Stardust, Hurt, etc.

MORE GREAT MOTION PICTURE THEMES
ELMER GANTRY
THE MISFITS
BONANZA
—11 MORE
Mercury

258. Also includes Gone With the Wind, Paris Blues, etc.

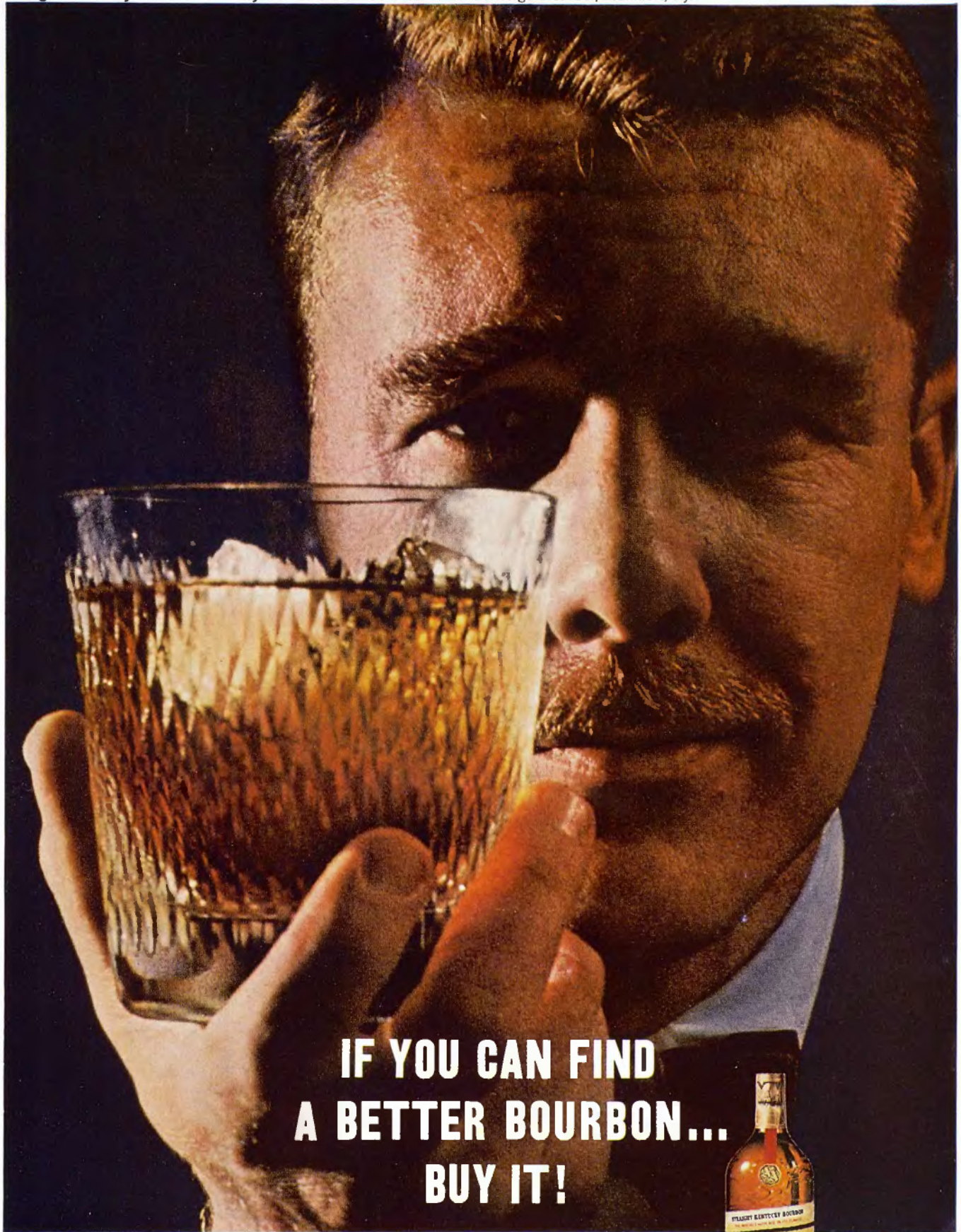
HERE COMES THE MIGHTY 48"
Pipes and Drums of the 48th Highlanders of Canada
COLUMBIA

151. Rousing Performances of twenty colorful tunes

FLOWER DRUM SONG
ORIGINAL BROADWAY CAST
RODGERS & HAMMERSTEIN
COLUMBIA

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

Straight Kentucky Bourbon Whiskey • 6 Years Old • 86 Proof • © Ancient Age Dist. Co., Frankfort, Ky.



**IF YOU CAN FIND
A BETTER BOURBON...
BUY IT!**

Ancient Age
Kentucky Bourbon



Out of Kentucky, the great bourbon country, comes the greatest of them all, mellow, warmhearted, aged six full years...Ancient Age.