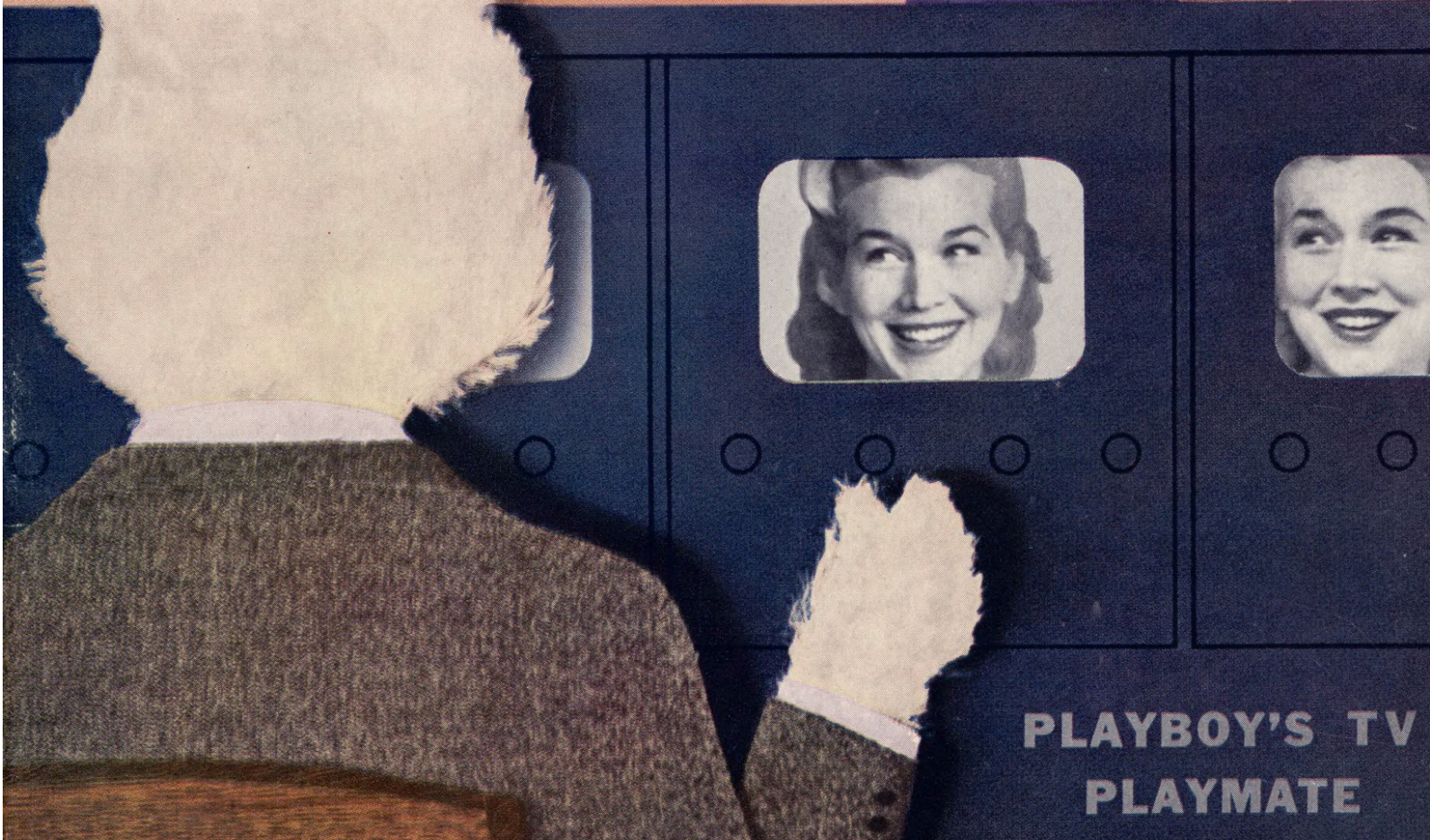


PLAYBOY

MARCH 50 cents

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN



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THIS MONTH, JUST LIKE every other month, PLAYBOY is stuffed with a surfeit of fine features—but the finest of them all, we vow, is our March Playmate. A girl with the face and figure of television starlet Marian Stafford would be memorable enough without any special gimmicks, but in this issue Marian appears $\frac{1}{3}$ life size. This supersize pin-up is no single-issue feature, either—it is the first of the new PLAYBOY Playmates: big, beautiful, full-color, triple-page fold-outs that will, if possible, make America's favorite girlfriend even more popular than she is now.

Two talented shuttermen have contributed tasty photo-spreads to this March issue. Marshall King has done up a satire on the numerous How-To treatises that flood the photographic field, and Russ Meyer has snapped his winsome wife, Eve, in a charming pictorial bedtime story. Eve is no newcomer to our pages, of course, and neither is Russ (he shot the February Playmate), but both members of the Meyer menage surpass themselves in this month's cozy feature.

Jules Archer, whose previous PLAYBOY articles (*Don't Hate Yourself in the Morning, Will She or Won't She?*) have kicked up considerable controversy, deliciously dissects the English language, feminine gender, in an enlightening essay titled *The Great Guessing Game*. And PLAYBOY-regular Ray Bradbury, well known as a teller of tall, terrifying tales, turns article-writer temporarily in order to give us an exclusive account of an amusing personal experience that befell him while he was writing the script for John Huston's forthcoming

film, *Moby Dick*.

There's fiction, of course, in pleasing variety: the haunting horror story, *Couching at the Door*; an off-beat piece titled *I Am Committing Suicide*, by Delmas W. Abbott (whose stories have previously appeared in the literary magazines *Quarto* and *The California Quarterly*, as well as receiving the accolade of "distinctive" from Martha Foley, editor of *Best American Short Stories*); and a bit of inspired nonsense dubbed *The Psychodynamist*—Herbert Gold's fourth story for PLAYBOY. Herb's new novel, by the way, is reviewed in this month's *Playboy After Hours*.

We mustn't forget to remind all you barroom bassos, bathtub baritones and whiskey tenors that you'll also find herein the words and music of another lusty, old-fashioned ballad, illustrated with zeal by Alf Zusi. Zusi's scratch-board drawings add flavor each month to the *After Hours* department and in past issues he has illustrated stories, toasts and college songs. Zusi sketched the Nuremberg trials for the U.S. Government and once held the most enviable G.I. job we've ever heard of: contributing one cartoon a week to an Army newspaper—a task that took something like 45 minutes. And there are, Alf points out now with understandable nostalgia, 10,080 minutes in every week.

There are 44,640 minutes in this month of March; and although the issue you hold in your hands is not guaranteed to brighten every single one of them, it will delightfully dispatch a healthy hunk of any time you happen to find hanging heavy on your hands.



ARCHER



KING

DEAR PLAYBOY



ADDRESS PLAYBOY MAGAZINE 11 E. SUPERIOR ST., CHICAGO 11, ILLINOIS

MABEL MERCER

It was a pleasure to read Victor Lowmes III's thoughtfully written, informative, and sometimes moving article about Mabel Mercer in the December PLAYBOY. I am deeply interested in Miss Mercer's work and welcomed this opportunity to read about it. I hope to find many more tributes to gifted singers of fine popular songs in future issues of your magazine.

Morton Sheinman
New York, New York

I was very pleased with your article on Mabel Mercer. Thank you so much. I am an ardent fan of Mabel (also of Billie Holiday; how about an article on her soon?) and have the four LPs she has recorded for Atlantic. You are so right—Mabel is something you must acquire a taste for—and the more you taste, the more you like.

Frank Vasquez
Chicago, Illinois

GRUESOME FICTION

Please tell me, is the average reader of PLAYBOY supposed to enjoy fiction such as *Zip-Gun Boys on a Caper* in November and *The Next in Line* in the December issue? I didn't intend reading either of them because of the gruesome illustrations, but since they appeared in PLAYBOY, I decided they must be worth reading. From now on I will rely upon my own feeble judgment.

I enjoy a majority of your fiction, as well as all the rest of the magazine, but will you make some attempt to convince me that the above mentioned stories and illustrations improved your publication? Were these for the mature, adult mind for which PLAYBOY is supposed to be edited? If I am wrong, please continue to identify similar stories with the same type of illustrations so I can overlook them.

H. R. Houston
Fort Worth, Texas

COOKING AND CHEESECAKE

I know that some of the better bits of PLAYBOY are preserved in *The Best from Playboy* and the *Playboy Annual*, but the *Playmates* aren't. Neither is Thomas Mario. I think you are missing a great bet by not putting out a PLAYBOY calendar. I also believe that a Thomas Mario cookbook would go over

pretty well, not only among those like myself who are missing many of the early issues of PLAYBOY, but also among those who would like to be able to prepare some dandy dishes (food, I mean) without fishing through two years accumulation of magazines to find what they are looking for. If you decide to come up with this, be sure to put me down for a copy.

Jack Warford
Hutchinson, Kansas

Thanks for the suggestions; both calendar and cookbook are being given serious consideration.

CENSORSHIP IN CANADA

I thoroughly enjoyed your article on sensational magazine covers of the Thirties (*Fair Forms and Foul Fiends*, Sep-

tember) and thought you might enjoy this sample of Canadian censorship on a pulp of the past. The first cover (above) was published in the U.S., but

the full blown female figure was apparently too sexy for our neighbors to the north. Instead of covering the offending hunk of anatomy, however, the Canadian censors simply chopped it off.

Will Johnson
Detroit, Michigan

HUE AND CRY

Where prostitutes are available, their patrons will be found, so with smutty literature readers will abound.

You say that your magazine is not published for children and therefore should be allowed to be a little risqué. You say that it isn't really dirty, but only exhibits a normal, healthy interest in sex. Granted that sex, in the proper perspective, is a normal interest and often an entertaining one. But if naked girls and stories and cartoons depicting extra-marital sexual intercourse are not dirty and considered such by the American public, then the public's moral standards have fallen below those of many such publishers as yourself.

This letter is to let you know that though you may have numerous readers, nevertheless, your editorial standards appeal to a baser moral standard than that of the average American. This, according to the current erroneous interpretation of freedom of the press, is your privilege. It is significant that only those who abuse this freedom invoke it constantly.

In closing, I would ask you the favor of answering a few questions on editorial policy: 1.) Do you condone crime in any form? 2.) Do you believe that sexual intercourse outside of wedlock is contrary to the moral law, natural law, or in any way wrong? 3.) Do you realize that sexual intercourse outside of wedlock, be it adultery or fornication, is a crime in practically, if not every state in the Union?

Frank Johanassen
Chicago, Illinois

As long as you've asked us, Frank, we believe that the kind of sexual morality you're talking about is an extremely personal matter and, like religion, something that each person has to decide for himself. If the laws you refer to were rigidly and successfully enforced, a majority of the American public would be in prison.

But that's not the real point, for what you're objecting to isn't the action, but



tember) and thought you might enjoy this sample of Canadian censorship on a pulp of the past. The first cover (above) was published in the U.S., but

NEW PLAYBOY ANNUAL

Companion to *The Best from Playboy*, your all-new **PLAYBOY ANNUAL** distills the festive finest in masculine entertainment from the magazine's second year of publication. You'll find cartoons by Jack Cole (including *all* the famous Females), Vip, Gardner Rea, Arv Miller, Al Stine; fiction by Max Shulman and Charles Beaumont; humor by Earl Wilson and Ray Russell; plus a king-size batch of Party Jokes and many other features. Take your leisure from this sparkling collection of sophisticated wit—128 pages, 32 in color—handsomely bound for your permanent library. You'll want a copy for yourself, and several for your appreciative cronies.



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the mere mention of it. You've not only against sexual shenanigans, you're against joking about them. We don't really favor husbands doing in their wives, but we think some of Charles Addams' cartoons on matricide are very funny; we don't plan on counterfeiting any money, heisting any filling stations, or committing any adultery tonight, but we consider all three forms of endeavor fair game for our writing, humor and cartoons.

We must confess that, to us, sex is neither dirty, nor is it some sort of sacred cow. We refuse to put sex in some special category where it can't be written about or joked over.

We hope this explains our editorial point of view, Frank; we're pleased to have the opportunity, because we're rather proud of it.

Sinners, the wrath of the Lord is upon you. When Judgement Day comes, your lot will surely be that of hellfire and damnation. Let's be logical—sex is the handicraft of the devil. I wonder how you'll feel when you're jabbed with his pitchfork a few times. How do I know? The Bible tells me so.

If we religious people would only stick together, we could make sure that the public wasn't exposed to yours and other objectionable material. Fortunately this country has clamped down on sex more than any other, but we've still got a lot to go. Personally, I'd rather go back to the days of the Puritans where we could burn your kind at the post.

Ernest L. Harris
Washington, D. C.

Okay, Ernest, we agree—overstatement is a legitimate form of satire. Sadly, though, there are some on this good, round earth who really believe the words you're having fun with.

MEAD

I would like to congratulate Shepherd Mead for his article, *The First Sap of Manhood and How It Rises*, in the December issue. I particularly enjoyed the observation at the end of the piece: "Be as truthful as you can, but a little white lie now and then may be necessary, for her sake. Remember that a jealous girl is not a happy girl, and happy girls make for happy boys."

Lindsay B. Scott
Providence, R. I.

KIND WORDS

You have certainly solved one problem for me this year. It is practically impossible to give the Midshipmen in Annapolis anything. When I asked my son if he could have subscriptions, he said they were about all they could have, and his first request was for PLAYBOY.

He went on to say that he would have to read it on the run because the upperclassmen are hot on the trail of PLAYBOY subscriptions, and the plebes have competition over possession of them. He added that a glimpse of PLAYBOY's Playmate could keep him going

for another month, however.

You have a great magazine. Keep it light, keep it gay. Dearly enjoyed *A Lady's Honor* by Ray Russell in the December issue, but the all-time favorite was Max Shulman's *Three Day Pass*. Thanks to you for a thoroughly entertaining publication.

Elizabeth Turner
Bartlesville, Okla.

Perhaps it may surprise you a little to receive a letter from England—so very far away from you. The reason for my writing is indeed a pleasant one—for as a delightful surprise, a good friend from over there had the good taste to send me a copy of your current PLAYBOY.

Having read right through it and then started again, and this time paying the very closest attention to the delightful illustrations and photographs, can you wonder that I made a dash to my typewriter to find the words to somehow convey to you my sincere appreciation for a most delightful magazine!

More power to your elbow (as we say down this way) and may you continue to give the male population of the United States—and all points west—the pleasure your magazine gave me.

Henry Hold
London, England

EUROPEAN PLAYBOY

I have been buying your amazing magazine for the past six months and like all your readers can only say that you are doing a grandiose job. I came to this country five years ago and was very much surprised to find a lot of Americans have quite conservative ideas about many things and even sometimes might be called narrow minded. A large number of people in Europe believe that Americans are very modern people in every respect and I was astonished to learn that it is not always so. That is the reason why I appreciate your magazine even more. I found it a good step forward when finally somebody came out with a publication like yours, a publication which omits politics, sensationalism, local gossip, silly murder and love stories and cheap advertising. May I now, dear editor, tell you a little story which actually happened during my trip from Europe to America on a large ocean liner. I think it might be worth printing for the amusement of your readers.

One night we were playing cards in the ship lounge. We were a group of about twelve young people, all sitting on the floor in the middle of the room. There were also bystanders who looked over our shoulders and several elderly American ladies sitting nearby who were taking part in our conversation. Most of these people spoke English, but a few of us knew only "yes" and "no" and a few other simple English words; quite a limited knowledge of the language, I'd say. Anyway, as the game progressed it became very warm and I dropped out without anybody noticing me leaving. I went and took a shower and after a half hour came back. By this time there were

even more people around our group—all in all there must have been about twelve girls and eight fellows. At this particular time it was rather quiet in the room and so when a cute little lady from Alabama started to ask me something everybody looked up. It was a very innocent question: "Where did you go?" she inquired. However, my answer sounded much less innocent, I'm afraid. The trouble was, I did not know how to say "shower" in English. Since my father is French and my mother German, I am able to speak both these languages fluently. Again, since many words in English are taken directly from the French (like "table" for instance) and a great many others come from the German language (like "Haus" and "house"), I figured it could possibly be the same thing with the French word for "shower." I had succeeded before by applying this method and just guessing at what I didn't know. I thought, if I don't try I will never learn English. Unfortunately, the French word for "shower" is "douche."

Several German dialects and Italian use the same word, so I considered myself on fairly safe ground, and spoke loud and slow—proud of my English—so that everyone could hear: "I went to take a douche."

At this point, I think the ship's engines stopped, the steward almost dropped the tray with the glasses, the elderly ladies looked as though they were going to have heart attacks, and the boys and girls in our immediate group looked up, unable to believe they had heard me correctly. I quickly erased any doubts, as I replied to the query, "What did you do?" with: "I just took a douche, you know." I repeated my sentence another time or two, until a girl said seriously, "You must be mistaken, boy, you better check again." A few minutes later a fellow explained to me what I had said and you can imagine how I felt. As a matter of fact, I got seasick and had to leave the room.

Rene Hadorn
Allen Park, Michigan

TOKYO BURLESQUE

I would like to tell you how much I enjoyed your December article, *Burlesque in Tokyo*, but at the same time, would like to offer some criticism. Not that I think PLAYBOY needs criticism, but it just happens I'm one of those many, many boresome people who have been somewhere and has to tell someone about it.

In the article, you stated that your Tokyo correspondent sent you reams of prose about Tokyo burlesque. Couldn't we have just a little more please? I'm sure he told you that the exotic titles of the one-act plays you mentioned were copied from American influences, but did he tell you that they are used like the cover of a two-bit novel? The shows at the music-hall are in no way related to the titles placed on the marquee. Only the most witty obscenity is found in these shows and that is mostly from the

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male comedians. The rest of these shows, gentlemen, is pure and breathtaking art and I am afraid that were burlesque in the U.S. suffered to compete with that in Japan, the Yankee strippers would fade into obsolescence.

Regardless, gentlemen, I enjoyed the article—especially the photographs and the full page reproduction of the Geisha. You have, I am sure, many more readers besides myself who are eager to devour anything your Tokyo correspondent can send you.

William E. Keeker
Indianapolis, Indiana

JANET

I've just been asking myself, "Where have I been these past two years?" I first discovered your magazine this week and I thought I had a roving eye. Sure sorry I missed all the previous issues, but you can bet I'll be at the newsstand awaiting PLAYBOY the first of every month from now on.

My first introduction to PLAYBOY featured your supervisor of subscriptions, Miss Janet Pilgrim, as Playmate of the Month and, I can truthfully say, she is the most delectable creature to expose herself to these jaded eyes in many a year. If I were a poet, I would compose a beautiful verse extolling her charms.

Al Manies
Miami, Florida

I am the Commanding Officer of the United States Submarine Segundo. Each officer and man on board this submarine has decided that the Janet Pilgrim Playmate is by far the loveliest, most beautiful picture any one of us has ever seen.

Lt. Cmdr. W. C. Amick, USN
U.S.S. Segundo
% FPO, San Francisco, Calif.

She ain't real — can't bel! Kindly submit more evidence.

Al Metz
St. Louis, Missouri

We, of the Sigma Alpha Epsilon Fraternity at Vanderbilt University, wish to inform Miss Janet Pilgrim that she has been unanimously voted "The Girl We Would Most Like As Our House Mother."

Barry Sorrells, Winston Rogers,
Bob Dedman, House Mother Committee
Sigma Alpha Epsilon Fraternity
Vanderbilt University
Nashville, Tennessee

As of this day, December 26, 1955, there has been formed here in Wackerheim, Germany a "Miss Pilgrim for President" movement. As the original Vice Presidents sponsoring this draft, we would appreciate a statement of some sort from the candidate in question. It would help if we knew where she stands on world affairs.

Vice Pres. Crowder, Simonson, Pomeroy
% APO, New York, New York

Janet informs us that she is in favor of world affairs, though we've been unable to ascertain whether she is carrying

on one herself right now, or not; she's also curious as to just what sort of vice you fellows plan on presiding over.

I'd be interested in learning how your December Playmate's parents have reacted to their daughter's sudden worldwide popularity. I can see that they must be proud of her rise in the business world to the head of PLAYBOY's subscription department, but what's their reaction to her pictures appearing in the magazine?

Franc Skuball
New York, New York

Janet had never done any professional modeling before posing as a Playmate in PLAYBOY and her mother didn't favor the idea when she first heard about it. Janet went ahead anyway and after the pictures had been taken and her mother saw how beautiful they were, she changed her mind. By the time the magazine went to press, Mom had become a real booster and she sent copies of the issue to a number of friends and relatives. Janet, herself, has the Playmate picture framed and hanging on the wall behind her desk. But she has a landscape on the back of it, and turns the picture over, when (which is rarely) a more dignified atmosphere is required around the office.

Janet's December pose produced more mail from readers than any previous Playmate and hundreds of letters and Christmas cards came in addressed directly to her. She received invitations to a fraternity dance at the University of Illinois, the Christmas Formal at Bowling Green State, Winter Carnival at Babson Institute, the Valentine Hop at The Citadel, the Cadaver Ball at Tulane School of Medicine, and Spring weekends at Pennsylvania State, Annapolis and Johns Hopkins; Marshall Field, Jr. wrote to say how much he enjoyed Miss December; noting that Janet often sleeps in the tops of men's pajamas, four readers informed us that by a strange coincidence they always sleep in pajama bottoms and suggested a swap, another two readers simply suggested that Janet send them those unused bottoms, and another three actually sent her PJ tops; she received several modeling offers, a chance to be in a Broadway play, and two offers from TV.

And what effect did all this have on Janet Pilgrim? None whatever, we're happy to say. She's still our subscription manager, handling all your orders for PLAYBOY. Her department has doubled in size since December, and PLAYBOY's press-run has grown from 600,000 to 900,000 copies a month.

Janet has asked us to thank all of those who wrote her such nice and complimentary letters and to apologize to those who requested photographs, explaining that not being a professional model, she doesn't have promotion pictures for fans. But you can count on more photographs of Janet Pilgrim in PLAYBOY in the not too distant future.





PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



books

It's good fun to recall Alberto Moravia's wry comment on the North American phenomena known as The Kinsey Reports. "An ignorant Italian peasant," he has said, "knows all of these things before he is twenty." Moravia today is 49, and certainly no peasant. He has fifteen published novels, two plays and a movie script for *The Woman of Rome*, starring Gina Lollobrigida as the ill-starred woman. He is, without much doubt, the finest writer to emerge from Italy since the farewell to fascism and we personally consider him one of the best novelists in the world today. With Moravia, as with most Mediterranean men, sex is a natural passion and he takes it in great gulps, like strong wine or bright sunlight, without blushing or apologizing.

We've been reading him closely for the past decade, and have been pleasantly jarred time and time again by the man's consistent depth of psychological awareness, his confounding ability to grab and define a crisis (adolescent or adult) with an earthy, matter-of-fact exactitude, without flattening his characters into dull, one-dimensional case histories. A generous and representative sampling of Moravia's perceptive prose can be found in *Five Novels* (Farrar, Straus and Cudahy, \$6.50), containing his near-flawless *Conjugal Love* and *Agostino*; his latest novel, *A Ghost at Noon*; plus two other of his most disturbingly-beautiful works. This is the best two-and-a-half pounds of contemporary fiction to be offered in some time.

John Breon, in the early chapters of his first novel *The Sorrows of Travel* (Putnam, \$3.50), trots out a refreshingly

unsullied band of American expatriates quartered in a Parisian garret. They eat little cakes and drink coffee. The girl in the story actually makes ceramic cuff links (though, it's true, she steals her designs from a red-figured urn in the Louvre), and manages to keep her couch capers down to a startling minimum. Says good-living Livia of her latest cuff creation: "I especially like the hesitation with which the nymph is escaping." You can damn well bet your hat this coffee-klatzsch doesn't last, and it isn't too long before the boys and girls get all gnarled up with white bordeaux, bouncy bed springs, fist fights and other staples of Left Bank levity. Breon conducts a brisk tour of Paris, however, and writes with obvious know-how about the war-surplus brand of innocents abroad.

A number of hard-cover cartoon collections appeared recently and we particularly enjoyed *The New Yorker 1950-1955 Album* (Harper, \$5), *George Price's Characters* (Simon and Schuster, \$2.95), *Hanging Way Over* (Duell, Sloan and Pearce-Little Brown, \$1.50) and *Best Cartoons from Abroad, 1955* (Crown, \$2.95). *The New Yorker* is responsible for the great majority of the best cartoons published in any given year and this is a handsome collection of the best to appear in *TNY* from 1950 to 1955. They used to do this sort of thing every year back in the Thirties and we wouldn't mind their resuming that practice. This volume includes forty of the magazine's distinctive covers reproduced in full color.

Cartoonist George Price is, you should excuse the expression, priceless, and his *Characters* contains more than 200 of his funniest. A single Price cartoon usually prompts a smile, but when you bring a large number of them together like this, one after another, the result is apt to be laughter, loud and long.

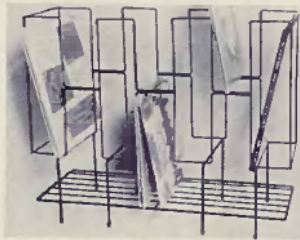
Hanging Way Over is a new collec-

tion by Virgil Partch. Unlike the earlier *Vip* volumes in this series (*Bottle Fatigue*, *The Wild, Wild Women*), *Hanging* is all reprint (from *Collier's*), but it doesn't suffer for it. In fact, it is the most amusing to date.

If *Best Cartoons from Abroad, 1955* even approximates what its title suggests, it is clear that we have a considerable edge over our foreign friends in this humorous art form. Nevertheless, this collection, edited by Lawrence Lariar and Ben Roth, includes some pleasant smiles and the foreign flavor makes them more digestible.

A felicitous way to break the ice between you and your latest playmate is to pore over the 3000 photos in Daniel Blum's *Pictorial History of the Silent Screen* (Grosset & Dunlap, \$4.95). This album of scenes and stars from the 1890s to the 1930s is full of famous faces (Chaplin, Garbo, Theda Bara, Rin-Tin-Tin, et al.), and can provide many cozy hours of brow-to-brow browsing.

Being "with it" (occupational lingo for "working with a carnival") is more than a job; more, even, than a way of life: it is citizenship in a jealously-barricaded nation that owes loyalty to none but its own and contemptuously regards all outsiders as "marks." Herbert Gold, *PLAYBOY*-perennial and purveyor of piquant prose, has known this nation and writes about it with assurance and flavor in this third novel, *The Man Who Was Not With It* (Atlantic-Little Brown, \$3.75). A colorful cast of characters, a liberal laddling of libido and a good deal of focus on that currently popular topic, dope, are the elements of which this rewarding book is composed. It is nutritious fare, though sometimes slow to digest because of the uncompromisingly rich, poetry-packed fruitcake of Gold's style. We like fruitcake, however (Man shall not live by bread alone), and this



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tasty chunk is spiced with a saving humor both ingenious and ingenious.

We were saved the horrid temptation of getting off a second-rate Dorothy Parkerism like *"The Trumpet Unblown"* (Doubleday, \$3.95) should have remained *"The Novel Unwritten"* because the book is good, with fierce power and biting integrity. It's a stark, somewhat violent first novel by William Hoffman about the medical corps in World War II, peopled with a brace of sadistic sergeants, crack-pot captains and pouting privates. Our private, sensitive as a bruised tendon, is known as Tyree Shelby, an 18-year-old moppet who, at book's middle, finally discovers war is hell, most of it administered by his very own comrades-in-plasma. Decency, kindness, honor and loyalty disappear as quickly as a fifth of *Veve Cliquot* at the service club, and Ty comes out of the conflict a far sadder kid than when he entered. Our bookshelf of war novels is already overcrowded, but we're willing to make room for this one.



television

We met comedian Will Jordan at a private party the other evening. We'd seen him a time or two on television and been amused by his impersonation of Ed Sullivan on *Toast of the Town* (he's often billed as "The man who made Ed Sullivan laugh.") Jordan's appearance surprised us: we'd never have recognized him without the introduction. Throughout his television impersonation of Sullivan, we had been under the impression that Jordan looked like Sullivan, but we discovered this evening that the man becomes so a part of any character he is impersonating that he actually resembles him during a performance and, in fact, we look more like Ed Sullivan ourselves than Jordan does.

We talked with Will at some length about comedy and impersonation and he sprinkled his comments liberally with mimicry; it was a little unnerving to be carrying on a conversation with six people at once, all within the head of one. The second half of the evening, he entertained a small group of us: first, with incredibly accurate impersonations of a number of celebrities, including impressions of Jack Benny, Bob Hope, Humphrey Bogart, Robert Mitchum and Liberace, using nothing but their particular ways of walking. He gave impressions of Cary Grant and Clark Gable as they are usually caricatured by mimics and then gave his own, far more subtle, near perfect impersonations; he demonstrated the slight differences in vocal inflection between the voices of Gable, Robert Montgomery, George Montgomery and Dwight D. Eisenhower. Then he began having fun by mixing his characters: he did a little skit in which Ed Sullivan is hurt in a car accident and takes a blood transfusion from

Jack E. Leonard, then rushes to the TV studio to introduce his show in a strange blend of the two men's voices and personalities; in another, Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi decide to break into television with a Martin and Lewis type comedy act; in this, Jordan doesn't simply impersonate Boris Karloff and Jerry Lewis, he impersonates Boris Karloff impersonating Jerry Lewis. We left that party with the distinct feeling that Will Jordan is the most talented impersonator performing today.



films

Producer-director Otto Preminger is a man who likes to put together good motion pictures and who feels that censors don't always improve a film when they begin cutting it. When the Johnston Office turns thumbs-down to one of his movies, Mr. Preminger applies his own thumb to his nose.

People who talk about the Motion Picture Production Code being "outdated" miss the point. The very idea of censorship should be repulsive to anyone who believes in a free and democratic society; the evil created by the presence of a censor is almost always worse than the supposed evil the censor is created to suppress. And the notion that "self-imposed" censorship of the Motion Picture Production Code variety is an exception is nonsense. What sort of publishers of the nation formed a board to pass upon what could and couldn't be written; what sort of contemporary paintings would hang in our galleries if the country's artists drew up a set of restricting rules on what subjects were suitable for painting and how the subjects should be handled, instead of each artist expressing his own talents in his own way; what sort of free press would we have if the nation's newspaper editors voted on what news could be given to the public?

The Johnston Office didn't approve Preminger's sprightly comedy, *The Moon Is Blue*, but he released it anyway and it was a big box-office hit; the Johnston Office has refused to give the Production Code seal to Preminger's latest, *The Man with the Golden Arm*, but he has refused to make any changes in it and it is one of the best pictures of the year and will certainly be one of the most successful.

The Man with the Golden Arm is the film adaptation of Nelson Algren's novel: the hopped-up tragedy of hero and heroin played against a city's strip and clip joints, dirty streets and dirtier tenements. The cast includes a gruesome collection of harpies, sharpies, boozers and witless wonders who could drive a strong man to drink and a weaker man, like golden-armed poker dealer Frankie Machine, to worse. For Frankie, escape lies in a spoon, a white packet of peace, and a needle injected by Louie, the neighborhood dope peddler. As the man with the arm of gold, Frank Sinatra turns

in the best performance of an already remarkable career, and Kim Novak is easy to take as his 26-girl friend.

Somebody goof-balled at the finish of this agonizingly good movie and pat or pap is the proper word for the too-good-to-be-true ending, but the picture still has main-liner punch and it's one you won't want to miss.

Seated on our left at the screening of *The Benny Goodman Story* was a member of Benny's family who informed us that he had read the screenplay and disapproved of a great deal of it. During the Hollywood obligato, choked cries of "It never happened that way" came from the gentleman with Goodman blood in his veins. He was somewhat unnerved by the artificiality of what he was seeing, and so were we, although for less personal reasons. Not much imagination, and fewer facts, have gone into the story—a tired tale of a poor (but talented) boy meeting a rich (but soulful) girl. The plot strives for sentiment but wallows in sediment. Steve Allen plays B.G. with a clarinetist's stiff-upper-lipped resignation, but the rest of the players don't even get their reeds wet. Heroically, there's an exciting charge of music throughout—dixieland, swing and even a few bars of Mozart. It's not enough.

Artists and Models, a Martin & Lewis gambit, will go down in history as the first film to showcase the Anita Ekberg fusilage in anything approximating the way it should be showcased. Don't blink, though, or you might miss it, in which case Eva Gabor, Dorothy Malone and newcomer Shirley Maclaine are on hand to compensate.

The Rose Tattoo, Tennessee Williams' serio-comic antipasto of tempestuous love in a Gulf Coast Italian colony, has never been considered one of his more important plays, although Williams' rare feeling for the natural drum beats of dialogue is present. It has a script that certainly needs an inflammatory spark to set it off, and Hollywood has picked the perfect player, Anna Magnani, to rub the flints. It's difficult to imagine what kind of a picture it would have been without her. In the space of seconds, she transforms herself from a gently clinging, winsome woman into a furiously screeching virago. As Serafina Delle Rose, she roars through a brush fire of laughs and sobs that will certainly leave you scared. Of course, there are others in the cast—including Burt Lancaster and Marisa Pavan—and they are quite good, too.



records

The music from the sound track of *The Rose Tattoo* (Columbia CL 727) does a decently economical job of etching the emotional moods of the film, especially tunes like *Floozie* and *Thorn of the Rose*. But, generally, it's just

another addition to the long and mostly undistinguished list of recorded movie background music that includes *Spellbound*, *Duel in the Sun* and *Samson and Delilah*. Until that happy day when a really stunning score comes along, we intend to console ourselves with the sonorous, bracing music Prokofiev wrote for Eisenstein's film, *Alexander Nevsky*, way back in 1938. It's the only movie music we know of that not only enhanced the film but can stand by itself as well. Eugene Ormandy's recording (Columbia ML 4247) has been selling well for several years, and there's also a newer one, done by the Vienna State Opera gang under Mario Rossi (Vanguard VRS-451), that's pretty electrifying stuff. The titles of some of the sections—*Russia Under the Mongolian Yoke*, *Entry of Alexander into Pskov*—might look rather forbidding on juke boxes, but we have a hunch they'll be hits long after *Floozie* passes into limbo. And (who knows?) some enterprising songster may yet take a fancy to one of the peppier portions and, armed with banjo, echo-chamber and new lyrics, make the Hit Parade with some such moving ballad as *You Conquered Me with Flaming Love Just Like Nevsky Conquered Pskov*. Stranger things have happened.

Mother's Day, 1954, at the University of Michigan was made, we're told, by the presence of the Chet Baker Quartet. Chet reportedly fractured students and mothers alike with such swinging tonal reports as *Maid in Mexico* and *Stella by Starlight*. These and half a dozen more are now available in *Chet Baker Quartet—Jazz at Ann Arbor* (Pacific Jazz 1203).

Damn near every progressive cat worth his chorus is represented in the anthological *Jazz West Coast* (Pacific Jazz JWC-500), a glittering collection of Who's Who in the Movement. Present and accounted for are, among others, Chet Baker, Bud Shank, Gerry Mulligan, Shelly Manne, Russ Freeman, Shorty Rogers, Hampton Hawes, Lee Konitz and Bob Brookmeyer, in all sorts of dizzying combinations.

Count Basie Classics (Columbia CL 754) bring back the earth-shakers of the early Forties (Buck Clayton, Jo Jones, Dicky Wells)—rumblings from a group that can easily be called one of the greatest swing bands ever. Here, for your happy edification, are the *One O'Clock Jump*, *Red Bank Boogie* and the grandiloquent *Jimmy's Blues*, with loose-limbed Jimmy Rushing shouting to high heaven: "Some people love in the winter; some people love in the fall; but I love early in the morning, 'cause that's the best time of all." For contrast, *Count Basie Swings* (Clef MG C-678) presents the Basie band as it sounds today: a jumping tribe, but somewhat weak stick when compared to the major league bunch that blew its way out of Kansas City.

Ken Hanna and his orchestra, a big group tutored by Stan Kenton, is the subject of *Jazz for Dancers* (Capitol T 6512). Alternately purring and pounc-

ing, Hanna's cohorts render some deliciously salty jazz for fidgety feet, notably tunes like *Encore*, featuring the eagle-high trombone soarings of Dick Nash. *Bogata* and *Trumpicale* take you trippingly through several steamy southern resorts, with accompanying tropical punch.

Charlotte Rae is an awfully artful elf who can, when she chooses, get downright sinful. Sailing among the background swells of John Strauss and his Baroque Bearcats, Miss Rae sets her course on a spicy, satiric selection of *Songs I Taught My Mother* (Vanguard VRS-9004). We especially enjoyed a Marc Blitzstein plum titled *Modest Maid*, in which Charlotte announces that, as hobbies go, she's tried archery, butchery, witchery and bitchery, but she very much prefers "lechery, simple lechery." Also exploited are several demimusical creations of Sheldon Harnick (*Gabor the Merrier*) and the team of Ogden Nash-John LaTouche (*The Sea Gull and the Ea-Gull*) which are, of course, sheer madness.

We hadn't heard the velvet tonsils of Mel Tormé in some time and when we put on his *It's a Blue World* (Bethlehem BCP-34) for a first playing, we were very pleasantly surprised. Mel has never sounded better and that's good enough to make this one of the best vocal records released in several months. The choice of songs is unusually good, too, and we especially enjoyed the title tune and the Burke-Van Heusen cutie, *Polka Dots and Moonbeams*. We can also recommend a new Billy Eckstine recording of twelve mournful melodies of love, including *You've Got Me Crying Again*, *More Than You Know*, and the title tune, *That Old Feeling* (M-G-M E3275).

Frances Faye, a sturdy girl who sounds like a cross between Connie Boswell and Mae West, cuts loose on *I'm Wild Again* (Bethlehem BCP-23). Frances, you might recall, received kudos in our January Dining-Drinking section, and this is her first recording for the masses. Backed by a trombone choir and a rock-solid rhythm section, she does thumpingly well on Cole Porter's *I've Got You Under My Skin* and *Love for Sale* (which includes the seldom recorded lines: "If you want to buy my wares, follow me, climb the stairs.").

Ella Fitzgerald stands a little apart from all other female jazz vocalists and she can do things to both ballad and jump tunes that simply cannot be equalled elsewhere. She serves up a prime portion of both on *Sweet and Hot* (Decca DL 8155). A good example is *I Can't Get Started*, which we'd always considered the private property of Bunny Berigan: Ella makes the song an exciting, new experience. This record demonstrates why Ella was picked as vocalist for PLAYBOY's *All-Time All-Star Jazz Band* (June, 1955).

Patrons of the Dawn Club, on San Francisco's Annie Street, first heard the

mellifluous names "Lu Watters and his Yerba Buena Jazz Band" in 1940, and didn't know quite what to expect. The King Oliver-Jelly Roll Morton species of traditional New Orleans Jazz had been laid quietly to rest, and in its place, swing was busting out all over. Watters was having none of it, and proceeded to breed a rollicking hybrid now known as the San Francisco style, built strongly on King Oliver's classic ensemble (two trumpets, one clarinet, one trombone). You can hear the original Watters band on four great Good Time Jazz LPs: a series of 1942 Watters recordings (GTJ L-12007) and the post-war series (GTJ L-12001, 12002, 12003). Packaged sunshine, these, performed by a cakewalkin' council of kings.

Those vinylite Boswells, Ed Murrow and Fred Friendly, have come up with Volume IV of their talking history-book series, *I Can Hear It Now*, this one dispensing the verbal vitamins of Sir Winston Churchill, K.G., O.M., C.H., F.R.S. (and Columbia ML 5066). The man's tonsils must surely be fashioned of pure gold, for nowhere else can you hear such a rich flow of spoken treasure, circa 1909-1954. A different sort of talkathon is heard on *Howls, Boners and Shockers* (Columbia CL 703): recorded interviews from Art Linkletter's TV House Party. With kiddy-like candor, both cute and acute, a clutch of 5 to 10 year olds deliver a devastating round of pint-sized party jokes — each as spontaneous as a soaked diaper. (Samples: "How did your mother and daddy meet?" "I don't know, I was just a little girl." — "Does your mother want any more children?" "Yes." "What about your daddy?" "Oh, he doesn't have anything to do with it.") We gulped two glasses of milk and a chocolate cookie while chuckling over this LP, and thoroughly enjoyed ourselves.



dining drinking

The ghosts of Diamond Jim Brady and Lillian Russell still haunt the plush appointments of Delmonico's (sometimes called Oscar's), 56 Beaver Street, way at the bottom of Manhattan isle. The flavor of the noble old pile (founded 1843) is genuine, and the fare is genuinely excellent. Dinners start at \$3.50, with the accent on Continental items, but we chose a steaming, chutney-bedecked lamb curry and were made the happiest of men. Our lady of the evening plowed voraciously through a platter of chicken a la king until pangs at the waistline reminded her to subside into a cup of Delmonico's brilliant coffee. With Wall Street nearby and real stock tickers on hand in the Baroque and Jade rooms, table talk runs into thousands of shares and millions of dollars, so the visitor has the illusion that his tab is joyfully meager. About three out of four customers are male — and a well-fed lot of share pushers they appear — so for a real attention-getter,

make sure your companion is suitably gorgeous. The palace is closed Saturday night and all day Sunday.

A cheerful coterie of Chicago's more sophisticated night owls does its late tête-à-tête at Easy Street, a former coach house at 1135 N. Dearborn with a well-lit back alley entrance. Inside, everything's as cozy as your own wood-paneled den, smart and dark. The U-shaped bar on the first floor is gathering place for small talk and large drinks, while upstairs there's a roost of balconies (two) with tables and an extra bar where you can really get away from it all. In the shade of an old papier-maché apple tree, Billy Wallace and his trio wend their nimble way through a thicket of low swinging jazz-and-ballads, losing the trail not at all. The troops file in every night of the week until 4 A.M. (5 on Saturday); Billy and his buddies rest on Monday and Tuesday.

Down in New Orleans, a smash ending to an evening of French cuisine and traditional jazz consists of a visit with "Fats" Pichon, who fondles a grand piano in the near-dark back room of the Absinthe House (240 Bourbon). The big man entertains with indoor ballads of his own devising (his latest: *A Chick Is a Many Troubled Thing*) and, for spice, some pungent songs from the Cajun country. Pride of the *Vieux Carre*, the old bar of the Absinthe House is covered with thumb-tacked business cards, cryptic messages and autographed dollar bills left there by at least fifteen thousand thirsty explorers, most of whom swear by the absinthe frappe. Make it with three parts herbsaint absinthe (the kind without wormwood), one part anisette, and a dash of bitters. It tastes like licorice, but definitely isn't for the younger set. Open until 4 A.M. seven nights a week.

Going back to old haunts after a long time away can be a disappointment. In Philly the other week, we were more than a bit apprehensive about rediscovering our little sidestreet spot where Billy Krechmer founded his Jam Session (1627 Ranstead) when both we and jazz were still wearing tweed knickers. The Jam Session used to be a mecca for all the great ones who came to the City of Brotherly Love and stopped off after hours to sit in with Billy, the clarinet-playing host. We remembered the lucky nights when you might find the likes of Bobby Hackett, Jack Teagarden or Chu Berry sparking up the wee hours. Chu's dead; maybe the place was too. It wasn't very reassuring to open the oaken door, step inside the tall, narrow room and hear *Rampart Street Parade*, with Krechmer's clarinet, to be sure, filtered through a speaker system, like any jukebox joint. The walls had been done over in a deep Robin Hood green, and someone had lettered *Riff Cliff* on the stairway to the small balcony. We were going to take just one fast drink at the bar, then leave, when a cherubic gent in a dark suit and clarinet stepped onto the tiny bandstand at the back corner.

This was Billy, looking much his old self, maybe a little heavier. He was joined by Tommy Simms on trumpet, Tommy Bryant on bass (replacing Slam Stewart, who was on tour with Art Tatum), and Howard Reynolds on piano. In the next moment, the long chamber was filled with the sounds of *Basin Street* — free, relaxed and, here was the old flavor, inventive. Billy followed it up by doing sensitive things with *2:19 Blues*, to remind us why this musician's musician has played with the best. Here was the unfrenzied, easy swinging jazz that has filled the 100 or so chairs at Billy's with customers across a generation (drinks only, with cheese, crackers and Italian *pepperoni* also available). The music was live, cutting through the surrounding laughter, bar talk, clink of glasses and ka-ring of cash register. We were glad to be back.



theatre

Who can resist the Lunts? We can't. Tell us they're brittle: and as we line up at the theatre to see them, we'll admit that only a shadow of their former splendor survives. Tell us they're decadent: and as we furiously applaud their second, third and fourth curtain calls, we'll say, yes, they've consistently squandered their first rate talent on second, third and fourth rate scripts. But we do line up, and we do applaud, and so do several million other people, because the decadent, brittle team of Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne is also charming, flawless, very funny and *professional* — in both the best and worst senses of that weary word. *The Great Sebastians* is their newest nugget of deplorable delight. Rudi and Essie Sebastian, partners in a transparently phony mind-reading act ("The only act that reads minds in five different languages"), have played all over Europe and every house in England ("We broke the house record at the Palladium; you remember, there was an American on the bill — Danny Kaye or something"). Now they are in Prague, 1948, on the day of Jan Masaryk's mysterious death. A formidable Czech Communist general summons the Sebastians to perform at a private party and to aid in ferreting out some of his guests' secret political opinions. Lip-curling treachery and intrigue abound while the Sebastians boil up their own little pot of intrigue — trying to smuggle money out of the country by converting it into a single rare postage stamp. Co-authors of this "melodramatic comedy," Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse have fed the Sebastians plenty of lively lines, which the Lunts hurl back and forth in a withering crossfire. The Lunts' self-assurance is a treat even when the Sebastians' lines are just so-so. Director Bretagne Windust keeps things crackling at the ANTA Theatre, W. 52nd St., NYC.



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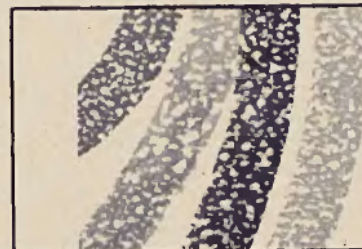
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PLAYBOY

COUCHING at the DOOR

fiction BY D. K. BROSTER

the wages of sin are sometimes worse than death

THE FIRST INKLING which Augustine Marchant had of the matter was on one fine summer morning about three weeks after his visit to Prague, that is to say, in June, 1898. He was reclining, as his custom was when writing his poetry, on the very comfortable sofa in his library at Abbot's Medding, near the French windows, one of which was open to the garden. Pausing for inspiration — he was nearly at the end of his poem, *Salutation to All Unbeliefs* — he let his eyes wander round the beautifully appointed room, with its cloisonné and Satsuma, Buhl and first editions, and then allowed them to stray toward the sunlight outside. And so, between the edge of the costly Herat carpet and the sill of the open window, across the strip of polished oak flooring, he observed what he took to be a small piece of dark fluff blowing in the draft; and instantly made a note to speak to his housekeeper about the parlormaid. There was slackness somewhere; and in Augustine Marchant's house no one was allowed to be slack but himself.

There had been a time when the poet would not for a moment have been received, as he was now, in country and even county society — those days, even before the advent of *The Yellow Book* and *The Savoy*, when he had lived in London, writing the plays and poems which had so startled and shocked all but the "decadent" and the "advanced," *Pomegranates of Sin*, *Queen Theodora and Queen Marozia*, *The Nights of the Tour de Nesle*, *Amor Cypricus* and the rest. But when, as the Nineties began to wane, he inherited Abbot's Medding from a distant cousin and came to live there, being then at the height of an

almost international reputation, Wiltshire society at first tolerated him for his kinship with the late Lord Medding, and then, placated by the excellence of his dinners and further mollified by the patent staidness of his private life, decided that, in his personal conduct at any rate, he must have turned over a new leaf. Perhaps indeed he had never been as bad as he was painted, and if his writings continued to be no less scandalously free and freethinking than before, and needed to be just as rigidly kept out of the hands of daughters, well, no country gentleman in the neighborhood was obliged to read them!

And indeed Augustine Marchant in his fifty-first year was too keenly alive to the value of the good opinion of county society to risk shocking it by any overt doings of his. He kept his license for his pen. When he went abroad, as he did at least twice a year — but that was another matter altogether. The nose of Mrs. Grundy was not sharp enough to smell out his occupations in Warsaw or Berlin or Naples, her eyes long-sighted enough to discern what kind of society he frequented even so near home as Paris. At Abbot's Medding his reputation for being "wicked" was fast declining into just enough of a sensation to titillate a croquet party. He had charming manners, could be witty at moments (though he could not keep it up), still retained his hyacinthine locks (by means of hair restorers), wore his excellently cut velvet coats and flowing ties with just the right air — half poet, half man of the world — and really had, at Abbot's Medding, no dark secret to hide beyond the fact, sedulously concealed by him for five-and-twenty years, that he

had never been christened Augustine. Between Augustus and Augustine, what a gulf! But he had crossed it, and his French poems (which had to be smuggled into his native land) were signed Augustin — Augustin Lemarchant.

Removing his gaze from the objectionable evidence of domestic carelessness upon the floor, Mr. Marchant now fixed it meditatively upon the ruby-set end of the gold pencil which he was using. Rossell & Ward, his publishers, were about to bring out an édition de luxe of *Queen Theodora and Queen Marozia* with illustrations by a hitherto unknown young artist — if they were not too daring. It would be a sumptuous affair in a limited edition. And as he thought of this, the remembrance of his recent stay in Prague returned to the poet. He smiled to himself, as a man smiles when he looks at a rare wine, and thought, "Yes, if these blunt-witted Pharisees round Abbot's Medding only knew!" It was a good thing that the upholders of British petty morality were seldom great travelers; a dispensation of . . . ahem, Providence!

Twiddling his gold pencil between plump fingers, Augustine Marchant returned to his ode, weighing one epithet against another. Except in summer he was no advocate of open windows, and even in summer he considered that to get the most out of that delicate and precious instrument, his brain, his feet must always be kept thoroughly warm; he had therefore cast over them, before settling into his semi-reclining position, a beautiful rose-colored Indian sari of the purest and thickest silk, leaving the ends trailing on the floor. And he became aware, with surprise and annoy-

The wineglass snapped in his hand.



ance, that the piece of brown fluff or whatever it was down there, traveling in the draft from the window, had reached the nearest end of the sari and was now, impelled by the same current, traveling up it.

The master of Abbot's Medding reached out for the silver handbell on the table by his side. There must be more breeze coming in than he had realized, and he might take cold, a catastrophe against which he guarded himself as against the plague. Then he saw that the upward progress of the dark blot—it was about the size of a farthing—could not by any possibility be assigned to any other agency than its own. It was *climbing* up—some horrible insect, plainly, some disgusting kind of almost legless and very hairy spider, round and vague in outline. The poet sat up and shook the sari violently. When he looked again the invader was gone. He had obviously shaken it on to the floor, and on the floor somewhere it must still be. The idea perturbed him, and he decided to take his writing out to the summerhouse, and give orders later that the library was to be thoroughly swept out.

Ah! it was good to be out of doors and in a pleasance so delightfully laid out, so exquisitely kept, as his! In the basin of the fountain the sea-nymphs of rosy-veined marble clustered round a Thetis as beautiful as Aphrodite herself; the lightest and featheriest of acacia-trees swayed near. And as the owner of all this went past over the weedless turf he repeated snatches of Verlaine to himself about "*sveltes jets d'eau*" and "*sanglots d'exstase*."

Then, turning his head to look back

ILLUSTRATED BY HOWARD MUELLER

at the fountain, he became aware of a little dark-brown object about the size of a half-penny running toward him over the velvet-smooth sward . . .

He believed afterward that he must first have had a glimpse of the truth at that instant in the garden, or he would not have acted so instinctively as he did and so promptly. For a moment later he was standing at the edge of the basin of Thetis, his face blanched in the sunshine, his hand firmly clenched. Inside that closed hand something feather-soft pulsed . . . Holding back as best he could the disgust and the something more which clutched at him, Augustine Marchant stooped and plunged his whole fist into the bubbling water, and let the stream of the fountain whirl away what he had picked up. Then with uncertain steps he went and sat down on the nearest seat and shut his eyes. After a while he took out his lawn handkerchief and carefully dried the hand with the intaglio ring, dried it and then looked curiously at the palm. "I did not know I had so much courage," he was thinking; "so much courage and good sense!" It would doubtless drown very quickly.

Burrows, his butler, was coming over the lawn. "Mr. and Mrs. Morrison have arrived, sir."

"Ah, yes; I had forgotten for the moment." Augustine Marchant got up and walked toward the house and his guests, throwing back his shoulders and practicing his famous enigmatic smile, for Mrs. Morrison was a woman worth impressing.

(But what had it been exactly? Why, just what it had looked—a tuft of fur blowing over the grass, a tuft of fur! Sheer imagination that it had moved in his closed hand with a life of its own . . . Then why had he shut his eyes as he stooped and made a grab at it? Thank God, thank God, it was nothing now but a drenched smear swirling round the nymphs of Thetis!)

"Ah, dear lady, you must forgive me! Unpardonable of me not to be in to receive you!" He was in the drawing-room now, fragrant with its banks of hothouse flowers, bending over the hand of the fashionably attired guest on the sofa, in her tight bodice and voluminous sleeves, with a flyaway hat perched at a rakish angle on her gold-brown hair.

"Your man told us that you were writing in the garden," said her goggle-eyed husband reverentially.

"*Cher maître*, it is we who ought not to be interrupting your rendezvous with the Muse," returned Mrs. Morrison in her sweet, high voice. "Terrible to bring you from such company into that of mere visitors!"

Running his hand through his carefully tended locks, the *cher maître* replied, "Between a visit from the Muse and one from Beauty's self no true poet would hesitate!—Moreover, luncheon awaits us, and I trust it is a good one."

He liked faintly to shock fair admirers by admitting that he cared for the pleasures of the table; it was quite safe to do so, since none of them had sufficient acumen to see that it was true.

The luncheon was excellent, for Au-

gustine kept an admirable cook. Afterward he showed his guests over the library—yes, even though it had not received the sweeping which would not be necessary now—and round the garden; and in the summer-house was prevailed upon to read some of *Amor Cypriacus* aloud. And Mrs. Frances (nowadays Francesca) Morrison was thereafter able to recount to envious friends how the Poet himself had read her stanza after stanza from that most *daring* poem of his; and how poor Fred, fanning himself meanwhile with his straw hat—not from the torridity of the verse but because of the afternoon heat—said afterward that he had not understood a single word. A good thing, perhaps . . .

When they had gone, Augustine Marchant reflected rather cynically, "All that was just so much bunkum when I wrote it." For ten years ago, in spite of those audacious, glowing verses, he was an ignorant neophyte. Of course, since then . . . He smiled, a private, sly, self-satisfied smile. It was certainly pleasant to know oneself no longer a fraud!

Returning to the summer-house to fetch his poems, he saw what he took to be Mrs. Morrison's fur piece lying on the floor just by the basket chair which she had occupied. Odd of her not to have missed it on departure—a tribute to his verses, perhaps. His housekeeper must send it after her by post. But just at that moment his head gardener approached, desiring some instructions, and when the matter was settled, and Augustine Marchant turned once more to enter the summer-house, he found that he had been mistaken about the dropped fur piece, for there was nothing on the floor.

Besides, he remembered now that Mrs. Morrison's had been a rope of gray feathers, not of dark fur. As he took up *Amor Cypriacus* he asked himself lazily what could have led him to imagine a woman's fur piece there at all.

Suddenly he knew why. A lattice in the house of memory had opened, and he remained rigid, staring out at the jets of the fountain rising and falling in the afternoon sun. Yes; of that glamorous, wonderful, abominable night in Prague, the part he least wished to recall was connected—incidentally but undeniably—with a fur piece—a long dark fur piece . . .

He had to go up to town next day to a dinner in his honor. There and then he decided to go up that same night by a late train, a most unusual proceeding, and most disturbing to his valet, who knew that it was doubtful whether he could at such short notice procure him a first-class carriage to himself. However, Augustine Marchant went, and even, to the man's amazement, deliberately chose a compartment with another occupant when he might, after all, have had an empty one.

The dinner was brilliant; Augustine had never spoken better. Next day he went round to the little street not far from the British Museum where he found Lawrence Storey, his new illustrator, working feverishly at his drawings for *Queen Theodora and Queen Maro-*

zia, and quite overwhelmed at the honor of a personal visit. Augustine was very kind to him, and, while offering a few criticisms, highly praised his delineation of those two Messalinas of Tenth Century Rome, their long supple hands, their heavy eyes, their full, almost repellent mouths. Storey had followed the same type for mother and daughter, but with a subtle difference.

"They were certainly two most evil women, especially the younger," he observed ingenuously. "But I suppose that, from an artistic point of view, that doesn't matter nowadays!"

Augustine, smoking one of his special cigarettes, made a delicate little gesture. "My dear fellow, art has nothing whatever to do with what is called 'morality'; happily we know that at last! Show me how you thought of depicting the scene where Marozia orders the execution of her mother's papal paramour. Good, very good! Yes, the lines there, even the fall of that loose sleeve from the extended arm, express with clarity what I had in mind. You have great gifts!"

"I have tried to make her look wicked," said the young man, reddening with pleasure. "But," he added depreciatingly, "it is very hard for a ridiculously inexperienced person like myself to have the right artistic vision. For to you, Mr. Marchant, who have penetrated into such wonderful arcana of the forbidden, it would be foolish to pretend to be other than I am."

"How do you know that I have penetrated into any such arcana?" inquired the poet, half-shutting his eyes and looking (though not to the almost worshipping gaze of young Storey) like a great cat being stroked.

"Why, one has only to read you!"

"You must come down and stay with me soon," were Augustine Marchant's parting words. (He would give the boy a few days' good living, for which he would be none the worse; let him drink some decent wine.) "How soon do you think you will be able to finish the rough sketches for the rest, and the designs for the *culs de lampe*? A fortnight or three weeks? Good; I shall look to see you then. Good-by, my dear fellow; I am very, very much pleased with what you have shown me!"

The worst of going up to London from the country was that one was apt to catch a cold in town. When he got back, Augustine Marchant was almost sure that this misfortune had befallen him, so he ordered a fire in his bedroom, despite the season, and consumed a *recherché* little supper in seclusion. And, as the cold turned out to have been imaginary, he was very comfortable, sitting there in his silken dressing-gown, toasting his toes and holding up a glass of golden Tokay to the flames. Really, *Theodora and Marozia* would make as much sensation when it came out with these illustrations as when it first appeared!

All at once he set down his glass. Not far away on his left stood a big cheval mirror, in which a good portion of the bed behind him was reflected. And, in

(continued overleaf)



"He told his wife he had to fly to Boston on business... we went to a little hotel on the south side of town... we ordered drinks sent up to the room... got comfortable in our pajamas... we were sitting there with the lights off, talking... and then the rat seduced me!"

COUCHING (continued from page 14)

this mirror, he had just seen the valance of the bed move. There could be no draft to speak of in this warm room, he never allowed a cat in the house, and it was quite impossible that there should be a rat about. If after all some stray cat should have got in it must be ejected at once. Augustine hitched round in his chair to look at the actual bedhanging.

Yes, the topaz-hued silk valance again swung very slightly outward as though it were being pushed. Augustine bent forward to the bell-pull to summon his valet. Then the flask of Tokay rolled over on the table as he leapt from his chair instead. Something like a huge, dark caterpillar was emerging very slowly from under his bed, moving as a caterpillar moves, with undulations running over it. Where its head should have been was merely a tapering end smaller than the rest of it, but of like substance. It was a dark fur piece.

Augustine Marchant felt that he screamed, but he could not have done so, for his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth. He merely stood staring, staring, all the blood gone from his heart. Still very slowly the thing continued to creep out from under the valance, waving that eyeless, tapering end to and fro, as though uncertain where to proceed. "I am going mad!" thought Augustine, and then, with a revulsion, "No, it can't be! It's a snake of some kind!"

That could be dealt with. He snatched up the poker as the thing, still swaying the head which was no head, kept pouring steadily out from under the lifted yellow frill, until quite three feet of it were clear of the bed. Then he fell upon it furiously, with blow after blow.

But they had no effect on the furry, spineless thing; it merely gave under them and rippled up in another place. Augustine hit the bed, the floor; at last, really screaming, he threw down his weapon and fell upon the thick, hairy rope with both hands, crushing it together into a mass — there was little if any resistance in it — and hurled it into the fire and, panting, kept it down with shovel and tongs. The flames licked up instantly and, with a roar, made short work of it, though there seemed to be some slight effort to escape, which was perhaps only the effect of the heat. A moment later there was a very strong smell of burnt hair, and that was all.

Augustine Marchant seized the fallen flask of Tokay and drained from its mouth what little was left in the bottom before, staggering to the bed, he flung himself upon it and buried his face in the pillows, even heaping them over his head as if he could thus stifle the memory of what he had seen.

He remained in bed next morning; the supposed cold afforded a good pretext. Long before the maid came in to re-lay the fire he had crawled out to make sure that there were no traces left of . . . what he had burnt there. There were none. A nightmare could not have left a trace, he told himself. But well he knew that it was not a nightmare.

And now he could think of nothing but that room in Prague and the long fur piece of the woman. Some department of his mind (he supposed) must have projected that thing, scarcely noticed at the time, scarcely remembered. Into the present and the here. It was terrible to think that one's mind possessed such dark, unknown powers. But not so terrible as if the . . . apparition . . . had been endowed with an entirely separate objective existence. In a day or two he could consult his doctor and ask him to give him a tonic.

But, expostulated an uncomfortably lucid part of his brain, you are trying to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds. Is it not better to believe that the thing *had* an objective existence, for you have burnt it to nothing? Well and good! But if it is merely a projection from your own mind, what is to prevent it from reappearing, like the phoenix, from ashes?

There seemed no answer to that, save in an attempt to persuade himself that he had been feverish last night. Work was the best antidote. So Augustine Marchant rose, and was surprised and delighted to find the atmosphere of his study unusually soothing and inspiring, and that day, against all expectation, *Salutation to All Unbeliefs* was completed by some stanzas with which he was not too ill-pleased. Realizing nevertheless that he should be glad of company that evening, he had earlier sent round a note to the local solicitor, a good fellow, to come and dine with him; played a game of billiards with the lawyer afterward and retired to bed after some vintage port and a good stiff whiskey and soda with scarcely a thought of the visitant of the previous night.

He woke at that hour when the thrushes in early summer punctually greet the new day — three o'clock. They were greeting it even vociferously, and Augustine Marchant was annoyed with their enthusiasm. His golden damask window-curtains kept out all but a glimmer of the new day, yet as, lying upon his back, the poet opened his eyes for a moment, his only half-awakened sense of vision reported something swinging to and fro in the dimness like a pendulum of rope. It was indistinct but seemed to be hanging from the tester of the bed. And, wide awake in an instant, with an unspeakable anguish of premonition tearing through him, he felt, next moment, a light thud on the coverlet about the level of his knees. Something had arrived on the bed . . .

And Augustine Marchant neither shrieked nor leapt from his bed; he could not. Yes, now that his eyes were grown used to the twilight of the room, he saw it clearly, the fur rope which he had burnt to extinction two nights ago, dark, and shining as before, rippling with a gentle movement as it coiled itself neatly together in the place where it had struck the bed and subsided there in a symmetrical round, with only that tapering end a little

raised and, as it were, looking at him — only, eyeless and featureless, it could not look. One thought of disgusted relief, that it was not at any rate going to attack him, and Augustine Marchant fainted.

Yet his swoon must have merged into sleep, for he woke in a more or less ordinary fashion to find his man placing his early tea-tray beside him and inquiring when he should draw his bath. There was nothing on the bed.

"I shall change my bedroom," thought Augustine to himself, looking at the haggard, fallen-eyed man who faced him in the mirror as he shaved. "No, better still, I will go away for a change. Then I shall not have these . . . dreams. I'll go to old Edgar Fortescue for a few days; he begged me again not long ago to come any time."

So to the house of that old Maecenas he went. He was much too great a man now to be in need of Sir Edgar's patronage. It was homage which he received there, both from host and guests. The stay did much to soothe his scarified nerves. Unfortunately, the last day undid the good of all the foregoing ones.

Sir Edgar possessed a pretty young wife — his third — and, among other charms of his place in Somerset, an apple orchard underplanted with flowers. And in the cool of the evening Augustine walked there with his host and hostess almost as if he were the Almighty with the dwellers in Eden. Presently they sat down upon a rustic seat (but a very comfortable one) under the shade of the apple boughs, amid the incongruous but pleasant parterres.

"You have come at the wrong season for these apple-trees, Marchant," observed Sir Edgar after a while, taking out his cigar. "Blossom-time or apple-time — they are showy at either, in spite of the underplanting. What is attracting you on that tree — a bird? We have all kinds here."

"I did not know that I was looking . . . it's nothing . . . thinking of something else," stammered the poet. Surely, surely he had been mistaken in thinking that he had seen a sinuous, dark furry thing undulating like a caterpillar down the stem of that particular apple-tree at a few yards' distance?

Talk went on, even his; there was safety in it. It was only the breeze which faintly rustled that bed of heliotrope behind the seat. Augustine wanted desperately to get up and leave the orchard, but neither Sir Edgar nor his wife seemed disposed to move, and so the poet remained at his end of the seat, his left hand playing nervously with a long bent of grass which had escaped the scythe.

All at once he felt a tickling sensation on the back of his hand, looked down and saw that featureless snout of fur protruding upward from underneath the rustic bench and sweeping itself backward and forward against his hand with a movement which was almost caressing. He was on his feet in a flash.

"Do you mind if I go in?" he asked
(continued on page 24)



The First Night of Lent

*a famous storyteller proves that
truth is stranger—and funnier—than fiction*

SO YOU WANT TO KNOW all the whys and wherefores of the Irish? What shapes them to their Dooms and runs them on their way? you ask. Well, listen, then. For though I've known but a single Irishman in all my life, I knew him, without pause, for one hundred and forty-four consecutive nights. Stand close; perhaps in him you'll see that entire race which marches out of the rains but to vanish through the mists, hold on, here they come! look out, there they go!

This Irishman, his name was Nick.

During the autumn of 1953, I began to write the screenplay of *Moby Dick* in Dublin, and each afternoon a hired cab drove me thirty miles out from the River Liffey to the huge gray Victorian country house where John Huston, my producer-director, rode to hounds. There, we discussed my eight pages of daily

script through the long fall, winter, and early spring evenings. Then, each midnight ready to turn back to the Irish Sea and the Royal Hibernian Hotel, I'd wake the operator in the Kilcock village exchange and have her put me through to the warmest, if totally unheated, spot in town.

"Heeber Finn's pub?" I'd shout, once connected. "Is Nick there? Could you send him along here, please?"

My mind's eye saw them, the local boys lined up peering over the barricade at that freckled mirror so like a frozen winter pond and themselves discovered all drowned and deep under that lovely ice. Amid all their jostlings and their now-here's-a-secret-in-a-stage-whisper-commotion stood Nick, my village driver, his quietness abounding. I heard

(continued on page 46)

article BY RAY BRADBURY



"Here's one ambassador, if they want to recall, they'll have to come and get!"

some tips on understanding the female language

THE GREAT GUESSING GAME



article BY JULES ARCHER

GUYS WHO CRITICIZE the sleeker sex for talking too much are missing the real point. The trouble isn't that women talk too much, it's that we men bother to listen.

Too many fellows take female conversation seriously—a fact that has always amazed the females.

Women don't talk for the same reasons that men do. They have better uses for language than mere communication. When a woman opens her mouth she is more interested, as a rule, in spreading confusion, camouflaging her thoughts, making an impression or just listening to the lovely sound of her voice.

Things would be relatively simple if there were anything immediately strange or mystic about milady's lingo. But there isn't. The words she uses sound familiar enough—but they usually mean something entirely different than the interpretation you and Webster give them. It's a little like the trouble an American runs into trying to communicate in certain other English-speaking countries.

Consider, for instance, the dismaying experience of the G.I. in Australia during World War II, when he asked a pretty little Aussie if she'd go dancing with him.

"Sorry," she apologized, "but I'm knocked up."

The war almost lost him then and there. It was only after several glassy-eyed days that he was relieved to find out that "knocked up" is a down-under colloquialism for being tired.

Here at home a similar fog frequently engulfs any male who tries to communicate rationally with a female.

For example, a woman about to go out with you stops and catches sight of herself in a mirror. She exclaims in despair, "Heavens, I look a mess!" You reassure her: "Oh, well, we're not going any place important."

You do, that is, if you want her to

turn on the deep freeze.

What she naturally wants to hear from you is a gallant protest that if she looked any more delectable, you would probably break open at the seams.

Frequently she'll pitch you a curve like, "My, that girl over there has a pretty figure!" Nod your head and you're dead. If you expect to play a twi-nighter with the home team, you'd better pat back a foul ball like, "Yeah, but she's got twenty pounds too much of it!" Then you can look all you want.

This basic function of the female language—throwing out statements to be denied—isn't too difficult for the average male to fathom. But the female language often gets a bit more complex than that.

A few translations into male English may help you understand the devious logic of the feminine mind:

Femalese: "I always say that if a girl doesn't give her date the wrong idea, he'll behave like a perfect gentleman."
Translation: "Brother, are you a slow ball!"

Femalese: "Personally, I prefer a smaller, conservative car. They're practical and safer, too."
Translation: "My other boy friends can afford Thunderbirds and Jags."

Femalese: "I like to see a man carry himself proudly, the way you do."
Translation: "Thanks for walking on your toes, Shorty. I wouldn't want anyone to think I was out with my kid brother."

Femalese: "You just don't love me anymore!"
Translation: "It will take two dozen roses, a big box of candy, and dinner at Sardi's to get you out of this one!"

Femalese: "I'm sorry about the rings under my eyes, darling, but this time of year there are so many dances, parties and other social obligations a girl just doesn't have time for her beauty sleep."
Translation: "If I have to sit home one more night and watch that damn Late-Late Show on TV, I think I'll go blind!"

Femalese: "Oh, I wouldn't dream of putting you to all that trouble!"
Translation: "If you weren't so thoughtless, I wouldn't have had to ask you in the first place!"

Femalese: "I've never had a man say things like that to me before!"
Translation: "At least not before 11 P.M. You're going to have to wine and dine this girl before she'll come across!"

Femalese: "Oh, dear, I feel so foolish—coming out without my purse this way!"
Translation: "Out with the wallet, sweetheart, and hold still—this won't hurt a bit."

Femalese: "If there's anything I hate, it's a woman who passes along gossip."
Translation: "Get out the clothesline—here come 40 yards of dirty linen!"

Femalese: "Why, Mr. Jones—imagine bumping into you here, of all places!"
Translation: "What took you so long? You usually arrive an hour before this."

Femalese: "That suit looks wonderful on you. Would I be impertinent if I asked what you had to pay for it?"

Translation: "There's no point in wasting time on you if you aren't a spender."

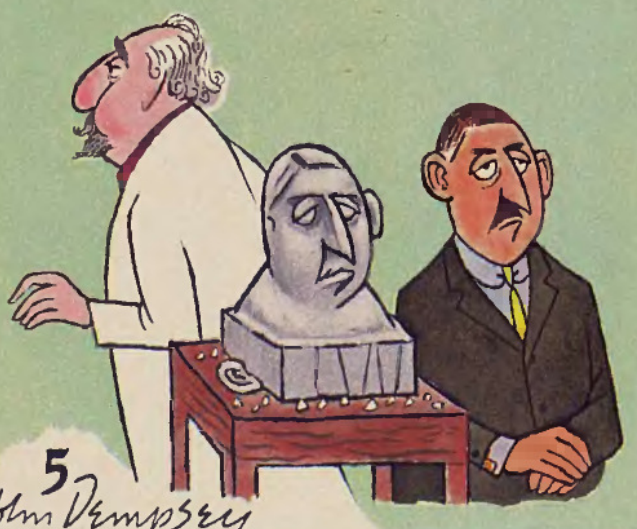
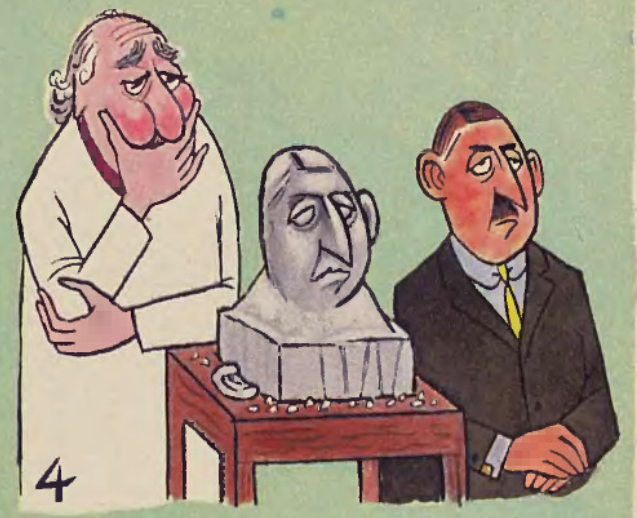
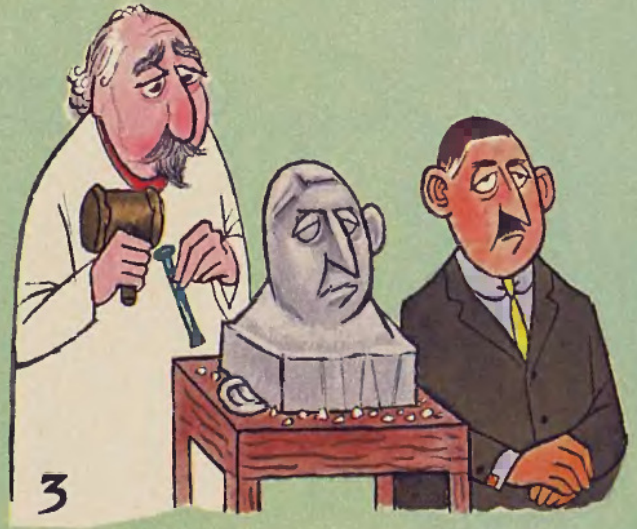
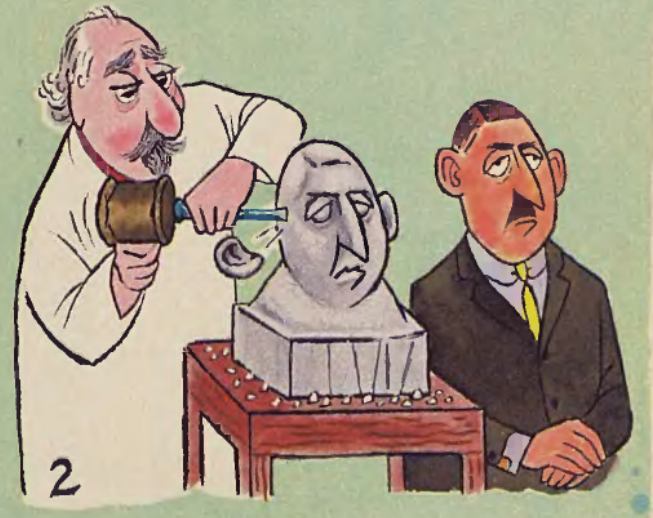
Femalese: "I don't know what I want to eat, darling—you suggest something."
Translation: "Impress me by ordering the filet mignon."

Femalese: "Well, isn't that a coincidence! Bartok happens to be a favorite of mine, too. Tell me more about Bartok."
Translation: "Like whether you speak it, bet on it, or pour it on French fried potatoes."

Femalese: "How would you like me to wear my hair—loose like this or in a pony tail? You decide!"
Translation: "And that will give me the right to choose your entire wardrobe."

Femalese: "No one has ever kissed me like that before!"
Translation: "But what the hell, you're bound to improve."

Femalese: "I can't stand Erskine"
(concluded on page 68)



John Dempsey

THE PITFALLS OF PRETTINESS

Ribald Classic

A satirical episode from Voltaire's masterpiece, *Candide*.

YOU ASK HOW I CAME to have only half a backside? Ah, sir, it is a long story and a sad one, but if you do not mind listening, I do not mind talking.

Let me tell you that I have not always been a lowly servant-girl. I am of noble Italian lineage: I am the daughter of Urban the Tenth and the Princess of Palestrina. Until I was fourteen I was brought up in a palace to which all the castles of your German Barons would not have served as stables; and one of my dresses cost more than all the magnificence of Westphalia. I increased in beauty, in grace, in talents, among pleasures, respect and hopes; already I inspired love, my breasts were forming; and what breasts! Full, firm, fashioned like those of the Venus de' Medici. And what eyes! What eyelids! What black eyebrows! What fire shone from my two eyeballs, and dimmed the glitter of the stars, as the local poets pointed out to me. The women who dressed and undressed me fell into ecstasy when they beheld me in front and behind; and all the men would have liked to be in their place.

I was betrothed to a ruling prince of Massa-Carrara. What a prince! As beautiful as I was, formed of gentleness and charms, brilliantly witty and burning with love; I loved him with a first love, idolatrously and extravagantly. The marriage ceremonies were arranged with unheard-of pomp and magnificence; there were continual fêtes, revels and comic operas; all Italy wrote sonnets for me, and not a good one among them.

My happiness was slightly shattered when an old marchioness who had been my prince's mistress invited him to take chocolate with her; less than two hours afterwards he died in horrible convulsions; but that is only a trifle. My mother was in despair, though less distressed than I, and wished to absent herself for a time from a place so disastrous. She had a most beautiful estate near Gaeta; we embarked on a galley, gilded like the altar of St. Peter's at Rome. A Salle pirate swooped down and boarded us; our soldiers defended us valiantly; but soon they thought it wiser to throw down their arms, fall on their knees and ask the pirates for mercy.



They fought ferociously over the women.

They were immediately stripped as naked as monkeys, revealing fine military physiques that were delightful to see. And, immediately thereafter, myself, my mother and all our pretty ladies of honor were also stripped quite bare.

The diligence with which these gentlemen strip people is truly admirable; but I was still more surprised by their inserting a finger in a place belonging to all of us where we women usually only allow the end of a syringe. This appeared to me a very strange ceremony; but that is how we judge everything when we leave our own country. I soon learned that it was to find out if we had hidden any diamonds there; 'tis a custom established from time immemorial among the civilized nations who roam the seas. I have learned that the religious Knights of Malta never fail in it when they capture Turks — especially Turkish women; this is an international law which has never been broken.

I will not tell you how hard it is for a young princess to be taken with her

mother as a slave to Morocco; you will also guess all we had to endure in the pirate's ship. Prettiness is a blessing, some say, but its perils and pitfalls are many. My mother was still very beautiful; our ladies of honor, even our waiting-maids possessed more charms than could be found in all Africa; and I was ravishing, I was beauty, grace itself, and I was a virgin. I did not remain so long; the maidenhead which had been reserved for the handsome prince of Massa-Carrara was ravished from me by a pirate captain; he was an abominable fellow who thought he was doing me a great favor. The Princess of Palestrina and I must indeed have been strong to bear up against all we endured before our arrival in Morocco! But let that pass; these things are so common that they are not worth mentioning.

Morocco was swimming in blood when we arrived. The fifty sons of the Emperor Muley Ismael had each a faction; and this produced fifty civil wars. There
(continued on page 70)



DRY and DAPPER

rainproof raiment to weather the storm

BY BLAKE RUTHERFORD

IT RAINS WITH DRIPPING regularity in approximately 75 countries throughout the world. We've even discovered that the wettest spot on Mother Earth is Mount Waialeale, Hawaii, where grass-bottomed natives gurgle around in almost 460 inches worth of heavy dew each year. There are those silly souls who blame the rain on tropical easterlies, but we wiser folk know it's just a big plot by



attire

crafty manufacturers to trot out the latest in rainproof raiment.

Assuming *you* won't have to fight through too many monsoons, gales or tropical hurricanes this spring, you'll probably feel dry and dapper in one of the many new light-weight water-repellent jobs to be seen on the best boulevards this season.

If you don't mind the covetous looks of your compariots, you're smart to step out in

the drizzle in one of the very newest light tan single-breasted trench coats with bright plaid cotton lining, by Aquascutum. In case you've a yen for the British Officers' Corps, or the life of a private eye, you'll prefer the staunchly popular double-breasted model. Some of the more famous d. b. trench coats, for both style and protection, are made of weatherproofed Egyptian cotton gabardine, unlined, by Burberry, or a some- (concluded on page 72)

COUCHING (continued from page 16)

abruptly. "I'm not . . . feeling very well."

If the thing could follow him it was of no use to go away. He returned to Abbot's Medding looking so much the worse for his change of air that Burrows expressed a respectful hope that he was not indisposed. And almost the first thing that occurred, when Augustine sat down at his writing-table to attend to his correspondence, was the unwinding of itself from one of its curved legs, of a soft, brown, oscillating serpent which slowly waved an end at him as if in welcome . . .

In welcome, yes, that was it! The creature, incredible though it was, the creature seemed glad to see him! Standing at the other end of the room, his hands pressed over his eyes — for what was the use of attempting to hurt or destroy it — Augustine Marchant thought shudderingly that, like a witch's cat, a "familiar" would not, presumably, be ill disposed toward its master. Its master! Oh, God!

The hysteria which he had been trying to keep down began to mount uncontrollably when, removing his hand, Augustine glanced again toward his writing-table and saw that the snake-like fur piece had coiled itself in his chair and was sweeping its end to and fro over the back, somewhat in the way that a cat, purring meanwhile, rubs itself against furniture or a human leg in real or simulated affection.

"Oh, go, go away from there!" he suddenly screamed at it, advancing with outstretched hand. "In the devil's name, get out!"

To his utter amazement, he was obeyed. The rhythmic movements ceased, the fur snake poured itself down out of the chair and writhed toward the door. Venturing back to his writing-table after a moment, Augustine saw it coiled on the threshold, the blind end turned toward him as usual, as though watching. And he began to laugh. What would happen if he rang and someone came; would the opening door scrape it aside . . . would it vanish? Had it, in short, an existence for anyone else but himself?

But he dared not make the experiment. He left the room by the French window, feeling that he could never enter the house again. And perhaps, had it not been for the horrible knowledge just acquired that it could follow him, he might easily have gone away for good from Abbot's Medding and all his treasures and comforts. But of what use would that be — and how should he account for so extraordinary an action? No; he must think and plan while he yet remained sane.

To what, then, could he have recourse? The black magic in which he had dabbled with such disastrous consequences might possibly help him. Left to himself he was but an amateur, but he had a number of books . . . There was also that other realm whose bound-

aries sometimes marched side by side with magic — religion. But how could he pray to a Deity in whom he did not believe? Rather pray to the Evil which had sent this curse upon him to show him how to banish it. Yet since he had deliberately followed what religion stigmatized as sin, what even the world would label as lust and necromancy, supplication to the dark powers was not likely to deliver him from them. They must somehow be outwitted, circumvented.

He kept his *grimoires* and books of the kind in a locked bookcase in another room, not in his study; in that room he sat up till midnight. But the spells which he read were useless; moreover, he did not really believe in them. The irony of the situation was that, in a sense, he had only played at sorcery; it had but lent a spice to sensuality. He wandered wretchedly about the room dreading at any moment to see his "familiar" wreathed round some object in it. At last he stopped at a small bookcase which held some old forgotten books of his mother's — Longfellow and Mrs. Hemans; *John Halifax, Gentleman*; and a good many volumes of sermons and mild essays. And when he looked at that blameless assembly a cloud seemed to pass over Augustine Marchant's vision, and he saw his mother, gentle and lace-capped as years and years ago she used to sit, hearing his lessons, in an antimacassared chair. She had been everything to him then, the little boy whose soul was not smirched. He called silently to her now: "Mama, Mama, can't you help me? Can't you send this thing away?"

When the cloud had passed he found that he had stretched out his hand and removed a big book. Looking at it he saw that it was her Bible, with "Sarah Amelia Marchant" on the faded yellow flyleaf. Her spirit was going to help him! He turned over a page or two, and out of the largish print there sprang instantly at him: *Now the serpent was more subtle than any beast of the field.* Augustine shuddered and almost put the Bible back, but the conviction that there was help there urged him to go on. He turned a few more pages of Genesis and his eyes were caught by this verse, which he had never seen before in his life:

And if thou doest well, shalt thou not be accepted? And if thou doest not well, sin lieth at the door. And unto thee shall be his desire, and thou shalt rule over him.

What strange words! What could they possibly mean? Was there light for him in them? "Unto thee shall be his desire." That Thing, the loathsome semblance of affection which hung about it . . . "Thou shalt rule over him." It had obeyed him, up to a point . . . Was this Book, of all others, showing him the way to be free? But the meaning of the verse was so obscure! He had not, naturally, such a thing as a commentary in the house. Yet, when he came to

think of it, he remembered that some pious and anonymous person, soon after the publication of *Pomegranates of Sin*, had sent him a Bible in the Revised Version, with an inscription recommending him to read it. He had it somewhere, though he had always meant to get rid of it.

After twenty minutes' search through the sleeping house he found it in one of the spare bedrooms. But it gave him little enlightenment, for there was scant difference in the rendering, save that for "lieth at the door," this version had, "coucheth," and that the margin held an alternative translation for the end of the verse: "And unto thee is thy desire, but thou shouldst rule over it."

Nevertheless, Augustine Marchant stood after midnight in this silent, sheeted guest-chamber repeating, "But thou shouldst rule over it."

And all at once he thought of a way of escape.

It was going to be a marvelous experience, staying with Augustine Marchant. Sometimes Lawrence Storey hoped there would be no other guests at Abbot's Medding; at other times he hoped there would be. A *tête-à-tête* of four days with the great poet — could he sustain his share worthily? For Lawrence, despite the remarkable artistic gifts which were finding their first real flowering in these illustrations to Augustine's poem, was still unspoiled, still capable of wonder and admiration, still humble and almost naïf. It was still astonishing to him that he, an architect's assistant, should have been snatched away, as Ganymede by the eagle, from the lower world of elevations and drains to serve on Olympus. It was not, indeed, Augustine Marchant who had first discovered him, but it was Augustine Marchant who was going to make him famous.

The telegraph poles flitted past the second-class carriage window and more than one traveler glanced with a certain envy and admiration at the fair, good-looking young man who diffused such an impression of happiness and candor, and had such a charming smile on his boyish lips. He carried with him a portfolio which he never let out of reach of his hand; the oldish couple opposite, speculating upon its contents, might have changed their opinion of him had they seen the drawings within.

But no shadow of the dark weariness of things unlawful rested on Lawrence Storey; to know Augustine Marchant, to be illustrating his great poem, to have learnt from him that art and morality had no kinship, this was to plunge into a new realm of freedom and enlarging experience. Augustine Marchant's poetry, he felt, had already taught his hand what his brain and heart knew nothing of.

There was a dogcart to meet him at the station, and in the scented June evening he was driven with a beating heart past meadows and hayfields to his destination.

Mr. Marchant, awaiting him in the
(continued on page 34)



"They don't seem to have one for that."



1 Self-portrait of the author.



2 An uninteresting snapshot made with a box camera.



3 The same scene as Fig. 2, using modern equipment.

satire BY MARSHALL KING

PHOTOGRAPHY CAN BE FUN

advice for the beginner from a self-acknowledged expert

IT'S ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE for me to sit here in the kitchen on this economy-size case of panchromatic film and realize that only four months ago I didn't know the first thing about photography. At that time I thought A.S.A. was simply the first name of the late Al Jolson. Since I have more or less mastered photography during these four months, it is only fair that I pass on some valuable information to those who are just beginners.

First, I want to say that I have nothing against my former hobby: amateur radio. It's just that it was so darned expensive; I'll bet I spent at least fifteen dollars every month on radio parts. I'll admit that when I switched to photography the initial outlay in cash was quite a shock, but I felt sure that these expenses would drop to practically nothing once I got rolling. I'll have more to say about this in a few minutes when I shall discuss BANK FINANCING.

Naturally, the beginner will ask, "What kind of camera shall I buy?" Well, I personally shoot with a 35mm camera, but let me say this: don't be discouraged if you can't seem to master a particular

type of camera. You can always get a more elaborate one. Remember, the more work the camera does, the less you have to do. As an illustration, notice the two pictures shown here of a girl in a swing. The one on the left (Figure 2) was taken with an old box camera that I've had for years. Notice how ordinary the scene looks? Everything is in focus, there is nothing truly different about the photograph. I shot this same scene, shown on the right, with my new 35mm camera using an f2 lens (the only lens I have), a shutter speed of 1/10, and a focus set at 12 feet. You may ask why I used such a slow shutter as 1/10. Nice thinking. My reason for doing this is to give a true feeling of motion to the girl in the swing. You'll notice that she is slightly blurred, but let me hasten to say that I planned it that way. Now look at these two pictures again:

I have found that you don't have to travel far to capture interesting subject matter: you'll find it right in your own neighborhood. That certain "earthiness" you see in many of my pictures is possible because I live in an area where I'm surrounded by simple folk, like the

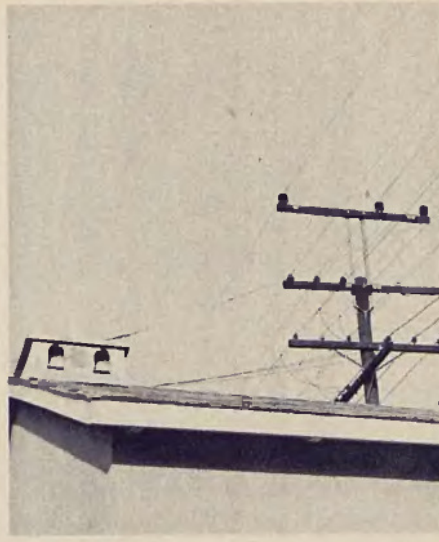
girl in the swing. You'll find that one of the joys in photography is recording little pieces of life as they exist around you. There are quite a few around me—in fact, there are four living right on my own block.

A word here about focus. I find that 12 feet is a nice focus. I try not to disturb this setting on my camera if I can help it. If I do, that means just one more thing I have to remember to set the next time. Rather than take any chances, I just tell my subjects that I work on a 12-foot focus, then if they move in or out that's just their tough luck.

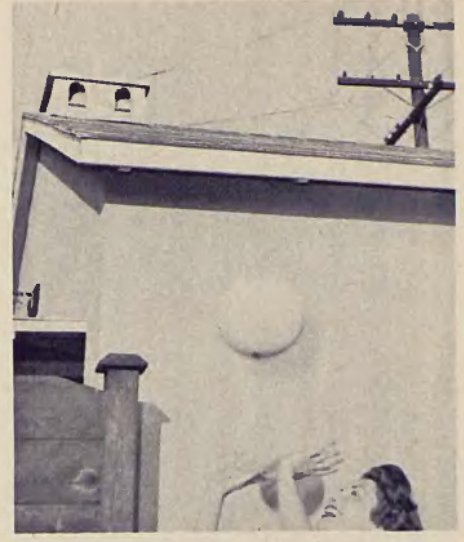
Like every good photographer, I owe a great deal to my wife. She has given me 90 days to pay it back though, and that helps. I had to borrow enough to get the developer, hypo, paper, film, and more recently, the enlarger. Her sweet disposition has been invaluable to me. Naturally, I have had to re-arrange the house a bit in order to work more efficiently. If she were inclined to be short-tempered she certainly would have complained by this time about having to cook on a hotplate in the bathroom.



4 This is what happens when you don't correct for parallax.



5 Too much correction.



6 This, obviously, is the desired picture. With practice, you can get such composition every time.



7 To the untrained eye, this is merely a picture of a cat, but . . .



8 . . . When viewed along with this shot, it would be difficult not to imagine the exciting action that has taken place between the two.

In spite of all this, she has maintained her sense of humor; only yesterday she threatened to leave me; a lot of wives would have said something cross. Here's something I haven't told her because I'm keeping it as a surprise: I'm quitting my job so I can devote full time to photography right here at home. I know she will see things in a new light then.

Many of you newcomers to the art will have cameras that are parallax-corrected from infinity down to 10 feet. Pictures taken closer than 10 feet are apt to give you trouble, because the view you see through your viewfinder is *not* the same view the lens is seeing at that moment. This phenomenon, known as *parallax*, is likely to cause you to cut off heads with your camera, as shown here in Figure 4. The obvious remedy is to shoot higher than you think you should. In doing this you will at first tend to miss your subject altogether, as shown in Figure 5. When this happens, do *not* throw the negative away; you may have an excellent shot of a cloud formation or a beamed ceiling. I got a startling shot of the Douglas F-103 doing an Immelman Turn in just this manner. Any-

way, with considerable practice you will be able to get the picture you are striving for, in this case shown in Figure 6. Incidentally, this trouble caused by parallax is just one more reason why I prefer to work at 12 feet. I have every reason to believe that someday, just as Paul Outerbridge is known as a color expert, I shall be known as a 12-foot-focus man. Already I have many of my friends on the lookout for me in case they see any good shots 12 feet away.

Without giving it much thought, I sent the first two or three rolls of my 35mm film to the drugstore for processing, just as I had been doing for years with my old box camera. It didn't take me long to realize that this was economically wrong since I could process the stuff myself for just pennies a roll, and morally wrong since I owed it to my pictures to give them the perfect mechanical attention which my latent images demanded. So I began developing and printing for just pennies a roll. When I figured it all out, each roll was costing me 639 pennies. Here's a tip for you beginners: that's too much money. I soon realized that my mistake was in

buying just one can of developer and hypo at a time, so I made a deal with the Bank of America to finance the whole works, enlarger included, for \$26 a month for only 30 months. The beauty of it is, this gives me enough material to turn out pictures for at least 60 days.

You may wonder why I keep mentioning the enlarger as an afterthought. The truth is, I hadn't intended to get one until my finances were in better shape, but something a friend said to me made me so mad that I bought an enlarger the next day. During one of his visits to my house I broke out my display of 35mm contact prints and said, "There! How's this for a hobby?" His reply was, "Wonderful! There is a great deal to be said for stamp collecting."

I know that many impetuous readers are scanning this article as fast as they can in search of the paragraph on ACTION PHOTOS. Well, here it is. I have deliberately placed this paragraph towards the end so you would first have to read about fundamentals before you try the tricky stuff. Now, most novices are taught to watch for "peaks of action"



9 It is not impossible that I may become famous for this exciting action picture.



10 Quick thinking allowed me to get this shot of the Harlem Globe Trotters.

in taking this kind of picture. This is all right as far as it goes, but supposing you're not very fast with your camera. Good, but not fast. With this problem in mind, I have developed two other methods to turn out superb action pictures, and both have caused raised eyebrows in photographic circles. One method gives the *illusion* of action, while the other shows action itself. In the first case, I simply take a *series* of shots of the event in question, and the illusion of the complete action is imparted, even though the peak itself may have been missed. In Figures 7 and 8 you see two shots of a cat catching a mouse. Actually, the cat caught the mouse between these two photos, while I was re-loading my camera, but the impact is not lost certainly.

My other method of getting ace action photos is to *arrange* the action so that it will occur as the shutter is tripped. After all, action pictures need not be happy accidents; you, as a photographer, can certainly create some activity. Figure 9 is a fine example of my own work along these lines. As I tell you how I got this thrilling shot, bear in mind that this is strictly advanced work. First, I set my camera on a tripod pointing at the elevator door on the third floor of the Yale Professional Building. Then I placed a dozen small ball bearings on the floor of the corridor next to the elevator door. From that moment on it was just a matter of time. You can see from the picture that I was ready. Not only did I get an excellent action shot, but I carefully

observed the rules of composition. You art students will be quick to notice the familiar S-curve in there someplace. I was rather proud of this shot, and when I submitted it to the editor of the *Times* because of its human-interest value, I wasn't surprised when he told me it was definitely front-page material. I believe that salon-type pictures like this definitely do not need captions, but the *Times* editor put one under it anyway. It read: DISTRICT ATTORNEY SUES PHOTOGRAPHER FOR TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS.

Actually, I do have a third method of getting topnotch action pictures, but it is not an original idea; *Life Magazine* photographers have been doing it for years. The idea is to shoot *around* the main action. That is to say, there are times when shooting the action itself is a physical impossibility and the only thing to do is to take pictures of events that are closely related to the main action. Perhaps you recall the experience of lensman Jess Kripnik during the 1938 Chess Tournament in Brussels. Since cameras were not allowed in the chess room, Jess did the next best thing. He got a picture of the loser back in his hotel room blowing his brains out with a German Luger. This one picture alone revealed at a glance how heated the game must have been. Applying this interesting technique to my own work, I took the picture shown in Figure 10 of the Harlem Globe Trotters during one of their most thrilling contests. Since I couldn't attend the game myself, I did the next best thing: I took a picture of my wife watching the event on tele-

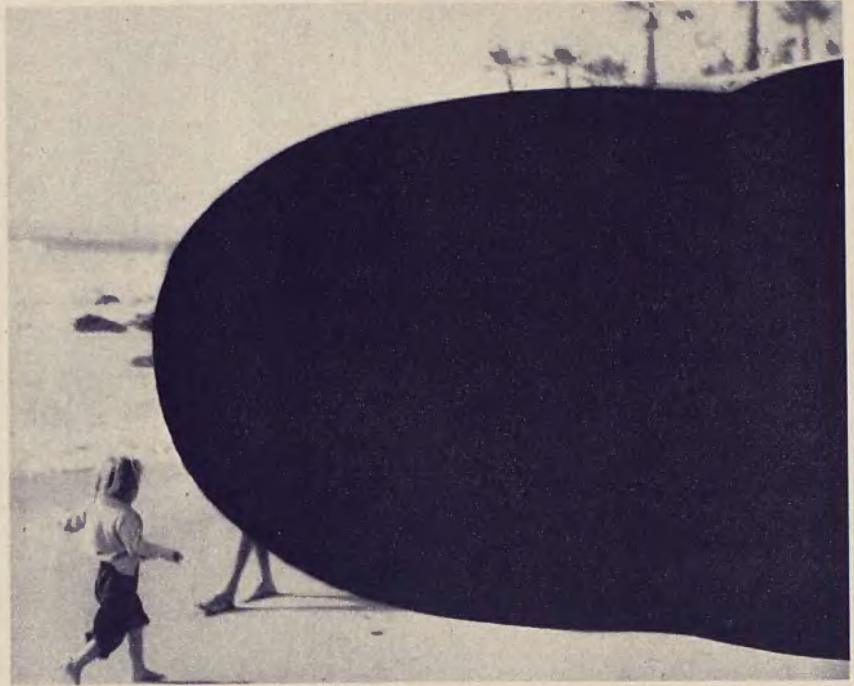
vision. I am particularly fond of this shot because there are few sports faster than basketball.

I don't say that it's a waste of money to buy special lenses, because this glass-grinding is something that must take several days to learn to do yourself, but I am going to mention one lens that you needn't buy if you're smart. That's the wide-angle lens. Now this lens is fine for taking close-ups of short, heavy people, but for a really outstanding panoramic view I prefer to take a *series* of shots, rotating my camera a bit from left to right with each shot. A friendly word to the amateur: if you plan to photograph ping-pong games this way, *you simply must be speedy*.

After trying the usual number of baby pictures, sporting events, news photos and so forth, the neophyte will at last come face to face with the one type of photograph that separates the men from the boys: the nude. A good nude represents our art in its highest form and it is by far the most difficult to compose. Perhaps you are familiar with my 72-page pamphlet describing how the photographer must keep trying, trying, trying to perfect his nude pictures, titled *Cheesecake or Bust*. The picture on which I pride myself the most took me over three weeks to resolve into its final presentation. To show you the work that went into it I suppose I could display here the dozens of preliminary shots that I had to reject. I think the best way to show you the rigid standards I have laid down



11 There is nothing more photogenic than the female nude. The beauty of this photograph is that you can think of any female you want.



12 Close-up pictures can have terrific impact. Here you see the subject actually touching the camera lens.



13
Available-light photography can be fun.

for my nudes is just to print here the picture itself (Figure 11). Notice, if you will, that it certainly fulfills the number one requirement for this type of photograph: namely, it must be nude as all get out.

I'm going to say only a word or two about these last two pictures. Figure 13 is an interesting close-up of my right index finger. Never mind how I happened to get it, the important thing is how nicely the finger adapts itself to back-lighting. Another top photographer here in Los Angeles felt so strongly about this picture that he said simply, "No one will believe it." He suggested that in the future I use a Minox camera on a seven-inch tripod for really good finger pictures. This shot has a secondary point of interest which I will mention now for what it is worth. Behind my finger about 30 feet away lie three survivors of the ill-fated Nancy Bell who had just collapsed on the beach after a 72-mile swim to safety. Some of my closer friends urged me to submit this

dramatic negative to the wire services for nationwide release, but my inherent modesty and natural distaste for commercialism compelled me to keep it unheralded in my files. I submit it here only for its technical value.

AVAILABLE LIGHT PHOTOGRAPHY certainly offers a challenge to the beginner, and here again I can change the speed of your progress. In my own experience I've had considerable difficulty taking indoor pictures in natural lighting because when people become aware of my camera they snap on every light in the house in an effort to help me. Of course this destroys the effect I am after. I finally developed a technique that is especially valuable at parties. I simply move quietly through the house, throw open the first door I come to, and snap the shutter. Figure 13 shows what I got in a dimly lit room with no outside source of light. If you try this yourself, be sure to holler "Surprise!" as soon as you snap the picture or else the person involved might be put out somewhat.

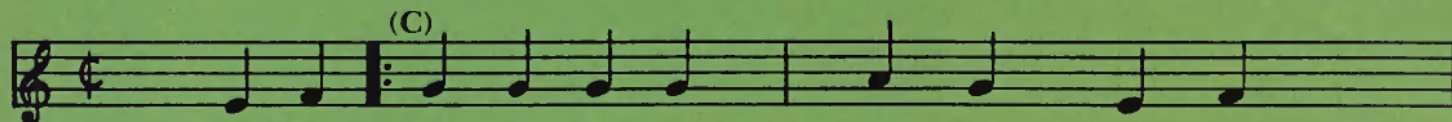
What's worse, you might be put out. If you're wondering about technical details in this picture, I might tell you that fast-thinking on my part did the trick. I didn't have time to take a reading with my light meter, so I quickly rated my Tri-X film at 7000 and let 'er go. This neat move, coupled with forced development over a No. 2 acetylene torch, allowed me to preserve the expression of reckless abandon on the subject.

I have set down these fundamentals regarding black-and-white photography so that you, as a beginner, will have an easier time of it, but remember this: you can't rush the thing. It takes time, time, and more time. Bear in mind that four months ago even I didn't know anything about photography. The only thing I regret about catching on so fast is that now there is nothing left to learn.

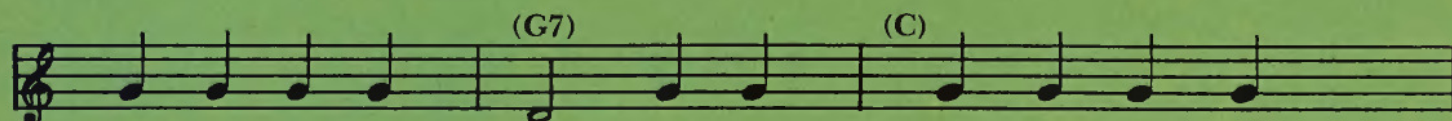
I am going to write an article all about color photography, as soon as I expose a couple of rolls.



SHE CAME ROLLING DOWN THE MOUNTAIN



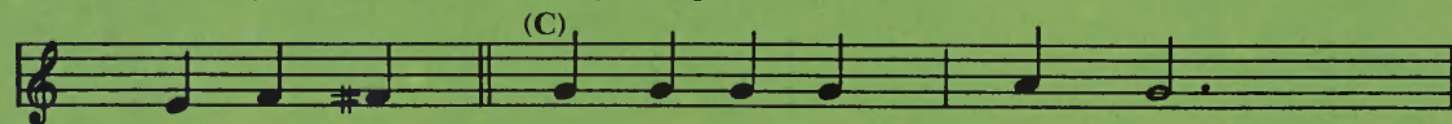
In the hills of West Vir - gin - ny Lived a
came a fan - cy cow - boy With his



gal named Nan - cy Brown. And she was the fair - est
chaps and with his frills, And he took our lit - tle



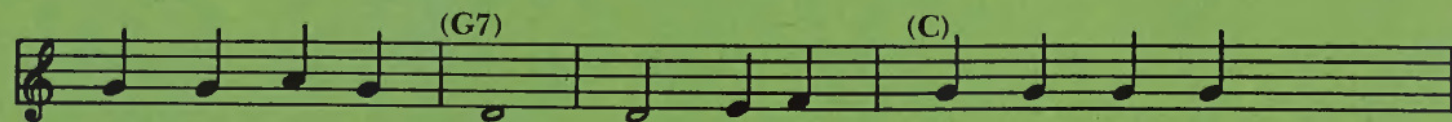
maid - en In the coun - try and the town. (Now there) hills.
Nan - cy Brown A - way up in the



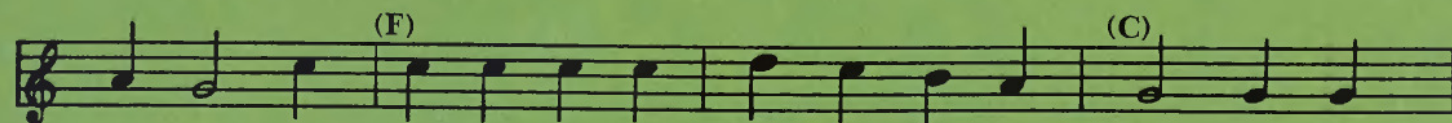
But she came rol - ling down the moun - tain



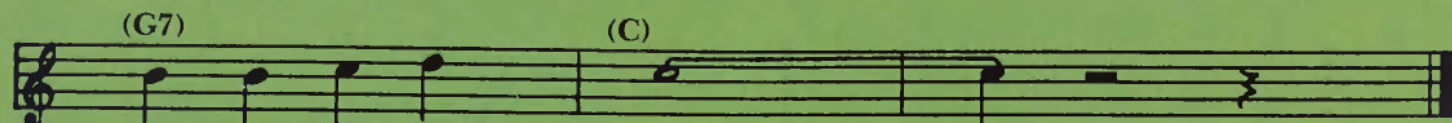
Rol - ling down the moun - tain, She came rol - ling down the



moun - tain might - y wise. For in spite of all his

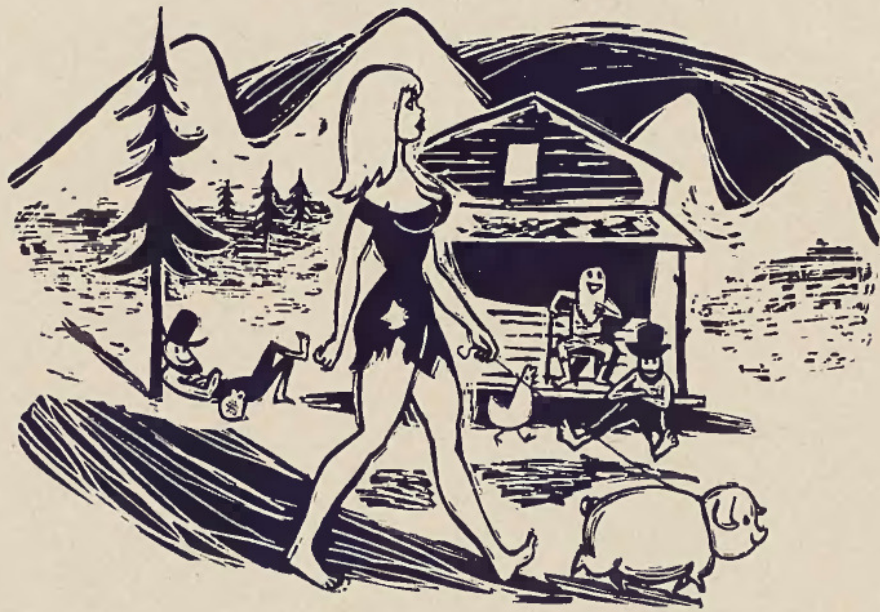


urg - in' She still re - mained a vir - gin, And as pure as those



West Vir - gin - ny skies.

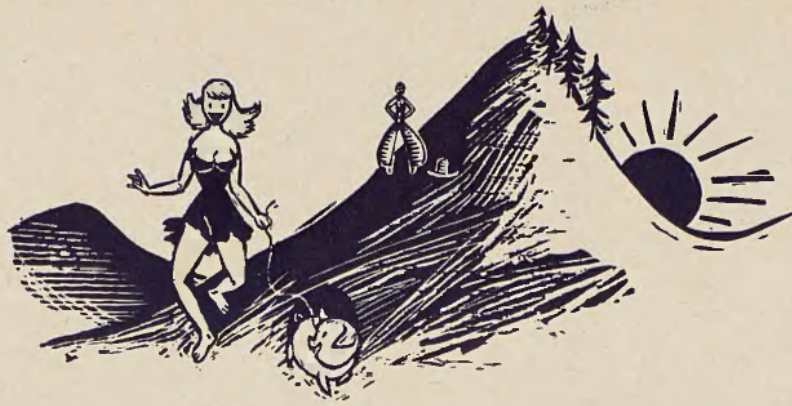
from the ballad collection of JAMES F. LEISY illustrated by ZUSI



**In the hills of West Virginny
Lived a gal named Nancy Brown.
And she was the fairest maiden
In the country and the town.**



**Now there came a fancy cowboy
With his chaps and with his frills,
And he took our little Nancy Brown
A-way up in the hills.**



But she came rolling down the mountain,
 Rolling down the mountain,
 She came rolling down the mountain mighty wise.
 For in spite of all his urgin'
 She still remained a virgin,
 And as pure as those West Virginny skies.



Then there came along a deacon
 Just a-lookin' for some thrills,
 And he took our little Nancy Brown
 A-way up in the hills.



But she came rolling down the mountain,
 Rolling down the mountain,
 She came rolling down the mountain mighty wise.
 For she didn't give the deacon
 The thrill that he was seekin'.
 She was still as pure as the West Virginny skies.



**Then there came a city slicker,
With his hundred dollar bills,
And he took our little Nancy Brown
A-way up in the hills.**



**And she stayed up in the mountain,
Way up in the mountain,
She stayed up in the mountain all night through.
She returned next morning early,
More a woman than a girly,
Just to bid those West Virginy hills adieu.**



**Now she's living in the city,
Living in the city,
Oh, she's living in the city mighty swell,
And she's through with pots and kettles,
Through with cookin' vittles,
And those West Virginy hills can go to Hell.**



hall, was at his most charming. "My dear fellow, are those the drawings? Come, let us lock them away at once in my safe! If you had brought me diamonds I should not be one quarter so concerned about thieves. And did you have a comfortable journey? I have had you put in the orange room; it is next to mine. There is no one else staying here, but there are a few people coming to dinner to meet you."

There was only just time to dress for dinner, so that Lawrence did not get an opportunity to study his host until he saw him seated at the head of the table. Then he was immediately struck by the fact that he looked curiously ill. His face—ordinarily by no means attenuated—seemed to have fallen in, there were dark circles under his eyes, and the perturbed Lawrence, observing him as the meal progressed, thought that his manner too seemed strange and once or twice quite absent-minded. And there was one moment when, though the lady on his right was addressing him, he sharply turned his head away and looked down at the side of his chair just as if he saw something on the floor. Then he apologized, saying that he had a horror of cats, and that sometimes the tiresome animal from the stables . . . But after that he continued to entertain his guests in his own inimitable way, and, even to the shy Lawrence, the evening proved very pleasant.

The three ensuing days were wonderful and exciting to the young artist—days of uninterrupted contact with a master mind which acknowledged, as the poet himself admitted, none of the petty barriers which man, for his own convenience, had set up between alleged right and wrong. Lawrence had learned why his host did not look well; it was loss of sleep, the price exacted by inspiration. He had a new poetic drama shaping in his mind which would scale heights that he had not yet attempted.

There was almost a touch of fever in the young man's dreams tonight—his last night but one. He had several. First he was standing by the edge of a sort of marsh, inexpressibly desolate and unfriendly, a place he had never seen in his life, which yet seemed in some way familiar; and something said to him, "You will never go away from here!" He was alarmed, and woke, but went to sleep again almost immediately, and this time was back, oddly enough, in the church where in his earliest years he had been taken to service by the aunt who had brought him up—a large church full of pitch-pine pews with narrow ledges for hymn-books. He remembered the long dull periods of occultation upon his knees. But most of all he remembered the window with Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, on either side of an apple-tree round whose trunk was coiled a monstrous snake with a semi-human head. Lawrence had hated and dreaded that window, and because of it he would never go near an orchard and had no temptation to steal apples . . . Now he was back in that church again,

staring at the window, lit up with some infernal glow from behind. He woke again, little short of terrified—he, a grown man! But again he went to sleep quite quickly.

His third dream had for background, as sometimes happens in nightmares, the very room in which he lay. He dreamed that a door opened in the wall, and in the doorway, quite plain against the light from another room behind him, stood Augustine Marchant in his dressing-gown. He was looking down at something on the ground which Lawrence did not see, but his hand was pointing at Lawrence in the bed, and he was saying in a voice of command, "Go to him, do you hear? Go to him! Go to him! Am I not your master?" And Lawrence, who could neither move nor utter a syllable, wondered uneasily what this could be which was thus commanded, but his attention was chiefly focused on Augustine Marchant's face. After he had said these words several times, and apparently without result, a dreadful change came upon it, a look of the most unutterable despair. It seemed visibly to age and wither; he said, in a loud, penetrating whisper, "Is there no escape then?" covered his ravaged face a moment with his hands, and then went back and softly closed the door. At that Lawrence woke; but in the morning he had forgotten all three dreams.

The *lête-à-lête* dinner on the last night of his stay would have lingered in a gourmet's memory, so that it was a pity the young man did not know in the least what he was eating. At last there was happening what he had scarcely dared hope for; the great poet of the sensuous was revealing to him some of the unimaginably strange and secret sources of his inspiration. In the shaded rosy candlelight, his elbows on the table among trails of flowers he, who was not even a neophyte, listened like a man learning for the first time of some spell or spring which will make him more than mortal.

"Yes," said Augustine Marchant, after a long pause, "yes, it was a marvelous, an undying experience . . . one that is not given to many. It opened doors, it—but I despair of doing it justice in mere words." His look was transfigured, almost dreamy.

"But she . . . the woman . . . how did you . . . ?" asked Lawrence Storey in a hushed voice.

"Oh, the woman?" said Augustine, suddenly finishing off his wine. "The woman was only a common street-walker."

A moment or two later Lawrence was looking at his host wonderingly and wistfully. "But this was in Prague. Prague is a long way off."

"One does not need to go so far, in reality. Even in Paris—"

"One could . . . have that experience in Paris?"

"If you knew where to go. And of course, it is necessary to have credentials. I mean that—like all such enlightenments—it has to be kept secret, most

secret, from the vulgar minds who lay their restrictions on the finer. That is self-evident."

"Of course," said the young man, and sighed deeply. His host looked at him affectionately.

"You, my dear Lawrence—I may call you Lawrence?—want just that touch of . . . what shall I call them—*les choses cachées*—to liberate your immense artistic gifts from the shackles which still bind them. Through that gateway you would find the possibility of their full fruition! It would fertilize your genius to a still finer blossoming . . . But you would have scruples . . . and you are very young."

"You know," said Lawrence in a low and trembling tone, "what I feel about your poetry. You know how I ache to lay the best that is in me at your feet. If only I could make my drawings for the Two Queens more worthy—already it is an honor which overwhelms me that you should have selected me to do them—but they are not what they should be. I am not sufficiently liberated . . ."

Augustine leaned forward on the flower-decked table. His eyes were glowing.

"Do you truly desire to be?"

The young man nodded, too full of emotion to find his voice.

The poet got up, went over to a cabinet in a corner and unlocked it. Lawrence watched his fine figure in a sort of trance. Then he half-rose with an exclamation.

"What is it?" asked Augustine very sharply, facing round.

"Oh, nothing, sir—only that I believe you hate cats, and I thought I saw one, or rather its tail, disappearing into that corner."

"There's no cat here," said Augustine quickly. His face had become all shiny and mottled, but Lawrence did not notice it. The poet stood a moment looking at the carpet; one might almost have thought that he was gathering resolution to cross it; then he came swiftly back to the table.

"Sit down again," he commanded. "Have you a note-book with you, a note-book which you never leave about? Good! Then write *this* in one place; and *this* on another page . . . write it small . . . among other entries is best . . . not on a blank page . . . write it in Greek characters if you know them . . ."

"What . . . what is it?" asked Lawrence, all at once intolerably excited, his eyes fixed on the piece of paper in Augustine's hand.

"The two halves of the address in Paris."

Augustine Marchant kept a diary in those days, a locked diary, written in cipher. And for more than a month after Lawrence Storey's visit the tenor of the entries there was almost identical:

No change . . . Always with me . . . How much longer can I endure it? The alteration in my looks is being remarked upon to my face. I shall have to get rid of Thornton
(continued on page 42)

miss march is a human test pattern on color television

PLAYBOY'S TV PLAYMATE



THIS MONTH'S PLAYMATE is a little girl with big television aspirations. Her name is Marian Stafford and she packs a lot of woman into 5'3". She wants to be an actress, but so far most of her TV experience has been confined to smiling prettily in commercials for products like Tintair, Pall Mall and Jantzen; she has helped advertise Revlon on *The \$64,000 Question* and RCA Victor on the video version of *Our Town*. She has had a walk-on in a *Kraft Theatre* production and small speaking parts in two Robert Montgomery shows, but her most unique television experience is as a human test pattern for Max Leibman spectaculars, where she spends hours before NBC color cameras during rehearsals and is never seen by the audience.

Marian is from Texas and a graduate of the University of Houston, with a degree in drama. Her television career began while she was watching *The Garroway Show*. A camera picked up a shot of the audience and there was Marian, waving to the folks back home. Garroway requested a close-up of the girl and after the show an NBC executive talked with her and arranged a color test. Marian is twenty-two, measures 34"-21"-34" from either end and (if you're really interested in statistics) wears size 4½ shoes. She dates very little, likes quiet men, enjoys riding, swimming, dancing and painting, played the bassoon with a Youth Symphony back in Texas and presently busies herself studying acting at the American Theater Wing. Dog lovers will be excited by the news that she has a poodle named Titanes, after the Greek Goddess of Femininity, and scholars who insist there is no Greek goddess named Titanes should be dismissed as trouble makers.



PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

MISS MARCH





PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

We overheard two young ladies discussing their marriage plans on a north-bound subway last week. "I understand your boy friend graduates from law school this June. I suppose you'll be getting married then."

"Oh, no, not right away," replied the other. "I want him to practice for at least a year first."



It was painfully evident to the indignant father that all was not well with his attractive daughter. To his pointed questions, she tearfully admitted that motherhood was approaching and that the wealthy bachelor in the next block was responsible.

With fire in his eyes, the father charged down the street and rang the bachelor's bell. The young man answered the door and readily admitted his guilt.

"Just what do you intend doing about it?" demanded the parent.

The bachelor thought for a moment. "Well," he said, "if it's a girl, I'll give your daughter \$5,000. And if it's a boy, I'll give her \$10,000."

"See here," said the father, "if it's a miscarriage, will you give my daughter another chance?"



Overheard in a fashionable sports car salon: "This model has a top speed of 155 miles per hour, and she'll stop on a dime."

"What happens then?"

"A small putty knife emerges and scrapes you gently off the windshield."

The attractive young lady was worried about her sailor boy friend, away at sea, and complained to her doctor that she couldn't sleep at night. She requested some sleeping tablets, but the doctor suggested she try a psychological technique before resorting to drugs. "Since counting sheep and the other more usual methods have failed," he said, "try

repeating this little ritual each night when you retire: 'Toes go to sleep, feet go to sleep, ankles go to sleep, legs go to sleep, thighs go to sleep,' and so on, all the way to the top of your head. Concentrate on each separate part of your body as you direct it to sleep, and before you know it, you'll be in dreamland."

The young lady was dubious, but that very night, after turning out the light and getting into bed, she tried the doctor's suggestion.

"Toes go to sleep," she began. "Feet go to sleep, ankles go to sleep, legs go to sleep, thighs go to sleep . . ."

Suddenly the door to her apartment burst open and in walked her sailor boy friend.

"Everybody up," she exclaimed, "Everybody up!"



On an isolated stretch of beach near Cannes, a beautiful French girl threw herself into the sea and drowned despite a young man's attempt to save her. The man dragged the half-nude body ashore and left it on the sand while he went to notify the authorities. Upon his return, he was horrified to see a man making love to the corpse.

"*Monsieur, monsieur,*" he shouted, "that woman is dead, that woman is dead!"

"*Sacré bleu,*" exclaimed the man, springing up. "I thought she was an American girl."

"Darling, I have a confession to make," said the shy young bride at their first breakfast together. "It isn't a big thing, but I feel I should have told you before. I suffer from asthma."

"Thank heavens," said the groom, smiling. "Last night I thought you were hissing me."

Heard any good ones lately? Send your favorites to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 11 E. Superior 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.



"Wait a minute. What's this 'Now I lay me down to sleep' stuff?"

(his man) on some pretext or other, for I begin to think that he has seen It. No wonder, since it follows me about like a dog. When It is visible to everyone it will be the end . . . I found It in bed with me this morning, pressed up against me as if for warmth . . .

But there was a different class of entry also, appearing at intervals with an ever-increasing note of impatience.

Will L.S. go there? . . . When shall I hear from L.S.? . . . Will the experiment do what I think? It is my last hope.

Then, suddenly, after five weeks had elapsed, an entry in a trembling hand:

For twenty-four hours I have seen no sign of It! Can it be possible?

And next day:

Still nothing. I begin to live again. — This evening has just come an ecstatic letter from L.S., from Paris, telling me that he had 'presented his credentials' and was to have the experience next day. He has had it by now — by yesterday, in fact. Have I really freed myself? It looks like it!

In one week from the date of that last entry it was remarked in Abbot's Medding how much better Mr. Marchant was looking again. Of late he had not seemed at all himself; his cheeks had fallen in, his clothes seemed to hang loosely upon him, who had generally filled them so well, and he appeared nervous. Now he was as before, cheery, courtly, debonair. And last Sunday, will you believe it, he went to church! The Rector was so astonished when he first became aware of him from the pulpit that he nearly forgot to give out his text. And the poet joined in the hymns, too! Several observed this amazing phenomenon.

It was the day after this unwonted appearance at St. Peter's. Augustine was strolling in his garden. The air had a new savor, the sun a new light; he could look again with pleasure at Thetis and her nymphs of the fountain, could work undisturbed in the summer-house. Free, free! All the world was good to the senses once again, and the hues and scents of early autumn better, in truth, than the brilliance of that summer month which had seen his curse descend upon him.

The butler brought him out a letter with a French stamp. From Lawrence Storey, of course; to tell him — what? Where had he caught his first glimpse of it? In one of those oppressively furnished French bedrooms? And how had he taken it?

At first, however, Augustine was not sure that the letter was from Storey. The writing was very different, cramped instead of flowing, and, in places, spluttering, the pen having dug into the pa-

per as if the hand which held it had not been entirely under control — almost, thought Augustine, his eyes shining with excitement, almost as though something had been twined, snake-like, round the wrist. (He had a sudden sick recollection of a day when that had happened to him, quickly submerged in a gush of eager anticipation.) Sitting down upon the edge of the fountain he read — not quite what he had looked for.

I don't know what is happening to me, began the letter without other opening. Yesterday I was in a café by myself, and had just ordered some absinthe — though I do not like it. And quite suddenly, although I knew that I was in the café, I realized that I was also back in that room. I could see every feature of it but I could see the café, too, with all the people in it; the one was, as it were, superimposed upon the other, the room, which was a good deal smaller than the café, being inside the latter, as a box may be within a larger box. And all the while the room was growing clearer, the café fading. I saw the glass of absinthe suddenly standing on nothing, as it were. All the furniture of the room, all the accessories you know of, were mixed up with the chairs and tables of the café. I do not know how I managed to find my way out. I took a hansom back to my hotel. By the time I arrived there I was all right. I suppose that it was only the after effects of a very strange and violent emotional experience. But I hope to God that it will not recur.

"How interesting!" said Augustine Marchant, dabbling his hand in the swirling water where he had once drowned a piece of dark fluff. "And why indeed should I have expected that It would couch at his door in the same form as at mine?"

Four days more of new-found peace and he was reading this:

In God's name — or the Devil's — come over and help me! I have hardly an hour now by night or day when I am sure of my whereabouts. I could not risk the journey back to England alone. It is like being imprisoned in some kind of infernal half-transparent box, always growing a little smaller. Wherever I go now I carry it about with me; when I am in the street I hardly know which is the pavement and which is the roadway, because I am always treading on that black carpet with the cabalistic designs; if I speak to anyone they may suddenly disappear from sight. To attempt to work is naturally useless. I would consult a doctor, but that would mean telling him everything . . .

"I hope to God he won't do that!" muttered Augustine uneasily. "He can't — he swore to absolute secrecy. I hadn't

bargained, however, for his ceasing work. Suppose he finds himself unable to complete the designs for *Theodora and Marozia*! That would be serious . . . However, to have freed myself is worth any sacrifice . . . But Storey cannot, obviously, go on living indefinitely on two planes at once . . . Artistically, though, it might inspire him to something quite unprecedented. I'll write to him and point that out; it might encourage him. But go near him in person — is it likely!"

The next day was one of great literary activity. Augustine was so deeply immersed in his new poetical drama that he neglected his correspondence and almost his meals — except his dinner, which seemed that evening to be shared most agreeably and excitingly by these new creations of his brain. Such, in fact, was his preoccupation with them that it was not until he had finished the savory and poured out a glass of his superlative port that he remembered a telegram which had been handed to him as he came in to dinner. It still lay unopened by his plate. Now, tearing apart the envelope, he read with growing bewilderment these words above his publishers' names:

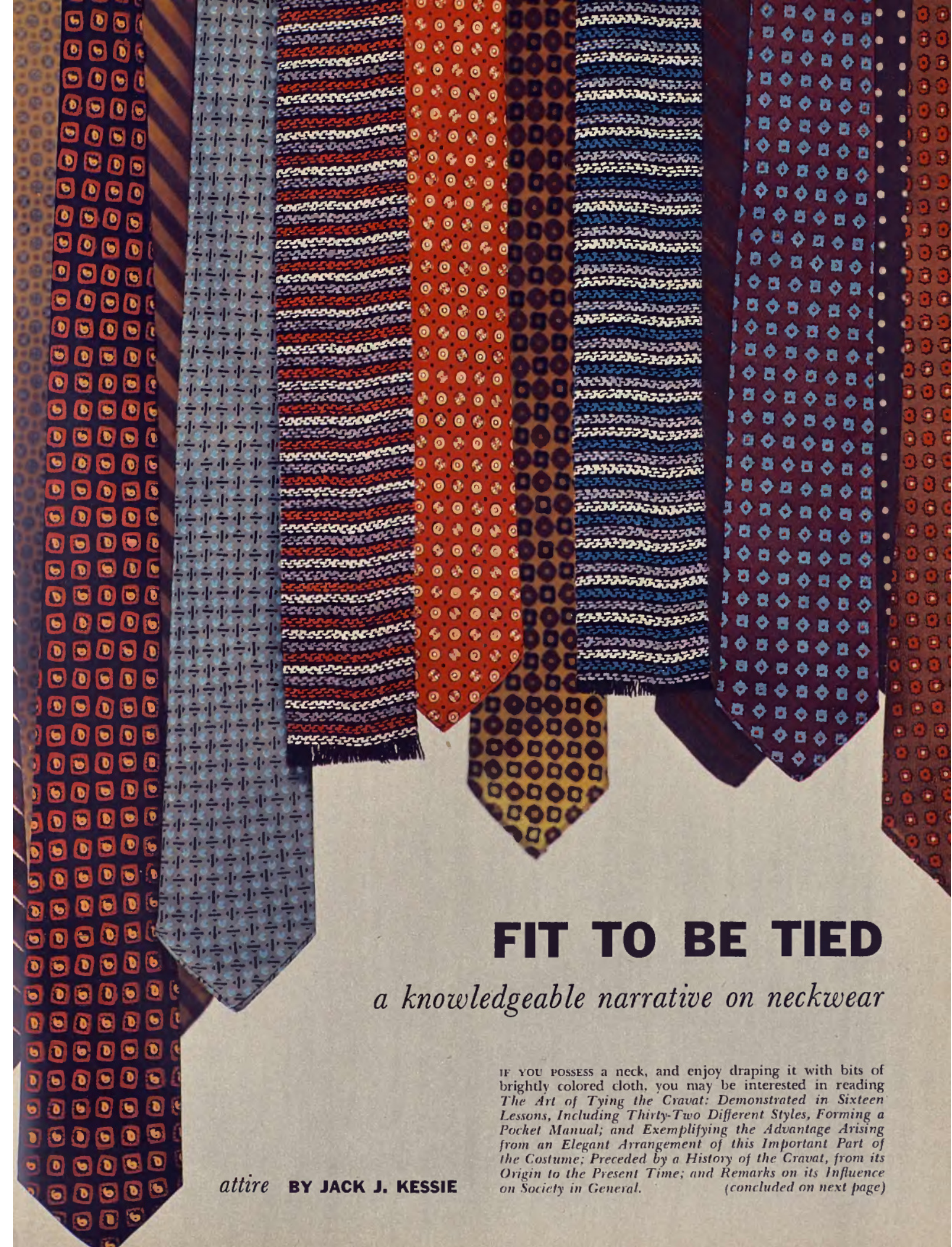
PLEASE INFORM US IMMEDIATELY
WHAT STEPS TO TAKE ARE PREPARED
SEND TO FRANCE RECOVER DRAWINGS
IF POSSIBLE WHAT SUGGESTIONS CAN
YOU MAKE AS TO SUCCESSOR — ROSSEL AND WARD.

Augustine was more than bewildered; he was stupefied. Had some accident befallen Lawrence Storey of which he knew nothing? But he had opened all his letters this morning though he had not answered any. A prey to a sudden very nasty anxiety, he got up and rang the bell.

"Burrows, bring me *The Times* from the library."

The newspaper came, unopened. Augustine, now in a frenzy of uneasiness, scanned the pages rapidly. But it was some seconds before he came upon the headline: TRAGIC DEATH OF A YOUNG ENGLISH ARTIST, and read the following, furnished by the Paris correspondent:

Connoisseurs who were looking forward to the appearance of the superb illustrated edition of Mr. Augustine Marchant's Queen Theodora and Queen Marozia will learn with great regret of the death by drowning of the gifted young artist, Mr. Lawrence Storey, who was engaged upon the designs for it. Mr. Storey had recently been staying in Paris, but left one day last week for a remote spot in Brittany, it was supposed in pursuance of his work. On Friday last his body was discovered floating in a lonely pool near Carhaix. It is hard to see how Mr. Storey could have fallen in, since this piece of water — the Mare de Plougouven — has a completely level shore surrounded by reeds, and is not in itself very deep, nor is there any boat upon it. It is said
(concluded on page 71)

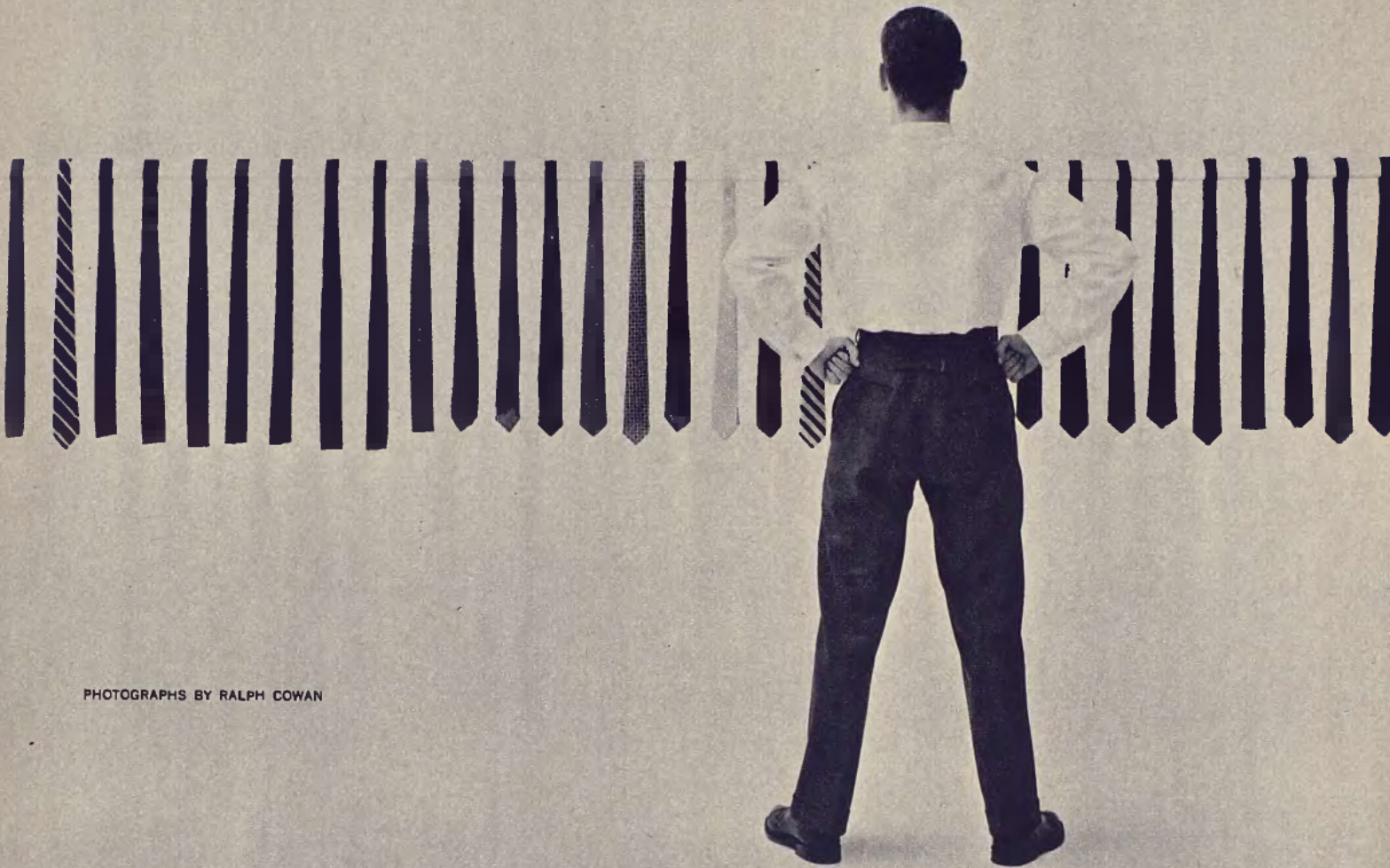


FIT TO BE TIED

a knowledgeable narrative on neckwear

attire **BY JACK J. KESSIE**

IF YOU POSSESS a neck, and enjoy draping it with bits of brightly colored cloth, you may be interested in reading *The Art of Tying the Cravat: Demonstrated in Sixteen Lessons, Including Thirty-Two Different Styles, Forming a Pocket Manual; and Exemplifying the Advantage Arising from an Elegant Arrangement of this Important Part of the Costume; Preceded by a History of the Cravat, from its Origin to the Present Time; and Remarks on its Influence on Society in General.* (concluded on next page)



PHOTOGRAPHS BY RALPH COWAN

This modestly-titled tome, published in London in 1828, was penned by H. Le Blanc, Esq., a contemporary of that ruffled rogue Beau Brummell, and himself a shimmering clump of sartorial sunshine. It is Mr. Le Blanc's studied opinion that if a gentleman's cravat is *savamment* and tastefully designed, "the delighted eyes of all will be fixed on that part of his person which separates the shoulders from the chin—let him speak downright nonsense, he will be applauded to the skies."

The applause, gentleman, we cannot guarantee. But we do hold with Mr. Le Blanc that an artfully attired esophagus can certainly whip the spectators into a frenzy—with you the center of attention. We hope, therefore, you will agree with us that the neck is something more than a free-way for fried clams, pale ale and other forms of nourishment going down, and possibly hiccups coming up. To decorate it properly is truly a gentleman's art, and one that should be learned both wisely and well.

A necktie is nothing more than a combination of color and design properly balanced to achieve a flattering, imaginative effect on the wearer's Adam's apple area. You will be a foxy fellow if you stay with neat, geometrical patterns and figures, and/or stripes, either horizontal or diagonal. The variations of both color and design, of course, approach the infinite, and the photos on these pages will give you a gentle idea of what is available. Seen are English reps, foulards, challis, knits, polka dots, cross bars, regimental stripes, Scotch tartans, paisley prints, octagonal patterns, amoebas, shepherd checks, India madras, and even a series of college and fraternity knits. Matching belts—new and newsworthy—are available for many of these neckties.

Slim ties are *de rigueur*, and shall remain so indefinitely. We suggest you assign to the trash heap any of your pre-Pearl

Harbor favorites that measure more than $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches wide at the bottom. They're probably covered with soup stains or lipstick flecks by this time anyway. The proper width for your V-bottom neckties is $2\frac{3}{4}$ to 3 inches; for square-end knit ties, no more than $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

It is wise to keep in mind that a piece of tie silk is *not* a canvas for budding Braques or Norman Rockwells. Fortunately, the hand-painted nightmares of the past are peddled today by itinerant haberdashers in back alleys, but now and then several pop up in even the most distinguished men's shops, at ridiculously high prices. We remember seeing, at \$45 each, (1) a Melanesian maiden extending her well-tanned nates in the direction of a smoldering volcano, and (2) a painstaking copy of what appeared to be Grand Coulee Dam at high noon. Countess Mara notwithstanding, you should rarely have to drop more than a five spot for even the best of cravats. We usually pay from \$2.50 to \$5.50.

Your necktie, when properly tied, should come as low as your umbilicus, or, if that seems to have disappeared for the moment, as low as your belt buckle. Most neckties of standard length (52 inches) will reach this proper resting place with several inches to spare when tied with the recommended four-in-hand knot, unless you're a dwarf. Standard-size lovers of the Windsor knot, with its extra throw-overs, will find that the 52-inch tie comes right to the button.

Bow ties—trim and traditional—are patterned much the same as their vertical brethren, run no wider than $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches, come with either square or pointed ends (we favor the former). The ready-tied bow tie has always reminded us of the ready-mixed Martini, and is, in our opinion, just about as tasteless.





FIRST NIGHT OF LENT *(continued from page 17)*

Heeber Finn sing out from the phone. I heard Nick start up and reply:

"Just look at me, headin' for the door!"

Early on, I learned that "headin' for the door" was no nerve-shattering process that might affront dignity or destroy the fine filigree of any argument being woven with great and breathless beauty at Heeber Finn's. It was rather, a gradual disengagement, a leaning of the bulk so one's gravity was diplomatically shifted toward that far empty side of the public room where the door, shunned by all, stood neglected. Meantime, a dozen conversational warps and woofs must be ticked, tied, and labeled so next morn, with hoarse cries of recognition, patterns might be seized and the shuttle thrown with no pause for breath or thought.

Timing it, I figured the long part of Nick's midnight journey—the length of Heeber Finn's—took half an hour. The short part—from Finn's to the house where I waited—took but five minutes.

But at last, down through the night forest thrashed the 1931 Chevrolet, peat-turf colored on top, like Nick; car and driver gasping, sighing, wheezing softly, easily, gently as they nudged into the courtyard and I groped down the front steps under a black, starred sky on this night before the first night of Lent.

I peered through the car window at unstirred dark; the dash-light had been dead all these years.

"Nick . . .?"

"None other," he whispered secretly. "And ain't it a fine warm evenin'?"

The temperature was fifty. But Nick'd been no nearer Rome than the Tipperary shoreline, so weather was relative.

"A fine warm evening." I climbed up front and gave the squealing door its absolutely compulsory, rust-splintering slam. "Nick, how've you been since?"

"Ah." He let the car bulk and grind itself down the forest path. "I got me health. Ain't that all-and-everything with Lent comin' on tomorra?"

"Lent," I mused. "What will you give up for Lent, Nick?"

"I been turnin' it over." Nick sucked his cigarette suddenly; the pink, lined mask of his face blinked off the smoke. "And why not these terrible things ya see in me mouth? Dear as gold-fillin's, and a dread congestor of the lungs they be. Put it all down, add 'em up, and ya got a sick loss by the year's turnin', ya know. So ya'll not find these filthy creatures in my face again the whole time of Lent, and, who knows, after!"

"Bravo!" said I, a non-smoker.

"Bravo, says I to meself," wheezed Nick, one eye flinched with smoke.

"Good luck," I said.

"I'll need it," whispered Nick, "with the Sin's own habit to be broke."

And we moved with firm control, with thoughtful shift of weight, down and around a turfy hollow and through a mist and into Dublin at thirty-one easy miles an hour.

was the most careful driver in all God's world, including any sane, small, quiet, butter-and-milk producing country you name.

Above all, Nick stands innocent and sainted when compared to those motorists who key that small switch marked paranoia each time they fuse themselves to their bucketseats in Los Angeles, Mexico City, or Paris. Compare him, also, to those blind men who, forsaking tin cups and canes, but still wearing their Hollywood dark-glasses, laugh insanely down the Via Veneto, shaking brake-drum lining like carnival serpentine out their race-car windows. Consider the Roman ruins: surely they are the wreckage strewn and left by those motor-biking otters who, all night beneath your hotel window, shriek down Roman alleys. Christians hell-bent for the Coliseum lion-pits.

Nick, now. See his easy hands loving the wheel in a slow clock-like turning as soft and silent as winter constellations snow down the sky. Listen to his mist-breathing voice all night-quiet as he charms the road, his foot a tenderly benevolent pat on the whispering accelerator, never a mile under thirty, never two miles over. Nick, Nick, and his steady boat gentling a mild sweet lake where all Time slumbers. Look; compare. And bind such a man to you with summer grasses, gift him with silver, shake his hand warmly at each journey's end.

"Good night, Nick." I said, at the hotel. "See you tomorrow."

"God willing," whispered Nick.

And he drove softly away.

Let twenty-three hours of sleep, breakfast, lunch, supper, late night-cap pass. Let hours of writing bad script into fair script fade to peat-mist and rain, and there I come again, another midnight, out of that Victorian mansion, its door throwing a warm hearth of color before me as I tread down the steps to feel Braille-wise in fog for the car I know bulks there; I hear its enlarged and asthmatic heart gasping in the blind air, and Nick coughing his "gold by the ounce is not more precious" cough.

"Ah, there you are, sir!" said Nick.

And I climbed in the sociable front seat and gave the door its slam. "Nick," I said, smiling.

And then the impossible happened. The car jerked as if shot from the blazing mouth of a cannon, roared, took off, bounced, skidded, then cast itself in full, stoning ricochet down the path among shattered bushes and writhing shadows. I snatched my knees as my head hit the car-top four times.

Nick! I almost shouted. Nick!

Visions of Los Angeles, Mexico City, Paris, jumped through my mind. I gazed in frank dismay at the speedometer. Eighty, ninety, one hundred kilometers; we shot out a great blast of gravel behind and hit the main road, rocked over a bridge and slid down in the midnight streets of Kilcock. No

sooner in than out of town at one hundred ten kilometers, I felt all Ireland's grass put down its ears when we, with a yell, jumped over a rise.

Nick! I thought, and turned, and there he sat, only one thing the same. On his lip a cigarette burned, blinding first one eye, then the other.

But the rest of Nick, behind the cigarette, was changed as if the Adversary himself had squeezed and moulded and fired him with a dark hand. There he was, whirling the wheel round-about, over-around; here we frenzied under trestles, out of tunnels, here knocked crossroad signs spinning like weathercocks in whirlwinds.

Nick's face; the wisdom was drained from it, the eyes neither gentle nor philosophical, the mouth neither tolerant nor at peace. It was a face washed raw, a scalded, peeled potato, a face more like a blinding searchlight raking its steady and meaningless glare ahead while his quick hands snaked and bit and bit the wheel again to lean us round curves and jump us off cliff after cliff or night.

It's not Nick, I thought, it's his brother. Or a dire thing's come in his life, some destroying affliction or blow, a family sorrow or sickness, yes, that's the answer!

And then Nick spoke, and his voice, it was changed, too. Gone was the mellow peat-bog, the moist sod, the warm fire in out of the cold rain, gone the gentle grass. Now the voice fairly cracked at me, a clarion, a trumpet, all iron and tin.

"Well how ya been since!" Nick shouted. "How is it with ya!" he cried.

And the car, it, too, had suffered violence.

It protested the change, yes, for it was an old and much-beaten thing that had done its time and now only wished to stroll along like a crusty beggar toward sea and sky, careful of its breath and bones. But Nick would have none of that, and cadged the wreck on as if sniffing up Doom or seeking Hell, there to warm his cold hands at some special blaze. Nick leaned, the car leaned; great livid gasses blew out in fireworks from the exhaust. Nick's frame, my frame, the car's frame, all together, were wracked and shuddered and ticked wildly.

My sanity was saved from being torn clean off the bone by a simple act. My eyes, seeking the cause of our plagueing flight, ran over the man blazing here like a sheet of ignited vapor from the Abyss, and laid hands to the answering clue.

"Nick," I gasped. "It's the first night of Lent!"

"So?" Nick said, surprised.

"So," I said, "remembering your Lenten promise, why's that cigarette in your mouth!"

Nick did not know what I meant for a moment. Then he cast his eyes down, saw the jiggling smoke, and shrugged.

"Ah," he said. "I give up the other."

And suddenly it all came clear.

The other one hundred forty odd nights, at the door of the old country house I had accepted from Huston

(concluded on page 68)

the world was not yet ready for his peculiar talents

THE PSYCHODYNAMIST

fiction BY HERBERT GOLD



I FIRST MET HIM when he snapped my photo near the Hammond Company downtown. You know where it is, that big department store where they have Pinkertons to shoo the fellows away from the door, even us intellectual types who work for Collegiate Magazine Subscription Distributors. "Here," he said, handing me the receipt, "send this together with fifty cents and receive a free image of you in action, where the spirit resides. One transformation on film is worth a thousand words. — Henry Luce."

Compelled by such erudition, I asked, "What makes you use that quotation? The one you just said, sir?"

He handed me a card, on which I read:

F. FREDERIC VON CARSON
Psychodynamist

By Mail and By Appointment

"I'm a graduate of the von Carson School of Psychodynamics — Success, Logic, Occult Science. Special degrees in Memory How To Build It. Did my dis-
(continued on next page)

"The clothes," said von Carson, "separate yourselves from them, please."

sertation on Boomerang Thought, now published as an introductory bro-shoor. Had many a personal letter from —"

"Well then," I said, "who's this von Carson?"

"That's me," he admitted, frowning as I brushed away a loose speck of raised lettering, the dot from the "F. Frederic."

"You graduated from your own school, Mr. von Carson?"

"Had to prove it on myself, didn't I? That's the method of modern science. Human guinea pig. I'm my own best advertisement. All the world's a stage. — Shakespeare. What do you think, my boy? No! I am not Prince Hamlet, nor was meant to be. — T. S. Eliot. I'm F. Frederic von Carson." He was a large solemn man with a face like an owl making its own living, and with deep thought-furrows between his eyes and dark hair tight as a stocking cap on his head and down his neck. He did a quick curtsey in order to snap a high school girl from a more advantageous angle.

"Why aren't you running your school someplace then?" I asked.

"The world is not yet ready for Psychodynamics," he said tersely, crouching to snap a plump lady with a load of boxes from the Sherwood Bakery and Nut House next door. He handed her the receipt with her number, which she let fall without thanking him. "Do you think people are ready for Magic Memory How To Build It? Rosicrucian Metaphysics Exposed? Hedonism and Voodoo: Invest In Your Future? No," he remarked sadly, regarding the fallen receipts like snow about our feet. "No, like all thinkers in the world of today, I have had to begin with the most elementary disciplines. Hold it! Hold it!" He snapped a man with a zipper briefcase. "The world is almost ready for sidewalk photography. Exposes the inner ego. You know, I never could figure why men are my best customers."

At the time I was selling magazine subscriptions door-to-door on weekdays, and downtown on Saturdays, and I found on his face a profound reflection of my own sorrow at the public's lack of piety and patriotism. Both of us were salesmen, me in fundamental religion and spicy books with plain wrappers, he in the short con. Neither of us was satisfied. I watched with him as he shook his head slowly at the man with the briefcase carefully tearing the coupon into smaller and smaller bits down the street.

From across the square a policeman approached. "How about some delicious coffee?" Mr. von Carson asked. "India's second greatest gift to mankind." We went into a cafeteria. In the confusion of taking two checks, in order to be in a position to avoid payment for the coffee, I forgot to ask him what was India's first greatest gift to mankind. I admired a man who could beat a check while on the difficult terrain of first acquaintanceship, and with a cop not fifty yards away.

"All right," he said when we were settled at a table near the rear exit, "let me give you the Psychodynamic Personality Explorer Test. What's the error in

what I've been saying? They call it a fallacy. I don't mean in general. By the way, lad, tell me your name."

I told him. "The error?" I worked craftily back over our conversation. "You mean men aren't really your best customers in the practice of sidewalk photography?"

"Vanity, vanity, thy name is — what did you say your name was? — Song of Songs."

"Furlong, Harold Furlong, sir."

"Furlong, Furlong. Never forget a face, but I must remember to give myself a refresher course in Memory How To Revitalize Names. Knew a fellow once, name of Furlang, lang not long, had a count store. Always carried an electric iron, used to plug it in and iron out his dollar bills every night. Fine chap, but stingy? Stingy. Well, one look at you, Harold, and I can see you are a smart and intelligent young man. The lobal elevations, the insight spot, the logic-hairs in the ears. Who else would stop for a moment of friendly conversation amidst all the hurly-burly of making a living in this modern world of today? You don't see the fallacy? All right, I'll tell you. You know as well as I do, coffee comes from Brazil, not India. How did I convince you otherwise? Psychodynamics. Never fails."

He went on to explain some of the techniques of his philosophy of Effective Action, quoted from his introductory free brochure *Are You Somebody's Slave in Everyday Life?* and described some of the practical results of *Concentrate Your Neurotic Power NOW!* For example, he was able to operate the street photography division of his enterprises without a license, by means of occult persuasion and an occasional taking it on the lam; and the spirit of Thomas Edison, contacted through Voodoo Arts and Sciences, he advised him to increase his profits by not using film in the camera, thereby cutting his costs to a minimum, as any efficiently-run business must always do.

"No film, no developing fluid, no postage for mailing," he pointed out. "Do you think these people care? Nothing will change them, not even my Yourself Revealed Inc. snapshots." He leaned toward me over his coffee while a piece of doughnut broke and went dangerously sailing on the surface of the cream. "They are *fixated*," he said with a stern glance at the other eaters. "Oh, I can see it all from the viewpoint of my camera."

With infinite pity he rescued the doughnut before it plunged to the bottom of the cup. He popped it into his mouth. He offered me the other half. I took it, and we were friends. He went on to explain how we could help each other, his brains supplementing my energy, willingness to work, and new clothes. "Business is business," he said, and then cited the source for this quotation: "Billboard on the way to Toledo."

First we make a quick survey of my talents. Could I stand on my head while holding a hat in my feet? No. Too bad; he could play the violin, and together

we could have stopped music-lovers on street corners. He had once known a young lady who could forget that she was on her hands and pad into a crowded elevator like that, charming creature she was, but she ran off with a carnival candy butcher, and people don't go much for violin plain unless the musician is crippled or blind. Imagine, she left him just for a steady living, a carnie with a little business in spoiled candy, condemned sugar, and wormy popcorn. A talent like hers! Well, you need brains, too. Could I cut paper? Do chalkwork on sidewalks? No. Just as well in a rainy climate. Could I break & enter, boost, or whimper? No, I didn't like heavy chances, shop-lifting, or begging.

Well, what could I do?

Wash dishes. Sell at bazaars and auctions. Peddle subscriptions to magazines both existent and non-existent. Do postcards in a twist-and-twirl, I'm-your-girl shop.

My career as a salesman gave him an idea. "There are several eternal truths," he said. "Where would Shakespeare have finished without a skilled agent? Would the Count of Monte Cristo ever have got sprung without arrangements on the outside? The question breeds its own answer. — Clyde Beatty. Psychodynamics is the coming thing, but in the meantime there's a field for a more conservative type of enterprise —"

"What?" I asked. "For example, I mean, sir."

"Pornography," he said vibrantly. "It's so simple it's genius. All I have to do is put some film in my camera, take the pictures, and then you merchandise, sell, or peddle them, my friend. We split the gain, first subtracting our investment, of course. Film, my commission, camera fees, and so forth." Our chief problem was to find a couple willing to pose for the photographs, which would be taken in the room which served as von Carson's apartment, his studio, and the bursar's office of his university. "That is, the *chief* problem," he said, "is to educate them in psychodynamic pornography, which is to ordinary pornography what phrenology is to palmistry, and then they have to work on a royalty basis, since I presume that you have no more funds at your disposal than I do, Harold. How much, my boy? I'm flat."

So was I.

We returned to his room for the morning mail and found enough fifty-cent pieces from his Reveal Yourself Inc. photographs to keep us alive while we set up our partnership. "They don't even realize," he said darkly, "that I am revealing themselves when I refuse to comply, reply, or waste my time with their demands for photographs."

That evening we visited a bar frequented by professional men and their ladies in the area of town known as "Little Hollywood." Mr. von Carson, who has a talent for conversation, struck up an acquaintanceship with a young man who seemed photogenic enough for

(concluded on page 54)



THE CURRY with the SINGE ON TOP

EAST INDIANS have known—for 6,000 years—that the only way to overcome a certain type of fire is to build another fire.

When a man's body becomes so hot that ice water can't cool it, he eats curry—a golden blend of fifteen spices from the devil's own kitchen. Like Mexicans in the desert who gulp down enormous quantities of hot chili, the Indians have always endorsed the theory that only heat in the stomach can take heat away from the brow. In the north of India where it is cold, the curries are light and delicate. But as you go farther south in India and the climate becomes more and more sweltering, the curries become hotter and hotter.

In India there are several traditional styles of cooking. The *Yogic* cookery, for instance, is extremely mild and bland. On the other hand, the *Rajawansi* foods, rich concoctions for harem-owning rajahs, may include anything from dangerous aphrodisiacs to ground pearls or ground gold dust sprinkled over the rich platters. Undoubtedly the best known class of foods are those identified as *Tomashi*. The word *Tomashi* means mischievous, provoking, enjoying life. In this category are the famed Indian curries—curries of fish, seafood, poultry, meat, vegetables and eggs. Statues of Indian deities are bathed with curry. Perhaps the Indians express their feeling best in the proverb which says, "Even the pebbles of the Ganges will taste delectable if curried."

If you've never eaten curry, the pale golden stew looks innocent at first. But like a courtesan from the orient who rubs her cheeks with yellow turmeric rather than rouge, curry is deceptive and full of sensuous surprises. It warms at first, then provokes, bites, sings, sears, explodes and satisfies.

No other food shows so clearly the alliance between pain and pleasure as
(continued on page 54)

the sting of satan is the pathway to paradise





"May I remind you that we have 264 windows to wash today?"

LETTER GOLF

this sport is played with four-letter words

game **BY ALBERT A. OSTROW**

IN THE NEXT FEW WEEKS, you'll probably be digging your golf bag out from under your skis in the closet, in preparation for that great Scottish sport that is supposed to have something to do with hitting a small, white ball into a hole, but usually involves more of a hunting for the small, white ball in the underbrush.

In the meantime, here's a game of golf you can play in your parlor, with paper and pencil in place of driver, irons and putter. You can try your skill alone, or with a favorite playmate, or two.

The game is called Letter Golf and the principle of play is simple. You begin with one four-letter word and transform it into another by changing one letter at a time, without rearranging the letters. You try to do this in the fewest number of changes (or strokes) and each of the changes along the way must form a word.

For example: Let's change LADY into DAME, a trick, incidentally, which takes much less time in Letter Golf than in life. The play might go: LADY, LADE, LAME, DAME. This was accomplished in 3 strokes.

Got the idea? Got a pencil handy? Then try this one: Take the girlfriend from her GOWN to her SLIP. I was able to do it in 6. Can you do as well or better?

GOWN

1. _____	3. _____	5. _____
2. _____	4. _____	6. SLIP

The next hole is a little tougher. You are required to go from ROAN to MARE and from there to FOAL in a total of no more than 11 strokes. You may, however, use the same word more than once.

ROAN

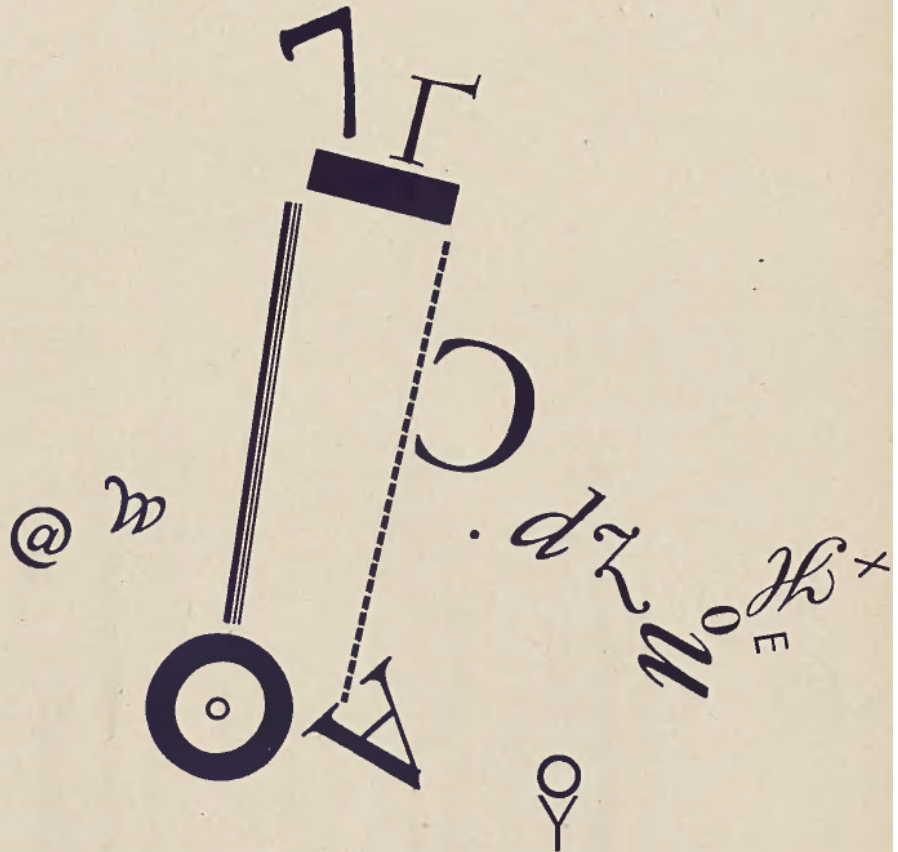
1. _____	5. _____	9. _____
2. _____	6. _____	10. _____
3. _____	7. _____	11. FOAL
4. MARE	8. _____	

Now you should be ready to play the following hole, with a par of 16 strokes or better: WISH to LONG to MISS to WAIT. Remember, the same word can be used more than once.

WISH

1. _____	6. _____	11. _____
2. _____	7. _____	12. _____
3. _____	8. _____	13. _____
4. _____	9. _____	14. _____
5. LONG	10. MISS	15. _____
		16. WAIT

Though I've set the course by choosing the words for these first 3 holes, you can plan games for yourself and friends



by picking your own words — 2 (or more) to the hole; it is customary to play 9 holes to the game, the player scoring the lowest number of total strokes winning. In planning a game, any four-letter words will do, and I do mean *any* four-letter words.

Here is how I played the first 3 holes: GOWN, SOWN, SOON, SOOT, SLOT, SLIT, SLIP, for a score of 6.

ROAN, MOAN, MORN, MORE, MARE, MORE, MORN, MOON, COON, COOL, COAL, FOAL, for an 11.

WISH, WISE, WINE, LINE, LONE, LONG, LONE, LOSE, LOSS, MOSS, MISS, MIST, MAST, PAST, PART, WART, WAIT, for a score of 16.

When you're feeling fairly expert, try going from FARO through DEAL, PLAY, CALL, to TURN, in a total of no more than 22 strokes. Or, sadistically, from RACK, through CANE, LASH, ROPE, BOOT, to FLOG, in 21 strokes or less.



AN
EVENING
WITH
EVE

a
modern
bedtime
story

By RUSS MEYER



Here is a bed.



And here is a girl for the bed.



She can sleep in it.



Or she can read in it.



She can play solitaire in it.



Or eat grapefruit or crackers in it.

Or write a
letter, smoke
a cigarette,
paint her
fingernails . . .



PSYCHODYNAMIST (continued from page 48)

our purposes. He discussed Hedonism Simplified and gave a quick summary of his popular work, *Is Pleasure a la Mode?* and then asked if the young man, who said his name was Harry, knew a young lady with whom he could work.

"What sort of work, if I may be so bold?" Harry asked. He was a nice clean-cut young fellow, about my age.

"Surely, my lad," Mr. von Carson said. "One of the essential principles of Psychodynamics as a science is that you can't pose for pornographic pictures unless you have a good idea of what you're doing. Hence, let me explain."

He explained. Harry, who was looking for work, agreed. He telephoned one of his friends and discussed the assignment with her.

She also agreed.

"Halt, wait a minute," Mr. von Carson said, "not so fast. We're not a fly-by-night outfit, my boy. How can we be certain that she will suit us? I'm talking about her talent. Do you have a

picture, which is worth ten thousand words? — Henry Luce."

Our new employee submitted his regrets that he could not offer us a photograph at once, but promised to bring Carol Ann, the girl, to the studio on approval.

"Satisfaction Guaranteed is Worth More than Double Your Money Back," said Mr. von Carson. He pondered the source of this quotation, and then looked up in astonishment to say: "Anon."

The next day Harry appeared with Carol Ann. Mr. von Carson had put me on a couch, but as we had spent most of the night reading his pamphlets aloud to each other, we were hardly awake when they arrived. Harry performed the introductions. "Carol Ann, this is Mr. von Carson, F. Frederic von Carson, the psychodynamist. This is Mr. Furlong."

"Pleasure," she said.

She was a sweet young lady, very

friendly, and an old friend of our friend Harry's. It seemed nice that they knew each other. Mr. von Carson applied some of his Psychodynamic Personality Explorers, and was satisfied after only a few riddles. "You are very lovely, my child," said Mr. von Carson, "and adequately stacked, too."

He put on the white gloves of a director. He had purchased the gloves, designed for shovelling coal, in the dime store. He set the camera on a tripod and covered it with a black cloth. "All right, prepare yourselves, please," he said through a megaphone. "The clothes, separate yourselves from them, please."

Carol Ann took something out of her purse. It was a badge. "Downtown Police Station, Vice Squad," she said. "I'm a policewoman."

"You're under arrest," said Harry. "Disturbing the peace, lewd and immoral proposals, professional photography without a license, attempted pornography. Sergeant! Secure the flagrant delicti."

"Don't forget running an illegal school and/or academy," she said.

Sergeant Carol Ann made a bundle of some of Mr. von Carson's documents, his camera, and other equipment. He stood with his arms folded on his chest. "Captain," he said, "you have no right to interfere with my professional researches under false pretenses. You claimed to be a pimp. An officer of the law should be acquainted with the fact that experimentation and on-the-spot investigation is the lifeblood of modern science." He paused and proceeded calmly. "Albert Einstein. Why don't you servants of the national will in plain clothes" — and he bowed to the lovely sergeant — "why don't you pursue the real criminal classes who are giving science a bad name, the vivisectionists? What about wanton cruelty? I bet you can't answer that one."

"Come along now," said Harry. F. Frederic von Carson defeated them in discourse, but we were in turn crushed by the forces of irrational power. The sergeant, in an adorable little blouse with ruffles at the throat, handcuffed us together.

"What's your favorite perfume?" Mr. von Carson asked her. "I'll give you my secret formula. Many women wear it all the time for that special occasion."

"Guilty," the judge said.

"How do you mean that?" Mr. von Carson asked. He was unable to convince the court that Pornography, like Cryptography and Phrenology, is one of the psychodynamic sciences, not a crime. "Semantic analysis of the philological word itself shows," he pointed out. "Demonstrates and chresto-demonstrates," he argued, but to no avail.

I am here to tell you — and I'm here for from six months to a fiscal year — that the psychodynamism of F. Frederic von Carson is far ahead of its time. Last night, however, I received a new message transmitted by Neurotic Power. "Be firm, be stalwart," it said. "T. Theodore Roosevelt."



CURRY (continued from page 49)

curry. A pleasure becomes dull after continuous consumption. But a pain grows in intensity as it continues. Henning, the English psychologist, in an experiment once smelled oil of cloves for hours without showing any sign of weariness in his sense of smell. Curry is one of the eating pleasures that doesn't become dull. Like the soft tread of a night caravan, an exotic flavor creeps up on your taste buds: instead of camels, you become aware of a piquant procession of spices—turmeric . . . cumin . . . cardamon (or cardamom or cardamum, they're all the same thing—but not cordovan, that's a leather). And then as you swallow the curry, tears come to your eyes and you know that your stomach is aflame. You gorge great mounds of rice and greedily eat from the bowl of chutney. You drink big glasses of ale to quench the fire. And then you inevitably return to the curry and the now familiar flame.

Retired Englishmen, smelling of snuff and gunpowder, will always tell you that there is no real curry outside of India. You don't make curry, they'll tell you, like the native servants did at Stenchnapur. You don't sit on the damp kitchen floor patiently grinding the whole spices between a heavy stone roller and a stone slab. Your curry, moss-backed Britons will conclude, is therefore not authentic. It's an accidental version of an oriental dish.

There is only a tiny crumb of truth in this. The reason native cooks still prepare curry with primitive stone rollers is because many Indians don't have grinding equipment such as one finds in a modern spice factory. Then the best professional cooks in India are the Goanese, who combine European culinary practices with native Indian methods in their curries. These chefs are from the province of Goa, originally ruled by wealthy Portuguese merchants

who brought French, Italian and other European cooks to Goa. And, as a matter of fact, the curries served in some of the large cosmopolitan hotels in Europe and America, while differing from the curries in Bombay or Ceylon, are still magnificent dishes in their own right.

When you make curry in America, you buy your curry powder already prepared. It's sold on the spice shelf just like paprika or pepper. You won't find one kind of curry designed for mutton and another for mushrooms. But many of the prepared curry powders are superb blends of spices and are usually more consistent in quality than any freshly prepared curry might be. If you want to add your own creative touch, you are at liberty to put into the pot a few cardamon seeds, a bay leaf, a piece of cinnamon bark or any other spice that appeals to your own individual fancy.

Each of the spices that goes into curry has its own magic and lore. There is cumin, the seed that witch doctors guaranteed would not only incite lovers but also instill retentive powers. To this day girls in Italy give cumin to their sweethearts to make sure of their continued attachment. There are cloves (which alchemists have been pouring into goblets *d'amour* for centuries), mustard (the Indian symbol of generation), and coriander (which pontifical British physicians once described a specific sexual stimulant when mixed with wine).

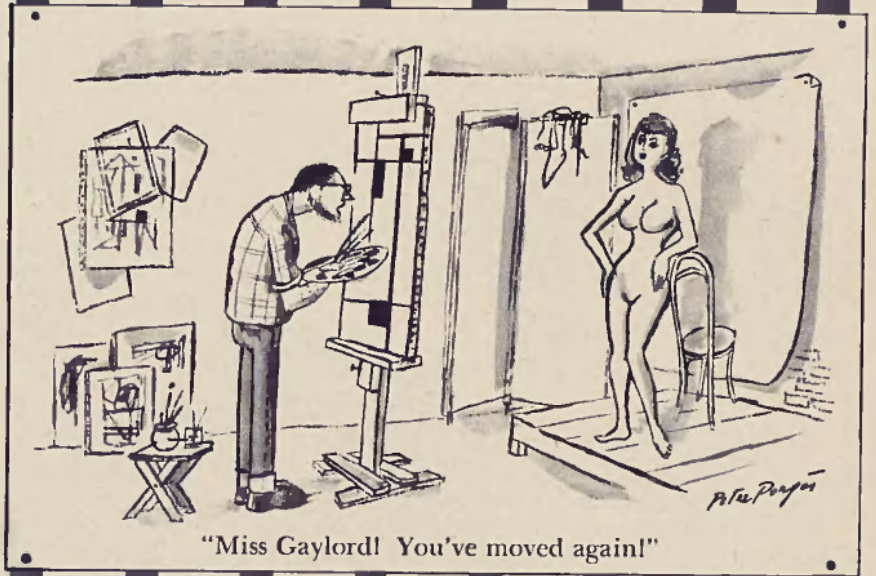
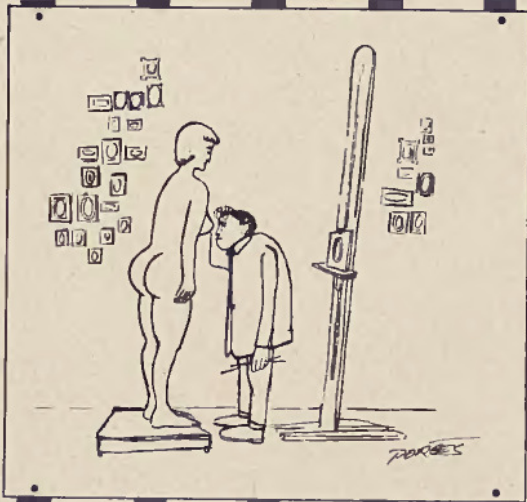
The sly young sahibs and crafty old bedouins who read PLAYBOY, however, are much too realistic to expect results from a piece of old ginger root or a sprinkling of cardamon. They do, however, frequently find themselves dated with playmates who are suffering from ordinary kitchen blight. Nothing on the

(concluded on page 58)

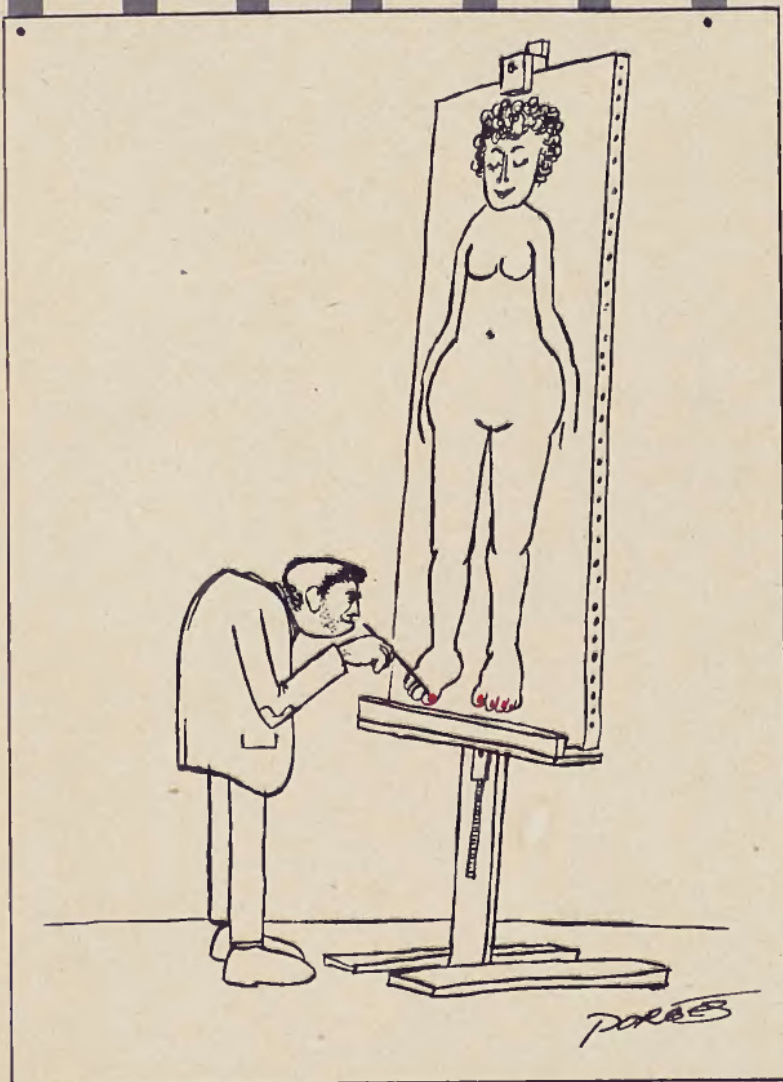


"Have you forgotten, Miss Sebastian, that these are the savage Hongoo natives — no one in his right mind would risk offending them!"

POREBS PAINTERS



*an informal grouping of
dedicated greenwich village artists
by paul peter porges*



CURRY (continued from page 54)

menu seems to suit them. Roast beef is cold comfort. Seafood no longer stimulates them, and stews make them sullen. For such girls, PLAYBOY suggests the heavenly dish with the sting of Satan—curry.

Girls who drink dry Martinis and love large green olives, who choose tall men with large size shoes, who like to be kissed on the lips rather than the cheeks, who go into long clinches and who do not mind when their faces burn from a man's beard—these girls will love curry and become happy addicts.

To all potential curry eaters, PLAYBOY would like to sound a word of caution against carrying the curry torch too far into the realm of the exotic. To make a good curry (that is, good for people with occidental background) it isn't necessary to go into the ritual of sitting on a bamboo mat with one thumb on the left nostril while inhaling with the right nostril, forcing the breath through the cheeks, going into the seven sacred breaths and then eating a cleansing breakfast of orange juice, honey and almonds. Not quite.

The occidental accompaniments to curry, however, are numerous and novel, and here you can let your imagination go into some fancy play. For instance, along with a hot curry it is traditional to serve chutney, shredded coconut, bombay duck (a dried Indian jellyfish), toasted almonds, shredded dried shrimp, poppadums (thin baked wafers made of rice flour and soy beans), crystallized ginger and other provocative garnishes. Of these side dishes the best known is chutney. On store shelves you will see Major Gray's chutney which is not a brand name but a traditional recipe used by a number of different food packers. Chutney is a thick, sweet, tart preserve made of mangoes, raisins, tamarinds, apples and spices. Curry lovers spoon their chutney as well as other garnishes right into the curry on the serving plate, combine the whole mixture with rice and then dig in.

Curry dishes are best when prepared one day and served a day or two later. In a fine curry of chicken, for instance, which has been standing a day or two in the refrigerator, the curry flavor will penetrate the chicken, and the chicken flavor will be more pronounced in the sauc. This blending or marrying of flavors is the first thing veteran curry experts look for.

A good curry should have a fruity tang. Chutney goes so magnificently with curry because of its snappy fruit flavor. Equally fine tart accents are grated lemon peel or lime peel, orange juice, dry sherry or shredded apple. Many native Indian curry dishes are made with a base of tomatoes rather than with stock. The tangy tomato flavor provides the lively note in the curry theme.

When you buy curry powder, select a small size container so that it will retain its freshness as long as possible. Like all spices that are ground, the jar or package of curry powder should be

tightly sealed when not in use. Among the many fine curry powders on the market, PLAYBOY would like to cite for special mention the Sun brand, Crosse & Blackwell's, Spice Islands and House of Herbs.

The exact amount of curry powder you'll want to use in any recipe is a matter of individual taste. In appetizers, soups, salad dressings and sandwich spreads where curry is a minor flavoring ingredient, the curry may be delicate and restrained. But when curry goes into the main course—the fish, meat or poultry—it must be inferno itself. As you grow fonder of curry, you'll probably develop a hankering for even more peppery and pungent versions.

If, after you've made a curry, you find that it does not have the proper zing, it's a simple matter to add more curry to taste. Don't drop the curry in as you would salt or pepper, or it may form into lumps. Dissolve the curry in a few tablespoons of water, and then add it in whatever proportion you prefer.

When curry appears on the menu, every other course takes a back seat. A fresh fruit cocktail with lime or grenadine, melon, or a mild consomme or chicken broth are respectful preludes. The only beverage with curry is ale or beer. The delicate flavor of wine is simply lost in the overpowering curry sensation. For dessert, fresh raw fruit or simple sherbert or ice cream are pleasant. If you want a hot beverage, take Darjeeling tea or a strong demitasse.

Since rice is the inevitable accompaniment with curry, our first recipe this month is for dry fluffy rice.

RICE FOR CURRY Serves 4

- 1 cup converted rice
- 2½ cups water
- 2 chicken bouillon cubes
- 1 teaspoon vinegar
- ½ teaspoon salt

Use a heavy saucepan fitted with lid for cooking rice. Bring water to a boil. Add the bouillon cubes, salt and vinegar. Stir until bouillon cubes are dissolved. Add rice. Stir once. Reduce flame very low. Keep pan tightly covered and do not stir rice during cooking. Cook for about 25 minutes or until rice is tender.

CURRY OF SHRIMP Serves 4

- 1½ lb. fresh shrimp
- 1 medium size onion
- ¼ cup butter
- 2 tablespoons curry powder
- 1 teaspoon lemon juice
- 1½ cups sour cream

Remove the shells from the shrimp. Remove the veins running through the back. Chop the onion very fine.

Melt the butter in a heavy saucepan. Add onion and saute 3 minutes. Stir frequently. Add the curry powder, shrimp and lemon juice. Stir well so that shrimp are well coated with curry. Sprinkle with salt. Cover the pan with

a tight fitting lid. Simmer slowly over a low flame 8 minutes.

Add the sour cream. Stir well. Continue to cook over a low flame until the cream is hot. Do not boil. If sauce seems too thick, thin with a small quantity of milk or light cream. Season with salt to taste.

CURRY OF CRAB MEAT Serves 4

- 1 lb. fresh cooked crab meat
- 1 small onion
- 1 clove of garlic
- 1 small green pepper
- 1 small bay leaf
- 4 medium size fresh mushrooms
- ¼ cup butter
- 2 tablespoons curry powder
- 8-ounce can of tomato sauce

Examine crab meat and remove any bone or cartilage. Chop the onion, garlic and green pepper very fine. Separate the mushroom caps from stems. Slice mushroom caps and stems ⅛ inch thick.

Melt the butter in a saucepan. Add the onion, garlic, green pepper, bay leaf, mushrooms and curry powder. Saute slowly until the mushrooms are tender, stirring frequently. Add the crab meat. Simmer 5 minutes. Add the tomato sauce. Bring to a boil. Reduce flame. Simmer 5 minutes. Remove bay leaf. Season to taste with salt.

CURRY OF CHICKEN Serves 4

- 3½ lb. frying chicken
- ½ cup shredded canned coconut
- 1 cup milk
- 1 pint water
- ⅓ cup vegetable fat
- 1 medium size onion
- 3 tablespoons flour
- 2 tablespoons curry powder
- 2 bouillon cubes

Have the butcher cut up the chicken into pieces for frying.

Combine the water, milk and coconut. Bring to a boil. Remove from the flame. Set aside.

Chop the onion fine. Melt the fat in a heavy saucepan fitted with lid. Add the onion to the fat and saute 3 minutes stirring frequently. Add the curry and chicken. Stir well so that chicken is well coated with curry. Saute the chicken until light brown on both sides. Add more fat if necessary to keep chicken from sticking to pan bottom. Use a low flame and scrape pan bottom frequently so that curry does not burn. Sprinkle the flour over the chicken when chicken is light brown. Stir well until no flour is visible.

Strain the milk mixture and squeeze the coconut by hand to extract all liquid. Pour the liquid into the pan. Stir well. When liquid boils, add bouillon cubes. Cover and simmer over a low flame ½ hour, stirring frequently. Add salt to taste.

The coconut may be served with the chicken as a side dish along with chutney and rice.

I AM COMMITTING SUICIDE

fiction By DELMAS W. ABBOTT

I AM SITTING HERE thinking about suicide which I am going to commit as soon as I get drunk enough to lose the remaining inhibitions that prevent me from doing it. I am going up on Geronimo's Mesa and jump off the high ledge of red sandstone at Lover's Leap where, according to legend, two thwarted young Apache lovers jumped to death hand in hand. I will not jump hand in hand with anyone. I will jump alone as soon as I can get some little trigger of compulsion ready to force me up to Geronimo's Mesa and to the edge of the sandstone of Lover's Leap.

It is March, and I am in New Mexico, where I have been since I left the Art Institute in Chicago. Sometimes I have wished I had never left college to go to art school with Lucille Kenton, and now I wish I had not left the Art Institute. Maybe if Lucille had not married that guy with the muscles I would not be *(continued on page 65)*



"We will jump off Lover's Leap hand in hand," said Rita.

BE WELL ROUNDED



more pertinent pointers on succeeding with women without really trying

THE GIRL OF YOUR CHOICE will want to be proud of you. Make it easy for her.

You may say, as you look fondly upon yourself, that it is impossible for her *not* to be proud of you.

Do not be deceived. Few women have your own keen judgment of character, few the insight to peer much below the surface of your deep waters.

Thus it is not the essential *you* that we will discuss in this installment, but rather the brave mask that you put on

for the world—and particularly for women—to see.

You should be well-rounded. By "well-rounded" we hasten to add that we do not mean actually "rounded" at all, since all brain workers, as we pointed out last month, are round enough already.

BE PHYSICAL

You must decide quickly whether you want to have great strength or great weakness. There is no middle ground.

If you cannot be a bronzed Apollo with a barrel chest and a wasp waist—and so few of us can—it is best to be puny.

Use this simple rule of thumb: if you can't pick her up with one hand, plan your physique so that she can pick you up, or *want* to, which is almost the same.

Be helpless.

"Here, let *me* get it, pet."

"Oh, no, Davie, it's no trouble."

"I'll make it all right."

(*Don't make a play for pity.*)

ILLUSTRATED BY CLAUDE

"Sure?"

"Just let me rest first. I feel fluttery."

"You sit right there, Davie. Phoebe will get it."

(You have established willingness and a desire to help, which are good. But with the one word "fluttery" you have placed yourself, so to speak, on a velvet cushion.)

This will not only save your energy, but will help to build a strong healthy body for your companion, and will increase her affection for you by leaps and bounds.

BE MENTAL

There has long been a suspicion that a woman does not appreciate a man's mind. Nothing could be farther from the truth.

Women like to think they are in the company of intellectuals. By all means make them think so.

It is much better, however, to seem to be a mental giant than to be one. The real article is often surly and preoccupied. He wastes long hours over books and has little time for women. You will soon learn that if there is anything women require a great deal of, it is time.

But how, you say, can I seem to be a mental giant? For one thing, look like one.

There are two types of intellectuals: the sweat shirt type and the tweed coat type. No need to add that the sweat shirt wearer, often shaggy and aromatic, will find himself spurned by women everywhere.

The tweedy intellectual should be decorated with a pipe, clamped firmly in the teeth but not smoked. All women "like pipes" but not the fumes from them. Light it occasionally but allow it to go out quickly. It will do this anyhow.

Have the head trimmed regularly, but train one forelock to dangle carelessly across the forehead.

Your setting will be important, too. At least one wall of books is essential.

Display prominently two or three shelves of paper bound books in French.

"Sartre! My, Davie, I think he's divine, don't you?"

"Don't ever touch him in English, though, darling. Matter of rhythm. Breaks down utterly."

(Snatch up any volume, read off a sentence or two. Never translate.)

"There. See what I mean? It flows, dammit, it flows."

"It certainly does, David. It's so — so French!"

A half dozen volumes in some obscure language, say Arabic or Sanskrit, are excellent. Pretend almost total ignorance of the language.

"No, no, really! Just stumble through it. Nothing but imagery anyway, when you pin it down."

Several racks of records are *de rigueur*. One refreshing approach is to ignore utterly the classical records.

"Hope you're a real aficionado, darling. Let me try this on you. An old ditty done years ago by the Connecticut Yankees."

"Oh?"

"Forget the melody. Concentrate on the underbeat. Something, well, terribly real about it. Frightening, almost."

With most females it is possible to put on a dazzling display of intellectual virtuosity with a minimum of research.

"Oh, Davie, the Stravinsky!"

"Do you love him, too? I find him rather, well, encompassing."

"And vital."

"You've got him there. Vital. In a moribund sort of way."

The skillful male can keep this up for hours, whether or not he is familiar with the work of art under discussion. The only danger lies in being specific. For example, the above conversation could take a bad turn:

"And vital."

"Vital? How do you mean exactly? True, the first thirty-two bars of the prelude have a definite lilt, but beyond that — will you help me with the counter melody?"

Such an approach will win few friends.

BE EDUCATED

Why is it that women can spot the well-educated man at a glance? Surely not for the dull facts and figures that are forgotten so quickly, or the scent of dusty volumes.

No, there is a rich luster that seems in some mysterious way to cling to those who spend years behind well-chosen ivied walls.

Remember, however, that you are preparing yourself for your life in the world of business, too. Here, where women do the actual work, as we will see, your function will be guidance, and for this you will need a firm hand and a clear head. The years you spend in college will be wasted if, for example, you know the date of the Battle of Waterloo, yet have faint heart and tarnished mettle for the daily battles you will have to fight.

Your relations with women while you are in school should be no problem. Women at neighboring girls' colleges are essentially the same as their less fortunate sister anywhere. After you have learned to speak their idiom, and have adopted their carefree ways, you will find they are just as hungry for your friendship and affection, just as eager to have a firm shoulder on which to lean.

Treat them the way you would any woman and you will be surprised and pleased at the result.

"SHOULD I CHOOSE AN ART?"

Being a writer, painter, or musician is bound to increase your hold over women. If you have an independent income, or wealthy women friends, by all means choose an art. Affectionate females will flock to you.

1. Be a Writer?

If you have no special talent in any direction, choose a writing career. No real training or ability is necessary, and little expensive or messy equipment is required.

Anyone can write. If you have been

(continued on page 69)



"There's something I want to tell you, dear. You like your pipes better after they've been broken in . . . a new car works better after someone puts a few hundred miles on it . . . a pearl has more luster if it's been fondled every day . . ."



PLAYBOY'S BAZAAR



MARTINI MASTER

Lovers of the super-sec Martini will relish this atomizer-equipped vermouth bottle, along with jars for olives and onions, all made of gold-stripped clear glass and nestled into a brass-plated carrier. The set sells for a paltry \$10, postpaid. Send your check to *The Barfly*, Dept. CD, 17 Rockville Drive, Baldwin, N.Y.



GAME TIME

This fun-filled Swiss-movement pocket watch sports a game wheel with roulette numbers on the front, racing greyhounds on the back. Spin the wheel and a marker points to the bad news. Measures 1 3/4" in diameter, costs \$22.50, ppd. *House of European Specialties*, Dept. PB, 29 West 57th St., N.Y. 19, N.Y.

All orders should be sent to the addresses listed in the descriptive paragraphs and checks or money orders made payable to the individual companies. With the exception of personalized items, all of these products are guaranteed by the companies and you must be entirely satisfied or the complete purchase price will be refunded.



BUCKET O' FUN

This handsome early American pipe bucket is hand-made of Vermont pine, carefully polished to a golden brown antique finish. The smoker will use it to hold seven pipes plus a half-pound can of tobacco. The drinker will place in the center a fifth of good grog, six jigger glasses around the sides, plus an assortment of bar accessories. The smoker and drinker will buy two buckets. Whichever category you fall into, send \$6.50 to *Kathryn Korey*, Department BN, Box 52, Jackson Heights, New York, and she'll send one of the buckets back, postpaid.



BETWEEN THE SHEETS

What memorable evenings can be yours between these *sat*in, top quality washable bed sheets, available in gold, blue, crimson, pink, white or black. There's a twin set (two sheets, one pillowcase) at \$26.95; standard double bed set (two sheets, two cases) for \$28.95; and the king set (two sheets, two cases) at \$42.95 ppd. Monogram, \$5 more. *Ruth Brawer*, Dept. PY, Box 4035, Tucson, Ariz.



DOWDY DIPLOMA

Dorm dwellers and other members of the share-the-room brigade can now present the "Messy Mac Award" to the deserving culprit. Print the slob's name on a piece of paper and it comes back inscribed on a 9 1/2" x 12 1/2" certificate, done up in three colors on quality paper, ready for framing. The tidy sum of one buck delivers the award to your untidy domicile. *The Tycoon*, Dept. PC, 1401 Fox Bldg., Philadelphia 3, Pa.



"That's him, lieutenant! The one with the badge!"

here in this desert. I no longer have friends. I was fired from my job at the drug store for selling morphine without a prescription to a character I know. My boss said he ought to have me arrested, but he did not do so because I had been a good man in the store otherwise. That is the one break that I got, but I was fired anyhow.

I have been in bed with Mort Mowery's wife, Cynthia (among other wives), and Mort is gunning for me. I was going to bed with Cynthia pretty often until Mort found it out, and now he is telling around town that he is going to pump me full of lead. Because of that and because I have not paid any rent for five weeks, my landlady has told me to get out of my room by Saturday. I have only three more dollars in my pocket. A lot of people think I am crazy. Except Rita Garcia who does not care if a man is crazy or drunk as long as he will go to bed with her, and I did oblige her a couple of times before I began shacking up with Cynthia Mowery. But, with Rita, it did not have the thrill of cuckoldry.

Do I want to die? No, I do not think I want to die. At least I do not want Mort Mowery to shoot me. It would be bad for a man's reputation to be killed for sleeping with another man's wife. I want to live as much as anybody else because there are things I want to do. There might be much in the anticipation and spontaneity of living that I could enjoy, but I doubt it because of things that have already happened in my life. I think it would be better and easier to die than to take a chance on anything good happening in the future. I guess there is something wrong with me. I guess . . .

"Dead soldier. Another one?"

"Yeah."

Alec the bartender is taking away my empty beer bottle and bringing me another full one. I am taking the money out of my pocket to pay him.

I wonder if I would be going to Geronimo's Mesa if I had a million dollars? I wonder if I could buy peace of mind with a million dollars? I wonder if a million dollars would make me remember just the things that would be best to remember, think the things that would be best to think? Maybe. Though I guess a million dollars would not change the world, but maybe it would change me enough to make my part of the world look different. The world exists only in the mind of the person looking at it anyhow.

"Hi, Phil. Why so glum?"

Rita Garcia is standing behind me. I am wheeling a little on the bar stool. "Hi, Rita."

Even if I was shacking up with Rita Garcia, I could not go with her tonight, because I am going to jump off Geronimo's Mesa at Lover's Leap. Maybe I would enjoy going to bed with Rita again, but I have been in bed with lots of girls, and what good has it done? Look at me now. I am going to commit

suicide as soon as I get drunk enough to have the guts to do it. A guy who has to get drunk to have enough guts to commit suicide *ought* to commit suicide. Rita Garcia is wasting her time with me tonight. She will have to find somebody else. Maybe one of these other guys who will pay her for the pleasure.

"I said why so glum?" Rita is saying.

"Guess it's the way I feel."

"Come sit in a booth with me. I got what it takes to make you feel better."

"No. Guess I'll just sit here a while."

Rita is pulling on my arm, and her big white teeth are shining between her red-smears lips. I am taking fifty cents out of my pocket. "Hey, Alec. Give Rita a Martini. Over there in a booth by herself. Now get the hell away and let me alone, Rita."

"OK. OK. If that's the way you feel about it."

"I feel that way."

I am beginning to be drunk, but I am not yet ready to go up on Geronimo's Mesa. I cannot yet pull that little trigger in my mind to make myself go.

"Alec. Another beer and a double shot."

Alec is setting a double shot glass in front of me and pouring whiskey into it. "You must wanta get there in a hurry," he is saying.

How does he know? "Oh. Drunk. Yeah, I guess so," I am saying.

"Boilermakers'll do it. That's for sure."

I am thinking it is not even necessary to comment on that. I am drinking the boilermaker, and in the bar mirror I am looking like I am in pain. I do not like straight whiskey. I only like the way it makes me feel. I am beginning to feel more courageous. Pretty soon I will start walking out across the red dirt plains among the mesquite and creosote and yucca. I will be careful not to fall on the cactus, and I will climb up Geronimo's Mesa and jump off at Lover's Leap. I am wondering who will find my body. Maybe the coyotes. Maybe I ought to say something to Alec or Rita, so somebody will find me before the coyotes do. But that would be silly, like leaving a note.

"Same thing, Alec. Boilermaker."

"Hadn't you better slow down a little?"

"Am I causing trouble? Is my money counterfeit?"

Alec is pouring whiskey into the double shot glass in front of me. I am drinking it, and in the bar mirror when I can focus my eyes on me, my face is looking red, and my eyes are filling with water too weak to put out the vein fires spreading from their corners. If I can get off the stool without falling, I will now start walking through the mesquite and yucca to Geronimo's Mesa.

I am off the bar stool, and I have not fallen on my face. I am walking to the door.

"Wait a minute, Phil. I'll go with you," Rita Garcia is saying. "We'll get into something together. I need you

tonight."

"I have to do what I'm going to do by myself, Rita. Nobody can go with me. You stay here. Pick somebody else up." I do not want to jump off the red sandstone ledge of Lover's Leap hand in hand with Rita Garcia the prostitute. I do not love her.

I am reeling a little in front of the Pecos Bar in the moonlight, and Rita is watching me, but I am walking around the stuccoed building to the red dirt plains.

The yucca women are beginning to dance in their Pilgrim's bonnets and capes out there among the mesquite and creosote. They are beginning to dance in a frenzy like they had stepped on a cactus in their bare feet.

Something is happening to the night. It is getting dark. The moon is gone. The wind is blowing. I cannot see the dancing yucca women any more, and I am falling on a cactus. My palms are feeling full of thorns like a porcupine. It is raining, and I am getting wet.

I am walking back to the Pecos Bar. I will not commit suicide until it quits raining, and I hope Mort Mowery does not find me and fill me full of lead while it is raining. I do not want to be shot.

"You didn't stay long. Did you get it done? Whatever it was you had to do by yourself?" Rita Garcia is saying this while I am walking back to the bar stool.

"It is raining too hard. Nobody likes to die in the rain," I am saying as I get back on my stool.

I am getting out my last dollar. "Same thing, Alec."

"You've had enough. I can't sell you any more," Alec is saying. "Why don't you go home and go to bed?"

"I'm waiting for it to quit raining. I got something to do, and I need a drink to kill time."

"Well, one more. Just one more," Alec is saying. "Then you call a taxi to come out from town and get you. You're gettin' in a bad way."

"Make it a triple shot and a quart of beer then."

"No. Just a single shot and a short beer chaser."

I am feeling woozy, but I am trying to sit up straight on the stool. I am holding on to the bar with both hands. But it does not matter how I feel because I am going to commit suicide up on Geronimo's Mesa as soon as it stops raining. My inhibitions have gone. I now have the guts. That little trigger in my mind has been pulled. If it would just stop raining, I could get going.

Rita Garcia is jerking my arm. "Let me take your drink over to my booth. Sit with me while you drink it. I'm so lonely I could cry. You're talking crazy like you could stand some good female company, too. Come on. You can go in a little while, if you want to."

I am going with her because I am afraid I will fall off the bar stool. The stool is beginning to spin around, and the bar is pulling away from it.

"OK, Rita. But I'm leaving soon's it stops raining. I got something I'm going

(continued on next page)

to do."

"You going to Cynthia Mowery's? I'd like to cut her throat. She don't care anything about you. She don't need you. She's still got Mort."

"I'm not looking for Cynthia, because Mort's going to fill me full of lead if he finds me. But he will not find me after it stops raining. I am going to commit suicide. I am going to jump off Geronimo's Mesa at Lover's Leap."

"Whose hand you going to hold? Not Cynthia Mowery's, I bet."

I am not answering. I am drinking the boilermaker, and Rita is triplets sitting at three tables. I am getting sick at my stomach although I am a heavy drinker. I am in one of those swings on a chain at a carnival being whirled around in the air. I am not seeing Rita, the three Ritas, not even one Rita now, but my head is leaning against the warm breasts of Rita, the warm and soft and big breasts . . .

I am jumping up. I cannot pass out. I am going up on Geronimo's Mesa and commit suicide where the Apache lovers jumped off the sandstone hand in hand.

I am not remembering how long I was back in the Pecos Bar. I am not remembering how much I drank or what I said. It is not raining, and I am walking out across the red dirt which is now red molasses mud. I am not always dodging the mesquite and creosote, and sometimes I am dancing with the yucca women in their capes and bonnets. I am not falling on the cactus.

The sky is clearing, and there is Geronimo's Mesa in front of me, a huge up-turned bowl, looking like I can touch it, but it is a mile away. The red mud is thick, and my shoes are getting heavy. I do not know why the plains are gurgling, gurgling, gurgling behind the mesquite thicket in front of me. I am skirting around the mesquite to go on to Lover's Leap to commit suicide. I do not want to live since I do not have friends, since I do not have a job, since I am being kicked out of my room, since Mort Mowery is gunning for me anyhow. Maybe it will be an ironic joke to beat Mort to it.

I am now around the mesquite, and I am falling into a deep erosion gully, ten feet deep, I guess. I am now in the middle of the gurgling sound which the rain has brought running down off Geronimo's Mesa. The water is over my head, and it is cold. My clothes are making me heavy. I am fighting the water. I am going to drown, and I do not want to drown. I am pulling at the banks of the erosion gully which is only about two-thirds full of water. The banks crumble down on me and become slick mud in my hands. I am floating down the gully with the water. Finally, I am getting my hands on a mesquite bush, but it is pulling out by the roots and floating down the gully on top of me.

I am getting tired. I cannot get out of the gully. I am scared. I am going to drown. I do not want to die in this gully. There are many things I want to do yet. I will leave town and get a job

somewhere else. I will quit drinking. I will not sleep with another man's wife. I will forget the fun of cuckoldry. I will stay out of Mort Mowery's way. I will be a changed man. I will get money and send it to my landlady. I want to get out of this gully. I want to go back to the Pecos Bar and sit in a booth with Rita Garcia. Maybe I can love her the way she needs to be loved. But the mud of these banks keeps crumbling down on me. I am yelling for help, and I am not drunk any more. I am dying, and I am not doing it by jumping off Geronimo's Mesa. I am not committing suicide.

Now, something is squeezing around my neck. I cannot breathe. I am dying. But I am listening to a voice, and I am not floating any more. I am being pulled up the slippery bank by my head. I am out of the water on my back, and Rita Garcia is taking a lasso off my neck.

"Phil, you're a fool," Rita Garcia is saying. "What on earth are you trying to do? I thought you were going to jump off Geronimo's Mesa, not drown yourself in this gully. I have decided to go jump from Lover's Leap hand in hand with you. I am like you. I feel like you do. That's why I brought this rope. To help us climb up that last steep cliff. You almost spoiled it by falling into this gully. Look. I brought a fifth of tequila so we could have a farewell drink together. I don't want to live either. I'm tired of cruising the bars for the love I need. It was you I wanted all the time. And now you are going to jump off Lover's Leap. I am, too. I'm going to do it hand in hand with you like the Indian lovers did. Cynthia Mowery would never do that with you. Her nor any of the other wives you been in bed with."

I am lying here gasping for breath and spouting water. I had been thinking about reform, changing my ways, and my life has just been saved. I am not drunk any more. The face of Death in a flooded gully has had a sobering effect on me. And now Rita Garcia is reminding me of suicide which she thinks I must commit by jumping off Lover's Leap hand in hand with her, a prostitute who has slept with nearly every man in town.

"I got to get my breath," I am saying. "I cannot do anything without breath. I nearly drowned just now."

"I will wait for you to breathe a while before we go up to Geronimo's Mesa. It will be a romantic thing, Phil. You and me jumping hand in hand. It will be the biggest thing in my life. It would be wonderful to have grandchildren to remember it. You are breathing better now. Would you like some tequila before we start?"

"I sure need it, Rita. I'm feeling sober as the middle of Sunday morning. Give me the bottle," I am saying.

The juice of Mexican cactus is burning my throat, but I am liking it. It is restoring some of the life fluid which was washed out of me by the gully flood water. I am coming back to life, and I am getting to my feet.

"Come on, Phil. You ready now?"

Rita is asking.

"Don't rush me," I am saying.

But I cannot let her back me down on what was my idea in the first place, and I reckon Mort Mowery will still be gunning for me even if I did almost drown. I am walking toward Geronimo's Mesa with Rita. I will not now jump from Lover's Leap alone. I do not much like what it will do to my reputation to jump hand in hand with a prostitute, but I am going to do it. I will not know the difference tomorrow when the coyotes find me. I guess I owe Rita something for saving my life. I must let her commit suicide with me.

The yucca is no longer Pilgrim women. It is just plain yucca with its grass skirts making a sluggish rustle in the wind that has blown away the rain and brought the moon back out. The red mud is sticking to our shoes, making us walk on clay snowshoes, and the wet mesquite slaps us on the thighs.

"Look at the mesa, Phil. Geronimo was an Indian chief, but the mesa reminds me of an Indian princess, maybe the girl who jumped off hand in hand with her lover. It is dark now, dusky like the skin of the Indian girl. Look how it curves up from the plain then shoots up steep like the nipple on the breast of a virgin. It is a romantic place from which to jump. You are a sweet thing to let me do it with you," Rita is saying.

"Give me the bottle again," I am saying, and I am looking at this big molehill on the desert Rita is calling the breast of a virgin. Rita Garcia speaking about a virgin! And I am thinking I am going to sleep my last sleep on this rocky virginal breast. I am committing suicide. It is not a pleasant thought, and I do not want to do it now after I almost drowned and have thought about changing my ways. But . . . but . . .

I am taking a big swig of tequila because I cannot let a prostitute have more guts than I have.

We are now walking up the curve of the mesa breast, and I am getting tired because the mud is thick on my shoes, because Rita is dragging on my arm now. I am breathing fast, deep breaths of ozone mixed with the scent of scrub cedars and pinons which are growing up among the boulders which have broken from the ledge of Geronimo's Mesa and rolled down where the Indian lovers fell.

We are at the bottom of the cliff which supports the mesa's flat land.

"Let's rest under this pinon before we start the steepest climb. I am out of breath," I am saying.

We are sitting on a big flat rock covered with pinon needles. It is wet, but I am already wet, and Rita has rolled up her lasso to sit on. I am drinking some more tequila. "I wish I had some salt and a lemon," I am saying.

"Give me a drink," Rita is saying.

She is taking a big swallow, and she is not coughing or making a face. She is drinking it like a man. I did not know she could drink like that — a good trait in a woman.

It is cool up here in the breeze with

the wind blowing on my wet clothes, and I am beginning to shiver a little. I am drinking more tequila to warm my guts. Rita is grabbing the bottle and drinking without wiping the wet of my lips from its mouth. This I like.

"Look at the town asleep yonder, Phil. No more than an anthill out there on the plains."

"Why are towns anthills and people ants when you are looking down on them? But most of the people in that town are no better than ants," I am saying.

"But we're not ants. We're going to do this beautiful thing together. Jump hand in hand."

She is leaning against me, and she is warm, and I am not shivering so much. The moon is making the wet plains glisten below us. I am drinking from the tequila bottle and setting it on the rock beside me.

Rita is putting her hands under my shirt, around my sides, with her warm palms flat on my shoulder blades. She is not acting like she is about to die, but she is saying, "We're going to die in a little while, Phil. What we say and do won't matter now. Why did you go to Cynthia Mowery and some of those others who had husbands to love them? My bed was always empty for you."

"Except when it was filled by the husbands whose beds I was filling."

"I wanted love. I wanted you to love me."

"But you sell love. Cynthia Mowery does not. She gives it. But now Mort has found it out, and that is bad."

Rita's hands are warm on my back. Her breath is warm on my neck, and she is kissing the hollow under my Adam's apple. "In a little while," she is saying, "we'll be dead over there under Lover's Leap."

I am feeling sorry for Rita. I do not like to think of any woman dying. I do not like to think how she will look when the coyotes find her. I am putting my arms around her, and I am leaning my cheek on her hair. I am closing my eyes, and my head is beginning to swim, reminding me of the gully. It is the tequila. I am opening my eyes and jerking my head up.

"What's the matter, Phil?" Rita is asking.

"I was dizzy. But I am now ready to climb the cliff and commit suicide."

"Not yet. We can do it any time we want to. There is nothing to stop us. Kiss me first."

I am feeling sorry for her, and I am kissing her, because I do not like to think of any woman dying, not any woman jumping off a mesa with nothing but coyotes to find her. I am holding my lips on hers a long time, and she is squeezing her warm arms tight around me, and her lips are moving open, and they are coming alive with a quiver, and I am sorry for her because she is going to die, and I am thinking suddenly that no other woman would commit suicide with me on Geronimo's Mesa by jumping off the sandstone ledge of Lover's Leap where the Apache lovers jumped hand in hand.

"Rita," I am saying, "you do not have to jump with me. I do not want you to do that. You must go back to town. I will take you back; then I will come up to Geronimo's Mesa alone."

"I want to do it hand in hand with you," Rita is saying. "Who down there in that town will care? Let my bed remain empty."

"I am not going to let you do it," I am saying, and I am kissing her again, and she is squeezing me with her warm arms, and I am kissing her rough and hard, wanting to do it. I am very much

alive.

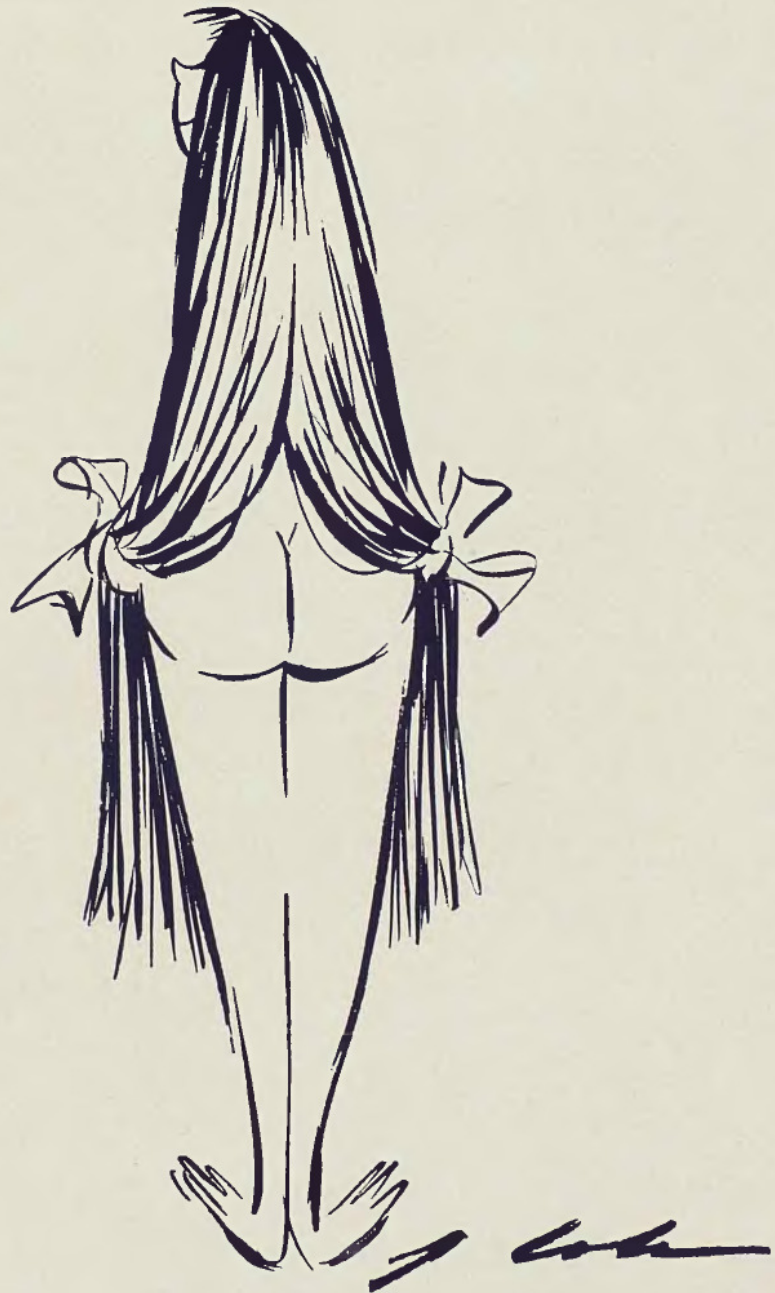
"Your bed will not have to be empty tonight," I am saying.

She is holding me tight against her. "This rock is like a bed, Phil," she is saying. "Here in the shadow of Lover's Leap where the Indian lovers died hand in hand."

She is right. The rock is as level as a bed. And I know now it is not suicide I am committing on Geronimo's Mesa tonight.



FEMALES BY COLE: 21



Homey

GUESSING GAME (continued from page 19)

Caldwell's books. They're nothing but filth!" *Translation:* "I read *God's Little Acre* six times."

Femalese: "I suppose I'm old-fashioned, but all I want out of marriage is a husband I can love and do things for." *Translation:* "Like picking him up at work in the Lincoln Continental, keeping the fifteen room house spic and span and helping him enjoy those vacations in Florida."

Femalese: "I know you've made love to other women before me. Tell me the honest truth, darling—was it nicer with any of the others?" *Translation:* "If you say yes, you can put on your trousers and trot right back to them!"

Femalese: "I don't see anything wrong about a 27-year-old woman marrying a 66-year-old man—not if she really loves him, dear." *Translation:* "How much insurance did you say you have?"

Femalese: "I think your mother is just the nicest person! She seems to adore you." *Translation:* "Still tied to her apron strings, eh, Liberace?"

Femalese: "You know, I honestly never thought I'd meet a man I would care enough for to marry until you happened along." *Translation:* "Will you come quietly?"

One way to fathom the female language is to brood over a female's re-

mark in the light of the silent question: "Now, what could be behind *that crack?*" Take the first unflattering conjecture that comes to mind, and you're probably right.

It is a unique characteristic of the female language that most criticism is punctuated by a question mark. For example, if a woman asks, "Where did you buy that tie?" she doesn't want to know *where*. She wants to know *why*.

On the other hand, if you happen to like the perfume she's wearing, don't sniff the air and make some charming remark about its fragrance, because she's certain to suspect you're finding a subtle way of telling her she's got body odor.

The reason for so much male-female misunderstanding is that a woman, having a forked mind, looks for the hidden meanings in men's remarks which aren't there; while a man, given to one-dimensional conversation, overlooks the hidden meanings in women's remarks which definitely *are* there.

A man's biggest difficulty is in deciphering when a woman's "No" really means that. He's often confused about what is expected of him in a parked car when she asks him to stop.

How can you tell when you're being brushed off, or when you're expected to storm the citadel? Let's put it this way. No woman relies on words alone to fend off a forward pass. If she confines herself to a verbal protest, or pushes you off with muscles of pure marshmallow, the drawbridge is down.

Men are frequently baffled by the fact that a wench who talks like a Polly Adler protege turns out to be a frigid Bridget whose idea of debauchery is a two-minute kiss. Don't be misled. Translated accurately, her motives are either (1) to keep you interested enough to continue taking her out by making you think you're going to score if you just keep at it; or (2) to work you up into such a lather you'll even agree to marry her in order to get her into bed.

Finally, we must point out that the female language is never more baffling than when a woman is trying to get rid of you—something you'd never guess by her fond and flattering words. She can't just hand you your hat, because for a woman the shortest distance between two points is by way of Southern Rhodesia.

The best way to tell when you're being invited to hit the road is by her performance—not her language. No matter how 14-karat her excuses seem to be, if instead of dates you get excuses or apologies, you can take it for granted that she won't shed tears if you paddle your kayak to a new delta.

Having read this little Baedeker of the female language, you probably feel you are fully equipped to see through the persiflage of the opposite sex. And the average woman will agree.

"You're one of the few men I've ever met," she'll admit, "who really understands women."

Translation: "Ha!"

FIRST NIGHT OF LENT (continued from page 46)

a fiery douse of Scotch or bourbon or some-such drink "against the chill." Then, breathing summer wheat or barley or oats or whatever from my scorched and charcoaled mouth, I had walked out to a cab where sat a man who, during all the long evening's wait for me to phone for his services, had lived in Heeber Finn's.

Fool! I thought, how could you have forgotten this!

And there in Heeber Finn's, during the long hours of lacy talk that was like planting and bringing to crop a garden among busy men, each contributing his seed or flower, and wielding the implements, their tongues, and the raised, foam-hived glasses, their own hands softly curled about the dear drinks, there Nick had taken into himself a mellowness.

And that mellowness had distilled itself down in a slow rain, a rain that damped his smouldering nerves and put the wilderness fires in every limb of him out. Those same showers laved his face to leave the tidal marks of wisdom, the lines of Plato and Aeschylus there. The harvest mellowness colored his cheeks, warmed his eyes soft, lowered his voice to a husking mist, and spread in his chest to slow his heart to a gentle jog-trot. It rained out his arms to loosen his hard-mouthed hands on the shuddering wheel and sit him with grace and ease in his horsehair saddle as he gentled us through the fogs that kept us and Dublin apart.

And with the malt on my own tongue, fluming up my sinus with burning vapors, I had never detected the scent of any spirits on my old friend here.

"Ah," said Nick again. "Yes; I gave up the *other*."

The last bit of jigsaw fell in place. Tonight, the first night of Lent.

Tonight, for the first time in all the nights I had driven with him, Nick was sober.

All those other one hundred and forty odd nights, Nick hadn't been driving careful and easy just for my safety, no. But because of the gentle weight of mellowness sloping now on this side, now on that side of him as we took the long,

scything curves.

Oh, who really knows the Irish, say I, and which half of them is which? Nick, who is Nick, and what in the world is he? Which Nick's the real Nick, the one that everyone knows?

I will not think on it!

There is only *one* Nick for me. The one that Ireland shaped herself with her weathers and waters, her seedings and harvestings, her brans and mashes, her brews, bottlings, and ladelings-out, her summer-grain colored pubs astir and advance with the wind in the wheat and barley by night, you may hear the good whisper way out in forest, on bog, as you roll by. That's Nick to the teeth, eye, and heart, to his easy-going hands. If you ask what makes the Irish what they are, I'd point on down the road and tell where you turn to Heeber Finn's.

The first night of Lent, and before you count nine, we're in Dublin! I'm out of the cab and its pattering there at the curb and I lean in to put my money in the hands of my driver. Earnestly, pleadingly, warmly, with all the friendly urging in the world, I look into that fine man's raw, strange, torch-like face.

"Nick," I said.

"Sir!" he shouted.

"Do me a favor," I said.

"Anything!" he shouted.

"Take this extra money," I said. "And buy the biggest bottle of Irish moss you can find. And just before you pick me up tomorrow night, Nick, drink it down, drink it all. Will you do that, Nick? Will you promise me, cross your heart and hope to die, to do that?"

He thought on it, and the very thought damped down the ruinous blaze in his face.

"Ya make it terrible hard on me," he said.

I forced his fingers shut on the money. At last he put it in his pocket and faced silently ahead.

"Good night, Nick," I said. "See you tomorrow."

"God willing," said Nick.

And he drove away.



BE WELL ROUNDED *(continued from page 61)*

told that you "write a fine letter" (and who has not?) then the battle is half over. You need only an old typewriter, a well-thumbed copy of Roget's *Thesaurus*, and a far-away look in your eye.

Women will gather like flies. Writers, you will discover, are to women what catnip is to cats.

If you doubt this, you have only to note the enormous sums of money made by writers who lecture before women's clubs. These men are firmly established in the women's minds as Writers, and are billed as such, though most of them now need to waste little time actually writing.

You, too, must remember that every hour spent cooped up with a typewriter is an hour lost forever to your women friends. Squander these golden hours if you will, but they will not return.

2. *Be a Painter?*

Many will say, "We can't even write a letter!" If you are one of these, if you do not even know the elements of grammar (and many do not) you may either take to writing modern poetry, or more easily, be a painter.

Art has come a long way since grandfather's day. No need to bother learning perspective, drawing, anatomy, or other technical details that used to make art so tedious. Be abstract! A good abstract painter with some bright colors and a ready tongue can do some mighty daring stuff and — what is more important — explain it.

Remember this easy rule: paint it first and explain it later. Starting with a preconceived idea is not only dangerous but may preoccupy you and interfere with your conversation in the studio.

Dress as though you had stepped out of one of your own paintings, a riot of gay colors. Contrasting shirt and slacks can be daubed carelessly with splashes of intermediate shades.

Use water colors. They dry quickly on the clothes and wash easily off face and hands.

3. *Be a Musician?*

Though it is true that music can melt fair hearts, it has not yet advanced to the point at which it can be mastered by everyone. Leave it alone.

You face hours of boring practice, the buying of much expensive equipment, and the baleful looks of landlords and close neighbors.

Socially your music will be a drawback. Everywhere you go you will be expected to perform, working away at a keyboard while the writer and artist are off in cozy corners pursuing their own ends.

In short, where women are concerned, music may bring you public acclaim, but little real affection.

"SHOULD I SEEM RICH?"

We may assume that you, who have digested our earlier treatise on succeeding in business, are by now quite wealthy. "Should I," so many of you ask, "make a secret of my money — or

even, perhaps, give it away?"

The answer is no. Keep your money. Make no secret of it. There are women who are attracted by it, though it is certainly not true, as so many have claimed, that women are influenced by money alone.

Often men with fine characteristics have been chosen freely over men without those fine qualities *when their incomes were almost the same.*

To women money isn't everything.

Some believe that in courting wealthy women it is best to seem poor, even if you are not, on the ground that it will bring out a sort of financial mother instinct.

How misguided is this point of view! Granted that women are fine, warm-hearted creatures, they are rarely sentimental where money is concerned.

If she is rich, make it clear that money is of no concern to you. You are *above* it.

"Money! I'm bored with the whole *idea* of money, Jo."

"I know how you feel, Davie. I'm always afraid people are after my money."

"You, too? Mother always used to say, 'Davie, never let a girl know you're a Van Belt.'"

"Are you?"

"There, it slipped. Pretend I never said it, Jo. Twice removed, really. We've always tried to live simply."

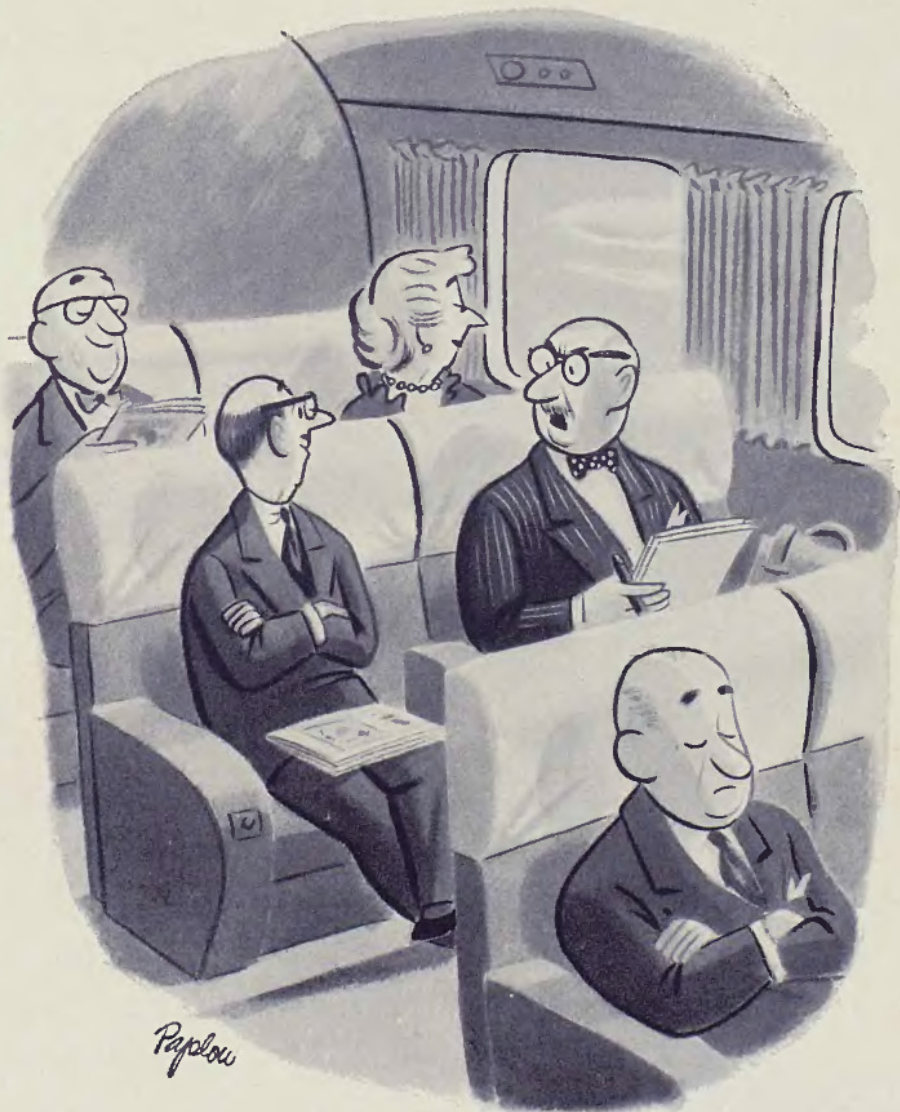
You may be forced, on occasion, to show the color of your money. If temporarily strapped, be bold:

"Should have that much in *change*, darling, but every blasted sou is in escrow! Can't touch it till Epiphany."

HOW TO DRINK


Do not try to enjoy liquor for its own sake. Drink is an evil unless it is used in the right way and for the right reasons.

However, when carefully studied by the wise but fun-loving male, heterosexual drinking can play a strong part *(continued on page 71)*



Paplow

"Stop calling me 'fellow traveler'."



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PITFALLS
(continued from page 21)

was continual carnage throughout the whole extent of the empire.

Scarcely had we landed when the members of a party hostile to that of my pirate arrived with the purpose of depriving him of his booty. After the diamonds and the gold, we were the most valuable possessions. I witnessed a fight such as is never seen in your European climates. The blood of the northern peoples is not sufficiently ardent; their madness for women does not reach the point which is common in Africa. The Europeans seem to have milk in their veins; but vitriol and fire flow in the veins of the inhabitants of Mount Atlas and the neighboring countries. They fought with the fury of the lions, tigers and serpents of the country to determine who should have us. A Moor grasped my mother by the right arm, my captain's lieutenant held her by the left arm; a Moorish soldier held one leg and one of the pirates seized the other. In a moment nearly all our women were seized in the same way by four soldiers. My captain kept me hidden behind him; he had a scimitar in his hand and killed everybody who opposed his fury. I saw my mother and all our Italian women torn in pieces, gashed, massacred by the monsters who disputed them. The prisoners, my companions, those who had captured them, soldiers, sailors, and finally my captain were all killed and I remained expiring on a heap of corpses.

With great difficulty I extricated myself from the tangled limbs and dragged myself to the foot of a large orange-tree on the bank of a stream; there I fell down with terror, weariness, horror, despair and hunger. Soon afterwards, my exhausted senses fell into a sleep which was more like a swoon than repose. I was in this state of weakness and insensibility between life and death when I felt myself oppressed by something which moved on my body. I opened my eyes and saw a man of good appearance who was sighing and muttering in Italian between his teeth: "Oh, it is sad to be deprived of one's manhood!"

Amazed and delighted to hear my native language, and not less surprised at the words spoken by this man, I replied that there were greater misfortunes than that of which he complained. In a few words I informed him of the horrors I had undergone and then swooned again. He carried me to a neighboring house, had me put to bed, gave me food, waited on me, consoled me, flattered me, told me he had never seen anyone so beautiful as I, and apologized for being unable to do my beauty the homage it deserved. Poor man!

"I was born at Naples," he said, "and every year they make two or three thousand children there into capons; some die of it, others acquire voices more beautiful than women's, and others become the governors of States. This operation was performed upon me with very great success and I was a musician in

the chapel of the Princess of Palestrina."

"Of my mother," I exclaimed.

"Of your mother!" cried he, weeping. "What! Are you that young princess I brought up to the age of six and who even then gave promise of being as beautiful as you are?"

"I am! My mother is four hundred yards from here, cut into quarters under a heap of corpses . . ."

I related all that had happened to me; he also told me his adventures and informed me how he had been sent to the King of Morocco by a Christian power to make a treaty with that monarch whereby he was supplied with powder, cannons and ships to help to exterminate the commerce of other Christians.

"My mission is accomplished," said this honest eunuch. "I am about to embark at Ceuta and I will take you back to Italy."

I thanked him with tears of gratitude; but instead of taking me back to Italy he conducted me to Algiers and sold me to the Dey for a large amount of gold. I had scarcely been sold when the plague which had gone through Africa, Asia and Europe broke out furiously in Algiers. I caught it. Imagine the situation of a noble young lady aged fifteen, who in three months had undergone poverty and slavery, had been raped nearly every day, had seen her mother cut into four pieces, had undergone hunger and war, and was now dying of the plague in Algiers. However, I did not die; but my eunuch and the Dey and almost all the harem of Algiers perished.

When the first ravages of this frightful plague were over, the Dey's slaves were sold. A merchant bought me and carried me to Tunis; he sold me to another merchant who re-sold me at Tripoli; from Tripoli I was re-sold to Alexandria, from Alexandria re-sold to Smyrna, from Smyrna to Constantinople. I was finally bought by an Aga of the Janizaries, who was soon ordered to defend Azov against the Russians who were besieging it.

The Aga, who was a man of boundless lust, took his whole harem with him, and lodged us in a little fort on the islands of Palus-Maeotis, guarded by two eunuchs and twenty soldiers. He killed a prodigious number of Russians, but they returned the compliment as well. Azov was given up to fire and blood, neither sex nor age was pardoned; only our little fort remained; and the enemy tried to reduce it by starving us. The twenty Janizaries had sworn never to surrender us. The extremities of hunger to which they were reduced forced them to eat our two eunuchs for fear of breaking their oath. Some days later they resolved to eat the women.

We had with us a most pious and compassionate Imam who delivered a fine sermon to them by which he persuaded them not to kill us altogether.

"Cut," said he, "only one buttock from each of these ladies and you will make a veritable feast; if you have to

return, there will still be as much left in a few days; Heaven will be pleased at so charitable an action and you will be saved."

He was very eloquent and persuaded them. This horrible operation was performed upon us; the Imam anointed us with the same balm that is used for children who have just been circumcised; we were all at the point of death.

Scarcely had the Janizaries finished the meal we had supplied when the Russians arrived in flat-bottomed boats; not a Janizary escaped. The Russians paid no attention to the state we were in. There are French doctors everywhere; one of them who was very skillful took care of us; he healed us, and I shall remember all my life that, when my wounds were cured, he made propositions to me. For the rest, he told us all to cheer up; he told us that the same thing had happened in several sieges and that it was a law of war.

As soon as my companions could walk they were sent to Moscow. I fell to the lot of a Boyar who made me his gardener and gave me twenty lashes a day. But at the end of two years this lord was broken on the wheel with thirty other Boyars owing to some court disturbance, and I profited by this adventure; I fled; I crossed all Russia; for a time I was servant in an inn at Riga, then at Rostock, at Wismar, at Leipzig, at Cassel, at Utrecht, at Leyden, at the Hague, at Rotterdam; and finally here where you see me now. A hundred times I wanted to kill myself, but I still loved life more than anything.

For, even with only half a backside, sir, there are many things in this world a girl may enjoy. Is it not so?



COUCHING

(continued from page 42)

that the unfortunate young Englishman had been somewhat strange in his manner recently and complained of hallucinations; it is therefore possible that under their influence he deliberately waded out into the Mare de Plougouwen. A strange feature of the case is that he had fastened round him under his coat the finished drawings for Mr. Marchant's book, which were of course completely spoiled by the water before the body was found. It is to be hoped they were not the only—

Augustine threw *The Times* furiously from him and struck the dinner-table with his clenched fist.

"Upon my soul, that is too much! It is criminal! My property—and I who had done so much for him! Fastened them round himself—he must have been crazy!"

But had he been so crazy? When his wrath had subsided a little Augustine could not but ask himself whether the young artist had not in some awful mo-

ment of insight guessed the truth, or a part of it—that his patron had deliberately corrupted him? It looked almost like it. But, if he had really taken all the finished drawings with him to this place in Brittany, what an unspeakably mean trick of revenge thus to destroy them! . . . Yet, even if it were so, he must regard their loss as the price of his own deliverance, since, from his point of view, the desperate expedient of passing on his "familiar" had been a complete success. By getting someone else to plunge even deeper than he had done into the unlawful (for he had seen to it that Lawrence Storey should do that) he had proved, as that verse in Genesis said, that he *had* rule over the thing that had pursued him in tangible form as a consequence of his own night in Prague. He could not be too thankful. The literary world might well be thankful too. For his own art was of infinitely more importance than the subservient, the parasitic art of an illustrator. He could with a little search find half a dozen just as gifted as that poor hallucination-ridden Storey to finish *Theodora and Marozia*—even, if necessary, to begin an entirely fresh set of drawings. And meanwhile, in the new lease of creative energy which this unfortunate but necessary sacrifice had made possible for him, he would begin to put on paper the masterpiece which was now taking brilliant shape in his liberated mind. A final glass, and then an evening in the work-shop!

Augustine poured out some port, and was raising the glass, prepared to drink to his own success, when he thought he heard a sound near the door. He looked over his shoulder. Next instant the stem of the wineglass had snapped in his hand and he had sprung back to the farthest limit of the room.

Reared up for quite five feet against the door, huge, furry, dark, sleeked with wet and flecked with bits of green waterweed, was something half-python, half-gigantic cobra, its head drawn back as if to strike . . . its head, for in its former featureless tapering end were now two reddish eyes, such as furriers put into the heads of stuffed creatures. And they were fixed in an unwavering and malevolent glare upon him, as he cowered there clutching the bowl of the broken wineglass, the crumpled copy of *The Times* lying at his feet.



BE WELL ROUNDED

(continued from page 69)

in increasing affection, lowering barriers, and stripping off some of the excess veneer of civilization.

Be careful not to strip off too much. Those who allow themselves to overdo will soon find themselves with a decreasing circle of female companions.

Know Your Liquors.

You will discover that not one woman in fifty can tell, by taste alone, the difference. (concluded on next page)

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ference between Haig and Haig Pinch and Old Plaid Simulated Scotch-type Whiskey, though she'll ask for the former every time.

Remember this rule: a woman is happy if she *thinks* she is drinking the brand of her choice. Night club owners have known this for years. If you can tell the difference yourself, mix the drinks out of sight and take advantage of the real article.

"Will you have Johnny Walker?"

"Yes, Davie, if you have the black. Not the red. There is such a difference."

"Pet, I wouldn't be caught *dead* with the red label."

Give her Old Plaid. After taking a long draught she'll say:

"No question, David, there is such a difference!"

"Rare to find a girl who appreciates good liquor, pet."

Keep a Funnel.

For the troublesome girl who wants to pour it herself, the foresighted male keeps a number of empty bottles of all the big name brands of Scotch, Bourbon, Rye, and so on. These will last for years if cared for properly, and can be filled countless times with your local liquor dealer's own Blend.

Avoid filling too full—about three quarters is good—and occasionally dust lightly. No need to wash between fillings. Alcohol is a fine antiseptic and will keep them sanitary and germ-free.

Avoid Drunkeness.

Know your own capacity and—even more important—that of your women friends. The over-generous host who allows his female companion to become super-saturated will find he has a poor companion.

If, on the other hand, you are entertaining a woman of formidable capacity (and there are many such) you may have to take precautionary measures. A rack of spare ribs, a half cup of melted lard, or other fatty substance, taken shortly before imbibing will prevent giddiness and maintain firmness of purpose.

The wise male, for reasons of economy, soon rids himself of girls of this stripe.

"Should I Drink to Forget?"

Though drinking may help you to forget yourself occasionally, it is of small value in blotting out the memory of a pretty face, unless you reach the point at which *all* faces are blotted out. No need to discuss here the confusion that this can cause.

The only proper way to forget one woman is to find another, a subject that will be fully covered in later issues of PLAYBOY.

ONWARD!

Once you feel you are sufficiently well-rounded, you are ready to embark on life's greatest adventure. You are ready to select your first wife.

NEXT MONTH:

"SELECTING YOUR FIRST WIFE"

DRY and DAPPER

(continued from page 23)

what less expensive model in poplin, with plaid lining, by Macintosh. All come complete with ringed belt, shoulder straps and a raintight collar—certainly a sane way to weather the storm.

Impeccably tailored single-breasted straight hanging raincoats from such manufacturers as Baracuta, Londontown and Alligator are available this year in fine combed Egyptian cotton, or a 50-50 blend of dacron and cotton that renders them washable, shape-retaining and wrinkle-shedding. These coats feature fly-fronts, raglan shoulders, military collars, and either flap or slash pockets, also come equipped with colorful linings of tattersall checks, foulard silk, rich plaids or smart, eye-catching stripes for added undercover appeal. The day and night reversible (light on one side, black on the other), by Gleneagles, provides fast cover for a gentleman caught in a downpour at any spot on the clock; by the same manufacturer is a new 16 ounce affair that packs up into its own 8x10 plastic bag, then silently steals out of sight when not needed.

Aside from the black reversible model, colors for all types of rain gear remain on the neutral side: shades of oyster, light tan and beige, eggshell, olive, ivory and putty. You can't really go wrong with any of them.

The downright good sense and practicality of owning a topcoat that doubles as a raincoat we find difficult to dispute. We've seen three of them (from J. Press, Brooks Brothers and Alligator) that look good in weatherproofed gabardine. The one from Alligator contains a nice bit of dacron coupled with cotton (dacron, as you undoubtedly know, comes from DuPont; cotton, in case you've forgotten, comes from a plant), and the other two are worsted combined with cotton. All feature the raglan sleeve, small collar and slash pockets that run fast favorites with dry, knowledgeable guys.

We suggest, however, that you still carry an umbrella during extra-threatening days, and be sure it's the slender kind, made of nylon with a good, strong shaft. Insist on a whangee or malacca handle.

Just in case you're planning a brisk soiree up Mt. Everest this coming weekend, our London man has managed to filch the formula (which we will never divulge) for Wyncol D-711, the very same waterproof, windproof fabric developed by the British Ministry of Supply for Sir Edmund Hillary, Tenzing and the rest of that eagle squadron. It's available now in a lightweight cotton and nylon raincoat or golf jacket, each a loose-fitting raglan job made by Aquascutum. The golf jacket, which can be washed, was designed by the eminent golfer Henry Cotton (who comes from England, not from a plant) and features an extra nylon lining across the shoulders and easy lines for all-around dryness and comfort.



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