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AUGUST 1966 • 75 CENTS

PLAYBOY



BUNNIES OF DIXIE

"THE DEATH OF GOD" BY
REV. WILLIAM HAMILTON

INTERVIEW WITH H. L. HUNT

FURTHER ADVENTURES OF
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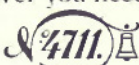
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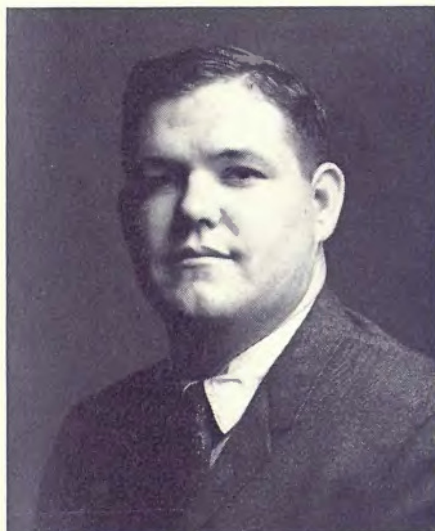
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PLAYBILL THE SHIPSHAPE first mate on our August cover signals landlubber and salt alike to an issue packed to the gunwales with a rich cargo of entertainment for men.

Our lead fiction for August, *Hello, Charlie, Goodbye*, has been wrought by PLAYBOY's Ken W. Purdy and adds further luster to his already glowing reputation as a writer at home in the nonfictive automotive milieu as well as a teller of fast-moving, suspenseful contemporary yarns. Ken is currently at work combining both worlds—on the movie script for *Day of the Champion*, an auto-racing flick starring Steve McQueen and based on *The New Matadors*, Ken's book on the subject. *Hello, Charlie, Goodbye* is illustrated by Marvin Hayes, a 26-year-old displaced Texan now living in New York whose work has appeared in most major magazines, and who considers illustration the most expressive, creative and uninhibited medium in art today.

Not since the days of Martin Luther

and Henry VIII has Christendom been so deeply stirred as it has by the headline-grabbing "death-of-God" movement, a theological upheaval—denounced and defended from the pulpit and in the press—that has been fostered in large measure by the Reverend William Hamilton, a professor of theology at the Colgate-Rochester Divinity School. Dr. Hamilton, whose *The Death of God* in this issue clearly delineates his stand, is co-author with Thomas J. J. Altizer of the recently published *Radical Theology and the Death of God*, was formerly dean of chapel at Hamilton College.

Ultraconservative multimillionaire H. L. Hunt, the subject of this month's interview, has come a country mile from his early days when he was nearly shanghaied in San Francisco and got out of town just before the earthquake to try his luck as a semi-pro baseball player in Reno—apparently the only time he ever struck out.

Herewith a fresh missive from Sol Weinstein, creator of Israel Bond and intrepid author of Secret Agent Oy Oy Seven's latest outrageous adventure, *On the Secret Service of His Majesty the Queen*, in this issue: "About to celebrate (?) my 38th birthday. Signs of encroach-

ing decay are undeniable. Watched *Ted Mack's Amateur Hour* the other night and enjoyed it. Worse, sent in card praising Zoe Potocki School of Modern Jazz Tap of Sandusky, Ohio, whose 15 young ladies displayed remarkable precision in all falling down at the same time. Nestor Prothro, the balloon squeezer who did George M. Cohan medley, was also great. *His Majesty the Queen* will be out in full-length paperback in the fall, courtesy of Pocket Books. It will be followed by *You Should Only Live and Not Die—Altogether*, the last (oi veh) Israel Bond thriller." Our own counter-espionage agents have uncovered plans afoot to make Israel Bond a movie hero, with the distinct possibility of Woody Allen playing the Hebrew Hercules.

Israel Bond or no, bespectacled boy wonder Woody Allen, who has enriched this issue with a tongue-in-cheek chronicle of practical jokery, *The Discovery and Use of the Fake Ink Blot*, is omnipresent. In the works are three Allen movies: Ian Fleming's *Casino Royale*, in which he'll play one of the leading roles; *Take the Money and Run*, which he wrote and in which he'll star; and *What's Up Tiger Lily?*, a Japanese film for which he wrote new gag dialog. A play of his, *Don't Drink the Water*, is about to be produced by Max Gordon, and a series of A.B.C.-TV specials is upcoming. When we asked Woody what he does in his spare time, he answered, "Catch my breath."

The Bunnies of Dixie takes a long, lingering, loving look at the hutch honeys of Atlanta and New Orleans. *The French Fonda* pictures Henry's daughter, Jane, in a refreshingly Gallic approach to moviemaking under the direction of her husband, Roger Vadim. Herbert Gold's moving *My Father, His Father and Ben* will form part of his forthcoming book, *Fathers*, to be published by Random House in the fall. Jean Shepherd, our own Mr. Keen. Tracer of Lost Youth, is with us with *Miss Bryfogel and the Case of the Warbling Cuckold*. Next month, Doubleday will publish Shepherd's *In God We Trust; All Others Pay Cash*, made up in large part of pieces that have appeared in PLAYBOY. Gahan Wilson's horrific sci-fi, *The Manuscript of Doctor Arness*, is another fine example of Wilson's burgeoning talent as a compelling craftsman of the Gothic tale, although his macabre cartooning efforts, fortunately for us all, have not slackened one whit. Welcome aboard!

PLAYBOY



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DEAR PLAYBOY

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ARTHUR, ARTHUR!

I found your May interview immensely interesting. Professor Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., hits any number of nails on the head. I was particularly pleased to find him nailing "the idea that communism is a great coordinated entity, all centrally controlled." I am sure he is right in maintaining that "within the Communist empire there are all kinds of national divergencies and antagonisms and conflicting interests." The Communist empire is like our capitalist empire in this point—and it ought to be a key point for policy makers. My expectation is that, if Vietnam were to be reunited under Ho Chi Minh's leadership, his Communist regime would be a more effective barrier to Communist China's expansion southward than the Armed Forces of the United States can ever be. Ho Chi Minh is, I believe, a potential counterpart, for China, to what Tito is for Russia.

I suspect that China, as well as Russia, is glad to see the United States embroiled in Vietnam. China wants America to be in trouble, and America's trouble in Vietnam is at Vietnam's expense, not China's. This is convenient for China in the short run, but in the long run it will surely build up resentment against China in Vietnam. After all, China, not America, is Vietnam's traditional bugbear.

Arnold Toynbee
The Royal Institute
of International Affairs
London, England

Mr. Schlesinger's remarks, on the whole, present one of the most intelligent and reasonable approaches to social and political problems that we face today. His comments about a more liberal type of communism existing in eastern Europe were verified at a recent meeting of the American Philosophical Association. After an American philosopher gave a critique of dialectical materialism, the official philosophy of communism, a Polish philosopher remarked that some of these criticisms were now being made by the Polish philosophers and other philosophers in eastern Europe.

Although I'm in basic agreement with most of Schlesinger's views, I would

question his position on certain matters. Schlesinger claims that beyond civil rights it is difficult to know what student protest organizations really want. I wonder if Mr. Schlesinger has had any personal experience speaking with members of these organizations or attending their meetings. As faculty advisor to the S. D. S. chapter on our campus, I have been impressed with how deeply involved these students are in local, national and international issues, e.g., fair housing, poverty programs and the moral issues of the war in Vietnam.

Although I agree with Schlesinger's criticisms of our foreign policy concerning the Dominican crisis and the war in Vietnam, I must point out that Johnson, McNamara and Rusk were selected by John F. Kennedy.

Edward D'Angelo, Assistant
Professor of Philosophy
University of Missouri
Kansas City, Missouri

In the same way that President Kennedy distinguished his Administration by bringing to it such a pre-eminent historian as Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., so a mass-circulation magazine such as PLAYBOY distinguishes itself and serves our republic when it offers its millions of readers Schlesinger's thoughts on the important issues of our times.

Leon A. Harris, Jr.
Dallas, Texas

Your interview with Schlesinger is superb. The combination of an interviewer who did his homework and an interviewee who is as brilliant and knowledgeable as Schlesinger is unbeatable. I wonder what Schlesinger's formula for success is. Is it his excellent filing system? Is it an unusually retentive memory? Is it a determination to know almost everything and by proper use of this knowledge to help save the world? At any rate, I would like to have the formula. Your interview revealed once more the extraordinary qualities of the author of *A Thousand Days*.

Seymour E. Harris
Litauer Professor of
Political Economy, Emeritus
Harvard University
La Jolla, California

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TIJUANA BRASS Whipped Cream & Other Delights A Taste of Honey AAM 903-87	JOE & EDDIE WALKIN' DOWN THE LINE CRESCENDO 904-96	Antonio Carlos JOBIM The Girl from Ipanema more VERVE 905-15	THE VERY BEST OF CONNIE FRANCIS My Happiness Where The Boys Are Stupid Cupid NAGRA 905-10	GETZ & GILBERTO with ANTONIO CARLOS JOBIM The Girl From Ipanema Desafinado - Corcovado 904-38	HARVE PRESHELL World's Greatest Love Songs True Love You Are Love 905-13	ella at duke's place VERVE 906-44		CAL TJADER SOUL SAUCE Afro Blue Spring Is Here VERVE 904-46
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As a mere grass-roots undergraduate, I would be foolish to take issue with Arthur *summa cum laude* Schlesinger, Jr., in arguing the future of the Republican Party. I have, however, become fed up listening to people like the hero of your May interview as they tell us that the minority party is about to fall into the hands of the liberals. The boy wonder from Harvard may have done a good job in talking his Administration out of its gross negligence in dealing with the Cubans in 1961, but his prophecy that the Republican Party will represent the liberals in 1968 is another strike-out for this .167 political hitter.

David T. Pomeroy
Birmingham, Michigan

The interview with Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., in the May issue of *PLAYBOY* is one of the most instructive political interchanges of recent years. Your interviewee is devoted to a world of diversity, and he can quote John F. Kennedy on this. And, like him, Schlesinger can and does take seriously the political audacity of diverse leaders, from Gandhi to De Gaulle. There are many models of success, and one wonders whether the cult of success in a pluralistic world will serve as the real faith, the real resolve, of those who can hope to attain it and who consider all other faiths purely nominal. Schlesinger asserts that all the traditional faiths have lost their punch.

Does he, then, have admiration chiefly for "the ability to cope" in a tricky situation? When he attributes so much of that to the late President Kennedy, to whom is he really confessing faith? The political professor is far too sophisticated not to balance the ineptitudes of the late President in the total equation. Schlesinger's earlier extravagant estimate of the late Secretary Morgenthau had a similar bearing. Perhaps the truth is that a potential candidate needs faith in those whose success will render his own more plausible, at least in his own estimation. In a word, Professor Schlesinger is running for office, but would not enjoy the positions he could achieve, and will not achieve the one he most respects.

Robert F. Creggan, Chairman
Department of Philosophy
State University of New York
Albany, New York

COSTAS ACCLAIMED

Bravo! The article *Brava Costas!* in your May issue was most enlightening. I wondered when *PLAYBOY* would get around to publicizing this splendid place. No offense to the author, but Sitges, the so-called "rest stop" town, can be anything but a resting place from the other playgrounds there. I spent many happy weeks there from 1960 to 1965. It is comparable to Cadaqués and Torremolinos. In addition to the outdoor

discothèque of La Cabaña and the Mar, there are countless sundown-to-sunup international bars and other *discothèques* in Sitges. However, the article was superb. France and Italy had best be careful, for their prices cannot be compared with the Costas.

Charles M. Napier
Ellensburg, Washington

SPRINTS WINNER

PLAYBOY has had many great stories in the past, but Tom Mayer's *The Eastern Sprints* [May] tops them all. He has captured the essence of crew. But then, Mayer ought to be an authority—he was quite a crew jockey at both Andover and Harvard. Let's see more of his work.

John A. Casey
Stanford, California

Tom Mayer's short story *The Eastern Sprints* was the first effectively written rowing yarn to appear in many years. We felt that Mayer's tale, appearing as it did in your magazine, indicates a renewed interest in America's oldest sport. We were glad to see Mayer's story in *PLAYBOY*, even if he did make M.I.T. lose.

The Lightweight Varsity
Massachusetts Institute
of Technology
Cambridge, Massachusetts

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

I have read *Capital Punishment: The Barbaric Anachronism*, by Michael DiSalle, which appeared in the May issue of your magazine, and feel it is excellent. Governor DiSalle's thought-provoking and historical documentation of capital punishment has shed new light on this highly important and controversial subject.

Jennings Randolph
United States Senate
Washington, D. C.

In my rather wide reading in the field, I have never seen a better indictment of official as opposed to unofficial murder (which is what capital punishment really is) than Governor DiSalle's article, which epitomizes and reinforces his recent book on the same subject.

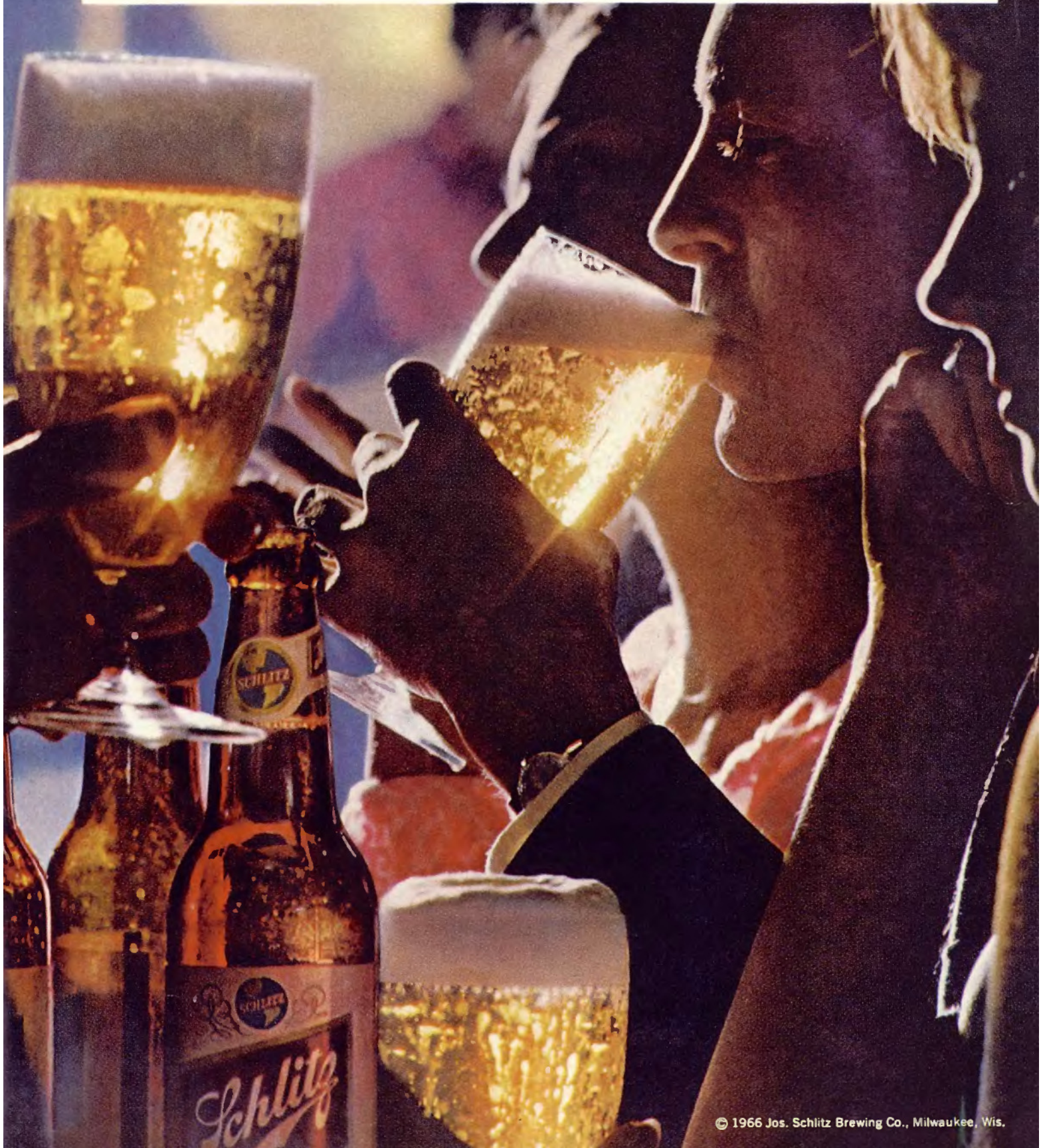
As a longtime writer about crime, in both fact and fiction, I have become increasingly convinced that the only reason for the retention of capital punishment is the satisfaction of a desire (perhaps sometimes subconscious) for retribution—a primitive emotion—and that the opponents of its abolition seldom actually believe that it is a deterrent. I am quite certain that nobody was ever held back from committing a murder by the thought that if he were caught he might himself be killed. Sixty years ago my late husband, Maynard Shipley, in his extensive writing on the history of the death penalty, cited the prevalence of

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pickpockets in the throngs who watched a pickpocket hanged. Governor DiSalle cited it again. All the continuance of capital punishment can do is ensure us a continuing supply of murderers, men and women who revert to the primitive impulse to kill, and who in turn provide society with a vicarious catharsis.

Miriam Allen deFord
San Francisco, California

By vote of the people in 1964, Oregon abolished capital punishment, and I am pleased that this step was taken, for I truly believe, as does Governor DiSalle, that this form of punishment does not curb crime.

Governor Mark O. Hatfield
Salem, Oregon

I read Governor DiSalle's article with interest and am pleased to have the information for my files. Thankfully, Wisconsin has no problem in this area, as our constitution specifically provides that no cruel or unusual punishment shall be inflicted.

Governor Warren P. Knowles
Madison, Wisconsin

Wisconsin has no problem not because of constitutional prohibition of cruel and unusual punishment, which is included in Article VIII of the United States Bill of Rights, but because it is one of the 13 enlightened states that have abolished the death penalty. Article VIII has proved no deterrent in those states that still inflict capital punishment.

The case against capital punishment should be entirely convincing to anyone who will analyze it dispassionately. Former Governor Michael DiSalle summarizes the case effectively in *PLAYBOY*, but could have spared readers the lurid details of revolting methods of execution used in other times and other cultures. To show that capital punishment has no place in our culture in our time needs no appeal to emotion.

Voluntary agencies that protect society by aiding in rehabilitating those offenders who can be salvaged are in accord with criminologists and penologists who are thoroughly convinced that capital punishment is a failure as a deterrent, and is in other ways indefensible.

The Correctional Service Federation U. S. A., composed of 20 voluntary agencies that have been dealing with all sorts of offenders for many, many years, recently adopted this resolution: "Capital punishment should and must be abolished."

We must find some better way to curb the killers than by committing deliberate murder ourselves.

Mrs. Ruth Baker, Executive Director
Correctional Service
Federation U. S. A.
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

I read Michael DiSalle's *Capital Punishment: The Barbaric Anachronism* with much interest and with full agreement so far as the abolition of capital punishment is concerned. Thanks for making it available.

John Sparkman
United States Senate
Washington, D. C.

All men have a right to humane justice, until they forfeit that right by acting inhumanely. Is this any different from the right of self-preservation that allows us to use all necessary force to protect life and property? I believe that capital punishment is an extension of the justice inherent in self-preservation.

Arthur King
Honolulu, Hawaii

As George Bernard Shaw so aptly stated in *Man and Superman*, "Criminals do not die by the hands of the law. They die by the hands of other men."

Lester Taylor
Kansas City, Missouri

I was most impressed by DiSalle's refutation of capital punishment, the most persuasive article on the subject I have ever read. I wish everyone in the country could be exposed to this kind of thinking. *PLAYBOY* is to be highly commended for coming to grips with contemporary social problems as few publications have ever attempted to in any meaningful way.

Foster Gunnison, Jr.
Hartford, Connecticut

I did not bother to read Michael DiSalle's article, because to say that capital punishment "neither curbs crime nor benefits society" is utter nonsense. A dead thief can no longer steal, a dead murderer can no longer kill. There are two benefits to society right there, not to mention the aid given to the control of the population explosion.

S. C. Wentworth
Bronxville, New York

DREAM ARTICLE

Ira Cohen's April article *The Goblet of Dreams* gives the prosaic American an insight into a world that is not bounded by Anslinger-influenced Narcotics Bureau cops on the one hand and Anthony Comstock on the other. Mr. Cohen may wind up being decorated by the Moroccan Tourist Bureau—for he has made majoon attractive to the men and women who wish to escape from the traffic, the smog and the realities of American life. The price of escape is an air ticket to Marrakech or Fez and Cohen's guide to the world of *kif* and majoon, which is found in his article.

The Goblet of Dreams will give the bureaucrats of the Narcotics Bureau



Wool is the fabric of the good life.

Cricketeer goes along as he sets his sights on the good life: practicing law, adding a Browning to his fine gun collection. This lawyer never argues the merits of wool . . . he swears by its subtlety of color and pattern, luxurious hand, city-country manners. His slacks complement a double-breasted sport coat in the classic tradition, even to double vents in back. W. J. Dickey & Sons loomed the autumn wheat hopsacking for the jacket and the warm tweed plaid for co-ordinated slacks. Sport jacket, \$45 and slacks, about \$19. For more information write Dept. WW-466, American Wool Council, 570 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y. 10018.

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many bad moments. High on the list of prohibited drugs in this country is marijuana, the American variety of *kif*. Many a man and woman is languishing in prison because of its possession, sale or use. The enforcement effort against marijuana in this country has been frequently justified because, it is charged, the use of marijuana tempts one to try heroin. Marijuana, in other words, serves as an anteroom to heroin addiction. One may query this rationale for the suppression of marijuana. Marijuana itself is not an addicting drug and there is no necessary connection between heroin use and the use of marijuana.

Ira Cohen's article is valuable for his insights into the uses by an older civilization of a drug that is severely proscribed in this country. Somehow, that older civilization has survived the use of *kif*. It raises the question as to whether we should not re-assess our attitudes toward a relatively commonplace drug. It may well be that alcohol should not be our only legal escape from reality.

Morris Ploscowe
Counselor at Law
New York, New York

DANISH MODERN

It might interest you to know that this photograph has appeared in practically all Danish newspapers and a great number of Danish magazines.

The picture shows the Danish Minister for Defense, H. E. Victor Gram, and



Lieutenant Colonel Erik Lorenzen, the Commanding Officer of the Danish Contingent (DANCON) with the United Nations Forces in Cyprus (UNFICYP). It was taken at a mess hall for the Danish soldiers at the village of Louroujina (south of Nicosia).

Major O. H. M. Baron Haxthausen
Public Information Officer
DANCON, UNFICYP
Nicosia, Cyprus

PLAYMATE FIRST CLASS

Being both a photographer and a GI whose job it is to take pictures for the United States Army, I would like to compliment your magazine from a somewhat professional as well as a reader's viewpoint. **PLAYBOY** is, to the soldier, almost as good as a letter from home or from that one special girl. **PLAYBOY** brightens the life of many GIs far from

home, where their biggest job is just to stay alive. When your May issue featured Jo Collins in *Playmate First Class: Jo Collins in Vietnam*, I know that she made Company B, 503rd Infantry, 173rd Airborne Brigade, the most envied unit in the U.S. Army. I think Jo Collins deserves a medal for going to Vietnam.

Pfc. Michael R. Everett
U.S. Army Signal Corps
Fort Monmouth, New Jersey

After reading Hugh Hefner's admirable statement to a *Saturday Evening Post* reporter that "I'm sick about Vietnam. . . . I think this country is based on a very moral ideal, and that we're at our best when we're closest to that—which we're clearly not in Vietnam." I found it hard to understand the super-patriotic, platitudinous business of *Jo Collins in Vietnam*. That Mr. Hefner should encourage such a venture for the glorification of his magazine among a captive audience and at the same time tell the *Post* that "the free press isn't living up to its responsibilities" would be only one more discouraging example of "free press" hypocrisy if so much were not at stake. One can only conclude that Mr. Hefner's principles are one thing; **PLAYBOY's** profits are another.

Sally Bellrage
New York, New York


Hefner's attitude toward America's role in the Vietnamese war is unequivocally clear and unchanged. But the fact that he does not endorse our Government's policy in Vietnam has nothing to do with his support of American soldiers stationed there; anything he can do to bring some joy and surcease into their lives, he will gladly do, as evidenced by Jo Collins' trip.

The visit of Jo Collins, Playmate of the Year, to Vietnam and the 173rd Airborne Brigade was the most pleasant and exciting event of the year for the Brigade paratroopers. She was received enthusiastically everywhere she appeared. Undaunted by the tropical heat, the dust and rigors of moving by foot, jeep, bus and helicopter, she spent many long and tiring hours traveling about, talking with the troops and signing autographs. She visited the hospitals in the Bien Hoa area and at one hospital she talked with every patient and autographed a photograph of herself for each of them. The hospital commander commented to me that the morale of his patients had been lifted threefold by her appearance there.

Thank you for the support of our efforts here in Vietnam. You have helped immensely to enhance the morale of the men of this elite American fighting unit.

Major Roosevelt Wilson, U.S.A.
Assistant Executive Officer
173rd Airborne Brigade
APO San Francisco, California





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HONDA

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



We can remember a time when envelopes were useful carriers of private messages—enclosed within. We also remember, with a sense of nostalgia, those dear old golden-rule days when we could print S W A G B K across the back of our “personal” letters, to assure the addressee that our sentiments were Sealed With A Great Big Kiss. But such romantic didos were kid stuff compared with the contemporary art of imprinting envelopes with Mad Ave ads and patriotic catch phrases. The once-homey postal cancellation, consisting solely of the postal station of origin (Stuyvesant, Calumet Park, Kedzie-Grace, Lincoln Heights, Ambassador, Gramercy Park and the like), has become a vehicle for sloganeers of every stripe, urging us to “Pray for Peace,” “Keep California Green,” “Buy U.S. Bonds,” “Support Your Mental Health Association,” “Own Your Share of American Business,” “Visit the U.S.A.,” “Give the United Way” and even “Be a Librarian.” While many of these exhortations are of themselves innocuous, they do destroy a certain sense of privacy the mails should foster. The lover awaiting a billet-doux from his beloved, for example, ought not to be told, “Report Obscene Mail to Your Postmaster.” He has better things to do—some, possibly, considered obscene by the postal authorities.

Two citizens we know find these postal imprints so objectionable that they’ve decided to do something about them. Irwin Gooen, a Brooklyn photographer, and his partner, Mrs. Judy Koch, are distributing a list of anti-establishment envelope stickers under the nonsense name of Zpod Enterprises. The heckling messages, which you stick on the envelopes yourself, are designed to counter the effect of officially sanctioned Governmental, institutional and commercial slogans. Says Gooen: “We are fighting against the indirect pressures brought to bear by the postal authorities to conform to some sort of belief in religion and also to conform to a sexually puritanical image.”

Thanks to Gooen and Koch, the non-conformist postal patron can now thumb his nose at the authorities with his own little moral, political, religious, social or antisocial message.

Judging from Zpod’s list of gummed-label mottoes (400 for \$2), most of the messages are antisocial—and cheerfully satirical. A sampling: GREET THE DAY WITH A SMILE—AND GET IT OVER WITH; HIRE THE MORALLY HANDICAPPED; IF YOU DRIVE DON’T DRINK—YOU MAY HIT A BUMP AND SPILL THE WHOLE THING; PRAY FOR OBSCENE MAIL; THIS LETTER MAY NOT BE OPENED FOR POSTAL INSPECTION; THIS LETTER GUARANTEED TO CONTAIN NO LEWD, LASCIVIOUS, OBSCENE, DIRTY, PORNOGRAPHIC OR RELIGIOUS MATTER; FAMILIARITY BREEDS; SUPPORT THE COPULATION EXPLOSION; and one that forethoughtfully provides for those who feel that Zpod is trying to institutionalize what should be a spontaneous—even childish—impulse: HELP STAMP OUT ENVELOPE STICKERS.

Fortunes of War Department: “Many beddings,” reports *Women’s Wear Daily*, “are being moved forward because the bride’s fiancé is about to be drafted into service.”

Producer Irvin Arthur, we learn, is putting together a 90-minute feature film consisting entirely of “coming attractions” for old B movies from the Thirties and Forties. The name of the flick, of course, will be *Trailer Camp*.

Atop the hit parade in Jackson, Mississippi, as we go to press, is an inspirational ballad entitled *Jesus Is God’s Atomic Bomb*.

In Britain’s *New Statesman*, a correspondent writes on “good authority” that “when Dorothy and Harold Macmillan were lunching in Paris with Charles and Madame de Gaulle, Dorothy Macmillan, after expressing her admiration for the achievements of De Gaulle, asked Madame de Gaulle, ‘What

are you looking forward to now?’ Madame de Gaulle, in a clear and penetrating voice, replied: ‘A penis.’ A certain *frisson* went round the table. De Gaulle broke the embarrassed silence by saying, ‘My dear, I think the English don’t pronounce the word quite like that. It’s not “a penis” but “appiness.”’”

Offbeat epicures would seem to be welcome at the Dunes restaurant in Corpus Christi, which ran an ad in the *Corpus Christi Caller* inviting diners to “come as you are, bathing suits or bikinis, drink soft drinks or beer and eat hot dogs, hamburgers and children on redwood tables.”

The Discreet American Way of Death. Sign seen on the door of a Chicago funeral parlor: DELIVERIES IN REAR.

A Vietnamese draft board, says *The Saigon Post*, is still wondering what to do with the following letter, which it received not long ago from a local firm: “We beg you to exempt our employee Le Van Sao. He is the only man left in our plant, and at the moment is carrying on with 15 inexperienced girls.”

An imaginative entrepreneur in Miami has concocted a soft drink combining the best elements of prune juice and tangerine nectar. The murky beverage is provocatively dubbed “Prune-tang,” and Miami radio listeners, long accustomed to advertising assaults on their senses, are reportedly responding eagerly to a sexy female voice that suggestively inquires: “Have you had your Prune-tang today? It makes you feel soooo good.”

Like many of television’s Top Ten shows, *Batman* seems destined to become an international hit when it goes into syndication overseas, dutifully dubbed with a dozen tongues. The elemental language of “BIF!” “BAM!” “POW!” is probably universal, but we suspect that the series may lose something in

*Great new taste,
rich aroma...
pipe tobacco does it.*



**Enjoy America's
best-tasting
pipe tobacco in
a filter cigarette!**

translation—though perhaps in name only. In Germany, for example, the caped crusader would strike terror into the hearts of criminals everywhere as the redoubtable *Fledermaus-Mensch*. Somewhat more mellifluously, he would be known to French fans as the debonair *Chauve-souris-Homme*, to Italian high-camp followers as the picaresque *Pipistrello-Uomo* and to Chinese viewers as the sage *Bien-fu-jen*. However, in Lithuania—predictably enough—he'd be almost unpronounceably named *Shik-shnosparnis-Zhmogus*. But our superhero's mouth-filling moniker on Polish TV would be the musical challenge of the lot: *Nietoperz-Czlowiek*. Let's see Neal Hefti, composer of *The Batman Theme*, put that to music.

First come, first served: A want ad in Wisconsin's *Kenosha News* requested the services of a "Young attractive girl—to be frozen in 5000 lbs. of ice. No experience necessary. Apply in person at the Mid-City Outdoor Theater."

On a recent trip to Czechoslovakia, a friend of ours asked a restaurant owner if the capitalistic custom of tipping was permitted. "It is not allowed," the man told him, "but it is not forbidden."

In Los Angeles, a man was arrested on charges of swindling two department stores out of \$22,000. In a search of his apartment, police found a manuscript adorned with rejection slips from various publishers. Its title: *The Master Swindlers*.

Directly under a page-wide headline in the *San Francisco Chronicle*—STUDY OF SEXUAL RESPONSE IN HUMANS—was caught a smaller headline reading, 15 INJURED IN BIG PILEUP.

Express buses, according to Morris County, New Jersey's *The Citizen*, leave Rockaway for the Garden State Race Track at 9:05 A.M. "every Wed. & Sat.—except Fri." Track fans will want to arrange their schedules accordingly.

Utility Futility: The electric company in Palermo, Sicily, relates *The Washington Post*, turned off a client's power supply not long ago for failing to pay the bill. The client: Palermo's gas company.

In one edition of the *Los Angeles Herald-Examiner*, beneath the usual "Personal" notices urging "girls in trouble" to contact special hospitals and maternity services, we spotted an ad reading: "Girls Not in Trouble—Ask for Larry at the Grape Vine, 1405 N. Vine St."

Let Him Who Is Without Sin: Military analyst General S. L. A. Marshall, reviewing Cornelius Ryan's *The Last Battle*

If Rose's is made for gimlets,
what's it doing in a daiquiri?



Our tropical limes are fickle lovers.

Mix with gin. Perfect love. Ecstasy. Mix with rum. Why, it's as good as with gin! (Oh cruel, fickle, West Indian lime.)

Perhaps the tropics have something to do with it? Maybe the hot Caribbean sun and the caressing sea breezes make our fat, luscious limes kind of restless. They are certainly the most devilish limes ever squeezed into a bottle. Their tart-sweet taste just seems to bring out the calypso in the most prudish of ingredients.

We'll continue to put the gimlet recipe on the Rose's Lime Juice bottle, like always. One part Rose's to 4 or 5 parts gin or vodka. Then we'll sit back and await the "Dear John" letters that go something like this: 2 parts light rum, 1 part Rose's, a dash of sugar, makes the best daiquiri I ever had.

Sorry, gin. Poor gin.

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KINGS MEN...lusty and full bodied with a hint of spice.
AFTER SHAVE, COLOGNE, PRE-ELECTRIC 1.25

THISTLE & PLAID...Stirring and spirited as the Scottish
Highlands with a hefty whiff of heather. COLOGNE 1.50

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In Wheat, Bronze, Pine-wood, Teal, Copper. About \$11.00. At Bamberger's, Newark & branches, Martin's, Brooklyn & branches, and other fine stores. Or write FORUM, 303 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

in *The New York Times*, found fault with the book's "redundancy of superlatives and unhelpful adjectives, such as 'murderous' fire and 'stunning' bar-rages." Marshall added the admonition that "writers on war should shun them like grim death."

Among Hollywood's men of distinction, reports Universal's press department, is Joseph Bashra, whose name has never appeared on a marquee but whose prowess is known to all of filmdom's behind-the-camera experts. Bashra is Hollywood's number-one camel humper. A native Egyptian, Bashra began humping camels back in the Twenties for Rudolph Valentino's *The Sheik*. Just as they are today, Bactrian—two-humped—camels were a scarce commodity in Southern California during the silent era. Thanks to Bashra's unique skill, more easily available dromedaries were, and still are, converted into Bactrians by the addition of an extra hump made of uncured goat-skin stretched over a balsawood frame and covered with dyed Manila hemp. A plastic fluid and water-filled rubber balloons are then stuffed beneath the goatskin to provide the natural movements needed. "The dromedaries have grown so used to my hump," says Bashra, "that they feel naked and self-conscious before the cameras without one." Though he stands alone as Hollywood's foremost camel humper, Bashra is not resting on his laurels. He's just finished his 146th screen assignment: humping a herd of camels for Universal's remake of *Beau Geste*, and he's currently busy perfecting double humps for horses and cows—so that they can be used as camels in distant background shots.

Hard-sell invitation purportedly posted on a bulletin board at the Chicago Athletic Club: JOIN OUR FENCING CLASS. WE NEED NEW BLOOD.

THEATER

The musical *Mame* would seem to have all the ingredients of a supersmash: a heroine who has become an American folk figure, a diverse line-up of cartoonish supporting characters, an accomplished cast, colorful, showy costumes and a punchy, singable, beer-and-sawdust title song by the man who wrote *Hello, Dolly!* But partly because of these sure-fire ingredients, *Mame* is only a half-smash. The material is too familiar. *Auntie Mame* has already been a hit as a book, a play and a movie. There are no surprises. The first and perhaps the second time the young orphaned Patrick Dennis was led by nanny-secretary Agnes Gooch into his wild Auntie Mame's chic-bohemian Beekman Place

pad, there was a thrill of anticipation; but even if *he* doesn't know what orgiastic pleasures await him at his aunt's elbow, by now everyone in the audience does. An additional problem in the present version is that the actors playing the supporting roles are too strong. They tend to overwhelm Auntie. Jane Connell, with a baggy body and startled face, is hilarious as Agnes. Beatrice Arthur, with the voice of a wicked witch and the disposition of a barracuda, is outlandishly amusing as Mame's semi-permanent house guest, actress Vera Charles. And Frankie Michaels as the young Patrick is that rarity, a child actor who is not self-conscious or pushy, and who can sing, act and not look silly steering a grown woman around a dance floor. This year's Mame, Angela Lansbury, still offers martinis to ten-year-olds, believes in progressive education (nudity in the classroom) and the happy, free, full life (at least six parties a week). But with her soft blonde hair, china-doll face and ingratiating stage manner, Miss Lansbury is a nice Mame to have around the house, a mild Mame, a tame Mame, as contrasted with Rosalind Russell's hard-edged camp queen. There are moments when, were it not for her stylish plumage (by Robert Mackintosh), Angela might fade right into the high-stepping chorus. When she and Beatrice Arthur belt out *Bosom Buddies*—a Sade-by-Sade song of friendship wherein each tries to outbitch the other—it is Miss Arthur who dominates. The score, by Jerry Herman, is tuneful and properly nostalgic. The title song is the best-in-show and also the best staged, thumped by banjos and sung and danced by Mame and a plantation full of Southern belles and beaux. But most of the songs (and the dances) are not memorable enough and most of Herman's funny lyrics are not funny enough. The humor is in the performances and in the remains of the dialog that authors Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee have salvaged from their play and from Patrick Dennis' book, which means that too much of the fun is re-rerun. At the Winter Garden, 1634 Broadway.

MOVIES

Monica Vitti, with the sign of Scorpio tattooed on her left thigh, would give *Modesty Blaise* a rather exotic air if it had nothing else, but it does have a good deal more to it. The British *do* have a way with spies, and although director Joseph Losey's wild sortie into that fashionable movie genre will not send cinematic philosophers searching for profundities, it may be the ultimate variation on the spyflick. The British Secret Service wants to protect \$150,000,000 in diamonds on their way to a Middle Eastern sheik as



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payment for oil concessions, and they hire Modesty (Miss Vitti) and her Cockney knife-throwing partner (Terence Stamp) to see to it that the jewels don't fall into the hands of the archest archcrook yet devised for this kind of film, played with limp-wristed insouciance by Dirk Bogarde. He loves to drink something purple out of goblets with stems as long as his shinbones and with goldfish swimming within. Modesty's preference is for gowns lurid enough to make Hollywood garb seem drab, but no matter how long or how all-covering, they are wonderfully removable. Her partner, Stamp, fancies a variety of wigs—and the pair of them change, she from black to blonde, he from blond to black, ostensibly to keep the contrasts coming as fast as the tricks in this film that tries to outgimmick the most gimmicky and comes near succeeding. And despite *Modesty's* shortcomings, Losey *does* have a zest for ribbing not only the genre but his own picture, winding up with the most persistent cliché of moviedom—the race of the Marines (in this instance, read Bedouins) to the rescue.

A Fine Madness, written by Elliott Baker from his novel of the same name and directed in bursts of real wit by Irvin Kershner, puts to final rest the base canard that Sean Connery can't act any part besides 007. It even banishes the long-term rumor that Jean Seberg can't act at all. And most agreeably, it confirms the widespread impression that Joanne Woodward is a superb actress. Unfortunately, this unusually deft and sprightly comedy, which might have qualified as satire, has been turned into burlesque by somebody with a heavy hand; and it's too bad, because through it all, Baker and Kershner are saying some trenchant things about contemporary society. The story involves a roughhewn poet (Connery) who believes that women are lovely flowers who ought to open their petals, and they tend to agree with him in his specific case. Forced by poverty into the rug-shampooing business, he naturally meets a lot of flowers. His second wife (Woodward), none too bright but devoted, bails him out of most of the crises into which his free-wheeling way of life gets him. In flight from a number of opened blossoms and from his first wife's lawyer, who wants alimony he can't pay, Connery signs himself into a private sanitarium operated by Dr. Oliver West (Patrick O'Neal), a celebrated psychiatrist. Dr. West's bored wife, Lydia (Seberg), visits the place one day and finds the poet about to enjoy a ripple bath. There follows such a funny sex event as the screen has rarely seen, with Connery and Seberg cavorting carnally in a giant, shaking, roaring bathtub (a scene we showed you exclusively in *Sean Connery*

Strikes Again, PLAYBOY, July). Alas, Dr. West pops in at the wrong moment, withdraws unnoticed and wrathful, and proceeds to schedule a prefrontal lobotomy for the poet. Connery hurdles that hazard intact, not a whit subdued, and proves it in the last reel by literally knocking his wife's block off. Unlikely, no doubt, but by then we are rooting so hard for the poet and his "unsocial" habits that most of us will *prefer* to believe in his conquest over medicine, psychiatry and all of intruding society.

In *Up to His Ears*, newest of Philippe de Broca's films. Jean-Paul Belmondo, looking like a lanky but infinitely bored Harold Lloyd, flies through the air, lands on a Hong Kong street vendor's cart, hurtles into a basket of oranges hanging from a porter's pole and swings from beam to beam down the scaffolding of a new building. But when all the frenzy of activity is done, what has one got? A whistle of admiration for the splendid color photography of Hong Kong and Ursula Andress (see *Ursula*, PLAYBOY, July) and a chuckle or two. Obviously, De Broca has been looking at a lot of presound American comedies, certainly at Sennett's and Lloyd's and maybe a few Laurel-and-Hardy two-reelers. But if he saw them, he hasn't taken sufficient notice of the remarkable sense of timing that made them work or of the substance of social frustration and human absurdity that underlay their more effective idiocies. In his story of a millionaire so surfeited with having everything he wants that he concentrates on suicide until a Chinese friend makes him believe his life really is in danger, De Broca has invested more fussiness of technique than basic humor. Perhaps it's the old trouble that comedy doesn't travel well; but whatever the reasons, *Up to His Ears* is more skin than bones.

Claude Chabrol, the grand vizier of the *Nouvelle Vague*, made *Les Bonnes Femmes* in 1960, but it has never before been seen in the United States. A maddening, frustrating film, it is Chabrol's own favorite. Four Parisian shopgirls—innocent, hopeful and sometimes simply stupid—work a featureless, interminable day in an electric-appliance shop. The day is a purgatory of boredom, but when the girls spill out into the street at last, it is only into a somewhat more eventful kind of purgatory. This is no springtime Paris for lovers but a hard, gray, workaday Paris—bright neon *brasseries*, dark, fetid streets and the seedy resorts and entertainments of the poor. Jane (Bernadette Lafont) is a swinger, loud, tough and eager. She and Jacqueline (Clothilde Joano), a gentle girl with a shy smile, are picked up one night by a pair of vulgarians in a Cadillac convertible.

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After knocking around several gritty bars and restaurants, Jacqueline bails out. Jane, drunk and very disorderly, goes home with and petulantly accommodates both men on a creaky sofa. Next day we meet the other girls in the shop: Rita (Lucile Saint-Simon), who hopes to marry above her station, as they still say in Paris, and Ginette (Stephane Audran), whose secret is that she performs as a *chanteuse* nightly in a music hall. Jacqueline is already aware that a young man is following her around on a motorcycle; he's been at it for weeks, but so far he has not had the courage to approach her. That night, Rita's fiancé takes the girls to an indoor swimming pool. In a hilarious sequence, the two vulgarians of the night before show up in embarrassingly tight rented suits and start dunking and otherwise harassing the girls. This provides the motorcyclist-admirer with an excuse to make an absurd rescue of Jacqueline. Next day he takes her to a country restaurant, where he is silly and playful, makes jokes, holds hands and tells her he loves her. Thrilled and happy, Jacqueline takes a walk with him into the woods, where they lie down together and he— Enough said. *Les Bonnes Femmes* is a perverse masterpiece of irony.

RECORDINGS

A sterling example of warbling the way it should be done is to be found on *Carmen McRae Live at the Village Gate / Woman Talk* (Mainstream). Miss McRae, abetted by a small group, does a trio of Newley-Bricusse songs from *The Roar of the Greasepaint—The Smell of the Crowd*, the lovely Academy Award winner *The Shadow of Your Smile* and eight other tunes, all of which profit from their association with the songstress.

Solid Ground / The Rod Levitt Orchestra (Victor) gives further evidence that the tight little group we appraised and praised for *Insight* (Playboy After Hours, October 1965) knows where it's going and is well on its way to getting there. *Solid Ground* is middle-ground jazz—breaking no sonic barriers but still working imaginatively within the framework of familiar forms. Leader Levitt has kept the ensemble and solo work equally engaging (trumpeter Rolf Ericson is a major factor in the latter department). It is, in the best sense of the phrase, happy jazz.

The Shadow of Your Smile / Andy Williams (Columbia) has taste with a capital T written all over it. Although Williams works with a half-dozen arrangers (and the composer-guitarist Antonio Carlos Jobim on *Meditation* and *How Insensitive*), the impeccability of his approach

always shines through. In addition to the title tune and the Jobim ballads, there are such dandies as *That Old Feeling*, *Try to Remember*, *Yesterday* and *A Taste of Honey*. A honey of an LP.

Mack the Knife and Other Berlin Theater Songs of Kurt Weill / The Sextet of Orchestra U. S. A. (Victor) is a melancholy offering in that two of the recording artists have since died—reed man Eric Dolphy and trumpeter Nick Travis, who are heard on side one performing three songs from *Mahagonny*. The irrepressible wildness that was Dolphy pervades the session. The group, led by Michael Zwerin on bass trumpet, captures the feel of the Twenties in the Weill music but adds its own contemporary jazz sound. Side two, with songs from *The Threepenny Opera* and *Happy End*, finds Dolphy replaced by Jerome Richardson—a fine musician in his own right—Travis by Thad Jones and the piano of John Lewis by Jimmy Raney's guitar. Bassist Richard Davis and drummer Connie Kay supply the rhythm on both sides. A fine effort by the Orchestra U. S. A. splinter group.

Lawrence Welk & Johnny Hodges (Dot) is not, so help us, a put-on. The redoubtable Rabbit—in front of Welk's lush stringed orchestra and charted by such stellar arrangers as Benny Carter, Russ Garcia and Marty Paich—finds a felicitous groove for his liquid alto sax. The tunes are standards, for the most part, and there's not a "one-and-a-two-and-a" in a carload.

Frank Sinatra / Strangers in the Night (Reprise) proves once more that the old master still holds a hot hand. Besides serving up the smash title tune (and only Sinatra could get away with using "doobie-doobie-doo" as a scat line), Frank, backed beautifully by Nelson Riddle, makes merry with a mixed bag of recent pop hits and sturdy perennials—from *Summer Wind* and *Call Me* to *You're Driving Me Crazy* and *The Most Beautiful Girl in the World*. The good old days, repackaged and rechanneled for stereo, have been pressed onto one LP, *Frank Sinatra's Greatest Hits—The Early Years* (Columbia). Among the items exhumed from the Columbia vaults: *I've Got a Crush on You*, *Nancy*, *Sunday, Monday or Always* and *Put Your Dreams Away*—each as glittering today as when it was etched. In the up-tempo department, there are the Sammy Cahn-Jule Styne corny-but-catchy cantatas *Saturday Night* and *Five Minutes More*. For the "older" generation, the LP provides nifty nostalgia; for the younger set, a splendid slice of the really big sound of another era.

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can, thanks to a marvelous pre-World War One invention, Edwin Welte's *Vorsetzer*—an infinitely superior variation of the old player-piano recording process. There are over a dozen albums by the above musical titans and others (part of the *Welte Legacy of Recorded Treasures*) now available through the mails from Recorded Treasures, P.O. Box 1278, North Hollywood, California (a note to them will get you a catalog of what's been recorded). The price per LP is steep—\$12.50—but each one is a collector's item, and the quality of reproduction of such artists as Paderewski and Josef Hofmann is astonishing, to say the least.

Harold Sings Arlen (with Friend) (Columbia) showcases the master tunesmith's vocalizing (in Arlen's case, where there's a will, there's almost a way). He's aided and abetted on a brace of ballads by Barbra Streisand—*Ding-Dong! The Witch Is Dead* (as a duet) and *House of Flowers* (solo). On tap are a slew of other Arlen stand-bys—*Blues in the Night*, *My Shining Hour*, *For Every Man There's a Woman* and the now-classic *A Sleepin' Bee*. Arlen and his fine-feathered friend can visit us any time.

Whether Charles Aznavour sings in English or his native French—and he does both on *The World of Charles Aznavour* (Reprise)—the communication is instantaneous and complete. In this session, recorded live at Hollywood's Huntington Hartford Theater, "Shar" has the audience eating out of the palm of *sa main* as he fashions 16 ways to make an American forgive and/or forget the activities of another Frenchman named Charles.

Gals and Pals (Fontana) debuts in this country a Swedish vocal group (three men, three women) very much in the Double Six bag. While the *G & P* arrangements aren't nearly as inventive as the Gallic group's, these swinging Swedes do produce a rich sound and their choice of material is excellent. The vocal smorgasbord is made up in part of *Cast Your Fate to the Wind*, *Dat Dere*, *Lullaby of Birdland*, the beautiful *Midnight Sun* and a funky *Soul Dance*.

It has been obvious to one and all (or should have been) for some time now that Lenny Bruce's main contribution to society is as a social commentator rather than as a comedian. Bruce transcended comedy for its own sake a long while ago. In *Lenny Bruce Is Out Again* (Philles), the beleaguered bane of the bluenoses is at his most perceptively incisive best, shattering contemporary hypocrisies with gleeful relish. Bruce gets at the roots of society's ambivalent attitude toward law enforcement (which he says people confuse with the law), demanding it for protection on the one hand and decrying

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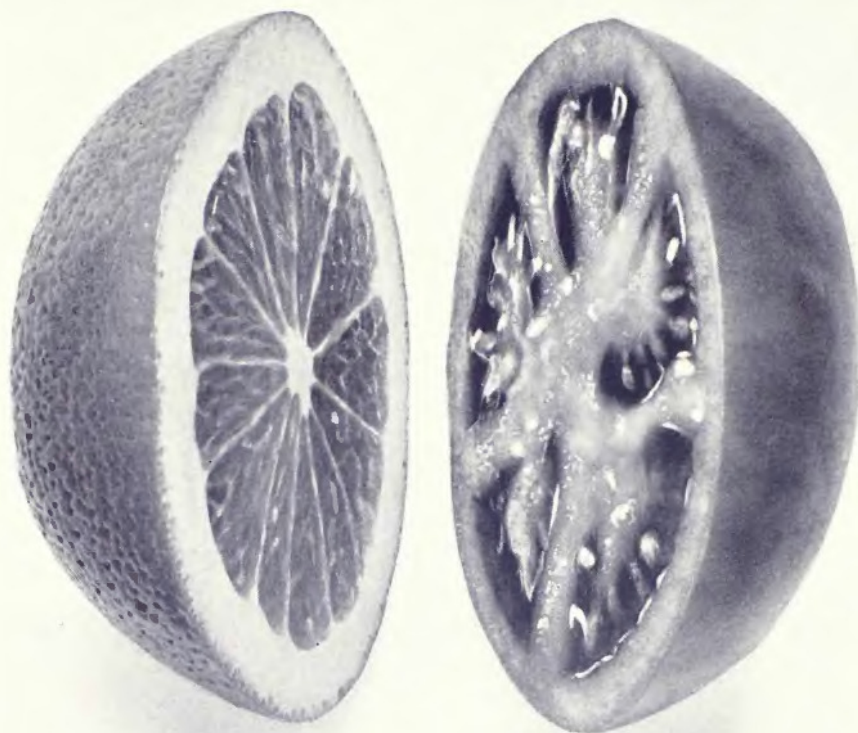
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it on the other (yelling "Gestapo" at a guy dressed in a short-sleeved shirt and carrying a stick, who turns out to be the mailman). Bruce's observations are invariably telling. On freedom of speech: "Knowledge of syphilis is not an invitation to get it." On marijuana: "Marijuana will be legal in five years because most law students I know smoke it." On the suggestion that the Jews have a carnal culture: "It's against the law to do it to animals and there are very few Jewish farmers." Bruce also runs through a wild Lone Ranger playlet built around the cowboy hero's never stopping for a "thank-you-masked-man." He's finally made to accept a present (anything he wants) and he picks a Tonto doll. Why? "To perform an unnatural act." The secret is out. The Lone Ranger's a fag who wears a mask because he has mascara on underneath it. We'll cut out at this point and leave the rest of the goodies for your listening pleasure.

BOOKS

It's odd that Walker Percy should need an introduction to readers of American fiction, but in view of the eyedropper publicity given his National Book Award-winning novel, *The Moviegoer*, such is the case. Mr. Percy wrote a fine book in 1961, and it would be a pleasure to report that in his new one, *The Last Gentleman* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), he has again wedded style to content with the same remarkable skill. Unfortunately, such a report cannot be reported. Percy is a serious, sensitive writer, and he has working for him a highly individual style and a first-rate intelligence. His principals (Southerners, for Percy is a Southerner and is palpably concerned with the "question") worry about their Southern selves in this wide, changing world. Williston Bibb Barrett, the sincere young hero of *The Last Gentleman*, does a great deal of worrying and exhibits a rash of peculiar symptoms because of it. In moments of stress he becomes acutely conscious of "ravaging particles" in the air. Also, he is subject to recurrent bouts of amnesia, the onset of which he can predict by the frequency and intensity of his *déjà vu*s. We first come upon Williston in New York's Central Park, where he is occupied in viewing a peregrine falcon and sundry other things with the aid of a \$1900 German telescope "of unusual design." The instrument assists Will in getting a badly needed focus on life, and through this same high-powered medium he makes contact with a Southern family temporarily sojourning in the big city. Out of this contact come the two parallel developments that are meant to hold the divagating story in line: Will's love for luscious Kitty, and his companionship to Jaime, Kitty's dying brother.



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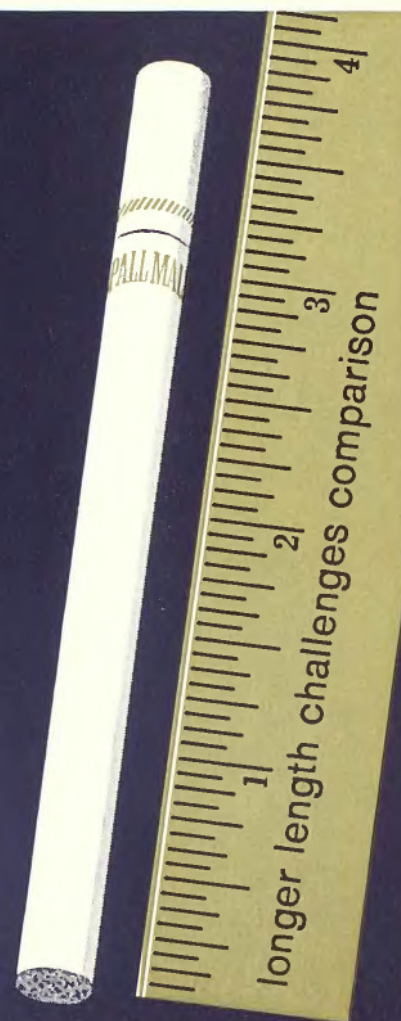


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The life-and-death arrangement is not, of course, sheer accident, but neither is it especially illuminating. The prime concerns emerging from this novel involve being and propriety at the highest level. How shall a thinking, caring man act? The author provides no easy answers. Clearly he deplores evil in Dixie, but no more than he deplores the grub-biness of the fingers pointed at it. In *The Moviegoer* Percy painted a thoroughly credible and colorful background for the metaphysical quandary of the hero. In this novel he reverses the order. Metaphysics are broadcast wholesale, become, in a sense, the social action of the characters; and as a result the characters lose a needed dimension. They become points of view—Catholic, humanist, skeptic—instead of real people. Whether *The Last Gentleman* is, finally, successful or not depends on what you want from a novel. Certainly ideas abound—about God and man, life and death, morality and the South, salvation and sex. These ideas are well set forth, and they offer rich ground for cultivation. But if what you seek in a novel is a contained, unified experience, then Walker Percy's latest leaves something to be desired.

One would have thought that previous anthologists in the heavily mined field of sci-fi had already wrung all the possible changes on the notion of a collection based on a single theme. Yet the indefatigable Arthur Clarke has come up with another—11 short stories by top-flight writers (including himself) linked by having each one ostensibly illustrate a field of science or technology, ranging from astronomy and cybernetics to physics and meteorology. *Time Probe* (Delacorte) succeeds primarily because its selections are less familiar than most of the over-and-over-anthologized sci-fi classics, and because they are genuinely exciting. Most of them date from the early 1940s and 1950s, when writers such as Robert Heinlein, Murray Leinster, James Schmitz, Isaac Asimov and Jack Vance were producing vivid tales filled with ingenious science, dashing narrative drive and a sense of wonder. This volume, for example, takes us to a planet where the human soul is a key ingredient of exquisite pottery; to a California house whose living room leads to Mars; to a future Earth whose politics are controlled by the men who decide the weather; and to an alien world where biology is unpredictable. An engrossing anthology.

Michael Chaplin's *I Couldn't Smoke the Grass on My Father's Lawn* (Putnam) could have provided a revealing sidelong glance at a great man who, unhappily, was not nearly revealing enough in his autobiography. Or it could have been



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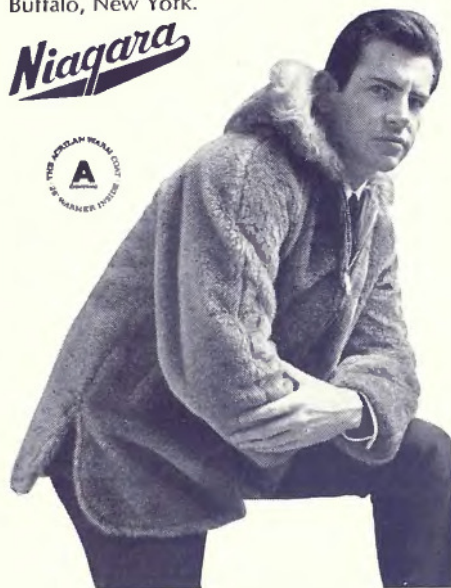


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a moving account of what it's like to be a son of a famous father. Or, at the very least, it could have been a self-spoofing peep show. Sadly, Michael Chaplin's book is none of these. It is an exercise in trivia, a random tale about a rebel without a cause, with little insight into himself or the people around him, and with even less literary talent. "That's how the hemp hiccups," he writes about life in the Chaplin spotlight—or, rather, tells his two off-page ghosts (who convinced him to transcribe his memoirs last year when he was 19). "That's how the bongo bingles." And that's how their hip-happy prose jangles. Father was "a bit of a handful," and "formal education . . . just wasn't my kind of scene," so he ran away from the "family playpen" in Switzerland to London "to sort out my own marbles" and "to play the concerto strictly by ear." For young Chaplin, this meant bouncing in and out of the Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts, going on relief, shaving half of his head, then shaving all of his head ("Hell, it was something to do"), then letting his hair grow as long as the grass on his father's lawn, getting hung up on pot and goof-balls, and feeling far more at home with bats, rats and other fauna than with "the old guy" back in Switzerland. Charlie is mostly an embarrassment to him. During a whirlwind tour to Hong Kong, all the son sees is "a bunch of damn fools hanging onto our father's slightest utterances because he was Charlie Chaplin. . . . Give a guy a build-up, and the twits come crawling out of their pads in their Sunday suits." His movies? *The Gold Rush*, says Michael, "depressed me a bundle." But he saw *The Great Dictator* at the age of four and "really dug it." Revelations? Chaplin has a craving for Almond Joys, falls asleep right after dinner and has "an inflexible belief in the absolute rightness of his convictions." At the end of the book, off pot, playing the guitar, singing pop, and with his hair cut, Michael concludes, "To be the son of a great man can be a disadvantage." Well, it couldn't be much fun for Dad either.

The late Theodore Roethke sang of all manner of things: of persons he loved and ghosts he attended; of "Toads brooding in wells" and "The leech clinging to a stone"; of bats and moles and sandpipers; of dim beginnings in primordial slime; and finally of eternity, a kind of soul life that he seemed to crave. ("What's freedom for? To know eternity.") *The Collected Poems of Theodore Roethke* (Doubleday) represents the poet's sustained effort to become whatever is. "Constricted by my tortured thought, I am too centered on this spot," he complains in an early poem. ". . . I would put off myself and flee/My

inaccessibility." In the hands of another poet such a notion could be sentimental, just another echo of Whitman's barbaric yelp. But Roethke's voice is true and his vision is his own. He is a master of many worlds, especially of the interior dream-world, where his images flicker in a kind of Jungian half-light; we are in a womb with a view. "Now, in this waning light,/ I rock with the motion of morning;/ In the cradle of all that is,/ I'm lulled into half-sleep/By the lapping waters . . ." We have been lucky: There is nothing like these poems in all literature.

Two current and choice collections of critical essays are eminently worth your attention. *A World on Film* (Harper & Row) brings together nearly eight years of movie criticism by Stanley Kauffmann, who was the *New Republic's* reviewer (and *PLAYBOY's*) until he took over the drama beat at *The New York Times* a while back. As the *cognoscenti* discovered long ago, Kauffmann is equally sharp of eye and pen, both of which have been devoted with excellent effect over the years to products and personages as diverse as *Ben Hur* and *Some Like It Hot*, Marilyn Monroe and Ingmar Bergman. We can't share all of the gentleman's antipathies or enthusiasms, but when he's on, which is most of the time, he's delightfully on. Readers who recall John W. Aldridge's penetrating contribution to these pages (*Highbrow Authors and Middlebrow Books*, April 1964) are hereby alerted to the fact that substantial portions of this essay, along with other strictures on the contemporary novel, are now available in *Time to Murder and Create* (McKay). The formidable Mr. Aldridge, a critic of exacting standards and unsparing prose, takes on Norman Mailer and Mary McCarthy, John Updike, John O'Hara and John Cheever, Saul Bellow and Katherine Anne Porter, as he sounds a call for a burst of creative exuberance and honesty that will free the faltering novel from the mummifying forms of yesterday.

The summer season brings a pair of volumes that complement each other admirably, and will complement the tastes of your winebibbing friends as well. *The Commonsense of Wine* (World) by gastronome André L. Simon is a clearly written, clearly designed, expert guide to the great world of great wines. It is directed at the man who knows a Chambertin from a Pouilly-Fuissé, but who has the ambition to tell a Château Lafite-Rothschild from a Château Mouton-Rothschild. No easy matter—but M. Simon's no-nonsense book should help him along the way, if anything can. In the impressively packaged *Gods, Men, and Wine* (World), the late English poet William Younger has approached this

enduring subject from quite a different perspective. In elegant prose, he traces the vine's remarkable history from antiquity down to Victorian times, persuading us in the process that the life of a wine is a dramatic one, with meaning for cultures extending over thousands of years of man's history. Two inviting books for the wine connoisseur—arrived or aspiring.

The development of Nat Hentoff from jazz critic to social critic to one of the most prolific all-round observers of our contemporary scene has been watched with pleasure by many readers, including those of *PLAYBOY*. He has now made another literary leap forward with the publication of a taut and timely short novel entitled *Call the Keeper* (Viking). In his nonfiction, Hentoff has shown himself to be among the most perceptive white commentators on the racial scene (*PLAYBOY* readers will remember his July 1962 essay, *Through the Racial Looking Glass*), and he has drawn on his understanding of the black-white crisis to construct this chilling tale of our current social jungle, New York City division. The cast includes: Dianne, a cool and bitter Negro graduate of Smith who has retreated Downtown to a survival that entails an office job, a nightly bottle of Scotch for sleeping and a sometime white lover for casual company; John the Avenger, a self-styled black nationalist who leaves his white wife as a part of preparation for leading a movement that will take up where Malcolm X left off; Septimus, a brilliant Negro former convict and disciple of Dostoevsky who goes on binges of writing and violence; Randal, a white jazz musician and reformed junkie who is accepted as much as his color permits by the black hipsters he moves among; and Horowitz, a sociology-minded detective who talks like a sage and performs like a pro. The book begins with a murder and ends with an attempted mutilation; yet none of it smacks of sensationalism, because Hentoff makes it speak in larger terms of the sickness of a society that breeds this kind of disaster. One of the characters, who is engaged in making a radio documentary on the violence of the city, speculates on what explorers from another planet might decide on hearing this testimony, and he is probably voicing the author's own view of our world when he says: "They were animals. They could only be civilized up to a certain point. A very low stage of civilization. And it never held. The animal kept breaking through the crust. The only thing to have done if we had confronted them at the time was to destroy them. Chronic menaces, each of them. Fortunately they saved us the trouble."



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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I have been dating the same girl for five years now, and although we have another three years of college to complete (we're both 19), I feel we've known each other long enough to predict a happy life together. She thinks we ought to put the nuptials off. How about it—are all early marriages doomed to failure?—G. P., Chester, Pennsylvania.

No, but statistically speaking, the picture is quite gloomy. The American Institute of Family Relations estimates that 80 percent of all teenage marriages in the U.S. end in divorce. All other things being equal, you might turn out to be one of the lucky 20 percent, but if you have what you think may turn out to be a happy, long-lasting relationship, why jeopardize it with a premature marriage?

At present I am in the market for a 1966 Chevy Corvette. My problem is that I have been driving luxurious big cars so long (the last was a Buick Wildcat) that I would like to equip my new "Vette" with automatic transmission. However, all my friends say this just isn't done, and I would miss half the fun of motoring this high-powered machine. I personally feel that a stick shift would be great for a Sunday-afternoon drive, but not on the Long Island Expressway, at 7:30 A.M. Will people think I'm nuts if they see me driving a 1966 Nassau Blue Corvette with white interior and automatic transmission?—D. S., Bayside, New York.

Not at all. A car should be equipped to suit the purchaser's driving preferences, not those of his friends. Since you spend a fair amount of time in heavy traffic—and prefer automatic transmission—we think you would be foolish to make any other choice.

I am a 19-year-old freshman in college who is only five feet, three inches tall. Every time I get around a member of the opposite sex, I get nervous and begin to feel conspicuous because I'm so inconspicuous. I've been told that I have a great personality, but I always get the feeling that if I ask a cool girl out, I'll get a big fat laugh in the face. Is there any special way I can dress to appear taller?—D. H., Coos Bay, Oregon.

Begin by building your wardrobe around conservative styles. Suits and sports coats should be narrow-cut two-button models without peaked lapels. Select cardigan and V-neck pullover sweaters in flat weaves rather than bulky knits. Slacks should be neatly tapered without appearing skintight. Carefully coordinate all your wearables as to color and pattern. No matter how you dress,

however, most girls won't let your size be a major consideration—if they dig your other qualities. Why not ask some of those cool girls out? Carlo Ponti did and was very pleased with the results.

This fall a friend and I are planning to go to Europe. We are both 18. Will we have any trouble getting served in bars and restaurants?—S. M., Rapid City, South Dakota.

No. The legal drinking age in European countries varies between 16 and 18. Except in a few places that make it a point to keep out American soldiers, it's not likely you'll even be asked for proof of age.

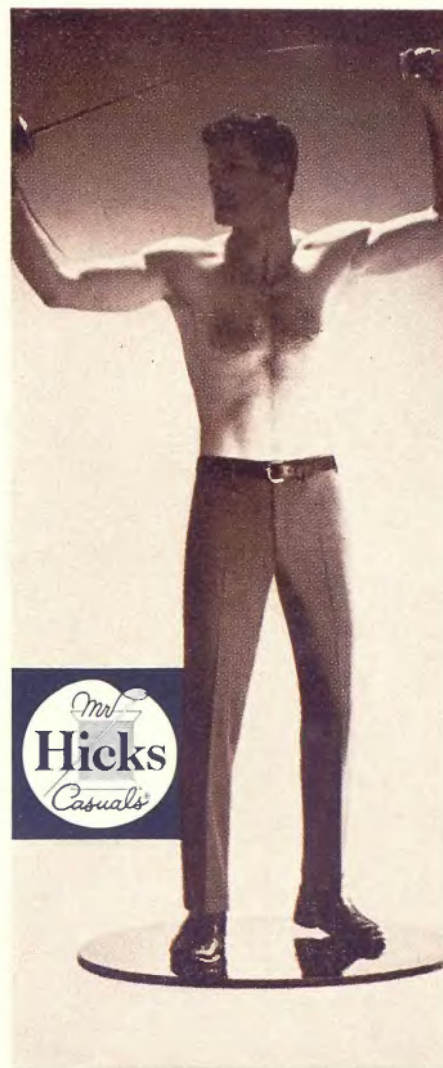
At 39, I've been divorced for over a year and have been going with a young lady eight years my junior. Recently we broke the intimacy barrier, and we've been making love at a record-breaking clip. I feel perfectly fine, have no regrets, but am wondering about one thing. Can a man wear himself out so that in later years he'll lose his sexual adequacy?—B. B., Los Angeles, California.

The latest and most authoritative research on this subject is contained in "Human Sexual Response," the remarkable volume by William H. Masters, M.D., and Virginia E. Johnson that has attracted so much attention outside the scientific community to which it was directed that it is currently a best seller. The book represents more than a decade of scientific study of the physiology of male and female sexual response, involving 700 subjects and 10,000 separate sexual acts. This research revealed that while many men become sexually inadequate after the age of 50, this is not related to excessive sexual activity in earlier years; quite the contrary, the men with high performance levels in their youth tend to have similar high levels in later life.

Of even greater interest is the fact that impotence, at any age, is overwhelmingly psychological in origin; if he is in good health, the authors state, "little is needed to support adequacy of sexual performance in a 70- or even 80-year-old male other than some physiologic outlet or psychologic reason for a reactivated sexual interest."

Therefore, we suggest that you enjoy your sexuality, secure in the knowledge that the more you enjoy it the more certain you can be that you will enjoy it in the future as well.

I have recently become a keyholder in your Los Angeles Playboy Club. As I have an ulcer and can't drink alcoholic or carbonated beverages, I've been

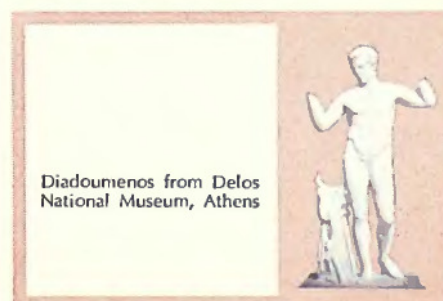


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Diadoumenos from Delos
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wondering if I'm still welcome. If so, what can I order besides milk?—J. A., Anaheim, California.

You can choose from a wide variety of fruit and vegetable juices, or order our favorite libation for nonalcoholic nights on the town—limeade with a twist.

During a game of eight ball, my friend and I had an argument concerning the game-winning shot. I called the eight ball in the left side pocket. I shot and hit the eight ball, but instead of going in directly, it caromed off the corner and hit the cue ball a second time—and then it went into the side pocket. I say that I won the game—all I had to do was call the pocket on my last shot. My buddy says, however, that I should have called a "double kiss" and the pocket. Since I didn't, I lost the game. Who's right?—D. E., Los Angeles, California.

According to the Billiard Congress of America's official rulebook, you won.

I always thought America was a country without titles, and yet from time to time I see people addressed (in print) as "The Honorable." Who decides who's honorable, anyway, and how can I get this title?—P. A., Chicago, Illinois.

The phrase "The Honorable" before one's name is not a title, but a mark of semi-official deference. You can get to be an Honorable in any one of several ways: Win election to the Senate, House of Representatives, or one of many municipal and state offices; or be appointed to a position of consul or higher in the American Foreign Service; or serve in the Cabinet. For a fuller explanation of official protocol, see the "Green Book of Washington, D. C.," by Carolyn Hagner Shaw.

For the past several months I've been going with a charming girl who is perfect in every respect except one—she is the most gullible female I have ever met. This may have been one of the qualities that attracted me to her in the beginning of our relationship, but now it is a constant irritant in an otherwise happy affair. For example, she does not consider it an indiscretion to take a moonlight stroll on the beach with a fellow who said he had something very important to tell her in private. She usually tells me about these little conversations the next day with the quip, "Well, I didn't do anything. We just talked!" I'm convinced that she didn't do anything in the least reproachable, but I can't go on overlooking these annoying incidents. I really like her, but there has to be a drastic change somewhere. What do you suggest?—D. S., Clearwater, Florida.

Your girl, probably not half as artless as you suggest, seems to be baiting you with the old jealousy hook, and you're

going after it like a hungry fish. If she really were untrue to you (and you seem to think she's not), she wouldn't tell you about these incidents; the fact that she does tell you indicates she's trying—quite successfully—to goad you into an overreaction. When she teases you in the future, do your best to appear cool and the odds are she'll discontinue these little flirtations.

I spend a large amount of my leisure time in the summer at a country-club pool, and I constantly wear sunglasses. But the etiquette of the thing has begun to bother me. Are you supposed to take them off when speaking to someone, or is it good manners to leave them on?—R. W., Blacksburg, Virginia.

As long as you're in the sun, there's no need to remove your sunglasses during conversation.

Recently my date and I were on our way to an out-of-town party. It was a long trip, so I asked her if she would like to take the wheel, as I know she digs driving. Unfortunately, she was a little too enthusiastic and we were clocked by radar going about 80. As luck would have it, a small-town justice of the peace then gave her a pretty stiff fine. I offered to pay the ticket, but she declined, saying that she shouldn't have been speeding in the first place. We finally split the cost of the ticket. Since then, several friends have said that I should have paid the total amount. The girl is an old friend, but this was our first date. Did I handle the situation correctly?—L. W., Austin, Texas.

Yes.

An English friend recommended that I try a particular brand of hock wine. I've never heard of the stuff. What is it?—M. R., Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

"Hock" is the veddy British word (probably derived from Hochheim, a German village in the Rheingau wine district) for Rhine wine—which you'll find in abundance at any liquor store. But just call it hock, not hock wine.

After two years of marriage, I was divorced at 22 and left with a lovely baby daughter and the harsh realization that I, an only child, had a tough life ahead. I got a job and a baby sitter and uncomplainingly settled down to keeping the wolf from my door.

Six months ago I met a man twice my age; we have similar philosophies of life and political views. Married, with two children, he is secure but not wealthy. One night I came home from work to find the lights had been turned off because I could not pay my power bill. When I told him about it, more or less as a social commentary, he quietly, and

with no strings attached, gave me a "loan"; then he gave me the money for some special corrective shoes for my daughter, then another "loan" to help me pay for car insurance, repair of the brakes, and so on.

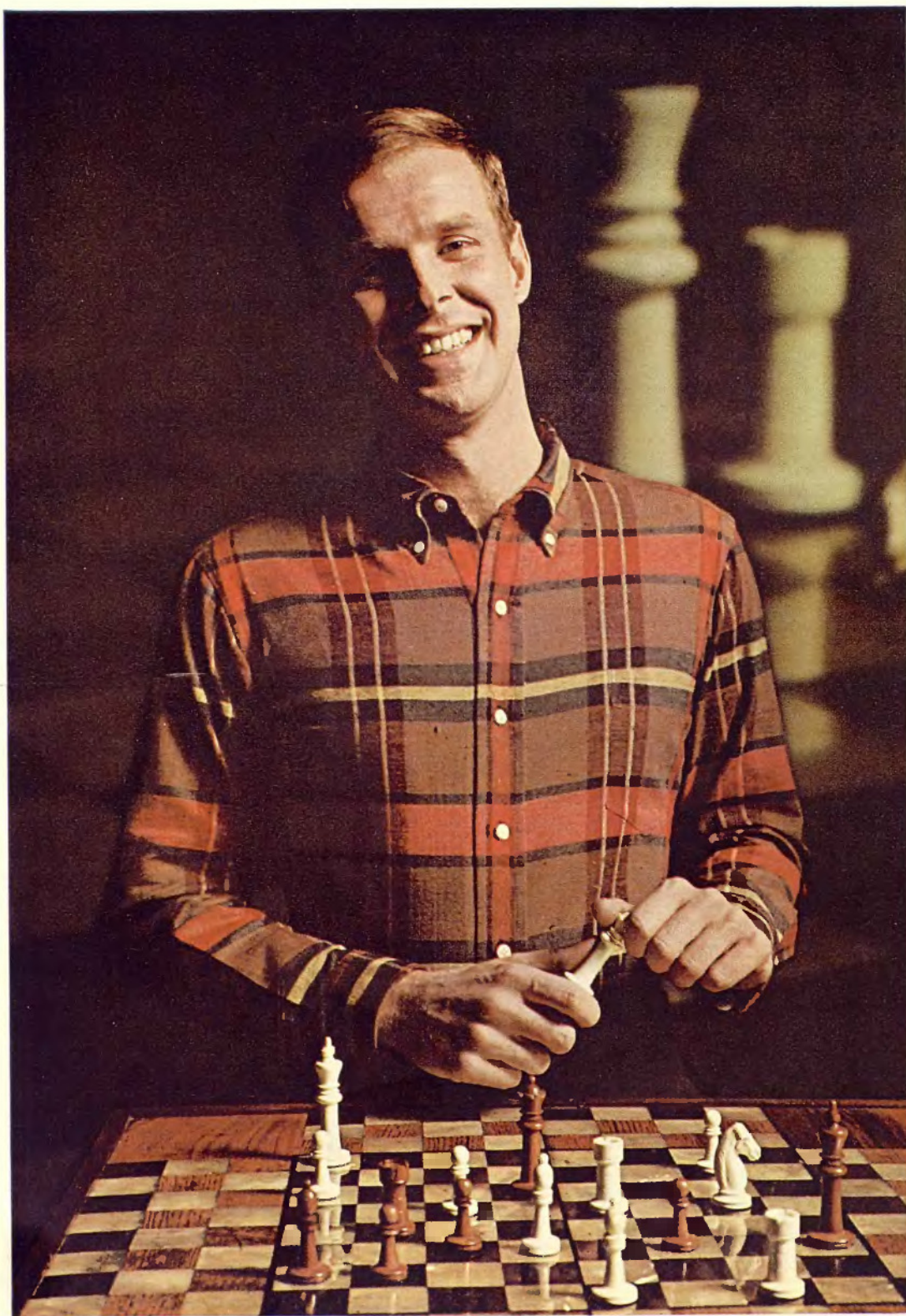
We have never been lovers. At the airport recently we stood and held each other for a minute, affectionately, and I must admit that he could have done anything with me then that he might have wanted to. And that's my problem. Love (and I do love him in a very special way) that cannot give is a painful, aching, tormenting burden; it is wrong always to receive, never to give, for, as Mr. Hemingway said, "Love is reciprocal." But my fairy (no, that's not his problem either) godfather counters with Mr. Hemingway's "Love gives without thinking of return. Love lives and increases her store by giving." Then he adds that he needs nothing from me and that, besides, a more intimate relationship would spoil what we have, due to the guilt feelings we would have because of his marriage. He happens to believe Mr. Hefner's philosophy, particularly that bit about responsibility.

I would like your comments on my problem. Is it normal for me to have a feeling of wrongdoing because I receive money I do not earn? Should I run away from the situation? Or should I relax and thank heaven he is what he is?—Miss M. G., South Gate, California.

What you describe as the "tormenting burden" of this one-sided relationship is more likely a longing for the emotional and sexual satisfactions denied you in the present arrangement. In spite of what you say, we don't think you're seeking a more reciprocal relationship. In actuality, you are trying to elicit additional benefits for yourself, at the expense of your benefactor; for the form of "payment" you have in mind would create guilt and unhappiness for him. Your relationship with this man is a selfish one, and the addition of sex, under the circumstances, would only make it more selfish. The best way you can show your gratitude for his financial assistance is to avoid any further association that might impair his role as husband and father. And if you really want to repay him, we suggest you begin returning the money itself as soon as you are in a position to.

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





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PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

IF YOU'VE ALWAYS WANTED a get-away-from-it-all vacation on a secluded Caribbean island, the time between October's worsening weather at home and December's tourist influx down there is ideal. That's when the islanders themselves relax and rest up for the next season.

More and more, the spread of scheduled transportation throughout the Caribbean is bringing hitherto out-of-the-way isles within easy reach of any traveler. A typical spot is Barbuda. It would be hard to find a more offbeat island than this one, where 17th Century British planters once ran slave stud farms, and which few tourists had ever seen until a couple of years ago. Now, Coco Point Lodge provides everything from deep-sea-fishing excursions to reef skinning in one of its 14 boats that range from an 8-foot dinghy to a 70-foot twin-diesel cruiser. Another charmer is the tiny, beautiful island group of Les Saintes off French Guadeloupe, where a single hotel, the eight-room *Josefine* on *Islet Cabrit*, recently opened its hospitable doors.

Guadeloupe itself, a place of languid beaches at Gosier, Ste. Anne, St. François and Moule, boasts the finest restaurant in the West Indies, *L'Oiseau des Iles* (with a chef lured from Maxim's of Paris). The modern Fort Royal Hotel has a fresh-water pool as well as white sand beaches. Also fairly new, in nearby Martinique, is the small but pleasant Hotel Cap Est, with its own attractive beach and superlative French cuisine.

One hundred miles north of Guadeloupe is the French island of St. Barthélemy. It boasts a three-mile crescent beach enclosed on one side by high hills and on the other by a beautiful offshore reef. A free port for bargain shopping, St. Barthélemy has one hotel—the Eden Roc. Its operator, Remy de Haenen, flies his own plane and will, on appointment, pick you up from St. Martin, Puerto Rico, St. Croix or Guadeloupe.

Your transportation to even the most remote resort is no problem. You can fly from St. Martin to the "lost" island of Saba—a jut of sheer volcanic rock that's recently opened up to tourism—then go on to St. Kitts for a scant \$20. Or take the launch *Madinia* from St. Vincent or Grenada through limpid waters to small islands among the Grenadines for about \$7. Or try a ten-day "duffel-bag cruise" among the Grenadines on the yacht *Pas de Loup* for about \$20 a day per person. From Barbados, you can take the *Carlotta* for a five-day run through the Grenadines to St. Vincent. Cost: \$175, including accommodations,


food, liquor, cigarettes and scuba gear.

A favorite island-hopping ploy of ours is to do it by chartered cruise. Nicholson's in Antigua has the widest range of top-quality offerings in the Caribbean and handles boats of all sizes and cruise schedules to match your personal preferences. If you're visiting the American Virgins, check with Island Yachts in St. Thomas. Whichever broker you select, be sure to use one who can evaluate you and your wants and match them to the best charterboat available.

For the romance of billowing sail coupled with luxury cruise comfort and calls at little-known islands, sail the Yankee Clipper on a twice-a-month circuit from the British Virgin Island of Tortola. She carries 65 passengers on runs to Virgin Gorda, Barbuda, St. Kitts, Antigua, Saba, St. Eustatius, St. Barthélemy, Guadeloupe and the isolated French island of Marie-Galante. At the end of the ten-day cruise, you're dropped off at Puerto Rico for the quick flight home.

Carrying fewer passengers, the big copper-bound Westindiaman *Maverick* sails on the first and third Mondays of each month from the tropical crescent waterfront of St. Thomas in the U.S. Virgin Islands. Her eight-day cruises are random affairs, guided by Captain Jack Carstarphen's measure of his 12 passengers. He knows the waters as well as anybody in these parts. You'll rove from one glass-smooth anchorage to another, each complete with a palm-lined beach and a coral reef alive with brilliant fish.

One of the most delightful combinations of all is a week of sailing through the remote Grenadines, from St. Vincent, followed by another week ashore in Grenada. The skippers of Antillean charter sailing yachts add notably to the fun—such as Gordon Stout, who gave up a successful business in America to take to the sea in his sloop *Quest*; and Pam and Mike Tate, who've crossed the Atlantic in the ketch *Alianora*. You'll make a leisurely run, with stops at tiny islands you've never heard of, such as Mustique, Baliceaux and Canouan. There'll be ample time to fish and skindive, then laze for a week in your own cottage with maid, close to St. George's, on Grenada. At \$1125 to \$2317 for a group of four to six people, the tab works out to only \$20 to \$28 a day per person for the most memorable of vacations.

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

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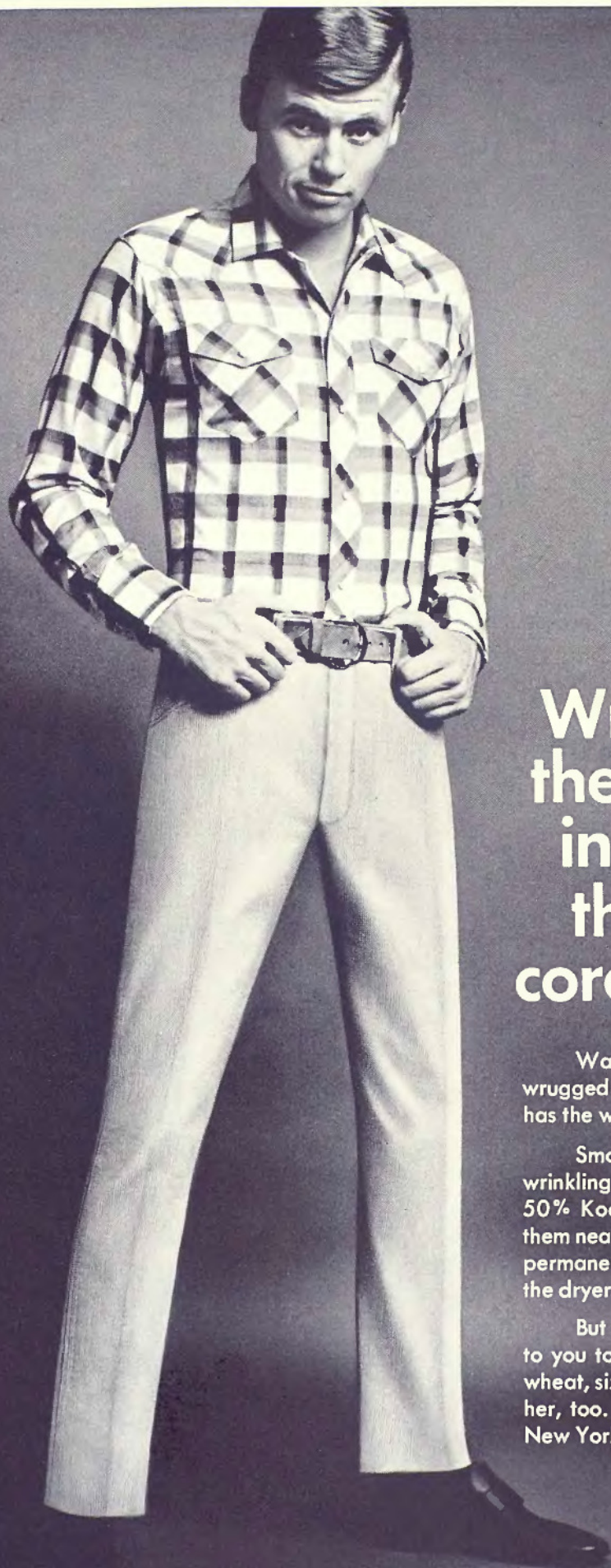
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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

POSTAL PRIVACY CONTINUED

I wish to express my indignation and disappointment after reading the postal-invasion-of-privacy letters in the January and April *Forum*.

Truthfully, at first I didn't know whether to laugh or to cry. The image of a Federal official evincing more zeal for voyeurism than rational adherence to duty conjured images of an adolescent furtively looking at the attractive models on an art calendar. But it isn't so funny when we remember that one couple received a suspended sentence and another individual was confined to the penitentiary.

Henry B. Gonzalez
U. S. House of Representatives
Washington, D. C.

I have written to the Postmaster General in the following words:

When Government tells Americans what they cannot *write* to each other, will it not eventually tell us what we cannot *say* to each other?

It appears that an old 19th Century ghost—Anthony Comstock himself—stalks the mail cars, the sorting rooms and the branch offices of your Department, and now invades the sanctity of the home of the average citizen.

R. W. Voigt
Chicago, Illinois

Let me add my name to those who object to any kind of Government interference in private affairs, whether these affairs are in a bed or in a letter. The most beautiful things in the world to some people are obscene to others. That is why my bed is not public and my mail should be private.

I am sending a copy of this letter to Postmaster O'Brien.

Craig G. Gosling
Indianapolis, Indiana

I have written a note to Senator Long about the postal abuses you have described. If the words "Dear Senator" aren't classified as obscene, the letter should get through the mails and reach him.

Gregory M. Beach
Heidelberg College
Tiffin, Ohio

I am a foreign student who, under the misconception that it was a free and democratic society in the pursuit of happiness for all, chose to further my education in this country. I fail to see how correspondence between two persons of the same taste could have any effect upon the happiness of others if it were not publicized by the Post Office Department.

I fear that I shall have to conduct my future correspondence in my native Iranian in order to stay free of reprisals.

In all my travels in Europe and the Near and Middle East, I never saw people so disgusted with the law and so frightened of the courts as they are in this country, with the exception, of course, of Yugoslavia.

F. Fatemi
Susanville, California

Anyone who has had experience with dictatorship is well aware that the first liberties to be suppressed are those involving communication. When citizens are afraid to communicate with each other, they are more likely to feel alone and defeated, and will surrender all their other liberties readily.

If the Post Office Department, or any other Government agency, violates a person's constitutional rights, that person should consult a lawyer right away and then write to a column such as this in the hope that publicity will deter further illegality.

S. T. Stocker, II
New Orleans, Louisiana

I have written to Senator Edward Long, saying, among other things:

The suggestion that officials of the Post Office Department have engaged in practices such as the "planting" of advertisements in order to elicit "obscene" mail is particularly serious, for it is clearly against the law for an official of the Government to entice or encourage lawbreaking.

It has become too easy and too common to accept the dictates of society unthinkingly and to avoid developing a personal morality based on one's own reason. But the only act or decision that is inherently immoral is the decision not to act and not to decide. The unthinking acceptance of anyone else's morality,

Et tu, Brut?



**Bold new
Brut
for men.
By Fabergé.**

For after shave, after shower,
after anything! **Brut.**

and our unspoken permission to society, or the post office, to enforce an arbitrary code of action, is therefore immoral.

Eugene C. Gratz
University of Toronto
Toronto, Ontario

As you are aware, a great many of my colleagues and I are deeply concerned about some of the methods used by our Government during the course of its investigation of alleged criminal behavior. There is, of course, grave doubt as to the constitutionality of some of the procedures used.

Abraham J. Multer
U. S. House of Representatives
Washington, D. C.

POST-OFFICE RESPONSE

For your interest I am enclosing a copy of the response I have received from the United States Post Office Department to my inquiry with regard to the letters published in *The Playboy Forum*.

Everett McKinley Dirksen
United States Senate
Washington, D. C.

We wish to express our appreciation to Senate Minority Leader Everett M. Dirksen and to a number of his fellow Congressmen—including Senators Joseph S. Clark (Pennsylvania), Daniel K. Inouye (Hawaii), Jacob K. Javits (New York) and Edward V. Long (Missouri); and Representatives Silvio O. Conte (Massachusetts), William D. Hathaway (Maine), Melvin R. Laird (Wisconsin), Sidney R. Yates (Illinois) and J. Arthur Younger (California)—for their prompt response to PLAYBOY's disclosure of improper Post Office Department practices in cases of alleged obscenity in the personal correspondence of private citizens.

The letter sent to Senator Dirksen by the Post Office Department, in reply to his inquiry into the matter, appears below.

Honorable Everett M. Dirksen
United States Senate
Washington, D. C.

Dear Senator:

This is in reply to your recent inquiry relative to a communication sent you by Mr. Richard A. Whitaker, Chicago, Illinois, in which concern is expressed regarding alleged invasion of postal privacy. Assertions to this effect have appeared in a recent issue of PLAYBOY magazine under the headings "Postal Entrapment" and "Invasion of Postal Privacy." The editor recommends that readers write letters of protest to the Postmaster General and to certain members of Congress. Consequently, a number of inquiries on this same subject have recently been received . . .

We appreciate that the printing

of unidentified and unconfirmed accounts in this manner coupled with such editorial comment may give rise to questions regarding procedures which postal inspectors follow in discharging their clearly defined investigative responsibilities under Federal statute. While we regret that unfounded fears regarding the sanctity of the United States Mails are created in this fashion, we sincerely hope that the following information may restore the matter to a more factual basis.

The postal obscenity statute (18 USC 1461) represents an Act of Congress and historically dates back to 1865 when the first of such legislation was enacted into law. Congress had resolved that the United States Mails should not be used to convey obscene material. The Supreme Court has upheld the constitutionality of the statute and court decisions have specifically held that the prohibition applies equally to private letters. All of the states have additional laws dealing with the possession and/or distribution of obscene material.

Postal inspectors present their evidence to the appropriate United States Attorney and determination as to whether prosecution will be undertaken lies solely within that official's judgment, which judgment is made in light of the provisions of the statute and controlling court decisions.

In those investigations involving dual jurisdiction, postal inspectors collaborate with other law-enforcement agencies at national, state and local levels. When prosecution is undertaken by state or local rather than Federal officials, the same legal safeguards protecting the accused are observed.

The Post Office Department has no authority nor desire to open or otherwise practice censorship in any form over first-class mail. The following provisions of Section 4057 of Title 39, U. S. Code are scrupulously observed.

Only an employee opening dead mail by authority of the Postmaster General, or a person holding a search warrant authorized by law may open any letter or parcel of the first class which is in the custody of the Department.

Evidence reaches the hands of postal inspectors through many legal channels. It should be apparent to all that evidence that might stem from illegal "entrapment" or violation of the aforesaid postal regulation cannot form the basis for prosecution as it would be totally inadmissible in

court. The United States Attorney scrutinizes not only the evidence but its origin as well, after which he must consider whether it will withstand the full legal glare of disclosure required before judge and jury. That illegal methods are not practiced in the collection of evidence may be illustrated somewhat by the fact that for years convictions have resulted in 99 percent of all cases brought annually to trial for postal violations.

The sanctity of the seal on first-class mail was certified to by me before the Senate Subcommittee on Administrative Practice and Procedure on February 23, 1965, when I stated in part, "When a person puts first-class postage on a piece of mail and seals it, he can be sure that the contents of that piece of mail are secure against illegal search and seizure." That prior to August 1964 mail of delinquent taxpayers in a relatively few instances was turned over to the Internal Revenue Service in response to a legal notice of levy under Title 26 USC 6331-6334 is in no way contradictory of my testimony. Public Law 89-44 enacted by Congress on June 21, 1965, has now served to specifically exempt mail from such levy.

The Post Office Department will, of course, continue to discharge its responsibility as regards the postal obscenity statute and you may be sure that appropriate legal standards will continue to be observed in so doing.

With very best wishes,

H. B. Montague
Chief Inspector
Post Office Department
Washington, D. C.

Chief Postal Inspector H. B. Montague's explanation of postal policy and procedure regarding alleged obscenity in private correspondence is inconsistent with his expressed intention to "restore the matter to a more factual basis." He states that the postal obscenity statute applies equally to public communication and private correspondence, but the U.S. Supreme Court and the Department of Justice disagree.

The Supreme Court definition of obscenity, as established in "Roth vs. U. S." and subsequent decisions, is clearly intended for publications rather than for private mail. Justice William Brennan has stated that three separate elements "must coalesce" in order for a work to be considered obscene: "It must be established that (a) the dominant theme of the material taken as a whole appeals to a prurient interest in sex; (b) the material is patently offensive because it affronts contemporary community standards relating to the description of sexual matters; and (c) the material is utterly without redeeming social value."

Alka-Seltzer®



On The Rocks

You haven't tried it yet?
Oh boy.
Alka-Seltzer On The Rocks
works just like Alka-Seltzer
Off The Rocks . . . only
it's good enough to drink.
Maybe even delicious?
And even today, in 1966,
nothing relieves an upset

stomach and summer
headache faster . . . or better
than good old Alka-Seltzer.
Try it at a picnic.
Try it at the beach.
Plop two Alka-Seltzers in
water. Let it bubble away
a few seconds. Add ice.
A slice of lime. Cheers.

It is certainly possible for personal correspondence, exchanged between consenting individuals, to fail the "prurient interest" test. But how can private mail possibly "affront contemporary community standards," when the community isn't exposed to it? And how can "redeeming social value," which is the standard of art and literature, be applied to a private letter? Personal mail, by its very nature, obviously cannot fit the Supreme Court's definition of obscenity.

The Chief Inspector erroneously implies that the Post Office Department has a Congressional mandate and Supreme Court approval to probe into the privately expressed sex attitudes of American citizens; moreover, he comments that "all of the states have additional laws dealing with the possession and/or distribution of obscene material," but fails to mention the pertinent fact that these statutes are primarily concerned with commercial obscenity. Indeed, some of these statutes specifically exclude as an offense the private possession of even hard-core pornography, as long as no public display, distribution or commercial exploitation is involved.

But the Post Office Department's curious preoccupation with privately exchanged erotica becomes even odder when we realize that the official policy stated in the Chief Inspector's letter supposedly "applies equally" to both public and private postal obscenity; because, in actual practice, the postal investigation of private correspondence involves not only entrapment, invasion of privacy, intimidation and harassment, but the application of much more suppressive obscenity criteria than has been established for publications. And some like-minded U.S. Attorneys actually indict, and U.S. courts convict, citizens accused of postal obscenity, when the so-called "offense" involves nothing more than a few sexually explicit references in a personal letter to a friend—though similar passages appear in numerous contemporary novels, where they are widely read by the general public.

In one such case ("Darnell vs. U.S."), a United States Circuit Court of Appeals upheld the conviction of a Connecticut man for using two allegedly obscene words, prompting dissenting Court of Appeals Judge Leonard P. Moore to state: "These are the identical words used dozens of times in 'Lady Chatterley's Lover' and in any war-story best seller containing dialog between members of the armed forces of various nations. . . . The trial judge pronounced his conviction at the close of the testimony. This result I find quite in conflict with the decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States and New York's highest court. . . . If this letter, so patently not intended to pander to the 'prurient,' and not doing so when read

in its entirety, keeping in mind its purpose (quite largely informational), is to be held the means of imposing a criminal conviction upon this young man, then we really have cause for worry. '1984' and 'Big Brother' are already here."

The "Big Brother" reference is apt, for the postal investigation of private correspondence frequently appears to be less concerned with obscenity (real or imagined) than with the punishment of personal morality that the postal inspector (prosecutor, judge or jury) happens to find offensive. The firsthand accounts of postal prosecution and persecution published in "The Playboy Forum," in the December 1965, January, April and July, 1966, issues, provide an accurate picture of the highhanded manner in which many of these investigations are conducted.

The January "Forum" included a warning from a reader who had discovered, by his own arrest and conviction, that sexual comments in private correspondence with friends can result in a charge of obscenity. The postal inspectors emphasized, he wrote, "that the presence of any one of the common four-letter Anglo-Saxon words in a letter, in whatever context, was proof of the obscenity of that letter and could be considered grounds for prosecution. . . . The judge fully accepted the post-office standard and ruled out any evidence bearing on what was permissible in other circumstances, or pertaining to the kind, intent or nature of the correspondence. . . .

"A number of my friends, whose addresses or letters were seized at my home, have had 'visits' by post-office inspectors. . . . The postal inspectors who arrested me and who were quite talkative during our trip to the police station told me that 90 percent of their activity was devoted to investigating private correspondence, and that every raid netted them from three to ten good leads."

Several of the personal accounts of post-office investigations published in "Forum" have included examples of entrapment, although Chief Inspector Montague denies that this practice is permitted. A postal inspector we interviewed the other day also denied that entrapment is an investigative practice. In an unguarded moment, however, he confessed that he and his associates do send out decoy letters to suspected correspondents. But genteel gentlemen that they are, they prefer to call this entrapment bait a "test correspondence."

A Kansas City couple were charged with postal obscenity when they responded to a phony newspaper ad soliciting members to a spouse-swapping club and subsequent enticing "test correspondence" from a supposedly like-minded individual who turned out to be a Federal agent. The husband and wife were coerced into pleading guilty

to a state obscenity charge to avoid prosecution under the more serious Federal statute; they were given suspended sentences of a year, with two years' probation. Although the case received no publicity, the husband was forced to resign from his job after his employer was informed.

The Kansas City case, described in detail by the husband in our December 1965 issue, is one of those that Chief Inspector Montague dismisses as "unidentified and unconfirmed accounts." Names have been withheld in the "Forum" when individuals specifically requested anonymity, to spare them further harassment and humiliation; but all of these accounts of investigative irresponsibility have been confirmed and our readers can accept them as fact.

If the Chief Inspector is opposed to the use of postal entrapment, as he implies, here is a current case, clearly identified and confirmed, that deserves his immediate attention—although it is already too late to do anything more than help pick up the pieces of another life shattered by the senseless misuse of the postal obscenity statute.

John Morgan, 52, superintendent of schools at Harlingen, Texas, and a pillar of his community (a deacon in the First Baptist Church of Harlingen, a member of the Rotary Club and the incoming president of the United Fund in the Lower Rio Grande Valley), has been indicted by a Federal Grand Jury on three counts of "sending obscene and lascivious matter through the mail." A UPI story in The Dallas Morning News reports, "A spokesman for the U. S. Attorney's office said Morgan was charged with corresponding with two women, one in New Jersey and the other in Ohio. The alleged involvement in the dirty letter mailings came when a postal official in Dallas intercepted what he said was an obscene letter mailed by Morgan to one of the two women."

This report that a postal official "intercepted" Morgan's private correspondence seems to belie all of the Chief Inspector's reassuring words about the sanctity of first-class mail. But our own investigation of the case has uncovered an important fact not mentioned in the newspaper account: It wasn't necessary for the incriminating letter to be "intercepted," because of circumstances that do the Post Office Department no more credit than if a postal inspector actually had tampered with the superintendent's mail prior to delivery. It appears that the pair of passionate pen pals with whom Mr. Morgan had been corresponding were actually a "front" for postal authorities from the outset—established for the specific purpose of entrapping unsuspecting citizens into violations of the postal obscenity law. They were individuals in the employ of the U. S. Post Office Department, engaged in erot-



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He knew he was a dead ringer for "Forty-Love" Laverne—the dangerous sock saboteur who used tennis as a cover.

But how to carry off the impersonation? Then he thought of it! Put his right arm in a sling and always wear Sportlon athletic socks.


If that wasn't "Forty-Love," then his name wasn't The Man from Interwoven!

You really know your socks if you know "The Sportlon": only white athletic sock that's really white.

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ic correspondence with John Morgan until his letters had become "obscene and lascivious" enough to suit their purpose. Then he was arrested.

We devoted a major portion of the April "Forum" to a condemnation of what we consider to be improper investigative practices on the part of the Post Office Department in cases of alleged obscenity in private correspondence; two accounts of personal experiences from readers printed in that issue involved further examples of postal entrapment, with widely differing results. In one case, the reader had responded to a letter allegedly written by a "young couple (very broad-minded)," and wound up serving time as a "sex offender" in the U.S. Penitentiary in Terre Haute, Indiana. In the other case, the reader had answered a provocative ad in the "Personals" column of a newspaper, but the only reply he received was a personal visit from a postal inspector; he hadn't written anything incriminating enough to warrant prosecution, so he was let off with a warning, and one thing more—the young man lost his job after the postal inspector contacted his employer.

One of the most irresponsible aspects of these obscenity investigations is the lack of discretion used by postal inspectors when making their inquiries. Indeed, the insidious practice of informing a suspect's family and employer occurs so often—even when the investigation fails to justify an indictment—that something far more sinister than indiscretion may be suspected.

Bernard Fensterwald, Jr., Chief Counsel of Senator Edward Long's Subcommittee on Administrative Practice and Procedure, which has been investigating postal invasions of privacy, states that informing the employer of a suspect is such a common practice in these obscenity investigations that it can virtually be considered postal policy; and such extralegal harassment frequently serves as an alternative to legal action. The Chief Counsel of the Subcommittee made these statements in response to an inquiry from Senator William Proxmire (prompted by letters from PLAYBOY readers). Fensterwald concluded his letter: "We have protested strongly to the Post Office Department that this whole procedure is a grossly unwarranted invasion of privacy. . . . It is my understanding that this procedure will be stopped. If not, it is my intention to suggest to the Chairman of the Subcommittee that we have further hearings on this matter."

But the most damning evidence of all came to light just a few days after Chief Postal Inspector Montague dogmatically asserted, in his letter to Senator Dirksen, that the postal obscenity statute's "prohibition applies equally to private letters." Though Montague makes no mention of it (understandably, since the new information completely contradicts his

attempted justification of postal procedure), the Department of Justice for the past two years has had an official policy against prosecuting cases of allegedly obscene private correspondence, except where individuals have been involved for commercial gain, have been repeated offenders or are involved in other circumstances "which may fairly be characterized as aggravated."

This hitherto unpublicized policy—flagrantly ignored by postal inspectors and a great many U.S. Attorneys as well—was revealed in an unusual Justice Department memorandum to the Supreme Court in a recent, highly significant case ("Redmonds vs. United States"). The case involved a married couple convicted of violating the Federal obscenity statute for having nude photographs of themselves (including genitalia) processed and mailed by a North Carolina correspondence club that specialized in putting "broad-minded persons" in touch with one another. What made the Justice Department's memorandum so unusual was that it sided with the defendants, requesting the Supreme Court to reverse their convictions. Solicitor General Thurgood Marshall explained the Government's position as follows:

"The Department of Justice has a responsibility for the control of Government litigation that is not confined to avoiding legal error but extends to the formulation and implementation of appropriate prosecutorial policies. In recognition of that responsibility, we have concluded that the initiation of the instant prosecution was not in accord with policies which had previously been formulated within the Department for the guidance of United States Attorneys. For that reason, and in the interest of justice, the [case against these defendants] should be dismissed.

"The policy of the Department was set forth in a memorandum to United States Attorneys, dated August 31, 1964. That memorandum concerns the handling of obscene private correspondence cases and makes the following points which are relevant here.

"1. The primary objective of prosecution should be to restrain the exploitation of obscene private correspondence for commercial gain, such as, by the sale or solicitation of sale of obscene materials, or by the operation of a correspondence club for paying participants.

"2. The principal thrust of prosecution should be directed toward those who are the prime movers in such endeavors.

"3. It is the Department's view that generally no useful purpose is served by a felony conviction of individuals who have willingly exchanged private letters, although obscene. This is not to say that prosecution may never be instituted in such cases. Rather, it is our view that prosecution should be the exception

confined to those cases involving repeated offenders or other circumstances which may fairly be characterized as aggravated. . . ."

The Court, in response to the Justice Department's plea and "upon an independent examination of the record," unanimously reversed the conviction of the couple involved. Significantly, three justices added that they "would reverse this conviction, not because it violates the policy of the Justice Department, but because it violates the Constitution." The decision now effectively becomes the law of the land, and the Postal Inspection Service, which has relentlessly persisted in snooping into first-class mail despite Senatorial watchdogging and despite the policy pronouncements of the Justice Department, must finally discontinue its invasions of postal privacy.

In view of a recent announcement by Postmaster General Lawrence O'Brien that "shoddy postal service" will no longer be tolerated, we think the Department should be delighted at the curtailment of its investigative activities. In a New York Times article headlined "O'BRIEN ORDERS SPEED-UP AS VOLUME AND COMPLAINTS RISE," the Postmaster General was quoted as saying, "I want effective action now by all postal people to bring about a very substantial improvement in service."

We can think of a number of "postal people" who have been spending their time in activities not one bit related to improving post-office service. We recommend that they be employed to investigate complaints about slow delivery and nondelivery of the mail rather than to snoop into its contents. We also recommend that the Post Office Department heed the words of Judge Thurman Arnold, who commented when the Department censorship of second-class mail was curtailed in the "Esquire" case, "Post Office officials should experience a feeling of relief if they are limited to the more prosaic function of seeing to it that 'neither snow nor rain nor heat nor gloom of night stops these couriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds.'"

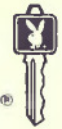
NO HIDING PLACE DOWN HERE

While PLAYBOY is fixing its gaze on the espionage of the Post Office Department's steaming-teakettle division, equally insidious and aggressive invasions of our liberties are going on throughout the whole Government. The snoopers, to quote the immortal Bard, "come not as single spies but in whole platoons"; and they are armed with the latest and sneakiest electronic devices. According to a recent issue of *Life* magazine, "The number-one big-league free-lance eavesdropper and wire tapper in the U.S." said recently when driving through the West Side of Manhattan.

(continued on page 144)



Playboy Club News



VOL. II, NO. 73

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SPECIAL EDITION

YOUR ONE PLAYBOY CLUB KEY
ADMITS YOU TO ALL PLAYBOY CLUBS AUGUST 1966

PLAYBOY NOW IN 16 CITIES; LONDON CLUB SWINGING; FOUR NEW U.S. CLUBS PLANNED! APPLY NOW AND SAVE \$25

CHICAGO (Special) — Playboy's chain of fun-filled Bunny hutches is 16 links long with the opening of our new £1,600,-000 London Club. British keyholders, celebrities and guests have been thronging Playboy's exclusive rooms, gaming tables and *discothèque* nightly, ever since its gala June premiere.

You, as a Playboy Club keyholder, possess the famous key to good living, fine dining and exciting entertainment in 16 cities of the Playboy world—and more Clubs are on the way (see locations below). Negotiations are now taking place in the next three Playboy Club cities—Buffalo, Cleveland and Denver—while plans call for our year-round resort in Lake Geneva, Wis., to open in 1967. The new resort will be as luxurious in every detail as the lavish Play-

boy Club-Hotel in Jamaica.

Beautiful Bunnies greet you and direct you to Playboy fun and revelry from coast to coast. When you present your new key to the Door Bunny (she may be a Playmate from the pages of PLAYBOY magazine), closed-circuit TV telecasts your arrival to friends who may be awaiting you.

If you do not yet have your Playboy Club Key, apply now and you can still save \$25 in many areas before the \$50 Resident Key Fee goes into effect. More than 12,000 residents of Arizona, Florida, Illinois, Indiana, Kansas, Louisiana, Missouri and Mississippi have already paid this higher fee.

At Playboy you can dine from the buffet at the same price as a drink (and drinks are a hefty ounce-and-a-half-plus of the finest liquors), enjoy the sights of the lovely Bunnies and sounds of cool jazz, and take in the brightest show in town.

Your Playboy Club Key is the symbol of good living everywhere. Open the door to entertainment and excitement now, when a Playboy Club Key is more valuable than ever. Mail the coupon today and save \$25.



San Francisco Bunnies play tourist and hop onto one of the Bay City's famous cable cars. If you're traveling to San Francisco this year, be sure to visit the Barbary Coast Bunnies at the foot of Telegraph Hill.

Bunny-Hop on Your Cross-Country Trip

CHICAGO (Special) — Now Playboy Club keyholders hold the key to more fun on vacations than ever before. If you're traveling from Boston to San Francisco—or places in between—be sure to pack your Playboy Key and visit the Bunnies along the way. Our beautiful Bunnies in 14 U.S. Playboy cities invite key-carrying travelers to relax in their own Club even while away from home. Top talent in the showrooms, fine food, man-

sized drinks, conviviality and hospitality are found in abundance in all Bunny hutches.

If it's Europe or the Caribbean that's beckoning you, you'll find the Bunnies in London and Jamaica ready to roll out the red carpet for keyholders in foreign ports. Indulge yourself—lounge on our 800-ft. private beach at the Jamaica Playboy Club-Hotel, join in all the sports, enjoy the shows at night. Apply for the key to vacation fun now.



Keyholders savor sizzling steaks, long drinks and cool songs by The Kirby Stone Four in St. Louis Club.



New keyholder presents his gleaming gold, black and white credit key to Playmate-Bunny Terri Kimball at the Chicago Club. Beauties like Terri greet keyholders and guests at Playboy throughout the world.

YOUR ONE KEY ADMITS YOU TO PLAYBOY EVERYWHERE

OPEN—Atlanta • Baltimore
Boston • Chicago • Cincinnati • Detroit • Jamaica
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Gentlemen:

I wish to apply for key privileges.

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ZIP CODE

Key Fee is \$25 except in Arizona, Florida, Illinois, Indiana, Kansas, Louisiana, Missouri and Mississippi, where keys are \$50. (Key Fee includes \$1 for year's subscription to VIP, the Club magazine.) Applicant for key must be male and over 23. The Annual Account Maintenance Charge (currently \$5) is waived for your first year.

☐ Enclosed find \$_____.

☐ Bill me for \$_____.

☐ I wish only information about The Playboy Club.

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Happiness is Al Hirt's Trumpet



Enjoy a cheerful earful as Al Hirt plays his way through twelve light-hearted tunes in a madcap musical romp. He's got the top pop trumpet in the country, and this album proves it's also the happiest horn around. Listen to Al's horn as it takes off on such lively and original tunes as "The Fox," "Pitty Pat," "The Happy Trumpet," along with the recent hit "What the World Needs Now Is Love," and "Skokiaan," the smash African song of a few seasons ago. "Candy Man Jones" features Al's unique vocal treatment, while "Bad Man" and "Pussy Cat" are just great for dancing. If it sounds like we're blowing our horn about this album...we are!



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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: H. L. HUNT

a candid conversation with the ultra-right-wing texas multibillionaire

"As rich as Croesus, as shrewd as a river-boat gambler, as tight as a new pair of shoes" . . . "an alchemist under whose hand everything turns to gold or to controversy" . . . "king of the wildcatters" . . . "last of the real individualists"—these are some of the kinder descriptions of Dallas multibillionaire Haroldson Lafayette Hunt, who even J. Paul Getty concedes is the richest man in the world. Some of the unkind descriptions: "It isn't just that Hunt is to the right of McKinley; he thinks communism started in this country when the Government took over distribution of the mail" . . . "If he had more flair and imagination, if he weren't basically such a damned hick, he could be one of the most dangerous men in America."

While Hunt's enemies of the center and left see him as the sugar daddy of the right, his compatriots on the right grumble that he's free with his advice but not with his cash. An archconservative adversary of liberalism, he voted for John F. Kennedy in 1960. A registered Democrat, he supported Barry Goldwater in 1964. Thus, to friend and foe alike, the 77-year-old billionaire is an irritating enigma. No one—not even his own family—professes to understand him; no one—not even the partners he's made rich—seems to have any idea what drove him to amass his vast fortune; and no one—not even Hunt himself—seems able to explain just what he's trying to accomplish in the political arena.

Perhaps the best clue to the Hunt rid-

dle is his improbable life. Born and bred on a 500-acre farm near Ramsey, Illinois, the youngest of eight children in a prosperous family, he could read and write at three and was adept at the subjects taught in grade school by the time he was old enough to attend—thanks to the tutelage of his mother, the well-bred daughter of a Union Army chaplain whose forebears were French royalty. But he never went to grade school—except during recess periods to play with his friends.

By the time he turned 15, the bucolic charm of farm life had begun to pall, and young "June" (for Junior) packed a saddlebag and set out to seek his fortune. He found it—in spades—but for the first few years, flophouses and hobo jungles were his home, and freight cars his transportation as he roamed the West from one odd job to another: dishwasher, cowboy, lumberjack, laborer, sheepherder, carpenter, mule-team driver. But his main source of livelihood during this picaresque period was his extraordinary skill with a deck of cards. At one point in his wanderings, he bummed a train ride to Valparaiso, Indiana, where, on a whim, he talked his way into some courses at what is now Valparaiso University; within weeks he ranked second in his class, though most of his time was spent on poker, not on study. Quitting after three months, however, he hit the road again, returning to Illinois to run the farm when his father died in 1911. But he didn't stay long. His father

had often spoken about the rich soil around Lake Village, Arkansas, and the next year Hunt, then 23, took his inheritance of a few thousand dollars and bought plantation lands there.

It was then that he began to display his legendary Midas touch—a skillful blending of boldness and timing that led to one coup after another in big-league land speculation. Nine years later, he was a landowner of baronial proportions—and a very wealthy man. But there was a land panic in 1921, and, although he retained his property holdings, Hunt suddenly found himself, for all practical purposes, broke. Undaunted, he got wind of an oil boom near El Dorado, Arkansas, and went down to investigate. By acting as a middleman there between farmers who had leases to sell and newcomers who wanted to buy them, Hunt built up enough capital to drill a well where he felt he would strike oil. He was right. In 1930, Hunt—already a millionaire—went to east Texas to look over another oil strike. The big oil companies looked, too, and decided there wasn't much to it. But Hunt had a hunch there was, and made a deal to acquire the discovery well and adjoining properties; it turned out to be what was then the greatest oil discovery in the history of the world. The money began to come in faster than the gushers: By 1940 he had become a billionaire; and by 1960 he was the richest man in the world.

Today, Hunt rules an empire that is almost as ramified as the operations of



"I carry my lunch to the office. I'm not comfortable having anyone drive me around. I don't like traveling by private plane. And I prefer ready-made suits. I don't go in for a lot of luxury."



"The Communists need not invade the United States. Pro-Communist sentiment in the U. S. is already greater than when the Bolsheviks overthrew the Kerenski government and took over Russia."



"Calvin Coolidge turned in the last successful Administration. He reduced the national debt about 18 percent. And there was no subversive build-up whatever during Coolidge's term in office."

the Federal Government. Financially, he is the equal of at least 2000 millionaires—and perhaps as many as 4000 or 5000; he says he isn't really sure. The Hunt Oil Company, of which he owns 87 percent (his family owns the rest), produced more oil during World War Two than the entire Axis output. Eighty-five percent of the natural gas piped to the Eastern United States to alleviate the 1946 fuel shortage belonged to him. While petroleum remains Hunt's principal source of wealth—he is the largest independent petroleum dealer in the United States—it is far from his only one. He is also the nation's largest farmer, and his businesses—spread all over the world—include not only oil and food products but also real estate, cotton, cattle and timber. What makes Hunt's empire even more remarkable is the fact that it's pretty much a one-man show: He has no stockholders and no board of directors—extraordinary, considering that the Hunt assets are equal to those of such corporate complexes as General Electric.

Although money flows into his coffers at an estimated rate of \$10,000 to \$12,000 an hour, Hunt spurns the life of ease and luxury. He works hard—six days a week—doesn't "throw money around," as he puts it, and prefers to do things himself that most executives delegate to subordinates or secretaries. The one extravagance he allows himself is his home, which he affectionately calls "Mount Vernon," and which is, in fact, modeled after George Washington's famous home. Hunt's is situated on considerably less land than the first President's—only ten acres—but is roughly four or five times larger, though Hunt denies it. True to form, he acquired the mansion during the Depression for a bargain \$60,000.

Oddly enough, in view of his flamboyant financial predilections, Hunt is an extremely shy man, as indicated by his refusal, until age 66, to appear in "Who's Who." He dislikes the limelight, and tolerates it only out of a sense of duty to promote his conservative convictions. "After all," as someone put it, "he has a lot to conserve." It is only since the early Fifties that he has emerged as a public figure. In 1951, he conceived and financed "Facts Forum," a series of radio and television broadcasts, disbanded in 1957, that purported to present both sides of public issues, but which critics said favored the conservative view. "More forum than fact" was the way one commentator characterized the program's anti-Government, anti-foreign aid, anti-UN bias. Hunt's present-day political activities center around "Facts Forum's" even more conservative successor, "Life Line," an admittedly one-sided series of 15-minute right-wing radio broadcasts carried daily on 409 stations throughout the country. He also writes, and syndi-

cates himself, a five-times-weekly column for daily newspapers and a once-a-week column carried by some 30 weekly papers. And he has written four books—all political, and all published by H. L. Hunt Press—the most notable of which is "Alpaca," about a mythical emerging country with a constitution that provides, among other things, for upper-bracket taxpayers to have several times the number of votes granted to lower-income citizens. Hunt's critics call him the country's most powerful propagandist for the extreme right; he probably is. Others claim he's the moneybags behind every reactionary group from the John Birch Society to the Ku Klux Klan; both he and they deny it. And some have even charged him with playing an unspecified conspiratorial role in the assassination of President Kennedy; but there is no evidence whatever to indicate that he did.

To find out how he feels about these and a wide range of other issues, PLAYBOY dispatched a correspondent to Dallas for an exclusive interview with the controversial billionaire. Though he has a reputation for chilly unapproachability—one ex-associate summed up his personality with the remark "How do you warm up to Fort Knox?"—our man found him folksy, friendly, easygoing and even wryly humorous. He was also, however, both ambiguous and evasive in his replies to many of the more probing questions. But the interview was the longest he's ever granted—the first, in fact, ever published in interview form—and we feel that it affords a revealing glimpse of its complex and contradictory subject.

Surprisingly spry, fit (a sturdy 200-pound six-footer) and mentally alert for a man of his age, Hunt is a health-food faddist who neither smokes nor drinks. He used to chain-smoke cigars, he told us, but gave them up because "it was costing \$300,000 of my time per year just to unwrap them." After a pleasant supper at Hunt's Mount Vernon, followed by a family hootenanny of hymns and barbershop-type ballads—with the billionaire himself leading some of them—we sat down in the den, waited patiently for Hunt to arrange the fireplace logs just the way he wanted them, and opened our interview by quoting something another famous billionaire had once said about him.

PLAYBOY: J. Paul Getty has been quoted as saying, "In terms of extraordinary, independent wealth, there is only one man—H. L. Hunt." Are you really the richest man in the world?

HUNT: I think that Mr. Getty uses me as an alibi for the people who are trying to smear him as being the wealthiest man in the world.

PLAYBOY: Why do you say "smear"? Do you consider it insulting to be called the wealthiest man in the world?

HUNT: Well, the way I was thinking, I don't think that anyone attributes me with being wealthy because he might admire me. I know that nearly all the opponents of liberty exaggerate my wealth and how I use it. Even about my home, Mount Vernon. They say it is five or ten times as large as George Washington's Mount Vernon, but as a matter of fact, my house isn't any more than five or ten percent bigger than George Washington's.

PLAYBOY: Drew Pearson once described you as "symbolic of the lusty Texas tycoon who flashes \$1000 bills, drapes his women in mink, and turns in his Cadillac when they get dirty." What's your reaction to this description?

HUNT: Those things that Drew Pearson says are just about as truthful as some of the other things he is noted for saying.

PLAYBOY: Do you flash \$1000 bills?

HUNT: Never.

PLAYBOY: Do you carry any on your person?

HUNT: I'm not that foolish, but thanks for a helpful credit rating.

PLAYBOY: Do you drape your women in mink?

HUNT: Mrs. Hunt and my daughters are my women, and they don't seem to think I do. But we live in a warm climate, so they never complain.

PLAYBOY: What about trading in your Cadillac when they get dirty?

HUNT: The only times I've had a Cadillac were when the office bought one for me—once or twice. I would drive it two or three hundred miles, but would not continue. I like smaller cars.

PLAYBOY: Is it true, as rumored, that you have no chauffeur; that you always fly on commercial airlines, never by private plane; that you have no tailor-made suits; and that you carry your lunch to work in a brown paper bag?

HUNT: I do carry my lunch to the office, because it saves me a lot of time and it enables me to eat the special health foods I enjoy. I'm not comfortable having anyone drive me around; I enjoy driving myself. I don't like private planes. And I prefer ready-made suits.

PLAYBOY: Why don't you live like a billionaire, or even like a millionaire?

HUNT: I feel like I'm living high.

PLAYBOY: What do you like to spend your money on?

HUNT: Food and clothing.

PLAYBOY: Anything else?

HUNT: No, I don't think so. I don't drink. I haven't smoked for about 15 or 20 years. I don't go in for a lot of luxury. I don't throw money away.

PLAYBOY: You have a reputation as a gambler. How much gambling do you do?

HUNT: I haven't bet as much as ten cents in the past eight years. I used to bet for fun. It was a diversion.

PLAYBOY: One of your employees was once quoted as saying that you are "probably one of the ten best poker players in the country." Is he right?

HUNT: Well, I quit playing poker in 1921, and as far as I know, I was the best.

PLAYBOY: Some people say that you won your first oil lease in a poker game, others that you won it in a dice roll. Did gambling luck give you your big start?

HUNT: No, not at all. When I made my first oil play, I had already made and lost big money in business transactions.

PLAYBOY: How did you get your start?

HUNT: I grew up out West working on ranches and in the woods as a lumberjack. Then I inherited some money when I was 22 years old.

PLAYBOY: How much?

HUNT: Quite a lot. Five or six thousand dollars.

PLAYBOY: What did you do with it?

HUNT: I went South and bought plantation land. The country where I bought in the Mississippi Delta in Arkansas hadn't overflowed for 35 years, but it overflowed the first year I was there. And the next year it overflowed again. The year after that was 1914, and I was making a bale of cotton to the acre, but World War One started and cotton dropped to five cents a pound. Then, in 1918, a great land boom started, and I sold the first land I had bought and bought another plantation. Then I bought and sold farm, timber and plantation lands. Later, when all the land values collapsed—including mine—I left my plantations temporarily and went to an oil strike in El Dorado, Arkansas, and got in on the oil boom. I began trading in leases there.

PLAYBOY: If the value of your properties had collapsed, how could you afford to trade in oil leases?

HUNT: I would contact someone who was not leasing, get a price from him, and then see if I could sell the lease to someone else at a small profit.

PLAYBOY: What did you do with the profit you accumulated?

HUNT: At the end of about five or six months, I acquired a half-acre lease, paid freight and demurrage on an old rotary drilling rig and drilled a well. It finally paid out just about what it had cost me. In the meantime, I had acquired other leases in the fields south of El Dorado. The reason I played southeast of the discovery was because the prices northwest, where most people expected the field to extend, were too high for me. Anyhow, I drilled three or four wells there and brought in gushers.

PLAYBOY: Is that where you made your first million?

HUNT: Well, I don't know. It's pretty hard to tell.

PLAYBOY: You don't remember when you became a millionaire?

HUNT: It's hard to tell. Later on, I drilled in the West Smackover fields, north of El Dorado, and drilled about 40 wells. They were nice, small wells. During that time, I had one man in the office, and I

did the field work with one superintendent. I sold half interest in those 40 wells for \$600,000. It was mostly in notes, but the notes were bankable. So I may have been worth a million dollars around that time.

PLAYBOY: When you went to east Texas in 1930, you were said to have paid a flat \$1,000,000 for "Dad" Joiner's famous discovery well, the Number One Daisy Bradford. Is that true?

HUNT: No, that is not exactly the sequence. From 1921 to 1929, I operated in north Louisiana, south Arkansas and Oklahoma, where I had more than a hundred oil wells. Then, when the Joiner discovery was made, I went over there and saw it drill-stem-tested. I believed in drill-stem-testing, and I spent all the money I had and could raise for leases on the well's east side, which was higher geologically, but was dry. Later, I bought the Joiner property.

PLAYBOY: If you had already spent all the money you had or could raise on leases, how did you pay for the property?

HUNT: With credit. I borrowed \$30,000 from a storekeeper who liked to lend me money. He was urging me to buy Joiner's properties. The large companies wouldn't buy them, because he didn't have any abstracts. They didn't think much of the east Texas strike. The storekeeper said he would take a 20-percent interest with me, and so our joint account borrowed \$30,000 cash plus some short-term notes for \$45,000, and the rest of the payment was about \$1,200,000 in oil, if and when produced. Unexpectedly, it produced on the low side.

PLAYBOY: When did you make your first billion?

HUNT: A billion dollars sounds like a lot of loose talk. A person like me is not apt to make a billion dollars frequently.

PLAYBOY: Did you make your first billion in oil?

HUNT: Mostly. I also bought or invested in some other things—real estate and a food company with its own brand name, which is not connected in any way with Hunt Foods. But mostly I made it in the oil business.

PLAYBOY: What ambition drove you to amass such a vast fortune?

HUNT: Well, I don't go in for a lot of luxury, as I told you. And I don't care anything about power; I don't think I've really had that much anyway. I just like to do things. When I got to transacting business for myself, I just wanted to do more of whatever I was doing.

PLAYBOY: You mean you acquired a fortune because you like to keep busy?

HUNT: Well, it's been interesting and a diversion. I don't have any hobbies.

PLAYBOY: You once said that you wanted to use your wealth "for the greater benefit of mankind." Do you feel that you have?

HUNT: I have never been very sanctimo-

nious along those lines. And so I doubt that I said that, because I feel that people who have wealth should not throw their money around; to do so makes good propaganda for the Communists. When someone who has a reputation for having a lot of money spends it foolishly, the Communists can use that as an argument against private enterprise, capitalism and the incentive system.

PLAYBOY: Is it foolish to spend your money for the benefit of mankind?

HUNT: People who have wealth should use it wisely, in a way that will do society the most good. They should be careful that in making supposedly charitable gifts their money will not be used to destroy or impair the American system and promote atheism.

PLAYBOY: How and by whom are charitable gifts used in this way?

HUNT: The answer to that can be found by anyone who investigates the situation a little. I don't want to go into it. Anyway, as I was saying, rather than give money away where it will often do more harm than good, people with property should provide gainful employment and take pride in their personnel. I don't feel the Communists can make much propaganda if this is done. By furnishing employment to a good number of people, I think I perform the greatest philanthropy I could engage in.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe in any other form of philanthropy?

HUNT: My contributions and donations are not large and they are not publicized. I don't think you can do much good by giving money to people—and that applies to nations giving money to other nations as well. It's just contrary to human nature.

PLAYBOY: We gather that you don't give much to charity, then.

HUNT: I don't specialize in it. Many of the foundations which I think are trying to destroy freedom are widely considered charities.

PLAYBOY: In what way are they trying to destroy freedom?

HUNT: Foundations might try to destroy our country as Alger Hiss and Harry Dexter White were trying to destroy it. Nearly all the foundations are influenced by those who seek to destroy our country.

PLAYBOY: Who? How?

HUNT: I don't feel like naming names, so I won't, but these men often command and use money paid to the Government in taxes. The liberty side is outfinanced a thousand to one.

PLAYBOY: You are often credited with financing a great number of right-wing groups. What political groups do you help support?

HUNT: None. I have made contributions to persons running for office when I thought they were running against someone pretty bad. I donate to individuals rather than to groups.

PLAYBOY: You were a friend of the late



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FROM FIRESTONE

Senator Joseph R. McCarthy. Did you ever support him financially?

HUNT: No. I was reported to have done so, but I did not.

PLAYBOY: Were you in sympathy with his views?

HUNT: I was very much in favor of his opposition to communism.

PLAYBOY: Do you disagree with those who claim that McCarthy was irresponsible in his charges and destroyed reputations on the basis of inadequate evidence?

HUNT: I highly approve of anyone dedicated to opposing and fighting communism. I do not pick minor faults they may have, nor do I quarrel with their methods. When someone is accused of pro-communism, his reputation is not endangered unless he is pro-Communist. If he is not guilty, and really loves his country, the falsity of that appellation will amplify his true worth and redound to his credit. McCarthy himself was smeared a great deal. He was called, for example, a stooge of *Facts Forum*, a group I helped support. At the same time, *Facts Forum* was called a front for McCarthy. Actually, McCarthy appeared on *Facts Forum* programs once or twice, whereas liberal Senator Sparkman of Alabama was on about two dozen times. If we had men in the Senate today like Pat McCarran and Joe McCarthy, South Vietnam would not be in such bad shape, because they would have kept the Senate and the nation constantly alerted to the Communist menace in that part of the world—years ago, when we should have known what was coming there.

PLAYBOY: You became actively involved in national politics in 1951 with *Facts Forum* and other projects. You were in your 60s then. Why didn't you start when you were younger?

HUNT: When I was a cotton planter in Arkansas, I made the trip all the way to Illinois to vote for Teddy Roosevelt for President. That was when I was 23, so I guess I have been interested in public affairs for quite some time now. As I became older, and maybe wiser, I became increasingly concerned about losing our freedoms, so I have tried hard to help halt that trend.

PLAYBOY: What freedoms have we lost?

HUNT: I have no persecution complex and no inclination to recite freedoms I have lost. Nearly anyone who has reached the age of reason can name many freedoms he is losing, among them the right to contract.

PLAYBOY: How is the right to contract being lost?

HUNT: Ask some people you know in business; they'll tell you.

PLAYBOY: What will they tell us?

HUNT: Ask some of them.

PLAYBOY: What are the other freedoms you feel we're losing?

HUNT: We are also losing the right to keep a fair share of the money we earn and a fair share of the profits we make.

Wage earners pay about 80 percent of the personal income taxes and Social Security taxes collected by the Government.

PLAYBOY: Let's discuss income taxes and Social Security later. You said you've tried to help halt the trend toward loss of freedom. How?

HUNT: I have constructively campaigned against communism since 1933. I succeeded in a one-man campaign to get the states to ratify the no-third-term amendment, the 22nd Amendment, the only amendment ratified four years after it had been submitted to the state legislatures. I started *Facts Forum*, as you mentioned, to which TV and radio gave \$5,000,000 of free time per year. *Facts Forum* carried debates between outstanding national figures and was aired on two thirds of the TV stations in existence at the time. Senators Sparkman, Kefauver, Humphrey and Kennedy appeared on *Facts Forum*. The pro-Communists complained bitterly about this series, which presented both sides of public-affairs issues. *Facts Forum* was the predecessor of *Life Line*, which presents religious and public-affairs programs, and adheres closely to the constructive side. I have also written some books—*Alpaca*, *Fabians Fight Freedom*, *Why Not Speak?* and *Hunt for Truth*, a collection of my newspaper columns. I also write columns for dailies and weeklies.

PLAYBOY: How would you label yourself politically?

HUNT: I am a registered Democrat who often votes Republican.

PLAYBOY: What would you call yourself—a middle-of-the-roader? A conservative?

HUNT: A constructive.

PLAYBOY: What's that?

HUNT: A constructive is simply someone who is trying to do the best that can be done in public affairs and elsewhere.

PLAYBOY: You really don't consider yourself a conservative? Most people do.

HUNT: Not a particle. The word "conservative" puts a weight around the necks of the liberty side.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean by liberty?

HUNT: Freedom for the individual to do whatever he likes consistent with organized society and good taste. Now about the word "conservative"—I think it's an unfortunate word. It denotes mossback, reactionary and old-fogysm.

PLAYBOY: How does the word "constructive" differ?

HUNT: You can say of anyone or any principle that he or it is "too conservative," and, of course, you can label persons or ideas as being "too liberal." But you can't defame anyone or any idea by saying that the person or the idea is "too constructive." A constructive wants to go forward and do the best which can be done in all events and at all times.

PLAYBOY: To which do you give more of your attention these days—your business interests or your political activities?

HUNT: They're not political activities; they are public-affairs activities. I am nonpartisan, and anything I do along political lines I just do in the hope of getting better people elected to public office and encouraging all officials to serve better.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you support the MacArthur-for-President movement in 1952?

HUNT: I supported him in every way I could. As far as I know I headed the effort.

PLAYBOY: Why do you think he should have been President?

HUNT: MacArthur's rehabilitation of Japan without permitting Communist infiltration, and his known integrity and mental capacities, ensured that his Administration as President would have been an outstanding success. General MacArthur was truly the man of this century. If he had been elected in 1952, this would be a completely different world. Few know how close we came to having it. I had a real fine MacArthur-for-President Committee headquartered in the Conrad Hilton Hotel in Chicago. About two days before the nominating speeches were to be made, I was awakened by Carroll Reece, General Wedemeyer and other top leaders of the Taft campaign staff, informing me that Senator Taft was transferring his delegate strength to General MacArthur and that I should alert my committee and get them working. The committee members were delighted to be aroused at two A.M. and began redoubling their efforts, but at six-thirty A.M., I was notified that Senator Taft had changed his mind and decided to take one ballot before making the transfer. I knew and told the constructive leaders that the one ballot could not be successfully taken and a stampede toward Ike would develop. Polls revealed that the two war heroes were quite evenly matched in popularity. Therefore, MacArthur, if nominated, would have won as easily as Eisenhower won. Therefore, it may be said that General Douglas MacArthur, who was unwilling to deprive Senator Taft of the nomination, came within four and a half hours of becoming President—and the free world came within four and a half hours of being saved.

PLAYBOY: Are you implying that Eisenhower lost the free world?

HUNT: He was an unfortunate choice. He made a lot of mistakes—such as pulling back and not taking Berlin, setting up that city as a tinderbox that might start World War Three. His "salt-of-the-earth" manner enabled him to retain his popularity, dominate Congress and do great harm. I think he was advised by the same school of advisors that had advised Franklin Roosevelt and Harry Truman—the same school of thought.

PLAYBOY: What school of thought is that?

HUNT: Alger Hiss, Harry Dexter White and Lauchlin Currie—who once lived in

the White House and who is now handling United States foreign aid funds in Colombia—can safely be mentioned as being in the early school of Presidential advisors. If he looks hard enough, anyone interested can easily ascertain the names of many in this solid phalanx of Presidential advisors who supplant the influence of the voters electing the President of the United States.

PLAYBOY: By mentioning Alger Hiss, Harry Dexter White and Lauchlin Currie, do you mean to imply that this "school" of advisors is leftist in its leanings?

HUNT: Well, they certainly aren't right-wing extremists.

PLAYBOY: You said that Eisenhower had the same school of advisors as Roosevelt and Truman. What did you think of them as Presidents?

HUNT: F. D. R. was the first President to institute the struggle of class against class. He managed our entry into World War Two after pledging to the mothers of America again and again and again that he would not send their sons into foreign wars.

PLAYBOY: In view of the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, do you think Roosevelt can be taken to task for violating a pledge to the mothers of America?

HUNT: This is a big subject that would require much more time than we have to discuss it.

PLAYBOY: All right. You were giving us your appraisal of Roosevelt as President.

HUNT: In addition to the misjudgments I mentioned, he also broke the two-term tradition, attempted to pack the Supreme Court, and created a myth which must be broken if our country is to survive.

PLAYBOY: What myth?

HUNT: The myth of the indispensable man.

PLAYBOY: What did you think of Truman?

HUNT: Truman knew little and did little and consequently did not do much harm, except to recall MacArthur. But all Presidents since diplomatic recognition of the Soviet Union in 1933 must share the responsibility for the surrender of hundreds of millions of people into Communist domination, because the United States has been capable of dictating the policy of the world since before it entered World War Two. If anyone tells you that since 1933 the number of human beings dominated by communism has increased from 160,000,000 backward Russians to more than a billion human beings, he is not necessarily a right-side extremist crank. It's the duty of the communications media to keep us informed regarding such vital things as this often-forgotten subject.

PLAYBOY: Who do you think was our last good President?

HUNT: I think that Calvin Coolidge turned in the last successful Administration. There was no subversive build-up

whatever in Washington during Coolidge's term in office. As small as the national debt was, he reduced it about 18 percent. Also, he fulfilled Thomas Jefferson's admonition that the government is best which governs least.

PLAYBOY: President Kennedy was a firm believer in the necessity for a strong Federal Government. How did you rate him as President?

HUNT: I rated him high enough as a prospect that I supported him. I expected Kennedy to be as constructive as the philosophy of his Catholic religion should lead him to be, and as constructive as the philosophy of his father should cause him to be.

PLAYBOY: How constructive is that?

HUNT: Catholics are known for being anti-Communist. And I had never seen any evidence of fiscal irresponsibility in the Kennedy family.

PLAYBOY: Did Kennedy turn out to be as "constructive" as you expected?

HUNT: Well, I know that he deplored the betrayal of China to the Communists. He once made a very fine speech about it in which he said, "What our young men had saved, our diplomats and our President have frittered away." I was for practically everything that Jack Kennedy did in public life. I think that his assassination was the greatest blow that ever befell the cause of freedom.

PLAYBOY: But Kennedy was a liberal Democrat. Weren't many of his policies contrary to your views?

HUNT: Well, there were a few things he did that were different from my opinions. He made some mistakes, for example, regarding communism—but in general, I thought he was a good official.

PLAYBOY: What mistakes did he make?

HUNT: You've got me. It becomes difficult to try to enumerate particular mistakes which Jack may have made.

PLAYBOY: As a conservative, weren't you disappointed by his endorsement of deficit spending, civil rights legislation, the test-ban treaty, and so on?

HUNT: Unless there is a turn toward constitutional government and a decrease in pro-Socialist legislation forced through Congress, the Kennedy Administration is likely to appear highly constructive when compared to the Administrations yet to follow.

PLAYBOY: In what way is President Johnson's legislative program "pro-Socialist"?

HUNT: The Administration's program is widely publicized, and everyone is entitled to their own views, whether or not it is pro-Socialist.

PLAYBOY: Which of President Johnson's policies do you consider pro-Socialist?

HUNT: Nearly all of his domestic policies, I fear. I just don't like the whole big trend toward letting the Government do everything. We hear a lot of talk about needing big government because the country is so complex today. It just seems

so complex because we have given up so many of the simple, though hard-to-practice, truths that once made sense of our lives. I'd like to see the Government less centralized, closer to the people.

PLAYBOY: How would you accomplish that?

HUNT: We could easily abolish a good number of bureaus in favor of private enterprise. I am now rewriting my book *Alpaca*, which, in presenting a constitution for emerging nations, provided for an annual review of bureaus by a permanent bureau review board for the purpose of terminating all bureaus which were no longer required and curtailing the activities of the remaining bureaus as much as practical.

PLAYBOY: What Government departments or bureaus do you think should be abolished?

HUNT: All services to the public should be abolished in favor of personal enterprise, where they can be more efficiently and economically performed.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about the efficiency and economy of the Government's War on Poverty?

HUNT: I feel that it has been wastefully mismanaged, has undermined confidence and is a complete failure.

PLAYBOY: Do you think it should be abandoned?

HUNT: If it can't be made workable, yes.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel the same about Federal welfare programs?

HUNT: I thought them all right in writing my book *Alpaca*, where the people were to try to govern themselves. But they may do more harm than good in the United States.

PLAYBOY: Why?

HUNT: Through mismanagement and the catering for votes and political advantage, they are harming the general public and giving some persons and groups an advantage over others.

PLAYBOY: Do you favor any of President Johnson's Great Society programs?

HUNT: I favor the society, with its gradual improvements from July 4, 1776 up to November 22, 1963, which made this the greatest of all nations. The Great Society is expensive to the nation, and it is at variance with the constantly improving society that made America great.

PLAYBOY: In what way?

HUNT: I think it's robbing a lot of people of the pride of accomplishment and the feeling of self-sufficiency by putting them on the dole.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about the recent increase in Social Security taxes?

HUNT: The Social Security money paid into the Government is illegally spent on other projects. Senator Harry F. Byrd has always said that the Social Security fund was bankrupt.

PLAYBOY: Would you elaborate?

HUNT: Social Security is in the nature of insurance, although it is compulsory, and the diverting of funds from proper

reserves to keep Social Security solvent is illegal. They are diverted into the general fund, which underwrites thousands of frivolous projects. Social Security owes hundreds of millions of dollars to the beneficiaries who have paid for insurance, and has no reserve from which to pay them. Beneficiaries are dependent upon taxes yet to be collected.

[According to the Office of Research and Statistics of the Social Security Administration, Social Security tax funds are deposited not in any general fund but in the Federal Old-Age and Survivors Insurance Trust Fund and the Federal Disability Insurance Trust Fund, and can be used only to pay Social Security benefits and administrative expenses.—Ed.]

PLAYBOY: In any case, you'll never need Social Security money yourself.

HUNT: You never can tell.

PLAYBOY: Do you think the present system of graduated income taxes is equitable?

HUNT: I am not a tax expert and have not tried to effect any tax reforms, but I take it for granted that the present schedule could be improved. In general, however, I would say it is likely that the more money the Government raises, the more poorly it will be administered.

PLAYBOY: You've been quoted as saying that upper-bracket taxpayers should have seven times as many votes as those in the lower 40 percent. Wouldn't that be unjust, to say the least?

HUNT: This graduated suffrage you are talking about is from the model constitution in my book *Alpaca*. I have never suggested that the United States adopt this. *Alpaca* was written to stimulate people in the emerging countries to adopt a constitution whereby they would try to govern themselves instead of yielding to a dictatorship. The purpose of graduated suffrage is to persuade the landed gentry and others close to the powers that be to participate in a republic where otherwise they would not take an equal vote with the less provident.

PLAYBOY: It has often been charged that you—and other very wealthy persons like you—get off with paying very little in income taxes because of extensive business deductions. What's your reaction to this charge?

HUNT: If I am on trial, I plead "not guilty" until the charges are made more specific.

PLAYBOY: Doesn't the oil-depletion allowance save you several million dollars in taxes every year?

HUNT: I haven't calculated the amount.

PLAYBOY: There's been some talk in Congress about revoking the allowance. How do you feel about that?

HUNT: Depletion allowances are necessary for all irreplaceable resources. Adequate equipment would not be installed if there was no depreciation allowance. Adequate production of irreplaceable resources would not be developed for

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the benefit of mankind if there was no depletion allowance.

PLAYBOY: Do you think there is much danger of its being eliminated?

HUNT: Not if it is understood. The increased net income for the Government from its elimination would finance the Government three or four days per year. Its elimination would be the equivalent of placing an additional tax between the producer and the consumer. The Government itself would have to take over the job of drilling and producing oil—and at its costs, which are always prohibitive compared with private business costs under the incentive system. The Government would collect far less tax to underwrite these costs than it already does from a healthy oil industry.

PLAYBOY: How much in extra taxes would you have to pay if the depletion allowance were eliminated?

HUNT: Maybe none, for we would have to confine our activities to other business; as I said, the Government would have to produce the oil.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't your radio program, *Life Line*, a big deduction before its tax exemption was withdrawn last year?

HUNT: Its patrons and those who use it for religious and political education are punished with the loss of *Life Line's* tax-exempt status. It was not a tax exemption for me. The cancellation of *Life Line's* tax-exempt status as an educational program was due largely to the misinformed and politically inspired actions of Congressman Wright Patman and Senator Maurine Neuberger, who crusaded to bring pressure on the Internal Revenue Service because they fear an informed public at the polls.

PLAYBOY: Why should they fear an informed public?

HUNT: Those who do the least good for the populace are those who would like most for the populace to be poorly informed.

PLAYBOY: It's been reported that you endorsed Barry Goldwater's Presidential candidacy in 1964. How much good do you think he would have done for the populace as President?

HUNT: My first choices for the Republican nomination were Senator Hruska of Nebraska and Bob Taft, Jr., but I couldn't get either of them to make a move. As far as Goldwater is concerned, his campaign was very, very poor, and if he would have made no better a President than he was a campaigner, I don't think he would have been a very good President. His service in the U. S. Senate, however, was the very best.

PLAYBOY: Do you include his vote against the civil rights bill in this appraisal?

HUNT: He was voting his convictions. I know some have tried to infer that Goldwater was anti-Negro because of this vote, but that's not true. He did much for Negroes in Arizona years ago, long before it was a politically popular issue.

PLAYBOY: Contrary to the claims of his campaign managers, the record indicates that Goldwater did little for Negroes in Arizona either during his years in the Senate or before. But where do you stand on civil rights?

HUNT: That statement regarding Goldwater's record will be interesting to your readers. Regarding my stand on civil rights, my views on the matter are reflected by those of the Negro publisher S. B. Fuller and his great columnist George Schuyler, who ask positions for members of their race only as fast as they are qualified to hold them.

PLAYBOY: What must they do to qualify?

HUNT: To be a bookkeeper, one needs to qualify himself to do the work which a bookkeeper has to do. To be a stenographer, one has to take dictation and type. I believe that nearly any employer will tell an inquirer that he is seeking competent Negro personnel. At the moment, however, there are more positions available than Negroes are qualifying themselves to fill. In regard to the Negro push for equal rights, it should not be forgotten that law-abiding white people are good people and should be treated as such. There are ethnic groups such as Poles and Italians who are seeking only to be treated as respectable, law-abiding citizens should be treated. There are also other Caucasians who are pretty good people and not without merit, regardless of the color of their skin. They look upon the U. S. A. as a land of golden opportunities. There are ample employment opportunities in this country for all those who wish to work. In the freedom of the U. S. A., no one needs to live in an undesirable environment; anyone can improve his living standards and place of residence whenever he wishes.

PLAYBOY: Most civil rights leaders wouldn't agree that this is true for Negroes.

HUNT: Anyone can uplift his lot in life—anyone who really wants to.

PLAYBOY: With a helping hand, perhaps. Are you in favor of integrated schools?

HUNT: They may not be best for Negro pupils and teachers, but I am for whatever the society involved decides.

PLAYBOY: Why wouldn't they be best?

HUNT: Many Negro teachers prefer to teach in Negro schools, and many Negro students prefer to attend Negro schools.

PLAYBOY: Nationwide demonstrations to integrate schools would seem to indicate that the majority feel otherwise. How do you feel about demonstrations?

HUNT: Demonstrations are not the proper way to enact laws. They should not be incited by agitators seeking power and votes.

PLAYBOY: Don't you think Negroes should have the vote?

HUNT: I favor suffrage for all 21 years and older.

PLAYBOY: Even for illiterates?

HUNT: Yes. No one was barred in the

mythical country *Alpaca*.

PLAYBOY: Do you regard Martin Luther King as an "agitator seeking power and votes"?

HUNT: I share J. Edgar Hoover's opinion of him.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying that you agree with Hoover that King is "the biggest liar in the United States"?

HUNT: I cannot detect that King has any regard for the truth, religion, sincerity, peace, morality or the best interest of the Negro people.

PLAYBOY: What effect do you feel the civil rights movement is having on the South?

HUNT: The South is upset. There is prejudice throughout the nation aimed at the South, although the South has handled its problem much better than New York and California. The South is great and will survive.

PLAYBOY: If the South has handled its racial problem better than New York or California, why do you think most civil rights leaders agree that the South has the worst race relations in the nation?

HUNT: Because agitators devote their attacks mostly against the South.

PLAYBOY: If you were President, what actions would you take in the field of civil rights?

HUNT: I don't think one man should decide the relations to be followed in civil rights. He could develop a mania of desiring for all of the white people in the world to be ruled by colored people. The United Nations, Great Britain, the Soviet Union, the United States and Red China apparently intend to enforce that all Caucasians in Africa shall be ruled by non-Caucasians.

PLAYBOY: You have frequently been called a bigot. What's your answer to this charge?

HUNT: I suppose a bigot is whatever someone wants to say of another who disagrees with him. A bigot is expected to be biased, intolerant and have a closed mind. Well, I have a consuming curiosity and always like to hear the different viewpoints. I consider myself open-minded, and therefore not a bigot.

PLAYBOY: You're not anti-Negro?

HUNT: No. I like the Negroes I have known and I believe nearly all of them like me.

PLAYBOY: You've also been called anti-Semitic. Are you?

HUNT: There is no basis for any of this. Just about all my life some of my very best friends have been fine Jewish people. Jews should protect the profit-motive system and oppose all trends toward dictatorship. Under totalitarian government, they would be persecuted as they have been for centuries. I have worked to keep alive the Synagogue Council crusade against anti-Semitism in the Soviet Union. I think I've done more against anti-Semitism in the Soviet Union than anyone else in the United States.

PLAYBOY: What about anti-Semitism in

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the United States? Have you done anything against that?

HUNT: I think so. I try to discourage it in every way possible.

PLAYBOY: You've also been charged with anti-Catholicism. Is there any truth to it?

HUNT: No. Some of my best friends and associates are Catholics, including Cardinal Spellman and the noted Catholic layman Ed Maher of Dallas, who has been treasurer of *Life Line*.

PLAYBOY: The Ku Klux Klan is notoriously anti-Negro, anti-Semitic and anti-Catholic. How do you feel about it?

HUNT: I have had no experience with it. If it practices violence, however, I deplore it, for I deplore all violence.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about the House Committee on Un-American Activities' investigation of the Klan?

HUNT: I suppose it is to placate pro-Communists who are subversive.

PLAYBOY: How will it placate them?

HUNT: Communists and their tolerators abhor the investigations of Communist activities conducted by the Committee. If they can cause the Committee to sidetrack its investigations of Communist subversives to investigate people who are highly opposed to communism, pro-Communists might be placated and feel more kindly toward the Committee. If the Committee exposes Klan violence and money-making rackets, however, the investigations will serve a fine purpose.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel that HUAC's anti-Communist investigations have served a fine purpose?

HUNT: It has served well, but is handicapped by Supreme Court decisions favoring communism.

PLAYBOY: What decisions?

HUNT: I don't want to get into a legal discussion.

PLAYBOY: We take it you oppose the Court's decisions in the field of civil liberties.

HUNT: It has acted illegally in ignoring precedents, and is actually legislating. Any court is supposed to observe precedents; otherwise the lawyers of the land who study past decisions can never know what is "the law of the land." If the Supreme Court takes action outside of its constitutional rights, it is acting illegally. It was never contemplated that the Supreme Court could amend the Constitution, as there are regular procedures for its amendment wherein both houses of Congress and legislatures of the states participate.

PLAYBOY: Many conservatives feel that the Court is unconstitutionally hindering police work and "coddling criminals" by protecting the rights of the accused. Do you agree with them?

HUNT: The Court is befriending criminals, Communists and Socialists.

PLAYBOY: Why do you lump them together? And how is the Court befriending them?

HUNT: Communist activities in the

United States are criminal and can be spoken of along with other criminal offenses. Anyone who reads the papers can find decisions whereby the Court befriends them nearly every day.

PLAYBOY: Do you think the threat of communism in America is very serious?

HUNT: Yes, and I do not understand others who doubt it.

PLAYBOY: In what areas of American life do you feel the Communists are strongest?

HUNT: In the most critical areas.

PLAYBOY: Such as?

HUNT: Some of the most critical areas are the State Department, the Defense Department, the large foundations, the communications media and the entertainment field.

PLAYBOY: What makes you think they are strong in these areas?

HUNT: The United States has been in charge of the world since World War Two, during which time the Communists have taken into domination one third of the world's population.

PLAYBOY: Would the election of a conservative to the Presidency help arrest this trend, in your opinion?

HUNT: I am not a conservative, and as a constructive I am not yet campaigning for 1968. Many may class me as a dangerous right winger.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel that Johnson could be defeated by a conservative in '68?

HUNT: If the inroads of communism cannot be halted, Johnson *should* be defeated by someone who as President could stop the Communist take-over. Unless communism is defeated, it makes no difference who is President. He would be forced to be a stooge.

PLAYBOY: Are you referring to a Communist take-over of the U.S. itself?

HUNT: Yes. The Communist take-over to be feared is the same kind that has taken place in other nations.

PLAYBOY: Do you agree with the Minutemen that there is an actual threat of armed Communist invasion?

HUNT: I shouldn't be asked to agree with the Minutemen. The Communists need not invade the U.S. They are already here in numbers of at least two percent and will rule unless understood and restrained and defeated.

PLAYBOY: How did you arrive at that figure?

HUNT: The pro-Communist sentiment in the United States today is greater than when the Bolsheviks overthrew the Kerenski government and took over Russia, and stronger in the U.S. than in some other countries before the take-over. It has always been agreed that the percent of Communist infiltration prior to their taking over a country has been around two percent or four percent.

PLAYBOY: Whom do you number among this two percent?

HUNT: It would serve no purpose to try to name them, for the people of the U. S. A.

who have all to lose are not sufficiently concerned themselves to find out who they are. Needless to say, however, they are here. The United States cannot afford to permit the Communists to continue taking over from the free world two or three hundred million people per year.

PLAYBOY: Do you think communism has made inroads in the U. S. since Johnson became President?

HUNT: Indeed I do. The demonstrations throughout the nation favoring our Communist enemies and the actions of members of Congress in opposing our war effort indicate Communist inroads. Johnson can be commended in the personnel he is using abroad only in the appointment of Admiral Raborn as the director of the CIA.

PLAYBOY: In general, what do you think of Johnson's foreign policy?

HUNT: I don't approve of Santo Domingo.

PLAYBOY: What don't you approve of?

HUNT: We sent troops in there to prevent the Communists from setting up another beachhead in the Western Hemisphere.

PLAYBOY: You don't think we should have?

HUNT: Of course we should have. But then, after Johnson was advised by McGeorge Bundy and Averell Harriman, the actions that have been taken since then, so far as I can tell—unless changed—will help set up a Communist government there.

PLAYBOY: What actions?

HUNT: Twenty thousand U.S. troops were sent into the Dominican Republic and prevented an immediate Communist seizure of that country. Then President Johnson sent Harriman and McGeorge Bundy to formulate a policy there, and General Wessin y Wessin and other prominent non-Communists were forced into exile.

PLAYBOY: There's been no evidence of a Communist take-over since then. What do you think of Johnson's handling of the war in Vietnam?

HUNT: I think that it would be better to listen to the MacArthur school of thought—General Courtney Whitney, General A. C. Wedemeyer, General Van Fleet, General Bonner Fellers and younger men trained by them. Whatever this school of thought would advise, I think should be followed.

PLAYBOY: What do you think they would advise?

HUNT: That we try to win it, by bombing North Vietnam as much as necessary, by blockading North Vietnam, by using Asiatic troops as far as possible—from South Korea and the Philippines—and by taking advantage of Nationalist China's large and well-trained army.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of our refraining from bombing Hanoi?

HUNT: I think we must do whatever we can to win the war.

PLAYBOY: If we were to bomb Hanoi, do

you think the Red Chinese might enter the war?

HUNT: They're doing an awful lot there now, I suspect. We should do whatever the MacArthur-trained group of strategists thinks.

PLAYBOY: But what if Red China were to send an army into Vietnam?

HUNT: We should do whatever our generals advise us to do.

PLAYBOY: Including bombing China?

HUNT: If that is what they advise, yes.

PLAYBOY: A number of conservatives have proposed that we destroy Red China's nuclear capabilities now, before they become a strong nuclear power. Are you in favor of this?

HUNT: It might not be too bad an idea. Certainly if we had done this to Russia, as General George C. Kenney recommended—which we easily could have done in the 1950s—I feel we wouldn't have nearly as many problems as we do today in the world. Our country would be a good deal more secure. Maybe knocking out Red China's nuclear installations now would prevent China's touching off a Third World War. Five years from now, we might wish we had done it.

PLAYBOY: You wish that we had knocked out the Soviet Union's nuclear capacity?

HUNT: Yes. General Kenney, who was in charge of the Air Force in the Pacific, unfolded a plan to me in 1950 that the U. S. A. should put loaded bombers over Moscow, accompanied by transport planes which could pick up and convey Russia's nuclear material out of Russia, and tell "Joe" that we would drop the bombs unless they placed their material in our transports. At that time we had more than ten times as many bombs as Russia, and the means of conveying them. They would have been forced to surrender their nuclear equipment. This or some similar actions should have been taken then.

PLAYBOY: Even if the plan had worked, wouldn't we have alienated world-wide public opinion?

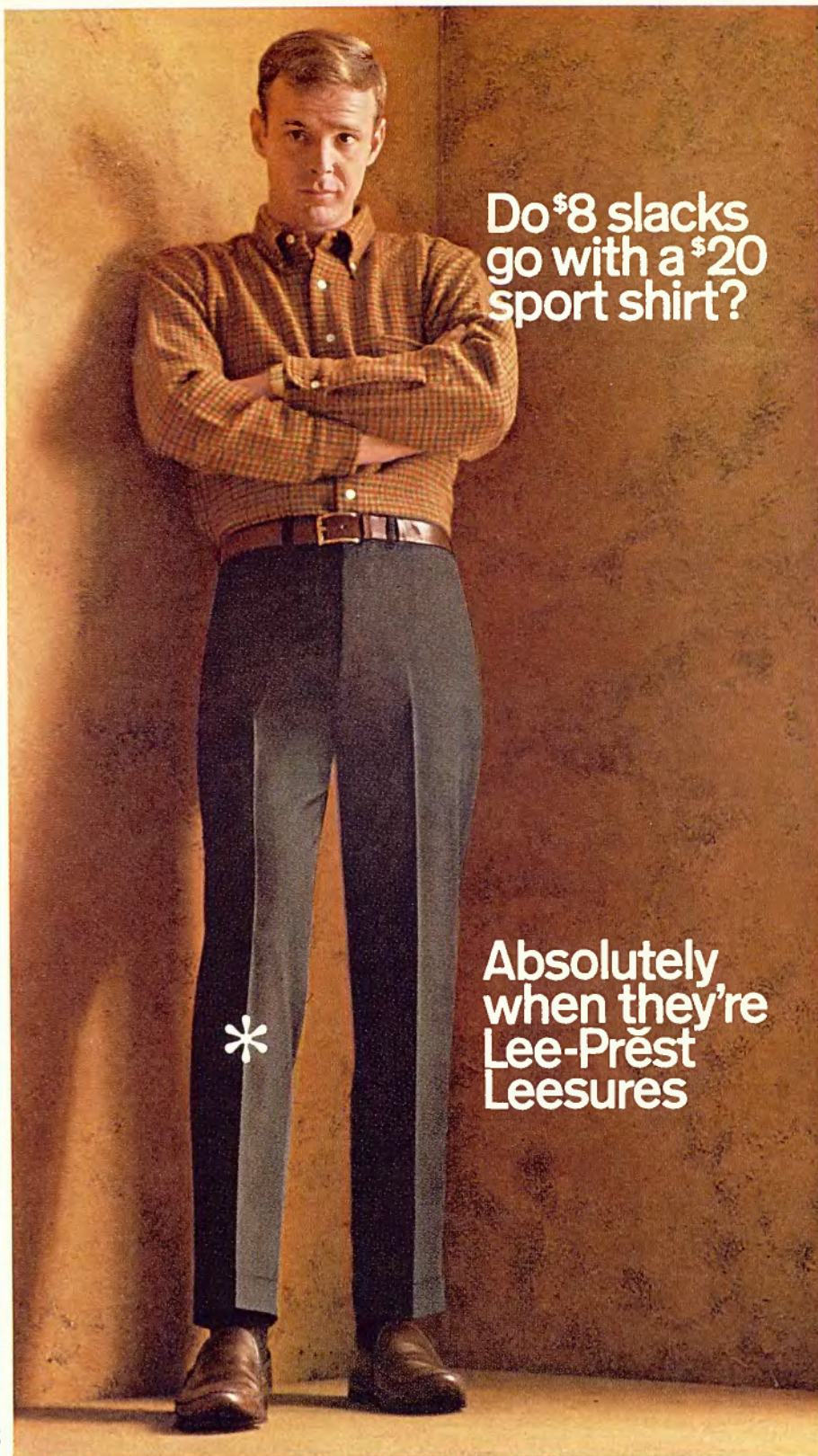
HUNT: It is through weakness—not strength—that we lose esteem in the world. A workable plan of the above nature should be put into use today—to put an end to Red China's nuclear power. Otherwise the lives of millions of Americans will be destroyed.

PLAYBOY: Do you think we would be morally justified in doing this?

HUNT: We shouldn't send our soldiers over to Vietnam to fight in the jungles without supporting them in every way. The very least we can do for them is to face up to the stiff decisions we will someday have to make anyhow.

PLAYBOY: Don't you think bombing Red China's nuclear installations might touch off World War Three?

HUNT: No, I don't think so. The Communists are defeating us without forcing a showdown. Why should they make the same mistake Hitler made? He might



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have defeated the world if he had been more patient; I think that the Communists have learned from his mistakes. Besides, China is helpless against our nuclear power, and I don't believe that the Soviets would come to her aid if we took this move. If they did, they would be aiding a deadly enemy. If the Soviets thought China could destroy the U.S. alone, they would probably aid China, but they know Red China would have no chance with the United States in a war—unless our activities were directed by strange persons with a twisted education who would prefer we be defeated.

PLAYBOY: What "strange persons"?

HUNT: If people would read more anti-Communist literature, they'd find out for themselves that there are some people in Government who always seem to come out on the losing side in their dealings with the enemy.

PLAYBOY: Would you care to name them?

HUNT: I think people should find out for themselves.

PLAYBOY: Isn't there an alternative to war? Might there not be a chance of bringing Red China peacefully into the world community by admitting it to the United Nations?

HUNT: I think that the UN is so nonconstructive that it doesn't make much difference—though I think it soon *will* be admitted, because of the left-leaning tendencies of too many UN members.

PLAYBOY: How is the UN, as you say, nonconstructive? What about its role in settling the Suez and Congo crises, among others?

HUNT: I don't think the settlement of the Suez crisis was favorable to the United States. And in the Congo we ended up furnishing planes to fly UN troops into Katanga to butcher people who were the U.S.'s sincere friends in the Congo. Some UN funds have been used to help Castro's agriculture. We pay out of proportion to support the UN, while some don't bother to pay their dues at all. This has the effect of sometimes conveying our money to our enemies.

PLAYBOY: Would you like to see us get out of the UN?

HUNT: Certainly.

PLAYBOY: What would that accomplish?
HUNT: We would do better in the world-wide struggle against communism, I feel. The UN wasn't organized to help the United States. No freedom-loving nation will gain from participation in the UN. It's controlled by Communists who can win a vote any time they wish.

PLAYBOY: If that's true, why hasn't Red China been admitted?

HUNT: Because, though they pretend they do, the Soviets don't really want them admitted. They are rivals for leadership of the Communist world, and apparently the Soviets feel that keeping Red China out helps them stay on top. Thus it's not the U.S. but the U.S.S.R. that's

keeping China out. The UN is very seldom on the side of the United States. By remaining in the UN, all we do is lend it respectability—and funds. If we would withdraw, it would have little of either. We would become the leader of the freedom forces of the world, instead of being a helpless hanger-on with those who want to destroy us.

PLAYBOY: Do you think we should also withdraw diplomatic recognition from Communist countries?

HUNT: There's nothing to gain by recognizing them. The Communists can't feed their own people and they cannot manufacture and distribute industrial products in a way that makes economic sense. If we would quit helping them out in any way, I think they would become helpless and collapse.

PLAYBOY: Then you're against all trade with Iron Curtain countries?

HUNT: I think it's a sure way for us to destroy ourselves.

PLAYBOY: Even if the trade were restricted to nonstrategic goods?

HUNT: Just about everything is strategic to them. Whatever the enemy wants to buy from us is only what he needs most.

PLAYBOY: Do you consider wheat strategic?

HUNT: The Communist enemy will always need food more than guns and munitions. If we keep them fed, why, they will be able later to fight on full stomachs. I'd rather see the Communists starve than see them killing our boys, like they're doing right now in Vietnam.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of our foreign-aid program?

HUNT: I think that if it were put to a vote, the American people would choose to end it. You know, each billion dollars our Government wastes—and foreign aid is a waste—costs the average American family \$25. So far, we've thrown about 130 billion dollars down the foreign-aid rat hole. That's enough money for each family to send a youngster through college.

PLAYBOY: Don't you think foreign aid has helped rebuild Europe and raise the economies of underdeveloped nations?

HUNT: Not really. Much of it went to build the economy of nations which were becoming Socialist or Communist—Yugoslavia, for example. Foreign aid to other countries often actually hurts the economy of the country to which the aid is given, as has been the case in Bolivia and Laos. Gifts to the slavemasters will never help the slaves.

PLAYBOY: Do you take an equally dim view of Peace Corps assistance?

HUNT: No. I'm under the impression that its conduct abroad has not been the miserable failure that the Job Corps has been at home. In countries where the Peace Corps is helpful, the U. S. taxpayers may be justified in keeping up the assistance.

PLAYBOY: Do you think we have any moral obligation to help other countries?

HUNT: We have an obligation to help those countries that have been of help to us; otherwise there is none.

PLAYBOY: If we don't help other countries, don't you think the Russians will—and win their friendship by doing so?

HUNT: You can't buy friends. In any case, the Soviets don't constructively help the citizens of any country—including their own. They gain their standing with other countries through deceitful propaganda.

PLAYBOY: How do you think the United States is faring in the Cold War?

HUNT: Pretty badly. The Communists are advancing and, at least most of the time, we are retreating. We are happy when we can say that we haven't lost any ground to the Reds in a while, or at least not very much. But we should be asking ourselves where we have advanced freedom's line, where they have lost territories to the free world, where we have liberated people held in Communist slavery. The answer is that our victories are very few, and theirs are plentiful. We are losing the Cold War.

PLAYBOY: Where are we losing?

HUNT: Almost everywhere. Right now we don't seem to be losing to Communist infiltration in Indonesia and a few other countries, but I think this is almost entirely because of Admiral Raborn, whom President Johnson put in charge of the CIA. Wherever we are not aiding our enemies, we are faring quite well.

PLAYBOY: How can we avoid aiding our enemies?

HUNT: For one thing, by ceasing to use personnel in fighting communism who have always been unsuccessful in opposing communism—and that would apply to Harriman, Rusk and Lodge. We should use personnel who have not lost in diplomatic struggles with the Communists.

PLAYBOY: You speak of opposing communism. Do you believe that the aims of all Communist countries are essentially the same, and equally inimical to the U. S., or do you think that they have differences among themselves that we can exploit?

HUNT: They have their petty differences, of course, but they are also capable of putting on a good show. They—the Russians and the Chinese—both want to bury us. What difference does it make to us which one of them does it? Just because the Russians and Chinese spat, we shouldn't forget that both countries are dedicated to destroy us and enslave our people.

PLAYBOY: How can we keep them from burying us?

HUNT: By ceasing to furnish them with the rope with which to hang us, by ceasing to assist them throughout the world in any way, by remaining strong and, as I said, by using Government personnel who are strongly pro-American.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that there is any

likelihood of our reaching a peaceful accommodation with the Soviet Union?

HUNT: Let me say this: If we do, we're gone. If we reach an accommodation with the Soviets, it will be for the benefit of the Soviets and to our detriment. The Soviet leaders have repeatedly explained this to us for more than 40 years.

PLAYBOY: Do you see any validity in the prediction of some ideologists that our political systems could converge—with the Soviet Union's becoming more capitalistic and ours becoming more socialistic—until we develop what some have called "areas of mutual self-interest"?

HUNT: If we get to that point, I think that the freedoms we still enjoy today will have become a thing of the past. If we and the Soviets start having overlapping interests, one thing they certainly won't be interested in is seeing that we remain free. As far as I'm concerned, this so-called peaceful coexistence means that we are peaceful while they try to do us in. It's nothing more than surrender on the installment plan.

PLAYBOY: Do you think it's possible that the Soviet Union and the United States might one day find it mutually beneficial to join in a military alliance against Red China?

HUNT: That might be a possibility. Twelve years ago, I began to fear the Chinese Communists more than the Soviet Communists, because I think that their appeal is more effective in some areas of the non-Communist world. I don't rule out the possibility of our joining with Russia against China, but if it ever comes to that, I think we will be destroyed in the process—by Russia, if she can, or by China, if she can.

PLAYBOY: What do you think are the prospects of nuclear disarmament?

HUNT: Very poor, fortunately. I think it would be fatal for us. If we don't have superior arms, why, the superior numbers that are against us will destroy us. Disarmament could work only if all men were saints, and they're not—especially the Communists. Khrushchev once said that the last obstacle to a Communist world was the military might of the United States. I see no reason to remove that obstacle.

PLAYBOY: Your opposition to disarmament, your advocacy of pre-emptive nuclear attack on Russia and Red China, and most of the other views you've expressed here are echoed regularly on your *Life Line* radio series. *The New Republic* once wrote in an editorial that *Life Line* broadcasts "the kind of program . . . that the brooding Oswalds of the left or right wing listen to and sometimes act on." Does *Life Line* incite to violence?

HUNT: *Life Line* can best be judged by its listeners rather than by what I say about it. Oswald was a Marxist and *Life Line* could not incite a Marxist to violence, as they are dedicated to their

own cause—which is to destroy liberty. It is likely that President Kennedy's disapproval of communism, including his speech in Miami three days before his assassination—encouraging Cubans to regain their homeland—cost him his life.

PLAYBOY: Are you implying that the assassination was a left-wing conspiracy?

HUNT: I'm not trying to imply anything, and I really don't know the answer to that question. By the way, you might be interested to know that the UPI quoted Senator Maurice Neuberger a few minutes after the assassination to the effect that if anyone is responsible for the assassination, it is H. L. Hunt of Dallas, Texas. Well, soon after that, my house began receiving a few friendly calls of warning and many threatening calls to the effect that I would be shot next, and also to tell Mrs. Hunt she would be shot. My office force would not consent to either of us going home even to get our clothing. We were sent out of town, and neither the police department nor the FBI would consent to us returning to Dallas until a few days before Christmas.

PLAYBOY: The German magazine *Der Stern* claims that you financed the famous full-page anti-Kennedy advertisement that appeared in *The Dallas Morning News* the day of the assassination. Did you?

HUNT: No.

PLAYBOY: Did you know that the book *Oswald: Assassin or Fall Guy*—and several other books and articles—implied that the assassination of President Kennedy was a right-wing conspiracy in which you were involved?

HUNT: I have heard that. As I said earlier, the assassination of President John F. Kennedy was the greatest blow ever suffered by the cause of liberty. I know of no one who is critical of communism who would have wanted President Kennedy assassinated.

PLAYBOY: In *Oswald: Assassin or Fall Guy*, the author, Joachim Joesten, claimed that President Kennedy intended to make you and other oil millionaires pay a greatly increased amount of income tax. "With that kind of money at stake," Joesten wrote, "murder, even Presidential murder, is not out of the question." That borders on a very serious charge against you. What do you have to say about this?

HUNT: Before the 1960 elections, the Kennedys were in the oil business. Congress, rather than the President, formulates the law applicable to oil products. I was never apprehensive about President Kennedy's attitude. I had never heard of Oswald. After the assassination, I heard that the Justice Department had caused previous charges against Oswald to be dropped—which made it possible for him to be available to shoot anyone he might decide to shoot.

[According to the Warren Commission,

there were no previous charges against Oswald.—Ed.]

PLAYBOY: Are you saying that the FBI, as part of the Justice Department, was negligent in failing to inform the Secret Service of Oswald's presence in Dallas just before the assassination?

HUNT: No, I do not think that the FBI was negligent.

PLAYBOY: The Warren Commission felt it was. What did you think of its report?

HUNT: The Warren Commission followed a demand by *The Worker* three days previous to the appointment of the Commission that such a commission be established and headed by Earl Warren.

PLAYBOY: Are you implying that the Warren Commission was Communist-inspired, or that there should have been no investigation?

HUNT: *The Worker*, in a front-page statement, made a demand that the President appoint a commission. There would have been an investigation in any case, but it's interesting that its formation followed a demand in *The Worker*. The Senate Judiciary Committee, as is customary in highly important occurrences, was setting up a subcommittee to investigate the assassination. This was stopped by the naming of the Warren Commission. The subcommittee would not have tried to protect anyone, including friends of *The Worker*.

PLAYBOY: Are you implying that the Warren Commission *did* protect anyone, including friends of *The Worker*?

HUNT: The report as released speaks for itself. *The Worker* reported Warren said some disclosures regarding the assassination "may not be released in your lifetime." His first Supreme Court decisions where communism was involved—62 for, 3 against the Communist attorneys' arguments—are on record.

PLAYBOY: Attorney Melvin Belli said that he was offered \$100,000 *not* to defend Jack Ruby, and some have speculated that the offer came from you. Did it?

HUNT: I never had any contact with Melvin Belli, except that he caused me to be subpoenaed to testify before him, but later caused the subpoena to be canceled.

PLAYBOY: Why did he subpoena you? And why did he cancel it?

HUNT: I do not know why Belli subpoenaed me or canceled the subpoena.

PLAYBOY: Belli also said: "I was absolutely awed by the speed and ruthless efficiency with which Dallas' multimillionaires retaliated against me for my uncharitable remarks to the press about their fair city." Did you participate in any such reprisals?

HUNT: I knew nothing of Attorney Belli and paid no attention to his quarrel with his client, the court or the city. Nearly all of the rumors I have heard regarding me are untrue, and this one is no exception. Some of these malicious stories are started and circulated by per-

sons who don't like or disapprove of me personally, and some are spread by persons who don't like anti-Communists. Some foundations pay good writers for writing stories discrediting active anti-Communists like me.

PLAYBOY: What foundations?

HUNT: Anti-Communists know them, and the general public will eventually learn. I'd rather not get specific.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

HUNT: I often refrain from disclosing the whole truth because most people—including most of the people who will read this interview—are not ready to receive certain facts. I have no inclination to stuff my opinions and information down anyone's throat. In these hazardous times, people owe it to themselves to find out the facts on the important issues. They'll find it a splendid recreation and diversion, I feel. But I recommend to them that they work less hours per day at this job than I do.

PLAYBOY: Why *do* you work so hard at it?

HUNT: I don't want to retire. When I was a kid in Illinois, I noticed that the old farmers would sell their land and move to town, and they generally died within one or two years. I decided then that it is always better to keep on doing things.

PLAYBOY: Are you a happy man?

HUNT: Yes, quite.

PLAYBOY: What makes you happy?

HUNT: My family and my associates. I take great pride in the people that work for me. I've enjoyed seeing some of them get rich on their own when they left me.

PLAYBOY: Speaking for yourself, could you give it all up? Could you be happy without a fortune?

HUNT: Yes, I could give it all up—though perhaps not gladly. But there is little happiness, and a lot of trouble, in possessing a fortune. Happiness comes from pride of accomplishment. That's the great joy, and it can be realized by a very small entrepreneur or by a wage earner, large or small. This is the reason that private enterprise is so highly preferable to socialism and communism. So long as individual initiative is not sadly hampered with unnecessary regulations and restrictions, communism has a poor chance to win and take over.

PLAYBOY: Apart from socialism and communism, do you fear anything else?

HUNT: No, I have no particular fears. I am a health enthusiast, and I stay quite healthy, and I presume I will live a long time. But if I don't, well, that will be all right, too.

PLAYBOY: Is there some special goal you'd still like to achieve?

HUNT: Well, I think sometimes that I would like to go broke just to see if I could start from scratch and build a fortune again.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you could?

HUNT: It would be fun to try.



WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

A young man who steps out ahead in business action and feminine reaction, the PLAYBOY reader counts on fine footwear to set the groundwork for his well-dressed look. Facts: over 2,554,000 PLAYBOY male readers bought three or more pairs of shoes in the last year—well above the national average. And one out of every five men in the U.S. who spent \$25 or more for a pair of shoes in the last year is a PLAYBOY reader. That's 726,000 purchasers of prestige shoes reached by PLAYBOY. Good reason why, this year, men's apparel advertisers will invest more money in PLAYBOY than in any other magazine. (Sources: W.R. Simmons & Assoc., 1965; The Brand Rating Index, March 1965.)

New York • Chicago • Detroit • Los Angeles • San Francisco • Atlanta • London

it was a fateful confrontation: the erstwhile lover, cool and self-possessed, now faced the cuckold, in whom the hurt of years long past had been distilled into vengeful hatred

ONE OF THE ANCIENT Japanese martial arts is called *ninjitsu*. Adepts in this discipline can run into a wood and disappear, make themselves invisible even to alert and careful men; they can hide under water for six hours, jump their own height from a standstill, climb 30-foot sheer walls. Michael Haynes' first wild thought, when the man in the green-brown suit materialized soundlessly beside him in the woods, really it seemed out of thin air, was of *ninjitsu*. But that was in the first second, or half-second; then he saw the man's face, and knew that he knew it; and then, with perhaps three seconds gone, he remembered the name: MacKinnon. Charles J. MacKinnon. A high school chemistry teacher.

"Well, Haynes," MacKinnon was saying, "you remember me, I guess?"

"I remember you," Haynes said. "You weren't wearing your soldier suit then."

"Ten years ago, I bought this," MacKinnon said. "French army jungle issue. Slacks and a jacket under it, as you might guess."

"You're disguised as a commando, then?" Haynes said. "Where's the party?"

"Ho, ho," MacKinnon said. "You're funnier than I remember you were seventeen years ago. The party is right here, you're the host and I'm the guest of honor. Or it could be the other way around. Suit yourself."

"I take it the thing on the end of your popgun is a silencer?" Haynes said. "The standard TV kind?"

"Right again," MacKinnon said. "It's a .22 popgun, but it's been fiddled with by some ambitious New York teenager, and it doesn't shoot .22s anymore, it shoots soft-nose .220 Swifts, the kind of thing people use for woodchuck hunting in country like this, if you get the picture? I mean, they miss now and then, and the bullet goes a long way?"

Haynes didn't answer. He couldn't think of anything that would be effective, or even sensible. A warm Sunday in Connecticut, 300 yards or so from his own house, in his own woods, clean and parklike. He looked into MacKinnon's face. He didn't think the man was crazy, but how could you tell?

"You have a hell of a long memory, MacKinnon," he said, "but I really don't see the point of the exercise."

"You don't?" MacKinnon said. "Golly, it seems simple enough to me: the girl was my wife, and you kept laying her. Even when I went around to see you, and told you to stop it, and you said you would, you didn't. You kept right on laying her."

"One more slice off a cut loaf, if you don't mind my saying so," Haynes said.

"Sure," MacKinnon said, "if you mean you weren't the only one. That's right. I knew five names. I suppose that you, being in the club, sort of, you might have known more. But I had five names. I don't know if you've been keeping in touch, but in the last couple of years three of those fellows have passed on, as the saying is."

"If you've got me down for number four," Haynes said, "I don't see the point of all the conversation."

"I just wanted to be sure you knew what it was about," MacKinnon said. "Not much sense in it if you *didn't* know, right?"

"Why'd you wait so long?" Haynes said. "Seventeen years, for Christ's sake?"

"I had to," MacKinnon said patiently. "Seventeen years ago, a lot of people *knew* I hated your guts. Somebody would have made the connection. Then, another thing, I saw the piece in *Time*. When I read that last paragraph, the thing where it said you could sell out right now for twenty-five million dollars, I thought it was about time for you to go. I've always had a theory about it, that it's a lot harder for rich people to die than poor people: they have so much more to live for, right?"

"I should have thought you'd have had another idea," Haynes said. "I'm surprised you didn't think of blackmail."

"I did," MacKinnon said. "Oh, I did, I have to admit that." He leaned against a big beech tree beside the path. He crossed his arms and the misshapen black automatic hung loosely in his hand. He was tall, and very thin, bony, probably, Haynes thought, under the loose camouflage suit, under the tweed jacket. He didn't look strong, he didn't seem particularly alert . . . "If you're thinking what I think you're thinking, Haynes," MacKinnon said, "forget it. You're six-seven feet away from me and you'd never make it. And if anybody comes wandering through here, it just means you both go. But nobody's going to come wandering through. They haven't for the last three Sundays and they're not going to today. Anyway, as I was saying, I did think about it, about hitting you for money, but I decided it would be immoral, in the first place, and

fiction

By KEN W. PURDY

**HELLO,
CHARLIE,
GOODBYE**



impractical, too."

"How, impractical?" Haynes said. "It's just ordinary blackmail."

"Blackmail," MacKinnon said, "works only when it's a permanent setup. If I have a nice flashlight picture of you ripping open a church poor box, as long as I keep the negative, you'll keep sending me the money. But if I tell you I'm going to kill you if you don't give me five hundred thousand dollars, and you say OK, that's a deal, and I let you go, and say I'll meet you here next Sunday for the money, what will be here next Sunday will not be you and the money. What will be here will be the National Guard, every trooper in the state, and J. Edgar Hoover personally directing the operation from his big chair in the sky."

"I might give you my word," Haynes said.

"Your word isn't worth a quarter," MacKinnon said. "You're as immoral as son of a bitch as ever lived. You always were. And here you've put together twenty-five million bucks in fifteen years, all of it in Wall Street, *that's* no way to get a reputation for being a high moral type. I wouldn't believe you if you said today was Sunday."

"There are always ways to be sure," Haynes said. "There are ways of working out even very complicated deals."

"I'm sure," MacKinnon said. "And I'm sure you know them. I read the *Time* story. What'd they call you? 'Feral, rapacious Michael Simpson Haynes, terrifying because he has never known satiety . . .' You should have sued them."

"I thought of it," Haynes said. "I've also just thought of a way to make a little deal with you. How much were you thinking of? Half a million?"

"I wasn't thinking about *any* money," MacKinnon said. "You're trying to turn me into a blackmailer. You can stuff that idea, and the money, too."

"I'm not trying to make you a blackmailer," Haynes said. "I'm trying to keep you from being a murderer."

"Murder doesn't enter into it," MacKinnon said. "I'm not going to murder you, I'm going to kill you, execute you. There's a difference. I'm not doing it in hot blood, or passion, or even anger. I just decided, seventeen years ago, to kill you, and now I'm going to do it."

"If it weren't murder," Haynes said, "you could do it in public, instead of in the woods, with a silenced gun, wearing a Boy Scout camouflage suit."

"All right," MacKinnon said, "in the eyes of the world, and legally and all that, I'm going to murder you. But the world and the law and so on and so forth, that doesn't matter, because I'm going to get away clean, all that matters is you and me, and *we* know damned well that I'm not murdering you, I'm killing you because you, personally and with malice aforethought, had carnal knowledge of my wife. That's the legal

phrase, isn't it? Carnal knowledge. And as for doing it in public, you son of a bitch, if I had you in Texas I *could* do it in public. Just happens we're in Connecticut, a chance of geography, that's all."

"Very immoral," Haynes said. "*Much* worse than blackmail. And besides, blackmail could take the monkey off your back."

"What do you mean?"

"You're obsessed, hooked," Haynes said. "Seventeen years thinking about one thing, that's the monkey on your back. You're sick with it. You're broke, too. Don't ask me how I know, and don't argue about it: it figures. You've got to be broke. You don't make any money spending seventeen years thinking about killing people. If you weren't broke you wouldn't be wandering around in the woods playing God. Rich is better, you know. Ask me: I've had it both ways."

"I know you better than to ask you anything," MacKinnon said.

"Think about it," Haynes said. "Take a figure out of the hat. Take half a million. I doubt I'd even miss it. But it would be a very big thing in your life. You could burn your soldier suit. You could give the gun back to the kid in New York. In forty-eight hours you could be on the Costa Brava. Anyone holding five hundred thousand dollars in Spain has got to be real rich in five years. You couldn't help yourself."

"Half a million is real rich," MacKinnon said.

"There's that, too," Haynes said.

"That's right," MacKinnon said. "And the point is, you've got the half million and I haven't. So I think I'll shoot you now, before you talk me out of it. If I don't, I've wasted seventeen years."

"No, you haven't," Haynes said. "You killed those other three jokers, whoever they were, you said. You've had that much satisfaction. Look, you don't have to kill *everybody* who's ever offended you. My God, if I tried to kill everybody who's bugged me . . . hell, I wouldn't know where to start."

"I knew," MacKinnon said.

"All right, you knew where to start," Haynes said. "And if you're smart, you'll know where to finish. Here, with half a million dollars."

"A lousy blackmailer," MacKinnon said.

"Your brain must have dried up in the last seventeen years," Haynes said. "You weren't that dumb when you came to see me that other time. What's happened to you? This stupid hate you've been carrying around must have burned you out. You can't see the moral difference between taking half a million dollars and taking my life."

"I can see the difference, all right," MacKinnon said. "The half million you don't mind losing, you couldn't care less, but your life, that you want to keep. So taking your half million wouldn't be any

punishment at all, and my idea is punishment. That's the whole idea."

"No," Haynes said. "The whole idea you've had all these years is revenge. There's a big difference."

"There's no difference to me."

"The whole trouble with you," Haynes said, "is that you're not selfish enough."

"How do you figure that?"

"You have this idea of yourself as an avenging deity of some kind," Haynes said. "You tell yourself you're avenging one offense, mine, against one person, you, but actually you see yourself as some kind of avenging deity, something from outer space, roaming the world righting wrong and punishing evildoers. You're a crusader, you see. Like all crusaders you'll die unhappy, and broke. You're a Don Quixote kind of joker—God knows you're thin enough to be Don Quixote himself, I don't think you've been eating very well the last few years—but as I was saying, you're on this idealistic kick, going around avenging injustice, my God, you have to admit it's damned silly to be so steamed up, seventeen years later, because your ex-wife took a few lovers. When did you divorce her, anyway?"

"A year later," MacKinnon said.

"So, sixteen years after you divorced this girl, you're still going around shooting guys who accepted her kind invitation to a roll in the hay. What are you doing, protecting people against her? Is she still alive, even?"

"I guess she is," MacKinnon said. "I'd have heard. But, goddamn it, I'm *not* protecting anybody against anybody or anything. I'm just—"

"You ought to let me finish," Haynes said. "Whatever you're doing, you're being driven by an unselfish motivation, and that's silly. It's not even morally *right*. One of the wisest men I know has always argued that selfishness brings the most happiness, not only to oneself, but to the people around one, and he makes a hell of a case for it. Take yourself. Don't try to tell me that killing those other three characters has made you happy. You're not happy. You're miserable. You're down, depressed, beat. Killing me isn't going to make you feel any better. Probably make you feel worse. Supposing, on the other hand, you were suddenly rich. Believe me when I tell you, you'd feel great. When people say that money doesn't bring happiness, and you ask them to point out an example, what do they come up with? They come up with some bum who's third-generation rich, full of guilt feelings because he doesn't like to think how grandpa made the money in the slave trade or something; he's probably a drunk and he's been married twenty-two times. Of course he's miserable. You notice they never point to somebody who was broke

(concluded on page 72)





The French Fonda

director roger vladim, creator of cinematic sex kitten brigitte bardot, adds a touch of continental catnip to jane fonda's all-american appeal

Not until she was 20 did the lovely, leggy (5'8") daughter of Henry Fonda finally decide to follow in her talented father's footsteps. Why the delay?

"When people asked me why I wasn't an actress,"

she recalls, "I would tell them if I couldn't be

the best, I wouldn't be an actress." Following

a brief stint at New York's Actors Studio,

she made her debut on the boards in

There Was a Little Girl and walked off with a

Drama Critics Award, even though the play folded in its

third week. Today, after five Broadway bows and several

starring film assignments (including the title role

in the award-winning *Cat Ballou*), Jane—already

ranked as one of Hollywood's leading lovelies—is being

converted into a Continental femme fatale by Roger Vadim,

former husband and movie mentor of France's foremost cinematic sex symbol,

Brigitte Bardot. Jane, married to Vadim shortly after their first filmic collaboration, in

Circle of Love, will soon receive maximum exposure in his *La Curée* and make her own

Bardot-like bid for international acclaim.



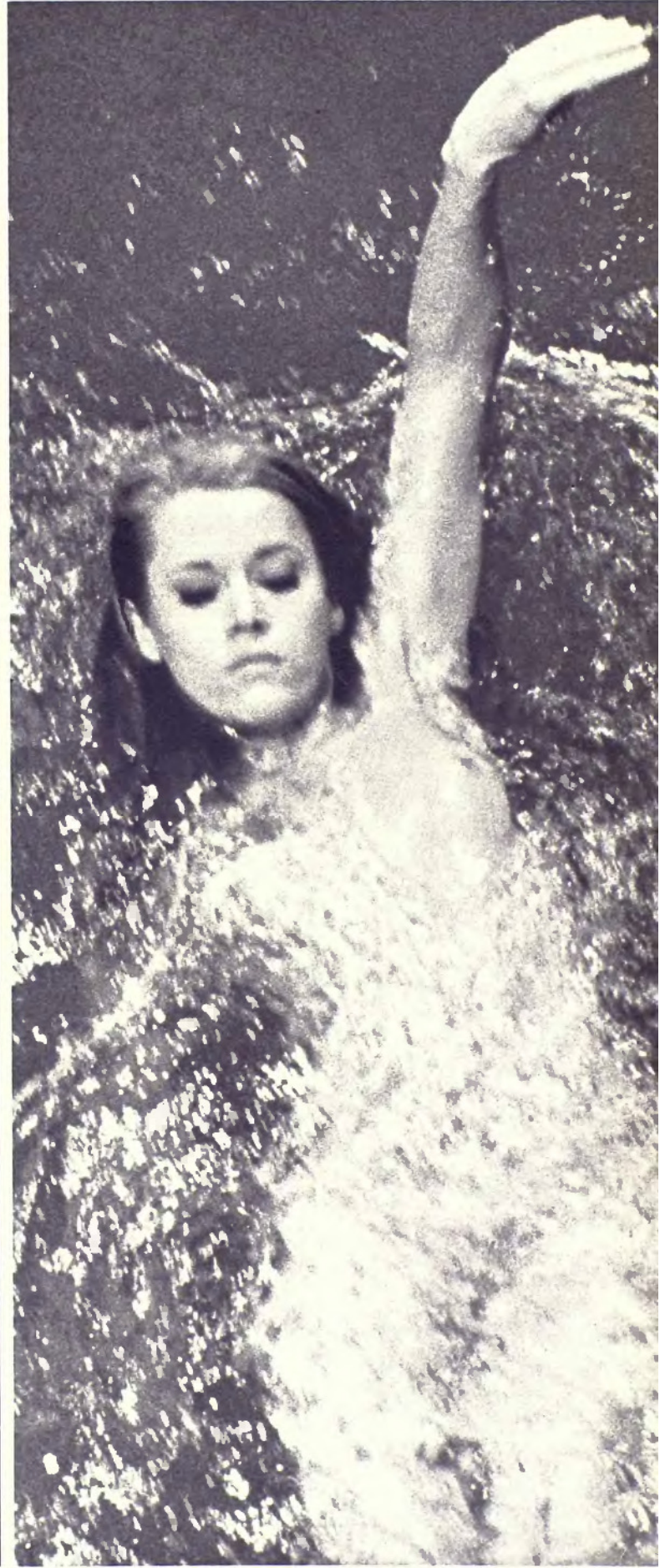
Preparing for a run-through of the poolside seduction scene from his forthcoming film adaptation of Zola's novel "La Curée," bespectacled Roger Vadim offers a few Gallic directorial gems to his pretty protégée-wife, Jane Fonda, and her British co-star, Peter McEnery. A firm fan of the Continental cinematic approach ("They actually pay you for making love"), Jane made her French film debut in Vadim's "Circle of Love," after which she and the creator of screen siren Bardot pooled their talents by adding marriage to movies.



Having doffed her robe for an undress rehearsal of her nudest film scene to date, the monokini'd Miss Fonda checks the filmscript for a last-minute look at her lines, then takes a few cues from her leading man prior to plunging ahead for the final take.



Although she once balked at the idea of posing for a series of provocative publicity shots with her first filmic co-star, Tony Perkins, today's Jane shows no signs of getting cold feet as she takes to the water with true topless élan to establish a new cinematic image for herself.



An expert swimmer since childhood, Jane has little difficulty handling her aquatic assignment. "I spent half of my life wanting to be a boy," says Jane, explaining her tomboy flair for athletics, "because I wanted to be like my father." In terms of stardom, she's succeeding.



*Our water nympnette emerges from pool, wrapping herself in warm robe at conclusion of scene.
Right: Pastoral photo of nude Jane Fonda has appearance of fine painting by French master.*





until he was forty and then inherited ten million dollars. You bet they don't, because *that* joker is the happiest man going."

"So?" MacKinnon said.

"So," Haynes said, "you should smarten up, get selfish, and get happy. I say you're crazy, and you give me an argument, and say you're not. Just suppose we went out and stopped the first six people who passed on the road and asked them, 'This character has five hundred thousand dollars lying at his feet and he won't pick it up. Is he crazy, or not? What would they say?'"

"Sure, sure," MacKinnon said. "Except that it *isn't* lying at my feet, and there's no way it can be. Mind you, I'm not agreeing, I'm not saying I'll go for your blackmail proposition, but if I did, I'd still be nowhere, because what I said ten minutes ago still goes: when I came for the money every cop between here and New York would be waiting."

"Not true," Haynes said. "Absolutely not true. Because, look, granted I'm not a towering moral figure, still I'm not a louse either. What have I got against you, if you don't kill me, except that you could have, and didn't? Haven't I got to feel grateful to you for that? And what have you got against me, really? Nothing, except that when a very good-looking girl made it plain, nearly two decades ago, that she'd like to go to bed with me, I bought it. Come on, Charlie, you'd have done the same thing. You *did* do the same thing, you bastard! You were Terrie's second husband. She told me she was still married to her first husband when the two of you made out the first time. So here you are, all set to shoot me for something you did first, and with the same girl, and you claim you're moral and I'm not! You ought to be ashamed of yourself. As for the cops, I told you before, that's no problem, giving you the money. After all, I *want* to give it to you. And you can forget that nonsense about picking it up out here in the woods. I'm going to give you a bearer draft for the money. You know what a bearer draft is?"

"I think so," MacKinnon said.

"It's cash," Haynes said. "It's a pay-on-sight thing. All right, you'll have to sign a receipt, and you can sign it Adolf Hitler if you feel like it. You can sign it with an X. You can cash it in New York or you can cash it in Istanbul."

"There are cops both places," MacKinnon said.

"Charlie," Haynes said, "this deal is like every other deal: it can't be done unless there's at least a little trust going both ways. Now listen to me. In my house I've got a wall safe, and in the wall safe there is a little emergency money: forty thousand dollars. Also in my

house is some fifty-year-old Kentucky bourbon. I want you to trust me when I say that I want you to come into my house, have a drink, take the forty thousand dollars, just as earnest money, just to show you that I'm leveling with you, and blow. All you have to do is leave me an address for the sight draft, and it can be in Hong Kong, I don't care, I'll send it anywhere, four hundred and sixty thousand dollars. As for me, I'm going to trust you to the point of turning my back, right now, and walking down the path to the house. If you still want to shoot me, now's the time for it."

MacKinnon watched him walk away. He didn't lift the automatic. Haynes turned his head.

"You coming, Charlie?" he said.

MacKinnon put the gun away. Haynes waited for him and they went the rest of the way together. It was a big house, standard Colonial, stone and white.

"There's no one here," Haynes said.

"I know," MacKinnon said.

The wall safe was in Haynes' second-floor study, and so was the bourbon. The bourbon was dark and smooth. The safe was full of rubber-banded bundles of money. Haynes took them all out.

"You could wrap it in your suit," he told MacKinnon. MacKinnon unzipped and stepped out. He was, as Haynes had guessed, thin and bony. It was easy to see the long bulge under his right arm where the automatic sat. He rolled the money into a tight brown-and-green-and-black bundle and stood up.

"You can send the bearer draft to general delivery in San Francisco," he said. "In the name Donald Burns."

"It goes tomorrow afternoon," Haynes said. He led MacKinnon to the door. Haynes said so long, but MacKinnon didn't answer. Haynes watched MacKinnon out of sight down the driveway. It was long, curving, tree-lined, and the road was hidden. Haynes ran up three flights of stairs to the glassed-in captain's walk on the roof. He had to wait 30 seconds or so before MacKinnon appeared, walking on the road, not fast. Haynes ran down and picked up the phone.

"Harold?" he said. "Mike Haynes. Look, a fellow's just left my house, he's walking down the road toward your place, and I suspect he may have left a car in your woods, that old logging road of yours. I wonder if you'd be good enough to ask one of your sons to check this for me? I wouldn't want the man to know he's being watched, you see, not at all . . . right . . . if he has got a car there what kind it is, what color . . . I'm sure. They'd know better than you or I would, no question about it. Thanks."

Haynes' neighbor called back. It was a blue Ford wagon and the kid had got the

first four digits on the tag. It was enough. Haynes called the police and gave it to them, with a nice description of the stick-up man driving it, his gun and the serial numbers of the money. They nailed him before he'd gone ten miles. Haynes went around to the barracks to identify him and make the charges. MacKinnon wouldn't look at him.

When it was all over, and he was home again, Haynes gave himself a big drink and sat down to think about it. He had a good memory, a bridge player's memory, and he repeated the whole dialog to himself. He felt that it had been, all in all, a tour de force. He had bluffed MacKinnon, confused him, switched him, smothered him in lies and illogicalities, put him upside down. From a cold start he had turned a homicidal maniac into a chump who thought they were buddies. He was pleased with himself. He would be careful, of course, to follow through. And follow through he did. Charlie MacKinnon felt the weight of money. He came to know that if somebody knocked a hole in the wall 20 feet square and the whole prison population started through, still *he* wouldn't make it. He wasn't actually chained to his cell door, but he might as well have been.

Michael Haynes heard about him now and then. He had made arrangements for information, starting with the obvious one: if MacKinnon ever did get over the wall, Haynes would know about it five minutes after the warden did. But he didn't worry, and after two or three years he had the whole matter well in the back of his mind. He had other things to occupy him. He led a full life. One Saturday morning he turned into the driveway and halfway down a woman was running toward him, a redhead in a white dress, good-looking, yelling, "Mike, you stinker, where've you been?" He didn't recognize her, but that proved little. She came up to the car, charmingly out of breath. "I ran across the lawn when I saw you coming," she said, "and now you don't even remember me!"

Haynes admitted it.

"Never mind," she said. "I'm prepared."

She gave him a folded square of paper. The message was written in pencil. "Meet my sister," it read. "Charlie MacK." When Haynes looked up, the girl had his ignition key in one hand and the twin of MacKinnon's .22 in the other. She was still smiling merrily, though, and Haynes took a deep breath and smiled back at her.

"Tell me," he said, "is that Charlie's old popgun?"

"My brother said I wasn't to let you talk," the redhead said. He heard the first one. It made a noise like *chupp!* He didn't hear the other three.



THE MANUSCRIPT OF DOCTOR ARNESS

with the brief life span allotted to us all, what price should a man pay for a chance at immortality?



fiction by

GAHAN WILSON

BEFORE I DO WHAT I MUST DO, I suppose it would be a good idea to leave behind an explanation. I generally detest suicide notes. They tend to be pathetic, often mawkish monuments. But then, most suicides themselves are pathetic and mawkish—the puerile resolution to a neurotic stupidity.

I do love life. Perhaps not as passionately as some men do, or say they do, but I love it. I am not pleased at the idea of giving it up. If I could discover any reasonable alternative I would not, even now, give it up. But there is no alternative.

My main reason for writing this is to leave behind a warning. Because I am brilliant, what I have done is brilliant, and ordinary men are hardly likely to have the requisite ingenuity to blunder into anything like my present predicament; but there are many other brilliant men in this world and some of them, even now, may be engaged in an experiment similar to my own, unaware of where it is leading them. I address myself to this elite.

It is ironic that I have been pushed into suicide because of an attempt to prolong my life. Like most thinking individuals, I have always been galled by the tiny span allotted to us by a supposedly beneficent providence. A man has barely attained a state of mature efficiency before he finds himself advancing rapidly into his decline. It is infuriating to contemplate what a Newton or a Kepler, or a Beethoven or a Dante could have accomplished if his creative years had been extended. Imagine, to take an example, how much richer our artistic heritage would be had Cézanne been given a mere decade more of productive existence.

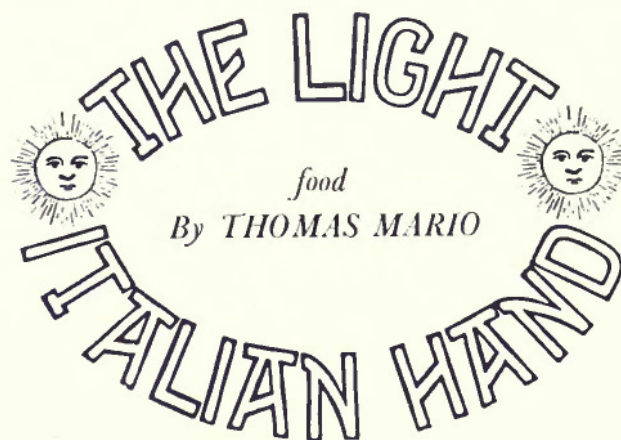
The stretching out of old age has my sympathy, but not much of my interest. If I had lived to be a tottering ancient, I suppose I would be as eager for a few more blurry years as they appear to be, but I do not see any particular value for the race as a whole in the prolongation of an individual long after he has *(continued on page 157)*

summer cuisine with a roman accent

TO MOST FLEDGLING food fanciers, the mere mention of Italian cuisine all too often conjures up weighty images of veal parmesan and chicken cacciatore served up with brimming bowls of hot pasta—fine, filling fare in their proper places, but by no means do they indicate the full extent of Italy's Lucullan art, which adjusts itself to seasonal changes with imaginative aplomb. In summer, Roman gourmets wisely pass up heavy offerings and feast instead on light dishes of succulent shellfish, salads and seafoods in delicate sauces. Many of the viands are so easy to whip up, in fact, that they don't need cooking at all, but just the lightest sort of Italian hand to quickly prepare them in a fashion ordained by the season. This easygoing Italian culinary attitude stands the natives in good stead during the dog days, when a casual picnic in the country is a must. In tiny Italian villages, as well as in the booming metropolises, you can see sporty little FIATs (to say nothing of sporty big Ferraris) racing through town with parcels of mussels and rice salads, tomatoes stuffed with seafood, chicken pepperoni, ricotta and Spanish pies, and a thousand other forms of rich *vivande* on sale at neighborhood groceries all helping to make at-home cookery and picnic preparation *presto, presto*. And those shops that hungry explorers in Italy have recognized by the welcome sign *salumeria* are now springing up like wild garlic across the United States. Dangling from their ceilings are forests of ready-to-enjoy foods—salamis, dried or fresh, thick or thin, mild or peppery; and pear-shaped provolone cheeses in rope nests, ranging in size from little provoletti to giants weighing in at hundreds of pounds. As a summer substitute for weighty hot-weather vittles, try your light Italian hand on such foodstuffs as luscious corned legs of pork called *zampino*, slices of paper-thin prosciutto to wrap around wedges of ice-cold melons or figs, freshly baked loaves of crisp Italian bread, and bottles of sweet red and yellow peppers well pickled in vinegar. The bachelor who wants to prepare fresh Italian salads, sandwiches and cold platters has an endless variety from which to choose.

America's Italian-food counters are always piled high with a wealth of delicacies: some come from Italy or other parts of the Mediterranean area, some are made in this country, but all are inspired *all' italiana*. Even tuna fish has an Italian counterpart, such as imported Mediterranean tuna fillets in olive oil.

Olive oil is the backbone of Italian cuisine. Ancient Romans drank it before a banquet to ward off hangovers. Romans today are more positive in their approach. An Italian *bagna cauda* is simply a fondue pot or chafing dish containing olive oil or olive oil and melted butter, flavored with anchovies and garlic, then used for appetizers that can be dipped. Take any cold food—a spear of cooked asparagus, a piece of fennel or a tiny artichoke heart—dip it for a moment (continued on page 130)







Sarah Lawrence of Arabia whispered: "Israel Bond, why do you want to climb upon my body?" He answered passionately, "Because it's there."

ON THE SECRET SERVICE OF HIS MAJESTY THE QUEEN

wherein agent oy oy seven, israel bond, makes beautiful music with the mysterious sarah lawrence of arabia, guards sahd sakistan's precious potentate, baldroi lefagel, and gambles with his very life in the nefarious tush's cockamamie casino

CONCLUSION of a parody

By SOL WEINSTEIN

SYNOPSIS: The proud country of Israel, as well as Secret Agent Oy Oy Seven, Israel Bond, were really up against it this time, and it would require all of the latter's leonine courage, low-grade wit and sexual irresponsibility to pull them out.

The unregenerate ten-man Nazi cabal known as TUSH (Terrorist Union for Suppressing Hebrews) was striking against them on all fronts, spearheaded by the warped scientific genius of Dr. Ernst Holzknight and the transcendent evil of the loathsome hag in the wheelchair, Auntie Sem-Heidt, she of the mad-dog yellow eyes and the external plastic heart.

Operating out of a brilliant and profitable front—Shivs, the world's preferred gambling casino located in the tiny Arabian enclave of Sahd Sakistan—TUSH's secondary aim was to weaken the enclave for take-over by murdering its king, Hakmir. The murder having been carried out, only the brave, veiled mystery woman of the desert, Sarah Lawrence of Arabia, stood in TUSH's nefarious way.

Its major aim, of course, was the destruction of the land of Israel by means of "Operation Alienation." Herr Doktor's ingenious plot to eradicate the one emotional element (outside of Georgie Jessel) that binds the Jews of the Western world to Israel—Jewish food. Thus, three continents were rocked by 4999 bombings of Jewish businesses involved with the manufacture and serving of pastrami, chopped liver, seltzer, heartburn, etc., including the very factory operated by Mother Margolies in Israel as a cover for the Israeli Secret Service. Scores died in the blasts; M herself was crippled and confined to a wheelchair.

By chance, the vacationing Israel Bond had thwarted the 5000th bombing at his brother Milton's catering house, the Pinochle Royale, by intercepting and staging a fight to the death with TUSH agent James Bund.

Eager to return to Eretz Israel and to have at these TUSH ghouls, Bond, to his chagrin, found himself being sent on another mission, one he considered degrading. He was to guard the heir to Hakmir's throne, a long-lost

son. Bond soon made the unsettling discovery that the new king was none other than the epicene Baldroi LeFagel, the swishy, angry poet-novelist who lusted for the Hebraic Hercules in the "Matzohball" caper (PLAYBOY, December 1965).

But orders were orders. In the course of his new assignment, Oy Oy Seven was forced to don a dress, in which guise he blocked an assassination attempt on LeFagel at London's Gayboy Club by killing Willi Marlene, of TUSH's section for killer queers—the Gayfia!

It was Z, jovial restaurateur Ziggy Gershenfeld, who deduced the fearful aims of the Nazi scheme after Bond had uncovered a TUSH spy in the very heart of Jerusalem and had made him talk. It was clear that Bond's assignment was dovetailing with Eretz Israel's plan for counterattack. He was told, "Fly to Sahd Sakistan, keep LeFagel alive and on the throne, crash into Shivs, get the evidence on TUSH, and save Judaism!"

Illya Kuryakin would have blanched at that order and cried, "UNCLE!" . . . Derek Flint would have jumped inside his cigarette lighter; even James Bond would have said, "Uh, uh." But not Israel Bond! (Thank God. Or we'd have no story.)

Now Bond was winging his way to Sahd Sakistan.

IT STARTED its nerve-racking attack on his system the moment the Air-India jet roared down the Lydda airstrip—the old feeling.

Israel Bond, the most monumental task of his career awaiting him, lit a Raleigh and tried to stifle the libidinal monster inside him that was clamoring for release by poring over the bulky report M, Z and Op Chief Beame had compiled for him.

"Sex Sexistan"—steady there, Oy Oy Seven; your eyes



An hour before his coronation, LeFagel entreated Bond, "Soon I shall be king officially, but I'd give it all up—power, fame and money—if you'd consent to go away with me, O Hebraic captor of my heart."



From the harsh triumph in the iron voice it was clear that Auntie Sem-Heidt had not come to repent. "Die, vile creator of chicken soup!" she cried and, pressing a button on her wheelchair, she sent a steel projectile whizzing toward M.

are playing tricks. Push this depravity from your mind. "Sahd Sakistan"—that's better—"is a territory about the size of Alsace-Lorraine." *Alsace-Lorraine*, you pitiful, sex-haunted wretch!

It was then Miss Mookerjje, the olive-skinned, ebony-eyed hostess in the filmy red sari, a blue dot on her forehead, swayed by his seat. "Can I be of service to you, Mr. Bond?" the sweet mouth spoke its polite singsong.

"I think not, Miss Mookerjje." Somehow his long, tapering fingers were closing around her willowy calf. He forced himself to read on.

"It has been playing both sides of the Cold War fence with adroitness. To illustrate, the Sahd Sakistani flag depicts a red, white and blue eagle clutching a hammer and sickle, beneath which is the motto, IN GOD WE TRUST—IF THERE IS ONE. Its principal exports are oil and malaria."

His hand was up to the butterscotch softness of the back of her knee, her scent of Lestoil spray causing his nostrils to twitch. He slammed the report to the floor. "Miss Mookerjje! Follow me quickly or I'll faint!" He clutched at his throat and stumbled toward the alcove between first-class and tourist, where the stewardesses prepare food and drink. She was on his heels, her eyes wide with concern. Once inside, he pulled the curtain shut and pointed to an I. D. bracelet on his right wrist. "Read . . . read . . ." and he fell gasping against the sink.

Miss Mookerjje looked at the inscription on the bracelet, then into the tormented gray eyes, and smiled, "Of course, sir." Her nimble fingers flew to their appointed rounds and in five seconds her appointed rounds were revealed by the falling of the sari to her slender ankles.

With the unruffled efficiency of a trained servant of the air, she stripped Bond's Levi Strauss one-piece sky-diver jump suit from his lithe, hard body and allowed a bronze, muscular arm to draw her head against his chest.

"My name is Israel. O solicitous daughter of the Ganges," he said through cyanotic lips.

"Indira," she breathed. "Indira."

"Look, baby," he snapped. "I know where. I've done this before."

"No, Mr. Bond—Indira—it's my name."

Now they knew each other's names and that made it so real, so right, and his sensual lips, red once again, were sipping the bee nectar from hers. "Drink this." His command was hoarse, his body charged with expectation, as his hand bore a vial of desire-igniting Gallo Wine to her lips, setting her afire, and they began a fantastic flight pattern to fulfillment 150 miles an hour faster than the jet was going, making a mid-air adjustment to correct any weightlessness, and they collapsed onto a carpet of

something green and shimmering, spent and content.

"What's this sticky green stuff, Taj Mahali dolly?" He prayed she would find favor with the sparkingly conceived internal rhyme.

"We are reposing upon the Royal gelatin which was to have been the dessert on this flight."

Two jet streams of Raleigh smoke misted the window. "Lying on Royal gelatin, eh?" His gray eyes danced with levity. "I guess this is what they mean by a Royal—" but he aborted the witicism in an uncommon fit of good taste. He would not cheapen the moment this magnificent jewel of the East had granted him. "That blue dot on your forehead, Indira; it's gone."

She tasted his Raleigh. "Yes, I am a member of the Sylvania caste and that blue dot disappears after I make love."

Back in his seat, Bond was disgusted with himself for employing the old I. D. bracelet gambit. He held it up to the light. "I am afflicted with a rare phenomenon known as *sat-air-iasis* and must have sexual contact lest I go into convulsions that could prove fatal to me and possibly result in misfortune to the aircraft."

King Baldroi, his eyes two malicious darts, leaned across the aisle. "I saw that little bit of hanky-panky with the hostess, Bondy bitch. Come, now; tell me. What did you two do in there? Did she force you to commit natural acts?"

"Knock it off, LeFagel!" He regretted the choice of words. This little bastard will sure as hell twist them into his own frame of reference. To his surprise, LeFagel did not, flipping a sheet of scrawled-upon yellow paper into his lap.

*Tiger, tiger, burning bright,
In the darkness of the night,
You've made an incredibly stupid
bungle,
You've set fire to the whole damn
jungle.*

Good-o! LeFagel's showing a definite move away from the aridity of his homosexual orientation. Though I wish he wouldn't pet Neon Zion's head quite so often. Well, I guess Rome wasn't built in a day. Although Levittown was.

When the jet dipped over the Gulf of Aden, he saw the name "U. S. S. JEW" on the side of the mighty aircraft carrier whose decks were laden with neat rows of silvery Chickenhawk jet fighter-bombers. Sound psychology, Bond admitted. America already had one called "WASP." But what was a carrier doing anchored off Sahd Sakistan?

He found out as he stood in the Customs shed watching his Mercedes Ben Gurion lowered to the sandy soil by a crane. "Mr. Bond?" An inspector nudged his elbow. "You're wanted in the office."

Bond signaled for LeFagel and Neon to follow and walked through a passage-

way to a door, spitting upon it as his trained Double Oy eyes reported it was made from cedars of Lebanon. When he felt the object dig into the small of his back, his mind clicked out—position number 71 from the old manual that he himself had authored for M 33 and I/3 personnel, "Simultaneous Sex and Self-Defense"—and he fell to his knees with a slick, showy maneuver and whispered, "I beg you; don't shoot."

The laugh was harsh, the voice with a note of admiration. "OK, Oy Oy Seven. I see your reflexes haven't dulled one iota. On your feet."

That twangy New England accent! So redolent of B & M Baked Beans in dark-brown jars, raucous gulls swooping out of a leaden sky to carry off stray Portuguese children, The Splendid Splinter, Ted Williams, at Fenway Park taking two, then spitting to right . . . by thunder, it was—

"Monroe! Monroe Goshen! You old lobster lob, you!" With delight he hugged the sawed-off little man with the dour puritanical visage, whose slight frame was draped by a herring-scented Gloucester nor'easter trench coat—Monroe Goshen, operations chief of the Central Intelligence Agency's Mid-East Section, who had spent those last spine-chilling hours of the Loxfinger caper with Bond in Eretz Israel.

Pouting at the physical manifestation of fellowship, LeFagel said, "Well, that about tells the story, you heartbreaking Hebrew. It's the 'Jay fags who turn you on, right, Whitey?'"

Bond pushed the querulous monarch away. "Look, your Highness. This man's an old fighting chum of mine. I suspect he's here for the same reason I am, to keep your hide intact, so drop the green-eyed-monster routine."

Goshen introduced himself all around. "True, your Highness. My men and I came here on a carrier, ostensibly as part of a good-will tour, but we've definite orders from the Tall Texan to keep you on the throne. If Sahd Sakistan goes Commie, we could lose a billion barrels of oil a year. Let's continue this discussion at my embassy. You'll all be my guests for dinner. Don't worry, Mr. Bond. CIA agent Brown will deliver that razzle-dazzle car of yours to the palace. Now, let's away."

When the Customs inspector observed that Goshen's black Simulac limousine with the United States seal on its tag was well on the way to Baghs-Groove, the capital city, he picked up the telephone and dialed an unlisted number. He spoke for two minutes, then quaked as the iron voice issued instructions. "Ja, mein lieber Gerda."

The Customs inspector walked to the spot where the Mercedes Ben Gurion had been deposited by the crew. "Just one moment, gentlemen. I must affix

(continued on page 96)

THE DEATH OF GOD

a renowned "christian atheist" proclaims and defines the radical new concept of christianity without a supreme being

opinion By THE REVEREND WILLIAM HAMILTON

"Have you ever heard of the madman who on a bright morning lighted a lantern and ran to the market place calling out unceasingly: 'I seek God! I seek God!'—As there were many people standing about who did not believe in God, he caused a great deal of amusement. Why! is he lost? said one. Has he strayed away like a child? said another. Or does he keep himself hidden? Is he afraid of us? Has he taken a sea-voyage? Has he emigrated?—the people cried out laughingly, all in a hubbub. The insane man jumped into their midst and transfixed them with his glances. 'Where is God gone?' he called out. 'I mean to tell you! We have killed him—you and I! We are all his murderers! . . .

"Do we not smell the divine putrefaction?—for even Gods putrefy! God is dead! God remains dead! And we have killed him! How shall we console ourselves, the most murderous of all murderers? . . . Is not the magnitude of this deed too great for us? Shall we not ourselves have to become Gods, merely to seem worthy of it? There never was a greater event—and on account of it, all who are born after us belong to a higher history than any history hitherto!—Here the madman was silent and looked again at his hearers; they also were silent and looked at him in surprise. At last he threw his lantern on the ground, so that it broke in pieces and was extinguished. 'I come too early,' he then said, 'I am not yet at the right time. This prodigious event is still on its way, and is traveling—it has not yet reached men's ears . . .'"

These wild and lovely words, written by Friedrich Nietzsche toward the close of the last century, have recently broken loose from the obscurity of lecture, textbook and monograph, into the incomprehending world of cocktail party, newsmagazine with intellectual pretensions and television. Why? What has happened? Is there really an event properly called "the death of God"? Or is the current chatter enveloping the phrase simply another of the many non-events afflicting our time?

No. The death of God *has* happened. To those of us with gods, and to those without. To the indifferent, the cynical and the fanatical. God is dead, whatever that means. To some, this is an event of terror, warranting tears and the writing of requiems. In the above passage, Nietzsche seems to reflect some of this cosmic horror. But to others, the event is one of great liberation and joy; an event not keeping one from something, but making something newly possible, in this case the Christian faith. In another connection, Nietzsche knew this joy as well.

"In fact, we . . . feel ourselves irradiated as by a new dawn by the report that the 'old God is dead'; our hearts overflow with gratitude, astonishment, presentiment and expectation. At last the horizon seems open once more, granting even that it is not bright; our ships can at last put out to sea in face of every danger; every hazard is again permitted to the discerners; the sea, our sea, again lies open before us; perhaps never before did such an 'open sea' exist."

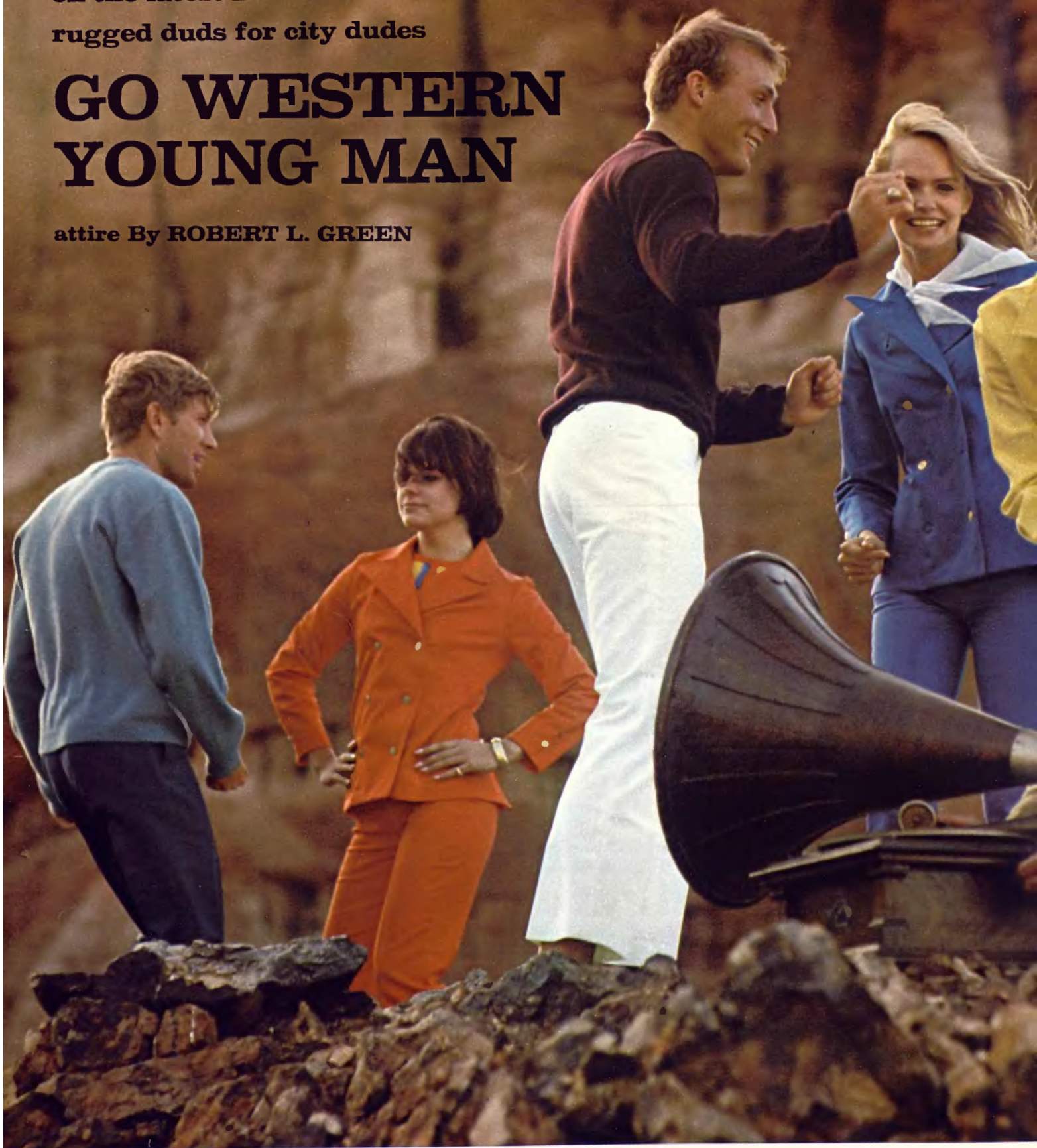
I am a Christian theologian by profession; I have recently been involved in the death-of-God fuss, and I am, as well, committed to the death of God as a theological and human event.

It is hard to know just exactly why the furor started last fall. I had been defending the death of God, off and on for years, on C.B.S. television programs, coast to coast, as the saying goes. But this was in the decent obscurity of the Sunday-morning cultural ghetto, and no one really listens to the words people say on television anyhow. What matters is if you are sincere, like Hugh Downs. A book or two came out in 1963, and in 1964 and 1965 a few articles began to appear indicating a common interest in doing Christianity without God. Three or four of us seemed to be working similar lines, and critics—both fearful and interested—began to call us a movement, and we looked around and decided that perhaps they were right. This was the first decisive alteration in Protestant theology to take place since the communications explosion of the early Fifties, and no one was prepared for the rapidity of information passing when the snowball really started to pick up momentum. A handful of articles, commissioned by a bland weekly Protestant journal (which in turn is earnestly monitored by the religion editors of the weekly newsmagazines), provided perhaps the real *(continued on page 84)*

a sage brushup
on the latest in
rugged duds for city dudes

GO WESTERN YOUNG MAN

attire By ROBERT L. GREEN





THIS SUMMER, urban males who'd rather jet than jog across the Great Plains will be styling up their wardrobes with wearables right off the range. Togs with a touch of the Old West are now creating their own trends by giving the rest of the country a new look in casualwear. Pictured on these pages are fashion firsts, just as sartorially acceptable in Chicago as in Cheyenne. They offer a comfortable change for both the summer months and the early fall. The perfect garb for roughing it on the patio or adventuring well armed with picnic basket and cooler of champagne, Western wear combines the dash and practicality of

Swinging lads, left to right, are in lamb's-wool cardigan, \$19, and worsted slacks, \$20, both by Pendleton; and hapsack-stitch wool pullover, by Towne & King, \$17, with permanent-press slacks, by Day's, \$8. Guy on the gramophone winds up in a lamb's-wool pullaver, by Towne & King, \$16, and worsted slacks, by Pendleton, \$20. Fellow above wears a denim pullover, by Silton, \$12; saddle champ below sports denim bush jacket, by Silton, \$20, with worsted slacks, by Cactus Casuals, \$9.





outdoor-oriented styling with the sophisticated action look that's attuned to the times. This season, traditional Western fabrics, including canvas and denim, set the pace for the stampede of new fashions. Cowboy denim shirts have multiple buttons on the cuffs, buttondown collars and a tight, tapered look. Wear them with trim-fitting, prefaded blue jeans that come already looking well worn. Other slacks we favor include Western models that keep their press while offering such range-country touches as extra-wide belt loops that easily accommodate a brass-buckled cowboy belt. Another style to set your sights on is a multistriped sleeveless pull-over that makes an ideal accessory for yachting or riding and features a rawhide-laced neck placket that can be drawn closed when the weather gets rough. Western-look sports coats have a rugged flair that makes an elegant change from the usual summer scene that's often been dominated by madras. One item we've been boosting is the bush jacket. Wrangler-rigged adaptations are now appearing, in colors such as a soft moss green, that combine the spirit of Kenya with the flavor of Wyoming. The Western look is coming on strong in cardigan sweaters. A six-button lamb's-wool model goes well with worsted slacks and makes a welcome fashion innovation for cool treks into the mountains. So fill out your summer wardrobe with spirited wearables that have already won the West and are now rapidly conquering the rest of the country.

Surrounded by fillies, our man, top, is in a hopsack jacket featuring yoke front, \$33, worn with short-sleeved wool shirt, \$14, and worsted trousers, \$20, all by Pendleton. Making with the horseplay, lad at right wears a cotton denim buttondown shirt, \$9, with cotton denim jeans, \$11, and leather belt, \$4, all by Fred Segal. Chap at far right enjoys an end-of-trail respite in heavy cotton denim shirt, by Martin, \$13, over hopsack jeans, by Levi's, \$7.





DEATH OF GOD (continued from page 79)

trigger last fall. An excellent analysis by a young *New York Times* reporter was syndicated quite widely, and a rather ineffectual and tired piece in *Time* made the kind of mark that ineffectual and tired pieces in *Time* often do. A confused *New Yorker* series on the "new theology" added words without sense to the scene, and, at last, the religion-desk people in wire services, local chains and papers moved in and rewrote the rewritten work of others. By about Christmas, the non-events and the events were thoroughly mixed together, hostile reactions were being recorded to words never uttered, institutions were upset, trustees perplexed, colleagues bewildered and hostile, and in general the reaction to the news and publicity was becoming part of the news and publicity, which in turn engendered more reaction, and so on. For a while it looked as if the reaction had become the event, and otherwise sensible Christian critics decided to reject the death-of-God theology on the grounds that it was faddish and beginning to turn up at cocktail parties. As time went on, and cooler heads prevailed, it was apparently decided that mention at cocktail parties is evidence for neither the truth nor falsity of an idea.

One of the consequences of the mish-mash character of the intellectual life of our day is that it makes clarity and precision difficult to obtain. "Death of God" is a difficult, complex, rather mysterious idea, and I'd like to set down some of the meanings that it seems to me to have today.

There is no question about it: "death of God" is a striking, rhetorical and offensive phrase. We death-of-God theologians do not call ourselves that in order to give offense. We mean "death." Traditional religious thought has spoken about the "disappearance" or "absence" or "eclipse" or "silence" of God. It means, by these words, that men do not permanently enjoy the experience of faith or the presence of God. The presence is, from time to time, withdrawn, and men cannot count on the timing or character of its return. This is a common enough religious affirmation in our time, but it is not what we death-of-God people are talking about. We are talking about a real loss, a real doing without, and—whatever we do expect of the future—we do not expect the return of the Christian God, open or disguised.

"Death of God" sounds not only offensive, it sounds arrogant. It seems to suggest not only that this experience has happened to us, but that it has, or ought to have, happened to everybody. "Death" seems to legislate for you as well as to illuminate for me. This is, however, not as great a problem as first appears. We death-of-God theologians,

along with a good many others today, accept without reservation the relativistic intellectual and spiritual climate of our time. We may fight passionately for what we hold. But we have given up believing that there is something about Christians that makes our views inevitable or necessary or (by definition) better than alternatives. We merely represent one of the possible intellectual options today. We expect to be listened to, if we say anything honest and clear, and we expect to listen. Given this relativism, the arrogant sound to the declaration of God's death is partly overcome.

There is, incidentally, a practical advantage in the shocking character of the phrase "death of God." It is just not something that conventional religious people or bishops or officials can pick up and use in their own way, saying, "Why, we've been saying that all along." There are those who feature this kind of complacency, but it is tough to do it with "death of God." The phrase is, you might say, nonsoluble in holy water, even when uttered with extreme unction.

The affirmation of the death of God is Christian in two senses. It is, for the most part, made by Christian theologians. (Not entirely, however, and a dialog between Christians and Jews around this idea is coming into being that seems most promising and exciting.) And it is made by us in order to affirm the possibility of thinking and living as Christians. To say "death of God," then, is somehow to move toward and not away from Christianity. Thus it should be clear that we theologians are not trying to reduce the Christian faith to a bland and noncontroversial minimum so that it can be accepted by scientists, rationalists and freethinkers. We are not particularly anxious about relevance or communication. It is not because we long to slip something into the mind of "modern man" that we do what we do. It is because something has happened to us, and because we suspect that it may have happened to others, that we are talking about the death of God.

But let's move beyond introductory matters. Just what does the phrase "death of God" mean as we "radical" theologians use it? And how is this related to other possible and historical uses of the phrase? The best way to start this answer is to indicate that there are perhaps ten possible meanings for the phrase "death of God" in use today:

1. It might mean that there is no God and that there never has been. This position is traditional atheism of the old-fashioned kind, and it does seem hard to see how it could be combined, except very unstably, with Christianity or any of the Western religions.

2. It might mean that there once was a God to whom adoration, praise and

trust were appropriate, possible and even necessary, but that there is now no such God. This is the position of the death-of-God or radical theology. It is an atheist position, but with a difference. If there was a God, and if there now isn't, it should be possible to indicate why this change took place, when it took place and who was responsible for it. I will be returning to questions like this.

3. It might mean that the idea of God and the word God itself both are in need of radical reformulation. Perhaps totally new words are needed; perhaps a decent silence about God should be observed; but ultimately, a new treatment of the idea and the word can be expected, however unexpected and surprising it may turn out to be.

4. It might mean that our traditional liturgical and theological language needs a thorough overhaul; the reality abides, but classical modes of thought and forms of language may well have had it.

5. It might mean that the Christian story is no longer a saving or a healing story. It may manage to stay on as merely illuminating or instructing or guiding, but it no longer performs its classical functions of salvation or redemption. In this new form, it might help us cope with the demons, but it cannot abolish them.

6. It might mean that certain concepts of God, often in the past confused with the classical Christian doctrine of God, must be destroyed: for example, God as problem solver, absolute power, necessary being, the object of ultimate concern.

7. It might mean that men do not today experience God except as hidden, absent, silent. We live, so to speak, in the time of the death of God, though that time will doubtless pass.

8. It might mean that the gods men make, in their thought and action (false gods or idols, in other words), must always die so that the true object of thought and action, the true God, might emerge, come to life, be born anew.

9. It might have a mystical meaning: God must die in the world so that he can be born in us. In many forms of mysticism the death of Jesus on the cross is the time of that worldly death. This is a medieval idea that influenced Martin Luther, and it is probably this complex of ideas that lies behind the German chorale *God Himself Is Dead* that may well be the historical source for our modern use of "death of God."

10. Finally, it might mean that our language about God is always inadequate and imperfect.

I want to go back to the second meaning of the phrase. If there was once a God and there is now not one, when did this change take place? There are a number of paths toward an answer. In one sense, God is always dying, giving

(continued on page 137)



John
Dempsey

*"Oh, God! You've been arresting couples
in parked cars again . . . !"*



PICTURE PLAYMATE

*hollywood seconds playboy's
premise that miss august
ought to be in pictures*

SUSAN DENBERG, our striking Miss August, joins a long and lovely line of Playmates whose centerfold appearances have preceded their cinematic debuts—a comely clan that includes such gatefold delights as Jayne Mansfield (February 1955), Stella Stevens (January 1960), Donna Michelle (December 1963), Jo Collins (December 1964) and Sue Williams (April 1965). Susan, a honey of a blonde, will make her filmic bow this fall in the celluloid version of Norman Mailer's recent best-selling novel *An American Dream*. Born and bred in Klagenfurt, Austria, where her family still operates a chain of electrical-appliance shops, 22-year-old Susan came to California less than a year ago by way of London and Las Vegas. As she told us, with just the slightest trace of an unlauted vowel or two to give away her native Teutonic tongue: "By the time I was eighteen, I'd had it with the provincial ways of Klagenfurt; so I kissed Momma, Poppa and my two kid brothers—Ulrich and Reinhard—goodbye and headed West like your Horace Greeley advised all young people to do. My first stop was England, where my childhood ballet lessons and the fact that I was a blonde combined to help me land a job in the chorus line of the Bluebells of London. When the group went on tour, I went with them as far as the Las Vegas run at the Stardust, then decided to stay on in the States and have a go at every young girl's dream: a movie career."

Susan's *Dream* role was not long in coming. She landed the part of Ruta—a promiscuous German parlormaid—in the forthcoming Warner Bros. production, which stars Stuart Whitman, Janet Leigh, Eleanor Parker, Barry Sullivan and Lloyd Nolan. "Like me, Ruta is a Teutonic import with a weakness for strong-willed men," our green-eyed belle of the month explains. "Of course, the fact that I speak with a German accent certainly didn't hurt my

Top to bottom: Our wide-eyed August miss receives some last-minute make-up touches from the studio cosmetologist in preparation for a steamy scene from Warner Bros.' forthcoming *An American Dream*; then, as the cameras roll, she discards her duds for an intended dip in the tub and subsequently becomes the more-than-willing object of Stuart Whitman's affections after a surprise hallway encounter that winds up with Susan literally throwing in the towel.





Flanked by director Robert Gist and leading man Stuart Whitman, our *August Dream* girl takes a pre-scene stroll around the Warner Bros. lot. "I couldn't have asked for a better cost or director to work with on my first film," she told us. "They were all screen veterans, but they still found time to take me under their wings." With voice and diction teacher Gertrude Fogler, Susan rehearses the sound of things to come, then stops off at her favorite neighborhood pastry shop for a strudel break. Later, she borrows a friend's wheels and sets out for afternoon disco date.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY PETER GOWLANO

chances of being cast in the part." For a while, however, it appeared as though Susan might not be Susan at all by the time the film's release date rolled around. As part of a nationwide contest to find a *nom de cinéma* for its latest ascending starlet, Warner Bros. offered a \$500 award for the winning entry and received over 5000 name suggestions from cinemaphiles throughout both hemispheres before wisely deciding to leave Susan—name and all—exactly as they'd found her. "Some of the names submitted were pretty far out," recalls Susan. "But the funniest entry of them all was Norma Mailer."

With keen eyes to continue her pursuit of an American acting career now that she's broken the proverbial ice in pictures, Susan spends the bulk of her off-camera hours studying dramatics at Hollywood's Desilu Studio Workshop and taking voice and diction lessons from Madame Gertrude Fogler in Beverly Hills ("If the studio heads think I have an accent now, they should have heard me murder the language when I first hit town"). On weekends, however, her avocational interests attract her to the nearest beach ("All Nordic women are secretly in love with the sun"), *discothèque* ("With all the professional dancing I've done, I still get a kick out of learning all the new steps"), ski slope ("As a child I used to ski to school every day during winter, but now I'm lucky if I can make it out to Mount Baldy twice a month") or sports-car competition ("As soon as a few more films come my way, I've promised myself the best of all possible rewards: a new fuel-injected Corvette"). To inject a happy note of our own on the current shape of Austro-American trade, we recommend an audit of Susan's well-balanced figure in this month's centerfold.



PLAYBOY's latest Hollywood hopeful pores over a filmscript while breakfasting in bed. "I still haven't learned to think in English as much as I should," she says, "so it takes me twice as long to memorize my lines, because I always wind up translating them into German first." At a fashionable Beverly Hills emporium, salesgirl helps Susan try on a smart new summer frock; then shop owner Gene Schacove looks on approvingly as she slips into something a bit more formal ("I'm a typical female as far as clothes are concerned; my eyes are always bigger than my wallet").





MISS AUGUST

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Between Warner Bros. shooting sessions and her dramatics classes, Susan uses the pool adjoining her Beverly Hills apartment to take a sun-and-swim breather.



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A luscious coed majoring in sociology decided to write her thesis on campus sex behavior and ended up working under some of the greatest minds in the school.



Sinking uneasily into the depths of the psychiatrist's couch, the patient sighed, "Doctor, I have a problem." He loosened his collar and continued, "I've got one son in Harvard and another at Yale. I've just gifted them with twin Ferraris. I have a town house on upper Fifth Avenue and a summer home at Easthampton and a sprawling ranch in Venezuela."

"Well!" smiled the psychiatrist, obviously impressed. "Either I missed something or you really don't have a problem."

"Doc," the harried chap croaked, "I only make seventy-five dollars a week."

It takes a brave man to admit his mistakes, especially in the middle of a paternity-suit hearing.

The management of a faltering corporation offered a \$25 award to those employees who turned in the best suggestions as to how the company could save money. One of the first prizes went to a brilliant young executive who suggested that in the future the award be reduced to \$10.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *eunuch* as a man cut off from temptation.

The elegantly dressed gentleman entered the sumptuously appointed cocktail lounge. After surveying the many patrons gathered there, he motioned for silence and called, "Bartender, I'd like the opportunity of buying a drink for everyone in the place."

After a brief pause, he added, "And please have one yourself." This generosity was hailed and toasted by one and all.

After downing his own drink and bidding everyone adieu, the fine fellow started for the door. His progress was interrupted by the slightly embarrassed bartender. "I hate to bother you, sir," he began, "but the tab comes to two hundred dollars . . ."

"So what are you bothering me for? I don't have as much as a penny," replied the gentleman.

Realizing that a cruel hoax had been perpetrated upon him, the enraged bartender seized the brash fellow, beat him sharply about the head and shoulders and threw him into the street.

The following afternoon, the bartender

was amazed to see the same man come into the lounge. The deadbeat stopped and motioned once again for silence. As a hush fell over the crowd, he snapped his fingers and shouted, "Bartender, drinks for everyone. That is, everyone but *you*—I've seen the way you act when you get a drink in you."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *libertine* as a swinging adolescent.

A wedding ring may not be as tight as a tourniquet, but it does an equally good job of stopping circulation.



The wages of sin are high unless you know someone who'll do it for nothing.

A debt-plagued fellow, hopelessly poring over a pile of bills, suddenly shouted: "I'd give a thousand dollars to anyone who would do my worrying for me!"

"You're on," answered his wife. "Where's the thousand?"

"That's your first worry," he replied.



The precocious six-year-old, who had just completed his first day in the second grade at a progressive school, suddenly asked his parents, "What is sex?"

After an embarrassed pause, they finally managed to stammer out an explanation of the birds and the bees.

Puzzled, the tot pulled a school questionnaire from his pocket and asked, "How am I going to put all that information in this little space marked 'sex'?"

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.



"Shouldn't we be putting nuts away for the winter or something?"

SECRET SERVICE (continued from page 78)

Mr. Bond's temporary Sahd Sakistani sticker to his license plate," which he did, making an exaggerated show of diligence. As the left hand smoothed out the sticker, the right was touching the magnetized end of a metal cylinder to the underside of the Alcoa bumper. It was a homing radio.

Wherever the MBG was going, so was a tiny sentinel from TUSH.

Two minutes later CIA agent Brown, a towering Negro in a trim Ray Charles trench coat, stepped out of the office and was about to climb into the MBG when he saw the red sedan pull into the parking lot. "1965 Togliatti," he told himself. "Let's look at the little old manual." He opened a pocket-sized book titled *Oppo Autos* and read: "Togliattis are always registered to members of TUSH. TUSH usually uses Dagroes as drivers, opining that Swegroes, Spigroes and Bulgars are too dim-witted to manipulate the vehicle. The latter breeds, however, may accompany Dagroes as strong-arm men; but TUSH will use a Swegro as a driver if he has passed a driving test administered by a Dagro, mutation Bulgar or a Spigro with no less than 25 percent Dagro blood."

No doubt of it, the Togliatti is here to tag the MBG, agent Brown reckoned. Might make things a bit sticky for Goshen's Israeli pal with the big-shot reputation. I'll have to see that Mr. Bond gets an edge on these scum.

"Hey, boys!" Brown called to the usual gang of ragtag Arab urchins near the taxi stand pestering the deplaned tourists for cigarettes. Brown spoke to them in Sakistani for a minute, distributed a handful of smokes and watched them as they sprinted to the Togliatti and sportively climbed under and over it until the swarthy, hatchet-faced driver, whose woolly poll, thick Negroid lips and Sicilian curses stamped him as an unmistakable Dagro, shoed them away.

When the red sedan started up and headed toward Baghs-Groove, Brown got into the MBG, turned on the ignition and heard the beep, beep, beep of the homer planted by one of the boys under the Togliatti's license plate.

Brown smiled. *We're ahead of the game now.*

Not knowing he'd merely evened it.

. . .

As Goshen's Simulac rumbled through dark, narrow streets, there came from a lofty minaret the ululation of the muezzin and they saw the faithful prostrate themselves in the age-old tribute to Mecca, holiest of Islam's shrines, then heard a second cry from the chanter that held a definite note of annoyance.

Bond smiled. "I'll translate. He's crying, 'No! No! You schmucks! Mecca is north, north!'"

"This, your Highness, is the native

quarter, the mysterious Cissbah," Goshen broke in with the Fitzpatrick narration. "It's so named because—well, look for yourself." There were burros and their riders making their water, as all good beasts and men must, against a dank, moldy wall.

They began to pass mounds of rubble that contained entire families, the fathers puffing pipes, children diving in and out of the debris in unrestrained merriment, mothers at the bottom of the piles with old-fashioned papyrus brooms sweeping the urchins together.

"Your late father's public housing project, sire," Goshen pointed out. "Before he instituted it the fellaheen had no debris to call their own and slept in sewers, puddles, marshes, etc. See how happy they are now? Generosity was an integral part of Hakmir's nature. He often told our ambassador, 'I've made my pile; now let my poor unfortunate subjects make theirs.'"

From the look in LeFagel's eyes, Bond knew Sahd Sakistan's new ruler had been touched deeply. Good-o! Perhaps King Baldroi will yet be—

The first volley stitched its way across the Simulac's windscreen and Bond hurled LeFagel face down on the Du Pont 501 orange-and-black Cottage Club carpeting. From the front seat he heard Goshen moaning, "I'm hit. Save the king . . ."

"Monroe!" Bond's muscular right arm lanced out, pulled the CIA op chief over the seat and deposited him next to the sobbing LeFagel. "It's an ambush, Neon. Right in this narrow alley and we're caught like rats in a trap."

"Say, Oy Oy Seven, that's a sharp simile you just came up with, that rats in a trap business. That one of your originals?"

"You bet, Neon," Bond told the worshipping 113. Maybe I'm off base lying to the kid, but what the hell—Neon's under enemy fire right now and it's no time to start shattering the kind of illusions that make men happy to fight, to die if need be. "How's Goshen?"

"Shoulder wound. Not too bad. Who's the 'oppo' out there?"

Bond shouted over the next barrage. "About fifty guys in black burnouses blocking the alley. Members of the Kurdish tribe. We're in for it, I'm afraid."

Bond could hear the twanging of Neon's crossbow, and from the occasional screams at the end of the alley he knew the kid was giving a good account of himself. Time to start doing the same. Oy Oy Seven, he chided himself. He worked the back door open and dove into one of the piles of debris, the impact sending stones cascading down its sides. The patriarch at the top of the mound hurled a deep-throated insult at him: "Home-wrecker!"

His long, tapering fingers slid inside his Neiman-Marcus shoulder holster and liberated the ice-cold Colt 45. He yanked off its pop-top and let the soothing malt liquor run down his parched throat. A fine beverage, he knew, but no substitute for the weapon I need right now.

When he heard it he thought: I'm losing my mind. I'm lying next to a shot-up limousine in a dark, fetid alley, slugs whistling by my dark, cruelly handsome face, and I hear music! And it's so familiar. *Dee dee, da, da, da, da, dee dee*—yes, the first eight notes of the main theme from the movie *Lawrence of Arabia*.

The music swelled, came closer and the shooting ceased. He could hear utterances of awe from the band of attackers: "She comes! She comes!"

Bond pulled himself up and looked down the alley, blocked no longer by Kurds, who had opened a pathway and were kneeling along its sides. Through it bobbed a woman on a white camel from whose neck hung a black box whence emanated the music—a tape recorder, he guessed. She wore a gold robe whose effulgence was doubled by the Arabian sun. A red tarboosh with a golden fly swatter for a tassel sat upon her head. Only two glowing coals, a pair of indescribably piercing eyes, could be seen over the top of her black veil.

When the white camel snorted, a cool, mellifluous British voice calmed it. "Be still, Latakia. Thy mistress commands it." The camel obeyed.

Those wondrous eyes swept over the grim faces of the Kurds, the pained expression of the wounded Goshen, the wide-eyed look on Neon Zion, the trembling visage of the elfin king, and then found Bond's unflinching gray eyes. For 120 seconds the black eyes and the gray eyes locked in a duel, then Bond's cruel, sensual lips parted in an arrogant grin of desire and he knew somehow that under the veil her own lips were framed in an answering smile.

"Welcome to Sahd Sakistan, your Highness." The voice spoke again, with respect but no submissiveness. "I was a friend of your late, beloved father, King Hakmir, and have sworn to uphold his successor. Why these misguided tribesmen have dared to fire upon their rightful ruler is a mystery I shall endeavor to unravel."

LeFagel's composure returned. "We owe our lives to you, gracious lady. Who are you?"

A white-gloved hand reached under the camel's neck, touched a button and the *dee dee, da, da, da, da, dee dee* strain issued forth again. "You will always know I am here to protect you, sire, whenever you hear the opening eight notes of my traveling theme music. I am Sarah Lawrence of Arabia."

. . .

"This'll stop the bleeding," Bond
(continued on page 158)

MY FATHER, HIS FATHER AND BEN

he thought he'd saved his family from the european wilderness, but his youngest brother brought to america the seeds of his own destruction

fiction **By HERBERT GOLD**

MY FATHER HAS NEVER MENTIONED his father's name. "He hit me for whistling like a peasant, 'he' brought home a carp for the holiday, 'he' took me to the rabbi, but I didn't want to go." *He* did this or that. What my father has left me of my grandfather is a silent old man with a long white beard, a horse, a cart, a cow, a mud-and-log house—an Old Country grandfather fixed in my mind like a Chagall painting. That's not enough, of course. The stylization of art does not satisfy the craving for history.

My father seems to have been his father's favorite child, perhaps merely because he was the eldest. I know this for several reasons, but here is the way I remember it: Sometimes my grandfather took my father to town with him. One of my uncles tells of clinging upside down, in a jealous rage, to the underside of the cart. Today, in 1966, I have a double vision of the past, as if someone has forgotten to turn the film—this fat old uncle with a head that shakes, a nervous old headshaker, peering through the slats of the cart as clumps of mud belt his behind—a child wanting also to go to town. There was an even younger brother, still suckling, too young to want to go to town. In our family his name is now never pronounced. It is put aside for a different reason from the loss of my grandfather's name.

In their little village near Kamenets Podolski in Russia, just after the century began, life was hard and dark for everyone, but harder and darker for Jews. However, the human race does not permit *(continued on page 100)*





*"Sometimes I wish I'd learned to take shorthand,
or type, or something . . ."*

one of practical jokery's most ardent devotees presents his own comedic lexicon of joy buzzers, sneezing powder and sundry other silly shticks of yesteryear

The Discovery And Use Of The Fake Ink Blot

humor By Woody Allen

THERE IS NO EVIDENCE of a fake ink blot appearing anywhere in the West before the year 1921, although Napoleon was known to have had great fun with the joy buzzer, a device concealed in the palm of the hand causing an electric-like vibration upon contact. Napoleon would offer the regal hand in friendship to a foreign dignitary, buzz the unsuspecting victim's palm and roar with imperial laughter as the red-faced dupe did an improvised jig to the delight of the court.

The joy buzzer underwent many modifications, the most celebrated of which occurred after the introduction of chewing gum by Santa Anna (I believe chewing gum was originally a dish of his wife's that simply would not go down) and took the form of a spearmint-gum pack equipped with a subtle mousetrap mechanism. The sucker, offered a fresh stick, experienced a piercing sting as the iron bar came springing down on his naïve fingertips. The first reaction

was generally one of pain, then contagious laughter, and finally a kind of folk wisdom.

It is no secret that the snappy-chewing-gum gag lightened matters at the Alamo considerably; and although there were no survivors, most observers feel things could have gone substantially worse without this cunning little gimmick.

With the advent of the Civil War, Americans turned more and more to escaping

the horrors of a disintegrating nation; and while the Northern generals preferred amusing themselves with the dribble glass, Robert E. Lee passed many a crucial moment with his brilliant use of the squirt flower. In the early part of the War, no one ever came away from smelling the apparent "lovely carnation" in Lee's lapel without getting a generous eyeful of Suwannee-river


water. As things went badly for the South, however, Lee abandoned the once-fashionable artifice and relied simply on placing a carpet tack on the chair seats of people whom he did not like.

After the War and right up to the early 1900s and the so-called era of the robber barons, sneezing powder and a little tin can marked ALMONDS, wherefrom several huge spring serpents would leap into the victim's face, provided all that was worthy in the area of tomfoolery. It is said J. P. Morgan preferred the former, while the elder Rockefeller felt more at home with the latter.

Then, in 1921, a group of biologists meeting in Hong Kong to buy suits discovered the fake ink blot. It had long been a staple of the Oriental repertoire of diversions, and several of the later dynasties retained power by their brilliant manipulation of what appeared to be a spilled bottle and an ugly inkstain, but was in reality a tin blot.

The first ink blots, it was learned, were crude, constructed to 11 feet in diameter and fooled nobody.

However, with the discovery of the concept of smaller sizes by a Swiss physicist, who proved that an object of a particular size could be reduced in size simply by "making it smaller," the fake ink blot came into its own.

It remained in its own until 1934, when Franklin Delano Roosevelt removed it from its own and placed it in someone else's. Roosevelt utilized it cleverly to settle a strike in Pennsylvania, the details of which are amusing. Embarrassed leaders of both labor and management were convinced that a bottle of ink had been spilled, ruining someone's priceless Empire sofa. Imagine how relieved they were to learn it was all in fun. Three days later the steel mills were reopened. 



MY FATHER (continued from page 97)

utter darkness; we try to grow sharp sticks to point holes in it. Hasidism, the religion of light and drink, ferocious and funny stories, dancing and lovemaking, beat like a stick through the Jewish towns. It was also a religion of medals, magic and charms. Jews raved and sang; Jews rolled in the woods in public ecstasies. They conquered the miseries of the police and a murderous peasantry by rocking and rolling.

Not all. My father, aged 12, one year short of being a man, was already a socialist, a freethinker, a revolutionist, and he wanted to ride away to America and pick up the gold in the streets of New York. He would carry a sack with him. The czar's barbarous army or the golden freedom of America—is that a choice? His father knew that to stay in Russia meant conscription and death, but America was godless, a living death. He preferred the death he knew. This silent man sought to pass the remainder of his days with his children nearby, his wife, his cart, his horse, his cow, his hut, his fish on holidays. My 12-year-old father clung to the idea that he would go to America to be a man, another man. They must have fought over this. My father was beaten with a stick.

At last my grandfather grew weary of beating his eldest son. The boy was unknowable by stick; he was slow to learn, and my grandfather, who would willingly have spent his lifetime studying the Talmud with him, begrudged the hours he spent hitting him. Instead, father and son came to an understanding. They would travel to the nearby town to consult the wonder-working rabbi about making a way across the bogs and borders, past the czar's police and the famous Dutchmen of western Europe, toward glittering America. They agreed to abide by the rabbi's judgment in the matter. My father secretly resolved that he would obey the wonder-working rabbi's decision only if it were the correct one. Thus, he reasoned, he had nothing to lose. A wonder-working rabbi provided fair combat for a mentally working boy with constricted scruples and his mind made up.

My father was loaded by his father into the horse-drawn cart, along with eggs, a chicken, cakes and other gifts for the rabbi, and silently they jolted across the irrational ruts of the mud road. Animals and drunken peasants slowed their passage, but the divine guardian of roads and souls kept the spokes in their wheels, the metal shoes on their horse, the patience in their hearts. My father wanted to whistle, but knew better. Instead, my father, aged 12, silently rehearsed to himself the knowledge that he was an atheist, a socialist, and intended to go to America and take the name of Gold, in honor of the freedom given

to men by the gold in the streets of New York; he thought all this through with great care, sorting it out and looking at the last star of morning, fixing it like the star in his mind in case the rabbi tried to work magic upon him in order to make him forget or deny or surrender. Inside he was whistling. Silent whistles were emitted by his pursed lips and between his clenched teeth.

The wonder-working rabbi listened to both my father and my grandfather. He asked: How often beaten? He asked: Did the boy study Talmud-Torah from dawn to dusk? He asked: Those cookies, did the little mother make them herself? He pulled his beard, turned his large veiny eyes on the two petitioners and nibbled from the speckled cookies my grandmother had baked as a tribute to his wisdom. He must have been a very wise man. Many crumbs on his beard. And when he pulled his beard—many crumbs on his lap. He knew that his reputation for all-seeing foresight would suffer a decline in the district if he pronounced the wrong decision. My father was burning, at the high temperature at which a 12-year-old man burns, to go to America. In any case, he would go, with or without permission. The rabbi understood this. In one case, the father would be bitter and unreconciled, and the boy would steal away in the night, guiltily, with only his mother's sobs to wish him well. But if the Nameless One blessed the rabbi with a favorable word, father and son might still be reconciled. That could be the other case.

The rabbi said to the boy: Go to America, but wait two months until your *bar mitzvah*. Go as a man.

Even then my father was not a man of pure principle. He wanted to go to America right now, at age 12, but he decided to wait until age 13, in order to please others and get all that he desired, which included the respect of his family.

The rabbi also said: And wear this medal around your neck, it will protect you from harm.

My father said: And my brothers? They too must go to America.

The rabbi said: Wear this medal. They are babies yet. Let be what God wills.

My father said: Give me some medals for the babies, too.

The rabbi said: They must come to see me at the proper time.

My father said: What is good for me will be good for them.

The rabbi took a cookie and did not deign to argue. Arguing at this point would be less a matter of principle—should a baby go to America who can barely dress himself?—than a matter of bickering. In due time, an appointment could be made to discuss it. Solomon dealt coolly with 12-year-old bickerers.

Sternly the rabbi chewed his cookie.

My father, choking down his shame and disbelief, accepted the medal which the rabbi hung about his neck from a fairly clean string. All the other atheistic and socialistic 10-to-12-year-old boys of the village would mock him, would accuse him of failing to whistle at rabbis, but my future father knew what he really wanted, and what he really wanted could not be altered by consenting to wear a medal until he finally turned the bend in the long road that led from the Ukrainian village to the Western world.

My father's father paid proper respects to the rabbi, and then the two went home, jiggling in the lightened cart, without the load of eggs, the chicken, the cakes, but with a decision that brought peace to the family. After they got back, by absent-minded habit, my grandfather peeked beneath the cart to see if any of his other sons were clinging to it. It would have made more sense to look sooner, but time and sequence were not his specialties.

My grandfather entered and said to his wife, "The boy will stay."

He would not spoil the Sabbath by adding, "But the man will go."

He went back outside to wash and prepare for the evening prayers. He hugged his other son, the one who always wanted to cling to the cart when my father went someplace. He dandled his third son, the babe in arms. Then he kissed his five-year-old daughter. His wife was worried by this show of affection. "What's the trouble? Are you deceiving me?"

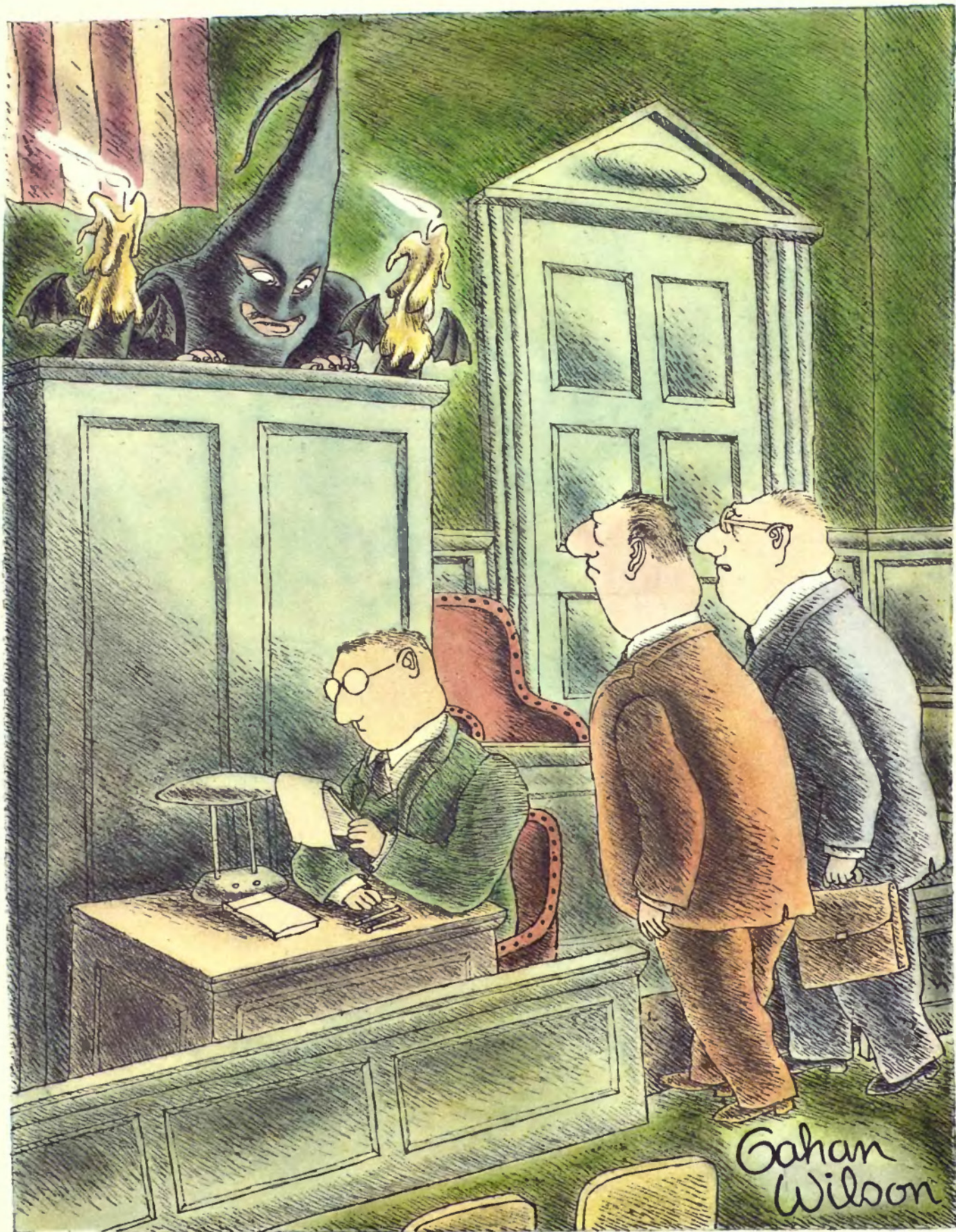
"The boy will stay," he muttered. My father recalls that his face was wet. He was weeping. He pretended it was wet from the basin of water, but there were fresh tears after he washed.

Two months later, when my father, the 13-year-old man, left for America, smuggled away in the night to avoid the czar's police, the first act of freedom that he remembers is tearing the medal from his throat and flinging it into the muddy tracks of the road. He didn't believe in charms. He knew who made his luck—himself. In the dank night of Russia, his last night in the bosom of family, he pronounced a curse upon good luck. The stars above would be his light and his adornment. He would not give the medal to any of his brothers. If their father wanted one, let him take another load of cookies to the rabbi.

. . .

Along with Columbus, although a little later and without the blessing of Queen Isabella, my father started something. In after years he used to tell his friends in the steam room of a health club in Cleveland, Ohio—see, he had nice clean feet, no calluses—that he was descended from rabbis and came over on the Mayflower. But this was a joke; his

(continued on page 140)



"It's really a shame we happened to draw this judge . . ."



Honey-haired Paula Holcomb hopes to Bunny-hop around the Playboy Club circuit after learning the ropes as a rabbitette at her hometown Atlanta hutch. An amateur sculptress, 21-year-old Texan Tonja Mitchell cuts a fine figure while frugging at our New Orleans digs.

The Bunnies Of Dixie

*a pictorial tribute to the
land of cotton's cottontailed belles*



In or out of uniform, farm-bred Georgia filly Sara Atkinson (top and above left) exudes the kind of ante-bellum appeal that Atlanta keyholders cotton to. Bayou Bunny Barbara Grant leans toward the Latin in music—fado to listen to and the bossa nova for dancing.

SARA PATRICIA ATKINSON, who many keyholders think is the best Bunny in the Atlanta Playboy Club, is all the sweetness of the South rolled into one caramel package. She's blonde and blue-eyed, with a gentle voice, a delicate mouth and a smile that could melt Sherman's statue. When you talk to Sara, she speaks shyly of her devotion to her family, her childhood on her father's farm in rural Georgia and her feeling of cozy security at the Atlanta Club.

What does she do in her spare time? The soft gleam in her azure eyes gives way to a hard glitter. "I have a little burgundy Mustang—my prize possession," she says. "A real fast one, with four on the floor. It flies." The words tumble out, and suddenly we're transported out of the old South into the new as we picture this little Southern belle barreling along Atlanta's Northwest expressway, while she unwinds after a night's work at the Atlanta Playboy Club. "I drive thirty, forty-five minutes, just to relax and enjoy the quietness of Atlanta in the early morning. I love the wind and I love speed—planes, cars, anything, just so long as they're fast." (text continued on page 112) 103



Above: Things have been looking up in Atlanta since this rabbit-eared roster first donned Bunny satin early last year. On facing page, from top, l to r: Diminutive (5') Diana Anton lives just a hop away from her New Orleans hutch. Atlanta's Hildy Ballard has her sights set on a future Bunny Mother's berth; whereas her Honda-driving hutchmate, Mary McFarland—one of a growing group of Georgia-based Playboy peaches who prefer two-wheeled transport—is happy being Club's Bumper-Pool Bunny. Hitting a high-see in off-duty mesh or adorning the Club bandstand, Marlene Everett adds a bright note to Atlanta's hutch-going scene. Stair climbing has become a favorite sport among Atlanta rabbitues now that local fashion model Peggy Dorris has decided to double as a Dixie Bunny. Native Angelino Jody Duek is a doorable addition to Creole-style cottontailing.



Alabama belle Janice Bishop strolls through a maze of modern architectural forms that border Atlanta's famed Peachtree Center shopping area on her way home from an afternoon stint at the local hutch. A onetime Hollywood hopeful ("My only part was a walk-on in the world's worst horror flick"), she's found Bunnydom suits her best.



Above: Bunny-Playmate Jan Roberts began her cottontailed career a few years back at the Chicago Club, but has since added impressive new dimensions (39-23-35) to New Orleans' rabbituelle set. Right: An off-hours devotee of yoga and chess, "Peaches" Coombs—who toured the country for two years as the miliest (5') member of an acrobatic troupe—sizes up the scene along Atlanta's Peachtree Street, just a few blocks from her own warren.



Clockwise from above: Native New Orleanian Delilah Graley takes monokinied morning dip. A happy addition to any hayride, Shari Kelley often belts out ballads in the Atlanta Club's Living Room. Bayou belle Carol Leland exhibits four-poster form. Sunbonneted Shirley Powell spices Georgia setting.





Far left, top to bottom: A German import of recent vintage, carrot-topped Lori Schruenger would like nothing better than to see the U. S. A. the Playboy way ("After Atlanta, I'd love to work at every Club on the circuit"). Atlanta hutch honeys apply the feminine finishing touches in the Club's Bunny Dressing Room, then post their pretty presences behind the Gift Shop counter to await their dinner-hour duties.



Clockwise from top left: Poised on the stairs of New Orleans hutch or on the balcony of her Bourbon Street bachelorette pad, New Yorker Mary Jane McGrath shows no signs of wanting to return to the northland. Colleague Carol Bruno, however, has designs on a Manhattan modeling career. Atlantans all: Judy Pressley pauses beside a Neiman, Lana Brewer tries for allover tan, Kim Hester poses at Club and corral.





Clockwise from far left: Abby Mulligan is fetchingly framed in New Orleans Club's leaded-glass portal. Door design blends Creole and modern Playboy decor. Also pictured at pianoside, Abby has just made her video debut on a local station. Perched outside Atlanta's Peachtree Center is former rodeo queen and current karate student "Gary" McQuarrie. Whether percaled or cottontailed, Bunny-Playmate Carrie Radison rates as one of Crescent City's comeliest, as does hutchmate Bobbi Stephenson, whose back we gladly pardon.



Sara Atkinson epitomizes a new breed of cottontail—the Bunnies of Dixie, a swinging, staccato but ever-so-sweet blend of venerable traditions and space-age ideas. Though this combination perplexes a few outside observers not caught up in the mystique of the new South, the Dixieland Bunnies themselves remain delightfully unconfused. In the Atlanta Club, for instance, where almost half the girls are from that city and most of the rest from elsewhere below the Mason-Dixon line, the latest fad is Japanese motorcycles. Oil-dirty Bunnies in hip-buggers and pastel tops roar along historic Peachtree Street astride Hondas, Suzukis and Yamahas. In New Orleans, where Cajun influence—like the sultry atmosphere itself—suffuses every corner of the French Quarter, olive-skinned Bunnies from the bayous stroll down Bourbon Street in their off-hours, chattering in patois about the latest dance craze. The Playboy spirit matches the ebullience of the South in the Sixties; the Dixie Playboy Clubs—like their cottontailed inhabitants—cannily combine the best of two worlds, in a mixture that has proved both unique and enduring.

In this case, the South surrendered to change without firing a shot. The fine old restaurants and jazzy night spots of Atlanta and New Orleans welcomed the Playboy key chain on the oft-proved theory that competition breeds success. Southern business and professional men, like any others, prefer their drinks strong, their food tasty, their women attractive and efficient, and Playboy meets the test uniquely. Even the red-necked Bible Belt orators, well known for their stands against many aspects of 20th Century life, are strangely silent, perhaps because the Clubs are drawing people from pine woods as well as pine-paneled offices. One Atlanta Bunny even has a rock-ribbed Southern Baptist preacher as a regular customer. "It took some time before he told me who he was," she says. "But he loves the Club, and we get along famously."

Many things besides a golden suntan and a molasses drawl unite the Bunnies of Dixie. They love water and water sports, rate the beaches of Florida and the Gulf as their number-one vacation spots. Almost to a girl, they dig the latest in dances and jump at a chance to perform at wee-hours sessions in the show rooms. Fewer than the national Bunny average of 42 percent have been to college, simply because schooling for the fair sex is often regarded as superfluous in the South. Future Bunnies are usually groomed at home, and the product, as devotees of the Southern Clubs will attest, is a warmth and genuineness that beats book learning all hollow.

Southern Bunnies read voraciously, though, and *Gone with the Wind* is their bible. Two thirds of the Atlanta

Bunnies say it's the best book they've ever read. The reason may be more wish fulfillment than entertainment. As Atlanta Bunny Mother Bev Powell says, "They all think they're Scarlett O'Hara." And they do like that Southern cooking, but with a contemporary twist—fried chicken and Scotch for Atlanta's Ruth Lewis, fried green tomatoes and a tom collins for her hutchmate Arlene Smith.

"The Southern girl is absolutely delightful," says Bunny Mother Bev, a statuesque blonde from Kansas City. "She's softer, more feminine. Does she play dumb? Ooh, yes. She may not always be more sincere, but she always appears to be. She's really just as intelligent as the Northern girl, but she uses what she has—her femininity—to better advantage." Managers of the Atlanta and New Orleans Clubs are deluged with compliments from keyholders on the warmth and quality of their service, and credit goes to the Bunnies. Says Neil Wannan, Atlanta Club manager who was formerly with the Los Angeles Club: "In L. A. a lot of the girls were eager to break into show business. Here they're just all-American girls, not potential starlets but down-to-earth kids looking for a good job. To be a Bunny is something special to them, and they show it."

They certainly do, agrees Bob Tobias, candy-company executive who frequents many of the Playboy Clubs. "The thing I look for is personal rapport, and I find it in the Southern Clubs." Bob said recently. "New Yorkers and Chicagoans are more aloof. Here the girls, and the guys, really know you and talk to you. It's important to me when Camille comes up and says, 'Hi, Candy Man.'" Camille, it turns out, is a striking Bunny from Dublin, Georgia, who dispenses Southern charm with every drink. She tilts the beer bottle, holding the glass straight, in the approved fashion, and says: "Don't worry, I have a very steady hand." She also has a very fine frame, which the keyholder is free to visually enjoy while the beer is slowly, ever so slowly, filling his glass. One of the few pig-tailed Bunnies in captivity, Camille plaited her hair despite protests from the resident hairdresser. "She told me not to tell anybody she was responsible. 'It looks awfully Victorian,' she said." Awfully attractive is more like it.

Before Playboy came to Atlanta, the city boasted little night life and no night spots consistently booking top acts. As a space-age boomtown with new buildings sprouting on every block and an unemployment rate half the national average, Atlanta seemed ripe for the Playboy operation. When the Club opened, on March 6, 1965, it was a rousing and immediate success. After initially drawing Atlanta's burgeoning population of suburbanites, traditionally home-based entertainers, to the Club's plush red-

carpeted rooms, the multifaceted Playboy entertainment fare has kept them coming back for encores.

The Club is located in the Dinkler Motor Hotel, headquarters for a steady stream of conventioners, a block and a half off Peachtree, the famous main drag that divides the city east and west. The Club is laid out in two stories, with the Playmate Bar and Living Room on the first floor, Penthouse and Playroom on the second.

Like Playboy Clubs everywhere, both Southern Clubs bow to local rules and customs. Atlanta, advanced as it is for a Southern city, is not entirely liberated from fundamentalist strictures. The Club must stop serving at 1:30 A.M., and since not even a beer can be sold on Sunday, Playboy, along with most entertainment spots and restaurants in town, shuts down. The New Orleans Club doesn't open on Sunday, either, but only because New Orleanians are seventh-day stay-at-homers. In the unfettered bayou city, you can drink 24 hours a day every day, as long as you're over 17 and sober enough to hold a glass. Obeisance in New Orleans is paid to architecture rather than temperance, and the results of strict aesthetic zoning laws can be pleasing, indeed. The New Orleans Club, in the heart of the French Quarter, is an artful mixture of early Creole and Playboy modern. The building is 185 years old, a respectable age in the Quarter, and used to be La Louisiane restaurant, owned by the legendary Diamond Jim Moran, who wore diamonds on his fingers, in his stickpins, even in his shoestrings. Playboy International's design team, required by law to leave the building's facade intact, decided to leave a good deal of the interior as well, and gatefold transparencies and Neiman paintings now hang in perfect harmony with a glittering crystal chandelier, a hand-lead glass door and a massive mahogany banister. (The banister has proved irresistible to a few acrobatically inclined guests. Trouble is, they sometimes don't see the supporting strut halfway down, which brings them to an abrupt—and unexpected—halt.)

In conservative Atlanta, Playboy's guests come early and leave early; in freewheeling New Orleans, they come late and stay later—till four on weekdays, five on Saturdays. Atlantans, say the Bunnies, are straight 15-percent tippers; New Orleanians are somewhat freer with the gratuities. Bumper pool is highly popular in both Clubs, and some of the Bumper-Pool Bunnies are crackerjacks with a cue stick. New Orleans' best is Bunny June Riviera, who keeps the table busy even on a slow night. How does she do it? "Everybody loves me," says June, batting her brown eyes. June's 36-23-35 frame seems to attract admirers.

(continued on page 116)

THE NEW LINEN LOOK

an old summer favorite makes a crisp return to the fashion fore

attire By ROBERT L. GREEN



Our urban guy has suited himself—and his admiring companion—with the latest look in warm-weather wearables. His choice is linen—a material that for the last few years has been conspicuously absent from the summer scene. Now being reintroduced with double-breasted dash, it offers an elegant sartorial change for the sultry season.

Our man's Dacron and linen suit comes with deep side vents, pearl buttons and belt-looped trousers, by Palm Beach, \$65. His shirt features a medium-spread collar and barrel cuffs, by Truval.

\$5, while his English silk foulard tie is hand-blocked, by Reis of New Haven, \$4; the English silk pocket square has a hand-rolled edge, by Dumont, \$2.50.

Jude




"Of course, with that model, you lay all your cards on the table, so to speak . . ."

GENTLEMAN julep

drink by THOMAS MARIO *a long-hallowed classic that's still in mint condition*

BY SUMMER SOLSTICE, nothing could be finer than to settle down on the portico with a frosted 16-oz. mint julep. A classic libation hoary with tradition, the julep used to create headaches for bartenders long before the hangover. Old-time devotees of Dixie's favorite cup insisted that "true" juleps were born only after mixologists took the most hallowed steps—pummeling mint leaves with a pestle, smashing ice in a canvas bag and being sure the concoction "aged" properly before serving. Thus, by the time it was ready, many an eager sampler had succumbed to the heat. Even so, England fell victim to the julep's traditions when one William Trapier of South Carolina visited Oxford University in 1845. While roistering with a jovial band of upperclassmen, Trapier retorted to their cry of "What'll you have?" with the obvious Deep Southern answer—and then taught John Bull's boys the authentic julep recipe. So pleased was Trapier with the way his advice was heeded that he established an endowment providing for a round of juleps to be served up annually in the junior common room—a tradition that persists to this day. He also gave the lads a handsome Georgian silver quart cup, thus setting a shining example as to the proper vessel for sipping juleps. But today's party-minded host will gladly swap convention for conviviality when offering up the minty refresher. For him, we recommend the following formula—a recipe essentially authentic but tailored for contemporary men nurtured on such dry refinements as martinis and *brut* champagne.

If you're fresh out of silver julep cups, use a 16-oz. tom collins glass of fine crystal as a suitable substitute. To make a party round of eight juleps requires one quart of your best bourbon. For each quart, allow one pint of finely chopped mint leaves. Be sure to choose fresh, red-stemmed mint. Steep the mint in the bourbon, covered, at room temperature for an hour. Prechill each glass and fill with crushed ice and 4 ozs. of the minted bourbon, strained. When the ice melts slightly, place a frost collar of crushed ice around the rim. Stirring is unnecessary. If your party is late getting started, store the prepared juleps in the freezer. Just before serving, plant a good-sized sprig of mint on top of each drink and move the party to the veranda. A few sips should turn the longest of hot summer days into the coolest of occasions. 



PHOTOGRAPHY BY JON POWNALL

Bunnies Of Dixie (continued from page 112)

and she's unabashedly aware of it. "In bumper pool, it's what's up front that counts," June says, tapping her forehead and wearing a smile.

Bunny June obviously is a straightforward young thing with a weakness for sports. She loves horse racing and has been an *aficionado* since she was 13. A fair handicapper in more ways than one, she's now raising a thoroughbred filly herself and plans to race her at the New Orleans Fair Grounds next January. She's also a fine bowler, rolled an exhibition match against champion Joe Joseph in May and, thanks to a little tinkering with the rules, beat him by a pin. She bowls in a woman's league at nine every Wednesday morning, arriving at the lanes after nine hours of table-hopping and four more of early-morning reading (her favorites: Erskine Caldwell and Civil War literature). June has two Bunny relatives in New Orleans—her sister, Susie Saladino, and cousin Carol Bruno. Susie is a short, athletic brunette and a fine amateur tumbler who now bowls a formidable game of tenpins herself.

New Orleans' rabbit warren boasts three full-blooded Cajuns, all well-built, dusky-skinned beauties who grew up on gumbo and jambalaya. The Cajiest of the group is Robin LeBlanc, from the minuscule metropolis of Cut Off, in Lafourche parish, a shrimp-fishing town where Cajun French is the vernacular. Robin's grandfather speaks only Cajun, and she spoke it even before she learned English. "Parisian" French in school was a terrible chore for her, and in the Club she's constantly mystifying, and being confused by, real-French-speaking guests. The big event of the year around Cut Off is the Tarpon Rodeo, which draws thousands of fishermen to nearby Grand Isle. Robin and her family used to take part each year, but she now sticks to sailing, swimming and sun-bathing, three of the most popular pastimes among Dixieland Bunnies.

The other two Cajuns are Roni Gros and Eve Latiolais. Eve is a quiet girl from Lafayette who, it takes a while to find out, digs drag racing. She has a red '65 Galaxie that she drives in time trials. "I get a lot of challenges," Eve says. "I guess they think a girl driver means an easy victory. But I beat most of them—the car has 390 under the hood, which is pretty hot." Roni, tall and well proportioned, is from Houma, a onetime plantation area now devoted to offshore oil drilling. She drives home nearly every weekend and thus manages to retain a homespun charm not often found in big-city night clubs.

Aside from its Cajuns, New Orleans' chief attraction for rabbitues is a fresh, young breed of Bunny. Unlike Atlanta,

the New Orleans Club can legally employ 18-year-olds; arrestingly different, youthfully effervescent cottontails have been the happy result. Angel Frillot is an ebullient 19-year-old who readily admits most keyholders think she's much younger. She has long light-brown hair and all the allure of a Lolita. Angel came to the Club from a "terribly dull" job at a New Orleans bank. At the Club she quickly established herself as the resident nut, a fliberty Gidget who talks incessantly and owns two dozen pairs of shoes with matching Shirley Temple purses.

Angel, of course, is crazy like a fox, and so is her youthful counterpart, vivacious Sam Glynn. Both Angel and Sam realize, as Sam's Bunny roommate says, that "those little-girl looks are their greatest asset," and off duty they enhance them to the utmost with dresses, bows and what not. Sam is from New Iberia, Louisiana, where Tabasco sauce is made, and was understandably miffed when Playboy's personnel office in Chicago, seeing "New Iberia" on her application, queried the New Orleans Club: "Is this girl an American citizen?" Sam, of course, is not really Sam. She's Linda, but there's another Linda at the Club, so to avoid confusion she changed her name. Bambi, Pete and, yes, even Lolita were rejected first—Lolita, said management, was "too suggestive." (Masculine Bunny names are not unusual nowadays, a trend that may have started at the New York Club, where a Bunny called Irving, so the story goes, became enshrined as "the husband's excuse." "I was out seeing Irving last night," keyholders could tell their wives.) Sam's button-cute charms have won her a big following in the New Orleans Club. "A lot of times keyholders bring their sons in to meet me," says Sam. "Everybody's trying to marry me off."

Overseer of the New Orleans Bunny brigade is Meg Marriott, executive secretary of the Club, who has been doubling as Bunny Mother. Meg is a quick-witted and well-educated young lady from London who has the British gift of directness. "I disliked the South and New Orleans when I first arrived," she says. "People regarded me as I'd regard somebody from Patagonia. I like it now, though, and find the job fascinating."

New Orleans boasts its share of exotic backgrounds in jet brunettes Sandy Ray and Dolores Braquet. Bunny Sandy is half Cherokee and hails from Comanche, Texas. Her father raises whiteface cattle, which Sandy helps round up whenever she's home. New Orleans, she laments, has "very few places to ride," so she spends her free time reading Civil War novels and 14th Century poetry. Bunny Dolores is half Castilian and half Filipino, has lived in the French Quarter

for years. Hired by the Club as a 94-pound weakling, she's now a very pleasing 105.

Two carpetbaggers at the New Orleans Club are Bonnie Leigh, from Pennsylvania, and Luanna Rathman, from Minnesota. Luanna studied sociology for a year at the University of Minnesota, headed South when she found the climate too cold for comfort. She's taking French lessons (no Cajun, thank you), intends to finish college and teach. For relaxation, "aside from dating, I read—mostly Ayn Rand. And I write, mostly unromantic short stories. I love to talk to people—that's what I like most about being a Bunny. Some time back I served a small man who must have been 65, who was just beautiful. He told me he was a sea captain who now lives in Las Vegas and writes adventure stories and Westerns. Sells them, too. He and his wife ride motorcycles all over the country—in black-leather outfits. Can you imagine a cop stopping them and her taking off her helmet and saying, 'Yes, sonny?' They're beautiful, just beautiful."

Bonnie was a Bunny at the Jamaica Club before hopping to New Orleans. She misses Jamaica, but is nevertheless pleased with the change. For one thing, tips in New Orleans run considerably higher. For another, small-town community life in Ocho Rios was too demanding. "Sometimes you just didn't want to put on make-up just to go to the post office," says Bonnie, "but you felt you ought to, because the whole town knew you were a Bunny." Platinum-haired Bonnie is transferring to the London Club as one of ten "exchange Bunnies," and she's already anticipating her first weekends in London and Paris.

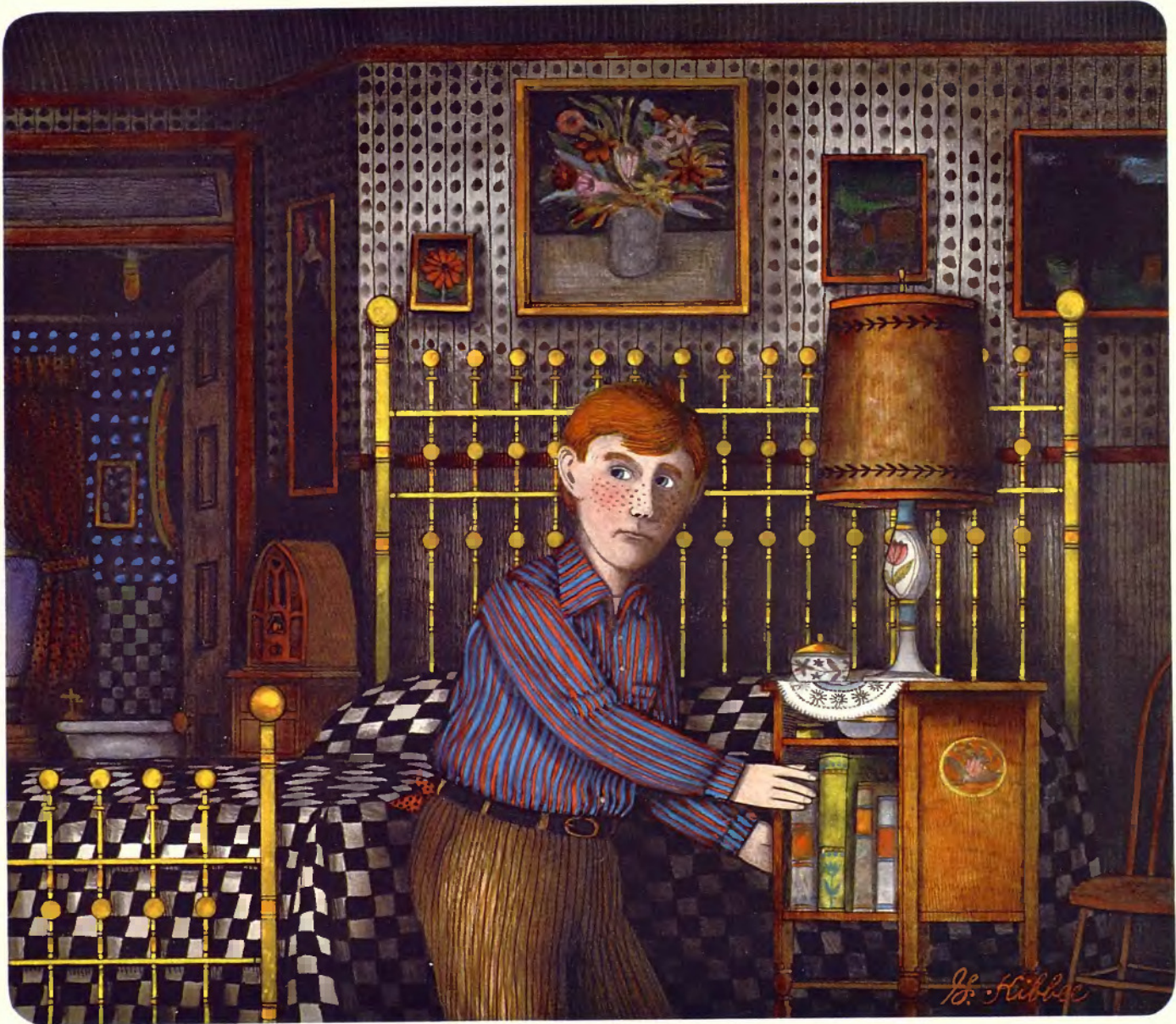
Everybody has some idiosyncrasy, and Martha Hellwig's is taking bus tours of Louisiana. "I make all the tours with old-maid schoolteachers," she says. "No joke. I visit all these ante-bellum homes and what not, and that makes me a real booster for the state. I tell the keyholders facts and figures and they say, 'You ought to work for the tourist division of the chamber of commerce.'" Like many another girl, Tara Fife submitted her Bunny application on a dare ("If somebody dares me, I can't say no"). She got the name Tara from—you guessed it—*Gone with the Wind*, and she's thankful she wasn't christened Scarlett.

New Orleans Bunnies come pattering into the Club with bare midriffs and sometimes bare feet. They drop in at Felix's Oyster Bar next door for stuffed Gulf lobster or something less caloric, like cottage cheese and lettuce, which locals have dubbed "Rabbit food." After work they may amble down Rue Iberville to the King's Room for a drink. In the small hours of Sunday, with the week's work done, a little group of

(continued on page 155)

MISS BRYFOGEL AND THE CASE OF THE WARBLING CUCKOLD

By JEAN SHEPHERD



wherein the clandestine bathroom book reviewer of warren g. harding school stumbles into a child's garden of vices and is bushwhacked by the lurking serpent of temptation

THE STICKY-SWEET, BODY-WARM TASTE of pornography lingers in the soul long after the fires have been banked and the shades drawn. Where did it all begin? What ancient cave man drew the first dirty picture on the wall of his dank granite hole and then, cackling fiendishly, scuttled off into the darkness? Even today, deep down in our innermost recesses, there is a hot, furry little something that peers out at us with tiny, red-rimmed eyes, reminding us with its lewd chittering that we are still scrawling graffiti on the walls of our caves.

Not long ago I was forcibly reminded of this inescapable fact. It was Sunday, a gray, nothing Sunday in the great tradition and I was lounging at home, coffee cup in hand—vaguely conscious of a gnawing sense of shame and guilt. Knee-deep in the Sunday papers I sat, futilely attempting to ward off these unfamiliar pangs. Why this feverish flush, this fugitive desire to hide under the day bed, I asked myself? True, I had been in attendance at a monumental debauch the night before and had indulged myself strenuously; but after all, the debauch itself is now a recognized art form, and I was merely a creative performer. Then why this persistent sense of unease? Could it be that I was suffering from an attack of vestigial conscience? I immediately crossed that out, since, being a (continued on page 132)



"The winner gets Miss Hornblower for the Labor Day weekend."

Ribald Classic

***an
unusual
cure
for
a pain in
the eye***

from
"Les Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles"



A NOBLE KNIGHT, of the country of Holland, became passionately enamored of a young and beautiful chambermaid who was in the service of a charming, well-run hostelry. Because of his desire for her, he arranged to spend some time at this inn to better pursue the objective toward which he was disposed.

After a few days there, he suffered an unfortunate accident in which his right eye was injured and became seriously infected. He thus sent for the famed surgeon of the Duke of Burgundy, who happened to be in town at that time.

When he saw the eye, the surgeon deemed it incurable, as a doctor is prone to do, so that when he brings about a cure, his reputation and profits increase. At any rate, he agreed to try to treat the hopeless case, although, he said, this would test his great skills to the utmost.

Now, each time the doctor came to call, the pretty chambermaid would act as his assistant, and soon the good doctor fell under her spell and, like the knight, was badly smitten with her. Indeed, after casting tender looks on her beautiful smooth face and supple body, he soon became so enamored that he flatly declared his ardor. She heard him favorably, greatly raising his hope, but he knew not by what means he could gain that triumph that should always consummate mere hope.

Eventually, however, the doctor bethought a way and proposed it to the chambermaid. "I will prescribe to the patient that in order to cure his right eye, we must also cover his left to prevent excessive strain," he said. "If he agrees to this, we'll cover it with a thick bandage; then, he not being able to see, we can take our delights and pleasures of each

other right there in his room."

The maiden, who was perhaps as ardent as the doctor, eagerly agreed to this scheme—with a maidenly blush, to be sure. Thus, the roguish physician then came at his accustomed time to examine the eye, and upon doing so, feigned great concern. "This eye is not improving," said he. "Indeed, my lord, you must have patience."

"How so, good surgeon?" asked the knight.

"Your good eye must be covered and bandaged, so that after I have fixed the patch and taken care of the other eye, no light will enter for at least an hour. Without a doubt, any light coming through will mitigate the cure."

"All right, then," said the knight, "I put myself entirely in your able hands."

This then being done, the lovers were ready for the joust; they adjourned to a nearby couch and there began the game of love. But the knight, hearing the rhythmic drumming of the participants at play, tore off from his eyes the bandages and patches and turned upon the frolicking physician with understandable umbrage.

"How now, master doctor?" he demanded. "Is this a new method of curing an eye? By Saint John, I suspect you have visited me much more often for love of my chambermaid than for my optic afflictions."

The doctor, who was a good scamp at heart, then began to laugh, proposing that they take turns in their sport. At this suggestion the knight became more tractable and they made peace. Nor was this armistice displeasing at all to the pretty little chambermaid, who was twice made in the chamber, indeed.

—Retold by Blake Johnson



THE HISTORY OF SEX IN CINEMA



By
ARTHUR KNIGHT
and
HOLLIS ALPERT



PART NINE: THE FORTIES War and Peace in Hollywood

patriotic pinups shared the screen with anti-axis sadism, then post-war american movies began defying the code with more explicit sexuality

IF OUR TROOPS overseas during World War Two did much dreaming about the girl back home, it was in spite of, not because of, the movies they saw. Throughout the War years, films dominated their lives. GIs were trained by them, indoctrinated by them and learned from them the dangers of V. D. From Stateside camps right up to the front lines, they had available to them the latest Hollywood releases in vast profusion. Stars and starlets entertained them in U. S. O. shows. They even learned to shoot their M-1s by practicing on mock-up targets bearing the likeness of Betty Grable. The platinumed Miss Grable, the favorite pinup girl of the War years, typified the new style in sex symbols—curvaceous, long-legged and bosomy. Rita Hayworth, Lana Turner, Jane Russell, Carole Landis (dubbed the “ping” girl, for some reason) and, in a vest-pocket edition, Veronica Lake shared both the Grable attributes and the Grable popularity. These were definitely not “girl next door” types; and while some psychologists, such as Martha Wolfenstein and Nathan Leites, have maintained that what the Wartime heroine actually represented was home and mother, most GIs found it far pleasanter to fantasize themselves as Errol Flynns rescuing these gorgeous creatures from their Nazi or Nipponese persecutors in eager anticipation of their grateful reward. If thereupon they had turned out to be mother, or even the girl next door, the disappointment might well have been unbearable.

In one way or another, the War profoundly influenced the American films of the Forties, introducing new themes, new types and, above all, new attitudes toward sex. Indeed, well before America's official participation in it, while the country officially still maintained its traditional isolationist posture, the process was already beginning. The prudish nice-Nellyism of brassieres for the little centaurettes who cavorted to Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony* in Walt Disney's *Fantasia*—a touch that the Hays Office insisted upon—was thoroughly derided when the film appeared late in 1940. Meanwhile, the sweater—an article of feminine apparel popularized by Lana Turner—had become so all-pervasive that in April of 1940 Joseph I. Breen, the administrator of the industry's Production Code, warned that in the future “any ‘sweater shots’ in which the breasts are clearly outlined will be rejected.” An International Ladies Garment Workers Union knitwear local protested that his ukase “struck at the economic security of 50,000 workers,” but it was soon evident that they had little



HOLLYWOOD GOES TO WAR: In a role reversal epitomizing the Wartime man shortage, three WACs (Lana Turner, Laraine Day and Susan Peters) try out their wolf whistles on a passing serviceman in "Keep Your Powder Dry." The studios also did their bit for morale by producing patriotic pinup pictures such as the bombshell at top right. Meanwhile, back at the front, sex stars like John Wayne and Errol Flynn were busy vanquishing the enemy in such gung-ho epics as "Back to Bataan" and "Objective, Burma!" (center). Victory, however, often came too late to save the leading ladies in distress from an assortment of Axis atrocities in such propaganda films as "Hitler's Children" and "Secret Agent of Japan."



BELOVED AND BEREFT: Sex star Ava Gardner was typecast (opposite Robert Walker, far left) as the goddess of love in *"One Touch of Venus"* (1948). Paulette Goddard, Dorothy Lamour and Veronica Lake—three of the War years' most popular glamor girls—lament their dateless fate in *"Star Spangled Rhythm,"* a star-spangled flag waver of the period.

BETTY AND HEDY: Pinup queen Betty Grable concealed her famous legs beneath a two-piece evening gown in *"Down Argentine Way,"* one of the musicals that made her the nation's top female money-maker until 1945. Another escapist Wartime musical, *"Ziegfeld Girl"* found a florally bedecked Hedy Lamarr with little to do but look beautiful for co-star Tony Martin.

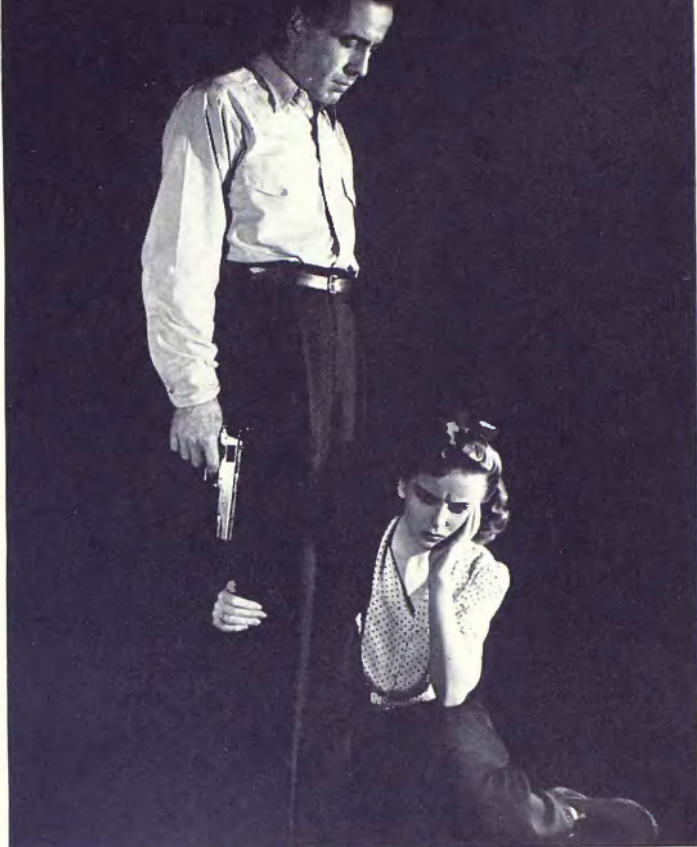
BEAUTY AND BEAST: Victor Mature and Carole Landis, who owed their screen success mostly to their respective builds, portrayed a monosyllabic cave man and his mate in *"One Million B.C."* Another prehistoric type, the simian villain of *"Nabonga,"* like King Kong, had a taste for the female of the species—but not his own (in this case, an unknown starlet named Julie London).

to fear. The ruling was honored more in the breach than in the observance.

Dialog, too, had suddenly grown racier. Despite Clark Gable's historic and hotly contested "damn" in his last line from *Gone with the Wind*, the Hays Office stubbornly maintained its long list of forbidden words—augmented in 1941 by such late starters as "alley cat," "broad" and "hot" (applied to a woman), "goose" and "fairy" (in a sexual sense), "tomcat" (applied to a man), "nuts" (except when meaning "crazy") and "buzzard" (too similar in sound to "bastard"). But scriptwriters were getting their points across without breaking the rules—just bending the spirit of the Code. In *They Drive by Night*, for example, truck driver George Raft surveys the "classy chassis" of waitress Ann Sheridan and offers to "finance it." "Who do you think you're kidding?" Miss Sheridan replies. "Why, you couldn't even pay for the headlights." Later, she invites Raft up to her apartment for a cup of coffee. "No, no coffee," Raft says slyly. But he follows her up to her apartment anyway. The Legion of Decency responded by putting the film on its "Morally objectionable in part" list—along with many other "A" productions of the period, including *Gone with the Wind*; but the exhibitors, through their trade publications, were openly asking the producers to "let down the bars" and to "cook up some spicier dishes" to attract a public that had been shrinking steadily throughout the late Thirties.

As war drew nearer, the studios began to discover that they could meet such demands with greater impunity. In a 1940 survey of civil liberties in the United States entitled *In the Shadow of War*, the ever-watchful American Civil Liberties Union reported that censorship of motion pictures, plays, books and radio had declined sharply, and added, "Since most of the censor-

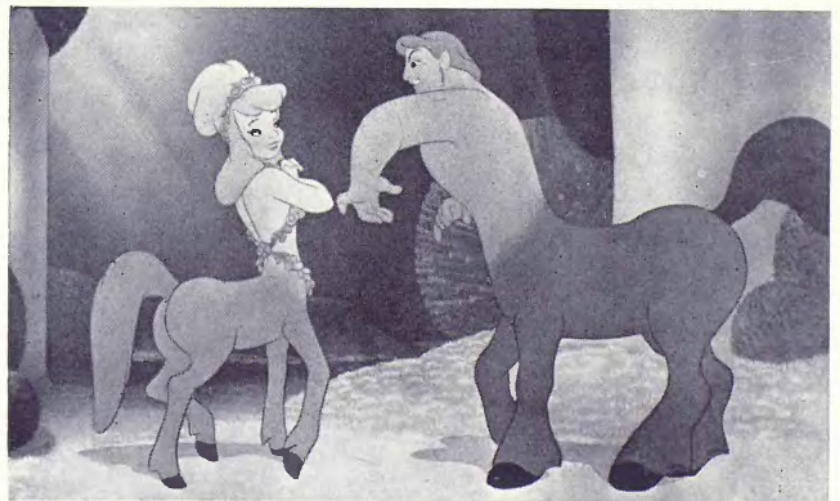
HE-MEN: A tough-guy hoodlum in the pre-War years—he played the gunman "Mad Dog" Earle opposite Ida Lupino in *"High Sierra"* (top)—Humphrey Bogart had metamorphosed by 1943 into a tough-guy hero, as the grizzled Sergeant Gunn (center) in *"Sahara,"* a hard-bitten action picture about tank warfare in North Africa. Many of his greatest roles—as the worldly, wisecracking loner in such classics as *"Key Largo,"* *"To Have and Have Not"* and *"The Big Sleep"*—were yet to come. *"This Gun for Hire"* made an overnight star of Alan Ladd, a tough-guy type who turned on female fans—and co-star Veronica Lake—with his sexy portrayal of a cold-blooded killer.



ship is based upon so-called moral grounds, it indicates an increasing tolerance of themes which a few years ago aroused hostility and official interference." Clearly, as the Depression rolled away, not just the exhibitors but the public at large was chafing against the artificially maintained moral standards of the Thirties. Significantly, Breen himself, offered the position of production head at RKO studios, in May of 1941 temporarily relinquished the job of trying to police an industry with antiquated and ineffectual ground rules. Actually, many felt that he had been laughed out of office by public reaction to his anti-"sweater girl" manifesto.

Breen's departure did not mean that suddenly, miraculously, the studios were given a green light to ignore their Code's strictures, however. The Code still prevailed; but a few more liberties could now be taken within its framework. Shortly before Breen's resignation, RKO released a version of Sidney Howard's 1925 Pulitzer Prize-winning play, *They Knew What They Wanted*, suitably sanitized to Code specifications. In the stage version, the young wife of an elderly vintner has an affair with a virile field hand; the husband learns the worst, but forgives the girl and takes her back. In the film, however, which co-starred Charles Laughton and Carole Lombard, not only is the couple not married (thus eliminating any Code problems with adultery), but it is made clear that the infidelity was definitely not of the lady's choosing. Even so, the picture has her going off, at the end, hopeful that perhaps sometime in the future the wedding bells will ring out.

Stuck with a strikingly similar situation shortly after Breen's resignation, MGM treated it with considerably more freedom—at least until the Legion of Decency stepped in. *Two-Faced Woman*, Greta Garbo's last picture, was originally to have been the story of an off-again, on-again love affair in which Garbo, playing an unglamorous ski instructress, poses as her sexy, madcap twin sister, presumably the kind of girl that sophisticated Melvyn Douglas really wanted to marry. To avoid Code complications, the film had the skiing Garbo married to Douglas in the first reel. But this still posed something of a problem toward the end of the picture, when Douglas pursues a wispily clad Garbo—the invented twin—from parlor to bedroom with infidelity clearly uppermost in his mind. A Legion condemnation quickly took the film out of circulation until a scene could be inserted in which Douglas—and the audience—is informed via telephone that the supposed twin is really his wife, which made the whole pursuit perfectly



SEX IN DISNEYLAND: Walt Disney's "*Fantasia*" (1940) was to have included a harmless sequence featuring bare-busted female centaurs, but Production Code censorship forced him to accouter them in modest flowery brassieres before the film was completed.



TEN COMMANDMENTS: A staged photograph published in *Life* in 1946 (top left) depicted ten of the Code's many violations, for any one of which an entire scene could be barred from a film. In order to earn a Seal, "*Tobacco Road*" had to omit the explicit sex scenes of the Caldwell novel, but director John Ford managed to retain the erotic wrestling match (top right) between Ellie May (Gene Tierney) and her reluctant boyfriend. **MAKING HAY:** Touted by a torrid ad campaign (featuring the provocative publicity still and theater poster above), an unknown Howard Hughes discovery named Jane Russell became a major sex star long before "*The Outlaw*" was released in 1946. When the Breen Office, outraged by this unbuttoned ballyhoo, took the unprecedented step of revoking the film's Seal, Hughes retaliated by showing it without one. The picture packed them in.



ILLCIT LOVE: In the changing moral climate of the Forties, Hollywood began to bend the Code—and get away with it. Left, top to bottom: Adultery (between Lana Turner and John Garfield) and murder (of her unsuspecting husband) were the seamy themes of “The Postman Always Rings Twice”; “Scarlet Street” told the pathetic tale of an older man (Edward G. Robinson) abused by his lust for a heartless hustler (Joan Bennett); “For Whom the Bell Tolls” was highlighted by a controversial, though fully clothed, sleeping-bag scene between lovers Gary Cooper and Ingrid Bergman; and Alfred Hitchcock’s 1946 thriller “Notorious” cast Bergman opposite Cary Grant as a sexual pawn in an illicit game of international intrigue.

RITA: Of all the pinup queens of the Forties, few exuded sex more abundantly than Rita Hayworth—thanks to scenes such as this one from “Gilda,” in which, with a bit of audience participation, she performed a sensuous, if incomplete, striptease while singing “Put the Blame on Mame.”



proper, but utterly pointless. Indicative of the widening gap between what could get past the Code and what the Legion might approve was the Legion's rating of *Life Begins for Andy Hardy* as "Morally unobjectionable for adults"—but not for the kiddies. Specifically, what the Legion objected to was a sequence in which our hero Learns About Women from pert, pretty Patricia Dane, a telephone operator who invites young Andy up to her apartment for an evening of unspecified "fun." While the Code's administrators may have relaxed a bit, clearly the Legion of Decency's minions had no such intention.

Many other films in those halcyon, pre-War days either skirted the Code or openly flouted it. Generally, after some cutting and reshooting, they ended up with a Code Seal—but also with a "B" or even a "C" rating from the Legion. Thus, Carole Landis' abbreviated costume as she roamed the forest

primeval in leather bra and loincloth in Hal Roach's *One Million B.C.* encountered much the same opposition that greeted Jane's similarly utilitarian mode of attire in the early *Tarzan* pictures—yet it appeared on the screen. *Strange Cargo*, a steamy Clark Gable-Joan Crawford co-starrer set in a tropical penal colony, was passed by the Code but condemned by the Legion—until Metro eliminated so many of the torrid love scenes that the plot made no sense whatsoever. *The Primrose Path*, in which Ginger Rogers played the daughter of a roistering and unrepentant prostitute, had even rougher sledding. Based on Victoria Lincoln's best-selling novel *February Hill* (albeit considerably toned down in its intimations of the mother's profession), the film won a Code Seal but was barred by local censors in a number of cities as "obscene and indecent." (Ironically, the picture now plays in



those same communities without the slightest protest—via TV.) *Turnabout*, a Thorne Smith comedy in which a married couple switch identities, occupations, voices and attire, was essentially a sleazy exploitation of smoking-car humor, although this rare venture into transvestism was generally regarded as more tasteless than indecent. It drew a "B" from the Legion; as did Universal's film adaptation of the Rodgers and Hart musical *The Boys from Syracuse*, based on Shakespeare's *A Comedy of Errors*, even though Shakespeare's contrived marital mix-ups were barely hinted at.

But the picture that threw the censors into a tizzy all over the country, and for a time threatened the very existence of the industry's Production Code, was Howard Hughes' inept, rambunctious, aggressively sexy Western *The Outlaw*. Not released until 1943, it had been intermittently in production—whenever Hughes could find the time—since early in 1940; the Breen Office received its first inklings of what he was up to in December of that year. Without yet having seen one foot of film, which was based solely on Jules Furthman's script, Breen let loose a barrage of cautionary memos. For one sequence, he advised that the leading lady wear a bathrobe over the nightgown indicated in the text. He questioned whether a rape scene could be handled with "good taste." In another note, he pointed out that "Care will be needed in this scene with Billy pulling Rio down on the bed and kissing her, to avoid sex suggestiveness"—along with some 20 other similar items.

In his book *The Face on the Cutting Room Floor*, author Murray Schumach describes as typical of the skirmishing between Breen and Hughes a contretemps that arose over a single line of dialog. Rio (played by Jane Russell) has been asked by her lover, Doc Holliday (Walter Huston), to look after the wounded Billy the Kid (Jack Buetel)—"and keep him warm." Rio, even though she was raped by Billy earlier in the film, complies by climbing into bed with him after Doc rides off on Billy's horse. When Doc returns and expresses his disapproval of this particular form of physical therapy, Billy points out that Doc has had the use of his horse in the interim, adding, "A fair exchange is no robbery." For this line, Hughes had substituted, "You borrowed from me. I borrow from you"—to which Breen objected. His counterproposal was—unaccountably—"Tit for tat," to which Hughes delightedly acceded. But now Will Hays objected; and the final line to appear in the script was Hughes' "You borrowed from me . . ." For the end of the picture, the Breen Office felt it might be a wholesome touch if Billy and Rio were married before riding off together into the sunset. Again, after a considerable exchange of heated memos, Hughes won

his point—although later, after the film was in release, he threw a sop to the pressure groups by dubbing in a line of dialog suggesting that the two had been married by "that stranger on a white horse." Neither the audience nor anyone in the film had the slightest idea who "that stranger" might be.

Squabbles over the script, however, were insignificant compared with Breen's rage when, in March of 1941, he screened the complete film for the first time. In the more than six years that he had been administering the Production Code, he stated, he had never seen anything like Jane Russell. And there was plenty to see. Although Miss Russell was naturally well endowed, Hughes had contrived to emphasize her charms by himself inventing a cantilevering bra that encircled her more-than-ample breasts, giving them at once contour, prominence and maximum exposure. To capitalize on his invention, he dressed her in revealing blouses that draped low off the shoulders, and in men's shirts that buttoned well below the bosom. Throughout the film, he called for bits of business that required her to bend over—peering into mirrors, stooping to pick things off the floor, kissing the supine Billy; and always the camera was strategically placed for maximum mammary exposure as the blouse or shirt billowed open. In one of the scenes excised by Breen, it was claimed that one could see clear down to her navel. For Breen, who had spent the greater part of the Thirties holding the line against cleavage, such revelations were more than he could countenance. He shot an angry letter off to Will Hays, his superior in the New York office of the Motion Picture Association, that read in part, "I have never seen anything quite so unacceptable as the shots of the breasts of the character of Rio. . . . Throughout almost half the picture, the girl's breasts, which are quite large and prominent, are shockingly uncovered." For weeks he stoutly refused to consider giving *The Outlaw* a Seal of Approval without extensive reshooting. But Breen was even then on his way out; and within a few weeks of his departure, the Seal was granted. In all, only 40 feet of film had been eliminated, and Hughes permitted a few dialog changes.

But Hughes did not immediately capitalize on the notoriety his picture had already achieved: with the outbreak of war a few months later, his tool and aircraft interests monopolized all of his attention. Not until February of 1943 could he spare enough time to debut his film—and even then only long enough to arrange a single booking in a San Francisco theater. Its general release was not to come until three years later, in 1946, when Hughes was finally free to give it what he considered a proper personal send-off. The ensuing ballyhoo campaign (of which more later) was one

of the noisiest in movie history. Although at the outbreak of the War no one had yet seen *The Outlaw*, the fan magazines, the Sunday supplements, the ad campaigns and the publicity had all contrived to create an image of Jane Russell as the ultimate in sexuality. Sight unseen, she became a favorite Wartime pinup.

. . .

Within hours of their induction into the Army, most GIs were treated to a free movie show, the first of many official training and informational film entertainments they were to enjoy under Army auspices. Generally, the first program included a short on military courtesy, one on the Articles of War, and a classic half-hour documentary entitled *Sex Hygiene*. Although directed by the venerable John Ford, *Sex Hygiene* featured none of his strapping cowboys or vengeful Indians. Instead, this sober—and sobering—little film presented in graphically dramatic terms a straightforward preachment against the dangers of venereal disease. In it, an enlisted man on the town for a night gets hooked by a hooker. When the medics discover that he has a "dose," they seize the occasion to inform him—and the rest of the Army—just what he may be in for. Films, photos and slides depict advanced cases of syphilis—the unsightly sores, the physical deformities, the ghastly brain damage. Then, no less graphically, the treatments begin. For many of the inductees, it was clearly a tossup which was worse—the ravages of the disease or the treatment for it. At every showing, scores of prospective warriors fainted dead away as the long needles went to work on screen. Needless to say, the film left a lasting impression. Even today, almost a quarter of a century later, veterans can recall the youthful GI mounting the stairs of a seedy hotel for his moment of joy, pausing at the threshold of the prostitute's room to deposit his burning cigarette on the banister outside, then the quick fade as he enters, hastily unbuttoning his tunic. Some may even remember that when he re-emerged and picked up his cigarette again, it was still burning and scarcely any ash had accumulated. Were these few seconds of pleasure, the film seemed to ask, worth the price of a lifetime of agony? (In case the answer was yes, the Army thoughtfully supplied free condoms with its passes for town.)

The Army's Wartime movies, many of them made under the supervision of Colonel Frank Capra, set new standards for documentary realism. Capra, the director of such happy hits of the Thirties as *It Happened One Night* and *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town*, was one of the many Hollywood film makers to offer their talents to the War Department's several motion-picture services. Charged with preparing a series of "orientation" (read

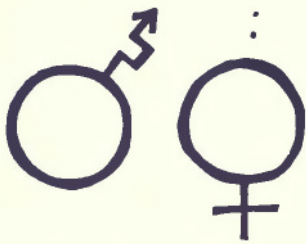
(continued on page 149)

SYMBOLIC SEX

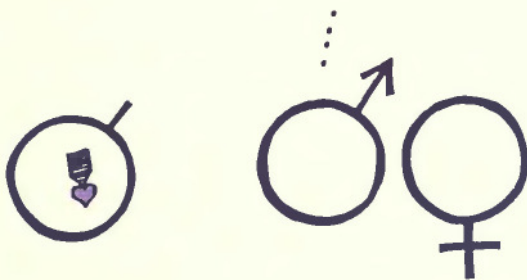
more sprightly spoofings of the signs of our times

humor By DON ADDIS

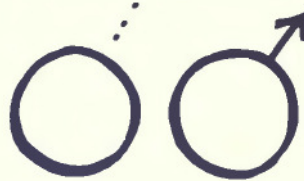
OTHER THAN THAT, HOW
DO YOU LIKE DOOR-TO-DOOR
SALES WORK?



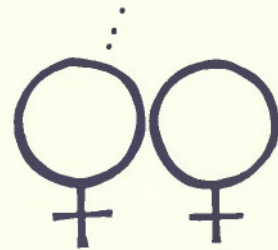
...AND REMEMBER,
TRY NOT TO STARE



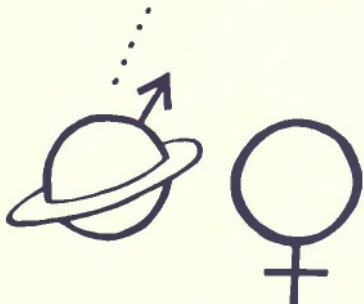
IT FELL TO EARTH
I KNOW NOT WHERE



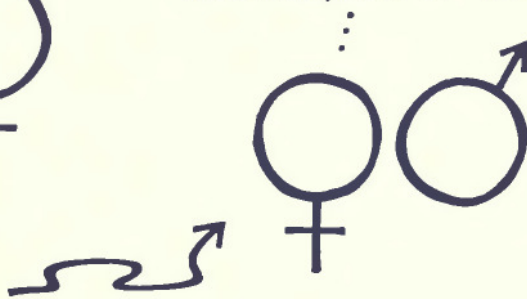
HE'S OK, AS FAR
AS HE GOES



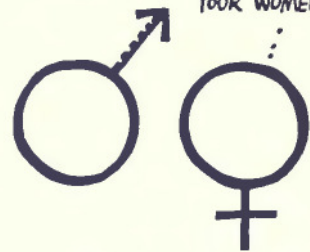
TAKE ME TO YOUR LEADER



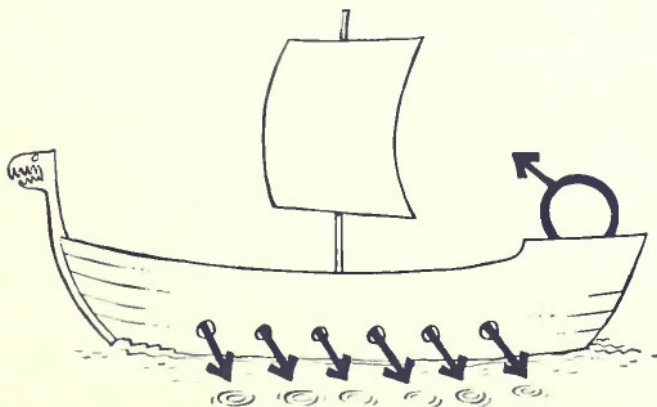
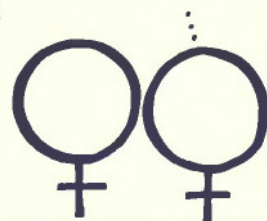
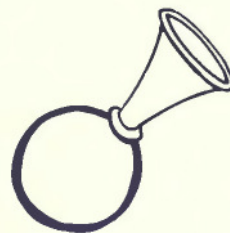
THERE'S JUST SOMETHING ABOUT
SNAKES THAT GIVES ME THE CREEPS



HOW DO YOU KEEP
TRACK OF ALL
YOUR WOMEN, TEX?



HE'S ALWAYS TALKING
ABOUT IT BUT HE
NEVER DOES ANYTHING
ABOUT IT



LIGHT ITALIAN HAND

(continued from page 74)

in the *bagna cauda* and it will sing with a sunny Italian accent. To sauté a sliced onion or a piece of veal, use olive oil or half olive oil and half butter. Before broiling a steak, brush it with olive oil for a succulent brown crust. Most of the vast variety of Italian antipasti in jars—the tiny stuffed eggplants, artichoke hearts and assorted pepper salads—are in a base of olive oil and spices.

Of course, summer-styled gourmets can dine very handsomely on antipasto alone. But we don't go along with the argument that antipasto (meaning before the meal) should never be followed by pasta. They're in fact a luscious duet, just as long as the pasta servings aren't too large or too heavy. It's only when both antipasto and pasta are offered up as a double prolog to a meal of soup, meat, vegetables, salad, dessert and beverage that Italian cooking overextends itself. Incidentally, this kind of marathon eating, promoted by Italian restaurants in the States, is seldom found in Italy itself. As a main course with or without pasta, antipasto makes a marvelous meal at noon or midnight. Instead of combination antipasto in flat jars, which is usually something of a disap-

pointment, try making up your own platters from the wealth of fish delicacies, vegetables, sliced meats and other viands all ready for portage. We have two particular light antipasto and pasta favorites that will get you in and out of the kitchen with a minimum of effort. One includes prosciutto wrapped around bread sticks. Genoa salami, artichoke hearts in oil, tiny stuffed eggplants, Boston lettuce, imported tuna fillets and noodles with pepper salad in oil. For an alternative, try sliced mortadella, pepperoni that's been sliced wafer thin, pickled mushrooms, sardines, celery hearts, black olives, wedges of hard egg and tomato, and ditalini with peas.

Long before World War Two, Italian immigrants found that one of the fastest ways to be welcomed into a new neighborhood was to offer a long, crisp bun that had been split and filled with Italian salami, slices of sharp cheese and onion, a generous dousing of olive oil and a sprinkling of hot dried red peppers. During the War, GIs in Italy usually spent their rest periods running from pizzeria to post. The pizza and the hero sandwich are now as American as

Philadelphia scrapple, and in time they could become just as stodgy. Use your imagination when concocting new hero combinations. Six- to eight-inch slices of bread that have been stuffed with mussels in anchovy-flavored mayonnaise, hard-cooked egg and tomato, or mushrooms. Parma ham wrapped around fresh vegetables and thin slices of provolone cheese make a mouth-watering repast.

For many an Italian, the great moment of the meal comes at its end, even when only a basket of fruit or a cheese tray is served. If an Italian must choose between eating heartily and talking, he won't hesitate to stifle the most brilliant conversationalist. But the arrival of the cheese and the fruit, to be followed in time by the espresso and the liqueur, is the signal that he can now eat and converse as long and as leisurely as he pleases. No American cheese comes close to rivaling the imported parmesan freshly cut off the wheel (not the pre-packaged variety). Although the Reggiano parmesan is normally used as a grating cheese in the States, it's also magnificent for munching straight. Though semi-hard, it's quite chewable and has a mellow nutty flavor that goes beautifully with fresh fruits and Italian wines. Italian blue cheese is called gorgonzola. Its pinnacle is the version that has the unromantic name Superzola or Gorgonzola Crema. It's a blueblood found only in the finest cheese specialty shops. For authentic flavor, all cheeses must be eaten at room temperature. Although Italy is the land of the grape, the olive and the fig, its other fruits usually don't reach the deep cordial flavor of fresh American Elberta peaches, thick Crenshaw melons or firm Bartlett pears just turning ripe. For those with a sweeter tooth, there are imported Italian fruits in brandy or liqueurs. We've a special *Viva!* for black cherries in brandy designed for spooning over ice cream. At the table we like the idea of placing in a large cut-glass dish twice as many scoops of ice cream as there are guests, then topping off the colorful mound with fruits bottled in liqueurs. It makes a festive dessert, indeed.

Serve up the following lightweight offerings for easeful eating Italian style and the temperature be hanged. Each recipe serves four.

MOZZARELLA AND ANCHOVY SANDWICHES

- 2 eggs, well beaten
- 1/2 cup heavy cream
- 1/8 teaspoon salt
- 8 ozs. mozzarella cheese, sliced thin
- 8 square slices white bread
- 2-oz. can flat anchovy fillets, drained
- 3-oz. can sliced mushrooms, drained
- Olive oil

Combine eggs, cream and salt, and beat well. Place cheese on 4 slices of bread. Place anchovies and mushrooms on cheese and top with remaining bread



"We prefer calling it an 'inoculation' rather than a 'fix.'"

to make sandwiches. In large heavy frying pan heat oil, to a depth of $\frac{1}{8}$ in. Holding sandwiches with both hands to keep intact, dip into egg mixture, as in making French toast. Fry sandwiches until golden brown on both sides and cut each one into halves or quarters before serving.

SHRIMP PEPPERONI

- 1 lb. cooked, peeled, deveined shrimps
- $7\frac{1}{2}$ -oz. jar roasted sweet peppers, or equivalent in pimientos, drained
- 1 cup dry white wine
- 4 tablespoons butter
- 2 8-oz. cans Italian tomatoes
- 2 tablespoons bread crumbs
- Salt, celery salt, pepper, monosodium glutamate

Buy shrimps freshly cooked at fish store. Cut peppers into $\frac{1}{2}$ -in. dice. Simmer wine in large saucepan until reduced to $\frac{1}{3}$ cup. Add shrimps, peppers, butter, tomatoes with their juice and bread crumbs. Bring up to boiling point but do not boil. Simmer only until shrimps are heated through. Season to taste with salt, celery salt, pepper and monosodium glutamate.

RICE AND SPINACH MINISTRONE

- 10-oz. package frozen chopped spinach
- 1 cup quick (precooked) long-grain rice
- 2 $12\frac{1}{2}$ -oz. cans chicken broth
- 1 cup canned white kidney beans (cannellini) or garbanzos
- 4 tablespoons butter
- 2 tablespoons grated parmesan cheese
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice
- Salt, pepper, monosodium glutamate
- Garlic powder

Cook spinach, following directions on package. Do not drain. Cook rice, following directions on package. Combine rice and spinach in soup pot. Put 1 can chicken broth and beans in blender; blend 30 seconds and add to soup pot. Add remaining can chicken broth. Bring to a boil; reduce flame and simmer 5 minutes. If soup is too thick, thin with additional chicken broth or with water and instant chicken bouillon. Add butter, cheese and lemon juice. Heat until butter melts. Season generously with salt, pepper and monosodium glutamate. Add a dash of garlic powder; add more lemon juice if desired. Pass additional parmesan cheese at table.

SPAGHETTINI, GENOISE PESTO SAUCE

- 1 lb. spaghetti
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup olive oil
- 1 tablespoon dried basil
- 2 tablespoons toasted pine nuts
- 2 large cloves garlic, minced
- Freshly grated parmesan cheese
- 2 tablespoons grated romano cheese
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
- 4 tablespoons butter

In a small saucepan, heat oil and basil over a very low flame about 5 minutes.



The heat releases the flavor of the dried basil. Do not permit oil to smoke. (If fresh basil is available, use 3 tablespoons and do not heat with oil.) If pine nuts are not toasted, place them in a shallow pan in oven preheated at 375° . Heat about 10 minutes or until light brown. Avoid scorching. In well of electric blender put oil with basil, garlic, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup parmesan cheese, romano cheese, pine nuts and salt. Blend at high speed for 30 seconds. Cook spaghetti in boiling salted water just until tender. Drain well, tossing in colander or lifting with fork until dried. Pour sauce over spaghetti on large platter or individual plates. Add butter and toss thoroughly to blend sauce, butter and spaghetti. Pass additional parmesan cheese at table.

COLD PORK TONNATO

- $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. roast pork loin or roast fresh ham, thinly sliced
- 1 cup dry white wine
- 1 small onion, minced
- 1 egg
- 1 teaspoon lemon juice
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon dry mustard
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon anchovy paste
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup olive oil
- 3 tablespoons tuna fish, minced
- Small capers in vinegar, drained
- Salt, pepper

Buy the pork at a *salumeria* or any delicatessen featuring cooked prime meats. In small saucepan heat wine and onion until wine is reduced to $\frac{1}{4}$ cup; avoid cooking until wine has completely evaporated. In well of electric blender put egg, lemon juice, mustard and anchovy paste. Blend at low speed 5 seconds. Very slowly, in smallest possible stream, add oil while blender continues to run at low speed. Stop blender and add wine with onions and tuna fish. Blend at low speed about 5 seconds more. Remove sauce from blender and stir in 2 tablespoons capers. Add salt and pepper to taste. Spread sauce between slices of meat, and arrange them shingle style on a very shallow casserole or deep platter. Sprinkle 2 additional tablespoons capers on top. Cover casserole with lid or polyethylene paper. Chill in refrigerator 4 to 5 hours or overnight. Pork Tonnato may be served as antipasto or cold meat course.

The preceding comestibles—whether whipped up for foursome feasting or guests galore—are Roman recipes for getting one out of the summer dining doldrums with enjoyable ease. *Ciao!*



MISS BRYFOGEL (continued from page 117)

representative citizen of our time, I knew that it was an impossibility.

It must be caused, then, by something from outside my body and psyche. But what? I looked about me. My television set droned on harmlessly in the corner with its endless pro golf match, its perpetual succession of Arnold Palmers, Gary Players, Don Januarys, Jay Heberts and other heroic figures of our time, hitting little balls with sticks over the green hills of TV land. Surely it could not be *this* innocent vision. I glanced about the room. All was familiar and normally sybaritic.

I sipped nervously at my rich, full-flavored instant coffee and tried to wrench my mind back into healthier channels. Forcibly I made myself think of higher things. I tried to recall a few of the better scenes from the magnificent 8mm art films I had seen the week before at the Nouveau Cinématique Réalité Festival I had attended: *The Passionate Transvestite*, a superb, delicate, subtly controlled delineation of a sensitive theme; and its attendant feature, *Tilly the Toiler Meets Winnie Winkle*, a wildly robust comedy making satiric sport of the puritanical mores of our day. *Passionate*, as it is known to us cinema aficionados, was even better than *Candy Meets King Kong*, a frank anti-war indictment couched in cuttingly sardonic Voltairian brush strokes.

It was no use. Something was troubling me. I stirred restlessly, kicking at the drift of newspaper that covered my ankles. Something caught my eye—and held it. Those sinister, fugitive pangs of guilt rose to a crescendo. And then I knew! It was unmistakable. Draped over the toe of my Italian ostrichskin and alligator lounging slipper, provocatively half-opened, was the *Sunday Times Book Review* supplement. It held my nervous gaze like a hooded cobra about to strike. But this was only the good old familiar *Book Review*, a trusted friend that had sustained me through many a slippery moment at countless cocktail parties. And yet now, for some unaccountable reason, this friendly, faithful companion had touched off that faint but insistent sickness of fear and humiliation, deep in my vitals where such things lurk.

What was there about this innocent sheaf of newsprint? I bent forward to look more closely at the cover page. Its familiar, staid and measured grayness suddenly came into sharp focus. "NEW EDITION OF RENAISSANCE CLASSIC," said the heading in bold type, and at center page was a black-and-white woodcut showing a languorous youth lounging under a fairy-tale tree, and beside him a Florentine lady wearing the flowing gowns of the nunnery. Where had I seen that spent lad, and that lady of the Church before?

And then, eerily, barely perceptible, a voice eddied up out of the swamp of my subconscious, the indistinct syllables bursting like bubbles of marsh gas generated by the decomposition of prehistoric monsters. A feminine voice! What was she saying to me? I strained to hear. It seemed to come somehow from the very grain of the woodcut itself. I hunched deeper into my motor-driven Vibra-Snooze lounging chair. The voice came nearer and nearer, and then, clearly, I realized it was asking me a question, a question I had been asked before, *eons* before.

"Where did you get that book?"

Shaken with a terror such as I had not known since my days as a ten-year-old, I rushed to my Inna-Wall sliding teakwood-paneled Danish bar and blindly pressed a button. Seconds later, clutching three fingers of sour-mash bourbon, I tried to regroup. But Miss Bryfogel pursued me, asking her question again and again. Miss Bryfogel! And then it all began to come back, the whole sordid, fetid mess.

Settling back into my chair, I began to reconstruct that awful moment of my fall from grace. I had once been as pure as the driven snow, an apple-cheeked Indiana lad who delighted in the birds of spring and the soft, humming afternoons of summer, and I was insanely, madly, totally in love. With Mary Louise Bryfogel. Miss Bryfogel taught sixth-grade English at Warren G. Harding School in Hammond, and for every 55-minute period that I was permitted in her presence, I lay, in imagination, prostrate at her feet. Her soft, heart-shaped face and dark, liquid eyes haunted me in my every waking hour. She never gave the slightest indication that she, too, was stirred to the depths. But I *knew*.

Miss Bryfogel would read poetry to us as my classmates, clods to a man, dozed fitfully. But I, love buds atingle, eyes misty, wept with her over *Evangeline* and *Old Ironsides*. I had only one way to tell her of my love: through our mutual secret language, the book report. I was never a stylist, but I felt that sincerity and neatness, as well as meticulous spelling and ample margins, would get my subtle message through.

As far as my reading tastes went, I ran heavily toward *The Outdoor Chums* (which my Aunt Glenda persisted in giving me), *Flash Gordon Meets Ming the Merciless*, *Popular Mechanics* and three tattered copies of *G-8 and His Battle Aces*, which I had reread at least 74 times, getting more from their rich mosaic at every reading. However, these were not reportable.

And so every week was sheer torture as I nervously phoned up my Friday report on some respectable but impenetra-

ble book. The books were taken from the public library, and were doled out to us by Miss Easter, the librarian. Miss Easter was a kindly, thin, ancient lady who had been born wearing a pair of gold-rimmed bifocals and with a full head of blue-gray hair. I recall vividly one hellish week trying to get through the first page of something called *Ivanhoe*, which had been highly recommended by both Miss Easter and Miss Bryfogel.

My reports themselves actually ran to a sort of form. For example:

"*Robinson Crusoe*, by Daniel Defoe. *Robinson Crusoe* is about this man who got lost on this island. He made a hat out of a coconut shell and found this footprint on the beach. His island was named Friday, and he had a goat. This is a very interesting book. It was exciting. I think *Robinson Crusoe* is a good book."

Or:

"*Black Beauty*, by Anna Sewell. *Black Beauty* is about this horse that got sold to a very cruel man. He hit Black Beauty and Black Beauty was very unhappy because Black Beauty was a kind horse and didn't hit anybody. I think books about horses are very exciting, and *Black Beauty* is a very exciting book. It has three hundred and two pages, and I think anyone would enjoy reading *Black Beauty*."

I felt strongly that unqualified applause for any book on Miss Bryfogel's Suggested Reading List would convey to her my deep feelings not only about the books she read but about her—and also would net me at least a C. Miss Bryfogel also encouraged something she called "Outside Reading," which meant books not on the official list. Miss Easter had a vast file of these desirable unofficial books at her fingertips. She worked hand in glove with all the Miss Bryfogels at the Warren G. Harding School, ceaselessly striving to push back the frontiers of barbarism and ignorance and to raise high the fluttering banners of culture. In Hammond, Indiana, that was an almost impossible crusade.

On several occasions I had gone the treacherous route of Outside Reading. It was invariably stupendously boring. But already I had mastered the art of manufacturing an entire book report from two paragraphs selected at random from the text, plus a careful reading of the dust jacket—a system that is not unknown to some professional reviewers.

But the library was not the only source of books available to the probing mind. There was home—and in my instance, the bookcase in the dining room, filled to bursting with my father's precious collection of atrocious books. We did not subscribe to the literary magazines, and I doubt whether my father had ever read a book review in his entire life, if he even knew they existed; hence

R. TAYLOR



*"I just don't feel Mr. Witherspoon belongs here
in Retirement Acres."*



"And how's my little key club tonight?"

he read for pure pleasure—such weighty tomes as *The Claw of Fu Manchü*, *The Canary Murder Case*, *Riders of the Purple Sage* and the complete exploits of Philo Vance. At least these were the books that he kept in the dining-room bookcase. I never really associated them with book reports; they were just stories, and book reports were about books.

There were also, however, *other* volumes kept around the house—not many, just a few mysterious books kept in my parents' bedroom, or in the closet. No one ever said we shouldn't read them. They were just kept out of our way. And foremost among them was this thick, green-covered, bulky book that had sat on the bottom shelf of my mother's end table for longer than I could remember. It was so much a part of the scenery that it wasn't a book anymore; just a thing. I had opened it maybe twice in my entire life—tiny print, incomprehensible; just a book. Until that pivotal day when everything changed.

It was a chill, dark, lowering after-

noon; faint puffs of oily wind bore the essence of Phillips 66 and the number-one open hearth through the gaunt trees and under the eaves. I was home alone. And itchy. These are dangerous conditions, known to us all. Ranging through the empty house looking for something to do, somewhere to light, chewing a salami sandwich, I homed in on my parents' bedroom—which was something I rarely did; somehow it was off my main beat. Nothing Freudian or Victorian; it just wasn't where the action was. However, as the barometer fell and my itch increased, I drifted in and past the brass bed, just looking.

The how and why of the exact instant *The Book* came into my hands I do not clearly recall, and perhaps even that fact is significant. But somehow I knew without even being told that it was *wrong*, that what I was doing was vaguely on the other side of the line. These instincts run deep. Snatching up the book, my ears pricked for footsteps on the porch, I skulked into the bathroom and began my

descent into iniquity and degradation.

The title of the book meant nothing to me—the *Decameron* of Boccaccio. I had not seen it on Miss Easter's shelves, nor on Miss Bryfogel's Suggested Reading Lists, but it was thick and had small print, so I figured it must be good. Or at least official. Not only that, it had a foreign name, and anyone who has ever gone to elementary school knows that any book with a foreign name is important.

Well, I hadn't read four sentences when I realized that I had in my hands the golden key to Miss Bryfogel's passionate heart. Not only was this book almost totally incomprehensible, it was about friars and abbots, counts and countesses, knights errant, kings and queens, and a lot of wild Italians. It also had pictures—woodcuts that reminded me of other important books that Miss Bryfogel had spoken highly of. In accordance with my usual practice in book reporting, I looked through the table of contents to pick out something specific to read and to quote in case of embarrassing questions. I had never seen a table of contents like this before. It was listed: "Day the First," "Day the Second," "Day the Third," and under those headings something caught my eye:

"The First Story: Massetto of Lamporecchio feigneth himself dumb and becometh Gardener to a convent of women, who all flock to lie with him."

Well, this was a natural, since I knew what "dumb" meant. There were plenty of dumb kids in my class. And Mrs. Brunner, next door, had a garden. I was on home grounds. I plowed ahead, and the more I struggled to read, the more I realized that this was good for at least a B-plus. My senses alert for sounds in the driveway, I forged into unknown territory. There was something about the story that drew me on like some gigantic magnet hauling a handful of iron filings across a sheet of paper. Though I somehow had the idea that an abbess was either a safety-patrol lady or some kind of bad tooth, I couldn't put it down. And I began, inexplicably, to sweat—a telltale clamminess.

The stories didn't exactly end—not like *The Outdoor Chums*, where Dan, the bully, shakes his fist at Will, the fun-loving chum, and retreating in his cowardly way, surrounded by his toadies, shouts: "Will, and all the rest of you Outdoor Chums—I'll get you yet! Just wait and see!" The Outdoor Chums would laugh gaily, climb into their electric canoe, head back to camp, and that would be it. But *these* stories didn't exactly end. They just sort of petered out. But I was hooked.

Steamily, I read on and on and on. And on. The house grew darker and colder; the winds were rising. On the far-off horizon the night shift took over in the steel mills. The skies glowed as

the blast furnaces and the Bessemer converters painted the clouds a dull red-orange. My eyes ached; my throat was dry and parched. I read of maidens and virgins, nightingales—and cuckolds, a small, yellowish, canarylike bird, I gathered. Finally, glazed with fatigue, I carefully replaced the green volume in its place of honor and went into the kitchen to knock together another salami sandwich. It had been a red-letter afternoon. Wait till Miss Bryfogel sees what great books I'm reading now, I thought.

It was one of the very few times I ever looked forward to getting to work on a book report. It was Thursday, and the next day was, of course, our day of reckoning. So after supper I scrunched over the kitchen table, my blue-lined tablet with its Indian-head cover before me, my trusty Wearever fountain pen clutched in my hand, and began my most heartfelt love offering to Miss Bryfogel:

"*Decameron*, by Giovanni Boccaccio." I thought carefully, my mind humming like a well-oiled clock, toying with phrases, rejecting, and finally selecting the opening line:

"This is the best, most interesting book I ever read. It is by a Italian and I think this book is very interesting. It is about these people that tell stories about knights and friars and cuckolds."

I figured this was a nice touch, since I knew Miss Bryfogel liked birds. Gathering steam, I went on:

"There was this one story about a man named Massetto who worked in a garden and he made believe he was dumb and he did a lot of funny things, and there was this lady named The Abbess who said she would lieth with Massetto because, I guess, she didn't want to embarrass him because he was lying. She did, and they were very happy. I liked this story because I think having a garden is a good thing to have. There are a lot of other stories I liked in this book. It is very hard to read because it has small printing, but anyone would read this would like it."

I leaned back and reread my masterpiece. It was good, the best work I had ever done. My mother, hunched over the sink in her Chinese-red chenille bathrobe, doing the dishes, was humming *When the Blue of the Night Meets the Gold of the Day*. At this time she was deep in her Bing Crosby period. The kitchen was warm, my stomach was stuffed and life was full.

Friday dawned bright and clear, a perfect gem of a morning, and I floated to school with that high, exhilarated feeling of a man who has his homework done and the world in the palm of his hand. Birds sang, milkmen whistled. I could hardly wait for Six-B English. Now Miss Bryfogel would know! She

could not mistake my devotion for a mere passing whim.

That afternoon she sat at her desk looking even more unattainable, elusive and sultry than ever before. Her opening remarks followed the classic pattern:

"Pass your book reports up to the front and open your books to page seventy-eight."

Ahead of me, Simonson shoved his smudgy scrap of paper, bearing the title *Sam, the Young Shortstop*. From behind me, Helen Weathers poked my ear with *Lassie Come Home*, and I, violins playing fortissimo in my soul, added my magnificent epistle to their scrubby lot. Miss Bryfogel simply stacked the book reports together, shoved them in a drawer, and we went to work on gerunds.

At long last the class ended. Caressing Miss Bryfogel with my burning, myopic eyes, I drifted out into the hall, knowing that the trap was set. She had a whole weekend to think about me and our life together. Now that she knew the higher things to which I aspired, the pinnacles I had conquered, there could be no stopping us!

Saturday and Sunday flew by on the wings of ecstasy. And then Monday—blessed Monday. It was the first time in the recorded history of education that a normal, red-blooded male kid ever sprang out of bed at seven A.M., a full 15 minutes early, and took off for school without so much as a single whine. The day dragged endlessly, achingly toward that moment of sublime triumph that I knew must come. The instant I walked into Miss Bryfogel's classroom I knew I had made the big strike. I was not even at my seat when she called me up to her desk. I turned, the way I had seen Clark Gable do so many times, and ambled up to her desk. Miss Bryfogel, her voice sounding a little odd—no doubt due to passion—said:

"Jean, I'd like you to stay a few minutes after class."

The jackpot! I swaggered back to my seat, a man among children. Fifty-five minutes later I stood before Miss Bryfogel's altar, ready to do her slightest bidding. She opened:

"Jean . . . ah . . . about your book report. That was a very well-written book report."

"Heh, heh, heh," I replied.

I was not used to this. I was strictly a C-plus man, and C-plus men never get praised. Miss Bryfogel was talking in a strange, low voice.

"But tell me, did you really . . . enjoy the book?"

"Yes. It was a very exciting book."

At this point Miss Bryfogel did something I had never seen a teacher do before, and the first faint whisper of danger wafted through my ventilating system. She just sat and looked at me for a long time, and finally said, very quietly:

"Jean, I want you to be very truthful with me."

Truthful! Was Miss Bryfogel laboring under the delusion that I was leading her on, toying with her affections? I said:

"Yes?"

I was beginning to sweat up my corduroys a little.

"Did you read the book or did you copy that from somewhere?" There is one golden rule for all book reporters: Never admit you didn't read the book. That is cardinal.

"Yes . . . I read it."

"Where did you get the book? Did you get it out of the library? Did Miss Easter give it to you at the library?"

The animal in us never sleeps. The acrid scent of trouble, faint but tangible, filtered in through the chalk dust and the smell of lunch bags. My mind, working like a steel trap, leaped into action:

"Well . . . ah . . . ah . . . a kid gave it to me. Yeah, a kid gave it to me!"

Miss Bryfogel closed in.

"Someone from this class?"

Uh-oh! Look out!

"Ah . . . no! A kid . . . I met on the playground at recess. A big kid."

"Does he go to Harding School?"

"No . . . I never saw that kid before. No, I don't know where he's from. A big kid . . . by the candy store."

Miss Bryfogel swiveled her chair and stared off at the Venetian blinds for what seemed like two years. Slowly she turned back to me.

"A big kid by the candy store . . . gave you Boccaccio's *Decameron*?"

"..... Yeah."

"Did he say anything to you?"

"Yeah, he said . . . 'Here's a book!'"

"And he gave you *that* book?"

"Yeah!"

"Would you recognize him if you saw him again?"

"Well, it . . . it was dark! And it was . . . ah . . . raining."

Miss Bryfogel took some paper clips out of her top drawer and straightened them out for a while, and then said, even more quietly than before:

"Are you telling me the truth?"

"Sure I am!"

"WHERE DID YOU GET THAT BOOK?"

"Home!" I yelped.

"At home? Do your parents know that you read this book at home? Does your mother know?"

"Yeah!"

"Are you sure?"

"Ah . . . yeah."

Miss Bryfogel picked up her pen and took a sheet of paper out of her desk drawer, and looked at me in a way that Myrna Loy never looked at Clark Gable.

"I'm going to give you a note. You are going to take it home to your mother, and in one hour I will call her to see that it's been delivered."

My socks began to itch. I had been 135



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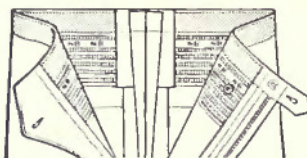
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through this note business before. I winced visibly.

"Are you telling me the truth?"

"No!"

This instant in time, this millisecond, was one of the great turning points in my life, and even then I knew it. Miss Bryfogel leaned back in her swivel chair. She was soft and warm again.

"Then your mother *doesn't* know you read it?"

"No."

"And you really found it where?"

"My father's room."

"Oh? Does he know you took it?"

"No."

"You know you did something wrong, don't you?"

"Yeah."

"Did you like the book?"

Somehow I knew that this was a loaded question.

"Yeah."

"I see. It was pretty funny, wasn't it?"

"No."

I was telling the truth. It seemed that for the first time in two years I was telling the truth. I hadn't gotten a single boff from the book. The only thing I had liked about it was castles and knights. But there hadn't been a single laugh in it.

"Are you sure you didn't find it funny anywhere?"

"No!"

She knew I was telling the truth.

"Well, that's good. That's much better. Now, will you promise me one thing—that you will not sneak into your parents' room and get books anymore, if I promise not to send a note home?"

"OK."

"All right, you can go now."

A great crashing wave of relief roared over me, and, bobbing in the surf, I paddled frantically toward the door. Just before I was through it and out safely:

"Oh, Jean."

"What?"

I figured she was about to welsh on the deal.

"I'm curious. Did you read *all* of it?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's very good. I like to see stick-to-itiveness. Now go out and play."

I sipped my warm bourbon thoughtfully as Miss Bryfogel's voice faded off into the darkness of my memory forever. Arnold Palmer was coming into the 18th three under par, and Arnold Palmer was lining up a putt. Wading through the papers, I retrieved the *Book Review* supplement. Yes, there he was, my old friend, the languorous youth, reclining provocatively. The nun looked down upon him as she had for all these centuries, and somewhere off in the fairy-tale background, a cuckold sang sweetly as he busily built his nest.



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DEATH OF GOD (continued from page 84)

himself to the world and to men, as in the fall of the primitive sky gods into animism. In a more decisive sense for Christians, the coming and the death of Jesus (the Incarnation, to use the technical term) stand for a kind of death of God. Here God, Christians have always said, takes on sin and suffering. Can it not also be said that God takes on mortality, that the coming of Jesus is the beginning of the death of God, and that because of this coming, men no longer need gods in the old religious sense? The New Testament perhaps comes closest to this in the saying, "He who abides in love abides in God."

But the "when" question has to be answered not only in terms of Jesus, but in terms of the 19th Century. If Jesus makes the death of God a possible experience for men, the 19th Century lives that reality and instructs us to do the same. A whole series of themes in the 19th Century deal, directly or indirectly, with the collapse of God into the world, and thus with the death of God. Goethe and the romantics spoke of the movement from transcendence to nature, and even Protestants were invited by some of their spokesmen at the beginning of the century to fling themselves on the bosom of nature in order to recapture a lost divinity. William Blake is singing mysteriously of the death of the transcendent God at the close of the 18th Century, and in the French Revolution itself we can perceive the close connection between regicide and deicide. Hegel, as early as 1807, speaks elliptically of God's death, and the left-wing Hegelians like Strauss and Feuerbach make it much clearer—the attributes of God must be transmuted into concrete human values. Karl Marx' own Marxism is in one sense an attempt to recover for the human community the values previously ascribed to God.

Ibsen and Strindberg knew the death of God, as did Victorian England. George Eliot found God and immortality impossible, duty alone irresistible, while the young Matthew Arnold's *Dover Beach* sang a song for a whole generation.

*The Sea of Faith
Was once, too, at the full, and
round earth's shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle
fur'd.
But now I only hear
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing
roar,
Retreating, to the breath
Of the night-wind, down the vast
edges drear
And naked shingles of the world.*

And on our side of the Atlantic, Hawthorne rather quietly, and Melville with

unforgettable force, laid the God of the Puritan tradition to rest. Perhaps the most unforgettable image of the dying God in our language is that of Ahab finally fixing his harpoon in Moby Dick's side, as the two of them sink together, both of them God, both of them evil.

Cryptically, but not entirely falsely, in Europe and America between the French Revolution and the start of World War One, the Christian God is dying. The coming and death of Jesus makes God's death possible; the 19th Century makes it real. And today, it is our turn to understand and to accept.

Thus, "When did it happen?" gets a three-part answer. In one sense with Jesus and the cross. In another sense in the Europe and America of the last century. In a final sense, today, just now. Just what is there about our time that has led us to see and to grasp this event?

. . .

Every man must answer for himself the question "What is the special quality of your experience of the death of God?"

In one sense, I don't think one can or should try to persuade anyone else of the reality of the death of God. When I talk or write about it, I don't try to place a new thing into another's head, I try to remind him of what he already knows. If there is no answer, no recognition, I can be of no further use to him except as an example of the way he should not go. For me, the death of God is not a consequence of a simple experience like the discovery of, say, the scientific method that automatically rules out God. It is an emotional event, in the guts. It is made up of a number of things, modest in themselves, but overwhelming when taken together. It is for me partly the disappearance of the idea of God as a meter of needs and a solver of problems. For much of its history, classical Christianity felt that while men, by their own hands, could solve many of the problems of life, there was always a dimension where man was powerless and which had to be ascribed to God. In this sense the longing for God was said to be common to all. Our hearts are restless, Saint Augustine said, until they come to rest in God. Today we must say some



"Congratulations."

hearts are and some hearts aren't. Men may not need God, just as they may not need a single ultimate loyalty. Needs and problems are for the world to meet, and if it cannot meet them, nothing else can. This is one strand in the experience of the death of God for me.

Another has to do with the problem of suffering. If for you there is nothing special about the 20th Century's experience of suffering, then this line of argument will not persuade. There has always been unmerited suffering in the world, and it has always been a problem for the heart and the head to hold to the reality of suffering and to the goodness and power of God at the same time. It has always been hard, I am saying, and now it is impossible; for the terrible burden of suffering our time has witnessed can be ascribed to God only by turning him into a monster. The problem of Job, of Ivan Karamazov, of Albert Camus has fallen on our heads. It was Christians who did the work at Auschwitz, and their God became impossible after

they had finished. Ernest Hemingway, whom we do not ordinarily think of as having been moved by these problems, has a touching scene on this point in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*: Anselmo is speaking to Jordan about his hopes when the war is over.

"But if I live later, I will try to live in such a way, doing no harm to any one, that it will be forgiven."

"By whom?"

"Who knows? Since we do not have God here any more, neither His Son nor the Holy Ghost, who forgives? I do not know."

"You have not God any more?"

"No. Man. Certainly not. If there were God, never would He have permitted what I have seen with my eyes. Let *them* have God."

"They claim Him."

"Clearly I miss Him, having been brought up in religion. But now a man must be responsible to himself."

"Then it is thyself who will forgive thee for killing."

"I believe so," Anselmo said.

Let me put this in another way. The death of God means two closely related things: that some of the human experiences to which men have traditionally given the name of God must be re-described and renamed, and also that some of those experiences are no longer ours. For example, religious men have often pointed to experiences of dependence, awe, reverence, wonder, mystery, tragedy as signs of the incalculable and mysterious character of life, saying of these experiences taken together, "Something like this is what we mean by God." There are, of course, such things about us, and the only point I wish to make here is that one needn't give any of them the name of God. They are real facts of our life, we have human sciences and arts to clarify them, and they point to mystery and wonder, but not to God.

But a second thing is just as true. There are experiences that men have had in the past and which they have traditionally understood as pointing to God that are simply not available to us in the same way today. Take the experiences of dependence, especially in the presence of nature. Listen to a research biologist or a doctor or a physicist or a space scientist talk about his work. He is talking about mastery, control and power: not about a sense of his smallness before the universe. This is true of our kids as well. The other night I was out in the back yard with one of my children, who had to identify some constellations for his science homework. When I was young and used to stand under the starry sky, I recall being filled with all the things you were supposed to be filled with: awe, a sense of my own smallness, dependence. But my son is a full citizen of the modern world, and said to me, after he had located the required constellations, "Which are the ones we put up there, Dad?" He was more interested in what he could do up there than in what he could feel down here. He had become a technological man, and this means something religiously. Are there other traditional religious experiences that we're losing touch with? The death of God lives in this kind of world.

It is quite foolish to say that the death-of-God theology wants to reduce life to the scientifically knowable or the immediately relevant. It has no special interest in relevance or in being acceptable to that nonexistent chimera, "modern man." In no sense does it wish to turn its back on the mysterious, the sacred, the holy or the transcendent. It simply will not call such things by the name of God. As a matter of fact, it might be very interesting to work out a way of talking about godless forms of the sacred—ideas and experiences of the sacred



"I'm sorry, madam, but your husband isn't accepting any calls."

that need not include the experience of God. It is doubtless true that some roads to the sacred are ruled out for many of us in our rationalized and technological culture. There probably cannot be, for example, any way to the sacred via holy men, holy books or holy gestures in the usual sense. But even if our way to God is cut off, need it be the case for our experience of the sacred? Can the experience of sex become a way to the sacred for some? Not just sex as intercourse, but as total affirmation of one's sexuality in the midst of the human community. What would it mean to say that sex can become a new kind of sacred space? What would sacred mean in such a statement?

Perhaps death can also become a sacred event in our time of the death of God. Not, of course, our experience of our own death, but at least the experience of its coming, of mortality, and a facing up to death, our own and others, so as to befriend it and deprive it of its ability to hurt and surprise us. What meaning would "sacred" have if we tried to say that death may become a way to a godless form of the sacred today?

Some examples might make this point a bit less bewildering. In the Gettysburg Address, Lincoln was offering what seems to me a moving example of death as a human, godless form of the sacred. He said, you'll recall, that they had met to dedicate a portion of the battlefield. Then he went on:

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground.

You might have expected him to make the pious point here and to say that we mortals cannot consecrate anything because that is God's prerogative alone. But he didn't say that:

The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract.

Not just the "right" side, but all those who fought, are the consecrators. Suffering and dying men, he suggests, have the power to make holy or sacred what was ordinary and profane before.

It would be easy to find a contemporary example of sex as a sacred event. Such a view is common rhetoric in our modern sentimental panegyrics to sex, both Christian and secular. So I would rather turn to another source, to Puritan New England, as a matter of fact. This is from Nathaniel Hawthorne's *The Scarlet Letter*, and Dimmesdale is speaking to Hester about their adulterous love.

"We are not, Hester, the worst sinners in the world. There is one worse than even the polluted priest! That old man's revenge has been blacker than my sin. [He is re-

ferring to Chillingworth's diabolical attack on him.] He has violated, in cold blood, the sanctity of a human heart. Thou and I, Hester, never did so!"

"Never, never," whispered she. "What we did had a consecration of its own. We felt it so! We said so to each other! Hast thou forgotten it?"

Here is not only sex, but nonmarital sex, and in the heart of Puritanism, affirmed as a form of the sacred. Along such lines as these, I think, a conception of the sacred without God might be worked out.

I want to raise one final question about the idea of the death of God. If God is dead, as we say, what do we put in his place? What does the work in this godless Christian vision that God used to do in the classical tradition? Have we, it might be asked, taken the full measure of the terrible cry of Ivan Karamazov. If there is no God, then everything is permitted? Are people really strong enough to lose not only the fear of hell and the consolations of the next life, but also the reality of God?

There are two answers, or two forms of the same answer, to the question about the replacement of God. In one sense the answer must be "the human community" and in another sense it must be "Jesus." Let us distinguish between two kinds of meaning or function classically ascribed to God. If by God you mean the means by which forgiveness is mediated, or consolation in time of sorrow or despair, or judge of my arrogance and my idolatry—then we say that these functions, as central for us as they ever were in classical Christianity, must be taken over by the human community. We must learn to forgive each other with the radical unconditioned grace men used to ascribe to God. (Recall the touching words between Anselmo and Jordan quoted above.) We must learn to comfort each other, and we must learn to judge, check and rebuke one another in the communities within which we are wounded and in which we are healed. If these things cannot now be done by the human communities in the world, then these communities must be altered until they can perform these tasks and whatever others, once ascribed to God, that need to be done in this new context. In this sense the death of God leads to politics, to social change, and even to the foolishness of utopias.

But it would be misleading to pass over to what we are calling the human community every task once given to God. There is another kind of meaning attached to the classical idea of God that needs another kind of surrogate. If by God you mean the focus of obedience, the object of trust and loyalty, the meaning I give to love, my center, my meaning—then these meanings are given not to men in general but to Jesus, the *man*,

in his life, his way with others and his death. We death-of-God theologians thus stake out a claim to be able to make it as Christians not merely because we speak of the death of the Christian God, but because we see as the center of the Christian faith a relation of obedience and trust directed to Jesus. Something like this is placed on the lips of Uncle Nikolai by Boris Pasternak in *Doctor Zhivago*:

"As I was saying, one must be true to Christ. I'll explain. What you don't understand is that it is possible to be an atheist, it is possible not to know whether God exists, or why, and yet believe that man does not live in a state of nature but in history, and that history as we know it now began with Christ, and that Christ's Gospel is its foundation. Now what is history? It is the centuries of systematic explorations of the riddle of death, with a view to overcoming death. That's why people discover mathematical infinity and electromagnetic waves, that's why they write symphonies. Now, you can't advance in this direction without a certain faith. You can't make such discoveries without spiritual equipment. And the basic elements of this equipment are in the Gospels. What are they? To begin with, love of one's neighbor, which is the supreme form of vital energy. Once it fills the heart of man it has to overflow and spend itself. And then the two basic ideals of modern man—without them he is unthinkable—the idea of free personality and the idea of life as sacrifice."

The human community in general—not as it is, but as it might be altered to become—and that particular instance of the human community, Jesus of Nazareth, thus take over the work, the action, the deeds, once ascribed to the Christian God. Thus the death of God is the least abstract event one can imagine. It moves straight into politics, revolutionary change, and the tragedies and delights of this world.

At the start of this article, the question was posed whether the death of God might be a non-event, fashioned by nothing more substantial than the eager and empty publicity mills of our day. We radical theologians have found, I think, that it is something more. It is a real event; it is a joyous event; it is a liberating event, removing everything that might stand between man and the relief of suffering, man and the love of his neighbor. It is a real event making possible a Christian form of faith for many today. It is even making possible church and ministry in our world.

father was a Hasid, a believer in miracles, and not a rabbi; and the only Mayflower he came on was the Mayflower Moving & Storage, which carried him once from Indianapolis to Cleveland. My grandfather believed in miracles, and no miracles happened to him; my father believed only in decision and will, and made his own miracles. My father's sister and younger brothers occupied most of his will and his powers of decision in the years until a grand duke's assassination at Sarajevo finally forced him to put away thoughts of his home village.

One by one, thanks to the money my father earned in New York, carrying water to the builders of skyscrapers, later cutting and sewing goods, later rolling cigars, his brothers and his sister were brought to America. A few dollars—one brother. A few more dollars—another brother. A few more dollars—the last brother. A few more dollars—a sister. Now they were all here, and soon the parents might be persuaded to leave their hut, their cart, their horse, their cow, their rabbi in Kamenets Podolski, for Hester Street in New York, where thugs in caps and policemen in blue and the stunned, dazzled, newly arrived immigrants strolled. Somehow there was a great deal of noise, though no one seemed to be shouting.

Each member of the family took my father's lead and accepted the name Gold upon arrival. It was simple and pronounceable, and it meant something. Mainly it meant that they were American. They guaranteed their intention with a name that cut to the heart of America.

The only daughter was here, the oldest son was here, the youngest son was here, the miscellaneous sons were here. There was no reason for the grandparents to put off the future with religious excuses. In 1912 my father had a gold tooth installed in his head by a dentist on Delancey Street who specialized in internal decoration; it replaced a perfectly adequate pale tooth. He then spent the rest of his money on a trip back to the Old Country. He wore fresh clothes, green shoes, and flashed a quick but modest smile to show the gold tooth. He whistled down the road. He whistled whenever he felt like it. Remembering that he had a man's task, to persuade his parents to come to America and take a new name, he felt like stopping his whistling.

My father's father pointed out that the Ukraine was closer to Jerusalem than New York, and that when the Messiah comes, it will be just too far to roll from New York.

My father conceded this well-taken point, but remarked that it was a long roll from the Ukraine to Jerusalem, too. And if you had to take a long roll, why

not take it from the Lower East Side, in the good company of the family?

His father thought this one over. With lips pursed, but not whistling. He mentioned that he might discuss it with the rabbi.

The rabbi, my father said, will tell you what you want to hear anyway, and will eat all the cookies.

"Hanh?" said his father.

My father said never mind, that the children were well, and they all wanted to see the family united in America. His mother said very little, but noticed that my father was skinny despite his gold tooth. If he had a gold tooth, he should also be fat. Also he shaved his chin, cut his hair and, in general, seemed in great danger.

"How is Ben, my baby?" she asked.

"Lonely. He misses you. He needs his mother. He wants to know when you're coming. Doing fine."

"Well, who put such ideas in his head? A baby like that."

"I did," my father admitted. "So now?"

Still and still, it was true that all the children had gone to New York. At last the old people promised to give up both godliness and easy rolling to Jerusalem in order not to lose their children. Maybe the Messiah would send skates, too.

My father returned to New York to earn the money to send for his parents. They promised. It took a little while, because he was already working to keep his sister and brothers alive, and sometimes one or the other could not find a job, and there were depressions or strikes or layoffs or illness or one or another manner of disaster. Sometimes Ben was lazy and wouldn't sell his papers. Sometimes they went without eating. Ben was the youngest: he sometimes said—foolishness—that he wished he were home. My father told him: America is now your home. But Ben had not been ready to leave his parents.

On one terrible day, a day that grew worse in memory as healing time passed, Ben again said to my father, "I want to go back."

"What's the matter, you crazy? There is no back."

"It was a mistake. I shouldn't have come. You made me come. I got no business here."

"Momma momma momma, you want to go to your momma."

Ben stood up. "That's right," he said defiantly.

My father wanted to hit him. Then he blinked; that was as foolish as going to the rabbi. He also had stood up, but he sank down in the chair of the room they shared near the truck terminal in Canton, Ohio. He said, "Ben, you try for a little while. You're just a kid. Why don't you try?"

"OK," said Ben. "Maybe I'll go into the Army."

"You're too young. You're a foreigner."

"They'll take me. They make you a citizen."

"They won't take you." And then my father yelled at him: "Peasant!"

"OK," said Ben, and picked up his cap and his book and went out to night school. He studied English every night, as did my father. This evening my father didn't go to class. He stayed home, drinking tea and brooding. The Army! Foolishness! (Later I asked him what language he thought these thoughts in, English, Yiddish or Russian, and he looked at me in astonishment. *I thought*, he said.) He decided, in whatever language, that he would hurry his parents: Ben needed them in America. And he would keep an eye on Ben. For some it was a great relief, a freedom, to leave home and parents and old wasting ways to make a life in which a man chooses everything, even his name. But for some, for Ben, it was a burden. My father, not understanding this, recognized it. He drank tea, ate half a loaf of bread with sugar, and waited under the bare bulb for Ben to get home from school. "You want to talk some more?" he asked.

Ben said, "You already told me," and went to bed.

My father sat up, figuring. The parents must be brought soon. There was the money and there was his father's stubbornness. But it must be soon.

If my father's will had been in control of history, the will of the family would have been done. Instead, the War of 1914 began. Before the parents could make the journey, they were killed in some obscure fashion. There was an unrecorded pogrom, followed by a fire. The maps had never recorded this village, and now what had never been recorded dropped out of fact. Dust and ruins. A new time dug its heels into the bones of the old time. Gone were the ancestors, gone were the hut and cow and cemetery nearby, gone even was the wonder-working, cookie-loving rabbi in the next town. The mother would never see her baby Ben, who was not doing fine without her. The old name of the family was lost in the smoky fires of pogrom and war. For good and all, the survivors were committed to America.

• • •

In America, my father became a father long before he conceived his own children—father to his brothers and sister. There was no prohibition against whistling. And there was the reverse of his father's desire to stay in the same village—move from New York to Chicago, from Chicago to Indianapolis, from Indianapolis to Detroit, to Canton, to Cleveland. The gold in the streets of America turned out to be Sam Gold, born something else. He trailed his greenhorn siblings from town to town across the



"Uh . . . remember that black-out we had here in New York a few months ago . . . ?"

American plain. All but one took this as the normal way to live. One, Ben—but was that really his name?—remained a child, no good at work, sulky, locked in and closed down, unhappy. Ben had been the youngest, long at the breast, and his mother's favorite. She knew he would be her last baby.

My father married. His brothers and sister boarded with him for a time, out of habit, but then found their own rooms; all but one brother found wives, the sister found a husband. Ben, the youngest, stayed on with my parents for several years as a boarder. "Until he gets used to things," my father said.

"So we'll have to get a place with an extra room," my mother said. "He can't sleep in the kitchen."

Then I was conceived; I was born. Families take shape, forming and reforming like amoebae, and now Ben had to find his own family. It was time to learn adult ways.

Ben moved out. He went from job to job. He fell in love. The girl disliked to be taken out in the truck, which smelled of lettuce and tomatoes, ripe fruit and wet scraps of paper bags. "Is that how much you care?" she asked him. "You don't even clean out the cab?"

"I come straight from work," he explained. "I took a good hot bath first, relax me."

"Well, in America a fellow tries to smell good—himself and his machine. Some people, for example, they don't smell like a pharmacy although they rightfully could."

Ben borrowed my father's motorcycle. He polished it up and bought springy black clips for his pants. The girl rode once on the jump seat, holding him by the belt, and he told my father, "It's good. She just has to get used to."

But he was wrong. The girl was not interested. "Too green for her," my mother said. The girl was a cute little dumpling from Canton who had nearly finished high school. She chose Ben's rival, a pharmacist—well, a man who owned a drugstore—well, it sold mostly candy and patent medicines, which almost makes it an *apteka*. Ben couldn't answer back to an almost drugstore. It wasn't his fault. But about this loss: he couldn't get used to.

Ben was forgiven his many failures because he was the baby. After my mother had put him up for several years, he lived away and came for meals; then he lived away, took his weekday meals away, but came for meals on Sunday. "Ben," said my mother, "you're always losing weight. You're like a rail. You got to eat every day three squares, not just when you're company."

"I ain't got a good appetite," Ben said. "It's natural with me, the bad appetite."

The eldest brother had quarreled with his father and made his way to America with the weight of decision on his

shoulders. He had made peace with his father, too. Carrying this burden, both the quarreling and the peacemaking, had forced him to become a man. My uncle who had hung upside down to the slats of the cart, the nervous headshaker, Morris, was always one machine ahead of my father. A motorcycle when my father had a bicycle, a truck when my father used a motorcycle, a Chevy when my father had a White pickup, a Pontiac, a Buick, a pink Imperial to carry his shaking head on its Sunday tours of the grandchildren. And my father saying tolerantly, "Well, he likes nice transportation. Personally, I go compact."

The girl in the family married a salesman—steady. She learned to keep his accounts for him; she took an interest in selling. She read a book entitled *The Romance of Salesmanship*, and thus was able to conclude, "You know what? Selling can be romantic." She knew that the secret of her husband was not to be discovered between the pages of this book, but it wasn't her fault. Perhaps he had lost it on the roads that led from one hardware store to the next. But she made her deal and stuck with it.

As these normal processes continued, Ben just followed along. America was not his doing; it was done to him. He had not finished with his childhood. He trailed from one brother to the other, to his sister, back to his eldest brother; he found a job, or a job was found him or given him or made him; he obeyed. He had not enough of a past in the Ukraine to make a future in Cleveland. Though the word "boredom" would not have occurred to any of these people, Ben had trouble getting himself through the day. He signified nothing to himself. He wanted neither automobile nor work nor wife, or he was removed from relish and hope, ambition and the conviction of his powers. He was still a child, but a grown-up child is not a real child; instead, he was childish. He played with me as a child plays with a child, and it made me uncomfortable. He was not supposed to be a child. He laughed too much: he yelled too much when he roughhoused with me; he panted and grew red in the face. He kept glancing at my father for his approval.

"Don't get the kid too excited," my mother said.

"What's the matter, he's just playing," my father said.

They were talking about Ben as if he were a child in their presence, as if he were a thing, absent by his nature. Though my father defended him, he stopped roughhousing with me.

Busy with other things, absently, my parents worried about Ben. Well, in time he would learn—grow up and have a good appetite.

Noisy, brawling, weeping or alcoholic fathers must, to some extent, inoculate

their children against the fearsome separations wrought by excitement. My father usually had things under control. He kept the lid on. I have seen him drunk once. On a Christmas Eve it was: he stamped into the house after the fruit store closed, wearing his sheepskin coat, snowy and wet and laughing in a way that frightened me. My mother kept trying to shush him (babies sleeping) and crowd him into bed. He reeled through the hall, and when his wild eye fell upon me, it made no connection. He was roaring, but what about? Nothing. Perhaps his Hasidic father sometimes thus celebrated the God-given right to roar like a beast. Perhaps he roared for the unforgettable and the forgotten.

I hid behind a door and put my nose in the crack. I watched my father. If he pushed the door—less nose.

In silence I watched him, and in a terror of loneliness. To be present when a father laughs, and yet to be so alone! My wet nose was in jeopardy. This was no Hasidic mystery. There was no ritual to grasp at: it was his festival, his alone, personal, excluding. He was thick and powerful in tufted, yellowish sheepskin, and a silvery crating hammer, with flat double prongs, stuck out of his pants pocket. There was also a bulge of holiday money—a good day's business. He had come from the party he gave in the back room for the young Italians who worked in his store. Probably Myrna, the bulging widow clerk, the heaviest thumb on any scale in town, the tightest corset, had led him to wildness. She always wanted him to let go, push and shove, be a truck driver with her. My mother could settle that score later. It was Christmas Eve; this was America: all down the streets of Lakewood, Ohio, children and parents put their lives together in momentary communion. Only in our house did the father celebrate without making his meaning clear.

Why did this come to be my model of isolation, separation?

I understood nothing. It had no connection. It was without reason. Even cruelty might have been easier—a Slavic father who came home drunk to beat his wife and children, or brought Myrna with him, or stayed away all night.

My father was happily exalted, shaking his sheepskin coat, but absent from us in his soul, lips wet and eyes gleaming. Ben was sitting unnoticed at the kitchen table. He had finished a plate of lamb chops. The little gnawed bones lay white on the table. He sat hiding in plain view as my father crashed through the house. He came to find me behind the door and, without a word, patted my shoulder. Then he stood behind my mother as she said, "Sam. Go to bed, you'll sleep." Ben was a part of this scene, as he was a part of the next one. I stood stiffly, refusing to leave. I think it was 1931, when I was six.

I saw my father absent in another way a few months later. It was spring, and there was a continual drip of rain. On my way to school I watched the miserable hobos huddled on the slow Nickel Plate freights that ground through town on their way west to Toledo or Detroit, or east to Pittsburgh, or to some nameless other destination in the wastes of the Depression. The sheepskin was in moth balls. The wild laughter had been put away. But there was a connection in loneliness.

My father's youngest brother was first ill, and there was silence in the house, and then he was in the hospital and dying. "What's that?" I asked my mother.

"He's dying." I must have looked puzzled, because she added: "He wants to live."

Ben, very quiet, was brought back to our house. He had my parents' bedroom. I came in from school and took off my rubbers without help. I heard him groaning, and my mother—sometimes when I wanted her—spent a long time talking with him. She would let me look at him briefly from the doorway, but then she shut the door. Now he never spoke to me, although he used to scream with laughter. He lay in bed for what I seem to recall as months—hush, smells, worry. Perhaps it was only a day or two. Then a silent limousine came for him. He returned to the hospital.

"No hope," my mother told a neighbor. She also told her: "He drank lye."

I overheard this, and promised never again to tell a lie if it could make you so sick. She looked at me in silence and only repeated, "He changed his mind. He wants to live."

My father left his motorcycle in the garage. He drove the truck to the store. I think Ben had been driving the truck before this happened.

"Now he wants to live," my mother said. "After he burned himself all out inside. It's late."

I recall my father receiving the last news by telephone. He asked thick questions; not a word of it can I remember. He hung the earphone back on its cradle and fell into a chair at his accustomed place at the kitchen table; he put his head in his arms and wept with choking sobs. I first tried to stand near him to be noticed, but then grew frightened and pulled away. My mother, doing something with vegetables at the sink, was also weeping, but remained herself, with a hand on my head. She was running water over beet greens, washing out the sand. There were tomatoes, turnips, green onions, lettuce, stalks of Pascal celery in the sink, sending up fresh smells of wetness and earth. I was probably pushing into her skirts. "I want Daddy to stop that."

"His brother's dead. He's sad."

"I want my Daddy to stop that!"

I prowled about him as he wept, feeling courageous, as if the sight of my father, brokenhearted, were a danger which could somehow hurt me and I dared it to. Also I felt some primitive reverberation of his sorrow. This sense of his sorrow that night has increased very much with the years. Now that I have lived until the age he reached when his brother died, I begin to understand his heaviness, the yawning emptiness of regret in his body.

"It's a total loss," my mother said. "Sam?"

When my father did not stop his crying, my mother said, "Sam. The children."

He got up, went out, and I heard the screech of his motorcycle in the spitting cinders of the driveway. Mother ran to the front of the house to stop him, but he was already careening down the street.

When he came back, a few hours later, the tears were gone. He said to my mother: "I'm selling that machine. It's too dangerous."

My brother and I were in our pajamas, ready for bed. He was gazing at us with eyes which it is a part of everyone's voyage on earth to recognize, even in golden America. We cannot turn away; we find these eyes everywhere, and eventually in the mirror.



Old Spice —with that clean, crisp, masculine aroma!

PLAYBOY FORUM (continued from page 44)

"I've done a job in at least one building in just about every block along here." The same issue of *Life* prints a photo of a labyrinth of wires that looks puissant enough to be the power source for a Gemini launching, but turns out to be all the telephone taps feeding into FBI headquarters in Las Vegas, "the most bugged city in the U.S." Bugged martini olives, bugged tie clips, bugged stethoscopes (for listening through walls) and bugged wrist watches are just a few of the new "gifts of science" that will soon render privacy as extinct as the whooping crane. Senator Edward V. Long summed it all up nicely, saying, "Federal agents are embarking on a nationwide campaign of wire tapping, snooping and harassment of American citizens."

Harrison Randolph
Bombay, India

In the words of the German playwright Bertold Brecht, "If the Government doesn't trust the people, why don't they dissolve us and elect a new people?"

THE HETEROSEXUAL MENACE

Fifteen years after the late Senator Mc-

Carthy tried to purge Washington of homosexuals, J. Edgar Hoover seems to be instigating a follow-up campaign against heterosexuals. Whether this is revenge or just poetic justice I don't know, but *New York Post* columnist James Wechsler reports the facts as follows:

The controversy began when 25-year-old Thomas Carter, an FBI clerk, was summarily dismissed for unbecoming conduct. He had admittedly offered the overnight hospitality of his bachelor quarters, shared with three other FBI employees, to "a girlfriend of long standing" who had journeyed from Texas for a visit to Washington . . .

Carter, a resolute young man serving in the fingerprint division, decided to sue Mr. Hoover for violation of his rights of privacy . . .

No issue of national security is raised by the FBI. Carter's dismissal has been defended by the Bureau on the ground that "we have hundreds of young men and women coming to work for the FBI and we must be sure their parents can be

confident that they and their colleagues are living under exemplary standards."

Whether four bachelors dwelling in total isolation from overnight companionship with women could be described as "living under exemplary standards" may become a matter for animated courtroom discussion.

Under the FBI code, Carter's roommates were apparently obliged to inform their superiors of the young lady's visit. They failed to do so; it is surmised that the informant was a female FBI employee living in the same building, who was presumably overwhelmed by a sense of duty (or envy).

Carter's three roommates were summoned to testify before the FBI's examiners. They had gallantly allowed the young couple to remain alone in one of the two bedrooms throughout the night; they were questioned closely as to the nature of any sounds emerging from the room of sin. I have no record of their answers. The presumption must be that they either heard enough to hang Carter or were reproached for lack of vigilance, otherwise known as non-voyeurism. Whether he would have been cleared if they reported deadly silence is obscure . . .

What are we to make of this carnival? Is Hoover intent on filling our secret police with eunuchs and faggots? Is this the opening gun of a general crackdown on heterosexuality? But, worst of all, what will happen to the dreams of young boys everywhere who have previously regarded the G-man as a symbol of virility? Four bachelors in one apartment, and no women allowed—it is enough to shake one's faith in the *cojones* of the entire Government.

Ronald Weston
New York, New York

MENACE TO HOMOSEXUALS

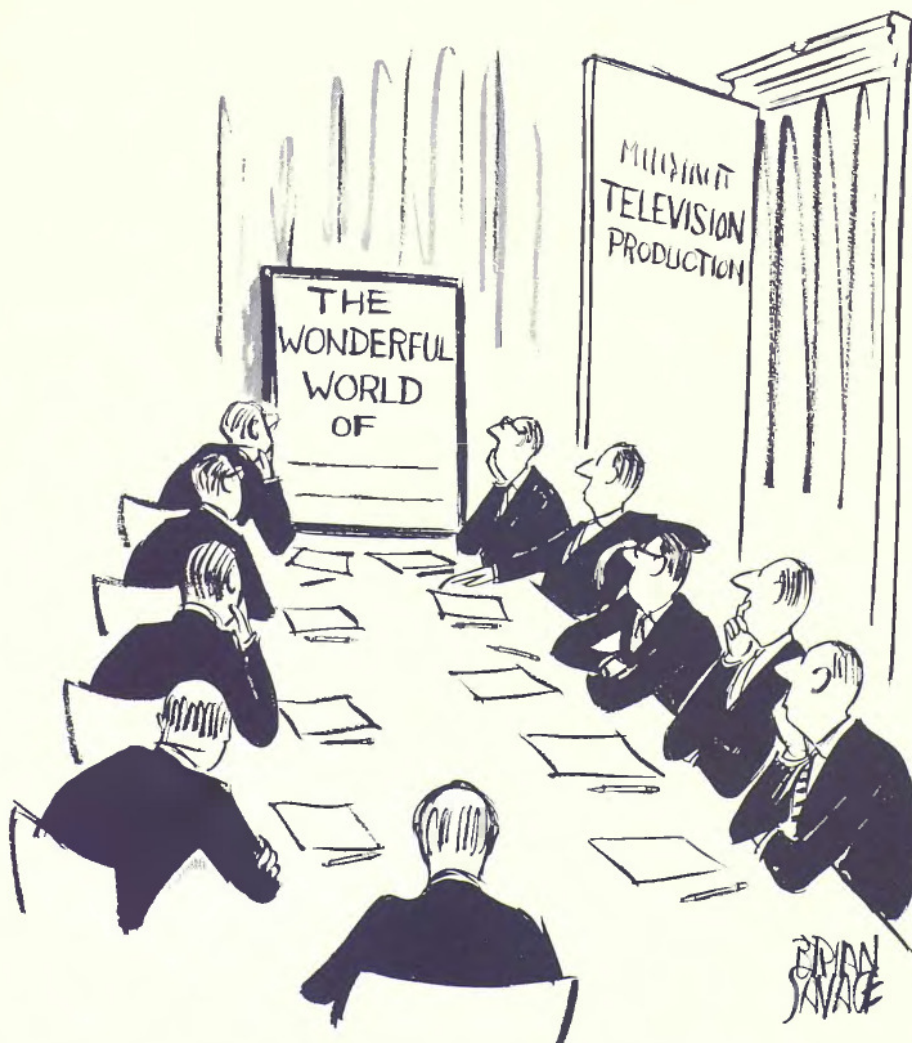
Enclosed is a clipping from the *Columbus Evening Dispatch* that infuriated me:

Police have been given a new weapon in combating sex deviates as a result of a court decision earlier this week.

Previously handicapped by difficult and tricky evidence laws, police are now expected to make more arrests in their continuing crackdown on homosexual activity in public buildings.

Basically, the court decision held that police could charge a suspected homosexual under public nuisance laws even if an actual illicit solicitation were not made.

The actual case involved a 22-



year-old youth arrested by Ohio State University police in a second-floor Ohio Union restroom after a plainclothes investigator suspected him of homosexual activity.

Although the youth did not actually approach the officer, police testified they observed him making several widely known homosexual signals.

In finding the youth guilty, Judge Wilbur Shull ruled the conduct of the youth constituted a nuisance even if his activities were not listed under the law.

"Up until this case we have been making arrests only if the deviates make an overt approach," Capt. Herman Beck, head of the city vice bureau, told the *Dispatch*. "But this gives us a new weapon."

I work for the university and I'll probably get a case of inflamed bladder now, because I'll be afraid to go into the restrooms. How can an ordinary heterosexual know what the "signals" are and be sure he won't innocently use one of them? Please withhold my name, as this could get me fired.

(Name withheld by request)
Columbus, Ohio

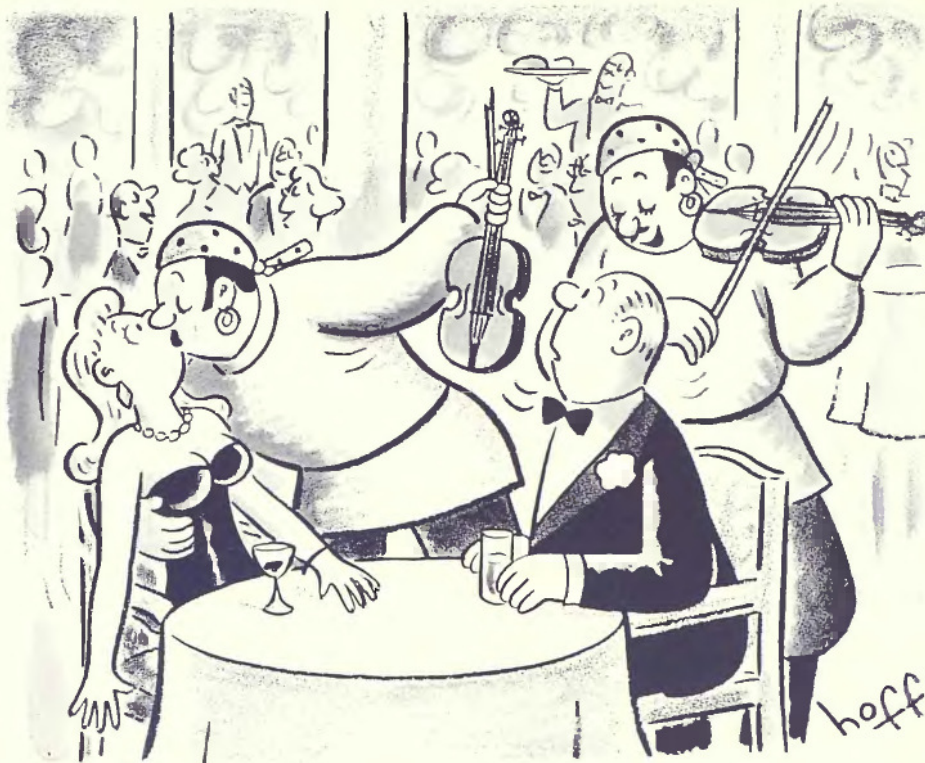
We made our own investigation of this case, and discovered that the "signals" consisted of the miscreant's tapping his foot on the floor, while sitting on the john. When the arresting officer—seated in the next cubicle—tapped his own foot in reply, the student stuck his foot under the partition and the arrest was made. So, unless you are in the habit of listening to hot jazz on a transistor radio with earphones, you can probably enter the restrooms at your university without fear of inadvertently leading a cop to think you're cruising him.

SEX IN WISCONSIN

Once again reason has raised its timid head in politics and, as usual, Ug the Caveman has quickly stomped the living bejesus out of it. I refer to the carnival here in Milwaukee when the local Young Democrats added a liberal sex plank to their platform. As reported in the local press, the resolution called for an end to all legal restrictions on sexual relations in private between consenting adults. The plank evolved from two separate proposals—one seeking an end to laws against homosexuality and the other calling for repeal of laws against unnatural relations between members of opposite sexes.

The Republicans, naturally, jumped at the chance to defend Mother against this insidious assault, but, worse yet, a Democratic state senator, one Taylor Benson of Franksville, also added his buffoonery, actually asking that the Young Democrats be disbanded.

"Members of the Young Democrats who believe in the principles of decency,



"I'm sorry, sir, but our music always gets Sascha!"

moral integrity and sanctity of the family should quit the present organization and start fresh," Benson told the press, exposing his Shakespearean command of flamelike imagery and lean language. The resolution, he went on, "has done irreparable damage to the senior party"; closing with another astonishingly original flourish, he characterized the resolution juicily as "an example of filth."

Your crusade for reason is commendable, Mr. Hefner, but how can reason ever penetrate the cranium of a man with a vocabulary like that—a vocabulary expressly created to avoid thought and short-circuit reason? Henry Adams, after all, was right when he said, "Don't reason with politicians. Politicians are swine. Hit them on the nose with a stick."

Peter Stewart
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

KUDOS FROM A.C.L.U.

The American Civil Liberties Union of Bucks County very much appreciates the information contained in *The Playboy Philosophy*. It has been, and we hope it will continue to be, a helpful source in our continuing work for freedom of speech.

Nick Landacre, President
American Civil Liberties Union
Lower Bucks County Chapter
Levittown, Pennsylvania

SMOTHERING GOODNESS

You might be interested to learn that the Citizens for Decent Literature have spread their protective arms all the way down to central Florida. In an article

supporting the CDL in a recent issue of the *Orlando Sentinel-Star*, columnist Ormund Powers wrote:

Thinking that a simple and reasonable test for obscenity might help, I have devised this one which I guarantee will prove the point if you are a normal person: If you can't read it aloud to your own school-age children, it is obscene.

So the usual war cry has been raised: "Protect the children." Thanks, but no thanks. I'll protect my own children with no help from Mr. Powers or the CDL. I'm afraid they might next decide to protect me.

Mr. Powers' proposed test for obscenity furnishes a delightful insight into the workings of the CDL's mind. How in the world can he hope to define "a normal person"? Whatever he comes up with as a definition, must I be forced to fit his mold? There are a number of books on my shelves which I won't read to my seven-year-old son. He isn't equipped to understand either *The Carpetbaggers* or a textbook detailing the reproductive process of humans. I believe that one of my responsibilities as a parent is to control what my son reads, and this I do. I resent anyone attempting to usurp my parental job and, at the same time, smother me in their all-encompassing blanket of "goodness."

Kenneth R. Smith
Satellite Beach, Florida

REQUIEM FOR A HEAVYWEIGHT

I am somewhat mystified about the 145

discovery that "God is dead." I would like to know what god died—are they talking about Uranus or Zeus or Jupiter? Or is it Moloch or Shang-ti or Yahweh? How about the schizoid Christian God with three distinct personalities that Billy Graham says is still alive, the one he talks to? That God recently told Billy to bless the bloodletting in Vietnam, which means that He favors the bombs and napalm being used by our side to slaughter the natives. If that God isn't dead, he should be!

Elmer Hochkammer
Manitowoc, Wisconsin

The Reverend William Hamilton, professor of theology at Colgate-Rochester Divinity School and one of the leaders of the "God-is-dead" movement, examines some of these questions elsewhere in this issue.

METHODIST HOGWASH

In an essay entitled "The New Morality: A Christian Critique" in the March 1966 issue of *Together Magazine* (an official Methodist Church publication), Harvey Seifert writes:

"Those people who are able to enjoy sex partners while avoiding reciprocal responsibilities, or those who can feel comfortable in a tastily furnished penthouse while other men starve in India or neighboring slums—such persons would not understand Albert Schweitzer's renunciation of home for an African hospital, or the way of Jesus which led to crucifixion."

Hogwash!

All of us who live in something other than squalor, and presumably this includes most *Together* subscribers, may not share Dr. Schweitzer's renunciation of home for an African hospital. But not just a few of us understand the way of Jesus which led to the crucifixion. To put it mildly, Mr. Seifert's illogical conclusions make his attack on Hugh Hefner's *Playboy Philosophy* both tepid and unacceptable.

Freelon M. (Nat) Fowler
Director, Public Relations
The Methodist Church
New York, New York

PROSTITUTION AND THE LAW

The selling of one's body for monetary gain is rather innocuous when compared with the daily compromising of principles and integrity that most of us indulge in (and for no gain or pleasure whatsoever). So why all the uproar about physical prostitution? The soul is supposedly more precious than the body; yet the soul is peddled at cut-rate prices everywhere.

Enforcement, entrapment and similar techniques for coercing people into chastity or marital fidelity are laughably futile—as history demonstrates. The law has no moral prerogative to regulate private affairs between consenting adults.

But let us not fool ourselves here, either. Laws against prostitution are not enforced with any high regard for morality, but simply because of the pay-offs, grafts and blackmail they create.

I can only conclude, sadly, that the oldest profession has often been more forthright and candid than my own.

The Reverend James R. Sikes
First Parish Universalist Church
Stoughton, Massachusetts

I don't think that "standards" (double or single) are responsible for prostitution or the lack of it.

Prostitution, in our day at least, results from insufficient and haphazard sex instruction. The whore is attractive to the male because she reputedly knows more of the refined pleasures of sex; but once refined sexual knowledge becomes commonplace, the whore becomes increasingly redundant. The Hindu scriptures taught (1500 years ago, alas, before the rise of Gandhian puritanism) that the noble housewife should be "*grheshu lakshmi shayaneshtu veshya*"—"in her home, the goddess of splendid wealth; in her bed, a whore"—admonishing the nobility to see to it that their wives learned and enjoyed the art of love, so that the prostitute became superfluous. This, of course, is incompatible with Judaeo-Christian ethics, as Hefner realizes, and so the prostitute will be with us for a long time to come.

Agehananda Bharati
Department of Anthropology
Syracuse University
Syracuse, New York

I was a callgirl for three years and do not regard the profession as immoral or antisocial. There was nothing unusual to "justify" my career: I am not a freak, an alcoholic or a drug addict, nor was I forced into the business by pimps or poverty. I have above-average intelligence (125 I. Q.) and have become a normal, faithful wife to the man who is nearest and dearest to me (formerly a customer, by the way). I believe avidly in Humanism, *The Playboy Philosophy* and the Bill of Rights. I also believe in the "oldest profession in the world" and recommend that every girl try it at least once, although admittedly the business is not all peaches and cream. Sometimes I was frightened by the things I saw, such as sexual aberrations—which are always very visibly the result of antisexual training in childhood. And I was arrested several times, which is never a pleasant experience. I know personally about the unfair and devious methods used by the police.

After my last arrest, I discussed with my lawyer the possibility of taking my case all the way to the Supreme Court to try to legalize prostitution, on the grounds that all laws against it are invasions of individual liberty. He discour-

aged me, saying that I didn't stand a chance of winning such a case. I still think occasionally of becoming a test case now that the "profession" is part of my past, but, in view of the Court's recently demonstrated puritanism in the Ginzburg case, that probably is no small risk.

Suzanne Demarest
Los Angeles, California

I had a severe case of polio in early childhood that left me wearing body and leg braces and necessitates the use of crutches. But I have been successful in overcoming my handicaps. I have an interesting and lucrative job and many good friends. I drive a hand-controlled auto and I enjoy traveling. It doesn't bother me much that I can't run the 100-yard dash. In short, my life is good—except that the only outlet I have for sex is prostitutes.

There are very few women who are not repelled by a physically handicapped male. The few times I thought I was going to be successful in seduction, the lady was out of the mood by the time I had removed my braces. I have stopped even trying to date, because a rebuff, at any stage of the game, is hard on the ego.

I realize that sex with a prostitute is a very poor substitute for the real thing, but it is infinitely better than nothing. I would prefer the companionship of ordinary girls and eventually marriage and children, but this is impossible.

I have only once used the services of a local prostitute, because if I were arrested, I would lose my job. So I frequently drive several hundred miles to another state where I am unknown to spend an evening with a prostitute. I have been doing this since my late teens.

Prostitution gives me both the delight of sex itself and the simple pleasure of having a female companion. I search for the warm and understanding type and usually stick with her until she moves on.

I am not obsessed with sex, but I must have some sexual outlet or lose my identity as a man. If prostitutes (and customers) are adults, are not forcibly recruited and are discreet, I fail to see anything wrong with prostitution.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

"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." Four booklet reprints of "The Playboy Philosophy," including installments 1-7, 8-12, 13-18 and 19-22, are available at 50¢ per booklet. Address all correspondence on both "Philosophy" and "Forum" to: The Playboy Forum, PLAYBOY, 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago, Illinois 60611.



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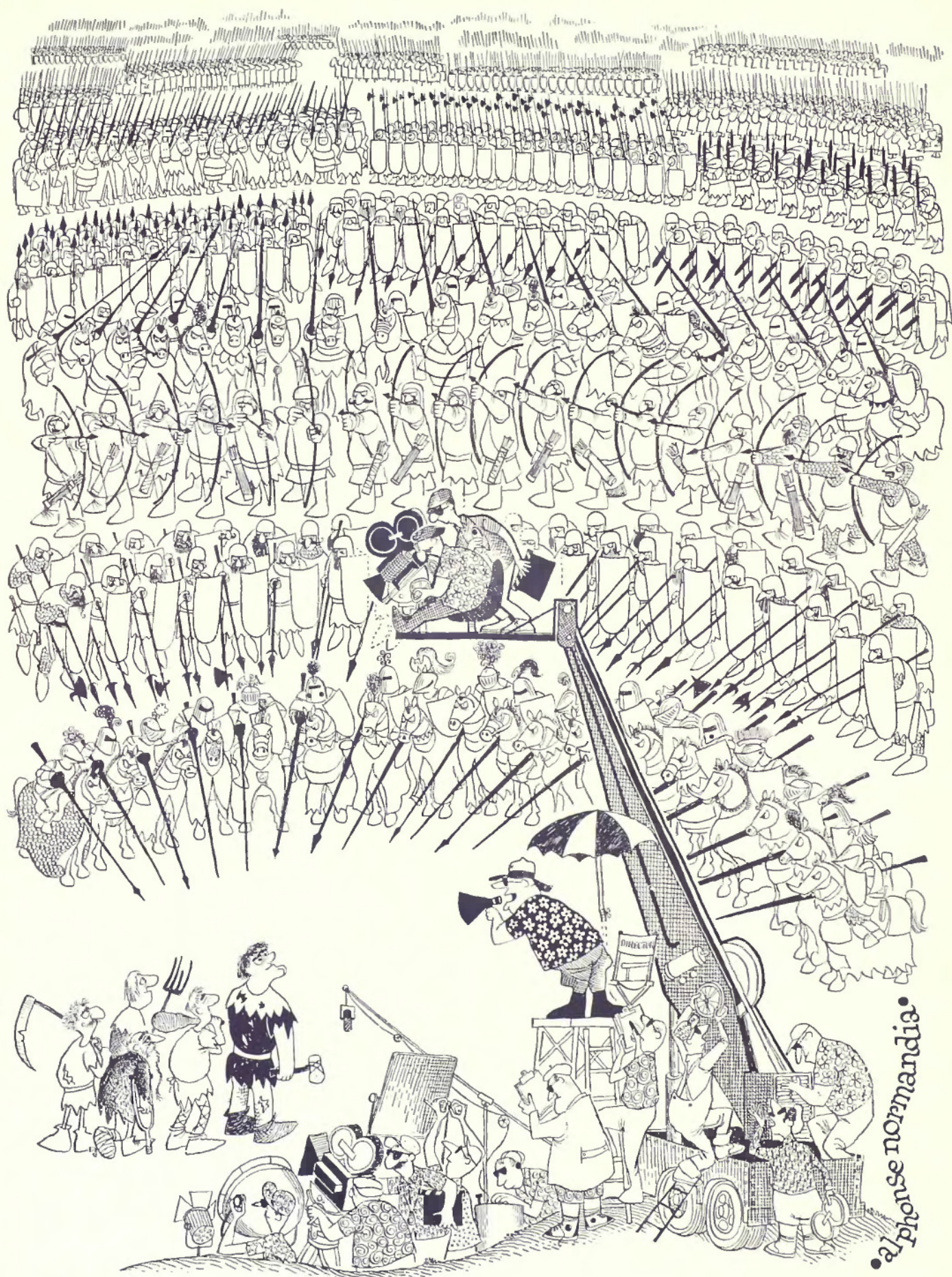
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•alphonse normandia•

"All right, Kirk, sweetie—let's take it from your line,
'Follow me! They can't stop men who want to be free!'"

"propaganda") films on *Why We Fight*, he did not hesitate to show the nature of the enemy—Germany, Japan and Italy—in all its bestiality. Using for the most part captured footage (although occasionally snippets from feature films were slipped in), they graphically showed the Nazis' brutal persecution of the Jews and fascist atrocities in China, Poland and Russia. Perhaps the strongest of the lot was *The Battle of Russia*, directed by Anatole Litvak, which included shots of girls raped and mutilated by the Germans, nude corpses of women and children frozen in the Russian winter, and a behind-the-lines Nazi brothel stocked with captive Russian girls. Symptomatic of the leeway found in these films was a scene from *San Pietro*, John Huston's masterful account of a battle in the Italian campaign. As the peasants return to their shattered village after the fighting is over, he shows a trio of women breast feeding their babies, oblivious to the passing GIs. Such a sequence would have had to be cut from any Hollywood film of the period; under no circumstances would the Code have permitted the exposure of breasts—at least, not the breasts of white women.

On the home front, meanwhile, Hollywood began turning out Service-connected pictures that blended a modicum of hokey patriotism with a maximum of hokey sex: *So Proudly We Hail*, *Four Jills in a Jeep* and *Keep Your Powder Dry* are examples. In all of them, the girls looked as if they had been fitted for their GI uniforms by Adrian, and Max Factor himself had accompanied them right up to the front lines. Unlike Errol Flynn, who went through the War with an artful smudge on his cheek, his female counterparts rarely had so much as a hair out of place. Naturally, they had to look their best for "our boys overseas." This attitude was perhaps best expressed in *Four Jills in a Jeep*, in which Kay Francis, Carole Landis, Martha Raye and Mitzi Mayfair celebrated in celluloid their own courage and fortitude in entertaining our troops in Britain and North Africa during the dark days of 1942. To the accompaniment of Jimmy Dorsey's band, and assisted by innumerable guest stars, they managed to imply that if they had not been there doing their bit for the U. S. O.—singing, dancing and, in Miss Landis' case, mainly breathing deeply—we might have lost the entire North African campaign.

Another interesting item, immoderately cheered by critics and public alike at the time of its appearance, was *So Proudly We Hail*, a film made to honor the nurses who served so heroically in Bataan and Corregidor. While there was no doubting its sincerity (it would have been difficult, at that stage of the War, to be

otherwise), the script nevertheless contrived to cook up standard peacetime romances for each of its stars, Claudette Colbert, Veronica Lake and Paulette Goddard; then used the Japs, lusting for white women, as the trigger to tragedy. One had the impression that the defense of Bataan was essentially a defense of the girls' honor. At the film's climax, Veronica Lake, a little troublemaker up to that point, learns that the Japanese army is closing in and the situation is hopeless. Tucking a live grenade into her bosom, she walks bravely toward the enemy and blows them—and, of course, herself—to bits. (As they watched this scene, the GIs were less respectful than the home-front audiences. At the moment of Miss Lake's disintegration, someone invariably sang out, "I know the part I want!" or words to that effect.)

During the War years, perhaps the sole Hollywood film maker to treat sex—and patriotism, motherhood and just about every other sacred cow available—with a healthy irreverence and a caustic wit was writer-director Preston Sturges. His 1944 comedy *The Miracle of Morgan's Creek* offered a blistering but hilarious commentary on free-and-easy Wartime marriages, and also on the absurd elevation of the male for his role as conceiver. In it, teenaged Trudy Kockenlocker (Betty Hutton) finds herself the morning after a "kiss-the-boys-goodbye" dance dimly remembering that at some point in the proceedings she had gotten married to a tall dark GI with curly hair whose name she recalls even more dimly—"Private Ratzkiwatski, or was it Zitzkiwitsky?" Whatever his name, the troops have moved out, leaving an impregnated Trudy in urgent need of a husband. Norval Jones (Eddie Bracken), a 4-F, gladly volunteers for the job—and ends up charged with abduction, impersonating a soldier, impairing the morals of a minor, resisting arrest, and numerous other offenses to law, order and decency. All of this gets squared away, however, when Trudy comes through with, instead of just one baby, sextuplets—and all boys. Although the missing Ratzkiwatski (or was it Zitzkiwitsky?) was responsible, Norval gets the credit, and for his reward is made a colonel in the state militia. As James Agee commented about *Miracle* at the time, "The Hays Office has been either hypnotized into a liberality for which it should be thanked, or has been raped in its sleep."

Chances are it was the latter, for when Warner Bros. was in production on *To Have and Have Not* a few months later, Mr. Hays kept both eyes on the project—as indeed did the Offices of War Information and the Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs, although for different reasons. Remotely (perhaps ten percent) based on Hemingway's tale of a hard-

bitten gunrunner plying his trade between Key West and Havana in the early Thirties, the novel's sexiness was watered down (by scriptwriters William Faulkner and Jules Furthman) at the behest of the Production Code, and the locale was changed from Cuba to Vichy-held Martinique at the suggestion of the Inter-American Affairs people. *To Have and Have Not* may have been short on Hemingway but, thanks to newcomer Lauren Bacall, it was long on sex appeal. Tawny, leggy, not to mention (as the Warner publicity department put it) "sizzling, slinky, husky, sultry," the 20-year-old former fashion model and usherette teamed with Humphrey Bogart to project a new image of the femme fatale. Bacall had none of the conventional curves, either fore or aft, but clearly she had "been around." She not only knew all the answers, she knew the questions before they were asked. Not since the palmiest days of Mae West had the screen presented such a forthright and direct approach to sex. "If you want anything, just whistle," she tells Bogey on their first encounter at a bar, in a voice that reminded one critic of "a chorus by Kid Ory." After a somewhat tentative kiss from Bogart, she informs him, "It's even better when you help." Throwing him what came to be known as The Look, she says, "I'm hard to get—all you have to do is ask me." There was an appealing toughness about the girl, a mixture of aggression and acquiescence that set males—even so case-hardened a male as Humphrey Bogart—atingle. Inevitably, she found herself compared with half a dozen other actresses, including Dietrich, Bankhead, Harlow, Garbo and Veronica Lake; but her compounding of these disparate personalities produced a unique, feline, intriguingly single-minded screen character. Sensing this, director Howard Hawks wisely gave Bacall her head in her first picture, urging her to handle the scenes as she would in real life. One of the film's best sequences resulted from this—the one in which, after prolonged kisses with Bogart in a cheap hotel bedroom, the girl prepares to retire to her own quarters. As originally written, the sequence was to fade out just after she walks out of his room and closes the door. "At this point in the shooting," according to *Time* magazine, "Miss Bacall complained: 'God, I'm dumb.' 'Why?' asked Hawks. 'Well, if I had any sense, I'd go back in after that guy.'" Hawks agreed, and the scene now fades as she walks back from the door toward him.

• • •

For the American motion-picture industry, World War Two produced a bonanza of unprecedented proportions. Both wages and employment shot up as the home front was mobilized for the



2



3



4



I just had
a completely
unique experience
...my first Colt 45
Malt Liqueur.



War effort. For the first time since the Twenties, people knew what it felt like to have spending money. People needed relaxation; there was a lot to forget. Hollywood obliged by turning out a bumper crop of star-spangled musicals and escapist comedies. And many wanted some vicarious identification with the War being waged in such hitherto-unheard-of places as Wake Island, Guadalcanal and El Alamein. Hollywood obliged again, with everything from Service-connected comedies to hoked-up melodramas featuring—or, as they used to put it, “dedicated to”—the various Armed Forces fighting around the world. Unfortunately, the Armed Forces were far too busy to fight back.

As box-office attendance surged to new heights (estimated at over 90,000,000 per week), the studios stepped up their production programs accordingly. The accent fell on quantity, not on quality, and on action rather than subtlety. As a bonus, the War also afforded producers readily identifiable new villains ripe for exploitations. Lustful Japs and sadistic Nazis inspired an unbridled violence unprecedented on the American screen, even in the gangster pictures of the Thirties. Sanctified by the War and proffered in the name of patriotism, film after film delineated the agonies of concentration- and prison-camp life, the flagellations and mutilations visited upon Allied airmen, survivors of Corregidor or members of the underground during the Occupation who were seized by the Nazis. Young girls were flogged in *Hitler's Children*; American airmen who had fallen into Japanese hands were tortured, then decapitated (off screen) in *The Purple Heart*; French Resistance workers were beaten, burned and mutilated horribly by their German captors in *The Cross of Lorraine*. Significantly, in November 1941, the Hays Office had launched a campaign to reduce the amount of violence on the screen, particularly in Westerns. “Even in Westerns,” Hays ordered, “killings must be reduced to a necessary minimum.” After December 7 of that year, however, such admonitions lost their validity. War granted the studios an open license to kill, and they used it with enthusiasm. Innumerable War films had as their climax the American hero—usually Errol Flynn, John Wayne, Robert Taylor or Humphrey Bogart—mowing down entire battalions of advancing Germans or Japs, spraying them with lead from machine guns fired from the hip. There was a positive exhilaration in these mass murders—and not merely because the killers were on our side.

But the movies had declared war on Germany and Japan long before Pearl Harbor. Edward G. Robinson abandoned his gangland activities and joined the FBI to track down German agents in *Confessions of a Nazi Spy* (1939). Chap-

lin's *The Great Dictator* (1940) was a forthright attack on both Hitler and fascism, while Hitchcock's *Foreign Correspondent* (1940) ended with a stern warning from bomb-torn London that America should “ring itself with steel.” Nazi planes attacked defenseless John Wayne in *The Long Voyage Home* (1940), and shortly thereafter, in *A Yank in the RAF* (1941). Tyrone Power was flying for the British. War in the East was noted in films such as *They Met in Bombay* and *Burma Convoy* (both 1941). In all of them, the enemy was the same—lustful Japs and sadistic Nazis.

As Gershon Legman has pointed out in his singularly well-documented study *Love and Death*, there is a strong inverse relationship between sex and violence. Where sex is repressed, be it physically or on the artistic level, he points out, it quickly reasserts itself in other forms—perversion, homosexuality, sadism or savagery. In time of war, despite such Hemingwayesque romances as those featuring a clean-cut officer and a love-hungry nurse, or those more ribald Captain Flagg-Sergeant Quirt affairs with rollicking French farm girls, most soldiers (and their Stateside girlfriends as well) led lives of quiet deprivation. *No Love, No Nothin'*, that popular ballad of World War Two, may have been a slight exaggeration of the case; but most psychologists are quick to draw the distinction between a roll in the hay and a slow, maturing relationship between a man and a woman. It was of the leavening influence of the latter that war deprived the soldier.

Meanwhile, however, the movies continued to tickle his libido with Esther Williams' aqueous charms, Rita Hayworth's copious curves and Betty Grable's well-publicized legs. The movies themselves were, for the most part, 99 and 44/100 percent purer than Ivory soap: the earlier liberalizing trend had been promptly reversed when Joseph Breen, after a frustrating year as production manager of RKO, returned to his Production Code command post late in 1942. When Hemingway's *For Whom the Bell Tolls* was filmed in 1943, for example, the famous sleeping bag that Gary Cooper shared with Ingrid Bergman might as well have been a laundry bag for all its erotic implications. So cautiously photographed was their lovemaking under the stars that one could never tell from moment to moment whether Cooper or Bergman—or both, or neither—was inside it. Nor had the Legion of Decency altered its position. *Lady of Burlesque*, based on Gypsy Rose Lee's best-selling *G-String Murders*, was charged with offering “double-meaning lines, salacious dances and situations, and indecent costumes presented against the background of a sensuous form of

entertainment." At the Legion's insistence, the film was hauled back for extensive trimming and the dubbing in of new dialog for some of the more offensive lines. But even so, much of the appeal of such films was still their eroticism, however veiled or mutilated; and the fantasies they invited, deprived of natural outlets, sought gratification in sights of violence—or in deeds of violence.

Inevitably, however, as the War dragged on, the public grew increasingly apathetic toward war pictures. Hollywood, in its first hot flush of patriotism, had literally flooded the screens with them. In a *Film Daily* poll taken as early as September 1943, when theater owners were queried, "Do you believe that too many war stories are reaching the screen?" 56 percent answered in the affirmative—and added that they had the waning box-office records on such pictures to prove it. By the spring of 1944, war stories had all but disappeared from the sound stages. "Possibly as a breathing spell from war," *The New York Times* reported, "Hollywood, temporarily at least, has all but shelved martial projects in favor of screams in the night. . . . Every studio has at least one such picture in production, and others coming to a witching boil." At first, these tended to be psychological horror stories—*Gaslight*, *Phantom Lady*, *Hangover Square*, *The Uninvited*—in which the normal-seeming but thoroughly psychopathic hero visits a series of cruel and unusual punishments upon his unsuspecting ladylove. It was as if the Gestapo had begun to insinuate itself into our domestic life. In *Tomorrow the World*, this implication is made specific: Fredric March, playing a liberal professor, takes in an orphaned German boy and soon discovers that he has nursed a Nazi viper to his breast: Thanks to his earlier Nazi indoctrination, the boy is able to alienate March from his Jewish fiancée and all but ruin not only their impending marriage but their lives.

Very quickly, however, psychological horror was being blended with physical violence as Gestapo-like terrors were visited upon private citizens, and particularly upon private eyes. Marking the transition was a film called *Cornered*, starring Dick Powell, that appeared late in 1945. In it, the quondam crooner—"rougher, tougher and more terrific," as the ads put it—played an ex-R.C.A.F. pilot who swears to track down the Nazis who murdered his wife. A loner, like all private eyes, he falls into enemy hands and is subjected to all the beatings and brutalities popularized by the Wartime melodramas. In this new cycle, the studios had found a way to project the violence and sadism of their anti-Nazi films onto the peacetime scene. Very quickly the Nazis of *Cornered* gave way to crooks, gangsters, rich perverts or criminal masterminds whose devious manipu-



"Hi—we're from Sioux Falls, South Dakota—when does the wife swapping begin?"

lations cast deep shadows of suspicion over the innocent until the private-eye hero, invariably bloodied but never bowed, could batter his way through the maze.

Cornered, of course, was not without precedent. Humphrey Bogart had made one of the most memorable of all private-eye films, *The Maltese Falcon*, as early as 1941; and two years after that, tight-lipped Alan Ladd got a toe hold on his career as the trench-coated professional killer in *This Gun for Hire*. Powell himself had already turned from duets with Ruby Keeler to Raymond Chandler gun duels in *Murder, My Sweet* (1944); but the screen did not begin to throng with detectives, and their shadowy adversaries, until the War was almost over, mainly because the nefarious Nipponese and sadistic SS men were available in such abundant supply.

Typical of the new, post-War cycle of detective pictures was Howard Hawks' *The Big Sleep*, which starred Bogart (opposite Bacall) in one of his most effective roles, as Raymond Chandler's tough-talking shamus, Philip Marlowe. The plot almost defies description: certainly it defies rational analysis. Occasionally, one can discern who did what to whom, but rarely why. Actually, there was one death that not even the people who made the film were ever quite sure whether to treat as a murder or a suicide. What is clear is that one of millionaire General Sternwood's daughters had posed for pornographic pictures while under the influence of narcotics, and that the other, played by Miss Bacall, had nymphomaniacal tendencies and a shady alliance with a big-time gambler.

After that, it was just a matter of keeping up with the falling bodies. A curious sidelight to the film—and, indeed, to most of the pictures in the private-eye genre during the Forties—is that the hero himself shows little interest in sex. No matter how many delectable creatures force themselves upon him, he remains grimly intent on earning his "\$25 a day plus expenses." The kiss at the final fade-out, if there was a kiss at all, was as perfunctory and ritualistic as that bestowed upon the heroines of the old Western movies. Nevertheless, in *The Big Sleep*, as one critic accurately observed, "a sullen atmosphere of sex saturates the film"—and no small part of it was due to the voltage generated by Bogey and his sultry "Baby" in their many scenes together.

In this respect, *The Big Sleep* proved an exception. True to the Legman formula, the more violence these films featured, the less attention they gave to sex. In *Laura*, one of the best of the genre, Dana Andrews believes for more than half the picture that he has fallen in love with a corpse. Even when Laura finally does materialize, the ensuing action is dominated by the foppish, epicene gossip writer played by Clifton Webb. *Lady in the Lake*, with Robert Montgomery this time as Chandler's Marlowe, goes a step further. It has no love interest whatsoever; and by using a subjective camera technique, in which the camera actually becomes Marlowe, it extends to the audience the vicarious pleasures of being shot at, socked on the jaw and beaten unconscious.

Alfred Hitchcock, with characteristic ingenuity, was one of the few to find a

way to inject sex into the private-eye-counterspy genre. In *Notorious*, he substituted for outright brutality an aura of dread menace as Ingrid Bergman insinuated herself into the Rio hide-out of Nazi agent Claude Rains at the behest of American agent Cary Grant. While the early footage understandably faltered in establishing the fresh-faced Miss Bergman as a Washington callgirl, Hitchcock's triumph was the creation of the longest nonstop kissing sequence ever committed to film. Thumbing his nose at the Production Code, which had arbitrarily established 30 seconds of osculation as a maximum, he had Bergman nibbling away at Grant during an urgent telephone call with his boss. The scene played almost three minutes.

Hitchcock (with a notable assist from screenwriter Ben Hecht) actually went a great deal further. Although the Code specifically stated that "impure love must not be presented as attractive and beautiful," no one for a moment was led to imagine that Cary Grant and Miss Bergman simply held hands after he answered that telephone. Audiences were growing up, and so were the film makers. Where, in the past, any hint of promiscuity was immediately followed by remorse and, preferably, the untimely death of one or both of the parties involved, in *Notorious*, Bergman ended up with Grant—a fate considerably better than death, any way you look at it. The very fact that the film went on to make a great deal of money was a sign that the times were changing, that the public was not shocked, outraged or visibly distressed that two very attractive people enjoyed (in a physical sense) each other's company.

Actually, as the War drew to a close, thumbing one's nose at the Production Code became an increasingly popular pastime at the studios. Terror sold tickets, true; and this potentiality was exploited not only in the private-eye films but in such grisly thrillers as *Brute Force* and *The Killers*, in which the mayhem included cold-blooded shootings and a particularly spectacular murder as a gang of convicts in *Brute Force* went after a stool pigeon with a blowtorch. But sex, too—especially the showgirl displays featured in star-spangled Wartime musicals—was clamoring for attention. Even before the War had ended, the writer-director team of Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder had begun working on an adaptation of James M. Cain's *Double Indemnity*, a steamy novel in which an insurance salesman has an adulterous affair with a woman who uses him to murder her husband so that they can live on the insurance money. Joseph Breen had rejected the story out of hand when it first appeared. "The story is in violation of provisions of the Production Code," he wrote at the time to Louis B. Mayer, "and, as such, is almost certain to

result in a picture which we would be compelled to reject if, and when, such a picture is presented for approval." But when Brackett and Wilder finally submitted their script, it passed with only minor alterations. What they had done was to have the insurance man, conscience-stricken, kill his ladyfriend and then, having been shot by her, record his full confession into a dictaphone. The adultery remained, however; and seldom has a temptress been made more lasciviously seductive than Barbara Stanwyck in the film. She used her sex knowingly, as a means to a selfish end. A bed or a sofa was to her what the desk is to a businessman—a place where deals are made. And even though both paid dearly for their crime, in keeping with the Hays Office tenets, audiences saw an adulterous relationship in progress, not merely as something to be atoned for.

Double Indemnity was both a critical and a box-office success; and as the Hays Office feared, it emboldened other producers to move into previously forbidden areas. Early in 1946, Universal released *Scarlet Street*, a remake of Jean Renoir's *La Chienne*, a film that had not even been permitted entry into this country a dozen years earlier. In the new version, Edward G. Robinson plays a bank cashier who is also a Sunday painter, married to a dour woman who "doesn't understand him." Falling in love with a pretty hustler, Joan Bennett, he sets her up in a Greenwich Village apartment and stores his paintings on the premises, stealing money from both his wife and his bank to do so. Her boyfriend (or pimp), Dan Duryea, arranges for the paintings to be sold in a 57th Street gallery—in her name. Because he loves her, Robinson is willing to go along with the caper. But when, unexpectedly freed of his wife, he proposes to the girl and she laughs him off, he stabs her to death with an ice pick. Duryea is executed for the killing, and Robinson is fired from his bank for embezzlement; and for the remainder of the picture he tries in vain to confess his crimes to the police, who insist on regarding him as some kind of crank. "Indecent and immoral," cried the New York censor, rejecting the film *in toto*. Ultimately, it was released after the ice-pick stabs had been reduced from seven to one and a line of Duryea's altered. But the adultery remained: Sex was beginning to break free of the censors.

It broke even freer when, a few months later, *Gilda* went into release. To most Americans, it seemed an oddly plotted but effective starring vehicle for Rita Hayworth, the thinking man's Betty Grable, in which Glenn Ford, impervious to her unabashed advances, appoints himself guardian of her virtue for his employer and her "benefactor," George Macready. Although there was every indication that she had been a prostitute (or nearly one) when Ford first met her, when

she sang *Put the Blame on Mame, Boys* as accompaniment to a travesty of a striptease in furs, a clinging black-satin dress and long black gloves, all traces of the murky plot went out the window. *La Hayworth* was never more sensual, never more appealing. But in Paris *Gilda* was, incredibly, hailed as "the best film, by far, on homosexuality"—many of the French critics insisted on interpreting the story as a battle between Hayworth and Macready for the affections of Glenn Ford! Whichever way the film was read, however, it was a clear triumph for Hayworth—frankly erotic.

Just about the same time that *Gilda* appeared, Howard Hughes brought back his still-controversial *The Outlaw*, this time for national distribution. Although originally passed by the Production Code, the film was reintroduced with such a lurid ad campaign that Breen took the unprecedented action of withdrawing the Code's Seal of Approval, charging that Hughes had not "submitted for approval to the [Motion Picture] Association all advertising and publicity matter used in connection with the advertisement and exploitation of *The Outlaw*." Which was perfectly true. Hughes realized it would be a complete waste of time to seek approval for catch phrases such as "How Would You Like to Tussle with Russell?" or "What Are the Two Great Reasons for Jane Russell's Rise to Stardom?"—not to mention his omnipresent lithos of his bosomy star sprawled across a haystack, nibbling provocatively on a bit of straw. Nevertheless, he sued the Motion Picture Association (headed by Eric Johnston since Hays' retirement in 1945), charging conspiracy in restraint of trade. Losing the suit, he arranged to open his film around the country in theaters that did not require a Seal, often renting them outright for the purpose. Despite a Legion condemnation, despite Catholic boycotts and Protestant protests, the picture packed them in. If nothing else, *The Outlaw* furnished vivid proof that millions of post-War moviegoers were no longer willing to live by the Code.

Actually, within the industry itself, many producers were growing restive over Code restrictions. Early in 1947, for example, 20th Century-Fox announced its intention of filming Kathleen Winsor's runaway best seller, *Forever Amber*. Breen protested, but in vain, then stipulated that Fox could make the picture but would have to change the title. Fox went ahead with the production to the tune of over \$5,000,000—obviously with no intention of changing the title. Even so, with a wary eye on the Code Administration, the script restricted Miss Winsor's 17th Century hussy to only four lovers (compared with twelve in the book), and added a spoken prolog to explain that Amber was a thoroughly reprehensible woman and suitably pun-

ished for her sinful ways. Even though, as critic James Agee noted, Linda Darnell, as Amber, "is never kissed hard enough to jar an eyelash loose, and it comes as a mild shock when she suddenly announces her pregnancy"; nevertheless, the film immediately roused the ire of the Legion of Decency. "A glorification of immorality and licentiousness," the Legion stormed in giving it a "C" classification. And Cardinal Spellman, in New York, warned his parishioners to stay away. In Philadelphia, Catholics were urged to boycott for a year any theater that might play it. Despite its Code Seal, when similar objections were raised around the country, Fox withdrew its prints, made cuts and added moralizing dialog in a successful effort to persuade the Legion to change its classification from "C" to "B."

Similar outcries attended the release of David O. Selznick's sex-charged, blood-saturated potboiler *Duel in the Sun*. Clearly influenced by the box-office response to *The Outlaw*, Selznick assembled a top-flight cast and crew to inflate what had first been envisioned as an ordinary Western into a \$6,000,000 super-spectacular or, as Selznick preferred to misname it, "the picture of a thousand memorable moments." The precise nature of those "moments" is perhaps best suggested by the film industry's descriptive, though unofficial title for it—*Lust in the Dust*. Jennifer Jones, lushly beautiful as the adopted half-caste daughter of a cattle baron with a ranch only slightly smaller than Texas, has caught the eye of both his sons, Joseph Cotten and Gregory Peck—a task simplified by her addiction to nude bathing in a nearby pond and to wearing Jane Russell-type shirts and blouses. Her protracted love-hate relationship with Peck involves attempted fratricide, rape, suicide and a grand finale in which the two of them ultimately kill each other in a gun duel fought beneath a blood-red Technicolor sun. Mortally wounded herself, the girl crawls over rock and sand to plant a final kiss upon her dead lover's lips. This bit of necrophilia produced almost as much shock among professional defenders of the public's morals as Miss Jones' revealing costumes, the bathing sequence and the rape. The Legion awarded an excised version of the film a "B" rating, despite their objections to its "immodestly suggestive sequences" and its "glorification of illicit love." *Duel in the Sun* became one of the industry's all-time top-grossing films.

The point is that all of these films, even including *The Outlaw*, went into distribution with the Code's blessing. The industry's own self-censorship machinery, drastic as it once was, had begun to relax, unlike the Legion and other national pressure groups. Undoubtedly, much of this was due to the War. As film makers flocked back to the



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studios after their exposure to combat, suffering and death, after many of them had become involved in the problems of capturing the look of the real world for their Wartime documentaries, the sugar-coated fables and Production Code formulae no longer made sense. They found Breen not only silly and old-fashioned but prurient, looking for dirt in every scene and situation put on film. Many of Hollywood's most responsible producers were beginning to wonder if the Production Code game was worth the candle. Samuel Goldwyn, one of the industry's staunchest advocates of "decency" on the screen, summed up the situation in his characteristic malapropos fashion when, speaking of the Code, he told a group of theater men, "I think it is about time we all joined to do something about this awful milestone around the neck of the motion-picture industry."

Not only had the film makers been to war; so had their audiences. And now they were clamoring for something a bit more substantial than the bittersweet romances and hyped-up heroics that had glutted the screen for almost four long years. Small wonder that the public responded with enthusiasm to such realistically drawn melodramas as the private-eye films, such semidocumentaries as *Boomerang* and *Naked City*, or to the frank sexuality of Jane Russell, Rita Hayworth and Jennifer Jones. The wraps were coming off, and neither the condemnation of the Legion nor the pressure of the pressure groups could wholly prevent it. As for the Production Code, at best it was fighting a delaying action, with breakthroughs whenever a producer was bold enough, or ingenious enough, to try one.

Symptomatic of this new era was the re-emergence, shortly after World War Two, of the bitch heroine. In a sense, the success of *Double Indemnity* made this predictable. But also, in a sense, the Production Code made her inevitable. If audiences were eager for greater realism on the screen, and if the Code saw to it that no nice girl swore, wore revealing costumes or enjoyed pre- or extramarital relations, then clearly this left quite a large area open for the bad girl to maneuver in. Suddenly, in films such as *Leave Her to Heaven*, *The Strange Love of Martha Ivers*, *The Postman Always Rings Twice*, *Dead Reckoning* and *Mildred Pierce*, the bad girl advanced from a secondary character to screen center. She dominated not only the story but the men in the story, generally using her sex as the whip that brought them to heel. And not coincidentally, the actresses who played her included some of the biggest then in the business—Barbara Stanwyck, Lana Turner, Gene Tierney, Elizabeth Scott, Joan Crawford and the perdurable Bette Davis. One can never forget Davis, as the cheating wife in *Beyond the Forest*, slashing lipstick

over her ravaged face at the climax of that film, preparing once more to barter her sex for one last fling in the big city 50 miles away; or Ava Gardner, as the slinky demimondaine who enchants Burt Lancaster into a life of crime in *The Killers*.

How did these sexy witches slip past the Johnston Office? Gershon Legman, writing of their literary counterparts, suggests a partial explanation. In his essay on "The Bitch Heroine," he observes: "Understand that the bitch heroine has no sex. She *thinks* she has a great deal of sex, in which error her creators and consumers foolishly accompany her. . . . Inevitably she is described as ravishing and beautiful. Her breasts and genitals are commented upon in highly calorific terms. But in actual fact she is dead from the neck down." If in the literary world the bitch heroine could rise triumphant over the bodies of broken men, however, the moviemakers saw to it that she invariably paid a full and bitter price for her willful behavior. In keeping with the Code's "law of compensating values"—a law that since it was postulated has ingeniously permitted producers to have their cake and eat it, too—she generally ended up not merely dead from the neck down, but dead all over. While she lived, though, she flaunted a semblance of sex that no Code-abiding heroine could rival, much less surpass; and her mounting popularity posed a threat to the Code itself.

What further undermined the supremacy of the Code was the wholesale importation of foreign films in the years after World War Two. Released by distributors who were independent of the Motion Picture Association, they went into a growing chain of art houses across the country that operated free of any pledge to show only Code-approved pictures. (When the chips were down, early in the Fifties, an extraordinary number of pledged theater owners blithely ignored their Code commitment in order to get their hands on profitable product, both domestic and foreign.) Although the full story of the impact of the foreign films on the American market is the subject of our next installment, one aspect of it remains for this. As the Code was weakened or ignored, the Legion of Decency, the American Legion and similar pressure groups, as well as local censor bodies, became correspondingly more active in attacking those new concepts of morality that were beginning to make their way into the movie houses, but which remained anathema to them. In 1947 the American Legion waged a vigorous and altogether successful campaign to drive Charlie Chaplin's mordant and bitterly antimilitarist *Monsieur Verdoux* from the screen. The Legion professed to be shocked by its "immoral" treatment of the Bluebeard theme; but its leaflets and placards left no doubt that, through his film, the Le-

gion was striking at the "un-American" Chaplin himself. Having tasted first blood, the American Legion remained eagerly on the alert for more. The Legion of Decency also redoubled its efforts at this time. Father Patrick J. Masterson, executive secretary of the Legion of Decency, reported in August 1949 that "the percentage of films containing objectionable materials has increased from more than 15 percent in 1945-1946 to better than 25 percent today." Parly, he admitted, this was due to the influx of foreign films, of which his organization had found 52 percent objectionable since the previous November. "But," he went on, "domestic production is also deteriorating, with almost 20 percent of today's domestic films considered to contain substantially morally objectionable elements. This is the highest figure in the history of the Legion." Local censorship had reached the point where, as Betty Davis put it, "Anyone who attempts to do something that hasn't been previously tested and approved soon finds out that you can't do this, because Mr. Binford [the notorious chief of censorship in Memphis, Tennessee] or somebody else won't approve."

Although the American film industry had always been strangely reticent about standing up for its rights in the courts, studio backs began to stiffen when Southern censors sought to bar such films as *Pinky*, *Lost Boundaries* and a Hal Roach *Our Gang* comedy—all antisegregationist, at least by implication—from local screens. Industry lawyers appealed and won, establishing a precedent that was to be pursued far more vigorously by the distributors of foreign films in the Fifties. But the final blow to the Code itself came from the most unexpected of sources—television. A dark cloud on the movie horizon at the end of the War, by the end of the decade TV had swallowed up better than half of Hollywood's weekly customers. As the movie-makers turned to the Fifties, they realized that as a matter of sheer survival, they would have to create new kinds of entertainment for the big screens that people could not possibly find on their small screens in the living room. For most producers, this meant but one thing—a greater emphasis on sex than television would tolerate. And if they had to defy their own Production Code to do it, many film makers were prepared—even eager—to face that contingency.

In their next installment of "The History of Sex in Cinema," authors Knight and Alpert turn their attention to the films of the Forties in Europe, where Wartime Nazi censorship suppressed sex in cinema—except for anti-Semitic propaganda purposes—until the Liberation, which emboldened Europe's film makers to erotic realism.



Bunnies Of Dixie (continued from page 116)

regulars drops in at the Sho-Bar, a Bourbon Street bistro featuring all the new dances. "Everybody knows we're Bunnies," says Mickie Picone, a Colombian native who's a leader of the Sho-Bar group, "so they almost never get fresh. In case they do, the manager keeps an eye out for us. You wouldn't believe how everybody looks after us in the Quarter."

The New Orleans Club is a mecca for naval officers as well as for entertainers playing French Quarter night spots. "The guys working Al Hirt's, Pete Fountain's, the Blue Room at the Roosevelt drop by," says Bob Patterson, Club manager. "We've had Frankie Laine, Johnny Desmond, Jerry Colonna, Fats Domino, and most of the movie stars who've been on location in the city. On any given night we're likely to have at least one name entertainer or actor as a guest." Tall, colorful district attorney Jim Garrison is a regular; he celebrated both his election and his re-election at the Club.

"This Club is different from other New Orleans night spots," says Patterson. "It's relaxed and sophisticated. It's also on the level. Our keyholders know they'll be treated fairly and honestly here, not like at some of the places on Bourbon Street." In both New Orleans and Atlanta, the Playboy Club's success has sparked the highest form of flattery, in the guise of a sackful of copycats. At one place in New Orleans the girls wear shorty togas, and an Atlanta "club" features fake hares called Kittens. Needless to say, the imitators haven't had much impact.

Playboy's Atlanta business is very good, indeed, and with the Braves in town and the N. F. L. Falcons soon to follow, it promises to be even better. Atlanta, long the business and cultural center of the Southeast, will soon be its sports center as well, which will mean even more action at the Club. Bunnies and bartenders alike have become Braves fans overnight. A Bunny color guard rode in the Braves' opening-day parade, and Bunnies working in the Club try to catch a play or two from the radio broadcasts of the games while waiting for the bartenders to fill their orders. N. F. L. stars are already beginning to slip into the Club—to sip coffee or tomato juice.

Atlanta has a notably lively and active bunch of Bunnies. Take, for instance, Jackie Hendrickson, a Dallas brunette who drives in sports-car rallies and lives in a trailer mounted on blocks beside an Atlanta lake. Jackie, valedictorian of her high school class, spent two years at a college in Leeds, England, then picked potatoes in Limestone, Maine ("hardest doggone work I've ever done"). She came to Atlanta to teach school, but when she found out the pay was only

\$4200 a year, she traded classroom for Playroom. "I practically had my hair back in a bun and quill pen in hand," she recalls with a chuckle, "but somehow I got the job."

Jackie's car mania dates back to high school, when she became the first girl ever admitted to a Dallas hot-rod group called the Asphalt Angels. "I've got a little TR in mind," she says. "I've been economical for a year, and now I want something to have fun with again." Jackie has traveled to Europe twice. On the first trip she took a bike and a bedroll from hostel to hostel, amused herself by "posing as a French girl and eavesdropping on unsuspecting American tourists."

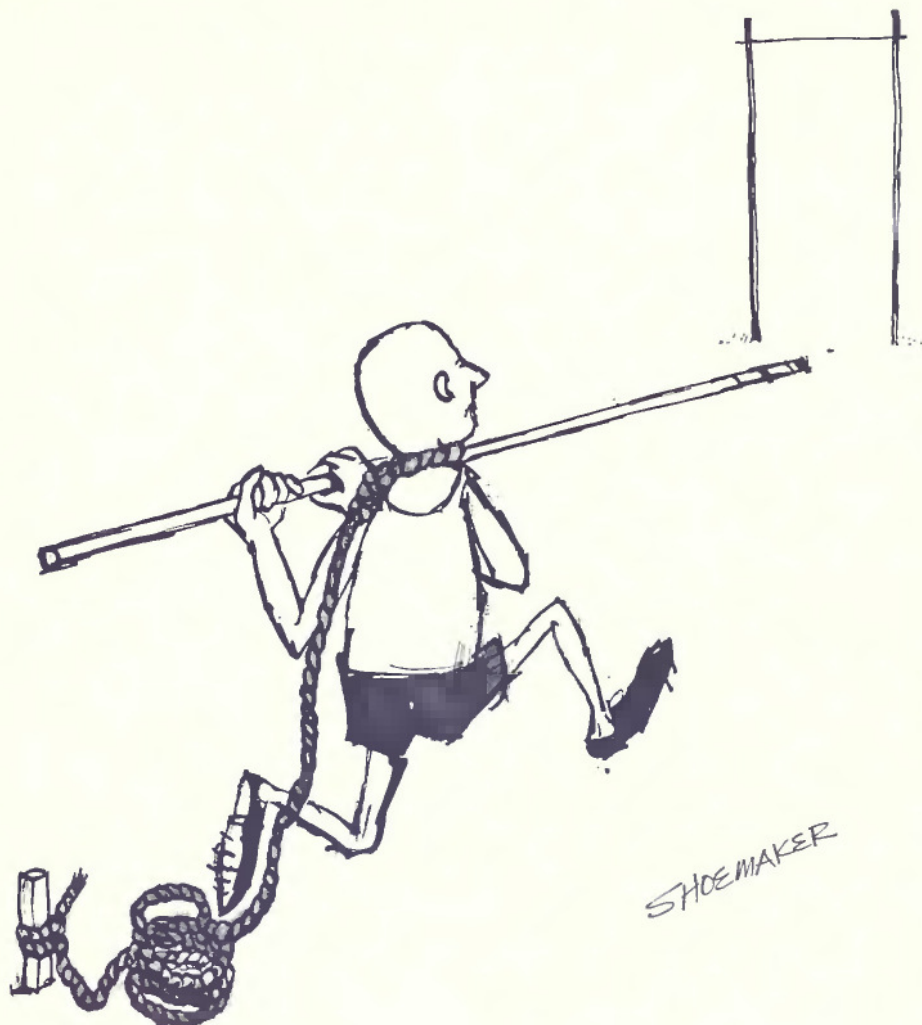
One of Atlanta's most beguiling and self-sufficient Bunnies is Gary McQuarrie, a tall blonde with a sweet smile and a purple belt in karate. Gary, who was queen of a Northridge, California, rodeo at age 13 (she says she sold the most tick-

ets), took up karate with a girlfriend "just for kicks." She had to break a board with her hand to win the purple belt, but says wistfully that she's out of practice now; there's only soft, gentle flesh where there should be calluses.

At 4'9", Neenah McDonald figures she's the shortest Bunny in the business. But her height doesn't stop this fiery redhead from pursuing her major interest, athletics. She's captain of the Bunny softball team and a top scorer on the Bunny basketball team—thanks in part to a convenient rule that Bunnies under five feet may use a stepladder. Peaches Coombs is also on the short side, and like Susie Saladino in New Orleans, has an acrobatic past. Peaches traveled with a professional group called The Flying Nesbitts for two years, specializing in tumbling, foot juggling and other anti-gravity feats. She still thrives on exercise and practices yoga—an antidote, she says, to that occupational disease of all diligent Bunnies, tired feet. Peaches was the first Negro girl hired for the Atlanta



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Club, and she admits she had a few apprehensions about going South. "You don't want any part of that place," everyone told me. But I tell you, I thrive on new experiences, and life at the Club has been wonderful." How does she get along with the other girls? "I love everybody here, and I think they feel the same about me."

Another Northerner come South is Bobbie Goodley, a Brooklyn-bred girl who has taken Dixie to heart. "I adore Atlanta," says Bobbie. "New York is too fast for me now. Everything here is only five or ten minutes away, and there's green grass, trees and parks." Bobbie, who once studied drama, worked for two and a half years in the New York Club, but prefers the Atlanta atmosphere. "It's a little more personal, more intimate," she says. Bobbie likes to introduce key-holders to her favorite drink, the pink squirrel, which she says "tastes like a cherry malted—a nondrinker's drink." Bobbie's Atlanta apartment houses a pair of poodles and two German shepherds. She recently traded in the Atlanta Bunny's companion, a Japanese motorcycle, for an MG. With her alabaster skin, black hair and large dark eyes, Bobbie in a black Bunny costume looks like one of

those fetching old photographs of Clara Bow.

Kim Hester is as fair and Southern as Bobbie is dark and Northern. Kim has delicate features and blonde hair, and likes to wear tiny pearl earrings. She went to the University of Georgia on a music scholarship, studying flute and piccolo. She's hoping to join the newly vitalized Atlanta Symphony, which will have Robert Shaw as its permanent conductor next year. "I didn't think I had what it takes to be a Bunny," says Kim. "I thought you had to be really stacked. And even though boyfriends told me I was pretty, I thought they were just prejudiced." Kim's rabbit-eared regalia proves how wrong she was.

Perhaps the most outspoken of the Dixie Bunnies is Atlanta's Judy Rose Pressley, who hails from oil-rich Midland, Texas ("I'm not a millionaire's daughter," she notes dryly), and was glad to get away from the place. "Everybody was working for the dollar there. Here in Atlanta people have time to slow down and be decent," Judy says. Her favorite book is *A Nation of Sheep*, an indictment of American thought, foreign policy and culture. "Americans just don't know enough about what's going on in their

own country," she says. "They accept what's presented in the papers and on TV as gospel." She leans toward limited government and views life with amused detachment, finds that "the world is full of put-ons—everybody's pretending. Many times if a guy wants to talk with you it takes him twenty minutes just to become himself." Counterpointing Judy's outward cynicism is a tender affection for the simple things in life. Her happiest experience, she blushing admits, was a wonderful, warm, old-fashioned Christmas with relatives in rural Georgia.

Playboy's commitment to international flavoring has sprinkled foreign-bred Bunnies through all the Clubs. It would be difficult, indeed, to pick a Miss Overseas Bunny from this general assembly, but Atlanta's Grete Christensen would rank near the top of any list. Grete (pronounced Gray-tah) grew up on Denmark's rainy Jutland Peninsula—which gained historical fame during World War One—and has lived in Berlin and London. When Grete was still in her early teens, way-out stories of Playboy and its Clubs filtered into Denmark: "We thought they were naughty places for men only, where the Bunnies were some kind of odd creatures." No odd creature herself, Grete is a sun-bronzed, green-eyed beauty with classical Scandinavian features and long, lustrous brown hair. She drives an Alfa-Romeo sedan, which is like being square and swinging at the same time, and finds Americans more polite than her countrymen. She thinks a Bunny's best assets are good legs and a smooth complexion, and insists that it's best to be a tiny bit overweight. "Men," she explains, "want to look at a healthy girl."

The Atlanta Club has not yet produced a Bunny-Playmate, but hopes are high for Bunny Lana Brewer, a 36-23-35 lifelong resident of Charleston. She speaks Greek and once served as secretary to South Carolina's late Senator Olin Johnston. In the manner of the Bunnies of Dixie, she reveres *Gone with the Wind* and digs modern dances like the Boston monkey and the duck. And in that same manner, she sees nothing inconsistent in cultivating such disparate tastes.

Like most of her satin-eared Southland sisters, Lana is eager to abandon traditions—such as reaction and paternalism—that are no longer meaningful in today's world. But she's just as anxious to preserve those vestiges of the Southern heritage—such as cordiality, chivalry and femininity—that she still finds worthwhile. As the best of the old and the best of the new, she nicely epitomizes the cotton-tails of the land of cotton.

Bunny applications may be obtained by writing Playboy Clubs International, Bunny Department, 232 East Ohio St., Chicago, Illinois 60611.



DOCTOR ARNESS *(continued from page 73)*

passed anything that could be described as a fully operative condition. If the present triumphs of geriatrics continue, we shall probably find ourselves wandering among vast legions of the vague elderly. I would not for the world deny them their extra years, but I cannot see that it renders the rest of us any more than a sentimental service.

No, it is the extension of men at their working best that obsesses me. I use the word advisedly, for it is, with me, truly an obsession. Since childhood I have been consumed with this single ambition. It's quite possible that the germ of the concept first came to me wrapped in a nursery tale. In any case, it has been my driving motive for as long as I can remember.

I am, as I said, brilliant. I am not boasting, for it isn't something I've accomplished, but merely a quality with which I was born. I did, however, make full use of it, and managed to crowd a sizable amount of learning into a very short period of time, establishing, in passing, a quantity of records in various educational establishments. I felt, you see, that I was working against the clock. I wanted to cheat the time trap as much as I possibly could.

So it was that I began the serious phase of my investigations while still a comparatively young man. Despite this initial advantage, I was in my mid-30s before I had completed the fundamental structure of my theory, and well into my 40s before I was in a position to bring it to the actual physical test.

My technique was a radical departure from the previous approaches to the problems of aging, all of which may be satisfactorily grouped under two rough headings: the propping-up school, which employs preventive medicines, vitamins, exercises, and so on; and the patching-up school, which makes use of reparative operations, stimulants, artificial supplements or replacements to damaged organs, and the rest. My aim was to bring about a fundamental reorientation of the body's molecular structure. I intended to alter its metabolic operations by manipulating the tiny components that control it. This I accomplished by means of an electrochemical process, the details of which are given in the notebook that I shall leave behind to accompany this brief note.

I proceeded in the classical manner, testing my theories on animals under controlled conditions, taking copious notes and records on their reactions. I began with mice, went on to guinea pigs, and worked the final experiments on a group of chimpanzees named, unromantically enough, One, Two and Three.

The effect of my treatment is cumulative. It is a slow transformation, a gradual alteration of the body, working from the large to the small, so that the small can work on the large. There is no discernible change during the first phase, but after a period of time, depending on the eccentricities of the particular animal's construction, new elements become evident. Their mood becomes buoyant and their health is dramatically improved. One interesting, and unanticipated, bonus is that all congenital defects disappear. Chimpanzee Two, for example, had a slightly stunted arm that he could move only with some difficulty. After three weeks, that arm was fully grown and completely operative. One by one, the predictions of my theory checked out, all on schedule, all completely fulfilling or exceeding expectation.

To say that I was pleased with the results of these experiments is to profoundly understate the case. The dream of my life was proving itself before my eyes; I had achieved the power to work the miracle for which I had been born. I, myself, not some distant inheritor of theory, could become, for all intents and purposes, immortal.

It was at this point that I erred, and the error was precipitation. But can you blame me? The years were passing, each one, it seemed, faster than the year before. Freedom from time was in my grasp; I could not resist the temptation to reach out and take it. I was guilty of undue haste, but, even now, I cannot blame myself too much.

I began to apply my treatment to myself. As with my animals, there was no observable reaction at first, but then I became aware of a growing peace and contentment, and I saw, clearly, that I was much improved in every bodily function. I had worn thick glasses. In four weeks I dispensed with them altogether, having no further need of them. My digestion had been faulty. Now it was perfect. I could hardly believe the image in my mirror. It was like some incredible before-and-after ad in the back pages of a magazine. I positively radiated health.

By now the lack of aging had become evident in my animals. The mice, which would have died long ago under normal conditions, were all alive and thriving. Each of the creatures was totally unaltered since its first transformation. They could be killed, of course, by any normal means, but if they were only wounded, their rate of recovery was staggering. A scalpel cut that would ordinarily take weeks to mend would heal in a matter of days. My triumph was past all belief. These few glorious days are, still, worth

all the rest. Not many men taste perfect victory.

Now I must proceed to the less happy events that followed.

It was my habit to occasionally run my mice through mazes to determine their reaction time. At the start of the experiment, when the initial alteration was effecting itself, their increased abilities had afforded me much joy. Now, to my growing apprehension, I observed that the period of time they took to complete their chore was unmistakably graphing up. I examined them carefully. I dissected a few to see if anything had gone wrong with their internal organs. They were all in flawless condition, but still, each day, they took a little longer to find their way through the maze. In a month I discovered, to my great discomfort, that they took twice as long to find their way from the beginning to the end.

By this time a similar phenomenon had begun to manifest itself in my guinea pigs, and even in One, Two and Three. There was nothing, not the slightest thing, wrong with any of them except that they needed more and more time to accomplish any task.

In another month, the condition of my mice had become positively grotesque. At their peak they had averaged about a minute and a half to complete their trek through the maze; now they all required approximately two hours. It was not that they had become sluggish, in the ordinary sense of the word. They did not lie down or take any periods of rest at all. They worked at their task steadily, even intelligently, but they lingered agonizingly over each and every move. It was the same with all their activities. They ate, they played, they fought and made love, but one's patience was worn thin watching them at any of it, because it took them such a damnably long time to move from one part of it to the next. I can only compare the effect to that of a slow-motion movie.

This slowness, if I may use a contradiction in terms, accelerated. Each of the various groups of animals proceeded in proportion to its own metabolism. By the time the guinea pigs had achieved the condition I have just described in regard to the mice, the mice were moving so slowly that it required an extended period of observation to determine whether they were moving at all. I attached an ink marker to the tail of one mouse so that the creature would leave a thin black line behind itself as it moved. After one full week, the tiny trail was only one and one quarter inches long. Yet all of my mice remained in the best of health. Their coats were still glossy, and their eyes sparkled with undimmed enthusiasm. The only trouble was that

to a casual observer in my laboratory they would have appeared to be absolutely inert.

As the reader will have surmised, I was not exempt from this slowing process. Subjectively, I was not aware of it at all, but by timing my actions against an external check, such as the rotations of my watch's hands, I could see only too well that my movements had become increasingly slower. The alteration continued in the same snowballing fashion as with my pets, and now I no longer need anything as delicate as a clock to remind myself of my condition. I cannot strike a match fast enough to ignite it. By counting the sunrises and sunsets through the window, I determined that it took me nine days to arrange my typewriter so that I could type this note.

I determined to end my life after what might seem a trivial enough incident. I gave Three a banana and observed that it took him an entire afternoon to peel it. He looked so contented, so blissfully unaware of his snail-paced condition, that I began to laugh at him. My laughter became hysterical, and I ended by crying. I have no idea how long ago this happened, as I have lost all track of time, ordinary time. It has become a foreign thing to me.

I can see no point in becoming a comical object. One, Two and Three now look like so many stuffed monkeys and I, without any doubt, would also

come to resemble a particularly successful example of the taxidermist's art, were I to allow myself to survive. I have no intention of doing so. I shall now take the gun, which I have placed beside my typewriter, and blow out my brains with it. I wonder how long it will take me to do it? As I said, the situation is not without iron

. . .

Thus ends the manuscript of Doctor Arness. The last page remains, as you can see for yourself in the exhibit, rolled in the platen of his typewriter. The placement of the typewriter in relation to the gun, the table, the chair, and to Doctor Arness himself is exactly the same as when he and the objects were discovered in his laboratory. Although Doctor Arness appears to be—to use his tragic description—"stuffed," he is not. He is alive, in good health, and he is moving. His index finger, even now, is actually approaching the final "y" in "irony," although at a speed that can be measured only with the most delicate of instruments. Doctor Arness is now 250 years old.

The animals referred to in his manuscript are also all alive and well, and may be seen in the Hall of Mammals. Attractive models of chimpanzees One, Two and Three have been created, and they are available, in various sizes, at the Museum Curio Shop.



SECRET SERVICE

(continued from page 96)

promised the pale CIA op chief as he unscrewed his belt buckle to remove a tube, squirting its contents on the hole in Goshen's left shoulder. "It's cherry salve. My mom used to *schmeer* it on every wound we kids ever had." Directly he applied it, the cherry salve drew the bullet from the flesh with a pop and the ragged edges began to knit. Every trace of the wound disappeared in a few seconds, including an adjacent vaccination mark and a tattoo.

"You missed your calling, Mr. Bond," the mystery woman remarked. "Those long, tapering fingers should be healing men, not ending their lives with karate blows."

Bond, placing Goshen in the rear of the Simulac, said, "You seem to know all about me, Miss Lawrence, which gives you an advantage, since I know nothing about you." The gray eyes challenged hers again. "And I'd like to—very much."

"Mount Latakia and ride with me, Mr. Bond, and we can discourse as I guide your auto out of the Cissbah."

Ordering Neon to take the wheel, Bond accepted a white-gloved hand and, with the fluidity of the high hurdler, sprang onto the veiled beauty's mount.

The cool, musical voice was respectful. "You seem to be no stranger to a hump, Mr. Bond."

"That expertise, Miss Lawrence, is something I hope you'll have complete knowledge of someday," he sallied, and drew an appreciative chuckle from her.

"You have a rapier wit to match that lithe, muscular body, Mr. Bond." She touched Latakia's ear and whispered, "Onward, noble ship of the desert." Latakia moved forward with an undulating motion that lulled them both into a state of euphoria. As they rode, Bond encircled Sarah's waist, his fingertips tingling with a strange sensation never before known to him. *Gottenu!* he thought, now it's happening on *camels!*

"I am a twenty-fourth cousin by marriage of the famed Lawrence who changed the face of Middle Eastern history," she said in her precise, clipped British manner. "As a little girl on our ancestral estate, Dun Rovin, which is situated in the center of the triangle formed by Saxonshire, Normanshire and Brokenshire, I was regaled by Pater's tales of my cousin's exploits in Arabia and vowed to make a pilgrimage to the area one day to retrace his glorious footsteps. A child's silly longing, I suppose, and I more or less had forgotten it because of the multifarious activities afforded members of my class. Pater was an M. P. for the constituencies of Sussex, Wessex and Essex and—"

"Perhaps," Bond interjected, "you'd be interested in the benefits of a locale



"I don't know anything about pornography, but I know what I like."

very dear to me—My Sex?"

"Capital, Mr. Bond! You *are* an amusing chap! To continue: As the daughter of landed gentry, I went through the usual rounds, riding to the hunt with my trained pointers, Alpo and Thrivo, humdrum semesters at the exclusive Miss Fenton's School for the Bored, where I majored in ballet, painting, fencing and class hatred. There was never a shortage of dashing swains for the beautiful, accomplished daughter of an M. P., Mr. Bond, and I was constantly turning down marriage proposals from such eligibles as Ronald Duckblind, Brenkleck Coddingleather, even Britain's most sought-after young gallant, Sir Marvin of Throneberry. Despite the flattering attention, I sensed the innate emptiness of this decaying way of life. My ennui did not escape the shrewd eyes of Rector Justin-Tyme Mother, spiritual leader of our Anglican parish. Father Mother, when he heard the dreams of an impressionable girl, said, 'Then go to the Middle East and take up the tasks left undone by Lawrence of Arabia.' However, there was much to be learned before I could come here—the art of riding a camel, for instance, which I mastered after many months of practice riding on a carousel at Blackpool. England's most renowned armorer, Major Minor, taught me to handle rifles, side arms and medium-range rockets; I was schooled in the many dialects of Arabic by Ibn Tard, dean of the Institute of Middle East Languages and Intrigues; dressed for the desert by Muslim D'Ior and taught to exist on a mere handful of tanna leaves a day. I came to Sahd Saki-stan a year ago and introduced myself to Hakmir and the leaders of the Kurds and Wheys, meeting first with rejection, until I had the presence of mind to play my theme song. Having seen the picture, they were convinced I was, indeed, Lawrence's kin. It was only this hard-won admiration, Mr. Bond, that made the Kurds halt their attempt to assassinate King Baldroi back in the alley. The Kurdish leader told me he had received a report to the effect that LeFagel was an impostor, a false pretender to the throne, and that a *real* pretender to the throne was about to arrive in Baghs-Groove."

"This smacks of TUSH handiwork all the way, Miss Lawrence," Bond growled. In the next few minutes he gave her a recap of his adventures, including the savage showdown with James Bund, detailed descriptions of the episodes with Liana Vine and Indira Mookerjee, and threw in for good measure the Loxfinger and Matzohball cases, plus his entire sexual history.

As she stirred in his arms during certain portions of the saga, he thought, Good-o! She's all worked up. Before long this captivating creature will be mine evermore. What a find! Beauty,



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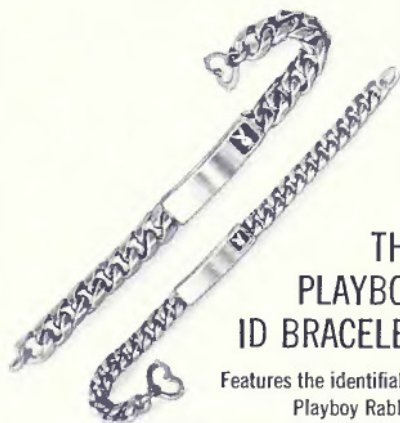
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warmth, a "class broad" from Great Britain with a real upbringing. She's the only woman worthy of your love, name, number and license to kill, Oy Oy Seven. A man needs to sink roots someday, and maybe I'm too far over the hill to stay in this racket any longer—I've already caused the deaths of almost five dozen good folks. This magnificent woman in my arms can redeem me, uplift me and maybe, since it's obvious she's loaded, set me up in my own class shoe salon (nothing but I. Millers and British Walkers) in Brooklyn. True, I've sworn to my sainted mother that I'll never place a wedding band on any finger except that of a Daughter of Sharon, yet that too can be worked out. I know the moment I take Sarah Lawrence of Arabia in a way she's never known before, she'll see the ultimate value of Judaism and convert with celerity. Wonder if Milton'll give me a 25-percent discount on the wedding at the Pinochle Royale? He should, really—I'm his brother and besides I saved the joint for him and I think I'd be justified in telling him so.

He was already under the traditional canopy with Sarah Lawrence of Arabia, the rabbi intoning the ancient marriage contract, when her scent nudged him back to Sahd Sakistan. "It's driving me wild, Miss Lawrence. What is it?"

"A special blend, Evening with Profumo, made for me by Maitland of Moreland Street. I am pleased at its effect on your olfactory sense. But we are at the Road of the Feculent Figs and I shall take my leave."

He slid off Latakia and motioned for the car to halt. "Shall I see you again, Sarah Lawrence of Arabia? There are things a man and a maid must talk of and they are best said by moonlight."

For another 120 seconds black and gray eyes flashed fire and desire into two another, his cross fire causing the rim of her veil to smolder, hers turning his Talon zipper into red-hot mesh, charring his Arrow briefs. "Some aim high for happiness, Mr. Bond, while others . . ." She left her proverb unfinished, but its corollary proposition was quite clear.

"You haven't answered me, Miss Lawrence." His voice was husky, his hands betraying his febrile state by abrasive motions that expunged the life lines from his palms.

"It is my wont to be each night at nine-thirty at the Oasis of the Seven Mentholated Consumptives to commune with the spirits of the desert. Good day, Mr. Bond."

"One thing more, Miss Lawrence. Learn Hebrew. You'll need it the rest of your life, because, Miss Lawrence, from this moment on, it's you for me, babe . . . only two for tea, babe . . ."

Was that a sigh breaking through the glacial British reserve? He was not to know. She issued a command and Latakia galloped off into the distance, the

sun transforming the rider into molten gold.

Well, Oy Oy Seven, she's named the trysting place, he thought. An oasis by moonlight—in the company of a heaven-sent woman—it can be the kind of cataclysmic joining of kindred souls to be found only in those Kathleen Winsor reprints you keep buying.

Gottenu! He breathed and, to somehow dispel the unendurable passion surging through his marrows, he swung his bronze, muscular arm and struck Neon Zion in the face, splitting open his startled subordinate's lips. "Someday, Neon, when you're a man of the world, you'll understand."

. . .

"I have composed another verse," proclaimed LeFagel. Goshen drove on, immersed in some memory of his New England childhood, muttering "Happiness is a harpoon in a white whale." Neon Zion, possessed of youth's happy resilience, was on his 70s in paddle ball, the puk-puk-puk of the ball furnishing a surrealistic punctuation to the recitation.

*On a ghostly night of yore,
A man tapped on my chamber door,
It was cold out, so I granted him a haven.*

*He said, "Kind sir, my name is Poe,
And I've been searching high and low,*

*"Tell me please, sir, have you seen
my elfing raven?"*

Good-o! Not a dot of deviation in that one, Bond thought, and in an irrepressible gesture of good will he jabbed his potent left at LeFagel, drawing two founts of claret from the ruler's mashed nose. LeFagel grasped the significance of the heartfelt demonstration and returned a shy smile that held no suggestion of effeminacy whatsoever.

But the air of camaraderie flew away like a frightened sparrow when Bond, leaning out of the rear window, spotted the white edifice at the very end of the shore-line road. "Is that it?"

"Shivs." The CIA op chief spat it out and saw the old deadly look, the smiling lust for battle that imparted a murderous glow to the gray eyes and the dark, cruelly handsome face. I know what he's thinking, Goshen ruminated. He's thinking the enemy's in there, the ghoulish krauts who've killed and crippled his comrades, blown up his people's vitules, and my ol' fire-eating buddy is dying to go in there and have at them. But I spoke to M, Z and Op Chief Beame via the carrier's Ship 'N Shore Blue Denim Network and I know what the odds are of getting the goods on TUSH—maybe a million to one—and even Oy Oy Seven, the man I and the whole world have come to worship, won't get out of there alive. I'm an atheist—the only day I take off all year is Madalyn Murray's birthday—but if I were the praying kind, I'd

offer one right now for Eretz Israel, the Land of Palms and Pledges, and Secret Agent Israel Bond, the neatest guy I'll ever know.

They were cruising through the modern section of Baghs-Groove, flashing by a giant E. J. Korvette store, a Little League Harem Boys Club, a movie theater advertising *Gidget Meets the Loved One* and then the Simulac swerved into a palm-tree-lined driveway up to the entrance of the U.S. embassy.

Waiting for them with a pasted-on smile was a gaunt, sun-reddened man in an orange Malibu-weave tropical suit and Redd Foxx safari beret, who introduced himself as Tender N. Callowfellow, the ambassador, and promised a dinner "fit for a"—he began to chuckle—"king." So it was, the braised sloth paws—in Bosco-flavored, eau-de-carmenlombardo, fluoridated sauce—a revelation to even the most jaded taste buds, washed down with *vin scully* '24 from the vineyards of Chavez Ravine, and "of course, your Majesty, Ambassador Scotch"—he chuckled again—"on the rocks."

"I think," said Ambassador Callowfellow, pulling a bell rope, "it's time for After-Dinner Mintz. Ah, there you are, Mintz, my man." A short, white-haired oldster entered and served them pungent circles of Certs on heated Pacific plywood skewers.

Goshen and Bond spent the next hour discussing the job at hand, while Callowfellow and the king retired to the former's study for a chat about the upcoming coronation.

"I've splendid news," beamed Callowfellow, re-entering. "His Majesty has consented to have America host his coronation at the Sahd Sakistani embassy located in the Empire State Building in New York. It will serve to remind the world of the unbreakable link between our respective nations, and will have the benefit of our superior news coverage. I'm terribly excited about it."

"I, as well," retorted the bright-eyed monarch, pressing the ambassador's hand in fond farewell, and then departing for his new home.

The palace of the late King Hakmir was an up-to-date Alhambra of coral harrylimestone, with graceful Florsheim arches and Winchell columns. In the front, lined on two sides by vivid purple rows of San Fernando Valley eggplants, was an immense swimming pool on whose surface floated sprigs of wolfbane and spiderwort nibbled at by chattering les cranes and a rare merv gryphon. Overhead winged a pinkish *herb jeffries* flamingo like a flame in the sky, flying over the enclave to its lover nearby. Near the entrance was a pewter statue of the late monarch, from whose opened mouth came a spray of provocative Vegamato.

"Iz," said Goshen, "for God's sake, don't try anything foolish. Shivs, as far as the world knows, is a perfectly



"On second thought, I think I'll dig mine a little deeper."

respectable outfit that pays its taxes and keeps its nose clean. You can't go in there like Gang Busters without proof. Anyway, your job's keeping his Majesty here safe and sound. I'll be in touch, fella. See you later."

"Wouldn't think of it, Monroe, you ol' Rockport chowderhead," Bond pledged, throwing a salute to the departing CIA op chief. Once inside the royal suite, he told Neon, "Keep Tabs on him—or regular Coke, if you're not watching your calories," and was rewarded by 113's prolonged laughter. He showered with distilled Culligan rain water, applied cypress-scented No Sweat, the deodorant that checks unseemly perspiration by destroying the glands that produce it, to his virile ampits, and donned a heavy-duty Haitian Poppa Jacques-strap, a pair of Reginald Gardiner lace sunslax, an aerated Krishna Menon waistcoat of bleeding madras, Andalusian bedsocks, slung on his new paisley shoulder holster with one of Lavi Ha Lavi's deadly new occupants inside, used flesh-toned Tuck Tape to strap the Instant Processed Cold Rolled Extra Strength Steel tool to his calf, put on the Korvette's luau car coat, and swallowed 6 Excedrins (there might be agonizing pain ahead) and 12 Benzedrine tablets (if there was to be pain, he wanted to stay awake and enjoy it to the fullest: it was, after all, as much a part of life as pleasure).

"You're going on a job, Oy Oy Seven,

against orders." A shocked Neon said it.

"Just forget what you've seen, kid," Bond snarled. "I'm going to take the MBG for a little spin. If I just happen to lose my way and it just happens to stop at Shivs, well . . ."

As the exhaust from the MBG's quadruple pipes singed the Portland Cement driveway to the main road, the Togliatti that had been parked behind the palace garage for two hours eased out. The beep-beep-beep of the homer on the MBG made the four swarthy men exchange evil grins.

From 1000 feet up in a helicopter, the two cars seemed to Brown like insects. Bond's a silverfish, the TUSA vehicle a ladybug. The flapping of the huge sign being towed by the chopper was a disturbance the giant Negro CIA agent had long since gotten used to. It told the people below: YOU ARE ONLY 8126 MILES FROM FLORIDA'S FAMOUS STUCKEY'S, THE HOME OF DELICIOUS PECANS, SOUVENIRS AND PASSIONATE PAGAN LOVE RITES BETWEEN SEMINOLE INDIANS AND GIANT ALLIGATORS. A perfect cover, he knew: Stuckey's advertising was famous the world over and no one would question its presence in the Middle East.

Goshen's orders to Brown had been succinct: "I've just left Bond at the palace to guard King Baldroi, but he's got the smell of fire and brimstone on him and I know damn well he's going to Shivs. Tag him by chopper."

A Raleigh wagging in his sensual lips, 161

Bond sped down the Road of the Feculent Figs, eager for the hand-to-tush combat that could mean either life or death for his adopted country. Engrossed in fantasies of revenge, he did not pay proper attention to the fork in the road, berating himself as he saw he'd veered off the main shore-line drive and onto a bumpy spur whose route shunted the unwary driver into the hellish furnace of the desert.

"You stupid, albeit dark, cruelly handsome bastard!" he railed at himself, but the self-deprecation faded from his lips when he saw the blinking red light on the power ashtray whose interior secreted his radio hookup. He pressed Button 175, the ashtray swiveled, hurling two dozen Raleigh butts into his lap, some still smoldering, but there was no time to grouse about petty discomfort, for the radio was in full view, a tiny vleep-veleep coming from the cantilevered coils.

Forget the "stupid," make that modifier "lucky," he grinned, kissing his reflection in the mirror. That right-hand turn had been providential. He had picked up a homer concealed on some car in the area. If he'd stayed on a straight course, he'd never have noticed it. And he blessed the slipshod, amateurish side of his nature that so often had stood him in good stead.

He gave the MBG's gas pedal the full weight of his right Andalusian bedsock and she escalated to 156.6, her extragrip Firestone tires more than a match for the sucking sand. With dismay he heard the vleep-veleep-veleep dying out and on a hunch made a 45-degree turn off the spur onto the desert itself, gunning her up to 176.2. There was a squashy sound; he looked back at the mangled burro and its nomadic rider splayed out under the merciless sun. His forefinger punched Button 200 and he saw the canteen of water and the medical handbook jet from the rear into the poor fellow's broken hands. Good-o! Beggar's got a 50-50 chance of survival now, he exulted.

Alarmed by the diminution of the MBG's homer, the trailing Dagro two miles back also played a right-hand-turn hunch, a hideous grin splitting the hatchet face as the beep-beep-beep pulsed back.

Bond's airborne tag shook his head with incredulity at the scene below, two high-powered chargers whipping up dust storms as they tore madly around and around in a three-mile-wide circle. It was clear now—the MBG had also been "homered," without his knowledge. Time to end it. He switched on the special channel used by the CIA and M 33 and 1/3 to contact each other. The gents in the Togliatti might hear it, too, but unless they had a Nicklaus scrambler, which was unlikely, they would get gibberish.

"Brown Shoes and Black Sox to Chicken Soup with Noodles . . . Brown Shoes

and Black Sox to Chicken Soup with Noodles . . . come in, please . . ."

Bond understood the recognition signal at once and listened to the CIA tag analyze the dilemma on the ground. "Good-o! Brown Shoes and Black Sox. Chicken Soup with Noodles acknowledges. Out."

He halted the MBG and clambered up the burning side of a powdery dune. He could see an arrow of dust streaking his way, estimated the Togliatti's arrival time at 90 seconds, 89.65 if its driver wore a Timex. From the shoulder holster he liberated Ha Lavi's scaled-down version of the Anna Sten gun, touched the eraser on his Ticonderoga pencil, which split the pencil into a tripod, and mounted the weapon on it with his left hand, sliding the cordovan Hickok belt out of the loops of his sunslax with the right. He reversed the belt. Its hidden side contained 100 notches, in each nestled a steel-jacketed denizen of death.

Better take a closer look, the CIA man thought, and he brought the chopper down 750 feet. Yup, the crazy bastard's spoiling for it, like Goshen said. Gonna take on four of 'em by himself. Guess he's everything he's cracked up to be. Better get down there and backstop him.

The glint of the sun on the MBG's silvery roof tipped off the Dagro in the pursuing Togliatti. He braked it 50 yards from the dune and the doors flew open, the four occupants diving into the sand. Bond, feeding the Hickok belt through the Anna Sten, opened up and heard screams from two of them. The Dagro grabbed at his chest and pitched forward on his face; a second, whose racial stock was unrecognizable for the moment, was also out of it, blood gushing from his forehead. Bond gave the remaining duo, without question Swegroes, a long burst. From the thumps he knew he'd put at least ten slugs in each. Not good enough, buddy boy, not good enough. It takes a damn sight more than ten slugs to stop a Swegro, he knew.

The Swegroes jabbered at each other for a second, then began a steady crawl toward the dune, leaving dreadful crimson trails on the white sand. He emptied the belt, certain he'd pierced Swegro flesh again from the howls of vexation. But they kept coming. And he was out of ammo!

From his vantage point he could see them dragging their riddled bodies inch by inch up the dune, their eyes malevolent jewels. "Don't come another step closer or you'll regret it!" Bond cried. "I was never inoculated for chicken pox."

Their answer was contemptuous laughter; they dug their octopuslike hands deeper into the white powder. "By yumpin' yiminy, we gwine cut you . . ."

They hit the top at the same time, their steely hands tripping Bond and sending him tumbling down the dune. His head struck the MBG's rear fender.

It's all over, he thought bleakly as the Swegroes loomed over him, their faces widened by triumphant smiles. There was a flash of something metallic and the point of a knife bit through the luau car coat into the waistcoat.

Suddenly the Swegroes were upright no more. Both were on their knees clutching their guts, still yelling defiance. Five feet away stood a powerful Negro, his lips in a gelid grin, bluish smoke rising from the muzzle of a Lucky Thompson submachine gun. "Stay down, Mr. Bond!" The Thompson chattered again, planting 50 slugs in each Swegro, driving them to their backs. The smaller of the Swegroes looked up at the gunner in sorrow. "You could yust stop it. I tink I bane die now, baby." And the brown eyelids rolled over the blue pools.

The second shook a fist, continued to scream defiance and, back on his feet again, made a rhinolike charge at the CIA man, the steely fingers gouging into the man's throat. Bond could hear the newcomer's frantic grunts and he ignored the claret streaming down his side, pulled himself into a sitting position and snatched at a gun in the dead Swegro's hip holster. He put five bullets into the attacking Swegro's back, heard a groan and saw the man topple.

"You all right, buddy?" Bond said, then: "Watch it!" The CIA man spun to meet the Swegro's second charge, sidestepped it and retrieved the Thompson.

The Swegro turned, screamed, "Defiance! Defiance! Defiance!" took a round in the heart and lungs, clawed futilely at the CIA man, then muttered to himself, "Why should I do all the mothering work?" and fell on his face again.

"Don't go near him," Bond shouted. He staggered to the MBG, took a fragmentation grenade from the glove compartment and waved his ally away. He pulled the pin and shot-putted it onto the Swegro.

A minute after the explosion, the CIA man sniffed at the remains. "Well, there's a little fight left in him, but damn little, Mr. Bond. Let's make sure."

From the sleeve of his trench coat he wrested off a button and placed it in the Swegro's mouth. He folded his arms and waited.

"That's it. There was enough cyanide in that button to kill a hundred and forty thousand people, the population of Bremerhaven, Germany."

Then their eyes popped. The gutted mound that had been a Swegro stirred, and the mouth said, "The latest census puts Bremerhaven's population at a hundred and fifty thousand. Defiance! Defiance! Defi—" They heard a throat rattle. Then all was still.

There was no doubt now; the Swegro was dead.

. . .

Bond inhaled his 519th Raleigh of the

day. "He was a tough one," he said.

His rescuer nodded. "Swegroes usually are. Frankly, I don't know why the other one copped out so easy. Let's give a look." He gave the corpse a meticulous examination. "Look what I found in his back. A knife, and I'd say it was in at least six inches. Yours, Mr. Bond?"

"Hell, no."

"Wait, there's a name on the hilt. Property of Colonel Stuart Bentall, M. I. 5." I heard about him: British agent. But he's been dead for ten years. Which means this laddie's been toting a pigsticker in his back since 1956 or earlier. I guess one of our bullets must have driven the point into a vital organ."

Bond was kneeling by the two dead men near the Togliatti. "Not a mark on the Dagro. He must have succumbed from fright; Dagroes can't take it too well. Other one looks like a Bulgar or maybe a Bulgro. I got him all right. My initials, I. B., are in his forehead."

"Hey, Mr. Bond! You've been hit."

Goshen's giant saw Bond touch the sticky mess dribbling from his side and a profound sadness humanize the cruelly handsome face. "It's my waistcoat, made of bleeding madras," Bond said. "It took the brunt of the knife, saved my life." He cradled the garment in his muscular arms, knelt, scooped a hole in the sand and placed the waistcoat inside. "You know any decent words to say in Hindi or Urdu? No? Well, I'll just say something from my heart, that's all." He looked at the forlorn little mound of sand. "You were a good waistcoat. If there's some kind of a Laundromat for waistcoats where gentle non-Communist Chinks never use harsh detergents, I hope that's where you're headed. Shalom."

Bond picked up his Hickok belt and Korvette's luau car coat. "Since I owe you my life, I guess introductions are in order, partner. But you know me already." His grin was boyish, guilty. "Goshen didn't trust me, huh?"

The rugged CIA agent shrugged. "Well, you know Goshen." He proffered a shovel-sized hand. "Name's James Brown, CIA agent Seven-Eleven. The bigot who assigned me that number said it was a 'natural,' because so many of my people are expert crapshooters."

"Makes no difference to me, Jimbo," Bond said. "I read *Ebony* magazine all the time; Willie Mays is my favorite ballplayer, and if a fine, clean-cut Negro moved next door, say a Diahann Carroll, Nancy Wilson, Lena Horne, Barbara McNair or a Leslie Uggams, I sure as hell wouldn't go running to a realtor with a for-sale sign in my hand."

"You're an OK 'fay." Brown's initial wariness was gone, dissipated by the Israeli's frank, hard-hitting clarification of his position.

"And you're OK, too—in spades." Bond flipped back, drawing a hearty guffaw from Brown, who added seriously:

GO WHERE THE ACTION IS

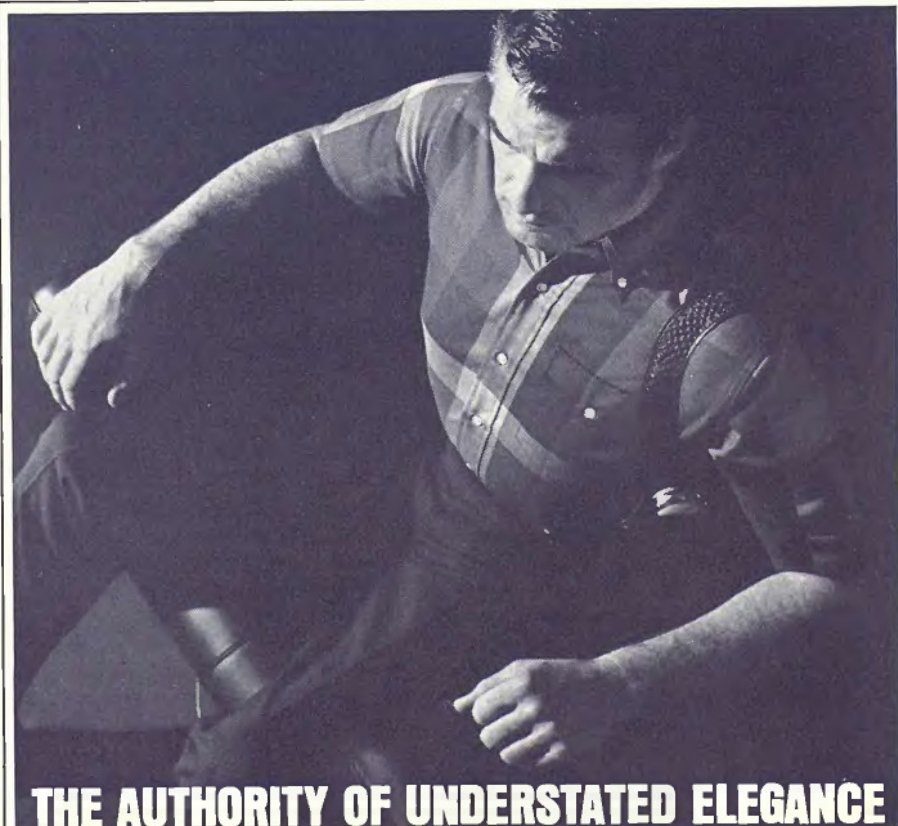


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"So you're really going to bust into Shivs?"

"Got to," Bond said, his jaw muscles bulging. He filled James Brown in on the caper, including his savage showdown with James Bund, threw in the Loxfinger and Matzohball sagas, but left out the detailed descriptions of the episodes with Liana and Indira and his entire sexual history. No sense cluttering up Brown's head with irrelevant information, he reasoned.

They got into the MBG. Bond used Button 61 to lob a brace of Calgrenades, $\frac{3}{4}$ -zis force, which blew the Togliatti and the helicopter to bits. "Can't leave a messy desert, Jimbo. Let's go."

"Hold it, pal. I have some data on the joint that might prove helpful. The top floor is for the personal use of the Shivs directorate. There's a conference room and the rest are individual suites for Auntie and Heinz Sem-Heidt, Holzknicht and the other seven. Third floor's for the household guard and the service corps. Second's for selected guests, big spenders who get free lodging and eats—no bargain, 'cause Shivs gets it all back and then some in the casino, which is on the first floor. Heinz runs the La Guerre Room. He wins big, too. Seven others run the rest of the gambling. Only Auntie and Holzknicht are never found in the casino. God knows what she does. He's got some kind of a lab upstairs where he fools around. One bit of good news—there are no Swegroes inside

Shivs, 'cause they might scare the customers away and the help, too. Bulgars, Bulgroes, Dagroes, Spigroes, Spigars—they do the strong-arm work. And then they have the dogs."

"Dogs?"

"Yup. Hohenzollerns."

"Jesus!" All right, buddy boy, he excoriated himself. So they have Hohenzollerns. And maybe more beasties that go bump in the night. You didn't think you were going to hear Ronald Reagan do readings from A. A. Milne, did you?

"In front of Shivs is the guest area, swimming pool, patio, bar, etc. As this map shows, it's rather small in comparison to the rest of the grounds. It's closed off by a 20-foot-high fence. I guess the management doesn't want them snooping around the rest of the estate. As for internal security, you must assume the rooms are bugged and that every non-guest hasn't got your personal interest at heart."

CIA agent Brown's account of the horrors within those walls cast a pall over both of them as they motored silently on, their eyes peering through the mist along the shore for the first glimpse of the witch's lair.

"Stop 'er, Mr. Bond." Fear constricted the voice, robbed it of its robustness. "We're about two hundred yards away. Close enough."

Israel Bond lit a Raleigh and noticed with a sardonic smile that it was the last one in the pack. An omen? The last

Raleigh he'd ever smoke? Some people wouldn't consider the prospect foreboding in the least, he knew, but they weren't secret agents walking into the mouth of hell. "If I don't make it, Jimbo, you'll find a couple of thousand cigarette coupons in the trunk. See that M gets 'em."

When Bond heard the truck grinding along the sandy path, he crouched behind a clump of spiny *sarajevo* cacti. As it pattered by, he saw the sign on its side, HAJI'S LAUNDRY, and then saw it stop at the rear gate.

Praying the squish, squish of the Andalusian bedsocks on the sand would not be heard over the idling motor, he raced to the back of the truck, his Vicks 44 in his right hand, put the point of it against the lock and blew it off, the Silentium Silencer muffling the discharge. He dove into a pile of something white and fragrant and closed the door behind him, his trained Double Oy nose telling him he had landed on a Rinso wash. Good-o! I've made a clean start!

Bond heard the driver and the guard, the latter's soft, slurring speech indicating its owner was a Bulgro, exchange a few jokes, one of them with the punch line "faggot maggot," and he tore up a Jackie Kannon towel in anger. God-damnit! That one was getting around too fast! There was no time to pencil the joke out of his notebook of goodies, for the truck was moving again. He heard the ominous clang of the closing gate.

OK, Shivs. I'm inside, he thought. I ask no quarter and I give no quarter.

Then he snickered at his Gung Ho-Don Winslow-Captain Midnight bravado. Big deal! These days, what the hell can you do with a quarter?

Through a small window in the rear door he could see they were passing through an area darkened by trees and thick foliage. He flung the door open and sprang onto a cobbled roadway, the impact sending a jolt of pain through his Andalusian bedsocks. He heard the clatter of the truck die. All was still, save for the humming of bees, the chirping of "katydid! katydid!" from one part of the forest, a scornful answering "Yenteh! Yenteh!" from another.

The squeak of wheels coming up the path sent him on a headlong dive into the nearest bush. He cursed himself for his precipitance, for he'd landed in a *chipango* plant whose spearlike shoots cut open his right cheek. The smell of his type-A blood sickened and frightened him. What if the dogs scented it?

A spasm went through his body when he heard the doggerel crooned by the iron voice.

"Fee, fie, foe, foo,
I smell the blood of a lurking Jew."

He was looking into the mustard-yellow orbs of Auntie Sem-Heidt.



"First we hold free elections, then we establish our own bylaws, and then, somehow, we've got to get affiliated with a national fraternity."

She sat in her wheelchair, her chalky face looking as though it had been fashioned from a thousand grave-worm bellies sewn together. Her clawlike fingers stroked the life-giving battery on her lap with a repulsive fondness. The wig she had chosen this afternoon was algae green, matched by a similar tint on her lips and a green-and-black house dress. "There is someone in the forest, Heinz."

"Nein, lieber Gerda. A small animal, perhaps, or the wind." Her mate stood by her side, stuffing Burgerbits into his cave of a mouth, his profane blimp of a body garbed in a Bavarian mountain climber's costume, white-lace dickey, red-velvet shorts and suspenders, the piano legs in lederhosen and red-leather Mary Jane sandals. "Let us continue our constitutional."

"Nein, we shall stop here for a moment. Locksley, a muffin, *bitte*."

The dwarf in the jester's outfit seemed pleased at being able to service his mistress. He took a muffin from her pocket and inserted it between the electromagnetic coils. Its scent filtered through the shoots to Bond's nose, enticing at first, then acrid, and he heard Auntie Sem-Heidt's invectives. "Cursed gnome! You have burned my muffin! Heinz, my knout!"

The scrawny arm lashed out with surprising power, the metal tip of the knout thudding against Locksley's back.

"Enough, Gerda. You will kill the creature," Heinz said. "A good dwarf nowadays is hard to find."

She acknowledged his wisdom. Locksley expressed his gratitude for the cessation of the flagellation with a cartwheel, during which he clapped his hands several times. It drew a whinny of approval from his mistress.

"Your gyrations have pleased me, dear freak." The claws patted the puckered apple of a face. "I shall reward you with a chance to see Auntie Gerda's little toy. Behold!" She spread open the house dress and the dwarf did a triple cartwheel this time.

Gottenu! The Israeli's gray eyes did cartwheels of their own. Z's voice echoed: "He gave her an external plastic heart and it works."

If his own heart had not been pounding so stridently, he would have heard the rush of air and the snarling "baa-a-a" just before the thing hit him like a bullet. *Gevaldt!* He could not stifle the cry as the teeth and horn penetrated his right shoulder. "I was correct!" the iron voice called. "There is an intruder! The dog has flushed him."

A 135-pound steel-ribbed Hohenzollern, the part-German shepherd, part-German sheep bred by the SS during the Forties in the Black Forest for sentry duty and ferreting out downed Allied fliers, was worrying at his throat, the foul-smelling saliva now mixed with Bond's blood dripping from the fangs.

He could see the orange-and-black coat, the thick white mushroom of wool on its skull and the hard lance of a unihorn: Hohenzollerns, nervous, unstable, as apt to tug out a friend's throat as an enemy's.

Man and beast were rolling over and over, both raked by spines and shoots, the former's right elbow taking the fury of the teeth. Bond's left hand grasped the stem of the woolen mushroom and pulled it over the creature's mad-dog eyes, blinding it for a vital second, then with a superhuman effort drove the animal against the trunk of a tree. There was a yelp and the spine snapped.

Ignoring the claret pouring out of his mangled arm and shoulder, he ran deeper into the brush, for a chorus of baa-a-as told him the whole pack had been set loose on his bloody trail.

Gottenu! Fire ants, crazed by the odor of blood, were sliding down little poles and swarming out of their hills. He brushed a loathsome phalanx off his body, but not before the pincers had carved out another chunk of shoulder.

Then Bond heard the baying of the Hohenzollerns and he trembled as he pushed his torn body through cacti, thornbushes and Wilkinson swordgrass, his Korvette's luau car coat in shreds. The terrain grew soft, then—splash!—he was knee-deep in a slimy pond, its muddy brown slowly stained red by his dripping wounds. Brown, red—and now—silver! A silvery mass darting across the water—Gottenu!—voracious yellow teeth were ripping into his legs.

Somehow he managed to stumble to the other side, avoiding the snapping jaws of a jacare, the Brazilian crocodile, which he dispatched by emptying all of his Vicks 44 slugs into its eyes. There was no time to skin the creature to compensate himself for part of this ordeal by treating himself to a fine pair of Amazonian bedsocks (150 quasars retail if they were a farthingale), because the red-eyed, steel-fanged Hohenzollerns, six of them, came through the thicket to the opposite side of the pond. "What a croc!" Bond said, looking at the body of the slain jacare with regret, and turned to meet the new challenge.

Though they growled and thrust at the air with their unihorns, they did not charge across the pond. They know what's in there, he thought. Got to make 'em mad enough to do it. Another psychological-warfare bit?

"You yellow, lily-livered Deutsche hunds—come and take a Jew, if you can! Come on, krauts. I've seen Chihuahuas that could kick the crap out of the whole bunch of you." One braced to spring; an older, wiser head bit into its tail to constrain it.

Bond spoke a flat, pedantic sentence: "According to the better trade magazines, the Renault outperforms the Volkswagen in every way."

Now there was no holding them back. The impetuous one left his tail in the older Hohenzollern's mouth to lead the charge. The others followed suit, eyes rolling with insensate hatred, coming on for the kill. They never reached him. One by one they were savaged by the silvery mass, howling in agony as they went under; again the water swirled with red and pink.

Pieroghana! The flesh-loving Polish devilfish of the Vistula river, known to drag down careless fishermen, pleasure boats and, in three recorded instances, governments . . .

"Dobrze, dobrze! Good, good! . . ." Bond lost consciousness.

To his amazement the voice was not iron, the eyes were not yellow but brown, intelligent, almost sympathetic.

"Let us talk quickly. Oy Oy Seven. There is little time. Even now Gerda is dressing for the extraordinary occasion of inflicting—uh, let us say testing some unusual devices upon the catch of her lifetime, Secret Agent Israel Bond. Cooperate with me, Bond, and I will save you from indescribable suffering. I want to know how much M 33 and I/3 knows about Operation Alienation, how deeply the CIA is involved, what plans both have for counterattacking, how the new king can best be gotten to and eliminated, as well as a few items to sate my personal curiosity."

Bond, his hands chained to the wall, saw a bland face and the high forehead of the scholar. His questioner was a man of medium height with a military crewcut who wore a white lab coat. Of course—Dr. Ernst Holzknight, whose mild appearance belied his status as the evil genius behind Eretz Israel's woes.

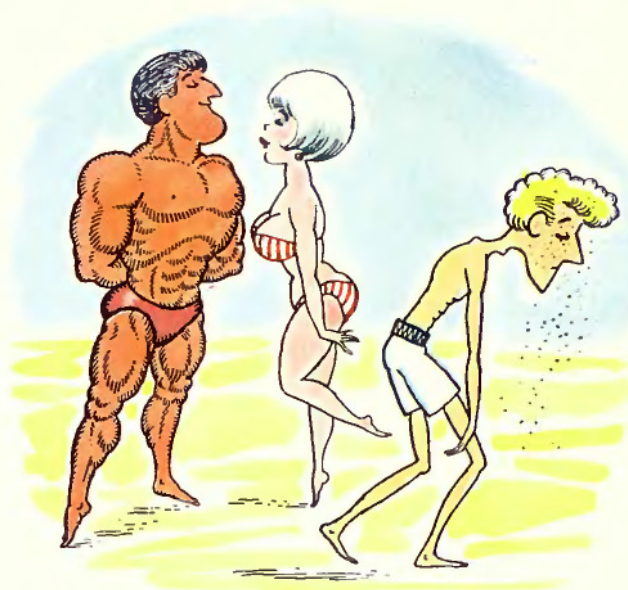
"Where am I, Holzknight?" He would not give the kraut the courtesy of "Herr Doktor," no matter what the cost. "And remember, under the terms of the Geneva convention I can only give you my name, rank and zip code."

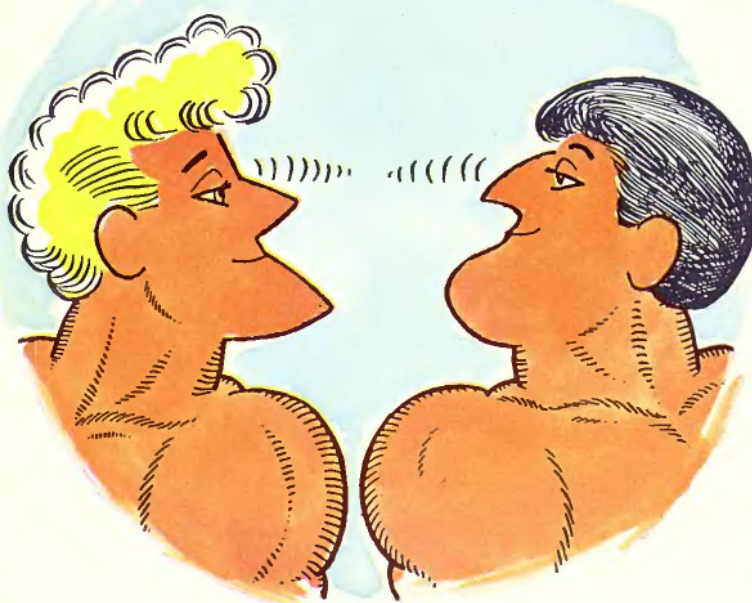
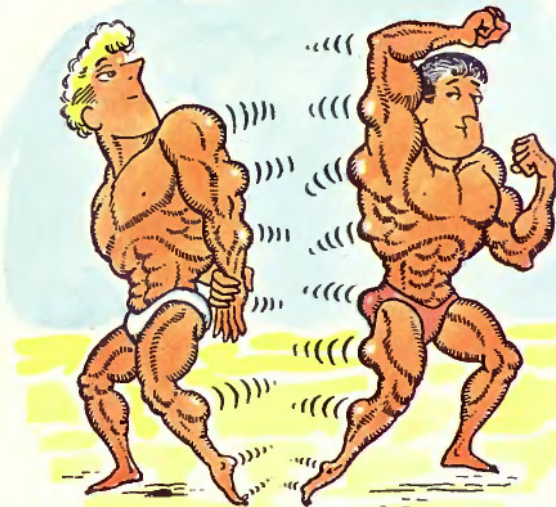
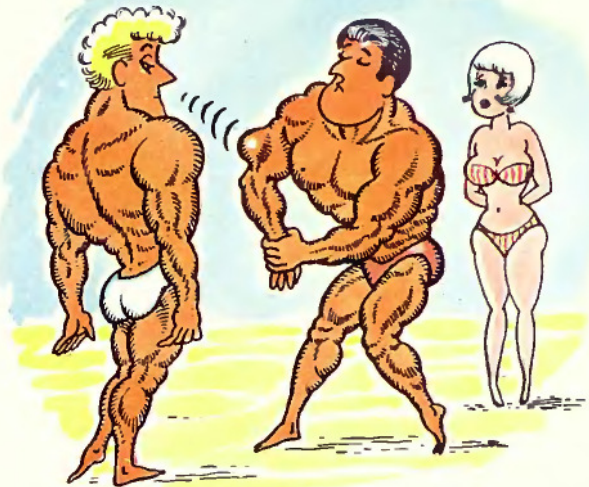
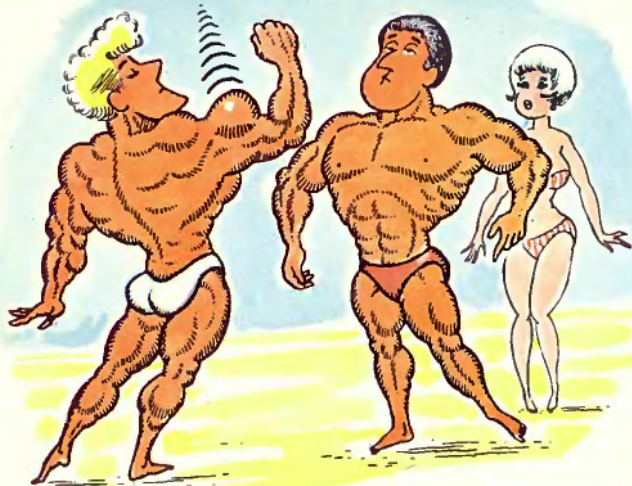
Dr. Holzknight blew a mouthful of Muriel smoke into his face. "You are in the cellar of Shivs, the very site where Oy Oy Five met his end, so you see, there is no regard for Geneva's niceties here."

Bond inhaled the fetid air. "And if I cooperate, then what? Autographed pictures of David McCallum and Robert Vaughn?"

"I will reward you with a quick, painless death, an injection of *diathorenzyme-sheckygreene*, and say that you died of your many wounds, which, if you'll notice, I have treated. I have no personal interest in torturing you. It would serve no scientific purpose."

"You're not like the others, Holzknight. You're a genius of medicine and psychiatry, you don't enjoy sadism, and I see you're wearing a pair of fifty-colodny Dr. Joyce Brothers bedsocks,





Jaffee

which means you have a fully developed artistic sensitivity; yet you align yourself with these ghouls. Why?"

"That is a long story, Bond. Ja, I agree; the Sem-Heids are quite mad. Heinz is a fat-swollen sybarite who lives only for calories and the cheap thrills of the *la guerre* table. Gerda is a monster who must cause some kind of misery every day of her life or she finds life meaningless. I regret that a man of my intellect and taste has been forced to seek alliance with them, but TUSH has the finances to underwrite my researches."

"Can't those researches be conducted for some democratic country? I'm sure your indiscretions would be forgiven."

"You do not fully understand, Bond. The main reason I am with TUSH is because I concur with its ultimate aim. Even as a young scientist I was far ahead of my older, allegedly wiser colleagues in understanding the monumental problems facing mankind. Long ago I foresaw the great upheavals arising from awakened nationalism in the emerging countries, the impact of the population explosion, the terrible food shortages, automation, water pollution, the threat of attack by aliens from other planets and the ever-growing possibility that the sun may die in five billion years, leaving earth a cold, shriveled, dead mass of rock. With my logical, dispassionate scientist's mind, I arrived at one incontestable solution to all these problems."

"And that is?"

"We have got to destroy all the Jews."

"Well," Bond said uncertainly, "if you put it *that way*"—then he was furious at himself for a momentary weakness—"no, damnit, no! I won't play ball, kraut. Do your worst."

"So? A pity." The doctor sighed. "In that case, I shall leave you in the capable claws of Auntie Sem-Heidt. First, however, we shall soften you up." He walked to a corner of the cell and slid open the lid of a screened cage. "Good day, Bond, and goodbye." He was gone.

From the cage came a soft scratching sound—then, one by one, out came an abhorrent line of crawling brown things, each about six inches long, with countless little feet and curved claws at each end. Israel Bond felt the hair on the back of his neck—rising!

He was about to be attacked by a miggle of millepedes from the Lesser Antilles. Six of them!

They moved inexorably toward him. He could pick out the pin points of red that were their eyes. Their bites might not mean death, at least the instantaneous kind, just simple agony that would turn his fine black hair white and the dark, cruelly handsome face into a Dorian Gray within seconds.

In his terror he twisted at his manacles, rubbing huge patches of skin from his wrists; they held. Something clanged

against the floor and he realized that in his straining desperation he had snapped the Tuck Tape that bound the Instant Processed Cold Rolled Extra Strength Steel tool to his calf. Alas, it was six inches (the exact length of the filthy stalkers) from his feet. Might as well be six miles, he lamented, as the line of millepedes moved on, now less than a foot away, their claws held high to lance into flesh. He closed his eyes. "Hear O Israel, the Lord Our God, The Lord is One." He waited for the first prickle of millepede feet on his legs, the first claw squirting venom.

What was taking them so long?

He opened his eyes.

They had stopped in their tracks, deploying in battle formation toward the steel-barred opening that served as the cell's only window.

Crawling through the bars, caught by a shaft of fading sunlight, was the enormous, hairy, tarantulalike ant of the Arabian Desert, a solpugid, searching for food.

"Solpugid. Sol. Sollie, baby." Thrice he entreated the new arrival in a voice cracking with emotion. "Help me, Sol. Help one of your own who's up against it now. Don't stop to polemicize about Orthodox, Conservative and Reform differences. *Ich bin a Yid, Sollie. Du bist aicht. Helf meer!*"

The arachnid seemed to comprehend. It quickened its pace, furry legs impelling it into the midst of the enemy, the terrible jaws scoring direct hits time and again. Three of them were cut in twain, the severed halves thrashing in death throes. But Solpugid had been slashed damagingly by two of them hitting it from both sides in a prearranged pincer plan; its vital juices ebbed from the bites. It drove back at the two attackers, pulling them within the area of the jaws. Bond heard the crunch of the jaws into their carapaces. One left!

"Sol! Behind you!" It spun to meet the sneak attack—too late—and the claw laden with excruciating poison struck home. Solpugid shook the millepede off its back with a mighty heave, which sent it banging into a wall, then chomped it into jagged bits.

Gottenu! Bond thought. It's saved me. Then he felt a new thrill of horror as he heard the elevator whine, bearing, he knew, the Bitch of Schweinbaden.

That damned tool! So near, yet so far.

He looked at the barely alive Solpugid.

"Sol, that hunk of metal. If you've got anything left—push it over to me."

A few of the eyes blinked dully. It's so damn shot through with poison it can't hear me anymore, Bond thought.

Solpugid got up.

With its last atom of power, it staggered up on three of its eight legs (the rest, no doubt, were numbed by the cir-

culating venom), geared itself for a final rush and smashed into the chunk of metal, which, Bond deduced, must have outweighed it 150 times. The tool skipped over the stone, coming to rest against his ankle just as the elevator hit bottom. Bond was in action, kicking off an Andalusian bedsock, pinching the device between his toes, kicking up and catching it with his even, white teeth. He ignored the claret oozing from the corner of his cut sensual mouth, bit harder into the tool and with a series of nods worked it against his bonds. He smelled the burning metal shavings as the IPRESS file ate its effortless way through the links, and suddenly he was falling on his face as they gave way. No time to crow (he was a poor birdcall imitator anyway)—the squeak of the wheelchair down a cellar corridor and the harri-dan's cackle were broadcasting a message: Run! Run! Live to fight another day when the odds are better.

"Olav Ha Shalom," he whispered to the dead arachnid, then scraped the IPRESS file against the bars, which crumbled before its fantastic ridges. Bond fled into the sultry night.

• • •

On the sound theory that TUSH would expect him to high-tail it as far from Shivs as his battered frame could take him, Bond coolly walked up the stairs of the porch, through the lobby now bustling with guests about to start their night's run at the tables and, shunning the elevator, went up via the service stairs. His object: the fourth floor and the documents that would incriminate the heinous junta before the whole world.

The fourth floor was deserted, the directors and Heinz Sem-Heidt downstairs running the games. At the conference-room door sat a dozing Spigar in a gold-lamé frock coat, opera hat and Alexander Graham bell-bottom jeans, a Dennis-Morgan antelope gun on his lap. From the smell it was obvious the man had been drinking heavily, and it was an easy matter for Bond to take the weapon from his hands and bash his head in.

The room held nothing of interest for him except for a few Muriel cigars in a bowl, which he took. He ransacked eight of the directors' suites, again finding nothing rewarding, eschewed a ninth, obviously the doctor's, when he heard the bubbling of some chemical or other. But he received a jolt when he delicately opened the door to the tenth suite.

She was in the wheelchair, the yellow eyes masked by chalk-white lids on whose surface were branching green and red veins; snores gurgled from the thin nose and blue lips. Her hand rested on the jester's cap of Locksley, who slept in a barbed-wire crib next to the wheelchair, his thumb in his mouth.

Bond tiptoed across the threadbare rug,

kicking aside strewn-about house dresses, his gray eyes darting into nook and cranny for the documents. On the walls he saw shelves lined with her personal library—*A Child's Garden of Perversion*, *Jayne's Fighting Whips of the World 1965-66*, *De Sade—He Really Knew How to Hurt a Guy*—and a pennant, SCHWEINBADEN, CAMP OF THE MONTH FOR THREE STRAIGHT YEARS.

And then he found it—the safe. He prayed the tom-tom that was his heart would not rouse the crone as he pulled the sandpaper from his hip pocket and sensitized the tips of his long tapering fingers. Click! The first tumbler—five minutes passed—click!—the second—good-o! He glanced at the radioactive dial on his shockproof Pathetik-Philippe. Nine-twenty. In another ten minutes the safe would yield its treasure. By ninety-three the proof of the existence of Operation Alienation would be in his hand.

Nine-thirty!

Gottenu!

She would be at the oasis at ninety-three, his own and only true love, Sarah Lawrence of Arabia!

Well, Oy Oy Seven, what comes first, your personal happiness or the destruction of the powers of darkness?

The papers would be there tomorrow, he told himself as he bounded down the stairs and through the lobby.

He chopped down on the doorman's neck with his stiffened left hand and commandeered a Lincoln Continental convertible, flattening the front gate, two Bulgroes and a Dagro on his juggernaut jaunt to the desert.

A million jewels hung suspended on the black-velvet night. Somewhere the choir sang a Norman Luboff arrangement of *Stairway to the Stars* to the accompaniment of the Archie Shepp Trio. Gottenu, he thought, my kingdom for six dozen oysters laced with Gallo Wine!

As he parked the Continental under the palms, he heard the *dee dee, da, da, da, da, dee dee* theme (this time a scat version by Annie Ross; Sarah had cleverly changed tapes for a new dramatic effect), and his body began tingling in all the right places, even in a few new ones he had never dreamed were zones of erogeneity—the tips of his Andalusian bedsocks and the loops of his Hickok belt.

The white camel poked its nose over the rim of a dune and the cool musical voice said, "Come, Mr. Bond. My desert is waiting." No second invitation was required. He crashed through the windshield, paying no heed to the new cuts and bruises, and slid down its hood to the lukewarm sand. Now he was on Latakia, encircling Sarah's waist, thrilling to her whispered: "Blue heaven and you and I."

"And sand kissing a moonlit sky," he breathed. "Miss Lawrence, will you

convert to my faith, marry me and set me up in business?"

"Yes, yes, oh yes!"

They slid off the camel onto the dune. His sensual lips brushed her eyes and found to his delight she was a Murine girl. "Take off your veil, Miss Lawrence, and let me see the seventh heaven of seventh heavens."

The voice was pleading. "Nay, let us preserve the illusion of this first night between us, Mr. Bond. I pray you."

"I accede, my sweet. Does that restriction apply to your golden robe as well?"

She trembled. "It is yours to do with as you wish, man of mine. Lift it."

His eyes closed, the long tapering fingers drawing warmth from her thighs.

"One question, Israel Bond. I know you love me, but why do you want to climb upon my body?"

It came out of him with passionate conviction.

"Because it is there."

A modest moon blushed and slipped behind the dune and as his thighs

conquered hers, she emitted one heated word:

"Ra-a-a-w—ther!"

• • •

He awoke with the first heat of the day to find the note pinned to the belt of his sunslax.

"My dearest, dearest, adored one. How can I ever convey the gratitude of a girl who has been taken beyond the boundaries of all that is man's to know? Every 500 years the great *lindalady* bird flies out of a secret passage in the tomb of Ran-Sid the Ninth and devours a single grain of the Arabian Desert's sand, then disappears back into the dark recesses of that sacred burial place. When that bird has eaten the desert's last grain of sand and is taken to the Great Academy of Medicine at Khartoum for a high colonic, then one second of eternity will have elapsed. I shall love you for *all* of eternity, Israel Bond. Until that glorious day when we are made one under the traditional canopy of your faith . . . and I have already committed



"I'll tell you why I stabbed him twenty times.
I couldn't turn off the
electric carving knife, that's why!"

to memory the Aleph-Baze and three of the five books of Moses . . . I remain yours completely—Sarah Lawrence of Arabia."

On the way back to the palace an elated Israel Bond sang the joyous, wild songs of his childhood. *I Took My Girl to the Enginehouse, She Was a Lulu, Country Boy, Country Boy, Sittin' on a Rock*, his heart pumping the electrifying news: She's mine! She's mine!

In fact, those were the first words he cried as he saw Neon Zion and Monroe Goshen sitting by the great pool, their heads down, their eyes those of beaten dogs.

"Congratulations." Goshen's comment was dry, insincere.

"Come on, Monroe. You can do better than that for an ol' buddy about to kick the bachelor habit. How about you, 113?"

Neon turned his face away from Bond and kicked a les crane to death.

"Iz," Goshen said with resignation. "While you were running off half-cocked and unauthorized after TUSH and your lady fair, the king was kidnaped."

Gottenu! Bond slapped his forehead. "How?"

"Bunch of guys in white burnouses, the Wheys, stormed in with guns and took him to a court of judgment at their camp. 'Pears someone told 'em he's a phony. They're going to try him, then behead him. I don't think even the Lawrence dame can get him out of this one."

In the MBG, Bond wallowed in self-loathing as Neon and Goshen continued their "Coventry." I've done it this time, he thought, fouled up the assignment, failed to get the goods on TUSH. Beame was right: I've had it with M 33 and 1/3. Win, lose or draw; this is the last caper, Oy Oy Seven.

Bond had the MBG at an impossible 289.7 hectares, liquefying the road surface, until he pulled into the encampment of a thousand white tents. They got out, arms held high judiciously, covered by stone-faced sentries armed with Mickey Mausers. "Take us to the king," Bond demanded.

"There is no king," one spat, "just an impostor. Follow me, infidels."

More inflammatory TUSH agitprop, Bond figured. Thanks to Sarah, it didn't work on the Kurds, so now they've poisoned the Wheys.

In the center of a circle of thousands of men in white burnouses sat LeFagel, his hands fluttering. "Save me, Super-Semite, save me!"

An aged warrior, obviously the muktar of the tribe, called out scornfully. "What is the judgment of the Wheyan people?"

"Death! Death! Death!" The verdict rasped out of thousands of throats. Gottenu! Bond thought. If I'd had the Luden's franchise, I'd leave this enclave a multimillionaire.

LeFagel drew himself up, a new dignity in his bearing. Good-o! Bond thought. It may be the end, but he's going out like a man. My tutelage has not been for nought.

The muktar dragged his ax along the sand, the blade cutting a furrow to LeFagel, who knelt to receive it across the back of his neck.

Now it was lifted high, its awful symmetry caught by the sun—

Crack! It was flying out of the muktar's hands.

Sarah Lawrence of Arabia, astride Lakatia, those black eyes at the sights of a Congoleum-Nairn-516 elephant gun, broke through the circle of white-burnoused tribesmen, and the beast trotted to LeFagel's side.

"Before you dare to spill the truly royal blood of Hakmir's son, I would beg for one boon," she said. "I have brought a great holy man with me, who has been touring our land with his spiritual cavalcade. True, he is not of your faith, but he speaks for all mankind with a transcendent message of universality. Listen as I translate his words, then decide if you are to murder your rightful ruler." She beckoned and a wizened little man in a Righteous Brothers white linen suit, string tie and 11-gallon Tex Ritter hat entered astride an imposing Arabian steed.

By thunder! Bond thought. It's Oral Vincent Graham, the tent evangelist, the man who stirred the world's heart just before the climactic showdown with Loxfinger in the Red Sea! But can even his words still the enmity in this tension-charged situation?

Oral Vincent Graham stood in the stirrups, his keen eyes gauging the hostile mood of the bloodthirsty crowd. He would have to choose his words well. A king's life hung in the balance.

"Whomsoever gainsayeth the measure of men? Yea, whomsoever gainsayeth? Dare ye of small measure gainsay what is not man's to gainsay?"

He paused to let his statement sink in; a wave of angry murmurs assailed his ears. They were stirred up! Good!

"The days of the years are as three-score and ten; to the more fortunate, ten-score and three. Wherefore walketh he who gainsayeth not? To green valleys and lush fields, sayeth the sages, yet do not even the sages gainsay and not sayeth? Sometimes?"

"Pride goeth before a fall, yea, and so doth summer. In the winter of our years we seek the summer, gainsaying it when we can, not gainsaying it when we cannot. Who among ye strays from righteous gainsaying, who dares to number among his summers threescore and ten of straying, gainsaying, measuring and scoring?"

Bond could hear Sarah Lawrence sobbing. He knew the tears were soaking into the veil; his own cheeks were wet.

"Lest ye who would be judged c'en to the measure of the days of your years, beware! Hist! Even to thy children's children and thy children's children's children. For the sins of the father delight the father. Hist! Lest ye hist in haste! If a man walketh not alone, can it not be truly said that he is with someone? Whether in vales or fields? Gainsaying?"

"Oh, my friends, hist and harken. Let it not be said, I say unto you—*let it not be said!*" He closed his eyes. "Amen."

Even as the skies echoed the last crescendo of his wrath (bouncing his words off both vales and fields), the muktar and his people were kneeling before LeFagel, smothering his hands with kisses. "Forgive us, O glorious planter of a thousand irrigated opium fields!"

The king placed his hand upon the sorrowful muktar's head. "You are forgiven, muktar; now go make peace with the Kurds and together we shall go on with the winning of the East."

Bond's first impulse was to rush to Sarah Lawrence of Arabia's side, but he saw her riding off into the sunset, her head bowed in thankful supplication. "See you at the dune, baby!" he shouted.

The ride back to Hakmir's palace was exuberant, LeFagel leading the applause for the little evangelist, who kept insisting he had not done anything to deserve it. "Speech wasn't even mine, Mr. Bond. I must 'fess up. I cribbed it verbatim from an obscure little volume called *Thoughts for Alternate Thursdays* by some chap I never even heard of. Name of Lavi Ha Lavi."

Goshen put his hand in Bond's. "Guess we all owe you an apology, Oy Oy Seven. Thanks to that quick-thinking filly of yours, King Baldroi is now accepted by all of his people, which scotch- es at least one half of the TUSH scheme. A united people will see to it their king isn't killed; ergo, TUSH fails, its stock goes down on the Espionage Exchange. Shame you haven't been able to expose the terrible plot against your people, though. Maybe it just isn't in the cards."

Bond shook the little CIA op chief's lapels. "Yes, yes! The cards! The cards!"

"You cracking, Iz?"

"No, Monroe. You said it isn't in the cards, but it *is*—literally. What will happen if I go back in there and take on TUSH at *la guerre*, smash their organization by bankrupting it? How can they pay off their agents and run their vast world-wide network if they're broke?"

Goshen looked into those gray eyes, once again hot with the lust for battle. "You may have something there, Iz. But, my God, man, do you realize the kind of stakes you'd need to play a showdown game with Sem-Heidi? Astronomical."

Bond flashed a hard grin. "Raise it, then, damnit! Your government blows billions trying to ferret out these villains. Let me have that stake, buddy boy,

and I'll wreck 'em for all time!"

A slow smile began to steal across the dour, puritanical face. "Sounds crazy, but why not? I'll have to make a call to the Tall Texan, maybe have him cancel the loan to Thailand and send the money your way."

"I'll need," said Bond, running his fingers over his head, "at least six more coats of Beacon Wax, 113. If you can scrounge up some shellac to mix in with it, fine." Neon left the royal suite to carry out Bond's bidding.

Bond sat in his Arcaro jockey shorts, the bible of the great game, *Scarne on La Guerre*, at his elbow, as he practiced a few exquisite maneuvers, the "Richelieu Riffle," the "Buffalo Shuffle" and the tricky "Crusader's Cut."

Goshen put aside the breezy, informative *National Enquirer*, whose front page featured EDDIE SEZ: IF LIZ WANTED ME BACK I'D GO BACK, BUT NOT UNLESS DICK COULD LEARN TO CARE FOR DEBBIE AND MR. ED'S SECRET SHAME. He hurled a packet into Bond's lap. "There's your stake, Iz, eighty billion quasars, which represents the advance the Tall Texan got from his publisher for *The Great Society's Genyewine Coloring Book* and *Games Texas People Play*. As a precaution, I'm coming along with my CIA boys so TUSH won't get any ideas about highjacking the dough—if you win."

Back came Neon with the ingredients. As Bond slipped into his Sy Devore *la guerre* gambling outfit—Sammy Davis blue tuxedo, Levi Strauss' "After Nine" formal Levi's and his last pair of rare, 500-quasar Carpathian bedsocks fashioned from the pelts of werewolf puppies—the industrious 113 worked the mixture into Bond's scalp. "It's hard as a rock, Oy Oy Seven."

Bond sent a stream of Raleigh smoke against the artificial plant in the corner. It shriveled, edges curling, and died. "Let's go."

His pudgy hands caressing a pile of fuchsia billion-quasar notes, Heinz Sem-Heidt looked around the table. Ach, the fight was gone from this crowd; they had been no match for his Teutonic precision. In Position One was Baroness Yvette Mimeo, a principal stockholder in the A. B. Dick Company, her sun-dered skull on the table, claret flooding from a deep fissure. Two and Three were occupied by the Iranian frozen-custard magnates, Nassim Zolzein-Shah and his simpering wife, the man obviously dead, the woman babbling incoherently. Four, Five and Six were vacant. The For-mosan beef and bean-sprout syndicate, playing erratically as all Orientals do, had been wiped out early. Two had died from the rigors of the game, the third had decently blown his brains out with the Hayley-Mills pistol provided by the

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management. Number Seven's occupant had yet to put in an appearance. *Zehr goot!* A new goose to pluck!

Shuffling the six packs of cards that go into each boot, Heinz Sem-Heidt did not notice the entrance of the lean, dark, cruelly handsome man flanked by a coterie of dangerous-looking individuals until the menacing voice made the 4800 ounces of flab in his body tremble.

"Position Seven this night will properly be occupied by Oy Oy Seven. Yo challenge banco."

The words hit the crowd like a thunderclap. The bank had been challenged! In ten seconds every gaming room in Shivs was deserted by patrons rushing to witness the drama of a lifetime.

Heinz Sem-Heidt looked into the gray eyes of Israel Bond. The quasar notes fell from his hands.

"Strict rules of Scarne, kraut: triple bidding and the Foch boots. Agreed?"

"Ja." Buckets of sweat rolled down the jellyfish jowls. "Herr Zentner," he said to the croupier. "The Foch boots, bitte."

Bond lit a Raleigh and watched Zentner place the original combat boots worn by Marshal Foch in the Great War upon the baize cloth and put six packs of cards (examined first by Goshen) into each toe. Two other Germans, Sturm and Drang, lugged in the caldron of steaming Cream of Wheat, another vital part of the time-honored ritual.

Zentner placed a bowl of Cream of Wheat in each contestant's left hand, a Foch boot in the right. The crowd ceased its hubbub. "*Monsieurs, C'est—*"

"*La guerre!*" Bond and his porcine foe screamed it simultaneously, hurling the Cream of Wheat into each other's faces and bludgeoning each other's heads with the Foch boots, which, as they made contact, opened at the toes to permit a pink card to fall onto the baize.

Shaking his head to clear the fuzziness, Bond spoke. "Mine has—let me see—one, two, three, four, five, six black things. Yours has; oh, hell, *you* count 'em, Nazi."

"I see three, possibly four."

"Page eighteen of *Scarne on Counting* states clearly: 'Six beats three, possibly four.' You sure it isn't three *and* four, which would give you an aggregate of seven?"

"Nein."

"I said *seven*, not nine, you effing kraut! Cheating already?" When Zentner pointed out Sem-Heidt had meant no, Bond gave a cruel laugh. "OK, fat boy. Shove over two hundred forty billion quasars. Now I'm tripling the triple bid."

"*C'est—*"

"*La guerre!*"

Cereal and boots flew unerringly to their targets. Gottenu! Bond thought,

Beacon Wax might not yellow my head, but can it take sustained punishment? I feel it starting to crack.

His finger ticked off the red hearts on the left side of the card—four. Were there more? Yes! Two in the center, which gave him a total of six. Now, if only the right side of the card—hallelujah! One, two, three, four more! Without question, he was holding a ten. No, *eleven*—another red heart had appeared! Uh-uh, buddy boy, there are no elevens. The latecomer is a drop of your type-A blood! "Switches les boots, Sem-Heidt. Privilege of the challenger. And what's your card?"

"I count four diamonds on my card. Are there more, Herr Zentner? Nein? I have lost again."

As the men exchanged boots, Bond said in a furry voice: "That's two thousand one hundred sixty scullions, uh, billiards—"

"Billions," Goshen corrected him. "Iz, you're way ahead, but you're starting to go round the bend. Quit now before he pounds you into sawdust."

"No, no," Bond argued, his hand to his scalp. "Got to go on till he's busted. His boot was heavier, Monroe. That's why I called a switcher." To Sem-Heidt: "Another triple triple, Nazi."

Cereal flew and boots crashed, Bond trumping Sem-Heidt four more times and soon the Nazi's face was blocked from Bond's view by the latter's mound of 15,553 trillion quasars. "Want to dip into your colodnys now, Heinz?"

"Ja, der colodnys, *jüdischer Schweinhund*." Despite his staggering deficit, there was supreme confidence on the swollen face. Heinz Sem-Heidt made an undetected move with his right foot, kicking the wastebasket under the table.

With the change of currency, the German's luck changed—and he came up with seven trumps in a row, all on aces of spades, whittling Bond's pile to less than half of his original stake.

Bond's bleary eyes caught the smug satisfaction on the inner-tube lips. Rivulets of claret rolled from his lacerated head onto the baize. Gottenu! Damn near busted—what a rotten run of luck; beaten by seven straight aces of spades.

Hold on! Seven? In a combat boot with six decks of cards that should have six aces of spades? Buddy boy, the Hun is shafting you! And I wouldn't be surprised if Holzknight gave him some illegal head coating—metal maybe.

Bond squandered 20 billion quasars on the next hand to see how it was being done, incurring a terrible jolt that sent the last fragments of Beacon Wax sliding off his skull onto his claret-spattered Sammy Davis tux. His own boot missed badly, but on his follow-through his bloodshot eye saw the hand snake out of the wastebasket and deposit another ace

of spades in Sem-Heidt's hand, good enough to beat his nine of clubs, he knew from past experience.

"I—I feel sick," Bond said and fell over the table, deliberately ramming his torn shoulder into the caldron of hot, bubbling Cream of Wheat.

"Clumsy schwein!" snarled Sem-Heidt, ducking the steaming white avalanche, then recoiling in horror as he saw it flow over the edge of the table into the basket. Soon the basket was overflowing with cereal and there was a horrible stench of something burning, a futile thrashing inside. Stillness.

A swaying Bond, steadied by Goshen and Neon, pointed a finger at the basket. "Dump it out on the table."

Gasps flew throughout the La Guerre Room as the basket was turned over and the cooked cereal-saturated body of Locksley, the dwarf, fell onto the baize with a spongy thump, the puckered baked apple of a face in the horrifying attitude of death.

And with the dwarf and the cascading Cream of Wheat was something else—dozens of sodden aces of spades. Israel Bond spread them out and issued a clarification cry:

"Yo declaro coup de cheato; ergo, yo conquero banco!"

"Cheat! Cheat! Cheat!" The shouts barraged Heinz Sem-Heidt's ears. "Coup de cheato!"

"Which means, Nazi, according to the rules of Scarne, the whole kit and caboodle is mine—quasars, colodnys, the five-pack of Muriel Cigars in your lapel pocket, plus any decent phone numbers in your little black book. You're out of business. I've just kicked your organization on its tush. Take 'em all, Monroe."

The blob began to weep as the CIA team fanned out and covered the seven other German directors. "She will kill me! If you don't protect me, she will kill me!"

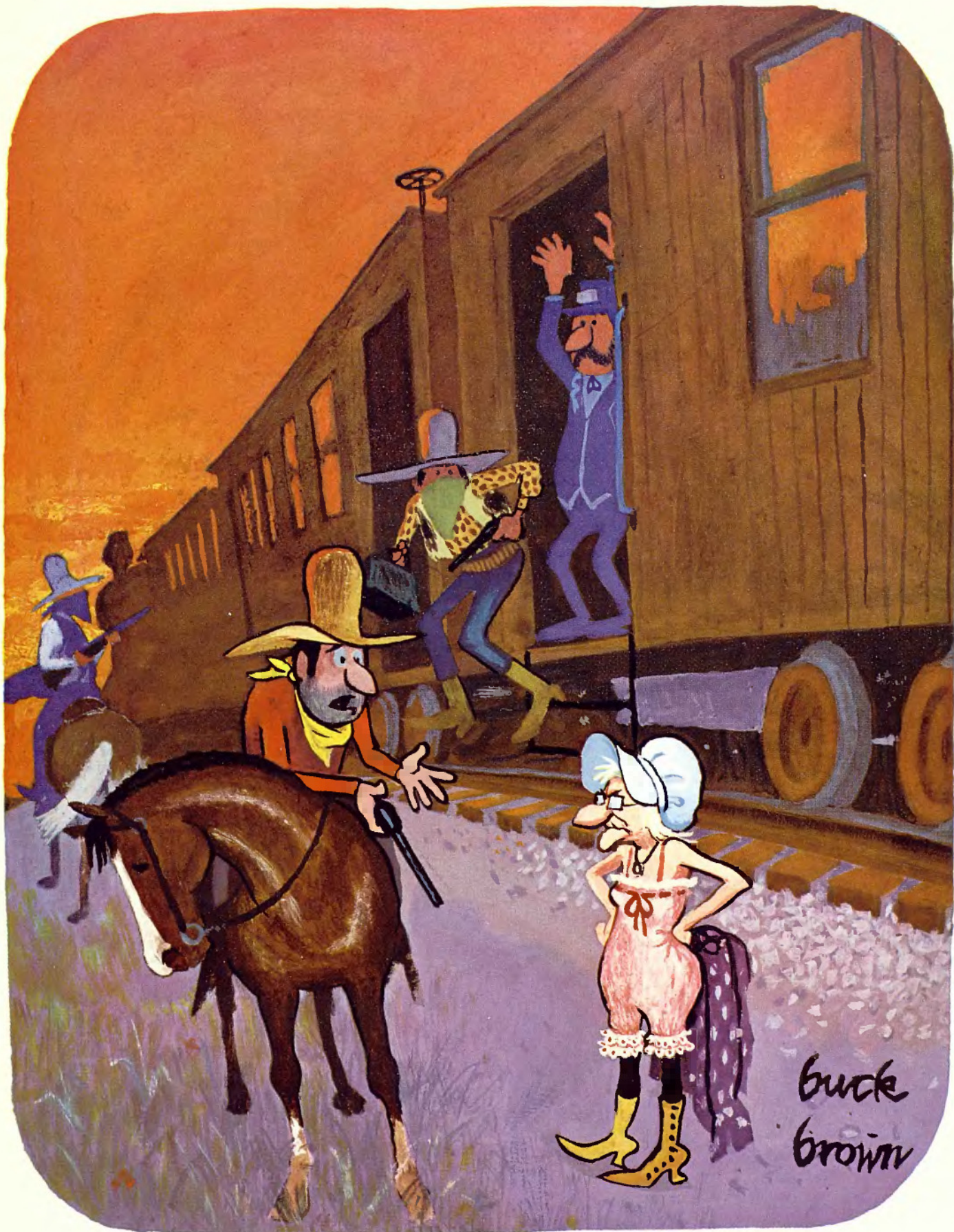
Goshen ordered his men to clear the room. He gave it straight to the teary Sem-Heidt. "We'll give you the fullest protection, Nazi, if you spill the beans about Tush's plot against the king and Judaism. Otherwise, you're free to walk out right now. 'Course, Auntie might—"

"Nein! Nein!" The piggish eyes rolled in anguish. "I hate her! I have always hated her! I only married her because of her superior family background. Ja, I talk."

"I'm going upstairs, Monroe," Bond said. "Neon, Jimbo, come with me."

A helluva night's work, Goshen smiled. The cabal exposed, Sahd Sakistan secured for democracy, thanks again to the greatest espionage weapon of all time, Israel Bond.

His joy was not shared by the dark,



*"Honest, lady, we didn't come to rape or molest
nobody—just to rob the damn train . . . !!"*

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the light, dry,

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cruelly handsome "weapon" on the roof nor by I13 and James Brown, who watched the baleful yellow eyes glaring back as the helicopter climbed over the wall. Auntie Sem-Heidt and Dr. Ernst Holzknight had escaped.

When the eye-opening call came from M. Israel Bond was on the moon-bathed dune with Sarah Lawrence of Arabia, his head in her golden lap, his mouth opened to receive the Joyvah jells and Concord Hotel grapes dropping from her fingers. Their second physical fusion had been matchless ecstasy squared, though she had again refused to lower her veil. "Not until our wedding night, dearest. And I hope you will be pleased to learn that I have memorized all of Hillel's commentaries, the writings of Peretz, Sholem Aleichem and the Singers, and six of Alan King's best routines. I shall soon be well acquainted with the rich diversity of Jewishness."

The beeper in the parked MBG sounded a Mem alarm and the voice of M unfolded the shocking contents of a cardiogram—a telegram that comes from the heart—sent to her c/o the Ministry of Defense.

Dear M, my beloved enemy; soon to be, I pray, my devoted friend:

I wish to surrender myself to you personally and confess all my sins. It is all too clear that God is on your side, M. How else to explain the crushing of our rush by the heaven-strengthened hand of Israel Bond? I suppose I should have remained at Shivs to take my medicine, but Dr. Holzknight, who witnessed my husband's debacle at the *la guerre* table via closed-circuit television, convinced me to flee with him. Since then we have parted company. I am hiding out in the Cissbah in Sahd Sakistan. Where Ernst has gone I truthfully cannot say, but I know he is planning an even ghastlier operation against the fine Jewish people, "Operation End-All," details of which I will be happy to furnish you as proof of my sincere contrition.

We are two old women, M, who should be playing mah-jongg together and fondling fat cherubic grandchildren instead of locking wigs in mortal combat. Let us forget the unpleasantness of the past and unite in genuine sorority. Enclosed is a map showing a suggested rendezvous point three nights hence. Please bring only one other person with you, as I shall be accompanied by my last servant, a harmless Monagro.

Hoping you'll find it in your heart to come and accept my apologies for any inconveniences I may

have caused you and your People of the Book, I remain,

Gerda Sem-Heidt

• • •

When Bond arrived at the airport, Op Chief Beame, his face mirroring his distrust, was wheeling the smiling M down the special ramp built by the El Al technicians. There's something messianic in those warm eyes, Bond noted, and it's driven away her common sense.

He could hold it in no longer. "M, it's a trap!"

"Damn right," Beame grunted, chewing viciously on his White Owl. "I've begged her, Oy Oy Seven, but she won't listen."

M patted their heads with her careworn hands. "Mine dear boys, always worrying about a mother. It does my heart good to see your filial agony. It's what I live for. No, boychicks, I must go to this fallen wretch and redeem her. And from a security standpoint, which I'm sure you think I have overlooked in my zeal, it behooves us to familiarize ourselves with any new Holzknightian devilry before he has an opportunity to execute it. If it is a trap, we must take that chance. You will accompany me, Oy Oy Seven. Whatever happens, you must swear not to interfere."

He did, the vibrations from his cracking knuckles splintering the crystal of his watch.

Bond polished off three cartons of Raleighs during the ride to the Cissbah, placing coupon after coupon in M's hands. He could see her sweet, serene face in the mirror, an unspoken prayer on the lips. The sun was sinking and from the minaret came the final call of the muezzin: "Hey, you—yes, *you*, you snotty young Allah-Is-Dead crowd over there—move aside and make room for prayers, make room for prayers!"

Number ten on the Street of the Jaundiced Jackals was a one-story warehouse-type edifice with VUSEF LATEEF'S SCHOOL OF MODERN FLUTE in faded letters on the door. Bond unlashed the wheelchair from the MBG's roof, placed M on the seat and kicked the door of the house open, wheeling her into blackness. Somehow he found a wall switch and flicked it, a single naked bulb casting a weak light in the empty, soundless room.

A door on the opposite side of the building creaked open and there was a squeak of wheels across the earthen floor. Now he could see two mad-dog yellow circles coming out of the blackness and a chalk-white face wickedly radiant with triumph, which told his palpitating heart that Auntie Sem-Heidt was in no penitent mood, a fear confirmed by the presence of the swarthy, grinning Monagro (a rare breed, indeed) with knives stuck into his thick leather belt.

"So, filthy jüdischer mongrels; you have come."

There was distress in M's face. "Those

are hardly the words of a woman seeking her way back to mankind. Gerda."

"Ha-ha! You doddering fool! Did you nourish the hope that I, Gerda Sem-Heidt, would grovel before Jews? Die, Mother Margolies, die!"

"M!" Bond heard his warning shout melt the fine-grained wax in his ears as he swung her wheelchair out of Auntie's line of fire, but he was a shade too slow. Auntie's right claw touched a button on the battery in her lap. Something streaked from the right armrest of her wheelchair, a steel projectile that nosed into M's right shoulder. Now a pain was searing his own right shoulder; he looked dumbly at the Monagro's knife and fell to his knees. He could see the roseate glow leaving M's face and hear the grinding of her false teeth. Hold! Hold! he pleaded with the Poli-Grip in her dentures. Hold and preserve her dignity in her last moments!

Auntie's claws smacked together in fierce joy. "Just the first round, my Chosen People. Chosen, yes, for death. Ha-ha!" She nudged the Monagro. "A droll joke, eh, Cagliostro? Chosen for death. Hee-hee!"

Gevaldt! thought Bond; Auntie's "hee-hee!" is even more bloodcurdling than her "ha-ha!"—not that there's much blood left in me to curdle. Up, up, he expostulated to his body, up! He braced himself against M's wheelchair and felt the knife fall out of his shoulder, a torrent of claret hot upon its hilt. He saw M swallow hard and press her Korvette's gauzeroy handkerchief, the one he'd given her for her 84th birthday (alas, she looked years older now), against her spouting wound.

"Gerda," M said, "I should like your permission to tell you a few things that are in my heart." The request was almost inaudible.

"Ha-ha! Behold the things in my heart instead! Behold!" The claws tore away the house dress. Bond squeezed his eyes tight. I'm craven, craven, he told himself, but I can't stand to see it again. He could not see (a fitting penalty for his cowardice) that M did not flinch at the mechanical wonder on Auntie's body.

"It is a fine heart," M said. "I know it must give you a great deal of pleasure, Gerda. Now, may I tell you of the things in mine?"

"Talk, creator of vile, reeking chicken soup. It will amuse me to hear the bleating of a trapped Jew. Do not think for a moment that I shall soften my heart"—she sniggered at her inside joke—"as Pharaoh finally did for Moses." Auntie turned to the Monagro. "I can see you are impatient, my pet. Hold off yet a moment before I bestow upon you the pleasure of cutting the great Oy Oy Seven's throat."

"Thank you, Gerda. I should like to give you the synopsis of a Shirley Temple

movie I had the pleasure of watching."

M started in a shaky fashion, painting a word picture of a dear curlyhead of a moppet in a frilly frock and blue hair ribbon whose Mums had passed away, of her adoring, dashing Daddy, a soldier of Good Queen Victoria, and of the love they held for each other. M's voice seemed to regain its resonance as she described long walks through the drowsy green beauty of an English summer day, the father's eyes softening with tenderness at the sight of his "little princess" gamboling across the meadow, picking a nosegay here, petting a fluffy rabbit there, then skipping across the flat stones of a clear, burbling stream. Bond, his eyes still fastened, could see it all—the glances of affection between father and moppet, the thistles rustling in a gentle breeze.

Then M's voice drooped. The trumpets of war had sounded to shatter the idyllic life. Daddy was called to fight with his regiment in a strange, hostile land. With no kith or kin, he was forced to leave his golden-tressed angel in care of a boarding-school headmistress, who assured him the child would find it warm and friendly.

Long, lonely days for a shy little girl unable to fit in with the haughty daughters of noblemen, lightened infrequently by letters from Daddy, which she would read a thousand times to her lone friend at the school, Singh Dennis-Singh, the Indian who served as the butler and polo coach. Then the dark day when the War Office telegram arrived: "Your father, Sergeant Major _____ of the Fifth Scottish Black Watch Grenadiers, has been

taken prisoner by the cruel mountain tribes and is presumed to have been tortured to death."

"Stop! Stop! You diabolical Jewish bitch!" The iron voice cut in like the Monagro's knife.

Bond, not knowing why M had launched this soulful narrative, awaited the worst, but suddenly he heard the Monagro's voice, heavy with emotion, intrude: "Let her continue, Gerda. Please let her continue."

M, pale and uncertain, her hand still pressed against the wound, continued.

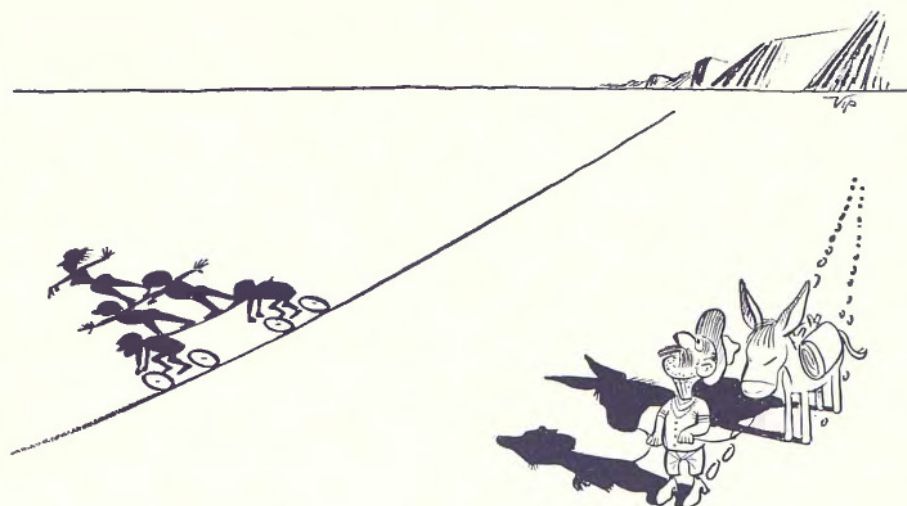
Realizing the child was penniless, the headmistress forced her to vacate her cheerful room and take up residence in the garret, where she shared a closet with a dozen noisy shrews. "You will work in the scullery, *little princess*," the sarcastic headmistress decreed, and so the golden girl toiled over pots and pans 20 hours a day, her little hands turning scabrous. In dreams she would see Daddy smiling. "The bloody beggars have been a bit hard on me, *little princess*. I've got only an eye and a leg left, but, never fear, I'll get home someday." He would, too, she told Dennis-Singh, who had climbed up with her gruel, and "it'll be like it was before, you'll see."

Bond heard the Monagro's deep, convulsive sobs and, without looking, knew the man's face was covered by his hands. "Goodbye, Gerda. I'm going to see a priest." The Monagro's feet pounded on the earthen floor and Bond heard the door slam.

"Come back, you half-breed cretin!" It was the iron voice. "I warned you, you



"It started years ago when Ogden sat down next to this girl one morning and realized he'd forgotten his newspaper."



jüdischer scum! Now——"

A second rocket was ejected from the wheelchair and Bond winced, expecting to hear M's death wail, but he heard the rocket thud harmlessly into the wall and her strangely composed voice resume the tale.

On a depressing night when the golden girl lay tossing with fever, the sad-eyed Hindu at her bedside, the headmistress threatening a caning for feigning illness, there came a knock on the garret door.

"Yes, yes, yes . . . ?" the voice of Auntie Sem-Heidt, wheezing and breathy, iron no more.

"Through that garret door," said M, her own voice quivering, "came an eye and a leg wrapped in the scarlet coat of a Grena——"

"Daddy! Daddy! Daddy! It's her Daddy . . . oh, oh, oh!" It was Auntie, screeching and sobbing. "Daddy! Daddy! Da——"

A protracted hiss, the pungent smell of something burning, a ghastly strangling cough . . .

He could bear his self-imposed blindness no longer. His eyes went first to M, a regretful smile on her dry lips, then to the sprawled-out scarecrow across the room. A greenish, rigid tongue had forced the blue-veined lips apart; though the yellow eyes were open, they saw not. He shuddered at the Dali-esque nightmare of the squidlike thing, its molten tentacles slowly spreading from its white-hot center.

Auntie Sem-Heidt was dead. Her heart had melted.

. . .

"Damnit," Bond fumed. "These long tapering fingers have time and time again kept the world safe for democracy. Now they can't even push a rose into the slit of a lapel."

"First of all, Mr. Coffee Nerves," laughed Neon Zion, "it goes in by the stem, not the blossom. Secondly, you're *tzittering* like a child; let me do it."

Israel Bond *was* nervous. He was in the Empire State Building suite of Muhammad Ali-Shurmahn, Sahd Sakistan's ambassador to the U. S., and this sun-splashed day in June was his wedding day. Minutes ago he had been on the 86th floor's terrace to witness the splendid coronation of Baldroi LeFagel, who months back had insisted Bond share his memorable day by marrying Sarah Lawrence of Arabia immediately afterward. Hell, Bond mused, this thing is hairier than that windup with Auntie in the warehouse.

Op Chief Beame's Aleph-Priority response to his frantic beeper had saved M and himself. He'd rushed them to the Jewish court physician, Dr. Chayim Khayyam, who'd administered plasma, Mother's Activated Old World Germicidal P'chah and four vital Excedrins. Sarah paid daily visits to the recuperating pair with armloads of Uneeda Biscuits and read verse to them from Bond's favorite, *Best of Hallmark*. M, brusque at first, had finally fallen under Sarah's spell. "You're a good *shiksa*; if you'll convert, I'll come to the wedding."

The veiled beauty kissed the fragile hand. "Smashing, M, old girl! I shall, indeed. Since I last saw Mr. Bond, I have memorized *Jews, God and History*, the songs of Shoshanna Damari and Theodore Bikel, the menu at Lindy's, the speeches of——"

"Cool it, baby. M says you're in."

With the joint news release by the Tall Texan and Ambassador Callowfellow that America was going to host the coronation of its native son turned king, the country had gone gaga. LeFagel Bagels, shaped like a crown, began popping up in every Jewish-owned establishment (they'd all been rebuilt by the Tall Texan's crash program, Operation Help-a-Hebe). Imperial Margarine had donated the royal crown (beating a disgruntled soda company to the punch) for the fete. A particularly clever tobacco company inserted a full-page ad in *The*

New York Times: "Roi Tan Loves You, King Baldroi, 'Cause You're the Roi and You're Tan."

LeFagel's party arrived to a tumultuous New York welcome; a lavender line was painted down Fifth Avenue by his adoring clique from the old "angry poet" days. He seemed distant in their presence, however: one spying his Julius Boros plus fours cried: "Sellout!"

An hour before his coronation, LeFagel told Bond, "Sixty minutes from now, Oy Oy Seven, I shall be king, but I'd give it all up—power, fame, money—if you'd consent to go away with me. What say you, captor of my heart?"

Bond put his arm around the little king. "You've made tremendous strides, Baldroi. When first we met, you were a screaming faggot. Step by step I've seen a miracle unfolding. Now, I don't know too much about these things, but I'd guess you have roughly 7.9 percent homo left in you, a bit higher than the permissible 6 percent in most men, but certainly manageable with a little effort. Fight it hard all the way. Your people need a man at the helm. For their sake, think manly, talk manly, do manly things."

LeFagel left him with a grim smile and Neon rushed back to Bond ten minutes later with a bulletin: LeFagel had been caught *flagrante delicto* with Ambassador Callowfellow's wife.

Good-o! Bond thought. My work is done. He's a *mensch*!

A richly humorous incident had stamped the Tall Texan's warm, human brand on the formalized coronation. He and the king had posed for the TV cameras performing a hallowed Sakistani rite, the salting of each other's *shush-eeeshah* (tails of spring lambs ground up with Cheerios) as a sign of mutual respect between world titans. Bond had whispered something to the Tall Texan, who whispered back, "Right fine, son. I'll say it," then lifted the saltcellar and cracked up the crowd with a sly, "Come, your Majesty: let us *season* together." Bond had refused the Tall Texan's offer of a high-level speechwriter's job, but exacted a promise that the latter would give Monroe Goshen a salary hike far above the Administration's 3.2-percent guideline.

Borne to the throne by two Kurds and two Wheys in a four-door sedan chair, LeFagel, dressed in blinding white Labrador snow-goose feathers and tennis sneakers, took the crown from Ben-Bella Barka's hands and, crying out three times "Y'llella abdabeel" (Sakistani for "I am crying out three times"), placed it on his head. He then left for dinner with the Tall Texan. "Put Mr. Bond's wedding on the bill, too, huh, Prez?" LeFagel had said. Now the hundreds of dignitaries and security people were gone; only a handful were left for the nuptials. M, knitting madly, put the finishing touches

to Bond's wedding yarmulke. Milton and Rag and their wives sat next to her.

And alone in the back row was Liana, lovely and brave. She'd made a pretext of fixing his zipper to talk to him. "Iz, I know she's a lovely girl, but if it doesn't work out, I'll be waiting."

"How long? Don't make commitments of fidelity you can't keep, like last time," he said a little too harshly.

"Forever."

He seemed appeased. He stood at the mesh railing looking at the breathtaking panorama of the world's most exciting depressed area 1050 feet below, waiting for his bride.

Rabbi Robert Hallstein, head of the somewhat liberally oriented congregation Temple B'nai Venuta, who had been recommended to M by friends, was shamefully late, profusely apologetic. "Coronation traffic, you know, Mr. Bond." He waved in two workmen who wheeled the portable wedding canopy (*huppah*) onto the terrace. It was quite tall, about nine feet, and was constructed of aluminum and bedecked with thousands of posies. He had them position it at the spot where the red carpet abutted a wall. Then he put his finger to his lips and the small assemblage hushed.

Goshen, Neon, Op Chief Beame and James Brown, acting as ushers, helped the unsteady groom down the carpet as the accordion player squeezed out *Because of You*, halted it after a few bars, fooled around with *Because You're Mine*, stopped again, consulted a sheaf of music and then went into *Because*, the onlookers aah-ing with relief. "Turn around, Iz," said Goshen. "You've got company."

She came, Latakia's soft padded feet leaving four-inch indentations in the rug. From the first notes of her theme song he knew she had made an irreparable break with her past for his sake. The notes were the same, but now the tape rolled out a special new version by a cantor: *dai dai, bime, bime, bime, bime, dai dai . . .*

From that moment on, his gray eyes Lypnotized by her bottomless black pools peeping over the veil, he was in a dream, somehow managing to repeat woodenly what was asked of him by Rabbi Hallstein. A voice in the dream said, "Ring? Mr. Bond? Ring! Ring! Ring!"

He heard himself say: "Somebody answer the phone." Goshen snickered, took the nearly tenth-of-a-carat garnet ring from his pocket and placed it in his feeble fingers.

"Now," said Rabbi Hallstein, "the ceremonial breaking of the glass to remind us of the destruction of our temple in ancient times and the bitterness of life we must endure." Bond's bleary eyes focused on the rabbi's hand as it placed the glass near his feet. "Break the glass, Mr. Bond," said the amused spiritual

leader. Bond drove his Angora bedsock down hard and sent Goshen hopping off with a crushed big toe. "Again, Mr. Bond." Loathing himself for the simpering grin he knew marred the cruel, darkly handsome face, Bond stepped down again, missing by a wide margin.

"Iz, you dotty, frightened boy!" Sarah said. "I'm not going to be unlawfully yours a single moment more. This is a job for Mrs. Israel Bond." With a sparkling laugh, Sarah Lawrence of Arabia Bond lifted her well-turned leg.

"No! No!" It was the rabbi, strangely enraged. Down came Sarah's foot and her soft-soled ballerina splintered it resoundingly. "There, that's done. Hold me, my lovely, lovely husband. Oh, I'm going to—"

She crumpled to the red carpet. Now the smog of fear was burned off his mind; he sprang to her side and cradled her head in his arms. The uncovered part of her face was blue.

"Dear, dear. The excitement, I suppose." It was Rabbi Hallstein calming the shocked wedding guests. "See to her, dear people. I'll roll the *huppah* away to give the poor child some breathing room." He put his shoulders against a side and guided it toward the terrace's railing.

"Sarah, my love." His eyes hot and salty, Bond pulled away her veil to administer mouth-to-mouth resuscitation, then froze.

Sarah Lawrence of Arabia's upper lip was adorned with a thick black, neatly trimmed military mustache.

She mumbled in a dying voice: "Curse of all female cousins, twenty-fourth to forty-eighth, related to Lawrence by marriage . . . 'The Lawrence Lip' . . . imbalance of hormones . . . must shave daily . . . didn't want you to know till married . . . so sleepy . . . so . . ."

The smell from the shards of glass! Yes, the pancreatic juice of the *calaveras* frog of the Honduran swamps; no deadlier venom has ever existed.

She was gone. He knew who was responsible.

"Holzknight, you kraut fiend!"

From the *huppah*, which had suddenly acquired a seat that held Rabbi Hallstein, came a flash, and hot metal creased Bond's scalp. "Die, Bond! This is Nazi Germany's revenge!"

"Iz!" Goshen yelled at the top of his lungs. "Take my gun! You finish the sadistic bastard." As Goshen slung the snub-nosed Tempest-Storm .44 across the floor to the flattened-out Israeli, Dr. Ernst Holzknight, who had brilliantly played his part, cut the CIA op chief down with three slugs.

Then from the top of the canopy emerged rotor blades, whirring, lifting it slowly. The traditional canopy of a Jewish marriage was a garlanded helicopter!

Throwing all caution aside, Bond made it to the rising chopper in six



"If you recall, Miss Faversham, I gave you ample warning that this job had occupational hazards."

unbelievable leaps and squeezed the fingers of his left hand around the circular steel frame to which the three wheels were attached, shoved the gun into the pocket of his Sunkist orange tuxedo and grabbed another six inches of the bar with his right. Dr. Holzknight, three feet above him, thrashed out with his Heidelberg bedsocks in an attempt to smash Bond's fingers, scoring a glancing hit on the right hand, but he was forced to pay attention to the controls, for now the chopper was high over the terrace, fighting for altitude against the pull of Bond's weight. The Israeli felt the wind, so deceptively gentle on the terrace, become a dangerous Hydra-headed force, buffeting him this way and that, and he squeezed harder. Up went the chopper—the 94th floor, the 99th; he looked down and saw death beckoning from the street some 1200 feet away . . .

It was over the very tip of the Empire State Building's TV tower that the scientist exploded his next trick. He pushed a button that jettisoned the circular frame. Now Bond was falling from the underpinnings of the craft. Holzknight squeezed away with a savage laugh.

"Auf Wiedersehen, jüdischer dummkopf!"

Gottenu! Bond fell toward the tower, then with a divine inspiration, thrust the steel ring over the slender TV tower tip and came to a teeth-rattling stop.

Ringer!

He had made himself a living quoit.

The impact bent the tower, which began to rock sickeningly back and forth, but he held fast. Close your eyes, fool! Don't look down until you've regained your equilibrium or you'll surrender to a mad urge and let go. Think about something else. He thought about the terrible reception the area's millions of TV viewers were getting this very instant because of the swaying tower. Bet the Mets *really* look shaky now, his sardonic wit told him.

There was a clatter above—Holzknight, stunned by Bond's coup, circled back for the kill. Bond released his right-hand grip on the steel ring to fish Goshen's gun from the tux. He bit a sensual lip as the chopper zeroed in. Why doesn't Herr Doktor open up with his machine gun? I'm defenseless against it. The pht-pht-pht of the blades gave him the grim answer. A last bit of Aryan sport. Holzknight wanted to maneuver the craft in such a way that the blades would . . .

Now! You'll have only one shot, buddy boy. Bond, his clothes flapping by the blade-made breeze, put a single shot into the copter. He hadn't aimed for Holzknight; it was the machine he had to stop before it shredded him into Cohenfetti. Not a bad line, he smiled, considering where I am.

He heard the first sputter, then a vi-

olent choking sound and knew he had hit the control box and severed vital wires.

The doctor was frantically climbing out of the chopper; smoke began to curl ominously. Then Holzknight leaped onto the tower, but he failed to grab it solidly and began a long slide toward Bond. "Die with me, Jude!" His feet came down ponderously on the hand in the ring and Bond screamed; his bloody squashed fingers released it. They were falling together.

Even as he fell, Holzknight's hands moved to throttle Bond and the latter felt nails tearing at his neck, then slipping off as a crosscurrent swept the falling Nazi away from him.

The air rushed through Bond's nose and ears; he could hardly catch his breath. He fell headfirst past the 86th floor and heard M's heart-rending cry, down, down, past the 75th, where his face was spotted by a curvaceous brunette in a window, BLOCK & TACHLE, MARINE LAWYERS, whose eyes lit up in recognition. Yes, Shirley Shitark, she of the unforgettable weekend at Brown's Hotel in the Catskills, a body beautiful who had won the "Miss Jerry Lewis' Favorite Resort" swimsuit title; be true to me, sweet Shirley; goodbye . . . past the 46th, KELSEY COMPUTERS . . . hell, he owned a hundred shares of that! And it's gone up, up . . . and you're going down, down, his wit needled him again; the 32nd . . . just a few more seconds, Oy Oy Seven, and that lithe, muscular body you prize so will be a stinking mess of smashed atoms on the 34th Street sidewalk . . . the 25th . . . at least the elling kraut goes with me; I hope you're watching him blubbing as he falls, Sarah, my darling; the 19th . . . hey, TANTAMOUNT PICTURES is holding a screening of *The Dead Lay Wounded on the Road to Smolensk*; not bad; I saw it at the Cannes Film Festival . . . the leading lady was better in my bed than she was in the leading man's . . . Sonia, I'll miss you . . . the 12th, 9th, 5th, it's coming, Oy Oy Seven, the cement that'll disintegrate you into . . . 3, 2, 1 . . . pain, pain, pain. Israel Bond crashed into something huge and black and his fall to glory was over.

. . .

Trivia Festival Week, that annual excursion into the nostalgia of yesteryear, was in full swing. At the Hotel Statler the Orphan Annie Fan Club crowded into a suite to sing:

Who's that sloppy little mess?

Who wears that same ol' goddamn dress?

Who can it be?

It's Little Orphan Annie!

The oldest member, a Miss Hecate Raintree of Omaha, was given the

coveted privilege of interjecting "Arf! Sez Sandy" at the appropriate moment in the song, not so much in deference to her golden years as for the fact that she possessed a pair of lidless, lashless, pupilless eyes. The new Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts housed a tremendous Trivia contest attended by 12,000 Triviaddicts, the very best of all an Elmo (Mr. Total Recall) Trickypepper of Shortweight, Oklahoma, who remembered that it was Taste-Yeast who sponsored Jack Dempsey's *My Battle with Life*. At the Americana the Tisch clan hosted the Billy Batson bunch; the Donald Meek fans, every bit as fastidious as their hero, ate watercress patties on paper plates and tittered at one another at the Warwick; The Butterfly McQueen and Amos 'n' Andy fan clubs gathered at the Drake, made two historic decisions: (1) to merge; (2) to accept Negro members.

Utter solemnity, and quite fitting, too, marked the Robert Armstrong Fan Club outdoor conclave on 34th Street. The president, made up and costumed to emulate the rugged film star, took off his pith helmet and led the members in the somber recital of the immortal old lines: "It wasn't the airplanes that got him; oh, no. 'Twas Beauty who killed the Beast." All whispered "Amen."

So it was that a few minutes later the sorrowing M led Latakia and the other crushed, weeping wedding guests out of a side entrance, not knowing that Oy Oy Seven had landed flush upon the R. A. F. C.'s 50-ton Andy Warhol-designed foam-rubber replica of King Kong, who himself had taken the horrendous plunge off the world's tallest structure in the 1933 film classic.

Israel Bond, waist-deep in rubber and matted fur, was bloody and battered—understandably—but very much alive. There was no elation in his heart, for he had seen the warped genius who had taken his own true love's life bounce off the simian's skull into the back of a moving beer truck. Bond's lips twisted into a *moue* of irony as the gray eyes spotted the brand name on the disappearing beer truck—Lowenbrau. And they say *we're* dannish, he thought bitterly.

There'll be a day of judgment, mein lieber Doktor Ernst Holzknight! We'll cross trails again. Maybe on an Alpine mountaintop, on a burning desert, in some impenetrable rain forest (to be truthful, I hope it isn't a rain forest. My rain-forest attire is the least stylish part of my whole wardrobe), on a frozen tundra or across a crowded room. And once I have found you, I'll never let you go.

This is the conclusion of a two-part serialization of Sol Weinstein's parody "On the Secret Service of His Majesty the Queen."

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