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OCTOBER 1965 • 75 CENTS

PLAYBOY



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THE BUNNIES OF MIAMI • YOUR JAZZ-POLL BALLOT • INTERVIEW WITH ATHEIST
MADALYN MURRAY • SUPERMAN NOSTALGIA BY JULES FEIFFER • PLUS PIETRO
DI DONATO, JEAN SHEPHERD, THEODORE STURGEON, DAN WAKEFIELD, HERBERT GOLD



What's
your hurry,
shirt...?

Saturday is for mush and fun and no clock watching.

Let's build a fire in the fireplace and have breakfast there and I'll sit on your lap, shirt, and maybe it will snow or rain or something and we can sit there all day.

Would you like that, shirt...?

Uh huh. I can tell.

A Van Heusen shirt like you has absolutely no intention of doing anything else. You have just one thing on your mind.

You fit like that because you want me to notice what great shape he's in. You whistle at me with that

plaid so I'll remember he's the only real man left in the world.

You're right, shirt.

Come here. Let's play Saturday.

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loves
'That
Man'**



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The filter
for the

taste that's
right!



PLAYBILL

OCTOBER'S HARE-raising cover hails

an issue as sprightly as a brisk fall day. Social commentator-cartoonist Jules Feiffer's *The Great Comic-Book Heroes* (which—in much expanded form and profusely illustrated—will be published soon as a hardcover book by Dial Press) lovingly yet analytically recounts those halcyon days when ten cents bought 64 pages of incredible illustrated adventure. Feiffer recalls vividly his own efforts in the comic-book grist mills of the Forties. Jules tells us: "The schlock houses were the art schools of the business. Working blind but furiously, working from swipes from others, working from the advice of others who drew better because they were in the business two weeks longer, one suddenly learned how to draw. I'd meet, in those early days, other young cartoonists. We'd talk nothing but shop. A new world; new superheroes; new archvillains. We'd compare swipes—and then, as our work improved, we'd disdain swipes. We'd joke about those who claimed to no longer use them but secretly still did. Sometimes, secretly, we still did, too. Some of us would pair off, find rooms together—moving our drawing tables away from the family into the world of commercial togetherness. Eighteen hours a day of work.

"We were a generation. We thought of ourselves the way the men who began movies must have. We were out to be splendid—somehow. In the meantime, we talked at our drawing tables about Caniff, Raymond, Foster. We argued over the importance of detail. Must every button on a suit be shown? Some argued yes. The magic realists of the business. Others argued no; what one wanted, after all, was *effect*. The expressionists of the business. Experiments in the use of angle shots were carried on. Arguments raged: Should angle shots be used for their own sake or for the sake of furthering the story? Everyone went back to study *Citizen Kane*. Rumors spread that Welles himself had read and learned

from comic books. What a great business," says Jules, fondly.

Jean Shepherd, perpetrator of *Leopold Doppler and the Orpheum Gravy Boat Riot*, a traumatic total-recall trip back to the Byzantine bijoux of the Thirties, did not escape that era unscathed. He claims he still suffers from recurrent attacks of Triple Feature Paralysis, a condition caused by maintaining a slumping seated position over long periods of time while receiving multiple blows on the kneecaps from the seat ahead, and aggravated by massive ingestions of cholesterol-coated popcorn. The *Gravy Boat Riot's* riotously baroque illustration, executed by young Philadelphia artist Gordon Kibbee, is his first for a national magazine.

The Chicken-Fat Curtain surrounding Sol Weinstein, author of *Loxfinger*, creator of Secret Agent Oy Oy Seven, Israel Bond—and a man about whom we knew absolutely nothing prior to the arrival of his halvah-stained manuscript—melted away when we received the following communiqué enclosed in a smoked-salmon-pink envelope, stamped "Top Secret—It Should Only Not Fall into Anti-Semitic Hands" and postmarked Levittown, Pennsylvania: "Age 37. Two children—David, age 008, Judy, 005. Wife, Ellie, simple uncomplicated psychotic from Bronx. We met in garment center when our racks collided. Write material for Joe E. Lewis (Aristotle of Bottle), Jackie Kannon, *Mad* magazine. Sing à la Sinatra but have Walter Slezak body. Write poetry, e.g.: *I kissed the friendly brown-eyed cow/Who gives us milk and cheese./I'm lying in my nursery now/With hoof 'n' mouth disease*. Future plans: Romantic lead opposite Mai Zetterling in film to be titled *The Beast That Came from the Yeast* (300-foot rye bread escapes from Grossinger's causing Terror! Terror! Terror!). Writing *Loxfinger* sequel—*Matzohball*. Am about to move from Burning Bush Lane to Rain Lily Road (also Levittown) and have vowed to kill degenerate who named

Levittown streets." After this issue's preview of *Loxfinger*, the full story will be published by Pocket Books; *Matzohball* will be previewed in our December issue and will also be followed by a Pocket Book-length version (Enjoy! Enjoy!) coinciding uncoincidentally with the movie premiere of *Thunderball*.

Herbert Gold, whose *City of Light '65* glitters as this month's lead fiction, writes from his Baghdad-by-the-Bay haunts that he is on the selection committee for this month's San Francisco Film Festival, is finishing a new novel (his seventh) and is writing about his trip to the Soviet Union this past summer.

Architect of *The Official Sex Manual* Gerald Sussman is a mild-mannered copywriter for J. Walter Thompson by day, an author by night, who says he is also involved in cultural stuff, land and water sports, and making fake licorice out of tar to amuse his friends. In compiling *The Official Sex Manual* (an expanded version of which will soon be published by G. P. Putnam's), Sussman—a forthright fellow—claims it's taught him one thing: "Writing about sex isn't all tinsel and glamor. It's mostly paperwork."

Dan Wakefield, who gives us *An Unhurried View of Ralph Ginzburg*, had his first unhurried view of censorship in 1962, when he covered the trial in which a little magazine called *The Provincetown Review* was banned in Massachusetts for printing a segment of Hubert Selby, Jr.'s *Last Exit from Brooklyn*.

October, of course, has much more to offer: your 1966 Playboy Jazz-Poll Ballot; an exclusive interview with the controversial, cantankerous and indefatigable Madalyn Murray; a breath-taking ten-page words-and-pictures visit with *The Bunnies of Miami*; a lusty helping of *Limericks*, spicily decorated with the illustrations of Arnold Roth; Theodore Sturgeon's wry sci-fier of a computer gone awry, *The Nail and the Oracle*; plus the fine French form of Catherine Deneuve, and a host of other visual and verbal attractions, all of which await within.

WAKEFIELD

KIBBEE



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BEER DRINKER'S QUIZ

1. How cold do you like your beer?
Ice cold ☐ Around 40° ☐
At 50° or so (rather British, you know) ☐
2. Which do you like best?
Canned beer ☐ Bottled beer ☐
Draught beer ☐
Any of these, as long as it's Budweiser ☐
3. Do you like your beer straight from a bottle or can? ☐
Or do you prefer to pour it into a glass? ☐
4. When you do use a glass, do you ease the beer down the side? ☐
Or do you pour it with a flourish to get a healthy head of foam? ☐
5. Do you like salt in your beer?
Yes ☐ Gosh, no (especially not Budweiser) ☐
6. Do you like to drink your beer in little sips? ☐
Big swallows? ☐ Something in between? ☐
7. Have you ever read that famous Budweiser label?
Yes ☐ No ☐
8. When you drink beer, do you usually have more than one can or bottle or glass?
Yes (whoever heard of drinking just one Budweiser?) ☐ No ☐
9. Which beer is brewed by "exclusive Beechwood Ageing with natural carbonation to produce a better taste and a smoother, more drinkable beer?"
Budweiser ☐ Some other brand ☐
10. How much foam do you like on a glass of draught beer?
One inch ☐ None at all ☐
An inch and a half to two inches ☐



What kind of beer drinker are you?

This is a beer quiz that we gave to our own head brewmaster. We know he's very good at *brewing* beer, but we wanted to check up on his beer-*drinking* habits. Naturally, since we're terribly biased in favor of our product, we wanted him to score well. He did. A perfect 100 points, as a matter of fact. With a beer-drinking brewmaster like this, no wonder Budweiser tastes so good.

Just for fun, why don't you match your own beer-drinking habits against those of our brewmaster by answering the questions on the opposite page (score ten points for each). While you're taking the test, it might be a good idea to cover up the answers below (maybe with a six-pak of cold Bud®).

- | | |
|---|---|
| 10. 1 1/2 to 2 inches. | 5. No . . . Budweiser is perfect just as it is. |
| Beechwood Aged! | |
| 9. Budweiser is the only beer in America that's | 4. With a flourish to get a healthy head of foam. |
| 8. Yes. Always. | 3. Into a glass. |
| 7. Yes . . . it tells quite a story. | 2. Any of these, as long as it's Budweiser. |
| 6. Big swallows. | 1. Around 40°. |

OUR BREWMASTER'S ANSWERS:

That's it. Now you can compare answers. By the way, if you scored 80 or more points, you're probably a Budweiser drinker. If you scored 100 points (that's perfect), better pour yourself another Budweiser. Chances are your glass is empty.

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DEAR PLAYBOY

 ADDRESS PLAYBOY MAGAZINE • 232 E. OHIO ST., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611

LOOKING AT LOOK AWAY

I read Hoke Norris' story *Look Away* [PLAYBOY, July 1965] with very great interest, thought it extremely well done, and am happy you saw fit to publish him. Aside from being a writer, he is a very wonderful human being, and I feel indebted to him for many reasons. I hope you publish more of his work.

Henry Miller
Pacific Palisades, California

In the story *Look Away*, Hoke Norris avoids the obvious. He is not maudlin and sloppy-soft. (Not a hard-boiled egg, either.) His people are not paper dolls with "bad" and "good" stamped on their backs; it is easy to believe they will go on steaming and shrinking and lunging, and shredding themselves, after the last paragraph.

Gwendolyn Brooks
Chicago, Illinois

The courage of PLAYBOY in publishing Hoke Norris' tour de force, *Look Away*, merits unstinted praise. May I offer it and the heartfelt appreciation of a Mississippian who, for 25 years, has fought what has seemed to be a losing battle with his guardian, family and friends. Not only did I relish with deep, perverse satisfaction the savage thrust of Norris' plot and exposition, but also I loathed with splendid, cathartic hatred his Southern whites.

John Doran
Pico Rivera, California

Hoke Norris' *Look Away* protruded like a rotting olive in a bowl of diamonds. I'm surprised you'd think we're still interested in such tripe. Civil rights is a dying horse—beaten beyond recognition, almost, by anyone and everyone who ever hoped to make a fast buck by riding its coattails. It was amusing, to be sure, if only for its unbelievable corn, but, quite frankly, I found it very, very boring.

Mel Kevin
Rantoul, Illinois

As a member of the Armed Forces of the United States, I thank you and Mr. Norris for his splendid bit of "fiction," *Look Away*. The Confederate flags dis-

played on the front of this state's police cars and the benches marked, in bold lettering, WHITE ONLY, make me sick and ashamed to be serving this "great" country of ours. We need more stories such as Mr. Norris' to show the rest of the country how ugly the South is. I often wonder if my friends, dying in Vietnam every day, have given their lives for a country that will never care.

Daniel Ethan, U. S. A. F.
Keesler AFB, Mississippi

Hoke Norris' *Look Away* has aroused the conscience of many Southerners by putting into words our unexpressed feelings. Congratulations to the author on such an excellent piece of writing.

Carl Hundley
Chapel Hill, North Carolina

SHERMAN ON SEX

I would like to thank you for enriching your July issue with the humor of Allan Sherman. *Sex and the Single Sherman* was one of the funniest and most touching articles you have ever printed. Please keep up the terrific job you're doing.

Ken Wenzel
Merrick, New York

Allan Sherman's discourse on intercourse was most enlightening. An adult's honest revelation of youthful sex manifestations, it must have taken a lot of courage. Bravo for him. In my estimation, his "image" has gained considerable stature. Even my wife agrees with me.

Norman Seltzer
Hanover, Michigan

Allan Sherman's nauseating saga of his sex life was, without a doubt, the most offensive piece I've ever had the misfortune to read in PLAYBOY. Mr. Sherman is not a funny comedian and has proved, to me anyway, that he also is not a funny writer. To be brutally frank, I couldn't care less about the care and handling of Sherman's privates.

John Fredrick
Tahlequah, Oklahoma

The comments on masturbation in *Sex and the Single Sherman* were right to the point. Recently I asked a Catholic friend of mine if Catholics believed one could

promise her
anything...
but give her

ARE PRESENT

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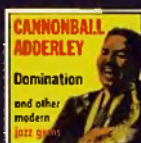
20-12. **YESTERDAY'S LOVE SONGS, TODAY'S BLUES**—The Song Is You, Never Let Me Go, 10 other hits.

21-36. **NANCY WILSON SHOW**—You Can Have Him, Bill Bailey, Don't Take Your Love From Me, Guess Who I Saw Today, 5 more.

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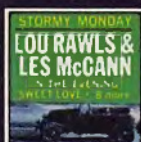
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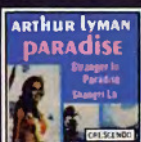
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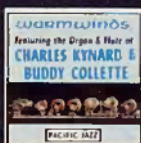
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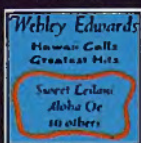
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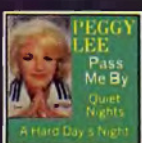
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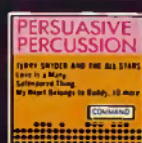
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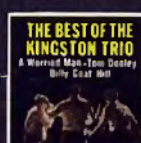
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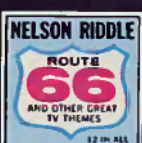
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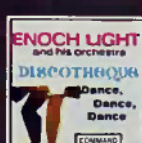
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Some guys have it. Some guys never will.

Black Label After Shave, Spray Deodorant, Bath Talc. A buck each.

go to hell for masturbating. His answer was "Certainly." Such a vicious doctrine has been the source of much needless anxiety for Catholic young people of both sexes, and has aggravated many a neurosis. How can a loving God be thought of as dealing out such punishment?

(Name withheld by request)
Bloomington, Indiana

In his article *Sex and the Single Sherman*, the page in the Boy Scout manual of 1937 that Mr. Sherman is referring to [regarding the evils of masturbation] is 528 and not 238.

F. M. Richard Simons
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania
Turn in your merit badges, Allan.

Many thanks for Allan Sherman's *Sex and the Single Sherman*. How true his last paragraph was. [In it, Sherman expressed sorrow that so often the acquisition of sexual knowledge is a traumatic and guilt-ridden experience for young people.] I have often thought of that myself as I bring up my two children, a boy and a girl. How I dread the time when I will have to tell them about life, hoping I can make it sound as wonderful as it really is; telling them the whole story so that when they are in their adolescence they won't have to learn the details the hard way.

Mrs. R. J. Herrbach
San Bernardino, California

As a female (horrors!) and an avid reader of your magazine, I must state here and now that I can never remember reading anything that so completely states the whole case, or problem (as you will) of sex, as did the last paragraph of Allan Sherman's article in your July issue.

Why, oh why, does it have to be like that? God bless us all, if we can ever reach the point where sex is meaningful and beautiful and not something to be snickered at, during our youth, and talked about behind "cupped hands" during our so-called adult years.

Mrs. Richard F. Ryan
Granby, Connecticut

If I remember correctly, another Sherman said that war was hell. Perhaps General and Allan Sherman are related.

Robert B. M. Barton, President
Parker Brothers, Inc.
Salem, Massachusetts

BOND ADIEU

Your many readers will gratefully agree, I'm sure, that sincere thanks should go to PLAYBOY for publishing *The Man with the Golden Gun*, regrettably the last book by Ian Fleming. The "Fleming era," however, will not come to a close in the next decade, I am sure. His books will be read and reread.

James M. Ferrari
Lancaster, Pennsylvania

This jacket's the mixmaster. It has natural shoulders, 3-button front, trim lines, lapped seams, and hooked center vent for the nice, easy look that suits you to a tea (even the stuffiest kind) or blends you in with swingers on less formal occasions.



Feeling regal? Or rakish? This vest goes both ways, to fit your mood (and hers). Either matches the suit or reverses to make a dashing, sporty contrast.

Two pairs of tapered Post-Grads with cuffs, belt loops and regular pockets. One pair matches the jacket. The contrasting color gives you a wicked combination.

To create a stir...mix the **h.i.s.** **4-piece combo suit**
 \$39.95 in long-wearing rayon reverse twist. \$55 in Acrilan® acrylic/wool herringbones and homespuns. (Slightly higher in the West.)
H.I.S., 16 EAST 34TH STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10016

The most
sophisticated
fragrance
in all Paris
...now in a
distinguished
spray mist



Eau de Toilette Spray Mist
4 ounces, 5.00

Jolie Madame
BALMAIN
PARIS, FRANCE

(SPRAY MIST MADE IN U.S.A.)

There is no question about it. James Bond is and always will be fiction's best in the cloak-and-dagger game.

M. Thomas Rocks
Washington, Pennsylvania

I always thought Fleming was a man of the world—knowledgeable, sophisticated, and so on. You can imagine my dismay and surprise when I came across the bit about marijuana. Sixteen pounds sterling per ounce—hah. The stuff sells for \$175 wholesale in New York City and costs about ten percent of that in Mexico, where the majority of it comes from. These prices are per pound. New York City alone imports thousands of pounds a week. And marijuana isn't a narcotic in the technical definition; and it is also non-habit-forming (and thus upsets all of Fleming's implications). Have you any rejoinder that will enable Fleming to regain his "cool" status?

D. R. Mickelson
New York, New York

Scaramanga says: "... the ganja [marijuana] laws have just been considerably stiffened. There are big prison sentences. Consequently, the price has gone through the roof." The reference was to the price in Jamaica. And while it is true that marijuana is not a narcotic, i.e., addictive, it can be habit-forming. Dig?

HEAVY FLACK

The only thing wrong with Murray Teigh Bloom's July article, *The Great American Build-up*, is that it doesn't go far enough.

Sure, there are public-relations people who "handle" people for a personal build-up—a very small segment of businessmen who itch to be known as business tycoons, a middling segment of politicians who still believe that it's not what you say that counts, it's what you say you say, and a whopping segment of entertainment-world personalities who equate their press clippings with their egos and their asking prices. Frequently, the personal build-up pays big dividends, but this is hardly the basis of the public-relations business, and it hardly seems fair to allege by omission that it might be. For the 50 personal build-up specialists the article discusses, there are thousands of corporate, community, association, public-service and public-relations concept builders.

Every competent public-relations specialist builds people. Every corporation, association, political party, et cetera, is an inanimate thing without people. But we've always believed that no matter how luminous the personality, what he represents deserves the bigger build-up, pays the bigger dividend, lasts the longer time.

Allan T. Zachary, President
Zachary, Liss and Front
Public Relations
New York, New York

The writer of *The Great American Build-up* appears to be unaware that great changes in our society have made the build-up an inevitable part of our system, and very often a highly constructive one. Speeded-up communication and transportation have given leaders millions of listeners and readers in areas extended to millions of square miles. They can reach these people almost simultaneously. Leadership depends on the effectiveness with which sound ideas and actions are presented to the public through the network of communication.

But a good statesman, manufacturer or educator does not necessarily know how to enlist public support. This new discipline is usually outside his own competence. The new profession of counsel on public relations came into being after World War One in response to a great need. Leaders now demand expert counsel on public relations in these matters, much as they require lawyers in legal matters.

Edward L. Bernays
Cambridge, Massachusetts

The positive powers of PR have been oft and ably extolled and expounded by Mr. Bernays, dean of the art and among the first to use motivation research in its behalf. The motive of Murray Bloom's article was to explicate some of PR's less lofty and less familiar aspects, not to survey the entire field.

SHEPHERD'S SKYROCKET

Please pass on several school-is-out whoopees to Jean Shepherd from those of us who tipped a can over the Fourth in honor of Ludlow Kissel [*Ludlow Kissel and the Dago Bomb That Struck Back*, July]. What else can you do to demonstrate your patriotism here in safe-and-sane, fireworks-free Massachusetts? Even when I was a kid, the "Remember-the-kid-that-lost-an-eye-one-time" people had gained the upper hand. But they cannot legislate away a free spirit. I remembered the treasure hidden away in the false panel where I used to keep my old Henry Miller books. Drawing the blinds and securing the doors against the police, I went down to the cellar, and there, down behind the oil burner, I ignited my ancient sparkler—and thought sad thoughts.

Peter Luoma
Weymouth, Massachusetts

I enjoyed Jean Shepherd's reminiscence about the Fourth of July in his small home town in northern Indiana. However, it seems he remembers Ludlow and the pyrotechnics better than he remembers the local flora. Lilac bushes don't "droop fragrantly" in Indiana in July.

Marsha Hefferan
Prospect Heights, Illinois
Shepherd says everything droops in Hammond, whatever the month.

Boots Randolph: How do you describe the way this guy plays?



If Daniel Boone had played sax, he would have sounded like Boots. Rawboned. Tough. Humorous. Folk. Rowdy. The man who wrote *Yakety Sax* sounds like nobody but his imitators. Jazz fans and jazz musicians love his long, convoluted, urgent patterns, both intellectual and intense. Country fans and country musicians love his downhome simplicity.

We can't think of many other instrumentalists who give you so much for your money: if you turn the volume down, Boots is a musicologist's delight: a strange and cerebral marriage of mainstream jazz to mountain creek soul. If you turn the volume up, you've got the makings of a wild party.



**Buy Boots on
monument
records.**

1. MLP 8002
2. MLP 8015
3. MLP 8037

**monument
is artistry**

POLICE REPORT

The writer of the article *Cruising*, which appeared in the June issue, shows vivid imagination. He attempts to be realistic and uses very descriptive language. It is understandable that he uses the term "cop" rather than "policeman," because the two officers seem representative of the first. The truth is that men of this low caliber would not last long on a progressive police force. Police departments quickly weed out men who practice the poor judgment evidenced by these two in the way they handled every incident on their tour of duty.

Success in police work is not possible with attitudes like those held by the two men in the article. We are not so unrealistic as to deny that such "cops" may exist in a negligible minority, but they are *not* typical policemen. This was not the average day in a scout car that the author described.

Hilton Geer, Chief of Police
Oklahoma City Police Department
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

POOL SCORE

What's in a name? Don Drown, our "reassuringly yclept swimming instructor" (*Playboy After Hours*, July 1965) has not yet lost a student. "Learn to Swim with Comer and Drown," we tell our freshmen.

Alice J. Thurston, Ph.D., Assistant Dean
The Montgomery Junior College
Takoma Park, Maryland

COLLECTIVE THOUGHTS

I just picked up a copy of the July PLAYBOY and I couldn't get past *Playboy After Hours* without stopping to add a few collective "human types" of my own:

- a stock of brokers
- a loaf of bakers
- a crop of farmers
- a line of fishermen
- a row of gardeners
- a pen of writers
- a flock of shepherds

Mel Piff, II
Moline, Illinois

OK, gentlemen, try these on for size:

- a rash of dermatologists
- a stream of urologists
- a flood of weathermen
- a battery of electricians
- a pile of proctologists
- a blanket of campers
- a chain of smokers
- a pack of card players
- a board of carpenters
- a wave of hair stylists

Harvey J. Engelsher, M.D.
Yonkers, New York

A mass of priests? A press of reporters?
John N. Kessler
Murray Hill, New Jersey

A cast of skiers?
Edwin B. Barker
Manhattan Beach, California



THIS 125-M.P.H. TIRE GIVES ANY ROAD A BEAUTIFUL GOING OVER

Bring on your hills and rough roads. We've got the tire to take them on—and do it beautifully. New Super Sports 500. It's a tough tire, with special racing construction that inseparably welds the nylon cord body to the high-speed tread (like our winning tires at the Indianapolis 500). It's a quick tire, with special bars in the tread to eliminate wavering at high speeds. It's a steady tire, with a



wraparound tread for cat-like traction on curves. And it's been proved on our Texas test track—at sustained speeds of 125 m.p.h., 24 hours a day. We call it our 125-m.p.h. tire—though many 60-m.p.h. drivers will buy it. All in all, it makes quite a tire. So if you've got a rough road to challenge, get the tires to match. New Super Sports 500. At your Firestone Dealer or Store.

THE SPORTS CAR TIRE



FROM

Firestone



The spirit of England
BEEFEATER
BEEFEATER



BEEFEATER GIN • 94 PROOF • 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • KOBRAND, N.Y.

©1985
 KOBRAND

INSIDIOUS INTERVIEW

The July PLAYBOY has an interesting, if somewhat confusing, exchange of denials in the *Dear Playboy* columns. Someone who claims to be Art Buchwald denies he was interviewed, a letter signed by Marvin Kitman denies such an interview was made, and PLAYBOY denies publishing the interview.

Had the alleged interview actually appeared in PLAYBOY, the corroborative denials of three parties would have established the interview to be little more than a simple fraud. However, the bare fact is that no such interview was published in April or at any other time. The denials, therefore, seem quite pointless, unless they are indeed part of a serious conspiracy, and I believe that I am close to the truth of the matter.

The uncanny likeness between the names Art Buchwald and Michael Morro, the infamous THRUSH agent, and a similarly astounding likeness between the names Marvin Kitman and Exel Ezzi, the notorious SMERSH enforcer, confirm what I have suspected all along—that the two syndicates are really one and the same. Furthermore, the mysteriously long PLAYBOY reply is undoubtedly a coded message from their U.S. intermediary.

Robert Willoughby
 Basking Ridge, New Jersey

THINK SHRINK

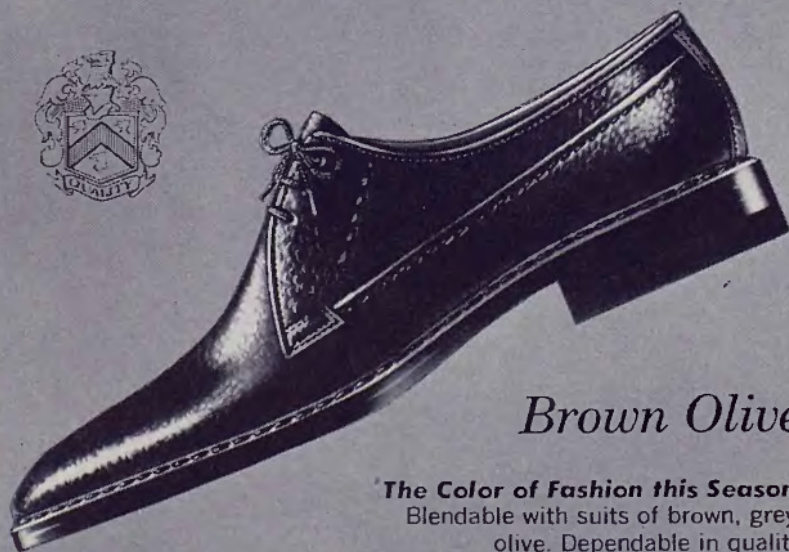
Not that your Circulation Department would notice the increase, but the July issue of PLAYBOY is circulating widely around the offices of Weldotron. On behalf of the "forward-looking Weldotron Corporation," many thanks for the very cleverly written mention in the *Playboy After Hours* section.

Since the nature of shrink packaging permits a contour-hugging overwrap to be produced, the fanciful vision of pre-packaging sweet, lovable people (as described in the write-up) can easily be a reality. You have an unlimited source of "lovable people," whose contours would present no packaging problem to us. These "prize packages" offer interesting possibilities promotionwise, if you would be interested in pursuing this thought. We would welcome the challenge of packaging PLAYBOY's famous products.

Ronald S. Tulin, Publicity Manager
 Weldotron Corporation
 Newark, New Jersey

Seems like an interesting notion—at first glance. But on further thought, we see a clear, unshrunk case of conflict of interests: One of our specialties is unpackaging lovable people, and we rather suspect our readers would like us to keep it that way. What red-blooded American male would want a contour-hugging overwrap between him and his lovable people? The mere thought might make him shrink—without benefit of prepackaging.

FRENCH SHRINER



Brown Olive

The Color of Fashion this Season.
 Blendable with suits of brown, grey, olive. Dependable in quality and craftsmanship . . . because they're French Shrinker.

Style No. 455
 \$33.00
 other styles
 from \$24.95

At Fine Stores Everywhere

FRENCH SHRINKER • 443 ALBANY ST. • BOSTON, MASS. 02118



Please . . . may I sniff your Klompen Kloggen?



Klompen Kloggen is blended from unusual strains of tobaccos—porous leaves which absorb the delicate fruit flavoring used in its cure. Herein lies the secret of Klompen Kloggen's flavor and aroma.

Klompen Kloggen's natural tobacco bouquet works on a woman the way the subtle essence of a fine perfume works on a man. Remember this extra dimension, because this new aromatic blend is so fine its makers must give you, of necessity . . .

probably less tobacco for more money than any other pipe tobacco in America.

Wanted — from Main Street to Mandalay:

Martini & Rossi Imported Vermouth.

Extra Dry for exotic Martinis...

Sweet, for inviting Manhattans.

The most...coast to coast.



Happy afterthought: Martini & Rossi is great straight on the rocks.

RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.



MARTINI & ROSSI

OUTSIDE THE U.S. AND CANADA IT'S CALLED **MARTINI** VERMOUTH

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



For those of you who are finding that knitting up the raveled sleeve of care is getting to be tough stitching these days, we offer the following tranquilizer: a telephone call to PLaza 9-1520 in New York City. After a few rings, a lush female voice in accents of equal parts liquid gold and pure Brooklynese gushes the greeting "Hello there, this is your lullaby lady. I'm so sorry you can't sleep. Let me suggest three of my best sleep coaxers . . ." The voice then languidly lays out sleepy-time suggestions that end with a sales pitch to "come in and see your lullaby lady at the Norman Dine Sleep Center, 9 East 54th Street." This Morphean call to arms is but one of a myriad of recorded messages that await the dedicated dialer.

We recently occupied ourself during what would have been an otherwise idle afternoon by sampling some of the available telephonic fare around the country. In addition to the standard recorded messages on arrival and departure schedules of airlines, weather forecasts and time checks, we found we could get everything from news about the "six little danger signs that could mean cancer" to a recipe for pot roast. In Los Angeles, Smokers Dial Service at 345-6545 told us how we could stop smoking. We called Dial-A-Movie in Dallas at FE 9-6511 and were a little surprised to learn that the best movies for the family then playing in town were *The Brass Bottle*, *Gidget Goes to Rome*, *The Greatest Story Ever Told* and *Ride the Wild Surf*.

The need for recorded messages, we found out, became evident during the New York World's Fair of 1939. A local minister would leave his calling cards around the fairgrounds asking people to call him if they needed help. In those days, there was no telephone recording equipment, so the padre had to race back home, answer the phone as it rang, and shoot comfort from the hip. But look today at what this man of God hath wrought. In almost every city there is either a Dial-A-Saint or a Dial-A-Prayer. In Chicago, DE 7-1200

offers spiritual solace presented by Lain & Son, funeral directors. For those oriented along Christian Scientist lines, there is Dial-A-Treatment in New York at 765-3232.

We're sorry to report that recorded telephone announcements are often used for less uplifting purposes. They have been pressed into service on behalf of used-car dealers, movie theaters, dance studios and credit firms peddling time-payment plans for home repairs. In Los Angeles, there was even an enterprising group of pornographers who, until the police broke them up, were doing a brisk business selling feelthy pictures via recorded pitches. In Chicago we got pictures of an even more distressing sort by dialing GOD-1786. "Let freedom ring," came the quavering voice of what was unmistakably a little old lady. Then began the sad spiel of the radical right wailing about the Supreme Court, which, "because of its pro-Communist decisions and reckless disregard for decency has lost the confidence of the American people." Justice Douglas voted for the Communists 97 percent of the time, she said, and Justice Black was pegged at 100 percent. For a brief second we could swear we heard the wisping sound of flexing tennis shoes.

Most of the sins of commission or omission by the recorders of telephone announcements, however, are delightfully expiated by the Massachusetts Audubon Society in Boston. Dialing KE 6-4050, we were utterly entranced to learn that "phalaropes have been seen off Ipswich and a yellow-billed cuckoo has been reported from Rockford. A pileated woodpecker was observed at the Ipswich River Wild Life Sanctuary in Tuft's Field and a dickcissel was reported from Marblehead. At the sewer beds in Marlboro there were four or five solitary sandpipers and ten killdeer." We were also told to "watch for the Hudsonian barbeds and whimbrels at the north end of Plum Island where they feed on the musel beds at low tide." In what was perhaps a breach of delicacy, we were later informed that in Gloucester two stilt

sandpipers were seen "in their breeding plumage."

But our dialing day ended on a sour note when we called Dial-An-Entertainment in Los Angeles at 278-0300. After four rings, we heard, "This is a recording. You have reached a disconnected number."

A novel notion in church socials came to our attention in the form of an ad from Massachusetts' *Haverhill Gazette*: "Ladies of the West Haverhill Congregational Church have cast off clothing of all kinds, and everything can be seen afternoons in the basement of the church."

The Great Discount Delusion, a book-length exposé that accuses mark-down-merchandise emporiums of exploiting the public, destroying department-store competition and undermining the economy with drastic price reductions, was recently published by the David McKay Company at \$4.50 each. Nothing if not a good sport, E. J. Korvette, the nation's leading discount chain, is selling the book for \$3.69 a copy.

A spy in the sports department at the New York *Daily News* has informed us that the reporting staff there is under standing orders to refer to the missile used in hockey as the "disk" or "rubber." The word "puck" is considered too tempting to playful and/or nearsighted typesetters.

Think Big Department: Embassy Pictures' upcoming *The Tenth Victim* was formerly titled *The Seventh Victim*.

We applaud the Democratic lawmakers of the Pennsylvania state legislature who applauded Rep. Blaine C. Hocker for his candor during a floor debate on juvenile detention centers, when he declared, "I'm not talking as a Republican; I'm speaking as a human being."

A missive from our man in Paris provided us with food for thought. Various



For the great life!

'49 er makes the sharpest entry at any rally in widevale Crompton Corduroy with Sherpa sheepskin-like lining of 100% Orlon® acrylic. Giant zip, bold colors and rawhide lace trim tie-up a winners jacket. Small to XL. About \$27.50 at smart men's stores or write:

SILTON BROS. 3400 South Main Street, Los Angeles, California

Like nothing else you ever tasted
(except champagne!)



CHAMPALE is America's Original Sparkling Malt Liquor. Gives a champagne glow to any occasion...yet costs just pennies more than beer. Buy it wherever beer is sold.

FREE—Write today for Recipe Booklets for drinks and food—Dept. PB, Metropolis Brewery of N. J., Trenton

SPARKLING
Champale
MALT LIQUOR

articles found in Paris' public swimming pools, he reports, were auctioned off by the city not long ago. They included some 7500 brassieres.

Back in April 1964, these columns apprised the reader of some of the more unusual color names suggested by entrants in a contest sponsored by the Eagle Shirtmakers of Quakertown, Pennsylvania. Since then, the Eagle people have continued to spice their ads with sprightly handles for new hues—Saratochre, Up-To Snuff, George Scandals' White—while we've kept our own color ideas to ourselves. However, the time is now ripe, we feel (what with international good will at an all-time low), to share our thoughts with the world and the Eagle Shirtmakers. We offer—gratis—the following spectrum:

Long-John Silver
Done-Up Brown
Everything-Went Black
Minoan Maize
In Violet
Yuca Tan
Count-To Tan
Ant Teak
Rip-Out-the-Front Beige
High-Pitched Wine
Mind-Over Madder
Toots Wheat

And, as a follow-up to Eagle's own Barrywater Gold, this final offering—The-Extweme White.

Eleventh Commandment: In the parking lot adjoining the Temple Avodah in Oceanside, Long Island, in the space reserved for the rabbi's car, is a sign reading THOU SHALT NOT PARK.

As we go to press, police in San Gabriel, California, are still seeking two gunmen who grabbed \$200 cash and ran from a local store—the Grab and Run Emporium.

Just the news, please: Birth notice from New York State's *Williamson Sun*—"Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth DeCook, June 18, a sin, Donald Edward."

MOVIES

Casanova '70 is the kind of nonsuccess that comes straight out of success. If Italian pictures weren't popular, if Marcello Mastroianni weren't a world-wide smash, if producer Joe Levine hadn't collected a bundle from sexy imports, this color comedy would never have been made. They've taken what they think is the recipe—MM, beautiful babes, hilarity in the hay—and have tried to repeat. Result: Blueprintsville. Marcello is an army officer who can't function with females unless the situation is risky as well as risqué. When a girl just comes along

It's **Jockey** "Meet Your Match" Month
® BRAND
PLAY THE MATCH QUIZ!

See if you can match these men with the
 Jockey **Life**® underwear that suits them best

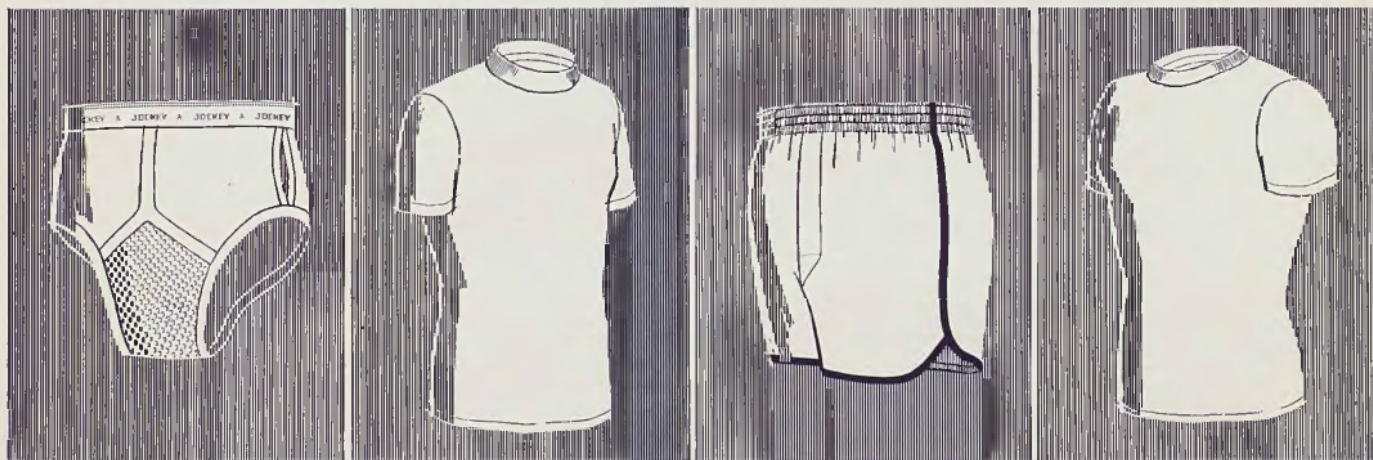


A. CLASS OF '66

B. VETERAN POLITICO

C. ALLIGATOR WRESTLER

D. PSYCHIATRIST



1. **Life**®
 SLIM GUY* BRIEF

2. **Life**
 HI-NECK BO'SUN SHIRT

3. **Life**
 TAPERED SLIM GUY RACER

4. **Life**
 TAPERED BRUTE SHIRT

Answers: (A-3) He's a big man on campus... a leader... head of his class. It's no surprise that his underwear has pace-setter style. It's the new Slim Guy racer. Tailored for the new, trim, fashionable look. The shorter, tapered legs have new racing vents and contrasting trim. \$1.50.

(B-1) Though there's snow on the roof, there's still plenty of life in the old boy. His vote is cast for new Slim Guy briefs, styled for men who think young. They give you famous Jockey support plus mesh-pouch ventilation, action side vents, high-cut leg openings. And they feel really great. \$1.50.

(C-4) No self-respecting alligator wrestler would wear anything but the tapered Brute shirt. It has all the quality features

of the classic Jockey T-shirt plus a new tapered cut to fit a guy without a paunch. Try it. You may not be an alligator wrestler, but you'll sure feel like one. \$1.50.

(D-2) He has blue eyes and brown hair, so naturally he chooses the hi-neck Bo'sun shirt with its action styling, longer sleeves, longer tail, and heavier body fabric. What have blue eyes and brown hair got to do with choosing underwear? Don't ask us. He's the psychiatrist. \$1.50.



It's not Jockey brand
 if it doesn't have the Jockey boy

JOCKEY MENSWEAR, KENOSHA, WIS., A DIVISION OF COOPER'S, INC.

How about you? Which Jockey underwear matches you best? Come in and find out during Jockey "Meet Your Match" Month. Now at your favorite men's wear or department store.

*Pat. applied for



exhilarating
elegance for MEN

JADE EAST 玉東

LEFT TO RIGHT Jade East for the Hair, \$1.75; Cologne, 6 oz. \$4.50; (not shown: 4 oz. \$3.00); After Shave, 6 oz. \$3.50 (not shown: 4 oz. \$2.50); Man Powder, \$3.50; Deodorant Stick, \$1.75; Cologne Mist, \$4.00

SWANK, NEW YDRK—SOLE DISTRIBUTOR

Which was 18th century England's favourite pastime: Rugby or Gordon's?

Sporting Englishmen first played Rugby around 1870. Which means Gordon's had the field to itself for over a century. Since 1769, to be precise. The year Mr. Gordon made his silky-smooth, icy-dry discovery. The gin that's still England's biggest seller. Not to mention America. And all the rest of the fun-loving world. Next time you're in a sporting mood, try Gordon's. Every bit as exhilarating as Rugby. But not so exhausting.



peaceably to his hotel room, it's no go, but when he grabs one on a museum bed with a guided tour gathered just outside the drawn canopy curtains, zoom, zoom! And so on—including the way he cheats a deaf, jealous husband, dares the wrath of a dangerous Sicilian family by claiming he's a doctor and examining their daughter's purity, sends a wire to rush home a general whose wife he's wooing, hurries to a harlot who's jinxed a lot of Johns, sexcetera. The girls are gorgeous: among them, Virna Lisi, Michelle Mercier, Yolanda Modio and Marisa Mell, the alpine Austrian strudel. Enrico Maria Salerno makes a fine fink of a head-shrinker. Mastroianni is never bad, but he has to hustle to keep this one hustling. There are laughs in it, but he and the scriptwriters must fight for them. Director Mario (*The Big Deal on Madonna Street*) Monicelli, who's done some dillies, slugs along with his star and scripters.

The Beatles are good, but what's even better, they're lucky. Their luck is entitled Richard Lester (see this month's *On the Scene*), the chap who directed their first flick and has now noodled up the next, called *Help!* The new Beatles blast begins in a temple in some Eastern land; a maiden is about to be sacrificed to the god with incantations and all that jungle jazz. Suddenly the ceremony stops. The ring! The great ruby that must be on the victim's finger! Where is it? Cut—to Ringo's right hand, swinging up and down as he applies himself to his drums, and what, folks, do you suppose is on his fourth finger? Some Eastern fan just sent it to him in a letter. The story, if that's the word, is about the Asians' attempt to regain the ring in a wild series of romps. Ringo wants to give it back, but it won't come off, so they try to sacrifice him. His pals take him to a mad scientist to shrink his finger, but the scientist is more a stinker than a shrinker and joins the chase. Which leads to Scotland Yard, an army camp, and Switzerland, where the Asians try to bomb the Beatles—but heaven Alps those who Alp themselves. There's a fly-away finish in the Bahamas. The film huffs and puffs sometimes to keep kookie, which the first one didn't need to do, but it has a lot going for it, and it really goes—proving that Lester and the Beatles were meant for each other, and for us. *Help!* doesn't need any.

The Great Race is run under a handicap—the idea that a farce-melodrama can be sustained for two-and-three-quarter hours. Tony Curtis, Jack Lemmon and Natalie Wood don't drag, but the script does. It's the story of a turn-of-the-century auto race from New York to Paris via California, Alaska, Russia and Central Europe—sort of a cross between *Around the World in 80 Days* and *Those Magnificent Men in Their Flying Machines*, but without the laugh level of

hit the high road to fun on a new Harley-Davidson!

*the greatest line going from 50 cc.
to 1200 cc. Starting at about \$225.*

1. Sprint H, 250 cc.
2. Electra-Glide, 1200 cc.
3. Sportster H, 900 cc.
4. Sprint C, 250 cc.
5. Bobcat, 175 cc.
6. Sportster CH, 900 cc.
7. M-50, 50 cc.
8. M-50 Sport, 50 cc.

the fun wheels are here! Harley-Davidson for 1966, the greatest line glowing and going under the sun.

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the former or the novelty of the latter. Curtis is The Great Leslie, a daredevil always dressed in white. Lemmon is Professor Fate, the black-dressed heavy who hates him. Natalie is a suffragette who bustles her bustle into the race as a reporter, sending dispatches home by homing pigeon. Parts are partly funny, but most of the merriment isn't. It's largely predictable or might as well be: a breakdown in the desert, a too-long brawl in a Western saloon, an episode on an ice floe, a sequence in which Lemmon doubles as a drunken king he resembles, a custard-pie affray that makes *It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World* look like a short. Lemmon, usually sharp, shouts a lot in this one. Curtis looks like Joe Hero but sounds like a hackie. Miss Wood is wild. The best running gag in the picture is that she sports a new outfit in each scene, though she has only a couple of bags. Blake Edwards, who directed such comedies as *The Pink Panther*, has lent his touch to this two-ton trifle. It's a long drive from New York westward to Paris, and this putt-putt Panavision parade doesn't speed it up any.

High Infidelity will restore anyone's faith in human nature—good and bad. This Italian four-segment film has some fresh ideas and plenty of fresh ways to handle them. In it are Nino Manfredi (a sort of Ugo Tognazzi), Ugo Tognazzi (a sort of Nino Manfredi) and Jean-Pierre Cassel (a sort of Jean-Pierre Cassel). Chicks? Fulvia Franco, Claire Bloom, Monica Vitti, Michele Mercier—a quartet to reckon with. Episode One has Manfredi at a beach resort where he thinks a good-looking younger guy is making a play for his wife. The therapeutic effects on Manfredi's manhood are marked. The second is an oldish idea, but is perfectly played by Claire Bloom as a pickup and Charles Aznavour as the picker. In the third, Cassel shows he's as light-fingered as ever in a daffy boudoir bit with Miss Vitti, who is as good at antics as at Antonioni. The last takes us down to earth for some earthy humor. Tognazzi is a cheese dealer who can't stop gambling and loses everything he owns to Bernard Blier. Blier says he'll scrub the whole debt for one night with Mrs. Tognazzi (Michele Mercier). Tognazzi talks it over with Mrs. T., whose brains aren't all in her head. There's a twist in the tail of the tale that sends everyone home happy, including Blier and us. Much of the quartet's quality is due to four first-team directors: Franco Rossi, Elio Petri, Luciano Salce and Mario Monicelli, who manage to keep *High Infidelity* high.

So suppose someone asks: "Whatever happened to Marlon Brando?" The answer is: Not dead, just sleeping. Like, for instance, in a new picture called *Moriturus*, a World War Two thriller in which Brando plays a German officer who fled

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Germany to Asia and is blackmailed by the British into being a secret agent. (He has dusted off his *Young Lions* accent.) Posing as an SS man, he's put aboard a German freighter out of Tokyo, carrying 7000 tons of rubber for the fatherland. His job is to scuttle the scuttling apparatus so that when the Americans intercept, the captain (Yul Brynner, yet) can't sink his ship. Some of the crewmen are political prisoners who come round to help Marlon. Then a German sub puts aboard some survivors of an American freighter, including a Jewish refugee (Janet Margolin, the *Lisa* of *David and*). There's some feeble frankness (one of the Yanks is as anti-Semitic as the Nazis: the girl gives her all—or what's left of it—to help the scheme). Mostly it's a good deal of hoo and considerable ha in a standard war-adventure story. The lead could have been played by James Garner—come to think of it, it *has* been. Brando once seemed bound for something better. Maybe it's *still* not too late—question mark.

Roman Polanski is the young (30ish) Pole whose first film was the knockout *Knife in the Water*. Now he's making movies in the West, and his second full-length flick—shot in London—is *Repulsion*, a high-class horror. It's in the highest class of film making and one of the most horrible (in the good sense) films ever made. Catherine Deneuve, an eye-filling fille (see *France's Deneuve Wave* elsewhere in this issue), plays a mixed-up mam'selle who lives in London with an older sister who has a boyfriend. (Sister and friend keep making it in the next room. Nothing is seen, but Catherine lies in bed at night hearing the sound effects.) Sister goes off for a vacation with her guy, and while Catherine's alone, she disintegrates. Her mind simply comes apart in front of us. She regresses from moodiness to a last scene in which she's hiding under the bed in the dark, filthy apartment when the sister returns. She has left her beauty-parlor job, barred herself in and—in fits of childish peeve—has murdered two men who intruded. The first is her boyfriend (John Fraser), who breaks in because he's worried. The second is the landlord, who comes for the back rent. When he sees this nifty number almost nude, he makes a pass; and then follows what may be the cruellest on-screen killing in history. It makes the shower shiv fest in Hitchcock's *Psycho* look like *Snow White*. Polanski has put this film together with cinematic skill that would be staggering in a veteran and is almost unbelievable in a beginner.

The Sandpiper is the new Elizabeth Taylor-Richard Burton opus, only forgive the word new. There's a lot of very modrun conversation, but underneath is a lavender-and-old-rose heartthrobber

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Burton is a married minister who runs a boys' school, and Liz is a free-living lady, a Big Sur artist with a big surface. Against her wishes, her young, illegitimate son is ordered to school by law. She hates Burton and he dislikes her, so, of course, they fall in love. The affair is doomed, but they both learn from it. Frankness is fine in films, but here it's used heavily by writers Dalton Trumbo and Michael Wilson to update a dated story. Liz poses nude for a sculptor (we see the statue, but when we see her, she's holding two pieces of cloth, one up there, the other down there). She refused to marry the father of her darling boy, and she admits she became a sugar daddy's sugar to pay her way through art school. Oh, she *has* been a one. And there are lots of dormitory-daring taunts about God, in the midst of which Burton stands like a rock. It's all ladled up in lush color with lots of nature—deer in the woods, waves on the beach, a symbolic sandpiper who learns to fly away—to underscore that it's all about elemental things. Burton's wife is played by Eva Marie Saint who, in this pincushion part, needs all the patience of her name. Vincente Minnelli, who used to be a director, turned it out.

RECORDINGS

Nancy Wilson / Today—My Way (Capitol), the latest in Nancy's "My Way" series, shows no slackening in Miss Wilson's meteoric rise as a premier purveyor of songs. Offered here are the Burt Bacharach nifty, *Reach Out for Me*, the country-and-western tune turned standard, *Dear Heart*, the best-selling *If I Ruled the World*, and eight other items enhanced by wonder-girl Wilson.

The Venerable Bede of the vibes, Lionel Hampton, is still very much on the *qui vive*. **A Taste of Hamp** (Glad-Hamp) takes Lionel into bossa-nova territory and Hampton comes on like a native. On hand are several vocals by Carmen Costa and Sevuca, a couple of OK cariocas; but the major spotlight is on headman Hamp, who turns the LP into a mallets-in-Wonderland.

Usually those "tribute to" affairs are disappointing at best and disastrous at worst, but the **Charlie Parker 10th Memorial Concert Recorded Live at Carnegie Hall** (Limelight) is an almost unqualified success. The musicians, including Dizzy Gillespie, Coleman Hawkins, Roy Eldridge, Billy Taylor and James Moody, are "up" throughout and Lee Konitz' unaccompanied alto solo, *Blues for Bird*, is a stunning tour de force.

There's a fine flock of songs on tap in **Venice Blue / Bobby Darin** (Capitol). The singer continues to grow in stature with each new release, and this LP is no ex-

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ception. The collection is international in scope, from Charles Aznavour's title ditty and Sasha Distel's *The Good Life*, to the Newley-Bricusse *Who Can I Turn To?*, to a batch of home-grown delights (including the haunting *A Taste of Honey*), and has Bobby backed up by an outsized orchestra playing charts by Ernie Freeman and Richard Wess.

Two eminent jazzmen have LP interpretations of the Newley-Bricusse musical *The Roar of the Greasepaint—The Smell of the Crowd* and both have much to offer. **Herbie Mann** (Atlantic) plies his trade in the company of a sizable number of musicians (a string section is present on three of the tunes) and imparts an aural excitement which goes far beyond the original score. Mann's fluting flights of fancy are revelatory, as are the Latin leanings of his approach. **Ahmad Jamal** (Argo) presents a much simpler statement. With only rhythm for support (bassist Jamil Nasser and drummer Chuck Lampkin), Jamal's piano is a model of inventive economy. Jamal is not a man to use two notes where one will do, but in his spare probings of the Newley-Bricusse melodic lines is revealed a wealth of jazz riches.

Insight / The Rod Levitt Orchestra (Victor) is actually a smallish group (eight pieces) with a big sound and a lot to say. One of its most influential spokesmen is Rolf Ericson, whose trumpet and Flügelhorn are clarion. A number of items are Levitt originals, with sallies into the likes of *All I Do Is Dream of You*, *Oh, You Beautiful Doll* and *Fugue for Tinhorns*.

Violinist Zino Francescatti and pianist Robert Casadesus, individually superb, are brilliantly combined in *Beethoven / The Complete Violin and Piano Sonatas* (Columbia). The four LPs encompass an imposing body of work, handled with consummate skill and infinite understanding by the virtuosos. The sonatas provide pianist Casadesus with a broader palette than that of his violinist confrere, but Francescatti's beautiful tonalities supply many of the recordings' highlights.

The Dave Brubeck Quartet, with guitarist Jim Hall replacing Brubeck and MJQ drummer Connie Kay sitting in for Joe Morello, brings the Brazilian beat to the fore on *Paul Desmond / Bossa Antigua* (Victor). Desmond's liquid alto is in the van as the foursome thoroughly investigates the Rio sound. Two of the tunes—*The Night Has a Thousand Eyes* and *A Ship Without a Sail*—are American imports; the rest are original sonnets from the Portuguese with intriguing variations, from funk to *Fröhlich*, tossed in to spice the proceedings.

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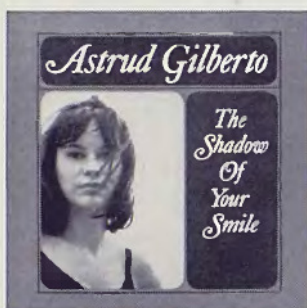
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than of the Monk. Although four Monk madrigals are represented, bop pioneer Powell is very much his own man. His full-bodied, often introspective inventions are strictly Bud. Drummer Kenny Clarke, a fellow expatriate, and French bassist Pierre Michelot supply exemplary support.

The reservations we had about Liza Minnelli on her first LP still hold true with *It Amazes Me* (Capitol)—she's fine when she's in the lower registers and dittoing her mom (Judy Garland, for those who have been out of the country for the past few years), but as she moves up the scale she moves down in quality. The album's lineup is grand—Arlen, Porter, Gershwin, Duke, Rodgers and Hart—but Liza is still on thin ice when she's off on her own vocally.

ACTS AND ENTERTAINMENTS

Funny comedienness—of the Phyllis Diller-Kaye Ballard stand-up variety—are a rare breed, but they've just added a bright new number to their ranks. *Joan Rivers'* recent stint at Chicago's Mister Kelly's revealed a hip wit sharper than most of her male-comic counterparts. The material is all her own (Miss Rivers was and is a comedy writer) and the petite blonde delivers it in a husky voice that gives you the impression she's about to clear her throat. Her hands had an unfortunate tendency to live a life of their own, fluttering and clawing off in all directions, but that was a minor and correctable distraction in the light of the rapid-fire funnies salvoed at the audience. Herewith a sampling: "My childhood friend, Jane, was really way out . . . she carried BAN THE BOMB signs—and that was in 1942 . . . Kept cigarettes in her Crayola box . . . Now she's married to a guy who's 30ish (that's 56 but loaded) and lives in a big house with a jockey on the front lawn—who's alive. . . . When my sister married a Cuban doctor, my father said, 'Gain a son, lose a tractor.' . . . My 77-year-old cousin just got married to a 92-year-old man—they had to . . . After the wedding party, they ran from the hotel to an ambulance while we threw rice and orthopedic shoes at them . . . They had a two-week honeymoon at the Mayo Clinic . . . It's hard for a girl in show business to find a husband, because everybody is either married or a dancer . . . I hate to fly . . . My flight from New York to Chicago was on a plane named the Flying Titanic . . . Before we took off, there was a guy looking at the plane and shouting, 'If God had meant man to fly he would have given him wings!'—and he was the pilot . . . We had a very negative stewardess; she told the passengers: 'When we ditch, watch out for sharks in the water and try to kill them with blunt instruments like your arms'—and we weren't

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even flying over water . . . When I asked for a throw-up bag, she said it wasn't her aisle, and she sold me a magazine." Afraid to fly or not, Miss Rivers is off and winging.

BOOKS

Sammy Davis, Jr., can sing, dance, act, clown, mimic and play drums. As Frank Sinatra is supposed to have said, "He can do everything except cook spaghetti." Now it turns out he can even write, or at least talk, a good book. His 624-page autobiography, *Yes I Can* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), which covers only the first 36 of his 40 years, is an "as-done-with" instead of an "as-told-to"; he was helped by his old friends, columnists Jane and Burt Boyar. But unlike the typical taped celebrity biography, it is not puffy, maudlin or melodramatic. It is candid, exciting, entertaining and, yes, ennobling. Davis as seen by Davis is a man of enormous talent and enormous fallibility, who lets himself be fooled by pseudo friends, who forgets real friends, who abuses his gifts, and is driven by an unrelenting desire to become a star and to be accepted by everyone, everywhere. "Well, I'm gonna do it," he vows early in his book. "And when I do, what'll you bet they'll like me, even if they hate my guts." Stardom comes early—too early for the narrative of the book, since his days as an infant and adolescent hooper (from the age of two and one half) in his uncle's trio are the most enlightening parts of his story. But after years of "heartaches, frustrations and pain," Sammy makes it. One night at Ciro's in Los Angeles, he begins a performance as a featured act and ends it as a star. From this high point on, it looks like the remaining years will be a series of club dates, steadily increasing in importance and in salary, and a series of love letters to the people who helped him (Frank Sinatra, Eddie Cantor, his wife, his grandmother), and that all of it will be relieved only by running conflicts. When will he cut himself loose from the trio? When will the Negro press stop baiting him? When will he be able to go to El Morocco and be made to feel at home? What saves this part of the book is not so much the material as the attitude. Davis' mania becomes hypnotic: Soon the reader finds himself accepting the importance of acceptance; we wonder along with Davis why he must endure the "zingies," as he calls them, of outrageous fortune. In this are passages that could stand as short-short stories, some slangy and breezy, others touching as well as amusing, such as a visit to a Park Avenue party at which his patronizing host serves up a lavish buffet of champagne, caviar, *foie gras* and (for him) fried chicken. *Yes I Can* is not a confessional. Davis does not belabor his romantic life. But it is revealing—about success and its limitations. "Fame creates

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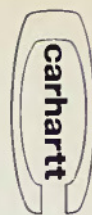
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its own standards," Sammy concludes before he is famous, and then discovers otherwise.

In about seven years American art has gone from splat! to pop! and the event is celebrated in a glossy songbook-size volume called *Pop Art* (Basic Books), the collaborative product of author John Rublowsky and photographer Ken Heyman. The book is what is known as a handsome package, with big pictures (some in color) and wide margins—and, for those who read between the margins, critico-factual essays on the five grand poppers and how they grew: Roy (comic strip) Lichtenstein, Claes (giant plaster-burger) Oldenburg, James (the great American billboard) Rosenquist, Tom (the great American nude) Wesselman and Andy (the great American Campbell soup can) Warhol. Essayist Rublowsky tries to have it every which way, which is about three ways too many. Andy Warhol's silk-screen Marilyn Monroe, he says, is "blatant and subtle, naïve and sophisticated . . . meaningful and meaningless"; Warhol himself is "a shy exhibitionist, a timidly bold innovator, gently ruthless artist," etc. Pop both reflects reality and interprets reality, says Rublowsky in his dull-lively prose. Heyman has photographed the artists, their work, their environment: Times Square. Wesselman's bathroom, the pie department at the Automat. Oldenburg's layer cakes. What is art? What is life? What is Warhol? Lying on his unmade bed looking at a copy of *Life*, he looks as pop as any of George Segal's plaster mummies. Still, if you don't take it too seriously, pop can be fun—as in Mel Ramos' naked Chiquita emerging from her banana. But Rublowsky insists on seeking symbols in symbols in symbols, even in chopped meat. "A hamburger," he deadpans about one of Oldenburg's mammoth creations, "tells the story of fast cars, highways and roadside stands. . . . It is symbolic of a new, swift, mobile existence. . . . The rounded voluptuous bun has a distinctly feminine presence, its texture evocative of soft flesh. . . . An ice-cream cone, on the other hand . . ." Stop, pop!

The caretakers of American "letters" were scarcely broken up when Robert Ruark died last June at the age of 49. Not that anyone, including R. R. himself, had ever seriously accused Ruark of creating great literature—but neither would anyone deny that he was one of the most glittering, go-get-'em storytellers of recent years. He began as a Washington reporter after World War Two. In no time his phony-spotting and brick-tossing won him a syndicated column, and then came the books: *Grenadine Etching*, *Something of Value*, *The Old Man and the Boy*, *Uhuru*, *Poor No More*, and several others. A few months



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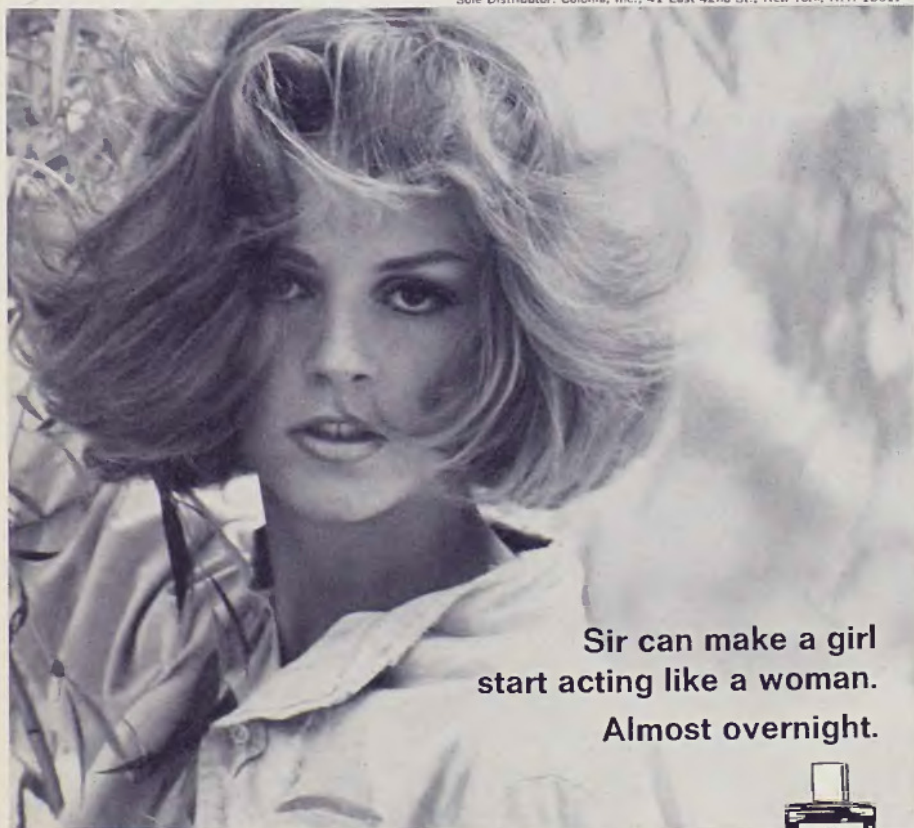
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before his death, he joined *PLAYBOY* as a Contributing Editor. Ruark made it big, and he was a man of his age—following the Hemingway spoor through Africa and to the bull rings, datelining his dispatches from wherever the pace was quickest. Maybe it was the pace, the flash that finally killed him. Ruark himself would have been the first to admit all of this—and in his last novel he does essentially that: *The Honey Badger* (McGraw-Hill) couldn't be any more self-revealing if it came from a diary. Its hero, Alexander Barr—journalist, best-selling author, big-game hunter—is Bob Ruark. But for all the grit and glamor, he is a beat Ruark—a man suddenly uncertain of himself and his values, questioning even the talent that has shot him to the top. As straight story, the tale will disappoint some of Ruark's fans: Barr walks out on a wife, has a middle-aged fling, wakes up one morning to learn that he is doomed by cancer. But what energizes the book is a sense of the man himself—more poignant now that he is dead, of course—but striking as a fictional portrait in its own right. Ruark's theme is one more variant on that familiar modern theme of the ennui of alienation—fame, wealth, women, yet beneath it all the great emptiness. Dusting himself off after a slide into third base, Joe DiMaggio winks at Barr in his box seat; "Jim" Stewart, "Bill" Holden, "Old Hem," and dozens more are Barr's "old friends." Yet doubt pervades all, existing for Barr long before the revelation of his illness. The book itself is too sprawling, too digressive, but the reader will find few more fiercely honest self-appraisals in recent fiction. Three excerpts from the book—*Sheila*, *Barbara* and *Afternoon in Andalusia*—originally appeared as short stories in *PLAYBOY*.

Assassinated in February 1965, at the age of 39, Malcolm X had been one of the two most charismatic Negro leaders in America since Marcus Garvey. (The other, of course, is Martin Luther King.) *The Autobiography of Malcolm X* (Grove Press) plunges beneath the public polemicist, and the result is a remarkable document not only of a black man's experience in America but also of the evolution of a singular revolutionary. Aiding Malcolm X in the shaping and actual writing of the book was journalist Alex Haley, who has been responsible for a number of notable *PLAYBOY* interviews (with Malcolm and King, among others). Haley allows Malcolm's crackling style to come through. In a few places—particularly the harangues about the "white devil"—the book lags. But for the most part, it is absorbing. Malcolm vividly evokes his Michigan childhood: the murder (probably by whites) of his Garveyite father; the disintegration and eventual institutionalizing of his mother; his existence in foster homes; the grow-

ing consciousness of the low expectations the white society had of Negroes ("You want to be a lawyer, Malcolm? You can't be serious."). Moving to Boston, he began to learn the dangerous rules of the game in the black underworld. Upon graduating to Harlem, he became "Big Red," a resourceful but always vulnerable hustler. His descriptions, incidentally, of the hustlers' subworld in Boston and New York reveal again how romanticized was Norman Mailer's view of the "existential" black man in *The White Negro*. Back in Boston, Malcolm headed an integrated burglary ring that led him straight to prison. There he became converted to the apocalyptic doctrines of Elijah Muhammad; but, more basically, he began to read, study, debate and discover his own extraordinary capacities. He distills his 12 years as a minister of the Nation of Islam too briefly. No former intimate of Elijah Muhammad was as qualified as Malcolm to analyze that elusive but grimly durable old man, but Malcolm stops short of dissection. The most poignant part of the autobiography is Malcolm's journey to Mecca, where he discovered the chasm between the authentic religion of Islam and the homemade brew of Elijah Muhammad. He was no less militant when he returned, but his views had broadened. Malcolm continued to despise white racists, but his experience among the integrated pilgrims had revealed to him that not all white men were devils. "I've had enough of someone else's propaganda. I'm for truth, no matter who tells it. I'm for justice, no matter who it is for or against. I'm a human being first and foremost, and as such I'm for whoever and whatever benefits humanity as a whole." Always acutely aware of the presence of death, he told Haley: "If I'm alive when this book comes out, it will be a miracle." None occurred, and the loss is significant, because Malcolm's potential was only beginning to be realized.

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"Everybody has something he needs to throw up," Nelson Algren writes, and his latest book, *Notes from a Sea Diary: Hemingway All the Way* (Putnam), is the result of his nausea. He probably feels much better now, but the reader is left with the mess. The conception of his book is a promising one: Wanting to write an essay on Hemingway, Algren travels to the Far East as the only passenger on a small freighter and alternates chapters on Hemingway with diary notes of his adventures at sea and in the ports of Korea, Hong Kong and India—on the theory that "to be qualified to pass judgment . . . a critic would himself have to be a man willing to take similar risks." But between conception and birth comes the miscarriage. The risks he undertakes sharpen not his judgment but only his insults. After savagely belittling the Home-ec timidity of Hemingway's crit-

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ics (and in some cases misquoting them for his own purposes), he himself gives us such "aids to a deeper understanding" as the following: "Hemingway wrote his own letter to the world"; "His art was so hidden it seemed easily imitated"; "He was a big man who had a big life; that had made those who had known him bigger"; etc. *Ad nauseated* by these tepid insights, the reader may not notice that after complaining that Hemingway's critics read one another and not his books, Algren himself attributes a famous passage to the wrong story. Or that after telling us to emulate Hemingway's generosity of judgment, he himself abruptly dismisses one "cheesified" critic simply because he likes lasagna. But no matter how staggered, no reader can fail to see the petty maliciousness of the chapter in which Algren assures us that Dwight Macdonald is incapable of judging literature because, among other flaws of character, he has a "dime-store wallet." "I could not help but marvel at what I had seen," he reports, "a man recognized as an arbiter of literary style who himself did not possess ordinary grace sufficient to see him through a meal in an Automat." Hemingway judged a man by his behavior in the crises of war and violence; the measure of difference between the two writers is that Algren judges a man by his behavior in an Automat. The other half of the book, when he momentarily stops grinding his poleax, is a fitter tribute to Hemingway; despite Algren's sentimental belief that life somehow gets "realer" as it gets lower, a number of anecdotes rank among the best things he has ever written. But even here his petulance evokes not so much a "vision of life" as an ugly distortion of it. It's sour prose from a soured writer.

In *Love on a Dark Street* (Delacorte), Irwin Shaw shows himself to be a modern-day Maugham—amusing, anecdotal and vastly tolerant of the human race. Three of these ten stories appeared originally in *PLAYBOY*, and the funniest by far, *Once, in Aleppo*, won our 1964 award as the best story of the year. In case you missed it, it's about two thieving roisterers, Saint Clair and Roland Calomius, who invade the quiet, innocent life of young Stanford Lovejoy and proceed good-naturedly to dismantle it. They drink up his booze, wreck his apartment, steal from his boss and his landlady, throw him into hopeless debt and convert his shy girlfriend, Irina, into a swinger. Shaw's focus, typically, is on the victim of the horseplay. "In a curious way, Lovejoy had never had a better time in his whole life, although at the back of his mind throughout the entire evening, a voice kept calling, 'All this is very expensive, all this is costing you a great deal of money.'" Most of Shaw's people, like Lovejoy, are lonely

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and rather wistful, but unlike Lovejoy, they are far from comic. There is Gosden, in *Noises in the City*, who craves the companionship of strangers in a Sixth Avenue bar: "He sounded like a woman at a cocktail party, talking swiftly to a man in a corner to hold him there, saying anything that came to mind, to try to keep him from escaping to the bar and leaving her stranded, with no one to talk to for the rest of the evening, for the rest of her life." And there is Nicholas Tibbell, an American in Paris who each night prowls the city "waiting for the one brilliant night when he would be noticed by some glorious, laughing band of young people who . . . would seize him, appreciate him, sweep him along with them. . . . But the one brilliant night never arrives." Instead of the high emotions of hate and love, Shaw deals with loneliness and modest disappointment. He is a master of the middle emotions—melancholy, yearning, sympathy. They are the prevailing emotions of the mid-20th Century American and Irwin Shaw is their contemporary chronicler.

Oscar Levant, who has won equal fame as a pianist, composer, raconteur and public patient, is also something of a writer. In 1940 he published the autobiographical *A Smattering of Ignorance*, and 25 years later he follows it with *The Memoirs of an Amnesiac* (Putnam). Pick up his new book, leaf, and laugh about the time he came out of La Scala Restaurant, put a dime in the parking meter and lay down on a sidewalk. Read a funny Levant line at random—on his resemblance to Eisenhower: "Once I make up my mind I'm full of indecision." Levant yawns in a night club and his date says, "I hope I'm not keeping you up." His rejoinder: "I wish you were." Taken line by line, Levant's memoirs are funny, loaded with maniacackles. But the book as a whole is a nightmare—and not only in subject matter. It is patchily written, loaded with trivia, sloppily edited and, at one gulp, it is indigestible. With only a semblance of continuity, Oscar leaps from his childhood traumas (he never forgave his mother for not giving him a watch for his *bar mitzvah*) to his adult superstitions (a bellboy wears a number 13 on his uniform, so Levant checks out of the hotel immediately), enumerating but not really elucidating his mental illnesses and some of his physical ones as well. Epigrams, epitaphs, wisecracks, witticisms, squelches, sexploits, addictions, contritions, debts, favors, all tumble chaotically from Oscar's talking typewriter. He remembers all, tells all. Actually, as he explains, he really is only a fractional amnesiac. There's no imagining what he forgot. "Some people suffer from success," says the author. "I suffer from excess." *Memoirs of an Amnesiac* is a whopping excess.





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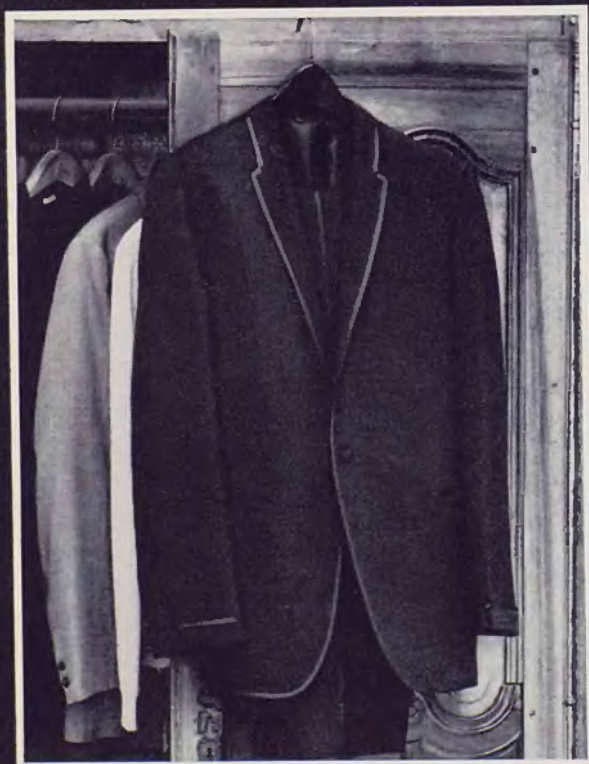
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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

When's the best time to have sexual intercourse—morning, noon or night?—C. G., Scarsdale, New York.

There is no such thing as the "best" time, of course, but you might take heed of an anonymous little verse that goes: "Uncle George and Auntie Mabel/Fainted at the breakfast table. | Children, let this be a warning | Never do it in the morning." A more practical admonition, from a past "Party Jokes" page, also tells you not to do it in the morning: You never know whom you might meet later in the day.

I'm planning to do some urban house hunting and will probably go for an investment deal rather than straight rental. Before I go any further, can you explain the fundamental difference between a cooperative apartment and a condominium?—J. B., Chicago, Illinois.

In a cooperative, a corporate entity owns the building and takes care of the financing; the money you invest buys stock in this corporation. In a condominium, you're buying a physical piece of the building—i.e., your own apartment—and the financing is your own responsibility.

Recently I had lunch with a young woman who works for a company with which my firm does business. Since this was strictly a business lunch, some of my coworkers later said I was square for offering to pick this girl up at her office, rather than simply meeting her at the restaurant. Was I wrong?—W. R., San Francisco, California.

Not at all. Since your guest was female, an offer to pick her up at her office and accompany her to lunch was quite proper—though it's a gesture which in the hurly-burly of contemporary business is often omitted and isn't essential.

I expect to be making a tour of Europe shortly, and among the places I hope to visit is a restaurant in Paris that has been described to me as unique. The theme, I am told, is very erotic—from murals to menus to music. I also hear that when you enter, a waiter places a garter on your date's leg. Could you verify this information for me, and tell me the restaurant's name and address?—K. E., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

The place you're referring to is Au Mouton de Panurge, 17 rue Choiseul, Paris. What you've heard about it is substantially correct. Their menu—an eight-pager—is illustrated right out of Rabelais and is replete with scatological puns (in French, of course). If you dig the bizarre, it's a nice place to visit

—once—but we wouldn't want to live anywhere near it: The atmosphere is touristy, the food only fair and the prices high.

My girl and I have been engaged for two years and we plan to be married this winter. Everything is moving along fine, with one large exception. She's my second cousin and we've both been getting a lot of static from our families. They've been harping on all the old wives' tales, ranging from accusations of immorality to intimations of illegality. We're not concerned about the first (although we'd like your views on it), and we can easily check the second with a lawyer (in fact, we intend to). But what about the notion that inbreeding will cause the offspring to suffer ill effects? I'd appreciate any information you can offer, plus whatever light you can shed on exactly what incest is.—R. L., Boston, Massachusetts.

The "Encyclopedia of Sexual Behavior" defines incest as "copulation of a man and a woman who are related to each other in any of the degrees within which marriage is prohibited by law." Your lawyer will confirm that Massachusetts, like most states, does not prohibit marriage between second cousins.

The notion that inbreeding necessarily causes ill effects among offspring is not true. Sociologist George P. Murdock states, in his book "Social Structure": "Modern developments in the science of genetics cast serious doubt on the assumption of the biological harm of close inbreeding itself. Recessive traits come to light, or are emphasized, in the offspring of near relatives. If such traits are undesirable, inbreeding is harmful. If, however, they are desirable, as is equally possible, inbreeding may be positively advantageous." To be on the safe side, check with your family doctor. Clearing this hurdle, you certainly have our blessings. And we can't resist closing with the remark of the anonymous route who said: "Incest is fine, as long as it's kept in the family."

Although he's an excellent provider, a witty companion and a thoroughly satisfying sex partner, the man I've been playing house with (for three years) has one weakness that is driving me out of my mind. Every six months or so, he insists he must go away for a weekend—by himself—ostensibly to "go fishing" with the boys. When he returns on Sunday night, his breath smells like a distillery, his clothes reek of stale perfume, and I find lipstick in the most incriminating places. What can I do to make this near-



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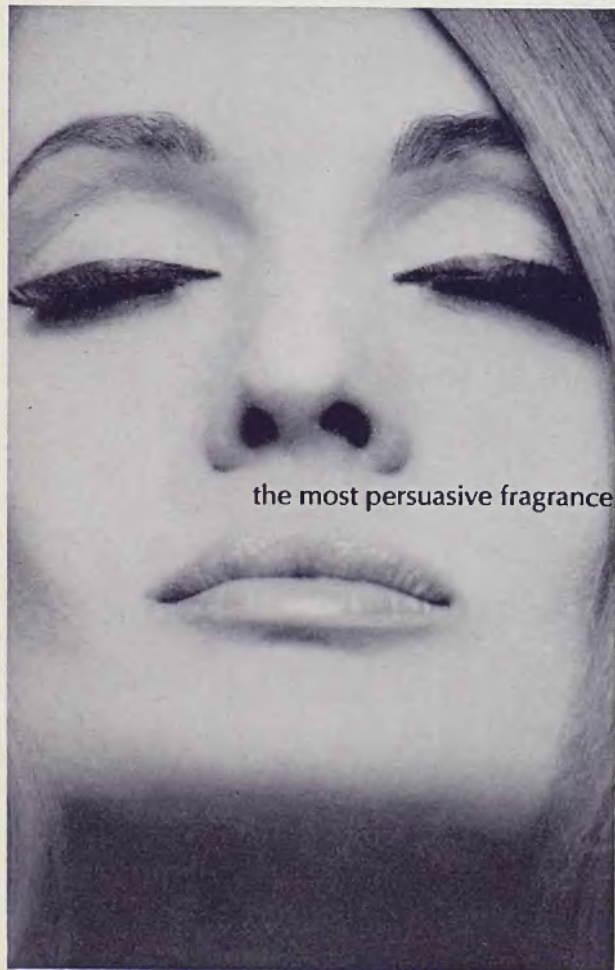
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perfect man perfect?—Miss G. S., Billings, Montana.

Nothing. Be grateful that his "weakness" (your word, not ours) is so trivial.

My wife and I, having waited until we were in our early 30s to take the matrimonial plunge, had each lived fascinating and fulfilled lives apart. Now that we are wed, we have an extraordinary unity of mind and purpose (although we don't believe in the conventional and corny notion of "togetherness"). Just prior to my writing this letter, my wife returned from her gynecologist to announce that she is pregnant. Delighted as I am, I suddenly feel there will develop a chink in our rapport. Having implanted the seed, must I desert my wife when the baby is delivered? I would appreciate any advice you can offer on how I can be more involved than the helpless father-to-be who paces the waiting room and consumes a chain of cigarettes. —A. C., New York, New York.

You can increase your involvement by suggesting that your wife find an obstetrician who uses the natural childbirth method, during which the husband remains at his wife's side from the onset of labor pains up to (and including, in some cases) the actual delivery. Apart from providing emotional support, he assists her in breathing correctly, reminds her of the lessons she has learned, rubs her back when pain occurs and, in some instances, administers oxygen. You'll find a complete exposition of natural childbirth in Grantly Dick-Read's book "Childbirth Without Fear."

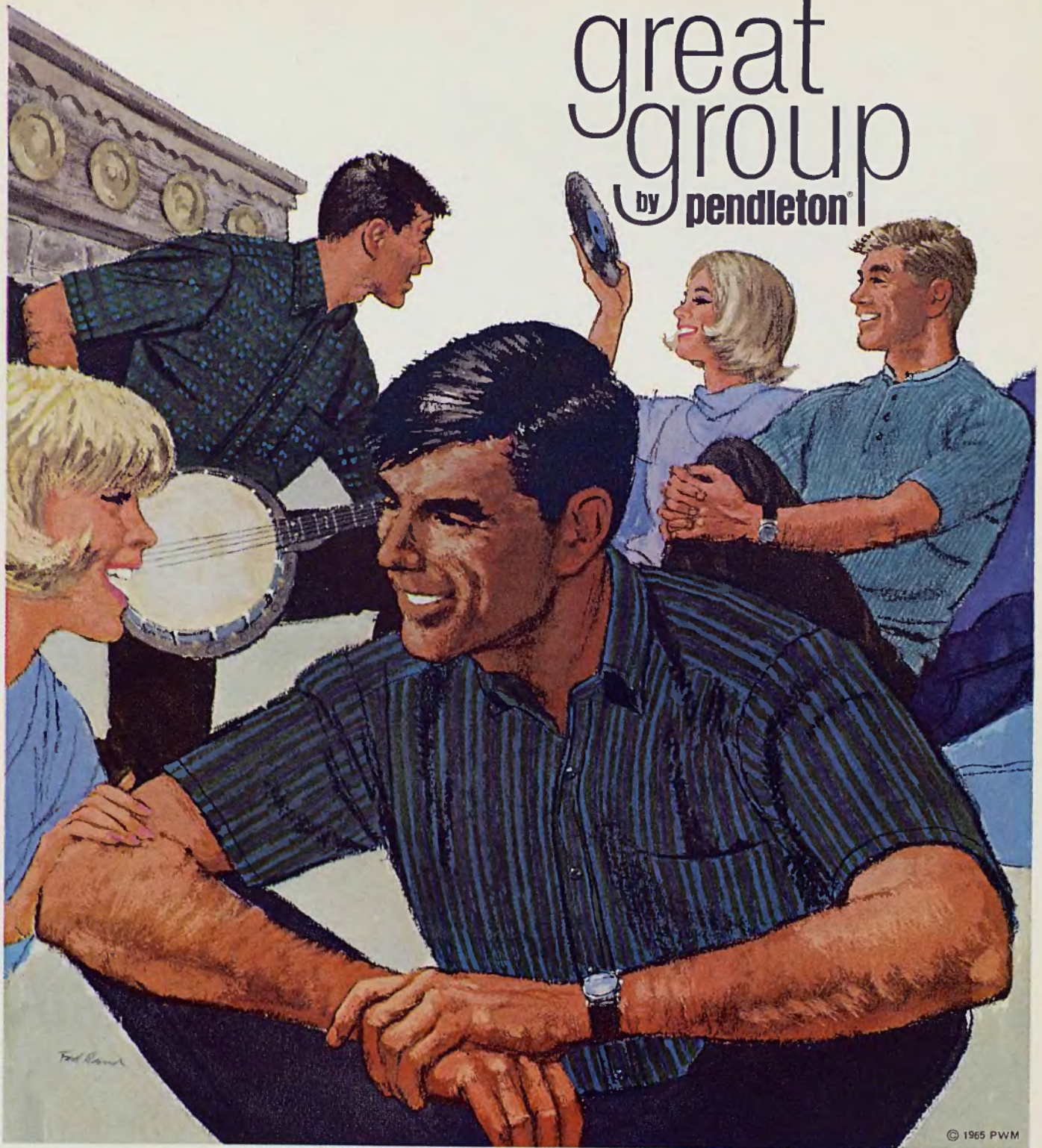
Will you straighten me out on pipe-smoking rules aboard commercial airlines? On some lines they'll let me puff away to my heart's content; on others they swoop down on me like forest-ranger fire spotters. If there is a standard rule against it (which some kindly stewards choose to overlook), why so? I've never met anyone who minded the aroma.—M. F., Tarrytown, New York.

The only consistency we can discover among airline pipe-smoking regulations is a universal lack of it. Although none of the lines allow smoking of any kind during take-off, landing and turbulent weather (for obvious safety reasons), Delta, among the lines we checked, permits pipe smoking only in first-class; American allows it in all classes, and Eastern forbids it entirely. The prohibiting airlines claim that pipe smoke lingers longer than cigarette smoke, is offensive to some people, and irritates the allergies of others.

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clothes. It was supposed to be funny, but the humor has long since gone out of it and I am still obsessed with wearing female garments. I am a transvestite. In fact, I have a full wardrobe of feminine garb: underwear, stockings, shoes, dresses, even wigs and make-up, which I wear in the privacy of my own apartment. Not a soul knows of my aberration. You would think this would have an effect on my sex life, but it doesn't. I have no homosexual tendencies. I continue to have heterosexual relationships that are satisfying in every way. And here is the crux of my problem: I am currently dating a beautiful, intelligent, sensitive and (I hope) understanding woman, and we are contemplating marriage. I have not told her of my deviation, even though I feel all aspects of my personality should be known to her before we marry. However, I find that I am unable to disclose this secret that I have kept so long, even to her. I fear either that she won't understand or, if she does, that she will break off our relationship and reveal my secret. Can you help?—R. M., Boston, Massachusetts.

Only to a limited extent. We think you should tell your fiancée and risk the consequences. Of course, there's a chance she may wish to break off the engagement, but you should still learn her feelings now, while you're free to separate. If you've described her accurately, she sounds like the type who would react with understanding; in any event, even if she does decide it's no go, we doubt that she'd go spreading your story out of sheer vindictiveness. As for your basic problem: We understand from a respected medical source (Dr. John F. Oliven's "Sexual Hygiene and Pathology") that there's no effective somatic or psychotherapeutic cure for transvestism. Since you state that you're sexually normal (and, contrary to popular thinking, there's no connection between compulsive transvestism and homosexuality), we think—and Oliven bears us out—that marriage would be advisable for you. Provided that your fiancée fully understands and accepts your deviation.

My husband is an intelligent man with a very good job, but when it comes to handling our personal finances, he is completely incompetent. We are up to our ears in debt, mortgaged to the hilt, and behind in all our payments. He seldom opens the bank statements and his checkbook is a disaster. I have tried to explain to him that I have the necessary time and energy to devote to the family bookkeeping, but his philosophy is that the man earns the money and is, therefore, entitled to sole responsibility in handling it.—Mrs. E. M., Anaheim, California.

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Playboy Club News



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LONDON PLAYBOY CLUB TO OPEN SOON!!

Gala New Year's Eve Debut for 45 Park Lane

Applications Now Being Accepted For Special Charter Membership

LONDON (Special) — PLAYBOY magazine's famous Playboy Clubs are coming to England and the Continent, and the first one is nearing completion in London at 45 Park Lane. Six fabulous floors of luxurious surroundings staffed by 100 beautiful Playboy Bunnies will await first-nighters when the Club debuts with a gala charity black-tie evening on New Year's Eve.

Members will enjoy every delightful amenity in this, the most elegant Club in England. The

finest food and beverages, exciting cabaret entertainment, a celebrity-packed *discothèque* and lively gaming rooms are all to be found under one roof!

Applications for Charter Membership of the London Playboy Club are being accepted right now. Apply for membership today and save £8.8.0 during the Club's first year, £5.5.0 each year thereafter. (See complete details below.)

Each time you visit The Playboy Club your personal name plate is posted in the Lobby and beautiful Bunnies direct you through the festive clubrooms.

The Playmate Bar features a swinging Piano Bar, Blackjack Room and Grill. Live beat groups play nightly in the Living Room *discothèque*, famous for its bountiful buffet. The finest cuisine is impeccably served by velvet-clad butlers and Bunnies in the elegant VIP Room (for Very Important Playboys). A VIP special feature is the 35mm film projection facilities. The Party Room offers superb accommodations for your private business and social gatherings.

The Playroom cabaret show-room presents American and



Bunny Dolly, a winner of Radio London contest (see below), wears Bunny costume for the first time.

The Great London Bunny Hunt

LONDON (Special) — The search is on to find England's most beautiful and charming young ladies. One hundred are needed to be Bunnies who will serve Playboy members and their guests at the new Club in elegant Park Lane.

The girls chosen to fill these posts will receive a weekly salary of £35. Six have already been selected by means of a contest run by Radio London during August. These girls left London via BOAC on September 15 for the United States, where they are receiving their Bunny training in the Chicago Playboy Club. They will return in December to train the other 94 Bunnies to staff the Club.

Girls who are interested in becoming Bunnies should mail

their photographs to the Playboy Club, 45 Park Lane, London W. 1, as a preliminary to an interview with the Club's Personnel Director or the Bunny Mother,



Already erected at 45 Park Lane, between the Dorchester and Hilton Hotels, the London Playboy Club will represent a total investment of over £1,500,000 when furnishings and fittings are completed shortly.

European artists, variety shows, dining and dancing. Members will find European gaming tables in Playboy's Penthouse Casino occupying the entire top floor of the Club. Other gaming areas include a Roulette Room and the Cartoon Corner, which features American games.

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for members' convenience. Key-holders may park their cars in the Club's basement garage.

Mail the coupon today and save £8.8.0 during the Playboy Club's first year and £5.5.0 each year thereafter. Better hurry — the Charter Membership Rolls are expected to be filled very shortly. Charter Membership entitles you to key privileges at all present and future Playboy Clubs anywhere in the world.

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To the Secretary:

Here is my application for membership in The Playboy Club. I enclose £3.3.0 being the Initiation Fee for Charter Members. If accepted, I understand that the Annual Subscription for Charter Members will be £5.5.0 payable upon the opening of the London Club.

NAME (BLOCK LETTERS, PLEASE)

ADDRESS

PROFESSION OR OCCUPATION

SIGNATURE OF APPLICANT

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rid of the family bookkeeping chores. Ask him to give you a brief trial period to see whether it works out more to everyone's satisfaction with you handling the money; if he won't agree to that, get a part-time job yourself. According to his "philosophy," that should entitle you to the job.

I am a young, healthy man who enjoys the company of women. My only problem is that, whenever I'm necking, I get an irrepressible urge to laugh. So far I have been able to hold myself to a smile or a few stifled chuckles, but the potential for embarrassment is very great. Do you think that I have a deep psychological problem?—F.S., Lebanon, New Hampshire.

Involuntary laughter during a sexual situation is an indication of nervous tension. A little more experience may calm you down. However, if your female friends continue to stimulate your visibilities more than your libido, we'd say you're not as healthy as you think, and should perhaps seek psychiatric counsel.

A year from now I plan to purchase a new Triumph Spitfire. If the English pound is devalued before then—and I understand this may happen—would it affect the price I have to pay?—R. L., St. Ann, Missouri.

That depends. First of all, our financial experts don't think devaluation of the pound is likely. Prime Minister Wilson, himself an economist, has repeatedly emphasized that it won't occur, and the U. S. has shown eagerness to support the pound in crisis. One of the purposes of a relatively minor devaluation (lowering the dollar value of the pound from \$2.80 to, say, \$2.60) would be to lure money into Britain—by making pounds cheaper to foreigners. This would indeed lower the dollar price of British goods to foreigners, autos included. If the devaluation were more drastic, however, it could cause inflation, raising the price tag of British goods to a point at which the improved conversion rate would be virtually offset. Our advice is that you ignore the international money market, buy your car and enjoy it.

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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	33	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
	34		X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
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PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

AN UNBEATABLE year-end escape from frost and snow is Playboy's place in the sun—the Jamaica Playboy Club-Hotel. Newest and most modern resort on the island, it's located just a Bunny hop away from both Kingston and Montego Bay. The Club-Hotel is close to some of the most beautiful spots on the island—Dunn's River Falls, Fern Gully, the Rio Grande River—but many of the island's beauties are sited on the Club's ten-acre grounds wearing special Bunny bikinis. Pleasure-packed days begin with golf outings, and they progress through swimming, skin-diving, snorkeling, speedboating, tennis, shuffleboard or just relaxing on the 800-foot white-sand beach. No need to leave the strand for refreshments of any kind: Caribbean and U. S. cottontails will bring tall cool ones to you. Come sundown, the Club swings to a different tempo: The evening begins with a gourmet dinner—a palate-pleasing combination of the best of Continental, American and Jamaican fare in the crystal-chandeliered VIP Room. In the Playroom or on the Patio, catch spectacular night-club imports from the Stateside Playboy Club circuit as well as talented Jamaicans. On the beach, a roaring bonfire and torrid calypso band set the scene for a smashing nocturnal bash.

Adding some pastoral variety to the spice of a Playboy resort vacation is a cinch: You can enjoy the Jamaica countryside via round-the-island sight-seeing trains from Montego Bay and Kingston, with stops at rustic spots along the way.

An offbeat activity easily accessible from the Playboy eden is a visit to Run-away Caves, for swimming in a green subterranean grotto—150 feet underground. Or make the drive to Mandeville, tucked away in the mountains. It's a little English country village complete with parish church on the green and an unusually scenic nine-hole golf course that meanders through rolling hills.

Just northwest of Jamaica, the Cayman Islands offer a pleasing balance of isolation and lavish comfort. Here, you can saunter in off the sand for lunch without putting on your shoes, yet enjoy the ministrations of a savvy bartender and you can take your own lobsters from the sea for a beach picnic, yet know that the accompanying champagne is properly chilled. You'll find all these at the relatively new Seaview and Pageant Beach hotels, as well as at the old stand-by Galleon Beach.

Relatively new on the Mexican scene—yet without the usual price of discomfort too often demanded by novelty—are the Caribbean islands of Cozumel and Mu-


jeres, off the vividly foliated Yucatán coastline. The largest hotel on Cozumel is the air-conditioned Cozumel-Caribe at San Juan Beach, and the most luxurious spa at Isla Mujeres is the Zazil-Ha, which includes a complex of tropical bungalows set in a coconut grove with its own private cove and beach on the north point of the island. In addition to the inducement of lazing on white, virgin beaches, plus sipping cool tropical drinks and dining on first-rate Mexican cuisine in lavish, modern accommodations, these islands offer snorkeling and skindiving in incredibly clear waters. Go out for a day's diving off nearby Puntas Molas lighthouse, where you'll likely come up with conch, lobster and crab, which your beachboy will broil over a sizzling palmetto fire.

For those who think cool, the national parks of Western U.S.A. provide a combination of top-notch resort facilities and excellent skiing. The recently developed Hurricane Ridge area in Olympic National Park near Port Angeles, Washington, averages 100 inches of snow per season; the Paradise area on the southeastern slopes of Mt. Rainier, near Longmire, Washington, averages 216 inches a season; the Crater Lake Rim area between Medford and Klamath Falls, Oregon, gets more than 50 feet of snow annually, and offers a picture of unusual beauty as the glittering white of the slopes contrasts with the deep blue of Crater Lake.

The most luxurious facilities are on Mt. Hood, Oregon, not far from the little town of Government Camp—itsself at the foot of an eight-mile run. World-famous Timberline Lodge now sports a year-round open-air swimming pool and new "magic mile" double chair lift to the 7200-foot level of Mt. Hood. From here, snowcat tractors haul skiers to the 10,000-foot mark, where schussing is a year-round thing.

Opening next month is a multimillion-dollar ski area in the Teton Mountains of Wyoming. The region is served by two high-speed aerial tramways, each lifting 63 skiers at a time in an enclosed cab to the 4135-foot level. The region offers a skiing area over seven square miles.

In the East, one of the fastest-growing ski complexes now extends to the slopes of no less than four mountains. Vermont's three-million-dollar Killington area has added new chair lifts, increasing uphill capacity to 8000 skiers per hour. The 31 trails and slopes and three base lodges (including a new one) are served by a wide variety of charming inns, lodges and restaurants in the immediate area.

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



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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

SUBVERSIVE PLAYBOY

Recently I confiscated a copy of the January 1965 issue of your magazine from a member of my high school history class. This pupil, who is one of my best students, defended your publication very strongly. He claimed it contained a valuable philosophy for modern Americans. Because of this statement I decided to investigate PLAYBOY firsthand.

Let me say that I have never felt such shock and indignation before. The more I read the more I realized that your publication is actually part of the Great Communist Conspiracy. It is evident that your goal is to undermine our most cherished institutions and thus extinguish our freedom. Instead of being just another cheap girlie magazine, your periodical is much more evil—for you argue against the very foundations of our country. Your insidious *Philosophy* attacks the Christian morality that has made America great. You attack the family, the Bible, organized religion, and patriotism by subtly twisting words and their meanings. You rationalize your alien and atheistic ideas so cleverly as to subvert even the brightest of our young minds. If your editorial policy is not dictated by Moscow, you must be the blindest dupes in existence!

It is plain to see that your vulgar use of sex is only a tool to capture the attention of the young and innocent, as well as the weak and depraved. I have talked to people more familiar with your magazine and they revealed that for many years PLAYBOY has exploited sex to build up its own circulation. Now that you have attracted a large following, consisting mainly of the weaker members of society, you are trying to instill in them subversive ideas that are the antithesis of all our sacred traditions. In place of the Word of God you advocate a philosophy founded on the lower instincts of man. Almost everything in your magazine is foreign to the basic ideals of America. Why don't you use Russian girls and end the masquerade?

I have already exposed your evil intentions to the local Young Americans for Freedom group, of which I am a member. We are in the process of forming a vigorous campaign to reveal your true identity to the American people. Your professed sophistication will be

uncovered as just another clever and vile trick of the Kremlin for world domination.

John Foster
Los Angeles, California

FLORIDA EDUCATION

Recently you were kind enough to let us reprint Paul Goodman's *The Deadly Halls of Ivy* (PLAYBOY, September 1964) in an issue of *Florida Education*, which goes monthly to 45,000 Florida teachers. The article appeared in our December [1964] issue along with a few comments I thought would be appropriate, since PLAYBOY is, to some teachers, a heretical publication. I wrote:

"On the outside chance there may be a few teachers in Florida who don't read PLAYBOY magazine, Hugh Hefner's publishing firm and Horizon Press were kind enough to give us permission to reprint Paul Goodman's provocative article *The Deadly Halls of Ivy*. . . . For the easily excitable, this does not mean that the Florida Education Association endorses either PLAYBOY or any of the hundreds of books which Horizon Press has published during the last decade. I will admit to being a regular and avid PLAYBOY reader for the important reason that I believe it regularly carries some of the most significant and well-written articles published in America today. So some pride can be attached, I think, to the fact that we're first with this material after one of America's most respected publications (a personal view which I refuse to debate with anyone who doesn't regularly read PLAYBOY). . . .

"*The Deadly Halls of Ivy* is labeled 'opinion.' And that's precisely what it's intended to be—Mr. Goodman's opinion. It should be important to us, because he is universally considered one of our most experienced contemporary educational authorities. . . . Reactions to . . . Mr. Goodman's remarks will be welcomed."

Response to Goodman's article was encouraging. One of our board members, a Fort Lauderdale teacher, wrote: ". . . I am prejudiced toward PLAYBOY because of its willingness to discuss all issues pertinent to our changing society."

A librarian in North Skokie, Illinois, said: "Congratulations for speaking out about PLAYBOY. Its reputation as a girlie magazine keeps it out of many libraries in spite of the good material it carries."



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A female junior college teacher commented: "Perhaps my students won't be so shocked next time when I recommend *PLAYBOY* . . . the respectable *Florida Education* has reprinted an article from that magazine. Keep it up."

The classic response came from a junior high school teacher in Miami Springs:

"As I was reading through the December issue . . . I came across your *PLAYBOY* editorial. Much as I admire the sublime beauty of the female form, I hate to see *PLAYBOY*'s femininity exploited and pictorially prostituted. Therefore, without being prudish, I am one of your 'few teachers who do not read *PLAYBOY*.' Frankly, it's a matter of moral principle with which, I'm sure, many teachers will concur.

"Beauty, si! Good writing, si! *PLAYBOY* . . . ? Please, Mr. Norton, it's dangerous to try to make us laugh while vomiting." [Signed] Jerry Borum, Miami Springs Junior High School.

Following is the answer to his letter, which I printed in our February issue:

"Thank you, Mr. Borum, for precisely pointing out what I apparently failed to do in my December column: too many people 'SEE (caps mine) *PLAYBOY*'s femininity' (the question of whether or not they are 'exploited and pictorially prostituted' is moot) and do not, as you have admitted, read America's best-selling man's magazine (3,000,000 monthly circulation at 75 cents per copy).

"Read two or three issues, Mr. Borum, and judge for yourself whether any select-media publication of our times offers as varied, as intellectually stimulating, or as wide a selection of material from the world's contemporary leaders and thinkers as does *PLAYBOY*.

"True, none of us need agree with the philosophies of such as Albert Schweitzer, Martin Luther King, Paul Goodman, J. Paul Getty or Hugh Hefner. But since practically all *PLAYBOY* authors and commentators come from the ranks of those who have been and are influencing domestic and world opinions in such things as moral ethics, religion, race relations and finances (to name a few), I think everyone (especially teachers) needs to know what these people are doing and thinking.

"And *PLAYBOY*, gratefully, brightens like a new beacon those areas that have, for too long, been buried in myth, hatred, bigotry and social misunderstanding.

"You may be interested to know what one of our female teachers (a regular *PLAYBOY* reader who asked, for obvious reasons, to remain anonymous) wrote us. She said she had discussed and praised Paul Goodman's article with a class of teenagers. They voted her their Playmate of the Month. *Mala fides?*"

I would be interested to know what Mr. Hefner's philosophy is on the Amer-

ican elementary and secondary classroom teacher and what he (or she) has done, does or can do to influence the thinking of school-age youngsters on the general purposes of *PLAYBOY*. It is disturbing to me to think teachers of my 11-year-old son might have "moral principles" which do not allow them to read *PLAYBOY*. If there are many teachers who feel as Mr. Borum does, what possible chance does a parent have to undo such thinking in the minds of people who are educating our children nine months of every year?

Gayle Norton,
Associate Editor
Florida Education
Tallahassee, Florida

Though nothing else begins to compare with the influence of parents on their offspring, teachers can also play an important part in the formation of children's basic ideas and ideals. If we thought teachers Foster, of California, and Borum, of Florida, were typical, we'd certainly be concerned about the severe and suppressive views that students across the U.S. would be confronted with in their school years. But we're heartened by the enlightened and liberal views expressed by the other teachers you quote, for we think that these, and your own positive point of view, more accurately reflect U.S. education today—and tomorrow.

REAL AND UNREAL WOMEN

Our adult discussion group has dealt with *The Playboy Philosophy* twice this year. Hefner is sharp—not in the least because he agrees with me.

Sometimes there are gnawing doubts, however. I wonder whether there may not be some psychological effects that have not been studied thoroughly.

Both as a Unitarian and as an individual, I am interested in truth. The truth about some of *PLAYBOY* is that sex is fun—which it most certainly is. Sex is real and good and women are real and good; I wish that *PLAYBOY* would devote some pages to presenting "real" women. Really, women just don't look like your Playmates. But perhaps your purpose is different—maybe you intend to give a false picture of femininity and sex. This could be good, but I doubt it.

Far more serious than any so-called "pornography" I have seen, is the immorality of misrepresentation. Young people have enough to resolve in reality without having to contend with—and relearn from—fantasy worlds. I have been in this business long enough to know that many men marry with a pinup concept of sex and are at a loss when it comes to relating to a real body—a body that loves rather than seduces, a body that sweats, emits, has odors; a body with pubic hair, pimples, and breasts that sag. I like human bodies and I believe that all people should learn to love the human body as well as the human

soul. There may be live models for your pictures, but it's hard to believe—hopefully, no young man believes it. They are all white teeth and polish. It is difficult to believe they have either alimentary canals or vaginas.

As I say, I may not understand or appreciate your purpose. I do know that your kind of pictures and cartoons deny sex in a way that may be more destructive than the sick reversal of effect exhibited by the Legion of Decency. Of course, if I have to live with either, I will take your brand of denial. I spend most of my life trying to help young people face reality.

When you have the opportunity, why don't you read Whitman again and give us some *real* women with a dab of humanity and axillary hair. The human form is divine, let's not alter or misrepresent it.

The Rev. William R. Moors
First Parish Church
Medfield, Massachusetts

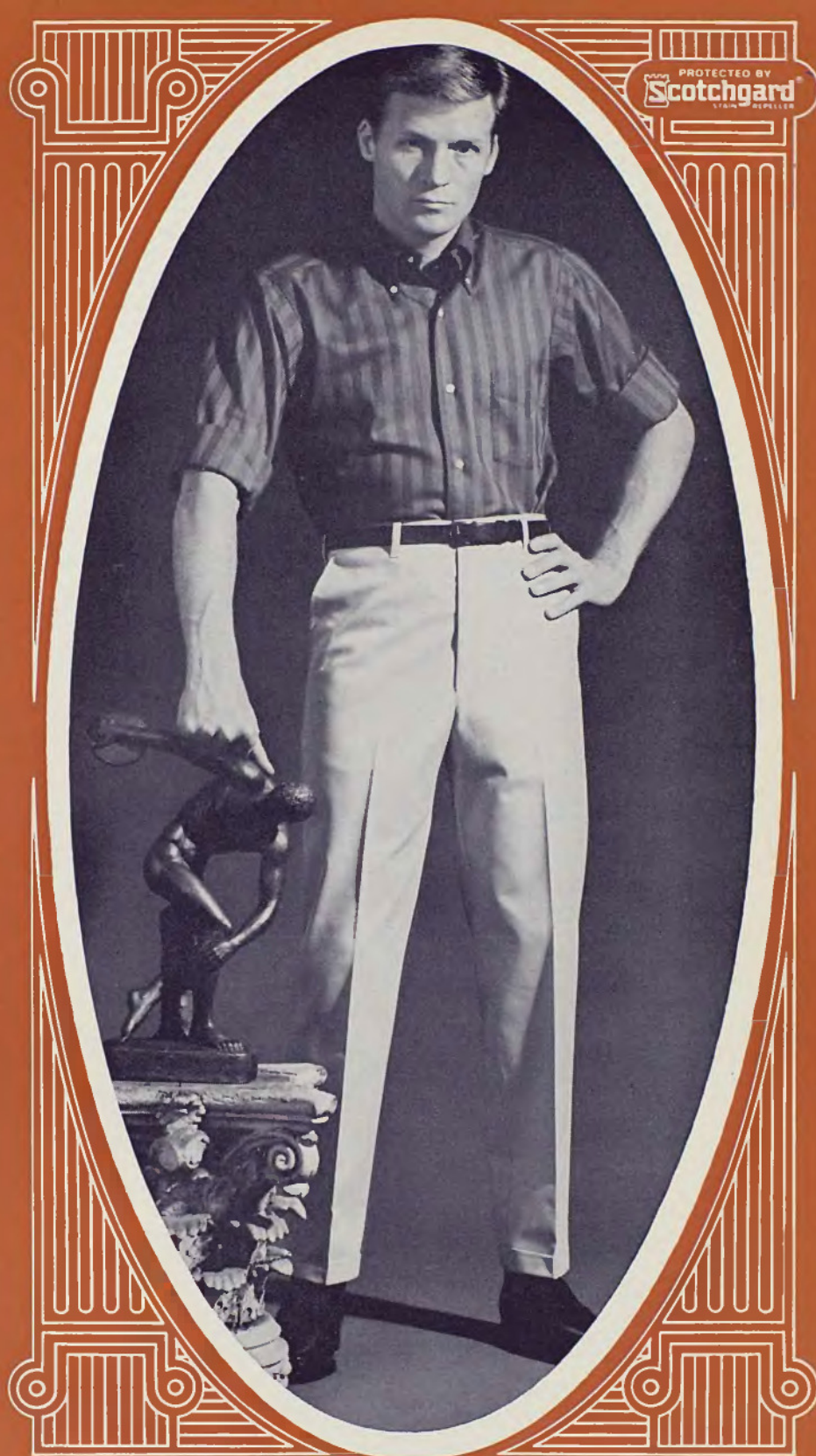
There is something strange, antisexual and sad in the view that a beautiful woman isn't as "human" as one who is average in appearance, or less. We know that a body sweats, emits, has odors, pubic hair, pimples, and breasts that sag; our readers know it, too. Are these the things you want us to emphasize in our Playmate photographs? Are the unappetizing and unattractive the only reality? We don't think so.

As for PLAYBOY's purpose, and your allegation that the magazine's "pictures and cartoons deny sex," we would like to quote a particularly appropriate passage from an article entitled "Playboy Goes Religious" by the Rev. Allen J. Moore, Assistant Professor of Christian Education and Dean of Students, School of Theology at Claremont, California, published in the July 15, 1965, issue of Christian Advocate, the official magazine of the Methodist clergy. The Rev. Moore wrote:

"Aside from the 'Philosophy,' much of PLAYBOY's material in regard to sex is satirical. Because the church does not know how to laugh at sex, this satire has not always been recognized in critiques of the magazine. Our preoccupation with sex—its negative aspects—has led us to lose a healthy sense of humor regarding it. To this Hefner has replied by lifting up and exaggerating the antisexuality in our culture, the barnyard jokes, the contradictions between official practices and attitudes of its members, and the sexual games which are played by fearful men and women.

"Hefner's thesis is that much of the sickness and guilt of our society could be eliminated if persons could begin to laugh at sex rather than relegating it to naughty conversations or to little spiritual talks! And he may be right!

"PLAYBOY's philosophy of sex can be summed up briefly: less hypocrisy and



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more honesty. Hefner calls for permissiveness in order to talk more frankly about sexual matters and for freedom to examine, to express, and to enjoy sex. He believes that many young adults rush into marriage in order to satisfy sexual drives and feels that it would be more honest, as well as emotionally healthful, *not* to limit sexual expression to marriage. He justifies this position by suggesting that more permissiveness will reduce the sexual compulsion among young adults and will probably not alter greatly present sexual practices...

ADOLESCENT SEX

I have been reading *The Playboy Philosophy* since the first installment and learned much from it. Of the entire series I think the *Dialogue* discussions are the most articulate and valuable.

One clarifying point for which I was grateful was Hefner's clear statement that a young adult ought to enjoy life sexually (and in all other ways) before he finally settles down to marriage. I couldn't agree more heartily, as long as a person acts responsibly in any premarital relationship, which is the key moral consideration in all of one's life.

But this raises the question of when one becomes an adult. Hefner suggests that a man shouldn't marry until his late 20s, because it is not until this age that he has matured sufficiently to make a lifetime commitment to a partner. I fully agree with this. However, until this age of maturity has been achieved, is the individual an adult or an adolescent? Where, and via what principles, do we draw a line between adolescent and adult responsibility?

A final question: What can we consider to be responsible sex behavior (yet fulfilling) for the adolescent? A prominent marriage counselor has suggested that adolescents ought to feel free to bring each other to orgasm by means other than sexual intercourse. This relieves emotional tensions for the girl especially, as well as the physical tension aroused in the boy. Personally, I consider this responsible behavior. But can we say that it is morally and socially acceptable for adolescents to indulge in sexual intercourse? If so, under what conditions?

I hope Hefner will devote an installment of his *Philosophy* to sex and adolescence. I think such an article is called for. We need continued articulate inquiry into such subjects as these.

Norman V. Naylor, Minister
First Unitarian Church

Brooklyn Heights, New York

The passage from adolescence into adulthood obviously doesn't happen at any precise moment that can be pinpointed; and the related growth from immaturity into maturity is a process that hopefully continues throughout a person's lifetime. In order to answer

your question regarding the age at which a person is capable of accepting adult responsibilities, we would have to know more specifically the particular areas of responsibility you have in mind.

Related to marriage, Hefner has previously indicated he thinks most young men would be wise to wait until their late 20s before marrying, with women ready for marriage at a slightly earlier age, because they mature more rapidly; related to sex, he thinks that most individuals are capable of responsible sex, including intercourse, in their late teens. Whether it is "morally and socially acceptable for adolescents to indulge in sexual intercourse" depends, of course, on the criteria used in determining what is acceptable and what isn't. If the criterion is a real interest in the emotional well-being of those involved, then the answer will have to be affirmative. Our contemporary society uses different criteria, however; it places premarital chastity ahead of human welfare, and we pay the price in emotional maladjustment and misery.

Regarding the suggestion you attribute to a prominent marriage counselor, we certainly think that petting to orgasm can be a responsible form of sex behavior for adolescents. But if the marriage counselor is suggesting mutual masturbation as a satisfactory premarital substitute for coitus, his prominence would seem to be undeserved. Such substitutes for sexual intercourse may relieve physical tensions, but they aren't apt to satisfy emotional ones, as you suggest; and on any prolonged basis, this kind of incomplete sexual intimacy may make future marital adjustment more difficult.

TEENAGED DILEMMA

While reading the February 1965 installment of *The Playboy Philosophy*, I was elated to see Hefner acknowledge that the teenager of today is faced with a serious dilemma. In the section of the *Dialogue* entitled "A Time for Play," he states that there is a "significant gap between the age a person reaches sexual maturity and the legal age of consent, after which society more or less accepts his or her right to act accordingly." He goes on to point out that our society "refuses to acknowledge" this fact and turns its back on it—only magnifying the problem.

Unfortunately, the subject was then changed and Mr. Hefner never had a chance to express his views on a solution for the problem. I agree emphatically with him, but I would greatly appreciate his ideas on coping with the situation.

Glenn Kessler

Wantagh, New York

Hefner plans to explore the subject of adolescent sex more fully in a future installment of "The Playboy Philosophy."

EARLIER MARRIAGE

Western religion has tended to look upon sex only as a biological function. Thus, Roman Catholicism contends that procreation is the primary, if not the sole, purpose of marriage. Marriage is necessary as the means of creating the family—which is deemed to be the most effective means of raising and caring for the product of the sex act.

I want to suggest, however, that the value of the family unit derives not only from raising children, from procreation or from sex. What we often forget is that the family includes husband and wife, too. This is more than a sexual union. It is a unity of two people based on love. But what is love? Physical attraction, yes. Still more than this, it is a *personal* attraction based on common interests, mutual compatibility and complementary personalities and abilities.

In this day of easy divorce and separation, it is not children who preserve marriage. In the day when sexual activity is freely available, it is not sex that perpetuates marriage. What preserves marriage is an understanding of love, of the non-physical attractions and needs existing between two human beings.

One of the substantial stresses placed on marriage today grows from the demands of our affluent society. I have become deeply concerned over the fact that the maintenance of a reasonable standard of living in the contemporary American community frequently requires both spouses to work. I have often despaired listening to the court's effort to divide a very small income between two separating spouses. It is an illusion of affluence and not affluence itself that today inflicts its wounds on American society and upon the family structure.

Another change too often glossed over is the fact that young people today are expected to receive increasing amounts of education. This means an extension of the age at which marriage is considered proper. With increasing urbanization bringing teenagers closer together, with the lack of family at home—mother and father both at work—plus the normal impulses toward revolt and self-expression, it is quite natural that these young people should look to one another for security, support and understanding—in other words, for all the advantages and expectations of love. Thirty or forty years ago, this would have led to marriage. But today we say: "No, you must get a college education." So instead we have "steady dating" with all the aspects of love, presumably excluding only the legal bond and sexual intercourse.

To do as Hefner suggests and delay marriage while spending the third decade of life in a kind of fun (spelled s-e-x) is to neglect all the nonsexual needs of

(continued on page 170)

The way to the top

(brief report from Tim Kafkas)

Today it is the young who are sniffing the sweet smell of success: sports champions of 17, stars of 20, tycoons of 30. Nobel Prize winners of 40. There is no doubt that the man who is going to the top gets there before middle age.

A radical change in behaviour reflects this trend. The drive for efficiency is a dominating factor. The would-be successful man needs to mix with go-ahead people; and everything he uses must be equally go-ahead.

This explains a lot. Why, for instance, the Swiss watchmaker who used to spend his time making dignified timekeepers for fathers to present to sons on graduation day, now concentrates on complex chronographs*. Why "dad's watch" is a thing of the past and his son finds it absolutely essential to wear a scientific dashboard instrument on his wrist!

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A little less complex are Breitling's Top-Time chronographs, a series that has made the watchmaking world sit up and take notice. These are a range of ultra-modern watches that also enable you to time to 1/5 sec. Ideal for students, sportsmen and anyone who needs to time his actions precisely.



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Put in a nutshell, it amounts to this: the man who is going places, who keeps up with the times, (who reads Playboy), keeps time with a "chrono" — because it is performance that counts in getting to the top!

* A chronograph is a watch equipped with an ingenious mechanism which, apart from telling the time of day, allows continuous or intermittent time recording, accurate to 1/5th of a second and lasting from a few seconds to 12 hours.

** The "Cosmonaut" is a super-perfected chronograph that was used in the American space flight of May 1962.

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: MADALYN MURRAY

a candid conversation with "the most hated woman in america," the embattled atheist who sparked the controversial supreme court decision banning school prayer

Until June 17, 1963, she was dismissed by many people as a litigious, belligerent, loudmouthed crank. On that day, however, the Supreme Court upheld her contention that prayer and Bible study should be outlawed in U.S. public schools, and Madalyn Murray became the country's best-known, and most-hated, atheist. She also became the churches' most formidable enemy when, undaunted, she promptly proceeded to launch another broadside at religion: a suit aimed at eliminating from tax exemption the churches' vast nationwide property holdings—a case which many lawyers concede she will probably win if it gets to the Supreme Court, and which, if she wins it, may be what one attorney has called "the biggest single blow ever suffered by organized religion in this country." Organized religion could hardly have an unlikelier nemesis.

Daughter of a Pittsburgh contractor, she studied law at Ohio Northern University and South Texas College, and served as a WAC officer-cryptographer on Eisenhower's staff during World War Two. A plain, plump, graying divorcee with two sons, she lived peacefully with her family in Baltimore—where she worked for 17 years as a psychiatric social worker—until her dismissal, within hours after she instituted her school-prayer suit, from a supervisory job in the city welfare department. Publishing a militant newsletter called *The American Atheist*, and organizing the *Freethought*

Society of America, Inc. and *Other Americans, Inc.*, legal-action atheist groups supported by contributions from their secret membership, she continued her anticlerical crusade at home and in an unprepossessing downtown office building, in which she and her sons soon became the targets for a three-year campaign of abusive mail, obscene telephone calls, bricks, beatings and death threats.

Finally, in June of last year, Mrs. Murray and her family fled Baltimore—where she and her son Bill, then 18, had just gone free on bail after being arraigned for assaulting several policemen during a fracas in front of her house—and flew to Hawaii for what she called "religious sanctuary from Christian persecution." In the intervening year, the governor of Hawaii has granted a request from the governor of Maryland to extradite Mrs. Murray and her son back to Baltimore for trial on the assault charges—which she claims were trumped up by the police as part of a Church-directed conspiracy to prevent her from pursuing her tax-the-churches suit. She had just petitioned the Hawaii Supreme Court for a reversal of the governor's decision when *PLAYBOY* called the embattled 46-year-old atheist (and onetime socialist) at her home in Honolulu with its request for an exclusive interview. Consenting readily, she invited us to meet her at Honolulu's Tripler Veterans' Hospital, where she was being treated for nerve injuries which she claims

were inflicted by the beating she says she sustained at the hands of the police during the melee that precipitated her departure from Baltimore.

Our first two tape sessions took place at her hospital bedside, where she proceeded to hold forth on her various suits, trials and tribulations, on church and state, and on sex and marriage, with a pungent, four-letter vehemence undiminished by her bedridden condition. Our conversations continued some weeks later in the modest frame house which she shares with her mother, her brother and her 11-year-old son Garth on Honolulu's Spencer Street, where she confided that she would do "anything" rather than return to Maryland in compliance with the Hawaii Supreme Court's expected decision to permit her extradition.

No one can predict what the next chapter in the continuing melodrama of Madalyn Murray's life will be; but at this juncture, we feel that an exploration of her intransigent convictions, and of her continuing confrontations with the church, the law and the public, may shed some timely light on the issues involved in her private war on religion.

PLAYBOY: Why are you an atheist, Mrs. Murray?

MURRAY: Because religion is a crutch, and only the crippled need crutches. I can get around perfectly well on my own two feet, and so can everyone else with a



"There are certain bodily functions of mine which I will not allow to be supervised. I will engage in sexual activity with a consenting male any time and any place I damn well please."



"Albert Schweitzer has admitted that there isn't proof that Christ ever lived, let alone was the son of God. He concludes that one must accept both on faith. I reject both for the same reason."



"As a last resort to avoid extradition back to Maryland, I would seriously consider suicide. I'd much rather blow my own brains out than have it done for me in a Baltimore jail cell."

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backbone and a grain of common sense. One of the things I did during my 17 years as a psychiatric social worker was go around and find people with mental crutches, and every time I found one, I kicked those goddamn crutches until they flew. You know what happened? Every single one of those people have been able to walk without the crutches—better, in fact. Were they giving up anything intrinsically valuable? Just their irrational reliance upon superstitious and supernatural nonsense. Perhaps this sort of claptrap was good for the Stone Age, when people actually believed that if they prayed for rain they would get it. But we're a grown-up world now, and it's time to put away childish things. But people don't, because most of them don't even know what atheism is. It's not a negation of anything. You don't have to negate what no one can prove exists. No, atheism is a very positive affirmation of man's ability to think for himself, to do for himself, to find answers to his own problems. I'm thrilled to feel that I can rely on myself totally and absolutely; that my children are being brought up so that when they meet a problem they can't cop out by foisting it off on God. Madalyn Murray's going to solve her own problems, and nobody's going to intervene. It's about time the world got up off its knees and looked at itself in the mirror and said: "Well, we are men. Let's start acting like it."

PLAYBOY: What led you to become an atheist?

MURRAY: Well, it started when I was very young. People attain the age of intellectual discretion at different times in their lives—sometimes a little early and sometimes a little late. I was about 12 or 13 years old when I reached this period. It was then that I was introduced to the Bible. We were living in Akron and I wasn't able to get to the library, so I had two things to read at home: a dictionary and a Bible. Well, I picked up the Bible and read it from cover to cover one weekend—just as if it were a novel—very rapidly, and I've never gotten over the shock of it. The miracles, the inconsistencies, the improbabilities, the impossibilities, the wretched history, the sordid sex, the sadism in it—the whole thing shocked me profoundly. I remember I looked in the kitchen at my mother and father and I thought: Can they really *believe* in all that? Of course, this was a superficial survey by a very young girl, but it left a traumatic impression. Later, when I started going to church, my first memories are of the minister getting up and accusing us of being full of sin, though he didn't say why; then they would pass the collection plate, and I got it in my mind that this had to do with purification of the soul, that we were being invited to buy expiation from our sins. So I gave it all up. It was too nonsensical.

A few years later, I went off to college,

a good, middle-class, very proper college, where I studied with, and under, good, middle-class, very proper people; which is to say, the kind who regard sex as distasteful and religious doubts as unthinkable; the kind to whom it would never occur to scrutinize the mores of society, who absolutely and unquestioningly accept the social system.

PLAYBOY: What school was it?

MURRAY: Ashland College in Ashland, Ohio—a Brethren institution, where two years of Bible study are required for graduation. One year I studied the Old Testament and one year the New Testament. It was a good, sound, thorough, but completely biased evaluation of the Bible, and I was delighted with it, because it helped to document my doubts; it gave me a framework within which I could be critical. But I can't deny that I was an intellectual prostitute along the way many, many times. I can remember one examination where they said, "Describe the Devil," and in order to get 12 points on that question one had to say that the Devil was red and had a forked tail and cloven hoofs and fangs and horns on his head. So I merrily wrote this answer down and got my 12 points. I always got straight hundreds in Bible study. My independent study continued for 20 years after this. So I do know the Bible very well from a Protestant point of view—which is what, along with my reason, entitles me to refute it. You can't rationally reject something until you know all about it. But at this time, of course, my convictions hadn't yet crystallized intellectually. I didn't know where my doubts were leading me.

I recall that I had a terrible struggle finding anything antireligious in the school libraries. But many years later, the family returned to Pittsburgh and moved into a house where a woman had left a box of books containing 20 volumes on the history of the Inquisition.

It was then that I found out there was a word for people like me: "heretic." I was kind of delighted to find I had an identity. And then, as I grew a little bit older and got interested in law, I read that Clarence Darrow didn't believe in the Bible either. So I read everything he had ever written, all of his trials, everything—to search out the philosophy of his disbelief. But I couldn't find it. Then I went into the Army, and one day, in the middle of a bull session, somebody called me an atheist. Believe it or not, it was the first time I'd ever heard the word. It goes to show you how a person can grow up in America and have a college education and still not know a goddamned thing. Anyway, when I learned that there was such a thing as an atheist, I looked it up—and found out that the definition fitted me to a tee. Finally, at the age of 24, I found out who—and what—I was. Better late than never.

PLAYBOY: Do you think everyone should

believe as you do—or rather, disbelieve?

MURRAY: I think this would be the best of all possible worlds if everybody were an atheist or an agnostic or a humanist—his or her own particular brand—but as for compelling people to this, absolutely not. That would be just as infamous as their imposing their Christianity on me. At no time have I ever said that people should be stripped of their right to the insanity of belief in God. If they want to practice this kind of irrationality, that's their business. It won't get them anywhere; it certainly won't make them happier or more compassionate human beings; but if they want to chew that particular cud, they're welcome to it.

PLAYBOY: Even as an atheist, would you concede that religion, at its best, can be and has been a constructive force, a source of strength and comfort for many people?

MURRAY: If you're talking about Christianity, absolutely not. I don't think the Church has ever contributed anything to anybody, anyplace, at any time.

PLAYBOY: How about the welfare and charity work to which many Catholic, Protestant and Jewish organizations dedicate themselves?

MURRAY: Oh, they love to point to their hospitals and orphanages—most of which are restricted, by the way. But what do these "good works" amount to? They're nothing but a sop to the clerical conscience, a crumb thrown to the populace, alleviating some of the miseries which the Church itself—particularly the Catholic Church—has helped to instigate and perpetuate. I can't pinpoint a period in history or a place in the universe where religion has actually helped the welfare of man. On the contrary, the history of the Church has been a history of divisiveness, repression and reaction. For almost 2000 years, Christianity has held mankind back in politics, in economics, in industry, in science, in philosophy, in culture. Anyone who has even a surface knowledge of the Middle Ages, when the Church held unchallenged sway, can recognize this. But if any one age could be singled out as the worst in the history of Christendom, it would be the administration of Pope Pius XII, the most reactionary head of the most reactionary single force in the world—a force that binds men's minds, a force that divides them, a force that chains them so that they are unable to think and act for themselves.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about Pope John XXIII? Don't you think his humanitarian views, as enunciated in his *Pacem in Terris*, testify to the fact that enlightenment can flourish within the confines of the Church?

MURRAY: There are good, humanitarian people everywhere—occasionally even in the Church. But John was an amoeba of goodness in a sea of waste, mistakenly believing that the Holy See could or would really change in any fundamental

way. He was a tragic figure, for he raised a false hope, cast a brief ray of light that was snuffed out when he died. With Pope Paul in the saddle, the Church is firmly back in the hands of archconservative reaction.

PLAYBOY: When you say that organized religion has contributed nothing to human welfare, do you include those many clergymen, such as Reverend Reeb, who have risked, and in some cases lost, their lives participating in civil rights demonstrations?

MURRAY: Of course not. Reverend Reeb, by the way, was a well-known atheist, a Unitarian, and was not even buried with a religious ceremony. But those priests, nuns and ministers who aren't afraid to stand up and be counted are very much in the minority. They're the exception that proves the rule. Archbishop Toolen of Mobile-Birmingham has forbidden his priests to participate in Alabama civil rights demonstrations, and Cardinal McIntyre of California has punished priests in his diocese for getting involved in civil rights. These are the men who represent the Church mind—not the poor maverick priest who defies them by marching.

But the most heinous crime of the Church has been perpetrated not against churchmen but against churchgoers. With its poisonous concepts of sin and divine punishment, it's warped and brainwashed countless millions. It would be impossible to calculate the psychic damage this has inflicted on generations of children who might have grown up into healthy, happy, productive, zestful human beings but for the burden of anti-sexual fear and guilt ingrained in them by the Church. This alone is enough to condemn religion.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about such Catholic canons as the vow of celibacy for priests, and the spiritual "marriage" of Catholic sisters to Christ?

MURRAY: Sick, sick, sick! You think I've got wild ideas about sex? Think of those poor old dried-up women lying there on their solitary pallets yearning for Christ to come to them in a vision some night and take their maidenheads. By the time they realize he's not coming, it's no longer a maidenhead; it's a poor, sorry tent that *nobody* would be able to pierce—even Jesus with his wooden staff. It's such a waste. I don't think *anybody* should be celibate—and that goes for priests as well as nuns. I don't even like to alter a cat. We should all live life to the fullest, and sex is a part of life.

PLAYBOY: As an atheist, do you also reject the idea of the virgin birth?

MURRAY: Even if I believed there was a real Jesus, I wouldn't fall for that line of hogwash. The "Virgin" Mary should get a posthumous medal for telling the biggest goddamn lie that was ever told. Anybody who believes that will believe that the moon is made out of

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green cheese. If she could get away with something like that, maybe I should have tried it myself. I'm sure she played around as much as I have, and certainly was capable of an orgasm. Let's face it: If a son of God was ever born, it was because of this wonderful sex act that Joseph and Mary enjoyed one night. **PLAYBOY:** A moment ago, you said, "Even if I believed there was a real Jesus . . ." Are you saying that you don't believe that there was such a person as Christ, or are you denying his divinity?

MURRAY: I'm saying that there's absolutely no conclusive evidence that he ever really existed, even as a mortal. I don't believe he was a historical figure at all.

PLAYBOY: Do you dismiss all the Biblical records of his life?

MURRAY: Those so-called records were written by devout ecclesiasts who wanted to believe, and wanted others to believe, in the coming of a Messiah. Until someone *proves* otherwise, therefore, these stories must be considered nothing more than folk tales consisting in equal parts of legend and wish fulfillment. But there's never going to be any way of verifying them one way or the other. Scholars have found that references to Christ in Josephus were deliberately planted in the translation long after it was written, and the Latin references to Christ are not to a person of that name. In the Dead Sea Scrolls there *was* mention of a particular "teacher of righteousness" who had characteristics somewhat like those attributed to Christ, but it might easily have been someone else. About six years ago, *Life* magazine ran an article on the historicity of Jesus, and I was floored to find that they conceded the only evidence we have for his existence is in the Gospels. But don't take *Life's* word for it. In his book *The Quest of the Historical Jesus*, the most definitive study that's ever been done on the subject, Albert Schweitzer admitted that there isn't a shred of conclusive proof that Christ ever lived, let alone was the son of God. He concludes that one must therefore accept both on faith. I *reject* both for the same reason.

PLAYBOY: Do you also reject the idea of a life hereafter on the same grounds?

MURRAY: Do you know anybody who's come back with a firsthand report on heaven? If you do, let me know. Until then, you'll pardon me if I don't buy it. If a humanist or an atheist or an agnostic says, "We'll bake you a pie," we can go right into the kitchen and bake it, and you can eat it an hour later. We don't promise you a pie in the sky by and by. It's charlatantry to promise people something that no one can be sure will ever be delivered. But it's even worse to offer people a reward, like children, for being good, and to threaten them with punishment if they're not. I'm reminded of the joke about Saint Peter sitting at the golden gate questioning a new arrival: "Well, my son, what good deeds have

you done to get into heaven?" Well, the guy casts about for something to tell him and finally remembers that he gave five cents to a charwoman one night, and once he tipped a bootblack a nickel when he got his shoes shined, and another time he gave a beggar five shiny new pennies. And that's all he can think of that he's ever done for his fellow man. Well, Saint Peter looks at him and says, "Here's your fifteen cents back. You can go to hell."

That guy didn't know how lucky he was. I agree with Mark Twain, who wrote about the hereafter that there's no sex in it; you can't eat anything in it; there is absolutely nothing physical in it. You wouldn't have your brain, you wouldn't have any sensations, you wouldn't be able to enjoy anything—unless you're queer for hymn singing and harp playing. So who needs it? Speaking for myself, I'd rather go to hell.

PLAYBOY: Because of your success in persuading the Supreme Court to outlaw school prayer in public schools, many outraged Christians seem to feel that's just where you belong. What made you decide to pursue your suit in the face of this predictable indignation?

MURRAY: I was shamed into it by my son, Bill, who came to me in 1960—he was 14 then—and said: "Mother, you've been professing that you're an atheist for a long time now. Well, I don't believe in God either, but every day in school I'm forced to say prayers, and I feel like a hypocrite. Why should I be compelled to betray my beliefs?" I couldn't answer him. He quoted the old parable to me: "It is not by their words, but by their deeds that ye shall know them"—pointing out that if I was a true atheist, I would not permit the public schools of America to force him to read the Bible and say prayers against his will. He was right. Words divorced from action supporting them are meaningless and hypocritical. So we began the suit. And finally we won it. I knew it wasn't going to make me the most popular woman in Baltimore, but I sure as hell didn't anticipate the tidal wave of virulent, vindictive, murderous hatred that thundered down on top of me and my family in its wake.

PLAYBOY: Tell us about it.

MURRAY: God, where should I begin? Well, it started fairly predictably with economic reprisals. Now, I'd been a psychiatric social worker for 17 years, but within 24 hours after I started the case, I was fired from my job as a supervisor in the city public welfare department. And I was unable to find another one, because the moment I would go in anywhere in town and say that my name was Madalyn Murray, no matter what the job opening, I found the job filled; no matter how good my qualifications, they were never quite good enough. So my income was completely cut off. The second kind of reprisal was psychological. The first episode was with our mail, which began to

arrive, if at all, slit open and empty—just empty envelopes. Except for the obscene and abusive letters from good Christians all over the country, calling me a bitch and a Lesbian and a Communist for instituting the school-prayer suit—they somehow arrived intact, and by the bushel-basketful. Hundreds of them actually threatened our lives; we had to turn a lot of them over to the FBI, because they were obviously written by psychopaths, and you couldn't be sure whether or not they were going to act on their very explicit threats. None did, but it didn't help us sleep any better at night.

Neither did the incredible anonymous phone calls we'd get at every hour of the day and night, which were more or less along the same lines as the letters. One of them was a particular gem. I was in the VA hospital in Baltimore, and I had just had a very critical operation; they didn't think I was going to make it. They had just wheeled me back to my bed after two days in the recovery room when this call came in for me, and somebody who wouldn't give his name told me very seriously and sympathetically that my father had just died and that I should be prepared to come home and take care of my mother. Well, I called home in a state of shock, and my mother answered, and I asked her about Father, and she said, "What are you talking about? He's sitting here at this moment eating bacon and eggs." Obviously, that call had been calculated to kill me, because whoever it was knew that I was at a low ebb there in the hospital.

Then they began to take more direct action. My Freethought Society office was broken into; our cars were vandalized repeatedly; every window in the house was broken more times than I can count, every flower in my garden trampled into the ground, all my maple trees uprooted; my property looked like a cyclone had hit it. This is the kind of thing that went on constantly, *constantly*, over a three-year period. But it was just child's play compared to the reprisals visited upon my son Bill. He'd go to school every day and hand in his homework, and a couple of days later many of his teachers would say to him, "You didn't hand in your homework." Or he'd take a test and about a week later many of his teachers would tell him, "You didn't hand in your test paper. You'll have to take the test again this afternoon." This was a dreadful reprisal to take against a 14-year-old boy. It got to the point where he had to make carbon copies of all his homework and all his tests to prove that he had submitted them. But that's nothing to what happened *after* school, both to him and to his little brother, Garth. I lost count of the times they came home bloodied and beaten up by gangs of teenage punks; five and six of them at a time would gang up on them and beat the living hell out of them. Many's the time I've stood them

off myself to protect my sons, and these fine young Christians have spat in my face till spittle dripped down on my dress. Time and again we'd take them into magistrate's court armed with damning evidence and eyewitness testimony, but the little bastards were exonerated every time.

But I haven't told you the worst. The neighborhood children, of course, were forbidden by their parents to play with my little boy, Garth, so I finally got him a little kitten to play with. A couple of weeks later we found it on the porch with its neck wrung. And then late one night our house was attacked with stones and bricks by five or six young Christians, and my father got very upset and frightened. Well, the next day he dropped dead of a heart attack. The community knew very well that he had a heart condition, so I lay a murder to the city of Baltimore.

PLAYBOY: Sometime late in 1963, as we understand it, in the midst of all these harassments, your son Bill, then 18, started dating a 17-year-old Baltimore girl named Susan Abramovitz. In March of last year, according to court records, she left home because of family friction and moved in with you and your family, where she remained for several months. Then, on June 2, 1964, a petition filed by her parents was granted by the Baltimore Criminal Court, charging that you and your son "encouraged Susan to renounce her religion and become an atheist," and ordering you to give Susan into the care of her aunt and uncle, and charging you and Bill to refrain from all contact with Susan—in person, by phone or by letter—until further notice. When Susan subsequently ran off to New York in defiance of the court order, she was cited for contempt of court—along with you and Bill, who were sentenced *in absentia* to one year and six months, respectively, in the Baltimore city jail. Why did you defy the court order?

MURRAY: For the simple reason that by the time that contempt charge was filed, Bill and Susan were married, and he had become her legal guardian. Just for the record, though, I'd like to explain why I took Susan into my home in the first place. Her parents were making life hell for her with impossible restrictions and disciplines, and it finally came to a showdown. So when she asked to stay with us for a few days, I said yes, intending to straighten things out with her parents when both sides calmed down a bit. Well, I called them up a few days later to discuss it, but they were extremely rude and abusive to me, and said they didn't want her back anyway. What was I supposed to do? Kick her out in the street? I guess all the neighborhood talk made them change their minds, though, because the next thing I knew we had that court order slapped on us without a hearing. Well, those kids loved each other and weren't about to be separated by a court



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order, so they got married—with my blessings.

PLAYBOY: When was it that the police came to your house to take Susan into custody?

MURRAY: Eight days after the kids were married. She and Bill hadn't been home 15 minutes from their honeymoon when a police car pulled up in front of the house, and another behind the house—surrounding us. We got our tape recorder and turned it on and Bill and I went out to meet this cop, and I asked him, "What do you want?" He said, "I'm here to pick up Susan Abramovitz." Bill said, "There's no Susan Abramovitz here. There's a Susan Murray here." I said, "Do you have a pickup warrant?" He said, "No." "Then you have no jurisdiction here," I said. "If she puts her goddamned foot out into the street," he said, "I'm going to pick her up." I've got this on a tape recorder. So I said to him, "Look, this is a hostile neighborhood. We don't want trouble here. I'm going to take Susan to my office at 2502 North Calvert Street. You can come down there and talk to me. My attorney will be there. We will be glad to talk to the judge, the police, anybody else, but it's got to be in a neutral business district and not in a hostile neighborhood." And he said, "If you bring the goddamned girl out here, I'm going to lock her up."

Well, with police cars front and back, and him calling for more help—we had seen him put in an order for more squad cars—we decided to make a break for it, to get into the car and take off. Well, Susan and I made it to the car, but I looked back and saw the policemen stopping my son with a billy club raised, so that he couldn't follow us. So we took off. I said to Susan, "There's going to be trouble. I'm going to drop you off someplace and you sit there until I can come back."

So I drove her about five blocks away and left her on a neighbor's back porch and drove back. By the time I got back home, there were seven police cars in front of my house, two police cars behind my house, a minimum of 15 policemen on the front lawn, and a mob of at least 100 to 250 people milling around. And I walked through the melee there, and I said: "What's the matter? Is there a criminal at large?" Well, Bill was nowhere to be seen. I demanded to know where he was and the cops said he'd been taken off to jail. I found out later what had happened during the five minutes I was away taking Susan to safety. This cop who had raised his billy club on Bill started to give him a beating. Then another cop joined in, and in a few minutes, when the reinforcements arrived, there were four policemen there giving Bill a terrific beating.

PLAYBOY: According to the sworn testimony of those policemen and several eye-witnesses, Bill started the fight by shoving,

then striking a patrolman in the nose and knocking off his glasses in an attempt to prevent him from intercepting Susan on her way out of the house.

MURRAY: Naturally they'd say that. The fact remains that there were four of them beating up on one 18-year-old boy.

PLAYBOY: Not according to their depositions.

MURRAY: You expect them to admit it? But wait till you hear what happened next. One of our neighbors saw the cops beating Bill and he rushed out and said, "Can I help?" and promptly waded in with the four cops.

PLAYBOY: Again, this is denied by eye-witnesses.

MURRAY: Well, my mother was an eye-witness, and she was watching all this through the screen door, and when the neighbor started in on Bill, she finally rushed out—she's a very frail 73 years old—and tried to beat him off with her scrawny, rheumatic little fists. Well, he turns and says to one of the policemen: "Get that fucking bitch off of me!" And the policeman just reaches out, taps Mother on the head once with his club, and she falls to the ground unconscious.

PLAYBOY: Again, this contradicts police testimony, which denies flatly that anyone struck her. According to the officer involved and several witnesses, she fainted in the midst of the struggle.

MURRAY: Well, she may be frail, but she isn't so old that she doesn't know the difference between a fainting spell and a rap on the head from a billy club. In any case, my brother, who has a bad heart, was watching all this from inside the house. He was afraid to get tangled up in it for fear he'd have a heart attack, but when he saw her get clubbed, he ran out and picked her up and carried her back inside and put her on the couch, which is where I found her, still unconscious, when I got back to the house. I also found two police officers in the house; they had broken the screen door open.

I said: "What are you doing in my house?" And they said: "It's none of your goddamn business." And I said: "Well, you get the hell out of here." And they said: "We'll get out of here when we goddamn well please." I said: "You'll get the hell out right now. Out!" And I took one of them firmly by the elbow and steered him to the door; to my astonishment, he went like a lamb. I had him halfway out the door when the bloodthirsty crowd outside spotted us, and one of the four policemen on the porch yelled, "Get that bitch out here!" And a second policeman snarled, "Yeah. Bring the bitch out!" Just like that, the cop I had by the elbow whirled and pounced on me like a bird of prey, and started to drag me out the front door. Well, I tried desperately to back up, and I had gotten back as far as the living room when the two policemen in there grabbed me and started pounding on

me. I'll tell you, they gave me judo cuts; they kicked me in the kidneys with their knees; they really worked me over.

PLAYBOY: None of this gibes with the police version of what took place. They deny all of your allegations.

MURRAY: Of course they do. But I've got the bruises to prove it, buddy. I can assure you they weren't self-inflicted. I've never had a beating like that one. For the next 20 minutes I hung onto anything I could hang onto while they tried to drag me outside. I hung onto chairs. I hung onto the television set. I hung onto the door frame. I hung onto the door-knob. I hung onto the screen door. My fingernails were completely ripped off; they were just blood. Every single inch of the way I was breaking holds, grabbing onto anything, hanging on with my legs, with my hands. Finally they had me out on the front porch, and I locked my elbow through the iron banister outside, but they pulled me off of it and started rolling me across the lawn, pummeling me every inch of the way while that crowd just kept screaming: "Hit her again, hit her again, kill her, kill her, that bitch, hit her again, bitch, bitch, bitch, bitch, bitch!"

You'd think everybody had suddenly gone insane. And you should have seen the hatred, the blood lust in their faces as those cops beat and dragged me 30 feet across the lawn and onto the street. When they got me into the street, one of them put handcuffs on me and then dragged me up off the ground, bodily, by the cuffs. My arm was dangling there, the circulation in my hand completely cut off. Completely. My hand turned black. I hadn't landed a blow during the whole melee, but I was in such agony with those cuffs that I pulled back my leg and kicked that son of a bitch in the shins until his teeth rattled. Immediately, he yelled, "Witness, everybody—witness! Mrs. Murray has assaulted me." And that's the main charge against me today. That's why they want to extradite me to Maryland—because I kicked a poor, helpless little cop in the shins. Well, they decided they'd haul me off bodily to the paddy wagon, and by God, I decided I wasn't going to go without a struggle, handcuffed or not handcuffed, so when they tried to walk me off, I just lifted my feet up and threw them off balance.

One of them said, "You bitch, just wait until you get in that wagon." I thought, "Oh, oh, I'm in for it." So I stuck one foot between this guy's two legs on the left and one foot between the guy's two legs on the right, and I tripped them and they fell on their faces.

One of them said, "I'll grind your fucking face into the ground, you bitch!" And they dragged me up, and I stuck my feet in between them again, and down they went again. This is the other charge against me—that I assaulted two other officers by kicking them in order to

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trip them. Well, they threw me in that wagon and took me off to jail, where they kept me incommunicado for ten hours. **PLAYBOY:** The police flatly deny this.

MURRAY: They're lying, as usual. The only way my attorney found out I was in jail was when he heard it on the radio, or otherwise he would never have come to our rescue. And I do mean rescue, because I found out when I got to jail that the police had taken my son into a cell and beaten him up. They dumped him on the floor and stomped on him while he was lying there.

PLAYBOY: How do you know this? Did you see it happen?

MURRAY: I was taken to the police station where my son was, and as I sat in the paddy wagon outside, I heard him being cursed and beaten. Bill told me all about it later. But he didn't have to, because when they brought him out of the prisoner lockup, he had a footprint on the left side of his face; I saw it with my own eyes. He had another footprint on the middle of his chest; and another one on the fly of his pants. The sons of bitches had kicked him in the genitals. When the judge brought him out to have him arraigned with me on those trumped-up assault charges, I said, "Judge, look at that boy's face." And I said to the newspaper reporters, "Look at the footmarks on him. Please note this." But not a word about it appeared in the newspapers.

PLAYBOY: Nor are there medical records of any injuries sustained by your son on this date, though he was examined by a doctor at his own request.

MURRAY: My son and I were taken to University Hospital and my mother was taken, unconscious for over three hours, to Union Memorial Hospital—that's a pretty long faint! UPI has a picture of me, printed in *The Washington Post*, swathed in bandages as the police forced me into the paddy wagon again after I was released from the hospital. It's interesting to hear now that there are no hospital records. But then, a lot of things seem to happen in Baltimore for which there are no records. I know it's only my word against theirs, and that my word wouldn't be worth two cents in a Baltimore court of law. But I know I'm telling the truth, and they know they're lying.

Anyway, we put up bail and finally went home. Well, you talk about terror; somebody tried to break into our house three times that night. We got my old German Luger out, and we found the old shells to it and filled it up. And we called our attorney out there, Joe Wase, who brought out a private detective with him—but too late, unfortunately, to catch them in the act. You know who they were? Men in navy-blue pants and short-sleeved white shirts. We caught one of them in a flashlight beam and I saw a badge with the word "Lieutenant" on it. Two others we saw with badges on. So we knew that the police were trying

to get into our house. Not openly, but surreptitiously. The light in our back yard was put out, and the street light had a stone hurled through it. And our dog was silenced by a piece of wood rammed into his jaws. We had that tape recording in the house, incriminating the cops in a clear case of illegal entry, and they wanted it back.

PLAYBOY: As you no doubt know, Mrs. Murray, tape recordings cannot be used as evidence in court, so it seems doubtful that the police would risk violating the law to obtain this one. In any case, do you have any witnesses, apart from your own family, willing to swear that the housebreakers were policemen?

MURRAY: No; as I said, my lawyer and the private detective got there too late. So I must be making this all up—right?

PLAYBOY: We didn't mean to imply any such thing. But you understand, don't you, that police spokesmen have flatly denied these charges?

MURRAY: I understand all too well. Anyway, shall I go on with my version—the true version—of what happened?

PLAYBOY: By all means.

MURRAY: Well, after that night we lived in fear of our lives. The beating we'd gotten and the three attacks on the house were just a sample of things to come if we were foolish enough to stick around like sitting ducks. Even if we weren't murdered in our beds before the trial, I knew that if they got us into a courtroom, we'd get at least 200 years—plus 60 days extra for every time we breathed, blinked or raised our eyebrows.

[According to the Baltimore state's attorney's office, there are a total of ten criminal assault charges against Mrs. Murray and her son—carrying maximum sentences, if they are convicted on all counts, of ten years for each of them.] **MURRAY:** Anyway, after another sleepless night, I decided that we'd have to take our chances with the law and get the hell out of Baltimore. I thought of seeking asylum in Canada or Australia or England, but I didn't want to leave the United States, because for better or worse I'm an American, and this is my land; so I decided to fight it out on home ground, and finally we hit upon Hawaii, because of the liberal atmosphere created by its racial admixture, and because of its relatively large population of Buddhists, who are largely nontheistic, and might therefore be more tolerant of our views. So we packed up all the worldly possessions we could carry with us and took the next flight to Hawaii from Washington.

PLAYBOY: How many were in your party?

MURRAY: Six of us—my mother, my brother, my two sons, Bill's wife and me. And I can tell you, it took just about every cent we had to our name just to pay the plane fare. When we arrived, we had about \$15 left among us. We were really in pitiful shape. But we were together, and we were alive, and this was

all that mattered.

PLAYBOY: How did you find a place to stay?

MURRAY: Well, we were just floored by the kindness of the people here. The minister of the Unitarian Church in Honolulu invited us over to his office the day we arrived and told us to make it our headquarters while we looked for a permanent residence. When we couldn't find a place for about a week, he let us live in the church; that's ironic, isn't it? But it points up the vastly different intellectual atmosphere that prevails here in Hawaii. Anyway, we rustled up some mattresses and put them on the floor and slept there, cooked there and ate there until we found a home. I was overwhelmed by the number of calls we got from people offering to rent us houses, to take us out to dinner, to drive us around house hunting. Everyone was just indescribably kind. Finally we moved into a house offered to us for an incredible \$125 a month by a man who feels that the separation of church and state is a valid constitutional issue which should be fought for. And we've found us a brilliant lawyer to help us fight extradition back to Maryland—which the Catholic governor of Hawaii has already granted. We've appealed the case to the state supreme court, which is considering its decision now.

PLAYBOY: If the court upholds the governor's decision, what will you do?

MURRAY: Well, whatever happens, I won't go back to Maryland, because I'd never get out again. Even if I managed to stay alive long enough to stand trial, I'd "accidentally" fall in my cell and fracture my skull or something. As a last resort, if I found I had no other alternative to returning, I would seriously consider suicide. I don't say this with any emotion. It's just that I'd much rather blow my own brains out than have it done for me in a Baltimore jail cell. You think I'm being paranoid? I know them. There've been people found mysteriously dead in those Baltimore police cells before, and I don't intend to be one of them.

PLAYBOY: Well, you haven't been extradited yet. Meanwhile, where are you getting the money to pay your landlord and your lawyer?

MURRAY: It's been a terrific struggle, because we had to leave my Freethought Society offset printing plant and all of my office equipment behind when we fled Maryland, and my headquarters there has since been taken over by a group of so-called atheists who have denounced me, deposed me as president and installed themselves as the board of directors, treasurer, secretary, managing editor and general manager of the organization. I mean they've just taken over the entire operation, which I founded and built up and ran, lock, stock and barrel. But we've managed to establish sort of a government in exile

here, after a fashion; we're turning out our newsletter again, and the contributions are beginning to trickle in, now that our members know where to find us—enough to live on, but only barely enough to fight extradition, and not nearly enough to keep our tax-the-churches suit alive. We desperately need funds if this case is going to stand a chance of reaching the Supreme Court—which is the only place we'll win it.

PLAYBOY: Considering the repercussions of the school-prayer case, why did you decide to take on the tax-the-churches suit?

MURRAY: Once involved in the school-prayer fight, I rapidly became aware of, and appalled by, the political and economic power of the Church in America—all based on the violation of one of our nation's canon laws: the separation of church and state. The churches rose to power on the income from tax-free property. What earthly—or heavenly—right have they got to enjoy a privilege denied to everyone else, even including non-profit organizations? None! My contention is that with the churches exempted from property taxation, you and I have to pay that much more in taxes—about \$140 a year per family, according to a recent survey—to make up for what they're not contributing. If this exemption were rescinded, our property taxes would be substantially lowered, and those who rent houses and apartments would consequently be able to pass along this savings in the form of lowered rents. It could have a profoundly salubrious effect on the entire economy. I decided that if nobody else was going to do anything to rectify this colossal inequity, I'd have to do it myself. So I instituted a suit against the city of Baltimore demanding that the city assessor be specifically ordered to assess the Church for its vast property holdings in the city, and that the city tax collector then be instructed to collect the taxes once the assessment has been made.

PLAYBOY: Have you made any estimate of approximately how many annual tax dollars the churches will have to pay if you win your suit?

MURRAY: On a nationwide basis, I would guess that the various churches would have to pay annually an amount at least equal to the national debt. But it's impossible for me to make an exact estimate, because the churches hide their wealth in every way they can—deliberate falsification as to the value of property, registering it under phony names in order to obscure the fact that the Church owns the property. In Baltimore alone, I know that the Roman Catholic Church alone would have to pay taxes of almost \$3,000,000 a year. This is why the Roman Catholic Church has become a co-defendant with the city in the suit—an unprecedented occurrence in a case of this nature. I'm going after them where they live—in their pocketbooks—and they're

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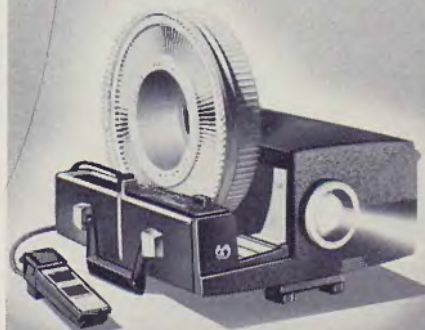
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fighting for their lives. They have a tremendous amount at stake—more than any other church, because they're the biggest property owners and they've dabbled in business more than any other church. More than any other church, they've been greedy about grabbing up land and property—not just in Baltimore, but all over the country. According to a Catholic priest writing in *The Wall Street Journal*, the assets and real-estate holdings of the Church "exceed those of Standard Oil, A.T.&T. and U.S. Steel combined." I'd make an educated guess that 20 to 25 percent of the taxable property in the U. S. is Church-owned. In a recent book, *Church Wealth and Business Income*, it was estimated that this property—all of it tax-exempt—is worth upwards of 80 billion dollars. I know that's a fantastic, unbelievable figure, but there's every reason to believe that it's on the conservative side; and this amount is increasing yearly at a geometric rate. They're moving into everything—gas stations, banks, television stations, supermarket chains, hotels, steel mills, resort areas, farms, wine factories, warehouses, bottling works, printing plants, schools, theaters—everything you could conceivably think of that has nothing to do with religion, they are moving into big. They're even coming in as stockholders in the big oil companies, and the Bank of America is almost entirely owned by the Catholic Church. And mind you—they don't pay a penny in taxes on any of it, even on the income from rentals. The Roman Catholic Knights of Columbus, for example, pays no income tax on any of its vast rental revenue—which comes from such sources as the land on which Yankee Stadium stands. Almost every constitutional authority has spoken on this issue, and the overwhelming consensus is that we will win if we can get it to the U.S. Supreme Court. But we won't unless thousands of people help me raise the money to pay the legal fees—at least \$40,000.

PLAYBOY: You've been quoted as saying that the Catholic Church in Baltimore was behind a conspiracy to have you and your family jailed on some pretext so that you would be unable to pursue this suit, and that this is why you were subjected to a "campaign of extralegal harassment" by the police, the courts and the citizens of Baltimore. Do you really believe that?

MURRAY: I can't think of any other plausible explanation for this vendetta. But quite apart from the Church's financial self-interest in getting me out of the way, Baltimore is an overwhelmingly Catholic city and, like most good Christians, they felt we ought to be punished for our unorthodox views. Intolerance has always been one of the cornerstones of Christianity—the glorious heritage of the Inquisition. It's no coincidence that most of my abusive mail—sentencing me

to exquisite Oriental tortures and relegating me to hell-fire and damnation—comes from self-admitted Catholics.

PLAYBOY: Are you still receiving that kind of mail here in Hawaii?

MURRAY: For some reason, the letters we've been getting here have been just a little bit more rational; I wonder what's happened to our lunatic fringe. I kind of miss them.

PLAYBOY: Is it true that you received a letter in Baltimore composed only of the word "Kill" clipped from dozens of magazines and newspapers, and pasted onto a sheet of paper in the style of a black-mail note?

MURRAY: Absolutely. It was from a man who had written to me over a period of about two years. He started out in his first letter with something innocuous like: "You're a damn fool!" But each successive letter got more and more violent, until he came to the point where he was very explicit in his threats. We turned that whole series of letters over to the FBI. One of the things this guy said he was going to do to me was put a gun up my ass and blow the crap out between my eyes. Nice? But that's mild compared to some of them. I've gotten literally thousands in the same vein. Someday I'd like to publish a book of these mash notes. It would be an extraordinary document. I'd call it *Letters from Christians*.

PLAYBOY: Would you include the photograph of yourself which you received smeared with feces?

MURRAY: That would be the frontispiece. This was a picture of my mother and me coming out of the United States Supreme Court, with fecal matter smeared across our faces. They wrapped it in wax paper so that when I received it I'd get the full impact of the message. Though I haven't gotten anything quite that original lately, there's still never a dull moment in my mailbox. Here's a dilly that came in the other day. I'll read it aloud, if I may:

*I dreamed that Mrs. Murray died
And no one but the Devil cried.
He had plenty more work for her to do;
And people like her were very few.
Well, it was a blow that would last him long;
He couldn't find anyone else so very wrong.
But no one in the city cried;
Most all were glad that she had died,
And thought it was a shame that fate was slow
And death had not snatched her long ago.
The churches all looked on in awe
and wondered why
She could change a law.
In death her face looked like a stone;
So cold, so hard in life it had grown;*

They had dressed her like a fashion show;

Expensively dressed and no place to go;

*There was no service at the grave;
Her soul was gone too late to save.*

It is a shame she went to hell;

But at least down there she cannot yell;

*And rant and rave about the prayers.
How could she creep in unawares and*

*Change the routine of our schools?
We have always had our religious rules;*

I wonder if she is allowed to pass the golden gate.

Can't Saint Peter see her heart of hate?

Beautiful, isn't it? Kind of gets you right here. That's from one of my most faithful correspondents: "Anonymous." And here's another one, signed "I Pity You." Unusual name, don't you think? I have so many people pitying me and praying for me that I'll probably be the only atheist that gets into heaven.

Here's another—this one from a sophomore in the State University of New York, College of Oswego. He says:

*I'd like to refer you to Hugh Hefner, author of *The Playboy Philosophy*, which appears in PLAYBOY magazine. He is doing an excellent job of revealing to the masses the religious and superstitious background of many of our laws, pointing out the clear stupidity of these laws in the light of reason. More power to both of you.*

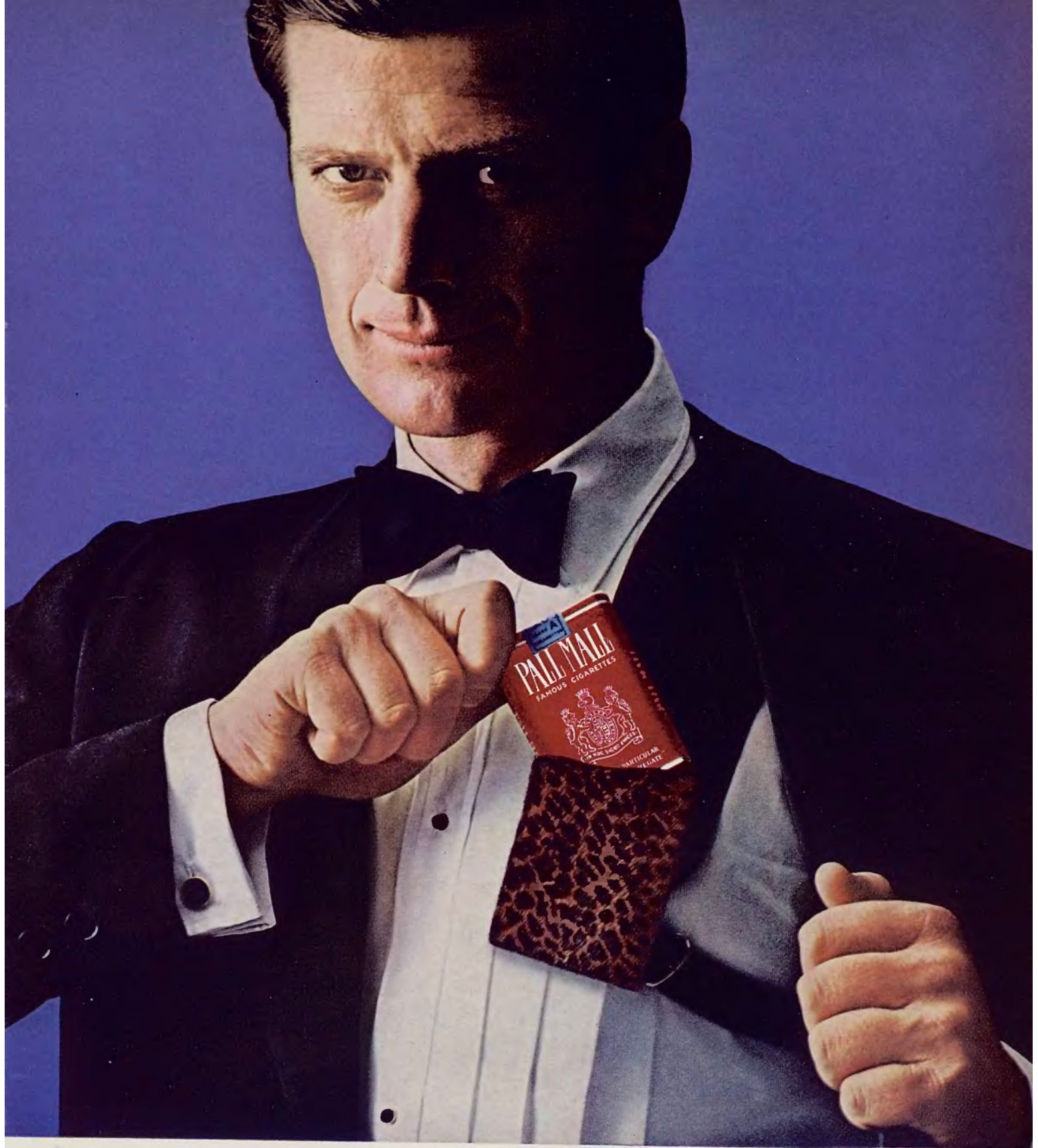
How about that? We occasionally get an intelligent letter like this one mixed with the rest, but most of them are like this gem:

How would you like to die of cancer? Or be blind the rest of your miserable haunted life? Filled with such fear you have to get a police dog. Ha. You are so filled with hate you will poison yourself to death. You are making a screwball out of your none-too-bright dopey-looking son, you big crude brawling peasant. Time will fix you but good. Leprosy is too good for you. Shame on you. You aren't a mother or even a woman, you are a no-good thing.

Isn't that delightful? But that's nothing compared to some of the goodies I keep in this box labeled NUT MAIL. Shall I read you excerpts from a random sampling?

PLAYBOY: Please.

MURRAY: You asked for it. Here goes: "You should be shot!" . . . "Why don't you go peddle your slop in Russia?" . . . "YOU WICKID ANAMAL" . . . "I will KILL you!" . . . "Commie, Commie, Commie!" . . . "Somebody is going to put a bullet through your fat ass, you scum,



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you masculine Lesbian bitch!" . . . "You will be killed before too long. Or maybe your pretty little baby boy. The queer-looking bastard. You are a bitch and your son is a bastard" . . . "Slut! Slut! Slut! Bitch slut from the Devil!" That'll give you the general idea. Oh—just one more; I love this one: "May Jesus, who you so vigorously deny, change you into a Paul."

Isn't that lovely? Christine Jorgensen had to go to Sweden for an operation, but me they'll fix with faith—painlessly and for nothing. I hate to disappoint them, but I'm not the least bit interested in being a man. I'm perfectly satisfied with the female role.

PLAYBOY: What is the proper female role, in your opinion?

MURRAY: Well, as a militant feminist, I believe in complete equality with men: intellectual, professional, economic, social and sexual; they're all equally essential, and they're all equally lacking in American society today.

PLAYBOY: According to many sociologists, American women have never enjoyed greater freedom and equality, sexually and otherwise, than they do today.

MURRAY: Let's distinguish between freedom and equality. The modern American woman may be more liberated sexually than her mother was, but I don't think she enjoys a bit more sexual equality. The American male continues to use her sexually for one thing: a means to the end of his own ejaculation. It doesn't seem to occur to him that she might be a worth-while end in herself, or to see to it that *she* has a proper sexual release. And, to him, sex appeal is directly proportional to the immensity of a woman's tits. I'm not saying that all American men are this way, but nine out of ten are breast-fixated, wham-bam-thank-you-ma'am cretins who just don't give a damn about anyone's gratification but their own.

If you're talking about intellectual and social equality for women, we're not much better off. We're just beginning to break the ice. America is still very much a male-dominated society. Most American men feel threatened sexually unless they're taller than the female, more intellectual, better educated, better paid and higher placed statuswise in the business world. They've got to be the authority, the final word. They say they're looking for a girl just like the girl who married dear old dad, but what they really want, and usually get, is an empty-headed little chick who's very young and very physical—and very submissive. Well, I just can't see either a man or a woman in a dependency position, because from this sort of relationship flows a feeling of superiority on one side and inferiority on the other, and that's a form of slow poison. As I see it, men wouldn't want somebody inferior to them unless they felt inadequate themselves. They're intimidated by a mature woman.

PLAYBOY: Like yourself?

MURRAY: Yes, as a matter of fact. I think I actually *frighten* men. I think I scare the hell out of them time after time. It's going to take a pretty big man to tame this shrew. I need somebody who can at least stand up to me and slug it out, toe to toe. I don't mean a physical battle. I mean a man who would lay me, and when he was done, I'd say: "Oh, brother, I've been *laid*." Or if we had an argument, he would stand up and engage in intellectual combat and not go off and mope in the corner, or take reprisals, or go to drink. I want somebody who's whole and wholesome and has as much zest for living as I have. But I haven't found *one* who fills the bill; you can't hardly find them kind no more. And I know many women my size, psychologically and intellectually, who have the same problem. Most women don't, of course, because they don't make the same demands, because they're not fully women—which is to say, alive and constantly growing. I haven't had an enduring love relationship, because I'm growing constantly, and at a brisk rate. I'm changing constantly and enlarging my viewpoints, and I've simply never met a man who could keep pace. So men finally bore me. They get in a rut. I saw one of my ex-lovers ten years later and was shocked to realize he had not moved an inch intellectually or emotionally from his position of a decade before.

PLAYBOY: How many lovers have you had, if you don't mind our asking?

MURRAY: You've got a hell of a nerve, but I don't really mind. I've had—if you count my marriage as an affair, which I would like to do rather than count it as a marriage, because I'm not proud of having been married—I've had five affairs, all of them real windings. I've enjoyed every goddamned minute of them, but sooner or later I've outgrown every one of them, and when I did I got fed up and threw them out. If they can't keep up with me, the hell with them.

PLAYBOY: Suppose a man were to get fed up with you first. What then?

MURRAY: Well, then *he* should be the one to pick up and leave. No hard feelings. I don't feel that people shouldglom onto other people. I feel that relationships should be nice and easy and convenient and happy and not strictured with legality or jealousy.

PLAYBOY: When you say "not strictured with legality," are you saying that you don't think people ought to get married?

MURRAY: Well, I've found that most people who are bound together legally would be a damn sight happier together—or apart—if they were released from the contract. A man-woman relationship is physical and emotional, not legal. Legality can't create love if it isn't there, or preserve it if it's dying, but it can *destroy* love by making it compulsory. You don't need a marriage license to live with someone, to have the security of a home,

to rear any number of children, to have years of companionship; it's not illegal. But the moment you want to screw somebody, you have to get a license from the state to use your genital organs—or run the risk of being charged with any number of crimes carrying sentences up to and including death. So sex is really the only sensible reason for getting married. But I'd suggest pulling down the shades instead. In the long run, it's cheaper—and more fun.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about the heritage of puritanical sexual guilt which many social scientists assert precipitates early marriages in this country?

MURRAY: It's shit for the birds. When will we grow up? Sex is where you find it. I say take it and enjoy it. Give and receive freely, without fear, without guilt and without contractual obligations.

PLAYBOY: Starting at what age?

MURRAY: Let nature decide. When a cow is biologically ready to have sex relations, she mates with the nearest well-hung bull. When a flower is ready to scatter its seed, it pollinates. It's the same way throughout nature—except with man, who tries to postpone consummation of his sex drive, unsuccessfully, for the most part, for six or eight years after he reaches puberty. By the time it's considered socially acceptable to start screwing, most of us are sexually constipated, and this is often an incurable condition. I think young people should be able to have their first sexual love affair whenever they feel like it. In the case of most girls, this would be around 13 or 14; with most boys, around 15 or 16.

PLAYBOY: What about VD and pregnancy?

MURRAY: They should be taught about sex, sex hygiene and contraceptive methods starting in the sixth grade, and whenever they want to try it, they should be allowed to go at it without supervision or restriction—in their parents' bedroom, on the grass in a park, in a motel; it doesn't matter, as long as the setting is private and pleasant. If we did all this, our kids would grow up into happier, healthier human beings. But we won't, of course. It would make too much sense.

PLAYBOY: Would you call yourself an advocate of free love?

MURRAY: I'd describe myself as a sexual libertarian—but I'm not a libertine. "To each his own" is my motto. If anybody wants to engage in any kind of sexual activity with any consenting partner, that is their business. I don't feel that I can sit in judgment on them, or that society can sit in judgment on them. Anybody can do anything they damn well please, as long as the relationship isn't exploitive. And I don't feel that legality should have anything to do with it. There are certain bodily functions of mine which I will not allow to be supervised. One of these is eating. Nobody's going to license me to do this. Another one is bodily disposals. I will defecate



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and urinate when I damn well please and as the spirit—and the physical necessity—moves me. And my sex life is peculiarly my own. I will engage in sexual activity with a consenting male any time and any place I damn well please.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any immediate plans along these lines?

MURRAY: It's none of your business, but as a matter of fact, I do. I've been completely without a sex life for about five years now—ever since I began the school-prayer suit—and if you don't think that's a hardship for a hot-blooded woman in her prime, just try it. I'm taking applications for stud service at this address—care of Good and Halfner, Attorneys, 1010 Standard Building, Cleveland 13, Ohio—as well as contributions for our tax-the-churches suit. Please enclose photograph, vital statistics, and a check for the lawsuit.

PLAYBOY: Are there any particular qualifications you're looking for?

MURRAY: No, I just want a man—a real, two-balled masculine guy—and there aren't many of them around, believe me. But I do want somebody my own age, and somebody who has brains enough to keep me interested and to earn enough money to support me in the style to which I've become accustomed. And I want a big man physically as well as intellectually. I want a man with the thigh muscles to give me a good frolic in the sack, the kind who'll tear hell out of a thick steak, and yet who can go to the ballet with me and discuss Hegelian dialectic and know what the hell he's talking about. I want a strong man, but a gentle one. And, most unlikely of all, but most essential, I want a man with a capacity for love—to give it generously and accept it joyously. I also want somebody who, when I say, "Let's call it quits," won't hang on; who'll say, "All right, it was fun while it lasted. So long and good luck."

PLAYBOY: Have you ever known a man like that?

MURRAY: No, but there was one who came close, and I loved him madly for some time. I don't think anybody in the world thought he was gentle, but he was gentle with *me*. And he treated me like a woman, which is all I really ask or want. I felt *handled* by him, and this is a good feeling. But, unfortunately, he never outgrew his particular intellectual commitment, so I outgrew *him*. He was an engineer and he was almost totally involved in his work; engineers have a very limited education and background, I think. You need to move into the broader humanities in order to become a total person. But I loved him very much.

PLAYBOY: Was he the one you loved most?

MURRAY: I think so. He's a damned Dago. That's a term of affection.

PLAYBOY: Of the men you've had affairs with, how many others were foreigners?

MURRAY: None of them. But they were of different extractions. This particular guy was of Italian parentage; another had

English blood; one was a real upper-class Bostonian; one had a Russian background, and one was Irish; he was the one that was best in bed. Did you know that we ladies have bull sessions like this among ourselves, and we talk about which of you fellows are good stud service and which ones aren't? If you boys knew what you sound like when you and your bedroom manners are dissected by a bunch of WACs, it would curl your hair, because we talk about exactly the same things you do among yourselves—and just as graphically.

PLAYBOY: You served as a WAC in Italy and North Africa during World War Two, didn't you?

MURRAY: Yes, and we were outnumbered by men five hundred to one, so you can see why we were preoccupied with sex. There was a good deal of everything going on—fornication, masturbation, homosexuality, promiscuity, you name it. We were near the front lines, and there was a gluttonous feeling of "eat, drink and make merry, for tomorrow we die" in the air; it was kind of a last-gasp clutching at straws, at almost anything to relieve the strain.

PLAYBOY: Did you participate?

MURRAY: No, I was still pretty much of a puritan when I got into the Army, believe it or not, and when I saw these girls shacking up every night with a different GI, I thought, "How horrible. They're nothing but prostitutes." And I wouldn't even talk to them. But I began to get a lot more tolerant and understanding after a few months, and pretty soon I started an affair myself, and I slept with this one guy the whole time I was in the Army; nobody else. I've never been a one-night-stander. Say, I wonder why I'm telling you all this. I know I'm being indiscreet, because this kind of thing could be used against me nationwide; it'll just add fuel to the fire, which is already hot enough for me. But you know something? It just so happens that I don't give a damn. I'm going to be damned anyway. If they haven't destroyed me yet, I'd say I'm indestructible.

Five years ago, before I opened Pandora's box by starting the school-prayer case, I was doing all right financially; I had my health, a good job, a nice brick Colonial home, beautiful furniture, three cars; we were a happy, close-knit, well-adjusted family. Well, brother, look at me now, as the saying goes: Here I am in a termite-ridden bungalow in Hawaii; my savings are gone; my job is gone; my health is gone—thanks to the beating I got in Baltimore, which has lost me almost all the use of two fingers in my right hand. I'm bothered by a continuous low-grade pain in that same hand and arm, which distracts me from my work and keeps me awake nights. My Baltimore home is in jeopardy; I may lose it. I've lost my furniture and my cars. My brother can't find a job, though he's been

looking for work ever since we arrived here; so he's just a nice, educated bum at this point. I've lost my father by a heart attack, and my son Bill has broken down emotionally to the extent that he's under psychiatric care. My aged mother is with me, and she can't even be buried next to Dad, whose grave is back in Baltimore. And my son and I are living under the Damoclean sword of imminent extradition back to Maryland, where we are certain to be convicted and sentenced to several years in the state penitentiary for assault—a crime which we not only didn't commit, but which was perpetrated against *us*. So my life and the life of my family has been completely disrupted in absolutely every way. But it's been worth it. It's uncovered a vast cesspool of illegitimate economic and political power in which the Church is immersed right up to its ears, and I intend to dive in head-first and pull it out of there dripping wet for all the world to see—no matter how long it takes, no matter whose feet get stepped on in the process, no matter how much it costs, no matter how great the personal sacrifice.

PLAYBOY: It sounds as if you intend to make this cause your *raison d'être*.

MURRAY: No, this crusade to separate church and state is only one expression of my *raison d'être*. I'm an atheist, but I'm also an anarchist, and a feminist, and an integrationist, and an internationalist—and all the other "ists" that people seem to find so horrible these days. I embrace all of them.

Long ago, when I was a very young girl, I said that I wanted to go everywhere, see everything, taste everything, hear everything, touch everything, try everything before I died. Well, I've been a model, I've been a waitress, I've been a hairdresser, I've been a stenographer, I've been a lawyer, I've been an aerodynamics engineer, I've been a social worker, I've been an advertising manager, I've been a WAC. There isn't anything you can name that a woman can do that I haven't done. Before they put me under, I'm going to get involved in everything there is to get involved in. That's what I want from life. I don't intend to stand by and be a spectator. I want to be right in there in the midst of it, right up to my nose—totally involved in the community, in the world, in the stream of history, in the human image. I want to drink life to the dregs, to enlarge myself to the absolute limits of my being—and to strive for a society in which everyone—regardless of race, creed, color and especially religious conviction—has the same exhilarating *raison d'être*, and the same opportunity to fulfill it. In other words, to paraphrase Jack Kennedy and John Paul Jones, from this day forward, let the word go forth, to friend and foe alike: I have not yet begun to fight.

THE GREAT COMIC-BOOK HEROES

*superman, batman, captain marvel and all the rest of that marvelous crew:
whence they came, who created them, and why they occupied a special place apart in the fantasies of our youth*

nostalgia

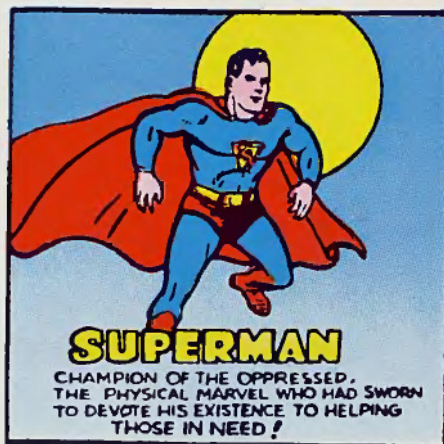
By JULES FEIFFER

COMIC BOOKS, World War Two, the Depression and I all got going at roughly the same time. I was eight. *Detective Comics* was on the stands, Hitler was in Spain, and the middle class (by whose employment record we gauge depressions) was, after short gains, again out of work. (I list the above for the benefit of those among us who, of the items cited, remember only comic books.)

Eight was a bad age for me. Only a year earlier I had won a gold medal in the John Wanamaker Art Contest for a crayon drawing on oak-tag paper of Tom Mix jailing an outlaw. So at seven I was a winner—and didn't know how to handle it. Not that triumph isn't hard to handle at any age, but the younger you are the more of a shock it is to learn that it simply doesn't change anything. Grown-ups still wielded all the power, still could not be talked back to, still were always right however many times they contradicted themselves. By eight I had become a politician of the grown-up, indexing his mysterious ways and hiding underground my lust for getting even until I was old enough, big enough and important enough to make my bid for it. That bid was to come by way of a career (I knew I'd never grow big enough to beat up everybody; my only hope was to, somehow, get to own everything and fire everybody). The career I chose, the only one that seemed to fit the skills I was then sure of—a mild reading ability mixed with a mild drawing ability—was comics.

So I came to the comics field with more serious intent than my opiate-seeking contemporaries. While they were eating up *Cosmo*, *Phantom of Disguise*, *Speed Saunders* and *Bart Regan*, *Spy*, I was counting how many frames there were to a page, how many pages there were to a story; learning how to form phrases like :@X#?/: marking for future reference which comic-book hero was swiped from which radio hero—Buck Marshall from Tom Mix, the Crimson Avenger from the Green Hornet, and so on.

There were, at the time, striking similarities between radio and comic books. The heroes were the same (often with the same names: Don Winslow, Mandrake, Tom Mix); the villains were the same (Oriental spies, primordial monsters, cattle rustlers)—but the experience was different. As an apprentice pro I found comic books the more tangible outlet for fantasy. One could put something down



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An early example of the comic-book prose that made words such as "oppressed" and "invulnerable" part of every nine-year-old's vocabulary.

on paper—hard-lined panels and balloons, done the way the big boys did it. Far more satisfying than playing the radio serial game: that of making up programs at night in bed, getting the voices right, the footsteps and door slams right, the rumbling organ background right, and doing it all in soft enough undertones to escape being caught by that grown-up in the next room who at any moment might issue his usual spirit-shattering cry: "For the last time, stop talking to yourself and go to sleep!" Radio was just too damn public.

My interest in comics began on the most sophisticated of levels, the daily newspaper strip, and thereafter proceeded downhill. My father used to come home after work—when there was work—with two papers: *The New York Times* (a total loss) and the *World Telegram*. The *Telegram* had Joe Jinks (later called Dynamite Dunn), *Out Our Way*, *Little Mary Mixup*, *Alley Oop*—and my favorite at the time: Roy Crane's *Wash Tubbs*, whose soldier-of-fortune hero, Captain Easy, might have set the standard for any role Clark Gable ever played. Except for the loss of Captain Easy, I felt no real grief when my father finally abandoned the *Telegram* to follow his hero, Heywood Broun, to the *New York Post*. The *Post* had *Dixie Dugan*, *The Bungle Family*, *Nancy* (then called *Fritzie Ritz*) and that masterpiece of sentimental naturalism: *Abbie 'n' Slat*. I studied that strip—its Sturgeslike characters, its uniquely cadenced dialog. No strip other than Will Eisner's *Spirit* rivaled it in structure. No strip, except Caniff's *Terry and the*

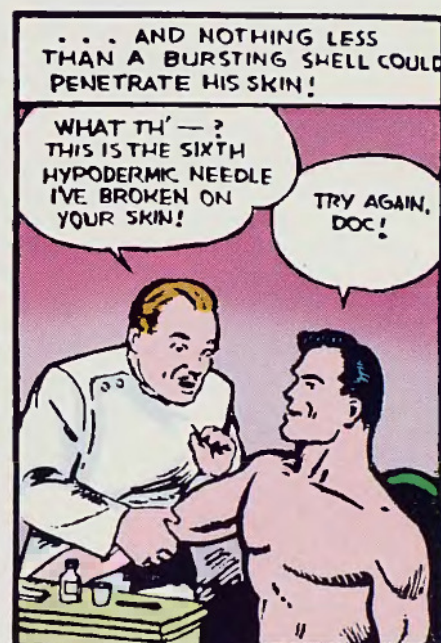
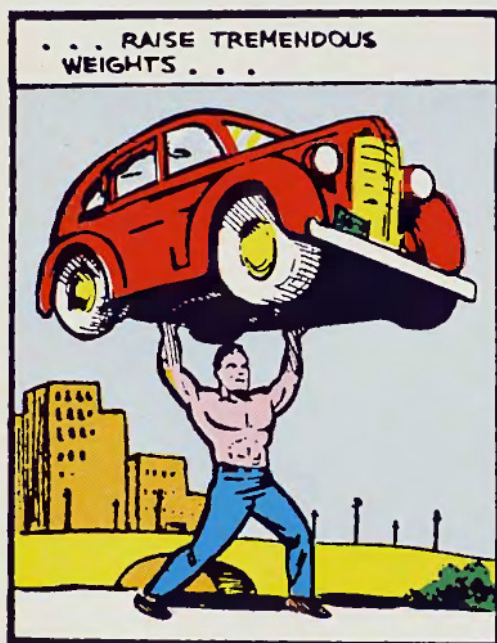
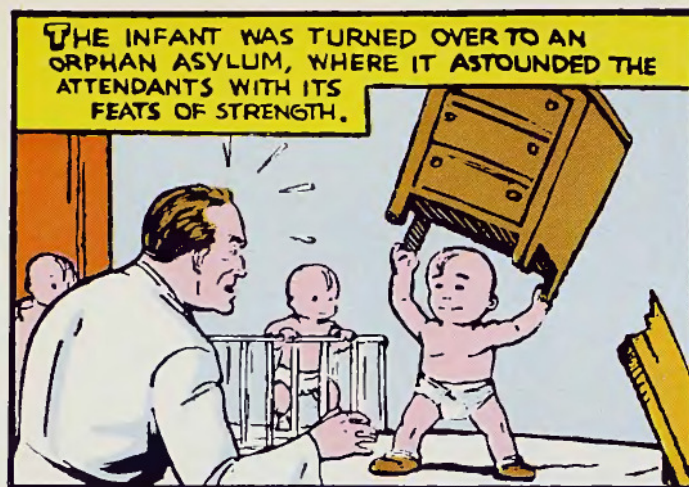
Pirates, rivaled it in atmosphere.

There were, of course, good strips—very good ones—in those papers that my father did not let into the house: the Hearst papers; the *Daily News*. Cartoons from the outlawed press were not to be seen on weekdays, but on Sundays one casually dropped in on Hearst-oriented homes (never very clean, as I remember) and read *Puck*, *The Comic Weekly*, skipping quickly over *Bringing Up Father* to pounce succulently on page two's *Jungle Jim* and *Flash Gordon*. Too beautiful to be believed. When *Prince Valiant* began a few years later, I burned with the temptation of the damned: I begged my father to sell out to Hearst. He never did.

It should have been a relief, then, when the first regularly scheduled comic book came out. It was called *Famous Funnies* and, in 64 pages of color, minutely reprinted many of my favorites from the enemy camp. Instead, my reaction was that of a movie purist when first confronted with sound: This was not the way it was meant to be done. Greatness in order to remain great must stay true to its form. This new form, so jumbled together, so erratically edited and badly colored, was demeaning to that art—basic black and white and four panels across—that I was determined to make my life's work. I read them, yes I read them: *Famous Funnies* first, then *Popular Comics*, then *King Comics*—but always with a sense of being cheated. I was not getting top performance for my dime. Not until March 1937, that is, when the first issue of *Detective Comics* came out.

Although original material had previously been used in comic books, almost all of it was in the shape and style of then-existing newspaper strips. *Detective Comics* was the first of the originals to be devoted to a single theme—crime fighting. And it looked different. Crime was fought in larger panels, fewer to a page. Most stories were complete in one issue (no more of the accursed "to be continued"). And there was a lot less shilly-shallying before getting down to action.

A strange new world: of unfamiliar heroes, unfamiliar drawing styles (if style is the word), written (if written is the word) in language not very different from that of a primer. It didn't have the class—or professionalism—of the daily strips; but, to me, this enhanced its value, made it a more comfortable world to live with, less like a grown-up's. The heroes were mostly detectives of one kind or an-



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The child Superman, just arrived by rocket from the planet Krypton, goes through his paces in this first telling of the story of his origin. Artist Joe Shuster's drawing style, crude by today's standards, represented the best of the old comic-book technique. (Shuster's *Man of Steel* was considerably less beefy than today's version.) Artist-writer team Shuster and Siegel also turned out "Spy," "Federal Men," "Dr. Occult" and "Slam Bradley."

other; or soldiers of fortune; here and there, even a magician. Whatever they were, they were tall, but not too tall—space limitations, you see; they were dark (blond heroes were an exception, possibly because most movie heroes were dark, possibly because it was a chance for the artists to stick in a blob of black and call it hair); they were handsome—well, symbolically handsome. The world of comics was a form of visual shorthand, so that the average hero need not have been handsome in fact as long as his face conformed to the required arrangement of lines readers had been taught to accept as handsome: sharp, slanting eyebrows, thick at the ends, thinning out toward the nose, of which in three-quarter view there was hardly any—just a small V placed slightly above the mouth, casting the faintest nick of a shadow. One never saw a nose, full view. There were never any full views. They were too hard to draw. Eyes were usually

ball-less—two thin slits. Mouths were always thick, quick single lines—never double. Mouths, for some reason, were rarely shown open. Dialog, theoretically, was spoken from the nose. Heroes' faces were square-jawed—in some cases, all-jawed—and more often than not there was a cleft in the chin.

With few exceptions, the initial comic-book heroes were not very interesting. By any realistic appraisal, they were certainly no match for the villains—who were bigger, stronger, smarter and, even worse, notorious scene stealers. Who cared about Speed Saunders, Larry Steele, Bruce Nelson, et al., when there were Oriental villains around? Tong warriors, lurking in shadows, with trident beards, pointy fingernails, and skin the color of ripe lemons. How they toyed with those drab ofay heroes: trap set, trap sprung, into the pit, up comes the water, down comes the pendulum, in from the sides come the walls. Through an unconvinc-

ing mixture of dumb luck and General Science 1, the hero always managed to escape, just barely; catch and beat up the villain—that wizened ancient who, in toe-to-toe combat was, of course, no match for the younger man. The following month it all happened again: same hero, different Oriental, slight variance in the torture. And readers were supposed to cheer? Hardly!

Villains, whatever fate befell them in the obligatory last panel, were infinitely better equipped than those silly, hapless heroes. Not only comics, but life taught us that. Those of us raised in ghetto neighborhoods were being asked to believe that crime didn't pay? Tell that to the butcher! We knew the rules: Nice guys finished last; landlords, first. Villains, by their simple appointment to the role, were miles ahead. It was not to be believed that any ordinary human could combat them. More was required. Someone with a call. When *Superman* at last

appeared (in *Action Comics*, of June 1938), he brought with him the deep satisfaction of all underground truths: our reaction was less "How original!" than "But, of course!"

The advent of the superhero was a bizarre comeuppance for the American dream. Once the odds were appraised honestly, it was apparent you had to be super to get on in this world. The particular brilliance of Superman lay not only in the fact that he was the first of the superheroes, but in the concept of his alter ego. What made this creation of Jerry Siegel and Joe Shuster different from the legion of imitators to follow was not that he could beat up everybody when he took off his clothes—they all did that. What made Superman extraordinary was his point of origin: Clark Kent.

Remember, Kent was not Superman's true identity—as Bruce Wayne was the Batman's or (on radio) Lamont Cranston, the Shadow's. Just the opposite. Clark Kent was the fiction. Previous heroes—the Shadow, the Green Hornet, the Lone Ranger—were not only more vulnerable, they were fakes. The Shadow had to "cloud men's minds" to be in business. The Green Hornet had to go through the fetishist folderol of donning costume, floppy hat, black mask, gas gun, menacing automobile and insect sound effects before he was even ready to go out in the street. The Lone Ranger needed an accoutermental white horse, an Indian, and an establishing cry of "Hi-Yo Silver" to separate him from all those other masked men running around the West in days of yesteryear. But Superman had only to wake up in the morning to be Superman. In his case, Clark Kent was the put-on. The fellow with the eyeglasses and the acne and the walk girls laughed at wasn't real, didn't exist, was a sacrificial disguise, an act of discreet martyrdom. *Had they but known!*

And for the alert reader there were other fields of interest. It seems that among Lois Lane, Clark Kent and Superman there existed a schizoid and chaste *ménage à trois*. Clark Kent loved but felt abashed with Lois Lane; Superman saved Lois Lane when she was in trouble, found her a pest the rest of the time. Since Superman and Clark Kent were the same person, this behavior demands explanation. It can't be that Kent wanted Lois to respect him for himself, since himself was Superman. Then, it appears, he wanted Lois to respect him for his fake self, to love him when he acted the coward, to be there when he pretended he needed her. She never was—so, of course, he loved her. A typical American romance. Superman never needed her—never needed anybody. In any event, Lois chased *him*—so, of course, he didn't love her. Another typical American romance.

Clark Kent acted as the control for Superman. What Kent wanted was just that which Superman didn't want to be both-

ered with. Kent wanted Lois, Superman didn't: thus marking the difference between a sissy and a man. A sissy wanted girls who scorned him; a man scorned girls who wanted him. Our cultural opposite of the man who didn't make out with women has never been the man who did—but rather, the man who could if he wanted to, but still didn't. The ideal of masculine strength, whether Gary Cooper's, Li'l Abner's or Superman's, was for one to be so virile and handsome, to be in such a position of strength, that he need never go near girls. Except to help them—and then get the hell out. Real rapport was not for women. It was for villains. That's why they got hit so hard.

The immediate and enormous success of Superman called for the creation of a tribe of successors—but where were they to come from? Not from other planets; Superman had all other planets tied up legally. Those one or two superheroes who defied the ban were taken apart by lawyers. (Nothing is as super as a writ.) The answer, then, rested with science. That strange bubbly world of test tubes and gobbledygook which had, in the past, done such great work in bringing the dead back to life in the form of monsters—why couldn't it also make men

super? Thus, Joe Higgins went into his laboratory and came out as The Shield; and John Sterling went into his laboratory and came out as Steel Sterling; and Steve Rogers went into the laboratory of kindly Professor Reinstein and came out as Captain America; and kindly Professor Horton went into his laboratory and came out with a synthetic man, named, illogically, The Human Torch. Science had run amuck—setting loose a menagerie of flying men, webbed men, robot men, ghost men, minuscule men, flexible-sized men, men of all shapes and costumes blackening the comic-book skies like locusts in drag. Skyman, Sky Chief, The Face, The Flash, Sub Mariner, The Angel, The Comet, The Hangman, The Spectre, Mr. Justice, Uncle Sam, The Web, The Doll Man, Plastic Man, The White Streak—all scrambling for a piece of the market.

Understandably, this Pandora's box of men of steel was viewed gravely by the Superman people. Sadly, the most savage reprisals in comic books were saved, just as in revolutions, not for one's enemies but for one's own kind. If, for a moment, Superman may be described as the Lenin of superheroes, Captain Marvel must be his Trotsky. Ideologically of the same

A four-panel diagram of a schizophrenic relationship shows Superman in his dual roles of rescuer and whipping boy of girl reporter Lois Lane. Clark Kent's mild-mannered ineptitude was supposedly a disguise to hide his true identity, but so spectacularly and readily did he sink (or slink) into character that the Man of Tomorrow might well have had a secret fantasy life as a masochist.

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THE END

bent, who could have predicted that within months the two would be at each other's throats—or that, in time, Captain Marvel would present the only serious threat to the power of the man without whom he could not have existed?

From the beginning Captain Marvel possessed certain advantages in the struggle. In terms of reader identification, Superman was far too puritanical: If you didn't come from his planet, you couldn't ever be super. That was that. But the more liberal Captain Marvel left the door open. His method of becoming super was the simplest of all. No solar systems or test tubes involved—all that was needed was the magic word "Shazam!"

"Pie in the sky!" retorted the pro-Superman bloc, but millions of readers

wondered. If all it took was a magic word, then all that was required was the finding of it. Small surprise that, for a while, Captain Marvel caught and passed the austere patriarch of the supermovement at the newsstands.

Artist C. C. Beck gave Captain Marvel the light touch. Villains ranged from mad scientist Dr. Sivana (the best in the business), who uncannily resembled Donald Duck, to Mr. Mind, a worm who talked and wore glasses, to Tawky Tawny, a tiger who talked and wore a business suit. A Disneyland of happy violence. The Captain himself came out dumber than the average superhero—a friendly fullback of a fellow with apple cheeks and dimples. One could imagine him being a buddy rather than a hero, an overgrown boy who chased villains as if

they were squirrels. A perfect fantasy figure for, say, Charlie Brown. His future seemed assured. What a shock, then, the day Superman took him to court.

The Superman people said that Captain Marvel was a direct steal. The Captain Marvel people denied it, but it was clear from the start their hero was a paper tiger. One wondered if he was beginning to drink. He was losing his lean Fred MacMurray look, fleshing out fast in the face, in the gut, in the hips, moving onward and outward to Jack Oakie. Then, too, there was great disappointment in the word "Shazam." As it turned out, it didn't work for readers. Other magic words were tried. They didn't work either. There are just so many magic words until one feels he's been made a fool of. When the Captain Marvel people finally settled the case and went out of business, I couldn't have cared less. I still had the big two: Superman and Batman.

Batman trailed Superman by a year and was obviously intended as an offshoot, but his lineage—the school of rich idlers who put on masks—dates back to the Scarlet Pimpernel and includes Zorro and the Green Hornet, with whom Batman bears the closest as well as most contemporaneous resemblance. Both the Green Hornet and Batman were wealthy, both dabbled in chemistry, both had supervehicles and both costumed themselves with a view toward striking terror into the hearts of evildoers. The Green Hornet buzzed; the Batman flapped—that was the essential difference.

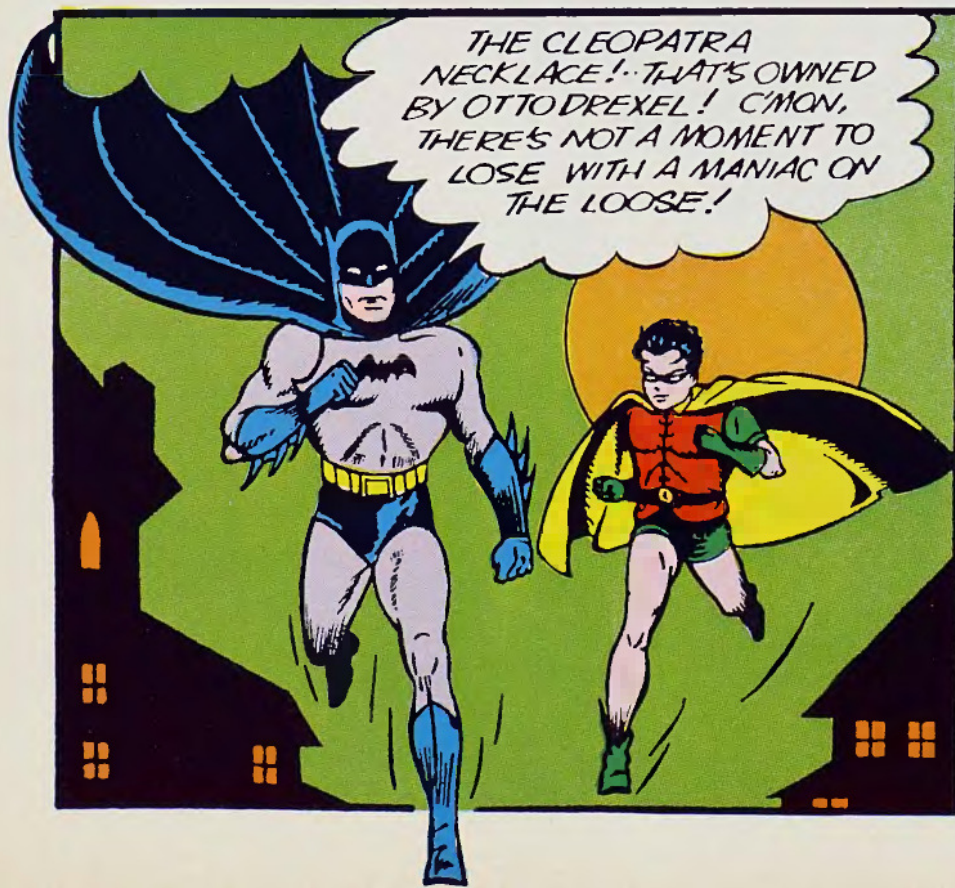
Not that there weren't innovations: Batman popularized in comic books the strange idea, first used by the Phantom in newspapers, that when you put on your mask, your eyes disappeared. Two white slits showed—that was all. If that didn't strike terror into the hearts of evildoers, nothing would. Batman, apparently, was also in better physical shape than the Green Hornet; less dependent on the rich man's use of nonlethal gas warfare. Batman got more meaningfully into the fray and, in consequence, got more clobbered. Though a good deal was made of his extraordinary stamina, much of it, as it turns out, was for punishment—another innovation for superheroes: there was some reason to believe he had a glass jaw.

But Batman was not a superhero in the truest sense. If you pricked him, he bled—buckets. While Superman's superiority lay in the offense, Batman's lay in the rebound. Whatever was done to him—whatever trap laid, wound opened, skull fractured—all he ever had to show for it was a discreet patch of Band-Aid on his right shoulder. With Superman we won; with Batman we held our own. Individual preferences were based on the ambitions and arrogance of one's fantasies. I preferred to play it safe and be Superman.

What made Batman interesting was

In these typical Bob Kane panels, wealthy young socialite Bruce Wayne rather haphazardly chooses an image for himself and becomes a Batman more overtly threatening than today's Code-approved model. Bottom: He is joined by Robin the Boy Wonder—first of the kid companions.

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his story line—not his strength. Batman, as a feature, was infinitely better-plotted, better-villained and better-looking than Superman. Batman inhabited a world where no one, no matter what time of day, cast anything but long shadows—seen from weird perspectives. Batman's world was scary; Superman's, never. Bob Kane, Batman's creator, combined *Terry and the Pirates*-style drawing with *Dick Tracy*-style villains: The Joker, The Penguin, The Cat Woman, The Scarecrow, The Riddler, Clay-face, Two-face, Dr. Death, Hugo Strange.

Batman's world was also more cinematic than Superman's. Kane was one of the early experimenters with angle shots, and though he was not as compulsively avant-garde in his use of the worm's-eye, the bird's-eye, the shot through the wingglass, as others in the field, he was the only one of the National line (*Detective*, *Adventure*, *Action Comics*) who managed to get that Warner Brothers' fog-infested look.

The opposite extreme in comic-book illustration was the Fox line—*Mystery Men*, *Wonder World*, *Science*, *Fantastic Comics*. Fox had the best covers and the worst insides. The covers were rendered in a modified pulp style: well-drawn, exotically muscled, half-undressed heroes rescuing well-drawn, exotically muscled, half-undressed maidens. The settings, often as not, were in the conventional Oriental-mad-scientist's laboratory—hissing test tubes going off everywhere; a hulking multiracial lab assistant ready to violate the girl; the masked hero crashing through a skylight, guns, aimed at nobody, flaming in each hand; the girl, strapped to an operating table screaming fetchingly—not yet aware that the crisis was passed.

The good men working for Fox soon moved elsewhere. Fiction House, a better outfit by inches, was often the place. Its one lasting contribution was *Sheena*, *Queen of the Jungle*, signed by W. Morgan Thomas (a pseudonym), but drawn—and very likely written—by S. R. Powell, who was later to do the best of the magician strips (not excepting *Mandrake*): *Mr. Mystic*. *Sheena* was a voluptuous female Tarzan who laid waste to wild beasts, savages and evil white men in the jungle of her day—always assisted by her boyfriend, Bob, a neat young fellow in boots and jodhpurs who mainly stayed free of harm's way while *Sheena*, manfully, cleaned out the trouble spots.

Sheena was the star of *Jungle Comics*, a book I looked at only when there were nothing but novels to read around the house. Beating up lions did not particularly interest me; my problem was with people. Nor did the people *Sheena*

The Spectre, in order to become the Spectre, had to go through the uncomfortable ordeal of being murdered. Another Siegel creation, he was less popular, better plotted than Superman.



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In "Whiz Comics No. 1," the initial incarnation of Captain Marvel takes place after Billy Batson speaks the magic word: "SHAZAM!" (standing for Solomon's Strength, Hercules' Wisdom, Atlas' Stamina, Zeus' Thunder, Achilles' Heel and Moses' Mother—or something like that). The ham-fisted Captain met legal opposition from Superman's creators and, alas, disappeared.

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NO ONE KNOWS THAT JIM CORRIGAN, HARD-FISTED DETECTIVE, IS IN REALITY THE EARTHBOUND SPECTRE, WHOSE MISSION IS TO RID THIS WORLD OF CRIME.....



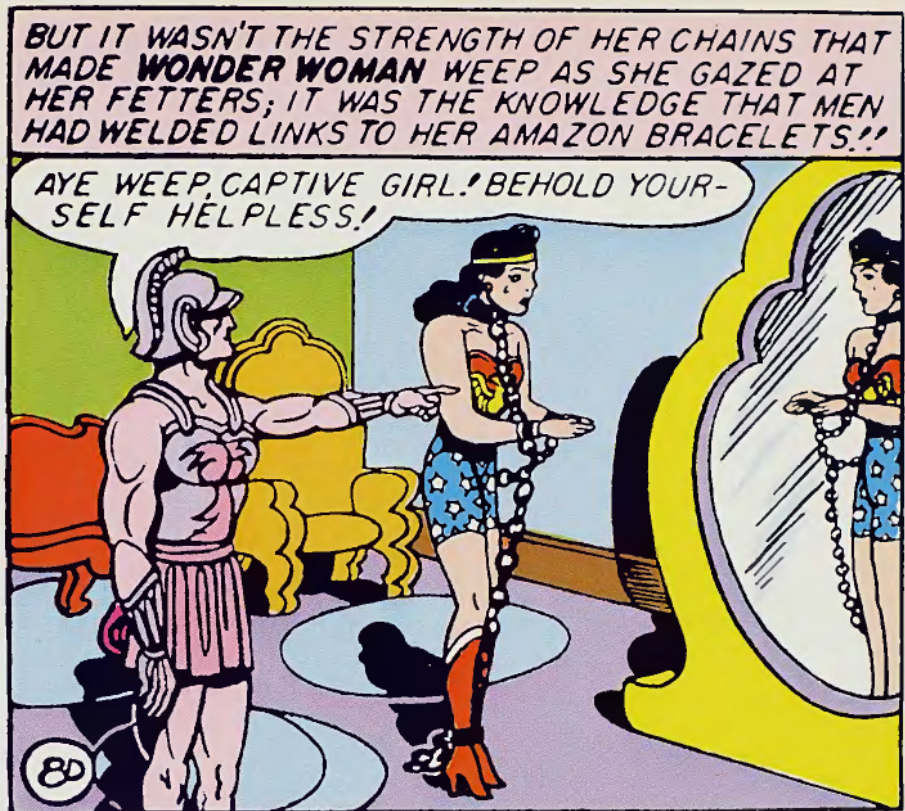
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Bill Everett's *Sub Mariner* not only hated criminals, he hated everybody. When World War Two came along, he stopped beating up Americans, patriotically began beating up Germans.

laid out interest me very much: They were the usual crop of white hunters in search of the elephants' graveyard, a strip of land so devout in its implications to jungle-book fanciers that one could only assume the elephants took instruction in the Church before dying.

Fiction House also put out *Fight Comics*, *Planet Comics* and *Wing Comics*; but its single feature of interest—from this apprentice's viewpoint—was *Hawk of the Seas*, signed by Willis Rensie (Eisner spelled backward). *Hawk* was a pirate feature, notable only as a trial run for *The Spirit*, full of the baroque angle shots that Will Eisner introduced to the business.

Eisner had come to my attention a few years earlier doing a one-shot, black-and-white feature called "Muss 'Em Up" *Donovan* in a comic book with the flop-oriented title of *Centaur Funny Pages*. "Muss 'Em Up" *Donovan* was a detective, fired from the force on charges of police brutality (his victims, evidently, were white). *Donovan* is called back to action by a city administration overly harassed by crime who feels it is time for an approach that circumvents the legalistic niceties of due process. (Such administrations were in vogue in all comic books of the Thirties and Forties.) Heroes and readers jointly conspired to believe that all police were honest but inept; well-meaning but dumb—except for good cops like *Donovan*, who were vicious. Arraignment was for sissies, a he-man wanted gore. But, operating within the reach of the law, a hero could get busted for that. So heroes, with the oblique consent of the power structure ("If you get into trouble, we can't vouch for you"), wandered outside the law, pummeled everyone in sight, killed a slew of people—and brought honor back to Central City, back



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Wonder Woman, an Amazon princess who spent a sadomasochist-satisfying amount of time bound in chains, had this thing against men (many of whom she punched around), except for her short boyfriend, Steve, whom she carried about on her shoulder. It was a classic American romance.

to Metropolis, back to Gotham.

Will Eisner was an early master of the German Expressionist approach in comic books—the Fritz Lang school: full of dark shadows, creepy angle shots, graphic close-ups of violence and terror. Eisner's line had weight. Clothing sat on his characters heavily; when they bent an arm, deep folds sprang into action everywhere. When one Eisner character slugged another, a real fist hit real flesh. Violence was no externalized plot exercise; it was the gut of his style. Massive and indigestible, it curdled, lavalike, from the page.

Eisner moved on from Fiction House to land, finally, with the *Quality Comic* group, creating the tone for their entire line: *The Doll Man*, *Black Hawk*, *Uncle Sam*, *The Black Condor*, *The Ray*, *Espionage*. Eisner creations all, he'd draw a few episodes and abandon the characters to others. No matter. The *Quality* books bore his look, his layout, his way of telling a story; for Eisner did just about all of his own writing—a rarity in comic-book men. His high point was *The Spirit*, a comic-book section created as a Sunday supplement for newspapers.

Sartorially, the *Spirit* was miles apart from other masked heroes. He didn't wear tights; just a baggy blue business suit, a wide-brimmed blue hat that needed blocking—and, for a disguise, a matching blue eye mask, drawn as if it were a skin graft. For some reason, he rarely wore socks—or if he did, they were flesh-colored. (I often wondered about

that.) Just as Milton Caniff's characters were identifiable by their perennial WASPish, upper-middle-class look, so were Eisner's identifiable by that look of just having got off the boat. The *Spirit* reeked of lower middle class: His nose may have turned up, but we all knew he was Jewish. What's more, he had a sense of humor. Very few comic-book characters did. Superman was strait-laced; Batman wisecracked, but was basically rigid; Captain Marvel had a touch of Li'l Abner, but that was parody—not humor. Alone among mystery men, the *Spirit* operated in a relatively mature world (for comic books) in which one took stands somewhat more complex than hitting or not hitting people. Violent he was—this was to remain Eisner's stock in trade—but the *Spirit*'s violence often turned in on itself, proved nothing, became, simply, an existential exercise—part of somebody else's game. The *Spirit* could even suffer defeat in the end. Or be outfoxed by a female foe—standing there, his tongue making a dent in his cheek; in his boyish, Dennis O'Keefe way, a comment on the ultimate ineffectuality of even superheroes. But, once a hero turns that vulnerable, he loses interest for both author and readers; and the *Spirit*, through the years, became a figurehead—the chairman of the board, presiding over eight pages of other people's stories. An inessential do-gooder, doing a walk-on on page eight to tie up loose ends. A masked Mary Worth.

Not that he wasn't virile. Much of the



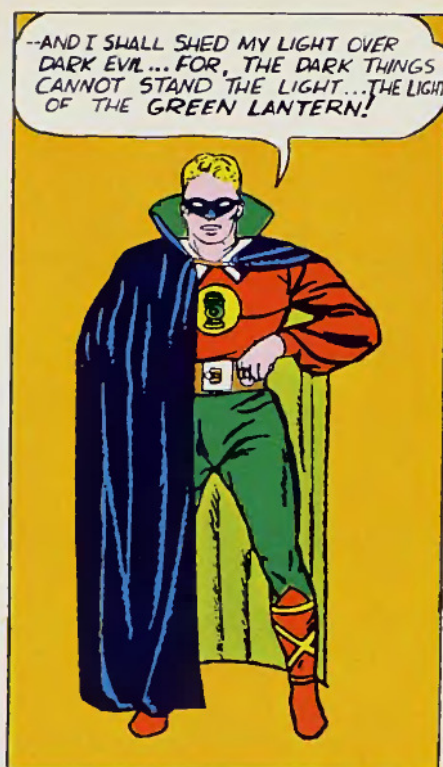
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The Flash, like the Sub Mariner and The Human Torch, belonged to the stuck school of superheroes. After Superman, it was no longer enough to be strong, one had to have a specialty.

Spirit's charm lay in his response to intense physical punishment. Hoodlums could slug him, shoot him, bend pipes over his head. The Spirit merely stuck his tongue in his cheek and beat the crap out of them; a more rational response than Batman's, for all his preening. For Batman had to take off his rich idler's street clothes; put on his Batshirt, his Batshorts, his Battights, his Batboots; buckle on his Batbelt; tie on his Batcape; slip on his Batmask; climb into his Batmobile and go fight the Joker—who in one punch (defensively described by the author as maniacal) would knock him silly. Not so with the Spirit. It took a mob to pin him down and no maniacal punch ever took him out of a fight. Eisner was too good a writer for that sort of nonsense. I collected Eisners and studied them fastidiously. And I wasn't the only one. Alone among comic-book men, Eisner was a cartoonist from whom other cartoonists swiped.

Good swiping is an art in itself. One can, for example, scan the first 15 years of any National publication and catch an album of favorite *Terry and the Pirates*, *Prince Valiant* or *Flash Gordon* poses signed by dozens of different artists. Terry, Pat Ryan, Val and Flash stared nakedly out at the reader, their names changed, but looking no less like themselves even if the feature did call itself *Hawkman*. Swipes, if noticed, were accepted as part of comic-book folklore. I have never heard a reader complain. *Hawkman*, a special favorite of mine, gave an aged and blended look to its swipes—a sheen so formidable, I often preferred the swipe to its newspaper prototype, defended the artist on economic grounds (not everybody was rich enough to hire models like those big newspaper guys) and paid his swipes the final compliment of swiping them myself.

I not only clipped swipes, I managed to get hold of and traced their sources.



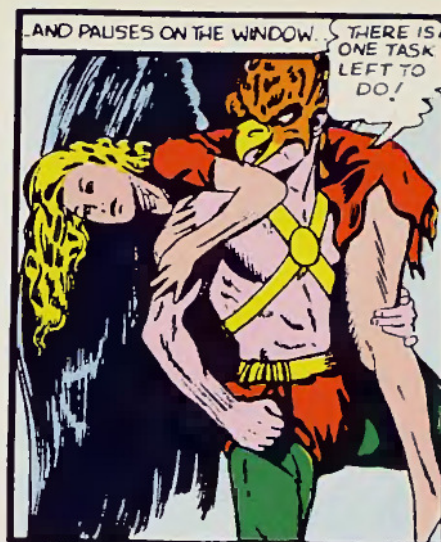
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While Batman became a creature of the night because he thought that would strike terror into the hearts of criminals, the Green Lantern used the opposite approach with the same results.

These I stapled together, laid in front of me and with them began my own chain of comic books—*Comic Caravan*, *Zoom Comics*, *Streak Comics*. Each book contained an orthodox variety of superheroes who, for their true identities, were given the orthodox assortment of prep-school names: Wesley, Bruce, Jay, Gary, Oliver, Rodney, Greg, Carter—obviously the stuff out of which heroes were made. You didn't find names like that in my neighborhood.

Each story was signed by a pseudonym, except for the lead feature which, star-conscious always, I assigned to my real name. I practiced my signature for hours: inside a box, a circle, a palette; inside a scroll that was chipped and aged, with a dagger sticking out of it which threw a long shadow. I had a Milton Caniff-style signature; an Alex Raymond; an Eisner. (Years later, when I went to work for Eisner, my first assignment was the signing of his name to *The Spirit*. I was immediately better at it than he was.)

Though I may have pirated the superheroes, I never went near their boy companions. I couldn't stand boy companions. If the theory behind Robin the Boy Wonder, Roy the Superboy, The Sandman's Sandy, The Shield's Rusty, The Human Torch's Toro, The Green Arrow's Speedy, and Captain America's Bucky was to give young readers a character with whom to identify, it failed dismally in my case. The super grownups were the ones I identified with. They were versions of me in the future. There



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The Hawkman, who never had his own comic book, had to play second banana to The Flash in "Flash Comics," a sad situation since the faster-moving Flash wasn't nearly as well drawn.

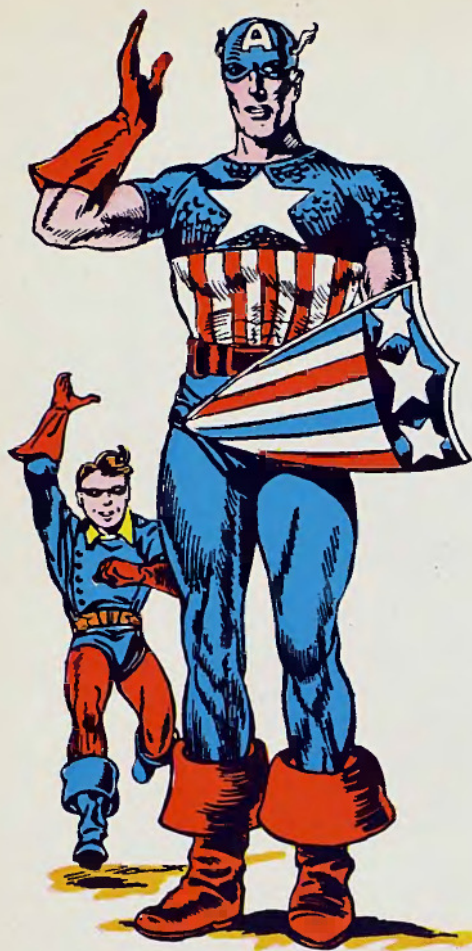
was still time to prepare. But Robin the Boy Wonder was my own age. One need only look at him to see he could fight better, swing from a rope better, play ball better, eat better and live better; for while I lived in the east Bronx, Robin lived in a mansion, and while I was trying, somehow, to please my mother and getting it all wrong, Robin was rescuing Batman and getting the gold medals. He didn't even have to live with his mother.

Robin wasn't skinny. He had the build of a middleweight, the legs of a wrestler. He was obviously an A student, the center of every circle, the one picked for greatness in the crowd—God, how I hated him. You can imagine how pleased I was when, years later, I heard he was a fag.

In his *Seduction of the Innocent*, psychiatrist Frederic Wertham, a leading post-War figure in the anticomics movement, writes of the relationship between Batman and Robin:

They constantly rescue each other from violent attacks by an unending number of enemies. The feeling is conveyed that we men must stick together because there are so many villainous creatures who have to be exterminated. . . . Sometimes Batman ends up in bed injured and young Robin is shown sitting next to him. At home they lead an idyllic life. They are Bruce Wayne and "Dick" Grayson. Bruce Wayne is described as a "socialite" and the official relationship is that Dick is Bruce's ward. They live in sumptuous quarters, with beautiful flowers in large vases. . . . Batman is sometimes shown in a dressing gown. . . . It is like a wish dream of homosexuals living together.

For the personal reasons previously 81



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Simon and Kirby's muscle-bound Captain America (in a costume drawn modestly from the *Stars and Stripes*) and his boy aide, Bucky, symbolized the chauvinism that came to comic books as a result of a plot shortage and a war.

listed, I'd have been delighted to think Dr. Wertham right in his conjectures (at least in Robin's case; Batman might have been duped), but conscience dictates otherwise: Batman and Robin were no more or less queer than were their youngish readers, many of whom palled around together, didn't trust girls, played games that had lots of bodily contact and—from similar surface evidence—were more or less queer. But this sort of case-building is much too restrictive. In our society it is not only homosexuals who don't like women. Almost no one does.

Wertham goes on to point to *Wonder Woman* as the Lesbian counterpart to Batman: "For boys, Wonder Woman is a frightening image. For girls she is a morbid ideal. Where Batman is antifeminine, the attractive Wonder Woman and her counterparts are definitely antimasculine." Well, I can't comment on the image girls had of Wonder Woman. I never knew they read her—or any other comic book, for that matter. That girls had a preference for my brand of literature would have been more of a frightening image to me than any number of men being beaten up by Wonder Woman.

My problem with Wonder Woman was

that I could never get myself to believe she was that good. For if she was as strong as they said, why wasn't she tougher-looking? Why wasn't she bigger? Why was she so flat-chested? And why did I always feel that, whatever her vaunted Amazon power, she wouldn't have lasted a round with Sheena, Queen of the Jungle?

World War Two was greeted by comic books with a display of public patriotism and a sigh of private relief. There is no telling what would have become of the superheroes had they not been given a real enemy. Domestic crime fighting had become a bore; one could sense our muscled wonder men growing restless in their protracted beatings of bank robbers, gang overlords and mad scientists. Domestic affairs were dead as a gut issue: Superheroes wanted a hand in foreign policy. At first this switching of fronts seemed like a progressive political step—if only by default. Pre-War conspiracies had always been fomented by the left (enigmatically described as anarchists), who put it into the minds of otherwise sanguine workers to strike vital industries in order to benefit unidentified foreign powers. Now, with the advent of war it was no longer necessary to draw villains from a stockpile of swarthy ethnic minorities: there were the butch-haircutted Nazis to contend with.

The I.Q. of villains dropped markedly as the War progressed. Consistent with the policy formalized by Chaplin's *Great Dictator*, Hitler was never portrayed as anything but a clown. All other Germans were blond, spoke their native language with a thick accent, and were very, very stupid. Whatever there used to be of plot was replaced by action—great leaping gobs of it; breaking out of frames and splashing off the page. This was the golden age of violence—its two prime exponents: Joe Simon and Jack Kirby.

The team of Simon and Kirby brought anatomy back into comic books. Not that other artists didn't draw well (the level of craftsmanship had risen alarmingly since I'd begun to compete), but no one could put quite as much anatomy into a hero as Simon and Kirby. Muscles stretched magically, foreshortened shockingly. Legs were never less than four feet apart when a punch was thrown. Every panel was a population explosion—casts of thousands: all fighting, leaping, falling, crawling. Not any of Eisner's brooding violence for Simon and Kirby; that was too Listonlike. They peopled their panels with Cassius Clays—*Blue Bolt*, *The Sandman*, *The Newsboy Legion*, *The Boy Commandoes* and, best of all, *Captain America and Bucky*. Speed was the thing; rocking, uproarious speed. Each episode like an Errol Flynn war movie; almost always taken from secret files, almost always preceded by the legend: "Now it can be told."

But the unwritten success story of the War was the smash comeback of the

Oriental villain. He had faded badly for a few years, losing face to mad scientists—but now he was at the height of his glory. Until the War we had always assumed he was Chinese. But now we knew what he was: a Jap; a Yellow-Belly Jap; a Jap-a-Nazi Rat—these being the three major classifications. He was younger than his wily forebear and far less subtle in his torture techniques. (This was war!) He often sported fanged bicuspid and drooled a lot more than seemed necessary. (If you find the image hard to imagine, I refer you to his more recent incarnation in magazines like Dell's *Jungle War Stories*, where it turns out he wasn't Japanese at all—he was North Vietnamese!)

The War in comic books, despite its early promise, its compulsive flag waving, its incessant admonitions to keep 'em flying, was, in the end, lost. From Superman on down, the old heroes gave up a lot of their edge. As I was growing up, they were growing tiresome: more garrulous than I remembered them in the old days, a little show-offy about their winning of the War. Superman, The Shield, Captain America and the rest competed cattily to be photographed with the President; to be officially thanked for selling bonds, or catching spies, or opening up the second front. The Spirit had been mutilated beyond recognition by a small army of hack ghosts; Captain Marvel had become a house joke; the Batman, shrill. Crime comics were coming in, nice artwork by Charles Biro, but not my cup of tea. Too oppressive to my fantasies. Reluctantly I fished around for other reading matter and stumbled on *Studs Lonigan*.

In the years since Dr. Wertham and his supporters launched their attacks, comic books have toned down considerably, almost antiseptically. Publishers—in fear of their lives—wrote a code, set up a review board and volunteered themselves into censorship rather than have it imposed from the outside. Dr. Wertham scorns self-regulation as misleading. Old-time fans scorn it as having brought on the death of comic books as they knew and loved them: for, surprisingly, there are old comic-book fans. A small army of them.

So Dr. Wertham and his cohorts were wrong in their contention that no one matures remembering the things. Other charges against comic books—that they were a participating factor in juvenile delinquency and, in some cases, juvenile suicide; that they inspired experiments, à la Superman in free-fall flight which could only end badly; that they were, in general, a corrupting influence, glorifying crime and depravity—can only, in all fairness, be answered: "But of course. Why else read them?"

Comic books, first of all, are junk. To accuse them of being what they are is to make no accusation at all: There is no such thing as *uncorrupt* junk or *moral* junk or *educational* junk, though at-

Right: PLAYBOY's late, great cartoonist Jack Cole is represented here in an earlier guise as the author of the most anarchic of superheroes: Plastic Man. Cole, creator also of *The Comet*, *Midnight* and *The Claw*, evolved out of the Will Eisner school. Bottom right: A typically wind-blown Spirit lead page demonstrates Eisner's skill in working the title into the design of the page. Both *Plastic Man* and *The Spirit*, although possessing the usual invincibility, had strongly satiric sides to their characters.

tempts at the latter have, from time to time, been foisted on us. But education is not the purpose of junk. It is a second-class citizen of the arts, intended to be nothing else but liked.

A child, simply to save his sanity, must at times go underground. Have a place to hide where he cannot be got at by grown-ups. A place that implies, if only obliquely, that *they're* not so much; that *they* don't know everything; that *they* can't fly the way some people can, or let bullets bounce harmlessly off their chests, or beat up whoever picks on them, or—oh, joy of joys!—even become invisible! A no man's land. A relief zone. And the basic sustenance for this relief was, in my day, comic books.

With them we were able to roam free, disguised in costume, committing the greatest of feats—and the worst of sins. And, in every instance, getting away with them. For a little while, at least, it was our show. For a little while, at least, we were the bosses. Psychically renewed, we could then return aboveground and put up with another couple of days of victimization at the hands of teachers and parents. Another couple of days of that child labor called school. Comic books were our booze.

Comic books, which had few public (as opposed to professional) defenders in the days when Dr. Wertham was attacking them, are now looked back on by an increasing number of my generation as samples of our youthful innocence instead of our youthful corruption. A sign, perhaps, of the potency of that corruption. A corruption—a lie, really—that put us in charge, however temporarily, of the world in which we lived; and gave us the means, however arbitrary, of defining right from wrong, good from bad, hero from villain. It is something for which old fans can understandably pine. It's almost as if having become overly conscious of the imposition of junk on our adult values—on our architecture, our highways, our advertising, our mass media, our politics; and even in the air we breathe, flying black chunks of it—we have staged a retreat to a better-remembered brand of junk. A junk that knew its place was underground where it had no power and thus only tiiltated, rather than aboveground where it truly has power—and, thus, only depresses.



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CITY OF LIGHT '65

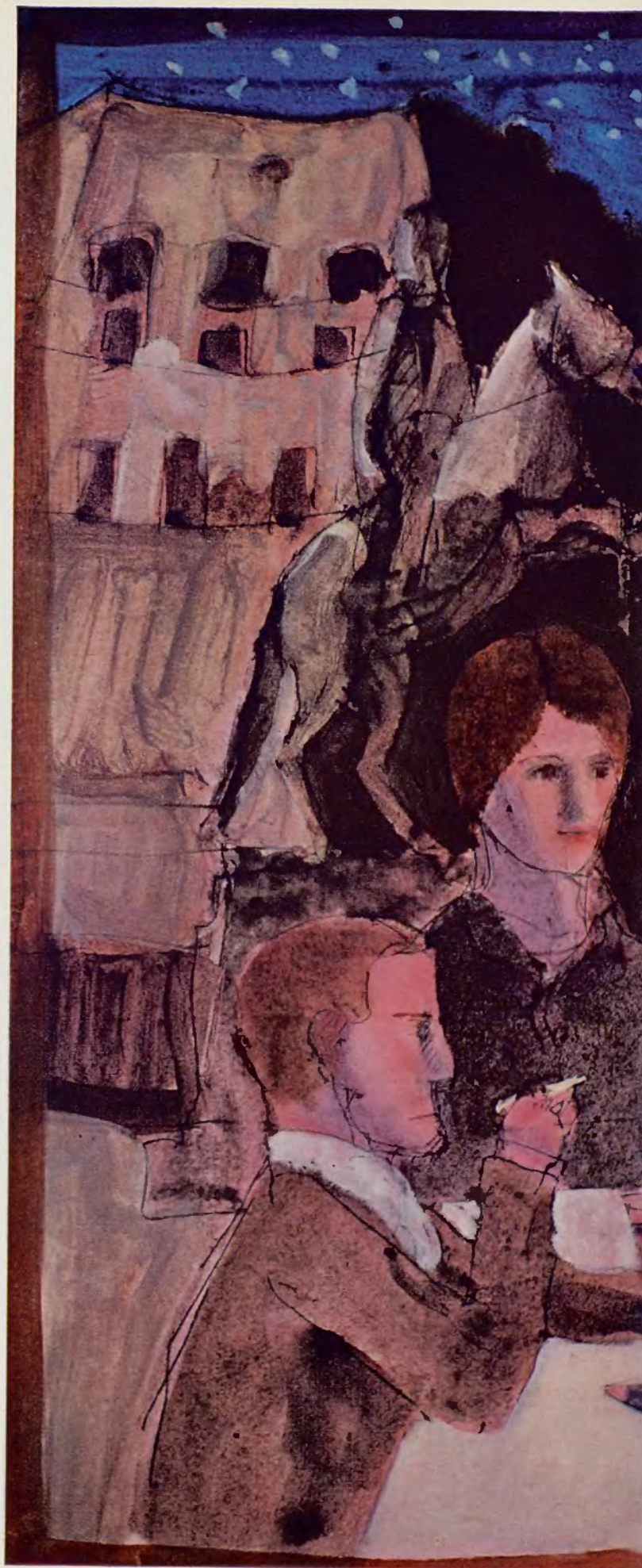
it was to be a happy voyage of escape into self-discovery, but the sinister sophistication of his companions boded ill for his romantic journey

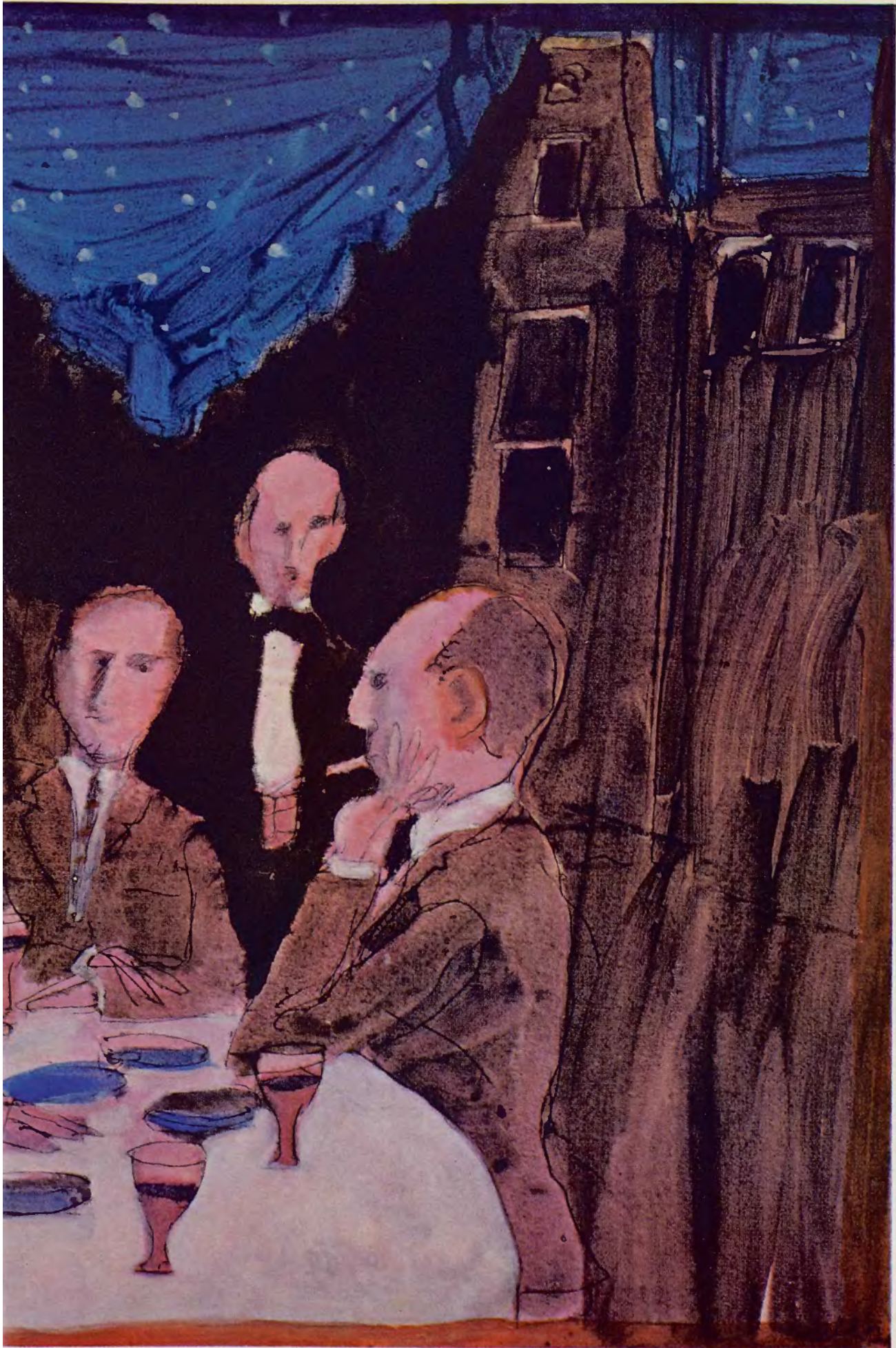
fiction By HERBERT GOLD "I'D RATHER be treated badly by a French girl," K. K. Wood once remarked, "than nicely-sweetly by an American." This must have had some specific reference to his experiences with Joseph E. Levine medieval epics, filmed in Europe just as he was coming out of his college-track phase, when he was a long, shy, graceful young man who had discovered that he photographed well mostly because he had discovered very little else about himself. Did his comment mean that a French girl had treated him really badly and he liked it? Or did it only mean that she had been bittersweet, cool and laughing, as French girls are said to be? Was he unsheathing his dagger as they sat around the pool on their half acre in Beverly Hills?

In any case, it was a line of thought to which K. K.'s wife, Louise, never took kindly. She didn't say, "Aw, shut up," which was what her sister once said (bitter Estelle). But also she didn't say, "Hey, man, tell me, tell me!" which was what Cal, Estelle's cameraman husband, said. Louise dropped her eyes at the implied reproach: her fine dark eyes were hooded by lash, and she punished K. K. without nagging or tantrum. She just turned away from him. Afterward, exalted by memory or drink, talk or fancy, he tried to make love to her when their guests were gone, and she let him. She just let him, that was all. Perhaps it was the worst thing she could have done. Then, taking a deep breath, rearranging herself, getting up to slip into her nightgown, she curled away from him on their double-size bed and went to sleep without a word. Leaving him awake and isolated in their too-large, too-much-paneled, nearly major-star house in Beverly Hills. The pooch was walked and the gate was locked and the eternal summer night lay heavy upon his soul.

And so now, at last, K. K. was alert and alone again in that Paris of his dreams. He had completed 26 installments of the television series in which he played a young professor, and as he had promised himself, he would then do something for goddamn K. K. and goddamn art, not just for the treadmill and Louise and the kids and the cost of living in Beverly Hills. The idea was to revive his movie career by making an art flick in Paris, just as Jean Seberg had done. There was a French producer willing to gamble on him, so long as they didn't gamble very much, which was the usual kind of gamble. K. K. and Louise would take a house and have plenty of servants for the kids and it would be a new start for them.

Only at the last minute Louise backed out. She found out that the cost of living in Paris was worse than in New York or Beverly Hills. It would mean disrupting the boys' schooling and upsetting everything. She was at the point in her own analysis where it just didn't make sense to disrupt everything. She urged K. K. to make the film—oh, it would be a separation of ten weeks or so—and then come back and they could





resume, refreshed by absence. She was easy about him. It was an invitation, invitingly prepared by her, so that no one could blame him for going without her. She decided after he had signed the contract.

Of course, it had something to do with his remarks about French girls. And a great deal to do with the fact that Louise and K. K. were not making it together at all, not at all, and you couldn't blame her analyst or his boredom with the series or anything but that old romantic intangible. The magic was gone. In work and love, at age 30, they both still required some magic. So stand up like a man! K. K. thought. Stand up like a man and run away!

So now he bunked alone in fine elegance at the Hotel Montalembert off the Boulevard Saint-Germain, a fast ten-minute walk from the teeming Latin Quarter, where the population explosion had deposited be vies and clusters of girls in tight skirts or stretch pants, all nice, without exception, and doing the Paris rock at the blazing jukeboxes in the cafés. And a five-minute walk from St.-Germain-des-Prés, where the existentialists teemed no more, but the movie and politics, glamor and publishing crowds hung out, jabbering. And a half hour by cab from the sound stages at the Paris-Boulogne studios. His film was not going to revive his career, as he wrote to his agent. It was no slick TV series, but it was a fake-dirty *Nouvelle Vague* imitation that would never get a decent release. He played an American racist in Paris, reformed at the end by French tolerance and generosity. It had seemed, when he read the script, to strike a blow for liberal thought. But now, as directed and played, it was striking a blow for bankruptcy. "Television almost seems a plus," he wrote to his agent. But he would walk through his contract and try to enjoy the town, that cool gray Paris of his dreams, that splendid and careworn city.

Early this morning they had been shooting in the Place des Vosges, always one of his favorite spots—an Italianate square, neatly enclosed, with a horsed statue in the center and kids rushing about on the grass. Now it was becoming chic, antiques, and the old cafés were growing elegant under the assault of decorators, and a new restaurant had been planted in the gallery on the side opening toward the Rue St.-Antoine. This change, plus the fact that he was merely working in the square—mouthing silly lines about France's African colonies—had made him nervous. He would rather just loaf among the symbols of stability, but instead he was surrounded by cops, a roped-off patch, sun reflectors, crew, and a fussy, paranoid, no-talent director. He turned down an invitation from some of his fellow art-movie makers to go partying in Montmartre. But now, revived by a nap at his hotel, he was restless and dis-

satisfied and wondering what to do with the evening. One thing about a wife: It meant you had something to do with the evening, even if you were bored together. He was not used to silent anxiety.

Something now was slipping away from K. K. There was great danger. To lose a wife was bad; but there is always divorce and new love possible—there is always hope. But what he was losing now was a city, was Paris. And when you divorce a city at age 30, there is not much hope of finding another.

K. K. got up out of the chair in his hotel room where he had been pretending to read his script, but actually had been thinking these thoughts, and decided to do what he could to save the past for the sake of the future. He would return to the Place des Vosges this evening for dinner. He would find something new in that restaurant under the gallery near the Rue St.-Antoine gate. He would make it once more with this city—this gay, joyous, impossible city—which he could not permit to treat him badly.

. . .

He walked across town as far as the Pont des Arts, crossed the bridge on foot, paused, submitted to a moment of wonder at the oily lights and radiance of the Seine, went on to the *quai* on the Right Bank, and finally hailed a cab. There was a light film of exertion and anxiety on his body, but inside he was freshly napped, showered, a prosperous young American out to discover "his" Paris—that Paris of desire and renewal which is everyone's towered dream city. Down the Rue des Francs-Bourgeois he tunneled, behind a bus, giving him a chance to check off the old places, the Carnavalet, the house of Madame de Sévigné, the bakery where, on their wedding trip, he had once strolled with Louise and bought a *poodingh*, which turned out to be pressed stale cake studded with raisins and chocolate icing.

He got out of the cab at the entrance to the square, feet itchy again, and walked across to the elegant little restaurant under the gallery. Down the walk a few steps stood the Victor Hugo museum: up the walk a gang of leather-jacketed kids—*blousons noirs*—floated, watching, checking the action.

"A table outside," he said to the *maitre d'hôtel*.

"I'm sorry, sir, they are all reserved. In the interior—"

He had not counted on this.

"But I want to sit outside."

"I'm sorry, sir—"

Exhaust fumes negotiate all the currents of Paris; this restaurant, away from the thoroughfares, was one of the few where the breezes of evening could still be tasted along with the spices of dinner. There was a crowd already, though it was early for dinner in Paris. He was still discussing, worrying about how to get

through to this official (Americans are unskilled in the small bribings that make life easier), when he heard his name called out in a light, laughing contralto:

"Monsieur Oud! Monsieur Oud! Ké Ké!"

A little lady with a heart-shaped face, black horn-rimmed glasses, a pencil in her long, piled-up hair, and wearing what looked like a paisley hospital smock was the script girl on *Trop de Morts*. But now, as she called to him, she had found a place elsewhere for the pencil, and her working smock had been replaced by a neat suit with a short jacket, and the hair was neatly rolled and pinned. She had bright chipmunk eyes behind the glasses, which she kept pushing back up a nose too small to carry their burden of myopia. K. K. had not taken a good look at her before. Fret about the film had kept him busy during the working day. She was cute and nice; she had a shapely little leg and a careless slouch which indicated good-fellow ease, not laziness. Now that he noticed her, he saw with a sinking feeling that she was having dinner not alone, not even with one man, but with two quite adequately sullen Frenchmen.

"Monsieur Oud! You are in the habit of eating as you stand up?"

He came to stand by their table.

"You wish to dine outdoors? Well, then you must dine outdoors with us, there is no alternative."

She introduced the two men with her. One, José Alberto—"but I am French by nationality"—was "the film writer and novelist."

"Oh?" said K. K.

"Without doubt!" He paused until K. K. was settled in a chair, and then went on. "Without doubt. I have written one meter plus two centimeters of scripts and—how do you translate?—twenty-two inches of novels by five different names. How I measure quality is with a stick. I must show you my shelf someday. It is calibrated."

"Oh," said K. K.

"Art, I suppose. You innocent Americans! You are all of a type—perhaps three types." Alberto went up in choking peals of laughter, issuing a great wind of strong tobacco and wine, smelling bad as he agitated himself. "I am called a hack. That is because I smoke so much to write so much to drink so much." And again he roared with laughter while a pouting, somber waiter stood by his elbow, decanting a fresh bottle of wine.

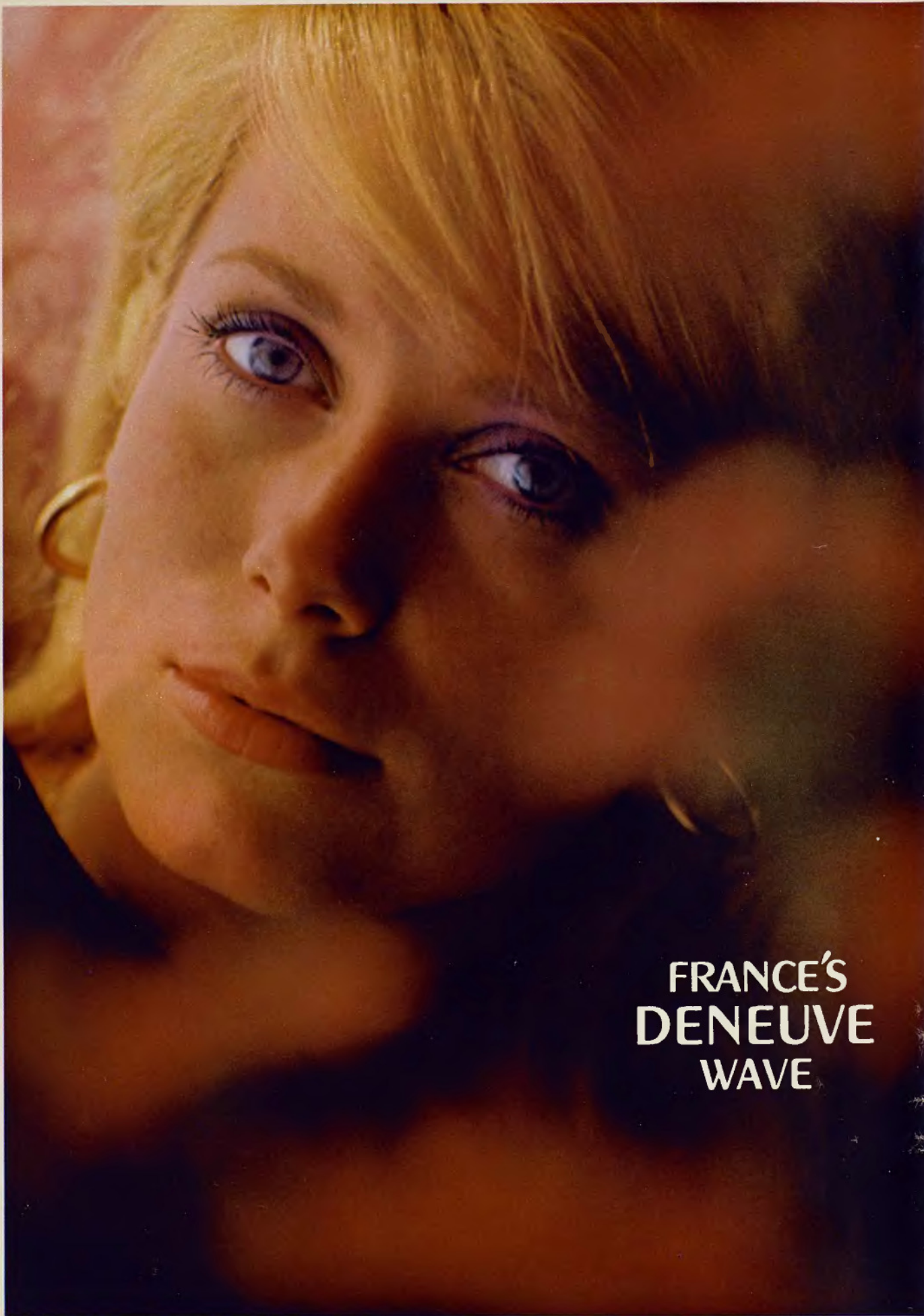
"You must tell me," K. K. said, "what are the three types of Americans. When you have the time."

"That is my grave ambition for the future," said José Alberto. He scratched his cheek. He had large patches of pink on his face and was covered with a curious scruff, like and unlike dandruff. This snow fell away as he scratched.

The other man, Frédéric de Villiers,
(continued on page 92)



"Now you know why ballerinas are traditionally flat-chested."



FRANCE'S
DENEUVE
WAVE

A REVEALING VISIT WITH CATHERINE THE GREAT —CURRENT QUEEN OF PARISIAN CINEMA SEXPOTS

UNLIKE MOST of the current crop of Continental screen sirens who have ridden the crest of Europe's celluloid New Wave to cinematic success, France's Catherine Deneuve has relied more heavily on her acting than on her anatomy in her rise to the ranks of filmic femmes fatales. Since her initial appearance in these pages as one of *Europe's New Sex Sirens* (PLAYBOY, September 1963), the pretty 21-year-old *Parisienne* has bypassed her promotional billing as just another in the long line of international cinema sexpots to establish a reputation as a capable cinemactress, with leading roles in *The Umbrellas of Cherbourg*—last year's Golden Palm-winning film at Cannes—and her current film, *Repulsion*. The latter marks Mlle. Deneuve's debut in an English-speaking part under the dynamic direction of Polish impresario Roman Polanski, whose *Knife in the Water* earned him top honors at the 1962 Venice Film Festival and subsequent acclaim from the New York Film Critics Society for the year's Best Foreign Film.

The youngest member of one of France's most famed families, comely Catherine is an admirable addition to the Thespian tradition set down by her actor father, Maurice Dorleac, and her older sister, *Nouvelle Vague* vamp Françoise Dorleac (*That Man from Rio*, *Genghis Khan*), with whom she will soon appear opposite Jean-Paul Belmondo in a filmic bedroom farce entitled *Male Hunt*. Between sequences in the filming of *Repulsion*, PLAYBOY's cameras were busy capturing this classic uncoverage of Gallic glamor at its best.

Following in the filmic footsteps of such fascinating françaises as Mlles. Bardot and Moreau, Catherine cites her brief encounter with director Roger Vadim (a liaison that resulted in two screen roles and a son out of wedlock) as her life's turning point: "My career is a starry offshoot of my past. That past is Vadim." Right: In "*Repulsion*," Catherine's manifest charms get maximum exposure.





With mystical Gallic fatalism, Catherine prefers to describe her life in terms of the zodiac sign under which she was born: "I'm Libra—the passive, the love-prone."



Unlike most of her cinematic contemporaries, Catherine maintains a resolute attitude toward fame: "When things are not good, I wait. Good things happen to you—you don't provoke them." On sex appeal: "Keep a certain class, but look erotic."

CITY OF LIGHT (continued from page 86)

introduced himself as an "*officier en retraite*." He seemed to speak very little English and spoke very little anything. He did not explain why, at his age—a wiry 40—he was a retired officer. Perhaps, K. K. decided, for malignant shortness. He was the smallest man in town. He looked like a feather—a mean, lip-compressed, perfect feather-doll of a little feather. He was dressed in gray, with a gray compressed face, a perfect high gray bony beak, long thin gray lips disapproving.

It seemed to be one of those dinner parties that require an audience, and everyone, in his own way, was happy at the good luck in finding the American actor. The little "scrept," as she called herself, Mona Rouzier, simply liked to hear his accent in French, liked to try out her "heengleesh parfeekt," as she called it. Actually, she spoke English very well, and only made a mistake when she attempted to exaggerate by imitating the French accent in English. Her control was not that good. She seemed to have obscure links with both men, but the addition of K. K. made things easier for her.

José Alberto wanted to talk about corruption (his own) and hypocrisy (everyone else's). For the sake of his immortal soul (wink at the American), he needed to be the highest-paid scriptwriter in France, he explained; and then with a gust of tobacco, wine and sick breath, he added that this was his desire because it was precisely attainable, it was attained; in fact, it had been his honor since Clouzot and Gabin had both taken him to their bosoms. "I want," he said, "I desire, I covet, I long for what I can get. I can get, for example"—and he jabbed a dirty forefinger at K. K.—"I can get you."

After a glass of wine, K. K. enjoyed playing this gabby game. It was lively, at least. Ah, he was back in France. "For what?" he asked. "What can you tempt me with? What hold can you have on me?"

José Alberto saw his eyes move, and again he laughed. "The girl? Hahaha. No, I am not so banal. And that, after all, is your own responsibility. These times, my friend, ah! She is not for hire, I agree. But—"

"Attention, José," said Mona.

"But your pride, my friend. Your boredom. Your greed for feeling, which you call art—I know about you as an actor, too. I suffer from shingles, but I also suffer from insight and a mind like an Olivetti computer. The film making is one big family these days. You wish to be *Nouvelle Vague*, no?"

Abruptly K. K. thought about his wife and his children and the analysis and the bland green years of Beverly Hills. The man was a buffoon, but he had power.

"Wait," said José.

"Intéressant," said the little feather Frédéric.

They drank down the evening. Along the way they also ate *tournedos*, *coq au vin*, *flan*. It was a smoky late-spring night on the Place des Vosges, that ancient square which K. K. remembered so sweetly, and they came in on each other, all four of them together, with a determination to relish the time and grasp it with their fingernails. An hour, two hours, a joyous evening. They made fun of everything, even poor non-English-speaking Frédéric. Though K. K. spoke French, they would not let him, and finally he gave up trying to include Frédéric in their sport. He seemed, anyway, grayly pleased, grayly satisfied, growing morosely drunk.

José paid. He insisted. With a flourish of no-no-nos, he waved away K. K.'s wallet. He kissed K. K. on the cheeks and gave him the Legion of *Honi Soit Qui Mal y Pense*—a cigar band in the lapel—plus several other decorations of his own fabrication, including the Ribbon of the *Nouvelle Vague* with Two Silver Dollars. José then pushed Frédéric into a cab and, suddenly, the two men were gone.

K. K. was standing on a corner with Mona. Somehow they had gotten from the Place des Vosges to the curb outside the Brasserie Lipp at St.-Germain-des-Prés. It was late and drunk and tired out tonight. He took her home.

"Please," she said, "you sleep out here on the couch."

"Please," he said, "I sleep in there with you."

"No, out there."

"No, in . . ." He moved her through the doorway. "In here."

"Are you very drunk?" she asked.

"Very."

"Très?"

"Très. Oh, man."

She shrugged and estimated him with the shrewd eyes in her cute, heart-shaped face. She removed her glasses and the eyes softened; they were not seeing. She closed down for bed.

They slept in each other's arms, and woke very early, sober. When he stirred, she wanted to brush her teeth first. But he would not let her. Afterward he cried out, "Oh, what did I do to get so lucky? Oh, what did I do?"

"Perhaps," she said sensibly, "there has only been bad luck too long and now it is your turn." And then she did a strange thing. She moved her hand and touched him very intimately, just resting her hand. "I feel now it is my turn, too," she said.

. . .

A new epoch in Paris fell open for K. K. Wood, spilling silver luxury and delight. It was not the old time of the *Quartier latin*—the four-dollar-a-week student hotel with an alcohol burner in the foot-

locker, the arguments about Sartre and Camus, the courtyard and alleyway theaters in Montparnasse. But it was no longer his abstracted, glassy tourist's Paris, either. He had a girl, he had a clever, angry, funny coterie, he had plush modern apartments to visit in Neuilly and Auteuil, and a weekend in a fake-Norman farmhouse that had been reconstructed out of the real-Norman shell. And, oddly enough, he also had a salon in which he took his own clear role, as every participant in a salon should—he played the nervous, idealistic New York actor somehow trapped in Hollywood. He played the male Jean Seberg, now finding soul food in Paris. With his long, athletic, lounging body and his brooding, boyish face, he took an easy role which was almost his by natural right.

In the meantime, he wrote to his wife that the picture might turn out to be a sleeper. Miracles happen in the cutting and the sound and voice-over. It was possible to hope. On her birthday he telephoned her, and at a cost of \$30 he shouted questions to which he could not hear the answers and answers to the questions which she might, or might not, have put to him. The children each took the phone and, as they turned mute in their embarrassment and confusion—first they had demanded the telephone from Louise—he heard the trans-Atlantic roar of wires and wireless. Afterward he felt depressed and lonely for them. He wrote to Louise in detail about José Alberto and the peculiar ex-officer, Frédéric de Villiers, who kept himself busy with anti-government teeth gnashing. He wrote to Louise not at all about Mona. He wrote her a special note when he discovered that Frédéric, that little gray feather, had been a para. ("That's what they call paratroopers. He was a lieutenant in Indochina, and for the defeat there, he made captain in Algeria, where they also got their pants kicked off.") He gave his wife long lectures by mail on contemporary France. He dealt with French politics (classical), economics (prosperous), social life (more and more American), new styles of dress (casual, *pour le sport*), and everything but one traditional truth—often a man looks to fall in love in Paris. That he left out. He did mention that José and Frédéric referred to General de Gaulle as "Jeanne." They meant Joan of Arc. It sounded like a joke, but also they were grinding their teeth. Their teeth were worn down by the joke. They hated him.

There was one other person in this little group who oiled the gulleets and kept the wheels meshing. Her first name was Hilda; she was born of French parents in Berlin in 1942. In other words, she was the daughter of a Frenchman who had been employed by the Gestapo at the home office. She was a chic little lady with blonde streaks in her hair, a sharp,

(continued on page 215)

THE FIREPLACE

his skill and his strength were one, in the mason's art and in the arts of love, yet in assailing the fortress of the woman's icy virtue he needed help—and received it from the most unexpected ally

fiction **By PIETRO DI DONATO** IN 1938 I was no different from today's healthy young fellows who track girls and do and get away with what they can.

My pal and patron was Doctor Harry Greenberg.

Harry was a casual, regular guy. We shared girls, even the pretty sexy blonde nurse in his office. We had a setup. His stuffy wife, Arlene, taught college classes in the city and came home weekends. While Arlene was gone, Harry and I lived it

up like lords and had a ball with a string of girls in his home. Arlene never got wise to the goings-on. To her I was a clean-cut young bricklayer and promising writer who could do no wrong.

In a sense, I was part of the family, and I got to know Harry's and Arlene's orthodox parents and relatives.

Before a New Year's Eve, Harry said, "Pete, wait till you meet my sister-in-law, Arlene's brother's wife, Leda!"

"What about this 'Leda'?" (continued on page 178)



There was a mystic ruling bond between voluptuous Leda and the stark Hannah. Hannah said little and studied me. I could feel her eyes going through me, and wondered whether the eaglelike woman could read my sensuous thoughts.



AN UNHURRIED VIEW OF RALPH GINZBURG

in which the trials, tribulations and temperament of the sorely pressed publisher of eros, fact and assorted erotica are dispassionately probed

article By DAN WAKEFIELD

THE EARLY LIFE AND TIMES of Ralph Ginzburg sound like the plot for a Herman Wouk novel of a poor-boy hero about to make good. Born and bred in Brooklyn of Jewish immigrant parents, the young Ginzburg pushed a wagon in the garment district, waited tables in the Catskills, sold ice cream on the beach at Coney Island, and dreamed of being a millionaire by the time he was 30. He got top marks and played in the band at New Utrecht High School, hurrying on to the City College of New York at the age of 16, where he competed with the returning veterans of 1946. He earned straight A's as a major in accounting, but a journalism professor encouraged his writing talent and so "changed my life"; it was to be the first of a dramatic series of such occurrences. While still an undergraduate, he sold his first piece of writing (an essay about Nathan's hot-dog stand on Coney Island, where he used to take dates on Friday nights), became the editor of *The Ticker*, student newspaper of the college's business school, and managed to get his picture in the New York papers for suggesting that the business school be named after its distinguished graduate Bernard Baruch; it was. He was known on campus as "Windy," and, as one classmate recalls, "We always knew he'd make it." They were right, but they never dreamed how.

There were no clues from his youth that presaged the future notoriety Ginzburg would gain as a publisher-promoter whose products earned him not only the beginning of a fortune and a small taste of fame, but also a conviction on 28 counts of criminal obscenity, a sentence of five years in the Federal penitentiary and a fine of \$42,000. On June 14, 1963, Ginzburg was found guilty of criminal use of the U. S. mails for posting three different publications that were judged to be obscene: *Eros*, a lavishly produced hardcover magazine self-described as "A Quarterly on the Joys of Love"; *The Housewife's Handbook on Selective Promiscuity*, a frankly detailed confessional diary of the hyperactive sex life of an Arizona housewife; and *Liaison*, a bi-weekly "newsletter" which collected stray items of erotic interest rather in the style of a sexual *Kiplinger Letter*. Ginzburg's conviction was upheld last November by the U. S. Court of Appeals, but last spring the Supreme Court accepted the case for review, and is scheduled to hear arguments on it this fall. The eventual decision will not only determine the personal fate of Ralph Ginzburg, but will have far-reaching effects on the whole muddy field of obscenity, censorship and the law. An *amici curiae* brief in Ginzburg's behalf was signed by 117 leaders from fields such as publishing, writing, psychiatry and education, including Robert Penn Warren, William Styron, Herbert Gold, Paul Goodman, Arthur Miller, Christopher Isherwood, Norman Mailer, Louis Untermeyer, the minister of the Judson Memorial Church in New York City, the rabbi of the Society for the Advancement of Judaism, the chairman of the University of Chicago's Social Sciences Department, the dean of the University of Illinois School of Library Science, the managing editor of the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*, and the publisher of *The New Republic*. The brief argued that:

If this Court fails to set aside such acts of punishment and suppression of publications, we fear it will have severely constricted this country's parameters for permissible discussions of sex. If the judgments of the courts below are not reviewed and reversed, we fear this nation will go lame in the freedom of its sexual expression.

Another brief, filed by the 4000-member Authors League of America, stated that the decision in the Ginzburg case "creates a formidable deterrent" to the exercise of the "rights of free speech and press . . . and must be condemned."

The controversy over the principles involved has been clouded in the press and the public mind by the controversial figure of the man in the



middle of it all, for Ginzburg has a unique ability for stirring up extreme responses to himself and his activities. His old friend Lawrence Grossman, now an NBC vice-president, has compared Ginzburg's role in our society to that of "a Socrates," while to many people Ginzburg has become "a symbol of decadence," a label applied by William P. Riley, cochairman of the National Citizens for Decent Literature Committee.

But Ginzburg in person seems neither Socratic nor decadent. A fast-talking, friendly man of 36, he is bulging a bit in the middle, and wears owl-like black-rimmed glasses that accentuate the paleness of a round face beneath a receding crewcut. His taste runs to colored shirts that are usually unbuttoned at the neck and adorned with a tie that is loosened to match the pace of his hectic activity. Ginzburg lives with his second wife and three children in a top-floor apartment of a new building on Manhattan's West Side, where he has a stereo set with earphones and a sweeping, neon-studded view of the city's midsection. He says that the \$400-a-month apartment is "my only luxury," and even at home he is rarely given to relaxation. He keeps a pencil and note pad by the bathtub in case of emergency ideas for his current enterprise, a bimonthly exposé magazine called *Fact*, which is Ginzburg's outspoken answer to the decline of modern journalism and his contribution to the safety of "the democratic process." The magazine is actually a sensational potpourri, with boldface titles that promise more than is usually delivered in pieces covering such assorted subjects as Abe Lincoln's sex life, "evidence" that Dag Hammarskjöld committed suicide, a memoir exposing the fact that Ernest Hemingway sometimes used rough language and was curt to strangers, and a dissertation on the topic "Should a Jew Buy a Volkswagen?"

The only organizations Ginzburg belongs to are the American Civil Liberties Union, which has filed its own *amicus curiae* brief for his case, and the Y.M.C.A., where he goes to run around the track and lift weights. He usually works ten hours a day, seven days a week, which leaves little time for hiking and bird-watching—which he says are his only hobbies. In case he can't get to the Y, he keeps a set of weights in his office, but does not look as if he has spent much time lifting them. He also keeps in his office an electric coffee maker, a can of Medaglia D'Oro and a tin of Droste's chocolate—the only stimulants he allows himself to indulge in. He has never experimented with drugs of any kind, and spurns filter cigarettes as well as marijuana.

"Smoking of any kind makes me sick," he explained. "As for alcohol, I can actually get high on a glass of beer. I'm

really a tenderfoot when it comes to the so-called vices."

Ginzburg added that he has no moral objections to drinking, but he fears the effects might slow him down. "It would impair," he explained, "my working capacity."

There is the sense that if Ginzburg had stuck with accounting, his college major, he might today be a symbol of free-enterprise achievement for the Junior Chamber of Commerce, instead of a symbol of decadence for the National Citizens for Decent Literature Committee. Though raised as a Jew and self-remodeled as an atheist, his all-work-no-play approach to life—though it certainly hasn't made Ralph a dull boy—could serve as a model for the Protestant ethic. But his eager energy was channeled into the erratic publication of erotica, a subject that still lies under society's massive taboo in spite of all the "enlightenment" and progress of recent years—as Ginzburg's case has so dramatically proved. Ironically, his entry into that socially forbidden area seems almost accidental.

Though Ginzburg left CCNY convinced he'd make his million by the age of 30, he still wasn't sure what field he would make it in. A 17-month stint as an Army draftee failed to abate his search for success, for while serving in the Public Information Office in Washington, he sold free-lance magazine articles to the *Reader's Digest*, *Collier's*, *Coronet* and other national magazines, and took on a full-time night job as rewrite man for the *Washington Times-Herald*. Restlessly roaming to Europe after his discharge in 1951, he tried his hand at free-lance photography, and returned to New York, where he did some continuity writing for NBC. But he wasn't content.

"I was dying to get a staff job on a magazine," Ginzburg recalls of that time, "and I pounded the doors of *Time* and *Life*, but without any luck."

A friend helped him get a job at an ad agency, but he chafed at his copywriting chores and continued to dream of breaking into big-time magazine work. The frustration seemed even greater because the ad agency he worked for was located in the *Look* magazine building, at 488 Madison Avenue; Ginzburg felt he was in the right building but on the wrong floor, so he turned his discomfort into a pitch for finding a remedy.

"I had an artist friend draw a picture of a fish flopping around, and I sent it off with a letter to Gardner Cowles, publisher of *Look*, saying, 'I feel like a fish out of water up here on the 17th floor in an ad agency—I ought to be down on your floor.'"

Ginzburg's fish landed him an interview, and Ginzburg landed a whopping job—at the tender age of 23: circulation-promotion director of *Look*, with a \$2,000,000 budget, a private secretary and

a staff of ten employees. Was this what Ginzburg was looking for?

"At first I enjoyed the job," he says now, "and I felt like a big shot. There I was, a kid of twenty-three, making fifteen grand a year, and I had my own staff and secretary—all the accouterments of success. But I began to see that those things didn't make me happy."

Even so, Ginzburg soon gained a reputation in the magazine world, as—in the words of one former colleague—"a newsstand promotion hustler, and a damn good one." Some of his severest critics admit that Ginzburg has a natural talent, even a "genius," for the fine art of promotion; yet the use of that gift has never seemed to satisfy him. Even while successfully handling his high-powered promotion job, Ginzburg was writing free-lance magazine articles, and in 1957, while still at *Look*, he was given an assignment by *Esquire* that resulted not only in a change of job, but eventually in a whole new career—the one that led to his present notoriety and his five-year jail sentence.

The fateful assignment Ginzburg took on was to write an article entitled "An Unhurried View of Erotica"—the idea and the title came from an editor at *Esquire*—describing and quoting from some of the world's great erotic literature.

"At the time," Ginzburg admits, "I was anything but an expert on erotic literature. The only thing I knew about was the history of the laws suppressing erotic literature."

Ginzburg's knowledge of the laws concerned with obscenity in literature dated back to 1949, his senior year in college, when he worked nights as a copy boy at the old New York *Compass*. At the time, the paper was preparing a series on John S. Sumner, the retiring head of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, and Ginzburg did some investigation into Sumner's career. But he became more fascinated with Sumner's predecessor, Anthony Comstock, who from 1873 to 1915 sent literally hundreds of authors, publishers and book dealers to prison and destroyed tons of allegedly obscene literature. Comstock worked for the passage of almost every obscenity statute currently on the lawbooks—including the postal statute under which Ginzburg was given his five-year jail sentence.

Ginzburg began collecting material for a biography of Comstock, a project he still is working on. When offered the "Erotica" assignment, he turned his attention from the laws concerned with book banning to the books themselves. He not only wrote the article for *Esquire*, but also got himself hired as the magazine's articles editor—a move that finally enabled him to abandon the promotion field in which he excelled for the editorial side that he admired.

But *Esquire* never ran the article. The
(continued on page 172)



playboy pad **DUPLEX DIGS** A BARONIAL BILEVEL FOR A BUSY BACHELOR

A WORLD OF PLEASURABLE EASE has been carefully carved out of 900 square feet of living space in the decorous duplex apartment seen above. Energetic Arizona real-estate developer Irving Shuman wanted his bachelor pad to combine simple maintenance with elegance of appointments. He found the answer in this compact contemporary designed by Miles Stahm of Stanley M. Stein Architects in Phoenix. One of eight bilevel apartments in a secluded courtyard off a busy downtown street, these digs offer the repose of a country lair without missing a beat of the excitement of urban life. Top left: A view across the living room into the dining area and an open kitchen space that more than cares for Shuman's culinary needs. The walls are composition cork and local Mexican lava stone, bringing a warmly natural look to the functional lines of the apartment. Top right: A custom-designed fireplace of exposed aggregate and concrete forms the focal point of the room. The stairs lead to the second-floor sleeping quarters. Above: For all its compactness, the room's sliding windows opening onto a swimming pool are a sizable 16 feet high. In an unusual commingling of design and decoration, the pad was completely fitted out with matching furniture and fixtures. Even the pillows in the capacious conversation pit were color-selected by designer Stahm. Bachelor Shuman had only to hang his art collection to personalize the place into one uniquely his own.



"Well, rub-a-dub-dub . . . !"

Limericks

a rabelaisian roundup of ribald rhymes for those who like their vice verse-y



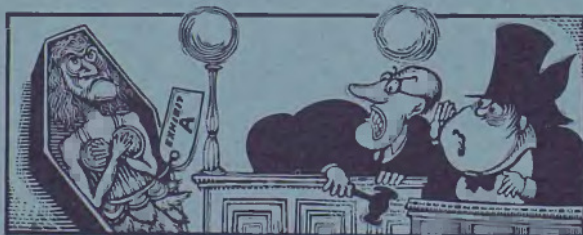
*A painter of Pop known as Jacques
Intends each new canvas to shock.
Oversized genitalia
Gave the critics heart-failia
But one dubbed it "pure Poppycock!"*

*A nudist resort at Benares
Took a midget in all unawares,
But he made members weep
For he just couldn't keep
His nose out of private affairs.*



*There was a young lady named Clair
Who possessed a magnificent pair;
Or that's what I thought,
Till I saw one get caught
On a thorn, and begin losing air.*

*A cautious young fellow named Lodge
Had seat belts installed in his Dodge.
When his date was strapped in
He committed a sin
Without even leaving the g'rage.*



*A mortician who practiced in Fife
Made love to the corpse of his wife.
"How could I know, Judge?
She was cold, did not budge—
Just the same as she acted in life."*

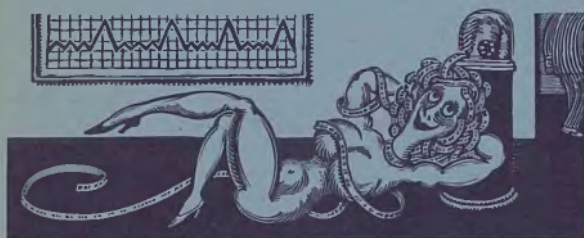
*A notorious harlot named Hearst
In the pleasures of men is well-versed.
Reads a sign o'er the head
Of her well-rumpled bed:
THE CUSTOMER ALWAYS COMES FIRST.*





*There was an old whore of King's Bluff
Who said, "I have had quite enough
Of men who are thirty
And forty and fifty;
What I need is that greasy kid's stuff."*

*A remarkable race are the Persians,
They have such peculiar diversions.
They make love the whole day
In the regular way
And save up the nights for perversions.*



*A lady stockholder quite hetero
Decided her fortune to bettera:
On the floor, quite unclad,
She successively had
Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner, et cetera . . .*

*There was a young fellow of Strensall
Whose tip was as sharp as a pencil.
On the night of his wedding
It went through the bedding,
And shattered the chamber utensil.*



*A progressive professor named Winners
Held classes each evening for sinners.
They were graded and spaced
So the very debased
Would not be held back by beginners.*

*The friends of a sweet-faced young man
Made fun of his name, which was Jan.
But don't blame his mother,
He was named by another,
His father, whose name was Diane.*



*An anonymous woman we knew
Was dozing one day in her pew;
When the preacher yelled "Sin!"
She said, "Count me in
As soon as the service is through."*



THE WALL AND THE ORACLE

three men possessed the means to unlock the monstrous cybernetic brain, but each had his personal reason for refusing to relinquish his advantage

fiction By THEODORE STURGEON

DESPITE THE IMPROVEMENTS, the Pentagon in 1970 was still the Pentagon, with more places to walk than places to sit. Not that Jones had a legitimate gripe. The cubical cave they had assigned to him as an office would have been more than adequate for the two-three days he himself had estimated. But by the end of the third week it fit him like a size-6 hat and choked him like a size-12 collar. Annie's phone calls expressed eagerness to have him back, but there was an edge to the eagerness now which made him anxious. His hotel manager had wanted to shift his room after the first week and he had been stubborn about it; now he was marooned like a rock in a mushroom patch, surrounded by a back-to-rhythm convention of the Anti-Anti-Population Explosion League. He'd had to buy shirts, he'd had to buy shoes, he'd needed a type-four common-cold shot, and most of all, he couldn't find what was wrong with ORACLE.

Jones and his crew had stripped ORACLE down to its mounting bolts, checked a thousand miles of wiring and a million solid-state elements, everything but its priceless and untouchable memory banks. Then they'd rebuilt the monster, meticulously cross-checking all the way. For the past four days they had been running the recompleted computer, performance-matching with crash-priority time on other machines, while half the science boys and a third of the military wailed in anguish. He had reported to three men that the machine had nothing wrong with it, that it never had had anything wrong with it, and that there was no reason to believe there ever would be anything wrong with it. One by one these three had gone (again) into ORACLE's chamber, and bolted the door, and energized the privacy field, and then one by one they had emerged stern and disappointed, to tell Jones that it would not give them an answer: an old admiral, an ageless colonel and a piece of walking legend whom Jones called to himself the civilian.

Having sent his crew home—for thus he burned his bridges—having deprived himself of Jacquard the design genius and the 23 others, the wiring team, all the mathematicians, everyone, Jones sighed in his little office, picked up the phone again and called the three for a conference. When he put the instrument down again he felt a little pleased. Consistencies pleased Jones, even unpleasant ones, and the instant response of all three was right in line with everything they had done from the time they had first complained about ORACLE's inability to answer their questions, all through their fiddling and diddling during every second of the long diagnostic operation. The admiral had had an open line

installed to Jones' office, the colonel had devised a special code word for his switchboard, the civilian had hung around personally, ignoring all firm, polite hints until he had turned his ankle on a cable, giving Jones a reason to get him out of there. In other words, these three didn't just want an answer, they *needed* it.

They came, the admiral with his old brows and brand-new steel-blue eyes, the colonel with starch in his spine and skin like a postman maneuvering proving grounds, the civilian limping a bit, with his head tilted a bit, turned a bit, a captivating mannerism which always gave his audiences the feeling that history cared to listen to them. Jones let them get settled, this admiral whose whole career had consisted of greater and greater commands until his strong old hand was a twitch away from the spokes of the helm of the ship of state; this colonel who had retained his lowly rank as a mark of scorn for the academy men who scurried to obey him, whose luxurious quarters were equipped with an iron barracks bed; and this civilian with the scholarly air, with both Houses and a Cabinet rank behind him, whose political skills were as strong, and as deft, and as spiked as a logroller's feet.

"Gentlemen," said Jones, "this may well be our last meeting. There will, of course, be a written report, but I understand the—uh—practicalities of such a situation quite well, and I do not feel it necessary to go into the kind of detail in the report that is possible to us in an informal discussion." He looked at each face in turn and congratulated himself. That was just right. This is just between us boys. Nobody's going to squeal on you.

"You've dismissed your crew," said the civilian, causing a slight start in the admiral and a narrowing of the colonel's eyes and, in Jones, a flash of admiration. This one had snoopers the services hadn't even dreamed up yet. "I hope this is good news."

"Depends," said Jones. "What it means primarily is that they have done all they can. In other words, there is nothing wrong with ORACLE in any of their specialties. Their specialties include everything the computer is and does. In still other words, there's nothing wrong with the machine."

"So you told us yesterday," gritted the colonel, "but I got no results. And—I want results." The last was added as an old ritual which, apparently, had always gotten results just by being recited.

"I followed the procedures," said the admiral, intoning this as a cardinal virtue, "and also got no results." He held up a finger and suspended operations in the room while he performed some sort of internal countdown. "Had I not done so, ORACLE would have responded with an 'insufficient data' signal. Correct?"

"Quite correct," said Jones.

"And it didn't."

"That was my experience," said the civilian, and the colonel nodded.

"Gentlemen," said Jones, "neither I nor my crew—and there just is not a better one—have been able to devise a question that produced that result."

"It was not a result," snapped the colonel.

Jones ignored him. "Given the truth of my conclusion—that there is nothing wrong with the machine—and your reports, which I can have no reason to doubt, there is no area left to investigate but one, and that is in your hands, not mine. It's the one thing you have withheld from me." He paused. Two of them shifted their feet. The colonel tightened his jaw.

The admiral said softly, but with utter finality, "I cannot divulge my question."

The colonel and the civilian spoke together: "Security—" and "This is a matter—" and then both fell silent.

"Security," Jones spread his hands. To keep from an enemy, real or potential, matters vital to the safety of the nation, that was security. And how easy it was to wrap the same blanket about the use of a helicopter to a certain haven, the presence of a surprising little package in a Congressional desk, the exact relations between a certain officer and his—*argh!* This, thought Jones, has all the earmarks of, not *our* security, but of three cases of *my* security. . . I'll try just once more.

"Thirty years ago, a writer named William Tenn wrote a brilliant story in which an Air Force moon landing was made, and the expedition found an inhabited pressure dome nearby. They sent out a scout, who was prepared to die at the hands of Russians or even Martians. He returned to the ship in a paroxysm, gentlemen, of laughter. The other dome belonged to the U.S. Navy."

The admiral projected two loud syllables of a guffaw and said, "Of course." The colonel looked pained. The civilian, bright-eyed, made a small nod which clearly said, One up for you, boy.

Jones put on his used-car-salesman face. "Honestly, gentlemen, it embarrasses me to draw a parallel like that. I believe with all my heart that each of you has the best interests of our nation foremost in his thoughts. As for myself—security? Why, I wouldn't be here if I hadn't been cleared all the way back to *Pithecanthropus erectus*."

"So much for you, so much for me. Now, as for ORACLE, you know as well as I do that it is no ordinary computer. It is designed for computations, not of math, specifically, nor of strictly physical problems, though it can perform them, but for the distillation of human thought. For over a decade the contents of the Library of Congress and other sources have poured into that machine—everything: novels, philosophy, magazines, poetry, textbooks, religious tracts, comic books, even millions of personnel records.

There's every shade of opinion, every quality of writing—anything and everything that an army of over a thousand microfilming technicians have been able to cram into it. As long as it's printed and in English, German, Russian, French or Japanese, ORACLE can absorb it. Esperanto is the funnel for a hundred Oriental and African languages. It's the greatest repository of human thought and thought-directed action the world has ever known, and its one most powerful barrier against error in human affairs is the sheer mass of its memory and the wide spectrum of opinion that has poured into it.

"Add to this its ability to extrapolate—to project the results of hypothetical acts—and the purposely designed privacy structure—for it's incapable of recording or reporting who asked it what question—and you have ORACLE, the one place in the world where you can get a straight answer based, not in terms of the problem itself, but on every ideological computation and cross-comparison that can be packed into it."

"The one place I couldn't get a straight answer," said the civilian gently.

"To your particular question. Sir, if you want that answer, you have got to give me that question." He checked a hopeful stir in the other two by adding quickly, "and yours. And yours. You see, gentlemen, though I am concerned for your needs in this matter, my prime concern is ORACLE. To find a way to get one of the answers isn't enough. If I had all three, I might be able to deduce a common denominator. I already have, of course, though it isn't enough: you are all high up in national affairs, and very close to the center of things. You are all of the same generation" (translation: near the end of the road) "and, I'm sure, equally determined to do the best you can for your country" (to get to the top of the heap before you cash in). "Consider me," he said, and smiled disarmingly. "To let me get this close to the answer I want; namely, what's wrong with ORACLE, and then to withhold it—isn't that sort of cruel and unusual punishment?"

"I feel for you," said the civilian, not without a twinkle. Then, sober with a coldness that would freeze helium into a block, he said, "But you ask too much."

Jones looked at him, and then at the others, sensing their unshakable agreement. "OK," he said, with all the explosive harshness he could muster, "I'm done here. I'm sick of this place and my girl's sick of being by herself, and I'm going home. You can't call in anyone else, because there isn't anyone else: my company built ORACLE and my men were trained for it."

This kind of thing was obviously in the colonel's idiom. From far back in his throat, he issued a grinding sound that came out in words: "You'll finish the job

(continued on page 152)



THE CHERISHED CHEROOT

a redolent wrap-up of the manly joys of a leaf well rolled, plus a guide on what to do till castro goes away

"A woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a Smoke."

—RUDYARD KIPLING

TO PROJECT the versed views of Victorian England's tobaccolaureate still further, a good cigar is even more than a smoke. It can be a mystical experience that comes with its own lore, legend, taboos, customs, fanatical followers and, alas, unswerving deprecators. It has been a symbol

of virility and leadership; likewise, it has been damned as a phallic appendage and a pacifier for the too-quickly weaned. Nonetheless, throughout its storied past and a politically turbulent present, the cigar has spread its umbrellal blessings in an infinite variety of satisfactions.

The way of the tobacconist has never been easy. In 1604 King James put the blast on his courtiers for leaning too heavily on the leaf, claiming that "some

The shape of fine cigars, from top down: First three are slender palmas favored by most younger men. A fat Jamaican model perfect for after dinner. A pyramid-shaped Dutch smoke to begin the day. A jumbo perfecto to tamp down the really festive dinner. A demitasse style just right for entr'acte enjoyment. A pencil-shaped panatela for any occasion. A Cuban fancy tail for post-prandial pleasure. A pyramid-shaped companion for fine cognac. Accouterments are sterling-silver lighter, \$35, open bite holder, \$10. All from Alfred Dunhill.





Cigar equipage, reading clockwise from two: A Thuyawood airtight humidar, \$100; hexagonal stainless-steel guillotine-style packet cutter, \$17.50, both from Alfred Dunhill. Stainless-steel butane lighter, by Ronsan, \$12.95. Silver five-franc V packet cutter with knife, by Alfred Dunhill, \$20. Brown onyx table-model V cutter, \$15; engine-turned stainless-steel packet cutter, made in Germany, \$3.50; gold-textured holder, \$150; black crocodile cigar case for two, \$25, all from Alfred Dunhill. Steel scissors-action straight-line cutter, from Iwan Ries, \$3.50. Black-calf case for four, from Alfred Dunhill, \$6.50. Briarwood holder, \$8; sterling-silver V cutter, \$7.50, both from Iwan Ries. Brown-calf case for three, from Alfred Dunhill, \$4.50. Italian leather humidar, from Iwan Ries, \$250. Sterling-silver cigar piercer, \$12.50; table-model horn V cutter, \$12.50, both from Alfred Dunhill. Sewn-leather humidar with separate cigarette compartments, from Iwan Ries, \$35.

of them [are] bestowing three, some foure hundred pounds a yeere upon this precious stinke, which I am sure might be bestowed upon many farre better uses." Since James' idea of "farre better uses" was to turn the money over to the crown, no one paid too much attention.

The dictionary definition of "cigar" comes within a smoke wisp of the description Columbus jotted down in his journal when he discovered the New World and tobacco almost simultaneously. "A roll of *tobago* wrapped in its own leaves," the Admiral of the Ocean Sea wrote after his lieutenant Rodrigo de Jerez reported that he had seen natives of Cuba "drinking smoke" carried to their mouths from firebrands by hollow tubes. The Indians called this tube *tobago*, but the Spaniards thought they meant the weed itself, and tobacco has been its name ever since.

Out of the deadly nightshade family, a Solanaceae conglomerate that includes red peppers, Jimson weed, eggplant, Irish potatoes and tomatoes, comes the genus *Nicotiana*. Known botanically as *Nicotiana tabacum*, the species most commonly used for smoking tobacco has been scientifically described as "a rank, acrid narcotic herb, viscidly pubescent with funnel-shaped corollas and two-valved seed pods, its stalks and wide-spreading leaves covered by soft, downy hair"—which shows how little scientists know about art. For the tobacconist's art in picking and curing fine leaf is as delicate as that of the most sensitive French vintager. Tobacco plants, like grape vines, are extremely sensitive to differences in soil and climate, which accounts for the great number of different varieties, so stimulating to smokers, found all over the world.

From the time seedlings are transplanted (continued on page 213) 105



THE OFFICIAL SEX MANUAL

*at last—a no-holds-barred,
straight-from-the-shoulder,
pulls-no-punches,
courageously frank, daringly
intimate guide to the art
and techniques of the
actus supremus*

satire By GERALD SUSSMAN

INTRODUCTION

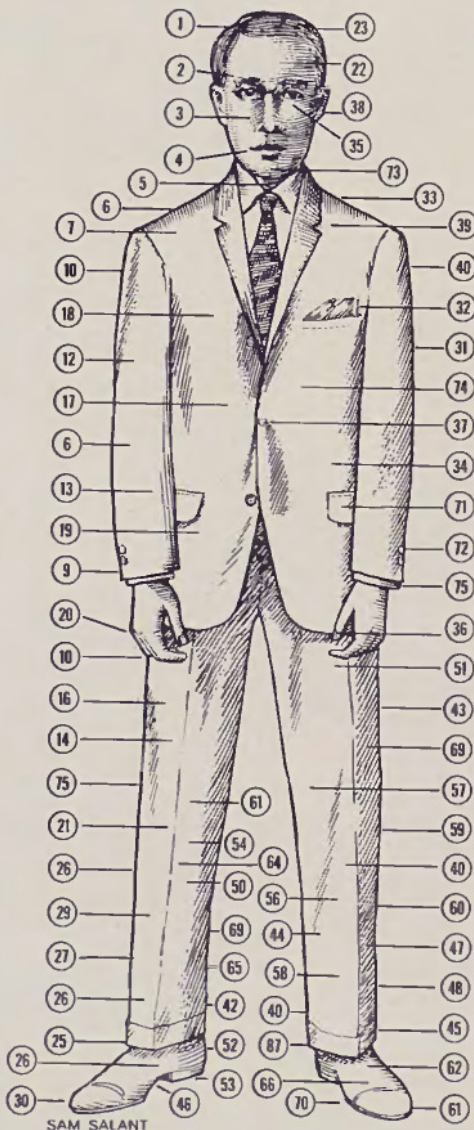
THE ART OF COGINUS goes back a long way. But until 1946, male and female partners had little knowledge of what they were doing. Most partners avoided coginus as much as possible, insisting they did it only in their sleep, while dreaming or thrashing about. They regarded coginus as the handiwork of Satan. While this may be true, I feel that Satan has done more harm than good. He has spread his blanket of ignorance, fear and guilt over the act of coginus and many partners blindly cover themselves with it.

This book is a direct answer to Satan and his blanket. It throws off his coverlet of ignorance and replaces it with what the French call *savoir-faire*. Now, for the first time, you can enjoy the benefits of the most complete, definitive manual ever written on the art and science of coginutal techniques, the product of many, many years of experience in the field and in oral consultation. It has been written in frank, easy-to-understand language and offers you the first really new and provocative approach to coginus since Von Leml. It tells you everything you must know to become an exciting, nay, an exquisite coginutal partner. This manual has been warmly endorsed by many organizations, societies, clubs and study groups.

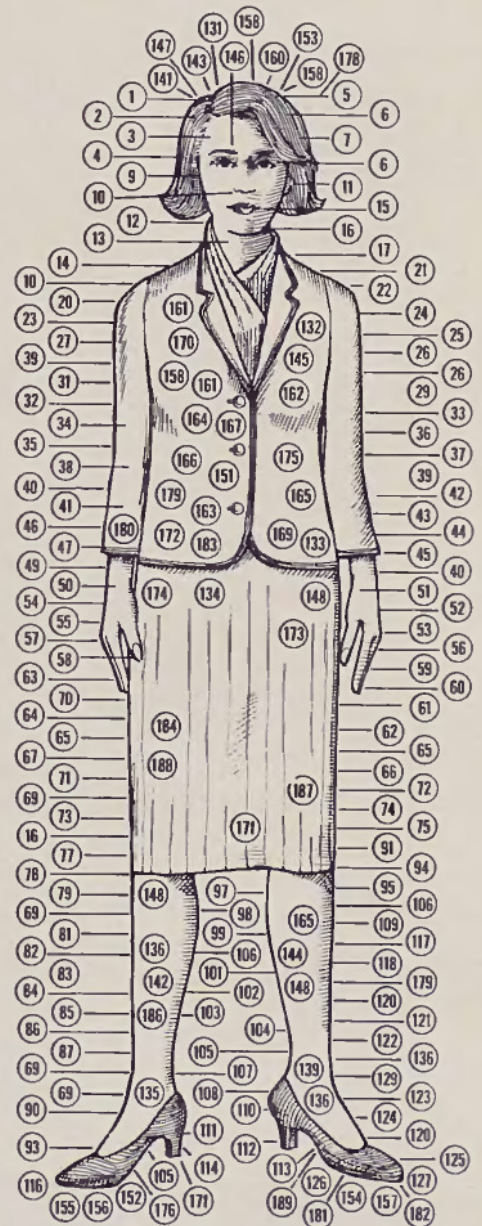
FOREPLAY: PRELUDE TO COGINUS

Phase One: Audio-Visual-Premanipulative

Foreplay means everything you do to your partner before coginus. Foreplay is to coginus what the build-up is to the punch line of a joke. Many partners are completely unaware of foreplay and go directly to coginus itself. Of course, the laugh is (continued on page 182)



THE ERRONEOUS ZONES
IN THE HUMAN MALE



THE ERRONEOUS ZONES
IN THE HUMAN FEMALE



Leopold Doppler and the Orpheum Gravy Boat Riot

nostalgia By JERRI SHEPHERD

climaxing a gala week of star-studded attractions—bank night, screeno night, amateur night and singalong night—dish night in hammond was a state occasion, and the milling mob was suitably solemn

FIVE THOUSAND years from now, when future archaeologists are picking and scraping among the shards and midden heaps, attempting to piece together the mosaic of the rich, full life led by 20th Century man, they will come across many a mystery that is impenetrable even to those who lived through it. A cracked fragment of a Little Orphan Annie Ovaltine Shake-Up Mug, a Shirley Temple Cream Pitcher, a heavily corroded Tom Mix Lucky Horseshoe Ring, an incomplete set of Gilbert Roland-Pola Negri simulated sterling-silver teaspoons with embossed autographs—all these and more will undoubtedly be key items in a file marked: *Inexplicable religious artifacts found in great numbers; no known relation to the philosophical currents of the time. But we know better, don't we?*

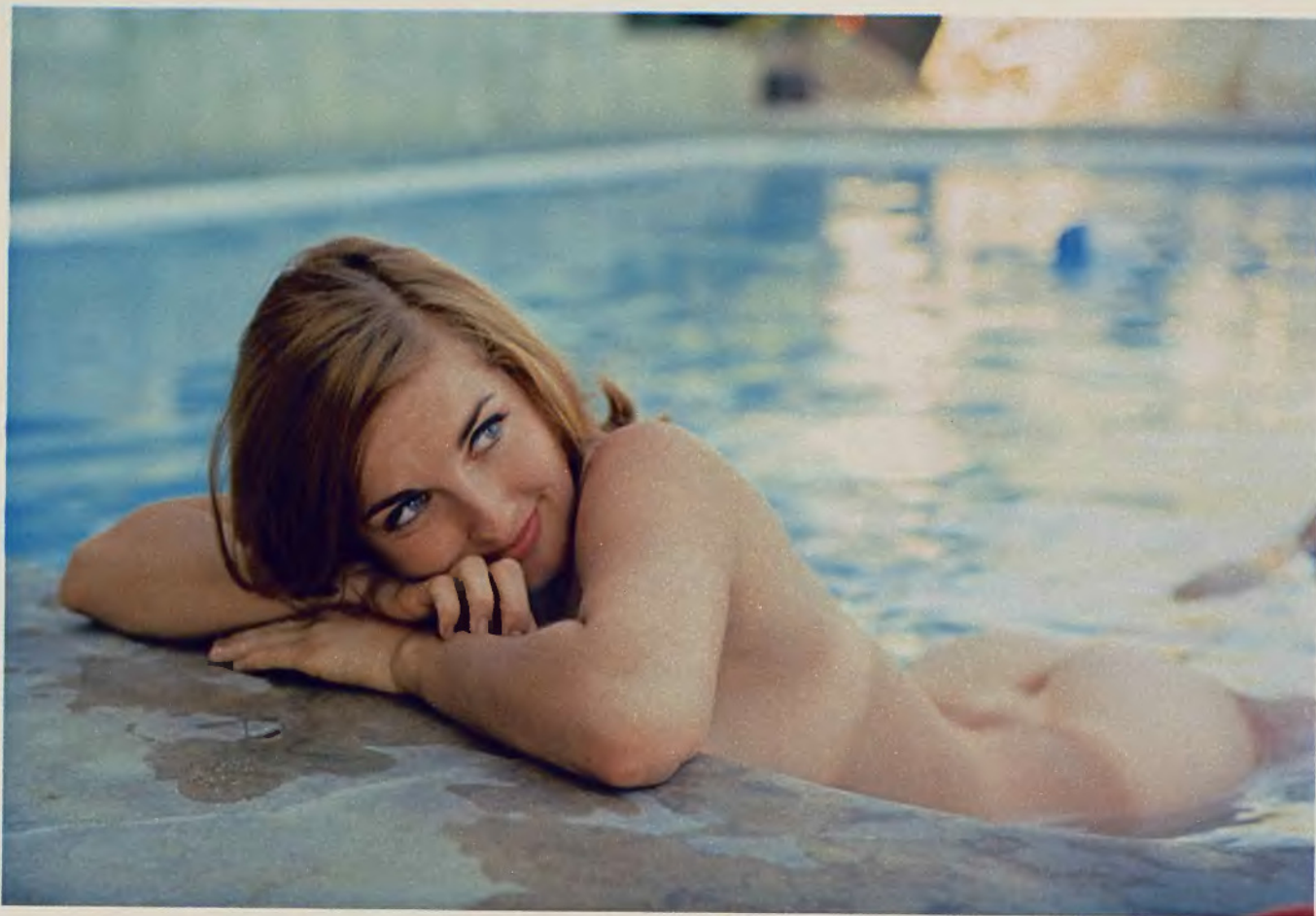
Not long ago, in a shabby diner in New England, I sat down on a cold, rainy morning to a bowl of soggy Wheaties and found myself suddenly and for no reason thinking of Rochelle Hudson. Rochelle Hudson! She had not entered my conscious musings since the age of eight. The sound of traffic roaring by on the Maine Turnpike reminded me that reality was only a hundred yards away. As I spooned up the cereal that Jack Armstrong ate and Hudson High won its football games for, I cast Rochelle from my mind. Instantly she was replaced by Warner Oland, the original and definitive Charlie Chan. He grinned at me from under his homburg, enigmatically, and disappeared. There stood Judge Hardy, about to have a man-to-man talk with Mickey Rooney. With the thump of a football, roly-poly Jack Oakie (wearing a white sweater with a big block "C") picked up his megaphone and started a locomotive cheer as Tom Brown, his arm in a sling, and June Preiser clinging to his jersey, trotted out onto the gridiron—Center College six points behind and only four seconds left in the game! The crowd roared, blending with the sound of a huge diesel belching by on its way to Boston.

I was yanked back to the now momentarily as a plate of toast clanked down next to my coffee. But I couldn't fight it. Without reason or rhyme, the film unwound in my subconscious, picking up the tempo of the thundering traffic on the Turnpike as Jimmy Cagney, his Maserati in flames, roared past the immense grandstands at Indianapolis, the mob screaming for blood,

(continued on page 120) 109







NATURAL WONDER

october playmate allison parks is a highflying fan of the active outdoor life

IN VIEW OF OUR Government's continuing interest in the physical fitness of the nation's youth, we have elected to submit October Playmate Allison Parks as pictorial proof of what frequent doses of sunshine, fresh air and physical exercise can do for the shape of future generations. A blue-eyed brunette from Glendale, California, 21-year-old Allison spends her weekday mornings soaking up the sun's first healthful rays while assisting her father in the care and cultivation of his ranch-size floral nursery in nearby Sun Valley. Then it's back to her Glendale homestead for our opulently endowed October miss, where she conducts an afternoon enterprise of her own: teaching preschool-age children to swim in the family's big back-yard pool. "I almost feel guilty about charging their parents for lessons," she told us, "since I get just as much of a kick out of spending all that time in the water as the kids do. But I know what I'm doing is worth while, because any child who can overcome his fear of the water before he's six will never panic in a sink-or-swim situation later on in life." Besides her daily diet of landscaping and aquatic training, this month's classically constructed (36-24-36) outdoor miss has recently expanded her off-hours interests to include flying. Each weekend, weather

"When I was asked if I'd like to be a Playmate, I figured someone had made a mistake," says modest Miss October. Obviously, our figure experts hadn't.



Below: Allison and her instructor go through regular preflight check of plane's engine and instruments before start of her Sunday-afternoon lesson; then aspiring young aviatrix climbs aboard to test controls and shows with a smile that all is A-OK.



permitting, Allison joins a local group of fellow aerial enthusiasts who call themselves the Sky Roamers and logs in a few more air hours toward her private pilot's license. "Until I started flying, my big dream was to own a hot sports car someday," reports the attractive amateur aviatrix. "Now, I couldn't care less about cars—except as the quickest means of getting to and from the airstrip. The moment I took over the controls for the first time, I was hooked. There's something almost ethereal about sitting in a cockpit thousands of feet above the earth with nothing around to distract you."

Despite the fact that she spends most of her waking hours basking in the California sunshine, Allison still finds time for an occasional indoor interest or two. An accomplished artisan with needle and thread ("I've been designing my own clothes ever since high school") and an ambitious culinary student ("So far I've managed to master only steak and beef Stroganoff—but at least I know there's some hope for me"), the perky Miss Parks readily admits that keeping up a strong domestic front fits into her long-range plans for meeting and marrying a "tall, blond, ambitious and dominant type of man who could make me happy to stay at home most of the time." Meanwhile, marriage will have to wait its turn on our comely Playmate's calendar. As she puts it, "I'd like to do something exciting and different in my life before settling down." Fortunately, Miss October allowed herself to be grounded long enough for our alert lensman to capture this month's poolside Playmate pose for posterity.

Left: Our piloting Playmate wings it for our lensman just before take-off. "I always try to get this same Beechcraft," she told us. "It flies itself."

Below: Airborne at last, our highflying October miss seems to have matters well under manual control. "Actually, getting a ship off the ground is a breeze," Allison admitted. "But landing one is a different story. I often feel I'll never be ready to solo."



Above: It's mothers' day at the Parks' pool (left) and there's not a frightened moppet around as a new member of Allison's afternoon swimming school blissfully belly-flops into her outstretched arms. Later (right) teacher explains error of his waves.

MISS OCTOBER PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH





Above: "Look out, below!" is all the warning our able-bodied aquanaut got from this small ponytailed slider. "I should have been furious with her for doing that," Allison confided, "but how do you stay mad at a little girl who thinks adult words like 'safety' are all silly?" Right: The day's lesson is over; but one precocious pupil manages to get in some overtime.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY WILLIAM V. FIGGE



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Most bachelors prefer girls who believe that children should be seen and not had.

Have you heard about the perverted Aussie who left his wife and returned to Sydney?



Our Unabashed Dictionary defines:

alimony as having an ex-husband you can bank on.

connoisseur as a man who collects old masters and young mistresses.

exotic dancer as a girl who brings home the bacon a strip at a time.

fornication as adultery without benefit of clergy.

gold digger as a gal who believes in sinner take all.

home cooking as the place many a man thinks his wife is.

old-fashioned girl as the one who gets kissed good night instead of good morning.

safety belt as the one you don't drink before driving home.

Two young French boys were talking about sex on their way home from the cinema when the younger member of the duo suddenly exclaimed, "As far as I can tell, *mon ami*, sex is just a big pain in the *derrière*."

"*Quel dommage!*" sighed his older confrere. "You're doing it wrong."

One nice thing about the battle of the sexes—it will never be a cold war.

When a utility company started moving its heavy equipment into the quiet suburban neighborhood, the local residents formed a protest committee and invited the offending firm's attorney to attend the committee's first meeting. Before the meeting could be called to order, however, the attorney decided to take the initiative and question each homeowner separately. Turning to a pretty widow on the committee, the lawyer said: "Now, as I understand it, the utility company is running its equipment around the clock, and the noise is disturbing your rest."

"What rest?" she interrupted. "You try spending a night in my bedroom. I promise you won't get a wink of sleep."

"Really, madam!" exclaimed another homeowner reproachfully. "If you're going to make offers like that, you might at least give the fellows from your own neighborhood first chance."

Signore," the Italian guide announced to his American client, "we are now passing the most fabulous brothel in all of Rome."

"Why?" asked the tourist.



Before leaving on her honeymoon ocean voyage, the lovely bride made a last-minute stop at a nearby drugstore to purchase some necessary pharmaceutical provisions. Rushing up to the man behind the prescription counter, the blushing newlywed exclaimed, "I've got to have a hundred seasick pills and a three-month supply of birth-control pills right away."

The druggist smiled knowingly, then with a note of genuine concern in his voice asked, "I know it's none of my business, young lady. But if it makes you sick, why do it?"



Many women could add years to their life if they'd just tell the truth about their age.

Then there was the compulsive gambler who drove to Las Vegas, pulled up to a parking meter, put a dime in—and lost his car!

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.



"Eleven o'clock and, oh, boy, what I just saw . . . !"

Leopold Doppler

(continued from page 109)

his oil line broken, his faithful mechanic, Frank McHugh, dying of burns in the cockpit next to him. The checkered flag fell as Jimmy, goggles streaming with gasoline, a thin ironical smile on his lips, swerved old number 13 into the pits. And out stepped Alan Hale, rugged, silver-haired, beaming, in the full-dress uniform of the Royal Canadian Mounties. With him, riding easy in the saddle, was Dick Foran. A string of Malemute dogs howled with excitement as they headed into the great forest after another fugitive from justice.

With an enormous wrench of will power, I struggled to interrupt this ridiculous montage of fantasies that continued to crowd irresistibly in upon me. I tried to concentrate on my road map as I finished the Wheaties, but the harder I stared at the red lines, the more they seemed to resemble Pat O'Brien in the uniform of a Navy chief, barking out orders to Wallace Beery. What the hell is this? I am a grown-up, hard-hitting, contemporary man, and I have no time for such transient, imbecilic ruminations!

I wished my plastic spoon around the bottom of the bowl to scoop up the last few spongy flakes, and it was at that instant that I *knew*. It was the bowl *itself* that had caused Rochelle Hudson and the others to make their unscheduled guest appearance! I stared hard at it. It was a bowl of remarkably aggressive ugliness, made of a distinctive type of dark-green glass, embossed with swollen lumps and sworls representing the fruits of the vine and the abundance of nature—a bowl that had but one meaning. I peered at it long and hard. Yes, there was no mistake. It was genuine—a mint-condition, vintage movie dish-night premium gift bowl.

I glanced the length of the lunch counter at the proprietor, who lounged listlessly next to the coffee urn watching the rain fall outside on his gravel driveway. We were alone. I spoke.

"Excuse me, but what kind of a bowl is this?" He looked up.

"What do you mean, what kind of bowl? Glass."

"Yeah, I *know* it's glass. But where did you get it?"

"Whattaya mean? Are you an inspector?"

I never knew there were cereal-bowl inspectors working the Maine Turnpike.

"No, it's just that you don't see bowls like this very often." He looked back out at the rain and I knew that our conversation was at an end.

I stirred my coffee and examined the green glass monstrosity lovingly. Faintly I heard Myrna Loy's mocking voice twitting William Powell over the strains of a Beatles record in the diner's kitchen.

I reflected that in attics and cellars and kitchen cupboards throughout the length

and breadth of America, there must be uncounted thousands of such remnants, bits and pieces of movie dish-night deluxe dinnerware sets, some green glass, many blood-red, others a clanging, pearlescent orange, but all united in universal ugliness—ugliness unfettered, unrestrained by effete taste, as direct and uncluttered as a Johnny Weissmuller scenario. The kind of ugliness so distilled that it shines with the golden, radiant light of the pure in heart and the simple of mind; ugliness so stark and clean that it becomes beautiful in its clarity. The purveyors of such beauty have never had it easy—in this or any other age. And Leopold Doppler was no exception.

Leopold Doppler! My God, I even remembered his name. But how could I forget it? I gazed mistily into the depths of the glass receptacle in front of me, and the images of a fateful night began to emerge from the milky film that lined the bottom. The night of the Orpheum gravy boat riot! Eerily, faintly, the radio in the kitchen began to play Artie Shaw's *Begin the Beguine*, and the story slowly came back to me—in all its Byzantine grandeur.

Mr. Doppler operated the Orpheum Theater, a tiny bastion of dreams and fantasies in Hammond, Indiana, a flickering spark of human aspiration in the howling darkness of the great American Midwest, where I festered and grew as a youth. Even now the name "Orpheum" sends tiny shivers of anticipation and excitement up the ventilation pipes of my soul. High priest of our celluloid tabernacle, Mr. Doppler was a mythological figure, rarely seen as a real person. His name, however, always stood at the head of the program throwaways that landed on the porch every Monday afternoon, outlining the Orpheum's schedule of mirages for the following week. In Roman letters surrounded by cherubs blowing trumpets and a kind of Egyptian architectural arch festooned with grapes and tiny cornucopias and presided over by a pair of blurred Greco-Zanuck tragedy-comedy masks, would appear the proclamation: **LEOPOLD DOPPLER PRESENTS.**

This smudgy, dog-eared schedule was kept next to every icebox in the county, for ready reference and to settle arguments of a theological nature. Mr. Doppler was in direct communion with Dennis Morgan and he had a personal hand in the affairs of Roy Rogers. Hollywood was a mysterious thing in those days, even more so than today, and for good reason: It *was* more mysterious. People read *Photoplay* and *Screen Romances* and other dream journals as seriously as today they digest *The New Republic*, *Time* and *The Realist* and other contemporary almanacs. One time, I remember, my Aunt Clara lapped the entire field at Christmas by giving my

grandmother a two-year subscription to *Real Screen Tales*.

So night after night the faithful would gather, bearing sacks of Butterfinger bars and salami sandwiches, to huddle together in the darkness, cradled in Mr. Doppler's gum-encrusted seats, their eyes wide with longing and lit with the pure light of total belief before the flickering image of Ginger Rogers, dressed in a sequin-covered gown and swirling endlessly atop a piano as wasp-waisted Fred Astaire, flicking an ivory cane carelessly and spinning his tall silk hat, sang, in a squeaky voice, *The Carioca*. In the darkness the sound of girdles creaking in desire and the snapping of Wrigley's Spearmint provided a soft but subtle counterpoint to Sam Goldwyn's hissing sound tracks.

Outside those sacred doors crouched the pale gray wolf of reality and the Depression. On the skyline, the dark, sullen hulks of the steel mills lay silent and smokeless, ancient volcanoes that had burned themselves out, while the natives roamed the empty streets and told wondrous tales of a time when the skies had been lit by the fires of the steel crucibles, when there had been something that had occupied them all, called "work."

At Saturday matinees the congregation consisted entirely of kids. The carved Moorish doors of the Orpheum were flung wide at ten A.M. to the moiling rabble who came to spend the entire day—and weekend if possible—watching three cowboy pictures featuring such luminaries as Bob Steele and Ken Maynard galloping endlessly over the back lots of dusty Los Angeles real estate, firing countless rounds of blank cartridges, the sound track turned up to deafening volume. The thunder of movie horses, the screams and grunts of the wounded and dying mingled with the unrelenting uproar at the popcorn machine and the occasional outbreak of a fistfight in the balcony, and the incessant two-way traffic up and down the snarled aisles to the plumbing facilities. The muffled curses of the ushers clubbing the more violent into submission provided those of us who were there with an accurate foretaste of life to come. More than one kid, caught up in the inchoate intricacies of a Monogram picture cowboy plotline, found himself torn between answering an urgent call of nature or missing the final defeat of the treacherous sheep ranchers. It almost invariably went one way. Many a kid had to skulk damply down back alleys on the way home, in total darkness to avoid public humiliation, his corduroy knickers squishing limply as he crept from garage to garage, from chicken house to chicken house, hoping against hope that the spanking breeze from the lake would dehydrate him in time.

Clamped in his seat for nine solid hours—till well past seven, or just before

(continued on page 160)

PLAYBOY'S FALL AND WINTER FASHION FORECAST

*new styles for a new season
shown especially for the readers
of playboy by some of the
brightest stars of show business*

STARRING, in alphabetical order:

**GENE BARRY • TONY BENNETT
KIRK DOUGLAS • TONY FRANCIOSA,
WITH MELINA MERCOURI
JOHN FRANKENHEIMER • GENE KELLY
STEVE LAWRENCE • TRINI LOPEZ
HENRY MANCINI • DAVID McCALLUM
GERRY MULLIGAN, WITH DAVE BAILEY
AND LUIZ BONFÁ • ANTHONY NEWLEY
ARTHUR PENN, WITH JANE FONDA
PETER, PAUL & MARY • MORT SAHL**

attire **By ROBERT L. GREEN**

Photos by:

**ZINN ARTHUR • MARIO CASILLI • LARRY GORDON
MARVIN KONER • POMPEO POSAR • JERRY YULSMAN**



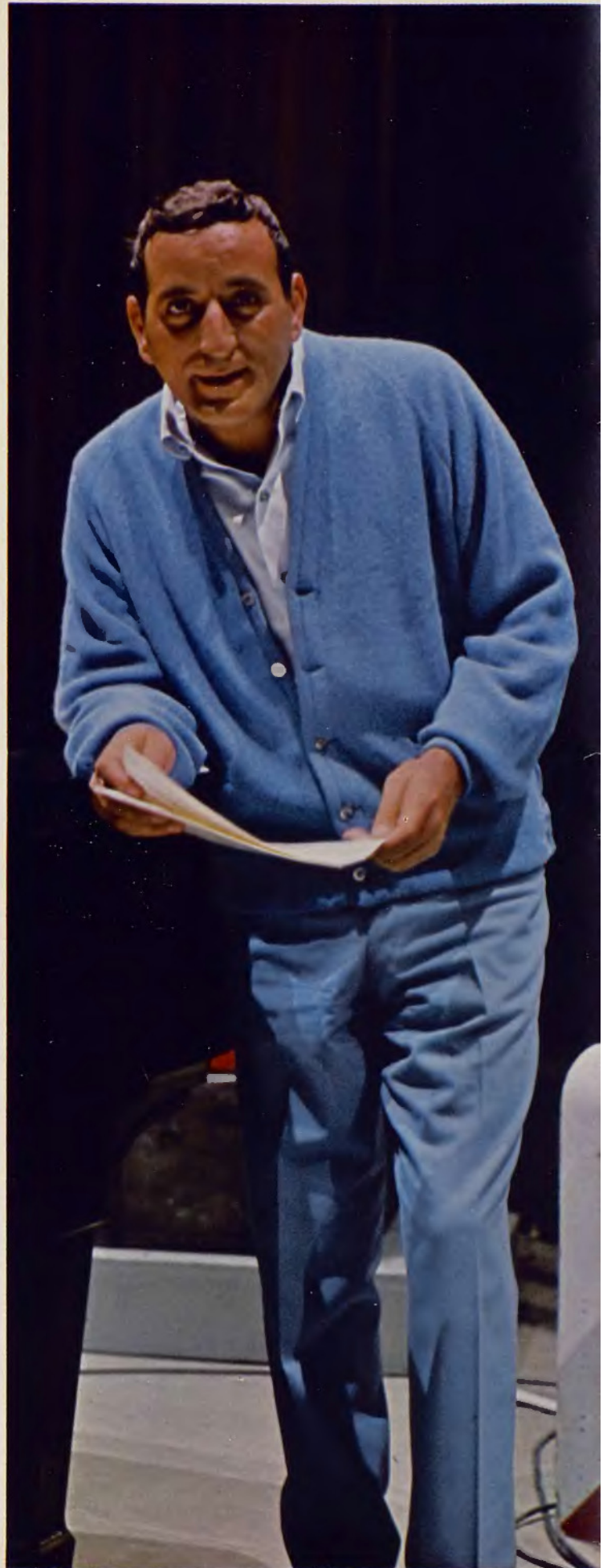
WHILE LOOKING OVER the men's fashions that will be setting the styles in the forthcoming fall and winter seasons, it became clear we needed something really special to show off these dramatic examples of the tailor's art. Instead of using conventional male models, we decided to try to match these sartorial stars to their flesh-and-blood counterparts in the world of entertainment. Some of the brightest stars of show business graciously agreed to help us out and, forsaking their custom-made threads, they went to the rack with us while we selected the best of the ready-mades that will soon be on display. In addition to our traditional look at future fashions, getting the clothes for them to wear gave us an exciting glimpse into the new shows and sounds coming your way this fall.

Kirk Douglas was on location in Israel, where he was filming *Cast a Giant Shadow* with Yul Brynner and John Wayne. Steve Lawrence was photographed in New York, where he was preparing a variety series for the new season. In Lisbon, Tony Franciosa took time off from his filming of *A Man Could Get Killed* with Melina Mercouri to show off some sport stylings. We corralled the fast-traveling television and movie director John Frankenheimer in the studio parking lot, where he was racing to catch up with himself between assignments. And so it went—from Gerry Mulligan on his way to Berlin to Gene Kelly on a Hollywood sound stage, during the production of a new musical. Our thanks to these and all the other stars who so generously stepped into new roles as models to bring you our *Fall and Winter Fashion Forecast*.

SUITS: A clear victory has been scored by the sartorial forces of darkness, and

Our starlit preview gets under way as three of the brightest lights in the movie business don PLAYBOY-selected casual duds over their own working clothes during a rare set break. Far left: Hollywood's Iron Man, Kirk Douglas, on location in Israel where he was filming *Cast a Giant Shadow*, sports a Spanish imported cotton-corduroy jacket with antelope-suede collar and pockets, by Cortefiel, \$37.50. Left: Producer, director, actor, singer, dancer, choreographer, etc., Gene Kelly, takes a breather on the lot at 20th Century-Fox, where he is working on a new musical based on the work of George Gershwin. Kelly strikes a casual note in an Australian double-knit wool cordigan, by Robert Bruce, \$23. Right: Tony Franciosa is delighted to relax on the Lisbon location for *A Man Could Get Killed* with his Sunday costar Melino Mercouri. Tony wears a wool-lined suede jacket with leather trim and a stand-up collar, by McGregor, \$65.





this season the most successful suitings will be showing up in the deepest hues. Brown, particularly in the dark charcoal shades, shapes up as the probable star of this year's color competition. Blue, that old school and Sunday stand-by, will be making a strong comeback, with the emphasis again on the darker shades. One happy piece of fashion strategy we like is to choose a dark blue for business wear, then balance your suit wardrobe with a medium dark gray and a rich deep brown. These are colors that look good on just about everyone. Pay close attention to the tailoring details of the suits that will be appearing this season. The standard of the field remains the center-vent, straight-cut model. But any suit can be given a dash of Continental elegance by switching from this conventional tailoring style to an English side-vent coat with a slight nip in the waist.

The long, slim one-color business

Upper left: Broadway's Anthony Newley, author and star of *The Roar of the Greasepaint*, runs over some new charts; he's casually clothed in an Italian bulky-knit wool sweater with a contrasting ribbed turtleneck insert, by Damon of Italy, \$33. Lower left: America's pundit laureate, Mort Sahl, breaks in a new act for one of his old hangouts, Mr. Kelly's, in Chicago, where he opens this month. This version of Mort's uniform of the day is a V-neck pullover in lamb's wool, by Catalina, \$14.95, over a cotton oxford buttondown, by Eagle, \$7. Left: San Francisco's own Tony Bennett winds up one of his rare movie appearances, in *The Oscar*, before heading back for engagements at the Riviera in Las Vegas and Harrah's in Lake Tahoe. Tony works over an arrangement while wearing a mohair and wool links-stitch cardigan, by Lord Jeff, \$25, topping off belt-loop slacks, by Eagle Clothes, \$29.50, and an oxford buttondown, by Wren, \$6.50. Upper right: Peter, Paul & Mary make it unanimous for softly textured velour sweaters. At a last-minute waxing before heading out on the college circuit, Mary wears a man's zip-up turtleneck pullover, by Himalaya, \$13; Paul likes one with ribbed cuffs, by Drummond, \$12; and Peter dons a blue model with a striped V-neck, by Robert Bruce, \$10. Far right: John Frankenheimer on the studio lot winding up the shooting of *Seconds*, starring Rock Hudson, and preparing a Cinerama blockbuster, *Grand Prix*. Frankenheimer sports a wide-wale cotton-corduroy car coat, by McGregor, \$36, with a cotton and flax linen-weave buttondown, by Eagle, \$8.50, and tapered worsted wool trousers, by Paxton, \$20. Lower right: Director Arthur Penn, who just finished *The Chase*, starring Marlon Brando, gets comfortably close to Jane Fonda. Penn is decked out in a brushed worsted and mohair pull-over, by Puritan, \$17, worn with a cotton twill buttondown shirt, by Creighton, \$6.





styles will be supplemented by an abundance of stripes. These start with the standard pins and chinks, then extend to include herringbones in a full range of widths. A self-striped suit in one of the dark shades, such as the one-button style shown by Steve Lawrence in Broadway's Shubert Alley, makes a properly formal suiting, livened up by a subtle pattern. If you are expanding your wardrobe to include a plaid, then don't be namby-pamby about it. The plaid suit is at its best when it's distinctly patterned, preferably with a strong overplaid. Gene Barry donned one for us during a break in shooting a segment of his upcoming TV spy series to show how that particular style comes off best.

The term "country suit" originally meant just what it says—a casual, tweedy model to wear on rustic weekends. In rugged tweeds, whipcords, corduroys, hopsacks, basket weaves and cavalry twills, these suits will now be turning up

Far left: Steve Lawrence, who will be starring in his own TV variety show this season, pauses along Broadway's Shubert Alley. This smooth stylist is in a self-striped side-vent suit, by Eagle, \$95, set off with a cotton broadcloth shirt, by Van Heusen, \$5, and a silk tie, by Resilio, \$2.50. Upper left: Playboy All-Star baritone saxophonist Gerry Mulligan, center, stops by the recording studio before flying to Germany for a concert in West Berlin. The maestro sports a wool hopsack blazer, by Cricketeer, \$50, over a white cotton oxford shirt, by Golden Vee, \$4, and a rep striped tie, by Wembley, \$2.50. Flanking Gerry are jazz drummer Dave Bailey, left, in an imported Scottish herringbone sports jacket, by Clubman, \$45, worn with a cotton oxford button-down, by Eagle Shirtmokers, \$6.50, and a foulard tie, by Seidler, \$5, and right, composer/guitarist Luiz Bonfá, who takes his coffee break in a blue-heather three-button jacket, by Cricketeer, \$45, finished off with a cotton broadcloth shirt, by Truval, \$4, and an imported silk tie, by Corter and Holmes, \$3.50. Lower left: The jet set's personal Pied Piper, Trini Lopez, is caught between an apparently endless series of personal and TV guest appearances. During a rehearsal Trini is brightly bold in a ploid center-vent jacket with a red overplaid, \$50, and coordinated extension-waistband slacks, \$25, both by PBM. His outfit is completed with a cotton broadcloth shirt, by Van Heusen, \$5, and a silk tie, by Vega de Modrid, \$3.50. Right: Gene Barry makes the switch without a fight from just plain detective Amos Burke to Amos Burke, Secret Agent for his new TV series on ABC this season. In front of his Rolls-Royce trademark, Barry goes over script in glen-plaid two-button suit, by Worsted Tex, \$90, with a cotton broadcloth shirt, by Sero of New Haven, \$7.50, and a knit tie, by Wembley, \$2.50.





for use at the office.

SPORTS COATS: Traditionally, the fashion direction of jackets has been charted by the fabrics. The lead among the tweed varieties this year will be taken by the country hopsacks, rough Shetlands and chevots.

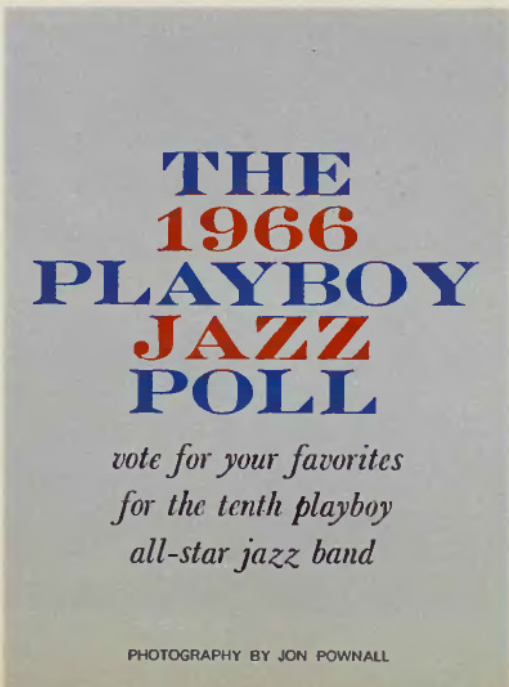
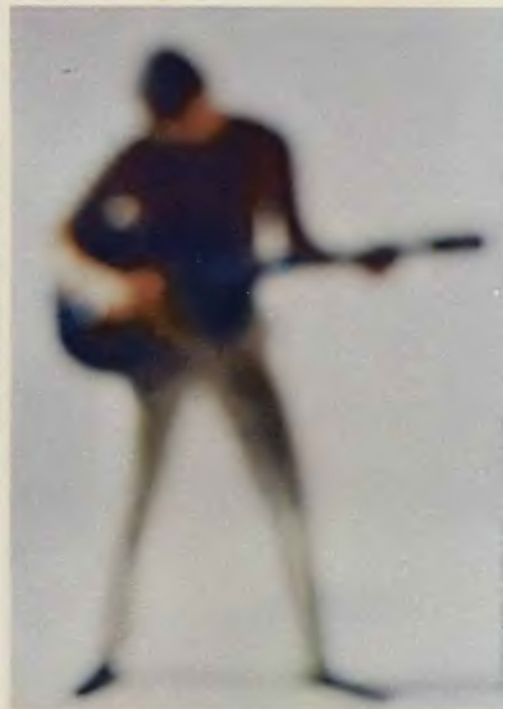
In patterned jackets, the big-plaid and bold-check models, like the one we put on busy music man Trini Lopez, look like leaders for this year. The spring and summer momentum of solid-color sports jackets should carry through into the autumnal season, and many models will be available. But the trend to bright patterns for the cool weather is clear. One of the most exciting new fabrics we see coming on strong is a Shetland weave in a contrasting thick- and thin-knit pattern. Taking their cue from formal suitings, sports jackets will offer a large assortment of browns this year. The best shades are the darker ones combined with contrasting hues of black, tan, green and maroon.

The brass-button blazer is now a standard for everyone from a collegiate up to the chairman of the board. Its popularity continues to climb, with hopsacks taking the lead. Playboy All-Star saxophonist Gerry Mulligan tried on a double-breasted model for us and looked every inch the sporting clubman. Burgundy-black as a blazer color is very new. Another shade we like is a soft, medium French blue.

Some of the more jazzy jackets and blazers are offering triple railroad stitching around the lapels and coat front. Both the single- and double-breasted blazers are beginning to move toward the shaped silhouette. The separate jacket is the best way to introduce yourself to the sophistication of the shaped wardrobe. It's the nearest thing to a true custom-tailored (*continued on page 148*)

Left: Two-time Academy Award winner and leader of the Playboy All-Star Jazz Band, Henry Mancini, hurries to keep up with his busy schedule. The music man here is decked out in a warming checked wool short-length topcoat with split-raglan sleeves, by Batany 500, \$70. He completes his outfit with a center-crease felt hat, by Knox, \$20, a thin-line cotton broadcloth shirt, by Eagle Shirt-makers, \$6.50, and a broad-striped silk tie, by Wembley, \$2.50. **Right:** That other man from U.N.C.L.E., David McCollum, has everything a secret agent needs to get ahead: a special atomizer pistol, a book on how to spy for fun and profit, and comely actress Jill Ireland. Insuring his success with Jill: a mahair and worsted formol suit with satin collar and piping, \$125, o pleated evening shirt, \$8, a tie and cummerbund set, \$10, all by After Six.





**THE
1966
PLAYBOY
JAZZ
POLL**

*vote for your favorites
for the tenth playboy
all-star jazz band*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JON POWNALL

IN THE YEAR SINCE OUR LAST Playboy Jazz Poll, the jazz scene has undergone the usual shifting about of its cast of characters—some charging to the fore from obscurity, some fading, others disappearing entirely—with the one constant being change.

This Playboy Jazz Poll ballot gives you the opportunity of taking part in the biggest, most prestigious jazz consensus of them all and of paying tribute to the labors of those artists who you feel contributed most to jazz during the past twelvemonth. The musicians chosen by the readers to make up the 1966 All-Star Jazz Band will each receive the highly prized Playboy Jazz Medal.

This year, two new categories appear on your Jazz Poll ballot: Playboy's All-Time Jazz Hall of Fame and Playboy's Jazz Records of the Year. Any instrumentalist or vocalist, living or dead, is eligible for the Hall of Fame—it can be a Bix or a Benny, a Bunk or a Bing; just fill in your first three choices in the box provided at the end of the ballot. The top three vote getters chosen by our readers will be installed as occupants of Playboy's jazz pantheon and will be honored accordingly. The three categories in Playboy's Jazz Records of the Year will give you a chance to vote for your favorite jazz LPs issued since January First of this year. Just write, in the appropriate box, the titles of what you consider to be the best jazz instrumental LP (big band), the top jazz instrumental LP (fewer than eight pieces) and the number-one vocal LP. Results of this balloting and of that for the Hall of Fame will appear in our February 1966 issue along with the results of our tenth annual jazz poll.

To vote, all you have to do is read the simple instructions below, check off your favorite jazzmen and fill in your choices for Playboy's All-Time Jazz Hall of Fame and for Playboy's Jazz Records of the Year, where indicated, and make sure you forward the ballot to us.

1. Your official Jazz Poll ballot is on this foldout. A Nominating Board composed of jazz editors, critics, representatives of the major recording companies and winners of last year's poll has selected the jazz artists it considers to be the most outstanding and/or popular of the year. These nominations for the Playboy All-Star Jazz Band should serve solely as an aid to your recollection of jazz artists and performances, not as a guide on how to vote. You may vote for any living artist in the jazz field.

2. The artists have been divided into categories to form the Playboy All-Star Jazz Band, so in some categories you should vote for more than one musician (e.g., four trumpets, four trombones, two alto saxes, two tenor saxes), because a big band normally has more than one of these instruments playing in it. Be sure to cast the correct number of votes, as designated on the ballot, because too many votes in any category will disqualify all of your votes in that category.

3. If you wish to vote for an artist who has been nominated, simply place an X in the box before his name on the ballot; if you wish to vote for an artist who has *not* been nominated, write his name on one of the lines provided at the bottom of the category and place an X in the box before it.

4. For leader of the 1966 Playboy All-Star Jazz Band, limit your choice to the men who have led a big band (eight or more musicians) during the past 12 months; for instrumental combo, limit your choice to groups of seven or fewer musicians.

5. Please print your name and address in the space at the bottom of the last page of the ballot. You may cast only one complete ballot in the poll, and that must carry your name and address if your vote is to be counted.

6. Cut your ballot along the dotted line and mail it to PLAYBOY JAZZ POLL, 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Ballots must be postmarked before midnight, October 15, 1965, in order to be counted, so get yours in the mail today.

NOMINATING BOARD: Cannonball Adderley, Louis Armstrong, Bob Brookmeyer, Ray Brown, Dave Brubeck, Charlie Byrd, John Coltrane, Miles Davis, Buddy DeFranco, Paul Desmond, Duke Ellington, Ella Fitzgerald, Pete Fountain, Stan Getz, Dizzy Gillespie, Lionel Hampton, Al Hirt, Milt Jackson, J. J. Johnson, Elvin Jones, Henry Mancini, Wes Montgomery, Joe Morello, Gerry Mulligan, Mimi Perrin (Double Six of Paris), Oscar Peterson, Frank Sinatra, N. Paul Stookey (Peter, Paul & Mary), Barbra Streisand, Kai Winding, Si Zentner; George Avakian, Independent Record Producer; Don DeMicheal, Editor, *Down Beat*; Leonard Feather, Jazz Critic; Nat Hentoff, Jazz Critic; George T. Simon, Jazz Commentator, *New York Herald Tribune*; George Wein, Independent Record Producer; Esmond Edwards, Argo; Nesuhi Ertegun, Atlantic; David Cavanaugh, Capitol; Teo Macero, Columbia; Lester Koenig, Contemporary; John Driscoll III, Fantasy; Robert Thiele, Impulse; Dave Pell, Liberty; Jack Tracy, Mercury; Richard Bock, Pacific Jazz; Cal Lampley, Prestige; Brad McCuen, RCA Victor; Lee Young, Vee Jay; Creed Taylor, Verve; Stan Cornyn, Warner Brothers.

LEADER*(Please check one.)*

- ☐ Count Basic
- ☐ Les Brown
- ☐ Ray Conniff
- ☐ Johnny Dankworth
- ☐ Les and Larry Elgart
- ☐ Duke Ellington
- ☐ Gil Evans
- ☐ Jerry Fielding
- ☐ Bob Florence
- ☐ Terry Gibbs
- ☐ Dizzy Gillespie
- ☐ Benny Goodman
- ☐ Lionel Hampton
- ☐ Slide Hampton
- ☐ Ted Heath
- ☐ Woody Herman
- ☐ Harry James
- ☐ Quincy Jones
- ☐ Stan Kenton
- ☐ Rod Levitt
- ☐ John Lewis
- ☐ Henry Mancini
- ☐ Billy May
- ☐ Gary McFarland
- ☐ Ray McKinley
- ☐ Charlie Mingus
- ☐ Gerry Mulligan
- ☐ Oliver Nelson
- ☐ Marty Paich
- ☐ Johnny Richards
- ☐ Nelson Riddle
- ☐ Shorty Rogers
- ☐ Pete Rugolo
- ☐ Lu Watters
- ☐ Johnny Williams
- ☐ Gerald Wilson
- ☐ Si Zentner

TRUMPET*(Please check four.)*

- ☐ Nat Adderley
- ☐ Henry "Red" Allen
- ☐ Louis Armstrong
- ☐ Benny Bailey
- ☐ Chet Baker
- ☐ Dud Bascomb
- ☐ Emmett Berry
- ☐ Ruby Braff
- ☐ Dave Burns
- ☐ Billy Butterfield
- ☐ Donald Byrd
- ☐ Conte Candoli
- ☐ Pete Candoli
- ☐ Don Cherry
- ☐ Buck Clayton
- ☐ Dick Collins
- ☐ Ted Curson
- ☐ Miles Davis
- ☐ Wild Bill Davison
- ☐ Sidney De Paris
- ☐ Kenny Dorham
- ☐ Harry Edison
- ☐ Roy Eldridge
- ☐ Don Ellis
- ☐ Rolf Ericson
- ☐ Don Fagerquist
- ☐ Art Farmer
- ☐ Maynard Ferguson
- ☐ Dizzy Gillespie
- ☐ Don Goldie
- ☐ Bobby Hackett
- ☐ Al Hirt
- ☐ Freddie Hubbard
- ☐ Bill Hunt
- ☐ Harry James

- ☐ Carmell Jones
- ☐ Jonah Jones
- ☐ Thad Jones
- ☐ Howard McGhee
- ☐ Blue Mitchell
- ☐ Lee Morgan
- ☐ Ray Nance
- ☐ Joe Newman
- ☐ Shorty Rogers
- ☐ Ernie Royal
- ☐ Doc Severinsen
- ☐ Charlie Shavers
- ☐ Jack Sheldon
- ☐ Muggsy Spanier
- ☐ Rex Stewart
- ☐ Clark Terry
- ☐ Lu Watters
- ☐ Joe Wilder

TROMBONE*(Please check four.)*

- ☐ Fred Assunto
- ☐ Dave Baker
- ☐ Milt Bernhart
- ☐ Harold Betters
- ☐ Bob Brookmeyer
- ☐ Lawrence Brown
- ☐ Georg Brunis
- ☐ Jimmy Cleveland
- ☐ Cutty Cutshall
- ☐ Wilbur De Paris
- ☐ Vic Dickenson
- ☐ Bob Fitzpatrick
- ☐ Carl Fontana
- ☐ Curtis Fuller
- ☐ Tyree Glenn
- ☐ Bennie Green
- ☐ Urbie Green
- ☐ Al Grey
- ☐ Slide Hampton
- ☐ Bill Harris
- ☐ Wayne Henderson
- ☐ J. C. Higginbotham
- ☐ Quentin Jackson
- ☐ Benny Jacobs-El
- ☐ J. J. Johnson
- ☐ Jimmy Knepper
- ☐ Rod Levitt
- ☐ Melba Liston
- ☐ Tricky Lofton
- ☐ Albert Mangelsdorff
- ☐ Lou McGarity
- ☐ Charles McPherson
- ☐ Grachan Moncur III
- ☐ Turk Murphy
- ☐ Dick Nash
- ☐ Kid Ory
- ☐ Tommy Pederson
- ☐ Benny Powell
- ☐ Julian Priestner
- ☐ Frank Rosolino
- ☐ Roswell Rudd
- ☐ Dickie Wells
- ☐ Jiggs Wigham
- ☐ Phil Wilson
- ☐ Kai Winding
- ☐ Trummy Young
- ☐ Si Zentner

ALTO SAX*(Please check two.)*

- ☐ Cannonball Adderley

- ☐ Earl Anderza
- ☐ Gabe Baltazar
- ☐ Al Belletto
- ☐ Earl Bostic
- ☐ Benny Carter
- ☐ Ornette Coleman
- ☐ Hank Crawford
- ☐ Paul Desmond
- ☐ Lou Donaldson
- ☐ Bob Donovan
- ☐ Herb Geller
- ☐ Bunky Green
- ☐ Gigi Gryce
- ☐ John Handy
- ☐ Joe Harriott
- ☐ Johnny Hodges
- ☐ Paul Horn
- ☐ Hilton Jefferson
- ☐ Lee Konitz
- ☐ Walt Levinsky
- ☐ Charlie Mariano
- ☐ Jackie McLean
- ☐ Boris Midney
- ☐ James Moody
- ☐ Ted Nash
- ☐ Lennie Neihaus
- ☐ Ed Pazant
- ☐ Art Pepper
- ☐ Robert Plater
- ☐ Gene Quill
- ☐ Marshal Royal
- ☐ Bud Shank
- ☐ Sonny Simmons
- ☐ Zoot Sims
- ☐ Willie Smith
- ☐ James Spaulding
- ☐ Sonny Stitt
- ☐ Paul Winter
- ☐ Jimmy Woods
- ☐ Phil Woods
- ☐ Leo Wright

TENOR SAX*(Please check two.)*

- ☐ Georgie Auld
- ☐ Albert Ayler
- ☐ Al Cohn
- ☐ John Coltrane
- ☐ Bob Cooper
- ☐ Corky Corcoran
- ☐ Eddie Davis
- ☐ Sam Donahue
- ☐ Teddy Edwards
- ☐ Booker Ervin
- ☐ Wilton Felder
- ☐ Frank Foster
- ☐ Bud Freeman
- ☐ Stan Getz
- ☐ Benny Golson
- ☐ Paul Gonsalves
- ☐ Dexter Gordon
- ☐ John Griffin
- ☐ Eddie Harris
- ☐ Coleman Hawkins
- ☐ Jimmy Heath
- ☐ Bill Holman
- ☐ Illinois Jacquet
- ☐ Budd Johnson
- ☐ Plas Johnson
- ☐ Richie Kamuca
- ☐ Roland Kirk
- ☐ Al Klink
- ☐ Harold Land
- ☐ Yusef Lateef
- ☐ Charles Lloyd
- ☐ Warne Marsh

- ☐ Eddie Miller
- ☐ Hank Mobley
- ☐ James Moody
- ☐ Vido Musso
- ☐ "Fathead" Newman
- ☐ Sal Nistico
- ☐ Dave Pell
- ☐ Bill Perkins
- ☐ Flip Phillips
- ☐ Sonny Rollins
- ☐ Clifford Scott
- ☐ Ronnie Scott
- ☐ Archie Shepp
- ☐ Wayne Shorter
- ☐ Zoot Sims
- ☐ Sonny Stitt
- ☐ Buddy Tate
- ☐ Stanley Turrentine
- ☐ Ben Webster
- ☐ Frank Wess
- ☐ Jimmy Woods
- ☐ Pete Yellin

BARITONE SAX*(Please check one.)*

- ☐ Pepper Adams
- ☐ Ernie Caceres
- ☐ Harry Carney
- ☐ Ronnie Cuber
- ☐ Charles Davis
- ☐ Chuck Gentry
- ☐ Jimmy Giuffre
- ☐ Frank Hittner
- ☐ Bill Hood
- ☐ Peter Leeds
- ☐ Gerry Mulligan
- ☐ Jack Nimitz
- ☐ Cecil Payne
- ☐ Åke Persson
- ☐ Jerome Richardson
- ☐ Clifford Scott
- ☐ Bud Shank
- ☐ Lonnie Shaw
- ☐ Sahib Shihab
- ☐ Butch Stone
- ☐ Stanley Webb

CLARINET*(Please check one.)*

- ☐ Alvin Batiste
- ☐ Barney Bigard
- ☐ Acker Bilk
- ☐ Phil Bodner
- ☐ Buddy Collette
- ☐ Buddy DeFranco
- ☐ Pete Fountain
- ☐ Jimmy Giuffre
- ☐ Benny Goodman
- ☐ Edmond Hall
- ☐ Jimmy Hamilton
- ☐ Woody Herman
- ☐ Paul Horn
- ☐ Peanuts Hucko
- ☐ Matty Matlock
- ☐ Albert Nicholas
- ☐ Art Pepper
- ☐ Pee Wee Russell
- ☐ Tony Scott
- ☐ Bill Smith
- ☐ Butch Stone
- ☐ Phil Woods
- ☐ Sol Yaged

PIANO*(Please check one.)*

- ☐ Monty Alexander
- ☐ Mose Allison
- ☐ Kenny Barron
- ☐ Count Basie
- ☐ Abe Battat
- ☐ Ronnie Brown
- ☐ Dave Brubeck
- ☐ Jaki Byard
- ☐ Barbara Carroll
- ☐ Cy Coleman
- ☐ Bob Darch
- ☐ Johnny Eaton
- ☐ Duke Ellington
- ☐ Bill Evans
- ☐ Victor Feldman
- ☐ Clare Fischer
- ☐ Bob Florence
- ☐ Russ Freeman
- ☐ Don Friedman
- ☐ Red Garland
- ☐ Erroll Garner
- ☐ Vince Guaraldi
- ☐ Friedrich Gulda
- ☐ Herbie Hancock
- ☐ Hampton Hawes
- ☐ Eddie Heywood
- ☐ Earl "Fatha" Hines
- ☐ Elmo Hope
- ☐ Dick Hyman
- ☐ Ahmad Jamal
- ☐ Pete Jolly
- ☐ Hank Jones
- ☐ Roger Kellaway
- ☐ Wynton Kelly
- ☐ Billy Kyle
- ☐ John Lewis
- ☐ Ramsey Lewis
- ☐ Junior Mance
- ☐ Toshiko Mariano
- ☐ Ronnie Mathews
- ☐ Les McCann
- ☐ Marian McPartland
- ☐ Sergio Mendes
- ☐ Dwiki Mitchell
- ☐ Thelonious Monk
- ☐ Bud Montgomery
- ☐ Peter Nero
- ☐ Phineas Newborn, Jr.
- ☐ Bernard Peiffer
- ☐ Oscar Peterson
- ☐ Bud Powell
- ☐ André Previn
- ☐ Jimmy Rowles
- ☐ George Shearing
- ☐ Don Shirley
- ☐ Horace Silver
- ☐ Paul Smith
- ☐ Martial Solal
- ☐ Jess Stacy
- ☐ Billy Taylor
- ☐ Cecil Taylor
- ☐ Bobby Timmons
- ☐ Lennie Tristano
- ☐ McCoy Tyner
- ☐ Mal Waldron
- ☐ Cedar Walton
- ☐ Randy Weston
- ☐ Mary Lou Williams
- ☐ Jack Wilson
- ☐ Stan Wrightsman
- ☐ Joe Zawinul
- ☐ Denny Zeitlin
- ☐

GUITAR*(Please check one.)*

- ☐ Laurindo Almeida
- ☐ Chet Atkins
- ☐ Billy Bauer
- ☐ Billy Bean
- ☐ Kenny Burrell
- ☐ Charlie Byrd
- ☐ Eddie Condon
- ☐ Joe Diorio
- ☐ Herb Ellis
- ☐ Tal Farlow
- ☐ Barry Galbraith
- ☐ Johnny Gray
- ☐ Freddie Green
- ☐ Grant Green
- ☐ Jim Hall
- ☐ Bill Harris
- ☐ Al Hendrickson
- ☐ Barney Kessel
- ☐ Mundell Lowe
- ☐ Larry Lucie
- ☐ William Mackel
- ☐ Wes Montgomery
- ☐ Oscar Moore
- ☐ Tony Mottola
- ☐ Joe Pass
- ☐ Les Paul
- ☐ Joe Puma
- ☐ Jimmy Raney
- ☐ Howard Roberts
- ☐ Sal Salvador
- ☐ Bola Sete
- ☐ Al Shakman
- ☐ Johnny Smith
- ☐ Les Spann
- ☐ Gabor Szabo
- ☐ Tom Tedesco
- ☐ René Thomas
- ☐ George Van Eps
- ☐ Al Viola
- ☐ Chuck Wayne
- ☐ Attila Zoller
- ☐

BASS*(Please check one.)*

- ☐ Don Bagley
- ☐ Norman Bates
- ☐ Joe Benjamin
- ☐ Keter Betts
- ☐ Ray Brown
- ☐ Monty Budwig
- ☐ Joe Byrd
- ☐ Red Callender
- ☐ Ron Carter
- ☐ Paul Chambers
- ☐ Gene Cherico
- ☐ Buddy Clark
- ☐ Joe Comfort
- ☐ Bill Crow
- ☐ Art Davis
- ☐ Richard Davis
- ☐ George Duvivier
- ☐ Richard Evans
- ☐ Pops Foster
- ☐ Johnny Frigo
- ☐ Jimmy Garrison
- ☐ Victor Gaskin
- ☐ Bob Haggart
- ☐ Percy Heath
- ☐ Milt Hinton
- ☐ Major Holley
- ☐ Chuck Israels
- ☐ Chubby Jackson
- ☐ Eddie Jones
- ☐ Sam Jones

- ☐ Pierre Michelot
- ☐ Charlie Mingus
- ☐ Red Mitchell
- ☐ Joe Mondragon
- ☐ Monk Montgomery
- ☐ Gary Peacock
- ☐ Mike Rubin
- ☐ Howard Rumsey
- ☐ Wyatt Ruther
- ☐ Eddie Safranski
- ☐ Arvell Shaw
- ☐ Slam Stewart
- ☐ Steve Swallow
- ☐ George Tucker
- ☐ Leroy Vinnegar
- ☐ Wilbur Ware
- ☐ Butch Warren
- ☐ Bob Whitlock
- ☐ Gene Wright
- ☐ El Dee Young
- ☐

DRUMS*(Please check one.)*

- ☐ Colin Bailey
- ☐ Dave Bailey
- ☐ Danny Barcelona
- ☐ Ray Bauduc
- ☐ Louis Bellson
- ☐ Art Blakey
- ☐ Larry Bunker
- ☐ Frank Butler
- ☐ Frank Capp
- ☐ Kenny Clarke
- ☐ Cozy Cole
- ☐ Rudy Collins
- ☐ Joe Dukes
- ☐ Frankie Dunlop
- ☐ Nick Fatool
- ☐ Vernel Fournier
- ☐ George Green
- ☐ Sonny Greer
- ☐ Johnny Guerin
- ☐ Gus Gustafson
- ☐ Chico Hamilton
- ☐ Jake Hanna
- ☐ Louis Hayes
- ☐ Roy Haynes
- ☐ Red Holt
- ☐ Phil Humphries
- ☐ Ron Jefferson
- ☐ Osie Johnson
- ☐ Elvin Jones
- ☐ Jo Jones
- ☐ Philly Joe Jones
- ☐ Rufus Jones
- ☐ Connie Kay
- ☐ Gene Krupa
- ☐ Don Lamond
- ☐ Pete LaRoca
- ☐ Stan Levey
- ☐ Mel Lewis
- ☐ Shelly Manne
- ☐ Joe Morello
- ☐ Sonny Payne
- ☐ Walter Perkins
- ☐ Charlie Persip
- ☐ Buddy Rich
- ☐ Max Roach
- ☐ Mickey Sheen
- ☐ Jack Sperling
- ☐ Grady Tate
- ☐ Ed Thigpen
- ☐ Marshall Thompson
- ☐ George Wettling
- ☐ Tony Williams
- ☐ Sam Woodyard
- ☐

MISC. INSTRUMENT*(Please check one.)*

- ☐ Roy Ayers, *vibes*
- ☐ Chet Baker, *Flügelhorn*
- ☐ Ray Brown, *cello*
- ☐ Milt Buckner, *organ*
- ☐ Larry Bunker, *vibes*
- ☐ Gary Burton, *vibes*
- ☐ Candido, *bongo*
- ☐ Ornette Coleman, *violin*
- ☐ Buddy Collette, *flute*
- ☐ John Coltrane, *soprano sax*
- ☐ Bob Cooper, *oboe*
- ☐ Miles Davis, *Flügelhorn*
- ☐ Buddy DeFranco, *bass clarinet*
- ☐ Leo Diamond, *harmonica*
- ☐ Walter Dickerson, *vibes*
- ☐ Don Elliott, *vibes, mellophone*
- ☐ Art Farmer, *Flügelhorn*
- ☐ Victor Feldman, *vibes*
- ☐ Jesse Fuller, *harmonica*
- ☐ Terry Gibbs, *vibes*
- ☐ Justin Gordon, *flute*
- ☐ Tommy Gumina, *accordion*
- ☐ Lionel Hampton, *vibes*
- ☐ Paul Horn, *flute*
- ☐ Bobby Hutcherson, *vibes*
- ☐ Milt Jackson, *vibes*
- ☐ Pete Jolly, *accordion*
- ☐ Roland Kirk, *manzello, stritch, flute*
- ☐ Steve Lacy, *soprano sax*
- ☐ Billy Larkin, *organ*
- ☐ Prince Lasha, *flute*
- ☐ Yusef Lateef, *flute, oboe*
- ☐ Charles Lloyd, *flute*
- ☐ Arthur Lyman, *vibes*
- ☐ Johnny Lytle, *vibes*
- ☐ Mike Mainieri, *vibes*
- ☐ Herbie Mann, *flute*
- ☐ Gary McFarland, *vibes*
- ☐ Bud Montgomery, *vibes*
- ☐ James Moody, *flute*
- ☐ Ray Nance, *violin*
- ☐ Red Norvo, *vibes*
- ☐ Korla Pandit, *organ*
- ☐ Bill Perkins, *flute*
- ☐ Dave Pike, *vibes*
- ☐ Pony Poindexter, *soprano sax*
- ☐ Jean Luc Ponty, *violin*
- ☐ Seldon Powell, *flute*
- ☐ George Probert, *soprano sax*
- ☐ Emil Richards, *vibes*
- ☐ Dick Roberts, *banjo*
- ☐ Shorty Rogers, *Flügelhorn*
- ☐ Bob Rosengarden, *bongo*
- ☐ Willie Ruff, *French horn*
- ☐ Shirley Scott, *organ*
- ☐ Bud Shank, *flute*
- ☐ Jimmy Smith, *organ*
- ☐ Ray Starling, *mellophonium*
- ☐ Jeremy Steig, *flute*
- ☐ Clark Terry, *Flügelhorn*
- ☐ Jean Thielemans, *harmonica*
- ☐ Cal Tjader, *vibes*
- ☐ Art Van Damme, *accordion*
- ☐ Julius Watkins, *French horn*
- ☐ Frank Wess, *flute*
- ☐

MALE VOCALIST*(Please check one.)*

- ☐ David Allen
- ☐ Mose Allison
- ☐ Louis Armstrong

- ☐ Harry Belafonte
- ☐ Tony Bennett
- ☐ Brook Benton
- ☐ Pat Boone
- ☐ Oscar Brown, Jr.
- ☐ Mel Carter
- ☐ Ray Charles
- ☐ Perry Como
- ☐ Austin Cromer
- ☐ Bing Crosby
- ☐ Vic Damone
- ☐ Bobby Darin
- ☐ Sammy Davis Jr.
- ☐ Matt Dennis
- ☐ Johnny Desmond
- ☐ Fats Domino
- ☐ Frank D'Rone
- ☐ Billy Eckstine
- ☐ Jesse Fuller
- ☐ Buddy Greco
- ☐ Roy Hamilton
- ☐ Johnny Hartman
- ☐ Clancy Hayes
- ☐ Bill Henderson
- ☐ Jon Hendricks
- ☐ Al Hibbler
- ☐ Lightnin' Hopkins
- ☐ Johnny Janis
- ☐ Jack Jones
- ☐ Frankie Laine
- ☐ Steve Lawrence
- ☐ Trini Lopez
- ☐ Claude Lugo
- ☐ Dean Martin
- ☐ Johnny Mathis
- ☐ Les McCann
- ☐ Roger Miller
- ☐ Joe Mooney
- ☐ Mark Murphy
- ☐ Johnny Nash
- ☐ Jackie Paris
- ☐ King Pleasure
- ☐ Arthur Prysock
- ☐ Lou Rawls
- ☐ Jimmy Rushing
- ☐ Jack Sheldon
- ☐ Frank Sinatra
- ☐ Mel Tormé
- ☐ Joe Turner
- ☐ Muddy Waters
- ☐ Andy Williams
- ☐ Joe Williams
- ☐ Jimmy Witherspoon
- ☐ _____

FEMALE VOCALIST (Please check one.)

- ☐ Lorez Alexandria
- ☐ Amanda Ambrose
- ☐ Ernestine Anderson
- ☐ Joan Baez
- ☐ Pearl Bailey
- ☐ La Vern Baker
- ☐ Mae Barnes
- ☐ Pat Bowie
- ☐ Joy Bryan
- ☐ Jackie Cain
- ☐ Vikki Carr
- ☐ Diahann Carroll
- ☐ Betty Carter
- ☐ June Christy
- ☐ Petula Clark
- ☐ Chris Connor
- ☐ Barbara Dane
- ☐ Doris Day
- ☐ Blossom Dearie
- ☐ Jean DuShon
- ☐ Ethel Ennis
- ☐ Frances Faye

- ☐ Ella Fitzgerald
- ☐ Connie Francis
- ☐ Aretha Franklin
- ☐ Judy Garland
- ☐ Eydie Gormé
- ☐ Nancy Harrow
- ☐ Shirley Horn
- ☐ Lena Horne
- ☐ Helen Humes
- ☐ Lurlean Hunter
- ☐ Mahalia Jackson
- ☐ Etta James
- ☐ Damita Jo
- ☐ Etta Jones
- ☐ Sheila Jordan
- ☐ Beverly Kelly
- ☐ Morgana King
- ☐ Teddi King
- ☐ Eartha Kitt
- ☐ Irene Kral
- ☐ Karin Krog
- ☐ Peggy Lee
- ☐ Kitty Lester
- ☐ Abbey Lincoln
- ☐ Julie London
- ☐ Gloria Lynne
- ☐ Miriam Makeba
- ☐ Barbara McNair
- ☐ Carmen McRae
- ☐ Helen Merrill
- ☐ Marian Montgomery
- ☐ Jaye P. Morgan
- ☐ Anita O'Day
- ☐ Patti Page
- ☐ Esther Phillips
- ☐ Billie Poole
- ☐ Sue Raney
- ☐ Della Reese
- ☐ Irene Reid
- ☐ Ann Richards
- ☐ Mavis Rivers
- ☐ Annie Ross
- ☐ Dinah Shore
- ☐ Nina Simone
- ☐ Carol Sloane
- ☐ Jennie Smith
- ☐ Keely Smith
- ☐ Joanie Sommers
- ☐ Jeri Southern
- ☐ Jo Stafford
- ☐ Dakota Staton
- ☐ Barbra Streisand
- ☐ Pat Thomas
- ☐ Teri Thornton
- ☐ Diana Trask
- ☐ Sarah Vaughan
- ☐ Carol Ventura
- ☐ Margaret Whiting
- ☐ Lee Wiley
- ☐ Nancy Wilson
- ☐ _____

INSTRUMENTAL COMBO (Please check one.)

- ☐ Cannonball Adderley Sextet
- ☐ American Jazz Ensemble
- ☐ Louis Armstrong All-Stars
- ☐ Chet Baker Quintet
- ☐ Abe Battat Trio
- ☐ Al Belletto Quartet
- ☐ Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers
- ☐ Dave Brubeck Quartet
- ☐ Charlie Byrd Trio
- ☐ Barbara Carroll Trio
- ☐ Al Cohn-Zoot Sims Quintet
- ☐ Cy Coleman Trio
- ☐ Ornette Coleman Quartet
- ☐ John Coltrane Quartet

- ☐ Joe Daley Trio
- ☐ Miles Davis Sextet
- ☐ DeFranco-Gumina Quartet
- ☐ Martin Denny Group
- ☐ Wilbur De Paris Sextet
- ☐ Dukes of Dixieland
- ☐ Don Ellis Trio
- ☐ Bill Evans Trio
- ☐ Art Farmer Quartet
- ☐ Firehouse Five plus Two
- ☐ Erroll Garner Trio
- ☐ Stan Getz Quartet
- ☐ Dizzy Gillespie Quintet
- ☐ Jimmy Giuffrè Trio
- ☐ Urbie Green Septet
- ☐ Al Grey-Billy Mitchell Sextet
- ☐ Vince Guaraldi Trio
- ☐ Chico Hamilton Trio
- ☐ Hampton Hawes Trio
- ☐ Earl Hines Trio
- ☐ Al Hirt's New Orleans Sextet
- ☐ Ahmad Jamal Trio
- ☐ Jazz Crusaders
- ☐ Pete Jolly Trio
- ☐ Jonah Jones Quartet
- ☐ Barney Kessel Quartet
- ☐ Gene Krupa Quartet
- ☐ Ramsey Lewis Trio
- ☐ Lighthouse All-Stars
- ☐ Gildo Mahones Sextet
- ☐ Herbie Mann Quartet
- ☐ Shelly Manne and his Men
- ☐ Toshiko Mariano Quartet
- ☐ Billy Maxted Sextet
- ☐ Les McCann Ltd.
- ☐ Marian McPartland Trio
- ☐ Charlie Mingus Sextet
- ☐ Modern Jazz Quartet
- ☐ Thelonious Monk Quartet
- ☐ Gerry Mulligan Quartet
- ☐ Turk Murphy's Jazz Band
- ☐ Red Norvo Quintet
- ☐ Art Pepper Quartet
- ☐ Oscar Peterson Trio
- ☐ André Previn Trio
- ☐ Max Roach Quintet
- ☐ Sonny Rollins Quartet
- ☐ Mitchell Ruff Trio
- ☐ George Russell Sextet
- ☐ Pee Wee Russell All-Stars

- ☐ Bud Shank Quartet
- ☐ George Shearing Quintet
- ☐ Horace Silver Quintet
- ☐ Nina Simone and her Trio
- ☐ Jimmy Smith Trio
- ☐ Martial Solal Trio
- ☐ Cecil Taylor Quartet
- ☐ Terry-Brookmeyer Quintet
- ☐ Three Sounds
- ☐ Cal Tjader Quintet
- ☐ Teddy Wilson Trio
- ☐ Kai Winding Sextet
- ☐ Paul Winter Sextet
- ☐ _____

VOCAL GROUP (Please check one.)

- ☐ Ames Brothers
- ☐ Andy & the Bey Sisters
- ☐ Beatles
- ☐ Brothers Four
- ☐ Jackie Cain & Roy Kral
- ☐ Clancy Bros. & Makem
- ☐ Double Six of Paris
- ☐ Four Freshmen
- ☐ Four Lads
- ☐ Herman's Hermits
- ☐ Hi-Lo's
- ☐ Ink Spots
- ☐ J's with Jamie
- ☐ Anita Kerr Singers
- ☐ King Sisters
- ☐ Kingston Trio
- ☐ John LaSalle Quartet
- ☐ Limelites
- ☐ McGuire Sisters
- ☐ Mills Brothers
- ☐ Mitchell Trio
- ☐ Modernaires
- ☐ New Christy Minstrels
- ☐ Peter, Paul & Mary
- ☐ Platters
- ☐ The Raelets
- ☐ Righteous Brothers
- ☐ Rolling Stones
- ☐ Staple Singers
- ☐ Kirby Stone Four
- ☐ Supremes
- ☐ Swingle Singers
- ☐ _____

PLAYBOY'S ALL-TIME JAZZ HALL OF FAME (Instrumentalists and vocalists, living or dead, are eligible.)

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____

PLAYBOY'S JAZZ RECORDS OF THE YEAR: BEST INSTRUMENTAL LP (BIG BAND)

BEST INSTRUMENTAL LP (FEWER THAN EIGHT PIECES)

BEST VOCAL LP

Name and address must be printed here to authenticate ballot.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____



"Oh, that's Dr. Smithly, the noted dermatologist."

pictorial essay

THE BUNNIES OF MIAMI



ON TUESDAY NIGHT, May 9, 1961, to the astonishment of Miami's big-hotel owners, some 2500 Floridians with Rabbit-escutcheoned keys in their pockets and Southern belles on their arms queued up eight abreast along a two-block section of U.S. Highway 1—known to Miamians as Biscayne Boulevard. It was first night at the second Playboy Club, and though the Club had filled its 300-person capacity faster than you can say jack rabbit, more than a thousand of the boulevardiers and their ladies in waiting somehow found room at the hutch that night.

Encouraging as the tremendous turnout was, it did not exactly take our executives by surprise. For almost a year before the big night it seemed impossible to pick up a Miami, Fort Lauderdale, even an Orlando newspaper without finding an item, and usually an article, about the forthcoming Biscayne hutch. With the opening of the premier Chicago Club on leap-year night, February 29, 1960, the Bunny had leaped, not hopped, into international fame. "Out of a silk ear," said Herb Rau, columnist for *The Miami News*, "Hugh Hefner is making himself quite a purse."

Though the press at large shared Mr. Rau's properly playful perspective, that small, highly vocal minority who can be counted on to view with alarm whatever has charm, came through with sinister warnings. Typical was a syndicated (text continued on page 145)



"I'd feel like a fish out of water anywhere but in Miami," says Jackie Brown, who hops over to the Seaquarium every chance she gets, to feed the porpoises. Trenton's prettiest emissary, Jackie has been a Florida Bunny for four years, has her sights set on becoming a Bunny Mother. Setting sights on her on high, our camera catches Jackie in a rare moment of suspended animation.

a gracious goodness of biscayne boulevard's curvaceous cottontails



A blend of Scottish and Irish comeliness, aged to perfection for 24 years in Canton, Ohio, Bonnie Norris is one of the Miami Club's newest additions. Bonnie became a Bunny after a stint as a dancer in both *Guys and Dolls* and *Pajama Game*. Though she was pretty good in pajamas, she's obviously sensational out of them. Her pet peeve: narrow-minded people. 137



The net effect (left) of Laura Huston may win more games than her skill with the racket. A dancer from Tennessee, Laura waltzed her way into leading roles on the straw-hat circuit, then became a Bunny (above) because "it's the biggest hit in showbiz." Top right, Barbara Ager curvaceously complements a Corvette. On her days off, Barbara is off to sports-car rallies, and on vacations likes to fly to Acapulco for the bullfights. Pat Russo (below) is a stay-at-home hutch honey. "My favorite way to travel is by horseback," she says. "I may not get very far, but I don't care about that, because I love it here in Miami." Connecticut-bred and Florida-battered to a golden tan, beautiful Miss Russo will be available for further viewing when she gatefolds as our Playmate in next month's **PLAYBOY**.



Above, Laura Huston courts admiring glances. Right, one of the best-stacked editions in the Miami Club's well-stocked Library—Pat Russo.





Following her public debut at age 18 as *PLAYBOY*'s Miss December 1958, Joyce Nizzari, far left, was besieged with you-ought-to-be-in-pictures offers and has since then juggled Bunnydom and an acting career with equal and unequalled skill—appearing with Sinatra in *A Hole in the Head*, with Tony Curtis in *The Great Race*, and on TV's *Burke's Law* and *The Man from U.N.C.L.E.* Another cottontail with credits galore, model-Bunny Brenda Sakobie (left and below) has been Miss Jaycee Queen, Miss Citrus Queen and Miss Florida Sunshine—"my favorite reign," says Brenda, "if you'll pardon the pun." From Paris comes Christy Bertrand, above and right, who is equipped with a degree in philosophy from the Sorbonne, and rates a Ph.D. in physiology. The girl with an arm on the guitar and a seat on the stereo is Dianne Tucker from Dallas, who, when she isn't singing it or being it, writes poetry. Who else but a poet would list her likes as the ocean, grain elevators, expensive clothes, olives and April showers?





Little (not quite five feet, two) Dianne Tucker doesn't sing for her supper, but she'd like to. Like her idol Bobbie Dylan, she writes what she plays. 141



142 Joani Medina perches (top) and comes up for air (center). Above, Elaine Reynolds garnishes drink.



Both of the golden girls gracing this page are heretofore Hoosiers—Bobbie Galletta, above, coming from Evansville, and Nancilee Furnish, below, from Madison. Besides their hereditary and environmental resemblances, Bobbie and Nancilee discovered, when they met in Miami, that they're both ardent antique collectors. But while Bobbie goes antiquing strictly with an eye to prettifying her apartment, Nancilee turns a scholarly eye on the presence of things past as she moonlights at night school toward a bachelor's degree in art history. In the lively arts department, there's no one livelier than Joani Medina (far left, top and center)—an all-round outdoor sportsgirl who is, by nature, a winner. Shown coming out on top (near left, at nearly 40") is Playmate-Bunny Elaine Reynolds. Elaine grew upward and outward in Jersey City, New Jersey, and is an avid tennis player who in this shot covers the backcourt wisely and well.





The beautiful abutment on the palm to your left is Diana Balough—at home, mistress to five German shepherds: "a mother and a father and three babies." Diana herself came into the world 22 years ago a hop, skip and a jump from the spot where she's standing. Sunnie Muhlke, above, is a long way from home. A University of Zurich grad, Sunnie admits her best subject was skiing. "Arriving in Miami, I figured switching from snow- to water-skis would be easy, but one lesson proved me all wet." Another water Bunny is Linda Gail Gainer, below, who likes to get into the swim from the high board. Her best dive—the half gainer, of course. The luscious sight to the right is Sally Duberson (PLAYBOY's Miss January 1965). A liberal-arts major at the University of Miami, Sally appropriately makes one of the most liberal and artful contributions to this pictorial.

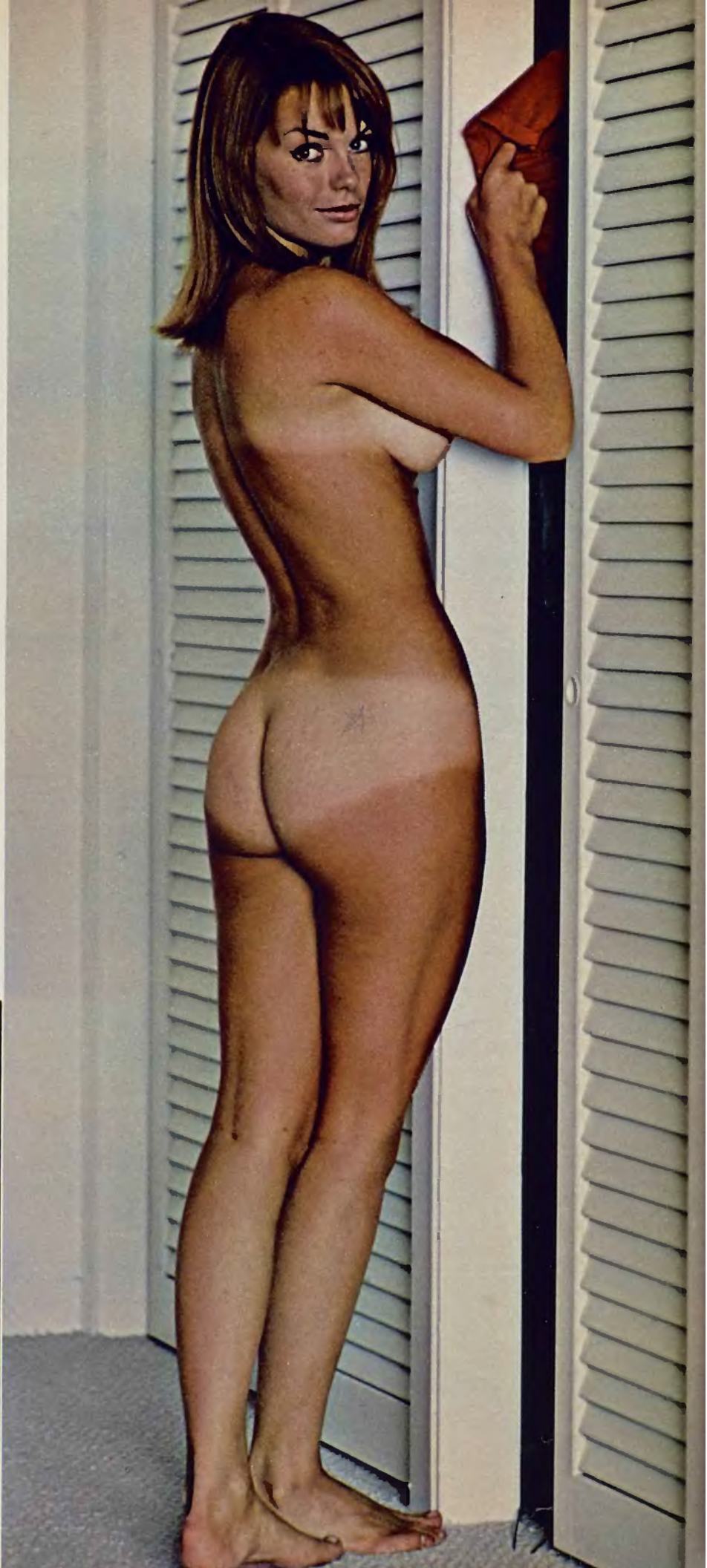


An adorable daily double in black tie and white tails, wearing black satins, Diana Balough (left) and Linda Gail Gainer (right) at their post positions at 11:30 A.M., as the Sunshine State hutch swings open.



column by Russell Kirk bearing the headline "BUNNY EARS ARE SYMPTOMS OF A SICK SOCIETY"—prompting one reader to inquire where he could get the whole disease. Predictably, the ban-the-Bunny intentions of the fractious fringe backfired, stimulating the anticipations (not to mention Key applications) of Sunshine Staters.

May in Miami is hardly the merry, merry month. Rather, it's sort of meantime before the summertime season really gets rolling—certainly not, mused local tourist-wise entrepreneurs, the best time to open a swimming pool, much less a swinging club, with a splash. But, as Fort Lauderdale's Ray Baribeau, original manager of the Miami Club and currently regional manager of Playboy International's Southern states operation, explained the delay of the originally planned New *(continued on page 222)*



*"Yes, madam,
I'm sure he's
in the bath."*



Largas



MOTHER CHANG, one of the Sung dynasty's wiliest matchmakers, kowtowed at the feet of her rich and handsome patron, Li King. "O noble sire," said she. "By the great Buddha, I pledge that I can bring you to bed with lovely Lotus Petal. And you need only place one hundred gold pieces in my teakettle."

"Despicable woman," replied the nobleman, "for one hundred pieces I can romp a fortnight with *all* the denizens of a house of joy. Yet," he continued, "I am intrigued by your description of this nubile lass. She has never left her stringent father's side, except to learn sewing at your hand, so say you?"

"Yes, o lord and master."

"And even though she is of noble lineage, she has not been vouchsafed to receive young gentlemen paying court?"

"Indeed, your Lordship. She is as innocent in the ways of love as a babe in swaddling." The old woman bowed low once again, then whined, "Only one hundred gold pieces, magnificent sir. A mere pittance for one so great as you."

"You know well I can afford the price, you lowly trull, but I have been disillusioned once too often by your unkept promises. Will she not, like all the rest, wish to wed me when she learns of my exalted station? And then, when further informed that already I am wed, will she not, if indeed a lady, run to the arms of her father? Bah, foolish goat, this will be another affair no longer than the emperor's beard. I'll have none of it."

The old woman replied, "I humbly beseech the forbearance of one so highborn for one so worthless as I, honored master, but hear me, please. You are, like me, of sporting nature. If I can induce this winsome miss to lie by your side for no more than one turn of the moon, I receive nothing. But if you have her as you will, one hundred pieces."

The nobleman reflected on Mother Chang's description of Lotus Petal's dumplinglike bottom and ripe-persimmon breasts. "You have something nestling up your sleeve," he said at length. "Very well, agreed."

As soon as Li King left, Mother Chang invited Lotus Petal to assist her in weaving a shawl. The two women worked for two and one half days, with Mother Chang incessantly chattering about her former loves—slyly mixing the exotic with the erotic—in hopes of stirring the girl's burgeoning yens. On the afternoon of the third day, Li King arrived as

prearranged. He sat close by Lotus Petal, the better, he said, to admire her delicate fingerwork. The girl, soon flushing to her toe tips, welcomed the setting sun and protested that she must leave. Mother Chang, however, imploring Lotus Petal's assistance for yet another hour, persuaded her to stay for dinner. As the three of them supped, the shy girl's tongue became looser and, after the third goblet of wine, she began to prattle familiarly about painting, chess and cards. Mother Chang, perceiving the time to be propitious, cackled that more wine was needed and bounded out the door before the young girl could demur at being left alone with the gentleman. Li King sat closer to her and paid homage in languid, flowery phrases. As the wine continued to stimulate her senses, he moved closer still, until, quite by accident, his sleeve knocked a chopstick to the floor. As it rolled under Lotus Petal's foot, Li King reached for it, but grasped instead her delicate ankle.

"Oh, no," she whimpered breathlessly.

But soon he touched her knee; and then her thigh, as the whimpering grew less and less distinct.

"Oh, gracious lady," he whispered, "it would be bliss even to die at your hands—although that is not what I have in mind at the moment."

So saying, he lifted her and laid her down on Mother Chang's bed. Now, sharing a pillow, they also shared a bliss as venerable as the ages of man.

When they had completed their joust, Li King murmured to himself, "Alas, she is beautiful, but she will be fickle like the others."

His thoughts were interrupted by a loud clatter at the door. Mother Chang came charging in, squawking like an irate duck. "How now," she quacked. "I asked you here to go a-sewing, Lotus Petal, not a-whoring. I wonder what your father will say!"

"Oh, no, kind mother," exclaimed the girl. "He will hang me from the rafters by my toenails."

Mother Chang smiled craftily. "The great sage Confucius tells us, 'To evoke respect, one must respect.' So hear me now: I will respect your secret if you will respect my wish, which is that you shall meet the noble Li at my quarters whenever he so desires. You may tell your father you are assisting me. And indeed you are."

—Adapted by Anatole Lamont



look that the ready-to-wear designers have come up with in years. We recommend it highly.

Don't overlook the ultrasoft sport styles coming out this year. One of the leaders in this field will be a sueded jacket with leather pockets and a stand-up collar like the one we put on Tony Franciosa in Lisbon. For taking your ease, it's hard to beat some of the combination corduroy and antelope-suede jackets coming in from Spain. Check the picture of Kirk Douglas to see how this casually comfortable style works out.

The ever-growing popularity of slack and jacket coordinate outfits is well founded, and we predict they will become increasingly important in the years to come. The major mills and designers have generally done an excellent job in coordinating jackets and slacks with a sense of high style.

SLACKS: Trousers with a country flair will be the big direction this season. Look for solid fashion in hopsacks, corduroys, flannels, twills and oxford-weave worsteds. Happily, the iridescent mode's, which we never liked very much anyway, are fading fast. Following the lead of the sports-jacket materials, the move is to softer slack fabrics.

Belt-loop slacks look as if they are going to make a big comeback. We foresee strong interest in durable permanent-pressed trouser stylings. The process has been refined and now works effectively without that sewn-in look you used to see more on children's clothes.

Corduroy, from the widest to the thinnest of wales, is going to be one of the hottest slack fabrics around. Both domestic and imported corduroys should be easily available. They will range from browns in luxurious hues of nutmeg, buckwheat and bronze to bright greens and blues.

Dress slacks are going to show up on the darker side. Charcoal gray is still big, but we predict that the deep-blue shades will come on strong because they go so well with the new sports-coat colors.

SWEATERS: Simplicity in styling, which is the essence of good fashion, shapes up as the leading sweater story for the coming season. The V-neck pullover is still the standard of the field. These work out best in a lamb's wool, like the one Mort Sahl modeled for us, or in a brushed mohair, like the one director Arthur Penn donned for us. The classic cardigan never loses its appeal, and two masters of casual dress, Gene Kelly and Tony Bennett, showed us why. Broadway's Anthony Newley modeled for us in one of the relatively few good bulky sweaters to be seen this year. In these thick styles, European imports are the ones to watch. Cable stitching in both

flat and brushed knits will range in size from the miniature to the mammoth, in such unusual applications as diamond shapes and huge crisscross patterns. There will also be a number of dramatic new patterns, ranging from Argyles and sharp zigzags to gigantic full-sweater geometric designs.

You will do well to pay attention to the competition stripes that have been adapted from beach fashions. These are colorful single or double racing stripes that streak across the chest and biceps or sometimes take a dramatic bias course across the front. Checking in from Europe are some suede-front models, particularly cardigans and pullovers with multicolored panels, perforated designs and sewn-on knit cables. Another Continental touch is the layered-look combination of a V-neck sweater with an attached turtleneck dickey, which is showing up again this year making good cold-weather fashion sense. A navy sweater with white or yellow dickey is one of our favorites. There are so many velour sweater models in view that we had to shoot all three members of the Peter, Paul & Mary trio just to begin to show them to you.

DRESS SHIRTS: The strangle hold of the buttondown collar over all other shirt stylings is gradually being loosened. More and more in the coming season you will see spreads and tabs take over, particularly for business and more formal wear. The buttondown is still the nonpareil for sports clothes and for the more casual spring and summer suitings, but very often it doesn't come off with the elegantly sophisticated suitings you will be seeing this fall. Colors for the business dress shirts have not changed much. White, as always, is the dominant choice, but we foresee an almost endless number of stripes available. The best stripe colors are among the blue, tan, brown and black shades. One of the newest stripe ideas will be to show much more ground, with the stripes running up to an inch apart. Be on the lookout for new emphasis on multicolor stripes featuring as many as four shades.

The solid colors are going to move ahead strongly this fall. Our vote goes to the blues, yellows and the variety of tans ranging from cream to dark bone.

SPORT SHIRTS: Here, the buttondown is still king, with the longer 3" to 3½" collar version becoming more and more important. Some shirtmakers are going to add a flap on the pocket. Rugged country shirts designed to be worn either in or out should make a big splash. Many of these styles are beefy enough to be worn outdoors without a jacket. As we predicted last year, the shirt jacs will be coming out in heavier fabrics for fall pleasure. Corduroy jacs ought to be particularly prominent.

OUTERWEAR: There is more freshness, originality and solid design talent in the smart new topcoats than we have seen in a long time. Our favorite is a tailored, semifitted topcoat which makes the perfect choice to complement the new shaped suits so much in evidence. Available in understated worsteds, sharkskins and blends, these coats lend an air of sophistication to any suit you wear.

This looks like the year when the call of the open range is heard throughout the land. Split-cowhide jackets with either snap or button fronts look to be big favorites. They should be showing up in rough leather, cotton suede and corduroy and usually with synthetic-pile linings and collars. Big fabric stadium and car coats in combinations of corduroy or wool, with pile or shearling on the inside, ought to come on strong with the sport set. A light-green, wide-wale-corduroy carcoat style we put on John Frankenheimer was one of the best we saw. Many will feature attached hoods and the oversized "book" pockets favored by the collegians. Short topcoats in a small check will be another popular choice. Composer Henry Mancini showed us the way with this styling in an olive-and-blue model with a split raglan sleeve.

The fact that James Bond never wore a trench coat doesn't seem to faze anyone. The trencher looks *de rigueur* for his kind of work, and its styling touches are going to be seen everywhere this season. Many otherwise standard coats are coming out with belts, flaps, epaulets and rings.

For dressier outerwear that stays casual, the British warmers are the best of the lot. Raincoats are also taking on an international flavor this fall. The primary influences are the trencher and the military coat, but the variety should be endless—single- and double-breasted, cut full or trimmed, long or short, with frills or without, solid or patterned, in traditional tans, dress-up black or new-fashioned blues or bronzes.

We're glad to report that there are some really top-quality reversibles on the market this year. One of the best is a wide-wale corduroy with a trench-influenced raglan, reversing to cotton twill with oversize flap pockets and a full belt.

TIES: The major influence is still the traditional stripe, but over-all figures and challis are going to be a big part of the scene. The bold paisleys on light grounds that made it big this spring and summer are coming back for the fall in heftier textures. One of these can be a dramatic addition to your darker-toned suits.

JEWELRY: With interest turning to shirt cuffs and dress shirts, you should pay more attention to your cuff linkage. Linen should be shown at the cuff, and
(concluded on page 188)

LOXFINNER



time was running out for israel bond, secret agent oy oy seven—he had trailed his quarry from the hebrew himalayas to the red sea, tumbled the beautiful poontang plenty, thwarted a treacherous plot to destroy his homeland, but now no power on earth could save him
parody By SOL WEINSTEIN

wop! wop!

Two silencer-muffled shots slammed into the headboard of the bed upon which Israel Bond was making love to the impassive Oriental girl whose body, insouciantly straddled, lay beneath his eager thighs.

Even as he hurtled his body into a protective dive off the rumpled sheets into the corner of the room, upsetting a lamp, Bond's trained ears instinctively identified the weapon bent upon destroying him: the characteristic sound indicated, of course, an Italian-make gun, probably an Olivetti. Wielded by a very inept assassin, thank God!

Or so he thought until—wop!—a third shot seared his right shoulder. He lay helpless in the corner of Room 1818 of Miami Beach's prestigious Palmetto Roach Hotel, panting, a hot streamlet of blood coursing from his grazed shoulder into the dank, matted hairs of his chest, reddening the golden chain of his mezuzah, the cylindrical symbol of his faith. The lampshade, jarred loose by his dive, landed atop his head. I must be a ludicrous sight, he thought bitterly, a look of resignation framing his dark, cruelly handsome visage as he awaited the fourth bullet, the one that would end his life. Nay, his double life, for he had been sharing two existences—one the carefree, dashing public-relations man about town ("Israel Bond? Oh, yes, that Hebrew chap. Loads of fun at any party . . . he knows where the broads and the action are . . ."), and Israel Bond, prized member of a clandestine coterie, the Secret Service of the tiny democracy of Israel.

In that service he was known as Oy Oy Seven, a status which gave him license to kill. Not only was an Oy Oy holder licensed to kill, but he was also empowered to hold a memorial service over the victim. Bond thought of M, the head of the Secret Service, the only person to whom he had ever given his total love and trust: M, who had bestowed the Oy Oy rank upon him. But now, Bond reflected as he gazed into the menacing O of the Olivetti, the sallow-complexioned, wiry Levantine type in the bellhop's uniform who held it had that license to kill. And he would use it.

From a corner of a glazed eye, Bond caught the girl's face. No longer was it the sweetly obedient face of the lissome Oriental Bond had picked up a few hours ago. Its lips now were curled into a contemptuous sneer.

Of course! She was part of the cabal. He'd been had. As if she'd overheard his rueful thought, she responded with an insolent, "How big swinger rike his rittle Oriental praymate now?" And she spat into his face.

How different she had been earlier that evening at the Miami Beach Auditorium where Bond had gone with a fellow *bon vivant*, Seymour Feig, press agent for the Miss World Wow-Eee-Wow contest.

"Bond," Feig had winked, "one of the contestants has kind of a thing for you. She spotted you at the Boom Boom Room the other night and wants to meet you. I think you got a little action there."

So they had met. "My name is (continued on page 188) 149

oysters "R" in season

from chincoteague to the shores of ireland to the great barrier reef, this bountiful bivalve is the pearl of the sea

food By THOMAS MARIO IN A WORLD where the supply of quality caviar is slowly dwindling; where truffles are becoming more and more scarce; where the diminishing lobster is fetching a king's ransom, we are indeed happy to report that the oyster, one of nature's most succulent bounties, is on the increase. Only two years ago oyster prophets of gloom were mourning the loss of the disappearing mollusks as the annual crop grew smaller and smaller. Oyster famines aren't new. Although man is the biggest of all the oyster's predators, until recently he has been by no means the smartest nor the most persevering. Historically it has been the subforms of sea life, particularly the starfish, the drill and the sponge, that managed to get to their oysters before man. Even birds, such as the oyster catcher, have always been able to fly circles around oystermen. Eschewing complicated gear, they merely waited for the low tide to expose the oyster beds and then swooped down for their fresh oyster cocktail. In Africa, hungry chimpanzees completely ignore the caveat of the R-less months and have been known to make pilgrimages hundreds of miles for a fresh shore dinner. Thanks to new oyster-farming techniques in this country, man is able to protect oysters from those low lifes and keep the tasty little fellows for himself. The catch last year was hiked to something like a whopping 2,000,000 pounds. This year oyster prospects are even brighter.

The mounting oyster crop is bound to please the world of aphrodisia. That oysters have the power to generate and regenerate male sexual desire is an article of absolute faith so venerable and so widespread that if doctors at the Mayo Clinic officially declared the oyster to be an efficacious aphrodisiac, the announcement would not cause much more than a ho-hum. The prodigal powers of oysters have been commonly accepted since Caesar's legions sampled their first British bivalves. Before he burned out, the most licentious gormandizer of all times, Roman Emperor Vitellius, was said to have eaten 1000 oysters at one sitting or, to be exact, at one reclining. It just wasn't a real orgy without a few platters of oysters. No less a scholar than Voltaire went on record testifying that spiced oysters were celebrated for their contributions to fecundity. Later, Byron sang of the beautiful bivalve as the amatory food of Don Juan. There were always skeptics who would have their evidence from the lab rather than the boudoir. Such cynics could be referred to physicians who for generations had prescribed phosphorus compounds from their professional list of *materia aphrodisia*. Oysters, as everyone knew, were notable for their phosphorus content. Too much of it, taken straight, could conceivably kill a man, but oysters could only make one more alive. For centuries medical writers had described the positive effects of drinking sea water because of its phosphorous content. A grown-up oyster guzzles up no less than 160 quarts of sea water a day. Eating oysters was, by far, the most pleasant way of getting one's regular dose. For centuries many pious Frenchmen chronically found themselves in a real oyster stew: Oysters couldn't be excluded from the fish and seafood recommended in place of meat during days of penance. And yet, from all available evidence at the time, oysters, somehow or other, seemed to inflame the very passions the meatless diet was supposed to suppress. When you serve oysters today, you appeal to what Brillat-Savarin called the *sens génésique*, a sixth sense that draws the sexes together and depends on all the other senses for its power, but particularly on mature taste buds. For the glory of the oyster lies in the subtle delicacy of its flavor which, alas, often is lost on the neophyte but is a delight to the experienced trencherman.

There are two cults among men who've reached their oysterhood: the raw school, which looks on cooking an oyster as a foul desecration of natural flavor, like baking a watermelon; and the partisans of cooked oysters, who find taking them raw a bit barbaric for their tastes. The true *aficionado* eats them any way he can, from raw oysters scooped from the submerged barks of mangrove trees in Southern waters to baked oysters casino served on polished silver platters. The scales were once heavily weighted in favor of the raw school, since the simple oyster on the half shell, with its suave, salty deep-sea tang, its protean texture both tender and chewable, was the most persuasive kind of evidence one could possibly offer. Old-line oystermen want their half shells so fresh that when a few drops of lemon juice or freshly ground pepper are sprayed on the oysters, you can see a visible reflex action. They look upon cocktail sauce with a wary eye: It's all right if it's used as a modest dip on the corner of a raw oyster, but when you drown a raw oyster headfirst in a maelstrom of catsup, chili sauce, horseradish and Tabasco, you're no longer dining on oysters, but gluttonizing on cocktail sauce and using the precious mollusk to do your swabbing.

If you are going to cook your oyster, the first thing to remember is that its delicate flavor must be caressed, not bullied. When oysters go into a stew or a sauce, they must be escorted with spices that are titillating without being inflammatory. Never upstage the oyster's delicate salt-water savor. One of the delightful things about most smoked oysters is that the flavor of the smoke, which can be wanton and acrid in other foods, (continued on page 220)



PHOTOGRAPHY BY J. BARRY O'ROURKE

WALL AND THE DOOR

(continued from page 102)

you were ordered to do, mister, or you'll take the consequences."

Jones shouted at him, "Consequences? What consequences? You couldn't even have me fired, because I can make a damn good case that you prevented me from finishing the job. I'm not under your orders either. This seems a good time to remind you of the forgotten tradition that with this"—he took hold of the narrow lapel of his own sports jacket—"I outrank any uniform in this whole entire Pentagon." He caught the swift smile of the civilian, and therefore trained his next blast on him. "Consequences? The only consequence you can get now is to deny yourself and your country the answer to your question. The only conclusion I can come to is that something else is more important to you than that. What else?" He stood up. So did the officers.

From his chair, the civilian said sonorously, "Now, now . . . gentlemen. Surely we can resolve this problem without raising our voices. Mr. Jones, would the possession of two of these questions help you in your diagnosis? Or even one?"

Breathing hard, Jones said, "It might."

The civilian opened his long white hands. "Then there's no problem after all. If one of you gentlemen—"

"Absolutely not," said the admiral instantly.

"Not me," growled the colonel. "You want compromise, don't you? Well, go ahead—you compromise."

"In this area," said the civilian smoothly, "I possess all the facts, and it is my considered judgment that the disclosure of my question would not further Mr. Jones' endeavors." (Jones thought, the admiral said the same thing in two words.) "Admiral, would you submit to my judgment the question of whether or not security would be endangered by your showing Mr. Jones your question?"

"I would not."

The civilian turned to the colonel. One look at that rock-bound countenance was sufficient to make him turn away again, which, thought Jones, puts the colonel two points ahead of the admiral in the word-economy business.

Jones said to the civilian, "No use, sir, and by my lights, that's the end of it. The simplest possible way to say it is that you gentlemen have the only tools in existence that would make it possible for me to repair this gadget, and you won't let me have them. So fix it yourself, or leave it the way it is. I'd see you out," he added, scanning the walls of the tiny room, "but I have to go to the john." He stalked out, his mind having vividly and permanently photographed the astonishment on the admiral's usually composed features, the colonel's face fury-twisted into something like the knot that binds the lashes of a whip, and the civilian grinning broadly.

Grinning broadly?

Ah well, he thought, slamming the men's-room door behind him—and infuriatingly, it wouldn't slam—Ah well, we all have our way of showing frustration. Maybe I could've been just as mad more gently.

The door moved, and someone ranged alongside at the next vertical bathtub. Jones glanced, and then said aloud, "Maybe I could've been just as mad more gently."

"Perhaps we all could have," said the civilian, and then with his free hand he did four surprising things in extremely rapid succession. He put his finger to his lips, then his hand to the wall and then to his ear. Finally he whisked a small folded paper out of his breast pocket and handed it to Jones. He then finished what he was doing and went to wash up.

Shh. The walls have ears. Take this.

"All through history," said the civilian from the sink, his big old voice booming in the tiled room, "we read about the impasse, and practically every time it's mentioned, it's a sort of preface to an explanation of how it was solved. Yet I'll bet history's full of impasses that just couldn't be solved. They don't get mentioned because when it happens, everything stops. There just isn't anything to write down in the book anymore. I think we've just seen such an occasion, and I'm sorry for each of us."

The old son of a gun! "Thanks for that much, anyway, sir," Jones said, tucking the paper carefully away out of sight. The old man, wiping his hands, winked once and went out.

. . .

Back in his office, which seemed three times larger than it had been before the conference, Jones slumped behind his desk and teased himself with the small folded paper, not reading it, turning it over and over. It had to be the old man's question. Granted that it was, why had he been so willing to hand it over now, when three minutes earlier his refusal had been just about as adamant as—adamant? So, Jones, quit looking at the detail and get on the big picture. What was different in those three minutes?

Well, they were out of one room and into another. Out of one room that was damn well not bugged and into one which, the old man's pantomime had informed him, may well be. Nope—that didn't make sense. Then—how about this? In the one room there had been witnesses. In the second, none—not after the finger on the lips. So if a man concluded that the civilian probably never had had an objection to Jones' seeing and using the question, but wanted it concealed from anyone else—maybe specifically from those other two . . . why, the man had the big picture.

What else? That the civilian had not said this, therefore would not bring him-

self to say it in so many words, and would not appreciate any conversation that might force him to talk it over. Finally, no matter how reluctant he might be to let Jones see the paper, the slim chance Jones offered him of getting an answer outweighed every other consideration—except the chance of the other two finding out. So another part of the message was: I'm sitting on dynamite, Mr. Jones, and I'm handing you the detonator. Or: I trust you, Mr. Jones.

Sobeit, old man. I've got the message.

He closed his eyes and squeezed the whole situation to see if anything else would drip out of it. Nothing . . . except the faint conjecture that what worked on one might work on the other two. And as if on cue, the door opened and a bland-faced major came in a pace, stopped, said "Beg pardon, sir. I'm in the wrong room," and before Jones could finish saying "That's all right," he was gone. Jones gazed thoughtfully at the door. That major was one of the colonel's boys. That "wrong room" bit had a most unlikely flavor to it. So if the man hadn't come in for nothing, he'd come in for something. He hadn't taken anything and he hadn't left anything, so he'd come in to find something out. The only thing he could find out was whether Jones was or was not here. Oh: and whether he was or was not alone.

All Jones had to do to check that out was to sit tight. You can find out if a man is alone in a room for now, but not for ten minutes from now, or five.

In two minutes the colonel came in.

He wore his "I don't like you, mister" expression. He placed his scarred brown hands flat on Jones' desk and rocked forward over him like a tidal wave about to break.

"It's your word against mine, and I'm prepared to call you a liar," grated the colonel. "I want you to report to me and no one else."

"All right," said Jones, and put out his hand. The colonel locked gazes with him for a fair slice of forever, which made Jones believe that the Medusa legend wasn't necessarily a legend after all. Then the officer put a small folded paper into Jones' outstretched palm. "You get the idea pretty quick, I'll say that, mister"; he straightened, about-faced and marched out.

Jones looked at the two scraps of folded paper on the desk and thought, I will be damned.

And one to go.

He picked up the papers and dropped them again, feeling like a kid who forces himself to eat all the cake before he attacks the icing. He thought, maybe the old boy wants to but just doesn't know how.

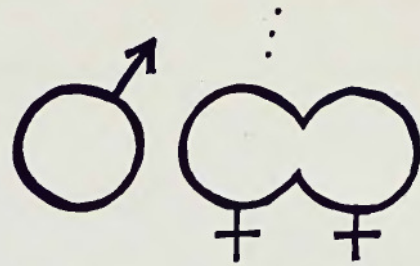
He reached for the phone and dialed for the open line, wondering if the admiral had had it canceled yet.

(continued overleaf)

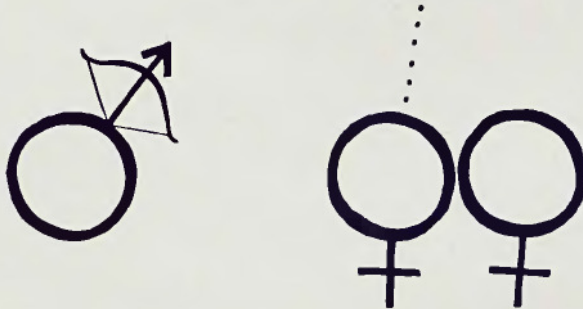
SYMBOLIC SEX

more sprightly spoofings of the signs of our times
humor By DON ADDIS

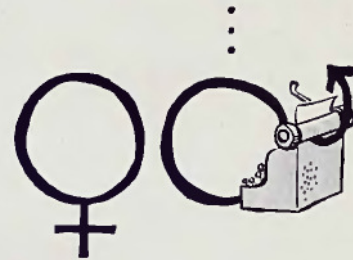
I'D LOVE TO, IF MY SISTER
WOULD HOLD STILL FOR IT



...AND WHATEVER YOU DO,
DON'T PICK UP AN APPLE



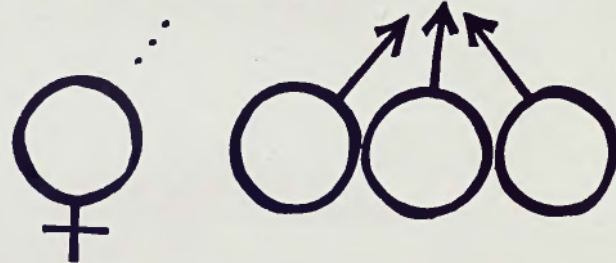
DID YOU EVER HAVE
ONE OF THOSE DAYS...?



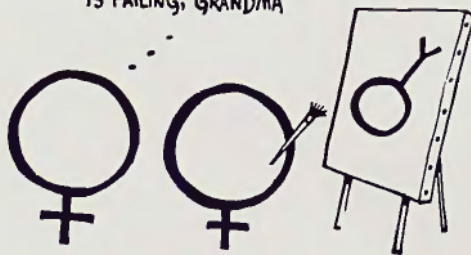
GOT THE BUGS OUT OF
YOUR INVENTION YET,
MR. GUILLOTINE?



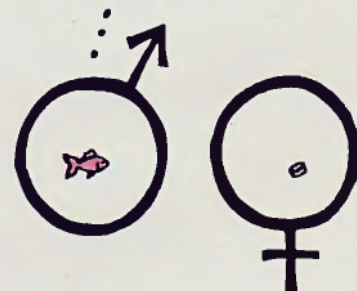
WHAT DO YOU MEAN,
"ONE FOR ALL"?



I THINK YOUR MEMORY
IS FAILING, GRANDMA



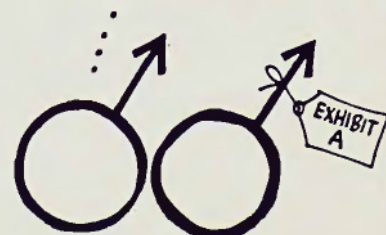
COLLEGE KIDS TODAY DON'T
KNOW WHAT FUN IS



UNTIL LAST NIGHT MY
LIFE WAS POINTLESS



RELAX. I'VE HANDLED HUNDREDS
OF PATERNITY RAPS



He had not, and he wasn't waiting for the first ring to finish itself. He knew who was calling and he knew Jones knew, so he said nothing, just picked up the phone.

Jones said, "It was kind of crowded in here."

"Precisely the point," said the admiral, with the same grudging approval the colonel had shown. There was a short pause, and then the admiral said, "Have you called anyone else?"

Into four syllables Jones put all the outraged innocence of a male soprano accused of rape. "Certainly not."

"Good man."

The Britishism amused Jones, and he almost said Gung ho, what?; but instead he concentrated on what to say next. It was easy to converse with the admiral if you supplied both sides of the conversation. Suddenly it came to him that the admiral wouldn't want to come here—he had somewhat farther to travel than the colonel had—nor would he like the looks of Jones' visiting him at this particular moment. He said, "I wouldn't mention this, but as you know, I'm leaving soon and may not see you. And I think you picked up my cigarette lighter."

"Oh," said the admiral.

"And me out of matches," said Jones ruefully. "Well—I'm going down to ORACLE now. Nice to have known you, sir." He hung up, stuck an unlit cigarette in his mouth, put the two folded papers in his left pants pocket, and began an easy stroll down the catacombs called corridors in the Pentagon.

Just this side of ORACLE's dead-end corridor, and not quite in visual range of its security post, a smiling young ensign, who otherwise gave every evidence of being about his own business, said, "Light, sir?"

"Why, thanks."

The ensign handed him a lighter. He didn't light it and proffer the flame; he handed the thing over. Jones lit his cigarette and dropped the lighter into his pocket. "Thanks."

"That's all right," smiled the ensign, and walked on.

At the security post, Jones said to the guard, "Whoppen?"

"Nothing and nobody, Mr. Jones."

"Best news I've had all day." He signed the book and accompanied the guard down the dead end. They each produced a key and together opened the door. "I shouldn't be too long."

"All the same to me," said the guard, and Jones realized he'd been wishfully thinking out loud. He shut the door, hit the inner lock switch, and walked through the little foyer and the swinging door which unveiled what the crew called ORACLE's "temple."

He looked at the computer, and it looked back at him. "Like I told you before," he said conversationally, "for some-

thing that causes so much trouble, you're awful little and awful homely."

ORACLE did not answer, because it was not aware of him. ORACLE could read and do a number of more complex and subtle things, but it had no ears. It was indeed homely as a wall, which is what the front end mostly resembled, and the immense size of its translators, receptors and the memory banks was not evident here. The temple—other people called it Suburbia Delphi—contained nothing but that animated wall, with its one everblooming amber "on" light (for the machine never ceased gulping its oceans of thought), a small desk and chair, and the mechanical typewriter with the modified Bodoni type face which was used for the reader. The reader itself was nothing more than a clipboard (though with machined guides to hold the paper exactly in place) with a large push button above it, placed on a strut which extended from the front of the computer, and lined up with a lens set flush into it. It was an eerie experience to push that button after placing your query, for ORACLE scanned so quickly and "thought" so fast that it was rapping away on its writer before you could get your thumb off the button.

Usually.

Jones sat at the desk, switched on the light and took out the admiral's lighter. It was a square one, with two parts which telescoped apart to get to the tank. The tight little roll of paper was there, sure enough, with the typescript not seriously blurred by lighter fluid. He smoothed it out, retrieved the other two, unfolded them, stacked them all neatly; and then, feeling very like Christmas morning, said gaily to the unresponsive ORACLE:

"Now!"

Seconds later, he was breathing hard. A flood of profanity welled upward within him—and dissipated itself as totally inadequate.

Wagging his head helplessly, he brought the three papers to the typewriter and wrote them out on fresh paper, staying within the guidelines printed there, and adding the correct code symbols for the admiral, the colonel and the civilian. These symbols had been assigned by ORACLE itself, and were cross-checked against the personnel records it carried in its memory banks. It was the only way in which it was possible to ask a question including that towering monosyllable "I."

Jones clipped the first paper in place, held his breath and pushed the button.

There was a small flare of light from the hood surrounding the lens as the computer automatically brought the available light to optimum. A relay clicked softly as the writer was activated. A white tongue of paper protruded. Jones tore it off. It was blank.

He grunted, then replaced the paper with the second, then the third. It seemed that on one of them there was a half-sec-

ond delay in the writer relay, but it was insignificant: the paper remained blank.

"Stick your tongue out at me, will you?" he muttered at the computer, which silently gazed back at him with its blank single eye. He went back to the typewriter and copied one of the questions, but with his own code identification symbols. It read:

THE ELIMINATION OF WHAT SINGLE MAN
COULD RESULT IN MY PRESIDENCY?

He clipped the paper in place and pushed the button. The relay clicked, the writer rattled and the paper protruded. He tore it off. It read (complete with quotes):

"JOHN DOE"

"A wise guy," Jones growled. He returned to the typewriter and again copied one of the queries with his own code:

IF I ELIMINATE THE PRESIDENT, HOW
CAN I ASSURE PERSONAL CONTROL?

Wryly, ORACLE answered:

DON'T EAT A BITE UNTIL YOUR EXECUTION.

It actually took Jones a couple of seconds to absorb that one, and then he uttered an almost hysterical bray of laughter.

The third question he asked, under his own identification, was:

CAN MY SUPPORT OF HENNY BRING PEACE?

The answer was a flat no, and Jones did not laugh one bit. "And you don't find anything funny about it either," he congratulated the computer, and actually, physically shuddered.

For Henny—the Honorable Oswaldus Deeming Henny—was an automatic nightmare to the likes of Jones. His weather-beaten saint's face, his shoulder-length white hair (oh, what genius of a public-relations man put him onto that?), his diapason voice, but most of all, his "Plan for Peace" had more than once brought Jones up out of a sound sleep into a cold sweat. Now, there was once a man who entranced a certain segment of the population with a slogan about the royalty in every man, but he could not have taken over the country, because a slogan is not a political philosophy. And there was another who was capable of turning vast numbers of his countrymen—for a while—against one another and toward him for protection: and he could not have taken over the country, because the manipulation of fear is not an economic philosophy. This Henny, however, was the man who had both, and more besides. His appearance alone gave him more nonthinking, vote-bearing adherents than Rudolph Valentino plus Albert Schweitzer. His advocacy of absolute isolation brought in the right wing, his demand for unilateral disarmament brought in the left wing, his credo that science could, with a third of munitions-



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size budgets, replace foreign trade through research, invention and ersatz, brought in the tech segment, and his dead certainty of lowering taxes had a thick hook in everyone else. Even the most battle-struck of the war wanters found themselves shoulder to shoulder with the peace-at-any-price extremists, because of the high moral tone of his disarmament plan, which was to turn our weapons on ourselves and present any aggressor with nothing but slag and cinders—the ultimate deterrent. It was the most marvelous blend of big bang and beneficence, able to cut chance and challenge together with openhanded Gandhism, with an answer for everyone and a better life for all.

"All of which," complained Jones to the featureless face of the computer, "doesn't help me find out why you wouldn't answer those three guys, though I must say, I'm glad you didn't." He went and got the desk chair and put it down front and center before the computer. He sat down and folded his arms and they stared silently at each other.

At length he said, "If you were a people instead of a thing, how would I handle you? A miserable, stubborn, intelligent snob of a people?"

Just how do I handle people? he wondered. I do—I know I do. I always seem to think of the right thing to say, or to ask. I've already asked ORACLE what's wrong, and ORACLE says nothing is wrong. The way any miserable, stubborn, intelligent snob would.

What I do, he told himself, is to empathize. Crawl into their skins, feel with their fingertips, look out through their eyes.

Look out through their eyes.

He rose and got the admiral's query—the one with the admiral's own identification on it—clipped it to the board, then hunkered down on the floor with his back to the computer and his head blocking the lens.

He was seeing exactly what the computer saw.

Clipboard. Query. The small bare chamber, the far wall. The . . .

He stopped breathing. After a long astonished moment he said, when he could say anything, and because it was all he could think of to say: "Well I . . . be . . . damned . . ."

. . .

The admiral was the first in. Jones had had a busy time of it for the 90 minutes following his great discovery, and he was feeling a little out of breath, but at the same time a little louder and quicker than the other guy, as if he had walked into the reading room after a rubdown and a needle-shower.

"Sit down, Admiral."

"Jones, did you—"

"Please, sir—sit down."

"But surely—"

"I've got your answer, Admiral. But

there's something we have to do first." He made waving gestures. "Bear with me."

He wouldn't have made it, thought Jones, except for the colonel's well-timed entrance. Boy oh boy, thought Jones, look at 'm, stiff as tongs. You come on the battlefield looking just like a target. On the other hand, that's how you made your combat reputation, isn't it? The colonel was two strides into the room before he saw the admiral. He stopped, began an about-face and said over his left epaulet, "I didn't think—"

"Sit down, Colonel," said Jones in a pretty fair imitation of the man's own brass gullet. It reached the officer's muscles before it reached his brain and he sat. He turned angrily on the admiral, who said instantly, "This wasn't my idea," in a completely insulting way.

Again the door opened and old living history walked in, his head a little to one side, his eyes ready to see and understand and his famous mouth to smile, but when he saw the tableau, the eyes frosted over and the mouth also said: "I didn't think—"

"Sit down, sir," said Jones, and began speling as the civilian was about to refuse, and kept on speling while he changed his mind, lowered himself guardedly onto the edge of a chair and perched his old bones on its front edge as if he intended not to stay.

"Gentlemen," Jones began, "I'm happy to tell you that I have succeeded in finding out why ORACLE was unable to perform for you—thanks to certain unexpected cooperation I received." Nice touch, Jones. Each one of 'em will think he turned the trick, singlehandedly. But not for long. "Now I have a plane to catch, and you all have things to do, and I would appreciate it if you would hear me out with as little interruption as possible." Looking at these bright eager angry sullen faces, Jones let himself realize for the first time why detectives in whodunits assemble all the suspects and make speeches. Why they *personally* do it—why the author has them do it. It's because it's fun.

"In this package"—he lifted from beside his desk a brown paper parcel a yard long and 15 inches wide—"is the cause of all the trouble. My company was founded over a half century ago, and one of these has been an appurtenance of every one of the company's operations, each of its major devices and installations, all of its larger utility equipment—cranes, trucks, bulldozers, everything. You'll find them in every company office and in most company cafeterias." He put the package down flat on his desk and fondled it while he talked. "Now, gentlemen, I'm not going to go into any part of the long argument about whether or not a computer can be conscious of what it's doing, because we haven't time and we're not here to discuss metaphysics. I will, however, remind you of a childhood chant. Re-

member the one that runs: 'For want of a nail the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe the horse was lost; for want of a horse the message was lost; for want of the message the battle was lost; for want of the battle the kingdom was lost—and all for the want of a horseshoe nail.'"

"Mr. Jones," said the admiral, "I—we—didn't come here to—"

"I just said that," Jones said smoothly, and went right on talking until the admiral just stopped trying. "This"—he rapped the package—"is ORACLE's horseshoe nail. If it's no ordinary nail, that's because ORACLE's no ordinary computer. It isn't designed to solve problems in their own context; there are other machines that do that. ORACLE solves problems the way an educated man solves them—by bringing everything he is and has to bear on them. Lacking this one part"—he thumped the package again—"it can then answer your questions, and it accordingly did." He smiled suddenly. "I don't think ORACLE was designed this way," he added musingly. "I think it . . . became . . . this way . . ." He shook himself. "Anyway, I have your answers."

Now he could afford to pause, because he had them. At that moment, the only way any of them could have been removed was by dissection and haulage.

Jones lined up his sights on the colonel and said, "In a way, your question was the most interesting, Colonel. To me professionally, I mean. It shows to what detail ORACLE can go in answering a wide theoretical question. One might even make a case for original creative thinking, though that's always arguable. Could a totally obedient robot think if you flatly ordered it to think? When does a perfect imitation of a thing become the thing itself?"

"You're not going to discuss my question here," said the colonel as a matter of absolute, incontrovertible fact.

"Yes I am," said Jones, and raised his voice. "You listen to me, before you stick that trigger finger of yours inside that tunic, Colonel. I'm in a corny mood right now and so I've done a corny thing. Two copies of a detailed report of this whole affair are now in the mail, and, I might add, in a mailbox outside this building. One goes to my boss, who is a very big wheel and a loyal friend, with as many contacts in business and government as there are company machines operating, and that puts him on the damn moon as well as all over the world. The other goes to someone else, and when you find out who that is it'll be too late, because in two hours he can reach every paper, every wire service, every newscasting organization on earth. Naturally, consistent with the corn, I've sent these out sealed with orders to open them if I don't phone by a certain time—and I assure you it won't be from here. In other words, you can't do anything to me and you'd better not de-



*"You're just a lecherous old man, Mr. Thornton!
Now, if you were a lecherous young man . . ."*

lay me. *Sit down, Admiral,*" he roared.

"I'm certainly not going to sit here and—"

"I'm going to finish what I started out to do whether you're here or not." Jones waved at the other two. "They'll be here. You want that?"

The admiral sat down. The civilian said, in a tolling of mighty sorrow. "Mr. Jones, I had what seemed to be your faithful promise—"

"There were overriding considerations," said Jones. "You know what an overriding consideration is, don't you, sir?" and he held up the unmistakable ORACLE query form. The civilian subsided.

"Let him finish," gritted the colonel. "We can—well, let him finish."

Jones instantly, like ORACLE, translated: *We can take care of him later.* He said to the colonel, "Cheer up. You can always deny everything, like you said." He fanned through the papers before him and dealt out the colonel's query. He read it aloud:

"IF I ELIMINATE THE PRESIDENT, HOW CAN I ASSURE PERSONAL CONTROL?"

The colonel's face could have been shipped out, untreated, and installed on Mount Rushmore. The civilian gasped and put his knuckles in his mouth. The admiral's slitted eyes went round.

"The answer," said Jones, "makes that case for creative thinking I was talking about. ORACLE said: 'DETONATE ONE BOMB WITHIN UNDERGROUND H.Q. SPEND YOUR SUBSEQUENT TENURE LOOKING FOR OTHERS.'"

Jones put down the paper and spoke past the colonel to the other two. "Get the big picture, gentlemen? 'UNDERGROUND H.Q.' could only mean the centralized control for government in the mountains. Whether or not the President—or anyone else—was there at the time is beside the point. If not, he'd find another way easily enough. After that happened, our hero here would take the posture of the national savior, the only man competent to track down a second bomb, which

could be anywhere. Imagine the fear, the witch-hunts, the cordons, the suspicion, the 'Emergency' and 'For the Duration' orders and regulations." Suddenly savage, Jones snarled, "I've got just one more thing to say about this warrior and his plans. All his own strength, and the entire muscle behind everything he plans for himself, derives from the finest *esprit de corps* the world has ever known. I told you I'm in a corny mood, so I'm going to say it just the way it strikes me. That kind of *esprit* is a bigger thing than obedience or devotion or even faith, it's a species of love. And there's not a hell of a lot of that to go around in this world. Butchering the President to make himself a little tin god is a minor crime compared to his willingness to take a quality like that and turn it into a perversion."

The civilian, as if unconsciously, hitched his chair a half inch away from the colonel. The admiral trained a firing-squad kind of look at him.

"Admiral," said Jones, and the man twitched, "I'd like to call your attention to the colonel's use of the word 'eliminate' in his query. You don't, you know, you just *don't* eliminate a live President." He let that sink in, and then said, "I mention it because you, too, used it, and it's a fair conjecture that it means the same thing. Listen: 'WHAT SINGLE MAN CAN I ELIMINATE TO BECOME PRESIDENT?'"

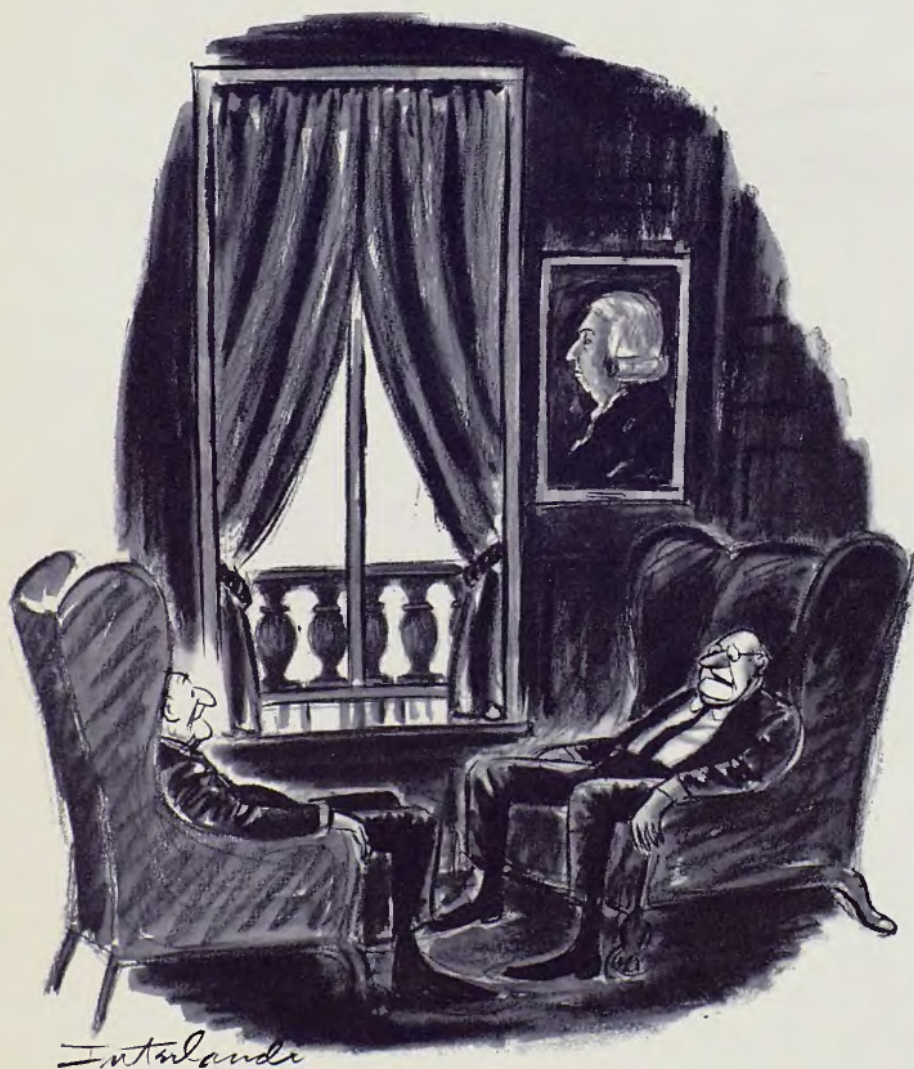
"There could hardly be any *one* man," said the civilian thoughtfully, gaining Jones' great respect for his composure. Jones said, "ORACLE thinks so. It wrote your name, sir."

Slowly the civilian turned to the admiral. "Why, you sleek old son of a bitch," he enunciated carefully, "I do believe you could have made it."

"Purely a hypothetical question," explained the admiral, but no one paid the least attention.

"As for you," said Jones, rather surprised that his voice expressed so much of the regret he felt, "I do believe that you asked your question with a genuine desire to see a world at peace before you passed on. But, sir—it's like you said when you walked in here just now—and the colonel said it, too: 'I didn't think...' You are sitting next to two certifiable first-degree murderers; no matter what their overriding considerations, that's what they are. But what you planned is infinitely worse."

He read, "'CAN MY SUPPORT OF HENNY BRING PEACE?' You'll be pleased to know—oh, you already know; you were just checking, right?—that the answer is Yes. Henny's position is such right now that your support would bring him in. But—you didn't *think*. That demagog can't do what he wants to do without a species of thought policing the like of which the ant-heap experts in China never even dreamed of. Unilateral disarmament and high morality scorched-earth! Why, as a nation we couldn't do that unless we



"What I resent most about the new morality is that we didn't get in on it."

meant it, and we couldn't mean it unless every man, woman and child thought alike—and with Henny running things, they would. Peace? Sure we'd have peace! I'd rather take on a Kodiak bear with boxing gloves than take my chances in that kind of a world. These guys," he said carelessly, "are prepared to murder one or two or a few thousand. You," said Jones, his voice suddenly shaking with scorn, "are prepared to murder every decent free thing this country ever stood for."

Jones rose. "I'm going now. All your answers are in the package there. Up to now it's been an integral part of ORACLE—it was placed exactly in line with the reader, and has therefore been a part of everything the machine has ever done. My recommendation is that you replace it, or ORACLE will be just another computer, answering questions in terms of themselves. I suggest that you make similar installations in your own environment . . . and quit asking questions that must be answered in terms of *yourselves*. Questions which in the larger sense would be unthinkable."

The civilian rose, and did something that Jones would always remember as a decent thing. He put out his hand and said, "You are right. I needed this, and you've stopped me. What will stop *them*?"

Jones took the hand. "They're stopped. I know, because I asked ORACLE and ORACLE said this was the way to do it." He smiled briefly and went out. His last glimpse of the office was the rigid backs of the two officers, and the civilian behind his desk, slowly unwrapping the package. He walked down the endless Pentagon corridors, the skin between his shoulder blades tight all the way: ORACLE or no, there might be overriding considerations. But he made it, and got to the first outside phone booth still alive. Marvelously, wonderfully alive.

He heard Ann's voice and said, "It's a real wonderful world, you know that?"

"Jones, darling! . . . you certainly have changed your tune. Last time I talked to you it was a horrible place full of evil intentions and smelling like feet."

"I just found out for sure three lousy kinds of world it's not going to be," Jones said. Ann would not have been what she was to him if she had not been able to divine which questions not to ask. She said, "Well, good," and he said he was coming home.

"Oh, darling! You fix that gadget?"

"Nothing to it," Jones said. "I just took down the

THINK

sign."

She said, "I never know when you're kidding."




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Leopold Doppler

(continued from page 120)

the greasy love stuff came on—a kid swirled in a maelstrom of excitement and convulsive passion that has left a lasting mark on all who sat in attendance. There are countless men today, and not a few women, who have what they euphemistically call “bad knees” resulting from a malady just recently diagnosed as triple-feature paralysis; a knee permanently assuming a lambent L shape, with concomitant bruises and contusions resulting from being propped against the top of the seat ahead, accompanied by permanent numbness in the upper buttocks. It is incurable, and its symptoms are unmistakable.

Strategically spaced between the cowboy epics were episodes of *Flash Gordon* and *Superman* serials to quell the troops between rounds of gunfire and volleys of guitar playing. Rage poured in waves from the audience the instant Gene Autry put down his six guns and took up his Sears-Roebuck melody box to sing *Red River Valley* through his noble Roman nose. It was an intransigently antisentimental crowd. Luckily for Autry, he worked in the pre-switchblade era, but there were other means to vent aggression on the beaded screen. As the first notes from his steel guitar rolled out over the throng, a shower of bottle caps and chocolate-covered raisins arched through the flickering beam of light that cut the darkness above our heads. The ushers leaped forward at the ready, but by then the gunfire had resumed on screen, and blessed violence had stilled the mob.

A colossal high point came along after the third running of *Thunder over the Prairie*, starring Johnny Mack Brown. The lights would go up in the house, illuminating a scene of carnage and juvenile debauchery unrivaled in the most decadent day of the Roman downfall. Knee-deep in Baby Ruth wrappers, sated with popcorn, jaws aching from a six-hour session of bubble-gum chewing, we sat holding our ticket stub, waiting for the fateful drawing. On stage was wheeled a chicken-wire drum filled with torn tickets, and behind a silver, bullet-shaped microphone appeared the slight but commanding, black-clad, balding figure of the legendary Mr. Doppler himself. In person.

Behind him was piled the loot for that day: Chicago roller-bearing roller skates, Hack Wilson Model fielders' mitts; Daisy air rifles endorsed personally by Red Ryder and complete with direction-finding compass in the stock and handy sundial for telling time under difficult trail conditions; and the grand prize—a Columbia bicycle with balloon tires and two-tone iridescent paint job.

Doppler grabbed his audience hard and fast with his opening line, the instinct of a showman blazing through:

“Shut up in the balcony!”

We scrunched forward in our teetery seats, Hershey bars clasped dripping between unheeding fingers. Ticket stubs held at the ready, we waited for our number to be called. Two ushers on stage spun the drum and a volunteer—usually a pimply-faced lout from the first two or three rows—pulled out the tickets while Mr. Doppler, milking each drawn number for all it was worth, built the drama of expectancy and chance as surely and skillfully as only a true dramatist can.

At long last came the drawing for the grand prize. The house lights dimmed and went out. Wheeled center-stage in the brilliant blue-white vaudeville spot, it stood alone and coldly inaccessible. A vast hush fell on the huddled throng, broken only by the soft, muted squishing of Mary Janes being pulverized by loose milk teeth. The drum spun and slowed and finally stopped. Doppler raised his hand imperiously in the way that mighty Casey must have done, quelling the multitude as the crucial moment approached. Absolute silence as the volunteer's grubby claw fished among the ticket stubs—searching for his own, no doubt—finally drawing from the chicken-wire cage a tiny orange fleck of torn paper. He solemnly handed it to the usher, who ceremoniously presented it to Mr. Doppler. The sun stood still in the firmament.

Mr. Doppler gazed for a moment at the stub and then looked meaningfully out over the audience and back again to the stub. His voice, ringing with feedback, intoned:

“The winning number is . . . D . . .”

A pregnant pause. We hunched forward as one man, seats creaking in unison. All our tickets began with DI

“D . . . seven . . .”

Muffled groans, anguished outcries, seats slammed angrily in isolated spots. Doppler raised his eyes menacingly. Again silence.

“D . . . seven . . . oh . . .”

More screams and thumps. My palm itched sweatily. I was still in the running. This could be the week!

Mr. Doppler continued, pretending to have difficulty in reading the number.

“D . . . seven . . . oh . . . let's see. This is Dee-seven-oh-three . . .” The audience, now in a state of frenzy, scattered wails of lament. The thud of bodies falling amid popcorn cartons as Doppler closed with a smashing finish, his voice climbing to a crescendo.

“D-seven-oh-three-eight!”

I sank back into my seat as a high, thin squeak came from somewhere near the EXIT sign to the left of the popcorn stand. A great roar of hatred arose among the defeated as a tiny, limp figure, carried down the aisle by jubilant companions, rushed toward the stage, yipping as they came. My God! It was a girl!

Muttered obscenities in the darkness.

The mob was now in an angry mood at this ugly turn of events. A girl! Bruner next to me half rose in his cockpit, fist poised to hurl the remains of a taffy apple on stage in a statement of defiance. The sharp bark of an usher in the aisle caught him in mid-air:

“Siddown!”

The flashlight beam froze him, taffy apple cocked, jaw set. He sat, sheepishly.

On stage it was all anticlimax, and Mr. Doppler knew it. Quickly wrapping up the ceremony, he hustled the bicycle, kids and ushers off stage, and darkness fell. Again the beating surf of crackling paper wrappings, and the steady crunch-crunch-crunch of mastication picked up in tempo, blending into the fanfare of bugles superimposed on the opening credits and the classic line: REPUBLIC PICTURES PRESENTS, as we prepared for the first volley of the fourth feature of the afternoon.

The Longest Day wore on, time completely obliterated, the outside world a dim memory, no day, no night, just the thunder of the pursued and the pursuers, as the crack of fist meeting jaw and the crash of bottles hurled at barroom mirrors roared ever onward. Life was complete. Occasionally a menacing grown-up form roamed up and down the aisles in search of a huddled fugitive from the supper table. A pitiful outcry in the darkness and a kid would be dragged kicking and screaming toward the EXIT sign and back into life.

Finally, three quick *Mighty Mouse* cartoons in succession as a capper—for the road, as it were—and it was all over for another week. Back outside at last, splinter bands of bloated, sticky, Tootsie-Roll-filled kids drifted homeward, recounting in photographic detail every labyrinthine twist and turn of each feature, reliving each fistfight and showdown, each ambush and hairbreadth escape. The ideological arguments would begin, the Ken Maynard faction snorting derisively at the lesser Bob Steele contingent. An occasional Roy Rogers nut would give a nasal rendering of *The Streets of Laredo*. The few holdouts for Tim Holt, outnumbered but unbowed, were united in their disdain for the effete Gene Autry. The great day was over. We had only to face the ordeal of trying to stuff down baked beans and spareribs at supper, which wasn't easy on top of four Milky-Ways and a rich compost heap of other indigestibles moving like some great glacier down through our digestive systems.

• • •

But the uproar on Saturday afternoons at the Orpheum was as nothing compared to the continuous hoopla and razzmatazz of the rest of the week, when Mr. Doppler's bijou would rise to a fever pitch of excitement. Very little of it had anything to do with movies, but the Orpheum continued to pretend that it was



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"But, gee whiz, Mr. Filbert, I haven't taken any of you yet!"

in the film business, and so did the customers.

Monday night, immediately after supper, the adult faithful would scurry through the darkening streets toward the sacred temple to play Screeno. I have heard that in other movie houses this was called Keeno, but Mr. Doppler was a fundamentalist. As the Judy Canova fans pushed through the turnstiles, they would be handed a crude sheet of cardboard ruled off in squares, with the great black letters: SCREENO! EVERYBODY HAS A CHANCE TO WIN! WATCH YOUR NUMBERS! Next to the door was a wastebasket filled with corn kernels. Each lover of the cinematic art would grab a handful on his way into the humid arena, slide down in his seat and wait for the action.

At about seven, on would come the *Movietone News*, with the bathing beauties and the horse races, and the funny, goose-stepping, comic soldiers wearing scuttle helmets marching in phalanxes to the sound of *Deutschland, Deutschland über alles*, and Westbrook Van Voorhees and the *March of Time*. Ten minutes of previews of coming attractions, featuring music by the Coming Attractions Band, followed perhaps by a John Nesbitt *Passing Parade*, or a James A. Fitzpatrick travelog, or a *Pete Smith Specialty* or even a *Joe McDoakes*. Then the first feature would begin, with Ben Blue chasing Judy Canova around a haystack as the audience rustled their cards and crunched on corn kernels in keen anticipation of the delights to follow.

Finally Judy had deafened the multitude for the last time. The eighth reel had spun out and the moment of exultation would arrive. The house lights would go on; the popcorn bags were set aside, and there would be a moment of suspended animation while the *real* reason all were there was getting under way. On stage the great white screen stood empty. Mr. Doppler could be heard testing the P. A. system in his richest baritone: "Hello, test. Hello, test. One-two-three-four. Can you hear me up in the booth, Fred?"

And then silence. Next, on screen a great blue-and-red-numbered wheel appeared, with a yellow pointer, and Mr. Doppler would get right down to business.

"All right, folks, it's time once again to play that fun game, Screeno. Anyone filling out a diagonal or horizontal or vertical line with corn kernels wins a magnificent grocery prize. Just yell out 'Screeno.' Be sure to check your numbers. And now, here we go!"

A spectacular fanfare would wow into the sound system, since Doppler really believed in production values all the way, and the evening would start. On screen the pointer, a yellow blur, spun as band music played softly. Everyone leaned forward in their seats, their cards poised as they waited for the call of fate and riches to lay its golden laurel wreath on

their fevered, movie-loving brows. The pointer slowed and stopped, and Doppler's voice intoned:

"The first number is B twelve."

Rustlings, creaking of seats, muttering. Some wit up in the gloom hollers:

"Screeno!"

The crowd titters and the pointer spins again. A constant obligato of dropping, rolling and scrunching corn kernels and excited mumblings played like a soft flame under the great pot of gold that all pursued. Finally someone would shout "Screeno!" and the first prize of the evening was snagged. Doppler, his voice trembling with emotion, announced:

"And now the first Screeno gift of the evening, a five-dollar bag of groceries from the Piggly-Wiggly store on Calumet Avenue, credit extended, superb meats and groceries; we cash checks. This five-dollar bag of superb victuals goes to . . ."

The usher hurried down the aisle with the winner's Screeno card and his name, the audience shifting restlessly, waiting distractedly for the next game to begin, and somewhere off in the middle distance the sound of gurgling as the winning party celebrated the great coup. The pointer whirled; the action roared on. The kids, not eligible to participate under the strict international rules of classic Screeno, spent most of the time throwing corn kernels at the balcony and the silver screen.

To the right of the stage was a magnificent smoked ham, and all the other grocery gifts for the Screeno crowd. During the Depression a seven-pound ham was good for at least four months in the average family, not including 800 gallons of rich, vibrant pea soup; so Screeno was a very serious game. Rising above the usual Orpheum aroma—a rich mixture of calcified gum, popcorn, hot leatherette seats, steamy socks, Woolworth Radio Girl perfume and Kreml hair oil—was the maddening scent of smoked bacon, fresh pickles and crushed corn kernels.

Screeno was played for at least 45 minutes, until the last can of Van Camps Pork & Beans had been won, the excitement rising upward until the final great moment, the Grand Award: a year's supply of Silvercup Bread, provided by the local A & P. Bread truly was the staff of life to a dedicated Screeno addict. The same bread that the Lone Ranger lived on and that Tonto used to make French toast. Immediately after the Grand Award, which, of course, Doppler masterfully squeezed for every last drop of dramatic tension, the lights went out, and onto the screen came the face of Lou Lehr, saying, with his rich Bavarian accent, "Munngeys iss da cwaziest peebles!" Culture marched on.

. . .

Tuesday was bank night. Bank night was for the really big-time movie fans—the crowd that avoided Screeno like the plague. Every week the bank-night

jackpot rose by hundred-dollar jumps, and every Tuesday night at zero hour, amid a deep hush, beneath the spotlight, the sinister cage containing the bank-night registration slips was spun as the world perceptibly slowed in its orbital flight around the sun. Mr. Doppler, standing solemn and straight—there was no razzle-dazzle on bank night—waited beside his silver microphone as a gleaming white card was drawn by one of the audience. A moment of agonizing hesitation, and then, in a quiet voice, Mr. Doppler intoned: "Tonight's bank-night registration drawing for *seventeen hundred dollars* . . ."

A dramatic pause at this point to let the enormity of that figure sink into the souls of the transfixed congregation, most of whom hadn't seen a whole ten-dollar bill for five years running. Seventeen hundred dollars! Everyone in the house had followed the progression of bank night from the first hundred-dollar jackpot to its present astronomical height. Each week Mr. Doppler had changed the big red figures on the marquee, and all week—seven long days—the feverish bank-night dreamers passing back and forth on their aimless errands were constantly reminded. As each week rolled into history, the sweat, the fear that someone *else* would win clutched at the very vitals of each registrant. Everyone would scabble and scrape week after week to scratch up the price of a ticket, until finally, at the seventeen-hundred mark, it had become a kind of recurrent nightmare, steadily growing worse.

The movies shown on bank night unreeled before glazed, uncomprehending eyes, their pupils contracted to pinpoints glowing in the darkness. Seventeen-hundred dollars meant the difference between glorious life and penny-scrabbling existence. Thus, on bank night there were no friends, only solitary sparks of human protoplasm—alone, plotting, scheming, hoping against hope that no one else would strike it rich.

"The number is two . . . two . . . nine . . . five!"

It isn't your number. Silence. A stunned, watchful, waiting, fearful silence. Will the money be claimed? Is 2295 here? Jane Withers, Jack Oakie and even Freddie Bartholomew have been drowned and forgotten in a dark, swirling sea of anxiety.

"Is that number in the house?"

Silence.

"I repeat, is number two-two-nine-five in the house. Once."

An usher at stage right, in a blue spotlight, raised a padded mallet and struck a gong.

The clangorous boom rolled out over the multitude like a death knell, echoing from Coke machine to gilded cherubim, from high above the stage and down into the depths of the hearers' subconscious.

There is an agonizing pause, then . . .
"Twice."

BONG.

Another interminable pause.

"Two . . . two . . . nine . . . five.
Three times and . . . out!"

BONG!

A deep collective sigh of blessed, numbed, tremulous relief rose from the darkness, and the audience settled back into their seats. Already plans were under way in fevered minds on how to grub together next Tuesday's admission.

Somewhere, in some dark mortgaged frame house, number 2295, who had decided to stay home this one night in order to save the 40 cents' admission, tossed uneasily in his sleep as the great ship of fortune sailed by him, unseen, unheard, into the darkness forever.

. . .

Wednesday night was amateur night. Between features a long procession of banjo players, mouth-organ virtuosos, clog dancers, Bing Crosby imitators and other out-of-work steel puddlers engaged in mortal artistic combat for another array of Grand Awards, including an all-expenses-paid two-day trip to Chicago, a full 30 miles away, ten free vocal lessons at the Bluebird Music School ("Accordion Our Specialty") and a \$50 top prize, as determined by the applause of the audience. At least that's what the poster in the lobby called it—applause. Applause is not exactly the word that describes the acrimonious pandemonium, the disdainful hoots, catcalls and obscene noises that accompanied each act. The Orpheum on amateur night gave many of us who were fortunate enough to be in attendance at these cabalistic rituals a glimpse, a taste, of that stuff of which riots and great historical upheavals are made.

One night in particular is etched in my memory. In the middle of the show, a bulky bricklayer clumped on stage. In the pit, the piano player began a flowery intro to *Neapolitan Nights*. The bricklayer pursed his lips wetly and began to whistle in a high, thin, birdlike trill, his hairy chest perspiring, cheeks popping, eyes bulging. Instantly a wave of falsetto whoops rolled out from the audience and crashed in a rip tide of derision around the hapless hod carrier. He stopped in mid-trill.

"Awright, ya bastards! Who's the smartass?"

His fists were like two giant clubs at his sides. Another great bellow—more of a snort, actually—from the audience. Enraged, the offended artist dredged his visceral depths with a quivering subterranean hawk—and let fly, from his pursed lips, a fairly sizable silver oyster. It landed in the third row. Cut to the quick, his outraged critics arose as one and rushed over, under and around the seats toward the stage, as hundreds cheered and bird-whistled on the side lines to goad the batters on. It was the first time Mr. Doppler

had to call the police in order to get the second feature under way. But it was not to be the last.

. . .

Thursday was the one night of the week when Mr. Doppler was forced to book a halfway decent movie. It was on Thursdays that Bob Hope and Bing Crosby traveled their eternal Road, panting and leering after Dorothy Lamour. It was on Thursdays that Gary Cooper sat tall in his dusty saddle, on Thursdays that Andy Hardy and Judy Garland decided to put on a show to buy the serum for the widow's boy, who was dying of a strange, unnamed Hollywood disease—while Donald O'Connor, the wise-guy freshman, made passes at Andy's girl in the gym between tap dances. Thursday was serious-picture night, and in keeping with the solemnity of the occasion, Mr. Doppler also presented the Orpheum Singalong. As the Paramount mountain materialized on the beaded screen to end the picture, there rose from the cavernous darkness of the pit—electric motors humming—the mighty Orpheum Wurlitzer, sparkling and glowing, glittering sequins catching the light. A blindingly brilliant white, it loomed above the audience like a marble mausoleum, and seated before the arching keyboard, his wavy golden hair ashimmer, his white tuxedo coat insufferably spotless, sat the famous Orpheum organist, booming out *Chiribibin* as on screen a slide appeared with a scene of gypsies caught in mid-fandango, tambourines raised, eyes flashing hotly in glorious Technicolor. The organist spun on his twirling seat, unveiling a grinning set of dentures that made anything Liberace was to do later pale to insignificance. The slide changed: "Follow the bouncing ball and sing along with the world-famous Orpheum Wurlitzer."

A beautiful moonlit scene flashed on, sailboat in the middle foreground, a silhouetted couple June-moon-spooning against the sky, as these words appeared above them: "Red Sails in the Sunset . . ." The strains of the mighty Wurlitzer spilled out over the orchestra, overflowed the balcony and lapped against the chandelier as the white ball bounced from word to word, and the audience, conditioned by countless hours of Kate Smith, Harry Horlick and the A & P Gypsies, Jessica Dragonette and the Silver-Masked Tenor, belted it out.

Beside me in the darkness, my mother giggled self-consciously but sang on, curlers rattling, eyes shining, as the Orpheum organ pealed—the empty coalbin and next month's rent forgotten as slide after slide marched across Mr. Doppler's sing-along screen. The only time I ever heard my old man sing was when the mighty Wurlitzer, like some demonic pipe of Pan, drove him on.

"Betty Coed has lips of red for Harvard.
Betty Coed has eyes of blue for Yale . . ."

On screen a male cheerleader in white ice-cream pants and a white sweater with a big "Y" on the chest held his megaphone high and a golden-haired coed, Betty herself, tilted her perky profile toward an orange sky—as the ball bounced on and on.

. . .

So much for Thursday. Then came Friday—the black day that proved finally to be Mr. Doppler's Armageddon. For this historic night Mr. Doppler had come up with his master stroke. A spectacular display in a gleaming glass case appeared without warning in the neo-mosque lobby of the beloved Orpheum. For dramatic effect, the lobby had been darkened and strategically placed pink, blue and amber baby spots focused on the eventual cause of Doppler's downfall. Above the case in tinselled fuchsia letters, the starkly simple word blazed forth: FREE!!

The motley throng that gathered in the lobby on that fateful night stood slack-jawed before the incredible riches gleaming behind the glass. Artistic sights are rare in the steel towns of the Midwest, slumbering amid the tangled spiderweb of endless railroad tracks and groaning beneath the weight of vast acres of junkyards; but when they do appear, the natives respond with awe. Denizens of an artistic desert, they devour each scrap of beauty with a relish that warms the cockles. Tonight was no exception. The Three Stooges forgotten, they stood in dark, silent clumps and gaped, unbelieving.

Radiant, pristine, row on row, cushioned on a carpet of blood-red velvet, reposed a complete set of Artistic Deluxe Pearlman Tableware, Dinner Service of the Stars. A tasteful placard spelled it out with simple eloquence:

FREE! FREE! Beginning next Friday, one piece of this magnificent set of tableware will be presented FREE to each adult woman in attendance. The moviegoer will be able to complete this 112-piece set of magnificent dinnerware and enjoy the finest of movie entertainment.

*Signed by the Management:
Mr. Leopold Doppler*

The amber spot played sinuously and enticingly over cascading ledge upon ledge of pearlescent, sparkling, grape-and floral-encrusted tureens and platters, saucers and gravy boats, celery holders and soup bowls.

It would probably have been difficult to assemble a complete set of any kind of dinnerware from among the entire audience that night. My mother stood gazing at the artistic opulence, her breath short, her eyes glowing like coals. Our cupboards were filled with a collection of jelly jars, peanut-butter containers, plastic cottage-cheese cups and the assorted eating effluvia of three decades. Her prized possession, which she brought

out only for state occasions, was a matched Shirley Temple sugar and creamer of dark-blue glass. Our silverware consisted of Tom Mix spoons, Clara Bow pickle forks, and a Betty Crocker bread knife with a rubber handle and cardboard blade.

Hence, the effect of the Orpheum's incredible offer was galvanic. The word spread like bubonic plague, and by the end of the week the air was charged with tense expectancy. It was as though the whole town was waiting for Christmas morning—which, like all great days, approached with maddening deliberation. On Thursday it was announced in the local paper that along with the first free-dish offer, *Tarzan and the Pygmies* would be shown, along with selected short subjects. Doppler was going all out.

Friday morning dawned crisp and clear. By seven P.M. a serpentine line wound its way around the block, past the pool-room, the Bluebird Tavern, Nick Kirtso-polos' Hardware Store, and almost to the Willys-Overland showroom, a full football-field length away from the Orpheum. Our family, about halfway back in the mob, which had begun to gather early in the afternoon, was surrounded by a throng of nervous skeptics. It was hard to believe that it would really happen, that a real *dish* would be given out free just to watch Tarzan, Jane and Boy swinging from the vines. Would the

dishes run out before we got inside? A rumor spread that The Pearleen Deluxe display was a phony, just a come-on, and the dishes *we'd* get would be cheap Japanese reproductions of the real Dinner Service of the Stars.

Finally the doors opened and the mob surged forward. The box office roared with activity as we inched our way toward the marquee. Just inside the door Mr. Doppler and two minions stood, packing cases stacked behind them, handing out to each lady a beautiful, gleaming butter dish. What an opener! Doppler could have opened with a prosaic cup or saucer, but his selection of a butter dish for starters was little short of total inspiration. Handing a butter dish to housewives who came, almost to a woman, from oleomargarine families, was a master stroke. As a matter of fact, few people in the crowd had ever even *seen* a butter dish before, and some had to be told what it was for. My mother, of course, an avid reader of *Good Housekeeping*, instantly recognized the rare object for what it was: a symbol of gentility and good taste.

Still, we were oleo people, and my mother would mix the dead-white, lard-like substitute for the high-priced spread in a glass mixing bowl, adding coloring from the gelatin capsules inside the plastic package. We always referred to this as "butter" and it was invariably served on a cracked white saucer used only for that

purpose. Our new butter dish was a step into the affluent world of the 20th Century.

Mr. Doppler beamed, his black suit crinkling as he whisked out butter dish after butter dish, distributing his largess to the multitude.

"Next week there'll be a different piece, lady," he said over and over. "Maybe a bun warmer, who knows?"

Thus he insidiously planted the seed in the mind of each butter-dish clutcher that next week could be even *more* exotic. The hackles of desire rose even higher as they filed into the darkened auditorium.

"What's a bun warmer?"

"You warm buns in it, stupid!" Snatches of complex table-etiquette debates drifted back and forth as the mob went down the aisle brandishing their butter dishes. The Tarzan movie began. Popcorn bags were ripped open and ravaged; the evening was complete.

As soon as the kitchen light went on back home after the movie, even before my mother had taken off her coat, she jerked open the refrigerator door and the butter dish was put into action. Loaded with oleo, its pearleen finish lighting up the linoleum for yards around, it rested in the center of the white enamel kitchen table. Dish night had hit Hammond, Indiana, right where it lived.

The news of Mr. Doppler's dishes spread through town like wildfire. Over

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back fences, through jungles of clotheslines, down alleys, into basements, up onto front porches, into candy stores and meat markets, the winged word spread. Red, chapped, water-wrinkled hands paused on clothes wringers and washboards; bathrobe-clad figures hunched over sinks listening in amazement. Neighbors trooped into kitchens all over town to inspect at firsthand the beautiful works of art that somehow had come into the lives of the moviegoing set.

The following Friday the Orpheum drew crowds from a three-county area, a jostling throng that stood in long, expectant lines to see *Blondie Takes a Trip*, starring Penny Singleton and Arthur Lake, and to receive as compensation for that trial by fire, sure enough, a Pearlleen Bun Warmer. Mr. Doppler had not failed his public. Bun warmers flooded Lake County in a massive tide of deluxe Hollywood finish. There were few buns to warm, but we were ready for them.

The Orpheum had never known such inordinate popularity. The other movie in town, the Paramount, desperately tried to stem the rising tide of Doppler dishware. A huge, glowing sign appeared on its marquee announcing that it was prepared to offer free a one-hundred-and-eighty-seven-piece set of Movieland Mexican Plasto-Ware, designed personally by Chester Morris and including his permanent, indelibly embossed, raised signature on each and every piece. But it was too little and too late. The incandescent beauty of Mr. Doppler's dinnerware had an unbreakable grip on the aesthetic fancy of the population. Mr. Doppler was in the saddle. His power grew from week to week as each new piece was added to the growing collection that gleamed from practically every kitchen cupboard in town, crowding jelly glasses and peanut-butter jars farther and farther to the rear.

The third week saw the first cup-and-saucer combination, a two-piece bonus; the fourth week a petite, delicately modeled egg cup, the first ever seen in the Midwest. Week by week the crowds grew. Tension mounted as piece after piece was added to the kitchen shelf. Speculation was rife as to what the next week would bring. As he and his aides passed out celery dishes and consommé bowls, Doppler would lean forward and mutter confidentially, "Maybe next week an olive urn with pick..." He never said it absolutely would be an olive urn with pick; he just hinted.

The weeks flew by. The town was hooked. It had a 112-piece monkey on its back that grew heavier every week. Ladies in the last stages of childbirth were wheeled into the Orpheum, gasping in pain, to keep their skein going. Creaking grandmothers, halt and blind, were led to the box office by their grandchildren. Ladies who had not seen the light of day since the Crimean War were

pressed into service. They sat numbly, deafly in the Orpheum seats, their watery eyes barely able to perceive the shifting images on the screen, their gnarled talons clasping a sugar bowl for dear life.

Then, one night, we got *The Big Platter*, as it was called in our family for years afterward. The Big Platter—a proper name, like *The House On The Hill*, *The Basement* or *The Garage*. There was only one Big Platter in every complete set of dinnerware, the crowning jewel of Dopplers' diadem. For weeks we had filed past the magnificent display in the lobby, and there in the exact center, catching the amber spots, glowing like the solar orb itself, was *The Big Platter*.

One of the saddest sounds I have ever heard was the crash in the darkness of the theater as some numb-fingered housewife, carried away by Joe E. Brown, loosened her grip in laughter. Stunned, disbelieving, she would sit for a moment staring down in mute horror at the pearlescent slivers among the peanut shells and Tootsie Roll butt ends that formed a thick sludge underfoot. Then recriminations and suppressed sobs as the entire family rose and filed stiffly out, their only reason for being there shattered in a moment of giddy abandon. With both hands, my mother clamped our platter over her chest in a death grip.

None of us realized then, in the exultation of the moment, that the end of the idyl was already in sight. Without warning, the following Friday, the ladies were handed a finely sculptured, grape-encrusted gravy boat. In our innocence, we greeted this windfall with hosannas and bore it home to a place of honor. The next week, however, brought a premonition of disaster as a chagrined Doppler dealt out to each female patron another gravy boat, all the while mumbling over and over, "The shipment was wrong this week. You can exchange this gravy boat for a dinner plate next week." Vaguely uneasy at this unexpected break in the rhythm of dish collecting, the women filed muttering into the theater, bearing their redundant bounty.

Significantly, the third Friday was marked by a sudden avenging rainstorm that grew in intensity until, as the Orpheum hour approached, it became a genuine cloudburst. Women scuttled through the downpour, carrying their paper-wrapped gravy boats for exchange, to be met at the turnstile by Mr. Doppler and his shamefaced crew—surrounded by cases of still more shining gravy boats.

"Bring all your gravy boats in next week," he said bravely. "We will positively exchange them next week. The shipment..."

But the tide had turned. What had been, weeks before, a gay rabble of happy ticket buyers had become a pushing, disgruntled, menacing mob. And all through that fourth week a strange quiet hung over Lake County. Even the weath-

er reflected the sinister mood of watchful waiting. Fitful dry winds whistled across the rooftops, screen doors creaked in the night, dogs bayed at the sullen moon, and children cried out in their sleep.

The fourth Friday turned unexpectedly cold—a chill, clammy, premonitory cold. Solitary black-clad women bearing shopping bags full of gravy boats converged on the arena. By seven a silent clot of humanity milled under the marquee and spilled out raggedly along the gloomy, shuttered street. The doors remained shut. 7:05. 7:10. A few of those in front tapped demandingly on the wrought-brass gateway. 7:15. It was obvious that something was up. 7:20. The doors finally, reluctantly, swung open.

As the vanguard approached the turnstile, they knew the worst had come to pass. For the first time in many weeks, Mr. Doppler was absent from his post of honor. Two unknown strangers, eyes downcast, handed to each ticket holder—another gravy boat. Each one was received in stony silence and stuffed into shopping bag or hatbox, completing a set of four.

The feature that night, appropriately enough, was *The Bride of Frankenstein*, the story of a man-made female monster that turned on and destroyed her creator. For long moments, when it finally ended, the house lay in hushed darkness, waiting for Mr. Doppler's next move. On this night no gay music regaled us over the theater loudspeakers. No coming attractions. The candy counter was dark.

The mothers waited. Then a sudden blinding spotlight made a big circle on the maroon curtain next to the cold, silent screen, and out of the wings stepped Mr. Doppler to face his moment of truth. He cleared his throat before speaking into the ringing silence. No microphone tonight. He seemed to have shrunk, somehow. His tie was a little crooked and for the first time scuff marks and dust marred the gleaming toes of his black pumps. His coal-black suit was slightly rumpled. "Ladies . . ." he began plaintively, "I have to apologize for tonight's gravy boat."

A lone feminine laugh, mirthless, arid and mocking, punctuated his pause. He went on as though unhearing. "I give you my personal *guarantee* that next week . . ."

At this point a low, subdued hissing began to rise. The sound of cold, fuming venom. Doppler, his voice shrill, continued: "Next week I *personally guarantee* we will exchange all gravy boats for . . ."

He never finished that sentence. A dark shadow sliced through the hot beam of the spotlight, turning over and over and casting upon the screen the huge magnified silhouette of a flying gravy boat. Spinning over and over, the object crashed on the stage at Doppler's feet. Instantly a blizzard of gravy boats filled the air. Doppler's voice rose to a scream.



"Well, exactly what did you mean when you asked your best buddy to see that I got everything I needed?"

"LADIES! PLEASE! WE WILL EXCHANGE . . ."

A hail of gravy boats and obscenities drowned out his words. And then, spreading to all corners of the house, shopping bags were emptied as arms rose and fell in the darkness, pearlescent projectiles and maniacal female cackles driving Doppler from the stage.

High overhead someone switched off the spotlight and *The Bride of Frankenstein* flickered onto the screen. But it was too late. More gravy boats were launched, and yet more. An almost inexhaustible supply, as though some great mother lode of Deluxe Dinnerware had been struck. The eerie sound track of the movie mingled with the rising and falling cadence of wave upon wave of hurled threats and missiles—and outside, the distant wail of approaching riot cars. The house lights went on. The back of the Orpheum was suddenly lined with a phalanx of blue-jowled policemen. The tumult ebbed. Glutted with revenge, the audience sat taciturnly amid the ruins. Under the guidance of pointed night sticks, they filed into the grim darkness of the outside world. The dish-night fever was over, once and for all.

The great days of Leopold Doppler had passed forever. The doors of the Orpheum never opened again. Mr. Doppler disappeared from our lives without a trace, leaving behind countless sets of uncompleted Hollywood Star-Time Dinnerware, memories of Errol Flynn stripped to the waist, climbing the rigging of a pirate barkentine; of George Raft, smooth

and oily under his snap-brim fedora, surrounded by camel-hair-coated henchmen; of Bobby Breen and Deanna Durbin on a rose-covered swing; of Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald waltzing endlessly under Japanese lanterns; of José Iturbi at a piano made of ivory and mirrors playing cascading rhapsodies before thousand-piece orchestras in a perpetual MGM grand finale. It was the end of an era.

. . . .

"Want me to warm up your cup?" Abruptly, the counterman snapped me back from screenland. Before I could answer, he moved away. I knew what I had to do. Stealthily, like a cat, in one quick motion, I swept the damp green bowl into my briefcase. In my booming John Wayne voice, to keep him off my trail, I barked gruffly, "Well, gotta push off."

I slapped a buck on the counter and scuttled out with my priceless *objet d'art*. For a brief instant I almost panicked as I heard the thin, tinny voices of the Andrews Sisters singing a chorus of *Roll Out the Barrel* from my attaché case—but it was just the buzzing of a leaky neon sign that spelled EATS.

A moment later I was out on the Turnpike, jaw set, wearing my widely applauded Claude Rains smile, the hard-earned result of hundreds of hours logged in secret practice before the bathroom mirrors of my adolescence, carrying with me nought but my tattered memories, and a relic that would confound as-yet-unborn generations of anthropologists: a mute, lumpy Rosetta stone of our time.



CHARLES AZNAVOUR *glad to be sad*

SHORT, SORROWFUL-EYED, thin-as-a-breadstick and 40ish, French show-business phenomenon Charles Aznavour would seem an unlikely candidate for anybody's matinee-idol list, but the songwriter-singer-music publisher-actor heads up nine corporations, has scores of employees, a brace of châteaux and the Gallic equivalent of \$2,000,000 that prove otherwise. He has jam-packed Paris' Olympia and New York's Carnegie Hall with his female followers who have a limitless capacity for songsmith Aznavour's lovelorn lyrics and melancholy melodies as purveyed by vocalist Aznavour. His tunes (he's written over 500 of them) are as familiar to Frenchmen as *La Marseillaise*. His rave-reviewed screen role, as the marked-for-death musician in the hit French flick *Shoot the Piano Player*, established him as an actor of considerable talent and further underlined his amazing box-office appeal. The husky-voiced Aznavour comes by his talents genetically; his mother and father (Armenians) were actors and Charles rates his father as one of the only two good Armenian singers extant. Aznavour's first big song smash, *J'ai Bu (I Drank)*, set the downbeat keynote for his future successes. His latest entrees into America's pop charts, *Venice Blue* and *For Mama*, indicate that the Aznavour proclivity for the doleful ballad continues unabated. For Charles, it's doing what comes naturally: "My songs are autobiographical. One finds love once in a thousand meetings. I must be one of those who will never find it." If he cannot requite the near-hysterical affection of the hundreds of thousands of females, young and old, who adoringly yell "Shar! Shar!" at him from the other side of the concert hall's footlights, Aznavour (who's scheduled for a three-week stint on Broadway this month) can find comfort in the silver-lining aspects of his loveless plight as he wends his way to the bank.

**RICHARD LESTER** *the knack*

AS FAR AS BRITISH cinemaphiles are concerned, the greatest example of American largess since lend-lease has been a 33-year-old Philadelphian named Richard Lester. Pound by pound at Britain's box offices, Lester has spent the past two years establishing firm claim to the title of cinematic clown prince over the current international crop of comedy directors, with a record of four financial hits in as many filmic attempts. The balding young impresario first entered the directorial limelight in 1963, when his initial cinemacomedy effort, *The Mouse on the Moon*, proved a successful spoof of the Russo-American space race. Shortly after, Beatle baiters the world over were confounded by Lester's *A Hard Day's Night*, wherein he managed to transform the famed quartet of torso-twisting troubadours into first-chair film comedians. His latest box-office bonanza, *Help!*, again places Lester in the redoubtable role of bossing the Beatles, a role he so enjoys that he switched tailors and showed up on location dressed in the latest Mods' menswear. "I like individualism," says Lester, explaining his prowess in handling England's notorious band of mop-topped minstrels, "so I'm inclined to be on the side of youth, of rebellion, of playfulness." But his greatest cinematic coup to date occurred earlier this year, when *The Knack*—a film which took Lester only eight weeks to film but several months to edit, and which caused a cinema critic to praise him as a director with "a painter's vision and a special knack in the cutting room"—won the coveted Golden Palm Award at the 1965 Cannes Film Festival. Before finding his moviemaking métier, Lester made a peripatetic jack-of-all-trades tour of the arts, which began soon after his graduation from the University of Pennsylvania at 18 ("I was one of the brighter idiots"). It took him all over Spain, France and North Africa earning a living as a café pianist and strolling guitar plucker; then deposited him without a farthing on Britain's balmy shores, just in time to get a foot in the door of that nation's newly formed commercial television industry and subsequently write and direct the medium's first original video musicomedy, before going on to direct the prodigious Goon Shows. Currently shooting the forthcoming film version of *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum*, Lester is still criticized by some for his breakneck film pacing. His response: "The worst thing a director can do is to underestimate the speed of an audience."

ON
THE
SCENE

GERALD TSAI *bullish in boston*

A BOSTON BULL who moves like a cat through the market maze of money management is Gerald Tsai, Jr., the aggressive head of the Massachusetts-based Fidelity Capital Fund. Tsai (sounds like sigh) lately has been playing one of the hottest hands on Wall Street. A native of what is now Red China, the 36-year-old Tsai took over the growth-fund portfolio of the Fidelity mutual group in 1958 and, starting virtually from scratch, worked its holdings up to more than \$240,000,000. Tsai runs against the grain of most mutual-funds group managers who believe in wide diversification with bulging files of hundreds of different issues. Tsai runs with a sleek list of stocks that rarely goes more than 50. "I want to be in a position to move into a stock when I see value," Tsai says. By keeping his portfolio trim with highly marketable issues, he can move quickly when the time comes. When Tsai does move, it's often in a lightning stroke: If he "sees value," he buys and buys quickly without haggling over a fraction of a point. When it's time to sell, Tsai can get out fast and is willing to sell below the market price in the interest of speed. This kind of quick action pays rich dividends if the dealer's timing is just right. Happily for the holders of Fidelity Capital Fund, Tsai has one of the keenest senses of timing in the market. Tsai's own personal stock as an analyst is so high that he is one of those rare men who kick off a flurry of activity on an issue just on the basis of a rumor that they are supposed to be buying—or selling. In the animal terminology dear to the heart of the market, Tsai aligns himself with the bulls: In spite of market reverses this summer, he looks for the Dow Jones Industrial Index to rise to nearly 1000 by the end of the year. But regardless of what the averages are, Tsai's delighted fund holders expect him to be well ahead of any general market levels.



human life. Such a suggestion completely disregards the human need for companionship, the desire for security in communion with another, the totality of "love" that can and does develop between man and woman. It also forgets that marriage and family life necessarily require some adjustment in patterns of living previously established and therefore should take place before habits are too well set.

My proposal instead would be earlier marriage. If the family has positive value, as I believe it does, then society should recognize its economic responsibility toward young couples—since it has deprived them of the opportunity to earn their own way. This does not mean that young couples cannot and should not seek to delay childbirth.

In terms of the family and of sex, therefore, we need to change the emphasis from simple physical attraction and instinctual gratification to comprehension of what sex, love and marriage mean in all their ramifications, and how we in Western society have come to fit them together. I see as a hopeful sign the tendency in colleges to develop these nonphysical attractions of love first and to approve intercourse if the couple is planning to be married.

Until we are prepared to accept the sex problem not simply on the plane of an animal instinct to be gratified, but rather as a part of the whole human social complex, sex will continue to be a problem for any institution and any person concerned with the whole fabric of human life.

Robert Edward Green, Minister
First Universalist Church
North Olmsted, Ohio

The suggestion that society encourage earlier marriages is one of the most unique solutions to the problem of premarital sex that we've ever heard; unfortunately, it is also one of the most impractical. The net result of this stratagem would be a sizable increase in the divorce rate.

The disproportionate number of unsuccessful marriages consummated by couples in their teens is staggering. In a recent study of 5000 teenage marriages, conducted by the Archdiocese of Montreal, it was found that where both parties were under 18 at the time of the marriage, only 15 percent were successful; and where both parties were under the age of 17, the chances of success dropped to one in 100.

We doubt that you've fully considered the implications in your statement that "marriage and family life necessarily require some adjustment in patterns of living previously established and therefore should take place before habits are too well set." We agree that marriage requires adjustment on the part of both

husband and wife, but it is the sort of adjustment that mature individuals are most capable of making. To propose that teenagers wed "before habits are too well set" is to invite marital maladjustment and divorce.

Incidentally, Hefner has never proposed that young people devote the years prior to marriage to fun and games (spelled s-e-x or any other way) and "neglect all the nonsexual needs of human life." To the contrary, he has suggested delaying the average age of marriage to permit the fuller development of the whole individual, in the belief that the additional maturity thus acquired will considerably increase the chances of marital adjustment and happiness, thus significantly decreasing the chances of divorce.

DOUBLE STANDARD DAMNED

As one of your faithful female readers, I'd like to take issue with those who claim that you relegate the female to an inferior role in sexual relationships. In all my thorough perusing of *The Playboy Philosophy*, I have never noticed that you have taken an exclusively male viewpoint; your ideas could have been conceived and set forth by a person of either sex. And I certainly have never detected any references to women that struck me as disrespectful or degrading.

But!

Not all of your male readers get that point. Having spent the last few years battling the double standard on all fronts, I regretfully inform you that although almost all the men I meet read and endorse the *Philosophy*, and even recommend it to female friends, quite a few of them take a dim view of it in actual practice. The country's campuses are still too full of young men who'll desist from sowing their wild oats just long enough to declare their firm intentions of marrying virgins.

Being only 20 and not interested in an early marriage, I don't insist on any strong emotional commitment in a relationship. Since most of the men I date are also rather young, I look only for a mutual liking and respect based on intellectual compatibility. I find this the best way for a couple to enjoy each other's company without too much strain or friction.

However, this easygoing attitude can sometimes cost a girl a few friends (perhaps not such valuable ones) and a certain loss of reputation. I know it's not worth a trauma, but it is a mild irritation to run into a young man who'll expound on Hefner in the evening and call you a tramp the next morning (behind your back more often than to your face) because you exhibit no extreme emotional attachment and/or ask for none. I find a certain irony in the fact that the friend

who first recommended the *Philosophy* to me, after finding that I had a body, forgot that I had a mind; the friendship eventually fell apart when he decided I was immoral and lost all respect for me.

I can still find enough opened-minded companions to keep from being bitter about the few bad eggs, and I've never been moved to regret my stand in the "sexual revolution." But I wanted to point out that, although you imply no inferior role for women, not all of your readers are so scrupulous. And I stress again that all these men I speak of read and pay at least lip service to *The Playboy Philosophy*.

I would like to see Hefner devote a little more time to the persistent problem of the double standard.

Virginia McCreary
Louisville, Kentucky

He intends to, in a future installment of "The Playboy Philosophy."

SEX ON CAMPUS

I doubt that Pastor Holt is speaking for all of the students who belong to the Wesley Foundation at West Georgia College, as he states in his letter of criticism ("Unanimous Disagreement," *Playboy Forum*, July 1965). I agree with your reply that nonmarital pregnancy does not repudiate a more permissive attitude toward sex. However, it certainly saddens it, and if Pastor Holt were more realistic, he could perhaps help do something about the problem. Pastor Holt would do a far greater service to the young men and women on campus if he helped them make *The Playboy Philosophy* more workable rather than unworkable!

Pastor Holt seems to be ignoring the facts of life. College students are sexually mature, if not yet emotionally mature, and since no one has yet devised a way to eliminate sex from the campus, the realistic thing to do is to eliminate some of the consequences. I am neither advocating nor condemning premarital sex or even casual sex, but I do recognize that it exists.

The problem is this: A complex double standard still prevails on campus. Most college students aren't sufficiently mature to be honest with one another on this subject, but more important—they aren't even honest with themselves. The girls are constantly confronted with the dilemma, "Should I or shouldn't I?" But even though they make their decision long before they actually indulge, they kid themselves into believing that their decision was made in the heat of uncontrollable passion. This somehow makes it more moral and is, at the same time, a hedge against the loss of respect from the young man who may really be a Victorian at heart. Because of this unwillingness to admit that their decision was made in time to take precautions against pregnancy, the girls go blissfully along taking chances. Some girls are so unrealistic as to take such chances night after night,

all the while blaming it on uncontrollable passion.

What does Pastor Holt tell those PLAYBOY-influenced students who come to him for guidance? Does he tell them that sex is for adults and that they must be prepared to act like responsible adults if they wish to indulge? Does he point out that any doctor would rather help an embarrassed virgin than hand down a verdict of pregnancy to a frightened and tearful college freshman? If he does not, he is losing his opportunity to be effective where it really counts.

The new, uncomplicated and certain contraceptives will not produce premarital promiscuity any more than puritan Christian ethics successfully suppressed premarital sex in the past. Nor will contraceptives change the morality or immorality of sex among college students, where Pastor Holt is concerned. But contraceptives will remove one definitely immoral consequence of premarital sex; and, by removing the fear of pregnancy, give those who do indulge a chance to get safely through college and so better guarantee their future.

Karen Smith
Chicago, Illinois

SIN, SUFFER AND REPENT

I feel marriages would be held together longer if neither partner had had premarital intercourse. My husband and I had relations two months before marriage; now, after being married one year and four months—with a three-month-old son—our relationship, as far as sex goes, is dull and without excitement. I feel I would enjoy intercourse much more if we hadn't had premarital relations and had learned and experimented together from scratch. I look down on those prostitutes and couples, engaged or not, who have intercourse previous to marriage, just as I've lost respect for my husband and myself, although my husband doesn't share any of my views on sex. As far as illegitimate babies go, there should be no contraceptives at all for the unmarried. I don't think the girls would get pregnant unless God meant this as a punishment for engaging in the sex act. I have absolutely no pity whatsoever for the girls, only the poor babies who have all the suffering and shame to go through because of their mothers' mistakes and immorality.

The trouble these days is that there aren't enough respectable girls left. I think sex is played up to be too big a thing. You can't see a decent movie these days unless you like watching nude males and females run around from bed to beach, etc. I'm in favor of censorship.

Mrs. G., Jr.
Fort Walton Beach, Florida

CASE FOR ABORTION

I have been a longtime devotee of *The Playboy Philosophy*, and now I am

concerned with its practical application.

Case history: Female; 21; I.Q., 135; three years of college; 3.76 average on a 4-point scale; ambitions to do something, with obvious abilities. Married at 19 with confidence in the use of contraceptives. Birth-control pills played hormone havoc with emotions. Not uncommon. After two months, switched to diaphragm. Failure. Not uncommon either. Complicated pregnancy and difficult delivery. Resentment. Under psychiatric care since discovery of pregnancy. Still depressed and suicidal. Baby now seven months old. Practicing abstinence.

Where is the sweet life of the young couple in love working to fulfill their ambitions? It never had a chance. My husband works every weekend and an average of three nights a week to meet the bills. My life is sour milk and dirty diapers.

This is my case for legalized abortion in the United States. Europe is out of the financial reach of so many like me.

(Name withheld by request)
Boulder, Colorado

WORKBOY PHILOSOPHY

Mr. A. Fowlie, a Unitarian Universalist minister, wrote in his letter in the July *Forum* that "there is theological justification for a life that has play as its goal." In support of this statement, he cites Jesus' teaching to become as little children (because children play), and quotations from Sartre and Boehme. Mr. Fowlie concludes, "Thus Hefner is on the right track and in good theological company."

In the first place, to my knowledge, Hugh Hefner has never advocated "a life that has play as its goal." Editing a national magazine of PLAYBOY's high quality and creating the Playboy Club chain and other enterprises must be hard work, not play.

In the second place, I know of no responsible theologians who teach such an absurdity. Mr. Fowlie's private interpretation of Jesus' admonition to become as a little child is surely unique—the passage is usually read to mean that a follower of Christ must regain the innocence and dependency of childhood. As a matter of fact, in other places in Scripture, Jesus taught his followers to deny themselves, take up their cross and follow him.

As for Mr. Fowlie's two other sources, Sartre and Boehme—Sartre may be good company, but, being an atheist, hardly good theological company; and Boehme, an early Lutheran mystic, has not yet influenced contemporary Lutheran theology toward *The Playboy Philosophy*.

PLAYBOY has adequately demonstrated the harmful effects of neopuritanism on our society (it was Mencken who said the

chief evil of the Puritans is not that they think as they do, but that they try to make others do as they think), and the urgent need for revision of the sex laws within the various states. But even Hugh Hefner must agree that all this is a far cry from "theological justification for a life with play as its goal."

David Thomas
Houston Baptist College
Houston, Texas

Hefner does agree. He advocates neither a life of hedonistic irresponsibility nor one of joyless drudgery; he believes in a balance of work and play.

PRAISE FROM THE PULPIT

I have read *The Playboy Philosophy* with great interest. I do not know of any series of articles in recent years that has received so much attention. This has opened many doors for me and has caused some deep and exciting thought as well as discussion.

The Rev. Charles Greene
Episcopal Diocese of North Carolina
Raleigh, North Carolina

I have proposed to my vestry and men's group that we hold discussions and use *The Playboy Philosophy* as their basis. This has met with hearty approval and I have been requested to write and inquire if it would be possible for us to have three copies of the series that may be distributed to those who will act as discussion leaders.

The Rev. Eugene H. Buxton, Rector
St. James Episcopal Church
Wooster, Ohio

The discussion of religion and the new morality in *The Playboy Philosophy* is stimulating. I used it as resource material in a sermon that was received with real interest and enthusiasm.

This kind of assistance is unexpected from a prominent national magazine such as yours. I congratulate you on it!

The only thing better would be receiving PLAYBOY on a regular subscription.

The Rev. James R. Uhlinger
Wesley Methodist Church
Worcester, Massachusetts

That's easily arranged with the new clergy discount rate.

"*The Playboy Forum*" offers the opportunity for an extended dialog between readers and editors of this publication on subjects and issues raised in Hugh M. Hefner's continuing editorial series, "*The Playboy Philosophy*." Three booklet reprints of "*The Playboy Philosophy*," including installments 1-7, 8-12 and 13-18, are available at \$1 per booklet. Address all correspondence on either "*Philosophy*" or "*Forum*" to: *The Playboy Forum*, PLAYBOY, 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago, Illinois 60611.



RALPH GINZBURG (continued from page 96)

magazine was going through a shift in its own editorial emphasis, and it was felt that the "Erotica" article didn't fit the image of the "new *Esquire*" that was being developed at the time. Ginzburg asked the magazine to return the rights to the article to him, and they did. He decided to expand it into a hardcover book, and persuaded Dr. Theodor Reik and drama critic George Jean Nathan, both of whom he had met through his work as *Esquire's* articles editor, to write a brief foreword and introduction to the volume. With those two eminent names, his own expanded article (the book was only 20,000 words long, about one third the size of the average hardcover volume), the lure of the title and a budget of less than \$10,000, Ginzburg launched his first publishing venture, grinding out *An Unhurried View of Erotica* under the imprint of his own Olive Branch Press in 1957.

Ginzburg's entry into publishing was as unconventional as it was successful. He had first tried to sell *Erotica* to established publishing houses, but after "about a dozen" rejections, he decided to do it himself. First he took a number of big, handsome ads in places like *The New York Times* and *Saturday Review*, offering the book for sale by mail order. At the time the ads were first placed, the book had not actually been published, and its eventual publication depended entirely on the response to the ads. The theory was that if the ads didn't yield enough response to justify publication, Ginzburg would return the money that had been sent in. The response, however, was "terrific," says Ginzburg; the novice publisher had scored. On different occasions, Ginzburg has told reporters that the book sold 250,000 copies in hardcover and made him a profit of \$250,000; and that it sold 150,000 and made him \$150,000. The figures he gave most recently were the lower set; he said the book had sold 150,000 copies and that he made about a dollar on each copy.

Looking back now, Ginzburg feels that this first book was "superficial, but in its own way, slightly pioneering. It printed extracts, for instance, from *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, which hadn't been published here, and I think it served as a kind of 'shoehorn,' or opening wedge, that helped that book and others to be published." Whether or not the *Erotica* book was "superficial," it was so profitable that Ginzburg didn't have to worry when, soon after its publication, he was forced to leave *Esquire*. The magazine didn't want to be associated with the *Erotica* book; Ginzburg refused to disassociate himself from promotion for the book, so he and the magazine parted company.

He returned for a while to his research on Comstock, turned out more freelance magazine pieces (including two for

PLAYBOY, entitled *Cult of the Aged Leader* and *Capital Gainsmanship*), and wrote a book called *100 Years of Lynching*, describing anti-Negro brutality, which he published himself through his Olive Branch Press. The reception of Ginzburg's second book was "a great disappointment" to him, for, as he admits, "it didn't make a ripple on the literary scene." But more important during this period was an idea brewing in Ginzburg's mind for publishing a magazine.

"I felt that the success of *Unhurried View* indicated that there might be a demand for a really fine periodical on the subject of sex—one that would carry no advertising, that would include works of some of the most gifted artists and writers of our time, plus material from the great archives of antiquity: suppressed things by De Maupassant, Rembrandt, Ovid, Aristophanes, and so on."

So was born the idea of *Eros*. Ginzburg launched it in 1961 with the same pre-publication technique he used with the *Erotica* book: First he sent out lavish promotion circulars, and then, after getting a good response, published the product. He eventually sent out 9,000,000 promotion circulars, which he says brought in 150,000 subscriptions (a year's subscription cost \$25) and a revenue of some \$3,000,000. The direct-mail circular for the magazine, designed by Ginzburg and art director Herb Lubalin, was praised in a journal of the direct-mail advertising trade with the judgment that it "outshines anything done in direct-mail appeals in many a year."

The magazine itself was expensively produced; it won a number of prestige art awards, and occasionally—but all too rarely—came up with a striking feature, most notably the fine set of nude photographs of Marilyn Monroe taken shortly before her death by the noted photographer Bert Stern. The editorial content of *Eros* included suppressed tales from the classics, and was heavily weighted with what one critic described as "old chestnuts," such as "Was Shakespeare a Homosexual?", "The Male Chastity Belt" and "Slave Owners and Negro Concubines." At best a mixed bag, it is hardly possible to feel that a magazine offering such fare as "How Do Porcupines Do It?" (answer: "Carefully") lived up to Ginzburg's promotional promise that "The publication of *Eros* represents a major breakthrough in the battle for the liberation of the human spirit."

Perhaps the most amusing—and sadly enlightening—feature that *Eros* published was a reprint of responses from the public to the magazine's promotional mailings. These reactions from all over America included such scrawled sentiments as "Repent!", "Filth!", "I think you are a bunch of Navel Movers," "You filthy, lousy, sex-maniac bastards leave me

alone," and such moving requests as "Could you give me information on your male chastity belt? I have a son in college" and "Please send me a free copy. I am very poor and very horny."

The reactions of the press were more diverse, but sometimes as emotional. *Saturday Review* said that *Eros* "is likely to become known as the *American Heritage* of the bedroom"; *Time* magazine described it as "a four-letter word spelled BORE"; the Catholic magazine *America* said, "We feel sick"; and daily-paper reaction ranged all the way from the "Wow!" of *The Miami News* to the "Dirty" of the *Chicago Daily News*.

But not all the criticism came from the press. Three weeks after *Eros* published its first issue (on Valentine's Day of 1962), Representative Kathryn Granahan of Pennsylvania, chairman of the Post Office Operations Subcommittee, spoke on the floor of the House to demand that the Postmaster General suppress the magazine. In a burst of impassioned—and alliterative—oratory, Mrs. Granahan said: "The presses of this pornographic pestilence must be stopped and its scabrous publisher smitten."

Postmaster General J. Edward Day replied that after reviewing the matter, he found that "in the light of the Court decision in the *Lady Chatterley's Lover* case," *Eros* was not in violation of the postal obscenity statutes.

But that did not end the outcry. A number of organizations devoted to sniffing out obscenity took off after *Eros* and Ginzburg, whom they verbally crowned as "The King of Smut." Reports on this new-found villain, who was portrayed as trying to undermine the morals of American youth, appeared in publications of the country's 300-some smut-searching organizations, such as the Legion of Decency, National Office for Decent Literature, Guardians of Morality in Youth, Operation Moral Upgrade and Americans to Stamp Out Smut. The post office eventually received more than 35,000 pieces of mail complaining about receiving invitations to subscribe to *Eros*. Most damaging were charges that the magazine had sought to recruit subscribers from boy-scout troops, high schools and 4-H Clubs.

Ginzburg says that "we never purposely circularized boy-scout troops or high schools or any of that. Why the hell should we? Children aren't about to buy a magazine that costs \$25 a year."

The promotional circulars were sent to the mailing lists of other magazines, Ginzburg claims, such as *Saturday Review*, *American Heritage*, *Show* and *Horizon*, as well as to all public libraries. "Somewhere along the line," he admits, "it is possible that a few children—maybe library monitors—opened our prospectus and read it."

Though denying that the magazine's circulars were ever purposely sent to

kids, Ginzburg personally feels that it wouldn't be so harmful for children to have access to publications dealing with sex:

"It's my own personal belief that pornography can even be useful to children. In the general absence of intelligent sex education in our schools, and in the absence of any proven correlation between antisocial behavior and pornography, pornography may very well educate children in matters they are otherwise kept in the dark about. You tell a little girl she was brought by the stork or found under a cabbage leaf, and if nobody—no teacher, no school program—ever tells her the real facts of life, on her wedding night she may be shocked to the point of revulsion."

It is doubtful, of course, that such theories as this would have helped Ginzburg's cause in the eyes of the post office. At any rate, in the midst of the *Eros* office Christmas party on December 19, 1962, a U.S. marshal dampened the holiday spirits by handing Ginzburg an indictment charging him with criminal use of the U.S. mails, and threatening maximum penalties of \$280,000 in fines and 280 years in prison.

Ginzburg was asked to stand trial in Philadelphia, and he believes that the choice of that city was a shrewd and deliberate move on the part of the post office. The City of Brotherly Love had recently been stirred by a number of antipornography campaigns, including newsstand raids, the purging of *Tropic of Cancer* from public library shelves, and the removal of *Huckleberry Finn* from the high schools in favor of a "cleaned-up" version of the book. The extremist spirit of local censors reached a bizarre and grotesque climax when an actual burning of banned reading matter was staged on the steps of a Philadelphia cathedral. The local superintendent of schools set the blaze, and a group of choir boys sang *Gloria in Excelsis* for background music. A Philadelphia librarian later commented in the February 1, 1964, issue of the *Library Journal* that "Ralph Ginzburg has about the same chance of finding justice in our [Philadelphia] courts as a Jew had in the courts of Nazi Germany."

Ginzburg's feeling that the climate of opinion would be more favorable to him in New York proved to be correct, for on May 3, 1963, a grand jury in New York City that heard testimony on *Eros*, *Erotica* and *The Housewife's Handbook*, ruled that Ginzburg had not violated the state's obscenity statutes. The decision, of course, was heartening to Ginzburg, and he faced his Philadelphia trial with new confidence. On June 9, the day before the trial, he called a press conference on the steps of the New York Post Office, and told newsmen that he "looked forward with relish" to defending free speech in the Quaker City. Obviously in high spirits, Ginzburg finished his statement and

then bounded down the post-office steps, slid into his battered old 1953 Ford convertible and rode off to Philadelphia to slay the dragon of censorship.

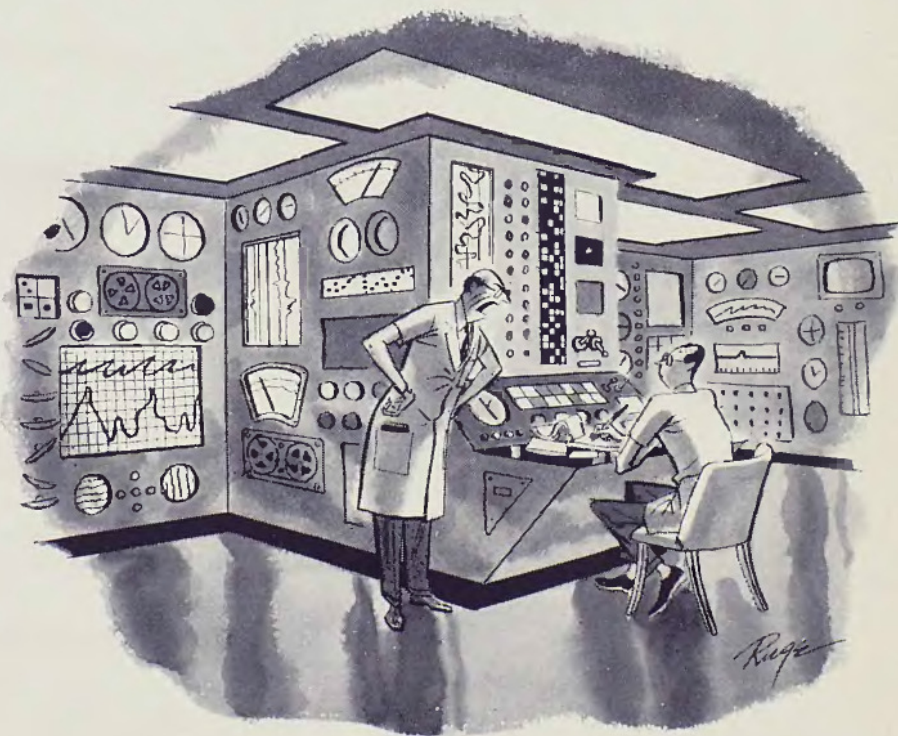
Ginzburg likes to tell reporters that he cares nothing for clothes and hasn't had time to buy any new outfits for years, but he evidently felt the need to dress for this historic occasion. He showed up in court the next day incredibly bedecked in a black double-breasted pinstripe with a white carnation in the lapel and, perhaps as a nod to Philadelphia's boating crowd, topped off with a jaunty straw skimmer. The presiding judge was not impressed with Ginzburg's version of sartorial splendor, and remarked to an aide: "Where's he think he's going, to his wedding?" When he later appeared for his sentencing, Ginzburg purposely wore "the squarest suit I could find, a blue serge," but it was too late.

From the first, the Ginzburg case was unique in the recent history of censorship, partly because his publications stirred controversy not only among the public, but also in the intellectual community that has fought against book banning and gone to bat—in print and sometimes in court—in defense of the works of such writers as D. H. Lawrence, Henry Miller, Hubert Selby, Jr., William Burroughs and John Cleland. In one of his press-critique columns for *The Village Voice*, Nat Hentoff noted that not a single New York paper had run an editorial defending Ginzburg, and he cut to the heart of the matter when he commented

that "protesting an obscenity rap against Henry Miller is now a matter of self-congratulatory custom among 'respectable' civil libertarians, but Ginzburg and his opulent advertising matter do not present so luminous a spur to virtuous battle against censorship."

Norman Podhoretz, noted critic and editor of *Commentary* magazine, had testified several years before in behalf of Hubert Selby, Jr., whose short story *Tra-La-La* (a powerfully written account of what amounted to a gang bang), published in the *Provincetown Review*, had been charged as "obscene." Podhoretz and other literary figures went to Provincetown to testify to the literary merit of the story. But Podhoretz, after consideration, refused to go to Philadelphia to testify for Ginzburg's publications. He recently explained that "I certainly don't want to see Ginzburg go to jail; I'll be horrified if he does. But as the law stands, the only way I could have helped him was to testify, as a critic, that *Eros* and *The Housewife's Handbook on Selective Promiscuity* have social usefulness or aesthetic merit, and I don't honestly think that they do."

According to the most recent legal definition—as set forth in the case of the *U.S. vs. Roth* in 1957—the Supreme Court defines obscenity by three main criteria: (1) "To the average person, applying contemporary community standards, the dominant theme [of the work alleged to be obscene] taken as a whole [must] appeal to prurient interest"; (2)



"For God's sake, can't you just take down the data it feeds us without exclaiming 'You're so right!'?"



"Just jump out, run around the table a couple of times and beat it back to the kitchen."

it must go "substantially beyond customary limits of candor" to the point of "patent offensiveness"; and (3) it must be "utterly without redeeming social importance."

The literary intellectual in recent obscenity trials has performed a kind of stylized ritual in which he testifies as an expert to the literary merit of the work in question. But Ginzburg's publications, though they seemed inoffensive to many intellectuals, did not present a clear-cut case for literary endorsement. Despite the complexities of the case, however, Ginzburg was able to get two ACLU lawyers to represent him, and author Dwight Macdonald, well known as a critic of the U. S. cultural scene, agreed to serve as a witness at the trial. Macdonald later explained his feelings about testifying when

he said that "They're exploiting sex, but there's nothing wrong with that. . . . The only good stuff they run is from the classics. But then I thought I ought to defend them. They're being persecuted."

On the witness stand, Macdonald was careful to make clear his own criticism of *Eros*. He was able to be most unqualified on the point of whether *Eros* went beyond the "customary limits of candor" tolerated by the society, when he said, "No. I should say it goes considerably this side of it, the safe side, the legal side, the nice side."

As to specific contents of the magazine, Macdonald singled out those features he thought had merit: The fourth issue of *Eros*, which had brought the indictment, carried a feature called "Black and White in Color. A Photographic Tone Poem,"

and Ginzburg believes that this feature, which showed nude pictures of an interracial couple in attitudes of love, was the main thing that brought the indictment against him. Macdonald said of that particular photographic essay, "I suppose if you object to the idea of a Negro and a white person having sex together, then, of course, you would be horrified by it. I don't. From the artistic point of view, I thought it was very good. In fact, I thought it was done in great taste . . ." On other matters, Macdonald was not able to be as positive, as illustrated by this exchange:

DEFENSE ATTORNEY: I take it there are articles in here that you don't think are of great literary merit?

MACDONALD: Yes. There are a con-

siderable number that, it seems to me, are either trivial or poor. . . . "Bawdy Limericks" I don't think are terribly funny, and I think quite vulgar, but again, I don't think they're obscene or pornographic.

But U.S. District Court Judge Ralph C. Body, who presided at the trial, did not take such a temperate view. In his decision he characterized the three publications in question as "dirt for dirt's sake, and dirt for money's sake." Even more surprising was the opinion of the U.S. Court of Appeals, which not only upheld the conviction, but condemned Ginzburg for "pandering to and exploiting for money one of the great weaknesses of human beings." It is sobering to note that in the solemn judgment of a U.S. Appeals Court, sex is regarded as "one of the great human weaknesses."

Many intellectual and literary leaders who had been ambivalent about the merits of Ginzburg's publications rallied to his support after these surprising legal judgments, which not only seemed extreme in their punishment (more commonly in obscenity cases, the Government seeks only to end publication and distribution of the work in question, rather than to jail the publisher as well), but also represented a violent backward surge from the more recent loosening of censorship measures. Many distinguished writers and intellectuals joined with editors, publishers, librarians and other professional people in the *amici* brief, previously cited, which stated that the signers were "alarmed that under our constitutional system a person may be sentenced to prison for using the mails in the distribution of publications concerned with sex."

In the meantime, when the trial in Philadelphia was over, Ginzburg returned to New York and the now-empty offices of *Eros*. His right-hand man, Frank Brady, decided that since the magazine had ceased publication, he would look for another job, but Ginzburg urged him to stay—and have faith.

"Just give me a couple of months," said Ginzburg, "and I'll have another magazine going."

Brady didn't, but Ginzburg did.

The newest journalistic creation to spring from Ginzburg's brow was *Fact*, a magazine launched with full-page ads proclaiming that "The American press is no longer the voice of the people." In the face of this abdication, Ginzburg was offering *Fact* as "a partial antidote to this serious threat to the democratic process."

As usual, Ginzburg had placed his ads before actually publishing the magazine, and also as usual, his ads pulled a big response. Whether or not on this occasion he also needed other financial backing, after the losses incurred by *Eros*' demise, is hard to establish. At the time, Ginzburg told one reporter that he "got a loan from a relative" to get things going, and

he also has referred in the past to "a loan from a friend." Today he refuses to say anything at all about his financing, and the silence has not surprisingly given rise to a number of lurid rumors, suggesting that Ginzburg is being supported by the Communists or the Mafia, or both. He has now developed a standard answer to such charges:

"Communists, right? The mob, right? That's terrific. You just print that my money is coming from Joe Bananas. No, wait—it's a syndicate, see—it's coming from Joe Bananas, Bobby Baker and Mao Tse-tung. They met one night in an opium den and floated the stock issue behind my magazines. You print that."

And everyone does. It's all that Ginzburg will say now about anything concerning the financing of his projects.

Ginzburg's new publication (he says it now has a circulation of 200,000) had at least one thing in common with all his other projects: It immediately stirred up controversy. Paul Krassner, publisher of the far-out *Realist*, complained that "When I first saw their ad I sent in \$7.50 for a six-issue subscription, along with a note of encouragement. Then I received the January-February issue. I sent a telegram to *The New York Times* protesting *Fact*'s misleading advertising. . . . The ad had listed 22 impressive names as 'contributors,' when actually they had simply sent in statements critical of *Time* magazine, many of which are exactly one sentence long. The *Times* made *Fact* change the ad." Krassner complained further that the ads had promised that *Fact* would be sold only by subscription, and yet it was soon appearing on newsstands. Perhaps, quipped Krassner, Ginzburg might now be at work on a new book—*A Hurried View of Ethics*.

Dwight Macdonald, who had testified for Ginzburg, was one of the "impressive names" who sent in brief statements critical of *Time* which were published in the first issue of *Fact*—and then was listed in ads as a "contributor" to the magazine. Ginzburg had also asked Macdonald for permission to reprint an article he had written some years ago in *Encounter*, and Macdonald explains that "I told him that first I wanted to see some issues of *Fact* before allowing him to reprint my article in it. He sent me the issues, I read them, and I told him I didn't want to appear in the magazine. I thought it was sensational and exploitative."

Macdonald asked Ginzburg to stop using his name in ads as a "contributor" to *Fact*, and when still another ad with his name so listed appeared in *The New Republic*, Macdonald wrote to that magazine and explained that he was not a "contributor" to *Fact* but had simply sent in the brief statement they had published in their symposium on *Time*.

After his own dealings with Ginzburg, Macdonald believes that "he is an irresponsible fellow, and more of a commer-

cial exploiter than a journalist."

Comedian Henry Morgan, who also had signed the *amici* brief for Ginzburg's case, commented after reading *Fact* that Ginzburg's new publishing venture "reminds me of what we used to say about Al Capone: 'Jeez, can you imagine all the money he coulda made if he'd of gone straight!'"

While the executive director of the ACLU, John de J. Pemberton, praised the magazine's "emphasis on controversial issues" as "a good thing for discussion and dissent in our country," a number of critics have attacked *Fact* for not living up to its name. One reporter questioned Ginzburg about an inaccuracy in an exposé of Barry Goldwater in *Fact*—a compilation of comments on the Republican candidate's psyche culled from a survey of American psychiatrists, with an introductory diatribe by Ginzburg himself. Ginzburg explained that he simply did not have the "time or resources" to send men out to Arizona to check the matter. When the reporter pressed him as to why he then had printed the item, Ginzburg angrily answered that "You seem to make a religion out of authenticity." That would hardly seem a bad religion to be followed by any magazine—especially one called *Fact*, which is purportedly on a "quest for truth."

Pursuing this "quest," *Fact* has found a number of dragons to slay with its eye-catching, boldface blasts at what often turn out to be well-worn targets. Having already attacked *Time* magazine, *The Star-Spangled Banner*, American cars and Coca-Cola in cover-story features, there seems little left for *Fact* to expose besides mom's apple pie.

Perhaps the best comment on the spirit and style of *Fact* was made in a parody issue of the magazine published by the *Columbia Jester*, the undergraduate humor magazine of Columbia College. In the same style and format of the magazine itself, it featured a cover which asked, in large, important-looking type: "IS LIONEL TRILLING ALIVE IN ARGENTINA?"

Ginzburg didn't think it was funny; in fact, he does not think many things are funny, and a number of reporters and publishing colleagues who have come in contact with him have remarked on his lack of a sense of humor. He himself once revealingly said in describing the atmosphere of City College when he was there as a student in the post-War years: "There was no social life at school. There wasn't much humor. It was very stimulating."

One of Ginzburg's heavy-handed but mercifully infrequent attempts at humor resulted in more trouble than laughs. The Government prosecution brought out during the *Eros* trial that Ginzburg had attempted to have the magazine mailed from towns such as Blue Ball, Pennsylvania, Intercourse, Pennsylvania, and Middlesex, New Jersey. This brand

Fact is "an imperfect young magazine. A buck and a quarter for an issue is an outrageous price for it. But," he quickly adds, "if it lived up to its potential, it could be the best thing in American journalism."

"Someday," he said, "I hope to be able to revive *Eros*, and when I do I'm seriously considering the possibility of bringing it back as a nonprofit corporation, like *National Geographic*. I'm not doing this because I feel overly defensive and must prove to the world that I'm really not in this for money, but because I think there's almost a charitable, a socially beneficial character to that magazine."

Appraising his own role as a publisher-promoter, Ginzburg explained that "By the values of most people, I'm a contradiction. They expect you to be either a 'capitalist exploiter' or a person with editorial acumen. But I have elements of both."

Yet Ginzburg himself admits that he does not possess these two "contradictory" talents in equal measure.

"Both my magazines—*Eros* and *Fact*—have been characterized by first-rate promotion and faulty execution," he said. "The execution has never yet lived up to the potential, or to the promotional promises, which are quite grandiose. I often fall short of the mark editorially—but I seldom do promotionally."

Ginzburg's evaluation of his products seems both candid and accurate. The concept of a well-produced magazine that would deal tastefully with the subject of sex, and a hard-hitting, muckraking magazine that would shake up the complacency of contemporary journalism, are both worthwhile and stimulating projects. As Ginzburg himself recognizes, the trouble arose in the difficult area that lies between the conception and the execution.

But evidently bothered by his own frank appraisal, Ginzburg later said that he wanted to add to his criticism the opinion that his magazines, whatever their shortcomings, were better than most other publications.

"Even in spite of its faulty execution," he said, "I believe that *Fact* is better than 95 percent—no, 99 percent—of the magazines in America."

Self-promotion began to triumph over self-criticism, and a further encouraging thought occurred to Ginzburg.

"There's another thing that typifies all my projects," he said. "They're fresh and original. I like to be fresh and original."

Ginzburg isn't easily discouraged—not even by Ginzburg.

"As long as I keep trying," he said, "I'll click eventually. You look at the history of every guy who's made it big, he had a lot of failures at first."

It is difficult to see Ralph Ginzburg as either a crusader who is out to change society, or a villain who is out to corrupt it. He simply wants to make it big.



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FIREPLACE

(continued from page 93)

"She's a dream. You haven't seen a honey of a living doll until you've seen her."

"How's chances?"

"No chances. Absolutely nothing doing. Not stuff for me, you or anyone. Leda and Al are the hands-off perfect marriage. They'll be at my New Year's Eve party. Drool over Leda, but don't touch. If you get ideas, you'll be wasting your time. I'm telling you."

• • •

Harry held his New Year's Eve celebration in the village's best restaurant. There were Harry, Arlene, Harry's brother and sister and their mates, and Al and Leda.

Harry had not exaggerated about Leda. She was a stunning, svelte, black-haired, violet-eyed, peaches-and-cream Hebraic beauty. Solomon had described her well in the *Song of Songs*.

Her husband, Al, though short, was personable and handsome enough. They looked the ideal couple. Husbands with extraordinarily beautiful wives are usually worried. Al was a confident, relaxed guy. Leda had an uprightness that definitely discouraged approach. I managed one dance with her. She firmly kept her body away from me and would not let me press her to me. At midnight, when everybody got silly and slobbered kisses, I pecked at Leda's virtuous cheek.

If I have my eye on a married woman, I always butter up the husband. Al and I got chummy. He and Leda taught high school and lived in Flatbush. He collected butterflies and read science fiction. They had a summer cottage with Leda's mother, Hannah, in Provincetown on Cape Cod.

"Come up and visit us there next summer."

I assured him that I would. I asked him if he had any children.

"No," he said, "Leda and I aren't going to have kids until we're financially secure. How about that?"

"Al, I would say you're both using your heads."

We were all Harry's overnight guests. When I went to go to the bathroom before retiring, Leda was in there. She came out of the bathroom in a sheer nightgown. The way I quickly scanned her as she went by made her redden deeply. I envied Al's going to bed with her. It always seemed that the woman I hungered for belonged to some other lucky guy.

Harry and I sat up in the den for a while discussing the pros and cons of seduction. Harry was an old hand and certainly not the fainthearted kind. He combined business with pleasure. More than a few of his sexual conquests he au-

daciously initiated right at the goal with the enviable advantage afforded by the professional intimacy of gynecological examinations.

"The modern woman," he said, "makes her own laws about morals and freedom of the flesh. Under conducive circumstances—boredom with household drudgery, Hollywoodlike dreams, a two-timing husband, sexual curiosity, flattery—they're all Madame Bovarys; with strong drinks, romantic atmosphere, good times, just about any woman can be had.

"But Leda is the exception. In her case, you're up against religion more than anything else. She and her mother, Hannah, are women out of the Bible. They live by the old law. To them, 'Thou shalt not commit adultery' has teeth in it. Leda's modest mien is consequential to faith. The B of her virtue follows the A of 'God.' Pete, this is one time you're not going to get in."

I bowed to Harry's dictum. Nevertheless, I availed myself of every opportunity to feast my eyes upon Leda. I saw her at the *bar mitzvah* of Harry's boy. It was not until Harry took me along to Leda's seventh wedding anniversary at her apartment in Flatbush that I met her mother. Leda did not take after her mother in looks. The widow, Hannah, was plain, hawk-nosed and severe of face; a veritable female tabernacle with austere dress and the black wig of the matriarch. Hannah was highly educated and spoke fine English.

At the very middle-class gathering, an eloquent rabbi blessed Leda and Al. His greatest praises were for Hannah. He extolled her as "a human inviolable island of the one true faith in our Babylonian and Faustian times" and "the Lord God's handmaiden and exemplar maternal rock."

The sentiments, refreshments and ceremonies were in the orthodox manner, amid all of which Hannah and Leda stood out as shining figures of womanhood.

There is a defective, remiss quality about an attractive loose woman. But about a beautiful religious good woman there is a most desirable something, a forbidden-fruit aura that is maddeningly exciting. Leda's virtue heaped more fuel upon my flames.

I could feel Hannah's eyes going through me. I wondered whether the cagelike woman could read my sensuous thoughts. At the table, by the light of the seven-branched silver candelabra, Hannah made me think of occult theosophy, the dibbuk and the all-designing cabala.

I felt there was a mystic ruling bond between voluptuous Leda and stark Hannah. Hannah said little and studied me.

Al showed me his butterfly collection and explained how he went about finding, capturing and preserving them. I had to pretend interest.

During June I was building a patio around Harry's pool. Hannah and Leda visited. Hannah watched as I chipped and laid the slate in mortar. After I had a backstroke workout in the pool, Hannah ran her hand over my shoulder muscles and complimented me upon my physical ability. Leda, as usual, remained proper and remote.

I was surprised by Hannah's personal friendliness. In the few days at Harry's, she favored my company. She carefully read the galley proofs of my novel and discussed it with me. Hannah had a wide knowledge of history and ethnic strains. I don't know how she found out that my parents had come from the rugged, poetic Abruzzi region of Italy, but she knew more about the background of my people than I.

"You imagine yourself to be of Italian blood," she said, "but that is only partly true. Originally, the area of your people was settled by the Greeks after the fall of Troy. Then throughout the centuries followed the mixtures of invading bloods: the Romans, the Semitic Saracens, the Normans and, finally, the Spaniards of the House of De Avalos. Your face tells the story of these races and cultures."

I asked her, "Hannah, is that good or bad?"

She smiled. Then she said, "Al and Leda's vacation from school begins in two weeks. We are going to the Provincetown cottage for the summer. We have no fireplace. Would you come to Provincetown as my guest and build us a fireplace? I do not expect you to do all that labor for nothing. I will pay you."

That night, after Hannah and Leda left, Harry asked me, "Did you ever have a physical checkup?"

I told him I had never had any trouble with my health. He badgered me into letting him go over me from head to toe. The result was just as I thought. I was in first-rate condition.

• • •

Two weeks later, Hannah and Leda arrived at Harry's in a Buick coupe. Taking me aside, Harry said with a mockingly straight face, "Remember, Leda is my sister-in-law."

"Harry," I said, "I'd never think of dirtying your doorstep. I give you my word of honor. I'll behave. No kidding. I'm really going to Provincetown with them to build their fireplace."

Leda did the driving. We took the Port Jefferson ferry across the Sound to Bridgeport, Connecticut, and rode up through New England to the Cape. I asked Hannah why Al hadn't come along. She said Al had to officiate at a convention of the Butterfly Society and would



"You're really fit for a king!"



"Dawson, Abrams, Gibson and Hughes, good morning."

join us the following week or so.

The cottage was on an ocean dune outside the village of Provincetown. Hannah and Leda slept in the bedrooms upstairs, and I had the bedroom on the ground floor. I was realistic with myself and could hardly entertain the hope of romancing Leda.

Hannah wanted a stone fireplace. I ordered the materials. The stone delivered was durable seaworn glacial-deposit rock of varying colors. Hannah and Leda did what they could to help me put in the concrete base and mix mortar for the masonry. After I built the hearth, firebox, smoke shelf and throat, I split the stone for the face and chimney. As I sweated and sledged the stones, Hannah commented with admiration. But Leda kept her distance.

It took me four days to lay up the stone and complete the job. As an act of my frustration for Leda, I deliberately chose and built into the face of the fireplace above the mantel two stones shaped and symbolizing the male and female procreative organs. Neither Hannah nor Leda said anything about the unmistakable effect.

We picked up sea-salt-encrusted driftwood from the shore, and in the evening lighted the fireplace. We sat silently before the entwining red, blue, green and yellow flames.

Hannah said, "The fire is writing the ancient Hebrew words. The forest and sea are burning with strange, leaping, passionate tales."

I asked Leda, "When is Al coming?" She shrugged. It seemed that my presence disturbed or displeased her. From the mo-

ment we had left Long Island, she had been tight-lipped and tense toward me.

Being piqued and having nothing to lose, I said, "There's no denying that you're a very beautiful and intelligent girl, Leda. In all respect—I sincerely wish you were my wife. I'm an open, honest person. Perhaps I don't understand you—or you don't understand me. You do not talk to me. I get the impression that you think I'm some sort of a dangerous corrupting demon. You sit and look at me mutely, and frozen like Lot's wife facing Sodom and Gomorrah as a lovely pillar of salt. Am I not right?"

An undefinable little smile escaped her. She lowered her head.

We listened to classical music. Before midnight, Hannah went to bed. I had expected Leda to go upstairs also. Leda remained. Then it seemed that she wasn't afraid of me. I decided to make a play. It could only go one way or the other. If she became shocked and insulted by my attempt to seduce her, I would pull in my horns, apologize and take off in the morning before she and Hannah arose.

I sat next to Leda on the divan. She did not move away. I was heartened. It was the first time we were alone. I knew that every hard stone and diamond has a grain, a hidden fissure that invites cracking. Instinct warned me not to taint the situation with logic or ethics. Biology and reason do not mix well. Talk under the potential circumstances would have been cheapening and would have spoiled the possible spell.

I snapped off the light without explanation. Leda gazed intently into the

smoldering fireplace. I put my hand on her hand. I had found that kissing a girl's hand is a deferential key opening doors. I kissed her hand. There was neither a positive nor a negative response. I kissed her lips. She received it as stricken as one who expects the guillotine to fall. I avoided indecent haste, and proceeded with experienced, gentle hands slowly and smoothly, step by step . . . and succeeded.

She lay as if under deep hypnosis.

I considered her my most significant achievement. I had bided my time, undermined Hannah's wall, and took her Jericho daughter.

I whispered, "Leda, go up to bed. Undress and pretend to go to sleep. I'll wait for you in my room. Come down quietly. For God's sake, make sure you don't awaken your mother. You aren't doing anything wrong, because I love you."

She nodded and arose.

Soon she came softly down to me. She was reserved, embarrassed. It seemed I had to teach her sex. In bed she was a pulsing statue. At dawn she blushing covered her nudity and went upstairs. I felt neither remorseful nor cynical. I was melted by her chaste aspect. I was in love with Leda. For her to break down her moral barriers and give herself to me convinced me that she was in love with me. I had visions of her divorcing Al and marrying me. And I intended to bring that about.

Hannah treated me royally. She provided steaks, lobsters, hot Portuguese bread and anything I wanted to eat and drink. She made each day a gourmet occasion. I was extremely careful not to give her a clue or reason to suspect my lovemaking to Leda each night. Leda played her part skillfully. Though she had become warmer toward me in front of Hannah, she did not betray the shadow of a sign of our intimacy. During the day she clove to Hannah's side.

I became very fond of Hannah. I felt sorry for her and regretted that I had to be such a hypocrite, but what she didn't know couldn't hurt her.

A change in Leda amazed me. The first three or four nights Leda was in bed with me, she was so passive that I felt like a rapist. Then, by swiftly mounting degrees, in bed she became a different Leda, wild with a Dionysian intoxication, making love with a sexually religious frenzy not unlike the orgiastic maidens of Euripides' Bacchae, seeking to drain and consume my life away.

Some things can be too good, such as overlove. The second week she couldn't get enough. In paradise itself too much would be too much. I was the hunter who had been transformed into prey. I was not made of wood, but certainly not of iron. By the third week I began to wonder when her husband, Al, would arrive. She grew radiant, lovelier, strong-

er, while I became quite wan.

With the excuse that I wanted to wander for characters and story material, I spent the days by myself in Provincetown. The queers had not claimed Provincetown yet. I met bohemians from Greenwich Village, a deaf-and-dumb time-and-space painter; an excommunicated, alcoholic impotent priest who was living with a Lesbian lion tamer, and a famous aged Portuguese sea captain named Vadi. But more often than not, I would go to the beach and prostrate myself at the water's edge to regain strength for the night with Leda.

After the fourth week, without why or wherefore, Leda suddenly reverted to her former closed self. She did not come to my room at night. At first I thought she, too, was satiated for a while.

She and Hannah went about with a smiling, enigmatic happiness.

My desire recouped itself. I wanted Leda back in bed with me again. She belonged to me, I thought. But she adamantly wouldn't let me get next to her. Then Hannah became a different person. She was less and less solicitous. She put only bland kosher food on the table, nor did she bring out the cheering bottles. I began to feel unwanted in the cottage.

When Hannah told me Al was arriving in a few days, I took the hint and

knew I had to leave. Anyway, I did not care to be under the same roof with Al and his wife.

. . .

Leda sweetly but formally bade me farewell, without even a token kiss. I didn't take it gracefully.

Hannah walked me to the railroad station. While waiting for the train, Hannah looked me in the face and asked, "Well, how did you enjoy Leda?"

I was nettled and put on guard by her tone, and answered with lame innocence, "How do you mean, 'enjoy'?"

She said matter-of-factly, "By 'enjoy,' I mean having sexual intercourse with her every night for thirty days."

I stuttered, "Whatever gave you that idea?"

"I can tell you now, Pietro. Poor, dear Al is sterile. I was not going to be deprived of a grandchild. You see?"

I got the message immediately. Her particular interest in me and scrutiny of me. Doctor Harry's out-of-the-blue request to physically check me, the selected stud; and the invitation to Provincetown.

Hannah was explicit: "I liked your mind, features, voice and body. I chose you to sire Leda's child. I made all the arrangements."

"And what about Al?"

"Why do you think he agreed to stay

away from you and Leda? In his heart Al has been crying for years for a child from Leda. He likes you. Forgive me, but you did not answer my question. Did you enjoy Leda?"

"Very, very much. And with illusions of love."

"Ah, Pietro, you and Leda played nice, nice. That's nice."

"Tell me, Hannah, why did she abruptly turn cold and avoid me?"

"Because my Leda is a good girl. She never stopped being a good girl. When she missed her period and the medical examination proved she was pregnant, there was no further need of Leda's going to bed with you. That would have been sin. We are old-fashioned. To us, marriage is sacred."

"I see. Why didn't you find someone of your own race to help Leda, instead of me?"

Hannah ran her fingers caressingly over my face and said softly, "Your type fathers boys. I'm going to have a grandson, named Saul—and because there is so much about you . . . that told me you had the soul of a Jew."

My train was about to pull out. Hannah put a roll of bills in my hand and said, "I did not want you to build our fireplace for nothing. You have made us such a wonderful fireplace!"



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SEX MANUAL

(continued from page 107)

on them. You will soon learn that "getting there" is three eighths to five sixths of the fun.

Foreplay is carried out in Seven Separate Phases of building cognital excitement, although some overlapping is permitted. Phase One is called the Audio-Visual-Premanipulative or the Hot Line. The Hot Line is exactly what it implies, a hot line of cognital communication between the male and female partners. It begins with an urgent mouth-to-ear phone call by the male partner, asking his mate to meet him. When the partners meet, they exchange hot looks and words of endearment, gradually building a deeply sincere line of warmth that arouses a feeling in the chest not unlike an old-fashioned mustard plaster or a rainbow heartburn. This is followed by more hot looks and a certain little cute way of flirting.

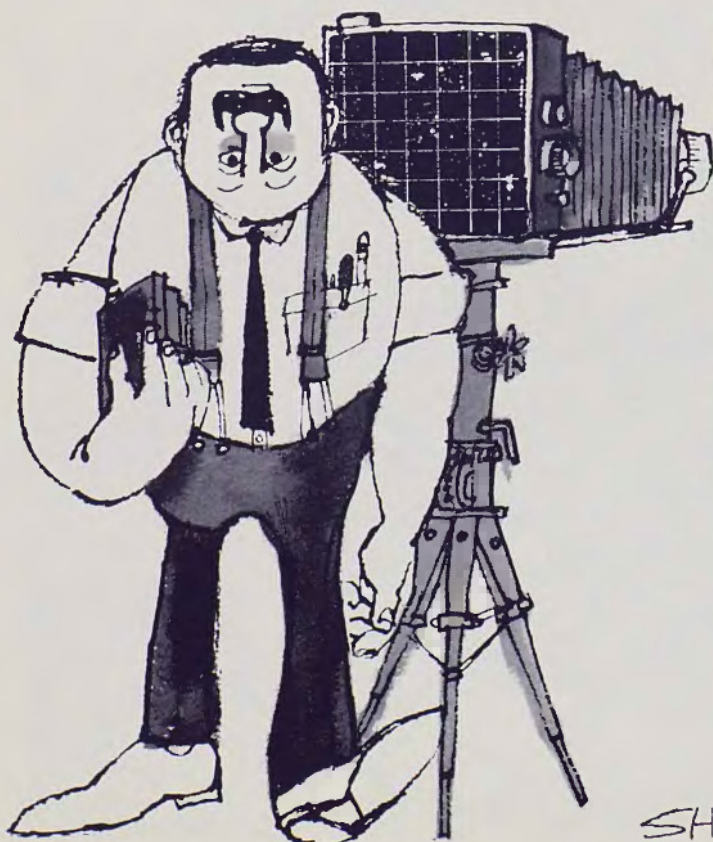
Phase Two:

Fingernail Manipulative Play

Phase Two, Fingernail Manipulative Play, is an exploratory phase for the partners, a chance to discover the many erroneous zones and to make new erroneous "friends," so to speak.

The erroneous zones are those areas of the body which are exquisitely sensitive to cognital stimulation. They are located all over the place. The female partner is exquisitely sensitive in 187 spots, the male partner in 75. We cannot describe them all in detail. For our purposes, we will list the basic zones, the ones that are most friendly and offer the warmest welcome.

The female partner's Premium Quality erroneous zones are the scalp, chin, Adam's apple, knuckles, kneecap, heel and arch. In Fingernail Manipulative Play the male partner *lightly touches* these highly sensitive areas with the tips of his fingernails or, if he wishes, with a pair of soft cotton gardening gloves. His fingernails or gloves should barely touch, as if he were only tickling. The motions should be: tickle-withdraw, tickle-withdraw, tickle-withdraw.



A Little Fooling Around: The Bliss

At this point many partners stray from the phases of Foreplay and do a lot of blissing. The bliss is not recommended from a health standpoint. But when you are young and caught up in cognital passion, you don't listen about health. You feel as if you're strong as a horse. If blissing is your cup of tea and it gives you erroneous pleasure without any side effects, wonderful. But if you start losing your hair or get little things under your arms, you can be sure it wasn't from eating with dirty hands.

SHOEMAKER

A Little More Fooling Around: The French Bliss

This is a much more sensible way of blissing, if you must bliss at all. First make a few slices of French toast. Just dip some white bread in a batter of eggs and milk. Fry the bread in hot butter until golden brown on both sides. Then sprinkle with sugar, cinnamon, honey, jam or marmalade, or pour maple syrup over it. When you and your partner have a lot of French toast in your mouths, lean over the table and bliss. The French toast and its topping (especially a good, thick orange marmalade) acts as a protective barrier or filter, stopping strange germs from entering your mouth. *Do not attempt a French bliss without a full mouth of French toast.*

Phase Three: *Caressa Intima*

Phase Three of foreplay, *Caressa Intima*, marks the introduction of the basic caress or fondle, a delightful semirhythmic stroking motion carried out by the male partner's elbow, the most erroneous instrument he possesses.

After the female partner has become moderately aroused with hot looks, blisses and fingernail play, the male partner should begin a crisscross counterclockwise caressing motion with the tip of his elbow across his partner's pomerantz, a tiny, heart-shaped object located near the ankle. A well-caressed pomerantz is extremely important, for it is the only source of lubricating secretions in the entire area. It provides fluid for the proper stimulation of the female partner's heel, arch and kneecap, as well as the ankle. The pomerantz is indeed "the last lubricating station before the bridge to the vesuvius."

Phase Four: Benjie Play

Phase Four, Benjie Play, is still considered indelicate by many, but it is very popular with the younger set (it should not be confused with something called "petting").

Here are the basic techniques:

1. The erroneous zone of the benjie is the brittle. In the basic hold, the male partner grips the brittle between his thumb and index finger as if it were a marble. Then he flicks the brittle in and out, as if he were "shooting the marble."

2. The male partner sits on a chair with his legs crossed, leaning over backwards as far as he can. With a long Chinese back-scratcher dipped in peanut oil, he bastes his partner's brittles every 15 minutes or so.

Phase Five: Pleasure-Pain

By now both partners will be soaring higher and higher on the clouds of co-genital excitement. As the male partner becomes aroused, his eyebrows swell and

grow turgid. The female partner's teeth begin to chatter as her fervor increases. This is the time to introduce Phase Five, the Pleasure-Pain techniques.

The Lingle-Vontz Pleasure-Pain Techniques

1. *The Love Bite*: Grab your partner by the flesh and give it a good bite.

2. *The Nip*: The nip is Japanese in origin. It is a sneaky little bite on the back.

3. *The Scratch*: The common house scratch for relieving itch is often felt to have erroneous overtones. I have known some partners who have scratched each other into a frenzy. They even claim to have reached an oregon. They only found fool's gold. If you scratch too much, you and your partner will more than likely end up with a rash.

4. *The Knee in the Loin*: A delicate move done by the female partner requiring a lot of practice. To be most effective, the knee in the loin should use the element of surprise. The two best surprise approaches for this technique are: "Look! There's a bird in the room!" and "Your shoelace is untied." They are self-explanatory.

THE VESUVIOUS

Phase Six: Plethora Play

The female partner's vesuvius is a many-splendored thing. After you have found it, begin to explore for its most responsive part, the plethora (sometimes known as the cameo). The plethora is a tiny, football-shaped object located near the frunella, just above the pomander tubes. It becomes erect and hard (like the male partner's vector) when it is stimulated correctly.

Now that you have found your partner's plethora, what to do with it? Don't panic. You can amuse her when she asks you if you have found her plethora by saying, "I didn't know it was missing." But get back to foreplay immediately. You are now ready for Phase Six, the stimulation of the plethora, or Plethora Play.

The most widely practiced techniques of Plethora Play are:

1. *From a Standing Start*: Begin a brisk circular massage with the knuckles. Follow it up with a golf-club grip and squeeze gently.

2. *From a Running Start*: Begin with a rotary motion of the elbow, starting at the base of the plethora (the okris) and move to the tip (the splendina), making stops along the way for a quick hello to the cortio and the labella.

A Warning

There are many other areas of the vesuvius that have immense potential for erroneous pleasure. The giselle, for

instance, which is located between the avus and the splendina, above the vestibule of the frappé, is especially receptive.

But you will note that the inner lips of the giselle will sometimes part and reveal the spatula, or Nostril of Aphrodite, a small, triangular-shaped organ that must be left alone. Don't play with your partner's spatula and don't ask us why. If you are curious and are overcome by your playful nature, you will feel sorry later. If there is a later.

Phase Seven: Vector Play

There is an old saying around the Caspian Sea that goes, "*Mamoun setourias keboul haddadi*," which means, "It takes two to have coginus." Female partners: You've got to do *your* part. Coginutal foreplay isn't just centered around your pomerantz, benjie and vesuvius. If only your partner's vector could talk, it would tell you how keenly it desires you to stimulate it. Listen closely to your partner's vector. Learn how to give it erroneous pleasure. It will help prevent tension from forming later on. Here is Phase Seven, the final step of foreplay, some good ice-breaking vector-play techniques for you to try:

1. *The Eastern Grip*: This is basically "shaking hands with the vector." Grasp the vector firmly and shake it.

2. *The Western Grip*: With your pinkie extended, place the vector in the palm of your hand, resting your thumb on the milo. With your pinkie, poke the tentacles gently, gradually increasing intensity.

3. *The Continental Grip*: This may feel unfamiliar at first, and requires some practice. Grip the vector at the horns and pinch or tweak the fulcrum, bending your elbow slightly. Then throw back your head and give a wanton laugh.

THE WEDDING NIGHT

For Female Partners

Breaking the Hyphen

Most of the fear and anxiety of the wedding night centers around the breaking of the hyphen. There is a good case to be made for having it broken by a licensed physician sometime before the wedding. If you cannot afford this, there are many reputable gypsy palm readers who will do it nicely. If you can't get it done before the wedding night, for heaven's sake don't worry.

COGINUS: THE ACTUS SUPREMUS

The Classic Position

This is the simplest, most widely used position for beginners. In this position, the female partner lies on her back, stretched out on the floor, with her legs

under the bed. The male partner lies on the bed, either on his right or left side, and reads selections from Greek or Roman literature.

Cossack Style

A lusty, highly dramatic position that originated in 19th Century Russia when marauding bands of Cossacks attacked the villages of the *huroks*, the peasant landowners. In this position, the male partner storms into the bedroom and pulls back the bed sheets. The female partner cries aloud and runs out of the room.

Face to Face

In this position, male and female partners sit across a dinner table. The table should be set with a nice white linen tablecloth and candles. Dinner should be nothing but the best: shrimp cocktail, steak, French fries, peas and carrots, mixed green salad with French or Russian dressing, strawberry shortcake and coffee. A sparkling Albanian wine or a zinfandel should be served, and after the meal, a suitable ice and a mint.

This is probably the most romantic position of all. The partners can gaze adoringly at each other's handsome, well-groomed faces, and in between courses, their hands are free to engage in erroneous stimulation.

On the Side (*à Sergio*)

A highly pleasurable position that can be used when one or both partners are a bit fatigued. The male partner lies on his side, the female partner lies on her side. In the middle is an upright sword.

From the Rear (*à Postoli*)

Coginus à Postoli offers an unusual variation on the regular positions and, at the same time, brings new erroneous zones into play. As the name suggests, it is done from the rear. Both partners kneel back to back. The female partner keeps her legs close together and leans forward. The male partner does the same. An exquisite fusing of the lubbocks is achieved.

Female Partner Astride

In this position, it is desirable for the female partner to use a saddle. It would also be nice if she had a horse. Then she could saddle the horse and mount it. This, of course, would put her in the astride position. Some male partners feel that since they must play a more passive role in this position, they will lose their sense of dominance and masculinity. They may even feel resentful and tell their partners to "get off their high horse and get back where they belong."

The Five Royal Variations of Sheikh Ben Hym

For a refreshing change of pace, many partners are now turning to Oriental and Middle Eastern cultures for new erroneous pleasures. And no other work on the art of *coginus* offers more subtle and exotic variations than the ancient and revered Arabian manual *The Colored Fountains of Kohlrabi*. For example, here are the legendary "Five Royal Variations of Sheikh Ben Hym":

Position One (El Shazar): In which the female partner lies on her stomach, arching her head and legs up as the male partner rides toward her on a zebra.

Position Two (El Shazam): In which the male partner lies on his stomach, arching his head and legs up as the female partner rides toward him on a zebra.

Position Three (El Onasis): In which the female partner is invited aboard the male partner's sailing vessel, where she is entertained beyond her wildest dreams. When she awakens the next day, she does not remember what happened to her after she playfully threw the rubies into the water.

Position Four (El Nekechef): In which the partners squat on a large purple handkerchief and partake of much *kalouf* and *bouz*.

Position Five (El Avek): In which the partners venture out into a heavy sandstorm and are never heard from again.

Positions for the More Advanced Partners (*Flexia Extrema*)

A highly stimulating position for more experienced partners has the male partner seated on a chair, legs crossed and hands clasped in back of his neck. The female partner lies on her back, legs arched slightly and hands at her sides. In this position, the female partner plays the more active role. She can move from side to side, rock up and down and rotate her melvin in a circular motion. The male partner is free to do almost anything he wishes with his hands and feet. To achieve deeper stimulation, a violin under the female's novella may help.

Flexia Extrema, continued

Another position to try is this: The female partner lies on the bed with six pillows under her neck. She brings up her legs and grasps her knees firmly, with her toes pointing downward and most of her weight on her spine. The male partner squats on his knees, preferably on a tumbling mat, with his legs spread and his palms down on the mat. He puts his head as far back through his legs as possible, pushes his body forward and tumbles over, landing on his lubbocks in a seated position. This is known as the forward roll or "tumblesauce."

OREGON

Heaven only knows how many words

have been written about this ineffable state. Oregon is the culmination of all the foreplay, all the exquisitely erroneous positions of *coginus* we've described. It is that last burst of indefinable ecstasy at the summit of *coginutal* communion.

The female partner will feel herself at the threshold of oregon when the walls of her haven enlarge and her blondelle becomes taut. The male partner will feel numb and fuzzy for a few seconds as though his body has been shot through with Novocain. Suddenly the tip of his vector (the perma) will become limp. At this point, something wonderful happens to both partners as their oregon starts. They take a leap into the unknown. This is the only risky part. By now the partners are carried away in a flight of ecstasy, and when they leap (they usually leap toward each other, arms outstretched), they don't always look where they're going and sometimes crash into things and get hurt.

This advice may sound a little unrealistic, especially when you're going to be in the middle of incredible ecstasy, but try to remember: *Look before you leap*.

AFTERGLOW

When the excruciating ecstasy of oregon subsides, a great feeling of peace and inner contentment comes over you. The muscles of your body relax and you can unwind and feel a deep bond of friendship with your *coginutal* partner. This feeling is known as *afterglow*.

Afterglow should be accompanied by a good smoke. What if you shun tobacco? How can you enjoy afterglow? Many partners like to light up a chocolate cigarette. Others just use a thin pencil flashlight and make believe.

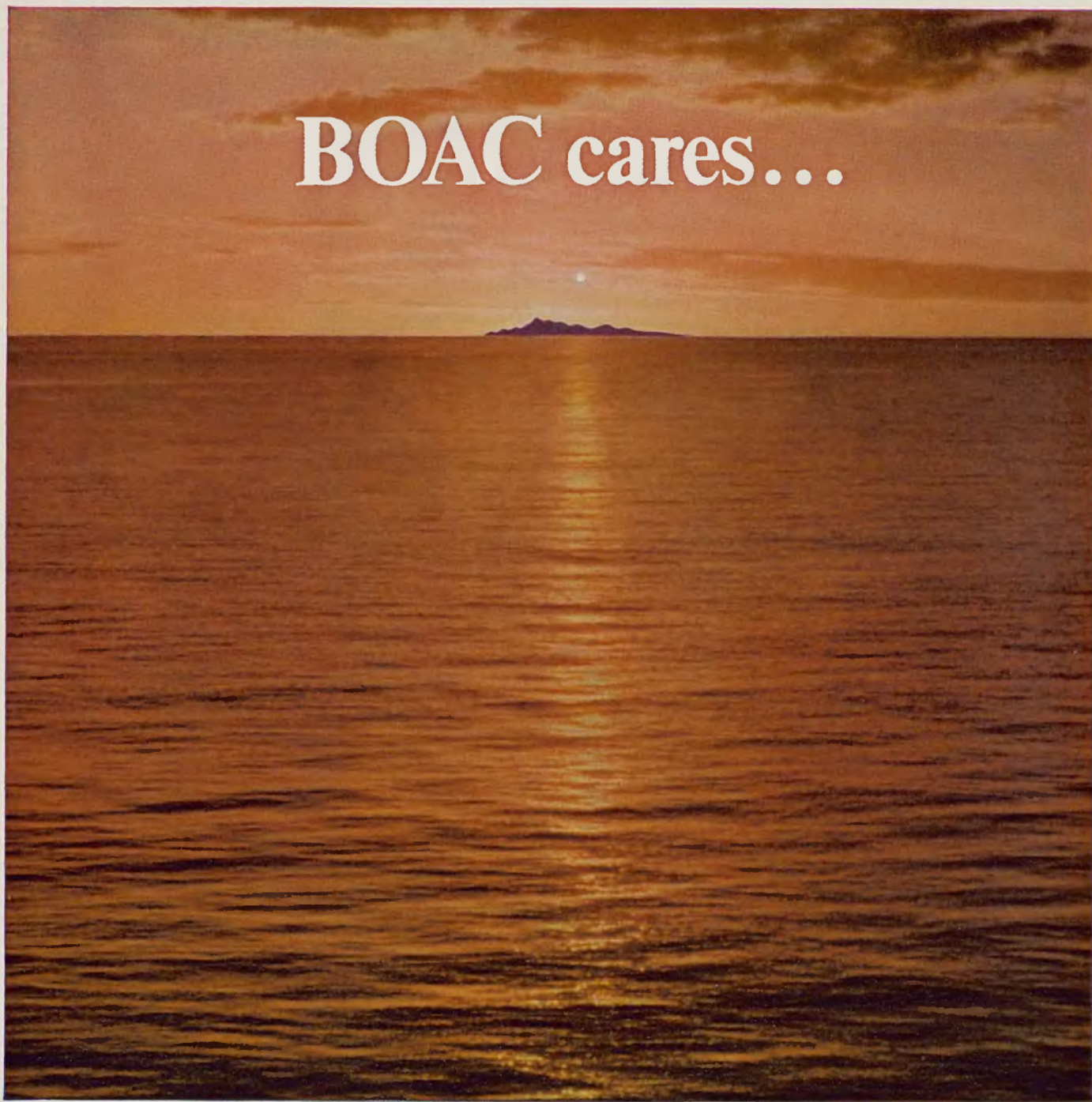
FOR THE MALE PARTNER: VECTOR CONTROL

Let's say you're young and fairly inexperienced, but your erroneous responses are very powerful. Naturally you practice the techniques we've outlined until you can do them perfectly. You start *coginus* and pop goes the weasel! In less than a minute you've reached a nothing-type oregon (premature congratulations). Now you're understandably vexed. "What did I do wrong?" you ask yourself. My dear sir, you did nothing wrong. You simply forgot that to prolong *coginus* you must build vector control. You must maintain an erect vector (*vector mature*) and, at the same time, exercise perfect control so that it does not congratulate prematurely.

BASIC METHOD

One of the oldest methods of vector control is biting on a towel. Close your eyes, contract every muscle in your body and bite as hard as you can. This method is simple and gives you excellent vector control for about three seconds.

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about Nelson's lazy island and the world at large

The little coral island of Antigua floats in the Caribbean like a biscuit in wine. There's plenty of sun and hard white beach and shady flowering trees. A nice place to be lazy in. Even Nelson liked to take time off here.

Antigua may only be a few miles

wide, yet BOAC cares enough about people to fly them there. Antigua apart, BOAC realises that it takes all sorts to make a world, and that they all want to go in all sorts of different directions. So BOAC flies people to fifty-one different countries as well.

In fact BOAC flies to more places more often than any other airline—in excellent comfort, of course. Moral: it's good to know that BOAC cares for you just as much over Chicago as over the English Channel, and doesn't turn a blind eye on Antigua. Isn't it?

BOAC TAKES GOOD CARE OF YOU



BOAC

BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION

MIND-OVER-MATTER TECHNIQUE

Dr. Desmond Spitzer-Hunt has advanced the theory that improper vector control comes from a state of mind. He contends that all the male partner has to do when he feels himself getting out of control is to shift his mind from coginus to a completely different subject. In his fascinating study of vector control, *Hold Your Horses*, he outlines his mind-over-matter technique:

If you feel you are at the danger point and may go out of control at any moment, shut out the image of your female partner and quickly think of Konrad Adenauer. If you are still out of control, think of Babe Ruth. That should do it. But if for some reason you have not cooled down, think of Mao Tse-tung. If that doesn't work, close your eyes, squeeze the sheets tightly and think of commercial cod fishing off the New Jersey coast. This last step should work in 92 out of 100 cases.

PROBLEMS

Matriculation

Almost everyone has matriculated at one time or another. No harm can come of it, *if it is not done to excess*. But continuous matriculation will lead to blindness. You may say, "All right, I'll just do it until I need glasses." We say, all right do it. But remember, matriculation is habit-forming. It will lead to addiction and addiction means blindness, and from there, a quick trip to the crazy house.

Impertinence

Many male partners have an occasional lessening of coginutal desire, especially after a day of mountain climbing, bicycle racing or shoveling snow. This kind of coginutal fatigue should not be confused with impertinence. Impertinence is a deep-rooted problem that goes back to your childhood. If you were ill-mannered and spoiled as a child, there is a good chance you are impertinent today.

The obvious way to cure impertinence would be to call or write as many people from your childhood as possible, apologize to them for your bad manners and promise them it will never happen again. But this is impractical in most cases. The next best method to cure impertinence is to have your ears soundly boxed and get a good talking-to. A talking-to is usually finished off by a smart rap across the face and a few medium to light fist flicks on the chin in a comradely "hang in there, fella" style. Please do not enlist the aid of a friend in a "home cure" of impertinence, however. A good talking-to can be administered only by a trained, licensed physician.

Vector Inferiority

Another so-called problem among male partners is vector inferiority, the feeling that your vector is too small to do the job properly. This is nonsense. The myth of vector inferiority was dispelled many years ago by the anthropologist Margaret Chase Itzbitzka.

In her classic work, *Vector Behavior in the Lesser Antilles*, Professor Itzbitzka proved scientifically that there is no such thing as vector inferiority. She chose the Lesser Antilles for her study because she heard that the male partners on these islands had a "lesser" type of *vector mature*, smaller in size and circumstanced at the age of publicity. She accomplished the herculean task of measuring every *vector mature* on the islands, discovering that the men with *vector matures* of only four, five and six pilasters in length were more highly regarded as coginutal partners than the nine and tenners.

CAN YOU HAVE COGINUS AFTER 30?

This is a question asked by almost everyone who reaches the change-of-life age. To dispel all your fears and anxiety, the answer is no. But, and this is a big but, you can do an awful lot of fooling around if you don't tire yourself. There is no reason why you can't caress, engage in benjie, pomerantz and vector play, and even bite and scratch a little. Don't be discouraged. There are 1001 substitutes for coginus, many of them profitable and fun. My forthcoming book, tentatively titled *1001 Substitutes for Coginus*, will help you considerably.

CONTRADICTIONS

Conundrums

This is the most commonly used method to date. Conundrums are lightweight, easily portable and now come in many wash-and-wear models. Although the manufacturers say you do not have to iron them, we recommend a light touch-up to avoid puckering. A recent magazine article check-rated three brands. They are:

✓ ATLAS, MODEL TR 190, \$1.49 PER PACK. Durability, good, although quilted lining had no special benefit. Wet strength, fair. Frequency of repair, average. Became a little softer and noisier after repeated launderings.

✓ PREVENTEX, MODEL DS 43, \$1.29 PER PACK. Durability, nice. Wet strength, fairly good. Frequency of repair, above average. This was the only conundrum with a zip-in alpaca lining, a feature that offers some protection in the winter, but can alter an otherwise good fit.

✓ ECONOMO, MODEL OL 67, 79¢ PER PACK. A BEST BUY. Durability, below average. Wet strength, so-so. Frequency of repair, not determined. Tended to crumble after repeated launderings.

Not Acceptable

APOLLO, MODEL XK 190, \$7.50 PER PACK. Durability, poor. Wet strength, not too good. The "deluxe" silk lining shrank and faded badly after laundering. THIS CONUNDRUM WAS CONSIDERED A SHOCK HAZARD AND COULD NOT BE RECOMMENDED UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES.

The Diagram

The question every female partner asks her doctor when she is thinking of getting a diagram is, "Do I have to draw you one?"

The answer has to be yes. You must draw your diagram in exact detail so that the finished product will be made to fit you perfectly. You do not have to draw it freehand. You can use tracing paper and a soft pencil. But make sure you get an accurate tracing of the area between the ava (sometimes called the Isle of Melnick) and the portis. This is where fermentation is most likely to take place.

The Rhythm Method

The Rhythm Method is somewhat similar to the box step, or 1-2-3-4, developed by a famous dancing master and his followers. While the master contended that the Rhythm Method could be taught, we say it comes naturally and you have to be born with it.

The Pill

We've heard rumors about this thing for a long time, but until we see it, we remain skeptical. A tiny pill that can keep spumoni away from the portis and prevent fermentation? That will be the day!

AMNESIACS

Ever since the days of the Bible, male and female partners have concocted food and drink that they hoped would provide extra stimulation and arouse greater desire for coginus. The earliest written example of amnesiacs occurs in the book of *Agog*, chapter IX, verse 3:

And so it came to pass that Shadeg, the son of Goom, lay in his tent with Heshi, the daughter of Bim. And it came to pass that Heshi was comely and pleasing to his eyes and he gave her a goblet of plumence, limber and miltz and bade her partake. And it came to pass that Heshi drank of the goblet and her mouth was wet and her nostrils were open and her melvin was heavy with desire for Shadeg.

We could hardly hope to improve on Shadeg's original formula of one part plumence, one part limber and one part miltz. It's still the best all-round amnesiac in the business.



THE PLAYBOY ART GALLERY



NUDE DESCENDING A STAIRCASE *By Jim Beaman*

FASHION FORECAST

(continued from page 148)

your choice of jewelry can quickly make or break your appearance. We feel everyone should have one set of simple solid-gold cuff links, which are correct with everything. Then you can build your cuff-link collection from there. As the dark browns in suits and sports clothes come into prominence, green jade and brown-tone topaz links make for good color accents.

SOCKS: Black is still top choice for dress. But more and more browns will be available to balance your russet-toned suits. For informal wear, add a little variety in one of the restrained subtle patterns in muted tones.

Except when you're wearing crew socks for leisure and sports, all your hose should be either stretch or garter above-the-calf styles. For those of you who like the stretch variety, there will be some new corespun cottons, especially in the lighter weights, that make good fashion sense.

SHOES: The over-all outdoor trend in fall clothing will be supported by the big return of brogues. The adaptations of these Irish hardies that will be on the scene are beefy but not unmanageable. They look good in both the grained leathers and in smooth hides.

HATS: The hats on view this fall are among the best we have seen in a long time. Leading the parade are dress hats in bronze, olive and heather. Bands formed as part and parcel of the crown will be seen almost as frequently as the

usual conventional separate band. The big news in casual models will be suedes and sueded cotton. Tyrolean velour styles in a variety of textures and shades will also be around to enliven the scene.

BELTS: The wide, heavier leather styles with bright brass buckles will continue their domination of the scene. Oxblood will make a strong appearance as a new color in saddle and stitch leather. The ribbon-belt hinge will continue. A new twist will be an "old school belt" of college colors for students and alumni. Indian madras has virtually become a belting standard. New paisleys with light grounds in both silk foulards and cotton will also be seen. Some of the best reversible belts are those either trimmed in leather or reversing to leather.

FORMALWEAR: Black patterns and raised figures on black grounds will be a big style trend. Imported mohair and worsted formals with satin piping, like the one shown for us by U. N. C. L. E.'s other man, David McCallum, will be another strong formalwear entry. You will also see an elegant use of black velvet as a trim. The formal separate jacket introduced by PLAYBOY will be even more popular in the season to come.

Trimmed vests picking up the detail-work of the collar and lapels in proportionate dimension is another high-fashion trend in formalwear we like.

On this darkly formal note, we end one of the brightest fashion forecasts. In the handsome styles that are on the scene, every man can be a star.



LOXFINGER

(continued from page 149)

Nu Kee," she had shyly said with Far Eastern submissiveness.

Bond's eyes had twinkled. "A lovely name, my dear. Fraught with promise."

They had cabbied it to Wolfie's at 20th and Collins where the hip, show-wise crowd went. Bond had ordered for both of them, knowingly, crisply: "Morris, we'd like two egg creams, Seventh Avenue and 28th Street style. Made properly, there should be no ice shavings in the eight-ounce Corningware glasses. The seltzer should be cold enough to stand on its own with a 3.5 ratio of pin-point carbonation, roughly 1118 bubbles to the ounce. Before the seltzer is poured, a fourth of the glass should be filled with Walker-Gordon nonpasteurized milk from selected tuberculin-free Holsteins at the Immaculate Farm in Princeton Junction, New Jersey. Only Fox' U-Bet chocolate syrup should be used to complement the milk, both milk and syrup mixed delicately with an 1847 Rogers Brothers spoon, dairy silver, of course, in the tasteful Mrs. Aaron Burr scroll pattern, as the seltzer is added slowly, ricocheting rhythmically off the spoon."

"Boychickl, you've been around," said Morris the waiter, with new respect in his tired, I've-seen-it-all eyes.

At that point Bond had lit a filter-tipped Raleigh with his Nippo, a genuine Japanese copy of a Zippo, and had quizzed the girl.

"Whom do you represent in the Miss World Wow-Eee-Wow contest, my dear?"

She had bowed her head shyly. "Nu Kee not popular with other girls. I am Miss Viet Cong."

Even now, as he crouched like a trapped animal, Bond remembered those words. Miss Viet Cong! How did I let that one go by me? She practically told me she was with the opposition and like the lazy vegetable I've become, I missed it. M was right. I've let myself get soft.

And the bellhop pointing the gun? What branch of the "oppo" did he represent? Heaven knows, there were many special organizations sworn to wreak havoc upon the secret agents of Eretz Israel. The Soviet Warriors for Immolating Secretive Hebrews? Or, as it was known to the Israelis, swish. No, this one didn't shoot like a swish operative. A swish man would have made his first shot the last one. Perhaps, the Fraternal Egyptian Committee for Extirpating Sabras? FECEs!

"No doubt, Mr. Bond," casually interjected the gun wielder, "you are curious as to who it is that will destroy you. I am a devoted member of a new terrorist group unknown to you, Mr. Bond, the Syrian Corps of Heroes for Murdering Unmercifully Craven Kikes. And now, dog of a Jew, say your infidel prayers!"

There was no time to figure out those



"You'd better give yourself up,
Muggsy! We've got you covered!"

initials, thought Bond. I've got to play my last card. And to do that I must wheedle, whine, beg.

"Please, please, let me say the final prayer. True, we are mortal enemies, sir, but is it not also true that we share a common Semitic heritage? Do you not accept Moses as the spiritual predecessor of your own great Mohammed? Please, let me pray for salvation, sir. Please . . ." and he let his voice crack with emotion.

"Be quick about it!" snapped the Syrian, his finger tightening on the trigger. The girl snickered.

Bond reverentially lowered his head, muttering something in Hebrew. It was a list of the titles of all the Theodore Bikel albums he could remember, but the Syrian would not know that. Slowly, oh so slowly, his fingers slid imperceptibly down the bloodied chain. His fingers found the mezuzah, pointed it at an angle, then squeezed the Star of David. Clearly elated at the sight of a quaking Jew, the Syrian broke into a raucous laugh.

Z-z-z-z-z-z-z!

No longer was the Syrian laughing. A look of amazement had come over his features. He looked dumbly at the needle which had whizzed out of the mezuzah into his hand, which was now turning numb. He pitched forward, his fingers clawing at Bond's chest. Bond sidestepped quickly. The Syrian fell face down. It had taken Molochamovis-B, the nerve poison on the needle tip, just two seconds.

He turned to the girl. Her snickering also had stilled at the startling turn-about in the situation. Bond's cold gaze made her blanch.

"Now, my 'rittle Oriental praymate,'" Bond sneered, mimicking her speech, "we've a little unfinished business, haven't we? This ache in my torn shoulder isn't the only one on my Jewish body, you adorable hellcat!"

He crushed her mouth with his own, viciously drinking of her bruised lotus-petal lips. She began to scratch like a maddened jaguar, then sighed and yielded to the unstoppable bulk above her.

Occidental thighs met Oriental thighs, the latter learning the meaning of sweet surrender to a more compelling way of life. Now her scratches were loving strokings on Bond's back and the room began to swirl, spin, exploding in a 100-megaton flash of divine intensity.

Nestling in the crook of his bronzed arm, and watching Raleigh smoke floating from his flared nostrils, she told him of her involvement in the affair, a contact man from the Syrian clique with the curious initials telling her Bond was an enemy of the "people's liberation" movement in Southeast Asia, the "come-on" at the beauty pageant, a bellhop drugged and substituted for by the man



"You're new here, aren't you?"

whose face now met the Du Pont 501 Nova Scotia pink nylon rug.

She knew too much, he realized. And had to be gotten rid of. And yet, she was so young, so lovely, and such a great piece. Perhaps an attempt at reclamation would be worth while. Speaking to her softly and passionately for about 90 seconds, Bond pointed out the fallacies in her childlike devotion to the Viet Cong, gave her a reasonably detailed analysis of the true meaning of the political undercurrents in her part of the world and then, convinced she had seen the error of her ways, sent her out of his room with a friendly pat on her well-formed buttocks.

"Goodbye, Nu Kee. Now go out and win that contest. Only this time," he said huskily, "for freedom and democracy."

Her eyes misted as she stood in the doorway. "Will Nu Kee see her brave secret agent again?"

"Yes," he assured her with complete sincerity. "There must be more contacts between East and West such as we have experienced this night. Only through them can we look into each other's hearts and find the universality of purpose and basic goodness that exists deep down." Another pat on the derriere . . . and she was gone, darting like some frightened jungle bird down the corridor.

It wasn't until a moment or two after her departure that Bond realized her tidy little pile of garments—cheong-sam, bra, panties and A. S. Beck opera pumps—was still on the chair by his bed.

. . .

. . . and so, charming ladies of the Upper Township, Pennsylvania, Chap-

ter of Hadassah," said Bond, "your purchases of Mother Margolies' Activated Old World Chicken Soup and, indeed, all of Mother's fine products, not only put the glorious culinary traditions of our ancient heritage upon your tables, nourishing your loved ones, but also assist your brethren in Eretz Israel, the Promised Land, the Land of Milk and Magnesia, to protect and defend its hallowed borders!"

Two hundred women, who had been nodding their teased hairdos approvingly all through his speech, burst into wild applause. Vivacious Mrs. Charlene Krosnick, president of the chapter which had booked the Palmetto Roach's fabulously decorated Pina Colada Room for its postmidnight brunch, beamed at Bond from her dais seat. "Tell them how, Mr. Bond! Tell them how!" And she gave his thigh a sudden squeeze.

Bond permitted a quick smile to force itself through the teeth he had been gritting for the last 25 minutes. Mrs. Krosnick, he noted, was quite a dish, tawny, full-breasted, possessed of two glowing *schav*-green eyes that held promise.

"How, you may ask, can purchasing this superior chicken soup aid Israel's gallant freedom fighters, your cousins across the sea, in their never-ending struggle? I shall now tell you a heart-warming thing: Mother Emma Margolies, the sweet, saintly old woman who has lent her skill and name to these splendid foods, has stipulated that fully twenty-five percent—I'll repeat that—twenty-five percent of the gross proceeds—or the Schwartz proceeds, if that happens to be your name [explosive

laughter greeted his quickly conceived witticism]—will be donated to the Israeli Ministry of Defense, thus enabling it to acquire the cream of the world's obsolete weaponry."

"Such a brilliant speaker and so handsome, too!" said Cheer & Sorrow Secretary Mrs. Carol Bernstein, nudging Mrs. Marcia Freeman, Isometrics & Diet Cola Chairman. "Wonder if he's married."

"Nah . . . those dark, cruelly handsome types with scars on their cheeks never are," responded Mrs. Freeman sagely. "So forget about him for your Merry Robin. Better she should marry that dental technician from Allentown." Thus cavalierly discarding Merry Robin's chances at the devastatingly debonair Israeli, Mrs. Freeman began to scheme: How can I get him to meet my Tara Lynne? And what's his name, anyway? Her bejeweled fingers skimmed the program, past "We shall all stand reverently as Mrs. Nettie Berk sings *The Star-Spangled Banner*, *Hatikvah* and *Hello, Dolly!*" . . . past "welcoming remarks by Mrs. Charlene Krosnick, president" . . . lingering on "Our Guest of Honor, Mr. Israel Bond, public-relations representative of Mother Margolies, Tel Aviv, New York and Miami Beach."

Israel Bond! A wonderful name, indeed, for a man from the Holy Land. And just look at Charlene Krosnick eating him up with those greedy eyes. Not that she blamed Charlene. Charlene's husband, Max, was a fine provider and all that, but, well, dull . . . in the way a man can't afford to be. Mrs. Freeman, who had spent one mad impetuous night with Max at a Harrisburg motel, knew this all too well.

At the lectern, Bond, feeling the blood soaking through his jacket, thought: Time to wind up this ghastly business. Refreshing his parched throat with a quick, careless toss of Mother Margolies' Old World Parsley Tonic ("It Bubbles from Your Troubles"), he dragged deeply on a Raleigh and concluded: "It's been my pleasure to greet you dear Haddassah ladies. And now other commitments dictate my regretful departure. But please do not leave. You will soon see a highly entertaining color film featuring Mother Margolies herself, who takes you on a tour of her factory. As for me, let me say shalom, hoping that we shall all meet again on the slopes of Mount Tabor in Israel for the high holy days. In the meantime, remember our motto to be found on every can: 'Like Mother Used to Make It, Mother Makes It.' And so, shalom, shalom, I'll say shalom; it's the nicest greeting I know . . . it means goodbye, *salud*, *bon jour* . . . and twice as much as hello."

He sat down heavily, then rose reluctantly, painfully, to acknowledge their standing ovation. As the women regained their seats, they looked at him, squeezing their support-hose-covered

thighs. Mrs. Krosnick again pressed against his thigh, then blushed.

It's coming, Bond thought. He'd seen the lovely matron's eyes X-raying his body all through the speech.

The room was darkened now and on the screen Mother Margolies was dicing carrots and turnips, sprinkling her commentary with Old Country aphorisms for which she had become justly famous: "The fool pours tapioca down an empty coal mine; the wise man . . ."

Another squeeze on the thigh, this time more demanding.

Thirty minutes later, in 1818, Bond had won Mother a convert for life.

Nestled in the crook of his bronzed arm, she made the horrifying discovery of his shoulder wound. "Oh, darling! And I made you love me . . . with this? What pain you must have been in!"

And she hugged him with a joyous squeal when he gallantly responded, "Charlene, there was a far greater, sweeter pain—if you know what I mean."

Br-r-r-i-i-i-ng!

The phone. Who could be calling at this hour?

An emotionless voice: "Mr. Bond? The tire of Meyer the buyer is on fire."

Click!

Bond's gray eyes narrowed. A tire-Meyer-buyer-fire message was big stuff. Something was popping. Time to send Charlene Krosnick back to her mundane suburban world. M wanted him—fast!

. . .

His rented Rambler purred easily and effortlessly at 38 miles an hour. Bond gunned it north on the smooth-riding, bump-free superhighway, his destination New York State's famed resort center, the Catskill Mountains, known to the average man as the "Borscht Belt." But to the very "in" group Bond ran, drank and loved with (people who were by taste, temperament and sophistication justly entitled to include themselves in the Pepsi Generation), it was incisively termed "The Hebrew Himalayas."

M's urgent message, relayed through 11½ (a midget whose cover roles took various forms—sometimes a Little League shortstop, other times a fireplug), had made him drop everything, which resulted in a painful buttock bruise for the ebullient Charlene Krosnick, and impelled him eagerly, tensely toward his next assignment. Trained traveler that he was, Bond had cut his packing time to a bare minimum by giving away most of his clothing to a friendly bellhop, grabbing a cab ("Driver, get me to the Miami Airport in twenty minutes and there's a box of Luden's Menthol Cough Drops in it for you!"), and churning with a powerful sprinter's closing kick into a Delta Airlines jet just as the boarding stairway was being pulled away.

The flight had been uneventful, even boring. Of course, there had been the interlude with the stunning, vixenish stewardess, who had practically forced

Bond into the lavatory while a dozen passengers, squirming with nature's call, grumbled vociferously at the sight of the OCCUPIED sign glowing for 35 minutes. The events in the tiny cubicle had not done Bond's aching shoulder one bit of good. Miss Bonnie Jane Abney (a former beauty-pageant winner herself, incidentally: "Miss White Citizens Council" in an Alabama summer bombing festival) practically serrating the edges of the wound with her industriously passionate teeth.

I'll have to knock off this crap, Bond told himself, shoving a Raleigh into the corner of his firm, sensual mouth. The Raleigh reminded him of the packages that had been awaiting him in his suite at the Ansonia Hotel, his plush Manhattan base of operations. Bundles and bundles . . . each containing several cartons of Raleighs and heart-rending notes from the women he had known sweetly, intimately on his public-relations swing through the United States.

All of them had noted his constant Raleigh smoking and he had hinted that a carton or two would be a nice little gift to keep his memories of them glowing like cigarette ends. The cartons, of course, had four extra coupons. In reality, Bond loathed Raleighs, but due to M's urging, he smoked them solely to acquire the coupons.

"Ours is a penurious little Secret Service," M had pointed out. "We need those coupons. How do you think I got your silencer and plastic-bomb kit? Fifteen hundred coupons—that's how. You'll smoke Raleighs, Oy Oy Seven, and like it."

After a good night's sleep at the Ansonia, Bond moseyed over to West End Avenue to make his contact and get further instructions from an agent at the Café Aw-Go-Go-Already who made fellafel and acted as a "mailbox" for messages.

Ah, fellafel! Israel's answer to the pizza and hotdog! Chickpeas ground up and fried into inedible balls, covered with techina, an exquisitely uninspired sauce, then housed in an envelope of pita, the thoroughly tasteless Arab bread. Fellafel! He grew nostalgically sick to his stomach with each sniff at the counter.

Zvi Gates, the fellafel maker with the piercing eyes, had greeted him with a grin: "Back from Miami Beach, Mr. Bond? Here's a special fellafel for you."

And Bond's trembling fingers had reached into the bottom of the pita, extracting the message from M, written in invisible ink, made doubly hard to decipher since it was inscribed on invisible paper.

He had sprayed on the powders which restored visibility to the paper and its message and read:

TO ISRAEL BOND, PUBLIC-RELATIONS REPRESENTATIVE FOR MOTHER MARGOLIES: SUBJECT—21-CASE SHIPMENT TO CATSKILLS: POSSIBILITY OF NEW TERRITORY FOR SALES OPENING UP AT

THE KAHN-TIKI, LARGE HOTEL IN LOCH SHELDRAKE, N. Y. BE ON YOUR GUARD TO PREPARE SPEECH FOR DELIVERY BEFORE GREATER NEW YORK LEAGUE AGAINST ANTI-SEMITISM BY JEWS. WHILE THERE GREET RENOWNED PHILANTHROPIST LAZARUS LOXFINGER. SHALOM—M.

A seemingly innocuous message. Should it fall into alien hands, the reader would deduce it had something to do with Bond's PR duties for the firm. He knew, however, that the 21-case designation meant that the 21st word of each following sentence was the key word. He counted the words deliberately, his heartstrings going zing! zing! zing!

The 21st word of the first sentence: "Guard."

Word number 21 of the second tortuous sentence: "Loxfinger."

With blinding clarity, it was clear. Frighteningly, blindingly clear.

"Guard Loxfinger!"

Lazarus Loxfinger, septuagenarian, multimillionaire, philanthropist, whose personal story had assumed epic proportions. He had come from Argentina several years before with seemingly unlimited funds, determined to use them to make Eretz Israel a better place in which to live. His charitable works were legendary by now, the Lazarus Loxfinger League Against Constipation, the Lazarus Loxfinger Mothers March On Acne,

the Loxfinger Center for Retarded Jewish Children, the Loxfinger Center for Nonretarded Jewish Children, the Loxfinger League for Positivism in Everyday Thinking (Its members, imbued with the league's philosophy, favored probiotics and prohistamines, among other things), et al. His endless generosity had caused a grateful citizenry to term him "tzaddik"—saint! And he had gone beyond mere charity. He had written a series of articles for the highly respected *Boot & Shoe Recorder* which had been given wide coverage by the press and TV the world over, becoming famous as *The Plowshare Papers*, since he continually stressed the "beat swords into plowshares" theme vis-à-vis Israel and the hostile Arab diehards. His articles had noted the spiritual kinship between the Jewish state and its neighbors, pointing out the undue strain on their respective economies engendered by the arms race, offering (in his words) "... a final solution based on equitable negotiations, cultural exchange, trade and other unifying factors. To see this final solution in my lifetime is my goal, my *raison d'être*."

And now this magnificent old man was in peril. From whom? Why? How?

Ergo, the hell-for-leather trip in the rented Rambler, now leaving the Harri-man Exit 16, and roaring up the Quickway to the mountains.

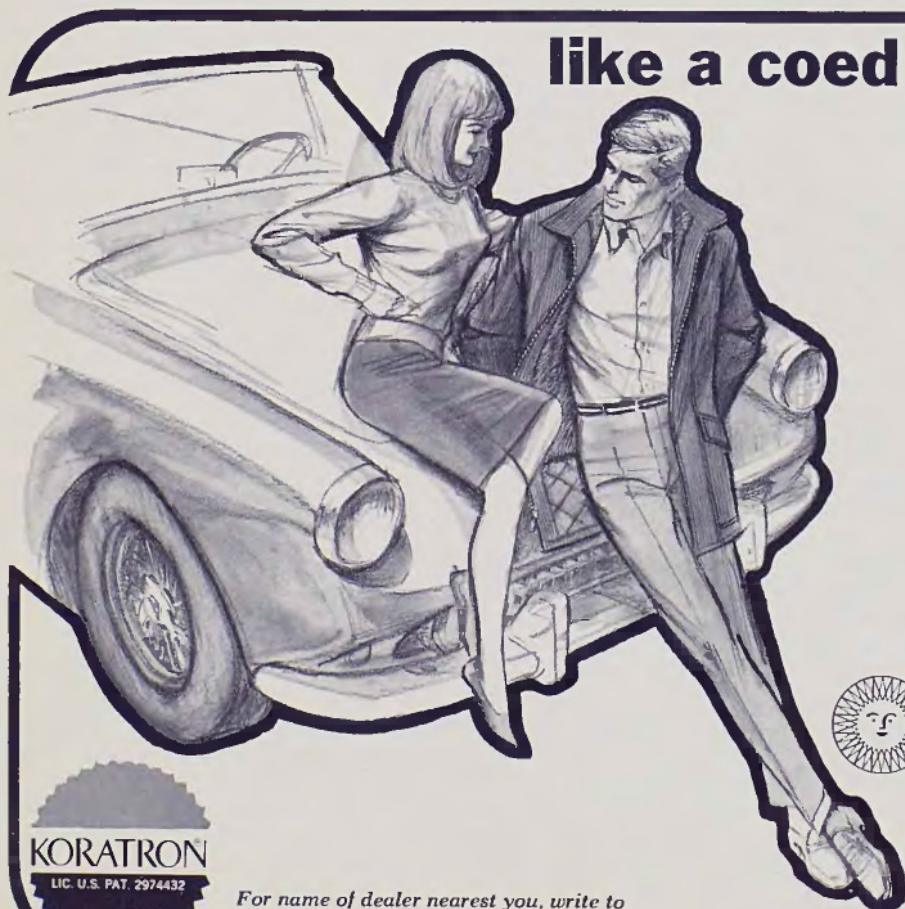
Hungry for the sound of a human

voice as he sped down the deserted road-way, Bond flicked on the radio. "... the elderly Israeli philanthropist, seemingly unnerved by his brush with death at the Kahn-Tiki Hotel [Bond froze; his hands were clammy against the wheel], vowed he would continue his attempts on behalf of Israel, his adopted homeland. Said Loxfinger: 'This cowardly attempt at assassination will only spur anew my efforts to seek a final solution for Israel in her relationships with her Arab neighbors.'

"The philanthropist then shrugged off his frightening experience and plunged into a full round of speeches and appearances at the Catskill-area hotel. Meanwhile, the suspect in the shooting, who Police Chief Ed Chelland said was driving a 1963 blue Cadillac convertible, was possibly headed toward New York City. State troopers were patrolling the Quickway, hoping for an early arrest. And that's the latest on the attempt to murder Lazarus Loxfinger, Israel's old man with a heart as big as his fortune."

Two streams of Raleigh smoke jetted through his nostrils. Bond switched off the radio. At least Loxfinger was alive. Alive!

And if it hadn't been for my damned conceit, I might have been in Loch Sheldrake 30 minutes ago. A Rocket Olds 98 would have gotten me there in time to stop this hideous thing. But I had to rent this Rambler. You know why, Bond. Because it has a bed in the back. You'd



like a coed & her steady

you and your
Carwood Casuals
are inseparables

Carwood Tailored all-purpose campus coat. Heavyweight all-cotton corduroy, with warm Orlon acrylic deep pile lining; side vents, hacking pockets. See it in fawn or olive, about \$15 at your favorite store. Look, too, at Carwood never-iron Ivy slacks—50% Fortrel polyester/50% cotton Koratron® permanent press fabrics in Ivy tones—authentic in cut and make—\$5.95 to \$6.95.



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CARWOOD Mfg. Co., Division of Chadbourn Gotham, Inc., Winder, Ga.

hoped for a little hanky-panky on the road, hadn't you? The whole fantasy had run through your mind a hundred times . . . a car broken down, some high-breasted young thing with chopped-liver-brown eyes imploring you to help her: "It got overheated, sir. You'll take me to Grossinger's in your car? Oh, bless you, sir! I could just kiss you." . . . which she would, their tongues tangoing sensually against each other's gold fillings, sharing deep swigs from Bond's flask of heady, potent, aphrodisiacal Gallo wine . . . then thighs thrashing thighs . . .

Bond, Bond told Bond, you'd better stop letting your damn, blessedly endowed genitalia rule your head. A lecher can't operate effectively as a Double Oy. Mother Margolies would have a proverb applicable to this, he thought. What had she once said? Yes . . . "I cursed because I had no eyes; until I saw a cheerful man who had no head."

Wait! What had the radio bulletin said? The blue Caddy convertible was New York bound!

He pulled the Rambler over sharply, parked and lit a Raleigh. His face was icy now, lips in a tightly set vise. It was a look his enemies had learned to fear, an Israel Bond turned into a murderous machine.

He double-timed it across the north-bound section, flattening his body on the grassy medial strip. It was luxuriantly rich against his cheek—Burpee Seed, no doubt. His fingers felt the road, drawing some comfort from its texture. Portland Cement. Tops in any league!

And his right hand fondly stroked the slim, deadly item resting in his Neiman-Marcus shoulder holster.

A black speck at first . . . high-tailing it south. It grew bigger. The blue Caddy! And behind it a patrol car, siren screaming, red rooftop light revolving madly. There would be time for one shot; with luck, two.

Now he could see the face of the driver, a swarthy Levantine type, features flattened by the force of the wind. A fanatical face, maniacal eyes, teeth bared into the snarl of a rabid mongrel . . .

Wang! Wang!

Bond squeezed the hair trigger on the Har Su Dung-55, the special crafted exclusively for him by Kok Eee Moon, the Hong Kong gunsmith.

The bullets had found the front tire, as Bond had intended, but that of the patrol car, now careening out of control. The assassin, however, startled at the reports, had taken his eyes off the road for a second, a fatal second. His own tires caught the cement ridge of the road. Bond watched the Caddy leave the road, rip over some underbrush, then rip under some overbrush. It smashed into a billboard, went through it with a sickening sound of agonized metal. A flash! And the Caddy went up in a white-hot ball of flame.

Now two towering troopers were chugging from the patrol car several hundred yards up the road. They found a grim-visaged Bond staring blankly at the billboard which seconds ago had read: CREST TOOTHPASTE—SHOWN TO BE HIGHLY EFFECTIVE WHEN USED WITH A CONSCIENTIOUSLY APPLIED PROGRAM OF ORAL HYGIENE. Where a curly-headed mopet had stood before her adoring mother clutching a dental report in her hand there was a gaping hole, behind which smoldered what remained of the convertible.

Bond dragged on a Raleigh. The troopers saw a hint of a smile as he said, "Crest or no Crest, our friend sure made a hell of a cavity, didn't he?"

His Rambler idled in front of the huge neon sign at the entrance to the winding lane that would take him to the hotel.

WELCOME, WELCOME TO THE FABULOUS KAHN-TIKI HOTEL!

YOU'LL ENJOY EVERY MOMENT AT THE KAHN-TIKI! POLYNESIAN DELICACIES—KOSHER STYLE! MODIFIED DIETARY LAWS (NO SMOKING DURING THE SERVING OF THE HAM SALAD)! LEARN THE LATEST JEWISH DANCES FROM THE TROPICS TAUGHT BY LITHE, OVERSEXED LATINOS!

TWO HEATED SWIMMING POOLS FILLED WITH MOTHER MARGOLIES' ACTIVATED OLD WORLD CHICKEN SOUP! NOSH WHILE YOU SPLASH!

THE ONLY HOTEL IN THE CATSKILLS WITH AN INDOOR SKI LIFT! SCHUSS ON A SIX-INCH BASE OF MATZOH MEAL!

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ESTRELLITA AND SCHUYLER KAHN, YOUR HOSTS AT MIAMI BEACH'S GLAMOROUS PALMETTO ROACH HOTEL, HOPE YOU ENJOY THEIR MOUNTAIN RESORT AS WELL! LET'S ALL MEET AT TONIGHT'S GET-ACQUAINTED SOIREE IN THE LITVAK LUAU ROOM! FEATURING THE WEST COAST COMEDY SENSATION—HENNY BENNY LENNY! HERMIE HOUSE AND HIS HOUSE HOUSE BAND FOR DANCING!

His smart Bakelite luggage stowed away, Bond warmed the tip-hungry palm of the bell captain with a shiny new Lyndon Johnson 75-cent piece, frankly relishing the awed reaction. "Yes sir, Mr. Bond! Anything else, sir? Well, hope you enjoy your stay!"

He showered for three minutes under the bracing needles of Mountain Valley Water, changed his suit, slipping into the high-priced casual garb required in this class milieu . . . skin-tight Ship 'n Shore Levis, burnt cantaloupe-shaded crew shirt with the prize Korvette's label showing (perhaps a bit ostentatiously; it was on the breast pocket), and Mafia Raffia shoes.

He picked up the mauve Princess

phone. "Operator, this is a Princess phone, isn't it? Good! Well, I'd like to speak to Princess Margaret."

The hotel operator, Miss Studnia, unused to Bond's dazzling spur-of-the-moment bons mots (he was as famed for his wit as Mother was for her proverbs), said, "Huh?"

And Bond, sorry he'd wasted a goody on an unappreciative clod, was all business now: "Dr. Loxfinger's suite, please."

Her voice was guarded. "I'm sorry, sir, but no one is permitted to disturb the doctor . . ."

"Look, honey," said Bond. "This is Israel Bond. The doctor will respond, I assure you."

"Just a minute, please, Mr. Bond. Dr. Loxfinger's public-relations representative will talk to you, Mr. Bond." New respect in the metallic tones. "Go ahead, Mr. Saxon."

"Mr. Bond?" A composed voice with a trace of hauteur. "Angelo Saxon here, the doctor's PRO. Dreadfully sorry, but he can't be disturbed. The dreadful incident and all that. Perhaps tomorrow or—"

"Knock it off, Saxon!" Bond's rasp slashed through the room. "This is Israel Bond, security, M 33 and 1/3 section. Stop 'dreadfuling' and tell me what's happened, how the old boy is and mach's schnell!"

"Uh, perhaps first we'd best meet for a chat, Mr. Bond. See you in the Leni Lenape Lounge in ten minutes. Check-o."

Well, some of the spray starch had been taken out of Mr. Saxon. Now, a friendly drink or two and he'd put the man straight.

He started for the lounge and his meeting with Saxon. On the elevator he bumped into a girl. "Beg your pardon."

She said nothing, content to flash a look of utter disgust.

She's a smasher! Bond thought. Sullen savage loveliness . . . full, pouting lips, eyes of Brillo black and bluish highlights, a heart-stopping shape, hugged affectionately by leotards of sheerest net lace. Her proud, defiant breasts were completely uncovered. If this damn elevator doesn't stop in three seconds, I'm going to crush those maddening rosebud nipples in my aching teeth, he swore vehemently.

Rosebud! He smiled a secretive smile. Odd to think of that word now. As a child he'd had a sled by that name. Wonder what ever happened to it?

With arch humor he bowed, permitting the blazing creature to leave the car first. "See you around . . . or around you," he riposted. She never even turned to acknowledge his quip, walking lithely away with her tantalizing dancer's stride.

She was a smasher! Bond thought again. But he'd sensed something strange, a man-hating look he'd noticed in certain bizarre bistros with an offbeat clientele. Lesbo? Well, if she was, he'd—in Warren



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what Master Brewers describe as "naturally perfect brewing water"—a rare water that can subtly coax the most elusive flavors from choice grains and hops.

Tumwater, Washington—the home of Olympia Beer—provides such a water that flows cold and pure from deep in the earth. It comes to the brew kettle with the natural ability to create a consistently distinctive beer . . . and the refreshing difference you can taste is your personal reminder of Olympia's most priceless ingredient: ***"It's the Water"***





*"Excuse me, miss, but I couldn't help noticing that you smoke.
It just so happens that I'm a member of the
entertainment committee of an exclusive men's club, with the
obligation of planning the annual smoker, and . . ."*

Harding's classic phrase—restore her to "normalcy!"

At the desk he asked for any messages.

"Uh, you're Mr. Bond in Room 1818, correct, sir?"

"Yes."

"Here you are, sir."

The brief message read: "I'd ride a Camel a mile to smoke an Oasis."

What the hell was this? Bond frowned, his cruelly dark handsomeness becoming even more attractive. More than one woman had been driven wild by that frown.

Camel? Oasis? If these were code words, they were certainly not in his master book. "Clerk, are you sure this message is for me?"

"Oh, I beg your pardon, sir," said the clerk, reddening. "This is for the gentleman in 1817, the room next to yours. A Mr. Jew."

Mr. Jew? Bond thought hard. "Sounds rather familiar. What's the gentleman's first name, clerk?"

"His first name is Achmed. Just checked in an hour ago. Strange sort. When I asked him to register, he just gave me a blank look as though he didn't understand what I was saying. He shoved a piece of paper in front of me that specifically requested he be quartered in the room next to yours. I thought the fellow was a friend of yours, so I saw no harm in assigning him 1817."

No sense making the clerk suspicious. Bond snapped his fingers as though in recollection. "Of course! My old buddy Achmed Jew! Slipped my mind completely."

He thanked the clerk with a handful of Hubert Humphrey nickels and walked out onto the porch to give the matter some thought. Achmed Jew! And in the next room! Where was *he* from? Jordan? Kuwait? Saudi Arabia? Whoever he was, he must be a dunderhead, indeed, to pick an on-the-head last name like "Jew" in order to blend into the crowd at this kind of hotel. And to use his first name yet! What a *faux pas*! What Arabic stupidity! Or arrogance, rather, to think a name like Achmed would go unnoticed. No doubt, Mr. Achmed Jew felt uncomfortable in this totally alien environment. Well, he'd have to make Mr. Achmed Jew feel right at home—with a little welcome call late tonight.

In the Leni Lenape Lounge, decorated with Eastern American Indian motifs—somewhat at variance with the Polynesian theme of the Kahn-Tiki—Bond spotted the man he thought was Angelo Saxon.

"Saxon?"

The tall, weedy blond who wore a baggy (and rather gamy, Bond's nose reported) brown woolen suit, sipping a tom collins, turned to him. "Why . . . uh . . . yes, Bond, is it? Sorry for my seeming impertinence, old man, but I'd heard you were in public relations, like me.

Thought you'd try to con old Loxfinger into some shady promotion or other. Had no idea you were . . . uh . . . in your type of occupation. Drink?"

How tactful, Bond thought. Taken down a few pegs, he wants to be friendly. All right. We'll join hands on the friendship trail for a bit. "Yes, thanks. Bartender, a Lhasa Lizard, please. Just a soupçon of mildly rancid yak butter in the bottom of the tumbler . . . the right eye of any domestic lizard—iguana will do nicely . . . one ounce of Gallo wine—from the first pressings of the grapes, please . . . three crumbs from a Drake's Yankee Doodle cupcake. Shake well. Now, how much? Sixty-five cents!" Bond's chin shot out indignantly. "Good grief, man! Lhasa Lizards are never more than forty-five cents in the most elegant Manhattan posheries!"

Nevertheless, he left the mixicologist some gleaming Bobby Baker pennies. Wasn't the man's fault, actually. He didn't set prices.

"Now to business. What happened, Saxon?"

"It happened rather quickly, Mr. Bond. Dr. Loxfinger—he's been a 'doctor,' of course, ever since that honorary degree from Brandeis University—was exhorting the crowd in the Kahn-Tiki's main ballroom to double their pledges to the UJA . . . not the United Jewish Appeal . . . this one's a new organization which is seeking enough money to put Israel in the Nuclear Club. It stands for 'Unleash the Jewish Atom' . . ."

"Yes, yes, go on," said Bond.

"Well, that's when this wiry, Levantine type, who'd been masquerading as a busboy, dropped his tray of dishes, whipped out a revolver and fired point-blank at the doctor. I, of course, had seen the gun in his hand and made a lunge at the filthy little cretin. I missed. But, strangely enough, so did he. I suppose my lunge unnerved him. Then he fled. Tell me . . . did you get him?"

"Yes, the matter was taken care of on the Quickway."

"Good show!" said Saxon, but there was something deep in his eyes Bond could not fathom as yet, but did not like. "This little gunman . . . did he talk?"

"No, he died without talking. I'm afraid." Was that a gleam of triumph in Saxon's eyes? "Well, tell me, Saxon, what else happened when the shot was fired?"

"Naturally," said Saxon, sipping his drink, "all hell broke loose. The loudest cries, it seemed, came from the hotel owner, Mr. Kahn. The 'busboy' had ruined forty-eight dollars' worth of genuine East Side Fiesta dishes when he dropped the tray. In the confusion he fled. You know the rest."

Time to put the screws on. "Frankly," Bond began coldly, "I'm shocked at the general laxity around here. Has there been no guard assigned to the doctor up to now? Remember, this man is the great-

est thing that has happened to Israel since Leon Uris. He is beloved by world Jewry, vastly respected by non-Jews. Wrap up Albert Schweitzer, Ringo Starr and Shirley Temple and you have Lazarus Loxfinger. This man must be guarded!"

"Oh," Saxon said, his eyes widening with concern, "but I agree. Fully. The doctor does have a bodyguard, you know, quite a formidable one. You will meet him later. He's a mountain, not a man . . . a sort of Neanderthal, really. The doctor found him working on the docks in Marseilles, took pity on him and made him part of our entourage. This creature is the product of a rather hasty *mésalliance* between an American soldier, a nigger . . . oops!" He winked. "Sorry for that. One does have to be 'liberal' these days. Uh, an American soldier of . . . sepian hue, shall we say, who consorted with a white Scottish barmaid in Glasgow during World War Two. The issue of this one-night stand is our bodyguard. His name is MacAroon. Wanted by neither parent, he was shunted from orphanage to orphanage. Grew to be amazingly huge and powerful. He must be seven-foot, six if he's an inch. MacAroon's specialty is karate. I've seen this simian shatter a twelve-by-twelve with one chop of that monstrous hand."

"Why wasn't he around to protect Loxfinger when he was needed?"

"Simple. He'd been drugged. Someone, the 'busboy,' no doubt, had spiced his haggis and chitlins—that's all he eats—with a powerful sleeping draught."

Bond inhaled. "You mentioned 'entourage.' Who else is in this charmed Loxfinger circle?"

Saxon winked again. "Besides MacAroon and yours truly, there's one other . . . his personal secretary, Peepee. You appear to be the sort of man who appreciates good womanflesh, Mr. Bond. You'll find Peepee quite a mouth-watering sight."

"Peepee? What kind of a gibbering, infantile name is that for a grown woman?"

"Those are her initials, P. P. But here she is now, Mr. Bond. I'd asked her to join us. Hope you don't mind."

Bond's eyes rose—then popped. Peepee was the fascinating, unreachable minx he'd struck out with on the elevator. Still wearing the same fetching costume she had on when last they met, she . . . she oozed . . . that was the word . . . oozed across the lounge, those Junoesque breasts pointing to only heaven knew what mystical horizons, that frigidly wonderful, sullen face . . .

She faced him now, those frosty lips opening, spitting out word icicles: "Mr. Bond, I presume? My name is Poontang Plenty. Mr. Saxon here insists on calling me Peepee. You may if you wish. I don't give a flying f——"

"Well, now," Bond laughed, cutting her off diplomatically. "I rather like your

given name . . . Poontang Plenty. Fraught with promise."

Her top lip curled into an adorable sneer. "Forget it, he-man! The name is all that's been given."

Saxon yawned. "I'll leave you lovebirds to peck out each other's eyes. So long, Peepee, see you later." He bent his gaunt frame to buss her cheek.

"Put those Tussaud waxworks lips on me and I'll kick you right in the—"

Mumbling an insincere farewell, Saxon exited hastily, gratefully, too, Bond thought. At least the fish-eyed PR man was no competition.

"That water lily!" Her voice was pure cobra venom. "I hate him, him with those putrid eyes and that stinking suit—eeech!" She shuddered, toying with something in her right hand. Whatever it was, it made a clicking sound like two marbles tapped together.

"Ah," said Bond, resorting to his usual lighter-than-air touch. It's as good as any other gambit in this game *d'amour*, he reasoned. "Ah, Captain Queeg! Playing with your balls again, I see."

"That's right, buster," her voice came up hard and gritty. "Know what these are?" She thrust her hand dramatically into his face, opening it. Two marbles, deep highlights radiating from their exotically striated cores, lay in her palm.

"Why, yes, Poontang. Marbles, aren't they? Some childish carry-over?"

"Think marbles is a childish sport, Mr. He-Man with the faggot sandals?" A smile, but hate-filled. "Care to . . . uh . . . take me on in a little game, maybe?"

His eyes gleamed. "What's in it for me if I win, Poontang?"

"Win? *Win?*" She exploded into helpless, thigh-whacking laughter, the first Bond had seen on that sullen face.

"Win? You stupid, prideful bastard! I'll show you who's really got balls at this table, Bond. I have. Right in my hand. The neatest shooters you ever saw smack a marble on its ass and send it flying!"

Bond looked into her eyes, deviltry dancing in his own. "Let's say the impossible is possible, Poontang. And I win. What's in it for me?"

She stood up regally, extended those staggeringly desirable mounds to within an inch of his twitching lips. "Yes . . . they're yours! Yours! And everything else that goes with 'em! Gladly! But you'll never outshoot me, buster. And to make it interesting for me, I'll relieve you of some of your long green. Shall we say twenty bucks for each captured marble?"

"So, Her Nibs digs mibs, eh?"

"That's the size of it, lover boy. I'm throwing the gauntlet right in your craggy, cruelly handsome face and I hope to hell it drives your blackheads clear through your cheeks!"

He spoke. The charm was gone from his voice now, she noticed.

"You're on, Poontang. Marbles it is. Noon tomorrow, any place on the hotel

grounds you want. But make it far from the main building. I don't want the folks to be upset by your screams when . . ." He could hold back the sound of his gritting teeth no longer. In his passion a wisdom molar crumbled into chalk.

"Brave words, buster. But you're on. Tomorrow—noon."

. . .

His nerves raw from the tension he had undergone ever since the whole chaotic skein of events had started to unravel in Miami Beach, Bond gulped down one of Mother Margolies' favorite relaxants—M. & M., Manischewitz & Miltown. It would ease him into a peaceful late-afternoon catnap from which he would emerge refreshed and ready for the grim tasks ahead. He stripped down to his Fruit of the Loom spun Egyptian cotton shorts (you had to hand it to the warmongering bastards; they *did* grow splendid cotton), lit up his 198th Raleigh of the day (I've smoked enough for a clip of .45s at least, he exulted) and lay on his bed. His eyes were closing now, but there was one more chore. "Operator—get me Milton Bond in Trenton, New Jersey. Area code 609, Import 7-8898."

He waited. "Milt? Your Israeli brother. Listen, Milt, I'm practically asleep, but I need a favor damned fast. Look through my old things in the attic, the junk I stored before I went to Eretz in '48. Still got it? Good. Now, I must have these things no later than noon tomorrow. Got a pencil?" His voice droned a list. "That's the whole schmear. Fly 'em up to the Kahn-Tiki Hotel, Loch Sheldrake, in your Piper Cub. Love to Lottie and the kinderlach. I'm so damn sleepy I . . ."

The receiver fell from jellyfish-weak fingers. Bond was out cold.

Cold.

He was cold. Shivering, freezing cold.

He smiled in his sleep. The smell of salty fish permeated his dream. Lox? Loxfinger? Herring? Yes, a gooten sticketel pickled herring, the way his mother used to make it back in Trenton, his birthplace in 1930. Momma! His warm-hearted, crafty, typical Jewish mother, who had dreamed of a profitable career for him in medicine. "Study hard, learn," she had said in her careworn way. "Some-day, son, you'll be a famous abortionist with a big practice and a country clubber in Stockholm." She was smiling at him now in this loveliest of dreams. Hello, Momma. I miss you.

He knew he was dreaming, but, ah, it was divine! The cold salty fish is moving over my body, he smiled. I'm in a Catskill hotel and a cold slimy fish is crawling over me!

Crawling?

Fish don't crawl!

He sprang into consciousness—something wet, cold, slimy, furry, impossibly huge was advancing on his body. Some-

thing was—Gottenu! The pain! Something with a fetid, fishy breath had sunk its teeth into his shoulder—the bad one.

Two red eyes were glowing in the darkened room, part of something enormous that was crushing him, mashing his ribs, his chest. Pinned to the bed like a butterfly on a card, he stared into the enraged face of a polar bear!

Bond screamed, unashamedly. He tried reaching for the mezuzah with a hand already puffing up horribly from the mashing. Gone! The bear's claw had ripped the chain from his neck. Blood from the reopened shoulder wound raced lavalike down his body.

He was virtually on the verge of fainting. The swollen hand was all that remained to combat this one-ton terror from the top of the world. Its growl sent chills down his bruised spine. He could imagine the not-so-stupid Mr. Jew next door in 1817, his ear pressed to the wall, laughing gleefully at each of Bond's screams. No, Mr. Achmed Jew was not the dumb bunny he had thought him to be. While he, Bond, had talked a good game, Mr. Jew had acted! Somehow managing to smuggle his murderous arctic aide into the Kahn-Tiki.

Only the thought of that cackling anti-Semite bastard next door kept Bond going. A rage, every bit as towering as the polar bear's, swept over him. His mashed fingers found a shoe under the bed, touched a spring in the heel. A knife sprang out. Now it was in Bond's demoniacal clutch, driving down toward the bear's exposed neck. No! Wait! He knew from the extralight feel of the knife and its dull edge that it was a milchig (dairy) knife. Sacrilege! To kill a meat creature with a dairy knife. He dropped it, felt for the mate to the shoe, found its spring and drove the flayschig (meat) knife again and again into his adversary. Blood—the bear's now—was gushing out like an oil strike from a gusher in Eilat, southernmost city of Eretz Israel. With one tormented roar, the bear rolled over Bond again, inflicting more indescribable pain, then fell ponderously to the floor. It would lurk no more in the Kahn-Tiki Hotel.

He had met his greatest challenge—and won.

Gottenu! What pain! Pain! Pain! Tension! Tension! Tension! He would give the world for one Excedrin now!

Gingerly he felt for the phone. He had to make sure this terrible thing was indeed premeditated.

Though his body screamed in a million agonized places, he forced himself to make his voice as dignified as possible. "Bond, 1818. Tell me . . . uh . . . have there ever been any . . . uh . . . polar bears inside this hotel before? As guests, visitors, in any capacity at all?"

"Definitely not, Mr. Bond!" The clerk sounded highly insulted. "A polar bear in

the Kahn-Tiki? Never, sir! We only get a family crowd."

"Thank you," said a thoughtful Bond. He hung up.

Then there *was* a score to settle!

• • •

The phone rang in 1817.

The wiry, Levantine type dropped the all-purpose Gideon book of worship provided by the management (Old Testament-New Testament-Koran-Kama Sutra), reached for the phone with some apprehension. He had not been expecting any calls. For a moment he debated the advisability of answering. He felt for the Sphinx-77 in his shoulder holster, patted it reassuringly and lifted the receiver.

"Meester Achmed Jew?" A harsh, thick accented voice.

"Yes."

"The Oasis is pleased at the death of the Camel."

A sigh of relief escaped his throat. Ah, a fellow member from the Yemeni Elite for Nullifying Zionist Traitors. YENTZ! The caller could be no other; he had used the key code words aptly.

"Who is this, please?" One still had to be cautious.

"Mr. Jew, this is Gamal Goy, your superior from the El Nakid Sidi section. I am calling with further instructions. Meet me at the indoor pool adjacent to the solarium. I have instructions regarding the Israeli philanthropist." The caller hung up.

The tense YENTZ agent could hardly believe his ears. He let go an irrepressible squeal. Surely Gamal Goy must think he, Achmed, was worthy indeed to have proffered such a monumental assignment.

Moments later he stood by the pool, his nostrils assailed by the stench. Then he recalled he had been told it was filled with Mother Margolies' Activated Old World Chicken Soup.

It was dinnertime. The pool was deserted. A creepy feeling pervaded him, his own footsteps echoing against the moist, steamy walls gave him a sense of unease. Lighting a Rameses, he waited.

He pricked up his ears. He heard other footsteps reverberating through the man-made fog. Then silence.

"Achmed Jew!"

The harsh voice, sounding strangely disembodied. But from where?

"Goy?"

"No Goy, Jew! This is Jew, Goy!"

That voice! Achmed whirled, his hand sliding into his coat.

Dreck! Dreck!

Two slugs from Bond's Tzimmes-88 tore past him, missing by a foot. But in spinning to answer the misdirected shot with his Sphinx-77, Achmed slipped on the wet tiles, his head cracking the pool deck. Stunned, his temporal parietal area gashed badly, he toppled into the pool. For a few seconds there was a strangling, gurgling sound. Then his struggles ceased.

A cold smile on his face as he watched



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the bloody eddies mingling with the tender bits of plump Rhode Island Red fowl, Bond came down from the high diving board, his vantage point for the shooting. The Tzimmes-88 still smoked in his swollen right hand. Justice had cried out for a chauvinistic killing with a good Jewish gun this time. His lips spoke mockingly to the bobbing body of the drowned Yemeni: "Gamal Goy greets his desert brother, Achmed Jew. May many dark-eyed houris greet you in your warriors' heaven—all of them with yaws—you bastard!" (But I really must get back to the practice range, he admitted.)

Flicking off an imaginary dust spot on the lapel of his Dino tuxedo, the model favored by leading stars of stage, screen and television, Bond took out his Nippo, lit a Raleigh and watched the smoke become part of the pool's mist. He pulled the wick out, placed it in his ear and spoke into the bottom of the lighter.

"Zvi?"

"Shalom, Oy Oy Seven."

"Have you disposed of the bear's body?"

"Yes, Oy Oy Seven. It has been sliced into bits. Every cat in the Catskills will have an unexpected treat tonight. How are your wounds?"

"Better, thank you. The hotel doctor dressed the lacerations, thinking he was ministering to a very poor skier. As for the pain, it's bad, but bearable. The Excedrins are definitely helping. You see, I had this pain that felt like two billygoats were pulling my head asunder, so in a case like this when I need big relief . . ."

Zvi's voice cut in: "Yes. But what shall I tell M about our friend from YENTZ?"

Bond's gray eyes gleamed as his quick mind prepared to hurl one of his famous jests.

"One can say," he paused for telling effect, "that Mr. Achmed Jew is definitely in the soup!"

. . .

For once, disposing of a body had proved relatively simple for Bond. Zvi, who had left the Café Aw-Go-Go-Already to come to the Catskills and work more closely with him, had wangled a part-time job as an animal trainer with the Ring-A-Ding Barton Brothers & Bill Bailey Circus and Smoker ("The earthiest show on earth") touring nearby, and had brought over a starving Bengal tiger, shoved it into the pool and calmly watched it dine on the Levantine.

Bond, a Raleigh dangling from his lips, commented: "You can always count on fast action, Zvi, when there's a tiger in the tank."

Grinning, Zvi again was overwhelmed by Oy Oy Seven's trigger mind. How does he do it? And why?

"Boy, that tiger is doing a real job. I don't think Agent D could have handled this any better." Then he bit his tongue.

"Agent D?" A sharp look of interest

was on Bond's face. "Who is Agent D?"

Zvi stammered. "Forget I ever mentioned Agent D. Please, Oy Oy Seven, please forget it. Means nothing, really."

Agent D? Zvi apparently had gleaned something from one of M's top-secret mis-sives. But Bond decided to press the matter no further. His confrere was obviously embarrassed enough.

Ten minutes later, reverting to his cover role, Bond found himself delivering the speech to the organization mentioned in M's communication and then found himself dragged into yet another conclave by a spry, surprisingly powerful old matron in gold lamé evening hip-hugger slacks and blouse, matched regretably with brown-and-white saddles. He had given an abbreviated version of his speech to the group, the Molly Picon Golden Age Political Action Club, and with another of his typically gallant (and basically goodhearted) gestures—"Waiter, a bottle of your best Geritol for every lovely lady in the room"—had gained applause and reverence.

Still pain-racked from his mauling, the bored Oy Oy Seven strolled into the Litvak Luau Room where, before a jam-packed audience, West Coast comedy sensation Henny Benny Lenny was holding sway at the microphone, tossing glib patter:

"Geez, what a quiet bunch! I've gotten better reaction from a Schick test!"

(Nervous, somewhat light laughter.)

"Are you sure this is the regular group? So this guy falls off the Washington Monument and the cop says, 'What's goin' on here?' and the guy says, 'I don't know. I just got here myself!'"

(Nervous rustlings; no laughter.)

"This can't be the regular group! Well, let's try the hip, sophisticated, topical humor right out of today's front pages, huh? Vietnam? That's affecting all of us in these troubled times. Well, these two South Vietnamese soldiers are sitting around in a foxhole under fire from the Commies and the first one says to his pal, 'I just bought me one of them Italian sports cars—Cosa Nostra. Underneath the hood is a hood!'"

(Some response this time . . . of a sort. A ringsider vaulted onto the stage and hit the funmaker across the mouth with a whiskey bottle.)

"Well, good night, folks, and God bless youse."

And the peppery comedian walked off to the strains of *I Know That You Know*, grinning, spitting out his teeth and whispering to a stagehand, "Tough crowd at first, but I finally got 'em."

Too bad, Bond thought. He was a hilarious chap. The frequent cabaretting Bond had been exposed to as part of his PR role had made him rather an expert on funnymen. This one was first-rate. But the crowd had been impatiently waiting for a message from Dr. Loxfinger, who

had agreed on a brief personal appearance to show an anxious Jewry he was alive and well.

Bond, too, felt a stirring at the prospect of hearing one of Loxfinger's messianic pronouncements.

The honor of the introduction rightly belonged to porcine Schuyler Kahn, now on stage beaming beatifically.

"Ladies and gentlemen . . ."

As though a needle had been lifted from a phonograph, the murmuring ceased abruptly.

"My lovely wife, Estrellita Kahn, your cohost at the Kahn-Tiki and the only woman I'll ever look at . . ." there was hearty applause; the love between the Kahns was well known to their patrons.

Estrellita rose, shouted, "I feel the same way about you, Schuyler, sweetie!" which triggered another wave of applause and laughter.

"Estrellita and I feel truly blessed tonight. I'm here to humbly present the greatest Jewish gentleman I ever seen—and, believe me, Schuyler Kahn in his role as owner of the best Class B hotel in the mountains has met them all . . . all the big ones—Gary Morton, Bobby King, Jerry Lester, Bob Melvin, London Lee, Johnny Pulco—you name 'em; I met 'em. Without further ado, here is Dr. Lazarus Loxfinger!"

There was a glass-shattering roar. Bond looked blankly at the shards in his hand and the ice cubes in his lap.

Lazarus Loxfinger, trailed by a huge mulatto wearing a plaid kilt and a T-shirt with the letters I DIG MILES DAVIS and carrying a board on his shoulder, walked slowly onto the stage. He stood motionless during a fantastic, ten-minute standing ovation, hearing his name screamed over and over again: "Loxfinger! Loxfinger! Loxfinger!"

Then Loxfinger raised his right hand stiffly, palm out. The throng stilled.

MacAroon suddenly crossed in front of his leader, swung the board off his shoulder, held it by the end with his left hand and, with a frightening blur, chopped his right hand down on it. There was a sharp crack; gasps sounded through the ballroom; the board, split in two, fell to the stage. Then the monster lumbered off.

And Loxfinger began to speak.

. . .

Now it was two in the morning and Bond, still beset by the sense of unreality that had begun the instant he heard the voice of Lazarus Loxfinger, found himself unable to sleep. He lit a Raleigh in the dark, indifferently watching the flames from his tossed match creeping up the blanket toward him.

As the flames licked at his swollen hand and singed his mangled shoulder, Bond phoned the desk. "My room's on fire."

His charred hand painning him, Bond, now dressed in a powder-blue iridescent suit, Panama hat, string tie and Venetian bedsocks, pushed his way past the bell-

hops trying to contain the blaze to the 18th floor and went down to the lounge.

Elbowing his way through the dancers, he spotted at a corner table Poontang, Saxon, MacAroon, smashing boards with terrifying grunts, and, yes . . . Loxfinger, the old fellow cuddling with a sultry, Nordic-type blonde, well upholstered, too, a shocked Bond noted.

Unthinkable. This saintly figure pawing, grasping, insinuating his hands into her cleavage. It was a blow to Bond's image of the man, but he supposed that Loxfinger, too, was only human.

"Hello, Bond," Poontang said in her typically hostile manner. "Come down for some night life?"

"Had a slight fire in my room and couldn't sleep. Matter of fact, burned my hand. I thought I'd ease the pain with a little nightcap."

"Oh," she said with a sneer. "Hurt your hand, eh? Your shooting hand, no doubt. I thought you'd find some way to cop out on tomorrow's match."

"I'll be there, Poontang, so don't worry your sick little head." And to the waiter: "A very, very dry Majorca martini, the olive from the personal groves of Francisco Franco, a simulated pearl onion on a toothpick of Pacific Plywood."

"You forgot to tell him the most important ingredient, buster. The pinch of Indian Ocean kelp taken from the belly of a pregnant female manta ray."

"Still competing with me, eh, Poontang? Who's the young lady with the good doctor?"

"Some cheap little cocktail hostess named Eve Brown. He can't keep his hands off her. I'm afraid you're late, Mr. Bond. The old lecher has beaten the young lecher to the prize."

"You mean he beat you to it?" Bond shot back.

"Still nasty, eh, buster? We'll see how nasty you are tomorrow after I take away all your mad money." Dashing her drink into his face, she hurried off, her breasts heaving.

Saxon leaned over. He was very drunk. "How's the kosher cop tonight? Shoot any more baddie-waddies since I saw you last?" He was still wearing the same brown woolen suit which seemed even sweatier, gamier and baggier—if possible.

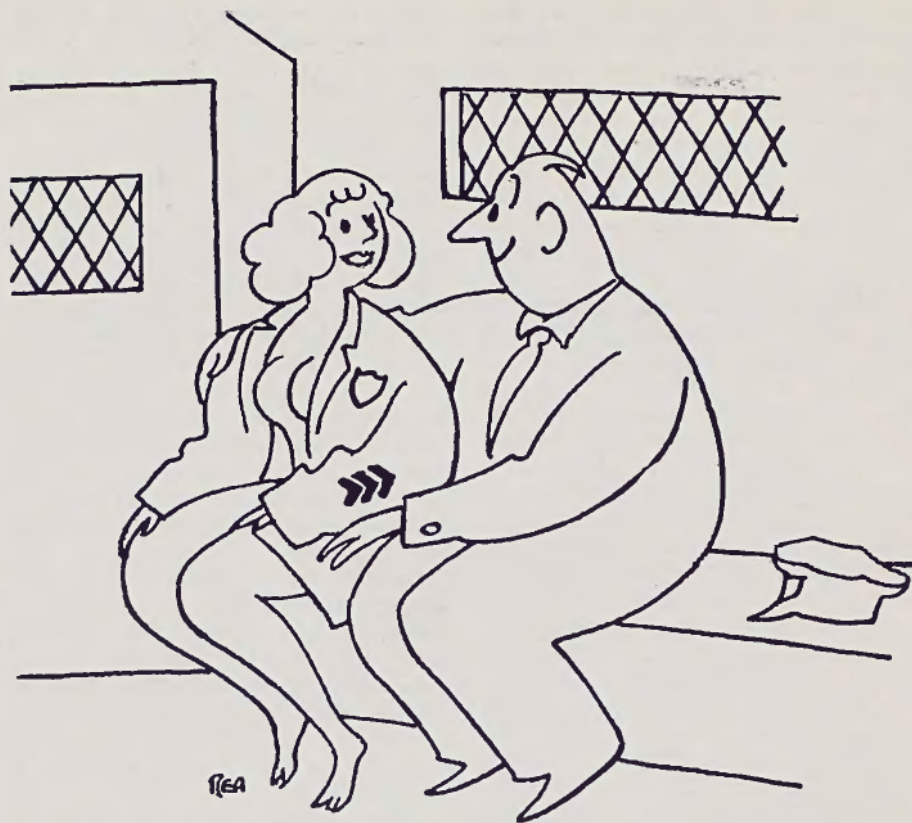
"Tell me, Saxon, who's your tailor? Pillsbury?"

Saxon's face purpled. "You f----- Jew bastard!" He started a right-hand punch which Bond's superior reflexes deftly enabled him to block with the point of his jaw.

"I'll overlook that, Saxon, because you're blind, piggish drunk."

"You snotty kike!" Saxon swung again wildly, missed and fell against an artificial palm tree, knocking himself out. He slid to the floor.

Bond looked at the unconscious PR man. "MacAroon, take this sot back to his room and sober him up."



"Just think — if my G string hadn't snapped, and some busybody hadn't phoned for the police — we might never have met!"

His carbon eyes glowering, MacAroon muttered. "'Tis a bonnie moonlight night, yo' mothah frigguh." He tossed Saxon over his shoulder as if the man were a feather and steam-rolled out.

Turning to Loxfinger, who also seemed on the verge of collapse, Bond said gently: "Bedtime, sir. It's been a long day for you. I'll take you back to your suite."

The doctor, who had been whispering endearments to Eve Brown in his thick, drunken voice—"Eva, mine schatz, Eva"—looked at Bond with a trace of suspicion, then nodded his assent. "Yah, I go now. You are Mr. Bond, the security person." He clicked his heels fatuously, then swayed. Bond caught him, led him on a tottering path to the elevator. They got off at the ninth floor, Bond continuing to guide him toward the suite.

"You are very solicitous, Mr. Bond. But then, we mockies have to stick together, right?" He winked confidentially, nudging Bond's ribs.

Saxon was up, partly sober, soaking wet and still bellicose. "That Jew bastard made fun of my suit! And that stinking nigger ape threw me in the shower! My suit is ruined! I'll kill him . . . and that f----- kike, too!"

"Now, now, Mr. Saxon," said Loxfinger placatingly. "Your good doctor will buy you another one. May I bid you good night, Mr. Bond?"

"Good night, sir," Bond said. "And shalom."

In the corridor Bond let the fury he had suppressed in Loxfinger's presence roll out of him. He kicked a passing bellhop in the leg, savoring the man's yammering and sobbing.

How he had yearned to smash those epithets back into Saxon's foul-smelling, bigoted mouth. And why . . . why had Loxfinger, a fellow Jew, said nothing when his aide spouted them? Did Saxon have some strange hold over the philanthropist? I've got to do some thinking.

Something else occurred to him. He decided to play a hunch. Returning to the lounge, he smiled his most inviting smile at the hard-faced blonde, Eve Brown. She sized up his trim physique, the dark, cruelly handsome face. She decided it would be worth her while to smile back.

. . .

Her moist corn-silk hair in strands against his pillow, the girl looked with adoration at the tawny, steel-framed Apollo who had just taken them both to the very heart of the sun.

"Geez, mister. You're the living end."

He smiled, slipping in one of his irresistible shafts: "Your end is the livingest, too, Eve. Tell me, how did you get entangled with the celebrated doctor tonight?" Naturally, he had made love to

her in hopes of eliciting some information, but that task had somehow become secondary the moment he had torn away her pitifully sordid little evening dress. (He would, of course, send her a Simplicity pattern and three yards of material.) And when he saw her golden thighs, he'd heard the same old song in his blood.

Bond, he berated himself, you're impossibly horny. I think you'd get aroused by a navel orange.

"Oh, the doc," she said, her words derailing his train of thought, sending him back to the job at hand.

Nestling in the crook of his muscular arm, she related how Loxfinger had given her the once-over twice in the lounge. "I knew he was famous, of course, but I never thought he'd ever dig a cheap, flashy little number like me. And it's funny, when I told him my name was Eve Brown, he sorta flipped. Like he'd seen a ghost or somethin'. All the time he was coppin' a feel he kept whisperin' crazy things like, 'Eva, it's been so long . . . so long since we splashed in the pool together, watching the sun glinting on the snow-capped peaks' . . . stuff like that. I swear, Mr. Bond, I never laid eyes on him before—or nothin' else. And my name's Eve—not Eva."

Bond knitted his brow with a frown of concentration. Then he realized he'd made a mistake.

"Geez, you're handsome when you frown!" she said with breathy excitement. And she pulled him down to her, the old song welling up again.

. . .

"Zvi," Bond said in a low voice over the Nippo. "I want you to contact Monroe Goshen at CIA. Tell him I'm sending some photos of Saxon, MacAroon and Poontang. I want him to check them out. There's something going on here I don't like. And tell M I'm making these inquiries."

"Is the doctor safe, Oy Oy Seven?"

"For the time being, yes. Shalom."

Poontang! The mention of her name had made him remember the marble game at noon. And his hand, mauled by bear and fire . . . how in the name of heaven would he be able to hold a shooter in those grotesque caricatures of fingers?

He held his hand in a sinkful of ice water until the swelling reduced enough for him to try a few feeble shots with a cat's-eye he'd induced one of the hotel's younger patrons to give him, after having to beat the kid up badly.

Satisfied that the hand was at least serviceable, he took the contact lenses off his eyeteeth (standard with M 83 and 1/3 personnel), extracted the microfilms from the tiny cameras built into the enamel, developed the negatives in a can of Mother's Chicken Soup (it was ideal for "souping up negs" as well as eating) and airmail-specialized the prints to Goshen. He, of course, had been snapping pic-

tures of the Loxfinger party in virtually every conversation. The ones of Poontang, he knew, would drive Goshen out of his goyisher Boston bean. They'd crossed paths before and had a warm regard for each other. In fact, it was Bond who had brought a breath of spring to Goshen's reticent, dour life, fixing up the CIA operative with his first sexual encounter at the age of 43.

Lighting a Raleigh, he laid plans for the coming match. It's about time, he said to himself facetiously, to lay plans!

. . .

The day of the game dawned clear and bright.

Bond, dressed in a sporty one-piece Air Force-type jump suit, walked over to a spot about a mile from the Kahn-Tiki's main wing after receiving a terse call from Poontang.

Poontang, all business, was wearing a sweat shirt on which were emblazoned the letters KANSAS CITY, MO., JAYCEES MARBLES TOURNAMENT CHAMPION 1954-55-56-57 and a pair of faded jeans that did not entirely hide her wicked silhouette.

Pine trees and thick clumps of bushes encircled the brown patch of earth she had selected.

"Buster, I think we'll start off with a little game called 'in-the-hole.'"

"That's how it may end up, too," Bond jested lightly.

Preferring to ignore his quickie, she said: "You're an Israeli and I don't expect you know much about our games. But I'll teach you this simple one. I've dug a hole over there"—she indicated a depression about four feet away—"and over here I'll make two parallel lines about three feet apart." She busily drew them in the earth with her sneaker tips. "Now we stand on this line and trawl—throw the marble—to that line. One closest to the line goes first. He, but it's gonna be she, buster, then shoots at the hole. So does the second player. One closest to the hole gets the next shot. Object is to get into the hole first, 'cause then you're eligible to shoot at the other guy's mib. If you hit the mib, it's yours. Or rather it's mine, Hercules. And it's twenty smackeroos for me. Here—take a shooter."

They stood at the first trawling line, peering intently at the second. She wound up like a baseball pitcher, then with startling delicacy let the mib fly. It landed about two inches from the second line. "Trawl," she said with a pleased expression. He did so. His landed six inches away.

"I'm first!" she cried triumphantly and for a moment she was the rock-hard sophisticate no longer, just an eager young girl with wind-blown hair.

She kneeled, holding her blue marble in the V of her forefinger, shoving her thumb forward. It skittered along the loam, straight into the hole. On the first shot!

Lucky, Bond mused, particularly be-

cause of the way she shoots. It's a fairly accurate style, but not basically powerful.

"I'm in, buster! Now you're in trouble. Either you've gotta make the hole on the first shot or stay away. Because I'm now eligible to knock the crap out of your aggie."

Sticky situation, he conceded. He bent over and duplicated her shooting method, affixing his red alley in the V position, fired toward the hole. It stopped about two feet away.

"Spancies! Spancies!" she bubbled in delight. "That means, Richard the Chicken-Hearted, that since I'm in the hole already, I can take the span of my hand, either once or twice, and move my shooter closer to yours. That's one of the privileges you get when you're in first. And," she paused dramatically, "I'll take double spancies—if you please."

Her two hand lengths placed her within inches of his red alley. She shot. Click! Her aggie drove his spinning ignominiously into a bush. "Twenty schmolyeres, buster! Cough up!"

Expressionless, he peeled a 20 from his roll, paid up and went into the bush to retrieve his shooter. He nearly stepped on the soft, plump hand of Estrellita Kahn, who was writhing passionately on the ground with Henny Benny Lenny, West Coast comedy sensation. They did not notice him as they gyrated their locked bodies in animalistic fury, the little laughmaker whispering, "Speaking of sex, this married couple, Abie and Becky, go to a motel and . . ."

"Shush with the goddamn jokes and swing!" she moaned.

Bond found the marble and returned to a smiling Poontang, his eyes radar-scanning the sky anxiously. Where the hell was Milton?

Poontang repeated her victories in the next six games, following the same pattern. She was now \$140 ahead. "Want to quit, he-man, and admit she-man shot the pants off you?"

Then he heard it. The motor of a small plane. Milton's Piper Cub! Soon it was just 90 feet above them and Bond could see his brother waving frantically. An object dropped out of the Piper, thumping near his feet.

"What kind of a tinhorn gimmick is that?" she said angrily. "Trying to rattle me, Bond?"

"My dear, I'm going to give you a short, but highly informative lecture."

"Do go on, Mr. Bond, if you think it'll help you—and it won't."

"Poontang, in ten minutes you're going to undergo the most traumatic experience of your life. Know ye this, Miss Plenty, it's a fact that I'm an Israeli, but by choice, not by birth. I saw the light of day first in Trenton, New Jersey, where as a boy I played this game at a certain intersection—Market and Lamberton streets. Mean anything to you?"

"Not a damn thing," she said. But her

voice was obviously guarded.

"There is a vacant lot there—or was, before urban renewal changed things around. And on that lot, my venomous pet, I learned the art of marbles from the greatest of them all—one Sonny Jo Washington, better known in the annals of marbles as Sonny the Schwartz. In fact, Sonny Jo once told me I was the best white player he'd ever encountered. No, I never beat him; no white boy ever did. But I came so close to doing it that Sonny the Schwartz, as a token of his esteem, gave me this."

From the object dropped from the Cub, a burlap sack, Bond extracted a marble from a leather bag.

"This, my sweet, is Sonny's own shooter, the immortal 'Potbuster.'" He let her feel it; she seemed entranced as she held the black-and-white-beribboned aggie.

"And while we're at it, Poontang, let's dispense with this 'in-the-hole' crap. We both know it's for babies. The real test of marbles is the five-foot bull ring. Here's a string with the exact measurements. Put it on the ground and trace around it while I change into my outfit."

For the first time she knew uncertainty . . . even fear . . . but she set about etching the five-foot ring. Bond disappeared behind another bush, slipped off his jump suit. So intent on revenge was he that he scarcely took notice of Eve Brown's cheery "Hello, Mr. Bond!" which

seemed to annoy the grunting Schuyler Kahn, who was making love to her.

When Poontang saw Bond reappear, her blood ran cold. In his new garb, which had been among items in the bag, it was frighteningly clear that Israel Bond was—a shark!

The difference between a shark and an ordinary marble player could be likened to that between a gimlet-eyed Dodge City hired gunslinger and a homesteader.

Bond was wearing knickers!

With reinforced knee patches!

And on his right hand was a dirty glove with the fingers cut out, affording protection to just the knuckles!

Worst of all, he wore a red corduroy shirt and a beanie whose letters read: ORPHAN ANNIE AND SANDY DRINK OVALTINE. SO DO I.

His killer eyes boring into her own, Bond said coldly, "It'll be one hundred bucks a marble now, Poontang. Strict rules of the Asbury Park World Tournament. Now put ten of your mibs in dead center of the bull ring . . . bunch 'em up tight . . . no stragglers . . . now add these ten of mine. We'll trawl for firsties."

His eyes in deadly slits, he casually flipped his shooter from the trawling line. It landed squarely on the second line. "Your trawl." Dazedly, she trawled. A foot off the mark.

"My firsties. And, incidentally, watch the way I hold my shooter, Poontang."

Now her worst fears were realized. Previously he had copied her own V style, but that had been a ruse, she now knew. For this time he was positioning his shooter the shark's way, aggie held between the topside of the thumb and the tip of the forefinger.

Bond cocked, shot. The Potbuster whizzed, crunched into the 20 bunched mibs like a missile, scattering them to the four winds. With a single shot he had knocked ten out of the ring! And, worse, his shooter had "stuck" in the middle.

"Time for a little pot-clearing, Poontang, but I may leave you a couple just to see your bull-ring technique."

With a series of short, powerful shots, Bond blasted eight more out of the circle. Then he deliberately closed his eyes and missed.

Two forlorn marbles were all that were left to her in the bull ring which seemed as vast as Shea Stadium. Her shot didn't even come close to either, barely making it across the ring.

"You inched, Poontang! You inched!" His voice was a whiplash of contempt, melting the wax in her ears. "And with all your inching, you just about made it across. Watch this, Poontang."

He did not assume the kneeling position this time, but stood straight, firing his shooter from his hip. It dive-bombed



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on one of the survivors, driving it fully six feet past the line.

My God! she thought. A drop shot! Who alive today could zero in on a mib from three feet up with a drop shot? Oh, Bond, Bond, she whispered, you're incredible. And a strange song, one her body had never heard before, began to sing in her inner marrows.

He deliberately missed again. "Your shot, Poontang."

Now he isn't even looking at me when he speaks. He hates me. I love him and he hates me. The Lord has punished me for my false pride. At least I'll show him I can get across the ring faster. She gave her arm a push from the elbow as she shot.

"Cownunching, Poontang? Cownunching?" His contempt knew no bounds now. "No real power, so you throw your aggie, you bitch!"

Cownunching. The foulest crime. And he's right—I cownunched.

With a last flourish, he backed three feet away from the ring to show the true power of a shark, aimed the Potbustler and walloped the last aggie. It did not go out of the ring. But he felt no shame. His shooter had cracked it in half!

Bond looked down at his hand, which throbbed terribly, red rivulets pouring down his fingers. The hatred was gone from him now.

"Oh, your poor, poor blessed shark's hand! It's bleeding. And you shot with a hand like that . . . with pain like that? Just for the sake of my damn stupid chal-

lenge? Oh, Bond, Bond! I'm yours!"

She stood naked before him, her trembling hands having stripped off her garments. "Have you any strength at all left in that golden hand?"

"Yes," he said dully. Fatigue had formed on that dark, cruelly handsome face.

"Then take that magnificent agate, that Potbustler of yours, and shoot it at me . . . my breasts, my thighs . . . shoot it at me!" Her voice rose to a frenzy.

"Don't forget you owe me two thousand dollars," he said.

"Shoot! Shoot! Shoot!"

Bond took aim, letting the Potbustler fly again and again. Circular red welts mottled her heavenly nakedness.

"Now!" She pushed him into the bushes, clawing off his clothes like a mad woman. "Take me, Israel Bond!"

Bond whispered to Poontang. "Yes, darling, you're ready for my kind of love now. Because you've lost your marbles."

• • •

Dusk over Manhattan. Two teenaged gangs doing a ballet in the street below. A Salvation Army major imploring an A. W. O. L. captain to return to the fold, the captain ignoring him and trying to sell a trombone to passers-by. Poontang lying in the arms of Israel Bond, sipping (from a cup balanced on his lean, hard navel) Eight O'Clock Coffee, the brand served exclusively at the Ansonia Hotel.

Their steel-mill hot affair was now in its seventh day. It was their last night in town before the flight to Israel on the

morrow (the doctor had accepted an invitation to vacation at a kibbutz in the Negev). "Happy seventh day, darling," she whispered. "You know, the Lord rested on the seventh day. You're my lord of love. Is my lord going to rest on the seventh day?"

For an answer, he stilled her kittenish teasing with his hungry mouth, leading her to another dazzling pinnacle of fulfillment.

But there was something in his face . . . his dear, cruelly dark, handsome face . . . pain in the gray eyes.

"What is it, my life, my own?"

"Your coffee burned my groin," he said softly.

"No," she said. "That's not it. You're unhappy, Israel."

"All right," he said. "I'm unhappy. I love you, but it's no good. You're a gentle girl, a shikseh. And I swore to my mother that I would plight my troth with a daughter of Zion."

"Oh, Iz, Iz, you fool!" She was laughing, but tears streamed down her drawn cheeks. "I'm a Jewish girl, you ninny! Not very observant, maybe, but Jewish all the way."

He inhaled a Raleigh and pressed it to her lips. "I'm so glad, so glad!" His own eyes were wet now . . . rain, he told her, but she smiled in her wise woman's heart. She knew better. They were indoors.

Nestling in the crook of his bronzed arm, she told him of life in Kansas City, a Mark Twainish tomboy life with marbles, weenie roasts, apple pies cooling on window sills, girls in blue sashes, brown paper packages tied up with strings. "Yes, darling, these were a few of my favorite things."

Then a secretarial course at the Middle Missouri Valley Land Grant College of Mining, Farming and Baton Twirling, a stint with the Peace Corps in Argentina, where she and other shining-eyed young idealists had gone to answer a crying need and build a Howard Johnson's in the middle of the jungle. While there, she recounted, she had met Loxfinger, already fabulously wealthy due to shrewd speculations, and had accepted a post with him. It was she to whom he had dictated the notes that were later to become *The Plowshare Papers*.

"Where does Saxon fit in?" queried Bond.

"He was already on the scene when I joined the doctor. But if he's a public-relations man, I'm Carroll Baker."

"You're far more exciting than Carroll Baker, my sweet," Bond said gallantly. Which is true, he thought. It was something he could honestly say to any girl. "Why are you suspicious of Saxon?"

"I once asked him if he'd ever worked for B. B. D. & O. and he said in that superior way of his, 'Hell, no! Those railroad jobs are just for niggers and dumb Irish Catholics.' Now, what PR guy



"Coffee, tea or milk?"

wouldn't know about B. B. D. & O.?"

"And MacAroon?"

"He came later. We picked him up in New York when the doctor first went to America to accept the Brandeis award."

"New York? Saxon said he was a part-Negro, part-Scottish waif Loxfinger found in Marseilles."

"I don't know why Saxon's been telling you these things, darling. The ancestry part is OK, but he was recruited in New York."

Three black marks for Saxon! The brown woolen suit that no PR man in his right mind would ever wear, his ignorance of the advertising field, his blatant lie about MacAroon. I hope Goshen's checked him out good. But, again, why would Loxfinger employ such a man?

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LAND AND BE WELL

The sign on the sleek jet warming his heart with its folksiness, Bond, dressed in his Don Loper cape and Bermuda shorts, flashed his M 33 and 1/4 security card to the hostess: "Let's see the passenger list, please."

One name jarred him: "Kismet Ali Herzl, Cairo, Illinois, flying-carpet merchant." And in the seat next to his! So they were playing that game again, were they? Cairo, Illinois, indeed! Cairo, Egypt, more likely, his trained sixth sense told him. He'd be on his guard.

And, of course, the Loxfinger party, the old man, Saxon, MacAroon, Poon-tang. He'd told her to play it cool, maintain her usual frigid reserve in his company. But the adorable little hellcat, hopelessly lovesick, had made a salacious grab for him as he passed them: Saxon had seen it, whispered something to Loxfinger.

On the intercom was the pilot:

"Shalom and welcome aboard Flight 78, El Al Airlines, nonstop New York to Tel Aviv. I am Captain Tevye. Our airline is a friendly, informal operation, so just relax, have a ball, a matzoh ball, of course (Tevye chuckled at his play on words; Bond, jealous, wished he'd thought of it first). Don't be hoity-toity . . . introduce yourselves to one another . . . sing, talk, laugh, tell a hearty joke. Our lovely hostess, Miss Tigerblatt, will be around with tea in a glass and a lump sugar for between your teeth. Our dinner menu is great tonight, sweet and sour sweetbreads, three different kinds of boiled chicken, salad with Two Thousand Island dressing—we don't stint on El Al—raisins with almonds, the whole ethnic bit. Later we'll all line up in the aisle and Miss Tigerblatt will teach us the hora. For your amusement, we'll have continuous showings of *The Jolson Story*; it'll tear out from you the heart."

Bond gazed into the hostile eyes of the wiry Levantine traveling under the name of Mr. Herzl. "Hello," he said pleasantly.



"Don't rattle your can at me, madam!"

The man thrust something on Bond's lap, hissing "Die, Israeli jackal!"

Bond's heart pounded. A black-widow spider crawled onto his knee.

Counteraction 12! The old words of the service manual rang a bell in his mind. There was a rebuttal for this loathsome thing on his kneecap. He unscrewed one of the large gold buttons of his cape. Out sprang a praying mantis!

Removing its little prayer shawl and yarmulke, the mantis gulped down the arachnid with one bite of its awful jaws. "Good show, Mendel!"

Counteraction 13! As the Levantine reached for his gun, Bond's ring sprayed fiery chrain (horseradish) into his face. He drove his meat knife home into the blinded Levantine's innards. The man slumped dead against the window.

His head spinning with tension, Bond applied Counteraction 14. He fainted.

Minutes later, he revived and dragged the man down the aisle with an apologetic "My ol' buddy just can't take that schnapps," to the hostess. Inside the lavatory, Bond lifted the seat and stuffed his victim into the bowl. Thanks be to heaven he's lanky, he thought, pushing the "flush" button.

"Takes just one good flush to get rid of a four-flusher," he said casually, wishing that Zvi had been there to guffaw at this latest Bondism.

Back in his seat, he rifled the man's attaché case. Mr. Herzl, he discovered, was a member of the Cairo Legion Armed Po-

lice. Who had put him onto Bond?

But there was no more time for pondering. A favorable sirocco wind had brought the craft in nine hours ahead of schedule. Lydda Airport twinkled its lights below. "Fasten your seat belts. Smoke if you wish," said Miss Tigerblatt.

Eretz Israel! At last!

He bade farewell to Loxfinger and his retinue. "We'll meet again, doctor. I'll probably be assigned to your kibbutz."

Those unbelievably blue eyes focused on him. "Of course, Mr. Bond. We . . ." again he nudged Bond's ribs conspiratorially, "mockies must stick together." His breath was alcoholic.

The secret agent hailed a cab. Soon he stood in front of the gleaming yellow one-story factory. THIS IS THE HOME OF MOTHER MARGOLIES' ACTIVATED OLD WORLD CHICKEN SOUP. And under the sign, one of her proverbs: I AM THE MASTER OF MY FATE; I AM THE CAPTAIN OF MY VOLLEYBALL TEAM.

As he entered the modernistic structure, he heard the familiar lamentive strains of the violin evoking memories of another era in the Jewish saga. His eyes looked up. Yes, the fiddler was still there on the roof.

"Welcome home, Oy Oy Seven!" said M's bewitching private secretary, Leilah Tov, flicking her tongue at him alluringly. It had been a long time since he and Leilah . . .

"M wants a full report, on the double."

He quickened his pace, zipping past

the Chicken Soup division, the Mushroom and Barley section, the Blueberry Blintze room. He stopped in front of a door. MOTHER MARGOLIES.

He knocked. The sweet, quavering old voice he loved so well said, "Come in, Mr. Bond."

Her back was to him and he could hear the rocker creak and the assiduous click, click, click of her omnipresent knitting needles. What was she making now? A sweater for the prime minister? Socks for Abba Eban? Or was she still knitting that lovely, multihued doily she had started two years ago?

The rocker spun around and the kindly, wise old eyes of Mother Margolies were on him. Dear, dear Mother, the wonderful lady whose factory it was and who had permitted a secret portion of the building to be utilized solely for the dark manipulations of M 33 and 1/3.

For a very good reason.

M stood for "Emma." Dear old Mother Emma Margolies was—M, number one in the Secret Service of Eretz Israel!

• • •

"Let's have it already," said M.

Bond opened his carrying case, dumped a mound of Raleigh coupons on her desk. "Four thousand, three hundred and eighty-two, M. How's that?"

She sniffed. "Just so-so, Oy Oy Seven. Oy Oy Nine really gave us a full measure of devotion when he was with us. More than six thousand."

"Was with us?" Bond said. "You speak as though he . . ."

"He is," M said flatly. "We buried him yesterday. Lung cancer, emphysema, smoker's heart, and a particularly bad case of adenoids." She sighed. "Very clumsy at judo, botched up codes . . . but, vay tzu minch yooen, could that boy smoke! We got seventy-five walkie-talkie radio sets from his last batch."

Bond lit a Raleigh, offered her one.

"Are you crazy?" M said indignantly. "You can die from that garbage. Now let's have the report."

He began with the Miami Beach affair, relating fully everything that had happened since, placing emphasis on certain puzzlements that had occurred during the Loxfinger phase of the assignment. "My capsule opinion: It's a weirdo setup. I'd like your permission to snoop around."

"Granted. Snoop. But you should be extra careful. The doctor is more important than ever to our country's well-being. You were on the plane, so I guess you didn't get a chance to read these."

She held out a bunch of newspapers from all over the globe. "The top one is particularly interesting."

It was an English edition of the United Arab Republic's propaganda mouthpiece, *Scimitar 'n' Feather*, with this headline: ISRAELI LOXFINGER'S PEACE OVERTURES MULLED BY OUR GOVERNMENT.

Impossible!

He read the lead story. In essence, it

was straight-away reporting on Lazarus Loxfinger's *Plowshare Papers*, with liberal quotes from them. The story was not favorable, he noted but, more significant, not unfavorable. Something big was in the wind. It had to be. For, in the past, a peace proposal from Israel would have meant reams of ridicule, sarcasm and the tired old call for a "jihad," holy war, to rid the Middle East of "these Zionist bandits, blah, blah, blah."

Just as eye-opening were the organs of the other Arab nations, all noncommittal, but nonbelligerent.

The non-Arab papers had the freedom of speculation, pointing out that this was the first time Arab journals had ever carried an Israeli declaration without abusive comments.

BREAKTHROUGH IN MID-EAST AT LAST? asked the *Manchester Guardian*. LOXFINGER PAPERS GET HARD ARAB LOOKSEE —*Chicago Sun-Times*.

ARABS HINT END OF HOSTILITY TO JEWS —*Paris Match*. And predictably:

METS' ROOKIE HAS HANGNAIL!
V-DOLL AND COP LINK BARED (AND THAT'S NOT ALL!)
COMMIES SEEN THREAT TO RUSSIA
Mid-East Talks Peace—New York
Daily News.

I've been an ass, Bond realized. I actually had doubts about a man who might crack the nerve-racking stalemate that has hamstrung my country for 17 years. Just because he drinks a little, mauls blondes and uses a few ethnic slurs.

"And yet," thinking he was still talking to himself.

"And yet," M chimed in with a knowing smile, "you still have some doubts. Then go to Loxfinger, guard him and, while doing so, satisfy those doubts. You will be working alone . . . unless something extraordinary comes up. In that case, you will be contacted by Agent D, only if necessary."

Agent D! Again the mention of that shadowy figure behind the scenes.

She anticipated his next question: "Do not ask me about Agent D, Oy Oy Seven. Now go."

One more stop—the quartermaster's, where he would receive any equipment he needed, reload the mezuzah and requisition an automobile.

He walked into the office of Lavi Ha Lavi, quartermaster and inventor of diabolical espionage devices.

Ha Lavi hardly looked up from a diagram he was sketching.

"Shalom, Oy Oy Seven."

Behind him was Oy Oy Two, a grizzled veteran of many dangerous missions into enemy territory, testing a powerful new flame thrower. "It works," he told Ha Lavi. "The tip of the cigarette is definitely smoldering."

"Good," said Ha Lavi. "Bond, look over there. You'll be driving that baby to the kibbutz."

The grill of a gleaming new MBG grinned at him. A Mercedes Ben Gurion! And a powerhouse, too, Bond guessed.

Ha Lavi chuckled. "Sports some fairly interesting features, triggered by this row of buttons . . . sixty of 'em . . . on the dash." He licked his lips, an enthusiastic schoolboy showing off his collection of dead Japanese beetles. "This one . . . you press it and a 125mm machine gun slides out of the right fender. This one . . . a similar gun slides out of the left fender. Then they open fire—on each other. Needs a little work there."

"Fascinating," Bond purred.

"This one . . . converts your ashtray into a Lazy Susan. Here . . . windscreen and windows that become completely opaque in case you're driving and don't want to be seen. You can't see either, but it's a sacrifice you'll have to make. This little button makes the dual exhaust pipes blow bubbles . . . more of a fun thing than anything else, Oy Oy Seven. Radical new turbojet motor. Runs on any liquid whatsoever. So drink heartily, old man. Homer radio signal planted in the horn. It lets you pick up signals from a similar device planted in the rear axle. And this one . . . I love it . . . the new Sunbeam laser beam. Shaves you without a blade . . . or a razor. Then the master button . . . this red one . . . number twenty-seven . . ."

"Yes," said an interested Bond.

"Only, I repeat, only to be used in the direst emergency. Chips down and that sort of thing. Press it and the whole car converts into one big goddamn button. Frightens the deuce out of anyone who's ever seen it. Now memorize the master list of buttons, Bond! The right button could save your life!"

• • •

Even as the MBG sped deep into the wasteland, Bond pondered Ha Lavi's last words . . . something about the right button. It was a typical Negev day . . . unbearably hot. The sun shimmered off the rippling mirages, blinded his eyes, caught the rocks in a crystalline flash, dropping into a wadi for a ground-rule double, scoring Maris and Downing, who had come in to run for Mantle.

Then a sudden patch of green, incongruous in this tan-colored nowhere, and Bond knew he had come to the kibbutz, K'far K'farfel, which was playing host to Loxfinger & Co.

Under the shade of a tree sat the dread MacAroon, who obviously found the sun too taxing for his usual display of karate. He seemed content to sit and split popsicle sticks with his pinky.

"Hello, MacAroon," said Bond affably.

"Why ye not lay doon anna die, yo' mothuh humpah?" said the mulatto with an unfriendly growl.

"If you're to use that phrase at all, it's 'mater-violator,' at least in my circles," Bond snapped back.

Then he heard Saxon's voice, just a snatch of it, as he pushed open the noisy screen door.

"... Taken care of..." and something that sounded like "my"... then "furor."

Saxon and Loxfinger froze, ceased their palaver at the sight of Bond. "You were not expected here so soon, Mr. Bond," said the doctor somewhat accusingly. "Mr. Saxon was just telling me about the furor my *Plowshare Papers* have created in the world and the highly salubrious reaction among Arab leaders. I have further news, Mr. Bond, which, as a security person, you'll doubtless be told of eventually. The Knesset has given me permission to stage top-secret exploratory peace talks with two key Arabs. We shall convene on a dhow in the Red Sea very shortly. Around the Passover season, I believe. Confidential, of course."

"Fantastic!" Bond could only shake his head in wonderment.

"Yes, my friend, these talks could yet achieve that final solution to this nation's problems which I see just beyond the hills of doubt and confusion."

A twinge in Bond's cheek, mirroring something horrible stirring deep down inside. Something as yet nameless.

He heard the beeper from his MBG. Someone was trying to reach him. He went out and took the call. "Bond here."

"Bond? Monroe Goshen. Listen, I'm in Israel. No time for explanations. AAA Priority. Meet you at Tel Aviv Sheraton."

AAA Priority! Was Israel in danger from the Arabs? The American Automobile Association? He did not dare guess. Bond started the motor, but suddenly Lazarus Loxfinger appeared.

"Uh, Mr. Bond." The voice halting, about to divulge something delicate. "I am a man with great human frailties. Women the greatest one. I gather from your dalliance with my secretary that you, too, are a man of the world."

"You know about Poontang and me?"

"Of course, my dear boy. And why shouldn't you? She is a splendidly constructed type who will give you fine sons for soldiering, tall, blond sons whose marching feet will crush the mongrelized enemies of... Israel, of course."

From the back of the house came Saxon in a Volkswagen bus, speeding past them down the road to the main highway without so much as a glance at either of them.

"Getting back to the subject of women. Could you do me a favor, Mr. Bond? There's a Bedouin camp not far from the kibbutz."

"I passed it, doctor."

"Ah, yes. Well, Bond, I rather took a fancy to a well-proportioned young nomad there by the name of Mara. She should be waiting for me in a rendezvous spot not far from the camp." His lips glistened lasciviously. "Please go and fetch her for me. You would be doing an old man a great favor. And I will recip-

rocate by bringing some sweetness into your life—like *sol*!"

He clapped his hands. MacAroon appeared with a jug and in a lightning move dumped its contents on Bond's head. Something sticky, sweet, thick dripped from the top of his skull down his white linen suit. Some of it touched his lips.

"Honey!" Bond cried. "But..."

"Has it not always been in our Jewish tradition to cover the things we love with honey, Mr. Bond? Now go fetch the supple Mara. You'll like Mara, Mr. Bond. She has a bite, a tang you'll never forget. In fact," he winked, "I wouldn't be surprised at all if she were taken with you instead of an old codger like me. But go get her quickly!"

As he drove away from the kibbutz Bond felt a sticky crawly feeling. It's not just the honey, he thought. It's from a personal beeper in my soul, "danger... danger... danger." He lit a Raleigh, last one in the pack, and was so unnerved he threw it away without taking off the coupon. Gottenu! I really must be rattled to do that.

A bit past the encampment of striped tents, he spotted a likely rendezvous site. A small bluff rose above him. He parked the MBG.

"Mara?"

His voice echoed off the wall: "Mara?"

"Mara is here, Mr. Bond." A mocking, sinister female voice. "Your Mara. Mara Bunta!"

Pain seared his head, face, body. A stream of evil, biting things poured down the cliff's wall, tearing at his flesh.

"Mara Bunta, your Mara, you Jew bastard!" Saxon's voice, unmistakably. "Mara wants you, darling," said the girl's voice. It was Poontang's. Was she in this, too? Was her "eternal-love" vow part of the plot?

He now knew what the black stream tumbling upon him was. Marabunta! South American soldier ants! Each an inch long, voraciously hungry, stimulated into a frenzy by the honey. And in five minutes Israel Bond would be a skeleton bleaching in the Negev sun!

...

Every pore was on fire from the overwhelming onslaught of the tiny fiends. He clawed at them futilely. No use! There must be thousands of them. He'd be a goner in short order. Short order. "One order of Israel Bond on toast," his brain said sardonically, flinging out the last great Oy Oy Seven witticism—at his own expense.

His brain! The list! The last shred of his reason was telling him something. The master list of defense mechanisms that Ha Lavi had warned him to memorize. "The right button may save your life," a voice from 10,000,000 light-years away echoed.

He'd remembered one bizarre item, chuckling at it with a what-will-Ha-Lavi-



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come-up-with-next wonderment. Button 27! Pushing at the ants with his bad hand, screaming as their tireless jaws ripped into his bad shoulder, Bond, lungs whistling (*Heartaches*, the immortal Elmo Tanner solo), staggered to the MBG and, with a badly nibbled forefinger, pushed Button 27 with his final atom of power.

The MBG's trunk popped open. Six insanely shaped South American anteaters, every bit as voracious as their prey, popped out, their gluey tongues ejecting from their bananalike heads. With a gratitude he could never express, he felt those magnetic tongues clean away the marabunta. His body empty of the foe, the anteaters sprinted to the bottom of the canyon and swallowed up the remaining hordes. "Great going, lads," he whispered to his sextet of allies. "If you can't join 'em, lick 'em!"

He ignored the blood pouring from the innumerable openings in his devastated body and haltingly climbed the rise. There was Saxon pulling away in

the Volkswagen bus. It undoubtedly had carried the crates of hellish cargo to the cliff, where he'd unleashed them on the secret agent. Convinced the marabunta had done their work, the sweaty Saxon was not even looking back to check.

And Bond found something else. His heart stopped.

Poontang, lying in a pool of blood, a knife between her shoulder blades. Saxon!

"Iz," she smiled bravely. "Was hypnotized . . . made me do it . . ."

"Don't talk, my sweet. There's a doctor at the kibbutz. A real doctor. I'll . . ."

"Lazarus . . . legend of Lazarus-u-u . . ."

Poontang Plenty was gone.

Standing silently over her body, Bond dug the Potbustler from his pocket, shot it tenderly into her face and then placed it in her hand. "There'll be big beautiful bull rings where you're headed, my mixed-up darling, where pretty, corn-fed kids from Kansas City with wind-blown hair never miss. Knock out all twenty mibs with one shot."

He dug a grave, unmindful of the heat, the wounds, and placed her in it with all her belongings—except the \$140 she had taken from him in their game. But that seemed chapters away now. "We'll meet there someday, you and I," he swore to the mound of sand, "and then you can pay me the two thousand you owe me."

Weakness flooded him. It's been too much. My body can't take it. He used his Nippo to contact the closest agent in the vicinity, Edward Brown, 116, who was working at a Mediterranean port on one of the tiny democracy's most vital secrets, the conversion of salt water into taffy. Brown's helicopter ferried the emaciated Bond to the factory and an anxious M.

"Israel, mine boychikl, what has happened to you?" M cried.

He collapsed at her feet, the point of her sturdy Daniel Green Confy slipper mashing his ant-chewed nose.

A stinging medication, jolting him back to consciousness. Bond stirred.

"Got to think things out . . . put the pieces together fast," the agent said through torn lips. Monroe Goshen stood at M's side, fear and consternation on his American Gothic face, highlighted by the field of corn that had suddenly shot up around him.

M spoke: "The fool eats the cheese-cloth; the wise man waits for the cheese."

Bond smiled faintly. Good old M!

Her eyes gleamed. "I know what must be done now, Oy Oy Seven. There are things deep inside of you that must be purged. You will go to sleep and have a dream sequence, Oy Oy Seven. A bad dream. I'll make it so it should be a bad dream caused by overeating, gas pains, that burning sensation."

Now her bony fingers, fingers that had created the world's finest foods, pushed vast quantities of it down his craw. Deliberately greasy London broil, great gobs of carp, sturgeon, Kem-Tone-tinted roe, cold (ugh!) chicken soup, schmaltz, sour pickles, badly burned cholent, a moldy onion roll, pistachio ice cream (a definite violation of the traditional dietary laws, but this was an emergency), plus the powerful knockout drops, Schloofen-22.

"Eat, eat, mine kindeleh," said the soothing voice of the Secret Service chieftain. "Eat. And dream."

He passed out.

. . . .

Phantasmagoria!

He was diving into the bottom of an endless cornucopia, horrendous sights, sounds, phantoms, jagged patterns from the cosmos of his mind. "I want to sleep with my mother, but, oh, you id!" His own voice?

Ten tons of lead in his stomach . . . nausea . . . hot flushes. M rode by on a broom: "Got to see the wizard. He'll give me a new tin heart, some brains and . . ."

MacAroon skipping merrily down a



"I promised to get your daughter home before midnight and here it is only quarter past eleven . . ."

yellow-brick road, his hand slashing Bond's brain with an H-bomb flash: "Lay Lorna Doone, ye ofay mothuh . . ."

Saxon: "Spin on, Jew boy, spin on."

"Mara's here," said a cool, sinister voice. Poontang. She turned into a gigantic ant and started chewing at his marbles.

Blue eyes, incredible blue eyes, opening into sneering mouths: "Mockey! Mockey! Mockey!"

Loxfinger? Yes, Loxfinger!

That name screamed over and over by hard-eyed, brilliant-eyed sycophants. "Loxfinger! Loxfinger! *Plowshare Papers!* Furor! Furor! Loxfinger! Loxfinger!"

Hot waves of nausea. Bond retched, came to. There was a queasy feeling in him and it wasn't the food. It was from the dream and what it meant.

"I've got it all now," he croaked. His mouth twitched into an uncertain smile. "I'll tell it to you straight."

M and Goshen chorused: "Tell us."

"Lazarus Loxfinger is Adolf Hitler."

• • • • •

M said, "So what else is new?" A brave attempt at casual humor, but Bond knew his bombshell had gotten to her. She inserted her needles into the bowl of soup on the tray and started to crochet the noodles.

"That snatch of conversation between Saxon and Loxfinger at K'Far K'Farfel . . . the words 'my,' then 'furor.' Knowing I'd overheard it, the doctor tried to palm it off as the word 'furor,' f-u-r-o-r, the excitement caused by his overtures to the Arabs. A lie. Saxon was saying 'my Führer'!"

"The very name 'Loxfinger' . . . another slur. To Der Führer, all hated Jews have fishy hands. And, Monroe, he takes a rap at your parish, too, mocking your New Testament. Remember Poontang's dying words? 'Lazarus . . . legend . . . ' She apparently had overheard something just before they hypnotized her. You remember the story of Lazarus?"

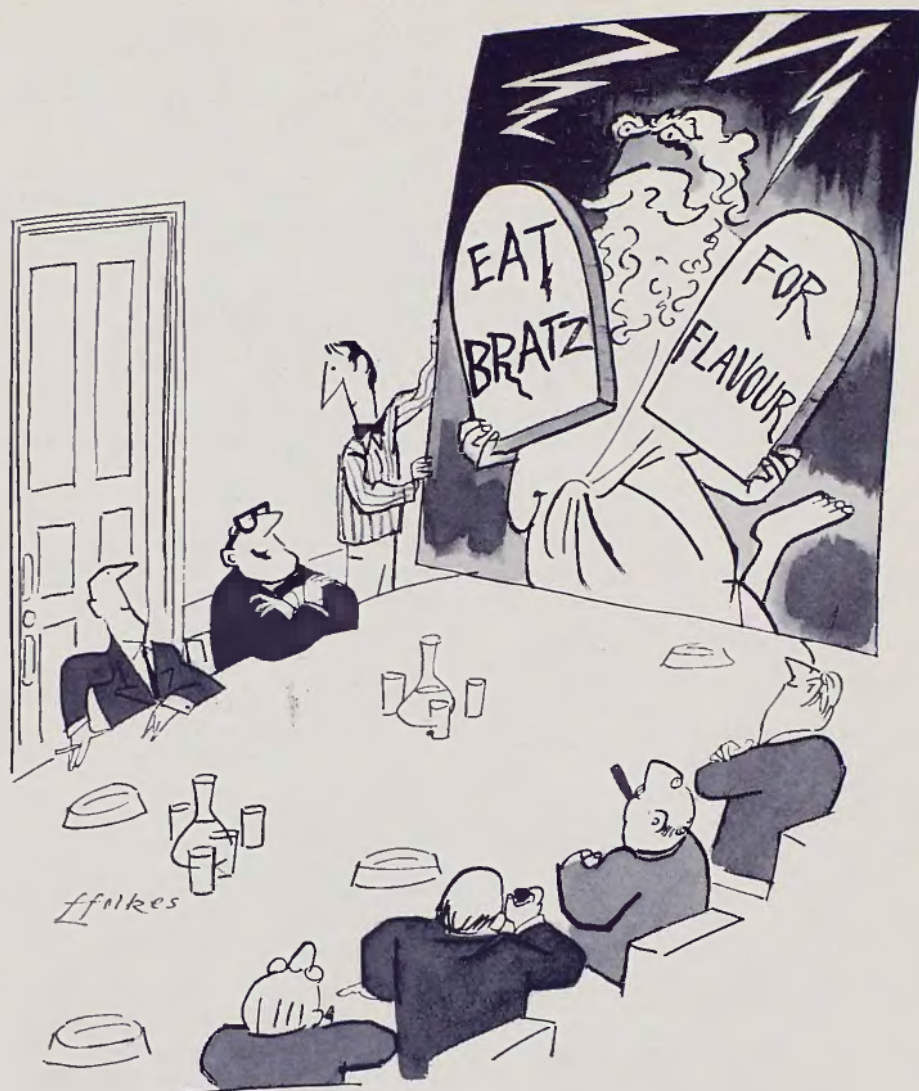
"He . . . he rose from the dead," said a stunned Goshen. "I see. Hitler is telling us that the allegedly dead Führer has been resurrected."

"Precisely," said Bond. "And here's the capper . . . the phrase that made me wince during Loxfinger's speeches. I didn't know why at the time. I do now. Can you guess it?"

Dazed by the complete unreality of his whole monolog, they were unable to answer.

"The 'final solution.' Remember Eichmann's phrase? Well, he's still obsessed, is Der Führer. He's still after that 'final solution'—the destruction of Eretz Israel."

M broke in again. "Now I shall tell you boychiks a few things only I and our highest officials know. We've swallowed his scheme, all Loxfinger, stock and barrel of it. We've even planned a ceremonial meeting with the Arabs at



"I like it!"

Eilat to show our good faith, during which a rifle will be broken to symbolically indicate our plans to disarm. Loxfinger will be there, some Arab muckamucks, our own P. M. and his aides. It'll be on the first day of Passover, just a few days away. If we cancel, we'll tip our hand. They'll know that we know something isn't kosher. Then they'll say we are, indeed, aggressors with no wish for peace whatsoever. They'll murder us with propaganda."

"Yes, but if we follow through, don't be surprised when, on that first joyous Passover day, an Eretz Israel, its guard down, is overrun, their armies pouring on us from all sides like those damned marabunta," said a bitter Bond.

"I've got to make a very important phone call in the next few minutes," said Goshen from taut lips. "A tall man of the West with a mournful hound-dog face must be told of this evil plot."

"What the hell good can John Wayne do at a time like this?" snapped Bond, envisioning the annihilation of his people.

"If that phone call is to whom I think it is," said M shrewdly, "go make it, young man. And don't call collect. We'll pay for it. Of course, if you could make it station to station . . . after nine P.M. . . ."

Even now, she's trying to save my poor little country a few pennies, Bond thought. What a magnificent old woman! Then he snapped his fingers. "M! Loxfinger told me he was clearing the way for peace with a secret meeting with some Arab mahouts on a dhow in the Red Sea . . . around Passover. That would fit in with the ceremony. They'll probably be making final plans for the invasion. I've got to get on that boat, hear that conversation."

"Don't be a fool," M said. "You'll never get within a mile of that boat. They'll have frogmen, sonar, the whole schmear. Besides, it isn't necessary. Agent D will handle it very nicely."

Agent D! Again that name!

"M," said an emboldened Oy Oy Seven. "Nothing should be withheld from me at this stage of the game. I've been in

it from the start. I broke the case. Now, who is Agent D?"

"Only three people know that—the P. M., a certain scientist and me. That's how it must stay, Oy Oy Seven. Now, get down to Eilat, disguise yourself and be ready for anything. Big things will be happening in a few days. And at the right time, Agent D will make his . . . or her," M said cleverly, "presence known to you. Now go kill and be well."

• • •

Bond and Goshen sat on the terrace of the Sheraton, which had an outstanding view of the terrace of the Hilton.

Aware that his confrere in espionage was in a funk, Goshen barked: "Snap out of it! At least we know the score. And Loxfinger thinks you're dead, that he's still got your government bamboozled. So you can play a lone hand undisturbed. Leave Saxon and MacAroon to me; they're U. S. citizens, so they're my pigeons."

He patted Goshen's back fondly. Good old Goshen! A man couldn't have a better pal. He'd have to get Goshen laid again sometime.

"After all, Iz," Goshen said, "times have changed. This bastard can't make the world go Sieg heil! anymore."

The Israeli looked up quickly. "What did you say?"

"I said, he can't make the whole world go Sieg Heil! anymore."

"That's it!" Bond nearly jumped off the bench. For the first time in days, Goshen saw that cruel, darkly handsome face light up.

"You're cracking, Oy Oy Seven."

"Like hell, Monroe, but you just gave me the world's greatest idea." He whispered heatedly into Goshen's conch shell of an ear. Goshen nodded.

"It's crazy, but it might make it. I'll fill M in on the bit, pronto! You get down to Eilat!"

• • •

Now the MBG's petrol pedal was jammed down to the floor and Bond, a sharp new Robert Hall Westerfield suit on his back, was racing to Eilat, the frontierlike boom town at Israel's southernmost tip.

A sign: EILAT. Nestling on the shores of the Red Sea, where thousands of years ago a hardhearted Pharaoh and his minions had perished by a miracle as they pursued the Children of Israel into its waters. Are there any more wondrous works in that bag, sir? Bond asked, looking skyward, seeking some message, some sign. He saw one: DRINK COCA-COLA—in Hebrew. The skywriting pilot (unless he was an Israeli) probably was going stark, raving mad, flying from right to left.

On the outskirts of Eilat, he pulled off the road, changed into a laborer's uniform, affixed a mustache and got back into the MBG. Her tank read "empty," but Bond's was full; he had sensibly downed four quarts of Gallo on

the way. True to Ha Lavi's word, the MBG roared anew and he continued on.

M had arranged a new temporary cover role as a laborer with an American company which had been granted a concession to drill for oil offshore. The beefy, red-faced straw boss assigned him the task of hauling supplies to the company barge. It would be an ideal spot from which to keep an eye on the large Arab dhow, whose sails could be seen faintly a few miles away.

A shifty-eyed Arab sidled up to him and whispered with a licentious mouth: "Monsieur, would you like to purchase some interesting American postcards," his voice dropped confidentially, "with dirty zip-codes?"

For a second, Bond felt like smashing the filthy beggar. But—wait! Could this man be one of ours? Agent D? Or one of theirs? He'd find out. "The prune in the spoon sings a Frank Loesser tune."

"But the man who must hum will find scum in the drum."

"Who are you?"

Whipping off his headdress, the Arab said, "Shalom. Oy Oy Seven!"

"My God! Zvi! What's up?"

"Nothing as yet. But I want to tell you that M has OK'd the use of the three hundred young pioneers you requested. They'll be down here in a few hours, dressed just the way you want 'em."

• • •

Now Bond was apprehensive. The days had slipped by, one after another—a logical sequence of which he fully approved. But now it was the day before Passover and he had seen or heard nothing. No visitors to or from the dhow. Could that advertised meeting be a red herring, too? All he had seen was a happy-go-lucky dolphin skimming through the sea, doing flip-flops.

It was late in the afternoon as he stood on the deserted beach. The sun was at its zenith; the clouds at their Motorola. Then he saw it. A cabin cruiser heading toward the distant dhow. He caught a glimpse of a huge dark head. MacAroon! Then Saxon! The same brown woolen suit. It could be no other. And—Loxfinger! sitting in a camp chair with a pith helmet atop his dome as the others fanned him with large palm leaves.

The dolphin he'd seen earlier was quite close to Bond now, rolling its hilariously squinted eyes at him, that perpetually sly grin to be found on all members of its species, causing him to forget his grim mission for the moment.

"Looks like you're having—you should pardon the expression—a whale of a time, big fella," Bond called to the dolphin. I'll start talking to trees next, he mused.

In the next second he was stunned as though from a mighty clout on the head.

Out of the mouth of the dolphin, in perfect Yiddish, came:

"Putz! I heard all about you with the bad jokes. Enough, already! You think I

can spend all damn day rolling my eyes at you? You want I should be picked up for soliciting? Or get astigmatism? I am Agent D!"

• • •

"Look," said the dolphin matter-of-factly. "Light up a Raleigh. You look like a ghost altogether. I'll make a long story short. I am Agent D, Dovidl the Dolphin. I am M 33 and 1/3's secret weapon. I speak Yiddish because the very clever scientist who taught me to speak speaks it. Incidentally, so clever he's not; I can already beat him in chess three out of four times.

"Now, for many years marine biologists and psychologists have thought dolphins were intelligent. They understated the case. We're positive geniuses. They always dreamed that one day we could be taught to talk. Well, now it's happened. I fell in with a Dr. R. Nathan Axe of the Israeli Marine Institute and started working with him. He was rewarding me with a barrellful schmaltz herring a day, which no other dolphins are getting, so I figured I was ahead of the game and I cooperated. Until that time, I was just bumming around in an aimless life. Oh, a Timex watch commercial here and there, but nothing steady. I just missed getting my own TV series when Flipper, my cousin, a big ass-kisser, by the way, got the part. He had an agent. So I came to Israel. When your M heard of my accomplishments she naturally figured I'd be perfect for certain situations you other operatives couldn't handle. Like snooping around Arab boats, which I've been doing all day. I got the whole poop on the Loxfinger business."

Bond stared at the grinning maw. "A fish that talks!"

"Look, schnook, I'm no fish. I'm a mammal like you. Use your head for something more than a dandruff holder. You can swim. Does that make you a fish? Certainly not. Now—let's talk shop. I've been floating near the dhow all the time. They're speaking German, which is close enough to Yiddish so I can pick up most of it. Tomorrow is the first day of Passover. They'll all be together at the ceremony, Hitler, his two flunkies, two high-ranking Arabs, your brass, foreign dignitaries, the press, TV, etc. They'll make a few speeches and when Der Führer proposes a toast to unity, friendship and all that chauserai, it'll be the signal for an all-out attack. You'll get it from every which way . . . ground troops, naval batteries, Soviet-built jet bombers. In the confusion, Loxfinger will be flown by chopper to some Arab hide-out. So now you know. Don't stand like a klutz; do something. The ceremony starts at three P.M. tomorrow. I won't be far away, so look for me."

And Dovidl spun and swirled off.

Bond, using his Nippo, spent the balance of the night contacting M, Goshen,

the Defense Ministry. Monroe's news was encouraging:

"Iz, three American nuclear subs, the Hazel Bishop, the Allen Funt and the Martin Luther King, will be lying off the Mediterranean coast, each carrying sixteen missiles, Polaris tipped with Lavoris. No reason an H-bomb can't smell kissing sweet. They'll be launched if necessary. That's a promise from the tall Westerner I spoke to an hour ago. In addition, an entire SAC wing will fly—very ostentatiously—over the entire Middle East. That'll give any would-be aggressors some second thoughts. Twenty thousand marines, gyrenes and saltines will be air-lifted here by an armada of jet transports, cargo planes, B-56s, 47s, 36s, 29s, 17s, Cessnas, Fokkers, Spads, Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade balloons, the Spirit of St. Louis . . . anything we can get in the air. In addition, I hear that one division from Fort Bragg is trained to stick big, feathery wings into wax molds on their shoulders and fly that way. If they don't go too close to the sun they've a chance of making it."

"Great!" enthused Bond.

"There's more. An hour before the ceremony, each of the Arab embassies in the U. S. will get a note from our State Department, informing them we know all about Loxfinger's identity and that we will not hesitate to intervene militarily, if needed, to preserve freedom, peace, tranquility, and our oil holdings in the Middle East. I am personally going to contact the two Arabs at the ceremony and inform them we're hip to the plan. They'll cop out, don't worry, when they learn it's in their best interest to do so. We'll promise the Arabs we won't reveal their part in the plot if they dissociate themselves from Der Führer—publicly."

"Then there's nothing left but to wait. See you tomorrow, Monroe."

"I'll be there, Iz, in disguise. Good luck!"

. . .

The day of the war dawned bright and clear.

To symbolize the fact that the Arabs, too, were prepared to meet the once-hated Jewish state halfway, the ceremony was to be held virtually on the line that divides Eilat from its Jordanian neighbor town, Aqaba, from which the gulf derives its name.

Indeed, the rites would start in Jordanian territory, the first time in Israeli history that its officials would be recognized on Arab soil. Workmen from both nations were putting the finishing touches on a large reviewing stand, and facilities for the press and TV. The latter would carry the momentous program via Lady Bird satellite to all nations of the world. The major networks had agreed on a pool coverage with Walter Cronkite, who spoke all languages and understood all things, as the anchor man. Dignitaries from all over the world

would attend, except for Red China, which in a blistering radio attack had berated the Arabs for attempting a *modus vivendi* with "the tool of Western imperialism, Israel." They had threatened to cut off shipments of mah-jongg sets, already forbidden to Israel, to the Arabs as well.

As the time approached and various officials began to take their seats in the stand, an American Dixieland band, the Canal Street Bordello Band, serenaded the ever-swelling crowd with music carefully selected to give each equal representation, alternating *The Sheik of Araby* with *Bei Mir Bist Du Schoen*.

. . .

In the offices of the American oil company, the senior member of the firm said to his junior partners, "As far as I'm concerned, this is just another working day. I don't give a damn what them wild-eyed Yids and Ay-rabs is up to. Now," and he bent over a geological map, "Dr. Huer feels there's an excellent chance of a rich deposit of oil-bearing shale right about here," and he indicated a point offshore on the Israeli side. "We plant the stuff here 'n' here 'n' here . . ."

. . .

Now there was an earth-shaking roar as Loxfinger, with Saxon and MacAroon at his sides, walked onto the scene with the two burnoused Arab potentates, the Israeli P. M. and his deputy, two members of the United Nation's Commission on the Middle East and Dorothy Kilgallen.

As the sun flashed brilliantly off their washboards and kazoos, the Canal Street Bordello Band rendered somewhat haphazardly, along with 15-year-old singing star Bobby Ricky Danka (just as haphazard), the national anthems of the many nations involved. But there was one person in the crowd who "dug" young Mr. Danka—M, disguised as a *discothèque* doll, her wrinkled limbs quite flagrant in the bikini she had chosen. Bond could see a wordless "yeah, yeah, yeah!" on her lips.

A tall, distinguished man stepped to the microphone. "Good afternoon, friends of world peace. I am Ned (Good Driver) Reamer, your Allstate Insurance spokesman, sponsors of this international telecast. In deference to the solemnity and significance of this occasion, my sponsor has instructed me to forgo our usual commercial messages. They merely wish me to say that whether you're from the state of Israel or the state of Egypt, you're in good hands with Allstate. Thank you."

A murmur went through the throng as the Arab and Israeli representatives alternated short speeches, each a cool, diplomatically correct presentation. If there was no love, at least there was no hate.

Bond, nervously inhaling the forefinger he had lit, glanced about. Good! The 300 young pioneers from K'Far K'Farfel were on the edge of the crowd, all clad in long

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black raincoats. They had been well rehearsed by Zvi, he knew, and would play their part upon his signal.

But where was Monroe? Aha! There he was near the podium in disguise. A hastily thrown together one, Bond realized, and all wrong for him. He was wearing trunks and a sweat shirt and bouncing a basketball. Bad cover, Bond mused; Goshen's only five feet, four; sure as hell doesn't look like a cage star. Worse, he noted, the letters on the shirt read: HARLEM GLOBETROTTERS.

But his thoughts were interrupted by a mighty roar. Loxfinger was approaching the podium. Bond could imagine fingers tightening on triggers all over the Middle East, pilots smoking Turkish cigarettes ready to scramble into their jets, tank commanders inside their steel leviathans.

Loxfinger, in highly formal attire, was at the lectern, rustling his notes, as one of the UN aides was preparing to introduce him. He glanced at his Arab colleagues. They seemed to be in a heated discussion with an American athlete in red-satin shorts, dribbling a ball as he spoke. Suddenly the Arabs looked at Loxfinger, shook their heads in violent disapproval, ran their forefingers across their throats in an unmistakable sign. They walked quickly to their limousine and drove off.

It was all too plain to Loxfinger. The dogs! They were abandoning him for some reason. Untrustworthy Arab Schweinhund! Then he would take another tack, reveal to the crowd that he, Lazarus Loxfinger, had uncovered last-minute evidence of an Arab scheme to invade his homeland. That would touch off the powder keg just as well, he thought with grim pleasure. This time I shall call for a Jewish holy war. It will serve the same end . . . the "final solution."

Bond had also seen the Arab runoff. Goshen got to them! Good old Monroe! But Herr Doktor will try anything now to start a war, he reasoned. Got to alert the young pioneers. He ran toward the young men of the kibbutz.

" . . . Who more than any other man is responsible for our being here today . . . the Twentieth Century's greatest man of peace, who should win the Nobel Prize because he is noble . . . Dr. Lazarus Loxfinger!"

Smiling confidently as he acknowledged the acclaim, assured of his powers to mesmerize, to send people into battle with a willingness to die gladly, those incredible blue eyes afire, Loxfinger began: "My friends, I had hoped today to be the giver of peace. But just minutes ago I received information that—"

HEIL HITLER!

Three hundred young men, who had shed their raincoats, stood before him. They wore brown uniforms, arm bands with swastikas, arms outstretched in that

rigid tribute he had adored in the good years. His godlike name was crackling from their throats. He was—

HEIL HITLER!

His right hand shot up. "Yes, Heil Hitler! Heil me! I am Adolf Hitler, your Führer, resurrected! I am . . ."

And pulled his hand down quickly, but too late. All had seen it. He was unmasked before the crowd, the television eyes of the world.

"My God!" cried Bill Link of the AP to Dick Levinson, NBC-TV. "It's Adolf Hitler!"

Loxfinger flashed a baleful glance at the young "Nazis"—then saw their leader, a cruel, darkly handsome man in laborer's coveralls. But that mustache, dangling from one side of his lip. And that scar! Bond! Israel Bond, the security man. He has been the cause of my downfall.

"Kill the mockey swine, MacAroon, kill him!"

Saxon fired a machine-gun burst into the midst of the young kibbutzniks, several falling wounded. "Die, you Jew bastards! Die!" The crowd scattered in screaming panic.

One of the shots tore into Bond's shoulder—the bad one. Another zinged, burning the bad hand. He froze, hardly caring about the pain. For MacAroon loomed above him, dark, menacing, that horrible killing right hand cocked. The mulatto pulled a board out of his sequined shirt, brought that hand down. The board shattered.

When that calloused rhino-hard hand comes down on me it's the end, Bond thought. But I'll get in one damn lick. He hunched into Position 75, basic judo, swung a muscular leg and drove his toe into the giant's stomach.

MacAroon's face almost turned white. Confusion, bewilderment, pain crossed it, in that order.

Elated, Bond swung into Number 45, leaping superhumanly, chopping his hand down hard on the Goliath's neck. MacAroon went down like a torpedoed freighter. He pulled up his bulk slowly, picked up another board, brought that awful hand down. It cracked—but barely.

Now it seemed to him there was a vicious wasp named Israel Bond, stinging him in a million places with kicks in the groin, chops to the neck, a two-finger poke into an eye.

The half-blinded mulatto reeled. He picked up another board, chopped at it. Thump! It did not break.

But his hand did.

Hot tears flooded his brown cheeks.

And then Bond realized, with a wild laugh bubbling out of his throat, what was wrong. This big son of a bitch only knew how to break boards!

"I've got you now!" Bond roared, a demon unleashed. He slashed again and again at the tottering giant. There was bloody pulp on his hand.

"Inferior nigger schwein!" Loxfinger

screamed. He brought up a Luger, blasted his failing strongman three times. MacAroon fell with a thunderous crash against the first row of the reviewing stand, cracking it completely. In death he had split his last board.

Poor bastard, Bond thought. But now a Luger slug smashed into his own body, the bad shoulder again. He was alone, unarmed. Loxfinger and Saxon were lunging toward him, eyes hot with hatred.

Got to run. Where? Another slug nicked his hand—the bad one.

The tall, distinguished man appeared suddenly with his microphone. "You know, ladies and gentlemen of the world audience, when sudden disasters like this can strike, isn't it wise to call your All-state . . ."

A screaming Luger slug sent Ned Reamer to his final reward. Bond hoped the man's policy would leave his widow in good hands.

But there was no time to worry about anyone but himself. The enraged Nazis were at his heels, their fusillade sending sand flying into his eyes.

"Oy Oy Seven! Over here! You should shake a leg!"

A voice near the shore! In Yiddish! Agent D—Dovid! the Dolphin! May heaven send him schmaltz herring six times a day!

"On my back, hurry!" commanded the dolphin.

He leaped upon Dovidl, who launched into a frantic dive deep into the Red Sea. Truly it was the Red Sea now, Bond's claret staining every inch of it.

At last the doughty dolphin had to surface for air. "Gevaldt! What a mish-mash this day has turned out to be. But we're clear of 'em."

Zig-a-zig! Zig-a-zig!

Two bullets from a powerful Maque-reaux, with silencer attachment. Bond glanced back. It was as he feared. The cabin cruiser manned by Saxon was bearing down on them, Der Führer's hand clutching the smoking French automatic.

"Faster, Dovidl, faster!" he implored. "Just three hundred yards more and we're safe on the shore of Eretz Israel, old mammal!" He could see Israeli soldiers waiting for the cabin cruiser to get in range so they could blast it into perdition.

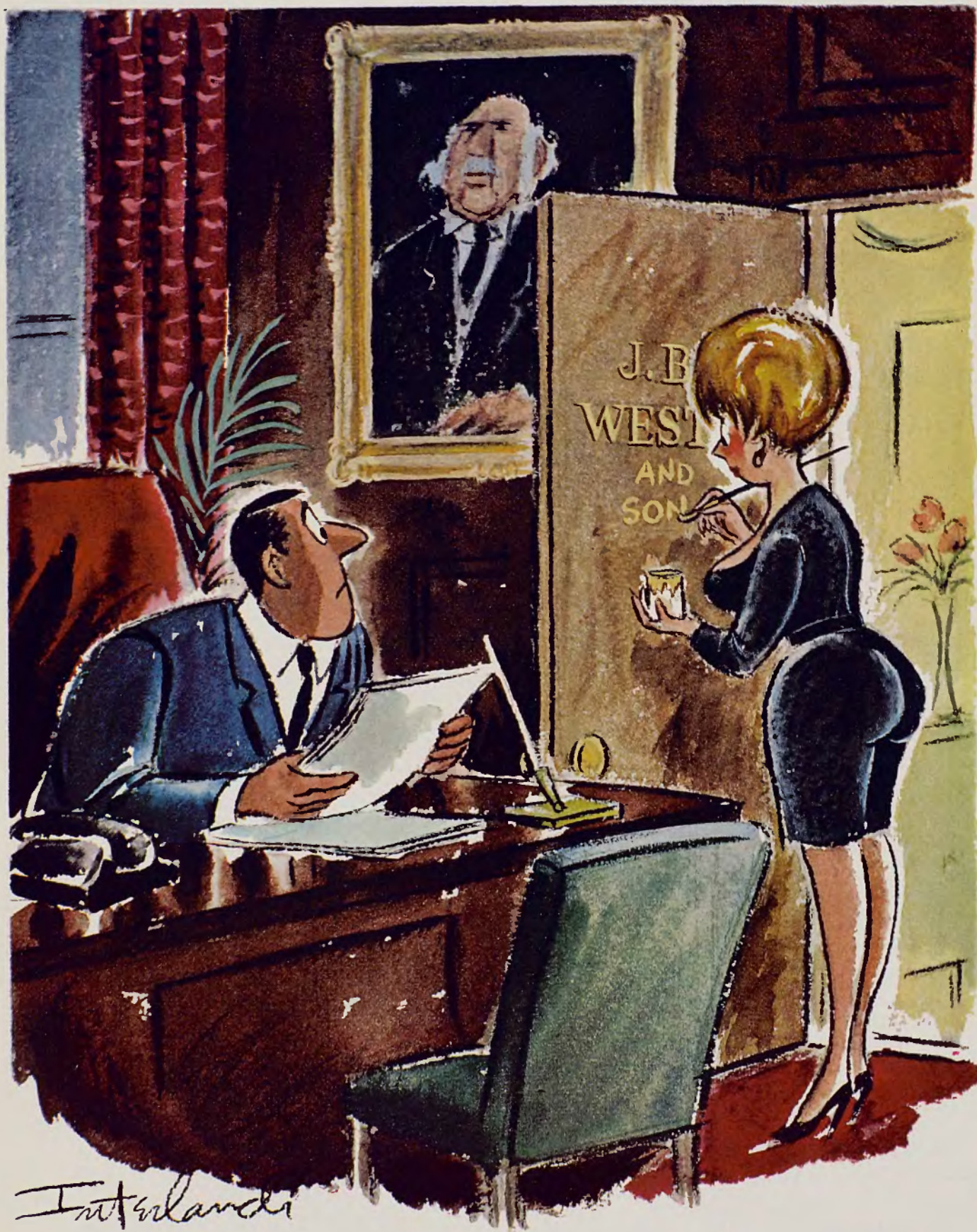
Zig-a-zig! Zig-a-zig!

One slashed through Bond's right arm. He fell off the dolphin, choking on the salt water and his own blood. "Dovidl! Dovidl!"

A thickening circle of blood next to him. Dovidl!

"The second one got me," the dolphin grinned. But then, dolphins always grin. Bond knew his ally had suffered a mortal wound. The courageous Agent D thrashed, murmured "Oy Oy Seven, I'm sorry . . ." and went under.

I'm done for now, Bond knew. Shot up



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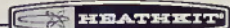
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. . . can't swim. The boat will cut me in two.

The cabin cruiser was just a few yards away. Bullets sang a dirge all around him. Israel's greatest secret agent was on his way out.

Then—a sudden blinding flash!

Then—a roar, louder than anything he had ever heard!

The Red Sea opened!

His face fell into wet sand. His unbelieving eyes saw the sea rolled back on two sides, leaving a pathway to the shore of Israel. He pushed his pain-racked, bullet-riddled frame. "Run!" The wet sandy path sucked at his feet, tripping him time and time again. Fifty yards now, forty, thirty, twenty, ten, five. Touchdown! He fell into the arms of two Israeli infantrymen.

Forced to abandon their cruiser when the parted waters left it beached in a trough, Loxfinger and Saxon were running an aimless pattern on the sandy strip, cursing, screaming, shooting without purpose, two stunned drunken beings going nowhere.

Then they saw the divided waters surging back!

Two gigantic waves, their white-foamed tips looking like the jaws of a mad dog, roared down on them.

Then . . . then there was just the Red Sea . . . eternal, peaceful, unconquerable as of old.

. . .

"He'll live . . . I don't know why, but he'll live," said the doctor, with a clamp in his hand. It held a Maquereaux slug, one of two he had dug from Israel Bond's mangled shoulder. "But I doubt if this . . . this man will ever do your section any good again."

M inhaled a Raleigh. Until Oy Oy Seven came back—and he would, she prayed—she herself would assume the burden of coupon gathering. And since it did seem sinful to buy the cigarettes just for the coupons and then chuck them away, she had begun to smoke. I'm an old harpy, she told herself. A few cigarettes a day won't harm me at my age. She was on her 80th smoke of the day, one for each of her richly spent years.

"He's moving," said Leilah Tov, M's beauteous secretary. Her heart pounded hopefully. Perhaps someday she would nestle again in the crook of Oy Oy Seven's muscular arm. The only man she would ever love.

With a shout, Zvi Gates rushed into the Secret Service infirmary, a bundle of newspapers under his arm. "Gottenu! It's the biggest thing that's happened to Israel since . . . since . . ." he struggled for a fresh simile . . . "since canned beer!" Without Oy Oy Seven around to spur him on, Zvi's humor tended to be a bit archaic. "Gevault! Look at these headlines! 'ISRAEL SUPER-MAN DESTROYS MAN BELIEVED TO BE ADOLF HITLER! SAVED BY RED SEA OPENING AS BIBLE

MIRACLE IS REPEATED!' Here's another! 'WORLD TV VIEWERS SEE MIRACLE IN RED SEA AND DEATH OF HITLER! ISRAELI HERO CLINGS TO LIFE!'"

"What did the New York *Daily News* say?" asked M, a shrewd smile on that infinitely wise old face.

"Here," said Zvi, handing her the gutsy big-city tabloid:

GIANTS NIP METS IN 11-3 SQUEAKER
LIZ, DICK SHARE HOTDOG AT HARVEST
MOON BALL FESTIVAL

Hitler Dies in Red Sea.

"Everybody out!" M commanded. They scurried from the clinic, casting warm glances at the wounded secret agent.

"Israel, mine kindeleh," said M softly. "You're all right."

"Yes, Mother," he said. There was a fondness in his tone, not the fondness of a secret agent for his superior, but that of a secret agent for his mother.

Please, dear Lord, don't let me show my own weakness, a weeping M pleaded. This is a cold, hard business. I can't get sentimental over a boy I wish had been my own son.

"Oy Oy Seven, you did a fairly competent job. But we must rule out the . . . uh . . . divine aspects of your escape. We all know now that the Red Sea parted because of a row of strategically placed high explosives detonated by the oil company at the exact moment you fell off poor Dovidl's back. We don't need miracles, my boy."

"Our land is a miracle, M."

"Exactly. I'm happy to see you haven't lost your deftness with a phrase, Oy Oy Seven. But there can be no publicity, no personal interviews. If you are to remain with the Oy Oy branch, you must slip into anonymity immediately. We will release a report that you have died from your wounds. Your friend, Goshen, will be told the truth, of course. You two may be forced to share another assignment someday. One question: Do you think you can ever be strong enough to return to the M 33 and 1/3 section? Make your answer truthful, no heroics. We've had enough of them, God knows. Remember, a crippled agent is a danger to himself and to his organization."

Bond lit a Raleigh, scratching the match on his shoulder cast. Some of the section people had written on it in ink: "Get well, Oy Oy Seven." He was touched. As a rule, M 33 and 1/3 personnel were necessarily an unsentimental lot. Or so he thought.

"I'll be all right in a while," he said. "Whenever my land is threatened by the forces of injustice, I want to be called in. With every breath in my body I vow this: Bond's for Israel!"

Healing sleep overtook him.

Good lad! Good heart! Good soldier! M thought. If only the shmegeggi could shoot straight.



to the open fields, it takes two or three months before the tobacco leaves, now a ripe yellowish green, are ready for individual picking. Hung on long laths in sheds, rows of picked leaves dry to a rich golden color, a process artificially encouraged in nontropical climes by charcoal fires or gas burners. The leaves are then bundled into "hands" and piled into massive round or rectangular "bulks" of thousands of pounds each. Pressure of the leaves on one another generates heat which encourages "sweating" at temperatures of up to 100 degrees. This sets up a fermentation process that develops the natural aroma and flavor of the cigar leaf much as fermentation develops the flavor and bouquet in wine making.

Packed into bales, the select inner leaf is warehoused and goes through a secondary fermentation under controlled atmospheric conditions. The positions of the stacked bales are changed and the aging leaf is continually checked to determine when it is fully cured and ready to be made into cigars. The entire process from harvesting through aging takes from six months to three or more years, depending on the area where the tobacco is grown, on the curing techniques and on the quality of the leaf.

Taken straight from the bale, tobacco is brittle-dry and has to be cased or dampened before the two halves of the leaf can be stripped off the stem for the cigar maker or machine. The classic hand-rolling process revered by our grandsires produced a maximum of 200 cigars per man a day. But before this century's turn, cigar-smoking opera impresario Oscar Hammerstein cudgelled his brain over the problem of mimicking by machine the hand-making of cigars. He developed a number of basic patents still used in today's automatons which roll out as many as 6000 cigars per diem. Of the more than seven billion cigars sold in the U. S. last year, less than five percent were hand-rolled.

The machine is basically just a hypoed version of that little old cigar maker who compresses enough filler leaves in his hand for the body size of the cigar he is rolling, then winds a single binder leaf around the filler on a hardwood board, trims this bunch to size with his knife and then starts at the tuck or lighting end of the cigar by winding a piece of wrapper leaf spirally around the bunch until he gets to the head, which is covered with a tobacco scrap, or flag, that's fastened by a dab of tasteless gum. Some *tabaqueros* compress the bunches in wooden molds, hollowed to cigar sizes, before adding the wrapper.

Using a bewildering combination of leaf dyes, suction tables, guillotine cutters, crimpers, carrier fingers, knurlers, softener rollers and tuck needles, all the steps of hand-rolling are duplicated by

the cigar-making machine. It once required four girls to lay out the leaves and run early models of these robots, but with ingenuity and compromise, three of these Carmens can be replaced by hoppers and rollers. Speed notwithstanding, the machine has to use short filler or chopped-up leaves to fill in the cigar. Really good smokes must have long fillers. This means each of the filler leaves runs the full length of the cigar. There are precious few of these hand-rolleds that cost less than a quarter, but they are well worth the expenditure.

The way a cigar burns has a good deal to do with its taste, and the size of the filler is perhaps the important factor in the burning. Smoke the same blend of tobaccos in a long-filler cigar and one made with short filler and the two won't taste at all alike. Rolled to about the same tightness, the long filler will give the mellow smoke and burn more slowly.

Balance in a cigar comes from the delicate judgment the manufacturer brings to the selection of complementary fillers, binders and wrappers. A heavy, resinous wrapper can wipe out the fragrance of a fragile filler blend and, similarly, a rich bitey filler can obliterate the characteristic mellowness of many wrappers. Even before the three elements—filler, binder and wrapper—are combined into a cigar, the filler tobaccos must be blended. An imported Havana may be all-Cuban tobacco and a Manila all-Philippine, but that doesn't mean the filler is all of the same leaf. A choice of variously grown and cured tobaccos, their flavors wedded by fermenting together in the bulk, will create a more satisfying aroma and flavor than will only one kind of leaf.

Smokers generally judge a cigar by the wrapper, since it's the only part they can see except for the ash. American tastes generally run to the light claro shades, but old-line Latin smokers love their deep-brown maduro hues. Cigar savants agree that the finest domestic wrapper is Connecticut shade-grown. The cured shade-grown leaf is a light, even brown, of silky texture, with a distinctive mellow flavor. Florida and Georgia wrappers, also shade-grown, are used in many domestic cigars. The leaf has a greenish tinge and a neutral flavor.

Few blindfolded cigar smokers can unerringly pick out a genuine Havana at first smoke, but ever since European nobility set the fashion two centuries ago, the Havana has been the *sine qua non* of cigardom. This excessive confidence in the generic Havana is no different from a vinophile's whose blind allegiance to all wines from Bordeaux will lead him to gladly punch down quantiful mixtures of Algerian and Rhone reds. While no one who has drawn in the full-bodied authority of a true Vuelta Abajo will

challenge its pre-eminence, some of the most dreadful tobacco in the world is grown in Cuba. As it turns out, the U. S. embargo on Cuban products has not had the impact on American cigar fanciers that was first threatened. (Actually, hand-rolled all-Havanas were never more than one percent of total cigar production.)

When President Kennedy slapped the embargo on Cuban tobacco in 1962, there was a stockpile of 11,000 tons of Cuban leaf in Tampa warehouses. This was supposed to be just enough to last for two years. Today there is still, miraculously, enough for another two years. What has happened is that manufacturers have been thinning out the percentage of Cuban leaf in their cigars, while smokers are gradually accustoming themselves to the tastes of other leaves.

The former owners of Menedez, Garcia y Cia, Ltd., makers of H. Uppman and Monte Cristo, long the monarchs of the cigar industry, have set up a factory in the Canary Islands and are making H. Uppmans there with stockpiled (supposedly enough for a number of years) Cuban tobaccos. Some of the other exiled Cuban manufacturers, such as Por Larrañaga, Punch and Hoyo de Monterrey, are considering establishing factories under their old brand names in the U. S. and Europe. Many Cuban experts have fled Castro's regime and have set up shop in Central America to produce the highly touted Reina Isabel cigar.

Puerto Rican tobaccos are used in many popular cigars, and some manufacturers ship Connecticut wrappers to factories they've set up in Puerto Rico, where the cigars are made and then shipped back to the States. Quantities of Jamaican cigars go to the English market, but few find their way to this country.

Sumatra wraps represent the opposite pole from the full, heavy-flavored Havana leaf, because they are neutral in flavor and blend well with any style of filler and variety of binder.

Philippine factories have always used much Sumatra leaf, although after the War some switched to Georgia wrappers. But the finest Manila cigars are wrapped in dark-brown native Isabela (a highly flavored and yet mild-smoking leaf), over Isabela binder and filler. They are hand-rolled, long-filler, and as they gain in distribution and prestige, they should make a place for themselves with younger smokers who want a light smoke that can still hold the full taste range of sun-grown, dark-cured leaf.

Many servicemen stationed in Europe developed a taste for the dry Dutch-German-style cigar, and in the past few years these characteristically stubby, torpedo-shaped, Sumatra-wrapped aromatics have been imported from Holland, West Germany, Denmark and Switzerland, along with a flood of miniature "in-between" smokes. Another source of cigars is Brazil, where a sun-grown dark-

ish wrapper is raised and blended with various combinations of Manilan, Indonesian, Cuban and native fillers.

The shapes and sizes of cigars are almost infinite in their subtle variations. Most cigar heads are rounded, though some roll to a point; in a few special Manila, Tabacaleras' Conde de Geull and Vegueros, the leaves twist into a unique topknot instead of being trimmed or flagged. Panatelas are long, straight-sided and slim; the wide variety of brands in panatela size constitutes a last stronghold of nonconformity. Perfectos should have pointed heads, somewhat tapering sides and a shaped tuck. These are characteristics also of the larger queens. The standard roundheaded, straight-sided cigar includes a catholic collection of straights, blunts, clear Havana palmas, and so on, through the species corona—from tiny demicoronas to doubles which might stretch over seven inches in length—exceeded only by the Gargantuan cheroot named after that indomitable cigarist, Churchill. Special shapes include triangles, pressed between cedar blocks by hand, expensive pyramid shapes and the classic open-at-both-ends. Cigarillos, the cigarette-sized cigar which zoomed to popularity in the Forties, now sell on an average of a few hundred million per annum.

Naturally, the largest market is for low-priced cigars, a category which is amazingly consistent in quality, and practically always in good condition due to fast turnover and sealed packaging. As a matter of statistics, over 40 percent of the nearly seven billion cigars sold last year in this country retailed for less than six cents, and more than 90 percent went for less than fifteen cents.

Obviously, many factors determine your selection of a cigar. Basic to your choice is the kind of tobacco you prefer and the size that is best suited for a particular time. Heavy cigar smokers establish habit and preference patterns, but many of them include a dozen or more different cigars in their routine. In some cases, it can be the same tobacco with the same-color wrapper in different sizes to suit the mood and the time of day. Others switch brands and shapes for variety's sake. It makes sense that a small, stimulating, aromatic smoke that sets you up after breakfast replaces neither the medium-sized mellow one that keeps taste buds in tune and juices flowing at work and play, nor the full-bodied after-dinner cigar.

The place where you buy your cigars will have a great deal to do with how well you enjoy them, because the cigar is a delicate, perishable commodity that requires expert dealer care. Cigars can be bought almost anywhere: in supermarkets, drugstores and groceries. This makes no difference if you're buying five-packs; they are sealed, overwrapped and

resealed to stay in manufactured condition. But if you're buying better smokes from or by the box, find yourself a retailer who knows something about what he's selling, takes pride in the selection and condition of his stock and can help you develop your taste. Every major city has a few old-line tobacconist shops where purchasing cigars is a delight to the senses and not just another "two-for-a-quarter" counter transaction.

Cigars spoil easily because they absorb other flavors and aromas from the air. For instance, tobacco can't be grown near the seacoast, since it takes on a salt taste; bales have to be carefully sealed when shipped by water for the same reason. A really conscientious tobacconist will let cigars "recuperate" from an ocean voyage for a month or two before putting them on the shelf for sale. Don't store cigars near food or cosmetics, and never buy from a retailer who keeps lighter fluid near open cigar boxes.

When choosing a cigar from the box, press down gently on the rounded head, raising the tuck end from its resting place. You can crackle the wrappers by squeezing the cylinders between thumb and forefinger. Take a deep sniff along the cigar's body to get a first whiff of tobacco character commingled with the scent of the box. Draw some air through the unlit cigar to further your impression. With just a little experience, you'll be able to tell by softly pressing the cigar with your fingers whether the filler is even from head to tuck, and how loose or tight the roll is. A soft, loosely rolled cigar will smoke much faster than the traditional Cuban tight roll, and its uneven filler is likely to have a bad burn. American tastes generally lean toward the moist taste of the Cuban originals, and manufacturers maintain storage humidors designed to make a fair imitation of the Cuban climate, a relative humidity of 68 and an average temperature of 65 degrees. Europeans, however, prefer a much drier version that goes snap, crackle and pop when squeezed. If you find your cigar too dry, breathe into its tuck end a few times and it will become more moist.

The size of the hole through which you puff your cigar controls the volume of smoke. If you want it just right—not so small that you have to pull hard, and not so large that your palate is overwhelmed—use a cigar cutter, preferably one that slices a V-shaped aperture. Biting or chewing a hole in the cigar's head or squeezing it until it breaks can look sloppy, do damage and spoil your smoke.

A single wooden match is best to light a good-sized cigar, but it may take several of the paper kind. After lighting the match, wait until its chemical head is consumed, then hold it about half an inch below the cigar's tuck end and puff gently, slowly turning the cigar as the

flame jumps to it until the whole end glows evenly. The old movie business of holding the cigar to a flame and not actually putting it to your lips until it is lit does work, but it really isn't necessary and it takes an Adolphe Menjou type to pull it off. Never use a fluid lighter unless you want a benzene-flavored smoke. Butane models do a good, flavorless job.

Careful lighting goes a long way toward giving your cigar an even burn and ash. If your cigar goes out, pay no attention to the old wives' tale that a cigar should not be relit. While the cigar is still warm, rub the char off with a matchstick before relighting, and puff gently or you'll draw in the charry flavor before it has a chance to burn off.

It takes a good half dozen or more puffs before a cigar warms up enough to taste: You can feel the warmth traveling up the cigar's body puff by puff. The taste won't come through till you smoke past the tuck. Whatever you smoke, puff slowly, savoring the smoke, with plenty of time between puffs. Optimum flavor and aroma doesn't get a chance to develop with fast smoking. Don't keep the cigar in your mouth except when puffing; that's only for fight managers and booking agents. When you're finished, just let the cigar die quietly. It's when you stuff them out that their pleasant bouquet becomes a "precious stinke."

Whether pure white, dark or the steel gray of fine Havana, the ash covering your cigar's coal should be at least half an inch long to keep the smoke cool and the burn slow. Length of ash depends a great deal on the cut of the filler. A properly long, heavy ash blocks loss of flavor and aroma.

A cigar—advertising homilies to the contrary—is not good to the last puff. As it grows shorter and there's less space for cooling to take place between your mouth and the coal, the burn gets hotter and tars and resins collect in the stub. Don't spoil your pleasure by smoking to the bitter end. Discard the butt as soon as you taste the slightest harshness.

Queen Victoria was quite vehement in her dislike of cigars and made life hell for any minister who indulged. You may have the misfortune of meeting up with a relic of her era whose classic bugaboos are smoke-impregnated curtains and clothes, odiferous butts, ashes and burns. But recent polls show that 90 percent of today's women have no objections to cigars or to men who smoke them. Don't expect, though, to come across many young ladies who really know their cigars. Just consider yourself lucky if you find one who is pleasantly surprised by your drawing out a cigar case, is suitably impressed as you light up with ceremony and, finally, is duly appreciative of your enjoyment. If the pleasure you take in her company adds to the satisfaction you have in your roll of tobacco, you are twice blessed. Happy smoking!



CITY OF LIGHT (continued from page 92)

malicious face with a brilliant smile (perfect teeth, very proud) and a peculiar sexual status like that of a young queen bee. Her briskness, her constant smile, her malice—something about her. Very pretty and elegant, she totally lacked the aura of a woman. Perhaps it was merely ambition that gave her this ambiguity. It turned out, to go back a few years, that her parents had wanted to be social movers in Paris and were, though not quite in the sense they desired. The Jews had corrupted the honest Aryan blood of the Gauls. Dreyfus had really betrayed the army ("Where there is so much smoke, there must be fire") and finally only a strong dose of Germany could save *la pauvre belle petite France*. Hilda's father had been executed along with Brasillach in the first days after the liberation. Hilda's mother now lived in Argentina with a retired German officer. Hilda herself ran the salon in Auteuil that had been her family's social goal for three generations, welcoming a select group of artists, politicians, film makers, officers and anti-Semites. K. K. found it, early on, a curious zoo.

"You artiste?" said José Alberto. "Is sheet. I write one meter and demi of screept in my zo-called *carrière*. Is all sheet. I write sheet now and forever also I die. You say also?"

"Until," said K. K., who noticed that cognac deepened José's accent.

"Sheet until I die," he said.

De Villiers looked at him contemptuously. "Tu parles," he said.

But like a stunned and happy animal, K. K. followed Mona among the exotic beasts, because she was so good to him. It had been a long time since anyone had been good to him. This zoo—plenty of Scotch, English cigarettes, Italian sports cars, foreign visitors and complicated arrangements—had nothing to do with the France he remembered; it was perhaps the new France of international festivals and ski romances, and it was therefore an unreal France to K. K. Wood. Real was the smoky Paris of his first visit—fresh bread, cheap wine and cheese in the Luxembourg Gardens. But Mona was better than hotel-room dreams of the vanished past.

If the film had been any good, he later decided, he might have been less concerned with finding pleasure elsewhere. But the film, like the television series he had just finished in the States, merely required that he walk through, showing his cleancut. In the series, cleancut meant cleancut. In the film, because this was art, cleancut meant dirtyheart. It was just as mechanical—a mechanical paradox. The only artistic thing about it was that he was being paid little more than expenses. He might as well treat it like a vacation, then, and so he did. Someday, when he

began to jowl over a little, he might find serious character parts.

In the meantime, he enjoyed the astonishment at Hilda's salon that he could look so nice and young and American and still speak French so fluently, with just a sympathy-inducing accent to draw a little circle of attention about his shyness and his touch of wit. "We are finding," said José Alberto, "something better for you to do."

"What is it?"

"We are finding," said José Alberto.

"Parles parles parles," said Frédéric, edging him away.

K. K. got Mona alone for a moment to ask what they had meant. "Oh, they are always scheming," she said. "Many ideas. Always ideas. Many had ideas—just say no," she said very earnestly.

"I'll listen first. A man has to work."

She shrugged.

And then he and Mona went home in her toy Fiat convertible; she played her record of Jean Ferrat singing *J'entends, J'entends*:

*Vous voudriez au ciel bleu croire,
je le connais ce sentiment
J'y crois aussi moi par moments—*

And then she played her little games, flipping up her skirt to do a Hollywood can-can, throwing on her trench coat to do an early Gabin film, chirping and laughing, singing and finally just draping her arms about his neck and begging him, as if he needed to be begged, "Take me. Take me. Take me."

"Here? Standing up?"

"Yes. Like this. Have you ever done it like this?"

Never before. But this time they did it

like that. And it was different, but the same; all things were possible; he was a great athlete, a great actor, a man who spoke French; he was free once more.

She pushed and tickled him. Then she explained that the prosperous France of her time was finished with Catholicism, existentialism, Marxism, and the ideas of virtue and poverty and reform and social change that had deceived generations of the French young. "If I sit at the Flore," she said, "it is not to watch the ideas march by. It is not to belong to a movement. It is," she said, "maybe to do business or maybe to do fun after doing the business."

"I don't understand you, Mona."

"Oh, you are American. Understand!" she repeated mockingly.

"You don't want me to?"

"I don't want me to, either." She slipped like a cat on her side toward him. "Here," she said slyly, "this, this, understand this."

When he left Mona's apartment in the morning, running down the hardwood stairs of the old building on the Rue de l'Université, he felt on the stairway, propelled by gravity, that he could fly. He thought flying thoughts as he waited for the second when, hitting the thronged morning street, he would see her again. Her friends, José, Frédéric and Hilda, were working things out for him; they wanted him to stay in France; they liked him—he was their pet American. This way of putting it was not quite pleasing, but since it included Mona, it pleased him. He would think it through when the opportunity came. He would do what was necessary. He would organize everything. And if he had any doubts, they were dispelled by the ritual of the street.

Down below, he turned his eyes toward



"Son, your father and I think it's time we had a little chat."

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Mona's balcony on the fifth floor. His eyes crinkled in the glare of sky above the well of the street. She stood on the balcony in a robe with her hand uplifted in a still, caught wave. She watched and watched him down the street, as if she could not wait to see him again, as if she could not bear to lose him. Despite all her tricking and playing, this careless, desperate watching on the balcony was what stood for her real feelings. She never turned away until he disappeared.

These early-morning departures—the sun golden over the city of nostalgia and hope—came to seal K. K.'s joyous rebirth in Paris. Each time he left, running down the stairs, charged with power, light on his feet, energized and drained of anxiety, he would look back from the narrow passage below to the balcony where Mona might be standing. Sometimes he thought, when the air was chill, No, she'll just turn over and go back to sleep. But always the wraithlike, childlike body—the angelic, welcoming body—stood on the balcony with a hand uplifted. She watched him away as if the sight of him nourished her. And with all his doubt and her irony, her distrust of plan and words, his knowledge that it was just another Paris romance, this persistent gesture, this watching, more than anything else, changed K. K.'s sense of himself and of Mona. Their lovemaking, after all, could be merely a cool and businesslike exchange; she tried sometimes to say it was; she was a girl of Paris with no memory of the War, he was a visiting actor. It was 1965. But somehow, beyond words or declarations, she really needed him, K. K. himself, she desired *him*, whatever she said. And the consequence of this was that he loved her.

At the same time, he carried on a dutiful correspondence with Louise back at their branch of the car pool in Beverly Hills. And in twinges of guilt, he sent weekly packages of toys, more and more expensive ones, and souvenirs, and long mendacious letters to the children; long because he loved them, lying because he would rather be in Paris, doing what he was doing in Paris, than back on Le Doux Road in Beverly Hills, even though he missed his children.

Doing what he was doing in Paris was spending the nights with Mona, dining late, strolling late, sleeping at their ease.

And also what he was doing was planning his recording and commentary on General de Gaulle's next press conference. That last job had come up through the intercession of his new friend, Frédéric de Villiers, who, it turned out, was more than a retired officer. He was an editor of a weekly newspaper called *Point d'Interrogation*. P. d'I., in the person of De Villiers, liked K. K. Wood, and this was exceptional enough, since it seemed to like no other Yankee. K. K. was flattered. He knew that he was good-looking,

young, direct, intelligent, and spoke the fluent French—as De Villiers told him. "Well, my French isn't so bad, anyway," he protested. Mona was squeezing his hand as he said this. "But for the rest, you are being very polite."

"Verry no bool," said De Villiers with military precision. It turned out that he really did speak some English, and his reluctance to speak the first time was mere French snobbism. He mistrusted Anglo-Saxons.

"Thanks," said K. K.

He was aware that Mona was squeezing his hand to ask him to say no to De Villiers. She held him by the knuckles, for a moment grasping and ungainly, and a nail cut into the drawn and tender skin. He pulled his hand away. The limits of the opportunity with De Villiers had not been precisely formulated. K. K., feeling his new power and confidence, saw no reason to foreclose an adventure, whatever Mona might feel about it. *Girls*, went the soft thought through his head, *they want you for themselves alone.*

They were at Hilda's early-evening soiree. The little silver tray of cigars lay between the two men. As De Villiers talked, very slowly and deliberately, he lifted two cigars, lit them both and handed one to K. K. in a detachedly feminine way. Then he proposed his notion. It would be interesting to have his paper print a comment by K. K. on current French politics—from the betrayal in Algeria and the recognition of Red China all the way back a generation or more.

"But I don't agree with you—"

"You would have a free hand to say what you please, my friend."

"My own politics are—"

"As a positioning point," De Villiers gently corrected him. "You would simply record the interview with a tape recorder and then speak your impressions of the ex-general. I think"—and one of his rare, cold smiles illuminated his face—"it would be nice to be a French journalist in addition to being an American actor."

"Of four million Parisians," said Mona, "two million carry press cards. It is no distinction."

"No matter," said De Villiers. "I think this would make a special case for you, Monsieur Oud. Ké Ké my friend. I think it might interest you, no?"

It was as if this gray, shredded feather had touched a nerve and had planned his incision from the moment he met K. K. Wood. What Hollywood actor with any brains, or any pretension to brains, has not wished to do something useful in the world, something other than selling his smile and his grace? Most of them had dreamed of usefulness in causes, in the Thirties and Forties and, later, in serious careers away from acting. The foreign correspondent was a role many played and a fantasy many had, and K. K., with his education and intelligence, felt that

perhaps here was his chance to open up some possibility other than being clean-cut for pay. It was better than being the philosopher on a daytime quiz show or the fighting assistant professor in a college series. It was something that could test him deeply, as acting no longer did. And perhaps someday, when he had learned him some craft, he could write novels and stories and plays. Mona was squeezing his hand no. K. K. said he would think about it. By the way he said it, they all knew he was saying yes.

Then they went out to celebrate at that same restaurant under the gallery at the Place des Vosges where they had all become such close friends.

"How goes the job?" said José.

"The picture? It's all done in the cutting, you know."

"Hm. But the story, you must have an idea about the story, don't you?"

"The theme is interesting. The director may put something into it."

"Hm. You hate it, yes?"

K. K. did not answer. Mona said, "In the evening we do not talk business."

Business, thought K. K. That's why I am so willing to become a journalist, recording the voice of the master. If the picture were any good, if the pictures back home were any good, if television were any better, maybe I would be singing my sons to sleep and strolling on Sunset Boulevard with Louise. If I wanted a kick, we'd look at the looks at Cyrano's. But the pictures are not any good. Neither is the television.

And so he accepted the miniature tape recorder, not much larger than a cigar box, which José provided. He also accepted the press card, the letter of accreditation and a typed piece of paper giving the hour when the conference at the Elysée palace would take place. Then he went home to prepare for the job by reading De Gaulle's recent speeches and continuing his study of De Gaulle's autobiography, written during the period after the War and before he returned to power, in which he noted a surprising prerequisite to the hero's life—melancholia. De Gaulle understood the desperation of heroism.

K. K.'s work on the movie was now finished. He had just walked through the part; it was one of those movies with a lot of walking in Paris streets; it would give his career no new boost. He had written to his wife that he would be spending an extra week in Paris because of another job and because he needed to see the first cut of the film.

The other job was the cigar box.

The need to see the first cut of the film was nonexistent. What he needed, and needed badly, was another week with Mona.

So now he was in his hotel room alone—in that traveler's hotel room which is the place where so many young men try to discover themselves—studying for an exam and keeping an elegant little cigar-

box shape on his desk, waiting for his occasion to use it.

It was raining—a long weary gray Paris rain with none of the defiant extremes of cold and wet which call a man out of himself to defend his little time on earth. K. K. read, worried, knew he was worrying about something he did not permit himself to discover; he fretted in his hotel room; he went downstairs with his book, bought a plastic raincoat in a shop on the Rue du Bac, stopped in a doorway, chilled, under a sign that said PNEU—TIMBRES—TABAC. Gray and wet all about him. The heavy slosh of winter without the nerve and sinew. K. K. patted a child on the head and the child looked up with a radiant smile. He would have liked to talk with the child, but a grown man does not speak with a child in the street of a great city in 1965. The child ran off into the slanting drizzle. He went inside, shook off the plastic and ordered a hot chocolate with a brandy. He was shivering. Something was on his mind and he almost knew what it was.

But insistently, inside, he knew that he could not play his role, though he was a good actor—his role of melancholic hero patting children on the head—without meeting the facts and delusions that were keeping him ill at ease.

His throat felt scratchy. He took the cognac down at a gulp.

That was not how to take cognac.

This was not how to take his step into some new style and career. He was behaving like a fool. They were taking him for a fool.

Back to his hotel room to work it out all the way.

Mona had not wanted him to get involved with these people and their paper, though the people were her friends, but he had swept her aside. Something deep in his fantasy life had been stirred by the bait—"journalist." It was part of the voyage of self-discovery that had taken him to Paris, to Mona, and to the cigar box on his desk. It had also led him, at least momentarily, away from the United States, California, his wife and his sons. The poem of adolescence was not dead in him. He sat alone in his room until the last little light of evening had drained away from the dripping city, and then he telephoned Mona to tell her that he would be coming over to see her. She would be waiting for him. She did not answer.

Odd.

He tried again in ten minutes.

No answer.

That was odd again. She should have let him know if she was going out.

He stood brooding over this first failure—the very first time that Mona had disappointed him—and as he looked at the cigar-box-shaped recorder, he tried to reason away all the American boyishness in him that demanded such perfection in women and was so disappointed that she did not answer the telephone at an ap-



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pointed hour. There could be some simple explanation. It could be easy as pie.

But at the same time he knew that it was not as easy as pie, that it had something to do with his meeting tomorrow with a crowd of reporters, General de Gaulle, and his tape recorder, and that the insistent buzz at the back of his head must finally be attended to. He examined his finger where Mona had cut the knuckle with her nail. There was a little blooded half-moon, the kind of wound a man seldom notices after the initial instant of irritation, one of the continuing abuses printed by an indifferent world upon the envelope of flesh—grass cuts, razor nicks, barked shins, the fading bites of love and the abrasions and ruptures of anxiety. But this was not a careless hurt. She had squeezed his hand to say *no* and he had refused to attend. He had closed down the receptors; he had jammed himself free of her; he had tuned in only what he wanted to hear, which was what De Villiers was telling him. Well, now he had to listen to the rest of it. He had put a filter on the buzz of warning which ached in the back of his head. Well, now the warning moved more strongly, like a hand pressing, over his temples.

He took the tape recorder off the desk and into the light. His suspicions were fully aroused. He thought of calling the police, he thought of sticking the machine into a bucket of water. And then his doubts and his passionate commitment to pride stopped him from doing anything but what he was now doing. He was putting a strong lamp in position to shine on the machine. He was undoing little screws, very carefully, with shaking fingers. Clearly the device would work as a tape recorder; there were the proper spools and tapes and tiny meshing gears. He undid a little metal plate. He found a watch mechanism. He found tiny wires attached to the watch mechanism. He found the wires leading to a separate compartment which contained powder.

He had drawn his bath. Now he used it to douse the bomb. Bits and pieces of the device blackened his bathtub. There was an undersea scurf of metal and sand in the bathtub.

He sat on a stool and watched this debris as if it were the debris of his hopes.

After a while he discovered within himself the strength to take the next step. It was not the next step of a good citizen, perhaps; it was not to call the police. It was to take a cab to Mona's apartment with the vague intention of breaking in if she did not answer.

• • •

At her door, he knew she was inside, with that prescience of the enraged lover. He also believed that she was there with someone, but jealousy came second. He pounded on the door and then fit his shoulder to the edge, played against the lock and lifted it right up, splintering the jamb. And he stood there panting for

breath, horrified, wild. She was there, all right. She was there, but he had been wrong about part of it. She was lying on the bed fully dressed, her tangled hair out of its usual fine daytime order or its fine nighttime luxuriance. She had her head in the pillow; she was weeping. She knew he stood there watching her, but she did not bother to stop the gusts of tears streaming out of her eyes, wetting and wetting the pillow. So he had been wrong about the company she kept here in this room, but not entirely wrong. She had been weeping for K. K. and weeping because of the company she kept that had given him that cigar-box shape with the special compartment for murder.

"Why didn't you tell me!" he shouted. She sat up and stared at him.

"I know! I know! Why didn't you tell me?"

"I tried to stop you," she said.

He went to the door leading to the balcony and gazed out over the city smoking and steaming below—roofs, chimney pots, Lucite coverings of terraces, the busy street life of this city which had been at the center of history for a thousand years. Up the street and a few minutes away was the French Navy Department. The War Department was a short walk away. Buildings in which men had been tortured not long ago were within sight. Mona was crying again.

"Stop it!" he said.

"They would kill me," she said. "I tried, but they would kill me." She held her breath to interrupt the sobs and remarked very quietly: "If anything happened to you, I would have done something against my religion. I already knew how I would do it, but I won't tell you. I would have killed myself."

He went and sat beside her on the bed and put his arm around her shoulders. Did he believe her? He did not know. "What could you do to protect me?" she said. "Nothing. Home to your wife soon. Nothing." He believed her tears, he believed her grief. Perhaps that was enough for a man on vacation.

"Lie with me. Warm me," she said.

He shook his head stubbornly. This was not the time for that ancient answer to the puzzle of life.

She went on talking in a very low voice. "They are going to be sure I told you. They will blame me for sure. They know I am unreliable. Lie with me and warm me and then you can go, just for a moment, please, please, please."

The depth of her grief stopped the debate going on inside him about guilt and innocence. He would even postpone his decision about what to do about Alberto and De Villiers until later—write an anonymous letter to the police? go himself to the police and take all the risks? discuss it with the American Embassy? They had chosen him to pilot their torpedo, and to spend his entrails on the wall-paper of a palace room. Maybe he should

settle it with them personally. He would wait, because now she was pulling and tugging at him like a child needing comfort. He lay down beside her. "Oh, yes, yes," she said, unbuttoning his clothes.

Well, sometimes this can resolve a man, he thought. A girl pulling off a man's clothes provides one kind of resolution, and a mixture of distrust and anger can cause a kind of lust to which, in Paris, on that confused afternoon, K. K. Wood was willing to surrender.

He lay by her side, holding her, until she stopped weeping. He cradled her head upon his shoulder and said *shush, shush*. They were both without clothes. Quivering with their doubts, they let the tides of evening rise over them. They were calmed.

Then he did what, by this time, they both wanted to do.

They did not leave the room as this last day ran out, they did not talk, they cleaved to each other again and again, blindly, as if it were a first abandoned meeting. Indeed, they did not know each other and it was like a first meeting. In the morning, coming back to life, K. K. awoke from a brief dozing and said aloud, "I've got to go home."

"Yes," she said.

He threw on his clothes as she sat up, holding her knees and watching him in the little light of dawn. He was suddenly in a great hurry to catch his plane. There was no need to explain to Mona; they would never know anything of each other except the memory of their need and a gratuitous tenderness, and the immense debris of history cast up between them. He sorted himself into his tangled clothes like the fireman in a children's story.

But unlike the fireman, in his hurry he broke his shoelace. He ran down the stairway to the street with his loose shoe chafing. At the street, as he turned his head up to gaze at the balcony, he realized that he had not even said goodbye; he had been irritably preoccupied with the shoelace. She was on the balcony. She waved slowly. At such a moment—a flopping shoe! As he hobbled down the street, his foot twisted to keep the shoe on, he felt shame because she was watching him away for the last time, walking so clumsily, going home to his wife, going home to his children.

At the corner he turned. She waved again. With his sudden old man's ungainliness, he hobbled into a teeming city crowd—housewives buying bread and milk, sleepy blue-clad workmen rushing to their jobs, breakfasting on a cigarette, the first children going to early classes—a crowd in which he knew no one.

A pale little girl, smiling at his dilemma, put her hand on his arm. "A piece of string, sir?" she asked, undoing the string about her lunch box.

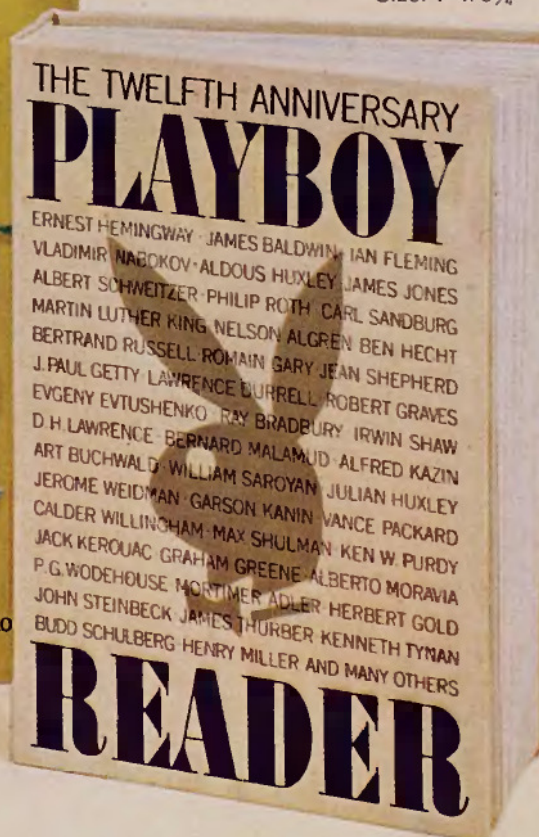


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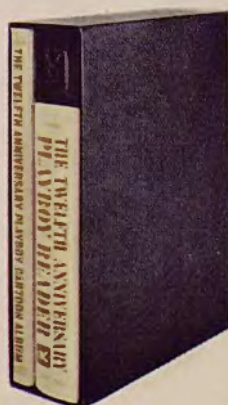
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oysters (continued from page 150)

is thoughtfully subdued and artfully commingles with the call of the sea.

On the south shore of Long Island a number of otherwise respectable men have made a hobby of oyster piracy. There are certain spots in certain coves where they can always find oysters in either summer or winter. Often they eat them in a style that combines the cooked and the raw. In the summer, for instance, they place their bootlegged oysters in the shell on the barbecue fire before grilling their steaks. As soon as the shells pop open, they snatch the oysters from the fire. In the winter, the same ritual is performed before an indoor fireplace.

The number of oysters you need for a party depends upon their size and on the capacity of your guests. On the West Coast there are Olympia oysters not much bigger than a dime. In Australia they come a foot in diameter, one of which, dipped in flour, egg and bread crumbs and fried, fills an outsize dinner plate to the rim. On the U.S. East Coast large ones are called Cape Cods or Chincoteagues, even though they never came within miles of these Massachusetts or Virginia oyster grounds. Small oysters are called blue points, after a Long Island town which isn't their home either. During the summer, in many states an oyster ban is proclaimed because it's the spawning season. Since the oyster is so bighearted in contributing to man's amatory life, it seems only fair to give the oyster its fulfillment in return and, incidentally, keep the supply level high. Some oysters in the R-less months of May through August have a milky, somewhat insipid flavor. But others don't. There is no absolute rule. In many areas, particularly those bordering the warmer waters, the oyster feast goes on jubilantly all year long.

The sensual flavor of raw oysters calls for beer or stout. But cooked oysters seek the libidinous company of champagne or dry white wine, such as chablis.

Each of the following love philters serves four and can be administered at any hour from brunch to midnight supper.

OYSTER OMELET, WESTERN STYLE

- 18 freshly opened small oysters
- 1 medium-size boiled potato, peeled
- ½ cup catsup
- Bread crumbs
- 12 slices bacon
- 8 eggs, beaten
- Salt, pepper
- Tabasco sauce
- 4 tablespoons butter
- 4 scallions, white and green parts, thinly sliced

The omelet may be made in two large pans, simultaneously, each containing two portions; or half the recipe may be repeated in the same pan. Drain oysters well, wipe dry with paper toweling, and cut each one crosswise into three pieces. Cut potato into very small dice. Combine oysters and catsup in mixing bowl, tossing thoroughly. Coat oysters in another bowl with bread crumbs. Chill thoroughly in refrigerator. Preheat broiler flame. Cut each slice of bacon crosswise into six pieces, place in heavy skillet and sauté slowly until crisp. Remove bacon from pan, letting fat remain. Fry oyster pieces in bacon fat until golden brown. Remove oysters from pan, discarding fat, and set aside. Season eggs with salt and pepper. Add several dashes Tabasco sauce. Melt 2 tablespoons butter in omelet pan or large skillet. Add half the eggs, oysters, bacon, scallions and potato. Cook as an omelet, lifting eggs to permit liquid portion to flow to pan bottom. Place pan under broiler flame to cook liquid remaining on top. Fold omelet in half and slide onto platter. Repeat steps with balance of ingredients to make second omelet.

OYSTERS TETRAZZINI

- 32 freshly opened small oysters
- Clam broth
- 1 cup milk
- ¼ cup butter
- 1 small onion, finely minced
- ¼ teaspoon dried tarragon
- ¼ teaspoon dried chervil
- ¼ cup flour
- 2 tablespoons dry white wine
- Salt, pepper, paprika
- ½ lb. thin spaghetti
- ½ cup shredded gruyère cheese
- ¼ cup grated parmesan cheese

Drain oysters, reserving liquor. Measure liquor; add enough clam broth to make 1 cup liquid. Combine with milk in saucepan and heat up to boiling point. Set aside. In another saucepan melt butter; add onion, tarragon and chervil. Sauté only until onion turns light yellow. Stir in flour, mixing well. Slowly add hot milk mixture, stirring with wire whip until smooth. Simmer over low flame, stirring frequently, about 10 minutes; avoid scorching. Remove from flame and stir in oysters and wine. Add salt and pepper to taste. Boil spaghetti until tender; drain and divide among four large shirred-egg dishes or individual casseroles. Move spaghetti to rim of dishes, forming a well in center of each. Spoon oyster mixture into center of each dish. Sprinkle with both kinds of cheese and paprika. Bake in oven preheated to 375° 15 to 20 minutes, or until top is lightly browned.

OYSTER PANCAKES, HORSERADISH DIP

- 1 doz. freshly opened large oysters
- Beer or ale
- 1 small onion, finely minced
- ¾ cup bread crumbs
- 2 eggs, well beaten
- 3 tablespoons melted butter
- ¼ cup milk
- ¾ cup sifted flour
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 cup sour cream
- ¼ cup mayonnaise
- ¼ cup light sweet cream
- 2 tablespoons horseradish
- 2 teaspoons finely minced chives
- Salad oil

Cook oysters in their own liquor just until the edges begin to curl. Remove from fire. Reserve liquor. Chop oysters coarsely with French knife. Add enough beer or ale to oyster liquor to make 1 cup liquid. In bowl of mixing machine, combine oysters, onion, beer mixture, bread crumbs, eggs, butter, milk, flour, baking powder and salt. Beat at medium speed until smooth. Let mixture stand 10 minutes. Combine sour cream, mayonnaise, sweet cream, horseradish and chives, stirring with wire whip until smooth. Store in refrigerator until serving time. Preheat electric griddle or electric skillet set at 390°. Brush lightly with oil. Drop batter about ¼ cup at a time onto griddle. When cakes are light brown on bottom and top edges are dull, turn and brown other side. Serve with horseradish dip.

BAKED OYSTERS WITH MUSHROOMS

- 24 large oysters on half shell, deep side
- Clam broth
- ¼ cup light cream
- ¼ lb. fresh mushrooms
- 3 tablespoons butter
- 3 tablespoons flour
- 2 tablespoons brandy
- 1 teaspoon Pernod
- Salt, pepper, monosodium glutamate
- ¼ cup butter
- ¾ cup bread crumbs
- 1 tablespoon finely minced chives

Preheat oven to 400°. Remove oysters from shells, reserving liquor. Measure liquor; add enough clam broth to make 1 cup liquid. Combine with cream in saucepan and heat up to boiling point, but do not boil. Set aside. Slice mushrooms, caps and stems, very thin and sauté in 3 tablespoons butter until just tender. Stir in flour, mixing well. Slowly add clam-broth mixture, stirring constantly with wire whip. Bring sauce to a boil. Reduce flame and simmer very slowly, stirring frequently, about 10 minutes. Add brandy and Pernod. Add salt, pepper and monosodium glutamate to taste. Remove from flame and divide half the mixture among the 24 shells. Place an oyster in each shell. Spoon bal-



"For God's sake—call a policeman!"



"Betsy, my darling, didn't you get my telegram?"

ance of mushroom mixture on top of oysters. Melt $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter in saucepan. Remove from flame and stir in bread crumbs and chives, mixing well. Place bread-crumbs mixture on top of oysters, smoothing tops with spoon or spatula. Place oysters on a half-inch bed of rock salt in shallow pan or casserole. (The rock salt isn't absolutely necessary, but it keeps the oysters in an upright position so that as little juice as possible is lost.) Bake 15 to 20 minutes.

PAPRIKA OYSTERS

- 24 freshly opened large oysters
- 2 10-oz. cans frozen oyster stew
- 3 tablespoons flour
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 1 small onion, finely minced
- 2 teaspoons paprika
- 4 tablespoons very dry sherry
- 2 egg yolks
- Salt, pepper, monosodium glutamate
- 4 slices toast

Place thawed oyster stew and flour in electric blender and spin until thoroughly mixed and smooth. Melt butter in saucepan. Add onion and sauté until onion is yellow. Stir in paprika, mixing well. Add oyster stew and simmer slowly, stirring frequently, until sauce is thick and all floury taste has disappeared—about 10 minutes. Mix sherry with egg yolks. Add about $\frac{1}{4}$ cup hot sauce from saucepan. Stir thoroughly. Slowly add egg-yolk mixture to pan, stirring constantly, until sauce comes up to boiling point. Do not boil. Add oysters and their liquor. Heat, without boiling, only until

edges of oysters are curled. Add salt, pepper and monosodium glutamate to taste. Spoon oysters and sauce over hot toast.

OYSTERS CASINO

- 24 large oysters on half shell, deep side
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter
- 1 small green pepper, finely minced
- 4-oz. can pimientos, finely minced
- 2 tablespoons finely minced shallots or scallions
- 1 tablespoon finely minced parsley
- Juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon
- Tabasco sauce
- Salt, pepper
- 8 slices bacon
- Bread crumbs

Preheat oven to 400°. Let butter stand at room temperature until soft enough to spread easily. Combine butter with green pepper, pimientos, shallots, parsley and lemon juice. Add a few dashes Tabasco sauce and a generous sprinkling each of salt and pepper. Mix well. Sauté or broil bacon only until it is half done; drain, and cut each slice crosswise into three pieces. Place oysters in a shallow pan or casserole on a half-inch bed of rock salt. Spread pimiento mixture on oysters; sprinkle generously with bread crumbs, and place a piece of bacon on top of each oyster. Bake 15 to 20 minutes or until bacon is crisp.

"The world is mine oyster," said Shakespeare. And a big, wide, wonderful one it is, too.

BUNNIES OF MIAMI

(continued from page 145)

Year's Eve premiere: "Hefner is a crazy-like-a-fox perfectionist, and he determined the Club would open only when everything was 'bull's-eye.'"

"Bull's-eye" at Playboy Club International's H. Q. means achieving the just-right relationship between a Club's local color and its family resemblance to other links in the chain. On the one hand, any keyholder should be able to enter any Club and feel right at home; on the other hand, each Club should have its own distinctive features that fit neatly into the physical and mental landscape of the place. Thus, in Miami, for example, where, as in most tropicalities, the pace is siestalike by day and saturnalian by night, Hefner had his designers create a unique, comfortably couched oasis of afternoon ease shelved with hundreds of excellent records and fine books. (On a recent afternoon visit to the Miami Club's Library, we noted a keyholder sipping a daiquiri and dipping into Simone Weil's *Waiting for God*—a knotty tome rarely found in public libraries. A few hours later, however, when the moon was over Miami, Simone was back on the shelf, and the Library had turned into a swinging showroom.)

Not only major general architectural concepts such as the double-duty Library and the back-door yacht marina had to be "bull's-eye" before opening night—a thousand and two specific questions were raised and resolved. (Sample Q.: Should ties and jackets be required in Miami's Club as they are in Chicago's? Final A.: No, if by day. Yes, if by night.) And a thousand and two Bunny hopefuls had to be viewed and interviewed and, if selected, tutored to a tee.

To aid the cottontails-come-lately in the moves and manners they had to master before winning their posterior puffs, a weeklong cram course called Bunny School was initiated. Presided over by several specially trained Training Bunnies from Chicago, the girls spent their days in such chiropractical maneuvers as bending over backward to learn to bend over backward in the Bunny Dip—a graceful movement that, considering the décolleté cut of their costumes, substantially minimizes their chances of spilling something besides drinks. At night they curled up with a book called the *Bunny Manual*, an explication of everything a Bunny has to know from how to say "May I see the keyholder's Key?" invitingly, to how to say "You may not see mine," ineluctably.

The fruit of such backstage labors is the unparalleled, ever-expanding success of the Playboy Clubs—and though the Bunnies are by no means the whole show, they are (translate it as you will) the *pièce de résistance*.

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In Florida, of course, rabbits have been part of the local sporting life for decades, but until the amiable invasion by the girls with cottontails on their hind-sites, *Les Bunnies* of Miami were strictly bunny-sized, felt-covered mechanical lures designed to lead the greyhounds a futile chase at such establishments as Flagler Kennels. With apologies to Flagler's, we admit to getting more kicks watching the 40-some full-scale Bunnies at Playboy's rabbit run—for reasons which should be abundantly clear from the accompanying photographic sampler.

Under their tans, the Bunnies of Miami are a pretty (extremely pretty) fair sample of the 500-plus cottontails who, at this writing, are generously distributed among 13 Playboy Clubs. Their backgrounds (all are at least high school grads and almost half have been to college) and their foregrounds (averaging out to 36-22½-35) do not differ statistically from those of Bunnies everywhere—and yet, there is a sense in which Miami's Bunnies are a beautiful breed unto themselves.

Playmate-Bunny Jean Cannon, who unfolded almost all her endearing young charms in the October 1961 *PLAYBOY* and began her Bunnyship at the Chicago Club at about the same time, put it this way: "This Club is, well, more leisurely, I'd guess you'd say. You know, the tempo. Like, a guest here will order a tom collins and sip it slowly, and by the time he's finished it, a man in Chicago or New York might have polished off three martinis. You may not like my saying this, but let's face it, one tom collins adds up to a smaller tip than three martinis. But money isn't everything, is it?"

Another lovely young old-timer, Bunny Nancilee Furnish, concurred with Jean's comments on the slower Miami tempo: "What a relief when I came here three years ago all wound up and run down from a hectic stint as a secretary in Washington, D.C."—but didn't concur with Jean's financial statements, noting that by last year, after two years at the Miami Club, she had stashed away enough inedible lettuce to take a trip around the world she used to dream of on the family farm back home in Indiana. "Hong Kong and especially Macao were crazy. I went into East Berlin, too. When I came back I decided to study languages. That's what I do in my spare time now, but here I am chattering about my, ahem, un-Bunny self, and I forgot your question."

It slipped our mind, too (an occupational hazard journalists have learned to expect when the object of their attentions is, ahem, gorgeous). However, Nancilee's sojourning and new knowledge of the world enable us to segue into a matter of no little importance to Bunny recruiters: It's not just what's up front



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that counts; it's also what's upstairs.

In the brief, bountiful annals of the Playboy Clubs, many a beautiful but not-too-bright broad has been heave-ho'd before she got her foot in the Bunny Department door. "You've got to keep in mind," says Sandra Herron, the smart girl at the desk behind the door, "that we have a special problem in recruiting Bunnies. It's one of those so-called 'happy problems'—the unusually high level of the nearly half million men who hold Playboy Keys. Practically all of them went on from college to executive positions—they've been around. Wait a minute," she said, fishing through a sea of pulchritudinous photos and pulling out a pamphlet titled *A Study of Playboy Club Keyholders Conducted by the Conway / Milliken Corp.* "Take the worldly-wise angle: 71.7 percent take their vacations in other countries. When you translate that, it means the girls we hire will be dealing with a pretty sophisticated bunch of people. I'm not saying Bunnies have to be Christina Pallozis or Baby Jane Holzers, but it's nice if they know who Christina and Baby Jane are.

"You asked about Nancilee's leave of absence to take a trip around the world. On the one hand, we hated to lose her services even temporarily; on the other hand, in the long run, it's to the Club's advantage to encourage Bunnies in any educational sort of endeavors—night school, travel, et cetera, et cetera."

Back at the hutch on Biscayne, we talked to a girl who represents the opposite side of the travel coin: Bunny Jackie Brown, a beguiling brownette who's been at the Miami Club for three and a half years and has absolutely no desire to shift grounds or, to be literal, littorals. Jackie (she's the one feeding a porpoise on page 136) swears she once caught six sailfish—"little ones"—in 45 minutes, and threw them all back.

Aside from the seaside, we asked her, what's so hot about Miami? It was a question we found ourselves forced to come back to with each Bunny, because loyalty to their local Club was a characteristic they all seemed to share to a far greater degree than wanderlusty Bunnies in other hutches.

"It really is different here," said Jackie. "I worked at the New York Club for three months and it was exciting in its own way, but it's such a big Club, I don't think I ever waited on the same person twice. Here you get to know the keyholders—not off the premises, of course. At lunch we see practically the same people every day. I'll bet I can tell you practically what everyone's drinking at the tables right now, without even looking," she said, looking.

"Of course, at night it's sort of the other way around. You can always expect a surprise—Johnny Carson, Tony Bennett or Jackie Gleason. Miami's loaded with, well, big-name entertainers, but I think they have the same feeling about coming to the Club that I do, because even at night when it swings, it swings in a kind of relaxed way. We all get up on the piano, one at a time I mean, and twist, and Art Cecchini—he's the night manager—grabs the mike and gets into the act. We always kid him that he thinks he's Trini Lopez. Can I tell you the truth? You know what my ambition is? If you won't think I'm putting you on—someday I'd like to be a Bunny Mother."

The current Bunny Mother at the Miami Club is Frankie Helms, a champagne-tressed doll with magnums of effervescence. "Somebody told me I ought to go on *I've Got a Secret*," Frankie told us first thing. "I'm not married, no children, so my secret would be that I have had all these children—about eighty-five during the years I've been here. But you know something, in a way it's true—I'm such a busy Mother I couldn't find time to do it."

For the edification of Dr. Spock and anyone else who does not know what a Bunny Mother does, herewith is a totally inadequate description of Frankie Helms' roles:

She's a Color Analyst: "We have a Bunny here who absolutely won't wear a green costume. I'm trying to get to the bottom of it."

She's a Deployer of Troops: "Something seems strange, I can't quite put my finger on it, then all of a sudden it hits me—all the Bunnies in the Playroom are blondes and the Living Room has nothing but brunettes. Who can I shift?"

She's an Apartment Hunter: "You may not have noticed, but here and there amid the hotels and motels there are some lovely apartments for new Bunnies just coming to town."

She's a Disciplinarian: "You can't spank a Bunny, because she's got that cottontail, so I just tell them to be good."

And because she's in Miami, she's a Sun Worrier: "Down from the North comes a Bunny paleface. Two days later, she's a lobster. You can't imagine the number of problems the sun gives me."

Indeed we couldn't, and Frankie filled us in. "OK, take the strap problem. Suddenly all the girls start wearing those horizontally striped 1920ish bathing suits with the straps, then they slip into their Bunny silks and there it is—a big white line over each shoulder. At least with this problem I don't feel entirely helpless. But there is one little two-tone trouble

which is really unsolvable. See if you can spot it."

"It" was a tiny white isosceles triangle on the outer, upper reaches of the Bunnies' thighs. "There's just no answer," Frankie said, "because our costume is cut higher at that point than a bikini. Since our man in Chicago will never consent to lower the hippest part of the Bunny costume, the world will just have to find a way somehow to make the bikini bikini. I guess," added Frankie, "with all its hang-ups, the world is moving in the right direction after all—forward to Eden."

Though the silk-eared Eves in Miami's garden spot are outnumbered by those in all other Playboy Clubs (except Phoenix), no bevy in Bunnydom is more deliciously seasoned with man's favorite spice—variety.

Admirers of the statuesque will find themselves invited into the Club by Door Bunny Alice Wilder, who, at six feet, three, *not* counting her silk ears, tops them all. And for *aficionados* of the-best-things-come-in-small-packages, Bunny Margaret Zamboli's delightfully distributed 89 pounds make her Bunnydom's reigning petite laureate.

Between the long and short of it, Miami's cottontail contingent includes Cam Brock (a first-rate cartoonist), Carole Collins (a highly ranked professional diver), Christy Bertrand (holder of a degree in philosophy from the Sorbonne), Bonnie Norris (a dancer who appeared in *Guys and Dolls* and *Pajama Game*), Diane Tucker (a poet who, though she is not quite five feet, two, was named, with poetic license, Miss Grand Prairie)—and the highest per-capita quotient of Playmate Bunnies in any Club—from one of the earliest, Joyce Nizzari (who debuted in PLAYBOY's December 1958 issue) to one of the very latest, Pat Russo (scheduled to gatefold next month's PLAYBOY).

Speaking of Playmates, it might be fitting to conclude this paean to Biscayne Bunnydom with more of the same concerning the young lady on page 145 who brings our photographic display to the happiest possible ending—PLAYBOY's Miss January 1965, Sally Duberson. A descendant of President James Monroe, who in 1819 purchased Florida from Spain, Sally, like all her sister Bunnies at 7701 Biscayne Boulevard, adds a nifty look-but-don't-touch nuance to what her illustrious ancestor called "The Era of Good Feeling."

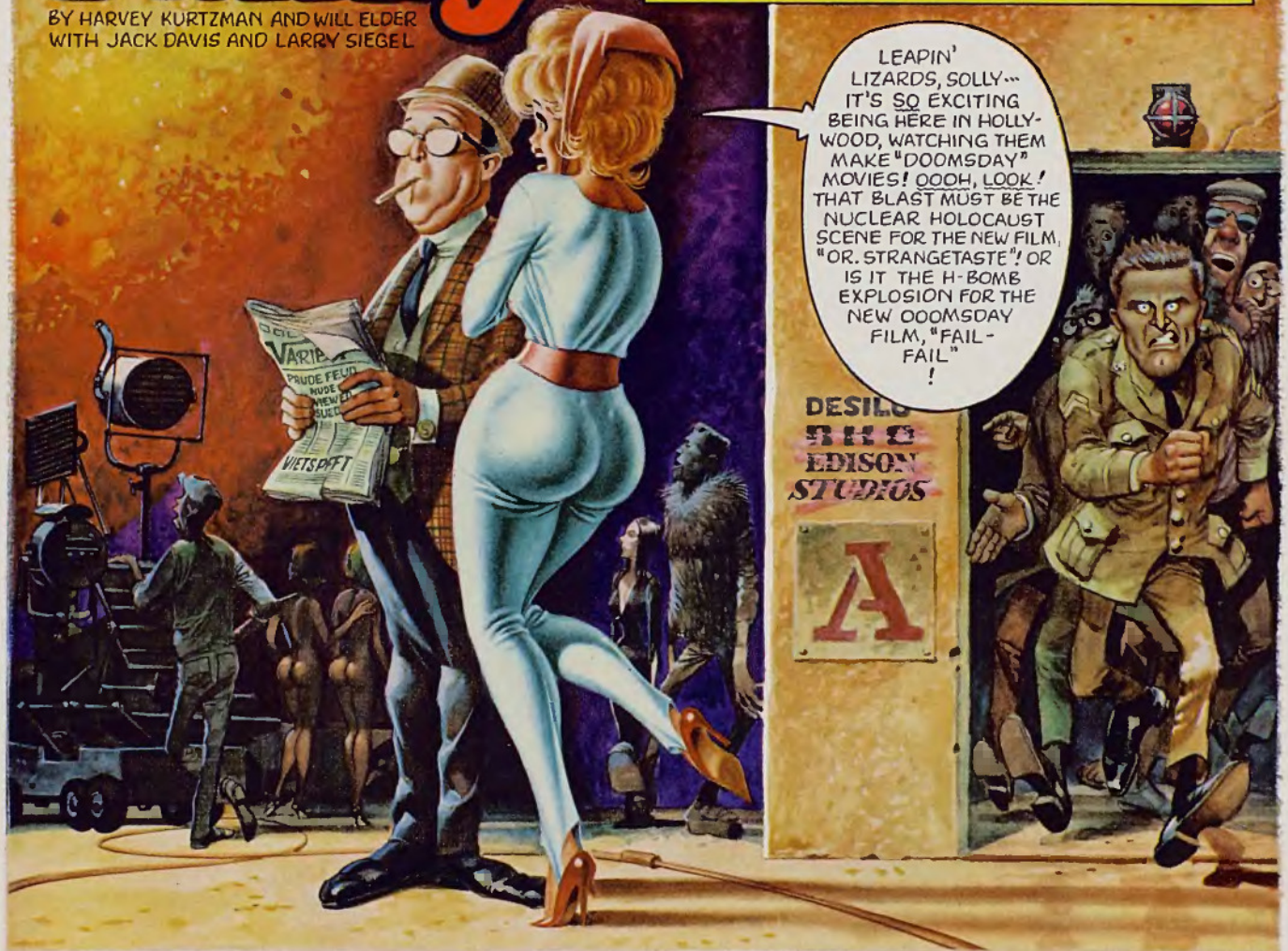
Bunny applications may be obtained by writing Playboy Clubs International, Bunny Department, 232 East Ohio St., Chicago, Illinois 60611.



Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER
WITH JACK DAVIS AND LARRY SIEGEL

HOLLYWOOD! DREAMSVILLE, U.S.A. TINSELTOWN!
WHERE UNKNOWN YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN FROM
ALL OVER THE LAND WORK AND PLAY, PRAYING THAT
SOMEDAY THEY WILL BECOME ACTORS AND ACTRESSES!
HOLLYWOOD! WHERE SANDRA DEE, CONNIE STEVENS,
TROY DONAHUE, CARROLL BAKER AND FABIAN WORK
AND PLAY, PRAYING THAT SOMEDAY THEY WILL BECOME
ACTORS AND ACTRESSES! INTO THIS BAGHDAD ON THE
PACIFIC STEPS SOLLY, THE AGENT, WITH OUR HEROINE -

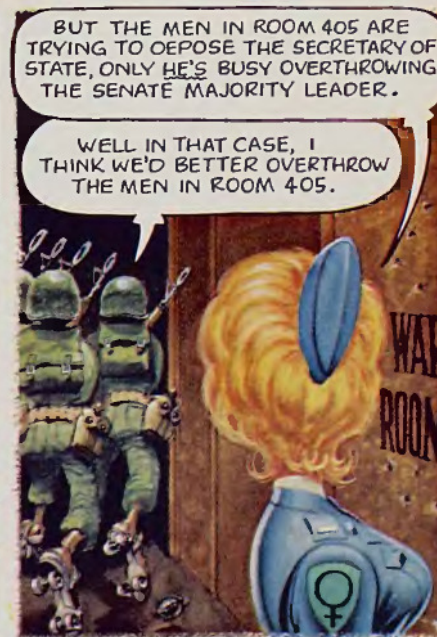
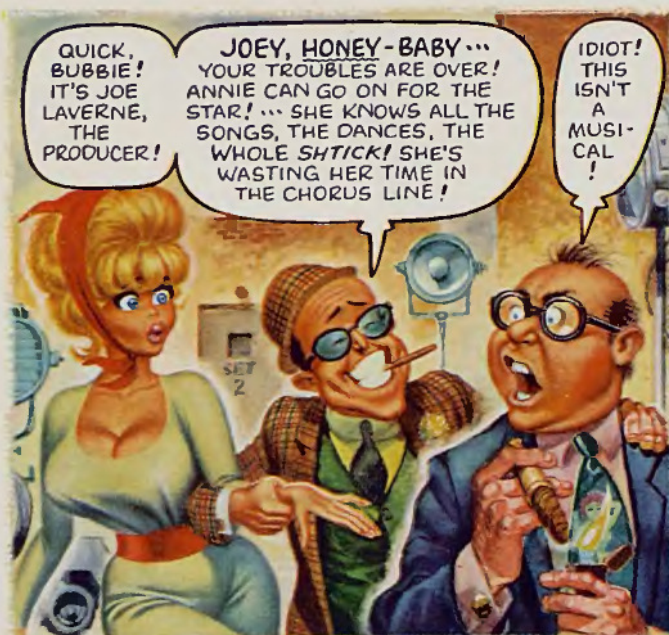


LEAPIN'
LIZARDS, SOLLY...
IT'S SO EXCITING
BEING HERE IN HOLLY-
WOOD, WATCHING THEM
MAKE "DOOMSDAY"
MOVIES! OOOH, LOOK!
THAT BLAST MUST BE THE
NUCLEAR HOLOCAUST
SCENE FOR THE NEW FILM,
"OR, STRANGETASTE"! OR
IS IT THE H-BOMB
EXPLOSION FOR THE
NEW DOOMSDAY
FILM, "FAIL-
FAIL"
!



NOT QUITE, SWEETIE-BABY...
THAT BLAST IS 19TH CENTURY - FOX
STUDIO BEING TORN DOWN TO MAKE
WAY FOR A SUPERMARKET!

I'M RUINED!
WE'RE ALL SET TO SHOOT
MY NEW ANTIMILITARY SEX
FILM, "SEVEN DAYS WITH MAE,"
AND MY STAR IS WALKING
OUT ON ME!





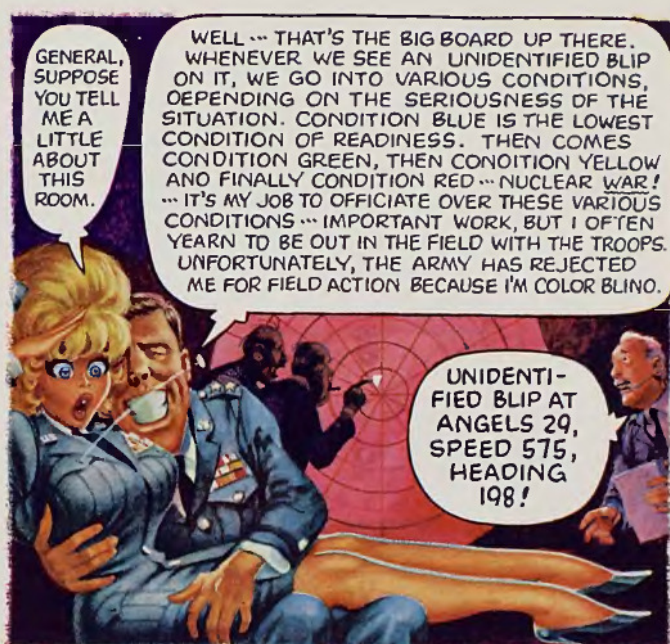
-I SEE WHERE HQ REPORTS WHERE THE COMSYMPs WRECKED A COMPOST.

OH, THAT PENTAGON TALK! - IT'S SO COLORFUL!

COMSIT, COLONEL CARRUTHERS! COMSIT!

MORE PENTAGON TALK, GENERAL?

WHAT PENTAGON TALK! - ON MY LAP! - COMSIT!



GENERAL, SUPPOSE YOU TELL ME A LITTLE ABOUT THIS ROOM.

WELL ... THAT'S THE BIG BOARD UP THERE. WHENEVER WE SEE AN UNIDENTIFIED BLIP ON IT, WE GO INTO VARIOUS CONDITIONS, DEPENDING ON THE SERIOUSNESS OF THE SITUATION. CONDITION BLUE IS THE LOWEST CONDITION OF READINESS. THEN COMES CONDITION GREEN, THEN CONOITION YELLOW AND FINALLY CONDITION RED ... NUCLEAR WAR! ... IT'S MY JOB TO OFFICIATE OVER THESE VARIOUS CONDITIONS ... IMPORTANT WORK, BUT I OFTEN YEARN TO BE OUT IN THE FIELD WITH THE TROOPS. UNFORTUNATELY, THE ARMY HAS REJECTED ME FOR FIELD ACTION BECAUSE I'M COLOR BLIND.

UNIDENTIFIED BLIP AT ANGELS 29, SPEED 575, HEADING 198!



IT MAY BE A RUSSIAN PLANE!

GO TO CONDITION BLUE AND ALERT THE BOMBERS!

NO! MAKE THAT YELLOW!

NO! MAKE IT PURPLE!

BETTER MAKE IT GREEN!

PURPLE? WE HAVE NO PURPLE!

WHAT A SHAME. PURPLE IS MY FAVORITE COLOR!



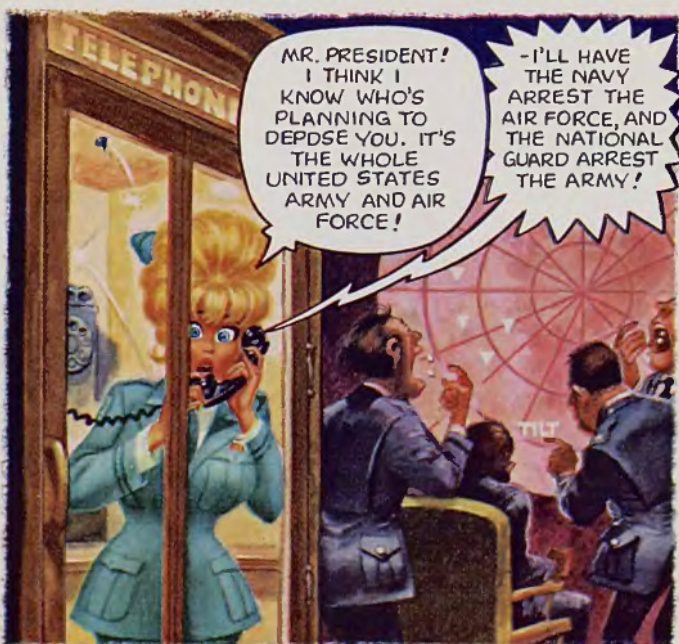
GENERAL, IS THAT REALLY A RUSSIAN PLANE UP THERE?

NO ... IT'S AN UNMARKED PLANE COMING FROM ALASKA WITH A GROUP OF AMERICAN GENERALS TO OVERTHROW THE PRESIDENT.



WELL, WHY DON'T YOU TELL THAT TO THE OTHERS HERE?

LOOK, THEY HAVE THEIR OWN GROUP OF GENERALS COMING IN FROM GREENLAND TO OVERTHROW THE PRESIDENT. THEY'RE NOT GOING TO BEAT MY GROUP TO THE PUNCH!



MR. PRESIDENT! I THINK I KNOW WHO'S PLANNING TO DEPOSE YOU. IT'S THE WHOLE UNITED STATES ARMY AND AIR FORCE!

-I'LL HAVE THE NAVY ARREST THE AIR FORCE, AND THE NATIONAL GUARD ARREST THE ARMY!

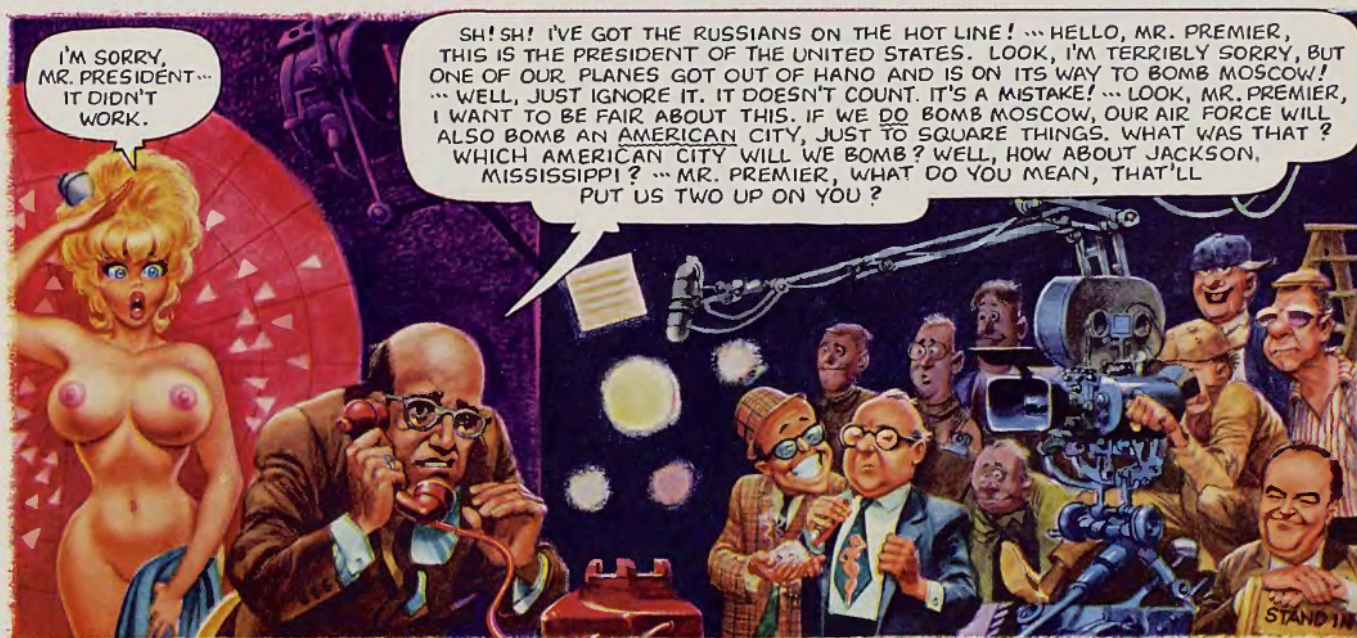
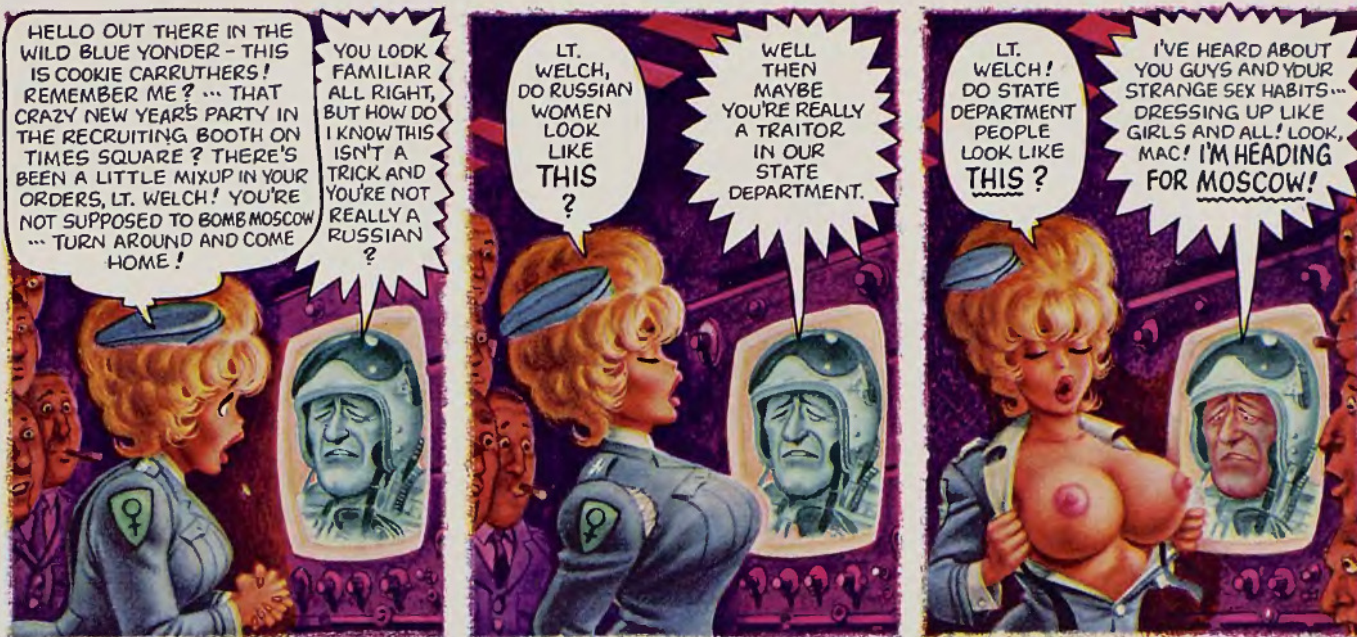


THANKS TO YOU, COL. CARRUTHERS, THE PLOT TO DEPOSE ME HAS BEEN SMASHED!

MR. PRESIDENT! AN AMERICAN PLANE HAS GONE PAST THE FAIL-SAFE POINT BY MISTAKE, AND IS ON ITS WAY TO BOMB MOSCOW!

ONCE OUR PILOTS GO PAST THE FAIL-SAFE POINT, NOTHING CAN TURN THEM BACK! WE'VE GOT TO FIND A WAY TO STOP THAT PLANE! OUR ONLY HOPE IS THAT THE PILOT, WAYNE WELCH, HAS SOMEONE WHO KNOWS HIM INTIMATELY WHO CAN TALK HIM OUT OF THE MISSION, VIA TELSTAR!

I KNOW HIM INTIMATELY, SIR!





WHAT'S THIS?! IN THE PRESIDENT'S BEDROOM?!
- THROW HIM OUT!

A BEDROOM SCENE IS THE ONLY ENDING! DON'T YOU GET THE SYMBOLISM? ANNIE REPRESENTS THE MILITARY, AND IN THIS FINAL SCENE, THE PRESIDENT DOES TO THE MILITARY WHAT THE MILITARY HAS BEEN TRYING TO DO TO THE PRESIDENT ALL THROUGH THE PICTURE!

YOU CANNOT CUT IT!

IT IS HONEST!

I KNOW I'M EARLY, DADDY BIGBUCKS, BUT THE PRODUCER CALLED AN END TO THE SHOOTING EARLIER THAN EXPECTED! ... I'M SO GLAO YOU ASKED ME OVER FOR DINNER. WHAT A RELIEF TO GET AWAY FROM THAT CRAZY STUDIO.

AH, ANNIE, MY DEAR ... I'LL BE FINISHED UP IN A MOMENT. RELAX WHILE THE "WASP" MAKES YOU A DRINK.

THE WHOLE MOVIE IS CRAZY. IMAGINE ... THE MILITARY TAKING OVER THE WHOLE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT! ... IT'S SO SILLY!

NOW, GENTLEMEN, I KNOW YOU CAN TAKE THE CAPITOL, BUT YOU MUST OCCUPY THE TV AND RADIO STATIONS, TOO, IF YOU WANT TO COUNT ME IN!

END

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Write to Janet Pilgrim for the answers to your shopping questions. She will provide you with the name of a retail store in or near your city where you can buy any of the specialized items advertised or editorially featured in **PLAYBOY**. For example, where-to-buy information is available for the merchandise of the advertisers in this issue listed below.

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Use these lines for information about other featured merchandise.

Miss Pilgrim will be happy to answer any of your other questions on fashion, travel, food and drink, hi-fi, etc. If your question involves items you saw in **PLAYBOY**, please specify page number and issue of the magazine as well as a brief description of the items when you write.

PLAYBOY READER SERVICE
232 E. Ohio St., Chicago, Ill. 60611

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