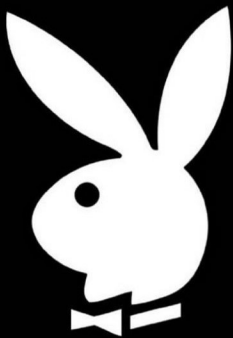


PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

JUNE 50 cents





PLAYBOY



A.D. SHOW



TRACY

SCHWARTZ



SEARLE



PLAYBOY HAS RECEIVED AN Award For Merit from the Art Directors Club of New York for the second year in a row. The certificate was awarded for LeRoy Neiman's illustration for "A Change of Air" in the February issue; the illustration will be a part of the Club's 34th National Exhibition of outstanding art and design and will be included in the famous Annual of Advertising and Editorial Art this fall.

The week's mail held a PLAYBOY parody put together by the *Arizona Kitty Keli*, humor magazine at the University of Arizona. This spoof of our favorite publication was named *PLAYGIRL*, with the sub-title, *Entertainment for Ladies*, and was complete down to a male "Playmate of the Month," languishing seductively on a beach chair.

PLAYBOY'S OWN Playmate this month is so charming we've given her four extra pages to stretch out in and, in addition, the PLAYBOY camera spends a half dozen pages with the colorful Society of Illustrators Show. For fiction, we've a fantasy by John Collier and a story of adolescent love by Delmore Schwartz; we've a choice collection of cartoons by Jack Cole, Al Stone, Larry Klein and other PLAYBOY regulars, as well as a double-page spread by popular British cartoonist, Ronald Searle. For jazz fans, Jack Tracy, the editor of the nation's top music magazine, *Down Beat*, climbs out on a limb and picks his "All-Time All-Star Jazz Band"; for lovers of the classics, a ribald one by Guy De Maupassant; for lovers of good humor, the timeless Party Jokes. All in all, this June issue of PLAYBOY is a pretty colorful and entertaining package, we think.

PLAYBILL



PLAYGIRL

COLLIER





KIND WORDS DEPARTMENT

Being a newsstand buyer since PLAYBOY's inception, I claim the right of a charter reader to express my feelings about one of the slickest of the "dicks." Being an old newspaper man, I appreciate the good make-up: as an old photographer, I marvel at the good photography and art work; and as a fellow who likes to read and write, I thoroughly appreciate the wonderful reading between the covers.

This is the magazine for the *bon vivant* and being, among other things, a *hors d'oeuvres* *bon vivant*, I speak with authority. (You can check my wife or my bank balance for my references in this respect.) High among my assorted hobbies stands my bar, sixty-two bottles strong, and some are strong indeed. After spending a couple of years writing liquor and wine copy for Washington's Scripps-Howard paper, *The News*, I finally got interested in the stuff.

As proof of how I feel about PLAYBOY, I submit that upon moving from Maryland to Texas last August, I disposed of 200 automobile magazines (another hobby) taking only my PLAYBOY.

John G. Nichols
Dallas, Texas

UNHAPPY SUBSCRIBERS

Get the hell off your Playmate's lap and send us our magazines. If we don't get our copies soon, we are cancelling our subscriptions. Your magazine is good, but it isn't as good as Christmas, which comes at least once a year!

All my friends and I have to our credit so far are 8 cents worth of post cards. What did you do with our money, blow it on Miss February? If you'd spend less time sending out post cards and more time sending out magazines, you would get fewer letters like this. It's been over two months since we got the cards and we're getting damn tired of waiting for that current issue to arrive!

This is my final ultimatum. If I don't hear from you in a hurry, I will contact the proper authorities. There is no excuse for running a business, even a new one, in such a sloppy manner. You may print this if you dare.

Arthur K. Gibson
And 3 other erstwhile subscribers
Grand Rapids, Michigan

PLAYBOY suffered from a severe case of growing pains early this year, and with circulation jumping nearly 100,000 copies a month, we fell badly behind in handling subscription, book and back copy orders. We want to apologize to all those readers who have been inconvenienced and though circulation is still climbing, we're a good deal better organized now and can guarantee subscribers the kind of special service they deserve.

PLAYBOY'S PANTS

I almost strip my pants every time these troubled eyes focus on a complaint from some irate, indignant woman to the editors of PLAYBOY. What has become of today's so-called manhood, that we allow ourselves to become so dominated by over-hearing biddies?

In this consistent reader's opinion, the man is to blame for the ridiculous situation that exists today. For certainly, if the man isn't able to stand up and wear the pants in his family, they won't go un worn. (For that matter, I resent the fact that women wear any pants at all.)

You have won my respect for your reply to the housewife in the April issue and I hope this policy of yours will remain firm and consistent in the future. Further, I think an editorial of some sort should be written by your magazine on this subject, explosive as it might be.

It would appear to this observer that PLAYBOY is about to become a powerful influence, championing the rights of the American male. So keep your magazine as fresh and provocative as we men like it, with absolutely no consideration for outspoken women who would attempt to dominate it. Incidentally, my wife agrees with everything said here except about the pants.

Stuart P. Swickard
Alexandria, Virginia

MISS FEBRUARY

We are students at an all male engineering school and we look forward to PLAYBOY like letters from home, but the February issue went over like a "Dear John." Who put the shirt on Miss February?!

Signed by twenty-one students
Missouri School of Mines
Rolla, Missouri

Miss February has the funniest looking toes I've ever seen.

Joe Abbate
Detroit, Michigan

Man, your February issue was sensational. I will guarantee if you make the coming issues as good as this one, you will have a very successful year. Please convey my congratulations to Ivan Gold and John W. Jakes for two of the best stories you've published to date.

The other night I had some friends in

to play cards; we tried one of T. Mario's recipes and believe me those burgers were superb.

Why don't you do another feature-length article on a Playmate? February's Playmate was one of the best yet. Keep up the good work.

Matty
Wilmington, N. C.

Early in the year, I saw a very pretty girl at a skating rink in Dayton, Ohio. I didn't meet her then, though I would have liked to. But later that month in Richmond, Indiana, I saw her again and this time I talked with her and tried to get a date. She said she was going steady. But I did get her name, address and phone number. Since then I haven't been able to forget her. So what happens? I open up your February issue and there she is: Miss February. If it isn't her, it looks enough like her to be her twin. This girl's name is Phyllis Ricketts and she lives in Dayton. Her address? I know you too well to give you that. Please tell me if she was your February Playmate.

Robert Porfidio
Muncie, Indiana

Sorry, Bob, Miss February's name is Jayne Mansfield and she lives in California, but if your Dayton girl looks like her, then we know how you must feel.

STACKED STRIP POKER



"Now what shall we play for?"

Al Stine's cartoon on page 38 of the February issue presents a very interesting idea. Obviously, this guy knows card tricks and has stacked the hands in his

favor, insuring a grand coup. Now here I am, a magician of some years standing, a moderately clever fellow to boot, plenty of decks of cards, an apartment, booze, and other sundry paraphernalia as pictured, and I never thought of that approach. Stacked strip poker! What an idea! No more doubts, ineptness and frustration. How can you miss, when the girl thinks she is losing each hand legit, and being sportsmanlike (and why not?) disorbs bit by bit in accordance with her "luck."

For years I've entertained young ladies in my abode, with the latest miracles of modern magic (no etchings for me!), but alas, regardless of my lengthy presentations, illusions and such, when it came to the "audience participation" part of the program, they would have no part of my sleight of hand.

But now, thanks to PLAYBOY, my success is assured! In the future not only the ladies will be stacked, but the cards as well! Say, just in the slightest case that this doesn't work, can you print a new "approach" type cartoon, featuring a chess game? I play chess, too.

Mortini the Magician
Chicago, Illinois

SATCHMO

I can't resist dropping you a line on your best story to date, for my money: "Red Beans and Ricely Yours" in the February issue. I had the pleasure of meeting "Pops" in East St. Louis, Illinois, while he was sending them at the Terrace Lounge, and that's where I joined the ranks of the thousands who consider Louis Armstrong the greatest jazz man who ever lived.

I was an amateur photographer then and liked to catch shots of the bands passing through. One evening after Budie Day's disc jockey program over local station WTMV, I was sitting talking with Barret Deems, Velma Middleton and Buddie, when the door opened and the room seemed to light up behind me. I turned around and there he was. That may seem like an exaggeration, except to people who know him. I haven't the words to tell you how great I think he is. Anyway, I want you to know how very much I enjoyed Charles Beaumont's story of Satchmo.

Bob Durbin
Edwards, California

I've just finished reading "Red Beans and Ricely Yours" by Charles Beaumont in your February issue of PLAYBOY. It was a very wonderful story and I wanted to write and tell you how much I enjoyed it. In many ways, it reminded me of Beaumont's "Black Country." As different as they may have been, Spool Collins and Louis Armstrong were the same in their love for jazz. Both stories moved me, but "Red Beans and Ricely

Yours" was especially enjoyable because it was about a real man and his life.

I enjoy PLAYBOY very much and I don't know where you get the idea that it's a men's magazine. I know a lot of women who read and enjoy it.

Mrs. J. M. Spindler
Fayetteville, N. C.

I respect Louis Armstrong for what he was and what he did for jazz, but I can not understand why he rates all the applause he receives. I have heard some of Louis' earlier records and enjoyed them along with other good dixieland sides of the period, but when he cut "Whiffenpoof Song," I lost respect for the man. He made fun of a new kind of jazz, because it's over his head.

Louis was playing over the heads of most of the people fortunate enough to hear him with the band of Fletcher Henderson in New York a long, long time ago. His records of that era are now collector's items. Doesn't it occur to Armstrong and to his followers that the new jazz being played by Kenton and the "Howard Rumsey All Stars," Shorty Rogers and George Handy may be just as much ahead of its time as Louis' brand of jazz used to be.

Maybe I was born too late to feel what Louis is now offering—that is where older jazz fans have it over me. I'm twenty and my appreciation of jazz began in 1947. I grew up with the music of Kenton, Herman, Gillespie, Parker and more recently, my mind has broadened to the point where I can enjoy the music of Brubeck, Shorty Rogers and the other special people who are trying to move the frontiers of jazz forward.

Jazz today is more than an emotion that is blown through a horn. Jazz today is a technical thing. It can be written down and arranged, often with the complexity of a classical piece. The musicians who play it often require degrees in music or comparable practical experience in technique, tone and improvisation.

I think that there are many trumpet players today who could blow rings around Louis and probably a majority of them started by listening to Louis, Bix and all the other great men of that era. They will probably admit that Louis is the father of the trumpet. But when a father gets too old to work, the kids have to take over and build on his foundation. Any decent father would push his kids ahead, not poke fun at them.

My hat goes off to Louis for what he did and was, not for what he is now doing. But my kids will probably put me down for raving about Shorty Rogers, Miles Davis and Diz, because there will be great musicians with each generation. I suppose there will always be die-hards who refuse to accept something new, but I hope if I'm around to hear the next

generation of "swingers," my mind will have progressed enough to understand and enjoy what they have to offer.

Cpl. Fred L. Mathis
Camp Pendleton, Calif.

All due respects to Satch as a great pioneer in jazz. His kind of music has given me kicks in the past and I still like to listen to a little "dixie" once in a while. But in my book, it can't begin to compare with the highly polished modern jazz being played today. A tremendous amount of musical ability and education is required to cut that stuff.

Low Andrews
Pacific Grove, Calif.

I have just finished reading the latest issue of your great magazine. All my friends here at Bradley University really go for PLAYBOY.

In Charles Beaumont's article on Louis Armstrong in the February issue, he mentions the meeting of Satchmo and "Bunk Jones." I've heard of a Bunk Johnson, one of the originators of New Orleans jazz, but not of a Bunk Jones. Are these two one and the same or entirely different men?

David A. Cobb
Bradley University
Peoria, Illinois

Beaumont writes, "Entirely different men. Bunk Jones was a cornettist and one of Armstrong's early heroes back in the Storyville days. Little is known about him except that he was featured for a long time at a mill called the Dago Tony Tonk. Satchmo reports that Jones had an original style and an uncommon amount of subtlety for that era, always heaving a hair behind the beat and getting a lot of strong vibrato out of the horn. If he cut any records, nobody seems to know about them."

SATCH AND MILLER

I just finished reading "Red Beans and Ricely Yours" in the February issue. I agree with everything Charles Beaumont wrote about Satchmo—he's one of my favorites too—but after reading what was said about *The Glenn Miller Story*, I almost cancelled my subscription to PLAYBOY. I saw the show nine times and loved it more each time. I cannot lose these false statements to go unchallenged. To Mr. Beaumont I say, "If the show was just a 'not good but not bad' movie, why did it receive several nominations for Academy Awards? Also, why was it voted the 'best picture of the year' in England?" I feel that Mr. Beaumont owes his readers (if he still has any) an apology.

Gordon Zuber
Univ. of Oklahoma
Norman, Oklahoma



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PLAYBOY

a million dollars, a death, a sudden shock: they were all—



THE VASCAL SYSTEM is the most reliable, the most up-to-date, and the most scientific method of foretelling the future by cards. It is true the operator cannot tell his own fortune, but that drawback seems to be common to all methods, and in every other way the successes of the Vascal System have been prodigious.

A wife, who studied Vascal in her spare time, laid out the cards for her husband on the breakfast table. She revealed to him that he would be involved in an unfortunate collision, and suffer a severe jolt at the very least, if by any chance he drove his car home between three and five that afternoon. He now regularly desires his wife to lay out the cards for him, and never drives home before the hour she announces as propitious, with the result that he is almost the only man in the whole block who has not been severely jolted during the period in question.

A young girl, holder of a Grade A Vascal Diploma, was able to warn her still younger sister that she might that evening expect to lose something she had possessed all her life, through the agency of a tall, dark man, but though this would cause her some little distress at the outset, it would in the end lead to lasting happiness and satisfaction. Sure enough, the young sister left for a blind date that evening in such haste that she forgot to lock the door behind her. A sneak thief, entering, took away her baby seed-pearl necklace, which was a tatty little number anyway, and she was successful in gypping the insurance people for at least three times its value, and bought that very same rhinestone clip which first attracted the attention of Mr. Jerry Horrabin, now her fiancé.

Mr. Brewster, when only half-way through the Vascal Course, laid out the cards for his wife, and told her she would be wrong in going to the theatre that evening, because the show would stink. She did insist, and it did stink.

Convinced by these, and by scores of other unsolicited testimonials, Myra Wilkins decided she could hardly do better than enroll as a student. Her idea was a big one; she meant to play her cards properly. She considered that sooner or later, among the numerous young men who would flock to consult her, she would strike one for whom she could foresee an enormous fortune arriving in the near future from some unsuspected source. She had no intention of unsettling this happy young man by telling him what the future held, but thought rather she might warn him against any Queen of Hearts or Diamonds with whom he might be involved, and guide him gently toward a marriage with a high-grade Spade, for Myra was a brunette.

She graduated with the highest honors, and set up in a shadowy little nook in the West Forties, above the establishment of a dancing instructress with whom she was acquainted. She figured that young men who suddenly took dancing lessons often had a great yearning to know what the future held for them, and she hoped these would form the nucleus of a clientele.

Myra had very little capital, and this was exhausted in furnishing her nook with bead-curtains, witch balls, images of Buddha, and similar junk, to create a convincing atmosphere for her visitors. She set her fee very low, in order to get the widest possible range of clients, and thus increase her chances of finding a future millionaire among them.

She shuffled and spread her greasy pack of cards, foretelling for innumerable insignificant young men the details of futures that were little better than pasts, which of course they

would become one of these days. As far as the imminent fortune was concerned, the whole business was like a game of solitaire that never came out. The average future wealth of her clients was somewhere about the Two of Diamonds, and her work and worry loomed up like a grand slam.

The months stretched on into years, and the dust lay thick upon the witch ball and the Buddha. Myra had nothing but her dreams of wealth, and these, like an old knife, were sharpened to a razor keenness. At last, late one afternoon, when the shadows were at their deepest, the stairs groaned beneath a heavy tread, and a hulking figure tried to get four ways at once through the bead-curtain that screened her alcove.

The new customer was an ugly one, and a more prosperous fortune teller would probably have sent him straight back to the Zoo. Myra, however, could not afford to pass up a dollar, so she wearily laid out her pack. The Two of Clubs frisked around fairly actively in the near foreground, in a context that gave it the significance of a copper's night sick. She saw he was in some danger of visiting a large building, full of men in strange clothes, but vaguer influences seemed to indicate a postponement of this necessity.

Suddenly she had to repress a cry that rose unbidden to her lips. It was as if his future, dark as a cannibal king, had smiled, and revealed a golden tooth. Vascal declared unequivocally that a handsome fortune was coming to this young man on the death of someone very near to him.

"Have you any relations?" she asked. "Any near relations, I mean, who are well off?"

"No," said he. "Not unless Uncle Joe soaked anything away before they got him."

"That must be it," she thought. "Well," she said aloud, "it doesn't matter much. There's no sign of any uncle leaving you anything. This card means money troubles. This means you're doublecrossed by a blonde. Looks like you're beaten up, too. I don't know what these two men in uniform are doing."

She continued prattling and laying out the cards, her mind working meanwhile like a three-ring circus. One ring was taken up with the story she was telling to her visitor, the second in reading the real future as it unfolded itself, and the third in wondering what she was going to do about it.

She stole another glance at her unattractive client. The fortune, as far as she could judge, appeared to be rather more than a million. Her visitor, on the other hand, seemed a good deal less than human. Myra had not expected romance, but there are things which make a nice girl hesitate, and he was one of them.

While she pondered she was still automatically laying out the cards. Suddenly her eyes brightened. She looked again. It was true. All her troubles were ended. The cards indicated, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that her client would die of a sudden, violent shock within a few months of inheriting the money. This made quite an eligible bachelor of him.

Myra at once began her maneuvers. "You seem," said she, "to be at the parting of the ways. One road leads to misery, poverty, sickness, despair, prison . . ."

"I'll take the other," said the young man.

"You show great powers of judgement," said Myra. "But I can tell you it is not as easy as all that. The other road,

(concluded on page 47)

IN THE CARDS

fiction BY JOHN COLLIER





HARRIS



ELLINGTON

PLAYBOY'S ALL-TIME

jazz



ARMSTRONG

GOODMAN

PARKER

ALL-STAR JAZZ BAND

*the editor of DOWN BEAT
picks the musicians
for the most fabulous
jam session of all time*

By JACK TRACY

EVERY JAZZ FAN has his favorite stars—the performers he considers the greatest. PLAYBOY has asked me to pick mine—not just two or three men, but enough for a full, star-studded jazz band.

The outstanding musicians of the year are chosen in the annual *Down Beat* Poll, but I wasn't limited to any one year or even one decade. I've half a century of jazz to choose from.

"Suppose you're building a jazz band," I was told, "for just one, fabulous performance. We want three trumpets, three trombones, saxes, clarinet, piano, guitar, bass, drums: a full band. We want the greatest of the great, in each seat."

Such a list must be arbitrary, of course. To begin with, there have been a dozen

different kinds of jazz in the past fifty years, including dixieland, swing, progressive, bop and all the shades in between. Nevertheless, the thought of that one big night, with every instrument in the hands of a giant, was just too good to pass by. I began selecting.

The first choices came easier than I might have expected.

Take the trumpet section. Louis Armstrong has to be there. Greater than King Oliver or Bix, Louis was the first to influence an entire generation of hornmen. For years there was no one who could touch him. He'd pick up his horn, blow a few bars, and that was it. There was Armstrong, and after that, you started trying to decide who was

second best.

Late in the thirties another man began making important sounds. To Louis' brilliant tone and individual approach, he added a tremendous technique and nimble conception. He found a little different and more complex way of getting his message across; his name is Roy Eldridge and he's our pick for the second chair.

Perhaps no better term can be found to describe Eldridge than "The Bridge." He was the transitional trumpeter—the one who pushed the concepts of jazz to a point where another giant could emerge.

The third man? It has to be Dizzy Gillespie, the Grand Lama of bop, who blew in a whole new kind of modern music. His playing has the drive and personal sound of Armstrong and Eldridge, plus a thorough knowledge of chordal structures, theory and harmony. He was the trumpeter who showed what a master composer a hornman can be, thinking on his feet, ripping off wonderful cascades of notes and fresh musical ideas. Everything Gillespie does, special and intricate as it may be, is correct, and makes musical sense.

That's the trumpet section, then: Louis, the father; Roy, the bridge; Dizzy, the flutist.

Let's stay with brass and add the trombone section.

In early jazz hands, all the trombone

was expected to do was dip and slur and slide, providing the bottom notes for the lead trumpet and the wandering clarinet to play against. Since then it has emerged as a true solo instrument, as musicians have developed a facility on it that trombonists twenty years ago didn't generally realize was possible.

The first real stick-out trombone man was Jack Teagarden. Musicians who heard him for the first time when he came upon the New York scene in 1927 were unbelieving. His skill, his warm, distinctive sound, his ability to fit in with any sort of group, set him apart from other trom men of his day. Nor have the years tarnished this hornman's reputation. Other trombonists still treat Big T with respect and he gets our nod as the first man in our slushpump section.

The second chair has to go to Bill Harris. For the last ten years he has dominated the field. His ripping, preaching, inspiring horn has produced hundreds of imitators, but Harris is in a class all by himself. Mild mannered and professorial in appearance, he is a tiger with his horn pressed to his mouth.

Anchor man? We pick the guy who proved that a trombone can be played with almost the speed of a trumpet, while delivering meaningful, rounded solos: J. J. Johnson. His phenomenal skill has showed other trombonists that there is still much to be accomplished on the instrument and that a trombonist can

hold his own with the formidable technicians that the "modern" school of jazz is producing.

It seems a shame to have to eliminate gifted men like Lawrence Brown and the brilliant young Bob Brookmeyer, but I think we've named the giants.

Move now to the alto saxophones, and we've two automatics: Johnny Hodges and Charlie Parker. Hodges, in his years with Duke Ellington, proved himself a jazz master with his rhapsodic, insinuating tone and singingly lyric ballad style. Parker fostered an entire new school of alto men and blazed broad new trails for all of jazz to follow.

If I had to name the one man who has contributed the most to the mainstream of jazz in the last twenty years, I would unhesitatingly select Parker. He died of a heart attack while this article was being prepared.

Several younger men are beginning to make their talents felt: Leroy Kaminz, Bud Shank, Paul Desmond and others, but they have yet to prove they belong in an All-Time All-Star group.

There is no doubt here when it comes to naming the tenor saxophones. They have to be Coleman Hawkins, Lester Young and Stan Getz.

Hawk dominated the field for years with his big, booming tone that could become soft and tender in a moment. He had no competition at all until Lester Young. Young brought an entirely new



TATUM GILLESPIE

kind of tenor sax to jazz, and became to that instrument what Eldridge was to trumpet—the transition between the “hot” and “cool” schools. With the bell of his horn tilted up at a crazy angle, with his light tone and scorching phrasing, he was the antithesis of Hawkins, who typified solid, steady strength.

And because of Young, a whole batch of tenor stars came forth: Stan Getz, Al Cohn, Zoot Sims, Herb Steward, and many others. But Getz has become the biggest figure with the greatest influence, and he shows a creative mind that can well rank him as one of the true greats for many years to come.

So these are the tenor three: Hawkins, the orator; Young, the rebel, who made a new style stick; Getz the lyricist, who speaks softly, but carries a big, big stick.

Clarinet? There's only one: Benny Goodman. Others deserve recognition: the late Jimmy Nouse and Irving Fazola, Buddy DeFranco, and the upcoming Tony Scott, but there's only one Benny and no one else has ever played clarinet as well.

That gives us trumpets and trombones, our sax section and clarinet. Now we need rhythm. Because men playing rhythm instruments must be both time-keepers and soloists, selections here are more difficult to make. However, let's say Art Tatum on piano, Jimmy Blanton on bass, Charlie Christian on guitar and Jo Jones on drums.

Tatum is the consummate musician who still scares them all after nearly twenty years of eminence. There are many others who might be considered, and Count Basie would head the list if we prepared one, but for this All-Time All-Star Band, we pick Art Tatum for our piano.

Jimmy Blanton's early death cut short a career that could have been fabulous. With a tone that fairly sang, and cut through and lifted any group he was in, with fingers nimble and sensitive, and with a conception that went deep into the roots of jazz, the former Duke Ellington star has never been surpassed. Oscar Pettiford might be a close second, but Blanton's superiority as a section man outweighs Oscar's solo capabilities.

Now take the fine things we've said about Blanton, apply them to Charlie Christian, and you about have it. Though he died in 1942, he left a huge tradition in the short time he was widely heard. It has been carried on well since his death by guitarists like Barney Kessel, Tal Farlow and Jimmy Raney. And we'll have to mention Freddie Greene here, too, who has Basie's ability to weld a band together with his rock-steady, inspiring beat.

I had the most difficult time naming a drummer—there have been so many greats. Sid Catlett, Davey Tough, Buddy Rich, Chick Webb and Max Roach come to mind immediately. But I have to say

Jo Jones, because he proved beyond doubt that he could swing any group with which he worked. He was a major factor in making the Basie band the organization that many consider the greatest big band that has yet come down the pike, and every group he has worked with since has been pushed to peak performances because of his inspiring performance.

These All-Time All-Stars deserve a couple of the best for vocalists and we'd like Frank Sinatra and Ella Fitzgerald to supply the words at this very special jazz session.

The influence of Sinatra's style and phrasing is obvious in the majority of pop male vocalists today. He's the most copied singer around and he can handle a ballad or an up-tempo with equal ease. The band's canary has got to be Ella. There've been a lot of great female jazz vocalists through the years, but Fitzgerald's voice is something very, very special. It's like a musical instrument and the tunes she plays on it are just a little bit better than anyone else has ever been able to do.

And now we need only an arranger to complete our star studded assemblage.

Duke Ellington.

Who else?

And you'd better name him the leader, too.

3



SINATRA

ELDRIDGE



"I thought you had a date with George tonight."

SUCCESSFUL LOVE

In petting, there is no Mason-Dixon line



LEROY NEWMAN

SUSAN CALHOUN THOUGHT that Daddy was an old dear, the dearest dear, although he did make sour remarks sometimes. But it was Mummy who was really keen. She was one in a million, she really was, she understood what it was to be a girl in 1950. Daddums was very sweet too, the soul of kindness, and Mummy would convince him that they would not be in the least mistaken or ill-advised to let their quite attractive daughter go to art school in New York and live in New York City instead of going to college. She was just seventeen, but seventeen was not the bil-and-diaper stage some parents thought it was. She was older than seventeen in the ways of a woman and the world which was more important than anything else for a woman to be if she was a girl. Something was definitely wrong with career girls and career women.

Daddy liked to read books a lot, and he was very clever, very sophisticated, like *New Yorker* cartoons, which made you smile, not laugh, but he certainly did not want her to be a bookworm even if he did want her to go to college. She had overheard by accident what he had said when Mummy first talked to him about her going to art school and living in New York City: Daddums had said that he would have been less surprised if Mother had proposed that Susan become a deep-sea diver or a flaggpole sitter, for he had been under the impression that she probably thought Van Gogh was a foreign car, like the Rolls Royce. She did not know who Van Gogh was, he had cut his ear off because of a beautiful girl, and the lives of the painters were truly fascinating as the teacher said in the art history course at Miss Fletcher's last year. Mother had paused before telling Daddy that Susan probably wanted to have an affair. How had Mother guessed? She was certainly clever and keen, but since the affair was in the future, how had she guessed? Mother's remark left Daddy speechless then, which

By DELMORE SCHWARTZ

fiction

"The mind is very sexy," said Susan.

was the way he always was just before he became dreadfully sarcastic. "Sometimes you make me feel just as I feel when I read the Sunday edition of *The New York Times*," Daddy said then, "contemplating a world I never made, nor desired, nor like, nor trust, and about which no one has ever consulted me." Mother said then, trying her hardest to be diplomatic, "Roger, do be patient with me, I've given Susan a good deal of thought. She is a natural lovable and loving child and she is going to have an affair no matter what we do. All that we can do is to keep her from becoming so serious that the affair ends in a premature marriage, as it will tend to because the child is the soul of respectability: she would certainly get married too soon if she were not free of the sense of respectability which living at home made unavoidable. And when Daddy wanted to know precisely why a young lady of seventeen could not have an affair at college as well as at art school in New York City and particularly since it seemed to be quite customary among many college girls, Mother explained to him that girls at college lived in a community almost as much as they did at home, and Susan's sense of the opinion of other girls might lead to the same disastrous result, since she clearly was an innocent old-fashioned girl.

Susan did not think she was quite as innocent as Mummy thought she was, she did not think she was at all old-fashioned, quite the contrary: and she was absolutely positively certain that she would not rush into marriage. She was going to see life first, and be a woman of the world. But what Mother probably meant was that she was not shrewd, as Mother truly was, nor clever, like Daddy, but she did not want to be; if you thought too much about things, you never had any fun.

Janet Ross's father was just like Mother, he understood what it was like to be a girl in 1950; he took Janet for a drive during Xmas week when she was home from her first term at Fairfield and told her that it would be all right for her to have an affair now, if she knew how to handle it, but did she? Janet's mother was just the opposite. She was a horror from way back, a real pain. She told Janet that she ought not to have an affair even if a lot of the other girls did have affairs, or just because they did. If one really felt like that, one ought to get married, and *until* one felt like that, one ought not to get married and spoil something which should be inherently beautiful and meaningful. Honestly! How could anyone think and talk like that in 1950! Janet did not tell her mother that she had already had a perfectly glorious affair, and a very beautiful one too, and the man was beautiful too and also meaningful. But her mother found out and wrote her a perfectly awful letter about how she had been seen registering in a New York hotel with a man and what would people think of her and her brothers and sisters: honestly: as if anyone gave a hoot. No man who had not lost his marbles expected his

bride to be a virgin in 1950, not after the way he had been playing around before getting ready to march up the aisle with a member of the fair sex.

And Marion Campbell's father had been like Janet's mother, except worse, when Marion brought her young man for a visit to their summer place on the Cape. Nothing had been going on, absolutely nothing, except a little heavy necking, but Papa had been quite impossible; he had shouted at Marion right in front of her young man that she seemed to think her father's house was a third-rate hotel. It was monstrous: and Janet's father was an art critic, too, and still did not know that he was behaving as if we were still in the middle ages. Marion and the young man had been secretly engaged too; it was broken off in the fall, but no one knew that then: *swireel!*

Nancy Calhoun had given a good deal of patient thought to her daughter Susan who was seventeen and very pretty and entirely an infant. Nancy wanted to be a more intelligent mother than other wealthy doting parents. Now was the time to be intelligent, now that Susan wanted to go to live in New York City, wanted to live either in her own apartment or in an apartment with other girls whom she knew slightly. She also wanted to go to art school or *some* kind of school: it was clearly a pretext, but Susan must not perceive that her pretense was transparent.

Susan was an only child. She had always been more of a baby than most children, and perhaps she had been babied too much, but it was too late now to brood about that. She had been terrified by her parents' absence as a child, terrified however brief their departure, however great her attachment to the servants. So Susan's desire to live in New York City could mean only one thing, that her beautiful darling lamb of a daughter wanted to have an affair. She had said last summer, surprising her mother with an attitude wholly unlike the child, that necking did get very boring very soon. But Nancy had not expected the next stage so very soon.

In 1950 the right kind of affair would not hurt Susan and might help her very much: provided she learned to take care of herself and did not take the affair too seriously. Which would probably occur if she stayed at home and had an affair with one of the boys who comprised the local talent and whom Nancy had been at pains to scrutinize sharply.

The dear child had a date with herself, a date which would not keep if caught in the toils and throes of a premature marriage (which was likely enough), and premature motherhood, her own misfortune. Motherhood was even more likely, for Susan would turn to motherhood too soon when astonished and disappointed that the bliss of the honeymoon did not persist forever and ever.

It would be best for her to have a few affairs. Then she would be able to keep her date with herself, then when she

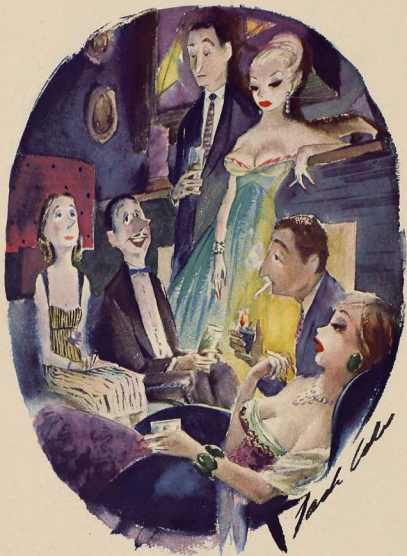
knew what men were like, having seen enough of them, when she knew what she wanted in a man because she had been close enough to know how it was a round-the-clock, weeklong, yearlong life-long problem, not a matter of good manners and a glib tongue, perflage and flirtation, or even deftness in the bedroom.

Roger would have to be persuaded. The best persuasion would be to present Susan's departure as a trial which might be quickly ended if it proved unwise. The dear man assented. In the end, to all his wife's desires and decisions; they were natural phenomena to him like summer, the animals in the zoo, the behavior of the stock market and the necessity of suburban commuting. Like all strangers, like all tourists, he expected the behavior only a native or a veteran needed. And like all fathers and husbands, he insisted upon the masquerade of deference to his paternal attention without any prior or regular attentiveness. . . . It was really tiresome. But Roger was entitled to his foibles and follies like everyone else. Dear Roger! Had there ever been a man so intelligent, clever, and well-educated, yet so unworldly, so foolish, so much the noble savage in the wickedness of civilization?

Intent and intense as Susan had been on living in New York City, it was not at all probable that she had already chosen her young man. It was far more likely that she had chosen the great city to provide the young man, a plentitude of young men. It was best that it should be so. There would be so much chance and so little necessity in Susan's choice of a husband that the simple lamb could hardly help but benefit by being swamped in variety. It was just barely possible that the dear child had already yielded to one of the young men who had been taking her to dances during the past year. And this was precisely the key to the child: that it might be true, she had surrendered, and there was no sign or difference whatever. It showed what she was really like; her dear darling daughter was simple and naive, innocent and old-fashioned, eminently respectable, profoundly conventional. Her respectability was her weakness, the worst part of her innocence. Her innocence was partly impatient: she was impetuous too as only the innocent are. If anything would protect Susan from her own impetuous innocence, it was the freedom and the anonymity of New York: would protect her by giving her, to be blunt about it, sexual satisfaction on a regular basis! She could not have this arrangement with complete impunity in a suburb or at a school in a small town.

Roger Calhoun thought that his wife was probably right about Susan. Whether or not she was, he was certainly wrong: since as a young man he had known nothing of the young lady of the era of his youth, he certainly knew nothing whatever now about what it was like to be a young lady in 1950. Nancy's point of view impinged upon him as cold.

(continued overleaf)



"I have it: let's swap wives."

blooded and calculating, but perhaps it was merely her tone, or merely his paternal sentimentality. Still and all, it was always all too easy to be too cold-blooded, calculating, and rational about questions of the heart. But was it a question of the heart, regarded in Nancy's light?

It was hardly a year since, while having a quiet drink at the club with Ben Stanton, that Ralph Cox had come over and asked both of them just exactly what one did when one's daughter began to sleep with innumerable young men? Ben who had two sons and three daughters answered immediately that one did nothing; what could one do? Ralph Cox went off shaking his head, silent. Ben had spoken to them of his nephew Arthur who was nothing if not a typical young man. He worked at being typical. Now as it happened Arthur had recently been on a week-end house party with his sister and in the midst of it, carelessly, he had entered the wrong bedroom to find his sister in *flagrant delicto* (flagrantly delighted) said Ben caustically with a young man who was a good friend of Arthur's. "Oh, I beg your pardon!" Arthur had said, mortified, and turned and shut the bedroom door carefully and quietly. Questioned by his uncle, Arthur had said in an offhand way that no gentleman would act otherwise. When Ben remained dissatisfied, his nephew added that he himself had successfully pursued the sisters of his friends: protest would be preposterous and no one ever felt moved to protest: this was not the nineteenth century. One chap had been furious because his sister had been left on the hook by her young man who was too tired and too drunk. The brother requested the tired young man to join his sister in her bedroom, which showed clearly the conception of family duty and honor which prevailed. "We can't halt the course of history," Ben had concluded, which was precisely his resigned comment when Roosevelt had been elected for the third and the fourth time. His tone was a little grandiloquent, but Roger recognized that the cause was the same: he was equally disturbed by the New Deal and the dalliance of his daughters. He had also remarked to Roger that when they had known youth, early in the twentieth century, there had been nice girls and bad girls: now the double standard had been succeeded by open house. A young lady was afraid to hurt the young man's feelings by refusing to jump into bed with him: she had only one justifiable and acceptable reason for refusing, the fact that she was jumping into bed with some other young man.

Nancy was probably right about Susan. Nancy was not at all unconventional and she would not advocate unconventional behavior on Susan's part. She was profoundly practical and her proposal had a practical purpose: his middle-aged feelings must be mistaken: it was much like the strangeness which had shocked him most of all the previous summer when, reading in his study, he had heard Susan at midnight with her beau on the

porch swing, the two of them first licking ice cream cones, then beginning to spoon with no prelude of flirtation as if the spooning were part of a mechanical routine.

"Golly, you have a beautiful pair of knockers!" the young man declared very soon, his utterance inspired by the concreteness of immediate experience. A beautiful pair of knockers was a delightful phrase, in a way; Roger would have been delighted by it in a novel, as he knew very well. When a second beau during the same week told his daughter that she had quite a milk fund, he argued with himself that it was merely a question of speech. Among the young men of his own generation, purity of speech had been directly connected with morbidity of feeling. He had misgivings about Susan's being generous and intimate with more than one man, but it was ridiculous to expect her to be fixed upon her true love at fifteen. Doubtless the child thought of herself as trying to be fair and impartial!

At the beginning of that summer Roger Calhoun had been unable to imagine what the young people found to converse about, assuming that conversation ever occurred. "Hi!" said the young man when he arrived. "Hi!" said Susan. When the young man departed, he said: "So long," and Susan chirped: "See you!" Who would have believed that the two had been intimate all evening, concerned with beautiful knockers and prolonged kisses?

After Roger had listened for the first time to his daughter and her beau on the porch swing, he had apologized to her for listening. Susan answered him that she did not mind in the least, which at once reassured and astonished him. He had continued to listen, uneasy about eavesdropping. But his daughter's disavowal supported the curiosity which astonishment awakened and perplexity intensified in him. "You send me," one of Susan's four beaux avowed on a brilliant breathless summer night. "And you, kind sir, send me," Susan responded sweetly. "Honestly, I get a big kick out of you." Sometimes there was a mock cluck of eggs: taunting and teasing preceded the comparative silence of petting: "You are a complete cluck," Susan declared. "So are you," her witty knight countered. "No, I am not," Susan said with heat. "Then neither am I," the young man replied in a tone of greater heat which suggested a conviction of his own brilliance of wit and repartee.

During the course of the summer, the conversation had grown more extended and complex. The young man arrived with jokes as with bouquets or boxes of candy. "Wait until you hear this one," the young man said, impatient and triumphant. "Don't keep me suspended," the beautiful Susan answered. "Man goes into hotel," the beau began, "clerk asks: 'Want a room with running water?'" "No, I never sleep with Indians!" says the man." Susan and her young man were then mastered by convulsions of mirth. The theme of the hotel was popular. "Beautiful lady," said the young man,

"arrives at a hotel. Says to desk clerk: 'I would like a room and a bath.'" "You can have a room," says the clerk, "but, lady, you will have to bathe yourself!" Susan was overwhelmed, the patient perplexed father felt that he must entertain the possibility of the wrongness of his point of view. He had soon remarked that Susan was most amused when a young lady was a leading character in the story: it was then that she was most likely to declare that the story was not only delirious, but devastating. "You just murder me!" she said on the eve of Labor Day in the course of entertaining the most comical of her young men.

Roger Calhoun concluded that his feelings were foolish. He was what he had been, a romantic snob. His youth had been paralyzed by tormented shyness. He had shuddered, adoring the blessed damozel, long since out-moded: if he let himself go his middle-aged mind would give way to the expectation that Susan's suitors would arrive on horseback, knights in mail and clanking armor, armed with ardent and courtly poems in the best chivalric modes. He had been sixteen when he first regretted that knighthood was in flower no more; and now, long past fifty, his daughter's angelic countenance, angelic and cherubic because she was simple and naive, revived the mores of his adolescent reveries in which the blessed damozel had looked down from an azure distance, infinite and unattainable, at the purity and seriousness, the devotion and dedication of a very shy young man.

The idea of going to art school in New York City was quite definitely enchanting to Susan Calhoun. She knew almost nothing about painting, but she did like to look at paintings; it was most enjoyable. But she was certainly intrigued with the prospect of knowing painters, to judge by what she had heard about an artist's life. Artists were interesting people, very clever and amusing, and had interesting parties, and they knew that making love was one of the most important things in life, but they were not stupid and stuffy about it. It must be quite enthralling to sit in a life class when a girl model posed in the nude: how did a girl feel when for the first time she posed in the beautiful altogether in front of so many men who were looking straight at her? She was sure that she herself would be quite embarrassed merely when she was just a student in a life class and a girl stood nude in front of the class.

Some people were very strange. Gloria's cousin Phoebe had shocked her whole family and everyone at school when she offered to pose in the nude in the art class one day when the model did not arrive. Gloria said that Phoebe said that you get used to it almost immediately, right after the first five minutes, because you see that you might just as well be an old wornout sofa to everyone staring at you. Phoebe did get used to the nude so quickly that she lost interest and decided to become a nurse,

(continued on page 32)

BY THOMAS MARIO

playboy's food & drink editor

THE CORDIAL CUP OF COFFEE

an appreciative essay



FOR SIX HUNDRED YEARS, professional bamboozlers have been warning people about the evil effects of coffee. Centuries ago men were told it would make them sterile. Women were cautioned to avoid the wicked shot of caffeine unless they wanted to be barren. But above all, the dark brown brew would fill one's nights with shivery shakes and forever ruin one's sleep.

It's high time to recognize that what counts is not what coffee does to your sleep but what sleep does to your coffee.

Any bus boy bringing a banker his morning stutle of coffee can tell how the old financier slept by his reaction to it. The brew will be the same mixture of Bogota and Java the customer has drunk for twenty years. The raw coffee beans have been roasted the same way for two decades, ground as always, brewed in the same urn by the same pantryman. And yet if the banker suffered an unexpected loss the day before on some gilt-edged debentures that suddenly turned sour, and if he spent a night in sorry befuddlement, his customary morning coffee will necessarily taste like a cup of pure mud.

Observe the type of gadabout who spends sixty-four dollars for a pair of tickets to the latest musical on Broadway and who then takes his companion on a champagne bender from the El Mo-

rocco to the Stork Club to the Versailles. He continues to fête her only to discover when he reaches her apartment that the girl whom he hoped would be such a sweet side dish turns out to be a cold storage chicken who won't even let him unbutton his vest. Watch that guy drinking coffee the next morning. He'll bark at the waiter like blood and thunder. His coffee will taste like the mark of soapy water run through three clothes washings.

Then take the all-too-common example of the *bon vivant* who swills down eight Martinis before eating a midnight supper of anchovy canapes, fried clams, French fried potatoes, tartar sauce and mince pie à la mode. During the supper he drinks five bottles of ale. After supper he absorbs eight brandies, six highballs and eleven assorted liqueurs. He starts to drink his twelfth liqueur when he is pronounced unconscious. The taxi driver hauls him into his room where he is put in a horizontal position and sleeps the sleep of the damned. Hours later when he awakens, he shouts for black coffee. It may be good black coffee, but with the first sip of it he twists his neck violently like a man trying to escape from the hangman's noose. He tries another gulp and then demands to know why they are giving him enshaming fluid instead of the

coffee he ordered.

The opposite situation is just as common. Watch the behavior of the young man who is only out of Harvard three years and who wakes up one fine morning to find his picture in the financial section of the *New York Times*. Could he possibly complain of the friendly brew as it goes smoothly down his happy throat?

Or, how about the young fellow who becomes engaged and finally marries the girl not knowing whether the law to whom he has pledged his troth will turn out to be a happy playmate or just a legalized yoke. On his honeymoon he discovers that she is actually a woman of infinite resources, imagination and humor. He will sleep like a chestnut, and wake up, bounding into the dining room, to drink the draught of the happy gods, a cup of good coffee with sweet cream and sugar.

These phenomena have, of course, been recognized in the restaurant industry for years. Any captain in a large hotel or club dining room will confirm the fact that the favorite time for complaints about coffee is at the cold gray dawn of breakfast rather than at lunch or dinner. Every waiter knows that at 7:00 A. M. the taste buds are still semi-conscious and that while patrons will occasionally grumble about the boiled

eggs, the toast or the oatmeal, by far the greatest amount of grousing is saved for the coffee.

Conversely, any experienced waiter will be able to spot the fellow who has awakened still obviously remembering an incredibly smooth skin and full lips unable to separate from his own. The servant will recognize the gentleman's refreshing mood as the kind that inspired Milton to write about coffee in *Comus*.

"... one sip of this
Will bathe the drooping spirits
In delight
Beyond the bliss of dreams."

Some people, like University of Chicago's Professor Nathaniel Kleitman, will try to tell you that coffee's notorious stay-awake qualities are all in the mind. Kleitman divided some volunteer students into two test groups, poured coffee into one group and milk into another, and watched how they slept. The coffee drinkers slept badly; the milk drinkers snoozed like logs. The only hitch was that the wily Prof had secretly spiked the milk with more caffeine than coffee contains. PLAYBOY timidly suggests that it may depend upon the individual nervous system.

The very fact that coffee can keep some people awake is what makes it such a magnificent drink. What is proclaimed as its fault turns out to be its virtue. Anyone from the pilot in his cockpit to the author at his desk will agree that while the night may have been intended for sleeping, the daytime was planned for wakefulness.

The very first coffee ever brewed was discovered by an Arabian abbot in charge of a group of sleepy monks who couldn't keep awake during the evening religious rites. A goatherd from the hills had brought to the abbot's attention some wild berries which his goats had eaten and which caused them to be unusually playful. The berries were the green seeds of the plant which we now know as *Coffea Arabica*.

The abbot was a venturesome fellow. He boiled the strange beans in water and concocted a novel and extremely pleasing beverage. The monks who were served the festive drink were not only wowed off their wooden seats but stayed awake and prayed happily ever after.

Both the goats and the monks discovered that coffee was not only a stimulant but a form of pleasure, like a girl, a good joke or a gay bottle of wine. The blue noses therefore got busy and condemned, denounced and prohibited it.

As coffee drinking spread from Arabia to Turkey to Venice to France and finally to the New World, it enjoyed a checkered career, being alternately welcomed as man's most hospitable drink and damned because it was liquid joy, and therefore, a moral danger. In Turkey, for instance, during the Sixteenth Century, coffee houses were opened on every street corner. A Turkish woman, according to the law of the day, could divorce her husband if he

failed to provide her with enough coffee. But the authorities discovered that the male Turk not only drank coffee in his coffee house but also played the tambourine and generally had a good time. And authorities are notorious foes of The Good Time.

Coffee houses and coffee making in Turkey were prohibited, only to give rise to a swarm of coffee speakies where the outlawed brew again flowed in large volume. Like a later Prohibition in a more advanced state, the Turkish edict eventually had to be rescinded. Coffee houses returned by the thousands and travelers to Turkey told how the Turks, now on a grand national coffee jag, spent more money on their coffee than Parisians spent on their wine. The average Turk drank twenty cups of coffee a day. If he was the sort of citizen who suffered from insomnia, he would drink a cup of coffee before bedtime and then snore strong tobacco until he became drowsy and fell asleep.

Coffee historians describe how a similar battle took place in Sweden between those who loved coffee and those who thought it was an evil and a threat to health. King Gustav III settled the fracas in truly objective scientific fashion. Identical twins had been sentenced to death for murder. Gustav ordered their sentences commuted to life imprisonment if the men would agree to a scientific test. One was to be given large doses of coffee and the other large doses of tea. The twins and the Swedes waited and waited. Finally at the tender age of 83 the tea drinker died. The Swedes now enjoy one of the highest per capita consumptions of coffee in the world.

Frederick the Great of Prussia tried to eliminate coffee drinking because of the large amount of money that went to foreign exporters. "My people must drink beer," Frederick stormed in one of his manifestos. "His Majesty was brought up on beer and so were his ancestors and his officers." But the people kept on drinking the tasty product of the little brown berry. Frederick tried to change their habits by making it fashionable to drink coffee from expensive chinaware. One of his recipes for coffee included not only coffee and water but also champagne and mustard. Finally in 1781 he gave up the fight but made the coffee business a royal monopoly from which he collected enormous tribute.

Among those who disagreed vehemently with Frederick and the anti-coffee crowd was a musician who had been invited to Frederick's court, Johann Sebastian Bach. The great composer was so riled by the stories claiming that coffee would make one sterile that he wrote his *Coffee Cantata* published in Leipzig in 1732. In this composition Bach tells the story of a slovenly father who threatens to break off his daughter's marriage unless the girl gives up her habit of coffee drinking. The girl agrees to renounce coffee only to charge her mind at the last minute when her mother and grandmother reveal that they have always been invertebrate coffee

drinkers and who can, therefore, blame the daughter?

Johann Sebastian Bach was the father of twenty children.

One can almost imagine how the French people, the most civilized sensualists in the world, would react to coffee. The greatest French satirist, Voltaire, limited himself to seventy cups a day. When Maria Theresa married into the French royal family in the Seventeenth Century, she counted the coffee beans as part of her dowry. Among the earliest of the chain coffee drinkers were two famous mistresses of Louis XV. Portraits in oil of Louis' playmates, Madame de Pompadour and Madame Du Barry, show both of these girls drinking java from demi-tasse cups.

Coffee lovers have long since ceased to think about good and evil in the magic brown bean. They do know, however, that their daily drink is an excitant that revives their tired muscles, warms their hearts and liven's their brains.

Knowing playboys have discovered that a good cup of coffee doesn't necessarily depend on the price but much more on freshness. Professional coffee tasters, for instance, ask when coffee was roasted, when it was ground and when it was brewed. For after each of these steps the volatile magic which is the coffee flavor slowly disappears into the air.

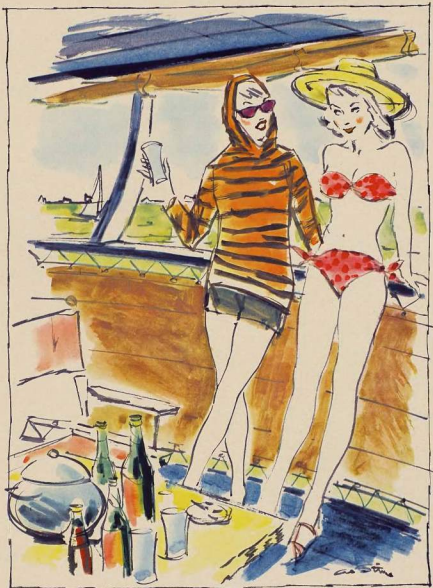
Years ago fresh coffee was delivered to restaurants and hotels each day just like bread or milk. When the coffee boy brought his bags of coffee into the storeroom, the chef ran to feel the bags to make sure they were still warm to the touch, indicating that the coffee was roasted only a half-hour or an hour earlier. The coffee was rushed to the waiting pantryman who opened the bags and smelled the heavenly fragrance for which no words were adequate.

When you open a pound of vacuum packed coffee these days, it has the same original freshness the moment you take off the lid. But after you've used it once or twice, and the pound of coffee has been exposed to the air, oxidation dots its dirty work. If you could use the whole pound of coffee at one time, you'd enjoy all the original coffee goodness. For most bachelors this is obviously impractical.

The average fellow keeping his own apartment doesn't want to burden his kitchen drawer with utensils such as rotary egg beaters, needles for sewing poultry, basting syringes and other furnishings. But if he invested a few dollars in a small hand coffee grinder, and if he bought his coffee beans whole, and if he ground the coffee while his playmate waited in the living room, he would always be able to produce the kind of magnificent night cap that both soothes and stimulates at the same time.

Any child can brew coffee, and PLAYBOY is not offering a primer on how to do it. But there are certain things to remember and certain things to avoid.

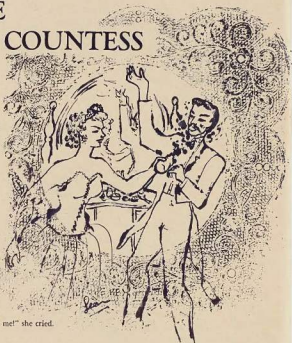
As far as coffee-makers are concerned, PLAYBOY finds that the glass utensils
(concluded on page 46)



"The honeymoon turned out so nice we decided to get married."

THE COSTLY COUNTESS

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



"Do not come near me!" she cried.

A BIG FIRE WAS BURNING, and the tea table was set for two. The Count de Sallure threw his hat, gloves and fur coat on a chair, while the countess, who had removed her opera cloak, was smiling amiably at herself in the glass and arranging a few stray curls with her jeweled fingers. Her husband had been looking at her for the past few minutes, as if on the point of saying something, but hesitating; finally he said:

"You have flirted outrageously to-night!" She looked him straight in the eyes with an expression of triumph and defiance on her face.

"Why, certainly," she answered. She sat down, poured out the tea, and her husband took his seat opposite her.

"It made me look quite ridiculous!"

"Is this a scene?" she asked, arching her brows. "Do you mean to criticize my conduct?"

"Oh no. I only meant to say that Monsieur Burel's attentions to you were positively improper, and if I had the right—I would not tolerate it."

"Why, my dear boy, what has come over you? You must have changed your views since last year. You did not seem to mind who courted me and who did not a year ago. When I found out that

you had a mistress, a mistress whom you loved passionately, I pointed out to you then, as you did me tonight (but I had good reasons), that you were compromising yourself and Madame de Servy, that your conduct grieved me and made me look ridiculous; what did you answer me? That I was perfectly free, that marriage between two intelligent people was simply a partnership, a sort of social bond, but not a moral bond. Is it not true? You gave me to understand that your mistress was far more captivating than I, that she was more womanly; that is what you said: 'more womanly.' Of course you said all this in a very nice way, and I acknowledge that you did your best to spare my feelings, for which I am very grateful to you, I assure you, but I understand perfectly what you meant.

"We then decided to live practically separated; that is, under the same roof but apart from each other. We had a child, and it was necessary to keep up appearances before the world, but you intimated that if I chose to take a lover you would not object in the least, providing it was kept secret. You even made a long and very interesting discourse on the cleverness of women in such cases;

how well they could manage such things, and so on. I understood perfectly, my dear boy. You loved Madame de Servy very much at that time, and my conjugal—legal—affection was an impediment to your happiness, but since then we have lived on the very best of terms. We go out in society together, it is true, but here in our own house we are complete strangers. Now for the past month or two you act as if you were jealous, and I do not understand it."

"I am not jealous, my dear," replied the count, "but you are so young, so impulsive, that I am afraid you will expose yourself to the world's criticisms."

"You make me laugh! Your conduct would not bear a very close scrutiny. You had better not preach what you do not practice."

"Do not laugh, I pray. This is no laughing matter. I am speaking as a friend, a true friend. As to your remarks, they are very much exaggerated."

"Not at all. When you confessed to me your infatuation for Madame de Servy, I took it for granted that you authorized me to imitate you. I have not done so."

"Allow me to —"

"Do not interrupt me. I repeat, I have

not done so. I have no lover—as yet. I am looking for one, but I have not found one to suit me. He must be very nice—nicer than you are—that is a compliment, but you do not seem to appreciate it.

"This joking is entirely uncalled for."
"I am not joking at all; I am in dead earnest. I have not forgotten a single word of what you said to me a year ago, and when it pleases me to do so, no matter what you may say or do, I shall take a lover. I shall do it without your even suspecting it—you will be none the wiser—like a great many others."

"How can you say such things?"
"How can I say such things? But, my dear boy, you were the first one to laugh

are complete strangers."

"Please do not get angry; I could not help it; you look so lovely tonight."

"Then I must have improved wonderfully."

"You look positively charming; your arms and shoulders are beautiful, and your skin —"

"Would captivate Monsieur Burel."

"How mean you are! But really, I do not recall ever having seen a woman as captivating as you are."

"You must have been fasting lately."

"Why—what do you mean?"

"I mean just what I say. You must have fasted for some time, and now you are famished. A hungry man will eat things which he will not eat at any other time. I am the neglected—dish, which you would not mind eating tonight."

"Marguerite! Whoever taught you to say those things?"

"You did. To my knowledge you have had four mistresses. Actresses, society women, even courtesans, so how can I explain your sudden fancy for me, except by your long fast?"

"You will think me rude, brutal, but I have fallen in love with you for the second time. I love you madly!"

"Well, well! Then you—wish to —"

"Exactly."

"Tonight?"

"Oh, Marguerite!"

"There, you are scandalized again. My dear boy, let us talk quietly. We are strangers, are we not? I am your wife, it is true, but I am—free. I intended to engage my affection elsewhere, but I will give you the preference, providing—I receive the same compensation."

"I do not understand you; what do you mean?"

"I will speak more clearly. Am I as good looking as your mistresses?"

"A thousand times better."

"Better than the nicest one?"

"Yes, a thousand times."

"How much did she cost you in three months?"

"Really—what on earth do you mean?"

"I mean, how much did you spend on the costliest of your mistresses, in jewelry, carriages, suppers, in three months?"

"How do I know?"

"You ought to know. Let us say, for instance, five thousand francs a month—is that about right?"

"Yes—about that."

"Well, my dear boy, give me five thousand francs and I will be yours for a month, beginning from tonight."

"Marguerite! Are you crazy?"

"No, I am not, but just as you say. Good night!"

The countess entered her boudoir. A vague perfume permeated the whole room. The count appeared in the doorway.

"How lovely it smells in here!"

"Do you think so? I always use *Peau d'Espagne*; I never use any other perfume."

"Really? I did not notice—it is lovely."

"Possibly, but be kind enough to go; I want to go to bed."

"Marguerite!"

"Will you please go?"

The count came in and sat on a chair.

Said the countess: "You will not go? Very well."

She slowly took off her gown, revealing her smooth arms and neck, then she lifted her arms above her head to loosen her hair.

The count took a step toward her.

Said the countess: "Do not come near me or I shall get angry, do you hear?"

He caught her in his arms and tried to kiss her. She quickly took a bottle of cologne and dashed its contents into his face.

He was incensed. He stepped back a few paces and murmured:

"How stupid of you!"

"Perhaps—but you know my conditions—five thousand francs!"

"Preposterous!"

"Why, pray?"

"Why? Because—whenever heard of a man paying his wife?"

"Oh! How horribly rude you are!"

"I suppose I am rude, but I repeat, the idea of paying one's wife is preposterous! Positively stupid!"

"Is it not much worse to pay a mistress? It certainly would be stupid when you have a wife at home."

"That may be, but I do not wish to be ridiculous."

The countess sat down on the bed and took off her stockings, revealing her bare, pink feet.

The count approached a little nearer and said tenderly:

"What an odd idea of yours, Marguerite!"

"What idea?"

"To ask me for five thousand francs!"

"Odd? Why should it be odd? Are we not strangers? You say you are in love with me; all well and good. You cannot marry me, as I am already your wife, so you buy me. *Mon Dieu!* Have you not bought other women? Is it not much better to give me that money than to a strange woman who would squander it? Come, you will acknowledge that it is a novel idea to actually pay your own wife!

An intelligent man like you ought to see how amusing it is; besides, a man never really loves anything unless it costs him a lot of money. It would add new zest to our—conjugal love, by comparing it with your—illegitimate love. Am I not right?"

She went toward the bell.

"Now then, sir, if you do not go I will ring for my maid!"

The count stood perplexed, displeased, and suddenly taking a handful of bank notes out of his pocket, he threw them at his wife, saying:

"Here is the money, you witch, but remember —"

The countess picked up the money, counted it and said: "Remember what?"

"You must not get used to it."

She burst out laughing and said to him:

"Five thousand francs each month, or else I shall send you back to your mistresses. And if you are pleased with me—I shall ask for more."

RIBALD CLASSIC

when Madame de Gers joked about poor, unsuspecting Monsieur de Servy."

"That might be, but it is not becoming language for you."

"Indeed! You thought it a good joke when it concerned Monsieur de Servy, but you do not find it so appropriate when it concerns you. What a queer lot men are! However, I am not fond of talking about such things; I simply mentioned it to see if you were ready."

"Ready—for what?"

"Ready to be deceived. When a man gets angry on hearing such things he is not quite ready. I wager that in two months you will be the first one to laugh if I mention a deceived husband to you. It is generally the case when you are the deceived one."

"Upon my word, you are positively rude tonight; I have never seen you that way."

"Yes—I have changed—for the worse, but it is your fault."

"Come, my dear, let us talk seriously. I beg of you, I implore you not so let Monsieur Burel court you as he did tonight."

"You are jealous; I knew it."

"No, no, but I do not wish to be looked upon with ridicule, and if I catch that man devouring you with his eyes like he did tonight—I—I will thrash him!"

"Could it be possible that you are in love with me?"

"Why not? I am sure I could do much worse."

"Thanks, I am sorry for you—because I do not love you any more."

The count got up, walked around the tea table and, going behind his wife, he kissed her quickly on the neck. She sprang up and with flashing eyes said: "How dare you do that? Remember, we are absolutely nothing to each other; we



"This is Mr. Borden. From now on he'll be going in half with me on your rent, clothing and other expenses."

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The best dressed woman at a recent society ball was the lovely Miss Agnes S. Stevens, whose gown was cut so low in back it revealed her initials.



A wealthy gentleman was badly bitten by bugs while riding on a certain railway line. Arriving at his destination, he wrote the company an indignant letter and received a prompt reply. It was, said the letter, the first complaint the company had ever had of this nature. Inquiry had failed to reveal any explanation for this unprecedented occurrence. Nevertheless, a number of new precautions were being taken to make absolutely certain such an unfortunate incident never happened again. The letter was signed by a high official of the railway.

The gentleman was well satisfied with this reply and was returning it to its envelope when a slip of paper fell out onto the floor. The hastily scribbled note on it read: "Send this guy the bug letter."

The evening had been going very well, but now, at the crucial moment, the girl wouldn't let the playboy into her apartment. Her excuse was thin: "My roommate's home."

Bitter, her date said, "In other words, I'm supposed to ignore this door mat that says *Welcome?*" "Of course, silly," she laughed. "There certainly isn't room enough for us on that!"

The young bride's mother had some old-fashioned ideas of marriage and passed them on to her daughter. "Never let your husband see you in the nude," she advised. "You should always wear something."

"Yes, Mother," replied the obedient girl.

Two weeks after the wedding, the girl and her brand-new hus-

band were preparing to retire when the fellow asked, "Dear, has there ever been any insanity in your family?"

"Not that I know of," she answered. "Why?"

"Well," said her husband, "we've been married two weeks now and every night you've worn that silly hat to bed."

From London comes the story of the three professors of literature who, while returning from luncheon, encountered several ladies of pleasure who were patrolling the street *en masse*. "What might one call such a congregation?" mused the first professor, a Shakespearean specialist: "A fearless of strumpets?"

The second professor, being an authority on the novels of Anthony Trollope, naturally contributed "A chapter of trollops."

But the best description, we think, came from the youngest and least specialized of the professors. He called the ladies "an anthology of pro's."



"Will you have a drink?" the young man asked.

"I don't drink," his date replied.

"May I offer you a cigarette?" "I don't smoke," she said.

"Would you be interested in going up to my apartment, putting a little mood music on the phonograph, and . . ." She answered by slapping his face.

"I don't suppose you eat hay either," he said, musing his jaw.

"Well hardly," she said icily.

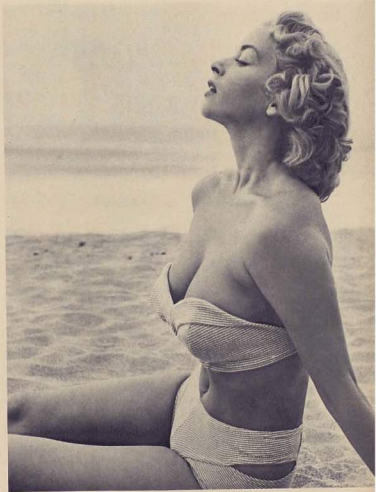
"Just as I thought," he sighed. "Not fit company for man or beast."

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.





E V E



We won't attempt to tell you all about Eve. We'll mention only that she is a model selected as this month's Playmate and that all of these photographs were taken by her husband, Russ Meyer. Beyond that, we'll let the pictures speak for themselves.

















MISS JUNE

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



RONALD SEARLE is one of England's very best cartoonists. His drawings appear regularly in *Punch* and he's most famous for his Charles Addams-like inhabitants of a girl's school named St. Trinians. Americans are getting a chance to meet these girls in a recently released film titled, *The Belles of St. Trinians*, starring Alastair Sim, and Alfred A. Koopf has published a book of his choicest cartoons called *The Female Approach*.



"There's a 毛 in my 饅頭件."



FROM SEARLE'S SKETCHBOOK



"Lovely morning, Mr. Westhouse . . ."



"Very well, Mr. Smith, we agree to your terms. You back our film 'The Life of Lord Nelson' and your friend gets the title role."

shocking her fairly still more, but soon after Phoebe had her first affair with a middle-aged man of thirty-eight, old enough to be her grandfather, and forgot all about modeling and nursing. Phoebe told Gloria that sex was not all it was cracked up to be. It was quite enjoyable but nothing terrific or stupendous. But Phoebe changed her mind very rapidly when she had her second affair, this time with a man who practically had one shoulder in the grave, but he was very experienced, Phoebe told Gloria, her whole belly shook with delicious quivers and shivers, and she hardly knew just what she was doing. Gloria said that Phoebe said that the best thing in a way was that after making love like that you did not think of sex for the next few days at least and you felt good at the same time, very good about everything, and patient, and full of energy.

Phoebe was obsessed with sex and when Susan heard about Phoebe's experiences, she felt obsessed with sex, too, so it was definitely something if Phoebe did not think of sex at all for several days because she usually thought of nothing else. Some girls at school said that Phoebe was a nympho, and it was incredible that any girl not a nympho should let a man as old and decrepit as that put his hands on her, to say nothing of Phoebe's great enthusiasm about him. She said to Gloria quite seriously that he played her like a piano, she was not joking at all: that was how Phoebe had met him; piano lessons. He was a pianist and Phoebe claimed that only a man of that age had the experience to teach you while the men of your own age are just jackrabbits, it's all over practically before you're begun to respond. Personally Susan herself would rather stay ignorant. She would probably vomit if a man more than thirty made love to her, the very idea disgusted her. But Phoebe said that young men knew as little as girls did, and you never found out anything from other girls at all the ball sessions at school; you did find out something about pleasing a man, but not about pleasing yourself: which was basically what a man wanted, believe it or not, and which gave all concerned the wonderful unbelievable feeling you never got from necking. Phoebe insisted that necking was nothing; it just made you nervous.

Susan just adored necking sometimes, no matter what Phoebe said. She sometimes had too much of it, but usually she liked it so much that she had had some pretty close escapes and nothing really important happened not because she stopped but because the boy stopped. That boy from the South had stopped and said it would be dishonorable not to stop and he had been so polite, he had said May I? before he even touched her each time, and the Lord knows he had taken so long to ask permission that she thought she would blow up, she was so excited by his kisses.

Susan was intensely piercingly bored with this having to stop; it was an awful

nuisance. There were eight million human beings in New York City and it was hardly possible that she would not find at least one real and attractive man there willing to take her on. She would give herself exactly three months; if none of the painters at art school took an interest in her, she would go out and pick up the first truckdriver that whistled at her, and she would not tell him the facts to begin with because truckdrivers might be honorable like Southerners too.

Susan was installed in a New York apartment and at art school when the winter term began. The apartment was inhabited by Rita and Consuelo, two girls who were studying art and archeology at Columbia. They were five years older than Susan, which was the reason that Mother had chosen their apartment. They were highbrows, but nevertheless had an enormous number of dates.

Susan had never before existed in a state of such continual delight. The climax came after only a week at art school when Anthony Boyd who looked like a Greek god except with pitch-black hair asked her for lunch. She had been afraid that she might get impatient and get involved with her second choice since she had looked at Anthony Boyd directly in the face all the time in class but he never batted an eyelash at her while her second choice kept staring at her as if she were his dream of dreams, a cover girl or a Hollywood starlet.

"Why did you ask me to lunch, Mr. Boyd?" Susan asked in her most aloof tone when they were seated in the lunchroom to which he had taken her.

"Call me Tony," the young man said in a commanding tone, a tone which thrilled Susan.

"Tony," said Susan with a little effort, "tell me the reason that you selected me with all the beautiful girls and models right in front of your naked eyes."

"Do I have to have a reason?" said Tony. Since the chick had to be flattered, he had better not tell her that he had noticed her only because she had gaped at him, starry-eyed, all week long. "It's just natural; you're a girl. I'm a man, we have to eat or we'll starve, so we go to lunch and get acquainted."

He spoke in a gruff husky voice which was so cute and so attractive that Susan forgot the compliment which she had sought.

"I am glad that you did, anyway," said Susan, "whatever your reason may have been." She glowed, looking at his handsome face, and thinking he must have a strong physique, judging by the shoulders.

"Look, I told you," said Tony. "I had no reason. I'm not one of those guys who have to analyze everything all the time. I just keep doing what comes naturally and it certainly pays off. All that brainwork is a big waste of time. Guys who analyze the reasons for everything can't do anything else."

"I never liked reading much either," said Susan, feeling that Tony and she

had much in common and felt that same way about life.

"I bet you didn't," said Tony with conviction. "It's the wallflowers who belong on the wall paper who get the over-developed brains; they're all fatheads with all their fancy talk."

Susan cherished this assertion as a compliment of a kind, for it meant that she was not a wallflower, although so far, technically, she might just as well have been.

"How about dinner dutch tonight?" Tony said at the entrance to the art school. Susan was afraid that she might seem too eager, but she was too delighted with Tony to refuse and too impatient to play the coquette; anyone would know that Tony did not fall for that sort of thing.

Susan soon saw Tony almost all the time, at lunch and at dinner too. He was not only very handsome and strong, but he had an absolute confidence in himself which Susan perceived was resented by the other students. They thought he was too cocky, they thought he was conceited, arrogant, and cheeky, but Susan adored these traits and thought that some of the others must just be jealous because Tony was a real man and very confident and very handsome and the most gifted student. He talked with a Tenth Avenue accent and he lived in a New York slum until drafted by the army. But the tough accent made him just like George Raft, Humphrey Bogart, James Cagney, John Garfield, Spencer Tracy, all the wonderful stars who played tough guy cabdrivers, mechanics, gunners, and gangsters in the pictures. She had long worshiped them from afar; now she knew one of them in person, in the flesh.

Tony told Susan during the first week at dinner how he had come to be a painter. He always liked drawing, even as a kid in school, but until he was drafted it didn't occur to him that he might become a painter himself. At the army post in Kansas some other G.I. had won first prize and five thousand bucks in a big art show competition. The guy had been a serious painter until drafted, and had nothing else to do with the dough, what else was there to do with five thousand bucks, deep in the heart of Kansas, so he bought five thousand simoleons worth of war bonds. Which the commanding officer heard about, and when the C.O. heard that this well-heeled probably famous boy was fighting the Axis mainly by peeling potatoes and acting as chauffeur for the Captain's laundry, he thought it was a disgrace to the army, and soon had him transferred to the war correspondents corps, where he diddled away for the duration drawing sketches of the scenes of war. The magic of being a painter astonished Tony: he had never seen anything like it.

"That's for me, I said to myself when I heard about it," he told Susan who did not really understand what he was saying, apart from his superb confidence and ambition. "As soon as I was let out of the army I took advantage of the G.I.

(continued on page 36)

satire

HOW TO HANDLE YOUR ADVERTISING AGENCY

*tips to the business exec
on keeping his agency in line*

BY SHEPHERD MEAD



MOST BUSINESSMEN MUST advertise, and therefore—whether you like it or not!—you may be forced at one time or another to come in contact with an advertising agency.

You have only to read current fiction to know that all agencies are made up of people of low moral fiber. They would naturally drift into this business with its promises of quick, easy money, its tinselled glamour, and its appeal to the primitive human instincts. Be on your guard!

Beware of "CREATIVE" PEOPLE

Advertising agencies are forced to hire so-called "creative" people. They are artists, writers, musicians, radio and

television directors, and the like.

They are sure to give you trouble. It may look as though they are thinking about your problem, but they are not. The writers are thinking about the books they plan to write exposing advertising (and probably you); the artists are wondering if they could earn a living making batiks or painting sweet peas on teacups; and the musicians are mentally inserting you into a tone poem as a discordant squeal.

You will find it difficult even to speak their language.

The agency has tried to make it easy for you by keeping you away from these people. It has provided keepers or overseers called Account Executives.

They are hired for their rugged good looks, their flair for wearing clothes, and their skill—sometimes brutal but always effective—in handling creative people.

They know exactly how far an artist or writer will bend without breaking. Make them your friends! Profit by their experience! They will be "your kind of people."

Fight Fire with Fire. If worse should come to worst, however, and you are forced into direct contact with "creative" people, it is best to fight fire with fire.

Use their own weapons against them. Some useful devices are: the fasbeto scream, the threat of suicide, the threat

of taking away their pencils or colored crayons, and the tantrum.

The tantrum, when used to combat the "creative tantrum" is usually termed a counter-tantrum.

COPY WRITING IS EASY

The agency will try to make you believe that the preparation of advertising copy is a mysterious and artistic process. In fact, among the writers of magazine advertisements you may find some old duffers who even think the writing itself is important. Do not be misled.

"This is for plain people, ain't it?"

"Yes, Mr. Finch."

"And I'm plain people, ain't I? Come in here Miss Jones and I'll dictate how this oughta read."

(Note the carefully studied "down-to-earth" language, so effective against lazy writers.)

Generally speaking, however, it is best not to get too close to the actual writing. The best way is to have the agency people spread the ads out on the floor. If the agency is on its toes, the layouts should cover a nine by twelve rug. Keep them on the floor, don't get too close to them. It's the overall impression that counts.

"Uh, I like that one."

"The up and down one, Mr. Finch?"

"No, that one on the end."

"That's the brief case, Mr. Finch."

"Simple, that's what, simple? (Never retreat!) "Doesn't look so busy."

Since copy writers are often lazy and slovenly, it is best never to show approval, and yet—this is important—never to tell them exactly what you want, which would be doing their work for them. Your attitude must always be one of deep and unsatisfied yearning. Some good phrases for use in this connection are:

"You oughta noodle this around some more."

"It isn't punched up enough. What it needs is more ock."

"You oughta countersink the idea."

"Oh, I like it, it just doesn't reach out and grab me."

"Now this isn't copy, but—"

Many men, by doing little more than repeating these magic phrases or simple variations of them, have risen rapidly to posts as advertising managers, and some have even been hired, at fantastic salaries, by the agencies themselves.

BE A SHOWMAN

As a businessman you are lucky indeed to be alive in this day and age. In father's time the man of commerce spent his dreary days in the drab round of buying and selling.

Not so today.

With the rise of television the businessman finds himself firmly in the saddle as America's Number One Showman, delectating the entertainment for the masses, who are also his customers.

This is a great opportunity—and a big responsibility, too.

Don't Be a High-Brow. Leave farcy, theatre stuff and long-hair music to the high-brow newspaper critics. Your duty is to the masses.

Remember, there are a hundred real typical people for every high-brow.

Use the Bridge Test. Try this handy rule of thumb! If your wife can "get the point" while playing bridge, the show is okay. If not, don't spare the rod. Keep the entertainers pepped up. Call them up first thing the morning after the broadcast.

"Hello, hello, this is Mr. Finch!"

"Huh, whazot?"

"Wake up, man! I've been up for hours! Got to get up early in this business!"

"Uh, yes, Mr. Finch!"

"Listen, you boys have gotta give this show a hypo!"

"Didn't you like it, Mr. Finch?"

"Stark! Wanta know what my wife said to me right after it was over?"

"What, Mr. Finch?"

"She said she didn't get it! She didn't get it, man, and part of the time she was dumfry! Gave her almost undivided attention. We want a whole new deal next week."

"Well, uh, next week's script is all written."

"Throw it out! What are we paying those writers for?"

Keep on pepping them up like this, and pretty soon you'll have the show whipped into shape. The show people may grumble, but they'll thank you in the end.

Be a Television Expert. It is your duty to lead the way, and you can only do this by being an expert. Be one!

You can accomplish this easily, as so many smart businessmen have before you, after a few hours of keen application.

You need not concern yourself with the technical, or gadgety, phase. There are lots of little men around to take care of that.

Just learn a few simple phrases like "dolly," "pan," "super," and "cut." You will find it is easy—and mighty satisfying, too—to throw them around and work them into the conversation.

It is better not to know what these phrases mean. Use them freely. You will soon be regarded as a man to reckon with.

KNOW YOUR PUBLIC RELATIONS

Only after you have hardened yourself with long exposure to advertising men should you enter the still blacker morass of public relations. Dignified as it sounds under this euphonious title, you will be dealing with publicity and with press agents.

These fellows, you will soon discover,

are a breed of desperate, hard-drinking men, many of whom have been driven out of the more respectable fields of advertising and journalism by outraged colleagues, and—more often than not—by their own love of loose living. Some of them, it is true, are actually employed by advertising agencies, but are usually kept on separate floors, or are otherwise insulated from the regular employees.

Yet you will have to "play ball" with these men, may even have to maintain some personal contact with them, distasteful as this may be. They will be furnishing you with a valuable commodity—publicity—which is essentially advertising you don't have to pay for. That is, it is not paid for in a formal, well-regulated way, but rather on a basis of threats, bribery, and the use of strong drink and loose women.

The publicity man will claim that his stock in trade is ideas, but it will soon be apparent where the real thinking comes from.

"Uh, Red, here's something the American people are really ready for."

"Yes, Mr. Finch."

"It's got a real news value, this new double sprocket wicket of ours. Now my idea is, why not just get us a three- or four-page spread of pictures in Life on it, okay?"

He has nothing left to do but have the pictures taken, fix up some little "angle," and get it in the magazine.

Some day you may even be called upon to make a personal sacrifice. After you have reached a position of true eminence, you yourself may be the subject of personal publicity. When such a time comes, remember to put aside your own feelings of modesty. The good of the company is at stake.

"Red, uh, this picture of me. I'm not thinking of it personally, but you know newspaper reproduction."

"We retouched it, Mr. Finch."

"Just thought this one might be a better likeness. May be ten, twelve years old, but you can see I haven't changed."

They will write personal "blurbs" about you, too. Watch these carefully. It will be your duty to see that they are modest, factual, and easy to read.

"I just changed this part, Red, where it says 'one of the men who originated the double sprocket wicket' to 'the man who.' Makes it read better, don't you think?"

You will find generally that the time you take with advertising and publicity men is well spent. Just remember that a gulf will always exist between their ways of life and yours. Keep it there. Maintain your own moral standards at all times, regardless of your associates.



"I wonder who this 'secret admirer' is who sends me a telegram every day at this time."

SUCCESSFUL LOVE (continued from page 32)

bill of rights, and jumped at the chance of getting to be a painter too. If that guy had the commanding officer kowtowing to him, I was going to be a painter too and get in on all the kowtowing. Besides, I really get a big kick out of painting, anyway. But if you're a painter you're a holy cow, you are nothing less than the cat's pajamas, you are it: you can go anywhere and do anything: no one cares where you come from or how much dough you don't have or if your family did not get a chance to be seacisk on the *Mayflower*: you're an artist, so you're it: everyone thinks you're wonderful, and you can act like a dipso on a three-day binge, or a hipster all charged up: everyone says that it's just the artist's temperament. You need talent too, and the funny thing is that you get so interested sometimes in what you're doing, you don't make the most of the artist's temperament and hardly ever feel like going on a tear, the way that most guys felt most of the time in the service.

Susan felt let down by Tony's conclusion. What he said about the artist's temperament awakened her hope that as an artist he would not be impeded by a girl's lack of experience, which was not her fault.

Soon enough they were going to Cen-

tral Park after dinner and Susan was not surprised that Tony was wonderful at necking. He was sure of himself, he did not hurry but took his time, but he was not too slow. She felt like inviting him to the apartment because the park was not rough good for real heavy necking, someone might pass or a policeman might interrupt them, but she did not ask him for fear that he would think she was bold and forward.

Then one night when they were peeing in the park there was a sudden heavy downpour and Tony said they had better get out of the rain before they got drowned and how about going back to his rooming house just until the rain stopped. Susan felt like suggesting the apartment again, but hesitated once more, since Rita and Consuelo might be home that night, and when Tony took her hesitation as an unwillingness to trust herself indoors with him, she ascended fervently and joyously, assuring him that she trusted him and saying she was only seery that she was wearing her best blouse and skirt which would probably be ruined. They started in where they had left off in the park and Susan took off her blouse which made Tony very excited, but after that he did not go much farther than on any other night, he just stopped at that point and Susan tried to think of what she could possibly

do without making Tony think she was a prostitute or a call girl or a pushover, and finally she said that she had better take off her skirt, it was her best most expensive one, it would be ruined, which was enough to make Tony go right ahead before she had the skirt off. She hardly knew what was happening except that it was absolutely marvelous, it was thrilling all over, it was just over too soon, it was not at all painful, not even like having a tooth extracted like that girl at school had said: but it did not last long enough.

Susan lolled in bliss as Tony stood up abruptly and said sternly that she should have told him she was a virgin, it was wrong to start a girl off, only a bastard did that, he just thought all society dames stopped being virgins when they were sweet sixteen at the very latest. "Oh, I don't mind, Tony dearest," Susan said, deliciously drowsy, full of pleasure's afterglow.

Susan's reassurance left Tony unrelieved. He said he hated to be a heel, but he was in love with her, she was such a sweet kid, and since he was in love with her, maybe it made a difference. Suddenly he handed her blouse and skirt to her, although she remained stretched out resting, feeling wonderful.

Tony's mention of love made Susan think of marriage, and she sat up straight and told Tony that although she loved him with all her heart she did not want to get married until she was at least twenty-five years of age: she hoped that he was not shocked, but she wanted to be a true woman of the world before settling down to marriage and babies. As she spoke, Tony moved toward the bed, as she continued he sat down upon the bed and squeezed her hand hard. Susan put her arm about his broad shoulders and said that he ought not to feel like a heel, she had been sick of being ch— (she paused, for the word had shocked Tony, although he himself had just said bastard), but no girl with sense waited until marriage in 1950 before making love and going the limit. She stopped. Tony was shocked again.

"Tony, dearest," said Susan, reasoning sweetly, "if I had told you I was ch—a virgin, you would have stopped making love to me because you are an honorable gentleman."

Tony was flattered and surprised to learn that he was a gentleman. He had long known that society dames were dizzy, but not dizzy enough to disemiss the loss of their sweet treasure so lightly, demanding no big build-up, pledges of forever, and the rest of the bushwah before you were in. But she was a sweet kid, and if he had not knocked her up, it was probably all right. No matter what she said, no one but a bastard would break in a girl, but he had not known about it and maybe it made no difference to her just as she said.

Susan moved nearer Tony as his thought passed across his face slowly like Fifth Avenue buses lumbering forward. She wanted to begin again, but she did not want Tony to think that she was insatiable. Suddenly Tony stood up. He said that they better not get excited all



"And what do you consider the most important leg of your trip, sir?"

over again until they took the proper precautions. Susan, disappointed, was nevertheless pleased. Tony was thoughtful and wanted to protect her. As they left, just to be sure, she asked if she would see him tomorrow night, smiling, and soon delighted when Tony said that she was certainly a sexy kid and she sure was going to see him tomorrow night.

Susan was soon troubled by the inconvenience and discomfort of making love in a rooming house. She did not like to have to get dressed and go home at midnight when she felt divinely sleepy and also cuddly. When Tony let her stay all night for the first time, it was so much fun to wake up with him as if they were an old married couple. She had to have an apartment of her own and she would tell her parents that she did not like Rita and Consuelo, which was certainly true enough. They were contemptuous of Tony because of his Tenth Avenue accent and Tony detested them, condemning them as snobs. Tony might have stayed with her all night in her room at the apartment, but Susan did not want those two to know how intimate she was with Tony; it was her own private romance which they were utterly incapable of understanding.

Her mother agreed to let her get an apartment without the slightest murmur or comment. Susan found a cute little apartment in Greenwich Village near Washington Square Park. The middle-aged couple who sublet it to her were going to Europe. They were disturbed when she took it practically five minutes after coming through the door and Susan was afraid they might have guessed the reason she wanted an apartment of her own. She was so scared that she left without the key, the husband had to come after her with it, and she acted guilty then, she wondered why. She was not doing anything which she herself regarded as wrong, so it was hard to understand being ashamed and feeling guilty; how stupid!

She went home for the weekend and on Sunday morning Mother called the couple who were subletting the apartment. While Father was reading the Sunday *New York Times* with a sour look upon his face and Susan was assembling her records, Mother spoke to them at the phone in the foyer and her voice was very clear. Susan saw that Daddums was listening too although he did not lift his head from the paper.

"I am very glad that my daughter has taken your apartment," said Nancy Calhoun. "I am sure that my daughter will take good care of your belongings and books, Professor Dirk. But I am a little concerned about the neighborhood. Susan is only seventeen: will she be quite safe?"

Sometimes Mother made the dumbest most humiliating remarks to total strangers. She was very worldly but sometimes you would never know it. Whatever the man said in answer, Mother just kept it up: he was a professor of philosophy, whatever that was, but the Lord knows what he must have thought.

"Oh, I like Greenwich Village very much," Mother said to him. "I would like to live there myself. I feel that it is high time for the cellophane wrappings to be taken off my daughter. But I want to be sure they are removed gently."

Honestly how dumb could a worldly and clever woman get? Father had heard every word, and if she knew Father, he must be making some sour sarcastic remark to himself about Mother making her child seem like a pack of Chesterfields. Father was not supposed to know everything about his daughter's private life and Susan had gone to all lengths the night before to make him feel that she adored going to art school; she told him that she knew a student who had been in the army and was probably as gifted a painter as Van Gogh.

Susan took lots more of her things to New York City and with the help of the family chauffeur she moved to the apartment which would be her very own. She was in so much of a hurry, she was so impatient to get moved that she helped the chauffeur to carry in things hurting his feelings. Hatboxes and strotrees fell from her hands as she mounted the stoop, and when it was all in the apartment, Susan looked about the living

room and saw that it was an awful mess: shoes, laundry, a bath mat and *Harper's Bazaar* scattered upon the living room floor and upon the studio couch against the wall. She felt bushed: she was eager to see Tony, but so exhausted by her haste that she hardly felt strong enough to rejoice with him in her own apartment.

"I'm just plain bushed," she said to Tony when she called him.

"Take a hot shower," said Tony. "Relaxes you; there's nothing like it. I'll be right down."

When he appeared, Susan, obedient, had taken a hot and cold shower and was wholly refreshed, dressed in her dressing gown, and had fashioned a turban about her head.

"You look like a harem dame!" said Tony, greeting her, kissing her nose and glancing about.

"A nice dump!" he declared. "Good enough" and went in to inspect the bedroom. He sprawled upon the large low double bed, testing the mattress by bouncing up and down upon it.

He closed his eyes in the mimicry of slumber and snoring which signified profound pleasure. Opening his eyes as Susan, charmed, gaped at him, standing between the folding doors, he thrust his



arms toward her. She leaped toward the bed and fell into his embrace playfully, gladly, awkwardly, and eagerly.

As she turned aside upon the bed to take off her robe, that the consecration of the house might be consummated fully, Tony sat up, tense.

"Hey, who's that guy?" he said.

"Oh, that's Daddy," said Susan. She had set her father's photograph upon the small bureau which faced the bed.

"He looks like a nice guy," said Tony as he arose and examined Susan's father. Roger Calhoun's studio photograph was one in which self-consciousness showed itself as a solemn gloom of expression.

"He is very sweet," said Susan, drawing her white slip over her head and kicking off her shoes.

"Wait a minute," said Tony. "You know I'm not old-fashioned, but it makes me feel a little peculiar to have your old man staring straight at me when I'm making love to his daughter."

"Oh you silly!" said Susan, unclipping her bra, too absorbed in the movement of the immediate present toward the immelocities of the immediate future to heed Tony's troubled tone. "All that Daddians wants is for me to be happy."

"Sure, that's what they all say," said Tony. "What you can't stop you might as well back."

"Tony, dearest, are you scared that my father will come looking for you with a shotgun?"

"Nah," said Tony, continuing to stare at the photograph and ignoring Susan who was now entirely stripped. "It just gives me a funny feeling."

"But Tony, dearest," said Susan, "when the light is out, you can't see him: you're supernatural!"

"You faced death like a brave hero when you were in the army, Mr. Anthony Boyd," she added in the tone of recitation, as Tony turned the photograph face down, "but my sweet hairless father's picture gets you in a tizzy."

"Yup," said Tony, "I'm peculiar that way. Everyone is peculiar in some way, and no one is perfect, certainly not me, so let's just skip the discussion and keep the picture down: maybe I'll get used to it after a while."

"As you wish, my loved and master," said Susan, gracious and playful.

"You're a real honey," said Tony, jumping back into bed, turning out the light, reaching for Susan.

"None," said Susan sometime later moving to one side, "now let us talk."

She told Tony how a girl she knew said to her boy friend, who wanted to go to sleep after making love, that one must hold a conversation. She tried but was unable to express the sentiment in its first vernacular and unexpurgated form.

"Sure, let's talk," said Tony, feeling heavy and sleepy. "What should we talk about?"

"You decide," said Susan.

"Did I ever tell you that you are a pretty cute trick?" said Tony coyly, teasing her.

"Is that all I am, just a cute trick?" said Susan sadly. Her feelings had been quickly hurt.

"You're the most beautiful girl in the whole world," said Tony, immediately.

"You're the most beautiful girl who ever lived anywhere!"

"Oh Tony," said Susan, kissing him for the nobility of his just hyperbole. "Oh Tony, you're so sweet, I would like to eat you, but if I ate you I would not have you tomorrow."

"You can't eat your cake and have it too!" said Tony in a judicious tone, thinking of himself as a chocolate cake.

"Oh Tony," said Susan, "what would you do if I suddenly died tonight? The idea of eating Tony had suggested the morbid thought of his death and then of her own death to her.

Tony sat upright in bed, startled by the serious turn the conversation had taken unexpectedly.

"I would beat it the hell straight out of here in no time at all," Tony answered.

"Oh Tony, how can you be so cruel and unfeeling?" said Susan. "How can you?" She would have burst into tears right then if she had not felt so wonderful.

"What a girl!" said Tony, as if he were speaking of Susan to a third person. "She asks me an absolutely hypothetical question and I give her an absolutely hypothetical answer and then she gets sore! What do you expect me to do, stick around until the cops grab me for questioning and decide that I poisoned you or something, and have to go to the chair, and fry like an egg?"

"No, Tony dearest," said Susan, hardly mollified by his answer, but willing to discuss the question in the lucid light of reason. "I would not want you to kill yourself, merely because I was dead, nor would I expect you to live as a bachelor all alone for the remainder of your days. But if I died, I think that it would be right for you to go to my parents and tell them that you once loved me very much and hoped to marry me after you became a famous painter and had a lot of money."

Under ordinary circumstances, the allusion to marriage might have made Tony careful, but he was now wholly possessed by images of pursuit in which he made breathless escapes from the police over apartment house roofs: he hardly heard Susan's allusion to marriage.

"That's a good idea," said Tony, remaining bemused. "That's what I will do if you die: I will go to the funeral, hold your mother's hand, and tell your mother and father how much I loved you."

"Would you really?" asked Susan. "Would you really, Tony, dearest one?"

"Sure I would," said Tony, "now that I know that that's what you want me to do."

"If you died," said Susan, reasoned and restored, but still fascinated by the drama of death, "I would kill myself!" she said, violently sitting up. She had not anticipated the conclusion of her sentence when she began it. "My God, sooooo," said Tony, "don't do that, I don't care what you do after I am dead! What difference does it make to me when I am nothing but a cold corpse

"I will kill myself!" she insisted with passion. "I don't want to live without you and I don't want to be a sad-looking widow in black. Not only that, Mr. Anthony Boyd, I should think that it would make some slight difference to you to know that I am not going to live after you're dead and in the grave six feet under—"

Susan paused. Tony had fallen asleep while she spoke. He was snoring in his strong and manly way. Susan kissed his forehead gently and fell asleep curled up near him like a kitten.

Roger Calhoun's first visit to his daughter's first apartment quickly resulted in a new experience of astonishment. It was truly new, for he had grown accustomed to paternal shocks and surprises, like the inhabitants who live in the shadow of an active volcano. He had winked for weeks after hearing his wife speak of his daughter's cellophane wrappings. But the past now possessed a primitive and illusory character. Susan had come home for the week-end with a sore throat and Nancy had persuaded her to remain until she was well, sending him for Susan's sketchbooks, telling him that the child might be afraid she would fall behind in her art classes.

Having unlocked the double lock which his wife had installed to guard Susan against rape, the patient father followed the urge of natural curiosity and walked through the entire apartment, going from the large living room through the small kitchen to the bedroom in back. At the threshold of the bedroom, he stopped short: his own photograph, solemn and posed, stood on the dresser, facing the long low double bed. A new emotion succeeded curiosity. Surely Nancy was wrong about Susan's desire for an apartment. It was one thing for a young lady of seventeen to have an affair. But was it possible for a simple and natural child like Susan to engage in an affair in this very double bed with her father's image staring directly down at her? If Susan were a special and complicated creature, perhaps. But she was an old-fashioned girl, simple and natural, conventional and respectable, and a little self-conscious too.

Upon the desk where Susan's sketchbooks were, Roger Calhoun saw a book entitled *Successful Love*. It appeared to be a serious handbook on love and marriage, written by a father and a son and dedicated to the wife of the father and mother of the son. He hesitated a little about borrowing it; but it was not a secret book, it was public domain.

The journey from Pennsylvania Station to the Long Island suburb where he lived took an hour and twenty minutes, and during this time Roger Calhoun rode in a tunnel of absorption, removed from all readings, incidents, and passages of the trip, tracing of *Successful Love*.

The authors undertook to advise both the unmarried and married on the requirements, which, fulfilled, would make marriage successful. Susan had marked

(continued on page 18)

PLAYBOY Presents



THE SOCIETY OF ILLUSTRATORS SHOW

ARTISTS AND MODELS have long enjoyed a reputation for riotous living. For years they've been the butt of jokes, cartoons and lively slander, leading envious laymen to wonder if the artistic life is really as rosy as it's painted or if it's all a lot of empty talk. PLAYBOY believes that where there's smoke, there's fire, so when we were invited to attend The Society of Illustrators 48th Annual Show in New York, we anticipated a rather racy shindig. And we weren't disappointed.

The Thumbnail Theatre on 68rd Street was packed with an interesting assortment of artists and their even more interesting models. Before the curtain opened, we struck up an acquaintance with one of the latter, and she told us (a) that there were no professional performers in the show—all the parts were being played by artists and their models, (b) that the proceeds would go to a very worthy charity, the name of which escapes us now, and (c) that she was free after the show. We just had time to jot down these pertinent facts before the

*photographed especially
for playboy by alex siodmak*



In Rube Goldberg's sketch, "Why It Didn't Last," an unidentified ball player and his lovely movie star bride have their honeymoon night constantly interrupted by fans and press. Above, she poses for photographers.





New York Yankees ball player and his glamorous wife have reserved the bridal suite of a swank hotel for their honeymoon. The baseball star is anxious to be alone, but the bellboy refuses to go until bride autographs a nude calendar picture he has of her; while hubby burns, she waves out the window to fans.



Newspaper men arrive to interview movie queen and she slips out of negligee to pose for photos; husband orders a camera sent to room so he can join picture taking and be near wife.



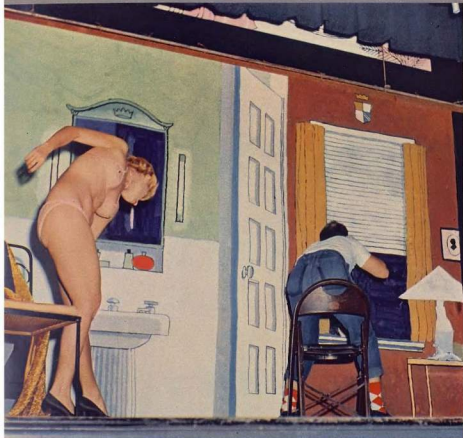
Above, a Grecian sculptor watches with fascination as statue comes to life in the Illustrators' breezy version of "Pygmalion." Below, left, an Egyptian beauty reads a document announcing that she is about to become a "mummy" in a take-off on television's "You Are There;" below, right, in a burlesque of "On The Waterfront," dock worker Melvin Branciron discovers he can get no job because the ships are hiring only beautiful women.

lights dimmed and the curtain parted. What followed was a wonderful evening of broad satirical sketches, songs, big musical and production numbers, dances, a magic act and girls, girls, girls. The show spoofed everything from movies (a burlesque of *On The Waterfront* called "Shape Up" in which all the "long-shorensen" were scantily clad females) and television ("You Were There," in which newscaster Harry Marblehead took us to King Pharaoh's tomb for some sexy Egyptian doings) to popular songs (a parody on *This Old House* sung by three prostitutes) and high fashion (a song to Christian Dior admonishing him for his Flat Look—"Oh, these curves of ours have beauty, Be they miniature or fruity, And a cutie learns to wield them with a skill. Simply give a girl a sweater, And the things that they will get her, Are better than a wealthy uncle's will.")

Realizing that all of these numbers were prepared and performed by some of the nation's top illustrators added to the enjoyment, of course. And the near nude show girls were the very same models appearing regularly in illustrations for stories, advertisements and covers of magazines like *Cosmopolitan*, *Saturday Evening Post* and the *Journal*.

There was a satirical sketch written by cartoonist Rube Goldberg involving a New York Yankees ball player and his





In "Rear Window," a husband uses binoculars to watch a girl undressing across the way, while his shapely wife undresses behind his back.

gorgeous blonde movie star wife, titled "Why It Didn't Last."

In a western adventure, titled "Hi Noonan," a sheriff preparing for a gun fight, tells his deputy to take care of his wife in case anything happens to him. "I've already taken care of her this morning," says the deputy. "Frisky little filly, ain't she?" cracks the sheriff. He exits and a shot is fired off stage. The sheriff returns and the deputy asks, "Did you get him?" "Hell, no," says the law man, "I shot my wife."

In an exciting Dutch classic called

"Hans On The Brink," a young Hollander discovers a leak in the dike through which water is trickling. The boy thrusts his finger into the hole to "save Holland." A girl passes by and begins enticing the boy by doing a strip. The young lad is torn between making love to the girl and keeping his finger in the dike. The girl puts a stick into the hole, but as the couple embraces, the stick falls out and water again begins pouring from the spot. The boy finally solves his dilemma by backing his Dutch treat up against the crack, as the lights

dim.

In "Rear Window," a man sits at a window with binoculars. He shakes his fist at a dog in the yard. "Get out of there, you little bastard, you'll ruin my marijuana bush!" "What are you doing there?" his wife asks, as the man trains his binoculars on an apartment across the way. "I'm doing research for the PTA," he says. "Ha," she scoffs, "you mean the 'Peeping Tom's Association?'" The man proceeds to get worked up over a girl undressing across the way, while

(continued overleaf)



Three of Polly Adler's girls stand before their ramshackle establishment and sing a rowdy red-light parody to the popular novelty song, "This Ol' House."

This Ol' House

This Ol' House once knew its madam
 Sixty inches 'round the can.
 This Ol' House was home and comfort
 To the tired working man.
 This Ol' House once rang with laughter
 Of the men we used to meet
 Now the cops have put the lights out
 And we're all dead on our feet.
 Ain't gonna need this house no longer,
 Ain't gonna need this house no more;
 We'll be glad to come and see you
 At your house or at your store.
 'Cause the law has come a-calling
 And we're running out of luck,
 Gee, they make it awfully hard for us
 To make one lousy buck.



An American salesman for a nuts and bolts company visits a sultan in his palace and tries to interest the potentate in his product while dancing beauties of all nations perform. At left, a sensual oriental, below, an exciting Arabian harem dance and right, a high kicking French cancan.



his wife is peeling behind him.

In a sketch called "Oedipus Sex," a very proper English gentleman calls on a woman of ill repute. He greets her with: "Good evening, Madam." She, from bed: "You've got the wrong room. The madam is three doors down." Gentleman, remaining a respectful distance from the bed: "I was utterly addressing you in the formal manner. I have been told by a close friend that here, in these pleasant surroundings, one may find varied sultry and erotic adventures. That here, one may indulge one's libido, may become a pioneer on the frontiers of the flesh. That here, the copulative act is a thing of transcendent beauty. I must say that I am looking forward with pleasurable anticipation to this amorous excursion and . . ." She: "Say, bud, do you wanna get laid or don't'ha?"

We enjoyed all this nonsense immensely and we were both glad and grateful that the Society of Illustrators asked us to drop in. When we weren't scribbling notes and making clats with models, we managed to snap a few pictures, and as you can see, they turned out pretty well.

Our date with the model turned out pretty well, too. Sorry, no pictures.

COFFEE (continued from page 18)

are best. Aluminum and stainless steel are all right if they are kept scrupulously clean by burnishing, but the metals are frequently the source of unpleasant flavor, while glass tends to have little interaction with coffee.

It is extremely important to rinse out the coffee-maker with scalding hot water just before making coffee. If you smell the dripulator or percolator that has been used repeatedly, even though the utensil has been cleaned regularly, you will often detect a stale coffee odor. Fill it hot full with boiling water or very hot water from the faucet. Swish the water around to eliminate this off odor before making coffee. After each use the coffee pot should be washed well with warm soapy water. Use a stiff brush or scouring pad. After repeated uses, say every two or three weeks, the coffee pot should be cleaned with baking soda water. Fill the pot with water. Add one teaspoon baking soda for each quart of water, and boil for five minutes. Rinse out well before making coffee.

The old-fashioned coffee pot is seldom used these days because it produces a thick cloudy liquid that most people dislike. The percolator is an easy apparatus to handle, but you can not always regulate the brewing time accurately, and the coffee will not be of consistent strength at all times. There is an automatically controlled electric percolator which regulates the brewing time and keeps the coffee warm until served.

The dripulator is especially recommended for its simplicity. One type of dripulator uses filter papers rather than

the mesh wire basket and produces a particularly clear strong coffee.

The vacuum pots with top and bottom sections can produce a delicious brew, but they are sometimes troublesome because the top section may not separate from the bottom. An electric vacuum coffee-maker does not cause this trouble readily and is especially good for keeping the coffee hot until served.

For any coffee maker, however, it is important to use the proper grind of coffee. One of the expensive vacuum packed coffees now on the market is designed for all types of coffee. All other coffee brands indicate percolator, dripulator or vacuum type. If you grind your own coffee, you can regulate the grinder for the type of coffee you need for your own coffee-maker.

It is extremely vital to use enough coffee so that the brew is really deep dark brown and not an insipid straw-colored fluid. For the average taste, allow two level measuring tablespoons per cup. There are special measuring spoons which are a perfect guide. In many percolators and dripulators, measurements are indicated for the amount of coffee necessary. When in doubt, use more coffee rather than less.

For the man who loves coffee enough to experiment with some of the variations on the classical coffee theme, PLAYBOY offers the following beverages:

TURKISH COFFEE

This is the thick frothy brew served in Turkish cups which are somewhat smaller than demi-tasse cups. The drink

is a combination dessert and beverage to be consumed like a fine liqueur.

For four cups put three tablespoons of very finely pulverized coffee into a Turkish coffee maker (a long uncovered pot, tapering toward the top, without a lid). Add four teaspoons powdered sugar. Add four cups of water using the Turkish cups as the measuring unit. Bring to a boil. Remove the pot from the flame. Tap the side of the pot to settle the coffee. Again bring to a boil, remove from the flame and tap sides. Repeat the process a third time and then serve the coffee at once, pouring the coffee so that the froth is equally divided between the four cups.

CAFFE ESPRESSO

Visitors to Italy will know this delightful after-dinner coffee. It is rich dark brew served with lemon peel, brandy or anise. In large restaurants it is sometimes made in special urns which steam rather than boil the coffee grounds. In your apartment you can use an espresso coffee-maker which is really a dripulator so constructed that you merely turn the pot upside down when the water boils, and the boiling water flows over the coffee grounds.

Buy the French or Italian roasted coffee. This is coffee roasted until the color is shiny black rather than the normal deep brown. Into the basket of the coffee maker place four level measuring tablespoons of the finely ground coffee. Pour two cups of boiling water over the coffee. As soon as some of the coffee has poured through, set the pot over the smallest possible flame to keep hot. In each cup put a piece of twisted lemon peel, $\frac{1}{2}$ jigger cognac or $\frac{1}{4}$ jigger anise liqueur. Pour the coffee into four demi-tasse cups. Sweeten to taste.

CAFE AU LAIT

The French version of coffee with milk is made as follows. Allow three tablespoons of coffee per cup instead of the usual two. While the coffee is being made, heat milk up to the scalding point, that is, until the bubbles appear around the edge of the pot. Pour coffee and milk from separate pots into the coffee cups, using approximately half coffee and half milk.

CAFE BRULOT

This is the glamorous show-off coffee prepared in a chafing dish. A special coffee-maker designed for the brew is called the Brulot dish but it is rarely used for this exotic form of spiced coffee laced with cognac.

In the heated chafing dish put four lumps of sugar, four whole cloves, two pieces of twisted lemon peel, two pieces of twisted orange peel (the peel about two inches long) two sticks of cinnamon bark about one inch long and two jiggers of cognac. Let the cognac heat until it is quite warm. Stir gently. Hold a match to the cognac until it turns into a little lake of blue flames. Let it burn for thirty seconds. Add four demi-tasse cups of fresh strong black coffee. Stir well. Ladle *cafe brulot* into demi-tasse cups.



THE CARDS (continued from page 6)

which leads to riches and happiness, can only be travelled hand in hand with a good woman. Do you know a good woman?"

"Oh, phooey!" said her client in dismay.

"What a pity!" said Myra. "Because if you did, and if she was dark, and not bad-looking, and wore a number-five shoe, all you'd have to do would be to marry her, and you'd be rich for life. Very rich. Look—here it is. Money, money, money—coming to you from someone very near to you. If you marry that girl, that is, Look—this card means you at the Waldorf. Look—this is you at Palm Beach. Here you are at Saratoga. Gosh! You've backed a big winner!"

"Say, lady," said her client. "What size shoe do you wear?"

"Well," said Myra with a smile, "I can squeeze into a four. But usually . . ."

"Look, baby," said he, taking her hand. "It's you and me. Like that. See?" With that he extended his other hand with two fingers crossed, as an emblem of conjugal bliss.

Myra controlled a shudder. "When he's dead," thought she. "I'll have a million, and get me one of these young film stars in order to forget!"

Soon afterwards they were married, and took a small shack in an unprepossessing part of Long Island. Lew appeared to have strong reasons for living in inconspicuous retirement. Myra consulted, and trudged harder than ever with her greasy pack of cards, in order to keep them both until death should them part, leaving her a rich widow.

As time went on, and the fortune still failed to materialize, she was bitterly reproached by her hulking husband, whose stunted mind was as impatient as a child's, and who began to fear he had been married under false pretenses. He was also a little sadistic.

"Maybe you ain't the right dame after all," said he, pinching her black and blue. "Maybe you don't wear a five. Maybe you wear a six. Gimme a divorce and let me marry another dark dame. The money don't come along, and you're black and blue anyway. I don't like a black and blue dame. Come on, gimme a divorce."

"I won't," said she. "I believe marriages are made in Heaven."

This would lead to an argument, for he claimed to have evidence to the contrary. In the end his brutish wits would be baffled; he would fling her to the ground with a curse, and go into the back yard, where he would dig an enormously deep hole, into which he would gaze for a long time, and then fill it in again.

This continued for some months, and Myra herself began to wonder if the Vascal System could possibly have let her down. "Supposing he doesn't come into the money. Here I am—Mrs. King Kong, and working for it! Maybe I'd better get that divorce after all."

These defeatist notions came to a head one gloomy winter evening as she

trudged home from the ferry. Crossing the dark yard of the shack, she stumbled into another of the enormous holes dug by her simple-minded husband. "That settles it," thought she.

When she entered the squalid kitchen, Lew greeted her with an unusual smile. "Hello, sweetie," said he. "How's my darling little wife tonight?"

"Cut the sweetie stuff out," said she tersely. "And the wife stuff, too. I don't know what's bit you, you big gorilla, but my mind's made up. You can have that divorce after all."

"Don't talk like that, honey," said he. "I was only joking. I wouldn't divorce you, not for all the world."

"No, but I'll divorce you," said she. "And quick."

"You gotta have grounds for that," observed her husband, with a frown.

"I've got 'em," said she. "When I show that judge where I'm black and blue, I'll get my divorce pronto. I'm sitting pretty."

"Listen," said he. "Have a look at this letter that came for you. Maybe you'll change your mind."

"Why did you open my letter?" said

Myra.

"To see what was inside," said he with the utmost candor. "Go on, read it."

"Uncle Ezra," cried Myra, staring at the letter. "Left a million and a half dollars! All to me! Gee, the old geezer must have made good! But, say, the cards must have slipped up, then. It was supposed to come to you."

"Never mind," said Lew, stroking the back of her neck. "Man and wife are one, ain't they?"

"Not for long," cried Myra in triumph. "I'm rich! I'm free! Or I will be."

"And what will I do?" asked her husband.

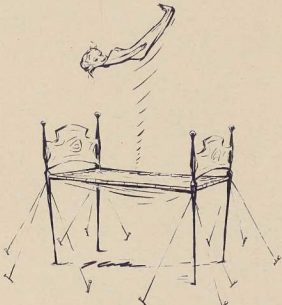
"Go climb a tree," said Myra. "You ought to be good at it."

"I thought you might say that," said he, clasping her firmly around the throat. "Gyped me a dollar for that fortune too, didn't you? Well, if you won't do right by me, the cards must. Death of someone very near to me—that's what they said, didn't they? So they was right after all!"

Myra had no breath left to pay testimony to the Vascal System, or to warn him of the sudden, violent shock that awaited him.

Y

FEMALES BY COLE: 12



The Athlete

SUCCESSFUL LOVE (continued from page 38)

certain passages *N.B.* and her father was pleased that she had been taught the signs *note well*, at Miss Fletcher's school. She had also circled other passages. Many circles occurred in the chapter which dealt with judging the other sex with exactitude: the authors warned against judging anyone when dressed in his Sunday best, at a party or at a dance. Such occasions were at best misleading, often wholly deceptive: appearance was not a reality. It was best to judge those to whom one was attracted not in the evening, but in the morning, after the dance or in the classroom, when they were not dressed up nor intent upon making a pleasing impression. Susan had circled in the morning, making her father wonder if she had seen the inescapable implication of the discussion, that perhaps the best time to judge another human being was in the morning, before breakfast, which in turn suggested a night in bed with the person in question?

It was quite logical that the next chapter should be devoted to petting and necking: the choice of a partner raised the question of the propriety of petting. To this intimate and delicate theme the authors addressed a tact, subtlety and delicacy which seemed to Roger Calhoun unexampled. Petting and necking were inseparable from the austerity of auto-eroticism, solo or manual. Petting might lead to auto-eroticism in excess, but privation might also lead to an immoderate excess. Nothing whatever was wrong with auto-eroticism in itself; it was not injurious in a physical sense nor depraved from a moral standpoint: the authors were so determined to make this clear that they stated their view in italics and numbered sentences, like rules or commandments. They continued by declaring that if there were no physical or moral reasons to refrain from auto-eroticism, there were grave psychological risks in such practices. The amorous habits and patterns by means of which auto-eroticism was performed might hinder or prevent the supreme joys of marital love.

The train paused at a station: cars at a crossing waited before white gates. The word, auto-eroticism, had been used at least fifteen times and Roger Calhoun thought it might be linked in the authors' minds with the word, automobile, the vehicle which clearly was the theater of much petting and necking. Returning to the book, Roger Calhoun saw that the dangers of petting and necking had been summarized in an italicized sentence: "In petting there is no Mason-Dixon line."

This sentence struck the father as a stupendous piece of wit. Overwhelmed by it, it set off vivid echoes and versions in his mind, and as the train tripped eastward into the falling evening, he reflected with pleasure that in petting there is a Bull Run, in petting there is a Gettysburg, an encounter which is ruinous and indecisive, and may very well lead to a Gettysburg address.

There is a Marne, a Verdun, a Chateau-Thierry; there is just as surely an Austerlitz and a Verdun. If really a Caesar of love must have said that he had just crossed the Rubicon, really an Empress must have mourned a Pyrrhic victory, or perceived that in petting an empire had been overthrown, a Rome had begun to fall. There must be a phase comparable to the fall of France, Pearl Harbor, Stalingrad, and Hiroshima, as there must be an Abate Lorraine, a D-Day, a V-E Day, a V-J Day.

Neither war nor love were joking matters, as Roger Calhoun soon saw in the chapter devoted to the causes of marital conflict, failure, and divorce. One of the chief causes of these disasters or catastrophes was the tendency to expect perfection in other human beings, although no human being was perfect, neither the authors nor the readers. The expectation was natural, but since one person cannot be everything, it was also vicious and destructive, because the most gifted human being, the greatest genius, suffered from extraordinary defects and limitations. Thus Johann Sebastian Bach, one of the truly great musicians, was the prey of an ungovernable temper which broke out daily or weekly in street brawls and scenes of physical violence in the sanctity of a church. Babe Ruth of the New York Yankees had been the greatest slugger of all times: he had hit more home runs than any other baseball player; but he had also struck out more times than any other athlete, and what is more, he had struck out far more often than he had hit a homer.

Roger Calhoun, pausing, glanced at his wrist watch: how much farther in the brave new world of 1950 would he go before getting to the sanctuary and ancient castle of his own home? Fifteen minutes of sputtering revelation remained: he had not felt as he now felt since he had last taken gas, in 1927, when an impacted wisdom tooth had been extracted from his jaw.

Successful Love next analyzed the chief cause of marital conflict, failure and divorce: it was not alcoholism, cruelty, pathological inclinations, infidelity, nor any of the other reasons frequently cited in court. The true cause was at once simple and complicated: it was lack of respect for the other person, husband or wife. Success was desirable, money might help, kindness assuage, children console: but there was no real substitute for true respect. Yet if too little respect was catastrophic, the presence of too much respect might also be disastrous. Too much respect showed itself chiefly as squeamishness in making love. Once the marriage had been consummated, all squeamishness deserved the utmost condemnation: modesty of any kind was a mockery of the beauty of marriage, the meaning of unity, the oneness of husband and wife.

As the suburban train shuffled and slowed to the station, Roger Calhoun took a last glance at the book on love, and his gaze was caught by a sentence

which Susan had circled four times: "Although it is not ordinarily thought of as such, the mind is the first of the erogenous zones."

Rising from his seat, dazed, he dismounted slowly from the train, waving vaguely to his wife who awaited him in the old coupe.

"How are you, dear?" said Nancy Calhoun, kissing her husband lightly. "You look a little haggard."

He mentioned incoherently to the book in his hand.

"Susan's book," he said, bending to the car door and taking the wheel. "Successful Love by a father and son."

His wife took the book from him and placed it in her lap.

"You look as if it had left you stunned," said Nancy Calhoun, gentle and curious.

"Did you know," said Roger Calhoun in a hoarse voice, shifting gears, "that although it is not ordinarily thought of as such, the mind is the first of the erogenous zones?"

"Dear Roger," said his wife, "I see nothing wrong with that remark. Did you think the book was not a good book for Susan?"

"When in Rome, do as the Romans do," said Roger Calhoun, disregarding his wife's question, preoccupied with his own emotion, "but don't stay too long, or else you will no longer feel at home at home."

* * *

Out of the unpredictable and literal blue, in the mist of veritable, mild, and serene summer of their happiness and joy, Tony was recalled by the array. He and Susan had been so preoccupied with each other that they hardly knew there was a war in Korea. Tony was recalled partly because of his age, and his draft board's problems, partly as a result of the special training he had acquired and partly by accident. Although Susan was grief-stricken and Tony was annoyed at first, Tony soon told his dearest sweetheart that one must be a man about these matters, one must place one's duty to one's country first, one must not feel oneself exempt from a man's duty to his country as a loyal American citizen just because one was a painter. His avowals were not smug and platitudinous because they were enunciated in a Tenth Avenue accent.

"You are a hero," said Susan, bursting into tears of sorrow and pride.

When the time to say farewell neared, Susan armed herself with all the wows and sentiments customary on such occasions. Tony found her heartfelt avowals a little trying, reestablishing a funeral he had once attended. All that she said took it for granted that he was practically dying or dead or was probably going to get killed or at least crippled for life. It was ridiculous except that girls were like that and cried about spilt milk before it was spilled. Not for a split second did Tony suppose that he would be killed in Korea: his whole being suffused him with a sense of his own actuality and hence immortality.

On the night before Tony's departure, (continued overleaf)



"You know, at times I think our romance is cooling . . ."

the great question of fidelity arose. Susan swore that she would be faithful to her dearest heart and she expected him to be faithful to her, however intense the temptation.

Susan had thought a lot about fidelity. She wanted to tell Tony her thoughts. She did not think that it would be difficult for them to be faithful to each other since they truly loved each other. She had arrived at this conviction while re-reading *Successful Love* (returned by her father without her being aware it had been borrowed).

The sentence which had much impressed Roger Calhoun—"although it is ordinarily not thought of as such, the mind is the first of the erogenous zones"—had perplexed Susan and Tony as well. Suspecting a pornographic or recondite meaning, they had consulted the dictionary and sought out the meaning of erogenous.

"The mind is very sexy," said Susan when she arrived at an understanding of the sentence.

"It sure is," said Tony, wondering why such thoughts were not stated in plain English.

Now in this tragic hour of farewell and departure, Susan, compelled by her emotions to a hitherto unexercised intensity of mind, had concluded with a new version of the sentence about how sexy the mind was.

"Since the mind is the first most sexy zone," said Susan sweetly serious, "and

in view of the fact that we are very much in love with one another, our minds are so full of thoughts of each other that we cannot possibly be attracted to anyone else in a sexy way."

Fidelity had never preoccupied Tony, which made it difficult for him to follow Susan. She had to make herself clear in vivid physical detail. When at last he understood, he was very pleased. He grinned at Susan, charmed; grinned so widely that Susan had to ask him what he was grinning about.

"Although I never thought of it as such," said Tony, "the heart is the first of the sexy zones. And you're a pretty cute chick to figure all this out by your self."

"You helped me, dearest," said Susan modestly, very pleased, "and anyway if I were not so much in love with you, I would not have been able to figure it out. Love is an inspiration!"

"Well I am just as much in love with you," said Tony, "and I did not figure it out, you did!"

Susan was not interested in the question of credit very much, she was far more interested in thinking about the truth that love assured fidelity. And now the mind had been discussed with so much pleasure that the disregarded body asserted itself. Silently, in a hush inspired by love at once sacred and profane, sharpened and intensified by the drama of departure and separation, they went to the bedroom, dressed as usual

a spell, hypnotized or drugged, stretched out upon the bed, reaching and surrendering to each other as if for the duration of eternity, making love with the most intense tenderness, sensual sweetness and jubilant joy.

Tony's departure immediately made Susan lonesome and blue, and she felt worse all the time. The apartment made her think of Tony all the time, with pain, fear, longing, and desire. Little as she liked Rita and Consuelo, with them she would at least not be alone all the time. She returned to their message, and visited her own dear little apartment only to look for letters from Tony. She took his first letter into the bedroom of their life and lay down upon the bed, reading it again and again, unashamed of the hot and bitter tears which rolled down her face, thinking of how strong handsome and brave Tony was.

Susan's letters to Tony were full of declarations of love which concluded with the mind as the guardian of fidelity. Tony's letters disregarded all personal sentiments except for love and kisses at the end. He described army life and his own feats in a boastful self-conscious way. But at last, when Susan's declarations of eternal love had reached a new summit of dedication, Tony answered in a way which would give the kid something to hang onto after he left the continental United States.

"Beautiful chick," he wrote to her, "if you really mean what you said in your last, then as soon as we get this feud in Korea cleaned up, I'll be back in no time at all, and we'll have to do something about it."

This was the closest he had ever come to a proposal of marriage. He was going by train to San Francisco the next day, and soon after to Japan and Korea. It was not likely that he would come back very soon across the Pacific Ocean.

Requested by his wife to look at the apartment which his daughter had ceased to occupy, because the dear child might not have tidied up properly, Roger Calhoun made his second visit to what he regarded, at times, as his daughter's love nest. Going north in a taxi from Wall Street, he questioned the dignity of his mission. There was no point, however, in being pompous or disingenuous about it when his curiosity about youth in 1950 continually mounted.

The living room and the kitchen were ridden by the ruins of a party: bottles of ginger ale, Pepsi-Cola, and root beer, boxes of Cheese-its, Fig Newtons, and Ritz crackers, containers of ice cream, jars of jam, and jars of pickles, dirty dishes and crushed paper napkins were all over. The children must have had a veritable bacchanalia, he thought, which had to be compared to the cocktail parties of his own generation, at which some were unable to converse before gulping four Martinis and from which Roger Calhoun withdrew overcome by *medium wine* and a contempt for this world to a geyserium of a Turkish bath.

He went to the bedroom, conscious



BRAD ANDERSON

that he wanted to find something, unable to think of what it was. He saw it instantly, glancing at the dresser where his studio photograph presided as before, solemn and posed, staring down upon his daughter's bed of sin. The presence of his face sustained a mild modest pleasure, a delightful suspicion of his own misgivings. Perhaps he ought to doubt his doubts about the morality and conduct of youth if he took pleasure in the innocence which permitted his photograph in the intimacy of his daughter's bedroom.

The bedroom was in a state of disorder more extreme than the kitchen and living room. The framed photograph was the only form of order: the disheveled bed resembled the dirty snowdrifts in a city street four days after the worst blizzard of winter. Kicking one of his daughter's dispersed shoes by accident, his own heel trod upon what appeared to be a discarded letter. He picked it up, brushing the dust from it with a coat sleeve. It was Tony's last communication before departing for Korea.

It was not precisely a proposal of marriage, but surely it expressed genuine affection and sympathy, assuming that he was capable of recognizing those senti-

ments in a generation so distant from him and the life he had lived. He felt grateful to the young man, certain that he had been kind to Susan. Yet, without knowing why, he felt acute relief that there appeared to be no need to meet the young man.

He left, Nancy would have to send the servants to clean the place. She had been right again, as she so often was. It would be difficult to get a taxi unless he walked to Fifth Avenue.

Gazing at the brittle glitter and nervous exhilaration of the great avenue in the sparkling, hurried hour after work and before dinner, he thought of the restoration of coffee, went to the first drugstore, seated himself on a backless stool at the end of the soda fountain counter, and saw his daughter Susan at a distance, seated so that she could not see him. She was with a very spruce-looking young man. It was very awkward. He must go before she saw him. Susan was succeeding in at once munching her sandwich, drinking her malted milk, and talking with much intensity to the young man.

Pausing to pay his check and feeling furtive, his back was turned to his daughter as the cashier changed his ten-dollar bill, and in the interval he heard

what his daughter was saying to her new young man.

"In petting," she said sternly and slowly, as one mastering something to be memorized, "there is no Mason-Dixon line. You must not forget that or think that I am holding out on you and being mean."

"Maybe so," said the young man in a tone clipped and intimidated, "but you have to make up your mind sooner or later."

"Although it is not ordinarily thought of as such," said Susan, "the mind is first of the erogenous zones. If you just give me a chance, I will explain what that means to you—"

Roger Callhoun left as if he were making an escape from a penitentiary and from a period of history. He did not want to know how long it would be before the spruce young man succeeded Susan's true love in the first of the erogenous zones. It might be true that most human beings are much simpler than one commonly supposes them to be: one is oneself far simpler than one often supposes. But it was also true that the simple were extremely complicated. He felt entirely lost in the terror and jungle of innocence.

Y



"Quick, think of some way to get arrested!"



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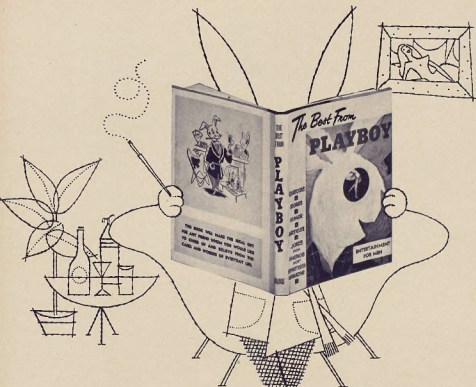
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