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MAY 1964 . 75 CENTS

PLAYBOY



PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR



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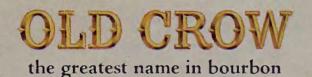
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PLAYBILL DONNA MICHELLE, our provocatively posed cover girl, and a runaway choice for Playmate of the Year in a May poll of the editors, achieves within these pages a special distinction. Our 11-page pictorial paean to December Playmate Donna's singular charms is a page longer than the previous record holder for a photo takeout devoted to one girl - the unforgettable Marilyn Monroe (MM Remembered, January 1964). PLAYBOY photographer Pompeo Posar, the man behind the lens in our Playmate of the Year pictorial, is a quietly charming Continental type. An Italian from Trieste who came to this country in

SHEINWOLD

1955, Pompeo joined PLAYBOY four years ago after his freelance photographing of several Playboy's Penthouse TV sessions caught the eye of Editor-Publisher Hefner. Pompeo's enviable task of focusing in on Donna Michelle marked his ninth shooting of a Playmate for the magazine.

Our May issue is filled with material no less enchanting than Miss Michelle. On hand is the second part of Ian Fleming's latest James Bond scalp tingler, You Only Live Twice, wherein Bond, on the prowl in the Orient, finds himself in the direst of straits. Ken W. Purdy, who can turn out gripping fiction and authoritative articles with equal aplomb, is teller of a terror tale this outing. His Portrait of Charles Boyd, depicting the tragic disintegration of an artist, is an artistic tour de force of shattering intensity. William Wiser's I'm Just a Traveling Man

unwinds through the streets of Paris, a locale not unfamiliar to Wiser who expatriated himself to the City of Light, where, he says, "I grew a beard and found a pad in the Paris redlight district off the Rue Saint-Denis." His stay there, which was followed by a just-completed year in Mexico City under a fellowship granted by the Centro Mexicano de Escritores, bore fictive fruit in Traveling Man and at least one other story scheduled for a forthcoming issue of PLAYBOY.

TYNAN

There is probably no more versatile or respected actor in Hollywood today than the subject of this month's Playboy Interview, Jack Lemmon. Engagingly candid, Lemmon displays an estimable off-screen awareness of his profession - as an art and as a business - which makes for fascinating reading. Equally esteemed in his own field, Alfred Sheinwold, author of this month's Big-League Bridge (he's shown above, through a glass tabletop, hard at play), is one of the foremost chroniclers and practitioners of such pasteboard pastimes as bridge (he has a nationally syndicated column in over 200 newspapers, is Associate Editor of Modern Bridge, Editor of Autobridge and author of the best-selling Five Weeks to Winning Bridge, has won national championships and is one of the highest-ranked players in the United States) and gin rummy (he is the chief judge of the annual International Gin Rummy Tournament held in Las Vegas). Chief of Cryptographic Security for the OSS during World War II, Sheinwold sent us an uncoded communiqué revealing two important events upcoming: publication of his The Pocket Hoyle (with Albert H. Morehead) and an impending marriage to - you guessed it - a national bridge champion.

A singular meeting in Castro's Havana between literary champions Ernest Hemingway and Tennessee Williams was

POSAR

arranged and set down in Papa and the Playwright by England's most celebrated theater critic, Kenneth Tynan, who is now deeply involved, as its literary manager, in Great Britain's National Theater. Tynan proved to be the discomfited and amused third party to a comedy of noncommunication between the celebrator of virile masculinity and the laureate of Southern decadence.

The premier appearance of what should prove to be one of PLAYBOY's most popular features - A Playboy's Pad - is yet another facet in our continuing appraisal of the urban and urbane approach to modern living. West Coast architect Fred Lyman's dramatic digs, photographed by a recent addition to the PLAYBOY photo staff, J. Barry O'Rourke, is the first stop on what promises to be a fascinating tour of sophisticated bachelor quarters throughout the world.







SCHNACKENBERG

Invading the world of the most highly specialized and frequently translated form of Japanese poetry, PLAYBOY's comedic stalwart, Larry Siegel, offers his own variations on an ancient and honorable verse form in Hip Haiku. Larry, co-author of Vaughn Meader's latest LP, Have Some Nuts, bases his claim to expertise in matters Nipponese on the fact that he's seen all of Sessue Hayakawa's movies and owns a Nikon camera.

The assumption that men of science are humorless is proved a base canard in another of scientist and science fictioneer Arthur C. Clarke's visionary voyages into the future, The Food of the Gods; his theme is at once pointed and satiric.

Food and Drink Editor Thomas Mario's Gin Fling, on the juice of the juniper berry, has been strikingly illustrated by Chicago artist Roy Schnackenberg, whose painting enhanced PLAYBOY'S Folk, Folkum and the New Citybilly (June 1963).

Other musts for May include Fashion Director Robert L. Green's New Moves Afoot, and a second fashion feature on convertible warm-weather garb, Double Exposure; our cool May miss, Playmate Terri Kimball; and On the Scene. All of which should make May a memorable month.

PLAYBOY.



Movement Afoot

P. 115



Summit Encounter

P 97



Playmote Winner

P. 101



Bachelor Pad

P. 7

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THE POMPHIAN SHOP]; P. 90-92, DONNA MICHELE'S
HAIRSTYLE BY FRED'S SHEARS AND CHEERS.

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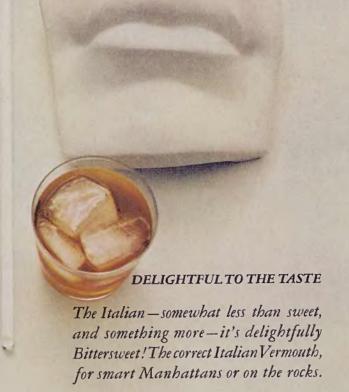
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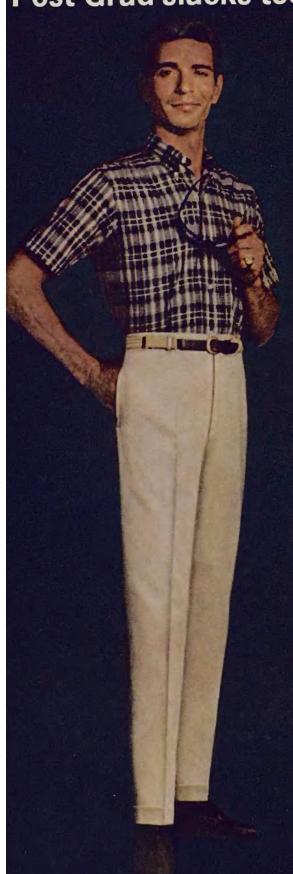
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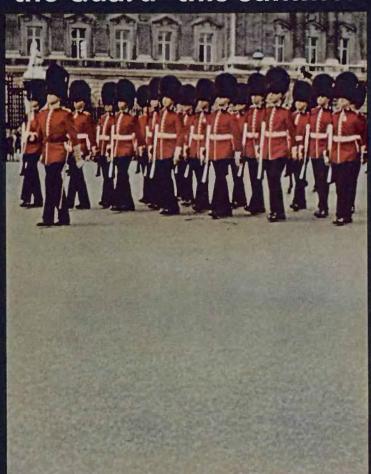


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DEAR PLAYBOY

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COVER KUDOS

I cannot take my eyes off the cover of your February 1964 issue. The young lady in the pink dress is the most intriguing-looking person I've seen on any page of PLAYBOY, and there have been some very attractive women over the years,

John R. Leopold Clinton, New York

On the cover of the February issue you have an exceedingly good-looking girl, but you failed to mention her name. Who is she?

Robert Cherry Boyd Garber University of North Carolina Chapel Hill, North Carolina

You're not reading the "Playbill," boys. As we noted there, our February cover girl is Assistant Cartoon Editor Cynthia Maddox. In the nearly five years that Cynthia has brightened Playboy's editorial offices for fellow staffers, she has also made innumerable appearances in the pages of the magazine, including two previous covers (February 1962 and March 1963).

PLAYMATES REVISITED

I'm certainly enjoying your Tenth Anniversary reprise of PLAYBOY'S Playmates and am looking forward to the picture story on the readers' own favorites promised for the December issue. My own choices for the top ten Playmates of the first decade are Janet Pilgrim, July 1955; Lisa Winters, December 1956; Elaine Reynolds, October 1959; Barbara Ann Lawford, February 1961; Heidi Becker, June 1961; Christa Speck, September 1961; June Cochran, December 1962; Toni Ann Thomas, February 1963; Connie Mason, June 1963; and Donna Michelle, December 1963. I'll be interested to see how my own favorites compare with those of the other readers.

> Robert Wilson Evanston, Illinois

In approaching the delightful dilemma of picking the ten best Playmates from PLAYBOY's first ten years of publishing, I have to begin with Christa Speck and Donna Michelle — my two all-time favorites. After that the selection becomes considerably more difficult, but I will cast my remaining eight votes for Jayne Mansfield, Ellen Stratton, Connie Mason. Christine Williams, Stella Stevens, Phyllis Sherwood, Joyce Nizzari and Unne Terjesen — though not necessarily in that order.

Chuck Smith Dallas, Texas

Readers are invited to submit their own ten favorite Playmates from the first decade of Playboy and the most popular will appear in a special "Readers' Choice" portfolio in December.

GUSS-TATORY

The Jack Guss story in your February issue proves two things: (1) We have come to a time in our racial problems when we can face some of them with a sense of humor. This is a great and most welcome step. (2) Jack Guss is an original. There is no one quite like him. There will be no one like him. I hope you beat him into working for playboy often in the coming years. You belong together. Congratulations to you both on your first meeting.

Ray Bradbury Los Angeles, California

I found February's Where Does It Say in Freud? by Jack Raphael Guss to be a delightful combination of wit and poignancy and therefore consistent with the quality of most of the material found in PLAYBOY. Would it be possible for you to give us some more of his work?

Theodore A. Paulson Hyde Park, New York

Coming up shortly.

BARE BECKET

Although yours is a men's magazine, I am sure you must appreciate your large feminine readership. As one of your women readers, I have a complaint to make. I know your editorial attitude that the female body, especially nude, is a thing of beauty and a joy forever and all that, but frankly, all those breasts

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and buttocks don't send me. As far as I'm concerned, it's just another case of "So what else is new?" Take that stupid sequence in your February issue of Peter O'Toole and Richard Burton with some naked actress [In Bed with Becket, PLAYBOY, February 1964]. A poorly conceived, tiresome treatment of a trite subject. But had the actress been dressed, and Mr. Burton and Mr. O'Toole nude - ah, then your women readers would surely have wondered what you buy one half so precious as the stuff you sell. As the standard-bearer in the war against sexual hypocrisy, why this curious single standard of nudity in your pages? Equal rights for women, please!

Mrs. Robert Mather Grass Lake, Michigan

BALDWIN BROTHER

James Baldwin claims he does not know anything about music [The Uses of the Blues, Playboy, January 1964]. You don't have to know anything about music to know anything about the blues, but you do have to be born in the tradition. Since Baldwin is an American Negro, he qualifies; anyone who is not a Negro and claims to know about the blues is an impostor. A cultured quack.

I first heard the blues sung when I was too young to know much more than my name — way down in an Alabama cotton field:

Days are lonely, nights are so, so long
Days are lonely, nights so doggone long
I tried to be a good man
But I done been treated wrong.

Now, I do not claim to have known at the time the meaning of the blues, but before I was seven or eight, I realized that something inside me responded sharply whenever I heard them. I know now what it was. It wasn't the music. It was the mood - the mood ebony that is an element of every Negro's most enduring psychic state. It is something that becomes a part of what he is, and a reflection of what he is because of the peculiar focus of forces that have created him in the particular image by which he is known and judged. Bessie Smith articulated the judgment and the futility of innocence:

Some people call me a hobo Some call me a bum Nobody knows my name Nobody knows what I've done.

As a college boy I walked the streets of Memphis for four years haunted by the songs and the sounds around Handy Park, the cafés and the clubs that reached out for me, tugging at my viscera and demanding recognition, affiliation. And if I resisted recognition, I knew then (and I know now) that I was



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already affiliated. I was born in the family.

I got the one and two blues They haunt me night and day.

So has James Baldwin. On any chance meeting, we could (and probably would) share the same blues, and neither of us would have to say a word.

> C. Eric Lincoln Clark College Atlanta, Georgia

SILVERSTEIN SONG

That goddamn Silverstein is the funniest and cleverest man to come down the pike this century! If you don't have it planned already, have him add a fourth part to his History of Playboy, entitled "The Future Years" - then run the whole series over again. That guy fractures me, and it is nothing but pure delight.

> R. C. Weekly Norfolk, Virginia

Shel Silverstein's series on the History of Playboy proves once again that he is a master of humor. I've thoroughly enjoyed this series and everything that he has had published in PLAYBOY.

> Kenneth Novarro New York, New York

As a young female who firmly believes that one of woman's most important roles is the entertainment of men, I picked up a copy of PLAYBOY some months ago, with only the idea of keeping abreast (no pun intended!) with what entertains them, and to cut a long story short, I have been devouring every copy since with the greatest of interest. I am writing this letter to express my great appreciation of that master cartoonist, Shel Silverstein. His coverage of nudism (again, no pun intended!), his Lafcadio, the Lion Who Shot Back [PLAYBOY, November 1963], his History of Playboy are gems of perfection. In my humble opinion, Shel Silverstein is quite without peer.

> Jennifer Self Victoria, British Columbia

BATTLE OVER BRUCE

Frankly, the autobiography of Lenny Bruce has left me with mixed emotions. I do think, however, that he is an extremely talented man.

Kaye Ballard New York, New York

The only recourse a reader has when a magazine becomes objectionable is to refuse to buy it - that I am going to do. Lenny Bruce has a perverted mind and I believe it is a poor policy for you to disseminate his perversion. The only value of his articles is in the clinical ex-

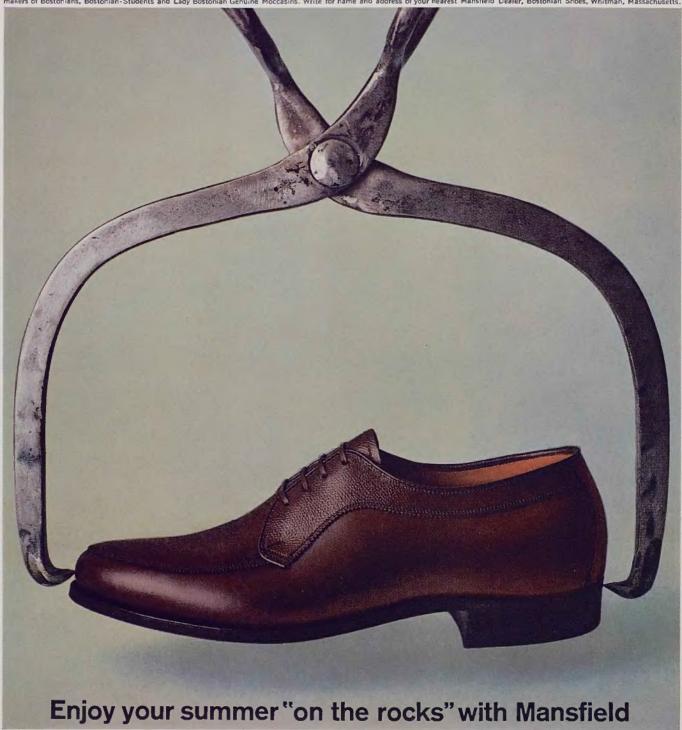


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AT MARINA CITY, CHICAGO

In Fine Whiskey...



ploration of the ill and if you intend to continue your policy of "unrestricted thought and expression," you should plan future articles such as "The Great Pleasure in Raping Small Girls" and "Boys Are More Fun." Sex is wonderful—filth is disgusting.

Dean Collom Denver, Colorado

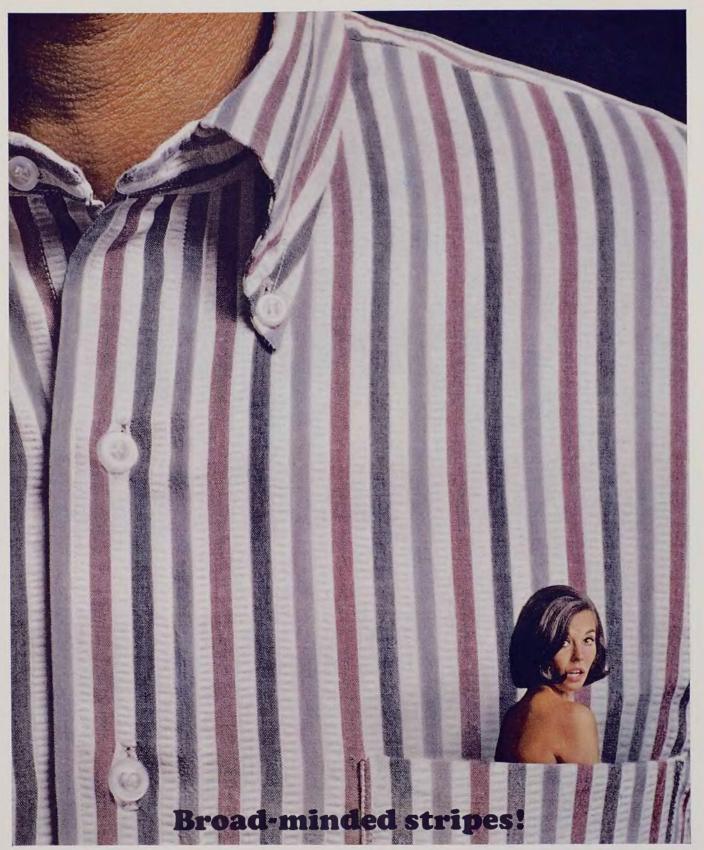
A movement is growing rapidly in this area to form a citizens' committee with the sole aim of seeking Lenny Bruce's appointment as disarmament advisor and chief negotiator in this field for the United States Government. It has become increasingly obvious to the members of this movement that the approach used by the present negotiators on both sides is fruitless and pointless because of the lack of introspection. Also totally missing in these discussions is the ability to predetermine the real international problems and the motivating forces behind them. The world needs Mr. Bruce, with his record of brilliant public service, as exemplified by his clearing up the Sherman Adams incident. We in our group feel that he possesses both the abilities and the stature required for the job. We have searched our hearts in an effort to find the one man capable of carrying on productive conversations with Khrushchev, Mao Tse-tung and De Gaulle all at the same time.

> David M. Shapiro Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

MANAGERIAL MISFIT

Vance Packard, in his January article, On Being a Managerial Misfit, did a good job of highlighting some of the current practices in managerial selection that appear slightly ridiculous to the layman. I expect it would be possible to do the same thing with any profession at any point in time. Current practices are always bound to be a mixture of folklore, unproven new theories, and a good solid core of things that have been found by practical experience to work, The field of psychological testing is one that readily lends itself to ridicule. It is quite easy for almost anyone to select an individual question from any test and present it in a context that would make it seem silly. It would be unfortunate if an entertaining treatment of this sort were to prejudice the very real value that properly constructed and validated psychological tests have in the hands of a qualified user. I think Vance Packard made a good case for the fact that he would not make a good manager. He is an excellent writer and I hope we shall see many more stimulating articles flowing from his gifted pen.

> H. B. Maynard, President Maynard Research Council Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania



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It is high time that someone put a clear glass before Mr. Vance Packard's ideas and removed some of their distortions. He has evolved a formula (deride big business with exaggerated pictures of the executive's life and times) that has caught a portion of the public fancy and that supports, among other expenses, his spacious suburban home in New Canaan, Connecticut. However lucrative the formula for Mr. Packard personally, it nevertheless appears to be nearly bankrupt in balanced, unbiased descriptions of the big-business situation.

What makes Mr. Packard's pronouncements difficult to unscramble is the fact that each of them begins with one or more truths. Thus it is a truth that some big companies use tests as one determinant of whether an individual should or should not be hired or promoted—and one or more of these tests will attempt to determine whether the individual prefers mother or father.

Far be it from me to call Mr. Packard's ideas insignificant. They are, in fact, quite entertaining and imbued with a good deal of shrewd insight. But I would caution any reader lest he take them too much to heart.

After all, many of us look forward to a certain standard of living and are willing to work hard to attain it. That Mr. Packard has achieved a comfortable standard through hard work in belittling business is no reason for young men to abjure hard work in building business.

Lowell Laporte, Assistant to Treasurer The Flintkote Company New York, New York

I thoroughly agree with Vance Packard—he should give up the idea of becoming a chief executive and stick to his typewriter.

He is a Democrat – many Democrats have excellent qualities, but usually not as heads of large corporations. Most upright Democrats seem to be in favor of spending us into bankruptcy and that does not fit in very well with managing a large corporation. Stockholders wouldn't like it and he would soon become less than popular.

Then, too, his letter-writing ability, he confesses, is rather limited and that would be a great handicap to him. He could, of course, turn this function over to others, but after all, stockholders, potential and current customers, do like that intimate touch to come directly from the Big Boss.

Failure to show supporting evidence that he gets along well with people, is a patron of the arts, is out of debt, carries his liquor well and may or may not be averse to the feminine appeal could easily be the controlling factor in determining his ability—aside from being a Democrat—to become a chief executive of national importance.

On the other hand, he confesses to having plenty of drive, believes he could get along well with people and can assume responsibility. While important and credible factors, they do not in the main offset the previously recited restrictions.

All in all, being an outstanding author of books on the executive, he should stay at home, continue writing and keep everybody happy, including himself.

> Allan P. Kirby Morristown, New Jersey

TALLYHO

Upon reading Fox Hunting - Who Needs It? [PLAYBOY, January 1964] by P. G. Wodehouse, I was pleased to discover that others also derive enjoyment from hunting the wily fly. I became an aficionado of this growing sport while residing in the fly-infested southern-Michigan region, where the creature abounds, and where the hunt could easily be deemed a public service. Nowhere else is the hunting as challenging, plentiful and beneficial as there - especially during the late summer months when the fly is quite eager to venture indoors and is at the height of its skill in eluding its determined pursuers.

I was taken aback, however, by the author's somewhat heavy-handed technique. His use of folded magazines and newspapers is quite unsporting, really, and might be likened to using an atomic bomb upon a rabbit. True huntsmen, it seems to me, would prefer the more challenging eight- or twelve-inch ruler, which, possessing some spring or snap, allows the huntsman to bring his quarry down on the wing. Furthermore, the use of the ruler weapon requires close proximity to the prey and no small degree of marksmanship and skill. Indeed, only through this technique can the thrill of a good chase be enjoyed to the utmost. Good hunting and Tallyho.

Charles Witham LaGrange, Illinois

GETTY

I would like to compliment you on the series of informative and enjoyable articles that PLAYBOY has been featuring in recent issues written by Mr. J. Paul Getty on the subjects of business and finance. In fact, I have suggested to my students in finance that they read these articles whenever possible. As you can imagine, this is one suggestion that they follow quite readily. Please encourage Mr. Getty to continue writing these articles, as his practical insights on business and finance are useful both to businessmen and to students of business administration. In fact, I hope PLAYBOY will encourage Mr. Getty to write a book



Italy's favorite drink.



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BOLLA BARDOLINO Light ruby, vivacious...perfect with pasta! BOLLA AMARONE Red, full-bodied, a favorite of connoisseurs! BOLLA ROSÉ Light, tasty, infinitely versatile! BOLLA SOAVE SPUMANTE Sparkling dry white, festive! SOAVE BOLLA White, dry, velvety...ideal with fish or fried foods! BOLLA VALPOLICELLA Red, dry and elegant! BOLLA RECIOTO Sparkling red dessert wine... rich and velvety! Is there a Bolla wine you haven't tried? Discover it tonight! Imported by Fontana Hollywood Corp., New York 13.

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based on his playboy articles. Such a book would fill a real need for practical advice on business and finance—the kind of advice that can only be given by a successful businessman such as Mr. Getty.

Dr. Donald Grunewald Assistant Professor School of Business Rutgers University Newark, New Jersey

As our Consulting Editor on Business and Finance, J. Paul Getty will continue to contribute regularly to the future issues of PLAYBOY.

BOND CRITIQUE

In reference to Ian Fleming's The Property of a Lady [PLAYBOY, January 1964], I'm afraid that "in the grim chess game that is secret service work," each side has lost a queen. If Mr. Bond is capable of making an educated guess that the Resident Director might be the underbidder, then the K. G. B. will similarly deduce that the Purple Cipher Operation is a hoax. The loss of a key man in a week's time after the auction will cause the K. G. B. to link these two major events. If the Resident Director had been identified as the underbidder, then the British must have known that the jewel was payment to Maria Freudenstein. The big question would then be, why did the British allow Maria to occupy her position? The Purple Cipher would, therefore, be suspect by the K. G. B. After finishing the story, I almost thought to myself, "Good old Bond!" but then I realized the consequences of deporting the Resident Director.

> Leonard Itkin Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

1920 VARGAS

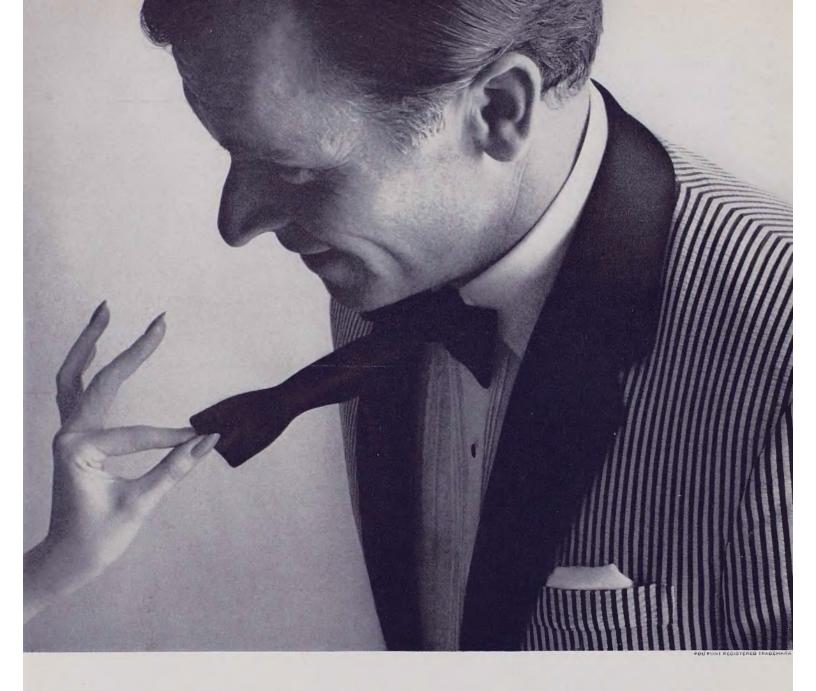
Your January issue has got to be one of the very best yet. I have collected your magazine as a subscriber for five years and your embarkation into the second decade deserves congratulations.

The section on *The Vargas Girl Circa* 1920 was a real surprise. It was a treat to see some of Vargas' early work. I would like to recommend that the magazine continue offering samples from this great artist's collection in future issues, in addition to the current Vargas Girls who appear regularly.

John D. Walraven Comstock Park, Michigan

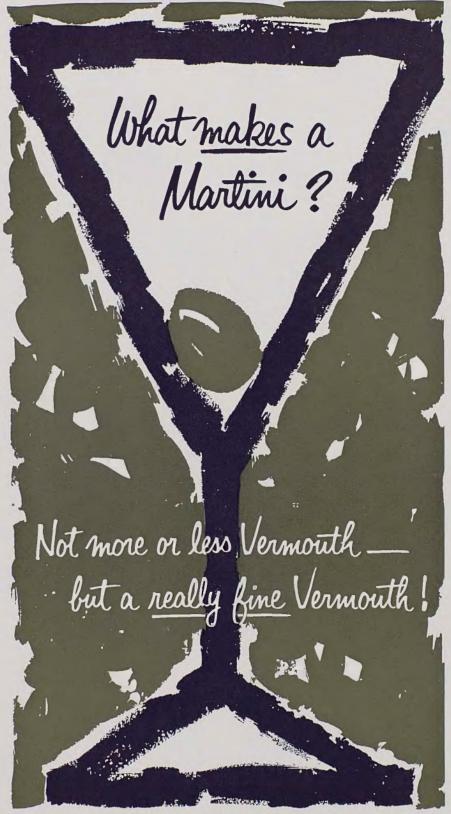
READER RE READER SERVICE

This is not a request for information. It is simply a thank-year note, for your courteous response to all of my requests for information during the past two years. I have written you quite frequently, requesting such out-of-the-ordinary information as the address of



The next affair you have, make it formal.

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IMPORTED EXTRA DRY VERMOUTH



Ross Hunter, a Hollywood producer, and the address of the American Sunbathing Association. You have always responded in the most courteous way, and for this I am very grateful.

Ray L. Geffel Offutt AFB, Nebraska

LINER NOTE

Good things come in small packages. February's *Joe Meets Sam* was not only in the groove storywise, but from the production standpoint as well. The album cover was a gas, the liner notes were too much, but the big kicker was the technical data that followed the liner notes.

Morris I. Diamond National Promotion Director Mercury Records Chicago, Illinois

GRABBER

Murray Teigh Bloom's February article. The Moneygrabbers, grabbed me and held me to the last illicit dollar. If he'd fictionalized his facts, they would have constituted the least credible story since Little Red Riding Hood. As it is, though, he's assembled a clutch of clutchers of whom I for one have never heard, told their tall tales fascinatingly, and woven them together into the kind of piece that makes a fellow stop and think. At least, that's the effect this work produced in me: I sat there thinking how great it would be to have the brains and the gall to become one of Bloom's roster of happily retired, high-living amoralists. Then I had to stop thinking - and go back to earning an honest dollar to divvy up with the Internal Revenue Service.

Ted Ayres Springfield, Massachusetts

TIN-PUN ALLEY

I enjoyed Jack Sharkey's historical discussion of the origin of some of our popular songs in February's Lady Luck and the Lyricist, but I can't understand why he left out the story of how Vernon Duke met Hugh Downs at a party and got into a discussion of existentialist philosophy. It seems that Duke had a very superficial knowledge of the subject, which eventually irritated Downs to the point of exclaiming, "It's obvious that you have read Sartre, but you certainly don't understand him very well!" To which Duke replied, with abundant sarcasm, "I'm brokenhearted 'cause I can't get Sartre's wit, Hugh" - and rushed out of the room in search of a piano.

James Ransom Palo Alto, California





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Ask the economist.

The one with a materialistic slant on leisure— who knows what his shirt-jac is made of. And why.

The fiber is Fortrel. Keeps his shirt looking crisp. Neat. Wrinkle-free.

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Good reasons to look for Fortrel in all your clothes.

Donegal's "Bucksport Isle" shirt-jacs of Galey & Lord's Fortrel polyester and cotton. In checks, solids and stripes. S, M, L, XL. About \$8. At fine stores everywhere or write Celanese Fibers Co., 522 Fifth Avenue, New York 36, N. Y.





PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



The word "exotic," as a description of the wondrous ways of the Orient, has always struck us as apt, but we never quite realized how apt until we received a brace of advertisements from Japan in a recent morning's mail. If these circulars are any indication, those inscrutable Nipponese, impatient with their image as imitators, have apparently decided to be innovators—and leaders—in at least one field: sexual exotica.

Circular number one states its purpose succinctly in the opening paragraph: "Restore your sexual vitality with Wonder Drink (A)!" Our curiosity whetted, we read on to learn that "the 56 years old inventor" of this "erogenous wonder drink fulfills a man's duty three times a day and has now set out to satisfy 1000 of the fair sex." Impressed by this prodigious performance and program, our attention was diverted from the invention to the inventor, Yuzaburo Fujikawa, whose accompanying capsule autobiography informed us that he stumbled upon his "vitalizing noble hormone" before the War while seeking a cure for tuberculosis. After test-drinking a new herbal concoction one day, Fujikawa-in a discovery scene rivaling those associated with Newton, Franklin and Edison awoke the next morning to find his "blanket being pulled up as if it were alive." Evidently not wishing to burden his wife with the details of his invention, Fujikawa probably exclaimed "Eureka!" (in Japanese, of course) and, we are told, hastened forthwith to a low geisha house of his acquaintance. "I challenged a girl who was said to have faced 3000 men," he relates. "It took me two hours to finish one act. Her waist was almost paralyzed the second time."

Reading on we were further assured to learn that it not only remedies semi-

impotency and premature ejaculation, but is recommended as a specific for gastroenteric complaints, heart disease, scrofulosis, diabetes, kidney and liver ailments and several other grievous afflictions. At the end of the circular we found testimonials from five satisfied users, whose attestations seemed impressive - until we noticed that every one of the men happens to be employed in Fujikawa's laboratory. Our disillusionment deepened when we learned that Fujikawa purports not to sell the drug, but to give it away to subscribers who contribute "supporting fees" as high as \$500 - almost a year's salary for many Japanese workmen.

Satisfied that we were being introduced not to an important and original contribution to the science of sexology, but to an exotic adaptation of that timehonored institution known as the con, we turned to circular number two: a compact eight-pager distributed by the Akafune Drug Company of Yokohama. The title, Sex Instruments, Advice, Medicine and Sex Problems, led us to believe that Akafune might be connected with Fujikawa, but further perusal disabused us of this notion. Rather than pharmaceutical miracles, the Yokohama company modestly offers merely "Safety and Pleastire First." The first category of products advertised in the booklet is headed "Aphrodisiacs." For the benefit of erotically ignorant readers, the authors add parenthetically, "Make Passionate." Among the love potions described are "Pluspin," which is "taken in coffee or drink in wine is much better"; and a second variant of the same drug which "drains the cup of pleasure to the dregs," Perhaps to sweeten the taste of these dregs, Pluspin is also offered in "chocolate form," and the authors assure us

that it's "indispensable to those men who want to gather life's roses."

The next grouping of aids to amour is tabbed "Novelties," of which the first item is a "Surprise Box (Sex Kit) — very suitable for your souvenir or your surprising present to party-show or your love!!" In the same category is a collection of "Sex Stimurants," highlighted by "Jugenol," which will help "aged ladies that are too roomy to regain same condition as virgin,"

We found the third classification, "Long Time Medicine," a bit obscure at first glance—and even more so after reading the explanation: "It accelerates the intoxication, thereby perpetuating the agitation, and resulting in the most satisfactory claimax." But the *pièce de résistance* of this grouping is a collector's item called the "Gold Music Ball—with every movement of it, a very exciting sound will be heard to your excitement."

As suggestively picturesque as these blurbs may be, one must reluctantly conclude that, like Fujikawa's nostrums, they add little to our knowledge of materia medica. We do think, however, that the Akafune folks have made one unique contribution—to nomenclature if not to science—with their catalog's description of birth-control pills, which, with admirably candid accuracy, they call "Nobody Medicine."

Untold story of the month, from the classified pages of Columbus, Ohio's *The Booster*: "Man's wedding ring, gold and platinum, 5 diamonds, sz. 9½, would like to trade for shotgun, MA 2-4259."

After four unsolved burglaries in sixteen months, the residents of a West Side



AT 28, MIKE CUESTA is one of New York's hottest photographers. Drop by his studio and you'll find him in khakis, T-shirt and tennis shoes. But out on location, with a client along, you'll see a different Mike: button-down shirt, repp tie, Cricketeer poplin suit. Mike prefers the easy, understated look of Cricketeer. It's a sure sign of good taste. And isn't that what they pay a photographer for?

CRICKETEER*

Cricketeer Shirtweight Poplin suit about \$45.00. Other Cricketeer summer suits from \$45.00 to \$65.00. At your favorite store, or write Cricketeer, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y.

New York apartment building posted a sign in the entrance hall which read: NOTICE TO THIEVES—OTHERS HAVE PRECEDED YOU. ALL CAMERAS, HI-FI SYSTEMS, TRANSISTOR RADIOS, DIAMOND RINGS, PEARLS, NECKLACES. AS WELL AS WORTHLESS AND WORTH-WHILE JEWELRY, HAVE BEEN FILCHED FROM THESE PREMISES. THERE'S NOTHING LEFT TO TAKE. They were wrong: the sign was stolen.

Heartening evidence that the Armed Services have begun to adopt a more enlightened attitude toward individual initiative among officers comes to us in the form of a headline from the Air Force's AFSC Newsreview: "WAF OFFICER CLAIMS TWO POSSIBLE FIRSTS IN PROCUREMENT FIELD."

Defendants on trial in Leicester, England, will be cheered to learn that the application of 57-year-old John Coles for exemption from jury duty, on the grounds that he is totally blind and virtually stone deaf, was refused by court officials with the explanation that his reasons were insufficient to justify dismissal. We'd always heard that justice is blind, but it hadn't occurred to us before that she might also be hard of hearing.

One secret we have not the slightest intention of becoming privy to is the one evidently revealed in a new cookbook, *The Secret of Cooking for Dogs*.

"CHRIST RESIGNS POST," "ST. JOHN TO HEAD YOUNG REPUBLICANS." When we ran across these eye-opening headlines on the front page of the Albuquerque Journal, we couldn't help wondering why the wire services hadn't picked up the double scoop—until we learned in the accompanying stories that the worthies in question are known to their friends as Harold and Bob. respectively; both are local civic leaders.

In the interest of revitalizing the moribund art of conversation, we'd like to suggest a few apt replies that might be made to the perennial pleasantry, "How are you?" By an egotist: "Stupendous, thanks." By a flagpole sitter: 'Tip top." By an East Berliner: "Can't complain." By a vampire: "Dead on my feet." By a used-car salesman: "Mint condition." By Harvey Firestone: "Tired." By the Jolly Green Giant in a bad season: "Peas poor." By a juvenile delinquent: "Punk." By an attractive sculptress: "Pretty chipper." By a football player: "Can't kick." By a happy Eskimo: "Top of the world." By an unhappy Eskimo: "Not so hot." By a pop song writer: "You know how it

goes." By Lawrence Welk: "Wunnaful, wunnaful." By a tramp: "Lousy." By Madame Curie: "Radiant." By a judge: "Fine!" By Beau Brummell: "Dandy." By Robespierre: "Peerless." By a white hunter at the end of an arduous safari: "Bushed." By a seamstress: "So-so." By a mental patient: "Crazy, man." By Tarzan: "Swinging." By Commander Whitehead: "Curiously refreshing." And by one of PLAYBOY'S Playmates: "In the pink."

Poetic Justice Department: Our man in Hollywood reports that the secretary of the Southern California Communist Party was recently ticketed in El Segundo - for making an illegal left turn.

Owners of obsolescent secondhand premium gifts may be interested to learn that Gold's Junk Yard at 4th Street and Avenue C on Manhattan's Lower East Side is now giving Plaid Stamps with every purchase.

Incidental Intelligence: A Dutch veterinarian has developed a bovine brassiere designed to keep cows (and possibly a few overgenerously endowed movie queens) from stepping upon their udders while arising from a prone position.

A sign on the back of an Elizabethtown, Kennicky, garbage truck reads: SATISFACTION GUARANTEED - OR DOUBLE YOUR GARBAGE BACK.

Congratulations would seem to be in order for Marylanders Richard Bolling and Jim Grant Akin, who were listed in a recent issue of the state's Rockville-Montgomery County Sentinel among the couples applying for marriage licenses.

On the menu of a Chicago short-order food emporium called Mr. Shrimp is a disquieting disclaimer, tucked inconspicuously between the pizza and the barbecued beef, which reads, "Because of the nature of this business, service cannot always be perfect. If we should lose a customer, it will be due to an error or something out of our control."

Ouch Department: The Bird Man of Alcatraz, according to a movie ad in Alabama's The Huntsville Times, "consummated his marriage through steel and stone."

The Government Printing Office in Washington is still pondering over the letter it received recently from a resident of Miles City, Montana, which we quote in its entirety: "Dear Sirs: You wrote a letter to me saying that the pamphlets I ordered were out of print. I never sent any and, if so, you never sent them. But

if you did, I never received them. But if I did, I must have returned them. But if I didn't, I won't."

Notice posted in a popular Manhattan pub: NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR PEOPLE LEFT OVER 30 DAYS.

BOOKS

Ernest Hemingway's posthumous book A Moveable Feast (Scribner's, \$4.95) is his best since For Whom the Bell Tolls. The flatulence of his later fiction is absent from this account of his life in Paris in the early Twenties. From first to last it is filled with beautifully remembered days of youthful pride and poverty, of love, of Paris before it became a kind of Disneyland. We watch him discovering and making the Hemingway style that had such impact on writers around the world. His accounts of his friendships are fascinating. Ezra Pound is here shown as a great poet, a good friend and a marvelously skillful literary advisor. Gertrude Stein is seen clearly and intimately. Scott Fitzgerald is revealed in an unflattering but touchingly human light. They met when Fitzgerald was already celebrated and Hemingway struggling: the story of the auto trip on which the celebrity invited the unknown is hilarious and biographically important. As for Zelda Fitzgerald, whom Hemingway disliked for herself and for her influence on Scott, he reports on a visit to their Riviera home: "I knew everything . . . was going to turn out well in the end when she leaned forward and said to me, telling me her great secret, 'Ernest, don't you think Al Jolson is greater than Jesus?' . . . Scott did not write anything anymore that was good until after he knew that she was insane." Hemingway's relations with his own wife (his first) are a bit too good and brave and true à la A Farewell to Arms; but this book is a memorable memoir for everyone who has ever been interested in Hemingway, the writer and the man. And who hasn't?

At first you feel about More Roman Tales (Farrar, Straus, \$4.75), Alberto Moravia's new collection of stories, as the narrator of one of them, Operation Pasqualino, feels about Roman ruins: "They say it's a Roman ruin; but there doesn't seem to me to be much sense in calling a ruin Roman when it's at Rome anyhow. . . . If it was, say, at Frascati, it would be a Frascati ruin instead." In the same way, it seems, these are Roman tales simply because they are set in Rome. About halfway through, however, you realize that from the lead story, The Chim-



BEEFEATER BEEFEATER

the imported English Gin that doubles your martini pleasure



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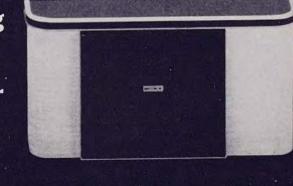
panzee, Moravia has been creating Rome and Romans in a far-from-casual fashion. The pace is fast. Moravia's characters are nowhere and everywhere, hopping from one job to another, to unemployment, to petty thievery, to begging. Passions, good or bad, sexual or occupational, are rare and dangerous. Even good passions are dangerous, since they may turn into bad ones: The one taciturn Roman in this volume turns from passionate gardener (good passion) to passionate lover (bad passion, because he steals to help out his girl, is caught and sent to prison, leaving the girl pregnant and unmarried). Short and to the point, these tales (two of which originally appeared in PLAYBOY) all have the same staccato pace that impresses itself upon you until you know this is Rome and that these would be Roman tales even if you changed the street names and christened the girls Judy and the men James. Moravia is very good. To call him the Italian Dickens would be a little too much; to settle for the Italian O'Hara would be much too little.

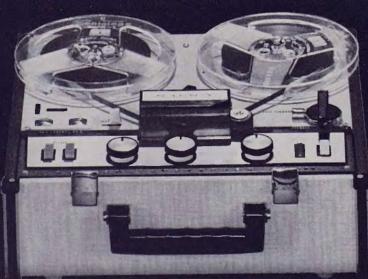
Early in The Cured Alcoholic (John Day, \$4.95), psychologist Arthur H. Cain tells us he was once "an advertising executive," Who would doubt it? His book - in which he presents himself as his drunken brother's keeper - is a hardhitting advertisement for the wares and talents of Arthur H. Cain. "I couldn't give up on them," he explains, referring to some alcoholic soldiers in his company, "I had to live with them and work with them; they were my buddies." So Cain abandons his advertising career and devotes his life to the treatment of alcoholics. Now, 17 years later, he claims to have come up with "new concepts in alcoholism treatment and research." It is not at all clear what these new concepts are, but the heart of the matter seems to lie in the word "cured." The orthodox view, as espoused by Alcoholics Anonymous, holds that the A.A. member is always just "one drink away from a binge." Cain, however, insists that he has had alcoholic patients whom he has cured completely. They can now take a drink, he says, without losing a weekend. Cain's ideas are interesting: one wishes he would explain them instead of trying to promote them - in a hodgepodge style and a tone that is alcoholierthan-thou.

Frank Spofford, a shrewd and garrulous old chicken farmer in exurbia; a goatish and alcoholic poet named Gowan McGland; McGland's biographer, an Englishman named Alvin Mopworth: these are the leading figures in Reuben, Reuben (Little, Brown, \$5.95), Peter De Vries' new satire on American sex and society. The scene is Woodsmoke, Connecticut, a village taken over by Madison



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... at your dealer's today. Less than \$239.50, complete with two dynamic microphones and the revolutionary Sony lid-integrating high fidelity speakers. For literature, or name of nearest franchised dealer, write Superscope Inc., Sun Valley, California.

All Sony Sterecorders are multiplex ready. In New York visit the Sony Salon, 585 Fifth Avenue.

SONY

SUPERSCOPE .

The Tapeway to Stereo

Avenue commuters and now sprouting "a church so modern they're thinking of making divorce a sacrament." Spofford has become a "DP in his own back yard," and when his granddaughter, Geneva, is jilted by a scion of the new gentry, he declares a war of economic revenge on the commuter community. His adventures lead him into the tangled lives of dozens of oversexed, missexed and unsexed new citizens of Woodsmoke. In all of this, De Vries delights in language for its own sake, never passing up a pun. He mocks with perfect parody the mannerisms of speech that give away his characters. The Woodsmoke matrons 'put 'ish' after everything and 'sort of' in front of it . . . 'Sort of fivish.' " Mopworth courts two students at a girls' college in New England who decide that his chasing is proof of flight from latent homosexuality: they spout psychiatric slang and say "pry" for probably - "Pry he's a fag." All of the characters exhibit the erotic and intellectual short circuits of a society sick at heart and in the glands. Reuben, Reuben is vintage De Vries.

In The Noked Society (David McKay, \$5.95) Vance Packard warns that we are all nowadays inhabiting a kind of fish bowl. The theme of his disquieting report is that individual privacy is vanishing: If we phone a Government agency, our conversation may be secretly recorded: if we apply for a new job - or even a new charge account - our life history may be investigated and permaneutly embalmed in a secret dossier; if we visit the supermarket to buy a loaf of bread, our movements may be monitored by a cleverly concealed closedcircuit television camera. "Millions of Americans," cautions Packard, "are living in an atmosphere in which peering electronic eyes, undercover agents, lie detectors, hidden tape recorders, bureaucratic investigators and outrageously intrusive questionnaires are becoming commonplace . . . facts of life." He attributes this state of affairs in part to the new electronic gadgets which make spying a year-round festival: and in part to the Cold War, which has made everybody a bit edgy. "Although not the least bit militaristic as a people," observes Packard, "Americans are being swept toward being a martial - and thus watched - state." Our compliments to PLAYBOY-regular Packard for this documented blast at the professional snoop.

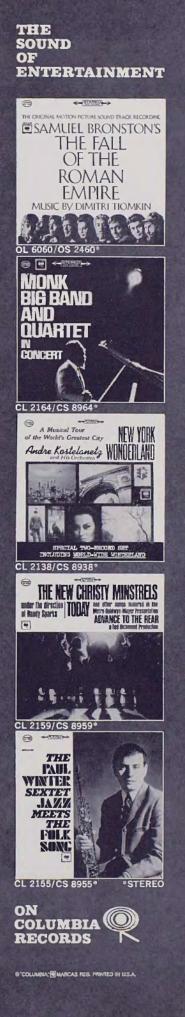
Eros Denied (Grove, \$7.50), by Wayland Young, is a muckraking bouillabaisse of sex in Western society. In the clearest and most precise language, Young, a member of Britain's House of Lords, tilts with "the doubt and contempt of f——ing [the dashes are ours, not milord's] which lie at the heart of

Christian culture." Formidably anticlerical - "There is no original sin except as we shroud ourselves in it"-Young leans hard the other way: He is permissive about incest and orgies, balking at sadism only on practical grounds: "The limitations of sadism as a practical way of life are severely factual." After skimming the broad field of sexual custom and morality, Wayland is waylaid by a vision of an idyllic world: "There will next be a time of perfect sexual freedom, by which I don't mean everybody laying everybody else regardless, but perfect freedom for everyone to live in the manner he has been conditioned to by chance and society, or has chosen by introspection and will." Prophet Young may be unduly optimistic, but reformer Young has his heart in the right place.

Eros is far from denied in The Perfumed Gorden (Putnam, \$6), the Arabian love manual which, since Sir Richard Burton's (no relation) evocative translation was privately circulated in England about 80 years ago, has gained a place for itself as one of the classics of erotic literature. This 16th Century work, credited to the Shaykh Umar ibn Muhammed al-Nefzawi, treats physical love with respectful candor, explicit detail and edifying anecdotes, and with nary a snigger or wink. It is to be hoped that the reverence for human nature which pervades these pages, now belatedly available to the general public along with an informative introduction by Alan Hull Walton, will infect some of our self-appointed sex suppressors. A glance at the first paragraph may help liberate them: "Praise be given to God, who has placed man's greatest pleasure in the natural parts of woman, and has destined the natural parts of man to afford the greatest enjoyment to woman."

A further resounding affirmation of love - 1152 pages, two volumes and boxed - is provided by The World of Love (Braziller, \$17.50). Editor Isidor Schneider has selected from the literature of many centuries and countries the speculations of philosophers, psychologists, anthropologists, poets, novelists and others on this multifaceted, multifascinating subject. Among the 90 authors represented are Freud, Goethe, Tolstoy, Nietzsche, Chekhov, D. H. Lawrence, Shaw, Proust, Mark Twain and De Maupassant. Whether this hefty anthology will really help you comprehend the Meanings (Volume I) or the Experience (Volume II) of love, we do not venture to say, but it is guaranteed for hours of good reading.

Since 1964 is the year of the New York World's Fair, we can expect more books than usual attempting to explain that





"THE STRANGEST AND LOVELIEST MUSIC SINCE JAZZ WAS BORN"

He may spend half a concert constructing dissonances a la Darius Milhaud (under whom he studied). He may deliver the kind of blues you'd expect to hear in smoky San Francisco clubs (where his career began). Or amuse himself with intricate dialogues in the form of 18th century canons between himself and sax virtuoso Paul Desmond. There are special occasions when something extraordinary happens -a groove opens. A rapport develops between the performers that comes across with the force of an electric charge. And the Quartet begins playing music, as Time put it, "the strangest and loveliest music since jazz was born."

The electricity was there when they recorded their latest album, Time Changes. On one side a full symphony orchestrajoins the Quartet in a brilliant performance of "Elementals." It's a new peak of the Brubeck art. Hear it yourself.

DAVE BRUBECK ON COLUMBIA RECORDS



CL 2127/CS 8927*





Bow ties? Who needs them with Slacks Appeal like this? Not convinced? Wear a shirt and tie and Asher Slacks still steal the scene! Asher's uncommon tailoring is the reason. Luxurious "Dacron" polyester blends fight wrinkles all day. At finer stores.

For a copy of "How to Build a Wardrobe on Asher Slacks," write Asher, Dept. P5, Fitchburg, Mass.

omnivorous city. Setting a new standard of excellence in this line is New York: True North (Doubleday, \$7.95). The photographs - ungimmicked, unsentimental and uncommonly incisive - are by Sam Falk of The New York Times. It is the text, however, which makes the volume nonpareil. Gilbert Millstein, for many years the only prose stylist on the conscientiously monochromatic Times staff. has astutely collected the observations of 56 "witnesses" to the city's swirling diversity. Among his guides are a hooker, a real-estate mogul, a junkie, a surgeon, a jazz musician and the omnipresent David Susskind, Millstein, moreover, adds his own acutely knowledgeable and often mordant reportage. The book's central theme is underlined by a Protestant pastor: "You might say this is two cities - a city of light and of darkness: of heroism and deprivation and degeneration. . . . Which of the two cities will extirpate the other is the big question." And Millstein himself concludes: "It has become very nearly impossible for me to live in New York, but it has also become impossible for me not to."

Earl Wilson's New York (Simon & Schuster, \$4.95) is a more conventional introduction to the city. With the help of six "experts," including his secretary, the amiable syndicated columnist offers the usual lists of restaurants, theaters and museums along with anecdotal (and occasionally ingenuous) descriptions of New York's various neighborhoods. A reader in need of such fragments of information can find out the going rate for prostitutes, the location of "the swingingest gas station in Queens," and how to recognize a sommelier ("He's the joker with the chain around his neck"). Although Wilson's prose is gee-whillickers journalistic, his bewildered affection for the city and his undiminished sense of wonder at the swiftness of its changes do come through engagingly.

The fact that New York is, among other things, a photographer's delight is evidenced yet again by Andreas Feininger in New York (Viking, \$10), with hyped-up commentary by Kate Simon. Feininger's fine lens has caught the great city in several dozen of its countless moods, focusing on beatniks and beachniks, skyscrapers and ocean liners, spring streets and snowbound avenues. A handsome tribute to the big town.

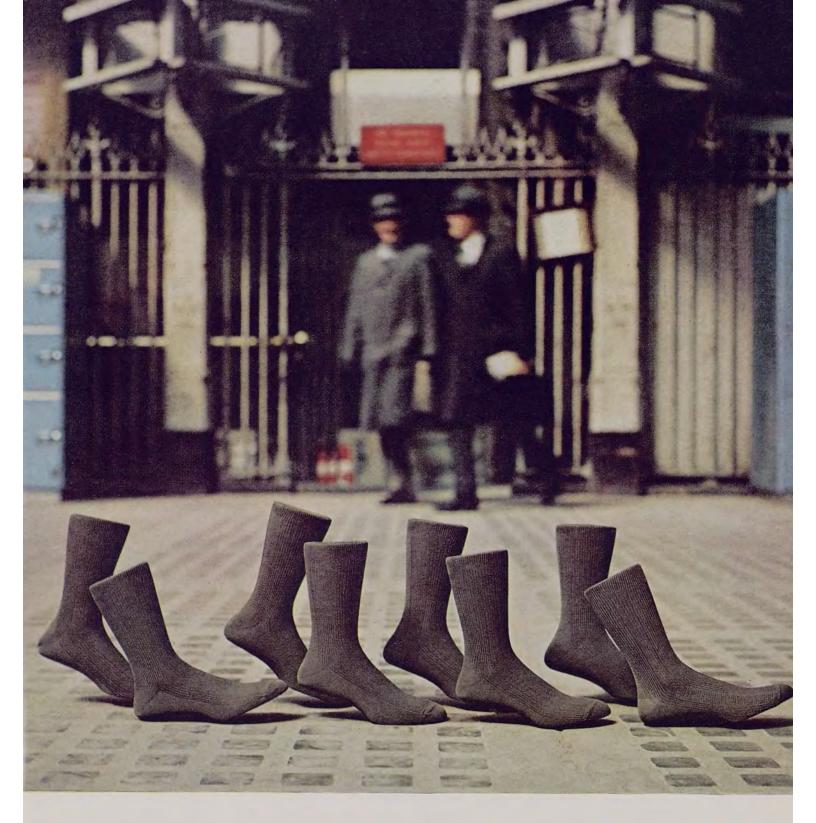
MOVIES

James Bond returns in From Russia with Love — the second of Ian Fleming's lustand-Luger-laden spy stories to be screened, and superior to number one (Dr. No. Playboy, May 1963). This yarn,

which begins in Turkey, is a lot of Istanbul, but it writhes with surprises, as Bond - played again by Sean Connery - deliberately walks into a trap on the chance of getting a Russian decoding machine. The trap is blondely baited with a Russian code clerk (Daniela Bianchi): but what Bond doesn't know is that she's really being used by SPECTRE, the third force that plays West against East - and she's the girl who can play it. The tension is tangy, the color is zesty. Through Turkish cellars, gypsy camps, and that good old European train with the separate compartments. Agent 007 makes his way and his women, unaware that he is one lap behind the schemes of Robert Shaw, a cool, careful killer, and Lotte Lenva, a Lotte menace. The episodes are strung together like sausage links: just when you think it's over, along comes another tasty hunk of baloney. But what's wrong with baloney when it's this enjoyable?

Louis Malle - now about 30 - is one of the grand old men of the New Wave. His previous films (The Lovers, A Very Private Affair, Zazie) have all had their moments, but not enough. His latest, The Fire Within, repeats this pattern - and keeps repeating it. He deals here with the last 48 hours of a dipso who has a date with death. The fellow has been dried out in a rest home but now, deprived of sauce, he's heading for the brink. He wanders around Paris, visiting old haunts and haunting old friends. Jeanne Moreau and Alexandra Stewart are old flames who flicker on the edges of his despair. What's best about the picture is the malleable Malle technique. He can make a camera sit up and do tricks and he thinks in film terms. Although Maurice Ronet gives the leading part pathos and portent, the hero is a self-nominated Hamlet. There simply isn't enough to him or to his problem. as presented, to strike a true note of modern malaise.

The Pink Ponther is a gem. but the movie doesn't always sparkle. This one would seem to have a lot going for it: Peter Sellers as a bumbling French detective, David Niven as the classy criminal, direction by Blake (Breakfast at Tiffany's) Edwards, color photography in Cortina d'Ampezzo. And additional scenery by Claudia Cardinale. Sellers is out to catch the Phantom, an elegant gonif who is collecting other people's jewels. What Peter doesn't know is that his wife is in cahoots - and then some - with the thief. The whirl whizzes from the ski resort to a villa near Rome and a mad masquerade in which the Pink Panther disappears. The detective himself is arrested, and can't help living up to his new image as a gay dog. Sellers bumbles amiably through his measly part but is



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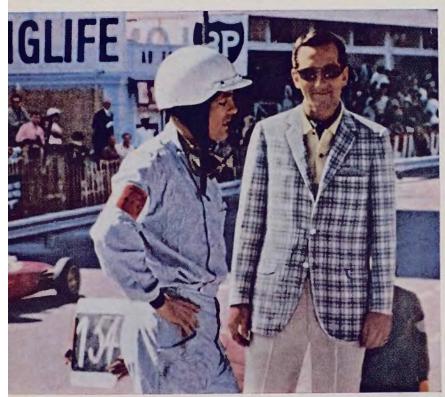
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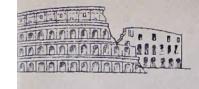
A PLAYBOY sees EUROPE in 'BOTANY' 500'

Fond Adieu in New York. That's me saying, "Au Revoir, cherie," to Susy at the Playboy Club in New York. Oh, how she hated to see me go! Said I look so ravishing in my 'Botany' 500 suit. I nearly didn't leave.

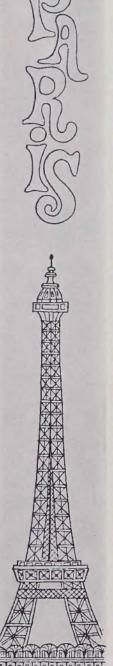
Right on the Track in Monaco. That's me at the Grand Prix of Monaco chatting with the famous Phil Hill. What a guy! What excitement! "What a sport coat", he said turning to

me. "'Botany' 500", I answered casually. My Executive Spectacular sun glasses, by Renauld of France, add that je ne sais quoi. I'm not conceited. That's confidence, man!

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openly envious. My Renauld spectaculars—"bellissime!" for girl-watching.

Gay Paree... and Whee! Ah, finally, me in Gay Paree, surrounded by Danielle and Odette. We were all wearing Renaulds. Distortion-free, glare-proof, shatter proof, featherlight. Two girls! How you say? Decisions. Decisions. Decisions!

I Love Paris and Vice-Versa. Decision made! That's me and Danielle. My suit ('Botany' 500) still smooth and unruffled. You cannot say the same for me. I was saying, "Au Revoir, cherie." Oh, how she hated to see me go! Said I looked so "ravishment" in my 'Botany' 500. I nearly didn't leave.

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handicapped by Capucine, as his wife; she's nothing if not a comedienne and she's not a comedienne. David Niven is nifty as of yore, but the yores are taking their toll.

Paris When It Sizzles presents Audrey Hepburn under a disadvantage - the script. Written by George Axelrod, this comedy is based on an old French flick that was no riot in the original. Axelrod's adaptation tells about an American typist in Paris who goes to work for an American movie writer with only two days in which to deliver an original script. In his swank suite he and the girl gaze out at Paris and improvise - with themselves as the leading characters; and we see their imaginings in an imaginary movie that stops, goes back, changes facts and story line as they wish. The idea is capable of endless variations, which is precisely its trouble: It's so wide that it's wild, a pipe-dream parody that no highly paid hack would have hatched, and the dialog that Axelrod has supplied is a series of soggy build-ups searching for payoffs. Noel Coward is around briefly as a producer: William Holden is around quite a leaden lot as the writer: Miss Hepburn struggles girlfully with her role, but not even she can spark Paris when it fizzles.

The only thing wrong with Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow is the title - not only trite but untrue. The three stories that make up the film take place in today's Italy. All, in their differing ways, are good; Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni, who play in all three, are even better. The three scripts are by Eduardo De Filippo, Cesare Zavattini and Alberto Moravia. In the first, Sophia is a pregnant Neapolitan wife supporting her unemployed husband by selling blackmarket cigarettes. She learns that she is immune from arrest because of her tender condition, and will remain immune for six months after the event. Struck with the justice of this, she calls on her husband to keep her in the family way. It works a half-dozen times, but then his, shall we say, touch falters. . . . In the second vignette, a brief and bitter one, Sophia is a Dolce Vita Milanese, he is an Ivy Ligurian. . . . The third finds Sophia as a topflight Roman floozy, Marcello a Bolognese businessman who runs down regularly for a little 'appiness on the Appian Way. Her penthouse is right next to the apartment of an old couple with a grandson studying for the priesthood and, for a while, she gets him out of the habit. With three contrasting characters apiece, Sophia and Marcello shine like the stars they are, and Vittorio De Sica has directed con amore.

But they grow lemons in Italy, too, and one of them is The Empty Convos, from







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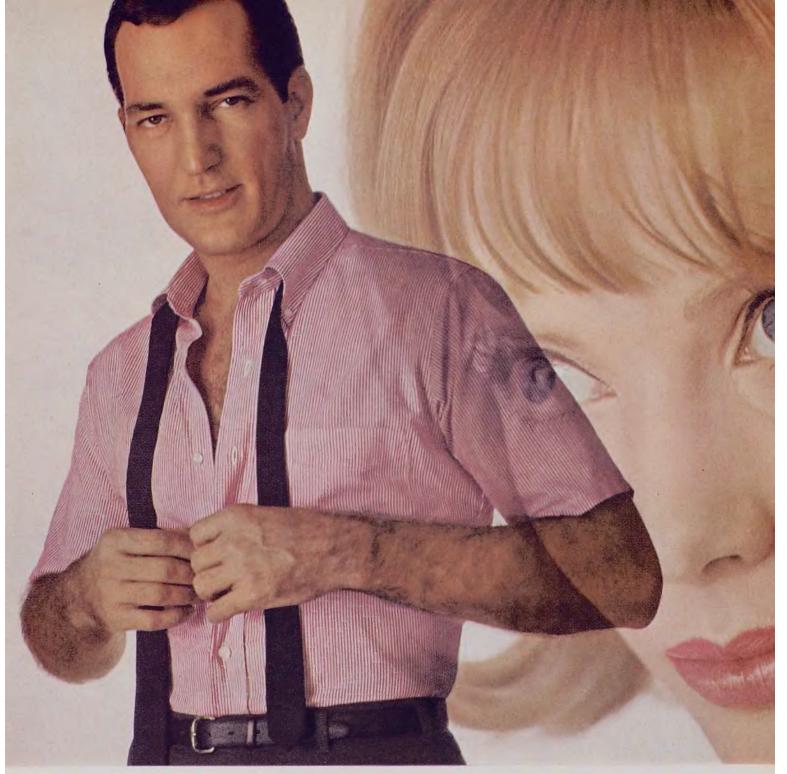
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a novel by Alberto Moravia, which is a study of morality. Dino is a young Roman painter who has run out of spiritual gas. His rich American mother wants him to return from his studio to her villa, and even provides a buxom maid to spread the welcome mat. But he insists on going it alone, except for the company of mom's cash. He gets involved with a teenage blonde who was the mistress-model and model mistress of an old painter who died while he was with her. She is a child of very open nature, and Dino questions her feverishly about the dead man and some live ones. He works himself up into jealousy, then love; and it is through persecution of himself (because she never fights and rarely lies) that he stings himself back to life. It's all tenuous and talky. The best thing about the movie is the good-natured compliance of Catherine Spaak, the girl. Dino is played by Horst Buchholz, once a promising actor but now Horst de combat. The mother is Bette Davis, who is weird but wasted.

THEATER

After the Fall is Arthur Miller's first play in eight years, and at least eight years of suffering and soul-searching have gone into it. The play inaugurates the new Lincoln Center repertory theater, and almost as many years of suffering and goal searching have gone into that. The disappointing news is that although the play has much in its favor - a timeless theme of tragic dimension, man's search for guilt within himself; several scenes of unflinching honesty; a first-rate cast; fluid direction on an open stage by Elia Kazan - in the end, as a work of dramatic art, After the Fall fails. It is no secret that the play is autobiographical, all about Miller the man, his battles with Congressional committees and with wives, and mostly about his marriage to everyman's everywoman, Marilyn Monroe. Marilyn is called Maggie, and she is a pop singer, but as acted by Barbara Loden in a blonde wig and scanty negligee, she looks like Marilyn, talks like her, and ends like her. The author is almost excruciatingly frank about his marital pleasures and pressures (Maggie gives sex away like Christmas goodies, later proves not only suicidal but wants her husband, Quentin, to deliver the death pill). However, in other, crucial ways, Miller is not quite candid enough, most importantly in the central character of Quentin. He is a lawyer, not an artist; he is analytical, not intellectual or creative, except that he writes prize-winning briefs. This robs the marriage of one of its most intriguing conflicts, art vs.



I wish he'd play hookey today...

In another second he'll knot that tie and reach for his coat. I don't want him to go. I love him so. And when I see him in a shirt like that...bolder, brawnier, ten times the shirt any other man would wear...I know exactly why I love him...he's alive. Crack. Snap. Pop. Alive.

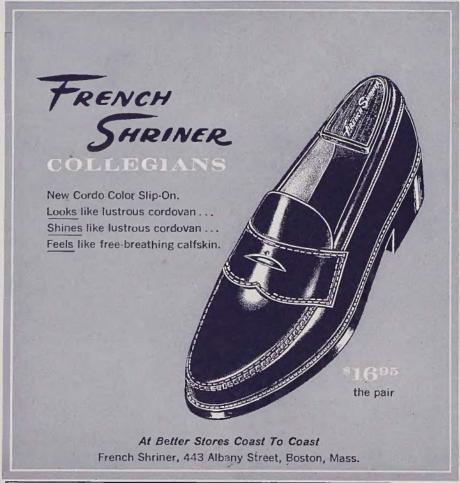
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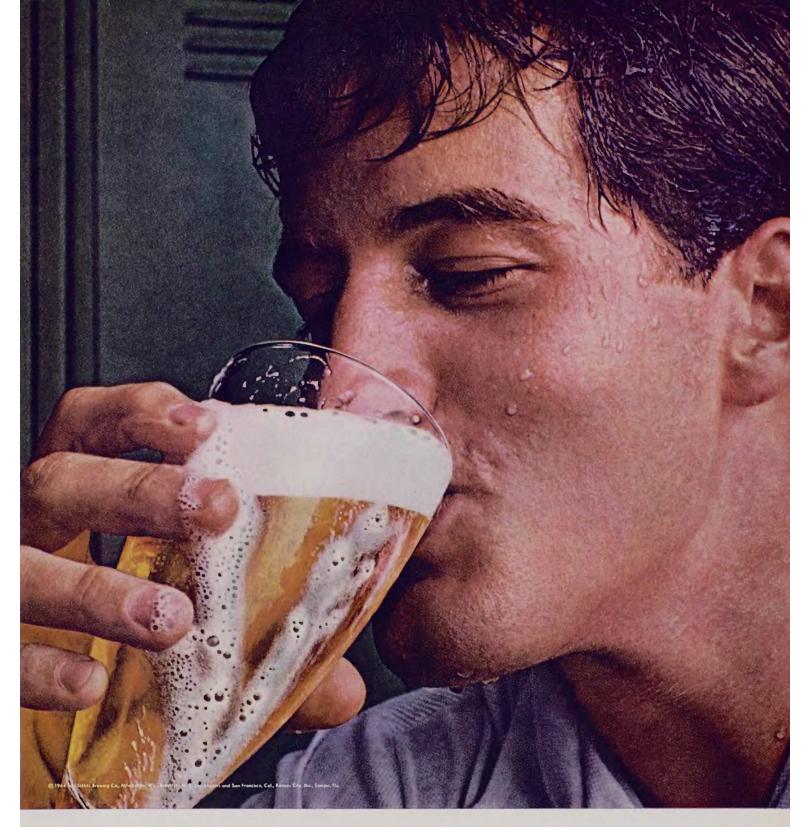
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success — and also makes Quentin a dull boy. He is onstage for the entire play, three hours, to prove it. "Hello," says Jason Robards, Jr., as Quentin, to the audience, and immediately whips into a windy confession in which he conjures up people from his past. Much of what he says is interesting, but like a hammy trial lawyer in love with his own words and forgetting the jury, he gabs on and on, recounting his transgressions until the play falls victim to Quentin's sin-drone. At the ANTA Washington Square, 40 West 4th Street.

Foxy is a makeshift musical with a middling score, dances that are busy instead of bouncy, and cardboard scenery that looks swiped from a road-company Little Mary Sunshine. Nevertheless, it is a delight, partly because of second banana Larry Blyden as a lovable scoundrel, partly because of the wacky book (derived from Ben Jonson's Volpone). but Lahrgely because of its lead clown. Bert Lahr. He is Foxy Jim Fox, one of the gold rush's greediest buck squeezers. who decides to put the screws on his greedier friends. "Money isn't every-thing," goes one of Johnny Mercer's snappier lyrics. "Die just once and you'll see"- and Lahr and his co-conniver, Doc Mosk (Blyden), decide to stage a dying - Lahr's. The crooks court him as he croaks (and each croak, cough, wheeze is a laugh), plying him with champagne, gold mines and girls, all in hope that Foxy will name them heir. Lahr spends most of the play in and around the deathbed, and in and out of a toe-length poncho of white feathers, an even longer gray nightshirt, and a shroud of a shawl. In the latter, he comes to court to stand trial for rape (of ingénue Julienne Marie, who, oddly enough, was pursuing him). Pinching and pursing his mouth into a tiny o, sucking in his cheeks, and huddling in a wheelchair, he is the ultimate in decrepitude. Blyden demands the case be dismissed "on the grounds of absurdity," which is the understatement of the evening. After 50 years in the theater, Bert Lahr is still incredible, inimitable and inspired. At the Ziegfeld, 54th Street and 6th Avenue.

Dylan Thomas was a poet with the appetite of an elephant – for whiskey, women and verse – a shaggy, shocking, roistering Welsh reprobate. Alec Guinness is a small, sober man of great reserve, famous for understating. He would seem to be an odd choice to play Dylan, but play him he does, in curly wig, tipped-up nose and baggy pants, and it is hard to think of anyone playing him more convincingly. Like its chief source, John Malcolm Brinnin's Dylan Thomas in America, Sidney Michaels' play follows Dylan through his two poetry-reading tours of America,

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which ended in death from alcohol. The play gives the picaresque highlights of his later life, in a kaleidoscopic series of scenes, tailing him from bed almost to bedlam, from his arrival in America ("I am here to continue my lifelong search for naked women in wet mackintoshes") to boozy evenings at the White Horse Tavern in Greenwich Village to butterflies backstage at the Y.M.H.A. to lecherous evenings on college campuses. For the quick, slick scene changes, designer Oliver Smith has constructed a huge whirling cocktail table, which occupies almost the entire stage. As it spins and spins, it succeeds in making the audience dizzy and in giving it a stiff neck at the same time. Other than Caitlin Thomas (Kate Reid), Dylan's loving, vengeful wife, the minor characters are as sketchy as the scenes. Only Dylan has any life, and that largely because Guinness has pumped his own lifeblood into him. At the Plymouth, 236 West 45th Street.

Sandy Dennis is the comic actress of the Broadway season. She can be chattering away like Ruth Gordon, telling her entire sad life's story and proposing haltingly to a strange young man at the same time, when suddenly, with a quiver, she realizes what she has been saying (or most of it) and collapses in tears. And the audience collapses in laughter. In Any Wednesday, a comedy by new playwright Muriel Resnik, Sandy plays a 30year-old mistress with a heart as big as a balloon (her dream of happiness is, in fact, a roomful of balloons). She is kept by Don Porter, an "eagle" in business, but somewhat of a dolt in the home; patronized by his chatty wife, Rosemary Murphy ("He likes me to wear black. I like colors. We compromise. I wear black."); befriended by an Akron manufacturer, Gene Hackman, who is in town to block Porter from putting him out of business, but lingers to ease Miss Dennis out of her "special arrangement." This arrangement calls for this executive sweet's executive suite to be paid for by Porter's firm, to be used only by the boss, and only on Wednesdays. Through the bumbling of Porter's new secretary on the day of the play both wife and competitor turn up at the love nest, with lunatic complications. The plot is flimsy, but the lines are funny, and Sandy Dennis is a scatterbrained delight. At The Music Box, 239 West 45th Street.

DINING-DRINKING

Washington, D.C., long mourned as a 61-square-mile tombstone to night life, is showing signs of shaking its late-hour lassitude. Witness *The Shadows* (3125 M



Take a peek at "COBRA" slacks by H.I.S., shown at the wheel on our able-bodied seaman (the one on the right!). Pipe that slim, shipshape styling—the kind landlubbers, too, go overboard for. And those Burlington Men's Wear fabrics are the prize catch of the season! You'll find these outstanding slacks, in a crewful of cool colors and fresh patterns, at a nearby men's shop. For names, just drop a card to H.I.S., 16 East 34th Street, New York 16, N.Y. And be sure to keep an eye out for that Bur-Mil label!



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Michaels-Stern Ph.D Street, N.W.), a musical monument to youthful enterprise. Bob Cavallo, who now shares ownership with Declan Hogan and Stephen Sanders, cut undergraduate study hours at Georgetown University to parlay a borrowed \$10,000 into one of the brightest lights in the city's rather dim entertainment galaxy. From its lush, wall-to-wall crimson carpet to its tapestry-draped and dark-paneled walls, the bistro is designed to relax nerves frayed by Washington's hectic political, governmental and commercial life. Subdued modern paintings dot the walls and candles flicker above red-clothed tables. Upstairs, The Dark Room, an entertainment lounge, operates sans cover charge. The Shadows' emphasis on young performers draws a diverse crowd - ranging from besweatered college folk to Brooks Bros.'d businessmen - to hear folk talent like Miriam Makeba, Odetta, and The Tarriers, flamenco guitarist Juan Serrano, and comics of the caliber of Woody Allen. The limited but adequate menu provides assorted sandwiches (80¢ to \$1.25) and a 10-ounce, inch-and-a-half-thick sirloin served with potato, vegetable, toasted French bread, and tomato-and-lettuce garnish (\$3.95). The Shadows' alley entrance opens at 8 P.M., and closes at 2 A.M., Monday through Saturday (after midnight on Saturday, The Shadows turns into a coffeehouse - courtesy D.C. blue laws). Sunday, the folkniks seek their entertainment elsewhere. The cover, Monday through Thursday, is \$2, which inflates to \$2.50 on weekends.

Our February review of Chicago's new Chez Paree in these columns was not yet on the newsstands before that night club closed its barely opened doors. The abrupt demise of the Chez, followed soon after by the folding of the long-running Gate of Horn, were the latest in a continuing series of shutterings that have spread across the country in the last few years like Asian flu. In 1963, Nick's in New York, Fack's in San Francisco, Freddie's in Minneapolis, The Frolics in Salisbury Beach (Massachusetts), the Flame in Detroit, the Colony Club in Omaha, and Chicago's Sahara Inn (which had a long hiatus before it reopened), all gave way to an inexorable combination of forces. Name acts (the ones which are assured drawing cards) have priced themselves out of the market, and that old devil video offers for free most of the names that customers are being asked to spend money to see in clubs. It is increasingly apparent that nighteries can exist only when the entertainment is an adjunct to the total club picture (as in the Playboy Clubs, where good food and drink at reasonable prices, attractive decor and convivial atmosphere are the

There's never a minimum.

solid foundation upon which the entertainment offerings are built) or when the clubs cater to a specialized audience, as do the highly successful Basin Street East (for the jazz aficionados) and the hungry i (for the folk fanciers). The basic ailment of those clubs whose lifeline is completely dependent upon the ability of name acts to attract customers appears to be chronic.

RECORDINGS

Mel Tormé Sings "Sunday in New York" & Other Songs About New York (Atlantic) should do more for Gotham than the World's Fair. From the movie title song right on through the oldie There's a Broken Heart for Every Light on Broadway and the ageless Sidewalks of New York, Mel—aided by the arrangements of Johnny Williams, Shorty Rogers (who comes off with top honors as far as we're concerned) and Dick Hazard—turns New York into a year-round song festival.

A swinging MJQ makes The Sheriff/The Modern Jazz Quartet (Atlantic) one of its best cuttings to date. A bit freer than they've often been in the past, Messrs. Lewis, Jackson, Heath and Kay swing through the title melody, by Lewis, and a half-dozen others that include Heitor Villa-Lobos' Bachianas Brasileiras, Black Orpheus' Carnival and the standard Mean to Me. The feeling throughout is outgoing rather than introspective and on the MJQ it sounds good.

Barbra Streisand/The Third Album (Columbia) tops her second but is not quite as good as the first. We'll qualify that: Side two of this LP we think contains her very best efforts — As Time Goes By, It Had to Be You, I Had Myself a True Love — all of which are stellar offerings. Occasionally on side one Miss Streisand lapses into that nasal stridency that is more frenetic than forceful, but all in all, album three is better-than-average Barbra, which is very good indeed.

A brace of LPs from the Woody Herman bag should leave you exhausted but happy — Hey! Heard the Herd? (Verve) and Woody Herman: 1964 (Philips). The former is of somewhat earlier vintage, but still profits handsomely from the presence of pianist-arranger Nat Pierce — a chartmaker extraordinaire — and the work of such jazz luminaries as Chubby Jackson, Don Fagerquist, Urbie Green, Kai Winding and Ernie Royal who help cook up a baker's dozen of highly caloric goodies. Woody Herman: 1964 is the current crew under a full head of steam,



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wildly orchestrated by Pierce and several other helpmeets, with tenor man Sal Nistico, trumpeter Billy Hunt, and bone man Phil Wilson leading the troops into battle.

Folk music will never be the same after Hootenanny My Way/Terry Gibbs (Time). Vibist Gibbs' five-man wrecking crew turns such musical homelies as Polly Wolly Doodle All the Day, Tom Dooley and Boll Weevil into models of swinging urbanity.

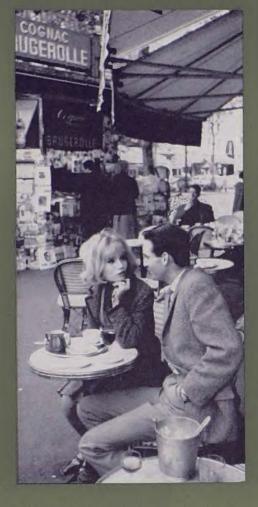
Whatever his mood, Tony Bennett on The Many Moods of Tony (Columbia) proves, with few exceptions, a joy to the ear. If you disregard musical mistakes such as The Kid's a Dreamer and Spring in Manhattan, the offering is exemplary. With a handful of arrangers doing the charts, and backed by Bobby Hackett's cornet on several tracks (including the aforementioned Dreamer), Bennett has a constantly changing supporting cast. No matter — Tony is top drawer.

Dizzy Gillespie & the Double Six of Paris (Philips) is a marvelous amalgam of creativity and electronics. Recorded in Paris, New York and Chicago, the etching, made up of Gillespie originals played by Dizzy and a pair of small groups, and overdubbed by the amazing Gallic vocal sextet, is charged with aural excitement. The Double Six' rapport with Gillespie & Co. (principally, a quartet that included the estimable Bud Powell and Kenny Clarke) is of the hand-in-glove variety. It left us speechless except for an occasional "Zut alors!"

Together Again!/The Benny Goodman Quarter (Victor) is a technical gem of polished brilliance and with about as much warmth. Working with consummate skill, Goodman, Hampton, Wilson and Krupa have managed to turn back the clock 25 years to produce a session that evokes billowing clouds of nostalgia but little else.

The not-too-well-known warbler Shirley Horn won't have to wait long for fame to claim her if Shirley Horn with Horn (Mercury) gives any indication. Abetted by Quincy Jones' orchestra and her own piano, she handles arrangements by Quincy, Billy Byers, Thad Jones and Don Sebesky with a soft assuredness. A variegated program includes Wee Small Hours, That Old Black Magic and Let Me Love You, a beautiful Bart Howard ballad.

Definitive is a strong word, but it is the one most applicable to Glenn Gould's playing of Bach's The Well-Tempered Clevier, Book 1, Preludes and Fugues 9–16 (Co-





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lumbia), the second of a series. Of all the contemporary pianists, no one seems as close to the heart of Bach as does Gould; his performances are revelatory.

The electric Lena Horne has lost none of her high-voltage vocalise. Here's Lena Now! (20th Century-Fox) includes the radio-banned Now!, which is a monument to the timidity of some of our broadcasters. On hand, too, are a group of show tunes including Once in a Lifetime. The Eagle and Me, Lost in the Stars and Wouldn't It Be Loverly. Miss Horne, in front of Ray Ellis' orchestra. makes it loverly, indeed.

Miles Davis / Quiet Nights (Columbia) finds Miles working with Gil Evans' orchestra and orchestrations (except for Summer Night, which features the Davis Quintet). The beat is basically Brazilian and the results are exceptional - a dramatic step past his Sketches of Spain. Evans is in the process of proving himse!f one of the best arrangers in the business: Davis doesn't have to prove anything. Together they form an ear-tingling team. For contrast, latch onto Diggin' with the Miles Davis Sextet (Prestige), a reissuing of 1951 Miles leading a group that included a callow youth named Sonny Rollins. It is bop just out of its puberty, still possessed of a pulsating vitality but with signs of sophisticated adulthood apparent. Pushed by Art Blakey's surging drums, Davis and alto man Jackie Mc-Lean (19 at the time) are particularly dynamic.

Once more the enigma of . Johnny Hartman - his failure to be one of today's popular singing sensations - is thrust at us. I Just Dropped By to Say Hello/ Johnny Hartman (Impulse!) is a fine, sensitive etching. With the Jones boys - Elvin on drums, Hank on piano - guitarists Kenny Burrell and Jim Hall, bassist Milt Hinton and long-time tenor man Illinois Jacquet helping out. Johnny produces some beautiful sounds on the likes of Charade, Sleepin' Bee, Stairway to the Stars and eight others. There's nary a clinker in a carload of deep Hartman baritone notes.

Vaughan with Voices (Mercury) has the divine Sarah backed by a Danish choir and orchestra charted and led by Englishman Robert Farnon. The results from this musical UN are astounding; it is a unique LP. Sarah and her foreign friends turn into sonic gems an agenda that includes Charade, This Heart of Mine, Days of Wine and Roses and Alec Wilder's melancholy I'll Be Around.

For those who dig jazz that is experimental without being cacophonous, we



OMATIC BITTERS

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heartily recommend The Joe Daley Trio at Newport '63 (Victor). Chicago tenor man Daley, with drummer Hal Russell and superlatively inventive bassist Russell Thorne, borrows from the classics, third stream, soul and bop, but the end product is very much his own invention. Mark the Joe Daley Trio as a threesome to be reckoned with.

Jozz et Jozz (Philips) offers, as the liner notes say, jazz experiments by the renowned French composer-critic André Hodeir. And, we might add, highly successful ones, at that. The imaginative Frenchman employs a large orchestra—including expatriates Kenny Clarke and Nat Peck and the great Gallic pianist, Martial Solal—plus a number of electronic "tricks." Hodeir offers much musical food for thought through two extended pieces, Jazz Cantata and Le Palais Ideal, and five shorter but no less effective efforts.

Low Rowls / Tobacco Road (Capitol) is another rung up the vocal ladder for the young singer. Rawls is a belter of the old school – rough-hewn and blue at the roots, as witness his treatment of the title tune, Cotton Fields, Blues for a Four-String Guitar and St. Louis Blues. Onzy Matthews' wild, driving band keeps things percolating behind Rawls.

One of the best horn men in the business plies his trade with extraordinary ease and invention on Clark Terry/Tread Ye tightly (Cameo). Terry operates on both trumpet and Flügelhorn, pouring forth a cascade of sparkling sound on items that range from the funky title tune to Erroll Garner's highly polished Misty.

Martha Schlamme / Will Holt: A Kurt Weill Cabaret (MGM) provides an intimate setting for the best of Weill. Folk singers Schlamme and Holt are well equipped to impart the sardonic, biting sounds of the composer whose works were singularly original. Included here are The Barbara Song, Mack the Knife, September Song, Surabaya Johnny, The Bilbao Song and, perhaps the most beautiful of all Weill creations, Lost in the Stars.

One of Nat Cole's best records in a long while, ter's Face the Music! (Capitol), resounds with the type of tune that's Nat's special province – the ballad given the upbeat lilt, the standard dusted off and dressed up. Backed by Billy May's orchestra, and adding his own organ accompaniment (a first for Cole), Nat is loose and luminous on Day In – Day Out, Bidin' My Time, Let's Face the Music and Dance, and others.

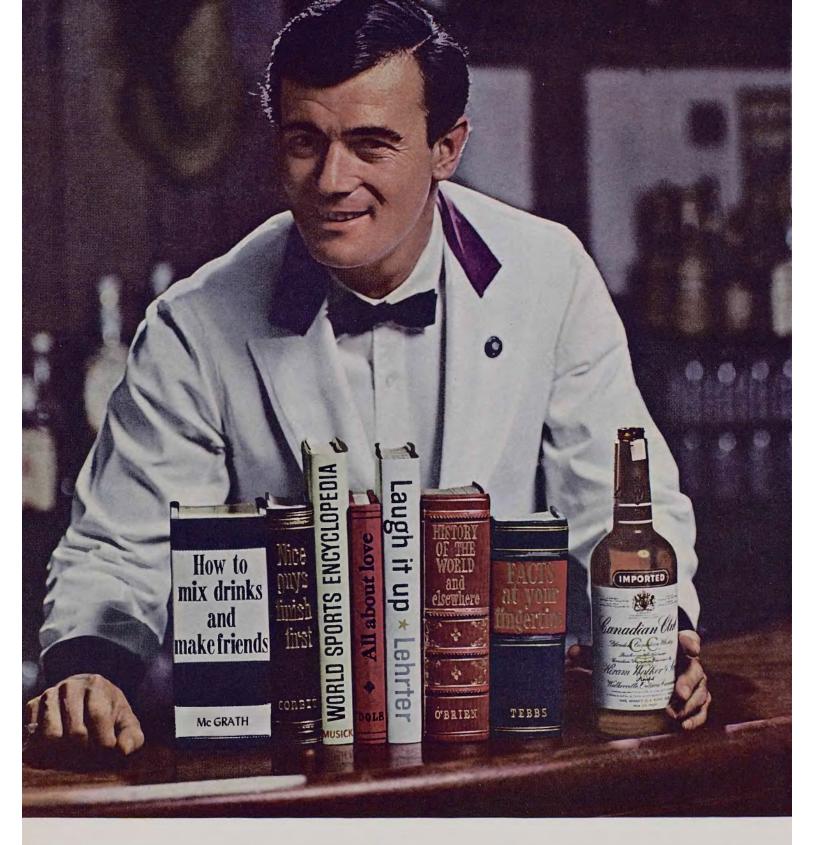


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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I'm faced with a touchy problem. I have been invited to a dinner party next month, and the girl I plan to take is a Negro (I'm white). Would I insult either hostess or date by calling the hostess in advance to inform her of my intention?

— J. P., New York, New York.

Yes, you would. Ten years ago you might have been justified in making the call, to avoid discomforting either date or hostess. However, in 1964, this sort of pussyfooting is tantamount to giving aid and comfort to the enemy. Certainly your girl has encountered prejudice before, and most likely she will again. With you at her side, it's doubtful that she'll be seriously distressed by any possible turn of events during the course of the evening. And probably, in a sophisticated, urban setting, the evening will pass pleasantly and without incident.

ore and more of my friends are donning cloth hats of the Rex Harrison variety. Are these acceptable with a business suit? — K. D., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Plain cloth hats are perfectly acceptable topping with a business suit—they're light and comfortable. When worn in town, the more casual checked or houndstooth varieties should be doffed after six for a more formal fedora.

Could you fill me in on the origin of the word "jazz"? – T. P., Salt Lake City, Utah.

Webster credits it to Creole patois, in which it means "to speed up"; it was applied - incorrectly in some instances to syncopated music. Peter Tamony, writing in the now-defunct magazine Jazz, says that in the 1880s the Creole word "jaser" and its clipped forms "jas" and "jazz" were frequently voiced in the game of craps as appeals to the dice. "The American Language" gives four or five different derivations, connecting the word with "Jasper," the name of a dancing slave in New Orleans; with "Chas," or "Chaz," the nickname of a Vicksburg ragtime drummer; and with various American folk words meaning, among other things, sexual intercourse. It finally concludes - correctly, we think - that the real origin of the word is unknown. The Father of the Blues, the late W. C. Handy, was quoted as saying he hadn't heard the term until some time after he composed "Memphis Blues" in 1911. Tamony states that the earliest printed appearance of the word, applied to music, occurred in a news story in The Bulletin, San Francisco, March 6, 1913.

Not too long ago I had the misfortune of eating at a restaurant where the food was bad and the service impossible. Our waitress was not just slow; she was also rude, boorish and clumsy. I didn't leave a tip, much to my wife's chagrin. (She said the girl probably had a family to support, etc.) Though I don't anticipate going back, I'd like to know if you think I was justified in not leaving her so much as a dime. — R. M., Whitman, Massachusetts.

Certainly you were. If it ever happens again, you might consider leaving just one dime — to indicate clearly that your failure to tip wasn't just oversight. If she does have a family to support, she'll soon learn that her tips vary with the quality of her service.

Please settle an argument between two duffers who have trouble making a 280-yard green in two. What is the name of the longest-hitting golfer off the tee?

— N. L. and W. D., Memphis, Tennessee.

The pros generally agree that Jack Nicklaus is golf's longest hitter today. In a driving contest in the 1963 PGA Tourney, Nicklaus walked off with the laurels after clouting the ball a record-breaking 341 yards. George Bayer, winner of the Canadian Open in 1957, was, in his prime, probably a consistently longer hitter than Nicklaus. His longest measured belt was a prodigious 420 yards in the Las Vegas Invitational in 1953. The ball might have gone farther, but it hit a spectator.

I've had a rocky marriage for several years, but through patience and hours of consultation I think the worst is past. In fact, most everything is roses now, and my wife and I both enjoy our new-found intimacy. However, during our bad days I committed several indiscretions, which I'd like to reveal to her, just to get them off my chest. Do you think this is advisable? — L. M., Los Angeles, California.

No, we don't. Though we applaud your patience and your enlightened approach to your marital problems, we don't think a confession would accomplish the ends you seek. Apprising your wife of past peccadilloes might ease your conscience, but it is doubtful that it would help the marriage. Keep your own counsel, be thankful you've worked out your difficulties, and time will do the rest.

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'm going to Europe shortly and plan to buy a car when I return. I would like to know if it's true that I can save money by buying the car there, driving it around for a month or two, then bringing it back to the States. — L. D., Greenwich, Connecticut.

Yes. You'll have the advantage of cheap transportation in Europe and, because of lower import tariffs on "used" cars you can, in some instances, save enough on the purchase price to pay your round-trip jet fare. For example, a Volkswagen sedan selling for around \$1640 in the U.S. can be purchased at Wolfsburg for \$1302; a Jaguar XKE roadster sells for \$6100 Stateside and can be purchased at Coventry for around \$1350. Make sure you rack up enough European miles to satisfy the Customs definition of "used" (check with the manufacturer to find out how many kilometers turn your particular make into a used car) and you will save greatly on tariffs, which will run only between \$60 and \$200 or so, depending on the car-a saving of from \$200 to \$1350 over new-car tariffs. Shipping costs and European registration will add another \$150 to \$250, but all in all you'll still save plenty.

What is the difference between a British warmer and a polo coat? — W. S., Chicago, Illinois.

A British warmer is patterned after an army officer's coat: double-breasted, three-quarter length, belted, fitted to the body, and often topped with epaulets. The fabric varies. A polo coat is single-breasted, full length, loose, tied with an overlength sash belt, and is usually camel's hair.

I've been thinking of switching to pipes, because I've heard that the pipe smoker is more likely to land a better job, because he looks wiser, more self-assured, more mature and is a good bet to live longer. I'm 22, just starting out, and want to have as many things working for me as possible. Do you think I should switch?—P. S., Fayetteville, Arkansas.

There are several reasons why you might consider switching to pipes. If you enjoy a pipe, if you feel that pipes minimize dangers to health, or if you're just in the mood for a change, then switch. As far as impressions go, what you smoke is much less important than how you smoke, but neither should affect your employment prospects. As a matter of fact, H. L. Mencken once facetiously advised against employing pipe smokers, since, he said, they're much too busy puttering with their pipes to get anything else done.

'm 29. Would I face dangers marrying a woman of 39? What additional problems might I encounter with her 20-year-old son, who has been raised by his mother in a manner of which I strongly disapprove, and is spoiled?—P. M., Fresno, California.

It's difficult enough to make a marriage work in the best of circumstances; to attempt to bring one off with a bride a decade older than yourself and a stepson only nine years younger is suicidal. Although they live longer, women age physically more quickly than men, and the gap between you would widen, as the years pass. Since the son is more your age than the mother is, you and he will probably be cast in competitive roles, with every contest alienating you from the mother, because you blame her actions for his faulty character.

Some Southerners I've known rave over the joys of bourbon and branch. What, may I ask, is branch? — B. K., Chicago, Illinois.

Ninety-nine times out of a hundred it will be just ordinary tap water. Originally, it meant water from a tributary stream — or branch — supposedly clearer, cooler and better-tasting than ordinary drinking water. Particular bourbon-and-branch men use bottled water as their mixer to avoid the chlorine taste that "city" water imparts.

was drafted right after high school and my hitch will be up in a few months. I want to go into business, and quickly, because I think I've wasted enough time already. I'm considering enrolling in a two-year business college, because this will provide me with the most training in the shortest time. However, friends have told me that I'd be better off going the regular four-year route, postponing the business training until after graduation. Suggestions? — D. L., San Francisco, California.

If, as you say, your sole desire is to get into business quickly, then the twoyear business college is certainly the answer. It will train you for a lowerechelon managerial position, leaving subsequent advancement up to you. But if you have an eye for long-range gains, you'd probably do better to follow your friends' advice and put in four years at a good liberal-arts college, with subsequent business training if you feel you need it. Executives usually rise to the top not because they boast detailed knowledge in a single field, but because of their ability to integrate a wide range of skills drawn from the sort of background they are more likely to develop with a liberal-arts education.

Your advice to J. H. of Florida in your December column is all wet. "Smoking" on an invitation doesn't mean "black tie," it means "tuxedo." Why, if he meant tuxedos, would anyone send out invitations requesting guests to wear black ties? — E. S., Murray, Iowa.

"Black tie," as we thought everyone knew, is synonymous with "tuxedo" (which we prefer to call a dinner jacket) and is the accepted method of indicating, on an invitation, that dinner dress (dinner jacket, black tie, formal trousers and accounterments) is to be worn.

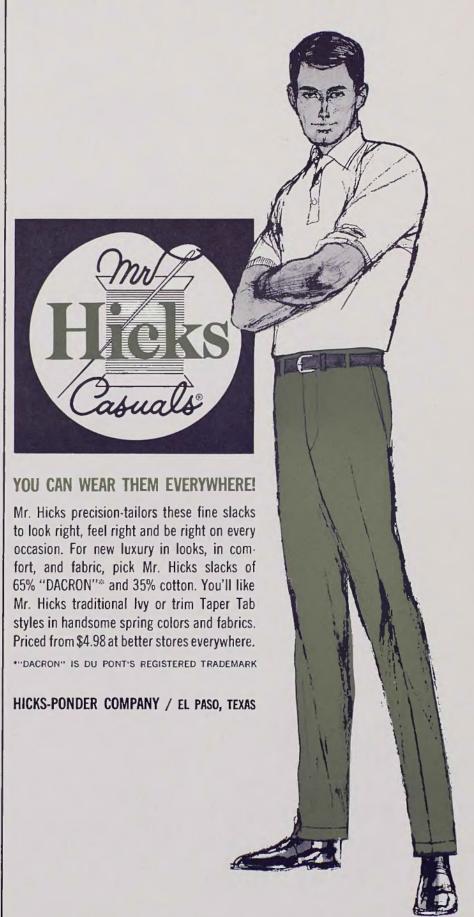
Please settle an argument that has disturbed the tranquility of my poker group for several weeks. What is a "dead man's hand" and how did it get its name?—G. L., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

The dead man's hand consists of a pair of aces and a pair of eights, supposedly the cards that James Butler ("Wild Bill") Hickok held when he was shot by Jack McCall during a late-evening poker game in Deadwood, South Dakota.

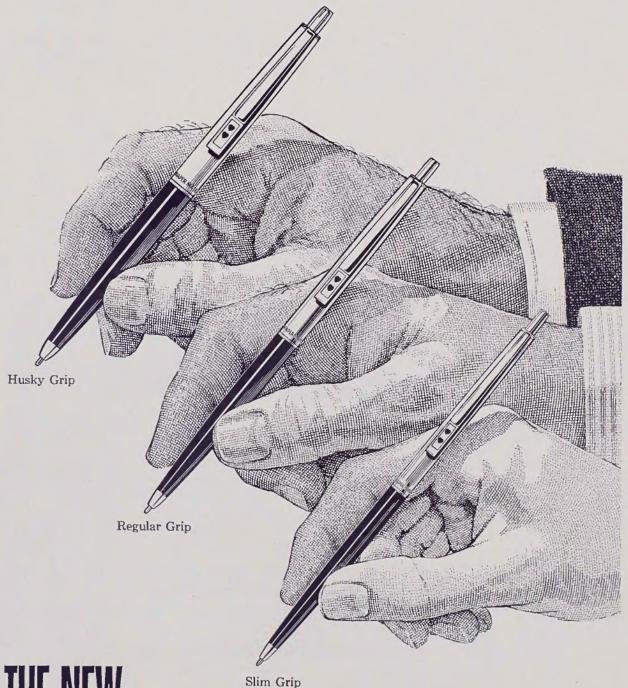
My girl and I have a really great thing going, with one exception: She's as demanding as she is affectionate, and constantly wants to hear little endearments from me. We've talked about it, and she says she just enjoys a constant stream of love talk. Not long ago I got disgusted with this state of affairs and clammed up, until her irritation approached tantrum level. I'm beginning to feel like a stuck record, and wonder if you can help me out of this groove. (Please don't give me your "dump her" line. I'm genuinely fond of this girl, and want to maintain our otherwise blissful relationship.) - G. A., Detroit, Michigan.

You're just going to have to take the bitter with the sweet—and taking the bitter in this case means giving the sweets. Your options are quite clear: You can either satisfy her appetite for endearment, deny it and endure the tantrums that follow, or (your admonition notwithstanding) dump her.

All reasonable questions — from fashion, food and drink, hi-fi and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette — will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy Building, 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.



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PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

ONE OF THE MOST satisfying ways to get away from it all is on a private yacht, where the accent is on leisure, informality and freedom of movement. The nearby Leeward and Windward Islands of the eastern Caribbean (or the shores and islands of the Mediterranean for those wishing to go farther affoat) are perfect for vacations of this nature. One firm, boasting a wide variety of ships, both power and sail, offers package arrangements for charter trips for private parties, and all of these, regardless of the size of the ship, guarantee courteous, efficient crews, complete seaworthiness and a high standard of comfort. Whether or not you opt for a planned itinerary or decide to sail with the winds, you are literally the ship's master: the captain will comply with all reasonable whims.

Aquatic fun of another sort is available just a hop, skip or jump from Miami, aboard a new ship called the Tropic Rover. Based on the two islands jointly called Bimini, this enormous catamaran carries up to 60 passengers on ten-day cruises through the Out Islands of the Bahamas. A sight-seeing extra provided by the Tropic Rover is its underwater viewing quarters with Plexiglas picture windows. Through these, a myriad of undersea vistas populated by fantastic sea life can be seen in the sunlit, crystal-clear depths.

The Caribbean also offers pleasure for landlubbers who wish to make tracks outside of continental U.S.A. Puerto Rico, thanks to San Juan, has long been known for its cultural and recreational facilities, which include elegant resort hotels, gambling casinos, night life, swimming, ballet, theater, tennis and golf, art museums and excellent restaurants. Now, because of the island's multiplying car-rental agencies, the interior regions are more readily available for touring. Over 3000 miles of good roads weave among towns and villages, and enthusiasts can sample native dishes at hospitable cateries, spelunk in limestone caves, visit coffee plantations, or just enjoy the incomparable tropic scenery of this still-unspoiled island.

If it's a touch of adventure you want, to add piquancy to high-gloss living, you can find it right here in the United States. Resorts in the Grand Teton mountains of Wyoming are becoming as plush as anything you'll find in more urban regions, yet they're only steps away from pristine wilderness, unmarred by power lines, railways or superhighways. Here, you can take raw nature in small doses, like a day's run in a rub-

ber raft down a churning mountain river (or a full ten days of the same for \$250), or comfortably reassuring lessons in the manly art of mountain climbing (with a chance to apply the lessons if you go for the Mallory Line in two-day climbing trips with guides and equipment furnished for about \$30). Indeed, mountain climbing is becoming a hip sport for summer vacationers who want to escape the heat and, by expending a little energy, make that evening sack just a little more inviting. The increasing number of mountaineering schools at several national parks has elevated this form of recreation to put it on a par, for thrills, with skiing. Some of the higher peaks - Mt. Rainier in the West and Mt. Washington in the East, for example don't even require any training: You virtually walk right up to the top. But you'll want to be prepared if you tackle the peaks of Devils Tower, Grand Teton, Mt. McKinley and Rocky Mountain National Park.

The comforts of urban living, set in the midst of an incomparably scenic locale, are also available in the East. New York State's Adirondack Mountains, less than a day's journey from the Apple, offer the most up-to-date and luxurious accommodations virtually set in boundless wilderness. Here, in close proximity, are grand opera at Lake George and riding in a cavalry charge at Frontier Town. Modern resorts offer golf, tennis, swimming, boating, summer theaters and open-air concerts; all these are cheek by jowl with the untrodden beauty of the Adirondack Forest Preserves (over 2,000,000 acres) and a covey of splendid lakes (Placid, George, Schroon, Saranac) and streams where you can go hiking, camping, mountain climbing, canoeing, hunting and fishing.

Finally, if the very thought of climbing mountains has wearied you, we can recommend Great Britain. While you're there, don't forget that this year marks the celebration of Shakespeare's 400th birthday with a re-creation of a 16th Century village at Stratford, a full cycle of historical plays at the Royal Shakespeare Theatre beside the Avon, and an exhibition devoted to the life of the playwright in a special pavilion on the river's banks. The latter is being moved to Scotland for the Edinburgh Festival, August 16 to September 5, and then to London later in September.

For further information on any of the above, write to Playboy Reader Service, 232 E. Ohio St., Chicago, 1ll. 60611.



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IN NEW POP-OPEN

THE PLAYBOY FORUM

an interchange of ideas between reader and editor on subjects raised by "the playboy philosophy"

SEX LEGISLATION

Your report on sex laws in the United States is quite enlightening. Since these laws are both unenforced and unenforceable, they diminish public respect for other, enforceable laws. For this reason, I agree they should be abolished. The Mann Act is possibly the weakest piece of legislation ever to come out of the halls of Congress. The idea of convicting a man on the basis of his intentions, moral or immoral, is absurd.

> E. A. Fielden College Park, Maryland

DIVORCE, JAPANESE STYLE

I agree with your analysis of divorce laws in the United States as outlined in the February Philosophy. Perhaps a more sensible attitude has been taken in Japan. There divorce can be granted by mutual consent, provided the custody of minor children is settled. Both parties sign a form, have it witnessed, and file it at a city office. Divorce is then immediately granted.

If either party decides to contest the divorce, it is more difficult to obtain than in most other countries. More than 90 percent of the divorces in Japan are by mutual consent, and most Japanese officials think that their law is working well.

> Carl Hirsch Akron, Ohio

The Japanese officials are right, if infrequency of divorce is a criterion. Latest statistics show U.S. divorces are 2.2 per thousand persons each year, as opposed to Japan's .73.

THE SCHOOL-PRAYER DECISION

In the January Forum, a letter by R. Jay Mollar stated in part: "The very point which the atheists have been fighting, practice of a religion in public schools, is brought up again when the absence of a religion (the atheist's own religion) is forced upon those seeking free expression of their beliefs." Mr. Mollar is equating the absence of religion in schools with atheism, and this is

The Supreme Court school-prayer ruling does not mean that atheism has become the established philosophy for public schools. If this were true, then teachers would be free to offer negative opinions to students concerning all religions. For example, teachers would be free to tell children that man created God out of fear; that the doctrine of original sin has caused untold misery and guilt among humans; that there are just as many arguments against the existence of a personal god as there are for such a god; that the Church has through the ages tortured thousands of persons both physically and mentally for disagreeing with its beliefs; and that orthodox religion must change if it is to survive the age of reason. The separation of church and state in public-school education simply means that teachers must maintain absolute neutrality; they may not speak for or against any religious belief.

> Robert W. Everett, Jr. New Orleans, Louisiana

LOSS OF HUMANITY

I want to congratulate Hefner for writing and printing The Playboy Philosophy. The real evil in our society is not sexual emotions, but, rather, their suppression. Most of us go through life suppressing human emotions and in the end realize that in doing so we have lost our humanity.

> Frank Davis New Orleans, Louisiana

SEXUAL RESPONSIBILITY

Statistics show that the offspring of people who think that pregnancy and wedding always come in alphabetical order are primarily responsible for our nationwide increase in juvenile crime and other, less-published but just as undesirable, changes.

The sexual revolution is a good thing - however, just as a knowledge of the facts of life alone is insufficient, so is the removal of the psychological sexual taboos that now surround us. Each must be accompanied by the feeling of responsibility that is necessary to protect those involved.

> Ed Reed Seattle, Washington

Agreed; so Hefner has repeatedly stated in "Philosophy."

THOUGHT-PROVOKING STATISTICS

I cannot take you to task when you answer charges that you advocate free love by saying you do not advocate a more sexually promiscuous society, but



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MARK II After Shower Cologne in India Madras bag \$2.75 plus tax. Shave Lotion and other products from \$2.50 to \$2,500. MARK II, the mark of a man The MARK II Company, New York/Philadelphia. 53 simply "a more enlightened attitude toward behavior that already exists." But when you go on to say that you believe society should not lower its values, but raise them, I question how *The Playboy Philosophy* can contribute to this noble aim. For one thing, the fact that you present behavioral statistics as a "philosophy" will be interpreted by many as a statement of approval of the *status quo*.

In the final analysis, don't our moral problems boil down to one single question—whether or not there are any universal, eternal truths? A philosophy must do more than explain present behavior. It must examine the present, certainly, but it must concern itself with something more—it must present a creed for the future, providing goals, aims and principles to guide man as he seeks his objectives.

The statistics you have presented offer certain proof that man today is in dire need of a personal philosophy; but they are not in themselves a philosophy.

They do deserve recognition, however, in that they are certain to stimulate self-appraisal. Above all, they should encourage each of your readers to examine his personal philosophy, if he has one, or to begin formulating one if he has not. Too little of what we read today can claim to be that thought-provoking.

Jacqueline Fishman Dayton, Ohio

Hefner agrees that before presenting a creed for the future one must examine the present (and the past), and this is precisely what he has been doing in "The Playboy Philosophy." In later installments he plans to spell out his personal credo; but, as you point out, in the final analysis each person must formulate his own philosophy.

SUPPORTING SEPARATION

My husband and I both want to extend to you and your colleagues our admiration for your courage in setting forth frankly the insidious dangers that beset our country when certain religious zealots impose their beliefs upon others through the machinations of the law. The Playboy Philosophy is most timely in its support of the separation of church and state. Continue your good work!

Dorothy Smith Detroit, Michigan

CATHOLIC ANTISEXUALITY

At long last, after successfully withstanding century upon century of heretical assaults, the writings of St. Paul have fallen before the incisive intellect of Hugh M. Hefner. It seems paradoxical that the great body of moral and theological thought contained within that august organization, the Roman Catholic Church, should be so thoroughly refuted by such an innocuous-sounding work as *The Playboy Philosophy*. Yet, if one desires proof of this mortal blow to the vitals of the Vatican, merely refer to the January issue of PLAYBOY and *The Playboy Philosophy* therein. There, in three short pages, Hefner tosses Catholic moral theology into a cocked hat.

Our first reaction to this awe-inspiring work was one of unrestrained hilarity. Hefner, for all his verbal proliferation, manifests a marked lack of insight into the true nature of Catholic morality. Anyone who seriously contends that Catholicism is imbued with antisexual notions should reconsider his premises. Catholicism, as a Christian mode of existence, recognizes both man's spiritual and his physical needs. Catholics, in an attempt to realize a balance of values in their lives, are not unmindful of the ontological principle that sexual gratification can be but a part of man's total being. To place the varied elements of reality in proper perspective is to view reality as reality - something that Hefner has repeatedly failed to do. Concentration on one aspect of life's panorama necessarily obscures the perspective of the whole. In this vein, the noted theologian and critic, William F. Lynch, wrote in Christ and Apollo: "Nor, obviously, is there anything wrong with the biological level of love. But to concentrate on it alone is to prevent again the total vision of love. So that here we must note a very fascinating principle. It is that sacrifice is more than a negative and ascetical principle of theology; it is also a very positive principle . . .

The Catholic Church, far from being "antisexual," venerates the physical love of a man and a woman, while requiring that this love be subordinated to a higher love of God. Unlike Helner, in his near-psychotic state of sexual preoccupation, the Church relegates sex and its use to a position of secondary importance. This relegation, while involving self-denial by all believing Catholics, does not constitute a suppression of sexual behavior once viewed in light of man's total being. It is, rather, a fit placing of sex within the context of man's whole existence. It is a positive act which opens the mind to the greater vision of the life surrounding and including sex. It is highly presumptuous - indeed, ridiculously so - of Hefner to label the Catholic Church as "antisexual" merely because that body does not share his particular sexual affiliation. This is a univocal attitude of a fantastically antiquated nature.

Hefner speaks of his "freedom from religion," and we ask Hefner, how may we free ourselves from him and his intellectual pretenses? We respectfully submit that you confine your magazine to the treatment of animal husbandry, mixed drinks, and whatever else is necessary to project the PLAYBOY image to your inadequate public. Leave the philosophical treatises to those who are capable of exhibiting at least a modicum of intellectual integrity.

L. George Parry, Jr. T. Allen May Georgetown University Washington, D. C.

If, in dealing specifically with antisexual elements in both Protestant and Catholic moral history, Hefner managed to toss 20 centuries of Catholic moral theology "into a cocked hat," then this theology would be frail indeed. Beneath your sarcasm we detect a suspicion that Catholicism will weather the blow, and we concur. Your implicit criticism that Hefner cannot see the forest for the trees belies your own inability to see the trees for the forest. Hefner never criticized Catholicism on any other grounds than those growing directly from its antisexuality - a charge he documented amply in the August and September, 1963, and January 1964 installments of "The Playboy Philosophy." Hefner has more than once - most recently in the January installment - applauded the trend of modern liberal Catholicism.

CATHOLIC BIRTH CONTROL

In the January Philosophy Hefner says: "Catholic dogma still proclaims that the sole purpose of sex is procreation and so forbids all mechanical means of birth control." While the Church does forbid certain birth-control practices, it does not maintain the sole purpose of sex to be procreation, but teaches that its primary purpose is the reproduction of the species. The Church affirms that expression, physical pleasure, and satisfaction of primitive drives are necessary, valuable and valid purposes of sex. They may not be indulged in, however, to the frustration of the primary purpose, as the case would be if indiscriminate birth control were practiced. Any sexual intercourse, within marriage, in which the natural processes are allowed to take place is compatible with natural law. Thus the rhythm method of birth control is permitted, provided it is used for a valid reason, such as the limitation of a family for economic reasons. Mechanical birth control is a frustration of the normal conditions, in that it prevents intimate contact between the sex organs and prevents the semen from following its natural course.

There is a slight difference in consideration of the pill, however. An oral contraceptive produces an artificial condition which prevents ovulation by slightly altering the menstrual pattern. The Church prohibits use of the pill when its sole purpose is to prevent pregnancy. But if a woman is so irregular that her menstrual cycle is unpredict-

able, the pill may be used as a treatment of the condition, even if it is necessary to continue its use indefinitely to maintain normal menstruation.

Hefner also states that "It [the Catholic Church] also forbids abortion - even therapeutic abortion, condoned by many Jews and Protestants." Since many people regard an abortion as any operation that results in the death of the unborn child, this may lead to a common misconception - that all such operations are prohibited by Catholic teaching. When a pregnancy becomes dangerous to the life of the mother, an operation attacking the irregularity, defect or disease that is responsible is permitted, even though such surgical action may result in the destruction of the fetus. An operation may never be directed at a normal fetus, however. If a pregnant woman is found to have cancer of the uterus, for example, it is permissible to remove the uterus to save the mother's life, even though the pregnancy is destroyed. If there is no abnormality except a condition, such as a weakness of the uterus that might result in rupture, from which it is possible for both mother and child to survive, every effort must be made to preserve both lives.

On the other hand, if a pregnancy develops in the tube rather than in the womb, thus threatening the life of the mother, there is no possibility for the survival of the embryo. An operation attacking the cause of the disorder, which in this case is the extrauterine pregnancy, is permitted, even though it is a direct attack on the life of the unborn child.

It is not permissible under any circumstances to attack directly a normal pregnancy.

I am glad that you went on to state that there is a more liberal element within the Church. It is misunderstandings like those I have just discussed that often obscure this fact.

> William A. Wheatley Rice University Houston, Texas

Many non-Catholics are baffled by the distinction between the "naturalness" of rhythm and the artificiality of oral contraception—or any other means of preventing pregnancy—since the user's intention would seem to be the logically operative factor, rather than the means to achieve it. However, we would not deny the right of Catholics to make any distinctions they wish; we do oppose the imposition of these distinctions (via birth-control laws) upon others.

THANKS FOR THE SERPENT

I have read in your February Forum Mr. Bob Barrett's concern for man's unfortunate ejection from the Garden of Eden. Apparently, Mr. Barrett's formal education stopped some 3000 years ago. Let me attempt to bring him up to 1872 with an excerpt from *The Gods* by Robert G. Ingersoll: "If the account given in *Genesis* is really true, ought we not, after all, to thank this serpent? He was the first schoolmaster, the first advocate of learning, the first enemy of ignorance, the first to whisper in human ears the sacred word liberty, the creator of ambition, the author of modesty, of inquiry, of doubt, of investigation, of progress, and of civilization.

"Give me the storm and tempest of thought and action, rather than the dead calm of ignorance and faith. Banish me from Eden when you will; but first let me eat of the fruit of the tree of knowledge."

Perhaps – as Ingersoll says – we are better off with less insurance and more insight. Anyway, I suspect that man will not be readmitted to the garden in the foreseeable future. In the interim, I am sure that the voices of those who would contribute ideas and beliefs to the solution of social problems will continue to be heard over the din of those who would suppress the exercise of free speech.

R. W. Minster Hartford, Connecticut

HUMANIST HUZZA

We appreciate the valuable work you are doing in literally defining man's current problems. You have a clear head in a confused world.

Tolbert H. McCarroll Executive Director American Humanist Association Yellow Springs, Ohio

ENCROACHING BIGOTRY

The increasingly popular trend of ignorant, self-righteous bigotry is one we must destroy, lest we dissolve into a nation of ignorant, puritanical perverts. I don't wish to sound militant, but this trend extends into nearly every facet of American life and we, as Americans, must remain acutely aware of its ever-encroaching presence.

History has shown us the fate of this kind of thinking in the past. With the present emergence of groups advocating strict censorship, particularly surrounding the subjects of religion and sex. I believe we are witnessing the last gasp of ignorant faith. Let us do what we can to enshrine reason and rid our fine nation of the curse of ignorance.

Max Bittiker Macon, Missouri

FAITH VS. REASON

You assert that your *Philosophy* is based on a belief "that man is a rational being, that reality is knowable, and that society should be based upon rea-

son, rather than irrational faith or mysticism." This sounds very noble, indeed, until you consider that most modern philosophies reject the rationalistic tradition quite completely, for if a universal code of ethics could be known by reason alone, then why, after thousands of years, has mankind failed to discover it?

Kant also attempted to base morality solely on reason: "Act only by that maxim whereby thou canst at the same time will that it should be a universal law." But there is nothing in this attitude to protect society from the rapist who is willing for everyone to be a rapist. Reason alone cannot provide us with ethical universals, so where do we discover a criterion unless we look beyond reason?

Denny C. Wise

Rocky Mount, North Carolina Kant was proposing a rational personal morality, not the absence of morality as exemplified by the unbalanced (irrational) rapist who thinks rape is fine for everyone—as unlikely a hypothetical straw man as we've heard of in a long time.

TRUTH AND REASON

As I browse through the letters in The Playboy Forum, my mood alternates between delight in the existence of people who look to reason as the only available vehicle in the pursuit of truth, and despair in the many who are so dull-witted that they cannot conceive of the possibility that the assumptions on which they base their beliefs are not self-evident to the rest of us.

Perhaps, considering its inadequacies, the mystics have a right to scoff at dedication to rationality. But, if truth exists, is there any other possible path to it? If one hopes to find it in revelation or authority, he still is forced to rely on reason to decide which of the many claimants does constitute authority, or has had a genuine "revelation."

Of course, the rationalist also faces a dilemma. He has no way of knowing when his sensory observations have been faulty or the reasoning process contaminated by prejudice or emotion. He can only take satisfaction in the knowledge that each falsehood exposed must lead one step closer to the truth.

It is to Mr. Hefner's credit that, in his enumeration of the irrationalities and hypocrisies of our society, he makes no attempt to substitute his own viewpoint. Rather, he continually emphasizes that each man must, in the last analysis, be his own judge of the truth. Truth, if it exists, must be objective, but each man's conception must be his own.

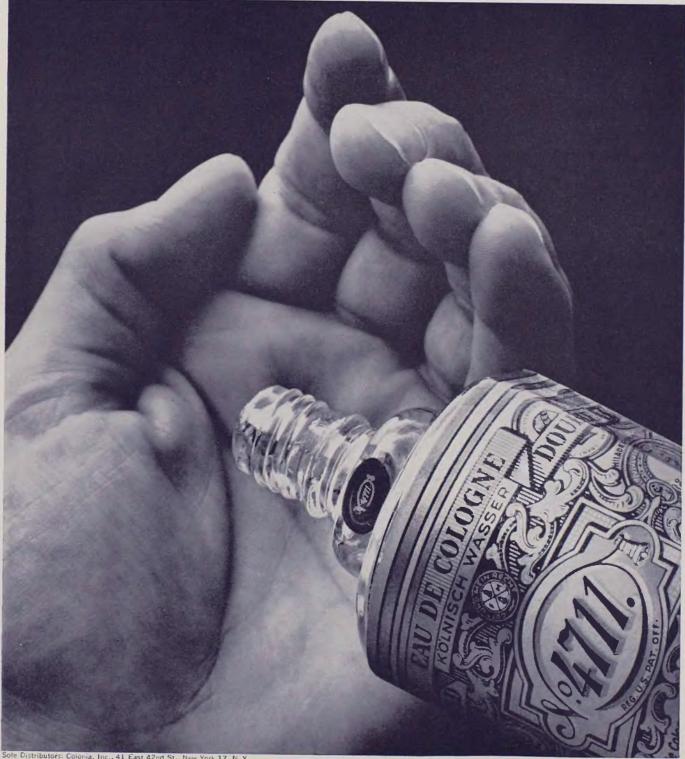
F. Peter Gersbacher Lafayette, Indiana (continued on page 127)

A brand-new, 172-year-old idea: 4711 Cologne after a shower.

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after a bath or shower, or now and then through the day.) Something else about 4711 has caught on: More men than ever are using it as an after shave bracer. For a 172-yearold idea, it's unusually refreshing.



PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JACK LEMMON

a candid conversation with hollywood's kinetic seriocomic

In two recent film-industry surveys, Jack Lemmon was named the nation's number-one box-office personality, comedian and dramatic actor. For the 39year-old star, esteemed as one of the screen's most versatile performers, this triple crown caps a ten-year film career already studded with such honors as an Oscar for his portrayal of the irrepressible Ensign Pulver in "Mister Roberts," Oscar nominations for his memorable roles in "Some Like It Hot," "The Apartment" and "Days of Wine and Roses," and most recently, his selection as m.c. of this year's Academy Awards presentation.

Such laurels have taken their psychiatric toll of many who've occupied Hollywood's catbird seat, but most of those who know him swear that Lemmon remains engagingly unaffected. Some have attributed his modest self-assurance to his monied Bostonian upbringing and to his years at Andover and Harvard; others to his two-year hitch as a naval ensign at the end of World War II, and to the eight years of professional apprenticeship in New York drama schools, summer stock, radio soap opera, TV drama and Broadway comedy which preceded his movie debut in 1954 opposite Judy Holliday in "It Should Happen to You."

Whatever the reasons for his success and his sense of balance, he has been characterized as "the most rational man in the business," "a guy with no artistic temperament, no glandular pushiness," "an actor who saves all his acting for the camera." When he is acting for the

camera, however, Lemmon is said to hurl himself into each role with an intensity which many friends find difficult to reconcile with his otherwise extroverted, easygoing nature—even in light comedies such as his latest picture, "Good Neighbor Sam," in which he plays the seemingly undemanding part of a bumbling adman who finds an incriminating picture of himself with another man's wife plastered on billboards as an advertisement for one of his own accounts.

In the hope of plumbing this paradox, we approached Lemmon recently with our request for an interview. Looking and sounding exactly like the Ivy Leaguer he so often portrays on the screen - except for graying temples and a deepening tracery of lines around the eyes - he greeted us in slacks, sport shirt and suede slippers at the door of his \$165,000 home in Beverly Hills, a recent, but opulent, concession to star status. Ushering us into his study, he offered us a drink, sprawled comfortably on a chaise longue beneath a shelf holding the leather-bound manuscripts of his 19 films, and invited us to "fire at will." We did, and he proceeded to fire back, in the longest interview he's given to any magazine.

PLAYBOY: Until your marriage to actress Felicia Farr almost two years ago, the fan-magazine public was led to believe that you were one of the swingingest bachelors about town. Were you?

LEMMON: That was a lot of nonsense. I

went out with Farfel for almost five years--

PLAYBOY: Farfel?

LEMMON: That's what I call Felicia. Anyway, I had been going steadily with her for almost five years before we got married, and when we finally did, it was like celebrating our fifth anniversary.

PLAYBOY: Yet throughout your courtship the gossip columns were sprinkled with items linking you romantically with any number of your leading ladies. Was there no truth to any of these reports? LEMMON: I don't believe most of the garbage I read about me and I don't believe the public does either. I've had warm, wonderful relationships with almost all of the women I've worked with - Judy Holliday, Betty Grable, Janet Leigh, June Allyson, Rita Hayworth, Kim Novak, Marilyn Monroe, Doris Day, Shirley MacLaine - but nothing of an intimate nature. I really didn't go out much when I was single. Not that I was a recluse; but I preferred to have a nice long dinner and sit around with friends rather than hit the night clubs and the premieres. I had a little bachelor pad in Bel-Air where friends fell in. I will admit that things could get pretty wild there on occasion. I remember a couple of years ago I was ready to leave for a New Year's Eve party, when a big brush fire broke out nearby. The house is located on top of a steep hill and built on solid rock; I thought it was indestructible. But before I knew it, the flames were 25 yards away. Luckily, they didn't get any closer, so I celebrated my good fortune by standing on the roof



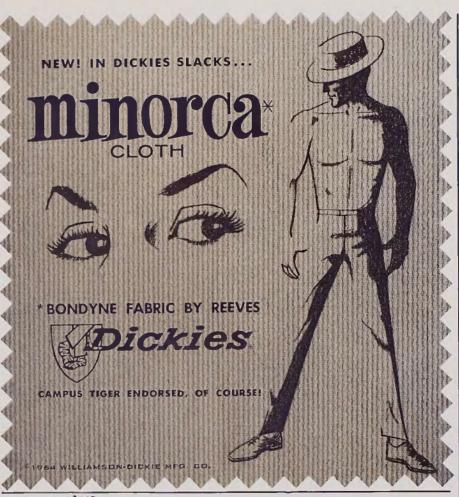
"To make it, you have to do one thing that no human really wants to do: You've got to expose yourself. You can't be afraid. You can't cover up. That's what separates the men from the boys."



"The old diehards may have something when they mourn the passing of the golden era in films, when the star was the Olympian antithesis of the guy next door, unattainable and unapproachable."



"I've never known a good actor who was dumb. He can be an emotional baby, but stupid, no. Sensitivity and brightness seem to go hand in hand with a quest for understanding people, a desire to dig."





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with a hose in one hand, a martini in the other, dressed in a tuxedo, yelling "Happy New Year" as I watered down the bushes, the patio, myself and the whole damn cranis.

PLAYBOY: Cranis?

LEMMON: I use words like "clyde" and "cranis" all the time because nobody knows what the hell I'm talking about. There are certain slang expressions and idiot words that I use—I suppose because everything in Hollywood is "sensational" or "stupendous." The normal abnormal pressures of this crazy industry tend to make people behave in extremes. **PLAYBOY:** Is it possible that these pressures also account in part for the abundance of psychiatrists serving the movie community?

LEMMON: Quite frankly, I don't know whether there's a higher percentage of people in analysis in the acting profession than in other professions. But I wouldn't be surprised if it were true. This is a nerve-racking business at best. Most art forms are, because you're not dealing in anything concrete. You're dealing in wisps of emotions. You're trying to sell something that is absolutely intangible. Instead of being able to come home and say, "I sold five insurance policies today, dear," you say, "I did a hell of a scene today, dear." The only trouble is that out of every 50 people who see that scene, 25 of them may hate it. You're the one who's getting criticized day in and day out, and offering yourself for acceptance. You're not offering a product. I'm sure this is a shattering thing to many actors.

PLAYBOY: Have you been in analysis? LEMMON: I don't think I've ever needed one. I'm not too cerebral a type, but 1 love to talk to psychiatrists I meet at parties. I just like to ask them questions - like all the old crap about the dilemma of the only child, because I was one. They all tell me that statistics indicate there's a much higher percentage of successful marriages that involve an only child. So the only child doesn't have to be the lonely child or the spoiled, maladjusted child. Such reassuring words interest me for a while. But more important, it's struck me that the deeper I get into acting, the greater the parallel I find between analysis and acting. An actor is interested in the why of a person's behavior. His job is to say, "This is why," and then transmit it to an audience - as the analyst does to a patient. I don't pretend to be a two-bit shrinker, but I've read everything I could by Jung, Adler and others, because it became more and more pertinent to acting. The more fully I grasp not just how a character behaves, but why he behaves, the more I find that my patience with people and my understanding of them grows. I seldom get mad.

PLAYBOY: And when you do?

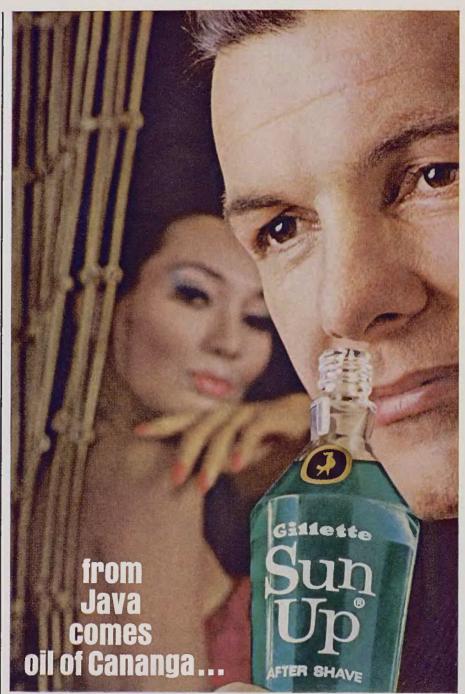
LEMMON: When I do, which is only now and then, it's bong, then forget it. If someone is unpleasant, the first thing that occurs to me and fascinates me as an actor is: "I wonder why he's like that." Rather than saying: "That son of a bitch," like I used to, like most people would. I'm not setting myself up with the patience of Job, but I know this for a fact. Maybe it's also that I've grown a little older and a little more mature. I'm now 39, and when I was 30 I wasn't the same. My insecurities, whatever they may have been, my apprehensions, have naturally diminished a little bit, since I have fortunately gone from being an actor to being a successful actor. Within myself I have become less and less disturbed about many things - like the image people put up of what a human being, emotionally, is supposed to be.

PLAYBOY: How do you mean?

LEMMON: An awful lot of people are too terribly concerned about their every emotional reaction. Possibly out of ignorance or maladjustment, they worry about themselves tremendously and set up some kind of idiotic ideal of what a person is supposed to be. By doing so, they deny themselves the luxury of normal human failings. It doesn't bother me that I'm a fallible, fairly unextraordinary human being. It did when I was younger and knew less. But by now I have no preconceived idea of what I'm supposed to be, so I'm not dissatisfied with myself. Related here is something I think really helps to mature an actor, the one final plateau he must reach if he's going to be good. To make it, you have to do one thing that no human really wants to do: You've got to expose yourself. You can't be afraid. You can't cover up. That's what separates the men from the boys. You cannot consciously or subconsciously shy away from anything. This you see all the time in actors. I can spot it like that, when an actor is backing away from fear of failure, from exposing aspects of himself that he doesn't want seen. If you can finally just own up, it's like a breath of fresh air. I don't think this happens until there's enough faith within yourself to know that you're all right within yourself even if you're called a complete and total failure. Personal adjustments combined with the control of your own technique as an actor - when those two meet, you're in. You've become a professional. I don't particularly care if I ever become a star, or if I already am one. But I do care about being professional.

PLAYBOY: What other yardsticks do you feel make an actor professional?

LEMMON: For one thing, intelligence. I've never known a good actor who was dumb. He can be an emotional baby.



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but stupid, no. Sensitivity and brightness seem to go hand in hand with a quest for understanding people, a desire to dig, an inquisitiveness. Talent - which is only about 20 percent of acting comes in, as I said earlier, after an actor understands why a character behaves the way he does; he then uses his talent to transmit this insight to the audience. Once he understands this, he must realize that the director is more creative than the actor. He has a much greater opportunity to make an over-all personal statement than an actor does. A good actor can bring all sorts of shadings to a role that were never there, that go far beyond what even the author or director intended. But an actor, in my mind, most of the time is not a creator at all; he's an interpreter. He is given the words and the scenes, and then he interprets them for the author and the director. I've seen a good performance in a bad movie, but I've never really seen a bad picture come off because of a good performance, and I never will. The longer I'm around, the more respect I acquire for the writers and directors who hand me the tools.

PLAYBOY: Including, of course, Billy Wilder, your writer-director for The Apartment, Some Like It Hot and Irma la Douce.

LEMMON: I'd do the *phone book* with Wilder if he said he had a part in it for me. When he offered me the lead in *Irma*, I signed for it without even seeing a script. I knew the plot of the Broadway musical, but I figured they might as well throw it right out the window for what Wilder would do in revising it. I was right.

PLAYBOY: Do you think his revisions were improvements on the original?

LEMMON: They may have improved the story, but some of them certainly didn't improve me any. Remember that scene where I get buried beneath a mob of streetwalkers in the back of the paddy wagon? Well, it may have been funny on the screen, but it was without question one of the most uncomfortable and unpleasant scenes I ever had to shoot. You'd think it would be wonderful, one guy and all those sexy girls; but it's hot and confined, and hard as hell to do a scene where you're trying to keep just an eye showing and to get the lines right with everybody screaming. It couldn't be a melee, but it had to be frenetic, and yet clean and crisp - kind of organized mayhem. And at the finish of the scene, after two or three days of this bedlam, when these 13 or 14 girls pile on top of me in the paddy wagon, I want to tell you I was just a wreck. Everybody was screaming and groaning. The girls were bruised. One of them ended up with her leg in a cast. God, it was a disaster area.

PLAYBOY: In the picture, you play a Paris gendarme who succumbs to the charms of a kookie tart — played by Shirley MacLaine — becomes her pimp, and proceeds to monopolize her trade in the guise of a well-heeled client. Did you "motivate" your part by doing any first-hand research?

LEMMON: And how. Shirley and I went to a whorehouse in Paris and talked to the madam and the girls for about five hours. The girls would say "Pardonnezmoi" about every ten minutes and go rolling upstairs. They had some pretty speedy customers, because some of the girls were back downstairs in about three minutes.

PLAYBOY: This was your second picture with Shirley, a consummate comedienne who's stolen many a scene from her male leads. Do you work well together? LEMMON: Beautifully. She's a ball to be with. I might be attracted to a woman with a gorgeous figure or a fine mind, but I only respect the woman who isn't a stereotype, a woman with authentic, individual qualities of her own. Shirley has all of these, and besides, she's a nut. Her sense of humor alone makes her that much easier to work with. In Irma, we had this scene where she's in the bathtub and I'm in the other room getting dressed. I come to the bathroom door and she's soaping herself. Actually, she's wearing a little bikini, but it's fleshcolored so that when her back is turned to the camera the audience thinks she's not wearing anything. I come over and sit on the edge of the tub and we have this conversation, and we go to kiss at the end. I want to tell you, it's pretty hard to lean over a tub and put your arms around someone for a fade-out clinch when she's in the tub and you're on the edge. Well, I fell in. Down I went on top of her, clothes and everything. Shirley kept breaking up, and it took three takes before I could do the thing without falling in. It may have been a very tender moment, but I was bent in the shape of a pretzel, propping myself up with my foot against a wall out of camera range. Be all this aggravation as it may, whenever Wilder wants me to do another picture- in a tub, in drag, in a paddy wagon, in a Beatle wig - I'm his man.

PLAYBOY: Do you think as highly of director Richard Quine and writer-director Blake Edwards, who have worked with you in a total of six pictures?

LEMMON: All three suffer from an old theatrical disease that is kind of rare—talent. Billy's shows most of all, naturally, because he was making movies when the other two were kids. Billy has a style, an individuality, which never dominates to



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the detriment of a picture. But all three have it. When a director's style is so individual that it becomes the dominant factor in a film, and the audience becomes aware of it, then a director defeats his own purpose. Wilder, Edwards and Quine, thank God, do not impose direction so that the autlience becomes aware of it. The minute that happens you lose involvement and identification in the story. You sit there and say: "Gee, look what he did with the camera." Unless, of course, the director is deliberately doing it for shock, which Edwards did a few times in Wine and Roses. A sudden cut to a face right up into the cameras and d.t.s - that's done on purpose. It wasn't jarring to the flow of the story at all.

PLAYBOY: Do they have anything else in common?

LEMMON: Yes. I can work things out with them because with all their talents, they have security as directors. But they never, ever arbitrarily impose their ideas on an actor. "OK," they say. "Let's read it over. Do what you want." They don't say a word more until they see what you bring. Now, all three might well know what they want, but they will not disallow the fact that the actor might add something fresh to what they had in mind already. You'd be amazed how many so-called good directors, especially under the economic pressures of getting a film done, adhere religiously to the ideas they've set up in advance. Another thing about those three: They do not give extensive, deep direction. In one sentence they can accomplish what an awful lot of guys who are sitting there motivating their grandfather's raincoat take hours to do.

PLAYBOY: That sounds like a dig at the psychoanalytic Actors Studio technique. Is it?

IEMMON: I must admit I get griped when I see every young punk in a torn T-shirt called a Method actor. But if some guy feels he must vomit in a corner in order to get a sick feeling for a scene, and it works, more power to him. I just don't go for that stuff. I saw one guy spin himself around in a circle for a drunk scene and he got so off kilter that he smashed through a door and practically destroyed the whole damn set. Naturally, every actor has to have some kind of method of preparing himself for a role, but this doesn't happen to be mine.

PLAYBOY: What is your method?

LEMMON: Well, years ago if a director told me to "be happy" on page ten, I'd say, "I can't play 'be happy.' Tell me why I should be happy." After I got deeper into it, I realized that the only one who can supply the why of a character's behavior is me—not through in-

tellectual analysis, but through instinct and intuition. After working with a lot of young, bright directors who explained and analyzed the hell out of everything, and gave me great motivations, I began to beg for them to give me the result they're after and let *me* worry about how to realize it.

PLAYBOY: Do you worry about how to realize it?

LEMMON: I guess I do. When I get in really close to something I care about, I get terribly apprehensive, because I place such a high value on it that it almost can't come off the way I hope it might. When we finished *The Apartment*, I felt I had failed in the part. I didn't want to see the film. I felt that I hadn't fulfilled the character, that nobody would even know if I had done a good acting job. Since I was so close to the character, I was afraid it wouldn't seem like a performance.

PLAYBOY: Do you identify so completely with all the characters you play?

LEMMON: With all the ones that have any real depth, yes. To perform a serious role to my own satisfaction, I have to go into a little world of my own. I completely become the character in the film. I guess I bug everybody with it, because I've been told that people have come into my dressing room and heard me holler, "Get lost! I don't want to talk to you! Don't disturb me!" I never remember doing it later, and I have to walk around like an ass apologizing to everyone. But even on nights and weekends when I'm with friends, I'm still the guy in the picture I'm making. I have to be that way. He is me and I'm him. When I was making The Apartment, for several months I was that poor little schnook who didn't completely know the score. I was so close to him that I was afraid, with all the sweat, all the emotional blood I had put into it, that nobody would know a damn thing about it. I had the same feeling on a totally different level with Some Like It Hot, which was a broad farce. I was worried that the farce would fall flat. I got an Academy Award for Mister Roberts and I've never seen the ending, because I was so mad at what I did in it. I knew I had a great part to play, beautifully written. But it became so important to me that it was difficult to satisfy the high level of acceptability I had unconsciously imposed on it.

PLAYBOY: Didn't the Oscar help convince you that you'd succeeded?

LEMMON: Not really. Success is always somebody *else's* opinion of you; but it doesn't amount to a damn compared to your own opinion of yourself — though naturally I felt honored to get the award. Honored? I was thunderstruck. It made

a nervous wreck out of me. I remember on Oscar night I took a wrong turn driving to the Pantages and got there late. There were all these klieg lights and hundreds of people milling around outside, and all the nominees were being interviewed on television. I sort of got swept up in the surge of people and to support myself grabbed a guardrail. It was wet with paint. There I stood, in my grandfather's white tie and tails, with green paint on my hand. I tried to reach in my pocket for a handkerchief. No handkerchief. So I put my hand in my other pocket and began wiping it off on the inside. At that moment, of course, the television cameras focused on a full-length shot of me. Very fast, they cut to above-the-waist shots. What the viewers had seen for a moment was very odd-looking, shall we say, to appear on the screen. It looked like I had an itch in the damnedest place. When I finally got out of that situation, I walked to the entrance and reached for my tickets. No tickets. I had left them at home; so I had to talk my way in, and they had a hell of a time with me because they didn't know where I was supposed to sit. And then, when my name was announced, I was so excited I almost fell on my prat getting up to the stage. I still had the green paint on my hand when I took the Oscar. But at that point I couldn't have cared less if it was purple or black paint on my hand or whatever. I was in shock.

PLAYBOY: You received rave reviews—and an Oscar nomination—for your portrayal of an alcoholic in *Days of Wine and Roses*. Were you dissatisfied with that performance, too?

LEMMON: In many ways, yes - though I would have regarded the picture as a success even if it, and I, hadn't gotten good notices - simply because it wasn't in the traditional mold of a Hollywood film. The writer refused to rely on the tried-and-true formulas. There wasn't even a happy ending. That takes courage. But who the hell cares about a stock performance or an average play? Much better to try and really do something, go all the way, do it as professionally as you can. It's the only way you can do something to raise the level of the craft you're in. I know that Billy Wilder, for instance, feels that a film had better come in from left field, or forget it, that it doesn't mean a damn thing merely to make a good picture anymore. It must be something really provocative, something you are willing to go out of the house to see - through the Geschrei of baby sitters, dinner, parking the car, popcorn, people talking. You've got to want to get into that theater to see it because you ain't gonna see it anywhere else -



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certainly not on that box at home. That is in large measure why The Apartment and Some Like It Hot and Irma were enormously successful. The public will no longer accept the pap they've been prone to for years. A prime example of the new, left-field picture was The Hustler. Well, formerly, if you went to a studio and said, "I want to make this picture about a pool player," the first thing you'd get was: "About a what? How many women in the world ever cared about a pool table, let alone a pool shark?" But they went ahead and made it - and the public lined up to see it. These old rules of thumb don't apply anymore. Like: What appeal will it have for teenagers? Will children buy it? Is it family fare? Forget 'em. They're all out the window, thank God. PLAYBOY: Do you feel that the result has been to make Hollywood films more mature as well as more "adult"?

LEMMON: In some cases, yes. It used to be: Can you say "Damn" or "Hell"? Now we have pictures about everything under the sun - which, in a sense, reflects what has happened to Broadway, mirroring a tiny kernel of life mainly with plays about estranged and deranged people who are unfamiliar and often unsympathetic, but for whom maybe you have compassion. The supreme example is Tennessee Williams, who has succeeded only because of a complete writing genius. He has written about people with whom 99 percent of his audience, both in films and the theater, cannot identify. Unfortunately, what he and people like Shelagh Delaney have done is kind of obtuse. They've taken the pendulum and brought it all the way in the other direction. Williams has taken abnormal people, made them his heroes and heroines, and said these people may be sick by your terms, but they're still human. Understand them. They are not like you, but don't dismiss them. You may not have slept with your mother, you may not be a homosexual, you may not be a cannibal, or whatever, but they suffer, and they feel, and they love like other people. Care about them.

PLAYBOY: Most of the characters you've played, by contrast, have been eminently normal and well-adjusted—so much so, in fact, that one critic has called you "the incarnation of the all-American boy." Do you feel that you project this kind of image?

temmon: Let's face it: I didn't make it in Hollywood on the strength of Jack Armstrong looks. I just don't have the clean-limbed, square-jawed, simpleminded sex appeal of a Tab Hunter or a Troy Donahue. I've never had the animal magnetism that clicits an avalanche of fan mail from kids—or what-

ever it is that makes them squeal and holler. I don't even have a sinceresounding square-jawed, all-American name like Hunter or Hudson. I remember when I came out to Hollywood to make my first picture, It Should Happen to You, the late Harry Cohn, head of Columbia Pictures, called me into his office and told me he didn't like my name, and he wanted to change it. He was giving me all kinds of arguments. "The critics will use it like a ball bat. They'll hit ya with it." "Let 'em," I said. "How can I have a name like Lemmon up there? They'll laugh it off the screen," he said. "I'm not going to change it," I told him. "You gotta change it," he said. "To what?" I asked. "To Lennon," he said. "They'll think I'm a Russian revolutionary," I told him. "No," he said. "That's Leneen. I looked it up." Well, I fell off the chair, and he got mad because I was laughing at him. But I didn't change it - and things seem to have worked out all right anyway. If the day comes that I start worrying about a public concept of me as an actor, I'll be in serious trouble. Because then I will start performing not as an individual, not as a guy playing a part; I'll be trying to create some hypocritical image. I'd be a complete liar. If the all-American boy comes over, and maybe it does, I really couldn't give a damn. But if the performance is good, there I care a great deal. I'm going to be around when I'm 60 - if I'm not hit by a producer or a car - but only if I'm a good actor, not a "personality."

PLAYBOY: Despite the fact that you've established your acting credentials in both comic and serious roles, do you think the public may still regard you more as a funnyman than as a dramatic actor?

LEMMON: Sure they do. They don't think of me as a visual comedian, walking or talking in a certain way or with any special shtick, but I'm still identified primarily with comedy in some form or other. If they think of a Jack Lemmon picture, they automatically think it's funny - or supposed to be. The only reason is that I did a couple of comedy films when I started, and they worked, so 80 percent of the pictures submitted to me since have been comedies. But this only underlines my complaint against those who feel they have to label a drama a drama or a comedy a comedy. Labeling pictures is a pet peeve of mine. You can't label life. Anybody who calls The Apartment a comedy is a nut. It was a drama and a romance and a comedy all three. The few critics who reviewed The Apartment unfavorably agreed almost unanimously on the single point that the picture couldn't make up its

mind whether it was a comedy or a drama. Now that, to me, is absolutely irrelevant. Why do we have to conform to some idiotic preconception of a picture as one or the other? That's a lot of bull. Life is both. That's why I did Wine and Roses - the story of an alcoholic. For the first third of the picture there's a hell of a lot of comedy, lightness and romance, and I'm acting pretty much like the kind of character the audience would normally expect me to play. I wanted to communicate his gaiety and his other warm qualities so that when he got into trouble, when it did get dramatic, when this guy finally hit the deck, they would care. Rather than some clinical damn study of an alcoholic, where they leave the theater and say, "Gee, being an alcoholic is really rough. We better watch how we drink." The hell with that. I wanted them to care about this guy as a person. Alcoholism or anything else was secondary. We were telling a love story about two people.

PLAYBOY: We take it that you're not a fan of "message" movies.

LEMMON: Well, I think there's some truth in that old screenwriting saw, "If you've got a message, call Western Union." If a writer becomes obsessed with making his personal point of view too strong within a play or a film, so obsessed that the scenes become the author's commentary and the characters merely speak the author's intention, he has defeated himself. Actors must behave as human beings, creating identification with an audience. The situation they're involved in is where the author's commentary should emerge, but so seldom does. An example of the right way to do it is The Apartment. This picture was a personal comment about business and the way we live in a segment of society today. Wilder did a simple thing: He grew a rose in a garbage pail in order to make his point. He made you care about a guy and a girl. The circumstances they were in showed his point of view; the characters were not simply the author's mouthpiece. Many young playwrights do not understand this.

PLAYBOY: Are you speaking from personal experience?

LEMMON: Yes. I did a Broadway play about four years ago; I went in and out of the Eugene O'Neill Theater like a pistol shot in a thing called *Face of a Hero*, written by a very talented fellow. I felt he made a mistake, because suddenly I realized I was just mouthing the author's point of view. I didn't have a character. I was just making long speeches that the author wanted said. The thing folded inside of a month.

PLAYBOY: Despite losing Face, would you (continued on page 146)



WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

A young executive standing on the threshold of success, the PLAYBOY reader is equally adept at turning a handsome profit or a fair femme's head. And PLAYBOY, in ever-increasing numbers, is the magazine he picks up first and lays down last. Fact: PLAYBOY is now delivering an average paid circulation of 1,965,456 copies each month, including the largest single-copy sale of any quality-priced magazine in America. Multiple readers per copy? More than any other million-plus publication. And you sell this audience best in the magazine that sells itself—PLAYBOY, for men who make living an art. (Sources: Statement to Audit Bureau of Circulations, second half, 1963; Sindlinger & Co.'s Magazine Audience Action Study.)

fiction By KEN W. PURDY The studio had been built for a muralist. He had worked with very big cartoons. The studio was three stories high, and the black-crayon outlines of many sketches mazed the walls. In certain lights they seemed to waver and tremble: it was as if one were looking into a giant Chinese carved-ivory ball made of layer after layer of pierced walls cut by windows not quite in line with each other. The phenomenon irritated Charles Boyd, He often resolved to whitewash them over, or paint or repaper the walls. He was incapable of doing anything of the kind, and he knew it. He did not consider the man from whom he had bought the place an artist in the sense that he, Charles Boyd, was an artist, but clearly he had not been a carpenter either. He had been a creator, if in rather a limited fashion; he was a kind of artist, and Boyd's soul squirmed at the idea of obliterating lines laid down by another man. He tried not to look at the walls on certain days when the sky was thinly overcast, when, in late afternoon, the light seemed peculiarly to reach into the maze of lines.

He tried, but he could not always help himself. He was staring into a corner of the ceiling, on a November afternoon when he was, probably, between 40 and 45 years old (he was an orphan and illegitimate and had no way of knowing his exact age), trying to fix in his mind the graygreen of a lichen on a certain rock in a Vermont meadow when his eye slipped, as it were, and fell to the wall. He noticed a square of red high on the wall, a spot of red paint, it looked to be, or a piece of paper. It did not look bigger than a postage stamp. Charles Boyd was startled.

"I don't think I've ever seen that before," he said to

himself, aloud.

He set his palette down on the table behind him, carefully, without looking around, and moved closer to the wall. The red mark did not, as he half thought it might, disappear. He pulled a ladder along the wall, put the brush he was carrying between his teeth and went up. The red spot was a dab of paint, and clearly it had been there a long time.

Charles Boyd came down the ladder and sat on the second rung of it. bemused, and feeling fear come up in him, a sad, sickening, slow-rising kind of fear. Be calm, he said to himself, let me think. It was a small matter, after all, to have missed seeing a spot of red not 2 inches square on a wall 20 feet high. But that wasn't at all the heart of the thing. Working in a single room for 14 years, was it possible that he would not have noticed a single blot of red on a brown wall? He knew that it was not. It was out of the question that he had not seen it. He had seen it, noticed it, remarked it, hundreds of times, must have done, had to have done. The terror was that he had forgotten seeing it, forgotten so utterly that, when he had noticed it just now, it was as if a door had been slammed or a gun fired.

A cheap foot-square mirror hung over the little washbowl. He looked into it. He saw a craggy, scarred, squared-off face, black hair, beady black eyes, an obvious desperado gripping — like a pirate's knife between his teeth — a number 12 red-sable brush. He grinned at himself. He opened his mouth and let the brush fall into his hand. He threw it over his shoulder.

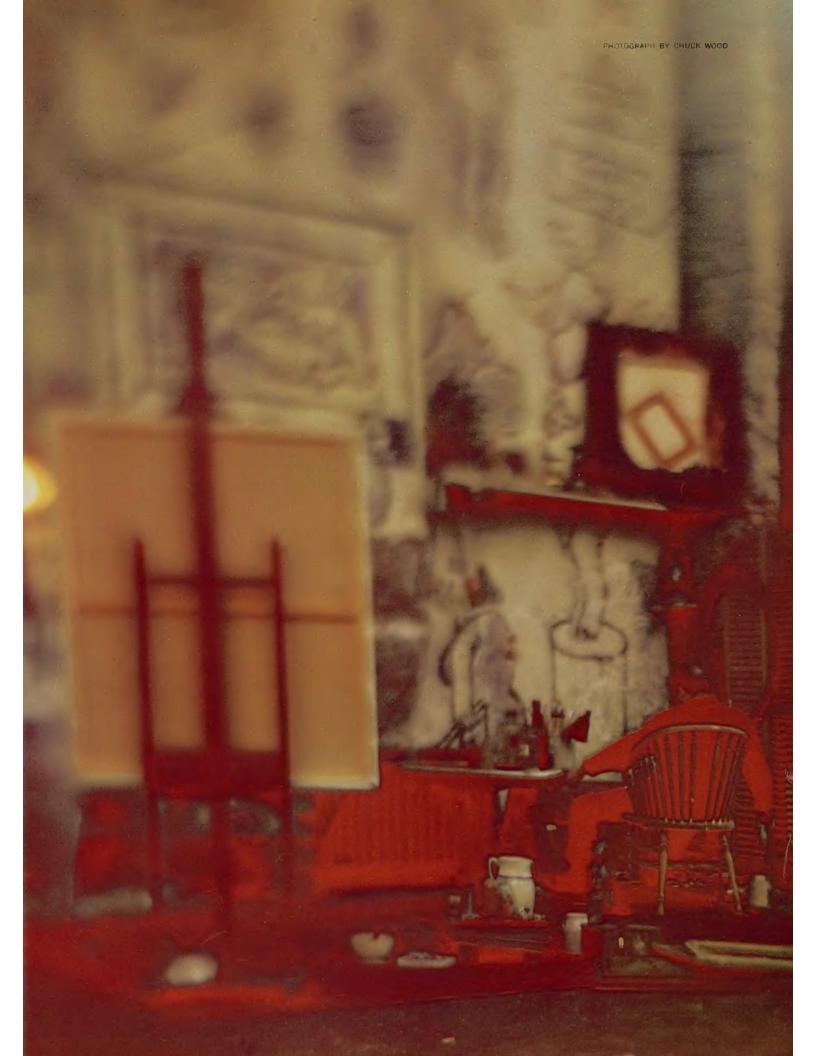
"You want a drink, Boyd?" he asked the face in the mirror. The big head nodded ponderously.

He rinsed the surface dust out of a dirty water glass and

there in the clutter of his creative life he felt fear come up in him, a sad, sickening, slow-rising kind of fear

PORTRAIT OF CHARLES BOYD





half-filled it with whiskey. He drank that, half-filled it again, ran a little water into it, holding it up to the light to watch the spiraling, oily mixing, and dropped into his chair, waiting for the whiskey to do its blessed short-circuiting. It was a bright-brown stream running down a narrow trough in the middle of his head, lapping at the bare bright wires, shorting out this one, skipping the next three, drowning the next two, running around the next four . . an ugly idea, he thought, and stopped it.

He looked up at the spot. He drank half the whiskey water. He could reach his palette from the chair. He mixed up a little burnt umber and chrome yellow and zinc oxide and picked it up on a flat brush. He went briskly up the ladder and covered the red spot. Back in his chair he could pick it out only because it glistened wetly. Dry, it would be gone for good. He would put it out of his mind, too. The whiskey was running in him now and he took half of what was left in the glass. He wasn't frightened anymore. He switched around in the chair to look at the easel.

He had stretched a big canvas for this one. Lately, his stuff had been mostly very big. When he began, living in Stockholm in a small cold room - God, how cold! - in Akversgaten, he had rarely done anything bigger than a foot square, and it wasn't because he had no money for canvas. If he had wanted to make a big painting he'd have put it on the white plaster wall of his room. And in Paris the same thing. But lately, the last five years, six, he had used big canvases. It hadn't to do with success, either. "I don't care if it's on a rolled-up newspaper or the back of your hand," he had heard his agent say, "if I offer you a Boyd for \$2500 today you'd better buy, because it'll be \$3000 tomorrow."

No, it was just that he felt like big canvases lately. He had more to say. Sometimes he could feel the great weight of all he had to say rolling and bubbling and boiling inside him. He thought of it, now, as something thick like soup but in every color - would that be possible, every color, no, there was no such concept as every color - but in, say, a thousand million colors, bubbling, spilling over, over what, well, spilling over what it was in, he thought of his own skull, but 20 feet across and sawed off evenly on top, a great seething caldron, but that put his face in the fire under it, he didn't like that idea. It broke the train of his thought. He got up for more

This painting, now, was ten feet by eight, that's to say ten feet long by eight high. Boyd had been working on it for 32 days. He was a slow painter,

and also he was fussy about the ground. He prepared a canvas very carefully. He set it up to last. He did not intend that paintings of his should be crazing and cracking and flaking in 100 years.

A landscape, most viewers would say about this latest Boyd, a valley in the foreground and hills behind rising to a violet sky. Some might move on, having seen nothing more, but there was more to see. For one thing, a foremost, there was the so-called "Boyd veil." The critic Hugelet first called it that, the extension of the backlight up, across the roof of the scene, as it were, and down, hanging like a gauzy curtain in front of the painting, although it was the painting ... he had begun doing this weird thing in 1950. It was not a trick or a stunt, it was merely light. Some people did not notice the Boyd veil until they had been shown it, and some of them then would stare for a long time. So there was that to see. And much more. A landscape? Boyd looked at it through the brown whiskey. A clod might say so. But a wise man, now, whether seeing the painting suddenly, booming, as a whole, or, beginning at the lower left corner and following the cunning spiral path that wove through it to the top, a wise man would know that the painting spoke of love, love from the very ape men chittering at each other across their dripping caves, past love of man for woman, for justice, for country, to the love of love itself, love of the unseen gods for men centuries dead, love of the living for the yet unborn and the never-to-be-born, and, as was natural, in this painting Boyd spoke of profane love as well. Near the corner of the woods in the middle ground, just past a stunted ash tree, in the daisies of the meadow, there would be, if you looked carefully, first, one bare foot in an odd attitude, then, just a fingertip's width to the left . . . Boyd smiled. His own vision was freakish, probably past 10/20, and he could see that little bare foot from the chair, though it wasn't an eighth of an inch long. He looked at the ash tree, and then to the right, it was there, or a shade higher, or lower, or to the left. Odd. He lifted himself out of the chair, careful not to spill the whiskey. He moved to the painting. There was no little foot, not by the ash tree, not in the daisies, nothing of that sort anywhere near. He set the whiskey on the floor, and squatted. No. Nothing. Where, then? Nowhere. He went over the painting inch by inch, grunting and whuffling as the breath whistled in and out of him. The two little naked people that he knew he had hidden just past the ash tree were not there. He pulled a drawer out of the taboret and grabbed a sixinch magnifying glass and with it held

to his face he moved up and down and across the whole canvas one more time.

He looked to the wall where the little red spot had been. It was not there and he knew why it was not. He could remember what he had done about it. He had painted it over. Where then were the two little people in the high grass? Had he painted them over? He grabbed the magnifying glass again, squeezing the handle in his short thick fingers and looked for thickened paint, for an outline. No, nothing.

He sank to his heels and sat on the floor. I will do the calm thing, he said to himself. It is much like getting lost in the woods, and that is when you must do the calm thing. So. I must be thinking of some other painting, I must have something else in mind. I never put it into this one. He named to himself various paintings: the one of the three dogs, the yellow tree, the year with four summers - he went through two dozen or more. It was perfectly obvious that the little nude figures were not in any of these paintings - were not, that is, if he could remember them. But supposing he could not?

He scrabbled across the floor on his hands and knees—it wasn't far enough to be worth getting up—to the steel-framed rack in which he stacked paintings for storage or for drying. There were more than fifty of them. He snatched them out one after another: a quick jerk, a short tossing motion, a catching in the middle of each riser. There was nothing to be seen in the first eleven. Twelve. Thirteen. Fourteen. Fourteen. Fourteen wasn't his work at all. His heart jumped. He felt his brain bulge his skull wide at the temples.

"I never painted this picture!" he said aloud. "I never!"

Holding it in front of him like a mirror, he walked across the room, bellowing.

"I never!" he yelled, "I never! I never!"

His knuckles hit the far wall. He spun around. He lifted the painting over his head, to look around it. He saw the whiskey glass on the floor. He kicked it. It caromed off the wall without breaking.

"I never!" he screamed. "I never laid a brush on this goddamn picture, never, never!"

Greta came in. "Charlie, what the hell?" she said. "I can hear you in the house!"

He rushed at her and held the painting for her to see.

"Did I paint this?" he screamed. "Did I? Did I paint this?"

(continued overleaf)



"Mother will be disappointed if you don't come in for at least a few minutes, George. She's expecting to meet you tonight."

She looked. A tall, calm, brown-eyed girl.

"Of course you did, darling," she said.
"Last summer. You did that one in Levana."

"Bitch!" he screamed at her. "Bitch! Liar! I never painted it in my goddamn life! Some mothering son of a bitch sneaked it in here, and you know goddamn good and well!"

He scaled the taut framed canvas across the room. He spun with it, he sent it off with a savagery that unjointed the frame before it left his hand; it flew crazily into the wall, one side of the frame splintered, the canvas ballooned, buckled, slid to the floor.

Greta Boyd watched. He glared at her. He was something to frighten a brace of water-front cops; not a tall man, but 200-odd pounds formed by frantic physical exertion for four decades, he seemed to have no wrists, his forearms ran, no more tapered than bludgeons, straight to his knuckles. But Greta was not afraid of him. She knew his nature, which was that of the May lamb. There had been a time in his life when he had hurt many people and killed some of them, but it had been long ago and they were people who had gone to endless trouble to outrage him.

"Come down out of the tree, Charlie," she said. "You silly son of a bitch."

He grabbed her and threw her, backward, through the screen door. She landed, sitting, on the grass, and rolled. She looked up. He was standing in the doorway, peering through the hole in the screen like an ape through the bars of its cage. As she watched he began to cry. Greta got up, wondering if she was going to make it. She went up the three steps and across the tiny porch, marveling that she had never touched them the last time she had been that way. She opened the gaping door and reached in for him.

"Come on, Charlie," she said. "Come on. We'll put a steak on the fire."

He would not tell her what he had been looking for. He wouldn't say anything about it. In the morning he went into the studio and carefully separated his own paintings, the authentic ones, from the fakes. There were 34 real Boyds and 14 fakes. He put the fakes carefully to one side against the wall. He halfdecided to burn them. He went back to the easel and spent the morning painting in the two little people he remembered making love so happily beside the ash tree. At one o'clock Greta gave him a six-ounce martini and he ate a big lunch. Afterward he took her to bed. When he went back to the studio he felt fine and his mind was made up. He would burn the fakes. But to be certain

he went over everything in the room again, the real ones and the fraudulent ones together. This time he separated out 19 frauds. Now there were 28 real Boyds and one he couldn't positively identify either way.

He fought down the idea that they had been in his studio in the night, faking his pictures again, changing them to frighten and confuse him. He knew better, and rejoiced that he knew better. He spoke to himself, slowly and carefully.

"No one has been here," he said. "No one. There is nothing to be afraid of." He thought about that for a time, a happy idea, a big, warm, brown-black, good idea, strong and sturdy, an idea like a tree. He could see himself, bare, rubbing his back against that good strong comforting idea, it was a motheridea, and indeed as he watched, the boughs at the very top of the tree parted and his mother smiled greenly and leafily at him, and he caught himself, as he thought just in time to cut off a terrible idea, a bad idea. He tried to remember what he had stopped being frightened of, and he did remember: the idea that people had been in the studio. What, then, was left to be frightened of? He knew the answer. He could see the answer, a long way off on the plain, a six-foot searchlight, pointing away from him, but slowly, slowly turning. It came around, and hit him right in the face. What was to be afraid of? That he could no longer recognize one of his own paintings, or remember why he had done a painting, if indeed he had done. it, or when, or where.

He found the glass on the floor. Whiskey had dried stickily in it. He rinsed it carefully and filled it four-fifths up. He put a layer of water on the whiskey, as he thought, and drank it slowly and carefully. He half-filled it again and sat in his chair to wait the necessary two or three minutes for the chemical to start its happy work. While he was waiting he looked over at the painting on the easel. He looked for the little bare foot. This time, by God, he saw it.

"The bubble in my brain," he would say to himself, "is getting bigger." Or, it might be, he would say, "is getting smaller." He didn't know which was best, that was one odd thing about it, among the many.

He had not often been frightened in his life but now he was frightened much of the time. He could not tell when he would slip away from himself. He tried hard to discover the premonitory symptoms, but he could establish no useful pattern. When he surmised that an episode might be forming he would lock himself in the studio, but he was more often mistaken than not. Sometimes he knew that he had been, as he thought of it, out of himself, and sometimes he did not. He came to dread the most casual conversations, because he could not know when the terrible blow might fall.

"Charlie," someone would say, a good friend, perhaps, showing a tight smile, "Charlie, that was a pretty lively lunch the other day, no?"

His heart would jump, really jump in its cage of ribs, and he would say, thinking desperately, trying hard to remember, "Oh, I suppose you could say so."

"You hear anything from Tarrance?"
"No, nothing."

"You didn't call him?"

"No."

"Jesus, Charlie, don't you think you ought to? What the hell, you did break his nose, and, honestly, Charlie, none of us could figure out what it was about. What did he do to you, anyway?"

Charles Boyd would shrug. "Long story," he'd say. He would go away, his soul screaming silently inside him. One afternoon, making love to Greta, he turned her on her side and saw a bruise, big as a saucer, low on her back. He was so startled that before he could think he asked her what had happened.

Something flashed in her eyes, but she subdued it and said, "I bumped into something. I fell."

He knew it must have been a hard punch, it must have knocked her down, and it must have hurt terribly. His right hand was just at her hip joint, he looked at it, he must have hit her with that terrible thing, a club of thick fingers and lumped knuckles. He trembled. Tiny waves ran under his skin. He closed his eyes. He could see everything leaving his body, out through the tiny baby's soft spot in the top of his skull, out, everything, in a steamy vapor, not just joy, not just passion, but his soul and with it the will to live. Greta broke the image by pulling his head down to her and kissing him. Then she began to try to bring him back and ultimately she did so, but even knowing him so well she was a long time about it.

There were bad times on the street and in his friends' homes when he went to them which was not often, and in bed, but the meanest hurts came to him in the studio. He no longer allowed himself to sort his paintings, to tell the fakes from the real ones. He tried to work faster, to get more done. When he had finished a painting he put it in the rack. He tried to keep himself from looking back over his work. When he did go back he saw terrible deterioration, every painting was inferior to the one

(continued on page 142)



modern living

A PLAYBOY'S PAD:

AIRY

spotlighting a west coast architect's dramatically designed oceanside digs



Not only far up, but far out, is architect Fred Lyman's designed-for-pleasure, redwood-and-glass bachelor's pad, seen perched on a high ridge overlooking Malibu Beach. It boasts such highlights as floor-to-ceiling French doors and, directly under the eaves of the roof, a canvas-enclosed bedroom-study whose tentlike sides may be raised to admit the bracing air, bright sun and fabulous sea-and-mountain scenery.



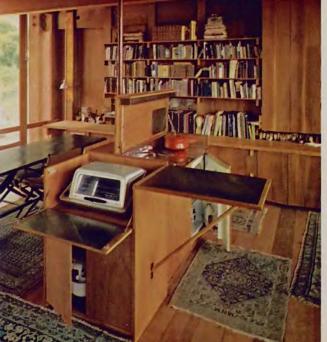






Above: An interior view of the airy aerie. Fred Lyman, the pad's creator, sits on walllength counter which serves as desk and bar. Behind the counter, a storage wall with open and closed shelves for books, records, sculpture, paintings, china and hi-fi components. Flanking the cabinets, two movable speaker enclosures with 15" Bozaks. In the foreground, a closed Philippine mohogany cabinet. Ta the right, the cabinet is transformed into a culinary utility island with stainless-steel countertop and sink, electric burners, undercounter refrigerator and storage cabinet. One end folds out to form counter space and reveal a rotisserie oven. The back of the cabinet houses blender, toaster, juice squeezer and telephone. All major wiring and plumbing is contained within the island, where it is readily accessible. Left, top: A glimpse of the house's unusual cantilevered redwood carport. Hidden bracing makes it resistant to the minor earth tremors occasionally felt in the Malibu area. Left, center: A shaver's-eye view of the separate bathhouse's luxurious ablutionary appointments. A utility counter, designed by ceramist John Mason, holds such necessary appurtenances as lavatory bowl, hot-water heater, space heater and medicine cabinet. The sliding doors of a roomy wardrobe span the wall. Left, bottom: A Mason-designed sunken tile tub, big enough for two, receives adornment by a visiting mermaid. Wooden doors lead to a private corner of the garden for sunbathing.





For years, dynamic young California architect Fred Lyman was kept so busy designing highly imaginative homes up and down the scenic West Coast, he had to put off plans to construct an intimate retreat of his own.

Not long ago, however, Lyman finally was able to transform the stuff a bachelor's dreams are made on into architectural reality. After searching the Pacific shores with the discriminating eye of a man who knew precisely what he was looking for and wouldn't settle for less, he discovered the ideal site some 17 miles north of Beverly Hills, where the sprawling foothills of the purple-hued Santa Monica mountains suddenly become steep slopes and plunge down to palm-and-eucalyptus-fringed Malibu Beach.

There he envisaged a modern lair, an ultrapersonal domain where he could relax and enjoy sun-drenched days, panoramic Pacific sunsets, star-clustered nights and the spectral, seaspawned fogs that invade adjacent ravines at dawn.

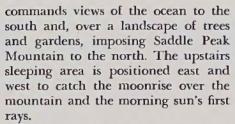
The dramatic realization of his plans stands today, sentinellike, on the ridge of a hill overlooking Malibu. Its main room Below: Leading up to the central living area, a clean, graceful redwood-and-Douglas-fir stairway creates a dramatic entrance to the pad. Below, center: A look under the big top of the tent reveals the Attic charms of an offbeat spot for sleep and study. Bottom: The flaps are up, the light conditions perfect, and architect-painter Lyman soaks up scenic inspiration for another canvas. Columns, not shown here, support the independently suspended fireproof asbestos cement roof.











The over-all structure was ingeniously designed as a house within a house. The inner shell rests on redwood support columns which, in turn, are anchored by steel plates to concrete beams. The main body of the house is an adjustable box with floorto-ceiling French doors facing south to the Pacific and north to the mountains. The planks forming the walls, floor and ceiling slide freely along the beams but are not connected to the columns, so that they may be adjusted for expansion and contraction. The columns pass on up to support the overhanging asbestos cement roof, which hovers above the box but is totally unconnected to it. Between the inner box and the roof hangs a tent, the sides of which may be rolled up for ventilation and alfresco living. Within the tent is a combination bedroom-studio.

Primarily, Lyman wanted to design a home in which it would be enjoyable to work as well as play: "I want to emphasize that my pad was built for pleasure. That is essentially what PLAYBOY is about, and it is also essentially what architecture is about. The house was designed so that every aspect of life within it could be experienced joyously. Where every social or solitary activity — dining, relaxing, sleeping, working, and even bathing — could be celebrated and savored."

In keeping with Lyman's architectural philosophy, the interior is organically linked to the surrounding scenery and bracing sea air by entire walls—not just sliding glass doors here and there—that may be opened wide to embrace the salubrious Ma-





Far left: Another example of the architect's rich and original sense of design, this time applied to a ruggedly masculine all-mahogany furniture set. The massive armchair is ingeniously slung with canvas. The wood-shaded lamp beside it is built into the adjacent coffee table. These pieces were crafted by Lyman before the pad was built as studies of classic wood construction, and are unhampered by nails and other hardware. Left: The 38" cast-base capper fireplace, seen resting on Mason ceramic tiles, was designed by Seattle architect Wendell Lovett. Right: An inviting view, from without, of nocturnal festivities within the main room, whose interior appears below.





libu climate. Thus, the structure exudes an atmosphere of openness, comfort and beauty, sheltering the occupants and affording privacy without imprisoning them in traditional, cell-like rooms.

Social activities take place in the main body of the house, which consists of one large room, measuring 24 by 30 feet. A storage wall and a freestanding utility island separating the kitchen and dining areas form the east end of the room.

The utility island, which appears to be nothing but a richly grained Philippine mahogany cabinet, actually contains—once its top and sides are folded out—a well-appointed modern kitchen in which the most intricate culinary delights may be prepared with ease and economy of motion. Lyman modeled the unit after The Kitchenless Kitchen (PLAYBOY, October 1959).

The storage wall is a compact office, library and bar. A counter runs the entire length of the wall, serving as a desk at one end and a bar at the other; above are a variety of shelves, open and closed, which hold stationery, books, records, sculpture, paintings, china and the components of the high fidelity system. On each side of the storage wall are paired speakers. These are light enough to be moved easily to any part of the room, thus providing for a variety of acoustical arrangements.

At the west end of the room is a freestanding copper-hooded fireplace resting on a specially designed tile hearth. Mahogany chairs, tables and lamps, magnificently hand-crafted without the use of nails, are found on either side of the fireplace, positioned with a view to the views.

Although the bathroom (or, more properly, bathhouse) is a separate building, it is easily accessible. Its eaves and those of the main building overlap, so that even during inclement weather, one does not get wet. Moreover, the climate in Malibu is so mild that even on chilly (for Southern California) nights, walking a few feet out of doors is no hardship; it can be, in fact, a most welcome freshair break during a close-quarters cocktail party.

The bathing area boasts such ablutionary virtues as a centrally located ceramic counter that houses such pleasurable necessities as a lavatory bowl, medicine cabinet, a hot-water heater and a space heater. A playboy-sized wooden wardrobe spans an entire wall of the bathhouse. On the other side of the utility counter is a five-foot-by-five-foot tub, two-and-a-half-feet deep and swimmingly spacious. Wooden doors beside the tub open on a fragrant private

garden enclave for sunning oneself dry.

A simply constructed carport, northeast of the main structure, was all the shelter deemed necessary for Lyman's Austin-Healey in the felicitous climate.

Special building techniques and materials were required to insure the stability and weatherworthiness of such an "open" structure, which accounts in large measure for the \$40,000 tag on the cost of construction. For aesthetic as well as practical purposes, Lyman used native lumber to construct his pad. He chose wood because it projected an unrivaled quality of warmth and vitality when handled sensitively. (His love of wood, incidentally, was passed down to him by his grandfather, a cabinetmaker, his father, an architect who favored wood dwellings; and, after his father's death when Lyman was a child, by his lumberman stepfather.) Redwood and Douglas fir - both strong, extremely beautiful and plentiful on the West Coast - were selected because their particular qualities make them ultraversatile.

Douglas fir, which generally is not considered a hardwood, is nevertheless strong enough to make durable flooring, walls, doorframes, steps and cabinets areas which are subjected to constant strain and wear. For all its strength, however, it has very poor resistance to weather, and when unprotected, soon deteriorates. Redwood, on the other hand, while soft and easily damaged, contains large amounts of a natural oil which is an excellent deterrent to rot and termites. It was therefore used for all the major wooden structural components, particularly where there would be exposure to the elements.

Wood has remarkable strength in bending but little strength in bearing. Bearing is the ability of a piece of rigidly fixed lumber to support a given weight at a focal point on its length. The bearing factor tends to make wooden construction weak in the joints. Because of this, Lyman decided to use a few wellconstructed joints to allow his timbers to remain free of excessive overlapping, and thereby avoid decay from moisture and vermin. For all the important points of stress, he employed the mortise, tenon and bolt system, which is permanent. The tenon is a rectangular "key" at the end of a beam, which is inserted into the mortise, a corresponding rectangular cavity in another beam. The two ends are supported by a heavy bolt.

A concrete foundation was considered de rigueur, for it would never decay and would support the weight of the building with ease. Moreover, it is an excellent material to use next to steel, which serves as an impregnable buffer between

the foundation and the supporting columns.

The roofing problem was solved by using an asbestos cement shingle. Unlike the traditional wooden shingle, it is both permanent and fireproof.

Seasonal variations in the Malibu weather picture are slight—there are no great summer heat waves or incapacitating winter snowfalls. However, windstorms of satanic proportions ("Santanas," the Spanish conquistadores called them), frequently sweep down from the mountains with incredible velocity. Their intensity tends to dry the wild vegetation that clings to the hills, leaving the land acutely flammable.

As a protective measure, a deep circle around the building site was scrupulously cleared of brush and wild grass before the first redwood beam was hoisted into place. With the corrugated asbestos roof over his head, and the Santanas' force thwarted by the bolted redwood beams and the ship-rigged canvas, Lyman is charmed, rather than intimidated, when the Santanas' mightiest squalls go roaring down Malibu's slopes on their stab seaward.

Especially so, because he knows that he has successfully employed his architectural creativity to exploit even the negative qualities of Malibu, not just its normally benevolent climate and exciting mountain-and-maritime panorama. He states: "When the light winds roll in from the ocean, the surrounding hills soak up the moisture-laden sea air, transforming the ground cover from a parched brown to a delightfully fireresistant green. Shortly after I built the pad, however, those grass- and brushsearing fire winds came whistling down from the north with such unbelievable fury that I lost the canvas tent that encloses the upstairs and had two doorframes break.

"Then I devised bolts on the doors, so that I can cinch them up airtight and secure. I also applied various sailmakers' tricks in rigging and constructing canvas properly, so that the Santanas have become enjoyable. When their greatest squalls strike the house, I can feel the canvas tighten against them and the house creak like a great galleon . . . it is not the creaking of imminent destruction, but of the stresses being taken up as I know they should be—a good sound, one of the joys of living close to the outdoors without succumbing to its occasional excesses."

And that's another way of saying that even nature's most threatening gestures have been transformed by this playboy's pad into pleasurable pluses.

HIP HAIKU antic variations on an ancient japanese verse form By LARRY SIEGEL



The most popular of all poetry forms in Japan today is — as it has been for the past several centuries — haihu. The form is so popular, in fact, that haihu cults have sprung up in this country and in many other parts of the world. Haihu, as anyone remotely familiar with them knows, are three lines in length and contain exactly seventeen syllables — the first and third lines having five syllables each, and the second, seven. They invariably deal with such subject matter as nature, animal and insect life, love, and other emotions. Here are some classic examples:

Oh do not swat them . . . Unhappy flies, forever Wringing their thin hands _-188A

Without wishing to knock the bittersweet beauty of such traditional handiwork, the thought occurs that no one has yet plumbed the possibilities of modernizing this Zen Buddhist art form, imparting to it a livelier sense of the contemporary. So, with a bow to the above-quoted masters and to Basho, Buson, and other great haiku writers, and with the fervent hope that they do not gyrate too swiftly in their ancient, illustrious graves, I herewith offer my own humble contributions to this unique verse form.

FIRE DANCE

Frail and lonely moth,

Seeking warmth in candle's flame...

Goddamn idiot!

FADED LOVE

Oh poppy flower...
The bee tastes your kiss no more...
You have gone to pot

DEATH SONG

Greedy Eskimo...
Winter's gone, but you have paid
For your night of love

MATING SEASON

Forgive foreign eyes
Oh intricately shelled clams...
I want to see how

AMPHIBIAN LOVER

Seeking kicks in mud

And damp sea grass, what are you...

Some kind of a newt?

GEISHA GIRL

Aesthetic functions

Have their place, but you would be
Made in U.S.A.

NATURE FILM

The queen bee beckons... But 90 workers tarry... Where is Walt Disney?

THE BEAVER

Industrious fool...

Your lover calls, but you say

Not by a dam site

THE SALMON

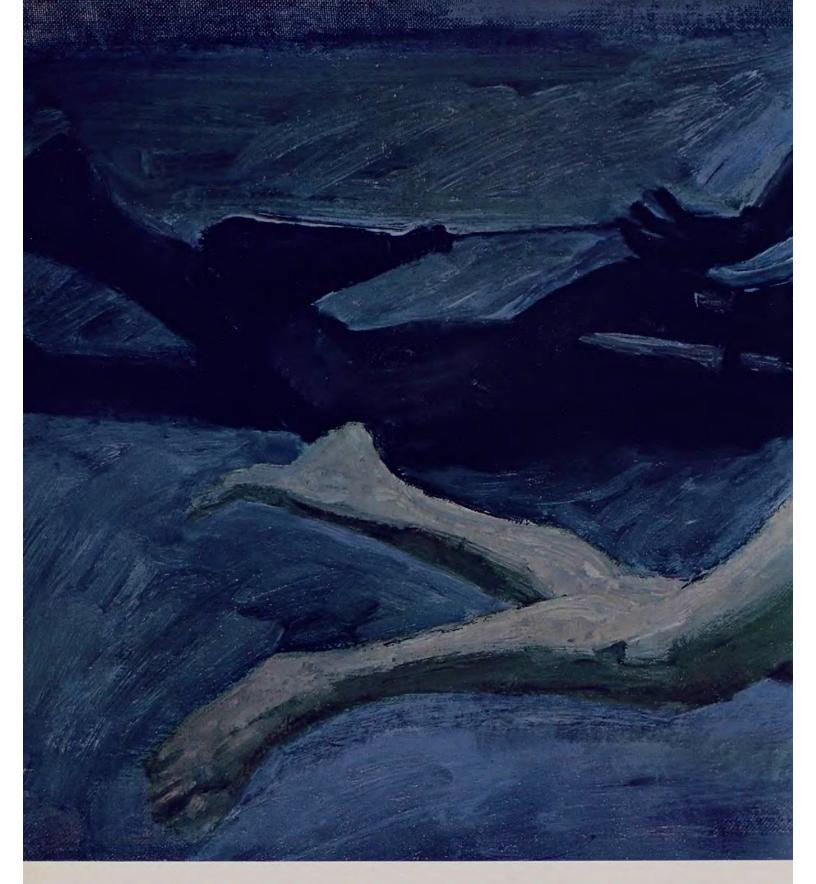
Bravely leaping falls

For love ...they'll never call you

Chicken of the Sea

THE RABBIT

Twenty-nine new sons
Between now and end of sevEnteen syllables



YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE

it was a ten-thousand-to-one bet that james bond would not make it — but he was willing to take that chance

Part II of a novel By IAN FLEMING

ILLUSTRATION BY DANIEL SCHWARTZ

SYNOPSIS: The end of the career of James Bond on Her Majesty's Secret Service seemed to have arrived. After the death of his bride at the hands of Ernst Stavro Blofeld, masternind of SPECTRE, the malignant cartel of international crime, Bond went downhill, gambling and wenching to excess and eventually becoming, at least in the view of his Chief, the ineffable M, a dangerous security risk. Reluctantly, M decided to discharge Bond, but eventually he was prevailed upon to give him a final chance. With a frosty



Bond had no difficulty in keeping up with the twinkling feet and the twin white mounds of her behind.

smile, M assigned Bond to a mission in which the latter's chances of success were ironically expressed as "totally improbable." In essence, Bond was told to acquire for the British the secrets of MAGIC 44, an infernal machine used to decode Soviet dispatches, now in the hands of Japan. This machine was controlled by Tiger Tanaka, chief of the Japanese Secret Service, whom Bond would contact through the aid of Dikko Henderson, top Australian agent in Japan.

In Tokyo, Bond met Tanaka and was informed that the

secrets of MAGIC 44 would come at so high a price that the British Foreign Office could not conceivably afford it. At this point Tanaha launched into a description of the activities of a mysterious Doctor Guntram Shatterhand, who had established an exotic park on Kyushu island embellished with a castle and a priceless collection of plants and shrubs. But the park was actually a garden of death, its woods stocked with poisonous vegetation and crawling with snakes, scorpions and spiders, and its lakes alive with the deadly piranha. As a

result, the park had become a suicide haven for the Japanese, and a menace to the nation's morale.

To unlock the brain of MAGIC 44, Tanaka concluded, Bond must face an unusual test. Bond shrugged impatiently. "All right, Tiger. What is this ridiculous test? Some typical bit of samurai nonsense, I suppose."

"More or less," agreed Tiger Tanaka, with equanimity. "You are to enter this Castle of Death and slay the dragon within."

THE BLACK TOYOPET hurtled through the deserted streets which were shiny with the dew of what would be a beautiful

Tiger had dressed in casual clothes as if for a country outing. He had a small overnight bag on the seat beside him. They were on the way to a bathhouse which Tiger said was of a very special, a very pleasurable nature. It was also, Tiger said, very discreet, and the opportunity would be taken to make a start in transforming Bond's appearance into something more closely resembling

a Japanese.

Tiger had overridden all Bond's objections. On all the evidence, this doctor was a purveyor of death. Because he was mad? Because it amused him? Tiger neither knew nor cared. For obvious reasons of policy, his assassination, which had been officially agreed to, could not be carried out by a Japanese. Bond's appearance on the scene was therefore very timely. He had had much practice in such clandestine operations and, if he was subsequently arrested by the Japanese police, an adequate cover story involving foreign intelligence services could be cooked up. He would be tried, sentenced, and then quietly smuggled out of the country. If he failed, then presumably the doctor or his guards would kill him. That would be too bad. Bond argued that he had personally nothing against this Swiss botanist. Tiger replied that any good man's hand would be against a man who had already killed 500 of his fellow creatures. Was that not so? And, in any case, Bond was being hired to do this act in exchange for MAGIC 44. Did that not quiet his conscience? Bond agreed reluctantly that it did. As a last resort, Bond said that the operation was in any case impossible. A foreigner in Japan could be spotted five miles away. Tiger replied that this matter had been provided for and the first step was a visit to this most discreet bathhouse. Here Bond would receive his first treatment and then get some sleep before catching the train on which Tiger would be accompanying him. And Tiger, with a devilish grin, had assured him that at any rate part of his treatment would be most pleasurable and relaxing.

The exterior of the bathhouse looked like a Japanese inn-some carefully placed steppingstones meandering briefly between dwarf pines, a wide-open, yellow-lighted doorway with a vista of polished wood floors behind, three bowing, smiling women in traditional dress, as bright as birds although it was nearly five in the morning, and the inevitable row of spotless but undersized slippers. After much bowing and counterbowing and a few phrases from Tiger, Bond took off his shoes and, in his socks (explanation by Tiger; polite giggles behind raised hands), did as Tiger told him and followed one of the women along a gleaming corridor and through an open partition that revealed a miniature combination of a bedroom and a Turkish bath. A young girl, wearing nothing but tight, brief white shorts and an exiguous white brassiere, bowed low, said, "Excuse, please," and began to unbutton Bond's trousers. Bond held the pretty hand where it was. He turned to the older woman who was about to close the partition and said, "Tanaka-san," in a voice that pleaded and ordered. Tiger was fetched. He was wearing nothing but his underpants. He said, "What is it

Bond said, "Now listen, Tiger, I'm sure this pretty girl and I will get along very well indeed. But just tell me what the menu is. Am I going to eat her or is she going to eat me?"

Tiger said patiently, "You really must learn to obey orders without asking questions, Bondo-san. That is the essence of our relationship during the next few days. You see that box? When she has undressed you, she will put you in the box which has a charcoal fire under it. You will sweat. After perhaps ten minutes she will help you out of the box and wash you from head to foot. She will even tenderly clean out your ears with a special ivory instrument. She will then pour a very tenacious dark dye with which she has been supplied into that tiled bath in the floor and you will get in. You will relax and bathe your face and hair. She will then dry you and cut your hair in the Japanese style. She will then give you a massage on that couch and, according to your indications, she will make this massage as delightful, as prolonged as you wish. You will then go to sleep. When you are awakened with eggs and bacon and coffee you will kiss the girl good morning and shave, or the other way round, and that will be that." Tiger curtly asked the girl a question. She brushed back her bangs of black hair coquettishly and replied. "The girl says she is eighteen and that her name is Mariko Ichiban. Mariko means 'truth' and Ichiban means 'number one.' The girls in these establishments are numbered. And now, please

don't disturb me anymore. I am about to enjoy myself in a similar fashion, but without the walnut stain. And please, in future, have faith. You are about to undergo a period of entirely new sensations. They may be strange and surprising. They will not be painful - while you are under my authority, that is. Savor them. Enjoy them as if each one was your last. All right? Then good night, my dear Bondo-san. The night will be short, alas, but if you embrace it fully, it will be totally delightful up to the last squirm of ecstasy. And," Tiger gave a malicious wave of the hand as he went out and closed the partition, "you will arise from it what is known as 'a new man.'"

James Bond got, at any rate, part of the message. As Mariko's busy fingers proceeded to remove his trousers and then his shirt, he lifted her chin and kissed her full on the soft, yielding, budlike mouth.

Later, sitting sweating and reflecting in the comfortable wooden box, very tired, slightly, but cheerfully, drunk, he remembered his interview with M, and M saying that he could leave the hardware behind on this purely diplomatic assignment; and the lines of irony round Bond's mouth deepened.

Mariko was looking into the wall mirror and fiddling with her hair and eyebrows. Bond said, "Mariko. Out!"

Mariko smiled and bowed. She unhurriedly removed her brassiere and came toward the wooden box.

Bond reflected, What was it that Tiger had said about becoming a new man? and he reached for Mariko's helping hands and watched her breasts tauten as she pulled him out and toward her. . . .

It was indeed a new man who followed Tiger through the thronged halls of Tokyo Main Station. Bond's face and hands were of a light-brown tint, his black hair, brightly oiled, was cut and neatly combed in a short fringe that reached halfway down his forehead, and the outer corners of his eyebrows had been carefully shaved so that they now slanted upward. He was dressed, like so many of the other travelers, in a white cotton shirt buttoned at the wrists and a cheap, knitted silk, black tie exactly centered with a rolled-gold pin, His ready-made black trousers, held up by a cheap black plastic belt, were rather loose in the fork, because Japanese behinds are inclined to hang low, but the black plastic sandals and dark-blue nylon socks were exactly the right size. A muchused overnight bag of Japan Air Lines was slung over his shoulder, and this contained a change of shirt, singlet, pants and socks, Shinsei cigarettes, and some cheap Japanese toilet articles. In his pockets were a comb, a cheap, used

(continued on page 112)



"Now, Charley - wasn't that a nice birthday present?!"

GIN FLING

drink By THOMAS MARIO offbeat employment of the juniper berry's jubilant juices

THE NEXT TIME someone asks, "Who is Sylvius?" be prepared with the answer: He was the inventor of gin. Sylvius' proper name was Franciscus de la Boë. He was a professor of medicine at the Dutch University of Leiden, and the pure lab alcohol which Dr. Sylvius distilled with the oil of juniper berries was intended as a blood cleanser for sale in apothecaries rather than taverns. It was the 17th Century, when drinking most distilled liquors snapped the neck and created a lingering ball of fire in the throat. The professor's comparatively smooth and inexpensive nostrum soon not only cleansed the blood of countless native Hollanders but also juiced up the





their martinis without noticeable benefit of vermouth go for the more heavily scented – the "ginnier" – gins.

The word "dry" circa 1964 deserves a

campaigning in the Lowlands. Englishmen brought the new Dutch formula back to their cold foggy isle, and a great mass warming of an entire nation took place over the next several centuries.

minds and bodies of English soldiers

Beginning in England with the reign of William of Orange, gin drinking became a mark of the highest patriotism. The number of amateur gin makers mushroomed until eventually every fourth house in London was a gin shop; English workmen were even paid a share of their wages in gin. In the late 19th Century, the elaborate Victorian gilded and mirrored gin palaces came into being, and gin rose to a peak of glamor, reaching its apex with the introduction to England of the American cocktail; not even Prohibition's bathtub gin, generations later, nor the runaway rise of vodka, could cause gin to fall again.

The greatest hymn to the juniper berry in our time is the gin and nothing. In most of the tall standard mixed drinks, the old ounce-and-a-half jigger is decidedly obsolete. Into such potations as the collins, the rickey, the tonic, the fizz or the daisy, you now pour two ounces. If a man's merely interested in anesthetizing his senses, let him drink pure grain alcohol. He shouldn't drink gin, for good gin is an artful distillate not only of grain but of herbs, barks, seeds, flowers and fruits from every cor-

ner of the globe.

All dry gins are created equal; that is, they all start out as pure neutral spirits made from grain. They're later redistilled in the presence of juniper berries and other forms of flavor sorcery like coriander, bitter almonds, cardamom, cassia bark, angelica and lemon and orange peel. It's the latter step which reveals the gin maker's art and which accounts mainly for differences in gins. Deepest flavored of all is the imported Holland gin, called Genever or Hollands. (The English word "gin" is a contraction of the Dutch genever or the French genièvre, both meaning juniper, and has no relation whatever to the Swiss city, Geneva.) Holland gin makers use fresh juniper berries chopped right into their mash before the final distillation takes place. They distill their gins at lower proofs than the English distillers, and this technique imparts an odd. impressive flavor. Holland gin seldom appears in a mixed drink, because its flavor is simply too assertive. You drink it biting cold and neat, and while the first gulp is always somewhat surprising to Americans, it leaves you with a rich aftertaste much like a mellow brandy. Englishmen use matured dried juniper berries, and their gins, with a few notable exceptions, generally carry much less flavor than the Hollands but more than the American. In both England and America, men who take

word or two of explanation. Until rather recently it meant unsweetened. But all dry gins are unsweetened. When barmen speak of dry gin, they mean one which is more muted in flavor, though not pallid, and above all, smooth. Actually the only nondry gin is the English Old Tom gin which is made with added sugar syrup as a sweetener, and is exported mostly to the Orient.

Like vodka or aquavit and other members of the European "snaps" or "schnapps" family, most gins are unaged. A few gins in both England and America, however, are aged in wood for further blending and flavor development. They can be recognized by their clear straw color, although American laws don't permit gin labels to carry any statement of age. There are a few fruitflavored gins on the market, but they're not a significant segment of the gin world. Sloe gin, incidentally, isn't gin at all, but a liqueur made with the sloe berry of the blackthorn.

Gin is the truest aperitif in the world. It not only sets your hunger on edge, but keeps it there until the very moment dinner is served. As a day-to-day drink it's completely immune to ennui.

While our own preference is for a fiveto-one martini, we'd never be foolhardy enough to attempt to be an arbiter on this most disputatious of all drink topics. Within the martini pattern we especially like those variations in which a few drops literally drops — of another liquor such as benedictine or Scotch are swirled around the mixing glass with gin before the martini is poured.

Over the centuries English gin drinkers have created their own terminology, and some of it has spilled across the ocean. Pink gin, for instance, is simply gin with a dash of Angostura bitters, while gin and "it" is a blend of gin and Italian vermouth. One of the things that will probably never be disassociated from what remains of the British Empire is a delightful drink, the gin sling. It's sold bottled as Pimm's Cup, and needs merely a glass or silver mug, ice cubes and 7-Up or lemon soda. The Singapore Gin Sling recipe given here is in the

Gin makers in both England and America naturally never reveal their well-guarded formulas, but among the many flavors which give gin its mystic aroma are lemon and orange peel. In mixed gin drinks, too, gin seems to have a particular affinity for citrus juices. It goes without saying that a discriminating gin man will squeeze lemon. lime and orange juice to order. All of the following recipes (except where noted) are for a single drink.

2 ozs. gin

2 ozs. orange juice

1/2 oz. curação

1/2 oz. lemon juice

2 drops orange-flower water 1/2 cup coarsely cracked ice

1/2 orange slice

Into well of electric blender put gin, orange juice, curação, lemon juice, orange-flower water (available at drugstores) and ice. Blend 5 to 8 seconds. Pour into deep saucer champagne glass. Place orange slice on top.

HORSE'S NECK WITH GIN

Peel of whole lemon

2 ozs. gin

1/2 oz. lemon juice

Iced ginger ale

To peel lemon, start at stem end, using a sharp paring knife, and cut peel about 1/2 in. wide in a continuous strip until lemon is completely peeled. Place peel in a 12-oz. highball glass so that top of peel overlaps rim of glass, with the rest spiraling down into glass. Fill glass with ice cubes or coarsely cracked ice. Pour gin and lemon juice into glass. Fill with ginger ale. Stir.

SINGAPORE GIN SLING

11/2 ozs. gin

1 oz. cherry liqueur

l oz. freshly squeezed lime juice

Iced sparkling water

Lime slice

Pour gin, cherry liqueur and lime juice into cocktail shaker with ice. Shake well, and strain into prechilled 12-oz. highball glass containing two large ice cubes. Fill glass with sparkling water. Stir. Place lime slice on top.

GIN DAIQUIRI

11/2 ozs. gin

l oz. light rum

1 oz. freshly squeezed lime juice

1/2 oz. grenadine

Rim prechilled cocktail glass with sugar by dipping rim into cup containing about 1/2 in. grenadine and then into superfine sugar. Let glass remain inverted in sugar about a half minute before filling with drink. Pour all ingredients into cocktail shaker with ice. Shake very well. Strain into glass.

> GIN AQUAVIT (Serves two)

4 ozs. gin

I oz. aquavit

2 ozs. lemon juice

2 teaspoons sugar

1 egg white

I tablespoon heavy sweet cream

Put all ingredients into cocktail shaker with ice. Shake very well. Strain into two prechilled old fashioned glasses, each containing two or three ice cubes. (concluded on page 180)

DOUBLE EXPOSURE

attire By ROBERT L. GREEN well-suited accessories for dressing up and dressing down





How to enlarge your wardrobe without really buying: Accessorize the same suit contrastingly for urban and suburban pursuits. Observe our divergent double exposure of a versatile Dacron-rayon-cotton suit with flap pockets, three-button front, center vent, by Palm Beach, \$49. Blonde prefers gentleman informally accoutered in broadcloth sport shirt with semispread collar, barrel cuffs, by Van Heusen, \$5; houndstooth print silk bib

ascot, by Handcraft, \$7.50; hand-sewn black calf moccasins, by Bostonian, \$16. Impeccably appurtenanced for city wear, our guy earns equally affectionate approval in cotton broadcloth shirt with high-band snap-tab collar, French cuffs, by Aetna, \$6; houndstooth check Swiss silk tie, by Seidler, \$5; silk handkerchief, by Handcraft, \$3; unimpeachable black calf bluchers, by Verde, \$16; classic Panama with grosgrain band, by Knox, \$16.



"Carl is always so interested in people."

I'm just a traveling man

Paris is a Touch Town and I was getting tough breaks one after the other. And then to have those two big-winged white birds run off with my money that night, that was the worst. It was raining again when I got back to my hotel room and the old femme de chambre had busted my looking glass with her mop handle. I didn't know whether that meant more bad luck for me or for her.

I shouldn't never ought to've got mixed up with white people in the first place. I was making out OK with my guitar the way it was till I got the dumb idea to go into partners. Now I had my money stole from me, hungry and out of cigarettes and a headache besides.

That hotel didn't have the least heat, so whenever I layed down on the bed it was like laying down on perfectly wet sheets, like somebody'd sprinkled the room with a sprinkling can. I'm too young to get rheumatism, but you can easy catch TB in a place like that.

Every damn which way I looked I either saw blotchy wallpaper all hanging loose or my big feet propped up on the bedstead or that bad-luck busted mirror. It was just that time of night nobody had their radio tuned up so I couldn't even at least hear a little music coming out of someplace. I'm a man likes his music. You hear enough real-life sounds before you die, got to break it up sometimes with a jazz trumpet, or guitar strings. But all I heard all night that night was drunks down on Rue Jacob getting in and out of taxicabs.

I was just as solitary as you can get and the only comfort I could think up was strumming a little private guitar, but I got to be in a good-luck mood for that. When I play guitar all to myself I want to have a little supper in my stomach or at least some *prospects* of supper. In a little while, feeling low down like that, I knew what it was I wanted. I wanted to take off.

I wanted to pick up and clear out—not only just out of that hotel but all the way out of Paris, maybe all the way out of France. I sat up straight in bed, thinking about it. Almost broke out sweating over it. That's the way notions come to me, like a bolt. I smiled and relaxed and hummed a little tune I wrote one time, hummed I'm Just a Traveling Man, trying to remember how the words went and all the time I was humming I was thinking about getting



addicts have a special sense of humor all their own—that's the trouble when you try to do business with a junkie

fiction By WILLIAM WISER

on the go. I wanted right then to go on off someplace, someplace warm and sunshiny where I could sit outside night-times and daydream.

But travel takes money. If I had a credit card I'd Go Now, Pay Later, but all I had stuck in my sorry billfold was a card copy of my Army discharge and a bunch of punched-out métro tickets. Travel, anyway, is cash and carry. Travel works up an appetite and you want to have supper money come suppertime. I play guitar and I figured I could almost near play my way down to Spain. Hitchhike for transport. I started putting my shoes on again, all excited, thinking fast, thinking: Got to start with some cash someway. I had to at least get up a sinking fund, in case I got sunk.

I added up all the people I ever knew that bought me a café noir when I was broke. There was that guy André Somebody that stole suitcases out of cars parked around Gare de Lyon - but he was French and had better sense than to lend me money. My sculptor buddy with the big arms worked out at Les Halles loading fruit nights, but I don't like to borrow money off of working people. There was always that NAACP lady from Washington, D. C., U. S. A., but she lived on the Right Bank and the concierge wouldn't've let me in this late. The only legitimate touch I could think of for sure was Roger-D Rogers. He had the steadiest job in the world. He had a prostitute working for him.

Roger-D was white, but I always try not to hold a man's color against him. I been done plenty of dirt by whitecolored people, but actually some of my best friends are white. Roger-D's hotel was in Little Algeria on Rue de la Harpe, on the wrong side of Boulevard Saint-Michel. Lot of couscous dives off from there and some North African night clubs - every place decorated up to look like a Turkish bath, Arabs talking Arab right next door to Frenchmen talking French. Streets all around through there were trouble streets right then. Not long ago France was having a big fight with Algeria. Pretty mean times on the side streets. If the club you joined had the wrong initials your best friend'd knife you down. People were blowing people up with plastic bombs like no tomorrow. I never saw such meanness. But I wasn't too afraid to go in there (continued on page 96) by myself,

our may playmate terri kimball rejoins her family for a week on cape cod

GOING HOME







"I had dreamed about a trip home for such a long time that I sometimes cauldn't separate made-up memories from real anes. I've been saving regularly for college, and consequently don't have much money left over. Finally I was able to put away enough to make a trip East. I got to the airport on a Sunday morning, after warking late the night before. I fell asleep just after the plane took off, and didn't wake up until we reached Baston. I then caught a bus in Boston, and reached Hyannis three hours later."

When our may playmate, Terri Kimball, recently returned to Cape Cod, her homecoming represented much more than a routine reunion. She was returning to visit her three younger brothers, whom she hadn't seen in that many years. Nineteen-year-old Terri, a sparkling blue-eyed Bunny hutched at the Chicago Playboy Club, had been separated from her brothers since she left Massachusetts in 1961 and journeyed to St. Louis, where she lived with relatives for more than a year, working as a doctor's assistant. Speaking with a slight New England accent that barely suggests her Cape Cod upbringing, this freckle-faced charmer told us about her brothers: "We're so very close that telephoning and writing were just not enough—I finally had to get home to see them. The four of us grew up together in Hyannis, a small town on the south side of the Cape, and the fact that our parents are divorced probably made us even closer than we might have been otherwise." Terri acknowledges that her brothers idolize her (justifiably, we think), and when our 5'5" Miss May arrived at the family homestead, she wasn't too surprised at the burst of affection that greeted her. Brothers and sister spent the next few days just getting reacquainted. "They were all so big," Terri told us later. "My brothers were just children when I left—and young men when I returned. Biff, the oldest, who's eighteen and a diehard playboy fan, was bowled over when he learned I was rooming in the Bunny Dormitory with Pamela Gordon, a former Playmate who is an all-time favorite of his. In fact, he told me he has Pamela's Playmate pose pasted inside his prep-school locker,

"Home at last. When my cab turned the carner and I saw that white picket fence, I knew I was finally hame. Three years is a lang time to be away from people you love. That's my grandmother, Mrs. Gertrude Grinnell; she raised my brothers and me after our parents separated. My brother Rick is in the striped shirt. He's 12, a seventh grader at St. Andrew's School in Rhode Island. He's going through a rather wild phase right now, but he'll graw out of it—I hope. That's Biff in short sleeves; he's the aldest, and also gaes to St. Andrew's. My brother Bruce is in the long sleeves; he's 15, quieter, mare serious than the others, and a real gentleman. You can see it didn't take us lang to start horsing around. Rick began doing acrobatics in a tree, and Biff and I teamed up to get him down. We finally got together for a snapshot. Later in the afternaon, I found a moment alone at the ald mill near my hame."













"Here are Rick and I at Pravincetown, at the very tip of Cape Cod, where I took all three of my brothers ane day far lobster and sight-seeing. On the beach we had a shell-thrawing cantest, and I came close to hitting a passer-by. Though I'm not much of a pitcher, I am a baseball fan, and usually get to the ball park at least a dazen times a seasan, mostly to root far the Cardinals; I first began following them when I lived in St. Louis. In the afternoon, Rick and I had a good lang conversation as we walked along the share. He had same school problems — minar anes, but important to him — which we talked out. He's really precacious, at the top of his class at his school in Pravidence. Later we stopped for salt-water taffy and candy apples — I'd forgotten haw good Cape Cod taffy is."







and I promised to have Pam call him on his birthday. And when I told them I'd been chosen May Playmate, they were totally overwhelmed." Though her visit lasted only a week, our pert, raven-tressed Miss May found time for her favorite pastime, deep-sea fishing in Cape Cod Bay with brother Biff. She later escorted brothers three on a daylong junket to Provincetown, there treating them to a lobster repast, with Terri herself savoring a steak. "I'm allergic to seafood," she told us. "I guess if I liked it a lot this would be a real tragedy, especially for a Cape Cod girl, but fortunately for me-I'm not a fish fan anyway." Of her brothers, Terri won't pick a favorite ("They're all great"), but says she most resembles Bruce, her middle brother. "He's fifteen, and a loner, like me. In fact, he and I could be two fingers on the same glove. We're both something of an enigma: rebels, possibly too independent for our own good, and yet sometimes we become quite dependent on others." Our 36-23-36 Miss May is delightfully formed of equal parts Cherokee and Irish. "My mother was born on a reservation in Arkansas, which I visited once, when my great-grandfather died. It didn't take me long to learn that I'm related to half the state - I found more cousins than I could count." When in Chicago, Terri is a videophile whose preferences range from The Beverly Hillbillies to The Bell Telephone Hour. She also voices a musical weakness for classic jazz - both New Orleans and Chicago style, and among vocal entertainers especially enjoys Frank Sinatra and Sammy Davis Jr. Her ideal evening on the town consists of a quiet meal at a good restaurant with a man who's tall, dark and assertively masculine. No need to add that our Playmate herself is assertively feminine, but skeptics may refer to the gatefold for pictorial proof.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The difference between a beautiful girl and a female robot is that the robot stops making noise when it gets oiled.



Once upon a time there were three coeds a big coed, a medium-sized coed, and a little tiny coed. One night they came home from a dance, and the big coed said, "Someone's been sleeping in my bed!"

The medium-sized coed looked in her room and said, "Someone's been sleeping in my bed!"

And the little tiny coed said, "... Well, nighty-night, girls!"

A polite and rather timid young man, after buying a ladyfriend a pair of gloves as a birthday present, scrivened the following note

to be sent along with them:

"I hope you find these a welcome birthday gift, since I noticed - on our last few dates that you weren't wearing any. They are reversible, so if you get them soiled you can wear them inside out and thus wear them longer without having to wash them. I'm only sorry I cannot be there at your party to watch your smiling face as you try them on.'

He left the note with the saleslady, who promptly sent it off with the wrong package:

a pair of silk panties.

Historians at the Aztec pyramids in Mexico have finally deciphered the last words of the famous emperor Montezuma, found inscribed upon an ancient scroll: "Will someone tell those damned Marines to stop singing in the halls?"

Seeing an attractive girl sitting alone in the cocktail lounge, the young man approached her politely and offered to buy her a drink. "A motel!" she shrieked.

"No, no," he said, embarrassed, "I said a

"You expect me to go to a motel with you?!"

she shricked even louder.

Definitely daunted, the young man fled to a dim rear booth of the lounge, to avoid the stares of the other patrons. A few minutes later, the girl came back to where he was seated and said softly, "I'd like to apologize for making you so uncomfortable at the bar. You see, I'm studying psychology at the university, and I wanted a chance to study the

reactions of the people here."

To which the young man replied, in a resounding roar, "Seventy-five dollars?!"

We knew a guy whose feet were so big that even when he danced with Jayne Mansfield he stepped on her toes.



Our Unabashed Dictionary defines wolf as a man who has a retirement plan for girls.

The pretty young thing approached the ship's steward. "Can you tell me where I might find the captain?" she asked.

"The captain is forward, miss," he replied.
"That's all right," she said, giggling. "This is a pleasure cruise, isn't it?"



Our Unabashed Dictionary defines alimony as a system by which, when two people make a mistake, one of them has to pay for it.

The weeping bride poured out her heart to the eminent marriage counselor. "Isn't there some way - without turning into a nag - that I can keep my husband in line?"

The counselor scowled. "Young lady," he said, "your husband shouldn't have to wait

Heard a good one lately? Send it on a postcard to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 232 E. Ohio St., Chicago, Ill. 60611, and earn \$25 for each joke used. In case of duplicates, payment is made for first card received. Jokes cannot be returned.



"Hiccups may not sound very serious to you, Doctor, but . . ."

not even nighttimes. I got good protective coloring to get me past African-type trouble.

Walk up Roger-D's hallway and you see right away how French hotels segregate their customers. First floor all plush and plaster — picture map of Paris in the lobby — padded stairway carpet and the wall fresh painted. Second floor almost nearly the same, but the paint's a little streaked. Third floor no pad and the carpet's got holes in it. Fourth floor no carpet, fifth floor no paint. Roger-D lived on six and you had to strike matches to find him. The door was off the w.c. and the smell like to blew your matches out.

When I found his number I knocked; no answer. Knocked again and thought I heard somebody say something or somebody belch and tried the knob. The door slid open by itself. Room was lit up bright white with a single I-don't-knowhow-many-watt bulb in the ceiling whole room was whitewashed white and about the only furniture was a plain kitchen table and a ruptured-looking bed. Roger-D sat in the window sill smiling a happy cat smile at me, all dressed up in those pointy Tangier bedroom slippers, T-shirt and a jockstrap. He had a pencil stub stuck behind his ear.

"It's only just me," says I. "Comment ça va?"

He didn't say nothing, just giggled a little and goggled at me. He was his normal self. A little high on Stuff. Stuff, that's what he called it, the stuff he took.

I told him I just came by to say hello and worked the subject around to money . . .

"... next thing I knew they ducked out on me, took all the cash we already collected and I got left holding the big fat empty bag."

Old Roger-D just busted out laughing. He stuck his head out the window and his laugh went all up and down the air shaft. He like to scared the pigeons off the next-door rooftop.

And here I thought I was singing him the blues.

"Got right out from under you, you say?" he said, still giggling. But he at least came back inside the window, rain all in his face from leaning out—or tears from laughing, I don't know which—so I knew I was getting through to him.

"Yeah," I said, trying to sound sick. "With every bit of the cash money. I ain't even got cigarettes."

Which was the wrong thing to say; he got to laughing all over again. Damn fool. I never saw anybody to laugh like that over tragedy. Gets on a person's nerves. He told me that's what I got from smoking cigarettes.

"Nicotine'll rot your brain out, you know that?"

Roger-D never smoked, but he was a first-class full-time addict. He shot everything under the sun, and some more besides. He figured it was plenty funny to razz me about plain ordinary French tobacco I smoked. Sometimes he could hardly talk from giggling. Too stoned out to rub the rain out of his eyes. Addicts got a special sense of humor all their own. Here I was trying to be serious. At the same time I was trying to figure out whether he was just coming off a high or just going into one. That's the trouble any time you try to negotiate business with a junkie.

"I don't so much mind the cigarettes, but I sure in hell need some supper to eat."

That didn't get through to him any too good either. Roger-D gave up eating long time ago. And he looked it, looked like a skeleton sitting there in his T-shirt. His prostitute must've practically had to feed him soup with a hypo needle. He was on a steady diet of dope, and that's a one-course all-day meal.

I felt sorry for him, looking at him that way. See a man down to bones like that - a man that used to be somebody - see that man in a bare-ass room laughing like a maniac over nothing, sitting in his flophouse window in his jock, getting rained on (you can get double pneumonia that way), his inside arms all shot full of needle holes like about a million mosquito bites, only 26 years old and the skin on his skull shrunk up like an old man's, all yellow-faded, his pulse probably down to about ten and his brain all clouded up with smoke . . . see a man like that make you almost cry. I nearly did for a minute.

"What you want with money for," he said between giggles. "You just get in trouble."

But he could be aggravating as hell when he got cute on you like that. I didn't answer him.

He finally said, "How much you need?"

"Can you spare fifty?"

"Old francs or new?" And his own joke just about collapsed him. Old francs, that'd be about ten cents. He laughed his self into a fit and rocked back out the window again. Made me half mad, half nervous at the same time. I got to worrying about him, afraid he would fall out the window.

"New," says I, dead serious. That's only about ten bucks.

He finally poked his head back in again. He was a pitiful sight. I was sitting on the edge of the bed and got up and took him the tore-up French army blanket that was on it. I layed the blanket around his skinny shoulders to keep him halfway warm.

In a little while he took in some fresh air and turned dreamy. Kind of gargled a little bit like a baby and started to fade. Even with a blanket on him his bones showed through. He was staring into that big bright light bulb, looking for the Word or the way out or I don't know what. I figured right now was my last chance to make contact, so I bent over his ear where the pencil stub was stuck behind it and told him: "I got to get fifty francs, I got to get it. I got to take off out of this town. I'm going out of my skull in this town. I'll die in this town if I don't get going. Do me a favor, Roger old man, and let me have fifty francs, travel money."

I whispered it, sang it — almost cried it in his ear — but all he said back was, "You're interrupting the music."

"Twenty-five, then."

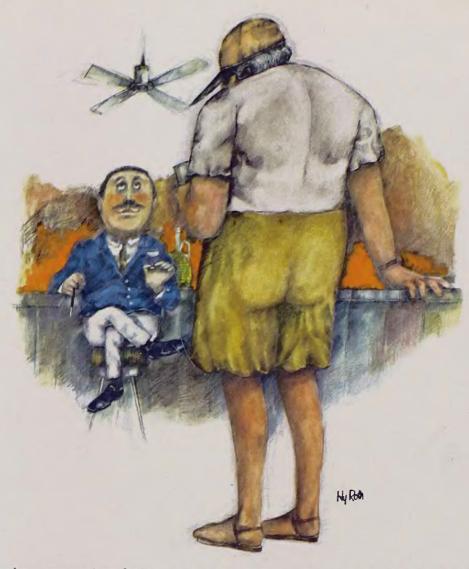
But his inside eye was inside that light bulb and his head went to nodding, keeping time, nodding to some particular music only Roger-D Rogers was hearing.

"I got to have some money, Roger man."

I had my own song to sing, but nobody was listening. By that time Rog was reaching out into thin air, playing a piano that wasn't anyplace in that room, wasn't anyplace anywheres. Looked like a little boy lost, the look on his face. Gave me the willies to watch him. I went and sat back down on the bed. He went right on playing, all to his self - fingers moving just the same as if there was ivories under them. His long skinny arms stuck way out of the blanket and when he went to make a fancy chord and crossed his arms over, the blanket fell down and one of his Tangier slippers dropped off. It was a sorry sight. It was pitiful. I just sat there, not able to help none, taking in the whole sad scene.

You see, Roger-D Rogers was one time one of the best jazz piano men there ever was, back before jazz got corrupted to hell. Back then Roger-D was special number-one ace of them all. Ask anybody — anybody who knows anything. But that's all over and done with. When people start paying six-fifty minimum with everybody's elbows in everybody's drinks to sit listening to some quartet in tuxedos and berets, it's goodbye jazz. The only music you'll get out of night-club jazz is cash registers ringing. People

(continued on page 180)



PAPA AND THE PLAYWRIGHT

article by

KENNETH TYNAN an olympian encounter between ernest hemingway and tennessee williams

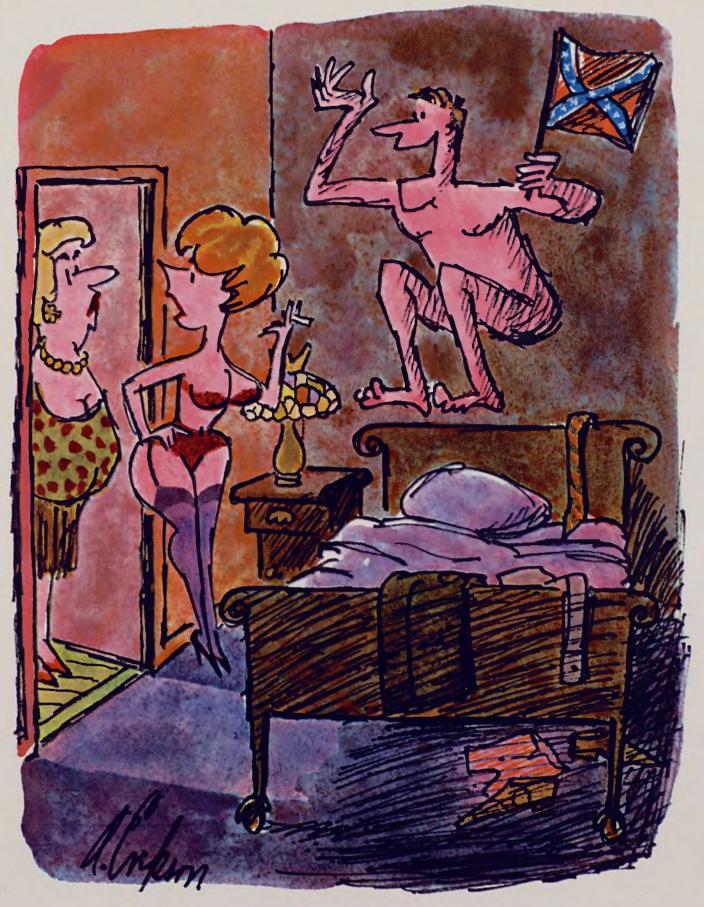
THERE USED TO BE a popular literary pastime called "Imaginary Conversations." The idea was to bring together in imagination great men or women who never met in reality, and improvise dialog to fit the situation. The more disparate the pair, the better: What, for instance, would St. Francis of Assisi have said to the Marquis de Sade? And what would a fly on the wall have gleaned from a chat between Noel Coward and Lenin? I often play the game in my mind, and one of the pairings with which I have toyed is that of Ernest Hemingway and Tennessee Williams. How would the great extrovert react to the great introvert, the big-game hunter to the hothouse plant, the virility symbol to the student of deviation? I never got very far with that confrontation, and usually passed on to something simpler (like Casey Stengel and Sappho); but it persistently nagged at my imagination until a spring day some five years ago, when I was offered a chance of translating my abortive fantasy into accomplished fact.

The time was April 1959, and the place Havana. I had come to Cuba to write a travel article and, hopefully, to

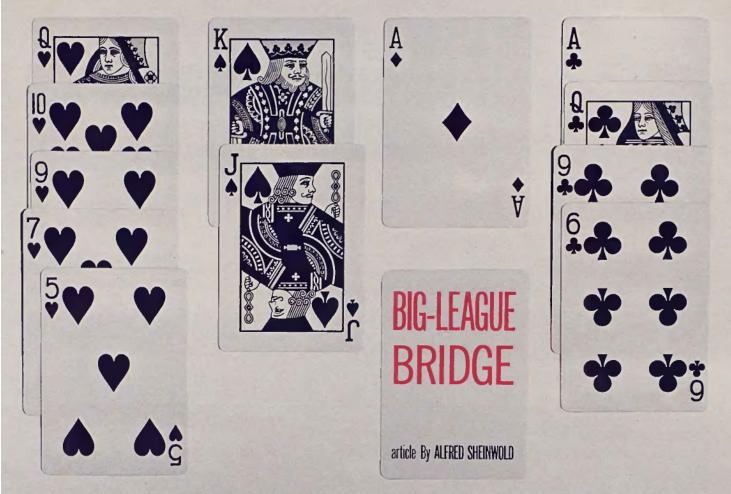
meet Fidel Castro, who had then been in power for less than four months. The rift with Washington was still far off: younger readers may not believe me, but there really was a period when it was not thought un-American to approve of Castro's regime. (That was before he began to nationalize American business interests in Cuba.) The city was bursting with libertarian fervor; you felt in the midst of a genuine, do-it-yourself revolution. Although the brothels and blue cinemas were closed, I did manage to attend a private showing, arranged by a young American writer I knew, of a genuine, do-it-yourself erotic film. The secrecy was terrific. We had to lie prone on the floor of an abandoned whorehouse while the movie was projected onto the wall from a distance of less than three feet, producing an image about the size of a credit card. It depicted a teenage boy disastrously failing to make love to a burly, maternal tart. The male star, who also directed the film and worked the projector, apologized to us for his inadequacy, explaining that it was his first picture, and he was not used to the hot lights. Would we not wait for

the second reel, in which he actually made it with a Chinese sailor? But we had left.

On my second day in Hayana, I went to see Hemingway at his estate in the suburb of San Francisco de Paula, where he settled soon after the end of the Spanish Civil War. NO ADMISSION EXCEPT BY APPOINTMENT, read a sign on the heavy iron gates; but I had an appointment, and pressed on to the ramshackle mansion, full of books, unopened mail and wildlife (stuffed and skinned), which he shared with Miss Mary, the last of his wives. I had met him first in Madrid, several years before. Expecting a booming titan, I had been amazed to shake hands with a gruff, gigantic boy, shy and reticent in manner despite the heroic head and white, Michelangelesque curls. The lips, thin like a student's, belied the massive physique, and would part, at moments of enthusiasm, in an eager, adolescent grin. The blue eyes were moist and plaintive behind the steel-rimmed glasses, though in transports of fury they could become oppressively baleful. I noted that Hemingway was a (continued on page 138)



"How come I get all the nuts?!"



the best players of america, italy, argentina and france square off in a world-championship card-table encounter

THE ITALIANS HAVE MADE A HABIT of winning the world championship at contract bridge ever since 1957, when Carl Alberto Perroux brought his then-unknown Blue Team to New York to meet—and defeat—the biggest names in bridge. They did it in 1958 and 1959; they did it in 1961 and 1962—and they did it again in 1963, just as most of the world expected. This time they won in the tiny Italian resort town of Saint Vincent, while less dedicated mortals strolled on the mountain slopes under a brilliant June sun or played *chemin de fer* at the casino under the brilliant chandeliers.

It was this same Casino of the Valley that had played host in 1960 to some hundred bridge experts from a dozen countries who had come up for a day from the world championship in nearby Turin. On that occasion Johnny Crawford, least inhibited of the American experts, had walked out with some \$20,000 worth of lire bulging from every pocket. This time only four countries were up for the world championship, and there were no Crawfords among them. The pickings for the casino, conveniently across the street from the Hotel Billia, where the nine-day tournament was held, were destined to be very slim.

France, Argentina and the United States, each representing a continent, sent teams to Saint Vincent to play against Italy, which had won the previous year. They found Perroux's Blue Team already in possession, winding up a week of practice.

It was quite typical of the Italians to take an extra week away from their work to train for the nine days that were to come. The food and water might be different from that of Rome and Naples; the altitude was almost 2000 feet. Perroux is father and mother to his team; he takes no avoidable risks with the physical condition of his middle-aged ragazzi.

It was Perroux who had persuaded the management of the casino, which owns the Hotel Billia, that there would be good business and good publicity in furnishing free accommodations to the four teams and a bevy of tournament officials. If the invading bridge experts succumbed to the lure of roulette or chemmy, that was none of his affair; boys will be boys. But Perroux made sure that his boys stayed away from the tables of the casino; their job was at two very different tables across the street.

Perroux, a Knight Commander of the Order of Merit, has earned fame and honors in his career as a trial lawyer and all-round spellbinder, but he would have earned his knighthood just as surely if he had done nothing but bring glory to Italy by captaining the Italian team to six world champion-

ships. (Two of his players, Pietro Forquet and Benito Garozzo, as yet unknown except for their prowess at the bridge table, were made Chevaliers of the Order in 1962.) Perroux begins each world championship sadly predicting that his team will finish last and ends by explaining why they shouldn't have won. Between times he keeps a watchful eye on the form of his players, at and away from the bridge table.

Among ordinary bridge players Perroux would rank as a great expert, but to his own team Perroux's bridge is the subject of much irreverent humor. This does not seem to handicap him in his task of judging which four of his six players are equipped to play the next session or which players he will need to keep fresh for the most important match. When Perroux fell ill at Turin in 1960, and the Italians lost the world championship to France, Forquet insisted that Italy would have won if Perroux had been able to stay at the helm.

Forquet, star of the Blue Team, is not the man to give credit lightly to anybody else for the long string of Italian successes. Slim and still boyish at 38, Forquet looks on the heavy-set 58-year-old Perroux as a father whose authority is needed to keep the other children obedient and diligent.

There has never been a conflict between the young man and the old man for primacy on the Blue Team. They compete only in physical distinction — Forquet with his matinee-idol good looks, and Perroux, a tall man of huge bulk, with his dignity and authority. Forquet is content to overpower his rivals at the bridge table, and at Saint Vincent he encountered perhaps the only player in the world for whom he has an abiding respect — Howard Schenken.

Schenken, star of the United States team. was once picked almost unanimously by American Life Masters as the partner they would want if they were playing for their lives. Some experts believe that at 59 Schenken is not the player he once was; others, accepting this estimate, think he is still the best player in the world. (The opinion is no longer unanimous: Some Americans would plump for Lew Mathe or Tobias Stone, and most Europeans would name Forquet or England's Terence Reese.)

Four teams seemed to be involved in the struggle for the 1963 world championship. Only two had a real chance, and the soul of each team was its star performer. The world championship at Saint Vincent was actually a contest between the noonday sun and twilight,

The United States drew Argentina as its opponent for the first day of play, a stroke of luck for the Americans. South America has sent a team to the world championships ever since 1958, but bridge in South America is not up to European or North American standards. Nobody in the World Bridge Federation would be beastly enough to say so, but the fact is that the gallant South Americans clutter up the world championship.

Clutterers or not, the U.S. team welcomed them. The American rookies had a few attacks of jitters, as expected, playing some hands like the senior class of a finishing school for young ladies. Fortunately, there were other hands—not all of the U.S. players were rookies—and there were always the amiable Argentines. The first session ended with the United States leading by the slightly ridiculous score of 62 to 49 international match points. It was like winning a World Series game by a score of 20 to 15.

Meanwhile, Italy had demolished the French in the first session of *their* match. 49 to 5. It was a merciless exhibition, designed to put the French in their place. Many bridge journalists had predicted that the French would win at Saint Vincent, but after the first set of hands the smell of roast crow permeated the press room.

Some of the European bridge writers, out in full force at Saint Vincent, gave their readers a scoop: The Italians, despite changes in the make-up of the team, were greater than ever; the Americans were barely able to cope with Argentina; there would be a slaughter of the innocents the next day, when Italy and the United States met for a full day of play.

The rest of the first day lent color to these predictions. Italy continued to crush France, and the United States continued to stumble ungracefully against the lowly Argentine.

A crowd of some 300 bridge enthusiasts jammed the Bridge-O-Rama room at the Hotel Billia for the beginning of the match between Italy and the United States on the second day of the tournament. The spectator at a world championship watches the lights go on and off upon a large electrically operated board that dominates one wall of the room like the screen of a moving-picture theater. The board shows all of the cards of the hand currently being played, much as they would appear in the diagram of a newspaper bridge column. A loudspeaker blares out each bid and play, spoken into a microphone by a tournament official who sits beside the players on another floor of the hotel.

During pauses in bidding and play an announcer relates what happened when the hand was *first* played. In all team contests a hand is first dealt and played normally and then sent, with the cards restored to their original positions, to be bid and played at another table by the two other pairs from the opposing

countries, with the team that held the weak cards now getting a chance to play the strong ones. In theory, the results at both tables should be the same, producing a tie score for each hand.

The crowd, scanning the cards on the electric board, buzzes excitedly about who should bid what, how good old soand-so is sure to play the trumps right, and what the score will be if the play takes such and such a turn. The crowd includes many of the most knowledgeable players of the five continents, idle members of the competing teams, coaches and scouts, wives and girlfriends, the leading women players and their escorts, even a few children and an occasional dog. All, including the dog, are willing to sit for hours in a darkened room, speculating endlessly on how things will go or how they should have gone.

It is a situation in which every man is a world champion. Everybody in the audience can see all 52 cards of each deal; the players, looking at only 13 cards during the bidding and 26 cards during the play, must laboriously work out the location of the unseen cards. The kibitzer can select a bid or a line of play, discuss it with a neighbor and then reject it and try again from his starting point; the players, with nobody to turn to for advice or even friendly conversation, must stand or fall on their first bids or plays — not all their piety nor wit can cancel a played card.

Sometimes the kibitzers, seeing all the cards and knowing the result at the first table, fail to understand how a player can miss the right bid or the best play or how a player of established reputation can make a simple human mistake. On one occasion an excited rooter for the Italian team jeered Eugenio Chiaradia in the lobby of the Hotel Billia shortly after he had fumbled a crucial contract. The equally excited Chiaradia, 52 years old and about 110 pounds ringside, drew back a menacing fist but was restrained by obliging friends. Bridge experts, whose only exercise comes from snapping down an occasional ace, are usually careful to telegraph their punches in an incident of this kind, to give bystanders every opportunity of averting violence.

When Italy scored seven points on the first hand of the match, the crowd applauded and settled back to enjoy itself. Silence greeted the next hand, as the United States took the lead, but the crowd recovered its voice on the third hand when 13 points went to Italy. An Italian audience does not attend a world championship to cheer the opponents.

The pace slackened after a few hands, and the session ended with Italy in the lead, 37 to 22. It was not a score to set the Americans to dancing in the streets, but it was reassuring. The Italians were (continued on page 134)









When faced with the happy dilemma of an oversupply of Donna Michelle's exciting test shots for our May cover, PLAYBOY's editors put them to good use in this—our longest, loveliest one-girl pictorial ever. Above, Donna strips off leotard top for barer variations on cover pose; below, she relaxes between takes and, on facing page, demonstrates her uncommon physical coordination with a puckish armstand, and then a handstand (we tried it and fell on our face), from whence she gives us the eye through a stray curl.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR

Despite the bumper crop of beauties adorning our gatefolds in 1963, the selection of Playmate of the Year proved stunningly simple once Donna Michelle appeared as Miss December. Originally spotted in a high school play by a coperformer, the daughter of West Coast photographer Edmund Leja, Donna was subsequently snapped by him, and appeared on our pages shortly after her 18th birthday. She received a call from Otto Preminger the same week the issue went on sale, and TV and movie offers have since begun pouring in. Delectable Donna's first film appearance will be in the Arthur Penn production, Mickey One, for Columbia, starring Warren Beatty. The initial beneficiary of a newly instituted program of additional largess to be heaped on the usual prestigious Playmate of the Year honors, Donna will receive several thousand dollars' worth of prizes, including an entire wardrobe and matching luggage in Playmate Pink (a new shade conceived by the magazine) and a special all-pink version of Ford's spanking-new sports car, the Mustang. In the midst of television and motion picture assignments, plus personal appearances and promotions for PLAYBOY, Donna is continuing her studies via night school sessions at UCLA. Although rumors persist that our top Playmate's male classmates have had their powers of concentration seriously impaired, there have been no complaints. They obviously welcome higher education's most attractive distraction.









After a leisurely lunch on the Playboy Studio set, Donna disencumbers her curves and limbers up for further shooting. Lithe and lively Donna, who possesses a dancer's quicksilver grace that makes her a photographer's dream, has performed with the New York City Ballet. Now a classical keyboard virtuosa, the multitalented Miss Michelle was once a pig-tailed piano prodigy.







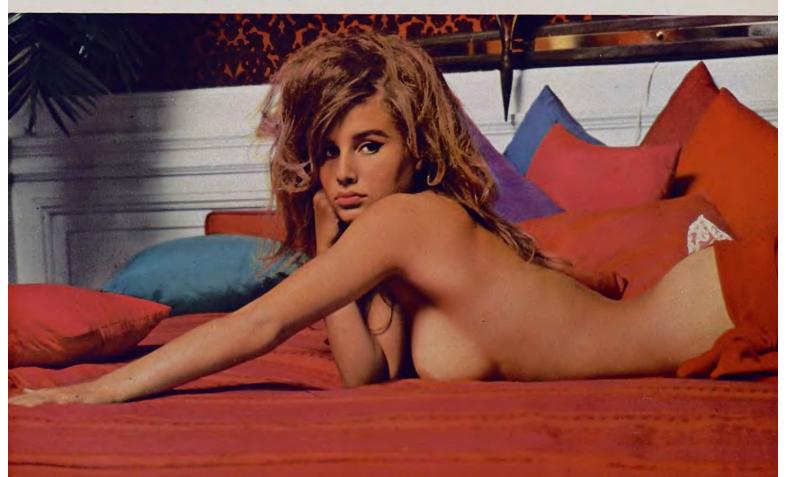


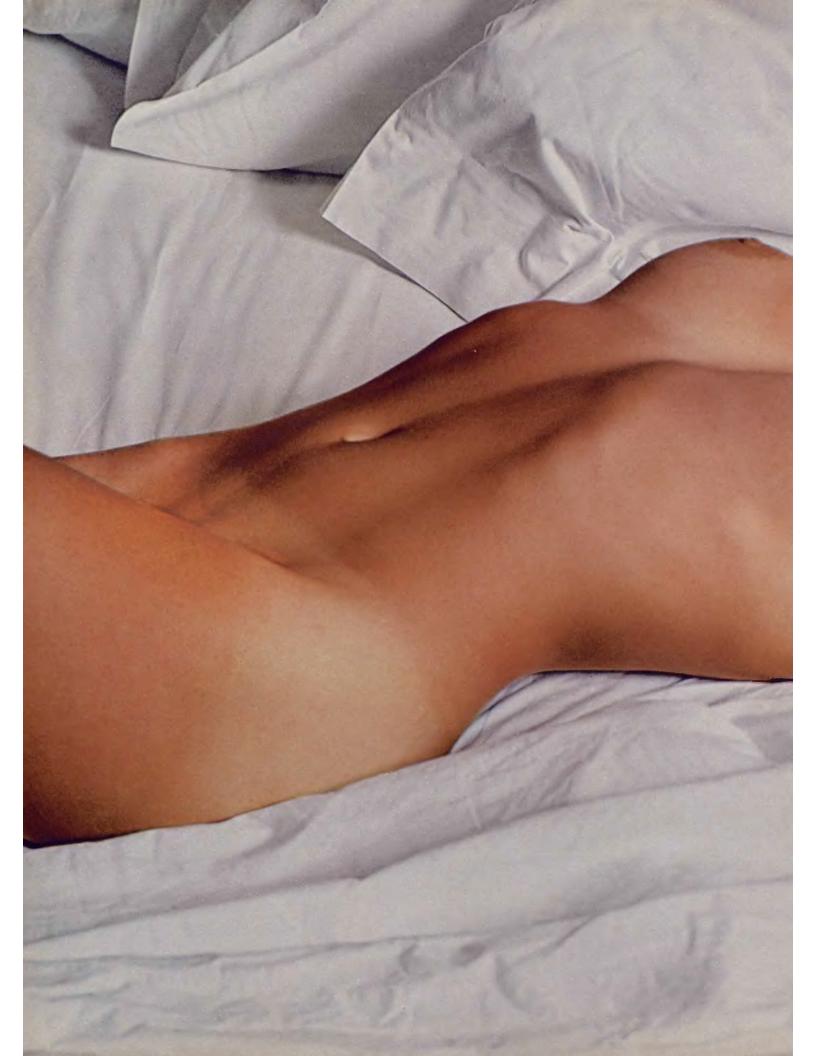






In the Red Room at The Playboy Mansion (the plush setting for previous Playmate favorites, including 1961's Playmate of the Year, Christa Speck), Donna strikes poses both sex-kittenish and languorous, is obviously no photographic letdown as she lets down her hair.







YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE

wallet containing some 5000 yen in smalldenomination notes, a wrist watch, and a stout pocketknife which, by Japanese law, had a blade not more than two inches long. There was no handkerchief, only a packet of tissues. (Later, Tiger explained. "Bondo-san, this Western habit of blowing the nose and carefully wrapping up the result in silk or fine linen and harboring it in your pocket as if it were something precious! Would you do the same thing with the other excretions of your body? Exactly! So, if in Japan you wish to blow your nose, perform the act decorously and dispose at once, tidily, of the result.")

Despite his height, Bond merged quite adequately into the bustling, shoving crowds of passengers. His "disguise" had mysteriously appeared in his room at the bathhouse and Mariko had greatly enjoyed dressing him up. "Now Japanese gentreman," she had said approvingly as, with a last lingering kiss, she had gone to answer Tiger's rap on the partition. Bond's own clothes and possessions had already been taken away.

"They and your things from the hotel will be transferred to Dikko's apartment," Tiger had said. "Later today, Dikko will inform your Chief that you have left Tokyo with me for a visit to the MAGIC establishment, which is, in fact, a day's journey from Tokyo, and that you will be away for several days. Dikko believes that this is so. My own department merely knows that I shall be absent on a mission to Fukuoka. They do not know that you are accompanying me. And now we will take the express to Gamagori on the south coast and the evening hydrofoil across Ise Bay to the fishing port of Toba. There we will spend the night. This is to be a slow journey to Fukuoka for the purpose of training and educating you. It is necessary that I make you familiar with Japanese customs and folkways so that you make as few mistakes as possible when the time comes."

The gleaming orange-and-silver express slid to a stop beside them. Tiger barged his way on board. Bond waited politely for two or three women to precede him. When he sat down beside Tiger, Tiger hissed angrily, "First lesson, Bondo-san! Do not make way for women. Push them, trample them down. Women have no priority in this country. You may be polite to very old men, but to no one else. Is that understood?"

"Yes, master," said Bond sarcastically. "And do not make Western-style jokes while you are my pupil. We are engaged in a serious mission."

"Tiger, you're a cruel taskmaster."

Tiger grinned with satisfaction. 112 "Bondo-san, you don't know the half of (continued from page 80)

it. But now let us go and get something to eat and drink in the buffet car. All that Suntory you forced on me last night is crying out for the skin of the dog that bit me."

'The hair," corrected Bond.

"One hair would not be enough, Bondo-san. I need the whole skin."

James Bond wrestled with his chopsticks and slivers of raw octopus and a mound of rice ("You must get accustomed to the specialities of the country, Bondo-san") and watched the jagged coastline, interspersed with glittering paddy fields, flash by. He was lost in thought when he felt a hard jostle from behind. He had been constantly jostled as he sat up at the counter - the Japanese are great jostlers - but he now turned and caught a glimpse of the stocky back of a man disappearing into the next compartment. There were white strings round his ears which showed that he was wearing a masko, and he wore an ugly black-leather hat. When they went back to their seats Bond found that his pocket had been picked. His wallet was gone. Tiger was astonished. "That is very unusual in Japan," he said defensively. "But no matter. I will get you another at Toba. It would be a mistake to call the conductor. We do not wish to draw attention to ourselves. The police would be sent for at the next station and there would be much interrogation and filling out of forms. And there is no way of finding the thief. The man will have pocketed his masko and hat and will be unrecognizable. I regret the incident, Bondo-san. I hope you will forget it."

"Of course. It's nothing."

They left the train at Gamagori, a pretty seaside village with a humped island in the bay that Tiger said housed an important shrine, and the 50-knot ride in the hydrofoil to Toba, an hour away across the bay, was exhilarating. As they disembarked, Bond caught a glimpse of a stocky silhouette in the crowd. Could it be the thief on the train? But the man wore heavy horn-rimmed spectacles, and there were many other stocky men in the crowd. Bond dismissed the thought and followed Tiger along the narrow streets, gaily hung with paper banners and lanterns, to the usual discreet frontage and dwarf pines that he had become accustomed to. They were expected and were greeted with deference. Bond had had about enough of the day. There weren't many bows and smiles left in him, and he was glad when he was at last left alone in his maddeningly dainty room with the usual dainty pot of tea, dainty cup and dainty sweetmeat wrapped in rice paper. He sat at the open partition that gave onto

a handkerchief of garden and then the sea wall and gazed gloomily across the water at a giant statue of a man in a bowler hat and morning coat that Tiger had told him was Mr. Mikimoto, founder of the cultured-pearl industry, who had been born at Toba and had there, as a poor fisherman, invented the trick of inserting grains of sand under the mantle of a live oyster to form the kernel of a pearl. Bond thought, To hell with Tiger and his crazy plan. What in God's name have I got myself into? He was still sitting there cursing his lot when Tiger came in and brusquely ordered him to don one of the yukatas that hung with the bedding in the single cupboard in the paper wall.

"You really must concentrate, Bondosan," said Tiger mildly. "But you are making progress. As a reward I have ordered sake to be brought in large quantities and then a dinner of the speciality of this place, lobster."

Bond's spirits rose minutely. He undressed to his pants, donned the darkbrown yukata ("Stop!" from Tiger. "Wrap it round to the right! Only a corpse wraps it round to the left.") and adopted the lotus position across the low table from Tiger. He had to admit that the kimono was airy and comfortable. He bowed low. "That sounds a most sincere program."

The sake came. The pretty waitress knelt on the tatami and served them both. Tiger had been thoughtful. He had ordered tumblers. Bond swallowed his at one gulp. Tiger said, "The grossness of your drinking habits fits well with your future identity."

"And what is that to be?"

"A coal miner from Fukuoka. There are many tall men in that profession. Your hands are not rough enough, but you pushed a truck underground. Your nails will be filled with coal dust when the time comes. You were too stupid to wield a pick. You are deaf and dumb. Here," Tiger slipped across a scrubby card, creased and dog-eared. There were some Japanese characters on it. "That is 'Tsumbo de oshi' - deaf and dumb. Your disability will inspire pity and some distaste. If someone talks to you, show that and they will desist. They may also give you a few pieces of small coin. Accept them and bow deeply."

"Thanks very much. And I suppose I have to account for these tips to your

secret fund?"

"That will not be necessary." Tiger was wooden-faced. "Our expenses on this mission are a direct charge on the Prime Minister's purse."

Bond bowed. "I am honored." He straightened himself. "And now, you old bastard. More sake and tell me about the kamikaze. In due course I am prepared to become a deaf-and-dumb miner (continued on page 152)

THE FOOD OF THE GODS

fiction By ARTHUR C. CLARKE



descendent from generations of carnivores, man now had uncovered surprising new ways to assuage his appetites

IT'S ONLY FAIR to warn you, Mr. Chairman, that much of my evidence will be highly nauseating; it involves aspects of human nature that are very seldom discussed in public, and certainly not before a Congressional committee. But I am afraid that they have to be faced; there are times when the veil of hypocrisy has to be ripped away, and this is one of

You and I, gentlemen, have descended from a long line of carnivores. I see from

your expressions that most of you don't recognize the term; well, that's not surprising - it comes from a language that has been obsolete for 2000 years. Perhaps I had better avoid euphemisms and be brutally frank, even if I have to use words that are never heard in polite society. I apologize in advance to anyone I may offend.

Until a few centuries ago, the favorite food of almost all men was meat - the flesh of once-living animals. I'm not trying to turn your stomachs; this is a simple statement of fact, which you can check from any history book -

Why, certainly, Mr. Chairman. I'm quite prepared to wait until Senator Irving feels better. We professionals sometimes forget how laymen may react to statements like that. At the same time, I must warn the committee that there is very much worse to come. If any of you gentlemen are at all squeamish, or become easily upset, I suggest you fol- 113 low the Senator before it's too late . . .

Well, if I may continue. Until modern times, all food fell into two categories. Most of it was produced from plants—cereals, fruits, plankton, algae and other forms of vegetation. It's hard for us to realize that the vast majority of our ancestors have been farmers, winning food from land or sea by primitive and often backbreaking techniques; but that is the truth.

The second type of food, if I may return to this unpleasant subject, was meat, produced from a relatively small number of animals. You may be familiar with some of them — cows, pigs, sheep, whales. Most people — I am sorry to stress this, but the fact is beyond dispute — preferred meat to any other food, though only the wealthiest were able to indulge this appetite. To most of mankind, meat was a rare delicacy in a diet that was more than 90 percent vegetable.

If we look at the matter calmly and dispassionately - as I hope Senator Irving is now in a position to do - we can see that meat was bound to be rare and expensive, for its production is an extremely inefficient process. To make a kilo of meat, the animal concerned had to eat at least ten kilos of vegetable food - very often food that could have been consumed directly by human beings. Quite apart from any consideration of aesthetics, this state of affairs could not be tolerated after the population explosion of the 20th Century. Every man who ate meat was condemning ten or more of his fellow humans to starvation . . .

Luckily for all of us, the biochemists solved the problem; as you may know, the answer was one of the countless byproducts of space research. All food animal or vegetable - is built up from a very few common elements. Carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen, traces of sulphur and phosphorous - these half-dozen elements, and a few others, combine in an almost infinite variety of ways to make up every food that man has ever eaten or ever will eat. Faced with the problem of colonizing the Moon and planets, the biochemists of the 21st Century discovered how to synthesize any desired food from the basic raw materials of water, air and rock. It was the greatest, and perhaps the most important, achievement in the history of science, but we should not feel too proud of it. The vegetable kingdom had beaten us by a billion years.

The chemists could now synthesize any conceivable food, whether or not it had a counterpart in nature. Needless to say, there were mistakes — even disasters. Industrial empires rose and crashed; the switch from agriculture and animal husbandry to the giant automatic processing plants and Omniverters of today was often a painful one. But it had to be made, and we are the better for it. The

danger of starvation has been banished forever, and we have a richness and variety of food no other age has ever known.

In addition, of course, there was a moral gain. We no longer murder millions of living creatures, and such revolting institutions as the slaughterhouse and the butcher's shop have vanished from the face of the earth. It seems incredible to us that even our ancestors, coarse and brutal though they were, could ever have tolerated such obscenities.

And yet—it is impossible to make a clean break with the past. As I have already remarked, we are carnivores; we inherit tastes and appetites that have been acquired over a million years of time. Whether we like it or not, only a few generations ago our great-grand-parents were enjoying the flesh of cattle and sheep and pigs—when they could get it. And we still enjoy it today.

Oh dear, maybe Senator Irving had better stay outside from now onward; perhaps I should not have been quite so blunt. What I meant, of course, was that many of the synthetic foods we now cat have the same formula as the old natural products; some of them, indeed, are such exact replicas that no chemical or other test could reveal any difference. This situation is logical and inevitable; we manufacturers simply took the most popular presynthetic foods as our models, and reproduced their taste and texture.

Of course, we also created new names that didn't hint of an anatomical or zoological origin, so that no one would be reminded of the facts of life. When you go into a restaurant, most of the words you'll find on the menu have been invented since the beginning of the 21st Century, or else adapted from French originals that few people would recognize. If you ever want to find your threshold of tolerance, you can try an interesting but highly unpleasant experiment. The Classified section of the Library of Congress has a large number of menus from famous restaurants - yes, and White House banquets - going back for 500 years. They have a crude, dissecting-room frankness that makes them almost unreadable. I cannot think of anything that reveals more vividly the gulf between us and our ancestors of only a few generations ago.

Yes, Mr. Chairman – I am coming to the point; all this is highly relevant, however disagreeable it may be. I am not trying to spoil your appetites; I am merely laying the groundwork for the charge I wish to bring against my competitor, Triplanetary Food Corporation. Unless you understand this background, you may think that this is a frivolous complaint inspired by the admittedly serious losses my firm has sustained since Ambrosia Plus came on the market.

New foods, gentlemen, are invented every week; it is hard to keep track of them. They come and go like women's fashions, and only one in a thousand becomes a permanent addition to the menu. It is extremely rare for one to hit the public fancy overnight, and I freely admit that the Ambrosia Plus line of dishes has been the greatest success in the entire history of food manufacture. You all know the position; everything else has been swept off the market.

Naturally, we were forced to accept the challenge. The biochemists of my organization are as good as any in the Solar System, and they promptly got to work on Ambrosia Plus. I am not giving away any trade secrets when I tell you that we have tapes of practically every food, natural or synthetic, that has ever been eaten by mankind - right back to exotic items that you've never heard of, like fried squid, locusts in honey, peacocks' tongues, Venusian polypod . . . Our enormous library of flavors and textures is our basic stock in trade, as it is with all the firms in the business. From it we can select and mix items in any conceivable combination; and usually we can duplicate, without too much trouble, any product that our competitors put out.

But Ambrosia Plus had us baffled for quite some time. Its protein-fat breakdown classified it as a straightforward meat, without too many complications—yet we couldn't match it exactly. It was the first time my chemists had failed; not one of them could explain just what gave the stuff its extraordinary appeal—which, as we all know, makes every other food seem insipid by comparison. As well it might, but I am getting ahead of myself.

Very shortly, Mr. Chairman, the President of Triplanetary Foods will be appearing before you – rather reluctantly, I'm sure. He will tell you that Ambrosia Plus is synthesized from air, water, limestone, sulphur, phosphorous and the rest. That will be perfectly true, but it will be the least important part of the story. For we have now discovered his secret – which, like most secrets, is very simple once you know it.

I really must congratulate my competitor. He has at last made available unlimited quantities of what is, from the nature of things, the ideal food for mankind. Until now, it has been in extremely short supply, and therefore all the more relished by the few connoisseurs who could obtain it. Without exception, they have sworn that nothing else can remotely compare with it.

Yes, Triplanetary's chemists have done a superb technical job; now you have to resolve the moral and philosophical issues. For though it is true that Ambrosia Plus is purely synthetic, and has never known the spark of life, it is also true that no scientific test can now distinguish any of us from cannibals.

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GRAND DESIGN: Architect undertakes urbane renewal with both feet smartly on the ground.

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Impressive Steps By ROBERT L. GREEN Special to Playboy

walking, fashion experts say, during the months ahead, the average executive will cov-

for the foot-loose to examine that they're properly and styl- rugged textures — has taken heap is pebble-grain Italian

Shoe Fashions to Take mileage will be logged barefoot. Many of those queried said ABOVE: Hanging by its heel is authorities agree that it's time that the look of "more shoe" calf shoe with medallion wing walking, fashion experts say, the average executive will cover 315 miles—the equivalent of a hike from Boston to Philadelphia and then some. Since only a fraction of this continue the past several years.

during the months ahead.

A gallop poll of shoe stylists reveals that footwear fashions are expected to continue their than one reliable source, is the fact that it has taken place than one reliable source, is the fact that it has taken place than one reliable source, is the fact that it has taken place than one reliable source, is the fact that it has taken place than one reliable source, is the fact that it has taken place than one reliable source, is the fact that it has taken place than one reliable source, is the fact that it has taken place than one reliable source, is the fact that it has taken place than one reliable source, is the fact that it has taken place than one reliable source, is the fact that it has taken place than one reliable source, is the fact that it has taken place than one reliable source, is the fact that it has taken place than one reliable source, is the fact that it has taken place than one reliable source, is the fact that it has taken place than one reliable source, is the fact that it has taken place than one reliable source, is the fact that it has taken place than one reliable source, is the fact that it has taken place than one reliable source, is the fact that it has taken place than one reliable source, is the place than one reliable sou

heftier footwear, with distheir shoeracks, to make sure tinctively masculine lines and by Square, \$20; on top of the In two months of normal ishly shod for every occasion over with surprising speed. leather semiboot with hand-alking, fashion experts say, during the months ahead. One of the most unexpected



wise from 11: Wax-finished black calf and silk shantung, clockwise from 11: Black calf ing, by Johnson & Murphy, clip.op. with cushioned crene by Verde. \$17: ebony leather wing-tip slip-on with elastic \$32; black calf slip-on with slip-on with cushioned crepe by Verde, \$17; ebony leather sole, by Winthrop, \$12; black boot with two eyelets, raised calf dress boot with plain toe, elastic side gores, by Bostonian, \$11. Toe-leastic side gores, by Bostonian, \$11. Toe-leastic side gores, by Bostonian, \$21; black patent-leather bight torsel clin on by Weyen called saddle stitch, by Weyen called saddle s an, \$28; Scotch-grained leath-shrunken calf tassel slip-on berg, \$16; black llama calf shoe slip-on, by Capezio, \$19; brown with plain toe, by Wall-Streeter, with two eyelets, hand stitch-llama calf slip-on with full

HEADLINED: This page, clock- eyelet Italian formal shoe of NEWSWORTHY: Opposite, slip-on with moccasin stitchtitching, by Dexter, \$14; black \$20. Atop front bundle: Wax-ling, by Bostonian, \$30; cordoling, by Connolly, \$22; llama calf slip-on with crescent toe, hidden elastic side dallion wing tip, full-cushioned gores, by Winthrop, \$16; three-liller, by Crosby Square, \$20. Dexter, \$14; brown calf tassel toe, by French Shriner, \$95.



without a sacrifice of lightness or comfort.

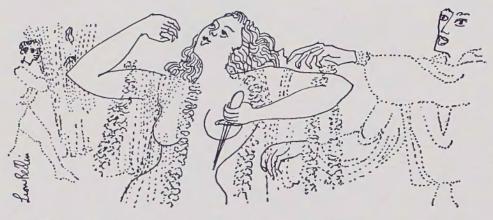
As evidence, the experts cite: with squared, which are reportedly becoming more and more popular for business as well as in bold patterns, and with the

"The return of the brogue- ing to a consensus of the though its color will remain a ish look, while avoiding the well-dressed, are once again classic. One leading fashion elephantine cumbersomeness whittling away at the popular-which characterized past verity of black. The earthy new that moccasin styles will prob-New oxfords and slip-ons, which characterized past verity of black. The earthy new that increasin styles will pleat their country season as first choice with aided by the use of sturdy, urious, replacing their country season as first choice with grained upper leathers, often cousins, the too-light tans.

sports jacket and slacks. He While grained leathers are said the boot look is still in, casualwear. While the soles of addition of such "more shoe" regaining popularity in virtually all shoe styles, many obstantial than earlier versions, they are still light and flexible. The rising acceptance of brown leathers, which, according the same and added, with tongue in ally all shoe styles, many obstantial than earlier versions, they are still light and flexible.



THE ANGUISH OF ANSELMO



Ribald Classic from Don Quixote by Miguel de Cervantes

IN FLORENCE THERE ONCE LIVED a suspicious young man named Anselmo who became desperate to discover if his wife, the beautiful Camila, was faithful to him. After much reflection, he resolved to have his good friend Lotario attempt to seduce her, for he believed that if his wife were thus overcome his friend would not carry the conquest too far. How mistaken was Anselmo.

Lotario, with disturbing eagerness, acquiesced to the plan, and within a fortnight had established with Camila a liaison sublime. He then blandly informed his friend that his wife was a paragon of virtue, a canard the gullible Anselmo was delighted to digest. Nevertheless, he pressed Lotario to continue the research, and to this suggestion, the wily deceiver readily agreed.

Camila, meanwhile, had confided her secret to Leonela, her maid of many years; and the latter, in turn, had confessed that she, too, had a lover whom she entertained with regularity.

All went well in the home of Anselmo the Innocent until one night Lotario, now completely entrapped by the charms of Camila, observed Leonela's lover stealing away from the garden, and since he knew not of Leonela's liaison, he leaped to the conclusion that the man was perhaps another lover of the fickle Camila. Jabbering with jealousy, he went at once to Anselmo and told him that he thought that Camila was at last about to submit to his ardors. "Tonight," he suggested, "tell your wife that you are going away, then hide behind the tapestries and you will be able to observe with your own eyes her betrayal."

The amazed Anselmo, who thought his wife had emerged unblemished from his friend's simulated seduction attempts, promised to do as Lotario suggested. In the meantime, however, Lotario learned from Camila that her maid also had a lover. Realizing then that the man he had seen stealing from the house had been another strumpet's stag, he unhappily told Camila what he had foolishly conveyed to her husband, adding that Anselmo would be hiding behind the tapestries that night to observe her infidelity. Overcoming with remarkable agility her alarm and anxiety, Camila came up with a bold plan designed to preserve both her own situation and that of her paramour.

That night, after ascertaining that Anselmo was behind the tapestries, Camila and Lotario entered the room. At once Anselmo heard his wife begin a tirade against Lotario. "Beast!" she shouted. "When were your amorous pleadings not repelled, your lavish gifts not scorned in this house?" The very picture of outraged virtue, she cried, "It is my intention to slay you to satisfy my vengeance. Then I shall punish myself for any bit of carelessness of mine that may have engendered your evil passion!"

At this point she dramatically withdrew an unsheathed poniard from beneath her robe and fell upon Lotario with so evident an intention of burying the blade in his heart that he was half in doubt as to whether it was a false show or not. He had to use all the strength and dexterity at his command to prevent her from impaling him against the wall. Finally, unable to use the dagger on Lotario, she, with a great virtuous cry, plunged the knife into herself — but, very carefully, into an area well protected by flesh — and then she fell to the floor in a faint.

After Anselmo had made exit from his hiding place, and restored his wife to consciousness and couch, he sought out Lotario that both, over a pewter of hock, might discuss the unshakable virtue of his wife. Great were the praises bestowed upon her. And thus did Anselmo remain the most delightfully deceived husband in Florence.

-Retold by John D. Keefauver

Playmates Revisited · 1957

playboy encores its fourth year of gatefold girls

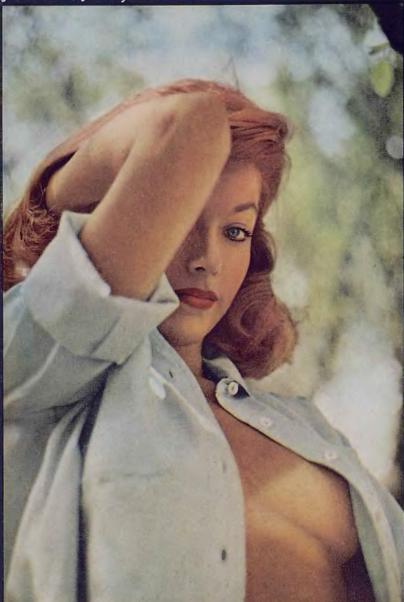
OUR TENTH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION continues with the fourth chapter of PLAYBOY'S Playmate primer, a fetching review of pulchritude past. Subsequent years will be graphically remembered in each succeeding issue until December, when a Readers' Choice portfolio will feature the decade's ten most popular Playmates. The first Playmate of our fourth year was June Blair, who appeared before our camera on her 23rd birthday appropriately birthday suited. June is now married to David Nelson, Ricky's older brother, and her considerable talents have been kept in the family — she's a regular on the Ozzie and Harriet TV show. Sandra Edwards' March Playmate appearance led to a movie contract with Warner Bros.; December's Linda Vargas went on to Hollywood, too, and a contract with Jerry Wald that included a part in The Best of Everything. Since June Playmate Carrie Radison's foldout feature, she's become a permanent part of the Playboy scene, gracing Playboy Clubs in Chicago, Phoenix, New York and New Orleans as one of our most popular Bunnies. Readers needn't wait for the final installment of Playmates Revisited — votes for Playmates from December 1953 through December 1963 are welcome at any time.



SANDRA EDWARDS, March 1957



COLLEEN FARRINGTON, October 1957



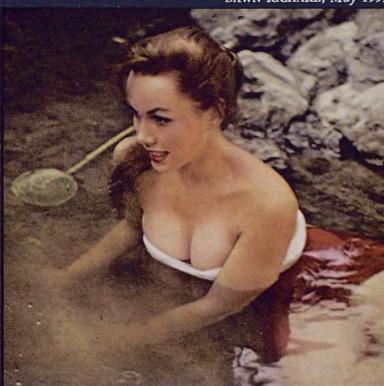


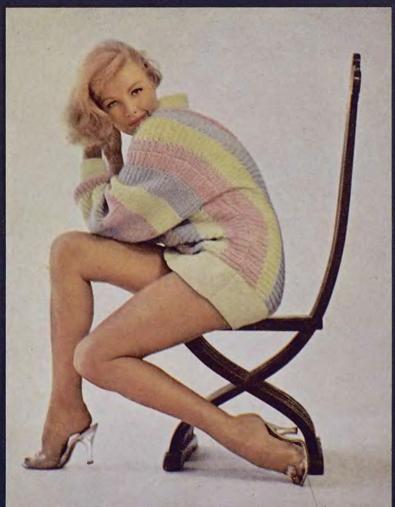


CARRIE RADISON, June 1957

DAWN RICHARD, May 1957







MARLENE CALLAHAN, November 1957

DOLORES DONLON, August 1957











JACQUELYN PRESCOTT, September 1957

THE CREATURE FROM THE BLACK TEEVEE JEEBIES

satire By SHEL SILVERSTEIN



"I-told-you-not-to-wear-those-earringswith-the-damn-hooks . . . !"



"So you think I'm a weakling, huh? You want to see me squeeze your arm harder? Harder?!!!"



"You know, I never realized before that these little cars have room for a spare . . ."



"And the next time either one of you makes a crack about Mr. Clean . . . !"

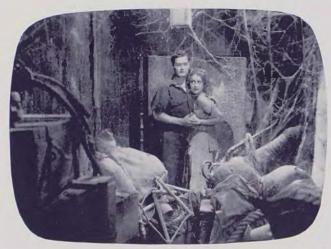


"It's simple — you just hold your hand up to the light like this, see . . .? And the shadow looks like a bunny rabbit, see . . .?"



"Now then, young man, you're going to take my daughter by the paw and ask her to dance—and you're going to ask her nicely!"

tongue-in-cheek dialog for television's late-night movies



"Of course, you have to visualize how it will be with a new coat of paint and different furniture . . ."



"And I never want you to wear these damn falsies again!"



"Marge thinks I should use a more effective mouthwash. What do you think, Charlie?"



"Well, maybe if you started eating raw eggs, oysters and things like that instead of those silly sandwiches . . ."

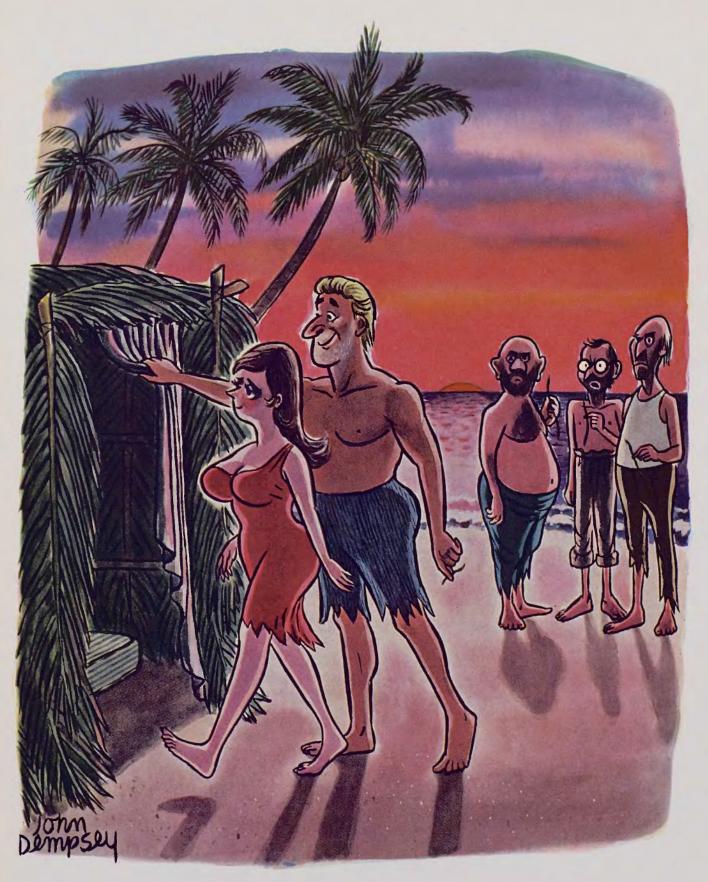


"Please, Fred - not in front of the children . . . !"



"Me? You want me to dance with you?"

PLAYBOY'S TEEVEE JEEBIES, A PERMANENT COLLECTION OF SHEL SILVERSTEIN'S FAR-OUT CHANNEL CAPTIONS, IS NOW AVAILABLE IN BOOK FORM FROM PLAYBOY PRESS, 232 E. OHIO STREET, CHICAGO, ILL. 60611, FOR \$1.



"I'm not saying she isn't being fair, but I'd like to know how come he picks the short straw every time!"

LOW BLOW

I have been reading The Playboy Philosophy with interest. What a low blow to the American public, resorting to facts, reason and logic.

> Bill Frampton Las Vegas, Nevada

SOCIAL COBWEBS

I would like to compliment you on The Playboy Philosophy. It is a real spot of hope to see - from Pennsylvania, where you can't get a bottle of wine with your meal on Sunday - someone attempting to scatter a few of the social cobwebs that pervade America today. Perhaps truth is not dead. I am proud of my country and I am proud to have served it for the last 20 years, but after three years in Naples, it is rather difficult to accept some of the stupidities that almost everyone accepts here.

Your articles are tremendously refreshing. I don't agree with all your points, of course, but God, it's good to hear someone trying to make some sense. Please, please keep up the good work.

Lt. Cmdr. R. F. Meckoll Warrington, Pennsylvania

PHILOSOPHY - OR SOPHISTRY?

Your Philosophy does not appear for the first time on the intellectual horizon as a supreme protagonist of humanity. Neither is Hefner the first neurotic inventor of such "philosophical" theories to occupy a large and glorious place in the human imagination, only to be dismissed in the end as merely an unmitigated scoundrel.

Schools of thought such as your own existed before. Their founders, however, were not called "philosophers," but "sophists." And it took a fortified detergent like Plato to root out the dirt. Their intentions were, like yours, to formulate theories through working hypotheses based on distorted reality and strabismic conceptions, and to present them as undigestible and toxic materials for the nourishment of the human mind.

Hefner says that "the suggestion that sex outside marriage is ugly and not enjoyable is absurd." Applying his "philosophical" synthesis I would "suggest" next time that he be sexually aroused while entertaining some Playmates in one of the fabulous rooms in The Playboy Mansion, where his own real mother. his "legal" wife, his only sister, and his daughter (not illegitimate), all simultaneously have sexual intercourse with other "philosophers."

If he still maintains his high sexual potency during this particular scene, and if he still thinks sex outside marriage is beautiful, enjoyable and rational, I will be very glad to offer psychotherapy; if

not, let him change the title of his work from "philosophy" to "sophistry."

Steven P. Makis, M.D. Chicago, Illinois

Physician, heal thyself. The sick scene you have fantasized does not change our original statement, which you misquote - the simple observation that not all sex outside marriage is ugly or unenjoyable - but it may reveal something about your own psychic problems.

FANFARE FOR FORUM

Whatever the practical effects of your crusade. I hope that one will be especially prominent: the principle that magazines should be used as forums. I have long thought that the various news media could do more to perpetuate freedom of speech and of the press by increasing the number of different views they print on all issues. The claim of newspapers that they uphold freedom of the press is dubious. PLAYBOY, however, provides its readers with frequent panel discussions and a monthly forum.

Long live both democracy and the freedom of expression that allows it to be meaningful. I hope that letters responding to The Playboy Philosophy do not thin out as the idea becomes less an innovation.

> Harry E. Mongold Joliet, Illinois

Far from thinning out, "Forum" letters are increasing in number each month, as more and more people become aware that these pages constitute a meeting place for the exchange of disparate viewpoints and ideas.

A FEELING OF INCOMPLETENESS

When an important magazine begins a rigorous examination of its own role in a social structure, it behooves serious writers to pay some attention to the resulting statement. Accordingly, I have followed The Playboy Philosophy avidly. I am not certain that I would agree with many aspects of its analysis of our society, but I haven't found any current commentator with whom I can agree as much. It is not that I find myself basically at odds with your propositions; rather, I find something missing, the kind of totality of thought one expects in a work of philosophy. Perhaps this feeling of incompleteness is my own interjection. Certainly it is too early to make such a final diagnosis of ills on your series.

Nonetheless. I thought it desirable at this juncture to emphasize how important I feel your series is at this time. If nothing more, it has brought intellectual scrutiny to some fundamental issues of our day. As it has with me, I hope it serves others (and, particularly writers,

the sector of the public with which I am most concerned) as a catalyst of thought. I sense today a vague uneasiness, a kind of half-hidden awareness, just beneath the turf of our social consciousness, that all is not right with our institutions and their philosophical underpinnings. Some sectors of our society are undergoing an almost psychiatric analysis, indicating that some great neurosis has afflicted the body politic. The general theme of existence today is one of escape. Only among a small group is there the necessary objectivity, analytical and intellectual vigor and philosophical courage to begin real examination. We do not need a nation of psychiatric soul-probers, but we do need some objective, rational, informed, intellectual analysts who can distinguish real social problems from alleged ailments. You have contributed deeply to what may well be one of the most fruitful periods of self-examination this nation has ever experienced.

I shall read the ensuing sections of The Playboy Philosophy eagerly. thoughtfully and - I hope - with a critical eye toward my own beliefs and values.

> Harold Ellithorpe, Editor Author & Journalist Denver, Colorado

WHAT NOW?

Plato distinguishes two reasons by which a thing can exist: by means of its own being and by means of its not being. To date Mr. Hefner's iconoclasm has being only by means of the latter. We have seen what is practiced and we have delighted in smashing what is preached; however, now that we are standing among the splinters, what can we dare construct in the vacuum?

> Robert D. Jansen Department of Philosophy University of Wisconsin Milwaukee, Wisconsin

In later installments of his editorial series, Hefner will establish what he considers to be the specific criteria for healthy personal morality and a rational society - and how man may best attain both.

EVOLUTION AND REVOLUTION

I have found The Playboy Philosophy fascinating, enlightening and provocative. My reactions have ranged from "Bravo!" to "Now just a cotton-picking minute, there!" But will you please hurry up and finish? I've missed a few and don't want to waste my money buying reprints until the entire series is completed. Down here in the Bible Belt there are a few people I will want to lend it to. I might go so far as to buy several copies (Scottish ancestry notwithstanding), if your price is right.

My great fear is that Hefner will push 127

a great many people off the wrong side of the fence. Don't you think easing into these things with a little more diplomacy would be more effective? The sudden removal of restraints, unjust as they may be, leaves the average or below-average man helpless, bewildered and blundering about into all sorts of tragedies. Evolution is almost always better than revolution. God bless the idealist, but God help him if he is not also practical.

Walter W. Lindsey Lubbock, Texas

Pleasant though the thought may be, Hefner's criticism of the hypocritical and irrational restraints that burden our society is not likely to provoke their sudden disappearance. But it may shed some light where darkness has prevailed, and be logically persuasive with a generation that is increasingly unwilling to walk hobbled by the fetters of antiquated superstition. As for "the average man," we think him a statistical myth; the only thing we know surely about him is that - in his name - a great many people are treated condescendingly and underestimated. There is mass man, however - gray and faceless, living by rule and rote handed down by others - and the sooner he regains his individuality and learns to think, the better. The glorification of the herd, the "average man," is a leftover from the Great Depression, a period whose slogan might have been, "Passive acceptance of things as they are is good for you." Newly enlightened people don't blunder in bewilderment, they blaze new trails.

FOOTBALLS IN THE SUNSET

The Playboy Philosophy is not always enjoyable reading, but it certainly is engrossing.

Nurturing the individual is an un-American attitude. Typical American training starts with nursery school. Children go through motions with little purpose or meaning, solely for the pleasure of doing the same thing as everyone else. Group adjustment is important, and with a little effort all the children will be itsy-bitsy spiders together.

When the girls grow older, Barbie Doll sets inculcate the proper attitude toward adult life. Boys are given plastic machine guns and herded into Little League baseball or Pop Warner football. The goal for girls is obvious: a groupadjusted woman with the sincere charm of Miss America, the spontaneous enthusiasm of a cheerleader, and the inner security that comes from using a good deodorant. What we want our boys to become is not so clear, but they should be able to throw grenades, or drag bunt.

Won't the world be lovely 20 years from now? Barbie and Ken, throwing footballs into the sunset. If I have a choice, I'll pick the future you paint.

> Mrs. Carol Nelson Pacific Palisades, California

UNCOMMON ANARCHIST

PLAYBOY, according to Hefner, speaks for the "uncommon man" in this generation. The uncommon man is unhindered by conventions, and highly selective in his tastes. He surveys what the world has to offer him, takes inventory, and then carefully chooses what he thinks is conducive to his own happiness, trampling into the dust, meanwhile, the laws, emotions and responsibilities of the "common people" beneath him. In actuality, then, the uncommon man is an anarchist.

> Greig M. Olivier New York, New York

By formulating your own definition of the "uncommon man," you have persuaded yourself that you've proved your point. The objective fact is that a roster of the greatest benefactors of mankind would be composed exclusively of uncommon men. So would a list of the world's worst criminals and tyrants. The phrase "uncommon man," alone, has no implications of good or of evil. As used by Hefner in "Philosophy," however, it was clearly placed in opposition to the notion that there is something intrinsically good or worthy about the so-called "common man," a concept that has been exploited to breed suspicion of intellect, independence, individualism, and leadership toward a better and happier so-

VIGILANTES IN CALIFORNIA

Below is a copy of my letter to our local newspaper, *The Garden City* (California) *News*. Your experience with "decent literature" groups prompted our early reaction to a local vigilante committee.

My husband and I, as parents, commend the News for its thorough coverage of the organization called the Garden Grove Parents for Decent Literature group. As parents, we are deeply interested in what our children read at home and in school. However, we prefer to decide for ourselves what our children are exposed to at home. While it is possible that the opinions of this group may coincide with ours, we are reasonably certain that they will not coincide with everyone's.

Of particular interest to other readers of your news stories should be the series entitled *The Playboy Philosophy*, specifically as printed in the November 1963 PLAYBOY magazine. In this issue Publisher Hefner warns of Roman Catholic Decent Literature groups which have become doctrinal censors. While the Catholic origin of the Garden Grove group may not necessarily ally it with the national groups, we believe your readers should seriously and individually investigate its opinions.

Certainly, parents should be aware that some literature is unsuitable for children of all religious persuasions, and parents should know what their



"Please! I'll have to ask you not to fiddle with the buttons on my desk while I'm going over your form!"

children are reading. But, parents should not apply pressure on teachers to prevent the recommendation of certain books as outside reading. Not so long ago, the *News* reported such pressure in a neighboring school district involving the play *J. B.* Another danger in organized "decent literature" crusades is their support of current efforts of some Orange County residents and politicians to prohibit the teaching of evolution, as fact, in its public schools.

The Garden Grove group purports to be protecting the community's children. It intends to request removal of "offensive" material from stores. Are all Garden Grove residents children? How is this group qualified to decide what should be readable? Are they using the list of disapproved reading that is prepared by the National Organization for Decent Literature, referred to on page 55 of the November PLAYBOY?

The *News*, in the past, has editorially opposed censorship. We expect it to do so again.

Mrs. Dale A. Cowan Garden Grove, California

CENSORING CHAUCER

I learned about censorship early. In high school (New York City) I had chosen Chaucer's Canterbury Tales for a book report. I went to the school library and found the book. In leafing through it I discovered that several pages had been removed. I reported this vandalism to the librarian and she told me the school authorities had removed these pages because they were unsuitable for students to read. Of course, I got an uncensored copy and was surprised to find that the portion that had been removed was not, to my thinking, obscene. The only persons who could have been offended were Catholics.

I had read most of the books currently under fire before I was 16, and I am not a pervert. I have been married for nine years and have three children. I fervently believe, as a parent, that if a child is old enough to understand what the words mean, he is old enough to decide for himself whether or not he should read them.

You mentioned that my all-time favorite book has been banned by someone. I wonder if you would explain who found The Grapes of Wrath offensive, and why. And for heaven's sake, what's wrong with Mister Roberts?

Mrs. Barbara W. Charlier Browns Mills, New Jersey Seven months after the 1939 publication of "The Grapes of Wrath," three

copies of the book were ordered burned



"My lawyers will handle the fine print."

by the Saint Louis public library because of "vulgar words" spoken by the characters. After a protest by the National Council on Freedom from Censorship, the book was placed on a shelf "for adults only." It was also banned in Kansas City and in towns in Oklahoma—a state toward which the principal characters in the book had a few grievances. In California, the Associated Farmers of Kern County, whose policies had been implicitly attacked in the book, mapped a state-wide ban in schools and libraries.

The National Office for Decent Literature (NODL) black-listed the paperback version of "Mister Roberts" in 1955 for "vulgar language." In 1956, however, the NODL changed the status of "Mister Roberts" to that of borderline, and removed it from its black list.

The NODL black-lists a book if "it has been found objectionable for youth by the decency committee."

SOUP-BOWL SMUT

I have thoroughly enjoyed your comments about censorship. I recently came across a letter to the editor in our local newspaper which I thought you would find amusing, since it reduces the issue of censorship to its absurd extreme. The letter:

While much has been said about the filth in *Tropic of Cancer* and the *Dictionary of American Slang*, I am shocked and amazed that no one seems to have noticed the smutty nature of certain common foodstuffs. Yesterday, for example, I sat down to a steaming bowl of alphabet soup. As I began to eat, four tiny letters drifted together forming a word most foul! So upset was I that I stirred the soup vigorously. But once again the letters drifted together forming a word even more revolting than its predecessor. Alarmed and disgusted, I found that by moving the letters around with the tip of my spoon, I was able to piece together over 300 vile words and phrases and several of the more piquant passages from Tropic of Cancer.

Gentlemen: What would happen if those phrases and passages had appeared before the eyes of a small preschool child, or an innocent teenager? What calamities would they wreak upon such pure, unsullied psyches? I'm certain you are as alarmed about this situation as I am and will be glad to know that I'm founding an organization entitled: "The White Anglo-Saxon Protestant Committee for Abridged Alphabet Soup." Our aim will be to spark the enactment of laws prohibiting vowels in soup, thereby rendering impossible the chance of forming filthy words. Inspection boards will be installed at the soup canneries to guard against any Communist plot to mix those scarlet vowels in with our decent American consonants.

> Mary Hoover South Pasadena, California

CENSORSHIP IN SOUTH AFRICA

I am surprised that in the course of vour discussion of the dangers of the church-state relationship, you have not drawn upon the finest example of these dangers currently available. I refer to the Republic of South Africa, notorious for its government's avowed policy of "apartheid," a policy that is backed in full by the Dutch Reformed Church, which, being the church of the politically powerful Afrikaans-speaking group, is well-nigh the official religious organization of the country. Many of the crimes of apartheid can be directly ascribed to this church, whose members are taught that apartheid is a God-ordained way of life. For evidence of this, I would refer you to the enclosed letter from an Afrikaner Doctor of Divinity to an antiapartheid Johannesburg newspaper, the Star, portions of which you might care to reproduce. [For the letter, see below.]

APARTHEID IS RIGHT WAY OF LIFE. GOD CREATED WHITE AND DARK HUMANS

Our Creator created a white and a dark-skinned human of more or less similar shape and proportions but endowed the White with a much faster mental development and capacity than the dark-skinned, with the inevitable result that the White human has far outstripped his Black fellow human in practically every sphere of life.

Our Creator, however, to test the White's obedience to His will, commanded the White to be kind to the Black and help him to develop himself.

He did not specify how and also did not specify that the White should intimately associate with the Black to guide him in the right direction.

History has shown, and is showing us now, that familiarity with the immature breeds only contempt and resultant trouble: vide the United States today and the Netherlands of yesterday.

Dr. J. A. duToit Rooispruit, South Africa

Several of the Church's more prominent theologians, who came to the conclusion that "Love thy neighbor" was possibly a more correct interpretation of Biblical teachings, have recently been condemned on a charge of heresy. Even the Bible is not sacrosanct: in the Afri-130 kaans translation, the Song of Solomon's

"Thou art dark but comely" becomes "Even sunburnt art thou beautiful."

I feel that in your desire to produce all evidence for the dangers of the church-state relationship, you have lost many of your better points in a mound of verbiage. Perhaps I can make these dangers more apparent by reference to some of the laws introduced in but 15 years of church-sanctified government in South Africa.

One of the more recent developments is the introduction of censorship, in spite of vigorous opposition from many sides, A board of censors, made up of professors from Afrikaner universities for "Christian Higher Education," and piano teachers, gets together an impressive list of bannings, including: PLAYBOY, paintings of a black-skinned Christ, The L-Shaped Room, the novels of Stuart Cloete, and that classic horse story, Black

Personal freedom for both black and white is abridged to a marked degree. Detention for a series of 90-day periods with no hope of trial is almost automatic in the case of severe criticism of the state by a citizen, and lesser criticism is met by a "banning" order, whereby the critic is placed under house arrest and forbidden to communicate with anyone except for his daily needs. (Nobel Peace Prize winner Albert Luthuli is currently thus incarcerated.) For the black there are yet further restrictions - job, food, home and even family life are at the mercy of government decree. Moreover, the law is severely weighted against him - a white farmer has been known to be fined but \$150 for horsewhipping a black laborer to death, yet an African may be executed for taking part in a robbery. Much of this is justified by a form of anti-Communist propaganda that makes the ravings of McCarthy sound like the rantings of knee-jerk liberals. The Afrikaner church is but one outlet for this propaganda, for is it not well known that Godless communism is anti-Christian?

In the realm of sexual freedom, since any form of interracial relationship is banned, it is not surprising that interracial sex is forbidden to a degree unheard of elsewhere. Not only is it a crime against the state, but the offenders may expect every form of social ostracism - Alan Paton has given a magnificent description of this in Too Late the Phalarope - and naturally the Church's voice may be heard railing against the transgressors. (But not too loudly, since a few prominent ministers of the Church have been caught flagrante delicto.) Among whites, sexual freedom is granted grudgingly and, one suspects, only with a view to increasing the ratio of white to black, which at present is roughly four to one. All displays of the undressed body are suppressed. Even statues must

be clothed - one offending form, commissioned for the Department of Census and Statistics, was removed almost as soon as it was unveiled. Blue laws are also severe - a police cricket team playing on a Sunday was once arrested by their counterparts from a town 100 miles away. And at one of the Afrikaner Colleges for Christian Higher Education, the swimming pool is not open to both sexes at the same time, and a type of square dancing is the only form of physical contact permitted at official social functions. It is not surprising that at this same university, Darwinian evolution continues to be regarded as heresy, a student organization distributes propaganda to the effect that the earth is flat, Jews and Catholics are not admitted to the student body, nor non-Calvinists to the faculty. These faculty members are apparently intelligent, yet live in ignorance of the facts of 20th Century life, examples of which are many in the cosmopolitan and ultrasophisticated gold city of Johannesburg, which is but a few miles from the university.

I have purposely painted a grim picture of conditions in South Africa. On the other side is the fact that its people (black, white or brown) are healthier, wealthier and better educated than anywhere else in Africa. If the conditions I have described have come about in 15 short years, there is some hope that 15 more years may see reason prevail. There are many white South Africans, of which I am one, who remain implacably opposed to the present state of affairs, and who look forward to the day when all - black or white - may enjoy to the full the advantages of this land. However, we have to fight flourishing bigotry and hypocrisy, which is encouraged by the state and nurtured by the Church. I want to continue this fight, and if you should wish to publish this letter, I can only do so if you make identification of its author impossible, by omitting any reference to my name or whereabouts. I make this somewhat unusual request since I feel that there can be no more eloquent testimony to the dangers of this relationship between church and state, than that an individual should have to fear for livelihood and freedom on account of what he believes to be true.

(Name and address withheld by request)

[&]quot;The Playboy Forum" offers the opportunity for an extended dialog between readers and editors of this publication on subjects and issues raised in our continuing editorial series, "The Playboy Philosophy." Address all correspondence on either the "Philosophy" or the "Forum" to: The Playboy Forum, PLAYBOY, 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago, Illinois 60611.



"I don't like your attitude, Benedictus."



MARVIN KONER

JONATHAN MILLER jolly good showman GREAT BRITAIN'S entry in the uncommon market is versatile, ebullient, 29-year-old Jonathan Miller, a scalpel-witted neuropathologist, satirist, playwright and essayist and one of the outstanding comic mimes of our era. As co-star (and co-author) of the highly irreverent revue Beyond the Fringe, this union jack of all trades first besieged our shores 18 months ago and since then his Fringe benefits have included a television show (Trip to the Moon), a stint as TV and movie critic of The New Yorker, and an off-Broadway play. An equally acerbic observer of our manners and mores off stage or on, Miller's conversational repartee bristles with epigrammatic insights. Samples: On American women - "Here the biggest crime for a girl to commit is to be ugly." On TV-"The worst minds in the world go into television." On himself -"I am given to frivolous generalities." He is also given to soaking in the bathtub all day, stalking Manhattan all night and reading prodigiously. Next for restless author Miller: a novel, a book on pathology, a series of articles for PLAYBOY, and a return (with wife and two small tads) to England where people, he holds, actually see themselves as they really are -"as a gaggle of clowns."





WERNER WOLFF

JERRY YULSMAN

SEIJI OZAWA occident prone

WHEN A YOUTHFUL conductor ascended the podium at Chicago's Ravinia Music Festival last summer, his expectations were modest - he was only substituting for an ailing colleague. But, in a real-life enactment of the cliché about the artist who achieves stardom after a pinch-hit performance, Seiji Ozawa was invited to return as Musical Director and Resident Conductor for 1964. This distinction climaxed a long train of triumphs for the 28-year-old maestro. After completing his studies in Japan, he left for Europe and eventually guest-conducted some of the Continent's best orchestras. Under Leonard Bernstein's subsequent tutelage, Ozawa's work with the New York Philharmonic was unanimously acclaimed. So far, the only blemish on his brilliant career was received in Japan, when Tokyo's NHK Orchestra, resenting his youth and American training, refused to honor a contract to play for him in 1962. The concurrent brouhaha strengthened his position, for it earned him a commitment to tour Japan with a competing orchestra, thus reversing the maxim about prophets lacking honor in their own lands and underscoring Ozawa's world-wide future - which should indeed be filled with both honor and profit.

BILL COSBY subways are for laughing

A 25-YEAR-OLD NEGRO with the build of a fullback (which he was at Temple University) and a gentle disposition, Bill Cosby also possesses a wit inventive enough to have brought him in less than two years to the upper echelons of comicdom. Onstage, Cosby eschews the black ("There's room for only one Dick Gregory") and the blue, preferring instead to dwell at length on the wonders of karate ("After you've graduated from karate school there's no better feeling than walking around knowing you can wipe out your whole neighborhood"), the New York subway system ("I saw a three-act show from West 4th Street to 125th Street. This woman went around condemning everyone. She was so great, when she got off we gave her a standing ovation."), and greasykid-stuff commercials ("... Now let's compare combs. See. Yours is green, mine is orange. Now let's go out and get us some women . . ."). Today, with a successful LP, top TV appearances, several concerts, and a string of night-club triumphs (Basin Street East, Mister Kelly's, the hungry i) behind him, Cosby finds it difficult to avoid making \$1500 a week, which isn't bad for a young fellow who not too long ago was scuffling for \$60 a week as a barkeep-comic.

BIG-LEAGUE BRIDGE (continued from page 100)

but human, and the Americans were not pushovers.

When play was resumed at 5:30 the Americans sliced four points from the Italian lead. After dinner, America took the lead and ended the day 37 points ahead, giving the Blue Team the worst drubbing of its career.

Back in the press room the American journalists tried not to look smug as they hammered out stories for their newspapers. Then they sat around in the bar to hash over old times with members of the international bridge set.

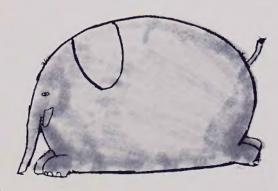
They harked back to 1950, the year of the first official world championship, when an American team led by Schenken won the title in a three-cornered contest against Great Britain and a mixed Sweden-Iceland team. They recalled 1951 when Schenken took much the same team over to Naples to win from an Italian team that included the youthful Forquet.

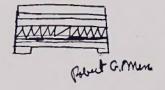
There had been no match in 1952, but

they spoke of 1953, when Sweden won the European championship and sent a team to New York to take an ineffectual crack at Schenken and his playmates. Then 1954, a vintage year, when the U. S. sent three Californians and three Midwesterners to Monte Carlo to show the world that America could win without Schenken and Co. They won the championship and much attention in the French press for their Hawaiian shirts and their casual custom of wearing brown shoes and green Argyle socks with dinner jackets.

The U. S. had won four years in a row, and many American bridge players thought that the best European teams should be invited to play in the American national championships to settle the world title. It was clear that any of a dozen good American teams could beat Europe's best, and it was a waste of good money to send six players to Europe to beat a bunch of second-raters,

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Those were the days, and the memories linger on the tongues of the journalists.

They did not linger on the bad days that followed. In 1955 Great Britain sent a team over to lift the Bermuda Bowl from the United States' apparently secure grasp. The next year the U.S. sent a team to Paris but failed to get the Bowl back. In 1957 the Blue Team made its first appearance in world championship competition; they have won ever since, except for 1960.

In recent years European experts sometimes suggested that the U.S. send its best team to play in the European championship to compete for the world title along with Iceland, Spain, Lebanon, and the like. The shoe felt horribly different, now that it was on the wrong foot.

Nobody was tactless enough to renew this suggestion at the Billia bar that night. Instead they wondered whether Schenken would have the honor of taking the Bermuda Bowl back to America after its long stay abroad.

They enjoyed that night in the bar. Eight years is a long time to wait for a chance to howl.

The schedule now called for a threeday wait before the United States could resume the match against Italy. The match with France came next - or, more accurately, the match against Pierre Ghestem and Réné Bacherich, the slowest bridge partnership in the world. The individual record for slow play is held by a Toronto expert (he once took three minutes by the clock to put his last card down on the table), but Ghestem and Bacherich have no rivals as a pair. In the 1954 world championship Ghestem took so long to consider a bid that young William Rosen, his American opponent, keeled over in a faint and had to be revived by the tournament director.

It would be unfair to suppose that Ghestem and Bacherich use their Fabian tactics for the sole purpose of wearing out their opponents. They need more than the normal amount of time to choose the best bid because they play the most complicated bidding system thus far presented to public view.

In the Ghestem system a bid seldom has its accepted meaning. Usually a player makes a "relay" bid, revealing nothing about his own hand but asking his partner to supply more information. Sometimes a player makes a "transfer" bid, demanding that his partner bid a suit as yet unnamed. Where ordinary bidding is a conversation in a language that everybody at the table (including the opponents) is expected to understand, bidding in the Ghestem system is a series of messages in code.

Ghestem and Bacherich would take minutes to choose each bid, looking several moves ahead, like chess players. It was not strange in the case of Ghestem, a burly fruit wholesaler who was once world champion at *dames*, a form of checkers widely played on the Continent. Bacherich, a diminutive textile merchant, has no reputation at chess or checkers but doubtless has some equally good reason for his inability to get past a given point.

Their American opponents would sometimes ask the meaning of a bid in the middle of the auction, but would usually wait until the end of the bidding to find out what each bid meant, using an interpreter provided for just this purpose. (All bids and plays are made in English at an international tournament, but the few words needed for this purpose are the only English words that Ghestem and Bacherich know. The American players knew no French.)

What with one thing and another, the first set of 16 hands consumed the full three-and-a-half hours allowed by the tournament regulations. (In American national championships, players are allowed about one-and-a-half hours, and those who consistently take more time are disqualified.) The second session began an hour behind schedule and dragged on for another three-and-a-half hours. The final session of the day began at 11 P.M. and ran until almost 3:30 A.M.

Penalties for slow play had not been

set up, but the tournament director, Dr. Ing. Silvio Carini Mazzacara, addressed an outraged note to players and team captains, warning them not to repeat the offense. Thereafter Ghestem and Bacherich kept carefully within the three-and-a-half-hour limit.

It is interesting to note that Baron Robert de Nexon, captain of the French team, put Ghestem and Bacherich in against the United States for the first eight of the nine sessions played by the two teams, relenting only on the last session of the last day when it was obvious that nothing could affect the final standings. He played Ghestem and Bacherich in only five of the nine sessions against Italy and only four times against Argentina.

Slowpokery got the French nowhere at Saint Vincent. The United States won the first two sessions and tied in the marathon session that night, ending the day with a lead of 132 to 76.

So far, so good. The U.S. had played one full day against each of the teams, reaching the one-third mark. It was well ahead in each of the three matches, and it looked as though America had at last picked three pairs that could bring home the bacon.

Schenken's partner was Peter Leventritt, with whom he had played in the 1961 world championship at Buenos Aires, taking the customary second place

to Italy. They had been partners through a dozen or more American national tournaments, in many of which they had played Schenken's new bidding system.

Robert Jordan and Arthur Robinson were the work horses of the team. Both young (Robinson celebrated his 27th birthday the day before the tournament began), they had the stamina and patience to play world-championship bridge for ten hours a day if necessary. Both played well and steadily, and Jordan was often brilliant.

G. Robert Nail and James O. Jacoby were the partnership least favored by the American captain, John Gerber. They had been playing with great success in American tournaments for more than a year, but Gerber thought that young Jacoby (son of Oswald Jacoby, leading American tournament player) needed more seasoning. This estimate was to result in the most dramatic incident of the tournament a few days later.

The second set of three days produced no change in the standings. The U.S. pulled away from the Argentines, leading by 347 to 177 at the two-thirds mark, then dropped half of its lead against Italy, but still led them 216 to 196. The Americans crawled through three more sessions against France to lead 249 to 196.



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It was on the second day of the match against the United States that Forquet gambled on a grand slam for which he had only an even chance. It boiled down to finding the king of spades in one opponent's hand rather than in the other's. Leventritt held the king, and Forquet made his grand slam. If Schenken had held the king. Forquet would have gone down and the U.S. would have won the world championship (as it turned out) by six points.

It reminded the harassed Americans of a hand on the first day, when Forquet had bid another grand slam, this time with the odds slightly in his favor. Luck had been with him then, too. The world championship would have gone the other way if either grand slam had failed.

The Italians reached another grand slam on the second day of their match with the United States, largely because Giorgio Belladonna cannot bring himself to pass if any bid is conceivable. Perroux once remarked ruefully: "Some teams have trouble with a prima donna. We have Belladonna."

This time Belladonna's optimistic opening bid influenced his partner, Camillo Pabis Ticci to bid a grand slam. It was a sound contract, and luck did not seem to be a factor. Still, if anybody but Belladonna had been dealt those very same cards . . .

When the United States began its last day against Argentina. Gerber broke up the partnerships, pairing Schenken with Nail and Leventritt with Jacoby, ostensibly to let the players relax in a match they couldn't lose. Actually, the American captain had another project in mind: If conditions seemed to warrant it. he could play Nail with Schenken against Italy in the crucial match scheduled for the next day.

By this time the scores made it clear that the world championship could be won only by Italy or the United States. The winner of their match was sure to win the title, and with 48 hands to be played, the U.S. had a lead of 20 points.

The first of the three final sessions against Italy brought to mind the story of the crapshooter who ran a two-dollar bet up to a million dollars and then lost it all on the next roll of the dice. "How did you make out?" a friend asked.

"Nothing much happened," the gambler replied. "I lost two dollars."

America gained only one point in that set of hands, but quite a bit happened. The hands shown in the Bridge-O-Rama room told only part of the story. Much of the drama took place behind locked

The two teams seesawed for the first 13 hands. On the next, hand 110. Chiaradia decided against bidding a slam with Forquet. As it turned out, the slam was there for the taking. Forquet silently lit a cigarette and hurled the match savagely against the opposite wall. Chiaradia kept his eyes carefully away from his partner.

When Forquet began to play in international tournaments in his mid-20s, Chiaradia was Italy's greatest player. When Forquet became the great star of the Blue Team he avoided playing with the older man. Now Forquet plays by choice with Garozzo, a 36-year-old Naples businessman.

Of the tension behind locked doors the audience in the Bridge-O-Rama room knew nothing. They maintained a tense silence when Italy missed the slam, but roared with delight on the next hand, the turning point of the match. The announcer had told them the result in the first room: Jordan and Robinson had gone down one trick at six hearts. The audience cheered when Forquet and Chiaradia stopped at a comfortable contract of four hearts. The word buzzed round the audience: Italy would pick up ten international match points by staying out of trouble on this hand.

But the bidding wasn't over. Leventritt doubled the "unbeatable" contract of four hearts. "Redouble," Forquet barked. The cheering was loud enough to start an avalanche on the slopes of the Matterhorn, 16 miles away.

Gerber strode out of the hall and beckoned to Sam Kehela, a young Canadian expert who was serving as team coach. "Get hold of Nail," Gerber snapped. "He's going in with Schenken for the next session.

The decision brought to mind the switch Gerber had made in the 1962 world championship when he had put Nail in with Mathe in a desperate attempt to stop an Italian victory. Then also he had broken up two partnerships, but the situations were not exactly alike. Nail had no bidding problems with Mathe, whose bidding methods are very natural; it was asking a lot of him to use Schenken's new system with so little practice with it. In 1962 the Americans were behind when the switch was made: this time they were leading, with only 32 hands left to be played.

Gerber thought that Leventritt had made a bad double and that perhaps he was cracking under the strain. Gerber was right about the strain, but wrong about who was cracking.

Chiaradia, five times a world champion, was trembling with excitement and nervousness. He had dropped his cards several times, he had bid out of turn once, and was upset over missing the slam on the previous hand. Leventritt doubled not because he was sure he could beat four hearts, but because he was sure he could beat Chiaradia.

Her Sleepshirt

His Sleepshirt

Name.

Address

Leventritt was right. Chiaradia, shaking violently, adopted a strained line of play, miscounted the hand at the tenth trick, and found a way to go down.

It was a deplorable performance and may well mark the end of Chiaradia's great career as a member of the Blue Team. The day after the tournament ended, Perroux paid tribute to "dear old Chiaradia, who has done so much for us all," at the banquet that was supposed to bind up all wounds; but Chiaradia was significantly absent from the feast.

If Leventritt had passed, the U.S. would have lost ten points on this crucial hand. His double, and Chiaradia's lapse, turned the loss into a four-point gain. This brilliance earned Leventritt only a rest on the bench for the second session of the day.

The switch was disastrous. The Blue Team scored 44 to the Americans' 5, taking an 18-point lead. Time was running out, for only 16 hands remained to be played.

It was clear that Gerber cared nothing for the factor of partnership. The Europeans, successful in world championships since 1955, make up their best teams of pairs who have played hundreds of sessions together. Gerber, a tough-minded man who has won several national championships in the United States and knows the game thoroughly, may not mind the fact that few experts would agree with him.

With the horses well away, Gerber locked the stable door for the final session, putting Leventritt back in with Schenken. Italy won the session by one point, ending the match with a final score of 313 to 294 international match points. The margin of 19 points in a match of 144 hands was a clear victory for Italy, since even one point would have been enough, but experts agreed that it was barely more than a tie.

As play began in the last hand, and it became clear that Italy could not lose the match no matter how the hand turned out, Perroux assembled his ragazzi outside the locked playing room to greet Forquet and Garozzo when they emerged. There were embraces, tears, exclamations, and flashes of light from a photographer. Forquet brushed the embraces aside impatiently. It was the sixth time for him: what was all the excitement about? The result of the match had not been announced, but Jacoby and Nail, watching silently from the open doorway, did not need to be told what the excitement was about.

Perroux and his squadra italiana gathered at the head of the stairs and walked slowly down the wide marble staircase to the lobby. It was past one in the morning, but almost all of the spectators had stayed. They stood silently at the foot of the stairs until the Italian team appeared; then they applauded with hands held high in the air as their champions made the slow descent. It was a very moving, if slightly theatrical, scene.

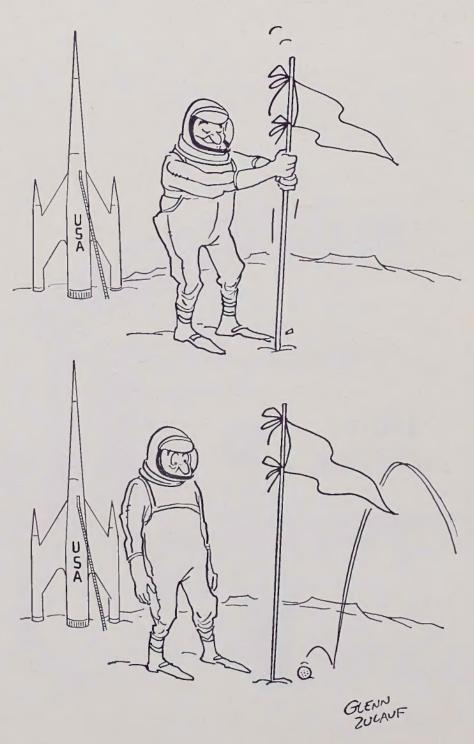
Ernst Heldring, secretary of the European Bridge League, commented on the sportsmanship of the Americans. "They were full of praise for the Italian players," he said. "What graceful losers they are!"

It remained for the Italians to show

how gracefully they can win. After the cups had been presented to the winners at the banquet on the final Monday night, Perroux called Gerber to the dais and presented his precious cup to "the greatest captain of the greatest team that Italy has ever met." One by one, each Italian player called to an American player and presented his cup with a smile and a handshake.

Forquet found a few significant words as he gave his cup to Schenken. "If I had played against four Schenkens." he said quietly, "I could not have won."





PAPA AND THE PLAYWRIGHT

(continued from page 97)

model of courtesy on his own (or with Miss Mary), but an intolerant boss when surrounded by an entourage of sycophants - unlike the fighting bull, which is dangerous only when isolated from the herd. His voice was a whispering baritone. As I listened to it in Havana, I recalled a phrase from our first Madrid encounter. Describing an Atlantic crossing on the same ship as a notoriously queer English actor, Hemingway had said: "Whenever he walked into the dining room, I raised my glass and smashed it on the table, as every gentleman does in the presence of homosexuals." I had never made up my mind whether he was joking; and if so, how seriously.

Having made a lunch date for the following day, I drove back to central Havana. That evening, I dropped in at the Hotel Nacional for a drink. Leaning against the bar, plumply perched on a stool, his hair darkly coiled with sweat and his bland, fat-cat face smiling out into nowhere, was Tennessee Williams.

I flinched; because a few days earlier I had given his latest play, Sweet Bird of Youth, an extremely damaging review that included references to dust bowls and sterility. But Tennessee's scars heal swiftly (in public, at least; God knows what private sores continue to suppurate within), and he sauntered over to join me. "Ken baby," he said, emitting the thick, bemused snicker by which he hopes to convince you that he is a simpleton; in fact he is as sharp as a tack. He said he was awaiting the arrival of "a banana millionairess from Key West"; meanwhile, could we meet for lunch tomorrow? I explained that I had a date with Hemingway. Tennessee said he had never met Mr. Hemingway, and tentatively wondered whether he might make a third. I said I was sure that Hemingway wouldn't mind. "But won't he kick me?" said Tennessee, stricken with unease. "They tell me that Mr. Hemingway usually kicks people like me in the crotch." To silence his qualms, I telephoned Hemingway, who said he would be delighted to meet Mr. Williams. We were to forgather at noon the next day, the chosen arena being the Floridita restaurant, Hemingway's favorite eating place.

This was not the first time I had inflicted a brief encounter on Tennessee. Only a year before, at a Mayfair club, I had mischievously introduced him to the renowned ex-madam, Polly Adler. Their conversation had been conducted on parallel lines that never met; Tennessee wanted to talk about brothels, and Miss Adler about literature. She was taking a course in classical poetry at a California college, and urgently solicited Tennessee's views on the passages in Virgil where "Dido shacks up with Aeneas." Scant contact was made.

I was the first to arrive at the Floridita. The air conditioning was so brutal that it blew out my cigarette lighter. Hemingway breasted his way in a few minutes later, wearing a baseball cap, a white T-shirt and tropical trousers: the day was fiercely hot. He ordered a double frozen daiquiri, locally known as a "Papa-doble," hugged a few waiters and signed a few autographs. A dramatic bronze bust of him stood in a niche beside the bar: "We cover it," he said, "during Lent." A trio of Negro musicians saluted him with a song called Soy Como Soy - "I am as I am" - about a Lesbian who cannot, however hard she tries, change her appetites to suit Papa's. They next sang a lament for the death of Antonio Maceo, the mulatto general who was killed in Cuba's struggle against Spain. The lyrics were written in Spanish by Hemingway, who embraced the singers and proudly informed me: "I'm an honorary Negro."

Twelve-fifteen, and still no Tennessee. I listened to Hemingway's comments on some of his contemporaries. On Scott Fitzgerald: "He was soft. He dissolved at the least touch of alcohol." On a popular Southern novelist: "'He's a whiskey writer. He can't write without a quart of rye at his elbow. He's a slave to saucedom." He then made for the men's room, and minutes passed. At twelve-thirty I pursued him and coaxed him out; he had been sparring in the john with an ancient Negro attendant.

Meanwhile, Tennessee had arrived, looking chipper though slightly glazed. He was wearing a yachting jacket with silver buttons, as if to persuade Hemingway that although he might be a decadent, he was at least an *outdoor* decadent. He rather spoiled the effect by flourishing a lengthy cigarette holder. Eleven years separated the contenders: Hemingway aged in at 59, and Williams at 48. I made the introduction, hands





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women, too. Country Club is light on carbonation, as you can tell by its short head, so it sits light. Drinks light, too. Only eight ounces to the can. Makes a smooth and welcome change of pace from its cousins on the one side and the hard stuff on the other. Just one thing, though, Lady. Did you crush the can yourself?

No kidding? One hand or two? G'wan!



"The one holding yours - that's my baby!"

were duly shaken, and I ordered more drinks. Silence fell. Hemingway gazed at the bar, Tennessee beamed at the ceiling, Suddenly: "What I've always admired about your work, Mr. Hemingway," said Tennessee bravely, "is that you care about honor among men. And there is no quest more desperate than that."

Hemingway swiveled his leonine head. "What kind of men, Mr. Williams," he said, "did you have in mind?" Tennessee started to shrug, but Hemingway continued: "People who have honor never talk about it. They know it, and they confer immortality on each other." That seemed to take care of that.

By now the bar was filling up, and so were we. I was beginning to feel slightly drunk, and Tennessee's fixed smile and half-closed eyes did not bode too well. He murmured to me that fear of Hemingway's boot had moved him to start tanking up on martinis at ten A.M. The drink that drives out fear had clearly done its work, for within a few moments he was once again making the running. "I was in Spain last year for the bullfights," he said. "I go every year. I get so disturbed I have to leave after the third bull." Hemingway sipped and grunted. "Last summer I met one of the matadors on the beach," Tennessee went on, "a lovely boy, very friendly, very accessible. Named Ordóñez - Antonio Ordóñez." I realized that Tennessee was walking blindfolded into a mine field. Ordóñez was not only the greatest bullfighter in Spain, but one of Hemingway's closest friends: indeed, in the summer that lay ahead, Hemingway seldom left his side, missing none of his corridas and later extolling his art in Life magazine. Pedro Romero in The Sun Also Rises was modeled on Ordóñez' father. Ignorant of these things, or perhaps forgetful, Tennessee continued: "He was utterly charming to me, a most enchanting boy. He even showed me his cogidas."

"He showed you his what, Mr. Williams?" said Hemingway, furrowing his brow and feigning incomprehension.

"His cogidas," Tennessee rattled on, "his horn wounds. The scars on his thighs. Of course he was wearing a bathing suit."

"Do you think he would talk to us and show us his *cogidas?*" said Hemingway, all deadpan innocence.

"Oh, I'm certain he would," Tennessee assured him. "As 1 say, he's a most accessible boy."

At this point a tiresome Commonwealth journalist intervened; and never was bore more welcome. He breezily asked whether I would like to attend an execution that night at Morro Castle across the bay, where one of Batista's bullies was due to be shot. I declined the invitation, explaining that I hated capital punishment and that the idea of death as a spectacle for outsiders disgusted me. Tennessee disagreed: In my place, he said, he would have accepted, since it was a writer's duty to expose himself to any human experience, however loathsome. The bore promptly offered to take him along, and they arranged to meet after dinner. (The plan miscarried: The execution, an open-air event, was postponed because of bad weather.) I asked Hemingway whether he thought I was right to reject the invitation. He nodded. "There are some refusals," he said enigmatically, "that are still permitted us." He added, however, that he thoroughly approved of Castro. "This is a good revolution," he said, "an honest revolution."

One-fifteen, and still no food; merely a chilling cascade of melting daiquiris. Tennessee, playing it as unsafe as ever, mentioned William Faulkner. "When I met him," he said, "his eyes haunted me. Those terrible, distraught eyes. They moved me to tears."

Hemingway was not noticeably affected. "The trouble with Mr. Faulkner," he said, "is that he can't rematar"— a Spanish taurine verb meaning to round off a sequence of passes with the cape—"He can give you eighty-nine naturales, but he doesn't know how to end the series." As often, Hemingway not only closed the subject but sat on the lid.

More drinks (we were all still standing, though swaying), and Tennessee plunged in again. "I used to know your second wife, Mr. Hemingway," he said. "I believe her name was Pauline. I knew her in Key West when I was young. She was very kind to me when I was poor—a lovely lady, a most hospitable lady. I often wondered what happened to her. They tell me she died. Did she die in great pain?"

Hemingway, who was profoundly attached to his second wife, replied with a stoical sentence that deliberately verged on self-parody: he often used this technique as a mask to avoid direct emotional commitment. "She died like everybody else," he said, leaning portentously across the bar, "and after that she was dead."

Solid food was obviously out of the question. I went to the lavatory and found, when I returned, that the meeting of minds for which I had hoped had taken place in my absence. The two writers were brow to brow, urgently debating the relative importance of the kidneys and the liver. "You can survive on one kidney," Hemingway was arguing, "but if your liver gives out, you're through." They were even exchanging the names and addresses of their doctors.

I disrupted their communion by announcing that I had a date at two P.M. with Castro, and would have to leave at once. To my slight alarm, Tennessee insisted on accompanying me. He and Hemingway shook hands warmly, linked at last by medicine and mortality.

Just on time, Tennessee and I passed through the gates of the Presidential Palace. Instead of frisking us, the sentry drew our attention to a collection of butterflies owned by one of his colleagues. We admired it, and were escorted to a leather couch outside Castro's anteroom. Here we spent two-and-a-half hours, while soldiers, pregnant women, and men in ice-cream-colored suits strolled in and out of the leader's presence. Tennessee, growing restive, focused his gaze on a teenage boy in olive-green battle dress who was standing guard at the door. "Have you noticed," he mused, "how everybody touches that boy before they go in? Do you suppose it's for luck? I wonder would he like some American cigarettes . . ."

Before I could answer his questions, someone identified Tennessee as the famous Yankee playwright, and we were whisked through the anteroom into Castro's sanctum, where a vital cabinet meeting was in session. Castro was on the eve of paying his first visit to the United States since coming to power. Because of Tennessee, the meeting was suspended; the affairs of the nation ground to a halt while the president paid tribute to the artist in transit. The members of the cabinet, most of them under 30, rose from their seats around an oval, mahogany table, and Castro strode over to greet us. In clumsy but clearhearted English, he told Tennessee how much he had admired his plays, above all the one about the cat that was upon the burning roof. He hoped that Mr. Williams would come to live in Cuba, and write about the revolution. He said he was also grateful to Mr. Hemingway: "We took For Whom the Bell Tolls to the hills with us, and it taught us about guerrilla warfare." Tennessee smiled noncommittally, and asked me out of the corner of his mouth whether I thought the boy with a mustache on his left would be willing to run across the square and bring him a hot tamale. I replied that I doubted it, because the boy in question was the minister of education.

We took our leave shortly afterward. Tennessee has never met Castro since; and he never saw Hemingway again. I offer this account of two accidental meetings simply because they happened. Artistically, nothing came of them; but they may contribute, to future historians of American literature, a few bizarre and frivolous footnotes.



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CHARLES BOYD

(continued from page 70)

before it, they said nothing anymore. they did not move him, there was no emotion, even the colors were drab and flat. But, of course, nothing was what it seemed in his life anymore, and he told himself, furiously stretching a new canvas, his hands shaking, that his recent work was very probably the best he had ever done, the best, the very best, by God! But he believed he remembered having Harry Kinsolving in the studio and showing him six or seven canvases and it seemed to him that Harry had said, "Nothing you do is uninteresting, Charles, and these are not uninteresting. You are not at a peak, perhaps, just now, this happens to everyone . . .

"Greta," he said, "I was trying to remember: When was Harry Kinsolving here, what day?"

"Last week, Charlie," she said. 'Wednesday? Yes, it was Wednesday, I remember now."

He thought airplane windows were always square, but this one was round. Also these engines had no propellers. A three-quarter moon was catching the sun's rays from the other side of the world, spilling them on a white cloud cover, and he could see clearly. There were two engines on the one wing, that was reasonable, but there were no propellers. He was frightened but he fought back. There was an explanation for this phenomenon, he was sure, he knew perfectly well there was, and he knew that he knew it, if only he could think of it. He closed his eyes and tried. As soon as he had shut out the wing and the engines, the moon and the clouds. a waterwall of imperative curiosities began to batter at him, so he looked again and it came to him: jets. He could even remember where the jet had originated: an Englishman had invented it. Frank Whittle of the Royal Air Force. He was pleased. He turned to the man in the seat next to him, of half a mind to tell him what he had just remembered. This was a very big man; he was looking at Charles Boyd and smiling.

"You feel OK, Mr. Boyd?" he said. "Fine, thank you," Boyd said.

"Good," the giant said. "I'm glad to hear it. Another thirty minutes we'll be at Kennedy International. We change planes there."

"We do?" Boyd said.

"Sure," the man said. "Another cigarette, Mr. Boyd?" He did not offer the package, he took one out of it, and as Charles Boyd tried to reach he found he couldn't move his arms. He looked down. His wrists seemed to be fastened







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to his belt. The man held the cigarette in front of his lips. Boyd was shaking.

"Here, take the cigarette, Mr. Boyd," the man said. "Don't let anything get you down, now. Take the cigarette. Take the cigarette. It'll make you feel good. You'll be calm, you'll relax, you'll feel good, Mr. Boyd." A lighter materialized in his hand, flamed. Another face came over the back of his seat. It spoke in a roaring whisper: "You OK, Mr. Boyd? You want me to wake up your wife? I'd rather not. She's only been asleep a little while."

Charles Boyd shook his head. He smoked. The man beside him was careful not to let the ash grow too long.

They came into Kennedy International out of the darkness. They moved stiffly down one ramp, up another, into a terminal building, into an elevator. The silent, sectioned doors opened into a hushed room, green and warm, puddled here and there with yellow light. There would be a little while to wait, Greta said. It was a room for important people. There was whiskey and ice and a silver pitcher of water.

They gave him a drink, not much of a drink. He dropped it down his throat. "Let's go outside," he said to Greta. "It's terrible in here. Stuffy."

One of the big men opened a door.

It showed a closet. He opened another and went through it, and another and they were on a long balcony. The air was cold and wet. A pink-red glow in the clouds, a long way off, marked New York. Green, purple, blue, white, yellow lights flickered on the flat black field around them. Far below, a gaggle of people waddled toward a Viscount.

Charles Boyd wore a topcoat capelike over his shoulders. Greta had buttoned one button of it, and his hands were hidden. She walked ahead of him, the two men beside him. He had to look up a little to see into their faces. They looked vaguely alike, as some brothers look alike, but there was nothing to remember in either face. They did not touch him, or even walk tight beside him. The four of them walked gravely on the balcony, a sad and pointless little procession, on a long oval course, east along the rail, west along the wall, then east, then west . . . Just as they came to the turning away from the rail, just before Greta, leading, turned, Charles Boyd stopped, drove hard backward against both feet. Now he was behind the two men, he turned, threw the upper half of his body forward like a sprinter toward the low rail. If his arms had been free, so that he could have swung them, he might have gained the 18 or

20 inches of ground he needed to get clean away, but his arms were not free, and the men caught him; one by each elbow, they lifted him like a child and turned him and set him down. And even then, they didn't hold him.

"That was a good try, Mr. Boyd," one of them said. "That dropping behind like that, that's not a move just anybody could think of. That was a good move. But you shouldn't have tried it. Suppose you made it, Mr. Boyd? In front of your wife? And what about us? Something like that happens, we lose our jobs, you know. You're not the kind of man, Mr. Boyd, who does a thing like that to people who are only trying to help you. Are you, now, Mr. Boyd?"

I will not quit, I am not quitting, he told himself later, the balcony, the green room, the elevator all behind him, I am not quitting. He stared out of the window, down on the dark farm fields and vineyards of the Finger Lakes country. I am not quitting, but I have got to have some time to think, I need to rest.

"Tell me," he said to the man who was, hideously, beginning to appear his only friend, "tell me, how long this time?"



"Hour and a half, Mr. Boyd," the man said. "Maybe hour, forty-five minutes, but that's at the most."

"I wish I could go to sleep," Charles Boyd said.

"You can, Mr. Boyd, you certainly can," the man said. He turned to the seat behind. "Get a glass of water, Joe?" he said. He unfolded a slip of tissue paper, held it like a little dish. Charles Boyd could see a white tablet in it. "This is a nothing pill, Mr. Boyd," he said, "it's not strong at all, but you're very tired, and the doctor said this would just do it. OK. So if you'll open your mouth." Careful not to touch it, he spilled the tablet into Boyd's mouth, and held the plastic cup of water to his

"Thank you," Boyd said.

"That's OK, Mr. Boyd," the man said. . . .

After he had forgotten the airplane, the man, and even Greta, Charles Boyd could remember that plastic glass and the water in it because he so often wanted water. If he had more water, he would say to himself, he would have more spit and if he had more spit he could, perhaps, paint better. The walls were covered with a heavy fabric and it was possible, by spitting on it, and working with one's tongue, to paint. But it had to be done in a great hurry because even in a small painting the spit would dry at one end before he could finish the other.

Time moved around and past him like an endless loop of yarn. He supposed he was happy when he began to notice the difference between night and day, but on the other hand the endless string was a nice thing, too. It was most pleasant, really, but it receded as other images came forward. He found he had crayons and then pastels and then oils. He worked busily. Greta appeared now and again, and went away, and came back. One day she told him that she had been able, with difficulty, to arrange for them to be alone for a little while, that they could be lovers again. He told her, in a kindly way, that he would rather paint. He came to know various people, doctors, nurses, attendants, waiters, and so on. He kept a calendar in his room and on odd nights he would make a game of seeing how far back he could remember. He once remembered straight back 27 days. He thought it remarkable. He had never been able to remember 27 days straight back at any other time in his life. When they took him home he felt no great joy. He wasn't frightened of going, which was joy enough. A doctor whose name he knew perfectly well but did not choose to recall bade 144 him formally goodbye.

"I wish you would stay with us another three months, Mr. Boyd," he said. "I think you should, but I am alone in this, and so I bid you goodbye, and good luck."

"Thank you," Charles Boyd said.

He could remember his studio and everything in it and he went straight to work. It was all new, all different. He used canvases perhaps two feet by three; he painted in blues, blacks, grays. Now and again, rarely, a microscopic spot of red would appear, but he touched no other color. He saw few people. He had been away, he found, for more than two years, and he felt he had all this time to make up. He worked fast and when he had 20 pieces the Deindorfers gave him a small show. It was a thorough success, not a sensation, but a solid, satisfying

He went to the opening, he and Greta stayed in town overnight and he stayed in the gallery the next day, listening to people talk. He had always found that a great pleasure, although now that his face was so well known he heard fewer interesting things.

He took only those two days from his work. He began another series of paintings. They went very well, and he was surprised to find himself sitting on the floor, his hands slippery and greasy with paint, torn strips of canvas all around him, broken bits of frame mixed with them. He could not remember how many paintings he had had, but he could estimate, from the debris in which he squatted, that he had destroyed seven or eight pieces. At any rate, there was nothing left in the studio. It was quite dark. He turned on a droplight and as the brightness hit his hand, still touching the button, he saw that the knuckles were badly skinned. He held his hand to the light and looked carefully. It was not, he knew perfectly well, the kind of abrasion one could get by breaking up picture frames. He knew. He had hit enough people in his time to know. He looked out the window toward the house. It was lighted. He supposed it was his house and that Greta still lived there with him.

He looked for the whiskey. There wasn't any. He supposed they had taken it. He didn't care much. He stopped in the middle of the floor, his head back, staring at the ceiling, and he felt a new idea, the barest thread of a thought, tickling the back of his brain, just off to one side. It had to do with up, he kept on staring upward, then, slowly, he moved to the wall and climbed slowly up the narrow stairs to the balcony. It was only a shelf of wood six or eight feet deep, heavily braced so that it could bear the weight of the odd cupboards and shelves he had piled on it through the years. He went from one to the next, pulling out drawers and opening creaking doors. Sure enough, he found it, flat on the floor in a corner of an old bureau, hidden under a stack of tracing paper. He felt a little red glow of joy, like a fallen child lifted up and set upon its feet again. But the instant he touched the thing, hope fled from him; it was light, it was empty, a black, molded, buckled Luger holster that couldn't possibly have a pistol in it. He opened it anyway. The takedown tool was there, and, in its separate slot on the side, the extra magazine, empty. His eye ran off the holster to his hand, and the scratch, and it came to him suddenly that a gun would be a bad idea anyway. For, supposing he had, an hour past, hit Greta, and he surely had, wouldn't it be easy, and logical, for some cop to try to hang it on her? A note? He could write a note. An obscenity, and anyway notes got lost. His head lifted again, and then he saw the trap in the high ceiling. He found the cotton rope that let down the ladder. The hatch rose easily and he went out on the roof. It sloped, but not sharply, to the rear of the studio, but at the front, over the inner balcony, a flat strip lay. He went to it. I ought to think, he told himself. I ought to be calm. But he had no time to think. At any instant he might find himself spitting on the wall again, he might be running for the balcony rail, doomed never to reach it in all his life; an idea began to spin itself around that notion, like cotton candy around a cardboard cone, and he had to work hard to put it down, he almost lost everything there. No. No thinking. He didn't need to think. It was, after all, only a matter of diving, of diving carefully and accurately so as not to miss the walk. It would be important not to miss the walk, but it would be easy to hit it, it was three feet wide. In the narrowing light, under the dusk that was drifting across the world, the concrete strip of the walk gleamed wetly. It looked like water, looked as a canal might look seen from 5000 feet, and as he stared it did break and waver on its surface, the mica in the mix glittering as water will in moonlight. He curled his toes over the edge of the roof and looked down at himself. Something was wrong. He stepped back. Even strong as he was, he thought, he would be bothered, swimming, dressed so heavily. He stripped. He stacked his clothing neatly. Again he looked down. He knew peace. He heard bird song, a June sun lay lightly on him, the woods were in green bud for miles and miles and on the other side of the pool a tall girl waved and shouted something. He gave a great spring off the roof and up, hung, turned and flew, headfirst, into the welcoming water.



"My goodness, how he's grown!"

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

(continued from page 64)

ever consider doing another play?

LEMMON: Certainly, if the right one came along. There's a satisfying sense of continuity in performing a play before a live audience. You build your story, the tension mounts, you're communicating with people beyond the lights. You really feel the part, you're living it. And then there's the applause that feeds your ego and makes you feel you've played your part well because the audience believes in you. In Hollywood, it's completely different. I love making films, but often the story is stretched out for five or six months and it's hard to produce a sustained effort and have the feeling of continuity. You shoot scenes out of context. You're surrounded by all kinds of technicians, lights, cameras, sound booms and hangers-on. They blow fog in your face and shout instructions - where to stand, how to speak, You're in the middle of it all and you're told to make like a lover, to be passionate, to wring the pathos, to kill 'em in the big comic scene. If you can't ignore all those people around you, you can't give a convincing performance. In between scenes you pose for publicity pictures; there's an interview with a columnist or a fan-magazine writer; the make-up man comes in for a checkup, the costumes come in - these things interfere with your developing a feeling for your role, the emotion you want to project. All of which is related to a big gripe I have against Hollywood. The trouble with pictures for the last 20 years is that most film executives pay only 10 percent attention to acting; 90 percent of the energy goes everywhere except to art. It goes to all the gimmicks, to package deals, publicity, advertising and exploitation. But it's what happens up on that little screen that makes or breaks an actor or a film.

PLAYBOY: Another little screen – television – is an area you've been griped with even more, isn't it?

LEMMON: I'm not as violent about it as I was about a year ago. I feel much more hopeful about it now - because it's impossible for it to get any worse. Television can only get better. It's like saying to a young writer: "Resign yourself to total failure and work up from there." Television is the nadir as far as I'm concerned. I must admit I have an ax to grind. I feel a peculiar and personal affection toward TV because I grew up in it. I learned a hell of a lot in live television. Live TV with dramatic shows was simply wonderful. I always felt that TV was great in the old days when everybody was saying it was lousy. Now that the big wheels think it's great, I feel that it revels in mediocrity.

PLAYBOY: Why do you think this is true? LEMMON: Because the medium is based on one basic premise: They're not selling the show, they're selling the product; whereas a picture or a stage play must sell itself. It doesn't take a genius to realize that the lowest common denominator is going to sell the most soap and reach the most people. You try to please as many people as possible. Nothing creative in the history of the world that has really been artistically worthwhile has ever pleased a lot of people. Now that's a pretty broad and didactic statement and undoubtedly not completely true, but I'm exaggerating a little to make this point. Certainly if you are deliberately trying to please the most people possible, you will not do the best. The show will not be as good as you know it might be. You will deliberately make sure you won't possibly offend with this, be careful of that, be sure you have organ music at the end of it, the housewife might like it and buy more. In other words, they're bastardizing the entire dramaturgic process. A writer provides the short-notice script, they shoot a half hour's worth of film minus five minutes' worth of commercials in two and a half to three days. Or five days for an hour. What are you going to get? Top level? Hardly, on any craft basis. All the way through, with the editing, the shooting, the camerawork, the direction, they've got no time for anything.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that pay TV might be the cure for television's ills? LEMMON: It might, but I don't fully understand the ramifications of pay TV. In a naïve way I envision hopefully that you could make damn good movies, without stinting, and it would be a boon



"All I can feel is rain."



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to the industry because you could turn out a high-budget movie, do it well, and recoup your money in a matter of months. People could see a first-run, topgrade film at home. You could be turning them out like in the old days. It could be an enormous new market, which we certainly need, because the present market is dwindling.

PLAYBOY: You have been approached with proposals for dozens of TV specials and weekly series. Have any of them reawakened your interest in the medium?

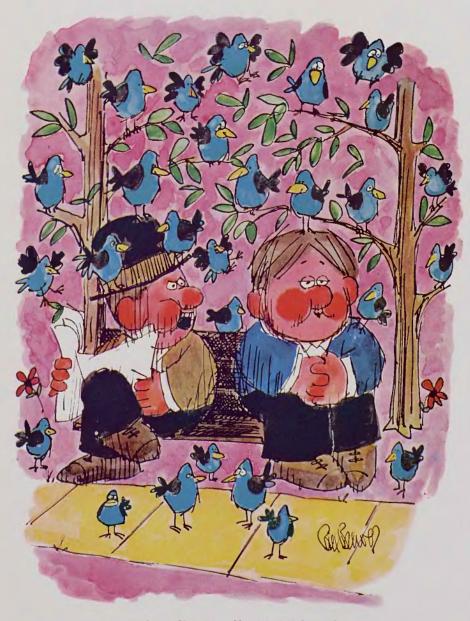
LEMMON: I'm just not interested at all. I haven't done a television show since Playhouse 90 went off. And I don't want to. I wouldn't ever dream of being on television weekly or monthly or whatever as long as my motion-picture career is going well. Maybe two years from now

someone's going to say, "I remember Jack Lemmon. Whatever happened to him?" And I'll go around knocking on doors begging for a series. But at the moment it would be suicide. You just cannot do both. If you're fortunate enough to be doing well in films, you'll kill yourself if you're being seen every week. If they see you every week, they're not going to go out to the theaters. Nobody has been able to do it. Lucy Ball may have been the hottest thing on the tube, but when she made a couple of pictures not long ago, they just laid there. She was in direct competition with herself. By the same token, the fact that I may be giving a hell of a performance down the street is not going to budge people loose from the tube - especially if they can see me there, too, Anyway, good acting just isn't that important to the guy sitting at home at the end of a day when he's tired. That's unfortunately one of the reasons for television's wallowing in mediocrity. People will turn the stinking knob on anyway. And if it's lousy they'll just flip the channel.

PLAYBOY: You won't do any television, and you appear, at the most, in two pictures a year. Don't you get restless between films?

LEMMON: Despite the fact that I feel frustrated at times by inactivity, I have to be careful. The worst thing I could do would be to act purely for the sake of acting by doing something I knew I could play. What I learn out of doing only one or two movies a year, when I am lucky enough to work with a good script or a good director, is worth all the waiting around. Serious American actors, and I consider myself one, envy British actors for one thing only: Under their system it is perfectly acceptable for anybody of stature to play whatever he bloody well wants to play, whether it's a week off in old John's-Clyde-on-the-Thames or a minor part in a film he happens to like. The American star system vigorously frowns on that. The rules were broken by Monty Clift and Judy Garland in Judgment at Nuremberg, but you must admit when it happened there was quite a hullabaloo about it. The fact that they were doing small parts was quite unheard of. You're not allowed to do it by contract; you're supposedly demoting your stature. That's a lot of baloney.

PLAYBOY: Don't you feel that the success of Clift and Garland may presage a decline in the power of the star system? LEMMON: Perhaps. I'd certainly welcome it. We've already seen a decline in the mystique of the star system - but this I don't welcome at all. I think the old diehards may have something when they mourn the passing of the golden era in films, when the star was the Olympian antithesis of the guy next door, almost a mythological figure, unattainable and unapproachable. It's all gone, especially for actors like me. I've played most characters who are identifiable to the average guy. I'm considered on the same level with Sam in the office rather than as the kind of celebrity whose presence makes people keep their distance and whisper, "Gee, that's Georgie Fafoofnik." So the average guy, someone I've never met before, feels he can talk to me. Walking along Santa Monica Boulevard, it doesn't surprise me a bit for people to come up to me and say, "Hey, Ensign Pulver, I'll never forget how you blew up the laundry room in Mister Roberts with soap all over the place." Or: "How's your tennis racket



"Say, listen fella. Let's knock off the birdcalls."

there, baby?" If you recall, I strained spaghetti with a tennis racket in The Apartment. And for a long time, even in Europe, I got the apartment-key bit: "Hey, Jack, you got the key?" - to the point where it began to get on my nerves. But there is one impossibly good thing that's happened to the star system in recent years: Having stars is no longer any guarantee that a picture will be a financial success. The film itself must make it on its own merits, no matter who is in it, with possibly one or two exceptions. There is no question that certain stars draw people. But usually if they're drawing people to a film that isn't particularly good, it's because the last picture they made was successful. This happened to me several years ago. After Some Like It Hot and The Apartment, I had a long-standing commitment to do a property called The Wackiest Ship in the Army. The picture was nowhere near the caliber of the other two, but the doggoned thing grossed well over \$6,000,000. It cost maybe \$1,300,000, and this is a tidy little profit. The reason it made money was because I had been in Some Like It Hot and The Apartment, and people were going to see me. But I don't think I could do a couple of those in a row and expect to get six- or sevenmillion-dollar grosses.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of picture profits,

your own income for 1963, as filmdom's top box-office star, was estimated at close to a million dollars. What do you do with it?

LEMMON: Well, first of all, the mortgage on the house is so staggering that the Bank of America is shaking. And when I get through with expenses, taxes and 15 percent between lawyers and agents, plus public relations, and my son, my wife and my mother, I don't save much out of what I get. Now I've made a lot of money, God knows, and I've formed a company in the hope that if I continue to be successful in some of my ventures, maybe ten years from now there will be a little annuity accumulated. But from the time I really started making money until not too long ago, I was single, which makes a vast difference. The tax bracket, even at a modest income, can get way up in the 80s, and at a little over \$100,000 a year you're close to 90 percent. It's always seemed to me there should be some kind of spread payment for people involved in risk professions, such as ballplayers and actors. Their professional tenure can be awfully short, even though they're highly paid. Five years from now, despite the fact that I will probably still be physically able to work, and may be just as good an actor, I may not be in public favor. Or I may have flipped or something, and my

income will suddenly drop radically. And I'll have nothing to show for the years when I was making it. But in the meantime, I'm not going to kill myself trying to salt it away. It amazes me to think of the number of people who spend their life - exhaust their one life - just to leave money behind them. That strange pride of those who break their own and other people's necks to get it and pile it up, and that strange esteem in which we hold them for doing it, is idiotic and insane to me. I cannot understand that kind of goal. I'm not dismissing the importance of money, but it becomes omnipotent to some people. If there's no self-satisfaction in your work, I don't care how much money you've got, you're not successful. When I graduated from Harvard, many of my classmates didn't know what they wanted to do with their lives. All they knew was how much money they wanted to make every year, what kind of house and locale they wanted to live in, what kind of car they wanted to own. Their main drives were status and security, but they had no specific goal. To me common sense and a developed objective - in my case, to be a good actor, and to continue to grow these are more important than financial success. That's what I'd like to give my kid. A guy can have five million dollars and then commit suicide, and the press



and the public will consider him a successful man who just died. I don't consider that guy successful. With all his money and prestige, he killed himself because he never really made it with himself. That's no success story to me. PLAYBOY: If the rewards of professional self-fulfillment are really more important to you than financial success, don't you regret having signed a long-term contract that commits you to do such films as The Wackiest Ship in the Army, which was hardly a hit with the critics? LEMMON: Absolutely, because there's a lack of freedom. I must say, however, that with few exceptions, I haven't done a picture I didn't want to do.

PLAYBOY: What were the exceptions?

LEMMON: One was Bell, Book and Candle, which I hated. Hated myself in it. It was a strawberry ice-cream cone, a bunch of baloney. There was another called Three for the Show, the second picture I ever did. Didn't like it either.

PLAYBOY: Don't you feel there may be a danger of stagnancy, if not of losing money, if you continue to accept such stock roles?

LEMMON: Certainly. But there can even be some value in doing bad scripts. I learned a great deal in a scene-study class in New York once. We worked on

counterpoint, use of obstacles, playing against scenes - all to combat bad material, to make it dramatically exciting. It was very interesting, because it kept you from falling into bad habits. It made you investigate, kept you trying for a higher degree of dramatic conflict in a scene. An obstacle can be anything. It is whatever legitimately can be imposed to frustrate the character. It can come in the writing, and the direction, too, not only in the acting. Wilder did it beautifully in The Apartment. He had a scene where I come to the office and I have to make four or five phone calls trying to juggle dates around to tell these guys they can't come up to my apartment that night because I want to use it. After Wilder shot the scene as written, he told me, "You got a cold." All of a sudden, with all of the fast chatter I'm doing on the phone, the character is further frustrated. The cold makes it all the more difficult for him to complete the task he has to do. It becomes funnier; and the minute you frustrate a character, you gain empathy from an audience. Always. There's a simple reason why. I've never known anybody who hasn't known frustration himself, who doesn't understand and identify with frustration.

PLAYBOY: Yourself included?

LEMMON: You're damn right. In the late Forties I worked at the Old Knick Music Hall, a converted movie house on the East Side of Manhattan. It was enormous, hardly ever filled. I think the reason they got customers in at all was because after one drink if they got up to go to the biffy, they came walking back down that steeply slanted movie aisle and thought they were having a hell of a time. We did old-time melodramas, ran silent films with commentary, presented songs and dances. And there was one thing I did that worked very well: the pitchman, the "Hey, say, step right up, we got the raciest pictures you ever saw" routine. I was younger then, probably had more nerve. I'd wing the whole spiel and end up with the spicy-photo bit: "You light the match and put it behind the pictures, fifty girls, beautiful girls, see them undulating." Then there was this one evening I played to an audience of two. A guy and a girl. That's all in the whole place. I did the whole 15-minute pitch for them and I went off and they didn't applaud. Zero. That was it. I've laid many an egg in my time, but to reconcile myself to this one took a lot of soul-searching. I guess I've gotten over it, though.

PLAYBOY: Is that the worst frustration you can remember?

LEMMON: By no means. A few years earlier, I had just enrolled at Harvard in the Navy's V-12 program. This was in the middle of the winter of 1944, and each morning we had to get up at six, put on shorts and sneakers and run outdoors, across a bridge and along the Charles River at a hell of a clip. We ran this course twice around. My second day at Harvard, I got the brilliant idea that I could eliminate half of this ridiculous exercise by lagging behind the pack, nipping into a clump of bushes and slipping back into line with the other runners the second time around. So the next morning, I loped over the bridge behind the others, ducked into the bushes and waited, chortling to myself, for the clods to reappear on their second lap. They never came. On this particular morning, of course, for the first and only time, they were called in after one lap on account of the sub-zero weather, and I was locked outside in my shorts, T-shirt and sneakers. So I spent the first weekend of my college career in the clink with a heavy cold. Few Harvardmen can make that statement.

PLAYBOY: Did you learn any lesson from this experience?

LEMMON: I certainly did: Stay out of the Navy. Or failing that: Never goldbrick outdoors, at least not in the winter, and never without a blanket and flask stashed in the bushes.





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YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE

(continued from page 112)

from Fukuoka. In public I am prepared to hiss and bow with the best of them. But, by God, when we're alone, the password is Freddie Uncle Charlie Katie or I'll be putting my head under a pile-driver before you get me onto the first tee. Is that agreed?"

Lacquer boxes of rice, raw quails' eggs in sauce and bowls of sliced seaweed were placed in front of them both. Then they were each given a fine oval dish bearing a large lobster whose head and tail had been left as a dainty ornament to the sliced pink flesh in the center. Bond set to with his chopsticks. He was surprised to find that the flesh was raw. He was even more surprised when the head of his lobster began moving off his dish and, with questing antennae and scrabbling feet, tottered off across the table. "Good God, Tiger!" Bond said, aghast, "The damn thing's alive!"

Tiger hissed impatiently, "Really, Bondo-san. I am much disappointed in you. You fail test after test. I sincerely hope you will show improvement during the rest of our journey. Now eat up and stop being squeamish. This is a very great Japanese delicacy."

James Bond bowed ironically, "Shimatta!" he said, "I have made a mistake. It crossed my mind that honorable Japanese lobster might not like being eaten alive. Thank you for correcting the unworthy thought."

"You will soon become accustomed to the Japanese way of life," said Tiger graciously.

"It's their way of death that's got me a little bit puzzled," said Bond amiably, and he handed his glass to the kneeling waitress for more sake to give him strength to try the seaweed.

They arrived at Beppu on the southern island of Kyushu as the sun was setting. Tiger said that this was just the time to see the famous geysers and fumaroles of the little spa. In any case, there would be no time in the morning, as they would have to start early for Fukuoka, their final destination. Bond shivered slightly at the name. The moment was rapidly approaching when the sake and sight-seeing would have to stop.

Above the town of Beppu, they visited in turn the ten spectacular "hells" as they are officially designated. The stink of sulphur was disgusting, and each bubbling, burping nest of volcanic fumaroles was more horrific than the last. The steaming mud and belching geysers were of different colors—red, blue and orange—and everywhere there were warning notices and skulls and crossbones to keep visitors at a safe distance. The tenth "hell" announced in English and Japanese that there would be an eruption punctually every 20 minutes. They

joined a small group of spectators under the arc lights that pinpointed a small quiescent crater in a rocky area bespattered with mud. Sure enough, in five minutes, there came a rumbling from underground and a jet of steaming gray mud shot 20 feet up into the air and splashed down inside the enclosure. As Bond was turning away, he noticed a large red painted wheel, heavily padlocked and surrounded by wire netting in a small separate enclosure. There were warning notices above it and a particularly menacing skull and crossbones. Bond asked Tiger what it was.

"It says that this wheel controls the pulse of the geyser. It says that if this wheel were screwed down it could result in the destruction of the entire establishment. It gives the explosive force of the volcano, if the exhaust valve of the geyser were to be closed, as the equivalent of a thousand pounds of TNT. It is, of course, all a bit of nonsense to attract the tourists. But now, back to the town, Bondo-san! Since it is our last day together," he added hastily, "on this particular voyage. I have arranged a special treat. I ordered it by radio from the ship. A fugu feast!"

"What new monstrosity is this?" Bond asked.

"Fugu is the Japanese blowfish. In the water, it looks like a brown owl, but when captured it blows itself up into a ball covered with wounding spines. We sometimes dry the skins and put candles inside and use them as lanterns. But the flesh is particularly delicious. It is the staple food of the *sumo* wrestlers because it is supposed to be very strength-giving. The fish is also very popular with suicides and murderers because its liver and sex glands contain a poison which brings death instantaneously."

"That's just what I would have chosen for dinner. How thoughtful of you, Tiger."

"Have no fear, Bondo-san, Because of the dangerous properties of the fish, every fugu restaurant has to be manned by experts and be registered with the state."

They left their bags at a Japanese inn where Tiger had reserved rooms, enjoyed the o-furo, honorable bath, together in the blue-tiled miniature swimming pool whose water was very hot and smelled of sulphur, and then, totally relaxed, went off down the street leading to the sea.

(Bond had become enamored of the civilized, vaguely Roman, bathing habits of the Japanese. Was it because of these, because they washed *outside* the bath instead of wallowing in their own effluvia, that they all smelled so clean? Tiger said bluntly that, at the very best, Westerners smelled of sweet pork.)

The restaurant had a giant blowfish hanging as a sign above the door, and

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"Two, four, six, eight . . . "

inside, to Bond's relief, there were Western-style chairs and tables at which a smattering of people were eating with the intense concentration of the Japanese. They were expected and their table had been prepared. Bond said, "Now then, Tiger, I'm not going to commit honorable suicide without at least five bottles of sake inside me." The flasks were brought, all five of them. to the accompaniment of much tittering by the waitresses. Bond downed the lot, tumbler by tumbler, and expressed himself satisfied. "Now you can bring on this blasted blowfish," he said belligerently, "and if it kills me it will be doing a good turn to our friend the doctor in his castle."

A very beautiful white porcelain dish as big as a bicycle wheel was brought forward with much ceremony. On it were arranged, in the pattern of a huge flower, petal upon petal of a very thin'y sliced and rather transparent white fish. Bond followed Tiger's example and set to with his chopsticks. He was proud of the fact that he had reached Black Belt standard with these instruments—the ability to eat an underdone fried egg with them.

The fish tasted of nothing, not even of fish. But it was very pleasant on the palate and Bond was effusive in his compliments because Tiger, smacking his lips over each morsel, obviously expected it of him. There followed various side dishes containing other parts of the fish, and more sake, but this time containing raw fugu fins.

Bond sat back and lit a cigarette. He said. "Well, Tiger. This is nearly the end of my education. Tomorrow you say I am to leave the nest. How many marks out of a hundred?"

Tiger looked at him quizzically. "You have done well, Bondo-san. Apart from your inclination to make Western jokes about Eastern customs. Fortunately I am a man of infinite patience, and I must admit that your company has given me much pleasure and a certain amount of amusement. I will award you seventy-five marks out of a possible hundred."

As they rose to go, a man brushed past Bond to get to the exit. He was a stocky man with a white *masho* over his mouth and he wore an ugly leather hat. The man on the train!

Well, well! thought Bond. If he shows up on the last lap to Fukuoka. I'll get him. If not, I'll reluctantly put it down to "Funny Coincidence Department." But it looks like naught out of a hundred to Tiger for powers of observation.

At six in the morning, a car from the prefect of police in Fukuoka came for them. There were two police corporals in the front seat. They went off northward on the coast road at a good pace. After a while, Bond said, "Tiger, we're

being followed. I don't care what you say. The man who stole my wallet was in the fugu restaurant last night, and he's now a mile behind on a motorcycle—or I'll cat my hat. Be a good chap and tell the driver to dodge up a side road and then go after him and get him. I've got a sharp nose for these things and I ask you to do what I say."

Tiger grunted. He looked back and then issued rapid instructions to the driver. The driver said, "Hai!" briskly, and the corporal at his side unbuttoned the holster of his M-14 automatic. Tiger flexed his powerful fingers.

They came to a track on the left which went into the scrub. The driver did a good racing change and pulled in out of sight of the road. He cut his engine. They listened. The roar of a motorcycle approached and receded. The driver reversed sharply onto the road and tore off in pursuit. Tiger issued more sharp instructions. He said to Bond, "I have told him to try warning the man with his siren and if he doesn't stop to ride him into the ditch."

"Well, I'm glad you're giving him a chance," said Bond, beginning to have qualms. "I may be wrong and he may only be a Fuller-brush man in a hurry."

They were doing 80 along the winding road. They soon came up with the man's dust and then there was the machine itself. The man was hunched over the handlebars, going like hell.

The driver said something. Tiger translated, "He says it's a 500-cc. Honda. On that, he could easily get away from us. But even Japanese crooks are men of discipline. He will prefer to obey the siren."

The siren wailed and then screamed. The white mask gleamed as the man glanced over his shoulder. He braked slowly to a stop. His right hand went inside his jacket. Bond had his hand on the door latch. He said. "Watch out, Tiger, he's got a gun!" and, as they pulled up alongside, he hurled himself out of the door and crashed into the man, knocking him and his machine to the ground. The corporal beside the driver took a flying leap and the two bodies rolled into the ditch. Almost immediately the corporal got to his feet. He had a blood-stained knife in his hand. He threw it aside and tore at the man's coat and shirt. He looked up and shook his head. Tiger shouted something and the corporal began slapping the man's face as hard as he could from side to side. The masko was knocked off and Bond recognized the snarling rictus of death. He said, sickened, "Stop him, Tiger! The man's dead."

Tiger walked down into the ditch. He picked up the man's knife and bent down and slit the right sleeve of the corpse up to the shoulder. He looked



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"And what seems to be bothering you?"



"Well, doctor, you see, I have this man under my feet . . ."

and then called Bond down. He pointed to a black ideogram tattooed in the crook of the man's arm. He said, "You were right, Bondo-san. He is a Black Dragon." He stood up and, his face contorted, spat out: "Shimatta!"

The two policemen were standing by looking politely baffled. Tiger gave them orders. They searched the man's clothing and extracted various commonplace objects including Bond's wallet, with the 5000 yen still intact, and a cheap diary. They handed everything to Tiger and then hauled the corpse out of the ditch and stuffed it roughly into the boot of the car. Then they hid the motorcycle in some bushes and everyone dusted themselves and got back into the car.

After a few moments, Tiger said thoughtfully, "It is incredible! These people must have a permanent tail on me in Tokyo." He riffled through the diary. "Yes, all my movements for the past week and all the stopping places on our journey. You are simply described as a gaijin. But he could have telephoned a description. This is indeed an unfortunate business, Bondo-san. I apologize most deeply. You may already be incriminated. I will naturally absolve you from your mission. It is entirely my fault for being careless. I have not been taking these people seriously enough. I must talk with Tokyo as soon as we get to Fukuoka. But at least you have seen an example of the measures Doctor Shatterhand takes for his protection. There is certainly more to this man than meets the eye. At some time in his life he must have been an experienced intelligence agent. To have discovered my identity, for instance, which is a state secret. To have recognized me as his chief enemy. To have taken the appropriate countermeasures to ensure his privacy. This is either a great madman or a great criminal. You agree, Bondosan?"

"Looks mighty like it. I'm really getting quite keen to have a sight of the fellow. And don't worry about the mission. This was probably just the jolt I needed to get the wind under my tail."

The headquarters of the local department of the Sosaka, the CID, for the southern island of Kyushu, was just off the main street of Fukuoka. It was a stern-looking building in yellow lavatory brick in a style derived from the German. Tiger confirmed that it had been the headquarters of the Kempeitai, the Japanese Gestapo, before and during the war. Tiger was received with pomp. The office of the chief of the CID was small and cluttered. Superintendent Ando himself looked to Bond like any other Japanese salary man, but he had a military bearing and the eyes behind the rimless spectacles were quick and hard. Bond sat patiently smoking while much conversation went on. A blown-up aerial mosaic

of the Castle of Death and the surrounding country was produced from a filing cabinet and laid out on the desk. Superintendent Ando weighed down the corners with ashtravs and other hardware and Tiger called him over with a respect, Bond noticed, that was not lost on the Superintendent. It crossed Bond's mind that he had heaped much on on Tiger. or alternatively that Tiger had lost much face vis-à-vis Bond by the business of the Black Dragon agent. Tiger said, "Please to examine this photograph, Bondo-san. The Superintendent says that a clandestine approach from the landward side is now very difficult. The suicides pay local peasants to lead them through these marshlands," he pointed. "and there are recognized breaches in the walls surrounding the property which are constantly changed and kept open for the suicides. Every time the Superintendent posts a guard at one of them, another is made known to the peasants by the castle guards. He says he is at his wits' end. Twenty bodies have been fetched to the mortuary in the past week. The Superintendent wishes to hand in his resignation."

"Naturally," said Bond. "And then perhaps honorable fugu poisoning. Let's have a look."

At first glance, Bond's heart quailed. He might just as well try and storm

Windsor Castle singlehanded! The estate covered the whole expanse of a small promontory that jutted out into the sea from a rocky coast, and the 200-foot cliff round the promontory had been revetted with giant stone blocks down to the breaking waves to form an unbroken wall that sloped slightly up to gun ports and the irregularly sited, tiled watchtowers. From the top of this wall there appeared to be a ten-foot drop into the park, heavily treed and shrubbed between winding streams and a broad lake with a small island in its center. Steam appeared to be rising from the lake and there were occasional wisps of it among the shrubbery. At the back of the property stood the castle, protected from the low-lying countryside by a comparatively modest wall. It would be over this wall that the suicides gained access. The castle itself was a giant four-storied affair in the Japanese tradition, with swooping, winged roofs of glazed tile. Dolphinshaped finials decorated the topmost story, and there was a profusion of other decorative devices, small balconies, isolated turrets and gazebos so that the whole black-painted edifice, edged here and there with what Tiger said was gold paint, gave the impression of a brilliant attempt to make a stage setting for Dracula, Bond picked up a large magnifying glass and ran over the whole property

inch by inch, but there was nothing more to be gleaned except the presence of an occasional diminutive figure at work in the park or raking the gravel round the castle.

Bond laid down the glass. He said gloomily, "That's not a castle! That's a fortress! How am I supposed to get into the bloody place?"

"The Superintendent asks if you are a good swimmer. I have had a complete outfit sent down from my ninjutsu establishment. The seaward wall would present no problems."

"I can swim well enough, but how do I get to the base of the wall? Where do I start from?"

The Superintendent says there is an Ama island called Kuro only half a mile out to sea.'

"What's an Ama island?"

"They exist at different places round Japan. I believe there are some fifty such settlements. The Ama are a tribe whose girls dive for the awabi shells that is our local abalone. A clam. It is a great delicacy. They sometimes dive for pearl oysters. They dive naked. Some of them are very beautiful. But they keep themselves very much to themselves and visitors to their islands are completely discouraged. They have their own primitive culture and customs. I suppose you could compare them to sea gypsies. They



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rarely marry outside the tribe, and it is that which has made them a race apart."

"Sounds intriguing, but how am I going to make a base on this Kuro Island? I may have to wait days for the weather to be right."

Tiger spoke rapidly to the Superintendent and there was a lengthy reply. "Ah, so desu ka!" said Tiger with interest and enthusiasm. He turned to Bond. "It seems that the Superintendent is distantly related to a family on Kuro. It is a most interesting family. There is a father and a mother and one daughter. She is called Kissy Suzuki. I have heard of her. When she was seventeen, she became famous in Japan by being chosen to go to Hollywood to make a film. They wanted a Japanese diving girl of great beauty and someone had heard of her. She made the film, but hated Hollywood and longed only to return to her Ama life. She could have made a fortune, but she retired to this obscure island. There was a great to-do in the press at the time, and it was judged that she had behaved most honorably. They christened her 'The Japanese Garbo.' But Kissy will now be twenty-three and everyone has forgotten about her. The Superintendent says that he could arrange for you to stay with this family. They seem to have some obligation toward him. He says it is a simple house, but comfortable because of the money this girl earned in Hollywood. The other houses on the island are nothing but fishermen's shacks."

"But won't the rest of the community resent me being there?"

"No. The people of the island belong to the Shinto religion. The Superintendent will speak to the Shinto priest and everything will be OK."

"All right, so I stay on this island and then one night I swim across to the wall. How do I get up it?"

"You will have the ninja outfit. It is here. You will use it. It is very simple."

"Then what do I do?"

"You hide up in the grounds and wait for an opportunity to kill him. How you do that is up to you. As I told you, he goes about in armor. A man in armor is very vulnerable. You only have to knock him off his feet. Then you will throttle him with the ninja chain you will be wearing round your waist. If his wife is with him, you will throttle her, too. She is certainly involved in all this business. and anyway she is too ugly to live. Then you escape over the wall and swim back to Kuro. There you will be picked up by the police launch which will visit the place at once. The news of the death will quickly get round.'

Bond said doubtfully, "Well, it all sounds very simple. But what about these guards? The place is crawling with

"You must just keep out of their way. As you can see, the park is full of hiding places."

"Thanks very much. In one of those poison bushes or up one of those trees. I don't want to blind myself or go mad."

"The ninja clothing will give you complete protection. You will have a black suit for night and a camouflage one for the day. You will wear the swimming goggles to protect your eyes. All this equipment you will tow over in a plastic bag which will be provided." "My dear Tiger, you've thought of everything. But I'd much rather have

just one little gun."

"That would be crazy, Bondo-san. You

know perfectly well that silence will be essential. And with a silencer, which would be very heavy to swim with, the speed of the bullet would be so much reduced that you might not pierce the armor. No. my friend. Use ninjutsu. It is the only way."

"Oh, all right," said Bond resignedly. "Now let's have a look at a photograph of this chap. Has the Superintendent

It had been taken from a long way away with a telephoto lens. It showed a giant figure in full medieval chain armor with the jagged, winged helmet of ancient Japanese warriors. Bond studied the photograph carefully, noting the vulnerable spots at neck and joints. A metal shield protected the man's groin. A widebladed samurai sword hung from his waist, but there was no sign of any other weapon. Bond said thoughtfully. "He doesn't look as daft as he ought to. Probably because of the Dracula setting. Have you got one of his face? Perhaps he looks a bit madder in the raw.'

The Superintendent went to the bottom of his file and extracted what looked like a blown-up copy of Doctor Guntram Shatterhand's passport photograph and handed it over.

Bond took it nonchalantly. Then his whole body stiffened. He said to himself, God Almighty! God Almighty! Yes. There was no doubt, no doubt at all! He had grown a drooping black mustache. He had had the syphilitic nose repaired. There was a gold-capped tooth among the upper frontals, but there could be no doubt. Bond looked up. He said, "Have you got one of the woman?"

Startled by the look of controlled venom on Bond's face, and by the pallor that showed through the walnut dye, the Superintendent bowed energetically and scrabbled through his file.

Yes, there she was, the bitch-the flat, ugly wardress face, the dull eyes, the scraped back bun of hair.

Bond held the pictures, not looking at them, thinking. Ernst Stavro Blofeld. Irma Bunt. So this was where they had come to hide! And the long, strong gut of fate had lassoed him to them! They of all people! He of all people! A taxi ride down the coast in this remote corner of Japan. Could they smell him coming? Had the dead spy got hold of his name and told them? Unlikely. The power and prestige of Tiger would have protected



"And I'm telling you there's no one in here - now go eat your porridge!"



Playboy Club News



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him. Privacy, discretion, are the heartbeat of Japanese inns. But would they know that an enemy was on his way? That fate had arranged this appointment in Samara? Bond looked up from the pictures. He was in cold control of himself. This was now a private matter. It had nothing to do with Tiger or Japan. It had nothing to do with MAGIC 44. It was an ancient feud. He said casually, "Tiger, could the Superintendent inquire what his detectives have made of that Black Dragon agent? And of his belongings? I am particularly interested to know whether he may have telephoned or telegraphed my description or my purpose in coming down here."

There was a long and electric silence in the room. Tiger examined Bond's face with piercing interest before he passed the inquiry on to the Superintendent. The Superintendent picked up the receiver of an old-fashioned telephone on a double hook. He spoke into it, then, a Japanese habit, blew sharply into the mouthpiece to clear the line, and spoke again at length. He said, "Ah, so desu ka!" many times. Then he put down the receiver. When he had finished talking, Tiger turned to Bond, Again with the same piercing appraisal of Bond's face, he said, "The man came from these parts, He has a police record. Fortunately, he was poorly educated and is known as nothing more than a stupid thug. On the first page of the diary he wrote down his assignment, which was only to follow me to my destination and then report to his master. It seems unlikely that he was provided with funds for expensive communications. But what is it, Bondo-san? Is it that you know these people?"

James Bond laughed. It was a laugh that grated. Even to Bond, it sounded harsh and false in the small room. He had immediately made up his mind to keep his knowledge to himself. To reveal the true identity of Doctor Shatterhand would be to put the whole case back into official channels. The Japanese Secret Service and the CIA would swarm down to Fukuoka. Blofeld and Irma Bunt would be arrested. James Bond's personal prey would be snatched from him. There would be no revenge! Bond said, "Good Lord, no! But I am something of a physiognomist. When I saw this man's face, it was as if someone had walked over my grave. I have a feeling that, whether I succeed or not, the outcome of this mission is going to be decisive for one or the other of us. It will not be a drawn game. But now I have a number of further questions with which I must worry you and the Superintendent. They are small matters of detail, but I want to get everything right before I start."

Tiger looked relieved. The raw ani-160 malism in Bond's face had been so different from the stoical, ironical face of the Bondo-san for whom he had come to have so much affection. He gave his great golden smile and said, "But of course, my friend. And I am pleased with your worries and with the trouble you are taking to make sure of everything in advance. You will forgive me if I quote you one last Japanese proverb. It says, 'A reasonable number of fleas is good for a dog. Otherwise the dog forgets he is a dog."

"Good old Bashō!" said Bond.

James Bond went through the rest of the morning like an automaton. While he tried on his ninja equipment and watched each item being carefully packed into a floatable plastic container, his mind was totally occupied with the image of his enemy - this man Blofeld. the great gangster who had founded SPECTRE, the Special Executive for Counter-Intelligence, Terrorism, Revenge and Extortion, the man who was wanted by the police of all the NATO countries, the man who had murdered Tracy, Bond's wife for less than a day, a bare nine months ago. And, in those nine months, this evil genius had invented a new method of collecting death, as Tiger had put it. This cover as the Swiss Doctor Shatterhand, as a rich botanist, must have been one of the many he had wisely built up over the years. It would have been easy. A few gifts of rare plants to famous botanical gardens, the financing of a handful of expeditions, and all the while in the back of his mind the plan one day to retire and "cultiver son jardin." And what a garden! A garden that would be like a deadly flytrap for human beings, a killing bottle for those who wanted to die. And of course Japan, with the highest suicide statistics in the world, a country with an unquenchable thirst for the bizarre, the cruel and the terrible, would provide the perfect last refuge for him. Blofeld must have gone off his head, but with a monstrous, calculating madness - the madness of the genius he undoubtedly was. And the whole demoniac concept was on Blofeld's usual grand scale - the scale of a Caligula, of a Nero, of a Hitler, of any other great enemy of mankind. The speed of execution was breath-taking, the expenditure fabulous, the planning, down to the use of the Black Dragon Society, meticulous, and the cover as impeccable as the Piz Gloria Clinic which. less than a year before, Bond had helped to destroy utterly. And now the two enemies were lined up again, but this time David was spurred on to kill his Goliath not by duty but by blood feud! And with what weapons? Nothing but his bare hands, a two-inch pocketknife and a thin chain of steel. Well, similar weapons had served him before. Surprise would be the determining factor. Bond added a pair of black flippers to his equipment, a small supply of pemmicanlike meat, Benzedrine tablets, a plastic flask of water. Then he was ready.

They motored down the main street to where the police launch was waiting at the jetty and set off at a good 20 knots across the beautiful bay and round the headland into the Sea of Genkai. Tiger produced sandwiches and a flask of sake for each of them, and they ate their luncheon as the jagged green coast with its sandy beaches passed slowly by to port. Tiger pointed out a distant dot on the horizon. "Kuro Island," he said. "Cheer up. Bondo-san! You seem preoccupied. Think of all those beautiful naked women you will soon be swimming with! And this Japanese Greta Garbo with whom you will be passing the nights!"

"And the sharks who will already be gathering at the news of my swim to the castle!"

"If they do not eat the Amas, why should they eat a bit of tough Englishman? Look at the two fish eagles circling! That is an excellent augury. One alone would have been less propitious. Four would have been disastrous, for with us, four is the same as your thirteen the worst number of all. But, Bondosan, does it not amuse you to think of that foolish dragon dozing all unsuspecting in his castle while Saint George comes silently riding toward his lair across the waves. It would make the subject for a most entertaining Japanese print,"

"You've got a funny sense of humor, Tiger."

'It is merely different from yours. Most of our funny stories involve death or disaster. I am not a 'picture daddy' - a professional storyteller - but I will tell you my favorite. It concerns the young girl who comes to the toll bridge. She tosses one sen, a very small piece of money, to the watchman, and walks on. The watchman calls after her, 'Hey! You know that the toll for crossing the bridge is two sen.' The girl answers, 'But I do not intend to cross the bridge. I intend only to go halfway and then throw myself into the river." Tiger laughed uproariously.

Bond smiled politely. "I must save that one up for London. They'll split their sides over it."

The small speck on the horizon grew larger and soon revealed itself as a horned island about five miles in circumference with steep cliffs and a small harbor facing north. On the mainland, Doctor Shatterhand's small peninsula reached out into the sea, and the fortresslike black wall soared up out of the breaking waves. Above it were the tops of trees, and behind them, in the distance, the winged roof of the topmost story of the castle broke the skyline. The formidable silhouette reminded Bond



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vaguely of photographs of Alcatraz taken from sea level. He shivered slightly at the thought of the night's swim across the half-mile channel and of the black spider that would then scale those soaring fortifications. Ah well! He turned his attention back to Kuro Island.

It appeared to be made of black volcanic rock, but there was much green vegetation right up to the summit of a small peak on which there was some kind of a stone beacon. When they rounded the headland that formed one arm of the bay, a crowded little village and a jetty appeared. Out to sea, 30 or more rowing boats were scattered and there was the occasional glint of pink flesh in the sunlight. Naked children were playing among the big smooth black boulders that tumbled like bathing hippos along the shoreline, and there were green nets hung up to dry. It was a pretty scene, with the delicate remoteness, the fairyland quality, of small fishing communities all the world over. Bond took an immediate liking for the place, as if he was arriving at a destination that had been waiting for him and that would be friendly and welcoming.

A group of village elders, grave, gnarled old men with the serious expressions of simple people on important occasions, led by the Shinto priest, was on the jetty to welcome them. The priest was in ceremonial robes, a dark-red, three-quarter-length kimono with vast hanging sleeves, a turquoise skirt in broad pleats and the traditional shining black hat in the shape of a blunt cone. He was a man of simple dignity and considerable presence, middle-aged, with a round face and round spectacles and a pursed, judging mouth. His shrewd eyes took them in one by one as they came ashore, but they rested longest on Bond. Superintendent Ando was greeted with friendship as well as respect. This was part of his parish, and he was the ultimate source of all fishing permits, reflected Bond ungraciously, but he had to admit that the deference of the bows was not exaggerated and that he was lucky in his ambassador. They proceeded up the cobbled path of the main street to the priest's house, a modest, weatherbeaten affair of stone and carpentered driftwood. They entered and sat on the spotless polished wood floor in an arc in front of the priest, and the Superintendent made a long speech punctuated by serious "Hais!" and "Ah, so desu kas!" from the priest, who occasionally let his wise eyes rest thoughtfully on Bond. He made a short speech in return, to which the Superintendent and Tiger listened with deference, Tiger replied, and the business of the meeting was over save for the inevitable tea.

Bond asked Tiger how his presence and mission had been explained. Tiger said that it would have been of no use lying to the priest who was a shrewd man, so he had been told most of the truth. The priest had expressed regret that such extreme measures were contemplated, but he agreed that the castle across the sea was a most evil place and its owner a man in league with the Devil. In the circumstances, he would give the project his blessing and James Bond would be allowed to stay on the island for the minimum time necessary to accomplish his mission.

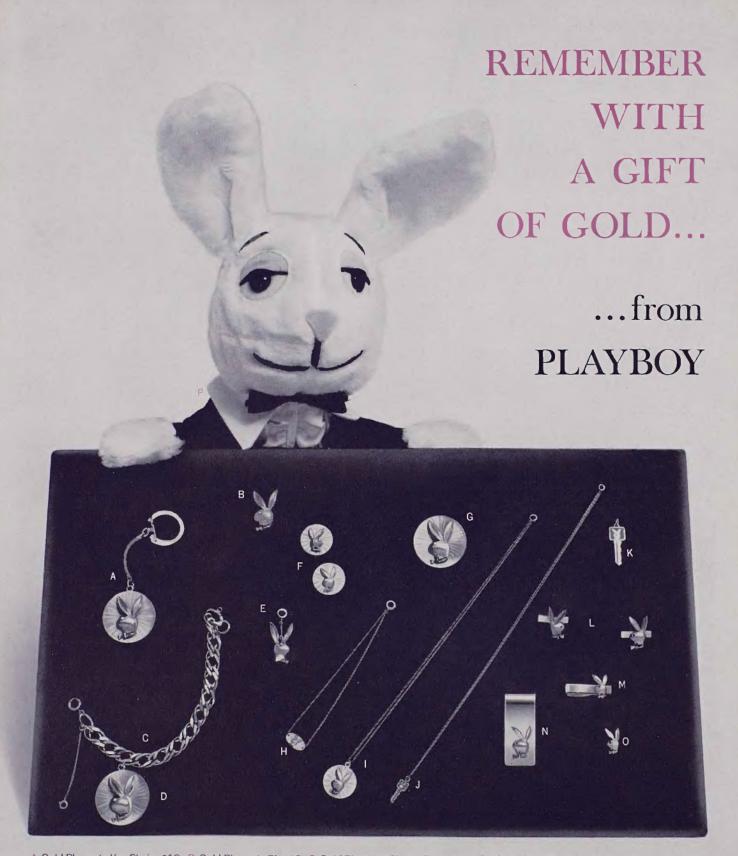
The priest would invite the Suzuki family to accord him an honorable welcome. Bond would be explained away to the elders as a famous gaijin anthropologist who had come to study the Ama way of life. Bond should therefore study it, but the priest requested that Bond should behave in a sincere manner. "Which means," explained Tiger with a malicious grin, "that you are not to

go to bed with the girls."

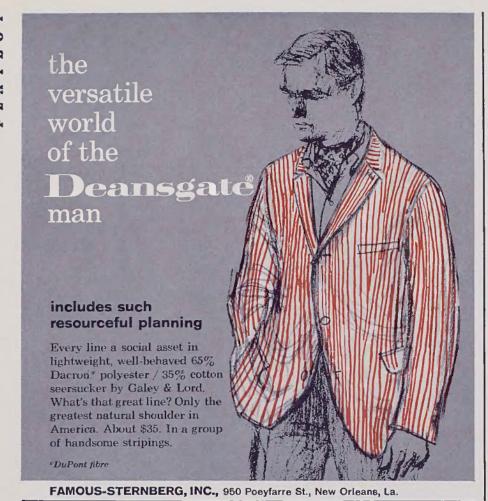
In the evening they walked back to the jetty. The sea was a dark slate color and mirror-calm. The little boats, bedecked with colored flags which meant that it had been an exceptional day's fishing, were winging their way back. The entire population of Kuro, perhaps 200 souls, was lined up along the shore to greet the heroines of the day, the older people holding carefully folded shawls and blankets to warm up the girls on their way to their homes where, according to Tiger, they would be given hot basin baths to get back their circulation and remove all traces of salt. It was now five o'clock. They would be asleep by eight, said Tiger, and out again with the dawn. Tiger was sympathetic. "You will have to adjust your hours, Bondo-san. And your way of life. The Ama live very frugally, very cheaply, for their earnings are small - no more than the price of sparrows' tears, as we say. And for heaven's sake, be very polite to the parents, particularly the father. As for Kissy . . ." He left the sentence hanging in the air.

Eager hands reached for each boat and, with happy shouts, pulled it up on the black pebbles. Big wooden tubs were lifted out and rushed up the beach to a kind of rickety market where, according to Tiger, the awabi were graded and priced. Meanwhile, the chattering, smiling girls waded in through the shallows and cast modestly appraising glances at the three mainland strangers on the jetty.

To Bond, they all seemed beautiful and gay in the soft evening light — the proud, rather coarse-nippled breasts, the gleaming, muscled buttocks, cleft by the black cord that held in place the frontal triangle of black cotton, the powerful thong round the waist with its string of oval lead weights, through which was stuck an angular steel pick, the white rag round the tumbled hair and, below, the laughing dark eyes and



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lips that were happy with the luck of the day. At that moment, it all seemed to Bond as the world, as life, should be, and he felt ashamed at his city-slicker appearance, let alone the black designs it concealed.

One girl, rather taller than the rest, seemed to pay no attention to the men on the jetty or to the police launch riding beside it. She was the center of a crowd of laughing girls as she waded with a rather long, perhaps studied, stride over the shiny black pebbles and up the beach. She flung back a remark at her companions and they giggled, putting their hands up to their mouths. Then a wizened old woman held out a coarse brown blanket to her and she wrapped it round herself and the group dispersed.

The couple, the old woman and the young one, walked up the beach to the market. The young one talked excitedly. The old one paid attention and nodded. The priest was waiting for them. They bowed very low. He talked to them and they listened with humility, casting occasional glances toward the group on the jetty. The tall girl drew her blanket more closely round her. James Bond had guessed it already. Now he knew. This was Kissy Suzuki.

The three people, the splendidly attired priest, the walnut-faced old fisherwoman and the tall naked girl wrapped in her drab blanket came along the jetty, the girl hanging back. In a curious way they were a homogeneous trio, and the priest might have been the father. The women stopped and the priest came forward. He bowed to Bond and addressed him. Tiger translated: "He says that the father and mother of Kissy Suzuki would be honored to receive you in their humble abode for whose poverty they apologize. They regret that they are not accustomed to Western ways, but their daughter is proficient in English as a result of her work in America and will endeavor to convey your wishes to them. The priest asks if you can row a boat. The father, who previously rowed for his daughter, is stricken with rheumatism. It would be of great assistance to the family if you would deign to take his place."

Bond bowed. He said, "Please convey to his reverence that I am most grateful for his intercession on my behalf. I would be most honored to have a place to lay my head in the home of Suzukisan. My needs are very modest and I greatly enjoy the Japanese way of life. I would be most pleased to row the family boat or help the household in any other way." He added, sotto voce, "Tiger, I may need these people's help when the time comes. Particularly the girl's. How much can I tell her?"

Tiger said softly, "Use your discretion. The priest knows, therefore the girl

ADDRESS

can know. She will not spread it abroad. And now come forward and let the priest introduce you. Don't forget that your name here is Taro, which means 'first son,' Todoroki, which means 'thunder.' The priest is not interested in your real name. I have said that this is an approximation of your English name. It doesn't matter. Nobody will care. But you must try to assume some semblance of a Japanese personality for when you get to the other side. This name is on your identity card and on your miner's union card from the coal mines of Fukuoka. You need not bother with these things here, for you are among friends. On the other side, if you are caught, you will show the card that says you are deaf and dumb. All right?"

Tiger talked to the priest and Bond was led forward to the two women. He bowed low to the mother, but he remembered not to bow too low as she was only a woman, and then he turned to the girl.

She laughed gaily. She didn't titter or giggle, she actually laughed. She said, "You don't have to bow to me and I shall never bow to you." She held out her hand. "How do you do. My name is Kissy Suzuki."

The hand was ice-cold. Bond said, "My name is Taro Todoroki and I am sorry to have kept you here so long. You are cold and you ought to go and have your hot bath. It is very kind of your family to accept me as your guest, but I do not want to be an imposition. Are you sure it's all right?"

"Whatever the kannushi-san, the priest, says is all right. And I have been cold before. When you have finished with your distinguished friends, my mother and I will be happy to lead you to our house. I hope you are good at peeling potatoes."

Bond was delighted. Thank God for a straightforward girl at last! No more bowing and hissing! He said, "I took a degree in it. And I am strong and willing and I don't snore. What time do we take out the boat?"

"About five-thirty. When the sun comes up. Perhaps you will bring me good luck. The awabi shells are not easy to find. We had a lucky day today and I earned about thirty dollars, but it is not always so.'

"I don't reckon in dollars. Let's say ten pounds."

"Aren't Englishmen the same as Americans? Isn't the money the same?'

"Very alike, but totally different." "Is that so?"

"You mean 'Ah, so desu ka'?"

The girl laughed. "You have been well trained by the important man from Tokyo. Perhaps you will now say goodbye to him and we can go home. It is at the other end of the village."

The priest, the Superintendent and



"A superior-type clientele, obviously . . ."

Tiger had been talking together, ostensibly paying no attention to Bond and the girl. The mother had been standing humbly, but with shrewd eyes, watching every expression on the two faces. Bond now bowed again to her and went back to the group of men.

Farewells were brief. Dusk was creeping up over the sea and the orange ball of the sun had already lost its brilliance in the evening haze. The engine of the police boat had been started up and its exhaust bubbled softly. Bond thanked the Superintendent and was wished good fortune in his honorable endeavors. Tiger looked serious. He took Bond's hand in both of his, an unusual gesture for a Japanese. He said, "Bondo-san, I am certain you will succeed, so I will not wish you luck. Nor will I say 'sayonara,' farewell. I will simply say a quiet 'banzai!' to you and give you this little presento in case the gods frown upon your venture and, through no fault of yours, things go wrong, very wrong." He took out a little box and gave it to Bond.

The box rattled. Bond opened it. Inside was one long brownish pill. Bond

laughed. He gave it back to Tiger and said, "No thanks, Tiger. As Bashō said, or almost said, 'You only live twice.' If my second life comes up, I would rather look it in the face and not turn my back on it. But thanks, and thanks for everything. Those live lobsters were really delicious. I shall now look forward to eating plenty of seaweed while I'm here. So long! See you in about a week."

Tiger got down into the boat and the engine revved up. As the boat took the swell at the entrance to the harbor, Tiger raised a hand and brought it swiftly down with a chopping motion and then the boat was round the sea wall and out of sight.

Bond turned away. The priest had gone. Kissy Suzuki said impatiently, "Come along, Todoroki-san, The kannushi-san says I am to treat you as a comrade, as an equal. But give me one of those two little bags to carry. For the sake of the villagers who will be watching inquisitively, we will wear the Oriental face in public.'

And the tall man with the dark face, cropped hair and slanting eyebrows, the 165 tall girl, and the old woman walked off along the shore with their angular Japanese shadows preceding them across the smooth black boulders.

. . .

Dawn was a beautiful haze of gold and blue. Bond went outside and ate his bean curd and rice and drank his tea sitting on the spotless doorstep of the little cut-stone and timbered house, while indoors the family chattered like happy sparrows as the women went about their housework.

Bond had been allotted the room of honor, the small sitting room with its tatami mats, scraps of furniture, house shrine and a cricket in a small cage "to keep you company," as Kissy had explained. Here his futon had been spread on the ground and he had for the first time and with fair success tried sleeping with his head on the traditional wooden pillow. The evening before, the father, an emaciated graybeard with knotted joints and bright, squirrel eyes, had laughed with and at him as Kissy translated Bond's account of some of his adventures with Tiger, and there was from the first a complete absence of tension or self-consciousness. The priest had said that Bond should be treated as a member of the family and, although his appearance and some of his manners were strange, Kissy had apparently announced her unqualified approval of him and the parents followed her lead. At nine o'clock, under the three-quarter moon, the father had beckoned to Bond and had hobbled out with him to the back of the house. He showed him the little shack with the hole in the ground and the neatly quartered pages of the Asahi Shimbun on a nail, and the last of Bond's private fears about life on the

island was removed. His flickering candle showed the place to be as spotless as the house, and at least adequately salubrious. After the soft movements in the other two rooms had ceased, Bond had slept happily and like the dead.

Kissy came out of the house. She was wearing a kind of white cotton night-dress and a white cotton kerchief bound up the thick black waves of her hair. She wore her equipment, the weights and the heavy flat angular pick, over the white dress and only her arms and feet were bare. Boud may have shown his disappointment. She laughed, teasing him. "This is ceremonial dress for diving in the presence of important strangers. The kannushi-san instructed me to wear it in your company. As a mark of respect, of course."

"Kissy, I believe that is a fib. The truth of the matter is that you consider that your nakedness might arouse dishonorable thoughts in my impious Western mind. That is a most unworthy suspicion. However, I accept the delicacy of your respect for my susceptibilities. And now let's cut the cackle and get going. We'll beat the awabi record to-day. What should we aim at?"

"Fifty would be good. A hundred would be wonderful. But above all, you must row well and not let me drown. And you must be kind to David."

"Who's David?" asked Bond, suddenly jealous at the thought that he would not be having this girl to himself.

"Wait and see." She went back indoors and brought out the balsa-wood tub and a great coil of fine quarter-inch rope. She handed the rope to Bond and hoisted the tub on her hip, leading the way along a small path away from the village. The path descended slowly to a small cove in which one rowing boat, covered with dried reeds to protect it from the sun, was drawn high up on the flat black pebbles. Bond stripped off the reeds and laid them aside and hauled the simple, locally made craft down to the sea. It was constructed of some heavy wood and lay low but stable in the deeply shelving, totally transparent water. He loaded in the rope and the wooden tub. Kissy had gone to the other side of the little bay and had undone a string from one of the rocks. She began winding it in slowly and at the same time uttering a low, cooing whistle. To Bond's astonishment, there was a flurry in the water of the bay and a big black cormorant shot like a bullet through the shallows and waddled up the beach to Kissy's feet, craning its neck up and down and hissing, apparently in anger. But Kissy bent down and stroked the creature on its plumed head and down the outstretched neck, at the same time talking to it gaily. She came toward the boat, winding up the long line, and the cormorant followed clumsily. It paid no attention to Bond, but jumped untidily over the side of the boat and scrambled onto the small thwart in the bows where it squatted majestically and proceeded to preen itself, running its long bill down and through its breast feathers and occasionally opening its wings to the full extent of their five-foot span and flapping them with gentle grace. Then, with a final shimmy through all its length, it settled down and gazed out to sea with its neck coiled backward as if to strike and its turquoise eyes questing the horizon imperiously.

Kissy climbed into the boat and settled herself with her knees hunched decorously between Bond's outstretched legs, and Bond slid the heavy, narrow-bladed oars into their wooden rowlocks and began rowing at a powerful, even pace, more or less, under Kissy's direction, due north.

He had noticed that Kissy's line to the cormorant ended with a thin brass ring, perhaps two inches in diameter, round the base of the bird's neck. This would be one of the famous fishing cormorants of Japan. Bond asked her about it

Kissy said, "I found him as a baby three years ago. He had oil on his wings and I cleaned him and cared for him and had him ringed. The ring has had to be made larger as he grew up. Now, you see, he can swallow small fish, but the big ones he brings to the surface in his beak. He hands them over quite willingly and occasionally he gets a piece of a big one as a reward. He swims a lot by my side and keeps me company. It can be very lonely down there, particularly when the sea is dark. You will have to hold the end of the line and



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look after him when he comes to the surface. Today he will be hungry. He has not been out for three days because my father could not row the boat. I have been going out with friends. So it is lucky for him that you came to the island."

"So this is David?"

"Yes. I named him after the only man I liked in Hollywood, an Englishman as it happens. He was called David Niven. He is a famous actor and producer. You have heard of him?"

"Of course. I shall enjoy tossing him a scrap or two of fish in exchange for the pleasure he has given me in his other incarnation."

The sweat began to pour down Bond's face and chest into his bathing pants. Kissy undid the kerchief round her hair and leaned forward and mopped at him gently. Bond smiled into her almond eyes and had his first close-up of her snub nose and petaled mouth. She wore no make-up and did not need to, for she had that rosy-tinted skin on a golden background - the colors of a golden peach - that is quite common in Japan. Her hair, released from the kerchief, was black with dark-brown highlights. It was heavily waved, but with a soft fringe that ended an inch or so above the straight, fine eyebrows that showed no signs of having been plucked. Her teeth were even and showed no more prominently between the lips than with a European girl, so that she avoided the toothiness that is a weak point in the Japanese face. Her arms and legs were longer and less masculine than is usual with Japanese girls and, the day before, Bond had seen that her breasts and buttocks were firm and proud and that her stomach was almost flat - a beautiful figure, equal to that of any of the star chorus girls he had seen in the cabarets of Tokyo. But her hands and feet were rough and scarred with work, and her fingernails and toenails, although they were cut very short, were broken. Bond found this rather endearing. Ama means "sea girl" or "sea man," and Kissy wore the marks of competing with the creatures of the ocean with obvious indifference, and her skin, which might have suffered from constant contact with salt water, in fact glowed with a golden sheen of health and vitality. But it was the charm and directness of her eves and smile as well as her complete naturalness - for instance, when she mopped at Bond's face and chest - that endeared her so utterly to Bond. At that moment, he thought there would be nothing more wonderful than to spend the rest of his life rowing her out toward the horizon during the day and coming back with her to the small, clean house in the

He shrugged the whimsy aside. Only another two days to the full moon and he would have to get back to reality, to the dark, dirty life he had chosen for himself. He put the prospect out of his mind. Today and the next day would be stolen days, days with only Kissy and the boat and the bird and the sea. He must just see to it that they were happy days and lucky ones for her and her harvest of sea shells.

Kissy said, "Not much longer. And you have rowed well." She gestured to the right, to where the rest of the Ama fleet was spread out over the ocean. "With us, it is first come, first served with the sites we choose. Today we can get out as far as a shoal most of us know of, and we shall have it to ourselves. There the seaweed is thick on the rocks and that is what the awabi feed on. It is deep, about forty feet, but I can stay down for almost a minute, long enough to pick up two, three awabi if I can find them. That is just a matter of luck in feeling about with the hands among the seaweed, for you rarely see the shells. You only feel them and dislodge them with this," she tapped her angular pick. "After a while I shall have to rest. Then perhaps you would like to go down. Yes? They tell me you are a good swimmer and I have brought a pair of my father's goggles. These bulbs at the sides," she showed him, "have to be squeezed to equalize the pressure between the glasses and the eyes. You will perhaps not be able to stay down long to begin with. But you will learn quickly. How long will you be staying on Kuro?"

"Only two or three days, I'm afraid."
"Oh, but that is sad. What will David
and I do for a boatman then?"

"Perhaps your father will get better."
"That is so. I must take him to a cure place at one of the volcanoes on the mainland. Otherwise it will mean marrying one of the men on Kuro. That is not easy. The choice is not wide and, because I have a little money from my filmwork, and a little is a lot on Kuro, the man might want to marry me for the wrong reasons. That would be sad, and how is one to know?"

"Perhaps you will go back into films?" Her expression became fierce. "Never. I hated it. They were all disgusting to me in Hollywood. They thought that because I am a Japanese I am some sort of an animal and that my body is for everyone. Nobody treated me honorably except this Niven." She shook her head to get rid of the memorics. "No. I will stay on Kuro forever. The gods will solve my problems," she smiled, "like they have today." She scanned the sea ahead. "Another hundred yards." She got up and, balancing perfectly despite the swell, tied the end of the long rope round her waist and adjusted the goggles above her forehead. "Now remember, keep the rope taut and when you feel one tug, pull me up quickly. It will be



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hard work for you, but I will massage your back when we get home this evening. I am very good at it, I have had enough practice with my father. Now!"

Bond shipped the oars gratefully. Behind him. David began shifting on his feet, craning his long neck and hissing impatiently. Kissy tied a short line to the wooden tub and put it over the side. She followed, slipping decorously into the water and clasping her white dress between her knees so that it did not flower out around her. At once David dived and disappeared without a ripple. The line, tied to Bond's thwart, began paying out fast. He picked up the coil of Kissy's rope and stood up, his joints cracking. Kissy pulled down her goggles and put her head underwater. In a moment she came up. She smiled. "Yes, it looks fine down there." She rested in the water and began making a soft cooing whistle through pursed lips - to fill her lungs to the uttermost, Bond assumed. Then, with a brief wave of the hand, she put down her head and arched her hips so that Bond had a brief sight of the black string cleaving her behind under the thin material. Suddenly, like a fleeting white wraith, she was gone, straight down, her feet twinkling behind her in a fast crawl to help the pull of the weights.

Bond payed out fast, keeping an anxious eye on his watch. David appeared below him, bearing a half-pound silvery fish crosswise in his beak. Damn the bird! This was no time to get mixed up with retrieving fish from the extremely sharp-looking beak. But, with a contemptuous glance, the cormorant tossed the fish into the floating tub and disappeared like a black bullet.

Fifty seconds! Bond started nervously when the tug came. He pulled in fast. The white wraith appeared far below in the crystal water and, as she came up. Bond saw that her hands were tight against her sides to streamline her body. She broke surface beside the boat and held out two fat awabi to show him and then dropped them into the tub. She held on to the side of the boat to regain her breath and Bond gazed down at the wonderful breasts, taut beneath their thin covering. She smiled briefly up at him, began her cooing whistle, and then came the exciting arch of the back and she was gone again.

An hour went by. Bond got used to the routine and had time to watch the nearest of the fleet of other boats. They covered perhaps a mile of sea, and, from across the silent water, there came the recurrent cerie whistle—a soft, sea-bird sound—of the diving girls. The nearest boat rocked in the slow swell perhaps a hundred yards away, and Bond watched the young man at the rope and caught an occasional glimpse of a beautiful golden body, shiny as a seal, and heard the excited chattering of their voices. He hoped he would not disgrace himself when it came to his turn to dive. Sake and cigarettes! Not a good mixture to train on!

The pile of awabi was slowly growing in the tub and, among them, perhaps a dozen leaping fish. Occasionally Bond bent down and retrieved one from David. Once he dropped a slippery fish and the bird had to dive for it again. This time he received an even haughtier look of scorn from the turquoise eyes.

Then Kissy came up, her stint done, and climbed, not so decorously this time, into the boat, and tore off her kerchief and goggles and sat panting quietly in the stern. Finally she looked up and laughed happily. "That is twenty-one. Very good. Now take my weights and pick and see for yourself what it is like down there. But I will pull you up anyway in thirty seconds. Give me your watch. And please do not lose my tegane, my pick, or our day's fishing will be over."

Bond's first dive was a clumsy affair. He went down too slowly and barely had time to survey the grassy plain, scattered with black rocks and clumps of Posidonia, the common seaweed of all the oceans, when he felt himself being hauled up. He had to admit to himself that his lungs were in terrible shape, but he had spied one promising rock thick with weed and on his next dive he got straight to it and clung, searching among the roots with his right hand. He felt the smooth oval of a shell, but before he could get the pick to it he was being pulled up again. But he got the shell on his third try, and Kissy laughed with pleasure as he dropped it into the tub. He managed to keep the diving up for about half an hour, but then his lungs began to ache and his body to feel the cold of the September sea and he came up for the last time simultaneously with David, who shot past him like a beautiful gleaming black fish with green highlights and, as a mark of approval, pecked gently at his hair as Bond deposited his fifth shell in the tub.

Kissy was pleased with him. She had a rough brown kimono in the boat and she rubbed him down with it as he sat with bowed head and heaving chest. Then, while he rested, she hauled the wooden tub inboard and emptied its contents into the bottom of the boat. She produced a knife and cut one of the fish down the middle and fed the two halves to David who was riding expectantly beside the boat. He swallowed the pieces in two great gulps and set to preening his feathers contentedly.

Later they stopped for a lunch of rice



"Oh, my God! We've been invited to another fertility rite!"



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with a few small bits of fish in it and dried seaweed which tasted of salty spinach. And then, after a short rest in the bottom of the boat, the work went on until four o'clock, when a small chill breeze came from nowhere and got between them and the warmth of the sun and it was time to make the long row home. Kissy climbed for the last time into the boat and gave several soft tugs at David's line. He surfaced some distance from the boat and, as if this was a well-worn routine, rose into the air and circled round them again and again before making a low dive and skiing in to the side of the boat on his webbed feet. He flapped his way over the side and went to his perch, where he stood with wings magnificently outstretched to dry and waited in this lordly stance for his boatman to take him back home to his cove.

Kissy changed with extreme propriety into her brown kimono and dried herself inside it. She announced that their haul was 65 awabis, which was quite wonderful. Of these Bond was responsible for 10, which was a very honorable first catch. Ridiculously pleased with himself, Bond took a vague bearing on the island which, because of the drifting of the boat, was now only a speck on the horizon, and gradually worked himself into the slow, unlabored sweep of a Scottish gillie.

His hands were sore, his back ached as if he had been thrashed with a wooden truncheon, and his shoulders were beginning to sting with sunburn, but he comforted himself with the reflection that he was only doing what he would have had to do anyway - get into training for the swim and the climb and what would come afterward, and he rewarded himself from time to time with a smi'e into Kissy's eyes. They never left him and the low sun shone into them and turned the soft brown to gold. And the speck became a lump, and the lump an island and at last they were home. . .

The next day was as golden as the first and the haul of awabi went up to 68, largely thanks to Bond's improved diving.

During one of their rests, Bond casually asked Kissy what she knew of the castle, and he was surprised by the way her face darkened. "Todoroki-san, we do not usually talk about that place. It is almost a forbidden subject on Kuro. It is as if hell had suddenly opened its mouth half a mile away across the sea from our home. And my people, the Ama, are like what I have read about your gypsies. We are very superstitious. And we believe the Devil himself has come to live over there." She didn't look at the fortress, but gestured with her head, "Even the kannushi-san does not deny our fears, and our elders say that the gaijin have

always been bad for Japan and that this one is the incarnation of all the evil in the West. And there is already a legend that has grown up on the island. It is that our six *Jizo* guardians will send a man from across the sea to slay this 'King of Death,' as we call him."

"Who are these guardians?"

"Jizo is the god who protects children. He is. I think, a Buddhist god. On the other side of the island, on the foreshore. there are five statues. The sixth has been mostly washed away. They are rather frightening to see. They squat there in a line. They have rough bodies of stone and round stones for heads and they wear white shirts that are changed by the people every month. They were put there centuries ago by our ancestors. They sit on the line of low tide, and as the tide comes up it covers them completely and they keep watch under the surface of the sea and protect us, the Ama, because we are known as 'The Children of the Sea.' At the beginning of every June, when the sea is warm after the winter and the diving begins, every person on the island forms into a procession and we go to the six guardians and sing to them to make them happy and favorable toward us.'

"And this story of the man from Kuro. Where did it come from?"

"Who knows? It could have come from the sea or the air and thus into the minds of the people. Where do stories like that come from? It is widely believed."

"Ah, so desu ha!" said Bond, and they both laughed and got on with the work.

On the third day, when Bond was as usual eating his breakfast on the doorstep. Kissy came to the doorway and said softly, "Come inside, Todoroki-san." Mystified, he went in and she shut the door behind him.

She said in a low voice, "I have just heard from a messenger from the kannushi-san that there were people here vesterday in a boat from the mainland. They brought presentos - cigarettes and sweets. They were asking about the visit of the police boat. They said it came with three visitors and left with only two. They wanted to know what had happened to the third visitor. They said they were guards from the castle and it was their duty to prevent trespassers. The elders accepted the presentos, but they showed shiran-kao, which is 'the face of him who knows nothing,' and referred the man to the kannushi-san who said that the third visitor was in charge of fishing licenses. He had felt sick on the way to the island and had perhaps lain down in the boat on the way back. Then he dismissed the men and sent a boy to the top of the high place to see where the boat went, and the boy reported that it went to the bay beside the castle and was put back into the boathouse that is there. The kannushi-san thought that

you should know these things." She looked at him piteously. "Todoroki-san, I have a feeling of much friendship for you. I feel that there are secret things between you and the *kannushi-san*, and that they concern the castle. I think you should tell me enough to put me out of my unhappiness."

Bond smiled. He went up to her and took her face in both his hands and kissed her on the lips. He said, "You are very beautiful and kind, Kissy. Today we will not take the boat out because I must have some rest. Lead me up to the high place from which I can take a good look at this castle and I will tell you what I can. I was going to anyway, for I shall need your help. Afterward, I would like to visit the six guardians. They interest me — as an anthropologist."

Kissy collected their usual lunch in a small basket, put on her brown kimono and rope-soled shoes and they set off along a small footpath that zigzagged up the peak behind the crouching gray cluster of the village. The time of the camellia was almost past, but here there were occasional bushes of wild camellias in red and white, and there was a profusion of these round a small grove of dwarf maples, some of which already wore their flaming autumn colors. The grove was directly above Kissy's house. She led him in and showed him the little Shinto shrine behind a rough stone torii. She said, "Behind the shrine there is a fine cave, but the people of Kuro are afraid of it as it is full of ghosts. But I explored it once and if there are ghosts there they are friendly ones." She clapped her hands before the shrine, bent her head for a moment, and clapped them again. Then they went on up the path to the top of the thousand-foot peak. A brace of gorgeous copper pheasants with golden tails fled squawking over the brow and down to a patch of bushes on the southern cliff as they approached. Bond told Kissy to stay out of sight while he went and stood behind the tall cairn of stones on the summit and gazed circumspectly round it and across the straits.

He could see over the high fortress wall and across the park to the towering black-and-gold donjon of the castle. It was ten o'clock. There were figures in blue peasant dress with high boots and long staves moving busily about the grounds. They occasionally seemed to prod into the bushes with their staves. They wore black maskos over their mouths. It crossed Bond's mind that they might be doing the morning rounds looking for overnight prey. What did they do when they found some half-blinded creature, or a pile of clothes beside one of the fumaroles whose little clouds of steam rose here and there in the park? Take them to the Doctor? And, in the case of the living, what happened then? And





"The pacifist group seems to have run into the advocates of nonviolence."

when he, Bond, got up that wall tonight, where was he going to hide from the guards? Well, sufficient unto the day! At least the straits were calm and it was cloudless weather. It looked as if he would get there all right. Bond turned away and went back to Kissy and sat with her on the sparse turf. He gazed across the harbor to where the Ama fleet lay sprawled across the middle distance.

He said, "Kissy, tonight I have to swim to the castle and climb the wall and get inside.'

She nodded. "I know this. And then you are going to kill this man and perhaps his wife. You are the man who we believe was to come to Kuro from across the sea and do these things." She continued to gaze out to sea. She said dully, "But why have you been chosen? Why should it not be another, a Japanese?"

"These people are gaijins. I am a gaijin. It will cause less trouble for the state if the whole matter is presented as being trouble between foreigners.'

"Yes, I see. And has the kannushi-san given his approval?"

"Yes."

"And if . . . and after. Will you come back and be my boatman again?"

"For a time. But then I must go back to England."

"No. I believe that you will stay for a long time on Kuro."

"Why do you believe that?"

"Because I prayed for it at the shrine. 174 And I have never asked for such a big thing before. I am sure it will be granted." She paused. "And I shall be swimming with you tonight." She held up a hand. 'You will need company in the dark and I know the currents. You would not get there without me.'

Bond took the small dry paw in his. He looked at the childish, broken nails. His voice was harsh. He said, "No. This is man's work."

She looked at him. The brown eyes were calm and serious. She said, and she used his first name, "Taro-san, your other name may mean thunder, but I am not frightened of thunder. I have made up my mind. And I shall come back every night, at midnight exactly, and wait among the rocks at the bottom of the wall. I shall wait for one hour in case you need my help in coming home. These people may harm you. Women are much stronger in the water than men. That is why it is the Ama girls who dive and not the Ama men. I know the waters round Kuro as a peasant knows the fields round his farm, and I have as little fear of them. Do not be stiff-necked in this matter. In any case, I shall hardly sleep until you come back. To feel that I am close to you for a time and that you may need me will give me some peace. Say yes, Taro-san."

"Oh, all right, Kissy," said Bond gruffly. "I was only going to ask you to row me to a starting point down there somewhere," he gestured to the left across the straits. "But if you insist on being an extra target for the sharks . . ."

"The sharks never trouble us. The six guardians look after that. We never come to any harm. Years ago, one of the Amas caught her rope in a rock underwater, and the people have talked of the accident ever since. The sharks just think we are big fish like themselves." She laughed happily. "Now it is all settled and we can have something to eat and then I will take you down to see the guardians. The tide will be low by then and they will want to inspect you.'

They followed another little path from the summit. It went over the shoulder of the peak and down to a small protected bay to the east of the village. The tide was far out and they could wade over the flat black pebbles and rocks and round the corner of the promontory. Here, on a stretch of flat stony beach, five people squatted on a square foundation of large rocks and gazed out toward the horizon. Except that they weren't people. They were, as Kissy had described, stone pedestal bodies with large round boulders cemented to their tops. But rough white shirts were roped round them, and they looked terrifyingly human as they sat in immobile judgment and guardianship over the waters and what went on beneath them. Of the sixth, only the body remained. His head must have been destroyed by a storm.

They walked round in front of the five and looked up at the smooth blank faces and Bond, for the first time in his life, had a sensation of deep awe. So much belief, so much authority seemed to have been vested by the builders in these primitive, faceless idols, guardians of the blithe, naked Ama girls, that Bond had a ridiculous urge to kneel and ask for their blessing as the Crusaders had once done before their God. He brushed the impulse aside, but he did bow his head and briefly ask for good fortune to accompany his enterprise. And then he stood back and watched with a pull at his heartstrings while Kissy, her beautiful face strained and pleading, clapped to attract their attention and then made a long and impassioned speech in which his name recurred. At the end, when she again clapped her hands, did the round boulderheads briefly nod? Of course not! But, when Bond took Kissy's hand and they walked away, she said happily, "It is all right, Todoroki-san. You saw them nod their heads?"

"No," said Bond firmly, "I did not." They crept round the eastern shore of Kuro and pulled the boat up into a deep cleft in the black rocks. It was just after 11 o'clock and the giant moon rode high and fast through wisps of mackerel clouds. They talked softly, although they were out of sight of the fortress and half a mile away from it.

Kissy took off her brown kimono and folded it neatly and put it in the boat. Her body glowed in the moonlight. The black triangle between her legs beckoned, and the black string round her waist that held the piece of material was an invitation to untie it. She giggled provocatively. "Stop looking at my Black Cat!"

"Why is it called that?" "Guess!"

Bond carefully pulled on his ninja suit of black cotton. It was comfortable enough and would give warmth in the water. He left the head shroud hanging down his back and pushed the goggles that belonged to Kissy's father up his forehead. The small floating pack he was to tow behind him rode jauntily in the waters of the creek, and he tied its string firmly to his right wrist so that he would always know it was there.

He smiled at Kissy and nodded.

She came up to him and threw her arms round his neck and kissed him full on the lips.

Before he could respond, she had pulled down her goggles and had dived into the quiet, mercury sea.

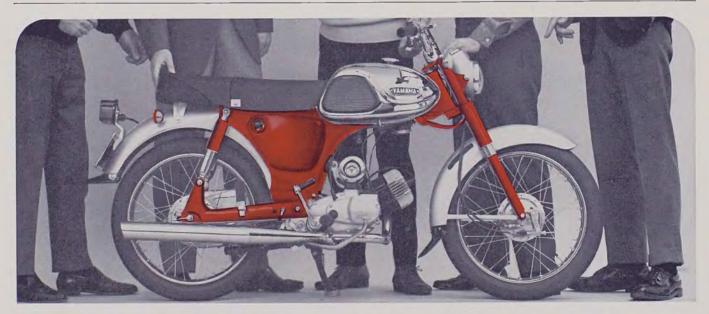
Kissy's crawl was steady and relaxed and Bond had no difficulty in keeping up with the twinkling feet and the twin white mounds of her behind, divided

excitingly by the black cord. But he was glad he had donned flippers, because the tug of his floating container against the wrist was an irritating brake and, for the first half of the swim, they were heading diagonally against the easterly current through the straits. But then Kissy slightly changed her direction and now they could paddle lazily in toward the soaring wall that soon became their whole horizon.

There were a few tumbled rocks at its base, but Kissy stayed in the water, clinging to a clump of seaweed, in case the moon might betray her gleaming body to a sentry or a chance patrol, though Bond guessed that the guards kept clear of the grounds during the night so that the suicides would have free entry. Bond pulled himself up on the rocks and unzipped the container and extracted the packet of iron pitons. Then he climbed up a few feet so that he could stow his flippers away in a crack between the granite blocks above the high-water mark, and he was ready to go. He blew a kiss to the girl. She replied with the sideways wave of the hand that is the Japanese sign of farewell and then was off across the sea again, a luminous white torpedo that merged quickly into the path of the moon.

Bond put her out of his thoughts. He was getting chilled in his soaking black camouflage and it was time to get moving. He examined the fitting of the giant stone blocks and found that the cracks between them were spacious, as in the case of Tiger's training castle, and would probably provide adequate toe holds. Then he pulled down his black cowl and, towing the black container behind him, began his climb.

It took him 20 minutes to cover the 200 feet of the slightly inclined wall, but he only had to use his pitons twice when he came to cracks that were too narrow to give a hold to his aching toes. And then he was at one of the gun ports, and he slithered quietly across its six feet of flat masonry and cautiously looked over the edge into the park. As he had expected, there were stone steps down from the gun port, and he crept down these into the dark shadows at its base and stood up against the inside of the wall panting quietly. He waited for his breath to calm down and then slipped back his cowl and listened. Not a wisp of wind stirred in the trees, but from somewhere came the sound of softly running water and, in the background, a regular, glutinous burping and bubbling. The fumaroles! Bond, a black shadow among the rest, edged along the wall to his right. His first task was to find a hide-out, a base camp where he could bivouac in emer-



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gency and where he could leave his container. He reconnoitered various groves and clumps of bushes, but they were all damnably well kept and the undergrowth had been meticulously cleared from their roots. And many of them exuded a sickly-sweet, poisonous night smell. Then, up against the wall, he came upon a lean-to shed, its rickety door ajar. He listened and then inched the door open. As he had expected, there was a shadowy jumble of gardeners' tools, wheelbarrows and the like, and the musty smell of such places. Moving carefully, and helped by shafts of moonlight through the wide cracks in the planked walls, he got to the back of the hut where there was an untidy mound of used sacking. He reflected for a moment, and decided that though this place would be often visited, it had great promise. He untied the cord of the container from his wrist and proceeded methodically to move some of the sacks forward so as to provide a nest for himself behind them. When it was finished, and final touches of artistic disarray added, he parked his container behind the barrier and crept out again into the park to continue what he planned should be a first quick survey of the

whole property. Bond kept close to the boundary wall, flitting like a bat across the open spaces between clumps of bushes and trees. Although his hands were covered with the black material of the ninja suit, he avoided contact with the vegetation, which emitted a continually changing variety of strong odors and scents among which he recognized, as a result of ancient adventures in the Caribbean, only the sugary perfume of dogwood. He came to the lake, a wide silent shimmer of silver from which rose the thin cloud of steam he remembered from the aerial photograph. As he stood and watched it, a large leaf from one of the surrounding trees came wafting down and settled on the surface near him. At once a quick, purposeful ripple swept down on the leaf from the surrounding water and immediately subsided. There were some kind of fish in the lake and they would be carnivores. Only carnivores would be excited like that at the hint of a prey. Beyond the lake, Bond came on the first of the fumaroles, a sulphurous, bubbling pool of mud that constantly shuddered and spouted up little fountains. From yards away, Bond could feel its heat. Jets of stinking steam puffed out and disappeared, wraithlike, toward the sky. And now the jagged silhouette of the castle, with its winged turrets, showed above the treeline, and Bond crept forward with added caution, alert for the moment when he would come upon the treacherous gravel that surrounded it. Suddenly, through a belt of trees, he was facing it. 176 He stopped in the shelter of the trees, his heart hammering under his rib cage.

Close to, the soaring black-and-gold pile reared monstrously over him, and the diminishing curved roofs of the stories were like vast bat wings against the stars. It was even bigger than Bond had imagined, and the supporting wall of black granite blocks more formidable. He reflected on the seemingly impossible problem of entry. Behind would be the main entrance, the lowish wall and the open countryside. But didn't castles always have an alternative entrance low down for a rearward escape? Bond stole cautiously forward, laying his feet flat down so that the gravel barely stirred. The many eyes of the castle, glittering white in the moonlight, watched his approach with the indifference of total power. At any moment, he expected the white shaft of a searchlight or the yellowand-blue flutter of gunfire. But he reached the base of the wall without incident and followed it along to the left, remembering from ancient schooling that most castles had an exit at moat level beneath the drawbridge.

And so it was with the castle of Doctor Shatterhand - a small nail-studded door. arched and weather-beaten. Its hinges and lock were cracked and rusty, but a new padlock and chain had been stapled into the woodwork and the stone frame. No moonlight filtered down to this corner of what must once have been a moat, but was now grassed over. Bond felt carefully with his fingers. Yes! The chain and lock would yield to the file and jimmy in his conjuror's pockets. Would there be bolts on the inner side? Probably not, or the padlock would not have been thought necessary. Bond softly retraced his steps across the gravel, stepping meticulously in his previous footmarks. That door would be his target for tomorrow!

Now, keeping right-handed, but still following the boundary wall, he crept off again on his survey. Once, something slithered away from his approaching feet and disappeared with a heavy rustle into the fallen leaves under a tree. What snakes were there that really went for a man? The king cobra, black mamba, the saw-scaled viper, the rattlesnake and the fer-de-lance. What others? The remainder were inclined to make off if disturbed. Were snakes day or night hunters? Bond didn't know. Among so many hazards, there weren't even the odds of Russian roulette. When all the chambers of the pistol were loaded, there was not even a one-in-six chance to bank on.

Bond was now on the castle side of the lake. He heard a noise and edged behind a tree. The distant crashing in the shrubbery sounded like a wounded animal, but then, down the path, came staggering a man, or what had once been a man. The brilliant moonlight

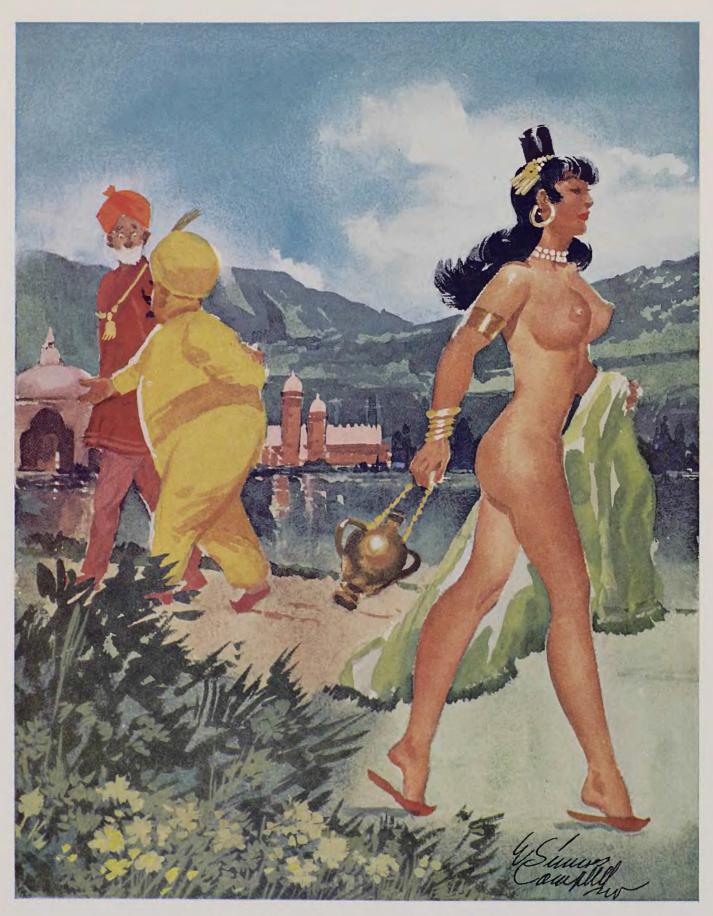
showed a head swollen to the size of a football, and only small slits remained where the eyes and mouth had been. The man moaned softly as he zigzagged along, and Bond could see that his hands were up to his puffed face and that he was trying to prize apart the swollen skin round his eyes so that he could see out. Every now and then he stopped and let out one word in an agonizing howl to the moon. It was not a howl of fear or of pain, but of dreadful supplication. Suddenly he stopped. He seemed to see the lake for the first time. With a terrible cry, and holding out his arms as if to meet a loved one, he made a quick run to the edge and threw himself in. At once there came the swirl of movement Bond had noticed before, but this time it involved a great area of water and there was a wild boiling of the surface round the vaguely threshing body. A mass of small fish were struggling to get at the man, particularly at the naked hands and face, and their six-inch bodies glittered and flashed in the moonlight. Once the man raised his head and let out a single, terrible scream and Bond saw that his face was encrusted with pendent fish as if with silvery locks of hair. Then his head fell back into the lake and he rolled over and over as if trying to rid himself of his attackers. But slowly the black stain spread and spread round him and finally, perhaps because his jugular had been pierced, he lay still, face downward in the water, and his head jigged slightly with the ceaseless momentum of the attack.

James Bond wiped the cold sweat off his face. Piranha! The South American fresh-water killer whose massive jaws and flat, razor-sharp teeth can strip a horse down to the bones in under an hour! And this man had been one of the suicides who had heard of this terrible death! He had come searching for the lake and had got his face poisoned by some pretty shrub. The Herr Doktor had certainly provided a feast for his victims. Unending dishes for their delectation! A true banquet of death!

James Bond shuddered and went on his way. All right, Blofeld, he thought, that's one more notch on the sword that is already on its way down to your neck. Brave words! Bond hugged the wall and kept going. Gun metal was showing in the east.

But the Garden of Death hadn't quite finished the display of its wares.

All over the park, a slight smell of sulphur hung in the air, and many times Bond had had to detour round steaming cracks in the ground and the quaking mud of fumaroles, identified by a warning circle of white-painted stones. The Doctor was most careful lest anyone should fall into one of these liquid furnaces by mistake! But now Bond came to one the size of a circular tennis court,



"Every time I see something nice, you have to go and spoil it by telling me she's my wife!"



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and here there was a rough shrine in the grotto at the back of it and, dainty touch, a vase with flowers in it - chrysanthemums, because it was now officially winter and therefore the chrysanthemum season. They were arranged with some sprigs of dwarf maple, in a pattern which no doubt spelled out some fragrant message to the initiates of Japanese flower arrangement. And opposite the grotto, behind which Bond in his ghostly black uniform crouched in concealment, a Japanese gentleman stood in rapt contemplation of the bursting mud boils that were crupting genteelly in the simmering soup of the pool. James Bond thought "gentleman" because the man was dressed in the top hat, frock coat, striped trousers, stiff collar and spats of a high government official - or of the father of the bride. And the gentleman held a carefully rolled umbrella between his clasped hands, and his head was bowed over its crook as if in penance. He was speaking, in a soft compulsive babble, like someone in a highly ritualistic church, but he made no gestures and just stood, humbly, quietly, either confessing or asking one of the gods for something.

Bond stood against a tree, black in the blackness. He felt he should intervene in what he knew to be the man's purpose. But how to do so knowing no Japanese, having nothing but his "deaf-and-dumb" card to show? And it was vital that he should remain a "ghost" in the garden, not get involved in some daft argument with a man he didn't know, about some ancient sin he could never understand. So Bond stood, while the trees threw long black arms across the scene, and waited, with a cold, closed, stone face, for death to walk on stage.

The man stopped talking. He raised his head and gazed up at the moon. He politely lifted his shining top hat. Then he replaced it, tucked his umbrella under one arm and sharply clapped his hands. Then walking, as if to a business appointment, calmly, purposefully, he took the few steps to the edge of the bubbling fumarole, stepped carefully over the warning stones and went on walking. He sank slowly in the glutinous gray slime and not a sound escaped his lips until, as the tremendous heat reached his groin, he uttered one rasping "Arghh!" and the gold in his teeth showed as his head arched back in the rictus of death. Then he was gone and only the top hat remained, tossing on a small fountain of mud that spat intermittently into the air. Then the hat slowly crumpled with the heat and disappeared, and a great belch was uttered from the belly of the fumarole and a horrible stench of cooking meat overcame the pervading stink of sulphur and

reached Bond's nostrils.

Bond controlled his rising gorge. Honorable salary man had gone to honorable ancestors - his unknown sin expiated as his calcined bones sank slowly down into the stomach of the world. And one more statistic would be run up on Blofeld's abacus of death. Why didn't the Japanese air force come and bomb this place to eternity, set the castle and the poison garden ablaze with napalm? How could this man continue to have protection from a bunch of botanists and scientists? And now here was he, Bond, alone in this hell to try and do the job with almost no weapon but his bare hands. It was hopeless! He was scarcely being given a chance in a million. Tiger and his Prime Minister were certainly exacting their pound of flesh in exchange for their precious MAGIC 44 - 182 pounds of it to be exact!

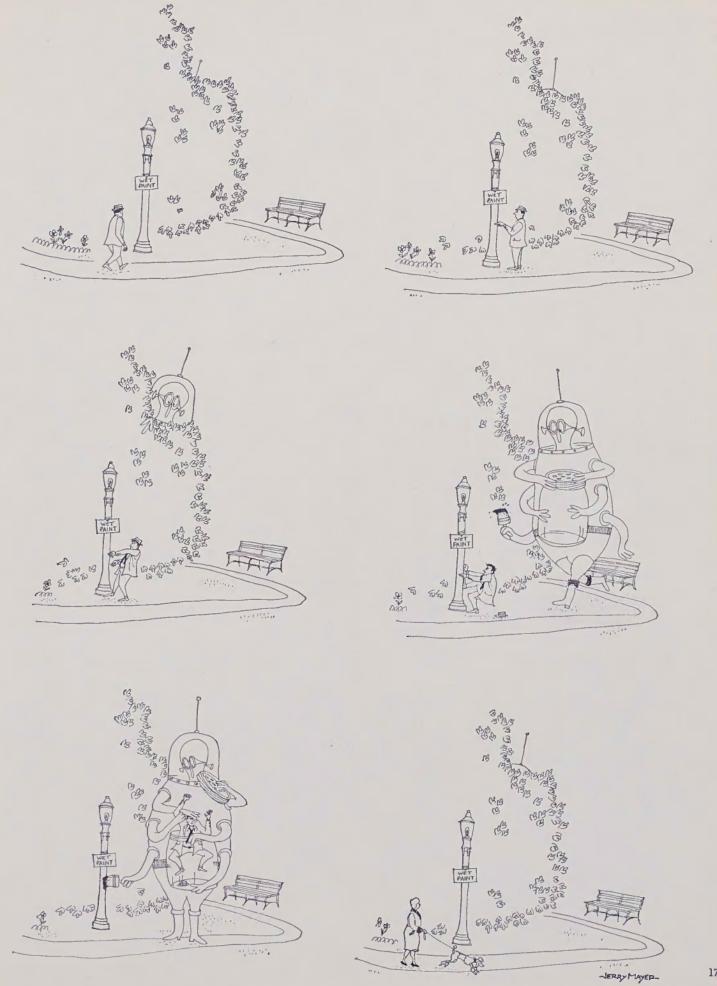
Cursing his fate, cursing Tiger, cursing the whole of Japan, Bond went on his way, while a small voice whispered in his ear, "But don't you want to kill Blofeld? Don't you want to avenge Tracy? Isn't this a God-given chance? You have done well tonight. You have penetrated his defenses and spied out the land. You have even found a way into his castle and probably up to his bedroom. Kill him in his sleep tomorrow! And kill her, too, while you're about it! And then back into Kissy's arms and, in a week or two, back over the Pole to London and to the applause of your Chief. Come on! Somewhere in Japan, a Japanese is committing suicide every thirty minutes all through the year. Don't be squeamish because you've just seen a couple of numbers ticked off on a sheet in the Ministry of Health, a couple of points added to a graph. Snap out of it! Get on with the job!"

And Bond listened to the whisper and went on round the last mile of wall and back to the gardeners' hut.

He took a last look round before going in. He could see a neck of the lake about 20 yards away. It was now gun metal in the approaching dawn. Some big insects were flitting and darting through the softly rising steam. They were pink dragonflies. Pink ones. Dancing and skimming. But of course! The haiku of Tiger's dving agent! That was the last nightmarish touch to this obscenity of a place. Bond went into the hut, picked his way carefully between the machines and wheelbarrows, pulled some sacks over himself and fell into a shallow sleep full of ghosts and demons and screams.

This is the second of three installments of Ian Fleming's latest James Bond novel, "You Only Live Twice." The conclusion will appear next month.





GIN FLING

(continued from page 84)

MARTINI PERNOD

2 ozs. gin

1/2 oz. dry vermouth

1/8 teaspoon Pernod

Onion-stuffed olive

Pour gin, vermouth and Pernod into mixing glass with ice. Twirl with bar mixing spoon. Place olive in prechilled cocktail glass. Strain martini into glass.

GIN DAISY

2 ozs. gin

1/2 oz. raspberry syrup

1/2 oz. lemon juice

1/2 oz. lime juice

Thawed frozen raspberries in syrup

Fill a silver or glass mug with finely cracked ice (not shaved). Add gin, raspberry syrup, lemon juice and lime juice. Stir with highball mixer or bar spoon until all ingredients are well blended. Place a tablespoon of raspberries with syrup on top. Do not stir.

APERITIF ON ROCKS

3 ozs. red aperitif wine

1½ ozs. gin ½ oz. lemon juice Lemon slice

Pour wine, gin and lemon juice into cocktail shaker with ice. Stir well, do not shake. Strain into prechilled old fashioned glass containing two or three ice cubes. Place lemon slice on top.

PINEAPPLE MINT PUNCH

2 ozs. gin

1/2 oz. white crème de menthe

3 ozs. pineapple juice, chilled

1 oz. lemon juice

Pineapple cocktail stick

Green cherry

Put three large ice cubes in 12-oz. highball glass. Pour gin, crème de menthe, pineapple juice and lemon juice into glass. Stir well. Decorate with pineapple stick and cherry.

Elijah the prophet once derived infinite comfort from sitting under a juniper tree. The preceding formulas are all guaranteed for their comforting effects, too—indoors or out.





traveling man

(continued from page 96)

don't know how to make music or listen to it anymore anyway. Jazz music is dying fast. Jazz. That's a long sad story I'm going to put to music myself one of these days.

Then when I least expected, wasn't even thinking about it, Roger-D closed his piano lid down and scratched his stomach, satisfied. He must've played a mighty cool little tune, and I would've give a lot to hear it played out in the open. Then he closed his eyes, his head hanging down like a busted puppet. I got afraid he would fall on his face if he fell asleep and I got up again and went over to him, picked his head up and held him under his chin with my big guitar hands wrapped around his skinny skull.

"Listen a minute, Roger."

No answer.

"Listen, damnit."

No answer. Dead asleep. I could've cried. All my good plans gone bust, just ten bucks, for Christ sakes. I wanted that money in the worst way. I tried to decide if I would steal it off him, but I was too chickenhearted to steal, and I knew it. I'm a lousy thief. I got too much imagination to steal. Besides, I wouldn't even know the first place to look. How you going to find anything in a room that empty or pickpocket a man that's only just wearing a jockstrap? Anyway, I wouldn't've done it. Not for any money. Trouble was I liked the bastard. As near as a black man can like a white man, anyway.

I figured I'd pick him up and carry him over and put him to bed. Maybe tomorrow I could get hold of that NAACP lady. Maybe my sculptor buddy could get me a job hauling fruit with him. Maybe I could play up a little travel money with my guitar in two or three nights. You never know. But right then I was surprised to hear Roger-D saying, "Lulu's down on charity of late."

Lulu was his prostitute. Old Rog was wide awake again. He took my paws down from his skull and slid down off that window sill just as easy as you please.

"I only just want the loan of it," I said, automatic.

He walked kind of shaky, but solid, too, you know—man with a hangover walking around a place he knew every inch of. He went over to the table and pulled out the knife-and-fork drawer. That was where he kept his happy stuff. Spoon, needle, candle, matches. Little envelopes full of God knows what. I sat back down on the bed to watch him.

He held his self up with his hand on the tabletop and fumbled around in the drawer for something, then pulled the pencil stub off his ear and scribbled something. In a minute he staggered over to me and dropped a little flat package in my lap. I just sat there like a big black Buddha, waiting.

"Take this over to Lulu for me, will you?"

"You want me to take it?" I said, stupid,

"She works out of Hôtel du Monde, Rue Saint-Denis."

"What's in it?"

"Take it over to her, will you, dad? Ask me no questions, I'll tell you no lies. Do me that little favor. Take it over to her and tell her I sent you. She'll be standing out front of the hotel. Lowest neckline in Paris. Blue sweater with a big V cut down the front of it. She cut it that way herself. Raincoat. Umbrella with flowers on it. Mademoiselle Lulu, can't miss her. Or ask the desk clerk where she went."

Then he put a 100-franc note on my knee — 20 bucks — and flopped over on the bed beside me, all the way out of it again.

I went down the hotel steps with my little package of whatever. I've done worse things, what the hell. I was just delivery boy. Looked to me like Lulu had a special customer, had somebody liked dreamtime better than games. Lulu's worry. And Roger's, not mine. I had Spain waiting for me and I was getting 20 bucks for asking no questions. But somehow I didn't feel just right about it, all the same. I was carrying a pocketful of knockout down those hotel steps, and I knew it.

Street outside was all warm and black and still raining. I made my plans. Hike over to Châtelet even if it was wet. Buses too far apart and the *métro* closed down this time of night. Hike over to Châtelet and head up Saint-Denis, give Lulu the Stuff and beat it. I could of threw it down a sewer and be done with it, but I'm too goddamn honest.

There was some people in the street from where the night clubs were letting out, but not too many. I heard a Vespa backfiring over on Saint-Michel somewhere that sounded like a machine gun, but I started off. Then before I even got to the corner of Huchette I saw three cops bearing down on me with their big capes flapping like the Three Musketeers. The breath went out of me and my heart stopped ticking.

I rocked around, ready to run the other way, but the other way was a whole mob of cops moving up from behind. I saw which way they were looking, and they meant me. Looked like a threshing machine—all those arms and clubs churning along—about to mow me under. I didn't do nothing but stand right still, capes and cop whistles closing in on me.

I wasn't the only one caught. They threshed up an Arab along the way, some sick-looking tobacco-colored rug peddler. That's color for you. Had to be dark-colored to travel that neighborhood, but you had to be white-colored to get out. Cops took his fez off of him, unrolled his rug he was carrying, looking for plastic bombs. I stood stone still, sweating BBs, feeling that jail package in my pocket. I was without even my guitar with me for identification.

They put the Arab in the wagon anyway, just for being an Arab. One of the cops gives me a quick feel alongside my sides and up and down my legs, looking for knives, looking for trouble, and finding it, naturally. Found the Stuff in my pocket, first thing.

Spain, you just got smashed up for me, like that busted mirror back home at my hotel. They got music in jail? All the trouble I ever been in, I never been locked up before. My insides all squeezed up tight. My blood was running rain water out there in the rain.

The one cop unwrapped and the other ones crowded around to see what it was.

Why me? Why Jesus why?

"Qu'est-ce que c'est?" the cop said. Opened up, it was a chunk of chocolate tied up in a note. The note just said:

my passport - I was American - and let

Je t'aime.

Ie t'aime.

Je t'aime.

That's all. That's just exactly what it said. They wrapped the chocolate up again and gave it back to me. Checked

R.

me go.

Crossed across Pont Saint-Michel practically walking tiptoe, barely touching ground. Bridge lights showing in the Seine. Lights along Cité all yellow runny in the rain-slick streets. The big old blue-and-gold clock stuck up on the Conciergerie said ten minutes past midnight, so it was tomorrow already. Spain today. Spain just down there somewhere waiting for me. Rain was soft and steady, like champagne fizz. Twenty bucks in my pocket, easy earned. Words to a sweet little song in my pocket. Tune to that song inside the head of a laughing sad jazzman. Him and his prostitute. "I love you" wrote out three times on a piece of paper just now saved me seven years' bad luck.







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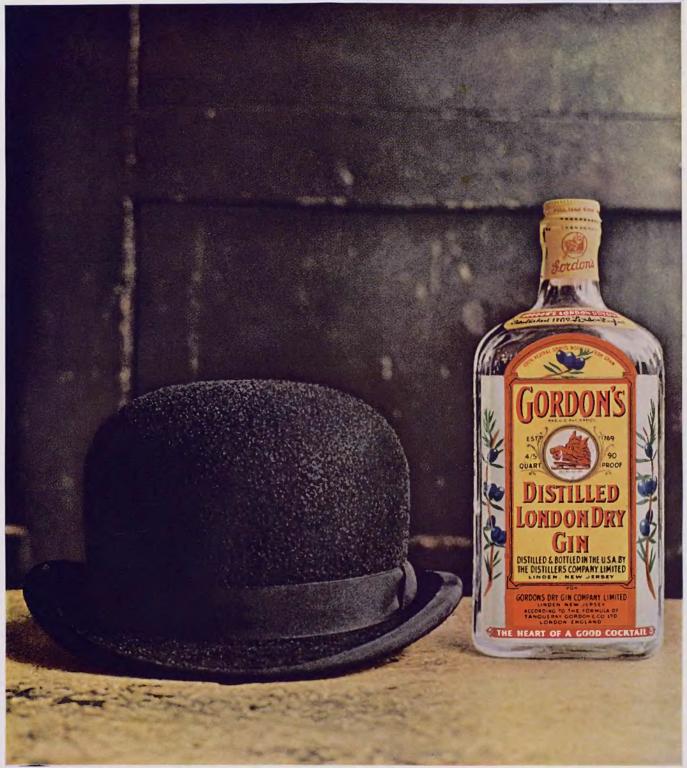
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