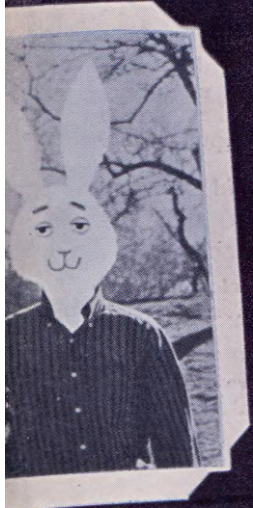


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SEPTEMBER 50 cents

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I just have to write and tell you how much I enjoyed our two weeks together at the lake. I'd expected another dull vacation, like last summer, and then you came driving up in your Thunderbird and it was wonderful. I just got the pictures developed and they look real good -- there's a cute one of you golfing, a couple of me at the beach, the two of us really like

PLAYBILL

"WHAT IS MORAL," says Ernest Hemingway, "is what you feel good after. And what is immoral is what you feel bad after."

By this yardstick, Hemingway is a man of unimpeachable morals. For many years he has hit the bottle, tumbled wenches, enjoyed such organized carnage as war and bullfighting, and has felt pretty good about it all.

People with different ideas about morality would call him a sinner, and the wages of sin, they say, are death. But Hemingway has cheated death time and time again, to become a scarred and bearded American legend, a Great White Hunter, a husband of four wives, a winner of Nobel and Pulitzer prizes and "the bronze god of the whole contemporary literary experience in America" (the words are Alfred Kazin's). "Sin" has paid off for Hemingway.

"The wonder," says one of his old high-school teachers, speaking from the security of Oak Park, Illinois, "is how a boy brought up in Christian and Puritan nurture should know and write so well of the devil and the underworld." Oak Park was and is decent, dry and dull: the boundary between this righteous suburb and its parent city, Chicago, has been defined as the point where the saloons end and the churches begin. That Hemingway, raised in this middle-class capital of the world, should write so lustily of fornication and gore is surprising only to those who have never heard the adage about minister's daughters.

The devil and the underworld, Hemingway discovered, are popular subjects. His novels sell furiously at the bookstores and Hollywood has bought the rights to most of them for impressive sums. But Hemingway can't please everyone. Right-wingers don't like him when he takes potshots at American capitalists (*To Have and Have Not*) or at Franco (*For Whom the Bell Tolls*); left-wingers don't like him because he has never been critical enough of society to suit them. Hemingway says that, at one time, he was absolutely heartbroken at the terrible things going on in the world, and the biggest decision of his life was whether he should try to do



KILEY AND HEMINGWAY, WITH FLOYD GIBBONS

something about it or be a writer. "Cold as a snake, I decided to be a writer." Which may explain why statesman-poet Archibald MacLeish calls him a literary irresponsible.

Disciples of Dr. Freud are also disturbed by him. His prose is aggressively virile and hairy-chested, but discerning Freudians suspect, not without reason, that its author may be unsure of his own maleness. For Hemingway's work, they assert, reveals a castration complex of staggering size. Jake Barnes, protagonist of *The Sun Also Rises*, is an emasculated war veteran ("I looked at myself in the mirror . . . It was a rotten way to be wounded."); a boy sexually mutilates himself in *God Rest You Merry Gentlemen*; in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, antagonist Pablo, likened to "a boar that has been altered" and its "two stones" cast away, finds it necessary to accuse the hero of lacking those same stones. On a less obvious level, his work is rife with castration symbols: the hero of *The Snows of Kilimanjaro* dies from a gangrenous leg; Harry Morgan, of *To Have and Have Not*, loses an arm ("There's worse things than lose an arm. You've got two arms and you've got two of something else. And a man's still a man with one arm or with one of these . . . I got those other two still."); in *Now I Lay Me*, a woman destroys her husband's cherished collection of snakes

and arrowheads (two explicit phallic symbols) . . . and the list is only partial. A facetious thought occurs: might not Hemingway's *leitmotif* be the intrepid but impotent words of a popular song?

*I've been around the world
in a plane,
I've settled revolutions
in Spain,
The North Pole I've charted,
But still I can't get started
With you.*

What, then, is Hemingway? What is he besides the hard-drinking, death-happy, sexually insecure, swaggering, irresponsible author of best-selling Hollywood fodder?

For one thing, he may be the greatest writer in the world.

James Joyce and André Gide are dead, Ezra Pound is in an asylum, T. S. Eliot is writing polite Broadway comedies, William Faulkner no longer cares to communicate with anybody but William Faulkner. That leaves few writers of any real literary stature, and high on the list is Ernest Hemingway. Among contemporary American writers, he stands out like a rugged oak in a field of delicate pansies (pun intended). Our literature has become a morass of incense and butterflies and Spanish moss, of pre-
(concluded overleaf)

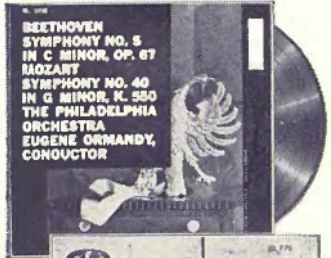
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ciense style and hyperfine imagery: there is no god but Tennessee, and Truman is his prophet. There are, admittedly, both good and bad writers of this school, but all of them are primarily chroniclers of dreams. In reaction to the often superficial writing of the last century, they have abandoned the known world to brave the *terra incognita* of the unconscious mind where "nothing is but what is not." This pioneering is admirable, but all too frequently such writers are so busy exploring stylistic jungles that they neglect to blaze their trails for the benefit of those who follow. When their readers wander in circles and become lost, they are apt to curse them for fools and stubbornly crash on alone. Perhaps because he has trekked many a real jungle in his life, Hemingway knows the importance of a well-blazed trail.

In this issue of *PLAYBOY*, and in several issues to come, you will meet Ernest Hemingway. You'll see him through the eyes of his old pal and drinking companion, Jed Kiley. The irrepressible Kiley has had what is popularly called "a checkered career." Beginning as a reporter in Chicago with the late Charles MacArthur, Kiley downed his way through the Mexican border war of 1916, in 1924 was operating a Paris night club. "It was easy," he tells us: "I put in a poor quality of champagne, a hot band and floor show, and jacked prices 10%. The Americans came in droves." In Paris he acquired a reputation as "Mister Sex." When we asked him about this particular facet of his history, the grizzled, white-haired roisterer admitted, "I was some baby when I was a kid. Took a gal away from Rudolph Valentino when he was at the height of his career as a heart-breaker." But all his stay in Gay Paree wasn't spent overcharging tourists and beating Valentino's time. He was also an editor of *The Boulevardier*, a sort of Parisian *PLAYBOY* that published the early work of Sinclair Lewis, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Louis Bromfield and (to return to our original subject) a young fellow named Ernest M. Hemingway. It was in this Paris of the Roaring Twenties that Kiley's friendship with Hemingway be-

gan, and it is at this point that Kiley himself will take up the story in his unabashed, unauthorized biography. Authorized bios—carefully expurgated and dressed up by the subjects—are notoriously rosy and notoriously dull. Regarding this *PLAYBOY* series, Hemingway told Kiley: "You can write anything you please as you recollect it about me, but please don't expect me to authenticate it or authorize it." Which suits us fine. We couldn't want a better guide than the unexpurgated, unauthorized Kiley to lead us through the jungles of darkest Hemingway and show us the vital importance of being Ernest. The "title bout" between Jed and Papa H. starts in this September issue of *PLAYBOY*.

PLAYBOY's penthouse apartment, designed by J. E. Tucker, receives a seven-page, full-color presentation in this issue and another five in the next. You'll find this a bachelor's dream diggings. That perennial Parisian peep-show, *The Folies-Bergère*, has been turned into a celluloid extravaganza and *PLAYBOY* was there for the filming.

Fiction, this month, leads off with a fine yarn by Robert Sheckley, whose *Spy Story* appeared here just one year ago. *Love, Incorporated* is the name of this new opus, and we think you'll agree it's a corker. Fred Steffen did the eye-stopping two-page illustration. *The Doll*, by newcomer Hugh G. Foster, will give you a smile, we think; and another Johnny-come-lately (this particular Johnny is named Wallace) offers a moving story of marital tension titled *Get Out of My Life*.

John Lardner checks in for the first time with a piece on the exciting young heavyweight, Floyd Patterson. John will be handling other sports assignments in future issues, including *PLAYBOY*'s annual ring preview.

Patrick Chase kept the cables hot with his crackling copy from Haiti; Thomas Mario sets even the sternest mouth to watering with his hymn to ham; and if all this doesn't leave you reeling, there's a perky peppering of Party Jokes, limericks and cartoons to add a final fillip to this saucy September issue.



DEAR PLAYBOY

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

MISS JUNE

The men of Bryan Hall, Michigan State, have voted Miss June our Playmate of the Year. What a beauty!

David H. Bernstein
Michigan State
East Lansing, Michigan

Where was Miss Gloria Walker, your June Playmate, hiding during my visit back home to the Bronx? After seeing Gloria's beautiful everything in the June PLAYBOY, she gets my vote as the "Playmate I would like most to check-mate." If Gloria is an indication of the trim craft that are now plying Bronx waters, I'm heading back.

Please send me Gloria's address as I would like to challenge her to a game... of chess.

Lt. (jg) Mickey Kappes
U.S.S. Skagit
c/o FPO, San Francisco, Calif.

Can't send you Gloria's address, Mickey, but you can write to her in care of the magazine.

Here's my Friskie box-top and half-a-buck to cover postage (never mind the handling)—please send me Gloria for fifteen days' free trial. I understand that if, at the end of this period, I am not completely satisfied, I'll probably be dead so it's damned unlikely that I'll demand a refund.

As a bachelor of forty who should know about such things (and I sometimes wonder if I do), I would say, simply, that she is the most.

E. Dorsey Loane
Rock Hall, Maryland

Hey! Any of you guys notice the beautiful blue eyes on Miss June? Take another look! Pretty, huh?

An ex-playgirl
Auburn, Nebraska

CHESS FAUX PAS

I feel certain it was photographer Herman Leonard, not chess expert Al Horowitz, who taught Gloria Walker how to play the game for her Playmate picture in your June issue. But even with the board set sideways, I'd enjoy a game with Gloria.

Dennis S. Robbins
Los Angeles, California

Whoever was playing (chess) with our exquisite June Playmate was obviously disturbed by the propinquity of those pulchritudinous pulmonary protruber-

ances, because he set the chess board up sideways. The white square should be in the lower right corner of the board (see diagram, page 54, PLAYBOY, June, 1956). He gave her two white Bishops also, but who cares? I give her three cheers, the whole chess set and a life membership in my private chess club.

Furthermore, I respectfully submit that you, PLAYBOY, have discovered the most beautiful and practical towel rack in the field of modern home decoration.

Michael J. Stump
Minneapolis, Minn.

P.S. Just once before I die—may I play with your chess set?

Who was your technical adviser on the photographing of the June Playmate? Miss June is engaged in a most unorthodox game of chess. To begin with, the board itself is sideways—the left corner square should be black, not white. Also, Miss June seems to be playing her pieces in a most unusual manner: *a.* She has two Bishops on white; only one should be. *b.* If we take the board as placed correctly, she has a doubled-up Pawn on square b5, with no black pieces taken prior to the one she's capturing now. *c.* And what is she taking that Knight with? The same Pawn on b5, I'll bet. *d.* In addition, her King appears to be occupying four squares at once and it looks as though her right Rook were planning on running off the board all by itself.

Now how are we supposed to win this game with so much skulduggery going on? Or will the lovely Playmate throw in the towel of her own accord? Still, the game does show progress—we've already taken one of her nights, I mean Knights. And who could ask for a more worthy opponent?

I thoroughly enjoyed your entire chess compendium. *Last Gambit* was a clever variation on strip poker and who posed for those living chessgirls? Wow!

Andre S. Pancheco
University of California
Berkeley, California

PLAYBOY's living chessgirls were posed by Marion Scott, who previously appeared as the May Playmate.

SOUND OF THUNDER

Orchids to Ray Bradbury, and to you also, for his story in the June issue on the how-to-do-it-yourself dinosaur hunt. *A Sound of Thunder* was, without question, the best science fiction story we have ever read and it had us sitting on

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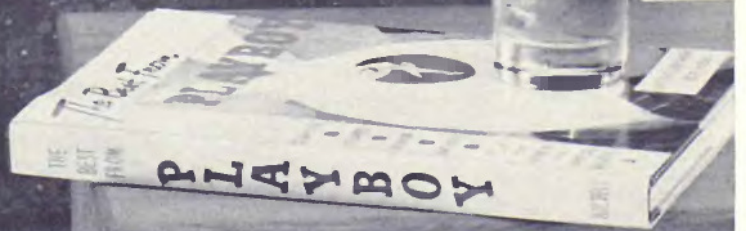
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the edge of nothing till the very end.

We also enjoyed the features on chess—both written and pictorial. They were nice—but, oh, that safari in pre-historia!

Charles F. Morgan III
Lawrence C. Russell
San Francisco, California

REPRINTS

As a faithful PLAYBOY reader since your first issue, I feel I'm entitled to air a gripe that's been building up for a long time. In your July Playbill, you announce that you are now paying top editorial rates in the field. Fine. So how come we have to put up with so many reprints? In a magazine that stresses quality the way PLAYBOY does (and gives it to us—that I'll admit), I find the number of reprint stories you use inexcusable. Are we to believe that even with the rates you are paying, you can't get enough good material to fill a magazine without culling other mags and other fields?

Don't get me wrong—they are good stories, but when I shell out 50c for a magazine, I don't like to find it filled with fiction I've already read. I'm not referring to the Ribald Classics—just the general stories.

With the gripe out of the way, I might as well include the kudos, too: The layout is about the best I've ever seen; story quality is fine (when are you going to get a Ted Sturgeon story?); Playmates—what can I say, except that I continue drooling; pictorial features—more laudatory clichés in order (and special comment on the fine quality of the reproduction); articles and regular features in general fine, with special praise for Thomas Mario's first rate pieces on food and drink; cartoons wonderful, especially Cole's, though I think Al Stine is one of the very best, too.

The most entertaining story of the past year, in my opinion, was Sheckley's *Spy Story*. I feel his delicious, subtle satires have been too long restricted to the limited readership of science fiction mags and hope you will have some more soon. But no more reprints.

Dick Ellington
New York, New York

In the beginning, PLAYBOY tried to present its readers with the best, most entertaining material from both past and present. However, we had to recognize that any story printed previously, even if in limited form, might have been already read by a certain number of our audience. Because of PLAYBOY's rather special popularity, we are now in a position to command the very finest in new fiction each month and so will only rarely rely upon reprint material in the future. A new story by Robert Sheckley appears in this issue.

COLLEGE JAZZ

I enjoyed your review of college jazz in the April After Hours, but missed any mention of the great jazz groups we have down here at North Texas State College. We've two outstanding groups here on the NTSC campus: one is an octet that stands up to any other jazz organization,

professional or otherwise; the other, a 20 piece band, is also an amazing college aggregation.

Perhaps you didn't know that this college is the only accredited school in the nation that offers a degree in jazz. The head of the department is Dr. M. E. Hall, sometimes referred to as the Doctor of Jazz.

Bob Knight
North Texas State College
Denton, Texas

TENNIS, ANYONE?

I read with considerable interest your nine-page spread on chess in the June issue. May I suggest a similarly comprehensive presentation on tennis? I'm certain it would be very much appreciated by your readers.

Harry F. Owens
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

PLAYBOY'S OFFICE GIRLS

Janet Pilgrim is a magnificent specimen of womanhood, but with chicks like Shirley, Mary, Bonnie and Mary Ann around your office, I think you should give us a Playmate feature in an early issue that includes all the luscious lassies who work for PLAYBOY.

Bill Chatham
Nashville, Tennessee

SELECTING THE FIRST WIFE

Just a suggestion from a "first" wife (also, the monthly purchaser and discoverer of PLAYBOY in my family) for possible future serious, rather than satirical, advice that author Shepherd Mead might give to playboys and to erase the idea many playboys harbor—"Old playboys never die, they just get married." Too many men erroneously classify women in two categories—"Them that will and them that won't; the type you marry, the type you don't."

The fact is that all girls, with rare exceptions, want to get married and almost all of them, with the right husband, can become good housewives as well as good playmates. Contrary to the popular idea that both men and women have, it is the woman, not the man, who changes after marriage most. Therefore, the glamor girl who can't boil water and doesn't know what a dust cloth looks like can become a very domestic housewife without losing any of her playmate qualities. And, on the other hand, the prim girl who possesses all the domestic qualities before marriage can develop into a playmate, given the proper encouragement and guidance. Men can discover in marriage that a woman can be his playmate, friend, wife and mother of his children, but it is up to him to bring these things out in his wife by neither allowing himself to become henpecked and losing his individualism, nor by the other extreme of using too much masculine superiority.

Women's magazines are full of advice for women on successful marriage and they are trained for marriage when they are young. But men's magazines or their past training rarely prepares them for the role of a good husband. I realize that your magazine's advice on having

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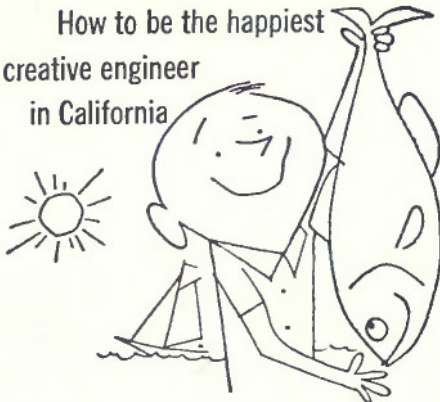
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successful affairs outside of marriage and before marriage is meant in fun, and we enjoy reading it, but perhaps playboys would welcome some serious advice on how-to-have-fun-though-married, too.

A Married Playmate
Staten Island, New York

PROSPECTIVE PLAYMATES

I would like very much to be a Playmate of the Month. I know this desire is shared by thousands of other American girls, but this has been my one big dream since I first read PLAYBOY over a year ago. I am enclosing a few recent snaps from my album and here are a few notes on myself: I am 23 years old. Kentucky born (Lexington), blonde,



stand 5' 11½" tall, 37½"-21½"-35" in the proper places. I have been an Arthur Murray dance instructor, an airline stewardess and completed two years of college.

I will be waiting with fingers crossed. In fact, I am so excited at the thought I'm sure I will not sleep until I hear from you.

Dee Taylor
Houston, Texas

Several friends have suggested that I submit some photographs of myself to



you, in hopes of becoming a Playmate. So here they are. About myself: I'm 19 years old, attend Orange Coast College, model in local fashion shows. I am 5' 4", bust 34", waist 22", hips 35". I hope you like the pictures; I would consider it a great honor to be chosen as a Playmate of the Month.

Susan Counter
Laguna Beach, California

Just picked up my June copy of PLAYBOY and think your June Playmate, Gloria Walker, is a real doll. I am also a New York telephone operator and seeing that you've nothing against redheads, I was wondering how one goes about getting her picture in PLAYBOY.

Lola Tuohy
New York, New York

PERFECT SECRETARY

Having nothing to do, I thought I'd drop you a line and tell you how much I enjoyed your cartoon spread, *The Perfect Secretary*. Each picture was better than the one before it. I still laugh every time I re-read it. How about more of this type of humor in the future?

Mrs. M. Zinn
Brunswick, Georgia

Last Christmas I subscribed to PLAYBOY for two men in my life: my husband, who is a Lt. Commander in the Navy Air Force and my boss, for whom I am employed as a private secretary. Needless to say, I couldn't have pleased either of them more than by giving them PLAYBOY.

I, too, enjoy the magazine very much and we all got a real boot out of your feature, *The Perfect Secretary*, by Arv Miller in the May issue. Naturally, it does not apply in any way to this office, but was interesting nevertheless. We all look forward to our issues of PLAYBOY every month.

Mrs. Richard Carlson
Columbus, Ohio

COLE'S VENUS DE MILO

Thought you might be interested in knowing that Jack Cole's cartoon on the missing arms of Venus de Milo from the June issue of PLAYBOY is posted on the bulletin board of the Humanities Department at the University of Florida. My instructor in Greek philosophy considers it one of the cleverest cartoons he has ever seen.

Don Appleby
Alpha Epsilon Pi
University of Florida
Gainesville, Florida

PLAYBOY HARMONY

We would like permission to use your name for a barber shop quartette we have organized. We were sitting around the other night after rehearsal trying to think of a good, new idea for a name and some one mentioned your very fine magazine and then suggested calling ourselves "The Playboys." We all read PLAYBOY as soon as it hits the stand, and feel if we can be as good a quartette as you are a magazine, we will go clear to the top.

Jim Ten Eyck, *lead*
Rol Elson, *tenor*
Harold Weaver, *baritone*
Ivan Boyer, *bass*
North Platte, Nebraska

We're pleased by your choice of a name and wish you many years of close harmony.



PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



films

Acting is an element of minor importance in the making of a movie: many a fine film, compounded of story, directorial, photographic and editing excellences, has been none the worse for an entire cast of mediocre actors. But when a story revolves around one powerful, pivotal character, and when that character is "a grand, ungodly, god-like man" who looks like someone "cut away from the stake," a man "gnawed within and scorched without with the infixed, unrelenting fangs of some incurable idea," then that character requires an actor, and a great one, or the story should never be filmed at all. Such a story is Melville's *Moby Dick*, which John Huston 20 years ago dreamed of filming, with his father—the famous, fiery Walter—as that Promethean character, Captain Ahab, who sends himself, his ship and his crew to the ocean floor in the course of his vengeful killing of the whale who chewed off his leg. For some reason, the dream was shelved: Walter Huston never played Ahab; and when, after his death, son John revived the dream and realized it, his perverse, incredible choice for the role was Gregory Peck. The film Huston made has all the earmarks of a cinematic masterpiece: the screenplay, distilled from Melville with great craft by Ray Bradbury, is a gem; the direction is strong, secure and sensitive; the photography ravishes the eye; the editing is sharp and deft; and even the actors, perfectly cast, do their work with skill and assurance—all save one. Despite masterful make-up, cunning camera angles, wily coaching and the ominous sound of massed trombones on

the soundtrack, Peck (a nice guy who did his best) is a feeble, tiny, impotent, totally inadequate Ahab. Hence, *Moby Dick*, which might have been the best film of the decade, is, rather, one of the most woeful wastes in the history of the screen: a beautiful, hollow shell.

Jouncy Judy Holliday is a raucous ten-share holder who battles a conniving board of directors in *The Solid Gold Cadillac*. Her way with whimsy is beautifully brutal as she steams ahead with those double-takes, non-sequiturs and wide-eyed wisecracks that have become her trademark. Paul Douglas is the tycoon who kills the corporate dragon and gets the girl, but the whole cast is mere background for the spoof and spark of Holliday.

The Bad Seed has set the care and raising of children back a good distance: wise parents now frisk their kiddies for cosh and shiv every night before beddy-bye. Hollywood's Mervyn LeRoy has picked up the entire Broadway cast and told the whole gory business in the eeriest, most chilling horror story of the year. Nancy Kelly (who may cop an Oscar) is the distraught mama who slowly gets wise that her only kid, a psychopathic Goody Two Shoes played by Patty McCormack, is running up a murder score that's crowding Jack the Ripper's. Shrewd, savage, cunning, our perverted Shirley Temple is a one-mopet crime wave who kills for a trinket or a toy. Br-r-r-r!

Ole! An imposing newsreel anthology titled *Bull Fight* offers a chilling panorama of classic bull sticking during the past 50 years. Displaying no nerves at all, and carving up a lot of pot roast, are such renowned ear-and-hoofers as Belmonte, Joselito, Dominguin and the magnificent Manolete. Yankee audiences may find the goring scenes a bit too

vivid, but one of those two murderous males in the ring has got to lose.

Stanley Kubrick: remember the name. Yes, that's right, he's the fellow who turned out the awfully arty and self-conscious *Fear and Desire* a couple of years ago, but every guy is permitted a warm-up, isn't he? As of today, the talented, thirtyish Mr. K is warmed up to fever pitch. For *The Killing* is a taut, lean, diamond-hard, diamond-bright case history of a two million dollar heist that will leave the popcorn unchewed and forgotten in your mouth. Writer-director Kubrick, with the help of a sturdy story and some beat-up B-actors, has made a fine, fast, filmic film that (if you leave two minutes before the phony, crime-doesn't-pay ending) will convince you movies are better than ever.

Guess what? Hollywood has created a musical without one chorus girl, one tap dancer or any references to the bitter-sweet life of a Show Biz Trouper. The name of it is *High Society* and it is delightful.

For those who've forgotten the plot of Philip Barry's stylish *Philadelphia Story* (on which this romp is based), it has to do with a frigidheiress (Grace Kelly) who divorces husband No. 1 (Bing Crosby) and who, several years later, decides to take on a crashing bore (John Lund) as hubby No. 2. Bing isn't buying this for the good reason that he's still ga-ga over Grace. Reporters Frank Sinatra and Celeste Holm arrive to cover the nuptials and everybody flies in a tangled maze of high society shenanigans. The locale of all the fun has been switched from Philly to Newport, Rhode Island, and Cole Porter has thrown together nine original tunes for the occasion. Most memorable: *Who Wants to be a Millionaire?*, a sparkling novelty number done up by Frank and Celeste; and a gay, goofy roundelay

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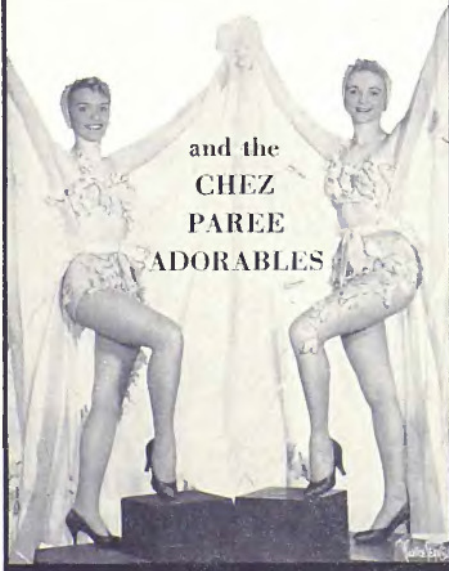


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titled *Well Did You Evah?*, kicked around by Sinatra, bathed in champagne, and Crosby, tending a battered heart. The songs aren't the best Porter ever penned, but they're a cut above average for a filmusical and serve as a most pleasant adjunct to this light soufflé in which you see (as Celeste Holm cracks) "... the privileged class enjoying their privileges." Louis Armstrong tootles a trumpet and gargles some good-natured vocals, too.



records

A nice memento of *High Society* can be had via the LP of that nomenclature (Capitol W750). The whole affair has a certain historical significance, since it brings together, for the first time, the vocal talents of the two most popular pop singers of the past twenty years. Mr. Crosby had the musical world on a string from the mid-Thirties till early in the next decade; Mr. Sinatra took over then and apparently has no intention of letting loose for some time to come. Surprisingly enough, however, in this package it is Bing who comes out on top. He has a fine old time on *Now You Has Jazz* with Satchmo; does well by two catchy romantic things: *I Love You*, *Samantha* and *True Love* (the latter includes a bit of harmony with Grace Kelly); and teams with Frank for the drunken *Well Did You Evah?* Sinatra gets a couple of ballads, too: *You're Sensational* and *Mind If I Make Love To You*, plus Cole Porter's most playful line, in *Evah*: "Have you heard that Mimsy Starr—She got pinched in the As-tor bar."

With nary more than a git fiddle plinking in the background, Julie London does out great gobs of nostalgia on *Lonely Girl* (Liberty 3012). The tunes are all of the good-looking-dame-under-a-street-lamp-on-a-foggy-night-when-her-lover-has-gone variety, and Julie has an intriguing way of wheezing the lyrics right down your neck. This is her second LP (her first: *Julie Is Her Name*, Liberty 3006) and indicates that Miss London is a shoo-in for success.

On *Calypso* (Victor LPM-1248), Harry Belafonte relies on none of the standard Caribbean fare foisted on the two-week tourists. Instead, he warbles a series of sea-fresh island lullabies ranging from the wildly romantic *I Do Adore Her* to the pithy, but pointed, philosophy of *Hosanna* ("House built on a weak foundation will not stand—oh, no, oh, no"). Few men can carry Belafonte's bongo drum when it comes to traditional singing—work songs, love songs, spirituals—and this LP is one of his finest to date.

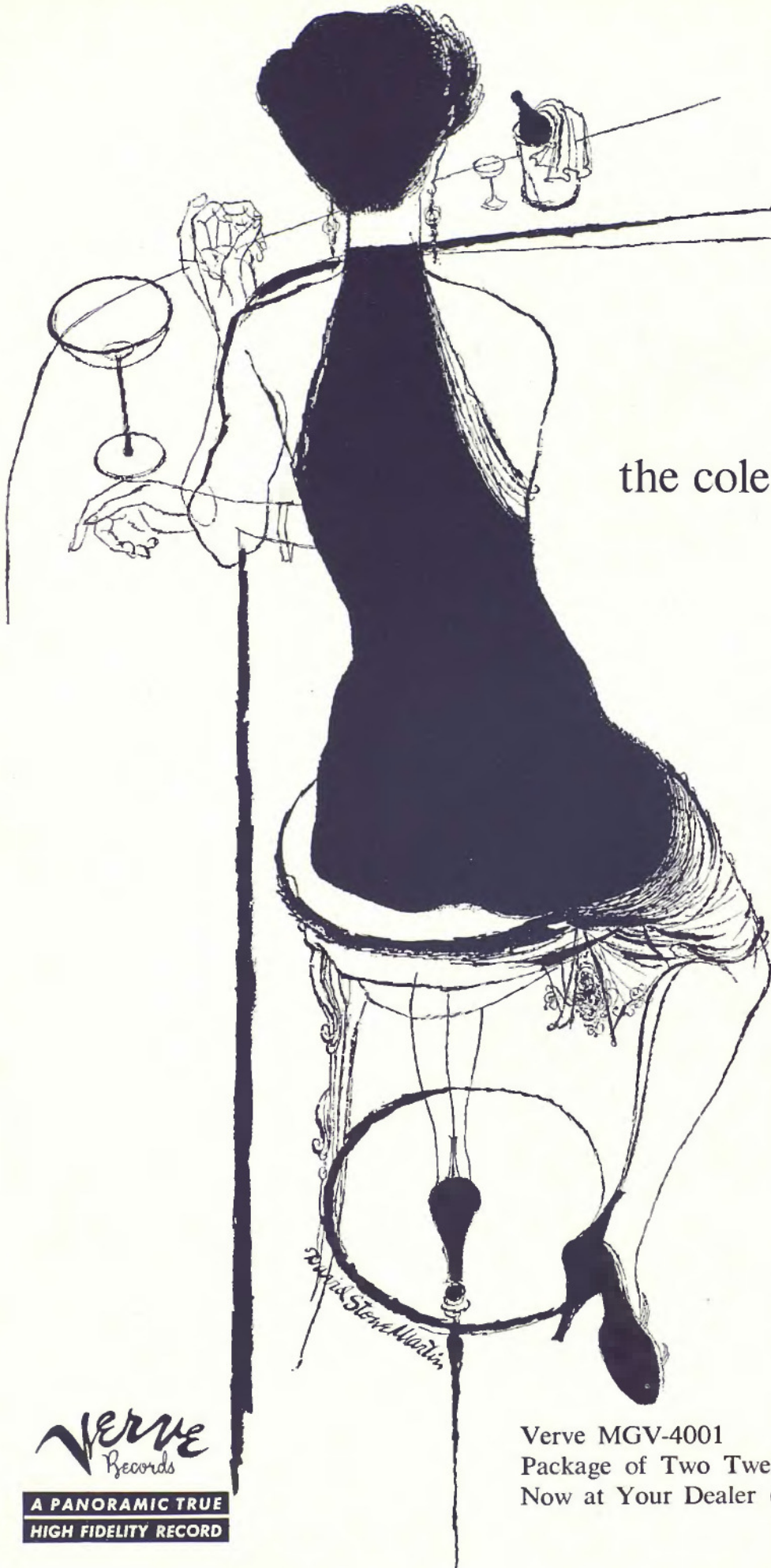
If we were writing a movie poster instead of this sober critique, we would probably isolate one phrase—"PERVERSELY VOLUPTUOUS"—from Aldous Huxley's

program notes for *Madrigals of Gesualdo, Vol. 1* (Sunset 600), and talk about the composer's habit of submitting "ecstatically to frequent whippings." Such strategy would be misleading, however, for this gentle vocal music is just about the most passionless, pure, serene and soporific stuff you're likely to hear in many a day, great for untangling knotted nerves, guaranteed to soothe savage breasts all over the place. Do polish up your Italian, though: you'll get a bang out of the one about the bosom-biting mosquito and the guy who yearns "to share its happy fate"—it's sort of a Ribald Classic in five-part harmony. The Singers of Ferrara, a coterie of West Coasters, do the warbling . . . If British madrigals are your dish, these can be had on *The English Madrigal School, Vol. 2* (Vanguard BG 554). Of the same high standard as the first volume (*Playboy After Hours*, May, 1956), this latest disc is packed with sweet songs of Happy Dames, Doleful Doves and Sweet Honey-Sucking Bees, becomes bellicose with *Young Cupid Hath Proclaimed a Bloody War*, pedantic with *Thule, the Period of Cosmography*, despairing with *Defiled is My Name* (words attributed to later-beheaded Anne Boleyn: "Farewell, my joy; adieu, comfort. Full wrongfully you judge of me").

The hectic Hi-Lo's—mad-cap and moody by turns—are back on *The Hi-Lo's, I Presume* (Starlite 7007). Between POWS, WOWS and S-Q-E-E-E-A-A-H-S, the four zanies simmer down to some exquisitely luscious harmonies on *Speak Low*, *Stars Fell on Alabama* and the Mercer-Van Heusen lovely, *I Thought About You*. Things pick up again on *Rockin' Chair* ("Fetch me that gin, son, 'fore I tan yore hide") and get cleverly stop-timish on *Nice Work If You Can Get It*. The Hi-Lo's have got it: so go out and get it.

Hustlin' and Bustlin' (Storyville 908) gives Ruby Braff's irrepressible trumpet a stuff-of-dreams opportunity to show off. Here, playing with various combinations of accomplished cats (Edmond Hall, Vic Dickenson, Jo Jones, George Wein, among the even dozen), Braff displays his mastery of a variety of styles and proves again he's one of the most powerful musicians around these days. Satisfying samples are 'S Wonderful, *Sister Kate*, and a real nice tribute to Louie by Braff and Dickinson: *When It's Sleepy Time Down South*.

You can go along for quite a while listening to records you consider reasonably good—and then, bam, you find one like the George Shearing Quintet's *I Hear Music* (M-G-M E3266) which suddenly makes you realize your standards have been slipping because this is really it, really so much better than what you've been hearing that it's music of a different order. Not much point elaborating: here are standards and originals all done superbly. This is solid, modern, assured. The attitude is right, hoke-free all the way, quiet and powerful medicine. Guess you gather we like it.



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books

The gloomier grottos of the heart and spirit are revealed, brilliantly, in *The Red Room*, by Francoise Mallet-Joris (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, \$3.50). The scene is a pleasant Flemish town. Principal dramatis personae are a man married to the Lesbian who seduced his daughter, the daughter, and a rich Parisian set designer who stacks up as a pretty dedicated sexualist. Kernel of the story is his casual affair with the erstwhile Lez, his being snatched from her by the daughter (largely out of revenge) and then the deadly contest of wills between the man and girl, both utter egotists whose love is as natural and outgoing as an ingrown toenail. For icing, there are miscellaneous side affairs of the heart and body. Two things save the book from being a mere off-beat revel: the author writes with power, insight, great vigor and sensitivity, and the characters are real and whole, people for whom we may weep as they writhe in toils of their own making.

Six stories and a short novel comprise *Beasts and Men*, by Pierre Gascar (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$3.50) and a nastier, more grizzly concoction would be hard to imagine. The author's subjects range wide—all of them on the below-zero side of the thermometer of wholesome normality, with emphasis on the destruction of the human spirit when pitted against the animal in nature: animals like lambs (an apprentice butcher's growing horror and final flight from his slaughter of innocents), caged animals like a starving lion in a zoo (the zoo is stranded near a prison camp; the keeper starves the lion to barter its ration to hunger-crazed prisoners), diabolical animals like Gaston, an outsize sewer rat (an allegory linking an invasion of rats with the budding revolt of a town's benighted slum dwellers), and especially the bestial in man himself. What distinguishes this volume is the author's raw-nerved hypersensitivity, which can set the reader's own nerves quivering like the flesh of a fresh wound. Yet—paradoxically—one never feels Gascar is morbid. One might even conclude, after reading the stories and especially the concentration-camp novelette, that it would be morbid to react less violently to what he describes—and one never doubts its authenticity. This is strong stuff, finely wrought. Gascar won two coveted French awards for it; richly deserved, we'd say.

And now—deep breath—let's get out in the air again. Come with William Brinkley, in *Don't Go Near the Water* (Random House, \$3.95), to the other side of the world, to the Pacific which gave us *Teahouse of the August Moon*, *Mr. Roberts*, and other goodies.

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Brinkley's story is for laughs — and he gets them with fair regularity. His characters are Characters: P. R. men all, who obtained their commissions without being corrupted by any naval training whatsoever. The story of their scrapes, peccadillos and amatory excursions is funny, the prose fashionably pedestrian — so fashionably, in fact, that Brinkley has already reaped a huge movie sale, reprint rights, digest rights and book club blessing. The book contains none of that annoying subtlety or adeptness-at-words that has kept humorists like, say, Peter DeVries or Kingsley Amis so relatively impecunious, unpopular and delightful. It will therefore be, like Willy Loman, "well-liked," we feel sure.

For us, the jungle of theatrical criticism is bounded on the north by Eric Bentley, on the south by Kenneth Tynan, on the east by Mary McCarthy and on the west by **PLAYBOY**'s own eagle-eyed despot. Most others we hold in contempt. The hardbound opinions of Bentley and Tynan, which have long occupied an honored place on our bookshelf, will now have to move over and make room for Miss McCarthy's first critical appearance outside the austere pages of *The Nation*. *Sights and Spectacles* (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, \$3.50) is a collection of her most brilliant reviews, and it's livelier reading than most novels you're likely to come across this season. She gives a bad time to Eugene O'Neill, Tennessee Williams, Arthur Miller, Oscar Wilde, Bernard Shaw and just about everybody else — but she also recognizes, with an all-too-rare appreciation, the eminent virtues of these giants. The tome spans the years 1937-1956: it's refreshing as a slap in the face.

If you dug *Beaucoup Tristesse* or *Bonjour Tristesse* or whatever-the-hell-it-was-called, you'll probably lap up Little Miss Sagan's latest excursion into the labyrinthine ways of infantile introspection. She calls it *A Certain Smile* (Dutton, \$2.95), and there's a photo of her on the dust jacket, pointing coyly to the title and smiling a certain smile of self-satisfaction or something. We're not quite tuned in on this chick, but we think we're supposed to go oooh and aaaah because such a *young girl* writes such *adult books*. OK, we'll play ball. Ooooh. Aaaaah.

You think you've got troubles? Billie Holiday's suffered everything from an inflamed bladder to a series of narcotics raps, with a call-girl stint (at 13) and nearly being raped (at 10) thrown in. But she's come through it all spunky as ever and bristling with *Eternal Verity* to boot. This "hip kitty" to whom every guy's a cat (unless he's a cop, then he's fuzz) and every dame's a broad (unless she makes a pass at her, then she's a dike) unburdens her soul with the help of co-author William Dufty in *Lady Sings the Blues* (Doubleday, \$3.75). Billie's blues come rolling out in mournful, swing-slanguaged word choruses that toll with the timbre of truth, and you

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can't help but feel tenderness toward the gifted, kicked-about Lady Day. "You can get in just as much trouble by being dumb and innocent as you can by breaking the law," says Billie. And Billie should know. A complete Holiday discography is included at the back.



dining
drinking

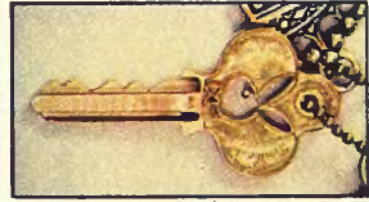
New York's Russian Tea Room (150 West 57th) sticks you with no cabaret tax, but impresario Sidney Kaye is so funny there should be one. At this bustling caravanserai in the shade of Carnegie Hall, he handles a concourse of theatrical, operatic and ballet customers with all the aplomb of DeMille directing A Cast Of Thousands. The slightly misnomered Tea Room caters between noon and 1 A. M. all week to a lively line-up of celebrities including the likes of Paddy Chayefsky, Marlon Brando, Kim Stanley, Jan Peerce and S. Hurok—all of whom we spotted in the space of one short night. Commissar Kaye is understandably serious about recommending the pride of the house, Shashlik Caucasian, a skewered series of lamb chunks and miscellany that grip the imagination and assuage the soul. An authentic Russian complete with peasant blouse rushes this to your table for a damned decent \$2.75, but there are many caviar-encrusted delicacies priced in the six-ruble bracket. Bar-czar Irving Susskind, a boyar from way back, has been good enough to concoct a heavenly potation and dub it the Playboy Cocktail, to wit: ounce of cognac, half-ounce of creme de cacao; lace it with 2 1/2 ounces of champagne, mix with ice and serve in a chilled champagne glass. Top with a twist of lemon.

Sam Donato, co-owner of Zardi's Jazzland in Hollywood (6315 Hollywood Blvd.), commented to us recently that the biggest difference between dixieland and progressive listeners was: dixie zealots shake their heads and pound their feet; progressive fiends do nothing but shake their heads. Well, there's plenty of quivering craniums at Zardi's, but nary a pumping foot in sight, which may give you a clue to the school of jazz in session there. The place has been redesigned, roof raised and scooped for amazing acoustics, so that it now seats 350 disciplined, head-rolling hipsters who are currently digging Dinah Washington to be followed by Stan Kenton, Count Basie, Sarah Vaughan and Oscar Peterson at two week intervals. The lineup is lush, and you'll have to pay \$1.25 per wobbling head just to be seated. Bird calls, yelps, tinkles and roars—all in impeccable taste—are bandied about from the bandstand seven nights a week until 2 A. M.





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PLAYBOY

ILLUSTRATION BY FRED STEFFEN



LOVE, INCORPORATED

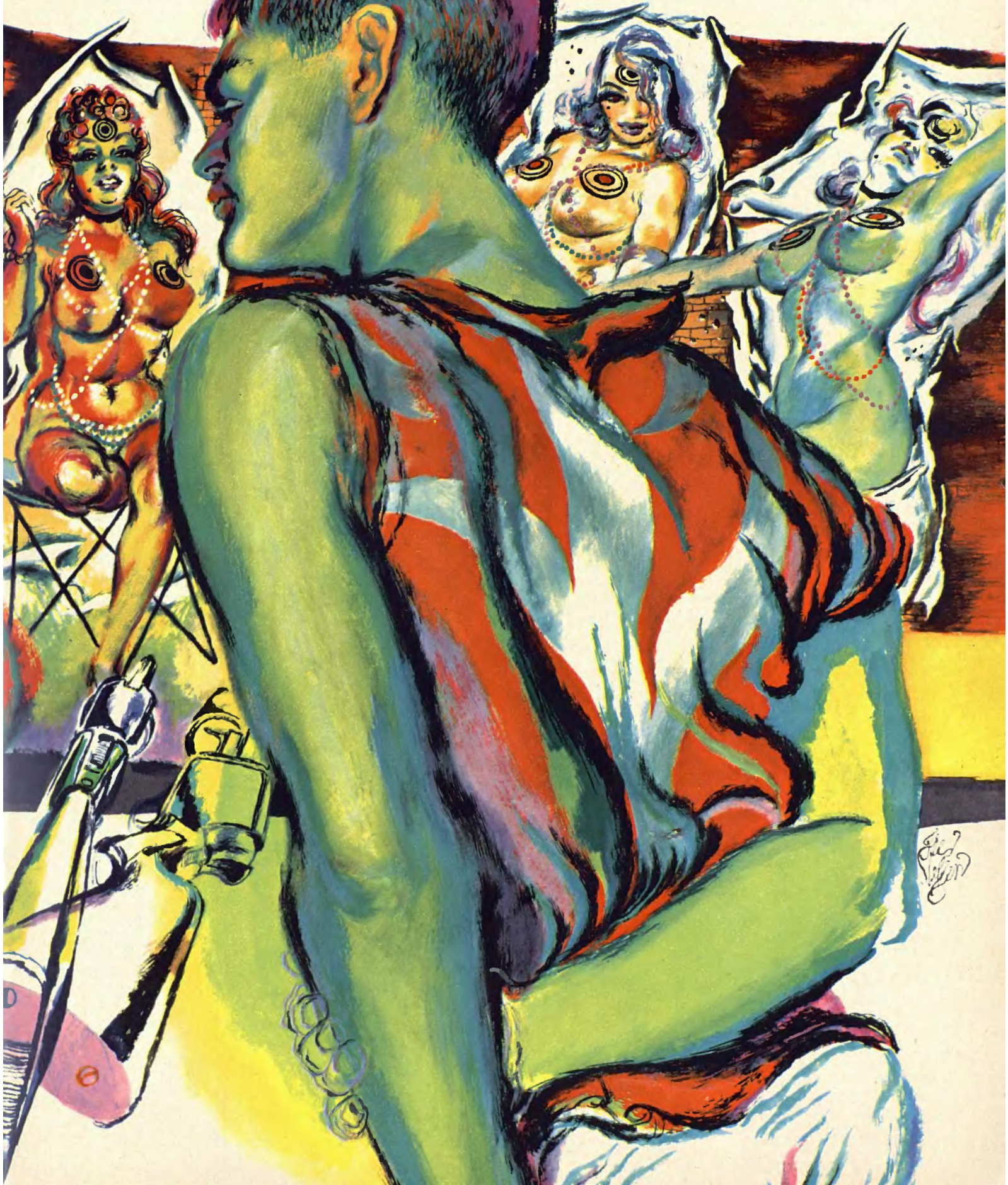
said simple simon, let me taste your wares

fiction By Robert Sheckley

ALFRED SIMON was born on Kazanga IV, a small agricultural planet near Bootes, and there he drove a combine through the wheat fields, and in the long, hushed evenings listened to the recorded love songs of Earth.

Life was pleasant enough on Kazanga, and the girls were buxom, jolly, frank and acquiescent, good companions for a hike through the hills or a swim in the brook, staunch mates for life. But romantic — never! There was good fun to

"Step up and kill a woman!"
said the barker.



*Ed
Sullivan*

be had on Kazanga, in a cheerful open manner. But there was no more than fun.

Simon felt that something was missing in this bland existence. One day, he discovered what it was.

A vendor came to Kazanga in a battered spaceship loaded with books. He was gaunt, white-haired, and a little mad. A celebration was held for him, for novelty was appreciated on the outer worlds.

The vendor told them all the latest gossip; of the price war between Detroit II and III, and how fishing fared on Alana, and what the president's wife on Moracia wore, and how oddly the men of Doran V talked. And at last someone said, "Tell us of Earth."

"Ah!" said the vendor, raising his eyebrows. "You want to hear of the mother planet? Well, friends, there's no place like old Earth, no place at all. On Earth, friends, everything is possible, and nothing is denied."

"Nothing?" Simon asked.

"They've got a law against denial," the vendor explained, grinning. "No one has ever been known to break it. Earth is *different*, friends. You folks specialize in farming? Well, Earth specializes in impracticalities such as madness, beauty, war, intoxication, purity, horror, and the like, and people come from light-years away to sample these wares."

"And love?" a woman asked.

"Why girl," the vendor said gently, "Earth is the only place in the galaxy that still has love! Detroit II and III tried it and found it too expensive, you know, and Alana decided it was unsettling, and there was no time to import it on Moracia or Doran V. But as I said, Earth specializes in the impractical, and makes it pay."

"Pay?" a bulky farmer asked.

"Of course! Earth is old, her minerals are gone and her fields are barren. Her colonies are independent now, and filled with sober folk such as yourselves, who want value for their goods. So what else can old Earth deal in, except the non-essentials that make life worth living?"

"Were you in love on Earth?" Simon asked.

"That I was," the vendor answered, with a certain grimness. "I was in love, and now I travel. Friends, these books . . ."

For an exorbitant price, Simon bought an ancient poetry book, and reading, dreamed of passion beneath the lunic moon, of dawn glimmering whitely upon lovers' parched lips, of locked bodies on a dark sea-beach, desperate with love and deafened by the booming surf.

And only on Earth was this possible! For, as the vendor told, Earth's scattered children were too hard at work wrestling a living from alien soil. The wheat and corn grew on Kazanga, and the factories increased on Detroit II and III. The fisheries of Alana were the talk of the Southern star belt, and there were dangerous beasts on Moracia, and a whole wilderness to be won on Doran V. And this was well, and exactly as it

should be.

But the new worlds were austere, carefully planned, sterile in their perfections. Something had been lost in the dead reaches of space, and only Earth knew love.

Therefore, Simon worked and saved and dreamed. And in his twenty-ninth year he sold his farm, packed all his clean shirts into a serviceable handbag, put on his best suit and a pair of stout walking shoes, and boarded the Kazanga-Metropole Flyer.

At last he came to Earth, where dreams *must* come true, for there is a law against their failure.

He passed quickly through Customs at Spaceport New York, and was shuttled underground to Times Square. There he emerged blinking into daylight, tightly clutching his handbag, for he had been warned about pickpockets, cutpurses, and other denizens of the city.

Breathless with wonder, he looked around.

The first thing that struck him was the endless array of theatres, with attractions in two dimensions, three or four, depending upon your preference. And what attractions!

To the right of him a beetling marquee proclaimed: LUST ON VENUS! A DOCUMENTARY ACCOUNT OF SEX PRACTICES AMONG THE INHABITANTS OF THE GREEN HELL! SHOCKING! REVEALING!

He wanted to go in. But across the street was a war film. The billboard shouted, THE SUN BUSTERS! DEDICATED TO THE DARE-DEVILS OF THE SPACE MARINES! And further down was a picture called TARZAN BATTLES THE SATURNIAN GHOULS! Tarzan, he recalled from his reading, was an ancient ethnic hero of Earth.

It was all wonderful, but there was so much more! He saw little open shops where one could buy food of all worlds, and especially such native Terran dishes as pizza, hotdogs, spaghetti and knishes. And there were stores which sold surplus clothing from the Terran spacefleets, and other stores which sold nothing but beverages.

Simon didn't know what to do first. Then he heard a staccato burst of gunfire behind him, and whirled.

It was only a shooting gallery, a long, narrow, brightly painted place with a waist-high counter. The manager, a swarthy fat man with a mole on his chin sat on a high stool and smiled at Simon.

"Try your luck?"

Simon walked over and saw that, instead of the usual targets, there were four scantily dressed women at the end of the gallery, seated upon bullet-scored chairs. They had tiny bulls-eyes painted on their foreheads and above each breast.

"But do you fire real bullets?" Simon asked.

"Of course!" the manager said. "There's a law against false advertising on Earth. Real bullets and real gals! Step up and knock one off!"

One of the women called out, "Come on, sport! Bet you miss me!"

Another screamed, "He couldn't hit the broad side of a spaceship!"

"Sure he can!" another shouted. "Come on, sport!"

Simon rubbed his forehead and tried not to act surprised. After all, this was Earth, where anything was allowed as long as it was commercially feasible.

He asked, "Are there galleries where you shoot men, too?"

"Of course," the manager said. "But you ain't no pervert, are you?"

"Certainly not!"

"You an outworlder?"

"Yes. How did you know?"

"The suit. Always tell by the suit." The fat man closed his eyes and chanted, "Step up, step up and kill a woman! Get rid of a load of repressions! Squeeze the trigger and feel the old anger ooze out of you! Better than a massage! Better than getting drunk! Step up, step up and kill a woman!"

Simon asked one of the girls, "Do you stay dead when they kill you?"

"Don't be stupid," the girl said.

"But the shock —"

She shrugged her shoulders. "I could do worse."

Simon was about to ask how she could do worse, when the manager leaned over the counter, speaking confidentially.

"Look, buddy. Look what I got here."

Simon glanced over the counter and saw a compact submachine gun.

"For a ridiculously low price," the manager said, "I'll let you use the tommy. You can spray the whole place, shoot down the fixtures, rip up the walls. This drives a .45 slug, buddy, and it kicks like a mule. You really know you're firing when you fire the tommy."

"I am not interested," Simon said sternly.

"I've got a grenade or two," the manager said. "Fragmentation, of course. You could really —"

"No!"

"For a price," the manager said, "you can shoot *me*, too, if that's how your tastes run, although I wouldn't have guessed it. What do you say?"

"No! Never! This is horrible!"

The manager looked at him blankly. "Not in the mood now? OK. I'm open twenty-four hours a day. See you later, sport."

"Never!" Simon said, walking away.

"Be expecting you, lover!" one of the women called after him.

Simon went to a refreshment stand and ordered a small glass of cola-cola. He found that his hands were shaking. With an effort he steadied them, and sipped his drink. He reminded himself that he must not judge Earth by his own standards. If people on Earth enjoyed killing people, and the victims didn't mind being killed, why should anyone object?

Or should they?

He was pondering this when a voice at his elbow said, "Hey, bub."

Simon turned and saw a wizened, furtive-faced little man in an oversize raincoat standing beside him.

"Out-of-towner?" the little man asked.

"I am," Simon said. "How did you

(continued on page 62)

HEMINGWAY

a title bout in ten rounds

ROUND I: "THE SUN ALSO RISES."

HE WAS STANDING next to me at the bar. He was a big fellow. About 25, I thought. He needed a shave and a haircut. And his sport coat looked like he had slept in it. But you could see he was not a bar-fly. He threw out a big hand in my direction. It was a hand you would not want thrown at you in anger. His coat sleeves were short and you could see the heavy black hair on his thick wrists. He had a short black mustache that looked like his eyebrows. He grinned all over. It was a pleasant grin, I thought. I winced as we shook hands. Some grip.

"Hello," he said.

"Hello," I said.

"Remember me?" he said.

"Sure, sure," I said.

Who is this guy? I thought. Must have met him up at my place in Montmartre. I had an American nightclub up on The Hill and everybody knew me. You could see he was a Yank by the way he held his drink. Had a death-grip on it. Like somebody was going to take it away from him. But that did not mean a thing. They had Prohibition then back in the States and that's the way all the tourists drank. Like somebody was going to take it away from them. Some law, I thought.

I said aloud, "Have a drink?"

"Why not?" he said.

He knocked off his old drink at a gulp. You could not see what he was
(continued on page 28)



personality

BY JED KILEY

"I'll take care of these two punks," grinned Hemingway.

THE DOLL

though sweet and tender and the color of
lotus buds, love had passed her by—almost



FLEISHMAN

WE LANDED AT COLIMA twenty minutes behind schedule. Two passengers got on, fighting the slipstream as the plane held against the brakes, and took off again in its own dust. The town was still in sight under the left wing when the steward began dispensing *Aérovias Azteca's* standard flight breakfast. A paper cup of orange juice—warm; powdered coffee—cold; and a sweet roll, roughly the size and shape of a calf's clinker.

A bundle of magazines had been put aboard at Guadalajara. But the same steward—a voluptuary of the type that can't bear to read anything but a virgin periodical—sat on them, releasing only one at a time. Instead of waiting for him to rack up a news weekly, I decided to finish writing a letter. I had been describing a Covarrubias mural, and left it at:

"Actually, it's a large-scale map illustrating the principal attractions in each region. You know—"

Levelling the portable on my knees, I took it up from there:

"Mazatlán, sailfish leaping out of the water, magnificently colored tropical birds; Michoacan, Puebla, churches; Durango, horsemen; San Luis Potosí, wild game—and so on."

The seat next to mine, on the aisle, sagged. "Permisso?" I nodded—or shrugged; it annoyed me slightly that another passenger, with a seat of his own, should leave it to move beside me. He had no excuse for thinking that I was eager for conversation. I wrote on:

"And what do you think Acapulco has

to offer? An American-type blonde! A monumental hunk of white meat wrapped in a cellophane bathing suit, with a pair of uptilted fenders, sunglasses ditto, and a face like that which Balzac described as 'that of an infanticide forever hearing her child's last cry.'"

My neighbor fidgeted, prospecting for his cigarettes, then for matches, and finally asked me for a light—as I knew he would. He thanked me, and pointing with the charred match, said, "That appears to be a very fine machine-of-writing. The best, no?"

"It's very serviceable."

"You operate it, if you will permit me to say so, with great skill, señor."

There is no way of being curt without being crude in the Spanish tongue. When a compliment, no matter how feeble, is offered, it is returned. I tried. "An intelligent man—you, señor—with some practice, can do as well."

"I drive one well enough, but not with such velocity as yourself. . . . How much does one of that model cost?"

"A hundred and five dollars, including the case."

"*Caray!* One thousand three hundred and twelve pesos, fifty centavos. . . . a dear price, but, which, I suppose, must be paid to enjoy the newness. A used one, now, would come to—?"

"Anywhere from forty-five dollars up."

"Five hundred and sixty two pesos, fifty centavos. *Válgame Dios!* Even that is a formidable sum to an humble cura of souls."

A priest. And I had him pegged as a bank clerk. But anybody can make that mistake in Mexico where the law forbids the wearing of canonicals in public. I looked at him properly for the first time. He was short; we sat about the same height. His face was round, a little jowly; skin, light mahogany shading to bronze. I asked him if his parish was in Colima. "I serve God in Uruapan," he said. "My *tarjeta*—"

His card, well-worn and furry on the edges, fell on my keyboard. "Reverendo Lázaro Fuentes Arce, O. A. . . O. A.—?"

"Orden Augustiniana," he explained. An Augustinian Father. I told him my name; we shook hands and he asked what *profesión* I followed. I told him.

"As I guessed. A *periodista*?"

"My newspaper days are long behind me." I could have stopped there; in-

stead, I elaborated: "And I do not wish them back. I prefer what I am doing—writing what I please." My rationalizing had put him on top; made him my catechist.

"It brings you a steady income?" he probed.

"You mean like a priest's?" Maybe that would get me from under. "No. But a man can live."

"And live well." He pointed to my typewriter as proof. "What kind of books do you write?"

"I have given up writing books of any kind, Padre."

He looked sad, solicitous, as if he had just discovered some crippling infirmity about me. "But for why, my son?"

"To write books, I am not rich enough—or poor enough."

That seemed to please him. He smiled. "But you write. And if not books, lighter things."

"Shorter—but not always lighter. Little stories—about people. Travel articles—about places *and* people."

"Then you are going to Acapulco."

"No. To Morelia. I have never been there, and I hear it is a beautiful city. And the people—"

"I know Morelia. I was ordained there. And the people are like all others, made of flesh and imbued with the Spirit; in hot haste to sin, and creeping like worms to atonement." His tone was without anger. He still looked like a bank clerk during a coffee-break; relaxed, but with the figures in his head. "Inform me, if you please, these stories which you write; where are they published in *revistas*? . . . magazines—thank you. Which ones?"

"Any of a dozen or more, of general interest."

"How long does it take you to compose a story?"

His curiosity, somehow, did not appear idle, and his interest in the details of my trade was, I admit, not unflattering. I explained that once the content, the substance, is formed in the mind, the actual work of writing can take from several days to as long as weeks. "Sometimes it just sings along—it seems to write itself; and you see that only two hours have passed."

"Like that—" he nodded toward the typewriter, "when I interrupted you."

(concluded overleaf)



John Collier

"Here, Prince! Here, Prince!"

"Not at all, Padre. What I am writing there is a letter to the States, practically finished."

"That is how you dispatch your writings to the magazines—by mail," he said. "and they send the money to wherever you are. Is that the procedure?"

"No, Padre. The procedure is more elaborate than that. I send what I write to my agent—my literary representative." The designation appeared to puzzle him. I clarified it. "My *apoderado* . . . Yes, he has the power to deal from me with the magazines—and the skill. He has the judgement to decide to which magazines my work is to be submitted; or to none, if it's not good enough."

"Of that you need not be afraid, my son, I can see—"

By what could he see? By my portable from which he couldn't take his eyes? "Thank you, Padre, but your compliment is undeserved," I began. "As a matter of fact, Padre, this letter is to my agent. I am still trying to find the words to apologize for the last two stories I sent him."

"Then I shall tell you a good one."

Snared! That's what you get for lying to a priest! "You are very kind, Padre, but I have one in preparation."

"But the one I shall tell you is, as you explained, entirely formed—complete—whole. It requires only the writing . . . it will sing along—like a *Te Deum* . . . Are you a Christian?"

"Yes, but—"

"By that I mean a Catholic, naturally."

"Yes, Padre, but you see—" I struggled for an out: "—my ties to the Church have not been as—"

"I understand, my son. A man in your occupation, given to—you understand the sense in which I use the term—profane writing."

"Yes, unfortunately, I seem to be able to write only about—what did you call them, Father?—people who fly to evil and crawl to repentance."

"In hot haste to sin, and creeping like worms to atonement," he corrected. "But now, my son, you shall write about saintly people. As only you can." Another dab of butter.

"I'm sorry, Padre. But you can't sermonize at people any more; not in these days. Take my word for it; people don't want to read moral tales. They'll go to church for their devotions, but when they open a magazine they want to smile—to be edified, also—but mainly to smile."

"Clavo! The story that I will tell you, and which you will write, will do just that! Man! A stone would have rejoiced to hear His Eminence, the head of our Order, relate it to my class of seminarians. Why, some of the young priests—"

I saw an escape hatch. "One moment, Padre—is this one of those stories—"

He flicked his arm, grinned widely and bobbing his head rapidly, said, "Ah! Don't tell me you know it—the one about the Reverend Mother and the nuns . . . Sister Prudencia, and how—"

"No, señor cura! Do you think I would lend myself to relating anything

disrespectful to our faith?"

"Would I, a priest, trust anybody but a man like yourself to treat this story with all the reverence due to the holy women involved? . . . Listen: It happened in the golden times of that noble and most devout chief-of-state Don Porfirio Díaz—" He was off; the lid fell; I was trapped.

"—that there flourished, in Puebla, an edifice occupied by saintly women who had dedicated themselves to poverty, chastity and good works in *nomine Deo Optimo Maximo*. This convent was under the guidance of the Most Reverend Mother Inocencia de la Cruz; and very aptly was she named—as you will see presently.

"It fell that one day, some pilgrims on their way to the sacred grotto of Chalma, having been refreshed at the nunnery, and thankful, presented the nuns with a little pig. A pig, do I say? It was a cherub! A suckling—a *lechon*—at the rosy peak of its delicacy. Take a suckling like that, señor, stuff it with a forcemeat of its own tripe, green plums, pounded brains and pine nuts, and you have a dish fit for the table of an archbishop. However, none of the good sisters could bring themselves to take this amiable little swine, the color of lotus buds, and cut its throat. So, it became a pet. They gave it a name—La Muñeca—The Doll. The nuns built for it a little sty, and fed it, literally with their own hands. And in time—all too soon—The Doll grew up. She had become, to the dismay of her guardians, a *cochina grandota*. In your English that would be—?"

"A great, big, roaring sow."

"Thank you. Still they loved her; she was still their Muñeca, though it saddened them at times to see her grow coarser of hide and bristle. But Mother Inocencia, who knew more of this world than did the younger nuns, counted the twelve *botones* on the sow's belly, and rejoiced that the Order would have, in God's time, a litter of little pigs. They thought of names for them (there could be only one Muñeca) and they waited.

"Weeks passed. The convent sow grew leaner and uglier in disposition; and often she complained in the night. But no tiny pigs did she yield up. Then, on a day when His Grace, the Bishop of Cholula, came to confess them, Mother Inocencia remarked about the stubbornness of The Doll. His Grace smiled, though he pitied the unworldliness of the nuns. He told them that their sow must be coupled with a boar for the increment that they wished, and rode off on his fine mule.

"Now, Mother Inocencia learned that there was a boar in the herd of a peasant, some two kilometers distant, and resolved, since that was the custom, to bring her Doll there. Needless to say, it was not seemly for a godly woman, the Superior of a convent, to drag a leashed pig two kilometers along a highway. So, with the help of Sor Prudencia, a robust novice, Mother Inocencia lifted the animal into a handbarrow and brought her, in state, so to speak, to the headquarters of the boar. And the

two beasts, after a manner, rushed into each other's arms. You may be assured that the Reverend Mother and Sister Prudencia averted their faces while the boar conducted himself with the convent sow, as Nature ordained. . . . Or, how would you put that in the English?"

"You put it well enough, Padre."

"We must be careful not to offend. Now then, came morning. They looked in the sty. La Muñeca was at peace, luxuriating in her wallow. But there were no sucklings! So, that afternoon again, the sow was put into the barrow and delivered to the boar. And he, though he had ministered earlier to his own household, acquitted himself as diligently as on the previous day.

"You may be sure that Mother Inocencia's disappointment was profound when she saw no young the following morning, either. But dauntless, she and Sor Prudencia conveyed the obstinate sow once more to her cavalier, and home again to the convent.

"On the fourth day, neither were there any little pigs, nor—to the horror of all—was The Doll anywhere to be found. They looked among the stalks of maize and in the bean patch. They searched the barranca where wild berries grew."

The plane banked sharply. The no-smoking and seat-belt signs were on—must have been on for some time. Ahead, that irregular, dun blob against a cluster of gray-green hummocks, was Uruapan. Flaps and landing gear were down, and we were angled for the approach. I nudged the padre.

"I will finish," he said. ". . . The search went on. Again in the corn, and among the melons. They called, they coaxed and wheedled. Then, as they were beginning to despair, Sor Prudencia cried out that she had found their sow, and called the others to see. Where? There! There was The Doll, perched comfortably in the hand cart—and waiting."

The wheels bit, and some passengers were up before the plane rolled to a stop. The steward brought over and handed Padre Lazaro a small black satchel.

Standing above me, he seemed taller in the tilted aisle. He gave me his hand. "It has been an agreeable hour, my son. Now, good bye."

"Adios, Padre."

At the door he called down, "Don't lose my card."

"No."

Another fifty minutes to Morelia. Not enough time. I went back to my letter.

"There are many Canterburys in this country, and right now I feel like Chaucer, when ye olde boie himsele leapt to his quill on hearing a moral tale. I'm sending you one tomorrow, about 3,000 words. Calling it *The Doll*.—And, please, an urgent favor: Will you have somebody in the office pick up a good used portable typewriter, charge it to me, and send it to: Padre Lazaro Fuestes A., Iglesia de San Marcos, Uruapan, Edo. de Mich., Mexico."

FILMING THE FOLIES-BERGERE

an american in paris stars in france's first filmusical

PHOTOGRAPHED ESPECIALLY FOR PLAYBOY BY JEAN MARQUIS



pictorial

FOR THE FIRST 24 years of its existence, France's famed Folies-Bergère enjoyed no other distinction than that of being the first music hall in Paris. Then one night in its 24th year — 1893 — the curtain went up on a naked woman, Paris was deliciously scandalized, and the Folies as we know it was born. In 1894 — one short year after that historic nude — the first flickery motion picture emerged from the laboratory of Thomas Alva Edison. Irrelevant? Completely. For it was not until 1956 that these two delightful diversions — the

Statuesque nudes and long chorus lines typify the Folies. Many of the scenes were actually shot at the Folies-Bergère, but the backstage area of the theatre is traditionally off limits to men and the Folies' manager refused to make an exception for the film's technicians, so the backstage scenes were shot on especially built studio sets.



Below: Jeanmaire in two of the several striking costumes she wears in the movie. Jeanmaire's husband, ballet director Roland Petit, coached Eddie Constantine for his dancing debut in a torrid Apache number.



films and the Folies-Bergère — got together.

They have gotten together with a vengeance, in wide screen and color, at a cost of a cool million dollars—puny potatoes as American film budgets go, but able to buy a big, beautiful bushel of celluloid extravaganza in *La Belle France*. This first French film musical (appropriately titled *Folies-Bergère*) is certainly big, will assuredly be beautiful, but may or may not fulfill the bushel of spicy expectations nursed by non-French moviegoers, depending on where it is seen. For the film's producers, demonstrating typical Gallic practicality, have shot several of the scenes in three versions. Version One (for French, Japanese and Scandinavian consumption) makes a clean breast of things and admits visually that one of the Folies' chief charms is its unabashed revelation of the female form divine. The second, or Long Underwear, version is destined for the British Isles, portions of the Far East, Spain, and (alas!) the U.S. Then there's a compromise version in which the show-girls are sprinkled with a few strategically placed rhinestones, for those countries that haven't yet decided whether they're really for sex or agin it.



Eddie Constantine: expatriate extraordinaire, skyrocketing star of the filmed Folies-Bergère.



Eddie Constantine croons cozily to Jeanmaire. Though he is a top recording artist in France, this is the first film in which he sings. It is also the first film in which he speaks English: he has become France's highest salaried cinema luminary by portraying tough guys, speaking French and warbling nary a note.



Above: a showgirl displays the degrees of nudity permitted in (1) France, Japan, Scandinavia; (2) other European, some South American countries; (3) Britain, Spain and the U.S. Above, right: the *Folies'* finale as it will be seen in this country and, below: the circus sequence, with bare breasted showgirls prominent in background, as it was filmed for French audiences.

But bare or bowdlerized, the film is sure to arouse interest everywhere, if only for the unique quality of its stars. Eddie Constantine — an American singer who could only get Pepsi-Cola jingle jobs here but is now France's highest-paid film performer — shares the spotlight with that slim, pantheresque recruit from ballet, Jeanmaire. This is her first French film, but the mademoiselle has already starred in two U.S. movies — *Hans Christian Andersen* and *Anything Goes*. Constantine (he plays an American G.I. who stays in France to court a *Folies* queen) is to French women what Boyer once was to ours — with a bit of Bogart thrown in. Constantine can return to the U.S. any time he likes, with a good deal more to look forward to than Pepsi commercials: Columbia has signed him to do six films of his own choosing. The radiant stars of *Folies-Bergère*, relatively unknown in their own countries, are now the toast of two hemispheres.





HEMINGWAY (continued from page 19)

drinking. His big hand hid the glass. Alphonse brought us two *finés*. He had a paw wrapped around his before it hit the bar. Some hands. Wonder what he does, I thought. Probably one of those sculptors from the Left Bank. Did not seem to be holding enough dough for a tourist. Must have met him in one of the bars. Some drinker. Better let him talk some more.

"Been reading your stuff in *The Boulevardier*," he said.

Well, I thought, that's different. Erskine Gwynne and I were getting out a smart little magazine on the Champs-Elysees and I was the top writer. They used to read my stuff in *The Boulevardier* and then come up The Hill to meet the author. You might say I was literary in the daytime and mercenary at night. I liked to talk about my stuff too. So I hooked my cane over the bar-rail and ordered a re-fill on the *finés*. If there's one thing an author likes it's honest criticism from a stranger.

"Like it?" I said.

"No," he said.

"Oh," I said. "What are you doing over here besides drinking?"

"Writing," he said.

"Writing what?" I said.

"A book," he said.

"Oh," I said.

This bird is a wise guy, I thought. He has probably been around Paris all of three weeks and he is writing a book about it. That is the way a lot of them did. They sat around the Dome drinking *finés* and Pernods and wrote a book about Paris. Then you never heard about them again. I had been around Paris for six years and still did not know enough about Paris to write a book about it. Maybe that's the way it was. The longer you stayed around the less you wanted to write a book about it.

"Like it over here?" I said.

"No," he said.

Better get out of here fast, I thought. The man's a poseur. Who ever heard of an American not liking Paris? No wonder he didn't like my stuff. The guy's taste is all in his mouth. I hooked the Malacca back on my arm and gave him the old night-club smile.

"Nice seeing you again, Doc," I said.

He roared out laughing and slapped me on the back. I can still feel it.

"The name's Hemingway," he said.

Well, what do you know, I thought. It's old Ernest Miller Hemingway from Oak Park. Nobody else could have a name like that. Had not seen him since the war. Knew he was in Europe somewhere. He had come over in the French Ambulance in '17 when I had. But he had been in an Italian Section. Heard he had enlisted in the Italian army and had been badly wounded. I hung the cane back on the bar and shook hands again. There's nothing wrong with his grip, I thought.

"Didn't know you with the false mustache," I said.

"Bar stance is changed too," he said.

That's right, I thought. Used to stand with the other leg on the rail. No won-

der I didn't recognize him. Must be that war wound, I thought.

I said aloud, "Have a drink."

"Sure," he said louder.

Hasn't changed a bit, I thought. He was quite an amateur boxer, I remembered. Used to say he was going to be the world's heavyweight champion some day. And he might have made it. Guess the wound must have knocked that idea out of his head, I thought.

"Still going to be the Champ?" I said.

"Yes," he said, "but not in boxing."

"Wrestling?" I said.

"No," he said.

"What?" I said.

"Literature," he said.

"Oh," I said.

Still shooting at the moon, I thought. Never pulls his punches. Always in there trying. Why, when he was a kid in school he used to pick up a tough five bucks acting as a sparring partner for the pros in O'Connell's gym. He didn't care how big they were either. Plenty of guts. Well, he could count on me to be in his corner over here. I knew the ropes. You know how it is when you run into a guy from your own home town. Might start by running something for him in *The Boulevardier*. You could see he could use the prestige. If he can write like he can drink, I thought, I'll take him in my stable.

I said aloud, "What's your record?"

"Just a couple of amateur warm-ups," he said. "*Three Stories and Ten Poems* and a six rounder called *In Our Time*."

"Kayos?" I said.

"No," he said. "Didn't want to hurt my hands. I'm turning pro in my next bout. It's an eight rounder that will put me in the semi-finals. Then when I get into the main bouts and grab those big purses in The States I'm going to buy me a boat, a house on a tropical island and go fishing."

"And retire with the title?" I said.

"No," he said. "I'll defend the title. You know, fight in spurts. Stall for the first two minutes of each round and then go in slugging the last minute like the champs do."

He's got it all figured out, I thought. Sounds like he means it too.

"What's this eight rounder you're writing?" I said.

"*The Sun Also Rises*," he said.

"Come again," I said.

"*The Sun Also Rises*," he said.

The sun also rises, I thought. What the hell has the sun got to do with Paris? You never see it. You go to bed when it rises and you get up when it sets. What a title for a book on Paris, I thought.

"Better call it the moon also rises," I said aloud.

"Gertrude likes it," he said.

"Gertrude who?" I said.

"Gertrude Stein," he said. "She's my trainer."

Holy smokes, I thought. A chump is a chump is a chump. If he listens to those Left Bank oracles he's going to be throwing iambic tetrameters instead of punches. Better get him across the

river and under the trees of the Champs Elysees fast.

"Ernest," I said, "how would you like to do a one round benefit for *The Boulevardier*? If you've got something short and sweet with a wallop I can run it for you. No purse, as you know, but plenty of prestige."

"Glad to help you boys out," he said.

"Well, it would help you, too," I said. "To have the name Ernest Miller Hemingway up there with Sinclair Lewis, Scott Fitzgerald and the rest of us."

"I have dropped the Miller," he said.

"OK," I said, "I'll call you Kid Hemingway if you like. What kind of stuff are you doing?"

He feinted with his left, shot a straight right and picked up a big envelope from the bar.

"Here's a short left hook," he said.

"Travels only about eight inches but carries authority. If it isn't a knockout, I'll eat it. It's not for *The Boulevardier* however. You guys would duck and let it go over your heads."

Oh, yeah, I thought. I opened it up and glanced at the title. *The Killers* it was called. I'll say it's not for us, I thought. *The Kissers* would have pleased me better. I ordered another round to give me strength, and glanced through it.

The story was all dialogue. It was all right as far as it went but it didn't get anywhere. Some gangsters were going to kill a Swede. They walked into a cafe where the Swede used to eat and waited for him with their hands in their pockets. Then they walked out. The Swede came in later and when he heard they had been looking for him he couldn't eat. Just went home to his furnished room and went to bed. That's the way it ended. With the poor Swede waiting in bed. Sort of left you up in the air.

"Where's the rest of it?" I said.

"The rest of what?" he said.

"The story," I said.

"Don't be silly," he said, "that's my style."

Well, if that's his style I'll take vanilla, I thought.

"I'm sending it that way to The States," he said.

"Listen, kid," I said, "you gotta have a Hollywood ending for The States. Take a tip from me and have the two killers give it to the Swede with tommy guns. They step out of the clothes closet and give it to him while he is saying his prayers. Then you got something."

"I'll make a note of that," he said.

I didn't like the way he said it. But I'll bet he does change it, I thought. If he doesn't they'll blast him.

Then he shadow boxed, drove a hard right into the inside pocket of his sports coat and hit me with a few crumpled sheets of yellow paper written in lead pencil.

"Here's a low kidney punch for that throwaway of yours," he said. "Don't change a word."

Get a load of that, I thought. Don't change a word. Here I am doing the guy a favor and he starts ordering me

(continued on page 34)



*"That reminds me, did you find an earring at
your place this morning?"*



"Well, Jeff has finally changed his mind about baseball being the nation's number one pastime."

LIMERICKS

a brace of racy rhymes



There was a young fellow named Goodie
Who claimed that he wouldn't (but would he?)
If he found himself nude
With a girl in the mood.
The question's not would he, but could he?

A lady, removing her scanties,
Heard them crackle electrical chanties.
Said her beau, "Have no fear,
For the reason is clear:
You simply have amps in your panties."

A lady athletic and handsome
Got wedged in a sleeping room transom.
When she offered much gold
For relief, she was told,
"The view is worth more than the ransom."

A Sultan, whose loves grew so vastly,
Just couldn't love any steadfastly.
Someone asked him in fun,
If he'd slept twice with one.
He replied, "Such a thought is most ghastly."

A Bostonian sub-deb named Brooks,
Whose hobby was reading good books,
Once snared her a Cabot,
Who looked like a rabbit,
And deftly lived up to his looks.

There was a young lady named Etta,
Who was constantly seen in a swetta.
Three reasons she had:
To keep warm wasn't bad,
But the other two reasons were betta.

There was a young maiden from Multerry,
Whose knowledge of life was desultory;
She explained, like a sage:
"Adolescence?—the stage
Between puberty and - er - adultery."

There was a young woman named Dee
Who slept with each man she did see.
If it came to a test,
She wished to be best—
And practice makes perfect, you see.

There was a young lady named Gloria,
Whose boy friend said, "May I explore ya?"
She replied to the chap,
"I will draw you a map
Of where others have been to before ya."

There was a young lady named Min,
Who thought making love was a sin.
But when she was tight,
It seemed quite all right,
So everyone filled her with gin.

A maid in the land of Aloha
Got caught in the coils of a boa.
And as the snake squeezed,
The maid, not displeased,
Cried, "Come on and do it Samoa."

There once was a man named McGruder,
Who canoed with a girl in Bermuder.
But the girl thought it crude,
To be wooed in the nude,
So McGru took an oar and subduder.





Scratch finish sport type



Rep stripe; oxford button-down



French braided; Irish linen



Cordovan blucher; cashmere check

FOR A WALK on the *soigné* side: two fall suits — including accessories — that call for a prominent spot in the gentleman's town and country wardrobe. The jaunty, hand-in-pocket guy wears for a country weekend a single-breasted tweed by Baker Clothes (\$95), woven of a fine all-wool Ballantyne of Peebles fabric (and Peebles, for you outlanders who don't know, is a wee shire in the south of Scotland through which the river Tweed flows). His casual sport fedora is made by Knox (\$15) in a scratch finish heather mix, while his shirt is a classic white oxford button-down by Gant of New Haven (\$5.95), with button-cuffs and box pleat in back; the necktie is a brightly striped silk rep (\$3.50), and his belt is a braided job from France by Douglas (\$5.50). On his feet are Keith Highlander cordovan bluchers (\$31) and his socks (\$3.95) are cashmere and nylon in a smart orange and black diamond weave.

Don't gasp when you glim the blue pin-stripe on the umbrella-toting gentleman. He's wearing that rakish reprobate, the double-breasted, but it's *not* one of those baggy-shouldered, fat-lapelled models of yesteryear. The new tempo double-breasted by Baker (\$100) has slimmed down considerably: natural shoulders, narrow high-notched lapels, four buttons, flap pockets — a smart choice for town wear. His snap-brim fedora by Knox (\$20) is an English gray felt, has a two-inch brim and front pinches. His shirt is a short point (2½ inches) Egyptian broadcloth by Embassy (\$8.95) in a choice of button or French cuffs; his tie is a small, neat check in silk (\$5). The belt is a black calf by Douglas (\$7.50) and the hose are French lisle (\$2.95). The shoes are Keith Highlander medallion tip oxfords (\$28). For use with a French cuff shirt, the gentleman will choose sterling silver cuff links, with mother-of-pearl centers (\$12.50), and a small tie bar.



for town and country, a casual tweed and a trim-cut double breasted

SUIT YOURSELF



Short-point broodcloth;
small check tie



Silver & pearl links (optional);
linen handkerchief



Medallion tip; lisle hose;
calf belt



English gray snap-brim

HEMINGWAY (continued from page 28)

around. I tell him how to end the killers thing and he fouls me. Offer to print his stuff in *The Boulevardier* and he calls it a "throwaway." What if he does know the magazine, I thought. He doesn't know me well enough to call it that to my face.

I glanced at the title. It was *The Real Spaniard*. Sounded all right. Louis Bromfield, another young Paris writer, had done a piece for us called *The Real Frenchman*. Louis had already hit the jackpot with his second book. It got him the Pulitzer Prize. That meant the other Left Bank writers would be out gunning for him, I thought.

"Parody on Bromfield?" I said.

"Yeah," he said. "I give him hell."

That's OK, I thought. We liked parodies in the book. But I didn't say anything. Just stuck the thing in my pocket without reading it. Might need it for wrapping up a parcel some day. I was still sore about that crack he had made about the magazine. Better change the subject, I thought. One more drink and I'd be telling him what he could do with his wrapping paper. I put on my phoney night-club smile.

I said, "Ever been up to my place on the hill?"

"No," he said.

"Why?" I said.

"Too high," he said.

"The Hill?" I said.

"No. The prices," he said.

I said, "Come up any night. Be my guest. Bring your girl."

"Thanks," he said.

"Got a *smoking*?" I said.

"A what?" he said.

"A *smoking*," I said.

Can you beat that, I thought. He is writing a book on Paris and he does not know what a *smoking* is. A *smoking* is Paris argot for a tuxedo, I told him. You got to be dressed in my place. It's no Left Bank honky-tonk. We open at midnight and close when the sun also rises, I told him. Might as well impress him that it was a classy joint. He might think it is another Hinkey Dinks in Chicago, I thought.

"There's no sawdust on my floor," I said.

"Too bad," he said. "But I will give you a break for old time's sake. I never play when I work but I will come up when the book is finished. I'll bring Lady Brett with me."

"Lady who?" I said.

"Lady Brett," he said. "Belongs to an old English family; title and all that sort of thing. You wouldn't know her."

"Oh," I said.

"I'll bring you an autographed copy of the book too," he said.

"Thanks," I said. And I paid the check and left.

I had to laugh when I got outside. Here I had a whole book-case full of autographed best-sellers like Sinclair Lewis' *Main Street*, Michael Arlen's *The Green Hat*, Scott Fitzgerald's *The Great Gatsby* and a lot of others. And the kid was going to give me an autographed copy of his opus. Not only

that, he was going to lend a little class to my place by bringing along Lady What's-her-name. Why, ever since the Prince of Wales started coming there I had them all. Wait until he sees the cream of British nobility hob-nobbing with me, I thought. Lady Mountbatten used to say my dance floor looked like an illustrated copy of Burke's *Peerage*. The Duke of Manchester was there every night. They liked my jazz band—The Crackerjacks and the Argentine Tango Orchestra which was a new wrinkle then. Well, I thought, I only hope his story is up to *The Boulevardier's* standards. Those standards were high in one way and low in another. Look at Sinclair Lewis. He made the Nobel Prize but he had a tough time making *The Boulevardier*. We turned him down twice. His stuff was too provincial for us.

In the taxi to the office I got thinking about Lewis. The only way he resembles Hemingway, I thought, is in his drinking. He was a swell guy though. He finally did make the magazine, too. That was when I cut a five thousand word yarn of his down to one thousand. He was delighted to make the grade and bought up half the issue to send to friends in The States. Never could do the short stuff he always said. Nice guy. You don't mind helping out a writer like that, I thought.

I showed *The Real Spaniard* to Gwynne and told him Hemingway was another Bromfield. Gwynne read it, grabbed a big blue pencil and hit the ceiling. "Where does he write, on rest room walls?" he roared. I looked over his shoulder and there were two four-letter words! They were words that you *heard* around the office all the time. But you didn't *see* them.

"Well," I said, "he spelled them correctly didn't he?"

And the guy tells me not to change a word, I thought. Gwynne tossed the sheets over to Arthur Moss. Arthur was the editor and said he knew Hemingway and wasn't surprised. He read the piece through and then turned over the last page. "Where's the rest of it?" he said. "You must have lost a page."

"That's all he gave me," I said. I read it myself. It's an unfinished symphony all right, I thought. But maybe he wants it like that.

I said aloud, "It's the latest style in literature and—" I added, "he comes from my home town."

"OK," Moss said. "Write an ending to it and we'll run it on page 42."

"Not me," I said. "Promised I wouldn't change a word."

"You don't have to change a word," Arthur said. "Just add a paragraph. I'll take the rap for you if he squawks. We go to press in an hour and we can't print it that way. The story stinks and you know it."

Of course I knew it. But I knew Hemingway too. Well, I thought, if he didn't give me all of it it's not my fault. Besides, Moss had agreed to take the blame. I wanted the yarn to get in that issue and it wouldn't make the

grade the way it was.

So I wrote an ending. I ghosted his style a little and it turned out swell. The story wasn't bad at all with my ending. Then we ran a little blurb about his book. That ought to please him, I thought.

But it didn't please him. The magazine was hardly on the stands before he was on our necks. Came roaring into the office with fire in his eye and said I had spoiled the story. I told the truth; said I had not changed a word. I should have stood in bed like the guy in the other story, I thought. I glanced over at Moss. Would he take the rap as he had promised?

Li'l Arthur, as we called him, stood under five feet and weighed in ringside at 123 pounds. But there was no moss attached to him except his name. He had to bend his head away back to look up at our detractor but he looked the bull right in the eye.

"Pipe down, Big Boy," he said. "I'm the editor and I re-wrote your story for the better. What are you going to do about it?"

Ernest looked like he couldn't believe his ears. He bent over to get a better look.

"Stand up and I'll show you," he said.

"I am standing up," Arthur said, and he was.

That broke the spell. Ernest stuck out a big hand. I knew he would.

"Shake, brother," he said. "You got guts."

Then he walked out without a glance at me. That's gratitude for you, I thought. You try to help out a pal and he does not appreciate it. Show him how to write and he says you spoiled his story. Well, let him go back to his Gertrude Stein and see if I care. Bet that book of his needs a re-write more than the story did, I thought.

I didn't see my new fighter for a couple of months. Heard he was holed up working on the proofs of that opus of his. Then he dropped in to my place one night and the minute I saw what he had with him I was sure he was still sore at me for that re-write job. She was awful. Of all the females in the entire world there was only one barred permanently from my place. And he had her on his arm. How she ever got by Blink McClusky at the door I'll never know. Must have come up on his blind side. How she even got across the river was a mystery. Like Chicago's West Side hoboos, who were barred from crossing the Chicago River, she was barred socially from the Montmartre night spots across the Seine. Her natural habitat was the Left Bank. Incidentally, she was even barred from crossing the great Atlantic Ocean. They had barred her out of The States on "moral turpitude" grounds. Some gal.

I didn't object to her on moral grounds. My place was no church. It was the way she behaved and the way she dressed. They say she was from a good family in England but they paid her a

(continued overleaf)



"I assure you that your feeling of not being wanted is all in your mind."

HEMINGWAY (continued from page 34)

small remittance to stay out of the British Isles. If she crossed the channel the dough stopped. She was a table-hopper and generally wore soiled tennis shoes and a pair of men's pants. That was long before they called them "slacks" and normal women took to wearing them.

And here she was with Hemingway. Had used him to crash the gate. Well, I had asked for it. The waiters were ganging up for the bum's rush but I waved them aside. He looked pretty good. Almost civilized. Had a *smoking* on and was even shaved. Maybe he just looks good alongside of her, I thought. As I came up you could see he was ready to present me like they do at the Court of St. James. But she put her hand up in the air as though she were reaching for a strap in a bus, to shake hands.

"Fawncy seeing you here," she said.

"Fancy seeing you here," I said.

"Fancy your knowing Lady Brett," he said.

Lady Brett! I thought. Is this the one he calls Lady Brett? That was a new monicker to me. I had heard her called many things but never that. They called her "The Countess" around the Dome.

I gave the head-waiter the highsign and he showed Ernest to a nice table in the back row behind the post. She hooked her arm in mine. That gave me a chance to talk to her man to man. I told her to keep off the dance floor and not bother any of the guests and she could stay this time.

Of course I didn't dare to sit down with them. Had my social position to consider. The other girls might think she was going to work in the place and I didn't want any labor trouble that night. So I said I was very busy and tipped off Blink to keep an eye on her but not to get into an argument with Hemingway. Blink had lost an eye fighting Jack Johnson and I didn't want him to lose the other one.

She surprised me by behaving herself. Once I heard a scream and a crash from their side of the room and went tearing over there. But it was only one of our regular society matrons slugging it out with a gigolo.

My guests left about 5:00 o'clock and left five empty champagne bottles behind them. That's the way we kept count; by leaving the empties on the table. I didn't mind that. But I was a little sore at him for bringing that broad into the place. I went to the *vestiare* with them. Nobody could see us there. Then he pulled out his book. I'd forgotten all about it. But I had not forgotten the title when I saw it: *The Sun Also Rises*. So I let him have it.

"Where do you think you are?" I said. "In Atlantic City? You don't see any sun around this town, do you? That high flush you are wearing is not sunburn. It's a bar-room tan. You should have named it something else when I told you before."

Guess he thought I was just kidding because he didn't get mad. Just grinned

and wrote something on the fly-leaf and handed it to me. I read it; "What's in a name?" it said. "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet." Just some more of the Gertrude Stein stuff, I thought. I flicked over the pages to show a little interest and two words jumped right out and hit me in the eye. "Lady Brett!" I said aloud.

"Yes," he said. "That's the name I gave the Countess in the book. She is my heroine."

"Your heroine of what?" I said.

"Of *The Sun Also Rises*," he said.

"Oh," I said.

"Had a fine time," he said.

"We're even," I said.

"*Au revoir*," she said.

"Goodbye," I said.

Good Lord, I thought. How do they get that naive? Some heroine. Well, that's one book I'll never read. And he will never be able to go back to Oak Park after this. They will even give him the horse laugh in Paris. Maybe he was just kidding me, I thought. I opened the book again and glanced through it. There she was all right. Big as life. That bout is not a semi-final, I thought. It's a final with a capital F.

But there was something nice about him just the same. Take the time at the Velodrome d'Hiver. It happened at one of their weekly fights. I was sitting in the front row of the ringside seats with two lovely American girls when a pug I had had some trouble with walked up to me. I should have recognized his cauliflower ears but I didn't. It was between bouts and he must have been acting as a second as he had a wet sponge in his hand. I put out my hand absently to shake hands with him and he put out his. But he didn't shake hands; instead he shoved the wet sponge in my face and began insulting me.

The crowd loved it. It was a Charlot comedy to them. I was the gent in the *smoking* getting the custard pie from the guy in the sweater. I jumped up to grab the sponge. But as I did two other guys grabbed me. It was three to one. Well, a lot of people in those ringside seats knew me but who do you suppose was the only one to take my part? Right. Monsieur Hemingway. He just appeared from nowhere. He was grinning from ear to ear. But he wasn't fooling. He grabbed the two pugs, each by an arm, and pulled the two of them from me as though they were babies. "Get the sponge," he said. "I'll take care of these two punks."

That was all the moral and physical support I needed. I snatched the sponge away from The Ears and went into a clinch. Couldn't touch him. Two gendarmes, acting like referees, broke us apart and led us to our corners. But I took a chance and let the sponge go. It was a lucky shot. Just missed the other gendarmes and caught The Ears smack in the face. The crowd roared its approval. The gendarmes laughed and I took a bow to the gallery. But when I turned to raise Hemingway's hand he was gone. He had disappeared

as mysteriously as he had appeared.

What a strange mixture of guts and diffidence, I thought. He had not hesitated to take a hand in a friend's quarrel in front of the whole crowd. Might even have caused a riot if somebody had started swinging. Then the minute the danger is over he fades out of the picture. Funny guy, all right. They say that when the Italians decorated him they had to bring the medal to him. Afraid to get up in front of the outfit. Not afraid of action but afraid of praise. The girls said he limped a little. Who wouldn't, I thought, with an artificial knee-cap and a hundred shell-splinters in his body. But that didn't stop him. Some character.

I sure felt grateful to him that night. Kept thinking about it all during the fights. And you could see that the pug who started it was thinking about it too. Kept glaring at me. He was no practical joker either. We had had some serious trouble and he had threatened to get me.

When the fights were over I began to get worried. Sure wished my body guard had stuck around. I told the girls if anything started they were to keep right on going and meet me at the car. As we got into the crush headed for the exit I had a feeling we were being followed. So I dropped back a little and glanced over my shoulder. And sure enough the big guy was right behind me. He was still grinning.

"Keep going," he said. "I'm doing a rear-guard action."

What do you know, I thought. Some friend. He may not be much of a writer but he sure has hair on his chest. He tailed me and I tailed the girls right into my car and in a few minutes we were on our way. I introduced him to the girls. And then they burned me up.

"You're not the Mr. Hemingway who wrote *The Sun Also Rises*, are you?" they both said at once.

"Guilty," he said.

"We both read it and think it's wonderful," they said. And they went on gushing like a couple of bobby-soxers. I didn't mind so much about the brunette. She was a spare. But the red-head was putting it on too thick to suit me. She was sitting up front with me but kept turning around to talk to him. I was glad when he shut her off. He poked his finger in my back.

"How did you like the book?" he said.

Well, I thought, if he thinks I am going to flatter him, just because he saved my life, he's got another think coming. Better give it to him straight from the shoulder.

"I couldn't read the thing," I said.

"Wait a minute," he said.

"Yes," I said.

"Do you move your lips when you read?" he said.

"No," I said.

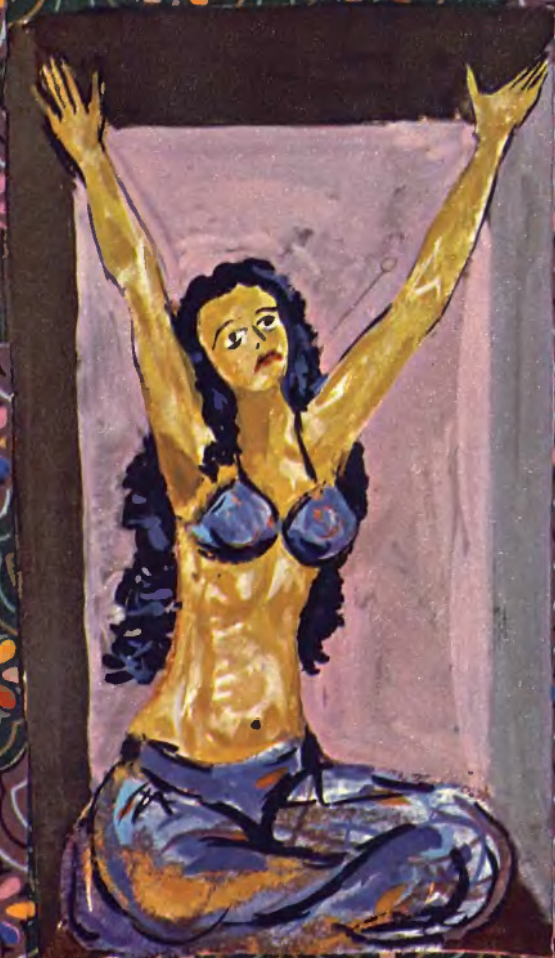
"That's it," he said.

"That's what?" I said.

"That's it. I write for people who move their lips when they read."

"Oh," I said.

The girls laughed their heads off. But
(concluded overleaf)



Ribald Classic

THE AMOROUS GOLDSMITH

A new translation from
the Arabic collection

Kitab Alf Laylah wa Laylah

ONCE THERE WAS a goldsmith who had but two passions in life: women, and good wine. One day he entered the house of a friend and observed on one of the walls the picture of a young woman; fairer or lovelier or prettier wench eye never beheld. The goldsmith studied the portrait with interest, and was astounded by its beauty; straightway his heart was invaded by a fond love for the image, so that he fell sick and was presently on the verge of destruction. One of his friends came to visit him in this grievous state, and inquired of him how he felt and where the pain was.

"Brother," the invalid replied, "my sickness, and all that has afflicted me, springs from love. I've fallen in love with a picture painted on What's-his-name's wall."

"Why, that proves what little sense you have, brother," his friend scolded him. "How could you be in love with a picture on a wall, that doesn't hurt or help anyone? It doesn't see, it doesn't hear, it can't take, it can't deny . . ."

"But the painter must have had some pretty woman for his model when he painted it," the goldsmith broke in.

"Maybe he invented it out of his head," the visitor objected.

(continued on page 77)

"I will give you a thousand dinars for her," said the goldsmith.

HEMINGWAY (continued from page 36)

I didn't laugh. Bad taste, I thought. I wanted him to ask me *why* I couldn't read his book. Had some sound criticisms all ready for him. And he laughs it off. Not only that, I had to sit there and listen to the girls raving about it. They wanted to know all about Lady Brett. What a character. Did she really exist? They should ask me, I thought. I could have told them plenty.

I listened to their flattery and got a line on the kind of book it was. Some guy had been fouled in the war. Hit below the belt. He had been Lady Brett's heavy lover before he got the TKO and when he came out she loved him just the same and continued to live with him. She was even *keeping* him, according to the story. Baloney, I thought. All that baby ever kept was the change when somebody gave her over two dollars. She was no more capable of spiritual love than I was. Then I heard the story switched to bull-fighting in Spain. Bull-throwing is more like it, I thought.

I was burning at this snake I had taken into the bosom of my car. I recall leaning over and whispering into the ear of the red-head that Hemingway himself was the guy who had been shot in the book. I don't recall mentioning that he had been shot in the knee either. All's fair in love and war, I thought.

ROUND 2: "TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT."

It was getting around midnight so I suggested that we all drive up to my place and have a little champagne.

"Sorry," he said. "Told you I never play when I am working. Doing a new book and got to get some sleep."

"OK," I said. "I'll drive you home. Where do you live?"

"Montparnasse," he said.

The red-head said, "What's the book about?"

"Collection of short stories," he said.

I shot over the bridge to the Left Bank and turned up the Boulevard Raspail. So it's short bouts now, I thought. Wonder if he is using that lemon I had read in the bar. *The Killers* or something. Hope the others are better than that one, I thought.

I said aloud, "What kind of stories?"

"I never talk about a story until it is finished," he said. "If you tell it you never write it. The trouble with you is that you tell your stories up at that joint of yours and never write them."

"Oh yeah," I said.

"Yes," he said. "Make up your mind whether you want to be a writer or a saloonkeeper. If you want to run a saloon, keep talking. If you want to be a writer start slugging the typewriter."

"Listen," I said.

"What for?" he said. "I'm not paying you to talk. Put it on paper."

Get a load of that, I thought. You'd think he was Scott Fitzgerald or someone. Here everybody in Paris is talking about my stuff in *The Boulevardier* and he is telling me how to write. What a laugh. Not only that, he probably hasn't got a pot to cook in but he's telling me off right in my own Cadillac. Some gall.

Drinks my champagne and calls my joint a saloon. I started to tell him I was a star reporter in Chicago when he was a cub in Kansas City. But the girls were so busy laughing and talking to him I couldn't get a word in edgewise. That's what you get, I thought.

"What's the name of your new book, Mr. Hemingway?" the girls said.

"*Men Without Women*," he said.

"What?" I said.

"*Men Without Women*," he said.

Here's my chance, I thought. Imagine writing a book in Paris with a title like that. First it's *The Sun Also Rises* and now it's *Men Without Women*. Gertrude Stein must have picked that one for him, too, I thought.

I said aloud. "Listen, Ernest, let's be Frank and Ernest with each other. Did you ever see a Man without a Woman in Paris? You are in Paris, France, now, kid, not Paris, Illinois. There are no men without women here and no women without men outside of Lady Brett perhaps."

"Turn left at the cemetery," he said.

"OK," I said. "And while we are here take a good look in that cemetery. If you see any Men without Women even in there I'll buy you a good dinner. They bury them side by side over here. Hot or cold, in Paris Men are with Women."

"Third house from the corner," he said.

I stopped at the third house. It was an old brick relic of the Second Empire. It had a *Chambres a Louer* sign in the window and was right across the street from the cemetery. There were no lights on inside but you could see it in spurts. There was a big electric sign on the house next door that flashed on and off. It said *Pompes Funebres*. Clever idea for an undertaker, I thought. The lights going on and off reminded you that you are here today and gone tomorrow. The house on the other side had a marble orchard in the front yard. It was a monument maker's atelier. The stone angles and other tombstones jumped at you when the undertaker's sign lit up. Nice cheerful little spot, I thought. He hopped out like he was going in to the Louvre palace.

"My room's on the fifth floor, girls," he said. "Come up and see me some time."

"Rest in peace," I said.

No wonder he writes that stuff about people getting killed, I thought. He's looking at graves all day. But do you know something? You had to give the guy credit for one thing. He was always himself. Natural like. Look at the way he let me drive him right up to that dump of his. A lot of fellows would have gotten off at the Ritz and walked the rest of the way. But he didn't care. Maybe it's integrity or self-confidence or something. Guess it must be confidence. A Hearst man told me that he had climbed those five flights of stairs around that time to offer him a newspaper job. The job paid 200 a week and he wasn't eating regularly then. But he turned down the job flat. Said nobody was

going to tell him what to write again. Wanted to live his own stories. Must have something, I guess. But, as I say, you can't put your finger on it.

There's one thing I will say for him though. He really worked hard. I went around to the cemetery room one day to see him. The concierge told me he was there. So I climbed the five flights and rapped on his door but he wouldn't let me in. The undertaker's assistant who had the room next to him told me he had been locked in his room for a week correcting proofs. Wouldn't let anybody in. They used to leave coffee and croissants at the door for him. The only exercise he got was walking to the bathroom at the other end of the hall. If genius is really the capacity for taking infinite pains he is a genius, I thought.

But work or no work you could always see him at the fights. Guess he didn't think going to the fights was playing; just part of his training. I used to see him there all the time. We used to bet ten francs a corner and he almost always won. We never talked about his books any more. What's the use, I thought. You can't tell him anything and he won't tell you anything anyway. I didn't mind when he won. Guess he can use the money more than I can, I thought.

When he was not at the fights you knew he was away somewhere. But you never knew where he was. He might be in the green hills of Africa, the blood soaked arenas of Spain or somewhere in Italy. He never writes or even sends postals.

It must have been a couple of years before I saw him again.

In November of 1929 the big Depression bounced off of Wall Street and hit Paris hard. It was a TKO for the American colony. Every Yank who had been spending money like water suddenly went dry. They had it one day and didn't have it the next. Forty thousand of them who had been living on incomes fought to get reservations on the boats and borrowed money to pay their passage.

Things were plenty tough for us. Lost the place in Montmartre and *The Boulevardier* folded for want of readers. But before it folded it did me a favor. I was offered a contract to go over to Hollywood and write for the new talking pictures. What a break.

And the first person I wanted to tell about it was the smart-alec Hemingway. Tell me how to write, would he? I could tell him something now. Universal Pictures had seen a story of mine in *The Boulevardier* and had come over 5000 miles to sign me up. I didn't see them coming after him. Going to be the champ, was he? Well, maybe he'd find himself up against his old sparring mate in the battle of the century. You know how it is. I was dying to rub it in. Wherever he was I knew he was in there slugging. But a good boxer can always outpoint a slugger. Wait until I stick that straight Hollywood left in his kisser, I thought.

NEXT MONTH:

ROUND 3: "A FAREWELL TO ARMS"





DANISH PASTRY

*miss september is a
rhapsody in broken english*

THIS BLUE-EYED natural blonde was born 21 years ago in Copenhagen, Denmark, has been in America a scant three years. Her hobbies include dancing, designing clothes and murdering the English language. Elsa Sorensen is her name, and though she thinks her new monicker, Dane Arden, is slicker and more "American," we still call her Ellie, as do her other friends—including baritone boyfriend Guy Mitchell. Guy sees a lot of Ellie. So will you, on the following spread where this Dane named Dane proves that a rose is a rose is a Playmate.



MISS SEPTEMBER PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



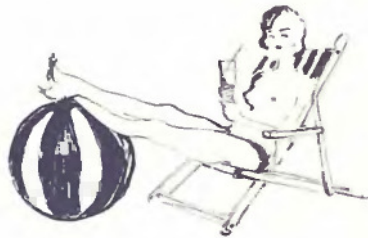
Picking up munchables for a party, Ellie shops a supermarket with boyfriend, pop vocalist Guy Mitchell.



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The movie producer traveled all the way to Europe, but had to return to Hollywood disappointed. He contacted the beautiful Italian actress he'd been seeking, all right, but, unfortunately, she refused to come across.

One of our friends has a real problem. He received a note through the mail advising him, "If you don't stop making love to my wife, I'll kill you." The trouble is, the note wasn't signed.



Lord Duffingham returned from his grouse shooting somewhat earlier than usual and found Lady Duffingham in a rather compromising situation with his best friend, Sir Archibald Carpley. Lord Duffingham stood stiffly in the bedroom doorway and loudly berated his wife for her infidelity. With thunder in his voice, he reminded her that he had taken her from a miserable existence in the London slums, given her a fine home, provided her with servants, expensive clothes and jewels.

As Lady Duffingham was by this time crying inconsolably, his Lordship turned his wrath on his supposed friend: "And as for you, Carpley—you might at least stop while I'm talking!"



You won't read about it in *After Hours*, but we occasionally get our kicks in a place where the music is so bad that when a waiter drops a tray everybody gets up and starts dancing.

Jim Morgan had just returned from a month-long trip to New York and he met a good friend just outside his office.

"Jim," said the friend, "what's wrong? Your eyes are so red and bloodshot!"

"It happened on the trip," said Jim. "My very first evening in New York, I met this very attractive young woman in

a cocktail lounge. We had a few drinks, then dinner and a show. One thing led to another and she spent the night with me at my hotel.

"When I woke the next morning, she was sitting on the edge of the bed crying. I asked her what was troubling her and she told me she was married and that she was very ashamed of herself.

"Well, that got me to thinking about my wife and kids back here, so we both sat there on the edge of the bed and cried for about a half hour."

"But, Jim," said the puzzled friend, "that was almost four weeks ago. What does that have to do with your eyes being bloodshot today?"

"Well, look," Jim exclaimed, "you can't sit and cry your eyes out every morning for four weeks without making them a little red!"



An interloper at a meeting of the Society of Mayflower Descendants put the august group in a bit of a tizzy when he responded, "Actually, I'm descended from a long line my mother once heard."

The husband was disturbed by his wife's indifferent attitude towards him and the marriage counselor suggested he try being more aggressive in his love making.

"Act more like a romantic lover and less like a bored spouse," he was advised. "When you go home, make love to her as soon as you meet—even if it is right inside the front door."

At the next consultation, the advisor was pleased to hear that the husband had followed instructions. "And how did she react this time?" the consultant asked.

"Well, to tell the truth," the husband replied, "she was still sort of indifferent. But one thing I've got to admit: her bridge club went absolutely wild!"

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.



"Sherwood Forest . . . Robin Hood speaking."

ORPHEUS IN HAITI

HE WAS VIRILITY incarnate, an enchanting singer, a devil with the ladies: but from the moment he set eyes on the queen of his heart, no other woman had a chance. And when *The Only Girl* was taken from him by death (for this is a tragic story), he swore off the gentle sex for life. That life proved to be short. His ex-girlfriends, seething with jealousy and thwarted desire, drew him into a wild and mounting orgy, worked themselves into a homicidal frenzy, and, at the peak of the bacchanale, fell upon and tore him — literally — limb from limb.

His name, of course, was Orpheus, and he's been dead a long time now, but (if rumor is to be believed) there is still at least one place on this planet where the male is first worshipped, then destroyed; where a living, breathing symbol of virility is set upon by a hysterical, orgy-driven woman and killed anew, savagely, bloodily.

This place is Haiti. Try to imagine that you're in a jungle clearing. Fire flickers on tree trunks and burnished bodies. They're swaying, perhaps 200 men and women, to the beat of drums
(continued overleaf)



donkeys, damballa, and a monument to fear

BY PATRICK CHASE *playboy's travel editor*



grouped near a huge tree trunk in the center of the glade: Already the *houngan* has chanted his appeals to the spirit and sketched a cabalistic design on the ground. Near it are tethered a goat and five roosters — black, arrogant, sure of their maleness. Tension is high and now the drums step up the beat. From the darkness to one side a man's voice shouts: "*Damballa goubamba! Kinga do ki la!*" Murmuringly, the crowd intones the response: "*Kinga do ki la!*" Over and over, the invocation is repeated to Damballa, the good spirit, to Damballa, who craves blood.

A young woman stands near the fire. She's wearing a red bandana, a loose white *chemise maldicre* of flour sacking, cut low over the shoulders. Quietly she begins to sway to the drums. Rooted to one spot, there is no movement except that reed-like weaving of her body. Firelight picks out now the outline of her thighs, now the swell of her breasts against the thin material.

The girl sways and weaves with an almost overpowering intensity — faster now as a wooden fetish is carried forward, the life-sized figure of a man. The drums beat on, restless, surging volumes of sound. The girl sways and weaves faster until ripples seem to flow up her body. Again and again and again, the extraordinary pulsation shakes her, building ever greater tension in the crowd.

The drums notch up faster. Now the girl moves. Still convulsed by the tremendous vibrations, she bends over backward toward the fetish. Pulsing and jerking, she arches back and back — bent impossibly over and still pulsing — until the women around her wail in sharp falsetto as the girl smothers the idol in kisses.

The chant of the crowd joins the ceaseless thunder of drums. Sweating drummers fall out as others take up the rhythm. Tension is electric through the clearing. Naked, a figure of onyx, the girl weaves along the rows of squatting, swaying figures. She's in a self-induced trance, tongue lolling from one side of her mouth, eyes fixed in a rigid, sightless stare. Now the alto drums are a tormenting staccato and pulses speed faster to the frenzy. Down the rows the girl passes, arms outstretched over the black heads as if to raise each to her own exalted state.

Here and there, eyes glaze, then turn up and grow blind white. Here and there, a body topples to the ground thrashing and foaming. But the gleaming eyes of the crowd follow only the girl back to the fire. She grasps one of the black roosters, raises him high above her head, her sweat-glistening body ebony in the flameglow. Legs apart, firmly planted, she swings him in circles about her until he dies.

Then, suddenly, the drums are still. A machete flashes bright. The victim's head flies to the ground and blood spurts against the girl. In a moment, all at once, the crowd surges about her as she drinks from the rooster's neck, trickles of red coursing down her chin, over breasts, along thighs. Other priests slaughter the remaining animals and sprinkle blood on

the jostling throng. For only a baptism of blood will admit Damballa to the soul.

The drums roll on. Again, over all, comes the hoarse chant of the ceremony broken now by shrieks and moans. Slowly, the first light of dawn edges the black glade with yellow-green, and a primal ritual older than Orpheus throbs its final spasm.

This is not an exalted word picture of the rite of voodoo as dreamed up by over-enthusiastic travel writers, but a description of that ritual as it has been seen by white men — or so they say. Being addicted to the "I'm from Missouri" school of reporting only on what we've seen, we must admit the sight of a voodoo orgy has never glazed our eye. And for every William Seabrook who claims to have witnessed the spectacle, there are doubters who say they've searched for it but never found it. What is the truth?

As we see it, it boils down to two considerations. First: the fact that a man hasn't found what he's looking for is not presumptive evidence that it doesn't exist. Second: Haiti is still virtual jungle; the French influence which is responsible for the communities on its shores was always a hostile influence to the natives. The interior, still mostly steaming jungles and shaggy-sloped mountains, is among the most primitive areas of the hemisphere. What takes place during the dark jungle nights is more a matter of conjecture than of eye-witness reporting.

In any case, the chances are that, as a tourist, you won't get to see the real thing. What will happen to you is this: in Port au Prince you'll meet up with a leering cab driver who'll promise you a full-dress voodoo ceremony. He'll herd you into his ancient car, zip off past tumbledown native huts or rutted outskirt streets dimly lit by lamps every three or four blocks. He'll stop to confer with a shadow lounging in the gloom of a side-alley, drive on — jolting and lurching — then stop again to go scouting. He'll eventually lead you to a wooden shack where *le vrai voodoo* is promised. As soon as you get inside, the first thing the dancers and drummers do is cluster around for a handout.

Give the drummer a gourde (20c U.S.), sit back and watch the show. Commercial? Tawdry? *Pour les touristes?* Undeniably. But it's still something to see, something with more primal rhythm mindlessly, even animalistically, performed that you're likely to have encountered anywhere Stateside — or this side of Africa. Just possibly, though, you'll prefer to skip the cab driver's smirk and the dancers' dubious performance. In which case, if you're still on a voodoo kick, you may sample the kind put on at the night clubs or the open-air Theatre de Verdure on a Saturday night.

The Theatre, showcase of the National Folklore Troupe, also offers you a chance to catch Ti-Roro, perhaps the greatest of the Haitian drummers. Until you've heard him, you've never heard a drum sob like a lost child, or murmur like a girl in love. The voodoo-based dance sketches put on at the Theatre are an ample reward too, choreographed with

incisive, modern style, yet without ever losing the touch of earthy abandon that makes them real, the essence of this vivid land, this brightly warm people.

Haiti is still one of the least expensive Caribbean spots north of Antigua, with more to offer than all the rest put together. Though prices have doubled in the last three or four years, we still manage a thoroughly good evening for two with a gourde or so left out of \$20. One of the spots you should try is the Voodoo Club (can't get away from the stuff), still relatively untouristed and complete with dirt floor and bare tables. It's dark enough so that no one can see you stumbling through a *merengue* among the swivel-jointed Haitians. It's only late at night that the little bars along Avenue Roosevelt liven up: the Brunette Club (we spotted at least two blondes there), Royal Palm Beach, New York Bar and Paradise.

You can find most anything you're looking for in these joints, and the waiters in most of them will try to hustle a full bottle of rum to your table, followed by other more animate objects. You're quite within your rights to shoot the full bottle back and call for the stuff by single shots (about 10c). Do whatever you want about the other objects. In Carrefour proper (a pretty improper section) you'll pass rows of houses standing back from the road and strung with colored lights. Keep right on going. Sex may be, as one fellow put it, "*une industrie en Haiti*," but who wants it that way? For your private dossier, however, professional ladies here are known as *Dominicaines*, though we're told by an impeccable source that the best ones are all from Martinique.

If you do crave some female companionship, try hunting on your own at the Casino, where the upper echelon of Haitian society gathers. The place is glossily, glaringly cosmopolitan, with French spoken all around, an open-air dance floor and a splendid orchestra. It boasts an excellent restaurant, too, and the meals are served with such allure that the waiters change white gloves virtually after every course. Also available is the usual collection of bars and gaming rooms. When you've had your fill of the place, stroll her down through pleasant gardens to the Casino's yacht harbor, or over to the illuminated fountains on the waterfront Exposition grounds. Or drive on up to the Cabane Choucouné at Pétionville.

Fun starts earlier there — with cocktails at sunset on the terrace of the Ibo Lélé, and a pink-glowing view that stretches a good 80 miles. Then, a couple of thousand feet above Pétionville, there's Kenscoff. We're all for the drive there, during which you pass from bougainvillea to pine trees in 20 minutes: it even gets cool enough to justify hot buttered rum. Beyond, at the top of the mountain, there's Furcy, where log fires are an occasional delight.

A good reason for making a separate evening of Pétionville is the food. Fabulous is the word for it and every hotel
(concluded on page 52)

*fresh, smoked, baked, boiled, devilled,
minced, hashed, fried or glazed with
bourbon, few viands can vie with—*

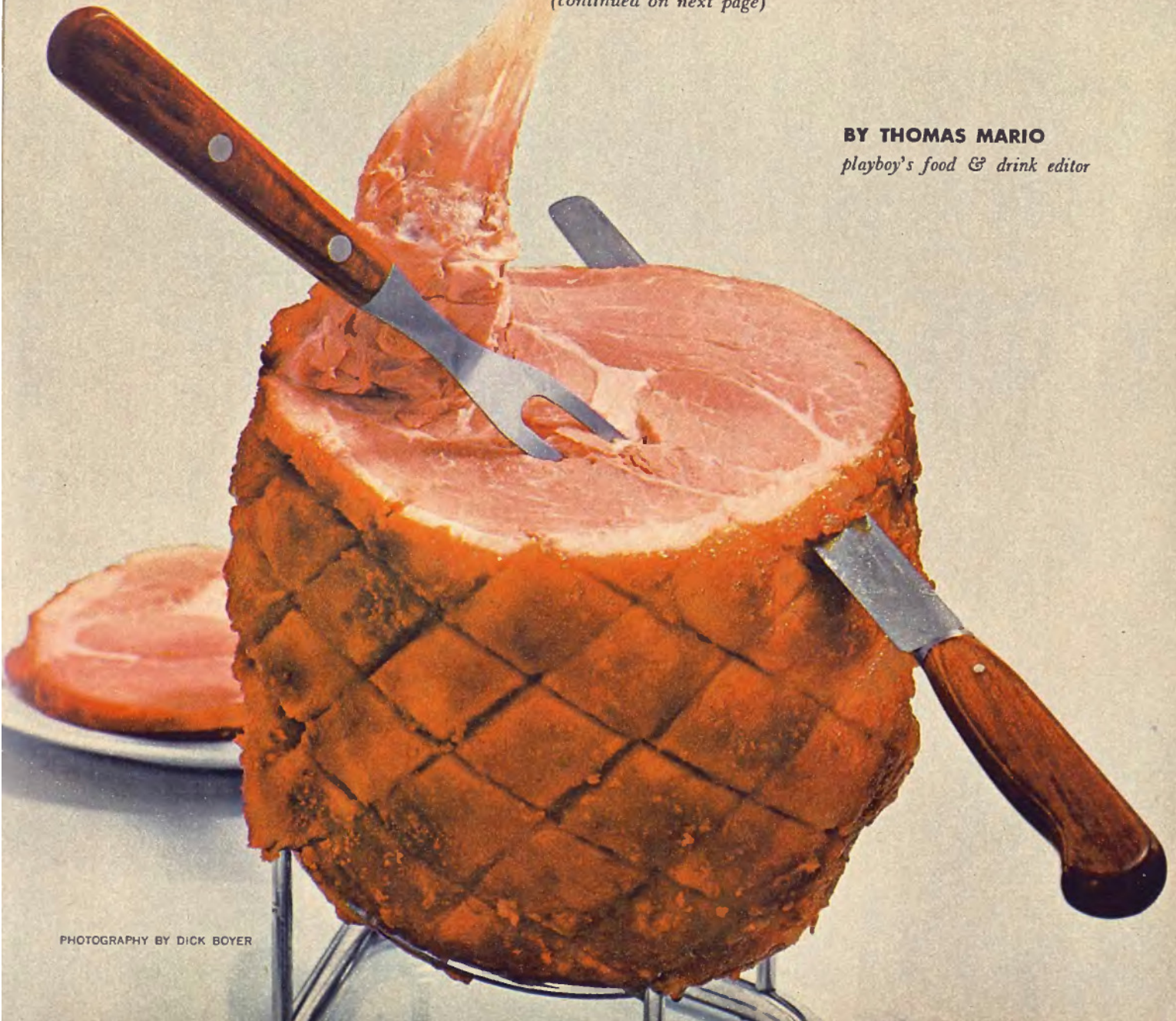
THE HEARTY HAM

WHEN CICERO SAID, "Things perfected by nature are better than those finished by art," he couldn't have been thinking of the smoked thigh of a pig.

A fresh ham is the product of nature, and has much to recommend it. But a smoked ham is a work of art. Certainly if Cicero had lived long enough to taste a genuine Smithfield ham taken from a peanut-fed razorback hog, carefully buried in salt, rubbed with freshly ground pepper, smoked over slow burning hickory wood and then aged for two or maybe three years, Rome's honey-mouthed orator may have thought twice
(continued on next page)

BY THOMAS MARIO

playboy's food & drink editor



before making that rash utterance.

Ham fans fall into three classes. First of all, there are the backwoods boys who, from the age of two, have been raised on hog ham gravy and bear lard biscuits. At the opposite extreme are those fastidious gentry who will only eat ham if it's served with fresh calf's sweetbread and *cepes sautéés* in white wine sauce *sous cloche*. The third and largest class are the great majority of ham lovers who enjoy anything from deviled ham on a cracker to oversize ham steaks from the corn fields of Iowa.

All of these types appreciate the one salient fact about ham—its integrity. There is no such thing as a fake ham. It's one of the least disguised and least doubtful of meat flavors. Even in a croquette or soufflé, the matchless flavor comes through unaltered. When you leave roast beef in your refrigerator for four or five days, the juices evaporate and the flavor becomes stale and weary. But you can keep a ham in the ice box for four weeks, and the tangy miracle of the smokehouse remains unchanged. When meats like corned beef or smoked tongue are canned, their original flavor and texture become almost unrecognizable. But a canned ham never loses its rich natural savor.

For all young gastronomers who aren't equipped to struggle with sole in aspic, joints of mutton and pressed wild duck, the plump ham on the carving board is the easiest way to satisfy the wolf in your stomach and the wench on the edge of your bed. A loaf of crisp sour rye bread, a jar of snappy mustard and some cold bottles of bubbling ale are all that are needed to start the revival meeting. Ham's final recommendation is its price. In recent years it's been the least piratical of all meats.

Until the late Twenties, any amateur chef who undertook to cook a whole ham in his bachelor apartment usually found out that a course in food engineering was necessary in order to do the job properly. Before the ham was ready to eat, the young man was usually forced to study such topics as the effects of certain orders of fungi, not to mention the use of the long block tackle and the inclined plane. When the sprightly epicure carried his fat ham home and discovered to his horror that there was mold on it, he was faced with three possible decisions. He could return the ham to the butcher, report his disenchantment to the department of health or else call his mother at once by long distance phone. The tyro didn't know that country ham lovers at that time regarded mold (if it wasn't too deep) with the same affection a wine connoisseur felt toward the sediment in a fine bottle of Burgundy. After entertaining a number of doubts he usually turned to an old recipe book where he found comforting data telling him to *scrub* the ham. Should he use the same brush they used on the kitchen floor or a brand new brush? There was the harsh dilemma of whether he should scrub it with a strong soap and water or just plain water. The cook books told him both methods were

satisfactory.

In the course of disinterring the recipe he learned that he was to *soak* the meat. This, too, presented certain niceties in the protocol of dealing with a ham. Should he soak it in warm water or cold water, in the washtub or the bathtub? From further consultation he deduced that he should soak the ham 24 hours for each year it was hung. This, of course, posed the gruelling problem of tracing the pig's genealogy back to its original owner in order to determine just how many months the end of the pig dangled from the rafters.

At last, the young epicure placed his ham in the pot to boil. It was usually a heavy long ham rather than a short plump ham because that was the way pigs were raised in those days. When the 18-pound ham was dropped into the four-quart pot, the phenomenon known as the displacement of water usually presented itself. The chef's pants, underwear, socks and shoes were immediately drenched with liquid. Then, hours later, after making all the necessary adjustments, in the serene calm of a job well done, the young culinarian was ready to remove the cooked ham from the pot. With his trusty kitchen fork, he jabbed the thickest part of the ham's cushion and lifted. Under the immense weight of the ham the fork slowly bent in two like an old hatpin. Instead of fishing up a ham, he acquired valuable knowledge concerning the tensile strength of different metals.

The ham was finally boiled. And that was only half the battle—merely the first step preparatory to baking the ham.

Nowadays, the old process of soaking, scrubbing and simmering are for the most part unnecessary. In the early Thirties, tenderized or quick-cooking hams were introduced. These were hams that required no soaking or simmering and that could be baked by merely placing them in the oven in the same manner as a turkey or a large rib roast. Later, completely cooked, ready-to-eat hams were introduced, and this type dominates the market today. In restaurants and hotels, with proper cooking facilities, hams are still scrubbed, soaked, simmered, baked and glazed. The finished ham may be slightly more moist and more subtle in flavor than the cooked ham you buy in the butcher shop. But the results are simply not worth the outlandish efforts required to bake a raw ham starting from scratch. Naturally there are differences in the qualities of the ready-to-eat hams. But once you've found a ham that satisfies your taste for cure, smokiness, texture and tenderness, you can be pretty sure that the quality of the same brand will remain consistent.

Over the United States you will find ham sold in an almost unlimited variety of forms and sizes. First of all, there are the aristocrats from the ham capital of the world, Smithfield, Virginia, population about 1100. Such brands as Todd's, Gwaltney's and Jordan's represent the very highest order in the bluebloods of the hog kingdom. Hams from this area

are not to be confused with so-called "Virginia style" hams which many restaurants and delicatessen stores offer and which are merely baked hams from any part of the country, stuck with a few cloves and browned in the oven. The real Smithfield Virginia hams are taken from a lean aristocratic strain of hog, turned loose in the woods in the spring and fattened on peanuts in the fall. The shape is somewhat long and flat. The meat is deep brick red, the fat amber rather than white. The difference in flavor between a genuine Virginia ham and other hams is the difference in flavor between brandy and *vin ordinaire*. Native epicures in Virginia like their ham cut paper thin. For better carving, they prefer a cold ham over a hot.

Through the South you'll find the country hams, many of which are prepared in the same manner as the Smithfield hams. Some of the country hams are not smoked but merely cured in salt and then hung in a cold place for months to age. Country hams are consumed locally for the most part. Smithfield hams are available in fancy food shops all over the United States. For apartment bachelors, the whole Smithfield hams are sometimes hard to handle. Even a half of a Virginia ham may be unwieldy. Those who want the real thing in small quantities can now buy the five-ounce jar of Amber brand sliced and cooked Smithfield ham. The price of a genuine Smithfield ham is about twice that of another ham. But for the special blowout, it's the ham of distinction. Following the trend in the trade, the Smithfield hams are now offered raw or cooked and glazed with brown sugar, ready for the carving knife.

Of course the greatest number of hams sold in the United States are the moderately smoked hams typified by the brand names of the nationally known meat packers. They may be bought raw, partly cooked (tenderized) or completely cooked, ready to eat. People who do not care for the intense flavor and saltiness of the Smithfield ham prefer this milder cure. For such respectable fare as ham and cabbage, ham and beans, ham and potato salad and ham steaks, these hams are excellent.

The mildest of all hams are the canned Dutch, Danish and Irish specimens. Their bland flavor is just the opposite of their Virginia counterparts. They are sold in sizes ranging from one pound to 15 pounds. When buying the very small size tins, you sometimes take the chance of getting excess fat and gristle, since the small cut may come from the extreme shank or butt end. Here again the variety of brands you can buy is tremendous. If you're looking for a gastronomical novelty, you might try such sophisticated versions as the Dutch Gala brand ham in champagne sauce or the German Englert's sliced ham in Burgundy wine sauce.

Finally, there are such hard hams as the Italian Prosciutto or the imported Westphalian style. These hams are both

(concluded on page 75)



"Come, come, Miss Eberle, the world needs calendars!"

HAITI (continued from page 48)

has its specialty. So do the restaurants in town: flaming lobster at Aux Cosaques, snails at Picardie. Kalmar's runs to top-notch French cooking but also a wide variety of creole dishes. Try *grillo*, which is mostly pork, or *tasso* of beef, both in piquant sauces; or *diri et donjon*, a savory clump of rice and mushrooms, yam croquette and mango pie.

There are smaller, dingier spots where the eating's still more fun. We got a Haitian friend to steer us—straight, in this case—to Papa Denis', a roofless place with a dirt floor, a few blocks from the Presidential Palace. Papa mixes a rather special *coctèle*, then whooshes up a spread of eggplant with conch, followed by crab soup (with the fully shelled creature floating around to prove it's real), filet mignon and a dessert of yams and syrup. The tab: 90c a head, including a bottle of rum.

Other inexpensive pleasures on Haiti include spear fishing over coral reefs from the Casino pier (there's no bathing beach worth a damn closer than Carrefour Raymond) for \$5, and we even tried a full day's alligator hunting on Lake Saumatre for around \$20. We've got a belt to prove it.

In Port au Prince, bargain buys include perfumes and good local recordings of Ti-Roro drum solos and voodoo incantations, inexpensive Italian spear-fishing gear and some good carved mahogany pieces. Most of our shopping is done at Mme. Paquin's, who started the souvenir business down here and still gets her pick of the merchandise, justifying slightly higher but fixed prices. Kurt Fisher's store next door is good, too.

And, of course, we also go to DeWitt Peter's Art Center. It's still a place for excellent "buys," though nowadays you'll pay up to \$750 for a good canvas by Benoit, Bazile, Hyppolite or Bigaud. But with a little personal taste, you can pick up fine primitive work at "investment" prices here or at the rival Foyer des Arts Plastiques.

Instead of hopping around from cab to cab, it's wiser to pick up a permanent driver. To save gas (45c a gallon) he'll accelerate wildly for half a block, then coast as far as he can go. The art seems to be never to check momentum by using the brakes, but instead to careen through the gaudily thronged streets, just missing flashy new American cars, little *bourrique* donkeys with broad paniers on either side, or farm women down from the hills with head-carried loads of produce for the market.

The market, incidentally, is one of the more depressing sights (and smells) in all Haiti. It's a bright-painted turreted structure of sheet iron where just about everything is traded, including cups made of condensed-milk cans with a string handle, sandals cut from old auto tires, and cardboard suitcases decorated or reinforced with beer cans beaten flat.

(The impoverished state of many Haitians has given rise to an interesting local custom known as *placage*. It's so hard to accumulate money for a wedding

that men and women live together to save jointly for the ceremony. This gives Haitian children the rare advantage of attending their parents' wedding along with several brothers and sisters.)

The other unnerving sight in Haiti, so far as we're concerned, are the cock fights. If that's what you want, though, a good spot is the Gaugère cockpit on the Exposition grounds where fights are held Saturdays and Sundays. We don't normally flinch from "blood sports" but we draw the line here: the birds are so damned plucky, as they gouge and slash, then somehow get up, gory and one-eyed, to fight on with a bone-pierced wing and half a beak, that we end up wretchedly rooting for the agonized creature on the ground, fighting on because it's got too much guts to drag itself away.

Every now and then, we're hell bent on sociological research, and choose a side jaunt into the hinterland. We'll go to Cap Haitien by coastal freighter or else by transport plane over a stormy gray-green sea of mountains.

"Le Cap," where Columbus qualified for some sort of Western Hemisphere first by running the Santa Maria aground on a coral reef, is so unselfconsciously flavorsome that cannon which fired on Napoleon's ships still rest in the streets along the waterfront.

We make a point of staying around there a day or two at the Hostellerie du Roi Christophe—just to stroll narrow streets, past old, balconied homes, and out to the harbor forts and the ancient lighthouse. Then we go to the Citadelle Ferrière, which is really why we come to Cap Haitien.

We'll drive out first to Milot, a small village on the edge of the jungle, that makes a living out of supplying horses for the trip up the mountain, and boys with switches to keep them moving. These small black businessmen walk the whole way there and back, burdened by a basketful of cokes which they cool off from time to time in mountain streams.

Our first stop is always at Sans Souci, a ruined copy of Versailles which the jungle is slowly trying to reclaim. Beyond, the trail grows gradually steeper and more rocky. A couple of stops were called by the women in our group, to admire tropical blossoms blazing vivid reds and blues from the trailside tangle of vegetation. We paused again about half-way up for our first view of the Citadelle.

Above us the huge gray stone structure loomed atop a grassy elevation in the midst of virgin forest. One soaring corner faced us like the prow of a ship. Here was the famous "monument to fear" where black Christophe—prototype of "Emperor Jones"—planned to fight to the last against the French. Here, dragged block by huge granite block up the mountainside, was a fortress that could maintain a garrison of 10,000 for a siege of years.

The relic loomed ever more massive as we climbed closer. Before long we were standing beside the 130-foot walls,

under the muzzles of 12-foot bronze guns, beside an iron-studded door leading through the seven-foot thickness of the outer walls. We climbed to the top up flying stairways overhanging an ever more fearsome drop and came out on the towering heights of this man-made butte.

Weather-worn and grass-grown at the top of the Citadelle is the grave of Christophe, the maniac genius whose defensive creation was never used. For he died not from the French bullets he had feared; paralyzed by a stroke, beset by intriguers in his divided land, raging at his own sudden weakness, he died a suicide. More than any other single factor, perhaps, the legends that have grown up about this man have unified the Haitian people. And like Christophe at his prime, Haiti packs the biggest wallop in the Caribbean today.

For more information, consult your travel agent, or write Haiti Government Tourist Bureau, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York. Details on Haiti are also available from Pan American World Airways (135 East 42nd Street, New York) or Delta C. & S. Airlines (Atlanta Airport, Atlanta, Ga.). One-way air fares are \$75 from Miami, \$120 from New Orleans. Or try Eastern Steamship Corp. (Pier 3, P.O. Box 882, Miami) or Panama Line (21 West Street, New York) whose round-trip fares by sea start at \$342 from New York, \$190 from Miami.

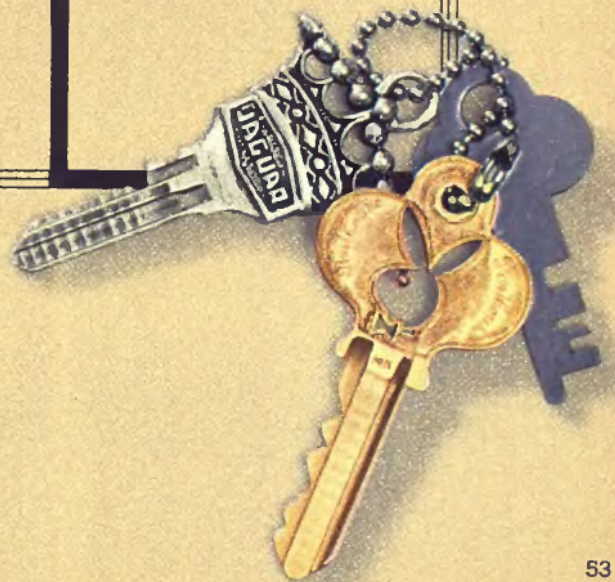
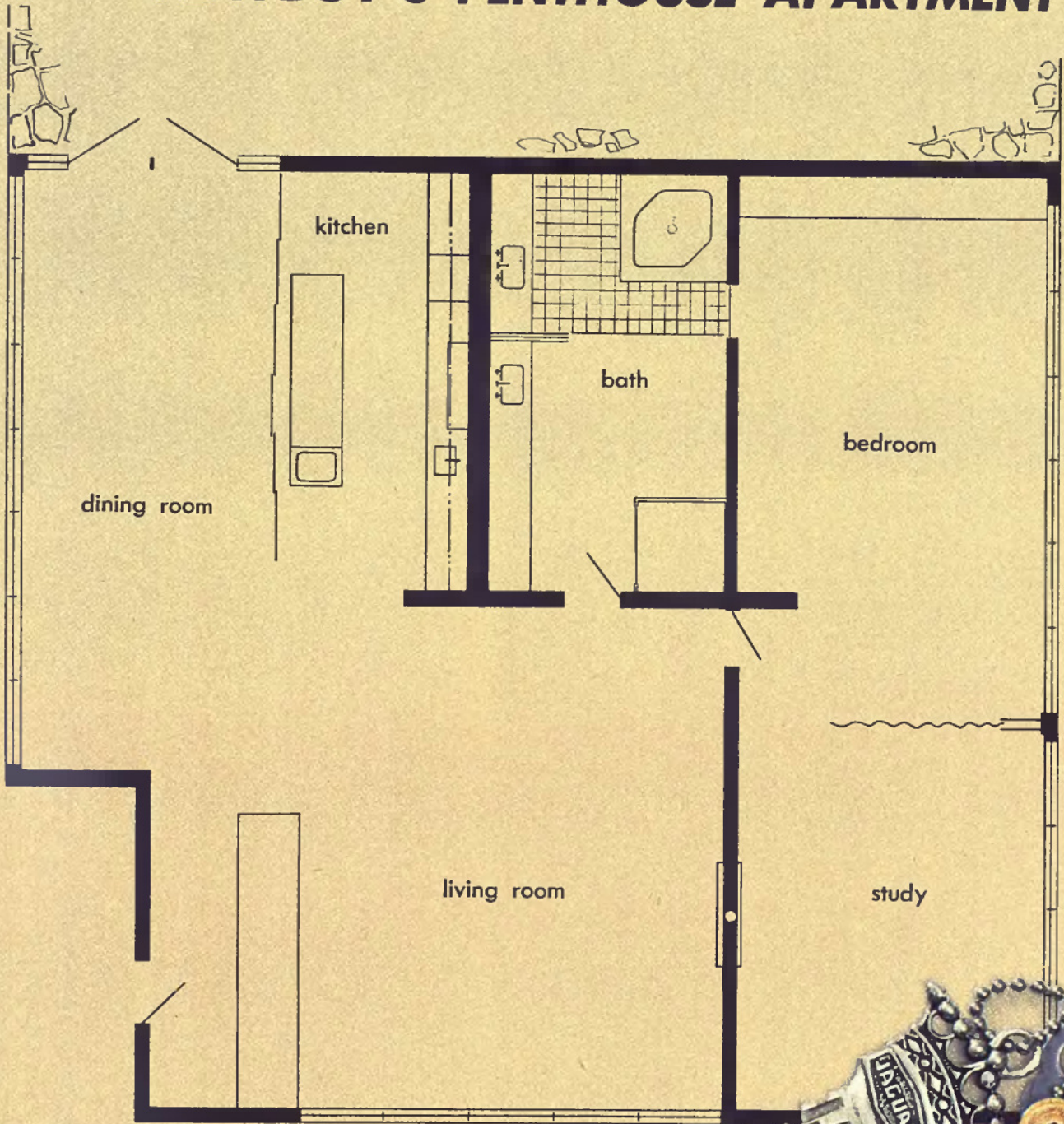
PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

Time your travels to these frolicsome European festivals: Oktoberfest, Munich, for magnificent Bavarian beer and fine foods in huge quantities amid fabulous fall scenes and the scent of the grape harvest (German Tourist Information Office, 500 Fifth Ave., New York 36); Festival of Our Lady of Pillar, Zaragoza, Spain, Oct. 11, for bull fights and lovely women, plus the attendant after hours relaxation in the Spanish manner (Spanish State Tourist Office, 485 Madison Ave., New York 22); Salon de l'Auto, Paris, Oct. 4, one of the world's biggest convocations of sports cars and devotees, and a good excuse for doing Paris at the top of the season; Gastronomic Fair, Dijon, Nov. 3, for dedicated gourmets who like to rub elbows and sample vittles with others of that ilk (French Govt. Tourist Office, 610 5th Ave., N. Y. 20).

Packaged trips are autumn travel bargains. TWA (380 Madison Ave., New York) offers two of timely interest. With the opening of the fall theatre season, why not set up your own party for a stay in New York? Included are tickets for Broadway shows, hotel, meals and sightseeing in a package that starts at \$49.50 for three days, plus air fare . . . When flying west, plan ahead for no-extra-fare stop-overs at Las Vegas' mink-and-Cadillac resorts, or poolside lolling at dude ranches around Phoenix. Threeday romps run around \$16 per head.



PLAYBOY'S PENTHOUSE APARTMENT



*a high, handsome haven—pre-planned
and furnished for the bachelor in town*



A MAN YEARS for quarters of his own. More than a place to hang his hat, a man dreams of his own domain, a place that is exclusively his. PLAYBOY has designed, planned and decorated, from the floor up, a penthouse apartment for the urban bachelor—a man who enjoys good living, a sophisticated connoisseur of the lively arts, of food and drink and congenial companions of both sexes. A man very much, perhaps, like you. In such a place, you might live in

elegant comfort, in a man's world which fits your moods and desires, which is a tasteful, gracious setting for an urbane personality. Here is the key. Let's use it together and take a tour of discovery.

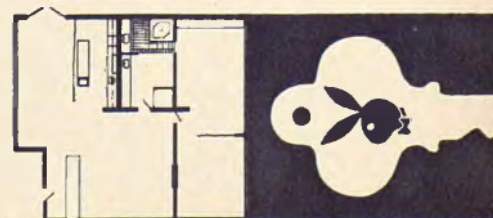
It is just after dark on an evening with a tang of autumn in the air. The front door (that's at the lower left) takes us into a hallway with a facing wall of primavera panels. One slides easily aside, a light goes on automatically within

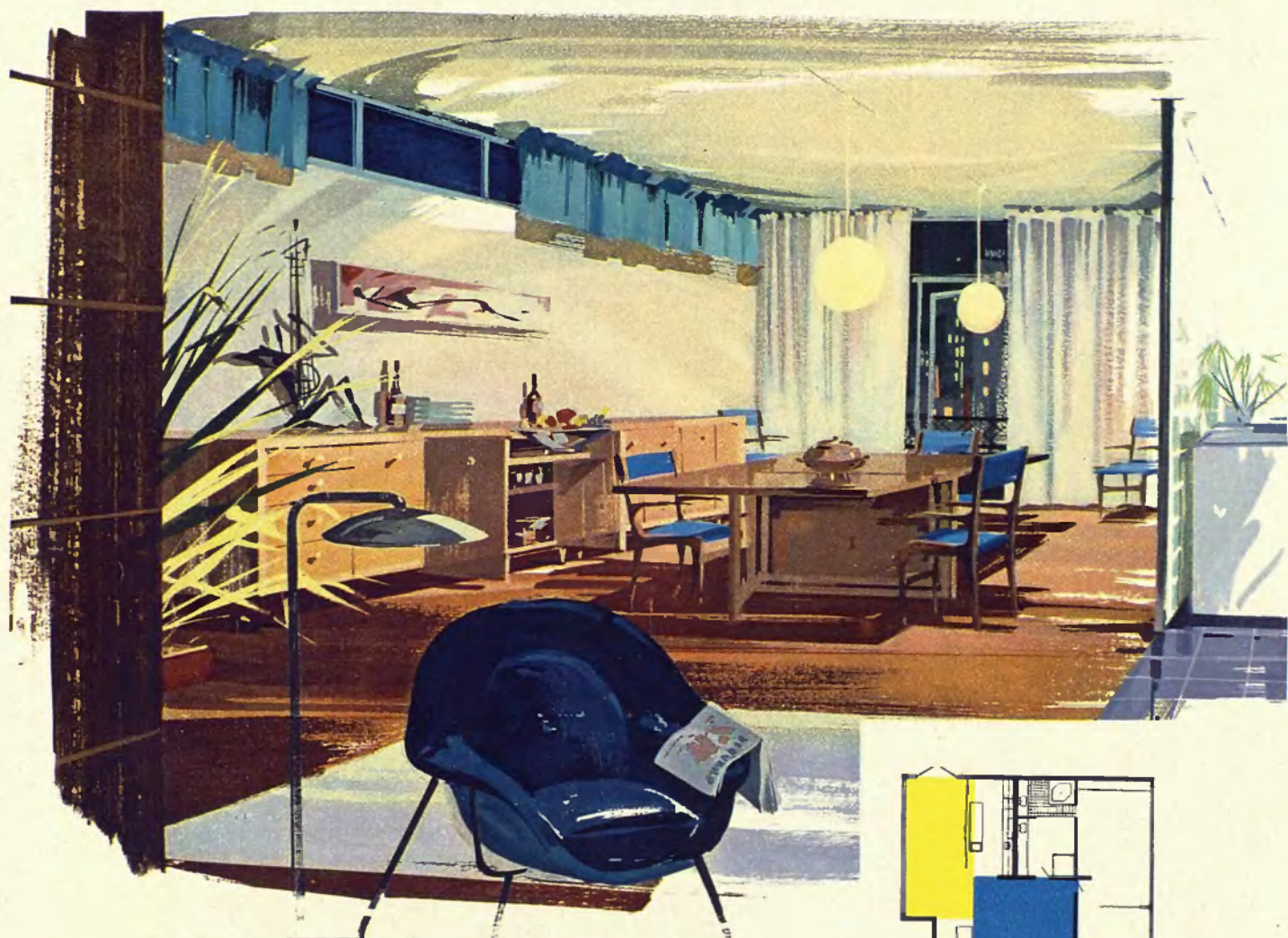


and we hang our topcoats in a dust-proof closet. To our right is an illuminated aquarium and a wall-and-ceiling skylight, lending a romantic atmosphere to the entrance-way, and to our left, at the end of the hall, the apartment beckons warmly.

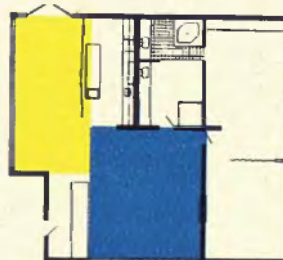
Coming down the hallway, we are able to view the entire width of the apartment and through the open casements, see the terrace and the winking towers of the city beyond. Then, quite suddenly, we are in the apartment proper — a modern kitchen adjoins the dining room and before us is the main living area.

The fire in the raised and recessed Swedish grate casts a magnetic glow on the





DINING ROOM



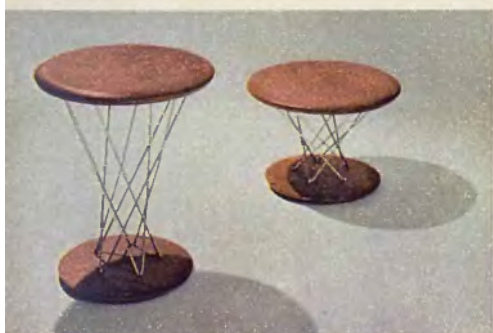
From left to right: Bruno Mathesson table (\$220) comes in a variety of solid hardwoods (we've used elm in the apartment—it's shown here in teak), is an ingenious gateleg with four leaves; foyer to right of entry has illuminated aquarium, wall-and-ceiling skylight; one of the Miller cabinets in dining room which is equipped with sliding silver chest, adjustable shelves; one of eight Singer upholstered solid elm dining chairs, suitable elsewhere as needed.



Above: The unusual flip-flop couch by M. Singer & Sons (#194, \$495), pictured in various stages of flip, including the flop, on which overnighters may flop. Below, Saarinen armchair by Knoll (#70, \$285).



Below: rocking stools designed by Noguchi, built of hardwood and metal by Knoll (B5T, B6T, \$46.50, \$48) offer casual living room seating in comfort.



Below: one of four Knoll tables (#305, \$78), with foam cushions, may be used singly or together for seats or buffet.

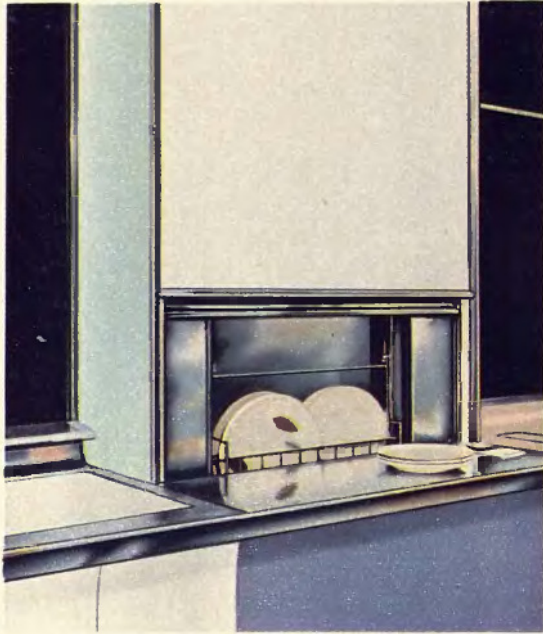


LIVING ROOM

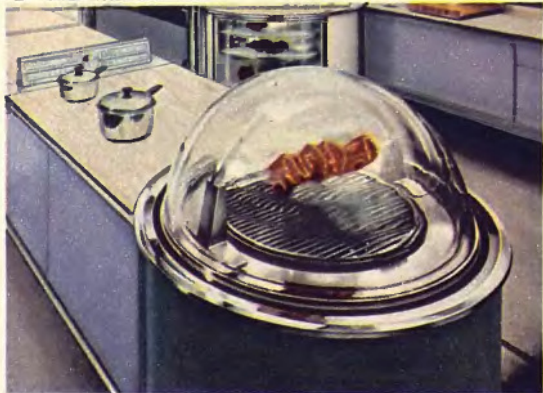


couch facing it, forming an intimately confined area, a romantic setting for a tête-à-tête. The floor beneath us is cork tile. The smooth plaster wall is in dramatic contrast to the stone hearth, which has a painting on its right and a raised planter with climbing vine on its left. The apartment's sense of masculine richness and excitement stems in part from such juxtapositions of textures—the smooth wall, the stone, the planter, the cork floor—and for visual impact the unadorned brick wall which closes off the bath and the kitchen area. Turn to the window wall. Here's drama and contrast again, a view of the city through casements richly hung with white dacron and slate silk shantung overdrapes. Below these are continuous hanging storage cabinets.

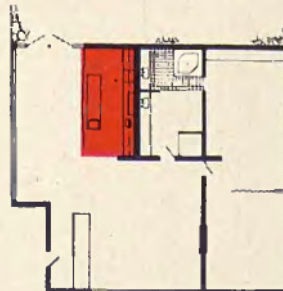
The rest of the living room is best seen by utilizing a unique feature of the couch. It flips, literally: at the touch of a knob on its end, the back becomes seat and vice versa—and now we're facing the other way. Immediately before us are four low square tables, placed together. Each has a foam rubber cushion. Right now, two of the tables are being used as such and two for seating; with all four cushions in place, it becomes a large area for very casual lounging; with all cushions removed, it serves as a low table for drinks for up to eight guests sozzled enough to be sitting on the floor. A Saarinen couch and the classic Saarinen armchair with Versen floor lamp complete a charmed circle, a conversational grouping held together texturally and visually by the



Above: The kitchen's ultrasonic dishwasher uses inaudible hi-fi sound to eliminate manual washing. No soap, detergent or hot water are required in the three-minute washing and drying cycle. Left: unique kitchen stool constructed from rugged, contoured tractor seat.



The glass-domed oven in PLAYBOY'S kitchen is a rectangular modification of that by Frigidoire, shown above. The cooking "floor" of the unit is adjustable in height, can be lowered to accommodate the largest roasts, automatically rises to counter level when the dome is opened. It is radiantly heated, will roast, broil or barbecue with the luscious viands in tantalizing view. Joining it is the touch-cool induction heating stove, a solid surface on which cold foods may be prepared alongside bubbling pots. Because it's pots themselves that get hot, spilled foods can't stick to stove, which brings cold water to a boil in a matter of mere seconds.





deep-pile green nylon rug. And remember the foyer closet where we hung our things? We're now facing his living room side, a fourteen-foot wall faced with two-foot-square primavera panels, with flush-mounted color TV and built-in stereophonic speakers and hi-fi components behind them. This is our electronic entertainment installation. From it, lines go to individual speaker installations in every room, each with its own on-off and volume control. Here we can stack mood-music recordings on the automatic changer, or flood the apartment with music for dancing. Or, if the occasion calls for serious listening — to Bach or Baker — we switch to the manually-operated transcription turntable and pick up for the highest in fi. Here, too, are long- and short-wave tuners, FM tuner and tape recorder. Also, movie and stereo projectors that can throw pictures on a beaded screen which lines the back of the painting by the fireplace.

And speaking of entertainment, one of the hanging Knoll cabinets beneath the windows holds a built-in bar. This permits the canny bachelor to remain in the room while mixing a cool one for his intended quarry. No chance of missing the proper psychological moment — no chance of leaving her cozily curled up on the couch with her shoes off and returning to find her mind changed, purse in hand, and the young lady ready to go home, damn it. Here, conveniently at hand, too, is a self-timing rheostat which will gradually and subtly dim the lights to fit the mood — as opposed to the harsh click of a light switch that plunges all into sudden darkness and may send the fair game fleeing.

The same advance thinking prompted the placing of an on-off widget for the phone within the cabinet, too, so that the jangling bell

(continued on page 60)

KITCHEN

or, what's worse, a chatty call from the date of the night before, won't shatter the spell being woven. (Don't worry about missing out on any fun this way: there's a phone-message-taker hooked to the tape recorder.)

The PLAYBOY apartment brings back the dining room—done away with in many another modern apartment—but this is a dining room with multiple functions. For intimate dining *à deux* and in style, the four-leaf Matheson gateleg table can have just one leaf raised. For less intimate occasions—say a midnight after-theater snack—the Shoji screens which close off the kitchen may be rolled back, and the kitchen's island counter becomes a cozy, handy spot to set up chafing dish and silver ice bucket in which nestles a bottle of Mumm's Gold Label.

For large formal dinners, the Matheson table can be expanded to seat twelve, but for casual get-togethers or big informal parties it folds practically flat against a wall, where one leaf can be raised for cold or hot buffet.

It is when we wish to host a host of folks that the flexibility of the apartment's separate areas comes into full play. By moving aside the Saarinen chair, which acts as a psychological room divider between living and dining rooms, by rolling back the kitchen's Shoji screens and opening the terrace windows, all these areas become united and we can entertain half a hundred, if we're a mind. This is possible because the apartment is not divided into cell-like rooms, but into function areas well delineated for relaxation, dining, cooking, wooing and entertaining, all interacting and yet inviting individual as well as simultaneous use.

Consider again the dining room's multiple uses. Obviously, it's ideal for a full-production gala dinner, as no "dining alcove" is. Or, with its pull-down globe lighting, it's perfect for all-night poker games, stag or strip. Yet we've seen how simple it is to join it to the living room. Similarly, the kitchen may be closed off from the other rooms by pulling closed the sliding screens. But since the urban male prides himself on his culinary artistry it may, more often, be open onto the dining room, so the host can perform for an admiring audience while sharing in conversation.

Now let's review the areas we've seen, starting at the entry again. The hall is 4' x 14', closed off from the living room by the floor-to-ceiling storage wall. In addition to its clothes press, the hall side of this unit is partitioned to hold gear which no bachelor who takes pride in his home would want to lug through the house. Here are compartments with pegs and racks to hold skis, poles, waxing kit, rucksack. The floor of this space is linoleum tile. Adjoining is a ventilated, dehumidified cabinet for tennis rackets in presses, golf bag, bracket for trusty Evinrude, fishing gear. A vertical space has pegs for hanging the good things that come in leather cases: binoculars, stereo and reflex cameras, portable radio, guns. Other compartments hold wet weather and winter outer garments and footwear.

Starting from the end of the storage

wall and going around the dining room clockwise, we come first to the short 8-foot wall facing the terrace. This is walnut-panel veneer. Standing against it, on a low wrought-iron stand, is a garden-type parabolic planter with giant philodendron growing in it. The long adjacent wall—which measures roughly 20 feet—is smooth plaster, stark white, with high, 30-inch clerestory windows hung with blue drapes. Below them, serving as sideboard, are a grouping of Herman Miller storage cabinets in rosewood (No. 5520, \$646). The window wall is approximately 14 feet long and consists of steel casements hung with translucent white dacron draw drapes, through which can be seen the weatherproof, metal, terrace furniture, all by Salterini.

Now we come to the kitchen wall. This consists of six Japanese-style Shoji screens, which can slide to completely close or completely open the kitchen. Frames are of elm, covering is translucent fiberglass. The Shojis are by Cal Craft of California.

Other dining room furniture is also elm: there are 8 dining chairs by Singer (No. 162, \$122) upholstered in blue, and the Bruno Matheson table already described. Two pull-down globular lighting fixtures provide even, ample light.

And now let's roll back those Shojis and enter the kitchen. Your first thought may be: where is everything? It's all there, as you shall see, but all is neatly stowed and designed for efficiency with the absolute minimum of fuss and hausfrau labor. For this is a bachelor kitchen, remember, and unless you're a very odd-ball bachelor indeed, you like to cook and whomp up short-order specialties to exactly the same degree that you actively dislike dishwashing, marketing and tidying up. All that's been taken care of here. Let's look it over.

Notice, first, that it's clean and functional, but doesn't have the antiseptic, medical look of so many modern kitchens. The walls are smooth gray, the floor of vinyl. Those hinged wood panels on the rear wall house a vertical freezer where you'll keep frozen fruits, vegetables, seafood, game, and plenty of meat. Even if your apartment's a haven for drop-in guests as well as planned pleasures, there's ample space here for weeks of good eating. Next to the freezer is a vertical wine bin, a honeycomb framework which holds the bottles horizontally. There's sufficient capacity here so you can exercise your canny skills in finding buys in, say, a special half case of rosé, a rich Burgundy that's on sale, or a few choice bottles of vintage Riesling—just right to go with your tossed-greens salad. Below the wine, which is stored hand height, are compartments for larger bottles, i.e., your stronger potations and *vin ordinaire*, which you order in bulk and pour as needed into decanters. Next come dry-storage shelves and a utility closet where your once-a-week servant stores brooms and vacuum.

The long wall around to the right is traversed for its full length by what looks like a doorless, blank-faced wall cabinet, with no way to get your hands on anything within. That's just what it is—

houses counter-balanced storage shelves that pull down to easy reach when needed.

And now we come to something you're going to like: that standing white cabinet in the center of the wall is an ultrasonic dishwasher. Stack its rack with greasy dishes, with glasses that bear the imprint of a lipstick kiss, with eggy knives and forks. Shut the door and all is bathed in water and bombarded by ultrasonic sound waves which remove all dirt. Next in the automatic dish-doing cycle is warm-air drying and ultra-violet sterilization. And now we're ready to put the dishes away—but we don't have to. Relax. Light up. Talk to your girl. Play a Stan Kenton recording. The dishes stay right where they are, behind the panel, ready for their next use, since this machine also acts as a storage unit.

You'll notice a cantilevered work counter runs the full length of the wall under the cabinets. It's clear except for the foot-pedal sink—which need never be sullied by a dirty dish.

And now for the damndest island counter you've ever seen. At one end is a radiant broiler-roaster. Here, under the transparent dome, you can broil a four-inch sirloin or roast a pheasant—or a standing rib roast—to a turn, with all fumes drawn off and out of the house by a built-in blower which turns on when you turn on the heat. Lifting the hinged dome automatically brings the base of the unit to counter height. It's our bet that the manipulation of this broiler, and the sight through the dome of a sizzling steak, will prove for your guests a rival attraction to the best on TV. And you'll be the director of this show.

From the broiler on down the counter, for about half its length, is a smooth Carrara glass surface on which you can sit or lean—if you have no keys or coins in your pockets or ring on your finger. Because this, believe it or not, is your stove, although there's not a burner in sight and it's stone cold even when it's on. That's because it heats only metallic objects in its field, by induction; it's the pots and pans that do the cooking, not the stove top and you can be mixing a cool salad right beside a hot pot of potatoes. Pilot lights beneath the translucent glass top wink on or off to show what cooks when you twiddle the dials on the dashboard.

The rest of the counter is work surface. Because this is a cool, light kitchen, the plant on it thrives.

Beneath the stove and work counter is more storage space, hand-height utensil drawers and, down toward the vertical freezer, a refrigerator to hold a few days' food, chilled mixers, beer and soft drinks, your pre-chilled Martini beaker and vermouth atomizer, canapés and cheeses, and an ample supply of ice cubes.

For further information on any aspect of the PLAYBOY penthouse apartment, write Playboy Reader Service, 11 E. Superior Street, Chicago 11, Illinois.

NEXT MONTH:
THE BEDROOM, STUDY
AND BATH.





"Well, we'll give it a try, but I don't think many men carry two dollars in change."

know?"

"The shoes. I always look at the shoes. How do you like our little planet?"

"It's—confusing," Simon said carefully. "I mean I didn't expect—well—"

"Of course," the little man said. "You're an idealist. One look at your honest face tells me that, my friend. You've come to Earth for a definite purpose. Am I right?"

Simon nodded. The little man said, "I know your purpose, my friend. You're looking for a war that will make the world safe for something, and you've come to the right place. We have six major wars running at all times, and there's never any waiting for an important position in any of them."

"Sorry, but —"

"Right at this moment," the little man said impressively, "the downtrodden workers of Peru are engaged in a desperate struggle against a corrupt and decadent monarchy. One more man could swing the contest! *You*, my friend, could be that man! *You* could guarantee the socialist victory!"

Observing the expression on Simon's face, the little man said quickly, "But there's a lot to be said for an enlightened aristocracy. The wise old king of Peru (a philosopher-king in the deepest Platonic sense of the word) sorely needs your help. His tiny corps of scientists, humanitarians, Swiss guards, knights of the realm and royal peasants is sorely pressed by the foreign-inspired socialist conspiracy. A single man, now —"

"I'm not interested," Simon said.

"In China, the Anarchists —"

"No."

"Perhaps you'd prefer the Communists in Wales? Or the Capitalists in Japan? Or if your affinities lie with a splinter group such as Feminists, Prohibitionists, Free Silverists, or the like, we could probably arrange —"

"I don't want a war," Simon said.

"Who could blame you?" the little man said, nodding rapidly. "War is hell. In that case, you've come to Earth for love."

"How did you know?" Simon asked.

The little man smiled modestly. "Love and war," he said, "are Earth's two staple commodities. We've been turning them both out in bumper crops since the beginning of time."

"Is love very difficult to find?" Simon asked.

"Walk uptown two blocks," the little man said briskly. "Can't miss it. Tell 'em Joe sent you."

"But that's impossible! You can't just walk out and —"

"What do you know about love?" Joe asked.

"Nothing."

"Well, we're experts on it."

"I know what the books say," Simon said. "Passion beneath the lunatic moon —"

"Sure, and bodies on a dark sea-beach desperate with love and deafened by the booming surf."

"You've read that book?"

"It's the standard advertising brochure. I must be going. Two blocks uptown. Can't miss it."

And with a pleasant nod, Joe moved into the crowd.

Simon finished his cola-cola and walked slowly up Broadway, his brow knotted in thought, but determined not to form any premature judgements.

When he reached 44th Street he saw a tremendous neon sign flashing brightly. It said, LOVE, INC.

Smaller neon letters read, *Open 24 Hours a Day!*

Beneath that it read, *Up One Flight.*

Simon frowned, for a terrible suspicion had just crossed his mind. Still, he climbed the stairs and entered a small, tastefully furnished reception room. From there he was sent down a long corridor to a numbered room.

Within the room was a handsome gray-haired man who rose from behind an impressive desk and shook his hand, saying, "Well! How are things on Kazanga?"

"How did you know I was from Kazanga?"

"That shirt. I always look at the shirt. I'm Mr. Tate, and I'm here to serve you to the best of my ability. You are —"

"Simon, Alfred Simon."

"Please be seated, Mr. Simon. Cigarette? Drink? You won't regret coming to us, sir. We're the oldest love-dispensing firm in the business, and much larger than our closest competitor, Passion Unlimited. Moreover, our fees are far more reasonable, and bring you an improved product. Might I ask how you heard of us? Did you see our full page ad in the *Times*? Or —"

"Joe sent me," Simon said.

"Ah, he's an active one," Mr. Tate said, shaking his head playfully. "Well sir, there's no reason to delay. You've come a long way for love, and love you shall have." He reached for a button on his desk, but Simon stopped him.

Simon said, "I don't want to be rude or anything, but . . ."

"Yes?" Mr. Tate said, with an encouraging smile.

"I don't understand this," Simon blurted out, flushing deeply, beads of perspiration standing out on his forehead. "I think I'm in the wrong place. I didn't come all the way to Earth just for . . . I mean, you can't really sell love, can you? Not love! I mean, then it isn't really love, is it?"

"But of course!" Mr. Tate said, half rising from his chair in astonishment. "That's the whole point! Anyone can buy sex. Good lord, it's the cheapest think in the universe, next to human life. But love is rare, love is special, love is found only on Earth. Have you read our brochure?"

"Bodies on a dark sea-beach?" Simon asked.

"Yes, that one. I wrote it. Gives something of the feeling, doesn't it? You can't get that feeling from just anyone, Mr. Simon. You can get that feeling only from someone who loves you."

Simon said dubiously, "It's not genuine love though, is it?"

"Of course it is! If we were selling simulated love, we'd label it as such. The advertising laws on Earth are strict, I can assure you. Anything can be sold, but it must be labelled properly. That's ethics, Mr. Simon!"

Tate caught his breath, and continued in a calmer tone. "No sir, make no mistake. Our product is not a substitute. It is the exact self-same feeling that poets and writers have raved about for thousands of years. Through the wonders of modern science we can bring this feeling to you at your convenience, attractively packaged, completely disposable, and for a ridiculously low price."

Simon said, "I pictured something more — spontaneous."

"Spontaneity has its charm," Mr. Tate agreed. "Our research labs are working on it. Believe me, there's nothing science can't produce, as long as there's a market for it."

"I don't like any of this," Simon said, getting to his feet. "I think I'll just go see a movie."

"Wait!" Mr. Tate cried. "You think we're trying to put something over on you. You think we'll introduce you to a girl who will act as though she loved you, but who in reality will not. Is that it?"

"I guess so," Simon said.

"But it just isn't so! It would be too costly for one thing. For another, the wear and tear on the girl would be tremendous. And it would be psychologically unsound for her to attempt living a lie of such depth and scope."

"Then how do you do it?"

"By utilizing our understanding of science and the human mind."

To Simon, this sounded like double-talk. He moved toward the door.

"Tell me something," Mr. Tate said.

"You're a bright looking young fellow. Don't you think you could tell real love from a counterfeit item?"

"Certainly."

"There's your safeguard! *You* must be satisfied, or don't pay us a cent."

"I'll think about it," Simon said.

"Why delay? Leading psychologists say that real love is a fortifier and a restorer of sanity, a balm for damaged egos, a restorer of hormone balance, and an improver of the complexion. The love we supply you has everything: deep and abiding affection, unrestrained passion, complete faithfulness, an almost mystic affection for your defects as well as your virtues, a pitiful desire to please, and, as a plus that only Love, Inc., can supply: that uncontrollable first spark, that blinding moment of love at first sight!"

Mr. Tate pressed a button. Simon frowned undecidedly. The door opened, a girl stepped in, and Simon stopped thinking.

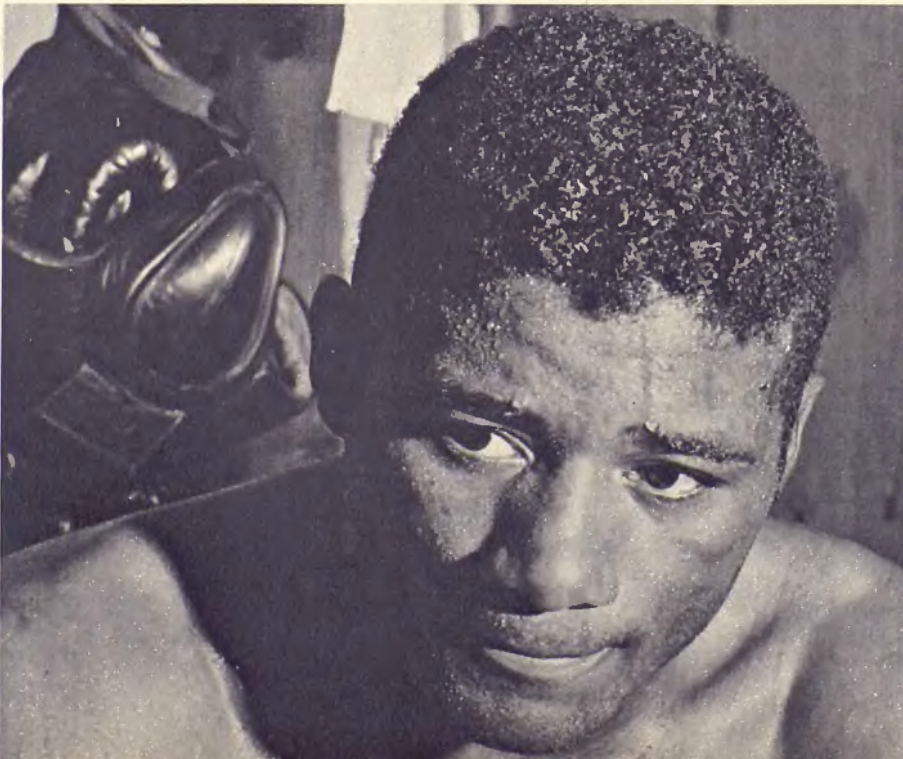
She was tall and slender, and her hair was brown with a sheen of red. Simon could have told you nothing about her face, except that it brought tears to his eyes. And if you asked him about her

(continued on page 76)



BOXING'S CHILD OF DESTINY

floyd patterson prepares for the championship



FLOYD PATTERSON, a dark-brown, wide-shouldered, slim-bodied child of destiny was 21 years old last January. Before his next birthday, if his stars hold true on their course, he may become the heavyweight boxing champion of the world. If he makes it, he will be the youngest man ever to do so.

Joe Louis was one month past 23 when he copped the title. John L. Sullivan was 23 and a few months more. Jack Dempsey and Jim Jeffries were 24. Accident, luck and surprise played a part in the lives of all of these fellows — like most of the rest of us, they groped along the way. Louis toyed for a while with the notion of being a violinist. Sullivan learned the plumbing trade. Dempsey was on the bum, off and on. Jeffries got into the fight game as an afterthought. Each of them burst into boxing fame with a certain dramatic
(continued on next page)



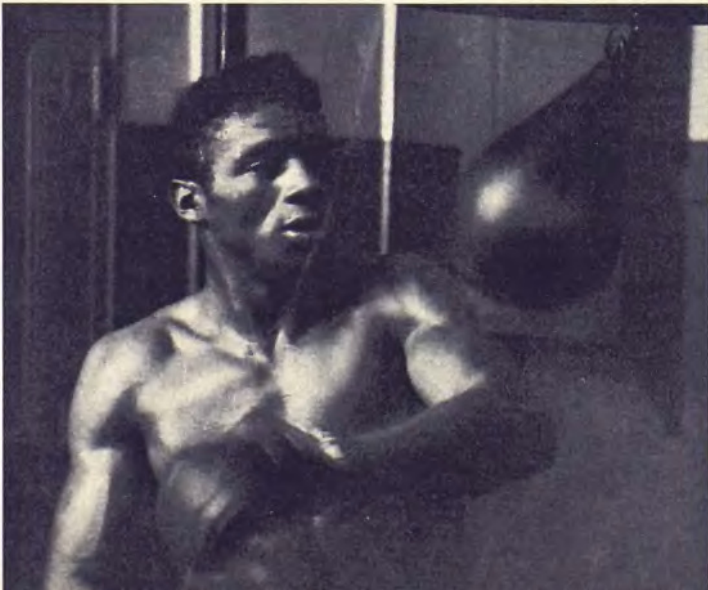
Under supervision of manager Cus D'Amato, Patterson trains for his title bout with Moore.



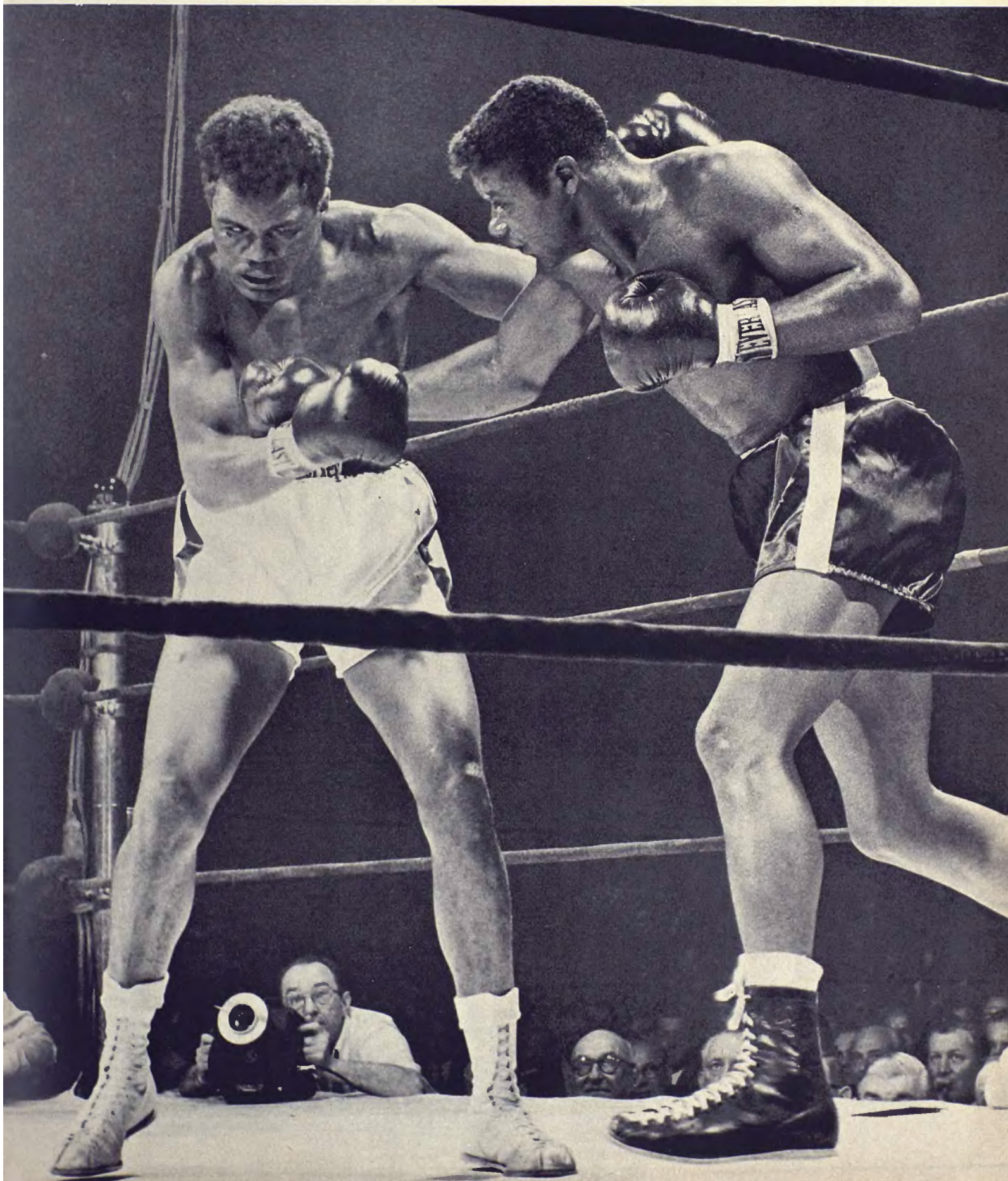
suddenness that startled the fighter almost as much as the public.

It's been different with Patterson. From the time he was a kid in Brooklyn (when he survived, with a little help, a light, early dose of juvenile delinquency), he had had no goal in life except to be the best prizefighter in the world. From the time he made his first pro fight, at 17, boxing experts and the boxing public have watched and marked him with the same possibility in mind. By then, Patterson had already served notice. He filed his claim before he began to shave, and before he'd earned a nickel in the ring.

The first evidences of Floyd's flashy future came in 1952, in the Helsinki Olympics. One day, Patterson hit a Hollander named Leonardus Jansen so hard that it was a quarter of a minute before the victim, lying spread-eagled on the floor, even twitched. In the final bout in his class, light heavyweight, Floyd knocked out Vasila
(concluded overleaf)



In his twelve round win over Tommy "Hurricane" Jackson, Potterson showed the style and stamina of a champion.



Tita, a Roumanian, with his first punch in the first round. The Olympic crowds were shocked by the clear, savage superiority of the American kid. Patterson was not shocked. Neither was Cus D'Amato, a white-haired, bright-eyed old-timer in boxing management, who was waiting for Patterson back in New York. For them, the Olympics had been a training camp, a calculated investment in time and newspaper space. When the boat from Finland hit New York, D'Amato was there to meet it. In his gymnasium on East 14th Street, where Patterson had learned to box, they quickly signed the contracts they had always known they would sign. Six weeks after Helsinki, Patterson fought his first fight as a pro.

The next milestone came four years later. On June 8, 1956, in Madison Square Garden, with a coast-to-coast TV audience looking on and \$140,000 in the pot, Patterson met and licked the only man who stood between him and a crack at the heavyweight title. For better or worse, Tommy (Hurricane) Jackson was the world's No. 2 ranking heavyweight. For better or worse, for all his daffiness and wild-eyed slapstick, Jackson was a true "big man," almost impossible to hurt, winner over half a dozen of the best in the business, outweighing the lean-shanked boy in front of him by fifteen pounds. When Patterson whipped the Hurricane in twelve rounds, Floyd proved many things, to his own and the crowd's satisfaction.

He proved he could hit hard enough to shake and hurt the man with the toughest shell in the game. He proved he had the fortitude and judgment of pace to go a distance under heavy pressure. He proved he was an intelligent fighter as well as a strong one: he changed plans in mid-fight, a real trick for a youngster. When he found he could not knock Jackson out with a quick burst of fire, he switched to a fight of attrition. He wore Tommy out, and beat the Great Vitamin with some vitamins of his own.

There were some things he didn't prove. Jackson is a light hitter—Patterson has yet to show he can take the

punch of a hard-hitting big man. At 178 or 180, Patterson is still small for a heavyweight. The small men who have raised the most hell with big guys have been shifty, tricky defensive boxers, like Harry Greb and Billy Conn. Patterson is not that type. He fights like a puncher—aggressively, in a straight line, winging with both hands. His style invites a slugging match. Is he big and strong enough to outslug a full-fledged slugger? That's the question before the house as Patterson faces the last step on his way to glory.

The last step is blocked by Archie Moore. Arch hits like a heavyweight should. He's a cool man, in more ways than one. He is old enough to be Patterson's father (39 by Moore's own count, 42 by his mother's); and in growing to be twice as old as Patterson, he has learned at least twice as much as Patterson knows today.

Talking to Patterson, you realize that the thought of Moore's strength and cunning do not disturb him. He has acquired great confidence in his golden destiny. It doesn't show in what he says. It shows in the serene, self-assured way he moves, smiles, listens, and takes life as it comes—because it seems to be coming his way. D'Amato does the chatting. "Moore is an easier fight for Floyd than the Jackson fight," the manager babbles, full of excitement over the big prize that is in their reach. Patterson turns his slow, quizzical glance from his white hardtop Cadillac, which is parked near by, to D'Amato. "In some ways, Floyd is smarter than I am," says D'Amato, catching the glance. Patterson smiles his secret little smile, not confirming this or denying it. It's not important for him just now to be smarter than D'Amato. Between them, they have grossed about \$125,000 since he turned pro, and will do much better as time goes on. What's important for Patterson is to be smart and strong enough to handle Moore. What about that? "Well, I'll try to be ready for him," Patterson says. There is no doubt behind this remark; just a quiet, matter-of-fact determination to miss no bets.

After the Jackson bout, Patterson began to study TV kinescopes of some of Moore's fights—Moore with Bobo Olson, Moore with Marciano. That is Floyd's way of scouting opponents. He runs fight films over and over with his own projector in his two-room flat in the Bedford-Stuyvesant region of Brooklyn.

The flat is not far from the tenement where his family lives, where Floyd was raised after the family came north from Gastonia, S.C. There are 11 kids in the family, all but two of them boys. The father, Tom Patterson, has been a chauffeur and a truck-driver. The mother, Anabella, is a big, forceful woman who makes quick, forceful decisions. She made a decision for Floyd about 10 years ago. He was running with a rough street gang, raising hell and looting in a small way. With no hesitation, she sent him for a year to Wiltwyck, an upstate New York school for problem children. It seemed to do

the job she wanted. Afterward, Floyd finished two years of high school. By then, he was already boxing in D'Amato's gym, as two of his brothers had done before him. And there was no thought in his mind but the one that controls it today: to be the world's best fighter.

He is still a young monk of the ring, a dedicated athlete. There has been no time yet to develop glossy quirks and sidelines. The Cadillacs—he trades in for a new one every year—represent one slight sign of bloom. He has a relatively steady girl, Sandra Hicks, with whom he goes to movies or on the Coney Island park rides he has always liked. "But I have no plans at all for marriage yet," Patterson says, when asked about it. In the matter of clothes, he is just beginning to "move"—nothing yet like the pleats and drapes of Maxie Baer, or the sophisticated berets and bop trimmings of Archie Moore, or the flaming sports clothes and tams of Joe Louis.

It's Louis you think of first, as you watch Patterson's smooth, fast, exciting rise toward the top. He lacks—and this is a major disadvantage—Louis' size and hitting power. But there is something of the same flair for dramatic action in the ring, the same sense of purpose, the same quality of youth that Joe had 20 years ago. There is also the same big eating (Patterson specializes in wolfing a Carolina dish, pork and yams), and the same big sleeping. Perhaps Patterson is naturally wiser and quicker of mind than Louis was at the same age. But Joe had a gift for home-spun truths and simple *bons mots* which Patterson, to a degree, seems to share. Just before the Jackson fight, as we sat around talking in Floyd's Catskill training camp, Cus D'Amato began to make a speech about why Patterson would not insist on championship conditions for the fight, such as small, six-ounce gloves.

"Small gloves would favor us," proclaimed D'Amato, "but we won't ask for them, because Floyd hates to take advantage of anyone. Hey, Floyd?"

Patterson gave him an ironic look. "What advantages?" he said. "He'd be wearing the small gloves too."

Later the same day, under pressure, Patterson talked a little about himself. "I have to prepare for all the possibilities, going the distance, and so forth," he said. "After all, I'm not supposed to be a big hitter, like Bob Baker and Buceroni and those." Ever so faintly the word "supposed" was underlined by his tone of voice. The implication was: maybe I'm a little stronger than you think. For himself, Patterson thought he was big and strong enough for Marciano, before Rocky retired. He thinks he is big and strong enough for Archie Moore. He thinks he can go all the way the first time he fights for the title.

And—if he's wrong about that—do you know anybody who can stop him on the second try? Or the time after that? And once this child of destiny has grabbed hold of the title, who's going to take it away from him?

FLOYD PATTERSON	ARCHIE MOORE
21..... Age	39 (?)
6'..... Height	5'11"
180..... Weight	188
33..... Reach	35½
31..... Total bouts	146
30..... Wins	121
1..... Losses	20
0..... Draws	5
20..... KOs	82

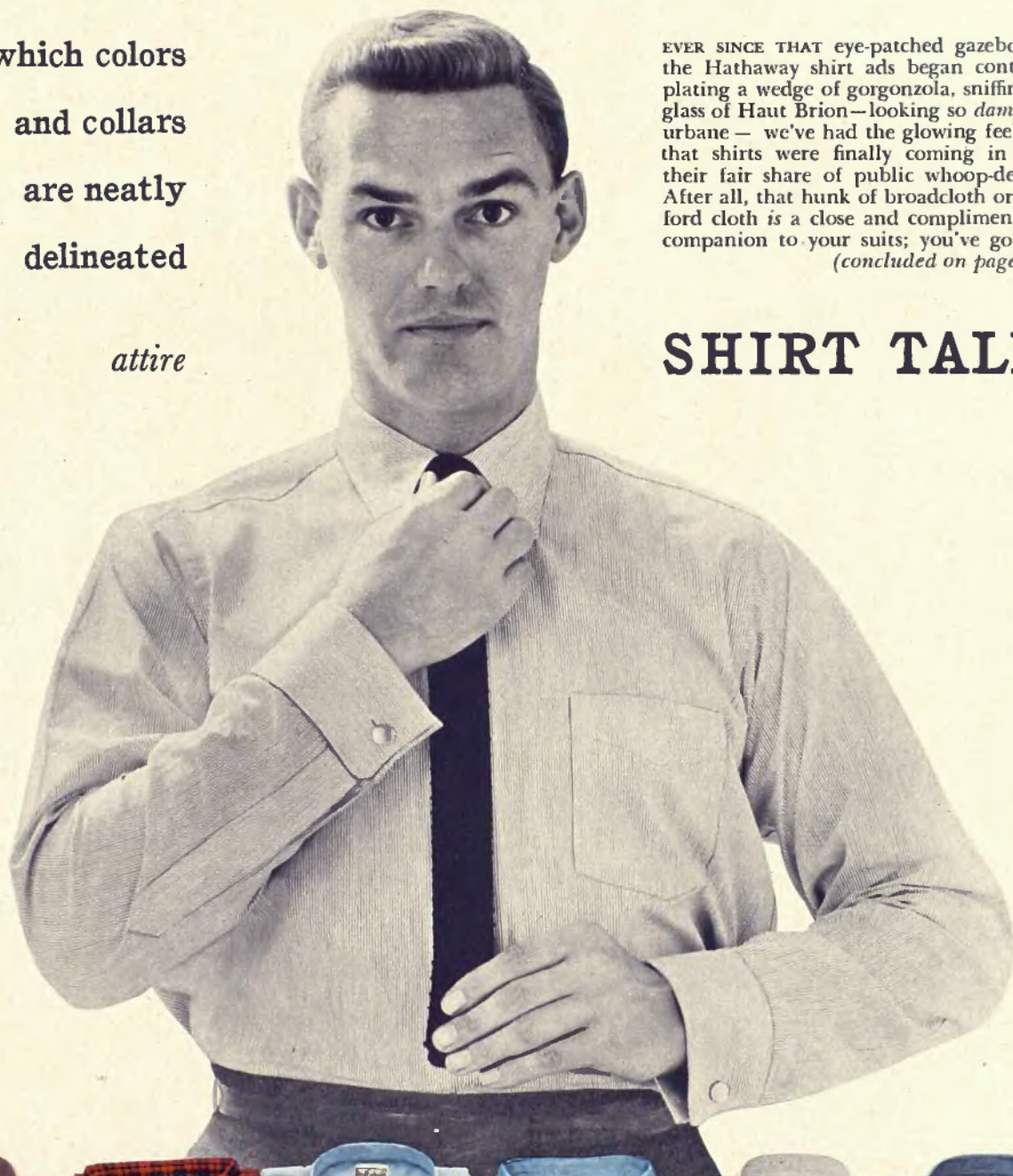


in which colors
and collars
are neatly
delineated

attire

EVER SINCE THAT eye-patched gazebo in the Hathaway shirt ads began contemplating a wedge of gorgonzola, sniffing a glass of Haut Brion—looking so *damned* urbane — we've had the glowing feeling that shirts were finally coming in for their fair share of public whoop-de-do. After all, that hunk of broadcloth or oxford cloth is a close and complimentary companion to your suits; you've got to
(concluded on page 74)

SHIRT TALE



Collar styles, of course, come by the carload, but only a few are really worth wearing. Herewith, a breakdown of the better-looking basics you'll want in your shirt drawer: (l. to r.) English tab, button-down in a Clan Wallace tartan, short square point with stays, oxford cloth button-down, round collar (worn with pin) and short-point semi-spread with buttons.



CORKA

"Tell us more about this California monastery."

"THE THING ABOUT IT IS," the girl said, "I simply never could work up any sense of wrong about it. I know that's the classic thing to say, but you absolutely have to find it out for yourself. The only wrong thing, the really wicked part of it, it seems to me, is breaking it up."

She was pretty keyed up. Parmenter thought; but then you couldn't blame her, not after the last few days, not after this old-fashioned surprise he handed her.

"God, Parmenter," the girl said now. "Look at you. Just look at you. You weigh ten pounds more. You look ten years younger. You know," she said, pushing her purse and her gloves around on the white cloth of the table, "I had a beautiful romantic idea about it. I thought you would quit your job. I thought you were going to see exactly how good you are — oh, I know you're good and don't get that modest look on your face, that self-deprecating thing. I hate that. Anyway," she said, still moving restlessly, trying for size or for comfort, or for something to do with her hands, trying a sort of A-shaped prop with her elbows on the table and her chin resting on her knuckles. "I thought you were going to do something good and happy with your life."

"I know," Parmenter said, feeling inane in the face of her knowledge of him. "I know." He lifted his Martini to his lips as soon as the waiter set it before him and he and the girl nodded wordlessly, the way they'd always done right from the very first drink they'd had together, lifting the brimming and nearly colorless cocktails and looking straight into each other's eyes. In fact it had started with that first drink, at a purely business-lunch-conference, just one more of the hundreds of times Parmenter had bought a lunch for some girl who might have something for the firm, and toasted her pleasantly beforehand. But in this case, and with this girl, Parmenter's cultivated and humorous reserve against entanglements had not broken down or been penetrated

fiction BY JOHN WALLACE



GET OUT OF MY LIFE

the quality of mercy

is sometimes

unmercifully strained

(that had happened a time or two in a minor way) but had ceased to exist, violently. Long before Parmenter could assemble any of those inner arguments, those formulations of conscience all handily listed, mentally, those considerations of a practical nature — long before any of this occurred, the whole thing had become an accomplished fact. It had become a series of facts. Now, rather late in the day, Parmenter was backing out.

"You know," the girl said. "I'm not really asking very much. I *want* you to get a divorce. I *want* you to marry me. I want it to go on and on and on, you see, so naturally I'd like that insurance. But I'm not asking for any of that. I'm just asking, please don't stop. Please don't stop because I don't want it to stop. And please don't stop because it's so good for you."

"Look," Parmenter said. "There's no use going over it again."

"No," the girl said. "You're loyal, Parmenter. You're uniquely loyal. I guess that's why I love you. One reason why, anyway. Even when you're being loyal against me." She put her hands, her wonderful wonderful loving hands, on the table. "Damn it," she said.

"You're being awfully good," Parmenter said; and they both knew what he meant. There weren't going to be any recriminations, especially not that basic-basic recrimination. That had been another old-fashioned surprise she'd had — they'd both had, in fact. Not that it wasn't all right now. It was absolutely all right now and no harm done whatever because she'd been sensible about it. She hadn't lost her head or anything; just moved fast, and told Parmenter about it after it was all fixed up.

The waiter, who knew them and who knew well the face of clandestine love and the atmosphere of love's unhappy ebbing, had put another drink before them. They were on 59th Street and October was across the street, in the park. For some reason Parmenter, who was 36 years old, was thinking that right now he was afraid, literally afraid, of walking out of this place and into an October evening. He raised his Martini and again they exchanged that little gesture, that they had made into something super-personal, and that had (oh God, thought Parmenter, his heart turning over, his craven heart wanting to break) come so quickly to mean so much.

Over the brim of the glass his eyes looked into hers. Her eyes were a clear blue. She was a stunning red-haired girl with that fine creamy skin the lucky red-heads have, instead of pallidness and freckles, and she had a fine receptive smooth active body and a fine smooth receptive and active mind. Parmenter had found out almost immediately that she wasn't red-haired at all. He had found out, almost immediately, a great deal about her because that was the way she had told him. "I mean if you have to make reservations then you know you're making a mistake, it seems to me." But it was some time before Parmenter could view wholly the magnifi-

cent gift she was making of herself, and by then he was beginning to spoil it all with guilt.

"Go home," the girl said to him now. "You'd better go home, Parmenter. I know when I'm licked."

"Well, I guess I'd better," Parmenter said.

"Get out of my life," the girl said. "You haven't any guts. I hate you," she said, beginning to shake very violently, slopping her drink, sitting up with a terrible straightness. Parmenter distinctly saw the sudden appearance of red veins in the whites of her eyes.

"Well, all right," he said feebly.

"No, listen," the girl said. "I think you're brave to decide the way you did, Parmenter, but you *are* brave. Damn it," she said, "I can't think any wrong of you, you bastard. I wish I could yell out a whole string of dirty words, that's the way I feel, like bastard, that's a real tough hard-sounding word. So I love you Parmenter. That's one thing. And when a woman loves a man and she *knows* she's good for him and he throws it away anyway . . . Well. Just remember that I love you, darling. Dear darling. Nothing is going to change that, I can tell you with perfect assurance. And I'm no schoolgirl. I'm no fool, either, except in this respect. This has been the notable exception in my life," she said. "I ask you to be fully aware of it."

"Well," Parmenter said again.

"Oh come on," the girl said. "Pay the check and put me in a cab. I see the night is falling," she said, "and the month is October. I never knew I'd be starting my life all over again some October night."

She marched ahead of him, holding her long neck and her long back in that marvelously straight way; and Parmenter, who had always especially liked this view of her, felt terror. She was the very vessel of his life, found too late, too late.

There were three cabs ranked at the curb. The girl sort of sprinted across the sidewalk and by the time Parmenter had caught up with her she had climbed into one and was sitting huddled in a corner of the seat as though all of her strength had been exhausted now.

"I think I'll go to San Francisco," she said. "I think I won't be able to take New York any more. But you'll hear from me. You'll know where I am. I'm not running away from you."

Parmenter leaned into the cab. "Listen," he said. He wanted her to know. He wanted her to know infinitely, and now it was too late. "Thank you very much," Parmenter said.

He watched her cab pull out into the heavy eastbound stream of traffic and she kept waving to him through the window and Parmenter moved farther and farther out into the road until even that thread broke, and he was alone.

He began to walk east himself, cutting down by the Plaza, and trying to be careful and methodical in the rearranging of his mind. In the matter of living a double life and all the deceptions great and small that went with the living of a double life Parmenter had discovered a trick of the mind that had al-

ways seemed to work better and better the more he used it. Parmenter could go *click* in his mind and immediately turn off the happy illegal part of his life, could immediately become a typical ten-thousand-a-year man with typical anxieties and typical frustrations; and with his own sad knowledge that somewhere along the line he had lost, or sacrificed, his strong sureness in himself.

And Parmenter, ah so recently, had also been able to go *click* in his mind and at once become no less than the lover of a fine clever red-haired girl, a believer in miracles and faith, the possessor of a brand-new second chance.

Click went Parmenter, walking down Fifth Avenue, *click*, goddamn it, *click*.

But the trick, seeming once so perfected and then failing him in his love, would not now rescue him from his love. He didn't even have that any more, Parmenter thought.

He hailed a cab after he'd walked a few blocks and gave the driver his Gramercy Park address. Presently his mind clicked all by itself and he began wondering if he should give up the New York apartment and move to, say Connecticut. Or even Jersey. There were some nice places in Jersey. Parmenter had been wondering about a move of this kind for years but he'd never done anything about it and probably wouldn't do anything about it because he knew it wouldn't solve anything. The thing he must always consider about Louise, Parmenter thought, was that nothing was going to change her now but if they ever started moving, if she ever started shooting her restless energy into new houses and new communities, well, there'd be no end to it. Parmenter knew that.

"Oh here's Harry now," Louise said when Parmenter let himself into the foyer of their apartment. She was talking into the telephone, her pointed heart-shaped pretty face very alive, her dark hair seeming alive and energetic of itself; and she held the telephone away from her and said: "Hurry, Harry. Change your clothes. The Davidsons are having cocktails and a buffet."

(*I'll call you Parmenter. I'll call you Parmenter because I don't want to call you something that somebody else has called you, loving you.*)

"OK," Parmenter said. Lights, he thought, music, loud noise and liquor. Very fitting. Kind of a wake. He walked into the bedroom, jiggling his key ring, listening to the sound of Louise's telephone voice, and knowing he was home. He sat on the edge of the bed and began taking off his shoes.

(*Parmenter, you've only got one life. Oh, we're sinning, I guess. But it's a sin to waste away your life, too. That's a worse sin, darling.*)

"Honestly," Louise said, coming into the bedroom in that unexpected, rushing way she had. "I don't know why you have to take out every damn visiting fireman the firm is interested in. I haven't been able to plan anything for months. Look at tonight. I had to phone and explain. And everybody will be miles ahead of us by the time we get
(concluded overleaf)



"Welcome home, Eddie-boy — how does it feel to be out of uniform?"

GET OUT OF MY LIFE (continued from page 70)

there."

Deception had been this easy. So pathetically easy, Parmenter thought, and with the hoariest of old excuses.

"Bill Davidson never runs out of liquor," Parmenter said.

"Oh God," Louise said, "don't tell me you're in one of your coarse moods tonight. Don't tell me you're all primed to be one of the boys."

"Well," Parmenter said, trying to be humorous about it, "I'll go as far as I can, darling. With you counting the drinks."

"I'm getting tired of never getting anywhere on time," Louise said. "I'm getting tired of making excuses for you. It's not," she said, "as though you were the president of the firm, or something. After all, an assistant art director should be able to come home at five o'clock."

"Well," Parmenter said, "I think I've managed to get off the hook about that."

"I can hardly believe that," Louise said. "You've let them push you around too much for that to come true. Oh no," Louise said, "I know perfectly well that next week-end you'll have to fly to Boston or Baltimore or some other godforsaken place to contract somebody for twice as much money as you make yourself. Sometimes I think you *like* being humiliated like that. You enjoy it. I suppose," she said, "it's Freudian with you. You want to punish yourself."

"Yeah?" Parmenter said.

"Yeah," Louise mocked. She had taken off her housecoat and was dressing with that energy, that series of zips, snaps and tugs that made her seem to be attacking her underclothing. She put on a pair of stockings as though she wanted to destroy them. "I really love it," she said, "the way you dream up this brilliant repartee. 'Yeah.'"

"Listen," Parmenter said, "let's lay off that tonight, huh? I'm beat tonight."

"You're always beat," Louise said. "Always tired out. What about me? It never seems to occur to you that I might be tired, that I might have had a tough day."

"Yeah?" Parmenter said, mystified as

always when Louise challenged him with the hardships of her life. "What happened to you today?"

"Oh God," Louise said. "What happens to me every day. Nothing. Precisely nothing."

They were going out. They were going out for cocktails and a buffet or some equivalent maybe a thousand or three thousand times in their lives together. And Louise was getting up a head of steam. Parmenter knew the evening would be a flat failure for Louise unless she could whip herself up into something just this side of frenzy. Louise couldn't launch herself into a party cold.

"Oh my God," she said, beginning to laugh. (Wild ironic laughter always signified that she was building up a good pressure.) "That fool Ellen Davidson, when I called her to say we'd be late. She actually was idiot enough to ask me was I *sure* that it was all business with you. 'Maybe he's got a nice little blonde somewhere, darling. Or a red-head. Did you know there was a rage for red-heads?'" Louise said in a mimicking voice. "Well, I told her. I told her a thing or two."

Parmenter was silent. This was the point where he always felt pity for Louise, pity for himself. Pity for himself was a thing of the past. Now he began to wonder: where were the familiar stirrings of pity for Louise? He had taken off his suit and now he stood in front of the pier glass and took off his shirt.

"Oh stop admiring yourself," Louise said. "And hurry, Harry."

"You can set your mind at ease about that," he said.

"What?" Louise said, suspiciously. She was lightning-quick, Louise, on certain scents.

"Never mind," Parmenter said.

Louise worked at it, and then leaped to something else. "That Henderson girl and her husband are going to be there," she said. "We all have to be very nice to them."

"Yeah?" Parmenter said. "Why?"

"They lost their baby, that's why," Louise said.

Parmenter started for the bathroom. He didn't want to hear about babies around here.

"It's an awful thing, to lose a baby," Louise said, pursuing him.

"Well," Parmenter said, "I guess it is, all right."

"Guess is right," Louise said. "You certainly wouldn't know."

"No," Parmenter said, feeling some of the pity for her now, thinking OK, boy, now let's really get to work on this. Let's try to keep her from the worst part of it. "Aren't they the ones," he said, "that had a baby with that spinal thing?"

"Yes," Louise said. "It was incurable."

"Well," Parmenter said, "it's better off dead, isn't it? They're better off too."

"That's the attitude I might have expected of you," Louise said. "Well, let me tell you something. I *envy* that Henderson girl. I envy anybody like her."

"Now look," Parmenter said. "Don't be foolish . . ."

"I'm not foolish," Louise said. "I've just never had any children, that's all."

"We could have adopted some," Parmenter said.

"I don't *want* adopted children!" Louise was beginning to shout. "I want my own. I want them out of my own insides!"

"Now wait," Parmenter said. "Now look, darling."

But it was coming now and he couldn't stop it. It was coming, the thing that had streaked Parmenter's hair with premature gray, that had cost him three vice-presidential appointments in a row, the thing that had cost him faith and miracles and left him with nothing but pity.

"A sterile husband," Louise moaned. "You might as well be impotent, too."

"Look," Parmenter said desperately.

"No you look," Louise said. "That doctor swore to me. He swore to me on his honor when I told him how important it was for me to know. He swore there was nothing wrong with me."

"It's you," Louise said. "You can't even father a child, Harry. You can't even do that."

It had come, all right. But it had never come quite so baldly as this before. Parmenter had a towel, a long bath towel, in his hands. He held it for quite a while, watching and listening to Louise getting ready for a party.

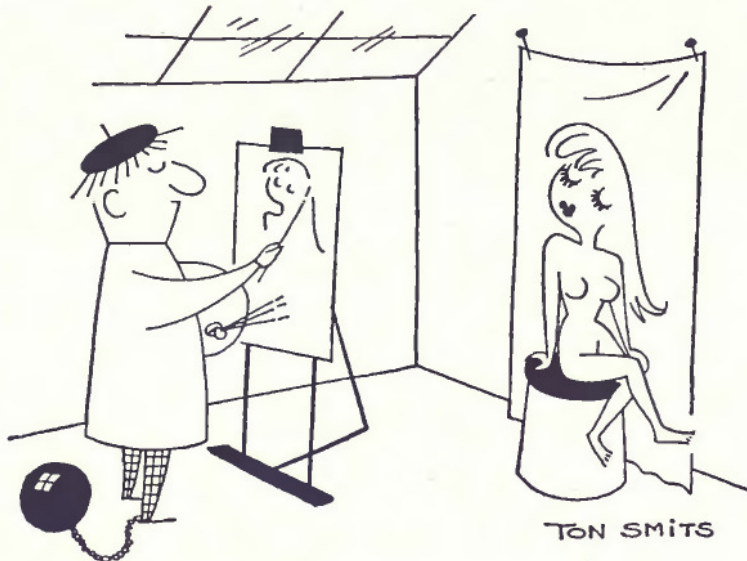
Then he threw the towel into a corner of the tub.

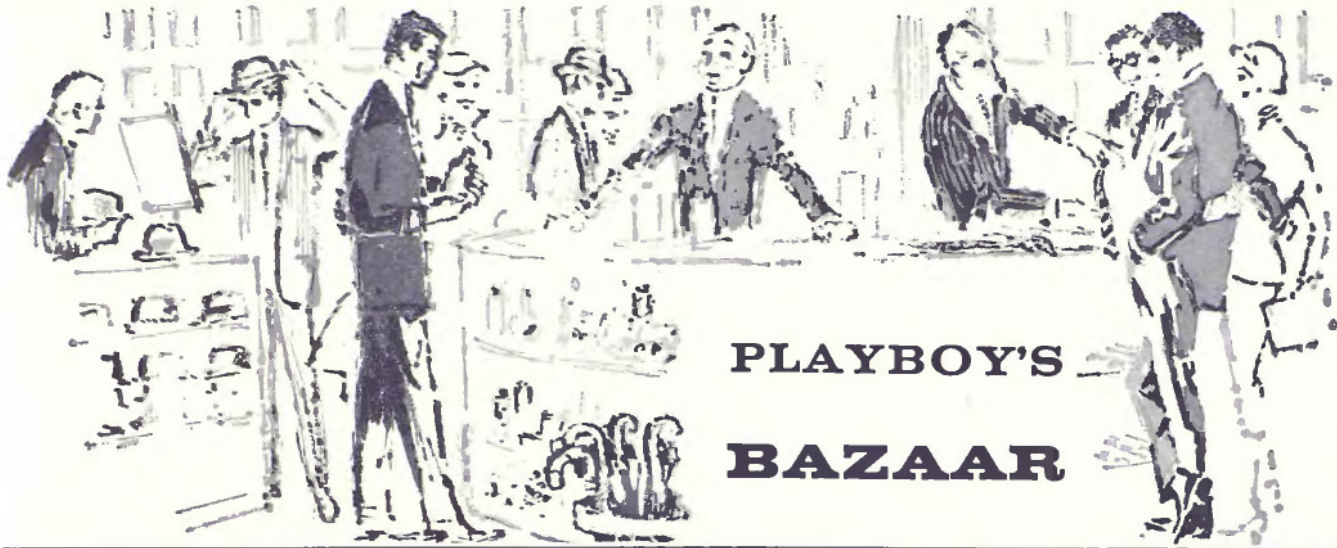
Shaking a little, he went through the bedroom and into the kitchen. "I'm going to have a drink," he called back. "You want a drink, darling?"

"A drink?" Louise said. "We're going drinking, aren't we?"

Parmenter brought in two shots anyway. "You better have one anyway," he said. "You might need it. You know," Parmenter said, sitting on the edge of the bed, feeling reasonably cheerful now in spite of the awesome vistas before him, in spite of the fact that here was the end of pity.

"You know," Parmenter said, "I think I have some news for you."





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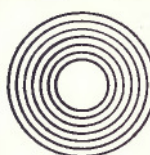
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SHIRT TALE

(continued from page 67)

choose one as warily as the other. Accordingly, we've got some pertinent pointers on shirts to get off our chests.

First thing to remember when mulling over the new crop is to pick your shirts with plenty of elbow and body room. Tight-fitting jobs have a tendency to cling; they tear easily and invariably look as if they've been filched from the kid brother's bottom drawer. Make sure both collars and cuffs are unlined to ensure better fit and an extra measure of comfort; a box pleat in the back is a necessity for the same reasons. Make sure, too, that the collar fits rather low in front—*not* smack in the center of the Adam's apple so that you turn vermilion on every swallow. Breast pockets are optional; most of the better shirts have them and some manufacturers even throw in a flap on the pocket.

Shirts with collars that curl up like the toe of a rajah's boot should be quietly discarded, or (better still) never purchased in the first place. The culprit is usually starch, a milky mixture that turns both collars and cuffs into slabs of cold, crackling cement. Your laundryman should be warned *never* to use the grievous glop on any shirt you own; your wife or maid should be booted firmly in the butt if either so much as *thinks* starchy. If you're still bothered with floppy collars, the classic button-down—soft, neat, always in place—is certainly one solution. This type of shirt will always carry you well through every situation, from sport coat casual wear to supper club gadding. Designed for office or evening shenanigans, rather than sporty occasions, are the English tab and round collar—always in good taste for town wear. With the latter two collar styles, French cuffs are quite acceptable; button-downs usually feature the barrel cuff. (If your particular collar nemesis turns out to be cosmetic stains—rouge, lipstick, even pancake makeup—you may light up at the fact that a gentle dab of toilet water on the soiled spot will whisk it away.)

By far the best-looking shirtings we've seen this season are done up in miniature tartans (Wallace, Royal Stuart, McPherson, etc.), both plaids and vertical stripes. They're fine for the office, but a note of warning; wear them *only* with a solid color suit and a solid color knit tie, or the clash will be felt blocks away.

Colored shirts are, of course, a staple, and you should keep a good selection of light blues, tans and grays on hand as well as the standard whites. The pinks and yellows, so popular a while back, are less versatile, but still look good on some fellows. Cable or hairline stripes against a white background have long been rich favorites, in both oxford or broadcloth or the newer, practical dacron-cotton blends that wash and hang dry in three hours, without ironing.



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HEARTY HAM (continued from page 50)

slow cured with flavors that are pure enchantment. They must be cut like tissue paper. Both of them are served cold as appetizers. Prosciutto ham with ice cold melon is now one of the best known dinner preludes. Westphalian ham, cut into small transparent slices, rolled up and eaten as is or rolled up and filled with watercress salad will stir the most slothful appetite into motion.

BAKING A HAM

Buy a quick-cooking or tenderized ham. Place it fat side up in an uncovered roasting pan on a wire rack. Insert a meat thermometer into the thickest part of the meat. Bake in a slow oven and let it cool sufficiently so that it can be handled. Then cut away the skin from the fat side. If you do not like too much fat, cut away any fat in excess of $\frac{1}{2}$ inch. The depth of the fat can be told easily by inserting the tip of a sharp knife into the ham. You can feel the firm meat when the tip of the knife reaches it. The distance the knife was inserted shows the depth of the fat. Score the ham (*i.e.*, cut the fat to a depth of $\frac{1}{8}$ inch in long diagonal lines about one inch apart). Cut in opposite directions to make diamond shaped pieces. Make a paste of 1 cup brown sugar, 2 tablespoons flour, 2 tablespoons sherry and 1 teaspoon dry mustard. Spread the paste over the fat. Place the ham in a hot oven 425 degrees for 15 to 20 minutes or until the top is golden brown.

PLAYBOY doesn't look sweet upon the old practice of jabbing cloves into every baked ham. In the first place, the flavor of the cloves doesn't spread beyond the small point where they're inserted. Besides, the flavor of whole cloves is extremely intense. If you happen to bite into one, they're as harsh as a toothache. If you like a clove flavor in ham fat, you can blend it more easily by mixing some powdered cloves with the sugar mixture before glazing the ham.

For kitchen hobbyists who like to ad lib with easy ham dishes, PLAYBOY offers the following recipes:

GLAZED HAM STEAK WITH BOURBON (Serves 2)

Half-inch center cut slice of ready-to-eat ham, weighing from $\frac{3}{4}$ to 1 pound.
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup brown sugar
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup Bourbon whiskey
2 tablespoons breadcrumbs
2 tablespoons melted ham fat or shortening.

Paprika

Slash the edge of the ham steak in three or four places to prevent curling during cooking. Preheat the broiler flame at 400 degrees.

Heat the fat or shortening in a large frying pan until the fat shows the first wisp of smoke. Lower the ham slice carefully into the pan. Cook over a moderate flame, turning the ham once, until the ham is medium brown on both sides.

Transfer the ham slice to a shallow baking pan. A large metal pie pan will do. Mix the sugar, whiskey and bread-

crumbs to a smooth paste. Spread the paste over the top of the ham. Sprinkle lightly with paprika. Place the ham under the broiler flame about four inches below source of heat. Do not broil too closely to the fire or the whiskey may flame. Broil only until the glaze is medium brown. Serve at once.

FRIED SMITHFIELD HAM, CREAM GRAVY (Serves 2)

5-ounce jar of sliced, cooked Smithfield ham (or the same amount of meat cut thin from a freshly cooked Smithfield ham).

$\frac{1}{3}$ cup milk
 $\frac{2}{3}$ cup cold water
2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons sherry wine
1 cup light cream
2 teaspoons cornstarch
2 tablespoons cold water

Combine the milk and the $\frac{2}{3}$ cup cold water in a deep dish. Place the ham in the milk mixture for one hour. Put the ham together with the milk mixture in a saucepan. Slowly heat until the liquid boils. Throw off the liquid from the ham. Put the butter in the pan with the ham. Let the ham sauté over a slow flame for three minutes. Add the sherry wine and light cream. Cook over a slow flame until the liquid just begins to bubble around the edge of the saucepan. Mix the cornstarch with the 2 tablespoons cold water to form a smooth paste. When the cream begins to boil,

add the cornstarch mixture, stirring well. Cook until thick. Remove from the flame. Season to taste. Serve over hot crisp toast.

HAM HASH, COUNTRY STYLE (Serves 4)

Any leftover ham, canned ham or sliced boiled ham may be used. Be sure the ham and seasoning vegetables are minced or chopped fine. Mashed potatoes should be prepared without any milk or liquid.

2 cups minced cooked ham
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup minced onion
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup minced green pepper
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup minced celery
1 cup mashed potatoes
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
Salt, pepper
Vegetable fat

Melt 3 tablespoons fat in a saucepan. Add the onion, green pepper and celery. Sauté the vegetables until they are tender but not brown.

Mix together the ham, onion, green pepper, celery, potatoes and Worcestershire sauce. Add salt and pepper to taste. Place the mixture in the refrigerator to chill thoroughly.

Shape the ham hash into eight round cakes about $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch thick. Brown on both sides on a lightly greased griddle or heavy frying pan. Serve with chili sauce or catsup. Then sit down at the table right away, before your guests demolish the whole batch.



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LOVE, INC.

(continued from page 62)

figure, he might have killed you.

"Miss Penny Bright," said Tate, "meet Mr. Alfred Simon."

The girl tried to speak but no words came, and Simon was equally dumbstruck. He looked at her and *knew*. Nothing else mattered. To the depths of his heart he knew that he was truly and completely loved.

They left at once, hand in hand, and were taken by jet to a small white cottage in a pine grove, overlooking the sea, and there they talked and laughed and loved, and later Simon saw his beloved wrapped in the sunset flame like a goddess of fire. And in blue twilight she looked at him with eyes enormous and dark, her known body mysterious again. The moon came up, bright and lunatic, changing flesh to shadow, and she wept and beat his chest with her small fists, and Simon wept too, although he did not know why. And at last dawn came, faint and disturbed, glimmering upon their parched lips and locked bodies, and nearby the booming surf deafened, inflamed, and maddened them.

At noon they were back in the offices of Love, Inc. Penny clutched his hand for a moment, then disappeared through an inner door.

"Was it real love?" Mr. Tate asked.

"Yes!"

"And was everything satisfactory?"

"Yes! It was love, it was the real thing! But why did she insist on returning?"

"Post-hypnotic command," Mr. Tate said.

"What?"

"What did you expect? Everyone wants love, but few wish to pay for it. Here is your bill, sir."

Simon paid, fuming. "This wasn't necessary," he said. "Of course I would pay you for bringing us together. Where is she now? What have you done with her?"

"Please," Mr. Tate said soothingly.

"Try to calm yourself."

"I don't want to be calm!" Simon shouted. "I want Penny!"

"That will be impossible," Mr. Tate said, with the barest hint of frost in his voice. "Kindly stop making a spectacle of yourself."

"Are you trying to get more money out of me?" Simon shrieked. "All right, I'll pay. How much do I have to pay to get her out of your clutches?" And Simon yanked out his wallet and slammed it on the desk.

Mr. Tate poked the wallet with a stiffened forefinger. "Put that back in your pocket," he said. "We are an old and respectable firm. If you raise your voice again, I shall be forced to have you ejected."

Simon calmed himself with an effort, put the wallet back in his pocket and

sat down. He took a deep breath and said, very quietly, "I'm sorry."

"That's better," Mr. Tate said. "I will not be shouted at. However, if you are reasonable, I can be reasonable too. Now, what's the trouble?"

"The trouble?" Simon's voice started to lift. He controlled it and said, "She loves me."

"Of course."

"Then how can you separate us?"

"What has the one thing got to do with the other?" Mr. Tate asked. "Love is a delightful interlude, a relaxation, good for the intellect, for the ego, for the hormone balance, and for the skin tone. But one would hardly wish to *continue* loving, would one?"

"I would," Simon said. "This love was special, unique —"

"They all are," Mr. Tate said. "But as you know, they are all produced in the same way."

"What?"

"Surely you know something about the mechanics of love production?"

"No," Simon said. "I thought it was — natural."

Mr. Tate shook his head. "We gave up natural selection centuries ago, shortly after the Mechanical Revolution. It was too slow, and commercially unfeasible. Why bother with it, when we can produce any feeling at will by conditioning and proper stimulation of certain brain centers? The result? Penny, completely in love with you! Your own bias, which we calculated, in favor of her particular somatotype, made it complete. We always throw in the dark sea-beach, the lunatic moon, the pallid dawn —"

"Then she could have been made to love anyone," Simon said slowly.

"Could have been brought to love anyone," Mr. Tate corrected.

"Oh, lord, how did she get into this horrible work?" Simon asked.

"She came in and signed a contract in the usual way," Tate said. "It pays very well. And at the termination of the lease, we return her original personality — untouched! But why do you call the work horrible? There's nothing reprehensible about love."

"It wasn't love!" Simon cried.

"But it was! The genuine article! Unbiased scientific firms have made qualitative tests of it, in comparison with the natural thing. In every case, *our* love tested out to more depth, passion, fervor and scope."

Simon shut his eyes tightly, opened them and said, "Listen to me. I don't care about your scientific tests. I love her, she loves me, that's all that counts. Let me speak to her! I want to marry her!"

Mr. Tate wrinkled his nose in distaste. "Come, come, man! You wouldn't want to *marry* a girl like that! But if it's marriage you're after, we deal in that, too. I can arrange an idyllic and nearly spontaneous love-match for you with a guaranteed government-inspected virgin —"

"No! I love Penny! At least let me speak to her!"

"That will be quite impossible," Mr. Tate said.

"Why?"

Mr. Tate pushed a button on his desk. "Why do you think? We've wiped out the previous indoctrination. Penny is now in love with someone else."

And then Simon understood. He realized that even now Penny was looking at another man with that passion he had known, feeling for another man that complete and bottomless love that unbiased scientific firms had shown to be so much greater than the old-fashioned, commercially unfeasible natural selection, and that upon that same dark sea-beach mentioned in the advertising brochure —

He lunged for Tate's throat. Two attendants, who had entered the office a few moments earlier, caught him and led him to the door.

"Remember!" Tate called. "This in no way invalidates your own experience."

Hellishly enough, Simon knew that what Tate said was true.

And then he found himself on the street.

At first, all he desired was to escape from Earth, where the commercial impracticalities were more than a normal man could afford. He walked very quickly, and his Penny walked beside him, her face glorified with love for him, and him, and you, and you.

And of course he came to the shooting gallery.

"Try your luck?" the manager asked. "Set 'em up," said Alfred Simon.



AMOROUS GOLDSMITH

(continued from page 37)

"Well, whatever the case may be, I'm in love with her, and at death's door," groaned the goldsmith. "If the original of the picture exists anywhere in the world, I hope and pray that Allah may give me length of days sufficient for me to see her."

When those who had attended the sickbed left, they at once went about inquiring after the painter of the portrait, to discover that he had gone on a journey to another town. So they wrote him a letter in which they represented to him their friend's deplorable condition, and asked whether he had invented the likeness out of his own brain, or actually seen the original in the flesh.

"I painted the picture after the likeness of an actual singing-girl," came his reply. "She belongs to a vizier, and lives in the city of Kashmir in the clime of India."

When the goldsmith, who resided in Persia, heard this news he at once packed his bags and set off for India. After severe exertions he reached Kashmir, and took up lodgings in the city. Some days later he went to see a certain druggist, a local citizen who was a shrewd, intelligent, sagacious fellow, and

interrogated him about their ruler and his character.

"Oh, our king's a very just man," the druggist told him. "Quite an admirable character. He's a real benefactor to his subjects, equitable in his dealings with all who live under his sway. There's only one class of people he detests — sorcerers. Let a sorcerer, male or female, fall into his hands and he flings them down a pit outside the city and leaves them to die of starvation."

"And what about his ministers?"

The druggist gave him a quick sketch of each in turn. Finally the conversation came around to the singing-girl of the picture.

"She's in the household of Vizier So-and-so," he told him.

The goldsmith held himself in a few days while he thought out some stratagem. Then one rainy night, when it was thundering and blowing a gale, he set off for the vizier's house armed with some thieves' tackle. Fastening a ladder by hooks to the wall, he climbed to the top of the mansion and slipped down into the courtyard. There he saw all the vizier's slave-girls fast asleep, each in her own bed. One of the beds was marble, and lying in it was a girl radiant as the moon rising on its fourteenth night. Going up to her, he sat down by her head and pulled off the coverlet, that was of gold cloth. At her head and feet stood a pair of candlesticks of shining gold, each holding a candle of pure ambergris. Under her pillow he found a silver box, neatly concealed by her head, containing all her ornaments. Drawing out a knife, he stuck it into the girl's buttocks, inflicting a visible wound. She woke up in a terrific fright, but seeing him close by her she was too afraid to scream. So she kept quiet, supposing that what he was after was her money.

"Here," she whispered, "take the box and everything in it. You won't gain anything by killing me. I throw myself on your mercy. I appeal to your honor."

The goldsmith took the box with its contents and went away. Next morning he got dressed early and went off with the box of ornaments to seek audience of the king.

"Your majesty," he cried after duly kissing the ground, "I'm your sincere well-wisher. I'm from Khorasan, and I've come seeking your majesty's protection. I wish to place myself under your banner. I reached the city late last night," he went on, "but I found the gate was locked, so I slept outside it. While I was lying there, half asleep and half awake, I saw four women approaching: one was riding on a broom, another on a fan . . . I knew at once they must be witches, coming into our city. As one of them approached me she gave me a kick with her foot, then she hit me with a fox's tail she had in her hand. That hurt a lot, and I was so infuriated by the blow that I pulled out a knife I had on me and stuck her in the buttocks, just as she turned her back on me and was making off. Feeling the

(concluded on next page)

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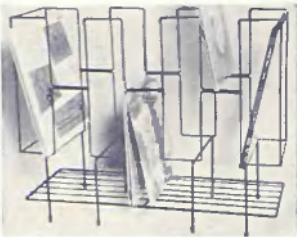
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wound, she fairly took to her heels, dropping as she ran this box and everything in it. I picked it up and opened it, to find these valuable ornaments inside. Take it; I don't need it, as I'm a man that wanders among the mountains. I've cast worldly things out of my mind and foresworn all earthly goods, seeking the favor of Allah the Most High."

He left the box with the king and departed. As soon as he was gone the king opened the box; he took out all the ornaments, and began turning them over in his hands, to discover among them a necklace which he remembered having given to the vizier who owned the slave-girl. He therefore summoned the vizier immediately.

"Look," he said when the minister came in, "isn't that the necklace I gave you?"

The vizier recognized the necklace at once.

"Yes," he agreed. "And I gave it to a singing-girl of mine."

"Bring me the girl forthwith," the king ordered.

The vizier produced her in a trice.

"Now uncover her buttocks, and look and see if there's a wound there or not."

The vizier uncovered the girl's buttocks, and saw the knife-wound clearly.

"Yes, Sire," he reported. "The girl is wounded."

"Then she's a witch," the king announced. "Exactly as the holy fellow told me. There's not the least shadow of a doubt."

So the king ordered them to put the girl in the Sorcerers' Pit, and they despatched her there that very day. When night fell, the goldsmith, knowing that his stratagem had succeeded, came to the guardian of the pit carrying a bag of a thousand golden dinars, and sat chatting with him till a third of the night passed. Then he turned the conversation in an interesting direction.

"You know, brother, that girl in the pit is quite innocent of the mischief they alleged against her. It was myself that brought her to her present pass."

And he told the watchman the whole story from first to last.

"Brother, take this purse," he continued. "There's a thousand dinars in it. Give me the girl, and I'll take her off to my country. These thousand dinars will be much more useful to you than keeping the girl in jail. And profit into the bargain of the reward Allah will give you on our account. We'll both of us pray for your welfare and safety."

When the warder heard this story he marvelled exceedingly at the goldsmith's stratagem and how it had succeeded. He took the bag with its precious contents and let the girl go, on the strict condition that the goldsmith should not tarry with her in the city a single hour. The goldsmith took her and set forth at once, journeying with all speed until he came to his homeland, his purpose fully attained.

—Translated by A. J. Arberry





CIRCLING THE SQUARE

THE SUAVE CITIZEN relaxing here is our idea of A Real Man. His chest-hair may not be exactly luxuriant; he may not be able (in the words of Sir W. S. Gilbert) to "tell at sight a *chassepôt* rifle from a javelin" — but he's Our Boy, nonetheless. Why? Because he's *well-rounded*. Puffing at a pipeful of tasty tobacco, this modern magnifico can appreciate a phonograph-full of Bach, Stravinsky — or Brubeck. When his ears have had their fill of such sumptuous sounds, his eyes can scan the profound pathology of Sigmund Freud, Jean-Paul Sartre — or Professor Michael Spillane. Food and drink? It's obvious, from the satisfied expression on Our Hero's classic features, that he has recently supped and sipped superbly. The fair sex? Observe the solidly-stacked item entering stage left. Modesty prevented our artist from including a copy of **PLAYBOY**. No matter: we can safely assume this well-rounded man is a regular subscriber to the most well-rounded of magazines. Are *you*? Well-rounded, we mean? A subscriber, we also mean? You probably are both. But if you are *not*, reflect upon this: the opposite of round is square. And the most effective antidote for squareness (your best friends won't tell you) is **PLAYBOY**. Brush your teeth twice a day; see your dentist twice a year; read **PLAYBOY** once a month. Subscribe today.

NEXT MONTH

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Here are the stores that are tying in with PLAYBOY's fall fashion theme, "THE MAN ABOUT CAMPUS DRESSES RIGHT FOR EVERY OCCASION." All of the fine shops listed below are prepared to see that you're outfitted in taste and in style for the season ahead.

ALABAMA:
BIRMINGHAM—Blach's Boston Shop Store
HUNTSVILLE—Bill's Men's Wear
JACKSONVILLE—McWhorter's
MOBILE—Metzger Brothers
TUSCALOOSA—Black, Friedman & Winston
Town & Campus Men's Wear
Wiesel Company
WINFIELD—Grayson Hill's

ARIZONA:
DOUGLAS—Coleman's
PHOENIX—Hanny's
TUCSON—Dave Bloom & Sons

ARKANSAS:
JONESBORO—Lamberth & Coleman
Star Clothing House
LITTLE ROCK—Baumton's
RUSSELLVILLE—Northington Shoe

CALIFORNIA:
EAGLE ROCK—Roberts Clothes Shop
EL MONTE—Salvin's Department Store
FULLERTON—Nielsen's
LONG BEACH—Meads Men's Store
LOS ANGELES—Lee's "mr." shop
PASADENA—Don Kay
PASO ROBLES—David Rowe
REDLANDS—Gair's
REDONDO BEACH—Guys Men's Wear
SACRAMENTO—Heeseman
SAN BERNARDINO—Howe's Shoes
The Harris Company
SAN FRANCISCO—Lyn Brooke
Hirsch and Price
Sir Francis Drake Hotel Men's Shop
SANGER—Star Cleaners and Clothiers
SAN JOSE—Mosher's For Men
SAN LUIS OBISPO—Beno's, Inc.
SANTA ANA—Hill's Inc.
STOCKTON—Ernie Reed
VENTURA—Beno's, Inc.

COLORADO:
BOULDER—Bartlett's Men's Wear
Bartlett's Squire Shop
Berghem's
Don's Men's Shop
University Shop
COLORADO SPRINGS—Robbins On The Corner, Inc.
DENVER—Dewey's Men's Shop
Kaufman
Morris Alpert
Reed-Vollhaber Men's Shop
Ski Inc.
The Campus
PUEBLO—Day-Jones

CONNECTICUT:
HARTFORD—Campus Shop
MIDDLETOWN—Connell's

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA:
Cavalier Men's Shop
David Richard
The Mode, Inc.

FLORIDA:
COCOA—Snyder's Store For Men
CORAL GABLES—The Dinghy
GAINESVILLE—Silverman's
L & L Men's Shop
KEY WEST—Bob Richman's
TAMPA—Jack Pendola, Inc.
WINTER HAVEN—Gentree

GEORGIA:
ATLANTA—B & B Shop
Muse's
AUGUSTA—Leon Simon Company, Inc.
COLUMBUS—Chancellor Company
SAVANNAH—Levy's Department Store
Men's Quality Shop

IDAHO:
MOSCOW—Murphy's Men's Apparel

ILLINOIS:
AURORA—Martys
BARRINGTON—Phillips Mens Wear
BENSENVILLE—Tioga Toggerly
BLOOMINGTON—Dewenter's Clothing
CARTHAGE—Califf's Clothing Store
CHAMPAIGN—Baskin-Champaign, Inc.
Pat Kane

Kaufman's
Schumacher's
CHICAGO—Barney's Men's Wear
Baskin
Beacon's Ivy Shop
Steven Brody, Inc.
D & G Clothes Shop
Dal Degan's Calif. Casuals
Duro's
Harvey Brothers
Helander & Godey
Tom Hynes
Lucas Clothing Company
Majestic Stores, Inc.
Charles Mosel
Turner Brothers
YMCA Hotel Shop

EVANSTON—Selig's Store For Men
GENEVA—Countrywear
JOLIET—Harvey Brothers
LA GRANGE—Carl's Toggerly
Steven's Store For Men
LAKE FOREST—Robertson's
Smiths Men's Store
MELROSE PARK—Cobey's
MOUNT PROSPECT—Sundberg's
NORMAL—Hall's Tog Shop, Inc.
OGLESBY—Kessler's of Oglesby
OTTAWA—Shank & Donahue
PEORIA—Harvey Brothers
Hotel Pere Marquette
ROCKTON—Countrywear
ROSELAND—Harvey Brothers
SPRINGFIELD—B & F Toggerly
Harvey Brothers
Myers Brothers
WAUKEGAN—Barneys
Feinberg's
Lindberg's Men's Shop
WINNETKA—The Fell Company
ZION—Lovinger's

INDIANA:
BLOOMINGTON—Sullivan's Inc.
CULVER—Adams Men's & Boy's Wear
EAST CHICAGO—H. S. Blumenthal's
EVANSVILLE—The Hub
HAMMOND—Harvey Brothers
Modern Tailors
Two-Legs, Inc.
MISHAWAKA—Fred A. Ullmann
PERU—Hall & Son
SOUTH BEND—Gilberts
Rasmussen's Men's Shop
The Hub Store
TERRE HAUTE—Joseph's Inc.
VALPARAISO—J. P. Falvey Company
Lowenstines
George Neeley's Men's Shop
Salberg's
WEST LAFAYETTE—Geisler's
Dick Henry's
WHITING—Lewin-Wolf

IOWA:
AMES—Jameson's
Ober's
The Sport Shop
BURLINGTON—Riepe Peterson
CEDAR RAPIDS—Bremers—Town & Country
CLARION—Crowe & Sons
DES MONES—Ove's Toggerly
IOWA CITY—Bremers
Stephens

KANSAS:
CONCORDIA—Daylight Clothing
INDEPENDENCE—Krueger & Rouse
LAWRENCE—Jack Norman
Ober's
The University Shop
MANHATTAN—Don & Jerry Clothiers
Gibbs Clothing Company
Stevenson Clothing Company
Woody's
SALINA—R & S Men's Shop
TOPEKA—Cunningham Shields
WICHITA—Harvey Brothers
Kern's
Lavin Men's Wear

KENTUCKY:
ASHLAND—Steckler's
LOUISVILLE—Lad-N-Dad Shop
Rodes-Rapier Company
PADUCAH—Jules Men's Shop
RICHMOND—Chenault's Men's Store

LOUISIANA:
ALEXANDRIA—The Fair
NATCHITOCHEs—Nichols
NEW ORLEANS—Terry & Juden
SHREVEPORT—Waldorf Tailoring

MAINE:
WATERVILLE—Levine's

MARYLAND:
BALTIMORE—A & G Clothier
Brandau's
Frank Leonard University Shop

MASSACHUSETTS:
AMHERST—Cliff Allen
House of Walsh
F. A. Thompson & Son
CLINTON—Gould's Men's Shop
GREENFIELD—Bartlett's Incorporated
PITTSFIELD—Rosenfeld's
Sukel's
TAUNTON—Knopf Sportswear

MICHIGAN:
ANN ARBOR—Tice and Wren
Wagner & Company
Wild & Company
CROSWELL—Aikins Department Store
DETROIT—Paul's Men's Shop

Princeton Shop, Inc.
Todd's Clothes
EAST LANSING—Ramsey's Univ. Shop
Redwood & Ross
The Tog Shop
FLINT—Cliff Sackrider
Crawford & Zimmerman
HANCOCK—Joffee's
HOUGHTON—Ed Haas & Company
KALAMAZOO—Redwood & Ross
ROYAL OAK—Publix Men's Wear
SAGINAW—Bondell's
Edward's Mens Shop
YPSILANTI—Prevost's

MINNESOTA:
MARSHALL—Olson & Lowe, Inc.
MINNEAPOLIS—Al Johnson, Inc.
Sim's Men's Wear, Inc.
The College Shop
NORTHFIELD—Hub Clothing
VIRGINIA—Palace Clothing Company

MISSISSIPPI:
CLEVELAND—C. R. Anthony
Tobe "Kaplan's" Men's Shop
Jay's Department Store
GREENWOOD—Larry's, Inc.
MERIDIAN—Alex Loeb Inc.
Bud's Men's Shop
OXFORD—Harmon's, Inc.

MISSOURI:
COLUMBIA—Neukomm's
SPRINGFIELD—Heer's
ST. LOUIS—Wolff's Clothiers, Inc.

MONTANA:
BOZEMAN—Rowles Mack
The Hub
Wagner's
GLASGOW—Freid's

NEBRASKA:
LEXINGTON—Ayers Clothing
LINCOLN—Harvey Brothers
Magee's
OMAHA—Berg Clothing Company
Harvey Brothers

NEVADA:
LAS VEGAS—Jack Garn Men's Shop

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HANOVER—James Campion Inc.
Dartmouth Co-op

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BAYONNE—Chas. Grotzky, Inc.
IRVINGTON—Parkway Mens Shop
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PASSAIC—J. Abbott & Son Inc.
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SUMMIT—Roots
TRENTON—Maury Robinson's
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NEW MEXICO:
GALLUP—Glenn's Men's Wear

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DUNKIRK—New York Store
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Jack's University Men's Shop
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NEW YORK—Buddy Lee
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SYRACUSE—Lund Univ. Men's Shop
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NORTH CAROLINA:
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FAYETTEVILLE—Black's, Inc.
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RALEIGH—Lanier-Womble
Norman's
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ROCKY MOUNT—Epstein's
SALISBURY—Trexler Brothers Inc.
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WARRENTON—Drake's Men's Wear

NORTH DAKOTA:
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Hawkinson-Solberg Company
The Straus Company
GRAND FORKS—Silverman's
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OHIO:
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ATHENS—Beckley's
BARBERTON—Farber's Men's Shop
CLEVELAND—Dad & Son Stores Inc.
University Shop
COLUMBUS—Marvin's Men's Wear
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DAYTON—Ray Bell Inc.
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DELAWARE—Leo C. Wilson Company
FREMONT—Lytle's
OXFORD—Young's College Shop
NEW PHILADELPHIA—Boston Inc.
SANDUSKY—Byer Brothers
SPRINGFIELD—Vogue Shop
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OKLAHOMA:
ENID—Grays
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OREGON:
ALBANY—Phil Small
EUGENE—Bill Baker's Men's Wear
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ALLEN TOWN—Koch Brothers
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NORFOLK—Sullivan's
PORTSMOUTH—Nachman's
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RACINE—Geo. & Lester's
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We trust that when you see the display you'll take time to take stock and stock up for your fall fashion needs. On campus or in business it pays to dress right — in fact, you can't afford not to.



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