



BEAUMONT AND FRIEND

PLAYBILL

called "a perfect introduction to one of the best short-story writers in America today"; (4) a racing anthology, out soon, called *Omnibus of Speed*; and (5) a trip to Europe. With these projects now out of the way, Chuck is busy writing more stories for *PLAYBOY*. The first of these is the eerie *Perchance to Dream*, herein.

Charles Beaumont completes the trio of perennials. Though his past contributions to *PLAYBOY* number an even 10, he has been absent from our pages for a while, due to (1) a just-completed novel on a controversial theme, which will be published early next year; (2) the script for a film, *Queen of Outer Space*, which stars Zsa Zsa Gabor and which he did, with Ben Hecht, for a lark; (3) a collection of his more macabre stories, entitled *Yonder*, which *The Los Angeles Times*

CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

PLAYBILL	2
DEAR PLAYBOY	3
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS	9
THE STEREO SCENE—modern living	20
THE 51 TONES OF GREEN—fiction	KEN PURDY 26
THE PROS OF PARIS—article	SAM BOAL 30
PERCHANCE TO DREAM—fiction	CHARLES BEAUMONT 35
NEVER DARKEN MY DOOR AGAIN—humor	PHIL INTERLANDI 36
MAN OF AFFAIRS—article	FREDERIC A. BIRMINGHAM 39
THE VERITIES OF VINO—modern living	42
LE ROUGE ET LE BLANC—playboy's playmates of the month	45
PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES—humor	54
NINE CASES IN POINT—accoutrements	BLAKE RUTHERFORD 56
MONTAGE—fiction	RAY RUSSELL 59
LES GIRLS, LES GIRLS, LES GIRLS—pictorial	60
EXECUTIVE CHESS—article	JOHN HOWARD SIMS 69
MY LADY NICOTINE—ribald classic	74
THE 1959 PLAYBOY JAZZ POLL—jazz	75
PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK—travel	PATRICK CHASE 96

HUGH M. HEFNER *editor and publisher*

A. C. SPECTORSKY *associate publisher and advertising director*

RAY RUSSELL *executive editor*

ARTHUR PAUL *art director*

JACK J. KESSIE *associate editor*

VINCENT T. TAJIRI *picture editor*

VICTOR LOWNES III *promotion director*

JOHN MASTRO *production manager*

ELDON SETTERS *special projects*

PHILIP C. MILLER *circulation manager*

KEN PURDY *contributing editor*; FREDERIC A. BIRMINGHAM *fashion director*; BLAKE RUTHERFORD *fashion editor*; THOMAS MARIO *food & drink editor*; PATRICK CHASE *travel editor*; LEONARD FEATHER *jazz editor*; ARLENE BOURAS *copy editor*; PAT PAPPAS *editorial assistant*; JERRY WHITE, JOSEPH H. PACZEK *assistant art directors*; FERN A. BEARTELY *production assistant*; ANSON MCGHEE *college bureau*; JANET PILGRIM *reader service*; WALTER J. HOWARTH *subscription fulfillment manager*.

GENERAL OFFICES: PLAYBOY BUILDING, 232 E. OHIO STREET, CHICAGO 11, ILLINOIS. RETURN POSTAGE MUST ACCOMPANY ALL MANUSCRIPTS, DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS SUBMITTED. IF THEY ARE TO BE RETURNED AND NO RESPONSIBILITY CAN BE ASSUMED FOR UNDELIVERED MATERIALS. CONTENTS COPYRIGHT © 1958 BY HENRY HOLT LISHING CO., INC. NOTHING MAY BE REPRINTED IN WHOLE OR IN PART WITHOUT WRITTEN PERMISSION FROM THE PUBLISHER. ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN THE PEOPLE AND PLACES IN THE FICTION AND SEMI-FICTION IN THIS MAGAZINE AND ANY REAL PEOPLE AND PLACES IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL. **CREDITS:** COVER PHOTOGRAPHED BY DON BRONSTEIN; P. 28 PHOTO BY PHILIP C. STEARNS; P. 48-53 PHOTOS OF PAT SHEEHAN BY SAM WU AND PHOTOS OF MARA CORBY BY DAVID PRESTON; P. 80-88 PHOTOS BY DON BRONSTEIN, DAVID PRESTON AND RUS WYKERS; P. 88 ILLUSTRATION BY JERRY WHITE; P. 75-76 PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT PARENT, OSCAR J. CALLENDAR, JR., AND TED WILLIAMS.



Pros P. 30



Poll P. 75



Lido P. 60

PLAYBOY



fiction By CHARLES BEAUMONT

*ghosts and demons do exist
—if you think about them
long and hard enough*

PERCHANCE TO DREAM

"PLEASE SIT DOWN," the psychiatrist said, indicating a somewhat worn leather couch.

Automatically, Hall sat down. Instinctively, he leaned back. Dizziness flooded through him, his eyelids fell like sash weights, the blackness came . . .

He jumped up quickly and slapped his right cheek, then he slapped his left cheek, hard. "I'm sorry, doctor," he said.

The psychiatrist, who was tall and young and not in the least Viennese, nodded. "You prefer to stand?" he asked, gently.

"Prefer?" Hall threw his head back and laughed. "That's good," he said. "Prefer!"

"I'm afraid I don't quite understand."

"Neither do I, doctor." He pinched the flesh of his left hand until it hurt. "No, no; that isn't true. I do understand. That's the whole trouble. I do."

"You—want to tell me about it?"

"Yes. No." It's silly, he thought. You

(continued on page 87)

TO DREAM

(continued from page 35)

can't help me. No one can. I'm alone! "Forget it," he said and started for the door.

The psychiatrist said, "Wait a minute." His voice was friendly, concerned, but not patronizing. "Running away won't do you much good, will it?"

Hall hesitated.

"Forgive the cliché. Actually, running away is often the best answer. But I don't know yet that yours is that sort of problem."

"Did Doctor Jackson tell you about me?"

"No. He said he was sending you over, but he thought you'd do a better job on the details. I only know that your name is Philip Hall, you're 31, and you haven't been able to sleep for a long time."

"Yes. A long time . . ." To be exact, 72 hours, Hall thought, glancing at the clock. Seventy-two horrible hours . . .

The psychiatrist tapped out a cigarette. "Aren't you —" he began.

"Tired? God, yes. I'm the tiredest man on earth! I could sleep forever. But that's just it, you see: I would. I'd never wake up."

"Please," the psychiatrist said.

Hall bit his lip. There wasn't, he supposed, much point to it. But, after all, what *else* was there for him to do? Where would he go? "You mind if I pace?"

"Stand on your head, if you like."

"OK. I'll take one of your cigarettes." He drew the smoke into his lungs and walked over to the window. Fourteen floors below, the toy people and the toy cars moved. He watched them and thought, this guy's all right. Sharp. Intelligent. Nothing like what I expected. Who can say — *maybe* it'll do some good. "I'm not sure where to begin."

"It doesn't matter. The beginning might be easier for you."

Hall shook his head, violently. The beginning, he thought. Was there such a thing?

"Just take it easy."

After a lengthy pause, Hall said: "I first found out about the power of the human mind when I was 10. Close to that time, anyway. There was a tapestry in my bedroom. It was a great big thing, the size of a rug, with fringe on the edges. It showed a group of soldiers — Napoleonic soldiers — on horses. They were at the brink of some kind of cliff, and the first horse was reared up. My mother told me something. She told me that if I stared at the tapestry long enough, the horses would start to move. They'd go right over the cliff, she said. I tried it, but nothing happened. She said, 'You've got to take time. You've got to *think* about it.' So, every night, before I went to bed, I'd sit up and stare

at that damn tapestry. And, finally, it happened. Over they went, all the horses, all the men, over the edge of the cliff . . ." Hall stubbed out the cigarette and began to pace. "Scared hell out of me," he said. "When I looked again, they were all back. It got to be a game with me. Later on, I tried it with pictures in magazines, and pretty soon I was able to move locomotives and send balloons flying and make dogs open their mouths: everything, anything I wanted."

He paused, ran a hand through his hair. "Not too unusual, you're thinking," he said. "Every kid does it. Like standing in a closet and shining a flashlight through your finger, or sewing up

the heel of your palm . . . common stuff?"

The psychiatrist shrugged.

"There was a difference," Hall said. "One day it got out of control. I was looking at a coloring book. One of the pictures showed a knight and a dragon fighting. For fun I decided to make the knight drop his lance. He did. The dragon started after him, breathing fire. In another second the dragon's mouth was open and he was getting ready to eat the knight. I blinked and shook my head, like always, only — nothing happened. I mean, the picture didn't 'go back.' Not even when I closed the book and opened it again. But I didn't think

too much about it, even then."

He walked to the desk and took another cigarette. It slipped from his hands.

"You've been on dexedrine," the psychiatrist said, watching as Hall tried to pick up the cigarette.

"Yes."

"How many grains a day?"

"Thirty, 35, I don't know."

"Potent. Knocks out your coordination. I suppose Dr. Jackson warned you."

"Yes, he warned me."

"Well, let's get along. What happened then?"

"Nothing," Hall allowed the psychiatrist to light his cigarette. "For a while, I forgot about the 'game' almost completely. Then, when I turned 13, I got sick. Rheumatic heart —"

The psychiatrist leaned forward and frowned. "And Jackson let you have 35 —"

"Don't interrupt!" He decided not to mention that he had gotten the drug from his aunt, that Doctor Jackson knew nothing about it. "I had to stay in bed a lot. No activity; might kill me. So I read books and listened to the radio. One night I heard a ghost story. *Hermil's Cave* it was called. All about a man who gets drowned and comes back to haunt his wife. My parents were gone, at a movie. I was alone. And I kept thinking about that story, imagining the ghost. Maybe, I thought to myself, he's in that closet. I knew he wasn't; I knew there wasn't any such thing as a ghost, really. But there was a little part of my mind that kept saying, 'Look at the closet. Watch the door. He's in there, Philip, and he's going to come out.' I picked up a book and tried to read, but I couldn't help glancing at the closet door. It was open a crack. Everything dark behind it. Everything dark and quiet."

"And the door moved."

"That's right."

"You understand that there's nothing terribly unusual in anything you've said so far?"

"I know," Hall said. "It was my imagination. It *was*, and I realized it even then. But — I got just as scared. Just as scared as if a ghost actually *had* opened that door! And that's the whole point. The mind, doctor. It's everything. If you *think* you have a pain in your arm and there's no physical reason for it, you don't hurt any less. . . . My mother died because she thought she had a fatal disease. The autopsy showed malnutrition, nothing else. But she died just the same!"

"I won't dispute the point."

"All right. I just don't want you to tell me it's all in my mind. I *know* it is."

"Go on."

"They told me I'd never really get well, I'd have to take it easy the rest of

my life. Because of the heart. No strenuous exercise, no stairs, no long walks. No shocks. Shock produces excessive adrenaline, they said. Bad. So that's the way it was. When I got out of school, I grabbed a soft desk job. Unexciting: numbers, adding numbers, that's all. Things went OK for a few years. Then it started again. I read about where some woman got into her car at night and happened to check for something in the back seat and found a man hidden there. Waiting. It stuck with me; I started dreaming about it. So every night, when I got into my car, I automatically patted the rear seat and floorboards. It satisfied me for a while, until I started thinking, "What if I forgot to check?" Or, "What if there's something back there that isn't human?" I had to drive across Laurel Canyon to get home, and you know how twisty that stretch is: 30-, 50-foot drops, straight down. I'd get this feeling halfway across. "There's someone . . . something . . . in the back of the car!" Hidden, in darkness. Fat and shiny. I'll look in the rear-view mirror and I'll see his hands ready to circle my throat . . . Again, doctor: understand me. *I knew it was my imagination.* I had no doubt at all that the back seat was empty—hell, I kept the car locked and I double-checked! But, I told myself, you keep thinking this way, Hall, and you'll see those hands. It'll be a reflection, or somebody's headlights, or nothing at all—but you'll see them! Finally, one night, I did see them! The car lurched a couple of times and went down the embankment."

The psychiatrist said, "Wait a minute." rose, and switched the tape on a small machine.

"I knew how powerful the mind was, then," Hall continued. "I knew that ghosts and demons did exist, they did, if you only thought about them long enough and hard enough. After all, one of them almost killed me!" He pressed the lighted end of the cigarette against his flesh; the fog lifted instantly. "Doctor Jackson told me afterward that one more serious shock like that would finish me. And then's when I started having the dream."

There was a silence in the room, compounded of distant automobile horns, the ticking of the ship's-wheel clock, the insectivorous tapping of the receptionist's typewriter, Hall's own tortured breathing.

"They say dreams last only a couple of seconds," he said. "I don't know whether that's true or not. It doesn't matter. They *seem* to last longer. Sometimes I've dreamed a whole lifetime; sometimes generations have passed. Once in a while, time stops completely; it's a frozen moment, lasting forever. When I was a kid I saw the Flash Gordon serials, you remember? I loved them, and when the last episode was over, I went home

and started dreaming more. Each night, another episode. They were vivid, too, and I remembered them when I woke up. I even wrote them down, to make sure I wouldn't forget. Crazy?"

"No," said the psychiatrist.

"I did, anyway. The same thing happened with the Oz books and the Burroughs books. I'd keep them going. But after the age of 15, or so, I didn't dream much. Only once in a while. Then, a week ago—" Hall stopped talking. He asked the location of the bathroom and went there and splashed cold water on his face. Then he returned and stood by the window.

"A week ago?" the psychiatrist said, flipping the tape machine back on.

"I went to bed around 11:30. I wasn't too tired, but I needed the rest, on account of my heart. Right away the dream started. I was walking along Venice Pier. It was close to midnight. The place was crowded, people everywhere: you know the kind they used to get there. Sailors, dumpy-looking dames, kids in leather jackets. The pitchmen were going through their routines. You could hear the roller coasters thundering along the tracks, the people inside the roller coasters, screaming; you could hear the bells and the guns cracking and the crazy songs they play on calliopes. And, far away, the ocean, moving. Everything was bright and gaudy and cheap. I walked for a while, stepping on gum and candy apples, wondering why I was there." Hall's eyes were closed. He opened them quickly and rubbed them. "Halfway to the end, passing the penny arcade, I saw a girl. She was about 22 or 23. White dress, very thin and tight, and a funny little white hat. Her legs were bare, nicely muscled and tan. She was alone. I stopped and watched her and I remember thinking, '*She must have a boyfriend. He must be here somewhere.*' But she didn't seem to be waiting for anyone, or looking. Unconsciously, I began to follow her. At a distance.

"She walked past a couple of concessions, then she stopped at one called The Whip and strolled in and went for a ride. The air was hot. It caught her dress as she went around and sent it whirling. It didn't bother her at all. She just held onto the bar and closed her eyes, and—I don't know, a kind of ecstasy seemed to come over her. She began to laugh. A high-pitched, musical sound. I stood by the fence and watched her, wondering why such a beautiful girl should be laughing in a cheap carnival ride, in the middle of the night, all by herself. Then my hands froze on the fence, because suddenly I saw that she was looking at me. Every time the car would whip around, she'd be looking. And there was something in her eyes, something that said, Don't go away, don't leave, don't move . . . The ride

stopped and she got out and walked over to me. As naturally as if we'd known each other for years, she put her arm in mine, and said, 'We've been expecting you, Mr. Hall.' Her voice was deep and soft, and her face, close up, was even more beautiful than it had seemed. Full, rich lips, a little wet; dark, flashing eyes; a warm gleam to her flesh. I didn't answer. She laughed again and tugged at my sleeve. 'Come on, darling,' she said. 'We haven't much time.' And we walked, almost running, to The Silver Flash—a roller coaster, the highest on the pier. I knew I shouldn't go on it because of my heart condition, but she wouldn't listen. She said I had to, for her. So we bought our tickets and got into the first seat of the car . . ."

Hall held his breath for a moment, then let it out, slowly. As he relived the episode, he found that it was easier to stay awake. Much easier.

"That," he said, "was the end of the first dream. I woke up sweating and trembling, and thought about it most of the day, wondering where it had all come from. I'd only been to Venice Pier once in my life, with my mother. Years ago. But that night, just as it'd happened with the serials, the dream picked up exactly where it had left off. We were settling into the seat. Rough leather, cracked and peeling, I recall. The grab-bar iron, painted black, the paint rubbed away in the center.

"I tried to get out, thinking, 'Now's the time to do it; do it now or you'll be too late!' But the girl held me, and whispered to me. We'd be together, she said. Close together. If I'd do this one thing for her, she'd belong to me. 'Please! Please!' she begged. Then the car started. A little jerk; the kids beginning to yell and scream; the *clack-clack* of the chain pulling up; and up, slowly, too late now, too late for anything, up the steep wooden hill . . .

"A third of the way to the top, with her holding me, pressing herself against me. I woke up again. Next night, we went up a little farther. Next night, a little farther. Foot by foot, slowly, up the hill. At the halfway point, the girl began kissing me. And laughing. 'Look down!' she told me. 'Look down, Philip!' And I did and saw little people and little cars and everything tiny and unreal.

"Finally we were within a few feet of the crest. The night was black and the wind was fast and cold now, and I was so scared, so scared that I couldn't move. The girl laughed louder than ever, and a strange expression came into her eyes. I remembered then how no one else had noticed her. How the ticket-taker had taken the two stubs and looked around questioningly.

"'Who are you?' I screamed. And she said, 'Don't you know?' And she stood up and pulled the grab-bar out of my

hands. I leaned forward to get it.

"Then we reached the top. And I saw her face and I knew what she was going to do, instantly: I knew. I tried to get back into the seat, but I felt her hands on me then and I heard her voice, laughing, high, laughing and shrieking with delight, and —"

Hall smashed his fist against the wall, stopped and waited for calm to return.

When it did, he said, "That's the whole thing, doctor. Now you know why I don't dare to go to sleep. When I do — and I'll have to, eventually; I realize that! — the dream will go on. And my heart won't take it!"

The psychiatrist pressed a button on his desk.

"Whoever she is," Hall went on, "she'll push me. And I'll fall. Hundreds of feet. I'll see the cement rushing up in a blur to meet me and I'll feel the first horrible pain of contact —"

There was a click.

The office door opened.

A girl walked in.

"Miss Thomas," the psychiatrist began, "I'd like you to —"

Philip Hall screamed. He stared at the girl in the white nurse's uniform and took a step backward. "Oh, Christ! No!"

"Mr. Hall, this is my receptionist, Miss Thomas."

"No," Hall cried. "It's her. It is! And I know who she is now, God save me! I know who she is!"

The girl in the white uniform took a tentative step into the room.

Hall screamed again, threw his hands over his face, turned and tried to run.

A voice called, "Stop him!"

Hall felt the sharp pain of the sill against his knee, realized in one hideous moment what was happening. Blindly he reached out, grasping. But it was too late. As if drawn by a giant force, he tumbled through the open window, out into the cold clear air.

"Hall!"

All the way down, all the long and endless way down past the 13 floors to the gray, unyielding, hard concrete, his mind worked; and his eyes never closed . . .

* * *

"I'm afraid he's dead," the psychiatrist said, removing his fingers from Hall's wrist.

The girl in the white uniform made a little gasping sound. "But," she said, "only a minute ago, I saw him, and he was —"

"I know. It's funny; when he came in, I told him to sit down. He did. And in less than two seconds he was asleep. Then he gave that yell you heard and . . ."

"Heart attack?"

"Yes." The psychiatrist rubbed his cheek thoughtfully. "Well," he said. "I guess there are worse ways to go. At least he died peacefully."

