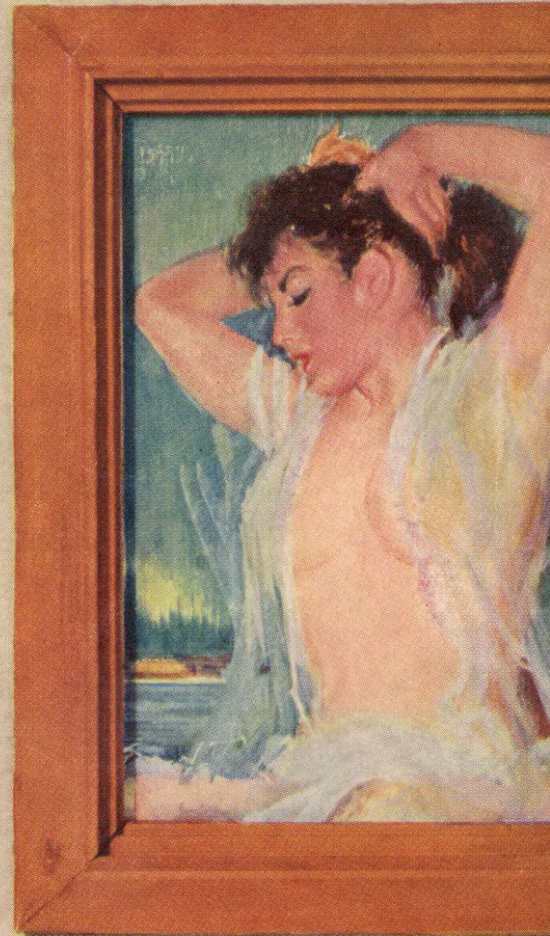
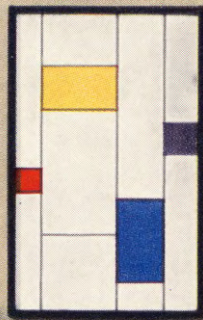


PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

AUGUST 50 cents



PLAYBILL THE SHRUNKEN HEAD on this page belongs to our art director, Arthur Paul, the gentleman responsible for the handsome look of PLAYBOY's pages and for the numerous awards and citations given the magazine for its illustrations, photography, typography and design.

The full-color photographic illustration for Thomas Mario's discourse on *The Cocktail Hour* ran off with two (2) certificates, of Merit and of Excellence, from the 35th Annual New York Art Directors Show and the Society of Typographic Arts, respectively — the Art Directors award being the third received from that august group in as many years. The design for Robert Sheckley's *Spy Story*, conjured up solely from type and type symbols, snared a Certificate of Typographic Excellence from the Type Directors Club of New York; the *PLAYBOY Reader Survey* (prepared for the advertising department by associate art director Norman C. Harris) was selected for inclusion in *Modern Publicity*, a swank British annual of the global greatest in graphic design; five *PLAYBOY* pages were selected for exhibition in the recent Chicago Art Directors Club Show; and Janet Pilgrim so mesmerized the Lithographers National Association that her appearance as last December's Playmate resulted in an award from the Sixth Annual LNA Competition for, it says here, "the amazing versatility and fine quality of the lithographic process."

When 18 original illustrations from the magazine were recently exhibited in the foyer of a fashionable movie theatre, an art lover was so taken with 8 of them that he took them right out of their frames and then out of the building. It



PAUL



took private detectives and several hundred dollars in reward money to get them back. We're pleased that readers appreciate the art that appears in the magazine, but wish they'd be less demonstrative about it.

Echoing the art theme stated with the cover and Playbill of this August issue is our pictorial coverage (or uncoverage) of *The Ekberg Bronze*: a sculptor's tribute to the undraped excellence of Anita. Some balmy bohemians are caught in the art of painting murals on the walls of a city underpass. New *PLAYBOY* cartoonist Sheldon Silverstein uses a special four page insert to display the work of his satiric pen. And novelist Evelyn Waugh, author of *Brideshead Revisited*, *Vile Bodies*, *The Loved Ones*, and generally recognized as one of the half-dozen greatest living writers, turns up with a provocative polemic on modern art that caused considerable controversy here at *PLAYBOY*'s offices. Read *The Death of Painting* and give us your opinion.

Fiction, this month, leads off with a fascinating yarn by an old friend, Charles Beaumont: he calls it *You Can't Have Them All*, and it's all about a guy who tries. Stanley Cooperman and Willard Marsh contribute concise, compelling stories and humorist Al Amenta gives Hollywood a hard time in a good natured spoof of celluloid theme songs.

Party Jokes, Playmate, Ribald Classic, tips on fashion, food and travel, a poignant old ballad to be sung with hand on heart — you pays your money and you takes your choice. What's that? The headshrinking trick? Oh, that's done with a double concave reducing glass, a useful little gadget that comes in handy whenever our art director wants to get away from it all.

WAUGH



SILVERSTEIN



DEAR PLAYBOY



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THE FAVORITE

It gives me great pleasure to inform you that as a result of a recent nationwide poll, Tau Kappa Epsilon National Fraternity has chosen PLAYBOY as the "Favorite Magazine of 1956."

This poll was conducted on college campuses throughout the United States. The 132 chapters of Tau Kappa Epsilon wish you heartiest congratulations and continued success as the nation's leading men's magazine. If you would like to use this award for advertisement purposes or publication, please feel free to do so.

Michael L. Coquat
Associate Editor, *The Tche*
Tau Kappa Epsilon
Champaign, Illinois

LOSING MY HAIR

Though labeled as humor — and it was funny — Jack Panes' *I'm Losing My Hair* in the May issue of PLAYBOY was taken quite seriously by me and, I'm sure, by lots of other balding men.

Many people who come to us to purchase hairpieces or, as we call them, Tashays, tell us of their extensive search to find anything that will grow hair. PLAYBOY is right — green soap and kerosene are not the answer. In fact, for many years we have been offering \$10,000 to anyone who can grow hair on Mr. Louis Feder's thinly-thatched head. Few takers — and many fakers.

This is why we believe that a custom-made Tashay, individually designed in a wide variety of hair styles ranging from crew-cut to a tousled "Tony Curtis" version, is the only true solution to baldness. You can comb it, work in it, play in it.

Ben Z. Kaplan
V. P. and Gen. Mgr.
The House of Louis Feder, Inc.
New York, New York

BANNED IN BOSTON

Congratulations! PLAYBOY has finally made the grade. Today, when I dropped around to my favorite newsstand to purchase my favorite magazine, it wasn't to be found. When I inquired, I was told that PLAYBOY would no longer appear at open-air newsstands and corner drug stores. PLAYBOY has been banned in Boston. It is a fact! Now this filled me with pure delight. I pride myself in knowing a good thing when I see it. I have been reading PLAYBOY for more than a year now and I had hoped that it would soon win some sort of literary prize. Now it has: I call it the "Noble" prize for literature.

When a prize-winning foreign film comes to our art theatres, it often must lift a ban before it can be shown. The fact is, we Bostonians know that something is worth seeing or reading when we learn that there has been a ban put on it. And now PLAYBOY has that distinction. I had been planning to buy a three-year subscription to PLAYBOY, but now I will have so much fun traveling "incognito" to and from the newsstand, I wouldn't think of spoiling it.

"Banned in Boston" . . . sounds like good publicity, doesn't it?

Roger L. McCoy
Boston University
Boston, Massachusetts

Sorry to disappoint you, Roger, but PLAYBOY isn't banned in Boston or anywhere else in America. We suppose there are a few in Boston, as elsewhere, who don't approve of the idea of a magazine edited expressly for metropolitan men — who think that every publication in America should be suited to the tastes of mom and the kiddies — but this disgruntled minority, happily, isn't making much headway. Better check that newsstand a second time.

VICTOR BORGE

The pleasure I derived from your most gratifying article about me in the May issue of PLAYBOY was, if possible, surpassed only by my appreciation of the excellent pictures and layout.

I thank you for the honor of having been chosen for this feature and wish that your phenomenal success may continue and surpass an even immodest expectation.

Victor Borge
Southbury, Conn.

GOODMAN'S HANDS

In the illustration for *Goodman à la King*, in your April issue, artist Arthur Lerner has placed Goodman's left hand on the bottom. When playing the clarinet, the left hand is always on the top. Also, the keys that are played with the little fingers are on the wrong sides of the instrument. When illustrating an article by a person as great as Benny Goodman, you should be more careful.

Scott McMannis
Rockford, Illinois

ON PLAYBOYS

Certainly do get a big kick out of your mag. I never fail to read it from cover to cover, but I think that you guys are living in a dream world. Let's face it, the days of the true playboy are a thing of the past. Very few have the good

fortune to financially afford the type life that you at PLAYBOY set up as an ideal one. I feel that if the truth were known, you guys are living the same life as thousands of others all over the country.

Let's assume that there is a guy who can afford to be your type of playboy (and I suppose that there are a few left). His first problem is to find a suitable playmate, which shouldn't be at all difficult since he's got all this loot. But, as always, there's a catch. While he's thinking of the north wood's cabin, the roaring fire, the bear rug, and the expensive, bonded stuff, this babe is very cleverly charting her course for the altar. Ever since Eve, the female has been way ahead of the struggling playboy.

Please don't let this discourage you, however. I would hate to see your publication be anything but what it is now, because it does a guy like me some good to sit down and dream with you once every month.

H. R. Keim SK3
U.S.S. Basilone
c/o FPO, New York, N.Y.

Nonsense, Keim — never before have so many men-about-town had the wherewithal necessary for enjoying the good life, never before have men had more leisure time and been more in the mood to enjoy it, never have the woods been so full of potential playmates. Of course, some women have altar-egos, but all the pitfalls of a playboy's existence can be successfully avoided by paying strict attention to the words of wisdom to be found on these pages each month.

PLAYBOY'S CARTOONS

May I congratulate you for making PLAYBOY the finest cartoon magazine in print. I used to think *New Yorker* was tops, with *Esquire* second on the totem pole. Not any more. PLAYBOY, month in and month out, gets more real laughs from me and from my associates than any other.

Richard P. Monley
MacManus, John & Adams, Advertising
Bloomfield Hills, Michigan

RIBALD CLASSICS

I've enjoyed your magazine from the very first issue and find your Ribald Classics particularly entertaining. Can you please tell me the source of these fascinating tales?

Aris Frederick

Ellensburg, Washington

The source of each Ribald Classic is always given along with the story, Aris

—and these vintage tales have been culled from the writings of Boccaccio, de Maupassant, Balzac, Casanova, Voltaire, Straparola, Chekhov, the Earl of Rochester and others, usually in new modern translations. PLAYBOY's Ribald Classics editor has been burrowing in the archives of ancient Roman and Indian lore, and expects to come up with some truly unusual offerings later in the year.

SPLENDID SOURCE

I enjoyed the description of the sparsely furnished office belonging to Max Axe, private detective, in Richard Matheson's story, *The Splendid Source*. However, I cannot imagine a private eye's office without a Playmate on the wall. When my hubby opened his "eye-spy" business, Jayne Mansfield was proudly hung on the door and, although she is bare, she is by no means sparsely furnished and amply dresses up the decor.

The eye and I get a big charge from your magazine. The lovely flawless Playmates fill me with envy, for I can play the game but my uniform is baggy!

Mrs. Jack Cooke
Elkton, Maryland

SPORTS CAR RACING

I just finished reading the April issue of PLAYBOY and, in particular, the article *The Sport of Sports Car Racing* by Jack Olson and I am puzzled. We have been given to understand by the Sports Car Club of America that in 1955 Paul O'Shea, driving a Mercedes-Benz 300 SL, was the real champion. Your writer is spending pages and pages on this exciting sport, mentioning most the important people, but saying nothing about O'Shea. Phil Hill, who receives so much space in your article, placed only third in this competitive sport.

To tell you the truth, we, working for Mercedes-Benz as their public relations representatives, are rather proud that George Tilp's Mercedes-Benz driven by Paul O'Shea, made out so well.

Curtis J. Hoxter
New York, New York

Paul O'Shea, driving a Mercedes-Benz 300 SL, received the most number of points in key American sports car races during 1955 and was named Sports Car Champion by the Sports Car Club of America; Charles Wallace, driving an XK 140 MG Jaguar, placed second; Phil Hill, in a Ferrari Monza, was third. PLAYBOY's article covered only a single race, the big one, at Elkhart Lake, Wisconsin, where Phil Hill won what was probably the most exciting sports car contest in a decade.

A MAGAZINE FOR MEN

A reply to the letters of criticism from Mrs. Ruby Carpenter, Mrs. Eva Printz and Mrs. C. W. Potter seems in order. On the cover of each issue, directly under the title PLAYBOY, are the words

"Entertainment for Men." I, myself, often peruse magazines specifically printed for women and I am quite certain I have never read any letters from men to their editors complaining about the contents. It seems reasonable to remind these women that a person is free to read any magazine he or she desires and if they find one not particularly to their liking there is nothing that requires their buying the next issue.

Frankly, I'm sure PLAYBOY has a great many regular women readers and I certainly don't object to their enjoying our magazine, too, but women who read PLAYBOY and then complain about it are something else again.

John Maccagman
Lakeville, Connecticut

I have a word to the "ladies" who so scathingly denounce your lack of respect for purity, morals and the gentler sex. I am a woman and I can, on occasion, be a lady. I am not, however, under the impression that I should be placed on some sort of pedestal. To Mrs. C. W. Potter, Mrs. Eva Printz and Mrs. Ruby Carpenter, I have only this to say: If you don't like PLAYBOY, don't read it. It is not a women's magazine. Written for the entertainment of men, it does not profess to cater to a woman's absurd and dangerous idea of herself as a sacred cow! A woman is meant to be a companion to a man—not some sort of goddess. I have nothing but pity for the female who is a lady at all times. A woman should be a cook, a mistress, a mother, a fishing partner—anyone who can be everything to a man (and doesn't need a crystal ball to sense his mood) has not time for indignation—righteous or otherwise. This is slightly incoherent, but I'm furious!

Personally, I read PLAYBOY every month and enjoy it immensely. I laid out six good bucks for a Christmas subscription for That Man, with the provision that I get it second (PLAYBOY, I mean). I bought the *Annual*, but it has been pre-empted by That Man, too. Kudos to you, PLAYBOY—you're my favorite magazine.

Layde Pettio
Atlanta, Georgia

I wish PLAYBOY's critics would leave their copies on the newsstand for someone else—someone who can enjoy and appreciate it. I had a hell of a time finding a copy this past month and then I have to read letters from women who have bought issues before me only to complain about them. Why does PLAYBOY bother to print such letters from the narrow minded? If you must print something along this line, just give us a monthly box-score with the numbers of letters for and the number of letters against PLAYBOY.

Jim Thomas
Southern Oregon College
Ashland, Oregon

This month: For, 386; against, 2.

As is our custom, we opened our latest copy of PLAYBOY first to the section devoted to letters from readers and must admit that many of them are as funny as your cartoons and Party Jokes. In particular, we enjoy the letter that asks, "Have you no respect for womanhood?" We might ask the same of the writer. It is quite apparent that the writer is ashamed of womanhood and does not appreciate the beauty of the human form. Of course, the beauty is beheld only by those who are looking for it. And obscenity, like beauty, is in the eye of the beholder, not the picture itself. Beautiful women—nay, women—will continue to be admired, respected and loved whether their pictures do or do not appear in PLAYBOY. Here's hoping that PLAYBOY continues to entertain us with its freshness, wit and wisdom.

Karl Black and Bernard Levine
University of New Hampshire
Durham, New Hampshire

MISS MAY

The Playmates are great and Marion Scott is the greatest ever. She is, verily, the best thing to hit the ice business since the discovery of the North Pole.

How about letting us see more of Marguerite Empey sometime.

PLAYBOY is the greatest. It's definitely the most popular magazine in the University—even the Ph.D.'s read it.

Dave Flory
Harvard University
Cambridge, Mass.

Just put Miss May on our bedroom wall. Wife hasn't noticed it yet, but I'm not afraid of her.

Was especially intrigued by the article on Marion Scott. You say, "she likes sports and is good at most." I was just wondering what most is—a new game, I assume. If you weren't so vague about it, perhaps a lot of people would take up "mosting" as a pastime.

James G. Dollar
Bremerton, Wash.

Until today, I was caught in the throes of that great dilemma which is so common among college students: a future profession. Your May issue of PLAYBOY, I am happy to say, has solved my problem. I noticed the lines of worry and care on the face of photographer Herman Leonard as he applied body make-up to the Scott tissue. I am sure he should be retired; or be given a leave of absence at least. I will gladly hold down his position until he is well enough to return to work. To be honest, I have no experience at this type of work, but I possess a fine Liberal Art's education and I am sure that my initiative will carry me through any crisis which might arise while at work.

Carter J. Bennett
Rutgers University
New Brunswick, N. J.



PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



records

Perhaps you're familiar with the yarn about the frustrated soda jerk who wanted to soar to fame as the inventor of the richest, gooiest, most complex sundae in the world — but was always defeated because his confections looked so good he couldn't resist eating them himself. No? Well, we'll tell it to you someday. We mention it now because we're sitting here wishing the same fate would befall the guys who write much of the rich, gooey, complex prose that adorns the liner notes for so many modern jazz recordings (in marked contrast to the trend toward more interesting cover art). In other words, we wish they'd read it themselves.

What one gleans from a lot of this logorrheic hoopla is that there are jazz performers and arrangers around today who have had formal training in music, who dig Bach, and who can read and write. (They like Schoenberg and Bartok, too, some of them — but somehow it's Johann Sebastian who really sends them.) This is supposed to be news and a big deal to boot. If you are half as impressed as the blurb writers, you're in a state of semi-euphoric collapse at the thought. With flat-footed fifths dancing before your crossed eyes, you are devoutly kneeling (facing East — toward Birdland, or West — toward The Hague) while muttering the dogma "I believe in the quadrumvirate: polyphony, atonality, harmonic interludes and *note readin'*." Great Big Deal.

But the odd thing we've noticed is that there seems to be a one-to-one correlation between the phony pretentiousness of the liner copy and the records within. Trend spotters from way back

we like to think we've spotted one here — and hope these words will have some bud-nipping effectiveness.

None of the foregoing applies to all of what follows. Sadly, some of it *does* apply to portions of these releases.

Max Bennett (Bethlehem BCP 48) proves that a well played bass, thanks to modern recording and reproducing techniques, can be heard as a solo instrument. The proof comes through on some standards and some newies, all solidly enough rendered to be pleasing to the modern ear; but whether this proves something about tape and vinyl or that Max is "emerging as an important new voice" is open to question.

The Chico Hamilton Quintet in Hi-Fi (Pacific Jazz 1216) turns out one nervous, intellectual exercise after another, originals and standards being given the treatment. A lot of it sounds fine and modern; we believe that Chico's handling of the drums "shows a desire to be part of the melodic ensemble, rather than just a beat in the background," like it says. But we also hear obtrusive fugal passages which haven't much to do with jazz, and contrived, abrupt transitions which are more novel than musical. As for the jacket prose, one number is described as "a Mozart-like thing depicting a flighty little girl." Another is said to feature "one of the quintet's staggering 'Free Forms' intros and has a 'Daphnis and Chloë' flavor." *Gone Lover*, we learn, shows "intricate, serious and formal cohesiveness." This is jazz? (N. B.: in spite of it all, a lot of it is.)

Take *Duane Tatro's Jazz for Moderns* (Contemporary 3514). Tatro is serious about his musicianship and works with such accomplished aides as Shelly Manne and Jimmy Giuffrè. Yet for every happy moment there are pretentious-sounding

and irritating uses of the standard techniques of classical composition, whose employment in modern jazz is, by now, somewhat so-what. And here are two excerpts from Duane's own liner prose about his work. "The melody is set in a Phrygian mode. The bass begins with a half-note ostinato." And, "This starts with a theme built on a 12-tone row . . . There is no tonality but there are tone-centers." We guess Duane had fun — maybe more than we did.

A delicious contrast is presented by *The Modern Jazz Sextet* (Norgran 1076), which presents Diz, Percy Heath, Sonny Stitt, Skeeter Best, John Lewis and Charlie Persip. This is Class A, post-graduate modern jazz, with performers who could be prima donnas if they wished, happily suppressing their natural ebullience to the good of the cause — and no phony phrasing or deep-bows to Bach. Here we have only two undistinguished tunes, *Dizzy Meets Sonny*, which is fast and tricky but empty; and *Old Folks*. By contrast, there are such happy events as *Mean to Me*, *Blues for Bird* and *How Deep is the Ocean*. The last two are classic examples of Diz in his ensemble mood, feet firmly on the ground but head way up in the clouds.

Finally, there's *Jazz West Coast, Vol. 2* (Pacific Jazz 501), an anthology which includes virtually every luminary of the genre. Everyone seemed to be having a good time in all the numbers — but we doubt they enjoyed it any more than we did. And the liner copy? Great; easy-reading, informative, relaxed.

They called Antonio Vivaldi "the red priest" — not because of leftist sympathies but simply because this 17th Century ecclesiast had a pateful of cop-pery hair and a rugged, ruddy face that glowed like the setting sun whenever he

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sawed out a particularly athletic violin passage from one of his own compositions. Despite this colorful gift, the carrot-topped cleric went unappreciated for roughly 300 years, rising to real popularity only in our own microgroovy decade. His bustling, busy talent is at the top of its form in *Vivaldi Concerti* (London OL 50073)—five concerti for oboe and orchestra, violin and orchestra and just plain orchestra, conducted by Louis de Froment; and *The Seasons* (Epic LC 3216), a year-round weather forecast predicted by the I Musici group, with Felix Ayo taking the fiddle riffs originally bowed by the scarlet *sacerdote* himself: two worth-owning platters packed with vital, vivacious Vivaldi.

Vocal discs this month were both lush and lusty, headed by *Mel Tormé* (Bethlehem BCP 52) singing solidly in front of the Marty Paich Dek-tette (that's ten assorted cats, man). Mel can do no wrong with his jazz-oriented pipes, and we especially went for his *Lady is a Tramp* (the one who "can't make Lombardo, digs Basie and Hamp"), *Lulu's Back in Town*, and a seldom heard, smoldering ballad, *When the Sun Comes Out*. But why call favorites? Every cutting on the disc is great . . . A miss we liked a lot can be heard on *Meet Marlene* (Savoy 12058) but for some fuzzy reason her last name isn't mentioned on the jacket. We did, however, find out that she's "young, vibrant, and refreshingly unsophisticated," warbles in a clear, undiluted voice that's pleasant as poetry. Some fine oldies are included: *Deep in a Dream*, *I Think of You With Every Breath I Take* and *We Could Make Such Beautiful Music* . . . Not quite so quite is *Dinah* (EmArcy 36065), a cluster of Dinah Washington's slambam renderings backed by a small jazz group. Miss Washington, of the tremulous vibrato, is grand throughout, but particularly clever at ad libbing the slow-tempo *All of Me*: "I'd suggest, baby, that you come and get the rest of me." *Dinah* is simply delicious.

Few things are as disarming as the phenomenon of a complex, sophisticated artist doing (and doing well) a simple, direct, unilinear piece of work, with complete sincerity and without condescension. Oscar Wilde provided a couple of good examples when he wrote *The Happy Prince* and *The Selfish Giant*; in our own time, composer Serge Prokofiev provided a few others. Of them, his score for the film *Lieutenant Kijé* (latest pressing: London LL 1294) is a favorite of ours. Melodic, rhythmic, pungent, this music demands little of the listener, gives much. The familiar Prokofiev trademarks are present—funny, angular tunes that stagger crazily into foreign tonalities and return, by hook or by crook, just in the nick of time; bursts of dissonance so appalling they sound like turntable wobble, melting suddenly into saccharine harmony—but the keynote of this composition is a straightforward naïveté we find engaging. The flip side of the biscuit sports orchestral

hunks from Prokofiev's opera, *The Love of Three Oranges*. Both works are superbly recorded, conducted with relish (and a spot of mustard) by Sir Adrian Boult, who uses two orchestras: The London Phil for *Oranges*, and L'Orchestre de la Société des Concerts du Conservatoire de Paris (whew!) for *Kijé*.



dining
drinking

The Offbeat Room in Chicago (6344 N. Broadway) is touted as being "for people who usually don't like night clubs." For entertainment they have a jazz trio and a group called The Compass Players (aimed, presumably, at people who usually don't like theatre). A wild-eyed acquaintance recently collared us and insisted we take in the "new concept in theatre" being dished out by these fervent folks. Flatly denying there were any new concepts in theatre these days, we dropped in and were gratified to find we were right. It turned out to be a little like the *commedia dell'arte* of Renaissance Italy, Dr. Moreno's therapeutic psycho-drama, and the Acting Tech class of any drama school. The common bond among all these is improvisation—the actors are given a basic situation and they get up and ad lib a playlet of sorts with sometimes interesting results. The Compass Players have a unique advantage over the other three institutions: liquor. After a few stiff ones, the new concept in theatre takes on a certain glow and the facile performers' agility in out-thinking and up-staging each other seems downright supernatural. It's not exactly acting, and it certainly isn't drama, but it is theatre (in the broad sense that includes flea circuses) and it's also a lot of fun. The night we were there, they were nice enough to do up an installment from Shepherd Mead's PLAYBOY series on success with women. It got a lot of laughs from mellowed devotees on both sides of the footlights. The players are put away in mothballs on Mondays and Tuesdays, when the trio takes over. On all other nights, the *improvisatori* caper from 9 P.M. to closing.

Barnacled beams, spears, a couple of creese, shields, tom-toms and other tropical gee-gaws decorate the walls and ceilings of Skipper Kent's (1040 Columbus Ave.), a bit of Fiji in San Francisco. Once you cut your way through the bamboo and rattan jungle, we suggest you crawl quickly into a glass of rum and peer at the menu. The Skipper, a beachcomber from way back, takes flourishing pride in whipping up such elegant eastern edibles as Ceylon Chicken Curry and Lamb Sate and Numaki, the last of which is nothing less than a giant water chestnut skewered to a spicy chicken liver and wrapped in bacon. Our particular weakness, however, is the Lobster

Flamedor, a succulent mess in which the meaty macrural crustacean is lifted from the shell and set afloat in a cheese and mushroom sauce, then doused with flaming rum and a load of spices. Getting back to that rum: there are 160 different kinds sitting on the back shelves of the bar, and you can order it neat, hot and buttered or in all sorts of dizzying mixtures. Skipper Kent's is open every night from 5 o'clock.

The Bayou is a Washington, D.C. jazz clinic located at 3135 K Street, N.W., under the Freeway in Old Georgetown. The brothers Tramonti run the place: Vincent, an attorney during the day, and Anthony, a dentist. At night, the brothers lay aside their tools of trade in favor of holding court for moldy fig fans in what vaguely resembles the hold of an old sailing ship. The fare consists of the bounding blue notes of Wild Bill Whelan and His Dixie Six, who shoot the musical works between 9 and midnight Mondays through Thursdays, till 1:30 A.M. on Fridays and midnight on Saturdays. For those who get restless on Sundays, Wild Bill and his heated half-dozen engage in jam sessions almost any time after 5 P.M., joined, often, by such twinkling lights as Jimmy McPartland, Phil Napoleon, Toni Parenti or Billy Butterfield. Between choruses, you might dig into some tasty Lobster Fra Diavolo or T-Bone Steak à la Pizaioula. Week-end revelers would definitely do well to phone for reservations, because Dixie addicts use this Georgetown haunt as a regular resting place.



books

Along toward the end of his morbidly engrossing and brilliantly written novel, *A Walk on the Wild Side* (Farrar, Straus and Cudahy, \$4.50), author Nelson Algren says of his characters, "Hardly a stone so small but was big enough to trip them up and when they fell they fell all the way . . . They slept only with women whose troubles were worse than their own. In jail or out, they were forever shaking somebody else's jolt, copping somebody else's plea, serving somebody else's time . . . Lovers, secfiends, bugs in flight, the tricked, the maimed, the tortured, the terribly fallen and the sly. All those who are wired to nobody, and for whom nobody prays."

When they fell they fell all the way, but none of them had far to fall. From Dove, the illiterate stud who showed off his prowess for pay, to the double amputee who was his nemesis, every character in this picaresque novel of depression horrors is a gone goose from the start. But one must deny that no one prays for them: Algren does — which is the saving grace of this seamy excursion into New Orleans' lower depths. In following his

tragi-comic hero, Dove, in his flight from nothing to nowhere, Algren's passionate pity shines through the murk of flop houses, bagnios, jails, hobo jungles and box cars like a beacon, not of hope — Algren is a realist — but of true-seeing anger. And what's he mad at? Primarily, middle-class hypocrisy, smugness, a blindly selfish world which fine-grinds the already pulverized. The book is pungent medicine for the small of heart.

We, like Omar, have long wondered what the vintners could possibly buy one half so precious as the stuff they sell. The answer is not in Philip Wagner's *American Wines and Wine Making* (Knopf, \$4.50), but just about every other bit of U. S. wine lore is. The book is a combination history, buyer's tip sheet, do-it-yourselfer and paean to the Yankee grape (with French roots). You'll be happy to hear, as we were, that commercial wine production in California alone has zoomed to 150,000,000 gallons of the jeweled juice a year, and that making wine in your own pad is about as simple as boiling water and twice as much fun. A thorough digestion of this volume, coupled with Alexis Lichine's tight little classic, *Wines of France* (Knopf, \$4), will probably tag you the wisest winophile in the neighborhood.

The world of Ring Lardner spanned more than the geography of his travels from his birthplace, Niles, Michigan, to his final home on Long Island. It encompassed the peace and solid contentment of upper-middle-class life at the turn of the century; the ripsnorting heyday of Chicago newspapering, high life and high jinx with the gilded darlings of the Twenties; and final culmination, at 48, during the chaos of the Thirties.

Ring's was a varied and highly productive life. As humorist, columnist, sports reporter, he set styles in writing and created a baseball mythology which still exerts powerful influences on today's writers. All this, plus his excursions into play writing, his marriage, his happy home life, his triumphs — and then his troubles (liquor, TB) are lovingly and painstakingly re-created by a biographer who grew up in Lardner's home town of Niles. It will take more than a casual interest, however, to tempt one to plow through the 400-odd pages of Donald Elder's *Ring Lardner* (Doubleday, \$4.75). The prose is too measured, the details too detailed, the view too adulatory to make the author of *You Know Me, Al* come to life, though the facts are doubtless all there.

What Aubrey Menen started with *The Abode of Love* (*Playboy After Hours*, July, 1956), Cyril Pearl has finished with his fetchingly-titled treatise, *The Girl with the Swansdown Seat* (Bobbs-Merrill, \$3.75). Both books — but particularly Pearl's — do a great job of exploding, with considerable charm and wit, "the flimsy but enduring legend of Victorian virtue." Our starchy impression of Victorian England is not supported by

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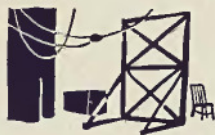
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facts, says prober Pearl: it was promulgated by the Victorian novel, "a formalized, sentimental parody of life, purged of all passion and flesh." He paints his own picture of 19th Century England: a racy picture of prostitutes, pornography, nude mixed bathing on public beaches and a surprisingly earthy, near-Elizabethan attitude toward sex. The girl with the swansdown seat? Well, it's not quite what you're thinking: the girl was known as Skittles, she was a whore of immense popularity, and among the myriad attractions of her sumptuous house was a beautiful john. The seat of same was padded — with swansdown.

Summa Cum Laughter (Waldorf, \$3) is a collection of jokes and cartoons, some funny, some not so funny, culled from college humor magazines during the last two years. The undergraduates exhibit a zestful — but sometimes soggy — enthusiasm for their work. Example: "She criticized my apartment, so I knocked her flat." Another cartoon compendium, this one spoofing the trials of travel, is *Happy Holiday* (Dodd, Mead, \$3.50). Most of the gags are as tired as a tourist, but the book is joyfully saved by the witty, whimsical writings of such guys as Benchley, Leacock, Perelman and Ogden Nash. Benchley's *French for Americans* and Perelman's *Rancors Aweigh* are particularly quick cures for deck-chair doldrums or a couple of howling feet.



theatre

In Shangri-La, the Tibetan Utopia of James Hilton's novel, *Lost Horizon*, moderation is the *modus operandi* in all things, including chastity, and that's what makes it a paradise on earth. Accordingly, an only moderately entertaining musical has been made of *Shangri-La* at New York's Winter Garden (B'way at 50th).

Engine trouble deposits five occidentals into the dreamiest sort of retirement plan à l'orientale, a lama-run commune at the roof of the world where it's always fair weather and folks take their own good time growing old. A young husband-wife team of passé hoofers recover their best routines and lost love. A pamphlet-passing spinster, who recognizes heathens "by the smiles on their faces," takes to moral disarmament. An urbane but discouraged philosopher finds someone who not only read his book but liked it. They all decide to stay. But go-getter Mallinson wants to descend the mountain of eternal spring and scale London's rheumy heights of commerce and industry.

In this version, there is a new emphasis on sexual rejuvenation, as typified by comic missionary Alice Ghostley's *Dance of Moderate Chastity* and cleverly writ-

ten outcries of delayed awakening, such as *What Every Old Girl Should Know*. There's gaming, too, giving Savoyard Martyn Green a chance to sing *The Beetle Race* in his best patter manner. Shirley Yamaguchi, dear little heart from Japan, is Lo-Tsen, a fragile blossom who quickly withers and dies away from her Longevitytown vine. And why not, since she's well past the century mark? But before she fades, she sweetly warbles several of the show's low-pressure melodies: *The Man I Never Met*, *The World Outside*, and *Walk Sweet*. It's a pleasant enough show, appealingly evocative of the personal Shangri-La every man is said to have locked in his heart.

A musical review is much like a canoe: without the keel of a story line it has a marked tendency to capsize; but with the bouyancy of fresh, new talent, vitality of sketch and experience of skipper, it can make for a very pleasant voyage indeed. Leonard Sillman has been shooting the rapids in these perilous craft for years and has yet to get dunked. The latest of his fleet to whirl into port is *New Faces of '56*, a worthy successor to '34, which had Imogene Coca and Henry Fonda aboard, and '52, with good Eartha Kitt and Ronny Graham.

'56 has no Coca or Kitt visible to the naked eye; but it does have Inga Swenson, a strikingly beautiful Swedish import whisked from the Northwestern University campus by the Sillman body-snatchers; Johnny Haymer, an intriguing combination of Victor Borge and Robert Alda; and Billie Hayes, a vest-pocket comedienne who couldn't hide the fact that her material in no way matched her talent. But the entire show centers about a single, remarkable *tour de force* in the person of Mr. T. C. Jones, an extraordinarily skilled female impersonator whose genius at mime gives the playgoer a bonanza of a bargain in enabling him to watch Tallulah Bankhead and T. C. Jones perform for the price of one ticket.

New Faces of '56 is a marvelous evening's fun as it explores a sadistic amateur hour, the mercurial career of a garbage addict whose hashish trash is, the delights of April in Fairbanks, the final requiescat over Crime in Our Schools, and Japanese movies. At the Barrymore, 47th St., W. of B'way, N.Y.C.



films

Trapeze has everything, and most of it belongs to Gina Lollobrigida. The basic situation is an old faithful: showbiz "two" act (Burt Lancaster, Tony Curtis) broken up by conniving, climbing interloper (guess who). Curtis yearns to master the triple aerial somersault, a trick about as safe as a romp over Niagara in a paper barrel. Burt is the only living aerialist who has accom-

plished this fillip, though he has a game gam to show for it and at flick's opening is doing menial circus jobs. Tony begs for lessons, Burt refuses, then relents, and the two are slated for circus stardom. Enter Gina, flying through the air with the greatest of tease, and you can just about call the shots from then on. (The double-entendre is laid on heavily once in a while. Asks Burt, sizing up Gina's qualities as an aerialist, "How are your legs?" Gina does a double-take, pauses, smiles seductively, meaningfully replies in sinuous, sensuous, syrupy tones, "I was owlways strowng in de leks." The posters insist "It happens there in mid-air." Of course it doesn't.) A workable, if whiskered, plot; a socko setting (the Cirque d'Hiver in Paris); but despite these virtues plus some aerial sequences that are well-conceived, well-shot, well-edited and generally well-faked, the picture is surprisingly so-so when we consider the excellence of the producers' (Hecht-Lancaster) and the director's (Carol Reed) previous film fare.

That Certain Feeling is a snappy farce based on a legit stage success of a few seasons back: *King of Hearts*. The movie, like the play, has to do with the dissection — professional and personal — of a puff-headed strip cartoonist at the hands of his right-thinking, dyspeptic assistant. In the Broadway version, this skinny thread of plot was buttressed with a variety of ingenious sight gags and clever dialogue, the majority of which have been retained by the script-director team of Melvin Frank and Norman Panama. They've even made improvements: the entire concept of the assistant has been altered to fit the fast chatter and advancing years of Bob Hope, and the role of the gabby housemaid has been widened to take in the multi-talents of Pearl Bailey. George Sanders, as the cartoonist, lays on the homily-loaded egotism with a No. 9 brush, while erstwhile fragile-type Eva Marie Saint pulls a switcheroo by sashaying through the proceedings with a Sheree North strut.

We saw *Bandido* and *Santiago* so close together that they're still a little confused in our mind. One of them has to do with The Good Fight Against Tyranny in Old Mexico; the other is all about T.G.F.A.T. in Old Cuba, with a side-trip to Old Haiti just for kicks. Alan Ladd is the hero of *Bandido* — no, wait a minute, that's *Santiago* he's in . . . it's that other sleepy fellow who's the star of *Bandido*, what's his name, Bob Mitchum. A couple of foreign-type females (Ursula Thiess, Rosanna Podesta) are around to boost the morale of Ladd and/or Mitchum (we forget which), and such unshaven, unshriven ones as Lloyd Nolan, Gilbert Roland and Zachary Scott are divided more-or-less equally between the two films. Hand grenades and smuggled firearms enliven the soundtracks. The popcorn was fair, the air-conditioning great.





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PLAYBOY

UPON ENTERING the hotel room and glancing at its occupant, Doctor Lenardi assumed that hearty, cheerful manner which is characteristic of all physicians once they have abandoned hope. His eyes flicked over the luxurious appointments—the thick-piled rug, the hearth, the high fidelity phonograph—and across the towel-wrapped ice bucket, from which extruded a magnum of champagne, and the single guttering candle: then he smiled. He rubbed his hands together, professionally. “Well, now,” he said, “and what seems to be the trouble here?”

The man in bed moaned, softly. “Women,” he said.

“I beg your pardon?”

“Women,” the man repeated, in a faint, almost inaudible whisper.

Doctor Lenardi sighed. He had come out of the rainswept streets like an angry raven, cursing, muttering; yet now he was ashamed. For he could not recall a time in his existence when he had been so instantaneously moved to pity. Why? The patina of weariness, of ineffable exhaustion, perhaps; the absolute incapacity that shone dully from the fellow's eyes . . . *Poor devil!* he thought.

Forgetting entirely the difficulty with his wife, an almost omnipresent burden on his mind these days, forgetting his own unhappy state, he walked briskly to the bed and began to unsnap his bag. “Can you understand me?” he asked gently.

The man nodded.

“Good. Then I want you to tell me this. Are you in any pain? Dizzy? Nauseated?”

“No.” The man trembled. “That is, not exactly.”

“I see.” Doctor Lenardi uncoiled a stethoscope and applied it. He said, “Hmmm,” and took from the bag a number of vari-sized articles with which he proceeded to peer, thump, prod, and listen.

Some minutes later he put everything away and sat for a time stroking his nose. Not even in Nairobi, during the plague, had he encountered a human being whose thread with life seemed quite so frayed, whose *élan vital* and resistance had sunk to such abysmal depths. “Tell me,” he said spontaneously, “if you can—how in the world did you manage to get yourself into this wretched condition, Mister—”

“Simms,” the man said. “Edward Simms.” He surrendered to a rather violent shudder, which sent his dressing gown to rippling like a troubled scarlet sea. His face was seamed and wasted; obviously once striking, the features had fallen into a mandarin desiccation. It was an old man's face, sure enough. “Well, you know, that's quite a question; yes. I called room service around seven, I think it was, and that's when the, the weakness came over me. A terrible weakness, in all my bones . . .”

Doctor Lenardi glanced at the two empty wine glasses on the coffee table. “Yes. Go on.”

“That's all there is. I think that I just sort of blacked out, then. Must have knocked the phone off its hook.” The

man swallowed: it bobbed the knot of his white silk scarf. “Am I . . . all right?” he murmured.

“That,” Doctor Lenardi said, making no effort whatever to conceal his astonishment, “is a moot question. There does not appear to be anything the matter with you, in particular—”

“Thank Heaven!”

“On the other hand, Mister Simms, I would say—and the opinion is based upon some twenty-five years of intensive practice—that you are, in general, the most singularly run-down human I've ever dealt with. There may be nothing wrong with you, but I give you my word that there is nothing right. May I ask your age?”

“Certainly,” Edward Simms said. “I am twenty-eight.”

“Please be serious.”

“Twenty-eight is my exact age, I tell you. Here, look at my driver's license!”

Doctor Lenardi emitted a gust of wind. With difficulty he restrained himself from remarking that the patient looked closer to *forty-eight*. “Then,” he said, “you are tremendously over-worked.”

The man called Simms smiled strangely. “Perhaps.” He glanced at his watch and made a futile effort to rise. “Doctor,” he said, with considerable urgency, “I apologize for having detained you this long. I am perfectly all right now. If you will only give me a slight stimulant, something to get me ticking again, that is, I'll be much obliged.”

“My dear chap, what you need is precisely the reverse. A sedative—”

“No, no!” Simms was looking at his watch again, and shaking his head. “You don't understand. It's absolutely vital that I get a *stimulant*. Doctor—” His voice grew meaningful, edged with innuendo. “If I were to tell you that I am expecting a young lady, would that change your mind?”

Doctor Lenardi sat down abruptly. He gazed at the thin young man who did not appear to have the strength to pull himself off the bed, and tried to assimilate what he'd heard. He looked at the champagne. At the man's dressing gown . . .

“You're joking, Simms.”

“Not a bit of it. See here now, I happen to be a man of science, too, and I know perfectly well what I need. I'm willing, if necessary, to *buy* what I ask. Name your price. Ten dollars? Fifty? A hundred?” Edward Simms reached out and grasped the other's lapels. “*Please*,” he said desperately; there was the fire of delirium in his eyes. The eyes searched for agreement, then hardened. “I'll—I'll tell you *exactly* why I need your help in this. Will you listen?”

Doctor Lenardi was about to answer in the negative, but he paused. It occurred to him, suddenly, that this man was familiar. In a peculiar, elusive way, familiar . . .

Well, let the fellow rave, let the poor wretch rave on, perhaps it would put him to sleep. “Very well, Mister Simms. But I will have to administer a sedative afterwards in any case.”

“No; you'll see.” The young man fell



*casanova was
a piker compared
to edward simms*



fiction BY CHARLES BEAUMONT



YOU CAN'T HAVE THEM ALL

back against the pillows like a crumbling tower. "I've kept it to myself so long," he whispered, in a voice already distant; "So terribly long. It's good to be able to tell someone, at last, now that it's almost finished . . ."

Doctor Lenardi pulled his chair closer to the bed.

He removed his glasses.

"Go on, Mister Simms. I'm listening."

Beautiful women (the young man began, in muted tones) are my sickness; I know that now, but I did not always know it. Years ago, when I was terribly young and very naive, when life was hopscotch and marbles and jam sandwiches, and I had no glimpse of the adult world, I realized one thing: that boys and girls were *different*. And the difference disturbed me, though for what reason I could scarcely guess. I was one thing and girls were another, you see. But what? *How* were we different, in what way?

I used to wander about, turning the problem over in my mind. And it seemed to make no sense. But then I would catch sight of a particularly striking six-year-old with golden pigtailed, and I knew that I must be right.

It was a thorny problem, but one which did not, apparently, concern my friends, or disturb them, so I tried earnestly to dismiss it. But I was not successful in this.

I found that while I went about my boyhood in a normal fashion, playing football and baseball and the like, my mind was ever ready to stray. I would be in the act of executing a forward pass, or bunting for a one base run, when my eyes would fall upon the smiling face of a beautiful girl, and I would be lost, lost.

Of course, later, in the private schools my parents sent me to, I learned that my earlier suspicions had been correct—there was indeed a difference between boys and girls—and the vaguely disturbed feeling became one of intense curiosity. But *a priori* knowledge was insufficient to quell my interest: you cannot appreciate the bouquet of a rare wine if it is forever sealed in the bottle. So I was more than pleased when a young coed named Bobbi indicated a fondness for me. She was an entrancing creature, 34-24-36, as attractive as she was cooperative, and we saw the stars up close. And that, I felt sure, was the end of my obsession. The bottle, so to speak, had been unsealed.

Time passed. I'd buried myself in my hobbies, which were science, mathematics and chemistry—with an occasional belt at electronics—as, I suppose, compensation for my obsessive curiosity; now I returned to them with vigor. All was well.

Then, on a day no different than any other, the terrible trouble began.

I'd set out for the parts house to purchase a coil of light wire, part of a perpetual motion experiment. I was crossing the street, with no other thought in my head, when, utterly without warning, I saw her walking toward me—a tall, slender yet fulsome female, regal as a goddess, with skin the color of white

marble and hair the exotic tint of burnished copper; 35-24-36.

The old feeling had returned! I couldn't understand it. I had thought all my problems were solved. With Bobbi's sweet help, that feeling had been routed—for good, I had thought. But now! . . .

I was deeply disturbed. That did not, however, prevent me from acting.

With what amounted to ferocity, I wheeled, overtook the girl, and, before I knew what was happening, made my overtures. They were rebuffed, needless to say, but I persisted, and (to spare you the details) it was not long before Clara and I had got to the hand-holding stage.

I think it was my relative inexperience that charmed her. Like a feminine Virgil, to my Dante, she seemed to take a grim delight in her role of guide, and would often laugh at my enthusiastic but hopelessly amateur stumblings. But whatever her shortcomings in matters of finesse, it must be said of Clara that she was thorough. I had entered the Undiscovered Country a stranger; now, thanks to her, I was a pioneer.

It was an enormously pleasant idyll, satisfactory in every sense.

Bobbi had begun my education, Clara had completed it. Surely now, I felt, I would be rid of the Feeling and could devote myself to other, less earthly, pursuits.

But—

Some weeks later, a very odd thing happened. On my way to Clara's apartment, I caught a glimpse of a blonde college girl. She was like the rest of them—young; uniformed in dark skirt and white sweater; approximately 36-24-36—but there was a then indefinable something about her that compelled me to stop in my tracks. The sway of her hips, perhaps; the jaunty bounce of her hair—I didn't know. I knew only that the Feeling was back, and in full force.

I started after her until she'd disappeared from view, then continued to Clara's. All evening I tried to analyze what it was that was wrong. Then, at a horribly ironic moment, I discovered the answer.

Clara was wonderful, she gave me all I could possibly ask and I could not have been fonder of her; yet, I wanted this stranger.

It was a crushing discovery and one which caused no little self-examination.

But I could no longer think of anything but that college girl, I tell you! She permeated my dreams. I saw her everywhere. She would not, absolutely would *not* leave me.

I am here to tell you that locating her was no easy task. But perseverance pays. I found her eventually at a malt shop, in the company of a dozen football players. Well, Eunice and I began to see a bit of each other, as the phrase goes. I think it was my relative experience that charmed her. We traveled to remote picnic grounds, attended fairs and carnivals, and presently the Feeling, and my sadness at parting with Bobbi and Clara, abated.

Until I saw Carmen, 37-25-36 . . .

I spent an entire month and a great

deal of my parents' money barraging this one with my attentions, and finally, with great reluctance, she granted me a date. We had no more than stepped out of her house, however, when I saw the flashing ankles of a honey blonde in a tight jersey. It all but drove me out of my mind. I could hardly wait to be done with Carmen and go after the blonde!

And so, I am afraid, it went.

A psychiatrist allayed my fears somewhat—and I had begun to wonder what the devil was the matter with me, anyway—by reporting that there was nothing really unusual in my case. "It is as if you owned an original painting by Rembrandt," he said. "It is beautiful. You love it. No other painting is more satisfying to you. But—there are other pictures in the gallery; and, because you are exceptionally sensitive to beauty, you cannot ignore them. You pass a Botticelli and your heart stops. You pause by a Van Gogh. Again the frustration. You see a fine Picasso . . ."

Shortly afterwards, my father offered similar diagnosis. "My son," he said, placing an affectionate hand upon my shoulder, "I know what you feel, believe me. And it's a terrible, terrible thing. But there's no way around it. You can't have them all."

Which seemed logical enough. At the time.

I waited for the calm acceptance to come, of course; for that moment when, fully matured, I would realize the patent impossibility of what must be my subconscious ambition and, like other men, content myself with a less rewarding arrangement.

Unfortunately, nothing happened.

Except that my condition, if we may refer to it as that, worsened. I was disturbed most of the time now, riddled with nameless hungers at the increasingly frequent sights of beautiful women. And whenever I would hear someone say, joshingly, "Well, remember, Simms boy, just remember now—you can't have 'em all!" I would find myself bristling.

At last, when I was sure that I could not continue to exist in the midst of such intolerable frustration, I sat down and took stock.

They say you cannot have them all, I thought.

And then I thought: Why not?

It was a beginning. In just such a way, I imagine, are most great advances made. One man asking himself: *Why not?*

The answer did not come exactly in a flash. I thought about it until my mind was all but paralyzed, and things looked very dark, indeed. In the first place, I ruminated, there were countless thousands—perhaps millions—of beautiful women on Earth. And even if I could locate them, what guarantee was there I would be uniformly successful? I was handsome enough then, charming enough, rich enough; but there would always be obstinate cases, there had been before. Also, counting time for courting, wooing, and what not, there would—and this was an important point—be a *new crop* before I had even made a dent in the first! Mathematically, it was far from

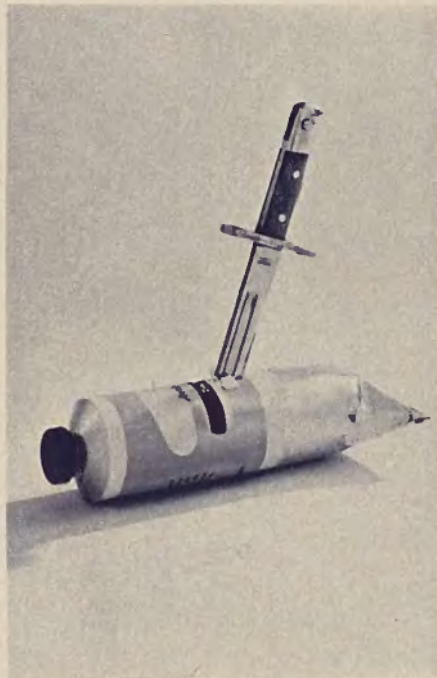
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THE DEATH OF PAINTING

"FROM TODAY, painting is dead," cried Paul Delaroche in 1839 when first shown a daguerreotype. He spoke too soon. For two generations there was life, vigor — sometimes — in the stricken body. Even today in odd corners painters may still be found plying their ancient craft for the pleasure of a few impoverished private patrons. But for the professional critics, the public committees, the directors of galleries, the art is indeed dead, picked white; not a smell survives. It is noteworthy that a Frenchman first saw the significance of this French invention. France was the scene of the death agony. Delaroche's prognosis was sound enough. But it was based on a false diagnosis.

Nearly twenty years later an Englishman wrote: "Photography is an enormous stride forward in the region of art. The old world was well nigh exhausted with its wearisome mothers and children called Madonnas . . . its wearisome nuditities called Nymphs and Venuses . . . Then a new world slowly widens to our sight, a very heaven compared to the old earth . . . There will be photograph Raphaels, photograph Titians . . ."

That was the prospect Delaroche feared. Here were a box, a lens, a bath of salts and with them the common man could effortlessly accomplish all that the great geniuses of the past had attempted. For until the present century the whole history of European painting was determined by man's striving to reproduce and arrange visual appearances. The critics of the last fifty years have been busy in imputing quite different motives



article By Evelyn Waugh

to the Masters and in identifying quite different achievements. There is no evidence of these preoccupations in the rather sparse documents. Most of the letters and recorded precepts of the Masters deal with prices, models, and technical devices. When they speak of their aims they are unanimous. Leonardo da Vinci wrote: "That painting is most praiseworthy which is most like the thing represented" and "When you wish to see whether your picture corresponds with that of the object presented by nature, take a mirror and set it so that it reflects the actual things, and then compare the reflection with your picture." Nicholas Hilliard wrote: "Now knowe that all painting imitateth nature or the life in everything." Piero della Francesca: "Painting is nothing but a representation of surfaces and solids foreshortened or enlarged." Poussin: "Painting is nothing but an imitation of human actions, one may also imitate not only the actions of beasts but anything natural." In the court of Louis XV it was disputed whether two perfect painters, observing the same scene, would not produce identical pictures, painters by inference differing only in their faults. There were certainly at different periods some differences of opinion about the rights of selection of the artist, about the modifications he might make in his model in the interest of ideal beauty, what details he might eliminate in the interest of grandeur. Painters represented things they had never seen, such as cherubim on the wing. Some, such as Bosch, portrayed

a famous novelist airs some provocative and highly personal opinions of modern art

pure fantasy but all the objects were imagined as concrete, visible and tangible and painted as such. It was never questioned that the painter's prime task was to represent. Actual illusion was never achieved except in amusing toys—dog-eared papers apparently pinned to the wall so that the fingers itch to remove them—but there is no reason to doubt that had a full-scale *trompe l'oeil* ever been effected, it would have been applauded without reserve.

Today high honors and high prices are given to the practitioners of "non-representative art." Patronage is in the hands of people who no longer seek joy in possession; the directors of public galleries conceive it as their duty to instruct by exemplifying "movements," however repugnant they may find the task. In the early days of the Post-Impressionists there were ingenious journalists who tried to demonstrate that the new painters were logically developing the discoveries of the Masters; that true aesthetic emotion had always existed in some unexplored subconscious area and was only at that moment (circa 1911) becoming articulate; that all original artists had begun by shocking the Philistine. As the scrupulously accurate drawing of Holman Hunt and the early Millais looked "deformed" to Dickens, so a few years were needed before the common man could see Leger with new eyes. That particular bit of humbug has not worn well. In the last fifty years we have seen the drawings of savages, infants and idiots enjoying fashionable favor. The revolutionaries have grown old and died. No new eyes have grown in new heads. The division between the painting and sculpture of this century and its predecessors has become more pronounced, as more observers in other spheres recognize the evils of the time. There have been no sensational recantations of the kind prevalent among political writers, but the critics on the whole now admit that while Giotto and Tintoretto and Rembrandt and Degas were all in their enormously different ways practising the same art, the activities—call them what you will—of Leger belong to an entirely different order. Can this revolution be attributed to photography?

That invention certainly failed in the claims originally made for it. It has been an humble assistant to the Arts. There are mosaics and frescoes so placed that they can be seen imperfectly and then only with great fatigue. Photography has disclosed new beauties in these. The camera can reveal certain things that are invisible to the naked eye, such as the hitherto unrecognizable stains on the Holy Shroud at Turin. As in the classic hypothesis of the apes typing eternally until they write the sonnets of Shakespeare, the millions of plates exposed have inevitably, but quite fortuitously now and then, produced an attractive composition. But in its direct relations with painting, photography has never been a rival. The allegorical groups and costume-pieces produced in the '50s and '60s—such as Rejlander's

celebrated *The Two Ways of Life* and Mrs. Cameron's illustrations to *The Idyls of the King*—are what Delaroche feared, and they proved to be wholly ludicrous. The mortal injury done to painters was something quite other; it was both technical and moral.

In technique it was the instantaneous snapshot, not the studio exposure, which proved revolutionary. Movements which before had eluded the eye were arrested and analyzed. The simplest example is that of the galloping horse. Draughtsmen had achieved their own "truth" about the disposal of its legs. The camera revealed a new truth that was not only far less graceful but also far less in accordance with human experience. Similarly with the human figure. In posing a model a painter was at great pains to place her. His sense of composition, her sense of comfort, the feasibility of maintaining and resuming the pose, were important. It was a frequent complaint of young artists that their elders were content with repetition of art-school clichés. They struggled to build up from sketches entirely novel attitudes. Then came the camera shutter to make permanent the most ungainly postures. The "slice of life" became the principle of many compositions at the end of the 19th Century. At the same time "gum prints" were invented by the photographers, a process by which the surface of painting was imitated. For a decade or more painting and photography were very close. There are "gum prints" by the Parisians Demachy and Bucquet made at the turn of the century which at first glance may be mistaken for photographs of Impressionist canvases. How far the founders of Impressionism worked from snapshots is conjectural. Their followers were quite open in the matter. Sickert used to translate photographs into paint in just the same way as Victorian ladies translated paint into needlework—and in both cases with very pretty results.

Many early photographers, among them the herald of the "photograph Titians" quoted above, were unsuccessful painters. There was a fair livelihood to be made out of the new device, especially by a man with the airs of an artist; nothing comparable, certainly, to the splendid earning of the popular painters, but the photographer did not have to work for it, as they did. Perhaps no painter in history worked so hard as the eminent Victorians. They knew little of the easy student days of *Tilby* or of the versatile apprenticeship of the Renaissance. Painting had become a profession: respectable, rewarded, specialized. They trained as hard as for the law or for medicine, and they kept in training through the long years of rich commissions and hereditary honors. The physical exertion of covering their great canvases was immense. They used "assistants," but very furtively. Not for them the teeming studios of Rembrandt or the factory of Alan Ramsay. The English patron who was paying two or three thousand pounds for a picture demanded that it should be all the artist's own work.

Photography provided the ideological justification for sloth. The camera was capable of verisimilitude; it was not capable of art; therefore art, the only concern of the artist, was not verisimilitude. Verisimilitude was what took the time and trouble. Art was a unique property of the spirit, possessed only by the artist. You could be awfully artistic between luncheon and tea. So the argument ran.

In 1877 Ruskin denounced Whistler's pretentious *Nocturne in Black and Gold* with the felicitous expression: "a coxcomb flinging a pot of paint in the public's face." The prospect of enlarging this opinion in court was "nuts and nectar" to him. "The whole thing," he wrote to Burne-Jones, "will enable me to assert some principles of art economy which I've tried to get into the public's head by writing, but may get sent over all the world vividly in a newspaper report or two." Alas, that great projected trial came to nothing. Ruskin was too ill to appear. Whistler was given contemptuous damages without costs; Ruskin's costs were paid by public subscription. But it was not the hoped-for triumph of high principle. The pert American scored some verbal points and gentle Burne-Jones reluctantly gave evidence that Whistler's work lacked "finish." This clearly was not the point at issue with the early and life-long adulator of Turner. What a tremendous occasion had Ruskin, at the height of his authority and eloquence, stood up to warn the world of the danger he acutely foresaw! Something as salutary as Sir Winston Churchill's utterance at Fulton, U.S.A., and perhaps more efficacious. By a curious aberration of popular history the trial was for more than a generation represented as a triumph of Whistler against the Philistines. Today, it is reported, there is an honored American painter who literally "flings" pots of paint at his canvas. What would Whistler have to say about that? Ruskin, we may be sure, would be serenely confident in his early judgement.

The German demagogues of the '30s attempted an exposure of "decadent" art, so ill-informed and ill-natured and allied to so much evil that honorable protests were unheard or unspoken. The art dealers were able to appeal to a new royalty; if one hinted that Klee was the acme of futility one proclaimed oneself a Nazi. That phase is ended. Today we need a new Ruskin to assert "some principles of art economy." First, that the painter must represent visual objects. Anatomy and perspective must be laboriously learned and conscientiously practised. That is the elementary grammar of his communication. Secondly, that by composition, the choice and arrangement of his visual objects, he must charm, amuse, instruct, edify, awe his fellow men, according as his idiosyncrasy directs. Verisimilitude is not enough, but it is the prerequisite. That is the lesson of the photographer's and of the abstractionist's failure.



"Okay, buddy, let's see your driver's license, and while you're at it, you'd better dig up your marriage license, too."

YOU CAN'T HAVE THEM ALL (continued from page 12)

encouraging.

Then, in the very act of loading the pistol that would disperse my woe, I asked myself the question that was to become, so to speak, the opening wedge.

I asked myself what I meant when I said *beautiful woman*. What did the term imply? Was it *really* as indefinable as all that?

I remembered the women who had attracted me and thought about them carefully, seeking a connecting link. There had to be one.

And there was.

You've heard the expression, "She may be pretty, but she's just not my type?"

It was this that gave me my greatest lead. Every man is attracted by a particular *type* of female; and there should be more-or-less consistent characteristics determining these types.

Things started to look up. This information meant that the field was unquestionably narrower than I'd thought. Three more questions remained, however; and they were not unimportant.

Number One: Exactly how many women of my type existed?

Number Two: Where were they?

Number Three: How could I get at them?

There was, you understand, no available method of answering these questions. But I knew that equally complex problems were being solved in the various universities and laboratories by electronic calculators, and—call it faith, call it desperation, or sheer naïveté—I was confident that a machine could be constructed to do the work.

However, such a machine would cost a large fortune, and I had but a small fortune, left to me by my parents, God rest them. So I was thrown upon the resources of my imagination. In time the answer came, though, I am proud to say.

At the local university, there was one of the largest and most modern electronic calculators in existence. It was an incredibly complex device, considerably more advanced than its rather primitive predecessors. It could do everything but dance a hornpipe, I was told, and they were working on that. So, in high fettle, and with respect for the instinct which had early turned me to a study of electronics, I immediately set to the problem of building what we may term an "extension" of the machine. Endless weeks passed, and failure after failure confronted me, but at last all that remained was devising a method of attaching the addition to the main body without calling the attention of officials or guards. It was a knotty business, but a way was found.

By now I knew to the last minute detail what sort of women I wanted—they had to be no younger than eighteen, no older than forty; they had to possess an intellectual potential; etc.—and had these specifications broken down in code upon a series of tapes. My extension would be fed these data and would then submit them to the giant calculator

(which, in a moment of whimsy, I had decided to call Procurer One).

Upon receiving the information, my machine lit up like a grotesque Christmas tree and began to whine. It was almost frightening, the noises it made; but after a few hours, it quieted and was still and presently a scroll dropped into the tray.

I breathed a silent hallelujah.

Procurer One had ingested my data and had ascertained exactly the geographical and climatical, also the generic, conditions likely to produce the type of women I sought.

It gave the number and the locations.

There were five hundred and sixty-three of them. Mostly they were in America—which was no handy coincidence, for I knew that however exotic and *interesting* the foreign product might be, it was seldom more than that. There were exceptions, of course, primarily in Sweden and Britain and France; and a number of surprising contradictions—a Tahitian, for example, was on the list; a total of four in Rangoon; and so on—but the bulk lay within the boundaries of my own continent.

You can consider my delight.

I attacked the last phase of the project with something akin to frenzy. Knowing the address of Tiffany's, I realized, did not automatically put a diamond necklace about one's throat. One must be able to afford the necklace, or—one must be an accomplished thief.

In this connection, I eliminated all of the obvious answers and reduced the matter to one incontrovertible equation: Mutual attraction = Success of the plan. There could be no slip-ups, no depending upon circumstances, and certainly no unrealistic faith in my own charm, however devastating. No: there must be, simply, a straightforward method by which I could be absolutely assured of at least acquiescence to my designs—a problem, as you can see, chockablock with difficulties.

An aphrodisiac, of course, was what I needed. But in what form? Perfume? Perhaps; but there would be imponderable drawbacks—an unruly wisp of breeze, for instance, might throw everything off balance. One would have to be sure to "hit the target," as it were, yet if the target happened to be in a mixed crowd . . .

I decided at length upon a potion. Potions were once very much the vogue, and a careful survey of Medieval literature convinced me that here was the one sure way; it also convinced me that although we take it for granted that the so-called Love Draught is a mythical and non-existent form of wish fulfillment, it is nothing of the kind. As with stained glass, it is merely an art we had lost.

Reviving the art was not an easy matter, you may be sure, but I believe I mentioned that chemistry was one of my childhood loves. You will therefore not be shocked to learn that, in due time, I evolved sort of an herbal tea—I shan't become tiresome by going into the exact

recipe—and that this brew sufficed for the purpose. One sip of it, in fact, was quite enough to engender *rapport* in the stoniest female heart, and two sips—ah well, enough to say that I was satisfied.

So, I must admit, were the first stray recipients of my experimentation.

But there was still work to be done. To go about it haphazardly would spell doom as surely as if nothing had been accomplished; for there was the unalterable fact that scores of *girls* would be leaping out of their chrysalises, so to say, and becoming *women*. As I've pointed out, nothing below the age of eighteen would do for me, but consider the sixteen and seventeen-year-olds all crouched, waiting to spring into the fray!

I therefore made up a schedule.

It was, as one might suspect, fantastically demanding. It granted me an absolute maximum of two days per case. Fortunately, there were certain areas where overlapping and doubling-up were feasible; otherwise I'd have been licked. In any event, it *could* be done. On paper, at least.

My work was now cut out for me.

I girded my loins, as they say, and began at once, explaining the following morning for Europe. According to Procurer One, a ravishing brunette by the name of Françoise Simon, 37-25-36, lived on the outskirts of Montauban. She was married, without children, and of a generally sunny temperament. The machine, of course, had not been able to supply all of this information—I'd had to fall back on a number of private detectives—but I was certain of my facts. About the husbands, or similar ties, I knew nothing; but it didn't matter, particularly, as my system was sufficiently flexible to allow for contingencies.

I went straight to the village, located the cottage, and, making sure that the phial containing the potion was with me, rapped on the door.

It was opened by a young woman in a peasant blouse and full skirt.

Procurer One had not been whistling *Dixie!* From her frank Norman features there shone a warmth and honesty and fire that sent excitement flashing through me.

I recovered my aplomb and inquired, in French, the way to the nearest bus stop.

She told me that there were not such things as buses in this vicinity, but would I not step inside to take the chill off?

"Is your husband home?" I asked, noncommittally. She shook her head. I stepped inside.

Françoise blushed and made conversation about the weather but I could see that she was thinking of other things. When she leaned over to light my cigarette, I could almost feel the heat of her blood. "Monsieur," she said—actually it was "Monsieur l'Americain"—"would you care for a glass of brandy?" I nodded enthusiastically and, when the drinks were poured, managed to add a drop of my herbal tea to hers—though it did seem piling Scylla on Charybdis, or however that goes.

Upon the first swallow, Françoise lost
(continued on page 26)

fiction

"THOSE ARE NOT PEOPLE," the fat man said. "They are not people at all. If you think of them as people, you lose everything."

Peter struck a match and watched the small flame blink in the wind. He took the unlit cigarette from his mouth and tossed it away.

"How easy it is," he said, "for you to decide what to think."

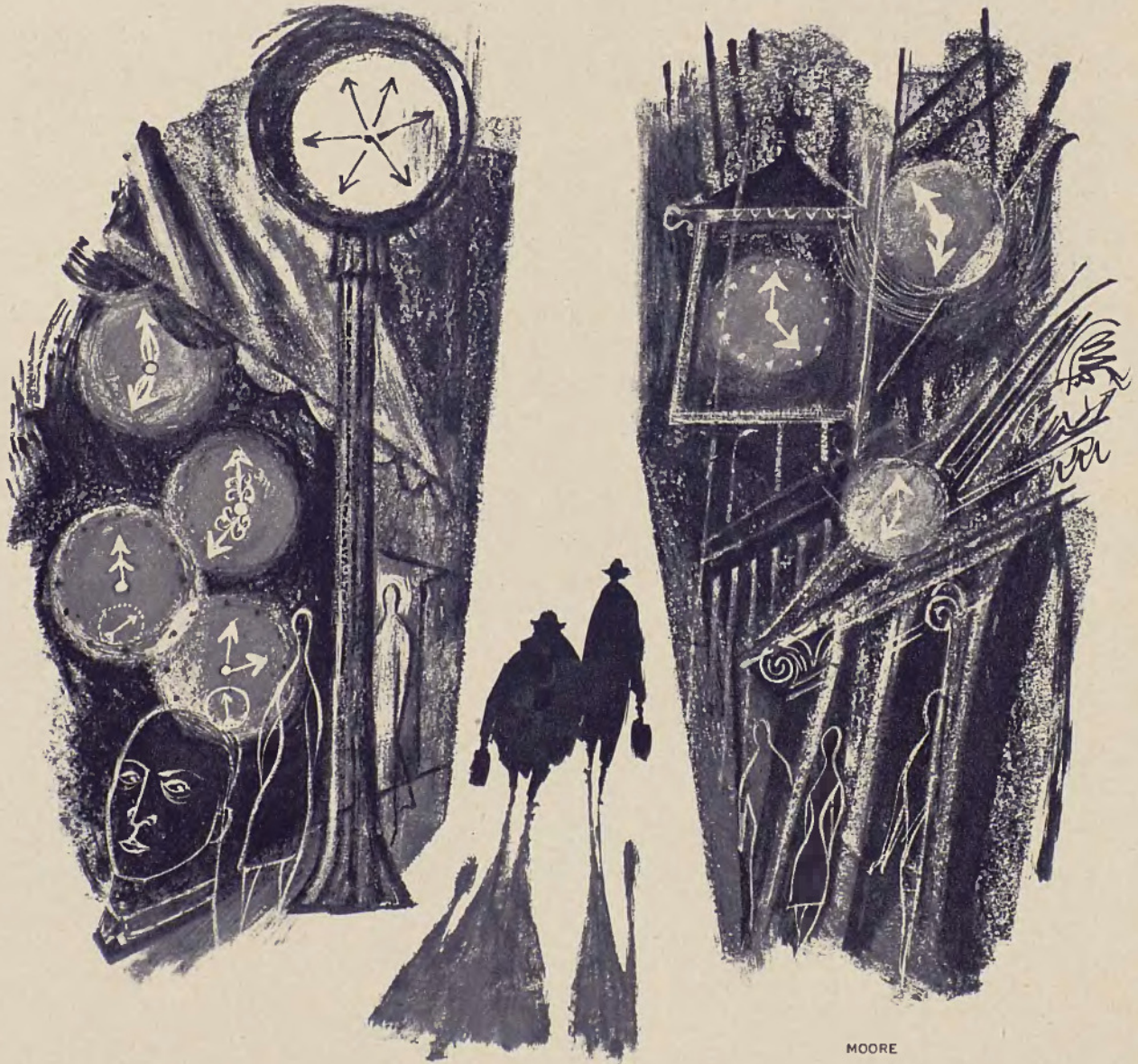
The fat man shifted the black suitcase to his other hand and grimaced. "It isn't easy at all," he said, grunting with the

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doomsday can come in a little black bag

WALK TO THE STATION

BY STANLEY COOPERMAN



MOORE

"Look at the clocks," the fat man said.

JABBING A LONG BLADE through several chunks of meat and nursing them over an open flame is one of the oldest methods of cookery known to man.

Nowadays, it's often little more than a dazzling act of bravado, but in the old times it was a very practical necessity. There were no forks or knives: even gourmets ate with their fingers, and it was simplicity itself to pluck the juicy morsels off the blade, one at a time, and eat them like bon-bons. Dainty ladies of ancient Greece had a special glove to keep their fingers from getting singed. Of course, a few hardy, hairy-

chested fellows gnawed the flaming viands right off the sword, but the less said about these exhibitionists, the better. More important to the Greeks than the practical value of the sword or skewer was the god-like flavor and fragrance of any food cooked in the crisp outdoors. It was an odor described by Athenaeus as "so divine it would make a dead man sniff."

Until the last century, when the cast-iron stove was invented, all roasting was done on large skewers or spits, revolved during cooking and commonly known as turnspits. Dogs held in a cage kept treading



FOOD ON A SWORD

BY THOMAS MARIO *playboy's food & drink editor*



shish kebab, shashlik, and all points east

ceaselessly to turn the spits. Sometimes slaves, children or ordinary kitchen hands took over the turning. Some of the turnspits were incredibly elaborate. One belonging to the Count de Castel Maria, a Venetian lord, held 130 large roasts at one time. As the huge skewers were turned, music played automatically. Each tune signified that a specified roast was done. When the 12th air was played, the leg of mutton was ready to eat. Tough fowl was tender when the 18th melody was heard.

In Colonial times, rough French corsairs cooked whole cattle over an outdoor fire. The immense roast was ready when it was cooked *barbe a queue*, the French phrase meaning "from beard to tail." This phrase became corrupted into "barbecue," and finally into "Bar-B-Q" — which is about as corrupted as a phrase can get.

No man is an accomplished *al fresco* cook until he knows his skewers. In many department stores now you'll find sections devoted to outdoor barbecue equipment. Here you'll see a display of skewers ranging anywhere from small steel pins to long shining weapons fitted with hilt and ready to do battle with the first chicken liver on the horizon.

The simplest skewers are small straight pieces of steel, pointed at one end and twisted into a hook at the other end, measuring from four to ten inches. These are the ones commonly used in restaurants. When you order a *brochette* of sweetbread, for instance, it is usually prepared and served on this type of skewer. For indoor broiling where food is cooked under, rather than over, a flame, this skewer is practical. A disadvantage of the small straight skewer is that the meat will often remain stationary while the skewer is spun around to brown the meat evenly on all sides.

For outdoor cooking where the fire can't always be perfectly controlled, something larger and sturdier should be used. One of the best skewers is the Androck. This skewer is shaped at one end into a large ring that can be easily grasped for turning. The metal is not perfectly straight, but is twisted ribbon fashion so that the meat is held securely and turns when the skewer is turned. A set of six Androck skewers can be purchased with a square metal frame with places for each skewer to rest. The Big Boy skewer is a larger, two-pronged affair. The two parallel rods on which the food is fastened keep the food turning perfectly as the skewer is turned. Also, pieces of vegetable which may tend to fall off during cooking are held firmly in place by the twin bayonets. A small movable square metal piece near the handle end of the skewer is useful for resting the Big Boy skewer on the edge of the stove, and makes for easy turning.

Still larger skewers are the handsome culinary swords such as the Ekco. These mammoth outdoor weapons are fitted with sturdy handles of wood, cork or other insulating material. The obvious advantage of these oversize skewers is that you can handle them easily while avoiding the intense heat of the flame. Furthermore, you can broil, if you wish,

as many as four to six portions of food on a single skewer. For large picnic parties they are perfect. Of course, if the large skewer is filled with meat, you must have a correspondingly large fire to accommodate it. Then, too, the big skewer is a piece of glamor equipment that automatically makes the food more enticing just as a soup served from a handsome silver tureen seems infinitely better than a soup delivered in a thick crockery bowl.

When cooking on a skewer, it's a mistake to rest the skewered meat directly on the broiler wire above the flames. If you do, some of the meat will stick to the hot metal. When you attempt to turn the skewer, the food may tear and some pieces may fall into the fire. To avoid this dilemma, simply suspend the skewer above the flame and off the wire broiler rack. The Androck skewer frame solves this problem. Another device to keep the skewer from sticking to the broiler wire is to place bricks of equal size on opposite sides of the fire. The ends of the skewers are then placed on the bricks and may be turned easily.

For the best results in skewer cookery, it's important not to cook over flames that are still leaping high. Wait until the rage subsides and the coals are turning to white ash before commencing to cook. You want the charcoal flavor in your food, but if a sea of uncontrolled flames licks against small pieces of food such as mushrooms and shrimp, the charring flames will kill the delicate flavor.

In building a fire, it's best to use charcoal briquets rather than ordinary charcoal. The briquets supply a more steady glow. A fire is ideal when it burns evenly from one end of the stove to the other. PLAYBOY strongly recommends using one of the prepared charcoal lighting fluids. If you use paper or kindling for starting a fire, you'll often get an intense concentration of heat in one part of the stove while other sections of the fire are scarcely burning. This means a long wait until the entire bed of coals is glowing. All charcoal lighters are combustible. As a safety measure, they should be added to the cold charcoal before applying the match. After the fire is going, lighting fluids should not be added, or there may be a sudden dangerous burst of flames.

The art of the skewer is often a combination of both indoor and outdoor cookery. Many of the dishes, particularly those from Near Eastern countries, require food that is marinated before cooking. The entire skewer may be assembled, seasoned and stored in the refrigerator until ready for the fire. This preparation which can be done in your leisure time is a real help to the impromptu terrace chef who is so often bothered and bewildered by the last minute rush.

We'll lead off with the best known meat bayonet — shish kebab, from the exotic Bosphorus, the land where girls, waiting for men behind intricately latticed windows, giggle and eat meat lollipops. The word *shish*, in Turkish, means skewer, and the word *kebab* means broiled meat. Turks claim the modern version of shish kebab is their own creation, although they concede it was intro-

duced to the world through other Near Eastern countries. Shashlik, for instance, is the Armenian version of practically the same dish. There are now hundreds of kebab varieties from oyster kebab to fruit kebab.

With any skewered meat or seafood you'll want to pass a bowl of fresh summer salad greens with a tangy dressing. Hard rolls or crisp French or Italian bread are preferable to the usual soft buns. Potato salad, the old picnic standby, is a little off key with shish kebab. Instead, serve fresh matchstick potatoes, waffle-cut potatoes or even crisp potato chips. Relishes like Chinese duck sauce or chutney go well. If you want to serve vegetables, they too may be skewered and broiled. Quarters of hard ripe tomatoes, mushroom caps, cooked small white onions, eggplant cubes or other vegetables can be skewered, brushed with butter or oil and broiled until tender. Thick honeydew melon or meaty ripe Cranshaw or Persian melons, sprinkled with lime juice, are grand finales.

The first shish kebab recipe below and the one most widely eaten by Turks has a straight lamb flavor. The second version is marinated in wine and is more tangy.

SHISH KEBAB I (Serves 6)

- 3 lbs. leg of lamb, boneless
- 3 medium size onions
- 2 cloves of garlic, smashed
- 1/3 cup salad oil
- 3 tablespoons lemon juice
- 2 teaspoons salt
- 1/4 teaspoon black pepper
- 3 medium size green peppers
- 1/4 cup softened butter

The 3 lb. cut of lamb is equal to about a half leg of lamb. Be sure to tell the butcher you want young spring lamb, not yearling. Have him cut the lamb into cubes about 1-inch thick. Slice the onions about 1/4-inch thick, keeping the slices intact if possible. Cut the green peppers into 1-inch squares. Combine the lamb with all other ingredients except the butter in a bowl. Let the mixture remain in the refrigerator overnight. To prepare skewers for the fire, fasten the lamb on six skewers — if individual size skewers are used — placing the green peppers and onion slices in between pieces of lamb. Do not push pieces of meat too closely together. Broil about 4 inches from the flame until the lamb is medium brown. Spread with softened butter just before serving.

SHISH KEBAB II (Serves 6)

- 3 lbs. leg of lamb, boneless
- 2 medium size onions
- 2 cloves of garlic, smashed
- 2 bay leaves
- 1/2 teaspoon leaf thyme
- 3 tablespoons minced parsley
- 3/4 cup vinegar
- 3/4 cup dry red wine
- 1 1/2 cups water
- 2 teaspoons salt
- 1/4 teaspoon pepper
- 1/4 cup softened butter

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THE EKBERG BRONZE

*a cuban sculptor captures
anita's classic beauty
in living metal*

pictorial BY ROBERT SEAVER

SEPY DOBRONYI, a handsome Hungarian artist, is one of the best known men in Havana. Founder of the Cuban Art Center, to which he is passionately devoted, he specializes in primitive, semi-abstract sculpture. But it is a very realistic statue that is spreading his fame throughout Cuba. It is a nude of Anita Ekberg.

Dobronyi, a baron in pre-war Hungary, was imprisoned by the Reds, escaped to Sweden, then made his way to Havana.

A chance meeting during a business trip to Hollywood was responsible for Dobronyi's most famous sculpture. When the fiery young artist met the cool Swedish film star, he was swept not only by her astonishing beauty, but by her totally feminine charm. He became obsessed with the dream of sculpting her. At first she refused, but Sepy persisted and one afternoon while they were swimming together, she suddenly consented to let him do figure studies of her. Back in Havana, he fell to work, shaping his sculptured tribute to the Malmo maiden as realistically as he was able. It was obviously a labor of love.





Sculptor Sepy Dobronyi describes how he shaped bronze with a blow torch, covered it over with gold and silver; explains it was while swimming with the Swedish film star that he was able to persuade her to pose for figure studies from which he worked.



FIGURE STUDIES FOR
SCULPTURE

BY SEPY DOBRONYI

*the photographs of anita
ekberg which were taken by
the sculptor in preparation
for rendering in bronze*

© Copyright M. Pallas, R. Seaver, 1956.

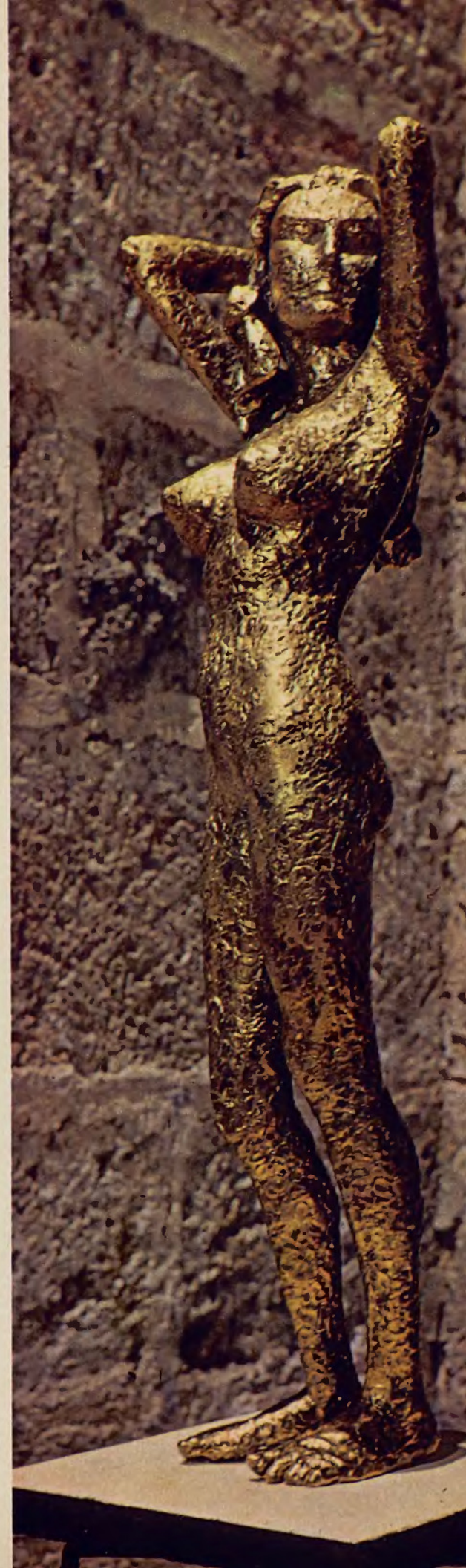


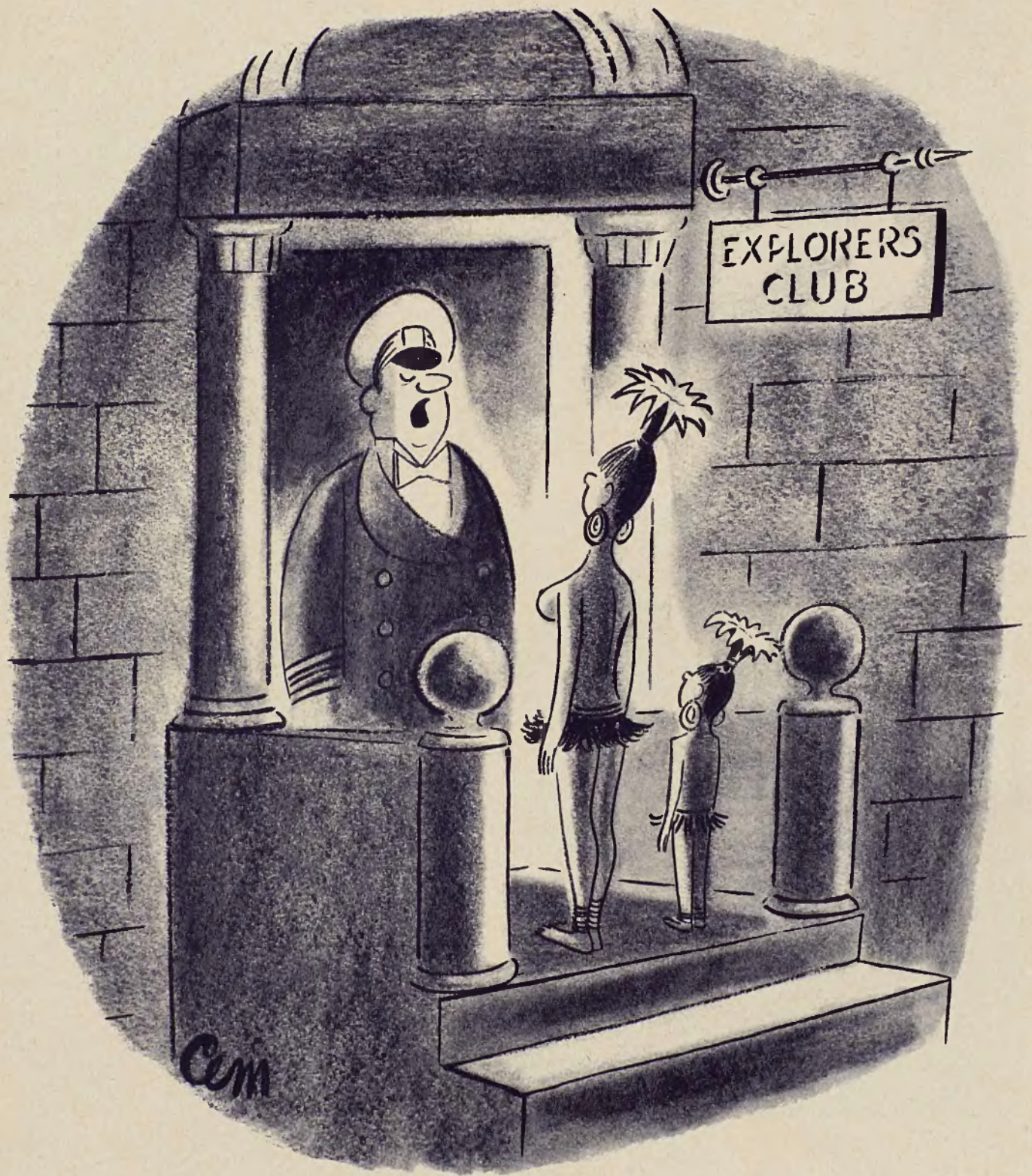






Above, left: Dobronyi in the showroom of the art center he founded in Havana. Above, right: the sculptor with part of his weapons collection; he is also an avid skindiver, covered the Ekberg statue with gold from coins he salvaged from the Gulf. Below: the Cuban Art Center attracts tourists who prefer its work to the usual souvenir gewgaws; Dobronyi's shirt is an original design. At right: the bronze statue of Ekberg.





"Rules are rules, Madam. I suggest you write him a letter in care of the club."

MILADY'S BOSOM

THERE IS A CERTAIN female ornament by some called a tucker, and by others the neck-piece, being a slip of fine linen or muslin that used to run in a small kind of ruffle around the uppermost verge of the woman's stays, and by that means covered a great part of the shoulders and bosom. Having thus given a definition, or rather description of the tucker, I must take notice that our ladies have of late thrown aside this fig leaf, and

exposed in its primitive nakedness that gentle swelling of the breast which it used to conceal. What their design by it is, they themselves best know.

I observed this as I was sitting the other day by a famous she-visitant at my Lady Lizard's, when accidentally as I was looking upon her face, letting my sight fall into her bosom, I was surprised with beauties which I never before dis-

(concluded on page 42)

Ribald Classic

A wry lampoon by the 18th Century English writer, Joseph Addison



The eyes of young men
are curious and penetrating.

YOU CAN'T HAVE THEM ALL *(continued from page 16)*

even the vestigial reticence she had displayed and, literally, sprang across the room. I was not quite prepared, but I managed to catch her and soon it was raining clothes.

The whole thing was enormously pleasant. But my schedule did not permit of divertissement. I told her that she was exquisite, said "Merci beaucoup" or something like that and beat a hasty exit. From the way she sobbed and clung to my legs, I knew that I would have to cut down on the quantity of the draughts: even a single drop was entirely too powerful!

I seemed to hear her savage cries of woe all the way to my plane.

I proceeded to Boulogne, and there called upon a delightful creature named Laurette, 38-25-37: it was an equally satisfactory interlude. Laurette lived alone, fortunately, and so it did not require more than an hour, all told. Then I was off again, headed for Paris.

Procurer One had come through magnificently! With the foreign entries out of the way, I returned to America and settled down to a program of activity which, owing to its rigorosity, if not to its nature, would have impressed the most earnest toiler. Implacably I kept to the schedule, and there were not, I'm proud to say, more than a dozen occasions when the allotted time was exceeded. These were due to sudden moves, biological upsets over which no man has dominion, slight difficulties with relatives, and what have you.

Of course, there were problems with the philtre, particularly in the case of Mildred C., a teetotaler, but these were circumvented in divers ways. With Mildred, for example, it was necessary to tamper with the morning milk; whereas with Josie F., the hypochondriac, I was forced to modify the contents of her throat spray. Frequently I was thrown for a loss, but never for very long: nothing deflected me seriously from my course then.

Cutting a swathe through California, an unusually rich vein, I began to work my way across the States. Albuquerque, Boise, Snohomish, Portland, Oklahoma City, Chicago, Wheeling, Detroit — these were the greatest concentrations, though there were hundreds of tiny outposts, some not even listed on the map, which yielded plenty, too. Tall ones, short ones, dark ones, light ones; the intellectual type with glasses and the innocent farm type; redheads, blondes, brunettes — they fell like wheat under the scythe. I left a wake of memorable evenings, and shattered reputations. True, some were more diverting than others: howbeit, I rolled on, relentless, dauntless, a veritable juggernaut. No power on Earth could stop me!

After a while, however, I must confess that some of the edge had gone out of the project. Not that I was tiring spiritually, you understand; but one is, after all, flesh and blood. Subsequent to number three hundred and seventy-four,

I think there was less spontaneous joy than determination in it for me. To be brutally honest, I was becoming physically fagged of the whole thing — and I shudder now to think of the times when I came so close to throwing in the towel. Although I was in bed most of the while, I slept but little; and when I passed the four hundred mark, I found that my weight was dropping precipitously. From a robust one-ninety-six, I now weighed in at one hundred and fourteen pounds! My eyes had taken on their present glaze. I felt tired all of the time. Everything began to ache.

But Simmses are not quitters. When they start a thing, they finish it.

I went on.

The days melted into the nights. Each conquest became a supreme effort of will. I traveled like a somnambulist, dumbly carrying out my duties; and by the time the number had been whittled down to less than fifty, I was in the position of having to be constantly fortified with drugs, hormones, and other medications. I cannot describe to you the agonies of spirit and body I endured as the end approached. Logically I ought to have collapsed from overwork then; but, somehow, I was able to forge ahead.

Then, one day, as I lay gasping, I discovered a remarkable thing. I was down to ten. Ten more, and the project would be *fait accompli*!

Despite my haggard look, and the fact that I was weak to the point of total exhaustion, I gathered together every last trace of my strength, and continued.

Isabella R., 39-23-35, number ten — Indianapolis — was shocked by my appearance but overwhelmed by my position. In less than twenty minutes, she succumbed.

A practical nurse in Dubuque, Dorothy S., 40-25-37, offered to look after me, and in a way she did. A day for her.

Sondra the stenographer, Old Lyme, Conn., 41-24-38, was a pushover.

Then there was Ivy, formerly Miss Improved Ball Bearings and in 1953 voted "The Girl We'd Most Like to Retouch" by the Association of Commercial Photographers — 42-25-37: a two day job.

Gloria the proper Bostonian, at an astounding 42½-24-34, followed; and the genuinely accomplished stripper Emma Samuelson (known professionally as "Peachy" Kean); and Pearl and Sally and Bertha. Then there was Detroit's Natasha, a fiery, mordant pseudo-intellectual with advanced views and retarded intentions . . . Procurer One had shrewdly pierced her frosty exterior and added her to the list. I wasted no time.

But their names are unimportant. Important only that I was able to check them off.

It was at this point — this crucial, critical point, Doctor — that an accident occurred. An accident that nearly ruined all my plans.

On my way to this city, where the remaining two women resided, the plane

encountered foul weather. The pilot made the announcement: an announcement that was merely annoying to the other passengers, but which struck me with unnameable chagrin. He had been advised, by radio, to ground the plane at a small rural airport and wait for clearer weather . . .

Weak though I was, the news wrenched me to my feet, tore a cry of frustration and despair from my throat: "Wait!?! I cannot wait! I must be there on schedule! Time . . . is of the essence . . . my plans . . . all my plans . . ." But the effort had proved too much for my weakened body. I blacked out, and I was soon to find myself marking time — precious, irrevocable time! — in a cheerless hotel in a cheerless town the name of which I never bothered to learn. Hours. Priceless hours! Do they seem unimportant to you, Doctor? Yes, they do, I am sure. But, you see — the nearer I drew to the end of my task, the more critical the time element became! One slip — such as this — one delay, and the delicate balance of the whole cycle might well be upset! The seventeen-year-olds would attain maturity, become eligible for my conquest, become part of the symbolic All that was now my *raison d'être*, my obsession, my curse . . .

Do you understand? If this thing happened — if that immense armada of girls blossomed into womanhood before I completed my task — *I would have to begin all over again!* All over again: consider that, Doctor! Look at me, think of my condition, and then consider what that would mean. All over again? A wasted, spent, exhausted man, near death? Impossible! I waited six hours, but the weather did not clear. I asked about trains. There were no trains. And buses: I asked about buses. Yes, there was a bus . . . if you could call it that. It seems you took it to the adjacent county, where you transferred to another bus which took you to a place where you got a taxi (if you were lucky) which would transport you to the Greyhound station. . . .

I looked once at the overcast sky, and took the bus. If you could call it that.

And, twenty-eight hours later, shaken to jelly, wracked with pain, held together only by tenacity and vitamin pills, I arrived here to make my last two conquests.

The first, a waitress over on Fifth Street, gasped when I entered the restaurant.

"What will you have, sir?" she asked, obviously uncertain whether to give me a glass of water or call an emergency clinic.

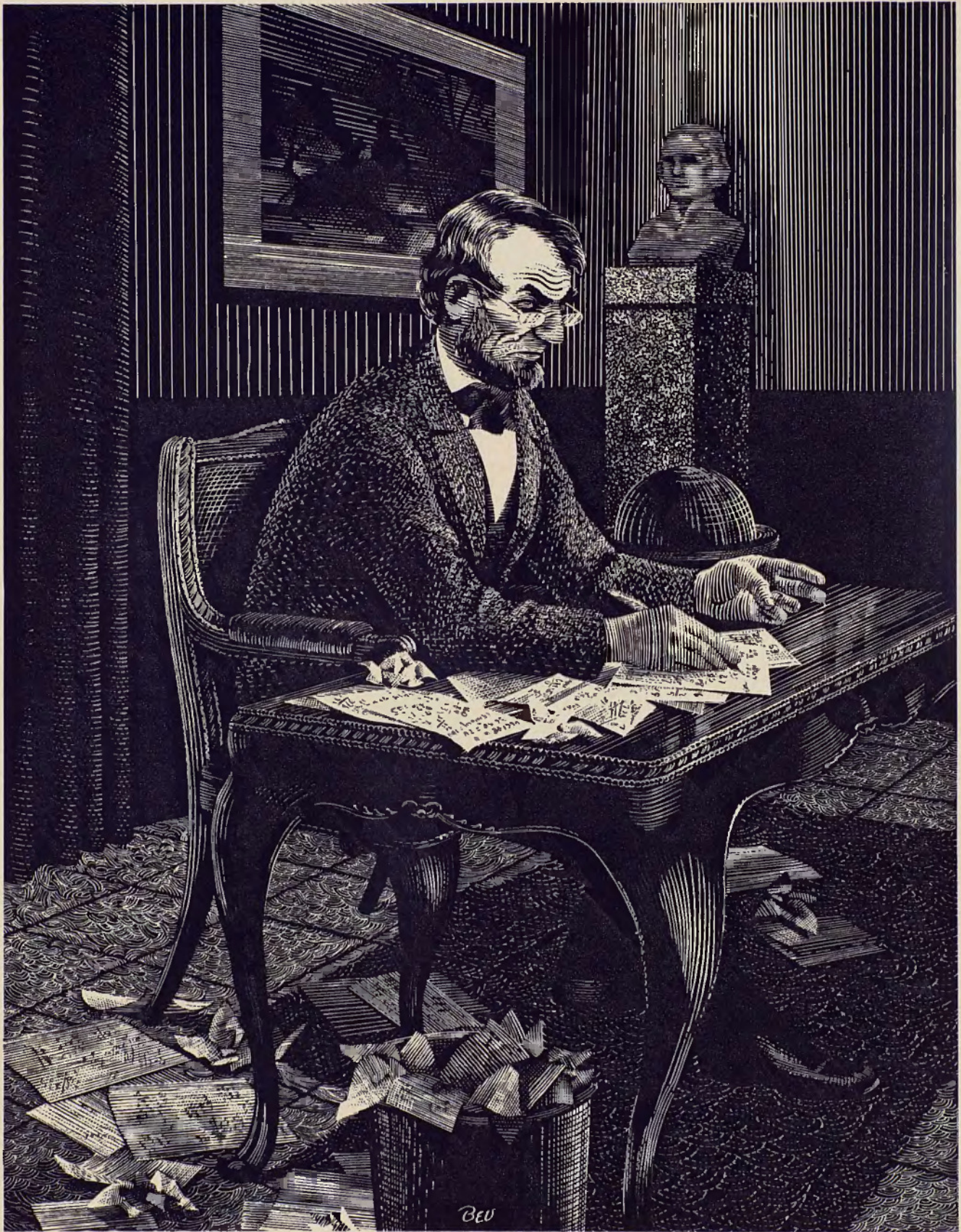
"What have you got?" I joshed, being careful not to chuckle. The drugs kept the pain down, and it hurt — as the gag goes — only when I laughed.

She leaned forward to place the silverware, and I felt like a tourist at the base of Mount Rushmore. "Poached eggs," I murmured, and when the meal was finished, I tucked half of a hundred dollar bill underneath my napkin, together with a note reading: "For the other half,

(continued on page 32)



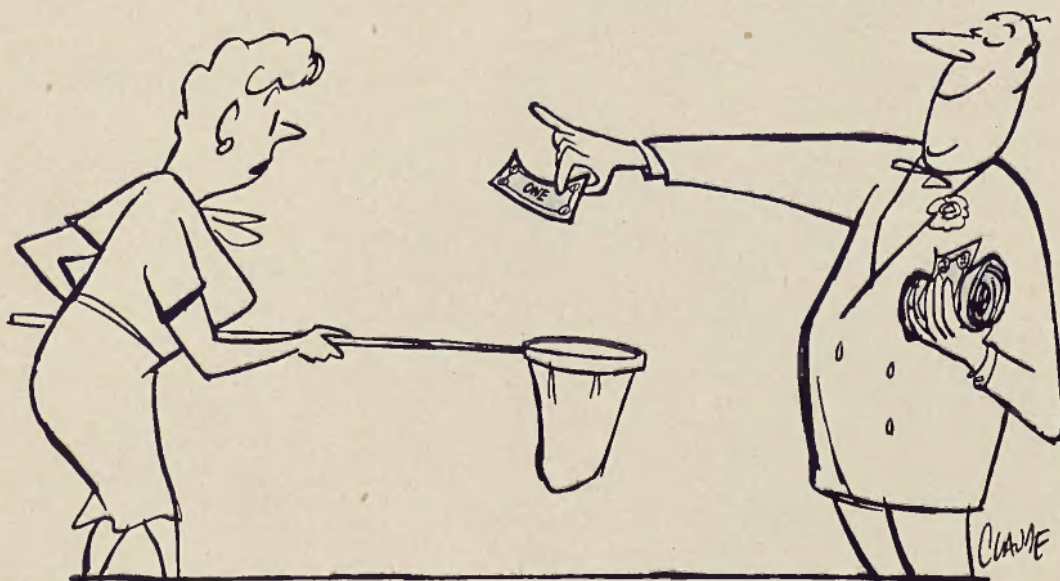
"Ohio casts fifty-seven — make that fifty-eight votes for . . ."



“ . . . 87 divided by 12 equals $7\frac{1}{4}$. . . Seven dozen and . . . no! 10 times 9 is 90 . . . Nine decades, minus three years ago . . . no . . . ”



How to Handle Money in Marriage



ILLUSTRATED BY CLAUDE

THE TWO MAJOR CAUSES of unhappiness in marriage are sex and money.

Sex will no longer be a problem to those who have carefully followed the rules in previous installments. And luckily, money problems can be solved just as easily. Learn these simple directions and you will laugh at money worries.

"WHO SHOULD HANDLE THE MONEY IN OUR HOME?"

Many men ask: "Should I handle the money in our home?" It is not a question that can be answered with a simple

yes or no.

First let us establish some principles:

1. *Women have no interest in money itself.* Matters of finance confuse and bore them. They are interested only in the things money can buy.

2. *Women are penny wise and pound foolish.* They do not think it extravagant, for example, to keep a baby sitter two extra hours at seventy-five cents an hour while they shop around to save fifty cents.

3. *Women will accept responsibility only if it is thrust upon them.* Thrust

(concluded on page 60)



Winners in a walk: the gentleman pondering the proposal (on blueprints) wears a suburban office outfit of traditional length, three-button cord jacket in a practical dacron-nylon blend, a blue rep tie that is color mated to his grosgrain belt. His navy blue walk shorts are of Kenya cloth (orlon and viscose) and the summer weight navy high socks, with elastic tops, are woven of fine Egyptian cotton; his dull finish black calf moccasins were made in Italy. For an evening at his yacht club, the gentleman chooses the Killarney Plus walk coat (dacron and viscose in a linen-like weave) that is shorter than standard length, with double vented back and single button closure, by Gordon of Philadelphia. His companion jet black walk shorts are woven of the same fabric with pleatless front and back buckle strap; button down summer oxford cloth shirt is worn with bright cotton madras tie and matching belt. His black high socks are lightweight wool and nylon by Burlington Mills, and his smooth-grained black loafers are by Bally of Switzerland.

attire — BY FRANK CARIOTI

WALK SHORTS FOR OFFICE WEAR? We might as well pull up our knee socks and wade right into the hassle.

The answer, gentlemen, is primarily one of geography. Those who toil away the day in the concrete canyons midtown or downtown would be crafty lads to keep their knees covered up and their walk shorts in reserve for—well—for walking. Your regular summer suits (the ones with long pants), these days done up in a frosty cotton and dacron blend, are as cool as a Collins and carry you crisply from conferences to cocktails to dinner to theatre. As far as comfort and breezeability go, you gain little by unfurling a pair of walk shorts in the city, except maybe a couple of squeals from your secretary. We feel that being well dressed does *not* include carrying individuality
(concluded on page 72)

a cool companion at confabs and cocktails

SELECTED SHORT SUBJECTS



THE MAN'S ENSEMBLE COURTESY OF MARSHALL FIELD & CO., CHICAGO

YOU CAN'T HAVE THEM ALL (continued from page 26)

meet me after work." A crude maneuver, perhaps, but generally effective.

We met and had cocktails. Then we went to my hotel. Poor creature, I think it was the first time she'd ever tasted good champagne . . .

When she left, I tried to sleep, but I could not sleep. How did Edison feel a few hours before he switched on the first electric light? Or Shakespeare, just before he dashed off *Hamlet*? I could only taste, again and again, the heady draught of Victory. One more, I kept saying, and the everlasting, long-enduring dream of my life would be realized! I'd be satisfied, for in essence I would have had every beautiful woman—beautiful, to me—on the list. All that existed when the list was made.

All.

The next morning I saw that in my excitement I had neglected to bring along the proper drugs, and even the vital hormones—but it didn't trouble me. I would need no artificial aids now. I therefore showered and shaved and dressed in one of my better-padded suits (so that I would not look quite so resurrected) and checked out.

Then, shaking with anticipation, I registered at a hotel hard by the site of Number Five Hundred and Sixty-three—this very hotel—and proceeded to the lady's house. It was a brownstone, very old and mellow-mossy. I opened the wicket gate and went to the heavy oak door and knocked.

It was opened presently by the queen of them all, a truly incredible woman. Short curly black hair, a Mona Lisa smile, blue-green burning eyes; 43-25-36, give or take a quarter-inch. She was clad in a dainty flowered house dress.

"What," she asked, in a throaty contralto, "can I do for you?"

I couldn't help smiling at that. "I represent a new firm, Kool-Kola, Inc.," I said, "and I have here a sample of our product. It is a dietetic soda pop, yet it has all the zest and effervescence of sweet drinks. Won't you try a taste?" I opened the bottle of pop and handed it to her.

"Well," she said, "if you'll leave it here, I'll be glad—"

"Please," I interrupted: this time I simply could not wait. "It's necessary for me to make a report, and I have a great many more houses to visit. Just a taste, just to tell me your reaction . . ."

She cocked her head to one side, and I was afraid I'd gone too far, then she laughed, shrugged, and put the bottle to her lips. She swallowed.

"Very nice," she said; then all but swooned. I'd put in four drops, to be doubly, or quadruply, safe: at this stage of the game, I could take no chances. There was no longer a margin for error. I had to attain this final one that night—or fail forever in my task.

I caught her and asked if I might come in. She told me no, this was impossible, as her husband was home and, she went on to explain, he was many years older

than she and of a violently jealous nature. "I don't dare think of what he'd do . . ."

I said, "Very well, then it's up to you to make the necessary arrangements. I shall be waiting at this address."

She kissed me hard on the mouth, nodded and whispered: "I'll be there, tonight. Somehow. I promise!"

I returned to the hotel and spent the day trembling. At five-thirty I changed into my dressing gown. At seven I called room service for the champagne and candle.

Then I collapsed.
You know the rest . . .

Edward Simms was shaking like a blade of grass in a sirocco. He had spoken slowly and carefully, as if each word were a separate achievement; now he lay back, panting.

"So you see," he said, "why it is important for me to regain my strength. If I am the slightest bit tardy in this matter, everything will be thrown off. A new crop will spring up. And—you do understand?"

Doctor Lenardi, who had a somewhat dazed expression on his face, said, "Yes." in a voice equally dazed. "Yes, indeed."

"Then you'll do it? Now? At once?"

"Do it?" The elderly man shook his head and seemed to claw his way back to reality. "Mister Simms, you know, I think that from now on you're going to be rid of your troubles. Yes, now, I really think that."

"Thank you, sir!"

"Not at all." Doctor Lenardi's face had become a complacent mask. He got up and went to the telephone and mumbled something into the black mouth-piece. Then he returned and withdrew a hypodermic from the black bag. "Your arm, please."

"Doctor, you do believe me, don't you? I realize it's a pretty incredible story, but it's essential that you understand I'm telling the absolute truth."

"Now, now. Your arm."

Simms lifted his right arm. "This is, I presume," he said weakly, "the stimulant—"

The physician grunted. He held the needle so that it hovered directly above the large vein. "As it happens, I had to phone down to the drugstore for what we need, but it'll be here in a jiffy. Meanwhile this will keep you calm. But first, you know, I would appreciate one last piece of information regarding your extraordinary adventure. Call it plain old scientific curiosity . . ."

"Yes?"

"This woman you're expecting—the one who'll, ah, round out the experiment . . . Do you recall her name?"

Edward Simms furled his brow and fell into a deep concentration; then he snapped his fingers. "Alice," he said. "Alice Lenardi."

"Ah."

The needle descended.

The young man winced. Then he

was quiet for many long minutes. "Doctor—"

There was a rap at the door. Doctor Lenardi leaped from his chair, crossed the room and returned with a small package in his hands. "Now, then," he said pleasantly, removing a bottle from the cardboard and pouring a quantity of the bottle's contents into a wine glass, "drink this down."

Edward Simms blinked questioningly and gulped the odd fluid.

Once he'd finished, he said: "When will I begin to feel fit again?"

"Oh, I should say in about two weeks."

Simms' eyes widened. "T-two weeks! But—"

"You see," Doctor Lenardi said, chuckling, "I thought I recognized you, but I wasn't sure. When you grow old, that's what happens. You're not sure about things. I was in the living room when you called at our house, heard some of your talk, caught a glimpse of you; didn't think much of it at the time."

Now Simms' eyes threatened to leap from their sockets. The gaunt man struggled to rise from the bed and failed.

"I have, of course, known about you and Alice for a long while—that's why I made a point of returning home this morning unexpectedly. Eh? Oh, she's clever; always was; but . . . so am I." The physician chuckled again. "Thing is, I was only fifty when she married me, and for a while it looked as though it might work out; but now I'm sixty-two and she's barely thirty-five. And like all women in their prime, she's getting restless. Tied to an antique, an 'elderly gentleman'. Longing for strong, young arms—although I really don't quite see how yours qualify." Doctor Lenardi sighed; then he frowned. "I've known about the recondite meetings, Simms. The trips she made into town—to do the shopping!—and all the shoddy sneaking ruses by which you both hoped to deceive me!"

"It isn't true!" Edward Simms made a strangulated sound. "You've got it all wrong. I never met your wife before this morning."

"Come, come, I'm not as old as all that. Nor am I naive!"

"But—Good Lord, do you think for a moment that I'd have told you my story if your suspicions were correct? Would I have—"

"Don't, please, take me for a fool, Simms. You got a room near to Alice as you could without actually moving in with us. For reasons I'd rather not dwell on, you collapsed; and, since I am the closest doctor in the neighborhood, they naturally called me. Recognizing me, you thought fast and told me this fantastic tale, doubtless in the hope that I would consider you insane and therefore not liable. A low sort of dodge, boy, and an unsuccessful one."

The young man, who looked older than ever, moaned. His eyelids were coming together. "I swear to you," he whispered, "that every word was the

(concluded on page 72)

NO, BUT I HEARD THE SONG



"Just imagine all those screen credits," I said.

THE DREAMBOAT I had dinner with the other night likes movies. I could tell by the ecstatic way she hummed, blowing soft ripples in her daiquiri with the notes of a motion picture title tune.

On this particular night, we had just come from viewing one of Hollywood's latest productions, a Biblical epic, and I was reserving comment until after I had heard her critique:

"Well, it was all right, but it didn't have a title song," she said.

"Yes, but it had lots of music," I said. "All Hollywood films have music. You must have been watching when you should have been listening. Don't you remember the climactic scene when the lions devoured the Christians, and how those swelling ninth and thirteenth chords added just the right touch? I knew trouble was brewing when a flatted fifth preceded the gladiators."

My doll wrinkled her chin petulantly.

"But that isn't the same thing, Hon," she began. "There was no title song — you know, something anyone could sing, like the Crew Cuts or Bill Haley and his Comets. Don't you think the producers could have worked *Faith, Hope and Charity* into the picture? The Christian girl could sing it to the Roman who falls in love with her. Instead, all they do is talk. A song would give the show impact, even if the girl doesn't sing. They could use Don Cornell in the background. What's a picture without a song?"

"A talkie," I said.

"I mean it!" she persisted. "Lots of pictures would win Academy Awards if they only had a title song. Take that movie, *Summertime*."

"Doll, there is a song called *Summertime*," I pointed out.

"So why didn't they use it in the picture?"

"Because somehow Southern cotton

doesn't go well with gondolas."

She fretted for a moment, then forgot what I said. "I like a movie you can really take home with you," she insisted. "Like *The High and the Mighty*. What a heavenly song! — *Dah, dah dah dah dah dahhhh, dah-dah dah dah* — Dmitri outdid himself in that picture."

"Who's Dmitri?" I asked, knowing very well but hating to admit it.

"Who's Dmitri?!" she echoed, incredulous. "You mean you really don't know?"

"The only Dmitris I ever heard of," I said, determined to play hard to get, "are Mitropoulos and Shostakovich. Who's your special Dmitri?"

"Dmitri Tiomkin, the song-writer, silly boy. Anyone knows that. Don't you remember *High Noon* with Gary Cooper?"

"No, but I heard the song. This tough hombre, Frank Miller, just out of stir,

(continued on page 42)

what's a movie without a title tune?

satire **By Al Amenta**

1



2



3



4



COMMAND PERFORMANCE

a near miss makes a curvy comeback



PLAYBOY READERS are a strongly partisan bunch, quick to tell us when they like something — or when they don't. Last October, we were faced with the delightful dilemma of choosing between two potential Playmates, each lovely in her own way. We hemmed, hawed, made our choice; and in addition to the Playmate proper, we printed photos of the girl who didn't quite make it. The result was a deluge of letters telling us we were blind as the well-known bat and should have picked the other girl. The other girl's name was, and is, Jonnie Nicely. She's Miss August, and we're glad. It grieved us to turn her down before.





MISS AUGUST

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Though she's never seen a Broadway play, Jonnie enjoys perusing *Variety*. Below, she tries on a few chopeaux, decides she looks better bareheaded.



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

We are scholars. Yes we are. We recently traced the origin of the expression, "Hurrah for our side!" back to the crowds lining the streets when Lady Godiva made her famous ride sidesaddle through the streets of Coventry.



Lord Cramsfedder was startled out of his sleep by his trusted valet, Gordon.

"Oh, M'lord, there's a bounder in congress with her Ladyship," announced the servant.

Lord Cramsfedder leaped out of his bed, hastily slipped into his robe and grabbed his fowling piece from the mantle. Together they proceeded upstairs on tip-toes, and cautiously pushed open the door to Her Ladyship's boudoir. The situation was immediately obvious. The outraged husband lifted the weapon, aimed carefully, and blasted away with both barrels.

When the smoke had cleared, Gordon looked in. "Oh, Sir," he cried out, his voice filled with admiration, "a sportsman ever, you got him on the rise."

An optimist is a man who looks forward to marriage. A pessimist is a married optimist.



The two buddies had been out drinking for hours when their money finally ran out.

"I have an idea," croaked Al, "Lesh go over to my housh and borrow shum money from my wife."

The two of them reeled into Al's living room, snapped on the light, and, lo and behold, there was Al's wife making love on the sofa to another man. This state of affairs considerably unnerved Al's friend but didn't seem to affect the husband. "Shay, dear, you have any money for your ever lovin' hushban?" he asked. "Yes, yes," she snapped, "take my purse from the mantel, and, for

Pete's sake, turn off those lights." Outside they examined the purse, and Al proudly announced, "There's enough here for a pint for you and a pint for me. Pretty good eh, old buddy?" "But, Al," protested his friend somewhat sobered by the spectacle he'd just witnessed, "what about that fellow back there with your wife?" "The hell with him," replied Al, "let him buy his own pint."

We approve of this tactful variation on the age old delicate question: One asks his date for the evening if she'd like to join him for breakfast. Receiving an affirmative reply, he then asks, "Shall I call you or nudge you?"



"Your honor," said the husband suing for divorce, "my wife beats me."

"And just how often does she beat you?" queried the judge.

"She beats me every time, your honor."

A friend has described a pink elephant as a beast of bourbon.

The little old lady rushed into the taxidermist and unwrapped a package containing two recently deceased monkeys. Her instructions to the proprietor were delivered in a welter of tears.

"Favorite pets . . . (blubber, sob) . . . caught cold . . . (moan) . . . don't see how I'll live without them . . . (weep, sob) . . . want to have them stuffed . . . (blubber, blubber)!"

"Of course, Madam," said the proprietor in an understanding voice, "and would you care to have them mounted?"

"Oh, no," she sobbed, "just shaking hands. They were just close friends."

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.



"My secretary is having a baby . . . bought her a little going-away gift today . . . mink stole, Jaguar and the medical expenses . . ."

MILADY'S BOSOM (continued from page 25)

covered, and do not know where my eye would have run if I had not immediately checked it. The lady herself could not forbear blushing when she observed by my looks that she had made her neck too beautiful and glaring an object even for a man of my character and gravity. I could scarce forbear making use of my hand to cover so unseemly a sight.

If we survey the pictures of our great grandmothers in Queen Elizabeth's time, we see them clothed down to the very wrists and up to the very chins. The hands and faces were the only samples they gave of their beautiful persons. The following age of females made larger discoveries of their complexion. They first of all tucked up their garments to the elbow, and notwithstanding the tenderness of the sex, were content, for the information of mankind, to expose their arms to the coldness of the air and injuries of the weather. This artifice hath succeeded to their wishes, and betrayed many to their arms who might have escaped them had they been still concealed.

NO, BUT I HEARD THE SONG (continued from page 33)

returns to this cowpoke town to plug Gary Cooper, who put him in the clink in the first place. Then . . ."

"I thought you didn't see the picture," my doll interposed, with a put-upon pout.

"It's this way," I said, framing her oval face with a pair of lecturer's hands. "I had good intentions of seeing the movie one night, but since I was at the bar, the juke box started playing the song, *High Noon*. Well, after the eighth time, I knew the plot so well, I decided to stay where I was. And a lucky thing, too! Because that's the night I met you, Doll."

She snuggled up to me and rubbed her nose against mine nostalgically. I made ready to pay the check and transport myself from celluloid to reality.

"Hon, don't you really think a title song makes a picture?" she whispered.

"I guess it makes a picture money," I said. "But I recall some pretty good movies that had no guitars or quartets or harps in the skies or poor man's Greek Chorus in them or behind them. Let's see, there was *The Grapes of Wrath*, *The Informer*, *Mutiny on the Bounty*, *It Happened One Night* . . ."

She gave me a supercilious stare.

"Where are they today, I ask you? Who remembers them? But will anyone ever forget *The Man From Laramie* and *Love Is A Many-Splendored Thing* and *Three Coins in the Fountain*? Why if it wasn't for the song, who'd have heard of Davy Crockett?"

She had me there, but I made a gallant attempt at riposte.

"Yes, Walt Disney certainly made a good thing of Davy Crockett. But why didn't he do anything with *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea*? He could have had the octopus sing tenor; then Mario Lanza could have recorded the song and sold ten million records."

About the same time, the ladies considered that the neck was a very modest part in a human body: they freed it from those yokes, I mean those monstrous linen ruffs, in which the simplicity of their grandmothers had inclosed it. In proportion as the age refined, the dress slunk still lower; so that when we now say a woman has a handsome neck, we reckon into it many of the adjacent parts. The disuse of the tucker has still enlarged it, inasmuch that the neck of a fine woman at present takes in almost half the body.

Since the female neck thus grows upon us, and the ladies seem disposed to discover themselves to us more and more, I would fain have them tell us once for all how far they intend to go, and whether they have yet determined among themselves where to make a stop.

For my own part, their necks, as they call them, are no more than busts of alabaster in my eye. I can look upon "the yielding marble of a snowy breast" with as much coldness as this line represents in the object itself. But my fair

"You think you're so smart, so high and mighty smart!" she snapped. "Bet you couldn't even write a title song for a stag movie — yes, I know about such things!"

I didn't want to get ensnarled in the latter, but the challenge in the first part of her harangue raised my hackles. I've dashed off a few tunes in my day, for office parties and family reunions, and this would be a cinch.

"That piano in my apartment isn't there just to hold up your photograph, Doll," I said. "With it I will compose the best movie title song you have ever heard. I will make you forget this girlish infatuation with the ditties of Dmitri." When I saw she was word-stricken into temporary paralysis, I added: "One week from tonight. In my apartment."

Her eyes spoke a tacit approval.

As a framework for my movie title song, I selected one of my all-time favorite motion pictures. Esthetically, it may not have been the best film Hollywood ever produced, but it made a lasting impression on me. The story line was simple, and so were the characters.

With the aid of a few stock melodic phrases, which I artfully inverted, I composed a tune and captured the notes on some manuscript paper I had lying around. For practical purposes I keyed the melody in the tonality of C — a simple key for a simple motion picture.

The lyrics were a bit more difficult, but I completed them in time for our cinematic rendezvous.

Everything was ready for Dreamboat — the low-key lighting over the piano, the eight-pronged candelabra producing a whole choreography of shadows across her photograph. I even rented a velvet-lapelled, opalescent jacket, creating infi-

(continued on page 65)

readers ought to consider that every man is not sufficiently qualified with age and philosophy to be an indifferent spectator of such allurements. The eyes of young men are curious and penetrating, their imaginations are of a roving nature, and their passion under no discipline or restraint. I am in pain for a woman of rank when I see her thus exposing herself to the regards of every impudent staring fellow. How can she expect that her quality can defend her, when she gives such provocation? I could not but observe last winter when upon the disuse of the neck-piece, the whole tribe of ogles gave their eyes a new determination, and stared the fair sex in the neck rather than in the face. To prevent these saucy familiar glances, I would entreat my gentle readers to sew on their tuckers again, to retrieve the modesty of their characters, and to imitate not the nakedness, but the innocence of their mother Eve.

What most troubles and surprises me in this particular, I have observed that the leaders in this fashion were most of them married women. What their design can be in making themselves bare, I cannot possibly imagine. Nobody exposes wares that cannot be appropriated. When the bird is taken, the snare ought to be removed. It was a remarkable circumstance in the institution of the severe Lycurgus: as that great lawgiver knew that the wealth and strength of the republic consisted in the multitude of citizens, he did all he could to encourage marriage. In order to do it, he prescribed a certain loose dress for the Spartan maids, in which there were several artificial rents and openings, that upon putting themselves in motion, discovered several limbs of the body to the beholders. Such were the baits and temptations made use of by that wise lawgiver, to incline the young men of his nation to marriage. But once the maid was sped, she was not suffered to tantalize the male part of the commonwealth. Her garments were closed up, and stitched together with the greatest care imaginable. The shape of her limbs and complexion of her body had gained their ends, and were ever after to be concealed from the notice of the public.

I shall conclude this discourse with a moral which I have taught and shall continue to inculcate into my female readers; namely, that nothing so bestows beauty on a woman as modesty. This is a maxim laid down by Ovid himself, the greatest master in the art of love. He observes upon it that Venus pleases most when she appears in a figure withdrawing herself from the eye of the beholder. It is very probable he had in his thoughts the statue which we see in the Venus de Medicis, where she is represented in such a shy, retiring posture, and covers her bosom with one of her hands. In short, modesty gives the maid greater beauty than even the bloom of youth. It bestows on the wife the dignity of a matron and reinstates the widow in her virginity.



POP



CHAMPAGNE, that tickly tippie, was first discovered through a fluke. One fine day the good Dom Perignon, a Benedictine monk of curious bent, sealed up a bottle of ordinary white wine with a wooden cork instead of the customary corky-type cork. He then discovered that by thus preventing the escape of gas, a *second* fermentation popped into the proceedings — right in the jug. Since then, the world's most discerning wine-bibbers have poured the golden libation from every sized bottle imaginable. Those who are up on their bubbly lore will match in a finger-snap the names and capacities of 10 such noble vessels. If you get less than 6 right, you should probably stick to grape juice; 7-8 indicates a graduation to *vin ordinaire*; if you get 9-10, you're definitely in the champagne set.

- | | |
|-----------------------|-------------|
| ___ 1. FIFTH | (a) 520 oz. |
| ___ 2. JEROBOAM | (b) 312 oz. |
| ___ 3. METHUSELAH | (c) 52 oz. |
| ___ 4. SPLIT | (d) 26 oz. |
| ___ 5. NEBUCHADNEZZAR | (e) 416 oz. |
| ___ 6. PINT | (f) 6½ oz. |
| ___ 7. SALAMANAZAR | (g) 156 oz. |
| ___ 8. BALTHAZAR | (h) 104 oz. |
| ___ 9. REHOBOAM | (i) 16 oz. |
| ___ 10. MAGNUM | (j) 208 oz. |

ANSWERS:

1-d, 2-h, 3-f, 4-f, 5-a, 6-i, 7-b, 8-e, 9-g, 10-c



(F) (C7)

One time in Al - ex - and - ri - a, in wick - ed Al - ex -

(F)

and - ri - a, Where nights were wild with rev - el - ry, and

(C7) (F)

life was but a game, There lived, so the re -

(Bb)

port is, an ad - ven - tu - ress and court - e - san, The

(C7) (F)

pride of Al - ex - and - ri - a, and Tha - is was her name__.

THAIS

lyrics by NEWMAN LEVY *illustrated by* ZUSI

**One time in Alexandria, in wicked Alexandria,
Where nights were wild with revelry, and life was but a game,
There lived, so the report is, an adventuress and courtesan,
The pride of Alexandria, and Thais was her name.**



Nearby in peace and piety, avoiding all society,
 There dwelt a band of holy men who'd built a refuge there,
 And in the desert's solitude they spurned all earthly folly to
 Devote their lives to holy works, to fasting and to prayer.

Now one monk whom I solely mention of this group of holy men
 Was known as Athanael, he was famous near and far.
 At fasting bouts or prayer with him, no other could compare with him;
 At grand and lofty praying he could do the course in par.



One day while sleeping heavily (from wrestling with the devil, he
 Had gone to bed exhausted while the sun was shining still);
 He had a vision Freudian, and though he was annoyed, he an-
 Alyzed it in the well known style of Doctors Jung and Brill.

He dreamed of Alexandria, of wicked Alexandria:
 A crowd of men were cheering in a manner rather rude,
 As Thais, who was dancing there, and Athanael, glancing there,
 Observed her do the shimmy in what artists call the nude.



Said he, "This dream fantastical disturbs my thoughts monastical.
Some unsuppressed desire, I feel, has found my monkish cell;
I blushed up to the hat o' me to view that girl's anatomy.
I'll go to Alexandria and save her soul from Hell."

So pausing not to wonder where he'd put his summer underwear,
He quickly packed his evening clothes, his toothbrush, and a vest.
To guard against exposure, he threw in some woollen hosiery,
And bidding all the boys good-bye, he started on his quest.



The monk, though warned and fortified, was deeply shocked and mortified,
To find on his arrival wild debauchery in sway.
While some lay in a stupor sent by booze of more than two per cent,
The others were behaving in a most immoral way.

Said he to Thaïs, "Pardon me, although this job is hard on me,
I got to put you wise to what I came down here to tell.
What's all this sousesin' gettin' you? Cut out this pie-eyed retinue.
Let's hit the trail together, kid, and save your soul from Hell."



Although this bold admonishment caused Thais some astonishment,
She coyly answered, "Say, you said a heaping mouthful, Bo.
This burg's a frost, I'm telling you, the brand of hooch they're selling you
Ain't like the stuff we used to get, so let's pack up and go."

So forth from Alexandria, from wicked Alexandria,
Across the desert sands they go, beneath the blazing sun,
Till Thais, parched and sweltering, finds refuge in the sheltering
Seclusion of a convent in the habit of a nun.



But now the monk is terrified to find his fears are verified;
His holy vows of chastity have cracked beneath the strain.
Like one who has a jag on, he cries out in grief and agony,
"I'd sell my soul to see her do the shimmy once again."

Alas, his pleadings clamorous, though passionate and amorous,
Have come too late—the courtesan has danced her final dance.
Says he, "Now that's a joke on me for that there dame to croak on me,
I hadn't oughter passed her up the time I had the chance."





"They fell in love, got married and had a baby, but as I understand it, not in that order."



THE ISLES OF GREECE



travel **BY PATRICK CHASE**

a romp through the golden archipelago

*The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung...*

— Byron: *Don Juan*

BURNING SAPPHO certainly wasn't the only one who loved and sung among those stubby, romantic isles that pepper the Aegean. The good Lord Byron had a whopping hot passion for the golden archipelago, spent several wild years there, fought fiercely for Greece's independence, and eventually gasped out his last breath on a battlefield at the tender age of 36. His heart is still buried at Missolonghi.

We get a little steamed up about the isles of Greece ourselves, and are constantly amazed by the fact that the
(continued on next page)

Aegean area today is virtually tourist free: out of some 4,000 islands, only Rhodes and Crete are occasional ports of call for cruise ships.

And yet there is so much to see: Santorin and Milo (where they discovered that statue); Naxos, where Theseus abandoned Ariadne and Dionysos consoled her; marbled Paros; sacred Delos, Lesbos and Kos; Tilos and Mykonos. Their names alone recall scarlet bougainvillea on frescoed fragments of white marble, black sponges on a silvery wharf, green grapes against ancient battlements, the cool silence of submarine reefs and the incredible fragrance of hillside lemon groves.

You can sail to any of these islands on trading vessels from Piraeus on the Greek mainland. Or, with a group of six or eight, do as we did and charter a 60-foot caique. Then you're your own master, to sail whenever, stay wherever you choose. And the freedom is not costly. Cruises on a small liner, organized by the Greek Government, run around \$25 a day each. We enjoyed fair luxury and complete freedom on our own boat for \$15 a day, and that covered boat, crew of five, port expenses—everything except liquor and shore trips.

You can do it still more cheaply by buying and cooking your own food (which cuts steward and cook from the payroll) and by sailing most of the way to save on engine fuel. Some friends got their costs below \$10 a day that way. But this is no trip for dime counting. Count rather the days of nosing into hidden inlets, singing the old Greek mariners' songs in a shadowed *taverna*, scrambling over the remnants of fabled civilizations on a desolate mountainside.

Where to go? We remember running northward along the island of Samos and cutting through a foamy, wine-dark sea. On deck, the wind whipped through our hair, made us feel we were soaring like the golden Greek gods themselves. To starboard, Mount Cercis' wooded crags rose for 5,000 feet to a bald white summit. Around us, not another island or rock could be seen. Here—for one singing instant—was all of Homer's world.

We came about and hove to, just a cable's length off a sloping, sandy beach, then scrambled ashore and followed a brook inland through a gorge aromatic with tangled brushwood. We dove into the clear, cool water, came out to dry in the glowing sun, to race naked like the athletes of ancient Greece (though we did it at an extremely slow trot). And like the heroes of those early days, we shouted in the ageless silence, feasted on cold roast woodcock, brown bread and black salt olives big as plums, goat cheese and plump tomatoes, great purple figs and hefty libations of resina wine and anise-flavored *ouzo* brandy watered a pale white.

One of the members of our party laughingly commented that Pan was probably lurking in the dark groves behind us, trumpeting goatlike the words of Sainte-Beuve: "Art thou dead, immortal paganism? So would they say! But the Siren laughs—and Pan cries nay!"

The waning sun brought chill shadows

and a sharpened breeze drove the surf more heavily against the sides of the cove. The crew of our caique had some trouble beaching the dinghy to take us off and by the time we were all aboard, with sail furled and auxiliaries chugging toward the sheltered harbor of Vathy, the sea had worked up a sharp cross-chop.

Off to starboard, the moon's whiteness stopped at the edge of a dark coastal forest and in the silence we listened for the reedy flutings of a shepherd's pipe, coaxing the Dryads from the trees to dance again on the black tiers of Mount Cercis. We didn't hear a damned thing except the crash of breakers against the lonely shore and the slicing of our bow through the rising swells of the sea.

We've always had a good time in Rhodes as well; the walled city where you can stroll cobbled, winding streets and flowered-daubed ramparts of the old city, among Turkish minarets, Byzantine domes and shadowed arcade bazaars stocking rich silken embroidery and heady perfume. We especially like to arrive during the pre-Lenten season when carnival time includes gigantic *papier-mâché* masks and dancing in the streets. Best spot to observe it all is the white marble terrace of the deluxe Hotel des Roses.

There's constant dancing at the hotel and even outdoor movies at the Kafe-neion Aegean, to be watched with a bottle of fairly dry white Santa Elena clutched in your paw. We have dined well there, too, starting perhaps with fried squid or *taramosalata*, a concoction of mullet roe mashed with onions and oil (we like big dips of the stuff on crusty bread) or *psarossoupa*, an egg-thickened, lemon-flavored fish soup that's surprisingly good.

Then some vine leaves stuffed with saffron rice and pine kernels and currants, buried in a sort of super-Hollandaise known as *avgolemono* sauce. Main course might be a *stifado* stew of beef and tiny onions flavored with garlic and cinnamon, or *caccavia*, a stew of many nameless fish, rich with tomatoes and onions and wild herbs.

What so-called night clubs there are on Rhodes have developed strictly for the tourist trade and, frankly, we skip them. Ditto on the more fashionable resort island of Mykonos (where we stay at the fine Hotel Lito, eat at the Apollo Restaurant down by the wharves). Instead, we prefer to seek out some little fishermen's tavern—to recapture something of the ancient, haunting music of these islands.

Our nicest *taverna* memory was off the beaten track—on an island called Syros. We'd watched the fishermen rowing toward shore in their ancient *trata*—narrow, shallow boats with many oars and a tiny sail. As they came home across the water, they sang of their heavy-laden nets. And they sang again that night as they strolled by twos and threes through darkening village lanes to the ill-lit tavern.

Tiny squid were frying, wine glasses filling, fragrant smoke from rich tobacco curling up. And in a corner local musi-

cians were tuning zithers and fiddles, mandolins and lutes. The murmur of voices stopped to the cry of the bearded fiddler: "Now let Death die!" And soon the gay folk song swept the room, picked up by a score of voices.

Then, in a lull, a young man comes forward from some dark corner, stands barefoot in tattered shirt and pants, sketching a simple dance movement. The musicians pick up the rhythm, a thread of melody weaves into it; the dancer's steps liven, grow more complicated. Soon another man gets up, takes the first by the shoulders. And together they work out the pattern of the dance—perhaps a true *zeibekikos*, a survival from the ancient Greek nature worship.

That evening was broken at another point by strolling *karagiozis* performers, acting out their shadow play with cardboard figures behind a white screen. Long-nosed, hunch-backed Karagiozis, a sort of punchinello, always gets the worst of it at first. And by some cunning, witty twist ends up getting the better of his tormentors. The plays date back to the time of the Turkish domination, when the little puppet symbolized Greek resistance to the invader.

It was on the drive to Lindos, halfway down the east coast, that we first ran across the delightful Greek welcoming tradition of offering water and a sweet. We'd driven along country roads lined with wild roses, red poppies, yellow coreopsis, weighing the air with fragrance. We stopped at a farm to ask our way and the bearded elder sitting in the shade called out a welcome, then invited us to sit awhile with him. Thereupon his granddaughter came from the house with glasses of clear water and tiny bowls of sweet cherry jam—to bid us welcome in a way unchanged for 3,000 years.

Water, as a matter of fact, is prized above all other drinks in this parched land (maybe because a lot of the resinated wine tastes at first like furniture polish). On Kos, our overnight host did us a signal honor by walking four miles to a special spring and four miles back with a pitcher of its water for our delectation. And in Athens, a companionable bibber at a nearby cafe table informed us that proprietors of the better cafes keep three or four different waters to suit various tastes. He added that no cafe can serve the best for, like young wine, spring water does not "travel" well. For full savor, it must be drunk at the source.

Crete is distinguished in our minds for a couple of the worst hotels we've yet met (only DDT saved the day). But no one can beat Crete when it comes to antiquities.

At Heraklion, we wandered through the museum that houses the relics of Crete's fabulous civilization, so far ahead of its time that it ran to marble baths, indoor plumbing with running water and state socialism—at a time when Abraham was living with the Children of Israel in skin tents. No relics of the 5,000-year-old Minoan culture have ever been allowed out of Crete. So the

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fiction

BY WILLARD MARSH

AD LIB EXIT

BRADFORD CRANE crossed the dressing room to his littered makeup table. He moved with a boxer's occupational grace — even resembled a boxer in his stained silk robe and the towel around his neck. The loop of bulbs bordering the mirror shed a hard shadowless light. Beneath it

he examined this season's face, each profile separately, like a butcher inspecting a side of beef for spoilage. It had heavy hair and eyebrows, a strong nose that saved its olive handsomeness from delicacy. But it was 49 years old, this face.
(concluded on next page)

love's labor was lost between the first and second acts

Thoughtfully, Bradford added more liner to his sideburns.

The door clicked shut and a girl stepped into the mirror.

"Care to buy a turkey, Mr. Crane? A nice fat, well-aged turkey?"

He swung around, smiling. "Didn't anyone bring you up to knock on doors? You might have caught me with my toupee down."

"No such luck," she said. "Oh, Brad, you were wonderful. The play reeks so far, but you're absolutely wonderful. You practically carry the whole cast on your back — like a kangaroo."

He laughed. "It's an opossum, I think."

"You're so well-informed, dear. You're not only beautiful, but you have —"

"Skip it. When'd you get back?"

"Last week." She tried to be casual rather than accusing. "Anyway, I'm here. If it still matters." Then she came into his arms with a rush, tilting her face up.

Bradford kissed her lightly on the forehead. "You know I'm always glad to see you, Nancy."

She stepped back, hurt. "What is this, Friendship Week?"

In her green gabardine suit with the short mink jacket and matching hat, Nancy Otis looked unconvincingly mature as if brought to adulthood like a forced plant. Her hair, the same autumn luster as the season outside, not only made her hat superfluous, it made it criminal.

"I don't quite understand," Bradford said easily.

"That's right, be strong and silent. Make me draw it out of you."

Bradford busied himself at the make-up table. "Tell me, did you have a nice trip? How was Nassau?"

"How was Nassau," Nancy said. "Nassau was very warm. Not the least bit like the temperature in this room."

"I like your hat," he said.

She caught his arm, swiveling him around. "Listen, you hambone — how about climbing off that horse so I can get an even start?"

He smiled in spite of himself.

"It's human," Nancy said, relaxing. "It reacts."

She reached a timid hand to his shoulder. "Come on, Brad, tell me where it itches. Have I done anything to hurt us?"

He refused to meet her eyes. "It's the other way around, if anything."

He heard her catch her breath.

"You see, I added it all up while you were gone, Nancy. I wasn't happy with the figures, even tried to doctor them. But the score kept coming out the same."

"Let me guess," she said. "I lost."

"You would have, if we'd gone on. But now we can call it a tie," he said lightly. "We can both quit winners."

Nancy sat down slowly. "Who is she, Brad?"

"I think you're missing the point —"

"Is it anyone I know?"

Bradford let out his breath. "As it

happens," he said, "there is a she. But that's not the point at issue. She couldn't possibly compete with you on any level. She's a — well, rather mature woman, frankly. Not that she hasn't a certain amount of money and common sense," he said defensively. "But she's a little closer to my speed — or lack of it. After all," he said, "whether you know it or not, I'm getting to be fortyish."

"In other words, you're taking out an annuity for your old age," Nancy said.

"I suppose that's one definition."

"The premiums might turn out to be expensive. Just think of the upkeep on corsets alone."

"Well, we can buy them in pairs and save money."

"You poor broken-down bastard! How did you ever escape from your oxygen tent?" Nancy jumped to her feet. "Didn't it occur to you," she said, "that I'm not exactly going to be penniless myself on my twenty-first birthday? If you can manage to last that long —"

"Hold it," Bradford said. "You seem to have the wrong impression. I'm not planning to change professions. I'll earn my keep. No one will pity her ten years from now, because she'll never be mistaken for my daughter."

They faced one another, brought to a dead end. There was a quick rap at the door.

"Five minutes, Mr. Crane!"

Nancy's face was slack with resignation.

"I had a hunch," she said bitterly. "I should have stayed in town."

"That wouldn't have changed things."

"I suppose not." She wouldn't look at him. "Don't you ever change the air in here? It smells like the inside of an old trunk."

Bradford kept away from her. It took effort.

"I want you to know it wasn't a case of mistaken identity," he said. "There've been other women in my life, God knows. And there always will be, I suppose. But I have a feeling that they'll never fill your — I was going to say shoes," he smiled, "but that doesn't quite express it."

Slowly lifting her head, Nancy smiled back. Her eyes were glistening.

"Was I that different for you, Brad? It would help so much if it were true."

"Oh, Nancy, Nancy . . ." He didn't have the words for it. "You were all I ever —" And now he found the words, his voice coming in rich conviction. "I'm not a religious man, Nancy. But somehow, being with you was like being let loose from a dirty cage. The world suddenly had a pattern to it, and clean smells. It was as if it had shrunk to the size of God's back yard, and we were the first two tenants . . ."

He broke off in embarrassment. "Listen to that, I must be getting senile."

"Oh Brad, I waited so long to hear you say it!"

"Well, I don't suppose anyone else'll ever hear it," he said. "Now look at you. You're running over at the edges." He

rocked her loosely in his arms. "Stop it, it's contagious. I've got a performance to give, and my mascara's starting to run."

Nancy's voice was muffled against his chest. "I'll never forget this room. I guess I'm too conditioned to the smell of old trunks," she said. "Like Pavlov's dogs. Bitches, probably, or they wouldn't have been such pushovers."

"We were both pushovers," he said. "That's what made it so nice." Gently he pushed free of her. "Run, along, baby. Don't forget me too soon."

At the door she turned to him, tried to speak. Then she was gone, her quick heels diminishing toward the alley.

Bradford lit a cigarette and stood watching the slow unfolding smoke. Through it, he suddenly got a picture of Nancy ducking into the nearest cab and riding aimlessly beneath the sagging autumn sky until her pocket change ran out, along with her thoughts. But she'd get over it in time.

And that was more than he could predict for himself. There was no wealthy older woman. Although there probably would be when the time came.

The room echoed with a brisk knock. "Curtain, Mr. Crane!"

"Coming," he called.

Wearily, he caught up his tuxedo coat from the costume rack and slid into it. Outside the dressing room, the stagehands sprawled, idly watching the frantic, hushed activity of the actors. Hurrying toward the wings he bumped into Pamela Hampton, the leading lady. She grunted, elevating her bust severely.

"Really, Bradford, you ought to get yourself a seeing-eye dog."

"Why, darling," he said, "are you applying for the job?"

He watched her stalk on stage, tightly-girdled beneath her evening gown. Holding her age badly, Bradford thought in satisfaction. He stood in the wings, beside a prop man clucking in concern above his table.

And now the curtains drew back with a muffled rustle. Quiet settled over the matinee audience. The party music record came up full.

Pamela stood in the artificial moonlight before the glazed paper shrubs, an expectant smile on her face. She was humming to herself, off key as always. Confidently, Bradford stepped out on stage, saw Pamela turn and drift forward into the soft pink spot.

"Why, Hubert," she said, archly. "Won't you be missed inside?"

"I had to see you, Adrienne," Bradford said huskily. "You've been going around in my head like a crazy tune. I have to tell you . . ."

"Tell me what, Hubert?"

She was close enough for him to smell that atrocious perfume she insisted on. He caught her hand tenderly.

"I'm not a religious man, Adrienne," he said. "But somehow, being with you is like being let loose from a dirty cage . . ."

Silverstein

*sketches from the satirical pen
of a talented new cartoonist*





Silverstein

"Well, you can, if you want to . . ."



*"For heaven's sake, Ed — stop apologizing!
As far as I'm concerned, it never happened!"*



*"Oh, if you'd only listened to your old
mother! How I begged you . . . reasoned
with you . . . pleaded with you — 'Have the
get-away car overhauled!' — But no . . ."*



"But it's not as if we were stealing the song, Charlie. We just borrow the tune and add our own original lyrics. Now in the first line, instead of 'O say can you see,' we put . . ."

a sporting chance from top to toe **ATTIRE**



DIAL FOR STYLE

PROPERLY HATTED AND SHOD for the midday sun? Our formula includes a touch of the traditional, coupled with a bit of flair for summer kicks. Starting clockwise, just minutes before 12 o'clock high, the shell cordovan scuffs work out great for beach wear or padding beside the pool; cost \$8.95. The Byrd cloth knockabout hat by Reeves is neatly holed to let the breeze whip through, yet is completely waterproofed to counter that sudden summer squall; about \$4. Italian madness in a rope soled sandal—a blue madras cotton print backed with white duck; the tab, \$7.95. Caps figure widely in the casual scene and the 4 o'clock job is an import in

Lanella cloth in a traditional check; around \$4. Fair weather gear for the schooner crew will invariably include the fabric-topped, rubber-bottomed sailing shoe in a blue-gray by Cominodore; about \$7. The small ivy-shaped sports car cap with belt in the back is a nattily striped M. W. Thomas cotton; at \$3.95. Yacht club and campus favorite of long standing: the classic white buckskin shoe in the traditional five-eyelet oxford with red rubber soles, by Barnett, Ltd., \$17.95. The peak-billed fisherman's or golfer's cap in a handsome blue and green tartan plaid comes in a fine D. and J. Anderson cotton from Scotland, is priced at \$4.50.

Kindergarten teacher, TV singer, V.P. of a time-lock company, copywriter, the wife of a news commentator and the publisher of a magazine stroll down Rush Street on their way to 3 A.M. painting party dressed smartly in potato sacks.

Pittdown



CHICAGO'S NEAR NORTH SIDE stretches over a square mile area just outside the city's Loop, but its spiritual roots stretch to Greenwich Village in New York and to the Left Bank of Paris. On the edge of the city considered the capital of Midwest conservatism, a restless, rebel community thrives: writers, artists, radio, TV, magazine and newspaper people, with a mind, a mood and a morality distinctively their own.

In the Twenties and Thirties, Chicago writers like Hemingway, Sandburg and Farrell set the literary world afire and Ben Hecht drank in Rush Street dives and lived the Hechtic newspaper life he immortalized in his Broadway play, *Front Page*.

The Dill Pickle Club, favorite hangout of earlier bohemian literati, is now an art and photographic studio, but a dozen similar bistros have sprung up in its place. The really off-beat meet in a dingy bar named, most appropriately, the College of Complexes, presided over by an

chicago bohemians literally paint the town red



At left, the first policeman arrives and wants to know what an advertising executive wearing a torn sheet and a mink mustache is doing up on a ladder painting the ceiling of a city park underpass. The ad exec went right on painting and after the cop read the phoney letter of permission, he wandered off, while the cave people painted prehistoric hieroglyphics on the tunnel walls. At right, a dancer brightens the ceiling; extreme right, chief dinosaur Joyce admonishes ad exec for his sloppy mastodon mural.



Painting Party

old Dill Pickle bartender; James Jones and Willard Motley, authors of *From Here to Eternity* and *Knock on Any Door*, became drinking companions in the East Inn on Superior Street; Nelson Algren, *The Man with the Golden Arm*, spends his evenings playing poker at the bar in the Art Center run by Ellen Borden Stevenson (Adlai's ex-wife); Dave Garroway, Burr Tillstrom, Studs Terkel, and many of the others responsible for the much-copied casual "Chicago style" TV of a half dozen years ago, spent their leisure hours in the drinking places up and down Rush Street; editors, promotion men, advertising agency executives, show people, imbibe and converse in Larry's, the Dunes, Easy Street, Scotch Mist and The Gate of Horn, eat a midnight meal at Milano's, listen to jazz at Mister Kelly's and Cloister Inn.

PLAYBOY is published on Chicago's Near North Side and so are such contrasting publications as *Poetry* magazine and

the *Chicago Tribune*; stations WBBM, WGN and WGN-TV are there; so are most of the city's commercial art and advertising agencies; bums and bohemians indulge in soap box oratory in Bug House Square, Gold Coast society gathers at the plush Pump Room and conventioners can still find strippers and prostitutes in the dives along Clark Street.

One Sunday afternoon not too long ago, a group of Near Northites were lying uneasily in the sun at Oak Street Beach, disturbed because nothing very exciting (by Near North standards) had occurred that week. Several suggestions were made to improve the situation: A handsome lawn in the area carried a sign warning that the grass had been chemically treated and was poisonous to dogs, but the idea of borrowing four or five dead animals from the local pound and laying them about the lawn was dismissed as a bit too grisly; the idea of putting colored filters over the lights that illuminate the Wrigley Building at night, giving

PHOTOGRAPHED ESPECIALLY FOR PLAYBOY BY MIKE SHEA



the appearance that someone had painted the edifice green, was set aside because St. Patrick's day was nine months away; it was an out-of-work TV script and promotion girl named Joyce who came up with the suggestion that met with most general approval.

There is an underpass beneath Lake Shore Drive that permits bathers to reach the beach. It was, Joyce pointed out, a very drab, uninteresting passageway that could do with a bit of decoration. With all the art talent available on the Near North Side, why not throw a tunnel painting party and brighten those dull gray walls with colorful pictures and designs? The more the group talked about the idea, the better they liked it.

The tunnel is not unlike a cave and so it was decided that the party should be given a prehistoric cave painting theme. During the next week, signs announcing the Piltown Painting Party appeared in local late-night places and word spread throughout the Near North Side that on the following Friday, at 3 A.M., all those interested in improving the appearance of their environs should be at the Division Street underpass with brush and paint (those expecting to be too drunk to manipulate a brush were advised to bring roller or spray-gun) and dressed as their favorite prehistoric personality.

Joyce was certain the Chicago Park District would approve of this scheme to beautify city property and so, mid-week, she visited park headquarters and requested a letter of permission. When it was refused, she asked one of the secretaries seated in the outer office for some Park District stationery, took it home and wrote a letter of her own.

On Friday night a dozen prehistoric pranksters strode down Rush Street, gathering recruits from bistros along the way. A large banner across the underpass entrance announced: WELCOME STONED AGE. A magazine publisher and a kindergarten teacher arrived wearing burlap bags, a muscular bank executive showed up in a leopard skin, a member of the Canadian consulate donned a rented gorilla costume.

The party was just getting under way when the first policeman showed up. He stared up at a Piltown painter who'd brought a ladder in order to paint the ceiling.

"What are you doing up there?" he demanded.

"Painting," said the painter, continuing at it.

"Come down from there." The policeman was brusque in his certainty that no one had any business painting a city underpass at 3 in the morning, especially not wearing an old sheet and a mink mustache.

"We've permission," said the painter.

Right then, someone produced Joyce's letter. It was enthusiastic in its approval of the plan to paint the tunnel and though it was signed by a wholly fictitious "official," the Park District stationery gave it a look of authenticity. The policeman retreated to his patrol car, returning with a fellow officer, who also carefully considered the letter. The two policemen surveyed the situation for a time from outside the tunnel, then went in search of their superiors.

They brought back a couple of sergeants. By then more than 200 paleolithic partisans were crowding the underpass: a gentleman in white tie and tails was busy painting the likeness of a girlfriend on the wall with a full palette of oils;

Several dozen Near North Side writers, artists, advertising execs, newspaper men and their assorted friends crowd Chicago's Division Street underpass to paint murals, abstracts, self portraits and other nonsense on walls.





Above, on the street, two policemen reconsider the phony letter authorizing the painting and wonder why an official would permit such a motley mob to decorate city property. Meanwhile, the revelers continued painting and, at right, tiring of the tunnel, begin on each other.



A member of the Canadian consulate stalks through the tunnel wearing a gorilla costume, a pretty Near Norther beautifies a bare bit of cement, a bank exec and girlfriend attack the problem from two levels.



The cave dwellers eventually come out of the tunnel and begin applying their paleolithic painting to the cement walk of the beach itself. A few enjoy a pre-dawn swim in Lake Michigan with the Chicago skyline for a backdrop; others went to Ricketts Restaurant for a hearty breakfast and then finally returned to their Near North lairs in the not-too-early morning.



Below left, two sergeants look over the letter and, like the officers before them, conclude the painting was properly authorized; below right, a painter in white tie and tails and his burlap clad girlfriend are the last to leave tunnel.



a well known TV songstress, wearing a potato sack, was putting the finishing touches on a giant game of tick-tack-toe; and a few had tired of painting the passageway and started painting one another.

The sergeants looked at the letter wishing the painters well and commending them on their civic spirit, then they looked at the walls, then at one another, then back at the letter; finally, shaking their heads, they also departed.

As dawn came over the city, the cave doodlers left their cans of paint for an early morning dip in Lake Michigan.

By Saturday afternoon, the police were fairly well convinced that this Piltown affair had also been a hoax and they began looking over the bathers on Oak Street Beach for any telltale signs of paint. In this way they rounded up six of the cavern culprits, and one of them fingered Joyce as the chief dinosaur of the whole deal. The very unamused cops hustled the half dozen off to the pokey and they would have spent the night there, if they hadn't come up with bail.

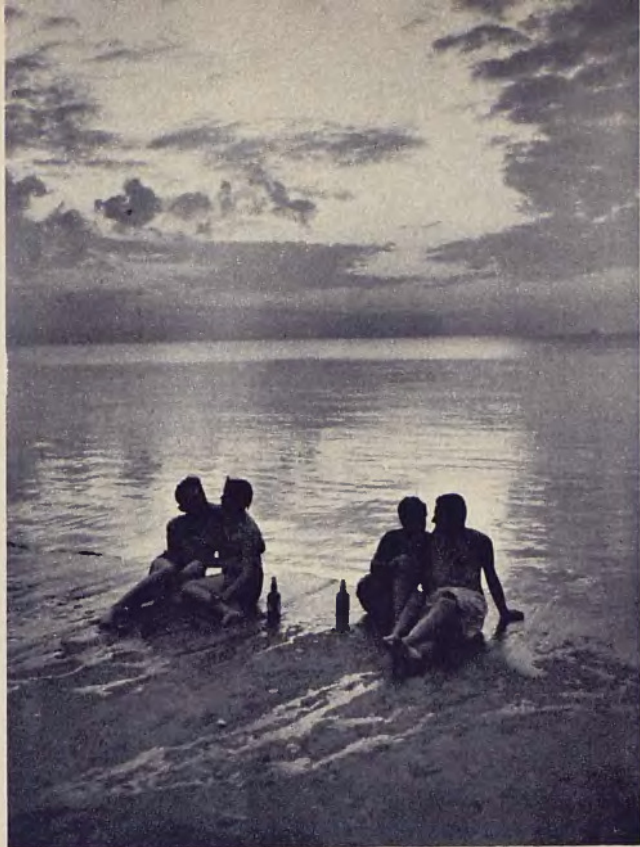
All four of Chicago's papers gave the story front page attention and *Monitor* broadcast a portion of the trial. The judge looked over photographs of the tunnel and agreed that the painting had very little artistic merit. A lawyer for one curvy miss caught in the dragnet insisted that his client didn't realize the letter of permission was a fake and that she had assumed all the while that the painting really had been authorized by the Park District. The judge refused to believe that any normally intelligent adult could think a city official would authorize such a wanton defacing of public property.

"But, your honor," the lawyer protested, "the police thought so."

"Yes," said the judge, "and I'm not pinning any medals on them, either."

In the end, the city agreed not to press charges if the defendants raised enough money to pay for a repainting of the tunnel. The city wanted it a dull gray.

Friend of the urban man in time of trial as well as pleasure, *PLAYBOY* sponsored a Piltown Painting Party Benefit at the Walton Walk, paid the fine and turned the additional proceeds over to the Chicago park fund. The entire affair ended on an especially pleasant note, as Joyce received a job with a public relations firm impressed with the amount of publicity she had gotten out of the party. After that the Near North Side settled back to normal, but the caretaker at the dog pound is keeping an eye on his animals and they aren't letting anyone suspicious get too near the Wrigley Building at night.



The painting party ends on a romantic note at the edge of Lake Michigan. The court proceedings, below, were less fun. The judge looked over photographs of the tunnel decoration, concluded that it definitely was not art, and fined those caught with cost of repainting it gray.



Money in Marriage *(continued from page 29)*

it properly, however, and they may surprise you.

Returning to our question, then, it is safe to state this primary rule:

The wife should be allowed to handle the money as long as there isn't quite enough to go around.

This means that your marriage will probably fall into two sharply defined financial periods.

THE EARLY OR LOW-MONEY PERIOD

During this stage it is best to be as open-handed as possible. Give her your pay check.

"It's all yours, pet, every cent! Just holding out enough for carfare and cigarettes."

"But Davie, we're going into the hole five dollars a week as it is!"

"I'll leave it all up to you, Phoeb! You're the treasurer!"

If at first she shies away from this responsibility, you must thrust it upon her. In every marriage one partner must worry about money. During this period make sure she is the one.

Instill this early. Establish yourself as an open-hearted boy, lovable but slightly irresponsible.

"Let me go to the grocery store, Phoeb!"

"Are you feeling all right, David?"

"Just give me the shopping list—and the money, of course."

"Be careful, dear, it's our last seven dollars."

"You know me, pet. I'll squeeze every nickel!"

Come back half an hour later with a huge box of long-stemmed roses and a jar of peanut butter.

"For you, princess! Couldn't resist them! They reached out and grabbed me with their thorny little hands!"

"Oh, Davie, how sweet!"

(Let her have her moment of ecstasy.)

"And I brought you this, too!"

(Give her the peanut butter.)

"David, how much were the roses?"

"Too much! Six fifty, to be exact! But they were worth it!"

Four or five days of peanut butter sandwiches will do her no harm, and they will teach her a valuable lesson. She will be learning about money.

If you need to keep up your strength during this period, eat hearty lunches on the expense account.

Soon she will become a good manager.

THE LATER, MORE LAVISH, YEARS

Later on, when money is more plentiful, it should always be handled by the husband. At this stage be careful to establish the difference between petty cash, which will still be her province, and money, which is yours.

There are many ways to bring this off. *Be an Investor.*

You must either be an investor, or seem to be one.

Make it clear that money works for you, and makes more money. This in it-

self is a concept that baffles most women, and will surely baffle your wife. Keep her baffled. If you are totally ignorant of finance, spend five minutes with a broker. He will give you enough terms to last you a lifetime.

"But Davie, what about the food money?"

"You'll get it, Phoeb. Temporarily strapped by these long-term debentures."

"The what?"

"Debentures, pet. I could sell them, but it would put us in a short term category."

"I don't mind, David. Let's be in a short term category for awhile, whatever it is."

(The girl with spirit will struggle a bit.)

"You're sweet." *(Pat her on the head.)* "It'd put us in an impossible tax situation. Might wipe us out."

She will be happy, secure in the knowledge that your affairs are in good hands. And, of course, you will have control of all the real money. Give her enough to set a good table, though. A well-nourished wife is a healthy, hard-working wife.

Remember Your Taxes.

The married man, like all men, must pay taxes. Unpleasant though this may be, you will find that taxes give you another clear mandate to handle the big money.

The amount you actually pay is of small importance, compared with what you seem to pay, and with your skill in painting vivid word pictures.

"Now about money, David. Don't tell me you bought some new debentures, or something. We've got plenty of debentures. What we need is—"

"Phoeb, I wish I could invest some more, but I can't. Just this morning I sent off a tax check. Cleaned us out, utterly!"

"You did that last week."

"That was the third installment on the State Income Tax. This is the amended declaration on the Estimated Federal, and—"

"That was the week before."

"No, pet, that was City—the sewer rental and water tax and the compensating use tax."

It is safe to assume that no woman can ever understand your entire tax situation. You will be good if you understand it yourself.

Inject an element of danger from time to time, too.

"Let me look at you, Phoeb. I want to remember you, just the way you are."

"David, what's the matter?"

"Serious talk with my tax man today, pet. Looks black, very black. There'll be a penalty, of course—but he's not sure he can avoid—"

(Turn your head aside and try to whistle a brave little song.)

"David . . . not prison!"

"Let's go somewhere gay, shall we? Snatch some pleasure while we

can."

What About Charge Accounts?

Many ask, "How can I avoid letting my wife have charge accounts?" This is a selfish point of view. The answer of course is—let her have them!

A charge account at the hardware store, the meat market and the grocery can do little harm, will reduce unnecessary handling of cash, and will make it easier to return unwanted merchandise. It is only accounts at clothing and gift shops that are really dangerous.

The best way to attack the clothing situation is at the source, or impulse to buy. To this we will devote an entire article next month. Once a woman really wants something, the method of payment is purely technical. Cut her off too drastically from funds and you may be faced with tactics like this:

"Oh, just send it C.O.D., and be sure it comes on Saturday when my husband is home."

Few husbands can face a powerful delivery man and refuse him a handful of change.

Avoid the Joint Checking Account.

Try to build character in your wife. Make her self-reliant. One way is to let her have her own checking account, with a small controllable balance. Do not let her participate jointly in the big account or things will soon get out of hand.

If she insists, there is an easy method to set her right. Let her use the big account for a trial period. During this time conduct a few simple financial manipulations.

"David, the Parisian Boutique said my check wasn't any good!"

"Oh?"

(Pretend innocence and shocked surprise.)

"And so did the Bettie Jane Shoppe."

"Thought I left a few dollars in the account. Did withdraw a thousand to cover the Continental Common."

"But there was only a thousand and three dollars in it!"

"Really? Must have slipped my mind. I'll fix it up after the first of the month."

A few lessons like this and she'll be a new woman, happy to have a small account of her own.

MONEY ISN'T EVERYTHING

Though it is important, as we have seen, to maintain a certain vigilance in matters of finance, the wise husband realizes that money isn't everything.

How often do we see couples who have little in the bank, but who have a far, far richer Account in happy days and happy nights?

Pin these words in your wallet: *If you have money, get the most out of it. If you do not, let your wife get the most out of it.*

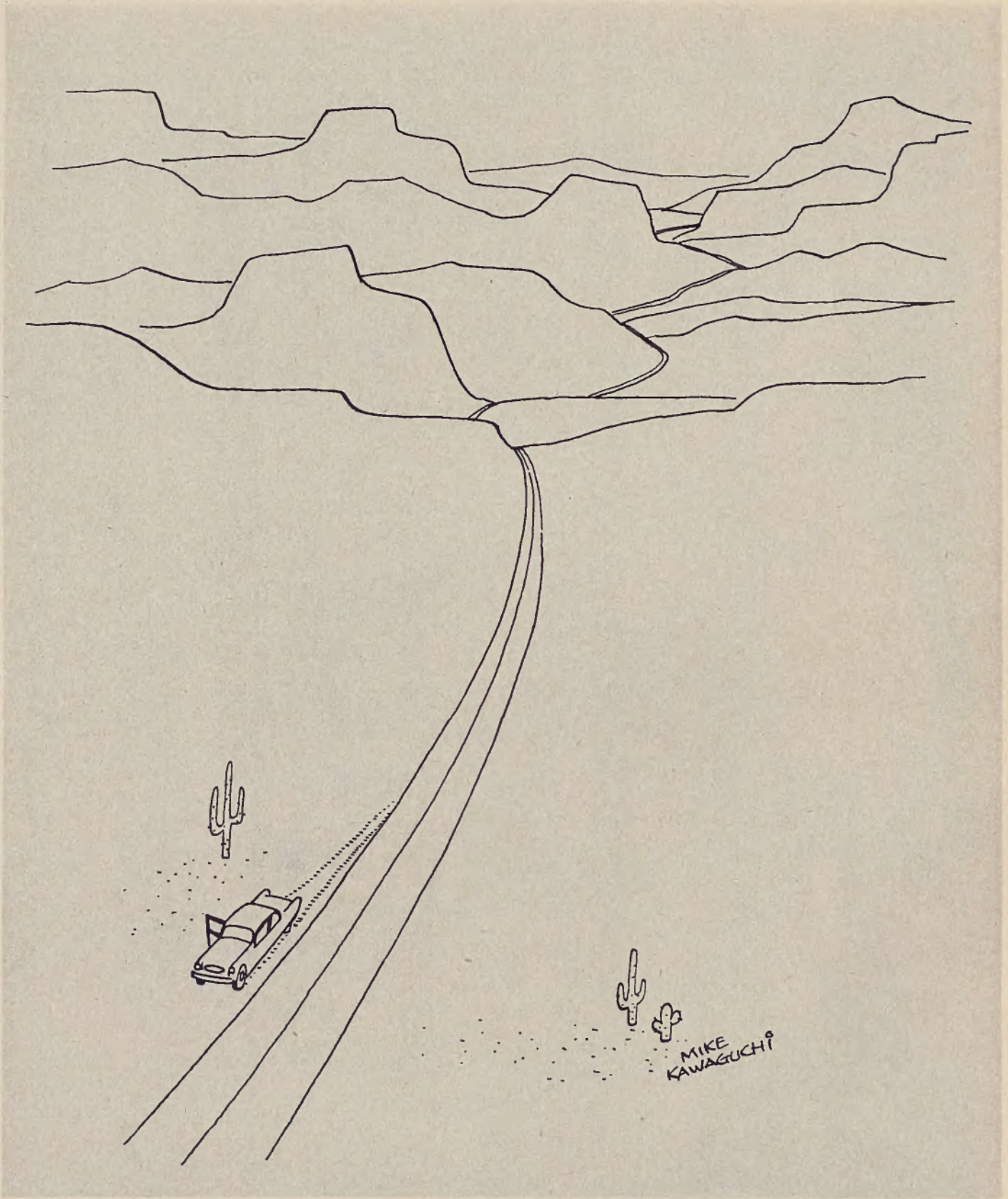
The two of you, striding together, will march ahead—free of money worries—to a fuller, more joyful life.

NEXT MONTH:

"SAVING MONEY ON YOUR WIFE'S CLOTHING"







"Are you sure there's no one coming, George?"

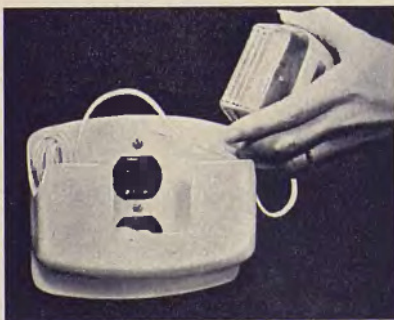


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MISTY MARTINI

Like 'em dry? This stingy vermouth atomizer wafts a frugal spray that guarantees a corker of a dry one. Works doubly well if the vermouth bottle is empty. Certainly no civilized apartment should be without one, and the price is civilized too: \$2.95, ppd. Get yours from *Von Lengerke & Antoine*, Dept. BP, 9 N. Wabash Ave., Chicago 2, Illinois.



FOR SHABBY SHOES

In 30 seconds flat the electric "Shine Boy" fleecy buffer polishes hell out of a brogan: black, brown or what-have-you. It's got a fast acting toe-tap switch, bright aluminum finish and tiny rubber feet; measures 13" x 7" x 6", and sells for \$29.95, postpaid. *Leslie Creations*, Dept. L., Box 9516, Philadelphia 49, Pennsylvania.



"Like they say in the travel folders, Miss Duncan — 'Getting there is half the fun.'"

NO, BUT I HEARD THE SONG (continued from page 42)

nite enchantment in a small room.

We had one drink together, quietly, silently, reverently. I believe I had her convinced of my musical prowess even before the debut of my melody, so awed was she by the decor.

"Now?" I asked, *pianissimo*.

"Now," she replied, *sotto voce*.

During the prefatory hush, I massaged my hands ritually, watching Dreamboat's peripatetic eyes until they lighted on my concert garb. Her fascination with my glittering jacket was equaled by my pre-occupation with her knitted suit.

I over-extended the pre-concert silence, keeping my hands suspended above the keyboard. Then I shattered the calm with a sharp attack on the keys in G7, jamming my foot on the pedal to sustain the last ounce of reverberation.

I began talking in counterpoint. "Just imagine all those screen credits passing in parade, Doll. Armies, regiments, battalions of credits." I hammered home the point with a rolling crescendo that yanked a sigh from her lovely lungs.

"Yes, I can see them now," she chanted. "Directors and producers and designers and technical advisers and everything!"

After a cadenza that covered 88 keys, I slipped into the melody, the farrago I had cooked up during the week. I managed to sandwich in trills, tremolos and Chopinesque rubato, while through slitted eyes I caught the deep emotion on Dreamboat's face as she swayed, first gently, then rapturously.

Nearing the finale of the first chorus, I whispered, "And now the words."

"Yes, the words," she hushed. "The words, sing them to me."

I rocked the room with another thunderous G7 chord. Dreamboat slithered closer, empathically entwined in the music. I began, not without feeling —

*In the jungle natives used to sing:
Boom! Bam! Boom! Bam! Boom! Bam!
Bing!*

*They danced and drummed and sang
a song
Of a fearsome, awesome king named
Kong!*

*Kong! Kong! King, King, Kong!
Too big to play at ping, ping, pong!
He met his fate
Top the Empire State
Kong! Kong! Ki — ing Kong!*

*The bad men put him on a ship
Bound for New York — a one-way trip.
He broke his chains, then scaled a
hotel —
And fractured the Third Avenue El!*

*Kong! Kong! King, King, Kong!
Too big to play at ping, ping, pong!
He met his fate
Top the Empire State
Kong! Kong! Ki — ing Kong!*

*At last he saw his love one day,
A winsome maid y-clept Fay Wray.
The poor girl did vociferate,
So they shot King Kong off the Empire
State.*

Kong! Kong! King, King, Kong!

Too big to play at ping, ping, pong.

He met his fate

Top the Empire State

Kong! Kong! Ki — ing Kong!!!

Dreamboat was in a cataleptic trance when I concluded. I patted her cheek gently.

"The movie's over, Doll."

"It's . . . it's too . . . too magnificent," she said, the dew collecting in her mascara. "A magnificent song that will make a magnificent movie. Can't you hear it sung by The Four Freshmen? And can't

you just see Marlon Brando as the King?"

"But, Doll — " This was a reaction I hadn't counted on. How could I tell her that Kong was an ape and that, furthermore, the movie had already been made? I couldn't. I didn't. I relaxed. I basked in the limelight of her adulation for a few minutes, then closed the piano. "Doll," I whispered, somewhat later, "what's this Dmitri got I haven't got?"

"Not a thing, darling," she said.



"Flirt!"



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WALK TO THE STATION

(continued from page 17)

effort and the late afternoon heat. "But too many thoughts are unnecessary. During the war . . ."

"There wasn't time to think."

The two men turned off Fifth Avenue and walked east along 42nd Street. They were carrying black overnight cases with tennis racquets strapped to them. The offices had started to empty, and they made their way awkwardly through the rush of bodies. Exhaust piled up from the taxis and buses inching forward in cross-town traffic.

"The eyes are most of it," Peter said. "I find myself looking at a single pair of eyes, and very often the eyes look back."

"Yes," the fat man said. "I had that trouble at first." He hesitated. "Thirteen years ago. It doesn't seem that long."

"Of course," Peter said with heavy irony. "In your case, however, they stopped looking back soon enough."

"The trick," the fat man continued, ignoring the interruption, "is to look at them as a group, so that there are no complications. Once—when we were first putting them in the cars—an old man tripped and sprained his ankle. I rushed to help him before I knew what I was doing. I knew at the time that it was quite ridiculous, an obsolete impulse." The fat man paused and smiled. "If he had been shot I wouldn't have bothered. As it was, it nearly cost me my job."

They entered Grand Central Station and stood on the marble-surfaced steps, resting the black suitcases. There was no hurry. Peter looked down into the busy space before them. "A goldfish bowl," he said.

"That's right. You see? It becomes easier when you think like that."

They picked up the suitcases and went down the steps, becoming part of the station's movement. Peter stopped before a poster of a famous, smiling face. Beneath the face, printed in large letters, was a request for civilian defense volunteers. Peter turned away from the picture. "Do you think they really expect a warning from the sky?" he asked.

The fat man grinned thickly at him, and wiped his forehead with a white handkerchief. "Would you like some ice cream?" he said. "There are still a few minutes, and this heat . . ."

"By all means," Peter said. "The ice cream here is good." He added, with a glance at the fat man's waistline, "And very rich."

"Like the rest of the country," the fat man said, unperturbed. "Very rich indeed."

They entered a drug store featuring a large soda fountain, and sat at the chrome-trimmed counter. A young waitress came toward them. She was blonde and quick. Peter stared at the waitress while the fat man gave their order. A single drop of sweat glistened from her

upper lip. For some reason the drop fascinated Peter, and he stared at it so that the waitress blushed nervously as she turned away.

"Do you like them that thin?"

Peter ignored the question. He glanced down at the black suitcase resting against his leg. "You are quite right," he said to the fat man.

"About what?"

"During the war," Peter continued, "we were on strafing assignment. The roads were full, so that from the air the roads themselves seemed to be alive. They were moving. Our job was to kill the roads, to stop the movement. It was like shooting at a black snake, and there was nothing to think about."

"Exactly," the fat man said, drumming his fingers on the counter. He could almost taste the coolness of the ice cream, and waited impatiently.

"Did you know Novak?" Peter asked suddenly.

The fat man thought for a moment. "No. Who was he?"

"A mathematician. Killed in 1944. He put it into a formula."

The waitress returned with the ice cream, and the fat man began eating quickly, smacking his lips. Peter looked at him.

"I said he put it into a formula."

The fat man stopped eating. "All right," he said. "What was it?"

"He said this: 'The pity of death decreases in direct ratio to the progression of its mass.'"

"Very impressive, but I have been telling you the same thing, and without the big words." The fat man wiped his forehead again. "Eat your ice cream."

When they left the drug store the fat man stopped, his features warped into sudden panic. "What is it?" Peter demanded, enjoying the tension. This job had been too easy. There was no danger, nothing to act against. Even when he had been strafing the roads there had been the exhilaration of flying recklessly. Now he was simply a messenger, an errand boy. He welcomed the fat man's fear.

"The lockers! I am unfamiliar with their location! We must call Headquarters . . ."

"Idiot!" Peter said sharply. "We will do nothing of the sort." He looked around for a guard or policeman. "Come with me and keep your mouth shut."

They approached a tall, middle-aged policeman who was standing next to a newsstand. "Pardon me," Peter said. "Can you direct us to the nearest locker? We wish to check our bags there for a while."

"Certainly," the policeman said, and gave them instructions. "Going away for a trip?" he added, eyeing the tennis racquets strapped to the cases.

"Yes," Peter said. "The city is so uncomfortable this time of year . . ."

"Don't I know it! New York is hot enough to scorch asbestos. I was raised in a small town myself." The policeman grinned ruefully at them:

Peter began to tremble. He knew that
(concluded overleaf)



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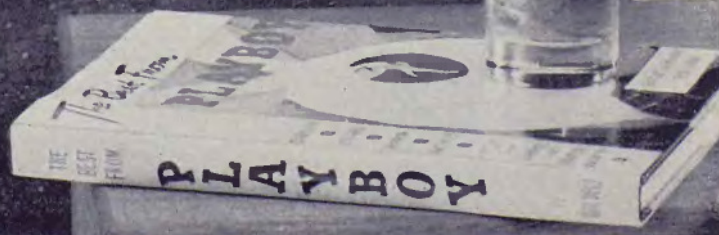
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he was talking to a dead man, and as he looked at the policeman's eyes he saw them turning into steam, bubbling out of their sockets. "Thank you," he said quickly.

When they were safely away, the fat man looked at Peter with approval. "Congratulations," he said. "You did that very neatly."

"Yes," Peter said. "Neatly."

They arrived at the lockers, and the fat man fumbled in his pocket. He finally produced two dimes, and inserted them into the two slots. Peter opened the doors, and placed the black suitcases in the lockers. He stepped back and looked at them, while the fat man breathed heavily beside him.

"Look at the clocks," the fat man said, motioning to a display in the window of a jewelry shop across the arcade. The clocks gave the time at Moscow, Paris, London, Chicago, Los Angeles and other cities. "Look at them," the fat man repeated. "Each hour this show is different, yet each is the same. Agent One in Moscow, Two in Paris, Three in London." He touched the locker gently, while his words marched in parade. "The soldiers have quietly begun the battle . . ."

"What battle?" Peter looked at the fat man with distaste. "What soldiers?" He stared at the fat man's double-

breasted business suit, and looked down at his own conservative suit, his black shoes and respectable tie. "The time for soldiers has passed. There are no more soldiers."

The fat man shrugged and closed the doors. They walked rapidly away from the lockers. As they went to the exit, a small girl eating a large candy looked at Peter. She held her mother's dress while the woman spoke to a porter. The little girl looked solemnly at Peter, as though she had seen him somewhere before. Peter felt himself drowning in the little girl's eyes.

The fat man tugged at Peter impatiently. "Let's go," he said. "There is still a long drive." Peter turned away from the little girl, and they went to the exit. "I've never seen a 'jackpot' before," the fat man said lightly. "It should be something to remember — providing," he added, winking at Peter, "we drive carefully."

They hailed a taxi, and gave the address of the parking lot where they had left their car. In the station a loudspeaker announced the schedule to waiting travelers. At a newsstand, an old man argued about his change. And in the street, exhaust piled up from cross-town traffic.



FOOD ON A SWORD (continued from page 20)

The lamb should be cut into cubes about 1-inch thick. Slice the onions about 1/4-inch thick. Combine the lamb with all other ingredients except the butter in a crockery or enamel bowl — do not use metal. Let the mixture remain in the refrigerator overnight. Remove pieces of lamb from the marinating mixture. Fasten the lamb on skewers. Broil until medium brown. Spread the meat with softened butter just before serving. If desired, wedges of hard ripe tomato, 1-inch cubes of eggplant, small mushroom caps or squares of green pepper may be added to the skewers alternately with the lamb before broiling.

SCALLOPS ON SKEWER (Serves 4)

1 lb. fresh scallops
4 tablespoons imported French mustard or domestic prepared mustard
4 tablespoons heavy cream
Salt, pepper, paprika
Bread crumbs
Salad oil
6 tablespoons mayonnaise
2 tablespoons horseradish
1/2 teaspoon dry mustard
Combine mayonnaise, horseradish and dry mustard. Set aside as a cold sauce to be eaten with scallops.

Wash scallops in cold water. Cut, if necessary, into slices about 3/4-inch thick. (The small bay scallops available in the fall and winter need not be cut.) Combine the mustard and heavy cream. Dip the scallops in the mustard mixture. Dip the scallops in the bread crumbs, coating each piece completely with crumbs. Fasten the scallops on skewers. Sprinkle

with salt, pepper and paprika. Sprinkle generously with salad oil. Broil at least 5 inches from hot coals. Broil only until scallops are medium brown. Do not char. Serve the scallops with the cold sauce.

SHRIMP KEBAB (Serves 4)

2 lbs. fresh shrimp
1/4 cup salad oil
1/4 cup lemon juice
4 cloves of garlic, smashed
2 teaspoons salt
1/4 teaspoon black pepper
1/4 teaspoon paprika
1/4 lb. butter

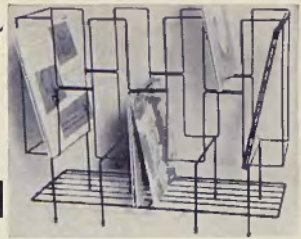
Remove shells from shrimp. Remove vein running down back of shrimp. Wash shrimp well in cold water. Combine shrimp, salad oil, half the lemon juice, garlic, salt, pepper and paprika. Let the mixture marinate in the refrigerator 2 hours.

Fasten shrimp on skewers so that skewers pierce each shrimp in both the head and tail ends. Wipe off any pieces of garlic adhering to shrimp. Broil over charcoal, keeping skewers at least 5 inches from flame. Broil only until shrimp are light brown. Do not char. While shrimp are broiling, melt the butter over a slow flame. Combine butter with balance of lemon juice. Dip shrimp in melted butter sauce at the table.

Curry addicts will like the beef with cumin combination described next, since cumin is one of the principal ingredients in curry. This is one skewered dish which may be cooked with the flames actually touching the food. The charred

(concluded on next page)

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beef flavor seems to blend well with the pungent aroma of the cumin. At the patio table, there should be plates of sliced red ripe tomatoes as well as the sour cream salad described below. Another excellent side dish with this kebab is the Torino brand pepper salad in olive oil. Serve cold beer in oversize mugs with this peppery combination.

BEEF KEBAB WITH CUMIN
(Serves 4)

- 2 lbs. boneless sirloin steak
- 2 medium size onions, sliced thin
- 1/3 cup salad oil
- 3 teaspoons ground cumin seeds
- 1/2 teaspoon ground black pepper
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice
- 2 tablespoons softened butter
- 1 cup peeled cucumber, cut into 1/4-inch cubes
- 1/4 cup radishes, sliced thin
- 1 cup sour cream
- 1/4 cup mayonnaise

Have the butcher cut the beef into cubes about 3/4-inch thick. Combine the beef with the onions, salad oil, cumin seeds, black pepper, salt and lemon juice. Let the mixture marinate in the refrigerator overnight.

Combine the cucumber, radishes, sour cream and mayonnaise. Chill well in the refrigerator and set aside as a salad to be served at the table with the skewered meat.

Fasten the pieces of beef to four skewers. Broil close to charcoal until beef is brown. Brush with softened butter just before serving. Try to look as swarthy as you can.

**ISLES OF GREECE**

(continued from page 50)

museum is rich in vivid murals, painted vases, iron weapons, gold jewelry, figurines of priestesses and goddesses, delicately beautiful work dating back two and three thousand years before Christ.

If the museum hoards the greatness of Minoan art, the Palace at Knossos spreads the glory of Minoan life. We walked there from Heraklion—just an hour's easy strolling through vineyards and olive groves where locusts saw in the sun, a countryside virtually unchanged from the days when the outer black and red pillared portico of the three-tiered city-palace of Minos was thronged with courtiers. One senses all the richness of that early, gracious life amid the huge court rooms of the Palace, the barracks, private homes, theatres, shops and great storage rooms.

The Minoans worshipped Woman in the person of Gaea, the great Earth Mother. She was their chief goddess, sometimes warlike with double-headed axe, sometimes fertile with flowers and overflowing breasts. Her symbols were the snake and the dove. Her handmaidens were all the women of Crete, small, pearly skinned, wearing light robes slashed open at the bosom to bare

both breasts.

We met just such a woman—unfortunately more fully dressed—on our walk back that evening to Heraklion under a spangled sky glowing red in the west. We stopped at a tavern for a simple meal and the girl who served us—wavy dark hair, enormous eyes, pert breasts—might have stepped right off a mural at Knossos.

Certainly no cruise through the Aegean should miss the tawny hills of Milo and its catacombs cut from the living rock; the snow effect of the white-washed houses and white-washed cobbled streets of Mykonos under a dark blue sky, where there's natural beauty and fashionable resort life centering along the golden beach; Delos, just an hour from Mykonos, and the sacred lake where Apollo was born. Below this area, down by the shore, are temples and slave markets, palaces and hippodromes that arose when Delos became the treasury of the Athenian confederacy. The brilliant mosaics are preserved almost as well as those of Pompeii—though the disaster that ended life in Delos was its sack by Mithridates.

Then, too, there is Symi, whose houses overhang the sea like swallows' nests and Karpathos, whose women still wear the classical embroidered costumes, draw water in jars from community wells, vividly recalling the ancient days.

But perhaps our favorite is Santorin. Known originally as Kalliste, "the beautiful," the entire middle of the island sank into the sea about 2,000 B.C. Today this black gulf is known as the Kaldeira.

Donkeys offer transportation along the zig-zag path up the almost vertical sides to the little town of Thyra hanging at the rim of the 1,000-foot cliffs. At the top, there is an unforgettable vista, between the town's white church cupolas and barrel-vaulted rooftops, over the Kaldeira's black expanse and the mighty twistings of the crater coast, with neighboring villages perched above the abyss.

Right out in the middle of the Kaldeira is the tiny island of Kaimeni, pushed out of the sea by a recent eruption some 30 years ago. In some places, the ground is still so hot that we managed to light a cigarette by holding it against a rock. Hot springs are still bubbling into the sea off Kaimeni, and in one place a swim from the boat was like taking a warm bath. Swimming nearer the cliffs of Santorin, however, provided us with one experience we shall not soon repeat.

We had donned skindiving mask and flippers. Slipping overboard into the depths, we looked down and for a moment were overcome with a terrifying dizziness as if we were flying over fantastic heights. For the water is so clear that objects can easily be seen 150 feet down. But beyond—into ghastly fathomless depths—a weed-grown precipice stretched horribly bottomless. Shoals of fish hovered at various levels beside the rock and on a projection a little to one side, an Italian destroyer rusted in dread-

(concluded overleaf)

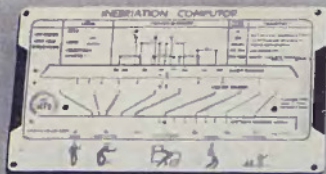


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ful mimicry of life, its guns still pointing up, its bow looking down into the dark depths.

Someone once said (and we endorse the thought) that no one should ever go to the Aegean Islands, one should always go back. For only on a second visit will you ever learn completely that the Greek word for foreigner or stranger—*xenos*—is also the word for an honored guest.

• • •

For more detail on Aegean cruising, check with the Greek-American Tourist Office, 505 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 17. For cruises and charters, write Hermes en Grece, 4 Stadiou Street, Athens, and Compagnia Italiana Turismo, 68 Piazza della Repubblica, Rome. Organized tours with Aegean calls are operated from the U.S. by the Bureau of University Travel, 11 Boyd St., Newton, Mass., and Odyssey Cruises, Inc., Hotel Delmonico, New York, among others. You can get there on your own for \$350 up by sea (Greek Line, 8-10 Bridge St., New York) and for \$624 by air (Trans World Airlines, 380 Madison Avenue, New York) or check with your own travel agent for details.



SHORT SUBJECTS

(continued from page 31)

to the point of eccentricity, so that a man juts out from a crowd like a torn-T-shirt artist at a white tie ball. We'd certainly think twice before legging it up Madison Avenue or Michigan Boulevard in short pants—for the very same reason we'd never (well, rarely) go swimming in a dinner jacket.

But for those of you fortunate enough to park your briefcase in a suburban office, walk shorts and jacket form the perfect duo—especially if you're planning to go right to the club for lunch and an afternoon of golf. For your evenings in the country (summer theatre, concert, yacht club, patio party) nothing could be more correct than a walk short and jacket combination. In the proper surroundings, the outfit is even right for semi-formal summer wear: light silk jacket with shawl collar, solid color walk shorts, dark knee socks and black loafers.

An open-neck sport shirt would not be appropriate for any of these occasions (except possibly the patio party). Rather, you would choose a lightweight cotton shirt in one of a choice of collar styles, then top it off with a rep or foulard necktie.

Several other recommendations are called for when you do step out in walk short garb. Always wear knee length socks, never the ankle variety. Most men's legs are knobby, scarred and hairy, and the high socks afford good coverage. Unless you have some ringing reason for drawing stares to your dimpled knees, we suggest you stick with any of the handsome solid color knit socks in a cable stitch or ribs. Unless they are very subtle, argyle patterns—though quite good look-

ing—will pull undue attention to your lower regions and also present one helluva problem when it comes to choosing your shirt and tie.

Always wear loafer shoes with walk shorts, never laced models. Somehow, laced shoes always give the visual impression that you're gliding around in your undershorts.

Designers these days are engaged in a ripsnorting battle over the question of the right length for walk short jackets. Several eminent lads stiffly maintain that the jacket *must* be one inch shorter than the standard suit jacket for proper proportion to the wee trousers. Others equally eminent counter that a jacket, no matter what the trouser length, should shield the same portion of posterior. We'd say that the short jacket certainly adds a distinctiveness that balances just fine with the entire outfit, but the investment in a special coat for wear with walk shorts only is somewhat of a luxury. The differences between the two are not so great as to rule out the traditional length coat, and either will serve you nobly with walk shorts.

We've seen an extremely good looking short Kilt jacket put out by Brooks Brothers that is woven of dacron and cotton and finished off to look like linen. Pocket flaps and cuffs have a distinctive peaked cut, and the short coat can be beautifully accessoried with a pair of pleatless, handwoven shetland walk shorts with a subtle brown and gray striping, also from Brooks.



CAN'T HAVE THEM ALL

(continued from page 32)

truth. It was nothing personal; I'd never even laid eyes on your wife. As far as I was concerned, she was just Number Five Hundred and Sixty-three . . ."

Doctor Lenardi smiled. "You're a convincing actor," he said. "Really a remarkable talent—you should have gone on the stage. I don't, of course, believe you. But never let it be said that Leo Lenardi lacked vision. The injection I administered was a sedative, very powerful; the oral medication, on the other hand—"

Edward Simms was by this time a definition of terror, a synonym for fright; he stared out from frog eyes. "The oral medication—" he croaked.

"Well," the older man said, "let's just say that it will keep you 'on the bench' for a couple of weeks. By which time, if there is anything to your story, a number of girls—a considerable number—will have celebrated their eighteenth birthdays. And then I suppose you'll have to start all over again. Except, you won't be in any condition for that, will you?"

Doctor Lenardi recognized the quick, tentative, feminine knocking at the door. He snapped his bag and rose.

"You see, Mister Simms," he said, "it's true. You *can't* have them all!"



THE END



WHEN YOU COME UPON this familiar little escutcheon in the pages of PLAYBOY, you know you've reached the end of the story or article you've been reading. But this smart insignia (which is now appearing on cuff links, sweaters, earrings and what-not all over the country) signifies The End in another sense, too: as The Most, The Greatest, and other expressions of vigorous approval. This, we trust, you accept as fact. We feel reasonably certain that you are aware of PLAYBOY's undisputed Endness, Mostness, Greatestness, etc. If, however, some small smidgeon of doubt still exists, we suggest you read an issue — any issue, *this issue* — from stem to stern, skipping not a line of the first-rate fiction or *non-pareil* non-fiction, giving not short shrift (giving, in fact, quite *long* shrift) to the delightful Playmate and other photo-features, concentrating on the cartoons, the Party Jokes, the Ribald Classic. Having completed this delightful task, you will agree, we're sure, that of all the magazines for men, PLAYBOY is The Most, The Greatest, The Absolute End. Which brings us to the order blank below. Use it, man.

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