September, 1965 • 35¢ How Yoga Can Change Your Life-From an Amazing New Book The Outrageous Opinions of Jane Fonda Mystery Novel of Frightening Suspense Learn to Play the Guitar-Complete Instructions! The Affair

vs. Marriage

Clothes to Make a Man Hurry Home

Cosmo Goes to the Movies with LIZ SMITH

For a while there it looked as if it might be necessary to review old films on television for the month of September—then whammo! Everybody started releasing golden nuggets all at once. So the pickings are pretty choice—varied, at least.

THE KNACK is a dazzling picture. It won the Cannes Film Festival—it's a rare feat for a comedy to snag international approval. Done in a slapstick and pop surrealistic vein, it treats a basic young problem, youth! Three boys share an old Art Nouveau house in London. The arrogant one (Ray Brooks) has the knack of getting girls, the cute gawky one (Michael Crawford) is still a virgin, the third oddball one (Donal Donnelly) can take sex or leave it. When Rita Tushingham enters the picture, Ray gives her the business, Donal gives her advice, and Michael gets her. There are some great bits—a motorcycle chase, a ride on a brass bed through the streets, and an imaginary rape that is classic. The Knack says some pertinent things on the current great youth revolution. I loved it and especially the part where Michael tries to feel for Rita's pulse. He says desperately: "Have they got it in the same place as us?" Yes, Michael, oh yes indeed.





England gave us James Bond and now they have a new undercover hero for us in THE IPCRESS FILE, an exciting picture featuring Michael Caine as an antihero, anti-Establishment, anti-old school tie, untamed ordinary guy forced into the secret service. Anything specific would give away the plot, but it deals with the abduction of Britain's best scientific minds, brainwashing and counterespionage. There's a girl who is in the same racket, but the excitement is mostly Caine raising Cain. If you like blond men, you may like Caine's understated charms. For relief from murder and mayhem, he cooks in this picture—a Western omelet—and the color photography is excellent. But most of the time you'll be grabbing that guy's arm during this one so take an arm to grab.

If you dig John Wayne's swivel-hipped walk, perpetual scowl and magnificent ruin of a face, go to see THE SONS OF KATIE ELDER. It's just another Western about four brothers (Wayne, Dean Martin, Michael Anderson, Jr., and Earl Holliman) who are no good, but try to redeem themselves after their too-good-to-be-true mother dies. Revenge, gunplay, horseplay, fistfights and all that. John Wayne's silhouette is as familiar and comforting as the American flag. I go for the Western myth as much as the next girl but I do wish they'd have given a few more costume changes to Martha Hyer who goes around in an old Abercrombie & Fitch type shooting outfit and looks dreadful for most of the picture.

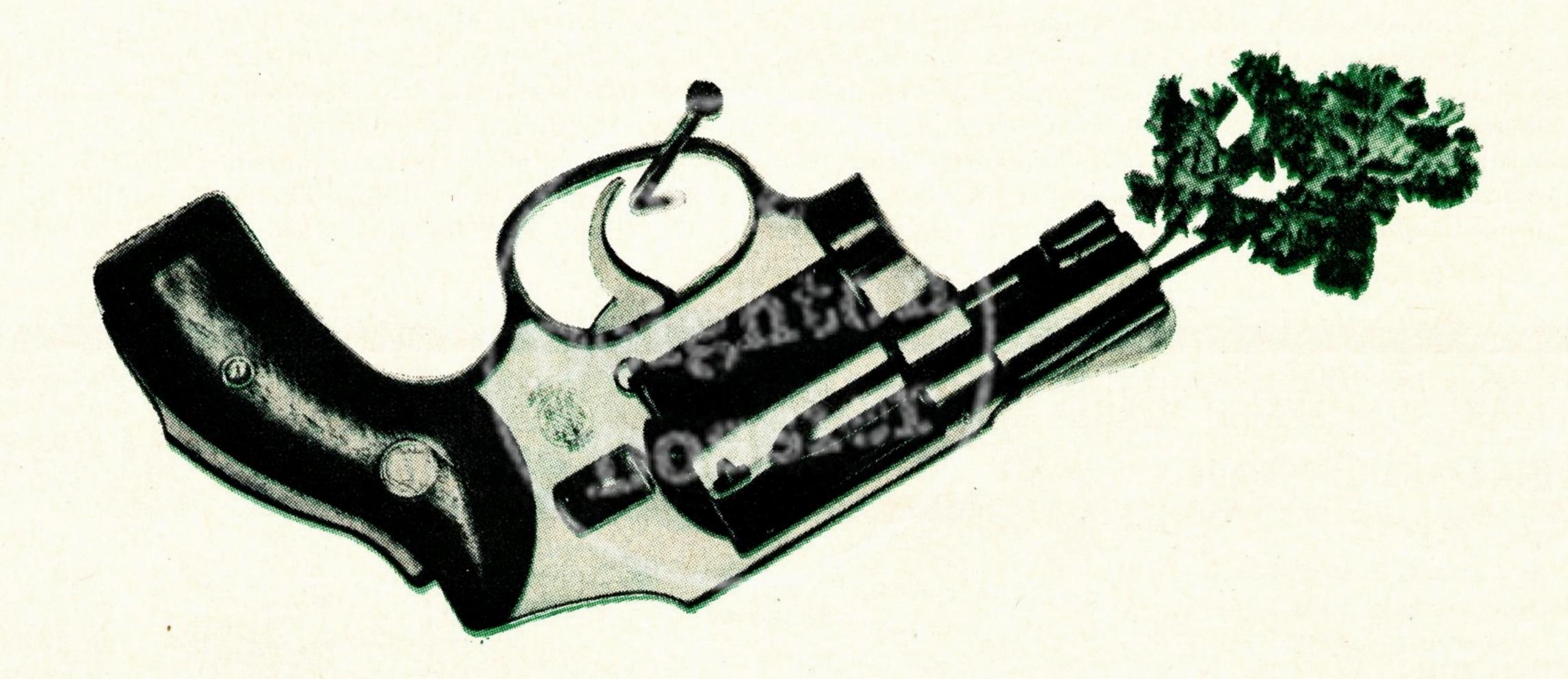




THE SANDPIPER is turgid, overlong and dull. But don't miss it—there is something about that couple. Plus beautiful shots of Big Sur, offbeat costumes by Irene Sharaff for Elizabeth Taylor, and Richard Burton as a man of the cloth caught in adultery with an earth mother woman of sexual integrity. The scenes veer wildly from dull understatement to passionate overreaction. Director Vincente Minnelli must be the chief culprit for the unsubtle approach to what is a story of good soap operatic intentions. It should have been touching. Burton and Taylor are very good actors when directed with depth and sensitivity. Movies are franker and sound more like real life all the time—oddly this seems to make them less affecting and realistic. This is a woman's picture but take your best fellow along. Voluptuous Mrs. Burton will keep him awake.

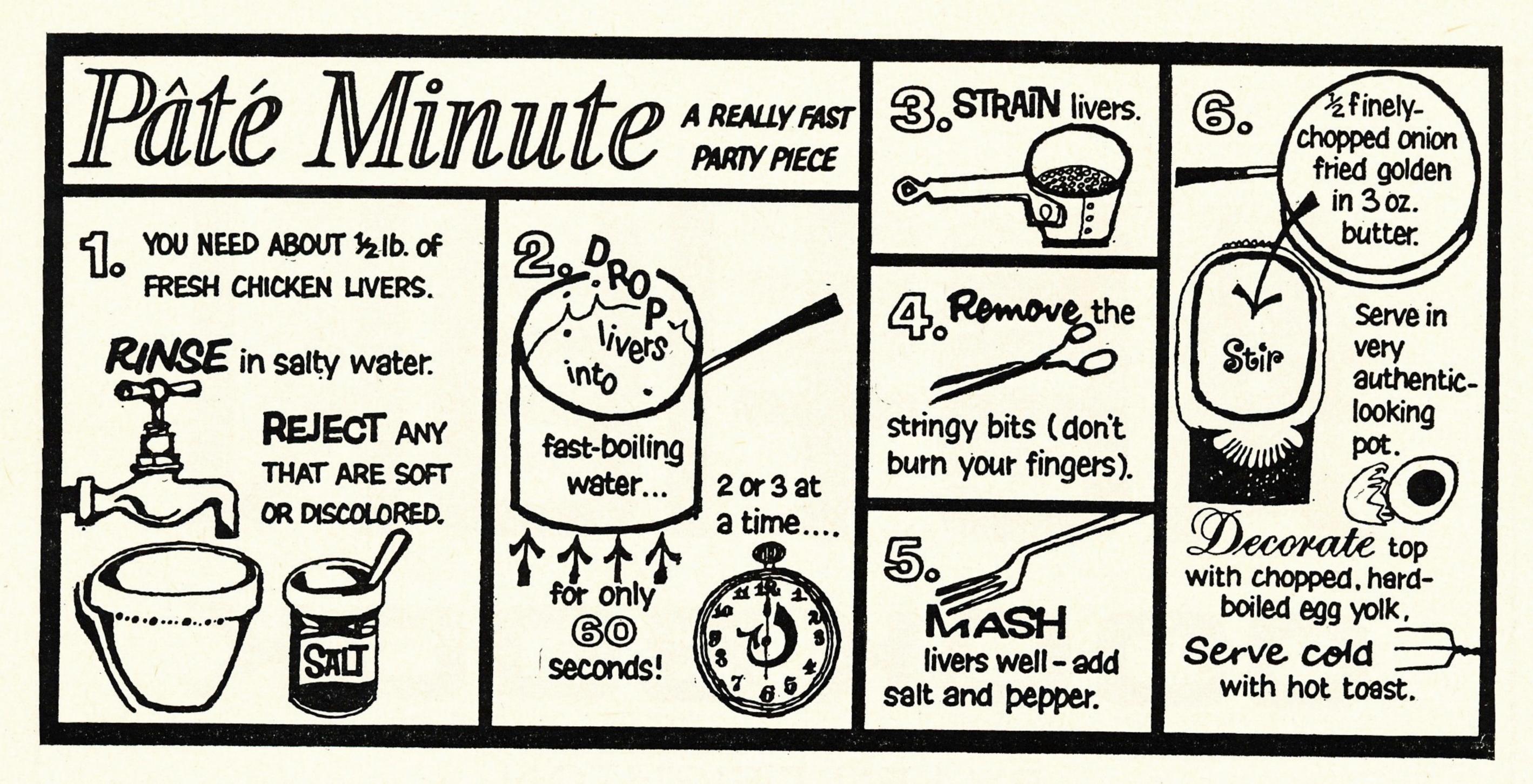
AEFIEIN COCKBOOK

BY LEN DEIGHTON



You cook!? Ugh-gasp-choke! Cooking is for smart girls...girls with talent. No more copping pleas, young lady. You can read a comic book, can't you? Very well. Len Deighton, author of the spy thriller Funeral in Berlin, has put cooking instructions into cartoons. Turn the page to see how to cook four usually complicated things in a simple, beautiful way.

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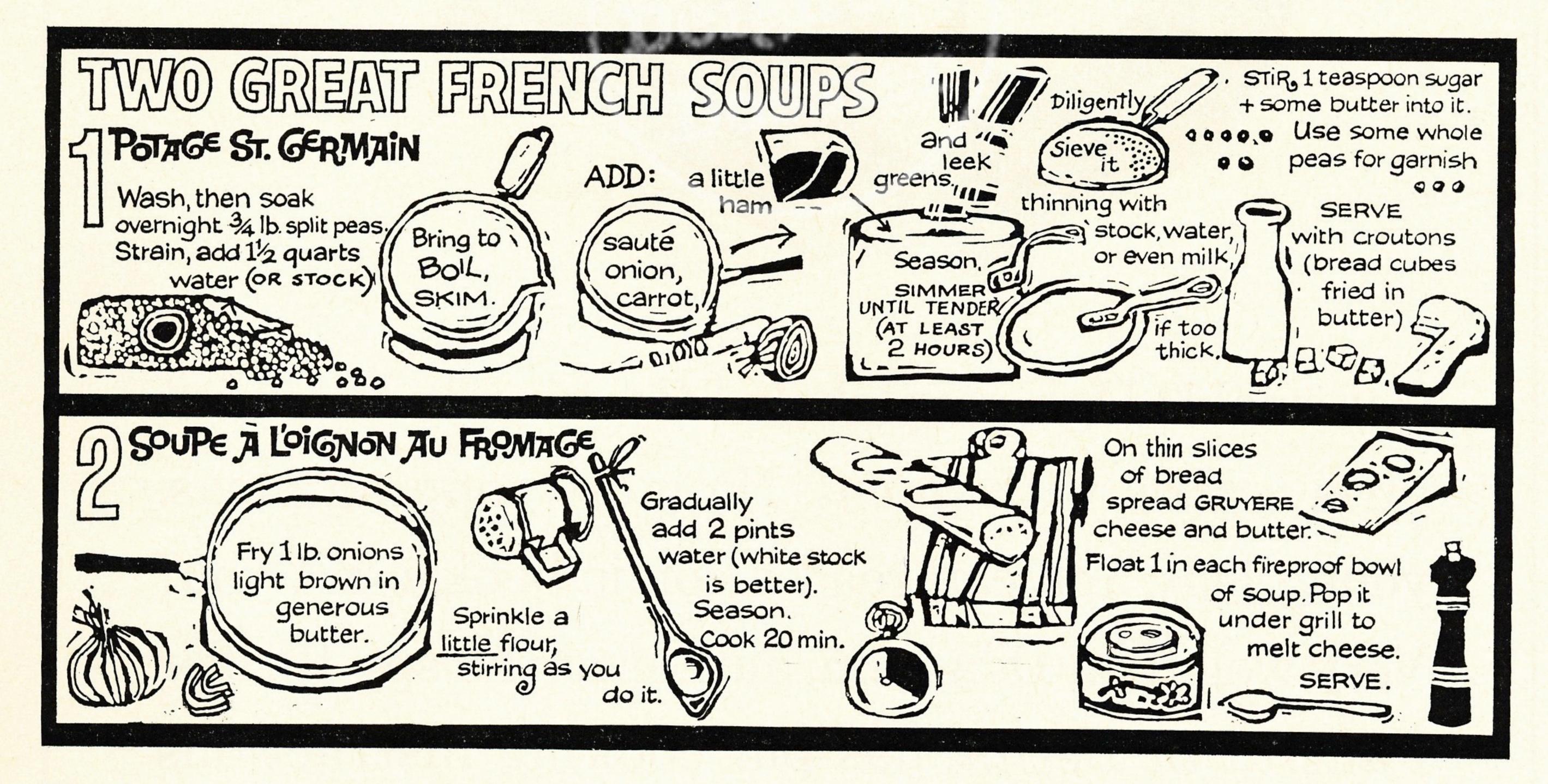
Now that it's possible to buy chicken livers by the pound practically anywhere, there are all manner of uses for them, and most poulterers will sell legs, wings and breasts of chicken by the pound, too, so that we need not buy four chickens in order to serve eight guests with Chicken Kiev.

This purée of chicken livers occurs in Belgian, Jewish and American cooking. It is often used as a sandwich filling, garnished with crispy pieces of bacon. However, in Jewish cooking the unmolded liver will be garnished with bright yellow

schmalz or chicken fat, and decorated with chopped hardboiled egg.

Brochettes de Foies de Volailles are chicken livers impaled on a metal skewer, dipped into warm butter and grilled.

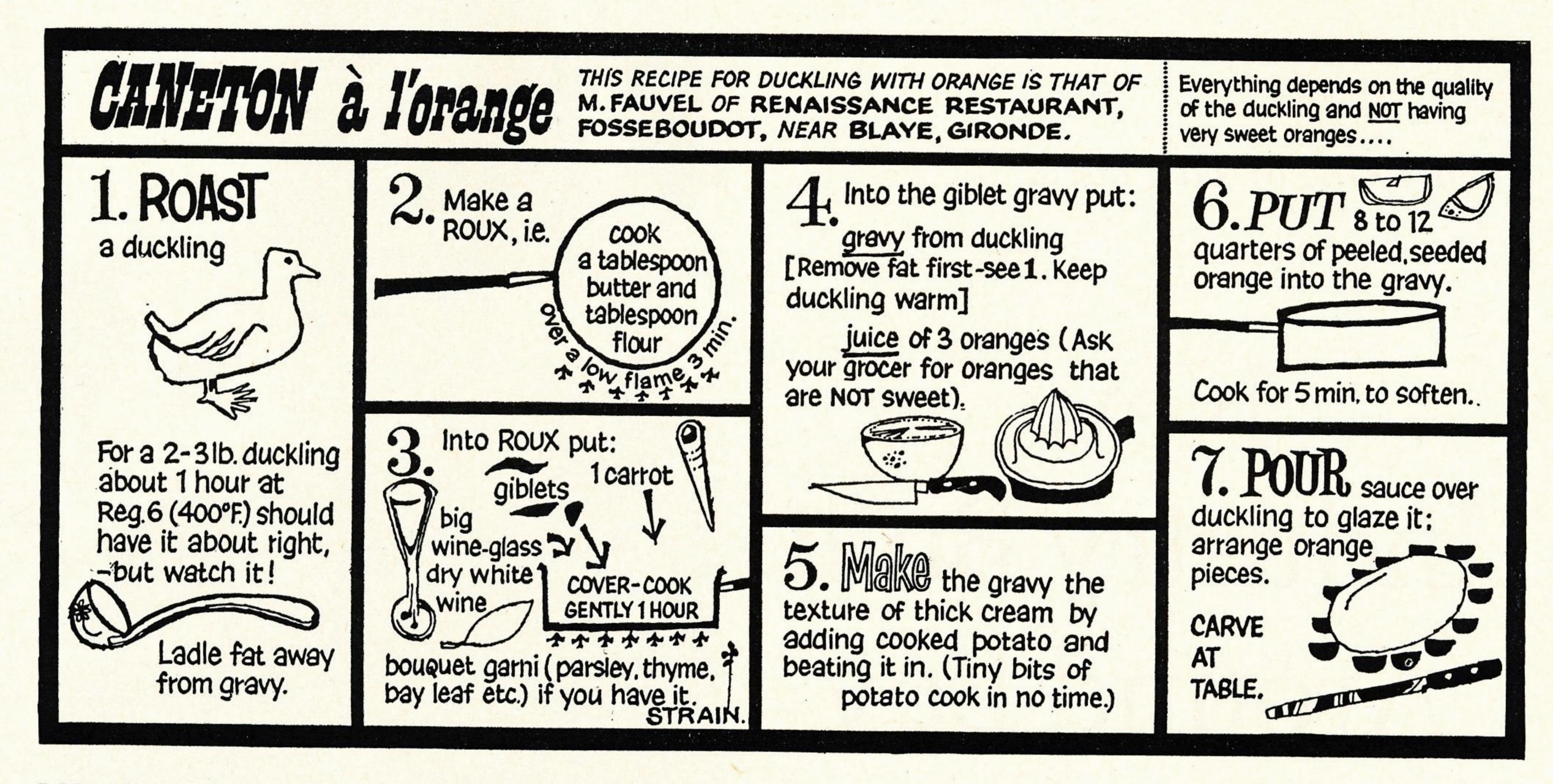
When you make the Pâté Minute shown above, don't over-cook the livers. The mashed livers should be soft and pink. Don't attempt to cut the mold into slices, it should be served with a spoon in dollops. This pâté, unlike others, is served very cold, and for this reason serve it with hot, dry toast.



The quality of French Onion Soup will stand or fall upon the quality of the stock on which it is based. The hearty peasant-soup recipe pours the onion soup onto large chunks of bread and a quarter-of-an-inch layer of grated cheese is added. The individual bowls should then be grilled until the cheese bubbles. A complex dinner party, however, calls for a much thinner variation and the onion should be quite finely chopped. In this case it is more usual to pass a bowl of grated cheese among the diners. Garlic Bread (a French loaf sliced lengthwise and copiously spread with butter to which crushed garlic has been added) is served hot from the oven.

There are probably more variations on Potage St. Germain than on any other soup. Fontanges uses two egg yolks to thicken it and garnishes with lightly fried shredded lettuce and a sprinkling of chervil. If you also add a little cooked rice before serving, you will have Ambassador soup. Add sliced cooked string beans and lettuce to make Marigny soup.

Lamballe soup uses a third the amount of dried peas, and three spoonfuls of tapioca to thicken it. (Buy the smallest variety of tapioca. Use it to thicken other recipes.) A Longchamp is St. Germain with vermicelli and sorrel. Mimi soup has pearl barley with a garnish of cooked carrots added last.

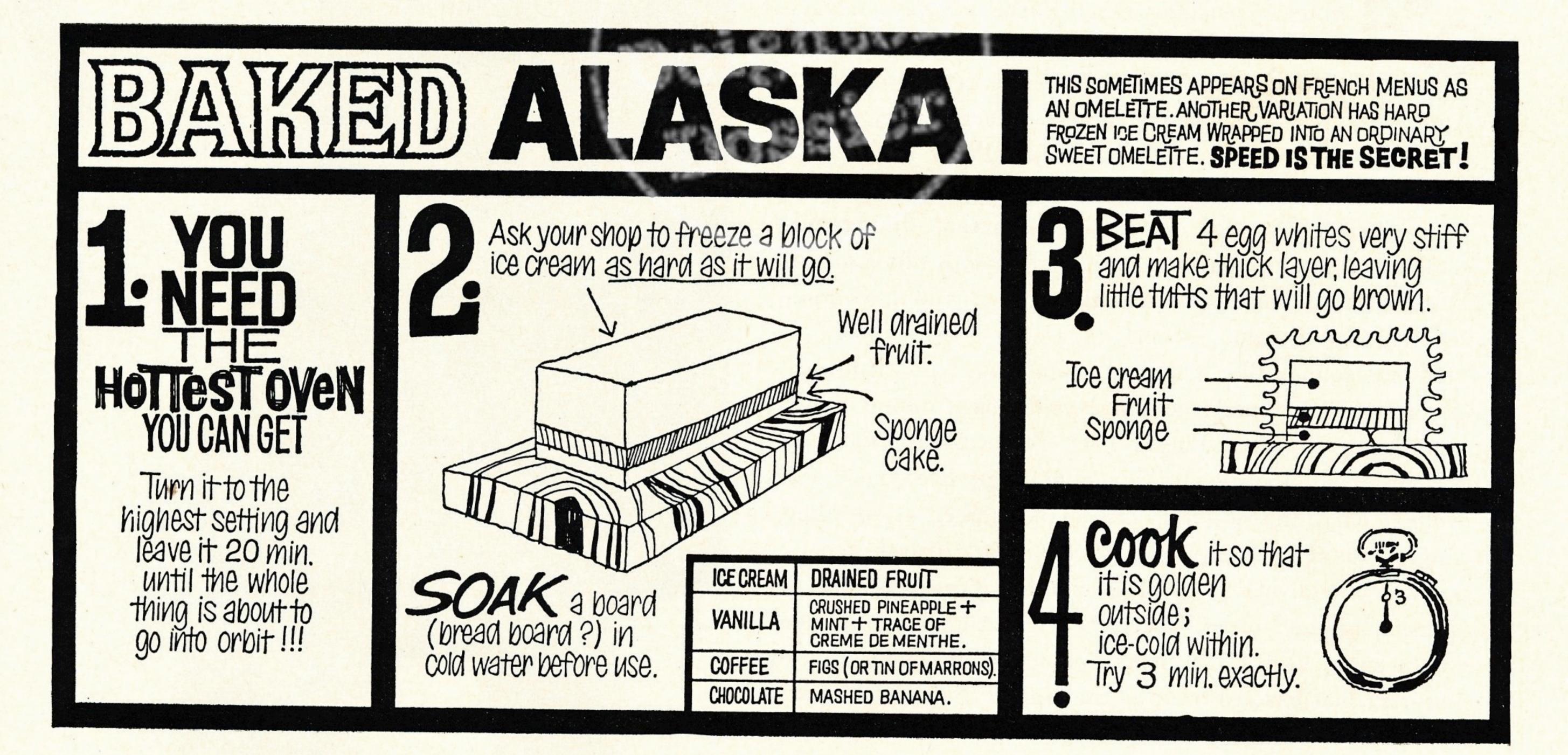


I like chicken, but better still I like duck or goose. There is much prejudice against these fatty birds, but with careful cooking the fat comes away, and it's wonderful to have it in the kitchen or, better still, to eat it spread on hot toast.

If you are lucky enough to get a very young duckling—say under five months—it should be prepared in the simplest possible way, for a strong flavor of orange or sage will swamp the flavor of the duckling.

When buying a duck be sure to look at the feet. They should

Duck à l'Anglaise means roasted with a sage and onion stuffing and served with applesauce and thin gravy. The French, who loathe sage and onion stuffing, are more likely to cook the duck Poèle aux Navets, which means in a covered casserole at a very low temperature, adding sliced parboiled turnips toward the end of the cooking. The turnips take up the heavy fat and make the final dish less rich, although some cooks would ladle some of the fat away before adding them.



Until the mass production of ice cream made it an everyday dish, ice cream was a prima donna of the kitchen. Even today a cook who makes his own ice cream feels justly proud of the feat. The Chinese are said to have thought it up, with the Indians, Persians and Arabs adapting it to their own tastes. Ice cream was brought into France by an Italian in the late seventeenth century, and finally the North American, with the invention of the electric refrigerator, has made ice cream the caviar of United States cuisine.

Only in certain places in Italy is the United States expertise equaled in invention, technique and artistry. Peppermint-flavored ice cream, with slivers of chocolate, is one of my fondest memories of New York City in the summertime. So it was right that the U.S.A. should give birth to Baked Alaska, never mind about Omelette à la Norvégienne (the French counterpart). Take a hot oven, the hottest you can get, ice cream, eggs and whisk, and tell everyone to synchronize his watch.

The End