

Adam



LOTHAR ASHLEY, Editor-in-chief

LEWIS V. SCOTT, Associate Editor

KURT REICHERT, Photo Editor

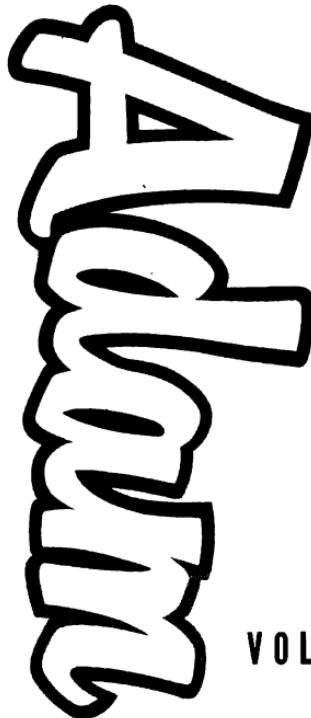
ROBERT S. LIGHT, Production Manager

FRANK EDWARD LEE, Art Director

DAVE BARNETT, Advertising Manager

VOL. 1, NO. 3, ADAM, PRICE 50c PER COPY. Published bimonthly by Knight Publishing Company. Editorial and Advertising offices: Prismatic Building, Los Angeles 46, California. Contents Copyrighted 1956 by Knight Publishing Company. Nothing may be reprinted in whole or in part without written permission. Printed in U.S.A. Return postage should accompany unsolicited manuscripts and pictures; the publisher accepts no responsibility for return. Any similarity between people and places mentioned in the fiction and semi-fiction in this magazine and any real people and places is purely coincidental.

SHALL WE DANCE—fiction.....	JACK HERNDON	4
MARGARET EMPEY — pictorial.....		7
LOVE MONEY—fiction.....	H. I. SINGER	12
THREE IN A BED—fiction.....	JACQUES CASANOVA	16
ADAM'S TROPICAL FROLIC—cartoon.....	R. THOMPSON	18
FOOTBALL HERO—fiction.....	PETER LAITIN	20
BURLESQUE BACKSTAGE—pictorial.....		22
TALES OF SEXUAL HORRORS—book review.....		26
YOUTH WITHOUT INNOCENCE—fiction.....	K. ROBERT HOWARD	30
ADAM'S EVE—special pictorial.....		34
ADAM'S TALES—humor.....		36
FOR ART'S SAKE—pictorial.....		40
THE COLD FEMALE—fiction.....	DALE HARLOW	46
A DATE WITH VIRGINIA—pictorial.....		50
LETTERS TO ADAM—feature.....		67



VOL. 1 NO. 3

the COLD FEMALE



Her skin felt strangely cold; she strained for his life-giving warmth

THE CAR SMOOTHLY ate up the road. At last a vacation! Even though it was late September, Phil Barnard was on his way.

He needed this vacation. Doctor's orders. He had been working too hard at his engineering business. Now that he was on the road he wanted to get where he was going quickly. He headed directly for a clear, cool lake in the Canadian Rockies, away from telephones, screeching automobile tires, and pounding rivets.

When darkness flooded the sky he stopped at the first motel and flopped into bed. His dreams were troubled, with mysterious women floating in and out, and when he reached out to touch them they dissolved into mist.

The next day around four in the afternoon he began a slow climb up into the mountains—towards the bright, flashing sun, which was just disappearing into the folds of the harsh, austere mountains. Finally he came to a small remote settlement. He saw a huge, silent lake.

Phil felt a sense of foreboding, as

though the sky and land itself were unhappy. He walked into the General Store.

"Is there a cabin on the lake for rent?"

"Wa-l-l-l. I guess we could get you fixed up tho' the season is over. What in heck's name are you doing up here this time of year?"

"I want to relax and fish."

"You'll need a fishing license too. Eight a day is the limit! Any firearms?"

"No firearms. How about some food, too?"

"Got everything you need. Blanket, wood—and oil for the lamps. Gets pretty cold up here! You can just go down the road around the lake, past the Worthington estate for about three miles. That's the cabin. Pretty lonesome up there. Are you expecting company?"

"No, just me. No one else."

"Name's Joshua Emery, in case you need anything else." He busied himself with the gear.

When everything was stowed in the car, Phil drove slowly around the lake,

viewing the natural, eye-filling splendor of the sheer cliffs and the cool, green ominous depths of the volcanic lake.

"Just what I need," he said to himself. "Peace and solitude."

He found the cabin, unpacked his car and prepared a simple, yet filling meal. After a while he made the bed. Before turning in that night, he took a short walk.

The wind sighed through the trees. The moon glowed sharp and bright. The effect was unreal. Just a few days ago he was rushing around Seattle, checking his various construction jobs. Now the strange autumn quiet of the mountains removed him to another world. The birds, too, were hushed into silence. The huge yellow moon hung in the sky filtering an eerie glow through the massive pine trees. He filled his lungs with good, fresh air.

For three full days he enjoyed the fresh sunshine and the hiking and fishing. He didn't see another human being. Towards the end of the third day, some heavy clouds formed on tops of



the mountains. There were some sharp lightning thrusts, and a heavy distant rumble of thunder.

On the fourth day it started to rain, slowly at first, then steadily, with almost cloudburst vigor. More lightning flashed across the sky and thunder rumbled heavier. A little while later the rain let up, then settled down into a light steady drum-beat on the roof tops. He was happy with the change of pace and enjoyed the music of the swishing rain. A cheerful fire blazed in the grate, the sweet odor of pine filled the room. Phil alternated between sleep and wakefulness.

He thought, suddenly, that he heard a knock on the door. It was so faint at first that he wasn't sure he heard anything. He listened closely, and sure enough it came again. He jumped up and opened the door quickly. There stood a young woman, soaked to the skin. She seemed confused, lost, cold. Her lips, he could see, were blue with cold. She tried to speak.

"Please... could... you..."

She started to reel. He grabbed her,

—turn the page

COLD FEMALE, from page 47

and carried her into the cabin. He wrapped her in a blanket.

He put some large logs on the fire, then went to the liquor cabinet, poured a stiff drink and carried it back to the bed. She seemed hardly alive, so quiet, and huddled into the warming blanket. She stirred, sat up and took the drink. First she sipped a small portion; then a large gulp, then another, finishing the drink.

Without smiling, she said, "I'm so cold, so terribly cold."

Her voice had a musical but strange quality of being far away.

"You'd better slip out of those wet clothes. I'll get you some warm pajamas."

The rain was still sing-songing on the roof, and the fire with the fat logs began dancing higher and sending warming pine scented air through the room. Plenty to drink and plenty to eat. This was cozy, very cozy.

The girl, cold and wet, was still much in the need of warmth. She was unsmiling as though she had something on her mind. She was unusually pretty — and young, but Phil couldn't tell how young. It didn't matter. He had someone to talk to on a rainy day.

When he came back to the bed with the pajamas, she had managed to remove her dress. He saw at once that

she was a full breasted, well filled young woman. She seemed too tired to unhook her bra.

"Here, let me help." He tried to keep the growing excitement out of his voice.

She turned her back to him, he neatly unhooked her bra. But a strange feeling came over him as he touched her body; she was cold, even clammy. But it was only a brief second's thought. He was too occupied with the sight of her.

Her bra fell away, revealing magnificent breasts, large and firm, with round, exciting nipples, still shyly tucked inwards from the cold. He yearned to caress her, but refrained. The fact of her unself-conscious removing of her clothing meant something. He didn't know what, but he was unhurried. Let the day, the room, the warming liquor have their proper effect.

She put on the pajamas while Phil enjoyed her well shaped, curvy body. The lines of sun-tan were very sharply contrasted with the small rounded hip line.

"You rest a while and get yourself warm. I'll cook up some food." Phil felt the muscles in the back of his neck tighten with excitement.

The rain still played a hypnotic song on the roof.

He puttered in the kitchen for a few moments, then came back to the bed.

He heard her murmur. "I'm cold, terribly cold."

He reached over and touched her head. Yes, she was still cold.

"There aren't any more blankets," Phil said. "Maybe, if..."

"Please, can't you do something to make me warmer." Her voice was pleading, almost desperate.

Phil quickly undressed and climbed into bed and held her close to him.

The first touch of her was shocking. He was nude and his body heat started to rise immediately. He opened her pajama front and pressed himself against her bare breasts. He cradled her in his arms.

They held on to each other, she reaching for his life-giving warmth, needing it, hungrily. He, responding to her, as a virile man, giving himself to her.

Only dimly did he hear thunder and flashes of lightning. The rain began a hard steady downpour on the roof. The fire was glowing cheerfully in the room, and the odor of wet pine cones made a delicious aroma.

A strange magic seemed to permeate the cabin. Hours became moments.

She began to thaw out, slowly, reluctantly it seemed; life flowed back into her body. A pink, healthy color began to spread throughout, and she began to breathe with great gasps, as though she couldn't get enough air into her lungs.

Phil stroked her arms, her neck, touched her lips, then he kissed her on the mouth. It was a slight, probing kiss.

Then they were together as a man and woman, touching and warming each other's bodies — and now they merged their souls in abandonment.

There was never a woman like this, Phil thought, afterwards. She is the perfect partner. The fulfilment of every man's dream. That unknown woman, that vague, murmuring desire, the magnificent body, the rolling, heaving breasts, the undulating belly in heated grasping sexual fire. The dream that every man carries in his innermost heart: Somewhere, somehow, a woman like this will reach out her hand, take him to some secret hideaway, undress for him, and smile, welcoming him to her, and give him the experience of his life, and then disappear into the mists of dreams.

"I don't even know her name." He laughed to himself. "Maybe she's some wood sprite that got lost in the rain."

He got up to look for food. He was hungry.

"Chow time," Phil called to her.

She sat up in bed, filling his eyes with beauty. Then she picked up the pajama top, sprung out of bed, walked over to the fire and warmed herself.

"What a picture!" he thought to himself. "If this is a dream, I don't want to wake up."

When she was fully warmed, she put on the pajama top and came to the table. She looked into his eyes, then smiled.

"Hello."

"Hello, yourself," Phil replied.

Finally Phil spoke. "What's your name?"

She hesitated. It was this soft, shy quality that made his blood run hot, because he knew what she was like in passion.

"Sally Worthington," she said softly.

"What were you doing out in that storm?"

"I live on the other side of the lake. My mother owns some property called 'Paradise Retreat.' I was taking a long hike, and I got caught in the storm and I got lost and I..."

"Yes, what happened?" Phil asked, gently.

"Nothing. Don't ask me any more questions." She seemed suddenly far away, and the lost look came into her eyes.

"Okay, okay. No offense meant. I'm glad you came to this cabin." He found it hard to talk to her. "Eat some more of this canned turkey, it's delicious."

She stood up. "I'd better put my wet clothes in front of the fire. I'll have to wear them when I leave."

Phil felt depressed suddenly. A lovely, almost magical experience was coming to an end. Perhaps not in the next hour, or the next day, but sometime soon it would end—and he knew he would be lonely. He roused himself from these thoughts because even if this was a brief interlude, he wanted to give full attention to its every moment.

"Are we going to see each other again?"

Sally shook her head. "No, we won't. When I leave here, I want to go alone, and I don't want you to try to see me again. Just remember me, and be contented with that, as I will be with you wherever I go."

"Please, I've got to see you again. You can't come into my life, into my bed, and offer me what you did, and just disappear forever. I want to spend more time with you. You must, Sally, you must."

"Please believe me, I would like nothing better. But it is impossible. Utterly impossible." She seemed so sad, so far away.

"But why? Why?" He insisted.

She began to cry, softly at first, but then with huge sobs.

He went to her and held her close. Finally she calmed down. Then she

—turn to page 64

COLD FEMALE, from page 49

kissed him. "You were magnificent, it was all I ever wanted." She kissed him again, hungrily. Then she said; "I want you. Please. Take me, quickly, quickly! Before the rain stops . . . !

"The rain?" He wondered what she meant.

She dropped the pajama tops on the floor. She stood straight and proud, her breasts slightly lifted in becoming challenge to him. He could see the muscles in her thighs quiver slightly.

He took his time, looking her over. A woman with desire, expressed, raw and pleading. His mind had a single moment to remember the frigid women of his experiences—their cold, unresponsive flesh.

"Sally, you're the most glorious woman I've ever known." His breath began heavy through his teeth.

"I'm glad." She whirled a little from him. He saw her smooth, clean body lines, the lithe grace of youth, the rounded neat hips, the golden blond hair, and noticed that her breasts were no longer shy, but filled out, with rosy pink tips.

"Take me, take me, please! There's not much time left."

Phil lifted his hands to her. She came to him and placed her breasts into his hands.

A tremor came over him. He could feel his whole body come alive, as though it were glowing with some celestial fire, some ancient, long buried passion, and he could forget himself, utterly and completely losing his personal identity in this woman . . . and before another second's delay they were locked together, intertwined, bodies pressed close.

While the rain poured its sing-song beat on the roof, the fire had reduced to glowing embers, and in the eery half light in the cabin, he could see her face contorted with agony and passion. As they gave to each other their soul's delight, he saw her lips part slightly with a gasp of an unearthly sound, as though she were dying. Then she tensed and sunk her teeth into his shoulder muscles and bit him, and bit him hard.

Phil fell into a dreamless slumber. When he awoke the sun was shining through the trees and made a light-hearted fresh pattern on the floor of the cabin. Sally was nowhere in sight.

"I dreamed it," he thought instantly to himself. He started to rise, but he yelped with pain. His arm! He looked at it. There, outlined, were a perfect set of teeth marks! It was no dream! He jumped quickly out of bed. And then he saw the remains of the meal on the table.

Where did she go? Why? Who was she really? All these thoughts poured

through him as he dressed quickly. He must find her again. The aroma of pine cones and the dead fire hung in the room, and the strange unearthliness of the mysterious Sally Worthington still permeated Phil's bones.

He drove the three miles to the tiny village and went into the general store. He decided that he would appear casual, easy, without undue alarm.

Mr. Emery greeted him with a grunt. Phil bought a few things, then asked about the Worthington Estate.

"Know anything about a place called 'Paradise Retreat'?"

"What about it?" the old man said. "I'd like to go over there and visit."

"Why?" the old man asked.

"It gets kinda lonesome in the woods alone. I'm used to company."

"You'd find no company to your liking there, young feller. If I was you, I'd forget about visiting."

It was Phil's turn to ask, "Why?"

"Look my boy, there's only a caretaker and crazy old woman living there. Now what would you want with them?"

Phil hesitated for a moment, then said. "What about the young girl, the blond. Her name's Sally."

"How'd you know her name was Sally?"

The old man was acting so strangely.

Before Phil could say anything, the old man said. "It's been twenty years to this month when she died. Drowned in the lake it was. A cloudburst came up sudden like, over-turned her boat. Never did find her body though. It was sure a sad thing. Only nineteen years old and all. Too bad she died a virgin . . . !"

Instinctively Phil put his hand on his neck. He could feel the back of his neck suddenly stiffen with growing apprehension. His mind inwardly blurted out, "No . . . no. It's not true!"

Phil staggered out of the store.

The proprietor called after him. "Y' forgot your goods."

Phil heard nothing. He walked quickly. His mind remembered. How cold she was, then how they warmed each other's blood, and the hot breath of the woman upon his chest. Those tantalizing saucy breasts, that eager moist mouth . . . the wildness of her desire. Then her sadness, and disappearance when the sun came up.

No! It was all some crazy dream!

Suddenly his arm ached. He rolled up his sleeve. There burned into his flesh was a perfect set of teeth marks!

"Wherever you are Sally . . . you didn't die a virgin!" Phil murmured to himself. He walked slowly up the road to his cabin, lonelier than he ever felt in his life.