

# PLAYBOY

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## PLAYBILL



ALTSCHULER

AT THE RISK of sounding Ogden Nashish,  
 Or being accused of succumbing to the  
 influence of alcohol, opium, heroin  
 and/or hashish,  
 We're abandoning prose — for no better  
 reason  
 Than to salute the summer season.  
 On June Twenty-first,  
 The buds, they burst;  
 The flowers appeareth; the voice of the  
 turtle  
 Is heard in the land and each Myra and  
 Myrtle  
 All of a sudden grows fearfully fertile.  
 O Seersucker Season of gin and of tonic!  
 Of hit-and-run insects with speed super-  
 sonic!  
 O season of picnics, of mustard-and-  
 wienie!  
 O season of sailing and of the Bikini!  
 O season of swimming and sand-in-the-  
 eye!  
 The fish are jumpin' and the cotton is  
 high!  
 (Apologies, please, to a Gershwin named  
 Ira.  
 Also to ladies named Myrtle or Myra.)  
 But enough of this nonsense, this gossa-  
 mer tissue  
 Of fanciful froth: we must talk of the  
 issue  
 (Which, if you are British, you pro-  
 nounce *iss-you*, maybe —  
 As in *Iss-you Iss* or *Iss-you Ain't My  
 Baby*).  
 And so, if you fellows will kindly permit  
 us —  
 There's a Roald Dahl story called *Nunc  
 Dimittis*,  
 Humor by newcomer William F. Nolan,

A pip of a Playmate (semi-colon)  
 A nine-page compendium all about  
 chess,  
 Garnished with chessgirls in states of  
 undress,  
 And featuring data by Al Horowitz,  
 The illustrious fellow who stalwartly sits  
 At the editor's desk of the *Chess Review*  
 And who knows a significant thing or  
 two  
 Which you'll find to be helpful without  
 being boring,  
 Plus fictional chess by a Mandel named  
 Loring.  
 There's a classic by Maupassant, also by  
 Bradbury  
 (The latter flamboyantly dinosaured by  
 a natty, bow-tied young blade named  
 Franz Altschuler who's been working  
 with us since our first issue and who  
 has won awards from various mu-  
 seums not to mention the Art Direc-  
 tors Clubs of both New York and  
 Chicago and so is obviously a talented  
 lad, very),  
 A visit to Hong Kong, a visit to Vegas,  
 A Shepherd Mead piece on the spouses  
 who plague us  
 Unless handled wisely, and other fine  
 features  
 Befitting this season when all of earth's  
 creatures  
 Are blithe and expansive, not grumpy  
 and terse,  
 And editors, even, for better or worse,  
 Get off their prats,  
 Untie their cravats,  
 And speak in what roughly approximates  
 verse.

## DEAR PLAYBOY

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

### GUYS AND DOLLS

While rambling through this department (April issue) of your highly literate and ever effervescent magazine, I came across a letter from Mr. John Harmon which I read with amused interest. It had to do with his "chip on the shoulder" attitude regarding your review of *Guys and Dolls*, Sam Goldwyn's latest whoop-dee-doo. It seems that Mr. Harmon was particularly perturbed about comments in your review concerning Mr. Sinatra.

I, too, have been an ardent and long-time fan of Frank's. However, in this case, I'm afraid I must agree with your critic. I'd like to say, though, that it wasn't Frank's fault that he failed to live up to my expectations—and yours. During the filming of the picture, he got little, if any, cooperation from the producer, the director, the arrangers, the song writers, *et al.* . . . including the mumbling resentment of the screen's No. 1 pouter and racoon lover, Mr. Marlon Brando.

I think Frank's own opinion of himself as Nathan Detroit in *Guys and Dolls* should settle the debate once and for all. Just before he left for Spain, he told me:

"I never did think Detroit was the bit for me, but after being hounded for two years to play the part . . . Man! I digressed! When I finally saw the finished picture, all I thought was, 'Do I look mad!'"

Dana Woodbury  
Palm Springs, Calif.

### GUESSING GAME

I certainly appreciated and enjoyed your article on comprehending the female language (*The Great Guessing Game*) in the March issue. We need more advice on understanding and handling the female.

Charlie Williams  
North Texas State College  
Denton, Texas

Frankly, after two months of Leap Yearing it around, we were rather tired the other night, so, climbing into our Bartok-designed Italian pajamas and turning on our latest Tchaikovsky acquisition, we decided to set up our next system of defenses by reading the March issue of *PLAYBOY*. Lo and behold, up popped the devil in the form of Jules Archer, with his article, *The Great Guessing Game*.

Well . . . after perusing your treatise cautiously and taking stock of the damage done to all Femininedom, we

hopped to the telephone, called our best friend, and read your vitriolic vituperations to her. Ten minutes later, our best friend arrived trailing a six-foot woolen scarf and several police cars—something about speed limits!

Really, Mr. Archer, there are just no words—but we'll try. Even the Democrats get equal time . . . how about women? Pause for a moment, sir; lift your eyes from that penetrating microscope you have turned on us and insert a new subject 'neath your lens. A few gentle adjustments, and what to your wondering eyes appears but a broken chain of masculine *malfeasances*. We find that clinging to every male statement is an explosive thought trailer which, were the truth known, could shatter our fragile, delicate, crystal-clear world. And so:

*Male statement*: "I've got more respect for you than that . . ." *Mental addendum*: "How'd I get mixed up with this dog?"

*Male statement*: "What a beautiful night to just sit here . . ." *Mental addendum*: "I can't spend money when the car is parked."

*Male statement*: "Of course, if you feel that way about it, you can always walk home . . ." *Mental addendum*: "That is, if you can open a door with no inside handle."

*Male statement*: "You're so good to me, Baby . . ." *Mental addendum*: "They make them dumber every year."

*Male statement*: "Baby, you're the light of my life . . ." *Mental addendum*: "But it takes a lot of electricity to keep old Daddy-O glowing."

*Male statement*: "Honey, it just isn't your style . . ." *Mental addendum*: "I can read price tags, too."

*Male statement*: "You're the sort of girl I want to put on a pedestal . . ." *Mental addendum*: "I like women on my own level."

*Male statement*: "Well, it's sort of a complicated job, and I don't think you'd get the gist of it even if I explained it very carefully . . ." *Mental addendum*: "I'm unemployed."

*Male statement*: "Guess whom I ran into the other day—your old beau Bill Smith." *Mental addendum*: "Good old try-all and tell-all Bill of the locker room set."

We could go on, Mr. Archer, but to what avail? By now, you too must realize the solid truth in that old folk saying, "Scratch a man and find a playboy."

In closing, we have only this to say: We regret our inability to sign our real names, but feel the national importance

of our cause really outranks the minor problem of whose door this can be laid at . . . And discretion being the better part of valor, we feel certain that our particular playboys wouldn't appreciate our having sneaked into the enemy camp only to leave a time bomb.

Venus Flytrap  
Antigone Zilch  
Bronx Botanical Gardens  
New York, New York

### LETTER GOLF

Re: *Letter Golf*, Albert A. Ostrow, March issue of *PLAYBOY*. Mr. Ostrow's "mare" took too long to "foal." By either of two alternate courses, five strokes instead of seven would have been sufficient to accomplish the feat.

MARE. FARE. FORE. FORM. FOAM, FOAL  
MARE. FARE. FARM. FORM. FOAM, FOAL

He doesn't need the "cool" "coon" in the "morn(ing)" "moon" to assist in this birth.

Pfc. Mickey C. Moberg  
Fort Bragg, North Carolina

### MUSIC FOR . . .

In reference to the cartoon on page 25 of the March issue ("They don't seem to have one for that"), may I refer



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

you to the lyrical suggestion in the Rodgers and Hart show, *Pal Joey*. In the 1940 version of the number, *In Our Little Den of Iniquity*, it was suggested that lovers use Tchaikovsky's *1812 Overture*; in the 1952 version of the show, the lyric was changed to Ravel's *Bolero*.

Tom Winston  
KXOA  
Sacramento, Calif.

Yes, they do have one for that. It is 3

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Liebstraum, as any honest musicologist will tell you.

(Officer's name withheld)  
U. S. Naval Hospital  
Annapolis, Maryland

Your cartoonist apparently hasn't heard Jackie Gleason's *Music to Change Her Mind*.

Charles Johnson  
Chicago, Illinois

I've had a lot of luck with Sinatra's *Wee Small Hours*.

George Murphy  
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

... John Henry ("the steel drivin' man.")

John Bradas  
Oakland, California

#### TV PLAYMATE

As a Mid-West publisher of *TV Guide* (under a franchise from Triangle Publications, Inc.), we were very proud to note a copy of *TV Guide* in the hands of the loveliest female we have ever seen — *PLAYBOY*'s TV Playmate in the March, 1956 issue. Our beloved magazine is pictured being torn in half and we should be highly incensed at such treatment, but we are the first to admit that we and any other male in his right mind would far rather spend our playtime with this Playmate than watch TV or study our magazine.

R. A. Lindblom  
Tele-Views News, Inc.  
Rock Island, Ill.

Miss Stafford is as classic as Beethoven's *Symphony #6*, as exciting as Stravinsky's *Rite of Spring*, as lovely as a Chopin piano concerto, and as "cool" as Stan Kenton's *Artistry in Rhythm*. Were Marian to give a bassoon concerto here, it would cause a renaissance in the bassoon.

Hans Levi  
Sigma Alpha Mu  
Washington Univ.  
St. Louis, Mo.

We are glad you have increased the size of the Playmate of the month to three pages. Since we are attempting to paper a wall in our apartment with Playmates, this increased size will enable us to complete our project by graduation.

Many of our fellow students have complimented us on our taste in wall-paper.

Ralph Gabler, Jack Thew  
and Tony Knipp  
Cornell University  
Ithaca, New York

We, the members of the Davy Crockett Assn., University of Cincinnati, would like to congratulate you on your fine magazine, especially the March issue.

Glad that you have increased the size of your Playmates. The one thing in

your picture that puzzles us is the fact that there seems to be a girl blocking the TV set. What brand is it? (The TV set.)

Seriously though, you have a fine magazine in *PLAYBOY* and we would like to report that yours is the only publication that never seems to depreciate much in value. You can pick up any slightly-used September '55 issue that has only been read 702 times for just .45 of a buck.

Otto Parrish  
Univ. of Cincinnati  
Cincinnati, Ohio

I have been a *PLAYBOY* fan since the first issue. The best part of the magazine has always been the Playmate. I have every one of them in my room. However, never have I seen such a Playmate as this one. Miss March is surely the greatest.

Jerry Clay Stone  
University, Miss.

We of the Aviation Engine Repair Shop of the U.S.S. Currituck vote Miss Marian Stafford the "Girl We Would Most Like to Pull a 240-Hr. Check On."

Aviation Engine Repair Shop Gang  
U.S.S. Currituck  
c/o P.M., New York, N. Y.

We of the signal gang, aboard the U.S.S. Hanna, do not know exactly how to express our feelings concerning your Playmate, Marian Stafford (Miss March), but feel that we must say something.

Your March issue appeared on the newsstand two days prior to our departure for the Far East and we want it known that she now occupies the spot of honor on our bridge and will continue to do so for the duration of our cruise.

A thorough search of Roget's *Pocket Thesaurus* failed to bring to light any appropriate adjectives to describe either her physical pulchritude or facial expression. We can truthfully say, however, that she is the girl we would most like to make a Far Eastern cruise with.

C. A. Silva, R. L. Grigg,  
P. A. Valigosky, L. B. White  
U.S.S. Hanna  
c/o FPO, San Francisco, Calif.

I happened to run across your three-page ad on TV decorations and would like to know where I can purchase a similar model for my own drab set.

The triple-page Playmate idea is a delightful improvement, although your previous Playmates hardly needed improving, and I hope this is to be a regular feature in future issues.

Don Smith  
Palo Alto, Calif.

It is.

I would like to compliment you on your choice of Playmates. I thought the picture on the March cover was a familiar one, but wasn't sure, so I read further. Sure enough, it's the same

# Merrin

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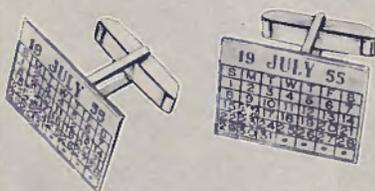
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Marian Stafford that I went to high school with. She was one of the nicest, friendliest girls in school. In her senior year, she was voted most popular girl, along with numerous other honors.

I think you made a splendid choice in picking her as your Playmate of the Month and all of us here at A. & I. would like to see more of her.

Larry Bruchmiller  
Texas A. & I. College  
Kingsville, Texas

### SATISFIED CUSTOMER DEPT.

Being a bachelor of 23, Thomas Mario's articles on food and drink are often consulted to help feed and booze my friends as well as myself. Your articles on men's attire are also tops. My only complaint is that my finances can't keep pace with the articles. Incidentally, I would like to put in a request for more of Ray Russell's satires. They're tremendous! Has Mr. Russell tried writing a three-act play? I certainly hope so, as he has a distinct flair for comedy which could be a great asset to the American theatre.

Bob Taggart  
Santa Monica, Calif.

We're going to have to check the whereabouts of Russell's relatives—all his fan mail keeps coming from California.

### AN EVENING WITH EVE

Can you arrange to let me know in advance the next time Russ Meyer is going to be away from Los Angeles for a few days?

I enjoyed *An Evening With Eve* in the March PLAYBOY, but it set me to thinking. Eve must get awfully tired of sleeping, reading, playing solitaire, eating grapefruit, eating crackers, writing letters, smoking cigarettes and painting her fingernails.

Ted Edmonds  
Michigan State College  
East Lansing, Michigan

### THE SUBTLE STAGE

I have been reading PLAYBOY magazine for quite some time, and up till now I have been very satisfied. However, after reading *Playboy After Hours* in your February issue, I am completely disgusted. How anyone with the slightest idea of what good musical comedy is all about could write such an utterly ridiculous piece of dribble is beyond me. According to the writer, *Oklahoma* and *Carousel* are nothing more than fairy tales for the feeble minded. Sure, *Guys and Dolls* was great, but I can guarantee that one hundred years from now people will still be singing such hits as *People Will Say We're in Love*, *You'll Never Walk Alone* and *Oh, What A Beautiful Morning*, and the songs from *Guys and Dolls* will be long forgotten.

A/2C Bill Karpodines  
Dover Air Force Base  
Dover, Delaware

The scoundrel who composed the February *After Hours* is pure meller-drayma tinder when it comes to reviewing plays, and an utter shnook as far as discussing theatre values! I am not by

any means denying that *Can-Can*, *Kismet* and *The Pajama Game*, etc., are good shows. On the contrary, I enjoy their fast-paced lightness as well as the next guy, BUT...! To have the unmitigated audacity to state that the only good theatre is, in effect, that of exaggeration and superficial optimism ("flash and sizzle," etc.) clearly shows that one is a shallow, insensitive person.

R. E. McEachern  
San Francisco, Calif.

You seem to forget the part of humanity that has the intelligence and the need for productions which act as a catalyst for the intellect. Fun can be no more than Fun. "Flash and sizzle and color" last only for the moment with the audience, but subtlety—whether it be in humor, in political disagreement, in philosophical question, or emotional display—is the encouragement of thought. You are evidently interested merely in the entertainment of an escapist; not in the entertainment of the person who wishes to grow from observation and who is willing to accept the message of a playwright, whose ideas and ideals provoke the thought processes. Granted that we need, at one time or another, the escape of the loud, colorful production number; but the damnation of subtlety to encourage the "contrasts" and "noises" on the stage would eliminate the theatre as a cultural vehicle and create a narcotic for the abused and overburdened urbanite, concerned only with the release from his troubles with the finance company.

2/Lt. Richard S. Winter  
Hill Air Force Base, Utah

*Aren't you confusing subtlety with intellect, Lieutenant? Certainly the stage can provide more than light, bubbly fare—it can, and has, offered great plays on serious themes: Oedipus Rex and Electra, Hamlet and Macbeth, A Streetcar Named Desire and Death of a Salesman, to name a few, but would you call these subtle? They are painted on large canvases, in bold primary colors. Subtlety has its place—in fiction, poetry, painting, music—but not (we still insist) in that broad, dynamic, wonderful medium, the stage.*

*A number of PLAYBOY's readers took umbrage at the opinions expressed in the theatre section of the February After Hours, especially some not too complimentary remarks about Rodgers and Hammerstein. England's best-known young drama critic nodded in agreement, however, and, requesting that his name be withheld, observed: "I agree with you completely in the specific instances you mention. The folksiness of Hammerstein (I think Hammerstein rather than Rodgers is the culprit) has always struck me as particularly distressing. I don't doubt its sincerity: it's just that it sounds pompous. I think it's undeniable that the only 'school' of American modern drama is the school of musicals. This I take to be very healthy, for it seems to me that music is going to invade the legitimate theatre more and more all over the world in the next few years."*



# PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



## records

New Orleans around the shank of the last century was a bumptious, bawdy port city that catered to nearly every human whim imaginable. It was a city rocking with good-time vice, and no one really seemed to mind. Lulu White's rococo mansion, at the corner of Basin and Bienville, did a whopping big business, contained a bevy of beautiful (though erring) sisters, and a collection of some of the costliest oil paintings in the entire South (in addition to a parlor lined with floor-to-ceiling mirrors). Lulu's house, unlike Josie Arlington's, nearby, could also boast at least ten entertainers who actually got paid to do nothing more than sing and dance. This was revolutionary.

In 1897, civic reformers and do-gooders tried to limit the bustling bordello district to a disappointing 38 blocks in the Vieux Carre, and one sputtering alderman actually pushed the ordinance through the city council. His name was Sidney Story and the district was promptly tagged Storyville, much to Sid's awful chagrin.

*New Orleans Jazz Festival* (Columbia CL 793) — a wildly exciting Turk Murphy bash taped during a three-night orgy in N. O.'s Municipal Auditorium, the Delago Museum of Art, and on board a real riverboat parked in the Mississippi — stomps out a whole carpetbag full of original Storyville "jazz" tunes (*Storyville Blues*, *High Society*, *Canal Street Blues*) and even one that came wailing out of Chicago's South Side (*Mecca Flat Blues*). Turk's biting, gutsy trombone leads the howling pack, is chased by Doc Evans' properly Armstrongesque cornet, while Dick Lammi, *Floatin' Down to*

*Cotton Town*, whales the daylight out of a banjo.

Billie Holiday is all aquiver with the juices and joys of sensuous living on *The Lady Sings* (Decca DL 8215), a torchy get-together of some offbeat oldies recorded in 1946. She's silk-tongued and slyly winking on *Ain't Nobody's Business If I Do* ("I swear I won't call no coppa, if I'm beat up by my poppa"); magnificently saucy on *Them There Eyes*.

*My Name Is Ruth Price . . . I Sing!* (Kapp KL-1006): the introductions completed, Miss Price proceeds to do just that, plying an oh-so-rare, unembellished voice that comes across gentle as candlelight, simple as pie. When she does get tricky, it's on the right tune (*Calypto Blues*), which comes on like a tornado: "Her eyelash false, her face is faint; what you think she got, she really ain't."

The Divine Sarah, we're sorry to say, is less than Divine on *Sarah Vaughan in the Land of Hi-Fi* (EmArcy MG 36058), slips and slides on the brink of melody like a drunken canary. Exceptions: *How High the Moon* (her first recorded version) and *Sometimes I'm Happy* but, generally, it's nothing more than a collection of tonsilar calisthenics.

The moment the French m.c. introduces the "Gerr-ee Mool-ee-gan Quartet," Gallic bobby-soxers go gaga with whistles, whoops and frenzied cries of "cra-ze." Gerry's *Paris Concert* (Pacific Jazz 1210) was certainly not greeted with indifference. The reasons: Bob Brookmeyer's weaving, jabbing valve trombone, Red Mitchell's and Frank Isola's simmering rhythm and, of course, Gerry's barking, bleeping baritone sax.

*Ballads of the Day* (Capitol T680) probes the boy-girl, June-spoon situation via the calm, cool, collected pipes of Nat Cole: a clear plea for sanity in a slushy

market. Nat comes through like Nashua on some wet-eyed lullabies, including *A Blossom Fell*, *It Happens to be Me* and the boulevardiers' dirge, *Darling, Je Vous Aime Beaucoup*.

Equal portions of tuba, belly laughs and pandemonium are dished up on *Firehouse Five Plus Two Plays for Lovers* (Good Time Jazz L-12014), a grand spoof of the current crop of love discs. "If Romeo and Juliet had heard this album," grins Firechief Ward Kimball (trombone), "I feel sure their story would have had a different ending." The smoke-eaters are all full-time creative men (artists, writers, etc.) out at the Walt Disney studios, invest gobs of imagination and wit (plus some good, tourist-type Dixieland) into such zany mating calls as *My Cutie's Due at Two to Two* and *The Love Nest*.

One of the great Britons, George Shearing, tip-toes (with light-footed quintet) through some tender tulips on *Touch of Genius* (M-G-M E3265). The untouchable Shearing touch: vibes, guitar and piano in smooth unison on *My Silent Love* and *If You Were the Only Girl*.

Bouncing along as if they were all aboard the same pogo stick, *Shelly Manne and His Men, Vol. 4* (Contemporary 3516) wail joyously through some waggishly titled originals: *Un Poco Loco*, *Bea's Flat*, *A Gem from Tiffany*. The moods are varied (oriental, Afro-Los Angeles, bedlam) but the taste is invariably clean and needle sharp.

Late last year, a short, bulgy, near-50 Soviet citizen invaded the U. S. wearing a rumpled suit and a pugnacious scowl and carrying a small black case. His almost legendary name was David Oistrakh, and inside the case was a fiddle. His concerts and recitals were total sell-outs:

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a legion of music-lovers was turned away. That disappointed legion can hear the fabulous Oistrakh in the first recording of the Shostakovich *Violin Concerto, Opus 99* (Columbia ML 5077). This work, written specifically for Oistrakh's supernal fingers, is lyrical and acrid by turns, has a translucency attributable to the absence of trumpets and trombones and the presence of more tinkly items such as xylophone, celeste and harp. Oistrakh considers it one of Shostakovich's "deepest conceptions," and he plays it with fervor, under the vigorous Mitropoulos baton.

Another fresh slice of Oistrakh, joined by fellow fiddler Isaac Stern and the Philadelphia Orchestra, can be sampled on three bubbling showpieces by J. S. Bach and Antonio Vivaldi (Columbia ML 5087). Stern fiddles solo while Oistrakh burns on the Bach *Violin Concerto No. 1 in A Minor*; the situation is reversed on the *No. 2 in E Major*; and both gentlemen join deft-fingered forces on the Vivaldi *Concerto in A Minor*.

Additional Bach is available in *Suites 1 and 2* (Epic LC 3194): capering, clean-cut tones that skip and scamper through the courante, gavotte, forlane, minuet, bourée, passepied, sarabande and polonaise forms—dances that were to the nimble-toed sophisticates of a couple of centuries ago what the mambo and fox trot are to the playboys of today. These hunks of antique hoofery are scored for two oboes, bassoon, strings, harpsichord and the chirping solo flute of Hubert Barwahser. Eduard Van Beinum conducts a combo of Amsterdam sidemen.

*Here's Morgan!* (Riverside RLP 8003) rehears a pipkin of Henry's mad monologues, most of which you probably recall from radio days: Googie Morgan on Baseball (it's last of the eighth at Tinkeyboo Stadium), Dr. Heinrich von Morgan on Child Care, the Invention of Time, and several other cleverly minced wordings. Henry proudly admits that "This record is made in the non-tricky, no-dials-to-adjust lo-fi!" but you still might get bounced off the seat guffawing.



books

Flora Baboin's breasts were "like Andalusian fruit in the basket of her folded arms." Lulu Bourriquet's were "firm, and their elongated form gave them a resemblance to Florentine breasts." Odette Auvergne's were "like two palpitating birds pining to break out of their cage." With such burgeoning bodices around it's no wonder residents of *The Wicked Village* (Simon and Schuster, \$3.95) went straight to moral pot last 1933. The village is Clochemerle, in the Beaujolais region of rural France, and the wine, like Gabriel

Chavallier's bawdy novel, is both heady and hale. The pages are peopled with rustic, frisky bumpkins who indulge their vices with great and disarming zest, even melon-breasted Melanie Boigne: "Mother of 15, all baptized and born in wedlock, excepting Etienne (who was got in the Fond-Mussu meadow in Spring-time), but he's been regularized."

Ray Bradbury, at his best, is one of America's most distinctive and refreshing young writers. When he's not at his best, he totters dangerously on the rim of pretentiousness, preciousness, and what *The New Yorker* calls Infatuation With Sound of Own Words. Understandably, then, *The October Country* (Ballantine; hardbound, \$3.50, paperback, 35c) is a collection of yarns that fall into two categories: the bad and the beautiful. Happily, the beautiful outnumber the bad. This worth-buying book includes *The Next In Line*, which had its first magazine publication in PLAYBOY.

What does a top-drawer designer do when he thinks the baseboard of his life is fashioned of tired yellow pine? Why, he chucks his wife, and soon everything appears to be oak. Now this is a sensible premise, but in *Man of the World* (Rinehart, \$3.50) our designer seems to have goofed. Iris, the booted spouse, has long chestnut hair, a Grecian profile, dreamy legs, is articulate as hell and a wow of a TV actress. In exchange for this structure, he takes up with Delia, whose specifications include pale cheeks, brown eyes, stubby fingers, a slight stutter and a dogged Methodism. You see, the designer *doesn't want* to be a man of the world. Between girls, gags and grief, author Stanley Kauffmann serves up 279 pages of Schweppervescent dialogue: "I almost didn't recognize you without a canape in your fist." "Dear child. Come . . . we're off for interminable fun." Somehow, the bus never leaves.

A cogent brotherhood of musical experts whittles down the bewildering mass of LPs available today in a compact, rather complacent, volume called *Building Your Record Library* (McGraw-Hill, \$3.95). The 17-odd gentlemen who wield the pruning knife are associated with the sharp review staff of *High Fidelity* Magazine, and do their level best to tell you what's what in the glittering (and glutted) pre-Bach to post-Brubeck market. In between, you get the lowdown on chamber music, Broadway shows, the spoken word, folk music, even super-fi test records. The obvious fault with this sort of compilation is that it's out-of-date several months before it reaches the bookshops, but it still has value to the fledgling discomaniac who may be a little confounded by all that wax. A self-helper for those who want to expand their equipment ken is *Hi-Fi* (Random House, \$2.95), which clears away a good bit of the gibberish surrounding the subject. In fact, author Martin Mayer practically takes your hand, steps gently into the breach ("In the tiny grooves of a record are a million microscopic wig-

gles"). goes on to dissect the current crop of turntables, speakers, enclosures, pick-ups, styli, tuners, tape — on up as far as binaural sound components. The author's recommendations (in various price ranges) are included, along with a cluster of photographs, drawings and charts.

*Fräulein* (Crown, \$3.50) is a kind of World War II version of Uncle Tom's Cabin, with Eliza played by a sad, simple girl named Erika Angermann. Erika gets caught in the grisly British-American bombing raid on Dresden: raped or roughed-up by a bellowing herd of Uzbecks, Belorussians, Bashkirs and Tajiks during their nightmarish entry into Berlin: insulted, pinched and seduced (gently) by a swarm of Americans. But these German girls are made of stern stuff: like Germany itself, Erika rebuilds both life and libido from the surrounding rubble heap — quite successfully, at that. Author James McGovern is successful, too, in presenting a Leica-sharp enlargement of backyard war and occupation seen through the eyes of the beaten, and a deadly accurate portrait of all those sergeants from Scranton who lived like the Pukka Sahib long after the guns had stopped.



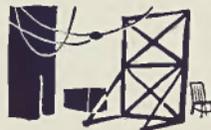
dining  
drinking

The best jazz in St. Louis since the days of Fate Marable and his river boat rascals is to be found now along the DeBaliviere Strip in the West End. There, in the space of a few short blocks, sit a somewhat gaudy assortment of pubs. The smartest of these is the Tic Toc Tap (421 DeBaliviere) where a grave, horn-rimmed crowd hangs breathlessly on the brilliant, darting progressive jazz put forth by the Nickie Davis trio. A combination of piano, bass and vibraphone-drums, they're guilty of no such gaucherie as allowing a hint of melody to creep in; yet, they're not so abstract as to be way out where you can't reach them: their stuff is a tingling, entirely persuasive thing that gets under your skin. On the primitive side, Sammy Gardner's quartet pounds out the gut-bucket Saturday afternoons. The Tic Toc ticks every night until 1:30, except Sundays, when the denizens presumably go in for hymns.

Miami Beach is about as far removed from the Continent as hominy grits are from pressed duck. But the Park Avenue Restaurant (22nd St. and Park) in Miami Beach nevertheless boasts an elegant "Continental" look: giant chandeliers, gold carpeting and stately paneled walls. For years, beachcombers have been flocking to the Park for titanic porterhouse steaks. This year, new owners have added to the menu a pot-pourri of international victuals: Frog Legs *Provençale*, Polynesian Ragout of Beef, even Gefilte Fish with beet horse-

radish. Everything's a la carte, but sensibly priced: an enormous portion of the Ragout costs but \$2.95, is prepared with fresh pineapple, sweet potatoes and a splash of red wine. An awesome dessert table comes brimming with top-calorie madness in a maze of whipped cream, strawberries and chocolate. The Park Avenue seats a well-stuffed 500, is open nightly from 5 P.M. till 11.

We snaked down a long flight of stairs leading to The Hungry I, a San Francisco jazz den split sagely into three rooms. Hungry We took dinner in a quiet, brick-walled sanctuary bright with modern art. Thirsty We sidled up to the adjoining bar. Mellow We repaired to the show room, complete with a pint-sized stage and a regiment of directors' chairs. The clambake gets underway at nine every night and continues almost unabated until two. First up was Buddy Motsinger's piano delivering some of the most delicious jazz since Garner. Next: Tom O'Horgan, a tenor who plinked a harp to his own folk singing. Faith Winthrop followed, joined by Buddy's piano and Dean Riley's bass, and presented a package of Cole Porter-Rodgers and Hart balladry. We nailed the waitress and ordered a double Scotch. Mort Sahl, the headliner, jumped up on stage, lined out a fast 30 minutes of pretty funny commentary. Finally: The Gateway Singers warbled a passel of folk tunes with a bawdy tang. Happy We flagged a cab, didn't even think about the paltry \$1.25 cover on weeknights, \$1.75 on Friday and Saturday.



theatre

Playing himself in the autobiographical *Mr. Wonderful*, Sammy Davis, Jr., mimics, dances, sings, plays drums and trumpet, and holds the audience in the palm of his eminently gifted hand from the first moment he walks onstage until the curtain finally falls on him singing his heart out. More significant is the fact that he even thaws the traditionally glacial faces of the pit band. It's an awesome display. It's entertaining. But that script: ooooh! Sammy's talents cannot be confined within the limits of the proscenium stage and the dramatic form. It's a very bad, very enjoyable show. (Broadway Theatre, B'way and 53rd, N.Y.)

Joyce Cary's novel, *Mister Johnson*, looked into the effects of civilization upon the noble savage (and vice versa), and Norman Rosten's dramatization at the Martin Beck Theatre (W. 45th, N. Y.) does the same. The civilization in this case is British colonial and the noble savage is the amiable African of the title.

Mister Johnson doesn't quite grasp the principles behind white man's accounting, and this half-understanding undoes him. His African ingenuity, plus some

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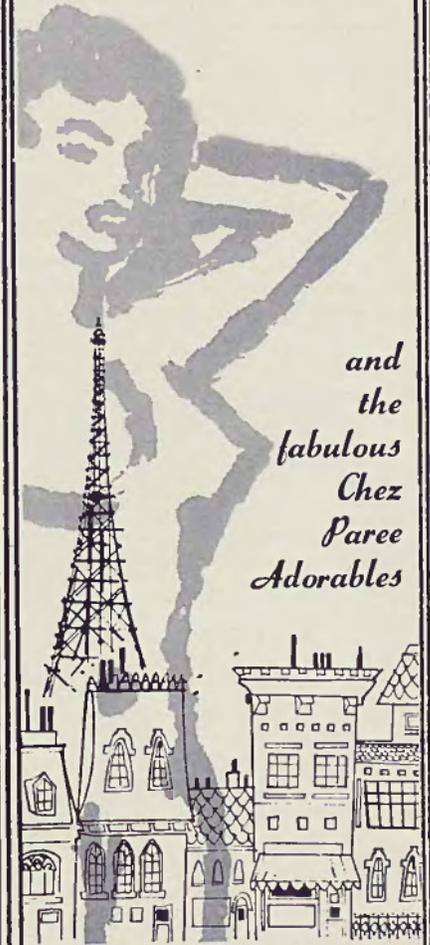
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well-meant double bookkeeping, get a vital road built after rule-bogged British colonialism has failed. But civilized ends do not justify primitive means and Mister Johnson is not raised to glory but sacked in disgrace. There is only one thing to do — throw the biggest wingding ever. He does, but when he goes back to swipe more gin for the party he accidentally kills the storekeeper. His ex-boss and longtime friend conducts the preliminary hearing. A single kind word from the judge dispels the clouds from Mister Johnson's beatifically simple soul, but the machinery of civilized justice is not set up to explore aboriginal motives. Mister Johnson must die. The play ends fitly with the native insisting that his judge personally execute him. Earle Hyman is superb as Mister Johnson: Robert Lewis directed; Pearl Primus choreographed the sex-charged wedding rite that brings down the first act curtain.



## films

*The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit* comes equipped with a flannel mouth as well. For a little over 2½ staggering hours, Greg Peck and cohorts bust the breeze on practically every section of society known today, from good love to bad money. Hollywood has yet to learn that some of the best films ever made have been short on — or totally devoid of — dialogue, and that the prime requisite of a *movie* is *movement*. Some of the blame, however, must be heaped on Sloan Wilson's novel, which was just as shaky, plodding and uneven as its celluloid offspring. Several of the performers deserve top accolades, however: Fredric March as the moneybags tycoon and chilly Henry Daniell as the briefcase-toter terrified of losing his job. And the wartime scenes between slack-jawed Peck and Marisa Pavan come out sensuous and warm. To compensate, Jennifer Jones' performance as *Man's* wife is so preposterously bad that it has to be seen to be disbelieved.

When sweetheart whispers into your ear that she's just a little pregnant and that you're the author, what do you do? Well, in *A Kiss Before Dying*, Robert Wagner zips off to the chem lab and whips up an arsenic vitamin pill. Sweetheart doesn't want any vitamins so Bob, now slightly nettled, takes her to the marriage license bureau (ironic fellow) and boots her off the roof. Then the girl's sister, of all people, falls in love with Bob (don't know what they see in that guy), and the plot gets thick as porridge. For a while there, it looks like he's going to marry her and inherit Dad's factories and mines and all. But the script — based on Ira Levin's intricately plotted whodunit of the same name — has other things in store for him. You'll find out.

A plain-looking millionaire's son puts the kibosh on his seventeen-year itch by collecting flora and fauna; gets seduced by, alienated from, and re-seduced by a mostly shady lady. Such is the promising plot of *The Birds and the Bees*, a remake of an oldie called *The Lady Eve*. In the current version, George Gobel does the puttering and sputtering, is elected president of the sexually inept. Mitzi Gaynor, whose figure is her fortune, renders him a bit more knowledgeable.

How times do change. The long and the lean were once the male mainstays of Western fillums, but the new oat-opera titled *Jubal* is weighted down with the pudgy presence of both Ernest Borgnine and Rod Steiger. Whither, o slim-hipped cowpoke of yore? Where are the bones of yesteryear? The looming bulk of the Borgnine-Steiger combine is compensated by two trimmer silhouettes named Valerie French and Felicia Farr, high-chested fillies who whinny and snort, alternately. Glenn Ford, chawing his customary wad of elaborate hesitations, may also be discerned moping through this New Type Western. A New Type Western, in case you didn't know, spends more time in the bedroom than the sagebrush, and a damned good thing, too.

Playwright Ferenc Molnar was a canny confectioner: he whipped up one tart-sweet tidbit after another, and though he wrote them in the thorny language of his native Hungary, they invariably became successful on stages all over this sentiment-hungry old globe. For Molnar had the knowing knack of being just worldly enough to satisfy the sophisticate and just romantic enough to placate the bourgeois. One of his most popular bitter cream-puffs was *The Swan*, an urbane fairy tale for adults which is now available on celluloid. This is the old bit about the princess (Grace Kelly), affianced to a crown prince (Alec Guinness), but yearning for a commoner (Louis Jourdan). The tried-and-true way to resolve such a problem would be to have the princess give up all for love and run off with the commoner, but that's where the sure hand of Molnar comes in and makes this something other than the customary treacle: she gives lover boy the shaft and, levelheaded girl that she is, marries the crown prince after all. Jourdan, as the patsy, is suitably handsome and romantic; Guinness is all technique, as usual, but the technique is precise and flawless; with one exception, all the other performers are shrewd, efficient professionals: Jessie Royce Landis, Estelle Winwood, Agnes Moorehead, Brian Aherne, Robert Coote. The one exception is that lovely amateur, Grace Kelly, who brings to her role all the warmth, sparkle and suppleness of a strand of uncooked spaghetti. As this issue goes to press, we're hearing rumors that Miss Kelly has decided to make no more films. We wish we could believe that, honey.





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# PLAYBOY





## NUNC DIMITTIS

*vengeance was mine, though the lovely Janet was not*

*fiction* BY ROALD DAHL

IT IS NEARLY MIDNIGHT, and I can see that if I don't make a start with writing this story now, I never shall. All evening I have been sitting here trying to force myself to begin, but the more I have thought about it, the more appalled and ashamed and distressed I have become by the whole thing.

My idea—and I believe it was a good one—was to try, by a process of confession and analysis, to discover a reason or at any rate some justification for my outrageous behavior toward Janet de Pelagia. I wanted, essentially, to address myself to an imaginary and sympathetic listener, a kind of mythical *you*, someone gentle and understanding to whom I might tell unashamedly every detail of this unfortunate episode. I can only hope that I am not too upset to make a go of it.

If I am to be quite honest with myself, I suppose I shall have to admit that what is disturbing me most is not

so much the sense of my own shame, or even the hurt that I have inflicted upon poor Janet; it is the knowledge that I have made a monstrous fool of myself and that all my friends—if I can still call them that—all those warm and lovable people who used to come so often to my house, must now be regarding me as nothing but a vicious, vengeful man. Yes, that surely hurts. When I say to you that my friends were my whole life—everything, absolutely everything in it—then perhaps you will begin to understand.

Will you? I doubt it—unless I digress for a minute to tell you roughly the sort of person I am.

Well—let me see. Now that I come to think of it, I suppose I am, after all, a type; a rare one, mark you, but nevertheless a quite definite type—the wealthy, leisurely, middle-aged man of culture, adored (I choose the word carefully) by his many friends for his charm, his

money, his air of scholarship, his generosity and, I sincerely hope, for himself also. You will find him (this type) only in the big capitals, London, Paris, New York; of that I am certain. The money he has earned by his dead father whose memory he is inclined to despise. This is not his fault, for there is something in his make-up that compels him secretly to look down upon all people who never had the wit to learn the difference between Rockingham and Spode, Waterford and Venetian, Sheraton and Chippendale, Monet and Manet, or even Pommard and Montrachet.

He is, therefore, a connoisseur, possessing above all things an exquisite taste. His Constables, Boningtons, Laurencs, Redons, Viuillards, Mathew Smiths are as fine as anything in the Tate; and because they are so fabulous and beautiful, they create an atmosphere of suspense around him in the home, something tantalizing, breath-

"Some water, quick!" cried Lord Mulherrin. "She's fainted!"

taking, faintly frightening—frightening to think that he has the power and the right, if he feels inclined, to slash, tear, plunge his fist right through a superb Dedham Vale, a Mont Saint-Victoire, an Arles cornfield, a Tahiti maiden, a portrait of Madame Cézanne. And from the walls on which these wonders hang there issues a little golden glow of splendor, a subtle emanation of grandeur in which he lives and moves and entertains with a sly nonchalance that is not entirely unpracticed.

He is invariably a bachelor, yet he never appears to get entangled with the women who surround him, who love him so dearly. It is just possible—and this you may or may not have noticed—that there is a frustration, a discontent, a regret somewhere inside him. Even a slight aberration.

I don't think I need say any more. I have been very frank. You should know me well enough by now to judge me fairly and—dare I hope it?—to sympathize with me when you hear my story. You may even decide that much of the blame for what has happened should be placed, not upon me, but upon a lady called Gladys Ponsonby. After all, she was the one who started it. Had I not escorted Gladys Ponsonby back to her house that night nearly six months ago, and had she not spoken so freely to me about certain people, certain things, then this tragic business could never have taken place.

It was last December, if I remember rightly, and I had been dining with the Ashendens in that lovely house of theirs that overlooks the southern fringe of Regents Park. There was a fair number of people there, but Gladys Ponsonby was the only one beside myself who had come alone. So when it was time for us to leave, I naturally offered to see her safely back to her house. She accepted and we left together in my car; but unfortunately, when we arrived at her place she insisted that I come in and have "one for the road," as she put it. I didn't wish to seem stuffy, so I told the chauffeur to wait and followed her in.

Gladys Ponsonby is an unusually short woman, certainly not more than four feet nine or ten, maybe even less than that—one of those tiny persons who gives me, when I am beside her, the comical, rather wobbly feeling that I am standing on a chair. She is a widow, a few years younger than me, and it is possible that at one time she was quite a fetching little thing. But now the face has nothing distinctive about it whatsoever. Except perhaps the mouth, which reminds me—I cannot help it—of a salmon.

In the living-room, as she gave me my brandy, I noticed that her hand was a trifle unsteady. The lady is tired, I told myself, so I mustn't stay long. We sat down together on the sofa and for a while discussed the Ashendens' party and the people who were there. Finally I got up to go.

"Sit down, Lionel," she said. "Have another brandy."

"No, really, I must go."

"Sit down and don't be so stuffy. I'm having another one, and the least you can do is keep me company while I drink it."

I watched her as she walked over to the sideboard, this tiny woman, faintly swaying, holding her glass out in front of her with both hands as though it were an offering; and the sight of her walking like that, so incredibly short and squat and stiff, suddenly gave me the ludicrous notion that she had no legs at all above the knees.

"Lionel, what are you chuckling about?" She half turned to look at me as she poured the drink, and some of it slopped over the side of the glass.

"Nothing, my dear. Nothing at all."

"Well, stop it, and tell me what you think of my new portrait." She indicated a large canvas hanging over the fireplace that I had been trying to avoid with my eye ever since I entered the room. It was a hideous thing, painted, as I well knew, by a man who was now all the rage in London, a very mediocre painter called John Royden. It was a full length portrait of Gladys Lady Ponsonby, painted with a certain technical cunning that made her out to be a tall and quite alluring creature.

"Charming," I said.

"Isn't it, though! I'm so glad you like it."

"Quite charming."

"I think John Royden is a genius. Don't you think he's a genius, Lionel?"

"Well—that might be going a bit far."

"You mean it's a little early to say for sure?"

"Exactly."

"But listen, Lionel—and I think this will surprise you. John Royden is so sought after now that he won't even consider painting anyone for less than a thousand guineas!"

"Really?"

"Oh yes! And everyone's queuing up, simply queuing up to get themselves done."

"Most interesting."

"Now take your Mr. Cézanne or whatever his name is. I'll bet he never got that sort of money in his lifetime."

"Never."

"And you say he was a genius?"

"Sort of—yes."

"Then so is Royden," she said, settling herself again on the sofa. "The money proves it."

She sat silent for a while, sipping her brandy, and I couldn't help noticing how the unsteadiness of her hand was causing the rim of the glass to jog against her lower lip. She knew I was watching her, and without turning her head she swivelled her eyes and glanced at me cautiously out of the corners of them. "A penny for your thoughts?"

Now, if there is one phrase in the world I cannot abide, it is this. It gives me an actual physical pain in the chest and I begin to cough.

"Come on, Lionel. A penny for them."

I shook my head, quite unable to answer. She turned away abruptly and placed the brandy glass on a small table

to her left; and the manner in which she did this seemed to suggest—I don't know why—that she felt rebuffed and was now clearing the decks for action. I waited, rather uncomfortable in the silence that followed, and because I had no conversation left in me, I made a great play about smoking my cigar, studying the ash intently and blowing the smoke up slowly toward the ceiling. But she made no move. There was beginning to be something about this lady I did not much like, a mischievous, brooding air that made me want to get up quickly and go away. When she looked around again, she was smiling at me slyly with those little eyes of hers, but the mouth—oh, just like a salmon's—was absolutely rigid.

"Lionel, I think I'll tell you a secret."

"Really, Gladys, I simply must get home."

"Don't be frightened, Lionel. I won't embarrass you. You look so frightened all of a sudden."

"I'm not very good at secrets."

"I've been thinking," she said, "you're such a great expert on pictures, this ought to interest you." She sat quite still except for her fingers which were moving all the time. She kept them perpetually twisting and twisting around each other, and they were like a bunch of small white snakes wriggling in her lap.

"Don't you want to hear my secret, Lionel?"

"It isn't that, you know. It's just that it's so awfully late . . ."

"This is probably the best kept secret in London. A woman's secret. I suppose it's known to about—let me see—about thirty or forty women altogether. And not a single man. Except him, of course—John Royden."

I didn't wish to encourage her, so I said nothing.

"But first of all, promise—promise you won't tell a soul?"

"Dear me!"

"You promise, Lionel?"

"Yes, Gladys, all right, I promise."

"Good! Now listen." She reached for the brandy glass and settled back comfortably in the far corner of the sofa. "I suppose you know John Royden paints only women?"

"I didn't."

"And they're always full-length portraits, either standing or sitting—like mine there. Now take a good look at it, Lionel. Do you see how beautifully the dress is painted?"

"Well . . ."

"Go over and look carefully, please."

I got up reluctantly and went over and examined the painting. To my surprise I noticed that the paint of the dress was laid on so heavily it was actually raised out from the rest of the picture. It was a trick, quite effective in its way, but neither difficult to do nor entirely original.

"You see?" she said. "It's thick, isn't it, where the dress is?"

"Yes."

"But there's a bit more to it than that."

(continued on page 20)



## champagne flight to VEGAS

*a california couple enjoys an unusual date*

BILL WHITEHALL AND SALLY TODD live in Los Angeles. They date regularly and there is plenty in an exciting city like L.A. for a couple to see and do. But one Saturday morning not too long ago, Bill sat in his apartment trying to plan something special for that evening — a date to a place he and Sally had never been — and he realized there was very little the two of them had not seen and done in their city. An ad in the morning paper supplied an answer to his dilemma and a telephone call to STanley 7-3456 made reservations for two on the Champagne Flight to Las Vegas. Bill called Sally, told her he had a unique date arranged for that day, told her to put a thing or two into a bag and he would pick her up a bit past two.

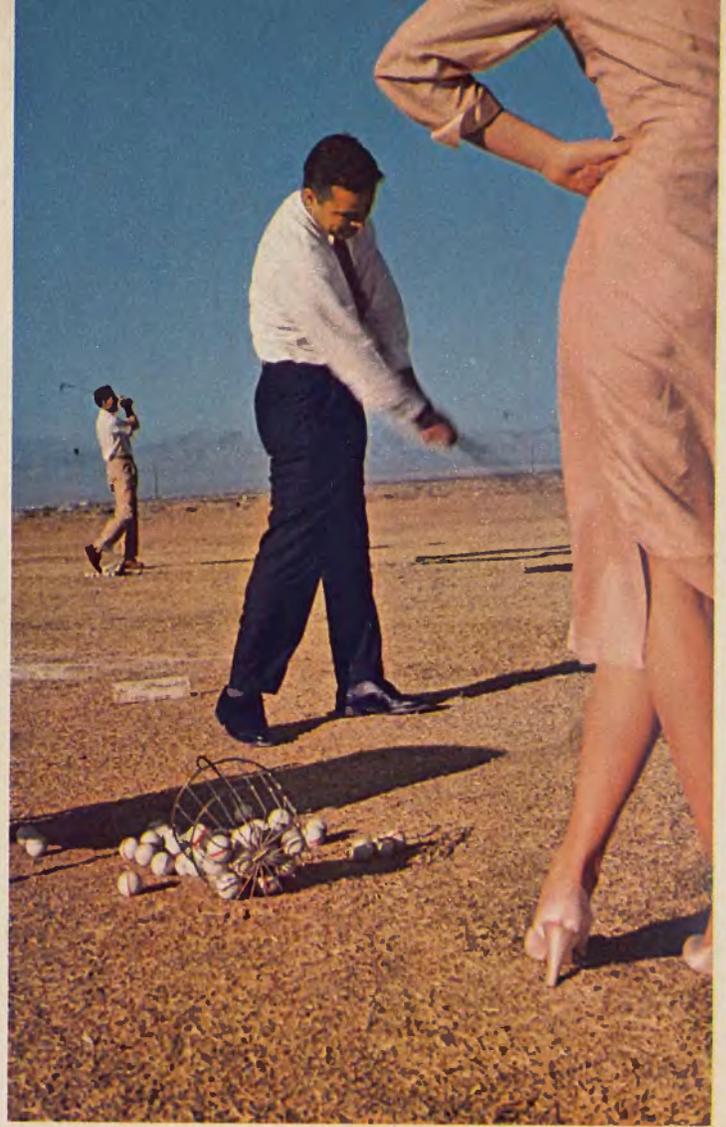
For \$25 each, plus tax, Bill had arranged an afternoon



PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID SUTTON



Sally and Bill pick up tickets at Lockheed Air Terminal in Burbank for Champagne Flight leaving at 3 that afternoon. An hour-and-a-half later, they are in Las Vegas, Nevada.



The couple arrives in Vegas early enough to enjoy some fun in the sun. The Hotel Showboat is shaped like an old style Mississippi river boat and its prow heads into a spacious swimming pool. Sally and Bill take a swim, sun a while, then play a bit at a golf driving range across the way. Bill enjoys himself showing Sally how to improve her form, though it very obviously doesn't need it.

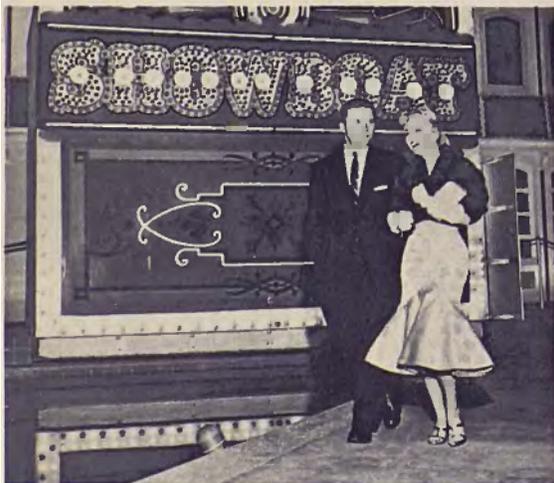


and evening in Las Vegas, Nevada, that both he and Sally would remember for a long time. The special Champagne Flight left Lockheed Air Terminal at 8 that afternoon. It is called a "Champagne Flight" because champagne is served on the plane, and Bill's \$25 included the bubbly and air transportation to and from Vegas, plus limousine service between the Vegas airport and the Hotel Showboat, dinner (14 oz. charcoal broiled steak or chicken), cocktails while watching the gala floorshow and \$5 in chips to spend in the million dollar Showboat Casino. The \$25 each, plus tax, is usually only the down payment on a Vegas date, of course, for the spirit of chance is in the Nevada air and a gambler isn't apt to get too far on the \$5 in chips supplied. But if a couple really wants to, they can enjoy all the pleasures of Vegas on just that \$25 each. Bill spent more, but felt the date was a reasonable one considering the fun they had.

The Showboat is neither the biggest nor the fanciest of the many fabulous spots along the Strip, but it offers such variety in its entertainment that Sally and Bill spent their entire date there. The hotel, casino and show lounge are built as a neon-lighted replica of an old-time Southern river boat — the sort of



The Showboat casino offers a variety of gambling pleasures, including roulette, craps, black jack, bingo and slot machines; it also sports a variety of styles in its decor, including the fashionable of the 1860s blended with modern, plus nautical fixtures of various eras and paintings of river boat days and some of a spicier sort hanging on the walls.



After steak and chicken dinners, Bill and Sally walk arm-in-arm around the outside of the Showboat. The neon-lighted paddle-wheel on the side of the "boat" turns, but doesn't touch the water in the pool that surrounds the hotel.





Sally and Bill bet at the most romantic gambling game of all—roulette.



Sally and Bill play bingo (below) and the slot machines (above). They came close to winning at bingo, but didn't score. In hand-to-hand combat with One-Armed Bandits, however, Sally won \$20 on her fifth try at a dollar machine. There are Bandits at the Showboat that take nickels and others require silver dollars.



side-wheeler Mark Twain once navigated down the Mississippi. The Showboat does its navigating in the center of a spacious swimming pool and Sally and Bill arrived early enough to enjoy a swim and Bill got to practice some golf shots at the driving range across the way.

When they arrived at the hotel, a hostess gave them each a plastic bag containing tickets for drinks and dinner, \$5 worth of gambling chips and a plastic money clip. Sally changed into evening dress before dinner and after eating, the couple enjoyed the games of chance featured in the casino, including roulette, black jack, bingo, craps and the ever present One-Armed Bandits. Between games they had drinks in the lounge and watched a part of the continuous show performed there. Sally liked the slot machines most, won \$20 on a dollar machine; Bill enjoyed roulette and the live entertainment. Both had a date in Vegas they won't forget for a long while.





Bill looks on as Sally gives her cards serious study at the black jack table.



The wheel of fortune brings winnings and the croupier pushes chips to them.



The couple enjoys cocktails along with the gyrations of stripper Scarlet Rebel in the show lounge. Vegas spots offer top talent and almost never charge a cover or minimum, making their profits from the gambling.



The end of a wonderful day: Sally and Bill sleep on plane during flight back to L.A.

## NUNC DIMITTIS (continued from page 14)

you know, Lionel. I think the best way is to describe what happened the very first time I went along for a sitting."

"Oh, what a bore this woman is, I thought, and how can I get away?"

"That was about a year ago, and I remember how excited I was to be going in to the studio of the great painter. I dressed myself up in a wonderful new thing I'd just got from Norman Hartnell, and a special little red hat, and off I went. Mr. Royden met me at the door, and of course I was fascinated by him at once. He had a small pointed beard and thrilling blue eyes, and he wore a black velvet jacket. The studio was huge, with red velvet sofas and velvet chairs—he loves velvet—and velvet curtains and even a velvet carpet on the floor. He sat me down, gave me a drink and came straight to the point. He told me about how he painted quite differently from other artists. In his opinion, he said, there was only one method of attaining perfection when painting a woman's body and I mustn't be shocked when I heard what it was.

"I don't think I'll be shocked, Mr. Royden," I told him.

"I'm sure you won't either," he said. He had the most marvellous white teeth and they sort of shone through his beard when he smiled. "You see, it's like this," he went on. "You examine any painting you like of a woman—I don't care who it's by—and you'll see that although the dress may be well painted, there is an effect of artificiality, of flatness about the whole thing, as though the dress were draped over a log of wood. And you know why?"

"No, Mr. Royden, I don't."

"Because the painters themselves didn't really know what was underneath!"

Gladys Ponsonby paused to take a few more sips of brandy. "Don't look so startled, Lionel," she said to me. "There's nothing wrong about this. Keep quiet and let me finish. So then Mr. Royden said, 'That's why I insist on painting my subjects first of all in the nude.'"

"Good Heavens, Mr. Royden!" I exclaimed.

"If you object to that, I don't mind making a slight concession, Lady Ponsonby," he said. "But I prefer it the other way."

"Really, Mr. Royden, I don't know."

"And when I've done you like that," he went on, "we'll have to wait a few weeks for the paint to dry. Then you come back and I paint on your under-clothing. And when that's dry, I paint on the dress. You see, it's quite simple."

"The man's an absolute bounder!" I cried.

"No, Lionel, no! You're quite wrong. If only you could have heard him, so charming about it all, so genuine and sincere. Anyone could see he really felt what he was saying."

"I tell you, Gladys, the man's a bounder!"

"Don't be so silly, Lionel. And any-

way, let me finish. The first thing I told him was that my husband (who was alive then) would never agree.

"Your husband need never know," he answered. "Why trouble him? No one knows my secret except the women I've painted."

"And when I protested a bit more, I remember he said, 'My dear Lady Ponsonby, there's nothing immoral about this. Art is only immoral when practiced by amateurs. It's the same with medicine. You wouldn't refuse to undress before your doctor, would you?'"

"I told him I would if I'd gone to him for earache. That made him laugh. But he kept on at me about it and I must say he was very convincing, so after a while I gave in and that was that. So now, Lionel, my sweet, you know the secret." She got up and went over to fetch herself some more brandy.

"Gladys, is this really true?"

"Of course it's true."

"You mean to say that's the way he paints all his subjects?"

"Yes. And the joke is the husbands never know anything about it. All they see is a nice fully clothed portrait of their wives. Of course, there's nothing wrong with being painted in the nude; artists do it all the time. But our silly husbands have a way of objecting to that sort of thing."

"By gad, the fellow's got a nerve!"

"I think he's a genius."

"I'll bet he got the idea from Goya."

"Nonsense, Lionel."

"Of course he did. But listen, Gladys. I want you to tell me something. Did you by any chance know about this . . . this peculiar technique of Royden's before you went to him?"

When I asked the question she was in the act of pouring the brandy, and she hesitated and turned her head to look at me, a little silky smile moving the corners of her mouth. "Damn you, Lionel," she said. "You're far too clever. You never let me get away with a single thing."

"So you knew?"

"Of course. Hermione Girdlestone told me."

"Exactly as I thought!"

"There's still nothing wrong."

"Nothing," I said. "Absolutely nothing." I could see it all quite clearly now. This Royden was indeed a bounder, practicing as neat a piece of psychological trickery as ever I'd seen. The man knew only too well that there was a whole set of wealthy indolent women in the city who got up at noon and spent the rest of the day trying to relieve their boredom with bridge and canasta and shopping until the cocktail hour came along. All they craved was a little excitement, something out of the ordinary, and the more expensive the better. Why—the news of an entertainment like this would spread through their ranks like smallpox. I could just see the great plump Hermione Girdlestone leaning over the canasta table and telling them about it. . . . "But my dear, it's simply

fascinating . . . I can't tell you how intriguing it is . . . much more fun than going to your doctor . . ."

"You won't tell anyone, Lionel, will you? You promised."

"No, of course not. But now I must go, Gladys, I really must."

"Don't be so silly. I'm just beginning to enjoy myself. Stay till I've finished this drink anyway."

I sat patiently on the sofa while she went on with her interminable brandy sipping. The little eyes still watching me out of their corners in that mischievous, canny way, and I had a strong feeling that the woman was now hatching out some further unpleasantness or scandal. There was the look of serpents in those eyes and a queer curl around the mouth; and in the air—although maybe I only imagined it—the faint smell of danger.

Then suddenly, so suddenly that I jumped, she said, "Lionel, what's this I hear about you and Janet de Pelagia?"

"Now Gladys, please . . ."

"Lionel, you're blushing!"

"Nonsense."

"Don't tell me the old bachelor has really taken a tumble at last?"

"Gladys, this is too absurd." I began making movements to go, but she put a hand on my knee and stopped me.

"Don't you know by now, Lionel, that there *are* no secrets?"

"Janet is a fine girl."

"You can hardly call her a *girl*." Gladys Ponsonby paused, staring down into the large brandy glass she held cupped in both hands. "But of course, I agree with you, Lionel, she's a wonderful person in every way. Except," and now she spoke very slowly, "except that she *does* say some rather peculiar things occasionally."

"What sort of things?"

"Just things, you know—things about people. About you."

"What did she say about me?"

"Nothing at all, Lionel. It wouldn't interest you."

"What did she say about me?"

"It's not even worth repeating, honestly it isn't. It's only that it struck me as being rather odd at the time."

"Gladys—what did she say?" While I waited for her to answer, I could feel the sweat breaking out all over my body.

"Well now, let me see. Of course, she was only joking or I couldn't dream of telling you, but I suppose she *did* say it was all a wee bit of a bore."

"What was?"

"Sort of going out to dinner with you nearly every night—that kind of thing."

"She said it was a bore?"

"Yes." Gladys Ponsonby drained the brandy glass with one last big gulp, and sat up straight. "If you really want to know, she said it was a crashing bore. And then . . ."

"What did she say then?"

"Now look, Lionel—there's no need to get excited. I'm only telling you this for your own good."

"Then please hurry up and tell it."

(continued on page 28)

*the confidential, hush-hush, inside story  
behind hollywood's most publicized beauty*



JACK COLE

She was interested in nothing but classics

## THE DARENDINGER BUILD-UP

*humor* BY WILLIAM F. NOLAN

WHEN THE LOUSY PHONE rang I was pitching quarters against the wall with my associate. I was two bucks winner and doing just great.

"Gallstone Publicity Agency," I snapped. "If it's alive, we push it."

"Is this Mick?"

"This is Mick."

"Sid Halfrock. Listen, baby, I told you I'd give you a growl when I get something big. This is it."

Halfrock was a strictly smalltime producer over at Mammoth. He had maybe two shirts to call his own.

"Busy, Sid," I yawned.

"Look, baby, I said *big!*"

"How big is big?"

"Forty-one inches where they count."

I dropped three quarters. "Genuine?"

"One hundred percent guaranteed genuine goods. This one out-lollos brigida. I'm telling you, she'll give Janie Russell an inferiority complex."

Three years in this business and you run into everything from fruits to nuts in Hollywood, but genuine forty-ones are rare, even in Tinseltown.

"The Gallstone Agency," I said, pulling up a chair, "is listening."

"Three months ago," began Sid, "I'm out walking off a king-size hangover. It's ungodly early in the morning, maybe

ten or eleven, and as I pass Grauman's Chinese I see this Venus DeMille standing there trying to fit one of her cute little tootsies into a footprint of maybe Betty Grable. She is wearing what I can best describe as a form-fitting ensemble. You know?"

"I know."

"Topographically speaking, she is utterly fantastic! I saunter up to this remarkable doll and inform her that I am a producer of the first water and would she like to be in flicks. She smiles like I was maybe her long lost mother and says that is just what she came to town for. She's fresh from somewhere ten

miles south of Hickville and her name, so help me Gawd, is Nannie Darendinger."

"Ouch!"

"Exactly my reaction. I snaps out with a new tag right off. Your name from here on, says I, is Marla Marsh. She giggles. Fine. Will she do an ape picture with me at Mammoth? You bet. Wham-mol! She's inked for *Ug the Ape King*. I hustle her off to my abode. I tell nobody about this one. But nobody. We shoot the flick in five days. Low budget, but good. Quality ape stuff. And with this Darendinger dish in a tight sarong—WOW! The flick's in the can, sweet-heart, and all I need now is the build-up. That's where you come in, Mick."

By now I am sold. A pair of genuine forty-ones could put the Gallstone Agency on top.

"When can I see said dish?"

"You name it, baby. Her time is your time."

"This afternoon. Tell you what, meet us an hour from now in Pickwick's bookshop. Can do?"

"Can do, Mick, but I fail to comprehend what kind of good a bookstore is going to do my ape picture."

"The public is fed to the teeth with the same ole brand of cheesecake," I said, strolling down memory lane and picking a tried-and-true gimmick at random (I should think up new ideas for a smalltimer like Halfrock?). "The public is hungry for originality. So OK. So you discover this doll reading the complete Greek tragedies, see. All that Sophocles jazz. She's a college grad, see. Knows the Brothers Karamazov by their first names. Interested in nothing but classics. Figures Steinbeck is crude. Class and breeding is what she's got to burn. Grace Kelly with a bosom. Follow me?"

"Yeah," Sid muttered darkly, "but the question is, what is a cultured doll like this doing in my ape picture?"

"That's the whole lovely gimmick! She's working for her master's degree in psychology."

"Yeah, but —"

"And she's doing her paper on *The Psychological Manifestations of a Hollywood Career*."

"Yeah, that sounds, Mick. That really sounds."

"So, you talk to her casual-like, and seeing as how you are always interested in the advancement of culture, you offer her a role in your ape flick, thereby giving her a crack at some first-hand research. We keep everything on a very high plane. To you, a forty-one inch bust is just something she happens to possess, like ten toes. See?"

"Yeah," Sid breathed. "Hey, this is great, Mick! You're building up her *and* me, all in the same time."

"Right. See you at Pickwick's in one hour. And listen, Sid, have her dressed in something educated, see. Like maybe a tweed suit. Got me?"

"Gotcha."

• • •

We arrived at Pickwick's a little early. My associate had his camera with him and we planned on a nice shot of her

entering the joint with horn-rims on. I bought a pair at the corner 5 & 10 just for the occasion. *Life*, I figured, would eat this up.

A few minutes later Sid and the doll show. Even in the tweed she was a necksnapper. She had the face, too. Not the usual dumb-broad-type face, but a real nice face that could be cultured. This, I knew, was big-time.

Sid made the intros.

"Marla, honey, I want you should meet the A-number-One tip top publicity man in this here town—Mickey Gallstone."

"Hi."

"A pleasure, Miss Marsh." We shook hands.

Up close she was a real dazzler for sure. Hair so red you could paint the town with it, and the kind of deep-green eyes you want to fall right into. Her face looked like sculptured soap. Even *without* her spectacular equipment, she was indeed a staggering dish.

"My real name isn't Miss Marsh," she informed me brightly. "It's Nannie Darendinger."

I raised a warning finger about an inch in front of her pretty little nose. "Don't fall into the trap," I warned her, "of using your real name in Hollywood. To me, and to the world, you're Marla Marsh. Got me?"

She nodded.

"Can you read, doll?" I asked.

"Sure, I read a lot."

"Whatcha read mostly?"

"All the movie magazines and sometimes a book."

"What kinda book?"

"Romance. Vina Velmar and Vicki Vane and —"

"Nuts! From now on you read classics, see? I will send my associate down to the main library and he will make a list of one hundred of the classiest classics and we will purchase all one hundred of these books and you will be seen carrying one or two of them wherever you go. Got me?"

"Oh, I could never *ever* read a hundred books in my whole *life*, Mr. Gallstone!"

"You don't actually read them, honey, you just *carry* them."

"Oh."

• • •

We took pics of Marla coming into the store with glasses on and we took pics of her leafing through *The Iliad* and *The Collected Poems of Elizabeth Barrett Browning* and gunch like that, and then we knocked off for coffee. I was feeling pretty great about then.

In the java shop she took off her coat and I got my first look at my future bank account. I have seen figures and I have seen figures, but take it from ole Mickey, this doll had them all backed off the map.

"Did I lie?" asked Sid.

"You didn't lie," I said.

"Golly," said this cute bundle, sitting herself down, "I just think Hollywood is the most *dreamy* place! Mr. Halfrock has been so *nice* to me, putting me in his wonderful picture and letting me

live in his apartment and everything."

She opened her purse and handed me a stack of movie stills. "The first one is my very favorite," she sighed. "It shows me in a sarong, screaming. Mr. Halfrock said to pretend that a huge insane elephant was just leaping out of the jungle right at me."

The snap was a real doozy. The sarong was threatening to burst at the seams under the pressure of those forty-one beautiful inches.

"How'd you manage to keep the thing on?" I inquired, genuinely curious.

"I didn't." She giggled. "I mean, not all the way. It would slip when I ran and Mr. Halfrock had me running all through the picture. They'd have to stop the cameras until I adjusted things."

"Yeah," said Sid. "We had one hell of a time with the sarong."

"Did you know that all the boulders and things are just cardboard?" Marla asked me. "They had the weeds and stuff stuck into wooden blocks like Christmas trees. It was all so exciting. They even had a whole river that wasn't real at all, just a long tank filled with water with all those weeds and fake things along the sides. The natives even had rubber spears!"

"Guess you enjoyed playing next to Jimmy Weisenhoffer," I said. "He played Simba, the Jungle Lord, for God knows how many years over at RKM before Sid got him for the ape."

"I know. Mr. Weisenhoffer was simply wonderful. He'd laugh and then he'd pinch me. Always pinching me and laughing. I felt honored playing in a picture with a big star like Mr. Weisenhoffer."

"Trouble with Jimmy," said Sid, "he eats too much. Got fat as a pig in June over at RKM. That's why they gave him the ole heave-ho. We don't want no fat slob playing Simba, they told him, and — whap! — he's out on his can. I signed him for the ape, but I told him he'd have to ease off the heavy-eating kick."

"He didn't look fat in your last flick," I put in.

"Well, an ape can get away with a little extra beef. You don't go to movies to see skinny apes. Playing an ape, he's OK."

"His fur kept tickling me," Marla said. "He'd kiss me and I'd start to giggle and Mr. Halfrock would yell, 'Cut!'"

"Yeah," said Sid. "We had one hell of a time with the fur."

I handed back the stills.

"Got mighty big plans for this doll," announced Sid, patting Marla on the cheek. "Got a whole new series under way. After *Ug the Ape King*, we hit 'em with *Ug the Ape King and his Mate*. Then —"

"Who's his mate?" I interrupted.

"Marla, natch! Who else?"

"How come, if he's an ape, he falls for a girl?"

Sid looked at me with disbelief. "My Gawd," he said, "if you *were* an ape, wouldn't you fall for a girl with a forty-one inch bust?"

"I see what you're getting at."

(concluded on page 72)



*"My! You do look summery!"*

**J**UDGMENT DAY and the day of one's marriage don't necessarily occur simultaneously. In fact, for most young men the real crack of doom takes place several nights *before* the nuptials are celebrated. It happens during the trial by alcohol, that lengthy ceremony sometimes identified as the bachelor dinner.

The bachelor dinner shouldn't be confused with the common stag dinner, an all-male session motivated exclusively by

things female. Often, a stag dinner is made up of guests who are perfect strangers to each other but who nevertheless share a common laboratory interest in sex on display. A bachelor dinner is made up of fellows who've been faithful old schoolmates or comrades-in-arms. There may be a few pieces of erotica around, some movies, perhaps, or a girl or two. But more often, sex is dusted off with little or no notice, partic-

ularly if the future father-in-law is present. If sex is introduced, it's designed, of course, to inflame the groom while he is still theoretically *intacta*. It's like dangling a steak before a bloodhound and then snatching it away. A scroll with the names of the bachelor's past love suits is presented to him. Forgotten love letters snatched from an old duffel bag are read aloud. No effort is spared to uncover every bit of jackassery



# THE BACHELOR DINNER

*it started in sparta, but it's hardly spartan*

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

PHOTOGRAPH BY RALPH COWAN



in the amorist's past life.

Bachelor dinners, as anyone might have guessed, originated in that stony suburb, Sparta. After a certain age, the lot of a Spartan bachelor wasn't a happy one. He wasn't permitted to watch the gymnastic exercises of the naked maidens. Plato tells how the Spartan bachelors were rounded up, forced to undress completely and to march around the market place singing a song ridiculing themselves and their spouseless lives. Clearchus, the Spartan general, describes how the married women at a certain festival were permitted to drag bachelors around the altar, thrashing them as an act of humiliation to force them into marriage. Undoubtedly it was the Spartan love of bravery and endurance that gave the bachelor dinner its main purpose: to roast and grill the groom before he goes up for the life stretch.

Each June an uncounted number of PLAYBOY readers leave their life of assumed celibacy and enter matrimony. For the sake of those young men who are about to give up their bachelordom, PLAYBOY is now prompted to offer some straight steers on the last supper.

Invite only your closest friends to your bachelor dinner. Ignore every bit of advice they offer. If, in a moment of trepidation, you should ask one of your old school buddies where to hold the dinner, he'll take up the clue immediately. He'll think sagely for a moment or two and then tell you to engage the balcony overlooking the main dining room of the club. His prime motive in suggesting this location is the fact that there is a twenty foot drop from the balcony to the main dining room below. In the event you or one of your aides happens to blank out with too many Martinis, your fall will naturally attract the attention of the clubmen below and create the kind of *opera bouffe* every bachelor dinner requires. If you reject the balcony idea, your buddy will then suggest the dignified Board room at the head of the spiral stairway. Any corked-up gent who happens to fall from this point will proceed down three uninterrupted flights of steps to the coat room. If you're still doubtful about the location, your pal will come up with the final popeyed idea. He'll urge you to go to the roof garden of a certain fashionable hotel. There's a small private dining room near the pantry, he'll tell you confidentially. In the room are gorgeous French windows. Without too much calculation you can tumble through the windows and descend thirty-six floors right into the center of Park Avenue.

The best place to hold a bachelor dinner, PLAYBOY suggests, is in a cellar. A rathskeller with a small private dining room is excellent. There is no floor below from which people can send hurried calls to the police to quell the noise. Nor are there light fixtures below to rattle and sway, nor chunks of plaster to come tumbling down. Most important, being as low as you can get, there is no place for you to fall to. Some basement dining rooms are fitted with fine wall panelling and furniture, it is true, but for the

most part they are built like heavy duty rumpus rooms. The fact that they can withstand much more destruction than the upper floors means that the damage bill you will eventually receive will be correspondingly smaller.

There are naturally some incidents at a bachelor dinner which every man must be prepared to endure: in spite of all your best precautions, that specie of fauna known as the practical joker will inevitably bring out some of his cleverest stratagems. There is no known armor against such objects as the exploding cigar, the spider box, the joy buzzer and other primitive forms of wit and humor.

Such jejune jesters — when your back is turned — will spike your Manhattans with red pepper, pour curacao into your soup and fill your black homburg with beer. Never turn your back at a bachelor dinner. One must remember the old warrior's custom of drinking a toast, when the assembled gents were handed a huge metal container passed from one guest to the next down the table. As each man rose to drink, sinking his head into the big vessel, an aide at his side stood up at the same time. The aide held the cover of the vessel in one hand, brandished his sword with the other and scanned every face at the table in order to avoid any fatal interruption during the drinking. Every groom at a bachelor dinner needs such an agent at his side constantly.

Usually, a bachelor about to be married arranges his own dinner and foots the bill. Sometimes the bride's father will pick up the tab while the groom does all the planning. In either case, the groom is in a controlling position up to a certain point, usually the fifth or sixth round of Martinis. There are times, however, when the bridegroom's friends — the best man and ushers — in a burst of generosity will make all the arrangements and foot the whole bill. This is the worst crisis of any for a bachelor to survive. The only way to meet this situation is to engage in what is known as antagonistic cooperation. They may call you an impossible old buzzard but you must fight for the place, the time, the menu, the drinks, the table arrangements and all other important details as a matter of sheer survival.

#### WHERE TO GO

In choosing a place to hold a bachelor dinner, men are always looking for the kind of facilities that can be best described as clubbable. Some of the more exclusive men's clubs have always been inhabited by live corpses. There are other clubs, however, like some of the university clubs in large cities, where the atmosphere is intimate, easy and jovial. The lounge, the library, the backgammon room, the bar and other quarters are cosmopolitan and homespun at the same time. Usually the club employees are friendly and capable. The cuisine, in most of the clubs, is tops. In most of them there are one or two private dining rooms that have weathered many a bachelor party over the years.

Even in some of the small town country clubs you'll occasionally find a chef who can turn out a grand steak dinner. But the number of such smaller clubs is necessarily limited, and you must do some critical investigation before you go ahead and make a reservation.

A bachelor who isn't a member of a particular club can often use the club's facilities by simply asking one of his acquaintances who is a member to sponsor him as a guest. The member makes the reservation for the dinner in his own name, and he is responsible for the payment of the bill, while the guest of the member goes ahead and arranges all the details of the party.

If you're considering a hotel, you'll find banquet facilities varying from the Beverly Hilton to fleabags in the Bowery. Hotels differ from clubs first of all in their appointments. Too many have an institutionalized look. You'll find the same bar stools, the same lounge chairs, the same goblets and the same ash trays you've seen dozens of times before. Too often the front desk bears a remarkable resemblance to a busy air terminal. The shadow of the hotel dick lurks behind every spittoon.

This isn't true of all hotels, of course. If you go to a prominent hostelry, you can usually be sure the food, the drinks and the service will be handled by pros in the business. Hotels include bedroom facilities, while many clubs have no sleeping quarters. Guests at a bachelor dinner who lose all power of locomotion can be quietly transported on the freight elevator to bedrooms and stashed away until their heads have resumed normal size. Groomsmen ossified with too much champagne will be worked over by masseurs, attendants in the Turkish bath and even the house physician, if necessary.

No prominent club or hotel will knowingly permit sex exhibits to be uncorked on the premises. Seedier hotels will allow them, and will, in fact, solicit parties on this basis.

In the better hotels you can usually be fairly sure that the prices will be fair and that you will not be billed for mythical cases of champagne and rounds of Martinis that were passed out among the dishwashers and busboys.

Like hotels, commercial restaurants naturally vary from excellent to trashy. Here again you must either depend on your own first hand experience or do some private eyeing before making your reservation. Rathskellers, countryside restaurants and noted eating places located in former private residences will often provide rooms that are perfect for bachelor dinners. If you're planning the kind of affair that may last the whole night and even flow over to the next day, then the club or hotel is naturally preferable to the commercial restaurant.

#### WHAT TO EAT

There are many bachelor dinners where the guests never get around to the aesthetics of eating. The diners don't dine. Fellows who are normally moderate  
(continued on page 68)



*"Watch yourself, Shirley. When these boys ask you to take off your things, they don't mean just your hat and coat."*

## NUNC DIMITTIS (continued from page 20)

"It's just that I happened to be playing canasta with Janet this afternoon and I asked her if she was free to dine with me tomorrow. She said no, she wasn't."

"Go on."

"Well—actually what she said was 'I'm dining with that crashing old bore Lionel Lampson.'"

"Janet said that?"

"Yes, Lionel dear."

"What else?"

"Now, that's enough. I don't think I should tell the rest."

"Finish it, please!"

"Why Lionel, don't keep shouting at me like that. Of course I'll tell you if you insist. As a matter of fact, I wouldn't consider myself a true friend if I didn't. Don't you think it's the sign of true friendship when two people like us . . ."

"Gladys! Please hurry."

"Good Heavens, you must give me time to think. Let me see now—so far as I can remember, what she actually said was this . . ."—and Gladys Ponsonby, sitting upright on the sofa with her feet not quite touching the floor, her eyes away from me now, looking at the wall, began cleverly to mimic the deep tone of that voice I knew so well—"Such a bore, my dear, because with Lionel one can always tell exactly what will happen right from beginning to end. For dinner we'll go to the Savoy Grill—it's always pictures and porcelain. Then in the taxi going home he'll reach out for my hand, and he'll lean closer, and I'll get a whiff of stale cigar smoke and brandy, and he'll start burbling about how he wished—oh how he wished he was just twenty years younger. And I will say 'Could you open a window, do you mind?' And when we arrive at my house I'll tell him to keep the taxi, but he'll pretend he hasn't heard and pay it off quickly. And then at the front door, while I fish for my key, he'll stand beside me with a sort of silly spaniel look in his eyes, and I'll slowly put the key in the lock, and slowly turn it, and then—very quickly, before he has time to move—I'll say goodnight and skip inside and shut the door behind me . . . Why Lionel! What's the matter, dear? You look positively ill . . ."

At that point, mercifully, I must have swooned clear away. I can remember practically nothing of the rest of that terrible night except for a vague and disturbing suspicion that when I regained consciousness I broke down completely and permitted Gladys Ponsonby to comfort me in a variety of different ways. Later, I believe I walked out of the house and was driven home, but I remained more or less unconscious of everything around me until I woke up in my bed the next morning.

I awoke feeling weak and shaken. I lay with my eyes closed, trying to piece together the events of the night before—Gladys Ponsonby's living-room, Gladys on the sofa sipping brandy, the little face, the mouth that was like a salmon's mouth, the things she had said . . . What

was it she had said? Ah yes. About me. My God, yes! About Janet and me! Those outrageous, unbelievable remarks! Could Janet really have made them? Could she?

I can remember with what terrifying swiftness my hatred of Janet de Pelagia now began to grow. It all happened in a few minutes—a sudden, violent welling up of a hatred that filled me till I thought I was going to burst. I tried to dismiss it but it was on me like a fever, and in no time at all I was hunting around as would some filthy gangster, for a method of revenge.

A curious way to behave, you may say, for a man such as me; to which I would answer—no, not really, if you consider the circumstances. To my mind, this was the sort of thing that could drive a man to murder. As a matter of fact, had it not been for a small sadistic streak that caused me to seek a more subtle and painful punishment for my victim, I might well have become a murderer myself. But mere killing, I decided, was too good for this woman, and far too crude for my own taste. So I began looking for a superior alternative.

I am not normally a scheming person; I consider it an odious business and have had no practice in it whatsoever. But fury and hate can concentrate a man's mind to an astonishing degree, and in no time at all a plot was forming and unfolding in my head—a plot so superior and exciting that I began to be quite carried away at the idea of it. By the time I had filled in the details and overcome one or two minor objections, my brooding vengeful mood had changed to one of extreme elation, and I remember how I started bouncing up and down absurdly on my bed and clapping my hands. The next thing I knew I had the telephone directory on my lap and was searching eagerly for a name. I found it, picked up the phone, and dialed the number.

"Hello," I said. "Mr. Royden? Mr. John Royden?"

"Speaking."

Well—it wasn't difficult to persuade the man to call around and see me for a moment. I had never met him, but of course he knew my name, both as an important collector of paintings and as a person of some consequence in society. I was a big fish for him to catch.

"Let me see now, Mr. Lampson," he said, "I think I ought to be free in about a couple of hours. Will that be all right?"

I told him it would be fine, gave my address, and rang off.

I jumped out of bed. It was really remarkable how exhilarated I felt all of a sudden. One moment I had been in an agony of despair, contemplating murder and suicide and I don't know what; the next I was whistling an aria from Puccini in my bath. Every now and again I caught myself rubbing my hands together in a devilish fashion, and once, during my exercises, when I over-balanced doing a double-knee-bend, I sat

on the floor and giggled like a schoolboy.

At the appointed time Mr. John Royden was shown in to my library and I got up to meet him. He was a small neat man with a slightly ginger goatee beard. He wore a black velvet jacket, a rust-brown tie, a red pullover, and black suede shoes. I shook his small neat hand.

"Good of you to come along so quickly, Mr. Royden."

"Not at all, sir." The man's lips—like the lips of nearly all bearded men—looked wet and naked, a trifle indecent, shining pink in among all that hair. After telling him again how much I admired his work, I got straight down to business.

"Mr. Royden," I said. "I have a rather unusual request to make of you, something quite personal in its way."

"Yes, Mr. Lampson?" He was sitting in the chair opposite me and he cocked his head over to one side, quick and perky like a bird.

"Of course, I know I can trust you to be discreet about anything I say."

"Absolutely, Mr. Lampson."

"All right. Now my proposition is this: there is a certain lady in town here whose portrait I would like you to paint. I very much want to possess a fine painting of her. But there are certain complications. For example, I have my own reasons for not wishing her to know that it is I who am commissioning the portrait."

"You mean . . ."

"Exactly, Mr. Royden. That is exactly what I mean. As a man of the world I'm sure you will understand."

He smiled, a crooked little smile that only just came through his beard, and he nodded his head knowingly up and down.

"Is it not possible," I said, "that a man might be—how shall I put it?—extremely fond of a lady and at the same time have his own good reasons for not wishing her to know about it yet?"

"More than possible, Mr. Lampson."

"Sometimes a man has to stalk his quarry with great caution, waiting patiently for the right moment to reveal himself."

"Precisely, Mr. Lampson."

"There are better ways of catching a bird than by chasing it through the woods."

"Yes indeed, Mr. Lampson."

"Putting salt on its tail for instance."

"Ha-ha!"

"All right, Mr. Royden. I think you understand. Now—do you happen by any chance to know a lady called Janet de Pelagia?"

"Janet de Pelagia? Let me see now—yes. At least, what I mean is I've heard of her. I couldn't exactly say I know her."

"That's a pity. It makes it a little more difficult. Do you think you could get to meet her—perhaps at a cocktail party or something like that?"

"Shouldn't be too tricky, Mr. Lampson."

"Good, because what I suggest is this: that you go up to her and tell her she's

(continued on page 56)

BY PATRICK CHASE

*playboy's travel editor*

LIKE MOST PLACES of character, Hong Kong can't be "done" in one or two — or even three — days. There's a lot to see, a lot to do in this ancient city, and there are only 24 hours in a Hong Kong day, just like anyplace else.

One day is irrevocably lost when you cross the International Date Line. No help for it, though: that's the only way you can get into The Fragrant Bay — which is what a Chinese means when he says those two words, *hong kong*.

And fragrant it is with frangipani and honeysuckle, bright with purple morning glories and vivid tropical growths patching the green and white tiers of Victoria Peak, or set formally into the lawns of the Royal Hong Kong Golf Club.

But there's more to this outpost of Empire on the edge of mainland China, to this British Crown Colony that speaks English but feels Chinese. Perhaps it's the rich, almost sensual enjoyment Orientals everywhere seem to draw from every tiny moment of living.

We tried to put a finger on what it was the very first time we drove in from Kai-Tak airport, through swarming streets gay with paper bunting and banners ablaze with Chinese ideographs. We came into the huge, somberly Victorian lobby of the Peninsula Hotel and watched the fat young Chinese businessmen muttering of real estate in corner chairs . . . the lean British couple, not quite elderly but obviously dull in a shrill way, going in for lunch . . . the sallow bellhop whose face showed the precise passion of his Chinese father and Portuguese mother over in Macao. They were all familiar. Not in the way a caricature is familiar — rather as casual friends whose name escapes one at the moment.

And that seems to typify Hong Kong too: it's everything people associate in their minds with the East. Yet there's a twist somewhere along the way, an off-beat something that makes one stop and wonder whether it really is the way you expected it to be . . .

Now, there are three ways to see any town. You can buy a bunch of conducted tour tickets, and let no one speak ill of that system — we've used it quite often; you can stroll around on your own — and that we do rather more often; or finally, you can head for the nearest bar

*(continued on page 60)*



ARTHUR PAUL

*there are three ways to see hong kong*

## **THE FRAGRANT BAY**



THE SIGN ON THE WALL seemed to quaver under a film of sliding warm water. Eckels felt his eyelids blink over his stare, and the sign burned in this momentary darkness:

TIME SAFARI, INC.  
SAFARIS TO ANY YEAR IN THE PAST.  
YOU NAME THE ANIMAL.  
WE TAKE YOU THERE.  
YOU SHOOT IT.

A warm phlegm gathered in Eckels' throat; he swallowed and pushed it down. The muscles around his mouth formed a smile as he put his hand slowly out upon the air, and in that hand waved a check for ten thousand dollars to the man behind the desk.

"Does this safari guarantee I come back alive?"

"We guarantee nothing," said the official, "except dinosaurs." He turned. "This is Mr. Travis, your Safari Guide in the Past. He'll tell you what and where to shoot. If he

says no shooting, no shooting. If you disobey instructions, there's a stiff penalty of another ten thousand dollars, plus possible government action, on your return."

Eckels glanced across the vast office at a mass and tangle, a snaking and humming of wires and steel boxes, at an aurora that flickered now orange, now silver, now blue. There was a sound like a gigantic bonfire burning all of Time, all the years and all the parchment calendars, all the hours piled high and set aflame.

A touch of the hand on this burning would, on the instant, beautifully reverse itself. Eckels remembered the wording in the advertisements to the letter. Out of chars and ashes, out of dust and coals, like golden salamanders, the old years, the green years, might leap; roses sweeten the air, white hair turn Irish-black, wrinkles vanish; all, everything fly back to seed, flee death, rush down to their be-



Out of the mist, one hundred yards away, came *Tyrannosaurus rex*. "Jesus God," whispered Eckels.

# ***A Sound of THUNDER***

*one of the greatest science fiction thrillers ever written*

**BY RAY BRADBURY**

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANZ ALTSCHULER

ginnings, suns rise in western skies and set in glorious easts, moons eat themselves opposite to the custom, all and everything cupping one in another like Chinese boxes, rabbits into hats, all and everything returning to the fresh death, the seed death, the green death, to the time before the beginning. A touch of a hand might do it, the merest touch of a hand.

"Hell and damn," Eckels breathed, the light of the Machine on his thin face. "A real Time Machine." He shook his head. "Makes you think. If the election had gone badly yesterday, I might be here now running away from the results. Thank God Keith won. He'll make a fine President of the United States."

"Yes," said the man behind the desk. "We're lucky. If Deutscher had gotten in, we'd have the worst kind of dictatorship. There's an anti-everything man for you, a militarist, anti-Christ, anti-human, anti-intellectual. People called us up, you know, joking but not joking. Said if Deutscher became President they wanted to go live in 1492. Of course it's not our business to conduct Escapes, but to form Safaris. Anyway, Keith's President now. All you got to worry about is —"

"Shooting my dinosaur," Eckels finished it for him.

"A *Tyrannosaurus rex*. The Thunder Lizard, the damnedest monster in history. Sign this release. Anything happens to you, we're not responsible. Those dinosaurs are hungry."

Eckels flushed angrily. "Trying to scare me!"

"Frankly, yes. We don't want anyone going who'll panic at the first shot. Six Safari leaders were killed last year, and a dozen hunters. We're here to give you the damnedest thrill a *real* hunter ever asked for. Traveling you back sixty million years to bag the biggest damned game in all Time. Your personal check's still there. Tear it up."

Mr. Eckels looked at the check for a long time. His fingers twitched.

"Good luck," said the man behind the desk. "Mr. Travis, he's all yours."

They moved silently across the room, taking their guns with them, toward the Machine, toward the silver metal and the roaring light.

First a day and then a night and then a day and then a night, then it was day-night-day-night-day. A week, a month, a year, a decadel A.D. 2055. A.D. 2019. 1999! 1957! Gone! The Machine roared.

They put on their oxygen helmets and tested the intercoms.

Eckels swayed on the padded seat, his face pale, his jaw stiff. He felt the trembling in his arms and he looked down and found his hands tight on the new rifle. There were four other men in the Machine. Travis, the Safari Leader, his assistant, Lesperance, and two other hunters, Billings and Kramer. They sat looking at each other, and the years blazed around them.

"Can these guns get a dinosaur cold?"

Eckels felt his mouth saying.

"If you hit them right," said Travis on the helmet radio. "Some dinosaurs have two brains, one in the head, another far down the spinal column. We stay away from those. That's stretching luck. Put your first two shots into the eyes, if you can, blind them, and go back into the brain."

The Machine howled. Time was a film run backward. Suns fled and ten million moons fled after them. "Good God," said Eckels. "Every hunter that ever lived would envy us today. This makes Africa seem like Illinois."

The Machine slowed; its scream fell to a murmur. The Machine stopped.

The sun stopped in the sky.

The fog that had enveloped the Machine blew away and they were in an old time, a very old time indeed, three hunters and two Safari Heads with their blue metal guns across their knees.

"Christ isn't born yet," said Travis. "Moses has not gone to the mountain to talk with God. The Pyramids are still in the earth, waiting to be put up. Remember that. Alexander, Caesar, Napoleon, Hitler — none of them exists."

The men nodded.

"That" — Mr. Travis pointed — "is the jungle of sixty million two thousand and fifty-five years before President Keith."

He indicated a metal path that struck off into green wilderness, over steaming swamp, among giant ferns and palms.

"And that," he said, "is the Path, laid by Time Safari for your use. It floats six inches above the earth. Doesn't touch so much as one grass blade, flower, or tree. It's an anti-gravity metal. Its purpose is to keep you from touching this world of the past in any way. Stay on the Path. Don't go off it. I repeat. *Don't go off*. For any reason! If you fall off, there's a penalty. And don't shoot any animal we don't okay."

"Why?" asked Eckels.

They sat in the ancient wilderness. Far birds' cries blew on a wind, and the smell of tar and an old salt sea, moist grasses, and flowers the color of blood.

"We don't want to change the Future. We don't belong here in the Past. The government doesn't like us here. We have to pay big graft to keep our franchise. A Time Machine is damn finicky business. Not knowing it, we might kill an important animal, a small bird, a roach, a flower even, thus destroying an important link in a growing species."

"That's not clear," said Eckels.

"All right," Travis continued, "say we accidentally kill one mouse here. That means all the future families of this one particular mouse are destroyed, right?"

"Right."

"And all the families of the families of that one mouse! With a stamp of your foot, you annihilate first one, then a dozen, then a thousand, a million, a billion possible mice!"

"So they're dead," said Eckels. "So what?"

"So what?" Travis snorted quietly. "Well, what about the foxes that'll need those mice to survive? For want of ten mice, a fox dies. For want of ten foxes, a lion starves. For want of a lion, all manner of insects, vultures, infinite billions of life forms are thrown into chaos and destruction. Eventually it all boils down to this: fifty-nine million years later, a cave man, one of a dozen on the *entire world*, goes hunting wild boar or saber-tooth tiger for food. But you, friend, have *stepped* on all the tigers in that region. By stepping on *one* single mouse. So the cave man starves. And the cave man, please note, is not just *any* expendable man, no! He is an *entire future nation*. From his loins would have sprung ten sons. From *their* loins one hundred sons, and thus onward to a civilization. Destroy this one man, and you destroy a race, a people, an entire history of life. It is comparable to slaying some of Adam's grandchildren. The stomp of your foot, on one mouse, could start an earthquake, the effects of which could shake our earth and destinies down through Time, to their very foundations. With the death of that one cave man, a billion others yet unborn are throttled in the womb. Perhaps Rome never rises on its seven hills. Perhaps Europe is forever a dark forest, and only Asia waxes healthy and teeming. Step on a mouse and you crush the Pyramids. Step on a mouse and you leave your print, like a Grand Canyon, across Eternity. Queen Elizabeth might never be born, Washington might not cross the Delaware, there might never be a United States at all. So be careful. Stay on the Path. *Never* step off!"

"I see," said Eckels. "Then it wouldn't pay for us even to touch the grass?"

"Correct. Crushing certain plants could add up infinitesimally. A little error here would multiply in sixty million years, all out of proportion. Of course maybe our theory is wrong. Maybe Time *can't* be changed by us. Or maybe it can be changed only in little subtle ways. A dead mouse here makes an insect imbalance there, a population disproportion later, a bad harvest further on, a depression, mass starvation, and, finally, a change in *social* temperament in far-flung countries. Something much more subtle, like that. Perhaps only a soft breath, a whisper, a hair, pollen on the air, such a slight, slight change that unless you looked close you wouldn't see it. Who knows? Who really can say he knows? We don't know. We're guessing. But until we do know for certain whether our messing around in Time *can* make a big roar or a little rustle in history, we're being damned careful. This Machine, this Path, your clothing and bodies, were sterilized, as you know, before the journey. We wear these oxygen helmets so we can't introduce our bacteria into an ancient atmosphere."

"How do we know which animals to shoot?"

"They're marked with red paint," said Travis. "Today, before our journey, (continued overleaf)



*"By George, I believe you're right . . . the rest of the  
Venus de Milo."*

## Sound of THUNDER *(continued from page 32)*

we sent Lesperance here back with the Machine. He came to this particular era and followed certain animals."

"Studying them?"

"Right," said Lesperance. "I track them through their entire existence, noting which of them lives longest. Very few. How many times they mate. Not often. Life's short. When I find one that's going to die when a tree falls on him, or one that drowns in a tar pit, I note the exact hour, minute, and second. I shoot a paint bomb. It leaves a red patch on his hide. We can't miss it. Then I correlate our arrival in the Past so that we meet the Monster not more than two minutes before he would have died anyway. This way, we kill only animals with no future, that are never going to mate again. You see how careful we are?"

"But if you came back this morning in Time," said Eckels eagerly, "you must've bumped into us, our Safari! How did it turn out? Was it successful? Did all of us get through — alive?"

Travis and Lesperance gave each other a look.

"That'd be a paradox," said the latter. "Time doesn't permit that sort of mess — a man meeting himself. When such occasions threaten, Time steps aside. Like an airplane hitting an air pocket. You felt the Machine jump just before we stopped? That was us passing ourselves on the way back to the Future. We saw nothing. There's no way of telling if this expedition was a success, if we got our monster, or whether all of us — meaning you, Mr. Eckels — got out alive."

Eckels smiled palely.

"Cut that," said Travis sharply. "Everyone on his feet!"

They were ready to leave the Machine.

The jungle was high and the jungle was broad and the jungle was the entire world forever and forever. Sounds like music and sounds like flying tents filled the sky, and those were pterodactyls soaring with cavernous gray wings, gigantic bats out of a delirium and a night fever. Eckels, balanced on the narrow Path, aimed his rifle playfully.

"Stop that!" said Travis. "Don't even aim for fun, damn it! If your gun should go off —"

Eckels flushed. "Where's our *Tyrannosaurus*?"

Lesperance checked his wrist watch. "Up ahead. We'll bisect his trail in sixty seconds. Look for the red paint, for Christ's sake. Don't shoot till we give the word. Stay on the Path. Stay on the Path!"

They moved forward in the wind of morning.

"Strange," murmured Eckels. "Up ahead, sixty million years, Election Day over. Keith made President. Everyone celebrating. And here we are, a million years lost, and they don't exist. The things we worried about for months, a lifetime, not even born or thought about yet."

"Safety catches off, everyone!" ordered Travis. "You, first shot, Eckels. Second, Billings. Third, Kramer."

"I've hunted tiger, wild boar, buffalo, elephant, but Jesus, this is it," said Eckels. "I'm shaking like a kid."

"Ah," said Travis.

Everyone stopped.

Travis raised his hand. "Ahead," he whispered. "In the mist. There he is. There's His Royal Majesty now."

• • •

The jungle was wide and full of twitterings, rustlings, murmurs, and sighs.

Suddenly it all ceased, as if someone had shut a door.

Silence.

A sound of thunder.

Out of the mist, one hundred yards away, came *Tyrannosaurus rex*.

"Jesus God," whispered Eckels.

"Sh!"

It came on great oiled, resilient, striding legs. It towered thirty feet above half of the trees, a great evil god, folding its delicate watchmaker's claws close to its oily reptilian chest. Each lower leg was a piston, a thousand pounds of white bone, sunk in thick ropes of muscle, sheathed over in a gleam of pebbled skin like the mail of a terrible warrior. Each thigh was a ton of meat, ivory, and steel mesh. And from the great breathing cage of the upper body those two delicate arms dangled out front, arms with hands which might pick up and examine men like toys, while the snake neck coiled. And the head itself, a ton of sculptured stone, lifted easily upon the sky. Its mouth gaped, exposing a fence of teeth like daggers. Its eyes rolled, ostrich eggs, empty of all expression save hunger. It closed its mouth in a death grin. It ran, its pelvic bones crushing aside trees and bushes, its taloned feet clawing damp earth, leaving prints six inches deep wherever it settled its weight. It ran with a gliding ballet step, far too poised and balanced for its ten tons. It moved into a sunlit arena warily, its beautifully reptile hands feeling the air.

"My God!" Eckels twitched his mouth. "It could reach up and grab the moon."

"Sh!" Travis jerked angrily. "He hasn't seen us yet."

"It can't be killed," Eckels pronounced this verdict quietly, as if there could be no argument. He had weighed the evidence and this was his considered opinion. The rifle in his hands seemed a cap gun. "We were fools to come. This is impossible."

"Shut up!" hissed Travis.

"Nightmare."

"Turn around," commanded Travis. "Walk quietly to the Machine. We'll remit one half your fee."

"I didn't realize it would be this big," said Eckels. "I miscalculated, that's all. And now I want out."

"It sees us!"

"There's the red paint on its chest!"

The Thunder Lizard raised itself. Its armored flesh glittered like a thousand

green coins. The coins, crusted with slime, steamed. In the slime, tiny insects wriggled, so that the entire body seemed to twitch and undulate, even while the monster itself did not move. It exhaled. The stink of raw flesh blew down the wilderness.

"Get me out of here," said Eckels. "It was never like this before. I was always sure I'd come through alive. I had good guides, good safaris, and safety. This time, I figured wrong. I've met my match and admit it. This is too much for me to get hold of."

"Don't run," said Lesperance. "Turn around. Hide in the Machine."

"Yes." Eckels seemed to be numb. He looked at his feet as if trying to make them move. He gave a grunt of helplessness.

"Eckels!"

He took a few steps, blinking, shuffling.

"Not that way!"

The Monster, at the first motion, lunged forward with a terrible scream. It covered one hundred yards in four seconds. The rifles jerked up and blazed fire. A windstorm from the beast's mouth engulfed them in the stench of slime and old blood. The Monster roared, teeth glittering with sun.

Eckels, not looking back, walked blindly to the edge of the Path, his gun limp in his arms, stepped off the Path, and walked, not knowing it, in the jungle. His feet sank into green moss. His legs moved him, and he felt alone and remote from the events behind.

The rifles cracked again. Their sound was lost in shriek and lizard thunder. The great lever of the reptile's tail swung up, lashed sideways. Trees exploded in clouds of leaf and branch. The Monster twitched its jeweler's hands down to fondle at the men, to twist them in half, to crush them like berries, to cram them into its teeth and its screaming throat. Its boulder-stone eyes leveled with the men. They saw themselves mirrored. They fired at the metallic eyelids and the blazing black iris.

Like a stone idol, like a mountain avalanche, *Tyrannosaurus* fell. Thundering, it clutched trees, pulled them with it. It wrenched and tore the metal Path. The men flung themselves back and away. The body hit, ten tons of cold flesh and stone. The guns fired. The Monster lashed its armored tail, twitched its snake jaws, and lay still. A fount of blood spouted from its throat. Somewhere inside, a sac of fluids burst. Sickening gushes drenched the hunters. They stood, red and glistening.

The thunder faded.

The jungle was silent. After the avalanche, a green peace. After the nightmare, morning.

Billings and Kramer sat on the pathway and threw up. Travis and Lesperance stood with smoking rifles, cursing steadily.

In the Time Machine, on his face, Eckels lay shivering. He had found his way back to the Path, climbed into the

*(concluded on page 65)*



## MISS JUNE TAKES A JAUNT THROUGH CENTRAL PARK

*this playmate loves puppies and pigeons and people, too*



THE WILD HAired BEAUTY on these Playmate pages is a New York telephone operator. Her name is Gloria Walker, she's eighteen years old and she was born and bred in the Bronx. Gloria strikes a rather classic pose as our June pin-up, wearing naught but a towel whilst engrossed in a game of chess. Gloria doesn't ordinarily play chess in such brief attire. We don't know whether Gloria ordinarily plays in such brief attire, but we know she doesn't ordinarily play chess in such brief, because she doesn't ordinarily play chess.

We took our June Playmate for a walk through Central Park. She brought along her dog and we held him while she fed the pigeons. She confesses that she loves animals — and the male animal most of all, we trust.



# Miss June

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



## PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The sweet young thing was shopping for her wedding gown.

"Have you been married before?" asked the sales girl.

"Why, no — why do you ask?"

"Well, when a girl has been previously married, it's customary to wear lavender rather than white."

"Oh. Well let's see what you have in white with lavender trim."



She was a gorgeous girl.  
And he was a loving male.  
He praised her shape in English,  
French, Italian, and Braille.

Two longtime friends sipped Scotch in a local bar and talked about their troubles.

"And on top of everything else," said the first, "my wife has cut me down to just once a week."

"That's too bad," agreed his friend, "but it could be worse. I know two guys she's cut off altogether."

"I love you terribly," said the girl.  
"You certainly do," agreed her boy friend.



A master plumber was explaining some of the finer points of job etiquette to his apprentice. "Working in other people's homes," he said, "you're bound to run into some embarrassing situations, but you can usually get out of them by using a little tact. Now take the other day as an example: I entered a bathroom to do some work and found a young lady taking a bath. I backed out right away, saying, 'Excuse me, sir.' That way, the lady thought I hadn't gotten a good look at her and she wasn't embarrassed."

The following afternoon the apprentice staggered into the office, his clothes torn, eyes blackened, nose bloodied.

"What happened?" exclaimed the boss.

"You and your tact," cried the apprentice. "I got a call to fix a leaky faucet in the bridal suite of the Plaza Hotel and I was half way across the bedroom before I realized there was a couple making love in the bed. The husband started to swear at me, so right away I remembered what you'd said, and tipped my hat and said, 'Oh, excuse me, gentlemen.'"

A flashy Mercedes-Benz roared up to the curb, where a cute young miss stood waiting for a taxi.

"Hi," said the gentleman at the wheel. "I'm going west."

"How wonderful," came the cool reply. "Bring me back an orange."



"I notice your daughter didn't get home until 3 o'clock this morning," said Mrs. Tyson to Mrs. Frisbee across the backyard fence. "My daughter was in the house before midnight."

"I know," answered Mrs. Frisbee coolly. "But, you see, my daughter walked home."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines a nice girl as one who whispers sweet nothing-doings in your ear.

The husband who knows where his wife keeps her nickels and dimes has nothing on the husband who knows where to find the maid's quarters.

We suppose you've heard about the man on the flying trapeze who caught his wife in the act.

*Heard any good ones lately? Send your favorites to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 11 E. Superior St., Chicago 11, Ill., and earn an easy five dollars for each joke used. In case of duplicates, payment goes to first received. Jokes cannot be returned.*

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TRAVEL



LARRY KLEIN

attire BY FRANK CARIOTI



LeRoy Neiman

# IN THE SWIM

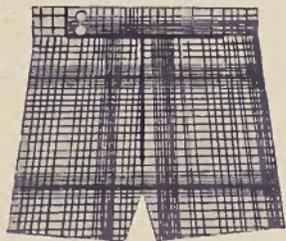
*how to be all wet and like it*

"VANITY," the man says somewhere in *Ecclesiastes*, "all is vanity." And there are few occasions when the vanity of the muscled male is more rampantly displayed than on the beach or beside the pool. We have nothing against vanity — in fact, it's one of the few things that separates the poets from the peasants — but before a guy goes prancing like a stallion, he needs something to be vain *about*. Unhappily, not all of us have. *(continued on next page)*





BOXER



TAILORED TRUNK



SKIN DIVER



FORM FIT

That explains, at least in part, the trend toward the tailored swim suit during the past few summers—a truly American innovation in the fashion scene. Boxer shorts, so popular in previous seasons, feature elasticized waistbands that pinch the torso at mid point, then flow freely at the hips. This style is meant to flatter the fuller figure, which it does to a degree, but it also has the tendency to make the guy with a decent build look as though he were hiding a beer bulge. You can't have everything.

The 1956 crop of swimsuits can be trimmed to four major styles: boxer, tailored, skin divers and form fits. In the order listed, each becomes more closely molded to the body and more briefly cut, both in rise at the waist and length of the leg. To a point, each is styled for a different type of figure or beach activity.

*The Boxer*—fits high at the natural waistline, measures about 13-15 inches in length at the outside seam dimension. This is the conservative suit most flattering to the fellow who doesn't care to turn purple in the face in the attempt to disguise generous proportions. Semi-boxers are an even better bet for this gent: they feature overlapping, tailored waist treatment in front with half-elastic band in back.

*The Tailored Trunk*—has the elegant look of custom tailoring, with zipper fly front, overlapping waist band, with or without a short center panel of elastic in the back, is sometimes shown with adjustable side tabs reminiscent of Ivy League trousers. These suits are generally cut to fit just below the natural waistline; tight cut at the legs, often notched for easy movement as well as style; 10-13 inches at outer seam.

*Skin Diver*—slick fitting trunk, cut well below the waist, that is popular with the slender, aqualunged man. Fits flat across the stomach with side zipper closures and usually finished with the "California" waist: fabric full cut to the top of the suit, no band. One of the best looking models for stalking cuttlefish: a cotton reversible, solid color on one side, check or tartan plaid on the other, 8 to 10 inches at outer seam—by Jantzen.

*Form Fit*—these suits hug like a Jayne Mansfield sweater, offer little resistance to water, are therefore well-suited to speedy swimmers. But you'd better have damned sleek proportions before slipping into this job. One suit that takes to water like a turtle is a

printed cotton with a four way stretch in back and tailored front panel, overlapping button closure at the waist and zipper fly front—by Jantzen.

Stripes and small check patterns will hit full stride this year, with some of the more noteworthy suits tailored in the traditional hairlines and varied small stripes in gray-brown-black and gold-brown-black combinations so effective in sports shirts, blazer jackets and neckties. Three-quarter inch vertical stripings in club colors will also be a standout. Jantzen this year offers a reversible skin diver model in several terrific color combinations: solid smoke-gray on one side, small checks in gray and white on the other. McGregor makes up a handsomely matched combination of striped shorts and shirt to be worn as a set or as separates, as you wish. Accessory shirts and short beach jackets will be seen everywhere, either in fabrics to match the swimsuit or using the pattern of the suit as a trim on beach jackets or pullover shirts.

The influence of both Mexico and the Far East is being felt in several new swimsuit prints. Gantner picks up the Mexican touch with an indigenous print sparked with the vibrant, earthy colors of our southern neighbors. McGregor anchors in the Orient with a print featuring small fishing craft and assorted dry brush bric-a-brac; this is carried over to a beach jacket lined in cognac colored terry cloth, kimono cut, straight falling front panels and full sleeves. Catalina toys with the colors of India in a job with a chipper orange-red base with coin groupings in yellow and green.

You can just about say farewell to those Hollywood beach nightmares of a few years ago, the kind the guy wore just before stepping into the surf at the very end of *A Star Is Born*: silk ascot (in a finely figured foulard) at the throat, ankle-length terry cloth robe (tied with studied perfection), smokey glasses and a terribly black cigarette holder. Today, these tender trappings are held up more to ridicule than to envy, and rightly so. The "full dress" entry to the beach is frowned on as being far too pretentious for the sensible man.

Replacing the long, long robe is the beach jacket, a short coat done up in terry cloth that is subtle and gracious and not at all self-conscious, proving that, even at beach and pool, you can be casually correct without being "costumed."



# HOW TO KEEP YOUR WIFE IN LOVE WITH YOU



*more help on succeeding with women without really trying*

*satire* **BY SHEPHERD MEAD**

**I**T IS ANNOYING to spend long months training a wife only to have her leave you for another.

You may believe that any sensible woman would want to stay with you *for her own good*. This is not always the case. Women are creatures of emotion, seldom making their decisions as we men do, on the basis of reason and logic.

Remember, too, that the wife who loves you is harder working, more efficient, and more cheerful.

Make sure that she does. You will be surprised how easy it is if you follow the simple rules in this article.

"MUST I LOVE HER, TOO?"

You will operate most successfully if you leave the gentle emotions to others. To keep your wife firmly in hand, and soundly in love with *you*, you must act clearly, dispassionately, and logically—something few men can do when their

minds are confused with passion or softened by sentimentality.

If you love, unwisely and too well, you may be startled—as so many are—to find that your wife has deserted you for another, less confused, male.

In short, have a clear head, a firm hand, and a cool heart.

#### BE SEXY

Though love is not necessary, sex has a place in every marriage.

*(NOTE: If you are reading this article aloud by the fireside, skip the next few paragraphs. It is also recommended that you either place the magazine on a high shelf, or snip out these passages. They are not intended for young ears.)*

The subtle distinctions between love and sex we will leave to other, more incisive pens, and get on to the practical instructions.

#### IT IS YOUR MIND THAT MATTERS

The trim, hard-muscle physique is a fine asset, to be sure, but in sex it is the mind that really matters.

The physical aspects are childishly simple and can be mastered by any schoolboy. They are far less difficult to perfect than, say, a good approach shot, or a serviceable backhand.

The brainwork, the strategy and tactics, are not so simple, and it is here that real competence is developed, here where the men are separated from the boys.

#### BE CONFIDENT

The man who is relaxed and confident has won half the battle.

You must never doubt that you are the most desirable man in the world. This idea will seem ludicrous to you at first, but keep at it. Millions of men have accepted it easily, and so can you.

Give her the impression that she is lucky to be with you, that you are, somehow, doing her a favor, and that it cannot last.

## FLATTER HER

The object of really skillful flattery is to show that you *do* appreciate her, that in fact she *almost* comes up to your exacting standards.

In short, create the impression that she is probably the most desirable girl in the world—but that you haven't quite stopped looking.

Flatter a woman only on her good points. She will know what they are, and it must be assumed that by this time so will you. A woman with good eyes, hair, breasts, or legs will know it, and can easily swallow the statement that they are the most beautiful in the world.

A word of caution, however. Uncontrolled flattery is bad, can backfire and make a woman feel she is too good for you. Controlled flattery not only preserves the right balance, but can lead to self improvement.

"Your legs are lovely, dear. Probably the best in the country—below the knees."

"What's the matter with above the knees, David?"

"Did I say anything was the matter, Phoebe?"

"Davie, don't you *dare* leave me hanging here cut off at the knees! If my hips are too fat, say so!"

*(Deep in her heart every woman knows her own shortcomings.)*

"You said so, sweet, not I. I like you just the way you are."

*(This is always an excellent phrase. It shows tolerance, affection, and good nature—yet subtly implies there is room for improvement.)*

Often you will find you have planted a seed. Watch it grow.

"David, I haven't eaten anything but black coffee and grapefruit for three weeks. *Now* how are my legs?"

"Lovely, dear, lovely."

*(Every nice word helps.)*

"Above the knees, David!"

"Lovely, Phoebe! Pretty soon now I bet we'll notice a real improvement in our little girl!"

*(Encourage and inspire, but never overdo it.)*

## BE BOYISH

Though in most civilized countries maturity is the keynote to sex, in the United States the opposite is true. Here you will succeed best by Being a Little Boy.

Stay figuratively in knee pants and you will be loved deeply and well. Call your wife "Moin" from time to time. She will accept this as a healthy, affectionate, American gesture, and will love you all the more.

In fact, there are times when this is the only safe approach.

"David, what's this powder and lipstick on your handkerchief?"

"Must be yours, Phoebe."

"David, this is *not* my perfume, and *not* my shade."

*(All escape seems to be cut off. But wait!)*

"Well, gosh, Mom, I mighta been a naughty boy, but I couldn't help it, honest. This great big gal at the office just picked up your little guy and before he could say 'put me down!' she gave him a great big bunny hug!"

*(Note the use of the third person, too. This is effective in such cases, since it almost creates the impression it was somebody else.)*

## BE AFFECTIONATE

You can be affectionate either (1) *boyishly* as above, or (2) *doggishly*, which many say is even better.

Dog-like affection should be just a bit clumsy and over-eager, like a cocker spaniel wagging his tail. This is best when accompanied by an over-all shaggy appearance, obtained not only by tweedy clothes, but by keeping the hair mussed and just a little too long, and particularly *by assuming a shaggy expression*. This takes practice, but is well worth the effort.

The lop-sided smile plays a part here, but you are striving for more than that. The shaggy expression cannot, many argue, simply be assumed, it must be *lived*. It is, they say, a way of life—and a fine one, too.

## BE SOUGHT AFTER

You have only to watch a bargain sale to realize that no woman wants anything unless other women want it, too. The wise husband makes this principle work for him and not against him.

Be sought after by women and—more important—let your wife know about it. We can take it for granted that women will pursue you, as they will most men. However, if you aren't outwardly attractive, have no fear. *Seeming* to be sought after is just as good, as long as you make it convincing.

"Let's cross over here, Phoebe.

Don't think she sees me yet."

"Who, Davie?"

"That blonde."

*(Always pick the most gorgeous hunk of woman in sight.)*

"The minkey one, with the legs?"

"Mmmmmmm-huh. Can't imagine what she sees in me, pet, but she claims she simply turns to jelly when I'm near her. Lord knows, I don't *encourage* it, any more than I do with the others."

Or, as a variation:

"Frankly, I'd just as soon not go to the Frumps', Phoebe. That daughter of theirs. Always have to pry her off."

"Oh? Hadn't noticed it, Davie."

"She's tricky that way. Won't lay a hand on me when you're in sight."

Office parties will give you other opportunities.

"Have to go, Phoebe, much as I hate it. You don't know what it is to fight off four or five girls *at once*."

Let them get one mouthful of liquor and they just *swarm* over me. Have to pick 'em off like leeches. What are you going to do? Some people just *radiate* sex, and I guess I'm one of the unlucky guys."

If actual demonstration is necessary, and if you're unable (or unwilling) to draw adoring women, certain types will be of help.

1. *The Myopic.*

This common type cannot see two feet in front of her, yet is unwilling to wear glasses at parties.

First make sure your wife is watching, but at a distance. Then approach the myopic one and say "Darr-ling!" in a stage whisper. She will turn on you with a look of love and affection that will last until you come into focus.

Retreat rapidly, and if you are nimble you can create an impression not only of love and affection, but of physical pursuit. Fade into the mist and rejoin your wife.

"Did you see *that*, Phoebe?"

"I certainly did, David. Down-right blatant."

"I got away, thank goodness. You appreciate my problem, though."

2. *The Co-worker.*

There is magic in proximity and daily association. Women who work side by side with you cannot help coming under your spell, especially if you control their salaries or can throw business their way.

They will like you *for yourself*, but it is difficult to make many wives believe this. In fact, if you encounter a co-worker at a public gathering, allow her to make the usual display of affection, but *do not reveal the relationship to your wife*.

"Little embarrassing, I know, Phoebe."

"Who is that woman, David?"

"Please, darling!"

*(Take on a wounded expression.)*

"Let's not discuss it, shall we? It all happened before I met you. She's never got over it, poor kid."

3. *The Discerning.*

Some women are keener judges of character than others. They can see through your tough veneer, can find the real you that lies beneath. They can be forgiven for their occasional displays of emotion.

These women will surprise you with the accuracy of their judgment of *your* character, though—if you overhear them—you may be amused to find they heap the most shameless flattery on other men.

"Davie, I saw you give me that gorgeous, beamin' smile. I just went all a-twitter, I did! You are the most charmin', lovable man!"

Allow your wife to overhear one of these performances and she will appreciate you all the more. It is best, however, to make sure your wife does not hear her speaking to other men.

## HOW TO KISS

Many of us are likely to forget that kissing, when properly gone about, can be a real pleasure. And unlike so many  
*(continued on page 66)*

# CHESS

*A Compendium on the Royal Game*



**F**or the delectation of your eye and the improvement of your game, that noble pastime, chess, has been given plush PLAYBOY treatment on these nine pages. Colorful facts from chess history and canny tips on playing are offered by Al Horowitz, editor and publisher of *Chess Review*, U. S. Open Chess Champion on three different occasions and member of the U. S. Championship Team during the famous tournaments at Prague (1931), Warsaw (1935) and Stockholm (1937). A work of fiction about a particularly rewarding chess game is *Last Gambit*, by rising young television playwright Loring D. Mandel. And, delightfully decorating the verbiage, you will discover PLAYBOY's lovely, living chessgirls, captured in color by photographer Herman Leonard.



# Checkmate

When you make your move, sir,  
in this royal game, take care,  
For each chess piece on the  
board is living, warm and fair.







## A SHORT, HAPPY HISTORY OF CHESS

BY AL HOROWITZ

### article

NO TWO AUTHORITIES agree about the origins of the royal game. Over a dozen different nations and cultures have been named as its breeding-place. Some say it began as far back as 200 B.C.; others place the date as late as 500 A.D. It is believed that the word "chess" stems from the Persian *shah* (king), and the word "checkmate" from *shah mat* (the king is dead). The Eastern origin of the game, at any rate, seems fairly well established.

Chess as we know it has fascinated men and women of all races, creeds, and nationalities. So hypnotic was the lure of chess in the Middle Ages, particularly among the nobility and clergy, that the Church had grave misgivings about a game that seemed to be an instrument of the Devil in diverting men's minds from God. Moralists looked askance at the wagers that were often attached to the outcome of a chess game, and they were alarmed by the violence that was sometimes exhibited by a bad loser. Cracked heads and bloody noses were no uncommon hazards in those days of play at "ye chesse." The situation became so serious that the Church was finally moved to issue a number of ecclesiastical decrees placing chess on the list of games forbidden to the clergy and the knightly orders.

This early experiment in prohibition worked about as well as our Volstead Act. The sinful charms of Caissa, the tutelary goddess of chess, continued unabated, and a kind of bootlegging in chess paraphernalia began to develop. Many monks resorted to the use of a specially contrived chessboard in a box design that could be folded to resemble a book. Thus whenever a game of chess was interrupted by the imminent appearance of a superior, a bit of dexterous sleight-of-hand could swiftly convert a chessboard into a splendid imita-

tion of a pious volume. Eventually the attractions of chess proved too strong for any prohibitory edict, and by 1400 the Church had not only abandoned its crusade but had gone over to the other side. Much of the early European chess literature began to be written by members of the clergy.

Islam, too, had its doubts about the legality of chess. When the game threatened to become popular, Moslem law and theology, which defined all human conduct and belief, were required to arrive at a clear-cut decision. It was useless to go to the Koran, for Mohammed was silent on the question — although he did lay down the law that a true believer should confine his amusements to his horse, his bow, and his wives. Moslem lawyers hunted precedents and traditions, wrangled for years, and apparently finally arrived at the opinion that a true believer could play chess — provided that he looked upon it as an exercise in the solution of military problems and not as means of recreation or financial gain. Thus a way was found for a Moslem to make the acquaintance of Caissa without endangering his prospects of meeting the houris of Paradise.

One would hardly suppose that there could be much connection between chess and sex, and yet both legend and historic record show some extraordinary twists and turns in this respect. There is an amusing yarn, for example, about the siege of Troy, according to which the Greek chieftains whiled away the time in a chess tournament. Briseis, a tasty female slave, was to be the prize. Achilles and Agamemnon became the finalists, and Achilles lost both the tournament and the girl when his crafty rival plied him with wine. Small wonder that the mighty warrior afterward sulked in his tent!

One of the most entertaining chess legends concerns Satan and his diabolical chess prowess. Apparently the Prince of Darkness likes nothing better than to go around playing mortals for their souls. Why any mortal would be fool enough to accept a challenge from so terrible an antagonist is never made clear, unless it is because chess players are the most self-confident tribe on the planet.

A typical scene is depicted in a 19th Century painting by Moritz de Retzsch, *Satan Playing at Chess with Man for His Soul*. Flanked by a gargoyle and a death's-head, the cocky, almost handsome Devil is seated opposite an opponent who is nervously pondering his next move. On the sidelines an angel looks on glumly, foreseeing disaster but prevented by tournament ethics from offering advice. The end is apparently not far off.

Unbeatable as the Devil ordinarily is, he came a cropper on at least one memorable occasion. A rare old document tells of a narrow escape from the Master of Evil when, about to deliver the *coup de grâce* at the tail-end of a terrific combination, he found that he could not make the winning move because the final position would take the form of a cross! For once the Devil had outsmarted himself, and "with a shriek of rage that rent the board in twain, he disappeared."

A famous legend that recurs frequently in early Persian and Arabian lore concerns the inventor of chess. As a reward for his invention, he asked payment in grains of corn—one grain for the first square of the chess board, two for the second, four for the third, eight for the fourth, and so on until the geometrical progression reached the last or 64th. The king, astonished by the apparent triviality of the request, readily assented, but got the shock of his life when he discovered that all the corn in India would not meet the demands of the 30th square. On arriving at the last square, the amount of corn required would be the staggering figure of 18 quintillion grains or 30 quadrillion bushels, enough to cover the surface of the globe to a depth of nine inches. The inventor said that he knew all the time he had no chance of collecting the reward, and the king, we hope, never again signed on the dotted

(concluded on page 62)



**Pawn**



## fiction

**S**HE WAS THE KIND OF GIRL you dream about. Not too tall, well-rounded and ripe, and with soft brown hair resting lightly about her shoulders. She had a little pout of a smile, and high, full breasts, and a most delicate arrangement of convexities and concavities in the subtle convergence of her abdomen and thighs. And within this perfect physical creature was a vitality, a cleverness, an intelligent awareness that redoubled her desirability. She was of that select few who excel at every grace, sport or project in which they engage. And particularly, she excelled at chess. This is where Edgar came in.

Indeed, this is only where Edgar could have come in. For as the girl was all curves and thighs, Edgar was angles and elbows. Tall and rather awkward, he wasn't really bad looking, but he kept both face and personality carefully hidden behind a pair of horn-rimmed refracting lenses. Edgar was a philosophy major. Edgar was also a master at the game of chess.

Actually, he didn't play very often. He was too retiring to take on actual opponents in the game. Instead, he played in his head: he stood for long hours in the oak-paneled Student Game Room watching others manipulate the pieces, and he beat each of them with moves made only in his mind.

It was a Thursday afternoon, in the late spring. He was standing behind a player involved in a puzzling checkmate, he had just mentally projected himself into the game, brilliantly extricated his King and trammelled his opponent, when *she* stepped into focus.

In a millisecond, the crusty walls of his celibacy crumbled, dissolved and were washed away by a tide of emotion. He could not explain it—he didn't try. He was simply lost.

She seated herself at one of the chess tables with a young man Edgar recognized vaguely as a Game Room regular and prepared her pieces for play. What followed was delightful. To Edgar's utter amazement, this incredible, beautiful creature whipped her not unskilled opponent in a most thorough and expert manner. And in the afternoons that followed, she beat the best of those who played there. She lost but seldom and then always reversed the defeat with a startling aggressiveness in the next game.

Edgar was there each afternoon, standing unseen beside her table. He was lost in the crowd of admirers that quickly grew about her each time she played, and he marvelled at her skill, and at her beauty,

# LAST GAMBIT

BY LORING D. MANDEL

and at the naked animal desires she had awakened in him.

The girl took great pride in her game and Edgar enjoyed each victory with her, but he had no difficulty staying a jump or two ahead of her in his mind, predicting her next move and countering it on his own imaginary board. It was during a complicated gambit in which she had put her opponent in check and Edgar, in turn, had mentally maneuvered out of the position and checked her, that an idea began to take shape—an incredible idea by which Edgar might actually physically possess, if only for a brief time, this most desirable of all creatures.

He was never certain, in looking back upon it afterwards, if the plan had been fully formed before that particular Saturday morning or if it had taken shape as it progressed. He wandered into the Student Game Room after an early class and she was sitting there alone, reading. If there had been anyone near enough to overhear, he probably would never have found the courage to speak. He introduced himself with shy formality, explaining that he was trying to master the game of chess, and had observed her skill. He wondered if she might play him a game or two and he mixed enough flattery into the request to make it impossible to decline.

They sat across from one another preparing the inlaid board of the polished wooden table, and Edgar trembled with anticipation at what lay ahead. Without preliminary discussion, they plunged into the game. Edgar played well, but let himself be led into her first poorly disguised design, which he was certain would soon check him. He was right: he lost, and smiled a smile with many meanings.

Despite her victory, the girl sensed somehow that this lean adversary held an unusual understanding of the game and she reset the pieces with a curious apprehension. They immediately began the second game. Her play was cautious . . . a simple attack, which he reversed immediately. Another stratagem was also stopped cold. She was intense, soaking up pleasure from the contest. Edgar, encouraged by her obvious involvement, took the liberty of a weak attack. She met it, and began a devious tack of her own. At this point, Edgar knew he must not be too hard or too easy. He mumbled to himself, moved as he knew she wished he would, and somehow achieved the most difficult. He won, as if by accident.

She had not expected his victory, but it did add savor to the battle. She knew she would win the third. Her delicate features fixed themselves in concentration as once again the opening moves were made. Edgar had reached a crucial point in his scheme. He realized that should she suspect his superiority at the game, he could not hope to accomplish the final part of his daring plan. Yet, if she won there might not be enough incentive to continue the contest under the particular circumstances required.

At this point, quite deliberately, Edgar complained about the crowd that had been building about them since shortly after the beginning of the second game.

He bumbled and staggered his men. He lost a Bishop and cursed himself aloud for his incompetence. She tried to fix herself for the kill, but so complex was the disorganization of his pieces, she was unable to find a secure approach. He allowed his Queen to be apprehended. She snatched the piece from the board in a swoop of triumph. The moves

*(continued on page 70)*



**Bishop**



## FIVE WAYS TO IMPROVE YOUR GAME

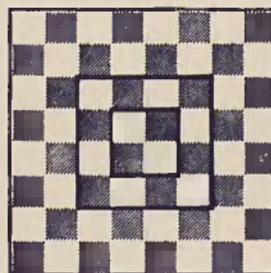
BY AL HOROWITZ

FOR PLAYBOY READERS who know the basics of the board, but would like to strengthen their game, here are five tips that can be given practical application at your very next bout:

1. Perhaps one of the greatest failings of inexperienced players is to restrict themselves to the use of one or two pieces instead of their whole army. The watchword should be: *Get the wood out!* In the opening keep your Pawn moves to a minimum and try to develop one piece after another until all your forces are ready for action. Anything else would be like fighting with one hand tied behind your back.

2. Don't bring out the Queen too soon. This mistake is usually due to a desire to make the earliest possible use of the most powerful piece. The trouble is that a premature development of the Queen will expose her to attack by inferior pieces and she will simply have to retreat ignominiously in order to avoid being captured. Mobilize your other pieces first, then find a square for the Queen where she will be both safe and effective.

3. Of prime importance is control of the center. The center consists of the four squares in the middle of the board. The twelve squares surrounding the center are almost equally vital.



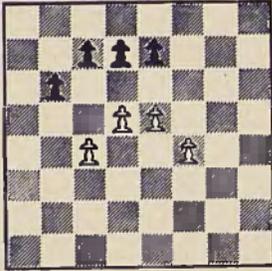
*The center and its  
surrounding squares*

Why is this region of the board literally of central value? The answer is that a piece posted there has maximum mobility—it can reach more squares and reach them faster than if stationed on the side of the board. Moreover, control of the center means ready communication between the wings, which is essential if your army is to operate as a unit rather than as a mob of uncoordi-

# article

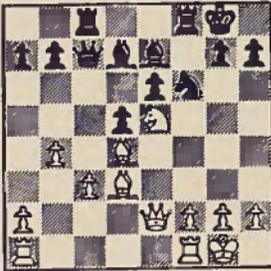
nated detachments. In fact, not to control the center is to be dangerously crippled.

The center may be occupied and thus controlled by unassailable Pawns, as in the following diagram:



*The White Pawns constitute a permanent occupying force*

It is also possible to use pieces for secure control of the center, as in this instance:



*The White pieces prevent any freeing Pawn moves by Black*

4. A chess master once laid down the law, "Castle if you will or if you must, but not because you can." Well and good, but the inexperienced player will find it a practical rule, for the sake of safety first, to castle as *early as possible*, usually on the King side.

5. Since the safety of the King is a key consideration, the Pawns trouped protectively around the castled monarch should be disturbed as little as possible. To push them forward recklessly is to deprive the King of his natural bodyguard and to invite infiltration by enemy forces. The special positions in which such headlong advances are correct need not concern us here, inasmuch as they are of fairly infrequent occurrence.

The more you learn about chess, the more you will enjoy it for it is that best of all possible games: one at which you can progress quickly and yet never fully master. Once caught up in it, the royal game can become a good deal more than a game for you. It can be an ever more challenging, ever more fascinating and rewarding dedication.



# Queen



## NUNC DIMITTIS (continued from page 28)

the sort of model you've been searching for for years—just the right face, the right figure, the right colored eyes. You know the sort of thing. Then ask her if she'd mind sitting for you free of charge. Say you'd like to do a picture of her for next year's Academy. I feel sure she'd be delighted to help you, and honored too, if I may say so. Then you will paint her and exhibit the picture and deliver it to me after the show is over. No one but you need know that I have bought it."

The small round eyes of Mr. John Royden were watching me shrewdly, I thought, and the head was again cocked over to one side. He was sitting on the edge of his chair, and in this position, with the pullover making a flash of red down his front, he reminded me of a robin on a twig listening for a suspicious noise.

"There's really nothing wrong about it at all," I said. "Just call it—if you like—a harmless little conspiracy being perpetrated by a . . . well . . . by a rather romantic man."

"I know, Mr. Lampson, I know . . ."

He still seemed to be hesitating, so I said quickly, "I'll be glad to pay you double your usual fee."

That did it. The man actually licked his lips. "Well, Mr. Lampson, I must say this sort of thing's not really in my line, you know. But all the same, it'd be a very heartless man who refused such a—shall I say such a romantic assignment?"

"I should like a full length portrait, Mr. Royden, please. A large canvas—let me see—about twice the size of that Manet on the wall there."

"About sixty by thirty-six?"

"Yes. And I should like her to be standing. That, to my mind, is her most graceful attitude."

"I quite understand, Mr. Lampson. And it'll be a pleasure to paint such a lovely lady."

I expect it will, I told myself. The way you go about it, my boy, I'm quite sure it will. But I said, "All right, Mr. Royden, then I'll leave it all to you. And don't forget, please—this is a little secret between ourselves."

When he had gone I forced myself to sit still and take twenty-five deep breaths. Nothing else would have restrained me from jumping up and shouting for joy like an idiot. I have never in my life felt so exhilarated. My plan was working! The most difficult part was already accomplished. There would be a wait now, a long wait. The way this man painted, it would take him several months to finish the picture. Well, I would just have to be patient, that's all.

I now decided on the spur of the moment that it would be best if I were to go abroad in the interim; and the very next morning, after sending a message to Janet (with whom, you will remember, I was due to dine that night) telling her I had been called away, I left for Italy.

There, as always, I had a delightful time, marred only by a constant nervous excitement caused by the thought of returning to the scene of action.

I eventually arrived back, four months later, in July, on the day after the opening of the Royal Academy, and I found to my relief that everything had gone according to plan during my absence. The picture of Janet de Pelagia had been painted and hung in the Exhibition, and it was already the subject of much favorable comment both by the critics and the public. I myself refrained from going to see it but Royden told me on the telephone that there had been several inquiries by persons who wished to buy it, all of whom had been informed that it was not for sale. When the show was over, Royden delivered the picture to my house and received his money.

I immediately had it carried up to my work-room, and with mounting excitement I began to examine it closely. The man had painted her standing up in a black evening dress and there was a red-plush sofa in the background. Her left hand was resting on the back of a heavy chair, also of red-plush, and there was a huge crystal chandelier hanging from the ceiling.

My God, I thought, what a hideous thing! The portrait itself wasn't so bad. He had caught the woman's expression—the forward drop of the head, the wide blue eyes, the large, ugly-beautiful mouth with the trace of a smile in one corner. He had flattered her, of course. There wasn't a wrinkle on her face or the slightest suggestion of fat under her chin. I bent forward to examine the painting of the dress. Yes—here the paint was thicker, much thicker. At this point, unable to wait another moment, I threw off my coat and prepared to go to work.

I should mention here that I am myself an expert cleaner and restorer of paintings. The cleaning, particularly, is a comparatively simple process, provided one has patience and a gentle touch, and those professionals who make such a secret of their trade and charge such shocking prices get no business from me. Where my own pictures are concerned I always do the job myself.

I poured out the turpentine and added a few drops of alcohol. I dipped a small wad of cotton-wool in the mixture, squeezed it out, and then gently, so very gently, with a circular motion, I began to work upon the black paint of the dress. I could only hope that Royden had allowed each layer to dry thoroughly before applying the next, otherwise the two would merge and the process I had in mind would be impossible. Soon I would know. I was working on one square inch of black dress somewhere around the lady's stomach and I took plenty of time, cautiously testing and teasing the paint, adding a drop or two more of alcohol to my mixture, testing again, adding another drop until finally it was just strong enough to loosen the

pigment.

For perhaps a whole hour I worked away on this little square of black, proceeding more and more gently as I came closer to the layer below. Then a tiny pink spot appeared, and gradually it spread and spread until the whole of my square inch was a clear shining patch of pink. Quickly I neutralized with pure turps.

So far so good. I knew now that the black paint could be removed without disturbing what was underneath. So long as I was patient and industrious I would easily be able to take it all off. Also, I had discovered the right mixture to use and just how hard I could safely rub, so things should go much quicker now.

I must say it was rather an amusing business. I worked first from the middle of her body downward, and as the lower half of her dress came away bit by bit onto my little wads of cotton, a queer pink undergarment began to reveal itself. I didn't for the life of me know what the thing was called, but it was a formidable apparatus constructed of what appeared to be a strong thick elastic material, and its purpose was apparently to contain and to compress the woman's bulging figure into a neat streamlined shape, giving a quite false impression of slimness. As I travelled lower and lower down, I came upon a striking arrangement of suspenders, also pink, which were attached to this elastic armor and hung downward four or five inches to grip the tops of the stockings.

Quite fantastic the whole thing seemed to me as I stepped back a pace to survey it. It gave me a strong sense of having somehow been cheated; for had I not, during all these past months, been admiring the sylphlike figure of this lady? She was a faker. No question about it. I wondered. I knew, of course, that in the days of stays and corsets it was usual for ladies to strap themselves up; yet for some reason I was under the impression that nowadays all they had to do was diet.

When the whole of the lower half of the dress had come away, I immediately turned my attention to the upper portion, working my way slowly upward from the lady's middle. Here, around the midriff, there was an area of naked flesh; then higher up upon the bosom itself and actually containing it, I came upon a contrivance made of some heavy black material edged with frilly lace. This, I knew very well, was the brassiere—another formidable appliance upheld by an arrangement of black straps as skillfully and scientifically rigged as the supporting cables of a suspension bridge.

Dear me, I thought. One lives and learns.

But now at last the job was finished, and I stepped back again to take a final look at the picture. It was truly an astonishing sight! This woman, Janet de Pelagia, almost life size, standing there in her underwear—in a sort of drawing room, I suppose it was—with a great chandelier above her head and a

(continued overleaf)



*"Okay, I've loosened her clothing — now what?"*

plush chair by her side; and she herself — this was the most disturbing part of all — looking so completely unconcerned, with the wide placid blue eyes, the faintly smiling, ugly-beautiful mouth. Also I noticed, with something of a shock, that she was exceedingly bow-legged, like a jockey. I tell you frankly, the whole thing embarrassed me. I felt as though I had no right to be in the room, certainly no right to stare. So after a while I went out and shut the door behind me. It seemed like the only decent thing to do.

Now, for the next and final step! And do not imagine simply because I have not mentioned it lately that my thirst for revenge had in any way diminished during the last few months. On the contrary, it had if anything increased; and with the last act about to be performed, I can tell you I found it hard to contain myself. That night, for example, I didn't even go to bed.

You see, I couldn't wait to get the invitations out. I sat up all night preparing them and addressing the envelopes. There were twenty-two of them in all, and I wanted each to be a personal note. "I'm having a little dinner on Friday night, the twenty-second, at eight. I do hope you can come along . . . I'm so looking forward to seeing you again . . ."

The first, the most carefully phrased, was to Janet de Pelagia. In it I regretted not having seen her for so long . . . I had been abroad . . . It was time we got together again, etc., etc. The next was to Gladys Ponsonby. Then one to Hermione Lady Girdlestone, another to Princess Bicheno, Mrs. Cudbird, Sir Hubert Kaul, Mrs. Galbally, Peter Euan-Thomas, James Pisker, Sir Eustace Piegrome, Peter van Santen, Elizabeth Moynihan, Lord Mulherrin, Bertram Sturt, Phillip Cornelius, Jack Hill, Lady Ademan, Mrs. Icely, Humphrey King-Howard, Johnny O' Coffey, Mrs. Uvary, and the Dowager Countess of Waxworth.

It was a carefully selected list, containing as it did the most distinguished men, the most brilliant and influential women in the top crust of our society.

I was well aware that a dinner at my house was regarded as quite an occasion; everybody liked to come. And now, as I watched the point of my pen moving swiftly over the paper, I could almost see the ladies in their pleasure picking up their bedside telephones the morning the invitations arrived, shrill voices calling to shriller voices over the wires . . . "Lionel's giving a party . . . he's asked you too? My dear, how nice . . . his food is always so good . . . and such a lovely man, isn't he though, yes . . ."

Is that really what they would say? It suddenly occurred to me that it might not be like that at all. More like this perhaps: "I agree, my dear, yes, not a bad fellow . . . but a bit of a bore, don't you think? . . . What did you say? . . . dull? But desperately, my dear. You've hit the nail right on the head . . . did you ever hear what Janet de Pelagia once said about him? . . . Ah yes, I

thought you'd heard that one . . . screamingly funny, don't you think? . . . poor Janet . . . how she stood it as long as she did I don't know . . ."

Anyway, I got the invitations off, and within a couple of days everybody with the exception of Mrs. Cudbird and Sir Hubert Kaul, who were away, had accepted with pleasure.

At 8:30 on the evening of the twenty-second, my large drawing-room was filled with people. They stood about the room admiring the pictures, drinking their Martinis, talking with loud voices. The women smelled strongly of scent, the men were pink-faced and carefully buttoned up in their dinner-jackets. Janet de Pelagia was wearing the same black dress she had used for the portrait, and every time I caught sight of her, a kind of huge bubble-vision — as in those absurd cartoons — would float up above my head, and in it I would see Janet in her underclothes, the black brassiere, the pink elastic belt, the suspenders, the jockey's legs.

I moved from group to group, chatting amiably with them all, listening to their talk. Behind me I could hear Mrs. Galbally telling Sir Eustace Piegrome and James Pisker how the man at the next table to hers at Claridges the night before had had red lipstick on his white moustache. "Simply plastered with it," she kept saying, "and the old boy was ninety if he was a day . . ." On the other side, Lady Girdlestone was telling somebody where one could get truffles cooked in brandy, and I could see Mrs. Icely whispering something to Lord Mulherrin while his Lordship kept shaking his head slowly from side to side like an old and dispirited metronome.

Dinner was announced, and we all moved out.

"My goodness!" they cried as they entered the dining-room. "How dark and sinister!"

"I can hardly see a thing!"

"What divine little candles!"

"But Lionel, how romantic!"

There were six very thin candles set about two feet apart from each other down the centre of the long table. Their small flames made a little glow of light around the table itself, but left the rest of the room in darkness. It was an amusing arrangement and apart from the fact that it suited my purpose well, it made a pleasant change. The guests soon settled themselves in their right places and the meal began.

They all seemed to enjoy the candle-light and things went famously, though for some reason the darkness caused them to speak much louder than usual. Janet de Pelagia's voice struck me as being particularly strident. She was sitting next to Lord Mulherrin, and I could hear her telling him about the boring time she had had at Cap Ferrat the week before. "Nothing but Frenchmen," she kept saying. "Nothing but Frenchmen in the whole place . . ."

For my part, I was watching the candles. They were so thin that I knew it

would not be long before they burned down to their bases. Also I was mighty nervous — I will admit that — but at the same time intensely exhilarated, almost to the point of drunkenness. Everytime I heard Janet's voice or caught sight of her face shadowed in the light of the candles, a little ball of excitement exploded inside me and I felt the fire of it running under my skin.

They were eating their strawberries when at last I decided the time had come. I took a deep breath and in a loud voice I said, "I'm afraid we'll have to have the lights on now. The candles are nearly finished. Mary," I called, "oh Mary, switch on the lights, will you please?"

There was a moment of silence after my announcement. I heard the maid walking over to the door, then the gentle click of the switch and the room was flooded with a blaze of light. They all screwed up their eyes, opened them again, gazed about them.

At that point I got up from my chair and slid quietly from the room, but as I went I saw a sight that I shall never forget as long as I live. It was Janet, with both hands in mid-air, stopped, frozen rigid, caught in the act of gesticulating toward someone across the table. Her mouth had dropped open two inches and she wore the surprised, not-quite-understanding look of a person who precisely one second before has been shot right through the heart.

In the hall outside I paused and listened to the beginning of the uproar, the shrill cries of the ladies and the outraged unbelieving exclamations of the men; and soon there was a great hum of noise with everybody talking or shouting at the same time. Then — and this was the sweetest moment of all — I heard Lord Mulherrin's voice, roaring above the rest, "Here! Someone! Hurry! Give her some water quick!"

Out in the street the chauffeur helped me into my car, and soon we were away from London and bowling merrily along the Great North Road toward this, my other house, which is only ninety-five miles from town anyway.

The next two days I spent in gloating. I moored around in a dream of ecstasy, half drowned in my own complacency and filled with a sense of pleasure so great that it constantly gave me pins and needles all along the lower parts of my legs. It wasn't until this morning when Gladys Ponsonby called me on the phone that I suddenly came to my senses and realized I was not a hero at all but an outcast. She informed me — with what I thought was just a trace of relish — that everybody was up in arms, that all of them, all my old and loving friends, were saying the most terrible things about me and had sworn never never to speak to me again. Except her, she kept saying. Everybody except her. And didn't I think it would be rather cozy, she asked, if she were to come down and stay with me a few days to cheer me up?

I'm afraid I was too upset by that (concluded on page 72)

# Ribald Classic

## THE HECTIC HONEYMOON

One of the most sophisticated tales of the French storyteller, Guy de Maupassant



I ran downstairs, nearly naked.

MY HONEYMOON? Oh, it was most embarrassing, even though my husband is a dear man, an angel. It is all I can do to tell you about it.

To think! All my girl friends, the married ones, told me nothing! My closest friend, who once swore she would never conceal a thing from me, even *she* failed to warn me! If only they had given me some hint. If only I had been put on my guard. If only they had put one little simple suspicion in my soul, they would have prevented the stupid blunder for which I still blush and which my husband will laugh about for the rest of his life.

You recall my marriage. I was to start the same evening on my honeymoon. Certainly I did not at all resemble Paulette, whom Gyp tells us about in that droll account of her spiritual romance called *About Marriage*. And if my mother had said to me, as Mme. d'Hautretan did to her daughter: "Your husband will take you in his arms—and—" I should certainly not have

(concluded on page 68)

## FRAGRANT BAY (continued from page 29)

and just let things happen—and there are decided advantages to *that* method. In Hong Kong, if your choice should be the latter (as ours tends to be with the waning of the moon) there's just one place.

Hop a cab or rickshaw, say "Pop Gingle's"—and that's it. The place is run by a 300-pound ex-Navy chief steward from Junction City, Wis. He was paid off in 1936, blew his discharge money in one night that old geezers still recall with awe and has been sitting happily around ever since at 70 Nathan Street in Kowloon, entertaining characters from all over the world. His court is a barren bar, its decor limited to a picture of Custer's Last Stand, a juke box and the smell of American home cooking.

Whether you're the sightseeing type or the stroll-and-absorb creature we are ourselves, there's common ground for both at the top of Victoria Peak. You take a little cogwheel tramway up there, moving in ten minutes from the sweaty hubbub of a great city onto the 1,800-foot top of the forested rock. From there, look out at one of the world's truly great views.

Gaze down the slope, dotted with small homes and buttressed mansions, exquisite small gardens and the bright blue of little reservoirs. The green seems to work on into the city of Victoria at the foot of the hill. (Hong Kong is the island, whose main city is Victoria; also the name of the colony as a whole). If you look just past the modern white skyscrapers in the financial district, for instance, you'll see the green expanse of the Hong Kong Cricket Club . . . a juxtaposition that cries aloud of England.

Beyond that are the docks and the glassy blue of the roadstead flecked with the sun's gold. Anchored there, a dozen liners and large freighters are unloading into a cluster of junks moored alongside. Everywhere to right and left, ferries and tugs and sampans are churning the blue water—through channels between the various islands that dot the bay—off to the agricultural New Territories to the left, across the wide mouth of the muddy Pearl River to Macao, and mostly across the short gap between Victoria and the peninsula of Kowloon. The ferries that look like small brothers of those in New York harbor move 250,000 people a day. Back of Kowloon, often hazed in light mist, are the hills that gave the place its name, for *kau laung* means nine dragons. And back of those hills is the hidden immensity of China itself, stretching across to the Great Wall and the Western Mountains and the vast Gobi Desert.

The cruise-ship crowds wearing bright Hawaiian shirts and Philippine sandals and Japanese fans are everywhere. We'll drive down with them from the Peak, to the jazzy odd mansion of old Aw Boon Haw, the multimillionaire manufacturer of Tiger Balm, mentholated salve that's allegedly good for *anything*

and is definitely good for at least a couple of ills. And on from there to the Star Ferry for Kowloon and a swank lunch at Gaddi's in the Peninsula Hotel—where we'll buy their brocaded menu for \$2 as a souvenir.

But that's where we leave the crowd. They'll drive to the old village of Shauiwan, to the beach resort at Repulse Bay, past Aberdeen fishing village, to Chinese temples and open hill cemeteries with white porcelain interment jars lining the ashes of honored ancestors in strictly protocol order. Next day, they'll tour the rice paddies and terraced hillside farms and the not-very-Chinese-looking villages of the New Territories—as far as the military zone and the steel-plated road-and-rail bridge that links across a muddy little river with Red China—lunching at the Dragon Inn or Castle Peak Hotel, then back into Kowloon.

We'll be off on our own, sopping up the exotic joy of every street: calm, ivory women in sheath dresses of red and purple silk, slim nylon-clad legs flashing through the hip-high slits in their skirts . . . coolies trotting through the crowds, loads slung from either end of a shoulder-borne bamboo pole . . . round-faced urchins in brocaded robes tumbling happily in parks . . . or bearded elders sitting and dreaming or perhaps playing mah jong on sunny sidewalks. Maybe we'll hire a sampan, rowed by a strong young woman . . . to adventure out into the busy bay and alongside high-sterned seagoing junks, great fibre-mat sails spread on slant masts, ribbed and shaped like the wings of huge bats . . . or along the watery streets of the junk village off Aberdeen, as exotically different as anyone could hope.

We might see the cruise crowd again at dinner—perhaps at Winner House or Tai Lung or the Princess Garden which specializes in the Peking-style delicacies of North China. Some of them will be choosing their seafood dinner aboard a junk restaurant, picking it as it swims in a cage of bamboo slats slung overboard, then going above deck for a quiet drink in the glowing sunset while their fish is readied.

Now, we relish a few meals of gelatinous shark fin soup; crisp Peking duck served with a thick soya sauce in a sort of pancake; muddy tasting 100-year-old eggs (if you can find 'em); sliced shrimp and mashed shrimp and fried shrimp with tender white bamboo shoots simmered in chicken broth; and—to end the meal Chinese fashion—delicious seaweed soup with tiny sea snails. We can use a few meals like that; but as a steady diet we'll take something more substantial. That, we suspect, is why steak houses like the Parisian Grill or the supper-clubbish Champagne Room of Sunning House are so well patronized!

But one thing we do always try to do in the food line is lunch—preferably with a Chinese friend who can translate

—at one of the truly Oriental tea houses patronized almost exclusively by Chinese businessmen. Here, after wiping mouths and hands on a steaming cloth and sipping the unfailing glass of jasmine tea, we'll sample small, inexpensive portions from thirty or forty different dishes being carried around the room.

One evening in Hong Kong we always go to Gripps in the Hong Kong Hotel or the Skyroom at Luna Park, then on to take in at least part of the seemingly interminable Chinese plays at the Po Hing Theatre—where, for us at least, the chattering, strolling audience and the tea-drinking orchestra are the better part of the show. But for an evening really to be remembered, you have to go to Macao—3½ hours and \$10 away by ferry. It's still pretty wide open, despite the alleged crackdown of the Portuguese colonial administration and subsequent more careful licensing of gambling, opium, taxi-dancers, sing-song girls and . . . well, let your imagination run riot and you'll probably not be exaggerating.

We usually take a ferry—still sporting grillwork round its bridge as a defense against river pirates—after lunch, and sleep our way across. You miss little except more junks and some muddy water. And you'll need the sleep.

Macao is pretty solemn for a wide-open town, and a radical change from bustling Hong Kong. Here are wide avenues lined by ancient banyan trees, twisting cobbled lanes, hill-topping cathedrals and a quiet Mediterranean way of life. In keeping with this, we usually start off with a stroll along Praia Grande, the built-up waterfront where little bats flit at dusk between the banyan trees.

Then we'll hail a cab for a drive around the few sights and back for a late dinner at the Riviera Hotel or the Pousada, which is Portuguese in food and atmosphere and mighty good. Take an extra brandy after dinner—and relax. Nothing ever seems to close up here, and little is really doing until around 11. When you do get going, you can concentrate all your activities in the 10-story Central Hotel, if you wish. For here the lower floor is given over to opium; gambling takes the next three or four floors; taxi-dancers are sitting in a row for hire on the floor above that (with electric signs announcing the results of bird-cage dice downstairs for those who prefer to do more than one thing at a time); and what you may possibly have in mind goes on most everywhere else. Or you can diversify at a variety of spots along and just off the central portion of Avenida Almeida Ribeiro.

We favor this latter approach ourselves, if only to aggravate the Chinese panderers who seem to be ensconced behind every pillar of the Avenida's arcaded sidewalk. While we'd as soon cut off our strong right arm as go along with them, it's educational indeed to see what a range of new and strange

(concluded overleaf)



# PLAYBOY'S BAZAAR



### SPIN THE GIN

Only a dolt would *shake* a Martini. No one but a cabbagehead would *stir* the glistening elixir. The rational man *twirls* his vodka or gin, vermouth and ice in this graceful 32-ounce Martini twirler. For prudent pouring, the pouting lip holds back those troublesome cubes. Twirler alone, \$2.95; with four classy cocktail cups, \$4.95; hand-cut 3 initial monogram thrown in. *Edwards of Illinois*, Dept. Q, 1634-A Howard Street, Chicago 26, Illinois.



### WILY WALLET

It looks like an envelope, it's made of calfskin, and it's really a wallet: personalized with name and address, postmarked with the date of any gift occasion (opening of the oyster season, etc.). Impetuous donors can arrange to have their monogram or signature stamped on the back flap at a tiny additional charge. Holds all sorts of cards and money, but costs just \$16.50, including a ten percent cut for Sam. *Naomi Ain*, Dept. S, 45 Grove St., N. Y. 14, N. Y.

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



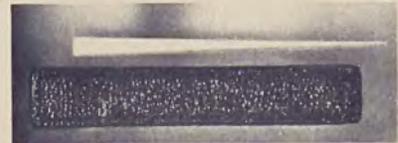
### MORNING BECOMES ELECTRIC

This nifty travel kit's got everything for a bountiful breakfast: 2-slice electric toaster, electric hot cup (for toddies, coffee), two plates, cups, forks, spoons, knives, plastic food containers (for marmalade, rattle-snake *filets*). All this apparatus comes cozily crammed into a Scotch plaid carrying case with zipper that goes all around and two sturdy handles. Measures a minuscule 12" x 13½" with gold initials imbedded for free. A steal at \$29.50, postpaid. *Rudi's*, Dept. T, 1123 Broadway, New York 10, New York.



### GOLFER'S BOON

Spells *finis* to those piddling arguments about how far that last drive really traveled. Mighty metallic mite measures to the nearest yard the distance tramped through thicker and fairway. Cherished by duffers and pros alike; also by cartographers and infantrymen. Hinge-clips to your belt; can be read without standing on head. Costs an embarrassingly low \$5.95, from *E. B. Meyrowitz*, Dept. G, 520 Fifth Avenue, New York 36, New York.



### NICE FOR TEETH, ETC.

Positively the last word in tooth-picks: a 14 karat gold affair equipped with leather case. Swell for impaling a kumquat; grand for mounting that fork-tailed katydid in your bug collection. Fits cunningly into a small blow gun. Can even be employed to discover the relative solidity of foundation garments. Works fine on teeth, too. Dentists everywhere make small, clucking noises whenever we pull *ours* out. Stop applauding; send money. How much? Just \$7.50. *Merrin Jewels*, Dept. QT, 530 Madison, New York 22, New York.

## FRAGRANT BAY (continued from page 60)

pleasures they manage to dream up after you balk at the standard offering.

Of course, you'll want to visit an opium den. There's probably more danger in the germs on an uncleaned pipe (so buy your own) than in a novice's first pipeful. You can find a den right across from the Grand Hotel; it's as dismally different as any of these dingy places—with smokers paired on wide wooden benches in each smoking room or divan. Then the Grand would be a good place to watch or try out taxi dancers in a murky hall inadequately lit by dull red lights. Fox trots and tangos seem somehow inappropriate with a high-boned Eurasian girl in your arms repeating the familiar yet always pathetic—and quite possibly true—hard-luck story with an Oriental flavor.

Wherever you go earlier, however, you'll probably end up handing over your money to the venerable Ah Fong, who's manned the fan-tan table at the Central for 45 years. You watch the table from any one of four floors—through a circular shaft, down which you also lower your bets in a little basket on a string (any currency is accepted).

The idea quite briefly is this: about a hundred white buttons are scooped out of a larger pile into a cup. This is then inverted and, after a small bell is ceremoniously rung, the cup is removed

and the buttons spread on the table. With a wand, the dealer then removes four buttons at a time until only four or less are left. If the number remaining is the number you bet on, you win; if it isn't, you lose . . . and Ah Fong unsmilingly socks away your loot. We don't mean to sound bitter, but it helps in playing fan-tan if you've just sat and watched for about 20 years. Many of the old timers will hold up fingers after the first or second lot of four buttons has been raked away, indicating how many will be left at the end. Amazingly, they're often right. But they don't seem to win any too often either.

You can stay over in Macao or ferry back to Hong Kong in the wee hours. It's entirely up to you, or her. But there is one good reason for getting back to Hong Kong some time before your plane leaves—and that's shopping.

Except for suits and dresses, which require fitting, we usually leave our Hong Kong shopping for the last day. There's crafty good sense worthy of a Chinese in that resolution. For if we started the first day, we'd never get out of the shops till our plane was due off or we ran out of money. And either way, we'd not enjoy the rest of Hong Kong. Tailoring, however, is a first-day activity. Suits and dresses *can* be ready in 24 hours, but really good places—like

Jimmy Chen on the Kowloon side or Tailor Cheung on the island—prefer two or three days and at least two fittings. And, believe us, it's worth the trouble: Savile Row tailoring in an English flannel suit at \$32, a shantung silk suit at \$22 or a pure cashmere topcoat at \$75.

The bargains are almost irresistible in this free port: Kentucky bourbon for instance, cheaper than you can get it at home. There's only one slight drawback to this whole business—that's a line of courteous but muscular chaps hired by the U. S. Customs Service to man the dykes at Honolulu and San Francisco. In a great many years of travel, we've yet to meet a bunch of customs men anywhere who're as solemnly dedicated as these fellows to blocking entry of anything that will profit the Communist Chinese. And that *does* mean jade. So now we check with the airline when we fly in or the U. S. Consulate for the list of currently approved stores licensed to issue official certificates of origin . . . and, brother, don't let any smooth-talking shopkeeper tell you those certificates aren't necessary.

With that list in hand, we sally forth to do verbal battle with the store keepers. You'll never win a haggling match with a Chinese, but it's fun to try. We take the precaution of pricing our needs ahead of time at shops in the Peninsula Hotel, where prices are fair (though not cheap) and fixed. Then we're off after ivory and hardwood items, silks and garments. We usually skip jewelry: we find better at no greater cost nearer its point of origin, in Japan, Siam or India. And while we'll look at and yearn for jade, lacquerwork, *cloisonné* and rugs, we'll turn away with a wrench—for those are items out of Red China.

European and American goods are acceptable, of course, to the stern-faced men at the U. S. port of entry. And the prices do help drown our grief over the jade we can't have: brandy at \$4, Paris perfume at \$25 an ounce (\$45 in the U. S.), a Rollei camera that retails in the U. S. at \$309.50 for \$205. Those prices explain something else: if you're ever in San Francisco and see an affable gink smothered in packages get off the plane, his face wreathed in the simple bliss of living, a straggle of Peking duck trailing down his shirt front and lipstick on his left ear . . . stand back; let him go by in his mellow daze—that was us.

• • •

October through April is the best time to visit Hong Kong. Contact Northwest Orient Airlines (1885 University Avenue, St. Paul, Minn.) or Pan American Airways (222 Stockton Street, San Francisco, Cal.) who'll fly you there for \$550 tourist, \$765 first class. Or by sea, try American President Lines (311 California Street, San Francisco 4, Cal.) or Pacific Far East Line (315 California Street, San Francisco 4, Cal.) who'll sail you there for \$450 on luxury freighters on up to \$650 and beyond on liners.

## HISTORY OF CHESS (continued from page 51)

line without searching for the fine print.

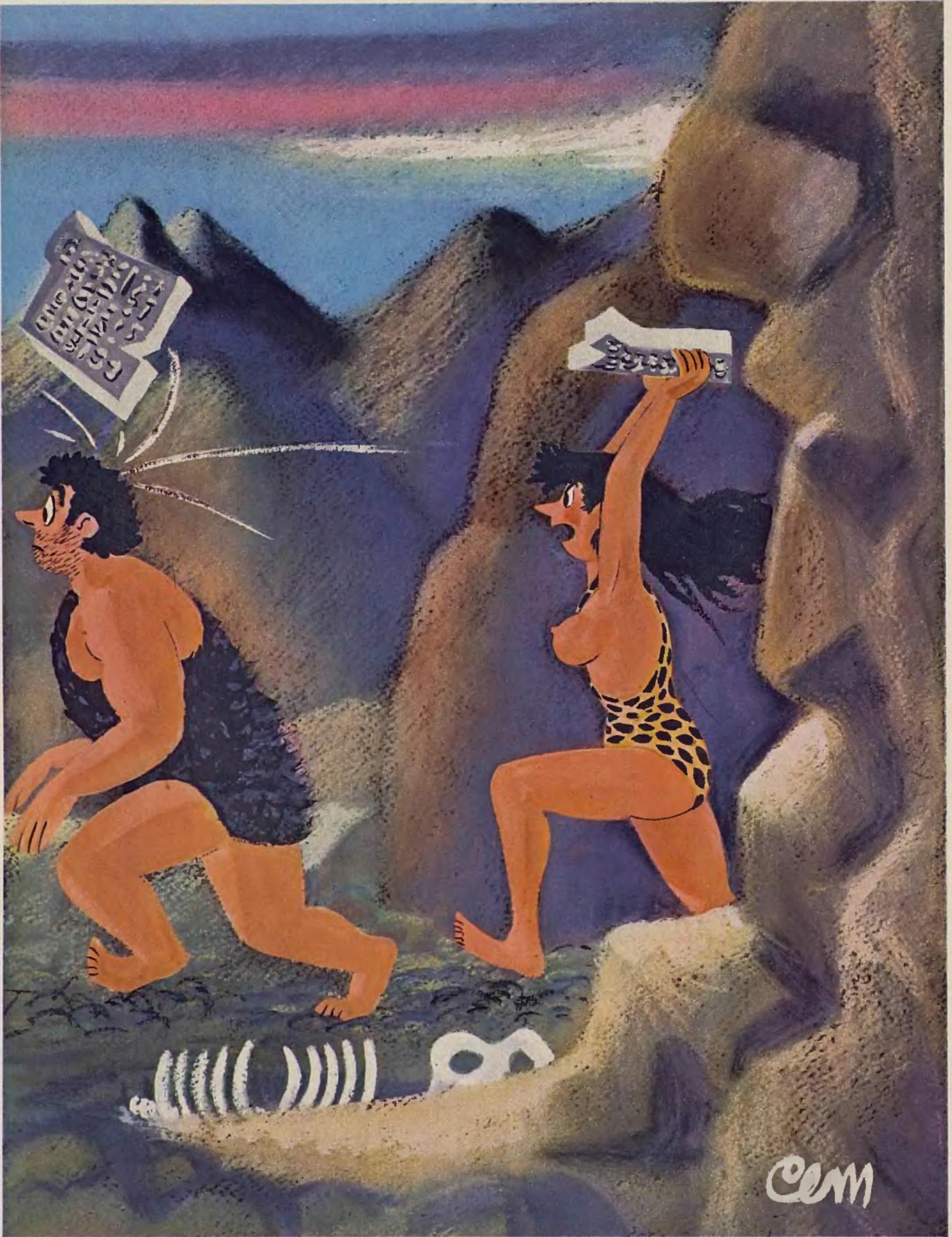
From time to time living chess games are staged in which human beings enact the roles of Pawns and pieces. In the Italian village of Mariostica such a game of living chess has been played annually for 400 solid years to commemorate an ancient chess duel between two suitors for the hand of the governor's daughter. The props used in these games include wooden turrets and real horses as part of the representation of Rooks and Knights. Experts conduct the play in a venerable castle adjoining a gigantic chessboard laid out in the village square below, and a courier relays the moves to the human chessmen.

Hollywood in 1945 was the scene of a living chess display by a glittering array of actors and actresses; but eclipsing this spectacle was a truly colossal production at Stockholm in 1950, when Swedish film stars stalked about on a huge board of 400 square meters in an arena jammed with 30,000 chess fans. The moves were broadcast on a loud-speaker as fast as they were received from two Swedish chess masters directing the play.

This brief account of a few highlights in chess annals would not be complete without some mention of the famous chess automata—the "Turk," "Ajeeb," and "Mephisto"—that caused the world to scratch its head in puzzlement for more than a hundred years. These machines, the first and most important of which made its bow in 1770, were ostensibly designed to prove the superiority of metal over man. Of course they

were operated by human hands and brains—usually belonging to chess masters of the first rank—but so ingeniously hidden within the works that people could be found to argue that concealment was manifestly impossible. One of these machines—the "Turk"—so fascinated Edgar Allen Poe that he applied his deductive mind to it and finally exposed its human operation in a famous essay, *Maelzel's Chess-Player*.

Returning to flesh-and-blood champions, we would like to note, in passing, that the abilities of many chess masters were by no means confined to the checkered squares. Philidor was a noted musician, Dr. Emanuel Lasker could (and did) argue relativity with Einstein, and Zukertort followed various pursuits including musical criticism, military science, and the study of languages. Conversely, plenty of artists, scientists, politicians and businessmen have been good chess players. Among these were Henry Thomas Buckle, the historian, Moritz Rosenthal, the pianist, Charles Schwab, the steel king, and Benjamin Franklin, patriot, statesman, scientist, philosopher, journalist, printer, bookseller, bon vivant, and six or seven other things. Napoleon also played chess, but was a surprisingly poor strategist on the miniature battle-ground. Bringing the history of chess up to our own day, addiction to chess has claimed such diverse types as Cubist painter Marcel Duchamp and John Foster Dulles.



*"And you can have your lying letters back!"*



*"Bob and I plan to get married just as soon as we have to."*

Machine.

Travis came walking, glanced at Eckels, took cotton gauze from a metal box, and returned to the others, who were sitting on the Path.

"Clean up."

They wiped the blood from their helmets. They began to curse too. The Monster lay, a hill of solid flesh. Within, you could hear the sighs and murmurs as the furthest chambers of it died, the organs malfunctioning, liquids running a final instant from pocket to sac to spleen, everything shutting off, closing up forever. It was like standing by a wrecked locomotive or a steam shovel at quitting time, all valves being released or levered tight. Bones cracked; the tonnage of its own flesh, off balance, dead weight, snapped the delicate forearms, caught underneath. The meat settled, quivering.

Another cracking sound. Overhead, a gigantic tree branch broke from its heavy mooring, fell. It crashed upon the dead beast with finality.

"There." Lesperance checked his watch. "Right on time. That's the giant tree that was scheduled to fall and kill this animal originally." He glanced at the two hunters. "You want the trophy picture?"

"What?"

"We can't take a trophy back to the Future. The body has to stay right here where it would have died originally, so the insects, birds, and bacteria can get at it, as they were intended to. Everything in balance. The body stays. But we can take a picture of you standing near it."

The two men tried to think, but gave up, shaking their heads.

They let themselves be led along the metal Path. They sank wearily into the Machine cushions. They gazed back at the ruined Monster, the stagnating mound, where already strange reptilian birds and golden insects were busy at the steaming armor.

A sound on the floor of the Time Machine stiffened them. Eckels sat there, shivering.

"I'm sorry," he said at last.

"Get up!" cried Travis.

Eckels got up.

"Go out on that Path alone," said Travis. He had his rifle pointed. "You're not coming back in the Machine. We're leaving you here!"

Lesperance seized Travis' arm. "Wait—"

"Stay out of this!" Travis shook his hand away. "This son of a bitch nearly killed us. But it isn't *that* so much. Hell, no. It's his *shoes!* Look at them! He ran off the Path. My God, that ruins us! Christ knows how much we'll forfeit! Tens of thousands of dollars of insurance! We guarantee no one leaves the Path. He left it. Oh, the damn fool! I'll have to report to the government. They might revoke our license to travel. God knows *what* he's done to Time, to History!"

"Take it easy, all he did was kick up some dirt."

"How do we *know?*" cried Travis. "We don't know anything! It's all a damn mystery! Get out there, Eckels!"

Eckels fumbled his shirt. "I'll pay anything. A hundred thousand dollars!"

Travis glared at Eckels' checkbook and spat. "Go out there. The Monster's next to the Path. Stick your arms up to your elbows in his mouth. Then you can come back with us."

"That's unreasonable!"

"The Monster's dead, you yellow bastard. The bullets! The bullets can't be left behind. They don't belong in the Past; they might change something. Here's my knife. Dig them out!"

The jungle was alive again, full of the old tremorings and bird cries. Eckels turned slowly to regard that primeval garbage dump, that hill of nightmares and terror. After a long time, like a sleepwalker, he shuffled out along the Path.

He returned, shuddering, five minutes later, his arms soaked and red to the elbows. He held out his hands. Each held a number of steel bullets. Then he fell. He lay there where he fell, not moving.

"You didn't have to make him do that," said Lesperance.

"Didn't I? It's too early to tell." Travis nudged the still body. "He'll live. Next time he won't go hunting game like this. Okay." He jerked his thumb wearily at Lesperance. "Switch on. Let's go home."

1492. 1776. 1812.

They cleaned their hands and faces. They changed their caking shirts and pants. Eckels was up and around again, not speaking. Travis glared at him for a full ten minutes.

"Don't look at me," cried Eckels. "I haven't done anything."

"Who can tell?"

"Just ran off the Path, that's all, a little mud on my shoes—what do you want me to do—get down and pray?"

"We might need it. I'm warning you, Eckels, I might kill you yet. I've got my gun ready."

"I'm innocent. I've done nothing!"

1999. 2000. 2055.

The Machine stopped.

"Get out," said Travis.

The room was there as they had left it. But not the same as they had left it. The same man sat behind the same desk. But the same man did not quite sit behind the same desk.

Travis looked around swiftly. "Everything okay here?" he snapped.

"Fine. Welcome home!"

Travis did not relax. He seemed to be looking at the very atoms of the air itself, at the way the sun poured through the one high window.

"Okay, Eckels, get out. Don't ever come back."

Eckels could not move.

"You heard me," said Travis. "What're you *staring* at?"

Eckels stood smelling of the air, and there was a thing to the air, a chemical taint so subtle, so slight, that only a faint cry of his subliminal senses warned him it was there. The colors, white, gray, blue, orange, in the wall, in the furniture, in the sky beyond the window, were . . . were . . . And there was a *feel*. His flesh twitched. His hands twitched. He stood drinking the oddness with the pores of his body. Somewhere, someone must have been screaming one of those whistles that only a dog can hear. His body screamed silence in return. Beyond this room, beyond this wall, beyond this man who was not quite the same man seated at this desk that was not quite the same desk . . . lay an entire world of streets and people. What sort of world it was now, there was no telling. He could feel them moving there, beyond the walls, almost, like so many chess pieces blown in a dry wind . . .

But the immediate thing was the sign painted on the office wall, the same sign he had read earlier today on first entering.

Somehow, the sign had changed:

TYME SEFARI INC.

SEFARIS TU ANY YEER EN THE PAST.

YU NAIM THE ANIMAL.

WEE TAEK YU THAIR.

YU SHOOT ITT.

Eckels felt himself fall into a chair. He fumbled crazily at the thick slime on his boots. He held up a clod of dirt, trembling. "No, it *can't* be. Not a *little* thing like that. No!"

Embedded in the mud, glistening green and gold and black, was a butterfly, very beautiful, and very dead.

"Not a little thing like *that!* Not a butterfly," cried Eckels.

It fell to the floor, an exquisite thing, a small thing that could upset balances and knock down a line of small dominoes and then big dominoes and then gigantic dominoes, all down the years across Time. Eckels' mind whirled. It *couldn't* change things. Killing one butterfly couldn't be *that* important! Could it?

His face was cold. His mouth trembled, asking: "Who—*who* won the presidential election yesterday?"

The man behind the desk laughed. "You joking? You know damn well. Deutscher, of course! Who else? Not that damn weakling Keith. We got an iron man now, a man with guts, by God!" The official stopped. "What's wrong?"

Eckels moaned. He dropped to his knees. He scabbled at the golden butterfly with shaking fingers. "Can't we," he pleaded to the world, to himself, to the officials, to the Machine, "can't we take it *back*, can't we *make* it alive again? Can't we start over? Can't we—"

He did not move. Eyes shut, he waited, shivering. He heard Travis breathe loud in the room; he heard Travis shift his rifle, click the safety catch, and raise the weapon.

There was a sound of thunder.



## WIFE IN LOVE (continued from page 46)

modern pastimes, it requires no mechanical equipment, little training, and small danger.

The man who spends his time kissing can scorn green fees, caddies, ski tows, and the overhauling of motors. He can laugh at the weather, can feel safe from bodily injury, strains, sunburn, poison ivy, and the like. Locker room arguments with their lasting bitterness can be forgotten.

And today, with our social advances, men have more and more time away from office and factory, more golden hours of leisure. Use them! The forty-hour week, for which we have struggled so long, can be a real boon to all of us.

*The Long Range View.*

However, at the risk of being a spoilsport, we should point out that there are times when gay pleasure must yield to sober thought, times when we must take the long range view.

Just as important as knowing *how* to kiss is knowing *when* to kiss, and—even more important—when *not* to.

If it seems to you that your wife is beginning to take you for granted, if for example she greets you in the evening wearing an old pair of slacks, it is time for discipline.

*The Neglected Kiss.*

For several days simply neglect to kiss your wife. If she is used to it she may, by sheer habit, place herself in a kissing position, lips extended, body quivering, and face full of affection. Give her an excuse.

"Oh. Sorry, Phoeb. Don't want to give you this cold."

"I didn't notice you had a cold."

"You would if you kissed me, pet."

The next time an opportunity arises, say a few hours later, give her a *different* excuse. This is important.

"Oh, sorry, pet. Don't want you to catch this sore throat."

"I thought it was a cold, Davie."

"Where in the world did you get that idea, Phoeb?"

*The Automatic Kiss.*

This is sometimes referred to as the Kissless Kiss, and can be administered on the cheek or forehead, though the real expert can do it directly on the lips. If it is kept quick, dry, and sexless the lip technique is by far the most effective.

The humorous, or end-of-the-nose kiss is equally sexless, but carries with it a note of forgiveness, a promise that if she mends her ways there is some hope.

*The Slightly Preoccupied Kiss.*

Kiss her almost ardently, then break off suddenly and write something down in a memo pad.

"What are you writing, Davie?"

"Oh, nothing."

"Tell me, Davie, tell me!"

"Nothing at all, pet." (Close the memo pad.)

"Where were we? Oh, yes, come here!"

Or, during the course of an ardent embrace, start humming something—softly, but not *too* softly.

"David, what are you humming?"

"Our song, Phoeb."

"That isn't our song, David."

"No? Hmmmm. Funny, isn't it?"

(Stop humming and go on with whatever you were doing.)

*The Delayed Morning Kiss.*

A few weeks of skillful treatment should snap her back into line, if she is made of the right stuff. If so, be big. Take her back into the fold. It is best to do this dramatically, and one good method is the delayed morning kiss.

Leave a few minutes early for work, drive once around the block, then rush back to the house.

"Forget something, Davie?"

"Sure did, pet. Forgot to kiss you good-bye. There!"

Kiss her soundly, but don't overdo it. This is most effective if you have neglected to kiss her good-bye for the last three or four mornings. Then leave for work. She will await your return eagerly.

*The Anticipated Kiss.*

Closely related to the above is the anticipated kiss, also referred to as the delayed kiss, type two.

Indicate subtly that you do plan to kiss her. Bend toward her slowly and then, as your lips almost touch, laugh softly.

"Oh. Just occurred to me. Funny thing happened at the office today."

Tell your little anecdote. When you finally do kiss her, she will appreciate it all the more.

*The Burning Kiss.*

The mechanics of this are simple to perfect. In fact, you can do almost anything as long as you do it *slowly*.

It is the real expert, however, who adds afterwards the lovable, boyish touch.

"Gosh!" (Give her a big smile.)

"Gosh, Mom, that was keen!"

*The Question of Ears.*

You will find that women are sharply divided on their reactions to the ear kiss or even, in extreme cases, the ear bite. They either like this very much, or not at all.

Experiment once or twice, gingerly. If it fans her quickly into a flame you have another arrow in your quiver, another card in the deck. Remember it.

*"Should I Kiss Her Hand?"*

Though not actually subversive, hand-kissing is Un-American, and should be used only in extreme cases.

A word of warning: like eating peanuts, hand-kissing is habit-forming and difficult to stop once begun. If not curbed it can give your wife's hand a chapped or nibbled look.

## SEX ISN'T EVERYTHING

You will soon find that sex alone isn't everything in marriage. Being a gay companion can go a long way toward filling your wife with deep and lasting affection for you.

*Be a Gay Talker.*

Remember that while you're out in the whirl and glitter of the business world, your wife is leading a life which

—while it may be restful and healthy—is often drab.

Bring back to her what you can of your tinsel world of bright lights and nimble minds. She will cherish it. Think, as you return each evening, of the *bon mots* you have delivered during the day, the sparks you have struck against others.

Embroider freely. The dull, slow-witted husband might bring home this true account of the day's big news:

"Well, the boys were pretty set up. Sold 164 cases in Rochester, which looks good against Johnson's 135, especially this time of year when we generally don't ship the light stuff at all, except maybe two-three dozen cases. 'Well,' I said to Smitty, 'Smitty, I told you we'd top the Rochester figure, but I wouldn't have guessed we'd top it so high,' and Smitty said—" (And so on, at great length.)

Few wives can maintain interest in this material, no matter how fascinating it is to you. Be a gay talker. Chuckle brightly, summon a twinkle to your eye, and say:

"Well, we were going over the Rochester figures, which were OK, when who sashays in but B.K.'s secretary, fried to the ears and whistling through her teeth."

(B.K.'s secretary is really 62 years old, teaches Sunday school in Hackensack, and drinks one glass of sherry every Christmas, but no matter. You will find your wife is interested primarily in the peccadillos of the career girls in the office.)

"Drunk again, was she, Davie?"

"Sozzled! Well, we expect that, but this time she started taking her clothes off, right there!"

"What did B.K. say, David?"

"What could he say! After all, he started it. Well, to put in all the sordid details—"

A little story like this will cost you nothing, and is sure to bring sunshine into her life.

*Take Her Out to Dinner*

An occasional meal in a restaurant makes a woman feel loved and pampered. It need not be expensive if you plan it properly.

(a) Let her choose the place.

"You name it, Phoeb, any place at all!"

"Well, there's the Gold Club."

(Her first hasty choice is usually the most expensive place in town.)

"Good. We'll go there."

(Never refuse, never be niggardly. Start off gaily. Halfway there, stop suddenly.)

"Oh, foolish of me. Gold Club's always closed on Tuesdays." (If it is Tuesday.)

"Sure?"

"Positive. Joe tried to get in last week. Tell you what, though. Now that we're 'way out here, I know a little French place. Very intimate."

(And they have a table d'hote dinner for \$1.75.)

(b) Surprise her. If your wife be-

comes expansive at the sight of a menu, try this old continental trick. Select a good reliable place and order your dinner in advance. Be sure to select dishes that she likes, and ones that will fit your purse.

She will never see a menu and will have surprise after surprise as the different courses come on.

"I'm not even going to tell you how much this all costs, but nothing is too good for my Phoebl!"

*Share Your Hobbies With Her.*

It is a happy marriage indeed when the husband and wife do things together, sharing all their happy leisure hours. Be a pal to your wife. Take her with you for a round of golf. Though she may not want to help carry your clubs, a well-trained wife can be useful in finding lost balls and replacing turf.

Aboard a sailboat a wife is invaluable, and often has a gay time, too. She will keep the deck sparkling, the lines well coiled, and the jib sheets firmly cleated. You will be free to handle the tiller, pitting your mind against wind and tide.

Wives even make fine shooting companions. One patient husband, faced with a crisis in his kennels, found that his wife not only blended well with the underbrush, but was able to hold a steady point for minutes at a time.

#### AVOID ARGUMENTS

Arguments have no place in the modern, well-planned marriage. Marriage is a partnership, marriage is working together. Serenity and love should be your watchwords.

Arguments occur only where this spirit of partnership is violated—where, in short, there is resistance or lack of cooperation *on the part of the wife*.

Once your wife realizes how admirably suited you are to lead, once she accepts your leadership, you will have little friction and a genuinely happy home.

What bliss you can expect then, what joyful hours you can spend going forward together, guided by your firm hands and clear head.

However, in spite of all you can do there will be times when an insubordinate, poorly trained wife will raise her voice and—if you are not careful—an argument will have begun.

You have little to fear, however, if you memorize the following rules:

*Don't Be Logical.*

Arguing with a woman is like trying to shoot pool with a hockey stick. You have a feeling you are playing two different games at the same time.

Being naturally clear-headed and logical, you may try to rely upon reason. This is a mistake. A woman will neither use logic nor be persuaded by it. Her appeal will be to the naked emotions, an area in which you, like all men, will be a babe in the woods.

Some men have, nevertheless, seized their wives' weapons, matching shriek for shriek and sob for sob. Do not try it. For every success there are countless failures.

*Allow Tempers to Cool.*

A woman's tantrum is like a summer

storm, violent but often of short duration. Once tears begin to flow, be sympathetic but preoccupied. Improvise some simple but urgent duty.

(*Sob, sob.*) "You don't love me, David."

"Be right with you, Phoebl, soon as I check the safety valve in the basement."

"You don't love me!"

"I do, pet. Don't want you blown sky high, though. Back in a jiffy."

(*Stay away for thirty or forty minutes, then return with a bright smile.*)

"Oh, hello, pet. Perfect hell down there. Blazing and hissing. Now, where were we?"

Chances are, her momentum will be gone.

*Arouse Pity.*

This requires expert playing, but if done correctly can melt the coldest heart.

"Gosh, Mom, when you come runnin' at your little Davie like that, well, I just wanta hide my head in your apron and have a good cry."

Once a woman feels pity she is un-

done. Arouse her sympathy and your battle is half won.

*Be Strong, Be Silent.*

Over the long haul, however, there are few techniques that equal simple silence.

It takes character to remain wordless, but you will have character to spare. Several days of silence will wear down the most determined outburst.

You may be tempted to add the enigmatic smile or the slightly happy hum. Do not do so. Utter silence and the mask-like expression may be less satisfying, but will do the best job.

#### WELL WORTH THE EFFORT

What conclusion can we draw from all this? Simply that kindness and consideration for your wife *does pay off*. The selfish husband who goes on his way without regard for his wife's feelings will soon regret it, and will soon find himself with a broken home.

Be good to your wife and she will be good to you.

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**HECTIC HONEYMOON**  
(continued from page 59)

responded as Paulette did, laughing: "Go no farther, Mamma, I know all that as well as you."

As for me, I knew nothing at all, and Mamma, my poor Mamma who is always frightened, dared not broach the delicate subject.

Well then, at five o'clock in the evening, after the reception, they told us that the carriage was waiting. The guests had gone; I was ready. I can still hear the noise of the trunks on the staircase and the blowing of Papa's nose, which seemed to indicate he was weeping. In embracing me the poor man said: "Courage!" as if I were going to have a tooth pulled. As for Mamma, she was a fountain. My husband urged me to hasten these painful adieux, and I was myself all in tears, although very happy. That is not easy to explain but is entirely true.

It had been decided that we should go on a journey through Normandy for about six weeks.

That evening we arrived at Dieppe. When I say that evening, I mean midnight.

You know how I love the sea. I declared to my husband that I could not retire until I had seen it. He appeared very contrary. I asked him, laughing, if he was sleepy.

He answered: "No, my dear, but you must understand that I would like to be alone with you."

I was surprised. "Alone with me?" I replied. "But you have been alone with me all the way from Paris in the train."

He laughed. "Yes — but — in the train — that is not the same thing as being in our room."

I would not give up. "Oh well," I said, "we will be alone on the beach, won't we?"

Decidedly he was not pleased. He said: "Very well; as you wish."

The night was magnificent, one of those nights which brings grand, vague ideas to the soul — more sensations than thoughts, perhaps — that brings a desire to open the arms as if they were wings and embrace the heavens, but how can I express it? One always feels that these unknown things can be comprehended.

There was a dreaminess, a poesy in the air, a happiness of another kind than that of earth, a sort of infinite intoxication which comes from the stars, the moon, the silver, glistening water. These are the best moments of life. They are a glimpse of a different existence, an embellished, delicious existence; they are the revelation of what could be, of what *will* be, perhaps.

Nevertheless, my husband appeared impatient to return. I said to him: "Are you cold?"

"No."  
"Then look at the little boat down there which seems asleep on the water. Could anything be better than this? I would willingly remain here until day-break. Tell me, shall we wait and see the dawn?"

He seemed to think that I was mocking him and very soon took me back to the hotel by force! If I had known! Oh, the poor darling!

When we were once alone I felt ashamed, constrained, without knowing why. I swear it. Finally I made him go into the bathroom while I got into bed.

Oh, my dear, how can I go further? Well, here it is! He took, without doubt, my extreme innocence for mischief, my extreme simplicity for profligacy, my confident, credulous abandon for some kind of female strategy and paid no regard to the delicate management that is necessary in order to make an innocent girl comprehend and accept such mysteries.

All at once I believe he lost his head. Then fear seized me; I asked him if he wished to kill me. When terror invades, one does not reason or think further: one is mad. In one second I had imagined frightful things. I thought of various stories in the newspapers, of mysterious crimes, of all the whispered tales of young girls married to brutes. I fought, repulsed him, was overcome with fright. I even pulled a wisp of hair from his mustache and, relieved by this effort, I arose, shouting: "Help! Help!" I ran to the door, drew the bolts and hurried, nearly naked, downstairs.

Other doors opened. Men in night apparel appeared with lights in their hands. I fell into the arms of one of them, imploring his protection. He made an attack upon my husband.

I knew no more about it. They fought and they shouted; then suddenly they laughed, but laughed in a way you could never imagine. The whole house laughed, from the cellar to the garret. I heard in the corridors and in the rooms about us explosions of gaiety. The kitchenmaids laughed under the roof, and the bellboy was in contortions on his bench in the vestibule.

Think of it! In a hotel!

Soon I found myself alone with my husband, who made me some summary explanations, as one explains a surgical operation before it is undertaken.

Oh, what dark secrets are concealed from young girls! But we must be philosophical and never question the actions of our dear masters. In truth, we women have to accustom ourselves to *everything* in life.



**DINNER**  
(continued from page 26)

drinkers suddenly become human drain pipes. They start with Martinis, switch to whiskey, turn to champagne, divert themselves with beer and guzzle brandy until their eyes bubble.

Nothing, in PLAYBOY's opinion, could be more off the trail. A bachelor dinner, in spite of all the ribbing and riling, should allow old trenchermen to get together, sit up, recognize each other and enjoy an evening of sociability. One way to divert the drinkers to the dining table is to serve the drinks right at the

dining table instead of the small reception room often set aside for cocktails. If necessary, to make the drinkers sit down and eat, become a trifle vigorous. Shove your guests to the table. When they've reached the table, don't tease them with an hors d'oeuvres wagon or a silly fruit surprise. A jumbo shrimp cocktail will invariably make them get down to serious eating. Then you should place in front of them the kind of soup they simply can't ignore—a deep bowl of velvety black bean soup, a steaming hot *petite marmite* or a hearty onion soup fragrant with Parmesan cheese.

If you're serving both a fish and meat course, it's wise to avoid such rich offerings as filet of sole marguery or lobster thermidore. Simple broiled fish like boneless shad or swordfish steak or Kennebec salmon will rest well.

Steak, as most men know, is the traditional meat course. If you want to dress it up as a thick planked steak surrounded with vegetables and a potato border, this is all right. Most impressive and most delicious is the thick shell steak, a boneless cut of about six steaks in one which is sliced at the table. As a change from the orthodox steak dinner, there are other magnificent meat courses for a bachelor party—triple-thick English lamb chop with bacon, mixed grill, roast tenderloin of beef or roast ribs of beef with Yorkshire pudding. For vegetables, no one has ever invented a better combination than a big baked stuffed potato with a generous helping of young green string beans.

To draw the dinner to a close, pass a platter of assorted cheese and salted crackers. If you have a sweet tooth, a warm wedge of apple pie with Cheddar cheese or vanilla ice cream with warm brandied peaches are wonderful finales. Coffee from a big urn should be on tap, and the flow should not stop until the party disbands.

#### WHAT TO DRINK

A bachelor party is necessarily a somewhat prodigal affair. But it isn't necessary to blow your entire bankroll on the liquor. In the first place it's a good idea to ask the manager or steward about the size of the drinks. The cocktails should be 3½ to 4 ounces, and the whiskey should be 1½ ounces to the jigger. Ask if there is any reduction when drinks are ordered in volume. There are some hotels and clubs where they will make no allowance and will charge you the standard bar price per drink. In some towns, local liquor laws require this practice. Other fine establishments will make definite reductions. Liquor laws may not permit them to sell you liquor by the unopened bottle. But you can order the equivalent number of drinks that you would have in a bottle, and on this basis there should be some allowance.

If you're serving Martinis before the dinner and there are twelve guests, you might order 3 dozen Martinis or three rounds prepared beforehand. The gin and vermouth are merely combined before the dinner and then mixed with ice

as served. The headwaiter can notify you inconspicuously when the Martinis are exhausted. This kind of arrangement not only enables you to keep a pretty fair check of your liquor consumption, but helps you in controlling your guests so that they don't become completely anaesthetized before they sit down to eat.

Limit your drinks to the standard popular choices: Martinis or whiskey before the dinner, champagne with the main course or dessert, and highballs after dinner. Avoid pink ladies, sherry with the soup, horse's necks and other esoteric forms of the bartender's art.

You must have a really plush bankroll to afford fine imported champagne with your dinner. No man can be accused of skinflinting or of bad taste when he offers his friends such brands of domestic sparkle as Great Western, Gold Seal or Taylor's New York State champagne.

#### WHAT TO BREAK

The old custom of toasting the bride by breaking the glass in the fireplace is traced to a number of supposed origins. We break the glass, we are told, after drinking, because it can be used for no worthier purpose. Another explanation is that it symbolizes the eternal love of the bride and groom—their love will last until the glass is made whole again. Whatever tradition lies behind the cus-

tom, there is no doubt as to its consequence. It costs like hell. By all means tell the manager or steward to provide the cheapest possible five-and-dime-store variety of champagne glasses. Or, if you're toasting with cocktail or highball glasses, order the most inexpensive ones available. If there's no fireplace in the room, the waiters can set up an impromptu area by placing two folded banquet tables into a wall corner. Let the toasters aim for this corner, using their best possible marksmanship to avoid hitting chandeliers, oil paintings, mounted sailfish and other appurtenances of a bachelor dining room. If there's a grand piano in the room, move it out. Put in its place an old upright that will serve the needs of any ivory pounder in the party.

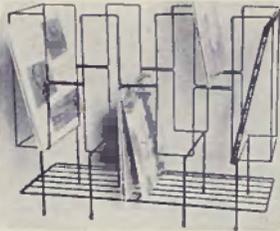
#### THE BILL

Most young grooms who receive a bill for their bachelor party go into a state of deep shock. They hold the bill in one hand, the check book in the other, and their fingers turn to butter. They've been rolled and robbed for items they never dreamed of.

The only way to avoid this situation is to ascertain all possible charges before arranging the party. When you're planning the dinner, ask for some sample  
(concluded on next page)



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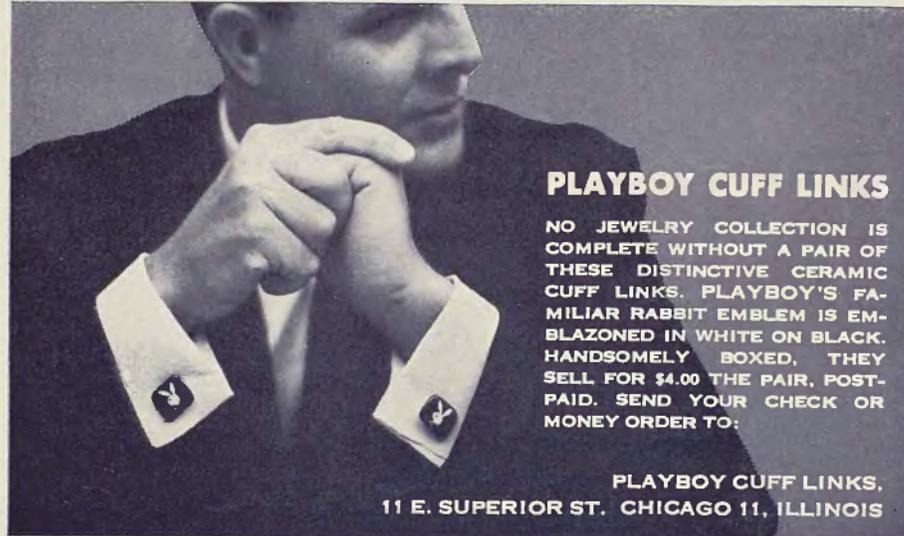
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menus. You want such menus not only to help you in making your choice of food but in order to confirm in writing the date, time of the dinner and the room you wish to engage.

On the sample menu, which is a kind of quotation sheet, you want to know not only the cost of the dinner per person but also the following facts: What charges will there be for (a) the room rental, if any; (b) the number of covers (cronies) you must guarantee and when this guarantee must be given; (c) how many additional covers the kitchen can take care of in the event there is an increase in the number of cronies at the last minute; (d) the cost of the liquor in quantity or by the individual drink; (e) the cost of flowers on the table or boutonnieres; (f) the cost of cigars and cigarettes; (g) the cost of glassware for breakage; and (h) any other incidentals. The last item, incidentals, may cover a wide territory. For instance, if one of your guests imbibes too much food and drink and suffers what the physicians call reverse peristalsis (i.e., his stomach can no longer contain the food and drink with which it is gorged), there will be a porter charge for cleaning. Sometimes this porter charge is multiplied eight or ten times depending on the number of incidents in which your guest was involved.

Finally, you must count on the usual ten or fifteen percent tip. This sum should be added to your bill, and you should give it to the manager to distribute as he sees fit among the employees. Even in private clubs where no tipping is permitted for the regular daily service, gratuities are expected on private parties. It's a good idea to slip the headwaiter a five dollar bill before the dinner begins. Tell him that he will receive the main gratuity later. A prepayment of this kind not only encourages the headwaiter to give the best possible service during the dinner but often is an insurance against later highjacking.



**LAST GAMBIT**

(continued from page 53)

followed rapidly and soon the game seemed completely out of control. Suddenly, it was over. Again, by what was meant to appear fantastic luck, he won.

Their table was now completely surrounded by onlookers and Edgar hunched his back in a shiver of distaste. He could not continue here, he said, the crowd was too unnerving. He began gathering up the pieces and she was obviously upset at the prospect of leaving the contest with such an unsatisfactory (for her) conclusion. She wondered whether they couldn't continue playing somewhere else. Edgar rose, waited for her to gather her things, and together they walked out into the bright sunshine.

"I live in a quiet room," he said, "and I've a chess set there." There was not a sliver of impropriety in his voice or

manner and if there had been, she was thinking too much about chess to have noticed.

It was a white frame house standing just off the campus. The lobby was very dark coming out of the sunlight, but Edgar was afraid to touch her soft arm in guiding her up the narrow flight of stairs. The slightest jarring note, he thought, might plunge him back to reality, might shatter the incredible miracle that was occurring. His room was small and rather sparsely furnished: a cot, a bureau, a table and two chairs; that was all.

In a slanting grid of light from the dormer, they set their pieces on the board and contemplated opening gambits. It was a game for Edgar to lose, and he did so, but with a fanciful flourish that had kept the end in doubt. The girl beamed and then Edgar rose and, with exaggerated gallantry, removed the ring from his slender hand and placed it on the table before her as an acknowledgment of his loss.

He sat, and they began another game. It followed quickly, a hodge-podge of a game, a flurry of thrusts and counter-thrusts, brought swiftly to a conclusion by Edgar according to the plan. He lost, and removed his tie in another gesture of defeat. She accepted it with a confident smile.

The next game was extremely brief. He employed an unusual offense of his own invention and she fell hopelessly beneath it. She was captivated by the variety and rhythm of his play, then, observing the checkmate, she rose exactly as Edgar had planned she would, and with motions imitating his, removed a slender, silver bracelet and placed it on the table before him. He had estimated her fierce pride correctly: once having accepted the terms of the game, fulfilling this obligation became a matter of honor.

Edgar lost again, and removed his jacket. She lost, and gave to him one unbelievably small slipper. Afternoon slid imperceptibly into evening. They nibbled at some cake and nuts he had in his bureau. The games had slightly favored Edgar, who seemed continually more astounded at his luck. She had caught the challenge he had offered: his apparently untutored exactness against her intuition and experience. And there was the other challenge too, that had been offered so gallantly. Edgar was shirtless. She had given her shoes and stockings, her ring and belt. Her smile was gone, her forehead lined in thought. What was that fault in his playing (a fault which Edgar had carefully developed then concealed)? This game was too fast! His thin hands hovered mystically over the table as he moved, and called. He stood up and said apologetically that perhaps they had better stop. She glared at the hopeless checkmate before her, not understanding where she had first lost the game. Then she flushed, stood up and defiantly pulled her dress over her head and handed it to Edgar. His eyes soaked in the beauty of the girl. She wore a white

slip that started at her waist, and a white halter arrangement that seemed to do only part of its intended job. Her skin glowed golden under the one dim overhead light.

She lost again. He fingered the fresh softness of the slip as she studied the pieces lined up for another match. She began.

And lost. And began again and lost again. The chessmen slipped clumsily from Edgar's fingers as he prepared the board for the last gambit. Her lips were thin and tensed, there was no brightness in her eyes as she stepped out of the final gauzy garment. Edgar looked straight at her and tried very hard to control his muddled emotions. Her face was flushed; he thought she might cry. He wanted to speak, but knew that one incorrect word, one flicker of desire, might cost him everything. He placed the final pieces in position. He had paraded his supposed weaknesses before her. He was sure that she had taken heart. He felt that in her degradation, she was confident she could win, and now every outraged sense in her body demanded it.

"What more have I to play for?" she asked. They looked at one another for a long, meaningful moment; then she seated herself before the board and selected the piece for her first move.

It was a long game. The obvious pieces broke down quickly. Edgar was playing with inexorable precision, but no easy victory was his, for his opponent

was playing with a new brilliancy born of desperation. Somehow some supernatural instinct drew her out of his tactical advantage time after time. Edgar knew that he must fight to win. The room was hot and there was no sound except their breathing. Her struggles against his inflexible onslaught began to weaken. One by one her powerful pieces succumbed, and then the Queen. The chessmen seemed to be perspiring, wet from the dampness of hot hands. He saw the end of the game: just five moves away. Then three. One. Edgar's hand trembled. He looked at her and suddenly buried his head in the crook of his arm and tried to think. He wiped damp hair away from his eyes with a sweating wrist. One move to take the game, to fulfill the plan, win the prize . . . but conscience was chewing at him, shame at the tawdry trick he was playing. What kind of a man was he if he could only have this girl in such a devious, dishonest way? With the win at his fingertips, the sustaining spirit of competition collapsed. He sighed heavily, cursed his meddling morality, and moved: not the move to check and win—the move to lose. And once done, Edgar fell back loosely in his chair, waiting for the inevitable return which would check his King, and his plan as well.

She looked at the array of pieces between them. It was simplicity—a beginner's move. Through half-closed  
(concluded on next page)



"I didn't order milk. I ordered a Scotch and soda."

eyes, Edgar watched her reach out, lift the piece, place it softly down again.

He stiffened, his eyes widening in disbelief. He sat up, about to stutter a protest, for not even a novice could make a mistake like that. In one move, she had effectively destroyed any chance of winning.

Edgar looked up from the board. She was smiling that wonderful pouting smile.



## BUILD-UP

(continued from page 22)

"Hell, the whole lousy picture pivots around the bust, is all!" declared Sid, with some heat. "Besides, the public expects apes and crud like that to fall for girls. Ever see *King Kong*? *The Creechur from the Black Lagoon*? All them monster-types got an eye for the ladies. Don't give me a hard time, Mick-boy."

I conceded his point. "OK already," I said. "So what comes next?"

"Next we go into *Ug the Ape King Finds the Lost City*. Marla here is the Great White Goddess and like that. Long hair, gauzy robes, no bra; sure-fire stuff, the Goddess bit. After that, we knock 'em dead with *Ug the Ape King and the Elephants' Burial Ground*, *Ug the Ape King and the Forgotten Treasure*, *Ug the Ape King Finds the Missing Link* and *Ug the Ape King Goes West* (got a lotta footage left over from *Gunsmoke Gulch*). Then we get off on a science-fiction kick. *Ug the Ape King Goes to the Moon*, *Ug the Ape King Goes to Mars*, and et cetera."

"What happens when you run out of planets?" I asked.

"*Ug the Ape King Goes to the Asteroids*," said Sid. "And when we run outa them, we make up new ones. Who knows from asteroids?"

"And would I be in all these pictures, Mr. Halfrock?" Marla asked.

"Hell yes, chicken, that's the whole idea."

"How about," I suggested, "*Ug the Ape King Meets the Snake Queen of Saturn*? Marla plays the Snake Queen. You know, where the top half is a beautiful doll and the bottom half is a snake, like with a mermaid?"

"Now there," exploded Sid, "is what I call a classic idea!" He rocked back in his chair, eyes slitted. "A whole damn planet of nothing but snake people. We put the whole cast in snake outfits and they hiss." He demonstrated by hissing loudly. A passing waitress almost dropped a tray. "We could have Make-Up sew long glittering tails on the whole cast."

"With black sequins," Marla enthused, "sprinkled here and here." She showed us where and where.

"Wow!" exclaimed Sid. "A smash!"

"What about dialogue?" I put in. "I mean, if the whole cast just goes around hissing all through the picture then the audience won't know what's going on."

"A thought," admitted Sid. "Some-

thing to consider. Maybe we could work out a kind of snake language with lots of hissing on the s's." He was silent for a moment. "Ug could fall in love with the Snake Queen and save her from the raging volcano," he said.

"They got volcanoes on Saturn?" I asked.

"From now on," Sid assured me, "they got volcanoes."

"I think it's all just wonderful!" bubbled Marla.

"What I'm wondering about," Sid said, frowning, "is one thing."

"Is?"

"What's the public gonna think when they see our college chick forgetting all about picking up her master's degree?"

"Cinch. She realizes how much of real life she's missed by living the bookish way. She kisses goodbye to her degree for a Tinseltown career."

"It's real," muttered Sid, "it's believable."

"Just leave your worries to ole Mick. In three sweet months I'll have the name of Marla Marsh as well-known as Grape-Nuts Flakes."

• • •

One month later I was in the office up to my ears in Marla Marsh publicity. Already a couple of local papers and a movie daily had run stories on Marla. Her picture had appeared in a national magazine as "the intellectual find of the year." My associate almost goofed that one. He snapped her holding Dante upside down. We caught the print in time. Close.

The phone rang.

"Mick, is it you, Mick?" The voice belonged to Sid Halfrock. He sounded bad. Real bad.

"What's wrong?" I asked.

"Everything. Everything's wrong."

"Well, clue me in."

"I told myself it was all too good to be true. You just plain don't run into forty-ones every day in the week."

"Is all this about Marla?"

"Who else? Oh, Mick, I got a terrible thing to tell you."

"Hit me."

"Nannie Darendinger is as flat as an ironing board!"

I fell heavily into a chair, gasping for breath.

"But, Sid, I thought you guaranteed me that—"

"I did, I did. I could have sworn they were the real McCoy!"

"Well, good Lord man, didn't you make sure?"

"Course I made sure. She lived right in my apartment for three months didn't she?"

"Then I don't see how —"

"Listen, and I'll tell you."

"Go on," I said weakly, "tell me."

"Turns out she works for some big outfit back in New York. They picked her out especially and fixed her up with their new fool-proof plastic rig so real you just can't tell it's not. They engineered the whole deal, her coming out here and all, as a publicity stunt for their lousy product. Figured that if Hollywood accepted her she'd be in clover.

Today, the absolute most horrible day of my entire life, right in the middle of an interview with maybe fifty dozen scribes and photogs, she slips out of this rig, holds it up above her head and, in a voice like a state senator's, shouts out that Deceivo-Bosoms, Inc. has made her the success she is today and that, for twenty-five lousy bucks, any dame in the world can have the same success. I tell you, Mickey, we are done. We are ruined men."

My associate had to bring in some smelling salts before I was able to get out of the chair.

• • •

That all happened three months ago. Today, I am about as far from being a ruined man as you can get. In fact, as the old saying goes, I have got it made. My penthouse suite is on the top of a thirty story building in the heart of New York, and I have three delicious bundles around to type up whatever I can think of, and I have got also three leather couches in my office. I'm still in publicity, but *not* in Hollywood.

I'm in full and complete charge of publicity for Deceivo-Bosoms, Inc. And my new wife's name is Nannie.

What the hell, even *I* can't tell the difference!



## NUNC DIMITTIS

(continued from page 58)

time even to answer her politely. I put the phone down and went away to weep.

Then at noon today came the final crushing blow. The post arrived, and with it—I can hardly bring myself to write about it, I am so ashamed—came a letter, the sweetest, most tender little note imaginable from none other than Janet de Pelagia herself. She forgave me completely, only a joke and I must not listen to the horrid things other people were saying about me. She loved me as she always had and always would to her dying day.

Oh, what a cad, what a brute I felt when I read this! The more so when I found that she had actually sent me by the same post a small present as an added sign of her affection—a half-pound jar of my favorite food of all, fresh caviar.

I can never under any circumstances resist good caviar. It is perhaps my greatest weakness. So although I naturally had no appetite whatsoever for food at dinner-time this evening, I must confess I took a few spoonfuls of the stuff in an effort to console myself in my misery. It is even possible that I took a shade too much, because I haven't been feeling any too chipper this last hour or so. Perhaps I ought to go up right away and get myself some bicarbonate of soda. I can easily come back and finish this later, when I'm in better trim.

You know—now I come to think of it, I really do feel rather ill all of a sudden.



## EGAD, SIR!

A WELL-TURNED LIMB like this, albeit encased in an armor of embellished knitwear, was enough to send a Nineteenth Century playboy into a paroxysm of passion. All very well for the Nineteenth Century, but pretty paltry potatoes today. A modern gentleman wants to see the limb itself, and a good deal more of it. By the same token, he will have no truck with euphemism, circumlocution, or any other skirting-of-issues. He faces reality squarely and calls a spade a spade. So does **PLAYBOY**. It's one magazine that does not go in for pussy-footing, side-stepping or leaving things up in the air. In articles and fiction, in photos, in the sophisticated humor of the cartoons, Party Jokes and Ribald Classics, **PLAYBOY**, too, calls a spade a spade. But in a nice, gentlemanly, entertaining way, of course. That's why so many Twentieth Century gents are subscribing to **PLAYBOY**. Egad, sir—why don't you?



## NEXT MONTH

When we scheduled *The Deal*, a story of sex in Las Vegas, for the next issue, we discovered its author is a beautiful woman, so we coaxed her out from behind her typewriter and she appears as the July Playmate. The July issue also includes a new story by Alberto Moravia, author of *A Woman of Rome*, *Two Adolescents* and *Conjugal Love* . . . a satire on J. D. Salinger . . . another visit with the French cartoon cutie Clementine and a pictorial tip of the Stetson to Marla English.

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