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PLAYBILL

PLAYBOY WOULDN'T BE PLAYBOY without cartoons. Great gusty quantities of full-color, full-page cartoons fill the magazine every month, to say nothing of frequent multipage cartoon spreads and the less flamboyant but no less funny black-and-white chucklers that pepper the back pages. These cartoons are created by the most gifted coterie of dotty draftsmen ever assembled under one aegis. High time, then, to spotlight such vitally important chaps on this *Playbill* page.

Shel Silverstein is a West Side Chicago boy who came wandering into our offices three years ago with a package of drawings under his arm and has seen very little of Chicago since: he's seen a good deal of the rest of the world, though, and has been recording his impressions of it in a famous PLAYBOY series. Shel had previously brightened the lives of servicemen after the Korean War with his cartoons for the *Pacific Stars and Stripes* and these were collected in book form under the title *Grab Your Socks.*

Austria-born Erich Sokol is the creator of those delightfully provocative no-nosed cuties who resemble Brigitte Bardot. Erich began his career as a political cartoonist for Vienna's *Arbeiter-Zeitung,* but an unkind caricature of Malenkov caused the Russians to confiscate an entire issue of the journal and brought his political cartooning to an abrupt end. He began freelancing for a number of European magazines, including the English *Punch* (which seldom uses the work of non-Britons); came to the States, and to PLAYBOY, in 1957.

Jules Feiffer, not too long ago, approached the editor of *The Village Voice,* Greenwich Village newspaper, and offered to contribute a comic strip for free if they would let him draw what he liked. The comic strip — *Sick, Sick, Sick* — became a best-selling book, and Feiffer became a PLAYBOY regular, still doing what he likes but (happily) not

CLAUDE

SILVERSTEIN

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for free. His second book, *Passionella and Other Stories*, is due soon.

Gahan Wilson subscribes to Max Eastman's definition of humor: "Something grotesque approached in a mood of play." This does much to explain his mirthfully macabre work. Wilson recently discovered a comic strip he drew soon after infancy: "It had scrawls in the balloons instead of words, which gives you some idea how early I started." Jack Davis is a Southern boy moved to New York, one of the original trio of comic book artists (Elder, Davis and Wood) who worked for editor Harvey Kurtzman on *Mad*.

Cartoonists Phil Interlandi and John Dempsey both make their homes in California. Phil started life in Chicago, is the twin brother of political cartoonist Frank Interlandi of the *Des Moines Register* and *Tribune*, now lives, and lives it up, in Laguna Beach. Phil's favorite hobby is acting: he regularly turns in suave performances at the local playhouse and is proud to have won the Best Actor Award two years running. Dempsey is a native Californian whose cartooning career started when "I sold my first cartoon to Gurney (Bless-His-Heart) Williams of the old *Collier's*." Since then, he has contributed to most of the major U.S. magazines and appears almost every month in PLAYBOY.

Al Stine is one of the original members of the PLAYBOY crew, having been on deck for the magazine's maiden voyage. A Chicago commercial artist turned cartoonist for PLAYBOY, Al has been giving special and loving attention of late to the mischievous misadventures of *les belles* Babs and Shirley in the urban wilds. The median age of all the aforementioned cartoonists is 28 which, by an interesting coincidence (according to the most reliable survey available), is also the average age of PLAYBOY's readers. Richard Loehle and Charles Miller are also Chicago artists turned cartoonists especially for this magazine, and their full-color pages are always brightened by one or more beautiful, bountifully proportioned females; indeed, Dick's drawings sometimes include a dozen or more, as he depicts giant harem and orgy scenes from the days of ancient Egypt and Rome.

Alden Erickson sold his first cartoon to the *Saturday Evening Post* a scant four years ago, but appears regularly in PLAYBOY and other top slicks now. He resides in New York City, "but I secretly yearn to live on an island off Maine where I could run an antique shop in the summer and think up sexy gags during the cold winter months." Don Madden's cartoons often dazzle the eye with swirls of rococo decoration: small surprise, therefore, that among his many interests are archaeology and history. His studies in these fields have given his work added charm, depth and a peculiarly personal sophistication.

PLAYBOY's gaggle of gagsters is comprised of cartoonists from many spheres and includes some who made their initial reputations with other magazines, such as *The New Yorker*. Answering this description are Claude, Rea and Taylor. Claude (his unused last name is Smith) is a self-confessed connoisseur of wine, women and song; does not dig long cars, privacy or relatives. He is well remembered for his witty illustrations for two Shepherd Mead books, *How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying* and *How to Succeed with Women Without Really Trying*, both of which appeared serially in PLAYBOY.

Gardner Rea is a bona fide old-timer, having been in the biz for half a century, appearing in the earliest issues of *The New Yorker* and the old *Life* and *Judge* of the Twenties. He's seen over 10,000 of his cartoons published and is one of the few cartoonists in *Who's Who*. He lives (or so claims his pal Ogden Nash) "in a diving bell at the bottom of Long Island Sound." He reads books in 12 languages, smokes an immense pipe that is almost bigger than he is (he weighs 100 pounds) and stoutly maintains that "I hate to draw."

R. (for Richard) Taylor was born in Canada and was associated for many years with Canadian publications. He began drawing for U.S. magazines in 1935 and makes his first appearance in PLAYBOY this month. The section on contemporary American cartoons in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* is of his authorship and, of course, he's the fellow who illustrated *Fractured French*. Like the other PLAYBOY regulars, his full-color work will appear exclusively here.

This March issue offers the work of most of these funny fellows, including the first half of a two-part Spanish fandango with Silverstein. Other attractions in the pages ahead include *The Horror of It All*, a penetrating, peppy investigation of monster movies, written by Hollis Alpert (*Saturday Review* film critic and author of the novel *The Summer Lovers*) in collaboration with Charles Beaumont; fiction both terrifying and tender by Ken Purdy and John Wallace, respectively; the very latest news in stereo, presented by means of words and pictures; an anecdotal article on Broadway billing by noted columnist Leonard Lyons; a portrait of a man obsessed with neckwear, indited by PLAYBOY *feuilletoniste* Ray Russell.

The classic figure of junoesque June Bair is proffered to those who like their pleasure big; and needless to say (but we'll say it anyway) there's a Playmate, a Ribald Classic, Party Jokes . . . in short, there's PLAYBOY. Enjoy!

DAVIS

REA

STINE

WILSON

DEAR PLAYBOY

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

FIFTH ANNIVERSARY

Congratulations to my favorite magazine on its fifth birthday. I've been a PLAYBOY regular (if not a regular playboy) from the earliest issues and I've saved them all—in the sturdy binders you supply for the purpose. Yesterday evening I settled back in a comfortable chair, a good drink at my side, and went through them month by month. The spirit was there, even in the beginning, but the continuous improvement of the publication over the years is really remarkable. Year by year, PLAYBOY gets better and better. I don't know how you do it, but keep it up.

Harold MacArthur
New York, New York

Your Playmate of the Month is always beautiful, your cartoons and Party Jokes always make me smile, but I dig you the most for something more. No other magazine in America speaks with so masculine a voice in this all too feminine society of ours. I'm an adult and I'm a man, and it is a pleasure to spend time inside a publication that takes both of these facts into consideration. I'd like to take this opportunity to wish PLAYBOY and its editors a very happy fifth anniversary.

Charles Deering
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

This member of what you've so aptly titled the "Upbeat Generation" would like to thank you for five wonderfully entertaining years and tell you how much I'm looking forward to the next 20.

Bob Smith
San Francisco, California

Concerning your Fifth Anniversary Scrapbook, you are still a little bit impressed and apparently surprised by your own success.

J. Carlton
Toledo, Ohio

We confess it. For those of us who fondly fashioned the first thin issue and put no date on it because we weren't certain we could raise enough money to produce a second, the success of PLAYBOY *is still a little unreal.*

This disgruntled reader was happier when PLAYBOY was just a magazine and not, as you so modestly admit to having become, an institution.

Garth Kane
San Clemente, California

For years now I've listened to my husband rave about the beautiful "Playmates" in your magazine. Naturally, I usually look in each issue to see just what is causing all this glowing comment. Well, in your December issue I found something that *I* could rave about. That publisher Hugh M. Hefner on page 43 looks like solid dreamdust. What a pity the *Ladies' Home Journal* doesn't get hep and photograph that handsome hunk of humanity in male Playmate manner for the ladies. Wow! As this letter is rather brazen, please do not use my name if it should be published.

(Name withheld on request)
Chattanooga, Tennessee

JOYCE

Miss December, model Joyce Nizzari, is the most refreshingly beautiful Playmate you have published to date.

Bill O'Connor
Lomita, California

Miss Nizzari's periproctian piquancy is particularly provocative.

Norman Arlington
Gulfport, Florida

After one look at your delectable December Playmate, I went outside and howled at the moon with the huskies.

D. Fraser
Baker Lake
Northwest Territories

The obvious focal point of the composition is the young lady's posterior. Anyone will agree that the sight of that great pink mass grabs your attention and holds it ruthlessly. But I don't understand. Are we supposed to admire the mathematically correct outlines of the subject's buttocks? I gather that the left one is supposed to represent a parabola and the right a segment of an ellipse. I must confess that the symbolism eludes me. The only conclusion I can

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draw is that you people have a phobia against repeating poses, have run out of ideas, and that this emphasis on the end of the model in question symbolizes the end of everything. Now that your inspirations have hit bottom, so to speak, surely they can do nothing but improve. I hope so.

James Duncan
Chicago, Illinois

BARE BB

I was very interested in your feature on Brigitte Bardot, including some of the more revealing clips from her recent films. Here is one you missed: a completely nude BB in a scene from *In Case of Emergency* with Jean Gabin. But it is an understandable omission, as the scene was eventually cut from even the French version of the film and is to

be included in the next edition of my book, *La Technique de l'Erotisme* (Ed. J. J. Pauvert, Paris).

J. M. Lo Duca
Paris, France

WHAT THE HELL

After reading that bit of November satire by John D. Keefauver, entitled *Oh Well What the Hell*, I can say it is some of the most refreshing copy that has appeared in PLAYBOY to date. Here's hoping we will hear more from Mr. Keefauver in the near future.

Peter K. Wright
Hamburg, New York

Poet Allen Ginsberg, in *Howl*, says he saw the best minds of his generation destroyed by madness, but Keefauver obviously wasn't among those minds destroyed, because he's pretty great! Congratulations on having the best magazine of its kind on the planet.

Ron J. Enns
Portland, Oregon

Enjoyed John Keefauver's satire on my friend Ferlinghetti. Found this summer that the latter is fast becoming the

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rage of a certain section of Europe's intelligentsia. Discussed the man and his work with a Cambodian mine owner during a showerful retreat over a Pernod at the Cafe de la Paix, with an anarchist ceramist in Copenhagen, and a most unusual Chamonix guide while cringing in horror on a *téléférique*.

Fred Burrous
Berkeley, California

Hope we don't see any more stuff like *Oh Well What the Hell* by John Keefauver. This is the nastiest piece of trash I've ever seen in print. If this slob has such an attitude about religion, I'm sure I don't give a damn. But I'm surprised at your editors for printing this product of Mr. Keefauver's filthy, warped mind.

Larry Norman
Louisville, Kentucky

The sickening, irreverent, anti-Christian parody, *Oh Well What the Hell*, has just cost you a steady customer.

Anonymous Businessman
Quincy, Illinois

Anti-Christian? In a very real sense it was a devout Christian expression. Poet-parodist Keefauver was blasting the dilution and prostitution of Christianity by fools, philistines and businessmen, anonymous and otherwise.

We would like permission to reprint a portion of John Keefauver's *Oh Well What the Hell* in a forthcoming issue of *Encounter*, a publication of the United Church of Christ Campus Ministry which is sent to more than 12,000 college students. The church should be thankful for such criticism.

Barbara Ciboski
United Church of Christ
St. Louis, Missouri

Permission granted.

I am an assistant professor of English at Miami University. My apologies to Mr. John Keefauver for my having yielded to the temptation to suggest (à la Keefauver/Ferlinghetti) how the Beat Generation might approach the works of Edgar Allan Poe:

In a town named Eldorado
there's a walled-up cat
that wails an obbligato
to a cat-gut pizzicato
while Eddie writes verse
wild side verse
the kind that rides around in a hearse . . .
We got a cravin' for depravin' —
Man, I'm gonna goose that Raven
and then
amen.
Let's go Zen.

Robert E. Morsberger
Miami, Florida

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26. **Tchaikovsky: Nutcracker Suite; Ravel: Bolero, etc.** Philadelphia Orchestra, Ormandy, cond.
27. **Benny Goodman** *Let's Dance, Sing Sing Sing, Avalon, Moonglow* — 11 swing classics
28. **Romantic Music of Rachmaninoff** Andre Kostelanetz and his Orchestra play this haunting music
29. **Roy Hamilton** The "Big Voice" sings *Unchained Melody, Ebb Tide, I Believe*, 9 more
30. **Tchaikovsky: Swan Lake Ballet Suite** Philadelphia Orchestra, Ormandy, cond.
34. **Ellington at Newport** *Newport Jazz Festival Suite, Jeep's Blues*, etc.
36. **The Hymnal** Norman Luboff Choir sings 12 beloved hymns — *Let Him In, Sweet Hour of Prayer*, etc.
39. **Firebird Suite; Romeo and Juliet** Two colorful scores — performed by Bernstein and N.Y. Philharmonic
44. **Pop Hit Party** A dozen hit tunes performed by 12 pop artists — Day, Mathis, Laine, Bennett, etc.
46. **Erroll Garner—Paris Impressions** *Moulin Rouge, I Love Paris, Left Bank Swing*—8 numbers in all
46. **My Fair Lady** Original cast recording with Rex Harrison and Julie Andrews
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51. **Front Row Center** *September Song, House of Flowers, Bewitched, April in Paris*, 9 more
60. **Music of Victor Herbert — Faith** *Dream Girl, A Kiss in the Dark, Gypsy Love Song*, 9 more
61. **Rossini: William Tell Overture, etc.** Six stirring overtures and marches
62. **Frank Sinatra** A dozen songs — *Blue Skies, The Nearness of You, Mean to Me*, etc.

K-41

when I want the best in mood music . . .

Mantovani

CONTINENTAL ENCORES
More Than Ever; La Vie En Rose; Under Paris Skies; O Mein Papa; April In Portugal; Arrivederci Roma; Anema E Core; La Mer; I Only Know I Love You; Autumn Leaves; Answer Me; Poppa Piccolino. PS 147

GEMS FOREVER
All the Things You Are; True Love; I Could Have Danced All Night; You Keep Coming Back Like A Song; A Woman In Love; This Nearly Was Mine; Summertime; Something to Remember You By; Love Letters; The Nearness of You; An Affair to Remember; Hey There. PS 106

MUSIC FROM THE FILMS
Warsaw Concerto; Serenata D'Amore; The Dream of Olwen; The Legend Of The Glass Mountain; Story Of Three Loves; Cornish Rhapsody. PS 112

SONG HITS FROM THEATRELAND
If I Loved You; Wunderbar; I've Never Been In Love Before; Hello Young Lovers; Stranger In Paradise; C'est Magnifique; I Talk to the Trees; They Say It's Wonderful; Bewitched; Some Enchanted Evening; Out of My Dreams: Almost Like Being In Love. PS 125

when I want the best in big band sound . . .

Ted Heath

ALL TIME TOP TWELVE
Begin The Beguine; April In Paris; 'S Wonderful; Tenderly; Autumn Leaves; Somebody Loves Me; September Song; Stardust; Tea For Two; On The Sunny Side Of The Street; I've Got The World On A String; My Blue Heaven. PS 117

HITS I MISSED
High Noon; Ebb Tide; 12th Street Rag; Love Is a Many Splendored Thing; Three Coins In the Fountain; Unchained Melody; Learnin' the Blues; Swedish Rhapsody; Moulin Rouge; My Resistance Is Low; My Foolish Heart; Secret Love. PS 116

TED HEATH SWING SESSION
The Champ; Eloquence; Do Nothin' Till You Hear From Me; Pick Yourself Up; Blues For Moderns; 4th Dimension; Etrospect; Dark Eyes; Solitude; The Hawk Talks; I Got It Bad; Rhapsody For Drums. PS 138

SHALL WE DANCE
Dancing In The Dark; I Could Have Danced All Night; Dancing With My Shadow; The Love Dance; Shall We Dance; Let's Face The Music and Dance; Dancing Time; Ten Cents A Dance; Dancing With Tears In My Eyes; Dance Ballerina Dance; All You Want To Do Is Dance; I Won't Dance. PS 148

when I want the best in Latin American rhythms . . .

Edmundo Ros

ROS ON BROADWAY
I Could Have Danced All Night; Some Enchanted Evening; Bewitched; Stranger In Paradise; June Is Busting Out All Over; I Whistle a Happy Tune; Hernando's Hideaway; Almost Like Being In Love; I Love Paris; I Talk to the Trees; I've Never Been In Love Before; So In Love. PS 110

HIGH FI-ESTA
The Nearness of You Cha Cha Cha; La Vie en Rose; The Rose in Her Hair; Orchids in the Moonlight; Dolores; April in Portugal Cha Cha Cha; National Emblem; Under the Bridges of Paris; Ramona; Jealousy; La Rosita; Estrellita Cha Cha Cha. PS 105

RHYTHMS OF THE SOUTH
Spanish Gypsy Dance; Blue Danube; Barcarolle; La Maxixe; Capullito de Aleli; Siboney; Isle of Capri Cha Cha Cha; Colonel Bogey; Elizabeth; Caminito; Marta; Cachita. PS 114

HOLLYWOOD CHA-CHA-CHA
The Moulin Rouge Theme; It's Magic; Tammy; Theme From Picnic; Third Man Theme; Around The World; Love Is A Many Splendored Thing; As Time Goes By; High Noon; Fascination; Three Coins In The Fountain: True Love. PS 152

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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

Anyone who doesn't know by now that the Soviets invented everything hasn't been doing his party-line homework. For fresh evidence, we submit the case of the American tourist traveling in a Russian train who pulled one of the small new transistor radios from his pocket. A Soviet citizen, fascinated by the gadget, finally blurted: "We have lots of those. What is it?"

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Several issues past, you'll remember, we remarked with pleasure on a new trend in bar titles, citing *The Men's Room*, in Chicago, as an example. The trend continues and, in choosing handles for their bistros, bar-owners are beginning to show consideration for the man who calls home with, figuratively speaking, one foot on the rail. Harried white-collar types will find explanations easy when they call from *The Office*, in Bloomington, Illinois. And, for calling *in* to the office, when the workaday world seems intolerable, we suggest *The Living Room*, in New York City.

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Teen-Ager Lipstick Corp. has come out with an Elvis Presley Lipstick, engraved on the case with the gyrator's autograph. The color is, brace yourself, Hound-Dog Orange.

•

Jacks-of-all-trades will be happy to learn that specialization has received a setback from the Venetian Isle Motel in Miami, Florida. Prominently displayed on the establishment is a sign reading "Guests wanted — no experience necessary."

•

A tidal wave of reader response washed in recently, in reaction to our song titles for an LP called *Music for World War III*. We suggest you hum these through clenched teeth: *In the Shade of the Old Mushroom Cloud; Were You There When the Ocean Boiled Away?; I'll Be with You in Atom-Bombing Time; Gone Fission; If You Were the Only Girl in the World — And Damned if You Aren't!*

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California's Matson Navigation Co. announces that The Lurline, a luxury ship, is available for charter March 22-26. Better bust into the ol' piggybank before you apply, though. The cost (with crew, food and entertainment): $25,000 a day.

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The following sign, spotted by one of our spies in a New York clothing shop, proves what we've known all along — that retailers have a sense of humor:

"I have a brother who was recently electrocuted for murdering our parents, two days after they were released from an insane asylum. My sister, who is expecting her third child, is thinking of getting married to a fellow with a venereal disease. I recently met a girl who is serious enough about me to give up her job in a brothel to marry me, if I say the word. My problem is this: Should I tell her I'm in the men's wear business?"

•

Ever wonder about the problems involved in running a school? Insight into administrative headaches comes from President Clark Kerr of the University of California. He says, "I find that the three major administrative problems on a campus are sex for the students, athletics for the alumni and parking for the faculty."

•

Travelers to Great Britain were treated to the sight of more than the leaves falling this last autumn. Thousands of English lovelies had their stepins sabotaged by a manufacturer who glued the panties' waistbands together instead of sewing them. Result was that, after repeated washing, the unmentionables we've mentioned traveled anklewards. First victim was the Countess of Haddington. As she opened an exhibit at Edinburgh, spectators got an uninhibited exhibition they hadn't expected.

•

The frenzied efforts of the flick flacks become more and more bewildering as movie ads get blatter than ever. In his syndicated column, Sydney J. Harris has offered a *Layman's Lexicon of Show Business* that dissipates the obfuscation. Here are some of his entries:

"Raw human emotions! means a cast of characters who behave toward each other as inhumanly as it is possible to get away with."

"A gay and naughty French farce commonly means the sort of infantile nonsense that the French public grew tired of two generations ago."

"And now, for the first time, Hollywood dares to . . . means that the film is perspiring foolishly over some trite sexual situation that Chaucer tossed off in a couplet of his *Canterbury Tales* 600 years ago."

•

That newspaper mistakes, both typographical and semantic, can make column-culling a happy chore, is made abundantly clear by the following amiable errors: A reducing salon announced its grand opening with an ad in a Tulsa newspaper that included this guarantee: ". . . 3 Months Free if We Fail to Get the Following Results in 60 Lays . . ." And, from the classified column of a Montreal daily: "Unmarried Girls to pack fresh fruit and produce at night."

•

Buddy of ours who rides one of the

Mad Av commuter specials from Connecticut reports overhearing a solicitous chap advising his seatmate to ease up on his favorite tranquilizer because it was habit-forming. "But it isn't," said the tranquilized one. "I know: I've been taking three a day for the last four years and I haven't got the habit yet."

BOOKS

Early in Edward Mannix' ***An End to Fury*** (Dial, $4.95) our hero, Vince Boyle, a would-be writer, stands on the Florida strand and yells in the direction of Cuba and Ernest Hemingway: "Hey, Ernie—*I'm* drunk and *you* can go to hell!" But it's James T. Farrell he should have cocked his fist at, for this first novel is a raw, rowdy, randy rendering of an Irish slum family—the Boyles of Jersey City—seen mostly through the hard eyes of the aforementioned Vince. What plot there is concerns Vince's love-hate for his family and his effort to find himself after a hitch in the Navy and a stint with a carny. But it's the full-length portraits of the Brueghelian Boyles which are the book's standout feature. Unfortunately, Mannix, who can really write, is preoccupied with the priapic. Result: what could have been high-fission fiction is notable chiefly for its phallic fall-out.

•

Romain Gary, French diplomat, evidently doesn't believe in letting his left hand know what his write-hand is doing. Though he's paid to pitch Gallic goodwill, his new novel, ***Lady L.*** (Simon & Schuster, $3.50), may set Anglo-French relations back to 1066. For this delightfully high-styled harlequinade is based on the proposition that the career of one of Britain's most esteemed dowagers was based on a proposition. At 80, Lady L., who's about as U as U can get, slyly reveals that her origins are not only non-U, but positively sub-U. Seems she started out as a Paris prostie and—worse—became finger-girl for a ring of anarchists. Armand, the ace anarchist, was tall, dark, glandsome; and she was his willing slave in the moments he could spare from making—and throwing—bombs. But when he got her pregnant, she fingered *him* and married a 60ish sybarite who was also one of England's noblest dukes, then settled down to grande-dame it. Re-enter Armand, on the lam, his anarchist-kisses still sweeter than wine. What to do? Boccaccio would have no trouble guessing.

•

Denis Jenkinson of the London magazine *Motor Sport* is famous among automobile racing types for his account of his ride with Stirling Moss in the 1955 Mille Miglia race in Italy. They did

IS YOUR LIVING ROOM SMALL ENOUGH FOR STEREO?

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the 1000 miles at an average of 95 miles an hour, the all-time record, Jenkinson reading the road from a 17-foot-long roller map and signaling Moss to take blind humpbacks at 175 mph. He has just published a remarkable book, ***The Racing Driver*** (Batford, $5), and sports car buffs who wish to know what automobile driving is like will dig. In a field not notable for literary landmarks, Jenkinson has set up a mile-stone: a study of the characteristics peculiar to the Grand Prix racing driver, who, like the mountain climber and the bullfighter, puts his life on the line every time he plays his game. A veteran of perhaps 20,000 miles as passenger at racing speeds with the best drivers in the world, Jenkinson knows the marks of greatness, from freak vision (Stirling Moss can identify the driver of a car so far away that other eyes can make out no more than the color of the car) to the aberration that makes some men unable to drive safely at slow speeds. Diagrams demonstrate the incredible techniques of the *maestri* and the vital over-steer and under-steer characteristics every automobile shows under stress. The book is an imperative for anyone who thinks he can drive. In its field, it is The Word.

•

The ups and downs and ins and outs of a pool shark provide the theme of Walter Tevis' novel, ***The Hustler*** (Harper, $3.50). A pool shark, and you may be forgiven for not knowing, is a pocket-billiards devotee of superior proficiency who preys on chumps. Since the game of his choice offers him small opportunity to make money openly as a professional, he is driven to enticing less skillful players into taking him on for wagers, letting them win a few, nursing them along until they are confident enough to bet serious money, and then whupping them. When the pool shark is good enough, he can pit himself against his peers under his own identity, and for four-figure bets, a line of activity preferable to hustling chumps, for the hustler who's detected is likely to have unpleasant things done to him: his hands may be laid flat on a table, for example, and his fingers broken, one by one, with the fat end of a cue. Mr. Tevis is dealing here with basics: passion, pity, the brute struggle for survival. No epic, this novel is still a small tour de force, easily read, long remembered. Author Tevis did some earlier exploratory surgery on the poolroom half-world in a PLAYBOY story also called *The Hustler* (January 1957).

•

After a lapse of six years, Stephen Potter, Dean of the Lifemanship Correspondence College, has come up with his third handbook, ***Supermanship*** (Random House, $3), the dust jacket of which carries the subtitle "how to continue to

stay top without actually falling to pieces." This slim volume is one of the best examples we've seen in a long time of how to run a good thing into the ground. Veteran Lifemen are bound to be disappointed and not a little disheartened with the way in which Potter has deserted to the camp of the enemy and turned the study of Lifemanship into a course designed to give the most inept pupil a straight A. Gone are the subtle though often strenuous ploys that were so rewarding—gone, to be replaced with advice on expectant Fathership and how to deal with Superbaby and his begetters. Other boring topics include Supertown versus Supercountry, roughly analagous to our native sports of Tenderfoot baiting and Rube calling; Office partyship, including such A.D.C. (After Dale Carnegie) ploys as being attentive to the Boss' ugly secretary; and even a short section on British car ploys with advice on how to make other British car owners insecure because your car is newer (older, faster, slower, larger, smaller) than their own. Add to this some painfully obscure and insular British humor and the result is about as appetizing as warmed-over mutton chops.

•

When France fell, in 1940, so did the heroine of Cecil St.-Laurent's new novel *Clotilde* (Morrow, $4.95). Realizing she'd be separated from her boyfriend, she sneaked over to his house and crept into his bed. (She was, after all, 17, a ripe age for heroines these days.) During the next two years, no matter how rough things got, she was always ready to make the bedst of them. She made it in Vichy with Guy de Rives, Royalist agent: she made it in Paris with Jean-Marie of the Resistance: she made it in England with Gaullist Georges Lavigie (and just for kicks with a Canadian flyboy); she made it in Marseilles, and, back in Paris, again with Jean-Marie. She goofed once, when she took on Edouard, who turned out to be an informer, and was forced to watch his execution—but soon she was off to Algiers, where she was rapturously reunited with Guy. And so it went. M. St.-Laurent (square handle: Jacques Laurent-Cely) tells the wench's tale with a skill which deserves better material, and manages to convey some of the actuality of France at war; but it still reads less like a novel than a scenario for Brigitte Bardot. We last see Clotilde on a ship headed back for France. The Captain is very kind. You guessed it: Desire under the Helm.

DINING-DRINKING

In San Francisco, jazz—modern, contemporary, West or East Coast, and just plain swingin'—has always meant going

to the Black Hawk. But the scene has been considerably enlarged in the last year and a half with the opening of the ***Jazz Workshop*** (473 Broadway, just off Kearny St.). Owner Art Auerback, a young (31) San Francisco attorney, says, "About three weeks before opening we were sitting around the place talking about the kind of policy we'd try, when a real beat-looking chick stuck her head in and asked if we'd audition a trio. That was Jean Hoffman—she plays electric piano, straight 88s and sings; we listened to her, and everybody was gassed by her style, so we fed the three of them for three weeks, they opened, and the people started pouring in. Ralph Gleason liked her, Herb Caen wrote about her, she made a couple of LPs for Fantasy, stayed with us for three months, and then went on the road with a bunch of Eastern bookings." Art followed up Jean's success with jazz and poetry sessions featuring Bruce Lippincott, and then really hit it big earlier this year with another group out of the Northwest, the Mastersounds. The group is co-op, with no leader. Buddy Montgomery, the vibist, does most of the writing and arranging, his brother Monk plays Fender bass with Benny Barth on drums and Richie Crabtree on piano. These sounds really made it in the Bay Area and kept the Workshop stuffed from June through October. The group, whose World-Pacific LPs of *The King and I* and *Kismet* have been hot national sellers, returned to the club in February and will remain through April. The Workshop is a pleasantly modern place with a brown-and-white motif throughout. Paintings of jazz personalities by Jan Hillcourt and Bill Weber are on the walls, and a large graphic by Bill of a group blowin' up a storm backs up the bandstand. There's never a cover or minimum; the drinks are much better than most nightclubs deliver and they go for 90¢. Art does all the talent booking himself, most of it straight through the musicians, instead of the agencies. He's excited about giving young groups their first club dates, and between discoveries he's featured soloists like Sonny Rollins, LA tenor man Harold Land and Buddy DeFranco. One of his ideas is to develop a really swinging local rhythm section and to bring in big name horns to blow with it. Sonny Stitt is signed, as well as Horace Silver.

•

Brown's (132 E. 61st) is the name of a newish Manhattan eatery, opened by long-time theatrical agent Gloria Safier. The list of backers reads like a TV spectacular—including Ed Mulhare, Lena Horne, Faye Emerson, Arlene Francis, Sam Spiegel and Sharman Douglas. Oscar-winning costume designer Irene Sharaff did the simplified interior in

shades of brown, white and orange, before she took off for Hollywood to design Goldwyn's *Porgy and Bess* costumes. Gold-plated unicycles and bicycles are draped strategically on the walls, along with antique auto horns and automobile insignia from all over the world. Decor aside, Brown's is becoming known for its mixed menu (hearty chophouse fare, plus specialties like chicken Kiev and late-night chili) and man-sized drinks. You can sit in the front or back room. Choose the rear if you want to stroll through the kitchen while it's in full operation. No surprise, it's fast becoming a favorite of showfolks.

•

The lucky fugitive from Boreas who has got as far south as Miami and is contemplating the drive to Key West is confronted with the problem of where to eat on the way. Let him not place his trust in the billboards that mar the beautiful 160-mile passage from key to key: guidance is needed, and here it is. The first really fine restaurant is on Key Largo, and it is so inconspicuous as to be almost invisible. In unromantic but practical terms, it is halfway between the Sinclair and the Standard gas stations, on the right, and it is ***Greene's Restaurant***. Utterly unpretentious, but nowhere will you taste better broiled shrimp ($2.25); and their salad wagon, from which you concoct your own mixture, will make you want to plan your return trip to hit them on the way back. No hard liquor, but good wines and imported beer. Next oasis is Islamorada, 17 miles farther on. Here we would suggest ***Martin's Halfway House,*** and you wouldn't go wrong if you chose their shore dinner at $3.75 or their stone crab at $4.50. Fail not to have Key lime pie for dessert. Cocktails here, as well as at the well-known ***Green Turtle Inn,*** a mile farther on — a bit on the honky-tonk side, but their conch chowder and turtle steak need no apologies. Thirty-five miles down the road is Marathon, and here the only haven for the gourmet is ***Hanley's,*** at the far end of the town. Ewald, their young German chef, specializes in Continental cooking, and his forte is the marvelous sauces with which he enhances his seafood and meat dishes. Let the maître de tell you what goodies Ewald has cooked up for that particular meal, and take his advice. Cocktails. The 50 miles between Marathon and Key West provide some of the finest waterscapes in the world but nothing better than a hot dog for the inner man. And Key West itself is a great disappointment to the lover of good food. There is exactly one place that does full justice to the palate: ***El Patio*** (Duval St., corner of Greene); open 5:00 to 9:30; no hard liquor; and the proprietor, Francesco Zeppa, will

have little patience with you if you arrive too well lubricated to appreciate what you are eating. Table d'hôte at $3 offers a wide selection; or, à la carte, try his lobster Diablo, filet of lamb Parisienne, shrimp à la Provençale, or whatever else Mr. Zeppa may recommend—it is simply impossible to go wrong. This man is an artist.

•

Two blocks from Chicago's Rush Street is an ex-warehouse that found a new lease on life as ***Le Bistro*** (854 N. State). Not quite half a year old, it has successfully buried its past beneath gallons of white paint and some unusual decorating touches. The only reminders of its former status are the brick walls and the lofty ceiling that nightly disappears in a cloud of smoke from countless cigarettes. A large, circular, open fireplace helps take the chill off these early spring nights. Here you can toast your toes while you toast your companion. Or, if you prefer, you can pull up a stool to the piano bar and sip your drink to the light jazz of such combos as the Russ Haddock trio. And for that bit of apartness that is so important at times, there is a darkened balcony where you and your date can eloign yourselves from the herd. There's an hors d'oeuvre bar to attend the appetite. Open every night till four A.M.

FILMS

Most people thought James Jones shock-laden novel about the scrapping brothers Hirsh was turgid, but thanks to director Vincente Minnelli's incisive interpretation of a zippy, sexy screenplay by John Patrick and Arthur Sheekman, plus rocking performances by all hands, ***Some Came Running*** will knock you down and stomp all over you, it's that good. Story, backed by a dissonant Elmer Bernstein score, slows up only rarely. Just after World War II, ex-GI Frank Sinatra, still in khaki, returns to his Indiana home after a long stay away. A tough, wiry guy with writing talent, he's got bad memories of stuffy elder brother Arthur Kennedy and his snarly wife Leora Dana. With him is jolly, sloppy but poignant strumpet Shirley MacLaine, whom he can stomach only when pie-eyed. Frank acts fairly square with his brother, the wife and their teenage daughter, Betty Lou Keim. He even falls respectably in love with a cold mackerel of a schoolmarm, Martha Hyer, who's interested only in his literary output. Between times, though, he cats and souses around with high-livin' gambler Dean Martin. They even set up a *ménage à trollop* with Shirley and Dean's besotted ladyfriend, Carmen Philips. There are roaring, drama-

charged and funny scenes to relish. To add to the picture's other virtues, Shirley MacLaine turns in an especially first-rate performance, and Martin and Sinatra work together like they meant it. An amusing note is, Dean *never* takes his hat off.

•

Younger and, if possible, more feline in an old picture recently released here, Brigitte Bardot looks all of 16 in ***The Girl in the Bikini,*** shot off Corsica, probably by Papa Daguerre. The film's about a lad bent on skindiving after amphorae in the daytime and after Bardot at night. Her dad runs the local lighthouse. The movie looks like it was made before French producers knew what they had their hands on and the only chap who comes off creditably is the film editor, who's spliced in Brigitte all over the place, and for our money it's the splice of life.

•

You'll be rooting hard for Russian champ Ivan Poddubny to squeeze the guts out of the tricky French champ, regardless of your political convictions, in Mosfilm's bright-colored, lusty, bluntly stated ***The Wrestler and the Clown.*** Peasant-born Poddubny, played nobly by S. Cheken, is a huge, square, be-mustachioed man who travels as a circus wrestler in pre-Revolutionary Russia and, among other things, falls in love with a supple trapeze lady (I. Raepina). He bawls easily but is a creature of righteous wrath when crossed. The earnest clown, his good buddy, is played by A. Mikhailov, whose main comic kick is poking fun at local mayors. He puts their red-banded hats on trained piglets and comments on the resemblance. There's a fine earthy feel to some scenes and wild excitement to others, especially the wrestling. Break his arm into pieces, Ivan Poddubny!

•

That brooding chronicler of moral flabbiness, social decay and rape, William Faulkner, is again represented on the screen in ***The Sound and the Fury,*** wherein the empty uppitiness of the sleazy Compson family of Yoknapatawpha County is racked and hung out to dry. It's bowdlerized, boiled-down, replotted Faulkner, of course. Incest is out. Some of Faulkner's soulless people have been given nice qualities for the sake of sympathy. Important characters have been omitted. But it still makes a blast of a picture, ablaze with passionate, violent or moving scenes – the specialty of director Martin Ritt. The screenplay by Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank, Jr., has Cajun Yul Brynner sweating as a store clerk to earn chitlin-money for a clutch of pride-filled parasites dwelling in a relic of a mansion. The parasites include John Beal as a simpering drunk; Jack Warden as

a grown-up idiot; Françoise Rosay as Yul's whining mother and Joanne Woodward as the daughter of Margaret Leighton, an itinerant whore. Helping Yul keep this trash alive are Ethel Waters, as a matriarchal cook, and Stephen Perry, who rides herd on the idiot. Joanne has her mother's curiosity about sex, so woos oily carnival roustabout Stuart Whitman. The wild affair, carried on under the narcissistic noses of the others, jangles the nerves of all, till the roustabout's and Yul's true characters pop forth. While Brynner with hair looks like a pouting child, he's fairly convincing as the nasty but just Jason, and Miss Woodward portrays bewilderment and rambunctiousness with her usual competence. Despite loose ends, Jerry Wald deserves N for enterprise in producing this one; it's got power.

•

That Jane from Maine is one of those sickening "Never Underestimate the Power" things, with Doris Day playing a Maine lobster-farmer involved in a series of legal tangles with a railroad tycoon, Ernie Kovacs, in which she's aided by her lawyer, Jack Lemmon. The whole country roots for her 'cause she's a pretty young widow whose lobsters rot if they don't arrive on time. Director Richard Quine, who also produced, is handicapped by a soapy script lacking authentic excitement. What humor there is comes from the attempts of a sex-crazy male lobster to crawl into a lady lobster harem. In some states these scenes may be censored, though, for who knows what ideas his conduct will give our impressionable teenage lobsters? Pass this one up.

•

From pathos to bathos, from low comedy pratfalls to the drawing room squelch, from sneering asides to insulting broadsides, from obvious mugging to the refined double-take, Rosalind Russell can and does capture all the fascinating facets of ***Auntie Mame*** in her flick version, just as she did on stage. The screenplay by Betty Comden and Adolph Green is superior to both the novel and the boards edition which preceded it. Self-contained vignettes illustrate how individualist Mame plows through the obstacles set in her path by petty, staid people alarmed by her avowed philosophy of "live, live, live!" Mame's crusade to be herself carries her into clashes with the conservative, the bigoted, the inane, the vindictive and the socially parasitic. In her efforts, she often finds herself allied with a charmingly wacky group of crackpots and fanatics. All this activity provides a baptism of fire for Mame's youthful nephew who, after a near slip into stodginess, finally aligns himself with the forces that proclaim life's a ball. A small army of accomplished character

actors who do all the right things at the right times has been expertly directed by Morton da Costa. Included are Fred Clark, Peggy Cass, Patrick Knowles, Coral Browne, Forrest Tucker and Roger Smith. Don't miss 'em.

THEATRE

It would be gratifying to see what Sam Levene could do with a good play for a change. Even with a slapdash paste-up of gags and bedlam like *Make a Million* he is undoubtedly one of the most engaging comedic actors in the business. This time he's a TV producer whose quiz show survives the late housecleaning only because his leading contestant is a sweet and innocent little Southern gal who has taken the public fancy. Unfortunately our heroine stepped into a hotel one day to get out of the rain, and she is currently pregnant. This spells curtains for the show, unless the father is found and highjacked to the altar. Norman Barasch and Carroll Moore, the authors, have trumped up a mixed bag of soldiers and civilians to keep their plot boiling, and director Jerome Chodorov can turn the stage into a cornucopia of comedy given half an opportunity. That's about all he gets, plus some reliable help from Don Wilson as a paunchy patriarch from the Pentagon, Conrad Janis as the daddy-to-be everyone is searching for, plus Neva Patterson and Ann Wedgeworth. None of this would be worth a second thought without Sam Levene in command with his alternate rages and terrible moments of calm, the eyes that widen in self-pity, the hands that beg for justice, and the voice that snarls while his face broadens in *risus sardonicus*. At the Playhouse, 137 West 48th St., NYC.

•

Only an angel with inside astral information would have hocked his harp and wings to put money into Archibald MacLeish's *J. B.* Poetic drama is a poor commercial risk on Broadway, and MacLeish's new play was poetic drama in double jeopardy since its plot was derived from the Book of Job. Nevertheless producer Alfred de Liagre, Jr., and attendant angels had the right idea. *J. B.* is miraculously and deservedly the surprise smash hit of the season. The author, twice winner of the Pulitzer Prize for poetry, is also a dramatist with an earthy sense of theatre, and where he leaves off director Elia Kazan takes over with what is probably the most inspired job of staging in his entire career. Their Job is dressed in modern clothes. The scene is the tented interior of a traveling circus, where two broken-down actors peddle balloons and popcorn. Given time on their hands and an

empty arena, they indulge themselves in a bit of play-acting. Mr. Zuss (Raymond Massey), who feels he looks the part, will play God. Mr. Nickles (Christopher Plummer), who has been out-ranked, will play Satan. All they need is an innocent rube to play Job, and along comes J. B. (Pat Hingle), a prosperous businessman who is blessed with a loving family and a deep sense of gratitude. Following the pattern of the Book of Job with occasional thunderous promptings from Authority in outer space, the two masqueraders use such modern inventions as sex maniacs, speeding cars and the atomic bomb to rob J. B. of his fortune and his family. Mr. Zuss is betting that J. B. will not question his divine wisdom. Mr. Nickles is betting that no good man in his right senses can forgive the injustices imposed upon him. But J. B. persists through disaster and the rags and scrofula of poverty in believing that all is right in the world and the guilt must be his own. And when a whimsical, relenting deity restores his wife and treasures, he is willing to accept life again, knowing now that love is the answer in itself, that man is the answer to the reason for existence, and that he can embody truth without knowing it. Don't be misled by the philosophical overtones; the play is first of all an absorbing exercise in theatrical magic. At the ANTA, 245 West 52nd St., NYC.

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Leslie Stevens' *The Marriage-Go-Round* goes around and about sex and marriage, and the results are merry indeed. Charles Boyer, as a professor of Cultural Anthropology, lectures his students on monogamy and its attendant hazards. His wife, Claudette Colbert, Dean of Women at the same college, advises her ladies on man's subordinate role in the scheme of better homes and gardens. As happily married, middle-aged folk, Boyer and Colbert are emotionally unprepared for the visit of Julie Newmar, a tall, blonde, uninhibited Swede, who descends on the ménage with eugenics aforethought. Boyer, she points out, is both mature and highly regarded in cultural circles. She is husky, with an overpowering I.Q., and ripe for child-bearing. She has selected Boyer to be the father of her child. With his brains and her obvious assets, the baby could hardly be less than remarkable. While Miss Newmar does not exactly strip in the living room, she sashays through in a precarious bath towel, then a low-cut leotard. The good professor is on the spot, since Miss Colbert is aware of what's going on. Director Joseph Anthony exploits Donald Oenslager's turntable set with aplomb, and the author's exploration of a single joke achieves a high level of wit. While Miss Newmar, six foot two and eyes of blue, takes care of the body beautiful

department, Boyer and Colbert prove they can still tangle with a live audience and emerge with their laurels intact. At the Plymouth, 236 West 45th, NYC.

•

The Disenchanted, worked up by Budd Schulberg and Harvey Breit from Schulberg's novel of the same name, has as its protagonist a disintegrating novelist named Manley Halliday who is really F. Scott Fitzgerald in thin disguise (Schulberg worked with Fitzgerald during the days of the latter's Hollywood decline). Aided by versatile sets and lighting, director David Pressman moves the action fluidly back and forth in time. The past, glimpsed in flashbacks, is the Jazz Age, when Halliday was the fair-haired boy of American letters, and married to an unstable, bewitching creature who gave "parties to end all parties." Together they "danced in a champagne haze on the rooftop of the world" until the music stopped. When it did, the piper was still to be paid, and Halliday meets the bill by abandoning work on a cherished novel to grind out a pot-boiling screenplay. He tries, with the aid of the bottle, but hack writing is beyond him. In the end, drunk, ill and defeated, Halliday has one final moment of dignity in which he spurns Hollywood and hacks and pays his last allegiance to the art of graceful writing. The script is not unflawed: one never quite believes Halliday is the novelist he's cracked up to be because Schulberg has not provided the evidence. But Jason Robards, Jr., a relatively new actor, plays Halliday with a richness and grandeur that go far to fill the gaps. In so doing, he has become a star of dazzling magnitude in the overcast Broadway sky. At the Coronet, 230 West 49th St., NYC.

•

To be honest-Injun about it, ***Whoop-Up*** is a lively, hard-working, eardrum-pounding bit of fluff that installs a clutch of likable performers on a Montana Indian reservation, and endows them with a serviceable score by Moose Charlap and Norman Gimbel, and some high-octane choreography by Onna White. If these mixed whites and redskins only had a constructive story line that went beyond the problems of unrequited love and unsold Buicks, there might be something genuinely funny to whoop it up about. The deficiency is due to the producers, Cy Feuer and Ernest Martin (the former acting as director), who undertook to write the script in conspiracy with Dan Cushman. With all its faults, *Whoop-Up* may supply something to a season short on musicals. Ralph Young as a Cree cowhand and Susan Johnson as the blonde keeper of the local bistro take naturally to the warpath as a pair of quarreling lovers; just as good are Danny Meehan and

Julienne Marie in a junior version of the Pocahontas-John Smith scene. Paul Ford (the bug-eyed colonel of *Bilko* fame) creates his own brand of idiocy as the Colonel Blimp of a neighboring Buick agency, and a pneumatic nymph called Asia propels herself through it all with a swish and swivel that was invented before the wheel. The plot was invented only shortly afterward, but the show's good intentions may pave a road to the box office. At the Shubert, 225 West 44th St., NYC.

RECORDINGS

That limb we climbed out on last October for the latest and coolest in vocal units clearly isn't going to let us down. The trio then called the Dave Lambert Singers and now known as Lambert, Hendricks and Ross has come up with a second set of lyricized Basieisms, ***Sing Along with Basie*** (Roulette 52018, stereo or monophonic), and this time they're reinforced by the Basie band itself, including Joe Williams, who joins them as a fourth voice and even reenacts the Jimmy Rushing role on renovations of two blues, *Rusty Dusty* and *Goin' to Chicago*. On the back of the LP are all the lyrics—a smart idea, since it's not always easy to follow Jon Hendricks' brilliantly written lyrics as they rocket along.

•

Stepping into Swing Society (Coral 757255), a 1938 Duke Ellington composition, has emerged as the title number of a new stereo and monophonic album by Mercer Ellington's Orchestra. Mercer, a composer and arranger whose talents have long languished in the shadow of his father's fame, penned six of the themes. Five are by his old man; the 12th is Mercer's arrangement of an old Cootie Williams opus. Mercer borrowed Pop's entire brass and sax sections, substituting Ben Webster for Paul Gonsalves. Both Webster and Johnny Hodges, the other principal soloist, are unbilled, presumably for contractual reasons, but remain prominently and delightfully obvious throughout. The father-and-son portrait on the cover is as eye-catching as the music inside is earworthy.

•

Wild and witty are the words for the words and music of ***Demi-Dozen*** (Offbeat 0-4015), Julius Monk's latest production at his Upstairs at the Downstairs room in New York. The demi-dozen of the title, evenly divided as to sex, are Jean Arnold, Ceil Cabot, Jane Connell, Jack Fletcher, George Hall and Gerry Matthews, and the variety of their output is truly spiceful, from the lament of a perpetually off-Broadway actor, through a folk song about the New York subway, to a hillbilly tribute to a Mediterranean resort.

Cleverest cut in the record is a telephone conference among assorted gray-flannel types, concerned because their cigarette sponsor's product has given all their test mice cancer ("I'm at the laboratory. Migod, it looks as if somebody bombed Disneyland"). Whether you're after rollicking fun or subtle satire, you'll find six of one and half-a-dozen of the other.

•

Branching Out (Riverside 12-285) is Nat Adderley's first album in which he works without Cannonball, his famous altoist brother. To aid him on this successful venture he recruited Johnny Griffin's tenor and The Three Sounds (Gene Harris, piano; Andy Simpkins, bass; Bill Dowdy, drums), thus forming the Nat Adderley Quintet, from which we hope we'll hear much more, real soon. Nat, of course, plays cornet rather than trumpet, and with this slightly smaller, sharper-toned horn he bores right down to the solid home grounds of jazz: bluesy, funky, rhythmic blowing. His sidemen are right in there with him, too; there are the modern sounds and harmonies you'd expect from a disc cut last September, but the dominant theme of the album is its traditional bluesy beat, heard to exceptional advantage in *Don't Get Around Much Any More*, *Warm Blue Stream* (a ballad) and five other nifties.

•

Too often, the comparatively high degree of intellection required to produce small-combo jazz which will please the more knowledgeable customers, results in studied — and stilted — tinkling that is more interesting to watch than to hear, more suitable as background for bistro tête-à-têtes than for playing on a home rig. Three young Ohioans bear elegant and vivacious witness to the fact that this needn't be so at all. The Pat Moran Trio (Miss Pat on piano, with drummer Johnny Whited and bassist John Doling) play swinging modern jazz which is compositionally sophisticated but never loses the zing and the beat that give good jazz its directly emotional appeal. This may explain why the trio has become a permanent fixture at the Cloister, Chicago's Near North temple of Bacchus and the musical muse, and why the cheerful young crowd there turns wonderfully quiet when they play. It also accounts for the excellence of ***This Is Pat Moran*** (Audio Fidelity 1875) as a disc to twirl at home, an experience made happier still by unusually wide range recording which will bring out the best in your sound system. Hear for yourself with *In Your Own Sweet Way* and *Stella by Starlight* on Side 1, *Black-eyed Peas* and *Blues* on the flip.

•

Three contrasting styles in verbal comedy recently came across our turntable. Anna Russell, in ***A Practical Banana Promotion*** (Columbia ML 5295), takes

broad swipes at contemporary advertising. Often outrageously corny, hers is, nevertheless, an always palatable performance, though marred by live audience laughter at sight gags about which the listener can only guess. ¶ Uneven is the word for ***Improvisations to Music*** (Mercury 20376) by Mike Nichols and Elaine May: they range from the slapstick to the subtly satirical, but sometimes veer dangerously close to substituting wildness for wit, and titillation for taste. More post-performance selectiveness could have provided a platter nearer the pair's brilliant potential. ¶ ***The Grand Prix of Gibraltar!*** (Riverside 12-833), spotlighting Boy-Wonder Emeritus Peter Ustinov, is a delightful spoof of sports car racing in which The Master provides a vocal cast of hundreds, each speaking a different accent and/or dialect, and sometimes seemingly simultaneously. It's a marathon performance.

•

Two new Art Farmer records feature an emergent trumpet style of commendably more originality than has graced that of most of the instrument's current practitioners. Yet unlike a few stellar trumpeters — who seem more intent on blowing so uniquely as to be instantly recognizable rather than consistently musical — Farmer always comes across as being relaxed and easy in his mastery and generally happy with his horn's normal range and traditional role. Thus his surprises are unfailingly pleasurable, his arrangements do not require "study," and even his most searching excursions remain within the framework of swinging contemporary jazz. ***Modern Art*** (United Artists 4007) teams him with Benny Golson on tenor, Bill Evans on piano, Dave Bailey, drums, and Art's twin brother Addison on bass. Listen, especially, to Art's own *Mox Nix*, his arrangement of *Darn That Dream* and the gospel-based *Jubilation*. ¶ ***Portrait of Art Farmer*** (Contemporary 3554) brings us the twins again and the piano of Hank Jones, with Roy Haynes on drums. *Back in the Cage* is a fine Farmer blues — B-flat and all that; *The Very Thought of You* gives the combo a ballad to show its stuff with, and another Farmer blues, *Earth*, proves his fresh spontaneity.

•

Through the opera glass: Puccini's original gossamer texture has been restored to ***Madama Butterfly*** (Victor LM-6135; stereo LSC-6135), an opera which repeated performances have made heavy-laden with overinterpretation and weighty emphases. The "new" translucency has been achieved in part by assigning the roles of Butterfly and Pinkerton to Anna Moffo and Cesare Valletti, light voices both; conductor Leinsdorf has obviously kept in mind the composer's own description of the score, "a thread of smoke." If you're big for Puc-

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cini, this low-calorie *Butterfly* might be just your dish. ◀Giordano, though his music often shamelessly echoed Puccini's in style, created a near-masterwork in his ***Andrea Chénier*** (London A-4332; stereo OSA-1308). A large-cast show set to a sprawling, verbose libretto based on real personages of French Revolutionary times, it is an effective stage piece and full of ringing arias for star singers. Mario Del Monaco, in the title role, displays a tenor voice of thrilling power and brilliance; soprano Tebaldi sings with poignancy and warmth; baritone Bastianini tends to bellow down the rain barrel a bit in lieu of perfect mask resonance, but his dynamic readings of such high-voltage solos as *Nemico della patria!* compensate for any number of hollow tones. Gianandrea Gavazzeni conducts. ◀Verdi's ***Simon Boccanegra*** (Capitol EMI GCR 7126), a kind of Italian *Boris Godounoff*, is a product of his early period; suffers from a moronic story line and a dramatis personae heavy with basses and baritones, light on lighter voices; was extensively revised by the old boy near the end of his career. The revisions are the best parts, and there aren't enough of them, but this set rates a spinning if only for: the electric Council Chamber Scene (Act I Scene II) which alternatively bristles and glows with *Otello*-like high drama and noble melody; the Recognition Duet between Simon and his long-lost daughter; the gravy-rich bass aria, *Il lacerato spirito.* Most of the rest is gloomy, uninventive and numbingly monotonous. Castwise, Tito Gobbi (Simon), Boris Christoff (Fiesco) and Victoria de Los Angeles (Maria, the only female in the piece) are names worth mentioning; Gabriele Santini conducts with a sure hand. Verdi, even when spotty, had a way of making other operatic composers seem like organ grinders. Bilingual librettos are provided with all these operas, and they sure help.

•

With LPs rolling off the assembly line like ball-point pens, a stage has been reached that might be described as the Let's Be Choosy era among jazz audiophiles. For instance, Max Roach fans can find him as leader on three LPs and featured sideman on a fourth this month, respectively: ***Max Roach Plus 4 at Newport*** (EmArcy MG 36140); ***Deeds Not Words*** (Riverside 12-280); ***Max*** (Argo 623); ***Newport '58*** (EmArcy MG 36141). The first is the worst and the last the best; both were cut at Newport, the former with Max' own somewhat unstable quintet (it's the same combo heard on the Riverside set), the latter with an all-star cast in which Dinah Washington wails her wondrous way through one side while the flip is dedicated mainly to the buoyant vibraphonic ping-ponging of Terry Gibbs and Don Elliott. The set on Argo, cut in Chicago, has an

interesting personnel in which trumpeter Kenny Dorham and pianist Ramsey Lewis are effectively presented.

•

Nat Cole, we're pleased to report, is back on the smash hit track. After a couple of doggy LPs, Nat has delivered himself of ***The Very Thought of You*** (Capitol W1084), a soothing collection of ballads dedicated to the tenderest of all emotions. Nat's pipes, and Gordon Jenkins' backings, are in felicitously fine fettle. ¶ David Allen, a baritone about whom we said some nice things in these columns last November, has uncorked another corker in his second LP, ***Let's Face the Music and Dance*** (World Pacific 1250). Backed by the big band of Bill Holman, David's rich, unhokey voice swings just fine to the likes of *I Like the Likes of You, Shake Down the Stars* and 10 other upbeat ditties.

•

Chet Baker has spawned three new releases: ***Pretty/Groovy*** (World Pacific 1249); ***It Could Happen to You — Chet Baker Sings*** (Riverside 12-278); ***Chet Baker in New York*** (Riverside 12-281). The first consists partially of reissues, partially of fresh material; personnel includes several eminent past and present west coasters like Jimmy Giuffre, Bill Perkins and Russ Freeman. The vocal set, accompanied by rhythm only, struck us as the weak sister, but the other Riverside, with Chet spurred on by the energetic tenor of Johnny Griffin and the matchless rhythm team of Al Haig, Paul Chambers and Philly Joe Jones, shows off his best instrumental work in quite a while.

•

Take traditional sender Satchmo, fuse him with arrangement and backing à la Russ Garcia modern, and you emerge with an uneasy, far-from-home ***Louis Under the Stars*** (Verve 4012). Here, the Gargling One tries to modern-up his vintage piping style, while Garcia adds what he thinks is a traditional beat to the backing. End result is a hodgepodge of two fine artists from two different eras trying too hard to accommodate each other. This isn't Satch's stomping ground, nor Russ' either.

•

Big Six (Riverside 12-273), trumpeter Blue Mitchell's first LP as a leader, shows him in the best possible hard-bop company: like, Chicago's Johnny Griffin on tenor and Detroit's Curtis Fuller on bone; plus Wynton Kelly, piano; Wilbur Ware, bass; Philly Joe Jones, drums. The music includes an intriguing *Blues March* by Benny Golson and five other long, compelling tracks. Blue blows as if his main influences could have included the immortal Fats Navarro, and it can't get much better than that.

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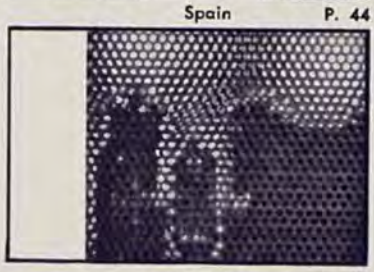

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THE NOISE

DR. KABAT LOOKED AT BARNABY HACKETT with the calm, masked gaze of the psychiatrist.

"You've told me a great deal in a very short time, Mr. Hackett," he said, "and I may say I have rarely heard so complex a matter so lucidly stated. One thing you didn't tell me: when did you first notice this phenomenon?"

"The first time *I* noticed it I did tell you," Hackett said. "That was when I was in the second grade in Kill's Bluff, when Miss Grench had Tommy Barstow bent over the desk and she was beating him with the pointer and suddenly I knew what she was thinking. That was the first time *I* noticed it. But my mother told me that when I was 18 months old my nurse noticed it. She said she was standing there watching me and she said to herself, 'If that child throws another spoon of Pablum on the floor I'm going to belt him one good lick.' I threw up my arms in front of my face and began to cry. Mercy-Helen, that was the nurse, was very upset by it. She never had hit me, never would."

"I see," Dr. Kabat said. "Then you noticed it first when you were seven. Now you are 32 and you feel that the faculty is strengthening. Or that the sensitivity is increasing. Or at any rate that the frequency of the phenomenon is increasing."

"That's right," Hackett said. "It used to happen perhaps once a week. Then it became two and three times a week, then every day, then a couple of times a day, usually these were unusual incidents, small but striking things, like I told you, maybe I'd be trying to get a girl to go to bed with me; she'd be saying no and all of a sudden I'd hear her talking to herself telling herself what she was going to do when she was in bed with me, things like that, and then it became more and more frequent, and six months ago the whole thing began to accelerate until now I can't differentiate between incidents at all, it happens constantly and steadily and all the time, and the worst part of it is what I call the static, the unregistered stuff —"

"Let me interrupt you," Dr. Kabat said. "The word 'unregistered'?"

"I mean bits and pieces. It's getting so I can't stand to walk down the street. To come here today, for example, I walked down Fifth Avenue from 59th Street to here, four blocks, and that's not the most crowded part of Fifth either, but I only just made it. What I want to do, I want to scream as loudly as I can, just in the hope that if I do that I won't hear the unregistered bits, the fragments, the half-thoughts and half-sentences. They're the worst, you see. And it's very loud, that it's always been, very loud, like a radio turned right up all the way, whole pieces or unregistered, and of course I remember everything, as I told you, I never forget anything. I have absolute recall, so when I walk down the street I have to hear, and store away, stuff like this, and I'll just shout it at you because I want you to know how it actually is with me, CAR ISN'T A BLACK ONE I KNOW I'M . . . TAKE HIS GODDAM TWO BITS . . . TOYS NOT LIKE WHEN I WAS YOUNG THEN . . . LOOK AT THE SET OF JUGS ON THAT BLONDE . . . NO HE NEVER DID GRADUATE THAT YEAR OR MARIE

ARTHUR PAUL

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fiction By KEN PURDY

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Dr. Kabat lifted his hand. "I understand," he said. "I see how it is. Yes."

Barnaby Hackett shook his head slowly. He was sitting on the end of his spine in the soft leather chair, looking up at Kabat. His eyes were luminous and brown, light brown, a tawny shade, he was blond. It was a pleasant face, lean, almost bony.

"No," he said, "you don't really, Doctor, because I have to give them to you one at a time. You can't appreciate the full effect that way. You see, for me they all pile in at once, on top of each other, sentences shouting out every which way like a pile of straw, or sticks, spears, I usually think of, spears, guns, with bayonets piled up, something like that, you have to understand that distance is the governing factor apparently, I think about 15 or 16 feet, I don't receive beyond that, but within 15 or 16 feet I get it all at once and . . ."

"I understand," Kabat said. "Very painful, obviously."

Neither of them spoke.

"Still there must have been times when the faculty was useful to you," Dr. Kabat said. "The example you mentioned, the girl you wanted to go to bed with. It was helpful there: you knew you were going to succeed, even though she was saying no."

"That's true," Hackett said. "As long as it was intermittent, I didn't mind it, I enjoyed it. It's only the increasing frequency that has me frightened."

"I should think it would be very handy in business," Dr. Kabat said. "What is your business, by the way?"

"Automobiles," Hackett said. "I started out as a car salesman, and of course I always knew which was a shopper and which was a hot prospect, and so I made a lot of money. I bought the business in a couple of years. Now I've got a whole chain of dealerships all up and down the East Coast: Volkswagen, Renault, FIAT, Jag, MG, SAAB — only the good ones. My faculty, as you call it, was an advantage in business, sure, but now I've got all the money I'll ever need, and I can't get myself interested in being a tycoon, you know, hotels, steamships, oil, all that jazz, I think people who get on that kick are sick-sick, one way or another." He sat straight up in the chair. "Look, Dr. Kabat," he said, "I was perfectly happy until about three months ago, when I began to hear more and more and now I hear everything — and something worse can happen."

"Worse?"

Hackett nodded slowly and slid back down in the chair. "Worse," he said, "and I tell you frankly, I'll have to kill myself if it happens, and I think it *is* happening: I think my range is increasing. I told you the limit was around 15 or 16 feet. Well, yesterday I was walking in Central Park, that's a good place for me, you see, lots of open space, and I sat down on a bench near the lake. After a while a cop came along and he stood for a minute looking out over the water. I began to pick him up, and I didn't think anything of it, it was a very ordinary thing, he was giving himself a fantasy about how one of Mayor Wagner's kids was skating there in the winter and fell in and he rescued the kid and they made him a first-grade detective right on the spot, a real dull bit, and he went away almost at once, but then slowly I realized he'd been a longish way from the bench, I got up and paced it off, and it came out at a little more than 18 feet, maybe almost 19, and then I remembered a couple of other things like that, and I *do* think I'm picking them up farther away now. Well, if *this* increases as fast as the rest of it has I'll be reading them half a mile away pretty soon, and you understand no mind could stand that, that's when I'll have to go, because remember that would be a *radius* of half a mile or whatever, I don't read them just in front or in back of me, but all around, and if you just think for a minute of standing, say, by the flower beds in Radio City and getting every thought within half a mile, that would run I should think, easily it would run 100,000 people in that circle, every one of them putting out a solid stream of crap steadily every second, because even the dumbest brass-head you ever knew thinks; *what* he thinks might curl the hair on a musk-ox, but he thinks; it's going on in there all the time, and . . ." Hackett's eyes suddenly spread wide, his eyelids popped like window shades run up and he pressed both hands into his head and began to moan and he swung his body back and forth in the chair.

Dr. Kabat stared at him and his hand moved slowly to the center drawer of his desk. On the left side of the drawer he kept an assortment of tranquilizers ranging from little more than aspirin strength to something that would stun a Miura bull; on the right side he kept an eight-ounce flathead blackjack. One never knew. But he hadn't decided even to open the drawer when Hackett jumped out of the chair and went out of the office like something just uncaged, leaving the door swinging behind him. Kabat heard him in the hallway, yelling, and he ran for the door himself. Hackett was shouting, "Madam! Madam! Just a minute . . . What have you got there? What is it?"

When Kabat got his head around the corner of the hall door he saw Hackett standing by the elevator, holding it open, talking with someone. He turned slowly and came back and his eyes, dead and flat, were the eyes of a man on his way to the gallows. He pushed past Kabat and went back into the office to slump down in the chair.

"It's all going fast now," he muttered, "very fast."

"What was that about, Mr. Hackett?" Kabat asked. "Why did you run out to the hall?"

Hackett didn't answer at once. His head was bowed in his hands.

"I picked up something," he said. "Just when I was telling you how people think all the time I picked up this unregistered bit, it was, 'If she doesn't stop squeezing me so hard I'm going to leak on her' and I knew, I can't tell you how, that it was animal, not man. It came through in an altogether different way, high-pitched, strident, and kind of fuzzy and coarse and rough around the edges. I was terrified, terrified! So as soon as I could get a grip on myself I ran for the hall, because that was where it had to be, and I just saw this woman getting into the elevator, carrying something hairy and small, and so I ran for her because I had to see what it was, you know, I had to know." He began to rock in the chair again.

"Stop that!" Kabat said. "Take your hands down. So what was it?"

"A dog," Hackett said. "Little dog. Pomeranian. It's as I said, Doctor; this thing is growing very fast now. The range is increasing and I'm reading animals. If I had any sense left I'd go out that window right now. I can see where it'll end: I'll be reading every living thing in the entire world, from fish no man has ever seen, on the black bottom of the oceans, to baboons sitting in their Sputniks 1000 miles out in space, and my God, after that, after that, is there any reason to suppose I won't be reaching out to the limit of our galaxy, and then beyond that, and beyond *that* . . ." He lay back in the chair and closed his eyes. He was very pale.

"Take it easy," Dr. Kabat said. "None of this has happened yet. It may not come to pass at all. We have to think about your present condition, see what we can do about that. We have to make a beginning."

"The noise," Hackett said, "can you imagine what the noise is going to be, Doctor, listen to me, every living thing in the world, billions and billions of living entities, every one of them screeching down a funnel into my head, can you imagine what a thousandth part

(continued overleaf)


R.TAYLOR

NOISE *(continued from page 34)*

of that noise would be like, well, can you?"

"I'm not going to try," Kabat said, "and don't you try, either. Let's stay with the present. Let's stay with reality, and see what we can do."

"You don't think there's much you can do," Hackett said quietly. "When I first started to tell you about it, you thought I was obviously delusional, schizophrenic, probably paranoid tendency. Then, when I'd told you more, you began to think it was a real far-out kind of ESP. And since then the only constructive notion you've had is that you want to talk to somebody named Gardner Murphy about it."

"You're a convenient kind of patient," Kabat said. "I don't have to tell you much. Yes, I want to talk to Gardner Murphy about it, since I think he knows more about extrasensory perception than anyone else in this country. And I have one more idea."

"I'm a good subject," Hackett said. "I've been hypnotized before, you know, just for kicks."

"Good. Well, then . . ."

"I know," Hackett said wearily. "Your next patient is out there. A woman. Problem, frigidity. She's trying to read the December '57 issue of *Fortune* but she can't keep her mind on it because she's developed a rather direct concept of a solution to her problem. It involves you in a fairly personal way and . . ."

Dr. Kabat held up his hand. "Please," he said. "No more. I can see you tomorrow at three, if that's all right?"

"If I last that long," Hackett said. He hauled himself to his feet. The next patient, he noted on the way out, was a flaming redhead, lean and hungry-looking. He wasn't surprised. He remembered a Chicago social worker, a girl about 30, plump, placid, bovine, he had sat next to her on a bus lurching north on Michigan, and after he'd read her a little bit he followed her off the bus at Goethe Street, mostly because he couldn't believe what he heard. She had been violent, incredibly inventive and truly, totally insatiable. Since then, nothing had ever surprised him. He rather expected an elderly usher in a church to be seething with black murder as he benignly passed the collection plate. It almost seemed the normal thing now. Barnaby Hackett did not often think of his fellow man as clothed in nobility.

He stuffed some lunch into himself, reading a newspaper, forcing the meaning of it through and over the howling bedlam in his head. Afterward he picked up a car and drove to Connecticut. Near Westport there is a reservoir bisected by a long causeway. Hackett drove to the middle of the causeway, parked the car, and there in blessed silence went to sleep.

• • •

Hackett had been right: he was an excellent hypnotic subject. Kabat tried nothing radical. He induced a light sleep in Hackett, then a deeper sleep. He produced a glove anesthesia, amnesia, and posthypnotic suggestion. He taught Hackett autohypnosis and then he got down to business.

"You will hear nothing but the sound of my voice," he told Hackett. "You will hear nothing but the sound of my voice. There is a clock ticking on my desk. You will not hear it. You will not hear the clock ticking. You will hear no sounds from the street. You will not hear the elevator when it passes this floor. You will hear nothing but the sound of my voice. Until I tell you that you may, you will hear nothing but the sound of my voice. You will hear nothing else, nothing at all. I will count slowly to five, and when I reach five you will be able to hear nothing but the sound of my voice. One, two, three, four, five. You can hear nothing but the sound of my voice. If you hear anything but the sound of my voice, lift your right index finger."

Flat on the couch, his every muscle limp as boiled spaghetti, his eyes closed, his breathing slow and even, his hands folded on his chest, Hackett moved nothing.

"You can hear nothing but the sound of my voice," Kabat said. "I have simply turned off all other sound in your mind. You can do this yourself. You will be able to do this yourself. You will be able to stop any sound you wish to stop, instantly, at will. During the rest of today, and tonight, and until you see me again tomorrow, you will be able to stop all sound. You will hear nothing that you do not wish to hear. When you hear a sound that annoys you, you will close your eyes, you will relax, you will produce an instant hypnosis, you will tell yourself that you cannot hear that sound, and it will stop. It will stop instantly. You will not hear it . . ."

At the end of the hour, sitting on the edge of the couch, rubbing his eyes, slowly waking up, Hackett looked around.

"Things are very quiet," he said.

"I have a patient waiting," Dr. Kabat said.

"A man," Hackett said, "hideously upset." He made a grimace and shook his head. "He let his sister drown; he thinks he let his kid sister drown, 31 years ago, and . . ." He stopped and closed his eyes. His hands went limp on his knees, his shoulders slumped and slowly he began to smile. He looked up at Kabat. "I shut the son-of-a-bitch up!" he said. "I turned him off, the bastard! I did it, and it was easy!"

"Of course it was," Kabat said. "I'll see you tomorrow. And keep trying. Every time you do it, it will be easier."

Hackett was full of gratitude when he appeared next day.

"You're right, Dr. Kabat," he said, "it gets easier and easier. I just shut it off and shove it back at 'em. It's easier every time. And I don't know how to thank you. You've saved my life. You've cured me of something that was obviously incurable."

"I don't know if 'cured' is the precise term," Kabat said, "and I don't know either if you're altogether out of the woods yet. But you're on the way, certainly."

Kabat's eye fell on the pencil on his desk. He noticed that the point was broken; he opened the desk drawer to get a new one, and it was at that precise moment that it happened to him for the first time. His mind went totally blank. He found himself staring into the drawer with its neat array of pencils, rubber bands, paper-clips, the assortment of medicines on the left, the blackjack on the right, but nothing registered. He knew he had a purpose, he could see, as through a gray and oily fog, a goal to reach, but he could not move toward it. He felt no sense of panic. He felt nothing at all. He just sat there, immobile, until Hackett said, rather loudly for him, "What's the matter, Doctor?"

Kabat blinked and looked around. "Nothing," he said. "Nothing at all. I was thinking of something." He took up the pencil he wanted. "Shall we go ahead?" he said. As quickly as he could — 30 seconds — he put Hackett into a light sleep, and then worked him into a deep stage. He wanted a drink, but he settled for a cigarette; he moved quietly to the window and stood there looking through a narrow slot in the leaf-thin metal blinds. The air-conditioner hissed quietly and behind him he could hear his patient's steady breathing. He was very frightened.

Forty minutes later, when Hackett had left, Dr. Kabat opened the door to his reception room, slowly and with dread. He was sure he knew what he would find. Mr. Holvak, his four o'clock, was sitting there, a magazine on the floor at his feet, his hands limp between his legs, his eyes staring, a small shiny rivulet of saliva running from the corner of his mouth. Kabat started the sweep-hand of his wrist-watch and waited. It was most important, he felt, that he know the interval. Four minutes, 16 seconds later Mr. Holvak stirred, shook himself, blinked. "I guess I was daydreaming," he said through his sad.

(continued on page 93)

NAMES IN LIGHTS

article

By LEONARD LYONS

IT SEEMS THERE WAS a beautiful young actress who had caught the eye, the fancy and the heart of George Jessel. Whenever he spoke of her, his eyes would grow misty and his voice would take on the rhapsodic resonance he usually reserved for testimonial dinners. "Her sneezes," Mr. Jessel would swear on a stack of *Varietys*, "make Debussy sound like a bum." He showered her with his attentions; his devotion to her became a Broadway legend. Then, on the very eve of what was to be their wedding day, she made one request that shattered the romance forever. "No, no, no!" — Mr. Jessel's outraged response could be heard from Lindy's to Sardi's. "I am willing to share my income with you, I am willing to share my home, my dressing rooms, yea, my very life with you — but share my *billing*? Never!"

Billing is the theatre's most direct way of slaking the thirst to become known and be remembered. It also is the sole measure of status in the profession — a cherished badge of black print and electric lights, coveted as medals are coveted by professional soldiers. And often the attainment involves campaigns almost as fervent and violent as military engagements.

In Boston or New Haven on the eve of the first tryout performance of any show headed for Broadway, so showbiz folklorists would have us believe, troops of assorted performers converge in front of the theatre. They are taking part in a curious ritual. Each is equipped with a pocket ruler. With this, the names on the billboards are carefully measured and recorded. They are the leading members of the cast, measuring their own and the other names on the billboards, to make certain the sign painters adhered to the contractual specifications concerning billing — down to the minutest fractions.

Actors so near-sighted that they cannot detect an oncoming Mack truck nevertheless possess such practiced eyes that with one cursory glance they can confirm their dread fear — that their billing is inadequate. The *Can-Can* cast once swamped the manager of the show with a deluge of quitting notices. The producers, Ernie Martin and Cy Feuer, finally mollified them all by attributing the putative errors to novice members of the powerful Sign Painters union. They further explained that the confusion had been compounded by the fact that a foreign performer was using a metric ruler instead of good old American inches. The producers, with a million dollars in profit at stake, held the line, then penetrated the defenses by promising to fatten roles all around. This was their break-through; an armistice was agreed upon and the performers unpacked.

When José Ferrer appeared in Martin Gabel's production of *Charley's Aunt*, he studied the unanimous praise accorded him by the drama critics, then asked Mr.

the battle for billing on broadway

Gabel for star billing. They debated the question passionately — the producer insisting that Ferrer's name was not yet a household one, while the actor heatedly asserted that he was well-known enough to merit the display of his name atop the title. The battle ended abruptly with the arrival of a messenger bearing a package intended for José Ferrer. It was addressed to "Joe's Furrier."

Gracie Allen worked with a vaudevillian named Larry Reilly, who acknowledged her accomplishments to everyone, everywhere — except in program listing. She warned him of her intent to retreat to other pastures unless he altered his solo billing. Miss Allen finally teamed with George Burns, after her partner had rejected her compromise — that the billing be changed at least to "Larry Reilly & Company."

William Faversham also insisted upon being the dominant male, in *The Silver Fox*. He disputed Emily Stevens' contractual right to be co-starred with him. He finally consented to have the electric lights read "William Faversham — Emily Stevens." Miss Stevens later explained: "The only reason Mr. Faversham gave his approval is because he thinks the dash between our names is a minus sign."

Dennis King was content to have such a minus sign separate his name from Gertrude Lawrence's when he sought the male role in the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical version of *Anna and the King of Siam*. Mr. King's hopes vanished as soon as he learned that the title had been changed to *The King and I*. "*The King and I?*" sighed Mr. King. "It means that Miss Lawrence won't have me, because my name is King. Gertrude Lawrence never would take second billing, even in a title of a show."

Robert Preston had no misgivings about permitting Celeste Holm's name to appear before his when they were signed to co-star in *His and Hers*. Preston assured the producers: "I don't care. If the title is *His and Hers* and I play His — to me that's top billing!"

A co-star billing problem also confronted the manager of the Capitol Theatre when Milton Berle and Lillian Roth appeared there. Each had a contract which provided for top billing on the marquee. Miss Roth offered a solution: "The Capitol's marquee has two sides. One faces uptown, the other downtown. Milton can have the top billing on one side, and I'll have it on the other." Berle agreed, but on condition that his top billing be on the north side of the marquee, because it faced Lindy's.

Billing is a definite recognition of achievement. On the entertainment menu, it distinguishes the appetizers and desserts from the main-course dishes. Those whose billing is smallest open the show, or sometimes close it. On D-Day plus three, the late Willie Shore took a USO-Camp Shows troupe to the Normandy beach to entertain wounded soldiers. And despite the strafing enemy planes overhead, the vaudevillians spent 30 minutes waving the billings on the mimeographed programs at each other, and arguing over which one, under its terms, therefore would have to open the show.

Joe Frisco, the stuttering dancer-comic, once refused to work for less than the $4500 a week he had earned at the Palace Theatre. He held out for 10 years, until there were no more vaudeville theatres. MGM sent an emissary in search of Frisco, who was found working in a Louisville nightclub. The movie representatives needed Frisco's permission for the use of his name in a Gene Kelly–Judy Garland film musical. It was a movie with a vaudeville background, and among the marquees to be reproduced was that of the Palace Theatre in 1917. The stars who had appeared there — such stars as Blanche Ring and Blossom Seeley — consented to the use of their names on the Palace marquee. But not Frisco, not even for the high fee the movie studio offered him. He became a holdout again because his demand wasn't met — the demand that he receive top billing on that 1917 marquee reproduced for a Hollywood film.

MGM's most difficult billing problem concerned the 10 stars signed for *Executive Suite*. At the first meeting of the cast, Louis Calhern said to the other nine: "This is the way I see it. All of you are big stars and so you will be billed, 'STARRING Barbara Stanwyck, June Allyson, Shelley Winters, Nina Foch, Fredric March, Paul Douglas, Walter Pidgeon, William Holden, Dean Jagger.' And after all your names should come, 'HOWEVER, Louis Calhern.' "

Billing above the play title contains the implicit assertion that the bearers of the names have attained the preeminence of box-office attractions.

Just before *Damn Yankees* ended its Broadway run, Ray Walston, who had feature billing second to Gwen Verdon's, decided that at the final curtain in New York he would enjoy a deserved vacation and then accept one of the Hollywood offers he'd received. He notified the management that this was his final judgement and that under no circumstances would he agree to a road show. Mr. Walston visited the offices of the producers — Fred Brisson, Harold Prince and Bobby Griffith — to make his farewells. Mr. Prince was waiting for him. "Come in, Ray," he said. Walston entered — and saw some newly printed posters placed strategically around the room. They announced "Ray Walston in *Damn Yankees*" — star billing. "Foul! Foul!" Walston protested, as he glanced at this irresistible lure, and signed the proffered contract.

Producers are as hard-headed as performers in the struggle toward top billing, for they too are impelled by vanity, ambition and the magic of electric lights. Brock Pemberton produced *Harvey* after a series of dismal flops, and then spent countless evenings admiring his name on the marquee. "We all like to see our names up there," he said. "I like it too — even though I've seen it only a week or two at a time."

Henry Sherek, who later was to bring T. S. Eliot's plays to the London and Broadway stages, once entered into a partnership deal with Gilbert Miller, the American producer. They agreed to present Robert Morley's *Edward, My Son* in London, and then transport the play to New York. They discussed the matter of whose name should appear first. "Gilbert," said Mr. Sherek, "because this is London and I'm a native here, we'll put your name first — 'Gilbert Miller & Henry Sherek Present.' That's what we call British hospitality."

"That's very hospitable of you," replied Mr. Miller, "and it also prevents a helluva fight."

When *Edward, My Son* eventually reached Broadway, Sherek suggested that Mr. Miller reciprocate by having the billing read "Henry Sherek & Gilbert Miller Present." Miller shook his head and winced at the proposal. "My dear Henry, as you know, I am a hospitable man," he replied. "But in the theatre, hospitality never applies to laugh lines or top billing."

On the eve of a premiere of the Ringling Bros. Barnum & Bailey Circus at Madison Square Garden, the press agent for the three-ring show invited John Ringling North to walk across the street with him. Mr. North, who recently had reacquired control of the circus, accompanied him across Eighth Avenue. "I have a surprise for you," he said. "This was my idea, Mr. North. What do you think of it?" He pointed to the marquee at Madison Square Garden. For the first time in the history of the circus the producer had been given top billing. Mr. North stared at the letters, "Produced by John Ringling North." He wheeled, and quickly told the press agent: "All I have to say to you is — leave it there."

Moss Hart's plays are produced by his brother, Bernard, and his business manager, Joseph Hyman. When *Light Up the Sky* opened at the Locust Theatre in Philadelphia, an employee reported that the sign in the ticket broker's office next door listed Virginia Field, Glenn Anders and Audrey Christie — without mentioning Sam Levene, who played the leading role. Bernard Hart displayed no reaction. He shrugged. "Aw, who cares?" Then he chanced to walk by the ticket

(continued on page 89)

the news in shoes: for leisure, business and evening wear

attire By BLAKE RUTHERFORD

FASHION AFOOT

THE YOUNG MAN who is Shoe now recognizes that his choice of shoes is due for a change from the styles of yesteryear. The main trend, and one we applaud, is the ascendancy of conservative continental styling over the traditional British. For generations the Britons' brogan – heavy, solid, and frequently stolid in appearance – had been the U.S. ideal, without too much reflection on the fact that British notions of footwear reflect a climate rather more grim than our own. Aware of this, and of the fact that few of us spend much time tramping through furze and gorse, all but a few die-hards will abandon the heavy wing-tip shoe and the brutal blucher done up in cordovan or thick calfskin and about as hefty as a football shoe. For every one of these rugged anachronisms there is now a pleasing variety of acceptable masculine styles, just a few of which are shown on these pages. Today, the big, bulky jobs with the thick soles are definitely non-Shoe.

Along with any major style change, of

(text concluded on page 91)

Spectator sportsmen who favor tweeds and Argyles and take their leisure hours in solid good comfort will invariably go for, from the left, a moccasin-style slip-on of shrunken grain leather with a stitched seam riding close to the trim leather soles, in a true brown, by Bostonian; $19.95. For relaxing in quiet good taste: an ankle-high shoe in soft textured leather with inverted seams, a square toe and a hefty buckle strap, by Wall-Streeter; $16.95. The comfortable, casual chukka-type boot with a flexible leather sole comes in a natural leather finish and a squared-off toe, by Taylor; $18.95.

ABOVE, correct for conference table and executive chess during business hours are, from the left, a three-eyelet tie job in a medium-brown textured leather with hand stitching, by Bostonian; $19.95. The black soft-grained moccasin features a slightly flattened square toe and a wide buckle strap, by Nettleton; $29.95. The richly elegant three-eyelet blucher comes in a tobacco-brown textured leather with a reverse seam front, by Florsheim; $31. Closing the conference is a lightweight three-eyelet calfskin model in black with a comfortably squared-off toe, by Nettleton; $27.95.

BELOW, formal occasions demand the traditionally correct in footwear, but that doesn't mean you can't have innovations too. From the left: the pump, *de rigueur* with tails, optional with dinner jacket, heretofore only available in patent leather, now equally correct in dull-finish calfskin, by Fronk Brothers; $27.95. The four-eyelet oxford takes a turn toward informality, handsomely combines textured calf on the sides and smooth-grain calf on the uppers, is right with dinner jacket, by Florsheim; $21.95. Under the Italian influence, the three-eyelet patent leather blucher adds a richly formal note to your dinner jacket, by Florsheim; $18.95. Lightweight, three-eyelet blucher, as right for business as for more casual black-tie affairs, by Florsheim; $19.95.


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CLAUDE

fiction **By JOHN WALLACE**

teachers pet and so do pupils, just like the old joke says

BRIGDEN COLE HAD A ROUGH PROBLEM. He pondered it, hunched over his desk, his fingers chasing each other through his hair, his shoulders moving irritably against the stretch of his jacket. Miss Irvine's light voice, her enunciation very precise, made a kind of soothing background for his thoughts. Miss Irvine was reading Keats' *The Eve of St. Agnes* to the class.

Brigden's problem was whether to unload his perfectly good 1950 Buick sedan and put himself in debt for a '56 Olds convertible, or put up with Nancy's teasing for it. Teasing, thought Brigden, whose thoughts were certainly on the jump; now there was a word. He thought of Nancy in the front seat of the Buick, saying: "Not below the belt, darling. Darling, we've got to stop somewhere. You promised. You gave me your word."

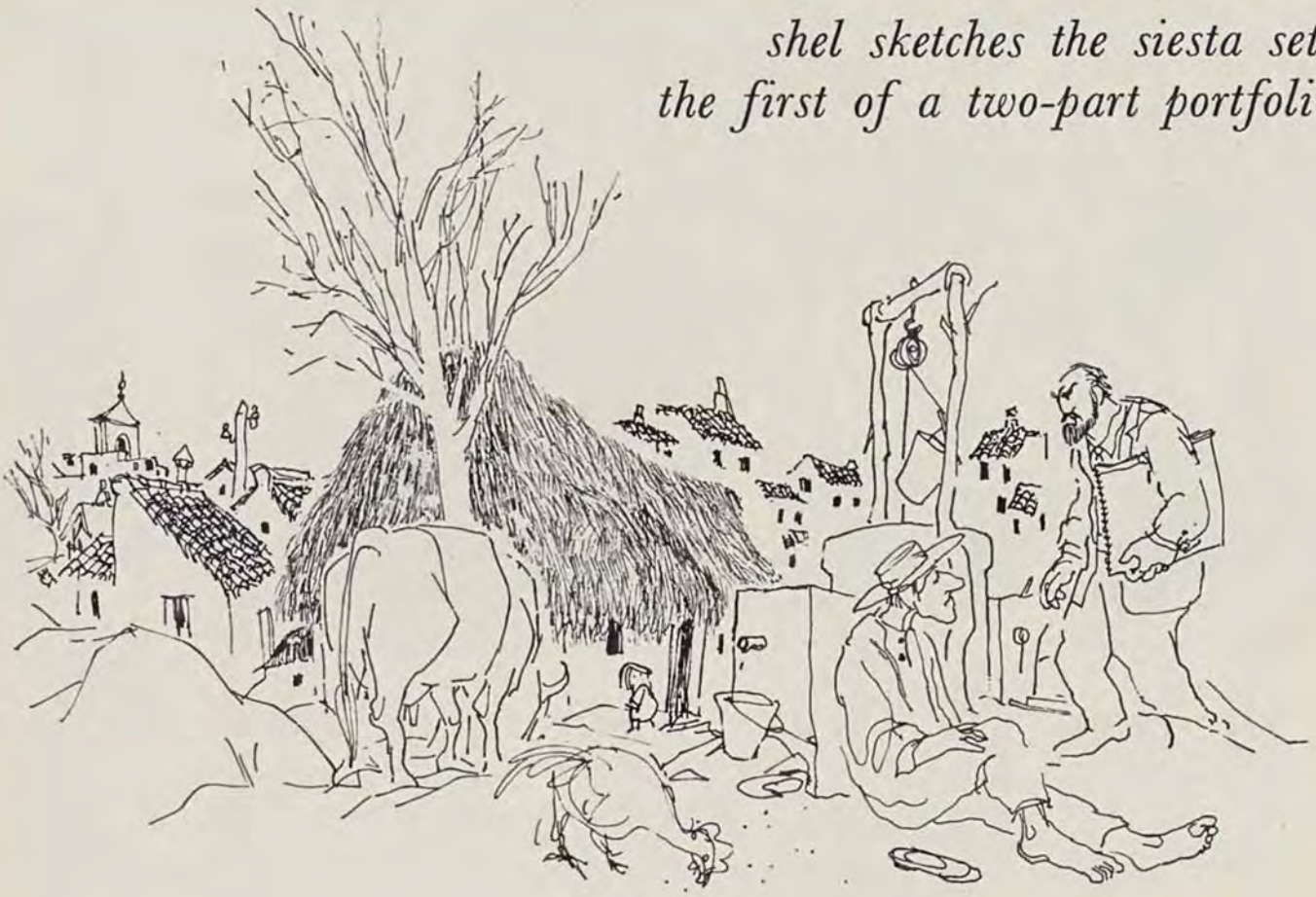
Brigden wondered if Nancy really knew what a stopper that was. Sure, he got handy as *(continued on page 94)*

SILVERSTEIN IN SPAIN

THE RAIN IN SPAIN was mainly on the wane while Silverstein was there — for in addition to the well-known Hispanic sun, there was Shel's own private stock of sunshine which he never fails to sneak past Customs wherever he goes.

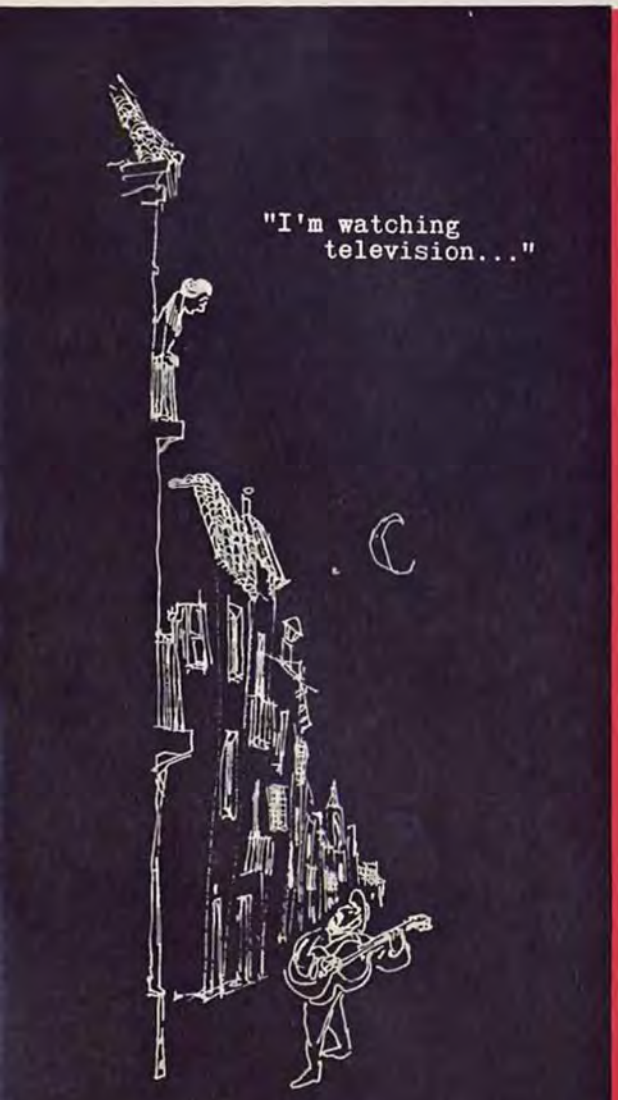
In Spain, he visited the tradition-rich towns of Madrid, Seville and Granada. In true Silverstein style, he plunged heart, soul and beard into several old Spanish customs. He donned native attire, danced the flamenco, clicked castanets, rode a burro, drank out of wineskins, ate fried bananas, garlic soup and *paella*; he even fought a bull. "Ava Gardner was there at the same time," Shel confided to us. "We never met."

shel sketches the siesta set: the first of a two-part portfolio



"You mean there isn't anyplace
in this whole town where a guy
can buy some tranquilizers??"

"Well ... one o'clock ... time for the old siesta ..."



"It's no good, Margarita —
you're too tall for me!"

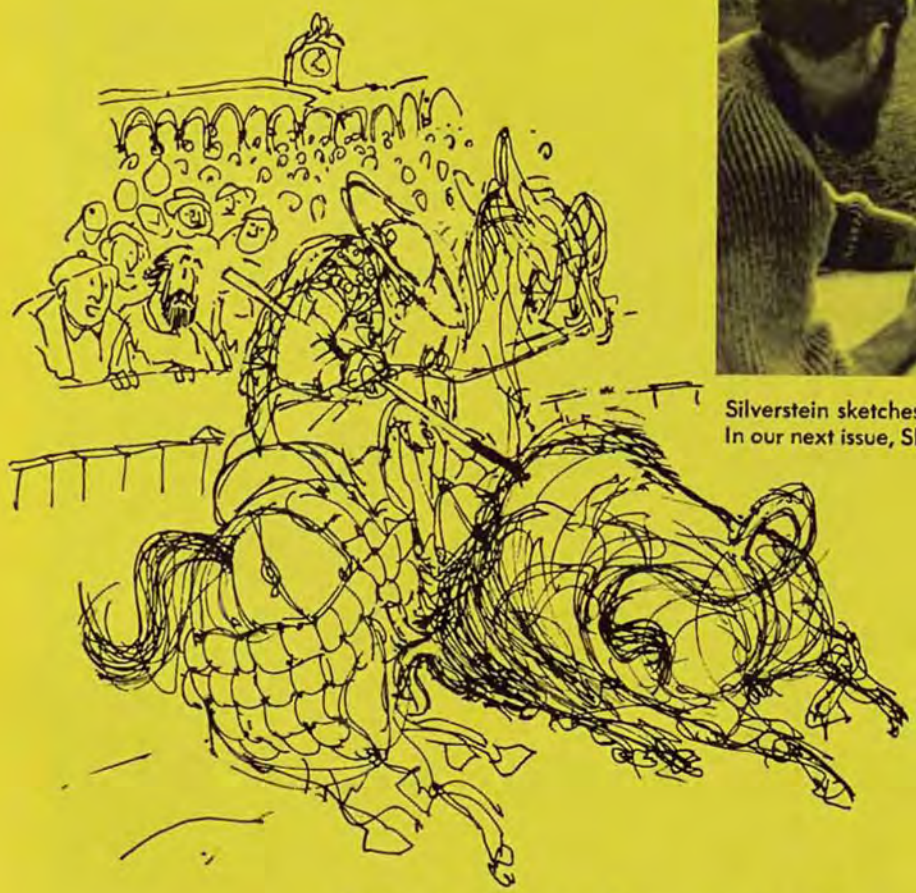
"Say, how do you think a guitar player with long sideburns would go over in America?"

In an inn of legended Granada, Shel dances the traditional flamenco with a group of high-spirited gypsies. Wherever he roams, Silverstein trips the local fantastic, sings local songs.

"Well, if you wanted to sketch peons in serapes and wide sombreros, senor, you should have gone to Mexico ... if you wanted to see hat dancing, you should have gone to Mexico, if you wanted to eat tacos and drink tequila, you should have gone to Mexico, if you ... "

"OK, but now let's look at it from the bullfighter's point of view! . . ."

Silverstein sketches the *corrida* in the *plaza de toros at Ecija*. In our next issue, Shel himself experiences the moment of truth.



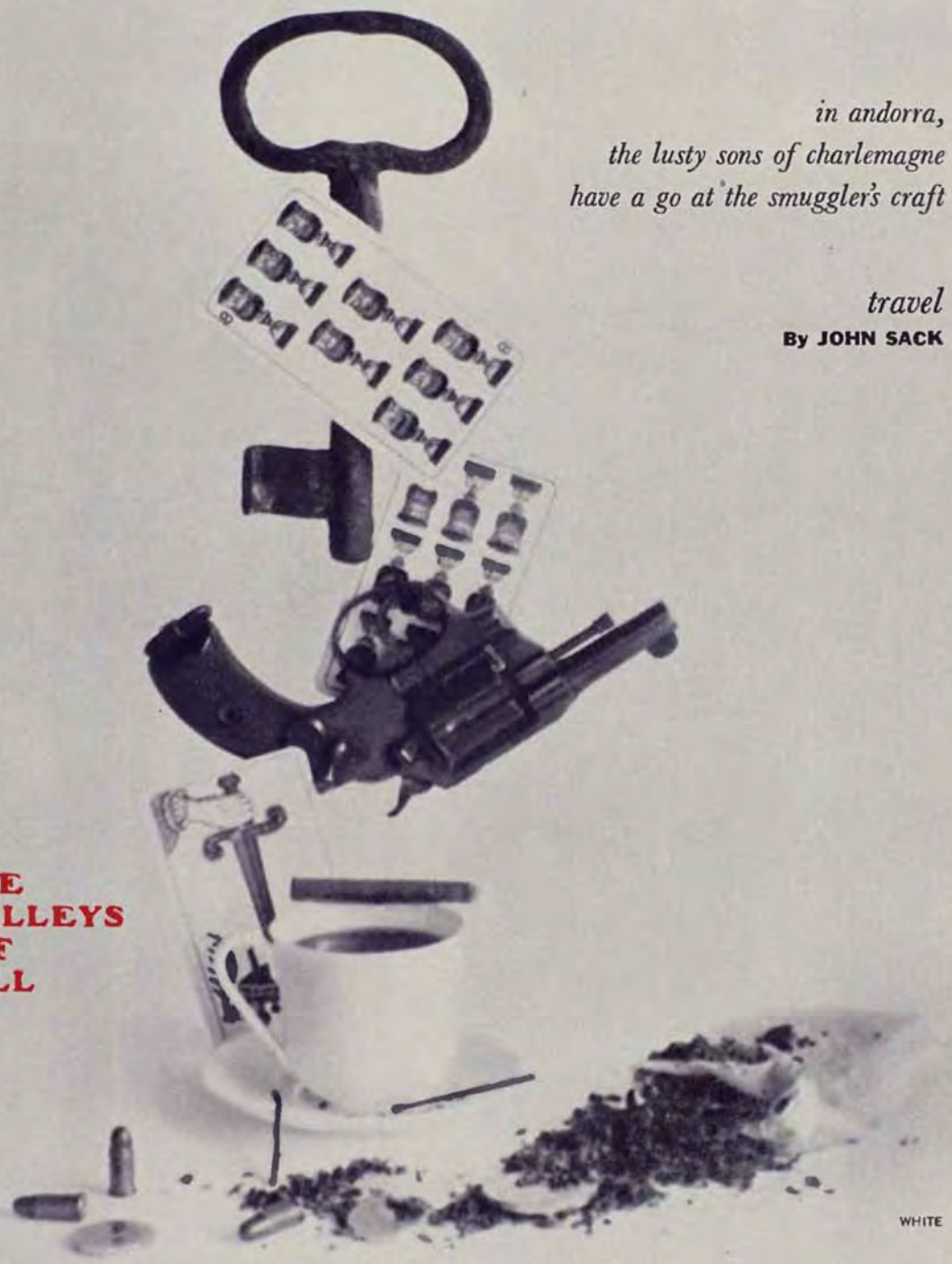
"That is the picador, senor. After the colored ribbons of the breeding ranch have been stuck into the bull, he drives his spike deep into the bull's neck — then the banderilleros plant their banderillas into his back, then the matador, after his muleta work, will drive his sword in over the horns — and the bull will fall, then the cachetero will stab the bull with his puntilla and will cut off his ears and tail ... then, senor, if you have a weak stomach I would advise you to leave at that moment, because then ... "

"Look! Civilization!"

in andorra,
the lusty sons of charlemagne
have a go at the smuggler's craft

travel
By JOHN SACK

THE WILD VALLEYS OF HELL



WHITE

NOBODY KNOWS FOR SURE how the country of Andorra, in the Pyrenees, got to be there. In Andorra itself, they say that the place was founded by Charlemagne, in 784 A.D., when the Andorranos helped him fight the Moors; "He who helps Charlemagne doesn't rue the day," Charlemagne is said to have said, at any rate, and created Andorra in a trice. Indeed, the Andorranos of today call themselves the sons of Charlemagne, and the Andorran national anthem, which loses almost everything in translation, has it that:

My father, Charles the Great the Great,
Rescued me from the Moors,
And . . . I am the only remaining daughter
Of the Carolingian Empire.

A footprint of Charlemagne's is still pointed out in Andorra, more than a thousand years later, and a house in Andorra is still advertising that Charlemagne slept there, a story that is also authenticated by an old document, kept, in Andorra, behind a half-dozen locks and keys. It is written in Latin, is dated 784, is signed and sealed by Charlemagne. This document is the Charter of Andorra, which is not only treasured by the Andorranos themselves but which has been examined, with great interest, by *(continued on page 58)*

"Your first visit to Cannes?"

audrey daston: girl on the go

PEOPLE WHO LIVE in the glass houses of Manhattan, and other similarly centralized urban areas, are almost literally a stone's throw from anything that interests them. Not so in the far West. The spaces there are still wide-open, and people who inhabit places like Los Angeles (the spreadest-out city in the whole U. S. of A.) find that an automotive bauble like a Mercedes Benz is as much a necessity as a luxury. Take, as an exuberant example, Audrey Daston, a lovely Los Angel who maintains that her sports car has become a veritable way of life. To prove her point, she let us follow her one afternoon as she lunched at an out-of-doors restaurant and drove to Don Loper's in Hollywood, where she bought a bathing suit and a new dress; then we tagged along up the turnpike until she found a cozy cove on the coast, and photographed her for posterity as she changed into her swim suit for a private splash. The vast expanse of California countryside has led to a kind of drive-in living: as you barrel down the boulevards you can find roadside retreats catering to most every need—marketing, movies, banking, everything. But, though you drive until you cover the entire state, searching diligently as you go, we venture to suggest that you'll find no sports car companion half so engaging as our March Playmate, Miss Audrey Daston.

SPORTS CAR CHARMER

pictorial

Stashing her bathing booty, our bathing beauty leaves Loper's for a spin to the seashore. While motoring in a Mercedes means movement à la mode, few men could find fault with any automobile that included admirable Audrey in its accessories.

MISS MARCH

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LAWRENCE SCHILLER

A zip through traffic, a saunter in the sand — proof positive that Audrey is not only a movable object, but an enticingly irresistible force as well.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

There was a generous area of disagreement between the sexy young widow and a bachelor friend she said had sired the latest addition to her brood. So they took their problem to court.

"Did you sleep with this woman?" asked the judge.

To which our hero replied, sincerely, "Not a wink, your honor. Not a wink."

Arriving home unexpectedly from a business trip, the husband found his wife in bed with his best friend, in what may be delicately described as a compromising position.

"See here," exclaimed the husband, "just what do you two think you're doing?"

"See!" said the wife to the man beside her. "Didn't I tell you he was stupid?"

When we asked a zoologist friend of ours how porcupines have sex, we were told, "Carefully, very carefully."

Harry and Fred were playing money golf, 10 bucks a hole. After the first, Harry asked Fred how many strokes he had taken. Fred answered five.

"I was home in four," said Harry smiling, "so that's my hole."

When they finished the second, Harry asked the same question.

"Wait a minute," Fred objected. "It's my turn to ask first."

After the wealthiest man in the world passed away at a ripe old age, he was mourned on the front pages of newspapers throughout the world. On a mid-Manhattan street corner a short, bespectacled fellow in a rather worn gray flannel suit seemed particularly broken up by the news. He clutched the paper to his chest and cried unabashedly, "He's dead. He's dead."

"There, there," said the news dealer, trying his best to console him. "You mustn't carry on like that, sir. We've all got to go some time. He wasn't related to you, was he?"

"No," sobbed the man. "That's it. That's it."

Trouble with being the best man at a wedding is that you don't get a chance to prove it.

George was describing his new secretary enthusiastically to the family at dinner: "She's efficient, personable, clever, punctual, and darned attractive, to boot. In short, she's a real doll!"

"A doll?" said his wife.

"A doll!" re-emphasized George.

At which point, their five-year-old daughter who knew about dolls, looked up from her broccoli to ask: "And does she close her eyes when you lay her down, Daddy?"

The analyst was concerned about the results of a Rorschach Test he had just given, for the patient associated every ink blot with some kind of sexual activity.

"I want to study the results of your test over the weekend," he said, "then I'd like to see you again on Monday morning."

"OK, Doc," the man agreed, and then as he was slipping on his coat, he said, "I'm going to a stag party tomorrow night. Any chance I might be able to borrow those dirty pictures of yours?"

Heard any good ones lately? Send your favorites to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *232 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Ill., and earn an easy $25.00 for each joke used. In case of duplicates, payment goes to first received. Jokes cannot be returned.*


Gahan Wilson

WILD VALLEYS *(continued from page 49)*

the scholars of other nations, who are virtually unanimous in calling it a shameless forgery. Its language, they say, is that of the 11th Century.

The story of Charlemagne, then, doesn't give us much of an inkling as to why Andorra is where it is; but there it is, nevertheless, and nothing can be done about it, apparently, at this late date. Andorra is roughly 18 miles wide and 17 miles from north to south, and roughly 7000 persons live there; they speak in Catalan, a language that's also heard in parts of France and Spain and in parts of Sardinia, Cuba and Argentina, but isn't official anywhere but Andorra. "Andorra" is not a Catalan word (it's from the Arabic, meaning "woods," although Charlemagne is supposed to have taken one look at the place and cried, "Wild valleys of hell, I christen thee Endor!"), but the word *andorrano* has been taken into the Catalan language in recent centuries: it means a man of silence, a clam. I myself didn't find them so, but that's what people say. Andorranos, for the most part, are tight, rugged people of the mountains; their usual occupations are said to be smuggling and sheep raising, but one is quickly assured in Andorra that smuggling is a thing of the past, having been supplanted in recent times, and in that order, by the cultivation of tobacco and tourists. Andorra's tobacco is sold, for the most part, in tins for people who roll their own, but it's also made into two-foot cigars for the tourists and into eight popular brands of cigarettes — Charlemagnes, Carmelas, New Havanas, Imperials, Ysers, Reig Gresas, Duxes, which can easily be mistaken for the German Luxes, and Golden Suns, which can easily be mistaken for Lucky Strikes by those who aren't aware that Lucky Strike green has gone to war, and which bear the inscriptions on the package, "MADE IN U.S.A." and "A BLEND OF THE FINEST TURKISH AND DOMESTIC TOBACCOS GOLDEN SUN FORMULA AN ENTIRELY PRINCIPLE IN CIGARETTE MANUFACTURE." The tourists, too, are an entirely principle in Andorra. They have been going there for a dozen years, and by now the traditional folk dance of Andorra, the *sardana*, is seldom to be seen. Instead, the tourists and the Andorranos themselves can now be found in the *caffè espresso* shops, tapping their feet to such current Andorran favorites as *Papa Loves Mambo, In the Mood* and *Rock Around the Clock*.

The topography of Andorra is that of a "Y" — three valleys, whose crystal, cold rivers come together at the capital city, Andorra the Old. One of the valleys goes to Seo de Urgel, Spain, and another goes to France, over the highest pass of the Pyrenees. The third valley doesn't go anywhere in particular. One afternoon when I was in Andorra, I went along it as far as I could: the road was of macadam at first, then gravel, then dirt; then, it was full of ruts and cobbles and then it disappeared entirely. Two or three gloomy, gray stone houses stood in the area, like mausoleums, and gray stone walls were like basking snakes on the hillside.

The official name of Andorra is *Valls d'Andorra*, the Valleys of Andorra. (Even so fundamental a fact is none too clear, like so many things about Andorra. A number of state papers call it "the Valley of Andorra," and the Sentence of 1278, of which more in a minute, plays it close to the chest, repeatedly calling the place "the Valley or Valleys of Andorra.") There isn't any question, of course, that Andorra is a valley, or valleys, but there *is* a question that it's a republic, as it's often called, and a good case could be made that it isn't even a country. Such a case, an embarrassing one, naturally, for all Andorranos, was made only four years ago by a French spokesman, who put himself on record during one of the recurrent crises in Franco-Andorran affairs as saying, "Relations between France and Andorra cannot be broken, because Andorra is not a sovereign state." What the spokesman meant is that the President of France — then, Vincent Auriol; now, Charles de Gaulle — is *ex officio* the reigning Prince of Andorra, too. There is still another reigning, *ex officio* Prince of Andorra, the Bishop of Urgel in Seo de Urgel, Spain, and, between the two of them, the co-princes do so very much reigning that Andorra behaves, generally, not so much like a sovereign country as like 191 square miles of land belonging at the same time to France and Spain.

The Andorranos would have you think that this arrangement is just ducky. "A man can have two defenders, but he cannot have two masters," they tell you, but their heart isn't always in it, and there are times, clearly, when Andorra has two masters and isn't happy with either. When Andorra wanted a gambling casino, the President of France said no, readying a battalion on the border; when Andorra wanted a telegraph, the Bishop of Urgel said no, cutting it down; when Andorra began to grow tobacco, the president *and* the bishop said no, pulling it up by the roots. Naturally, this sort of business has kept the Andorranos in a constant sweat, and their only solution is to lean toward one of the co-princes, to get more favors out of the other. Unhappily, it isn't always apparent which way to lean: in the 1860s, half of the Andorranos wanted to lean north and the other half wanted to lean south, and the upshot was a civil war — the Revolution, as it's called in Andorra. The Revolution lasted two years, was ended by the Treaty of Pont dels Escalls and caused only one fatality, an old woman, who was hit by a ricochet bullet as she watched the war from a balcony; her last words were reported to me as having been, "Well, just *look* at those silly people." At war's end, the silly people were still leaning north and south.

The incumbent co-princes of Andorra, General de Gaulle and Mgr. Ramón Iglesias Navarri, have, to my knowledge, never yet been introduced to each other. It's all an awfully inconvenient arrangement, I think. When I tried to learn the historical reason for it, I ran into the tangled yarn of Charlemagne, but apparently what happened is that Andorra, in medieval days, was something of a hot potato. To protect it, Charlemagne gave the country to his son, Louis the Debonair, who gave it to *his* son, Charles the Bald, not to be confused with the Duke of Burgundy, Charles the Bold, who gave it to the Count of Urgel, who gave it to the Bishop of Urgel, who — anyhow, by 1203 it belonged to the Count of Foix. At this point, the bishop decided he wanted it back, and everything was in a how-de-do for most of the century. War was declared, but, through the good offices of a certain King Pedro III, the bishop and the count made up, signed the aforementioned Sentence of 1278 and agreed in it to make Andorra a co-principality, to be its co-princes and to receive from it an annual co-tribute. The Sentence of 1278 is still in effect, but what with the fluctuations of the franc and peseta, the tribute to be paid by Andorra now is $2.75 to the French, and $10.82, six hams, six cheeses and a dozen hens to the bishop, who gives them to the Old People's Home in Seo de Urgel, Spain. The Bishop of Urgel is still the Bishop of Urgel, but the Count of Foix became, in the course of time, the King of France, whose successor today is the president, De Gaulle. In a strict sense, of course, the successor to the King of France is the great-great-grandson of the last one, Louis Philippe — M. Henri d'Orléans, the Count of Paris, who today is the pretender not only to the throne of France but, with somewhat less enthusiasm, to that of Andorra. M. d'Orléans' pretensions were more or less passive until the summer of 1934, when he sent a courtier to Andorra to reign as co-prince in his stead. The man, whose name is remembered there as either Escassirev or Skossyref, came to Andorra in a taxi, checked into the Modern Hotel, wore a monocle, proclaimed himself as Prince Boris I, proclaimed some other things, beat his wife, broke her arm on one memorable

(continued on page 66)

stereo has arrived, and with it the concord of sweet sounds

HEAR! HEAR!

THAT HANDSOME HUNK of electronic equipment nestled at the foot of this page between the twins, who symbolize stereo's dual sounds, is a dual preamplifier built by Fairchild and designed by Raymond Loewy. In real life, it is, if you will, the brains of a modern stereo rig. That is, its knobs, dials and switches at your finger tips permit you to select the mode of operation of your stereo system, to balance its sound, and otherwise to temper it and make it swell forth or diminish to suit your personal preference.

But this particular preamp has a symbolic function on this page, too. It represents the emergence of stereo design, both electronically and visually, from the wildly oscillating and seemingly haphazard chaos of a few months back, to the much better designed and produced stereophonic equipment now

(text continued on p. 64)

Dedicated stereo buffs generally prefer to choose components with an eye to specialization of function; that is, two amplifiers (each on its own chassis), a control center-preamplifier unit, two separate speaker systems, a tuner to receive AM or FM singly, or together for stereo, with an adopting jack for multiplex reception, etc. Filling the bill in tuners are (1) the Grommes 103 GT Premiere, with center channel meter to simplify tuning; $190. (2) Heathkit PT-1 with tuning meter for both AM and FM bands; $90 in kit form. (3) Harman Kardon T224 Duet with indexing scale to identify 6 stereo AM-FM stations; $115. (4) H. H. Scott 330-C stereo tuner boasts automatic gain control; $245. Fine tone arms and arm-and-turntable combinations—all designed for stereo—include (5) the Pickering 196 Stanton arm with single frictionless pivot bearing; $30. (6) Electrosonic Gyro/Balance arm uses ball bearings; $35. (7) Loewy-designed Fairchild 282 arm requires no arm rest; $43. (8) Rek-O-Kut N33H turntable with self-lubricating motor, and Rek-O-Kut S 120 stereo arm; $118 complete. (9) Thorens TD-124 turntable has built-in strobe unit; $114, is here mounted with a Grado 12″ stereo arm; $30. (10) Presto T-18AH turntable with hysteresis motor; $156, shown with Shure M-212 stereo arm and cartridge; $90. Excellent individual speaker systems (you'll need two) include (11) JansZen Z 300 with an 11″ cone woofer coupled with an electrostatic tweeter; $204 each. (12) Jensen SS-100 system employs separate speakers for low, mid and high ranges; $180 each. (13) AR-3 incorporates the AR-1 air suspension woofer system with new tweeters for mid and high ranges; $216 each. Separate control center-preamplifiers include (14) Madison Fielding 340 with a mixer switch which permits combination of any two compatible signals for recording or playback; $168. (15) Altec-Lansing 445A with 12 inputs and ganged volume and contour controls; $209. (16) H. H. Scott 130 includes outputs for a third channel; $190. (17) McIntosh preamp features full tape monitoring facilities; $250. Your pair of power amplifiers can be tucked away out of sight and controlled by your preamp-control unit. (18) H. H. Scott 250 is a 40-watt job; $130 each. (19) McIntosh 30-watt amplifier has less than .5% harmonic distortion; $144 each. (20) Marantz 40-watt amp has built-in circuit meter for testing; $198 each. (21) Bogen 70-watt amplifier; $130 each. Each of these portable tape recorders records and plays back stereophonically and can be adapted to new stereo tape cartridges. (22) American Concertone's Mark VII accommodates 10½″ reels, weighs only 39 lbs.; $840 with case. (23) British Ferrograph 88 features twin recording amps, twin playback preamps; $595. (24) Tandberg 5 plays tapes at three speeds; $400. (All equipment in scale.)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Those desiring to combine several different stereo components on one chassis may well select from the fine gear at the left, grouped according to major function. AM-FM tuner/preamp combinations include (1) Pilot FA-690 with independent channels for stereo AM-FM; $270. (2) Harman Kardon Concerto TP-200 has provision for FM multiplex adapter; $190. Twin power amplifiers on one chassis include (3) the Grommes Premiere 240 with two seporate 20-watt amplifiers; $110. (4) Harman Kardon HK 250 25-watt stereo power amplifier; $100. (5) Altec-Lansing 345A 30-watt stereo amplifier with individual channel volume controls; $270. (6) Garrard RC 88 stereo record changer with four speeds and its own tone arm; $60 with base. (7) Miracord XS 200 stereo changer features push-button controls, can also be used as a turntable; $77 with base. Preamp/amp combinations with integral controls include (8) Sherwood S-5000 with twin 20-watt amps; $195. (9) Harman Kardon A250 Epic 25-watt stereo; $193. (10) Bogen DB 230 has 30-watt stereo output; $178. (11) H. H. Scott 299, rated at 20 watts for stereo; $220. (12) J. B. Lansing Ranger-Metregon is 6 ft. long (shown here in same size ratio as packaged units at right), contoins pairs of low and high frequency drivers, exponential horns and a crossover network; $1038.

Want stereo in your digs all hondsomely packaged and ready to plug in? Among the best in their price ranges are (13) the Admiral 671 Titian complete with AM-FM stereo tuner, 8 speakers, two amplifiers, control center, automatic record changer and slave speaker (not shown); $675 in walnut. (14) Zenith 119 with slave speaker (not shown) has four speakers, twa 20-watt amplifiers and a Cobramatic stereo changer; $325 in wolnut. (15) Columbia Masterwork consists of AM-FM stereo tuner, twin amplifiers, two-speed stereo tope recorder, program clock to operate recorder automatically, Garrard RC 88 changer, self-contained twin speaker systems and record storage space; $2200 in ebony. (16) Ampex Signoture includes Ampex 960 tape deck, an AM-FM stereo tuner, twin 30-watt amplifiers, two self-contained speaker systems, control panel, and Garrard RC 88 changer; $2600 in walnut. (17) Grundig-Majestic SO-132 includes two short-wave bands, AM-FM stereo and a four-speed stereo changer, plus control panel and self-contoined speaker systems; $500 in walnut with cherry finish. (18) RCA Victor Mark III incorporates twin amplifiers, a control panel, AM-FM multiplex tuner, a four-speed RCA record changer and four speakers plus slove speaker unit (not shown); $575 in walnut. (19) Fisher Futura II uses independent AM-FM channels for stereo reception, each with tuning eye, twin 20-watt amplifiers, a complete control center and a Garrard RC 88 changer; $895 in walnut.

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HEAR! HEAR! *(continued from page 59)*

available to the canny buyer. Some two hundred manufacturers of high fidelity equipment—and other equipment which is not so faithful as it is touted to be — are now in full production on stereo gear. Since each of them makes more than one hunk of equipment, the choice that presents itself to the stereophile is staggering. Some 53 items — representing, and representative of, the cream of the crop—appear on the preceding pages. With these pictures and this text, you should be able, without undue confusion, to equip yourself for the best in stereo sound. Some pre-purchase admonitions and advice should provide sufficient guidance for all but the tone deaf —or Vincent Van Gogh after his self-administered plastic surgery. Let's start then with six stereo axioms.

1. Don't buy without listening. Presumably by now PLAYBOY readers are sufficiently acoustically sophisticated to withstand the first siren song of stereo. Having been astounded by it, we should now be prepared to be pleasured by it. Distorted stereo sounds are far worse than distorted monophonic sounds. Whether you buy a packaged set, or assemble your own from a dozen components, listen to it first. Good component dealers are generally equipped to let you hear whatever combination you select. Caution: ignore the dealer's demonstration discs and ask to hear one with which you are familiar. Ideally, stereo renders you completely unconscious of speakers and speaker enclosures to a degree impossible with monophonic rigs.

2. It's fine to think big when you're planning to go stereo, but think big realistically, that is, in terms of the size of your listening space. A superb speaker system like the James B. Lansing Ranger-Paragon or a pair of Electro-Voice Patricians or Altec 830-As — all big jobs with big, beautiful sound—have no place in a one-room apartment unless it's one hell of a one room. By the same token, Acoustic Research AR-2s, which are little wonders in the average living room, won't do much for a giant duplex.

3. Be realistic, too, in your estimate of yourself. While there is no getting away from the wonderful sense of participation (with composer, musicians and sound engineers) that you get when you put together your own rig from a variety of components of your own choosing, a sensible self-appraisal may reveal to you that you are hardly the type to take the trouble entailed, and that you would do much better to buy one of the better packaged rigs which are now available in high quality and in good contemporary design, such as those shown on page 63.

4. Before you buy, think in terms of the degree of flexibility which may be appropriate to your specific needs. In one sense, for example, a packaged set is totally flexible, that is, you can move it around from place to place in a room or from room to room, or have the movers take it along when you change your quarters. An all-component rig, on the other hand, for which you buy or build cabinets, may be inflexible in the sense of portability, but it is the most highly flexible you can possibly obtain in terms of speaker placement, speaker separation, hiding the components out of sight, and replacing — with something better or newer — any one component of the rig without having to scrap or sell or trade the whole thing. Consider, too, the in-between rig, which is semi-flexible in every sense of the word. The equipment pictured on pages 60-63 is grouped according to these varying degrees of flexibility — about which more later.

5. Despite the howls and groans this will arouse, we would like to say categorically that at this time our best advice is not to convert from monophonic to stereo, but to start with stereo from scratch. Conversion may be accomplished — and successfully — but in terms of effort, time, ultimate outlay and possible disappointments along the way, it is far less preferable than trading in or selling your mono rig (or moving it for use in another room).

6. We've said it before and we'll say it again: master your impulse to economize when purchasing either complete packages or component rigs, in those elements of the sound system which are mechanical as well as electronic. In other words, the moving parts — stylus, cartridge, tone arm, turntable or changer, especially those which have physical contact with the disc — should never be selected for inexpensiveness, since the amount saved will soon be gobbled up by the wearing out of stereo discs, and their frequent replacement cost will go on and on. The worst a mediocre amplifier can do is give you mediocre sound; you can replace it when ready. But an insufficiently compliant pickup, a heavily weighted stylus, a tone arm that does not track properly, or a rumbling, vibrating turntable can ruin records as well as assault your ears.

With these six propositions in mind, let's get back to the matter of flexibility. The least — or most — flexible stereo assemblages (depending on where you're sitting — or moving) are the packages. Such truly custom quality jobs as those by Fisher and Ampex cost almost as much as a car — and are almost as big as some of the nicer little automotive imports. The best of them will give you disc stereo, tape stereo, AM-FM radio stereo, multiplex stereo (as soon as broadcasts are available), monophonic or stereo recording of your own — and, of course, monophonic sound as well. All of them, however, are equipped with changers. Some claims to the contrary notwithstanding, the best stereo changers can't promise you the rumble-free, virtually wearless playing of stereo discs that may be obtained by use of the turntables and pickup arms designed specifically for stereo playing. We'll hasten to go on to say, however, that this need not be the operative, decisive factor in your choice of stereo sound systems. The convenience of a changer, particularly if you like to lounge at some distance from the disc-playing mechanism — or entertain a lot — may well outweigh for you the inevitable concomitant record wear. Certainly the best changers which are designed expressly for stereo contribute less to record wear than a worn stylus, improper stylus force, a sluggishly moving tone arm or indifferent turntable. In selecting a stereo package, we caution you to listen carefully for rumble — the most frequent disease afflicting stereo music played on changers.

One of our record reviewers has just furnished a new apartment in which he's installed a packaged stereo rig. He's very happy with it, too — one of the reasons being that a single line cord from the rear of the set to an AC outlet is all the external wiring he requires. Because he must listen, critically, to a great many records a month, he's rather hard to please. He has nothing but praise for his Columbia Masterwork.

More versatile than the packaged sets are those component rigs we've termed semi-flexible, that is, rigs comprised of components combining several functions. In terms of convenience, compactness, ease of assembly and comparative ease of up-grading replacement, these combination components may be just what you should go after.

If your primary interest is radio music — monophonic AM and FM and/or stereo (with provision for stereo multiplex) — you will probably want a combination of stereo tuners, amplifiers and dual preamplifier, all on one chassis. If your major interest is disc stereo, you'd probably do better with twin amplifiers plus dual preamp on a single chassis or, for a bit more flexibility, twin amplifiers on a single chassis and a separate stereo preamplifier. Depending on your listening tastes or preferences, you'll want to hook these components to a changer and/or turntable. Changer or turntable, the man whose preferences lead him to the convenience of a semi-flexible-components rig will probably select one in which all parts, including the base, the pickup arm and the pickup, are made by the same manufacturer, and are purchasable already completely wired. A stereo tape player with its own dual preamp,

(continued on page 91)

A Seminar

I USED TO BE A SHORT ORDER COOK IN A DINER.

ALL NIGHT LONG THESE ODD BALLS WOULD COME IN - ALWAYS CARRYIN' BOOKS - ALWAYS ORDERING TOASTED ENGLISH AND WATER. I MEAN A LITTLE WEIRD BUT NICE. AND WE'D TALK A LOT. SO ANYHOW THEY'D ALWAYS ASK ME WHAT I DID **BEFORE** -

AND I'D TELL 'EM ABOUT PUNCHING CATTLE IN TEXAS AND MINING SILVER IN COLORADO AND MY FRUIT PICKING DAYS IN MEXICO AND BEING A TRUCK DRIVER AND A MERCHANT MARINE. AND ALL THESE STRANGE TYPES WOULD SIT THERE, LISTENING AND THEY'D SAY "**CRAZY - YEAH CRAZY.**"

SO ONE DAY, BY ACCIDENT, I TAKE A LOOK AT THE BOOKS THEY'RE ALWAYS CARRYIN' AND ON THE BACKS ARE THESE PICTURES OF THE GUYS WHO WROTE THEM AND THEY ALL NEED HAIR CUTS AND THEY'RE WEARING ARMY FIELD JACKETS, AND UNDER THE PICTURES IT TELLS WHAT THEY ALL USED TO BE -

COWBOYS, SILVER MINERS, FRUIT PICKERS IN MEXICO, TRUCK DRIVERS, MERCHANT MARINES, AND SHORT ORDER COOKS. SO THAT'S HOW I GOT **WISE.** WHY SHOULDN'T I MAKE SOME MONEY?

SO I PUT ON MY ARMY FIELD JACKET AND I GO SEE THIS PUBLISHER. AND I TELL HIM I USED TO BE A COWBOY, A SILVER MINER, A FRUIT PICKER IN MEXICO, A TRUCK DRIVER, A MERCHANT MARINE AND A SHORT ORDER COOK.

SO HE GAVE ME A $2,000 ADVANCE.

AND THAT'S HOW I BOUGHT THIS DINER.

ONE OF THESE DAYS THEY'LL CATCH UP WITH ME.

JULES FEIFFER

WILD VALLEYS *(continued from page 58)*

occasion, and was amiably tolerated by the Andorranos for roughly a year, when he was told to beat it, which he did.

What with French presidents, Spanish bishops and occasional envoys of M. Henri d'Orléans trying to govern Andorra, there's precious little governing left for the Andorranos themselves to do. What there is of it, these days, is being done by the Very Illustrious Seignoir Francisco Caerat, the President of Andorra, a small, fleshy, venerable, white-haired man who evidences the courtly air of a Spanish don, being one of the very few Andorranos to wear a shirt, coat and tie – usually a black one, with a red-and-white regimental stripe. His fellow citizens have been electing Mr. Caerat as president every three years, for as long as anyone can remember. Generally, he discharges the functions of his office from 10 A.M. to one on weekdays in a dusty, sunless room at Andorra the Old, but after trying, and failing, to find him there for seven days running, I eventually sought him in Sant Julià de Lòria, his home town. I drove to Sant Julià and asked, at the first tobacco shop, if Mr. Caerat were about, and the clerk replied that he certainly was: indeed, *he* was Mr. Caerat.

For the next several minutes, the President of Andorra and I chatted at his tobacco shop, while customers came and went – he sold them Old Golds, Charlemagnes, two or three cans of roll-your-own and a vial of French perfume, Shalimar, as I recall. He apologized for not having been at the office, but said that he'd gone unexpectedly to Paris to attend a funeral. A good deal of work – mostly passports and auto licenses to be signed and letters to be answered – had piled on his desk in the interim, and he hoped to have a go at them the following morning at tea. His wife would run the tobacco shop in the meantime.

My last question to the President of Andorra was what, if anything, had to be done for the country in the coming years; he thought about this, and finally said the road to France ought to be fixed, of course, seeing how Andorra is so dependent on tourists, now that smuggling is a thing of the past.

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Well, smuggling *isn't* a thing of the past, and how I know is from nobody else but M. Auguste Pi – a smuggler. M. Pi is a Frenchman, a big and husky fellow, and the lines of his face are furrows in two or three days' stubble; his coat had a Shanghai label. When I met him in Andorra, he told me he'd been a businessman in Shanghai for 20 years, had been taken by the Japanese in World War II, had walked across Indochina a thousand miles, had been more or less everywhere else in the world, spoke English, Spanish, French, Catalan and Chinese, and for the preceding five years had been a businessman – well, sort of a businessman – there in Andorra. M. Pi never told me what it was he smuggled, except to mention, on one occasion, that two million "goods" had just arrived from France (all two million of them weighed four tons, so I guess they're radio parts). However, M. Pi did say that in the past – in the *past*, mind you – he and people he knew of had smuggled watches, cameras, Cadillacs, mules, chinaware, French tulle, and even steel and aluminum I-beams, his own specialty having been Cadillacs, which he got, apparently, from rich Americans who had taken them to Europe for a year-or-so's vacation. Most of this was smuggled into Spain in the Civil War and into France in World War II; now, it's smuggled indiscriminately to both, the smugglers getting less of a profit, though. In wartime France, M. Pi said, a kilo of dried tobacco went for seven or eight dollars; it's worth a dollar now. (Presumably, this is why an elder statesman of Andorra exclaimed, in 1941, "May God continue to give us wars, not on our soil but close to it.") M. Pi said, in conclusion, that the usual procedure of the smugglers was to put the chinaware, watches, I-beams, etc., into a truck or one of the Cadillacs, drive to the border, and give a three- or four-hundred-dollar bribe to the customs people, *en passant*.

Frankly, I was rather disappointed by this. I explained to M. Pi that everything I'd known of smuggling in the Pyrenees had been gotten from Act III of *Carmen*; it had been my belief, consequently, that a smuggler went by night over the dire, snow-blown passes, with a pistol at his side and a swad of contraband on his back, and to discover that what a smuggler *really* did was to drive a Cadillac full of chinaware and French tulle to the border, tossing three or four hundred smackers to the customs people, was, naturally, a good deal of a letdown. M. Pi looked hurt; he assured me that the smugglers to be met in *Carmen* are also met in Andorra. They're none of them in the big time, M. Pi said, as they handle only tobacco and every once in a while a case of absinthe, but, if I wished to be introduced to some, he'd gladly take me to one of their haunts. I thanked him and said I did.

The scene that ensued was straight from *Carmen*, Act III. The smugglers I met were dark, weather-beaten men of all ages, dressed in blue or brown corduroy; there were a dozen, and they were playing cards, just like *Carmen*. Some of them wore sneakers, some berets. The part of Carmen herself was provided by Mrs. Diana Browne, a young, blonde, American woman at my hotel, who had asked to accompany M. Pi and me. Diana had never worked at a cigarette factory, but she had visited one that very afternoon, in Sant Julià de Lòria. Her husband, Mr. Malcolm Browne, also was with us – I suppose he corresponds to Don José – and a discordant note from Acts II and IV was sounded by the presence of a real toreador, Paco, a friend of M. Pi's, who had fought at Madrid and Barcelona, had been badly gored on two occasions, had come to Andorra to recuperate and get his morale back, and who spent the evening combing his hair and protesting his love to Diana. All of us were assembled for this at the Posada Cataluña, a café that's popular with the smuggling set in Andorra the Old, where Diana, Malcolm, Paco and I had graciously been taken by M. Pi. The Posada Cataluña was another discordant note from Act II; it was murky, it was naked, it was full of soot and of scurfy, unwashed drinking glasses. One entered it through a curtain of milk-white beads; inside, a dozen calendars were on the wall – most of them girly calendars, including Ava Gardner, but one a calendar of the saints – and a few vases of wilted blue flowers and water like old formaldehyde were on the bar. Nearby, at the center of the room, was a black, pot-bellied stove, and circling it was an eight-sided table, and circling *it* were the smugglers, all of them playing cards, smoking roll-your-own cigarettes and Charlemagnes, and dropping the ashes into white ash trays with the advertisement *Byrrh*, or into a heap of orange skins. I gathered they were taking the night off; M. Pi said later that most of their colleagues had gone into the mountains some days earlier, with several bales of something, and that the smugglers at the Posada Cataluña were waiting for a telephone call from Barcelona to hear if it got there safely (it did). The smugglers were friendly, and we quickly took to each other. One of them bowed to Diana gallantly as we got there, complimenting her on her long golden hair: it was like a saint's halo, he said, and therefore he wouldn't kill us. He was smiling all the while and I'm certain he said it in fun, but I thanked him nevertheless.

I'm sorry to keep harping on the theme of *Carmen*, but it's my recollection that in the middle of Act III, Carmen is having her fortune told in the Pyrenees and draws the ace of spades, and I think it ought to be pointed out to Mr. Bing, or whoever is in charge of these matters, that in the Pyrenees there *isn't* an ace of spades. The playing cards the smugglers were using at the Posada Cataluña had an ace of clubs,

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humor By RAY RUSSELL

SKIN OF SILK AND EYES OF FIRE

portrait of a nineteenth century dandy

SOLARZ

RECENTLY FACED WITH AN HOUR to kill before climbing into the threads to attend a cocktail party, I glanced pessimistically around my apartment for something to read and found nothing except a copy of *The Journal of Air Pollution*, the previous Sunday's funnies, *The Complete Plays of Björnstjerne Björnson* and several contemporary novels about young men with talent, good jobs, large incomes, devoted wives, beautiful mistresses, charming children, homes in the suburbs, lively glands, all the gin they can drink, and problems. Somehow, I could not feel for them. Almost at the desperate point of snapping on the TV, I suddenly remembered a little booklet published in London in 1828 which had found its way to me. I fished it out from under *Smokey Stover* and rubbed my fingertips over it, sensuously, for I am (if I may coin a word) an antiquophile. That is to say, I am fascinated, infatuated, charmed and seduced by old things: old printed things, in particular. Old placards and handbills, old theatre programs, old menus, old newspapers, magazines and books. I love their archaic typefaces, their obsolete spellings, their quaint layouts, I even love their occasional broken type. It is a silly, irrational, useless love, I know; sillier than most loves, less rational and less useful. But there it is. Bring me within visible range of a first folio or a yellowed, crumbling poster or even (such is my sorry state, so far am I gone) reproductions of these things, and you will see a man shaken by lust. Understand my gladness, then, as I stroked this reproduction — faithful even to age specks — of *The Art of Tying the Cravat: Demonstrated in Sixteen Lessons, Including Thirty-Two Different Styles, forming A Pocket Manual; and Exemplifying the Advantage Arising from an Elegant Arrangement of This Important Part of the Costume; Preceded by A History of the Cravat, from its Origin to the Present Time; and Remarks on its Influence on Society in General*. The author was given as H. Le Blanc, Esq.

A quote from Addison — admirable in itself but baffling in this context — rated a focal position on the title page: "Nothing is more laudable than an enquiry after truth." Had I but known the lofty tenor of the book, however, the quotation would not have seemed baffling at all.

No mere how-to pamphlet, "It can be incontrovertibly asserted," asserted the author in his Introduction, "that this work, far from being an ephemeral production, will be found to contain a mass of useful information, and may be termed an 'Encyclopaedia of Knowledge.'" Further perusal confirmed this statement, for indeed the book was rich with philosophy, social views, allusions to art, science and cooking, and more than one flight of romantic fancy — all directly inspired by neckwear. Dapper, curly-headed, acquiline-nosed Mr. Le Blanc (his portrait appeared on the frontispiece) clearly had a high regard for the cravat. "The Cravat should not be considered as a mere ornament, it is decidedly one of the greatest preservatives of health. . ." He had in mind the protection of the tonsils from cold drafts, I believe, but it soon became obvious as I flipped the pages that the cravat preserved health in other ways, too. He cited a Dr. Pizis: "'I was laughing at General Lepale, on account of his enormous Cravat. At the moment of entering into action his regiment charged, and after dispersing the enemy's cavalry returned to the *bivouac*. I was informed that the General had been struck by a

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monsters rampant on a field of long green:
the why and whence of a cultural phenomenon

THE HORROR

AN IMPORTANT CONFERENCE was held late last year in the New York executive offices of 20th Century-Fox. Under discussion was a new title for a recently completed Western movie. A Dorothy Parker devotee had come up with *Enough Rope*, but the Powers said no. Not enough B.O. appeal. Insufficient bazazz. "It just lays there." Other titles followed: *Rope Law, The Hell-Bent Kid, Fast Draw at Fort Smith, Quick Draw at Fort Smith* and, finally, just plain *Quick Draw*. Charlie Einfeld, Fox' Eastern publicity chief, shook his head. "Westerns," he said, "are doing lousy business. Can't we get something a little flashier?"

A few more How Abouts followed, then a nameless assistant snapped his fingers. "How about — *The Fiend Who Walked the West*?" he suggested.

An awed and respectful silence, of the type usually reserved for births, deaths, treaties and decisions of international importance, fell upon the little group. Cigars were removed slowly from mouths. Smiles replaced worried frowns.

"That," said Einfeld, at last, "is a million-dollar idea." He was *(continued on page 74)*

OF IT ALL

article By HOLLIS ALPERT and CHARLES BEAUMONT

DAVIDSON


The
Classic
Figure

full-bodied june bair recalls the sumptuous sirens of yore

FEMININE BEAUTY has its fads and fashions, every bit as much as the raiment that clothes that beauty, and the ladies seem to possess the Procrustean faculty of altering their very bodies according to the dictates of style.

Today, the totalitarian rulers of *haute couture* have set up as the ideal of feminine beauty a straight line of almost geometric severity, and the too, too solid flesh that was once greatly admired has melted, thawed and resolved itself into a dew.

In refreshing contrast to the stylish skeletons now in vogue among those who pose for fashion photos, is June Bair, a highly successful New York artist's-and-photographer's model who makes her columnar colleagues look like boys. Miss Bair has the good fortune to be endowed with a figure of classic proportions. She is built in the grand manner, like the lush women Titian and Rubens loved to paint in the golden age of art. She makes few, if any, appearances in the fashion magazines, but this bothers her not one whit. Miss Bair is all woman, and quite happy about it. So are we. By our standards of beauty, she's right in style.

The Classic Figure

(continued)

Naturally endowed with noble lines, model June Bair gives nature an occasional assist by wielding a pair of beauty-building weights. She is in great demand among artists who derive inspiration from her classic proportions.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DESMOND RUSSELL

HORROR (continued from page 68)

wrong. It was, if we are to believe the trade papers, a two-million-dollar idea. The phony title, together with an equally phony ad campaign (which turned handsome Robert Evans into a monster by means of painting him green and giving him Orphan Annie eyeballs), allowed the producers to palm off a Western as a horror movie. And there is no surer road to success in Hollywood today than horror.

Horror — a category understood by exhibitors and audiences to include science-fiction, fantasy, the weird and supernatural, and even psychological suspense dramas — is the biggest thing in the entertainment business. It has been the biggest thing in the entertainment business for nearly five years. Far from faltering, as everyone predicted it would, it has gained steadily in strength and is going stronger than ever. Year before last, 52 horror films were made. Last year, 75. Over 100 full-length features are planned for the 1959 season. If they are all actually produced, and there is no reason to imagine they won't be, horror will account for over one third of all U.S. motion picture output. It will offer employment to three thousand men and women. It will use up 72,000 feet of film, reach one hundred million consumers (counting repeats), account for 150 hours of continuous entertainment, cost $10 million, and, unless the world ends, will show a profit of $100 million. Which means, statistically at least, that horror is now one of the basic American commodities, like breakfast cereal and soap. In terms of finance, it is bigger business than the whole of hard-cover book publishing. In fact, if a single concern controlled all of the merchandise, that concern would be blue-chip.

The horror film per se, in its purest form, consists of certain standard ingredients, and is as formalized as a Hoot Gibson Western or a classical ballet. Of cardinal importance is the presence of a Monster. This can be (1) a fabulous animal compounded of brute and human shape or of the shapes of various brutes, as a centaur, a griffin or a sphinx; (2) an animal or a plant of abnormal form or structure (as from marked malformation, the absence of certain parts or organs, etc.); (3) a person who excites horror, as by wickedness, cruelty, etc.; (4) the whole Undead class: vampires, mummies, zombies, werewolves, scientifically reanimated grave-findings; (5) any animal or thing abnormally huge.

The Monster, preferably man-made (though extraterrestrials seem to be getting a tendril in the door), must be, either consciously or unconsciously, a menace. It must be ugly as hell, at least twice as strong as 10 healthy men, and awkward. No one knows exactly why, but there has never been a successful Monster which did not stagger, shamble, lumber or crawl. Most Monsters crave people: as food, usually, but often as sex partners (more about that later), and always for general crushing, tearing-apart and tossing-around purposes. These people need not, contrary to popular balladry, be purple (if only because these epics are customarily filmed in black and white).

The second ingredient for the classic horror film is The Mad, or Misguided, Professor. Generally in his late twenties or early thirties, a nice chap and handsome to a fault, he either innocently Creates The Creature or Lets It In, or, as in latter-day productions, Turns Into It. He ought to be basically likeable though inclined to a certain bookish attitude, which annoys and frustrates the third ingredient: Beauty. Beauty, who must combine the qualities of the girl next door and the star performer at a Moroccan bagnio, is either The World's Foremost Authority On Phytogenesis or, simply, A Good Friend.

At some point in the picture, it is necessary for Beauty to be threatened by The Monster and for The Professor to save her. Shortly afterward, the Earth itself must stand in peril of its existence, and The Professor must, in collaboration with the Army or by himself, rout The Monster.

That is the basic mixture; but even the garnishments have become ritualized. Dialog, for example, is machined so that the parts are interchangeable from film to film. In each horror film you will almost certainly hear (Assistant, to Professor): "You must stop these monstrous experiments before it is too late!" Or (again The Assistant): "There are some things best left to God!" Or (The Professor, to himself): "Good Lord, it's alive!" And a horror flick without "You call me mad! [insane chuckling] That is what they said of Galileo, of Newton, yes, even of Einstein!" is unthinkable.

The formula is a dangerous thing to monkey with, Hollywood has found, for it is the backbone of this new multi-million-dollar business. When a producer tries to cash in on the craze while attempting something a little different (as Walter Wanger did some years ago with *The Body Snatcher*), he runs a risk. He may do all right or he may find that variations on the theme are both costlier and more difficult than the standard melody. Besides, who asked him for originality? Who needs it?

In this respect, as in others, the horror field may be compared to that of the Western. The Western has its own narrow and inflexible set of rules, and no one in his right mind would try to break them. Bend them a bit, yes — but never break them. Even *High Noon* had the classic treatment; and the much-lauded *Shane* might have been written by Max Brand. Good or bad, old or new, the Western contains a Hero, a Heroine, a Villain and a Fight. Put chaps and a 10-gallon hat on The Mad Professor, give The Incredible Crawling Crud a black horse, and switch the scene from Alamogordo to Tombstone, and you have very nearly the same thing. In fact, when Universal-International was grinding out horror films back in 1956, a studio spokesman was quoted as saying, "Horror, schmorror — we're still makin' Westerns."

Perhaps the one branch of the industry that displays a crumb of creativity in regard to monster movies is Exploitation. The posters, publicity campaigns, newspaper ads and Coming Attractions trailers are often more exciting, and done with more imagination and creative zeal, than the pictures themselves. Who — after watching the swift, mounting montage of pulsating hearts, disembodied eyes, bandage-swathed monsters, cleavage-flaunting screaming-Mimis and ghoulishly-grinning, leeringly-lisping Boris Karloff that served as trailer to *Frankenstein 1970* — would have guessed the film itself was so dull and listless? The artfully selective editor of the trailer possessed more know-how than the maker of the picture. *Macabre* was one long yawn, but the publicity build-up was inspired. William Castle, who produced and directed the film, offered to insure every member of the audience against death by fright. He received several letters of protest from young filmgoers because the movie was about relatively real people being buried alive — no monsters at all. The picture wasn't scary enough to kill anyone, the kids complained. No one had even fainted. Castle, a veteran producer of mystery and horror pictures, hadn't expected to kill anyone. He had merely hoped, with his insurance policy, to call attention to his picture. When asked what would happen if some susceptible person actually collapsed during a performance of the movie, he regretfully said he thought it would help business. However, in the small print on his $1000 policy was a clause to the effect that cardiac sufferers and people with known nervous conditions were not covered.

Castle's gimmick worked fine. Quite understandably, he became incensed when United Artists used a similar approach to publicize *The Return of Dracula*. The film was so terrifying, UA stated, that 12 insurance companies had refused to cover those who saw it. Castle's attorneys put United Artists on notice to cease and desist. The firm agreed, but for its next horror package, which included a movie called *I Bury*

(continued overleaf)

"It was so nice of you to bring over the funnies this morning, Mr. Baxter—are you sure we can't give you anything besides toast and coffee?"

HORROR *(continued from page 74)*

the Living, it offered the brave film-goer a "legally executed deed to a free burial plot," should he be terrified to death. No one as yet has accepted the offer.

Universal's gimmick for *Horror of Dracula* was to arrange for theatre patrons to fill out legal last wills and testaments in the lobby. Theatre lobbies have, in fact, become chambers of horrors. It is standard practice to have horror movie premieres take place at midnight, and the lobbies are decorated for the occasions with skeletons, gravestones, and coffins in which lie lady vampires, their black satin skirts slit thigh-high. In the lobby, too, is a nurse with first aid equipment dispensing a "courage cocktail" – tomato juice laced with Tabasco. The exploiteers, who become gleeful little boys when given such a movie to sell, unwind extravagant lengths of gauze bandage, soaked in blood-red ink, that lead through the streets to the local cinema. Once, a hired actor, calling himself Count Dracula, registered at several hotels, and even managed to get himself a table at New York's "21" the day *Horror of Dracula* opened in the city. He looked longingly at the necks of nearby lovelies and ordered a raw steak for lunch.

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The economic element is, of course, a big factor in the horror craze. It was discovered a few years ago that people were going to horror films as a habit. With rare exceptions, no picture was preferred over another, so long as certain ingredients were promised. And whereas Westerns had to go to the expense of at least one recognizable star, it appeared that no one paid any attention to the human actors in creature films: the monster was, and is, a sufficient draw. According to Steve Broidy, head of Allied Artists, "It doesn't have to be a fancy monster, or expensive, or even particularly well done. Just about anything will do, *provided it's on-screen a lot.*" Thus it became possible for undercapitalized independent groups to make pictures for absurdly low figures. The average "cheap" quickie-Western at Universal-International cost $500,000 four years ago; today, the average horror film is brought in for substantially less than $100,000. Bert I. Gordon, now an important producer, claims to have spent under $15,000 on his *King Dinosaur* – which grossed in excess of one million dollars. "I borrowed the equipment," he says. "I got friends to act for me, deferred payments, and did the special effects myself. We shot the whole thing in a week at Big Bear. Of course, the locale was supposed to be another planet; but I got around that by having one of the characters say, 'Strange! This planet is almost identical to Earth!' "

It is true that some films are more ambitious; but the bright young men know that horror need not be expensive. It's the gimmick that counts. William Kozlenko, producer at MGM, explains the economic situation this way: "The movie business can be compared, in a sense, to the city of New York. Only very rich or very poor people can live in New York. Only very expensive or very cheap pictures can succeed here."

Low cost is made necessary by voracious demand. And how does one explain this demand?

Twenty-five years ago Arthur L. Mayer was known as Broadway's Merchant of Menace because of the large number of zombie, mummy and vampire pictures he ran at his Rialto Theatre. He was happy then, because the popularity of his bills seemed to have no sinister significance. Today he is worried. It's strictly young people who support the gruesome-twosomes, he avers, and offers a theory:

The kids, he says, "are in no mood to enjoy homey little pictures of family life, sweet adolescent love stories, or gallants dueling in doublet and hose. They do not even like brisk, sophisticated comedy with smart dialog over the martinis. What they want, entertainmentwise, is red meat. If self-identification is the secret of box-office popularity, they find it easier to identify themselves with the sons of Frankenstein, or the granddaughters of Dracula, than with Lindbergh soaring across the Atlantic, or a well-constructed young lady of 20 pursued by a 60-year-old wreck of a once-popular leading man."

Mayer regards this absorption in the more repulsive aspects of life as a reflection of the age in which we live. "With justifiable lack of faith in the wisdom of their elders and the competence of their contemporaries, the young people are frustrated, purposeless, bitter." However, even Mr. Mayer, if forced to choose between horror films and the rash of sadistic quickies about juvenile delinquency, would choose horror. The monsters in the latter are less recognizable, he says, and the blood is more likely to be obviously ketchup.

"The real horror," said Arthur Knight in the *Saturday Review*, "is that these pictures, with their bestialities, their sadism, their lust for blood, and their primitive level of conception and execution should find their greatest acceptance among the young. It is sad enough as a commentary on our youth, but even more so on the standards of our motion-picture industry. In England, where films are not censored but rated as to their suitability for various age groups, these pictures invariably receive an 'X' – suitable for adults only. Such a scheme, rigidly enforced over here, would soon see the disappearance of blobs, monsters, beasts, and ghouls from Hollywood's production schedules."

But all this seems more a description of the patient's illness than an examination of its causes. "The age in which we live" is a causative factor, certainly; but only one of many. The others may prove surprising.

For the first of these, we must make another comparison with Westerns. In both genres, the audience can become directly involved with a clear-cut, understandable situation. The Rustler and The Monster are bad, they must be thwarted: The Cowboy and The Professor (despite his idiosyncrasies) are good, they must triumph; The Cowgirl and Female Botanist are virtuous, they must be saved. Challenges are to be met, risks to be taken, rewards to be gathered. In both genres, the audience assumes the identity of Nobility saving Virtue from Evil. And there is no shade of gray to spoil the chiaroscuro.

The world today is a confusing place for most of us. The great issues are not clear, as they once were. Bad, we now discover, is not always bad, nor is good invariably good; indeed, bad is quite frequently, under certain conditions, good, and good bad. We cannot hate evil, for evil has become a form of sickness. We are not sure that it is wise to be brave or brave to be wise. Heroes are now corporations, or machines, and villains are countries. The individual is fast disappearing. And we can be certain only that we are being undone, doomed, destroyed, or carried on to technological heights of which we never dreamed, by frightening, incomprehensible forces, and that there is little we can do about it.

In this sense, the Modern Age hypothesis is acceptable. Horror films provide up-to-date escape from an overwhelming, always changing world; they are a panacea for what Edmund Wilson calls "an instinct to innoculate ourselves against panic at the real horrors loose on the Earth"; and if they are undesirable, as some psychologists have stated, then it is for this reason. The escape-universe of the Western is positive: it stresses certain virtues and evils and ends on a solidly up-beat note. The world of the horror film, in its present form, is negative. It panders to the basic ignorances and prejudices of the movie-goers. By suggesting that scientists (i.e., people smarter than the audience) are untrustworthy lunatics who will kill us all some day with their unholy experiments, it suggests also that science and progress are bad. It takes the stand, common in Pythagoras' time, that too much knowledge is a bad thing and that well enough ought, by God, to be left alone. It even

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SPRING CAPER

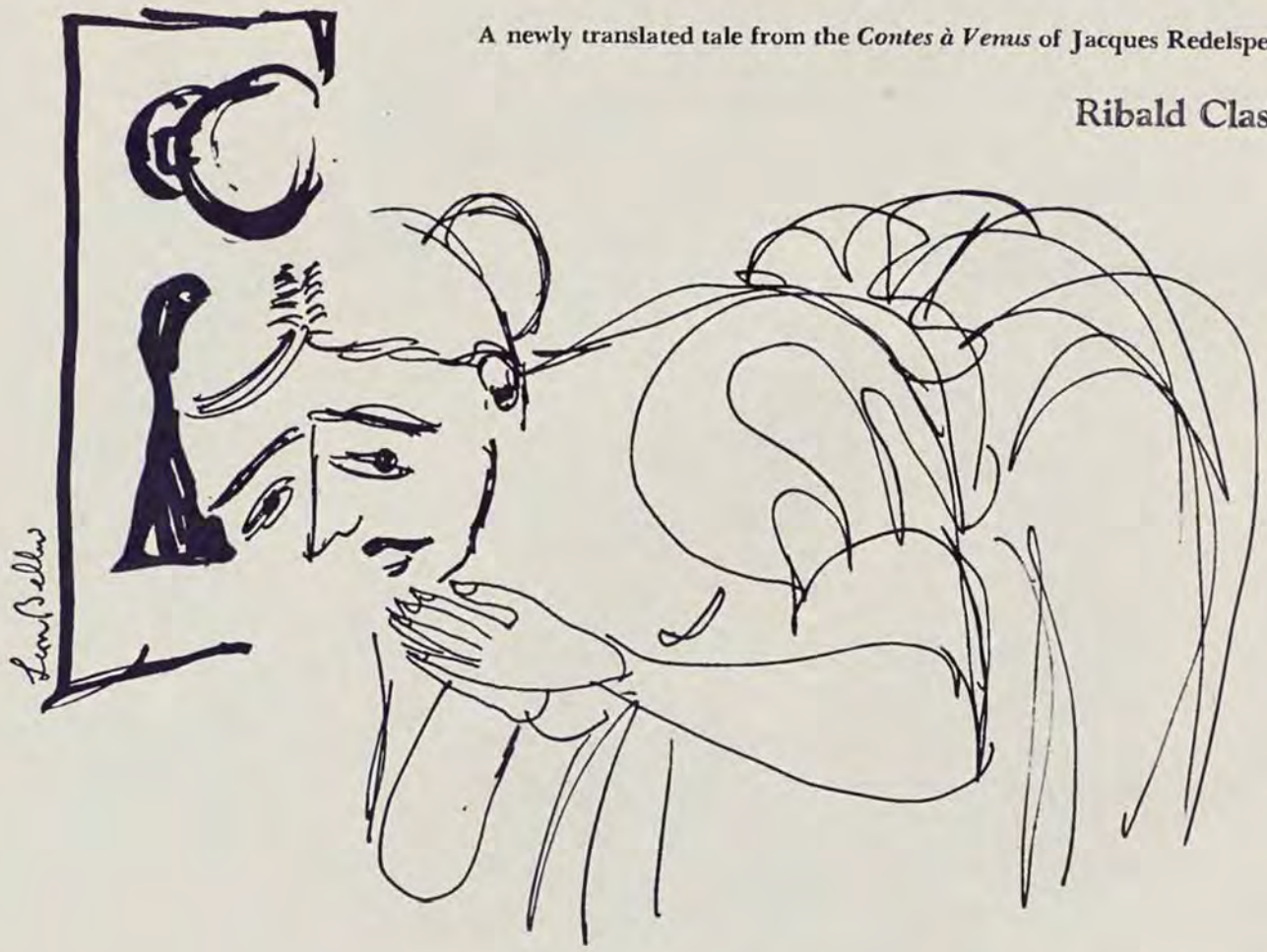
CHANGEABLE as March weather, this short reversible cape with Loden cloth to windward will handily bounce the iciest blasts, while its flip side of water repellent cotton sheds spring freshets with ease. It's available in camel or dark gray, and the tab is a slight $25.

attire

THE WEDDING NIGHT PROBLEM

A newly translated tale from the *Contes à Venus* of Jacques Redelsperger

Ribald Classic



"I am going to use violence!" she heard her son-in-law cry out.

THERE IS NO GREATER ANXIETY for a mother than to think she will see her daughter leave on the arm of an unknown man, perhaps a rough fellow without any feeling, who on the wedding night will have the audacity to lie next to her. Perhaps that explains why mothers-in-law are so bitter.

Widow Chamillotte was such a mother. As soon as her daughter Alice reached the happy age of seeking a partner in life, Madame had no other aim than to find a model young man, handsome, faithful, and having a good character. The thing was not easy. One was too stupid, another not healthy enough, still another too poor, but finally she found just the right one. After two months of engagement which seemed like a century to the lovers, the wedding day arrived.

The mother thought of what the night would bring and did not hide her despair. "Ah, my son-in-law, I beg you," she pleaded, taking his hands in hers, "use all your most delicate attentions. Avoid brutality; marital happiness depends so much on that moment."

"Don't worry," he answered reassuringly. "What another might make into an ordeal will become enchantment through my tenderness. Instead of being hurt, your daughter will want to prolong the experience. I see victory where you see defeat."

Madame Chamillotte, after this fine discourse, should have calmed her fears, but maternal love is never tranquil. Curiosity was too strong, and when she thought the two love birds had had enough time to get into bed, she went to put her ear to the door. Here is what she heard:

"If you would only stay still for a moment. You are wriggling around like a snake," said the bridegroom to his charming bride. "Since I have never done this before, I am not very good at it."

"Ah," said the mother of the bride to herself, "my late husband did not act like that on our wedding night."

Alice in her sweet voice said to him, "Try again. This time I am going to remain very still. You are so impatient and nervous."

There was a silence for a while, then the agonized mother heard, "We have been fooling around long enough. I am going to use violence!"

At those horrible words, Madame Chamillotte, almost in a faint, her face ghastly pale, pushed open the door. She found her lovely daughter standing in the middle of the floor in her intricately knotted corset while her new husband was in the act of ripping it from her body.

— Translated by Hobart Ryland

"Now do you remember what we used to do in the evenings before we had television?"

"Well, why not? They have film festivals, and art festivals, and jazz festivals . . ."

SKIN OF SILK

(continued from page 67)

pistol shot in the throat. I immediately hastened to his assistance, and was shewn a bullet, which was stopped in its career by the very Cravat I had just been ridiculing. . . . I was obliged to confess that these immense bandages were not always useless.' "

The cravat was also, according to our author, "a criterion by which the rank of the wearer may be at once distinguished" and consequently an effective weapon in the cause of Right (as opposed to Left): "In an age like the present, when the man of quality is so closely imitated by the pretender — when the amalgamation of all ranks seems to be the inevitable consequence of the *'March of Intellect'* now making such rapid strides amongst us, we think a more signal service cannot be rendered to the higher ranks of society, than by the production of such a work as this . . ." Now, I may be yiping up the wrong eucalyptus, but an image of our snooty friend began to emerge for me right about here, and it seemed to me that the gentleman did protest too much, in the words of Hamlet's old lady. I had a sneaking suspicion that Le Blanc was one of the very pretenders he was looking down his lengthy nose at; that his family escutcheon was as blank as his name suggests. But let that be. Blueblood or sham, Le Blanc was passionately devoted to the cravat, was thoroughly steeped in "the mysteries of this delightful science," and was unswervingly convinced that "the Cravat has now arrived at the summit of perfection, and has been materially assisted in its progress by the use of starch." Such loyalty and optimism enlisted my sympathies at once; my heart went out to him.

Though undeniably a snob, Le Blanc believed in treating the lower orders humanely. He was quite opposed to military officers producing a false appearance of ruddy health amongst their private soldiers by forcing them to wear their cravats so tight "as almost to produce suffocation, instead of allowing them more nourishing food, or of treating them with more kindness . . ." The military neckpiece he found abhorrent: ". . . It has been transformed into a collar as hard as iron, by the insertion of a slip of wood, which acting on the larynx, and compressing every part of the neck, causes the eyes almost to start from their spheres and gives the wearer a supernatural appearance often producing vertigos and faintings, or at least bleeding at the nose." Yes, I think we can safely say a crusading heart beat under Le Blanc's conservative exterior.

After tracing the cravat all the way back to the Roman *focalium*, "a term which is evidently derived from *fauces* (the throat)," devoting several pages to a description of the silkworm's labors and a history of silk (which involved, among other celebrated dates, the revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685), Le Blanc finally got around to the core of his opus, in which he described 32 varieties of cravat and instructed his reader in the tying of each. Never re-tie an incorrectly knotted cravat, he warned: rather, dash it petulantly to the floor, select a freshly ironed one, and begin all over again. For "In the duties of the toilet, we may compare the tie of the Cravat to the *liaisons de sauces blanches* of the kitchen; the least error is fatal to the whole composition of either, and as a new sauce must be prepared, with entirely fresh ingredients, so a new tie must be produced by a fresh Cravat."

Of the 32 examples of cravat, seven struck me forcibly enough to mention here. The Gordian Knot was one of these ("young aspirants" must resort to "a pair of scissors" when removing it), and so was the Cravate à la Byron: "It is universally allowed that the least constraint of the body has a corresponding effect on the mind, and it must, therefore, be admitted, that to a certain extent, a tight Cravat will cramp the imagination, and, as it were, suffocate the thoughts." Lord Byron, Le Blanc avers, feared this effect: "In every portrait where he is painted in the ardours of composition, his neck is always free from the trammels of the neckcloth. The Cravat which bears the name of this noble author . . . is extremely comfortable in summer and during long journeys . . ."

The Cravate à la Gastronome "slackens and yields to the slightest movement of the neck — to the least vacillation of the jaws, and even to that slight swelling of the throat which in men decidedly distinguished for gastronomic talents, so often produces impeded respiration. It also possesses the great advantage of loosening itself in cases of indigestion, apoplexy, or fainting."

A shade snide is our author on the subject of the Cravate à l'Américaine, also known among "the fashionables of the New World" as The Independence. Of the latter nomenclature, he says, sniffingly, "This title may, to a certain point, be disputed, as the neck is fixed in a kind of vice, which entirely prohibits any very free movements."

For the Cravate Collier de Cheval, his scorn is utter: "It has been greatly admired by the fair sex, who have praised it to their husbands, their lovers, and even to their friends and relations; and have thus promoted its adoption by every means in their power. . . . Human life is often compared to a painful journey; and it is probably on the same philosophical principle that the *Cravate*

Collier de Cheval was considered a proper costume for man, who often drags on his weary way, loaded with evils more insupportable than the heaviest burthens. This style is, however, (in our opinion) rather vulgar, and we have introduced it here, more that it may be avoided as an instance of false taste, than as a model to copy."

Starchy Le Blanc on infrequent occasions permitted himself a wisp of tight-lipped humor, as in this observation regarding the Cravate de Chasse: "This Cravat is by some *élégans* called *à la Diane*, although it is a kind of poetical license to suppose that this rather unfashionable Goddess wore one."

Disdain was not the only diapason available to Le Blanc, however. When deeply moved, he could pull all the stops, completely eschew restraint and pour out the purplest of panegyrics. Hear now his Song of Songs, on the theme of the Cravate Sentimentale:

"The name alone of this Cravat is sufficient to explain that it is not alike suitable to all faces. You, then, whom nature has not gifted with skins of silk — eyes of fire — with complexions rivalling the rose and lily; — you, to whom she has denied pearly teeth and coral lips . . . you, in fact, whose faces do not possess that sympathetic charm, which in a moment, at a glance, spreads confusion o'er the senses and disorder and trouble in the hearts of all who behold you . . . avoid it; and be assured that if your physiognomy does not inspire sensations of love and passion, and you should adopt the Cravate Sentimentale, you will be a fair butt for the shafts of ridicule, which (with no unsparing hand) will be showered upon you on all sides. . . . It may, then, be worn from the age seventeen to twenty-seven; but after that age it cannot, with propriety, be patronized by even the most agreeable."

And here I must voice a delicate supposition. For upon reading his description and instructions, and upon referring to the plate wherein the cravat in question was delineated, and then comparing all this to the portrait of the rhapsodic author that appeared in the front of the book, it seemed (but no, no, it could not be — and yet —) it seemed to me that possibly, just possibly, the meringue-like construction around his throat, "strongly starched, and fastened with a single *rosette* at the top, as near as possible to the chin," was none other than the Cravate Sentimentale. Did our friend then consider himself possessed of those glowing qualities without which the wearer of such a cravat descended to the perigee of presumption? Oh, vanity, vanity, Le Blanc!

It proves, I suppose, that austere Le Blanc was a human being with human foibles, but even so, one does not like to see the clay feet of one's idols revealed. I clutched at a straw of hope: the reproduction of the plates was really quite imperfect . . . perhaps Le Blanc was not wearing the Cravate Sentimentale after all . . .

Cheered up by this thought, I turned to the final lesson in the book. Here were offered some "Important and necessary Observations." The virtues of loose neckwear were recommended to "Those who are accustomed to sleep in the Cravat," and it was pointed out that "The Cravat should invariably be loosened before the commencement of study, or of any important business." A bit of advice was directed toward "Those who have a short neck, high shoulders, a round, full, and fresh coloured face, and who are at all subject to head aches, beatings of the temples, &c." Such unfortunates "should be most careful to wear the Cravat loose."

I discovered, to my profit, that one should not, unless one is desirous of dodging pistol balls in the gray and dewy dawn, go about seizing gentlemen by the cravat: "The greatest insult that can be offered to a man, *comme il faut*, is to seize him by the Cravat; in this case blood only can wash out the stain upon the honour of either party."

In conclusion, Le Blanc painted a roseate picture of the well tempered cravatomane: "If his Cravat is *savamment* and elegantly formed — although his coat may not be of the last *cut* — every one will rise to receive him with the most distinguished marks of respect, will cheerfully resign their seats to him, and the delighted eyes of all will be fixed on that part of his person which separates the shoulders from the chin."

I put down this "far from ephemeral production" with a heavy sigh and reluctantly returned to a world without elegance, a world of "ties" but not of cravats. Evening was approaching and, with it, the cocktail party to which I was invited. I began preparations. As I trimmed my beard I examined my face in the mirror with as much objectivity as I could summon. Could this face get away with the Cravate Sentimentale? Was it capable of spreading confusion o'er the senses, disorder and trouble in the hearts of all who beheld it? Well, no. If only for the fact that it would never see 27 again.

I dressed desultorily, opened the door of my wardrobe and appraised my tie-rack with a dull and joyless eye. There were at least 30 neckties hanging there in the gloom: of these, 29 no longer pleased my fickle sense of pattern. The remaining one, a simple black silk thing, was wrinkled. I lifted a hideous plaid number off its hook and blew away the dust. It was much too wide, I hated the colors, and I could never get it to knot correctly, but it made a pretty good conversation piece. I had bought it for one dollar, by mail, from a firm in Scotland which had sent me a form letter addressed to all the Russells in creation and describing the wonders of owning a neckpiece done up in the true, original, authentic tartan of the Russell clan. It was a sorry bit of apparel, but it was always good for anywhere from five to 20 minutes of banter. I would allow it to dangle outside of my jacket, or let the wind fling it dashingly over one shoulder, and sooner or later the lady would be coerced into saying, "What a lovely tie." "Do you like it?" I would respond, or rather, "D'ye like it, now?" with a touch of heather in my voice. Then I would go on in this vein, explaining it was the emblem of my clan. The Scottish burr in my speech would somehow give way to an Irish brogue and then slither into a kind of Welsh or Yorkshire or Cockney or something and finally end up as Drama School Standard English (flapped *R*s and broad *A*s), liberally laced with frequent *bonny*s.

But as I began to knot the gaudy Russell plaid, a line of Le Blanc's, like a tolling knell, vibrated through my brain: "As to coloured Cravats, they are entirely prohibited in evening parties." (Lesson I, *Preliminary and Indispensible Instructions.*) Humbled, I bowed my head and removed the offending tartan (the bowed head presented difficulties in removal of the necktie, but I surmounted them: "What would Le Blanc have done?" I asked myself, and proceeded, dauntless), dropped it into a yawning waste receptacle, and substituted the wrinkled black silk number, consoling myself with some remembered refreshment from my newfound hero: "The black silk Cravat is now generally worn . . . Napoleon generally wore a black silk Cravat, as was remarked at Wagram, Lodi, Marengo, Austerlitz, &c." Ah, but what, *what* color cravat did he wear at the site of his ignominious defeat? The well-informed Le Blanc, repository of all knowledge cravatorial, knew the answer: "At Waterloo it was observed that, contrary to his usual custom, he wore a white handkerchief [a synonym for cravat in Le Blanc's vocabulary] with a flowing bow, although the day previous he appeared in his black Cravat."

That settled it: the black cravat for me. Needless to add, at the party that evening, several people rose to receive me with the most distinguished marks of respect and cheerfully resigned their seats to me — my short neck, high shoulders, round, full, fresh coloured face and beating temples notwithstanding.

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WILD VALLEYS

(continued from page 66)

an ace of swords, an ace of cups and an ace of *oros*—that's all. The *oros* were golden coins that had been used in Catalonia, I was told; there was one *oro* on the ace of *oros*, two *oros* on the two of *oros*, three *oros* on the three, etc., not to mention a rather intoxicating background of anchors, flags, knights, crowns, lions and snakes. The cups also were golden, the swords were blue, and the clubs were just that—clubs, with ugly red knots and black twigs growing along the shank (indeed, the ace of clubs had a smear of blood). All of these suits were numbered from one to 10, and there were three picture cards, too—the squire, the caballero, and the king.

It took quite a while, naturally, for Diana, Malcolm and me to make head or tail of this, but once we had we seated ourselves at the eight-sided table and asked the smugglers to deal us in, joining the game with gusto. The stakes were low—there was never more than a dollar on the table—and I think the smugglers were happy to have us. After the first hand, we ordered a round of wine for them; it came in a *porrón*, a glass carafe with a peculiar narrow spout, the Catalan counterpart of the Basque wineskin. One holds the *porrón* a foot or two away, tipping it boldly, and a fountain of cool, red, Spanish wine tumbles out of the spout and into the throat if one is a smuggler, into the left eye if one is Diana, or over the shoulder if one is me—and all three circumstances were enjoyed by the smugglers hugely. Presently, Malcolm had had enough of the *porrón*, and suggested we avail ourselves of this rare opportunity to have some absinthe, too. Absinthe, he explained, is an alcoholic beverage made of pimpinella and wormwood, so heady a brew that it commonly gives rise to delirium tremens and, eventually, will drive a person crazy; it isn't allowed in the United States, he continued, but is always being imbibed in the best Hemingway, and we ought to give it a tumble. The barman at the Posada Cataluña poured a glass for Diana, Malcolm and me, after making sure that he'd heard us rightly; then, he poured water in, and the color of the absinthe went from a Paris green to a cloudy green, a chemical reaction which, Malcolm said, is spoken of highly by Mr. Hemingway, and occurred, to his recollection, at least half-a-dozen times in *The Sun Also Rises* alone. The absinthe didn't do anything very memorable to us. Frankly, it tasted like a pernod, an alcoholic drink that's to be gotten anywhere in France and Spain, also turns to a greenish-yellow and doesn't drive you crazy.

Shortly afterwards, as we walked to the hotel, M. Pi obligingly told us about the smugglers at the Posada Cataluña, how they operate. He said they travel to France or Spain once a week, sleeping by day, walking by night, a trip of several days over the mountain passes. Only one of them carries a gun, to be discharged not at the customs people but at wolves, bears and such; a smuggler is scared to death of the customs people and he'll drop everything when he sees one and take to the hills like a frightened rabbit. Every smuggler has 50 or 60 pounds of tobacco, said M. Pi, and 30 or 40 smugglers travel at once.

"How about making it 33?" I asked—meaning Malcolm, Diana and myself.

"No. Jesus was 33 when he died," said M. Pi. "The smugglers never travel in 33s." I was about to suggest 31 or 32, but M. Pi was already shaking his head.

• • •

Inside Andorra, there isn't any law against smuggling, but it's good to know, at least, that you cannot get away with murder there. It isn't often that murder is committed, but it's dealt with summarily when it is—the most recent one having been in 1943, when a boy near the village of Ransol murdered his elder brother with a hunting gun and was executed only an hour after the trial. His motive was to get his hands on the family fortune (it also came out in the wash that he poisoned his sister in 1928, for the very same reason). Once the wicked deed was done, the boy hurried to Ransol and told the sheriff something to the effect that his brother was dead, let's bury him. The sheriff, though, reasoned that an investigation was called for, and began one immediately by visiting the scene of the crime and interrogating the most knowledgeable party, the corpse, saying, "*Mort, qui t'ha mort?*"—i.e., "Dead one, who has killed you?" The sheriff at Ransol is an intelligent person, and, in fairness to him, it should be pointed out that such a question on such occasions has been customary in Andorra for many hundred years. The dead one didn't answer it, which also is customary, so the sheriff went on to exclaim, "*Mort, alça't! Mort, alça't! Mort, alça't! La justicia t'ho mana!*"—"Dead one, arise! Dead one, arise! Dead one, arise! The judge is ordering it!" (It didn't.) These proceedings were ended when the sheriff, addressing himself to the quick instead of the dead, said "*Es un mort el qui no parla*"—"It is a dead one who doesn't speak"—by which time the guilty brother was so thoroughly unnerved that he confessed. He was tried by two Spaniards and a Frenchman, was sentenced to die, was taken, immediately, to the square of Andorra the Old, and was tied along a stake, lest he flee to the church, a sanctuary; a prayer was said by the Association of the Good Death, and he was killed. He was carried to a cemetery by the Good Death people and speedily buried. While I was in Andorra,

I couldn't even learn his name.

The unwritten law of Andorra (almost all the law of Andorra is unwritten) makes it clear that a person like the above is to be killed by strangulation, by the garrote, a grisly, black, cumbersome vise that was kept, for this purpose, in a cathedral hard by the village square. However, it was always a great bother for the judges to find somebody in Andorra who cared to apply this garrote —it took a month of cajolery, often— and finally in 1943, when the aforementioned boy was to be executed, they said the hell with it, and shot him. The ugly garrote is now applied on nobody but the tourists, and in fun, and is kept no longer in the cathedral but in the House of the Valley, a hideous old moldering stone building that has been going to seed since 1580 in a gloomy corner of Andorra the Old, and which houses not only the garrote and other memorabilia, but also the national jail and the executive offices of the president, the Very Illustrious Seignoir Caerat.

The House of the Valley — the White House, as it were — is open to the general public from 10 A.M. to one on weekdays, when the president is in and, at other hours, to those members of the general public who have the time and inclination to ferret out the jailer. The jailer is a difficult man to ferret; it took me almost an hour. (I learned, too, that he has been ferreted by some of his own prisoners, who had sunned themselves on the terrace all day and wanted to get back in.) Eventually, I found the jailer at a *caffè espresso* place, a block and a half away; he was gnawing a toothpick and sibilating a *caffè espresso*, and he promised to be ready anon. Anon, he got agonizingly to his feet, chug-a-lugged what was left of the *caffè espresso*, walked to the House of the Valley with me, produced from somewhere on his person an extraordinary two-foot, four-pound iron key, and with it opened the House of the Valley's door. The door is rotten and is topped by a medieval, time-worn tablet that says, in effect, and in Latin, that Andorra belongs to France and Spain at the same time, and is rather pleased about it:

Behold: these are the arms of a neutral valley
And quarterings that nobler nations triumph in.
Each of them, alone, has blessed an alien people,
Oh, Andorra! Together they shall bless your golden age.

While I was translating this, the most unferretable character in Andorra gave me the slip, leaving me alone in the House of the Valley.

— Not quite alone. I discovered, by and by, that two prisoners were there, to be seen through a knothole as a couple of fitful shadows in a dim, slovenly room, laden with brick and bottle shards; one of them was a thief, the other a counterfeiter, I learned — no smugglers, of course, though my friend the jailer is said to indulge. The jail is located on the House of the Valley's first floor, just off the lobby; on the second floor, at the end of dilapidated stairs, is a large pink room full of ancient frescoes of the crucifixion; and at the end of *that*, as I learned by gadding innocently into it, is the office of the president, Mr. Caerat. I have already mentioned that the office is dusty, sunless; it is also cold, being heated by nothing but a small orange electric grill in front of Mr. Caerat's desk, and another in back. The desk is simple, and I was pleased to note that Mr. Caerat was making headway against the pile of state papers which, he had told me, accumulated there during his visit to Paris: only a passport and two or three letters were left, and the drawers were almost empty. In other parts of the president's room were a heap of yellow archives, a dusty telephone, an autographed picture of the President of France, an autographed picture of Mgr. Iglesias Navarri — who looks like a football coach, or did in 1943, when the picture was taken — and finally, along the walls, a set of 24 stiff, cane-bottom armchairs, to be used by the 24 members of the General Council, the legislative body of Andorra.

I'm afraid I wasn't able to learn just what sort of laws, if any, the General Council of Andorra legislates (it hasn't even the power to tax), but I did learn some other, alternative facts about it, after my visit to the House of the Valley, and I'm happy to pass them along — viz., that it's elected every two years, that the selfsame men are elected every time, that all of them are 30 or older, that none of them are drinkers, that some of them are smugglers, that none of them are paid, and that, if the occasion demands it, they trick themselves out in silver shoes, blue stockings, red garters, gray trousers, white shirts, black coats, red collars and black three-cornered hats. I also learned that the General Council of Andorra met, in the old days, in the large pink room where the frescoes of the crucifixion are, and that it met in the old, *old* days in a cemetery, to get a more sober appreciation of the business at hand. In the old days, when it met in the large pink room, the General Council not only legislated at the House of the Valley but also ate and slept there, and a visitor can still behold, on the second floor, the rude, sooty kitchen where the 24 councilmen would cook.

Nowadays, the councilmen eat and sleep at the Hotel Mirador. They convene at the House of the Valley five times a year, ordinarily, but an extraordinary session can be called, *ad libitum*, by Mr. Caerat, or, for that matter, by anybody else in the world willing to pay for food and transportation, and those of my readers who wish to do so should forward the sum of 2000 pesetas — about 47 dollars — and some sort of legislative proposal to the Very Illustrious General Council of Andorra, c/o Mr. Francisco Caerat, House of the Valley, Andorra the Old, Andorra. The postage is 15 cents.

"...well, I'm collaborating with a darling novelist..."

HORROR

(continued from page 76)

allows the audience to empathize occasionally with The Professor in order to demonstrate how easily one may be led along the road to perdition.

A more profoundly anti-intellectual message could hardly be found than "Curiosity killed the cat," but the horror-film-makers have found it. It is: Curiosity killed the world.

Less complex, but perhaps more accurate, explanations of the phenomenon are supplied by the producers and exhibitors themselves.

"In the first place," says Bert Gordon, "you've got to understand that the movie audience today consists almost entirely of teenagers. Either they're naive and go to get scared" — this referring to the curious fact that none of the horror films are actually horrible, or terrifying, or remotely scary — "or they're sophisticated and enjoy scoffing at the pictures. There isn't much a teenager can scoff at these days, you know."

Accordingly, some enterprising producers have gone to great lengths to make their products corny, unrealistic and "scoffable."

For it is true that the laughs sometimes outnumber the screams when a monster movie is on the bill — nervous laughs of panic, the pristine guffaws of the moron, the derisive laughs of the jaded, who attend solely to chuckle knowingly at production goofs, logical *lacunae* and the showers of clichés. Periodical publications like Forrest J. Ackerman's *Famous Monsters of Filmland* play it for yoks all the way, accompanying their outrageous horror stills with equally outrageous puns like "the beast is none too good." "Hyde-and-go-shriek," "all wrapped up in his work" (*The Mummy*), and the like.

In any case, "Thank God for the horror pictures," says the manager of a large San Fernando drive-in. "They've saved us. Before this kick we were thinking of shutting down two nights a week; now, with all the monster stuff, the place starts filling up at three o'clock. The kids go for it. The girls yell and hang on to the boys and sometimes you've really got to keep an eye on those cars. . . ."

Which brings us to another interesting theory. According to producer Robert Newman, "Horror movies are sexually stimulating to people, whether they know it or not. The monster itself is usually a symbol of sexual power unleashed. . . ."

And it is undeniable that the popular monsters — King Kong, Frankenstein, Dracula, the Creature From the Black Lagoon, even the granddaddy of them all, Cesare of *Caligari* — are all male, all inveterate skirt-chasers. Though it is never made clear exactly what they plan to do with their quarries, once caught, and most monsters visibly lack the required apparatus for ravishment, their intentions seem to be unmistakably dishonorable.

A careful study of the subject revealed to depth probers the following information: The appeal of *Dracula* obtains from the Count's habit of sucking blood from the necks of nubile maidens, which in turn suggests perversion. The werewolf continues to enjoy a happy popularity both because he encourages the savage and bestial instinct (with its connotations of human sacrifice, cannibalism, sodomy and rape) and because, with his sacred ancestry, dating back to Zeus Lukaios, the wolf-god of ancient Greece, he promotes feelings of invulnerability. *The Invisible Man* connotes voyeurism. *The Fifty-Foot Woman* makes possible a literal return to the womb; and so on. The physical appearance of some Monsters often seems frankly phallic, despite the lack of private parts. It has been suggested that Karloff's make-up in the early Frankenstein films made the upper half of his head into a king-size *glans* and the Monster, therefore, into a veritable walking genital. The "it" in *It Came From Outer Space* (an early 3-D effort) resembled nothing so much as a phallus with eyes, and it sought sanctuary in (how symbolic can you get?) a cave. The same observation can be made of practically every other glistening, throbbing, erect, aggressive outerspacenik on the screen. Wags conversant with Army slang have slyly insinuated that the title-creatures of *The Crab Monsters* were also derived from pubic lore, and other wags have defined "an adult horror film" as one in which the monster gets the girl, but these homespun humorists only serve to point up the fact that the sex theory can be carried too far in this regard, just as it sometimes is in another field, that of the American automobile. In each case, there is a core of truth, but the hypothesis — so seductive because of the ease of application — tends to spill over into the ridiculous after a while. However — and this is the thing to remember — that core of truth does exist, hard and stubborn, as is the nature of cores, as well as of phalli.

A less sensational motive is supplied by psychologists, who feel that people go to the films because science has taken away their religion. They seek assurance of immortality. The Mad Professors provide that assurance. When a monster is raised from the dead, the audience experiences a kind of resurrection.

From all of which, one would assume that horror movies offer a little of everything to everyone. And the almost inescapable conclusion is that the craze is fast becoming an American institution, a solidly representative part of our culture.

But, like many other machine-made

parts of our culture, they're dreadful. Why? Why, in view of the nearly limitless possibilities of the medium and its generally respectable past, are horror pictures so poor in quality? Horror is, after all, an accepted form of literature. It (again using the term to include such ancillary genres as science-fiction, fantasy, etc.) has been treated by many of history's great authors, including the Apostles. Most of the recognized books for children (Anderson, the brothers Grimm, Baum) deal with horripilatory themes. Stemming as it does from superstition, and from fear, one of mankind's deepest emotions, horror merits being taken seriously. There are, literally, hundreds of great horror stories and novels, perhaps a thousand more good ones, all containing the same basic elements as the current creature-features. Yet this literary gold mine has been almost wholly ignored. To repeat, why?

To take a stab at an answer, one must first understand, as well as one can, the nature of Hollywood. Hollywood is now, and has always been, an unreal place full of unreal people. Like Erewhon or Wonderland, it has its own set of laws, its own set of mores, and these laws and mores are not duplicated anywhere on the face of the Earth. Logic is discussed in Hollywood, but the truth is that there is little logic, little thought as it is understood elsewhere in the world, and on the whole a great deal less culture than one might find on a Saturday afternoon at Stillman's Gym. Novelists have tried to describe Hollywood, but the closer they have come to facts, the more they have been accused of embroidering.

Something peculiar happens to producers when they are absorbed by Tinseltown. The standards they may have had, once, are checked at the door, and replaced with new ones. They become Machiavellian, cynical, shrewd, incurious, timid and cowardly; they become distrustful of others, but mostly of themselves, and go about sneering at shadows. To a man they are contemptuous of the industry and their part in it; yet beneath the necessary pose, they love the madness, the tensions, the disappointments, and wear their ulcers proudly as a soldier wears his battle ribbons.

Despite this pride, however, none of the producers engaged in the business of manufacturing horror films will admit to a liking for the subject. Most of them frankly hate it and would vastly prefer to be working on comedies or Westerns or mysteries. "The cycle will pass," said producer Gordon Kay, four years ago, "and then we'll all celebrate, because it will give us a chance to get back to interesting picture-making."

William Alland is a representative case. He has made several fortunes for himself and his studio on such popular items as *The Creature From the Black Lagoon*, *The Mole People*, etc. Yet he appears to hate them.

This contemptuous attitude makes producers leery of attempts to inject quality into horror. As far back as Val Lewton's excellent *Isle of the Dead*, "messages" were suspect. Lewton, sneaky hombre that he was, often slipped in a bit of humanistic philosophy when no one was looking, badly worrying an executive producer at RKO who distrusted messages on principle. This producer asked the film's director, Mark Robson, if *Isle* contained any messages. Robson assured him it was messageless. The exec breathed easy. But later, on the set, Robson got to thinking about it, and decided that his reply, though reassuring, had not been entirely honest. He picked up the phone and called the messageophobe. "Say," said Robson, "you know this *Isle of the Dead* thing we were talking about? Well, I was wrong. It *does* have a message."

"It does?" intoned the exec, ominously.

"Yes."

"And what is it, the message?"

Robson told him: "Death Is Good."

There followed a portentous silence. Then the producer said, "All right. Leave it in." For he knew, with the instinct of his trade, that death is always good at the box-office.

Laymen commonly believe that horror films are written by veteran science-fiction writers, whereas the truth is that these worthies have seldom had so much as a look-in. In any other business it would seem logical to hire a qualified man for a specific job; not so in Hollywood. William Alland once allowed Ray Bradbury to concoct something called a "treatment" (neither a story nor a screenplay but a mutation of both), but science-fiction's most gifted author was not permitted to touch the actual shooting script. That delicate work was handed to one Harry Essex, a Hollywood pro, who by his own admission knew little of s-f. That the picture (*It Came From Outer Space*) turned out reasonably well is largely due to Essex' faithfulness to the Bradbury original. Most of the really first-rate authors in the field have had to stand by and watch as hacks and unknowns have picked up the heavy green. Robert Heinlein, referred to by some sciencefictionados as The Master, has been called upon just twice; Theodore Sturgeon, Isaac Asimov, Robert Bloch, James Blish, Clifford Simak, the late Henry Kuttner, and Fritz Leiber have not been asked at all; and Richard Matheson, whose work is ideal for pictures, did one sensationally successful film (*The Incredible Shrinking Man*) and has been writing every sort of film *except* horror ever since. Producer Albert Zugsmith, known for some reason as "The Dynamite Kid," bought Matheson's novel, *The Shrinking Man*, on the basis of a synopsis; he "couldn't get through" the book. There is, of course,

no reasonable explanation for this attitude, nor does Hollywood offer any. One might safely conclude therefore that the producers' ignorance of the subject is so profound that they have simply never *heard* of the medium's masters.

The aforementioned William Alland, who was in at the start of the craze (kicked off by *Them* and *The Thing*, both interesting pictures), provides numerous examples. When he decided to produce *The Mole People* he hired a man named Laszlo Gorog to write the script. Gorog, whose sole qualification seemed to consist of his last name, which is the same spelled backwards, is a Viennese playwright. At the time of his assignment, he had read no science-fiction or horror at all with the exception of a bit of Karel Čapek. He had never heard of Ray Bradbury. The very term science-fiction was new to him. Yet he plunged manfully into the job, and though it ended so disastrously that one beleaguered critic called it "the worst film ever made." Alland was apparently delighted, for he forthwith commissioned Gorog to script a monster film called *The Lost Valley*. The Viennese playwright has not been heard of since.

A more adaptable type was Martin Berkeley. He had established a reputation as a real pro, having written most of the *Doctor Kildare* and *Lassie* pictures, and therefore seemed the ideal choice for a series of horror films. Immediately upon signing the contract, he and Alland began the inevitable conferences. What sort of horror film should they make? They tried to think of stories, but that, *selbstverständlich*, got them nowhere. So, feeling that the gimmick was the thing foremost, they trotted down to the Los Angeles County Museum, where they looked at insects and other creatures in amber. Spiders had been used (*Tarantula*), so had ants (*Them*), so had lizards (*King Dinosaur*): but what about—*the praying mantis*? That was it! Berkeley returned to the studio and, after typing out a "formula sheet" based on the successful *Them*, reworked that picture as *The Deadly Mantis*. It made a million.

More than that was made by MGM's *Forbidden Planet*, which was thought up one night after a cocktail party by two Hollywood scribes and sold the following morning.

Nothing, on the other hand, resulted from an experiment by Columbia. Someone had told the wazirs that horror was big and that there were actually such stories in existence. Suspiciously, Columbia hired an established science-fiction writer and told him to pick something good. Overcome with excitement, the writer did just that. He picked a lovely yarn by Arthur Machen. It was rejected with a note reading, simply: "Too advanced." Undaunted, the writer picked another yarn, one of the classics. Again, rejected: "Too advanced." He picked another. "Too advanced." He tried stories by Bradbury, M. R. James, Blackwood, De la Mare, Sturgeon, Kuttner—all turned down. Frantic, the writer chose items from crumbling old issues of *Air Wonder Stories*, on the theory that what was accepted 30 years ago in s-f circles would not be too advanced in the space age. But the theory was wrong. He ended by writing, while half-loaded, a script called *Killer Brain*, which was about a giant ape with (according to the writer) the brain of a producer. Everyone loved it.

There are hundreds of similar anecdotes, all demonstrating why the films are as bad as they are. But, in a sense, the situation was unavoidable. For nothing worthwhile ever seems to come out of a commercial craze. The great horror and science-fiction pictures of the past—*King Kong, Frankenstein, Dracula, The Island of Lost Souls, Things to Come, The Man Who Could Work Miracles, Metropolis, The Day the Earth Stood Still, The Body Snatcher, Dead of Night, The Invisible Man, Isle of the Dead, The Cat People, The Cabinet of Doctor Caligari, The Werewolf of London, The Lost World, Just Imagine, Beauty and the Beast*, etc., etc.—were truly independent productions, made for the fun and love of it, mad risks, personal statements of imaginative men. Pains were taken with those pictures, money spent on them, intelligence applied to every foot of film. They had the basic elements of the Creature Features we see, or avoid, today: they had monsters and scientists (both mad and sane) and curvy cuties in deadly peril. But they had something else, those pictures, something the boys don't have time for any more: they had quality. It didn't take slavering, foam-flecked, anthropomorphic phalli to make the girlies squeal in those times. All it took was a cold wind slamming an unexpected door, a hand on a bannister, the cry of a child, or the silence of a field beneath a moon. But we're in the midst of a craze now and Hollywood can't afford the expense of such effects, because to achieve them you must have a good dramatic story, good dialog, good direction, good acting and good photography: and that's where you run into money.

Is there a chance for a return to the horrors of yesteryear? Will the debris and offal and driftwood be swept away by a sudden current of popular good taste?

Could be. But, in discussing the horror craze, one unhappy producer put it as well as anyone. "We've created a Monster," he said. "God have mercy on our souls."

NAMES IN LIGHTS

(continued from page 38)

broker's office and glimmed the sign in the window. It began "Joseph Hyman Presents," and contained no mention of the co-producer. Bernard Hart rushed into the office and warned the broker that unless the sign was withdrawn forthwith he would receive no tickets to sell for the rest of the Philadelphia run.

The ticket brokers of Broadway often display a bulletin board in their windows, listing the current shows and the stars thereof. Lou Schonceit of Mackey's Agency, next door to Sardi's restaurant, gives the star listings to his favorite performers, no matter how small their roles. When Edith Craig was an understudy in *Separate Rooms* and substituted for the ailing Glenda Farrell, the bulletin board at Mackey's had the listing "*Separate Rooms* — E. Craig." No mention was made of Miss Farrell nor of her co-stars, Alan Dinehart and Lyle Talbot. Miss Craig was touched. She thanked Mr. Schonceit for the billing, then said: "But why didn't you go all the way and spell out my first name, instead of just an 'E'?" The broker replied by pointing to his listing of *The Corn Is Green* — which was followed by the name of the star, "E. Barrymore."

It was Billy Rose who volunteered to make the first practical test of a performer's right to billing. He told a lovely singer with whom he was negotiating: "I don't agree that your name on my marquee would attract customers. But I'm willing to be shown that I'm wrong. Let's walk down Broadway, and if anybody recognizes you, or if anyone of the first hundred persons we ask ever heard of you, I'll give you the billing. But if nobody recognizes you or ever heard of you — I'll cut your salary." The lady shrieked all the way up to high C and promptly declined the challenge.

The supremacy of Billy Rose's own name on a theatre marquee was challenged only by Tallulah Bankhead. It was at the out-of-town tryout of Clifford Odets' *Clash by Night*, which Rose produced. He apparently overlooked the top billing clause in the star's contract, for the electric sign put his name ahead of hers. Tallu saw it on her way into the theatre. Her resentment was heightened by the fact that a disconnected electric wire had darkened the final "s" in "Presents." It was not, however, for grammatical reasons that she objected to the sign, "BILLY ROSE Present TALLULAH BANKHEAD." "Tell the little man," was her message, "that if I don't get the top billing called for by my contract — *top*, I said — then the marquee tonight had better read 'BILLY ROSE Present, TALLULAH BANKHEAD Absent.'" Mr. Rose submitted ere curtain-rise and refund-demands, and paid tribute to the Alabama star: "I wonder how the South ever lost that war."

Miss Bankhead's sister came to see the show and reminded Tallulah about the time they drove through the Alabama countryside and saw the family's business sign, "Bankhead Coal Co." Her sister said: "And remember how shocked we were at seeing the family name debased by appearing on a commercial sign?"

"Yes, I remember," said Tallulah. "And little did I know how delighted I would some day be at seeing the name on a Cockney's sandwich sign in Piccadilly."

Maureen Stapleton pretends lack of concern about billing. The performances by Miss Stapleton and Eli Wallach in Tennessee Williams' *The Rose Tattoo* were so memorable that the producer decided to elevate them to stardom. Bert McCord, the drama reporter, telephoned Miss Stapleton and congratulated her for having harvested the critics' praises.

"Aw, so what?" she replied, with Actors Studio indifference.

McCord then told her the news that the producers were billing her name in lights. "So what?" Miss Stapleton repeated.

"Eli Wallach is getting star billing too," said the caller, who then concocted an added item of impromptu news. "In fact, Eli's name is billed over yours."

"WHAT?" roared Miss Stapleton.

Fred Finklehoffe, who first came to Broadway as co-author of *Brother Rat*, co-produced *At War with the Army*, *Affairs of State* and *The Heiress*. His

first solo venture was the production of a vaudeville show, *Show Time*. And to book the acts for this venture, Finklehoffe retained Paul Small, an efficient, persuasive agent who had started in show business as Paul Whiteman's double. Small weighed 290 pounds. When Whiteman dieted and shed 150 pounds, Small became jobless, which is the customary preliminary to becoming a Broadway booking agent. Until his untimely death, Mr. Small's offices displayed a series of bill posters reflecting his own preoccupation with billing and Finklehoffe's unconcern. The first was for *Show Time*, whose billing began: "FRED FINKLEHOFFE PRESENTS . . ." The second poster was for the successor show *Big Time*, and the billing read: "FRED FINKLEHOFFE & PAUL SMALL Present." The third poster, for the next show, *Laugh Time*, read "PAUL SMALL & FRED FINKLEHOFFE Present." The fourth and final poster read: "PAUL SMALL Presents."

Irving Caesar's aversion to anonymity was nowhere more evident than in the billing for his musical *My Dear Public*. It read: "Produced by IRVING CAESAR, Lyrics by IRVING CAESAR, Some Sketches by IRVING CAESAR," followed by several other references to Irving Caesar. The critics' notices were disastrous. Caesar read them all and winced. "OK," he said, "so it wasn't so good. But why did all the critics have to pick on *me*?"

Because the nightclub business is hazardous and few ever survive for long, performers offer little resistance to the owners' schemes for a quick buck, even in the matter of billing.

Joe E. Lewis' first leap into the $500-a-week class, which was twice as much as he had been making, was at an Atlantic City bistro. The comic later discovered that the salary was not in recognition of his talent but only of his name. Jim Braddock, who had just won the heavyweight championship from Max Baer, had been signed to appear at that club for $2500 a week. The owners decided to invest $500 a week more by hiring the comic, who at that time used no middle initial. It enabled them to advertise, for the benefit of quick-reading gullible ones, that Jim Braddock and Joe Lewis were making a joint personal appearance. Even though the Brown Bomber's name was spelled "Louis," Lewis thereafter inserted an "E" between his first and last names, so that nightclub customers never again would mistake him for the fighter.

Jimmy Durante once signed to appear at a New York supper club which was to be named in his honor. He performed although his terms had not been fully met. The sign over the entrance read "Club Durant" instead of "Club Durante." "What wuz I gonna do?" Durante sighed. "The owners couldn't add the final 'e' because just then they ran out of dough."

Nick and Steve Condos, the dancers billed as "The Condos Brothers," once were booked into a nightclub where they were to have featured billing. Nick Condos was injured on the day of the opening and had to stay home. Martha Raye, to whom he was then married, telephoned the proprietor of the club and told him of the accident which would prevent her husband from working that night. His brother, she added, would do the show alone. The proprietor was sympathetic and assured her it would be quite all right. Besides, he knew that each of the Condos Brothers often worked as a single. Then he realized that he didn't know if Miss Raye's husband was named Steve or Nick. His concern about this was brief. He billed the act as "The Condos Brother."

When Henri Bernstein, the French playwright, learned that Felicia Montealegre was the wife of Leonard Bernstein, the composer-conductor-pianist, he urged her to change her billing. "Make it 'Felicia Bernstein,'" he told the actress. She was unenthusiastic and said that it wouldn't look well in lights. "You are wrong, my dear," the playwright insisted. "The name 'Bernstein' is a great theatre name. I've had it in lights for 50 years." "For you, Henri, yes," said Leonard Bernstein. "But you're not an ingenue and Felicia is."

Sometimes, in the late spring, just before the Broadway season ends, capable performers will accept starring roles in plays they know have little chance for success. Robert Preston explained the mystery after *Gentlemen of Distinction* breathed its last. "I figured I had little to lose," he said. "If we got lucky and it ran, fine. But if it flopped and closed, another show wouldn't come into that theatre until the fall. My star billing would remain on the marquee all summer long — and I could show it to my friends."

One recent summer, an actress whose show-stopping performance on opening night had been noted by the critics, was awarded feature billing. The producers then told her of their additional reward: they would install an air-conditioning unit in her dressing room. The technicians surveyed the theatre and reported that the wall would have to be broken through, to make room for the extra wiring and the unit. The show's billboard was on the other side of that wall, and the break-through would be at the point where her name appeared. "Skip it," she said. "Forget the air conditioner. I've sweated in many theatres and through many plays to attain this billing. There isn't an air conditioner in the world that could ever be as refreshing to me as seeing my name up there every time I walk past that billboard."

FASHION AFOOT

(continued from page 39)

course, come the gimmicks and the extra tags and embellishments. There's an influx of gadgetry which moves too far into the extreme to be in solid good taste; be wary of it. You'll spot an awful lot of hardware adorning slip-ons and other casual styles, such as huge metal buckles (the smaller ones are OK), brass chains and horse's bits. When these tasteless and pointless innovations flash out at you, best you stroll right on by.

The rest of the story is encouraging and enlightening. The squared-off toe is going to be just about universal. The briefly ascendant extremely Italianate slipper-type shoe with its paper-thin soles and thin-skinned uppers is strictly non-Shoe; it is replaced by something no less comfortable but a bit sturdier, very flexible but far less weighty than the clodhoppers of yore.

No surprise, crepe or rubber soles and heels are strictly for sport, the active kind. For all other purposes, Shoe types choose leather fore and aft, top and bottom. Black, of course, is mandatory for formal wear and quite right for business. For leisure, the chukka boot, with its traditional ankle-high uppers, has been pared down to a lighter-weight job; good news, this, because the older ones had a bad habit of chafing the ankle bone, and they looked pretty horsy. The new chukka suggests dressy sportswear rather than tromping the trail.

Reddish and cordovan leathers, which were Shoe in past years, are pretty well on the way out. The newest and niftiest of leathers are in various shades of tan and brown, with one — called Ivywood —blending green into the basic coloration. The pleasantest part of this trend is found in some of the fine natural and burnished shades which boast the elegant look of custom-finished shoes.

Another change is found in grains: they're much finer than in previous years, which ties in smartly with the less-bulky look. There are even some combinations — smooth and grain finish on the same shoe — which really look much better than they sound. However, two tones in various combinations are still — and will probably always remain — anathema.

A final word is in order. You know all this, but it bears constant repeating and we hope to drive it home. The best shoes in the world and the newest styles won't do a thing for your appearance if you don't keep them looking first rate. Rotate them: that is, never wear the same pair two days in succession. Drop off a pair at the cobbler's each time the heels become even slightly run down. Put trees in your shoes when they're not on your feet and have the shoeshine boy come by your office daily.

HEAR! HEAR!

(continued from page 64)

which most of them have, comes next — the whole rig probably to be played through a one-unit twin speaker system. We've already commented on the matchless but large and expensive Ranger-Paragon whose sound dispersion gives you stereo in virtually all parts of a room. The Paragon now has a smaller brother, the Metregon. It is less expensive and can be purchased in a variety of loadings, including a minimal one which can be added to as occasion and pocketbook dictate. Bozak provides variable bidirectionality through reflecting doors at the ends of its long cabinet. So does the University TMS-2. The Tannoy dual system has slightly walleyed coaxials which keep stereo sound from seeming to be focused at one best spot in the room; Jensen makes a single-unit stereo twin speaker system which permits adjustment of its tweeters and midrange speakers to change the angle of beaming at will. Parenthetically, in this matter of single-unit twin speaker systems, it may be worth reminding ourselves that the once vaunted virtues of extreme separation in stereo now mean more to the guy who wants to reproduce the sounds of trains going through his apartment or jets going through the stratosphere, or ping pong balls bouncing back and forth across a table, than to the man who wants to hear his music without a hole in the middle.

One may, of course, profitably combine semi-flexible and totally flexible components, provided they are of equal quality. Two of our PLAYBOY record reviewers have done so, to their very great satisfaction. One of them has a pair of individual 30-watt Marantz amplifiers, a Fisher 400-C dual preamplifier, a Thorens C-124 turntable (which incorporates a lighted strobe, a built-in level and the simplest, most accessible leveling screws we've seen), a Grado tone arm whose wood matches the base of the Thorens turntable, a Shure stereo pickup, an Ampex stereo tape player and monophonic tape recorder, a Harman Kardon AM-FM stereo tuner and the nine-foot Jim Lansing Ranger-Paragon. The other reviewer's semi-flexible rig consists of a Bell 60-60 one-chassis combination of paired 30-watt amplifiers and dual preamplifier, a Rek-O-Kut Rondine Sr. turntable, a Shure stereo arm and cartridge, a Scott AM-FM stereo tuner, an Ampex stereo recorder/reproducer and a pair of Altec-Lansing speaker systems.

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Which brings us to the last category of components we're going to discuss, i.e., those which are virtually completely specialized in function, and which therefore comprise rigs of a maximum number of individual units, which accordingly re-

quire the maximum amount of wiring — and usually of storage space — but offer in compensation the closest thing to individual custom design. Such a rig will consist of two completely separate amplifiers, generally of rather high wattage, which is required by the best-sounding, low-efficiency woofers; a stereo preamplifier, like the aforementioned Fisher, or the featured Fairchild on page 59, or the new Marantz stereo preamplifier which we weren't able to try at this writing, but whose specifications make it sound quite exciting; a selected turntable mounted with an equally carefully chosen arm and cartridge; possibly the best of changers, too; an AM-FM and multiplex (in which both channels come in separately via FM) stereo tuner; a tape deck, and separate stereo speaker systems.

The flexibility potential of such a rig should be obvious. One might start it, for example, by adhering to our injunction to get only the best in mechanical components and those which have actual contact with discs, but going for modest amplifiers easily replaceable later. Or the original rig might have been selected to sound excellent in a small bachelor apartment where 15-watt amplifiers and matching speakers would do — and could be easily converted for a much larger apartment simply by substituting higher-wattage amplifiers and higher-output speakers, either simultaneously or first one and then the other. A very small, very inexpensive — and highly useful — gadget would probably be installed (by simple suction cup) on your turntable, too. It is Electro-Sonic's Dust Bug. It does a very nice job, indeed, of tracking ahead of a pickup and keeping the record dust-free, and if it's doused with the goop that comes with it, it will also clear discs of static charge which attracts dust. When dealing with very light stylus pressure and very small signal — and the accompanying huge amplification — a very small amount of dust can make everything you play sound like an LP of the *1812 Overture* played at 78, with cannon crackling in all directions.

Whatever you get, whether it's a package, a semi-flexible rig or a highly specialized assemblage of individual components, if you've equipped yourself well, you will discover that the new stereo discs and the new stereo equipment have the magical quality of aurally disappearing between you and the performers — who seem miraculously not merely to have entered your living room, but rather to have transported you into their presence, so that you hear not high fidelity equipment, but the sounds as they are, live, in the hall where they were initially played. It's all worth it.

NOISE

(continued from page 36)

thin smile. He stood and walked into the office.

It was Holvak who first noticed the noise. Dr. Kabat, preoccupied with the horror of what he now knew, and trying hard to pay attention to Holvak's dreary monolog of self-pity, had not noticed it.

"Every horn in the street seems to be blowing," Holvak said diffidently. It was true. A tremendous cacophony was rising in the air. Kabat went to the window and cranked it out. As far as he could see down Fifth Avenue the street was solid with automobiles, nothing moving. Fifty-ninth was blocked all the way to the Coliseum. Most of the pedestrians on the sidewalks were standing still; those who were not moved slowly and uncertainly. An aircraft was crossing Fifth Avenue at about 50th Street, a Constellation west-bound out of Idlewild, its four engines thudding under climbing load, and as he watched, its engines suddenly shut down; it fell off on one wing in the maneuver that used to be known as a falling leaf, lifted its tail and bored straight in. A surly-looking wisp of oil-black smoke began to rise somewhere near 10th Avenue. Kabat closed the window.

"Mr. Holvak," he said. "I'll have to ask you to excuse me. We just won't count this session. Please come on Tuesday at the regular time. I'm sorry, but you must leave me now, something has come up . . ." He hustled the man out and grabbed the telephone. Hackett's apartment didn't answer, and at two the next morning Kabat gave up without having reached him. He appeared promptly at three in the afternoon, as usual.

Kabat looked across the desk at him, a nice young man slumped happily in a big leather chair. He closed his eyes for a moment, thought of a blank ash-white wall. Blankness, he said to himself, blankness, blankness, nothing.

"I suppose you saw the papers this morning?" he said aloud.

"About the traffic jam yesterday?" Hackett said. "Yes, I read about that."

"Odd, wasn't it?" observed Kabat.

"Not at all," Hackett said. "I did that, and you know I did it."

"I think so," Dr. Kabat said. "When you said yesterday that you could not only stop the voices but you could drive them back, I had a notion something like this might happen. We really have a problem now. A certain number of people died yesterday."

"Forty-six in the airplane," Hackett said slowly, "nine in the house it hit, 14 pedestrians and those two window-washers at 720 Fifth. Seventy-one altogether."

"There are certain other considerations," Kabat said. "You realize that all thought stopped for several minutes when you passed. Leaving aside the obvious, say a team of surgeons in an operating theatre, we do not know what losses that may have produced."

"True, I suppose," Hackett said, "but my God, Dr. Kabat, *I* couldn't help it, I didn't know, I didn't realize, all I thought of was that you and I were beating this thing, that I was winning, that I was being cured, I could go on living . . ."

"I'm not suggesting you are at fault," Kabat said. "I'm saying that we must reach a compromise here, you must somehow learn to control yourself so that you can *stop* thought transmission coming to you, but not drive it back because obviously when you do that you stop all thought of any kind, I think for four or five minutes. And what do you think is your range now?"

"A mile," Hackett said slowly. "A mile, at least. That airplane was over 5000 feet up."

They sat in silence for a moment. Kabat closed his eyes and bent his mind to the white wall, trying with every fiber in him to keep an image from forming, an image that Hackett could read. He was brave enough, but he had no wish to die.

"It won't work, you know," Hackett said. "The whole secret of what we've done so far lies in a violent effort to push it back. Even if I could achieve the kind of delicate balance that would only *stop* it, not drive it back, I couldn't hope to do it with more than one person, one living thing, at a time – the way I do with you – because, don't you see, they're all different? If you think of it as a stream of radio signals, every one comes in at a different strength, and an effort that would merely stop one would let 20 others get through. The only solution is to resist with a force that will stop the *strongest* – and that means driving all the rest of them back. No, it won't work."

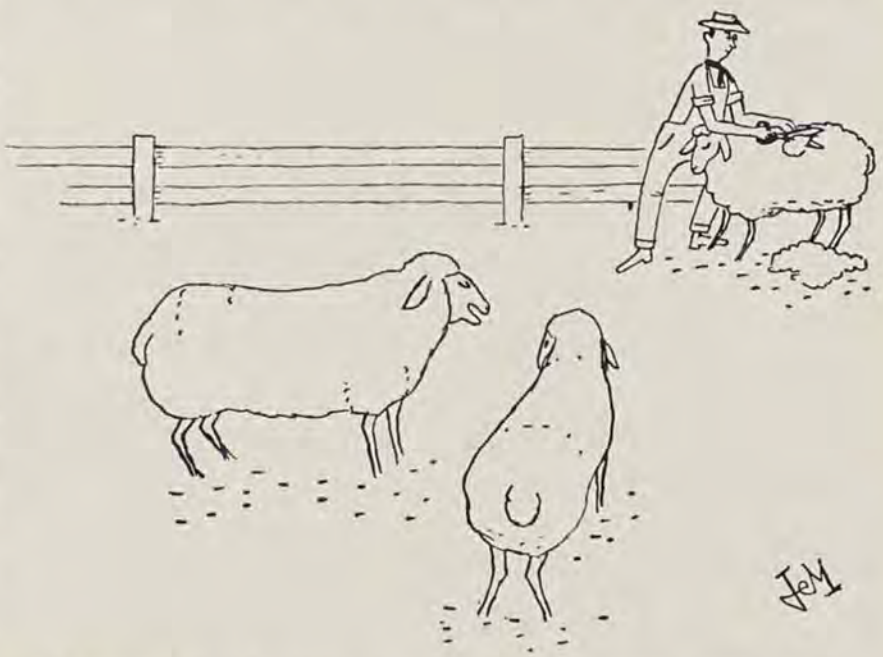
"It has to work," Kabat said quietly. "You have a virile imagination. You can see what will happen. Minimally, an increasing accidental death rate, the cessation of the creative process, plague, savagery. Maximally . . ."

"I know," Hackett said. "I thought of that. For instance, that Connie could have been a B-47 with the big boy aboard . . ."

"Let's try," Kabat said. Hackett moved slowly to the couch and lay down.

No aircraft fell the next day. An electronics engineer had suggested the possibility that some kind of man-made interference emanating from a New York laboratory had caused simultaneous engine failure in the Constellation, and traffic was routed around the city. But 22 pedestrians walked into the path of automobiles with fatal results; vehicular collision was estimated at $1,500,000 and on the West Side an upset kerosene stove burned a square block of tenement buildings to ashes. Nine of the firemen who did reach the scene were killed. An elevator in Radio City dropped 42 stories to the basement and in the UN building the delegates nodded in their seats or stumbled, unseeing, through the corridors.

Herbert Kabat didn't sleep that night. He canceled his other appointments for the day and waited, white-faced and



"I hope he isn't counting on any virgin wool from her!"

taut, for Barnaby Hackett. "If God is good," he thought, "the man has cut his throat." But at three the soft door-gong sounded.

"I don't want to talk about it," Hackett said. He hung his jacket on the back of the chair. He threw himself down on the couch. "Let's not waste any time," he said. "Nothing but hypnosis has done any good so far, and if there's a solution that's where it lies."

"You know," Kabat said softly, "you could go away. You could go say to Australia, in the outback . . ."

"Nonsense," Hackett said. "No man can live alone, truly alone. Besides, this thing is growing, a mile today, five next week, 10, 50 . . ." He folded his hands on his chest. "I'm ready now," he said.

Kabat held tight to the edge of his desk and stared hard at the wall across the room. No image, he told himself, not now, in this last minute. He began to speak softly. "Your eyelids are growing heavy," he said. "Very heavy. You are becoming drowsy, very drowsy. And drowsier. And drowsier. You are going into a deep sleep. Very deep. A very deep sleep. And deep. And deep. And deep . . ."

He stood by the window, looking down. There wasn't a car moving, nor a human being. "Deep," he said. "And deep . . . deep . . . deep . . ."

He waited. Then he took the little box out of the drawer and dropped it into the pocket of Hackett's coat. He let the time pass.

"When you wake," he said, "you will feel refreshed and happy. You will go directly to your apartment. You will hurry. You will hurry because you have something important to do when you get home. In the right-hand pocket of your jacket you will find six pills in a small plain box. You will take these pills, quickly, one after the other, with water. Then you will lie down. You will feel fine, relaxed, content. When you wake up now you will remember nothing of what I have said to you, nothing at all. You will hurry home, and when you get home you will reach in your pocket and you will find the pills. You will want to take them. You will take them quickly. I am going to count to five now, and any time after I reach the count of five you may wake up. One, two, three, four . . . five."

Hackett came slowly to his feet, rubbing his eyes as he always did. He stood up. He looked around the room. "I ought to give you a check today," he said, "but I don't think I'll take the time . . . I'm in something of a hurry . . . I'll see you tomorrow." He opened the door and turned to nod.

"Goodbye, Mr. Hackett," Dr. Kabat said. "Goodbye."

MISS IRVINE

(continued from page 43)

hell sometimes, who wouldn't the way she kissed and carried on? But he *had* given her his word. "The one thing you're gonna be," his father kept saying, " is a gentleman. I want your word to be worth something." He had said it not more than a night or two ago, when Brigden had been weaseling about coming in later than he'd promised.

" 'Tell the truth and shame the devil,' huh?" Brigden said.

"I'm not telling you to be naive," his father said. "If we all went around uttering the strict truth the devil would be delighted. When somebody's trying to give you a square shake don't let 'em down, that's all."

Brigden didn't know if Nancy was trying to give him a square shake, or what. She gave him the shakes, though; and thinking of her now, switching back to the front seat of his Buick, Brigden felt a sensation as of heat tickling at the base of his spine. He lifted his head and gazed across the classroom at Nancy's shining blonde head. It was a trick that never failed. He would look at her, in class, and right away she would turn and they would smile at each other, acknowledging and proclaiming the wonderful thing they shared.

"Brigden Cole," Miss Irvine said.

"Yes Miss Irvine," Brigden said. He struggled to his feet. One of his legs had gone to sleep.

"Don't you like poetry any more?" Miss Irvine said sadly. She could use her tongue like a horsewhip when she wanted to, but she usually saved that for a tough situation.

"Yes Miss Irvine. Sure. I like it fine." Brigden was still struggling with his leg, which had started to prickle. Any other teacher, he'd have bought a few laughs with it, but Miss Irvine never went along with clowning. For some reason Brigden always behaved himself for Miss Irvine.

"I'm so glad you like it fine," Miss Irvine said, and Brigden flushed. "And now," she said, "won't you sit down and do me the courtesy of a little attention?"

Brigden sat down and rubbed his leg and paid strict attention to Miss Irvine. She started reading again. As she read, she walked slowly back and forth in front of the class. She was a tall woman, quite slender, and Brigden liked her elegant way of walking. When Miss Irvine walked nothing bounced or jiggled or stuck out. But once in a while, Brigden remembered, her dress would tighten across a small and perfect little bosom.

Miss Irvine lowered the anthology and looked straight at him. Brigden colored and jerked his eyes away. Then the period bell rang. It was the final period

and the rush out was especially fierce. Out of the corner of his eye he could see Miss Irvine coming toward him. She was probably going to give him one of her quiet talks, all sarcasm, he thought, and he stayed in his seat. Better Miss Irvine peeling off a little of his hide than Nancy yatting at him about that damn Olds. He pretended a little surprise when he couldn't pretend any longer that he hadn't noticed Miss Irvine, and started heaving himself to his feet.

"Don't get up, Brigden," she said. She gave his shoulder a brusque little push and sat on the edge of his desk. The wood pressed into her hip. "I don't think you heard a word of what I was reading today, did you?"

Brigden looked up at her. Miss Irvine had clear gray eyes. Her face was kind of triangular, and a little square of reflected light gleamed on her lower lip. Miss Irvine was not pretty. It came to Brigden shockingly, and in a way that he could not fully grasp, that she was beautiful.

"Brigden!" she said.

Brigden's eyes fell away from her face and there was the damn edge of the desk pressing into the back of Miss Irvine's leg, going sharply but not deeply into the material of her skirt and the back of her slender leg and up to the turn of her hip. Not idly, he wondered where she put her perfume on herself.

"Brigden," she said, "what's the matter with you?"

He slid down in his seat until his shoulders were pressed against the back of it. Then he looked up again, at her face. Miss Irvine was smiling down at him.

"You're beautiful," Brigden said. It came out of him like that. It was like hearing somebody else say it.

"Why," Miss Irvine said, "why Brigden Cole!"

"Geez," he said deeply. "Geezez, Miss Irvine, I'm sorry. I didn't mean——"

She tilted her head back and laughed. He could see the pink roof of her mouth. "Don't say you didn't mean it," she said. "Please don't say that."

"No, no," he said. "I meant it, Miss Irvine. I just didn't mean to be fresh, that's all." He rammed his shoulders against the back of the seat.

"Oh I think I know a genuine compliment when I hear one," she said.

Brigden's face was cold and his head felt light. He had really given himself a hell of a scare, popping off like that.

"Perhaps we'd best go back to the subject," Miss Irvine said. "What's the matter with you these days, Brigden? You used to be a good student."

"I don't know," he said. "I'm all tensed up."

"Well, why?"

He shrugged. "Life is catching up with me, I guess."

"Sit up straight," she said, "and don't shrug like that. It's slovenly, and it's not like you to be slovenly. Life is catching up with you faster than you think," Miss Irvine said. "You'll be 19 this year, Brigden."

Brigden wondered how old she was. There were two faint lines around her mouth, sort of left over after she smiled. There were other faint lines at the corners of her eyes. *Thirty?* he wondered. *Twenty-eight?*

"I know that it's not your fault," she said. "I know that your family moved a great deal when you were younger, and that you lost a year. And don't look so surprised," she said. "Your record has been under faculty discussion. The way you've started off, it looks as though you intend throwing away your final year. We'd just like to know if we're wasting time on you."

He sighed. "I guess I've got too many worries," he said.

Miss Irvine stood up. "You've only one real worry," she said. "And that's your College Boards."

Nancy was waiting for him when he went into the hall. "What did Skinny Irvine want?" she said.

"My liver and lights," he said. "She whaled right into me."

"She must have," Nancy said. "You look terrible." Then Nancy said: "I thought I heard her laughing."

"Yeah," Brigden said, "you know what she's like. Makes a sarcastic crack and then laughs like a madwoman."

"She stinks," Nancy said.

"Yeah? I thought she smelled kind of nice, as a matter of fact."

"You're so witty, dear. As if you don't know what I mean."

"Come on," Brigden said, "let's get out to the car. I've got to go to work, you know."

"Chanel," Nancy said. "That's what she uses. Anybody could smell just as nice if somebody bought them a bottle of it."

"Next payday," Brigden said, "and let's skip the Irvine, huh? I've had about all of her I can stand for one day."

"That's what you think. She and Miss Lawlor are going to be the chaperons tonight at the class dance. The country club is letting us have the floor."

Brigden opened the car door and groaned. "I thought that was two weeks from now," he said.

"That's the harvest dance, cretin. I said class dance."

"Damn it, Nancy, I've got to study sometime. The Irvine told me I was going to crash."

"Darling," Nancy said, "this is our senior year. Our very last year!"

"What are you wailing about?" he said. "You sound as though they were gonna line us all up at Commencement

and shoot us."

"How terribly, terribly funny," Nancy said.

It seemed to Brigden that he and Nancy slid into the bickering routine a little too easily these days. A little too easily, and a little too often. He fired up the engine and listened to it for a minute. It was a hell of a suave power plant, he thought.

"Have you decided about selling this hearse?" Nancy said.

It was bound to come. Brigden sidestepped it. "One thing at a time," he said. "I'm trying to figure tonight. And don't call my car a hearse."

There were times when Nancy knew better than to push. She fiddled with the radio and sang until he had parked in the driveway beside her house. Then she slid across the seat. "Lover," she said.

She could be very enthusiastic and rather experimental when she wanted to be. Her tongue danced across his lips and she strained her chest against his. Nancy was a well-developed girl: Brigden at once became terribly aware of the twin pressures of her large breasts. A familiar lick of flame raced down his spine.

"I'm gonna be late for work," he said.

She kissed him again, this time darting her tongue into his mouth. "Souvenir," she said. "Until tonight."

He laughed. "You know how to win," he said. "Don't you?"

Brigden saw Nancy's mother coming toward them through the garden and Mrs. Price was just more than he could take right now. Nancy's mother had marriage on the brain and she was always coming up with it in some coy, subtle way. Subtle as a truck. Brigden still remembered his embarrassment when Mrs. Price had walked in on one of their first heavy sessions. He had been trying to unfasten Nancy's brassiere. It had taken him a long time to realize that his embarrassment had been quite unnecessary.

He started his car and waved hastily at Mrs. Price and started easing the car backwards. Nancy jumped out. "Eight-thirty," he said. "Maybe a quarter to nine."

"Don't be late," Nancy said.

Brigden's father was not at all small in the matter of an allowance, but it seemed to Brigden that ever since he'd started going steady with Nancy Price his cost of living had been awful. Nancy was a girl who liked to be seen around, and often. To keep himself solvent Brigden worked three or four hours every day at a service station. Dates with Nancy were always a rush and Brigden didn't have much home life any more.

His father and mother liked to dine late and take their time about it. Brigden, who had rushed home from his job and rushed through his shower and dressing, found them drinking cocktails in the living room.

"Hi," he said. "It's 8:15. I don't think I can wait for dinner."

"That's terrible," his mother said.

"I had a hot dog downtown," Brigden said. "Nance hates me to be late."

"Say," his father said, "you're not by any chance secretly married to this Nancy, are you?"

Brigden grinned. "No," he said. "It just seems like it."

"You're damn right it does," his father said. "But in view of the fact that you're not, that she can't divorce you or take any other legal action against you if you happen to be a little late, how's about having a drink with us?"

"He's going to be driving," Brigden's mother said.

"I know he's going to be driving, and look at the state he's in. He's got the perpetual twitch these days. A drink will calm him." His father got up and poured whiskey into a shot glass. "Wine of the country," he said.

"Well, thanks," Brigden said.

"Sit down, sit down," his father said. "What gets me," he said, "is the way she talks to you. I've noticed it, on the rare occasions when you bring her around. As though the honeymoon was over 10 years ago."

"Well," Brigden said, "there never was a honeymoon."

"I can believe it," his father said. "It's a goddamned abnormality."

"Stop yelling," his mother said.

"I'm just trying to make a point," his father said. "I'd simply like to observe that he works like a dog to support a travesty of marriage. And I'll allow you one more drink," he said to Brigden.

"Not unless he eats dinner afterward," his mother said.

"Fair enough," his father said. "Well?"

"As a matter of fact," Brigden said, "I think it's a good idea."

• • •

When he stopped the car Nancy came running down the walk in something floaty made of chiffon. She was wearing a sequined stole over her shoulders. It had cost Brigden a week's pay.

"You're late," she said. "You're terribly late."

"Geez," he said, "I took off right after dinner."

"Dinner," she said. "They eat dinner in the middle of the night at your house. Why didn't you have something downtown?"

"Because I wanted to have dinner with my old folks, that's why. Is it a goddam crime to eat with your own parents?"

"Don't swear at me," she said.

"Oh God," he said. "I'm sorry. Why're we always fighting, anyway?"

"Ask yourself," Nancy said coolly. "Just ask yourself that question."

The combo was blowing it out when they arrived. Nancy hurried to the powder room. Brigden made his manners to Miss Lawlor and Miss Irvine and gloomed over to the sidelines. Nancy came back with her let's-make-it-up look on her face, but Brigden still felt gloomy. He took her into his arms and shuffled out on the floor.

"There's Buzzy Norton," Nancy said.

"That thief," Brigden said. Buzzy Norton was the owner of the Olds.

"Have you talked price with him?" Nancy said.

"Seven and a half."

"Why, that's cheap. That's a bargain. Any dealer in town would give him that for it."

"So why hasn't he taken it to a dealer?" Brigden said. "I'll tell you why. He's driven the hell out of it. He had the motor seize up on him once. Nobody wants Buzzy Norton's car."

"I do," Nancy said. She swung around and looked down the floor. "Irvine and Lawlor are looking the other way," she said. "Come on."

Brigden followed her out to the terrace. A red moon was just rising and he stumbled a couple of times going down the stones and around the hedge after Nancy. "Lover," she whispered. "Lover!" It was Nancy's trigger-word.

Brigden responded in a token way. He felt remote and sad and pitying because there had been rehearsals for this in the matter of the sequined stole, and the watch Nancy had wanted, and the numerous expensive places he had taken her to. Brigden felt sad; and he decided he'd better precipitate things.

Nancy pulled her face away. "Lover," she said, "not below the belt."

Brigden feigned an urgency. Nancy held his wrist. She backed away a little. "Will you buy it?" she said.

"What?" he said. "Buy what, Nance?"

"The car," she said. "The Olds."

Very gently, Brigden disengaged his hand. "No," he said.

"You've got the money," she said. "I know you have. Most of it, anyway."

"Nance," he said, "don't push it. Please don't push it."

"I will so too push it!"

"OK," he said, "let's look at it this way, then. Don't you think seven hundred and 50 dollars is kind of high for what you're offering?"

Of course she hit him. Brigden was expecting it. He also expected her to start crying, but she didn't. "You're trying to get rid of me," she said, "aren't you?"

"I think we'd better call the whole thing off," he said.

"But let me tell you something," she said, as though she had not heard him; "you're not going to get rid of me. Do you understand that?"

He turned away from her. "Let go, Nance," he said. "Let go."

She moved around in front of him. "I'm going to make you *awfully* sorry. I promise you that."

"All right," he said. "All right."

He watched her walking along the terrace, until she went back inside. He shivered a little and then went in himself, and into the men's john. He washed his face and hands and examined his mouth in the mirror for lipstick. Then he went out to the floor. Nancy was dancing with Buzzy Norton, her cheeks pink and her hair flying. Brigden wondered what the hell the protocol was now. He supposed he should hang around and take her home.

Miss Irvine caught his eye and beckoned to him. "I see you're free for the moment, Brigden," she said. "Would you care to escort me? I'd like to go outside and smoke a cigarette."

"Sure," he said. "I mean, certainly, Miss Irvine. I'd be delighted."

A few figures in standing embrace glided deeper into the shadows when they went out. Miss Irvine put her hand on Brigden's arm and they went down the stone steps to the long gravel walk below the hedge. Brigden fished out his cigarettes and lighter. "There are benches along here," he said. "Or would you prefer to walk?"

"I think walk." She bent a little to the flame of his lighter. Then she took his arm again. "I see you and Nancy have quarreled," she said.

"Does it show?" he said.

"Oh yes," she said, "it shows. And Nancy is talking, naturally."

"Well," he said, "I guess she's entitled to that."

"What about you, Brigden? Aren't you full of it, too?"

"No," he said. "I feel sort of emptied. Not empty. Free, I guess. I think I was building up to it for a long time, without realizing it."

"How is your conscience?" Miss Irvine said.

"Pretty good," Brigden said. "A bad spot here and there."

"Would it help your conscience at all to know that it was common knowledge that Nancy Price was taking you for everything she could get?"

"I don't know," Brigden said. "I don't want to run her down, I know that."

Miss Irvine said: "Neither do I, Brigden. I'm not very interested in her, in fact. I hope you'll forgive me for questioning you about it."

Brigden turned and smiled at her. Miss Irvine was not as tall as he was. He said: "I'm pretty used to having you grill me, Miss Irvine."

"I keep forgetting that, I don't know why," she said. She dropped her cigarette on the gravel and stepped on it. Her hand tightened slightly on his arm.

"I think we should turn back. We're nearly off the property."

"Wait," Brigden said. "Miss Irvine, please wait a minute."

"I must go back. What is it, Brigden?"

"Just look up," he said. "Just look up in the moonlight."

Miss Irvine lifted up her face.

"You're beautiful," Brigden whispered.

"I wanted to hear you say that," she said. "I wanted to hear it again."

"You're beautiful," he said. "I could look at you forever."

"I believe you mean it," Miss Irvine said.

"God, yes," Brigden said. He reached up and traced the outline of her cheek with his fingertips. Then he bent forward and kissed her. "I love you, Miss Irvine," he said.

In the moonlight her eyes glittered and this glittering spilled and spread downward. Miss Irvine was crying. "Don't you know my name?" she said.

"Kathleen," he said. "I love you, Kathleen."

"Well I love you too," she said. "It's quite a situation, isn't it?"

"I don't know," he said. "I just love you. Let's get married."

"Dear heaven," she said. "Dear heaven. You aren't holding back a thing, are you?" Her hands, now in his, held with a drowning tightness; her heart's beat pulsed in her breath, and her tears fell on their hands. Brigden was very close to weeping, himself.

He was, as they say, without frame of reference. Avid front-seat explorer, brassiere engineer extraordinary, Brigden Cole was now truly in love with a woman whose personality had long since invaded his. His instincts in the matter were virgin, but sound. He had stated his case. Now he rested it.

Presently Miss Irvine sighed and with a curious gesture that was of her whole body came into his arms. Brigden sheltered her and marveled over her, and kissed her again with the utmost gentleness.

"We've got to go back," she said. "Let me go, Brigden, and light me a cigarette, please." She began to look about her, on the gravel. "I must have dropped my purse," she said.

He gave her a cigarette and found the purse and held it while she took out tissues and dried her face and wiped her mouth. "Come on," she said, "we must go back. What am I going to do about you, Brigden. Can you forget all about this?"

"No," he said. "Can you?"

"Dear heaven," she said, "I should. I most certainly should. Darling," she said, "let me go. In your mind."

"Well——" Brigden said.

She began to hurry along the path. "Look," she said, "they're all going home. Don't follow me, darling. Let me go in alone."

"Miss Irvine!" Brigden said. "Let me talk with you. Tomorrow."

"No," she said. "I need tomorrow and I need Sunday. Don't you come near me, Brigden Cole." She ran up the steps to the terrace.

Brigden eased around to the parking lot. The floodlights were on and a lot of people were milling around the cars. He spotted Buzzy Norton's two-tone Olds. Buzzy and Nancy were standing beside it. Brigden strolled over.

"Heyah," Buzzy said, not too easily. "Want to buy a good car?"

"Hey, thief," Brigden said. "Let's go, Nance."

"What's the idea hey!" Buzzy yelled. "I'm taking her home."

"I brought her, I take her," Brigden said.

Nancy jumped into the Olds and skidded across the seat. "I'll go home with whom I please," she said.

"Well, you can't say I didn't try to do my duty," Brigden said. He gave Buzzy a contemptuous push. "Have fun," he said.

Brigden slept until noon. He needed it. When he came downstairs his father was drinking coffee and reading the paper. "Good morning, cad," his father said.

"Huh?" Brigden said. He poured himself coffee and sat down.

"Your girlfriend's mother was into me over the telephone this morning," his father said. "Seems like you're the lousiest double-crossingest son of a bitch in creation. She promised me trouble."

"Yeah," Brigden said. "So did Nancy, last night."

"Well I don't think they can get us on breach of promise," his father said. "And there's only one other thing I can think of. Did I understand you right when you said there'd been no, ah, honeymoon?"

"You did."

"Well I can stop worrying, then. You have any plans?"

"I'm gonna quit that goddam job at the service station," Brigden said. "Get some sleep, and hit the books."

"This is better than I'd hoped," his father said.

"Yeah?" Brigden said. "Thanks for taking care of Nance's mother."

"It was a pleasure," his father said. "I assure you."

Brigden was worried about his English period on Monday. He wasn't sure he could stay together when he saw Miss Irvine. He even wondered about skipping it, but in the end he knew he had to see her. He sat quietly, admiring the way she moved, loving the beauty of her face, and trying not to think. When the bell rang he shambled to his feet, turning his back to her desk. The mob rushed out, but he couldn't go. He turned around again and she came toward him at once.

"Get that look off your face," she said. "That's no way to look around here."

"OK, Miss Irvine," he said.

"I want you to do something for me," she said. "There's something wrong with my car. The service man has taken it away. I was wondering if you'd care to drive me home."

"Yes," he said. "I'd be glad to, Miss Irvine."

"Shall I meet you outside, then, in a few minutes?"

He waited at the main entrance and escorted her to his car. Miss Irvine didn't say anything, except to tell him where she lived. He opened the door and handed her in.

He moved out into the light traffic and headed for Miss Irvine's address. Miss Irvine sat stiffly beside him, and not at all close. Several times he thought she'd started to say something, but she never did. She didn't say a word until he parked in front of the house on a quiet residential street.

"Well——" he said uncertainly. He got out and opened the door for her.

"Perhaps," she said, "you'd care to come in for a moment, Brigden. Would you care for a cup of coffee and something to eat?"

"Why yes, Miss Irvine," he said. "That would be very nice."

The house was a duplex and Miss Irvine's was the downstairs apartment. He followed her through the hall, where there was a mirror over a small table. There was a bowl of flowers on the table. The living room was restful, the furniture of no period. Brigden, who had learned something from his mother, perceived that Miss Irvine liked her wood shining and her fabric clean. There was a trace of her perfume in the air and of those thousand other things that give houses and rooms in houses an odor as distinctive as a fingerprint.

"Well," Miss Irvine said. "Do you like my house?"

Brigden smiled gently. "Yes," he said. "I like the smell of it."

"How nice." Miss Irvine's voice was nearly harsh. "You have rather a gift for saying nice things, haven't you, Brigden?"

"I don't know," he said. "Whatever pops into my head, it seems to me."

"Please sit down." She came back across the room in a striding jerky way that was not at all like her usual elegant walk. "Here are cigarettes," she said, putting a carved wooden box on the coffee table. "Will you excuse me, please, while I put on the coffee and tidy up?"

Brigden lit a cigarette and sat on the edge of the chair. Miss Irvine's tenseness was beginning to make him uneasy, not that he was feeling like any care-

free kid himself. She was still striding around the place, in and out of the kitchen, in and out of the bedroom. She came out of the bedroom once putting her suit jacket on a hanger. "I don't know," she said. "Do you think it's cool enough for a fire? Would you like to lay a fire?"

"Sure, Miss Irvine," Brigden said. It was something to do.

She went into the bathroom. Brigden could hear her turning faucets on and off. When she came out he stayed on his knees, studiously building a lattice of kindling. "Brigden," she said, "did you do what I suggested? Did you manage to forget all about it over the weekend?"

He stood up. "No," he said, "I didn't, Miss Irvine."

She looked at him out of eyes that seemed to have turned black. "Does your father let you drink?" she said.

"What?" he said. "Miss Irvine, are you trying to brace me for something?"

"I'm just asking you if you'd like a drink," she said. "I seem to have changed my mind about coffee, for this moment, anyway."

Brigden was beginning to feel sorry for Miss Irvine. He wondered why she was making it so tough for herself. She could have said it was no dice in the car instead of trying to be nice about it and getting herself all worked up instead. "Well," he said, "my father would be disappointed in me if I refused a drink and mad as hell if I got drunk."

Miss Irvine laughed a little, and Brigden felt rewarded. "He must be a remarkable person," she said.

"Yeah," Brigden said. "I like him. That makes me remarkable too."

"You're trying to make me laugh," she said. She opened a corner cupboard and put a bottle and small glasses on a brass tray. She brought the tray over and put it on the coffee table. "You're trying to make me laugh because you're such a nice boy, and you're really not a boy at all. I distinctly remember," Miss Irvine said, "the day when I realized that you were no longer a boy. Will you pour, Brigden? I've had this bottle of Scotch for a long time. I hope it hasn't gone bad or anything."

Brigden handed her a glass. They were both standing in front of the unlit fire. "What should I say?" she said. "What does one say before drinking, on occasions like this?" Her glass shook and some of the liquor spilled over her fingers.

Brigden put his hand under hers, cupping it. "Just drink it," he said. It had come to him, now, that he had nearly made a terrible mistake. A false assumption, that's what Miss Irvine would call it. He watched, loving her, as she bent her head to drink from the glass he was steadying for her; and his soul ac-

knowledged a lover's responsibility.

When she had finished he put their glasses on the tray and took her hands in his and she came to him immediately. Her legs were trembling violently. "Dear heaven," she said, "dear heaven my darling, I'm a terrible seductress, I just don't know how to do it. I thought I'd do something graceful and exquisitely significant, you know, like the woman in *Tea and Sympathy*, just one button. . ."

"Well," Brigden said, "it seems to me that it takes a hell of a lot more than just one button."

She laughed, her voice liquid now and falling in her throat, and stroked her cheek against his. "Darling," she said, "you take such good care of me, don't you." Miss Irvine's elegant legs weren't going to hold her up much longer; Miss Irvine's eloquent hands beseeched. Miss Irvine's voice plunged into some great depth, and was lost. "Darling," she whispered, "take care of me. Take *care* of me."

• • •

In November Brigden's father said: "Say, I think you're gaining weight. Feeling pretty good these days, aren't you?"

"Like a millionaire," Brigden said.

"School grades getting better all the time too," his father said. "How the hell do you do it, on so little sleep?"

"Oh, I'm getting plenty of sleep," Brigden said.

"Rolling in at three and four in the morning?" his father said. "Not around here, you're not."

Brigden colored brightly. "Geezez," he said, "I thought you'd be sound asleep. I mean, after the first two or three times, when you didn't say anything. . ."

"Well, well," his father said.

"Listen," Brigden said, "I hope this isn't a crackdown."

"Don't be stupid. Could I stop you if I tried?"

"No sir, you couldn't."

"Well then. I just hope she isn't married."

"No," Brigden said. "She won't marry me, either."

"*What?*" his father said. Then he laughed. "Why not?" he said.

"She says she's too old, that it would wreck me. She's only 27," he said. "I keep trying to get her to come home with me and meet you, but she won't do it. It doesn't make sense to me."

"Well I hope you won't ask me to explain it," his father said. "Let's leave it that you're damn lucky to be the recipient of a grown-up woman's charms."

For Brigden Cole, Miss Irvine's charms were ten thousand. Miss Irvine's charm was her face against a white pillow, the face of his beloved. Miss Irvine's charm was her slender body seen by lamplight, seen by firelight. Miss Irvine's charm

was pink and tendriled and of incredible delicacy. Miss Irvine's charms were her small and perfect little bosom, offered; her fine-boned feet, quiescent under his caress, that yet could dance a frenzy in the air.

Roses for Brigden Cole; roses all the way. Brigden's grades were good because Miss Irvine made him study during their evenings together. Brigden hunched at her escritoire while she read by the fire and passion secretly renewed itself in them. Brigden's health was good because he went early to bed with Miss Irvine and slept deeply, commingled with her charms. To rise and leave her was sweet sorrow indeed, but for Brigden Cole there was always tomorrow. And he would walk through the cold streets of early morning, three blocks to where he had discreetly hidden his car. And in half an hour he would be asleep again. There was always tomorrow.

On a Saturday morning Miss Irvine awoke with a start. "Dear heaven my darling," she said, "it's broad daylight. I didn't set the clock."

Her distress awakened him abruptly. Miss Irvine had scrambled out of bed and was standing by the window as though somehow something still could be done. "I can't risk having you leave now," she said. "What if somebody calls on me?"

"I could hide in here," he said.

"But could I hide knowing it?"

Brigden got out of bed and took her in his arms. "Maybe it won't happen," he said. "People don't call much in the mornings, after all."

She nodded against his shoulder. Her initial fright was passing. Her hands that always in agitation made their plea against his chest, now began to stroke his face and neck. Brigden held one and kissed it. Miss Irvine's hands, like the rest of her, were slender and elegant and beautiful. "You're so beautiful," he said. "Kathleen. What a way to wake up, seeing you standing there in the sunlight." He wanted to kiss her mouth, but he nuzzled her neck instead. "Gotta clean my teeth," he muttered.

"My darling," she said, "you're so nice. So should I." She lifted herself against him. "Shower too. My darling how I love you. We're going to have a wonderful day together."

The telephone rang. In Brigden's arms Miss Irvine shuddered and then clung.

"It's only the telephone," he said. "It's only the telephone."

Brigden watched her while she talked into it. It was funny, he thought, there she was just like one of those calendars in some place like an auto shop, a naked girl with a telephone. But Miss Irvine was not striking any provocative poses. Miss Irvine just looked defenseless. Brigden picked up her housecoat and took it to her, holding it so that she could put her arms into the sleeves.

"Lawlor," she was saying, "well, you'd sound funny too if you'd just been awakened. Yes, dear, quite alone and I'm getting a little tired of that kind of talk. I can't *help* it if my complexion's suddenly improved." She shifted the telephone from one hand to the other, turning her head rapidly. "I'm sorry," she said, "I think I'm due to fall off the roof today." She put her other arm into the housecoat. "I think I'll just huddle by myself. Hot tea and aspirin."

It took her a long time to get rid of Miss Lawlor. Then she sat on the edge of the bed. "The lies you have to tell," she said. "My darling, the world is catching up with us, or creeping in on us."

"Let's meet it," Brigden said. "Let's get married."

"We've been over that before. Over it and over. Let's not again."

"Well I want you to marry me."

"My darling I love you. And I'm not going to ruin you. I've told you that and told you. I'll be middle-aged while you're still young."

"You're crazy," Brigden said.

She nodded, beginning to cry. "Yes," she said, "I know." She put her head down, her shoulders shaking. "Dear heaven my darling," she said, "how long will the world keep out of our life?"

• • •

The world crashed in on them just five days later. The principal's office sent for Brigden during the final period of the day. It was math and Brigden walked out, innocent and a little preoccupied. When he went into the office his father was sitting in a chair near the desk. The principal was behind the desk and Nancy Price and her mother were in chairs in front of it. And in another chair, to one side, sat Miss Irvine.

"Sit down, Brigden," Mr. Paul, the principal, said. "We've got something pretty serious here." He started to tap a pencil on his blotter.

Brigden looked around him. His father looked fierce. Miss Irvine looked broken. She was sitting very straight, her back not touching the back of her chair, and with no expression on her face. It was as though, broken, she were trying to hold it all together. Brigden didn't look at Nancy or her mother.

Mr. Paul stopped tapping the pencil and said: "Brigden, have you been having an affair with Miss Irvine?"

"Geezez." Brigden said. "*Geezez!*" He looked helplessly at his father, but his father was watching the principal.

"Affair!" Nancy said. "He's been *sleeping* with her."

"Be quiet, Nancy," Mr. Paul said. "I've heard your story. Allow me to choose my own words. "Well?" he said to Brigden. "And don't lie."

Brigden's father said harshly: "Re-

member what I told you about the value of your word. *I want it to mean something.*"

Brigden's brains felt congealed. But he was going to make his word mean something, all right, and to hell with anybody who tried to make him change it.

"Well?" Mr. Paul said, stabbing the blotter with his pencil. "Well?"

"Geezez, sir," Brigden said, "that's terrible. How could I have an affair with Miss Irvine? *Goddam it, she's my English teacher!*"

Mr. Paul winced. "You don't need to yell and you don't need to swear," he said. "Although I can understand that this might be a shock to you."

"I saw him," Nancy said. "Night after night, going into her place. I saw them together," Nancy said. "I looked in her window."

Miss Irvine closed her eyes.

"Sir," Brigden said, "it just isn't true."

Brigden's father said: "Miss Irvine denies it and my son denies it. Surely that's enough to discount this girl's ridiculous story, Mr. Paul."

Mr. Paul seemed grateful for this. He said: "Brigden, weren't you and Nancy Price, ah, going steady?"

"Yes sir," Brigden said.

"And then you broke up? You yourself broke it up?"

"Yes sir," Brigden said.

"I also understand that you escorted Miss Irvine outside for a few moments on the night that you took Nancy to your class dance." Mr. Paul turned to Brigden's father. "A young girl," he said, smiling in a tentative way. "You could call it hysterical jealousy, perhaps?"

"Yes," Brigden's father said. "I'd let her off with that."

Miss Irvine opened her eyes.

Nancy leaned forward. "Prostitute," she said to Miss Irvine. "I'm going to talk and talk and talk. I'm going to talk you right out of this town."

Mr. Paul stopped smiling. "Mrs. Price," he said, "I hope you realize that if you allow your daughter to persist in this the consequences will be very serious for Miss Irvine."

Mrs. Price looked scared but she wasn't backing down. "Well it's a fine thing," she said, "when a nice young man like Brigden Cole is seduced by a schoolteacher, and she gets away with it. I say my daughter has every right to complain."

"You have already told me that you are accepting your daughter's word for all this," Mr. Paul said. "I don't understand what you have to gain by your attitude. I don't understand at all."

Brigden Cole understood. They were holding Miss Irvine up for ransom. He threw an agonized look at his father.

His father said: "I've heard enough

of this. Miss Irvine has been a dinner guest in my home several times. She and my wife are quite friendly, as a matter of fact. They have often talked together until quite late. It never occurred to me," Brigden's father said angrily, "that having my son escort her home would result in this."

"And he always came right home?" Mr. Paul said. "He was never gone for long?"

Brigden's father smiled and said: "I don't like your question and the answer is yes. He was always back within a few minutes."

"I just want to nail this thing down," Mr. Paul said. "I wish you'd spoken of this earlier. I think we would have saved Miss Irvine a good deal."

"When people are throwing slanders around," Brigden's father said, "it's a good idea to see how far they want to go. I don't think Mrs. Price wants to go any further, do you, Mrs. Price?"

Mrs. Price stood up. "I was only thinking of your son's welfare, Mr. Cole," she said. "And that is no longer any concern of mine."

Mr. Paul got up too and came around his desk. Mr. Paul was looking very tough but it was clear, also, that Mr. Paul was feeling very good. "I think any apologies would be farcical," he said. "I'll just see you and Nancy to the street, Mrs. Price." He ushered Nancy and her mother out and closed the door. For a moment his voice could still be heard. He was saying: "Now I want you two to listen to me very carefully. . ."

Brigden's father said: "There goes one hell of a relieved guy. When I came in here he was seeing his job going up in a blaze of scandal. The new social factor," Brigden's father said. "Guilt by association. Make you a nice theme." He was studying Miss Irvine, and he seemed to be waiting for something.

Miss Irvine looked awful. She looked half dead. Her face was white and her eyes were black and blind looking.

"This is a terrible place," Brigden said. "Let's get out of here. Let's take Miss Irvine home with us."

His father got up right away. "Now you're talking," he said. "Let's go."

Still sitting in her chair, with her back still straight, Miss Irvine started to shake.

"We'll have some of that wine of the country," Brigden said loudly.

"Now you're really talking," his father said.

Brigden went over and took Miss Irvine's hands. They were cold. She said: "You don't have to do this, Brigden. You don't have to do it my darling!"

"Miss Irvine," Brigden's father said, "it seems to me that he knows that."

"Dear heaven," Miss Irvine said. "Dear heaven."

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PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

THE HAWAIIANS, in case you didn't know, are one of the few folk on earth who have no word in their language for *weather*. Reason, of course, according to the natives, is that it's always the same and that same is perfect. And the airlines flying there back up the boast: you can enjoy your stay for any length of time and if the temperature has dipped below 75° for half your visit, you collect full price of your round-trip ticket. If you don't care to wing there, you can hop aboard the Chusan, a glittering white British cruise liner that is held by the cognoscenti to be one of the best afloat. She pulls out from San Francisco on the last day of May, complete with a pair of orks and a pair of swimming pools, for 14 days and nights, with Hawaii as her destination. Tab starts at $300 (round-trip only) and winds upward.

Speaking of islands, the Caribbean and environs are all agleam in the spring, and about $30 a day will get you a balconied room overlooking the sparkling waters and more grub than you can possibly stash away. For instance, there are two spanking new pleasure palaces at Puerto Rico: Dorado Beach Club (136 rooms and an 18-hole seaside golf course) and the swank La Concha (500 rooms and myriad *divertissements*). John Pringle's Casa Montego on lush Jamaica is just a bit over one year old and adds to its other advantages the fact that it is in the center of Jamaica's largest resort area, Montego Bay. Farther up the coast reposes Don Bardowell's serene Tower Isle Hotel, high-spot of the Ocho Rios resort area and one of our favorite at-ease spots, any time of the year.

If skiing's still on your mind, the world's highest resort at Chacaltaya, not far from La Paz, Bolivia, has fine snow through the month of May on slopes 17,000 feet above sea level. Farther south in the Argentine Lake Region, near Bariloche, the slopes of Cerro Catedral offer modern ski lifts, excellent accommodations and top European ski instructors.

In California with your own car, a good route for a short spring run is through the old gold country — along Route 49 from Mariposa to Sattley — past ruined ghost towns, and a reconstructed one at Columbia State Park. It's a bare day's run, even taking it fairly easy, so go on over from there to resort-ringed Lake Tahoe for the balance of a long weekend. From a parked convertible in the hills high above the water it's the dreamiest and bluest mountain lake we've ever scanned. Tahoe Tavern just south of town is a well-known place with rates of $13-$15 a day; and at the south end of the lake one of the better, newer spots is Tahoe Sands Motel, a luxury spot at $12-$14. You'll want to spend your evenings at the North Shore Club at Crystal Bay, just across the line in Nevada. Or go as far as Reno — bright divorcees and bored croupiers — and beyond to the Gay Nineties goings-on at Virginia City.

For further information on any of the above, write to Playboy Reader Service, 232 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Illinois.

NEXT MONTH:

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Win this son of Oil Capitol

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KENTUCKY CLUB ANNUAL DERBY DAY CONTEST

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Ted says:

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1. Bay Thoroughbred colt sired by *Oil Capitol*, stakes winner of 19 races and $580,000.

2. All expenses for board and training your prize colt by the experienced trainer, L. K. Haggin, at War Horse Place, Lexington, Ky., to July 1, 1959 are paid by Kentucky Club.

3. Two choice seats for 1959 Kentucky Derby—plus hotel room for four days—plus $1,000.00 in cash for expenses and to shoot the works at the races.

This year's Kentucky Club Derby Day Contest brings you an opportunity to win a colt with a great background. His sire, *Oil Capitol*, was stakes winner of 19 races and $580,000; sired 10 winners from his first crop to race last year.

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Don't worry about how you would take care of a race horse. Kentucky Club pays the bills for board and training to July 1, 1959. You get all the fun and thrills of owning a race horse without spending a dime. Later, you can race your prize colt or sell him, as you wish. We hope he will bring you a fortune.

It's easy to win. Awards will be made for the best names for this son of *Oil Capitol*. Send in all the entries you want. For example, a name might be *Slick Winner*. Don't send in this name. Think of better ones.

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8th to 32nd PRIZES — Philco pocket-size 6-transistor radio. Gives hundreds of hours of life from only 2 pen-light batteries. 2-tone high-impact plastic case. Carrying handle also supports radio for table top use.

33rd to 500th PRIZES — Beautiful simulated oil painting of 1959 Kentucky Club Prize Colt. Authentic copy of original oil painting by Allen F. Brewer, Jr., world-famous equine artist. In wooden frame, ready to hang. About 10 x 13 inches.

CONTEST RULES 1. In not over 16 letters (or more than three words), write a name for the Kentucky Club prize colt. Count punctuation or space between words as letters. For example *Slick Winner* counts as 12 letters. Use plain paper or entry blank. Print your name and address.

2. Send as many entries as you like to "Kentucky Club Derby Day Contest," P. O. Box 3-C, Mount Vernon 10, N. Y. Each entry must be accompanied by front of outer wrapper from any of Kentucky Club's 9 brands of pipe tobacco: Aromatic Kentucky Club Mixture, London Dock, Whitehall, Brush Creek, Piper's Pouch Mixture, Crosby Square, Dunsford, Kentucky Club White Burley, Willoughby Taylor. Entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, April 6, 1959. No entries returned. All become property of Kentucky Club—Division of Mail Pouch Tobacco Co.

3. Prizes will be awarded as listed elsewhere on this page. Entries will be judged by the Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation on the basis of originality, aptness of thought and sincerity. Judges' decision final. Duplicate prizes in case of ties. All members of a family may compete, but only one prize to a family.

4. Everyone in United States and possessions or Canada may enter the contest except employees of the manufacturers of Kentucky Club's Tobaccos, its advertising agencies and members of their families. Entries must be the original work of contestant. Contest subject to Federal, State and local regulations.

5. Top winner will be notified in ample time to attend the Derby; other winners will be notified by mail approximately six weeks after close of contest. Prize colt will be presented to winner at Churchill Downs during Derby Day week. If, because of accident or other reason, it is necessary to withdraw the colt described above, another Thoroughbred of comparable value will be awarded. List of winning horses available to those requesting same and enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

ENTRY BLANK

Just write name for Kentucky Club prize colt in not over 16 letters and not over three words.

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