

# PLAYBOY

JUNE 50 cents

ENTERTAINMENT  
FOR MEN



IN THIS ISSUE



PHOTOGRAPHING YOUR OWN PLAYMATE



## PLAYBILL

THE NEWS IN PICTURES, photographic-type, is proffered this month in a full-scale words-&-photos takeout on cameras and accessories, written by PLAYBOY Picture Editor Vincent T. Tajiri. Vince (whose photos have appeared in *Time*, *Life*, *American* and other magazines, and who, before he started Picture Editing for PLAYBOY about a year and a half ago, was simultaneously Editorial Director of three photographic publications) presents a pretty positive case for the camera in *The Well Equipped Lensman*. Tied in with the Tajiri treatise is a multipage feature on *Photographing Your Own Playmate* which culminates in a full-color gatefold of Judy Lee Tomerlin, PLAYBOY's office Playmate for the month of June.

*Sex on Sawdust* is the provocative title of the issue's lead fiction entry. This amusing story of carnival life is from the portable typewriter of carny-showman Daniel P. Mannix, captured on this page in mid-performance. Charles Mergendahl, a very clever gentleman indeed, contributes *The Sign of Scorpio*, a sardonic story as entertaining as it is brief. Both authors appear in PLAYBOY for the first time.

Appearing far from the first time are Shel Silverstein (it's Italy this trip), Tom Mario (*All Shook Up* is what he calls his elegant essay on blender cookery and drinkery) and Richard Gehman (who tells us what's what with the wit's wit, one Harry Kurnitz).

If you like legs, you'll like our pictorial toast to same, and if you like San Francisco . . . well, let's say, rather, that even if you've never heard of San Francisco, you'll be entirely enthralled by the big, beautiful Bay City once you lamp the pictures we've taken of it and the words we've written about it—words that clue you in to the most exciting joyspots of this magnificent metropolis. The San Francisco spread smartly springboards a bright new urban series, *Playboy On the Town*.

TAJIRI



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MANNIX





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# DEAR PLAYBOY

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## BEAT

Three cheers to the Messrs. Gold, Boal and Clad for their pieces in the February issue. The three articles on *The Beat Mystique* certainly offered the best presentation of this subject I have ever seen — and I am sure I speak for many others in saying this.

Robert Wolfson  
Wooster, Ohio

Herbert Gold's article on icicles that grow out of hot stomachs in lonely hipsters was highly informative and exceptionally well written. I admire both his insight into psychological dynamics and his literary talent in synthesizing information and ideas into a meaningful argument. I dig better now. Thanks.

David H. Ruja, Ph.D.  
Beverly Hills, California

The triptych on *The Beat Mystique* in your February issue sold me on the level of writing in *PLAYBOY* — especially the big-picture analysis by Herbert Gold. The man can really write. In the development of his piece, I noticed that the more he wrote about these rebels without a cause, the madder he got at them.

Brace Pattou  
Chicago, Illinois

*The Beat Mystique* is the best thing I've read in *PLAYBOY*. The three interpretations were timely and needed. As far as I have read, no other large-circulation magazine has provided this complete a view of the "beat" warp.

Andrew Fuller  
Fullerton, California

You miss the point. The Beat Generation doesn't reject, it accepts. It accepts all.

Eddie Smilen  
Chicago, Illinois

Sure, Kerouac started something. But it's not new. Revulsion at action is very old.

George Malko  
New York, New York

If it is square when a male reacts spontaneously, happily and vigorously

to a cute chick wandering around a party with her blouse off, then I'm for them there squares. Dig me?

Mary Sayre  
Park Ridge, Illinois

Any contribution to society by the beatniks will come only after they have given up one more thing — breathing!

Roy Lipstreu  
Cleveland, Ohio

The analysis of "beat" by Herbert Gold was the finest thing I've read about my generation and its cool spawn. Though I understand the hipsters and know quite a few, some warm fluid in my veins keeps me from joining them.

Miss Jackie Walsh  
Rochester, New York

After reading about these beat studs, one begins to look upon our switchbladed juvenile delinquents with something bordering on affection.

Thomas H. Shanks  
Los Angeles, California

The "cool" must be written off as dead, for that is precisely what they are.

Mike Dill  
Los Angeles, California

Never has my attention been held so steadfastly, so amusingly.

Philip Roxbury  
New York, New York

Until Herbert Gold penned his beat sermon on the mount, he was a favorite author of mine. Has he run out of material and ideas? That a Beat Generation exists is a truism. Everyone is aware of this. I would say that Gold is a bona fide member of the Beat Generation. But don't awaken him. He feels nothing for the beat ones. Yet they are our tomorrow. So he has reached the purest form of negativism. Mr. Gold, where are you going?

Sherman Perry  
Trevose, Pennsylvania

Man, don't think that cat never was not beat but square when he said "to

# SEX: Female

## A GIRL IS A GIRL IS A MOOD IN JUNE

To suit *that* mood these various faces of Eve provide the setting for pleasant pursuit... sensitive Patti, sassy Sarah, sensual Ruth, and (hardly for kids) Pearl Bailey.



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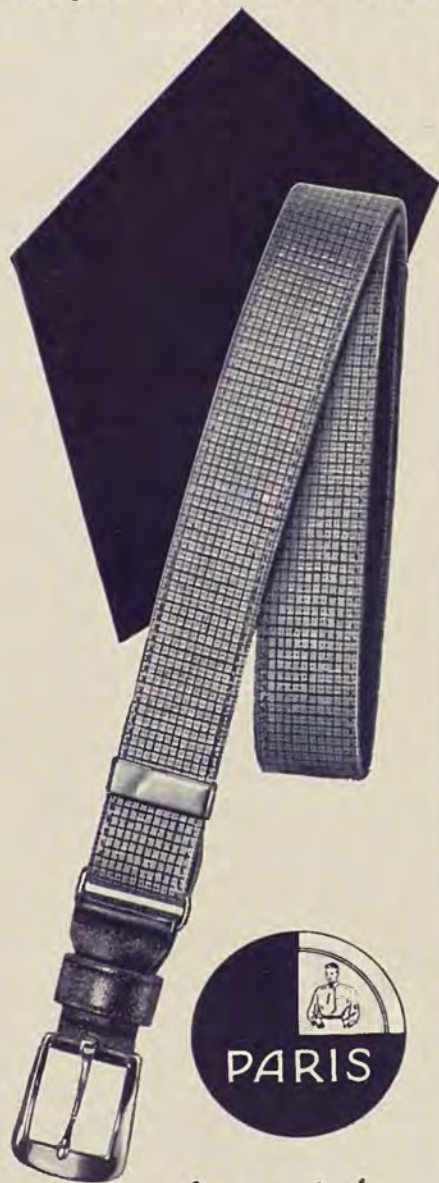
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express a desire or a need for anything is not cool." That cat was neverwas one paragraph later when he said "everybody will make it a point to talk to the stranger, not necessarily out of friendliness but out of a *desire* to investigate." Man, don't think I don't dig that paradox as not being the most. Man, don't think I don't mean square because I do.

A. D. Pittman  
Killeen, Texas

Frankly, I didn't think PLAYBOY had enough guts to buck fads, but now that you've done it, I can only lift my hat off and shout hurrah! Man, the job had to be done and Gold did it.

Al Sieberling  
New York, New York

A spot of grape, a hi-fi set,  
A chick, a quiet pad —  
Who cares just what you advocate?  
You aren't doing bad!

Phil Conaty  
New York, New York

### ZAHRA NORBO

Zahra Norbo is terrible.

Paul M. Pfau  
Cincinnati, Ohio

### MICHIKO HAMAMURA

Michiko Hamamura is awful.

R. C. Pitman  
 Fargo, North Dakota

### BRIGITTE BARDOT

Brigitte Bardot is wonderful. More? Please?

Jack Anthony  
Bethlehem, Pennsylvania

I thoroughly enjoyed your behind-scenes view of BB in the March issue and think your readers will appreciate this candid peek at a bare Brigitte taken by a friend of mine during preparations for filming the opening scene of

*And God Created Woman*. Does this rate me a Lifetime Subscription?

George Caswell  
New York, New York

Your name is being added to the illustrious roll of the Lifetime Playboy Club, George.

I can guarantee that Mlle. Bardot does not appear nude in the chopped version of *And God Created Woman* on display in this benighted hick town. PLAYBOY, at 50¢, is a better value than the movie, at \$1.50.

E. A. Clary  
Washington, D.C.

### O RARE TOM MARIO

May I say that I think your food-&-drink correspondent, Mr. Thomas Mario, is a tiptop man at his job? The style of his writing plus his immense knowledge of his subject make me feel he is a true gourmet who not only loves fine food but also loves writing about it. *However*: much as I revere the gentleman, I must take exception to his assumption, in *O Rare Roast Beef* (PLAYBOY, March 1958), that English cooking is generally conceded to be the worst in the world. The cheek of the man!

Michael Chapman  
London, England

### THANK YOU, ANNA

*Thank You, Anna* by Bill Safire was one of the most charming short stories I have read in some time. Just the right amount of interest and unpretentiousness is concerted in this item to make it fine reading. Seems good to read something like this occasionally when you want to read a story just for pure enjoyment. Thank you, Safire!

David L. Mulder  
Holland, Michigan

### EXAMINATION DAY

Never in my life have I read a story as great as *Examination Day*, in your





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fabulous February issue. Please, more of Henry Slesar.

Ernie Kapitchka  
Chicago, Illinois

Hurrah for Henry Slesar! Recently, my husband and I decided to dip into science-fiction. We started with those "best of the year" anthologies. *Examination Day* should certainly be nominated one of the best of '58! What we've read so far pales by comparison with this excellent short story. This is an example of really good science-fiction.

Lois Stiglmeier  
Albany, New York

The warped individual who wrote that horrible story, *Examination Day*, should hang his head in shame. And so should you who printed it in a magazine that plainly states on its cover, "Entertainment for Men." Do you consider such morbid stories *entertaining*? You're off your rocker!

Irene Holsen  
Mt. Carmel, Illinois

## CRYPTIC CARTOONS DEPT.

In the Gahan Wilson cartoon on page 55 of your March issue, all I see is a



Gahan Wilson

woman sweeping away her shadow. Knowing PLAYBOY, I'm sure there must be an underlying motive. What is it?

Mrs. Henry Hansen  
Boston, Massachusetts

Only the shadow knows.

## GOOD BEER, BUXOM WOMEN

One of your best features, in my estimation, is your *International Datebook*. Some time ago you commented on the Oktoberfest in Munich, Germany, stating that if one wished good beer and buxom women, that was the place to go. On the strength of your recommendation, I flew there for my vacation, and it was all you said and more. As a matter of fact, I have already made reservations to return.

George H. Fearons  
Stowe, Vermont





# PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



Once upon a time, when life was simpler (like a couple of years ago), you could go to a movie and see the titles and credits to the accompaniment of appropriate music. Then the performance proper would begin. No more. Nowadays, you start with action and, after a bit, the titles and credits are superimposed over it—disembodied words, names and phrases float through the air in front of the actors' eyes, or between theirs and yours. Sooner or later, like the mists of morning, they fade and the feature is at last under way. This current custom got its start legitimately enough: a few pioneering bright brains of the visual entertainment dodge realized that titles and credits were stodgy and dull, and set about making them artistically interesting and integrating them with the action—a move we applauded. Too often, now, the mechanics of this innovation have been retained without the art; too often, they've been exploited and exaggerated and stretched out (on the unsubtle theory that you can't have too much of a good thing) so that, far from helping to build the mood, they obtrude and distract.

The more pretentious the production, the longer the credits take to materialize and the longer they last. For a really triple-A job—like Academy Award winning *Bridge on the River Kwai*—the action starts—unannounced—without any sound at all, without even the cry of a gull or the strains of the theme song to give you a clue to what you're watching and why. Finally, the credits begin—but not on a crawl, swimming upward at reasonable reading pace from Stage Bottom to Stage Top. Like ectoplasm, they take form, hold, vanish—to be replaced by the title, which virtually obliterates the action. On with the show? No. The title is replaced by still more credits (who

combed the star's hair, who designed her G-string). To the story? Not yet: now we get the producer's name, interminably extended, and only then (Are you still there?) the story continues, but by then you've lost track of what happened before. Trend-spotters from way back, we predict the *reductio ad absurdum ad infinitum* of this comedy of credits. First, they'll be shoved so far inside the picture that they'll come as a mid-movie break, like the commercial at the half-way mark on TV shows. Then, they'll be delayed to the end of the film. A proper full circle say we, a return to the simpler days of TV, when credits were always held to the end of the show for those who cared (the star's agent, the producer's wife, the director's mother), while the rest of us went to the fridge for a beer. In movie houses, credits will constitute the last 10 minutes of each film, ample time for an orderly exodus of the old audience and a leisurely influx of the new, without interruption of the main attraction, Pepe LePew or Magoo. A cheering thought.

Speaking of trends, just possibly the custom of making ordinary eating places sound important by giving them imposing names (Imperial, Something de Paris, Gold Court, Le So-and-So) has had its day. With a very straight face, Chicago's St. Clair Hotel has tagged its new restaurant: "The Men's Room."

With summer busting out all over, the enterprising Olivetti folks have again set up one of their typewriters outside their Fifth Avenue office in New York, so the curious may test a machine without the bother of stepping inside. Passers-by are invited to bang away, and one of the more invigorating messages left on paper by the hunt-'n'-peck brigade is this:

"Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of Trudi Gravers, PLaza 6-6348."

Party-goers in quest of a fresh form of fun are latching onto a new and nail-biting game called LP Roulette. What the host does is take six records, mix them up and ask a guest (blindfolded) to pick one of the platters to be played from start to finish, both sides, with volume full up. Five of the discs are by swinging groups; the sixth is by Tennessee Ernie.

## RECORDINGS

Word of Mouth Department: Now available on microgroove is the free association of jabber-jockey Mort Sahl, whom, one year ago this month, PLAYBOY introduced in an article called *A Real Free-Form Guy*. Narrowly known at the time, he has since reaped additional praiseful press in *Time*, *Life*, *The New Yorker*, *The Reporter*, *Down Beat* and other tipsheets. *The Future Lies Ahead* (Verve MG V-15002), taped during performance at San Francisco's Hungry i, presents solid Sahl: on topics as diverse as Eisenhower, eggheads, the Edsel and PLAYBOY ("which is a magazine devoted largely to high fidelity and seduction—the hi-fi is up front in the science section and the other subject is called science-fiction")... "Wait./Wait./Wait./Wait./Wait./Wait./Wait./W a i t./Wait./Wait./Wait./Wait./Wait./NOW." So goes, in its entirety, the first poem on Kenneth Patchen (Cadence 3004), a gramophone cutting of Mr. Patchen shyly mumbling examples of his own famous prosody. In back of him, musical meanderings by Allyn







stage shows and cocktail lounges that our heart sank at the thought that two of our favorite pianists, André Previn and Russ Freeman, might have let themselves in for a dull thud when they teamed to produce *Double Play* (Contemporary 3537). Our error: we haven't heard a more felicitous duo since Ammons and Lewis played boogieogie. There are a couple of furious fizzles in the faster fireworks, but for the most part the set is a huge success, especially in the polished but moving blues numbers.

*Life Is a Many Splendored Gig* (Roulette 52001) is the happy title of a happy debut disc for the Herb Pomeroy Orchestra. The 16-man group works excellently with swinging crispness and none of the blat and blather that seems to sully the work of so many big bands. Pomeroy, a Kenton grad, plays a superior trumpet that never tries to dominate the proceedings, which have originality and plenty of zing.

Pop vocal devotees can sit out the long, hot summer with little more than a jug of cool refreshments, an amiable companion and these six elegant offerings. *Johnny's Greatest Hits* (Columbia CL 1113) puts most of Mr. Mathis' 45-rpm successes (*Chances Are; Wonderful, Wonderful*, etc.) on one LP, provides 45 minutes of lovely, lovelorn listening . . . *Hooray for Hollywood* (Columbia C2L-5) is a two-disc sheaf of goodies penned down the years for Tinseltown epics and delivered here with a fetching, palms-up purity by Doris Day. The tunes? Grand stuff like *I'll Remember April*, *Easy to Love*, *Night and Day*, *A Foggy Day* . . . On *A Man Ain't Supposed to Cry* (Roulette 52005), basic blues singer Joe Williams keeps a stiff upper register, eschews the Basic band and steps out on his own to give 12 unhappy ballads (*I'm Through with Love*, *I'll Never Smile Again*) 12 happy interpretations. Backed by Jimmy Mundy's sensitive scoring, Joe plants his foot in the door as a first-rate, ungimmicked balladeer . . . His counterpart-in-mood is a miss called Sue Raney, a teenager who turns out a wet-eyed set. *When Your Lover Has Gone* (Capitol T964), with fine phrasing, lovely breath control and a bistro-wise set of pipes that doesn't let you know this is her first LP . . . Francis Albert Sinatra goes back to memoriesville via two packages, the first a double-platter set of reissues called *The Frank Sinatra Story* (Columbia C2L-6), waxed during the days when he was known as "The Voice" and did his crooning under the baton of Axel Stordahl. Unfortunately, some of Frank's corniest efforts are included. The other one, *This Is Sinatra, Volume 2* (Capitol W982), couples Frank with his current and crafty wand-waver Nelson Riddle in a reissued package of recent Sinatra singles. You can hear several of the same

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songs done in both eras (*If You Are But a Dream, Put Your Dreams Away*) and the conclusion is obvious: he was merely fine then; he's great now.

Audio Fidelity, one of the vital, younger firms in the hi-fi biz, has just about scooped the industry with compatible stereo records (you can play them on your monaural rig, too—it's like compatible color in TV) under the Stereodisc trademark. If you remember the stirring sounds of this firm's monaural *La Fiesta Brava*, wait until you hear *Bullring!* (Audio Fidelity 1835) listed as Volume 4 of *Fiesta*. Stereo was made for just this sort of music: disc stereo—which has it all over tape for convenience and handling and, notably, price (about half the cost of tape)—does it proud. Stereodisc versions of other previously monaural discs from this company's catalog are also being made available.

In the stereo tape department, we urge on you Columbia's double-reel release of *West Side Story* (TOB-13) with the original cast; and the following, previously only available on monaural disc: Verve's *Ella and Louis Again* (VST 10011) and *Caribe* (VST 1007) which has Josephine Premice singing Calypso; and Columbia's *Other Voices* (GCB-11) featuring Erroll Garner.

Our stereo jazz vote this month goes to *The New York Jazz Quartet Goes Native* (Elektra 7-7BN), a Latin American excursion, cool and carefree, in which Herbie Mann (flute), Joe Puma (guitar), Whitey Mitchell (bass) and Mat Mathews (accordion) work with Manuel Ramos and Teiji Ito, a pair of bongo bangers.

In the stereo classical field, we especially liked *The Music of the Bach Family—Volume 1* (Boston 7-6BN)—92 Bachs were musicians—on which the Zimmler Sinfonietta. Richard Burgin up, plays a charming *Suite in D Major* by Johann Bernhard Bach, and then goes all out in a vigo us and virtuoso treatment of Johann Christoph Bach's *Amadis des Gaules*, a suite of striking vivacity.

### FILMS

That scuffed-up but lovable brood, the Waldens of Georgia and their cotton-pickin' kinfolk, have been somewhat scrubbed, ennobled and dehorned in Philip Yordan's screen adaptation of *God's Little Acre*, based on the Caldwell novel of carnal kicks and mild social protest. You remember the panting order: Jim Leslie Walden (Lance Fuller) drools over Griselda (Tina Louise), who's stuck on her sister-in-law's husband Will (Aldo Ray). Fat, sweaty Pluto (Buddy Hackett) has the hots for Darlin' Jill (Fay Spain),

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kittenish daughter of Ty Ty (Robert Ryan). But Jill craves action with all the crackers in Georgia, including an albino (Michael Landon), before sampling Pluto. As a result of all this impulsive exploration, tempers flare and tragedy looms. The principals do right smart by their roles under Anthony Mann's direction, but somehow the gutsy fatalism of the novel's grimy characters, which boosted the book's appeal, has been lost, though most of their lust binges, toned down a bit, remain. (The scene where Will rips off Griselda's gingham is nixed for the movie, but you saw it last month in *PLAYBOY*.) Don't go too far out of your way for this one.

Miscegenation gets a backpat in *Kings Go Forth*, a World War II yarn (from the same-name Joe David Brown novel) starring Frank Sinatra, Tony Curtis and Natalie Wood. But compared to *Island in the Sun* and *Sayonara* it is a mild pat indeed. Frank plays a square artillery lieutenant who, under Delmer Daves' direction, oozes wistfulness throughout. T/5 Tony is saddled with a role that would give a schizo trouble: coward-hero, swell guy-louse, hip-jerk. The pair fight Germans in the French mountains on weekdays, then commute to the Riviera on Saturday and Sunday. There, Sinatra meets and falls for Natalie Wood, a Yank kid raised in France by her white mother (Leora Dana) and Negro father who died a few years earlier. But Tony Curtis' wizardry as a jazz trumpeter wins her away from Frank; Tony and Miss Wood start making beautiful music together. Learning that Curtis doesn't intend to marry her, Sinatra plans to kill him during a dangerous two-man mission to blow up the Nazi HQ. The denouement devised by scripter Merle Miller is both predictable and flat, and so is the picture.

*Run Silent, Run Deep* is an absorbing picture of Pacific warfare as it was fought on (but mostly under) the water. Clark Gable plays a desk-bound officer at Pearl who chafes at inaction, itches to have a go at the Japanese destroyer that sank his sub in Bungo Strait (where many of our subs met the same fate), finally talks himself into command of the submarine Nerka. This creates a state of near-mutinuous dismay in the crew and in the popular exec officer, Burt Lancaster, who shared his men's belief that he'd get the job when the sub's erstwhile captain was disabled. The unhappy men get unhappier still when Gable first subjects them to endless crash-dive drills, then violates his patrol orders by heading for the lethal straits, bent on revenge against Bungo Pete, the destroyer that had nailed him once before. Gable, too, is injured—which gives Lancaster a chance to legally take over and head the other way; but the sputtering feud between the two men

is resolved via a grudging mutual admiration, the vessel gets its enemy (which turns out to be an unsuspected team of destroyer plus lurking Jap sub), and the Nerka sails home victorious. Sans Gable, though: his injury claims him immediately after he wills himself to live long enough to direct the winning strategy. Kids will love this—no dames or love stuff interfere with the action, and it's all hokey enough (and authentic enough) to satisfy the critical junior scientists. But underneath the hokum and the familiar plot notion, there's enough tension and action to satisfy you, too.

## DINING-DRINKING

Venturesome diners-out who hanker for such off-trail viands as moose, kangaroo, elk, buffalo, bear and mountain sheep should head for Chicago's *Cafe Bohemia* (Adams and Clinton Streets), the nation's sole restaurant serving game grub the year around. No fish story is the fact that you can also savor the likes of North Atlantic whale (broiled or sautéed) and deep-sea turtle (no shell, broiled). Owner Jim Janek says the biggest call is for buffalo, and he uses up about 35 of the beasts a year, purchased (in case you're wondering) from conservation officials who periodically thin out the herd that roams the Black Hills of South Dakota. The rest of the oddball animals he gets from those nasty game wardens who nab a poacher now and then and confiscate his bag. Off it goes to Janek's aging rooms for your gustatory delectation. As you might expect, the decor is strictly North Woods, with a slew of mounted heads scattered about the two dining rooms. More run-of-the-grill fare (venison, Cornish hens, lamb chops, a 55-ounce beef sirloin, etc.) is also offered—all at moderate prices and in quantities sufficient to assuage the huskiest of appetites. Closed Sundays. Bar opens seven A.M. daily, dining rooms 11:30 A.M. All is still at midnight.

## THEATRE

Richard Bissell, the merchant from Dubuque who fashioned the smash Broadway musical *The Pajama Game* from his best-seller novel *7½ Cents*, has doubled the trick by adapting *Soy, Darling* from his subsequent best-seller of the same name—which was, of course, Bissell's thinly disguised satire on his first encounter with show business, *Pajama Game*. Whew. (He has promised not to write anything about what happened to him this second time out.) In any case, it



There'll always be a Playboy!

“SURE I  
LOVE YOU, ROMEO  
—AS LONG AS YOU  
STAY DOWN THERE!”

¶ “Well, I’ll stay down here tonight, Juliet, but only because I tore my tights on a rose bush. If we don’t get a little closer soon, I may be the first lover in history to die of laryngitis!”

¶ “I’d like to, Romeo—but it’s all that dueling. It must heat thee up something fierce. That’s why I prefer an outdoor romance, if thou seest my meaning . . .”

¶ “I see it all right—and now I know who chopped up my ladder. But thou art looking at a new Romeo, thanks to this magical green bottle.\* I simply squeeze it in the morning, give myself a quick spray, and presto!—I’m more lovable than ever! But don’t let me bore thee—there’s a girl down the street who wants to hear my poems.”

¶ “Shut up and climb this rope, Romeo. I’m not much on poetry, but I’m sure we’ll think of something to do.”

\*The magical green bottle was Mennen Spray Deodorant.

Kills body odor, checks perspiration. Buy some. It got Romeo off the ground, and it might do the same for you.



**MENNEN**  
spray deodorant for men  
the deodorant more men use than any other





nothing  
makes a woman  
more  
feminine  
to a  
man



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appears to have been a lot of fun. Bissell (along with Mrs. Bissell and director Abe Burrows acting as collaborators) has ignored plot in favor of a marathon of running gags and a delightful lampoon of fairly recognizable show types. *Pajama Game* is herein referred to as *The Girl From Indiana*, and the audience is privy to how a musical can survive auditions, rehearsals, a New Haven tryout disaster and a triumphant rewrite.

Despite its irreverence—or possibly because of it—*Say, Darling* requires deft performances, and gets them down the line: David Wayne as the corn-fed author who survives a tepid affair with Vivian Blaine as a misleading lady, Constance Ford as his wife who does a slow burn (along with the home fires), Jerome Cowan as a battle-scarred director, Johnny Desmond as an egomaniacal composer, and Robert Morse as an outrageously funny caricature of a boy-genius producer. Because this is “a comedy about a musical,” there are no straight production numbers, but Betty Comden, Adolph Green and Jule Styne sneak in nine of their ditties during rehearsals and tryout. They range from pleasant to pallid, according to the exigencies of the plot, and the climactic *Something's Always Happening on the River* is an infectious, show-stopping hoedown. At the ANTA, 245 W. 52, NYC.

## BOOKS

*The Ginger Man* (McDowell, Obolensky, \$3.95) by J. P. Donleavy is a brash, bawdy novel by an American expatriate member of Britain's Angry-Young-Men set. The title comes from an old ballad, but the time is postwar and the hero is an American named, of all things, Sebastian Dangerfield, who's studying law at Dublin's Trinity College on the GI Bill. (Author and hero have these and other attributes in common—a not uncommon trait of first novels.) Wild he is, and, as for the ginger, the accent is strictly on the first syllable. He guzzles around the clock; and his taste for women is equally insatiable. In fact, the novel might be described—superficially, anyway—as an amalgam of tipple and nipple. There's no plot to speak of. We merely follow the rake's progress as he quarrels with his wife, takes a leave of absence from college, and a leave of abstinence, period. He makes his bibulous, babe-ulous way to London, where he rackets around until he finds some kind of haven with Irish Mary (“Wow, what a wench . . . breasts all over her chest”) who has followed him from Eire and is happy to support him. To him, she represents Ireland, itself—soft and moist, sun-stained and at peace. But through all the Rabelaisian ribaldry

there runs a somber thread. Mr. Donleavy—like the other young angries—believes in mixing plenty of bitters with his gin. And though some may find his book too Kerouwacky, many, remembering *Ulysses*, will read it and rejoice.

The French literati of the 19th Century seem to have divided their time about equally between the quill and the quilt. In Charles Gorham's *Wine of Life: A Novel About Balzac* (Dial, \$4.95), we learn that the lusty Honoré was no exception. Though he wrote for 12 hours a day, usually beginning at midnight, and turned out over five million words in his brief life-span, he nevertheless found time for many a ploy in the game of bedsmanship. At first he preferred older women (he said there's nothing more beautiful than the last love of a woman joined with the first love of a man), and always preferred women who could do him some good either socially (he was an incurable snob), financially (he was a genius at losing money), or both. He seemed to think that the way to Paris' salons lay through the boudoir—and so it proved, for him. His first affair, with Mme. de Berny (twice his age), weaned him from pulp-writing to the serious work that won him recognition, and it was another mistress who introduced him to the circle of Mme. Recamier, the Elsa Maxwell of her day. And he went on from there. Mr. Gorham's re-creation of all this is frequently as luminous as it is voluminous (his book runs 650 pages), and if he seems to stress the satyr rather than the satirist, that is his privilege as a novelist. Though the wine of Balzac's life, as mullied by Gorham, may be a bit light in body, it boasts a heady bouquet.

So much contemporary writing by the younger crop of authors is frenetic, inept and concerned with people who are sick, sick, sick, that it's a joy to read *The Return of Ansel Gibbs*, by thirtyish Frederick Buechner (Knopf, \$3.75), if only for contrast. His prose is mannerly, deft, evocative and at times brilliantly humorous. He can imbue scenes of comparative inaction—lovers' talk, a family confab—with high drama. Theme of the book is the striving of intelligent, upper-class Ansel Gibbs to attain the necessary self-knowledge and dedication of purpose to accept with clear conscience a cabinet post. A kind of Mike Wallace TV show, mc'd by Gibbs' daughter's number-one boyfriend, precipitates the first of a series of personal and public crises which lead to his final decision. A bit of sugar mars the ending, but otherwise this is a distinguished, suspenseful, engrossing job.





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# PLAYBOY







*fiction* **By Daniel P. Mannix**

*two carnival con men meet in the snowjob battle of the century*

# SEX ON SAWDUST

THE BIGGEST MONEY-MAKERS on any carnival midway are the Sex Shows. It's pretty hard to beat sex as an attraction, and most carnies don't even try. Concessionaires have spent more time figuring out different ways of presenting sex than scientists have in developing satellites. It pays better, too.

The most successful Sex Show concessionaire I ever met was a guy by the name of Ben. Ben was an oily, thickset individual who somewhat resembled a large beetle. Ben was a snappy dresser, partial to double-breasted suits, ruby cuff buttons, red suspenders, and generally wore a shirt with a striking polka-dot pattern. However, in his show he wore the white operating coat of a surgeon to give the performance more class.

Ben's method of collecting an audience was to rush up on the bally platform outside his tent and start taking off his pants. When a crowd began to collect, Ben would stop and glare at them wildly.

"No, I gotta control myself, friends!" he'd shout. "It's that hot, spicy show inside here that drives me into a frenzy. Within this tent, there's an educational exhibit on sex no one oughta miss. You know the biggest factor in divorce today? It's the ignorance of young men about women. I've been sent out by the Medical Society of America to correct this terrible state of affairs."

Ben would then lean over the platform and assume a confidential tone. "Inside this tent, I've got a group of beautiful living models that illustrate my talk on sex. Last week when this show played a backwoods community like Jonesville Crossings, we didn't dare to present these models completely nude. But here in a cosmopolitan center like Polecat Junction, we can shoot the works. Now these models are not pictures, they are not behind a veil or screen of any kind. And I will give you a dollar for every thread of clothing you can find on them!"

That usually started a stampede into the tent. It was only later that the crowd discovered that the models were live guinea pigs in cages. But before anyone had a chance to protest, Ben would announce, "Folks, I just got you in here so we'd be off the midway where cops might interfere. Now I've got some genuine French postcards . . . the kind you often hear about but seldom see. The set sells for a dollar but please don't take them out of the envelope or pass them around among your friends until you're well away from my concession. Once you see the nature of these pictures, you'll understand the reason for my request."

The pictures were French postcards all right. They showed views of the Eiffel Tower, Versailles and other famous monuments.

At that time, I was working with the side show, and as Ben's little outfit was usually sandwiched in between our large top and the Broadway Follies Show, I got to know Ben quite well. One day I asked him why he didn't use real girls in his concession. Girls were easy enough to get. The usual procedure was to run a notice in some theatrical journal reading: "Wanted. Girls for Modeling. No Experience Necessary." A lot of girls who'd failed as models in New York or had been hanging around studios in Hollywood would answer the ad. The concessionaire would write back telling them to join the show at Bear Creek, Arkansas, or wherever the carny was playing. After the girls got there and



found out what they were supposed to do, most of them would go back again. But there was always a certain percentage who'd arrive broke and decide to stay.

"You don't need women for a sex show," Ben assured me earnestly. "Women cost a lot to feed and are very unreliable. You'll notice I just use half-a-dozen banners outside with life-sized pictures of naked girls on them. I don't claim to have girls on the inside and if people jump to conclusions, that's their own fault."

"Don't you ever have trouble with the crowd?" I asked.

"Well, I'm thinking of giving the suckers a little talk on How a Baby Is Born or maybe The Dangers of Venereal Disease, illustrated by line drawings on a large blackboard. That ought to satisfy anybody."

"Suppose it doesn't?"

"In that case, I'll hire a couple of tough canvasmen with iron tent stakes to hang around. Tent stakes are wonderful things. They're light enough to handle easily and strong enough to smash a packing case. For my kind of work, they're invaluable."

As Ben freely admitted, he was a far better salesman than a showman. He didn't need nor want a show; all he wanted was some pretext to lure people off the midway into his tent where he could work on them. The French postcards weren't the only items he carried. He had a dozen or more. One of these novelties was a sheet of paper covered with apparently meaningless dots and dashes. When the paper was folded in a certain way and held against the light, the lines formed an indecent picture. By twisting the paper back and forth, the figures could be made to move. He also sold a special pair of dice ("Just put the sixes together and hold them up to the light") and a little cardboard box with a couple of mirrors fitted into it. Ben claimed that when this box was put against a keyhole it enabled you to see the whole inside of the room and also protected you from having a long pin jabbed in your eye. "This little device is used by the FBI for detective work," Ben explained to the crowd. "I sell it with the strict understanding that it is to be used only for the detection of crime and not for any immoral purpose." There must have been a lot of detectives in Ben's audiences for the boxes were always in great demand.

Ben was a curious guy in many ways and I would have liked to have gotten a blueprint of his conscience. Although he was as big a phony as one of his own postcards, he worked harder than anyone else on the lot. He set up and tore down his own concession himself whereas most concessionaires had at least a couple of canvasmen. As soon as the lot marker

had gone through the grounds putting in pegs to show where the different concessionaires were to set up their tents, Ben was hard at work unloading his canvas and framing his entrance. Carny folks naturally wore old clothes while setting up a tent but I've seen Ben out driving stakes in his polka-dot shirt and blue serge trousers. When the crowds began to drift in, Ben would drop his sledge, pull on his white surgeon's coat and start his first spiel without drawing breath. As the other outfits usually stopped to change clothes and have a smoke after setting up, Ben beat them all to the punch.

Although Ben seemed to have no morals whatsoever, he was always honestly indignant when anyone registered a kick. One of his items was little squares of cardboard with suggestive verses and crude line drawings which he generally sold to kids. The verses were innocent in themselves but were carefully worded to have a double meaning. In case you didn't get it, the pictures made the double meaning clear, although there wasn't anything you could actually point out as a dirty word or drawing.

One afternoon while I was passing Ben's tent, I heard the little concessionaire screaming his head off. I dropped in to see what was the matter. Ben was surrounded by some ladies from the local Purity League and a clergyman. They'd brought a cop with them. Some kids had been caught with Ben's cards and their mothers had put in a squawk to the cops. Ben was waving his hands and howling that he was being unjustly persecuted.

"I love kiddies," Ben was telling the puzzled clergyman as I came in. "Let me tell you, it makes me pretty damn sore to think you'd accuse me of corrupting children. Why, I got a couple of kids of my own. Do you think I'd ever be able to face my children again if I went around selling dirty cards to other kids? What do you think I am?"

The clergyman was holding one of Ben's cards and looking at it in a confused way. The cop cleared his throat and said:

"Well, some of these cards are pretty bad. Now take this one. It starts out 'The woodpecker pecked 'til his pecker was sore.' Do you think you ought to be passing something like that out among kids?"

Ben snatched the card out of his hand indignantly. "Why, this card is nothing but a lesson in natural history to develop a child's love for his feathered friends. You gotta get the picture, folks. Here's this poor little woodpecker pecking away all day with his pecker . . . that's his bill, you know . . . trying to make a hole in some tree where his wife and babies can live. Jeez, it brings tears to my eyes just to think of that good little bird

working so hard. Do you think any kid would pot a woodpecker with a slingshot after reading this card? Certainly not. That's the purpose of these cards . . . to teach kids some facts about the animal kingdom."

Ben eventually talked himself out of the rap but he wasn't allowed to sell any more of his cards to children in that town. Later, I met Ben at the cookshack. He was burned up about the Purity League. He claimed the clergyman and the ladies had very dirty minds. I listened to him rave for a while and then said, "Look, Ben, you don't have to put on an act with me. Do you seriously mean you don't see anything wrong with those cards?"

Ben looked at me in astonishment. "Look, they don't put people in jail for writing books about Peter Rabbit, do they? Peter Rabbit, get it? Everybody who writes for kids uses the same approach so why should they pick on me?"

I think Ben honestly believed that he was telling the truth.

When we hit the Middle West, Ben came up with a new "aftercatch," as the stuff sold after the show is called. He hired some kids to get him a boxful of big blister beetles, an inch long and bluish-green in color. When disturbed, they excrete an acid-like fluid as a protection against birds and small animals. The fluid is strong enough to make your finger burn. Ben put the beetles in a milk bottle, shook them up, and then poured off the fluid and mixed it with alcohol. He sold it as Spanish Fly.

When he was making his pitch, he'd tell the crowd, "I can only sell this potent substance to married men who wish to overcome frigidity in their wives. I positively refuse to allow anyone to purchase it for the purpose of seducing innocent girls because once a girl gets a dose of this substance, she is completely unable to control herself."

I once took a shot of Ben's Spanish Fly myself to see what would happen. Ben was right when he said the stuff made you lose all control. If burning out a girl's insides with acid makes her passionate, then Ben's concoction was highly effective. When I complained to Ben, he was shocked to hear that I'd taken the dose.

"Jeez, you're not supposed to drink it yourself!" he lamented. "You're supposed to give it to a girl."

"All that stuff would do is drive her nuts," I argued.

"That's the beauty of it. After a dose, a girl goes sort of crazy and doesn't care what happens to her."

Ben eventually ran into so much trouble with his aftercatch that the carny management told him that he had to

(continued on page 28)





*"Remember me . . . summer of '54?!"*



*serving savory  
smoothies via the  
electric blender*





# ALL SHOOK UP

THE FIRST ELECTRIC BLENDER went practically unnoticed when it appeared in a bar about 25 years ago. For a long time it remained a rather expensive novelty used mostly to make a foamy rum trifle known as the frozen daiquiri. Then one day it was discovered that if you cast solid food into the teeth of the small blades whirling at 22,000 revolutions per minute, you'd be able to make, in a mere matter of minutes, patés and purées that formerly took hours of mortar-and-pestle pounding. Bachelor chefs who were in the habit of abrading their knuckles grating hard parmesan cheese could now do the same job with almost no effort at all with a blending machine. Shellfish soups, it was found, could be made into smooth bisques by flicking a switch. Spreads for canapés, ground almonds for *petits fours*, batters for *crepes* and relishes for game could all be swizzed up in no time. And, of course, creative bartenders, faster than summer lightning, began to envisage a whole new galaxy of iced drinks.

If you have resisted buying a blender until now, you should be told beforehand that after you have acquired one, you won't understand how you ever functioned without it. You should, however, know its particular role in the kitchen. You can't whip cream in it for your Irish coffee, nor can you beat egg whites for your Baked Alaska. It won't take the place of a meat chopper when you want to make a Salisbury steak. Besides mixing liquids, it reduces solid foods to tiny particles in a smooth homogeneous mass. That's all it does—but what an all-embracing "all" that is!

If you're roasting duck or goose, for

instance, with a fine stuffing, and you've gone to the trouble of making a delicate white-wine gravy, you may think of offering a simple bowl of applesauce to complement the roast. Applesauce out of a can or jar, of course, is dull if not depressing. You may decide to eschew it and go through the process of making fresh applesauce by boiling cored apples and then forcing them through a fine sieve or colander, a tedious job if ever there was one. With a blender, however, you'd make applesauce from the raw fruit, eliminating the core but including the skin. And when you taste chilled raw applesauce for the first time, you encounter an incredibly lissome, live natural flavor you've never met before. If you want to add horseradish flavor to it, you can shred the raw horseradish root right in the blending machine before the apples are added, or you can add prepared horseradish to the sauce while it's still swirling in the machine. In any event, raw applesauce is a perfect illustration of a delightful new savory that can be made in no other way than with a blender.

A blending machine is not, for all its virtues, an all-knowing robot. Artful manipulation on your part is sometimes necessary. For instance, when solid foods without liquid ingredients or with semi-liquids are blended, you can only process a small quantity at a time. If diced celery, shrimp and mayonnaise, for instance, are being blended, the celery and shrimp in immediate contact with the blades will be quickly ground into a paste while the food at the top may remain stationary and not come in contact with the chopping blades. In such cases, you must

stop the machine and, with a rubber spatula, push the unblended food toward the blades.

The beginner is advised against impatience. You may have to stop the machine, in certain preparations, six or eight times and force the solid food toward the bottom of the well. Most solid foods blend quickly if there is enough liquid at the bottom of the blender to set the vortex in motion. If the solid foods are extremely soft, like canned fruits, the blending will take place almost instantly. Overblending, too, may be bad. For example, when you chop clams or oysters for canapé spreads, you must not let the blender run until the clams or oysters turn into a mushy soup. In making drinks with cracked ice, a few seconds' blending will suffice. Too much blending will simply melt the ice and make the drink nothing more than tepid and diluted. Always use cracked ice rather than whole ice cubes: "rocks" may damage the blades.

With the new blender you buy, the manufacturer will usually provide a quite exhaustive monograph filled with recipes and necessary briefing for the care of your machine. Be warned not to follow too literally, in all cases, the amount of time indicated for blending. For instance, if you're blending diced celery, less time will be required when you're using the tender inside hearts than when you use the coarse outside stalks. Lobster cut into 1/2-inch slices will take more time than lobster cut into 1/4-inch slices. In such instances you must be guided by your own good sense and judgment, blending the food only until it is smooth and feather-soft. This you



can tell sometimes by merely looking at it. Sometimes you must taste it. It may look smooth, but in eating it, you may discover coarse pieces that were not caught in the blades, and further blending is indicated.

Foods which have been pulverized are not necessarily *flavor blended*. Thus, if you put cooked chicken liver together with butter, mayonnaise and condiments into the blender to make a liver spread for canapés, all ingredients will be soon chopped into a smooth soft mixture. If you taste it at once, you'll detect a prominent liver flavor. The other seasonings may also be *individually* detected. You taste the individual notes, not the complete chord. If, on the other hand, you let the mixture chill in the refrigerator for four or five hours, and then taste it, it will have ripened into a new mellowness. This maturing period, during which flavors coalesce, is extremely important in preparing cold foods with a variety of seasonings or spices. Iced drinks, of course, should be served at once.

The blender blades should be cleaned without fail after each use, or the accumulation of food, thick syrups, etc., may become a problem. If you own the kind of blender which has a removable bottom, you can clean the blades very easily. If the blades are fixed, clean the machine by pouring a warm mild detergent solution into the well and running the machine for a few seconds. Then rinse the apparatus in hot water. Again run the blades for several seconds to dry.

While blenders may have originally appealed mostly to the banana smoothie set, they are now being used more and more for noted classics of *haute cuisine*, as evidenced by the following cool formulae, all designed by PLAYBOY for the summer days ahead:

#### GAZPACHO (Four servings)

A light cold summer soup from Seville, Gazpacho is at its best if served one day after it is prepared.

- 3 cups cold chicken broth
- 1/2 cup packaged garlic soup croutons or packaged garlic melba toast
- 1/4 cup olive oil
- 1/4 cup green pepper cut into 1/2-inch squares
- 1/4 cup cucumbers cut into 1/2-inch squares
- 2 medium-sized fresh tomatoes
- 1 tablespoon cider vinegar
- Salt, pepper

Remove stem end from tomatoes. Cut tomatoes into 1/2-inch dice. Put the croutons and olive oil into the blender first. Then add all other ingredients except salt and pepper. Blend until smooth. Add salt and pepper to taste. Chill overnight in the refrigerator. Stir well before serving. If fresh chicken broth is not available, dissolve three chicken bouillon

cubes in hot water, or use canned chicken broth.

#### DEVILED CRAB MEAT PATÉ (About one cup)

- 1/2 lb. fresh cooked crab meat
- 1/4 cup celery cut into 1/4-inch squares
- 3 tablespoons butter
- 1 tablespoon scallions, 1/4-inch slices
- 3 tablespoons mayonnaise
- 1/2 teaspoon lemon juice
- 1 teaspoon prepared mustard
- 1/2 teaspoon dry mustard
- 4 drops Tabasco sauce
- 1/4 teaspoon salt

Let the butter stand at room temperature until it is soft enough to spread easily. Examine crab meat carefully, and remove any pieces of shell or cartilage. Put all ingredients in a blending machine. Blend at high speed until a smooth mixture is formed. Stop the machine and force unblended food toward the blender knives when necessary. Chill in the refrigerator. Serve as an appetizer spread on thin rye crackers or whole wheat crackers.

#### CAVIAR AND SMOKED SALMON PATÉ (About one cup)

- 2 ozs. red caviar
- 2 ozs. sliced smoked salmon
- 4 ozs. cream cheese
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 1 tablespoon diced onion
- 2 tablespoons heavy sweet cream
- 2 teaspoons lemon juice
- 1 large sprig parsley
- 1/8 teaspoon white pepper
- 1/8 teaspoon celery salt

Let both the butter and cream cheese stand at room temperature until they are soft enough to spread easily. Cut the smoked salmon into 1/2-inch squares. Put all ingredients in a blending machine. Blend until a smooth mixture is formed, stopping the machine as often as necessary to force the unblended food toward the knives. Serve very cold on thin pumpernickel, thin salt rye bread or saltines.

#### COLD BISQUE OF SHRIMP SOUP (Four servings)

- 1/2 lb. fresh shrimp
- 1 medium-sized onion
- 1 piece celery
- 1 small carrot
- 1/2 small bay leaf
- 1 quart water
- 3 bouillon cubes
- 1 cup light sweet cream
- 2 tablespoons sherry
- 1 tablespoon finely chopped chives
- Salt, white pepper

Cut the onion, celery and carrot into thin slices. Pour the water into a saucepan. Add the onion, celery, carrot and bay leaf. Simmer until all vegetables are very tender, about 15 minutes. Add bouillon cubes. Add shrimp. Simmer five

minutes more. Remove shrimp from cooking liquid with a slotted spoon. Remove bay leaf. Reserve cooking liquid and vegetables. As soon as shrimp are cool enough to handle, remove shells and vein from back. Cut shrimp crosswise into 1/2-inch pieces. In the blender put the cooking liquid together with the vegetables and shrimp. Blend until a smooth purée is formed. Chill in the refrigerator. Just before serving, add the light cream and sherry. Stir well. Season with salt and pepper. Pour into chilled cups. Sprinkle with chopped chives.

#### RAMOS GIN FIZZ

In the old days, no New Orleans bartender would think of serving a Ramos gin fizz if the drink hadn't been shaken at least five minutes. The electric blender does a better job in five seconds. If orange flower water is unobtainable in the nearest fancy-food store, you can usually buy it in a drugstore.

- 1 1/2 ozs. gin
- 1 egg white
- 1/2 oz. heavy sweet cream
- 2 level teaspoons sugar
- Juice of 1/2 lemon
- Juice of 1/2 lime
- 1/2 teaspoon orange flower water
- 1 cup finely cracked ice
- Carbonated water

Put all ingredients except carbonated water in the blender. Blend at high speed five seconds. Pour into a 12-oz. glass. Add enough carbonated water, usually a very small amount, to fill glass.

#### WHISKEY ORGEAT

Orgeat is a syrup made of almonds. It is used in place of sugar as a sweetener. For best results, use a light blended rye in this drink.

- 2 ozs. rye
- 1/2 cup finely cracked ice
- Juice of 1/2 lemon
- Juice of 1/2 orange
- 1 tablespoon orgeat

Put all ingredients in blender. Blend five seconds. Pour into an old fashioned glass.

#### FROZEN PEACH DAIQUIRI

Although fresh peaches will soon be plentiful, this drink is actually best if made with sweetened frozen peaches. Thaw peaches before making the drink. The quantities will make three 4-oz. drinks or two 6-oz. drinks.

- 3 ozs. light rum
- Juice of 1 large lime
- 1/4 cup sliced frozen peaches
- 3 tablespoons syrup from frozen peaches
- 1 cup finely cracked ice

Put all ingredients in blender. Blend five seconds. Pour. Imbibe. Enjoy. You'll find it peachy.





*pictorial*

*our boy  
capishes  
and finds it  
delicious*



THE LAMBENT LAND of Italy is the home of mandolins and macaroni, olive oil and opera, gorgonzola and gondolas. Without it, there would be no Venetian glass, Florentine leather, Neapolitan ice cream or Roman fever. We of America are especially indebted to it: Cristoforo Colombo discovered us and Amerigo Vespucci lent us his name. We have a town called Italy, three called Rome, five each called Naples, Venice and Verona, and we also have an airfield called La Guardia. Our language is studded with snappy words on lend-lease from Italy: *tempo, fiasco, piano, umbrella, stucco, fresco, ditto, vulcano, casino, bordello, incognito, quota, soda, stanza, vista, vendetta, manifesto, motto* and *mah-yone!* And what do we call that leaning-tower-type type in which the foregoing string of words is printed? *Italic*. The Boot meets The Beard this month as the fine Italian hand of Shel Silverstein — PLAYBOY's ambulating americano — sketches sunny Italy.

## SILVERSTEIN IN ITALY



"I don't know the exact address, but  
it's right behind a church..."



"It's really a very simple dish...you take a flat piece of dough... cover it over with tomato sauce... chop in chunks of Italian sausage, mushrooms and anchovies...top it all with melted provolone cheese and bake."

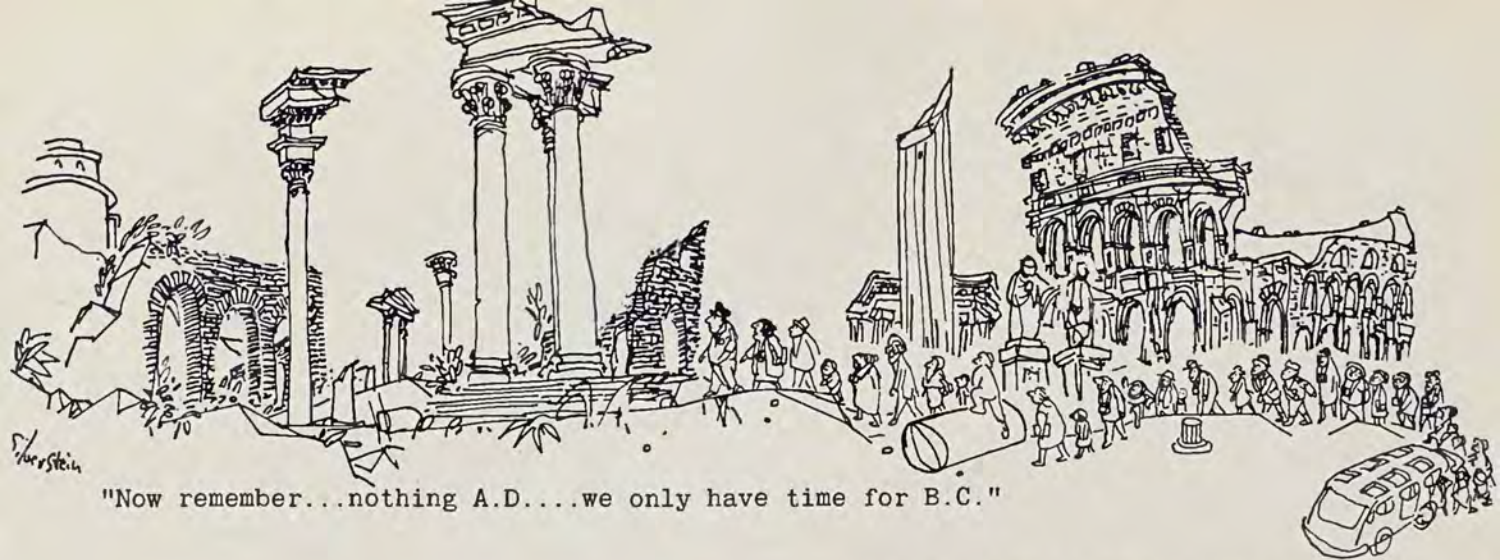


Shel Silverstein draws a Roman crowd in more ways than one.



"Perhaps, signore, we could make your wishes come true without wasting your coins on this silly fountain..."





"Now remember...nothing A.D....we only have time for B.C."

"Viva la pasta!" says Shel as he shovels in the spaghetti.



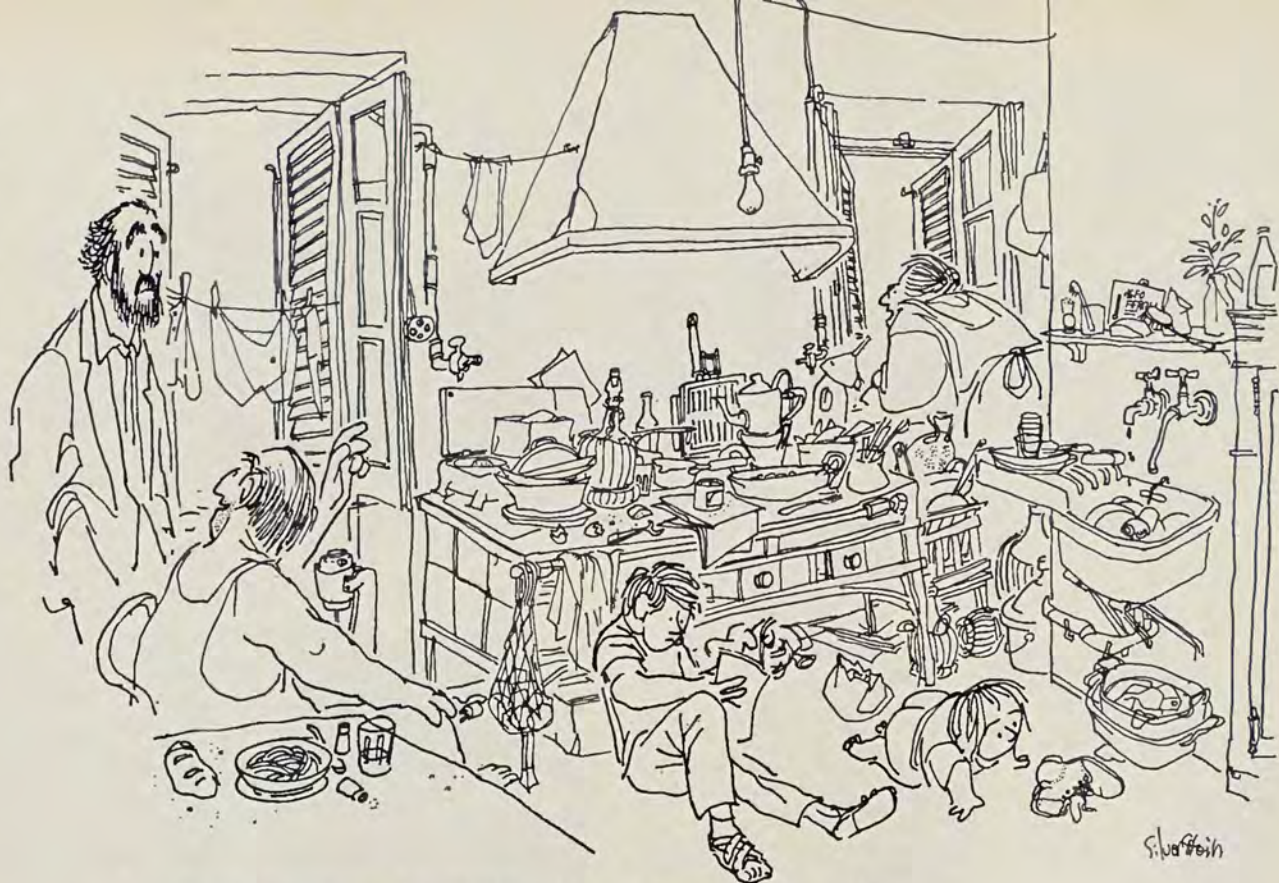
"Marge — Marge Wilson! Why, I haven't seen you since high school!"



"Gondola, signore? Three thousand lire for the first hour...two thousand for each additional hour... a small additional charge if you wish accordion music or romantic arias..."







"...Most American tourists, they see nothing...they waste their time running through the ruins of the Forum, they take photographs of San Pietro, they throw coins into Trevi Fountain, they burrow into the catacombs, they whisk through the Colosseum and the Pantheon and the museums all the day and sit and drink and dance in the Via Veneto cabarets all night ...but you, signore, you are seeing the real Rome!!"



Amid the blaze of noon, Silverstein slakes the Silverstein thirst the hard way.

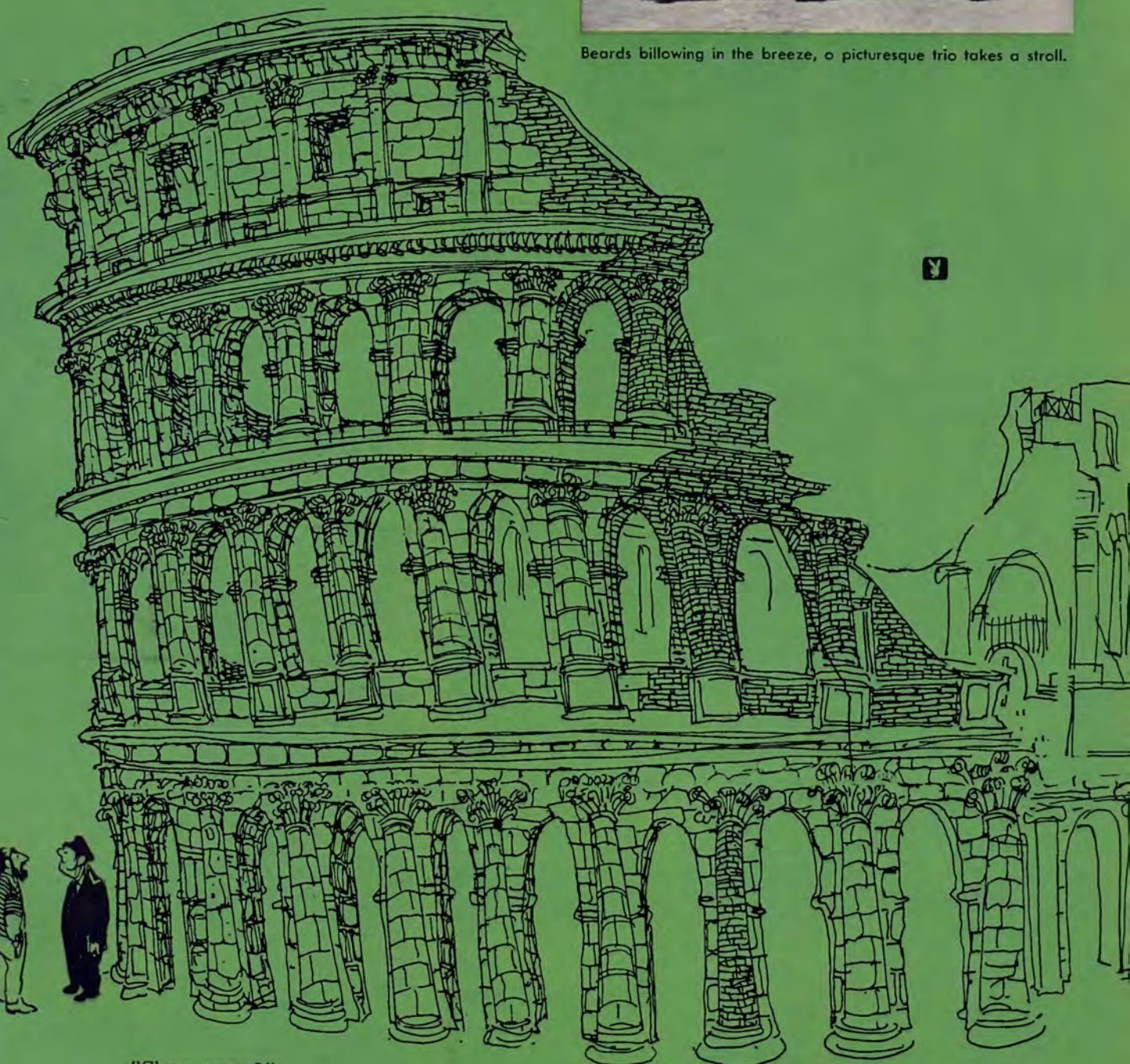


"Beware the ides of March!"





Beards billowing in the breeze, o picturesque trio takes a stroll.



"Show over?"



## SEX ON SAWDUST (continued from page 18)

put on some sort of a show in his tent. Ben bitterly complained to everyone over this injustice but there was nothing he could do. Ben finally decided to feature the swordbox, mainly because he was able to get one cheap. The swordbox is a long, rectangular affair shaped like a coffin. There are slits in the sides and top through which swords can be passed. A girl gets inside the box, the lid is fitted into place, and a dozen swords are run through the holes until the box looks like a giant pincushion. It seems incredible that the girl isn't impaled by the sharp points but the slits are made at such angles that by twisting her body in a certain pattern, the girl can avoid the sharp points.

Ben borrowed a girl from the Follies and introduced a little innovation into the swordbox routine that livened it up considerably. After showing the box to the crowd, he'd call to the girl who was hidden from the audience in a booth. The girl would answer, "I didn't know you were ready for me yet. I haven't any clothes on."

"Oh, that's OK," Ben would answer easily. "Just throw on a wrapper and come on. It'll only take a minute."

The girl would mince out, clutching her robe around her and looking very nervous. The crowd got a glimpse of her long, slender legs as she stepped into the box and part of the robe generally slipped about then, giving them a flash of her bare shoulder. When the girl was inside, Ben would slam the swords into place and explain that anyone who wanted to pay a quarter could look into the box and see how the trick was done.

Then Ben would wink at the crowd. "And just to make sure you get an eyeful, boys, let's play a joke on the little lady." He would quickly reach through a hole he'd cut in the top and jerk out the girl's wrapper.

The girl would scream and start pleading, "Now you give me back my robe! Don't you go letting people look in this here box! I ain't dressed, don't you understand? Let me out o' here!"

The girl's cries acted on the men in the crowd like catnip on a cat. They came pouring up to look in the box while Ben collected their quarters. There wasn't much to see as the girl had on a very modest bathing suit but if anyone complained, Ben would retort virtuously, "Do I look like the kind of man who'd put on an immoral show? Besides, you got to see how the swordbox works which is very interesting to anyone with a mechanical frame of mind."

As the girl had to run back and forth between Ben's concession and the Follies show, the arrangement wasn't satisfac-

tory for either outfit; so Ben decided to get his own girl even though it was against his principles. He picked up a young girl in a small town and persuaded her to join the carny. The girl told me later that Ben had represented himself as a prominent Hollywood producer who was scouring the country for talent and had promised to train her as an actress.

Our jump the next day was over 200 miles and that night Ben undertook to "initiate" the girl into show business as he put it. I saw Ben the next morning and he sadly admitted that the initiation hadn't gone over as planned.

"I did everything for that girl a woman could expect," he told me while we were drinking coffee at the cookshack. "I even got a hotel room for us . . . a sort of honeymoon suite. Then she tried to keep me out of it and use it for herself."

I agreed that the girl had been very unreasonable.

"Well, I finally talked her out of that crazy idea," Ben went on morosely. "Then she wouldn't let me touch her. She kept saying 'What are you trying to do to me?' That's a hell of a question under the circumstances, wasn't it? Finally I decided to get her drunk. I went out to get some whiskey and when I got back she had the door locked and wouldn't let me in. When I tried to kick it down, she called the hotel dick."

"Why didn't you give her some of that Spanish Fly?" I asked.

"With my personality, I didn't think it was necessary," Ben told me sadly.

Within a few days, Ben and the girl were reconciled and in addition to the swordbox, he used her for another routine. The last night that the carnival played near the outskirts of a big city, Ben would go down to the main stem about one or two o'clock in the morning after the carny had closed. He'd waylay some lone man, preferably someone who'd had too much to drink, and tell him, "Look, buddy, I'm with a carnival near here that's had bad luck and is about ready to fold. One of the show girls wants to pick up a little loose change so she can blow town. She don't do this kind of thing regular, you understand, but this is an emergency. She asked me to pick up a high type of man because she won't lower herself to fool around with some ordinary mug. But I can guarantee she'll show you the time of your life because this girl is used to nothing but the best."

If the sucker was interested, Ben would take him to the lot. A little table was set up in the tent and the tough canvasmen served as waiters. Ben made a great

ceremony of seating the guy at the table and then the girl would come in dressed up in her wrapper. She sat down with the sucker and the canvasmen served them beer. Ben played an old phonograph with cracked records for them.

After a while the sucker would get tired of this business and ask the girl if there wasn't somewhere they could go and be alone. Instantly the girl got very indignant. "What do you think I am, anyhow?" she'd demand. "Some chippie?" Ben and the two "waiters" would also get mad, crowding around the sucker and asking him what sort of a joint he thought they were running. "You've insulted this young girl!" Ben would bellow. "I ought to beat you up!" After a few minutes, all the sucker wanted to do was get out of the place, so Ben would charge whatever he could for the "entertainment" and let him escape.

Whenever he could, Ben tried to pick a young college boy or a respectable-looking married man, reasoning that neither type would dare to put up much of a squawk.

Toward the end of the season, the Follies show was taken over by a big bull of a man named Frisco. Frisco must have weighed nearly 250 pounds and stood well over six feet. In spite of his heavy jowls and big belly, Frisco was a powerful man. In some towns, a bunch of local sports in the audience would start making trouble and Frisco would spot the head sport and start moving in on him, at the same time talking quietly, his voice hardly above a whisper. When he got close enough, the big man would suddenly unleash a terrific punch and the sport would drop as though poleaxed. That usually stopped the trouble. In the rare cases when Frisco missed, he made no attempt to follow up the attack, knowing a younger, lighter man could keep out of his way. He'd motion for the canvasmen to move in with their stakes and that was that.

To Ben's dismay, Frisco turned the Follies into a straight strip-tease show and Ben, with his single girl, couldn't possibly compete with it. Worse yet, Frisco was one of the best outside talkers ever seen. The first night that the new show opened, Ben and I went over to watch the routine. Frisco had the girls lined up on the bally platform outside the tent, the girls wearing long red cloaks called "bally capes" which covered them to their knees. When the crowd began to collect, Frisco would address them in low, confidential tones carefully pitched so you could hear him a hundred feet away.

"Now, boys, this show is being presented for educational purposes only. I don't want any of you to think that

(continued on page 64)



STRAW AS A MALE HEADDRESS has come a long way since King Lear wobbled around the moors with hunks of it sticking in his hair. Built into boaters (also called skimmers, sennits, sailors and straw hats), it rendered nifty the noggins of our flask-toting sires, becoming the symbol of an era and the trademark of hardy harlequins named Chevalier and Astaire. Last summer, a few avant garde and sportif types wore the boater with the same trepidation—and earned the same

stares—that Bermuda shorts once occasioned. This season, straws flat as a pancake will be the smart headgear for the urban scene, potent reminders (like sack dresses on the girls) of the rah-rah decade, but updated as to brim (trimly narrow) and band (tie materials—rep stripes, finely figured foulards—are right). The Dobbs lids pictured here are available in the familiar gleaming straw hue as well as gray or tan; they cost about \$7 each. We cast our straw vote for the natural color.

*a spiffy lid from the roaring twenties, the boater's big again*

*attire* By Frederic A. Birmingham

# STRAWS IN THE WIND









modern living

# THE WELL EQUIPPED LENSMAN



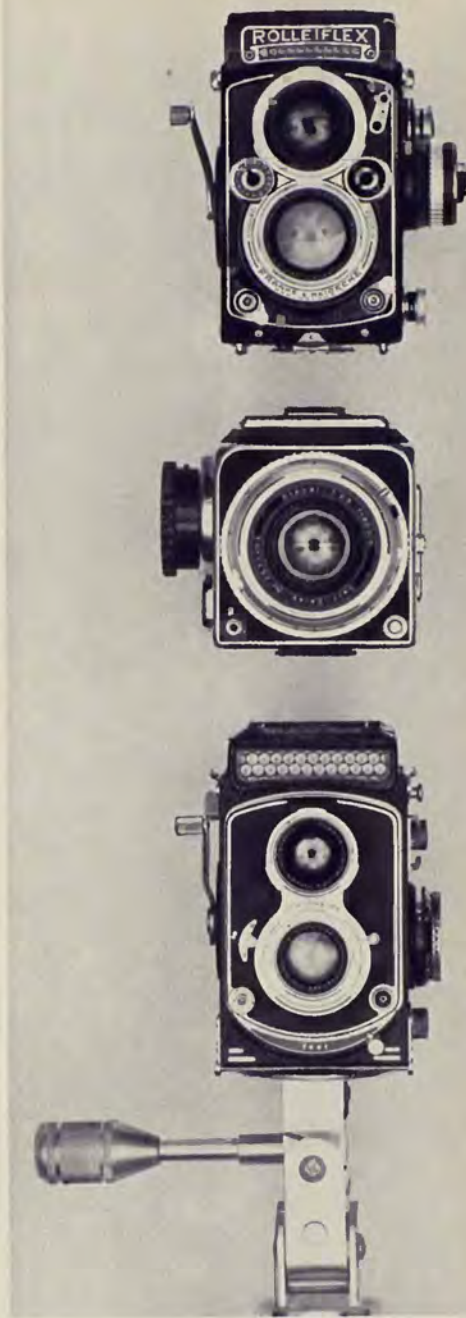
*a timely exposure of the current camera scene*

By VINCENT T. TAJIRI

SHEATHED IN GLEAMING black pebbled leather and burgeoning with an array of polished chrome dials, knobs and levers, today's precision camera is a fascinating instrument. It represents not only canny manufacturing methods but also, despite its intricate looks, the utmost simplicity of operation. Once you learn what those hieroglyphics on the box and around the lens mean, you'll realize that the modern camera is a lot like the modern car: to get results, sometimes startling ones, all you really have to do is aim it.

If you've been out of touch with the photographic world for the past couple of years, some real kicks await. Sure, the old stand-bys are still big stuff — Leica, Contax, Rolleiflex — but the names that will cause you to cock an eyebrow are the exotic tongue twisters: Mamiya, Nikon, Minolta, GaMi, Miranda, Hasselblad, Praktina, Canon, and Asahi, among others.

Most of the new — and newsworthy — jobs come from Japan, and the first to stumble across them were the GIs on occupation duty after World War II. They



Above, left, great for preserving memorable moments is the husky Mamiyoflex, a Japanese twin-lens job that delivers big 120-size negatives (2 1/4" square) and permits you to view the full picture through the ground glass before you click it. Its pistol-grip handle and unique extension bellows allow you to take extreme close-ups that come out sharp. With standard 80mm lens, it sells for around \$160. In panel above are additional 120-size cameras. From top to bottom, the classic German Rolleiflex, with built-in exposure meter, costs around \$350. Swiss-mode Hasselblad is a single-lens reflex, the *no plus ultra* of precision instruments, that runs around \$500. Resting on the Tiltall tripod is the Japanese Minolta Autocord L twin-lens reflex, which comes close to matching the premium-priced 120s in fancy features and sharp-cutting lens, is a wise buy around \$125.



## 35mm CAMERA CACHE

Photobugs who want a smallish, versatile instrument that's tops for color work automatically turn to the 35mm camera. Below, left, is the Japanese Nikon SP with f/1.4 lens, unbeatable for fast handling and efficient design; sling it over your shoulder for \$415. Center, Swiss Alpa 6 is the premium-priced single-lens reflex in the 35mm size, can be had for \$469 with f/1.8 lens. Right, German Exakta Ila with waist-level viewer permits na-squat, low-angle sighting, is priced around \$400 with f/1.9 lens. In panel at right, top to bottom, Canon Vt Deluxe, f/1.2 lens; \$458. Leica M3, f/1.5; \$477. Voigtlander Vitessa T, f/2.8; \$155. Wittnauer Professional, f/2.8; \$160. Asahi-Pentax, f/2.2; \$200. Cantaflex II, f/2.8; \$175. Miranda, an Quick-Set tripod, f/1.9; \$260.





## FOR THE COLOR SLIDE ENTHUSIAST



Above, even your prize-worthy slides will be duds without a projector that throws a crisp, brilliant image on the screen. Quality projectors that can do the job both speedily and with a minimum of bother include: (1) Bell & Howell Robomatic that changes slides automatically at pre-set time intervals. With remote unit; around \$150. (2) Minolta portable projector; \$38. (3) Kodak 300 with automatic magazine changer; around \$75. (4) Kodaslide Compartment File holds 240 slides in storage; \$4. (5) Anso Duolet will project either 35mm or 120-size slides; \$40. (6) Argus 500-watt with automatic magazine changer; \$80.

lugged them home, along with samurai swords and a taste for sake, but nothing much happened. Prewar Japan had earned itself a reputation for tawdry imitations, and the curse of "Made in Japan" stamped upon these souvenir cameras was enough to make any respectable photographer wince.

If it hadn't been for the Korean fracas, the Japanese influence on the camera market might never have reached the importance it has today. Dispatched by *Life* magazine to cover the war, combat photographer David Douglas Duncan was handed a set of Japanese lenses to test during a stopover in Tokyo. Duncan was awed by the fine resolving



power they exhibited under all kinds of conditions, and *Life's* photo lab in New York confirmed his hunch that these optics were among the finest in the world.

As soon as Japan discovered the trick of producing boxes to match its glass, things started popping. The venerable German firm of Franke & Heidecke, noting the amazing similarities between its long-popular Rolleiflex and the new less-expensive Japanese twin-lens jobs, quickly introduced a spanking new f/2.8 model and began a series of biennial changes on its f/3.5 line. This, mind you, from an outfit which had stood pat on a 1937 number for 12 solid years. Ernst Leitz — of Leica fame — reacted too. While maintaining his regular line, he brought forth the superb Leica M3 — bigger, heavier, yet easy-handling — which represented a startling departure from his traditional design. Of the king-pin camera makers in Germany, only Carl Zeiss thumbed his nose at the threat. His Contax line has not seen a major change for the past seven years.

While most all of today's cameras sport the latest mechanical gadgetry, the lens always has been and remains the heart of the system, and without a good set of optics it's impossible to take a decent picture no matter how many gewgaws adorn the box. Sadly, there is no such thing as a perfect lens. In lens-making, compromises must be made for the type of performance expected from it. A fast lens (one of extremely wide aperture, say an f/1.2) is built for speed and will perform magnificently wide open at 1/500 second; but there may be a lesser degree of sharpness in the photo if that same lens is stopped down to a smaller aperture at a lower speed (say f/11 at 1/50 second). Such a lens should not be purchased if critical detail is what you're looking for, but it's dandy if you

*(continued on page 46)*



Right, a galaxy of gadgetry and different-size cameras to fill out the shutterbug's collection. (1) Heiland Strobosonar 64-B electronic flash unit; \$60. (2) Ultrablitz Comet flash unit with power pack; \$55. (3) Ikophot light meter; \$20. (4) General Electric Crown light meter; \$35. (5) Sixtamat meter; \$30. (6) Weston Master III meter; \$33. (7) FR electronic flash with remote-control slave unit; \$45. (8) 4 x 4 Rolleiflex with f/3.5 lens; \$150. (9) Hico-Lite electronic flash with portable power unit; \$280. (10) Polaroid Pathfinder 110A with case and flash unit; \$210. (11) Minicord twin-lens subminiature camera; \$140. (12) Minolta 16 subminiature; \$40. (13) CamBinox 16mm camera with telephoto lens coupled to 7 x 35 binoculars; \$450 with case. (14) Minox ultraminiature camera; \$140. (15) Ricoh Golden subminiature with case; \$40.



# PHOTOGRAPHING YOUR OWN PLAYMATE

EVER SINCE NICÉPHORE NIEPCE took the first photo back in the 1820s, photographing pretty girls has been a popular pastime; and in recent years, about the most popular photographs of pretty girls have appeared in *PLAYBOY* as Playmates. With the idea of giving you a few pointed pointers on shooting a Playmate of your own, here's the way *PLAYBOY* goes about it:

The first thing you *don't* need is a professional model. There's an extra added attraction to the fact that your fair subject is a secretary or a clerk in the book store where you picked up that copy of Burton's *British Mammals* yesterday. We, for instance, find our Playmates in lingerie shops, airplanes, country clubs — and in our own offices.

Judy Lee Tomerlin, 18, is a receptionist on the fourth floor of the *PLAYBOY* Building; she is attractive, personable, and fresh from Tennessee, having been with us just under half-a-dozen months at the time we began thinking about her as a Playmate. Modeling experience, professional or amateur: none. Perfect for our purpose. We broached the subject. Judy Lee was aware of our previous

*one of our office girls  
helps us show you how to take  
a prize pin-up photo*

**PLAYBOY** receptionist and potential Playmate.





Saturday afternoon in the executive offices of the PLAYBOY Building, our photographer shows Playmate poses in previous issues to pretty receptionist Judy Lee and discusses them.



Breaking the ice (above) with some fully clothed test shots helps to overcome an amateur model's initial shyness. Below, we're not chucking Judy under the chin, just indicating a desired position of the head. Retaining a professional aloofness will help your model to relax, win her confidence and cooperation.





A simple prop like a pillow or towel can often add interest to a picture and we are now trying an assortment of props and poses, searching for the proper combination that will give us a successful Playmate of the Month. Both of these tries were disqualified later as too arty and contrived, lacking the naturalness that is a necessary requisite for the magazine's famous triple-page, fold-out feature.



office Playmate, Janet Pilgrim, and we considered enlisting Janet's aid in the friendly persuasion, but we didn't want to make things too easy for ourself. Judy Lee did the proper amount of hemming and hawing for a couple of days; then, finally, she said "Yes" (we've discovered, incidentally, that there is a direct relationship between how shapely a girl is and her willingness to show that shape: it is easier to talk a well-stacked girl into removing her clothes for the camera than a dumpy one). The shooting session was scheduled for the very next Saturday afternoon, right here in PLAYBOY's executive offices. A step-by-step photo-and-caption account of how things went occupies these pages. Technical tips? Coming right up:

Recommended for Playmate photography is any good twin-lens reflex camera (that's what we used). You'll want to





Judy Lee has slipped into a negligee, an item of apparel that is often extremely useful in Playmate photography: though nearly transparent, it affords a psychological protection that the model would not feel if she were entirely nude. While resting between takes (modeling can be tiring work) Judy strikes a pose that we feel may have possibilities. No longer embarrassed, Judy begins enjoying the session, actually suggesting poses of her own. She begins to fall more naturally into the spontaneous situations that make the best Playmate shots. PLAYBOY strives for naturalness in setting as well as pose, sometimes building a full background set in the magazine's photo studio, but more often shooting the Playmates on location. PLAYBOY's own offices were chosen for Judy's posing, because of her association with the magazine.

load the box with a fast color film, like Super Anscochrome Tungsten. Lighting should be kept sweet and simple: a pair of speedlights — or, lacking these, photofloods — bounced off the ceiling, will give you a flattering, diffused light. Place your keylight (main source) above the lady, directed down upon her at a 45° angle, from an approximate distance of six feet.

About eight feet from her, set up your fill-in light, a foot or so to the side of the camera, slightly above the lens. Try 500-watt 3200K lamps in 12-inch reflectors. Using these and the suggested film, your exposure should be around 1/30 second at f/5.6 — fast enough to freeze slight movements and sharp enough to allow for small deviations from the prefocused

point between shutter-snappings.

Photographing a Playmate, however, whether it's done by a professional photographer or a hobbyist, is something more than a lot of 45° angles and 3200K lamps. It's the most fascinating kind of photography there is — in short, it's fun. We express the hope that you have as much fun — and also as much good luck —





The Playmate posing shifts from the couch to in front of the hi-fi rig with PLAYBOY's All-Star Jazz Album as a prop. Lights had to be arranged so as not to bounce back from the highly polished walnut surface of the hi-fi cabinet.















**MISS JUNE** PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH





shooting your Playmate as we had shooting ours. When the film came back from processing, we were pleased with the results, and so was Judy Lee. So pleased she thought she might like to give professional posing a whirl. We wish our comely coworker well in the modeling field, but harbor the hope that her new career doesn't take her from our midst too soon, for the fourth floor of the PLAYBOY plant would be a bit less bright without her.



Photographer takes a light reading of model in setting and pose that were finally used for June Playmate.





## PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The announcements of the professor's new book on astrophysics and his wife's new baby appeared almost simultaneously in the newspaper. Upon being congratulated on "this proud event in the family," the professor naturally thought of the achievement that had cost him the greater effort.

"Thank you," he replied modestly, "but I couldn't have done it without the help of two graduate students."



"I was a 97-pound weakling," the man said to his drinking companion, "and whenever I went to the beach with my girl, this 197-pound bully came over and kicked sand in my face. So I took this weight-lifting course I read about and in a little while I weighed 197 pounds."

"So what happened?" his friend wanted to know.

"I went to the beach with my girl and a 257-pound bully kicked sand in my face."

When they speak of anticipating a blessed event in Hollywood, it invariably means the arrival of the divorce papers.



A kangaroo hopped into one of the better midtown Manhattan bars and requested a martini, dry. The bartender had never seen a kangaroo outside the zoo, but he complied with the request.

"How much?" asked the kangaroo.

"A dollar and a half," said the bartender.

As the marsupial downed the drink,

the bartender remarked, "I've never seen a kangaroo in here before."

"No," said the kangaroo, "and at these prices, you're not likely to again."

She was "honey chile" in New Orleans, The hottest of the bunch; But on the old expense account, She was gas, cigars and lunch.

Proud and pleased as she could be, the petite young bride, Mrs. Stanford Summers, strode briskly up to the teller's cage at the bank to cash her husband's pay check for the first time. When the teller told her the check would have to be endorsed, the bride grabbed the pen and unhesitatingly wrote on the back, "I heartily recommend my husband, Mr. Stanford Summers."

A young executive we know recently spent three months finding a suitable secretary. He knows it pays to have a good head on your shoulder.



The mother took her young daughter to a psychiatrist and explained to the headshrinker that the girl thought she was a chicken. The doctor soothed her, observing that an overactive imagination is not uncommon in children, and asking how long the girl had suffered from the delusion.

"Almost two years," said the mother.

"Your daughter has imagined she is a chicken for nearly two years?!" the psychiatrist exclaimed. "Why have you waited so long before bringing her in?"

The woman looked embarrassed, then confessed: "We needed the eggs, doctor."

We know a chorus girl who never votes in an election. She simply doesn't care who gets in.

*Heard any good ones lately? Send your favorites to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 232 E. Ohio 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.*





*"Son, if you can stop seducing women for five minutes,  
I'd like to tell you about the bees and flowers."*



## LENSMAN (continued from page 34)

like to catch a Maserati in action at Sebring.

If your present camera is a fixed-focus affair with a lens made from an old Budweiser bottle, it's time to donate it to cousin Bill in high school, the kid who likes to shout "Say Cheese" right before he snaps a photo of the gang. This gracious act performed, set your thoughts on a new instrument, but ask yourself two questions before you buy: what do I want from a camera and how much do I want to pay for it?

If you are as discriminating about your camera as you are about your hi-fi rig, your sports car and the way you dress—and you should be—be prepared to spend between \$75 and \$150 if you want a dependable, all-round camera that's swell to tote on weekend jaunts, vacations, beach parties and business trips. But if you're a perfectionist who wants only the best, you can easily go as high as \$500. This, remember, is for one camera alone—not a studio camera, but a small, portable affair.

Aside from the Polaroid Land camera, it's the small jobs that are big in popularity—deservedly. It is within this select group that all the frantic activity and technical advancements are taking place. While any of these cameras will perform well for most any activity, each has its own specialties because of its unique design and film size. These specialties, translated into what you might be looking for in a camera, are: 1) versatility, 2) crisp detail, 3) convenience, 4) pictures in a hurry.

• • •

If it's *versatility* you want, get a 35mm. Richly encased in leather, with the strap slung over your shoulder, it'll stay tucked under your elbow and you'll rarely be conscious of it. You can't beat it for compactness.

You can't beat it for taking color slides either. It's the only size in which you can still get Kodachrome, which we prefer over other color films simply because it gives you the combination of brilliance and an almost grainless image that produces the sharpest definition—when projected—we've ever seen.

If black-and-white is your forte, 35mm offers you the fastest lenses and shutters available today. Armed with such optical beauties as Nikon's f/1.1 lens or the superb Canon f/1.2 combined with hypersensitive film, you can do your own photo recording under almost any kind of lighting situation. Whether you focus on the Chico Hamilton quintet in a dim and smoky jazz cavern, or a lovely companion in the sanctity of your own lights-down-low apartment, you are assured of getting the shot. Out of doors, during the day, you can stop the zippiest motion with nary a blur, whether you're con-

centrating on a water skier skimming along or a fellow golfer in mid swing. If rapid-sequence action pictures are your cup of emulsion, you can purchase accessory spring motors for most of the top 35s; and one of them—the Robot—throws in this feature as standard equipment. You can blast away at a moving object just as fast as you can press the little button; the spring motor automatically cocks the shutter and advances the film.

Then too, 35mm is one of the few cameras that offers you the luxury of interchangeable lenses. Now don't get us wrong: for ordinary snapshooting, the glass that comes mounted on your 35 is adequate—as adequate as owning a turntable that spins discs at only one speed. There will come a time when a photographic situation will pop up where a wide-angle or telephoto lens will get the picture, and a standard lens simply won't. Like we said, the 35 will take other lenses; most of the 120s and sub-miniatures hold permanently mounted lenses.

There are just two types of 35mm cameras that you need bother about: 1) the traditional design, modeled after Dr. Oskar Barnack's Leica, that employs the lens for picture-taking alone—focusing and composing are done through a window at the top of the camera, 2) the single-lens reflex system, in which the shooting lens is used to compose and focus as well as take the picture. Of the two most popular types, the traditional design is the more efficient for all-round use.

Four of this type—Nikon SP, Leica M3, Canon Vt Deluxe, Contax 111a—vie with each other in the prestige price field (\$300-\$500). Of these, only the Nikon wisely clusters the major controls (wheel-focusing, single-stroke film advance and shutter release) on the top right-hand side of the camera, and is, therefore, the easiest to handle.

The gap in precision construction and special features between the top-line and medium-priced 35s has been narrowed considerably by a slew of recent improvements in the latter. The best of these medium-priced cameras are the Wittnauer Professional (yes, the watch people now make cameras), Voigtlander Vitessa T, Aires, Argus C44, Minolta Super A, Diax IIb, Agfa Silette and the Lordomat. The tabs for these range from slightly more than \$100 up to \$200. Another camera, the Mamiya 35, deserves a special nod because it provides the intelligent feature of interchangeable backs, making it possible for you to switch films—from black-and-white to color—in the middle of a roll.

But don't overlook the single-lens reflex *Apparat*. It gives you the advantage of being able to sight directly through the

shooting lens (thanks to a 45-degree mirror placed between the lens and the film: when you release the shutter, the mirror swings out of the way to permit exposure of the film). With these, you see precisely what the film will get before you shoot, and you have no parallax problem whatever. This can be important in telephoto work, where a hair's difference at the camera can mean being off-target by several feet.

The top-priced cameras (\$300-\$500) of the single-lens reflex group are the Exakta and the Alpa, and they are beauties. But for average use, the medium-priced models (\$175-\$300) offer excellent buys. The German Praktina FX and the Japanese Miranda have the endorsement of knowledgeable pros, as does the less-expensive Asahi-Pentax. Aimed more for the amateur market are the Contaflex and the Kodak Retina, both of which sport built-in light meters (best you should know, though, that the real camera buff prefers to lug his own meter).

• • •

So *versatility* isn't all you want, and you've ruled out the 35. OK, maybe you want *crisp detail*. Best you do your browsing at the counter containing 120-film-size cameras, all but one of which sport twin lenses (one lens for focusing and composing, the other for taking the picture). The 120s deliver large 2¼ x 2¼ negatives from which easy-to-see contact prints can be made; in other words, no enlargements are really necessary in the 120 size, and the box itself is only a shade bigger and heftier than the average 35mm camera.

The 120s function felicitously for snapshooting or for serious, professional work, in either color or black-and-white. Their clear-cut superiority over the 35 is their larger negative. With 35, you either fight grain all the way or you learn to live with it and love it when the enlargements arrive. If your hand trembled slightly while making an exposure with a 35 at less than 1/100 second, your enlargement is going to be fuzzy. A speck of dust or a tiny scratch on the lens of your 35 shows up as big as a boulder when your prints are made. While these are headaches common to all photography, they are a lesser evil with the larger 120 negative size.

Best of the 120s are the single-lens Swiss Hasselblad that will dent your money clip to the tune of \$500, and the German twin-lens Rolleiflex, retailing around \$350. Both are magnificent instruments, as they should be. Not only will the Hassel take interchangeable lenses (just like a 35), but you can also switch film in the middle of a roll or use cut film if you so desire. But if all you want is a good all-purpose 120 that will take a lot of banging around, and not much money, you'll find bargains galore

(concluded on page 62)



AT FIRST she was startled by the ringing phone. But then, moving into the hallway, humming a little nursery rhyme, she thought that even a ringing telephone was *something* on this hot, dreary afternoon.

"Helen? . . . Maury Coates. I'm in town for a few days, and just wanted to make sure you were home before I drove over."

"Maury," she said, and the phone became slippery between her fingers. "Listen, Maury —"

But he'd hung up before she finished.

She put down the receiver and sat twisting her wedding band in an old nervous habit, then rose and moved slowly to the bedroom. She drew a well-read book, *Life by the Stars*, from her own "secret" drawer, and looked up today's date under SCORPIO. Her horoscope warned her to be wary of strangers. Maury was not exactly a stranger. But even so . . .

She stared at her blonde hair, her pouting red lips, her baby-blue eyes in the bedroom mirror. "It's been seven years," she told the eyes, "and he's *not* a stranger, so what are you afraid of now?" Then she turned away and slipped into a cool, ice-blue afternoon dress. It was too tight across her full breasts, but it was cut very conservatively at the neck and shoulders, and she thought, accordingly, that it would do.

Maury arrived at 10 minutes after three. He was dark and lean, wearing slacks and a gay sport shirt that dis-

played the chocolate tan on his corded arms. "I'd have come before," he said, "but didn't know where you lived until today." He looked at her with those black, knowing eyes, then moved slowly about the room inspecting the furniture, the drapes, her prized collection of tiny dolls along the mantel.

"Would you like a drink?" she asked.

"You *still* haven't grown up."

"Maury?"

"The little girl playing house." Then, "I'd love one, if you'll have one with me."

She tried to control her naturally sensuous movements as she walked to the bar and pulled open the doors. Inside there were two decanters, one marked NED'S and one marked OTHERS. She drew out the OTHERS and poured them both a drink.

"I'm one of the OTHERS?" he said, amused.

"Ned — he doesn't like anything but this very special — very expensive Scotch."

"I remember," he said. "Ned always lived on schedule — liked everything just so." He raised his glass, smiled, said, "Well, sometime I'll have a taste of Ned's." Then he sat on the sofa watching her as she stood motionless, twisting the ring on her finger. He was dangerous, she thought in the long silence. Attractive and charming and very dangerous, as other young girls had discovered too late — as she had nearly discovered too late herself, until a gypsy fortuneteller had warned her barely in time, and she'd rushed wildly to the

safety of Ned's big steadiness.

"How is Ned?" he said finally.

"Fine."

"I always liked him, you know. Steady, hard-working. Maybe a little dull —"

"Stop it, Maury!"

"But OK by the sign of Scorpio."

"Now that isn't funny."

"I'm sorry," he said.

"After all, it doesn't hurt to believe in the stars and omens and things like that."

"No . . . And what's your *future*?" he said with his eyes looking into her, through her, undressing her, so she dropped her own eyes to the gold band, twisted constantly between her fingers. She took it off, put it on again, took it off again and stared at the inscription inside the ring, *Till Death Do Us Part*. It had been her own idea, that inscription. *Her* idea, and after the ring had come back from the jewelers, she'd actually taken an oath on it, as she'd taken oaths as a child, kneeling in the grass of the back yard under the light of a full moon:

*"I swear, I swear,  
By the bright full moon,  
To keep this vow,  
Or I die too soon."*

"Something written in there?" said Maury.

"Something private," she said. "You'd think it was silly." And she was not so frightened now. "He can't touch me now," she whispered to the row of little dolls. "I have a wonderful husband, and I made my vow. 'Till death do us part,'

## The Sign of Scorpio

*infidelity was impossible for helen: she had sworn a sacred vow*

*fiction* By CHARLES MERGENDAHL





and Maury can't possibly touch me now."

Maury left at 4:30, and she felt an overwhelming relief when he'd gone. She fixed Ned his favorite dinner of corned beef hash, and when he finally arrived home exactly at 5:30 as always, she threw her soft curved self against him, then sat watching him with a touch of wifely irritation while he went through his nightly routine, a routine that never varied, she knew, even on those few occasions when she had been shopping and had not been there to greet him when he arrived home. He hung up his hat; he took off his coat; he said, "There's a ball game on TV." Then he opened the cupboard and made himself his routine drink from his own personal decanter.

"See you had company," he said, lifting the OTHERS.

"Yes, some of the girls." And she wondered why she lied, and thought that it didn't matter because Maury had come and gone and it was all over now.

That night, passionate, she tried to coax Ned to bed at 9:30. But he preferred watching the ball game, and never went to bed until exactly 10:15 in any case.

The next day was even hotter. She worked lethargically in the morning, dressed in halter and shorts. Then, after lunch, she studied her horoscope. It told her to have confidence. "I have confidence," she told her dolls, and sipped iced tea until the doorbell rang and Maury stepped into the hall before she could protest.

He strode to the bar and made himself a drink. "Someday," he said, tapping Ned's decanter. "Someday." Then he turned and smiled and appraised her body beneath the shorts and halter. "It just doesn't make sense," he said. "A beautiful face — luscious face — and yet you don't even seem to realize it yourself. A little girl collecting dolls." "Maury," she said firmly. "I don't want you to come here again."

"I'll be leaving town in a couple of days. Maybe tomorrow."

"I don't want you here," she repeated, remembering to have confidence.

"We're old friends," he said. "so where's the harm?" His eyes moved over her bare legs and bare midriff and suntanned shoulders. "A waste," he said. "A terrible waste."

She started to protest, then finally sat wearily on the sofa and twisted her ring and stared at the row of little dolls.

"Seven years ago," Maury said, "I asked you to run off with me. At the last minute you went to some crazy gypsy, who told you to beware of a tall fellow with black hair. Now wasn't that kind of silly?" Then seriously, after a

moment: "I still love you, Helen."

"Till death do us part," she murmured.

"I'm leaving town tomorrow. If you could only understand how I feel — if you could still feel the way you used to — well, we could pick everything up where we left off."

"I swore by the full moon."

"Please think about it," he said. "You're a real woman, Helen, and you need adventure in your life. So stop suffocating yourself because of horoscopes and gypsies." He touched her bare shoulder, and she pulled sharply away. He said, "I'm sorry," really meaning it, she thought. "I'm leaving tomorrow," he said. "But I'll come by here first, and if you still don't want me, well — I know where you live, so I'll come by again and again, because I won't be able to help myself."

"No," she said. "No, no!"

"Tomorrow," he said gently, and left.

That night Ned brought her a wooden doll, carved and painted in Mongolia. She named it Sin-Sin and told Ned she loved him and at 10:15 she showed him a passion that profoundly shocked him. "I made you a vow," she whispered, "and nothing — nothing will ever make me break it. You'll see," she said. "He'll see."

"Who?" Ned asked.

"Never your mind."

"Lord, it's after eleven," he said, and went promptly to sleep, while she lay awake, restless, brooding in the dark.

The next morning, after Ned had gone off to work, she opened her secret drawer and checked her horoscope. "Express your feelings," it read, "but keep your promises." She laughed aloud. It was perfect. She drove to the next town and bought a small bottle of powder with a skull and crossbones on it. She took it home, opened the bar, made sure she had the right decanter, and emptied the powder into the brown liquid. She shook it well and placed it back in the bar. Then she put on a white low-necked linen dress that showed the curve of her breasts, and sat waiting near the little dolls.

The doorbell rang at precisely 20 after three. She held her breath as Maury's eyes found her moist, pouting mouth and then the smooth flesh that hinted at her body beneath the dress.

He said, "You're dressed for traveling," with a touch of disbelief in his voice.

"Yes, I read my horoscope, and it tells me to express myself today. And, after all — if you're going to keep coming back — keep wearing me down — why should I fight it any longer? I mean if you still love me — you still want me —"

He strode toward her eagerly, but she

slipped provocatively away. "Later," she teased. "Later."

"Shall we get going then?"

"No, I — I've got to pack a bag, you see, and — I'll meet you at the corner of Main and Harvard at five o'clock."

"I'll pick you up here."

"No, it's safer for me to meet you."

"Well — all right then," and he started for the door. But he turned back and said, "How about a little drink? Just one — to sort of — celebrate? I always wanted to taste that stuff of Ned's."

Her heart beat faster. "No," she said hastily. "He'd notice right away, you see, and he'd know something was wrong and it might spoil everything." She carefully selected the bottle marked OTHERS and poured him a large double drink. "Anybody know you're here?" she asked casually.

"Not a soul."

"Anybody know where we're going? I mean so Ned can't follow?"

"I'm a gay wanderer," he said. "He'll never find us."

"Fine." She smiled and gave him the drink. "It'll take about five minutes," she said.

"What?"

"Nothing, nothing."

"Aren't you drinking?"

"No, I — I don't care for one."

"Well, then — here's to 'later.'" She stood back, twisting the ring on her slippery finger as he downed the whiskey at a gulp.

"Good," he said, "but I hate to do this to Ned. The way he'll feel."

"Now don't worry about Ned."

He started to sit, but she told him to hurry and go now. She'd meet him at five — the corner of Main and Harvard. He said, "All right," and "Boy, that drink really gave me a jolt. The heat, I guess." And then, looking at her with great contentment, he said, "We'll just have to make up for all that wasted time."

"Yes," she agreed softly. She led him to the door, then went to the window and watched his car move up the street. It swerved slightly as he rounded the corner.

At a quarter of five she kissed all her dolls good-by. He was waiting for her. They drove fast out of town, and on the first stretch of open road, he pulled to a stop and tried to kiss her.

"Later," she said. "I'll never break my vow, you see. Till death do us part."

He drove on. But at exactly 5:35, after she knew for certain that Ned had come home and had his single special drink, then she laughed and said "Now" and he stopped the car again, and she threw the ring out the open window into a little patch of weeds.



*pictorial*

*a  
toast  
to*

*they are poor little limbs that have lost their way*

LEGS WERE INVENTED some time ago but not discovered until the 1920s, an era in which — if we can believe the extant glyphs — even bees had knees. Legs enjoyed considerable popularity for roughly two decades, acquired colloquial nomen-

clature (*gams, stems, pins, etc.*), and then inexplicably vanished into the obscurity whence they inexplicably came.

Now, what with feminine fashions taking a Twenties turn, and what with summer upon us, and what with Beverly

Adland possessing the prettiest pair of pins PLAYBOY has ever perused, we think it's high time we all dropped our eyes, raised our voices, and clinked our collinses in a toast to the legs of the ladies: here's looking at them.





History repeats itself: all hail the return of the dimpled knee . . .



Two hips and a rousing hurrah for the slender, well-turned ankle . . .



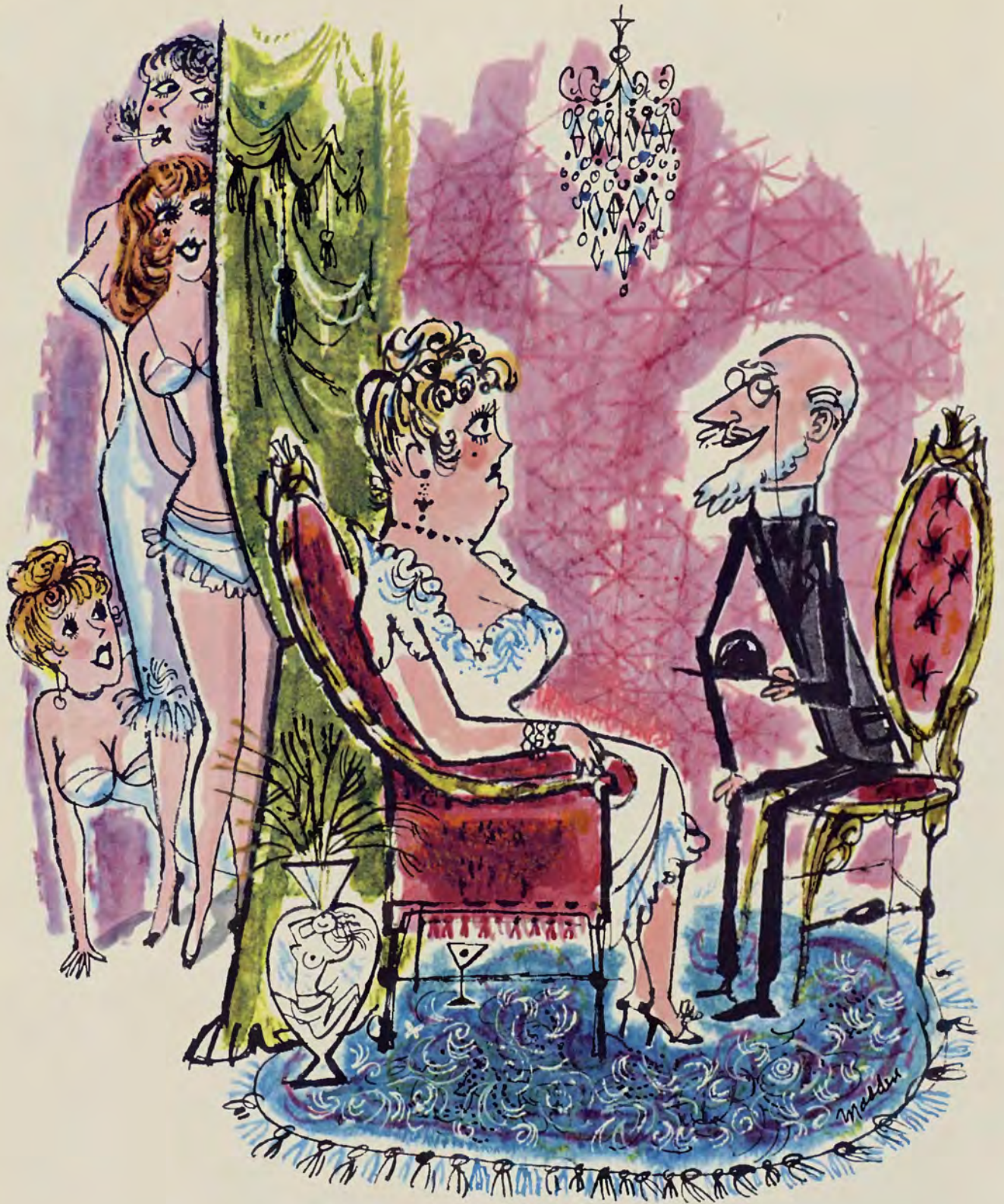
Three cheers for the lithe gastrocnemius and the popliteal space . . .





All of which, when female and when assembled in the proper order, can bring a little sunshine even to life's most vexing episodes.





*"I understand you've just opened a girls' school here. I'd like to welcome you to the community and invite the young ladies to join our Sunday school."*





# THE LITTLE WORLD OF HARRY KURNITZ

*quips and quiddities of a jester's jester*

*personality* By Richard Gehman

**T**HERE IS A *klatsch* of bright, perceptive, highly talented Americans who sit around in the suns and night spots of various climes and countries, making esoteric jokes for each other, occasionally marrying each other's wives, and somehow managing, Heaven alone knows how, to produce most of the funny things that are said and seen upon the stage and screen and television these days. The world is the Mermaid

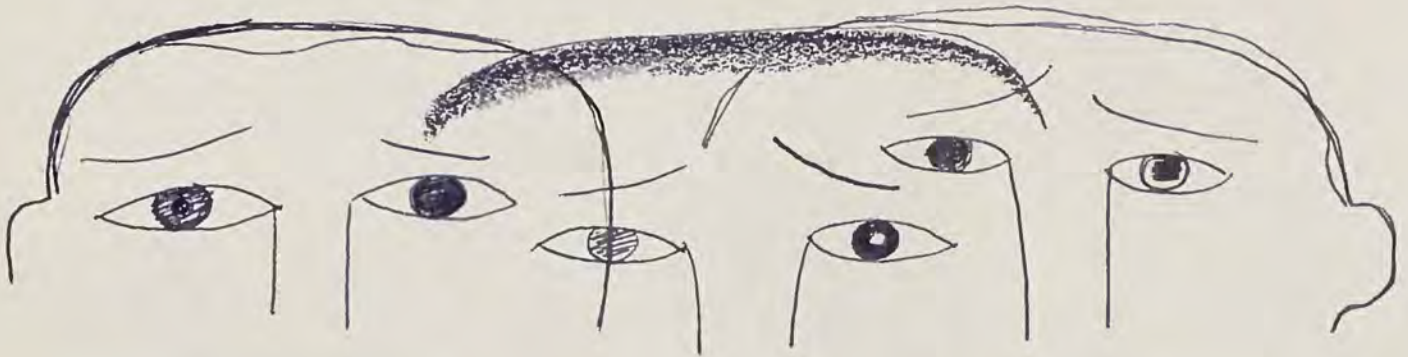
Tavern of these people; they hunt excitement from Beverly Hills to New York to London to Paris to Rome to Cairo. To get into the festive group, one must be a high roller, full of zest and a thirst for adventure; to stay in, one must keep a suitcase packed and a sharp tongue ready, for its two chief diversions are travel and wit. A complete membership list would be much too long to set down here, but some of the livelier celebrants

are the novelists Irwin Shaw and Peter Viertel; the playwrights Kaufman and Hart, George Axelrod and Charles Lederer; the songwriters Cole Porter and Ira Gershwin; and such producer-directors as Billy Wilder, John Huston and Leland Hayward. There are only a few actors: the late Humphrey Bogart was one, and today there are Frank Sinatra, Martin Gabel, and young Sydney Chap-  
*(continued on page 66)*



## MORE PUZZLES OF LOVE AND PASSION

*three queries anent the logic of l'amour, the math of mating*



### BROKEN RESOLUTIONS

Tom, Dick and Harry, three carefree lads who shared a bachelor apartment, were the happiest fellows alive. Tom had Teresa. Dick had Doris, and Harry had Harriet: had them, in fact, every blessed night of the week.

Naturally, after a few months of this pleasant but exacting activity, signs of wear began to show themselves. In fact, Tom, Dick and Harry all manifested symptoms of exhaustion. Tom had pouches under his eyes of marsupial dimensions; Dick could not lift a highball to his lips without spilling half of it; and Harry felt so very weak in the small of his back, poor chap, that he needed help in climbing the stairs.

It was about midnight, not too long ago, when our three heroes returned to their diggings almost simultaneously. They stared at each other haggardly.

"How'd it go?" Dick asked shakily. "Have fun?"

"This can't go on," Tom whispered faintly. "This thing has got too big for me."

"Help me up the stairs, fellows," Harry said. "I have an idea I want to put to you."

When each was sprawled on his neck

in an armchair, Harry put forward his idea, his voice barely audible. "Look at us. Wrecks. Shadows of our former selves. Hollow shells. Fellows, we gotta call a halt, or it'll be too late. We gotta stop this stuff."

"Stop?" Tom asked. "You mean — stop?"

"And we need each other's moral support," Harry said.

"Harry's right," Dick said. "We all gotta lay off — for a while."

"Lay off?" Tom asked. "For how long?"

"At least a month," Harry said firmly. "We need at least a month to regain our strength."

So the three agreed, with many protestations of good faith, to refrain and desist, "within the limits of human endurance," for at least a month, if possible.

Well, Tom was the first to break the compact. One Tuesday he walked into the room with an unmistakably guilty but satisfied smile on his face.

"You did it!" Dick exclaimed. "You traitor!"

"I guess I did," Tom said sheepishly. "My human endurance is sort of low. But it was nice."

"I'm ashamed of you," Dick said, with

indignation. "We agreed on a month at the very minimum."

Despite his recriminations, however, Dick was the next one to capitulate. He lasted half again as long as Tom, but he finally fell, on a Wednesday, when he and Doris had a real ball, made all the more delightful by the enforced spell of abstinence.

"What, you too?" Harry cried. "And am I left alone? Where's my moral support?"

"Carry on, old boy," Dick said cheerfully, quite forgetting his indignation over Tom's defection. "We are still with you in spirit, though not in body, haha."

And Harry did carry on. He lasted twice as long as Tom, but eventually he too succumbed, on a Thursday, when he and Harriet made up for lost time and then some. "At least," he said, with justified pride, "I held out for more than the agreed month, which is more than either of you voluptuaries can say."

"Well, it's good to be back in the old routine, isn't it?" Dick said. "By the way, Harry, just how the hell many days was it?"

"You figure it out," Harry replied. "I'm tired." But so were his buddies, so we're asking you to do it.





## THE SAPPHIRE RING

"You have made an old man very happy," the lecherous old geezer said, patting the young lady in various delectable places. "Very happy, my child. And I intend to express my gratitude in tangible form."

So saying, he opened a box by his side and revealed 12 identical gold rings,

each set with a gem the size of a plover's egg.

"Geel!" she exclaimed. "Lookit all them big sapphires!"

"No, my dear," he cackled, "only one of them is a sapphire — all the rest are fakes. You may have one ring. Be sure you choose the genuine one."

"How'm I gonna do that?" she asked. "They all look alike."

"Yes," he said, "it would be difficult without this." And he took from its case a simple balance scale. "The true sapphire does not weigh quite the same as the imitations. With this scale, however — and in no more than three weighings — you should be able to pick out the right one."

"Well, does the sapphire weigh more or less than the others?" she asked.

"Ah, my dear," he said, "that you must find out for yourself. I shall be interested to learn whether your mind is as beautifully put together as your body."

"Geel!" she said, and set herself to the

task of picking out the true ring from the pile of 12 by no more than three weighing operations with the balance scale.

"I have it!" she cried a moment later, slipping it on her finger.

"How did you do it so swiftly?" he asked, amazed at her brilliance.

"It was easy," she said. "I took two of the rings, see, and I weighed them against each other. Well, they wouldn't balance. So I took one of them and weighed it against a third ring, and they did balance. So I knew that the other one was the sapphire."

"Upon my word!" the old roue exclaimed. "I see that Nature decided not to give you a mind to match your figure, but gave you good fortune instead."

He was astonished, of course, because the young lady had *not* chosen the proper and infallible method of acquiring the sapphire, but had acquired it nevertheless. You, needless to say, can tell her how she should have gone about it.



## THE GETAWAY

She was the wife of the Resident Physician and he was but a lowly interne. The fact that they were in a private sanatorium for the insane lent an exciting note to their illicit romance. The trouble was that with the place crawling with nuts it was extremely difficult for them to steal their golden moments without detection. It was so difficult, in fact, that they decided to bust out of the place together and seek an unencumbered life on some faraway isle. To hell with the dedicated life, the distin-

guished husband, the Hippocratic oath, and all that stuff. They wanted *out*.

But how to get out? She put it to him squarely on one of their furtive visits to the laundry room.

"You know how my husband runs this place," she whispered. "Like a jail. The only exit is through the front gate, which is just past the front office. And you can't keep track of him long enough to be sure he won't be right there, watching all comings and goings."

"There's always one patient or another wandering around in the front hall," he suggested. "We could ask him whether the doctor was in the office."

"But George," she answered, stamping her little foot, "you know the patients we have here. Only two sorts. The paraploops with their Messianic complex, whose obsession is that they can only speak the truth, and the schizobleeps with their persecution complex, who are incapable of anything but a lie."

"Of course," he said. "How stupid of me. And there's no way of telling them apart."

"So, don't you see? We can't know, when we ask the patient, whether he is lying or telling the truth."

"Then," he said firmly, "we must devise a question so phrased that, *whether or not* the patient is lying, we gain the information we need."

"OK, devise," she said. "This I have to see."

He pondered a moment. "I have it!" he exclaimed. "Pack a bag and meet me in the main hall tomorrow at three."

Together, the next day, they made their way toward the main gate. Sure enough, a patient was in the hall. Was he a truth-teller or a liar? It didn't matter.

"Tell me, my good man," the interne began — and then he asked whether the Resident Physician was up front there in the office — but in such a form that the patient, in his reply, would *have* to convey the correct information, whether he was telling the absolute truth or an absolute lie.

As it happened, the good doctor was out in Ward III, giving an audience to Catherine the Great. Our happy couple made their escape and are now blissfully established in Tahiti, selling Equanil and Serutan to the natives.

How did he phrase the question? Well now, surely you're as smart as that interne.

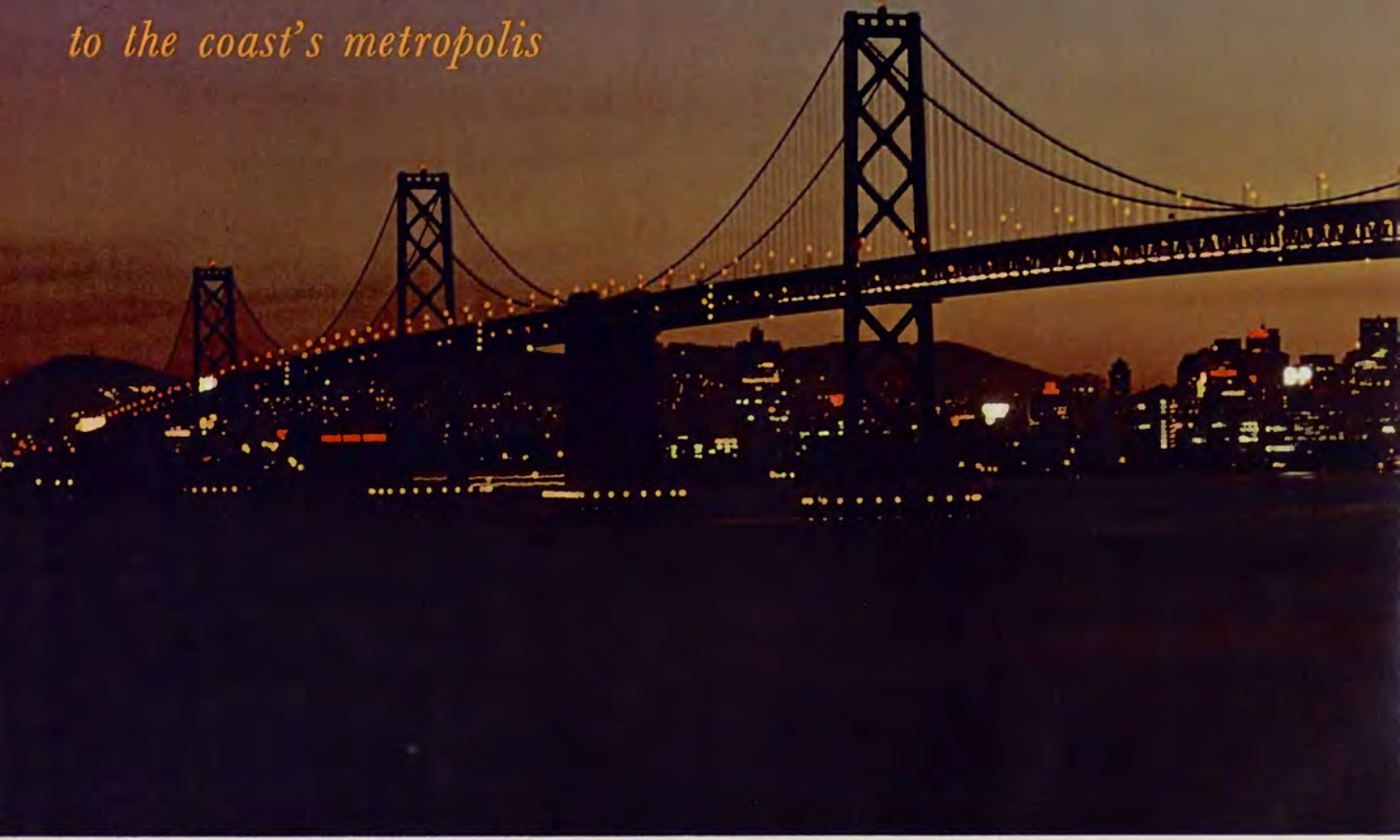




*on the town in*

# SAN FRANCISCO

*a cosmopolite's guide  
to the coast's metropolis*



City's gay cable cars are preferred transportation even when one's dressed for the evening.



**T**HERE'S A SPECIAL KIND of excitement about visiting any new place. There is the promise of adventure; there is the intimation of unknown romance; there is that solo thrill of pleasure that belongs to you when you know you'll be on your own in strange surroundings — an anonymous man, free of the ties and props of your familiar workaday world, your wallet in your pocket, your luggage by your side, and ready to sample and savor whatever the new scene has to offer. If it's San Francisco, and if you do it right, your anticipations will be lavishly fulfilled.

Physically, this city is just about ideal for you, the impromptu visitor. It looks like nothing you ever saw before: as your plane levels off for its final glide into





Year-round flower stalls dot the downtown area, give it a Paris-in-springtime atmosphere.

Chinatown floor show, as exotic as its food.







San Francisco's salty, seaport origins are vividly evident in the colorful Fisherman's Wharf area, from whence hundreds of fishing boats ply the Pacific. Restaurants along the Wharf are favorite stopping-off places for late seafood snacks or, earlier, for a shore dinner. Informal and cheerful, they feature huge copper caldrons in which the famous Pacific crabs are steamed, to be eaten cold only, of course. Typical of these places and one of the best, is Fishermen's Grotto, above. Right, the proud padrone of an outdoor wharf eatery proudly shows his tempting wares. Below, the city offers the full gamut of Oriental cuisine; in Tokyo Suki-yaki the decor and the decorum are as authentically Japanese as the menu.



Your hosts display their specialties (see text) of three "must" stops. Gourmet haunts are: Left, the Blue Fox—Mario Mondin and Piero Fassio in the Wine Cellar room; center, elegant Ernie's (Victor and Rolond Gotti). Right, for late munching it's the nobby Nob Hill Papagayo Room—Al Williams. These are the men to get to know; trust their guidance in your ordering.







Left, rendezvous for romantic interludes is Skipper Kent's, where drinks, dishes and decorations are Polynesian and lights are low. Above and below, shades of a gaudier day are vanished girlie shows of International Settlement, and once widespread (now rare) "massage" parlors.



The bar at the Iron Horse, a bistro popular with fashion models—hence, men with a roving eye.



San Francisco International Airport, you'll be in the midst of a world of hills and valleys; sky, water and mountains — and the fabulous bridge across the Golden Gate. Against this background, you'll find a clean, elegant, cosmopolitan city possessed of a special quality all its own: Parisian chic without Parisian snobbery; New York sophistication without its furious bustle; the tradition of London without its coldness — for San Francisco (*never* call it Frisco) is a wonderfully friendly city which will gladly yield you your fondest dreams unless you're a clod and a boor.

Among its multitude of virtues for

you, the young urban male visitor, San Francisco provides some which seem almost tailor-made. For all its metropolitan atmosphere, it is physically fairly compact. This means you can see and do a great deal without the kind of travel that Los Angeles, for instance, requires. San Franciscans walk a lot, they use their quaintly functional cable cars — and though cab rates are relatively high, you'll find the city's drivers unusually courteous: where else do they leap from their seats to open the door for you?

San Francisco has more Class-A hotels per capita than any other American city. It has the highest rate of liquor consump-



tion. It is wealthy without being too expensive — for it is a city where people live and not a resort that must cash in on its season. It is a place of beautiful women, characterized (more than in any other city) by independence, good jobs, a friendly love of pleasure, hideaway apartments of their own, unpretentious poise, and an utterly charming knowl-

edge of how to dress and behave to please a man. It has over 2,000 restaurants, some of which are the best in the world; they offer a greater variety of gourmet dining — thanks to the Pacific as well as the European influence — than a New Yorker, for example, might think it possible to sample without leaving the United States. San Francisco has better

boites, intimate clubs, offbeat entertainment, cozy cellar hangouts, romantic back-street bistros and jazz joints ranging from Dixie to frigid, than any other city in the world.

And because — as of right now — a pretty tight lid has been clamped on the town in the matter of professional sex  
*(continued on page 70)*

The city comes alive at night with entertainment ranging from big and brassy to intimate and "advanced." Lower left, The Cellar offers a cellarful of the coolest esoteric jazz; here poet Kenneth Ford improvises verse with music. Lower center, a mood-and-music hangout where a guy can meet a girl and vice versa, the Purple Onion is a landmark of the city's bohemian quarter. The picture under that proves the Blackhawk books top names in Pacific jazz; it also features Sunday jam sessions. Right and below, Anxious Asp is another bohemian nightery in the intimate vein. Lower right, more chic, and with a distinctly Andalusian atmosphere, is Barnaby Conrad's El Matador.



Below, Paul Desmond blows grand music with the Dave Brubeck Quartet at the thronged Blackhawk, the combo's home base and the city's swingin'est shrine of Pacific jazz. Musicians know the crowd is hip here, go all out—and far out—when they make this jumping scene.

Contrasts in entertainment: Above, at Ann's 440 Club, topical and droll reviews in miniature are featured. Below, at the Fairmont's Cirque Room, there's fashionable, low-lit, bar-lounge dancing, drinking, table-hopping.







Above, the incomparable Top o' the Mark perched atop Nob Hill offers a panorama of the entire city, the bay, its bridges and the hills beyond. It is also smart, crowded, famous and—paradoxically—so favored cocktail lounge for both tourists and natives. Upper left, strip shows in San Francisco aren't too different (the human anatomy being what it is) but can only be seen in the same rather drab surroundings as in most other cities. Lower left, comparatively new to the city are several luxury motels near the heart of town, like the Plantation Inn, which features privacy, a swimming pool, a free continental breakfast, ultra-smart rooms, sunbathing when the weather's seasonal, as it often is—and privacy.



## LENSMAN (continued from page 46)

among the Japanese imports. Cast an eye on the Yashica-Mat, which costs but \$75 and boasts practically all the features of a Rollei, including a sharp-cutting lens. For under \$150, you can pick and choose among the Minolta Autocord L, the Ricohflex and the Kalloflex — all smart buys. And, if you're real hot for interchangeable lenses, the new Mamiyaflex is the camera for you: not only does it come with a standard pair of 80mm lenses; but matched glasses of 105mm and 135mm focal-lengths are also available for it. Always a wise buy is Franke & Heidecke's economy model of the Rolleiflex, the Rolleicord. (As a compromise between the 120 and 35 sizes, F & H has just brought back to the market its 127-film-size version of the Rolleiflex. The baby Rollei delivers a  $1\frac{1}{8} \times 1\frac{5}{8}$  picture, which is the size of the currently popular super-slides.)

If you're the type who can't be burdened with extra luggage dangling from your neck, then take a gander at the jewellike display of subminiatures at your dealer's. There is no camera as convenient as the sub. You can toss it into your jacket pocket with no stress on the stitching. With it concealed in the palm of your hand you can fire away without being detected. The subminiatures take good pictures too.

Not surprisingly, the subs were favored by the professional spies of World War II. The British even came out with a couple that were built into walking sticks, bowler hats and cravats, but there wasn't a truly precision subminiature available on the market until Minox came along. Of the many on the market today, Minox is the only one that can crow about using a special 9.5mm film (the others rely on 16mm); haughtily, Minox calls itself the *ultraminiature*.

Call it what you may, it's still the leader of the bunch. Approximately the size and shape of a package of Beeman's Pepsin chewing gum, it has a sharp f/3.5 lens and a shutter speed ranging from one-half to 1/1000 second, fast enough to stop the speediest race horse in his tracks. At the same price (\$140) is the Minicord, the only twin-lens subminiature around. The Mini, about as big as a pack of king-size Kents, is not only a precision instrument, but has the added virtue of having the quietest shutter ever devised. Lens: a fast, sharp-cutting f/2. Speed: up to 1/400 second.

Most expensive of the tiny fellows is the fabulous Italian GaMi 16, which will do everything but mix a stinger. The GaMi allows fast shooting (you get three shots from a single cocking), boasts a built-in exposure meter coupled to a shutter that will race up to 1/1000 sec-

ond. It costs around \$300. At the opposite end of the price scale, you can pick up effective subs at a scant \$40. These include the Minolta 16, the Mamiya Super 16, the Ricoh Golden 16 and the Stylophot.

Those who want *pictures in a hurry* haven't much of a camera choice. There's but a single offering: the Polaroid Land. With the standard camera, the cycle from exposure to finished print will stretch somewhere between several days and several weeks. Dr. Land's system presents you with the moment of truth — good, bad, indifferent, underexposed, poorly focused — in a mere 60 seconds. This, for the young in art, can be invaluable, since it can spell the difference between an irretrievable loss or a second chance at capturing a once-in-a-lifetime pic.

While it is an undeniable boon to the shooter of snaps, the picture-in-a-minute process is also important in other areas. There are times — when photographing private documents and other items — when one does not wish to subject his personal prints to the scrutiny of others.

Polaroids aren't expensive, either. They range from about \$75 to about \$170 for the Pathfinder 110A, an instrument quite worthy of purchase, primarily as a second camera. True, they're a bit bulkier and more awkward to use than the more conventional cameras; but then, how trim would you be with a darkroom strapped to your back?

The big drawbacks of a Polaroid have been the fact that you get no negatives from it, and can't make duplicate prints easily; also, it takes only black-and-white, no color. Both of these undesirable features have been fixed: Polaroid has just come out with a small, portable gadget (retailing around \$30) that will turn out as many dupes as you want. We've also been told that a direct positive color film has been perfected for Land cameras, with production expected to start shortly.

If the camera you've selected doesn't boast a built-in light meter, this item should be the first photo accessory on your list. Since a good meter, with a minimum of care, should last practically forever, you should definitely consider one of the top models, costing around the \$30 mark. These are: Weston Master III, General Electric Crown, the Brockway and the Sixtomat. Less-costly models of these brands and the Zeiss Ikonphot may be purchased for no more than \$20-\$25.

Then, if you're planning to do a lot of slow-shutter night photography, still lifes, or even a couple of your own Playmates, you'll probably want to invest in a tripod. The cost is low, and it more than pays for itself in fuzzleless photos.

Among the better tripods are the Linhof, the Quick-Set (*not* a home permanent) and the Tiltall.

Another wise investment is a portable light source. True, the conventional flash-gun performs well in most situations, but the big drag about it is that you have to tote the flashbulbs as well. It's much more convenient to pack an electronic flash unit, which gives as many as 10,000 flashes from a single bulb. The extra cost will not be felt when you think of the dough you save on bulbs, and you'll never be caught in a situation where you lose a picture because you're smack out of bulbs. Prices on portable electronic flash units range from \$40 up to \$200. Somewhere between these figures is the model for you. The established brands — Heiland, Ascor and Graflex — are well worth checking into, and two new names — Hico-Lite in the prestige field and Ultrablitz in the medium-price group — have come out with several of the best models to date.

If you're a color-slide enthusiast, a slide projector is the right device with which to view your work. Hand viewers are OK for editing purposes and solitary viewing, but if you have several people interested in seeing your slides, projection is the only way. An oft-repeated photographic truism is that if a picture is good, its beauty can be more than doubly enhanced by enlarging it. And even poor slides improve somewhat when projected on a screen. The purchase of a good projector is as important as a good camera, since the best slides in the world can be ruined by poor projection.

Around \$150, you can choose from three of the best projectors made: the Bell & Howell Robomatic, the Revere 888-D and the brand-new Bausch & Lomb Balomatic 500. An excellent projector around the \$100 mark is the Argus Automatic 500-watt model III. For efficient, still lower-priced projectors, you should study the Bell & Howell Headliner and the Kodak 300; and among the least expensive, the Quick-Set Super 300 (despite relatively poor design) and the Ansco Dualet will give you adequate performance.

Additional gear for your camera is available too, and the true photophile loves to collect it all: a set of filters, a lens hood, a color temperature meter, a self-timer, changing bags, a magnifying hood, variable field finders, grip handles, daylight film loaders, extension tubes, prism finders, cable releases, a remote-control extension unit and a gigantic gadget bag for over-the-shoulder wear. But these can await your pleasure. For all practical purposes, and even a few impractical ones, you're all set to shoot with the gear described here.







*"Amalgamated Dynamics? I've got you another qualitative electronics engineer."*



## SEX ON SAWDUST (continued from page 28)

what we got here is the old type hoochy-coochy. We are giving here a demonstration of Oriental Muscle Dancing. Not only is this exhibition for strictly cultural purposes only, but also it begins where the old hoochy-coochy leaves off. Every muscle . . . every fiber . . . of those beautiful bodies you see before you is kept in constant motion. These girls learned this dance in the Orient and after watching them do it, you'll understand what killed the Sultan." Here Frisco pulled one of the girls forward. "They brought in this little girl and got her to do the dance around his body. When the old boy didn't get up, they knew he was dead. We also have here a little Indian girl. When you see her on the inside, you'll know what made the old chiefs start beating on their tom-toms! Boys, please don't see this show if you've got weak hearts. Last night an old man dropped dead and a little boy grew up in three minutes. We've got an exhibition on the inside that'll make your shirt roll up your back like a window shade."

The ticket seller would start a phonograph playing some oriental music, the girls would throw open their cloaks to give the crowd a quick flash, yell,

and walk into the tent "fish-tailing" (wriggling their hips) as they went. Frisco was shouting through the hand-mike, "They shiver, they shake, they show you everything they've got. It makes the old feel young and the young feel worried. Watch the girls do the dance that broke the Sultan's thermometer!"

Beside me, Ben muttered, "It ain't got the educational appeal of my outfit," but he knew he was licked and so did I. We followed the crowd in. The girls worked behind a veil that was almost opaque but the crowd could just make out the forms of the semi-nude girls moving behind it. Frisco switched off the tent lights and put on the stage lights. This made the veil completely transparent and you could clearly see the girls, naked except for their G-strings, doing their bumps and grinds.

Now came the real money-maker, known as the "blowoff." Anybody in the crowd who cared to contribute a dollar was taken around behind the stage to a raised dais. Meanwhile, most of the girls had put on their cloaks again and gone out in front to the bally platform to get a fresh crowd but two or three remained behind on the dais and did a few grinds

completely in the nude. The blowoff alone netted Frisco \$50 and there was a show every 10 minutes.

Ben and I returned to his little tent and his girl made us some coffee. After the big Follies show with its expensive drapes, lighted stage and eight girls, Ben's concession was pitiable. His tent was not only tiny but old and stained. His only props were a rickety catwalk and the swordbox, as he'd disposed of the guinea pigs early in the season. We drank our coffee in silence while the girl tried to cheer us up.

"I guess they've got a big show, but Ben has got brains," she said, looking at the little man proudly. "He'll find some way out of it, I know he will."

Ben shook his head slowly. "Honey, there's just so many things you can do with a naked woman and Frisco's doing them all."

"Are you going to fold?" I asked.

Ben raised his head proudly. "I ain't licked yet."

During the next couple of weeks, Ben pulled every trick he knew to get a crowd. His girl stuck with him nobly and Ben tried presenting her as "The Girl in the Bath of Fire!" in which strips of orange tissue paper were blown across her naked body by an electric fan and as "Estelle in the Well" where the girl

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lay naked at the bottom of a shallow plank "well" and for 25¢ anyone could touch her "to make sure she was real." But they couldn't compete with the Follies show. By the end of the month, Ben and the girl were reduced to eating popcorn and then gulping down large quantities of water to make the popcorn swell and give the effect of a full meal. Every time we opened on a new lot, it was a surprise to see Ben putting up his ragged canvas and still driving stakes, in his polka-dot shirt and ruby cuff links.

Then Ben came through with one of those inspirations that mark genius.

In one of the towns we played, Ben met a young individual whom I'll call Paul. Paul wore his hair long, walked with a mincing gait, and talked in a high falsetto voice. Ben decided to bill him as "Nature's Mistake . . . World's Only Genuine Hermaphrodite."

According to Ben's spiel, Paul was half man, half woman . . . one side of him being male and the other side female. As a side-show hermaphrodite has to do a strip to be convincing and Paul was technically a man, this would seem to offer quite a problem; but Ben solved it in his usual ingenious fashion.

Ben got a rubber ball and cut it in half. Then he turned one of the halves inside out. There's a little indentation at one end of a rubber ball that, when

reversed, closely resembles a nipple. Ben glued this half of the ball to Paul's left side with collodion and touched up the job with grease paint. From a little distance, Paul appeared to have a woman's breast. Paul never appeared completely nude but always worked with a semi-transparent veil draped around him. In the dim light of the tent, the effect was very confusing.

Frisco dropped around to see Paul on opening night. The big man stood leaning on his silver-headed cane, slowly revolving a cigar in his mouth while Paul explained to the crowd that he had been married twice, once to a man and once to a woman. "In my role of a man, I fathered a little son and I have also given birth to a baby girl," Paul explained in his lisping voice. "I have been examined by doctors in both Europe and America and they have been completely baffled by my strange condition."

After the show, I asked Frisco how he liked Paul. Frisco revolved his cigar several times before answering.

"I ain't got much respect for the standards of the public, but they're never going to stand for it," was his verdict.

But Frisco was wrong. Paul was an enormous success. Before the season was over, Frisco tried to hire Paul to join his Follies but Paul refused. "I positively

won't leave Ben," he lisped indignantly. "It was Ben who gave me the chance to make something of myself."

Ben's girl still continued to work the swordbox although she was a secondary attraction compared to Paul. Ben made up a new aftercatch . . . a photograph of the girl fully clothed and smiling sweetly. It wasn't until you looked twice at the picture that you suddenly realized that she had her skirts pulled up above her waist and was wearing no underwear.

When the show closed in the autumn, I lost track of Ben and we didn't meet for several years. Then I ran into him on Broadway. Ben had become a theatrical producer and was doing very well. He'd married the girl in the swordbox and Ben showed me a picture of their little girl, a pretty child of five or six.

I nearly fell flat on the sidewalk when I saw the picture. The child had her skirt hitched up in exactly the pose of her mother on the aftercatch.

"Good Lord, you don't sell this, do you?" I demanded.

"Oh no!" said Ben, looking at the picture affectionately. "Her ma and me had it made to remind us of the good old days when we was working under canvas and I got my start in show business."



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## HARRY KURNITZ (continued from page 53)

lin. Mike Romanoff, the fake prince turned Hollywood restaurateur, is the favorite host of the gang; Irving Paul Lazar, the tiny literary agent, is the mascot; and Leonard Lyons, the columnist, is historian.

The court jester of this group is a novelist-screenwriter-playwright named Harry Kurnitz, a restless, waspish man who continually commutes between the United States and other countries. "When Kurnitz says 'Memphis,'" a friend has said, "he means Memphis, Egypt." Kurnitz claims that he does his best work in airplanes, and he seems discontented when grounded for more than a week at a stretch. An art collector, authority on rare books, amateur violinist, gourmet and bachelor in the manner of the Victorian *bons vivants*, Kurnitz is a tall, diffident man of whom Abe Burrows once said, "He looks like a dishonest basketball player who's just dumped a game." Actually, he looks more like some minor prophet from the Old Testament; his face is full of weary experience and a touch of sadness, although his attitude and approach to life are far from sad. He lives so well and with such gusto, his appearance is automatically a signal for any gathering to liven up. Kurnitz' name is now a kind of password among members of his club; when one meets another, the first question usually is, "What do you hear from Harry?" His friends collect and trade Kurnitz remarks and spend large sums telling them to each other on trans-oceanic telephones.

Kurnitz is the least-known member of the club, as far as the general public is concerned. He always has preferred to remain anonymous. After working at MGM as a high-salaried, dependable screenwriter for eight years, he sold the studio an original story; a trade paper, mentioning the sale, said, "The author, an unknown, is expected to arrive in Hollywood shortly." Currently, Kurnitz is experiencing some difficulty in preserving his anonymity, for his most recent credits include the play *Once More, with Feeling*, a collaboration with Abe Burrows; a television series, *The Dick and the Duchess*, for which he created the characters; a couple of films, *The Happy Road* and *Witness for the Prosecution*, for which he wrote the screenplays; and a book entitled *Kurnitz' Inferno*. His four paper-backed detective novels—*Fast Company*, *The Shadowy Third*, *Reclining Figure* and *Invasion of Privacy*, the first three of which were written under his pseudonym, Marco Page—are selling satisfactorily and are expected to hit the two-million-copy mark before long. "Those books cover the drugstores like a mulch," Kurnitz has said. In addition to all this, Kurnitz

has had screen credit on something like 30 movies, and possibly more; he cannot remember exactly how many he has written.

Impressive though this body of work may be, it is not what endears Kurnitz to his friends. They like him for his funny sayings. He will sit quietly with friends (he appears to be painfully shy), not saying much of anything until the apt, opportune moment—and then he will cut loose with one line that usually brings an explosive laugh. He follows the line with a low, throaty chuckle composed partly of triumph and partly of the delight he takes in having thought of it in the first place. He is in the pattern of the great wits of the past—Oscar Wilde, Joseph Hodges Choate, and Wilson Mizner come to mind—who functioned best in social situations, and whose sharper lines were reserved for their friends. Many of Kurnitz' jokes are ego-deflating and discomfiting, and he has a disquieting ability to put a person's entire personality into one portmanteau sentence. A friend once asked him how he liked collaborating with Abe Burrows.

"Once Abe gets his own way, he's kindness itself," Kurnitz said.

When he and Burrows were collaborating on their first play (which, incidentally, never was produced), they went to a producer named Harry Bloomfield and submitted a price list of props they would need. Burrows then was an irrepressible party entertainer; whenever he saw a piano he would sit down and sing one of his original songs, such as *If I Had My Life to Live Over, I'd Live Over a Delicatessen*. Kurnitz had compiled the prop list, and on it was the item "Two bear traps, \$110."

"Why the bear traps?" the producer asked.

"Absolutely necessary," Kurnitz said. "One in each wing, to keep Abe off the stage."

Kurnitz once went to see one of Hollywood's most noted hypochondriacs, a girl whose hobby was imagining herself the victim of all kinds of ills and afflictions. She had a bad cold, and was in bed with hot water bottles, pills and other restoratives. Kurnitz leaned toward her solicitously.

"Tell me, dear," he said, "do you suppose that cold could be partly physical?"

The girl was not offended. Few of Kurnitz' butts are. A friend says, "The key to Kurnitz' success with his jokes is his gentleness as a person. The other great wits—Kaufman, Goodman Ace, George Burns—are often harsh in their humor. Harry stings you so you don't really mind."

This is illustrated by Kurnitz' remark

about Moss Hart, who habitually wears gold garter clasps and collar tabs and carries a pen and pencil, money clip, cigarette case and lighter all made of gold. "When Moss dies," Kurnitz said, "they'll bury him at Fort Knox." Hart enjoyed the thrust—and so, too, did Milton Berle appreciate Kurnitz' reaction to some nose surgery Berle had had done. "Milton's nose is now so perfect," Kurnitz said, "that when he dies he should leave it to a Nose Bank."

Many of Kurnitz' gibes concern medical matters. Once, at a party, he ran into his own optometrist and failed to recognize him. "A fine commentary on those glasses you prescribed," he said. At another party, he was asked about the ability of a certain New York surgeon. "I don't want to knock him," Kurnitz said, "but I can tell you this: the only vultures in the east constantly make lazy circles in the sky above his house."

Kurnitz' most quoted observation was made when he became involved in a running feud with Lynn Loesser, then the wife of Frank Loesser, the songwriter.

"Lynn," Kurnitz said, "is the evil of two Loessers."

Frank also has been the target for some of his most acerbic comments. Loesser used to be an avid woodworking enthusiast; he was continually buying antiques, cutting them up, and making new pieces. Kurnitz took a girl to Loesser's house, and they spent the evening listening to him ramble on about the things he was building and planning to build. As they were leaving, Kurnitz said to the girl, "Honey, if you had French Provincial legs, you'd never have got out of there alive."

The girl was one of an extensive collection of pretty blondes, brunettes and redheads Kurnitz escorts here and there; although he once was married, after his divorce he claimed that he would remain a bachelor for the rest of his life. "Now I'm too difficult to get married again," he says. He considered it only once; for a time, he was engaged to Patricia Englund, an actress. Kurnitz gave her a party when they made the announcement. It began at six P.M. and at two A.M. it was still going strong. At two-thirty Kurnitz whispered to the girl, "The party must be a flop—some of the guests are beginning to leave."

"What I remember mainly about Harry's courtship," Miss Englund says today, "is that I couldn't stop laughing." Other companions have said much the same thing. One night he took Patrice Munsel and Joan Caulfield to a Hollywood nightclub. The bill came to \$167. Kurnitz frowned at it, looked at the two girls and said sternly, "Which one of you made a telephone call?"

In some ways, Kurnitz is a cautious romantic. He once met Barbara Payton, for whose affections Franchot Tone and



Tom Neal had a fist fight that landed Tone in a hospital. "Barbara," Kurnitz said, "what a pass I'd make at you — if only I had my insurance paid up."

As might be expected, many Kurnitz jokes are laced with literary allusions. When, in London, he and Moss Hart and Edna Ferber went punting on the Thames, their craft hit and stuck upon a sandbar. At the same time some kids on the bank began throwing stones at them. Shaking his head like the Ancient Mariner, Kurnitz said, "We never should have shot that albatross." George Oppenheimer, the screenwriter, told Kurnitz he was going to see *Die Walküre* and asked what it was about. "The story starts with a girl named Brünnhilde," Kurnitz said. "She comes from a very good family. In fact, her father was God."

Kurnitz' best jokes, says Martin Gabel, are directed inward, at Harry Kurnitz. Someone once spilled champagne on him and apologized vociferously. "Think nothing of it," Kurnitz said. "This suit has had so much wine spilled on it I no longer have it cleaned — I send it out to be trampled by peasants." At a Hollywood premiere, a fireman gave Kurnitz a summons for smoking in the lobby. "He caught me doing 25 puffs in a five-puff zone," Kurnitz later explained. One night in Lindy's, Leonard Lyons saw Kurnitz staring moodily at a tremendous plate of sauerkraut. He asked why Kurnitz looked so troubled. "I don't know whether to eat this or stuff a sofa with it," Kurnitz said. In St. Moritz, another friend reports, Kurnitz was invited to go skiing. He said he could not go because of his religion.

"What's your religion?"

"I'm an orthodox coward," Kurnitz said.

Soon after Kurnitz arrived in Hollywood, he began spending huge sums on a complete new wardrobe. "Keep this up," one friend said, "and people will begin calling you a fop and a dandy."

"No chance," Kurnitz said, "I've got a backlog of 30 years as a bum."

That is not quite true, but it is true that he knocked about a good deal at a variety of jobs before he became known as one of the best comedy doctors and off-screen wits in the business. A comedy doctor is a man called in to make a comic picture more comical. An off-screen wit is — well, it is what Kurnitz is. He cannot say exactly how he came to develop the special sardonic way he has of looking at life and his fellows.

Kurnitz came to his present eminence as an international playboy under tremendous handicaps. He is probably the most sought-after "extra man" now living, and a good part of each day is spent in deciding which invitations to accept. He even laughs at his own availability.

Sir Alexander Korda once invited him for a cruise on his yacht. "How long is it?" Kurnitz asked. "It's a 142-footer," he was told. "Sorry," Kurnitz said, "I'll have to send my secretary."

Kurnitz is extraordinarily prolific. He thinks nothing of turning out a 10,000-word article in a day. He often finishes a job long before its deadline, then deliberately holds it back because he is afraid he will be accused of rushing. Even Kurnitz is sometimes surprised at his own speed. "Once, when I was writing a picture for Hunt Stromberg," he says, "I wrote two other pictures out of sheer boredom." When his first play, *Reclining Figure* (adapted from his novel), was having its out-of-town tryouts before opening in New York in 1954, Kurnitz had to go along to make revisions. Such work is time-consuming: the playwright ordinarily must work all night, every night of the tour, on changes that will be incorporated the next day. In the month the show was on the road, Kurnitz not only made all required al-

terations in his script but also finished his fourth novel and knocked off a piece about Italian food for a travel magazine.

Kurnitz has worked for an encyclopedia publisher, a press bureau, and as a ghostwriter of speeches, in addition to his more glamorous tasks. In 1933 or 1934 — he does not remember which — he began selling detective stories to pulp magazines. (He does not remember the year because he has never saved a line of his published work; he does not have a single copy of any of his novels, plays or screenplays around his Park Avenue apartment.) His success in the pulps encouraged him to try a novel, and for background material he drew upon his knowledge of the rare-book business; rare books had been his hobby dating from the time he first went to New York, and he had earned some money by acting as a scout for some well-to-do collectors. His first full-length novel won the Dodd-Mead detective story contest in 1938, and within two weeks of its publication Kurnitz was in Hollywood with a one-

#### FEMALES BY COLE: 48



Transparent



month contract with MGM in his pocket. He planned to stay that month; he wound up by putting in eight years at MGM.

Kurnitz' original salary in Hollywood was \$200 per week, but he soon was commanding anywhere from \$1,000 to \$5,000 per week: "My salary went up so fast, I got the bends," he says. He also got a reputation for a fast, funny line, mainly because of cracks like these:

At a scavenger hunt, his hostess saw him tiptoeing toward the front door, list in hand. "What are you supposed to get?" she asked. "Eight hours' sleep," Kurnitz said, and vanished into the night.

Louis Calhern once asked Kurnitz if he had enjoyed his performance as *King Lear*, Shakespeare's most monumentally tortured character. "Of course I enjoyed it," Kurnitz said. "Didn't you hear me laughing?"

A director asked Kurnitz if *Melba*, for which he wrote the screenplay, was based on fact. Kurnitz nodded solemnly. "I took no liberties," he said, "except with the plot and characters."

A Russian-born, naturalized citizen once hustled Kurnitz into a \$200 bet. Kurnitz gave him a check, but the man never cashed it; Kurnitz had scribbled on it, "In full payment for atom bomb secret."

Kurnitz went to buy a car, and on the test drive the salesman said, "I can see you're a car lover." "That's true," Kurnitz said. "In fact, my first wife was a Buick."

A friend from the east, newly arrived in Hollywood, asked Kurnitz how he liked it there. "It's wonderful," Kurnitz said. "In fact, the general sensation is comparable to that of sinking slowly into a giant hopper of warm farina."

One day he and the screenwriter Ken Englund were driving along one of the coastal boulevards. Englund remarked upon the surprising number of drive-in facilities that were opening up—drive-in dry cleaners, drive-in banks, drive-in

delicatessens, etc. "In Hollywood," Kurnitz said, "it's now possible to be born, live and die without ever setting foot outside your automobile."

A well-known film actress collapsed at a party, and Kurnitz attempted to console her. He offered her advice, a screen role, and finally a large sum of money. She said none of these would help. "Then," said Kurnitz, "can I blow you to a psychoanalysis?"

On one of his pictures, he was working with an especially slow-moving, methodical director. The snaillike pace unnerved him, and presently his temper blew. "If you'd been a delegate to the Constitutional Convention," he said, "this country would still be under British rule."

A Hollywood charity to which he had contributed heavily wanted to give him a testimonial dinner and an award. "My idea of an award," Kurnitz said, "would be for you to award me my money back."

Many of Kurnitz' lines were picked up and reprinted in newspaper columns, and it was not long before other, lesser wits began trying out their own jokes by attributing them to him; the name "Kurnitz," prefixing a gag, was almost certain laugh-insurance. This had the effect of embarrassing him, since the jokes were often terrible. In retaliation, Kurnitz entered into a conspiracy with Leonard Lyons. They began crediting some of his jokes to an agent named Fefe Ferry, especially those about producers and directors whom Kurnitz did not want to offend for reasons of potential employment. Eventually Ferry, who was charming but not especially funny, became known as one of Hollywood's more talented epigrammatists. He was invited to the best parties and given favored tables at Romanoff's and Chasen's. People listened to him eagerly, waiting for him to say something funny. Presently they became disillusioned. One night, after he had taken leave of a dinner, the hostess said to her husband, "You know, I don't think that

Mr. Ferry's so funny—he didn't say one single funny thing all evening long."

In company with the screenwriter Charles Lederer, Kurnitz has been responsible for some elaborate practical jokes. On their way to Europe via ship, they encountered Gregor Piatigorsky, the great cellist. Kurnitz introduced Lederer as "the eminent Hollywood musician," in such a way as to imply that Piatigorsky surely had heard of him. "I am an ignoramus about all music," Lederer has said. "Also, I dislike it. I can't stand opera, symphony or music of any kind. I thought Harry was needing me—but he had other plans." Piatigorsky said he looked forward to talking to Lederer at dinner that night. Kurnitz then supplied his friend with a number of basic sentences to use in the conversation. The final one was, "After all, no man can play the *Hora Staccato* on the cello."

"My dear friend," Piatigorsky said, "I can play it."

"A dollar says you can't," Lederer said.

"You're on," Piatigorsky said, and rushed off to get his instrument. Kurnitz meanwhile began selling tickets to other passengers. "We cleaned up 19 bucks," Lederer says, "at a buck a head. The stateroom was jammed. Piatigorsky played and played. Even I liked it." Afterward, he went and shook the cellist's hand solemnly and paid him the dollar. "You've convinced me," he said.

"By the way, Mr. Kurnitz," Piatigorsky said later, "what is Mr. Lederer's instrument?"

"The drum," Kurnitz said.

On the same voyage, taking a turn around the deck late one night, Kurnitz and Lederer passed a leather goods shop with its show window displaying a collection of fine wallets. "Harry broke a small window pane," Lederer recalls, "filled the wallets with money, and ran."

One of Kurnitz' most elaborate jokes was staged some years ago for the benefit of the afore-mentioned mascot, Irving Lazar. Lazar, an inordinately dapper little man only slightly taller than an iron jockey, began to collect paintings some years ago. Kurnitz at the time had one of the best collections in Hollywood; he owned an Utrillo, a Modigliani, a Rouault, a Matisse, a Vlaminck, a Dufy and a couple of Picassos. Lazar respected the collection and often asked Kurnitz' advice about his own purchases. One day Kurnitz happened to mention that he was no longer as fond as he had been of one of his Picassos and might be willing to sell it. "I'll buy it," Lazar said, promptly. The deal was made, and he carried the painting home happily. Then Kurnitz got some friends to imply to Lazar that the painting was not genuine. Lazar was in a panic; he could not accuse his friend of selling him a





phony, and yet he was not sure that he had not been rubbed. He kept calling up other collectors, and asking them to come and see the picture and decide if it was a good one. The friends, all in on the joke, appeared dubious. Some of them were downright scornful: "It's probably genuine," one said, "but it certainly isn't a very good Picasso." At last report, Lazar was trying to dispose of the picture — at a loss, if necessary. Kurnitz, meanwhile, has been telling everyone that he made a handsome profit on the sale. The picture, incidentally, is from the period when Picasso evidently was fascinated with bones and stones. It is one of the ugliest he ever attempted. Kurnitz calls it *That Tooth Will Have to Come Out*.

Kurnitz began assembling his own collection soon after his marriage. He met his wife one night at a party at the home of Melvyn and Helen Gahagan Douglas. Her name was Muriel Salmond. Kurnitz was attracted to her originally because of his interest in music; she was the daughter of Felix Salmond, the well-known cellist and concertmeister, who taught at both Curtis Institute in Philadelphia and Juilliard in New York. At the party, Kurnitz asked the girl if he could take her home. She agreed. As they got into Kurnitz' car he snapped on the radio. Although he prides himself on his musical knowledge, he could not recognize the composition that came on. "It was a series of horrible grunts and wheezes," he says. "I said to the girl, 'What in hell do you suppose that could be?'"

"It's the *Suite for Unaccompanied Cello*, by Wallingford Riegger," Miss Salmond said, without hesitation.

Kurnitz later said he had never been so impressed in his life by any girl: "When I regained control of the car," he said, "I naturally asked her to marry me."

They were married within a few months and took a house in Westwood, a fashionable residential section near Beverly Hills. "I was able by shrewd negotiating to buy a \$35,000 house for \$65,000," Kurnitz said. "There was so much negotiating to do, and I took such a rooking, that living in that house was an anticlimax." Later he told a friend, "It was a modest little place of 16 rooms." The house soon became one of Hollywood's more popular Sunday evening salons. There usually was chamber music, with the host playing violin in defiance of the guests' entreaties. There also was much talk and laughter. Unfortunately, after a time there was not much compatibility; Kurnitz and his wife were divorced in 1950, and he sold not only the house but also most of the first-rate collection of paintings his high salaries had enabled him to accumulate. Shortly afterward, he sold what remained

of the collection in order to pay the medical expenses of a close relative who was seriously ill. At present, Kurnitz is the sole support of his mother, a sister, and a widowed sister-in-law and her family.

Kurnitz now collects small statuary which he can pack in suitcases and put out in the hotel rooms he lives in. Although he keeps a small penthouse apartment in New York ("with a magnificent view of Queens," he says), he is essentially a wanderer. He will go anywhere, or nearly anywhere, at the slightest suggestion. Once he was sitting in a Paris restaurant, pyramiding cubes of sugar. "Howard Hawks walked by," he says. "saw the pyramid of sugar, and said, 'You know, Harry, there might be a picture in that.' The next thing I knew, we were in Egypt making *Land of the Pharaohs*." (Kurnitz' collaborator on that was the Nobel Prize winner William Faulkner. They became fast friends.) After his trip to Egypt Kurnitz went back to Paris, stayed a few weeks, then went on to New York and Hollywood. There is something wistful about his restless movement; he seems to be searching for something he has not yet been able to find or even to define, one friend says. He is, looking at him this way, the personification of the classic clown, a man who hides his own feelings and troubles by making jokes for his friends. Kurnitz snorts at this concept of himself. "It's just that I like to travel," he says. "Also, I have this appalling ability to concentrate. I can work in crowded rooms, on steamships, railroads and airplanes.

"It used to be," he continues, "that when I turned out something bad, I blamed it on the working conditions. I can't do that any more. Once I wrote a very bad screenplay and apologized to Jimmy Cannon, the sportswriter, by saying I'd written it on a train. Jimmy said, 'Lincoln wrote the Gettysburg Address on a train.' Now I'm resigned to being able to work anywhere."

Kurnitz diligently keeps a rigid schedule. In his New York apartment, even when he has a thunderous hangover, he gets up very early, goes straight to his desk and writes for three or four hours. He says this is nothing but habit. With characteristic self-abnegation, he says, "I'm a hack — that's all that I am." A friend who heard him say this once reminded him that Balzac, Dostoievsky, Dickens and many other famous writers were not only hacks but proud of it. Kurnitz refused to accept the compliment: his innate modesty came immediately to the surface. "I'm a hack," he insisted. "There's only one thing you can say about me — I may not have much talent, but I sure can get up early." That's the way Kurnitz is.



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**SAN FRANCISCO**

(continued from page 60)

and a two A.M. curfew on liquor and entertainment, the pleasure-loving, care-free and romantic young folk of Baghdad-by-the-Bay make up for the shutdown by getting in their fun early and eagerly, and by then carrying on the evening after curfew at private parties to which they're apt to invite the personable stranger they've met earlier, in a public place.

San Francisco is also a dandy place for sightseeing, concerts, museums, public parks and monuments—and all the other fine things you can read about in guide books. But it's from sundown on, when this romantic city opens its arms and begins to live, that you'll want to savor its pleasures. And you'll want to know how and where to find the night life you seek, so that after your visit you won't feel—as so many transient visitors to any place in the world often do—that somehow you missed out on the real fun you might have had.

Whatever time of day you arrive in San Francisco, we hope for your sake that it's before dark. Presumably, you've made your hotel reservation in advance (a virtual essential) and you can loll back and look around you as your cab wends its way through the frantic traffic to the hostel of your choice. You'll see buildings as grand as Washington's, as imposing as Wall Street's, as Victorianly ornate as the Gold Rush could provide, as winningly elegant and sedate as the best in Boston. You'll respond with excitement to the city's special air—seldom cold, seldom hot, never dependable, but always winy with alternate breezes from the Pacific to the west and the mountains to the east and north. You'll see, at once, that San Franciscans dress well and conservatively: smart good looks typify this city's people and there is an almost visible *esprit* in their everyday deportment.

Which hotel is yours? If you're lucky and have the pelf, it will be the Fairmont, on swank Nob Hill; if you're really affluent, you'll have reserved a mirrored balcony suite with its own bar, a fabulous view, and a tab (about \$40 a day) which ensures princely treatment. Or, you can content yourself with a handsome double room (starting around \$15) and not feel a bit sorry for yourself: the Fairmont is lively, gay, elegant in a delightfully nostalgic way (it was rebuilt in 1907, after the '06 quake), and it sports seven restaurants (about which more, later) and almost as many bars. Incidentally, it pays off to register double when traveling alone—you never know how handy it may prove. (If you comport yourself quietly, most hotel managements are far less concerned with your personal morality than with being done out of the extra tab for an unregistered guest.)

If you don't make the Fairmont scene, you'll do handsomely at the Mark Hopkins, the St. Francis, Sheraton-Palace, the Clift, Sir Francis Drake, Plaza, Drake-Wiltshire—roughly in that order. These are all good (there are many others) and have the advantage of being centrally located or very handy for all you'll want to do, without being in the drearier commercial section. Their public and private rooms will make you feel among the pampered rich and their guests have class and style to match your own. Of them all, our vote goes to Nob Hill's Fairmont and Mark Hopkins.

A rather new thing in San Francisco is the midtown motel. The city hasn't had a new hotel since the late Twenties; the motels are modern and plush, offer most hotel services, provide ideal privacy and a place to keep your car. Incidentally, unless you're going pretty far out of midtown, don't drive; traffic's rough and complicated and most distances you'll go are short enough for strolling or for cabbage or cable cars (avoid the buses and trolleys—not smart). That's why we're sparing you geography and directions.

Once in your room, curb your cagerness, unpack, and plan the rest of your day and night. It's a lonely business seeing a new city alone, and companionship might well be your first quest. It should not prove too difficult in San Francisco—but dress conservatively (never wear light colors after dark) and risk erring on the side of being too dressy, even for bohemian joints. San Franciscans don't wear slacks and jacket as much as the rest of the country does, and the year-round climate often calls for a light topcoat after dark.

Your first stop, preferably just before sunset, should be the Mark Hopkins, up at the glass-enclosed Top o' the Mark. This spot has a magnificent view, is apt to be crowded, abounds in tourists and natives, both, and if your preference for feminine company is another out-of-towner, this might be the place. But don't forget, the local lovelies will get a charge out of showing you their town—which is nice for you and for them. So relax, have yourself a drink, take time to watch the sunset, and get the feel of the city here. Many a San Francisco visitor settles for the first girl he meets—only to rue it later, when finer prospects cross his path.

You have a wonderfully wide choice for your next cocktail port of call. If you're still alone, make one of these scenes: first, try Nino's (on California); Manager Paul Pollack is a buddy of most of the city's professional models, who make this bar their unofficial headquarters. Nino's jumps at cocktail time, then is quiet until about nine, when les girls materialize again. Or, try the Iron Horse, on Maiden Lane (no jokes, please, they've all been used) which also attracts



models, is a very three-button spot featuring New Orleans wrought iron decor, and whose hosts—Sam Marconi and Leo Georgetti—are the guys to whom to confide your problems if you're having difficulties making friends. Another likely spot is Paoli's (Montgomery), a lively scene with a long, beautifully stocked bar and hot hors d'oeuvres to keep up your strength. The smarter office girls like the Temple Bar on Tillman Place (among other spots) so you may, too; other lively and pleasant bars include the somewhat bohemian Buena Vista, the not-so-posh but cutie-cluttered Yankee Doodle and the very elegant El Prado on Union Square. (When Diz heard this address, he said, "Man, what a town—they even have a union for squares!")

The hotel beat is worth your attention too, if you have the time. Try the somewhat sedate but happy Merry-Go-Round Bar and the bigger, brassier Cirque Room, both at the Fairmont. Or the Starlite Roof at the Sir Francis Drake (lovely scenery indoors, as well as a fine view outdoors) for cocktail dancing—a nifty custom—or even the rather swank Terrace Room of the St. Francis which unofficially features models from I. Mag-nin, a very posh store, but semiofficially discourages pickups (any dates you do make here may have some fairly expensive notions about where to dine later). On the other hand, if you do have a date, want to have an intimate tête-à-tête in right surroundings (and shield her from the competition), the Terrace's low lights, chic decor and soothing string ensemble will do half your wooing for you. Back to the Fairmont: you'll be hearing, later on, about that hotel's Papagayo Room, which is "must" territory around midnight; at the cocktail hour, its small and crowded bar is a great get-acquainted spot and a sure stop for smart young people making the rounds.

Good any time, but a must for Fridays—when dating-and-mating activity reaches a pretty frantic pre-weekend pitch—are the tea dansants held at the Canterbury Hotel. Before the war all the larger hotels had cocktail dancing and this is a very successful revival of that habit, originally sponsored by eight gals from the Spinsters and eight guys from the Bachelors (these are the two clubs for unattached socialites) and the Canterbury's manager, Don Burger. Make your way back to the Armory Bar, complete with knights in armor, escutcheons and other animate and inanimate symbols of chivalry. The dancing to Al Wallace's orchestra takes place in one of the country's only two heated public gardens (the other is in New Orleans). Infrared heat took the temperature from the street-level 50s to a toasty 72 last time we attended this jammed affair. Good place to meet, no admission, strong drinks.

So much for a once-over-lightly in the

cocktail department; try these places first, then experiment on your own if your stay is extended—which it may be if, like so many visitors, you find San Francisco hard to leave.

Dining in this city is an art, almost a ceremonial occasion, and it is approached with zest, gusto and savvy. San Franciscans demand the best in food, its preparation, its service, the surroundings in which it's consumed, the wine that accompanies it. As a result, the restaurants are unmatched anywhere in the world; Paris comes to mind as a comparison, but San Franciscans tend to prefer the variety of national influences their restaurants afford. You owe it to yourself to allow ample time—and appetite—to dine sumptuously and deliciously during your stay. (Incidentally, legit theatre isn't very big in San Francisco and movies you can see anywhere, so we suggest late and leisurely dining of the sort you can't do anywhere else.) A lot of the town's glamor comes from its eating places, some of the best of which follow.

Whole books could be written about dining in this city (in fact, they have been, which is a great service for somebody—maybe culinary historians). What you'll want to know, now, is where to go for superb *haute cuisine* in lush surroundings, for exotic treats, for late supper. There's some overlap, but we'll do our best; all you have to do is call well in advance for reservations—San Francisco's a dine-out (rather than an eat-at-home) city, which is one reason for its perennial holiday mood; and the best spots won't be able to seat you any night of the week on a drop-in basis.

If you're on the town for just one night, try to get into Alexis' Tangier (1200 California). This is, perhaps, the most fabulous and romantic spot to dine in San Francisco. When you call for your reservation, tell Wanda the hostess (a princess on both sides) or Henri, the maître de, that you'd like a drink in the Casbah Lounge before dinner. The drink will be served by a slave girl clad harem style; she will also bring you delectable Near Eastern hors d'oeuvres. Tangier offers a variety of exotic drinks; the cobra, served in an iced brass bowl, is too much: Alexis reports that ladies who always say *no* say *maybe* after one cobra. "After two cobras she say *maybe* again. After all, ladies can never say *yes*, and a gentleman never needs to be told *maybe* more than twice."

Alexis is a perfectionist to the slightest detail. The Persian setting is jewellike, with subtle arches framing brasswork and beautiful mosaic murals. Sit in the dining room and let your romantic self go. You might begin with dolma—the stuffed grape leaves which Scheherazade prepared for the Sultan of Baghdad, or blini—thin yeasty pancakes served with melted butter, sour cream and black caviar. As an entree the rack of lamb is incomparable; if you favor subtle sauces, try the capon à la sultan. If you're going all out, try a Wurtztraminer Hugel '53 with the chicken. The Tangier's wine list is the finest in town. For dessert, mangoes-lichis à la Alexis, and after dinner drink kismet. The tab is large, but not exorbitant; the service is the best and you may linger in the dining room or Casbah Lounge without that rushed



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feeling many restaurants specialize in creating after dinner. (Entrees from \$3.50.)

On a par with Tangier—but featuring more exotic fare—is Trader Vic's (Cosmo Place off Taylor between Post and Sutter). It is here that gourmets gather to savor the dishes from Trader's enormous Chinese barbecue ovens; you'll see these monsters as you enter the restaurant. The wood carvings, mats and other island artifacts are each one authentic, most of them collected by Trader, his friends and associates. The dining room is a great ship's cabin with curved wooden beams and paneled walls. Before dinner you'll want to sample some of the special rum drinks; they're weird and wicked, cost lots and are worth it, every drop. The variety is endless. A Samoan log cutter or suffering bastard will do you in just as fast as a Doctor Funk of Tahiti, and if your date digs those little translucent orbs, order her a Tahitian pearl, which includes a real gem to add to her collection. All served in special containers designed to make you laugh and groan. For dinner, if you really want to indulge yourself, ask the captain's suggestions, because Trader always has seasonal specialties and new creations not on the menu. Classics are Indonesian lamb roast or butterfly steak Hong Kong style. Fried bananas with Malaca sauce make a most satisfying dessert. Entrees from \$3.00. Don't bother trying to get into Trader's, except the spacious cocktail lounge, without a previous reservation. Bill Coleman, the maitre de, will do his best, but Trader's turns away people every night.

If you can't or don't want to make either of these rather ritzy and hard-to-get-into scenes, but still demand the utmost in fine dining in smart settings, there are two spots that rival the more famous duo: Ernie's and the Blue Fox. To have been in San Francisco and not partaken at least once in each of these gourmet heavens is like—well, it's like all wrong.

Picture yourself making your way down a dark alley, with your date on your arm. You come to an orange-and-blue building guarded by a heavy iron gate. You go through this and into the Blue Fox (659 Merchant). Chances are, the first person you'll see is Mario Mondin, who fronts the Fox, and then Piero Fassio, who supervises the cuisine; these two have delighted gourmets from all over the world with their kitchen and cellar. Ask Mario for a table in the pine-paneled Lafayette Room, replete with murals of the American Revolution. If you've never had or heard of *scampi alla Livornese*, try them. They're out-sized prawns, flown specially for the Fox from the Adriatic, deep-fried in olive oil and served with a sauce of dry sauterne, sherry, parsley, lemon and butter. This as an appetizer must be followed by

pasta, tortellini al brodo, stuffed with prosciutto (an Italian ham) and spinach in a subtle cheese sauce. For an entree, if you like sweetbreads, they're sautéed à la Florentine. Mario will be glad to suggest a specialty, or if your mind is on game and there's bread in your pocket, a chicken pheasant en plumage. For dessert bûche alla Piemontese is a unique custard with sauce involving nine liqueurs, made by Piero's wife Gina; or if you're a glutton for rich cake, zuppa Inglese. The wine cellar, which doubles as a banquet hall, is hung with salami, cheese and grapes, and stocked with over 300 choice vintages. About that fox, you'll find one over the bar as you enter and another in a corner of the wine cellar, which you'll be shown if you ask. Dinner for two, from \$10—but be ready to spend quite a bit more. (On page 58 you'll find a view of some of the Fox's specialties: double martini with champagne float; Chateau Margaux, 1934; veal tonnè; pressed filet of veal with tuna sauce, red pepper and capers; radicchio Trevisano salad; imported Italian lettuce with sliced eggs; tortellini al brodo; cotolette valdostana; veal cutlet stuffed with prosciutto, mozzarella cheese and truffles; artichokes doré; potato princesse; pepperoni don-salvatore; peppers baked without skins; bûche alla Piemontese; Blue Fox cucumber cocktail, an after dinner drink; German Rhine wine: Hochheimer Kirchenstück Trockenbeeren Auslese, 1934; condiment tray.)

Behind a pair of mahogany and stained-glass doors, Ernie's restaurant (847 Montgomery) preserves the spirit of San Francisco's Gilded Age. On your way into dinner in the upstairs Ambrosia Room, you'll pass the bar, an extravaganza of mahogany, leaded glass, mirrors and fluted columns, all carried around the Horn by clipper ship. The room impressed Alfred Hitchcock so vividly that he had it copied to the last detail at the Paramount lot (at a reported cost of over \$100,000) for his new opus, *Vertigo* (his version of *Diabolique*), starring Kim Novak and James Stewart. Ernie's couldn't be used, *in situ*, because of the demands of room for long shots and color cameras, but much of the film was taken in San Francisco and maitre de Carlo and owners Victor and Roland Gotti were flown to Hollywood to take their own parts in the film. The last, last word on Ernie's by Eva Gabor: "I like it so much. It makes the women look so lovely, and the men look so—wealthy." For dinner there's a mouth-watering choice of appetizers, tantalizing pastas and redoubtable entrees, of which the steak au poivre, with its sauce of butter, chives, mustard and freshly ground pepper, flamed with French brandy, is tops. If you prefer your "bif" avec a sauce less hot, try the entrecôte marchand vin, and from the wine list a



superb vintage, Chateau Canon, St. Emilion, 1947. If you are still able, top off your dinner with a warm zabaglione Carlo, which sits on a pousse-café in the hollow stem of a champagne glass. Dinner for two *could* cost as little as \$10—but you'd be consciously stinting all the way. (Visible on page 58: Ernie's old fashioned; prosciutto and melon; tortellini alla Romana; tenderloin of beef en brochette; cherries jubilee; brandy alexander.)

Only slightly less *de rigueur* than these four top dining places are a host of others. If you want to move from cocktails to dinner without going out of doors, the already-mentioned El Prado, Nino's, the Iron Horse, and Paoli's have fine food, too. For a salty, down-to-the-sea change, go to the bustle of Fisherman's Wharf and try Fishermen's Grotto's superb seafood while you watch the fleet at anchor. Tokyo Sukiyaki will be a revelation to the man who thinks of Oriental food in terms of chop suey—the Japanese delicacies here are mouth-wateringly exotic. Taj of India and India House are uniquely different and romantically atmospheric, and the food is delicious. For sheer plushy posh (that goes for the tab, too), try Romanoff's. Amelio's is a very inside place to dine, specializing in *haute cuisine* with prices to match. In Chinatown—the world's biggest outside of Asia and a wonderful place to stroll and window shop, try Kan's; let Johnny Kan, or the beautiful hostess named Jo, guide you through a meal which will probably include beef with oyster sauce. Or dine at Hang Far Low, the oldest Chinese restaurant in America.

Walk down businessy Montgomery Street at night, between the quiet office buildings, turn half a block up Sutter Street then down an alley complete with garbage cans, and step into Charlie Anderson's Domino Club (25 Trinity Place). If you want to persuade your date of your interest in the female form divine, this is the place to dine her. From the dark alley you enter an always crowded, jolly, raucous bar and dining room whose walls are lined with Charlie's collection of over 200 canvases, at least 90% of them nudes. The place is always full of a varied crowd with most of the women laughing and blushing at the pictures. Charlie says the girls pay more attention to them than the boys. Dinner features charcoal broiled specialties from \$3.25 per. If you're there after nine, you might look in on Charlie's Penthouse, where vocalizing by a pair of busy warblers, assisted by the customers, goes strong until curfew time.

Skipper Kent's is another "must" dining spot: there are snooty S.F.'s who consider this a square scene strictly for rubbernecks, but we like it and predict you will, too. The Polynesian food is tusciano and various, the tropical setting is highly romantic, you won't have to part with a tenner to the maitre de to get

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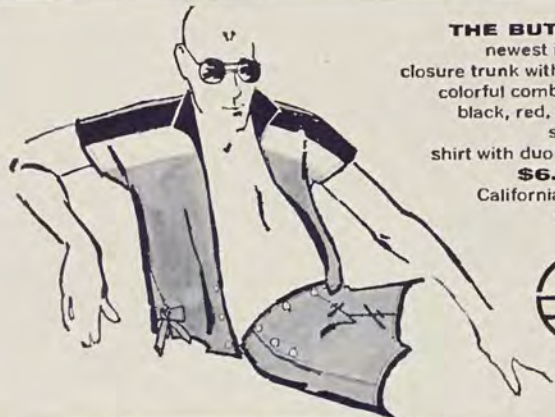
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a good table and the tab won't break you. And if you plan to postpone your dinner until late, but your mouth waters for some delicatessen sustenance to see you through (or if the pastrami mood hits you late at night) head for David's — the place for this sort of thing.

By this time, in any other city, you might be feeling a bit stuffed and somnolent. There's something about the San Francisco air that perks up body and spirit, though, and after a gorgeous meal you'll likely aim for some night spots instead of the sack. This is when you'll see the city at its variegated best: S.F. is the home of the boite, the little cellar hideaway, Pacific jazz, the Oriental strip. It's a city of neighborhood entertainment, joints, dives, bohemian and arty avant garde hangouts where poetry meets jazz for a real crazy battle of sounds. There are smart places to dance; there are planned and spontaneous floor shows; there's just about everything in entertainment except the dull, stereotyped super nightclub with its unimaginative show, crowding, bad booze, gyp prices — and that you can find in most other cities, where San Franciscans are content to let it stay.

There was a time when S.F. was a roaring town, when the words Barbary Coast evoked scenes of wild shenanigans. Even a couple of years ago, the International Settlement (also dubbed Hell's Half Acre) swarmed with strip joints, B girls, prosties — and gents, hoods and servicemen on the prowl. Barkers conned the passer-by with cries of "Girls! girls! girls! Luscious girls in nature's own!" No more: interior decorators are moving into the old Settlement. But what the city now lacks in raw and raucous and open-town aspects, it makes up for in the urbanity of its entertainment. The city has — as its columnist laureate, Herb Caen, puts it — "13 hundred-odd bars and some of them are very odd indeed." Despite the current curfewing and club closing and raiding, the town jumps after dark. Sometimes it's hard to find the best sexier salons. What happens is that a columnist, or a magazine, spreads the good news of an all-night hot spot, or an after-hours total strip emporium, and the law clamps down pronto. San Francisco has licked this problem via an ancient mode of communication — word of mouth. Many barkeeps and most cabbies, and some of the city's swingin'est cocktail lounge pianists, can usually give you the word.

Out of these 13 hundred-odd scenes, here are the ones you'll want to make without fail, if you have the time — with a few of the reasons why.

Let's start on Nob Hill. The Fairmont's Venetian Room is the only place in town featuring really big-name entertainers. Such stars as Harry Belafonte, Lena Horne, Robert Clary, Ella Fitzgerald and Edith Piaf have worked this



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very formal room which is done up in Dorothy Draper's very best pink-and-red hotel manner. A rather permanent fixture here is romantic dancing to the music of Ernie Heckscher and his orchestra. Shows at 9:30 and 12:00. Cover \$2.00; Friday and Saturday, \$2.50. Diners, too — from \$3.75. Dark on Mondays.

If all you want to do is dance, they've got a room for just that in the Fairmont. (They've got a room for everything at the Fairmont.) The Cirque Room is a remarkably low-lit and quiet bar and lounge, considering its circus theme. Very pleasant dancing to Al Wallace and his orchestra every night from nine P.M. to 1:30 A.M., excepting Sundays. No admission or cover; hot hors d'oeuvres served with the drinks. If you're a Latin-style hopper, the Copacabana (831 Broadway) has a frantic band, and the best dancers in the area habitually congregate at the Thursday sessions.

If you're still alone and lonely after the dinner hour, why not wander toward North Beach — S.F.'s bohemia — and drop in at XII Adler Place (off Columbus below Broadway), a real Roman Ivy League scene with a leavening of rough trade. A host of colorful young ladies congregate around the piano presided over by Vern Bennett, a very heady stylist. One of his interpretations the local initiates fancy is *When Sonny Gets Blue*. Frank, the barkeep-owner, is a man who knows what's happening around town as well as a real friendly guy.

El Matador, the *aficionados'* gathering place (492 Broadway), is a very big scene for cocktails, but we say leave it until after the theatre hour, when it's the town's favorite nightcap spot. A very good chance to meet very good people, including owner "Matador" Barnaby Conrad himself. There's a piano with Johnny Cooper on the 88s; Vernon Alley plays bass. On Sunday evenings Juan Buckingham plays flamenco guitar and El Matador narrates great bullfight movies past and present. *Olé!*

If you go for a less dressy milieu, turn up Columbus and walk along the North Beach part of Grant Avenue. Here you'll find the more bohemian boites. Half a block uphill on Green you'll arrive at Freddie Kuh and John Silverman's Old Spaghetti Factory Cafe & Excelsior Coffee House (480 Green). This is a large place in a recherché Victorian mood and often packed with congenial crowds. "Steam beer under a fig tree" reads the slogan. Steam beer, as made by Anchor, is the last surviving breath of a venerable American brewer's art. Only to be had in San Francisco, try it light or dark. If you're in fettle to continue your tour, head further up Grant past (believe it or not) the Coexistence Bagel Shop to The Place, furthest retreat of the San Francisco Renaissance. Here, depending

on the evening, you can hear poets read (or scream), see avant garde films, or — if you're really lucky — take part in Blabbermouth Night, a howling session at which everybody can take his chance at wailing, until the audience drowns him out. The Place is small, packed, claustrophobic and very in-group. Beer and wine only, by the way.

If you'd like to hear a young local jazz group of the hard-blowing modern stamp, turn back on Grant, right on Green and a few doors down descend into The Cellar (576 Green). Tuesday is session night, most Wednesdays there's poetry and jazz and the music is Harold Wylie, tenor, with the Cellar Jazz Quintet. Wine and beer, \$1.00 admission weekends and when there's poetry.

Back to liquor country: right opposite El Matador, the Jazz Workshop is a very smooth little club with a jazz discovery policy. Their big find to date, the Jean Hoffman trio, now works around the country. No admission, cover or minimum. Monday session.

The most swingin' jazz club in town, and one of the craziest in the country, is the Blackhawk, in the Tenderloin (200 Hyde). It's a smoky joint, serving ordinary drinks, but the music is the end. Combos really blow when they're in San Francisco, and in this barn — run by a tough, sweet cat named Guido — you'll find such names as the Modern Jazz Quartet, Chet Baker, Shelly Manne, Stan Getz or S.F.'s own Cal Tjader and Dave Brubeck. Admission 50¢ to \$1.50 depending on night and attraction. Sunday jam sessions.

On the Dixieland and old-style side of the fence the Club Hangover (729 Bush) usually features Earl "Fatha" Hines with his All-Star Jazz Band and intermissions by Joe Sullivan. No door charge or cover. The Tin Angel (987 Embarcadero), right on the waterfront, is full of sawdust, smoke from the central fireplace, and loud, loud music by such as Kid Ory and Bob Scobey. Admission, \$1.00-\$1.50. Easy Street (2215 Powell) opened last New Year's Eve and is the most beautifully landscaped of the jazz clubs in town. It's part owned by Turk Murphy, Dixie trombonist who plays there with his San Francisco Jazz Band. Intermission pianoed by Harry Brooks, who collaborated with Fats Waller on such tunes as *Black and Blue* and *Ain't Misbehavin'*. \$2.50 minimum at tables, none at the bar.

A unique spot, recently opened, is Dick Freye's Backstage (Bay and Mason). You enter through a door marked NO ADMITTANCE into a mess of lights, scenery, props and theatrical types. The Footlight Bar, a lucite affair that diffuses a warm glow throughout the room, dispenses all types of drink. Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays you'll find rehearsal soirees and auditions in the showroom. Fridays and Saturdays, \$1.50

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admission to the shows, which are continuous and run much in the spirit of a dress rehearsal. If Bernard Bragg is still there you'll find him an exciting young mime from the school of Marcel Marceau. If you go, don't complain; we said it was offbeat. Like they've got a spiral staircase which goes nowhere, for chorus girls that didn't make it.

Nightclubbing San Francisco style is bound to take you to the Hungry i (i for intellectual) at 599 Jackson. The i rattles around in a converted opium den, a cavernous brick-vaulted, candlelit cellar. Sounds cold, but it's warm. A large bar known as The Other Room, hung solid with paintings for sale by local talents, contains Sam Gee, roving jeweler, and other artsy-crafty creatures of the night. The i's principal attraction is a cabaret showroom which sets the pattern for the new style in American nightclub entertainment. Vocalists like Ada Moore or folk-bluesist Josh White are in the show, but the specialty remains cerebral comedy by Prof. Irwin Corey, Shelley Berman and the i's own contribution to the scene, Mort Sahl. Like the man said about Mort, who rattles on ad libitum in his pullover sweater and no shave, "Nothin' he says is facts, but it's all true." The i is run in the grand manner by impresario Enrico "The Beret" Banducci, an artistic temperament well worth cultivating. Admission to the showroom \$1.50, Friday and Saturday \$2.00.

For spelunkers with eyes for a smaller, more intimate club, with much the same "discovery" policy, it's the Purple Onion up the street at 140 Columbus, m.c'd and managed by Barry Drew (of the Barrymore Drews). Such acts as Jorie Remes, Phyllis Diller and Maya Angelou, have been intro'd at the Onion, which is presently building a tight, folksy vocal group billed as the Kingston Trio. Lou Gottlieb, a dapper Ph.D. in musicology turned comedian, lectures hilariously and authoritatively on such phenomena as "the reverse cleavage in American pulchritude." A very dark, candlelit room with a real onion tree. Admission 75¢, Friday \$1.00, Saturday \$1.50. Dark Sundays.

Bimbo's 365 Theatre Restaurant (Columbus at Chestnut) is the only big show club in town. Bimbo Giuntoli is rightfully proud of his 27 years of operation; for what's where in this maze, refer to Petar Jakovino, the maitre de. The decor is extremely soft and tasteful with much attention to lighting and seating. The theatrical lighting for the show seems more elaborate than in most legit theatres. The show includes considerable Hollywood talent in the lively, bright musical comedy tradition. It changes every month and includes comedians, vocalists, specialty dance acts and a line of well-trained chorines. In the showroom there is a \$1.00 cover, \$1.50 on Sat-

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urdays. Dancing to Alex Duchin and his orchestra starts at seven P.M., the three shows are at eight, 10:30 and one. If you want to be entertained while you eat, dinner is served from six, featuring charcoal broiled fare of the best. Dinners from \$4.50. The shows can be watched free of cover from the comfortable club seats in the show lounge, which contains a number of oils on the subject of King Neptune and his Nymphs. Next door to the lounge in the Mermaid Bar, for 10 minutes of every hour, you can see the famous "Girl in a Fishbowl." Even though it's all done with mirrors, she's well worth the eyestrain. The nude model is actually lying in a black velvet room downstairs, stretching her limbs in swimming motions. Her image is projected via mirrors into a turning aquarium. The Trophy Room, lined with stuffed birds, is always crowded around the piano-bar by guys and girls who come for community singing. Sweet, low and downright sentimental.

If you have any lean at all toward the good old days, vaudeville, belly laughs and cancan, the Gay 90's (345 Broadway) is for you. Bee and Ray Goman, once headliners on the Keith circuit, have a beautifully kept prohibition saloon full of carved wood, gilt, flounces and all the trimmings. The show's the real thing, with great period costumes and the fastest-paced, most uproarious entertainment in town — if vaudeville's your style. Even if it's not, you'll have a good time in this last bit of old-time San Francisco. The format is classic situation comedy and blackouts. Samples? A hotel clerk answers the telephone: "There's an old lady peeking over your transom? Well waddya want for \$7.50, Gina Lollobrigida?" Wife (in bed to husband entering): "There was a burglar here just now." Husband: "My God! Did he get anything?" Wife (stretching in her diaphanous negligee): "Yes, dear. It was dark and I thought he was you." Blackout. Wally Rose's Dixie-flavored band drives the show, which goes on and on, with banjo solos by Ray Goman, vocalizing, lectures on temperance by Bee Goman, much 23-skiddoo-type high-jinking from Ray, Jr., the featured comic, and a very attractive live-kicking six-girl line. There's dancing and community singing. Separately, there's an always-packed bar with old-time piano playing. Maitre de is Tommy. Cover \$1.00, Friday and Saturday \$1.50. Dinners, too, from \$4.00. Champagne dinner \$5.95. Shows at eight, 10:30, 12:45. Dark on Sunday.

Close by (440 Broadway) is Ann's 440, a revue club featuring torrid dancers such as Inez Torres, comics, vocal groups, and (whenever she's in the mood) Ann Dee the proprietress, who sings a few tunes. Comedienne Patsy Kelly started a long engagement here a couple of months ago. Continuous show. Two drinks minimum. Dark Monday.

A live-it-up gathering place for the racing, boxing, gambling, spending types is George Andros' Fack's II (960 Bush). This includes a fine bar and large show-room with dancing to Jack Weeks' orchestra. Comic Mel Young is a year-round attraction and if your timing is right you might hear The Four Freshmen, S.F.'s Johnny Mathis, the Mary Kaye Trio or even Frances Faye. Admission \$1.00, Friday and Saturday \$1.50. Shows at 8:30, 10:30, 12:45.

There are two all-Chinese nightclub revues, pretty unhip and touristy, but novel enough to merit your dropping in. One's the Forbidden City (363 Sutter); Charlie Low, the owner, is a polo enthusiast, race-horse owner and golf champion. His club, the first of its kind, opened 20 years ago and is going strong. The show (thrice nightly except Sunday) includes a line of six gorgeous Chinese chorines, a stripper, comic, vocalist, acrobat and several production numbers. Cover \$1.00.

The other Chinese club is Andy Wong's Chinese Sky Room (605 Pine), seven floors up and boasting the first all-Chinese revue in America. (The Forbidden City makes the same claim.) The shows at both these places are much the same. Special drinks at the Sky Room include dragon's tooth and dragon's blood, but you'd do better to stick to your own brand of booze and leave these to maiden ladies from Dubuque.

The Latin scene in San Francisco belongs pretty much to Luz Garcia's rather squarola Sinaloa (1416 Powell), a Mexican cantina with a show of six acts, including flamenco dancers Antonio and Teresa, whom Señora Garcia brought from Spain, Mexican folk dancers Pancho and Carmen, and Jarochita la bombshell. Dancing to a five-piece Mexican orchestra. Cover \$1.00, Saturday \$1.50. No cover if you have dinner from \$3.25. Closed Wednesdays.

For a complete change of scene, try the Honeybucket (3138 Fillmore), jolly home of collegiate stein-raising, loud Dixieland, player pianos, some few fresh-eyed and eager coeds, and a replica of "The Face on the Barroom Floor." Nothing but beer here; you can have honeybeer, which is just what it says, or redevy, which is beer and tomato juice. Up the mighty steep Fillmore Hill and over a bit at 2244 is an even more so — or less, depending on the night — parlor called the Copy Cat (beer and pretzels). This place runs to a slightly older crowd, maybe post-grads, guys and dolls from the local boarding houses, and lots of nurses in toreador pants. The band, consisting of slide-whistle, banjo and piano, performs *Comin' Round the Mountain*, etc., with much joining in, etc. There is a dark set of bleachers largely used for necking.

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snack and a bit more fun first. A good place for these is the Buena Vista Cafe (2765 Hyde), home of Irish coffee in the States. This drink has made the Buena Vista one of the most successful bar operations in the city. Last St. Pat's day they used 81 bottles of Irish dew to wet the whistles of the eager populace. A great mixture of types abounds, in this never-empty gathering place. Actors and such folk from the Playhouse on the opposite corner, exuberant on the way home to Marin, middle-class bohemians, and such drop by regularly — as do not a few loners of the other sex.

Curlew or not, you can still eat and be gay after two at several places of far more than routine interest. For that sudden hunger that can come over you when you get out in the air after sitting in a smoky club, try the Hippo (2025 Van Ness) which stays open until three and serves a couple of dozen kinds of great burgers, including Cannibal, Bourbon, Nude, It and Hippo. Or if you're right in North Beach and not too dressy (it's sort of tough), the Dante Billiard Parlor and Lunch (521 Broadway), better known as Mike's Pool Hall, serves formidable Italian-style sandwiches until dawn. It's always crowded with a polyglot group of characters, some of whom look as if they'd cheerfully choke a horse — and no one would be surprised if one wandered in.

The place for everyone who knows who's who to table-hop after clubs and such is Al Williams' Papagayo Room at the Fairmont, also open until three. Show people, musicians, celebrities, etc., make this scene regularly. Al is a sports car buff, knows everyone, will talk about anything, has parrots and cockatoos all over the place, and serves excellent, moderately priced Mexican and American food which is brought to your table by very off-shoulder waitresses. (Papagayo fare, as displayed in the photo on page 58: frozen daiquiri; hors d'oeuvres with salad à la Papagayo; Papagayo combination plate — taco, enchilada, chili relleno, beans and rice; T-bone steak Papagayo; coffee crunch cake; Irish coffee.) Incidentally, wherever you go in San Francisco, tell them PLAYBOY suggested you drop in, a canny move to assure yourself special attention and the best of service.

If you're wound up for dawnsville, Jimbo's Bop City (1690 Post) opens at two for very hard-blowing jazz. You'll notice the big names playing around town sitting in and you can get food or coffee to sustain you. Admission, \$1.00. There are always after-hours joints operating in the Tenderloin district, but they change so fast you'd better ask a cab driver. Most of them have small bands, a door charge, B girls, mediocre food and coffee or setups. Depending on the heat, they'll get you a drink for a price. They're usually masqueraded as breakfast clubs.

It's an odd thing about San Francisco today: a guy who's alone and on the prowl, or is curious about vice as such, will wonder how a town this big can be closed up so thoroughly. Little more than a year ago, for instance, "massage" parlors were a big deal in San Francisco. Sixteen of them were closed in March of '57, four years after a state assembly committee looked into "what goes on in addition to body rubbing." A lot did; you used to be able to find accommodating massage joints in the yellow pages of the phone book. This wasn't wide open — you had to know passwords and such, or be a convincing talker. But the places could be found, and some of them even had a phone service which would bring a white-clad "nurse" to your hotel, complete with little black bag (and a figurative bag full of all sorts of tricks).

But what the town lacks today in the way of illegal fun, it more than makes up for with its free and easy friendliness. A guy who isn't ready to call it a night shouldn't find it too hard to get himself invited to a private party for the wee hours. Lots of people have large houses and apartments that make for grand parties, many of which are of the informal, bring-your-friends-and-bottles style.

Of course, they do have daylight in San Francisco. By day, you'll want to stroll the hills — Nob Hill, Russian Hill, Telegraph Hill — Fisherman's Wharf, Chinatown and the Union Square area. Smart shops abound right off the square — you'll find Gump's a fabulous treasure house of *objets d'art* (in case you want a trinket or bijou to take to the girl you left behind).

You'll want to lunch at the fantastically ornate, Victorian, Palace Hotel's garden court. You'll want to hire a car and drive out through Golden Gate Park (with a stop at the Japanese Tea Gardens, or the amusement park for a few rides) to the Cliff House on the ocean, where you can lunch or have cocktails while you watch sea lions larking and barking on the Seal Rocks right off shore.

Finally, if you're lucky enough to be in San Francisco on a weekend, you'll want to explore (again, by car) the nearer, charming, hilly, unsuburban suburbs — Sausalito and Marin County — by driving across the Golden Gate Bridge, preferably with a companion who knows her way and has friends on whom you might drop in for a drink.

Whatever you do, however you spend your time in San Francisco, it's our prediction you'll leave with reluctance — and plan to return again. For Baghdad-by-the-Bay is a gay and fun-loving city that's just a bit more sophisticated, a bit more cosmopolitan, a bit more aware than any other town in the U.S.







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BY PATRICK CHASE

BACHELOR TOURS designed to assure the lone-lining traveler congenial mates afloat and abroad are now an established fact. Only single folk (boys and girls together) are allowed on these, and it's a fine way to escape that coterie of honeymooning or retired couples that yawningly abound on most other tours. Seven diversified itineraries are offered to Europe, the West Indies and Mexico, at prices starting at \$327. They vary in length from 15 to 41 days, and the tab includes, besides the customary rubbernecking, a lot of nightclubbing, gourmet restaurants, cocktail parties and other of life's amenities.

If Shel Silverstein's recent cartoon spread whetted your appetite for a closer look at Russia, and you want to do the land of the moujik and the commissar in somewhat more comfort than the decaying Victorian decor of its better In-tourist hotels permits, why not do it by cruise ship? This way, you live on the boat full time, but take your meals ashore while you're in port. There's a dandy voyage in August that departs from Bergen, Norway, rides you around the fjords and to each of the four Scandinavian capitals, docks at Leningrad to give you four days of vodkaing there and in Moscow, then deposits you in Harwich, England, 19 days later. The bill is \$435.

Should you hanker to escape the ordinary round of vacation hubbub, we've uncovered three of the most unspoiled beaches in the Western Hemisphere. Be warned: there's little more than mewing gulls and perhaps a fishing boat drawn up on the shore at these spots, no night

life to speak of, but lots of isolation and the pounding sea. Try the gaunt cliffs and snug coves of Grand Manan in New Brunswick; or the palmetto-lined sand stretches of Edisto Beach on the South Carolina shore; or the rocky coast of Orcas Island off Washington State, where gnarled driftwood, and lesser-gem stones are left daily on the wild beach by the roving sea. Great for getting the cobwebs out of the cranium, but we wouldn't recommend such utter isolation for more than a week at a stretch. Accommodations at these hideaways can usually be had for \$50 a week, including grub.

Except for Bastille Day, July 14, Paris is not the liveliest city on the Continent during the long hot summer. If you want to avoid it, and speed halfway from your port of arrival to the Riviera overnight, you can park your car and your carcass on a train at the Channel and awaken in Lyon, the hub of the gastronomic center which flourishes well south of Paris. From Lyon, it's only a two-hour run to Provence, land of the troubadours, from whence you can tack either south to the Côte d'Azur or west to the Costa Brava, where the snug harbor town of Collioure, on the French side of the Pyrenees, is the latest haven for painters, poets and vacationing Vassars, Benningtons and Radcliffes. The Hôtellerie de la Frégate will fix you up for \$6 a day with meals.

For further information, write to Janet Pilgrim, Playboy Reader Service, 232 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Illinois.



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