

PLAYBOY

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OCTOBER 50 cents





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THERE ARE SO MANY special things going on in this issue that we hardly know where to begin telling you about them.

Let's see. Well, first off, there's your ballot for the second annual PLAYBOY JAZZ POLL. We'd like to receive your votes as early as possible, so seize your ball-point, search your soul, and pick the jazz artists you feel deserve a place in the 1958 PLAYBOY ALL-STAR JAZZ BAND. Some of last year's winners took first place by a small margin, so if you've a jazz favorite who ran a close second or third, your vote may bring him top honors this time.

The fi is as high as an elephant's eye in John M. Conly's smart scoop on the attaining of audio excellence, *The Compleat Fidelitarian*. Conly admits to being an extreme cerebrotonic ectomorph, a split personality and a hater of work and parsnips. He also admits to being the editor of *High Fidelity* magazine.

Leading off this month's PLAYBOY is an article so rare, so fascinating, so explosive that we broke the PLAYBOY rule that says we must open each issue with a work of fiction. Ivor Williams' *The Pious Pornographers* is not fiction—it is a relentless pummeling of the strange brand of sex purveyed by the women's magazines, and though it's written with considerable wit, it is such dynamite we have a hunch the detonation will be felt in the magazine world for many a moon to come. The two-page color illustration is the work of Ronald Bradford, that canny collageur who makes great silk purses out of sow's ears, snips, snails, puppy-dog tails, rags, bones, hanks of hair and other oddments and whose collage art you've seen accompanying

PLAYBOY articles and stories by Philip Wylie, John Steinbeck, Leonard Feather and Herbert Gold.

By way of fiction, this issue offers Robert Bloch's sardonic story, *The Cure*. John Wallace's sophisticated *Party Girl* and a batty little item called *The Secret Formula*, by Henry Slesar, whose *Victory Parade* (PLAYBOY, April 1957) was singled out by *The Nation* as an example of PLAYBOY's "notable original fiction" and selected for an anthology of best short-short stories.

But we're not through yet: an American's view of London and a Londoner's view of America grace these October pages. The American is Shel Silverstein and he looks at London with a cartoonist's eye; the Londoner is writer-photographer-designer-actor-lecturer Cecil Beaton and he looks at America with an eye slightly jaundiced in his acrid statement of opinion, *The Cellophane Society*. When Ken Purdy's PLAYBOY piece on the sports car stable was published a few months ago, scads of vehement readers wrote in to ask why the *#!% he didn't say much about the Corvette. One very good reason was that he had in the works an entire article on that car: the article appears in this issue. So does a pictorial feature on the beautiful show-girls of the Miami Latin Quarter, shot, not by a lensman who specializes in glamor, but by Hy Peskin, the nation's top sports photographer; fashion coverage of Brobdingnagian sweaters; a new telling of the tale of *The Rabbit and the Turtle Dove* as this month's Ribald Classic; a most fetching Playmate; and all manner of other good things.



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DEAR PLAYBOY



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YOUR OBEDIENT SERVANT

Regarding the novelization of my film, *Confidential Report*, which was published under the title *Mr. Arkadin* and which PLAYBOY reviewed in its June issue, I must tell you that although this has been published under my name, it was quite without my authorization. I did not write it and I haven't even read it. The film itself (*Playboy After Hours*, July 1957) has been re-cut by my European associates and in that form, at least, no American distributor seems to want to handle it.

Orson Welles
Beverly Hills, California

PLAYBOY called the film "an original, provocative, astonishing piece of virtuoso work," called the novel "less happy." We're glad you had nothing to do with the novel, Orson, sorry the film is having trouble getting to American screens.

PLAYBOY INTERNATIONAL

PLAYBOY goes everywhere! This morning I found the July copy at a newsstand in this small (20,000 population) village in Central France. 'Twas like quite unexpectedly meeting a good friend. Needless to add, I bought a copy — the one copy — at 250 francs (about 72¢) and read it from cover to cover.

Carl Barnes
Sens, France

Vide your *July After Hours*: Gin and It originated in India? Not on your tintype! They liked their liquor straight in the old imperial days. Incidentally, why is it I can buy PLAYBOY in Paris, Rome and Madrid, but not in London?

Berkely Mather
Paris, France

You can — now. PLAYBOY has just started London distribution.

FLYING SEX MACHINES

We are three airline stewardesses who take a very dim view of your featuring a stewardess as your July Playmate. We realize you publish beauty where you find it, but in this case, we feel you could have left this beauty in the sky. Stewardesses are trained to dress modestly. The public expects to see us this way. But when it sees one of us so im-

modestly pictured, it can't help wonder if we're nothing but a bunch of sex machines.

Dorothy Chapman
Kaki Ross
Shirley Hoeffcker
Hollywood, California

THE SERIOUS LISTENER

Your July Playmate is one tasty looking girl, but doesn't she realize that records receive harmful smudge marks from palms, fingers, knees, etc.?

Lt. Jg. Duke Libby
Helicopter Squadron Two
Lakehurst, New Jersey

RING OUT THE NEW

Once upon a time, a PLAYBOY reader could enjoy his favorite magazine from cover to cover without interruption. This is not so any longer, however. Nowadays, we have dissertations on everything from the proper way to chill a lemon to the care and feeding of the skin after bathing. Mr. Rutherford, the Fashion Editor, is the worst offender. He stresses the need for dressing "correctly." Just how one is to retain one's individuality while dressing "correctly" escapes me. Women are more honest about it. They don't pretend to retain their individuality when they are dressed stylishly. Style is a dictator and the very term, in fashion, implies everyone is wearing the same thing. By making your reader style-conscious you are undoubtedly doing the manufacturers of men's clothing a great service, but in my mind you are destroying the readability of PLAYBOY. The average peruser of your "men's entertainment magazine" does not, I am sure, pamper himself in the numerous ways suggested by your editors. Stop tampering with a good format. Bring back the old PLAYBOY.

George H. Freyer
Syracuse, New York

It is difficult for us to imagine a playboy not interested in proper dress.

TOUGH ALL OVER

Man, your Playmates are tough, your articles are tough and, last but not least, your mag is tough. PLAYBOY is about the

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THE RUSSELL CLUB (CONT'D)

Ray Russell, like rare wine, improves with age. Even after more than a dozen readings of *Enter the Handsome Stranger*, his devastation of the new shuffling-shoe, torn-T-shirt, potatoes-in-the-mouth school of drama continues to convulse me and reduce me to a happy pulp. Let's have much more of the same.

Milton W. Kohut
 Victorville, California

When I read Ray Russell's spoof of science-fiction films, *Put Them All Together They Spell Monster*, in *PLAYBOY* last October, I was highly amused at the outrageous notion of a monster composed of a big blob of mobile Vaseline. However, Russell's satire was no sillier than the honest-to-Hollywood s-f flicks being produced today. I have just seen a movie titled *X, the Unknown*, in which the monster is a big blob of mobile mud!

Ken Mueller
 St. Petersburg, Florida

PLAYBOY FOR THE PALACE

The full page cartoon in a recent issue of *The New Yorker* depicting a Middle Eastern potentate ignoring the beauties



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of his harem to concentrate on the latest issue of *PLAYBOY* is closer to fact than fancy: our ads for men's attire which appear each month in your magazine have produced orders from all over the world including, recently, a request for two beach jackets from the Royal Consulate General of Iraq, which closed with, "It would be appreciated very much if this order could be filled as soon as possible, as this is to be shipped by us to the Royal Palace, Baghdad, Iraq."

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More — more — more, please, of Gerald Kersh and Harvey Swados! Their stories were tremendous!

Robert Scherl
Shaker Heights, Ohio

I imagine that Harvey Swados' *A Very Human Story* will draw criticism from some quarters, but more power to you for having the fortitude to fulfill your literary obligation.

Allan Burns
Burbank, California

I hold in high esteem your fine taste and uncanny talent in choosing good fiction. The July issue, however, really hit the jackpot with *Mistress of Porcosito* by Gerald Kersh. He has proved (and brilliantly) that fiction of far-reaching imagination can be produced.

A. Levin
Mojave, California

I have just finished the Gerald Kersh story, *Mistress of Porcosito*, and found it very enjoyable. I would like to see more of his work in PLAYBOY.

Tom Quinsey
Lawrence, Kansas

More Kersh in a couple of months.

THE MOTH SPEAKS

Just flipped through a copy of PLAYBOY and wish to thank you very much for the most rewarding mention you gave my record, *Moth in a Gray Flannel Suit*. Saying "Peck's no Tom Lehrer" is like telling Sir Laurence Olivier he's no James Dean.

Bob Peck
New York, New York

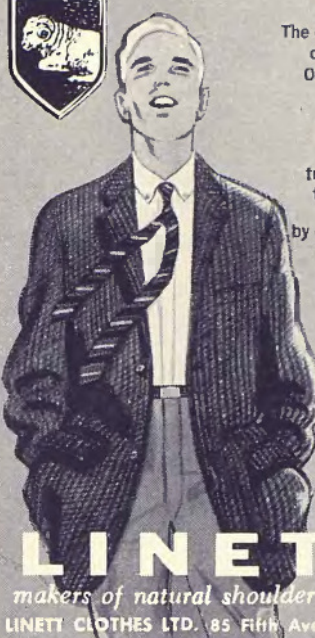
PLAYBOY VS. GIRLS

I'm a Broadway actress, currently appearing in the Paul Douglas show, *A Hole in the Head*. On a recent Wednesday, after a matinee, I had to go to a dance class. 80% of the girls in the class are currently working in Broadway shows, and the collection of faces and figures there are enough to make any playboy's eyes pop. I had some matters to discuss with my manager, so I took him along to the class thinking he would enjoy a little girl-watching. But did he look? Oh no! He sat in a corner, took a copy of PLAYBOY out of his briefcase and stayed at it until an hour and a half later when I had finished, changed and came to drag him out!

Dorothea MacFarland
New York, New York



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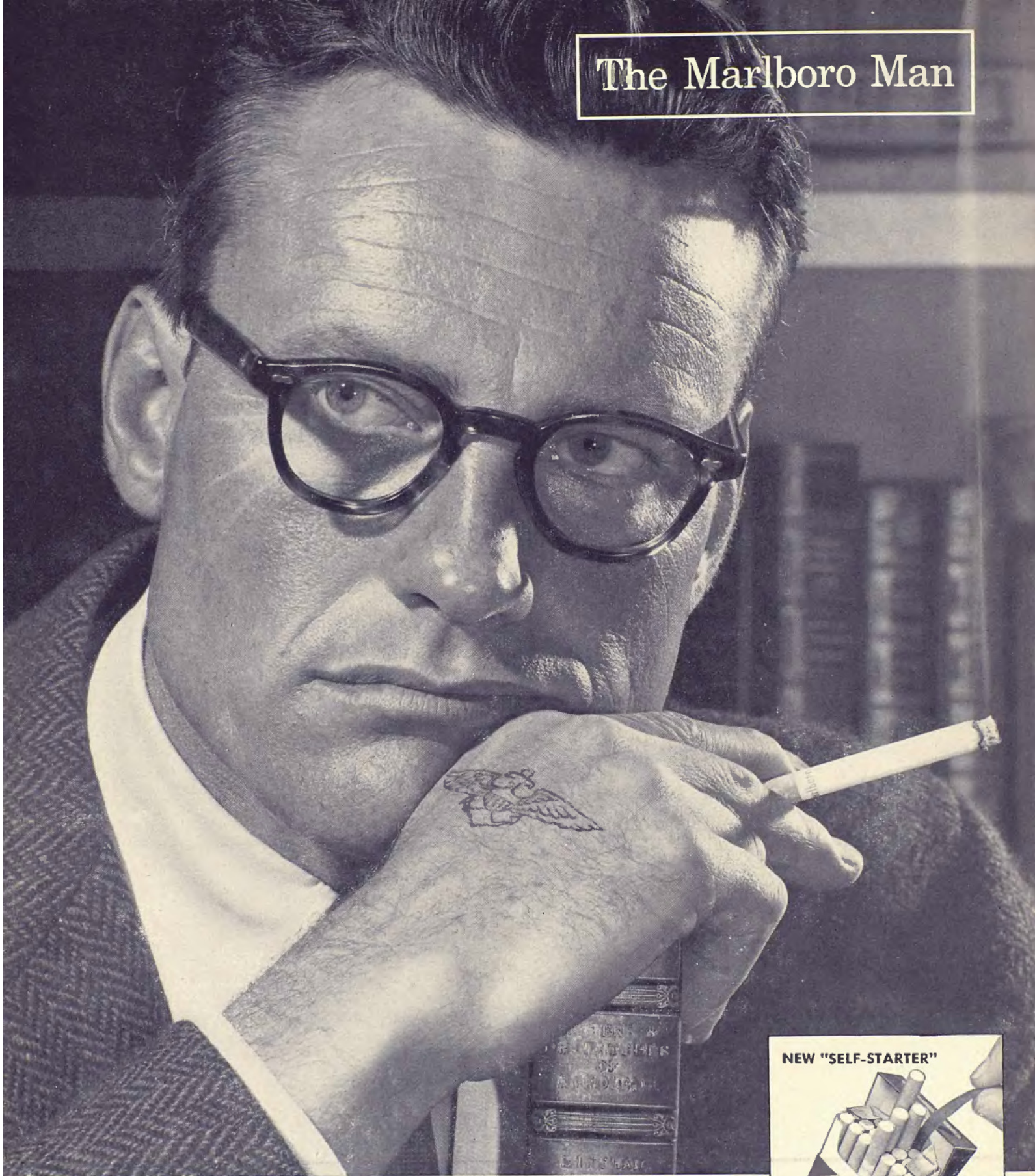
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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



WE'D THOUGHT the gag potential of Philadelphia as a dull town had been exhausted, but a whole slew of newbies about the yawn-qualities of the City of Brotherly Love has sprung up. Take, for example, the current yok that goes like so: big contest sponsored by a giant soap company in which the first prize is a one-week, all-expense vacation in Philadelphia; second prize—a two-week, all-expense vacation in Philadelphia. Or this one: man goes to see his doctor, is informed he only has four months to live. He is told that he can do anything he wants during those four months—smoke, drink, hire a concubine, race D-Jags—anything. But in four months he'll be dead. The man asks the doctor, "Is it OK if I go live in Philadelphia my last four months on this earth?" "Sure," answers the medico, "but why would you want to do a thing like that?" The guy says: "Well, it would seem so much longer that way."

Shades of the Roaring Twenties. Lord & Taylor has uncovered a cache of "vintage raccoon coats . . . in magnificent disrepair" and is unloading them at 25 simoleons each, tax and megaphone not included.

We have a bedraggled, limp letter from a friend recently returned from what was to have been a glorious vacation on his power cruiser, off the New England Coast. This man claims—with some justice—that he was singled out for hard treatment by the doughty descendants of the Pilgrims. On the day of his departure for Cape Cod a group of towns along the shore pooled their resources to see what might be done about alleviating the fine sunny weather, hired a cloud-seeding rainmaker who knew his job. Our informant concludes:

"Don't tell *me* everybody talks about the weather but nobody does anything about it. I'm planning my next vacation in Death Valley."

Picking up on the rear-window auto sticker bit covered in these columns a couple of months ago, a lissome, light-hearted secretary we know on the Coast pulled a switcheroo and now sports the following sign on her desk: "Made in Hollywood by Almost Everybody." The report is also in about a guy in Gotham who ordered those creaky desk signs, THINK and SMILE, and was thoroughly shook up when they came back from the printer as—honest to Pete—THINK and SMILE.

Add to our accidentally-concocted drink department: a host at whose digs we were wetting our whistle found his stock of olives and cocktail onions depleted, frantically rummaged in his refrigerator for some small vegetable with which to garnish the martinis and was successful. Reposing weirdly but tastily in the round that followed were potent slices of kosher dill pickle. He called the new drink a *piccolini*.

We've heard that the principal item in a do-it-yourself gift touted as dandy for The Man Who Has Nothing is a stout-knotted hangman's noose, complete with prefabricated suicide note. Somberly gift-wrapped, it sells for one buck.

All hands on deck for a salute to our intrepid British cousins, and especially to a certain salty sailorgirl who stuck the following classified ad in the sobersided journal *Yachting World*: "Deckhand, female, experienced sail, deep sea, now seeking interesting berth—Box 6190."

BOOKS

Those who flip over the slick TV zanyisms of Ernie Kovacs, a cigar and mustache followed by a mobile mug, should pick up his novel, *Zoomar* (Doubleday, \$3.50). It's not a hack job, either, but rather a robust story of cynical perception and ha-ha humor. It's all about a bright young guy who steps out of the advertising jungle into the television jungle, and his misadventures therein. Author Kovacs gets off a couple of goodies en route: the lunchbound minor exec who tells his secretary, "If my boss calls, get his name." Ernie even plays his own critic, stuffing these lines into the mouth of a newspaperman about real-life TV funnyman Kovacs: "Too erratic, his comedy is too extreme and too frequently he gets his punchline from the grisly side of life . . . man being torn apart by horses . . . trick golf expert missing the ball and bashing in his assistant's head." Yet the novel never skids to a halt. His bright young man becomes a big shot, indulges in a romp with his secretary, finally returns to his wife. Through it all, there are rich veins of tongue-in-cheek humor served in heaping portions. Addicts of the enigmatic Ernie will be pleased to discover this fresh facet of his talent.

In Richard Armour's *Twisted Tales from Shakespeare* (McGraw-Hill, \$2.75), the Bard's "best-known plays are presented in a new light, the old light having blown a fuse." Armour dedicates his book to "the memory of Shakespeare, which was certainly better than mine"; discusses Elizabethan theatre briefly ("The stage was strewn with rushes in the first act and with corpses in the fifth"); dismisses *A Comedy of Errors* with the comment that it's so full of mis-

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takes it's laughable; bestows a grudging nod in the direction of *The Tempest*, which contains many "memorable lines, none of which come to the mind at the moment"; then proceeds to put the screws to *Hamlet* ("People who are old enough to have seen John Barrymore's *Hamlet* feel superior to those who have not, but fortunately they grow fewer each year"), *Macbeth* ("Upon my head," said Macbeth, 'they placed a fruitless crown.' What did he expect, a bowl of grapes and bananas?"), *A Midsummer Night's Dream* ("You can't see the woods for the people"), *Romeo and Juliet* ("The plot came to England from Italy through France, arriving tired and dusty and covered with hotel stickers"), *The Merchant of Venice* ("An obscure reference is made to 'Belmont, Portia's seat.' They named everything in those days") and *Othello* ("Considering all Iago did, don't you think there must be some easier way to become a lieutenant?"). Armour is best when he sticks closest to Shakespeare's original dialogue, worst when he deviates (e.g., "Take care, my lord, thou'rt about to spill the beans" and "Lay off, Macduff, I've had enuff") and one might wish he had not put most of his brightest quips in the 215 exasperating footnotes that infest the book's 151 pages; but there is a high enough percentage of bona fide boffolas to reward the laugh-seeking reader.

"I'll tell you something, honey," says the knowing movie extra to the hick lady columnist on her first visit to a studio, "in Hollywood, a girl has a choice. She can make a living on her feet, like car hopping, or on her back. I figure it's more comfortable on my back. I seen some mighty pretty ceilings in my time." This is a fair sampling of the high moral tone of most of the cinema cynics who comprise the dramatis personae of Al (*The Great Man*) Morgan's new book, *Cast of Characters* (Dutton, \$3.50), a novelistic vivisection of Flick City. In fact, the usual up-front disclaimer carried by most fiction with a factual background might read, for this book, "Any resemblance of any character in this book to a decent human being is entirely accidental." For Morgan, who burned his bridges in the TV biz with his first novel, now gives H'wood, that much battered burg, the drubbing of its gaudy life. There is one pretty nice person in the book, though: a gal who's not in the movie dodge — and she gets raped. The book's title, by the way, is revealing of its structure: *Cast* describes — in chapters each of which is a fictional entity — the people behind the making of a colossal historical. Two of the chapters were originally PLAYBOY stories.

We thought André Maurois had fired

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his full broadside of Gallic wisdom in *The Art of Being Happily Married* (Playboy After Hours, March 1957), but no. Along comes *To an Unknown Lady* (Dutton, \$2.95) to point up the fact that this Frenchman is far from lagged on the subjects of women and whimsy. Maurois bubbles over in some 60-odd letters to an imaginary woman on such topics as Coquetry, The Bachelor, Cleopatra's Nose, The Other Woman, Incompatibility, The Different Ways of Pleasing, and Nudity ("... have you noticed that women with good figures are less modest than others?"). He interrupts his twinkling analytics to his Jill-o'-the-Wisp with an occasional nonsense story, the old wheeze about the man and his dog playing chess, or the one about the cock striding impatiently across the waiting room of a maternity hospital, cigarette in beak, until a hen in nurse's uniform informs him: "It's an egg." Maurois even advises his mind's-eye miss ("I created you, perfect alike in your beauty and your good sense...") on the skullduggery needed to snag a man. If he's American, let the lady hoist the hood of her car and every male within eyeshot will come scurrying. If he's French, ask him to explain something ("We like to shine in words and conversation."). The pleasant thing about it all is that the lady never gets a chance to prattle or answer back; the Maurois contingent (count us in) should cheer the book.

RECORDS

Most of the guys we know tend to like music with their romance. Our own idea of that duo under optimal conditions would, perforce, involve Peggy Lee's smoothest offering to date, *The Man I Love* (Capitol T864), for which Frank Sinatra conducts the ork. (And Frank told us: "I'm as proud of this LP as of anything I've ever done.") With Peggy's honeyed voice at its sexiest, Nelson Riddle's arrangements at their lushest, and tunes like *My Heart Stood Still* and *There Is No Greater Love*, this disc is one of the best of the year. The unbilled instrumental obligatos, incidentally, are by such Hollywood bright lights as Harry Edison, trumpet, and Buddy Collette, sax... If you're really out to score of an evening, follow up Peggy's platter on the turntable with *This Is Nat "King" Cole* (Capitol T870), a bundle of ballads that includes the flammable *Forgive My Heart* and *That's All*. Nat, like Peggy, latches on perfectly to Nelson Riddle's luscious scoring, and the result is sure-fire... Same evening, same girl: for a heady nightcap, add Carmen McRae's *After Glow* (Decca 8583) a torchy yet jazz-happy rendering of some of the prettiest pops

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ever to tickle our ears (*My Funny Valentine, I'm Through With Love*, et al.). You should be cozy by now. *Bon chance.*

Two modern-swing nifties (with just a trace of cool around the edges) delighted our ears on first hearing, seemed even better on successive plays. *Sweets* (Clef 717) features the Harry Edison orchestra in nine numbers all arranged by him, six of them his own compositions. Besides *Sweets'* compelling trumpet, there's lovely music from Ben Webster's tenor, Barney Kessel's guitar, the piano of Jimmy Rowles and Joe Mondragon's bass, plus Alvin Stoller's dynamic drumming. The other highly recommended disc is *The Hawk Flies High* (Riverside 12-233) featuring, natch, the peerless tenor of Coleman Hawkins, abetted by such classicists as J. J. Johnson, Hank Jones, Jo Jones, Oscar Pettiford, Barry Galbraith.

Hear ye, o long of hair: the trouble with the gorgeously packaged *Vivaldi, 18 Concerti for Flute and String Orchestra* (Vox DL 353) is that although this de luxe, boxed album is a perfectly posh present for a music-loving giftee, you'll keep it for yourself if you buy it. The superb recording features Gastone Tassinari, an impeccable flutist, and I Musici di Milano back him up; together they blow these Baroque classics as good as Vivaldi could have wished.

Two of the best piano LPs of the month sport an identical title, *'Round Midnight*. Named for the Thelonious Monk tune heard on both LPs, they are by the west coast pianist Claude Williamson (Bethlehem 69) and the east coast doll Hazel Scott (Decca 8474). Claude swings like mad, and if you dig Mel Lewis' drum solos this is the one for you; but if you want something in a more conventional mood, the tasteful modern keyboard of Miss Scott is it. Her choice of lesser-known standards is delightful and all swings gently and quietly. We doubt whether anyone who sees the cover photo will contest Hazel's right to consider herself the world's prettiest pianist. (All right with you, Claude?)

There are times when, listening to a whole batch of new releases, we get to wondering whether we're jaded, whether it isn't a failing of our own that makes so many records sound adequate but not especially exciting. Happened to us the other night—and then we put on *Lee Konitz Inside Hi-Fi* (Atlantic 1258) and the old electric thrill bounced right back. This is cool jazz as we like it: musicianly but uncontrived, precise yet relaxed, modern in its attitude but with its swinging ancestry in evidence throughout. Side One brings us Konitz' alto

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The pomp and pretension that have marked so much of the Modern Jazz Quartet's work are pleasantly and conspicuously absent from their latest effort, *The Modern Jazz Quartet* (Atlantic 1265). This time the cats are content just to swing most of the time, reminding us that three-quarters of the group are Gillespie alumni. *Night in Tunisia* and *Bags' Groove* are top drawer. There's even a medley of five ballads, mostly media for Milt Jackson's melodic vibrations. And lamp that cover pic: the four solemn poseurs constitute the most unintentionally funny pic of the year.

In 1912, the Titanic sank, New Mexico and Arizona were admitted to the Union, a carpenter named Schicklgruber was plying his humble trade in Munich and Igor Stravinsky started to compose his dissonant, impulsive *Rite of Spring*. When the ballet was premiered in Paris the following year, all hell broke loose in the audience: catcalls and derisive whistles led to fist-fights between the pro- and anti-Stravinsky factions and conductor Pierre Monteux could hardly hear the music he was making. In 1957, Monteux can conduct the same work (and does, on Victor LM 2085) and the abrasive harmonies and spiky rhythms cause not one mid-century eyebrow to rise. The world has caught up with the radical *Rite*. Though originally conceived as a series of prehistoric tribal dances, it is hard for anyone who saw Disney's *Fantasia* to now dissociate the writhing, raucous sounds from the gurgling lava and rampaging dinosaurs with which they were allied in the film: not a bad thing to our way of thinking, for the music seems more aptly geared to the throes of Creation than the stomping of stone-age sidemen.

Having been Gallically spellbound by Edith Piaf long years ago, and more recently by Juliette Greco, we were all ready to execute a gentlemanly swoon for Patashou on *Paris C'est une Blonde* (Audio Fidelity 1814). Swoon we did, too, under repeated hammer blows of ze tallest corn ever to cross ze ocean. This gal may have been great back home, but the affected way she tackles such classics as *Just One of Those Things* induces severe *mal de mer*. It also generates the notion that, like some other sophisticated imports, this lady went down Wrong Street in trying to give those

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try. It was Brooklyn-born Josephine
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plums on *Coribe* (Verve 2067). Two of
the tunes are straight from the islands:
in fact, right off the banana boat: *The
Man I Love* and *Taking a Chance on
Love*. Calypso Jo, however, makes it all
sound just right.

FILMS

Michael Gazzo's crackling examina-
tion of a hophead's hell, *A Hatful of Rain*,
is, if anything, more personal and more
tormenting in wide screen than it was
on the boards. Director Fred Zinneman
has literally torn open the fictional tale
(war hero turned junkie) and added a
stunning documentary flavor by lugging
his cameras into New York and playing
exterior scenes against authentic back-
grounds. The plot line, happily, has
been left unscarred and the acting is
good, with a standout performance by
Anthony Franciosa as the mainliner's
bewildered, love-hungry brother. Don
Murray and Eva Marie Saint, as the
can't-kick-it vet and his wife, respec-
tively, might lack the strident punch of
their Broadway counterparts (Ben Gaz-
zara and Shelley Winters), but Lloyd
Nolan, as the junkie's overbearing old
man, whams across his lines and proves
again that he's one of the best thespers
in the biz. You miss this show at your
own risk.

Fun and games abound in a rip-roar-
ing, all-stops-out ribbing of TV and Mad
Avenue called *Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?*
This filmic free-for-all bears little resem-
blance to the Broadway comedy of like
title (*Playboy After Hours*, January
1956), but it's just as good in its own
right and may even strike some observ-
ers as being a wee bit better. Crazy credit
titles set the irreverent, disarmingly
nutty tone of a comedic caper that, in-
cidentally, allows J. Mansfield plenty of
room to lampoon *genus* Sexpot.

The Curse of Frankenstein (now stop
laughing) is *not* another addition to the
dichard Hollywood series we all hold
dear. It is a British stab at the grand
old yarn, and in its favor it has a slick
script, deft direction, at least one tasty
performance (crisp professional Peter
Cushing as that original do-it-yourself
kid, Baron Frankenstein), a generous
helping of burgeoning bosoms and
bubbling test tubes in vivid Eastman-
color plus a general tone of good breed-
ing throughout. Where it falls below its



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American counterparts is in the conception of the Monster itself: a scrawny neurotic who proves most inadequate after Boris Karloff's massive, mindless juggernaut. The two Monsters have inarticulateness in common; after the show we peeked into the horse's mouth—Mary Shelley's novel, *Frankenstein* or *The Modern Prometheus*—to see if this was a characteristic of the first creature. Not so: in the book, the repulsive eight-foot pile of reanimated grave-pickings spews exquisite rhetoric for uninterrupted chapters, bending the Baron's ear until the poor man is forced to yell, "Begone, vile insect!" (an odd noun to describe an eight-footer). The close-mouthed Monster of the American and English screens is a definite improvement.

Lady Chatterly's Lover is a faithful French adaptation of the D. H. Lawrence book. It's banned in some places, but is showing in those states with no pre-censorship . . . *Of Life and Love*, from Italy, is composed of three stories by Pirandello and a personal anecdote by Anna Mag-nani . . . *A Husband for Maria* finds Fer-nandel back in fine fettle, this time in a splendid re-make of *Four Steps in the Clouds* . . . *Fedra* is an interesting attempt from Spain to retell an ancient tragedy in terms of today . . . From little Fin-land: *The Doll Merchant*, a satirical comedy that says in a quiet way some acute things about militarism and playing with bombs.

DINING-DRINKING

Heavy drapes shield the gastrophile's Shangri-La, *Café Chambo-d*, from New York's busy, El-less Third Avenue (near 50th). Within, the decor is underplayed to the point of refined Spartan, lest there be any distraction from the shrine's devout purpose. The high lama here is Phil Rosen, a dedicated perfectionist who lives to see that some of the world's finest food is served and enjoyed. It is. After champagne cocktails, our hors d'oeuvres were Coquille Gratinée, a merely sublime melange of scallops, lobster chunks, mushrooms and cheese sauce; Mademoiselle chose a Crêpe Farcie, a wine-ennobled crab meat and lobster pancake. Our entrée, was a Filet de Boeuf en Tranches, Bordelaise, so tender that we felt it understood; Mademoiselle chose Poulet sauté à la Fine Champagne, which is chicken adorned as bird of paradise and anointed with the best cognac. She raved. Desert was a soufflé for two, drenched in a sauce of vanilla and Grand Marnier. Victor, the sommelier, suggested with gentle gravity the proper red and white wines, which included a young rosé

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from Provence and a crisp chablis. The tab was not small, but then we were not dealing with the short-order school of cuisine. Open every day (except Sunday) for luncheon and dinner. Most stimulating news of all is that non-Gothamites can sample the fantastic fare via the mails. Chambord frozen foods, no relation to TV dinners, include sauces (bigarde, périgourdine, veronique, et al.), soups (potage St. Germain, bisque homard, et al.) and entrées (caneton à l'orange, homard grille beurre viqueurons, et al.) that come to you packed royally in dry ice, ready to pop in the oven. The management will whisk off an order blank at your request.

THEATRE

Before the fall drama season shifts into overdrive, we call your attention to some pungent comments anent our theatre by an overseas observer. Stage sex, American style, recently rated scrutiny by French drama critic Thierry Maulnier, in *La Revue de Paris*. Maulnier had the doubtful privilege of seeing, within an uncomfortably short span of time, Parisian productions of *Tea and Sympathy*, *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* and dramatizations of Faulkner's *Requiem for a Nun* and Caldwell's *God's Little Acre* — all dramas about "the ravages provoked by sexual maladjustment." Observing that "this theme is becoming almost an obsession" with U.S. playwrights, Maulnier says: "In all the American plays which we have seen this season, it is the woman who is given the demanding, active role by the authors... a reflection in the theatre of the fact that American society is today a semi-matriarchate."

Hear, hear. But there needs no Maulnier come from Paris to tell us this. We've been aware for some time that American playwrights (and American writers in general) have been not just "catering" to feminine audiences, but actually falling on worshipful knees before the pedestal of the dominant woman, wallowing in the snakepit of self-denigration and masochism, selling their masculine birthrights, turning their backs on man's traditional role of dominance, and making a spectacle of themselves precisely no more dignified, positive, uplifting, noble, laudable or worthy of respect than the spectacle of any other quivering licking the hobnailed boots of the encroacher for fun and profit. A school of American drama not only by but for men is clearly needed. Monsieur Maulnier, *vous avez raison* — which means in free translation, you cook with *le gaz*.



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12	13	14	15	16	17	18
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26	27	28	29	30	31	

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FEBRUARY 1958

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
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9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
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PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

Happiest yuletides we've ever spent have been on board ship: cheek-to-cheek dancing on the promenade deck, quiet tête-à-têtes on the boat deck, clubby fun in the main lounge, midnight snacks in the bar—plus a skin-tingling salt breeze and 11 A.M. bouillon to assuage the hangover. Two heart-warming holiday jaunts to sun-swathed lands (and what a fine gift either would make) leave from the West Coast in mid-December. One's a 12-day junket to Acapulco at \$280 up; the other's a 14-day run to Hawaii with three days ashore at Honolulu for \$309 and up; both aboard Matson Line cruisers.

A real old-fashioned Christmas with all the trappings is the frolicsome feature at Sturbridge, Mass., and Williamsburg, Va. There, the guests gather round the wassail bowl for steaming punch, glim the yule log flaming brightly, sing carols round the clock and dance madly on the green to the glare of great bonfires. It's like living in the Dickens era—for \$7 a day plus meals. Suckling pig—complete with rosy apple in its mouth—is the correctly traditional Christmas fare served up at Treadway Inn, Rochester, N. Y., and the elegant Chateau Frontenac in Quebec, where it's grandly toted into the great paneled dining hall by a string of red-coated waiters.

Sturbridge also offers a series of jolly-good 18th Century Yankee Winter Weekends from mid-January to mid-March, featuring the pleasures but no hardships of Colonial life, at \$36 per pilgrim, complete.

In the Southwest at Christmastide—New Mexico to be exact—the local belles have a ball with wild pink mistletoe brought in from the hills and bedecked along garden walls and flat-topped Spanish roofs. Torchlight parades and kaleidoscopic Deer and Buffalo dances of the Pueblo people make everything quite special in the tiny town of Taos. You can hang your sombrero, at approximately \$4.00 up a day, at any one of these cozy haciendas: The Sage Brush Inn, The Taos Inn, La Fonda de Taos, La Finca Guest Ranch or El Rancho de San Geronimo. Try a morning ride in the desert and top it off with an afternoon ski fling at Taos Ski Valley.

A pre-holiday fun fest is Milwaukee's colorful Holiday Folk Fair, November 23 and 24, offering gratifying grub from the kitchens of 28 different nationalities. Christmas shopping at Old World stalls, folk songs, street dances, etc. You might want to make a weekend of it when the Green Bay Packers are playing a home

game; toss in a visit to the Schlitz, Blatz or Pabst breweries and watch the way the foamy is made (free samples, of course).

As near-to-naked as the twinkling eye of the Lord Chamberlain will allow, original costumes of some 6000 merry students at London's fabulous Chelsea Arts-Ball make Albert Hall a memorable spot to usher in a gala Nude Year's Eve. But be warned: the Britishers, plus the rest of the civilized world, know about it too, so best you write pronto for \$12 ducats that include a buffet supper along with the buff.

If London's not your cup of grog at year's end, you might try the world-famous New Year's Eve to-do at Funchal, on the rugged Portuguese island of Madeira. Fireworks cascading from midnight till dawn merely set the tone for a hectic round of street dances, night spots and gambling casinos. Plan to park your bags at chic Reid's Palace Hotel.

New York State, we're pleased to report, is now ready to *guarantee* snow for ski-bunnies on state-owned slopes. On any snowless, freezing day after December 15, snow-making machines will lay down a not-bad skiable surface for your (and your lady's) unbounded pleasure.

Best bets for honest-to-john, nearby snow in December are Aspen and Steamboat Springs in Colorado, or the rolling Laurentian hills of French-Canadian Quebec. Two of our favorite ski spots north of the border are Gray Rocks Lodge at St. Jovite and the Alpine Inn at Ste. Marguerite Station. Package rates begin around \$98 a week per skiophile, including overland transportation from Montreal, chow, tows, instructions—everything, save splint and bandage fees.

A real bona fide travel bargain we've unearthed is a \$480 Caribbean Circle Tour from Miami that a reputable Guatemalan tour operator will set up for you, adjustable to individual specifications. The basic, 17-day deal hits three of the better isles (Cuba's Havana for after-dark fun, Jamaica for calmer resort living, Curaçao for Dutch flavor and bargain shopping), two South American spots (Venezuela and Colombia) and then works north through Central America—to the Panama Canal, Irazu volcano in Costa Rica, San Salvador, the lakes and Indian markets of Guatemala and the jungled ruins of Ancient Maya cities on Mexico's Yucatan Peninsula.

For further information, write to Janet Pilgrim, Playboy Reader Service, 232 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Illinois.



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PLAYBOY

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THE PIOUS PORNOGRAPHERS

article

BY IVOR WILLIAMS

FOR YEARS I have been bumbling along in the naive belief that the women's magazines were devoted solely to such matters as how to chintz up the living room and get a cake to rise. But it seems I was wrong — the most worrisome problem facing milady's monthly gazettes is how to muss up the marriage bed and keep one's mate aroused.

This belated discovery was as accidental as it was painful, and resulted from my having bitten down on a stray piece of shell in the lobster Newburg, cracking the filling out of my favorite molar. My face throbbed like an empty

*sex and sanctimony
in the
ladies' home jungle*

ron bradford



oil drum in a West Indian steel band, and I sat up all night drawing what comfort I could from a beaker of lukewarm bourbon.

Sometime between midnight and dawn, I went out to the kitchen to renew the prescription, and found a pile of ladies' magazines stashed away in a bottom cabinet—things that my cleaning woman had apparently salvaged from the dumbwaiter to help while away the siesta hours she spends at my apartment each week.

In my lonely agony, I leafed through an old *Redbook* on the off chance that I might find a recipe for Newburg that didn't call for little pieces of seashell, but there wasn't a recipe in the book. The nearest I could come to anything that applied to my problem was an article called *How Safe Are School Lunches?* and an ad for a boneless bra. There was a piece on Jackie Gleason and a picture-essay on *The Doctors Who Fell in Love*, but the one that made me lean against the Kelvinator and start reading was *My Husband Avoids Making Love to Me, a Young Wife's Story*, as told to Michael Drury.

"The problem in my marriage is that my husband doesn't make love to me as often as I would like," the Young Wife began, and went on to explain that she had been married for four years to an accountant named Ken, who was always bringing work home from the office: "What does a wife do when her husband sits at his desk all evening, kisses her perfunctorily at 11 o'clock and goes right back to his books and papers?" she moaned. "I've cried out my need on his shoulder, but he only listens and pats me and does nothing. It's humiliating. Once I got so angry that I threw a hairbrush across the room at him."

I felt like throwing a hairbrush at him, too. How Ken could sit fiddling with his debits and credits while June was pawing the nap off the broadloom, I'll never know. She was only asking for a few minutes of his time—no longer than it takes the average accountant to make a simple cross-entry.

"One night I said quite early in the evening that I thought I'd go to bed," she confided. "The truth was that I was exceptionally tired, but he must have taken this as a seductive hint on my part because about nine o'clock he went down in the basement and began painting the summer furniture."

At this point, I began to suspect that either June had been giving herself home permanents with roquefort-and-garlic dressing, or Ken had a friend downtown. Things went from bad to worse, until: "Finally, just last month we had a real fight. Ken came home one night and told me he was going to form a small band with five other

men. . . . He said they were going to play one night a week just for fun and maybe fill engagements now and then.

"I blew up. 'What did you marry me for?' I cried. 'I never see you as it is; you work three or four nights a week. You never show me any affection any more unless I ask you to. You get angry if I play with your ears, or even kiss you. Now you want to form a dance band and go out the other nights.'"

"It isn't a dance band," he said coldly. "A few guys want a little relaxation; that's all. I work hard; I'd like to have a little fun. As for love-making, if you'd drop the subject and quit treating it as an obligation, I might feel a lot more like doing it. . . ."

And so on, until it seemed their voices would waken the whole house. Though it was none of my business, I couldn't help thinking that June might have gone a long way toward solving her problem if she had just quit playing with Ken's ears. Things like that can ruin a marriage, and to judge from the stuff I read that night, most marriages are pretty shaky affairs.

Picking up a *Ladies' Home Journal*, I found that it devoted a regular feature to matrimonial rescue work, with a special disaster squad headed by Paul Popenoe, Sc.D. "MY HUSBAND WANTED ME AND THE OTHER WOMAN TOO. HE NEEDED US BOTH," the cover announced in a coast-to-coast whisper. "CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?" And on page 69 there was an action photo of hubby and the Other Woman locked in a stand-up embrace, while wifey peeked in at the door. "On Thanksgiving I walked into the kitchen unexpectedly. Paul and Florence were in each other's arms," the caption said in horrified italics. And to make an old story piquant, the article was headed by a two-speech dramatic prologue, suitable for presentation by Little Theatre groups who couldn't afford the royalty on *Seven Keys to Baldpate*.

"HE: Perhaps I could have resigned myself to having little sex in my marriage. But I cannot get along without companionship.

"SHE: Paul's hours are long and irregular. I work hard and get tired. By the time he eats dinner I'm practically dead on my feet."

At the mention of the word "sex," I began to realize that the subject wasn't exactly taboo in the ladies' magazines. In fact, they almost seemed to welcome it. To fill the reader in on a marriage headed for in-law trouble, for instance, another young wife felt obliged to lay bare the secrets of her wedding day to the whole April *Journal* audience: "My bridal gown was ordered from New York . . . we had a caterer, and so on. My mother and I planned every

detail—and I mean *every* detail—with infinite care. But just before we left for the church, I suddenly began to menstruate. Sheer nervousness was responsible." And, when his turn came, the lucky groom grumbled: "Susan probably told you about our honeymoon, but maybe she didn't mention that I spent a good part of our first year sleeping on the living room sofa. Susan was terrified by the physical side of love. Whenever I would approach her, she was likely to become upset or to be so terribly tense that often the result was a nervous illness of some kind. For at least six months, outbreaks of hives kept her miserable."

Looking into the *May Journal*, I soon discovered that Susan wasn't the only woman who could take sex or leave it alone. In his monthly *Making Marriage Work* feature, Clifford R. Adams, Ph.D., quoted a couple of *wives* who would just as soon paint the porch chairs. "I couldn't ask for a better husband, but I don't like him when we have sex," one confessed. "Occasionally I can tolerate it, and a few times I've almost enjoyed it, but usually it sickens me. I don't know how I can take it when he's home all the time."

Perhaps in the interest of restoring editorial balance, a money-problem case on page 91 was illustrated by a shot of a bathrobed brunette leaning over a bed, tugging at her husband's shoulder. "Long ago I lost any physical appeal I ever had for Ted," she explained in the caption. "It has been months since he has shared my bed. Once, although I hated myself for being so unfeminine, I stopped beside his bed. He pretended to be asleep."

To help stem this rising tide of incompatibility, which threatened to swamp the entire issue, the *Journal* called in Dr. Abraham Stone, of marriage-manual fame, to tell Joan Younger *What Wives Don't Know About Sex*.

After establishing the need for sex education, and the necessity for modern woman to shed her acquired inhibitions if she ever hoped to know the "joy of sex union," Dr. Stone and Miss Younger began to close in on the subject with a series of questions and answers that read like an entrance exam at Honeymoon Tech.

"Q. What are the chief differences between a woman's and a man's sexual reactions?"

"A. There are several basic differences between men and women in this respect. The man, for instance, is more readily aroused sexually by psychologic stimuli, and he needs little direct stimulation and little preliminary love play. The sex union is the culmination of his drive. For the woman, the major sources

(continued on page 62)

PARTY GIRL

fiction BY JOHN WALLACE



cads and bounders everywhere, and quite a lot to drink

CERTAINLY, BLANCHARD THOUGHT, this was worth looking at twice. Something not exactly routine, he thought coolly, watching the girl over the rim of his glass, beginning to drift through the crowd toward her. It was a routine cocktail party, a publisher's affair swirling with routine types. And Blanchard hated being bored.

She was indeed a pretty girl. Probably a model, he thought. There were plenty of them around and they showed up in the damndest places. Her make-up suggested it: a skillful job that minimized the slight collision of the bone outline

with the exquisite features. She was partly turned away from Blanchard, talking to a tweedy man, just at the right angle so that he could see her fine blue eyes without being in her direct line of vision. Her hands and feet were fine too, always a matter of satisfaction to Blanchard who by now had decided that if she were a model it could only be in some specialty. Her legs were not long enough, and there was nothing of the clotheshorse's gauntness about her hips.

At the moment she turned, clearly intercepting Blanchard's stare, but instead of letting her eyes slide over him

or perhaps showing some conventional annoyance, she smiled. It was a nice break for Blanchard and he took it with finesse. He smiled back at her in the manner of a man seeing an acquaintance but reluctant to interrupt, and the tweedy man, taking all this in, said: "Hello, there . . ." and let it hang, cordially enough.

Blanchard moved in. "Blanchard," he said. "Tod Blanchard."

"Of course," the tweedy man said. "Glad you came along, Blanchard. Saves me from being utterly rude to our friend, here. I must dash," he said to

the girl. "My wife will be in a lather."

So there it was, all clear. Blanchard felt the first pulse of excitement.

"I thought you were somebody I knew," the girl said. "You looked familiar, standing there."

"I made the same mistake," Blanchard said.

"Well —" the girl said. And then she surprised him. "Well it's all right now," she said.

"Yes," he said, "it's all right now. What are you drinking?"

"Oh my goodness," she said, "too much. I'm afraid. I always do at these things."

"Everybody does," Blanchard said. She had light brown hair that was not bleached but perhaps rinsed a little, and arranged prettily and without fuss. Her gown was tastefully sexy. There was nothing about her that Blanchard couldn't approve of, and the clincher was the way she smelled. Blanchard had a sharp nose that could override any subtlety or disguise of perfume. He breathed deeply, and shivered.

"... but it was a manhattan," the girl said.

Blanchard couldn't see a waiter and he didn't look hard, seeing opportunity instead. He said, putting a good deal of hesitancy and deference into his manner: "I've scarcely touched this one —" lifting his glass, not exactly offering it to her.

"Why," she said, and Blanchard noted the beat, and then the fallaway. "Why," she said, "thank you very much," and took it.

A small gain, a mere thread of intimacy, but Blanchard was satisfied. He talked with her, not pushing anything, not needing to push anything. Her self-assurance and her aura of innocence blended piquantly. Her name was Marian Voorhees, she was an associate editor on some women's book, and Blanchard was delighted with her.

Of course she was not a girl who would be ignored, or who would have arrived here unescorted. Three or four crewcuts gathered around, and then a couple of actors and their women. Blanchard, again using the manner of hesitancy and deference, suggested that perhaps he was keeping her from her friends.

"Oh no," she said, not protesting it, just making it a fact. She laid her hand lightly on his sleeve.

"Come on, Marian," one of the actors said. "You said you wanted us to help you show these boys the town."

"Did I?" the girl said. "Well —" She introduced Blanchard around in the swift and nearly anonymous way of such meetings. "Why don't you come with us?" she said, her hand still on his arm.

"Well," Blanchard said, "I promised myself to get out some work tonight..."

"Please," Marian Voorhees said.

For a long time afterward Blanchard wondered if it was because she knew that most of these people were half tight and that the party would soon start flying apart, or whether she really wanted him. At the moment he was mainly aware of the beautiful controllability of the situation and he went down in the elevator with them feeling the crush of her hip and shoulder against him like a promise.

The party, with more girls somehow included, straggled to a Fifth Avenue bar, one of those bright, tinselly places like the inside of an expensive chocolate box, and they sat at tables; and before the first drink was gone things had begun to break up. It was just a matter of sitting them all out and being careful to nurse one drink.

Now the party was certainly flying apart. They were quarreling and forgetting it, making plans to eat somewhere and forgetting that too. They were beginning to forget each other and straggle off in pairs and foursomes, and for Blanchard there was only one hitch.

One of the crewcuts had attached himself to them and after a few minutes of hovering he said: "Marian, you promised —"

"No," the girl said, very kindly, very gently. "I didn't promise, Frank. I said maybe."

"You promised," crewcut said. He was very big and his skin was healthy. He was probably a football player; and Blanchard could see his shoulders jerking under his jacket.

"Look, darling," the girl said, "I told my brother I'd entertain you and your friends, and I have. You should be thinking of getting back to school now. You can't graduate playing around in New York, you know." She sounded motherly.

"Listen," the crewcut said. He had slumped into a chair but now he stood up. He was really tremendous and he was working himself up to something. All his attention was on Blanchard now. "You —" he said.

Blanchard stood up too, smiling slightly, playing it with care. He looked levelly at the crewcut and then held out his hand. "Good-bye, Frank," he said, still smiling.

Frank almost shook hands, and then snatched his own away. He was turning pale. "Marian," he said, looking at the girl, looking as though he might start crying.

"Good-bye, Frank," she said.

Frank's feet tangled with the legs of a chair as he edged away. The chair upset and he rushed out of the bar. Blanchard sat down. He was alone with Marian Voorhees.

"I was afraid of that," she said.

Blanchard looked at her.

"It's unfair," Marian Voorhees said. "You try to be nice to some boy and suddenly you're — you're an older woman, or something."

Blanchard felt vague relief. "Never mind," he said, "he'll be boasting about knowing you before he's off the train."

"I suppose so," the girl said sadly.

"Let's cheer up," Blanchard said. "Let's be glad we're not that young." He signalled the waiter for his check. "Let's get out of here," he said. "This is no place."

"I used to think this was New York," Marian Voorhees said. She looked around the bright room. "Places like this. I still do, in a way."

She was pretty young herself, Blanchard decided, and he decided to take her to a French restaurant in the East Fifties. The noise level wasn't too high, and he knew the food would be good.

The red checked tablecloth in the French place threw up marvelous light in her face, but she was still somber. "Let's talk about you," Blanchard said. He ordered drinks.

He could see that she felt better right away. They were all the same in that respect, the ones that came from God-knew-where and struck for recognition in New York: they all had an enduring interest in themselves. Career girls, Blanchard thought, watching her lovely face and the play of her fine hands, thinking of the calix of her hips, listening to her talk.

Marian Voorhees had been in New York for less than a year, and she came from a small city in Ohio. She had served what had amounted to an apprenticeship in her home town with a minor publisher and when she came to New York she found it to be a saleable experience. There was comfortable money in her family.

The pieces all fitted neatly, accounting for her flashes of naïveté that contrasted so oddly with her self-possessed air; for the way she wore her clothes, for the restrained elegance that is almost but never quite achieved by the ones who have to claw their way up from the bottom. Blanchard congratulated himself; and cautioned himself.

Her apartment was in one of the good converted brownstones. Blanchard left the taxi ticking at the curb, something that could always be counted on to excite a little pique. "Well," he said.

Marian Voorhees was fishing for her key. "Very pleasant," Blanchard said. "My lucky night, tonight."

"I'm glad you think so," she said. She fitted the key into the lock and then turned toward him. It was a moment that demanded extreme control.

Blanchard kissed her, putting abso-

(continued overleaf)



*"Dear — uh — shouldn't that plunging neckline
be more in the center?"*

PARTY GIRL (continued from page 28)

lutely nothing into it except an amused appreciativeness of the privilege; and he got it back the same way. His next gesture could easily have been an accident of the dark, of stumbling slightly on the steps, a loss and recovery of balance that could have been just that, or highly informative.

He drew a blank. He was beginning to tremble and his heart was up and pounding in the top of his chest. Blanchard's control was slipping badly but he knew now that this was no time to push things.

He moved back and down a step. "I'll call you tomorrow," he said. He couldn't stop it. "Tomorrow night, maybe?"

"No," she said. "Not tomorrow. Not tomorrow night."

"I see," Blanchard said. He thought of the drunk actors and the crewcuts, and Football Frank's bullish infatuation. "Well," Blanchard said, "happy to have been of service."

"Oh please," the girl said. "Don't be like that."

"Like what?" Blanchard said.

"Cruel." Marian Voorhees said. "Don't be cruel." She looked down at him, her eyes luminous from the street lights. "Cruel," she said, "like everybody else."

Blanchard laughed, feeling suddenly better. What the hell, he thought, you can't score every time. "All right," he said. He touched her hand, briefly. "All right," he said.

"That's better," she said. "Now you're being nice again."

"Yes," he said. "Well, good-bye."

"I didn't mean —" she said. "I mean, about not calling me —"

She was losing her poise, and a woman without poise made Blanchard uncomfortable. "I know," he said, seeing the cue, deliberately taking it in reverse value. "I know," Blanchard said, quite courteously, quite gravely, "and that's perfectly all right, too."

Perfectly all right, my friend, he thought in the cab, but good-bye, absolutely. You asked out and I let you out, you somehow having a quality that appealed to my better nature. Then you asked back in, just a little way in again, and that's no dice. You are a very subtle teaser and I think, thought Blanchard, that you are probably a virgin. Or, more probably, and in view of your style, one of these half-virgins that hang on to it and hang on to it . . .

All right, he thought, just skip it. And never mind the sour grapes. You're a big boy now, Blanchard; and if you let yourself get hard up that's strictly your own fault. So just skip this Marian Voorhees; and throw out the old hook again if that's the way you feel. Just, the next time, make sure you land one

that knows the rules.

Blanchard slept badly that night. He slept badly for several nights. He was known as a rising television writer and he was ambitious; and he hated anything that diverted him from his ambitions. He had always chosen his partners of the bed with deliberateness, and with considerable care to avoid entanglements or sentiment. Blanchard considered self-effacement a highly desirable quality in women: it annoyed him to find that the slightest relaxation of his mind invited a most poignant remembrance of Marian Voorhees.

He thought of her at the damndest times and his mental picture was always as he had first seen her, leaning back against some piece of furniture that Blanchard could never identify in his mind, leaning back slightly, her bottom pressed against this piece of furniture, pivoting a little at the hips while she talked so that the material of her skirt moved in gentle consonance with the flare of her hip and lay shadowed in the line of her legs.

Blanchard was annoyed but he was also amused at himself. There was, he thought, only one way to settle this: it was not until after he had dined with and slept with an acquiescent and very attractive studio secretary that he knew nothing was settled at all and never would be settled until he had possessed Marian Voorhees.

"I don't know," she said on the telephone. "I just don't know, Tod." In an indefinable way she sounded worried.

"Listen," he said, "we had a fine time together, didn't we?"

"Oh yes," she said.

"Well what's wrong with an encore?"

"I don't know," she said again.

"Look," Blanchard said, very carefully, "I'm absolutely harmless. I assure you of it. Look," he said into her silence, "I'll admit it — I made a mistake that night."

"Did you?" she said, her voice now sad and gentle.

"Of course," Blanchard said. He was frowning and the telephone was getting wet in his hand: but perhaps this was the lead he was looking for. Keep talking, he thought. Keep making her answer. But even so, he astonished himself by saying: "Look, Marian, no funny stuff. And that's a promise."

"Well," she said. "All right."

So there she was again, at last, and this time there were no drunk actors, no crewcuts, and no infatuated boy. And this time the tablecloth was white but the way the light went up into her face was just as marvelous. She had been just as marvelous, too, walking ahead of him through the tables, wearing a black dress that certainly was not cut to cling or

be revealing; and all naked, all golden naked, thought Blanchard, beneath.

Of course it was going to have to be a campaign, a careful search for the key to her surrender. With her, there could never be any of the easy mutuality that had been the condition of his ordered life; and his awareness of abandoning this condition gave Blanchard a pleasant feeling of generosity. Lifting his brimming cocktail glass, he saluted Marian Voorhees. "Here's to time," he said. "Time to burn."

She laughed, and then she used one of those naïve, or old-fashioned, phrases. "Young-man-in-a-hurry," she said.

"Time's winged chariot," Blanchard said.

"Well," she said, "I've been looking at my television. You have a clever way with words, and you certainly do produce a lot of them."

People often complimented Blanchard on his work, and sometimes criticized him. Now he narrowed his attention, sharply, knowing that this girl had intended neither.

"I was just wondering," she said, "what you were doing at a publisher's cocktail party. Perhaps," she said, "you want to slow down. Perhaps you want to write something enduring."

Blanchard felt the reassurance of familiar ground. "Why," he said, "do women always want something enduring?"

He watched her hands, her fingers delicately stroking the wet stem of her glass, her eyes downcast; and it came to him that she was amused by his tenuous gambit. "All right," he said. "I guess I'd like to write a book. Who the hell doesn't want to write a book?"

Their laughter was together. "Even me," Marian Voorhees said. "I want to write a book, too. But I never will. Will you write a book for me, Tod?"

. . .

In the matter of progress, Blanchard thought several weeks later, very little could be said. He had bade her many good nights at her door, and then inside the apartment. She had, in fact, got into the habit of making him a nightcap; and Blanchard, aware of being implicitly on trust, was increasingly aware of the confusion of his original aims. He was also increasingly and agonizingly aware of Marian Voorhees as a woman.

Some kind of breakdown was inevitable; and it came after an evening when Blanchard was sure she had been happy with him. He followed her into the apartment and they were both laughing and exhilarated and when she turned he took her face between his hands and kissed her laughing open mouth.

Her resistance was furious and Blanchard, stepping back, took a slap in the

(concluded on page 50)

THE COMPLEAT FIDELITARIAN



THE PHRASE HIGH FIDELITY — authorship unknown — actually has been around for about 30 years, but during its first two decades it led a sort of disembodied existence. It was, so to speak, a description in search of a fact.

In the late Forties it found its fact, and began at once to enjoy what the French call *un succès fou*. I say *fou* purposely, in the sense of crazy, since in the last few years the words high fidelity, and their contraction hi-fi, have been used to help sell a weird variety of commodities ranging from uplift brasieres to windshield stickers that glow in the dark.

Even these antic employments, how-

ever, have failed to blot the concept of hi-fi as we understand it today. It is dual. First, it involves sound reproduction of a peculiar true brilliance. Second, it connotes the means to this end, the separate audio components — amplifier, loudspeaker, phono pickup, and the like — eclectically assembled by the buyer-listener, who thus satisfies his own personal taste in sonic flavor, assures himself continuing flexibility in home-music out-fittings, and makes himself distinctive by eschewing conventional cabinetry.

This personalization has given the whole idea of high fidelity a special appeal. Hollywood uses a high fidelity rig as a ready-made (continued on next page)

THE MODICUM HUNTER (above) chooses a smooth-sounding rig to soothe the savage breasts all over the place. Sonically respectable is his Acoustic Research AR-2 speaker system (\$96) incorporating a 10-inch woofer, tiny tweeter and crossover network mounted in a rugged cabinet. His Knight 24-watt preamp-amplifier (\$94.50) delivers oomph galore with less than 2% intermodulation distortion at full power. His Bogen turntable spins discs at all standard speeds, comes with GE triple-play cartridge and wooden base (\$68.45 complete). Rounding out the rig is his Knight Bantam AM-FM tuner (\$74.50), capable and compact. Total: \$333.45.

a stimulating essay at the audible level by a fervent fancier of fi

symbol to establish intellectuality in a tycoon. A high fidelity system also is commonly accepted as a badge of sophisticated masculinity. Indeed, one hears it said that high fidelity has supplanted the etching as a sure lure to seduction, a thesis which compels me, in conscience, to interject a note of

hazard. As follows: Bert invites Belinda to his rooms after dinner to hear his hi-fi system. Belinda brightens (a bad sign) and assents. They arrive, and the awful truth unfolds as Belinda informs Bert that: (a) his pickup cartridge is obsolete; (b) his loudspeaker is raspy at the top and boomy at the bottom;

and (c) there exists a recording of the *Greensleeves Fantasia* much newer, cleaner, and more transparent than the one he is playing for her. Poor Bert! Not only is his little nocturnal project kaput, but Belinda now dominates their relationship, which puts him in clear and present danger of holy matrimony.



THE GADGETEER digs dials and testing gear, loves to lamp the blips and wobbles of his Heathkit oscilloscope (\$69.50) and audio analyzer (\$49.95). Speakerwise, Mr. G. leans toward the James B. Lansing Hartsfield system, packed with a 15-inch woofer, high frequency driver, rectangular horn, round exponential horn, acoustical lens and crossover system (\$726 complete). His preamp-equalizer is a Marantz Audio Console (let's call it \$171 with case) and for kicks, an additional wee Fisher transistor preamp-equalizer (\$27.50) is tacked on to boost the fi still higher. In power amplifiers, Mr. G. picks a 40-watt Morantz ultra-linear job (\$198) with its own built-in metered test gadget. For FM listening, it's an H.H. Scott broadcast monitor (\$169.90 with case) complete with meter for dead-eye tuning. His tape-recorder is an Ampex 601 (\$545) while his turntable is a Rek-O-Kut Rondine Deluxe with Rek-O-Kut arm, walnut base and Audax Hi-Q7 cartridge (\$230.60 complete). Total: \$2187.45.

THE DEVOTEE sports two of the sharpest ears in town, gets a whomp out of the startling, spine-tingling effects stereo can produce. His two 20-watt Pilot amplifiers (\$59.50 each) cook up plenty of juice at low distortion, look to a Knight stereo preamp-equalizer (\$79.50) for sensitive controls. The dual sounds go round and round, come out of a pair of Bozak infinite-baffle speaker enclosures (\$75 each) housing 12-inch Bozak bass woofers (\$49.50 each); top tones are carried through a set of Janszen electrostatic mid-range and treble tweeters (\$184 each) that sit lightly atop the bass cabinets. The source of the two-channel sound is a portable Ampex A-122 recorder (\$449.50) that twirls stereo tapes at home, can be toted around with ease to make on-the-spot monaural recordings. For one-ear platter spinning Mr. D. likes his Presto Pirouette turntable and base coupled with a Pickering Fluxvalve arm and cartridge combination (\$159.75 complete). Total: \$1424.75.

But enough of ill-fated Bert, the Incomplete Fidelitarian, and of other folk who buy fi uninformed. There is only one reason to invest in high fidelity: good listening.

Now this is nothing to get throaty about. I said good listening, but there are all kinds and degrees of good listen-

ing. Total immersion in the sonic glories of a Beethoven orchestral allegro or a Bach organ fugue or a thumping good Dixieland passage, such as can be experienced through a \$1000 sound system, is incomparable medicine for the inner being. Not everyone, however, requires aural delectation quite so overpowering

as this. And, as a matter of fact, sound-reproduction on a much more modest scale can be just as beautiful, considered on its own terms. What I am getting at is that how high high fidelity must be to qualify as the real (i.e., satisfying) thing, depends in some part on who's listening. (continued on next page)



HIGH FIDELITY COMPONENTS COURTESY OF ALLIED RADID, CHICAGO

THE SERIOUS LISTENER dotes on music, not stunning sounds, buys with a sharp eye toward low distortion and precision manufacture in his components. His basic amplifier is a 30-watt McIntosh (\$143.50) that delivers virtually flawless reproduction throughout the entire audible range, mates felicitously with his McIntosh preamp-equalizer control center (\$96.50 with cabinet) that offers a whopping assortment of personal-preference playback settings. His H.H. Scott FM tuner (\$129.85 with case) comes with a meter for pinpoint tuning, assures drift-free, noise-free reception. In the speaker department, Mr. S.L. goes for a Bozak infinite-baffle enclosure packed with a 12-inch Bozak woofer, dual tweeters, a mid-range speaker and a three-way crossover system (\$231.85 complete) for clean, crisp listening in most any size room. He also likes a wood-mounted Garrard Professional turntable fitted with a Shure Studio Dynetic arm and cartridge (\$189.14 complete). Total: \$790.84.

THE AUDIO EXHIBITIONIST cottons to the big sound, enjoys watching the little cracks appear in his plaster walls and the jolted expressions on the faces of his friends, who are many and fair. He wouldn't be caught deaf without his big 16-inch professional Rek-O-Kut turntable, no wow, no flutter, with a Fairchild arm and cartridge (\$325 complete). His power unit is a hefty 60-watt amplifier by McIntosh (\$198.50) controlled by an H.H. Scott preamp-equalizer with Dynaural noise suppressor (\$169.90 with cabinet). For fun with FM his choice is a Fisher 90X tuner (\$186.95 with case), complete with gold cascode RF amplifier. But his real pride and passion is his Electro-Voice Patrician 600D speaker enclosure, bristling inside with an 18-inch low frequency driver, a mid-base, driver-horn assembly, a treble driver with diffraction horn, an Ionovac very high frequency driver, a four-way crossover network, three level controls and an instruction booklet (\$928 complete). Total: \$1808.35.

I have contrived a rough classification of listeners and their needs. First, however, I want to draw a couple of base lines, necessary because the term high fidelity has been misused and misunderstood. What a true high fidelity system, however modest or however elaborate, always delivers are two things: *comfortable listening* and a degree of *sonic realism*.

The first of these two requirements is perhaps the more important, because the more often violated. Reproduced sound that shrills, that batters, that tears at the nerve-ends is *not* high fidelity, no matter what the salesman says.

Yet comfort is not to be achieved at the expense of the natural top treble and bottom bass of the music, or of the natural range of its dynamics—loudness, if you will. That way lies lo-fi. The comfort must derive from purity, absence of distortion. Give your ears full authority; relax and depend on them.

The realism requirement is more variable. Its limiting factors include your neighbors, your pocketbook, and—perhaps most inflexible—your living room. My rule-of-thumb, to determine how hi the fi must be for a certain room, is to visualize the kind of music-making the room could comfortably contain "alive," get an intimately microphoned recording of such a performance, then shop for a sound-system using the record as a gauge. The least expensive system that will reproduce your record satisfactorily probably represents your best buy, the point at which the larger expenditures will be attended by diminishing returns.

To exemplify this: in selecting a rig for a small room, the test record I use is *Richard Dyer-Bennet No. 2* (Dyer-Bennet Records), a pleasant collection of folksongs featuring the well-known tenor and his guitar. The sound is exact, and almost any room is big enough for a live singer with guitar. For a room a little larger, I use a Unicorn (1034) LP which offers pianist Ernest Levy in two Beethoven sonatas—not outstanding performances, but splendid reproduction of the concert grand. Few rooms can take more than an all-out concert grand: when I think one will, I try Audio Fidelity's *Dukes of Dixieland*, or any Vanguard platter featuring the Solisti di Zagreb. No living room I ever visited would take the Philadelphia Orchestra or the Grenadier Guards Band, even if such organizations were microphoned *intime*—as they are not: the engineers almost always, and properly, try to present them at a little distance and mellowed by hall-sound.

The best place to start your investigations of hi-fi gear is at a good dealer's. A good dealer can be identified by his responsiveness to *your* wishes. It is his job, as expert, to advise you what to

buy, but only after he has carefully found out what you want to hear. (Incidentally, some of the hi-fi mail order houses have excellent advice departments, too, but local shopping is generally advisable where possible: for one thing, what a dealer sells he will service.) Since no dealer can possibly carry all makes of equipment, what your man does stock may narrow your choice of components.

This brings us to the central question bearing upon your choice of high fidelity equipment. Namely, what kind of listener are you?

Presumably there are as many kinds of listeners as there are people, but for convenience I am grouping them according to five prototypes. These are the Modicum Hunter, the Serious Listener, the Devotee, the Audio Exhibitionist, and the Gadgeteer. The last two of these, I must admit, I mention simply because they exist; there is little I can offer them in a general essay like this. At any rate, the well-versed Gadgeteer probably knows the subject as well as I do. And the Exhibitionist thinks he does.

. . .

To the Modicum Hunter, comfort is paramount in his listening; he is not terribly exacting about sonic realism. It would be unfair to him to call his music a home furnishing, but it probably is something he wants to be proud of in about the same degree as his martinis. He doesn't mind if his rig sounds like a phonograph so long as it sounds like a damned good phonograph. When it performs for his lady friend, she should be able to distinguish all the words in *My Fair Lady* and get a little tingle of theatre out of the timbre of the trumpets in the pit band. And he doesn't anticipate changing his components with great regularity.

The Modicum Hunter probably can do pretty well phonographically for something under \$300. For this he will get a loudspeaker and enclosure, a combination amplifier and preamplifier, and some variety of record-playing equipment: cartridge, arm and turntable, or changer. If he wants a radio tuner (FM or AM-FM), it will cost him more; call it an additional \$100. (It is hard to advise on tuner prices. In some areas nothing worthwhile is broadcast. In others, distances or reception difficulties may make it necessary for even the Modicum Hunter to buy an expensive tuner and antenna to pull in any non-network material.) In any case I am assuming that the record player will simply be mounted on a base, and the amplifier unit placed on a shelf or table. Many of today's units look quite good enough not to need hiding.

Let us start with Mr. M.H.'s system where the music does—at the record

player. (And let me say right here that when I mention a particular product, it is probably because I happen to be familiar with it, or because it illustrates a type. Its approximate equivalent may well exist in several other makes.) Should he get a changer, or a big turntable and precision arm (chosen separately), or a small manual-play combination? I'm against the last, unless economy dictates it, and unless Mr. M.H. can try it before buying. For some reason, these units, of whatever make, seem to vary widely in quality. A changer is desirable if Mr. M.H. is primarily interested in social background music. Changers are better than ever before, but they are still compromise devices: besides just playing records, the changer's tone-arm must work a trip, the motor must lift the arm, and so forth. The custom turntable and arm need not do these chores (*you* do them), so they can be designed for optimum smoothness, resonance-freedom, and groove-tracking. They cost more. Examples: the best-selling Garrard three-speed changer, less pickup cartridge, is \$66; the Rek-O-Kut Rondine 743 turntable with Rek-O-Kut 120 arm is about \$93. I'd buy the latter, but then I am not a Modicum Hunter.

One of the developments that launched the high fidelity enthusiasm in the late Forties was General Electric's magnetic (variable reluctance) phono pickup cartridge, much more faithful in sound reproduction than the crystals then common. Magnetics have dominated the field since and the GE has continued to lead all other magnetics in sales. Wherever he shops, the Modicum Hunter probably will come out with a GE Triple-Play cartridge—inexpensive, untroublesome, sonically respectable. It has competitors, of course, though none are quite so inexpensive. The Audak is similar and even sturdier, worth considering especially for use with changers. The new imported Miratwin exceeds it (to my ear) in tonal delicacy, and indeed rates comparison with much higher priced cartridges. In all cases, the cartridge should be equipped with a diamond-tip stylus for microgroove playing. A sapphire may suffice for the tip where-with to play 78s.

It is my notion that the Modicum Hunter's amplifier and loudspeaker should be considered together. A good amplifier driving a modest loudspeaker to me almost always sounds better than the other way around. It used to be standard practice to outfit the beginner with a 10-watt amplifier and let him splurge on his speaker. I think it preferable to get more than 10 watts' worth of amplifier and keep the speaker simple. Let the latter be a single cone unit of good quality, mounted in an infinite

(continued on page 42)



COLOR WOODCUT BY RICHARD TYLER

when your girl goes mad in the jungle, there's just one thing to do

THE CURE

fiction BY ROBERT BLOCH

IT MUST HAVE BEEN after midnight when Jeff awoke.

The hut was dark, but moonlight streamed through the doorway. As Jeff rolled over, he could see Marie standing beside his hammock.

She was stark naked.

The long golden flame of her hair shone against the whiteness of her breasts, and there were little flecks of light dancing in her eyes.

Jeff held out his arms and she moved forward, smiling.

Then the knife came down.

Jeff caught the reflection of the moonlight on the steel, caught it just in time to twist his body to one side. There was a harsh, ripping sound as the

blade of the machete slashed through the coarse canvas of the hammock.

He grappled with her, his hands sliding across the warm weight of her body, slippery with sweat. Marie made sounds deep within her throat, and slashed at him again. The machete bit into Jeff's ankle, and he screamed.

Then a dark form blotted out the moonlight from the doorway, hurtled forward and pinned Marie from behind.

"Senhor, you are all right?"

"I guess so." Jeff clambered out of the hammock, gasping at the sudden surge of pain in his ankle as he found the lamp and lit it.

Luiz stood quite calmly — a little man with a brown face and long black bangs, who could have passed for a wooden Indian. A wooden Indian with a machete of his own in his hand, pressed against Marie's throat.

"Yes, Senhor?"

"No!" Jeff muttered. "Don't!"

Luiz shrugged and let the machete fall, but did not release the girl. There was no expression in his muddy brown eyes.

Marie began to whimper.

"I'll kill you, Jeff. I swear it! You thought I didn't know, but I do. The money came, didn't it? You and Mike have the money, you're going to run away and leave me here to die. But I won't let you. I'll kill you first, I'll kill you —"

"Hey, what goes on here?"

Mike came into the hut, wheezing from his climb up the ladder. He stared at them.

Jeff shrugged. The words came hard, but they came. "It's Marie," he said. "She flipped her wig."

"Came at you with a machete, huh?"

"That's right. She thinks we got the dough and we're planning to pull a sneak."

"Maybe it's fever."

"Look at her," Jeff said.

Mike looked at Marie. Her eyes were wild and mindless.

"Guess you're right," Mike sighed. "It isn't fever. So now what do we do?"

"I don't know. She'll have to be watched." Jeff turned to Luiz. "Lucky you came along," he told the Indian.

Luiz nodded. "I see her come out of the hut with machete, so I walk behind. She look bad. Is a sickness in the head, no?"

"Yeah. A sickness in the head. We'll have to take her back to her hut and tie her down on her cot."

"Let us do it," Mike suggested. "You'd better look after that ankle of yours. It's bleeding bad. If there was only a doctor around —"

Jeff grunted. "She needs a doctor worse than I do," he said. "I've seen this coming on for weeks. These Brazil

backwaters are no place for a dame. No wonder she flipped. If that dough doesn't get here soon, we'll all flip." Bitterly, he thought of the half-million dollars and of Gonzales in Cuba, who, for a third of the split, was dumping the U.S. bills in exchange for pesos and was sending the pesos to them in their jungle hiding place. What was holding him up?

Mike and Luiz got Marie out of the hut, carrying her down the ladder. Jeff limped over to the bureau and looked for some brandy. He wanted to sterilize the wound. In this jungle damp, even a scratch could be dangerous. He found the bottle and was all set to pour some on when Luiz came back. He had something in his hand. The stained rag looked like some kind of poultice.

"I fix," he said. "*Muito bom*."

Jeff lay back in the hammock as Luiz bound his ankle. The poultice burned.

"Marie all right?" he asked.

"Senhor Mike, he ties her tight," Luiz answered. Then he paused. "Why you not let me kill her? She try to kill you."

"Because she didn't know what she was doing. She's out of her head."

"But she hurt you. I do not let anyone hurt the Senhor."

"That's all right, Luiz. You're a good boy," Jeff sighed. "Now go away and let me rest."

The Indian slipped away, and Jeff fell into a troubled sleep. It must have been midafternoon when Mike climbed the ladder to his hut again and Jeff awoke to find him standing there.

"How is she?" he asked.

Mike grunted. "Listen," he said. "You ought to be able to hear her screaming from here."

"That bad, huh?"

"Plenty bad. Hollering about the dough at the top of her lungs. If these Indians understood English, we'd be in real trouble. We've got to get her to a doctor, quick."

Jeff sat up, slapping at a mosquito. "I can't travel with this leg," he said. "Besides, we have to wait here for the dough. Then we can go down to the coast, take a freighter to Belém. It's a big city — they've got psychiatrists there."

Mike looked at him. "I wonder how long it'll take before your foot heals," he said. "Maybe the smart thing to do is take her now. For all we know, the dough won't arrive for another month. We can't keep her tied up all the time, can we?"

"But I told you, I can't travel now."

"You don't have to," Mike answered. "Luiz and I could take her to Belém."

"And leave me here all alone?"

"Somebody'd have to stay anyway, to get the dough when it comes."

Jeff blinked at his partner. "You'd

trust me?"

"Sure, why not?" Mike smiled. "We're buddies, aren't we? We pulled the armored truck job off together, didn't we? Of course I trust you with the dough — ain't you always trusted me with Marie?" He wiped the sweat from his forehead. "So let's do it this way. Luiz and I will take Marie down to Santaren in the piragua. From there we can catch some tramp steamer into Belém. We still got a grand or so stashed away, and that ought to be enough. I'll slip a few bucks to the skipper and nobody'll pay any attention to Marie no matter what she's yelling about. In Belém I'll hunt up a good headshrinker, get her fixed up. One of those private hospital deals, I figure. By the time you get the money, she'll be OK again. That's the way you want it, isn't it, Jeff?"

"Yeah," Jeff sighed. "That's the way I want it."

And that's the way it was.

The days slipped by. The women of the village brought food to Jeff and cleaned his hut and fanned him with leaves. Something went wrong with the wound, for he soon became fevered. In his delirium, time was without meaning — he did not know how long Mike, Marie and Luiz had been gone. Sometimes it seemed like hours. Sometimes it seemed like years.

And then, all at once, Luiz was there.

Luiz was there, and everything was all right. Jeff stood up, reeling, and stared at the little brown man with the muddy eyes. Good old Luiz, the perfect servant! He'd take care of everything now, he was back —

"What happened?" Jeff murmured.

Luiz shrugged.

"A bad theeng, Senhor."

"Marie, did something happen to Marie?" Jeff gripped the edge of the table.

"She is all right," Luiz said.

Jeff relaxed. "OK, then. I can take anything else, I guess. What happened — did Gonzales double-cross us about the money?"

"No, the money came, Senhor."


"You have it?"

"No, Senhor Mike, he had it in the piragua. They theenk I am asleep, but I see him counting it when we go down the river. He tells your woman the runner brings it before they leave here. Now he will run away with her, after he kills me."


"Why, the dirty, stinking rat —"

"Please, Senhor, do not alarm yourself. This Senhor Mike then creeps towards me with his knife, to kill. But I am awake and waiting for him with my own machete. We fight, the money falls in the river — it is a sad theeng, no?"

(concluded on page 72)



Fresh favorites on the sportswear scene: bulky sweaters—outsized, husky jobs that are light as a snowflake, yet warming as the contents of a hip-flask. Right: the Jaguar, a low-set, five-button cardigan spruced up with contrasting striping and a big, burly texture, topped off by Napoleon head cain buttons. Also available in black with red, brown with black, at \$28.50. Below: the brawny Pig and Whistle pullaver, with modified shawl collar copped from the uniform of the ski-wise Alpine Chasseurs—can be worn straight up or in an easy roll. Also available in white with black, tan with charcoal brown, at \$25.



attire

THE BULK OF IT

*outsized sweaters
for outside sports*



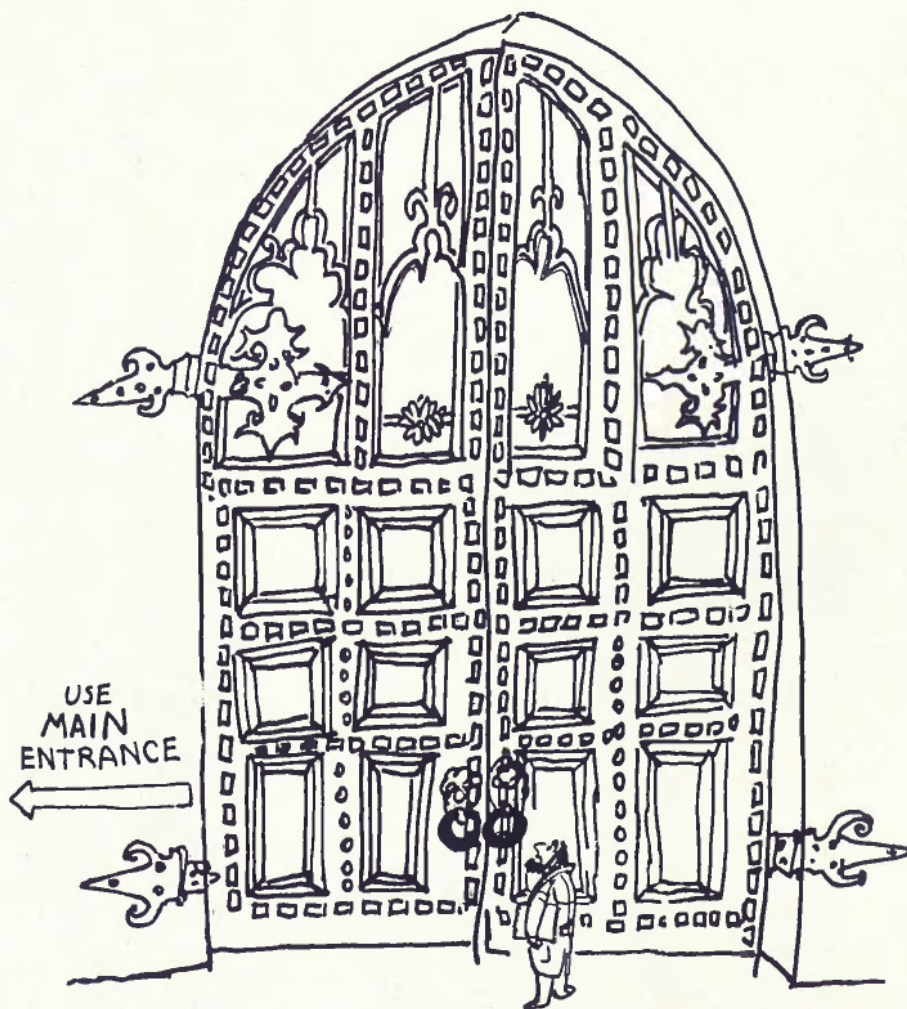
The bobby and the beard: Shel and a cop collaborate in drawing a London landscape.



"Say, you fellows have really picked up on our Ivy League styles haven't you?"



"...America!...Where you from?"





SILVERSTEIN in LONDON

pictorial

VIA THE MAY AND JULY ISSUES OF PLAYBOY, cartoonist Shel Silverstein has whisked us to Japan (where he was asked "Is it true what they say about American women?") and Scandinavia (where he was featured vocalist of Papa Bue's Bearded Viking New Orleans Danish Jazz Band). Both of these far-flung lands were lovingly limned in on-the-spot sketches bearing the saucy Silverstein stamp.

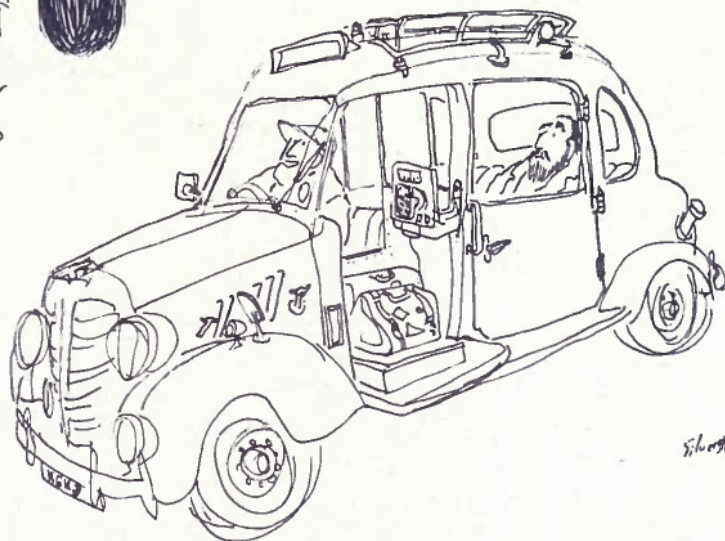
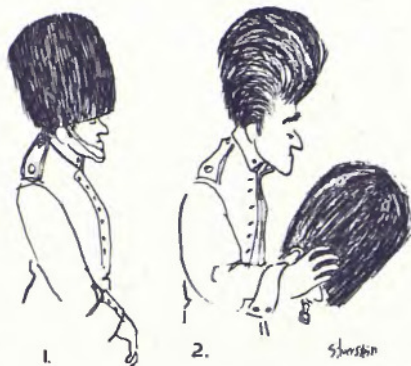
This month, his sketch pad sparkles with his impressions of the world's largest, grandest city: venerable and venerated London, the home of a teeming eight million people, the seat of mighty kings and queens, the nucleus of a once-vast empire, the city that looked upon Augustine and William Shakespeare.

Shel's view of London is not quite so lofty as all that, but it's pretty obvious he agrees wholeheartedly with Poet Laureate John Masefield's warm words about the place: "Oh London Town's a fine town, and London sights are rare./ And London ale is right ale, and brisk's the London air." Fine, rare, right and brisk as the age-old city itself are these drawings from a puckish pen.

*playboy's
wandering beard
beards the british
lion in its den*



SILVERSTEIN in LONDON, *continued*



Shel makes a new friend in Trafalgar Square.

"Blimey, gov, arfter 'oppin' about Tokyo an' Scarndenyvia, hit must be a ruddy joy ter 'ear English spoke again... Lor, I recalls one noight I were 'avin' a bit o' bingo in a pub in Swyden, when I spies this 'ere chaffer 'avin' a pot o' four arf at the near an' far—regular cheese she were an' up the pole t'boot. I were a bit squiffy from the bubbly m'self an' I figured, 'ere's a bit o' Roger, sure as eggs is eggs,' when 'rarnd the Johnny Horner pops this rorty, gallows-faced cabbage gelder. Lor! Big as th' bloody tower, 'e were—25 stone at least—an' 'e were browned off proper: 'All roight, ye randy, beef-witted, hobnailer,' 'e says t'me, 'op it, afor yer gets a slosh in the gob. This 'ere's m' lawful blanket!' 'In yer 'at, 'arry,' says I. Well, sir, 'e 'its me a gooser on the bread pan an'..."



"London lodgings are inexpensive," says anything-for-o-gog Shel.



"I believe I can say with assurance, sir, that Princess Margaret will not be interested in appearing as January's Playmate of the Month..."

FIDELITARIAN (continued from page 34)

baffle (sealed all around) or bass-reflex (hermetic except for a port, or vent, to lower the resonance and reinforce bass) cabinet. In many a small apartment, an eight-inch speaker will do, especially if it can be so positioned that the sound reaches listeners by reflection. Otherwise, a 12-inch. Good standards of comparison here are the James B. Lansing and Wharfedale (British) cones, priced at below \$25 for the eights and below \$75 for the twelves. One exception to this rule: the Acoustic Research AR-2, at just under \$100, is a two-way speaker, (tweeter and special air-supported woofer) of extraordinary smoothness. It is definitely a bargain.

In an amplifier, more is needed than plain power and tone range. There must be a minimum of distortion of any kind. This is one area in which I think the shopper should get technical. Among makers of amplifiers in the 10-to-20-watt category, competition is keen and design imitative. Merit may vary more widely between two amplifiers of the same make than between two of different makes. I suggest that (at least to begin with) you follow your dealer's suggestion as to make, but offer to pay him to run a couple of test response-curves on the unit you are to get. You may or may not know whether the resulting chart is good, but the point is, *he* will, and you are unlikely to get a lemon. If this procedure isn't feasible, at least read the model's specifications. The key-item is intermodulation distortion, of which you want as little as possible. At one watt of operating power, a good amplifier should show about .1% of IM distortion. At its full rated power (i.e., 20 watts for a 20-watt amplifier) it should show less than 2%.

Possible future developments should not be ignored even by Modicum Hunters, which is one basic reason for buying components instead of a ready assembled set: changes can be made more easily. Within the next decade, 3-D stereophonic sound will probably become an irresistible "must." And it will require double amplifier and loudspeaker facilities, not too dissimilar one from the other. This is especially worth keeping in mind while choosing a speaker and speaker enclosure: some day you may want another just like it, to place beside it at a six-foot distance.

There has not been room here to go into detail about speaker enclosures, yet they are very important. Especially important is the point that they should be extremely solid and internally padded with fibre-glass or layers of felt, and braced until they simply do not resound when pounded.

• • •

I am inclined to identify the Serious

Listener as someone who either has, or intends to have at some future time, a good listening room. Meanwhile he wants to get the absolute most out of his music. And it is music he's after, not just sound, be it Boston Symphony or Brubeck.

In equipment buying, he takes up where the Modicum Hunter left off. Probably he is conservative about amplifiers, shopping from 20 watts upward with an eye to precision manufacture and low distortion. He may even try wiring the excellent and inexpensive Heath Company's 25-watt amplifier-pre-amplifier kit (\$79.50), or the superb 50-watt Dynakit amplifier at \$69.75 (both are rather easy, the amplifiers being more so than the preamp). If this doesn't appeal, there are still dozens of good power amplifiers ranging in price from slightly under \$100 to slightly under \$150, a fair allotment for a power amplifier in a rig which (let us say) may total \$500.

Mr. S.L. probably buys his preamp on a separate chassis from his amplifier. One reason for this is that, of late, preamps have been improving very rapidly, and this may continue. (Transistorization is making headway here too.) Further, when and if he "goes stereo," and has to have two amplifiers, there is a secondary way he can use them (on monaural material). By dint of a fairly simple switching arrangement and a new type of dividing network (not yet common, but a good dealer can get one), one amplifier may be made to feed the bass speaker only and the other the tweeter only. This gives better control and cleaner sound than the conventional, electrically wasteful method whereby one amplifier drives both tweeter and woofer.

It probably behooves Mr. S.L. to spend somewhere near as much for his preamp-control unit as for his power amplifier. Any distortion or imprecision his preamp contributes will be magnified by the amplifier and revealed mercilessly by the speaker system. It is astute to pay for a distortion-check on your preamplifier as well as your amplifier. Acceptable intermodulation is about .1% at the output the power amplifier needs for best results — call it 2 volts.

It is at the record-playing stage of his music system that Mr. S.L. should become a perfectionist. Nothing is more distressing than to hear a fine amplifier-and-speaker array reproducing music flawed by turntable vibration or improper groove tracking. A good turntable will cost about \$100. The kinds I know best are the Garrard 301, the Sugden Connoisseur (both British), and the Components Corporation Professional (belt-driven). Other makes of comparable price also are well spoken of. Check

with your fingertips. You can feel most vibration you can hear.

Phono cartridges improve day by day. Their most important quality is stylus-compliance with the groove wiggles, which determines also how lightly they can track, and how little they abrade records. Concomitant with this goes freedom from wild resonances in the audible treble range, damaging both to vinyl and to aural comfort. Top rating in these qualities (at the time I'm writing, anyway) is held by the Weathers phono system (pickup, arm, etc.) which is not a magnetic at all, but a frequency modulation device which works through an oscillator. It can reproduce music — even massed strings — with surprising fidelity. The Weathers tracks at one gram and, with its own arm and oscillator, costs about \$90 (diamond LP stylus only). I have been using an Electro-Sonic Professional arm and cartridge, Danish-made and at once compliant and sturdy, which costs about \$106 and tracks at three grams. I have also heard excellent results from the Fairchild Model 225, and from the new Pickering Flux-valve. And very impressive among recent developments has been a Shure Brothers magnetic, of extremely simple design and high compliance.

Most fashionable (deservedly) of current tone-arms are the viscous-damped ones made by Gray Research and Development Company, at roughly \$40 and \$55. They are non-resonant, and they can't be dropped — they *float* down to the disc surface!

What most readers want to hear most about — especially at the S.L. level — are loudspeakers, but it is precisely here that the remote counselor can be least dogmatic. The listener's room — heed this — is *part of* his speaker system. Anyone whose residence isn't permanent, therefore, ought to have a speaker array which is adaptable to various placements: the wrong positioning can arouse irksome room-resonance. Hence I am mildly opposed to mounting speakers in walls (moving a hole in the wall is rather difficult) and even to "folded horn" enclosures which must be placed in corners. Corners in square (or nearly square) rooms can be sonic trouble spots.

For the Serious Listener with a small room, there is one standard recommendation these days. This is the Acoustic Research AR-1, the big brother of the AR-2 mentioned earlier. It is very small and compact, but delivers real big-speaker bass for a mere \$185. Further, it is a good first-half of a future stereo system.

If you have more room and want more oomph, there is a profusion of two- and three-unit loudspeaker-and-enclosure systems to seek among. Some are coaxial — one unit nested in the other — and

(continued on page 76)

LA DONNA È MOBILE

*miss october's inconstant
coif proves again that
"women are changeable"*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PETER BASCH

This photograph of cute chameleon Colleen Farrington first sold us on her as a Playmate, but her hair changed color before we picked her for your Miss October.



TIME WAS you could make a date with a brunette on Wednesday and, when you picked her up Saturday night, be certain a brunette would be waiting for you. These days, thanks to quickie hair-dyes, your brunette may have metamorphosed into a redhead or a boysenberry blonde. This sign of the times was dramatized for us recently when photographer Peter Basch sent us a test shot of prospective Playmate Colleen Farrington, a New York TV model. We found her a pert, well-turned brunette, and we wired Pete to go ahead by all means. When the first Playmate photos arrived, however, Colleen (having dyed her crowning glory for a TV show) was a blonde. We liked her better the other way, so she obliged by becoming a brunette again and Pete, in a puckish mood, persuaded her to try a temporary head of red too, in the interest of utter confusion. On these pages, therefore, Colleen is available in three smart decorator colors. Which do you prefer?



MISS OCTOBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Colleen had become a blonde by the time we were ready to put her in a tub for this sudsy October Playmate shot.



Photographer Peter Basch completed confusion by playfully posing Colleen in bath as both brunette and redhead.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A sure sign that social barriers no longer exist, observed a society matron of our acquaintance, is the number of cute French maids who enter a home by the servants' entrance and leave in a family way.



The wealthy old gentleman and his wife were celebrating their 35th wedding anniversary and their three grown sons joined them for dinner. The old man was rather irritated when he discovered that none of the boys had bothered to bring a gift and after the meal, he drew them aside.

"You're all grown men," he said, "and old enough to hear this. Your mother and I have never been legally married."

"What?" gasped one of the sons. "Do you mean to say we're all bastards?"

"Yes," snapped the old man, "and cheap ones, too."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *bachelor* as a fellow who is crazy to get married — and knows it.

How did you spend the weekend?" asked the pretty brunette secretary of her blonde companion.

"Fishing through the ice," she said.

"Fishing through the ice? Whatever for?"

"Olives."



The sweet young thing was telling her mother about the great time she had at the mountain resort: "I met a man in the recreation hall and we played ping-pong all afternoon. What fun, Mother!"

"Why, dear," remarked the mother, "I never knew you enjoyed ping-pong."

"I do now," the daughter said. "I'd

hit the ball the wrong way and we'd both go after it under the table. Then he'd hit the ball the wrong way and we'd both go after it under the table. We played all afternoon. It was wonderful."

"But I don't understand," said the mother. "Where does the fun come in?"

"Under the table, silly."

One steno observed to another, as the boss' sexy secretary wiggled past the water cooler: "There goes the original good time that was had by all."

You used to be the life of the party in the old days," reminisced one buddy to the other. "Does your wife still find you entertaining after six years of marriage?"

"No," answered the live one, "she usually doesn't catch me."



A most attractive redhead, window shopping on Fifth Avenue, became aware of a well-dressed gentleman following her at a short distance. Somewhat flustered, she accidentally dropped her handbag and he immediately retrieved it for her.

"I dropped that bag accidentally," she said. "I want you to understand that I am not the type of girl you can pick up."

The gentleman smiled and said, "Madam, I am most assuredly not picking you up. I am picking you out."

The naive miss was seated in her doctor's office.

"Our tests indicate that you are pregnant," said the M.D., "and there is every indication that you are going to have twins."

"But how can that be, Doctor?" the girl protested. "I've never been out on a double date in my life."

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



"Well, I finally managed to get rid of him."

PARTY GIRL (continued from page 30)

face that was no token reproof. She might, he thought, have a broken wrist out of it. She had begun to cry, in a terrible, abandoned way, but Blanchard knew she would take no comfort, no reassurance from him now. He picked up his hat and coat and stood by the door, rattling the knob. But Marian Voorhees kept right on crying; and it was time for Blanchard to go.

• • •

He was severely shocked the next morning, when she telephoned him. In the night, he had acknowledged her lost to him.

"Tod," she said. "What are you doing?"

"I don't know," he said. "Ruining, I guess."

"I can't stand my office," she said. "Will you take me somewhere this afternoon and get me drunk?"

"What?" he said.

"Well I want a drink," she said. "And I want it with you."

She was waiting for him when he went into the bar. She was at a table, arranging a little tableau before her of purse and gloves and lighter and cigarettes. She was very tense. The waiter, who knew them, put down two manhattans and she drank hers quickly.

"Ask him for another one," she said.

"Listen —" Blanchard said.

"I'm not going to get drunk on you," she said. "Not very drunk, anyway. I just want to unwind. Is it all right with you if I unwind?"

"Yes," Blanchard said. "Certainly."

Presently she said: "Light me a cigarette, Tod. Talk to me."

"I'm all out of talk," Blanchard said. "I've talked too much."

"No," she said. She laughed, unexpectedly, her tongue coral and provocative; and Blanchard averted his eyes. "You haven't said much, I suppose," she said, "but you haven't talked too much, either."

"You're generous," Blanchard said. She was drinking her third manhattan.

"Tod," she said, not laughing any more, her voice mournful. "Tod, what's a woman worth?"

"What?" he said.

"Don't you know either?" she said and the mournfulness in her voice now had a lost quality. She put her hand on his arm. "All men —" she said; and then she shook her head. "Tod," she said. "I'm not the woman you think me. Not at all."

Blanchard had a pretty good idea of what was coming and he tried to stop it, feeling pity for her. He did not know why these girls emancipated from small cities always had to confess the man

they'd left behind, but they always did. Blanchard supposed he should have seen the picture, seen the pattern, long since.

"Let's get out of here," he said.

"Come on, Marian," he said with real tenderness. "I want you out of here."

"It's the wrong place, isn't it?" she said. "Take me home, darling. Take me home."

Blanchard knew where things were in the apartment and he mixed her the drink she asked for as soon as they got in. "The last one," she said. "I'm not going to get drunk on you, I promised. I guess I was a little drunk but I'm sober now."

She was possibly either, but she was certainly in a state. She had thrown her white gloves on the coffee table and now she picked up one and began twisting it. Then she sat down, abruptly. "You've got to know," she said.

So it was coming anyway, Blanchard thought; and he didn't want to hear it. "Who the hell am I to know?" he said. "Don't crawl," he said. "Don't crawl for one —"

But she was beyond his reach. Her hands were now strangling the glove. "William Guthrie," she said. "How's that for a name for your first lover? I called him Bill, naturally," she said, "and naturally I was going to quit school for him and I was going to make my family recognize him." She twisted her head and looked up at Blanchard with a curious blankness. "None of that was necessary," she said. "It turned out that I was just a — receptacle."

Blanchard sat down beside her. "Listen," he said, "and believe me. It happens to everybody. Believe me," he said, wanting to clear it up and away, reaching for something jocular and yet serious that would dismiss it. "Every woman," Blanchard said, "has a son of a bitch in her life somewhere, sometime."

"Don't you care?" she said.

"I care if it hurts you," he said, meaning it.

Her look was pure gratitude. Blanchard took her hands into his own, stilling them and warming them; and presently this stillness and warmth began to pulse back at him from her. Blanchard's heart started to hammer.

"Listen," he said, the campaign and the meticulous plans and the techniques all to hell now, "I love you. I love you, Marian. I love you."

Everything was thundering down between them now and she clung fiercely to him. "You love me," she said wildly. "You love me and what about Jackson?"

"Bill," he said gently. "William Guthrie, remember?"

"William Guthrie, Arthur Jackson,

McNair Speed, in that order," she said, her back arching as she leaned away from him, only her hands still left in fierce embrace. "After that, Tom, Dick, Harry — in practically any order or change of order you please. And Frank," she said, now sitting up and taking her hands from his. "Football Frank, as you called him. My first, my only really conscious, charity case."

Blanchard stared at her.

"In a diminishing way," Marian Voorhees said, "I always thought I meant something. There was that hope, anyway," she said; and Blanchard was again touched by the mourning in her voice.

"Well," Blanchard said, knowing he had to say something, "you've had bad luck. Anybody can have bad luck. You've just had too many sons of bitches in your life, that's all," Blanchard said.

"Thanks for naming them for me," she said. "It's funny, isn't it, but I never could say bad words."

"I've got a good stock of them," he said.

"You'd better go home now," she said. "I love you, Tod," she said. "You are my love, but you'd better go home now."

"I love you," Blanchard said.

"It was from the first with me," she said. "From the very first moment," she said. "Can't you see," she said helplessly, beginning to cry a little, "can't you see why you should go?"

"No," Blanchard said. "No."

He kissed her and of course she was ready for it now, having herself turned the key to her surrender. She was very ready for it; and she twisted, straining upward against him, the coral of her open mouth no longer any provocation, but the beginning of fulfillment. They clung together so until something under her dress snapped and some part of her underwear began to tear silkily. As though this were a signal, she pulled away from him and ran into her bedroom. Blanchard could hear her tearing at her clothes.

So here was possession, all right. Blanchard thought as he looked down at her on the bed. She was even more marvelous to look at than he had expected. But then, a great many things had exceeded his expectations lately. A great many things.

There was just one little matter, Blanchard thought. He was curiously cool, but undoubtedly the long waiting had something to do with that. The thing was, he thought, touching her first and then feeling her coming liquidly into his arms, he definitely did not want to be the next in a long line of sons of bitches.

Blanchard wondered if he could settle for last.



The holy terror of U.S. road circuits: a standard touring-competition Corvette.

SPORT — and SUPER SPORT

article By KEN PURDY

corvette cuts loose with a champion car



America's all-out entry in big-time racing: the Corvette Super Sport with road-to-the-moon headrest and the guts of a winner.

FOR THOSE AMERICANS who dream of a U.S.-bred-and-built sports car, it has been a long time between drinks. The list of great names is a thin one: Mercer. Stutz. Duesenberg. Cunningham — until the Chevrolet Corvette appeared in 1953 there really were no others to be seriously considered.

Semi-sports cars, yes: the Auburn, the Cord, even the early Stanley Steamer, in the Gentleman's Speedy Roadster Model, and in the present, the Ford Thunderbird. But these machines, admirable in their several ways, still could not meet the strictest definition of a sports car: a machine suitable for everyday use *and* competition.

Even in the longest view, there have been few makes of motorcars that could run with equal ease down to the drugstore or out to the track. One thinks of the mighty old Bentleys, high-sided, rag-

topped four-passenger touring cars that used to win at Le Mans with regularity in the Twenties. Our own best was certainly the Mercer Raceabout. When the Raceabout ran wild on the dusty roads of pre-World War I America, men could, and did, buy one off the showroom floor and take it directly to Indianapolis for the 500. Therein lay part of the monstrous appeal of the car: the one you drove up the graveled driveway to your girl's house in the violet dusk of summer was no watered-down substitute, no mere blood-brother to a racing car — it was a racing car. It was the cold max, the deep-down honest thing itself.

As much could not be said of the Duesenberg. Like most of the great builders of the Twenties and Thirties, Fred Duesenberg made two kinds of cars: passenger and racing. So did Briggs Cunningham when he spent a prince's ransom trying to win Le Mans for America, after World War II. Cunningham made only the minimum number of passenger automobiles necessary to qualify him as a constructor, probably about 30. The rest of Cunningham's production was in competition sports cars with top speeds around the 170 mark. The British made many genuine dual-purpose sports machines: MG, Morgan, Jaguar, Aston Martin, Frazer-Nash and so on. But, until the directors of General Motors decided the company could well afford to have a go at racing again, no Americans of our time had attempted a genuine sports automobile.

• • •

Racing is no new thing to the Chevrolet name. Gaston and Louis Chevrolet were formidable racing drivers, and Gaston won Indianapolis in 1920. But automobile racing, the heart's blood of the industry before the Kaiser's War, had no great appeal for the production-minded men who ran Detroit after the war. They were riding a seller's market, and their decision to concentrate on producing automobiles, never mind racing them, was a logical one. Logical, that is, until 1946, when a British freighter unloaded a gaggle of TC-model MGs on the New York docks. Experienced trend-spotters knew then that something was in the wind, and they knew why: an inevitable aftermath of every war is an uncontrollable demand for personal freedom, the right to move about at will — and fast. This demand the sports car uniquely satisfies. Further, thousands of GIs had discovered in Europe, to their amazement, that there were many kinds of automobiles besides American. To a young man brought up believing that a Packard represented the absolute limit of fun on the road, an MG was a revelation, a curtain pulled back on a brand-new kick. Something *really* special, say a supercharged 2.9 Alfa-Romeo, produced

sensations positively alarming in their intensity. As the postwar years wore on, the dribble of imported cars turned into a brisk stream and Detroit decided to pick up this European notion and see what could be done with it. This decision produced the Thunderbird and the Corvette, and at first they were much alike — except that the Thunderbird was a success and the Corvette wasn't. Ford had craftily disclaimed the sports car idea of competitive machinery and announced that the T-bird was a "personal car" — something quicker, handier, more *sportif* than the cars of the regular line, but distinctly not a competitor. Chevrolet, back there in 1953, rejected the whole-hog sports car idea, too, but less bluntly. T. H. Keating, General Manager of GM's Chevrolet Division, said, "In the Corvette we have built a sports car in the American tradition. It is not a racing car in the accepted sense that a European sports car is a race car. It is intended rather to satisfy the American public's conception of beauty, comfort and convenience, plus performance . . ."

The car found a limited acceptance: the white plastic body looked vaguely like an upside-down bathtub, the top leaked, and the flat-top six-cylinder 150-horsepower engine with automatic transmission moving 2850 pounds made it no tiger on the road. In short, it looked funny and it wouldn't really go. Over the next two years, it was the Thunderbird salesmen who walked away with the money. By the end of 1955, Corvette production had simmered down to fewer than 100 units a day.

The idea of failure has never been well received at General Motors and they decided to start over again. The new Chevrolet V-8 engine was in production, and the regular-issue cars powered by it had been taking a lot of silverware from the stock car circuits. A European-type racing department for the stocks had been set up at Chevrolet, and a small air of excitement, conspiratorial and gay, hung over it. Mechanics had bets going with each other on the performance of cars they rated, and on race-days men hung over the radio and listened for the word. Nothing like this had been seen in Detroit for 25 years. Names well-known in sports car racing began to be mentioned as actual or prospective Chevrolet employees or consultants, names like Zora Arkus-Duntov, designer, and John Fitch, driver and writer. Early in 1956 it was announced that there would be a new spanking *new* Corvette, powered by the 225-horsepower V-8 carrying two four-barrel carburetors.

I went to Detroit to see the car, and although the one they showed me was the first one, hand-built and a non-runner, it was obvious that men of both taste and mechanical prescience had been

at work: by indenting an air-foil along the side of the body the designers had nullified the deadly bathtub look; the steering wheel was new and very Grand Prix and Italian in appearance, drilled-out spokes and all; the interior was new, the top was automatic, the windows rolled up and you could have a stick-shift if you wanted it. The chassis was the same one Chevrolet uses on its police cars and the engine was obviously quick and susceptible to any amount of modification. People forgot all about the old flat-head Corvette and looked at the 1956 as if it were a brand-new beast. This was obviously a car in the 115-120 mph class.

American sports car drivers had hoped the drought was over when the Thunderbird and the Corvette first appeared, and that it might be possible now to win an occasional race mounted on a U.S.-built car. A few had been impressed at first by the Thunderbird, but soon realized that it was just what Ford said it was: no sports car. The first Corvette, with its mandatory automatic transmission, had no chance at all, but the new one looked as if it might well be the answer. A lot of people dug deep and plunked down money.

At about this time — early in 1956 — Alec Ulman, the Sebring promoter, held a quiet luncheon meeting for a few cognoscenti at the Racquet Club in New York. Duntov was there, so was Fitch, together with Cole and MacKenzie of the Chevrolet top brass. Over coffee it was announced that GM president Harlow Curtice himself had authorized limited release of the statement that Chevrolet was in racing, seriously and for good. A couple of the guests were nearly overcome by the impact of this news: it meant that for the first time in a quarter-century a big U.S. firm was throwing down the gauntlet, deciding to sell its automobiles by arguing that they would damned well go faster than the competition's, go faster and stick better and outlast and out-gut anything else around. It meant that an American manufacturer would have a full racing department, staffed by high-performance experts and racing mechanics, campaigning from April to September up and down the land, and perhaps in Europe, too. It meant that maybe, just maybe, there'd be an American car you could run without being blown off by every D-Jag or 300SL owner who felt like showing you. The rejoicing in the Racquet Club that day was decorous but intense. This might be a first step taking America back to the big league of automobile racing — a heady atmosphere we hadn't known since Jimmy Murphy copped the Grand Prix of France in a Duesenberg in 1921. No U.S.-built car had won a European road-event since

(continued on page 81)

GARY CLAYPOOL looked like the serious young man he was, a man to whom the virtues of diligence and industry were more than merely subjects for cynicism around the office watercooler. He was rising fast in the chemical concern which gave him a two-window office, and there was no doubt that he was heading upwards in the next few years.

Despite his dedicated ambition, he had a sense of humor, too. His eyes could dance, and his lips could curl puckishly. But on his third date with the beautiful green-eyed, black-haired

THE SECRET FORMULA

fiction BY HENRY SLESAR

Lisa Monahon, his eyes were foggy and distant, and his mouth drooped downwards. They went to dinner and the theatre, and ended up in Gary's cozy apartment in upper Manhattan for a nightcap. People who turned to look at them during the evening wondered why this well-favored young man, with such a stunning girl on his arm, should look like the embodiment of Russian melancholy.

Eventually, Lisa asked the question

no man could resist its devastating powers

SUYEOKA

directly:

"Gary, is something the matter? You've been acting so *unhappy* all night."

She was sitting on the edge of a foam rubber sofa, sipping delicately at a weak mixture of brandy and soda. Her fur cape was still around her sculptured white shoulders, as if to make it clear that her visit was only a brief one.

"Have I?" Gary said. "I'm awfully sorry, Lisa. Didn't mean for you to notice."

"Then there *is* something wrong. Can you tell me, or is it something you'd rather not talk about?"

"It's not that." He squeezed the glass in his hand and looked moodily into the amber depths. "It's what you might call a business problem. No use bothering you about it."

"I don't suppose I'd be much help," she said wistfully. "But it's good to talk to someone about it, isn't it?"

"Maybe so. Maybe so," he sighed, and slammed his glass on the marble-top coffee table. "All I know is, this thing has got me so tied up in knots, I can't sleep or eat or—"

Her eyes widened. "Well, don't be so mysterious! What *is* this big problem."

He stared at her.

"All right. I'll show it to you."

Gary got up from the sofa and walked through the doorway of his bedroom. When he returned, there was a plain, clear-glass bottle in his hand, stopped by a cork. Inside the bottle was a cool blue liquid.

"This is the problem," he said grimly. "This little baby."

"What is it? Some sort of chemical?"

"Some sort is right." He turned it around in his hand. "This is called Formula X-14. Nothing mysterious about the name, it just means that it's the result of the 14th experiment made in our laboratory. It came out of some work we're doing for the Ardstein people. You know, the perfumers."

"Oh, sure," Lisa said. "But is that what your company does? Makes perfumes?"

"Not quite. We handle all kinds of chemical problems, and that's what Ardstein brought us a few months ago. I was personally assigned to the project, and all the major decisions land in my lap. That's what got me so balled up. I don't know whether to turn this stuff over to Ardstein and collect our fee—or drive up to the George Washington Bridge on a dark night and drop it into the river."

"I don't understand," Lisa blinked. "What *is* the stuff?"

"It's a perfume. That's all it is, a perfume."

"What's wrong with it? Can I smell

it?" Her nostrils were twitching curiously.

"Sure, go ahead. It smells OK, just like an ordinary perfume. And it doesn't do any harm in the bottle."

Lisa removed the cork and sniffed. "Smells pretty good. But what do you mean by harm?"

"I mean *harm*," Gary said, taking Formula X-14 from her. "It's the damndest thing I've ever run across, and it's given the company a hell of a problem. You see—" He rubbed a hand over his scalp. "I don't know how to tell you this. But you read the perfume ads, don't you?"

"Sometimes."

"Well, you know what they all claim. Soak a little of our stuff on your earlobes, and men'll be panting after you."

"So?"

"So that's our problem. Believe me, a big problem. On account of *this* stuff really works that way."

Her beautiful green eyes went wider still. "What do you mean?"

"I mean exactly that! When this perfume makes contact with a woman's skin, it makes her absolutely irresistible to men. So help me! Take any woman at all, add a little Formula X-14 and you've got a potential rape case. It's frightening!"

"You're joking!"

"I'm dead serious. We saw the reaction on our experimental animals. Then we made the mistake of trying it on Miss Gower, one of the lab workers. Now, Miss Gower is—well, to be blunt a kind of homely woman. But two minutes after this stuff went on her, old Funston gave a shriek like a bull elephant and went for her. Old Funston! He's 74 years old. He's so old he falls down. But he went ripping and tearing after Miss Gower like he was a sailor on a one-hour pass. Right in the laboratory, he rips off her blouse. He was working on her skirt when they pulled him away."

"How awful!" Lisa said.

"Awful is right! We had a hell of a time putting the security lid on what happened. We know what Ardstein would do if they heard about it. They'd want Formula X-14 in the worst way. They'd have the biggest perfume in America!"

"And will you give it to them?"

"That's just the issue. If we ever release the stuff, just think of the result. There'll be havoc everywhere it goes. Women will be attacked on the street. Men'll go to prison. Husbands will divorce wives. Crazy as it sounds, Lisa, this little bottle could start a national panic!"

She was staring at the blue liquid, and her breathing was heavy.

"It's amazing," she whispered. "It's

simply amazing, Gary. I never dreamed such a thing was possible—"

"Science is wonderful, all right. The only trouble is—how do we control it?"

She picked it up.

"Gary—I'd like to try it."

"What? You're out of your head!"

"Please! I just *have* to see if it's true."

"Give me that bottle, Lisa." He said it quietly.

"I must!" she said, clutching it to her breast. "I've just *got* to try the stuff." Her hand fumbled with the cork. Gary reached desperately across the marble-top and caught her wrist. They struggled for possession of the bottle, until Lisa triumphantly broke away and ran to the other side of the room. She shook a few drops into her hand and placed them on the lobes of her pink ears.

"Lisa, don't!" Gary shouted. "You don't know what you're doing!"

He jumped off the sofa and ran to her. As his arm shot out to recapture the bottle, it dropped from her hand and fell to the floor. The contents of Formula X-14 spilled out, and the carpet soaked it up greedily.

"You shouldn't have done that!" he panted. "You shouldn't have, Lisa!"

"I'm sorry, Gary—"

"I don't care about the formula!" he said hoarsely. "But *you*. I care about *you*!" He looked at her with gleaming, hungry eyes.

"Gary, no! I'm not that kind of a girl!"

"I can't help myself!" he choked, advancing upon her. "I just can't help it, Lisa!" His fingers tugged at her fur cape, pulling it from her creamy shoulders.

"No, Gary! Stop it!"

He was embracing her, his hands moving madly.

"You shouldn't have done it!" he rasped. "I can't stop myself, Lisa! I can't stop myself—"

"You poor darling," she moaned.

"You poor, poor darling . . ."

In the morning, Gary Claypool awoke late. When he saw what time it was, he hurriedly showered and dressed, and left for the office. But before he entered the elevator, he walked into the building drugstore.

At the counter, he said:

"Give me a bottle of perfume. Nothing too expensive."

In the laboratory, he filled an empty, clear-glass bottle with his purchase and placed it in his locker. Then, whistling, he took from his pocket a ball-point pen and an address book bound in Florentine leather. Carefully, neatly, almost fastidiously, he drew a line through the name "Lisa Monahan." In his office, he picked up the phone and made a date for the evening.



J. J. Johnson made a special appearance on the *Tonight* show over NBC-TV as top trombone man in the first PLAYBOY Jazz Poll.



THE 1958 PLAYBOY JAZZ POLL

*pick your favorites
for the second playboy
all-star jazz band*

WHO BLEW THE GREATEST HORN of the year? Dizzy? Satchmo? Shorty? Ferguson? Whose piano pleased you the most? Who led the rest in big band jazz? You and the other readers of PLAYBOY will pick the most popular jazz artists of 1958 with your votes in this second annual PLAYBOY JAZZ POLL. You'll pick the musicians for the 1958 PLAYBOY ALL-STAR JAZZ BAND, choose the band's leader, select its male and female vocalists, favorite vocal group and instrumental jazz combo. The winners of this biggest of all jazz polls will be awarded silver Jazz Medals, appear in special radio and television performances and on the 1958 PLAYBOY JAZZ LP.

1. Your *four page* jazz ballot starts to the right. A Nominating Board composed of jazz critics, the winners of the first annual jazz poll and representatives of the major recording companies, has nominated the jazz artists it considers to be the most outstanding of the year and this may serve as an aid in your voting. However, you may vote for *any* living artist in the jazz field.

2. The artists are divided into categories, composing a PLAYBOY ALL-STAR JAZZ BAND, and in some categories you

PAGE 1 OF YOUR 1958 PLAYBOY JAZZ POLL BALLOT

LEADER

(Please check one.)

- ☐ Ray Anthony
- ☐ Georgie Auld
- ☐ Charlie Barnet
- ☐ Count Basie
- ☐ Les Brown
- ☐ Les Elgart
- ☐ Duke Ellington
- ☐ Maynard Ferguson
- ☐ Jerry Fielding
- ☐ Dizzy Gillespie
- ☐ Benny Goodman
- ☐ Ted Heath
- ☐ Neal Hefti
- ☐ Woody Herman
- ☐ André Hodeir
- ☐ Harry James
- ☐ Quincy Jones
- ☐ Stan Kenton
- ☐ Elliot Lawrence
- ☐ Ralph Marterie
- ☐ Ray McKinley
- ☐ Herb Pomeroy
- ☐ Johnny Richards
- ☐ Shorty Rogers
- ☐ Pete Rugolo
- ☐ Larry Sonn
- ☐ _____

ALTO SAX

(Please check two.)

- ☐ Julian "Cannonball" Adderley
- ☐ Al Belletto
- ☐ Benny Carter
- ☐ Paul Desmond
- ☐ Lou Donaldson
- ☐ Jimmy Ford
- ☐ Herb Geller
- ☐ Gigi Gryce
- ☐ Johnny Hodges
- ☐ Lee Konitz
- ☐ Charlie Mariano
- ☐ Jackie McLean
- ☐ Lennie Niehaus
- ☐ Art Pepper
- ☐ Marshall Royal
- ☐ Bud Shank
- ☐ Zoot Sims
- ☐ Willie Smith
- ☐ Sonny Stitt
- ☐ Phil Woods
- ☐ _____
- ☐ _____

TENOR SAX

(Please check two.)

- ☐ Georgie Auld
- ☐ Al Cohn
- ☐ John Coltrane
- ☐ Bob Cooper
- ☐ Bud Freeman
- ☐ Stan Getz
- ☐ Jimmy Giuffre
- ☐ Paul Gonsalves
- ☐ Coleman Hawkins
- ☐ Illinois Jacquet

- ☐ Warne Marsh
- ☐ Hank Mobley
- ☐ Jack Montrose
- ☐ Sandy Mosse
- ☐ Vido Musso
- ☐ Dave Pell
- ☐ Bill Perkins
- ☐ Flip Phillips
- ☐ Seldon Powell
- ☐ Sonny Rollins
- ☐ Eddie Shu
- ☐ Zoot Sims
- ☐ Sonny Stitt
- ☐ Sam Taylor
- ☐ Lucky Thompson
- ☐ Phil Urso
- ☐ Charlie Ventura
- ☐ Ben Webster
- ☐ Lester Young
- ☐ _____
- ☐ _____

BARITONE SAX

(Please check one.)

- ☐ Pepper Adams
- ☐ Danny Bank
- ☐ Ernie Caceres
- ☐ Harry Carney
- ☐ Al Cohn
- ☐ Jimmy Giuffre
- ☐ Lars Gullin
- ☐ Gerry Mulligan
- ☐ Jack Nimitz
- ☐ Cecil Payne
- ☐ Bud Shank
- ☐ Jack Washington
- ☐ _____

CLARINET

(Please check one.)

- ☐ Barney Bigard
- ☐ Buddy Collette
- ☐ Buddy DeFranco
- ☐ Pete Fountain
- ☐ Jimmy Giuffre
- ☐ Benny Goodman
- ☐ Edmond Hall
- ☐ Jimmy Hamilton
- ☐ Woody Herman
- ☐ Peanuts Hucko
- ☐ Rolf Kuhn
- ☐ John LaPorta
- ☐ Matty Matlock
- ☐ Sam Most
- ☐ Pee Wee Russell
- ☐ Tony Scott
- ☐ Mike Simpson
- ☐ Bill Smith
- ☐ Bob Wilber
- ☐ Sol Yaged
- ☐ _____

TRUMPET

(Please check four.)

- ☐ Nat Adderley
- ☐ Cat Anderson
- ☐ Louis Armstrong
- ☐ Chet Baker

CUT ALONG THIS LINE

PAGE 2 OF YOUR 1958 PLAYBOY JAZZ POLL BALLOT

- ☐ Wilbur Bascomb
- ☐ Ruby Braff
- ☐ Donald Byrd
- ☐ Conte Candoli
- ☐ Pete Candoli
- ☐ Buddy Childers
- ☐ Buck Clayton
- ☐ Dick Collins
- ☐ Miles Davis
- ☐ Rusty Dedrick
- ☐ Kenny Dorham
- ☐ Jon Eardley
- ☐ Harry Edison
- ☐ Roy Eldridge
- ☐ Don Elliott
- ☐ Don Fagerquist
- ☐ Art Farmer
- ☐ Maynard Ferguson
- ☐ Dizzy Gillespie
- ☐ Conrad Gozzo
- ☐ Bobby Hackett
- ☐ Thad Jones
- ☐ Lee Morgan
- ☐ Joe Newman
- ☐ Sam Noto
- ☐ Shorty Rogers
- ☐ Bob Scobey
- ☐ Charlie Shavers
- ☐ Jack Sheldon
- ☐ Charles Teagarden
- ☐ Clark Terry
- ☐ Nick Travis
- ☐ Stu Williamson
- ☐ _____
- ☐ _____
- ☐ _____
- ☐ _____

TROMBONE (Please check four.)

- ☐ Milt Bernhart
- ☐ Eddie Bert
- ☐ Bob Brookmeyer
- ☐ George Brunis
- ☐ Bobby Burgess
- ☐ Jimmy Cleveland
- ☐ Willie Dennis
- ☐ Wilbur De Paris
- ☐ Vic Dickenson
- ☐ Bob Enevoldsen
- ☐ Maynard Ferguson
- ☐ Carl Fontana
- ☐ Benny Green
- ☐ Urbie Green
- ☐ Herbie Harper
- ☐ Bill Harris
- ☐ J. J. Johnson
- ☐ Abe Lincoln
- ☐ Turk Murphy
- ☐ Kid Ory
- ☐ Tommy Pederson
- ☐ Benny Powell
- ☐ Frank Rehak
- ☐ Frank Rosolino
- ☐ John Saunders
- ☐ Jack Teagarden
- ☐ Kai Winding

- ☐ Britt Woodman
- ☐ Trummy Young
- ☐ _____
- ☐ _____
- ☐ _____
- ☐ _____

PIANO (Please check one.)

- ☐ Count Basie
- ☐ Paul Bley
- ☐ Dave Brubeck
- ☐ Barbara Carroll
- ☐ Duke Ellington
- ☐ Don Ewell
- ☐ Russ Freeman
- ☐ Erroll Garner
- ☐ Hampton Hawes
- ☐ Calvin Jackson
- ☐ Ahmad Jamal
- ☐ Hank Jones
- ☐ Duke Jordan
- ☐ Billy Kyle
- ☐ Lou Levy
- ☐ John Lewis
- ☐ Marian McPartland
- ☐ Thelonious Monk
- ☐ Phineas Newborn, Jr.
- ☐ Bob Pancoast
- ☐ Bernard Peiffer
- ☐ Oscar Peterson
- ☐ Bud Powell
- ☐ André Previn
- ☐ George Shearing
- ☐ Horace Silver
- ☐ Billy Taylor
- ☐ Lennie Tristano
- ☐ Mal Waldron
- ☐ Claude Williamson
- ☐ Teddy Wilson
- ☐ _____

GUITAR (Please check one.)

- ☐ Laurindo Almeida
- ☐ George Barnes
- ☐ Billy Bauer
- ☐ Bo Diddley
- ☐ Kenny Burrell
- ☐ Eddie Condon
- ☐ Herb Ellis
- ☐ Tal Farlow
- ☐ Jimmy Gourley
- ☐ Freddie Green
- ☐ Jim Hall
- ☐ Barney Kessel
- ☐ Mundell Lowe
- ☐ Oscar Moore
- ☐ Les Paul
- ☐ John Pisano
- ☐ Joe Puma
- ☐ Jimmy Raney
- ☐ Howard Roberts
- ☐ Sal Salvador
- ☐ Johnny Smith
- ☐ George Van Eps
- ☐ _____



Above, leader Stan Kenton checks a copy of the February 1957 PLAYBOY to learn who else won top honors in the first annual Jazz Poll; below, PLAYBOY's Janet Pilgrim gives Benny Goodman his medal.



CUT ALONG THIS LINE

PLAYBOY College Rep Jerry Gidlund presented Frank Sinatra with his Jazz Medal during a personal appearance in Seattle.



are allowed more than one vote (e.g., trumpet, trombone) because the band carries more than one of that particular instrument. Be careful to cast the proper number of votes, as too many in any one category will disqualify all the votes in that category.

3. If you wish to vote for an artist who has been nominated, simply place an X in the box before his name; if you wish to vote for an artist who has *not* been nominated, write his name in at the bottom of the category and place an X in the box before it. You will not be penalized if you skip a category, but please vote in as many as you can.

4. For leader, choose the man you feel has done the most outstanding job of leading a big jazz band (8 or more pieces) in the past year; in each category, pick the musicians you feel have been the most outstanding in jazz in the past year.

5. Please note that there are *four pages* to this year's ballot — be sure to vote for your favorites on all four of them. All four pages must be included in order for your ballot to be valid.

6. Please print your correct name and address in the space on the last page of the ballot. You are allowed to cast only one complete ballot in the poll and that must carry your correct name and address in order to be counted.

7. Cut your four page ballot along the dotted lines and mail to PLAYBOY JAZZ POLL, 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Illinois. You may use the postage-paid reply envelope bound into the back of this issue for the purpose.

8. Ballots must be postmarked no later than midnight, November 10th, 1957, in order to be counted, so get yours in the mail *today*. The winners of the second annual PLAYBOY JAZZ POLL will be announced in the February 1958 issue.

BASS

(Please check one.)

- ☐ Norman Bates
- ☐ Joe Benjamin
- ☐ Ray Brown
- ☐ Monty Budwig
- ☐ Paul Chambers
- ☐ Curtis Counce
- ☐ Israel Crosby
- ☐ Richard Davis
- ☐ George Duvivier
- ☐ Squire Gersh
- ☐ Bob Haggart
- ☐ John Hawksworth
- ☐ Percy Heath
- ☐ Milt Hinton
- ☐ Chubby Jackson
- ☐ Teddy Kotick
- ☐ Wendell Marshall
- ☐ Charlie Mingus
- ☐ Red Mitchell
- ☐ Joe Mondragon
- ☐ George Morrow
- ☐ Oscar Pettiford
- ☐ Howard Rumsey
- ☐ Eddie Safranski
- ☐ Arvell Shaw
- ☐ Carson Smith
- ☐ Phil Stevens
- ☐ Slam Stewart
- ☐ Ben Tucker
- ☐ LeRoy Vinnegar
- ☐ Wilbur Ware

- ☐ Dick Cary, *alto horn*
- ☐ James Clay, *flute*
- ☐ Buddy Collette, *flute*
- ☐ Bob Cooper, *oboe*
- ☐ Don Elliott, *vibes & mello-phone*
- ☐ Terry Gibbs, *vibes*
- ☐ John Graas, *French horn*
- ☐ Lionel Hampton, *vibes*
- ☐ Paul Horn, *flute*
- ☐ Milt Jackson, *vibes*
- ☐ Bobby Jasper, *flute*
- ☐ Pete Jolly, *accordion*
- ☐ Fred Katz, *cello*
- ☐ Herbie Mann, *flute*
- ☐ Sam Most, *flute*
- ☐ Red Norvo, *vibes*
- ☐ Dave Pike, *vibes*
- ☐ Tito Puente, *timbales*
- ☐ Jerome Richardson, *flute*
- ☐ Shorty Rogers, *Flügelhorn*
- ☐ Joe Rushton, *bass sax*
- ☐ Leon Sash, *accordion*
- ☐ Bud Shank, *flute*
- ☐ Kenny Shroyer, *bass trombone*
- ☐ Jimmy Smith, *organ*
- ☐ Jean "Toots" Thielemans, *harmonica*
- ☐ Cal Tjader, *vibes*
- ☐ Cy Touff, *bass trumpet*
- ☐ Art Van Damme, *accordion*
- ☐ Julius Watkins, *French horn*
- ☐ Frank Wess, *flute*

DRUMS

(Please check one.)

- ☐ Ray Bauduc
- ☐ Louis Bellson
- ☐ Art Blakey
- ☐ Larry Bunker
- ☐ Candido
- ☐ Kenny Clarke
- ☐ Cozy Cole
- ☐ Barrett Deems
- ☐ Nick Fatool
- ☐ Chico Hamilton
- ☐ J. C. Heard
- ☐ Osie Johnson
- ☐ Jo Jones
- ☐ Philly Joe Jones
- ☐ Gene Krupa
- ☐ Don Lamond
- ☐ Stan Levey
- ☐ Mel Lewis
- ☐ Shelly Manne
- ☐ Lennie McBrowne
- ☐ Joe Morello
- ☐ Buddy Rich
- ☐ Max Roach
- ☐ Nick Stabulas
- ☐ Sam Woodyard

MALE VOCALIST

(Please check one.)

- ☐ Louis Armstrong
- ☐ Ozzie Bailey
- ☐ Chet Baker
- ☐ Harry Belafonte
- ☐ Tony Bennett
- ☐ Pat Boone
- ☐ Nat "King" Cole
- ☐ Perry Como
- ☐ Bing Crosby
- ☐ Vic Damone
- ☐ Sammy Davis, Jr.
- ☐ Fats Domino
- ☐ Billy Eckstine
- ☐ Don Elliott
- ☐ Eddie Fisher
- ☐ Buddy Greco
- ☐ Clancy Hayes
- ☐ Al Hibbler
- ☐ Frankie Laine
- ☐ Tony Martin
- ☐ Johnny Mathis
- ☐ Jackie Paris
- ☐ Elvis Presley
- ☐ Johnnie Ray
- ☐ Jimmy Rushing
- ☐ Tommy Sands
- ☐ Frank Sinatra
- ☐ Bobby Short
- ☐ Jack Teagarden
- ☐ Mel Tormé

MISC. INSTRUMENT

(Please check one.)

- ☐ Ahmed Abdul-Malik, *aoud*
- ☐ Bill Barber, *tuba*
- ☐ Sidney Bechet, *soprano sax*

CUT ALONG THIS LINE

- ☐ Bobby Troup
- ☐ Joe Turner
- ☐ Josh White
- ☐ Joe Williams

FEMALE VOCALIST
(Please check one.)

- ☐ Pearl Bailey
- ☐ Jackie Cain
- ☐ June Christy
- ☐ Chris Connor
- ☐ Doris Day
- ☐ Frances Faye
- ☐ Ella Fitzgerald
- ☐ Eydie Gormé
- ☐ Billie Holiday
- ☐ Lena Horne
- ☐ Lurlean Hunter
- ☐ Beverly Kenney
- ☐ Teddi King
- ☐ Eartha Kitt
- ☐ Irene Kral
- ☐ Barbara Lea
- ☐ Peggy Lee
- ☐ Julie London
- ☐ Big Maybelle
- ☐ Mary Ann McCall
- ☐ Carmen McRae
- ☐ Mabel Mercer
- ☐ Helen Merrill
- ☐ Marilyn Moore
- ☐ Jaye P. Morgan
- ☐ Anita O'Day
- ☐ Patti Page
- ☐ Lucy Reed
- ☐ Rita Reys
- ☐ Ann Richards
- ☐ Felicia Sanders
- ☐ Dinah Shore
- ☐ Jeri Southern
- ☐ Jo Stafford
- ☐ Kay Starr
- ☐ Sylvia Syms
- ☐ Sarah Vaughan
- ☐ Dinah Washington
- ☐ Margaret Whiting
- ☐ Lee Wiley

INSTRUMENTAL COMBO
(Please check one.)

- ☐ Cannonball Adderley
- ☐ Louis Armstrong All-Stars
- ☐ Australian Jazz Quintet
- ☐ Chet Baker Quintet
- ☐ Dave Brubeck Quartet
- ☐ Barbara Carroll Trio
- ☐ Miles Davis Quintet
- ☐ Dukes of Dixieland
- ☐ Don Elliott Quintet

- ☐ Erroll Garner Trio
- ☐ Stan Getz Quintet
- ☐ Terry Gibbs Quartet
- ☐ Benny Goodman Quartet
- ☐ Chico Hamilton Quintet
- ☐ Lionel Hampton Quintet
- ☐ Ahmad Jamal Trio
- ☐ The Jazzpickers
- ☐ J. J. Johnson Quintet
- ☐ Gene Krupa Quartet
- ☐ Ramsey Lewis Trio
- ☐ Lighthouse All-Stars
- ☐ Shelly Manne and his Men
- ☐ Marian McPartland Trio
- ☐ Modern Jazz Quartet
- ☐ Thelonious Monk Trio
- ☐ Gerry Mulligan Quartet
- ☐ Red Norvo Quintet
- ☐ Novelites
- ☐ Art Pepper Quartet
- ☐ Oscar Peterson Trio
- ☐ Max Roach Quintet
- ☐ Shorty Rogers' Giants
- ☐ Bob Scobey Septet
- ☐ Bud Shank Quartet
- ☐ George Shearing Quintet
- ☐ Horace Silver Quintet
- ☐ String Jazz Quartet
- ☐ Billy Taylor Trio
- ☐ Cal Tjader Quartet
- ☐ Art Van Damme Quintet
- ☐ George Wallington Trio
- ☐ Teddy Wilson Sextet
- ☐ Kai Winding Septet

VOCAL GROUP
(Please check one.)

- ☐ Andrews Sisters
- ☐ Axidentals
- ☐ Al Belletto Sextet
- ☐ Blue Stars
- ☐ Cadillacs
- ☐ Jackie Cain & Roy Kral
- ☐ Four Freshmen
- ☐ Four Grads
- ☐ Hi-Lo's
- ☐ Honey Dreamers
- ☐ The Jive Bombers
- ☐ Mary Kay Trio
- ☐ King Sisters
- ☐ McGuire Sisters
- ☐ Mellolarks
- ☐ Mills Brothers
- ☐ Moonglows
- ☐ Pat Moran Quartet
- ☐ Platters
- ☐ Spellbinders
- ☐ The Weavers

Correct name and address must be printed here to authenticate ballot.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
Zone _____ State _____



A number of the 1957 PLAYBOY All-Stars appeared at the Newport Jazz Festival in July and received their silver jazz Medals. Here displaying them with suitable pride and good humor are (above, left and right) Gerry Mulligan and Dave Brubeck, and (below) Paul Desmond and Dizzy Gillespie.



NOMINATING BOARD: Joe Glaser, ASSOCIATED BOOKING CORP.; Bill Simon, BILLBOARD; Rudy Meyer, BIRDLAND; Frank Holzfiend, THE BLUE NOTE; John S. Wilson, HIGH FIDELITY; Louis Lorillard, NEWPORT JAZZ FESTIVAL; John Mehegan, NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE; Leonard Feather, PLAYBOY; Henry Busse, Jr., STATION KOWH; Creed Taylor, ABC-PARAMOUNT; Phil Chess, ARGO RECORDS; Nesuhi Ertegun, ATLANTIC; Sidney Frey, AUDIO FIDELITY; Gustav Wildi, BETHLEHEM; Alfred W. Lion, BLUE NOTE RECORDS; Bob Kornheiser, CADENCE; Norman Granz, CLEF, NORGRAN, VERVE; David Stuart, CONTEMPORARY; George Avakian, COLUMBIA; Leonard Schneider, DECCA; Jac Holzman, ELEKTRA; Max Weiss, FANTASY; Donald Clark, INTRO; Bob Shad, MERCURY; Richard Bock, PACIFIC JAZZ; Bob Weinstock, PRESTIGE; Fred Reynolds, RCA VICTOR; Bill Grauer, Jr., RIVERSIDE; Teddy Reig, ROOST; Ozzie Cadena, SAVOY; Don Schlitten, SIGNAL; George Wein, STORYVILLE; John Hammond, VANGUARD; Bennett S. Rosner, VIK; Louis Armstrong, Chet Baker; Ray Brown; Dave Brubeck; The Four Freshmen; Dizzy Gillespie; Barney Kessel; Stan Kenton; Shelly Manne; Shorty Rogers; Bud Shank; Jack Teagarden; Kai Winding.

THE RABBIT AND THE TURTLE DOVE

A new telling of a tale from the 14th Century German collection, *Gesamtabenteuer*

Ribald Classic



ONE DAY during the harvest season, a knight of noble lineage was out hunting, accompanied by two dogs and a falcon. Espying a small rabbit in a clearing, he set the dogs loose, but the frightened creature escaped into the high grain. Finally a reaper caught it.

"Give me the rabbit!" said the hunter, and the reaper gave it to him.

Pleasantly stimulated by the incident, the knight stroked the quivering animal and wondered what he should do with it. His heart advised him to give the furry prize to a highborn lady who

had long denied him her favor. Without further ado he set out.

As he neared a village along the way, however, he came upon a maiden standing in an arbor not far from the road. The knight stopped and greeted her courteously. Whereupon the maiden said, "Pray, my lord, where did you get the pretty rabbit? If only it were mine! Do you wish to sell it?"

The knight paused, charmed by the girl's unusual loveliness. "You may have it, my beautiful child, if you truly desire it."

"Tell me what it is worth!" she demanded eagerly. "If I have what you want in return, this will be the happiest day of my life."

His reply came without delay: "I will give it to you in exchange for your love."

The maiden was puzzled. "My love, sir? What is that?" Her brows wrinkled for a moment. Then she looked up hopefully. "My lord, in my cabinet I have three pounds of rings, 10 precious stones, and a beautiful red-and-white silk belt into which my mother has woven strands of gold. If you are not jesting, and truly wish to trade the rabbit, I will give you all of these."

The knight replied that he wanted none of these things, but only her love.

"That is something I do not have."

"Let me seek and I will surely find it!"

She hesitated a moment. Then she laughed, "Well and good! Give me the rabbit and take my love!"

The knight cast a hasty glance about and asked if anyone had overheard them.

"Oh no!" replied the maiden, who was pure and gentle as a turtle dove. "My mother and the servants are all at church."

When he had heard this, the young man quickly dismounted, fastened his horse, and set down the falcon. Then he led the maiden into the arbor and gave her the rabbit. Pressing the tiny creature to her bosom, she let out a little cry of joy. Then she smiled at the giver, "Now you must take my love."

The knight drew her close to him, kissed her rosy mouth, and sought with such earnestness that it was not long before his search was rewarded. When he rose to leave, the girl's eyes grew wide.

"Oh, my lord! It would not be right for you to go without having found what you seek. How can you be sure in so short a time? Pray, look some more! Remember our bargain!"

The young man did as he was bid. But when the time came to depart, the lass put her arms about his neck and spoke tenderly, "Do not go yet. It would be a sin if you left before you were sure you had found my love. Pray, my sweet lord, look again."

And again he did her bidding. Then he mounted his steed. The girl watched with interest and suddenly cried out, "Why are you taking nothing with you?"

(concluded on page 80)



"You mean if I sow liquor and dames, I'll reap liquor and dames?"



opinion BY CECIL BEATON

THE CELLOPHANE SOCIETY

an urbane briton levels a blast at "horrifying, perverse" america

AMERICAN IDIOSYNCRASIES are legion for even a perennial English visitor like myself. No doubt all travelers find that certain customs of a foreign country seem perverse or illogical—expressions of a unique national psychology. Why do the French put chicory in their coffee? Why do we English drive on the left-hand side of the road and have such a complicated currency? Why do Americans . . .

But perhaps only an American can answer the following riddles:

Why is it that in America nearly everything comes in cellophane or plastic or wax or Saran Wrap or aluminum foil? Is it a form of occupational therapy for the fingers? Is it a germ phobia? I have even seen, to my astonishment, that in some hotels the toilet seats are beribboned with a strip of printed paper, like a shirt arriving from the laundry. This guarantees the guest that the object in question has been subjected to ozone treatment at 40° Centigrade for a period of not less than 20 minutes, and is as sterile as a doctor's instruments.

Why are American catch phrases astonishingly bigger than life? Even the lowly pretzel may come in a box labeled, "For your eating pleasure." Music, regardless of individual tastes, is always

"For your listening pleasure." Cigarettes are "king-sized" or "regular," but never pygmies. This art of overstatement reaches its apogee with restaurant menus. They are written in such purple prose that Carlyle himself would blush for envy. Why do strawberries come in "mounds"? Why is Virginia ham "succulent"? Why is cream from "tuberculin-tested cows"? In despair and confusion, the benighted foreigner winds up ordering scrambled eggs and bacon, only to be more confused by the lump of jam that accompanies the order and bespeaks a weird national sweet tooth.

Why do Americans talk like coded telegrams, and as though they were counting every word at that? My particular peeves are "long time no see," "can do," and those horrifying, ingenious compound words—"theatre-wise" or "publicity-wise."

Why is the size of American newspapers and magazines so defeating? Muscles grow sore from carrying them. Readers are inundated with advertisements until they can scarcely see the fiction for the Fords, the features for the cereals and washing machines. Advertising may be an economic necessity for publishers, but why must it appear throughout a magazine, interrupting

every feature? And the layout of American newspapers is positively perverse. Many a fascinating lead story will go on for five lines and then be "continued on page 8, column 9."

Why is Christmas in America a battle against sticky tape? Perhaps, next, parcels will be wrapped in barbed wire.

Why do Americans have such a mania for air conditioning? I have often wished for an overcoat at the cinema. Conversely, central heating in winter raises the room temperature to that of a Turkish bath. Is it impossible to regulate these technological wonders, or does the pioneer spirit always go to extremes?

What is the reason for polyethylene prophylaxis? Men's hats, women's shoes and roasting chickens are now being transparently proofed against the elements.

Why do American newspapers offer such intimate facts about great or important people? Random items may include such astonishing facts as an analysis of the president's urine, a description of a cabinet member's intestinal troubles, or the intimate details of an actress' pregnancy schedule.

Answers, anyone?



PIOUS PORNOGRAPHERS

(continued from page 26)

of arousal and satisfaction are the tenderness, the touch, the caress, the kiss, the embrace that is a part of love-making. In marriage, she craves this kind of attention as evidence that she is wanted and desired by her husband. Satisfaction from actual sex union may only come much later to her. Then again, usually a man cannot function sexually until he is fully aroused, while a woman may receive the man at any time, even if she has little or no desire. . . . Another difference is the way men and women react at the completion of their relations together. The husband, for physiological reasons, may feel tired and want to relax and rest; the woman, less fatigued and more relaxed, may wish to continue the affectionate intimacies and caresses. She is likely to misunderstand and resent her husband's lack of continued interest and his desire to fall asleep . . ."

Humming a snatch of *Hello, Young Lovers, Wherever You Are*, I skipped to the next question.

"Q *There is so much talk about the 'cold woman' today. Is frigidity in women really so common?*

"A. Well, there are different categories of frigidity. There are some women who have no sex desire at all. They have no sexual appetite and no pleasure from the sex relation. They are entirely indifferent to sex and submit to their husbands merely as a duty. Such instances of complete frigidity are comparatively rare. Lesser degrees of sexual coldness are, however, more frequent. These women may become sexually aroused now and then, but the intensity of their desire is on a minor scale. Their coldness may be due to the psychological inhibitions we have already spoken about, to physiological deficiencies, or, more often to CONTINUED ON PAGE 126."

I leafed through to page 126 and continued reading: "but you're the first girl I've ever met with a mobile nose."

"Suddenly she had to laugh. 'Now there's a remark for a girl to dream over at sunset.'"

"He grinned. 'Look — why don't we sit down somewhere? There's no law at a party that says you can bend the elbow but not the knee.'"

"They sat down on a love seat that had been pushed into a corner. They began to talk. Sally forgot where she was. She was vaguely conscious of dim figures moving thickly in the background, and . . ."

I was vaguely conscious that I had somehow wandered into the wrong column of print. Sure enough, it was a short story called *You Must Meet Noel*.

But even here love came in for a clinical treatment. Besides having a mobile nose and being "vaguely conscious of dim figures moving thickly in the background," Sally found that Noel's voice "gave her a queerly soft, clogged feeling in her chest."

As the story rode on to its inevitable clinch ending, with the sweet threat of nuptials in the offing, I wondered how Sally and Noel would make out in their marital relations. Would she break out in hives every time Noel approached her with "the touch, the caress, the kiss," and other "preliminary love play," or would she want "to continue the affectionate intimacies and caresses" to the point where Noel would end up forming a small combo to play engagements at Birdland?

Personally, I'd had all the sex I wanted for one night — but not quite enough to fill out an issue of the *Ladies' Home Journal*. There was still *Tell Me Doctor*, a monthly mail-order dispensary conducted by Dr. Henry B. Safford under a shingle that featured a snapshot of a Troubled Woman facing a Trusted Physician in his office. Her head was lowered as she pinched the bridge of her nose in distress. His brow was furrowed, and his right hand half extended, as though he were either trying to make a difficult point or collect an old bill. "Every month I have a good deal of pain," the Troubled Woman was quoted as saying. "Could that possibly have anything to do with my being unable to have a baby?"

"'As you know,' the doctor began, 'I have made a very careful examination —'

"'And you found something? Oh, I do hope there is something you can do.'"

"'Yes, I believe there is. Suppose you sit back and listen while I explain. It will be quite a long story because I'll have to give you a little lecture on anatomy and physiology.'"

"'I wonder if you know that the uterus, or womb, is an organ about three inches long, composed of smooth muscle fibers and suspended by several sets of ligaments within the cavity of the pelvis. It is shaped like a small, inverted pear, the lower third being called the *cervix*, or neck, and the more prominent part the *body*.'"

"'I learned that in Freshman Hygiene,' remarked the young woman.

"'Excellent! What may not have been emphasized is the fact that this "pear" is not perfectly symmetrical. Even in the normal state it always has a slight forward bend.'"

"'Why is this, Doctor?'"

"'I can't answer that. It is simply an anatomical fact and it seems to work out

pretty well in the scheme of reproduction . . .'"

The upshot of it all was that "In a normally placed uterus, the cervix lies in contact with the seminal pool after a normal intercourse," whereas in this young lady's case it didn't. "Your uterus is acutely bent forward — so that it lies practically in the shape of a letter U on its side," the doctor told her. "In scientific terms, you have what is called *acute uterine ante flexion*."

As the rosy dawn came to kiss the kitchen window, I found myself wondering how long this sort of thing had been going on. Certainly no one could quarrel with the idea of trying to improve the nation's sexual relations, but with so much emphasis on malfunction and misery the general effect struck me as being a trifle morbid. In not one of the back issues could I find a single case of sexual contentment or a cervix with a smile. Could it have been because there weren't any to be found? Or was it because testimonials to sexual happiness were considered indecent — possibly even lewd?

By approaching the subject with a medical license and a little black bag, there were clearly no limits to how far the ladies' books could go, and there seemed to be a strange double standard by which such "frankness" was judged. Consider, for example, what the reaction might be if a popular men's magazine were to publish the following dialogue:

"'I wonder if you know that the penis, or male member, is an elastic, extensible organ of variable length composed almost entirely of cavernous tissue capable of becoming turgid and hardening into a state of bone-like erection. In repose, it is shaped somewhat like a pendulant banana, the fore part of which is called the *glans*.'"

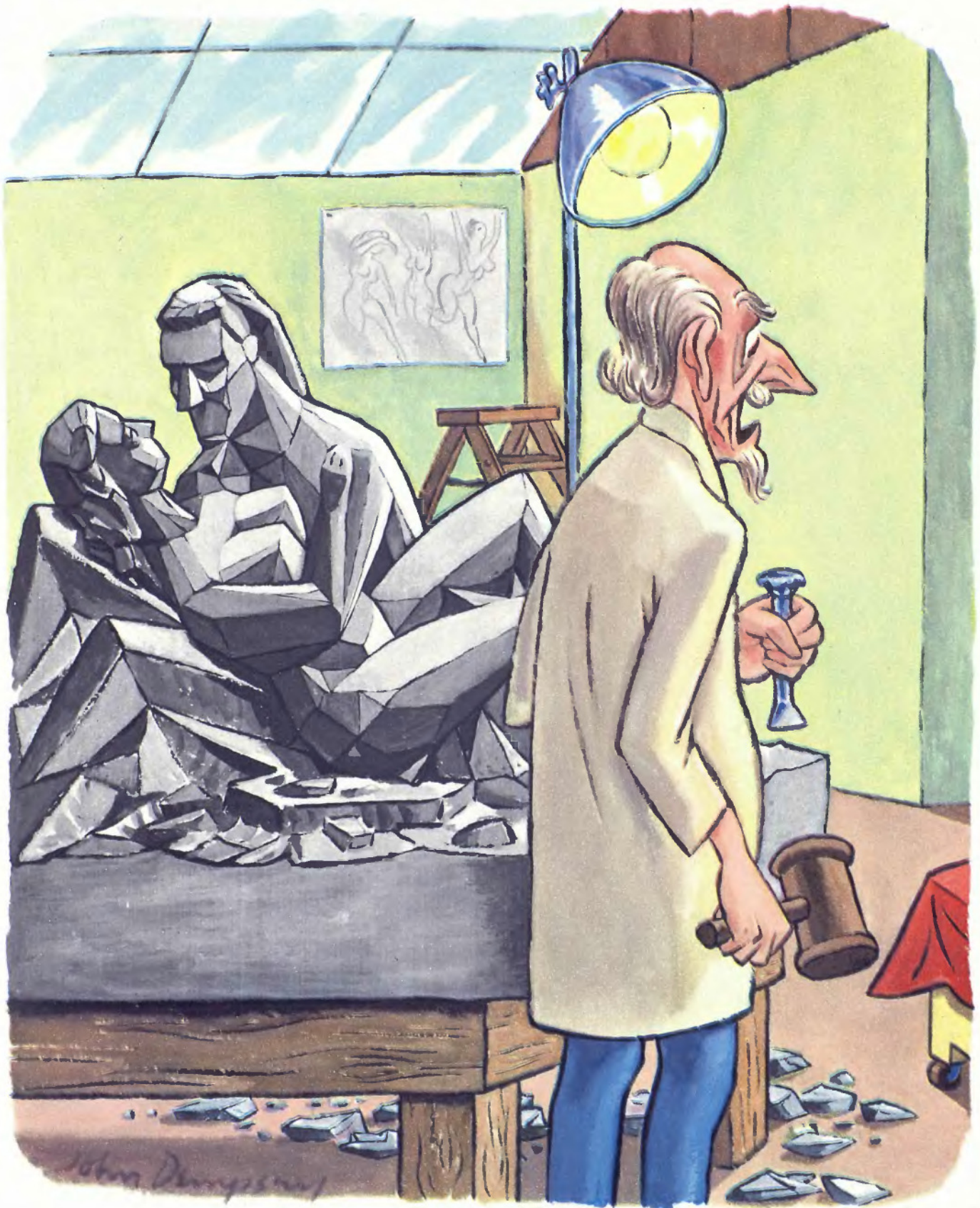
"'I learned that in Freshman Hygiene,' remarked the young man.

"'Excellent! What may not have been emphasized is the fact that this 'banana' does not hang perfectly straight. Even in the normal state it always has a tendency to dangle a little to the left or to the right.'"

"'Why is this, Doctor?'"

"'I can't answer that. It is simply an anatomical fact and it seems to work out pretty well in the scheme of reproduction. Your member, however, is not only off plumb, but has an acute right hook — so that it hangs in the shape of an inverted question mark,' the doctor explained, drawing a large, limp ζ in the air. "In scientific terms, you have what is called *acute interrogatory ante flexion*.'"

Woody, by this time, from the high-octane combination of ante flexion and (continued overleaf)



"Here, here! What's got into you two?"

PIOUS PORNOGRAPHERS

(continued from page 62)

bourbon, I bundled the whole stack back on the dumbwaiter and toddled off to bed, making certain to set the alarm so as not to miss my dental appointment on the morrow.

The dentist's waiting room was crowded the following morning. I squeezed in on the sofa between a teenaged girl and a white-haired grandmother type, both of whom were engrossed in magazines selected from the smorgasbord on the office table. The old girl was up to her pearl earrings in *What Kinsey Is Doing Now*, in the May *Redbook*, and the girl to my right was browsing through the Special Beautiful Women Issue of *Cosmopolitan*. Having flipped through *Have a New Figure by Summer*, which was illustrated with four-color shots of a nude with, apparently, no nipples, drying her face and knees, she turned back to the front of the book and settled down to read *Sexual Problems of Beautiful Women*—possibly against the day when the dentist would remove the braces from her teeth.

Now that I was hip to the sick, sad sex kick of the ladies' magazines, I bypassed *National Geographic* and reached for the current *Ladies' Home Journal*. A young June bride gazed hopefully from the pink-and-blue cover. Her veil and gown were as chaste and white as the bouquet she clutched to her fragile bosom. A touching and uplifting sight, one calculated to soften the heart of the sourest cynic and fill him with a warm glow of optimism and Positive Thinking. Imagine the letdown I experienced, then, upon opening the issue at random to page 109 and being bluntly asked, *Can This Marriage Be Saved?*

"Now my second marriage is on the rocks," 31-year-old Ivy said in a flat, dulled voice. A handsome, big-boned woman, she sat hunched in an attitude of weary despair.

And in the lower right-hand corner was a fast-lens photo of Ivy hurling a cup of coffee in her husband's face. "*Kip suspected Ivy's carelessness with the hot coffee might not have been entirely accidental,*" the caption said. "*The night before, Ivy had put her arms around him and he had rebuffed her. He had become unable to respond to her sexually.*"

And there we were, back on that again. The dentist's nurse beckoned for me to come climb up in the high-chair, and I put the magazine aside, resolving to continue my studies if I managed to come out alive.

Riding home on the novocaine, I picked up a copy of the June *Redbook*, understandably attracted by the ques-

tion on the cover: CAN YOU TRUST YOUR DENTIST? But before I knew it, I was over my clavicle in a description of *The Man No Woman Can Resist*, by Laura Stewart.

"What I'm about to report is personal, embarrassingly so, but I've recently learned that my problem is shared by thousands of women like me. So perhaps my 'confession' will serve a valuable purpose.

"I'm happily married. I'm expecting a baby. Yet I have fallen in love with a man who is not my husband.

"I'm in love with my obstetrician!"

That just about did it, as far as I was concerned. But when the July *Redbook* came out with *The Tragedy of a Young Girl*, I wished I was back in June with Mrs. Stewart.

Here again love and pregnancy had a bizarre medical twist. Only Jackie Smith wasn't married and never got to see an obstetrician. She died as the result of a bungled abortion performed by a hospital orderly in her lover's apartment, and her dissected body was disposed of piece-by-piece in Manhattan's trash baskets.

This "true account of a fateful search for success—and love" set the tone for the whole summer. *I Made One Terrible Mistake!* cried Help-for-Love-and-Marriage case #36 in the August *Woman's Home Companion*, while the *Journal* gave red-letter headline treatment to "Thinking she was in love, she gave in—wonders, now, if she can ever marry."

In a burst of pseudo-sexy humor remarkable for any ladies' book, Loyd Rosenfield was permitted to give tongue-in-cheek treatment to the problem of *How To Have an Affair* in the September *Cosmopolitan*. But, since he was neither a practicing gynecologist nor a fully-accredited marriage counselor, everything stopped 10 feet short of the bedroom door.

In the following month, October, *Cosmopolitan* granted me temporary surcease from the usual diet of gloom by printing photographs of female persons named Sophia Loren, Marilyn Monroe, Anita Ekberg, Gina Lollobrigida, Diana Dors and others—a load of cheesecake second only to that of a one-armed waiter's at Lindy's. My glee was short-lived, however: the magazine closed with a full-page announcement of a Special Love and Marriage Issue coming up in November, with articles on *Mixed Marriages*, the *Divorcee's Plight*, and *The Biology of Love*—this last purporting to impart "The importance of sex to your physical health, personality, and success in marriage. How your body 'protests' sexual maladjustment." It turned

out to be well worth a month's anxious waiting, for when the Love and Marriage Issue arrived on the stands, it more than lived up to its advance billing.

Looking into People offered the latest lowdown on "Virginal wives," "Jealousy-crazed mates" and "Fire-setters and sex." Skimming past *The Cosmopolitan Shopper*, with its ads for bust developers, spot reducers and Amazon Jivaro shrunken heads, the reader shortly arrived at a compendium of *Facts Picked Up Around the World*, by David E. Green: "Eskimos think nothing of exchanging wives. At festivals it is one of their principal diversions. Among good friends, trading a wife for a week or two every few months is par for the icy course . . . In Norway and Holland, there are very religious groups that have the shocking custom of requiring a girl to wait until she is pregnant before she may marry . . . Herodotus tells of a custom called 'hetaerism' that demanded every native woman, once in her lifetime, to sit in the temple and not return home until she had made love with a complete stranger. This was designed to bring foreign blood into the native strain."

Having been warmed up to the subject with a little preliminary word-play, the reader was presumably in the mood to relish a page of quotations on love from famous authors. "The one charm of marriage is that it makes a life of deception absolutely necessary for both parties," quipped Oscar Wilde, while Shakespeare gently implored:

Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

It is to be all made of sighs and tears . . .

It is to be all made of faith and service . . .

It is to be all made of fantasy . . .

Apparently unwilling to take a mere shepherd's word for it, the editors sent for a doctor—Frank S. Caprio, M.D., who gave the subject full, frank treatment in *The Biology of Love*. Taking a professional cudgel to the "two great enemies of sexual maturity in marriage," ignorance and wrong attitudes, the doctor gave everyone to understand that sexual love was far from being all made of fantasy, though of sighs and tears there was no lack. As a practicing psychiatrist, it was Dr. Caprio's opinion that:

"Too many married couples begin to take sex for granted after the first year or so of married life. They become slipshod and perfunctory about it and fail to see it (and experience it) as something pleasurable and inspiring. They treat love-making as a matter of habit, of biological necessity, not realizing that it can renew and refresh their marriage.

(continued on page 70)

pictorial PHOTOGRAPHED ESPECIALLY FOR PLAYBOY BY HY PESKIN

LATIN QUARTER LOVELIES

a sports photographer captures the color and beauty of a lavish night spot



Above: typical costume for a Latin lovely includes a pair of shoes, one hat, one muff and sequins. Below: Peskin's photograph tastes the real flavors of the club's spicy and spectacular show.

MIAMI'S LATIN QUARTER is a showcase for beautiful showgirls in the classic tradition. The Quarter's lovelies dance but little, and sing hardly at all. These showgirls simply show themselves in a most attractive manner, in a minimum of beautiful costuming, and the Quarter's customers couldn't be happier.

Hy Peskin is generally recognized as the nation's top sports photographer and was, until quite recently, a member of the staff of *Sports Illustrated*. It

was Peskin who first successfully shot natural-light color of the action inside a darkened fight stadium and he is also the gent whose lens proved that the controversial curve ball of baseball legend really does curve.

Different curves, in another kind of darkened stadium, caught Peskin's eye in Miami and *PLAYBOY* commissioned him to shoot the remarkable photographs of the Latin Quarter show on this and the next four pages.





Inset: showgirl Nadine Ducas looks on backstage as Simon McQueen and Chick James prepare for their specialty number (above).



Like its counterpart in New York the Miami Latin Quarter features top name entertainers, but girls are the real attraction.





Peskin photographs confusion in the dressing room (below) as girls undress for finale (above and right). Many, like Parisienne Nadine (center right), are imported for show.





PIOUS PORNOGRAPHERS (continued from page 61)

"Another misconception many young married people have is that the best sex is spontaneous. Couples who believe this theory yield to the impulse on the spur of the moment, whenever they happen to be in the house . . ."

Don't get it into your curly little head that Dr. Caprio favored making a production of it on the front lawn. All he was after was a little finesse and forethought. Since "the most rewarding and consistent sexual happiness is planned," a couple "should agree in advance on their times together, as they would plan for a party."

While paper hats and noisemakers could be dispensed with, the doctor turned out to be a strong advocate of small favors. Indeed, "there should be frank requests for what is desired for maximum response. It might be more time, a different position." Even so, "Success comes slowly, in the course of years, as couples learn what caresses achieve the richest response, and how to time these responses so they achieve orgasm together."

To make sure that everyone got a fair whack at success, the Love and Marriage Issue of *Cosmopolitan* even included a handy *Marital Contract* with a standard Intercourse clause, all ready for signing:

"The parties agree that [number of times] a [week or month] on an average, under normal conditions, should not be considered excessive. They agree that it should not be necessary for one to urge or insist that the other shall indulge in an act of sexual intercourse, because the other does not have the right to refuse, except for serious reasons. They further agree that it would be quite selfish and unjust for one to manufacture excuses or put difficulties in the way of granting the other's request. Mere inconvenience or disinclination are not sufficient reasons for refusing . . ."

Filling in the blanks might appear to be fun, until one got around to reading the fine print in the closing summary:

"It is hereby agreed that the provisions of this agreement may be incorporated by the court in a court order. In making this agreement we and each of us hereby acknowledge that should either of us willfully fail to comply with any such court order, we shall be subject to being brought into court on a proceeding to show cause why we should not be found in contempt of court. We further understand that in the event that we are found in contempt of court we shall be subject to fine or imprisonment, or both, as provided by law."

As if it weren't enough to risk being

hauled up before a judge to "show cause" on a breach-of-intercourse charge, the *Marital Contract* included a lot of other booby-traps concerning Drinking, Gambling, Household Expenses, Flirtations, Late Hours and Third Persons in the Home. Hailed as "A 'magic' agreement worked out by a divorce-hating California judge," for purposes of reuniting "quarreling couples headed for divorce," it read like a no-hijacking pact between two rival trucking concerns. A sleeper phrase in the Love-making clause, stating that "The wife agrees to respond to the husband's efforts in love-making and to avoid acting like a patient undergoing a physical examination," set me wondering what Dr. Saford was up to in the November *Ladies Home Journal*, and I dropped *Cosmopolitan* halfway through a picture story on childbirth.

The cover of the November *Journal* was baited with the promise of an article on WHAT HUSBANDS DON'T KNOW ABOUT SEX. Brushing aside the brightly-colored pages, I made my way into the interior, where Dr. Abraham Stone had set up a field clinic in a small clearing surrounded by an impenetrable growth of fiction.

"Q. A frequent complaint of our women readers was that husbands made too frequent sexual demands. What is considered to be the average of sex relations in marriage?"

"A. Statistical studies show a marked variation in the frequency of marital relations, ranging from once a month or less to once daily or more. Much depends upon the physical conditions, the emotional states and the ages of the couple, especially the age of the husband. On an average, men under 35 will have relations in marriage about two to three times a week. After 40 years of age, the frequency gradually diminishes to an average of one and a half times per week, and to about once a week after the age of 55. In any of these age groups, however, there are marked variations, and no couple should try to follow any particular 'average' . . ."

"Q. One threat to a wife's sexual satisfaction, as revealed in our readers' letters, is the inability of the husband to wait for his wife's climax. Is there any help for this situation?"

"A. Though some men may be able to carry on the sex relation for a fairly long time, most of them will complete it within one to two minutes, unless they make a conscious effort to delay it. Often this effort is not easy for a man to sustain. As it takes the average wife a longer period to achieve a climax, this becomes a source of marital dissatis-

faction and resentment. The husband ideally should employ in advance various forms of sex arousal and stimulate his wife to a degree where she, too, will attain a full response . . ."

In reply to a question on where a man could get "practical information about the needs and nature of women," Dr. Stone suggested that the best guide to sexual know-how was an intelligent wife, who could "make him aware of her wants and her reactions." In addition to a wife with a flair for direction, Dr. Stone hinted that there were also "cultural media of communication: magazines that nowadays not infrequently carry informative and adult discussions on the subject of human sexuality . . ."

Reeling under the impact of this crushing understatement, I retreated to page 86 and *Can This Marriage Be Saved?* to reassure myself that I hadn't been imagining things during the past five months. Sure enough, there was the familiar prologue:

"SHE: He started to kiss me and I pushed him away. He got mad and I got mad and we had one of our furious quarrels. Jon was still in a towering rage when he left."

"HE: I crave signs of affection and Georgia knows it. She used to flinch if I brushed her shoulder when we sat down in a restaurant or touched her knee in the movies."

It occurred to me, suddenly, that I had missed the October *Journal*. Since it was long gone from the newsstands, I was obliged to wait until it made an appearance on the dumbwaiter. It did, finally, and I opened it with trembling hands:

"Don't 'hash over' with 'best friend' sex secrets of your marriage—husbands don't like it." Clifford R. Adams, Ph.D., warned in big blue type at the top of *Making Marriage Work*.

I Wish My Parents Would Be More Strict, Margaret Parton and Mary Anne Garner sighed in unison, after revealing a typical teenager's experiences with drinking, petting and sex clubs.

What's a Mother to Do? Nan Harrison wailed to Joan Younger, as she sailed into a step-by-step account of the incidents leading to the discovery that her 15-year-old daughter had a boyfriend concealed on the porch roof, outside her bedroom window.

But the big October cover-feature was a *Journal Forum Debate on Are We Commercializing Sex?*

"Are we distorting our normal sex and marriage attitudes by stressing the physical aspects of sex in our music, our movies, comics and advertisements?" the editors asked, looking fearlessly about in all directions. "Do our public media

(continued overleaf)



"Talk about concert hall realism!"

THE CURE

(continued from page 36)

But your honor is saved, for I kill the Senhor Mike very dead."

Jeff began to sweat. "I see. The dough's gone, my double-crossing partner is gone, and Marie —"

"She is all right. I do just what you say."

"Took her to Belém alone?"

Luiz shrugged. "Please, Senhor. I am a simple man, I have not the education to go alone to Belém. But I tie up your woman and take her back up the river, to my friends. I find the head-shrinker there."

"In the jungle? But —"

"Look." Luiz unwrapped the bundle from his waist, and something rolled forward onto the table. "Better than you get in Belém. Is a good job, no?"

Jeff stared at the object on the table. It was a good job, all right.

Marie's head was no bigger than an orange.



PIOUS PORNOGRAPHERS

(continued from page 70)

set up a false picture for youth of what acceptable standards are? Are we giving young people the impression that society no longer regards sexual irregularity as an offense, simply because it is commercially profitable to some businesses to regard it as entertainment? These are the questions posed to a group of five young people and two mothers at a round-table discussion in the New York Workshop of the *Ladies' Home Journal* . . ."

The five young people were all college students, two of them men, and one of the mothers was a grandparent. The *Journal's* Public Affairs editor, Margaret Hickey, delivered six preliminary sentences, took a deep breath and said, "Let us plunge right in and talk first about the sex suggestiveness we are all agreed does exist. What influence do you think this has? Is it really detrimental to moral standards? And if it is, do we accept it because it is commercially profitable?"

FEMALES BY COLE: 40



Tricky

"MRS. MARSH: I think there is too much stress on the physical aspects of life in our public media, too many pictures of girls in Bikini bathing suits, or less. This is confusing to young people. It gives the impression that eroticism is the one major element of love and that the psychological, mental and spiritual aspects can be ignored.

"MISS WILK: The movies are the biggest, baddest influence because there you not only have people exploiting sex in the advertising of the film in order to induce people to buy tickets, but in the films themselves a very unrealistic attitude about sexual mores is presented. The big body of impressionable filmgoers is around 13, 14, 15. They come out of the movies imitating what they see and acting particularly oversexed . . ."

"MRS. MARSH: There's also television. Though it is improving, it is still a downright crime, some of the things brought into the home on television waves . . ."

Rock 'n' roll, Noel Coward, book covers, comic books and college magazines were all given their lumps in rapid order, leaving the door open for Miss Wilk of Radcliffe to jump in and state: "I would like to really criticize certain men's magazines as examples of rank commercialism. At Radcliffe, these magazines are made available to the students by druggists in the square, who sell them under the counter.

"MISS GARNER: The worst feature is the picture of a nude which one of them calls the 'Playmate of the Month,' and under the picture they say: 'Wouldn't you like to play with this girl?'

"MISS WILK: All magazines show a lot of objectionable pictures, like the awful deodorant advertisements with the lines: 'Are you kissable tonight?'

"MR. HOLLIDAY: Some of the nail-polish and even the tooth-paste ads are as bad.

"MISS WILK: I remember a spread of a woman stretched out on some kind of couch with a series of questions about whether you are the supposedly passionate type of personality who should use a certain nail polish."

I read every word, waiting for Miss Wilk, Miss Garner or Mr. Holliday to comment on some of the things I had been noticing. But they never did. It was movies, advertising, comic books and "certain men's magazines" all the way. Offhand, I couldn't imagine what movies they were talking about. Had Paramount been using Dr. Abraham Stone's questions and answers as repartee in their latest pictures? Was MGM releasing training films on how to synchronize orgasms?

Through it all, I seemed to remember an article about a woman stretched out on a doctor's table, with a series of descriptions like, "The vagina is a mem-

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branous sac of extreme looseness of structure which obviously must be capable of great distention in order to allow a full-term infant to pass at birth. The inside is not symmetrically cylindrical but lies in folds." As a matter of fact, it was on page 57 of the same issue, and the lady was the Patient of the Month. There was no question of anyone wanting to play with her, because she was not only eight months pregnant, but had trichomoniasis — an infection that men may contract "in the same way they do venereal disease."

As a poor benighted male, who prefers wondering if a girl is kissable to speculating upon whether or not she has trichomoniasis, I found myself echoing the editors' original question: "Are we distorting our normal sex and marriage attitudes by stressing the physical aspects of sex?" And, if we are, which is the more likely to make for distortion — a pathological study of the festering vagina and misshapen womb, or a gracefully posed portrait of sound limbs and a healthy bosom? Could all the "suggestiveness" of motion pictures and advertising create any more false a picture for youth than the quasi-explicitness of the women's magazines?

Three months later, my doubts were answered by some of the letters the *Journal* found in its own mail bag. From Chico, California, R.A.C., a 16-year-old girl wrote: "I heartily agree with all that was said in *Are We Commercializing Sex?* but I felt one point was neglected: that even very reputable magazines, including the *Journal*, contribute to teenage curiosity and interest in sex. Because of such articles as *What Wives Don't Know About Sex*, the average 'nice' girl with high standards can't help wondering what really does happen in marriage. She asks, 'What should I know about sex?' and feels excited and worried about it. She reads more articles to seek out the answers, but nobody comes right out and says what happens, and she is only confronted with more questions and more fear."

From Sandy, Utah, Mrs. Ralph Bishop wrote: "You have been good to help your readers with their sex problems. Now I'd like to have your help with my problem. My problem is too much sex — too much sex in the *Journal*."

Mrs. Brandoch L. Lovely of Reading, Massachusetts, found herself "particularly disappointed by the shallowness of the viewpoint (and there was only one) expressed" in the forum. "Of course Americans commercialize sex. What human emotion is not exploited for advertising purposes today? But what is so undesirable about sexual attractiveness?"

"As a minister's wife, I get to know a great many families — and it is my observation that those families are the

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happiest in which the wife and mother does *not* act like the stereotype of a dowdy old maid. Apparently it never occurred to your panelists that a girl can wear a 'well-filled flaming red dress' and still possess all the qualities that make a good wife and mother. Certainly it is important that young people learn that the psychological, intellectual and spiritual aspects of love are as important as the physical aspects. But isn't it possible to recommend that more attention be given to the nonphysical side without being so emotionally wrought up over the fact that the physical side is widely recognized in our culture today? Let's not get so carried away with reforming zeal that we try to convince ourselves that we must never think about sex until we are safely married. This seems to be the basic assumption underlying all that was said by the forum—and I don't think it's very wise or realistic. Please, let's have more than one viewpoint in our forums."

The above letters appeared in the January '57 issue. It was in April that I came across an ad for the *Ladies' Home Journal* on the back page of the morning paper.

"Where in the world is your wife this morning?" the heading inquired. "You probably think you are 'getting out into the world' this morning. Your wife, on the other hand, is home in a walled-in world completely bounded by the kitchen range and the sink . . . but is she?"

"If she is like the millions of women who will buy and read the April *Ladies' Home Journal*, you might be surprised to find her with Dorothy Thompson in Iran . . . in Long Beach, California, with a *How America Lives* family . . . trying on a flowered hat with fashion editor, Wilhela Cushman . . . in Fort Worth, Texas, with a gaggle of multi-multi-millionaires . . . mentally sampling some recipes from China . . . or in Samoa with Margaret Mead."

Since I had already read the April *Journal*, it was with a "queerly soft, clogged feeling" in my chest that I realized she could also be mentally sampling the emotions of a young wife named Carolyn, as she "gave in" after being "terrifically stimulated" by a home-wrecker named Jay, on page 54; or she could be off on the trail of a gaggle of perverts and child molesters in a story on sex offenders by Margaret Hickey.

"Maybe your own world seems a little cloistered by comparison," the ad cooed implishly.

To which I could only reply, "It sure as hell does, sister. The biggest, baddest influence in my world is a pin-up picture in a 'certain men's magazine.' They call it the Playmate of the Month!"

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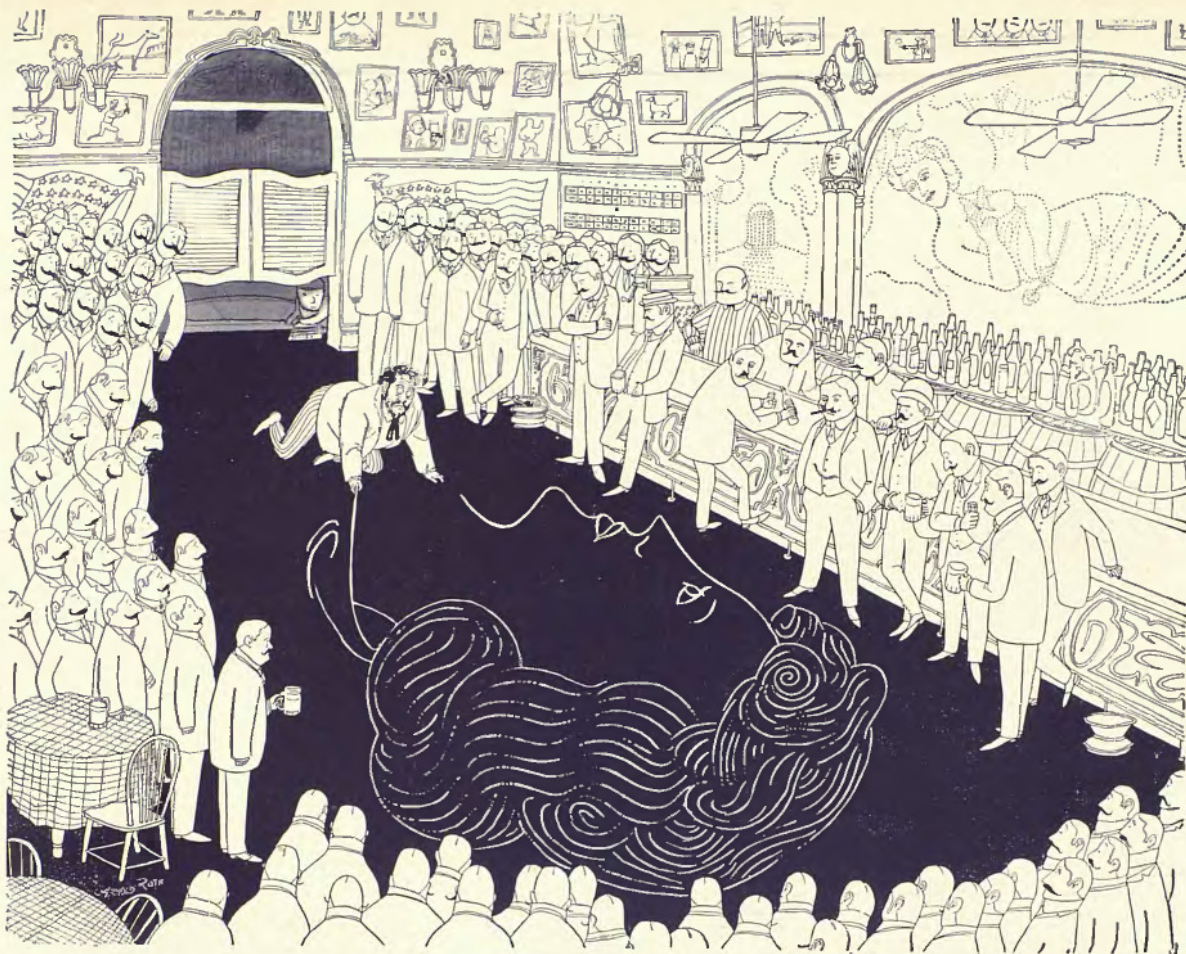
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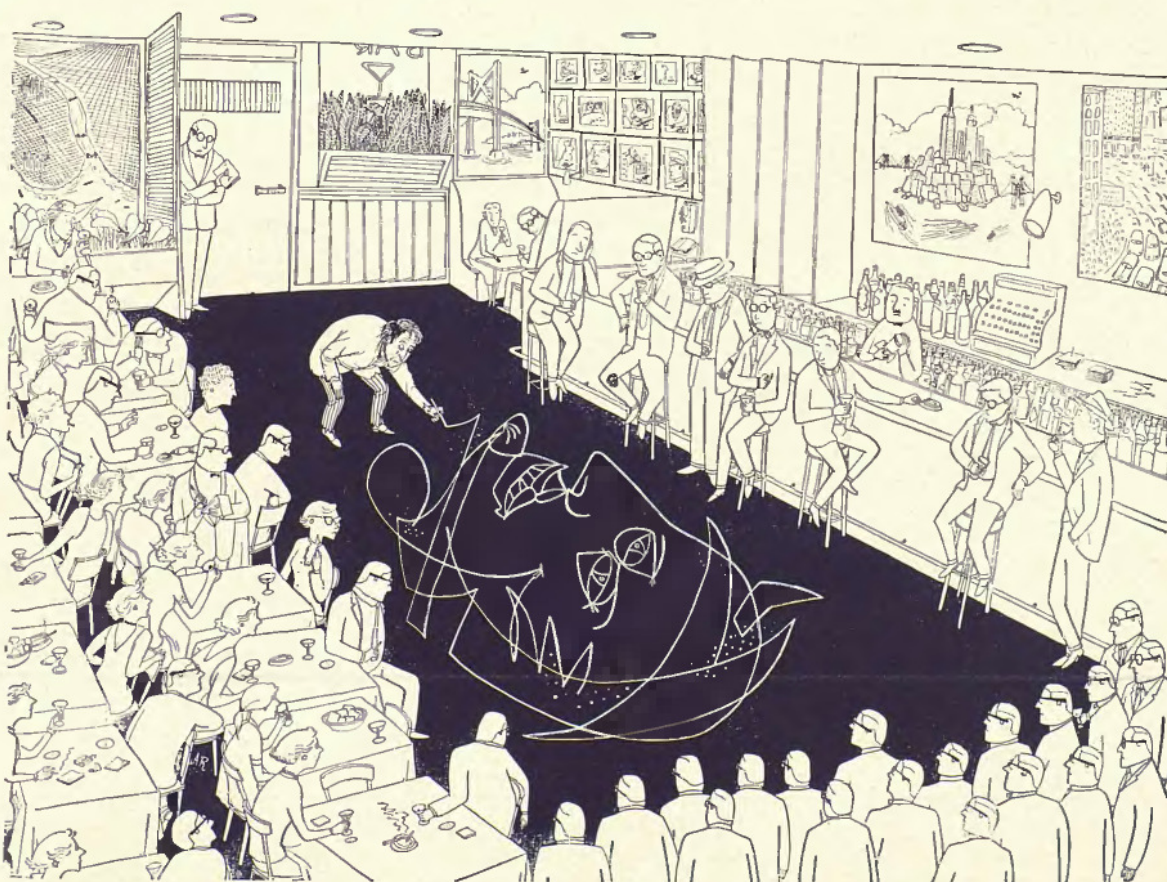
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FIDELITARIAN

(continued from page 42)

among these, as a general thing, I am disposed to prefer the two-element to the three-element combinations. It is easier—even for a manufacturer—to balance two speakers against one another than three. Don't buy a cheap coaxial. Only two I have met under \$100 have impressed me, the Bozak 207A (\$84) and the Goodmans (British) Axiom 80 (69). 10-inch two-cone speaker, sweet-voiced but strictly limited in its power handling.

There is a myriad of more massive coaxials of various makes, most of them costing around \$150 and most of them well-adjusted (not disposed to scream) if properly cabined. I must admit here that I have lived happily with one for some years. It is a 15-inch Tannoy, not the ultimate, but quite capable of conveying real musical beauty reliably. It is mounted in a folded corner horn cabinet which I do not use in a corner. The combination costs about \$275. Were I to replace it—let us assume that my standard of living has gone up, as *The Wall Street Journal* says it has—I think I probably would do so with an electrostatic tweeter, either a Janszen or a Pickering, and a pair of cone woofers, most likely 12-inch Tannoys or Bozaks, mounted in rock-solid completely-sealed enclosures. This would cost me from \$60 to \$150 more than what I have now.

Furthermore, it would mark me as partly Devotee as well as Serious Listener. If I were pure S.L., I might incline instead toward the triple-Wharfedale system: a 15-inch woofer in a bass-reflex cabinet, with an eight-inch mid-range and three-inch tweeter sitting on top of it, face-up in free air. This is a British system, and mellow, though it may lack the slam and bite of the multiple speaker systems put forth by such estimable American makers as Altec, Jim Lansing, Electro-Voice, Jensen and University.

Electrostatic tweeters are an intriguing development, to be approached cautiously. The good ones (meaning expensive, and push-pull constructed) are very good, perhaps cleaner in treble reproduction than any other type. However, they must be used in conjunction with conventional cone woofers and the two may clash, especially where their tone ranges overlap. An electrostatic tweeter works according to the principle that makes amber attract (or repel) cat's fur. A diaphragm is sandwiched between two grills that alternately attract and repel it, setting it into vibration. It vibrates uniformly over its whole surface, but it also vibrates a little more promptly than most bass-range cone speakers with which it may be teamed. This can produce trouble in the middle

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range, where most musical fundamentals occur, so you see the need for caution.

• • •

We are now well over the border and into the territory of the Devotee, a man who has much in common with the Serious Listener. Indeed, the main difference between them may be that whereas Mr. S.L. would like to be satisfied with his music reproduction, Mr. D. wouldn't. What he wants to do with his is improve it. His eye is on the future, which is always a little closer to him than it is to us. Just about now he is most acutely conscious of having two ears, which are starving for some stereophonic sound.

And well they may be. Stereo sound, as no doubt you know, is produced by making two simultaneous recordings, with two microphones spaced apart, and playing them back, also simultaneously, through two speaker systems spaced (about) as were the microphones. This yields perspective that single-channel reproduction simply cannot. With stereo you can play an organ recording so that your own small room does not limit it. You can almost see the great spaces of the church beyond your walls.

Tape seems, so far, the most promising medium for stereo, though Sugden in England has produced some experimental stereo discs (vertical and lateral modulation in the same groove) which are well spoken of. It must be admitted that tape-stereo is expensive; I think unreasonably so. A stereo tape of a symphony may cost as much as \$19. I don't see why it should, and perhaps it won't for long.

At any rate I wouldn't, at this juncture, buy a tape recorder—for musical purposes, that is—which was not equipped for stereo playback (you can still do your own recording monaurally on it, of course). Manufacturers seem in accord with this theory: nearly all are tooling up for stereo, and by the time you read this there will be many models from which to choose. For the time being, the one to get would seem to be the Ampex A121 or A122 (\$495 and \$449.50: the difference is in the casing), an excellent small machine of which I have heard nothing but good. Its chief rival, currently, is the Viking, which is far less expensive but also less sturdily built. Still, I know of at least one person who has used a Viking for a year without complaint.

In some areas there is a source of stereo sound other than recordings. Various "good music" stations broadcast programs microphoned stereophonically, one channel being transmitted by AM and the other by FM. Separately controlled tuners, their outputs routed to the separate amplifier-speaker elements of a stereo system, are needed to repro-

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duce such broadcasts. For such service, there are on the market several AM-FM tuners wherein the two modes of reception are independently controlled and have separate outputs. The two I am acquainted with are made by H.H. Scott and Electro-Voice, and sell for—respectively—\$200 and \$240. Individual AM and FM tuners can be bought for less than this, but not on the same chassis.

• • • •

Nearly all Audio Exhibitionists, of course, have gone stereophonic already, except for a penniless few who had earlier responded to the seductive news that McIntosh, that estimable company, had produced a 200-watt amplifier, which anyone (and that may be the wrong pronoun) could own for a paltry \$500. One A.E., who writes to me occasionally, simply has *added* stereo to his existing system. Now his giant Electro-Voice Patrician speaker is flanked by two Ampex amplifier-speakers, which share with it a portion of their separate sonic fares. All I can think of to say is amen.

• • • •

Among Gadgeteers these days there seems a strange and selfless urge to go into gratis service work, which I for one acclaim, and so should others—for instance, the Heath Company. Heath makes kits, be it remembered, not only of sound equipment items, but also of test devices like audio analyzers and oscilloscopes. There is no doubt that buying and assembling an analyzer, for example, can bring Mr. G. startling social success, of a kind. Never would he have guessed how many of his friends, however outwardly stoical, secretly suspected their preamplifiers of grinding out more intermodulation distortion than any good fi-box should, and these will flock to him, some even bringing their own gin. On the other hand, not to every human creature is a rack-mounted audio analyzer the ultimate in living room decor. By which I mean, Mr. G's current girlfriend may decide to move out on him. All one can say to this, of course, is that every great endeavor has its hazards. And, as the poet put it, a woman is only a woman. Whereas an audio analyzer is a *real convenience*.

• • • •

Most fi-fanciers will not, of course, be willing to pigeonhole themselves in any *one* of the classifications limned above, which were employed simply for the sake of clarity and convenience. Overlapping there will be, and you may well come out of it part Modicum Hunter, part Serious Listener, part Exhausted, but better-equipped, I hope, to foray still further in the fascinating field of fi.



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*All-American Favorite —
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TURTLE DOVE (continued from page 59)

Why do you not take my love?"

The knight laughed merrily and rode away.

When the mother returned home, the daughter ran to her and showed her the rabbit.

"Where did you get it?" the mother asked.

The daughter told of her bargain and was dismayed when her mother pulled her hair and pinched her cheeks. She turned and fled, and began to cry bitterly, not so much from pain as because of the love she had lost. The knight had taken it with him, after all!

Each day now she watched near the arbor, hoping to catch sight of the knight. On the third day he came riding along and she called to him from afar, "Sir, you must return my love. I have led a most unhappy life since you took it with you. My mother has pulled my hair and pinched my cheeks. Please take back your rabbit and return my love."

Nothing was more to the young man's liking. He entered the arbor with her once again, and tenderly returned her love. When he left, he let her keep

the rabbit, so that she felt she had gotten the better of the bargain. She ran to tell her mother the good news, and was again surprised and hurt when her mother pulled her hair.

A year passed and the knight decided to take a wife. His choice fell upon a noble lady who was beautiful and clever, sociable and wealthy. A great wedding celebration was planned and many lords and ladies were invited. The knight had not, however, forgotten the episode with the rabbit and decided that both girl and rabbit should be present at the ceremony.

On the day of the wedding, the knight was sitting at the side of his lady watching the guests arrive, when unexpectedly the young girl came riding up with the same rabbit in her arms. Remembering the bargain and how the girl had had her hair pulled, the knight began to laugh long and loud.

"What are you laughing at?" everyone wanted to know.

But he wisely refrained from telling them; however his betrothed continued to insist, and when he still refused, she

grew angry. "If you do not tell me, you will never have me as your wife," she said.

Faced with this alternative, he told her the whole story. When he had finished the lady uttered a laugh and spoke haughtily, "Ha! What a foolish girl! I would never have said anything to my mother, as our riding master well knows!"

On hearing this, the knight was filled with anger. He thought to himself: "If that is the way things are and she truly has made sport with her riding master, my wedding plans will have to be changed!"

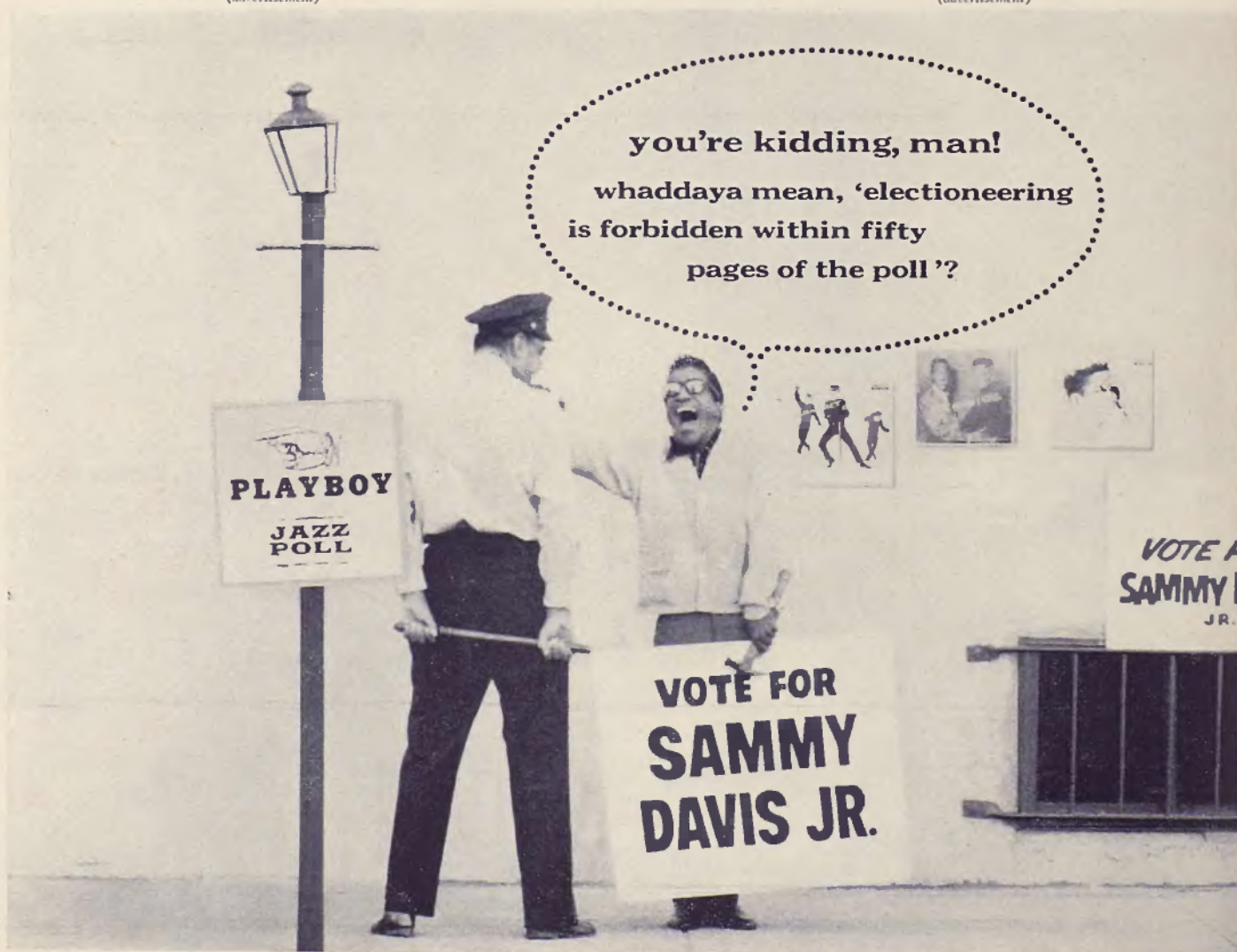
Jumping up, he hastened over to the girl he had so recently mocked and made her sit down beside him. The guests were shocked and urged him to rejoin his lady, but he remained where he was and asked them to listen to him. Then he told the story of the rabbit once again and also what his lady had said. He bade his assembled friends tell him which of the two women to choose as his wife, and they were fully agreed that the simple turtle dove was by far the better choice.

—Translated by William H. Schud



(advertisement)

(advertisement)



SUPER SPORT

(continued from page 52)

that time, although one American driver, Bob Said, won a Grand Prix in a Ferrari at Rouen in 1953.

The Corvettes first ran under factory sponsorship at Sebring, 1956. General Motors' public relations policy would not yet permit open acknowledgement, but no one was deceived, or was meant to be. Five cars were entered, the No. 1 being driven by John Fitch and Walter Hansgen, two of America's best drivers, particularly qualified on heavy machinery. Their car, carrying an unusually big engine for a Chevrolet—5180 cubic centimeters, about the size of a Pontiac's—finished in 9th place, beaten by two Ferraris, two Jaguars, two Porsches, a Maserati and an Aston Martin. Two others finished in 15th and 23rd places, and two more retired, one on the 4th lap with a broken camshaft, one on the 23rd with a cracked cylinder head. Everything considered, this was a very reasonable showing, and the only disappointed Corvette boosters were a few feather-headed chauvinists who had expected that because the Corvettes were American they would lap the field in the first hour. To finish 9th in the hottest sports car league in the world, and running over one of the world's meanest circuits, was actually quite laudable, and there was even a prize for the Fitch-Hansgen car—it won a cup as the first sports car over 4000 cc. to finish. (If a Corvette had finished 25th and dead last it would still have won this, since there were no other over-4000 cc. cars running.)

The 1956 Sebring did put weight on the arguments of those who held that while an American-made car might do well in big-league sports car racing, the going would not be easy, and the next 12 months saw a heavy effort made by Chevrolet. A new and mysterious "SS" model (for "Super Sport") was known to be under design, but the standard Corvette, now producing 283 horsepower out of 283 cubic inches, with fuel-injection and a close-ratio four-speed transmission available at option, was turning into the terror of American road circuits. The smug owners of 300SL Mercedes-Benz coupes, barricaded in impeccable social security by their upward-opening gull-wing doors, found to their horror that a 300SL, all \$8500 worth of it, could be taken by a hard-driven Corvette costing \$5000 less. A Washington, D.C., dentist, Dr. Richard Thompson, began to campaign in earnest with a Corvette, said by the knowledgeable to be a factory car, and when the Sports Car Club of America totted up its rankings at the end of the year, lo, Dr. Thompson led all the rest: he was national champion in



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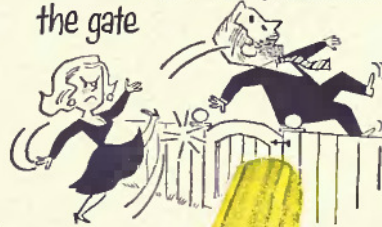
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Class C production, previously a Jaguar XK140 stakeout.

Some Chevrolet advertising began to sound pretty tough—the more so because it was dictated from an entirely tenable position: "Sports car" is a description that has a proud meaning. It can't be pinned loosely on any two-seater convertible or five-passenger club coupe. In America, only one car is entitled to use the term—the Chevrolet Corvette . . . in all the world only a handful of great names qualify, and in America only one is manufactured—Corvette."

Other copy was more specific: ". . . Mainspring of the Corvette's performance is, of course, the fantastically efficient 4.3-liter V-8 Chevrolet engine. Holder of the Pikes Peak stock car record, heart of the Corvette that set a two-way American mark of 150 mph at Daytona Beach, powerplant of the MASCAR Short Track champion, this short-stroke V-8 is capable of turning well over 5000 rpm. . ."

Because the Corvette had been winning races that had been regarded as strictly the private property of Jaguar owners, small and discreet alarm bells were sounding in England, and early in 1957 the Jaguar factory announced a new model: the XK-SS, of which 150 would be built to conform with Sports Car Club of America production standards. The XK-SS was a thoroughly frightening looking machine. It was obviously a D-Jaguar with a shave and a haircut. The body was the same body that had covered the Le Mans-winning Jaguars, except that a windshield had been stuck on and a folding cloth top arranged for. Pasted to the tail was a chrome luggage rack, the rear being otherwise fully occupied by petrol-tank and spare tire. The wheels were racing knock-off, the headlamps faired over with clear plastic, the enormous gas-tank filler-cap sat just behind the driver's head, and the whole rig looked like something that would do 150 miles an hour up the Matterhorn. This *bolide*, to be sold for around \$6500 (qualified drivers only need apply) was, if one could believe everything one heard, Jaguar's answer to the Corvette. It would almost certainly have interfered with the Corvette's winning ways, at that, but a near-catastrophic fire at the Jaguar factory destroyed or damaged a large number of the cars, and Sir William Lyons, head of Jaguar, ordered everything that had in any way been touched by the fire to be junked. (He felt that anything less draconian would result in rumors that the factory was flogging off fire-sale merchandise on the unsuspecting Yanks.)

Meanwhile, back at the foundry, Chev-
(continued overleaf)



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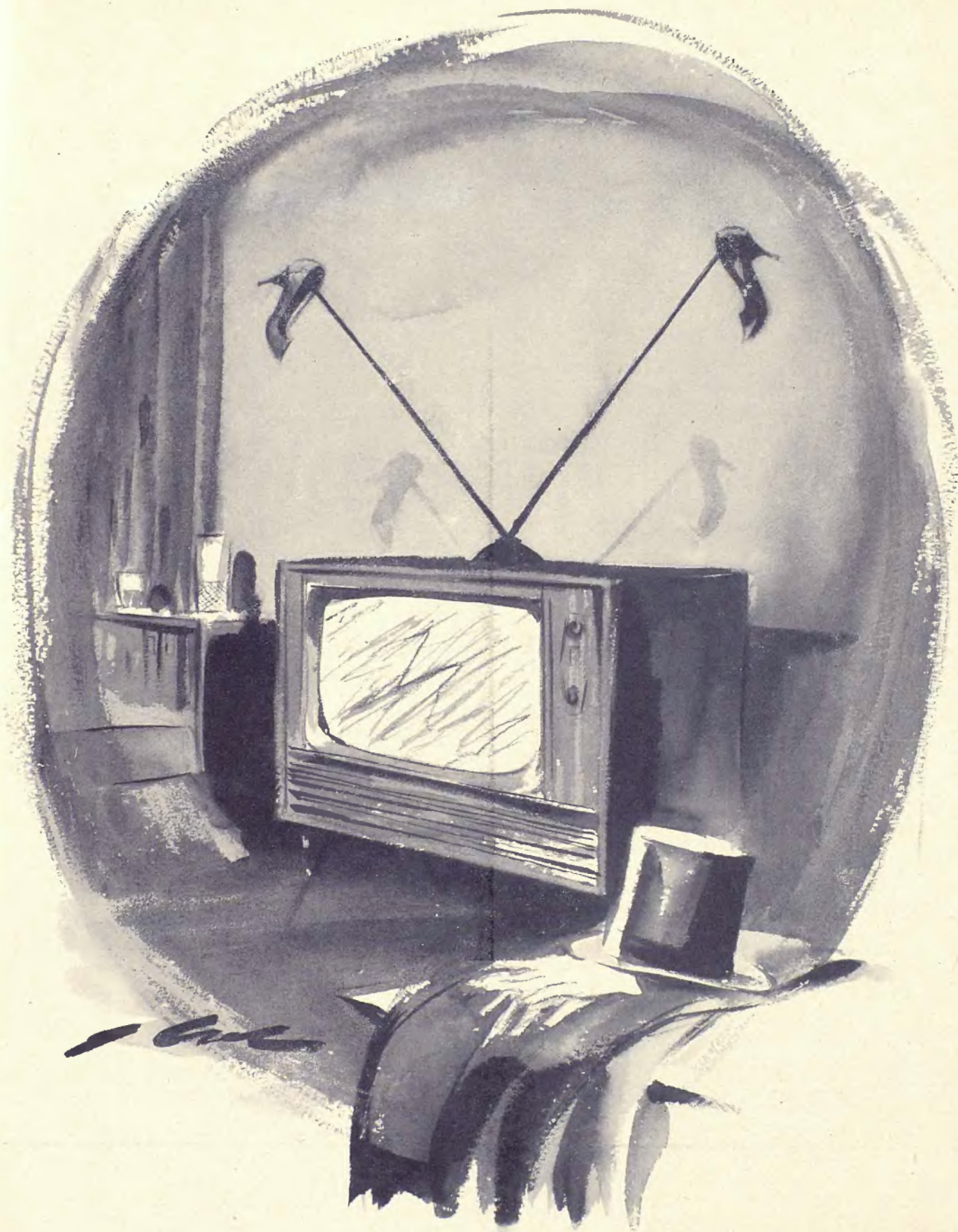
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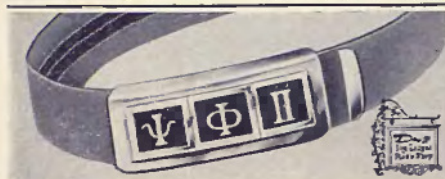
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rolet engineers led by the redoubtable Mr. Arkus-Duntov had nearly completed their own SS, the Corvette Super Sport. Outwardly, the car was instantly identifiable as a Corvette because of the familiar grill and the air-foil indentation on the side. However, it was half a ton lighter, 10 inches shorter than the production model, and underneath the skin strange and wonderful things were going on: the frame was a 180-pound arrangement of welded tubing derived from the Mercedes-Benz 300SL; instead of a solid axle the expensive De Dion system was used (a dead axle carrying the weight; the differential bolted to the frame, universal jointed half-shafts driving the wheels); the rear brake drums were mounted inboard, next to the differential, to reduce unsprung weight. The 283-inch fuel-injection engine was full of light alloys and every nut and bolt in it had been specially selected. Topping everything, a road-to-the-moon headrest and a plastic bubble canopy gave the car a most distinctive look.

This, then, was the Corvette for the 1957 Sebring. Again John Fitch would drive the No. 1 car, and more nearly standard Corvettes would back him up. This was to be a major effort, and everyone connected with Chevrolet seemed to feel that a reasonable success at Sebring would be followed by an entry for Le Mans in July and that success there would result in flat-out Chevrolet participation in world sports car racing. The excitement was contagious and it fed on a fantastic amount of pre-race talk about the Corvette. In the hotels, the bars, the garages of Sebring, two topics dominated every conversation: the 4.5-liter Maserati, said to be producing 400 horsepower, and the Corvette. Of the two, the Corvette was getting the most attention. One heard that the cornering power of the car astounded even Fitch; that the sintered ceramic-metallic brake linings were proving to be absolutely fade-proof; that the drivers were under orders to slow down once during every lap, lest rival clockers learn that even the beat-up practice SS, "The Mule," was faster than anything that had ever run at Sebring. Here, it seemed, was a Detroit-spawned car turning in lap speeds that might well make it a fear-some contender in championship racing all over the world. The atmosphere was electric. The presence of GM brass, the tight security arrangements surrounding the Corvette, the sheer numbers of the Corvette contingent—I heard that a request for 60 pit-passes had been made, instead of the usual half-dozen—all helped to make the wildest stories credible. When word went round that GM had offered \$10,000 to Juan Manuel Fangio, the champion of the world, to drive the Corvette, it seemed only reasonable, so high was excitement running. Since Fangio was under contract to

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Maserati, he could hardly do more than entertain the idea, but he did accept an invitation to try out the car, and both he and Stirling Moss lapped the 5.2-mile course in 3 minutes 27 seconds in the sorry-looking practice "Mule." The 1956 record was 3 minutes 29.7 seconds, and Fangio, in particular, was enthusiastic about the Corvette. "Fantástico," he said, "I could have gone two seconds faster if I had tried." Driving the Corvette was in a sense a homecoming for Fangio — most of his early victories in the Argentine were won on stock Chevrolets. Still, he could not break his contract even if he wanted to, and a hurry-up phone call was made to Piero Taruffi in Rome. Taruffi, one of the two or three greatest road-drivers of all time, accepted on the spot and he and his wife threw some things in a bag and were on the scene as quickly as the Lince Aeree Italiane could arrange it. Taruffi, a ranking engineer and designer in his own right, was clearly impressed with the car, although he was somewhat more restrained than Fangio. Duntov, a broad grin plastered across his face, added: "It is irrational that the car should go so fast when it is so new."

When the flag fell to start the 12-hour Sebring race, the sleek, for-real SS Corvette stood at the head of the rank of cars parked in a long line facing diagonally down the track, since the cars are placed according to engine size, and the Corvette was running the biggest engine in the race. Fitch, the starting driver, didn't get off the mark quite as quickly as one of the standard Corvettes driven by Dick Thompson, which was actually the first car across the line, the blood-red Italian cars howling after it. That was the high point of the race for Corvette and the thousands of Corvette backers. The SS, the big ice-blue Corvette, started off like a rocket, the huge V-8 engine booming in the slow beat of the breed in contrast to the high-pitched screaming of the Ferraris and Maseratis, but after three good laps Fitch brought it into the pits to change a wheel. Peter Collins, running wild for Ferrari, was leading the field, and when the SS pulled out again it had of course dropped down the rankings, but certainly not hopelessly far. There was still the better part of the 12-hour period to run. But in twenty minutes the Corvette was in again, this time with ignition trouble. The red Italian cars screamed past it, silent in the pits. Again it was pushed off, again it ran like a demon for a time, and then, just at the end of the main straight, it died again. This time it was a coil that had failed. The foresighted Fitch had one in his pocket and he changed it on the spot, pulled out again, still running fast but now a long way behind. He was beginning to suffer from the heat in the

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cockpit, which was almost unbearable. The big exhaust pipes, running down the side of the car, were absurdly closed in and they made a furnace for the driver to sit in. Piero Taruffi tried the car and it went no better for him. Finally a rubber-bushing failure in the rear suspension put it out for good. Fangio, in the 4.5 Maserati, won.

None of these failures could be considered serious, or even notable. The 60-year history of automobile racing is studded with such disappointments. What was remarkable was that the car was so fast and handled so well.

"As designed, without any modification indicated by experience, the SS was a highly competitive sports car," John Fitch said. "It can honestly be compared with the Mercedes-Benz 300SL. As a matter of fact, in two departments, cornering and braking, I think it extremely unlikely that any amount of effort would bring improvement."

The Corvettes were packed up and shipped back to Detroit in March, but there was still Le Mans in July. The organizers of the 24-hour race expected three Corvettes to run, one of them under the sponsorship of Briggs Cunningham. Cunningham had made the entry for the car in December 1956, long before the performance potential of the SS was known. Out of his experience in building racing cars from scratch, Cunningham knew that the flaws the Corvette had shown at Sebring were of no major significance, nothing that prolonged testing would not cure. But Cunningham never got a chance to prove it. He was told, late in May, that the factory would not enter the car and that it could not be bought. The reason was publicly announced early in June: the Automobile Manufacturers Association board of directors recommended to member companies that they take no further part in any kind of racing activity. The force behind the resolution was a fear of growing public concern over the horsepower race and the upswing in highway fatalities.

The SS will still run on GM proving ground tracks, but only as an "engineering experiment." No competitive event will see it go. The regular production Corvette will continue to be made, and anyone who wants fuel-injection, 283 horsepower, a close-ratio four-speed manual gear-box and other competition necessities can have them, and Corvettes will still zip down to the drugstore and out to the track and they will still win. And the Corvette is still the only real sports car being built in America. But for a few days, in the hot sun of Sebring in March, it looked as if the Corvette might take a run at whipping the best in the world.

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Enter your PLAYBOY gift subscriptions in the convenient order forms below. Print plainly and include your own name and address at the bottom of the page. You can also enter a subscription for yourself (or extend your present one) at these especially reduced holiday rates by simply checking the box below your name. If any of these subscriptions are renewals, please specify — otherwise mark as new subscriptions. Include a check or money order for the proper amount. Mail your gift list in the handy postage-paid reply envelope attached and — to make certain your gift subscriptions are all properly entered in time for Christmas — get your list in the mail *today*.

HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN ANYONE?

A business associate, perhaps? In a survey conducted by *Sales Management*, PLAYBOY was the man's magazine most often mentioned by business executives as a favorite yuletide gift.

A boy away in service? A gift subscription to PLAYBOY is a monthly boost in morale — a reminder of the good life he'll soon be coming home to.

A college student? He'll be the most popular fellow in his fraternity — for PLAYBOY is the most popular magazine on the country's college campuses.

Husband or father? A gift subscription to PLAYBOY will keep him young at heart. Your favorite uncle? Your doctor? Lawyer? *Any* man will be pleased to receive the beautiful, full-color Playmate card announcing a year-long gift subscription to PLAYBOY magazine.

Please send a PLAYBOY gift subscription to:

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first 1 year gift

\$6

add'l 1 year gifts

\$5

YOUR NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

☐ Please send me a year of PLAYBOY at these special rates.

☐ All new subscriptions ☐ Renewals

☐ Check here if you prefer to have gift cards and envelopes mailed to you so you can send them yourself.

Total number of subscriptions _____ \$ _____ enclosed

Enter additional subscriptions on a separate sheet of paper, and send to PLAYBOY, 232 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Illinois.



ANNOUNCING PLAYBOY'S

Holiday GIFT RATES

JANET PILGRIM, our beautiful Subscription Manager, has asked us to begin our special holiday rates a month early again this year—to give readers enough time to enter gift subscriptions for all the men on their Christmas lists.

Janet points out that by entering your gift subscriptions *now*, you'll miss the flood of orders that fills the mails just before Christmas, and so make certain that everyone on your list is properly remembered.

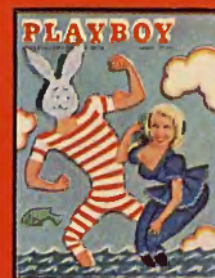
A beautiful, full-color card, with a Playmate picture of Janet on it, *personalized with your name*, will arrive just before Christmas to announce your gift. And your subscriptions will begin with the handsome, fun-filled Holiday Issue. Then—for the next dozen months—your chosen friends will be entertained by the finest in fiction, sophisticated cartoons, full-color pictorial features, authoritative articles on fashion, food and drink, hi-fi, the Ribald Classics, the Party Jokes, the provocative Playmates, and all the special features that have made PLAYBOY the most popular urban man's magazine in America.

Janet wants us to remind you that PLAYBOY gift-giving is wonderfully easy—no Christmas crowds to struggle through—no styles or sizes to puzzle over—and you just can't choose a gift a man will appreciate more.

All you have to do is fill in the order form on the facing page. A postage-paid reply envelope is attached for your convenience—simply attach a check or money order and mail. PLAYBOY does the rest. So take care of the men on your yuletide list today—and while you're at it, Janet suggests you enter a subscription for *yourself* (or extend your present one) at these especially reduced holiday rates.

first 1 year gift \$6

add'l 1 year gifts \$5





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