

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

FEBRUARY

50 cents





PLAYBILL

DR. KINSEY MUST BE planning a volume on *Sexual Behavior In The Human Playboy*—we've received an order for a three year subscription from his Institute For Sex Research at Indiana University. This month's mail also included requests for copies from The New York Public Library, The Library of Congress and the chaplain of Ohio Penitentiary.

Two months ago, in our First Anniversary Issue, we were pretty pleased when we announced that PLAYBOY's print run had more than doubled during its first year, from 70,000 to 175,000 copies. Pleasure has turned to flabbergastation (a word we've just coined, because none of those around can truly convey our feelings). The December and January issues have come very close to being nation-wide sellouts and we've been literally deluged by the orders and reorders from newsdealers. This month we are printing 250,000 copies.

We've a very special story as a starter for this February issue. Ivan Gold's "A Change of Air" is off-beat in both plot and style and that helps make it very right for PLAYBOY, because we try to select the unusual and extraordinary that other magazines might by-pass. We won't prepare you for this one, except to mention that New American Library picked it for their famous *New World Writing* series and Martha Foley is including it in her *Best Short Stories* of the year.

When we asked Chuck Beaumont how he'd feel about doing a personality sketch on Louis Armstrong, he said, "I'd

feel just *fine!* As you may have guessed, he was the model for certain of Spool Collins' characteristics in 'Black Country'—in a reversed kind of way. Anyway, I kept thinking of Armstrong all the while I was building an utterly opposite person. What he puts out gets through to me, and the opportunity to discuss what I feel about Satchmo would be very welcome." What Beaumont feels about Satchmo makes "Red Beans and Ricely Yours," this month's personality piece.

Ad exec Shepherd Mead is back with another biting satire on success in business; artist Jack Nelson and our own Ray Russell have come up with a choice collection of cards for those special friends and acquaintances on Valentine's Day. This issue includes an unusual horror tale by John W. Jakes and more of the curious art of Heinrich Kley. Ed Pazdur, Chicago editor of *TV Guide* and author of the book *Television Boxing Guide*, gives us a preview of the year's ring battles and PLAYBOY regular Thomas Mario dishes up some tasty information on the preparation and enjoyment of the All American hamburger. PLAYBOY's camera visits Nejla Ates, the hip swinging sensation of *Fanny*, and television's new Goddess of Love and Romance, Voluptua. This month's Playmate was photographed by Hal Adams, famous for his Hartog Shirt ads, and there'll be others by Hal in the future. Add to this, another Ribald Classic and a liberal portion of cartoons and Party Jokes and you've the fifteenth issue of PLAYBOY.

DEAR PLAYBOY



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

MEDICAL POINT OF VIEW

Gentlemen (?):

After reading your magazine, I find it completely free from any form of natural intelligence and culture. It came into my home by accident and it is leaving by way of the fireplace.

If America had to be judged by the men who subscribe to such dribble as **PLAYBOY** then all I can say is "God help America."

How you get away with such distortion is worth investigation. Granted we do have men and women who have warped ideas about sex, but we are making an effort to administer medical and spiritual help. My advice to your staff is to attend the nearest clinic and get back to normal before it's too late.

Mrs. L. D. Frateschi, R.N.
Elbridge, New York

Congratulations on a consistently superior magazine. In my occupation as a practicing clinical psychologist, it is my misfortune to encounter many people whose difficulties are, at least partially, based on distorted sexual values. It is a pleasure to find a public monument to the healthy contention that sexuality is a normal and pleasurable part of life. I'm cynically afraid that your magazine will be read primarily by those people who need it the least and will be avoided by those who need it most. I only hope there are enough of the former to give you some just reward, and to help in this, here are requests for three subscriptions, one for myself.

Frank McClurg, Ph.D.
U.S.A. Hospital
West Point, N. Y.

SOUTHERN PLAYBOY

I have at last found one thing that you damyankees and a good rebel like me have in common, and that is taste in "entertainment for men." So the next time that I'm in Chicago (being a good subscriber) I will expect the name and address of December's Playmate. But for the time being please rush the enclosed Christmas subscriptions to my friends.

Clark W. Bell, Jr.
Memphis, Tennessee

WELL DRESSED PLAYBOY

That stuff may go in the East, but down here anyone who dressed the way Mr. Jack J. Kessie says we should would be a square peg that wouldn't fit in any social circle. If someone wore a three

button suit to a gathering of young men in Texas, everyone would just stand around him in a circle and laugh at "The Ivy League Fruit." Flap pockets are a bother and they have no use, either functional or ornamental. A one piece back looks much neater, particularly in a sport coat or suit coat with patch pockets. Flaps are for the birds (or airplanes).

A twenty-one inch knee with an eighteen bottom must be Kessie's answer for men to Dior's "Flat Look." We prefer an eighteen or nineteen bottom and a twenty-five knee.

Why doesn't Mr. Kessie mention pastels? Although pink and helio are being overdone a bit, no wardrobe could be called complete without accessories of lime and/or kodiak.

As far as the rest of your magazine is concerned, I prefer **PLAYBOY** to any other magazine of its type on the newsstands.

Lionel Samuelson
Hollywood Tailors
Houston, Texas

DECEMBER ISSUE

I have just purchased the December issue of **PLAYBOY** and I think it is the greatest issue you have published to date. **PLAYBOY** is the most popular magazine in our dorm here at Rice. The Playmate of the Month is the best wallpaper we have found.

Pat McAnally
The Rice Institute
Houston, Texas

I have been hesitant about boring you with another testimonial on your fine magazine but after reading your December issue last night, I am compelled to write this. It is absolutely the greatest issue yet . . .

Ronald H. Harvey
Newport, R. I.

PLAYBOY continually broke newsstand sales records during its first year, but it looks as though our First Anniversary Issue (December) outsold all the rest. Though we won't have final figures for another week or two, we've reports from our three largest selling areas — New York, Chicago and Los Angeles. In Los Angeles there were nine tired copies left and in Chicago and New York, none at all.

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATES

Congratulations on creating America's best, most sophisticated men's mag-

azine. My favorite **PLAYBOY** Playmates, in order: Miss August, Miss September, Miss February, Miss July, Miss May.

Tom Beck
Lakewood, Ohio

PLAYBOY is a *man's* magazine. Everyone that has seen it has commented on the clever cartoons, fresh articles, and real cool pictures — especially the monthly Playmate. And speaking of Playmates, the best to date is Miss February. I missed the first issue though, so I can't compare her with the others. How about running a series of well known or fairly well known ladies in the flesh, *i.e.*, Marilyn Monroe.

Charles J. Rogers
San Antonio, Texas

Yep, Charley, you missed the first issue all right. Marilyn was our very first Playmate. See below.



Miss April is my favorite Playmate to date.

Wayne N. Miller
Decatur, Illinois

Miss October is the best Playmate yet.
Murdoch McLeod
Monterey, California

Next month we'll run a few of the several hundred letters we received on Miss December, the most popular Playmate so far.

PLAYBOY CLUBS

Some fellows here in L.A. are mighty tired of the *hound-dog* approach to the female of the species. We've gotten together and formed a club called the "Cavalier Wolves." The purpose of the group is to form a new outlook towards

and new technique with women. We want to recreate and bring up to date the cavalier of old — gay, suave and mucho cool.

Here are a few of the requirements for membership:

1. All members must own tuxedos.
2. All members must learn to burn (cook) a la Thomas Mario.
3. Must have a repertoire of stimulating epigrams, prose and poetry for all occasions.
4. Must have an adequate knowledge of wines, liquors and the preparation of mixed drinks, also a la you know who.
5. Must subscribe to PLAYBOY as the official magazine.

We started out with five members and have added six new ones. All new members, called scholars, must go through a six month probationary period, during which they are schooled and guided by their brother members. Upon graduation, the scholar receives a rabbit, about the size of an "Oscar," wearing a tuxedo and suitable grin. We thought you'd be interested for it was PLAYBOY, of course, that gave us the idea for the club.

Neal Dorian, Senior Brother
The Den
Los Angeles, California

I am writing, not only as an avid fan of your magazine, but as secretary of a newly organized men's club. At the first meeting suggestions were taken for a suitable name. One was favored above all others — you guessed it, PLAYBOY. That's the reason for this letter. We would like your permission to use the name PLAYBOY along with your rabbit insignia, dressed in tuxedo, with champagne glass in his hand. We want to use the name and insignia on jackets which each member of the club will receive.

Robert V. Baldokski
Bayonne, New Jersey

Glad to grant permission, Bob, and the PLAYBOY insignia is on its way. How about a photo of a couple of the members wearing the jackets?

ADROIT NONSENSE

My good husband "discovered" your magazine some months ago and relishes it more when he shares the laughs with me. We are definitely "Christian minded," with a deep spiritual feeling about marriage and parenthood and all things in general, but we cannot be so austere and pious that we are unable to enjoy the foibles and spice of life. I think that mature adults, with their values and principles straight to begin with, can read anything and everything, using the process of accepting and rejecting whatever they chance upon. To us, the nonsense you present so adroitly is sheer fun to read and we are certainly none the worse for it. The "Executive Secretary" who was shocked by her employer's

copy of PLAYBOY and saw to it that it never reached him must be a drip and very unsure of herself. What did *she* read it for, if he couldn't? These hypocrites who make critics and censors of themselves give me a pain. I'm a "grandma," so I can say this with some authority. Respectable, too. I intend to keep aware and alert concerning *all* phases of human life, so our very best wishes to PLAYBOY through 1955 and keep up the fun for adults.

Mrs. Ray Hitch
Detroit, Michigan

You sound like our kind of girl, granny.

BACK COPIES

Several of us doctors in town eat lunch together every day and we all agree that you have a fabulous magazine. We would all like to receive back issues but realize you don't have that many extra copies available, so if it would be possible for you to send us just one copy of each issue, we would make do by sharing them amongst ourselves and our wives.

Dr. Joseph P. Manon, Jr.
Charleroi, Pennsylvania

Upon return to Cherry Point from Cold Weather Survival School in California, I noticed immediately that my favorite pin-up had been liberated from my room. The picture in question came from your article on the Evolution of the Bathing Suit, though she wasn't wearing one. I'd like very much to obtain another copy of the issue that included that picture and two friends asked me to get them copies, too.

2nd Lt. Richard J. Cunningham
Marine Corps Air Station
Cherry Point, North Carolina

Back copies, when available, are 50¢ a copy and yours are on the way, Dick.

CHEERING SECTION

I have been consistently impressed by the consistent good taste, good design and well balanced contents of your magazine in its first year of publication. I do not feel inclined to subscribe, but I buy it regularly. What you are doing is a difficult job and I hope you manage to keep up half as well in the year ahead as you have done in the year now ending. With a venture of this kind, you necessarily tread a precarious line between dullness and vulgarity — sophistication of this kind so easily pales into the esoteric on the one hand or succumbs to cheap smut. So I say, congratulations for the year past and good luck for the years ahead.

William Robert Miller
New York, New York

I think PLAYBOY is fabuli (fabulous just doesn't cover it).

Clay Roehl
Michigan State College
East Lansing, Michigan

I've read PLAYBOY from the third issue on and I can only repeat what so many others are saying, it's the best, most entertaining magazine on the stands.

Lynn Nyland
Kenosha, Wisconsin

WHAT PLAYBOY ISN'T

You've received a great many letters telling you what you are — just for the heck of it, I'd like to tell you what you are *not*.

You aren't one of the many men's magazines that believe to be virile you must include stories on "Exposed! The Shocking Story of Vice Along The Suez Canal" and "How I Captured A Live Garter Snake."

You aren't, like many other magazines, composed of 25% entertainment and 75% advertisement. We, the readers, may safely turn the page expecting to be entertained, not brazenly told that men who care Suave their hair.

You aren't a jumping-off point for aspiring young authors. The list of literary talent making recent appearances in PLAYBOY is long and impressive: Bradbury, Beaumont, Maugham, Caldwell, etc. I list Bradbury first, because I consider him the greatest. I've never read anything so simple, so timely and so beautiful as his masterpiece, "The Flying Machine," in the August issue. But Beaumont is pushing him, and pushing hard.

A satisfied reader
Marshalltown, Iowa

We're glad you're satisfied, reader, and we agree with a goodly part of what you say, but not all of it. PLAYBOY is edited for the indoor, city-bred man, who isn't much interested in either snakes or the Suez, and we try to give him the best entertainment by the very best writers. That includes the biggest names, but it also includes some new ones. Charles Beaumont was relatively unknown a year ago. With "Black Country" and a couple of other outstanding stories (one of them coming up in the next issue of PLAYBOY), he has become one of the hottest writers in the country. "A Change of Air," Ivan Gold's first published story, has been selected as one of the best of the year.

We'd like to toss in a couple of cents worth on advertising, too. PLAYBOY has purposely refrained from accepting any ads during its first year of publication. We wanted to create a class publication with a class male audience first. But we do believe the right kind of advertising belongs in PLAYBOY. The man-about-town is concerned with clothes, cars, food and drink and the rest of the good things of life, and such things belong in the magazine. We'll make these two promises, however: (1) advertisers will be selected with the same care that is given to the preparation of editorial material and (2) we'll always edit PLAYBOY for our readers, not the advertisers.



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HUGH M. HEFNER, editor and publisher

RAY RUSSELL, associate editor

ARTHUR PAUL, art director

JOSEPH PACZEK, assistant art director

ELDON SELLERS, advertising manager

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PLAYBOY



a change of air

Bobbie Bedner was "had" one hundred and sixty times in seventy hours by fifty-three members of a boy's club called the Werewolves, and their assorted friends and relatives.

BY IVAN GOLD

PROLOGUE

BOBBIE BEDNER at the age of nineteen during the course of three warm August days and nights lost not her virginity which she had long before misplaced in the back of an automobile but the memory of it, and almost, along with this, the capacity to remember. What she knew when she awoke on the first of the August mornings was that on such a fine sunny morning one had to be completely out of one's head to go to work in a button factory what with a hundred better nicer cleaner things to do, and damn her mother and the button factory, she would go for a long walk out of doors or maybe to a movie. What she knew as well (but not as loudly) as her not going to work was exactly where she was going and why. But what she did not know . . . what she could not possibly know when she got on the bus (which passed one park and two movie houses on its journey along an avenue of New York's lower East Side, but which also stopped almost directly outside the clubroom of the silk-jacketed Werewolves, membership thirty-five, and many friends) was that when she returned home seventy-two hours later, she would do so minus her underwear, the greater part of her emotional stability, her future in

the button factory, and eleven pounds.

For the two or three young men of her acquaintance whom she expected to find in the clubroom at this early hour (they living there, being otherwise un-housed and temporarily unemployed) she found in the clubroom, running win, place, and show in a fabulous, all-night, seven-man stud poker game, and consequently filled to overflowing with philanthropy (love for one's fellow man). She walked in boldly, then hesitated, seeing seven card players and three hecklers, ten in all, counted on Tony, Frank, and Fat Andy for the protection she thought she wanted, found them extremely interested in her presence, but averse to any plan of action which did not include their intimates at the card table, who were now poorer (and they richer) by three hundred dollars. Decided finally, persuaded by Frank's embraces and the uniqueness (ten of them—why not the hecklers too—on the same day) of the prospect, communicated her decision by her slightly hysterical laugh, running crazily up the scale and halfway down, and thereby set out to make East Side of New York (and possibly national) history.

For . . . although unrecorded in the Werewolves' minutes, or in any other

ILLUSTRATED BY LEROY NEIMAN



Frank Cripple DeTorres was the first in line, and the thirty-first and one hundred and sixth . . .

written source (ignoring the possibility that one or more of the half-dozen or so twelve to fifteen-year-old young men she devirginized during the three-day period was sentimental enough to keep a diary), it is proved beyond any doubt by an unchallengeable number of oral affirmations that Bobbie Bedner (although expressing some desire to leave about four o'clock of the same afternoon when the situation seemed to be getting out of hand) nevertheless was taken, or rather had, one hundred and sixty times during seventy hours by a total of fifty-three persons (the entire membership of the Werewolves, their younger brothers and friends) of all nationalities and sizes, slept a grand total of seven hours during the three days and nights, consumed a bottle of milk, two of beer, a number of pretzels and a ham sandwich, called her mother on the evening of the first day to assure her that everything was under control and (it was Friday) she was spending the night at a friend's house and did not know exactly when she would be home, and returned home two and one-half days later when one of the Werewolves, preparing to make the trip for the third time, suddenly and concernedly noticed how peaked she was. They put her on a bus at eight o'clock Monday morning, thoughtfully providing her with carfare, warning her to keep it quiet which they did not have to do since she



truly bore them no animosity, and she returned home, eleven pounds less of her, to her mother and to the police who had preceded her by only twenty minutes, and fainted in the doorway.

When she awoke, tight-lipped, in a hospital, heard the doctor proclaim to the police and nurse the girl has suffered an ordeal, been without food and raped many times, laughed her crazy laugh, and had to say you screw sawbones you it wasn't rape and how

many times and laughed the crazy laugh for many minutes at the doctor's guess of thirty the nurse's forty the police's fifty, told them how many times (having kept a careful count), told them laughing crazily it was all her own idea and she might have a go at it again, but worth less than nothing to the forces of law and order in the names and places department.

They sent her away. They had to. Her mother wrung her hands, cursed her God and the memory of her husband. They sent her away for two years. When she returned from Rehabilitation School she had regained the eleven pounds and five additional. There were other, apparently deeper changes.

Franklin Cripple DeTorres, carrying himself well at five-foot-seven, absolutely sound of limb and body, derived his middle name, twenty-five cents, and a good part of his reputation as a result of an encounter in (and with) a subway. Always sure of himself, acutely conscious of his heritage—and bravery—never more so than at five A. M. on a liquored Sunday morning, Cripple (Crip to his friends) conjectured aloud on the fate of his foot provided he left it where it was, hanging over the parapet above the tracks, a void soon to be filled by an incoming subway train.

His friends, not realizing the full extent of his courage, liking him and wishing (in good spirits) to create the opportunity to apply to him a large number of defamatory epithets (which they would be in a position to do when he snatched his foot out of danger), offered (one of them did) the sum of twenty-five cents to the soon-to-be-martyred if he left his foot there until and after the train arrived. It was not the memory which decided him, but the attitude which prompted its offer. Placing his foot up to the heel (with which he clutched the edge of the parapet for support) over the parapet, Cripple waited. The train came. He did not even flinch, not until the train (with its agonized conductor) hit him, and then he did not flinch but fell down parallel to the tracks, landing on his elbows, the foot which earned him the name the money the reputation seemingly unhurt, and shouted very loudly, unhysterically, but with great conviction, get me to the hospital.

His ten weeks in the hospital he found dull but not unbearable, being able to leaf through the books previously stolen from the bookstore where he stockclerked, being always interested in culture, and favored daily by visits from his friends, the entire membership of the Werewolves, most calling his act of bravery the stupidest thing anyone had ever done, but all admiring, and the six weeks after that when he walked with an ever-lessening limp were just that, six weeks, so he suffered nothing finally except the money he did not make (more than compensated for by

the quarter which he had framed and hung in the Werewolves' clubroom threatening death and other penalties to anyone who removed it), and he gained a name which it seemed to outsiders should offend him, until they learned the manner of its origination.

On the day Bobbie Bedner did not go to work, Frank Cripple DeTorres won one hundred and forty dollars. It was the largest longest most expensive poker game ever played in the Werewolf clubroom, it was the most money he had ever won, and although by no means feeling guilty (perhaps even seeing a way to call a halt to the contest before his luck began to change), Cripple, when he saw her walk in, felt that the least he could do for the boys he had taken over was to get them to the slut as long as she happened to be around. He was the first in line, then, as the affair began to mushroom (something he did not foresee but which did not make any difference), thirty-first and again one hundred and sixth. He was sorry to hear (he did not hear, but deduced from her absence) that the girl had been sent to a reformatory.

When the Werewolves disbanded (after a police raid which led to the twelve Werewolves present at the club spending some time at headquarters, and the two of them identified by the badly battered grocery proprietor remaining after the others were allowed to leave) Cripple devoted himself to intellectual pursuits, spending most of his evenings at Gelber's Chess Club on Seventeenth Street. He went usually with Joe Muneco, or met him there. They were the only two young men (except for occasional visits from Joe's friends) in what was otherwise a storm center for the old. Together, these two, they either beat (they played well) or talked down every old man in the place.

A problem to Early Environmentalists (the key to personality lies in the first three or five or nine or eleven years), *Joseph Muneco* (of whom they had never heard) spent the first three years of his life running around the streets of San Juan, Puerto Rico, the next fourteen years escaping policemen (for playing stickball on New York City streets and mugging usually-close-to-penniless passersby), then, being expelled from three high schools (for non-attendance of classes and smoking marijuana), finally happening across a novel by Thomas Wolfe, impressed enough to read this author's entire works, discovering James Joyce, and in his twentieth year, and his fourth high school, becoming the editor (and first prize winner in a national short story contest) of his high school literary magazine.

Made many friends in this high school (at home on all intellectual strata), fell in love with and was loved by the editor of the high school newspaper (a Jewish girl of orthodox parents who were destined to object to

(continued on page 12)

Josh Logan's "Fanny" gets an exciting assist from Nejla Ates'



BROADWAY'S

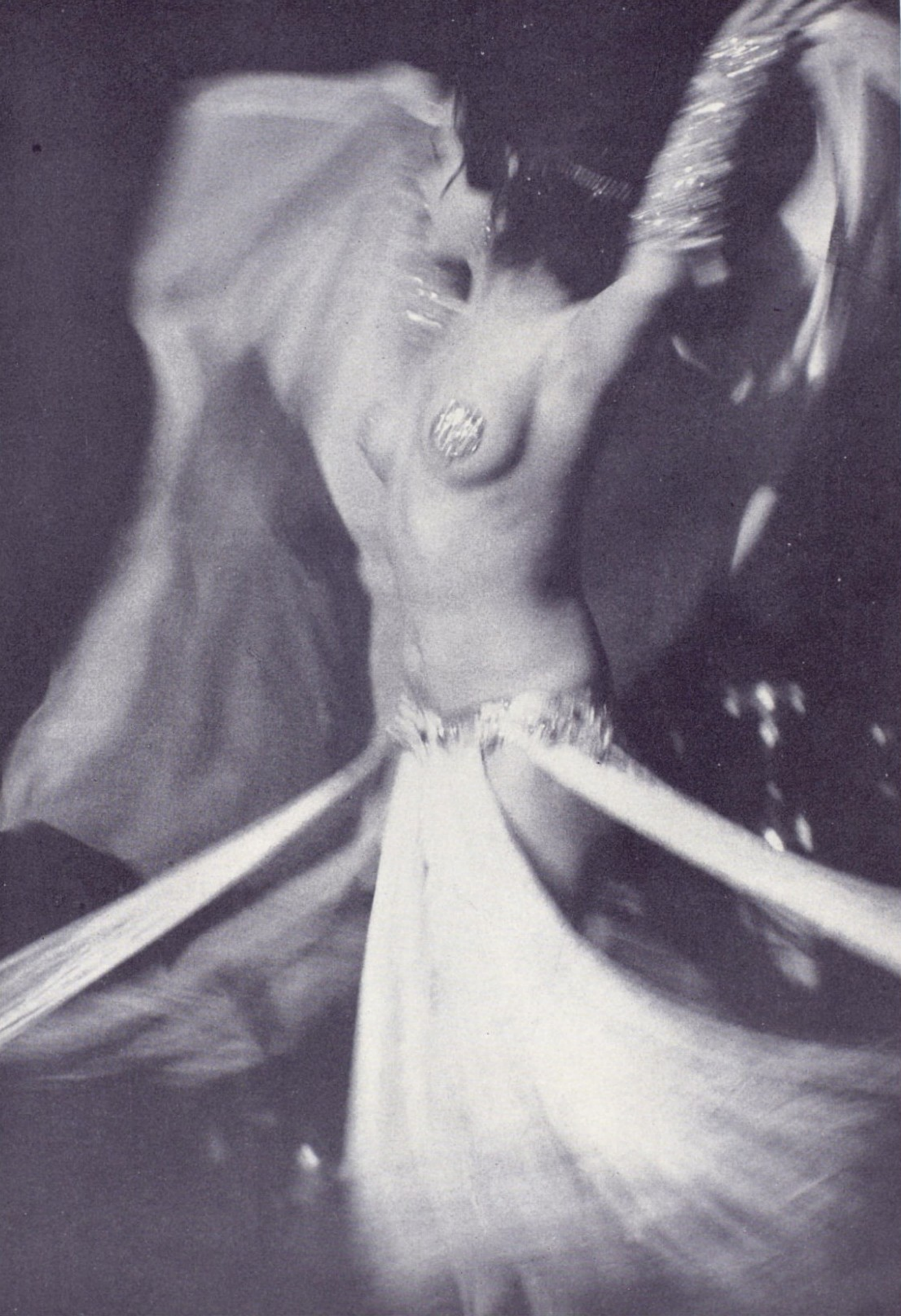


TURKISH



DELIGHT





THERE ARE A NUMBER of very good reasons why *Fanny* is the big musical hit of the Broadway season. It is an adaptation by S. N. Behrman and Joshua Logan of Pagnol's French film trilogy and tells the story of a Marseilles waterfront girl whose lover goes off to sea in search of adventure. When it becomes apparent that the girl is pregnant, a middle-aged widower marries her and accepts the child as his own. It is a warm, poignant story with some fine Harold Rome songs, the excellent voice and acting of Ezio Pinza as the father of the young man who goes off to sea, and a delightful Walter Slezak as the widower. In addition to all this, there's a show-stopping dance by hip-swinging, Turkish Nejla Ates that makes the young hero long for exotic lands and the life of a sailor.

The play is named for its heroine and not for any part of Miss Ates' anatomy, though the latter gets plenty of attention in Nejla's big scene. This isn't the first look New Yorkers have had at this Turkish torso, however. Nejla arrived in the U.S. nearly two years ago after wiggling her way through Bagdad, Cairo, Rome and Paris, and appeared in several spots around town, including the Latin Quarter.

She received national publicity when Texas gallivanter Shep King announced he was divorcing Egyptian belly dancer Samia Gamal to tie up with Nejla. King had previously divorced another wife, turned Moslem and taken the name of Abdullah in order to marry Samia. Speaking of Nejla, he said, "We'll be married in the mosque on top of the UN Building," but these nuptials never came off, possibly because there is no mosque on top of the UN Building.

Nejla played a part in the screen version of *Kiss Me Kate* and then went on to her present role in *Fanny*. After watching her perform for the PLAYBOY camera, we could better understand why *Fanny's* guy had gone off asailing — we felt the adventurous call of the sea ourselves, and we hate water.

change of air (continued from page 8)

their daughter's keeping company with a Gentile, and with a Spanish Gentile, and with one who looked so typically and unhealthily Spanish), went to a city college (his girl and he), saw the girl every day and on Saturday nights, and devoted the rest of his social time alternately to Cripple (alone or with mutual acquaintances, members of the long-defunct Werewolves) and to his other high-school friends (the last high school), cream of the intellectual crop, the boys who read the books, who thought about writing them (as he did — although he only thought), and who by fairly frequent remarks pertaining to his dual heritage (the literate hoodlum, and variants, with lots of laughter, although he had for a long time now adhered to the straight and narrow path) contributed to the growth of his impassioned unusual campaign of self-justification.

Impassioned unusual campaign of self-justification . . . not with his girl Anne, with whom he was in love; nor with Cripple and with these friends with whom he fitted in so perfectly that there was no need of it; but with the others . . .

With *Phillip Zand*, literary critic until his junior year at college, thinking now of psychology, seeing it as a back door to the world he didn't live in; a great reader and a great listener to music, and a self-styled neurotic, finding himself replete with wrong things to say (to women), and not enough women to say them to; not pretty, but (not that this mattered) not as unpretty as he thought he was, weakly contemptuous of the others, his close circle of friends, in the only regions where he was qualified to be contemptuous, books and music, finding them in these regions, although reasonably well informed, nevertheless with sufficient (for the purposes of ridicule) misinformation . . .

With *Lee Miller*, a college man, sporadically read in Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, and Philip Wylie, with some Havelock Ellis (being interested in sex); contentious but without a conciliatory delivery (far from it; always unpleasant, not going out of his way to be unpleasant, but being that way because it came easiest), with the result that among his group of friends, he had no friend; cherubic in appearance (and thus with a number of conquests to his credit which Phil Zand—by no means accidentally—was forever hearing about, but still . . .), a lecher at nineteen, being famed (and given no peace) for the most amazing collection of pornographic snapshots and literature perhaps ever assembled, delighting in lending certain parts of his collection to Phil since he knew what he used them for, a good but strange mind; a flair for chess, a match for Joe Muneco, a terrific and serious rivalry building between them, a result of and a further prod to mutual dislike . . .

With *Benjamin Brock*, the only one of them attending a college which it required money to attend, assuming therefore a certain superiority in the quality of his education, never having to mention the felt superiority for them to know that it was there; doubting especially (again tacitly, or if not tacitly, then blatantly in jest) Muneco's claim to higher understanding (Joe having not written since the days of his high school triumphs—Ben writing all the time—two long years ago, unable to take his typewriter out of pawn, and besides, being busy—with his girl and with Cripple—being happy), Muneco feeling Ben's doubts, and the doubts of the others, knowing the realm of the intellect to be his as well as (if not more than) theirs, but feeling it always necessary to prove it to them, and so . . .

Joseph Muneco's impassioned unusual campaign of self-justification, the utilization of a phenomenal memory, an almost photographic memory, committing to it the equivalent of three large volumes of verse, from Sappho to Cummings, and considerable prose, quoting some part of his repertoire at the least provocation, creating his own provocation, irrelevant (the quoting) to anything occurring or even said in his immediate environment, but illustrating to Phil and to Lee and to Ben and to anyone else around that he, Joseph Muneco, had a sizable portion of the world's literature at his fingertips, had the best that man's mind has yet created stored (with an understanding of it, if anyone pursued the matter) in his memory, that he, Joseph Muneco was, whatever else he might also be, an intellectual.

With this and these in mind, we can begin the story.

THE STORY

Gelber's Chess Club was partly that. More, it was a place to play cards and a place to stay, on cold winter nights and dull summer ones. In the back of the club, away from the two windows overlooking Seventeenth Street, was a small room with a stove in which Mrs. Gelber made and sold coffee and sandwiches. The long, large room which was the club was divided by common consent into the section for chess players and for card players; there were the few benches in the chess player section for those who wished to sleep, to think, or to read the paper. On the door of the club was a sign reading FOR MEMBERS ONLY and inside the club a sign said MEMBERSHIP DUES, ONE DOLLAR A YEAR. Neither of these mattered. Gelber was friendly, did not need the money, and owned the building. The signs were put up at the insistence of his wife and Gelber neither desired to, nor did he, reinforce them. The club had been on Seventeenth Street for twenty-two years, and although the faces changed, at intervals, the mean age of the members did not.

The men at the club—and they were all men aside from Gelber's wife—averaged fifty-five years of age. If not for the presence of Joseph Muneco and Franklin DeTorres, who came often enough to necessitate their inclusion in any mathematical calculations, the average age of the members of Gelber's Chess Club would have been fifty-seven.

Frank DeTorres was talking to Joe Muneco.

"Okay Ace," he said. "Push the pawn. Before the place closes, Ace. I guarantee the safety of the pawn move."

Frank had arrived at 11 o'clock and had played chess with the old men. He won more than he lost and he enjoyed his conversation and the reactions to it. At one o'clock Joe Muneco walked in, earlier than usual for a Saturday night, but his girl had gotten sick and he took her home early, leaving her a block from where she lived in case one of her parents happened to be looking from the window. Meeting her on Saturday nights was no problem since she had a job ushering at concerts in a school auditorium in his neighborhood, and he could meet her afterward, at nine-thirty. On this Saturday night she became ill and he took her home. When he got to the club, he and Frank DeTorres played chess. Muneco was the better of the two but against each other they played carelessly, and games were not won or lost in accord with their ability.

At DeTorres' remark, Joe became angry for the three old men who made up his audience.

"Take it easy, Ace," he said. "Any time you want to play three seconds a move, you let me know, Ace. The pawn move is for the fushas. I give you this." He moved his bishop along its diagonal. One of the old men grunted approval and smiled a toothless smile. Frank addressed him.

"Doesn't he play like a master?" he said. "He is a true Morphy in the way he plays this game. I admire your manipulation of the pieces, Ace," he said to Joe. He looked swiftly at the board and made his move. "Try this one," he said.

Joe guffawed. "Swish, Ace," he said, swooping down upon DeTorres' unprotected queen, removing it, and upsetting four or five pieces on both sides of the board.

"I didn't see, Ace," Frank said, beginning to smile. Two of the old men laughed. The third yawned noisily and moved toward one of the benches leaning against the wall.

Frank resigned. He began to set up his pieces in preparation for another game. At one-thirty Phil Zand and Lee Miller walked in. They had gone to a movie, had coffee, and come to the chess club looking for Joe Muneco. They knew that he could be found here on Sunday mornings at this time after taking his girl home.

"Watch him!" Joe said agitatedly to Phil, glancing momentarily at Lee, as

(continued on page 16)

KLEY'S WINTER



the wacky wonderland of a master artist



THE HUMAN, THE BESTIAL, the inanimate: in the world of the late German artist Heinrich Kley, these met on equal terms. They fraternized and merged, forming a gay, *gemütlich* phantasmagoria where alligators skated with nude women and nude women obligingly became ski-slopes for diminutive sportsmen. Kley's approach to line drawing was looser, less stylized than most of the illustrators of his period. His uninhibited pen, spinning narcotic nightmares for the fine German magazines *Die Jugend* and *Simplizissimus*, pointed the way to a new freedom in draftsmanship which was echoed in the floppy, humanized animals of our own Walt Disney. The winter scenes on these pages are typical: like all the rest of his pen work, they are unmistakably the product of the fertile imagination, questionable sanity and abundant talent of the one and only Heinrich Kley.





change of air (continued from page 12)

the two came over and sat down. "You shouldn't have taken him off the leash. He's liable to rape small boys."

"No need," Lee said. "I was refreshed last night. A very sweet young thing I met at a dance. How's Anne?"

The query might have been solicitous, but it was very poorly placed. Suddenly Muneco was no longer amusing or amused.

"She's all right," he said looking at Lee. "Unless you just killed her by mentioning her name."

Lee laughed. He laughed unpleasantly, the only way he knew how.

"I thought you had signed a non-aggression pact," Phil said.

"Only verbal," Joe said. "It can be busted at any time."

"What's new?" Frank said to Phil.

"I'm glad you asked," Phil said. "My profession. I'm going to be a psychologist."

"That's nice," Frank said. "We are in need of psychologists. But you've got to gain weight if you want to be healthy enough to pursue your studies. You're very thin, in spite of your weight-lifting."

Phil laughed.

"I am thy father's spirit," Joe said. "Doomed for a certain term to walk the night, and for the day confined to fast in fires, till the foul crimes done in my days of nature are burnt and purged away. But that I am forbid," he said, "to tell the secrets of my prison-house, I could a tale unfold whose lightest word would harrow up thy soul, check-mate Ace," he said.

"You're a genius, Muneco," Lee said, sitting in the chair Frank had just vacated. Frank visited Mrs. Gelber for some coffee.

"You didn't like that?" Joe inquired. "Maybe you'd prefer an excerpt from Krafft-Ebing. 'George K., longshoreman, locked in the embraces of Mollie F., housewife suffering from vaginismus, found it difficult to extricate . . .'"

"No moves back," Lee said, making his first move.

"Make it touch move," Joe said, unsmiling. "Better than that, we measure the Galvanic Skin Response. If I catch you thinking about a piece, you got to move it."

"Agreed," Lee said.

Phil laughed: at their seriousness, and at the incongruity which it seemed to him the technical term had in Muneco's mouth.

"What do you know about the Galvanic Skin Response?" he said.

"Nothing," Joe said. "Now that you're a psychologist I know nothing about the Galvanic Skin Response. Just as when previously you were a literary critic I knew nothing about literature. And as in consequence of your large record collection, I know nothing about music. If I ever again say anything implying I know anything at all about psychology, may I suffer excruciating pain."

"Okay," Phil laughed. "I'm sorry. You're an intellectual."

Frank returned with his coffee. He knew these two, Lee and Phil, and also Ben, because of their friendship with Joe Muneco. They had graduated from high school with Joe three years ago, and he had continued seeing them, about once a week, since then. They were not particularly interesting. Frank thought, although they were supposed to be bright, and he guessed that this was what Joe saw in them. He could talk to them in Joe's presence, but doubted if he could find anything to say to them under other circumstances. These never arose since he ran into them only when he was with Muneco. Now he returned with the coffee and he saw skinny Phil leaning on the table, his hair mussed, smiling at Muneco, and it struck him what a particularly dull life Phil must lead.

"Hey Phil, you still got it?" he said.

"Got what?"

"Your chastity. Last time I heard, you still got it."

"Still got it," Phil said, smiling ruefully, but resignedly, as if talking about an amputated arm.

"I can't understand it, Ace," Frank said. "What's the good of going to college, because they had no courses in screwing."

"That's right Ace," Joe mumbled, engrossed in the game.

"You should have gone," Lee said. "You're a great loss to the academic world."

Frank had begun to understand that the things Lee said in jest were no different in tone from the things he said when he was being nasty. It was just the way he talked, everything seeming an insult. He thought for a moment, and decided from the context that Lee was jesting.

"I appreciate this," Frank said.

Frank sat down to kibitz the game, and Phil read the Sunday Times. If no one else arrived and even if someone else did, they would spend an hour or two at the chess club, then go downstairs and across the street into the all-night cafeteria (it was too cold in January for the groups to gather in Union Square Park), spend some time there over their coffee, and then go home at four or five o'clock in the morning. They would take Phil, who became tired before anyone else, and who lived the greatest distance (fourteen blocks) from Seventeenth Street, home first, then would walk three blocks uptown to where Lee lived; and finally walk back to the chess club, and three blocks beyond it, to the street on which Frank and Joe lived, in adjoining tenement buildings.

But Ben Brock arrived. Even this wouldn't have made any difference, for Ben Brock often arrived without noticeably disturbing the Saturday night ritual. But Ben Brock arrived with the family car, which meant, if nothing

else, that they would all be driven home. It meant however enough more than that on this Saturday night to change the entire texture of the evening.

"Okay," he said, when he saw them around the chess table. "Drop everything. The bus awaits. Let me take you away from all this."

"You park it in the hallway?" Joe said.

"Stop, I can't stand the irony," Ben said. "The car is parked downstairs, three picas from the curb. How many times do I have to tell you, Muneco, I can park a car?"

"Perhaps," Joe said. "As soon as Krafft-Ebing here resigns his lost game."

"Lost game!" Lee said, angrily incredulous. "You talk like a chess player," he said. "But rather than destroy your ego, I agree to a ride in Brock's convertible."

"Anything," Phil said, "for a change of scenery."

Frank sat behind a board, set up the pieces, and beckoned to an old man who sat, half dozing, on a bench. The old man smiled and came toward him.

"Spot me a rook, Kurtz," Frank said.

The old man smiled. "Why not both?" he said. He sat down opposite Frank.

"Hey Crip, you coming?" Joe said to him.

"You college men go for a ride in the car," Frank said. "Driving . . ." (he groped for the cliché) ". . . exerts no appeal on me. I'm gonna teach Kurtz here how to play this game." The others were already outside and down the one landing to the street.

"Okay Ace," Joe said. "Castle early and open up a rook file. I'll see you." He turned and walked toward the door.

"So long Ace," Frank said.

. . .

The car was riding north, along First Avenue, toward Forty-second Street.

"Are we going to Times Square?" Phil said.

"If that's what you want," Ben said. "Although I was going to drive you down to Miami. It's time you phony authors and literary critics and psychologists and perverts learned that the East Side of New York is not the center of the world."

"How do you know that?" Joe said.

"Hearsay," Ben said. "But it sounds logical."

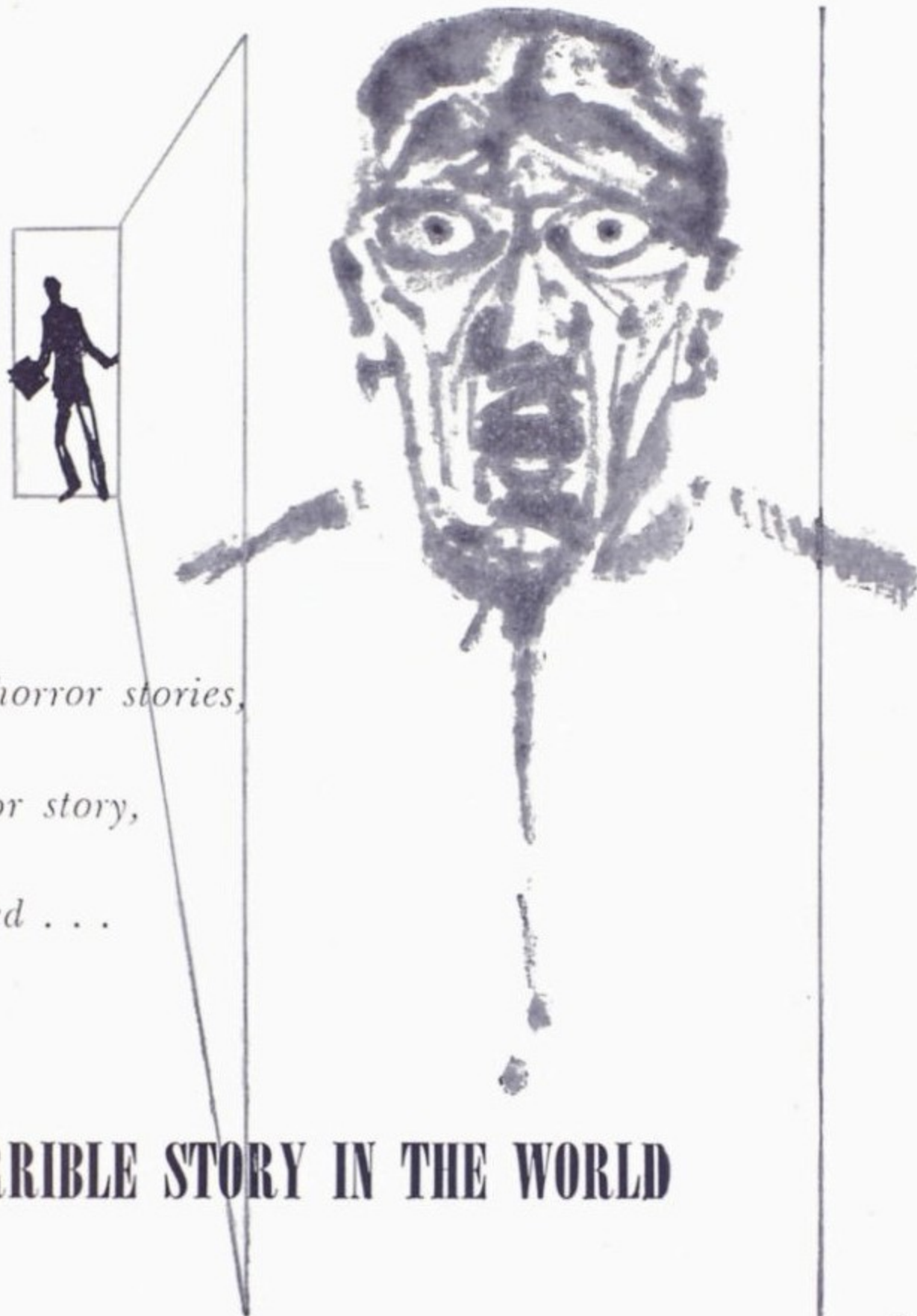
"We'll go to Miami next time," Phil yawned. "I've got to wake up early tomorrow."

On the corner of Twenty-sixth Street Ben stopped for a light. Muneco, sitting up front, glanced from the window. "Hey," he said suddenly. Ben following Joe's eye, saw a figure turn the corner of Twenty-sixth Street and walk out of his range of vision. "Was that Barbara Bedner?" Joe said.

"I don't know," Ben said. "Shall we find out?"

"Who's Barbara Bedner?" Phil said.

(continued on page 47)



*Thompson liked horror stories,
but not this horror story,
for this was indeed . . .*

fiction

THE MOST HORRIBLE STORY IN THE WORLD

by JOHN W. JAKES

THE ROOM WAS A VERY plain room. It had four walls, a ceiling, a floor. But it was new to Thompson because he had never seen it before. He stood in a relaxed fashion, studying it. There was a desk in the center of the room. It was gray, but Thompson could not identify the material from which it was made. A very old man with a clipped beard sat behind the desk. A candle flickered in a brass holder on top of the desk.

"Pardon me," said Thompson.

The old man looked at him. He had been looking at Thompson for a long time. In fact, Thompson could not remember a time when the old man had not been looking at him.

"You like horror stories, I take it," the old man said, "That's why you're here. Everybody in the world like a good horror story, at least once in their lives."

"Yes," said Thompson, filled with vague relief, "I guess that's why I'm here."

"Fine," said the old man. He reached into the desk. Where, Thompson couldn't tell. Just out of sight. No drawers slid. But his hands came out, and they held a white card. Again they vanished. This time they held a metal-pointed pen. There was ink in the pen. It shone with a night-blue luster in the candle flame.

"Name," said the old man.

"James Thompson."

"Born."

Thompson thought a minute. "March third, nineteen oh two. Is all this necessary?"

The old man seemed annoyed. "Of course. We must have all the records, in order that you may become a full-time member."

"Full time member of what?" Thompson asked. He noted that the pen seemed always full of ink.

"The Horror Book Club, of course," the old man replied. He scratched on the card, writing down the information Thompson had given him. Then he put both card and pen out of sight under the desk. His hands came back up, empty.

"Everything has been taken care of," he said, smiling. "You've been admitted."

"Is that right," Thompson said aloud. He had begun to wonder whether membership in this club was exclusive. The candle kept on burning, but it stayed the same size.

"Er . . . what kind of books do you have? I mean, could you let me have an idea of some of your titles? *Dracula*, *Frankenstein*, *The Turn of the Screw*, things like that?"

The old man laughed again, this time like he was chid-

ing a small and extremely foolish child. "Oh no, Mr. Thompson. We deal in actual, stark horror. We never use second-rate products."

The hands dipped down again. Thompson wondered if it was some kind of game. They came back up. They put a book on the desk. It was a thin book, roughly a foot square. It had a whitish cover. The old man's fingers rasped on the cover when he put it down on the desk.

"Human skin," the old man said cheerfully. "Very good binding."

"Um . . . yes," said Thompson. He glanced at the cover. In square letters the cover said, *The Most Horrible Story in the World*. Smaller type down near the lower right hand corner, said, "James Thompson, February 3, 1955."

"Why, that's today," Thompson said. The old man waved. "A formality. We always record on the books when a new member enters the club. Keeps the records straight."

"Oh," Thompson said. "Do I . . . just start reading?"

The old man shook his head and got up. He took the book in one hand, the candle in the other. "I'll conduct you to one of our reading rooms. We provide special reading rooms for the use of members."

Thompson did not comment. He followed the old man. They went through an opening in the wall that he had not seen before. But it was in a dim corner, difficult to see clearly.

They walked down a long hall. On each side of the hall were closed doors. The candle made shapes move on the walls.

"What's that screaming?" Thompson

asked, a bit puzzled. "It seems to come from behind these doors."

"That's right," the old man said over his shoulder. "This is the Horror Book Club, you know. All of our members take an active interest in their reading. They participate. They get horrified. It's really a horrible book, you know."

"Is it?" Thompson felt a slight tingle of expectancy run along his back. He felt somewhat masochistic at the moment. A new thought struck him. "Is that the only book you carry?"

"Yes," said the old man. "We've had many editions made. It's the *most* horrible story in the world, you understand. The most horrible one ever conceived. That's why all our members read it."

The hall seemed to stretch on endlessly. Doors marched by. Screams faded, new screams took their place. "How late are you open?" Thompson asked.

"I stay here all the time," the old man said. "Members are always coming in. They usually stay for a long time. The book is irresistible."

"Must be," Thompson said. Finally they came to a door. The old man stopped. He seemed to pull at the door and it opened, although there was no handle on it. He motioned Thompson inside.

The reading room had one chair and one table. An unlit candle stood on the table. The old man applied flame from his candle.

"Severe," he said, indicating the room, "but functional. All you really need to enjoy a good horror story."

"Well, thanks," Thompson stammered. The old man put the book down on the table. "Do . . . er . . . is it cus-

tomary to pay, or tip?" Thompson said awkwardly.

"Oh no. The Founders take care of that."

"Um. Founders. Still alive, eh?"

"Oh, certainly."
"Must like horror stories, to set up a place like this."

"They do," the old man assured him. "Well, I hope you like the book."

He walked out and closed the door. Thompson said, "Well," a couple of times, saw that no one was listening, laughed foolishly and sat down on the chair. He picked up the book, feeling the tingle on his spine once more. He opened the book. He began to read.

It was a very short story. He finished it almost immediately. And it certainly was horrible. Almost too horrible. He closed the book and got up. His face felt very pale. He went to the door. He tried to open it. It would not open.

"Old man," he yelled. "Old man, old man." He was so insistent in his yelling that he did not stop to think about the other screaming out in the hall. He expected the old man to come, and he did.

The old man's voice said through the door, "Yes?"

"I don't like this book," Thompson said.

The old man said nothing.
"And the door's locked. I want to leave."

"You can't."
"What do you mean I can't? What kind of a place is this anyway?" His tone was threatening, belligerent. And weak.

"You're a member now." It was very final.

Thompson felt that the old man was gone. He shouted, "Old man, old man." There was no answer. He went back to the table. His stomach seemed to be gone. He opened the book. He read the story again. He couldn't help reading it. It had a kind of fascination. He began to see the true horror in the tale.

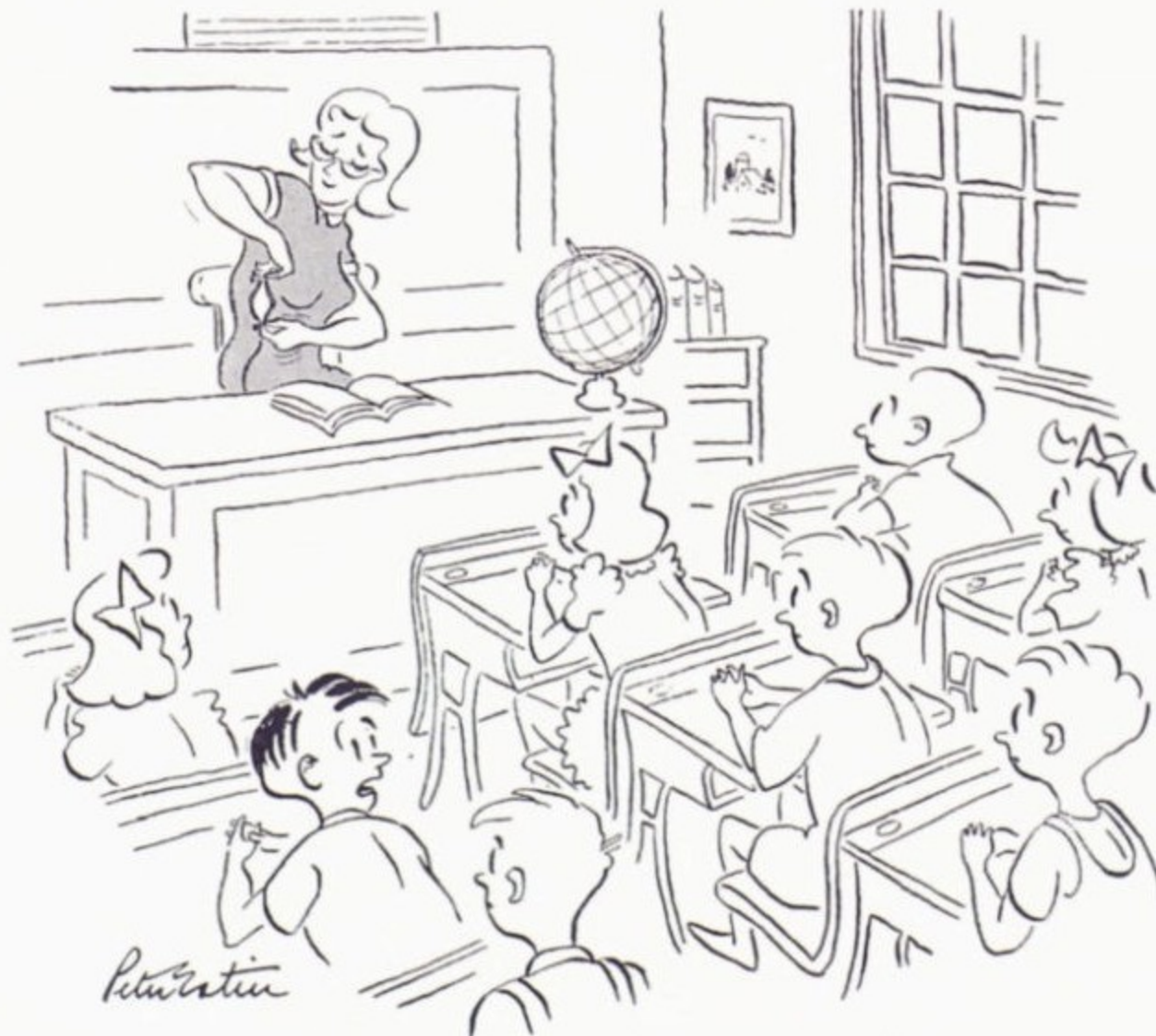
When he had re-read it for the fifth time, he started to scream. Everybody else screamed, why shouldn't he? After all, he was in the mood, his stomach felt icy. The candle kept on burning, but it stayed the same size.

He alternated between periods of screaming and reading. And each time he read the book, it became more horrible. The infinity of horrible horror was something too vast to contemplate.

He felt no need for food or water or sleep, the story was so horrible. Thompson stopped screaming again and opened the book, perhaps for the thousandth time. He anticipated it now, anticipated the screaming it would cause.

The candle kept on burning. Thompson read the story from the book of skin with his name on it. He read it rapidly. It was a very short story:

You're dead.



"Oh, no — not another art class!"





"Your husband certainly is considerate, Shirley. He came in three times during the night to make sure I was comfortable."



for that after-amour snack, there's nothing tastier than —

THE NAKED HAMBURGER

SOME FELLOWS SPEND TOO much time worrying about aphrodisiacs.

Everyone knows the type who won't take a girl to a restaurant unless he can engage a *chambre séparée* fitted with midnight blue drapes, scented with white heliotrope and fogged with mists of Virile Night perfume. He is the type who worries about ordering oysters or crayfish. He asks the headwaiter to make him a salad of watercress and ginseng root, since both of these vegetables, he heard, are supposed to be effective sources of sexual stimulation. He quotes freely from books on Hindu love potions and New Orleans amatory foods. Finally he orders a chaise longue to be placed right alongside the dining table, hoping that as the meal progresses, the girl will be so aroused by the multitude of his subtle approaches that she will swoon directly from her eclair onto the chaise longue without even bothering to wipe the chocolate frosting from her lips.

The voluptuary who goes to all of these elaborate preparations usually finds that the glorious moment, in which he imagined his girl would melt like jello, turns out to be a bad mistake. Both he and the girl are so surfeited with soups and sauces that they can hardly move. They are heavy in the stomach, the head and the limbs, and panting not with passion but with incipient indigestion. He and the girl may eventually land on the chaise longue only to discover that too much amatory food and too many love potions are putting them to sleep.

It's all right to tempt a girl with food. You can excite her with the promise of oysters or fresh Beluga caviar. You can lure her with sherried lobster or ravish her with filet mignon. But any sensible man knows when to stop, since he also knows that love is a form of prolonged muscular exercise, and he won't enter the game with a self-imposed handicap.

He is properly concerned with what PLAYBOY regards as the post-aphrodisiac phase.

When it's all over, what do you eat? Hours later when the doorman has fallen asleep and the lobby is deserted, when only a few lonely cabs can be heard cruising the empty streets, when she turns to make the final adjustment of her garter belt and both of you feel a kind of riotous hunger, there is only one manly thing to do—give her a ham-

burger. There are many sophisticated playboys who will never make a date without going immediately afterward to the butcher and ordering a pound of freshly ground top round and a half-dozen hamburger buns.

There's something so right-side-up about a grilled brown hamburger, something so keen about its honest beef juice oozing into a split feathery bun, something so unpretentious about eating it that it just comes naturally as a wonderful postlude to an evening's orgy.

You can get a bad steak but seldom a really bad hamburger. You'd be committing a crime if you doused a club steak with catsup, and you'd be mad to put a slice of raw onion on a lamb chop. And yet a hamburger will take both the catsup and the onion and toss them down as charming bystanders.

It would be hard to find a food as easy going as a hamburger. Toothless Park Avenue tycoons who have given up struggling with their venison steaks find the chopped sirloin easy pickin's. Commuters amble along to the 5:14 train with a briefcase in one hand and a hamburger in the other. Truckdrivers free-wheeling on long hauls over the country swallow them by the bagful. For the kind of man who tackles his food as though he meant business but who nevertheless prefers to look into his angel's eyes instead of the dinner plate, the hamburger is indispensable.

Powder house fluffs who expect you to brush the seat before they sit down to eat mincingly will snub a hamburger. But girls who like to snuggle up in roadsters, who do not mind walking onto a sawdust floor, who like to sit at high bar stools and drink Münchner beer and who love rare meat cooked over charcoal will do the ground beefsteak justice.

For some time now, surveys of public eating places have shown that more hamburger is eaten than any other meat dish. The hamburger edges out the frankfurter comfortably. Its nearest rival is ham-and-eggs.

Hamburger is named after the German port of Hamburg where old sea dogs during the last century ate their scrambled T-bone raw, the dish now known in this country as cannibal or Tartar steak. The whole history of chopped meat patties is an account of how a simple dish—chopped meat—could be ruined by over-spicing, over-

grinding, over-cooking and over-dressing. Hamburgers in ancient Rome, for instance (they called them Ostian meat balls), illustrate the point. The Latin writer Apicius tells how the Romans made them. "Clean, scrape and shape the meat. Crush pepper, lovage, cumin, caraway, silphium and one laurel berry moistened with broth. In a square dish, place the meat cakes and spices. Cover them crosswise with twigs. Pickle them for two or three days. Roast them. Mix the broth in the pan with crushed pepper, lovage and raisin wine. Thicken the broth with a mixture of fat and flour." With hamburger recipes like this, it's easy to understand why Rome declined and fell flat on its face.

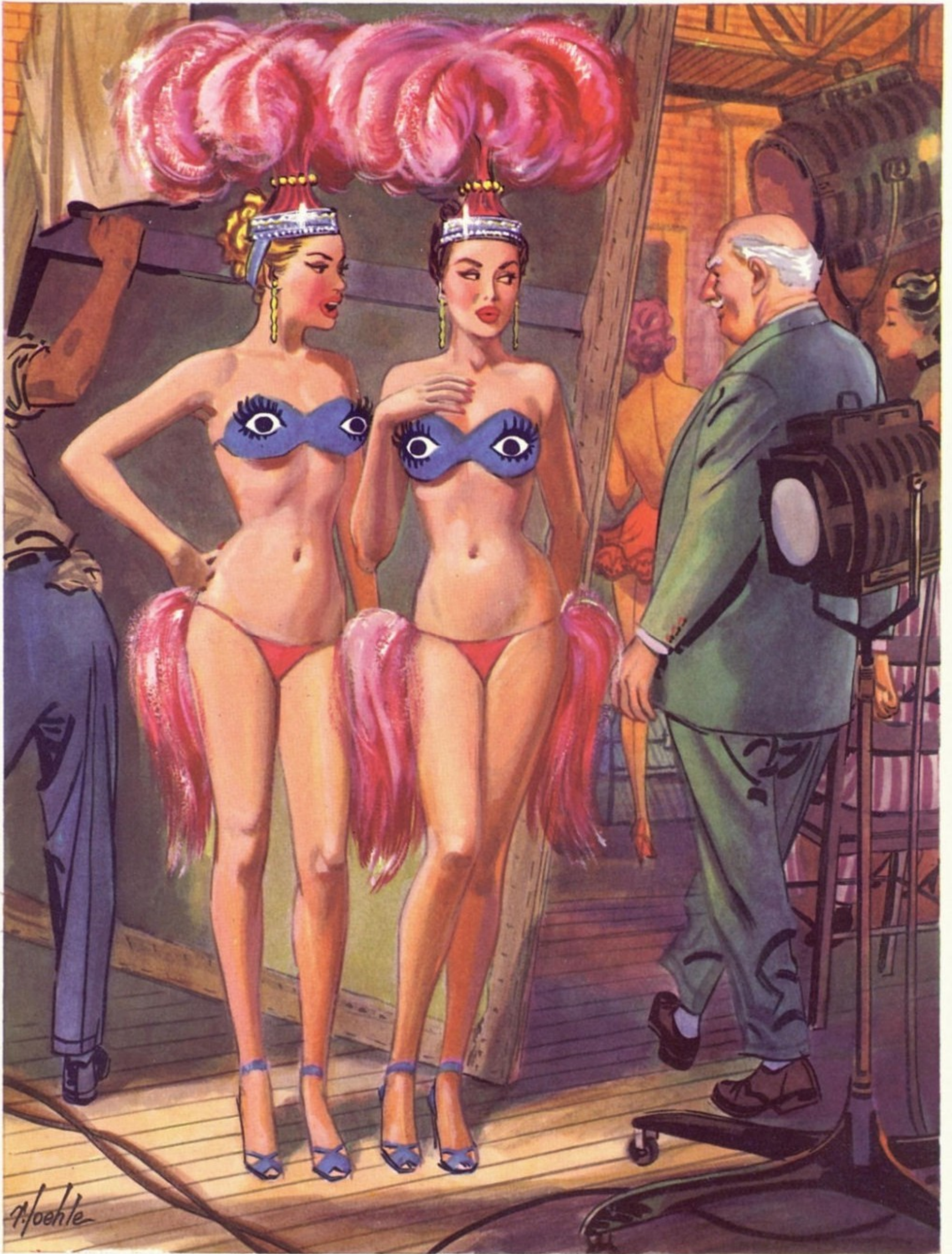
During the middle ages, hamburgers were made in a thousand varieties. Almost all beef as well as pork, mutton and chicken were chopped fine for the simple reason that forks were unknown and the knife was a kitchen utensil rather than a piece of tableware.

Undoubtedly, the modern hamburger owes a lot to Cornelius B. Paulding, who, in 1870, led a movement to eat without knives, forks or spoons. Paulding wanted to junk all tableware claiming that if people ate with their fingers, the pioneer spirit that made America great could be recaptured. Paulding's movement never gathered momentum but the hamburger on the bun accomplished the same ends.

It took generations for cooks to discover that the more unadorned the meat, the more natural is its goodness. The smartest hamburger heavens these days advertise the fact that their meat consists of only chopped prime beef and a little salt. In some hotels a little grated onion and perhaps some milk or cream are added to the meat. But the seasonings are conservative and never overpowering.

Strangely, in France, where simplicity and subtlety of flavors are almost worshipped, raw hamburger is so dressed up it seems like a hangover from Nero's days. Witness, for instance, the following recipe for something called *Filet Americain* from Maurice Sailland's *La Table Et L'Amour*. "You will need for each guest a fresh egg, a spoonful of onion chopped very fine, a taste of tarragon with some mint and parsley chopped even finer, some mustard, some

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*"Watch him — he likes to sneak up behind a girl
and play 'guess who'!"*

personality

RED BEANS & RICELY YOURS

the story of satchmo

NOT TOO LONG AGO there was a movie called *The Glenn Miller Story* going the rounds. It wasn't very good but it wasn't very bad, either. Except for a few minutes, a completely unimportant part of the story, it was like any other not very good, not very bad Hollywood musical: You went to it, enjoyed yourself, got a coffee afterwards, and forgot about it. Except for those few minutes—and they will be remembered long after the rest of the picture has become a Technicolor blur. Because then something happened to the screen. It caught fire, suddenly, and started to blaze; suddenly it wasn't all cardboard and ham-fat and a painless way to kill an evening any more, it wasn't actors going through their paces: instantly, it came alive. For a couple of short moments, the picture was art—and art of the highest order. Then it was all over.

What took place doesn't sound like much. A chunky Negro picked up a trumpet and played a hundred or so bars of music. There was some fancywork with the lighting, some angles and close-ups: otherwise, nothing special. So the why isn't easy . . . until you remember that the chunky Negro's name was Armstrong. Then nobody needs to ask why. It was Satchmo.

And Satchmo leaves a trail of such unforgettable moments wherever he goes. He's been "annihilating" the good people for decades: either with his trumpet or with his vocalizing or with his humor, or, occasionally, with his personality alone. Pope Pius recently came into the fold on the strength of a half hour's chat. Of the

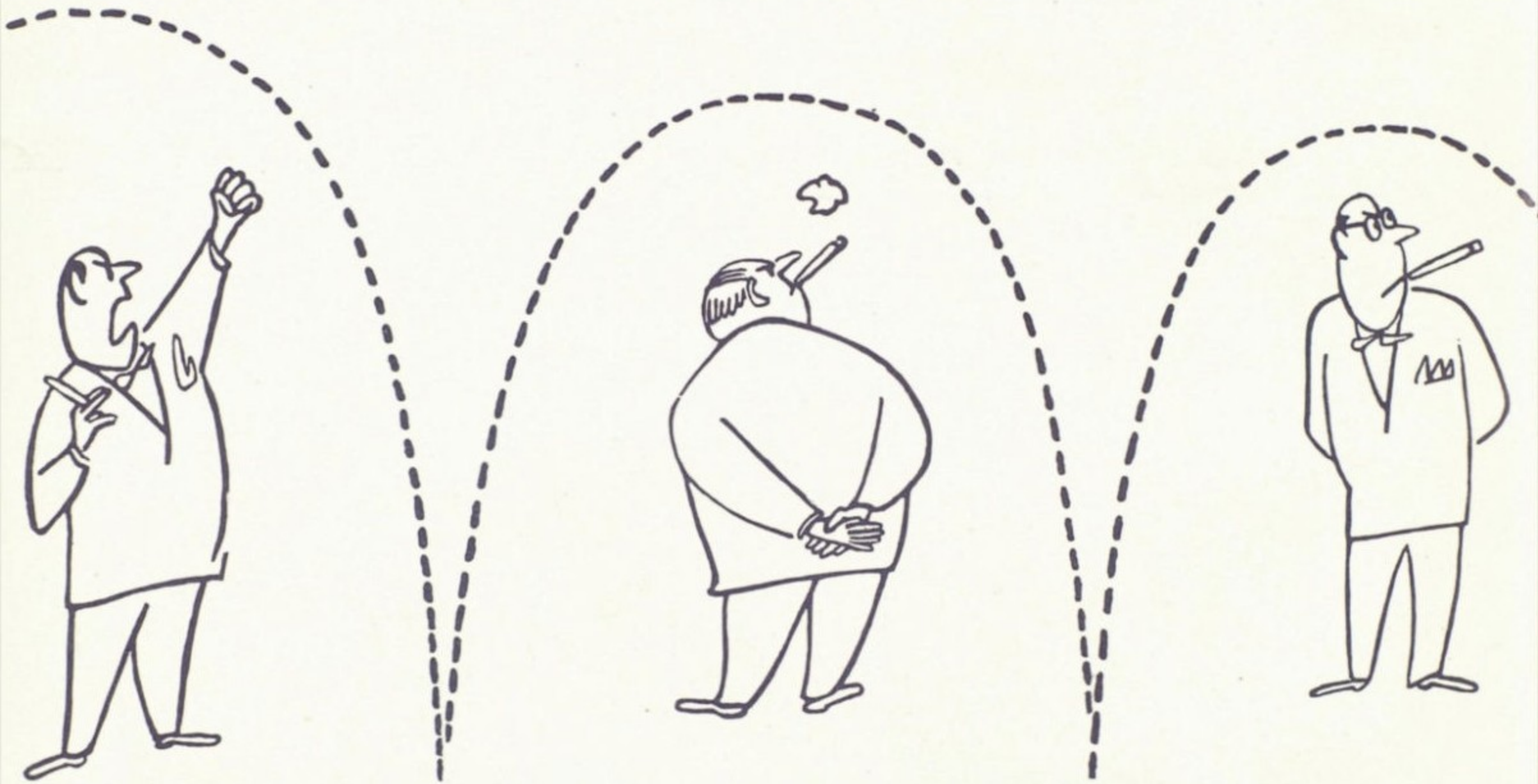
(continued on page 39)

by CHARLES BEAUMONT



ART LERNER

Further tips on succeeding in business without really trying



IT IS AN EASY THING, as this article will show, to double or triple your income.

But the question asked by so many is—"Why?"

You may be living a simple, happy life and not want to take on the extra cares, duties, and responsibilities that go with money. This is not a proper attitude.

True, there was a time when money meant dull, time-consuming meetings with investment men, visits to stuffy safe-deposit vaults, sleepless nights, and scheming women.

For the salaried man this is happily no longer the case!

Today you need never see the money at all. It will pass painlessly from your bank to your tax accountant and from him to the government, which will make good use of it dredging rivers, supporting farmers, printing pamphlets, and other useful works. The government will not bother or worry you about how it spends

your money. It will be entirely out of your hands.

You may still ask, then, "Why make money?" as so many have. The answer is clear and ringing: *It is the American thing to do!*

Remember: Money is the only true indication that you have Made Your Mark. The man in the street, even your own office personnel, will not know how much you make, but if you are in the Money it will be stamped on you, it will be a badge of honor.

The difference between the \$20,000-a-year man and the \$40,000-a-year man is the difference between day and night, even though their take-home pay will differ negligibly. The higher-paid man will have prettier secretaries, more windows in his office, hand-blocked draperies, and a look of authority. His voice will carry weight wherever he goes.

There are two basic ways to make more money: (1) by getting a raise at

your own company, and (2) by leaving to join another company.

HOW TO GET A RAISE

Always remember that the first raises are the hardest. It is much harder to rise from \$50 to \$60 a week than it is, later on, to move from \$10,000 to \$15,000 a year.

This is because on a \$50-a-week level you are an "employee," and therefore a natural enemy of management, whereas on the \$10,000 and higher levels you are "one of us." The sooner you create the "one of us" attitude the better.

Here are some good devices, which should be used in rotation:

1. *Abject Poverty Device.* Do not overdo this! Be restrained, be brave.

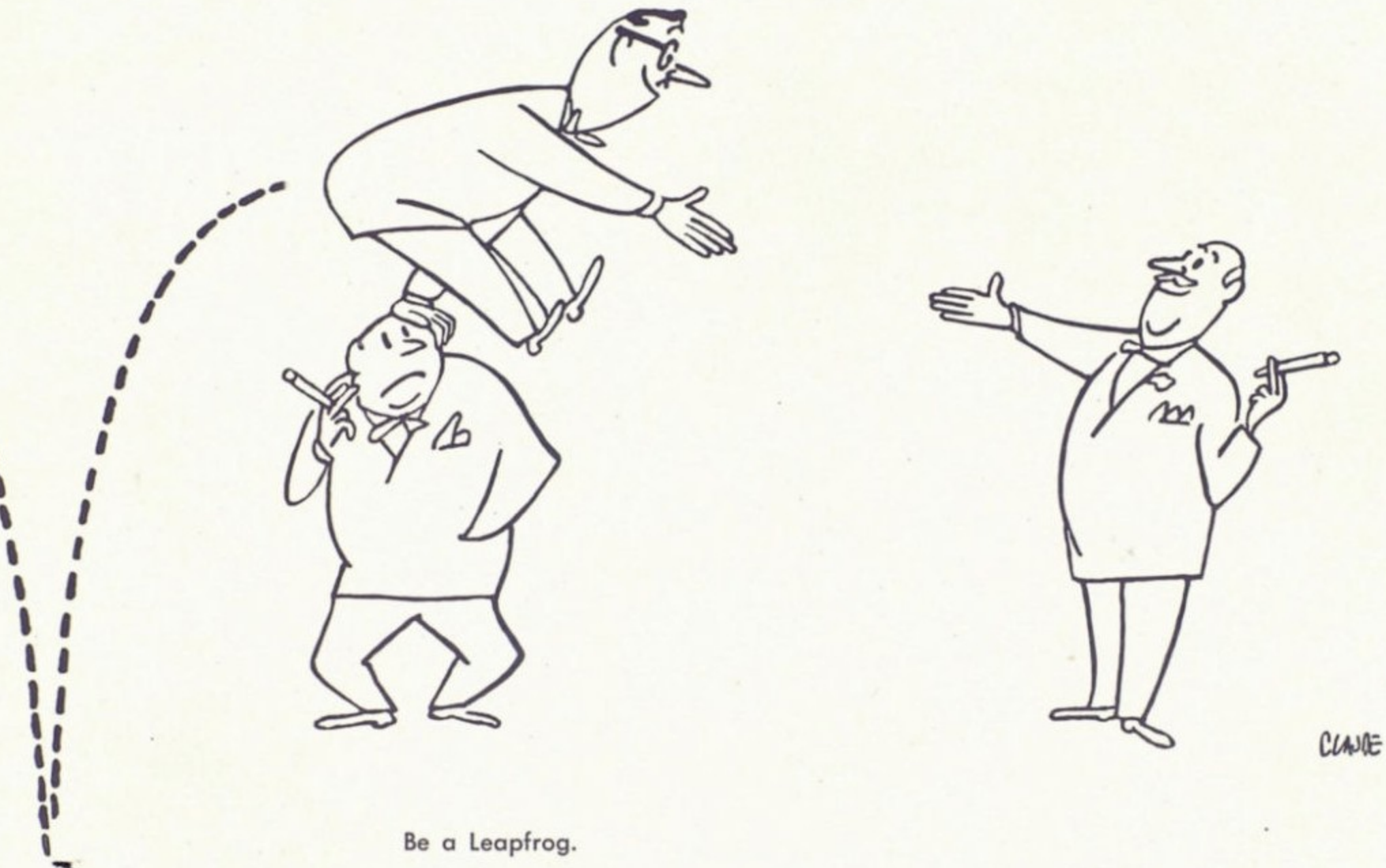
"I don't mind, really, sir. They say you think better on an empty stomach. It's just the children."

Patches on the clothes should be made to look as though you tried to make them match.

HOW TO MAKE MORE MONEY and HOW TO KEEP IT

BY SHEPHERD MEAD

satire



Be a Leapfrog.

Bring your lunch to the office, just a tired, worried sandwich—but do *not* complain about it.

"Oh, no, really, I prefer it. Frightful crowds in the restaurants. Nothing like a good, homemade sandwich."

Remember your car, too:

"Sorry I'm late, sir. The poor old car keeps breaking down. I'll pick up some picture wire on the way home."

"Picture wire?"
"Yes, should fix it up fine. Keep the doors from falling off again."

2. *The Philosophical Approach.* Pretend it isn't really the money you're after. This will put the whole thing on a higher plane.

"It just came over me, sir. What are we really living for? Both of us, I mean. Essentially we want escape. Feel the soil between our toes. Money's only a small part of it,

really."

He will be apologetic about giving you more money. He will know he can't put soil between your toes.

3. *The Simulated Job Hunt.* Never, of course, say you are looking for another job. Be mysterious. But always take a brief case with you to lunch, and be seen leaving with it. You may fill it with sandwiches, laundry, rocks, or old memos, but it must be *full*. An occasional sortie in midmorning or mid-afternoon is helpful, too.

HOW TO GET A BETTER JOB

Many have succeeded by hard work, lingering month after month at the same company, rising slowly through the ranks. They will reap a lasting reward.

However, you may be the brilliant, volatile type, unwilling to stay penned long to one desk or one job. Have no fear!

Be a Leapfrog. The truly expert leapfrogger advances even more rapidly than

his stay-at-home colleague. And he is constantly in new surroundings, making new friends!

Stay one jump ahead. The skilled leapfrogger is never fired. True, you may often find (as most leapfroggers do) that you are *too good* for the job. You may sense this immediately, but your employer—whose brain may not be so keen—will probably take six months or so to discover it. Keep ahead of him. Jump! This will look better on your record, if a potential employer checks back on you:

"Uh, this fellow Finch, claims he worked for you five months in 1950. You fire him?"

"No, can't say we did. He resigned. Said he had a better offer."
Never SEEM to Leapfrog. No employer will want to hire you for six months. He may ask:

"Your record would indicate
(continued on page 33)

CLAWE



"She certainly dresses to please him!"

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

In the Unabashed Dictionary we're compiling, the word *pa-jamas* is defined as "Item of clothing. Usually placed next to bed in case of fire."

During a recent expedition into the wildest part of darkest Africa, a group of explorers came upon a village of primitive savages. In an attempt to make friends, the leader of the explorers tried to tell the natives what it was like in the civilized, outside world.

"Out there," he said, "we love our fellow man."

To this, the natives gave a ringing cry of "Huzzanga!"

Encouraged by this, the explorer continued: "We treat others as we would want them to treat us!"

"Huzzanga!" exclaimed the natives, with much enthusiasm.

"We are peaceful!" said the explorer.

"Huzzanga!" cried the natives.

With a tear running down his cheek, the explorer ended his fine speech: "We come to you as friends, as brothers. So trust us. Open your arms to us, your houses, your hearts. What do you say?"

The air shook with one long, mighty "HUZZANGA!"

Greatly pleased by the reception, the leader of the explorers then began talking with the natives' chief.

"I see that you have cattle here," he said. "They are a species with which I'm unfamiliar. May I inspect them?"

"Certainly, come this way," said the chief. "But be careful not to step in the huzzanga."



The sexy red-head was telling her roommate about an unusual experience she'd had on a date the night before.

"George asked me to pose for him," she said, "in the nude."

"And of course you told him you're not a model," countered the roommate.

"Of course," said the red-head, "but he said that didn't matter, because he's not an artist."

News item: Mrs. Bradley Fowler was granted a divorce after she told the judge her husband had spoken to her only three times since they were married. Mrs. Fowler was awarded the custody of their three children.



Aadjusting to marriage sometimes poses problems. We met a good friend of ours recently, the morning after his wedding, brooding over a drink in a local bar.

"What's the trouble?" we asked. "I should think you'd be the happiest man in the world today."

He shook his head sadly. "What creatures of habit we are," he said. "This morning when I rose, half asleep, without thinking, I pulled a five dollar bill from my wallet and left it on the pillow."

We tried to console him—told him his wife wouldn't think anything of it.

"You don't understand," he said. "Half asleep, without thinking, she gave me three dollars change."

One guy we know is so suspicious that when his wife gave birth to twins, he flew into a rage because only one of them looked like him.

And then there was the retired brassiere manufacturer who still liked to keep his hand in the business.

Of course, you've heard the definition of an emasculated dinosaur: A colossal fossil with a docile tassel.

Have you heard any good ones lately? Earn an easy five dollars by sending the best to: Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 11 E. Superior St., Chicago 11, Illinois. In case of duplicate submissions, payment will go to first received. No jokes can be returned.



PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE

OF THE MONTH

MISS FEBRUARY





"I'm sorry, Miss, you'll have to stay back of the rope."



BOXING 1955

by ED PAZDUR

*playboy's
ring preview
for the year*

sports

BOXING TOOK A BEATING by the press last year that seriously shook public confidence and produced the possibility of a congressional investigation. But a good fight is still one of the very best sporting events to watch and there are good indications that in 1955 most of boxing's best battles will be staged in the ring where they belong.

The new year finds most of 1954's champions still wearing their crowns, but some of the divisions have interesting youngsters coming up, a retired champ is staging a come-back and there is much talk about some inter-division title bouts.

HEAVYWEIGHTS

Rocky Marciano, the mighty Brocton Blockbuster, reigns supreme among the heavyweights and no one is going to take his title away from him in 1955. In turning back two healthy attempts by former champion Ezzard Charles in 1954, the Rock showed increasing ring savvy, power and courage.

Marciano's chief competition, by consensus, comes from outside his division. Light-heavyweight king Archie Moore has already whipped the No. 1 heavyweight challenger, Nino Valdes, and he'd like a crack at Rocky's crown. In fact, Archie has made a personal crusade out of the match. The aging slugger (he admits to 38) is taking his case to newspapers, boxing commissions and what fight politicians call "the bar of public opinion." (He recently offered a \$100,000 guarantee for a title shot.) But Marciano's board of strategy, headed by crafty Al Weill, seems notably uninterested in Mr. Moore at this point.

Excluding Archie, our pick of the five top contenders for the heavyweight title are:

1. *Nino Valdes of Cuba*

2. *Don Cockell of England*
3. *Bob Baker of Philadelphia*
4. *Ezzard Charles of Cincinnati*
5. *Charlie Norkus of Jersey City*

The Rock will defend his title next against either Valdes or Cockell. He will probably take on the towering Cuban in May or June and, barring a very unlikely upset, the beefy Englishman, Cockell, in September. Although both contenders had good years in '54, neither has a very impressive overall record. Nino has never visibly regained the prowess he showed in beating Charles several seasons back and Cockell has only been knocking off the discredited likes of Harry "Kid" Mathews. Marciano will beat them both rather handily, and Archie Moore, too, when public opinion forces this match.

Bob Baker, an unreliable challenger, has been piling up impressive wins only very recently. His punch is fast and lethal and we rate him ahead of ex-champ Charles and Charlie Norkus.

LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHTS

If light-heavyweight champion Archie Moore isn't successful in talking his way into the ring with Marciano, he'll need some extra cash to continue his "crusade" and the next best bet is a match with middleweight champion Carl "Bobo" Olson. Bobo has been eyeing Moore's loftier perch, and since it would be a natural money match, Archie would reluctantly face up to the ordeal.

Besides Olson, Mr. Moore is being menaced by youngsters Floyd Patterson, Paul Andrews and Yolande Pompey. All three are prime prospects but need more ring experience. Patterson, fresh with a smashing triumph over ranking Willie Troy, and Andrews, flush with impressive wins over Harold Patterson and

"Boardwalk" Smith, are both hoping for title matches in the fall.

Then there's old soldier and spoiler Joey Maxim, who has beaten both these youngsters and must be listed as No. 1 contender even though another Moore-Maxim bout is very unlikely. We'd rate Harold Johnson and Yolande Pompey at the end of the top five, so our list of light-heavyweight contenders looks like this:

1. *Joey Maxim of Cleveland*
2. *Floyd Patterson of Brooklyn*
3. *Paul Andrews of Buffalo, N. Y.*
4. *Harold Johnson of Philadelphia*
5. *Yolande Pompey of Trinidad, B. W. I.*

Perhaps "Boardwalk" Billy Smith belongs on this list. He had a very impressive list of wins and *Ring Magazine* listed him as the top contender in the division until Andrews clobbered him late in December. But he's off our top five till we see how he comes back after Paul's pounding. Both Patterson and Andrews are young and may develop into ranking heavyweight contenders if they continue to grow. Ex-Olympic champ Patterson has just turned twenty and so, by professional boxing rules, was able to fight his first ten round match January 17th against Don Grant.

MIDDLEWEIGHTS

Because they're big enough to carry a knockout wallop and small enough to be fast on their feet, the middleweights are

often referred to as the most exciting division. And commanding them all is balding champion Bobo Olson, who gets sharper and cleverer with every title defense.

Much new interest has been added to the division by the return of Sugar Ray Robinson. Sugar, who vacated the title when he retired in '52, has looked impressive in three straight wins, but he still has to prove himself against some real competition to be included in the list of the top five. With Robinson remaining the big question mark, we'd rate the middleweight contenders:

1. *Joey Giardello of Philadelphia*
2. *Rocky Castellani of Cleveland*
3. *Holly Mims of Washington, D. C.*
4. *Pierre Langlois of France*
5. *Willie Troy of Washington, D. C.*

Last year Olson mowed down all comers from Kid Gavilan to Pierre Langlois. The only ranking contender with a chance for a title shot this year is Castellani. Joey Giardello will probably be discounted for at least a year because of his rough-house, hoodlum skirmishes with the law.

Of course if Robinson is still the Sugar Ray of 1952, he can whip anybody in the division, including the champ, but that's a mighty big "if."

WELTERWEIGHTS

Brooklyn's Johnny Saxton, who got the Bronx cheer for his unpopular upset

over Kid Gavilan for the welterweight crown, is the most uneasy, insecure fistic monarch. His clutch and clinch style makes him a very dull fighter to watch and he will probably lose his title in his first defense.

Saxton will meet Carmen Basilio for the championship on April 1st in Syracuse, New York, and ex-champion Kid Gavilan has been promised a shot at the winner within forty-five days after the Syracuse bout. We think Basilio will beat Saxton, but that Gavilan will not be able to recapture the title from Basilio. The Kid won his last bout with Carmen by a split decision whisker and this time Basilio will return the compliment. At any rate, it's going to be an interesting division to watch the next few months. We rate the challengers:

1. *Carmen Basilio of Syracuse*
2. *Kid Gavilan of Cuba*
3. *Ramon Fuentes of Los Angeles*
4. *Del Flanagan of St. Paul*
5. *Vince Martinez of Paterson, N. J.*

LIGHTWEIGHTS

Three-time champion Jimmy Carter, who started fighting in a CYO gym at fifteen, is still the ring's busiest boxer. He made short work of Paddy DeMarco in regaining his lightweight crown, but Jimmy may soon be upset by some of the youngsters coming up. Two of the most precocious, Ralph Dupas and Frankie Ryff, may give him a hard time this summer.

Swift afoot, but lacking a KO punch, Dupas stopped Cisco Andrade in ten rounds, the first setback of Cisco's career. Before getting a crack at Carter, Dupas may get one more test against Paddy DeMarco. Here is our list of top lightweight challengers:

1. *Paddy DeMarco of Brooklyn*
2. *Ralph Dupas of New Orleans*
3. *Frankie Ryff of New York*
4. *Cisco Andrade, Compton, Calif.*
5. *Orlando Zulueta of Cuba*

FEATHERWEIGHTS

In spite of two years in the service of Uncle Sam, champ Sandy Saddler still displays unquestionable supremacy over such fine contenders as Teddy "Red Top" Davis, Percy Basset, and Ray Famechon of France. To earn bigger purses, Sandy needs another fighter like Willie Pep and a series of matches like the Pep-Saddler bouts of old. With no such competition available, the division has lost much of its following.

BANTAMS AND FLYS

The bantam and flyweight divisions are dominated almost entirely by foreign boxers. Robert Cohen of France rules the bantams with Raton Macias and America's Nate Brooks his only challengers of note.

Pascual Perez wears the flyweight crown after copping it from Japan's Yoshio Shirai in a major upset in Tokyo this winter. Since most of the bantams and flyweights work outside of the United States, very little is heard or read about them here.



you've had twelve jobs in the last six years. How do you explain that?"

"They won't let me settle down. Always getting better offers. Actually I've never been fired. You can check on that!" (He will.) "I'm looking for a spot now where I can really settle down and grow!"

Sell Yourself. The true leapfrogger is a super self-salesman. Brilliant, confident, self-assured, with the first names of everyone in the industry at the tip of his tongue, he can dazzle any interviewer! Promise anything! You know you can deliver, but before you can really prove it you will be on your way to greener pastures.

HOW TO ASK FOR MONEY

Your future employer will always ask how much money you expect to make. Do not be greedy. Your object is to serve. The money is only secondary. Make this clear.

However, it is well to remember a few handy hints:

1. *Never Ask for Money by the Week.* Never even mention money by the week. This is for clerks. Discuss it only by the year, and in thousands, casually, as "ten," "twenty," "fifty," or whatever you feel the traffic will bear.

2. *Never Be Apologetic.* Never say, "Would \$4500 be too much?" Say, instead, if asked:

"Now, about money, Mr. Finch—"

"Oh, money! Hadn't thought much about it frankly. Anything at all. Whatever you say. My place is pretty well organized, and I can always rent Southampton, temporarily. I could let things slide for awhile on fifteen or twenty. Then when I prove to you I'm really worth money we can reopen it."

SAMPLES OF YOUR WORK

There are companies in which you may be expected to do some kind of useful work, or at least to have some special knack. These include publishers, motion-picture companies, radio or television broadcasters, photographers, art studios, and the like.

There are others, like advertising agencies, which in spite of feverish activity don't require any really useful work, but do need certain rudimentary skills.

For such companies you may be expected to write, paint, use a camera, or otherwise have some superficial cleverness.

As indicated above, it is well to avoid jobs like these. As a brilliant young man you will do best to concern yourself with Overall Operation and Formulating of Policy. This is easier work, requires no special talents or long dreary training, and is far more highly rewarded.

However, some people must do these things, and if you must be one of them you will have to show samples of your work.

Samples should be chosen carefully. In an advertising agency, for example,

you will find large filing cases full of proofs. Don't be hasty! These are to represent your work, and it is always well to read them thoroughly before selecting. A pretty picture isn't everything. (Or, if you're an artist or layout man, don't be misled by a catchy phrase.) Choose some small black and white ads, too, along with the big four-color ones.

If you have actually written an acceptable one yourself, by all means include it. False modesty may be damaging.

Some authorities feel it is necessary to know who really did write (or lay out, or photograph, or draw) the sample. This is unnecessary. Just be sure your prospective interviewer didn't do it himself. People do move from job to job, you know. If so, the two of you will have a good laugh, but he may not hire you.

Disarm the Interviewer.

"Mmmmmmm. You write this copy, too?"

"No."

(He will look up, startled.)

"No?"

"Not every word. I can't claim that. Client, you know. Kept changing this word back and forth."

Once you have obtained a better job, repeat the whole process. But don't rush. Allow yourself several months to learn the business and to make lasting

friends.

And of course there is always the chance to fall into something both permanent and tempting, as we shall see later.

HOW TO KEEP MONEY

By now we have surely made it clear that the real pleasure in money is simply making it, for its own sake. Our warnings against keeping money have been loud and firm.

However, there are still a few magnanimous souls who are willing to undergo this sacrifice and assume this responsibility.

Such a thing, as we have pointed out, is impossible for the salaried man except under special conditions.

"SHOULD I KEEP A COLLECTOR?"

This is a question asked by so many, and one that bears close examination. After all, one of the joys of having money is sharing it with others. Some prefer to give it directly to the government as a whole, which uses it, as we have pointed out, to improve the lot of people everywhere.

Others, feeling that this is impersonal at best, prefer giving money directly to individual members of the government, often to those same members of the Department of Internal Revenue who receive the other and more general gifts. These men, who are pitifully underpaid

(continued on page 46)

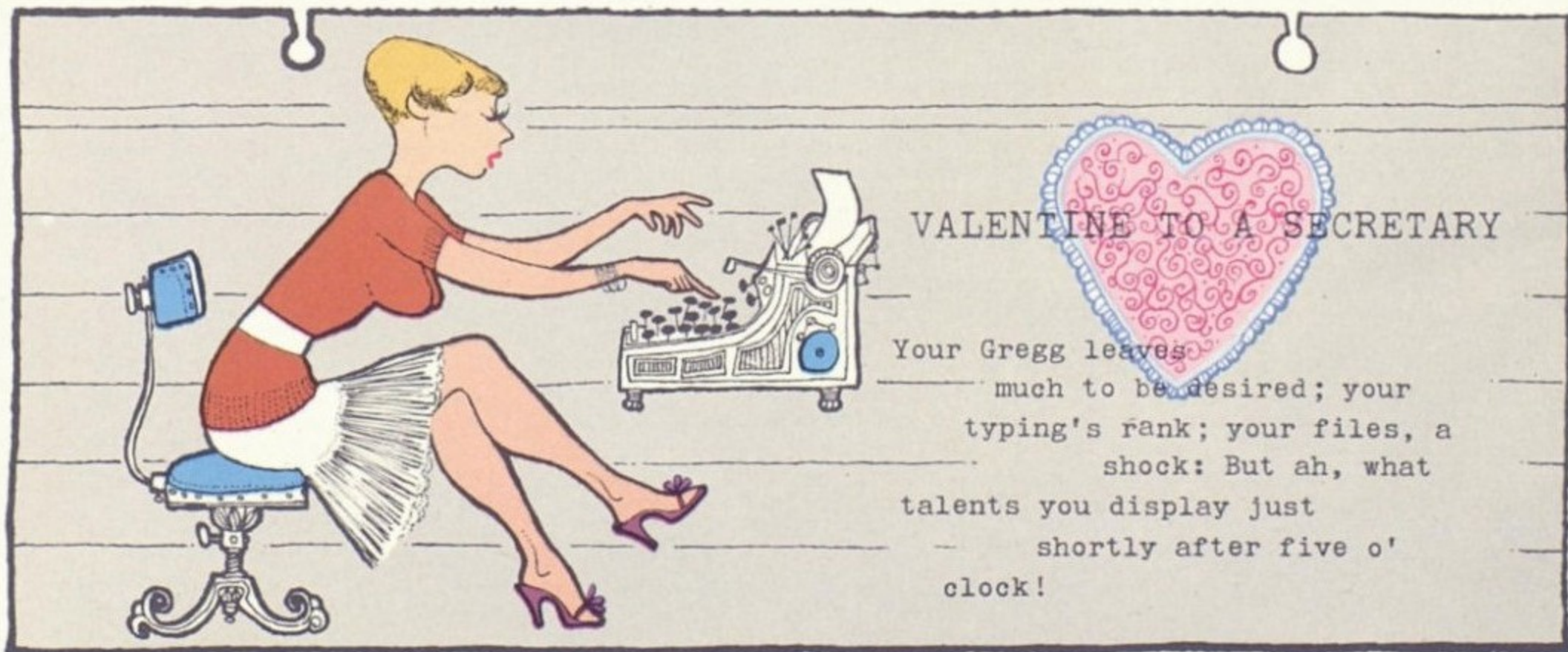
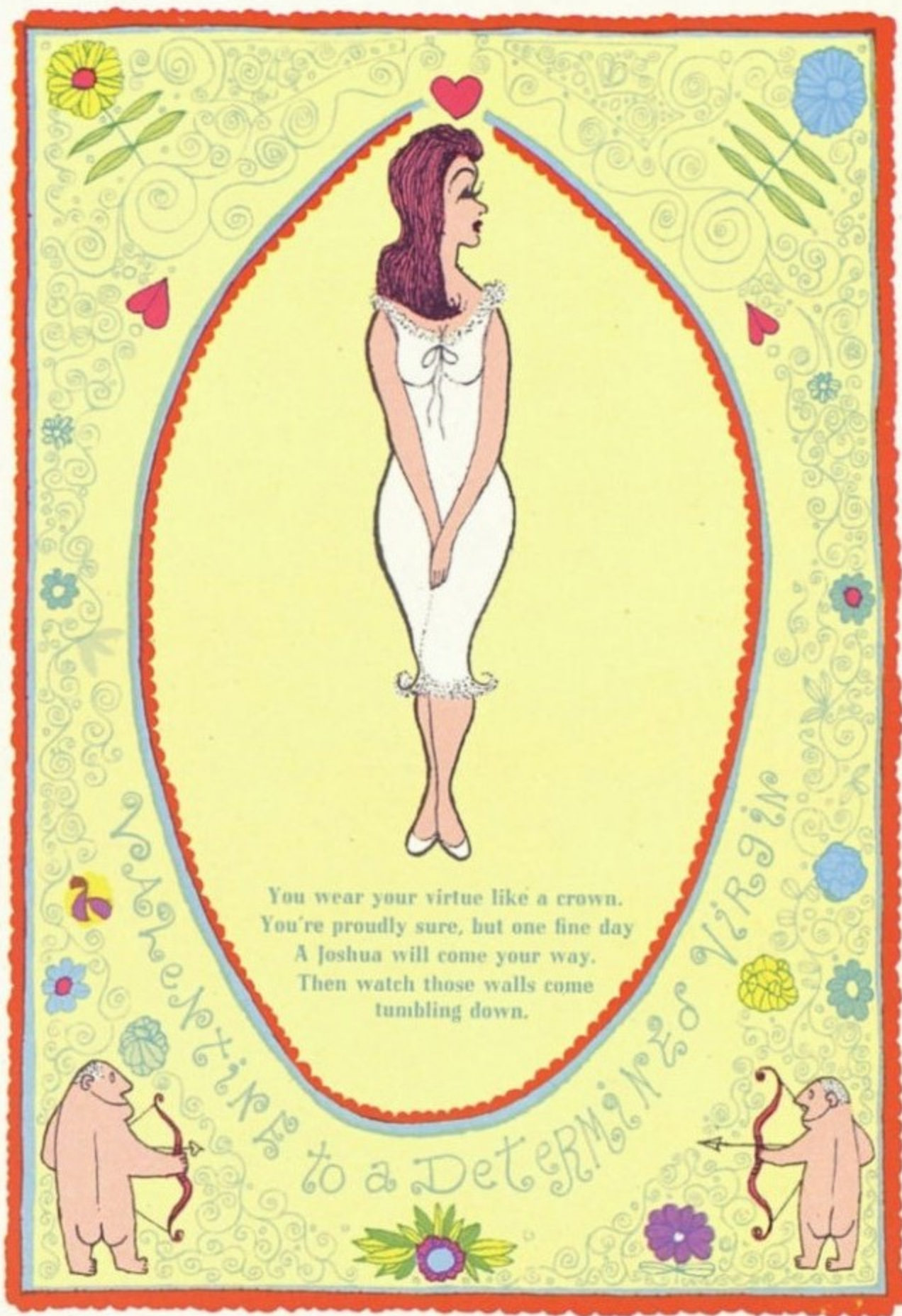


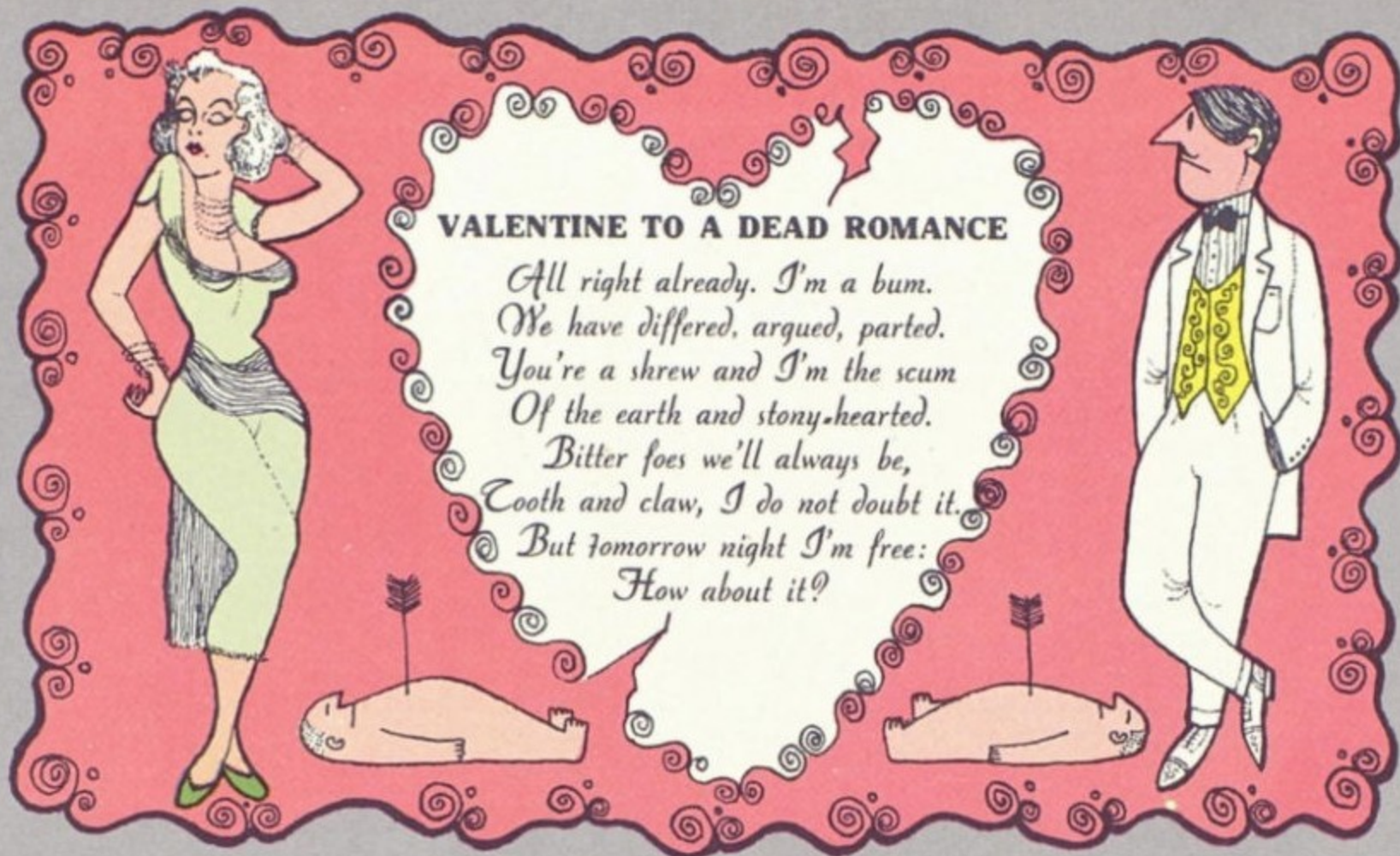
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VALENTINES

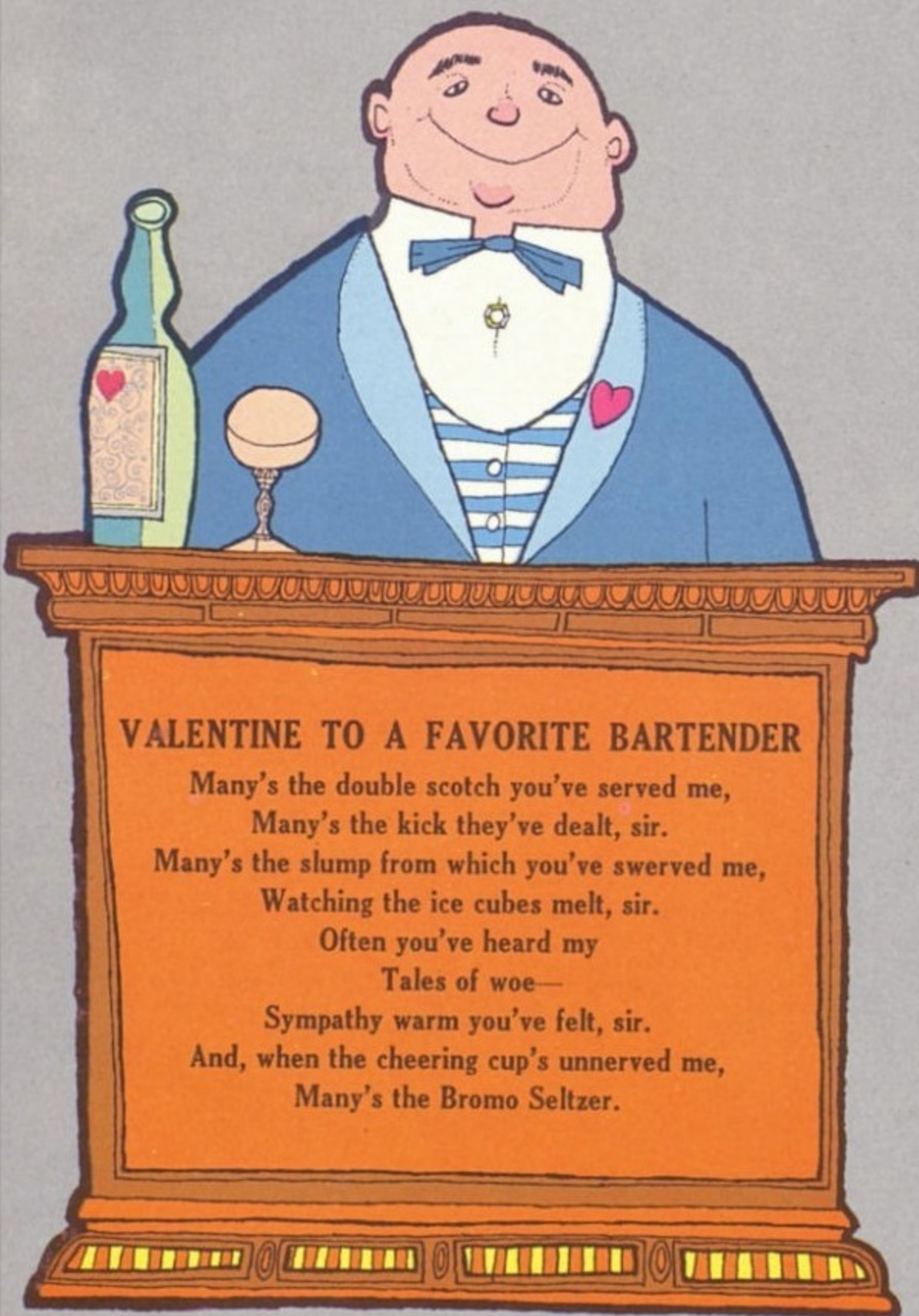
Drawings by Jack Nelson;
 Verses by Ray Russell





VALENTINE TO A DEAD ROMANCE

*All right already. I'm a bum.
 We have differed, argued, parted.
 You're a shrew and I'm the scum
 Of the earth and stony-hearted.
 Bitter foes we'll always be,
 Tooth and claw, I do not doubt it.
 But tomorrow night I'm free:
 How about it?*



VALENTINE TO A FAVORITE BARTENDER

Many's the double scotch you've served me,
 Many's the kick they've dealt, sir.
 Many's the slump from which you've swerved me,
 Watching the ice cubes melt, sir.
 Often you've heard my
 Tales of woe—
 Sympathy warm you've felt, sir.
 And, when the cheering cup's unnerved me,
 Many's the Bromo Seltzer.



VALENTINE

TO AN OUTDOOR GIRL

Charming though your face may be
 Framed by tumbleweed and willow,
 I confess I'd rather see
 It on a pillow.

a few choice cards for those few choice friends

BLÉROT HAD BEEN my very best friend from childhood; we had no secrets from each other and were united heart and soul by a brotherly intimacy and a boundless confidence in each other. I had been intrusted with the secret of all his love affairs, as he had been with mine.

When he told me that he was going to get married I was hurt, just as if he had been guilty of a treacherous act with regard to me. I felt that it must interfere with that cordial and absolute affection which had united us hitherto. His wife would come between us. The intimacy of the marriage bed establishes a kind of complicity, a mysterious alliance between two persons, even when they have ceased to love each other. Man and wife are like two discreet partners who will not let anyone else into their secrets. But that close bond which the conjugal kiss fastens is widely loosened on the day on which the woman takes a lover.

I remember Blérot's wedding as if it were but yesterday. I would not be present at the signing of the marriage contract, as I have no particular liking for such ceremonies. I only went to the civil wedding and to the church.

His wife, whom I had never seen before, was a tall, slight girl with pale hair, pale cheeks, pale hands and eyes to match. She walked with a slightly undulating motion, as if she were on board a ship, and seemed to advance with the succession of long, graceful courtesies.

Blérot seemed very much in love with her. He looked at her constantly, and I felt a shiver of an immoderate desire for her pass through my frame.

I went to see him in a few days, and he said to me:

"You do not know how happy I am; I am madly in love with her, but then she is—she is—" He did not finish his

as was natural, and begged me to look upon their house as my own. I felt that he, Blérot, did not belong to me any longer. Our comradeship was altogether checked, and we hardly found a word to say to each other.

I soon took my leave and shortly afterward went to the East, returning by way of Russia, Germany, Sweden and Holland after an absence of eighteen months from Paris.

The morning after my arrival, as I was walking along the boulevards to breathe the air once more, I saw a pale man with sunken cheeks coming toward me, who was as much like Blérot as it was possible for a physical, emaciated man to resemble a strong, ruddy, rather stout man. I looked at him in surprise and asked myself: "Can it possibly be he?" But he saw me and came toward me with outstretched arms, and we embraced in the middle of the boulevard.

After we had gone up and down once or twice from the Rue Drouot to the Vaudeville Theater, just as we were taking leave of each other—for he already seemed quite done up with walking—I said to him:

"You don't look at all well. Are you ill?"

"I do feel rather out of sorts," was all he said.

He looked like a man who was going to die, and I felt a flood of affection for my old friend.

"What is the matter with you? Are you in pain?"

"A little tired, but it is nothing."

"What does your doctor say?"

"He calls it anemia, and has ordered me to eat no white meat and to take tincture of iron."

A suspicion flashed across me.

"Are you happy?" I asked him.

"Yes, very happy; my wife is charming, and I love her more than ever."

But I noticed that he grew rather

"I have nothing to tell you," he stammered.

"That is not true," I replied firmly. "You are ill, mentally, perhaps, and you dare not reveal your secret to anyone. Something or other is doing you harm, and I mean you to tell me what it is. Come, I am waiting for you to begin."

Again he got very red, stammered, and turning his head away, he said:

"It is very idiotic—but I—I am done for!"

As he did not go on, I said:

"Just tell me what it is."

"Well, I have got a wife who is killing me; that is all," he said abruptly, almost desperately.

I did not understand at first. "Does she make you unhappy? How? What is it?"

"No," he replied in a low voice, as if he were confessing some crime; "I love her too much; that is all."

I was thunderstruck at this singular avowal, and then I felt inclined to laugh, but at length I managed to reply:

"But surely, at least so it seems to me, you might manage to—to love her a little less."

He had got very pale again and at length made up his mind to speak to me openly, as he used to do formerly.

"No," he said, "that is impossible, and I am dying from it; I know; it is killing me, and I am really frightened. Some days, like today, I feel inclined to leave her, to go away altogether, to start for the other end of the world, so as to live for a long time; and then when the evening comes I return home in spite of myself, but slowly, and feeling uncomfortable. I go upstairs hesitatingly and ring, and when I go in I see her there, sitting in her easy chair, and she will say, 'How late you are.' I kiss her, and we sit down to dinner. During the meal I make this resolve: 'I will go directly it is over and take the train for somewhere, no matter

A PHILOSOPHER

sentence, but he put the tips of his fingers to his lips with a gesture which signified "divine! delicious! perfect!" and a good deal more besides.

I asked, laughing, "What? All that?" "Everything that you can imagine," was his answer.

He introduced me to her. She was very pleasant, on easy terms with me,

red and seemed embarrassed, as if he were afraid of any further questions, so I took him by the arm and pushed him into a café, which was nearly empty at that time of day. I forced him to sit down and, looking him straight in the face, I said:

"Look here, old fellow, just tell me the exact truth."

where,' but when we get back to the drawing room I am so tired that I have not the courage to get up out of my chair, and so I remain and then—and then—I succumb again."

I could not help smiling again. He saw it and said: "You may laugh, but I assure you it is very horrible."

"Why don't you tell your wife?" I

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

asked him. "Unless she be a regular monster she would understand."

He shrugged his shoulders. "It is all very well for you to talk. I don't tell her because I know her nature. She is simply an altogether amorous, passionate woman, that is all. It is neither her fault nor mine. She is so, because nature has made her so; I assure you, my dear old friend, she has the temperament of a Messalina. She does not know it, but I do; so much the worse for me. She is charming, gentle, tender, and thinks that our conjugal intercourse, which is wearing me out and killing me, is natural and quite moderate. She seems like an ignorant schoolgirl, and she really is ignorant, poor child.

"Every day I form energetic resolutions, for you must understand that I am dying. But one look of her eyes, one of those looks in which I can read the ardent desire of her lips, is enough for me, and I succumb at once, saying to myself: 'This is really the end; I will have no more of her death-giving kisses,' and then when I have yielded again, like I have today, I go out and walk and walk, thinking of death and saying to myself that I am lost, that all is over.

"I am mentally so ill that I went for a walk to Père Lachaise cemetery yesterday. I looked at all the graves, standing in a row like dominoes, and I thought to myself: 'I shall soon be there,' and then I returned home, quite determined to pretend to be ill and so escape, but I could not.

"Oh! You don't know what it is. Ask a smoker who is poisoning himself with nicotine whether he can give up his delicious and deadly habit. He will tell you that he has tried a hundred times without success, and he will, perhaps, add: 'So much the worse, but I would rather die than go without tobacco.' That is just the case with me. When once one is in the clutches of such a passion or such a habit, one must give himself up to it entirely."

He got up and gave me his hand. I felt seized with a tumult of rage and with hatred for this woman, this careless, charming, terrible woman, and as

he was buttoning up his coat to go out I said to him, brutally perhaps:

"But in God's name, why don't you let her have a lover, rather than kill yourself like that?"

He shrugged his shoulders without replying and went off.

For six months I did not see him. Every morning I expected a letter of invitation to his funeral, but I would not go to his house from a complicated feeling of contempt for him and for that woman, of anger, of indignation, of a thousand sensations.

One lovely spring morning I was in the Champs Elysées. It was one of those

rosy.

He gave me both hands, beaming with pleasure, and exclaimed:

"Here you are, you erratic individual!"

I looked at him, utterly thunderstruck.

"Well, on my word—yes. By Jove! I congratulate you; you have indeed changed in the last six months!"

He flushed scarlet and said with an embarrassed laugh:

"One can but do one's best."

I looked at him so obstinately that he evidently felt uncomfortable, so I went on:

"So—now—you are—completely cured?"

He stammered hastily:

"Yes, perfectly, thank you." Then, changing his tone, "How lucky that I should have come across you, old fellow. I hope we shall often meet now."

But I would not give up my idea; I wanted to know how matters really stood, so I asked:

"Don't you remember what you told me six months ago? I suppose—I—eh—suppose you resist now?"

"Please don't talk any more about it," he replied uneasily; "forget that I mentioned it to you; leave me alone. But, you know, I have no intention of letting you go; you must come and dine at my house."

A sudden fancy took me to see for myself how matters stood, so that I might understand all about it, and I accepted.

His wife received me in a most charming manner, and she was, as a matter of fact, a most attractive woman. Her long hands, her neck and cheeks were beautifully white and delicate and marked her breeding, and her walk was undulating and delightful.

René gave her a brotherly kiss on the forehead and said:

"Has not Lucien come yet?"

"Not yet," she replied in a clear, soft voice; "you know he is almost always rather late."

At that moment the bell rang, and a tall man was shown in. He was dark, with a thick beard, and looked like a modern Hercules. We were introduced to each other; his name was Lucien Delabarre. (continued on page 48)



"My wife is killing me!" he said, desperately.

warm days which make our eyes bright and stir up in us a tumultuous feeling of happiness from the mere sense of existence. Someone tapped me on the shoulder and, turning around, I saw my old friend, looking well, stout and



"Now what shall we play for?"

meeting, Louis Armstrong says, "He's such a fine man . . . Speaks everybody's language . . . And talk about anything you wish to talk about. . . He thought it real great that we played for the people of Rome and they enjoyed it so well . . . He gave us a medal each that's blessed by him. . ." Louis is more Baptist than anything else, but that didn't matter. Two men with their eyes trained on Heaven just naturally seem to get along.

The undisputed King of Jazz is working on his second half century now. He was born on the fourth of July, 1900, in the place you'd expect — where, they say, such a man had to be born: not far from the docks of the Mississippi, in the armpit of New Orleans, later called the Storyville section, but nameless then: just the Poor Side of Town. Air like hot oil most of the time, short days under a blast furnace sun, and life beginning with the shadows of night. Plenty of red lights close by: knock or walk right in, no difference. There wasn't much else to do, unless you were a young sprout. Then you could get into fights with the gangs around Liberty and Perdido Streets, shoot dice, or just lie around panting from the heat. One other thing. You could go down to the docks and sing. It didn't make you sissy, but not many did it. Except little Louis Armstrong and three other kids. They didn't do much else, night after night. Louis was tenor in the quartet, and when their pipes were warmed up and they were tired of looking at the water, they'd stroll back down the streets, yelling out a new kind of music called jazz, in four-part harmony. Sometimes the tired people would toss them some coins to get rid of them. Sometimes they'd be chased for blocks.

Louis' parents were good folks, but they couldn't make a go of it. Something went wrong; there was a separation, and from the age of five on, Louis didn't have a father. His mother tried to do the double job. She loved him and took care of him — "There now boy — you sit down and eat yo belly full before you go back to school!" "Yassum! Yassum!" — and his early childhood was a lot of things but never unhappy.

At the age of eleven, when the dockside quartet was in full swing, Louis happened to hear the cornet of Bunk Jones, and fell in love with that sound. He pestered Jones — it didn't take much pestering — and hung around until Bunk taught him how to take the music out of his head and squeeze it through the horn until it sounded close to right. He learned fast, but there wasn't any great devotion yet. It was just fun.

Even so, he has never forgotten those years. He knows what it means to a youngster to sit on the fringe of great-

ness. Today there's a young fellow in Paris who'll tell the world about that. The kid had been a follower, a "disciple" of Louis' for a long time. When the second European tour was announced, he sat up nights waiting. Then when Louis hit town, the kid came forward with an impassioned plea. "Let me travel with you, please, Mr. Armstrong." Louis studied the kid, made up his mind, talked to the parents, and it was done. The little disciple became a part of the band for the length of the France tour.

But back in 1913, Satchmo wasn't Satchmo yet. He'd started to drift, when, at a time when his life could have gone any which way, the Direction — the Road — crept up on him, unawares. It was New Year's Eve. He had an old .38 revolver, and it seemed like there wasn't any better noise maker. He waited for midnight and shot off the .38. It caused trouble and some men came and took him away to the Waif's Home for discipline. Just like that. The first almighty step up — though, of course, nobody knew that at the time.

It was a reformatory, all right, but not an ordinary reformatory. A certain Captain Joseph Jones was in charge, and this made all the difference. Because Captain Jones loved kids and hated prisons. At the Waif's Home, Louis' liking for music was put to work at once. Jones taught the youngster how to read notes, some: the fundamentals. And in a while, Louis could do a few things with a cornet; he could do enough to win a place in Captain Jones' famous brass band. And the days passed, happily. When it finally came time to leave the Home for good, Louis knew something. He knew what he wanted to do with his life.

Around about then King Oliver was Mr. Jazz. New Orleans, at least, was sitting up and taking notice of this still infant music. Oliver's Kingdom was small — a tiny cabaret — but there wasn't anyone about to challenge his authority. So Louis made a bee-line for the neighborhood and became an errand boy for some of the local prostitutes. Not much pay, but a chance to stay alive and talk the Idol into giving some lessons on the cornet. He would "delight delivering an order of stone coal to the prostitute who used to hustle in her crib right next to Pete Lalas' Cabaret . . . Just so's I could hear King Oliver play. . . And I'd just stand there in that lady's crib listening. . . And I'm all in a daze." After a while, Louis started running errands for Oliver's wife, taking his pay out in music lessons, and soon it was possible for him to take the King's place in occasional engagements. When Oliver left for Chicago, in 1917, Louis did a full time substitution in Kid Ory's band. That same year he married his childhood sweetheart, Daisy Parker. And he

was on his way.

The marriage didn't last long, however. Maybe it was because Louis was already married to a horn — maybe that's always been the trouble. He doesn't know for sure.

In 1919 he was good enough to sign up with Fate Marable's orchestra, which was playing on a Mississippi excursion boat, the *Dixie Belle*. A melophone player named Dave Jones finished off his musical education on the 2,000 mile cruise, and he was ready for something bigger.

This time it was the Orchard Cabaret in New Orleans, at a princely \$21.00 per week. Tom Anderson's club, The Real Thing, followed, and while there Louis started to compose some songs. He sold a few, including the venerable *I Wish I Could Shimmy Like My Sister Kate*.

And it went on this way, nothing very important, marking time. Until 1922, and a letter from old King Oliver, asking Louis if he'd like to come to Chicago to join the band as second cornettist. *Would he!*

With Oliver, Louis met a girl named Lilian Hardin. They got married in 1924, and that was the second big step. Nothing better could have happened. Lilian was an accomplished musician herself, and she had immense faith in her new husband's talent. When she became certain that Oliver's individual style was seriously affecting Louis', keeping him from breaking loose and playing Armstrong, she engineered it so that Louis could join Ole Powers at Dreamland . . . as First Trumpet!

That's when Louis began to develop. In October, 1924, he joined the Fletcher Henderson orchestra in New York and immediately hit a snag. New York wasn't impressed. They listened and that's all and, of course, nothing could be worse. Louis felt he was sinking, then, and didn't even think twice about the records he made accompanying Bessie Smith. Much later these same records were selling for \$20.00 and \$30.00 apiece, referred to as *classic*, musts for any kind of a real jazz collection. But how could you tell, then?

Ersine Tate's Little Symphony Orchestra got Louis back on his feet. At the Vendome, Satchmo mixed his cornet playing with a little clowning . . . and it went over big. It became his style, his trademark. Ironically, a lot of people think of him as a superb clown first and a musician second. In fact, because of his wonderful sense of humor, there are those who are totally unable to take him seriously. How can a man who signs his letters "Red beans and ricely yours" also be a great artist? How is it possible for an acknowledged genius to be incapable of writing a formally literate paragraph? (Though it is thought by some critics that Satchmo's literary style, with all

(continued on page 50)

NAKED HAMBURGER *(continued from page 21)*

lemon juice and some chopped beef. Break the egg yolk into a plate. Mix it with some olive oil, beating it until it begins to rise. While beating, add the onion, the herbs, the mustard, the lemon juice, the salt, pepper and finally the meat. Mix it all up and serve. Obviously this has a certain element of cannibalism which will frighten sensitive souls. But it is quite a pick-me-up." Someone should tell M. Sailand that there are two things which an American likes naked and one of them is hamburger.

Hamburgers parade under a lot of names. Cannibal or Tartar steaks are simply chopped raw beef. They are preferred by gents with balloon heads who have had too much to drink the night before and who think that the best way to restore the digestive tract is to give it the shock treatment with raw meat and onions. In roadside stands and other honest eating places, a hamburger is called a hamburger. In hotels it will assume such noms de plume as bitock of beef, meat patties, Salisbury steak, chopped tenderloin steak or chopped sirloin steak. But in any instance it is chopped beef shaped into a cake ranging in thickness from one-eighth inch to one full inch. It may weigh anywhere from an ounce to a full half pound before cooking.

You can buy two frankfurters that are alike. But seldom will two chefs turn out quite the same hamburgers. Chopped beef is a kind of magnifying mirror. Let the chef use chopped round instead of chopped chuck, let him add a little more onion or salt, prowl around ever so carefully with a few grains of paprika or add an ounce or two more suet and the hamburger will reflect the difference immediately. The net result, however, if the chef is a square shooter, must be succulent unadulterated beef flavor. Anything else is a fraud.

Any educated playboy who has cut his wisdom teeth should know something about meat when he sets about making a hamburger. Meat which has been pre-ground and is resting in the display cases should be avoided. It usually includes a large proportion of fat shown in the large number of

white specks. It frequently includes such unsaleable odds and ends as beef hearts, scraps of veal and pork, stray kidneys, slightly mildewed flank steaks and other vagrants of the refrigerator.

The best rule is to buy your beef and have it ground to order or grind it yourself. Buy chuck of beef if you want it somewhat fatty. Buy round of beef if you prefer it lean. Buy top sirloin for the finest beef flavor. To all lean meat an ounce or two of suet may be added per pound. Better still, ask the butcher to add an ounce or two of marrow taken from the shin of the beef.

While hamburger is our great national specialty, the great national offense is grinding the meat so that it emerges with the consistency of mush. Tell the butcher to put the meat through a grinder with a medium blade one time. Grinding it twice will often turn it into a paste or puree. In hotel kitchens, years ago, when the butcher had sufficient time, the meat was actually chopped with two cleavers until it was ready to be shaped into a hamburger.

The playboy who attempts to make a hamburger should have a thorough orientation in the art of petting. Before chopped beef is made into a hamburger, it is mixed with seasonings and sometimes milk or cream. The chopped beef you are about to shape into a patty is sensitive. You shouldn't overmix it or it will become tight and tough. When you put it into a mixing bowl, you are not going into a grudge battle with both mitts slugging in every direction. You are touching flesh that should be cajoled lightly and lovingly until it is in the shape you want it to be. If you own an ice cream scoop, you should use it to divide the meat into equal portions. Other containers, such as glass sherbet dishes, may be used for dividing the meat into equal size servings.

A hamburger should be brought to the fire with the respect of a votary. If the flame is too hot, the outside will be seared too quickly while the inside is left raw. Too low a flame will cause the meat to steam and the outside of the burger will be a grayish brown instead of a deep rich brown.

Thin hamburgers from 1/4 to 1/2 inch thickness should be cooked on a griddle or frying pan. Thicker hamburgers from 1/2 inch to 1 inch thickness, known as hamburger steaks, should be cooked under a broiler flame or in an infra-red broiler.

For playboys and playmates who like the modern simple-to-prepare hamburger, the following recipes should be useful.

HAMBURGER STEAK FOR TWO COUPLES

- 1 lb. chopped beef
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1/4 teaspoon pepper
- 3 tablespoons light cream

- 1 teaspoon grated onion
- 4 teaspoons butter

Put the meat into a mixing bowl. Carefully break the meat apart with the finger tips. Sprinkle the salt and pepper over the meat. Add the cream and onion. Mix lightly until there is no pool of cream visible in the bowl. Do not overmix. Divide the meat into 4 portions. Shape each portion into a ball between the palms of the hands. Press gently to flatten into cakes 1/2 inch thick. Place the patties in the refrigerator to chill at least two hours. The cold burgers will be less inclined to break when they are put under the broiler flame. Preheat the broiler flame at least 10 minutes. Brown the burgers on one side. Turn with a spatula and brown the second side. Put a teaspoon of butter on each hamburger just before serving.

NOTE: Burgers are rare inside when they feel springy or yield easily when lightly touched with the fingers or the back of a spoon. When they are medium done, they feel less resilient. When they are well done, they feel quite firm.

Serve hamburger steaks on toast. Pile the plates with French fried potatoes or warm potato chips. Catsup and sliced sweet Bermuda onions are *de rigueur*. Foamy dry beer should be served in tall Pilsener glasses. For sexual athletes, the pound of meat should be divided into two or three portions rather than four.

For hamburger sandwiches, divide a pound of meat into about six portions. Cook it on a griddle very lightly greased or on a heavy cast iron frying pan. Split the hamburger buns and toast them on the cut side only before serving.

HAMBURGER VARIATIONS

For a straight beef flavor, omit the onion or the cream or both. Add two or three tablespoons cold water, however, to keep the meat juicy.

For deviled hamburgers, add 1 teaspoon prepared mustard and 1 teaspoon worcestershire sauce to meat before shaping into cakes.

For a piquant flavor, add 1 tablespoon catsup, 1 teaspoon horseradish sauce and 2 tablespoons finely chopped parsley to meat before shaping into cakes.

For barbecued hamburgers, brush the meat generously with prepared barbecue sauce before and during broiling. Pass additional barbecue sauce at the table.

For cheeseburgers, place a slice of sharp American cheese on the browned side of the meat right after the meat has been turned on the griddle or frying pan. If the burgers are being broiled, brown both sides and then place a slice of cheese on top. Broil about two minutes more or until cheese begins to soften.



TON SMITS



VOLUPTUA

television



TV gets a love goddess

IT'S 9:30 P.M. IN HOLLYWOOD and you're seated before your television set, sipping at a scotch and soda and wondering whether you should jump in your Jaguar and take a tour around town in search of something exciting, when just what you had in mind unexpectedly appears on the screen. The camera fades in on a statue of Venus de Milo with flames leaping up all around and an unseen announcer introduces: "Ladies and mostly gentlemen . . . you are about to have your first rendezvous with the living Goddess of Love . . . *Voluptua!*" The scene dissolves to a series of diaphanous curtains blowing themselves



open, the theme music swells, and a remarkably proportioned blonde in a clinging gold lamé evening gown enters, dragging an expensive fur behind her on the floor. She falls exhausted on a hunge, crescent lounge in the center of the surrealistically lavish loving room. Silks and drapes hang from the ceiling, cushions and animal skins are scattered about the floor, there are ash-trays shaped like golden cherubs, a telephone stand shaped like a jewelled, white-gloved hand, and a giant heart-shaped chandelier. The camera moves in for a close-up of the girl.

"I'm not breathless from hurrying here for our date," she says in a hoarse whisper. "I'm breathless because I know the date is with *you*."

"Welcome to my boudoir . . . I want you to feel that it's your special hide-away. So make yourself comfortable . . . relax . . . take off your shoes . . . loosen your tie . . . Together you and I are going to be good friends . . ." She



Voluptua enters dragging her fur coat behind her. She has hurried from another date for this special rendezvous. Below, she speaks sweet words into her mink trimmed, jewelled phone.





"A mirror is a woman's best friend and greatest enemy," says Voluptua. She poses here in one of her half dozen sexy costumes.

stretches and kicks off her shoes.

"You know, I was out this evening . . . at a fabulous party. I suppose I should have been very happy. But all evening, something was wrong . . . something was missing. And you know what it was? You weren't there. So I dashed home because I knew you'd be here, right at 9:30. And now I feel all good and warm. You and I are together at last, as we will be each Wednesday at this time . . ."

Voluptua is the latest television personality unveiled by Hollywood's KABC-TV, the same station that offers Vampiria as a Charles Addams-like mistress of ceremonies for old horror movies. Voluptua m.c.'s vintage films of love and romance.

Between reels, Voluptua shows her audience about her apartment. Her telephone is trimmed in mink; instead of ringing, it sings softly, "Voluptua . . . Voluptua." She has a large, heart-shaped *Book of Secrets* from which she reads the experiences of great lovers of history



At left, Voluptua reads from "the innermost secrets of the great lovers of history." At right, with another famous goddess of love.

Below, Voluptua steps behind a frosted screen to slip into "something a little more comfortable." At right, she lies across her plush lounge in a seductive boudoir outfit of white satin and diaphanous silk.



and what women like Cleopatra, Helen of Troy and Madame DuBarry did to attract and hold their men.

Billed as the Eyeful Tower, Voluptua is bountifully built, stands nearly six feet tall, weighs 135 pounds, with a 39 inch bust, 24 inch waist and 37 inch hips. She has a passion for the color pink — in mink, champagne and toothpaste. She often appears in public with four pastel-colored poodles on leash and drops scented handkerchiefs embroidered with her name wherever she would like to be remembered.

Voluptua's real name is Gloria Pall, has made occasional appearances as "that tall blonde" on network television, done some movie work and magazine modeling. Brooklyn-born Gloria won the title "Miss Flatbush of 1947," but she prefers "Voluptua, Goddess of Love and Romance."



At left, Voluptua kisses out the light and (above) plants a wet goodnight smooch on TV screen. The tiny mole on her cheek is heart-shaped, of course.

MORE MONEY *(continued from page 33)*

for the work they do, need far less of your money than the government as a whole, since they have fewer world-wide obligations.

They spend the money on simple, everyday pleasures, on their wives and children, and always seem to get good use out of it. It is heartwarming, too, to see their smiles of gratitude, so rarely given to those who simply send their checks to the general fund.

Thus it is with a heavy heart that the author feels impelled to advise against this practice. Though many do it, no doubt in a spirit of simple generosity, it is against the law. Unfair as such arbitrary rules may seem to you, they are the laws of the land and must be obeyed by us all.

GIVE US LIBERTY

However, there are increasing numbers of businessmen who, because of carelessness or foolish mistakes, often find themselves behind bars.

Unfortunate as this is, it is gratifying to note that the old social prejudices are rapidly approaching the vanishing point.

A short stay with the government is being accepted more and more as "part of the game," and some of our girls are devoting their afternoons to preparing going-away baskets, organizing visiting teams, and writing cheer-up letters.

Though it is true that you may form many valuable and lasting friendships among your fellow inmates, it should be pointed out that it is difficult not only to do your job from these institutions, but also to rise in your own organization. Many a man has been passed over for promotion because he was temporarily not "on the spot."

HAIL TO THE GRADUATED TAX

Though breaking the law may be considered fashionable by some, it is not always necessary. In this country we have what is known as the "graduated income tax." This means, simply, that when you graduate to the really *big* money, a grateful government finds many little ways to let you keep it.

The very poor and the very rich pay relatively few taxes. It is the middle-income salaried man who supports the government. If you insist on keeping money, it is well to leave this classification as soon as possible and get into what is sometimes called the "real gravy."

MAKE IT A CAPITAL GAIN

The capital gains law is a fine and generous system for encouraging initiative, free enterprise, and hard work.

It operates very simply. Let us say you are the world's greatest Indian Wrestler, able to command a million dollars a year in personal-appearance fees. If you just take the million you will have to pay more than ninety cents on the dollar in income taxes, and will keep less than \$100,000, small return for your effort!

Take advantage of the capital gains law and it will be a far different story. Make a deal with say, a rising canner of concentrated papaya juice. Buy 100,000 shares of stock at ten cents a share. Appear on his television program and in all his advertising. Soon the papaya juice will be so popular you can sell your stock at ten dollars a share, giving you a profit of \$990,000, a capital gain, and taxable at about 25%. Thus you will clear more than \$700,000, which

will enable you to live as a good Indian Wrestler should.

Under this clever system Indian Wrestlers are encouraged to think about papaya juice as well as Indian Wrestling, more capital is poured into industry, and everyone benefits.

This method can be used on a more complicated but equally effective scale in most businesses.

"Somebody has to make the gears for the wicket sprockets, J. B., why not you and me?"

"You and me, Finch?"

"We start a company with our own fifty thousand or so build it by giving it Biggley Company sub-contracts, and run it to a million-dollar corporation. Then we sell for a capital gain."

"By gad, Finch, by gad!"

"I'll do the organizing in return for stock, sir. Have some good men picked out already for the detailed work."

HAVE AN EXPENSE ACCOUNT

The expense account will be a powerful ally in your struggle to keep some of your own money. All business expenses are deductible, no matter how frivolous they may seem to you, as long as they are kept on a high plane. For example, your shipping clerk will be sternly reprimanded—and rightly so!—if he attempts to deduct his commutation fare from Mineola to the office, whereas a sympathetic government wisely allows you to deduct the expense of a few weeks in Miami, as long as you can show that it helped to further customer relations or improve business.

Many useful services are deductible if properly explained.

"Uh, Mr. Finch, how do you explain this deduction of \$150 a week to a Miss Yvonne Schultz at 470 Park Avenue?"

"Research, market research. She does it for me on a personal basis. Frightfully efficient girl, earns every penny."

Remember that the government wants only its legitimate tax dollar. You will be encouraged to make all legal deductions.

BUY AN OIL WELL

You don't have to be from Texas to have unlimited and practically untaxable wealth. Anyone who can afford an oil well can do it. No need to pay most of your income in taxes. The lucky oil well owner can deduct most of his as "depletion of reserves."

A few sly fellows have tried to claim that by working they were depleting their own mental and physical reserves. A vigilant government soon put a stop to that. The law is intended to encourage investment and conserve mineral resources.

Anyone can imagine how morally dangerous it would be to try to conserve human resources.



"Some bag, eh, Fenway?"

change of air

(continued from page 16)

"What difference does it make?" Lee said. "It's a girl's name."

The light changed and Ben turned the corner. "I've told you about her," Joe said, peering from the window. The street was dark and he could not be sure. "That's the girl they sent up for the impairment of everybody's morals. The record holder. I didn't know they'd let her out."

"Is it her?" Ben said, slowing down a few yards behind the girl.

"I can't tell," Joe said.

The girl turned off and walked up to a stoop leading to the entrance of a building.

"Well you'd better find out if you're going to find out," Lee said.

Joe opened his window.

"Barbara," he called. "Is that Bobbie Bedner?"

The girl turned, startled. It was late at night and she had not heard the car turn the corner. She saw the car but could not see who was inside. The car was a 1950 model, a red convertible. Ben and his father had washed and polished it that same day. It looked like a new car. Bobbie Bedner came, looking very curious, down the stairs and up to the open window.

"Hello," Joe said cheerfully. "I thought it was you. Do you remember me?"

"Yeah," Bobbie said, smiling blankly. "Yeah, I remember you. What's your name?"

Joe grinned. "Joe," he said. "I used to belong to the Werewolves. Remember the Werewolves?"

Bobbie grinned innocently back at him. "Yeah, I remember," she said. "How is everybody? How's Fat Andy?"

"He's fine," Joe said. "He got caught with a stolen car. He won't be around for a while."

"Gee, that's a shame," Bobbie said, meaning it. She laughed. "How's Tony?" she asked.

"I haven't seen him around," Joe said. "I think he's in the army. But where have you been all this while?" he asked her, knowing she would lie, anxious to see how badly. "I haven't seen you for a long time."

Bobbie giggled. "Oh, I been away. I just got back to New York last week."

"You live in this house?" Lee said to her.

For the first time she took notice of the other occupants of the car.

"Yeah," she said, wary, but not unfriendly. Then to Joe: "Who are your friends?"

"Shall I introduce you?" Joe said. She nodded, laughing.

"Bobbie Bedner," Joe said. "This is Brock, the driver and part-owner of the car. This is Miller," and he gestured toward the back of the car, "consultant in pornography, and this is Zand, who is interested in people."

Bobbie laughed, taking her cue from

his tone. "What are you doing out so late?" she said. "Just driving around?"

"Yeah," Lee said, anxious to make his presence felt. "How about you?"

"I went to a dance," Bobbie said. "At the Twenty-eighth Street Y."

"Did you have a nice time?" Lee said.

"Not so bad," Bobbie said, laughing. There was a pause. Ben thought he might as well. She was standing there with her hand resting on the edge of the lowered window.

"Would you like to go for a ride?" he said.

Bobbie laughed uncertainly. "I don't know," she said. "My mother expected me home early, and it's late already."

"So," Joe said, "if it's late already it won't hurt if you come in a little later. Come on," he said persuasively, "we'll go for a ride."

"Where are you going?" the girl asked.

"We don't know," Ben said drily. "That's what makes it so exciting. We might go almost anywhere. Maybe you can help find us a destination."

The girl stood there, her hand on the window. Joe opened the door suddenly and beckoned to her. "Come on," he said. "Any place you say. When you're ready to come back, we'll bring you back."

"It's a nice car," she said.

Joe laughed. He reached out his hand and pulled her one step closer to the car. Then he let go and moved closer to Brock, making room for her. Bobbie Bedner laughed and got into the car.

Ben backed the car to the corner and they were back on First Avenue. He rode to Fourteenth Street and stopped for a light.

"You're looking well," Joe said. "You're looking much better than when I saw you last."

"Yeah," Bobbie said. "I gained a lot of weight."

She had changed. She had gotten into the car, but it wasn't as easy as it once would have been. Joe decided to let DeTorres find out how matters stood with the girl. Although he could have done so, his friends might interpret his efforts as illustrating a lack of sensibility. Or it might give them something to laugh about.

"Drive back to the club," Joe said. "We'll pick up Cripple."

"What club?" Bobbie asked alarmedly. "Who's Cripple?"

"Just a chess club," Joe said soothingly. "You remember Cripple. That's Frank, Frank DeTorres. You remember Frank, don't you?"

"What do you want to see him for?"

(continued on next page)



"You're confusing me, Miss Barlow."

PHILOSOPHER

(continued from page 37)

René and he shook hands in a most friendly manner, and then we went to dinner.

It was a most enjoyable meal, without the least constraint. My old friend spoke with me constantly in the old, familiar, cordial manner, just as he used to do. It was: "You know, old fellow!" "I say, old fellow!" "Just listen a moment, old fellow!" Suddenly he exclaimed:

"You don't know how glad I am to see you again; it takes me back to old times."

I looked at his wife and the other man. Their attitude was perfectly correct, though I fancied once or twice that they exchanged a rapid and furtive look.

As soon as dinner was over René turned to his wife and said:

"My dear, I have just met Pierre again, and I am going to carry him off for a walk and chat along the boulevards to remind us of old times. I am leaving you in very good company."

The young woman smiled and said to me as she shook hands with me:

"Don't keep him too long."

As we went along arm in arm I could not help saying to him, for I was determined to know how matters stood:

"What has happened? Do tell me!"

He, however, interrupted me roughly and answered like a man who has been disturbed without any reason.

"Just look here, old fellow; leave one alone with your questions."

Then he added, half aloud, as if talking to himself:

"After all, it would have been too stupid to have let oneself go to perdition like that."

I did not press him. We walked on quickly and began to talk. All of a sudden he whispered in my ear:

"I say, suppose we go and have a bottle of fizz with some girls! Eh?"

I could not prevent myself from laughing heartily.

"Just as you like; come along, let us go."



*"If she tumbles, you said it—otherwise, I said it.
Is that the way it's going to be?"*

change of air

(continued from previous page)

Bobbie said.

"We don't want to see him," Joe said. "We just thought after all this time, he would be glad to see you. He won't hurt you."

Bobbie laughed. "I know he won't hurt me," she said. "I just thought we were going for a ride."

"We will," Ben said, knowing what was on Muneco's mind. "Just as soon as we pick up Frank."

He turned left on Seventeenth Street, pulled up in front of Gelber's Chess Club, and parked the car.

• • •

Frank was happy to have Muneco back and happier still when he saw who was with him. The presence of Bobbie Bedner, he felt sure, would liven up the evening. He thought immediately of his pigeon coop and its steam-heating. When Ben Brock came upstairs, after parking the car, he found Frank and Joe seated near the window, Frank talking earnestly to Bobbie, and Lee and Phil standing some distance away leaning against a chess table. He walked over to these two.

"Set 'em up," he said to Lee. "You can have the white pieces."

"I'll have to beat you in five moves," Lee apologized. "Don Juan is operating, and I don't know how long we'll be here."

"If he's got to operate," Ben said, "you may be here a long time. If this girl is the girl she's cracked up to be she should be on her hands and knees begging for it."

Joe came over.

"How does it look?" Lee said.

"I don't know," Joe said. "Frank is trying to get her to go to his place, but she doesn't like pigeon coops."

"Ask her about bar-bell clubs," Phil said. "I've got the key to the club. There won't be anyone up there this time of night."

"I'll keep you posted," Joe said. He walked back to Frank and the girl.

"Your move," Lee said.

Ben looked at him. "I can't understand your hanging around, Miller," he said to him, "in the hope of laying a broad who has already been on intimate terms with everyone in the neighborhood. Haven't you got any standards?"

"Very funny," Lee said. "In this respect I'm like you. When it comes to women, anywhere and anytime."

"Are you looking forward to this prospect?" Ben said to Phil.

"Why not?" Phil said.

"Hell," Ben said, "you had it so long you might as well save it for your wife. Listen to me," he said earnestly, "and don't throw yourself away on this harlot. Somewhere, there's a sweet, young, innocent girl who has been ordained by heaven to . . ."

"Balls to you," Phil said.

Muneco returned.

"The outlook wasn't brilliant for the Mudville nine that day," Joe be-

gan, with every intention of completing the poem.

"Can it," Ben said. "What's the latest?"

"She met a psychiatrist in reform school," Joe said. "He told her the reason she did what she did was her father died when she was six years old and she missed male attention. She agrees with this diagnosis and she's turning over a new leaf."

"You mean all the psychiatrist did was tell her?" Phil asked professionally.

"I don't know," Joe said. "She's been away for two years. Maybe she underwent intensive therapy. Whatever happened, she's metamorphosized."

"So?" Lee said.

"We're going to take her downstairs, try to soften her up," Joe said. "Give me the keys to the car," he said to Ben.

"You going somewhere?" Lee said suspiciously.

"Hey," Muneco laughed, taking the keys from Ben. "You think we'd run out on you, Miller? We can't leave you. This whole party is in Phil's honor. After Phil lays her we're going to nail her over his fireplace for a trophy." He jingled the keys at DeTorres and walked to the door. Frank got up, took the girl by the hand, and followed Muneco. She went without protesting but she did not look happy.

"Does Cripple have a driver's license?" Lee said.

Ben nodded.

"If those guys pull anything," Lee said, "I'm going to make Muneco pay for it."

"You wouldn't tell his mother, would you?" Ben said.

"No," Lee said. "I'll tell his girl. I'll call his girl and let her know how Muneco spends his Saturday nights." He looked toward the window. Phil following his glance, walked over and looked out.

"The car's still there," Phil said. "Save your money."

"Your move," Ben said.

Lee moved.

"How long we going to wait here?" he said.

"Give them five more minutes," Ben said.

Phil walked over and looked out the window.

"Hey Zand," Ben called to him.

"What?"

"You're basing your life on a lie," Ben said. "You want to become a clinical psychologist. You want to help the maladjusted. Now here is this girl who has been abnormal, at least quantitatively, but has since been returned to normalcy by a practicing psychiatrist. Instead of trying to keep her there you're party to a scheme whose aim is to tear down her defenses and re-sink her in the morass of abnormality."

He looked sternly at Phil; then disgustedly shook his head.

"Look," Phil said. "Better her than me. She's neurotic from too much of it and I'm neurotic from too little. It's her or me. And I've got my career at stake."

"He thinks it's the panacea," Lee sneered. "Once he gets laid, he's solved all his problems. What an idiot."

"Okay," Ben said. "I resign. Let's go downstairs."

They got up and put on their coats. "Hey Kurtz," Ben called to the old man who had been sitting on a bench watching them. "A lineup. Anybody else, we're charging two-fifty. For you, a buck and a half. How about it?"

The old man coughed up some phlegm and spit it into a handkerchief. He was unimpressed. "If I couldn't do better," he said, standing and stretching himself, "I'd shoot myself."

The three left the club.

* * *

Ben looked in at the back window of the car. Joe and Frank were in the front seat with the girl between them. Frank had his arm around the girl and was bending over her. Ben motioned the others to wait. After a while the girl worked an arm free from behind her and pushed Frank's face away. Ben walked to the side of the car and knocked on the window. Muneco opened the door.

"Come on in," he said. "We'll go for a ride."

Lee and Phil got into the back of the car. Ben squeezed into the driver's seat. There were four people in the front of the car. Joe moved over, making room for Ben, at the same time pushing Bobbie closer to Frank. Frank was talking into her ear.

"What's the matter baby? Don't you want to kiss me? Just a little kiss?"

"No-oo" the girl said, indicating that she had said it many times before. Frank leaned over her and kissed her. After a great many seconds had passed she pushed his face away.

"I don't know what's happened to the way you kiss," Frank said to her. "It's not like you used to. Who ever heard of a girl kissing with her mouth closed?"

"I don't want to kiss you," Bobbie said primly.

"Two years ago," Frank said, "I wouldn't kiss you. I would screw you. That's more fun, isn't it? What's happened to you in two years?"

"I told you," Bobbie said laughing. Her laugh was heavy, like her voice, and unsteady, but it was not the way she used to laugh. "I don't do that anymore."

"For nobody?"

Bobbie laughed. "I don't know," she said. "But not for you."

"I'm truly sorry to hear that," Frank said. "I guess I'll go home and go to bed. Drive me home, Brock," he said. He leaned over the girl.

Ben made a right turn on Third Avenue and drove to Twentieth Street. He stopped once for a light. On Twentieth a sanitation truck was double parked and he slowed down to squeeze past it. During all this time, Frank, using all his art, was kissing the girl.

"You're home," Ben said.

"Yeah," Frank said. "We're home. Come on," he said to the girl. "We'll go upstairs to the pigeon coop and have

a party."

"No," Bobbie said. "I don't like pigeon coops."

"Do you like parties?" Joe said.

"Not that kind," she said, laughing slyly.

"Look," Frank said. "Look what I got for you." He took her hand and pulled it to him, but she wrenched it free.

"I don't want it," she said, annoyed. "Leave me alone."

Ben became slightly annoyed by the proceedings. Not by the proceedings as much as by their lack of success.

"All right Frank, you drew a blank," he said. "We forgive you. If you can't convince this girl, she cannot be convinced. Go to bed." He looked at Bobbie. "I'll drive you home."

"Okay," Frank said. "But I don't know what's happened to this girl. She goes away for a short time and comes back with a whole new system of values. It's something for you college men to figure out."

He got out of the car.

"Don't give up the ship," he said. "A little patience. If this girl is Bobbie Bedner you should lay her before day-break. I'm going to get some sleep."

The girl laughed as Frank turned his back and walked away. "Don't believe him," she said confidentially. "I don't do any of those things. He's just talking." She directed this primarily at Brock in whom she had mistaken the annoyance with DeTorres' methods for sympathy. Joe smiled. Ben started the car.

"Who's going home first?" he said.

"Home?" The girl was indignant. "I thought we were going for a ride."

"You still want to go for a ride?" Ben said.

"Sure. Let's go to Coney Island."

"No," Joe said to her. "Let's go lift some weights. Phil has the key to his bar-bell club."

The girl laughed. "Ah, die young," she said pleasantly. She recognized that the only serious threat had been Frank, and he was gone. She relaxed now, and looked forward to a good time being chauffeured around.

"You can drive me home," Phil said, seeing the futility of remaining. "I've got to wake up early tomorrow."

"How about you, Miller?" Ben said.

"No hurry," Lee said. "As a matter of fact you can take me home after you drop her off."

The girl laughed. "You ain't gonna miss nothin'," she said.

Joe laughed. "You're a dead pigeon, Miller," he said. "Even this dumb broad reads you like a book. You're shallower than a wading pool."

"That's extremely funny, Muneco," Lee said.

"I'm not a dumb broad," Bobbie said good-naturedly.

"Then what are you a dumb?" Joe said.

"Oh, die young," the girl said.

"Where would you like to go besides Coney Island?" Ben said.

"What's the matter with Coney Island?"

"There is nothing open and nobody in Coney Island in January," Ben explained patiently. "So I suggest you suggest something else."

"Let's go where there's excitement," Bobbie said. "Maybe we can see a fight somewhere."

"We have just the thing for you," Joe said. "Take her to Brooklyn," he said to Ben.

"That's right," Ben said. "Brooklyn's a wild town."

"What's so wild about Brooklyn?" the girl said.

"Everything goes positively smash in Brooklyn," Ben said. "There's a fight on every street corner. Trunk murders take place in front of your eyes. Also there's a little cafeteria right across the bridge where we sometimes sober up after a devil-may-care Saturday night."

"What's his name?" Bobbie said to Joe.

"That's Brock," Joe said. "Author and professional chauffeur. Why, do you like him?"

Bobbie laughed. "He's all right," she said.

"Brock has made a conquest," Lee called from the back of the car.

"I guess you're not interested," Joe said. "Maybe we should drive you home."

"Maybe you should," Lee said. "As a matter of fact, I'm sure you should. I've got a date tomorrow night with this girl I just met. I can use some sleep."

"You poor kid, I'll bet she knocks all hell out of you," Ben said.

Ben turned left, a block before the bridge which led to Brooklyn, and brought the car back on First Avenue. He left Phil on the corner of Third Street, and drove Lee to his home on Sixth Street between First and Second Avenues. He was tired, and got to thinking of the difficulty he would have in finding a parking space.

"Who's next?" he said.

He looked at Bobbie, who was about to protest.

"My old man gets up early in the morning," he lied. "He needs the car to get to work. I've got to bring it back before six o'clock."

"Gee," the girl said. "Your father works on Sundays?"

"Yeah," Ben said. "He's a preacher."

"Gee, that's tough," the girl said.

"Take me home first," Joe said, winking at Ben. "She said she likes you. Don't you like him, Bobbie?"

"Yeah, I like him," Bobbie said. "But I just wanted to drive around."

"You first," Ben said to her. He drove her home.

She got out of the car and turned toward them.

"Well, so long," she said. She laughed suddenly. "I had a very nice time."

"Glad to hear it," Joe said. "We must get together sometime and do the whole thing over again."

Ben leaned over and waved to her.

"So long Bobbie," he said.

"Bye-bye Brock," she said. "It was nice meeting you." She walked up the stoop and was gone, into the building.

They sat there for a while, not talking.

"A hundred per cent American girl," Ben said finally. "I'm convinced you had her pegged wrong."

"A hundred and sixty times," Joe said absently, "in three days. That must have been one hell of a psychiatrist."

"He wasn't an East Side boy," Ben said, shaking his head. "He performed a great disservice to an entire neighborhood. He dissolved the last traces of communal endeavor to which we could proudly point."

"Yeah," Joe said, leaning back on the seat, his hands locked behind his head. "Drive around to Seventeenth Street. What we've got to do now is get some coffee."



RED BEANS

(continued from page 39)

its disregard for punctuation, with its "pre-Celine, pre-avant garde" use of period-clusters to cover any emergency, its misspellings and triple negatives, is as fresh and lively as his music.)

His singing and talking became tremendously popular — despite, or because, of the fact that his voice sounds like someone with sandpaper soles shuffling across a slate roof. He got his faith back, left Dreamland for the Sunset Cabaret, organized his own band, and for the first time LOUIS ARMSTRONG was spelled out in lights. Picking out a little group, he began making records for the old Okeh company. A lot of people will remember this group: The Hot Five. Louis on cornet; Kid Ory on trombone; Johnny Dodds, clarinet; Lil Armstrong, piano; and Johnny St. Cyr on piano. They cut such classics as *Gut Bucket Blues*, *Skid-Dat-De-Dat*, *Struttin' with Some Barbeque*, *I'm Not Rough*, *Yes! I'm in the Barrell*, and many more. Tough, honest music: one-play stuff, too. If there were flaws, well, then, there were flaws, and that's the way they were released. Louis refused to polish anything. He felt that would take the life out of it. Later it became the Hot Seven, and *Gully Low*, *Tight Like This*, *Muggles*, and *Skip the Gutter* came out, one, two, three: all the great discs. It was the beginning of the Golden Period of jazz. And it marked Louis Armstrong's emergence as one of the top-flight musicians in the country.

Of his technique then — and it's changed some since — the eminent jazz authority, and good buddy of Louis, Hugues Panassié says: "He would improvise on the same theme for a full half hour, taking twenty choruses in a row. Often he would be quite motionless as he played or sang — his eyes closed, like a man carried out of this

world; tears would roll down his cheeks."

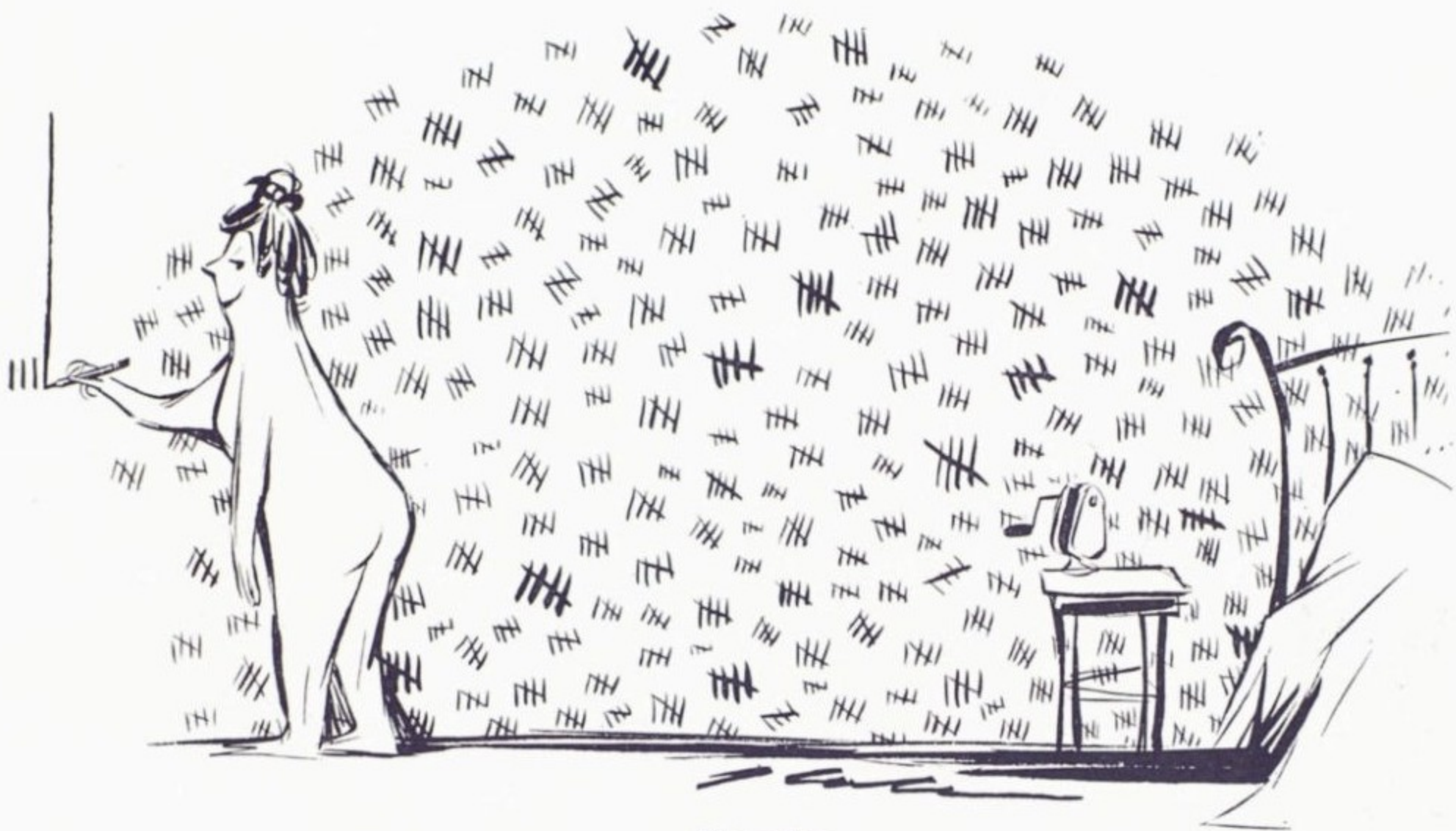
In 1928 Louis moved on to the Savoy Ballroom, at \$200.00 a week — very big money then. It looked fine, but the Savoy went bust and the band, in Louis' name, set out for New York again. They had luck. Connie's Inn, a top spot in the big city, signed them on and they traveled with the *Hot Chocolate Revue* for a while, with great success. Hollywood came next, with a stand at Sebastien's Cotton Club; then back to Chicago. And all the while, Louis was getting better and better. He kept trying to organize bands, but it never worked too well. Bands have always been subservient and faceless when working with Armstrong. His personality has always been too much. Always Louis, never Louis' band.

After Chicago, it seemed about time to see Europe. *You Rascal, You* had made a huge splash in England, so England was first on the tour. Louis was given a magnificent reception, one he'll never forget — matched only by the receptions on his latest tour. He can't say which time was better, because "they was both a bitch!" He smashed all standing records at the Palladium, and went gallivanting over the face of Europe — Italy, France, Sweden, Denmark.

From then on it was straight up. He married again. He changed his style of trumpet playing, somewhat. But there feels that his invention is indeed limited — not too much difference otherwise.

Panassié pegs the development like this. The early Armstrong played "highly imaginative improvisations, in which he gave free rein to the almost frightening fluency of his technique. He employed vast and grandiose phrases, and used the most audacious and unforeseen melody lines. Here one less, that nothing can stop it . . ." Since 1935, he has been stating his theme simply, "modifying it here and there with touches that give the most uninteresting phrases a beauty which transfigures them . . ." Today, "in one or two notes, he concentrates all that he said earlier in a long phrase; his present style has a detached and sublime quality."

But these are words — good words, yes, but nothing more. They don't begin to explain the real puzzle, any more than this record of his life — and it's as full of meaning and direction as even the most romantic novelist could desire — approaches an explanation. Like life itself, you can analyze a man like Louis, break him down into chemical components, describe his technique, show how it all operates — and never say why, never say what it is that makes him Great. Is he the world's finest trumpeter because he can hold high C for a greater length of time than anyone else, climb to F and G over C, surpass in tonal quality the power of all other men? Is it because he is said to



Nympho

have the strictest sense of melody in the musical world? No. A man could have all this and never be anything but a brilliant virtuoso. Lots of people do trickier things with a horn. Could Louis play *Flight of the Bumble Bee* or *Hot Canary* as fast as Mr. Kenton's former star? Probably not. Yet the trumpeters of other bands are the first to admit they're not even in the same league. Louis has always been the favorite of musicians, many of whom receive twice as many votes in the popularity polls.

"As long as those pearly teeth hold out," someone once remarked, "Louis'll still be playing something new, and all the others will be running after him, trying to catch up."

But that isn't it, either. People have tried to get it down on paper enough to demonstrate that this is impossible. It's as useless as trying to write about a sunrise: If you've ever seen one, what could a whole volume of words tell you that you didn't already know? And if you've never seen one, then the greatest description in the world would be a pale substitute.

I visited Earl "Fatha" Hines recently, to see if he'd care to take a crack at saying why. Hines knew Louis back in the days of the Sunset Cabaret; he went along on the '47 and '48 European tour. Louis doesn't have any closer friend. It was at the Crescendo on Sunset Strip that the interview took place. "Fatha" was playing some of the new stuff that's making such a hit in California these days, and he wasn't too happy about it. After the show we went down to his dressing room and chatted a while and then I

put the question to him. "Why?"

He thought a while: I could see the years speeding backwards. Then he said one word. And if it isn't the answer, it comes as close as anyone ever will. Earl Hines said: "Love."

Louis Armstrong loves music. Passionately, fiercely. It's his life, it's always been his life. But he loves it in the special way that a smart man loves a woman: he doesn't study about it. He doesn't fret it, take it apart, try to figure it out. Music exists: it is; without music, he would be lost. So he loves it. Join that to a prodigious technical ability, and you at least start to understand.

It's the story of jazz itself, in fact. For without this special kind of love — which does not come from the head alone, nor from the heart alone, but from every square inch of a man's body — without it, you don't have jazz. Music, yes; but not jazz.

It all started, like Louis, as a longing to say something important about life that couldn't be said on paper, in notes or in words. It started as a hunger, and from the place hunger starts: the belly. It wasn't brilliant or flashy or loud or soft or anything particular. Just sounds, traveling from men's hearts and beings out through musical instruments — old, battered, shiny, expensive, it made no difference. Nothing made any difference, except honesty; and this was no problem, because you couldn't fake it. The spirit was there or it was not there. And that is what made jazz new. It is what detached it from formal music and set it out alone as a separate, young, vigorous art.

A lot of people think of jazz as a development of music. That's why they can listen to a recording of Louis' *Struttin' with Some Barbeque*, or some Bunk Johnson, and then go across the street and listen to *The Neurotic Rag* or *The Sterile Stomp* and think it's all out of the same basket. And they couldn't be more mistaken. They're listening to two different things.

Louis has nothing against the boys who put out the "Modern Sounds" nowadays — the Gillespies (or heirs apparent), the Kentons, the Rumseys. He'll tell you they're all nice fellows, very talented, very brilliant. And of course they love music. They'll tell you so, and tell you why, too. All about it. But "the Music of Tomorrow or the modern sound — and all that new fangle stuff — just don't *move* the people . . ."

Maybe Louis is wrong. Maybe today's dazzling showers of dissonance, the New Music, the Cerebral Soundmakers — the "Head Stuff" — will take a firm place and hang onto it. Or maybe it will all fizzle like a fleet of toy rockets and disappear.

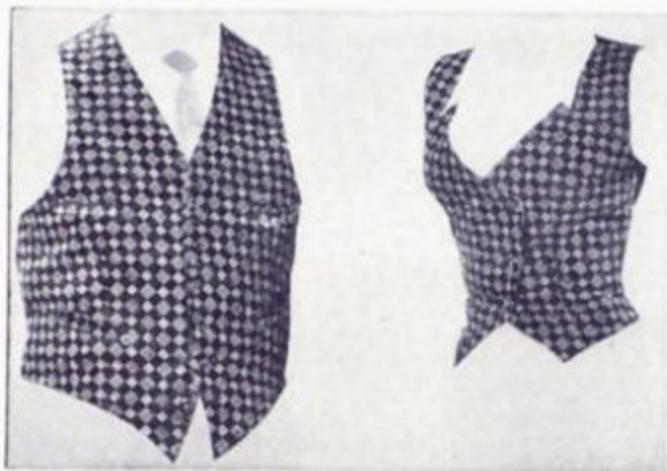
Whatever happens, one thing is certain. Jazz has lasted for over fifty years — I'm talking about *jazz* now — and it will always be vivid and alive and important, always, just as long as it is played by honest artists who have something to say that can't be said any other way.

As long as there are men like Louis Armstrong.



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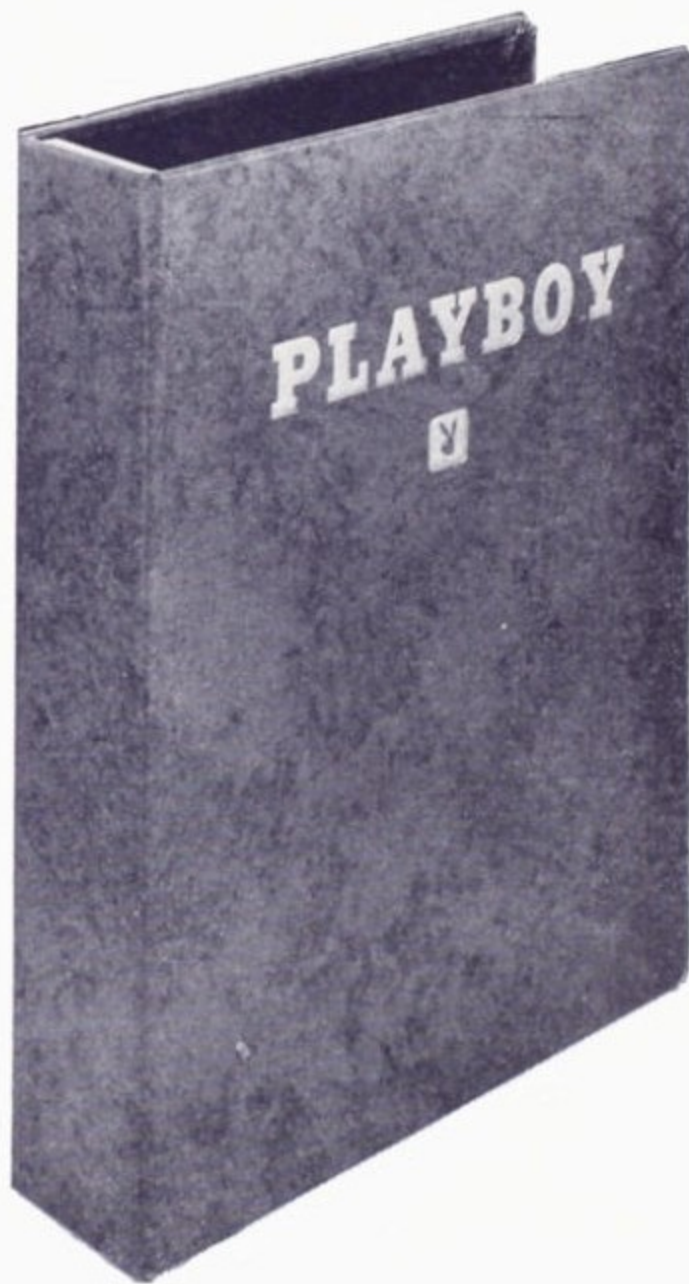


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