ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN **JUNE 1963 SIXTY CENTS** PLAYBOY BEGINNING "HARRY, THE RAT WITH WOMEN," JULES FEIFFER'S FIRST NOVEL. CONCLUSION OF NEW JAMES BOND ADVENTURE BY IAN FLEMING. PLUS CHARLES BEAUMONT, RAY BRADBURY, NAT HENTOFF, AND A SPECIAL PICTORIAL ON JAYNE MANSFIELD.



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BEAUMONT

If you, like our PLAYBILL debonair cover rabbit, have already flipped to page 118, you know we aren't kidding about The Nudest Jayne Mansfield. But you may not know that Nudest, in a sense, completes our photographic conjugation of J. M. which, in the years since her first introduction to readers as a Playmate of the Month, has included features entitled The New Jayne Mansfield (February 1957) and The Nude Jayne Mansfield (February 1958). With each appearance on our pages, there has been more of Jayne to behold. And New, Nude or Nudest, the manifest Miss Mansfield is certainly no playne Jayne.

For a talk on the Wilder side of Hollywood, we offer an entertaining Playboy Interview with filmdom's frenetic craftsman, Billy Wilder. Are movies getting sexier? Wilder doubts it, but Ray Bradbury's delightful story, The Queen's Own Evaders, proves that they are getting "racier" - at least in Ireland. There, Ray tells us, Anglophobic moviegoers vie for new speed records vacating theaters - for reasons revealed in the story. Ray, who has long since transcended his title as the world's finest science-fiction writer, is currently readying two nonsci-fi books which contain stories which first appeared in PLAYBOY. One is a short-story collection called The Machineries of Joy, whose title story is from our December 1962 issue. The other, his first book of plays, is entitled The Anthem Sprinters and includes a dramatization of this month's

Jules Feiffer, who transcended his title as the top satirical cartoonist of our generation when he moved from



BRADBURY

pointed pen to the stage with The Explainers, moves to still another medium with his first novel, Harry, the Rat with Women. It is our pleasure to carry Harry, in two parts, starting in this issue.

Coincidentally, the embattled James Bond completes his mission this month in the third and final installment of Ian Fleming's On Her Majesty's Secret Service. The book, the first of Fleming's to debut in a magazine, will be published in hard-cover edition by New American Library in August.

In Part Seven of *The Playboy Philosophy* this month, Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner examines the conflict between the private prejudices of censors (appointed and otherwise) and the public guarantees of the First Amendment. He concludes this portion of the *Philosophy* with a strong argument against censorship of *any* kind in a free society.

Years from now, we'll all look back fondly as we recall those fine bits of nostalgia that Charles Beaumont wrote for PLAYBOY, such as his requiems for radio, comic strips, pulp magazines and (in this issue) Holidays. Macmillan will bring out the whole collection this fall under the title of Remember? Remember? As for his present activities, Chuck is writing a good portion of Rod Serling's Twilight Zone shows and working on three movies (Circus of Dr. Leo, Mister Moses and The Dunwich Horror).

Jazz expert Nat Hentoff turns to—and on—folk songs and singers this month in Folk, Folkum and the New Citybilly. The word "folkum" incidentally, is a bastard noun with two generations of bastard words behind it. The word itself is, of course, a cross between folk and hokum. But hokum, apparently, sprang from a marriage of hocus-pocus and bunkum. Hocus-pocus,



FEIFFER

according to the Oxford English Dictionary, is lowborn "sham Latin" invented by 17th Century English jugglers as part of an attention-diverting magic formula. Bunkum (meaning political claptrap) sprang from the floor of the 16th U.S. Congress in 1821 when a Representative from Buncombe County, North Carolina, repeatedly and pointlessly interrupted an important debate to "speak for the people of Buncombe." (If he'd had his guitar along, he could have played a little folkum for accompaniment.)

Continuing on our etymological tack, we turn to the words "Teevee Jeebies" and "smørrebrød." The former, we're proud to say, was coined by our own Shel Silverstein, who's back this month with The Greatest Teevee Jeebies Ever Told. While Smørrebrød in the original Danish meant only "buttered bread," it has since become the last word in elegant open-faced sandwiches, as you'll see in Food and Drink Editor Tom Mario's high-praise spread thereon.

Aside from bringing us the first fine days of summer, the month of June also marks three turning points in the life of Man: graduation, marriage and fatherhood. The first and last of these events are commemorated in this issue with Playboy's Gifts for Dads and Grads—and for the men in the middle, we give you Fashion Director Robert L. Green's tips on attire for The Rite Time.

PLAYBOY.



Harry

P. 80



Gifts

P. 129



Jayne

P. 118



Holidays

P. 126

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DEAR PLAYBOY

ADDRESS PLAYBOY MAGAZINE . 232 E. OHIO ST., CHICAGO 11, ILLINOIS

BERTRAND RUSSELL

Perhaps the one difficulty in trying to present a man such as Bertrand Russell (*Playboy Interview*, March 1963) in a clear light is the fact that there is an overwhelming possibility that he has had the misfortune of being born 75 years too soon. His precursors, in promulgating highly advanced ideas and irritating the entrenched "idols of the market place," often brought gross misunderstanding upon their premature deliverances. It seems that Mr. Russell must suffer the same inconvenience due to his highly controversial position.

Mr. Russell is a mathematician, a logician and a philosopher, and not necessarily in that order. He quite naturally views some things as following one from another. His fears of the thin ice on which we tread are unfortunately only too feasible.

William R. Piekney Long Beach, California

As Lord Russell maintains, the only lasting solution lies in the mutual realization between the peoples of Russia and the United States that ideological compromise is manifestly less painful than war. He correctly assesses the situation when he likens it to the great religious wars of past centuries. It is high time we the people stopped treating "free enterprise" as an idol. Our present system of freedom is far removed from the 19th Century concept we worship. We have pragmatically accepted a living condition of considerably less liberty than we give lip service to.

I have not been to Russia and so I cannot say what elements of their social structure are worth copying — nor what should be arbitrarily discarded. But I can see with my own eyes the disparity between what we speak to the world (and to ourselves) and the fact of our life.

Meanwhile, it is more than a waste to promulgate half-truths; it is self-betrayal. Were we, on both sides, willing to exchange visits freely between our citizens, I am sure the best from each would be speedily borrowed. The fear which Lord Russell correctly blames for our mutual intolerance would soon dissipate in the process. Surely our world is big enough for us all. The question: Are we big enough for our world?

David H. Sweet Sawyer, Michigan

Lord Russell's wish that the West ban the bomb to impress the Russians would be similar to scaring a tiger to death by throwing your rifle away.

Capt. B. J. Palmer, USMC Grosse Isle, Michigan

The man is an ass. Well-meaning, but an ass, nevertheless.

Doug Wilchowy Winnipeg, Manitoba

Congratulations on your March interview with Bertrand Russell. PLAYBOY seems to be the only mass-circulation magazine in the U.S. which presents a variety of political points of view (e.g., Mailer-Buckley debates, Hentoff articles and reports on nuclear contamination). Keep up the good work.

Bruce Cox Berkeley, California

KINGLY CONCERN

I have always enjoyed reading something by the Harriet Beecher Stowe of sex, Alexander King. His piece in the March issue, A Fledgling of L'Amour, is no exception — but I don't understand all the hullabaloo about this almost 17-year-old French kid's introduction to the finer things in life. When I was his age I had had a credit card at Madame Tellier's for almost five years.

But seriously, though (as they say in the psycho ward at Bellevue), I am one of the lucky ones whose first sexual experience did happen under "idyllic circumstances." It was a moonlit night and the nightingales were singing their little hearts out in the swoon-inducing fragrance of the nearby jasmine bushes. It's just too bad that Mildred and I were parked in the middle of a grade crossing of what we thought was an abandoned railroad. Talk about Coitus Interruptus! Jeeceezl

Jack Douglas New York, New York

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RCA VICTOR

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Our thanks to sexual sophisticate Douglas, comedy writer, performer and author ("Never Trust a Naked Bus Driver," "My Brother Was an Only Child"), for pointing out the perils of a one-track mind.

I think Alexander King's A Fledgling of L'Amour was one of the best pieces you have featured in many an issue. Bravo King! Bravo PLAYBOY! It was positively charming.

> William Kyle Watson Odessa, Texas

PILLOW TO POST

The University of Vermont varsity pillow-fighting team challenges your Playmates to an AAU-NCAA-sanctioned pillow fight.

Chip Platow, Dave Stewart, Norm Zebny Burlington, Vermont

Congratulations on your excellent coverage of that epic battle, the *Playmate Pillow Fight* (February 1963). I am proud to announce that your Playmates were selected as the team the Keystone Pillow Fighters would like most to be matched against, especially your team's captain, Christa Speck.

Pat Riley Keystone Junior College La Plume, Pennsylvania

The Playmate Pillow Fight was just plain vulgar.

Mrs. Michael G. Young Boston, Massachusetts

SHIRT MATERIAL

As always, the February issue was read with great interest and pleasure. The area of fashion is always of prime importance to me, but the article *From Collar to Cuffs* was unique in that it is the only article I have ever seen which clearly outlines the whys and wherefores of men's shirtings.

John A. D'Addamio Custom Cleaners and Tailors South Plainfield, New Jersey

AFTER HOURS

No doubt your imaginative little game with adverbs in the February After Hours column has brought considerable offerings like these, but here are a few I came up with. Incidentally, for party hosts who insist on playing games this is one of the more tolerable ones.

"I've been transferred to Dallas, dear," said Tom movingly.

"This dressing needs something," observed Tom sagely.

"We feel this merger is in the public interest," said Tom expansively.

"Let's leave after this drink," said Tom stiffly.

Doug Larion Chicago, Illinois I suppose you're old enough to remember Little Audrey, Handies, and Knock! Knock! — all of which are better forgotten. So you're not showing much sense in stirring up another meshugaas of the same order with those cornball Tom Swifties in the February issue. Just as a warning, let me sample you out a little of what you'll be submerged by, in carload lots

"My right front tire had a slow leak," explained Tom flatly.

"Watch out for the guy with the switchblade!" warned Tom sharply.

"Light a match and see where that gas leak is," suggested Tom explosively.

So you can see what you've started.

Bernard L. Grossman
Arlington, Virginia

ON THE WING

Is the pillow fight in your February issue the Buckley-Mailer Debate? I was going to say that I thought Norman Mailer's arguments were a bust, but that may be inappropriate in this case.

Michael M. Mooney National Review New York, New York

In regard to your Right Wing "debate" in the February issue, it seems to me that several comments are in order.

Where you got the idea of having two straw men debate each other, I do not know. A man who looked for God and Man at Yale, and found neither, rather failed Yale than the opposite. Another who has looked for God and Women, and found neither, has perhaps failed both. In any case, surely mere loquacity is not your standard; you publish so much excellent stuff — Barbara Girl for instance — that I am sadly disappointed that you seem to think this whole nonsense of value.

There is a very legitimate debate between Liberal and Conservative, and many excellent ones have been held. It would be fair for such a debate to see both protagonists meet the questions fairly. Such would be an honest debate, and I would look forward with pleasure to you publishing it.

> Dr. Jack W. Hines C. W. Post College Brookville, New York

I consider the Debate between Messrs. Mailer and Buckley in the February issue one of the finest editorial pieces I have seen in a long time.

> Clifford Johnson, Jr. Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Please allow me to congratulate you on your presentation of the Buckley-Mailer debate. In these two men, I believe one finds an answer as to why the United States is losing the "cold war."

Mr. Mailer's performance in this de-

A college education does not make an educated man

Dr. Mortimer J. Adler,

Director of the Institute for Philosophical Research, Editor of the SYNTOPICON

"The ultimate end of education is not just to learn to be an engineer, a lawyer, a doctor, or a scientist. These are skills—like any others—which help you earn a living and render a useful service to society. But knowledge of any one particular subject is not necessarily evidence of an educated man.

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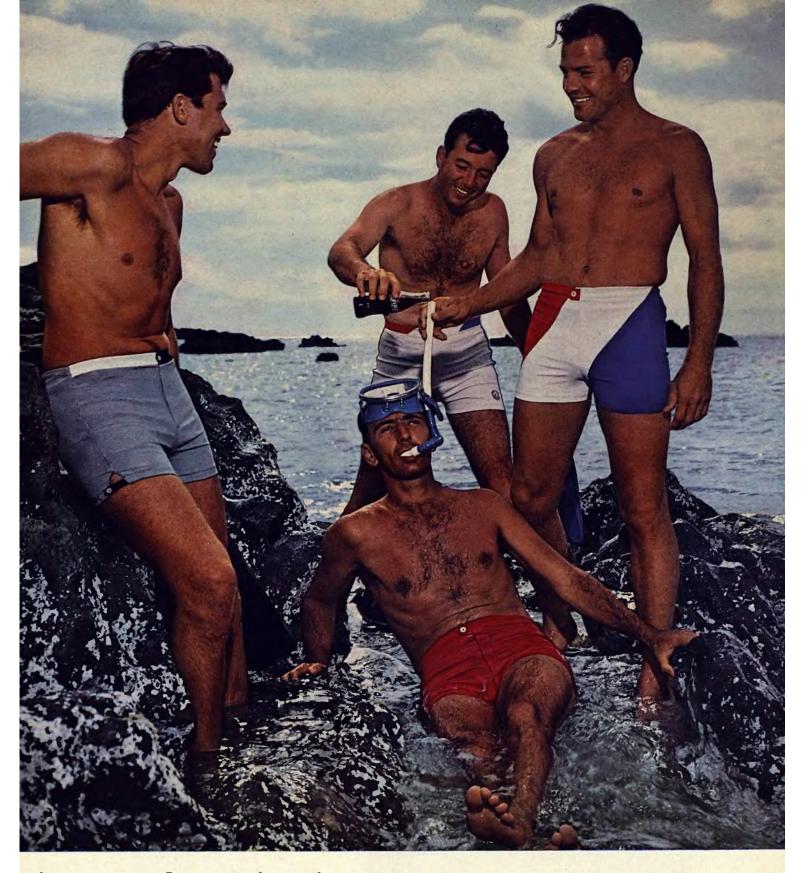
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how to serve Cousy on the rocks What we have here is the Jantzen International Sports Club hard at work. Bob Cousy has on the \$5 red lastex new Caribbean length with the white button—snug, comfortable trunks that stay comfortable all day, whether you're in the water or on the rocks. Ken Venturi has on the \$5.95 lastex Hawaiian length, and Frank Gifford, attending the snorkel, wears the diagonal red, white, and blue; John Severson is in the miniature houndstooth; both are \$6.95. Many more styles, many colors; why not get yours and get on the rocks? Now being served in the better men's stores.

bate is an eloquent example of what the pundit meant when he said, "What? A battle of wits? And you only halfarmed?"

Mr. Buckley's arguments, although more clearly and logically presented, offer us a course of action no more attractive than Mr. Mailer's.

The ideological battle raging in the world today is not communism versus democracy; but, rather, freedom versus compulsion. When Mr. Mailer realizes that communism as a system of compulsion is evil and must be beaten, and Mr. Buckley realizes that communism can be beaten without resurrecting the ghost of Joe McGarthy, we will have made some progress. When we realize we are fighting to keep our country "a land of freedom" and not fighting merely to preserve a governmental tradition, then we will have a road to follow, and an ideal the whole world can understand.

Jack W. Spencer Boise, Idaho

SELL MATES

As a defrocked minister to advertising accounts, I have a special reason for enjoying Herbert Gold's brilliant story, The Song of the Four-Colored Sell, in the March issue, but I also find it one of the wittiest and most touching rambles through American life I have read in years. Gold knows how to pry open the heart and does it with the gentleness of the literary surgeon who realizes he has the sharpest knife in town.

Brian W. Watt Department of English University of California Berkeley, California

SHEL ON THE BEACH

Having been an avid reader of your fine magazine for the past five years and a subscriber for the last two, I am compelled to write you a congratulatory note — Shel Silverstein's impressions of our sunny and "fronty" gold coast were the most truthful and funniest observations of "Beach" life I have ever seen.

Richard P. Astley Gainesville, Florida

A frustrated and desperate angler, I took great interest in Shel Silverstein's unique fighting equipment (March, page 123). Our bearded peregrinator must have posed a fearful sight to that 90-lb. sailfish he cranked in with that freshwater spinning reel. What did he use for bait?

R. Sammons
New York, New York
The power of positive thinking.

After having cast several mental votes for Playmate of the Year, I came across The Beard's cartoonic meanderings in Miami and may I say Silverstein saw all



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CRICKETEER & TRIMLINES

and feared nothing. These are difficult days in Miami; what with the Cuban influx one cannot tell an anti-Castro rebel from a Chasidic scholar, so more power to Shel and his pictorial anecdotes.

His was a pleasant mixture of comedic rambling in which no hooker was left unheralded, no Cohen was left unturned, and the hotels per se were properly scolded as pastramied Pentagons whose architecture is sort of Fun Gothic or Early Orgy. So here's to more Shel in PLAYBOY, but what kind of employ is that for a nice Jewish boy?

Yours till Sophie Tucker becomes a Bunny.

Jack Carter Lido Spa

Miami Beach, Florida Comic Carter's hostelry is a health resort that leaves no stern untoned.

FLIPPED OVER "LIP"

The only way to describe that fabulous Jeeves story is that "it's a petrol." Johnny Blue Omaha, Nebraska

Blast! Some dastardly creature absconded with my March PLAYBOY. 'Twas left on a table next to the mailboxes by the postman and by the time I reached it all that was left was the paper with the Addressograph label on it. Had to trudge down to the local newsstand to find out what happened to Wooster. The thief must be in need. Thought about posting an offer to enter a subscription for the blighter. Must confess, had it in mind to shoot the scoundrel just as he received his first issue.

David Johnstone Los Angeles, California

PLAYBOY'S PHILOSOPHY

Like, I'm sure, many another of your readers who regularly find PLAYBOY the most entertaining magazine on the market, I must confess that until recently I found it difficult (almost in spite of myself) to see how your implicitly freewheeling attitude toward sex could be fully justified as a "position." But I want to say that since the appearance of Hugh Hefner's brilliant series on The Playboy Philosophy, my reservations have been completely erased. This is the most courageous, incisive and thought-provoking dissection of moralistic taboos that I have ever read. If Mr. Hefner succeeds in loosening - even slightly - the strangle hold which puritanical thinking still exerts upon the American mind, he will have done a very great service indeed for his own and future generations.

Robert A. Keeler Princeton, New Jersey

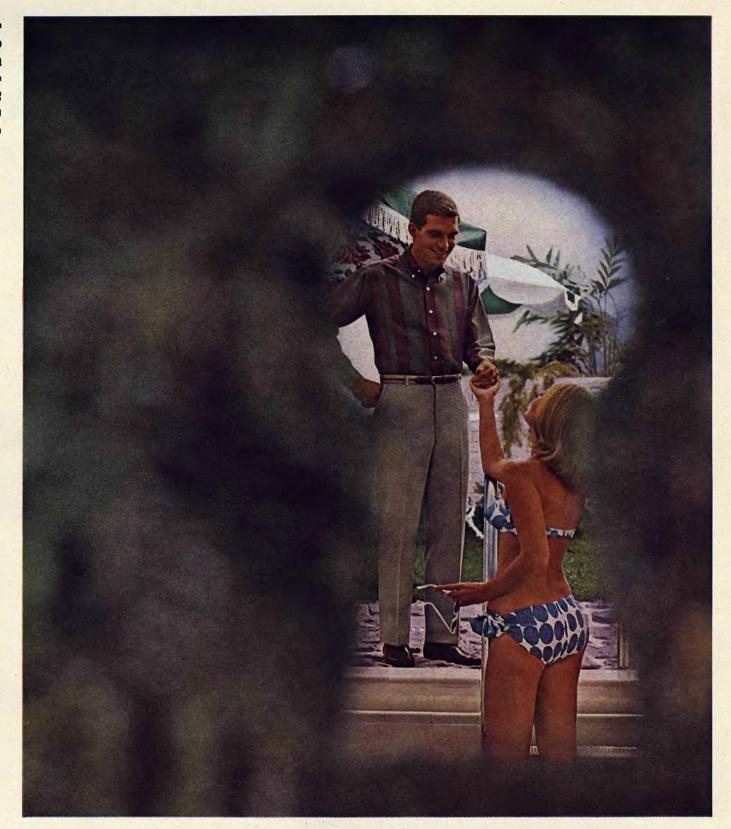
Mister H.M.H., I owe you an aging apology! Although my PLAYBOY collection dates back to issue number one (I



THOSE CLEAN WHITE ADLERS

Now you're getting the swing of it. All you have to do is be "clean white sock" in your Adlers. Suddenly you find yourself doing just as you please, and the whole world beaming unquestioning approval. You'll like it. Girls love it. And all because of the Adler SC shrink controlled wool sock. In white and a covey of colors. \$1.

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Take a peek at YMM® (young man's mood) slacks by JAYMAR-RUBY, seen here in a pool-side interlude. Slim-tapered, they lend a man's leisure appearance a big helping hand. Tailored in a fabric that keeps its trim shape—a new blend of Fortrel* polyester and high tenacity rayon, by Burlington Men's Wear. Wade into a colorful selection of these fine, youngminded slacks. (For names of stores near you, write to Jaymar-Ruby, Inc.,

*Celanese t.m.

Michigan City, Indiana). And always keep an eye out for that Bur-Mil label!

came out of a nauseous fog after more than nine hours of thoracic surgery to face my first "Playmate" - thoughtfully provided by a not-so-demure young Red Cross lady, who had a compulsion for doing nice things for sick Marines!), I have been of the long-standing assumption that you parlayed a flash-in-the-pan idea into success by surrounding yourself and a personal sophisticational void with the erudite talents of others. After setting aside my "Bunny Book" and Part Four of The Playboy Philosophy [March 1963], I realized my bias-setting required adjustment. Throughout the series of articles, you have proven yourself to be more than adequately articulate and incisive.

While the "philosophy" has been consistently expressed between the covers of PLAYBOY for some time, this definitive statement of editorial ideology was needed. For years I have supported these identical views. They have gained me nought but a reputation as a political malpatriot, a moral heretic, a social radical and a victim of personal anadjustment. At last—it's so comforting to know I'm not alone—and that my thoughts do not exist solely as disjointed entries in a small and gouged and beaten "Doomsday Book" begun as a freshman in college.

Your unequivocal voicing of relatively unpopular views on our modern militancy represents a kind of milestone in both social and publishing progress. You know, it's been a long time since Tom Paine put pen to paper...do you think that sort of idealism still has a chance?

Richard Dow

Van Nuys, California We think so, Dick—and the reader response to "The Playboy Philosophy" only further confirms our inherent optimism regarding the future of man.

The editorial views expressed in *The Playboy Philosophy* are a clear and honest expression of what I'd like to call the true American spirit. As you say, to be truly free from religious persecution, we must have "freedom of and *from* religion." It is more than curious that the nation's military institutions demand regular church attendance of their students while preparing them to defend the Constitution, which stands for pure and unqualified religious freedom.

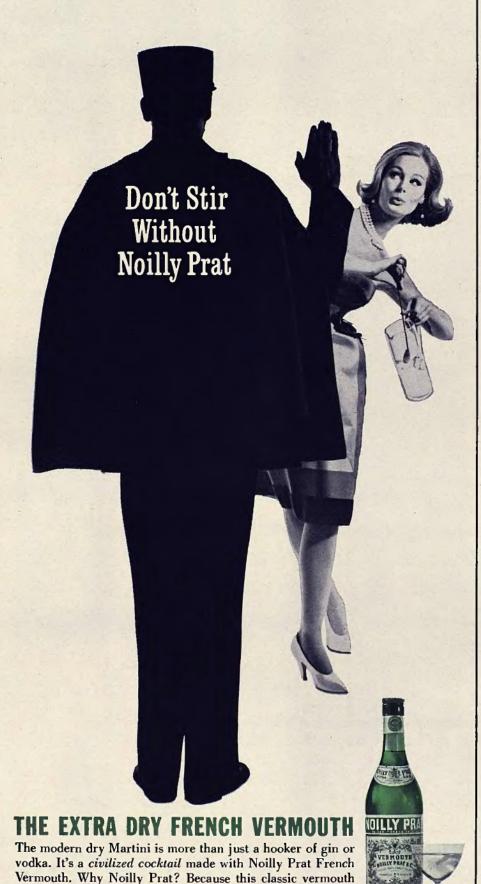
John Bailey Stanford University Stanford, California

I am writing in behalf of the United Christian Fellowship at the University of Illinois. This is a new organization representing the campus foundations of five major Protestant denominations. One of this body's program plans consists of a series of joint Sunday evening lectures and the program committee has



In Fine Whiskey...





expressed a desire that Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner speak at one of these.

As you are undoubtedly aware, the influence of PLAYBOY magazine has been widespread on this campus, and the attitude on life which it promotes, and which has been captured in Mr. Hefner's lucid editorials, has been the subject of a great deal of commentary and discussion here. It is recognized that much of The Playboy Philosophy rests on common ground with authentic Christianity - that a loss of vital receptivity to the beauties of life has resulted in a somewhat shallow piety. On the other hand, there are many who feel that PLAYBOY has contributed to a lack of authenticity and is consequently a menace to our society. For these reasons, we would deem it a truly valuable experience to have Mr. Hefner meet the students in person, both to increase an understanding of PLAYBOY'S position and to discuss, in a face-to-face situation, the similarities and conflicts existing between your magazine's philosophy and that of Christianity.

Robert E. Stauffer, Program Committee The United Christian Fellowship

University of Illinois Champaign, Illinois

Editor-Publisher Hefner sincerely regrets that his present work schedule makes it impossible for him to accept any speaking engagements in the immediate future, but he very much appreciates the invitation.

At a time when this great Union is engaged in a war against tyranny with Godless, atheistic communism as its adversary, it is, I think, most unfortunate that you have not let someone more qualified in theology do the preaching for your magazine. I am, of course, referring to your series of editorials propounding the PLAYBOY philosophy. I am particularly disturbed with your attack on what you call puritanism and its impact on personal freedom and liberty. You even went so far as to state that in the name of separation of church and state, you would like to see a government that was free from church or religious influence at the legislative level. Now this is the most radical and absurd statement I have ever heard from an apparently well-educated man. It is foolish, because most of our civil and criminal statutes are based upon and founded on the Bible teachings of Christianity. If your advice were to be followed to the letter, we could not even have a law against murder, let alone the many lesser laws which are needed to protect a free society against the minority who would do evil.

As a great supporter of the Constitution, an avid hunter and lover of guns, also a member of the National Rifle Association, I challenge you to do a

is correctly pale, matchless in flavor and, above all, extra dry.



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goes over 90 m.p.h., independent suspension on all 4 wheels.





Triumph engineering all the way. You own it for only \$2199:

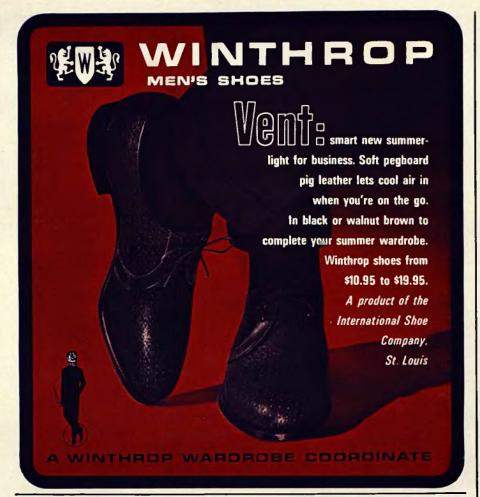
DESIGN: Four cylinder engine. Dual carburetors. Four speed gear box. Independent suspension on all wheels. Disc brakes. Racing hand brake.

STYLING: Body created by the noted Italian designer Michelotti. (Look at those pictures again.) Roll-up windows. Lockable doors and trunk. Easily erected, all weather top. Leather grained upholstery. Full-scale, competition tested instrument panel including tachometer.

PERFORMANCE: Top speed over 90. Accelerates 0-60 m.p.h. in 16.5 seconds, 30-50 m.p.h. (traffic passing range) in 7 seconds. Up to 35 miles per gallon (over 300 miles without refueling). Turning circle only 24 feet.

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scries of articles as zealously defending the much infringed Article II, "A well regulated militia being necessary to the security of a free State, the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed." Yours for a strong Christian America.

Quentin Lineback

Myrtle Beach, South Carolina How about a strong, free America, Quentin? One in which Christian, Jew and men of good will of every religion, and of no religion, can live together in freedom and equality? When, as you say, our democracy is challenged the world over by totalitarian communism, it seems all the more important to re-establish the paramount principles upon which this great nation was founded. Religion is not what sets us apart - many totalitarian nations have had strong religious traditions, and some have even used those traditions as justification for torture, murder and war. What sets America apart is our heritage of freedom. It is our greatest strength against tyranny of every kind-from outside and from within. And none of our freedoms is any more important than the one that assures the complete separation of church and state - for history offers ample evidence that the greatest tyranny over man has occurred when church and government were one. This does not mean that some of the basic rules set down by one or the other of our organized religions may not be the same as some of our laws established by government. But it does mean that our laws must be decided upon for other than religious reasons.

You are quite right when you suggest that much of our common law originally grew out of our Christian and Judaic traditions, but in order to remain as U.S. law today, these doctrines should have a reason for their existence unrelated to their religious origin. Thus society has ample justification for laws against murder, but what possible rationale can be found to justify the divorce statute of New York, which recognizes no reason for dissolving an unsuccessful marriage except adultery; or the Connecticut statute that makes it illegal for doctors to disseminate information on birth control to patients, even when they request it; or the countless Blue Laws that exist in almost every state in the Union? The ideals that you find "radical and absurd" were shared by our founding fathers, who authored the Constitution and the Bill of Rights. One early American "radical" went so far as to state, "The government of the United States of America is not, in any sense, founded upon the Christian religion"; his name was George Washington.

This is not to be considered a rejection of the important place that religion holds in our society, but only a further confirmation that if men are to remain

COLUMBIA RECORDS The Sound of Entertainment



Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme join voices for a lively lark amongst Hollywood's most memorable and magical song hits.





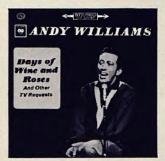
The coolest coalition of the century...bossa nova, country style.





A unique and versatile new singing group - The J's With Jamie—in an album of imaginative arrangements of your favorite ballads.





The warm and winning ways of Andy Williams. Andy sings such show-stoppers as Days of Wine and Roses, My Coloring Book, What Kind of Fool Am I and many others.





All-star jazz... Giants André Previn, Shelly Manne, Ray Brown and Herb Ellis in a swinging collection of standards and originals.





Accordionist Art Van Damme and guitarist Johnny Smith—'matched' in a set of swinging instrumentals.





The vocally bountiful Tony Bennett sings his latest hits, I Wanna Be Around, and I Will Live My Life for You, plus a collection of outstanding performances that reaffirm his reputation for being the singers' singer.

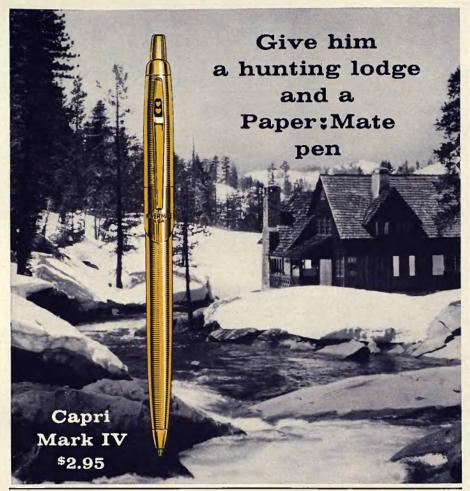




The incomparable sound of "Garters" Grady and his zesty honky-tonk piano. Nola, The Glow-Worm, Dardanella and many others.



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Texas Playboys urge your support to bring back the old-fashioned



bachelor party!

You may love Texans or you may hate them. But one thing you have to admit — they've got style.

"Today's bachelor parties lack twofisted imagination," say our Lone Star friends. "If you can't launch the old boy right, why bother? Show him you care. Show him honor. Pretend he's Sam Houston and give him a Bacardi Bachelor Party!"

(A Bacardi Bachelor Party is where you serve Light Bacardi, Dark Bacardi and Añejo — and all the mixings you can think of. It's got swagger!)

"Remember that old Texas saying: Any friend worth a party is worth a Bacardi Party!"

Tex, in our book you're still the biggest state!

free, there must be limits to the power exercised by both our religion and our government and each has its separate place, apart from the functioning of the other. For additional comment on the importance of the separation of church and state in a free society, see this month's "Playboy Philosophy."

My compliments to you for your excellent editorial series. Your magazine is the concretization of your denial that man's body, mind and soul are in conflict. You have successfully combined intellectual stimulation with an appreciation for the things that make life so pleasant. A religion which tells us that sex is evil, that pleasure is evil, that physical comfort and the accumulation of wealth are evil, has no place in the 20th Century, which stands in defiance of those who assert the impotence of man's spirit and the hopelessness of his existence. Unfortunately, our philosophers have kept their ideas in the Dark Ages a disturbing contrast with the achievements of science and industrial tech-

When you say that capitalism has become a dirty word and shouldn't be, you have identified one of the things that is wrong with this country today. You are absolutely correct when you say that the reason Russia has succeeded as she has is that we Americans do not know what we are for. In fact, we have conceded to our opponents their main premise. The leaders of Russia and the leaders of America are both opposed to capitalism.

I salute you and your magazine! The points which you make in your Playboy Philosophy show that you have a far better grasp of the fundamental dilemmas of America than the professional intellectuals or the politicians of the left and right. Your perception is edifying in an intellectual atmosphere that is foggy with agnosticism, vagueness and indirection.

Howard A. Hood Harvard University Cambridge, Massachusetts

Mr. Hefner's editorial in the February issue of your magazine deserves comment. His opinions on national and international affairs, and more specifically, those on the Cold War and the Common Market, are just that — "opinions" — and should be given no more weight than the opinions of Frank Sinatra on similar serious subjects (in the same issue). These articles have their greatest merit in offering insight into the minds of their authors. I prefer to hear opinions on these topics from a statesman (not a politician) rather than from (1) the original playboy or (2) an entertainer.

In the subdivision of Mr. Hefner's epistle entitled "The Sexual Revolu-

The Personal Touch



Dressed for the fun of it

When you wear 'Botany' 500 sport coats and slacks, you are ready for carefree casual living. Bright new fabrics and smart designing combine to bring you the gaiety, comfort, fashion and good looks appropriate for leisure occasions. The dedi-

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is your assurance of dependable quality. At authorized 'Botany' 500 dealers, at these Quality-Value prices: Sport Coats from \$35.00*, Slacks from \$16.95*. Send for booklet "The Personal Touch" and

the name of your nearest dealer. Write H. Daroff, 2300 Walnut St., Phila. 3, Pa. (a div. of Botany Ind.).



Lord Calvert costs \$6 a fifth. So what?

I adore the finer things of life.

And John loves for me to have them.

Live, he says.

Don't settle for less than the best.

If you have a taste for extraordinary quality the price you pay is not important.

It's easy to see why our whiskey is Lord Calvert.

Not cheap, but then, the finest never is.



Price is approximate, varies by state.

BLENDED WHISKEY, 86 PROOF, 35% STRAIGHT WHISKIES, 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. HOUSE OF CALVERT, N.Y.C.

tion," I noted several lines that pose questions. I believe that there is a difference between moral maturity and moral decline. I feel, too, that books such as Lolita and Henry Miller's Tropics fall into the latter category - not through their literary merit, but because of their effect. Just because several literary critics decided that these books have merit does not make them acceptable. These critics and other men of letters are qualified to read these books and recognize their underlying merit. The masses who make these books best sellers are not so qualified, however, and see only what is on the printed page. This, in my opinion, voids whatever merit the books may have. These books serve only to acquaint the reader with the promiscuity and degeneracy in the mind of the author. This may or may not be the author's intent, but it is his effect. To infringe upon the freedom of sales or publication of these books, or others of the same nature, is no more wrong than to infringe upon a man's freedom to commit murder.

Edward M. Slavish

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania There is all the difference in the world between curtailing overt acts that are harmful to a society and censoring the free flow of a society's art and literature. America was founded on the premise that the "masses," in whom you seem to have so little faith, are entitled to exactly the same rights as the "critics and other men of letters." In our view, a people which has free access to the printed page has the best chance of remaining free. To suggest that "promis-cuity and degeneracy" in a book, rather than literary merit, should be the scale upon which it is weighed is to relegate its fate and its availability to the most arbitrary and subjective of judgments. Good literature will survive and trash disappear without the aid of any censor and without corrupting the minds of the "masses" who, most authorities agree, are much less affected by what they read than the would-be censor would have us believe. As a citizen of Philadelphia, our nation's "birthplace," you should be especially interested in the comments on this subject by Thomas Jefferson, quoted on the first page of this month's "Playboy Philosophy."

Like it or not, your publication is subject to censorship — by me. I am that anathema to all so-called liberals of the press, a censor — and about which you can do nothing. This is one instance you cannot go to crying to the courts.

The action is quite simple — whenever a publication of undesirable nature arrives here, the cover is removed and the body of the magazine is then consigned to the trash can. Actually, this is the most effective means of censorship — the seller just not selling a given article —

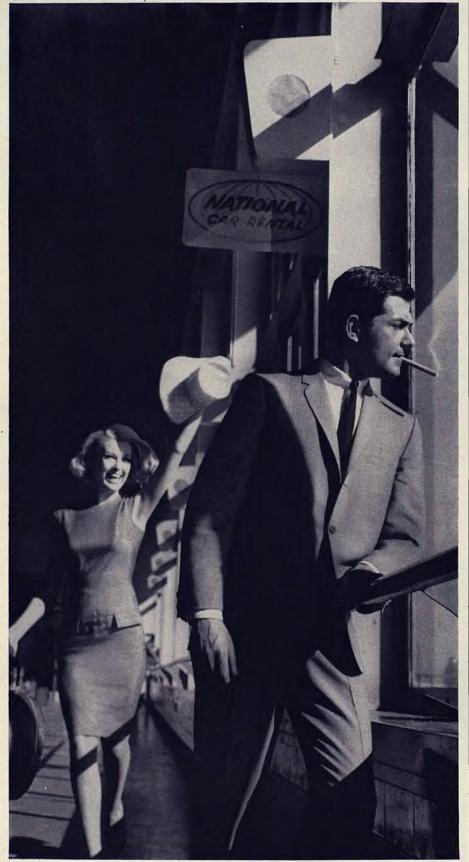


Why did TWA officially approve Sea&Ski Spectaculars for use by its pilots, flight engineers and navigators?

Because TWA has put these precision-made sunglasses thru the most rigid tests and found them to give 180° distortion-free vision—with no blind spots.

The reason Sea & Ski Spectaculars are optically perfect is that they are made with an extraordinary new lens material called Orama IV, and hand-crafted by skilled French technicians. They are exceptionally lightweight, fog-resistant, scratch-resistant, glareproof and shatterproof.

That's why Sea & Ski Spectaculars have won instant, hearty approval of skiers, sportsmen and sun lovers everywhere they have been introduced in Europe and America. Sea & Ski Spectaculars are the world's finest sun and sports glasses. Styles for both men and women in Bright Amber, Filter Green, Ice Blue, Daylight Gray and Sunset Bronze. Including continental case, \$12.95. Groshire-Austin Leeds Handshaped Suit



How to enjoy waiting for someone like this

The cigar smoker waits with pleasure. Once he lights up, he's living. And he can enjoy all the rich flavor of the tobacco without inhaling. Which may be why you see so many young men smoking cigars today. They start young. And stay young.

thereby circumventing the courts (who should have done a better job in the first place)! In the light of your definition, being a censor is in my case for a specific reason — Christian morality and obligation. The so-called merits of "freedom" as by your standards leads, eventually, to social anarchy. History has proved this often enough. Your claim actually should be properly labeled for what it really is — "license." In my realm, gentlemen, standards do exist and should be enforced. My definitions are as good as yours.

Thomas G. Gisvold Gisvold Rexall Drugs Stanley, Wisconsin

How fortunate the citizens of Stanley are to have you there to protect them from publications of an "undesirable nature." You seem uncommonly well-qualified for the job: We only had to correct 11 errors in spelling and punctuation in your short epistle; the logic of it was, however, beyond salvation. We hope your friends and neighbors fully appreciate the special service you are supplying them along with the drugs and toiletries in circumventing their courts and acting as their censor.

Have been unable to lay my hands on a December issue of PLAYBOY in which you began your "Playboy Philosophy" soliloquy. Would appreciate receiving one, if possible. Hope to stimulate some conversations and dialog re your philosophy on this campus within the next couple of months.

Thomas A. Huff, Associate Secretary The Caltech YMCA California Institute of Technology Pasadena, California

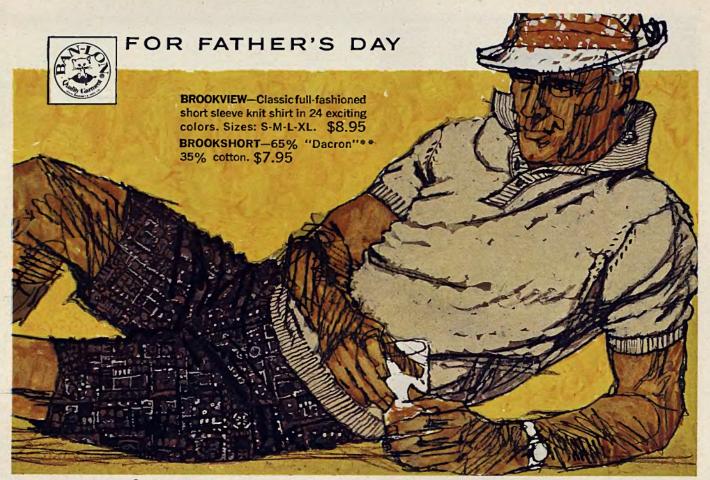
I am not as articulate or literate as some of those who have written to you praising your *Playboy Philosophy*, but I, too, am awed by this waterfall of reason. Why don't you put the *Philosophy* into book form? To me it is a 20th Century version of Thomas Paine's *Age of Reason*.

S. Yellin Rezo Park, New York

Having just read part four of *The Playboy Philosophy*, I feel that I have missed something very worth while by not having read the three previous installments. Would it be possible to obtain copies of the earlier *Philosophy*?

James K. Johnston Las Vegas, New Mexico

Because of the considerable number of requests for copies of the earlier parts of "The Playboy Philosophy," we have reprinted a limited number of the first seven installments and all seven may be had by sending a check or money order for \$1 to Playboy, 232 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Illinois.



THERE'S NO GIFT QUITE LIKE PURI'S FULL-FASHIONED Ban-Lon KNIT SHI



BROOKPARK-Full-fashioned Ban-Lon short sleeve cardigan with tipping on collar and bottom in 5 vibrant colors. Sizes: S-M-L-XL. \$10.95

BROOKTAB-Full-fashioned Ban-Lon short sleeve knit shirt with tipping on collar and pocket in 5 fashion colors. Sizes: S-M-L-XL.

\$10



Satisfy yourself on Father's Day. Give Dad just one Puritan fullfashioned Ban-Lon knit shirt. He'll love its fit . . . you'll love its look. For Puritan's Ban-Lon* knit shirts are truly full-fashioned. Each is automatically knit to proper size. While the collar, cuffs and placket are joined to the body of the shirtstitch for stitch-not just sewn together.

And, the fit is forever. For after 40 times in your washer-dryer, the only change you'll ever see in these shirts is an improvement in their looks.

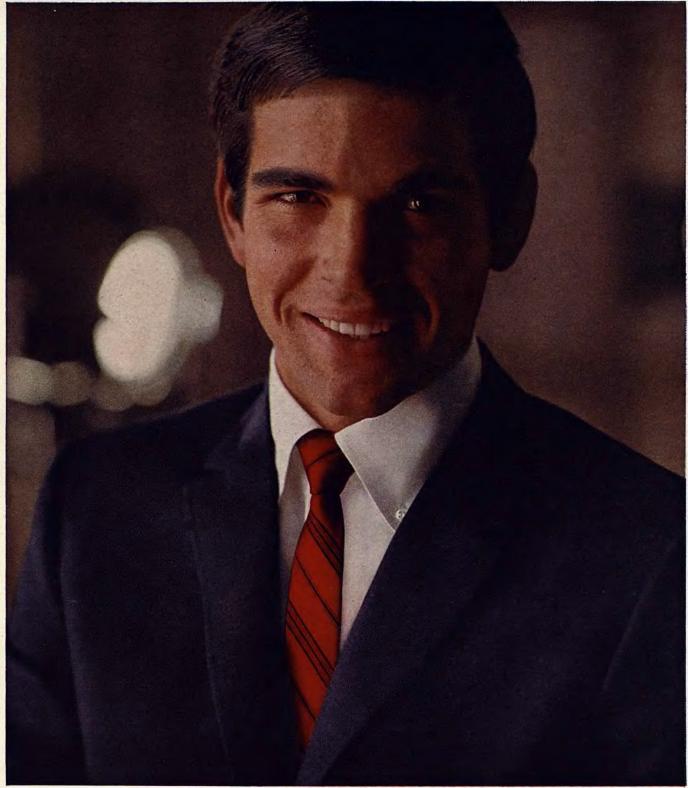
So remember give Dad a full-fashioned Puritan Ban-Lon knit shirt. Comes in more than 20 colors. Sizes S-M-L-XL. From \$8.95. In Boys' sizes & prices.

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*Textralized Yarn 100% DuPont Nylon

•• "Dacron" is DuPont's registered T.M. for its polyester fiber.



WEMBLEY ALL-SILK REPPS, \$2,50

Scene stealer

(the Wembley tie, of course)

His name is Tony Bill. He's bright, young, a star on the rise in his first featured movie role. Tony's tie, of course, is a Wembley all-silk repp. This is just one of the expressive Wembley ties that he wears in "Come Blow Your Horn".

The COLOR GUIDE® that appears on every Wembley tie tells him at a glance what color suit his tie goes

best with. You'll find Wembley ties in a panorama of colors and fabrics, at fine stores everywhere, priced from \$2.50 to \$7.50.

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



We regret to report that – as is so often the case with sequels – Alexander Graham Bell's recently published Manhattan Telephone Directory simply doesn't measure up to the promise of the author's earlier work. After poring with pleasure through last year's massive tome (1780 pages) from this prolific writer a powerful evocation of the sweep and stature of a great metropolis - we had entertained high hopes for Bell's next effort. However, his newest volume is merely derivative (where not actually imitative) of its predecessor. And his decision to introduce a motley array of unnecessary new characters has had the effect of compounding the confusion of an overcrowded and ill-assorted cast of characters, and of stretching the threads of a virtually invisible plot line - the one tragic flaw which has always marred Bell's work - almost to the breaking point. The melodramatic appearance of no less than eight characters named George Washington, for example, struck a discordant note of farce. That seven of these men are obvious impostors was unquestionably intended to indicate the often imperceptible distinction between truth and falsehood, illusion and reality; but we found this symbology both pretentious and overdrawn.

In a crass effort to cash in on the commercial appeal of the Harold Robbins – Grace Metalious school of moral (and literary) bankruptcy, Bell has also populated his pages with a rogues' gallery of pasteboard profligates which includes two Satirs, four Leches, two Rapers, one Trollope, 29 Husseys, one Sadie Thompson and three Schmucks. The entire text, moreover, is riddled with inaccuracies: we counted, for example, 428 Wong numbers. And speaking of numbers, the author has audaciously undertaken the abandonment of

the Romantic tradition of lettered prefixes (such as MUrray Hill, ELdorado, GRamercy and BUtterfield) in favor of the futuristic device of the digital-dialing system - doubtless in an attempt to depict the dissolution of individual identity in an age of expanding automation. The effect, ironically, has been to dehumanize his characters and the book itself. But perhaps most culpably, the redoubtable Archimedes I. Zzzyandottie - a picturesque and familiar figure in all of Bell's more recent works - has been denied the distinction of taking the last bow in the book; brazenly appearing in his stead is an opportunistic business firm improbably yelept the ZzzyZzy Ztamp Ztudioz. In sacrificing the engaging Mr. Zzzyandottie for the sake of proving a point about the eclipse of modern man by the specter of big business, the author has chosen to end his book on a note of negation rather than of affirmation - leaving the reader with an unpleasant aftertaste of bitter cynicism which undermines entirely the author's lifelong belief in the value of human communion. It is to be devoutly hoped that this insidious drift toward denial and disbelief will be arrested - and the Muse set free - in Bell's next effort, for we would regret the necessity of confining our future acquaintance with his work to such lightweight yellow journalism as his Classified Directory.

Golfers at the Westborough Country Club in St. Louis will be happy to learn that one of the more challenging handicaps of the course has been removed from a water hazard between the eighth and ninth holes: a three-foot alligator.

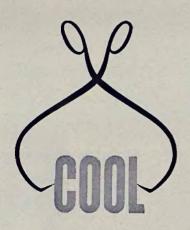
Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust: Our sympathies to Spanish sculptor Pablo Serrano, whose latest creation was accorded a memorable reception by Madrid's Malaga Hotel, which had commissioned the work for display in its lobby. Delivered when an artistically uninitiated assistant manager happened to be on duty, the avant-garde construction—assembled from a steel beam, an old typewriter, parts of a secondhand sewing machine and a bent bicycle wheel—was borne unceremoniously to the back door and deposited on the junk heap.

Bargain offer to exponents of individual enterprise in the "Business Opportunities" classified column of the San Jose, California, *News*: "DOUBLE BED, box springs & matt. Headboard. \$15."

Our man in Movieland reports that the management of The Grenadier, a well-known Hollywood cuisinery, has hit upon a foolproof scheme for coping with topers toppled with tee many martoonis: They send their identical-twin blonde waitresses to the tippler's table, where they inquire in unison before his unsteady gaze, "May I get you something else, sir?"

Attention coeds: an ad from the Situations Wanted column of the Baltimore Sun, offering "College Stud. — Des. night work of any kind. LA 3-1657."

Though esteemed and execrated for its "Impolite Interviews," iconoclastic editorials and unflinching minority views on almost everything, *The Realist*, Manhattan's self-proclaimed "Magazine of Applied Paranoia," is perhaps most beloved – and berated – for the irreverent cartoons which intersperse its pungent prose. Recent samples: beatnik carrying placard reading, "Repeat Ye Sinners";



... or hot, way out or low down however you like your music - you'll enjoy it more when you record it on Audiotape. The refreshing clarity of this fine tape brings out the best in every kind of music. You get less distortion, less background noise more listening pleasure. So, whether you dig it hot, cool or in between, try Audiotape. You'll like this tape the most.



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AUDIO DEVICES INC., 444 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.
Offices in Los Angeles • Chicago • Washington, D. C.

and *Peanuts'* favorite fuss-budget, Lucy, her profile offering proof positive of imminent parenthood, uttering that immortal line, "Good grief, Charlie Brown!"

Rare opportunity for the economyminded apartment hunter of unselfish inclination: an ad from the Winnipeg, Manitoba, *Free Press* offering, "Broad and Room for 2 Men to Share. Home privileges. SU 3-1684."

Among the more visionary peacetime uses of atomic energy now under research by the British AEC is a top-priority project involving the bombardment of freshly distilled whisky with radio-isotopes—thus, it is hoped, eliminating the necessity of two years' aging in the cask. Possible result: instant whisky. Possible aftermath: atomic fallover.

Sign of the times crayoned on a Greenwich Village billboard: PEACE IS COOL.

Between machine-gun bursts on a recent episode of The Untouchables about the jukebox racket, we found ourself musing musically about what might happen to the Hit Parade if the underworld decided to exploit Tin-Pan Alley as a personal publicity medium as well as a source of income. The Top Twenty, or Most-Wanted Tunes, we reasoned, would soon read something like this: Stoolie by Starlight, Crime on My Hands, Ain't Misdemeanor, A Felony Needs a Girl, Come Fry with Me, Let's Take an Old-Fashioned Ride, I Could Write a Bookie, Erasable You, Stone Cold Dead in the Car Trunk, The Mann Act I Love, I Might as Well Be Sprung, Three Cons in the Fountain, You Made Me Rub You (flip side: I'm Gonna Rub that Man Right Outa My Life), Don't Throw Grenades at Me, You're the Cop, Bye-Bye Blackjack, Knife Work If You Can Get It, Ole 'Lectric Chair's Got Me and the ever-popular Sing-Sing Sing.

THEATER

Enter Loughing has all the dog-earmarks to stamp it as just another shopworn cloak-and-situation comedy, but in the magic hands of Alan Arkin, it is strictly made to measure. A fugitive improviser from Second City (where he played everything from a far-out folknik to an aged pretzel vendor), Arkin is a friendly faced, gopherish comic who can mimic, mug and marshal audiences into helpless laughter. In this adaptation by Joseph Stein of Carl Reiner's autobiographical novel, Arkin is David Kolowitz, a hammy errant boy for a millinery-machine manufacturer (Yiddish actor Irving Jacobson

in his belated Broadway debut), who is willing to overlook his protégé's past truancies, if he will only stop with those Ronald Colman imitations. The boy's wise old mother (Sylvia Sidney), who will forgive him everything as long as he has meat for dinner, wants him to be a druggist. But Arkin hates druggists. He likes actors, though, and tries out for a part with a seedy band of players, catches the eye of leading lady Vivian Blaine and gets to be her leading man. The stage direction says "(Enter Laughing)," and at rehearsal Arkin tries them all, from a staccato heh-heh to an earblasting haaargh. The more he acts, the worse he acts. The day of the play, with his family beaming backstage (so if he's not a druggist, at least he'll be a good actor), he swashbuckles to stage front, and then, swash!, he buckles. He stands there gaping as the play continues around him. "You were the best," says his mother after the show. Running, jumping, standing still or struck dumb, Alan Arkin is the town clown. At Henry Miller's Theater, 124 West 43rd Street.

Watching Vivien Leigh perform in a musical comedy is like watching Queen Elizabeth dance the limbo. She's doing it, thinks the audience. She's really doing it! OK, so she's doing it. . . . In Tovarich, Miss Leigh sings passably in a teeny-tiny baritone, dances delicately, and gets to don a maid's habit. The story, much the same one Jacques Deval and Robert E. Sherwood devised for their 1936 comedy, is about a royal couple who turn kitchen couple. Grand Duchess Tatiana and her consort, Prince Mikail, driven from Russia by the Bolsheviks, are holed up in a Paris garret (their 4,000,000,000 tsarist francs are holed up in a Swiss bank). Finally down to their last pawnable, and pursued by the hated Bolshevik Gorotchenko and the secret police (who want the dough more than they want the Duchess), they decide to get jobs. "Tina" and "Mike" hire themselves out as maid and butler to a pair of rich ugly Americans, parents to a pair of musicalcomedy children, snobby George and sloppy Helen. The parents throw a party for some visiting oilmen, and the guest of honor is the oily Gorotchenko himself. There's a clash at the bash. The book is not quite as tsarrible as it sounds. It has a certain confectioned charm at times, but the songs are no help at all. The music, by Lee Pockriss, is collective - a little Loewe, a little Weill, a little less of Loesser, a polonaise, a tango, a charleston, a strolling accordion street song, and even some Cossack squat-jumping. The lyrics, by Anne Croswell, are not nearly so diverse. Sample: "I go to bed and pull the covers up around my head." Consorting with Miss Leigh is Jean Pierre Aumont. He sings a bit better than she does, and

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passes better as a butler than she as a maid, which is to his credit as an actor and to her's as a lady. Both stars are likable, but their show is novarich. At the Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway.

When Eugene O'Neill's Strange Interlude was first staged in 1928, it was startlingly innovative - nine acts, almost five hours long, the action interrupted by asides and soliloquies revealing the characters' most guarded secrets. Today, structurally, Strange Interlude no longer seems such a novelty. The asides are now said right out loud in other plays, or revealed indirectly through nuances in the contemporary actor's bag of methodical tricks. But though O'Neill's theatricks are out of style, in this Actors Studio Theater revival, Strange Interlude does not creak with age; it crackles with excitement as it unfolds the epic life of Nina Leeds (Geraldine Page), sacrificial lamb and seductive enchantress. Around her revolve three males: Sam Evans (Pat Hingle), the bumpkin she marries; Dr. Edmund Darrell (Ben Gazzara), the self-deceived sensualist she loves; and Charles Marsden (William Prince), the avuncular prig she pets. Above all, Nina wants a baby (another male to rule), and since she is convinced that insanity runs in her husband's family, she refuses to have Sam's son. She and Darrell commit premeditated (and supposedly loveless) adultery, and find, after the fact, that they are passionately in love. Both abnegate their happiness for Sam's, and keep torturing themselves for it. "We lunatics," says Darrell many acts and many years later, "have made a sane life for [Sam] out of our madness." For Nina and Darrell the present is only a strange interlude between past and future. For the audience it is a series of brutal, brittle encounters between father and daughter, mother and son, husband and wife, wife and lover. During the long evening (broken by a one-hour dinner intermission) the drama attains a cumulative intensity. Director José Quintero has adroitly maneuvered his expert cast through the maze of meshed motivations. Geraldine Page captures the full range of Nina - from tease to tempest - and Gazzara, Prince, Hingle, Geoffrey Horne and Jane Fonda are faultless in lessdemanding roles. Like the cast, this first Actors Studio venture into the marketplace is dazzling. At the Hudson Theater, 141 West 44th Street.

Peter Ustinov's Photo Finish is an experiment in trick photography in which Ustinov freely juggles time to study the 80-year life and wife of a protean novelist. Eileen Herlie plays the wife at all the ages, from sexy to senescent. Ustinov plays the author only as a grizzled graybeard, and employs other actors to portray the younger ages of his man.



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MIDNIGHT SUN

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ALL ALONE AM I
What Kind Of Fool Am I? sings
BRENDA LEE as she triumphantly
blends tears with intensity, lamenting loves lost and found. I
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Lover, Fly Me To The Moon, and
others. DL 4370 (M) DL 74370 (S)



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Lest he miss even a little piece of the action when he is not directly participating, star, author, co-director Ustinov hides himself onstage beneath a mound of blankets - listening to his own dialog and probably chuckling to himself at the sheer wit of it all. Ustinov is Sam Kinsale, a fussy old sickbedded novelist who is fidgeting away his last years with thoughts about ordering the disorder of his life into an autobiography. In struts himself at 60, a stylish writer of pap-ular fiction, to arrange an assignation with a pea-brained gold digger who is one-third his age. Old Sam groans at the memory; the affair ended in a heart seizure. Suddenly Sam-at-40 bursts in; his pomposity reminds his two elders of their middleaged pretension and forgotten novels. He is followed by Sam-at-20, a knickered boyish boob who writes esoteric verse. All three of his elder egos have a go at the artist as a young Sam, smacking their lips over the 60, 40 or 20 years of secrets they have on him. A non-Sam enters as the father of them all, Reginald Kinsale, Esq., a starchy stuffed shirt who tries to discourage young Sam from marrying his love, Stella. Oldest Sam intrudes: "You may be my father, but I'm older than you are. In fact, I'm older than you ever will be." Ustinov's final bit of whimsy - at the thirdact curtain - is to be introduced to himself as an infant. "Might I hold him?" he asks, and Ustinov cradles himself in his arms. If Photo Finish is largely Ustinov cradling himself - whenever he gets his teeth into one of his own good lines, he savors it past the point of artistry - the play is still a delight, no less trivial and no less fun than it is gimcracked up to be. At the Brooks Atkinson Theater, 256 West 47th Street.

MOVIES

Jean Genet's play The Bolcony isn't "healthy" by cornball standards, but the fact that it was filmed in America is a milestone in the maturing of U.S. movies. This far-out French fantasy (an off-Broadway hit) takes place in a bordello in a nameless revolt-torn country. The bordello specializes in customers who dress in costumes and dream it up with the dolls. Three of the johns like to be a general, a judge and a bishop, respectively, and their play-acting with the poules is a caricature of the stupidity and evil in the world outside. The payoff comes when the three impersonators have to impersonate their real-life counterparts for real-life stakes. Genet's jabs at the lies of life, pomposities of power, and silliness about sex have been boiled down in the movie, and too many cooks almost spoil the brothel. Still, while Ben Maddow's screenplay is more satirical farce than bitter fantasy, it keeps much of the original's originality, and would have fared better with a better director; the play is poetic, and Joseph Strick is strictly prosaic. Peter Falk, as the chief of police, can't quite decide to be either Groucho or grim. Shelley Winters never really gets into the part of the madam—it's only skim-deep. The standout is Lee Grant, as her Lesbian friend—tigerish, tender and talented.

Paul Newman's new film Hud is about a Texas badman, vintage 1963. He packs a complex instead of a Colt and rides a Cadillac instead of a colt; instead of a shoot-out, there's an emotional showdown. The script by Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank, Jr., based on a novel by Larry McMurty, tells the story of Hud Bannon, headstrong, hedonistic cowpuncher, who lives on a cattle spread with his aging father, his young nephew, and a housekeeper. He hells around with hooch and hungry wives, doesn't get along with pa, and would like to get along much better with the thirtyish housekeeper. The dialog is full of pith and vinegar and there are a lot of sizzling scenes, but we never really are told the core of the trouble between him and his father, what makes Hud think he's the hub of things, why he believes the world is, as he says, "crap." Newman, as Hud, fills the screen with fire and feeling - one of the best performances in an American picture since the one in The Hustler by a fellow named Newman. Patricia Neal, the housekeeper, is neally perfect. Melvyn Douglas, despite a touch of actorishness, makes the old man massive, and Brandon de Wilde has so much personal appeal as the nephew that he almost convinces you he's got talent. Martin Ritt has directed with dexterity and devotion. Everything's here for a fine film but the foundation.

Alfred Hitchcock's film-making formula is to find a good gimmick (a chase over the faces at Mount Rushmore, a stabbing in a shower) and build a picture around it. Only sometimes he jerry-builds it. The Birds, his latest, never really takes wing. Evan Hunter's script, from Daphne du Maurier's story, has witless characters and snapless dialog. Hitchcock's direction, except for the shock sequences, is trite and untrue. A San Francisco heiress (madcap, but with heart of gold) chases a young lawyer to his weekend home (Bodega Bay, terrific in Technicolor) where he lives with his young sister and possessive ma. Heiress rooms with a pretty schoolmarm who also has a crush on the lawyer. The birds in the vicinity thousands of gulls, crows, finches - suddenly mass in great flocks to attack the town. This doom de plume gets rid of

SOUTHERN COMFORT® BARMATE **HOME BARTENDERS' GUIDE TO EXPERT DRINK MIXING**

(Advertisement)

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The key to easy mixing and better taste...keep this "barmate" handy!

Join the club...of those who appreciate fine drinks and know how to mix them. You'll find this "barmate" a real helpmate. It contains simple (and superb) recipes for drinks made with all the popular, basic liquors... Bourbon, Scotch, gin, vodka, rum and Southern Comfort. In fact, it shows you how to improve many of your old favorites... in some of them, just by replacing the traditional basic liquor with another one. One example is the use of Southern Comfort, where the good taste of the liquor itself will give you the reputation for making outstanding Old-Fashioneds, Sours, Manhattans, Collins, etc. The secret is in the difference of taste and character of the basic liquor. Try the simple taste test below and prove it to yourself.

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tips from the experts

THE MAGIC FORMULA TO SUCCESS — MEASURING!

Not even a highball should be mixed by the "eyeball" method. The best drinks are the result of exact measurements of the finest ingredients.

Here are the figures you can count on:

pony = 1 oz

one jigger $= 1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. dash = 4 to 6 drops.

WHAT KIND OF SUGAR IS BEST?

Finely granulated sugar won't cake, mixes faster, makes clearer drinks. Confectioners' sugar (often called "powdered") is not for drinks. Always dissolve sugar before adding liquor.

DON'T SKIMP ON THE ICE!

Use cracked ice for shaker drinks, lots of cubes for highballs. When pre-mixing drinks, add ice when ready to serve. Avoid "stale" ice, with that "icebox taste."

SECRET OF THE FROSTED GLASS

For "frosted" drinks, put wet glasses in the refrigerator or bury in shaved ice. To "sugar-frost," dampen rim of pre-cooled glass with lemon slice, then dip rim in sugar for a few seconds. Brush off the excess.

WHEN TO SHAKE— WHEN TO STIR?

A drink made with clear liquors needs only stirring with ice (the Stinger's an exception). Shake drinks made with hard-to-blend ingredients like fruit juice, eggs, cream, sugar . . . and give it all you've got!

CHILLED GLASSES— BETTER DRINKS

Before mixing, fill glasses with cracked or shaved ice, let stand. When mixture is ready, dump ice, dry the glasses, and pour.

prove it to yourself (the way the experts do it)

- Fill three Old-Fashioned glasses about half-full of cracked ice. Pour one ounce of Scotch or Bourbon (whichever you prefer)† into the first glass... an ounce of good gin into the second glass... and an ounce of Southern Comfort into the remaining glass. Then swirl the glasses carefully until all the liquors are well chilled.
- First, pick up the glass containing the Scotch or Bourbon. Sniff it slowly, then take a sip. In the same way, sniff the gin... then sip it. Finally, sniff the glass of Southern Comfort and taste it.
- By now you'll understand why Southern Comfort is so popular with knowledgeable people . . . why it's so good no matter how you drink it: straight, on-the-rocks, as a mist, in tall drinks, or in cocktails. You'll realize why so many more people are enjoying it regularly, as their No. I favorite or for variety and extra pleasure. †Or substitute rum or brandy
 PLAYBOY June 1963



Comfort* Collins



Smooth attraction at the PLAYBOY CLUB in St. Louis

Today this tall, cool legacy of riverboat days is becoming more popular than the famous St. Louis Blues. Jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort • juice ¼ lime • 7-UP Blend Southern Comfort and lime juice in a tall glass. Addice cubes, fill with 7-UP, and stir drink thoroughly.

PLAYBOY June 1963

Tall-Cool-Terrific

TOM COLLINS

1 tspn. sugar • ½ jigger (¾ oz.) lemon juice 1 jigger (1½ oz.) gin or vodka • dry soda Dissolve sugar in juice, add ice cubes, liquor, and soda. Stir well.

PUZZLER

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort Pineapple-grapefruit juice Pack tall glass with cracked ice, add Southern Comfort. Fill with

pineapple-grapefruit juice.

PLANTER'S PUNCH

Juice of ½ lemon • juice of ½ orange 4 dashes Curacao • 1 jigger Jamaica rum Shake and pour into tall glass filled with cracked ice. Stir. Decorate with fruit, serve with straws.

TEQUILA COLLINS

1 jigger Cuervo tequila • 2 tspns. sugar 1/2 oz. fresh lemon or lime juice Sparkling water

Pack tall glass with cracked ice. Add tequila, sugar, and juice. Fill with sparkling water. Stir. Garnish with cherry and lemon slice.

GIN 'N TONIC

Juice, rind ¼ lime • jigger (1½ oz.) gin • tonic Squeeze lime over ice cubes in 8-oz. glass. Add rind, gin, fill with tonic, stir. For vodka 'n tonic, use vodka instead of gin.

COMFORT* COLA

Juice and rind of 1/2 lime 1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort • cola Squeeze lime over ice cubes in tall glass. Add rind, Southern Comfort, fill with cola and stir. For a Cuba Libre, use light rum instead of S.C.

Salute to the spirit of the French Quarter!

Scarlett

Favorite of gourmets who dine at Antoine's, New Orleans

A drink intriguing as the Rebel belle who inspired it. It has a flavor that pleases the most cosmopolitan taste.

11/2 oz. Southern Comfort 34 oz. Ocean Spray cranberry juice cocktail . juice 1/2 fresh lime

Shake well with cracked ice, strain into chilled sour glass.









Honolulu Cooler



Girl-watchers' favorite at the PLAYBOY CLUB in Miami

The most refreshing drink under the sun. It's as much at home on Main Street as in Miami or Waikiki. Juice ½ lime • 1½ oz. Southern Comfort • pineapple juice Pack tall glass with cracked ice; add lime juice, Southern Comfort. Fill with pineapple juice, stir.

PLAYBOY June 1963



Smart summer delights

SCREWDRIVER

1 jigger (1½ oz.) vodka • orange juice

Place two ice cubes into 6-oz. glass. Pour in vodka, fill with orange juice, and stir.

S.C. instead of vodka gives the screwdriver a bright new turn.

GRASSHOPPER

¾ oz. fresh cream • 1 oz. white creme de cacao 1 oz. green creme de menthe Shake well or blend thoroughly with cracked ice

ALEXANDER

½ oz. fresh cream • ¾ oz. creme de cacao 1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort, gin, or brandy Shake well with cracked ice and strain into glass.

ST. LOUIS COCKTAIL

and strain into cocktail glass.

½ canned peach or apricot • chilled Southern Comfort Place peach or apricot in large champagne or sherbet glass. Add cracked ice, fill with Southern Comfort. Serve with demitasse spoon and straw.



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Comfort*'n Tonic



Popular favorite at the PLAYBOY CLUB in Chicago

These favorites from the Windy City mix so well that it's a breeze to enjoy them right at home, too. 1½ oz. Southern Comfort • juice ½ lime (optional) • tonic Squeeze lime over ice cubes in 8-oz. glass. Add rind, Southern Comfort, fill with tonic, and stir well. PLAYBOY June 1963 *Southern Comfort*

a Winning Selection



Dash Angostura bitters • splash of dry soda
½ tspn. sugar (optional)

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort

Stir bitters, sugar and soda in glass, add ice
cubes and S.C. Top with twist of lemon peel,
orange slice, and cherry.

For ordinary Old-Fashioned, muddle 1 lump sugar with
soda and bitters, and replace S.C. with Bourbon or rye.



THE ALAMO

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort Unsweetened Texas grapefruit juice Pack Collins glass (12 oz.) with cracked ice, add Southern Comfort, fill with juice, stir.

WHISKEY MIST

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Bourbon, Scotch or rye
Pour into Old-Fashioned glass filled to brim with
cracked ice. Add twist of lemon peel and
stir. Serve with short straw.
For a new twist to a mist, use Southern Comfort.



COMFORT* ON-THE-ROCKS

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort Pour into Old-Fashioned glass filled with ice cubes. Add twist of lemon peel and stir.

LEMON COOLER

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort
Schweppe's Bitter Lemon
Pour Southern Comfort over ice cubes in highball
glass, fill with Bitter Lemon, and stir.

MANHATTAN

½ oz. Italian (sweet) vermouth 1 jigger (1½ oz.) Bourbon or rye Dash Angostura bitters (optional) Stir with cracked ice, strain. Serve with cherry.



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Picked by patrons of Sardi's Restaurant & Sardi's East, New York

Toast a special night on the town or dinner at home, with the drink New Yorkers proudly named their own.

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort ½ oz. extra dry (French) vermouth Dash Angostura bitters (optional)

Stir well with cracked ice, then strain into glass. Add a cherry.



*Southern Comfort®



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Gentlemen's choice at the PLAYBOY CLUB in New Orleans

You'll like the comfort of the Old South even today. 4 sprigs fresh mint • dash water • 2 oz. Southern Comfort Crush mint in water in tall glass. Pack with cracked ice, pour S. C. almost to top, stir till frosted.

For a Bourbon mint julep, add 1 tspn. of sugar to the mint and water.

Substitute Bourbon for S. C.

PLAYBOY June 1963

fol weather favorites

GIN RICKEY

Juice, rind ½ lime • jigger (1½ oz.) gin • dry soda Squeeze juice of lime over ice cubes in 8-oz. glass. Add gin, lime rind, fill with soda, stir.



DAIQUIRI

Juice of 1/2 lime or 1/4 lemon • 1 tspn. sugar 1 jigger (1½ oz.) light rum Shake with cracked ice 'til shaker frosts, then strain into cocktail glass.

For a Daiquiri with a difference, try Southern Comfort instead of rum. Use only 1/2 tspn. sugar, same amount of fruit juice.

GIMLET

1/2 oz. Rose's sweetened lime juice 1 jigger (1½ oz.) gin or vodka Shake well with cracked ice, strain into glass.



BLOODY MARY

2 jiggers tomato juice • ¼ jigger lemon juice 1 jigger (1½ oz.) vodka • dash of Worcestershire sauce Salt and pepper to taste. Shake with cracked ice, strain into 6-oz. glass.

COMFORT* HIGHBALL

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort • dry soda Twist of lemon peel or juice ¼ lime (optional) Pour Southern Comfort over ice cubes in highball glass, add lime juice or twist of lemon peel; fill with soda and stir gently.



WHISKEY SOUR

½ jigger lemon juice • 1 tspn. sugar 1 jigger (1½ oz.) Bourbon or rye Shake well with cracked ice, strain into glass. Serve with orange slice on rim of glass, and cherry.

Watch this sour put a smile on your lips

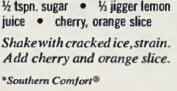
Comfort* Sour

Pleasant custom at the Hotel Mark Hopkins, San Francisco

A classic that reached the "top" mixed the smoother way. Try it and you'll be the top mixer in your crowd.

Jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort ½ tspn. sugar • ½ jigger lemon juice . cherry, orange slice

Add cherry and orange slice.





schoolmarm, unites heiress and lawyer, reconciles ma to their marriage. No reason is given as to why the birds attack, and why only this community. At the end they are in possession of the hero's farm, and we get no clue about the future. The attack scenes - sparrows flooding down the chimney and out of the fireplace, crows diving on the schoolkids - are scary; the rest of the picture - for the birds. Jessica Tandy, the mother, is the only competent cast member. Rod Taylor, the hero, is stodgily stalwart, and newcomer Tippi Hedren, the heiress, comes from TV commercials and it shows. The Birds is a frazzled feather in Hitchcock's cap.

Icarus Montgolfier Wright, Ray Bradbury's six-page story, has been made into a semi-animated short that runs only 18 minutes; but like the original, the film distills the essence of mankind's urge to fly. On the night before the first rocket is launched to the moon in 1970, the pilot lies dreaming, and his dream highlights some high points in flight history: Icarus, whose father fixed wings to his shoulders with wax, but who flew too near the sun; the Montgolfier brothers, 18th Century pioneer French balloonists; the Wright brothers at Kitty Hawk. When the pilot is asked his own name in the dream, he replies with the title. Together with George Clayton Johnson, Bradbury has converted his story into a vividly visualized screen script. But the giant job has been done by Joe Mugniani, the wellknown illustrator of Bradbury's books. From over 1000 sketches, Mugniani made 180 paintings, which, shot from various angles and juxtaposed in creative montage, are skillfully used to suggest motion and life - but with an added imaginative quality for which real actors would have been too real. James Whitmore and Ross Martin narrate. If your local Bijou hasn't shown this short, get the manager to order it (from United Artists).

Brando Bounces Back could be the subtitle of The Ugly American. Marlon redeems the limp-larynxed lord he played in Mutiny on the B. with a tight-lipped performance as an American ambassador in the Far East. Stewart Stern's screenplay of the Lederer-Burdick smash seller drags a bit and is somewhat simpleminded, but it still spells out a dramatic question: Why does the U.S. send stuffedshirt staffers to win a propaganda war in countries where people are cool to white skins and warm to Red tongue-wagging? The big issue in Sarkhan is a U.S.financed highway, which the Reds label a military project. Brando's big hope is a World War II buddy, now a Sarkhanese leader, but he misreads his old friend as a new Communist, and soon trouble hits the road. As the buddy, Eiji Okada packs power; and Kukrit Pramoj, the

prime minister, has the dignity of a Siamese cat. Jocelyn Brando (M.'s sister) and Pat Hingle click as a Yank couple: he builds the road; she runs a kids' clinic. The Eastman Color and George Englund's direction are both a bit pallid. But Brando wins his fight to put character into a slightly cardboard part — and he wins respect anew as a rare-type star who won't stay typecast.

RECORDINGS

We recommend a significant six-pack re-issuance of tracks gleaned from the Riverside library — Great Jazz Artists Play Compositions of (in order of their issue) Richard Rodgers, Cole Porter, Jerome Kern, George Gershwin, Harold Arlen and Irving Berlin (Riverside). The cast of players includes the likes of Cannonball Adderley, Thelonious Monk, Bill Evans, Wes Montgomery, Charlie Byrd, Herbie Mann and Sonny Rollins; the compositions on hand read like an all-time all-time hit parade and are, in the main, more than given their due.

A triumvirate of top chanteuses supplies large measures of lyrical kicks this go-round. First and foremost is Something Wonderful/Carmen McRae (Columbia) wherein Miss McRae salutes an octet of Broadway's distaff conquerors, from Pearl Bailey's Come Rain or Come Shine in St. Louis Woman to a trio originally offered by Gertrude Lawrence in The King and I (Getting to Know You, Hello Young Lovers and the LP's title tune). McRae is the McCoy throughout. June Christy/Big Band Specials (Capitol) finds Miss C. in the milieu that made her famous. Backed by an outsized aggregation, June warbles her way through such instrumentally inclined items as Swingin' on Nothin', Night in Tunisia, Skyliner and Stompin' at the Savoy. Another songstress back in a felicitous bailiwick is Dinah Washington/Back to the Blues (Roulette). Dinah is never finah than when she's wailing some indigo lament and this LP gives her all the room she needs to weave a blanket of blue.

Sonny Stitt & The Top Bross (Atlantic) puts that estimable alto man smack dab in the middle of a brass choir and rhythm section that galvanizes Sonny into some of his best efforts in recent years. The group, conducted and charted by Tadd Dameron and Jimmy Mundy, continually pushes Stitt into a maximum display of his considerable talents. The outing, made up primarily of originals, also contains sparkling take-outs on the antique Coquette and the often cornballish Poinciana.





Three Times Seven Poems, from Albert Giraud's Pierrot Lunaire (Concert-Disc), a Melodrama by Arnold Schoenberg, Op. 21, is still, though it has been 50 years since its creation, an aural obstacle course to the listener. The controversial father of the 12-tone scale wrote it as a stage work for chamber-music group and Sprechstimme (speaking-voice). Sprechgesang (speech-song) is neither speech nor song but a middle ground (precisely annotated by Schoenberg), a difficult assignment for mezzo-soprano Alice Howland who handles the German translation of Giraud's expressionistic poems admirably. The chamber group, under the direction of Herbert Zipper, has its ups and downs, but is usually up to the instrumental explorations. The compositions do not fall easily on the ear, but close attention to Schoenberg's musical probings will provide ample rewards, and the English libretto has a hauntingly somber beauty to it.

Bobby Darin/You're the Reason I'm Living (Capitol) is a great argument for bringing the current Country-and-Western contagion to a halt. Here are Darin, a fine singer, and Shorty Rogers and Gerald Wilson, consummate jazz arrangers-conductors, drowning in the bathos, hokum and viscous sentimentality that typify the C&W syndrome—a woeful waste of talent. We think a lot of people have been given a Hank Snow job.

sonny Rollins — Our Man In Jazz (Victor) shows the kingpin of contemporary tenor men in a highly exploratory frame of mind. With cornetist Don Cherry, bassist Bob Cranshaw and drummer Billy Higgins as aides-de-champ, Sonny eschews most beaten paths through Oleo, a 25-minute sail down a stream of consciousness that is both experimental and exciting. Dearly Beloved and Doxy, which make up side two, require a good deal less work from the listener; they are, nevertheless, refreshing fare.

Art Farmer and the Flügelhorn have, by now, almost become synonymous. No jazz musician extant comes close to Farmer in realizing the instrument's rich potential, especially in the lower ranges. Listen to Art Farmer and the Orchestra (Mercury) is a sparkling showcase for Art's artful horn. An orchestra whose path has been strikingly charted by Oliver Nelson is a powerful plus, but Farmer's Flügelhorn provides the highspots of the session. We dug particularly the dark sonorities on Street of Dreams; Rue Prevail, a Farmer original; and My Romance.

Cannonball Adderley Sextet/Jazz Workshop Revisited (Riverside) brings jarrin' Julian and his shock troops to the scene of their earliest recording triumph. The San Francisco club proves as salubrious as ever, with the group fanning their creative fires on Cannonball's *Primitivo*, frère Nat's hit single, *The Jive Samba*, and a quartet of other evocative goodies.

Mark Murphy/That's How I Love the Blues! (Riverside) is further evidence of the young man's growing stature as a jazz singer of considerable note. The LP ranges from the avant-garde aspects of the blues - the Joe Williams-Lambert, Hendricks & Ross take-off on the Basie-Rushing Going to Chicago Blues and Horace Silver's Señor Blues - to an antique, vaudeville-born bit of nonsense, Everybody's Crazy 'Bout the Doggone Blues. Murphy's phrasing supplies a flair and finesse which stamp him as a prime vocal talent, while the arrangements by Al Cohn add considerably to the electric excitement of the session.

Picking up where Dave Brubeck still hasn't left off, Stan Kenton's king-sized contingent has etched Adventures in Time (Capitol). Conventional time signatures topple like tenpins on this outing as the Kenton crew tackles 9/8, 5/4, 7/4 and 6/8 beats that fill both sides with rhythmic surprise packages. The alto of Gabe Baltazar and Don Menza's tenor are especially estimable solo voices, but the overpowering Kenton ensemble sound is still The Thing.

BOOKS

"I have just read Tropic of Cancer again and feel I'd like to write you a line about it." Such is the opening sentence of Lawrence Durrell's first letter to Henry Miller in 1935, and it's the underestimate of the century: That "line" is still going on. Their rich exchange of letters up to 1959 crams the 400 pages of Lawrence Durrell & Henry Miller: A Private Correspondence (Dutton, \$6.95). Miller was 43 in 1935, living in Paris, writing furiously because he had started late, convinced of his own importance. Durrell was 23, living on Corfu, ambitious but plagued by self-doubt. He asked himself: 'Are you a writer - or merely a literary gent?" They did not meet until two years later, but the letters trace their confidences before and between their meetings over the years, during their wartime separation and through their various marriages, divorces, entanglements, travels, books. Each thinks the other a genius, yet not infallible: After reading Sexus, Durrell cabled: SEXUS DIS-GRACEFULLY BAD WILL RUIN REPUTATION UNLESS WITHDRAWN REVISED LARRY. Miller is generous, single-minded; Durrell is worshipful but sporadically snappish, sometimes uncertain about his writing but generally on fire. We catch fasci-



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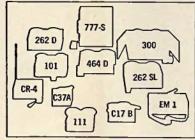
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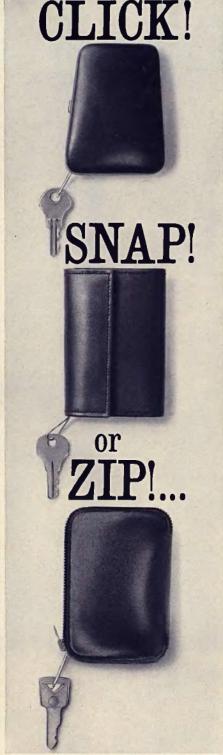
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nating glimpses of him unconsciously collecting material for the *Alexandria Quartet*. Deftly edited and annotated by George Wickes, the correspondence is a salty and moving record of writers' lives in our time. The last line of Miller's last long letter: "To be continued."

In the bad old days of Louis B. Mayer, MGM committed many atrocities, but occasionally they performed a humane deed. One of the latter was not to produce a screenplay concocted in 1943 by enfant terrible Dore Schary and a struggling Nobel Prize winner named Sinclair Lewis. Now, unfortunately, years later, trading on the nostalgia for "Red" Lewis, the recent successes of Dore Schary and the vogue for the screenplay-novel, a publishing house has resuscitated this bag of old bones. The screenplay, Storm in the West (Stein & Day, \$4.95) was a nonadult Western which - such was Schary's grand illusion - was supposed to derive significance from the fact that actually, see, it's all about World War II and personifications of the countries and leaders involved. The setting is a valley in the West over which several landowning ranchers struggle for control. There are the weak, passive characters like Poling, Franson and Belger; the evil ones like Hygatt and Mullison and their podners Gerret and Gribbles (Hygatt-Hitler's brand is an Indian swastika); the brave ones like Chuck Slattery (Czechoslovakia); and two rather British fellows named Ned Chambers (a forlorn type, lacking only the umbrella) and Wally Chancel, who smokes big cigars. Also there are Ulysses Saunders, the storekeeper with the goatee who waits an awfully long time to intervene, and that other good guy of the Forties, stolid Joe Slavin, who always carries around a hammer and sickle on the back of his wagon. If the screenplay is the epitome of sophomorism, then what can be said of the foreword by Schary, in which (Department of Fascinating Insight into the Working Habits of Authentic Geniuses) he tells breathlessly of how, while they were creating this epic, old Red used to consume enormous quantities of iced coffee and then periodically rush off to relieve himself. Readers may experience a similar urge.

Who is the only American author whose newest book could roll off the press with blurbs from Norman Mailer, Barry Goldwater, Arthur Schlesinger and Dean Clarence Manion? No, not Harry Golden, but that even more lovable American sage, William F. Buckley, Jr. It is difficult now to recall that just a few short years ago Buckley was the defender of Joe McCarthy, the scourge of the Yale faculty, the political outcast scolded by *The New York Times* and scoffed out of polite liberal dinner con-

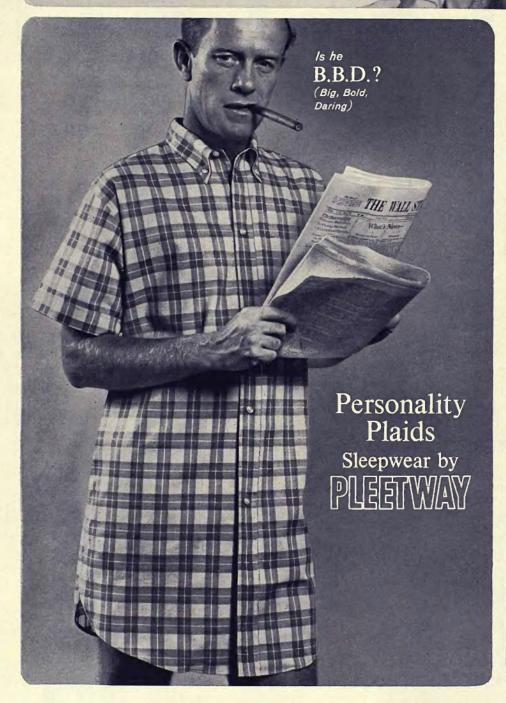
versation. Mr. Buckley has not since retreated from his far-right views. He has, however, appeared on the Jack Paar Show, gone many rounds with Gore Vidal in David Susskind's ring, and flashed his pen across the pages of Harper's and PLAYBOY as well as the American Legion Magazine. His new collection, Rumbles Left and Right (Putnam, \$4.95), includes appreciations of Barry Goldwater, amateur sailing, Murray Kempton, and Nationalist China, and saber thrusts at Fidel Castro, Jack Paar, Norman Mailer, and the American Establishment. Mr. Buckley proves, among other things, that the stylish pen is mightier than the political label, and that perhaps the best way of becoming part of the Establishment is to attack it. If he isn't careful, he may be soon awarded a grant by his old enemy The Ford Foundation to make a study of himself.

Richard Wright's first novel, Lowd Today (Walker, \$3.50), bears much of the anger but little of the skill which sustain his later books. Taken simply as a new novel (it has never been published before), it is both awkward and uninteresting. Taken as a rough-hewn step in the Wright direction, it acquires a certain fascination. The story encompasses a single day in the life of Jake Jackson, a Chicago Negro. It is Lincoln's Birthday, and from time to time, over the radio, in ironic counterpoint, are heard vignettes from the Great Emancipator's life and struggles. The book is a ponderous, pitiless dissection of Jake's enslavement. He awakes from a frustrating dream, in which he has been climbing an endless staircase. He spends an hour in the bathroom combing and greasing the kinks out of his hair another futility. Then into the kitchen to down his breakfast, scan a newspaper and pummel his sickly wife. Then out for a stroll around the neighborhood. We see him playing a hunch on the numbers - and losing; playing a few rounds of bridge with his equally miserable cronies - one suffering the pains of venereal disease, another wasting away from tuberculosis. We spend eight long hours with Jake at the post office, where he sorts mail for \$21.50 a week. Then we follow him and his friends to a South Side whorehouse and watch him get rolled by a "high yellow" whom Wright has named Blanche. The odious odyssey ends in a drunken and bloody set-to with his wife. In Wright's grim vision, everything happens to Jake, nothing happens because of him. He is a victim of a world he never made, without a single weapon at his disposal for changing it, or himself. "Lawd," says his wife, gazing forlornly at Jake's stuporous hulk, "I wish I was dead." It is a last-ditch hope for eternal emancipation.

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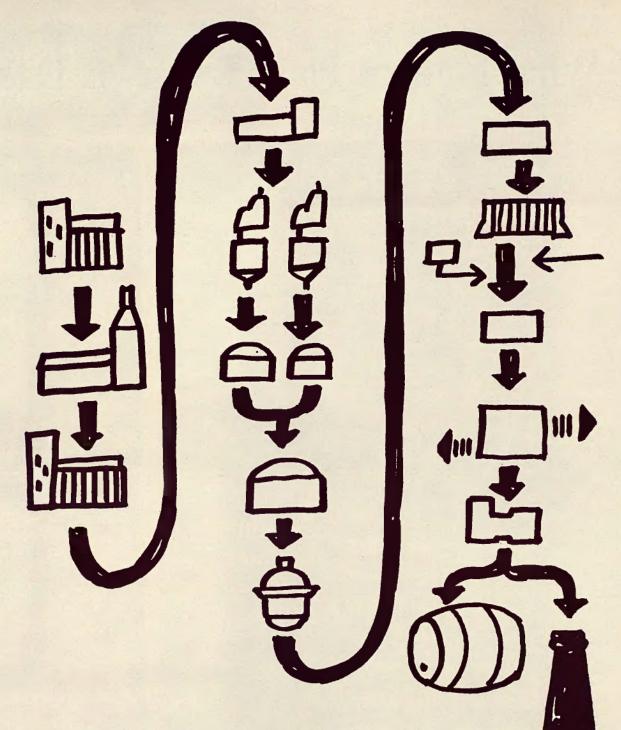
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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

his may sound like a silly question, but I mean it in all seriousness and hope you'll give me a serious answer. Do you think it is possible to fall in love with a girl you have never met? Once upon a time I would have scoffed at the idea, but I swear it has happened to me. Six months ago, when I was down in the dumps over a busted romance, a female friend gave me the name and address of a former roommate of hers who's living on the East Coast-she said the girl wrote amusing letters and might, perhaps, cheer me up. Well, she answered my initial letter with a warm and friendly one of her own, our correspondence gradually increased in frequency, and almost before I knew what was happening I found myself falling in love with her. She's sent me her picture, and in both it and her letters I'm sure I can read real character and a passionate nature. During my next vacation I plan to fly to New York, where she's agreed to meet me. My buddies tell me I'm nuts and say that I'm kidding myself if I think I'm in love and that I'm wasting the transcontinental round-trip air fare to find out she's not the girl for me. I'm enough of a realist to think that just possibly they may be right - and yet every time I get another letter from her my heart misses a beat. Will I be making a fool of myself by paying her this flying visit? - K. B., Los Angeles, California.

Not at all. Just don't set your sightunseen hopes too high, since girls on paper and in person are often two different people. But you know by your correspondence that you and she have a number of similar interests, so who can tell? At the very least, you should have a swinging vacation in New York.

'm planning a vacation in England, and I'm ordering a car to use there and bring home. Naturally it will be left-hand drive. Will I be at a serious disadvantage on British roads? — T. K., Tampa, Florida.

No. You'll be used to driving on what is for the British the wrong side of the car and what is for you the wrong side of the road within an hour. Furthermore, there is a distinct advantage: British law does not really concede the existence of the turn indicator, although all British cars have them. British drivers are required to make definite hand signals to indicate turns, slowing, stopping, etc. Driving from the left side excuses one from this John Bull-headed shaggy dogma.

I'm a junior, junior executive in a rather large corporation. I have a yen to grow a beard, but, in casing the executive

echelons, I note a conspicuous absence of chin shrubbery. Will I be put down as an oddball, and will my chances of advancement be jeopardized if I go the beard route?—C. S., Detroit, Michigan.

If your job is one involving outside business contacts, forget the foliage; most companies frown on beards as an unnecessary handicap in dealing with people whose prejudices are not a known quantity. But even if your job involves only contact with your employers and fellow employees, we suggest that you place a moratorium on building up a beaver until you've advanced out of the junior, junior class. By the time you reach a slightly higher stratum, your abilities (as well as your personality and personal habits) will be better known; then you can grow a beard with impunity and join the estimable ranks of Commander Whitehead, Peter Ustinov, Jim Moran, Skitch Henderson, John Steinbeck and PLAYBOY's own Shel Silverstein.

Being an intellectual, my only concern in high school was academic activity. But now that I'm in college, I have discovered the female of the species. Therein lies my problem: I don't know any sweet little nothings to say to girls. Perhaps you could supply me with a few such phrases that would enable me to master the fair sex. — G. C., Ann Arbor, Michigan.

Sure. One little nothing we've had a lot of luck with is $2x^2-y^2-2x^2+y^2=0$. Another good one with less intellectual girls is that old reliable "three plus one, take away four." Actually, there are no pat formulas for mastering the fair sex. Our own playmates dislike idle chitchat and a "line," preferring, instead, sincerity and the discovery of mutual interests. A good way to get things started is to evidence considerable interest in your date by asking her about herself, about her ideas and attitudes on various subjects, etc. People are usually interested in those who show an interest in them and it will be doubly flattering to a girl's ego to have an intellectual seriously asking her for her opinion. As a scholar, you may recall a Latin proverb from Persius, which pretty well sums up the value of sweet little nothings: "De nihilo nihilum" -"From nothing comes nothing."

Under what circumstances is it correct to sport a stickpin in one's tie? – B. C., Boulder, Colorado.

Since stickpins are a personal-preference item, no hard and fast rules pertain to their use, other than the general dictum that they are more often worn with dress clothes than with sportswear. Today, incidentally, original Edwardian and



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Victorian stickpins are enjoying a vogue with urban, tie-hip types.

To begin with, I am a 27-year-old medical-school graduate presently searching for a residency. While interning in California I have become involved with a young divorcee who found, after her marriage, that—as she puts it—her husband was not really a man. Now she wants to marry me, although I made it quite clear from the start that I am not interested in settling down. How do I divorce myself from this situation without hurting her too much?—H. K., Alhambra, California.

This, doctor, is a case for merciful but prompt surgery. The sooner you cut this girl out of your life, the better for both of you. (As a professional, you should realize the psychological implications of your own phrase, "she wants to marry me," as opposed to the more natural statement, "she wants me to marry her.") As for how to make the operation as painless as possible, we suggest you anesthetize her with some sincere flattery about what a fine wife she is going to make someone, then make a quick incision by telling her that you, like her former husband, are not the man for her. If the job is done properly, her scar should heal nicely. Just be sure you don't get involved in postoperative treatment.

m in a kind of social bind that has me thoroughly perplexed. A new group of friends I've become very fond of are, for the most part, young marrieds. I enjoy their company and they all do quite a bit of entertaining, which I also find most enjoyable. However, the wives and husbands are forever giving their spouses birthday parties, and it seems to be an unwritten rule that no small trinket or gag gift is considered appropriate. In fact, these people almost seem to vie with one another in the munificence of their gifting. I really haven't the money to buy expensive presents, although I've been doing my best to keep up with these charming and delightful people. However, Christmas was the last straw: six parties in three days, with the same gang at all of them, gifting each other all over the place. Can you think of any way for me to maintain my position in this clique without going broke? - W. S., Palm Beach, Florida.

Only by displaying more candor than you seem to have done so far—if you don't mind sharing the news that you are not in the same financial league as your new friends. It will then remain to be seen whether you are a genuinely liked person; also, whether you and your wealthier pals will be comfortable with one another when you've stopped pretending you can spend right along with them. The results of this leveling will

tell you quickly whether they really are as delightful as you think.

m a person of average income who has just met a very rich, spoiled, attractive, wild 23-year-old girl of local importance. I get along admirably with her parents and friends, and have a near-perfect "no holds barred" relationship with her. Here's the problem: She talks incessantly about sex and her whole life is dominated by it. She runs around with everyone, be they young or old, married or single, Americans or foreigners. Now I'm no prude, but a guy expects a little demureness and discretion from a girl he is getting more than sexually attracted to. What should I do to confine her passions and interests to myself? She has said to me, "I love you and will eventually marry you, but meanwhile let me sample all the fruits which I'll have to deny myself after marriage." (Next year, possibly.) Should I accept the situation as is or is there a way to alter it more to my liking? I have no intention of breaking the relationship. - I. R., Portland, Maine.

Continue the present relationship if it suits you, but you'd do well to put out of your mind any serious, long-range intentions with this neurotic little swinger. While you may be getting your kicks now, you'll be kicking yourself the rest of your life if you two tie the knot—a girl who demonstrates her love prior to marriage by dispensing her charms to all the neighborhood lads isn't apt to change her ways thereafter.

What are the basic rules for wearing a white, solid-color or patterned hand-kerchief with suits and sports jackets? — R. P., Mayport, Florida.

Currently, patterned squares (sartorially very unsquare) are worn loosely gathered in the jacket breast pocket, either in direct contrast to the solid tie or as a coordinate of the shirting color. Solid-color handkerchiefs are put to best use when the necktie is heavily patterned and the suit patterned as well. Although the white handkerchief is still worn, it is not nearly as popular as it once was.

y wife and I have separated after less than a year of marriage. We are nearly 30, both work, and have no children. We both want a divorce but her demands for a settlement, in my estimation, are quite out of proportion. As it happens, I know some rather "unpleasant" details about her life prior to our marriage. Do you think I could use these facts to force her to agree to a more reasonable settlement? Or would that be less than gentlemanly? — B. K., Chicago, Illinois.

Less than gentlemanly, hell. It sounds to us like blackmail. Whether those "unpleasant" details can be used in court is another matter - a matter for your attorney to decide.

s frequent use of an automatic record changer apt to cause scratching and other wear and tear on one's records? In other words, is it wiser to use just a turntable and manual tone arm? - N. W., Chicago, Illinois.

It depends on the record changer. There are quality changers, with vibration-free motors and mechanisms, in which the tone arm is completely disengaged during record play. These should cause no more wear on records than a manual tone arm, especially if the automatic arm is made to track at pressures of 3 grams or less. Changers that are not as carefully designed rely on heavier stylus pressure and the changer mechanism exerts lateral force on the tone arm, which can cause record wear. As for scratching, most of it is inflicted by humans; the gentle action of a good changer is less likely to cause mayhem than the heavy touch of Homo sapiens.

What can I do about a girl who has plans to marry me in the very near future? I feel the same way she does about marriage, but not about the date. I am still in college and naturally want to finish the year I have remaining. But I can't make her understand how impractical - financially and otherwise - it would be to marry now, and she insists that the date be set within the month (to keep the record straight, this is not a shotgun situation). I have strong feelings for the girl and would not like to lose her. Any suggestions? - B. B., Albany, New York.

It would be a mistake to marry this or any other girl before you complete your schooling and have made at least a meaningful first step toward establishing yourself in your chosen career. If this girl is unwilling to wait for you to first establish the firm academic and financial foundation upon which a good marriage is built, you should probably have some second thoughts about her suitability as a wife. In any working marriage, the husband should have the final word and be the ultimate authority; if at this stage of the game she is giving you a hard time on a matter of practical judgment, the contretemps may bode ill for the future. More than her feelings are at stake here, and you should look most carefully before you leap.

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 II, Illinois. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.



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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: BILLY WILDER

a candid conversation with the master of filmic seriocomedy

For solo and collaborative efforts as director and scenarist, Billy Wilder has been nominated 24 times for Academy Awards, amassing nine Oscars during 28 years in the movie capital. Recently PLAYBOY interviewed him in his suite of offices on the Goldwyn lot in downtown Hollywood, where he and co-writer I. A. L. Diamond - having just completed "Irma La Douce" - were brainstorming over the script for his next picture. They would be working and reworking it right up to the final day of shooting, for Wilder has conceded that although he always knows where he's going with his plots, he's never quite sure how he's going to get there. Between intermittent sips of a vodka martini, he answered our questions with a rapidfire delivery reminiscent of the brisk dialog from one of his own films. He strode restlessly up and down as he spoke, slapping his thigh occasionally with an ornately carved walking stick, his colloquial English enunciated in the guttural accents which still bespeak his beginnings as a struggling screenwriter in Berlin between the wars. Much of Wilder's work - from such eminently unfunny films as "The Lost Weekend," "Double Indemnity" and "Sunset Boule-

vard" to such comedic tours de force as "Some Like It Hot," "The Apartment" and "One, Two, Three"—has been touched by a cynicism which reflects the mood of that worldly city during the Twenties. We began with an exploration of these early years and influences.

PLAYBOY: Are you conscious of any kinship in your films or your philosophy, as several critics have suggested, with the savage satire of Bertolt Brecht, or with the intellectual cynicism he articulated for his generation?

WILDER: I knew him in Germany, and I knew him when he lived for a time here in Hollywood, and I regard him with Mr. Shaw - George Bernard, not Irwin - as one of the monumental dramatists of this first half-century, but I was never aware that he influenced me. Brecht was dealing with enormous subjects of the hungry, exploited masses which neither my brain nor my attention-span can cope with. His was a much vaster canvas than mine. After all, was Mickey Spillane influenced by Tolstoy? That's Leo Nikolaevich, not Irwin. If there was any influence on me in those days, it must have come more from American books and plays I read. One of the most popular writers was Upton Sinclair. I read him, and Sinclair Lewis, Bret Harte. Mark Twain. I was also influenced by Erich von Stroheim and by Ernst Lubitsch, with whom I first worked on Bluebeard's Eighth Wife. But I don't believe I have been influenced by the cynicism of the times or even shown any of it on the screen. When they say that I have, they could be referring to, say, Double Indemnity, but this was done from a short story by James M. Cain, an American. It is not sugar-coated, my work, but I certainly don't sit down and say, "Now I am going to make a vicious, unsentimental picture."

PLAYBOY: As a native-born Viennese, you were already living in one of Europe's principal artistic and cultural capitals. What made you leave it to go to Berlin? WILDER: Simple. After one year at the University in Vienna, I became a spacerates reporter. Paul Whiteman played a concert in town, liked my review, and took me along to Berlin with him. There I danced as a gigolo for a while in the Eden Hotel, and at the Adlon I served as a teatime partner for lonely old ladies. PLAYBOY: How did you make the transition from dance floor to sound stage? WILDER: Well, before long I got another



"To make pictures in Europe would be like going to a cathouse not as a lover but to fix the plumbing. I go to Europe for fun, not to work."



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Before installing or using a TV set in an automobile, check with your Motor Vchicle Bureau to verify permissibility SONY CORPORATION OF AMERICA • 580 Fifth Avenue, New York 36, N.Y. reporting job. I was already trying to break into film writing, but having as much luck as the New York Mets. During this time I was living in a rooming house where there was a daughter who was engaged but also playing around a little on the side. One night her fiancé came pounding at the front door. I was in bed - my own bed - asleep, and before I knew what was going on, she had pushed this scared old man with his shoes in his hand into my room while she went to answer the front door and admit Helmut or Irwin or whatever his name was. I recognized the old man immediately as the head of the company called Maxim Films. He looked at me sheepishly and said, "Have you got a shoehorn?" I said, "I have a shoehorn, but I also have this script I would like you to read." "Yes, yes, send it along to the office," he said. "No. Now," I said, so he sat down and read it, and he gave me 500 marks for it on the spot, and I gave him my shoehorn. After a while Helmut went away and he was able to sneak out, and that was how my film career began. Soon I was up to my ears in movies. I must have written 50 silent pictures; sometimes I did two a month. One, People on Sunday, directed by Robert Siodmak, is still shown in places where they call movies "the cinema."

PLAYBOY: This was about the time when Hitler began his rise to power. Did political events have any effect on your career? WILDER: They ended it. I was having my dinner in the Kempinski Hotel the day after the Reichstag fire. I knew I had to get out. The Nazis were getting too warm. I rolled up the paintings I was collecting, packed a small bag and got on the train to Paris. A year later I came to the United States. I've been here ever since and eventually found my way to Hollywood.

PLAYBOY: Your long-time collaborator, Charles Brackett, once said your work was characterized by "an exuberant vulgarity." What is your own appraisal?

WILDER: Did you read that piece by somebody called Simon - or Irwin - who really crapped all over me in Theatre Arts? It boiled down to this: what he objected to was not the vulgarity in my art but the lack of art in my vulgarity. I have been pursued for years by that nasty word there. The bad-taste thing. They sit there in the theater and laugh their heads off, and then they go out and say, "Cheap! Vulgar!" Then they go and see Pillow Talk and pronounce it urbane humor. Maybe my work is a little robust, but one has to work with what one has. It would be disaster if I used the sugar tongs and tried to regiment myself into something unnatural for me. PLAYBOY: Less critically, Brackett has also said that you have a "sure sense of audience reaction." Do you feel that's true?

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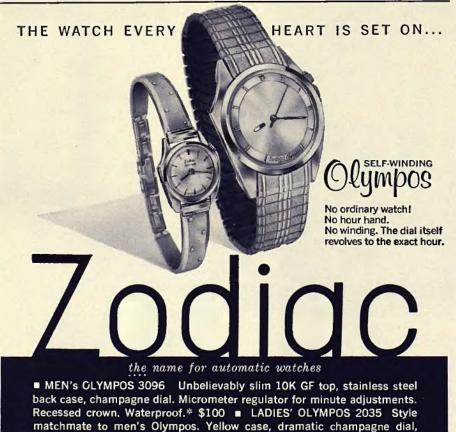


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WILDER: When you start a movie script, it's like entering a dark room: You may find your way around all right, but you also may fall over a piece of furniture and break your neck. Some of us can see a little better than others in the dark, but there is no guaranteeing audience reaction. I've been lucky; I've taken a lot of chances in treading on new ground which could have slipped out from under me. Though I've got away with it about 90 percent of the time, I don't flatter myself that I can hit all the time. But I have to live in the hope - or perhaps under the delusion - that if I like it, a great many other people will like it, too.

PLAYBOY: Your films in this country have been written in collaboration. Why?

wilder: Here I have the handicap of working in a new language — even after 28 years. Then there is the question of time. A movie is not like a novel. Sometimes the publisher may want to bring a novel out by Christmas; but in films we always have time limitations. Certain stars are available at a certain time, so you have, say, six months to write a screenplay. If they're compatible, two people can stimulate each other and get it done a little faster and, most of the time, better.

PLAYBOY: A friend of yours once said "Billy's collaborators are \$50,000 secretaries." Is your creative hand really that authoritative in writing a scenario?

WILDER: First of all, whoever said that is no friend of mine. If that were the case I would hire my relatives and make the money I give them tax-deductible, at least. But my collaborator, Iz Diamond, and I work together from the word go, and after it's done it cannot be said that this was his idea, this was mine, this was my joke, this was his. It all occurs together, like playing a piano piece four-handed.

PLAYBOY: Since your native language is not English, how have you managed to become so adept at mastering the nuances of the American comic idiom?

WILDER: If you think I have an accent - which unquestionably I do - you should have heard Ernst Lubitsch. But he had a wonderful ear for American idiom and dialog. You either have an ear or you don't, as Van Gogh said that's Irwin, not Vincent. I suppose I have it. Many foreigners do. When I arrived in the U.S., I couldn't speak a word of English. Well, let's say I knew a dozen the Johnson Office wouldn't tolerate. I learned by not associating myself with the European refugee colony, by going around with new American friends, by listening to the radio. Perhaps it helps you to learn the language if you go into it cold. It pours into you and it stays.

PLAYBOY: Bucking the trend toward overseas location pictures, you've said you

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prefer to make movies right here in Hollywood. Why? Wouldn't you save thousands on budgets by filming abroad? WILDER: To make pictures in Europe would be like going to a cathouse not as a lover but to fix the plumbing. I go to Europe for fun, not to work. But seriously, it's much easier technically to shoot a picture in Hollywood. If you're going to perform a delicate operation, why not do it in the best hospital?

PLAYBOY: Many moviemakers claim to have found an intellectual stimulation and creative freedom in Europe that's unattainable in Hollywood. Have you? WILDER: Remember, the movie scripts that Hollywood people go to Europe to shoot are still written in Hollywood, don't forget. So they make La Dolce Vita in Rome; but they also make Hercules and the Seven Dwarfs. As for freedom, all the Mirisch Company asks me is the name of my picture, a vague outline of the story, and who's going to be in it. The rest is up to me; can you get more freedom than that? And as for there being more intellectual stimulation in Europe, some of my best friends have gone to Europe and then to seed intellectually. I don't believe any of that "intellectual stimulus" crap. Take Confucius - he said some pretty stimulating things, but he never got to Paris in his life.

PLAYBOY: Hollywoodians often speak enviously of you as a man of uncompromising standards. How is it that you and a few other film makers have managed to resist the pressures of compromise?

WILDER: To me, it is a matter of dollars and cents. It doesn't have only to do with Hollywood, it has to do with a man's approach to the problem of making those dollars and cents. Some compromise, some do not. Look at Fellini. He cleaned up with La Dolce Vita. When I saw it I couldn't decide if it was the greatest or dreariest picture I'd ever seen, and finally I decided it was both. A remarkable film, excellent because he had stuck to his own principles. But the worst thing that can happen to us in this business is if a dog picture makes a hit, then we all have to make dog pictures because the people with the money trust dogs. But if one like Fellini's makes a hit, it is the greatest thing - as long as it is not loaded with the stars who are always advertising themselves in the trades. It's a question of money, and yet it is not a question of money anymore in Hollywood. The beauty of our capitalist system is that you can't keep what you make even if you make a lousy picture that's a hit; so why not try to make something good? Today's capitalist system is for those who already have the money, not for those who are making it. There is really very little use in my working, since I can't keep the money. I can never get richer than I am. So why am I beating my brains out? I



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go to the studio because I can't stand listening to my wife's vacuum cleaner at home, and also because I can't find three bridge partners or somebody to go to the ball game with. Also I work to waylay some of the phonies from getting Academy Awards.

PLAYBOY: How do you view the decline of Hollywood as the world movie capital?

WILDER: The future of major studios as we have known them, I view with tremendous pessimism. They are all but dead. But that makes me optimistic. The breakup of the major studios, the advent of the independent producers, and the growing influence of really good foreign films—all these developments are very much for the best.

PLAYBOY: Analytically inclined reviewers are fond of "discovering" secondary levels of social and satirical comment in your films, even in the comedies. Do you consciously inject such messages?

WILDER: I am not really a message man. Pictures like Love in the Afternoon and Sabrina are not in any way a comment on the world. Maybe The Apartment had a few things to say about our society, but it was not meant to be a deep-searching exploration of how we are. On certain levels, once in a while, maybe we smuggle in a little contraband message, but we try never to jump in their faces with our naked pretensions showing, because they'll recoil. In certain pictures I do hope they'll leave the theater a little enriched, but I never make them pay a buck-and-a-half and then ram a lecture down their throats. In Munich not long ago I saw Chaplin's Limelight for the first time; it was never shown on the West Coast, and I was anxious to see it. A girl in our party said she had seen it eight times, and later I told her I knew how she felt, because I saw it once and it seemed like eight times. I found it completely shallow and commonplace. If only he had stuck to comedy. In the silents he never philosophized. In sound he never stopped philosophizing; when he finally found a voice to say what was on his mind, it was like a child writing lyrics to Beethoven's Ninth. I found it shocking to think that he was attacked for his political convictions and forced to leave the U.S. when everything he was saying was on a grammar-school level. Mind you, I still think he was an authentic genius, and I would do a picture with him today for free - if he would only shut up.

PLAYBOY: Some critics have asserted that you do have a message: that man is essentially mean. Playwright George Axelrod has said flatly that you yourself are mean, that "he sees the worst in everybody, and he sees it funny." True? WILDER: I cop the Fifth. There are certain traits in certain characters that make them interesting to me, but I don't think I go too far from reality

in emphasizing their meanness. I stylize, maybe, but not too much. And if I'm so mean personally, how come I've managed to go through life with a good number of very close friends?

PLAYBOY: Though it certainly didn't dwell on the subject of human meanness, One, Two, Three was an incisive satire of both sides involved in the Cold War. Were you concerned, while filming in Berlin, that the authorities on one side or the other might cause trouble? WILDER: We got to Berlin the day they sealed off the Eastern sector and wouldn't let people come across the border. It was like making a picture in Pompeii with all the lava coming down. Khrushchev was even faster than me and Diamond. We had to make continuous revisions to keep up with the headlines. It seemed to me that the whole thing could have been straightened out if Oleg Cassini had sent Mrs. Khrushchev a new dress. But we weren't afraid of creating an incident like Mr. Paar. We minded our manners and were good boys. When they told us we couldn't use the Brandenburg Gate in Berlin, we went to Munich and built our own.

PLAYBOY: Was there any negative reaction to the picture as a flip treatment of a serious subject?

WILDER: Of course. There is a little group of people who always say I'm not Spinoza. The thinner the magazine, the fatter the heads of the reviewers. They were shocked because we made fun of the Cold War. Others objected because it was very quick-paced and they could not catch everything. People either loved it or hated it.

PLAYBOY: Why did you switch to comedy after establishing yourself as a director of such grimly ironic dramas as Double Indemnity and Sunset Boulevard?

WILDER: It wasn't done deliberately. What I make depends on what tickles me at the moment—and what I hope will show a profit. But I will be making serious pictures again; this is a warning. PLAYBOY: You seem to enjoy taking heavy subjects—the Cold War, transvestitism, adultery, prison camps—and turning them into funny pictures. What is your attraction to such themes, and how do you manage to make them funny?

wilder: It's not the subject as such, it's the treatment. Those thin-magazine people I mentioned before said Some Like It Hot had homosexual overtones as well as transvestite undertones. Well, I know that transvestites are cases for Krafft-Ebing, but to me they are terribly funny. Wasn't Charlie's Aunt one of the most successful comedies ever written? The stronger the basic story, the better the jokes play against it. I think the funniest picture the Marx Brothers ever made was A Night at the Opera, because opera is such a deadly serious background. I saw a picture about sex

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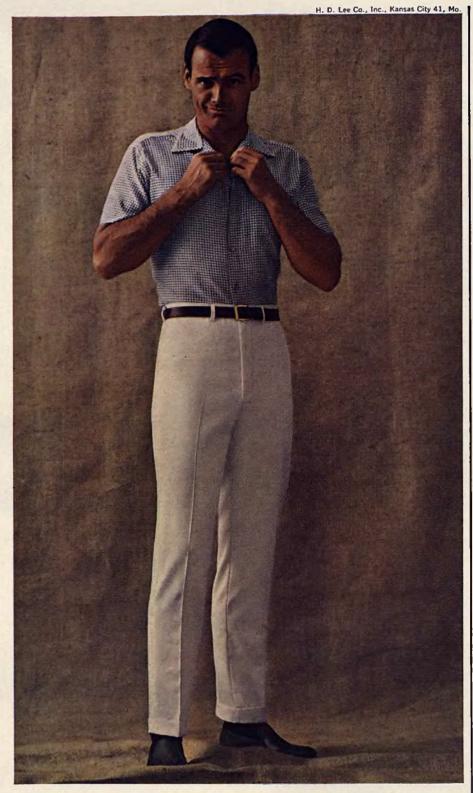
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WILDER: You run into people who shudder when you make a pun, but it's only because they can't make one themselves. I don't make pictures for the so-called intelligentsia; they bore the ass off me. I think they're all phonies, and it delights me to be unpopular with them. They are pretentious mezzo-brows. My pictures seem to appeal more to the true highbrows and lowbrows. I happen to think that puns and slapstick are funny. Those who look down on it and on me, they are overestimating me, they are overestimating my ambition in life. I have at no time regarded myself as one of the artistic immortals. I am just making movies to entertain people and I try to do it as honestly as I can. I don't want anything more rewarding than to travel halfway around the world, as I did, and hear them roaring at Hot. That was good enough for me.

the other day. It was a crashing bore. Unless treated with humor, wit and gaiety, even sex is unbelievably dull. I can't take it seriously. I'm not talking about love, mind you, but about sex.

PLAYBOY: Your films have been criticized for being overloaded with visual bits of business and breakneck action. True? WILDER: I am not James McNeill Whistler. Nor am I O'Neill - Irwin, not Eugene. I hate to have people face each other and talk-talk-talk-talk, even if they are in a moving taxicab. I make moving pictures. On the other hand, you will not find in my pictures any phony camera moves or fancy setups to prove that I am a moving-picture director. My characters don't rush around for the sake of being busy. I like to believe that movement can be achieved eloquently, elegantly, economically and logically without shooting from a hole in the ground, without hanging the camera from the chandelier and without the camera dolly dancing a polka.

PLAYBOY: The fast plot pace and dialog which have characterized your last three pictures have become for the public the expected ingredients of a Wilder movie. Are you concerned about being typecast, or about the possibility of falling back on tried-and-true comic situations for the sake of a sure laugh?

WILDER: If you develop a certain style you inevitably repeat yourself to some extent - but never consciously. Every writer-director with his own distinctive signature will do things reminiscent of pictures he has done before. But I would never do it intentionally. Iz and I always try to be original, though sometimes we do say, "Remember when we did this?" - and then do a switch on it. But I would never do a remake of one of my own pictures. I never even look at my pictures after they're finished -

not on 35 millimeter, not on 16 millimeter, not on eight millimeter. All I have are a few bound scripts at home which are gathering dust there. Witness for the Prosecution was on television a few Sundays ago and I would have dreaded to look at it again. It would have made me sick.

PLAYBOY: Are there any of your own pictures to which you're still partial?

WILDER: As soon as I'm done, I go on to something else. But there are certain parts in a few of them which I remember with fondness: maybe parts of Sunset Boulevard and Double Indemnity; some of Lost Weekend and Hot. I also like the runt of my litter, Ace in the Hole. It didn't make a nickel here even after we changed the title to The Big Carnival, but it cleaned up in Europe and won at the Venice Festival. But believe me, most of the time I remember only the booboos I've committed.

PLAYBOY: Many of the stars you've worked with have vowed they would "work for Billy for nothing." Which of them have you most enjoyed working with?

WILDER: Promises, promises. If they would work for me for nothing, I wish they would tell that to their agents. But I have enjoyed working with nearly all of them, with just a few exceptions. There have even been some pleasant surprises. Outstanding among them was Gloria Swanson. You must remember that this was a star who at one time was carried in a sedan chair from her dressing room to the sound stage. When she married the Marquis de la Falaise and came by boat from Europe to New York and by train from there to Hollywood, people were strewing rose petals on the railroad tracks in her direction. She'd been one of the all-time stars, but when she returned to the screen in Sunset, she worked like a dog. Or take Shirley MacLaine; she was infected with that one-take Rat-Pack all-play-and-no-work nonsense, but when she came to work for Iz and me in The Apartment, she got serious and worked as hard as anybody. Now she's playing drama. And of course Lemmon I could work with forever. Some stars I have trouble with, of course, but it can't be avoided because, after all, they are actors. In Sabrina, Bogart gave me some bad times, but he was a needler anyway and he somehow got the idea that Bill Holden, Audrey Hepburn and I were in cahoots against him. Bill at one point was ready to kill him. Eventually we smoothed it out and everything worked out well. But in most cases there haven't been any problems. In fact, one of the things I am proud of is that tension is totally absent from my sets. People extend themselves to do their best when they're happy, and I feel it's my job to make them feel that way.

PLAYBOY: Are there any stars you haven't worked with yet whom you'd like to

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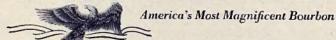
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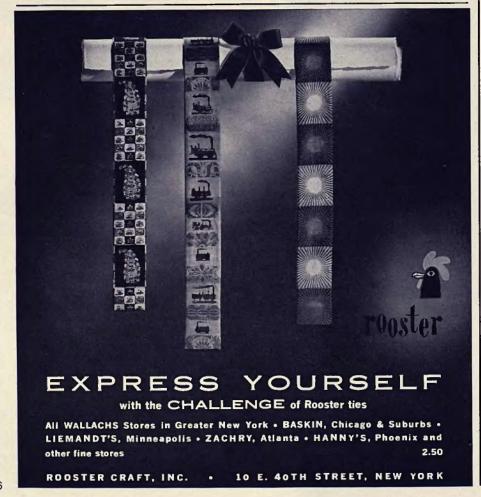
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direct in a movie?

WILDER: Sure. Grant - Cary, not Irwin. I thought I had him for Sabrina, but at the last minute he changed his mind and told me he wouldn't do it, although I never found out why; so the part had to be rewritten for Bogart. And I'd like to work with Brando. If he wanted me, and we could have a meeting of the minds, it would be worthwhile to take a little beating just to have him in a picture. Jackie Gleason - one of the great, great talents. Dean Martin is a doll. Chaplin of course. And Guinness - an aristocrat: I would like to work with him. And Peter Sellers . . . but I think I am going to be working with him; Iz and I are planning our picture after Irma La Douce with Sellers.

PLAYBOY: What are your movie plans after Irma and the Peter Sellers picture?

WILDER: Iz and I bought an Italian play, L'Hora della Fantasia; it takes place in the 18th Century, but we are going to do it in the present. After that, who knows? Maybe I'll rest a while, then it will be a year before I'm ready to do the next one, or at least six to nine months. PLAYBOY: What will you do with yourself during the interim? Isn't it true that when you're between pictures you've been known to volunteer your services to other producers and directors?

WILDER: Only when asked. I enjoy making movies, I enjoy the problems. If I'm not working on something of my own and someone calls me up and says, "Look here, Billy, I have a problem," I will try to do what I can to help out. I'm restless. My stomach hurts when I'm working, but it also hurts when I'm not. It's exasperating - I should get into something else. But that's the way it is, and I'm stuck with it. After 30 years of making films I'm used to trouble and well-acquainted with grief.

Do you remember my telling you earlier about that rooming house I lived in when I first was trying to get into the movies in Berlin? Well, next to my room was the can, and in it was a toilet that was on the blink. The water kept running all night long. I would lie there and listen to it, and since I was young and romantic, I'd imagine it was a beautiful waterfall - just to get my mind off the monotony of it and the thought of its being a can. Now we dissolve to 25 years later and I am finally rich enough to take a cure at Badgastein, the Austrian spa, where there is the most beautiful waterfall in the whole world. There I am in bed, listening to the waterfall. And after all I have been through, all the trouble and all the money I've made, all the awards and everything else, there I am in that resort, and all I can think of is that goddamned toilet. That, like the man says, is the story of my life.

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THE PLAYBOY PHILOSOPHY

the seventh part of a statement in which playboy's editor-publisher spells out—for friends and critics alike—our guiding principles and editorial credo

IN EXPRESSING OUR VIEWS about the importance of the individual and his freedom in a free America, we have pointed out how essential a total separation of church and state is to our concept of democracy. We have also tried to show how religiously inspired puritanism has been allowed to subtly undermine certain of our most precious freedoms. Nowhere is this more insidiously dangerous than in the continuing erosion of our Constitutionally guaranteed rights to free speech and press, for it is these freedoms that assure the protection of all our other freedoms. It is for this reason that we are personally opposed to censorship in any form.

The U.S. Constitution and the Bill of Rights assure these freedoms and our legislatures, courts and officials of government continue to pay lip service to their protection, but in the brief lifetime of this nation, exceptions have been introduced—small cracks in the wall that encircles and protects our democracy's ideals—cracks that will surely spread, and thus weaken and eventually destroy the wall, if they are not mended.

The right of the individual to speak and write what is on his mind—to express himself freely and without fear of any action against him by his government—does not allow for any exceptions. "It is time enough for the rightful purposes of civil government," wrote Thomas Jefferson, "for its officers to interfere when principles break out into overt acts against peace and good order." Our speech and our press cannot be half free or they are not truly free at all.

We have quoted Jefferson, James Madison, Justice William O. Douglas, Judge Thurman Arnold, and Presidents Franklin D. Roosevelt and John F. Kennedy on the importance of free and unhampered speech and press to our democratic way of life. We have shown how the U. S. Supreme Court has continually upheld these freedoms, but we have also pointed out an exception that the highest Court — itself composed of fallible men, influenced by our puritan traditions — has allowed to co-exist with these Constitutional guarantees, thus making us truly only half free.

editorial By Hugh M. Hefner

The exception is sex and the courts have ruled that "obscenity" is outside the protections of the First Amendment. We have argued, however, that so-called "obscenity" cannot and must not be considered outside the protections of our law or the law itself will soon break down and the broader protections of speech and press inevitably disappear. We argued that "obscenity" can never be satisfactorily defined and that the Supreme Court's definition, while curtailing the most wanton, wholesale censorship, is nonetheless, in the words of Supreme Court Justice Douglas, "too loose, too capricious, too destructive of freedom of expression to be squared with the First Amendment." Justice Douglas stated further that the Supreme Court's standard for obscenity as what offends "the common conscience of the community" would certainly "not be an acceptable one if religion, economics, politics or philosophy were involved. How," asked the Supreme Court Justice, "does it become a Constitutional standard when literature treating with sex is concerned?"

It clearly should not, for we have shown that no true community standard or "common conscience of the community" exists. As Justice Douglas has stated, "Under that test, juries can censor, suppress, and punish what they do not like. . . . This is community censorship in one of its worst forms. It creates a regime where, in the battle between the literati and the Philistines, the Philistines are certain to win."

What is more, even if a satisfactory community standard ever could be established, that is no argument for suppressing other minority opinions. For the high Court has ruled that the Constitution rightfully protects even the most unpopular and distasteful ideas and history has shown us that some of our greatest literature and art met with public disfavor when—it was first produced and was banned and censored as "obscene" in other times and places.

We have previously established that our founding fathers did not intend "obscenity" to be outside the protections of the Constitution. Jefferson stated, "The press, confined to truth, needs no other restraint . . . no other definite line can be drawn between the inestimable liberty of the press and demoralizing licentiousness"; Madison wrote that to make a "distinction between the freedom of and the licentiousness of the press" would subvert the First Amendment

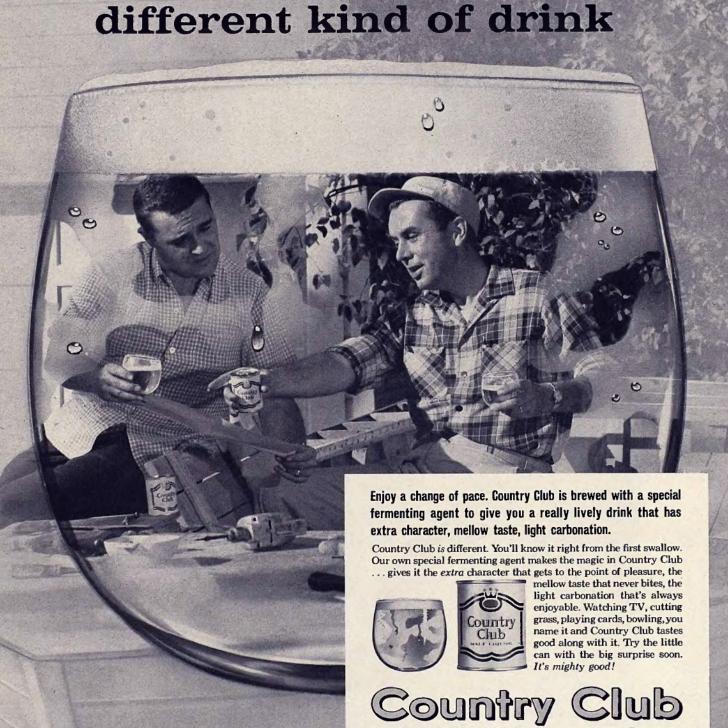
Last month we attempted to show not only the impossibility of ever adequately defining what is "obscene," but also demonstrated how the charge of "obscenity," once established as being outside the protections of the Constitution, can spread to include philosophical, political, social, medical, religious and racial ideas of which the censor does not

approve.

Lastly, we pointed out that the very premise upon which the censorship of "obscenity" is based - that "obscene" and "pornographic" literature and art induce acts of sexual violence and crime - is without foundation; there is, in fact, a serious school of scientific opinion that believes that "obscenity" actually makes a valuable contribution to the mental health of a society, since it may act as an outlet for sexually repressed desires that might otherwise take the form of overt sexual offenses in the emotionally unstable or maladjusted. Drs. Eberhard and Phyllis Kronhausen subscribe to this belief, as does noted sex authority Dr. Albert Ellis. A report by a committee of Brown University psychologists (Drs. Nissim Levy, Lewis Lipsitt and Judy F. Rosenblith) concluded, after reviewing all available U.S. research on the subject: "There is no reliable evidence that reading or other fantasy activities lead to antisocial behavior." Dr. Benjamin Karpman, chief psychotherapist at St. Elizabeth's Hospital in Washington, D. C., stated in a report before the American Medical Association, that "contrary to popular misconception, people who read salacious literature are less likely to become sexual offenders than those who do not, for the reason that such reading often neutralizes what aberrant sexual interests they may have."

The Drs. Kronhausen wrote in their book, Pornography and the Law:

Country Club is not a beer or an ale... It's called Malt Liquor because it's a totally



MALT LIQUOR

"Erotic books may fulfill several eminently useful and therapeutic functions. We have already elaborated on the principle of catharsis through vicarious participation by reading. It always strikes us as strange that this ancient idea should be considered by some to be so novel and highly controversial. As far as we know, the concept is at least as old as Aristotle, who recommended that Athenians go and watch the tragedies in the theater to avoid succumbing to antisocial impulses. We believe that this may apply equally to the antisocial sex impulses which are often given free rein in so-called 'hard core obscenity' ... '

Supreme Court Justice Brennan has written, in a decision in an obscenity case: "Implicit in the history of the First Amendment is the rejection of obscenity as utterly without redeeming social importance." Now this prompts us to raise a rather fascinating point of law: If the Supreme Court considers as "obscene"and therefore outside the protections of the Constitution - only those works that are "utterly without redeeming social importance," then, based upon the professional scientific opinions cited herein, it can be argued that - since all erotic literature and art may have some therapeutic value as a release for sexual tensions - no work can ever be judged "legally obscene," because - by this definition - no such thing as "legal obscenity" can ever exist.

JUSTICE BLACK AND THE CONSTITUTION

In a recent interview, Supreme Court Justice Hugo Black expressed his personal views on our American ideal of absolute freedoms of speech and press. The occasion of the interview was a banquet in New York City honoring Justice Black on his completion of 25 years of service on the United States Supreme Court. The interview was conducted by Professor Edmond Cahn, of the New York University School of Law, who stated in his introduction: "Hugo Black [is] one of the few authentically great judges in the history of the American bench. . . . He is great because he belongs to a certain select company of heroes who, at various crises in the destiny of our land, have created, nurtured, and preserved the essence of the Amer-

"... The torch of [such a man's] spirit leads first a few, then the vast majority of his countrymen . . . toward freedom, equality and social justice.

"This is what happened at the very birth of our country.... It was the same kind of inspiration that gave us our national Bill of Rights. The original Constitution, drafted at the Philadelphia Convention, contained no bill of rights. The Federalists contended that though bills of rights might be necessary

against emperors and kings, they were needless in a republican form of government. They argued that the people ought to repose trust in popularly chosen representatives. But Thomas Jefferson indignantly referred them to the words of the Declaration of Independence which announced that governments derived their just powers from the consent of the governed: words to be taken literally, absolutely, and without exception. He declared, 'A bill of rights is what the people are entitled to against every government on earth.' His demand succeeded, and a Bill of Rights was added to the Constitution. The Bill of Rights protects us today because Jefferson stood firm on the inspired text.

"Then there is the next momentous episode, the series of court decisions in which Chief Justice John Marshall held that acts of legislation that violated the Constitution of the United States were null and void. What was the clause on which Marshall relied in asserting this awesome power for the Supreme Court? It was the provision, to which all Americans had pledged themselves, that the Constitution of the United States must be 'the supreme law of the land.'

"President Lincoln also drew guidance and inspiration from a single basic text. He opposed the institution of slavery because, as he said, the country was dedicated to the proposition that 'all men are created equal.' Our own epoch has again demonstrated the explosive validity of that proposition.

"What does one see happening in each of these historic instances? The majority of the people, at least at the beginning, are wont to say that though the basic text may embody a fine ideal, it cannot work in practical application. They say it is utopian, visionary, unrealistic. They remark condescendingly that any experienced person would know better than to take it literally or absolutely. Accepting the words at face value would be naive, if not simpleminded. In 1776 Worldly Wisemen of this kind said that while the colonists might be entitled to the rights of Englishmen, they ought to put their trust in the King and Parliament and submit to a few convenient adjustments in the interest of imperial security. In 1788 they said that while a bill of rights might be desirable in theory, the people must learn to show confidence in their rulers. Why not leave it all to a majority, whether in Congress or in the Supreme Court? In every generation, the lesser minds, the half-hearted, the timorous, the trimmers talked this way, and so they always will. Ours would be a poor, undernourished, scorbutic freedom indeed if the great men of our history had not shown determination and valor, declaring, 'Here are the words of our fundamental text. Here are the principles to which we are dedicated. Let us hold ourselves erect and walk in their light.'

"It is to this rare company of inspired leaders that Hugo Black belongs. He has been inflamed by the political and ethical ideals that Jefferson, Madison, and other libertarians of the 18th Century prized the highest. . . . He draws his inspiration from the First Amendment in the Bill of Rights, which forbids the Government to abridge our freedom of speech, freedom of press, freedom of religion, and freedom of association. . . . [These freedoms] are, to him, the meaning and inner purpose of the American saga.

"Justice Black's major premise and point of departure is the text of the Constitution, which he emphasizes in all his decisions. He believes that the main purpose of the Founders, in drafting and adopting a written constitution, was to preserve their civil liberties and keep them intact. On their own behalf and on ours, they were not satisfied with a fragment or fraction of the basic freedoms; they wanted us to have the whole of them.

"Some people display a curious set of values. If Government employees were to come into their homes and start slicing off parts of the chairs, the tables and the television set, they would have no doubt that what was happening was absolutely wrong. Not relatively or debatably, but absolutely wrong. But when the same Government slices their civil liberties, slashes their basic freedoms or saws away at their elementary rights, these people can only comment that the case is too complicated for a doctrinaire judgment, that much can be said on both sides of the matter, and that in times like these the experts on sedition, subversion, and national security know what they are doing. (Sometimes I wonder whether it is quite fair to assume that the experts know what they are doing; perhaps it would be more charitable to assume that they do not know.)

"Justice Black's uncompromising zeal for freedom of speech, press, religion, and association might not have seemed so urgently necessary in previous periods of our history. In Lincoln's day, men naturally felt more excited about emancipation from slavery; in Franklin D. Roosevelt's day, more excited about food, employment, and social welfare. But today, when democracy stands here and on every continent presenting its case at the bar of destiny, our supreme need is to share Hugo Black's devotion to the First Amendment and his intrepid defense of the people's rights.

"The American covenant was solemnly inscribed on the hearts of our ancestors and on the doorposts of our political history. It is a covenant of freedom, justice and human dignity. Through keeping it in a quarter-century of judi-



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cial decisions, he has proved himself a great jurist. Through keeping it in all the transactions of our public life, we can prove ourselves a great and enlightened nation."

After this most impressive introduction, Professor Cahn recalled a lecture that Justice Black had delivered two years before in which he had stated, "It is my belief that there are 'absolutes' in our Bill of Rights, and that they were put there on purpose by men who knew what words meant and meant their prohibitions to be 'absolutes.'"

Cahn began the interview by asking the Supreme Court Justice to explain what he meant by this, to which Justice Black replied, "I believe the words do mean what they say. I have no reason to challenge the intelligence, integrity or honesty of the men who wrote the First Amendment.* Among those I call the great men of the world are Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, and various others who participated in formulating the ideas behind the First Amendment for this country and in writing it.

". . . The beginning of the First Amendment is that 'Congress shall make no law.' I understand that it is rather old-fashioned and shows a slight naiveté to say that 'no law' means no law. It is one of the most amazing things about the ingeniousness of the times that strong arguments are made, which almost convince me, that it is very foolish of me to think 'no law' means no law. But what it says is 'Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion,' and so on.

"I have to be honest about it. I confess not only that I think the Amendment means what it says but also that I may be slightly influenced by the fact that I do not think Congress should make any law with respect to these subjects.

"Then we move on, and it says, 'or prohibiting the free exercise thereof.' I have not always exercised myself in regard to religion as much as I should, or perhaps as much as all of you have. Nevertheless, I want to be able to do it when I want to do it. I do not want anybody who is my servant, who is my agent, elected by me and others like me, to tell me that I can or cannot do it.

"... Then I move on to the words 'abridging the freedom of speech or of the press.' It says Congress shall make no law doing that. What it means—ac-

The First Amendment states: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances."

cording to a current philosophy that I do not share - is that Congress shall be able to make just such a law unless we judges object too strongly. One of the statements of that philosophy is that if it shocks us too much, then they cannot do it. But when I get down to the really basic reason why I believe that 'no law' means no law, I presume it could come to this, that I took an obligation to support and defend the Constitution as I understand it. And being a rather backward country fellow, I understand it to mean what the words say. Gesticulations apart, I know of no way in the world to communicate ideas except by words. And if I were to talk at great length on the subject, I would still be saying - although I understand that some people say that I just say it and do not believe it - that I believe when our Founding Fathers, with their wisdom and patriotism, wrote this Amendment, they knew what they were talking about. They knew what history was behind them and they wanted to ordain in this country that Congress, elected by the people, should not tell the people what religion they should have or what they should believe or say or publish, and that is about it. It says 'no law,' and that is what I believe it means."

Professor Cahn then mentioned that some of Justice Black's colleagues believe it is better to interpret the Bill of Rights so as to permit Congress to take what it considers "reasonable steps" to preserve the security of the nation even at some sacrifice of freedom of speech and press and association, and he asked the Judge's view of this.

Justice Black replied: "I fully agree with them that the country should protect itself. It should protect itself in peace and in war. It should do whatever is necessary to preserve itself. But the question is: preserve what? And how?

"... I want it to be preserved as the kind of Government it was intended to be. I would not desire to live in any place where my thoughts were under the suspicion of government and where my words could be censored by government, and where worship, whatever it was or wasn't, had to be determined by an officer of the government. That is not the kind of government I want preserved.

"I agree with those who wrote our Constitution, that too much power in the hands of officials is a dangerous thing. What was government created for except to serve the people? Why was a Constitution written for the first time in this country except to limit the power of government and those who were selected to exercise it at the moment?

"My answer to the statement that this Government should preserve itself is yes. The method I would adopt is different, however, from that of some other people. I think it can be preserved only by leaving people with the utmost freedom to think and to hope and to talk and to dream if they want to dream. I do not think this Government must look to force, stifling the minds and aspirations of the people. Yes, I believe in self-preservation, but I would preserve it as the founders said, by leaving people free. I think here, as in another time, it cannot live half slave and half free."

In response to a question about allowing full and sometimes sensational newspaper reports about a crime and the possible effect this might have upon a fair trial, Justice Black replied, "I do not myself think that it is necessary to stifle the press in order to reach fair verdicts. ... I want both fair trials and freedom of the press. I grant that you cannot get everything you want perfectly, and you never will. But you won't do any good in this country, which aspires to freedom, by saying just give the courts a little more power, just a little more power to suppress the people and the press, and things will be all right."

Professor Cahn asked, "Is there any kind of obscene material, whether defined as hard-core pornography or otherwise, the distribution and sale of which can be constitutionally restricted in any manner whatever, in your opinion?"

To which Justice Black replied, "My view is, without deviation, without exception, without any ifs, buts, or whereases, that freedom of speech means that you shall not do something to people either for the views they have or the views they express or the words they speak or write.

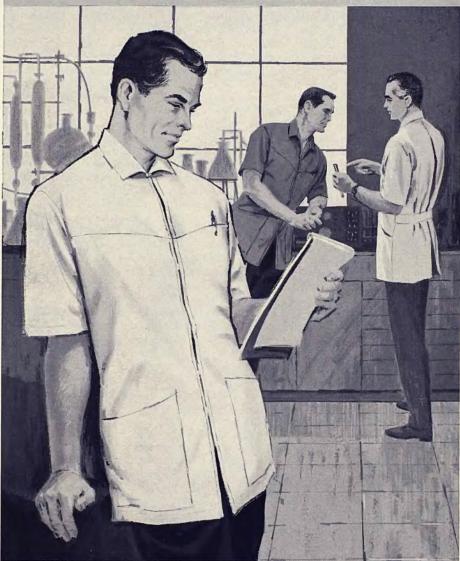
". . . It is the law [because the courts have held that it is the law] that there can be an arrest made for obscenity. It was the law in Rome that they could arrest people for obscenity after Augustus became Caesar. Tacitus says that then it became obscene to criticize the Emperor. It is not any trouble to establish a classification so that whatever it is that you do not want said is within that classification. So far as I am concerned, I do not believe there is any halfway ground for protecting freedom of speech and press. If you say it is half free, you can rest assured that it will not remain as much as half free. Madison explained that in his great Remonstrance when he said in effect, 'If you make laws to force people to speak the words of Christianity, it won't be long until the same power will narrow the sole religion to the most powerful sect in it.' I realize that there are dangers in freedom of speech, but I do not believe there are any halfway marks."

In conclusion Judge Black said, "The Bill of Rights to me constitutes the difference between this country and many others. I will not attempt to say most others or nearly all others or all others.

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But I will say it constitutes the difference to me between a free country and a country that is not free.

"... [The Bill of Rights] is intended to see that a man cannot be jerked by the back of the neck by any government official; he cannot have his home invaded; he cannot be picked up legally and carried away because his views are not satisfactory to the majority, even if they are terrible views, however bad they may be. Our system of justice is based on the assumption that men can best work out their own opinions, and that they [the opinions] are not under the control of government. Of course, this is particularly true in the field of religion, because a man's religion is between himself and his Creator, not between himself and his government.

"I am not going to say any more except this: I was asked a question about preserving this country. I confess I am a complete chauvinist. I think it is the greatest country in the world. I think it is the greatest because it has a Bill of Rights. I think it could be the worst if it did not have one. It does not take a nation long to degenerate. We saw, only a short time ago, a neighboring country where people were walking the streets in reasonable peace one day and within a month we saw them marched to the back of a wall to meet a firing squad without a trial.

"I am a chauvinist because this country offers the greatest opportunities of any country in the world to people of every kind, of every type, of every race, of every origin, of every religion - without regard to wealth, without regard to poverty. It offers an opportunity to the child born today to be reared among his people by his people, to worship his God, whatever his God may be, or to refuse to worship anybody's God if that is his wish. It is a free country; it will remain free only, however, if we recognize that the boundaries of freedom are not so flexible; they are not made of mush. They say 'Thou shalt not,' and I think that is what they mean.

". . . I am for the First Amendment from the first word to the last. I believe it means what it says, and it says to me, 'Government shall keep its hands off religion. Government shall not attempt to control the ideas a man has. Government shall not abridge freedom of the press or speech. It shall let anybody talk in this country.' I have never been shaken in the faith that the American people are the kind of people and have the kind of loyalty to their government that we need not fear the talk of Communists or of anybody else. Let them talk! In the American way, we will answer them."

As *Time* observed a few weeks ago, in reporting on three cases in which the Supreme Court overturned or amended

its own previous decisions: "Ideally, the flow of U.S. law should run straight and true. In fact, it has countless twists and turns [and] often reverses its course . . ." It is our feeling that in its decisions of the last few years, under Chief Justice Earl Warren, the Supreme Court has moved the course of U.S. law closer to the original intent of our Constitution than at any previous time in history. While approving the high Court's intent in putting an end to segregation in 1954, Life Magazine, nonetheless, expressed the opinion in an editorial that the decision was based more upon sociology than law. Life was not the only one to voice this view, but - in truth - just the opposite was the case. In reversing an earlier Supreme Court decision that had upheld the principle of "separate but equal," the present Court re-established the guarantees and protections of the Constitution for a number of our citizens who for too long had been forced to live without them.

The high Court did the same in the three cases *Time* reported: "A VOTE FOR ALL. On four previous occasions... the Court had in effect declined to upset Georgia's county-unit voting system. Under that system, politicians with rural backing have been able to hold state power even though they failed in winning a popular majority.... The Federal District Court judges ruled against it. The Supreme Court decision erased the system once and for all. In its opinion, the Court held that 'the concept of political equality can mean only one thing—one person, one vote.'

"APPEAL FOR ALL. Amending its longheld principle that state prisoners may not turn to federal courts until all avenues of state appeal have been exhausted, the Court ruled that Convicted Murderer Charles Noia could be released from a New York State prison on a federal writ of habeas corpus. Two other men, convicted with Noia in 1942 for the same murder, appealed to the state that they had made confessions under coercion. They were released. But Noia waited until after the state time limit for such an appeal; a lower federal court therefore refused to entertain his petition. The Supreme Court ruled that its doctrine of 'exhausting state remedies' did not mean keeping a man in jail because of that sort of procedural default.

"COUNSEL FOR ALL. By a unanimous vote, the Court ruled that the states, under the 14th Amendment, must provide free legal counsel to any person charged with a crime and unable to pay for his own lawyer. It thereby reversed its 1942 decision in *Betts* vs. *Brady*, in which it held that such aid is required only if the defendant is charged with a crime punishable by death." The majority opinion stated: "In our adversary

system of criminal justice, any person haled into court cannot be assured a fair trial unless counsel is provided for him. This seems to us an obvious truth."

The Supreme Court justice who wrote the majority opinion in the last case was Hugo Black, who was one of three dissenters in the 1942 case.

In the same way, we hope that Justice Black's minority opinion on the Constitutional guarantees of absolute freedom of religion, speech, press and association may become the opinion of the majority while Black is still serving his country and his fellow man as a member of the U.S. Supreme Court. It would be a fitting tribute if this American — whom Professor Edmond Cahn called a "torch" of "freedom, equality and social justice" — were the one to write the then majority opinion for the Court, re-establishing the full and absolute protections of the First Amendment.

PROTECTING THE YOUNG

The argument most often advanced for the suppression of certain ideas and images — especially sexual ones — is the protection of our youth.

It is not necessary to reduce the adult population of our nation to the level of children in order to protect the young, however.

The Supreme Court has ruled that it is illegal to censor literature on the basis that it may harm minors. In finding unconstitutional that section of the Michigan Penal Code which prohibited circulation of publications that might tend "to incite minors to violent or depraved or immoral acts," Justice Felix Frankfurter spoke for the unanimous Court when he said: "The State insists that, by thus quarantining the general reading public against books not too rugged for grown men and women in order to shield juvenile innocence, it is exercising its power to promote the general welfare. Surely, this is to burn the house to roast the pig. . . . We have before us legislation not reasonably restricted to the evil with which it is said to deal. . . . The incidence of this enactment is to reduce the adult population of Michigan to reading only what is fit for children. It thereby curtails one of those liberties . . . that history has attested as the indispensable conditions for the maintenance and progress of a free society."

Matters of religion and personal morality should rightly be the concern of the individual and his family, with one generation passing its own traditions on to the next, to be accepted, rejected, or modified and passed, in turn, to the generation that follows. But if the champions of censorship are sincerely concerned with the moral upbringing of our country's children—to the point that they are willing to over-

ride this American tradition - it should be pointed out that there are ways of accomplishing this end without curtailing the freedom of the adult population, ways that remain largely unexplored. The United States is, for example, one of the few major countries in the world that does not use some method of classification for its movies. England breaks down all motion pictures into three categories: A - adult films, which children under 16 may see only if accompanied by a parent or a bona fide guardian; U-approved for adults and children alike; and X - films to which no one under 16 is admitted under any circumstances.

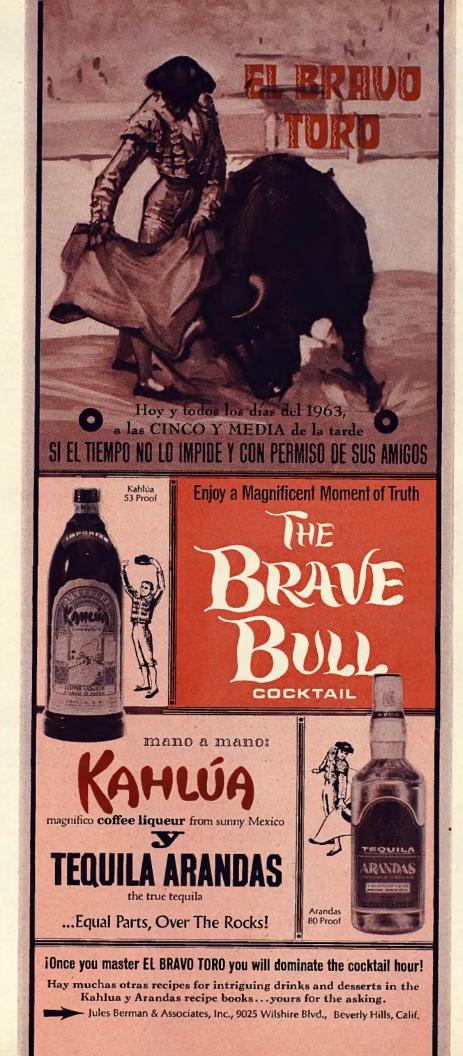
Books and magazines could be classified in the same way and a serious penalty invoked if a dealer sold an adult book or magazine to someone underage.

For television and radio, all programs before a certain hour could be produced for family consumption; but after the designated time, all restrictions would be lifted and the stations would be free to program uncensored shows for adults.

The fact that those who cry out for censorship in the name of our youth do not promote these more reasonable alternatives prompts us to suspect that invoking child welfare may be—as often as not—a subterfuge and what the would-be censors are really after is thought-control over our adult population.

The classification of all methods of mass communication into what is suitable for children, and what is not, is certainly no ideal solution. But it is preferable not only to official or quasiofficial censorship, but also far better than any related kind of control introduced by the media themselves. The self-imposed restrictions of an individual writer, director, producer, editor or publisher are desirable, to be sure - and the acceptance of freedom from undue outside supervision leads naturally to the development of a more responsible and mature self-discipline the majority of the time; but industry-wide controls are not the same as individually imposed restrictions and we need look no further than Hollywood's recent experiment in so-called "self-censorship" to see how thoroughly an entire industry can throttle its own freedom and creativity.

"Self-censorship" is usually imposed by a medium of communication to avoid outside pressures or the threat of actual outside censorship. It is rarely introduced to improve the medium or its product and, naturally enough, the medium and product are rarely improved. Such was the case in the 1920s, when the Hollywood film makers – fearful that growing national criticism of movie morals might prompt some form of government control – joined to establish what is now the Motion Picture Association of America and hired Will Hays,



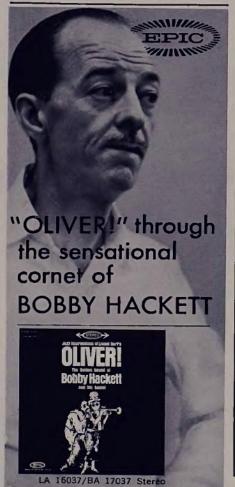
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then Postmaster General, at an annual salary of \$100,000 to become czar of the industry with power not only to regulate all picture-making, but also to act as a sort of moral guardian over the private lives of the stars themselves.

Hays did his job only too well. A rigid Production Code was introduced in 1934 that gave seals of approval only to films that adhered to the most simonpure standards. By defining morality as a lack of sex and swear words, Hays kept the movies out of controversy and, for the most part, totally removed from the real stuff of life. Suggestiveness replaced honest sexuality. The only bows to realism were violent crime films glorifying such cinematic gangsters as Scarface and Little Caesar. Not until Howard Hughes released The Outlaw in 1946, successfully introducing his new doublefeature discovery Jane Russell without benefit of a Code seal, did any major film producer consider issuing a motion picture sans Association approval. Otto Preminger carried the fight for freedom further by releasing The Moon Is Blue (1953) and The Man with the Golden Arm (1957), both excellent films, without seals. The emergence of the independent Hollywood producer, who was outside major studio control, coupled with the increasing popularity of foreign films in America, supplied the coup de grâce to the old, unrealistic and inflexible Production Code. In 1961 the Production Code Review Board reversed its previous verdict on both of Preminger's pictures and granted them each a seal.

The Supreme Court has had this to say about the effect upon freedom of not only censorship, but the very existence of the *threat* of censorship, which so hobbled Hollywood for a generation: "It is not merely the sporadic abuse of power by the censor but the pervasive threat inherent in its very existence that constitutes the danger to freedom of discussion."

It should be mentioned that in most of Europe it is not sex that primarily concerns those who classify the movies as suitable for children or only for adults, but scenes of crime, violence and brutality - the sort that enjoyed widest distribution in the U.S. when sex was being most severely suppressed by the Hays Office during the Thirties. The point of view that depicting acts of amour on the screen is more harmful than acts of terror, violence and hate is peculiar to our own Puritan America. It is perfectly permissible to show one man destroying the life of another, but the creation of life is the prime target of the censor - whether it is the act of coition, banned everywhere, or the birth of a baby bison, which New York censors cut from a Walt Disney nature film.

This is the level of the sociological, theological and philosophical thinking that we bring to the Atomic Age and the terrifying task of coping with the destructive forces that our technological advances have produced. Nothing is more frightening to contemplate than the gap that exists between man's social and scientific progress as we move into the second half of the 20th Century. We are attempting to deal with the realities of the most complex of modern societies with a cultural sophistication rooted in superstitions some of which are more than 2000 years old.

Because the modern world does require such real sophistication and maturity, we do not personally favor any technique for raising our young that fails to fully equip them for adult life - so a classifying of our mass communication into categories for "adult" and "underage" consumption is suggested only as a far better answer than any continuation of the present tendency to bring even our adult society down to the level of the child. The suggestion is made, also, to emphasize that more reasonable alternatives than totalitarian thought-control do exist - if we insist upon this "protection" for our offspring - so as to reveal to the cold light of logic the true motives of many who cry out for censorship over all, to save from "harm" (knowledge) the young and immature.

Let's now consider the virtues of censorship for children. Before seriously advocating a desexualized, sanitized, cellophane-wrapped society for our youngsters, we should seriously weigh the opinions of child psychologists and experts in juvenile behavior. They seem unanimous in their belief that an overly protected child will find it more difficult adjusting to an adult society after he is grown. A youngster who is reared in an environment sufficiently removed from the real world may never fully mature and become capable of accepting the responsibilities of adult life.

On the other hand, what are the dangers inherent in a young and impressionable mind being allowed to mature naturally as a part of an adult society? Will frankly adult books, magazines, television and motion pictures tend to lead a child into patterns of antisocial and delinquent behavior? There is no evidence to suggest that this is so.

Drs. Sheldon and Eleanor Glueck, leading specialists in the field of child behavior, published in 1950 the results of ten years' research into the causes of juvenile delinquency of 1000 boys in the Boston area. In the 399 pages of what has been termed a "classical study," the subjects of pornography, or of the reading or viewing of erotic materials of any kind, are never even mentioned as contributory or causative factors in delinquency.

In the same vein, a prominent children's court judge, George S. Smyth, of

New York, informed an inquiring state commission that of 878 causative factors which troubled children, reading was not on his list, but that *difficulty* in read-

ing was.

The Brown University Psychologists Report, commenting on a series of statements linking delinquent behavior to obscenity, called attention to a series of similar scientific studies and statements disputing any correlation between obscene material and the antisocial activity of children, including a recent comprehensive report on 90 cases of delinquency by Mitchell in the Australian Journal of Psychology. The study reported such complex conditions as personal tension, defective discipline, insecurity, lack of home guidance and emotional instability as the prime contributors to delinquency and the Drs. Kronhausen point out that "all of these factors refer to deep-seated emotional problems and disturbances in interpersonal relations, in comparison to which the reading of [sexual materials] or even 'hard-core obscenity' appears a rather trifling surface concern.'

Another report, based on research in the United States, presented at roundtable conferences headed by Dr. Benjamin Karpman at two annual meetings of the American Orthopsychiatric Association, concluded that there are three major causes of delinquency: (1) organic brain damage; (2) faulty relations in the family unit; and (3) social dislocation. Once again there was no mention of the viewing or reading of salacious or obscene materials and Dr. Karpman has expressed the belief that, contrary to popular misconception, contact with obscenity tends to curb antisocial behavior rather than foster it, by offering an outlet for abnormal sexual interests.

Dr. Wendell Sherman of the University of Chicago has stated: "I have never seen one instance of a child whose behavior disturbance originated in the reading of books, nor even a case of a delinquent whose behavior was exaggerated by such reading. A child may ascribe his behavior to a book he has read or a movie he has seen. But such explanations cannot be considered scientific evidence of causation."

Edwin J. Lucas, director of the Society for the Prevention of Crime, has stated: "I am unaware of the existence of any scientifically established causal relationship between the reading of books and delinquency. It is my feeling that efforts to link the two are an extension of the archaic impulse by which, through the ages, witchcraft, evil spirits and other superstitious beliefs have in turn been blamed for anti-social behavior."

Dr. Robert Lindner, noted psychoanalyst and author (*The Fifty-Minute Hour, Rebel Without a Cause*), specialist in the treatment of juvenile offenders, has

said: "I am utterly opposed to censorship of the written word, regardless of the source of such censorship or the type of material it is directed against. As a psychoanalyst who has had more than a decade of experience with the emotionally disturbed, and especially with delinquents, I am convinced of the absurdity of the idea that any form of reading matter . . . can either provoke delinquent or criminal behavior or instruct toward such ends. . . . I am convinced that were all so-called objectionable books and like material to disappear from the face of the earth tomorrow this would in no way affect the statistics of crime, delinquency, amoral and antisocial behavior, or personal illness and distress. The same frustrating and denying society would still exist, and both children and adults would express themselves mutinously against it. These problems will be solved only when we have the courage to face the fundamental social issues and personal perplexities that cause such behavior."

Drs. Eberhard and Phyllis Kronhausen have written, on the subject of "Psychological Effects of Erotic Literature": "It is our view that instead of the comics, 'lewd' magazines, or even hard-core pornography causing sex murders, or other criminal acts, it is far more likely that these 'unholy' instruments may be more often than not a safety valve for the sexual deviate and potential sex offender. This is not only our own view, but that of many other experienced clinicians, especially among those who have worked with more severely disturbed patients and delinquents."

In The Playboy Panel on "Sex and Censorship in Literature and the Arts" (PLAYBOY, July 1961), we commented that one of the evils of pornography, according to James Jackson Kilpatrick, in his book The Smut Peddlers, is that "When a youth accepts the idea of sex without love he is stained inside."

To which Judge Thurman Arnold replied: "Sounds like gobbledygook to me. I don't know what he's talking about." Film Producer Otto Preminger said, "It is an old-fashioned point of view, in my opinion. We know very well that sex without love exists - only hypocritical people can say that nobody has sex without love or that nobody should have sex without love." Authorpublisher Ralph Ginzburg observed, "Is Mr. Kilpatrick trying to suppress sex without love? Is that what he is trying to do indirectly by getting at pornography? Well, I think he's got a great big job ahead of him, even after he gets rid of all the pornography."

Maurice Girodias, editor-publisher of Olympia Press, of Paris, said "Protecting children against moral corruption has always been the last-resort argument of the champion of censorship. It is the



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weakest and most idiotic justification invoked to suppress books written for adult readers. Mr. Kilpatrick's remark is too elliptical not to be misleading. Sex exists with or without love. Sex is the primary agent of love between males and females. Should we hide the fact from young people? Should we teach them that sex is corrupting in some cases, and not in others? Then I leave to Mr. Kilpatrick the task of explaining to our young friends what is sex and what is love, when sex is just sex and when sex is sex with love. Such guidance will probably make the whole continent frigid, but that shouldn't bother Mr. Kilpatrick.

"Seriously, if we want to restore mental sanity to our world, we must first of all save the young from the lies and hypocrisy inherited from generations of Puritans. Modern man must find his path in a world which has become infinitely dangerous and dense. Our society will only survive if it starts producing individuals endowed with full freedom of judgment; we do not need an elite of specialized thinkers, but positive and personal thinking at every level. Those children that Mr. Kilpatrick is so concerned about are not corrupted by bad books. I don't think they are interested in books, or pornography, which is a game for adults. If they feel they were born in a dry, cold and hopeless world, this cannot be corrected by more censorship."

THE SEXUAL NATURE OF MAN

Those who favor censorship are often motivated by what they believe to be the best of principles. We have Government agencies to ban harmful foods and medicines - why not do the same with "harmful" art and literature, they reason. What they fail to recognize is that a bad food or drug is a matter of indisputable fact, but a "bad" book or movie is a matter of taste or opinion, and nothing more. And in our free society, we are fundamentally opposed to the suppression of ideas with which we do not agree, or the forcing of our own ideas onto others. The fact that the bulk of scientific and enlightened opinion favors the dissemination of frankly sexual and erotic material for the mental health and well-being of our society is beside the point, for no one is forced to buy or read the book that does not please him, or attend the movie or watch the television program that offends his personal sensibilities. We are all left the freedom of choice, as we should be in a free society, without the specter of censorship hanging over us.

Those who fear and oppose the erotic in our literature and art do so because of personal repressions and feelings of frustration, inadequacy or guilt regarding sex. They are unwilling to accept the basic sexual nature of man. Literature and art are a mirror in which man sees his own reflection. Only a man who carries the obscenity within him will see obscenity in a book, a painting or a photograph. If you find the obscene in a work of art or literature, or in life itself, you have manufactured the idea of obscenity yourself. And you have no one to blame but yourself for having made it obscene. If it is true that "beauty is in the eye of the beholder," one must accept its logical corollary, that ugliness is, too.

What the anti-sexual amongst us do not recognize is that they themselves are the major perpetuators of pornography. Most deliberate pornography has little enough artistic merit to commend it. It persists in a society where prudishness and hypocrisy are the rule. Editor-Publisher Girodias was quoted in the New York Times Book Review as saying: "The publication of pornography is a defensible, even a socially useful undertaking." We asked him, in The Playboy Panel, to explain what he meant by this.

Girodias answered by reading something he had written in a letter published in the London Times Book Supplement a short time before: "What is known as pornography is a simple and elementary reaction against an age-old habit of mental suppression, of deliberately conditioned ignorance of 'the facts of life.' True, pornography is a very crude and excessive form of protest - but the very intensity of the protest proves that it is not gratuitous, and that there is a deep and general need for free expression which is still far from being gratified. In other words, contrary to current belief, pornography is simply a consequence of censorship. Suppress censorship and pornography will disappear."

The very attempt to ban a book will create an interest in it that the book may not deserve; the would-be censor may thus do more to promote the sale of salacious material than curb it. If the censor could be counted upon to only publicly damn worthwhile books, his existence might be almost justified for creating considerable public curiosity in good literature that would not otherwise be so widely read (no one can doubt that Vladimir Nabokov's delightful Lolita found her way into hundreds-of-thousands of additional American homes, because of the hue and cry created over her by the blue noses). But, unfortunately, the censor has never been particularly noted for his ability to discern between the erotic wheat and the salacious chaff partly, we suspect, because the distinction is of no real importance to him. He may come up with a work of rea! literary merit one month and a piece of trash the next - and give them both the same publicity. No, the censor really can't be counted upon as a dependable guide to

our reading habits. He would have us

reading many of the right books, but for the wrong reasons; as well as many of the wrong books, for the right reasons.

The anti-sexual in our society so fail to understand the true sexual nature of man that they try to suppress what is unsuppressible. In so doing, they hurt society in three distinct ways.

1. The censor curtails our freedom. As we have seen, censorship attempts to thwart our God-given and Constitutionally guaranteed rights to freely use our own minds and bodies, so long as we do not impair the similar rights of others: the right to speak and write our own ideas — whatever those ideas happen to be — and to accept (or reject) the ideas expressed by others, equally free; the right to worship our own God, in our own way — or no God at all, if it suits us; the right to associate with whomever we choose, whenever we choose — without fear or prejudice of others.

2. The censor attempts to control our thoughts. By limiting our speech and press, by disapproving certain words and ideas, the censor in fact tries to practice

thought control.

In his book 1984, George Orwell demonstrated how it is possible to actually control thought through the censorship of words. In Orwell's society of the future, the political party in power is called Ingsoc (for English Socialism), with Big Brother as its leader ("Big Brother is watching you!"). The Ingsoc had created a new language, called Newspeak, to serve its political ends; Orwell had the following to say about Newspeak: "The purpose of Newspeak was not only to provide a medium of expression for the world-view and mental habits proper to the devotees of Ingsoc, but to make all other modes of thought impossible. It was intended that when Newspeak had been adopted once and for all and the Oldspeak forgotten, a heretical thought - that is, a thought diverging from the principles of Ingsoc - should be literally unthinkable, at least so far as thought is dependent on words. . . . To give a single example. The word free still existed in Newspeak, but it could only be used in such a statement as 'This dog is free from lice' or 'This field is free from weeds.' It could not be used in its old sense of 'politically free' or 'intellectually free,' since political and intellectual freedom no longer existed even as concepts, and were therefore of necessity nameless. Quite apart from the suppression of definitely heretical words, reduction of vocabulary was regarded as an end in itself, and no word that could be dispensed with was allowed to survive. Newspeak was designed not to extend but to diminish the range of thought, and this purpose was indirectly assisted by cutting the choice of words down to a minimum."

(continued on page 176)



WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

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no one could look at him without loving him-yet, when he

LITTLE HARRY WAS LOVED; of that he was aware every waking hour of the day. But not even in sleep did love escape him. During the day his big, athletic-smelling father and his thickening, plum-ripe mother lavished him with the sweet fragrance of their affection. Their passion, their whole appetite was for Harry, their little Harry, who had come to them so late, so unexpectedly, so long after all hope for miracles was gone. But, unlike other parents who found their children lovable enough to eat—and so did—Harry's approached the object of their appetite with the innate sensitivity of born gourmets. They prepared him for dinner but nibbled only lovingly and slightly, savoring the act, inhaling its aroma and noting it forever in their book of memories, and then ever so delicately pushing away from the table to gently demur another serving—"Tomorrow, maybe. Not now."

And in his sleep, love, a thing as real to him as his house or his bicycle, rolled with Harry in its arms, over and over, warm and slow; the woman: love. It never left him. He walked with it on the street to school and at his desk it gently proctored him when he needed to remember famous dates or the multiplication table. One day the teacher, who always called on Harry first (the divine right of personal magnetism), asked, "Harry, what does your father do?" Harry stood up at his desk and answered, "Love."

The class roared dirtily. The teacher flushed. "Love whom?" she bravely asked. And Harry answered, "Me."



looked out at the world, he wanted still more, and still more . . .

This time the class did not stir; Harry was more certain of his father than any of them could be of theirs. Harry could not avoid being loved. Physically he was the perfect child — expect no description here — everyone has his own image of perfection; Harry fit them all. He was only to be seen in soft focus with blurred, tear-filled eyes. "Wonderful," said the passing stranger, "like a painting." But he would not dare pinch a cheek or squeeze an arm or inflict the pain which is an adult's way of checking off perfection in a child — as if the only means to recognize it is to mar it. Harry's was the kind of beauty that set its own terms on admirers. They would not come close unless he allowed them.

He knew and accepted the fact that he was beautiful. Just as any prodigy looks upon his gifts as normal, because for him they are, Harry regarded his aptitude for beauty with equanimity; he saw nothing peculiar about it: since he felt very special why should he not look very special? Again like the prodigy he centered his focus on his aptitude, studying methods to enhance its development; practicing for hours out of the day before his mother's mirror the arts of facial expression and body movement. His taste about himself was impeccable; his drive was strong; to stay only this beautiful was sheer defeatism; to grow more beautiful with the years — now that was a goal a boy could work for.

It was never noticed nor would it have seemed strange if it had been that Harry thought only of



THE RAT WITH WOMEN

himself. Since all those around him thought only of Harry, the boy was merely following example. His mirror was fine company; his toys were bores in comparison. Strangely, children were no more free of his spell than were their elders or Harry himself. Girls, dumb struck in his presence, wrote his name on sheets of paper and pinned them close to their hearts where in their dreams they could speak to the paper and listen to its rustle beneath their dresses return their love. Boys became his functionaries, his retinue: they ran his errands, did his homework, and crowded as close to him as they dared, watching his wandering eye jealously to see which of them he favored as a best friend. But Harry's eye always wandered back to itself and his servitors knew no satisfaction, but only hunger and selfloathing for being unworthy; for being different. They saw Harry as the norm: the multitude beneath him were unfortunate aberrations shabbily highlighted by the glow of his perfection. Parents lost their pride in their children: seeing Harry made them feel toward their own the mixed emotions one feels toward an invalid. On the day Harry's mother took him on his only trip to the zoo the animals could not take their eyes off him.

At an early age it became clear to his parents that Harry was going to be something special - a famous man, perhaps President, perhaps even a movie star. To prepare him for his destiny they saw he would require a special kind of training: a tutorship aimed at channeling his beauty in constructive directions. They had little means: his father was a physical-education instructor in the city high school system, his mother was a private nurse. But relatives - aunts and uncles, cousins, nieces and nephews - insisted on raising a monthly Harry Fund as an investment; a premium on Harry's future. "Don't worry about it," they philosophized grandly. "Isn't he ours as much as yours? He'll pay us back."

With the first month's installment a full-time tutor and governess was employed. Her name was Fanny Braintree.

At the time his tutorship began Harry was still a quiet child, unresponsive to the demands of an adult world that placed a sliding scale of values on a child's cuteness or cleverness. Cuteness he had no need for, nor cleverness either: both were defensive affectations designed to gain the attention that Harry by being Harry automatically had. His language from the beginning dealt only in basics; his first spoken word was "Harry," his first sentence was "Give me." His baby remarks were hardly quotable but they got for him all that he wanted. As he began to grow into boyhood he saw no urgent need to amplify them: his beauty was in the eye, not the ear of the beholder. When, during an English lesson, he asked his public-school teacher, "What good is all this stuff going to do me?" she could honestly offer no answer. In terms of formal education he had fallen far behind; yet, in some ways, not very far behind Fanny Braintree.

Miss Braintree was in mid-passage when she came to tutor Harry. She was, by nature, a large, voluptuous woman and, by principle, a slender, shapeless one. Feeling heavily the responsibility of a career in education she entered the field by dieting most of her shape away and then tightly corseting whatever she found left. Through such sanctification she placed her own soul in readiness for those tiny little other souls whose future and guidance lay helpless in her hands. Her male friendships had been restricted to several YMCA secretaries with whom she read poetry. For years she had not stared at a man below the first button on his suit.

But now she was on her way elsewhere: quietly and mysteriously her direction had changed; the layers of protection had cracked; her corsets no longer fit; her body was rather tentatively bursting through. Her mind was suddenly awake to hidden possibilities and her attempts to keep them hidden were halfhearted and, so, failed. Secretly, she entertained dreams and engaged in forbidden practices. At age 40 Miss Braintree had discovered adolescence. Shortly thereafter she discovered Harry.

One popular dream of youth is to have had a sultry seductress of a governess who pads into one's bedchamber on nights the grownups are away at the opera, warmly sheds her paltry negligee and slips beneath the covers to teach one those facts she fears might otherwise be picked up in the streets.

If Fanny Braintree was not of that caliber, her dreams were. She came to love Harry madly but, being raised in a tradition where a young woman was only aggressive about those things she didn't want, she demurely and passively waited for the object of her love, just turned 11, to pad silently into her bedchamber, fold her into his arms and stretch open those doors which, at all other times, she had to open for herself. Though during tutoring sessions the Harry of her dreams never once conflicted with the little boy she tutored (a woman never makes the first move), at night the other Harry, her Harry, subverted and confused her senses. He was no age and no shape. He was Man!

And since he never did show up though night after night she left her door across the hall just a bit ajar and posed a bottle of sherry and two empty glasses on her bed table, she came to resent him for his boorishness; she came to hate him. That dirty, teasing, frustrating rat of a Harry!

Eventually Miss Braintree's odd eve-

ning habits came to the attention of Harry's family. Each night there were two empty glasses and a full bottle of sherry at her bedside; each morning there was an empty bottle of sherry and two ruby-stained glasses in their place. An odor, other than love, began to fill the household.

Fanny Braintree was a controlled and practiced tutor of the old school; her ability to communicate thickened slightly but never fogged. Her lessons were given in a loud, almost overly clear voice and only during written examinations while Harry's face was buried busily in a test paper did her pink-rimmed eyes and her sagging chalked face gaze at him in fond regret, all love at the sight of him, all womanly forgiveness at her wretched lover's lack of faith. Soon she took to writing poems which she tied with rubber bands around small rocks and left in Harry's path as he strolled in the garden. Harry never read unless he had to, so he ignored the poems. At night as the family sat singing round the piano she'd sneak back among the bushes and nervously recover her scattered rocks.

Harry's parents became disturbed. "The wine glasses, the open door, the moping around the garden. What does it all mean?" the mother asked. "Let's be patient a little longer," replied the father in self-interest. That night, on their way to bed as they passed Fanny Braintree's open door, Harry's father knew he must quickly arrive at a decision. He had known for weeks what the poor bedeviled tutor must be going through: her romantic dream of love, the waiting wine glasses, the inviting door, the lost walks in the garden lamenting a frustration she could barely control. No woman had ever wanted him this way and, though Fanny Braintree did not have the spare, gymnast's type of build he found attractive, he felt himself thinking of her with a growing excitement. How long could he resist the adventure? Was it fair to Fanny Braintree to let her wither? Was it fair to Harry - wouldn't it adversely affect his lessons? He could scarcely believe his wife would mind if she but understood the purity of his motives, the rehabilitation aspects of his projected program.

The night-after-night passing of that open door slowly maddened him. He stirred in his sleep, drank warm milk, fought desperately against the growing image of that tantalizing enchantress with the golden body whose arms waited to welcome him the moment he chose to cross her portal. But this was not the way to go to her; it was unclean. It was guilty. He had to establish control over his emotions, see her again as a poor bereft woman and himself as a minister to her needs.

One night, after long and thoughtful (continued on page 183)



"Tuck my shirt into what shorts?"

"DO YOU DOUBT — ? the Connemara Runners are best!"

"No! The Galway Cinema Ramblers!"
"The Waterford Shoes!"

These words, sprung out on the smoky air in a great commotion of tongues, ricocheted off the bar mirrors, passed undiminished through hiss of spigot, clink of glass and a great fish-scaling of coins, to reach me at the far rim of the crowd.

Alert, I tuned my ear.

"When it comes to that, the Dear Patriots are the men—"

"The Queen's Own Evaders! No finer team e'er took the incline. Their reflex: uncanny. Of course, here in Dublin, our grandest man is Doone."

"Doone, hell! Hoolihan!"

The argument raged above the tenor's singing, the concertinas dying hard in the Four Provinces saloon at the top of Grafton Street in the heart of Dublin. The argument was all the more violent because it was getting on late at night. With the clock nearing 10, there was the sure threat of everything going shut at once, meaning ale taps, accordions, piano lids, soloists, trios, quartets, pubs, sweetshops and cinemas. In a great heave like the Day of Judgment, half Dublin's population would be thrown out into raw lamplight, there to find themselves wanting in gum-machine mirrors. Stunned, their moral and physical sustenance plucked from them, the souls would wander like battered moths for a moment, then wheel about for home. All the more reason, then, for fiery arguments to warm the blood against the cold.

"Doone!"

"Doone, my hat! Hoolihan!"

At which point the smallest, loudest man, turning, saw the curiosity enshrined in my all-too-open face and shouted:

"You're American, of course! And wondering what we're up to? Would you bet on a mysterious sporting event of great local consequence? Nod once, and come here!"

I nodded, smiled and strolled my Guinness through the uproar and jostle as one violinist gave up destroying a tune, and an old man took his hands out of the piano's mouth and hurried over.

"Name's Timulty!" The little man gripped my hand.

"Douglas," I said. "I write for motion pictures."

"Fillums!" gasped everyone.

"Films," I admitted, modestly.

"It staggers belief!" Timulty seized me tighter. "You'll be the best judge in history. In sports now, do you know the cross-country, 440 and such man-on-foot excursions?"

"I have personally witnessed two complete Olympic Games."

"Not just fillums, but the world competition." Timulty grabbed his friends for support. "Then, good grief, surely you've heard of the special all-Irish

decathlon event which has to do with picture theaters?"

"I've heard only what I take to be the names of teams, tonight."

"Hear more, then! Hoolihan!"

An even littler fellow, pocketing his wet harmonica, leapt forward, beaming. "Hoolihan. That's me. The best anthem sprinter in all Ireland!"

"What sprinter?" I asked.

"A-n-t-" spelled Hoolihan, much too carefully. "-h-e-m. Anthem. Sprinter. The fastest."

"Have you been to the Dublin cinemas?" asked Timulty.

"Last night," I said. "I saw a Clark Gable film. Night before, an old Charles Laughton. Night before that—"

"Enough! You're fanatic, as are all the Irish. If it weren't for cinemas and pubs to keep the poor and workless off the street or in their cups, we'd have pulled the cork and let the isle sink long ago. Well!" He clapped his hands. "When the picture ends each night, have you observed a peculiarity of the breed?"

"End of the picture?" I mused. "Hold on. You can't mean the national anthem,

can you?"

"Can we, boys?" cried Timulty.

"We can!" cried all.

"Any night, every night, for tens of dreadful years, at the end of each damn fillum, as if you'd never heard the baleful tune before," grieved Timulty, "the orchestra strikes up for Ireland. And what happens then?"

"Why," said I, falling in with it, "if you're any man at all, you try to get out of the theater in those few precious moments between THE END of the film and the start of the anthem."

"Buy the Yank a drink!"

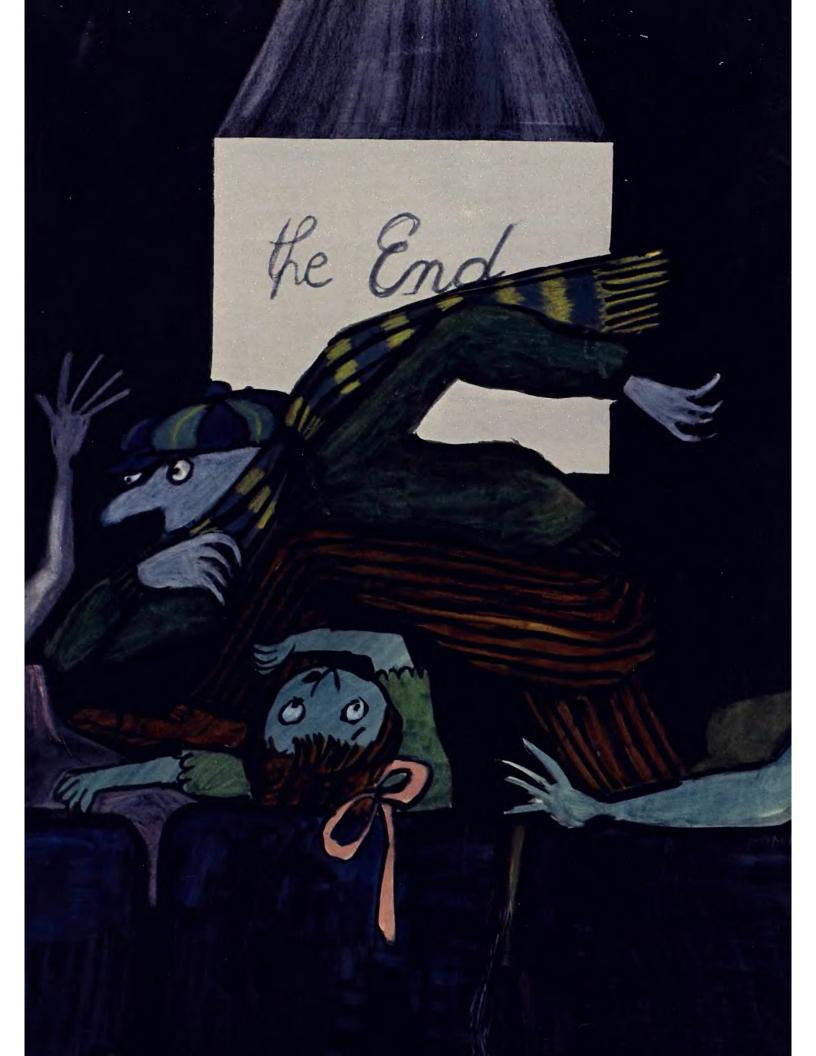
"After all," I said, "I'm in Dublin four months now. The anthem has begun to pale. No disrespect meant."

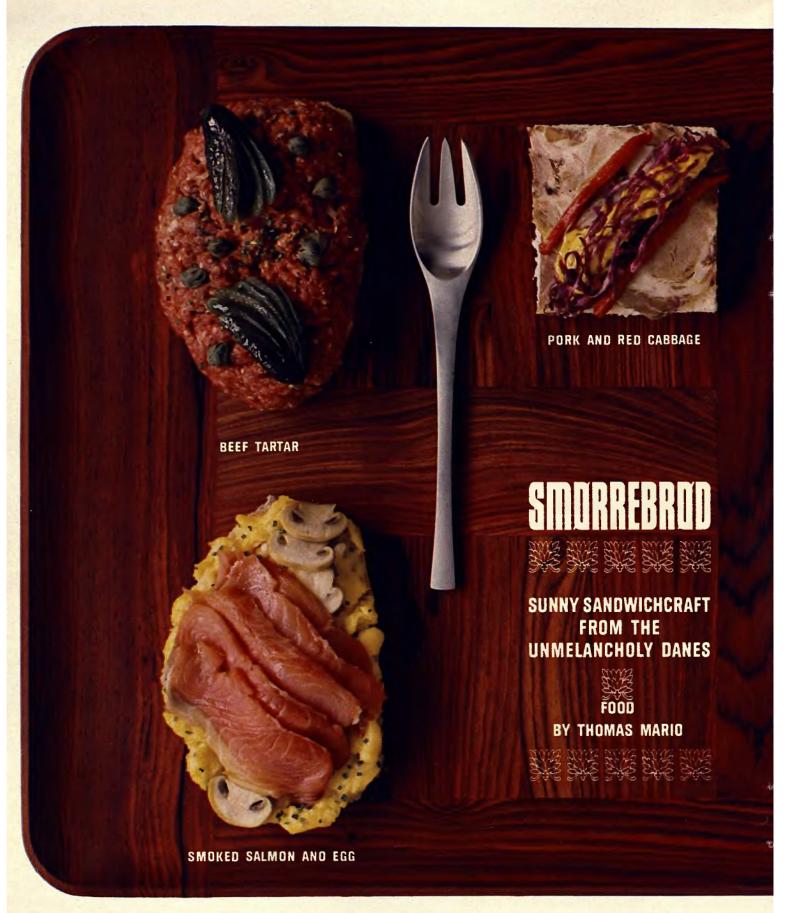
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THE QUEEN'S OWN EVADERS

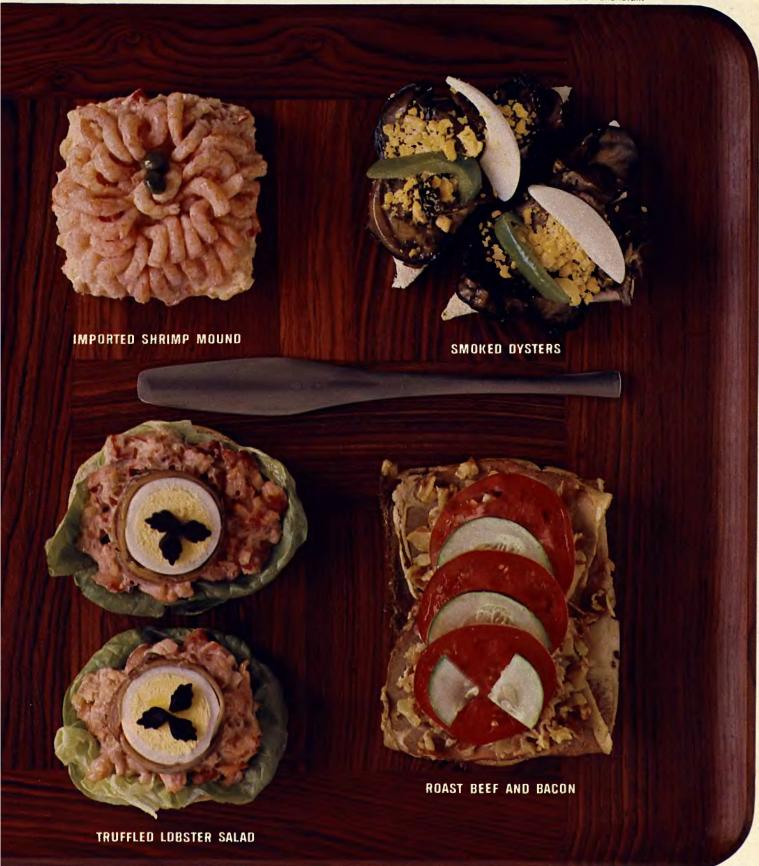
THE TRICK WAS TO MAKE THE BEST USE OF THOSE FEW PRECIOUS MOMENTS BETWEEN FILM'S END AND ANTHEM'S COMMENCEMENT

fiction By RAY BRADBURY





when the editors of Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary defined the noun "sandwich" as "two or more slices of bread with other food, as meat, cheese, or savory mixture, spread between them," they irreverently snubbed those modern-day Vikings whose tables are dedicated to the proposition that the real art of sandwich-making (and sandwich enjoyment) lies in the theorem that in halving the bread one doubles the eating pleasure. Although the open sandwich, or smørrebrød, is lavishly served all through the Scandinavian coun-



tries, as well as in Germany and Austria, the Danes are credited with having brought it to its present peak of virtuosity. Comestibles that most Americans wouldn't think of putting between slices of bread become magnificent booty when perched atop a single slice. In Scandinavia, such toppings as herring in cold lobster sauce, slices of roast goose mingled with fruit stuffing, raw egg yolks, bits of crisp bacon with sautéed onion atop rare roast beef, or fillet of freshly smoked eel aren't esoteric oddities but properly satisfying fare

for the more knowledgeable trencherman. The well-trained smørrebrøder astutely brings together the doughty and the delicate. Scraped or ground raw beef in cannibal sandwiches cavorts with tiny shavings of fresh horseradish, capers and onions. Smoky sprats rest atop weightlessly soft scrambled eggs and hot curry finds its way into the blandest mayonnaise.

Americans touring Scandinavia recognize the sumptuous open sandwich feast as more than merely the familiar smorgasbord on bread. Unlike the full-dress smorgasbord, which often requires consultation with elaborate recipes, all you need for a successful open-sandwich party is the route to the nearest fine food counter. With herring as the base, admirable open sandwiches can be built easily from such wonderful pickings as herring in dill, in madeira, in fruit sauce, in lobster sauce or in cream. The Danes will be the first to forgive the pun when we call theirs the land of the cheery herring. But the kingdom of little fishes is only a beginning. Bachelors planning a smørrebrød fest will now find in gourmet shops and delicatessens an appetite-rousing array of sliced cooked meats, sliced fowl, seafood, salads, cheeses and condiments. So lavish is the present pageant of things pickled, canned and jarred that your most difficult decision is not what to buy but when to call a halt.

The Dane customarily puts eating first among the practical arts of living. The natural goodness of smørrebrød ingredients is found in the Danish imports now coming to this country-mild cured ham, smoked salmon with not a grain of salt in it, Danish blue and mynster cheeses, the latter much closer to the Swiss than the pallid munster produced in this country, the accompanying great Tuborg and Carlsberg beers and, of course, the incomparable Aalborg Akvavit, with its dry caraway flavor, and cherry heering.

For bearing your smørrebrød to the table, you should conscript huge silver or fine wooden platters, china platters or outsize wooden cheese trays. The knife and fork are more utile than the hand in doing the smørrebrød justice. Each sandwich should be not only succulent but a color delight as well. On sun-yellow scrambled eggs, diagonal stripes of pink smoked salmon are ribbons of gastronomic honor. Atop thin slices of roast pork loin, mounds of pickled red cabbage please both eyes and taste buds. Among the sandwiches there should be islands of additional color - large bunches of water cress, lemon or lime wedges, nests of lettuce filled with mushroom salad, curried pasta salad or cucumber salad in dill.

The translation of smørrebrød is buttered bread. The butter must be sweet, the color of white gold, and worked with 88 a knife or spatula until it's creamy soft

but not melting. It should be spread lavishly. The Danes are past masters in making compound butters such as butter mixed with curry, with chives, with mustard, with pimiento or with horseradish. Both the genuine Danish rye bread, called rugbrød, and black pumpernickel should be sliced not more than an eighth-inch thick. Sour rye, white bread or whole-wheat bread should be a quarter-inch thick.

Architects of late supper parties or all-night beer parties often simplify the smørrebrød ritual by merely emptying their plunder out of cans, jars and packages from the delicatessen into serving plates alongside huge trays of bread. The assembled sandwich munchers may then create their own smørrebrød on the spot. For prepared posh smørrebrød parties, you need simply phone the nearest Scandinavian or Danish restaurant, such as the newly opened Copenhagen in New York, or the Kungsholm in Chicago, and order your catered smørrebrød in advance. Oskar Davidsen's famous old restaurant in Copenhagen has air-expressed open sandwiches all over the world. Of course, dedicated members of the smorrebrød cult will want to make their own sandwiches in their own private digs. It isn't necessary to emulate Davidsen's four-foot-long menu with 712 open sandwiches made from 178 combinations on four different kinds of bread. But you should plan on a batting order that includes each of the main categories of the Danish cold board: fish and shellfish, fresh meats and poultry, smoked meats, eggs and cheese.

With all sandwiches, such appetitewhetting accompaniments as gherkins cut into fan-shaped slices, plum tomatoes, pickled walnuts and artichoke hearts in spiced olive oil are guaranteed aids to gourmandise. Although professional smørrebrøders like to construct their sandwiches at the very last moment, it's possible to make them in advance and keep them fresh by following a simple technique: place the assembled sandwiches in large shallow baking pans or shallow cartons; cover the top tightly with Saran-type or foil wrap, or a moistened kitchen towel wrung dry; store them in the refrigerator until served.

In enjoying his open sandwichcraft, the Dane follows an old drinking ceremony. Because he loves eating more than drinking, he always takes a bite of smørrebrød before he raises his glass of icy cold snaps to his lips. Invariably his snaps is the Aalborg Akvavit, and the first one is always taken neat. For a chaser he immediately takes a prodigious draught of his beer. Thereafter his snaps is swallowed in small sips, each sip followed with generous quaffs of beer.

While the art of the open sandwich can be mastered without ever scanning a single recipe, the cooked smørrebrød

specialties have their own very special allure. Their number is legion, and the technique of their construction couldn't be easier. PLAYBOY's own array of open sandwiches is designed for any bon vivant with access to a skillet.

Each of the following recipes serves four.

PÂTÉ DE FOIE GRAS AND SMOKED TURKEY SANDWICHES

4-oz. crock pâté de foie gras with truffles

8-oz. tin sliced smoked turkey Sweet butter

4 slices pumpernickel

4 large tomato slices, 1/4-in. thick

Salt, pepper, sugar

Flour

1 egg, well beaten

Bread crumbs

Salad oil

Work butter until it is soft enough to spread easily. Butter pumpernickel. Spread pâté de foie gras on bread. Arrange parallel slices of smoked turkey on foie gras. Sprinkle tomatoes with salt, pepper and sugar. Dip in flour. Pat off excess and dip in beaten egg, then in bread crumbs. Heat 1/4 in. salad oil in a large skillet. Fry tomato slices until golden brown on both sides. Place a tomato slice on each sandwich.

BEEF TARTAR SANDWICHES

11/2-lb. boneless prime porterhouse steak

2 teaspoons salt

1/4 teaspoon freshly ground black pepper

4 dashes cayenne pepper

4 teaspoons horseradish

4 teaspoons capers, drained

2 tablespoons onion, minced fine

4 egg yolks

Sweet butter

4 slices rye bread

4 sour gherkins

2 teaspoons minced chives

Trim meat of all fat. Put it through a grinder twice, using fine blade. Add salt, black pepper, cayenne, horseradish, capers, onion and egg yolks. Mix well. Butter bread. Spread meat on bread and place a gherkin, cut into fan-shaped slices, on corner of each sandwich. Sprinkle with chives.

HAM, EGG AND BLUE CHEESE SANDWICHES

8 thin slices Danish or Virginia ham

2 hard-boiled eggs, chilled

2 ozs. blue cheese

3 tablespoons mayonnaise

1/2 teaspoon mustard

1/4 teaspoon lemon juice

1/4 teaspoon sugar

1/4 teaspoon grated onion

Salt, pepper

Sweet butter

4 slices rye bread

(concluded overleaf)



"You asked how far I could be trusted — well, Miss Wilson, you just stepped over it."

Cut hard-boiled eggs into small dice. Crumble blue cheese. Combine eggs, cheese, mayonnaise, mustard, lemon juice, sugar and grated onion. Add salt and pepper to taste. Butter the bread. Place ham on bread. Spoon egg mixture onto the center of each sandwich.

SMOKED OYSTER SANDWICHES

 $3 \frac{2}{3}$ -oz. cans smoked oysters, chilled 1 hard-boiled egg

1/2 large green pepper

Sweet butter

I teaspoon minced chives or onion

1 teaspoon minced parsley

4 slices whole-wheat bread

With a very sharp knife cut eight lengthwise strips of egg white 1/4 in. wide. Cut the pepper into eight long strips. Work butter smooth on cutting board, then add chives and parsley. Spread bread with butter. Chop egg yolk until very fine. Arrange oysters on bread and sprinkle with chopped egg yolk. Cut each sandwich in half diagonally. On each half place a strip of green pepper and a parallel strip of egg white.

ROAST BEEF, BACON AND ONION SANDWICHES

8 thin slices rare roast beef

8 slices bacon

1 medium-size onion

Sweet butter

4 slices rye bread

l tablespoon horseradish

Salt, pepper

12 thin slices cucumber

Mince onion very fine. Cut bacon into small dice about 1/4-in. square and heat in a frying pan until it is almost crisp. Add onion and continue to fry until bacon is crisp. Drain onion and bacon of all fat. Work butter until it is soft enough to spread easily. Add horseradish to butter and spread on bread. Place roast beef on bread and sprinkle lightly with salt and pepper. Sprinkle with bacon and onions. Place alternate slices of tomato and cucumber, overlapping, on the center of each sandwich.

SCRAMBLED EGG AND SMOKED SALMON SANDWICHES

4 eggs

4 1-oz. slices smoked salmon

Butter

4 slices rye bread

8 medium-size fresh mushrooms

I teaspoon fresh chives, minced fine

Salt, pepper

Work 3 tablespoons butter until it is soft enough to spread easily. Butter the bread. Cut mushrooms into slices about 1/8-in. thick and sauté in 1 tablespoon butter until they are just tender. Set aside. Beat eggs until whites are no longer visible. Add chives and season with salt and pepper. Melt 2 tablespoons butter in skillet. Add eggs and cook over moderate flame, stirring constantly, un-

til eggs are soft scrambled. Divide eggs among the 4 slices of bread, spreading evenly. Arrange a row of mushroom slices diagonally across each sandwich. Top mushrooms with salmon slices.

LOBSTER SALAD SANDWICHES

2 11/4-lb. northern lobsters, boiled and chilled

1/4 cup minced celery

1/2 cup mayonnaise

l tablespoon chili sauce

I teaspoon lemon juice

1/4 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce

Salt, pepper, celery salt

Sweet butter

8 slices French bread

8 lettuce leaves

8 slices hard-boiled egg

8 anchovies

8 thin slices black truffle

Remove meat from lobsters. Cut into small dice, no more than 1/4-in. thick. In a mixing bowl combine diced lobster, celery, mayonnaise, chili sauce, lemon juice, Worcestershire sauce and salt, pepper and celery salt to taste. Butter the bread and place a lettuce leaf on each slice. (Boston lettuce leaves, medium size, are best for this kind of sandwich.) Spoon lobster onto lettuce. Place a slice of hard-boiled egg on each piece of bread. Curl an anchovy around the rim of each slice of egg. Turn truffles into fancy shapes with a truffle cutter (available at stores featuring imported housewares and kitchen utensils). Place a slice of truffle on each slice of egg.

IMPORTED SHRIMP MOUND SANDWICHES

4 23/4-oz. jars tiny imported shrimps Sweet butter

4 slices white bread

1/4 cup celery, diced fine

1/4 cup Spanish onion, diced fine

1/4 cup canned pimiento, diced fine

1 cup mayonnaise

Salt, pepper

Half lemon

Be sure shrimps and vegetables are icy cold. Drain shrimps. Work butter until it is soft enough to spread easily. Butter bread. In a mixing bowl combine celery, onion, pimiento and mayonnaise, mixing well. Add salt and pepper to taste. Place a mound of the celery mixture on each piece of bread. Arrange the shrimps on top of the celery mixture. Sprinkle with the juice of the half lemon.

SLICED PORK AND RED CABBAGE SANDWICHES

3-lb. center-cut pork loin

11/2 cups finely shredded red cabbage Salt, pepper

2 tablespoons sugar

2 tablespoons vinegar

1/3 cup mayonnaise

3/4 teaspoon prepared mustard

1/4 teaspoon celery seed

1/4 teaspoon turmeric

4 slices white bread

8 strips canned pimiento, 1/4 in. thick. Place meat in uncovered roasting pan and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Roast in preheated oven at 400° for 11/2 hours. While meat is roasting, pour off melted fat into small container from time to time. Place fat in refrigerator until serving time. In a mixing bowl combine cabbage, sugar, vinegar, mayonnaise, mustard, celery seed and turmeric. Mix well. Add salt and pepper to taste. Chill in refrigerator. Spread bread with pork fat. Cut meat from bones, removing it in one piece. Slice meat thin and arrange slices on bread. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Across the center of each sandwich arrange a long mound of red cabbage salad. Place two strips of pimiento on sides of each cabbage mound.

CURRIED CRAB MEAT AND DANISH SAUSAGE SANDWICHES

71/2-oz. can king crab meat 4-oz. can (drained weight) Danish cocktail sausages

Sweet butter

1/2 cup onion, diced

2 tablespoons flour

l teaspoon curry powder.

1 cup light cream

Salt, pepper

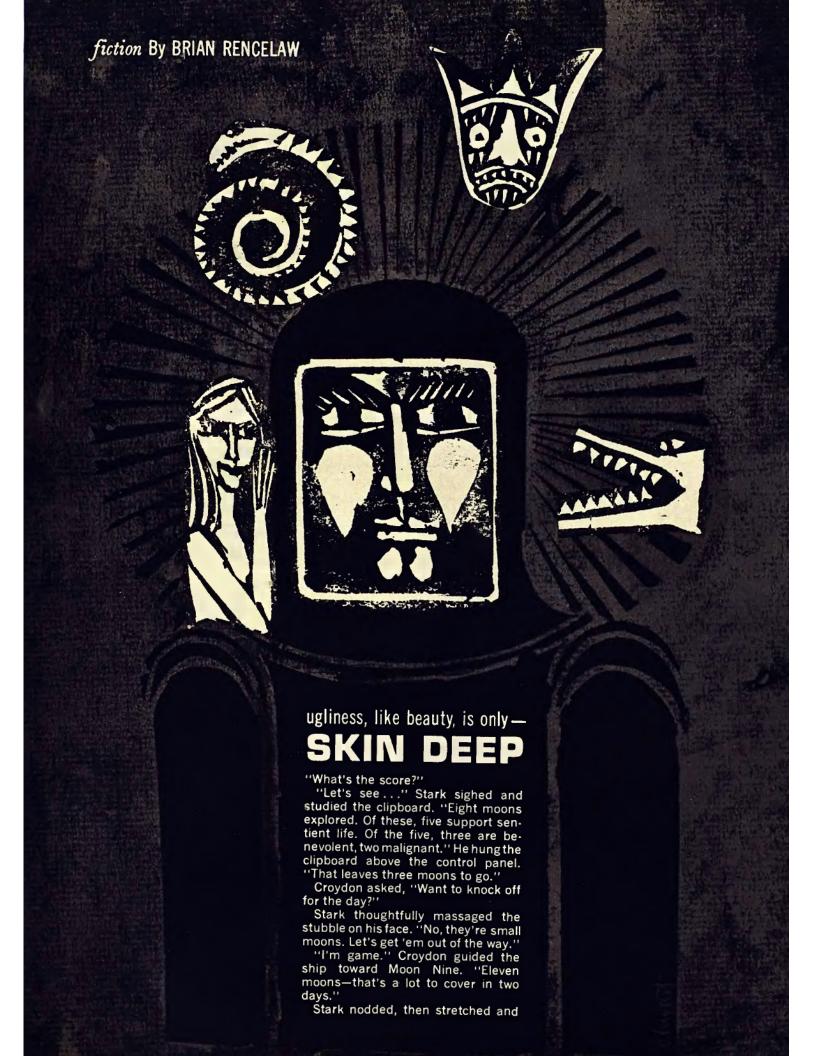
2 tablespoons brandy

4 slices bacon

8 slices French bread

Buy the tendonless chunk-style crab meat, if possible. If the regular king crab meat is used, the tendons must be carefully removed before cooking. Melt 2 tablespoons butter in a saucepan or skillet over a low flame. Add onion. Sauté only until onion is yellow. Remove from flame. Stir in flour and curry powder, mixing very well. In a small saucepan heat cream until bubbles appear around edge of pan. Slowly stir cream into pan with onion. Mix very well. Return to a moderate flame, and simmer 5 minutes. Add crab meat, brandy and salt and pepper to taste. Simmer over a low flame 5 minutes more. Set aside until serving time. Cut each slice of bacon crosswise into 4 pieces. Wrap a piece of bacon around each sausage. Fasten open end of bacon with toothpick. Sauté sausages in a skillet without added fat until bacon is brown, turning when necessary. Butter bread. Heat crab meat if necessary, and spoon over bread. Remove toothpicks from sausages and arrange sausages on top of crab meat.

The above sampling merely skims the surface of a cornucopian array of $br\phi d$ -based Danish delights. Your own variations on Scandinavia's urbane upgrading of the Earl of Sandwich's bid for immortality are limited only by the reaches of your imagination and the proclivities of your palate.



yawned widely. "A lot. But we'll never be too fast for the Colonial Bureau. They have a list of prospective settlers a mile long. We barely get a chance to clear a planet before the first colony starts to spring up. Moons are always a pain in the neck. Gravel, I call 'em. They really slow up the report."

Croydon frowned and studied the shifting lights of his navigation chart. "I'll say they do," he replied. "It drives me crazy trying to keep track of them in their orbits. Just look at the way

they shuffle around. Damn!"

"'Swear not at the inconstant moon,' "
misquoted Stark, the poetic line coming
incongruously from his leathery, spacehardened face.

"What?" asked Croydon.

"Nothing, forget it. It's a line from some ancient play."

"Never figured you for a scholar, Stark."

"I'm not. Just an old spaceman. But the pioneer ships didn't have expensive film libraries like today. Any entertainment we had was dog-eared reading matter donated by kind old ladies. On my first trip it was a tossup between going nuts or wading through a set of plays by some forgotten poet. So I waded. Read every single one of 'em. Some of the lines still stick in my head."

"You've been doing this for a long time, haven't you, Stark?"

Stark grunted. "Thirty years. I was eighteen when I started. The pay was almost as bad then as it is now."

"Ever explore a planet with 11 moons before?"

"Hell, I was assigned to the planet Orestes in System K when I was a kid. It's got 20 moons! And back then we didn't have this gadget to help us." His pressure suit hung within reach and he tapped the insectlike antennae on the helmet.

"The Probe certainly saves a lot of time," Croydon agreed. "As well as lives"

He brought the ship to a smooth landing on Moon Nine. The two men pulled on their pressure suits and stepped out. Moon Nine was small, with little gravity. Automatically, their suits adjusted to the situation and supplied enough artificial gravity to make up for the lack.

Their heavy-booted feet sank into spongy soil. Croydon dug up a piece of it and put it in his sample case. "Couldn't grow anything here, I'm afraid," he mumbled.

Stark heard him over his helmetphones and growled, "Not a chance. But the fools will come here and live in pressure cabins and irrigate the whole damn moon with chemicals and try to raise a few weeds just the same. They're crazy. Just because they can buy a moon for a few hundred bucks they think they're lords of creation. Of course," he added, "if a man were lucky enough to buy himself a moon loaded with precious rock . . ."

"Look!" said Croydon.

Stark looked. Perched on a mound of the spongelike soil was a woman. She was smiling and flexing a richly curved naked body. Her eyes flashed with unmistakable invitation.

Stark heard his young companion chuckle, "I'd pay a couple of hundred for this moon any day: it has a built-in harem!" Croydon started to walk toward her.

"Don't be a fool, lad," Stark said sharply. "Turn on your Probe." Both men touched buttons on their helmets and felt their minds go out to the delicious siren and burrow into her thoughts. What they found there made them stop suddenly.

They felt first an overwhelming hostility. Then hunger: a strong, raging hunger for flesh.

Stark pulled out his blaster and burned a hole through the smiling charmer's chest. The thing that thrashed in agony on the ground was a slimy obscenity with no eyes and monstrous jaws that gaped but did not smile. Another blast and it was dead.

"Chalk up another moon with malignant inhabitants," said Stark.

Croydon's voice was unsteady: "Let's go back to the ship."

Inside the ship, they climbed out of their suits. Croydon's face was pale.

"What's wrong, kid?" Stark laughed. "You've had close shaves before."

"But not like this. A beautiful girl one second, a monster the next . . ." He shuddered.

Stark said, "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

"Horatio? What's that - more of that ancient gibberish?"

"Yeah. In other words, when you've been ploughing space as long as I have, you'll stop being surprised at the disguises these critters can get into. The one out there had a special knack for assuming the shape of the opposite sex of any species that crossed its path. If we were girls, it would have changed into a Greek god without benefit of fig leaf. If we were, say, tomcats, it would have become a momcat. Don't let it throw you. Just thank your Probe for letting you see beyond the sugar coating." Stark made a notation on the clipboard and Croydon drove the ship up and away, into space, toward the next satellite on their schedule.

When Moon Ten began to fill their viewplate, they donned their suits again — in advance of landing, to save time. Croydon brought the ship down with a sharp roll that threw them to the deck.

"You all right, Stark?"

"Sure, it'll take more than a bumpy

landing to kill me off. How are you?"
"Dented my helmet, but I'm fine."

"Then let's go."

Croydon stepped out first. Moon Ten was a rocky world punctuated infrequently with scraggly trees. From behind one of these, a swarm of spidery, fist-sized creatures skittered out and crawled on his legs. Revolted, he brushed them off with quick panicky strokes and reached for his blaster.

Stark said, "Hold off. They're friendly little beggars. What do you want to blast them for?"

"Friendly?" Croydon played with the button of his Probe. "I'm not getting a thing from them, Stark. My Probe's dead."

"Must have damaged it when you bumped your head. Don't worry about it. Mine's OK. That's the great thing about these Probes, kid—not only do they see through appealing disguises, they see through ugliness, too. In the old days, we would have blasted these critters just because of their crawly looks. Ugliness is only skin deep."

The "spiders" followed them like faithful dogs as they trod the hard rock of Moon Ten. Stark chiseled a piece of the rock and dropped it in his sample case. Immediately, his helmet-phones began to cluck like laying hens. A hoarse cry burst from his lips.

"What is it?" asked Croydon.

"My sample case is going crazy. This hunk of gravel is hot, boyl Radioactive as hell."

"Why, that's great!"

"I'll say it's great. If the rest of the moon is even half as hot as this, it's worth billions!" His voice dropped to a whisper. "And it's ours."

Croydon said, "This news will go over big with the Colonial Bureau."

Stark snorted. "The Colonial Bureau! That's not what I mean when I say ours. I mean you and me, Croydon. Think of it: a moon worth billions of dollars and it's ours — if we play our cards right."

"How?"

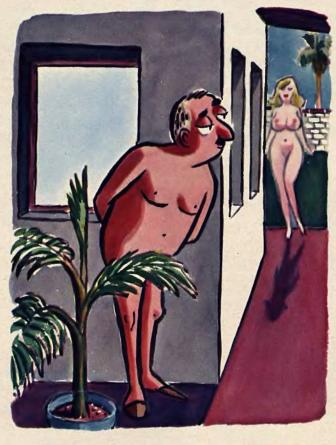
"First thing we do is list this moon along with those having hostile inhabitants. We say nothing about these cheerful little spiders. And we say nothing about the radioactive deposits. Absolutely nothing."

"Why? We can enter a claim to the moon when we make our report . . . "

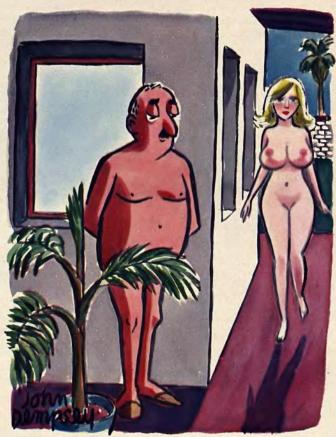
"Yeah? And have them up the ante because it's hot? Or tie it up with red tape? Or pull some legal shenanigans to grab it as government property? Not on your life!"

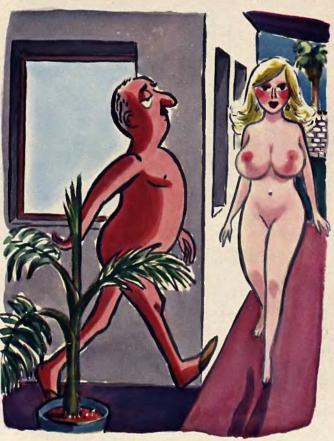
"But, Stark --- "

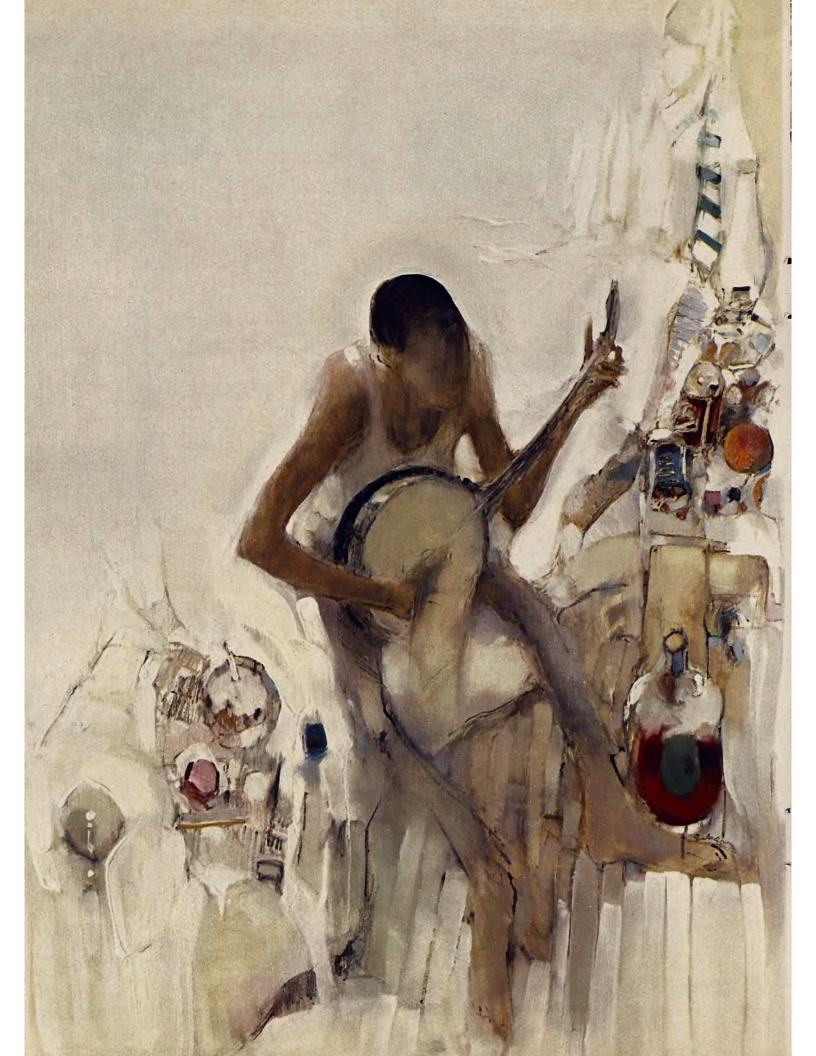
"Listen, kid. I've been blazing space trails for a long time and I've seen the Bureau pull some pretty fancy tricks. Take my word for it. The less they know, the better. If we keep quiet about the (concluded on page 182)











WOODY GUTHRIE, the saline singer and balladmaker from Okfuskee County, Oklahoma, once auditioned at the Rainbow Room in Rockefeller Center. It was in the early 1940s, and folk music was still limited mainly to the folk itself in rural areas and small towns. A few sophisticated field collectors, academicians and sanguine propagandists for the Left were aware of its prickly existence, but the general public either ignored folk music or regarded it all as squawking exotica. The Belafontes and the Kingston Trios had not yet applied detergent to the folk roots and become millionaires in the process

The billowy lady in charge of the Rainbow Room looked at the scraggly Mr. Guthrie, puzzled over his wild singularity, and said brightly, "I have it! Pierrot! We shall dress him in a Pierrot costume. One of those darling clown suits! It will bring out the life and the pep and the giddy humor of his period. Isn't that simply a swell idea?"

Woody asked the way to the men's room, ducked into an elevator and, as he recalled in his autobiography, Bound for Glory: "When we hit bottom, I walked out onto the slick marble floor whanging as hard as I could on the guitar and singing. . . . I filled myself full of the free air and sung as loud as the building would stand."

Well this Rainbow Room's a funny place to play

It's a long ways from here to the U.S.A.

By 1949, the Weavers were organized, and while they didn't play the Rainbow Room in costume, they did make the hit record charts the next year with Goodnight, Irene. Burl Ives, Josh White and Richard Dyer-Bennet had already established a folk salient in several of the more intimate night clubs, and their prospects were considerably gilded by the Weavers' success. In the next decade, Harry Belafonte, Theodore Bikel and a motley roster of other minstrels accelerated popular acceptance of folk material. The swift ascent of the Kingston Trio in 1958 heralded a further rush of emulators, and the folk fever has continued to rise ever since.

In the early stages of the transmutation of folk music into show business, a fan walked up one night to Lee Hayes, a grizzled charter member of the Weavers, and said, "You guys sure got a great act!"

"It's not an act," Hayes growled. "It's real."

By 1963, however, the percentage of "real" folk music in the hundreds of LPs in that genre and in the scores of night-club jongleurs who specialized in what they call folk expression had become conspicuously small. There was

even an Ivy League Three singing work songs at the Blue Angel in New York; and Billboard, the voice of the commercial music industry, pointed out in accurate if dispiriting language: "Vocal groups — particularly those in the folksy collegiate category — are registering strong sales appeal, both on albums and singles."

A saddened though now richer folk singer of quality, Glenn Yarbrough, recently keened when asked his reaction to the spiraling fortunes of the ebullient but hoked-up Limeliters to which he belongs: "The only thing that success has taught me is that success is meaningless. An audience is like a lynch mob. Three years ago they were walking out on me. Now that they know we've been on the Sullivan show, they come and cheer." Another Limeliter, Alex Hassilev, said of his colleagues: "They want to have commercial success and still be above it. And that's having it just a little too good."

Even the church-based Negro gospel groups have begun to discover in the past few years that their heated witnessing is folk singing and is therefore negotiable on much more lucrative terms than they had ever imagined. Mahalia Jackson, the first gospel singer to make a major breakthrough into integrated, secular audiences, has retained the unalloyed passion she hurled at exultant Baptists in the years before she appeared on the Dinah Shore show. But Miss Jackson has nonetheless now allowed Columbia Records to package her more "palatably" on occasion with boneless studio choirs and cotton-candy violins.

As a definitive sign of big show business' embrace of this shouting branch of the folk, Clara Ward and her gospel troupe are now regular headliners in Las Vegas. The Ward Singers and other gospel units have also become familiar on the college circuit and in the big-city folk clubs.

In her latter, non-Las Vegas activities, Miss Ward may well cross paths with Pete Seeger, who has been proselytizing among the young-from kindergarten to college - for many years. To most of the more solemn urban converts to folk music, Seeger is still a paradigm of forthright musical honesty. The young citybillies, who attend and play in the coffeehouses where the folk acolytes hold their services, scorn the Limeliters; Peter, Paul & Mary; the Kingston Trio; and the Brothers Four. But Pete Seeger is bathed in a nimbus of virtue as one carrier of the tradition who has not sold out to the Yahoos. As a person, Seeger deserves their plaudits, because he is remarkably guileless and idealistic. As a performer, however, Seeger is more a nimble cheerleader than an excavator of the marrow of folk feeling. It is Seeger's continuing stature

FOLK, FOLKUM AND THE NEW CITYBILLY

casting a critical eye on folk singers—the simon-pure and the phony, the sophisticated and the square

article By NAT HENTOFF

as a folk guru that symbolizes the confusion of standards today even among the hip folk audience.

An extremely rare flicker of heresy at the gospel as transmitted by Seeger appeared in the British Jazz News during a Seeger tour of England a couple of years ago. Peter Clayton, a chronic freethinker, wrote: "It was when he turned to attack that log that I began to feel uneasy. He had flung off his jacket by this time and, picking up an ax not quite as long as his banjo, he sang a work song to the rhythmic accompaniment of his own chopping. The chips, significantly, flew everywhere. This ought to have been authentic, but somehow it had the embarrassing tameness of a Zulu warrior exhibited at a fairground." The reviewer hastened to proclaim his sympathy with Seeger's catechism of universal brotherhood and his persistent refusal to answer questions of the House Un-American Activities Committee; but he added sadly: "This thin figure who stood and played banjo and 12-string guitar, who blew a little wooden pipe, who threw his head back and sang slightly Leftish songs for two hours in the Albert Hall's yellow spotlight was being judged by his audience on these, rather than on musical, grounds. But it was in any case all so pathetically naive. ... Incidentally, why did he bother to tell the crowd they sounded wonderful [singing along with him]? They sounded quite as dreadful as any other English crowd self-consciously singing; a sort of uncertain half-Gregorian chanting."

And yet not all the audiences are self-conscious nor are all the performers on the expanding folk carrousel limited to the folkum style of the Kingston Trio or the earnest pamphleteering of Pete Seeger. It is, in fact, the growing diversity in the current folk farrago that makes this phenomenon so absorbing and increasingly difficult to compartmentalize. On the one hand, for example, a stiff, angry Negro from Detroit, Bill McAdoo, performs with grating tonelessness as he transmogrifies the work song Jumping Judy with such

leaden lyrics of his own as:

I will never drop that bomb
I will never drop that bomb
I will never drop that bomb
And blow this world to Hell.

But there is also Bob Dylan, a 22-year-old wanderer, originally from Minnesota, who has somehow assimilated a rainbow of styles from archaic Negro blues to acrid white mountain wailing, and has emerged as a penetratingly individual singer as well as an expert harmonica whooper and guitarist. Dylan, the most vital of the younger citybillies, looks at first like a fawn at bay; but when he starts to sing, the slight boy in the black corduroy cap, green jumper and blue corduroy pants draws his audiences into his stories as if he were an ancient bard.

Like most of the citybillies, both the commercialized and the comparatively 'pure," Dylan is often ironic. "I went down South a couple of years ago," he says in his hesitant drawl, "and hung around chain gangs looking for folk songs. I never heard any singing, though." Dylan is also serious, though not pompous in the manner of some coffeehouse aesthetes. In his Talkin' New York, a blues done in the wry conversational manner of one of his idols, Woody Guthrie, Dylan tells of looking for work in Greenwich Village one day and of being instantly dismissed ("You sound like a hillbilly. We want folk singers here."). He then looks quizzically at his audience, as if wondering whether to level with them, and finally says, "I never create anything. I just record what I hear. I run around with my eyes and my pencil."

One of the pervasive preoccupations among the committed young folk audiences and performers which Dylan has recorded is their nuclear pacifism:

I will not go down under the ground Because someone tells me that death's comin' round.

I will not carry myself to die.

When I go to grace my head will be high.

Let me die in my footsteps Before I'll go down under the ground.

The fierce opposition to nuclear testing and the fervent support of racial integration that characterize most citybillies does not, of course, necessarily extend to the majority of the huge popular audience for folk music. Most of the public for Harry Belafonte; Theodore Bikel; the Brothers Four; Peter, Paul & Mary; and the Kingston Trio are either average teenagers, delighted to be in tribal vogue in music as well as in dress, or they are young marrieds about to assume the proportions and attitudes of comfortable burghers but using glossy folk music as a last link to what they conceive of as unfettered youth and earthy virility.

It is also likely that much of this larger audience has turned to folk music of a sort in recent years out of boredom at the mewling childishness of American popular music which has been increasingly directed to subteens since the mid-1950s. In a previous generation, many of these listeners might have preferred jazz for their post-Hit Parade kicks, but jazz is becoming as unsparingly challenging and complex as contemporary classical music. Much of modern jazz requires too much concentration to appeal to a broad audience and, accordingly, the average jazz album still sells under 5000 copies - with exceptions such as the work of Miles Davis, Dave Brubeck and Erroll Garner - while the Kingston Trio can sell a million copies of the single Tom Dooley. At least 5 of their 16 Capitol albums, moreover, have been purchased by more than a million of the citizenry. As Richard Dyer-Bennet notes, somewhat caustically, "Harry Belafonte and the Kingston Trio have found a repertoire and a manner that have enabled them to cross into the pop field, and their recordings are quite correctly listed by Schwann in the popular-music section of the LP catalog."

It is among those singers and instrumentalists who have not "crossed over" - and among their audiences - that the durable meanings of the folk ferment of the past few years can be found. It is there, too, that the future, if any, of American folk music is being shaped. The authentic rural prototypes are dying and most of their progeny are becoming - through radio, records and television - as eclectic as city folk. Texas sharecropper Mance Lipscomb, a recently discovered repository of vintage Negro folk traditions, is proud, for example, to be finally recorded, and his albums on Arhoolie and Reprise are treasures of ethnic lore. His granddaughters are also impressed at the attention the old man is getting, but they prefer collecting the releases of Ricky Nelson.

The survival of folk music from now on will depend increasingly on performers who have seldom seen, let alone milked, a cow, and whose first exposure to the folk ethos came from books and recordings, not from grandfather ruminating over the dulcimer. Can folk music be transplanted and continue to grow? Who, moreover, will be in charge of the orchard, and who are the customers to be?

Many of the folk consumers of the next few decades are now being diligently oriented in kindergartens, elementary schools and summer camps by young teachers whose enthusiastic avocation is folk singing and collecting records. Lou Gottlieb, a Ph. D. in musicology before he helped organize the Limeliters, observes with uncharacteristic awe: "My seven-year-old knows more folk songs all the way through than I did at the age

of 27." Pete Seeger, the Mr. Chips of this pedagogical movement, adds: "The kids I sang to at summer camps are now asking me to sing on campuses whose student governments they're now part of. Now, if only they can get themselves elected to Congress."

Folk-music clubs are burgeoning in high schools; and for collegians, there are enclaves of coffeehouses in most of the larger cities where folk music—and only occasionally jazz—provides the rites for initiation into hipness. The initial attraction for many of the young converts is not the music. "Most of the folk fans on campuses," Lou Gottlieb points out, "come from departments other than the music divisions. It's the words that draw them. Only later does the value of the music make itself felt."

In both the Anglo-Saxon ballad tradition and Negro blues — two of the main, intermingling streams of American folk music — those words magnetize by the elemental passions they state and the pungent clarity of their metaphors:

Says I, my dear, lay close to me And wipe away them tears. Then I hauled her shift up over her head

And I wrapped it 'round her ears. We was all right in the winter time And in the summer, too;

And I held her tight that livelong night

To save her from the foggy, foggy dew.

I got to keep movin', I got to keep movin',

Blues fallin' down like hail, blues fallin' down like hail,

And the days keep on worryin' me,
for a hell-hound on my trail,
Hell hound on my trail, hell hound

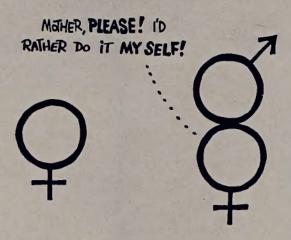
Hell-hound on my trail, hell-hound on my trail.

Not all folk lyrics, to be sure, are evocative. There are banalities in the blues and gray patches in Appalachian ballads. By and large, however, the words of the songs do strike closer to actual emotions, frustrations and sensual pleasures than do the soggy euphemisms of pop ballads. As for the commercial folk groups, the citybillies complain with varying justification that the most popular of them weaken the impact of the tunes they sing by the slickness of their style and by their frequent penchant for inserting gag lines into even their most mournful material. "I find myself suspicious," says Pete Seeger of such units as the Kingston Trio, "of their inability to sing a song straight. Many of them can actually do a very good job as far as singing goes, but at some point in the song they have to louse it up just to let the audience know they are not so naive as to take it seriously."

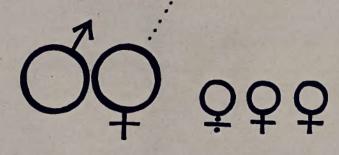
A further source of attraction in (continued overleaf)

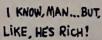
SYMBOLIC SEX

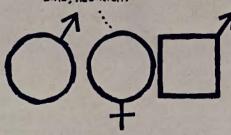
a droll call of satyric signs of our times humor By DON ADDIS



ELLA IS QUITE ADVANCED FOR HER AGE



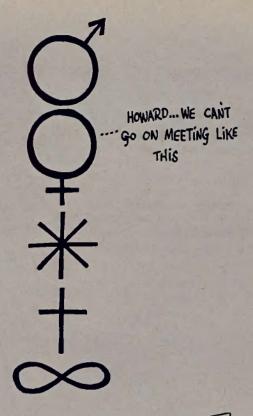


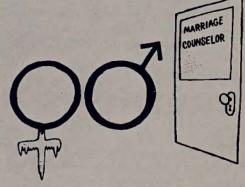


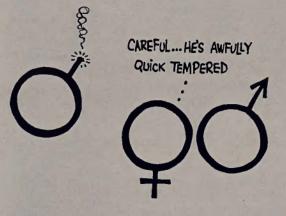
CAN'T YOU KIDS PLAY SOMEWHERE ELSE?



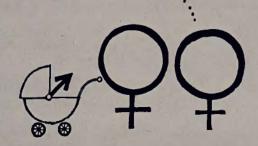








SURE TAKES AFTER HIS OLD MAN



FOLK, FOLKUM (continued from page 96)

straight folk material comes from a strong need among the urban young for some kind of roots, some kind of communal identification, however ingenuous it may appear to be. As scores of sociologists, academic and amateur, are ceaselessly pointing out, ours is in part a society of alienation - alienation from traditional mores and self-alienation. The young who seek refuge in the coffeehouses are even more skeptical of their parents' accommodations to life than their parents in turn were of the compromises of their elders. Many also feel impotent or at least highly doubtful of their ability to direct their own future. If Sir Charles Snow, hardly an alarmist, predicts Armageddon within 10 years unless the arms race is curbed, it is not unremarkable that even the nonpacifists among the young share a kind of floating anxiety.

Folk music, despite the pietism of Pete Seeger, offers no cure. The British critic Peter Clayton has noted Seeger's characteristic assumption that folk music has magical potency: "'I'd like to knock down all the walls between people,' Seeger said, forgetting apparently that 'people' of some sort or other had made

the walls in the first place."

But if folk music is no counter to power politics, it does provide some of its listeners and performers with a sense of sharing, if only a sharing of kindred protest against the suffocating present as well as a vicarious affirmation of what seem to have been the uncomplicated values and direct emotions of the folk past.

Some of this moralistic immersion in folk music is as sentimental and as musically shallow in its way as the adolescent love plaints of Paul Anka. Shel Silverstein has told in The Realist of walking through Washington Square, the Greenwich Village fount of amateur folk singing: "This one 18-year-old kid is sitting there with his guitar, and on the guitar is a sign that says, THIS MA-CHINE FIGHTS FOR FREEDOM. This is too much - an 18-year-old with a freedomfighting machine. It's a goddamn guitar, is what it is. It's a guitar, and it don't fight for nothing - it plays. Unless maybe . . . he hits with it."

Similarly, when Washington Square was temporarily closed to folk singers in the spring of 1961 and a civil liberties demonstration by the citybillies turned into a riot, Lenny Bruce observed calmly, "Mayor Wagner was simply expressing a musical fact. He didn't mean they can't sing. He was just pointing out they can't sing.'

In its use by the student movement for equal rights in the South, however, folk music has shown during the past few years its capacity to strengthen the morale and communicate the emotional urgency of workers for specific political and economic goals. On an individual basis, moreover, out of the banjo pickers from the Bronx (one Washington Square regular prefers to be addressed as Texas Weinstein) and the Barbara Allans of San Francisco, a few boldly personal continuers of the folk tradition are emerging. In addition to Bob Dylan, there is Joan Baez, a shy, slim, implacably uncompromising 22-year-old who served her apprenticeship in the coffeehouses of Cambridge, Massachusetts, and is now a major box-office attraction on the concert circuit - when she chooses to work. Only moderately interested in money, Miss Baez spends most of the year reading, sketching and nurturing assorted animals in her Carmel, California, home. She will not play night clubs (the audiences are not sufficiently attentive) and she will appear on television only on her own terms (an extensive solo spot with no orchestral background and no distracting sets).

Musically, Joan Baez' is the most arresting voice of all the city folk singers. Using a disciplined, luminously clear soprano, she specializes in Anglo-American ballads with some admixture of Spanish tunes, Negro songs and country music. By contrast with Miss Baez' seemingly effortless lyricism, such a selfconscious performer as Odetta sounds rigid and choked and gives the impression of auditioning for a part as the Earth Mother in a Paddy Chayefsky play.

By avoiding the "fake ethnic" approach of many citybillies, Miss Baez, as one of her admirers has pointed out in The Reporter, "does not pretend to have been a Negro or a British maiden broken by a feudal lord. What she gives are her own feelings about these people. She's like a passionate biographer; and more than that, she makes these songs contemporary by identifying with their emotional content as herself - as Joan Baez in 1963. In that way, her audience immediately identifies with her. She's not imitating the Earth Mother. She's one of us who happens to sing beautifully."

Miss Baez, however, does have critics among the purist citybillies. The monthly conscience of the folk field, The Little Sandy Review, warns her that she has not learned enough about the authentic singing styles of the various folk forms to which she applies herself. "She is not a folk singer," says the bristling publication, "since she neither sings nor plays in traditional style - nor does she perform traditional versions of folk songs."

This kind of criticism is at the core of

the fierce debate among urban folk singers as to which of the aspirants can qualify for certification as a true singer of folk songs rather than an exploiter. Alan Lomax, the prodigiously energetic collector in this country and abroad, has edited several books - most recently, Folk Songs of North America (Doubleday) - which have provided much of the source material for many apprentice bards. From his position as dean of the restless, heterogeneous undergraduates in folk music, Lomax insists that years of study and practice of ethnic models are necessary before a city folk singer can presume to offer his own contribution as a performer.

Sandy Paton, a folk singer and owner of Folk Legacy Records, agrees: "There are too many night-club singers learning songs from other night-club singers and never bothering to learn anything about the music they are 'interpreting.' I doubt that they even listen to the Library of Congress material, much less spend a little of their 'ill-gotten gains' to seek out a real ballad singer and sit at his knee awhile. By the time the music has passed through several citybilly interpretations, it but vaguely resembles folk music, taking on the nature of 'pop' or 'art' music instead."

Directly opposed is Dominic Behan, younger brother of Brendan, a novelist and a robustly uninhibited singer of Irish folk tunes. Behan declares that the emphasis on the ethnic approach forces a young singer into a phony accent and otherwise restricts his spontaneity. "Open your mouth," Behan proclaims, "and whatever your voice is like, sing! And to hell with the ethnicists! Folk song is not the special preserve of the few but the undeniable heritage of the many."

Increasingly, the majority of the more conscientious urban folk singers are taking a middle course. They would agree with Peggy Seeger, younger sister of Pete and a more persuasive singer than her brother. Miss Seeger points out the obvious fact that it is impossible for a city-born singer to project himself into the narrow range of experience of the echt folk singers. Instead, he "must rather consciously adapt the music to his own needs. Every city singer in the present-day American scene goes through a period of adaptation through which he flits, musically speaking, from one song genre to another-from Negro work songs to foreign songs to party games to humorous songs, and so on . . . with his instrumental style adapting itself accordingly. And out of this experience, if the singer is a creative one, will come a personal musical style which will of necessity be an amalgam of the musical stages through which he has

(continued on page 168)



"Have you got one that says, 'Good riddance'?!"

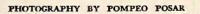
















A STYLE OF HER OWN

HAUTE COUTURE MANNEQUIN CONNIE MASON HAS A FLAIR AND A FORM FOR FASHION







A clothes call comes to Connie as roommate Rosemarie Yaiser listens in. Says Connie: "A new assignment always excites me—I feel too flattered to be blase."

VIEWING THE CURIOUS WORLD of haute couture, disgruntled males have long suspected that fashion's feudal lords require their standard-bearers to be spindle-shanked, slab-chested, hollow-cheeked creatures who collectively possess all the earthy sensuality of a soda straw. Like most sweeping generalizations, this one has its exceptions - and if there are, admittedly, a depressing number of lean and hungry lookalikes in dress circles, it is also true that a few couture mannequins do exist who are as eye-catching and artistically assembled as the gowns they wear. Such an exceptional one is Connie Mason, an all-girl fashion model from Chicago who is our decorative June Playmate. In addition to being an admirable answer to the bizarre misses of Harper's Bazaar, Connie is also an energetic, gregarious sort who obviously enjoys both her work and her life. "The way I see it," she says, "modeling is a near-perfect job for me. I love fine clothes - wearing gowns I couldn't possibly afford gives me a wonderfully regal feeling. This, I suppose, is a holdover from my childhood when I used to dress up in my mother's clothes, Of course, modeling is not always a gay, mad glamor routine - there's a lot of hard work mixed in, as well as some

boredom — waiting around in a tiny dressing room can be a king-size drag. But, with the possible exception of Cary Grant's latest leading lady, I wouldn't trade places with anyone." Capsuling her career, Connie notes, "I was born 25 years ago in Washington, D. C., went to high school in Silver Spring, Maryland, and attended Stratford (Junior) College in Danville, Virginia. I have an older sister, married, and a younger brother, unmarried, who is a whiz at horseback riding and is always winning all kinds of jumping prizes. For a year-and-a-half after I finished school I managed the cosmetic department at Woodward & Lothrop, a department store in Bethesda, Maryland. Then friends persuaded me to give modeling a whirl. I did." The whirl led to quick acceptance by the dress-parade set and a number of choice assignments, including a stint last summer in New York wearing the colors of Oleg Cassini ("He's the best — it was quite a challenge working for him, and I loved every minute of it"), and her current Windy City employment. Though she still feels the life of a successful high-fashion model is made to order for her, Connie



Below: couture mannequin Connie exudes the warm appeal of a girl who has an old-fashioned interest in men. "I've always been complimented on my hair," she says, "and I wouldn't cut it for the world. With men, a girl needs every weapon she can muster."



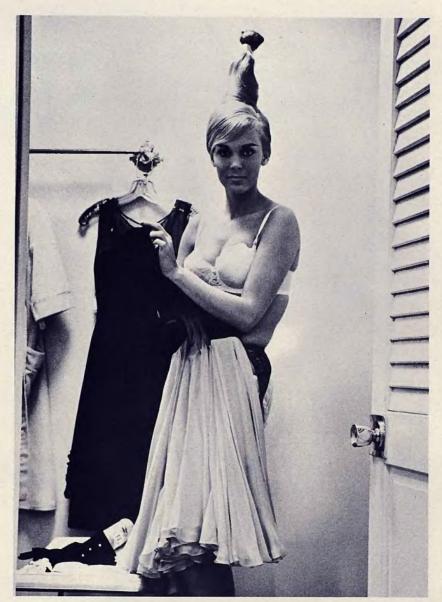


After being refueled by Rosemarie (above, left), Connie dons duds for her trip to work (above).



Following a spray set-to (above), Connie settles down (below) for o hair-raising hairdo.





Above: Miss June owaits her call to charm in the Pompian Shop of Chicago. "It's a morvelous feeling," she says. "I have no problems about what to wear."

was recently exposed to show business for the first time - and found it catching. While visiting her family - her dad is the president of a seawall-and-piling construction company in Hollywood, Florida - she was spotted by movie talent scouts for an outfit modestly dubbed Box Office Spectaculars, Inc., who promptly signed her to play the heroine of a Florida-filmed, gore-splattered quickie entitled The Blood Feast, which will be released this month. "It's all about sacrificing beautiful young virgins to Egyptian deities," says Connie. "You know, a typical, everyday kind of story. I'm rather proud of the fact that at the end of the show I'm still healthy, while every other girl is either dead or horribly mutilated. I don't imagine we'll win any Academy Awards, but it was fun taking time off to do it and I'd love to act in more films if I get the chance. I want to try everything. I'd hate to grow old, and look back and say to myself, 'Now, why didn't you at least give that a try?' It would be a horrible feeling, not having attempted something that might have been fun." Now back modeling in Chicago, Connie shares a North Side apartment with roommate Rosemarie Yaiser and a pampered French poodle, and is chief cook, bottle washer and conversationalist of the household. "Talking," she says, "has always been one of my favorite hobbies." A random sampling of the Masonic code: "I'm not an intellectual by any stretch of the imagination, but I do love to read, especially autobiographies and collections of love letters. I just finished



that book of Woodrow Wilson's love letters and it really flipped me. He looks so stolid, you know. Basically, I'm an outgoing person - I adore people and am happy whenever I'm in a group. I think of myself as an optimist - I like movies with happy endings, Italian foods and wines, romantic poetry, upbeat ballads. My taste in men tends toward guys with aggressive minds, but I can't take phonies. The worst feeling in the world for me is falling out of love. The best, of course, is falling in. My biggest fault is that I get too enthusiastic about what I'm doing and am sloppy about little details. I'm a good cook, though. And I'm the only girl I know who owns 600 jazz records. My favorite is Joe Williams. My biggest ambition at the moment is to be successful enough as a model to make myself happy and to be able to settle down in a place where there's lots of sunshine and palm trees and water and eligible bachelors. I don't get to meet too many single men in my line of work - but I always enjoy it whenever there are males in the salon where I'm modeling. The women are all fascinated by my clothes - but I know the men, at least, are looking at me. I've never found that to be an uncomfortable feeling." For the nonce, all frocks forgotten, curvilinear Connie stretches out on her bed and our gatefold, proving herself in the process a likely nominee for any design-conscious connoisseur's Best Undressed List.

Below: our bon-ton bonbon makes o sweeping entrance before salon society. "These showings used to make me nervous," says Connie. "Now, I just relax and have a ball."



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *nudist* as one who suffers from clothestrophobia.



A famed, but particularly succinct, psychiatrist had been invited to address an international conclave of his fellows on the subject of sex. When the day for his speech came, the amphitheater was packed and scores of reporters sat waiting at the press desk as the great, solemn man strode to the podium. A hush fell over the crowd as he adjusted his glasses and sipped a bit of water. Then he looked up and said in a firm, clear voice, "Gentlemen, it gives me great pleasure" . . . and sat down.

t's a great life - if your "don'ts" weaken.

Drawn by the crowd, we stopped in at a bookstore recently that had a huge sign in the window reading: NEWLY TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL FRENCH: 27 MATING POSITIONS.

Inside, copies of the book — pre-wrapped — were selling like hot cakes.

It was only by accident that we heard one harried clerk say to another, after ringing up his 423rd sale of the volume for the day, "This is really the most extraordinary sale I've ever seen for a chess book."

I must insist on knowing one thing," said the groom as he lay beside his bride in the darkness of their honeymoon suite. "Am I the first man to sleep with you?"

man to sleep with you?"
"You will be, darling," said his bride, "if you doze off."

Attend now to a fable that proves that lasting fame is not always built upon success: Once upon a time, two boll weevils from the deep South traveled to New York, there to seek their fortune. Upon arriving, the first boll weevil got a job as a ringmaster in a small flea circus. As time went by, he moved to bigger and better flea circuses until he became internationally renowned as a flea-circus impresario. The other boll weevil, however, was unable to find any employment and, as time passed, he faded into total obscurity.

That was 50 years ago. But today, do you suppose anyone remembers that boll weevil

who was once impresario of the world's greatest flea circuses? No! But we do remember the other one — the one who was a failure — for, even today, we refer to him as "the lesser of two weevils."



Our Unabashed Dictionary defines intoxication as a physical state in which one feels sophisticated without being able to pronounce it.



Darling," said the young bride, "tell me what's bothering you. We promised to share all our joys and all our sorrows, remember?"

"But this is different," protested her hus-

"Together, darling," she insisted, "we will bear the burden. Now tell me what our problem is."

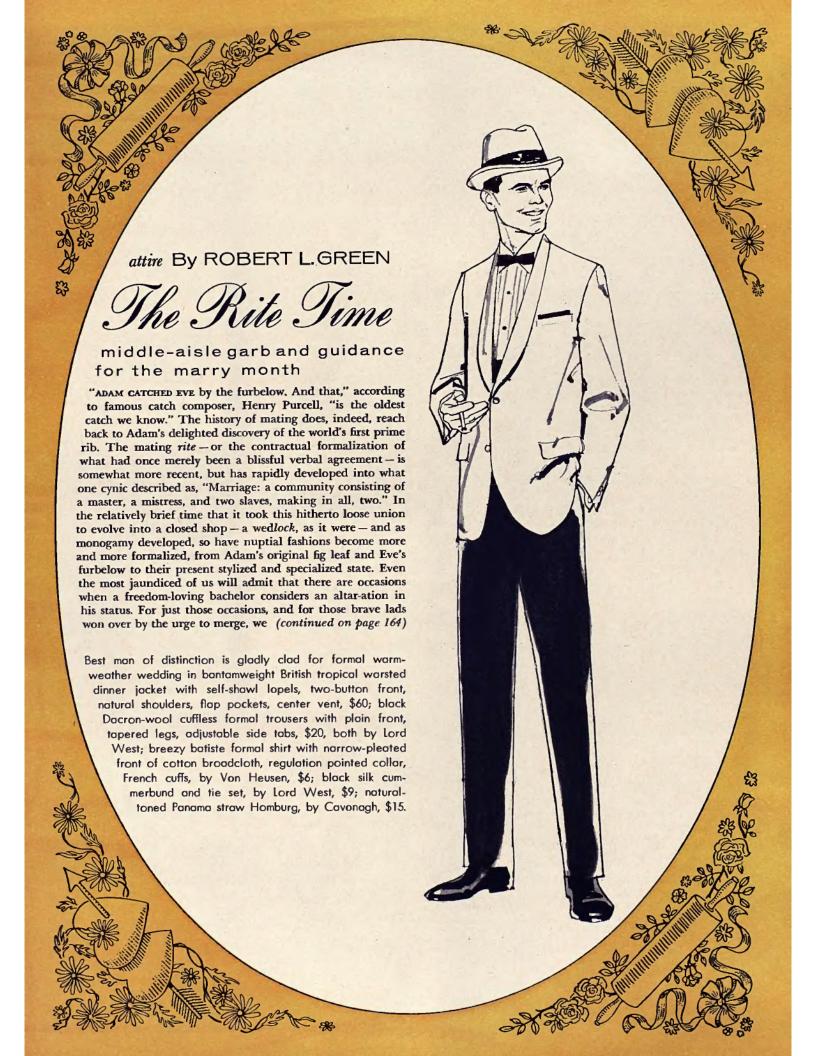
"Well," said the husband, "we've just become the father of a bastard child."

Heard a good one lately? Send it on a postcard to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 232 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Ill., and earn \$25 for each joke used. In case of duplicates, payment is made for first card received. Jokes cannot be returned.



"Surprised?"









ON HER MAJESTY'S SECRET SERVICE

he had been close to death and in deadly peril — then, with the dread brotherhood as his ally, james bond closed in on his prey

CONCLUSION of a novel by IAN FLEMING Synopsis: In the helicopter, after the take-off from Zürich, James Bond wore a mask of nonchalance as he sped toward the Alpine hideaway of his prey, the malevolent Ernst Stavro Blofeld, mastermind of SPECTRE and the most hunted criminal in the Western world. Beside him sat the inscrutable Fräulein Irma Bunt, plain-as-a-prune and personal secretary to Le Comte de Bleuville who, Bond believed, was actually the devious Blofeld himself, and behind him lay a chain of events that had involved not only Bond and his government's security but a dread brotherhood of Corsican cutthroats, a beautiful girl with suicidal intentions, and a mission so perilous that Bond's own chief—the ineffable M—placed no more than a farthing on the possibility of its success and less than that on Bond's own chances of survival.

It had begun that day on the beach at Royale les Eaux when La Comtesse Teresa "Tracy" di Vicenzo (whose losses at chemin de fer Bond had covered the night before at the Casino, and who had repaid him for this gesture with a night in her bed) ran toward the surf in an apparent attempt at self-destruction. Bond had rushed to save her—and then there were two automatics at—his back and two thugs behind them. Kidnaped and taken to the hide-out of Marc-Ange Draco, Tracy's father and head of the Union Corse, infamous Corsican crime syndicate, Bond was offered £1,000,000 by Draco to marry his daughter. Instead, Bond persuaded Draco to send Tracy to a Swiss sanitarium to treat her suicidal compulsions—while he, in the guise of Sir Hilary Bray, of Her Majesty's College of Arms and Heraldry, embarked again upon the quest for Blofeld.

At the mountain eyrie of the mysterious De Bleuville, apparently innocent yet strangely ominous experiments were being conducted in a secret laboratory where he investigated the cures for psychosomatic allergies to vegetables and farm animals. His subliminally brainwashed guinea pigs: 10 beautiful girls, each from a different area of the United Kingdom. After learning the identity of each of the girls (and spending a night in the boudoir of the choicest of them), Bond's real identity was suspected by Blofeld when Shaun Campbell, a fellow Secret Service man captured by Blofeld's henchmen while on another mission, blurted out his colleague's first name while under the pressure of torture. What a God-awful mess! thought Bond behind the cool façade of Sir Hilary Bray.

Realizing that it would be but a matter of hours before Blofeld would send an emissary after him as a prelude to a rather thoroughgoing "investigation" of his identity, Bond resolved to depart from his foe's redoubt with as much alacrity as possible under the circumstances. That night he slipped from his room, adroitly dispatched the guard at his door and, as the man's body slid to the carpet, bolted from the lodge, locked the door behind him, ran to the ski shack and bound on his skis. In his pocket a flask



He lay in the snow gasping for life — while a few yards away gleamed the lights of the masked ball.



of schnapps burned warm against his flank. He pulled his goggles down over his eyes; he knew that as soon as Blofeld's men pried open the lodge door they would be after him. Every minute, every second was a bonus for Bond. Ahead lay the Gloria ski run, the metal warning notices beside it hatted with snow. James Bond went straight for it and over the edge.

he first vertical drop had a spine-chilling bliss to it. Bond got down into his old Arlberg crouch, his hands forward of his boots, and just let himself go. His skis were an ugly six inches apart. The Kannonen he had watched had gone down with their boots locked together, as if on a single ski. But this was no time for style, even if he had been capable of it! Above all he must stay

Bond's speed was now frightening. But the deep cushion of cold, light powder snow gave him the confidence to try a parallel swing. Minimum of shoulder turn needed at this speed - weight onto the left ski - and he came round and held it as the right-hand edges of his skis bit against the slope, throwing up a shower of moonlit snow crystals. Danger was momentarily forgotten in the joy of speed, technique and mastery of the snow. Bond straightened up and almost dived into his next turn, this time to the left, leaving a broad S on the virgin mountain behind him. Now he could afford to schuss the rest down to the hard left-hand turn round the shoulder. He pointed his skis down and felt real rapture as, like a black bullet on the giant slope, he zoomed down the 45-degree drop. Now for the left-hand corner. There was the group of three flags, black, red and yellow, hanging limply, their colors confused by the moonlight! He would have to stop there and take a recce over the next lap. There was a slight upward slope short of the big turn. Bond took it at speed, felt his skis leave the ground at the crest of it, jabbed into the snow with his left stick as an extra lever and threw his skis and his right shoulder and hips round to the left. He landed in a spray of snow, at a dead halt. He was delighted with himself! A Sprung-Christiana is a showy and not an easy turn at speed. He wished his old teacher, Fuchs, had been there to see that one!

He was now on the shoulder of the mountain. High overhead the silver strands of the cable railway plunged downward in one great swoop toward the distant black line of the trees, where the moonlight glinted on a spidery pylon. Bond remembered that there now followed a series of great zigs and zags more 116 or less beneath the cables. With the piste unobscured, it would have been easy, but the new snow made every descent look desirable. Bond jerked up his goggles to see if he could spot a flag. Yes, there was one away down to the left. He would do some S turns down the next slope and then make for it.

As he pulled down his goggles and gripped his sticks, two things happened. First, there came a deep boom from high up the mountain, and a speck of flame, that wobbled in its flight, soared into the sky above him. There was a pause at the top of its parabola, a sharp crack and a blazing magnesium flare on a parachute began its wandering descent, wiping out the black shadows in the hollows, turning everything into a hideous daylight. Another and another sprayed out across the sky, lighting every cranny over the mountainside.

And, at the same time, the cables high above Bond's head began to sing! They were sending the cable car down after

Bond cursed into the sodden folds of his silk handkerchief and got going. The next thing would be a man after him probably a man with a gun!

He took the second lap more carefully than the first, got across to the second flag, turned at it and made back across the plunging slope for the series of linked Ss under the cables. How fast did these bloody gondolas go? Ten, fifteen, twenty miles an hour? This was the latest type. It would be the fastest. Hadn't he read somewhere that the one between Arosa and the Weisshorn did 25? Even as he got into his first S, the tune of the singing cable above him momentarily changed and then went back to its usual whine. That was the gondola passing the first pylon! Bond's knees, the Achilles' heel of all skiers, were beginning to ache. He cut his Ss narrower, snaking down faster, but now feeling the rutted tracks of the piste under his skis at every turn. Was that a flag away over to the left? The magnesium flares were swaying lower, almost directly over him. Yes. It looked all right. Two more S turns and he would do a traverse schuss to itl

Something landed with a tremendous crack amidst a fountain of snow to his right! Another to his left! They had a grenade thrower up front in the cable carl A bracket! Would the next one be dead on? Almost before the thought flashed through his mind, there came a tremendous explosion just ahead of him and he was hurled forward and sideways in a Catherine wheel of sticks and skis.

Bond got gingerly to his feet, gasping and spitting snow. One of his bindings had opened. His trembling fingers found the forward latch and banged it tight again. Another sharp crack, but wide by 20 yards. He must get away from the line of fire from the blasted railway! Feverishly he thought, the left-hand flag! I must do the traverse now. He took a vague bearing across the precipitous slope and flung himself down it.

It was tricky, undulating ground. The magnesium flares had sailed lower and there were ugly patches of black shadow, any of which might have been a small ravine. Bond had to check at all of them and each time the sharp Christie reminded him of his legs and ankles. But he got across without a fall and pulled up at the flag, panting. He looked back. The gondola had stopped. They had telephone communication with the top and bottom stations, but why had it stopped? As if in answer, blue flames fluttered gaily from the forward cabin. But Bond heard no bullets. The gondola would be swaying on its cable. But then, high up above him, from somewhere near the first flags on the shoulder, came more rapid fire, from two points, and the snow kicked up daintily around him. So the guides had finally got after him! His fall would have cost him minutes. How much lead had he got? Certainly less than 10 minutes. A bullet whanged into one of his skis and sang off down the mountain. Bond took a last gulp of breath and got going again, still lefthanded, away from the cable railway, toward the next flag, a distant dot on the edge of the shadow thrown by the great Matterhorn-shaped peak of Piz Gloria, which knifed up into the spangled sky in dreadful majesty.

It looked as if the run was going to take him dangerously close to the skirts of the peak. Something was nagging at his mind, a tiny memory. What was it? It was something unpleasant. Yes, by God! The last flag! It had been black. He was on the Black Run, the one closed because of avalanche danger! God! Well, he'd had it now. No time to try and get back on the Red Run. And, anyway, the Red had a long stretch close to the cables. He'd just have to chance it. And what a time to chance it, just after a heavy fall of new snow, and with all these detonations to loosen up the stuff! When there was danger of an avalanche, guides forbade even speech! Well, to hell with it! Bond zoomed on across the great unmarked slope, got to the next flag, spotted the next, away down the mountainside toward the treeline. Too steep to schuss! He would just have to do it in Ss.

And then the bastards chose to fire off three more flares followed by a stream of miscellaneous rockets that burst prettily among the stars. Of coursel Bright idea! This was for the sake of watchers in the valley who might be inquisitive about the mysterious explosions high up. the mountain. They were having a party up there, celebrating something. What fun these rich folk had, to be sure! And

(continued on page 136)





Above: Jayne Mansfield, temporarily clad in a roamy tawel, prepares to bare all for the opening bubble-bath scene af her new film, *Promises, Promises!* Right: Jayne reveals an arresting combination of body and soul as she glances wistfully at the still camera.

in her latest flick, playboy's perennial favorite romps in the altogether

THE NUDEST JAYNE MANSFIELD NO CAPITAL IN THE WORLD is more cunning at playing peekaboo with the human body (female) than our own film capital. Hollywood's history is studded with near, but not quite total, exposures, and the actress who has courageously bared all has been rare, indeed. The recent wave of "nudie" movies, however, has injected a breath of flesh air upon the scene. Their unpretentious nakedness and wide public acceptance have helped push bodices down and hemlines up (to where they virtually vanish) in otherwise "straight" productions.

It is therefore fitting and proper that the trail from "nudie" to "straight" films be blazed by none other than the undisputed champion of in-the-altogether brinkmanship, Miss Jayne Mansfield. Jayne now proudly heads the scant list of authentic Hollywood heroines whose feats of baring-do go beyond the call of duty.

How her rosebud smile has ripened to such a degree that it is all she wears is a story within a story. The title of the inner story is *Promises*, *Promises*!, a low-budget (\$400,000) film scheduled for release this month by 20th Century-Fox. The setting is a round-the-world cruise ship, and the principal characters are Jayne and Tommy Noonan (four-years wed, childless and deeply concerned about their future together) and their married friends, Marie McDonald and Mickey Hargitay. (Noonan, incidentally, is best remembered for a similar shipboard-romance role with Marilyn Monroe in *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*.) The plot revolves dizzyingly about Noonan's desire for an heir and the ship doctor's suggestion that Noonan spike his wife's and his own champagne with a miracle fertility pill. The kicker is that Noonan is a professional gag writer, more interested in tickling Jayne's







Above, left: Jayne listens attentively backstage as her film husband, Tommy Noonan, cues her for an upcoming scene. Noonan plays the role of a TV-comedy writer more interested in making his wife laugh than in hearing her sigh. Above, center and right: Jayne's entourage makes the final "costume" touches prior to her nude romp before the cameras.





Above: Jayne's poignantly uttered opening line upon first facing the camera was: "I'm so embarrassed."



Above: Director King Donovan discusses Jayne's trying Thespian chores with her and a cameraman. The upcoming tub scene is unlike most others in that the soapsuds will evaporate—leaving Jayne cleanly exposed to the camera.

risibilities than in titillating her sensibilities, and the fertility pill is nought but aspirin, a mind-over-matter gimmick concocted by the omniscient doctor. The pill, being a new kind of Mickey for Jayne, causes predictable complications. McDonald and Hargitay interrupt Noonan's staged tête-à-tête with Jayne and, after a mix-up of drinks, there is an unremembered mix-up of bodies. The denouement approaches vapidly as the ship's doctor announces blessings for both ladies — just after McDonald has confided to Noonan that Hargitay is incurably sterile. This news concludes the essential action and leaves Noonan wondering, for the moment, whether he has hit a two-bagger, a singleton (if so, who's on first?), or struck out completely.

Intriguing? We were intrigued enough to visit Jayne backstage to see how she handled her transition from ingenious modesty to ingenuous nudesty. Jayne appeared on the set for the opening bubble-bath scene, almost on time and decorously attired in a chic terrycloth robe. In deference to her shyness, only a "skeleton" crew was allowed to remain - two cameramen, two still photographers, two directors, a press agent, about 10 grips and prop men, Jayne's personal hairdresser and her secretary (both male). After several coy looks at the peering assemblage, Jayne ad-libbed her first line, a memorable one: "I'm so embarrassed." She then removed the robe, revealing only her and a brief pair of briefs . . . and promptly scampered offstage. Her secretary assured us it was only to reinforce herself with a glass of champagne. "Wow, what a trouper!" he needlessly added. (text concluded on page 124)



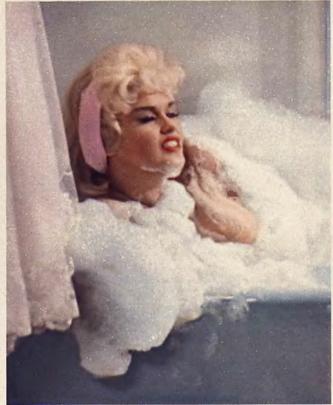




Above: Jayne is given instructions on how to play her sudsy scene. Above, right: Director Donovan coaxes her gently, assuring bashful Jayne that it's all in the interest of art. Below, right: Jayne, fully convinced, finally makes the big plunge.







Above: The tub scene is completed. Jayne will soon pop through the bedroom door to beguile her oblivious husband with her obvious charms. He'll respond with a gag punch line and the film's marital-seduction derby will be on its merry way.





Above, left: Jayne, still undraped in a red kimono, prepares for the scene in which she will use her ample charms to divert her husband from laughmaking to lovemaking. Above, right: Co-star Noonan and Jayne's personal hairdresser, Marc Briton, amuse Jayne with a between-scenes gag. Below: Jayne, in final preparations, is flanked by her secretary and a studio hairdresser.



Below, left: Director Donovan explains that the bedraom scene is crucial. If, lying naked in bed, Jayne cannot incite her husband to action, there may be a serious flaw in the marriage. Belaw, right: Jayne practices her mast provocative moue.







Above and below: Alas, poor Jayne. As she writhes about seductively, the best she can draw from Noonan are some funny lines.



Below: Jayne, admitting defeat, stops gyrating and starts giggling. Right: Too late, Noonan discovers there's a live body in his bed.



Jayne, fortified by internal bubbly, soon reappeared and, trouper that she is, bared all and sank slowly into the bubble bath. "What acting!" shouted the director as he stood precariously atop a canvas chair.

Later, Jayne acted out a nude bedroom scene in which she strove valiantly to make her listless husband show some life. Once more she expressed extreme embarrassment at all this public nudity, and then confided to us, "I posed for these scenes for one reason only. They were necessary to the development of the story line."

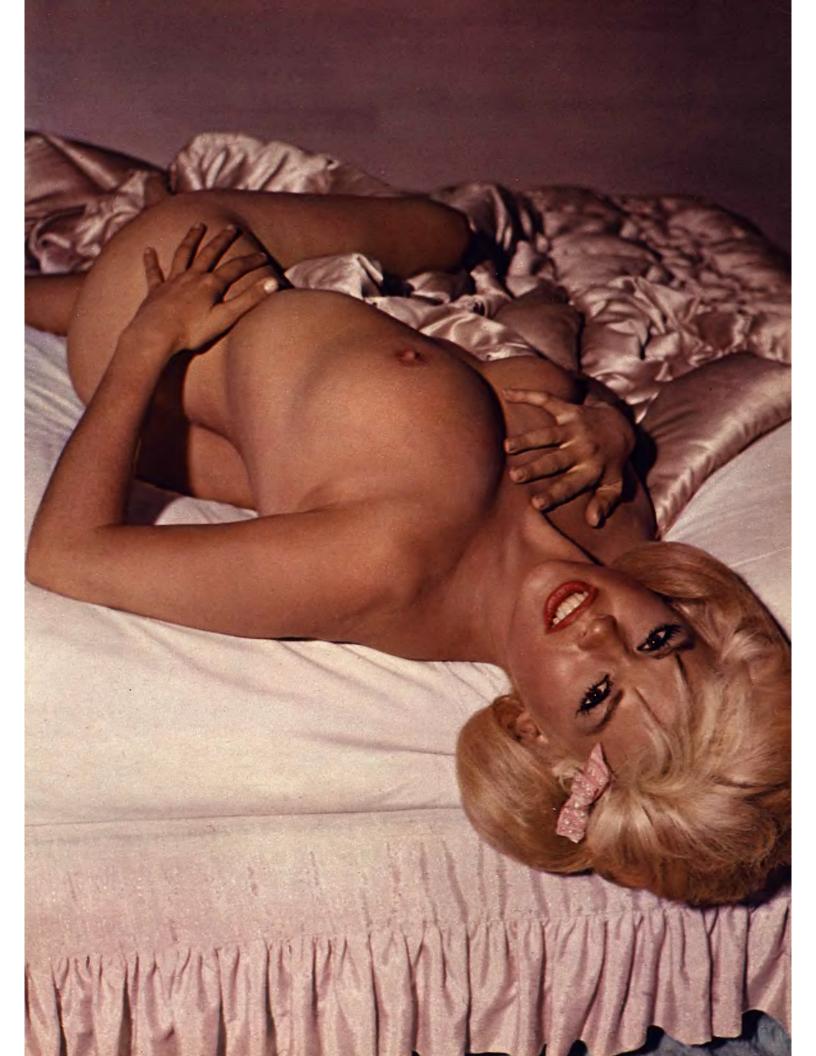
Her explanation was superfluous, for any film buff would agree with Jayne that, "When a woman is trying to entice her husband into doing what is natural to marriage, she's not going to hide her charms behind artificial barriers - like soapsuds or bed sheets." (Evidently, audiences in many American cities have much to learn about matrimony, for it appears unlikely that they will see Jayne au naturel except in PLAYBOY. The film's producers, while just as concerned as Jayne about the story line, and while critical of the "double standard of the Production Code," are nonetheless eager to reap the box-office bonanza that goes with its approval.)

"One thing I want to stress," said Jayne, concluding our interview, "is that this is the first time I've ever posed completely nude. It was art for art's sake — my theme for the future."

We like the theme.

Opposite: Jayne's final pose for the still cameras—in case they missed something.







THE RATE OF A PERSON'S DESCENT into senility can be gauged, it is said, by the degree to which he reminisces. If he harks back to The Good Old Days no more than a couple of dozen times a week, he is considered competent to function; if, however, he is a compulsive reminiscer, forever glorifying the past to the debasement of the present, he is patted on the head and fed soft foods. Certainly he is not taken seriously. Why should he be? Old coots are the same everywhere. Because they've survived the past, they love it, and because they're not at all certain they'll survive the present, they hate it. Of course, that would not be their explanation of the value judgment. To them, the world was indeed a better place when they were young. The girls were prettier then, the men were stronger, the games wilder, the grass greener, the sun warmer, the stairs less steep, and oh! if they could only go back. But they can't, and that's a blessing, because they would find their world as dark and frightening and confusing as the children of today find theirs.

It would be a mistake, however, to ascribe all the maunderings of the compulsive reminiscer to senility. Occasionally his judgments are correct. When the coot tells you that the girls were prettier, you have only to remember the times you searched through old magazines and photograph albums and decided, at last, that there simply weren't any pretty girls before 1940; but when he tells you that they don't build cars in the U. S. Like They Used To, or houses, or toys, you'd better listen. He's right. Those things are gone, probably forever, and their shoddy replacements are all this generation will know. The Stutz Bearcat, the Duesenberg, the rumble-seated Auburn, the Hispano-Suiza sit in cold museums, each a silent reproach to those who dignify today's mobile fashion salons with the word car. The rock-solid houses, sunk to their knees in the earth, are likewise curiosities, considered impractical by those who make do with the crumbling pink echo chambers of this age. The lead soldiers have given way to plastic thermonuclear missiles, with convenient destructible cities included at slightly higher cost.

These counterfeits of glories past are saddening. But there is one loss we've sustained that is more than that — it is tragic, for its counterfeit is unquestionably the shoddiest of all.

I speak of the most important, most joyous time of a child's life, any child, anywhere, from the beginning of civilization until recently: the time of the Holiday.

The very word had magic, as it does not any longer. It had the thunder of fireworks in it; the smell of turkey; the feel of cold sweat forming in the armpits and coursing slowly down the sides; the kaleidoscopic picture of eviscerated pumpkins and horrified neighbors; of running hard in the lowering darkness, away from, toward, it didn't matter; of ghosts and explosions and Xs on the calendar ("Only 23 more days!") and impossible things like cars on roofs and tin cans sailing clear to the sun and that bike ("For the last time, no! You're too young for a bicycle and, besides, it's much too expensive."). You thought, holiday, and you thought of these things, but mostly you thought of the awful, delicious waiting. Life was little more than that: waiting for the next holiday, feeling the pressure build up inside until it threatened to burst your heart. At night, after the radio programs, after the Big Little books and comics, read by flashlight underneath the covers, you lay awake and planned what to ask for next Christmas, what insidious prank to perpetrate next Halloween, what ruse to employ in order to avoid sharing with the guys the cherry bombs next Fourth of July. Whoever tasted of that sweet pain will never forget, for no matter how wild the dream, it always came true, which is why the pain was sweet. Holidays were worth it, and more. They were life at its keenest edge, at its heavenly, lawless, joyful best.

Now they are gone. Of course, the world that supported them is gone, too, but who is responsible for that? The kids? Did they ask anyone to take the holidays away? No; they were robbed, and we, the reminiscers, are the culprits, for we are the ones who are making the world of the present. And we ought to be ashamed.

Having created the safe and sane Fourth, the lifetime aluminum Christmas tree and the trick-or-treat bag, we now sit about drinking martinis and sighing bitterly about The Kids Nowadays. The fact is, we have a right to sling the booze — but not on their account. The guilt is entirely ours. We are the They who commercialized the holidays, who cheapened them, who tamed them; and we are the They who have got to bring them back.

Enter the ghosts

Halloween. Almost nonexistent now, a spiritless, jejune couple of hours one night a year, a shuffling parade of tots in dime-store costumes, each as frightening as Minnie Mouse, a ringing of doorbells, a bit of extortion, carefully observed from the shadows by curiously proud parents, a few nervous giggles, out at seven, in at nine, the end. And what did Halloween used to be? A time to howl, to rage, to scream, to raise the dead and stun the living, long into the dark October night and beyond; a time for rising hackles and goose flesh; a time for every block in every city and town to become its own Bald Mountain, as the kids were turned loose. God help the parents who asked to come along then: their bones would have been picked clean in a wink. And God help the neighbor who wouldn't let the guys get their football out of his yard, or the storekeeper who wouldn't allow any of

REQUIEM FOR HOLIDAYS nostalgia By CHARLES BEAUMONT hail and farewell to the wonderful ghosts of those joyous fetes of yore

his regular customers to swipe a few jawbreakers, or the truant officer whose bloodhound's nose spoiled many a delightful afternoon of hooky. Above all, God help anyone who hadn't the foresight to nail down everything removable. The genies were out of the bottle and the world was theirs.

Genies - or prisoners? For 364 days of the year we were that, obeying the rules, more or less; but on this day, we rioted. Incredibly, the jailers were good sports about it, too. I doubt that they could have been very happy about the commotion, but they bore up, and sometimes, when they caught you, a strange light would come into their eyes and they would tell you a few of the things they did when they were kids. And you grew a little, and learned a little, then.

Still, you couldn't believe that past Halloweens were any better. What could be more fantastical than some of the feats of your generation? The ice wagon on the roof of the bandstand cupola how did it get there? A backbreaking job for a dozen workmen with a crane, impossible for kids. But there it would be the next morning for the rising world to gaze at, all aghast. Perhaps the pyramids were so created, and the other wonders, too.

Of course, we held the strenuous magic to a minimum - show your power, but don't abuse it; the rest was mischief. Why it didn't land the lot of us in actual jails is difficult to understand. A sample evening: 10 masked goblins creeping stealthily up the back stairs of an apartment building, silent as mortal sin, each with a garbage pail; up to the roof, over to the edge; the 10 pails suspended for a lovely, giddy moment, then released; another moment of silence, and the sweetest, most marvelous tin thunder ever heard. Lights going on, doors flying open, goblin feet pelting down the stairs, across the littered yard, and on to the next challenge. Over to the building where the Rich People live, the one with the foyer and the speaking tubes and the downstairs door buzzer. Press the little black button; wait. "Yes? Who is it?" Select the biggest light bulbs in the package. "Who is it, please?" Start dropping the bulbs onto the echoing tile floor. "Don't do it, Rocky, don't kill me!" Pow! "I didn't squeal on va!" Pow! "Somebody help me!" Pow! "Ya got me!" Pow, pow! And out, and on.

It was a start, but nothing more: the evening was young. There were windows to be soaped, pins to be stuck in doorbells, nonexistent ropes to be stretched taut across busy thoroughfares and, later, young ones to be horrified with the most blood-chilling stories imaginable.

The rule was, it was all right to frighten, to shock and to surprise, but never to damage. Though some of the 128 boys got carried away and turned hooligan and hoodlum, breaking windows, slashing tires, annoying the sick and the elderly, they were in the minority and their activities were frowned upon by everyone. They broke the code, which was a rigid one. Most of us knew exactly how far we should go. We knew that the lunatic fringe could spoil things for the real pranksters, who had lots of devilment but little malice in their hearts.

It is true that in years past there were jack-o-lanterns with corn-silk mustaches, and old sheets and hooded masks, but these things were for infants - today's only Halloween participants, if such they can be called. They didn't count. They had nothing to do with the celebration. Then, when a child reached the age of eight, he was turned out to run with the pack this one night of the year, without any admonition to be home early. And he was made to understand by his friends, if he didn't understand already, that vileness was what went on among grownups, not among creatures of his own kind. That is why there was so little damage, and no real vengeance; just a letting off of built-up steam.

And how much steam is let off by shuffling from door to door and mumbling "Trick or treat," with the treat guaranteed? It is all taken for granted now. Tell the toddlers that you choose to be tricked and they are thrown into confusion, retreating nervously to their fathers or mothers, eight steps away. And thus conformity has dulled the edge of even this tame sport, for the fact is, today's Halloweener doesn't know how to trick. And why should he waste his time thinking about it, anyway, when there are treats, specially prepared for the occasion by the candy manufacturers, waiting at the next house?

A pox on us: we have bribed the children into submissiveness. It is we who have tricked them, and the trick is a

It fills one with uneasiness and apprehension to realize how debased this fine holiday is from what it has been throughout the centuries. The eve of "All Hallows," or All Saints' Day, is actually a Christian appropriation of an ancient pagan festival of autumn wherein games, pranks and ghostly tales predominated. It was considered, wisely, to be necessary to the human spirit. The Druids, an order of priests in Gaul and Britain, held their autumn feast at about the same time that the Romans celebrated the festival of Pomona, the goddess of fruit trees, and other sex-linked events, and the two customs were combined to be perpetuated as Halloween. Perhaps we inherited more from the Romans than from the Druids, for the Romans had an obsession with cruelty that ran through all their festivals, with mischief on the grand scale. The popular and

accepted picture of luxurious banquets with harmless indulgences and pleasures is less than accurate. They raised a species of hell beside which our own October evenings were nothing more than lawn parties.

From the Druids we still have the practice of lighting bonfires on the 31st, though we've forgotten the attendant superstitions, nor do we follow the habit of feasting on nuts, apples and parsnips. The date was known in Ireland as the Vigil of Saman, and on this night peasants assembled with sticks and clubs and went from house to house collecting money, breadcake, butter, cheese and eggs for the feast. They may not have said "Trick or treat," but their intentions were clear. In Scotland it was the custom for boys to push the pith from a stalk of cabbage, fill the cavity with tow, set the tow on fire, insert the stalk in the keyhole of the Grouch's house, and blow darts of flame more than a yard in length. If this did not adequately startle him, they would bombard his home with rotten cabbages. The custom of high jinks on October 31 came to America with every sect and nationality, each with a different heritage, and it was all coalesced into the celebration we knew and loved, the wild, wonderful night of release, and we have taken this centuries-honored holiday and turned it into a nursery game for diapered tots.

The fate of the Fourth of July is no less sobering.

What started out in 1776 as a unique and stirring day of commemoration, completely American in origin and observance, has declined to just another day off the job, or out of school, a chance to watch a double-header in the afternoon and a few pyrotechnic displays in the evening. Absent from the scene are the pulse-quickening brass bands and parades, the flamboyant oratory unflinchingly listened to by great crowds in the heat of the day, with the small boys and their firecrackers on the periphery; the first fried chicken of the year, the best ice cream that ever was (give the freezer 100 more strokes after the dash gets hard to turn), strawberry pop that cost a nickel for a quart bottle; and the daring mustached balloon ascensionist who climbed into the basket, waved and was whisked off, up and away, by God, while the crowds stood agape.

It was the time of thrills, of distant thunder, getting louder, of warm days getting warmer, until the glorious Fourth itself dawned scorching, and the thunder was now inside you. No ulcers then, no hypertension. Just the wonderful release of fireworks. With them you would make the loudest bangs ever heard, blast cranky people out of their doldrums, feel the independence that must have stirred

(continued on page 178)



Prized packages for patresfamilias and baccalaureates. Clockwise from noon: golf set with aluminum and vinyl cart, \$45, nylon umbrella, \$12.95, woods with persimmon heads, \$13.95 each, chrome-plated irons, \$10.95 each, all by Abercrombie & Fitch. Orvis Banty Set, bamboo fly and spinning rods in felt-lined vinyl case, with silver name plate, by Abercrombie & Fitch, \$215. Hanging basket chair of rattan, from Vandor Imports, \$39.95. Binoculars, center focus, 20x60, by United Binocular, \$99.50. Suede and wool-knit cardigan, by McGregor, \$35. Coffeepot of tin-lined copper, tiltable wrought iron holder, warmer, from Abercrombie & Fitch, \$59.95. TV/Zoom 8mm electric eye movie camera is battery operated, by Kalimar, \$139.50. Waterski jacket of foam neoprene, by Voit, \$27.50. Chrome-plated rear-view mirror, by J. C. Whitney, \$6.98. Petanque (French bowls game) has metal balls, jack, in wood box, by General Sportcraft, \$50. Aluminum beach chair with nylon seat and back, by Hampden Specialty Products, \$5.95. Mini Sterephone, with two-band transistor radio, stereo phonograph, battery powered, with ear plugs (not shown), by Hoffman Electronics, \$79.95. Pigskin-covered chrome-finish English flask, holds 16 ounces, from Alfred Dunhill, \$30. Croquet set for six, features metal mallets with rubber heads and grips, has aluminum stand (not shown) by General Sportcraft, \$36. Canon 7 35mm camera has 50mm f:0.95 lens, by Bell & Howell, \$500. CB-500 charcoal broiler, has stainless steel hood, ash drawer, 3 fire depths, by Columbus Iron Works, \$59. Aluminum shooting stick with leather seat, from Alfred Dunhill, \$20. English picnic hamper of willow with waterproof lining, has plastic dishes, stag-handled stainless service for six, food boxes, Thermos, by Abercrombie & Fitch, \$185. TR 911 portable radio for AM, short wave, long wave, by Sony, \$99.95. Velzy surfboard, of polyurethane and fiberglass, is 9'2", by Bohemian Surf Equipment, \$120.



Clockwise from noon: San Pan beechwood salad bowl, with mixing utensils, also holds hot foods, by Foreign Advisory Service, \$27.50. Reclining lounge chair of wool and lacquered palisander wood, by Dux, \$608. Game set in imported rosewood case, by Alfred Dunhill, \$425. Cocktail Set, has walnut tray, cheese knife, Femlin-crested cutting tile, glasses and pitcher, stirrer, by Playboy Products, \$15. Tartan plaid robe of D & J Anderson cotton fabric, by Trylon Robe, \$32.50. Baccarat/chemin de fer card "shoe" and paddle, by Abercrombie & Fitch, \$63.50. Roman Kitchen, has alcohol burner, heat regulator, aluminum water pan, food pan, brass cover, in black matte, by Designs for R.A., \$60; with charcoal grill (not shown), \$70. Fireplace keg of pine, with brass banding, leather harness, bound in hemp, by Bernie Alpert, \$38. Storage box in oak parquet, with either side or top opening, by Richards Morgenthau, \$45. M2 Stereo Tape Cartridge System, plays up to 16 hours of stereo tape at 11/8 ips, holds 20 tape cartridges, by 3M Revere Camera, \$450. Buffet table has end shelf, side tray, Formica lower shelf, 28"x 16" heating area can heat to 265°, by Salton, \$200; Espresso coffee maker of polished chrome can brew six cups in two minutes, from Alfred Dunhill, \$50. Eterna Power rechargeable battery-powered shaver, also works off house current, has adjustable head which cleans under running water, by Schick, \$29.95. Pitcher from Sweden of stainless steel with teak trim, by Salm-Harley, \$25. Duk 15 stereo tweeters, in walnut, have Ionovac cells by Dukane, \$100 each. In center: English spiked stainless carving dish with stag-horn handles, by Goodwood Metal Craft, \$57.50.



Clockwise from 2 o'clock: illuminated globe, with semi-meridian calibrated in degrees and miles, 400-page atlas in hand-rubbed solid walnut base, by Replogle Globes, \$45. Ice Magic ice-cube maker replaces ice cubes as they are used, by Whirlpool, \$149.95. Cigar humidor in thuya walnut, holds about 50 cigars, by Alfred Dunhill, \$185. Meerschaum filter pipe, by Medico, \$15; in teak and matte finish pipe holder, by Sam Mann, \$4.50. Angelus clock in brass also has compass, hygrometer, barometer, thermometer, by Alfred Dunhill, \$275. Rapidial "memorizes" up to 290 phone numbers which can be dialed by twirling selector knob to desired party, pressing start bar, through local phone company, monthly charges \$12 to \$13.50 according to area. Executive Line aluminum and walnut desk accessories, ashtray, \$15, desk calendar pad, \$20, double pen holder with pens, \$25, legal-size letter tray with cover, \$35, all by Duk-It. Mobile cabinet in walnut has stainless steel base on casters, box drawers, file drawer, 2 slide-out shelves, by Marden Furniture, \$547. Compact 250 electric typewriter, with features of larger models, by Smith-Corona, \$250. Desk lamp in satin and black finish aluminum has swing arm, linen shade, by Ainsley Lamps, \$40. Custom Sportsman 19-inch portable TV with Super Son-R remote control that turns set on, off, changes channels, has 3 volume levels, by Admiral, \$199.95. Perpetual calendar has month and day suspended by magnet, by Wilburt, \$15. In center: leather chair, swivels 360° on aluminum base, by Knoll, \$660. Velveteen smoking jacket with rayon linen collar, cuffs, by Alfred Dunhill, \$37.50. Executary dictating unit, battery powered, features reusable magnetic tape, by IBM, \$405.



"It didn't work out."

THE COST OF THE CURE

from the tales of Petronius

THERE LIVED IN ROME two physicians alike in many respects — they were raised together as children, studied under the same mentor and ultimately began practicing in the same locality. Also, each was known to be fond of drinking, revelry and a variety of amusements.

They were dissimilar, however, in that the first, named Ravolinus, felt that he embodied the fullness of perfection and was wont to occupy his associates for endless hours with self-laudatory orations. Daily he would assail his listeners with verbal barrages describing the intricacies of each of his love affairs, his parties and his medical prowess. And, were self-proclamation the only standard, he would truly be the greatest physician in creativity.

Meanwhile, the second, named Gulius, while as capable in every area of endeavor as Ravolinus, perhaps more so, rarely spoke to anyone except to exchange routine pleasantries. This trait was often the subject of Ravolinus' derision, but even these censorious comments of his friend did not disturb Gulius, for he felt that the judgment of other men was totally unimportant.

At this particular time there was considerable discussion in medical circles concerning the inability of men to perform the act of love with such zeal as they might have in their younger days, and Ravolinus was quick to offer a theory.

"There is no physical connection," said he, "with this phenomenon. For one will always possess the powers he has once displayed. The reason certain men are unable is that they grow tired of their present companions. Were they to acquaint themselves with new persons, equally or more attractive, their powers would be regained."

And Gulius, in quiet speech as was his custom, replied: "This is untrue, my good friend, for I myself suffer from this very malady. And despite the extent of my experimentations, I have yet to find a woman capable of arousing my earlier zeal."

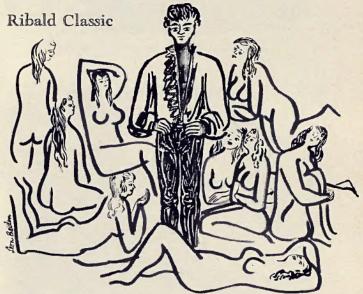
Ravolinus became incensed. "You have no more right to practice medicine than a goat," said he. "The truth of my theory should be apparent. You simply have not experimented to a great enough extent."

Then Gulius recited a list of those with whom he had supposedly experimented. Among these were the most beautiful in Rome, women whose price for a single night of pleasure often was greater than the worth of 10 horses.

"You must experiment further," said Ravolinus, but Gulius declined. Instead, he offered to wager his friend the price of 100 horses that there were no women remaining in Italy who could arouse his zeal.

"If you are so thoroughly convinced of your theory," said Gulius, "you will not hesitate to accept this wager."

Ravolinus accepted, as a matter of pride, and immediately set out to prove his point. Being an individual of singularly narrow scope, however, he had not foreseen the cost to which he would have to extend himself in order to procure women more desirable than those



named by Gulius.

And as he produced each, Gulius would perform the act of love and tell Ravolinus that he still had not regained his former zeal. Since the terms of their wager were such, and since the code of the region called for fulfillment to the letter—a code which Ravolinus often preached during his many rantings—he found himself expending the amount of the bet several times over, until finally, many years later, he realized that it would better serve his purpose to admit defeat rather than continue.

Meanwhile, Gulius, not wishing to embarrass his friend, offered to surrender the amount of the wager and announced that the prolongation of the treatments had brought about the cure. And having experienced the multitude of pleasures provided by the women whom his benefactor procured, he gladly turned over to Ravolinus the amount of the wager. For the circumstances, Gulius said to himself (but to no one else), certainly justified the cost of the cure.

-Retold by Paul J. Gillette

THE GREATEST TEEVEE JEEBIES EVER TOLD

satire By SHEL SILVERSTEIN



"That upper molar has got to come out."



"Well I don't think it's very funny and neither does Claude."



"Hold it, fellows, hold it! I forgot the Fab!"



"Uh, Melvin, don't you think maybe we could find some place that's just a little more private?"



"I can't understand it . . . ! Coffee is 10 cents, a jelly doughnut is 15 cents, tax is maybe 3 cents . . .!

So how the hell do they get 31 cents?!"



"I'm not complaining about paying the blackmail, but would you mind telling me how in the world you got that crazy camera angle?"

more mad-lib dialog for video's venerable reruns



"Gosh, J.B., all the rest of us thought it was a fresh, clever idea!"



"For Pete's sake, Gladys — wait till I button my fly!"



"It's agreed then. You'll turn Jewish."



"You know, it tastes as though someone had put saltpeter in this pie . . ."



"I think I've got it straight now — first the anesthetic, then the incision and then the sutures . . . first the anesthetic, then the incision . . ."



"Zowie! Where'd you learn to kiss like that?!!"

then Bond remembered. But of course! It was Christmas Eve! God rest ye merry gentlemen, let nothing you dismay! Bond's skis hissed an accompaniment as he zig-zagged fast down the beautiful snow slope. White Christmas! Well, he'd certainly got himself that!

But then, from high up above him, he heard that most dreaded of all sounds in the high Alps, that rending, booming crack! The Last Trump! Avalanche!

The ground shook violently under Bond's skis and the swelling rumble came down to him like the noise of express trains roaring through a hundred tunnels. God Almighty, now he really had had it! What was the rule? Point the skis straight downhill! Try and race it! Bond pointed his skis down toward the treeline, got down in his ugly crouch and shot, his skis screaming, into white

Keep forward, you bastard! Get your hands way in front of you! The wind of his speed was building up into a great wall in front of him, trying to knock him off balance. Behind him, the giant roar of the mountain seemed to be gaining. Other, smaller cracks sounded high up among the crags. The whole bloody mountain was on the move! If he beat the gigantic mass of hurtling snow to the treeline, what comfort would he find there? Certainly no protection until he was deep in the wood. The avalanche would snap perhaps the first hundred yards of firs down like matchsticks. Bond used his brain and veered slightly lefthanded. The opening, the glade cut for the Black Run, would surely be somewhere below the last flag he had been aiming for. If it wasn't, he was a dead

Now the wild schuss was coming to an end. The trees were rushing toward him. Was there a break in the bloody black line of them? Yes! But more to the left. Bond vecred, dropping his speed, gratefully, but with his ears strained to gauge the range of the thunder behind and above him. It couldn't be far from him. The shudder in the ground had greatly increased and a lot of the stuff would also find the hole through the trees, funnel itself in and pursue him even down there! Yes! There was the flag! Bond hurtled into a right-hand Christie just as, to his left, he heard the first trees come crashing down with the noise of a hundred monster firecrackers being pulled - Christmas firecrackers! Bond flung himself straight down the wide white glade between the trees. But he could hear that he was losing! The crashing of the trees was coming closer. The first froth of the white tide couldn't be far behind his heels! What did one 136 do when the avalanche hit? There was

only one rule. Get your hands to your boots and grip your ankles. Then, if you were buried, there was some hope of undoing your skis, being able, perhaps, to burrow your way to the surface - if you knew in your tomb where the surface lay! If you couldn't go down like a ball, you would end up immovable, a buried tangle of sticks and skis at all angles. Thank God the opening at the end of the glade, the shimmer of the last, easily sloping fields before the finish, was showing up! The crackling roar behind him was getting louder! How high would the wall of snow be? Fifty feet? A hundred? Bond reached the end of the glade and hurled himself into another right-hand Christie. It was his last hope, to get below the wide belt of trees and pray that the avalanche wouldn't mow down the lot of them. To stay in the path of the roaring monster at his heels would be suicide!

The Christie came off, but Bond's right ski snarled a root or a sapling and he felt himself flying through space. He landed with a crash and lay gasping, all the wind knocked out of him. Now he was done for! Not even enough strength to get his hands to his ankles! A tremendous buffet of wind hit him and a small snowstorm covered him. The ground shook wildly and a deep crashing roar filled his ears. And then it had passed him and given way to a slow, heavy rumble. Bond brushed the snow out of his eyes and got unsteadily to his feet, both skis loose, his goggles gone. Only a cricket pitch away, a great torrent of snow, perhaps 20 feet high, was majestically pouring out of the wood and down into the meadows. Its much higher, tumbling snout, tossing huge crags of broken snow around it, was already a hundred yards ahead and still going fast. But, where Bond stood, it was now silent and peaceful except for the machine-gun-fire crackling of the trees as they went down in the wood that had finally protected him. The crackling was getting nearer! No time to hang about! But Bond took off one sodden glove and dug into his trouser pocket. If ever he needed a drink it was now! He tilted the little flask down his throat, emptied it and threw the bottle away. Happy Christmas! he said to himself, and bent to his bindings.

He got to his feet and, rather lightheaded but with the wonderful glow of the Enzian in his stomach, started on the last mile of finishing schuss across the meadows to the right, away from the still hurtling river of snow. Blast! There was a fence across the bottom of the meadows! He would have to take the normal outlet for the runs beside the cable station. It looked all right. There was no

sign of the gondola, but he could now hear the song of the cables. Had the downcoming car reversed back up to Piz Gloria, assuming him to have been killed by the avalanche? There was a large black saloon car in the forecourt to the cable station, and lights on in the station, but otherwise no sign of life. Well, it was his only way to get off the run and onto the road that was his objective. Bond schussed easily downward, resting his limbs, getting his breath back.

The sharp crack of a heavy-caliber pistol and the phut as the bullet hit the snow beside him pulled him together. He jinked sideways and glanced quickly up to the right, where the shot had come from. The gun blazed again. A man on skis was coming fast after him. One of the guides! Of course! He would have taken the Red Run. Had the other followed Bond on the Black? Bond hoped so, gave a deep sigh of anger and put on all the speed he could, crouching low and jinking occasionally to spoil the man's aim. The single shots kept on coming-It was going to be a narrow shave who got to the end of the run first!

Bond studied the finishing point that was now coming at him fast. There was a wide break in the fence to let the skiers through, a large parking place in front of the cable station and then the low embankment that protected the main line of the Rhätische Bahn up to Pontresina and the Bernina Pass. On the other side of the rails the railway embankment dropped into the road from Pontresina to Samaden, the junction for St. Moritz, perhaps two miles down the valley.

Another shot kicked up the snow in front of him. That was six that had gone. With any luck the man's pistol was empty. But that wouldn't help much. There was no stuffing left in Bond for a fight.

Now a great blaze of light showed coming up the railway line, and, before it was hidden by the cable station, Bond identified an express and could just hear the thudding of its electrodiesels. By God, it would just about be passing the cable station as he wanted to get across the track! Could he make it - take a run at the low embankment and clear it and the lines before the train got there? It was his only hope! Bond dug in with his sticks to get on extra speed. Hell! A man had got out of the black car and was crouching, aiming at him. Bond jinked and jinked again as fire bloomed from the man's hand. But now Bond was on top of him. He thrust hard with the rapier point of a ski stick and felt it go through clothing. The man gave a scream and went down. The guide, now only yards behind, yelled something. The great yellow eye of the diesel glared down the tracks, and Bond caught a sideways glimpse of a huge red snow fan (continued on page 140)

"Maybe with just a little more lipstick, or something?"



HOW TO SAVE MONEY ON YOUR WIFE'S CLOTHING

satire By SHEPHERD MEAD

more secrets of being successful with women without really trying

THE FARSEEING HUSBAND knows how important it is for his wife to be well-groomed at all times. The sloppy, poorly dressed wife creates a bad impression everywhere, and can even be harmful to a man's standing in the community and in his business relations.

Remember that a dollar spent to make your wife lovely is a dollar invested not only in her future, but in your own.

BUT BE THRIFTY

Luckily, good grooming and careless spending do not go hand in hand. Some of our best-groomed matrons are ones who spent the least actual cash, though their investments in taste and careful planning can be large indeed.

There are many ways for the thoughtful husband to help his wife cut clothing expenses.

Use the Model Wife. She can be the same character, real or fictitious, discussed in an earlier article. An occasional word or two about her can be inspiring.

"By the way, pet, Joe's wife stopped in at the office today. What a knockout!" "Oh?"

"She hasn't your basic good looks, Phoeb — essentially a plain woman —— (A bit of flattery is good here.)

"It's just that she has a genius for clothes. She was wearing this suit —""

"Expensive, I'll bet."

"No, as a matter of fact, she ran it up herself. Bought a 30-cent pattern, and used the old auto-seat covers. Knocked it off in just a few weeks."

THE HAT PROBLEM

Though a woman's hat is utterly useless, performing no function whatever in warming, protecting or shedding rain, many women have an emotional desire for new ones.

The husband who resists this stoutly will be doing his wife a real service. We list a few tested methods.

Admire Her Hair. A woman who has any hair at all believes it is beautiful. Knowing this is a valuable weapon in itself.

"Glorious the way this light strikes your hair, pet."

"Oh, you like it, Davie?"
"Flecks of pure gold in it."

(No matter what the color of a woman's hair, she will always accept the fact that it has flecks of gold in it.)

"Oh, really?"

"Take off that hat, will you?"

"But it's a new hat, Davie!"

"Ah, that's better! Why is it that you always look so much lovelier with your hat off? Must be your beautiful hair, pet."

Narrow the Field. It you aren't successful in eliminating the hat altogether, the next best thing is to reduce the number of variations.

Always maintain that you prefer the small black hat, the smaller the better. Scoff at all decorations.

"How do you like my hat, Davie?"
"Fine, pet, really brings out the blue in your eyes."

(Make the opening remarks without looking at the hat.)

"You haven't even *looked* at it."
"Oh. Yes. Always liked that hat."
"It's a *new* hat, David."

"I liked it better before you put the little doohickey on it."

"David, it's new, the whole hat."
"Really? Well, why don't you just take the doohickey off anyway?"

"Well, if I do, it'll be just the same as the other one."

"Oh, will it?"

It may take a few years, but after a while she will begin to see the hidden logic of this.

If, on the other hand, you discover she has added an inexpensive decoration to an *old* hat, your course is clear.

"I like that new skimmer, Phoeb, does a lot for you."

"It isn't new, Davie, I just put this little dime-store rhinestone on here, and ——"

"Well, it *looks* new! By golly, somehow it does something to your whole *face*, Phoeb, gives it a kinda *glow*."

If necessary, start this yourself. Pick up a sprig of bittersweet, say. There is a good supply in most reception rooms.

"For you, pet. Saw a nice little old lady selling it, and it just cried out for you! Remember that wonderful little black hat of yours?"

"Davie, they're practically all little black hats!"

"The one I like so much. There!" (Pick any one, at random.) "Just toss the bittersweet here, pin it, and —voilà!"

"Well, I don't know --"

"Really does something for you, Phoeb. Gives you a kinda glow."

The Woman-or-the-Hat Approach. Occasionally your wife, in spite of all your efforts, insists on a large and, she will think, dramatic hat. The unskilled husband objects violently. This is unwise. The more you protest, the more she will want the hat.

Take the opposite tack - praise it extravagantly.

"You really like it, Davie?"

"Like it? Phoeb, I simply can't take my eyes off it. I guess it's the most beautiful hat I've ever seen."
"Really?"

"Really?"

"Honest injun. It's such a really stunning hat that I wonder if ——" (Hesitate a moment and then shake your head slowly.)

"What's the matter, Davie?"

"You don't often see a father-and-son relationship like that anymore!"

"No, I think you could get away with it. Only a really beautiful face could *compete* with it, pet, and I think you're the gal."

"Oh?"

"Maybe with a little more lipstick, or something."

THE PROBLEM OF STYLE

Unlike men, women do not wear out clothes. They throw them away while still quite sturdy because they are "out of style."

The woman who believes she is out of style feels the same way a man feels without his trousers. This is purely a mental problem. Help your wife face it. She will be better adjusted, and your

savings will be encouraging.

Avoid High Style. Very high style changes every month, with each new edition of the fashion magazines. Gentle humor is your best defense against it. This requires little thought, since the very latest thing will have one or more bulges, lumps, flares, or other trick departures from the normal lines of the female figure.

Wait until your wife spots a walking exhibit of haute couture.

"There, Davie, that's just what I want, the ——"

"I see."

(Look at a different woman.)

"Isn't it beautiful?"

"I do like it, Phoeb. Clean, simple. Doesn't do her any harm, though, being next to that clown getup. Look at the green job with the bulges."

"David, I mean the green one!"
"Oh, really?"

Delay, if You Can. The cheerful delay is also effective against high style. Put off the purchase a month or so and you can be sure she won't want it anymore.

"Please, Davie, please?"

"Yes, indeed, Phoeb, you must have it. The latest and best is none too good for my Phoebe!"

"Thanks, David."

"In fact, I'll go with you when you try it on, OK?"

"Tomorrow?"

"Fine. Oh, can't make it tomorrow. Let's try for early next week."

(Keep this up for just a few weeks, then remark:)

"Oh, Phoeb, Joe's wife dropped into the office today. Had on one of those off-the-hip-bone jobs we were going to get you."

(NOTE: "We were.")

"Oh, those. She can have it, Davie. Didn't catch on at all."

Use Flattery. Since most high styling is designed for wealthy but shapeless women, it is calculated to obscure the figure rather than reveal it. This will give you an excellent excuse to flatter

your wife and to reduce spending, all

"Don't you think it's stunning, Davie?"

"Well, ingenious anyway, Phoeb. Damn clever way to hide those fat hips. Mighty glad my purty streamlined little gal doesn't need cheaters like that! Takes a figure like yours, Phoeb, to wear a little black dress!"

(The man who establishes early the principle of the Little Black Dress can save himself the price of a sports car in the course of any marriage, even a short one.)

HOW TO AVOID FUR COATS

A quarter inch of light, inexpensive insulating material sandwiched between two layers of cloth is far warmer than the hair of any animal. However, it will do you no good to point this out to your wife.

Every Woman Wants a Fur Coat. She will believe that a fur coat will bring her happiness. This is not true. Start her out with a rabbit skin and she will be unhappy until she has a muskrat. Get her a muskrat and she won't rest until she has a beaver. Buy the beaver and she will yearn for a mink. This goes on through mutation minks, sables, ermines, and so on. Spend \$20,000 for a silver-blue mink and she will spot one that is bluer.

However, it will do you no good to point this out, either. Nor will it help to itemize the inital cost, the tax, and the considerable operating expenses in the form of insurance, summer storage, glazing, repairs and the like. She will believe you are thinking of yourself.

The Sable-or-Nothing Device. Always remember that nothing is too good for your wife.

Make it clear that you want to buy her a fur coat - but only the best fur

"Davie, I was just thinking. It's beginning to get cold now and, well, I just happened to walk by

"Did you?" (Rush in quickly. To delay at this stage may bring disaster.) "Reminds me that Joe's wife dropped by the office today. Had on one of those, uh, rat-skin coats."

"You mean muskrat, Davie? That's just what I -

"Some kind of rat. Meant to look like mink. Ha, imagine wearing a fake mink! Not for my girl!"

"But David, all I've got is this old tweed!"

"It's a real tweed, though, baby! Know what I want for you, Phoeb? Sable. Sable or nothing, baby."

"But you've been saying that for six years!"

"And I still mean it! Nothing's too good for you, Phoeb!"

The Allergy. One of the miracles of modern medicine is the fact that we now have a number of interesting diseases that our forefathers were not even aware of. In fact, we are discovering new and fascinating illnesses almost as fast as we learn to cure the old ones.

Some of the most intriguing of all the new discoveries are the allergies, among them the fur allergy.

Develop one of these quickly, for it will be effective only if begun early.

Suppose, for example, that your wife buys a dress or cloth coat with a bit of fur on the collar.

"Davie, how do you like the new --"

"Aaaaaah-choooo!"

"Well, God bless you!"

"Aaaaa-chooo! Go away, Phoeb, go away with that awful - aaaahchooo! - fur collar! I can't be within - aaaaaah-chooo! - 10 feet of any kind of - aaaaaah-choooo! fur!"

She will return the offending garment and select only cloth coats. Get her a good one.

Our Little Four-Footed Friends. Most women, bless them, are tenderhearted. Given the right facts, their impulses are often fine and generous.

"Davie, isn't it time we talked some more about a fur ---

"That reminds me, Phoeb. Had an interesting talk with a fur man today, down at the office."

"Oh, Davie, you're sweet!"

"He was explaining to me why some pelts have a sorta gnawed look in the corner. Little devils try to chew off their own feet. You know, the one that's caught in the trap."

'Oh, David, stop!'

"Probably doesn't hurt 'em too much. Only stay in the traps a couple of days."

"How cruel!"

"Can't blame the trappers, really. It's the women who buy the fur coats. Glad you're so sensible about that, Phoeb.'

BE PROUD OF YOUR WIFE

But remember, do not be niggardly. If your wife wants to buy a good, durable dress with lasting classical lines, let her do so. The ragged, threadbare wife is evidence of a selfish husband.

Be generous with your praise, too. If she has run up a trim house dress out of the old bedroom curtains, appreciate it. Women thrive on appreciation.

Before you know it you will have a wife who is smart, well-dressed and self-

She will be a good investment.

NEXT MONTH: "HOW TO SELECT THE SECOND WIFE"





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HER MAJESTY'S SECRET SERVICE (continued from page 136)

below the headlight that was fountaining the new snow to right and left of the engine in two white wings. Now! He flashed across the parking place, heading straight at the mound of the embankment and, as he hit, dug both his sticks in to get his skis off the ground, and hurled himself forward into the air. There was a brief glimpse of steel rails below, a tremendous thudding in his ears and a ferocious blast, only yards away, from the train's siren. Then he crashed onto the icy road, tried to stop, failed and fetched up in an almighty skid against the hard snow wall on the other side. As he did so, there came a terrible scream from behind him, a loud splintering of wood and the screech of the train's brakes being applied.

At the same time, the spray from the snow fan, that had now reached Bond, turned pink!

Bond wiped some of it off his face and looked at it. His stomach turned. God! The man had tried to follow him, had been too late or had missed his jump, and had been caught by the murderous blades of the snow fan! Mincemeat! Bond dug a handful of snow off the bank and wiped it over his face and hair. He rubbed more of it down his sweater. He suddenly realized that people were pulling down the windows in the brilliantly lit train above him. Others had got down on the line. Bond pulled himself together and punted off down the black ice of the road. Shouts followed him the angry bawls of Swiss citizens. Bond edged his skis a little against the camber of the road and kept going. Ahead of him, down the black gulch of the road, in his mind's eye, the huge red propeller whirred, sucking him into its steel whirlpool. Bond, close to delirium, slithered on toward its bloody, beckoning vortex.

Bond, a gray-faced, lunging automaton, somehow stayed upright on the two miles of treacherous Langlauf down the gentle slope to Samaden. Once a passing car, its snow chains clattering, forced him into the bank. He leaned against the comforting soft snow for a moment, the breath sobbing in his throat. Then he drove himself on again. He had got so far, done so well! Only a few more hundred yards to the lights of the darling, straggling little paradise of people and shelter! The slender campanile of the village church was floodlit and there was a great warm lake of light on the left of the twinkling group of houses. The strains of a waltz came over the still, frozen air. The skating rink! A Christmas Eve skaters' ball. That was the place for him! Crowds! Gaiety! Confusion! Somewhere to lose himself from the double 140 hunt that would now be on - by SPECTRE and the Swiss police, the cops and the robbers hand in hand!

Bond's skis hit a pile of horse's dung from some merrymaker's sleigh. He lurched drunkenly into the snow wall of the road and righted himself, cursing feebly. Come on! Pull yourself together! Look respectable! Well, you needn't look too respectable. After all, it's Christmas Eve. Here were the first houses. The noise of accordion music, deliciously nostalgic, came from a Gasthaus with a beautiful iron sign over its door. Now there was a twisty, uphill bit - the road to St. Moritz. Bond shuffled up it, placing his sticks carefully. He ran a hand through his matted hair and pulled the sweat-soaked handkerchief down to his neck, tucking the ends into his shirt collar. The music lilted down toward him from the great pool of light over the skating rink. Bond pulled himself a little more upright. There were a lot of cars drawn up, skis stuck in mounds of snow, luges and toboggans, festoons of paper streamers, a big notice in three languages across the entrance: "Grand Christmas Eve Ball! Fancy Dress! Entrance 2 Francs! Bring all your friends! Hooray!"

Bond dug in his sticks and bent down to unlatch his skis. He fell over sideways. If only he could just lie there, go to sleep on the hard, trodden snow that felt like swansdown! He gave a small groan and heaved himself gingerly into a crouch. The bindings were frozen solid, caked, like his boots, with ice. He got one of his sticks and hacked feebly at the metal and tried again. At last the latches sprang and the thongs were off. Where to put the bloody things, hide their brilliant red markings? He lugged them down the trodden path toward the entrance, gay with fairy lights, shoved the skis and the sticks under a big saloon car, and staggered on. The man at the ticket table was as drunk as Bond seemed. He looked up blearily: "Zwei Franken. Two francs. Deux francs." The routine incantation was slurred into one portmanteau word. Bond held onto the table, put down the coins and got his ticket. The man's eyes focused. "The fancy dress, the travestie, it is obligatoire." He reached into a box by his side and threw a black-and-white domino mask on the table. "One franc." He gave a lopsided smile. "Now you are the gangster, the spy. Yes?"

"Yeah, that's right." Bond paid and put on the mask. He reluctantly let go of the table and wove through the entrance. There were raised tiers of wooden benches round the big square rink. Thank God for a chance to sit down! There was an empty seat on the aisle in the bottom row at rink level. Bond stumbled down the wooden steps and fell into it. He righted himself, said "Sorry,"

and put his head in his hands. The girl beside him, part of a group of harlequins, Wild Westerners and pirates, drew her spangled skirt away, whispered something to her neighbor. Bond didn't care. They wouldn't throw him out on a night like this. Through the loud-speakers the violins sobbed into The Skaters' Waltz. Above them the voice of the m.c. called, "Last dance, ladies and gentlemen. And then all out onto the rink and join hands for the grand finale. Only 10 minutes to go to midnight! Last dance, ladies and gentlemen. Last dance!" There was a rattle of applause. People laughed excitedly.

God in Heaven! thought Bond feebly. Now this! Won't anybody leave me alone? He fell asleep.

Hours later he felt his shoulder being shaken. "Onto the rink, sir. Please. All onto the rink for the grand finale. Only a minute to go." A man in purple-andgold uniform was standing beside him,

looking down impatiently.

"Go away," said Bond dully. Then some inner voice told him not to make a scene, not to be conspicuous. He struggled to his feet, made the few steps to the rink, somehow stood upright. His head lowered, like a wounded bull, he looked to left and right, saw a gap in the human chain round the rink and slid gingerly toward it. A hand was held out to him and he grasped it thankfully. On the other side, someone else was trying to get hold of his free hand. And then there came a diversion. From right across the rink, a girl in a short black skating skirt topped by a shocking-pink fur-lined parka sped like an arrow across the ice and came to a crash stop in front of Bond. Bond felt the ice particles hit his legs. He looked up. It was a face he recognized - those brilliant blue eyes, the look of authority now subdued beneath golden sunburn and a brilliant smile of excitement. Who in hell?

The girl slipped in beside him, seized his right hand in her left, joined up on her right. "James - " it was a thrilling whisper - "oh, James. It's me! Tracy! What's the matter with you? Where have you come from?"

"Tracy," said Bond dully. "Tracy. Hold on to me. I'm in bad shape. Tell you later."

Then Auld Lang Syne began and everyone swung linked hands in unison to the music.

Bond had no idea how he managed to stay upright, but at last it was over and everyone cheered and broke up into pairs and groups.

Tracy got her arm under his. Bond pulled himself together. He said hoarsely, "Mix with the crowd, Tracy. Got to get away from here. People after me." A sudden hope came to him. "Got your "Yes, darling. Everything'll be all right. Just hang on to me. Are people waiting for you outside?"

"Could be. Watch out for a big black Mercedes. There may be shooting. Better stay away from me. I can make it. Where's the car?"

"Down the road to the right. But don't be silly. Here, I've got an idea. You get into this parka." She ran the zipper down and stripped it off. "It'll be a tight fit. Here, put your arm into this sleeve."

"But you'll get cold."

"Do as I tell you. I've got a sweater and plenty on underneath. Now the other arm. That's right." She pulled up the zipper. "Darling James, you look sweet."

The fur of the parka smelt of Guerlain's "Ode." It took Bond back to Royale. What a girl! The thought of her, of having an ally, of not being on his own, of being away from that bloody mountain, revived Bond. He held her hand and followed her through the crowd that was now streaming toward the exit. This was going to be a bad moment! Whether or not that cable car had come on down the mountain, by now Blofeld would have had time to get one down full of SPECTRE men. Bond had been seen from the train, would be known to have made for Samaden. By

now they would have covered the railway station. They would expect him to try and hide in a crowd. Perhaps the drunken man at the entrance had remembered him. If that saloon moved off and revealed the red-arrowed skis, it would be a cert. Bond let go of the girl's hand and slipped the shattered Rolex back over the knuckles of his right hand. He had gathered enough strength, mostly from the girl, to have one more bash at them!

She looked at him. "What are you doing?"

He took her hand again. "Nothing."
They were getting near the exit. Bond peered through the slits in his mask. Yes, by God! Two of the thugs were standing beside the ticket man watching the throng with deadly concentration. On the far side of the road stood the black Mercedes, petrol vapor curling up from its exhaust. No escape. There was only bluff. Bond put his arm round Tracy's neck and whispered, "Kiss me all the way past the ticket table. They're there, but I think we can make it."

She flung an arm over his shoulder and drew him to her. "How did you know that that's what I've been waiting for?" Her lips crushed down sideways on his and, in a tide of laughing, singing people, they were through and on the street. They turned, still linked, down the road. Yes! There was the darling little white car!

And then the horn on the Mercedes began sounding urgently. Bond's gait, or perhaps his old-fashioned ski trousers, had given him away to the man in the carl

"Quick, darling!" said Bond urgently. The girl threw herself in under the wheel, pressed the starter and the car was moving as Bond scrambled in through the opposite door. Bond looked back. Through the rear window he could see the two men standing in the road. They would not shoot with so many witnesses about. Now they ran to the Mercedes. Thank God it was pointing up the hill toward St. Moritz! And then Tracy had done a controlled skid round the S bend in the village and they were on the main road that Bond had staggered down half-an-hour before.

It would be five minutes at least before the Mercedes could turn and get after them. The girl was going like hell, but there was traffic on the road—tinkling sleighs full of fur-wrapped merrymakers on their way back to Pontresina, an occasional car, its snow chains rattling. She drove on her brakes and her horn, the same triple wind horn that sounded the high discord Bond remembered so well. Bond said, "You're an



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angel, Tracy. But take it easy. We don't want to end up in the ditch."

The girl glanced sideways at him and laughed with pleasure. "That sounds as if you were feeling better. But I cannot see you. Now you can take off that silly mask and my parka. In a minute the heat will come on and you will be roasted. And I would like to see you as I remember you. But you are pleased with me?"

Life was beginning to come back into Bond. It was so wonderful to be in this little car with this marvelous girl. The memory of the dreadful mountain, of all that he had been through, was receding. Now there was hope again, after so much dread and despair. He could feel the tensions uncoiling in his stomach. He said, "I'll tell you if I'm pleased when we get to Zürich. Can you make it? It's a hell of a way to spend Christmas." He wound down the window and threw the domino mask out, stripped off the parka and draped it over her shoulders. The big sign for the main road into the valley came up. He said, "Left here, Tracy. Filisur and then Coire."

She took the turning, in Bond's estimation, dangerously fast. She went into a skid that Bond swore was going to be uncontrolled. But, even on the black ice of the road, she got out of it and motored blithely on. Bond said, "For God's sake, Tracy! How in hell did you manage that? You haven't even got chains on."

She laughed, pleased at the awe in his voice. "Dunlop Rally studs on all the tires. They're only supposed to be for rally drivers, but I managed to wangle a set out of them. Don't worry. Just sit back and enjoy the drive."

There was something entirely new in the girl's voice, a lilt and happiness that had certainly not been there at Royale. Bond turned and looked at her carefully for the first time. Yes, she was somehow a new woman, radiating health and a kind of inner glow. The tumbled fair hair glittered with vitality and the halfopen, beautiful lips seemed always to be on the verge of a smile.

"Satisfied?"

"You look absolutely wonderful. But now, for God's sake, tell me how you happened to be at Samaden. It was a bloody miracle. It saved my life."

"All right. But then you tell. I've never seen a man look so dead on his feet. I couldn't believe my eyes. I thought you must be plastered." She gave him a quick glance. "You still look pretty bad. Here - " she leaned forward to the dashboard - "I'll switch on the blower. Get you properly warmed up." She paused. "Well, my bit of the story's quite simple, really. Papa rang me up one day from Marseilles to find out how I was. He asked if I had seen you and seemed very annoyed when he heard I 142 hadn't. He practically ordered me to go

and find you." She glanced at him. "He's quite taken with you, you know. Anyway, he said he had found out the address of a certain man you were looking for. He said he was sure that by now you would have found out that address, too. He said that, knowing you, I would find you somewhere close to this address. It was the Piz Gloria Club. He told me if I found you to tell you to watch your step, to look after yourself." She laughed. "How right he was! Well, so I left Davos, which had really put me on my feet again, like you said it would, and I came up to Samaden the day before yesterday. The Seilbahn wasn't running yesterday, so I was going to come up today to look for you. It was all as simple as that. Now you tell."

They had been keeping up a good speed down the sloping, winding road into the valley. Bond turned to look through the rear window. He swore under his breath. Perhaps a mile behind, twin lights were coming after them. The girl said, "I know. I've been watching in the mirror. I'm afraid they're gaining a little. Must be a good driver who knows the road. Probably got snow chains. But I think I can hold them. Now go on. What have you been up to?"

Bond gave her a garbled version. There was a big gangster up the mountain, living under a false name. He was wanted by the police in England. Bond was vaguely connected with the police, with the Ministry of Defense. (She snorted, "Don't try and fool me. I know you're in the Secret Service. Papa told me so." Bond said curtly, "Well, Papa's talking through his hat." She laughed knowingly.) Anyway, Bond continued, he had been sent out to make sure this was the man they wanted. He had found out that he was. But the man had become suspicious of Bond and Bond had had to get out quickly. He gave her a graphic account of the moonlit nightmare of the mountain, of the avalanche, of the man who had been killed by the train, of how he had got to Samaden, dead beat, and had tried to hide in the crowd on the skating rink. "And then," he ended lamely, "you turned up like a beautiful angel on skates, and here we are.'

She thought the story over for a minute. Then she said calmly, "And now, my darling James, just tell me how many of them you killed. And tell me the truth."

"Why?"

"I'm just curious."

"You promise to keep this between you and me?"

She said enigmatically, "Of course. Everything's between you and me from now on."

"Well, there was the main guard at the so-called Club. That had to be done or I'd be dead myself by now. Then, I suppose, one got caught by the avalanche. Then, at the bottom, one of them shot at me and I had to spear him with my ski stick - self-defense. I don't know how badly he's hurt. And then there was the man killed by the train. He'd fired six shots at me. And, anyway, it was his own fault. Let's say three and a half got themselves killed one way or another."

"How many are left?"

"What are you getting at?"

"I just want to know. Trust me."

"Well, I think there were about 15 up there all told. So that leaves 11 and a half - plus the big man."

"And there are three in the car behind? Would they kill us if they caught us?"

"I'm afraid so. I haven't got any weapons. I'm sorry, Tracy, but I'm afraid you wouldn't have much chance either, being a witness and a sort of accomplice of mine. These people think I'm pretty bad news for them.'

"And you are?"

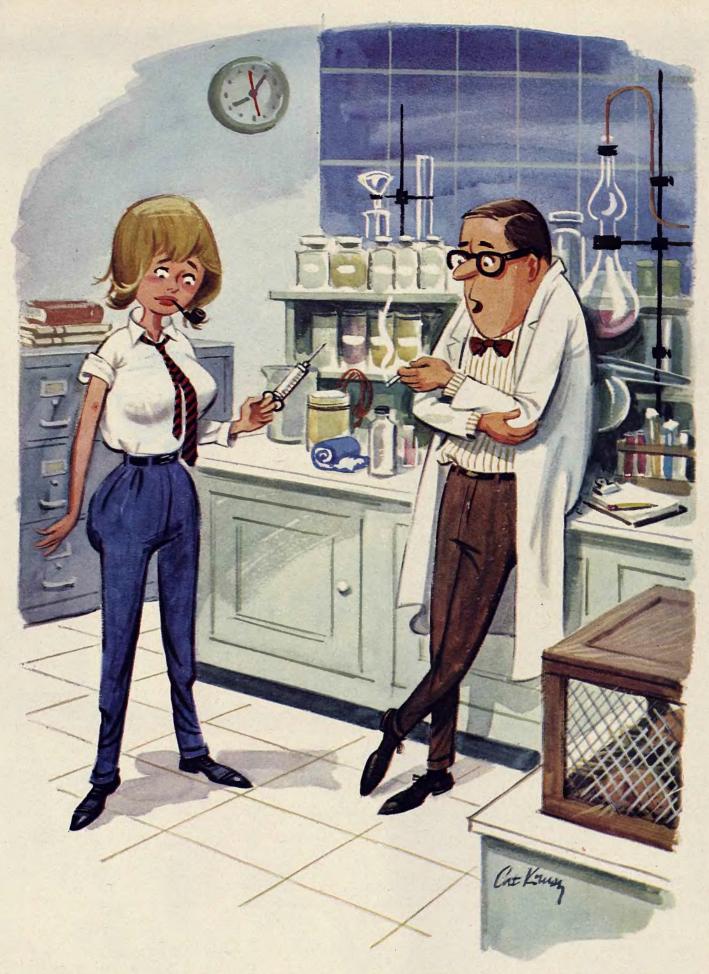
"Yes. From now on, I'm the worst." "Well, I've got pretty bad news for you. They're gaining on us and I've only got a couple of gallons left in the tank. We'll have to stop in Filisur. There won't be a garage open and it'll mean waking someone up. Can't hope to do it under 10 minutes and they'll have us. You'll have to think up something clever."

There was a ravine and an S turn over a bridge. They were coming out of the first curve over the bridge. Lights blazed at them from across the ravine. There was half a mile between the two cars, but the range across the ravine was perhaps only 300 yards. Bond wasn't surprised to see the familiar blue flames flutter from the front of the car. Chips of granite from the overhang splattered down on the bonnet of the car. Then they were into the second half of the S bend and out of sight of their pursuers.

Now came a stretch of reconstruction work where there had been a landslide. There were big warning notices: "Achtung! Baustelle! Vorsichtig Fahren!" The broken road hugged the mountainside on the right. On the left was rickety fencing and then a precipice falling hundreds of feet down into a gorge with an ice-floed river. In the middle of the bad stretch, a huge red wooden arrow pointed right to a narrow track across a temporary bridge. Bond suddenly shouted "Stop!"

Tracy pulled up, her front wheels on the bridge. Bond tore open the door. "Get on! Wait for me round the next corner. It's the only chance."

Good girl! She got going without a word. Bond ran back the few yards to the big red arrow. It was held in the forks of two upright poles. Bond wrenched it off, swung it round so that it pointed to the left, toward the flimsy fence that closed off the yards of old road leading to the collapsed bridge. Bond tore at the fence, pulling the



"Well, George, at least now we know why the guinea pigs who were receiving the injections stopped reproducing."

stakes out, flattening it. Glare showed round the corner behind him. He leaped across the temporary road into the shadow of the mountain, flattened himself against it, waited, holding his breath.

The Mercedes was coming faster than it should over the bumpy track, its chains clattering inside the mudguards. It made straight for the black opening to which the arrow now pointed. Bond caught a glimpse of white, strained faces and then the desperate scream of brakes as the driver saw the abyss in front of him. The car seemed almost to stop, but its front wheels must have been over the edge. It balanced for a moment on its iron belly and then slowly, slowly toppled and there was a first appalling crash as it hit the rubble beneath the old bridge. Then another crash and another. Bond ran forward past the lying arrow and looked down. Now the car was flying upside down through the air. It hit again and a fountain of sparks flashed from a rock ledge. Then, somersaulting, and with its lights somehow still blazing, it smashed on down into the gorge. It hit a last outcrop that knocked it sideways and, spinning laterally, but now with its lights out and only the glint of the moon on metal, it took the last great plunge into the iced-up river. A deep rumble echoed up from the gorge and there was the patter of rocks and stones following the wreckage. And then all was peaceful, moonlit silence.

Bond let out his breath in a quiet hiss between his clenched teeth. Then, mechanically, he straightened things out again, put up the remains of the fence, lifted the arrow and put it back facing to the right. Then he wiped his sweating hands down the side of his trousers and walked unsteadily down the road and round the next corner.

The little white car was there, pulled in to the side, with its lights out. Bond got in and slumped into his seat. Tracy said nothing but got the car going. The lights of Filisur appeared, warm and yellow in the valley below. She reached out a hand and held his tightly. "You've had enough for one day. Go to sleep. I'll get you to Zürich. Please do what I say."

Bond said nothing. He pressed her hand weakly, leaned his head against the door jamb and was instantly asleep.

He was out for the count.

In the gray dawn, Zürich airport was depressing and almost deserted, but, blessedly, there was a Swissair Caravelle, delayed by fog at London airport, waiting to take off for London. Bond parked Tracy in the restaurant and, regretfully forsaking the smell of coffee and fried eggs, went and bought himself a ticket, had his passport stamped by a sleepy official (he had half-expected to be 144 stopped, but wasn't), and went to a

telephone booth and shut himself in. He looked up Universal Export in the telephone book, and read underneath, as he had hoped, "Hauptvertreter Alexander Muir. Privat Wohnung" and the number. Bond glanced through the glass window at the clock in the departure hall. Six o'clock. Well, Muir would just have to take it.

He rang the number and, after minutes, a sleepy voice said. "Ja! Hier Muir."

Bond said, "Sorry, 410, but this is 007. I'm calling from the airport. This is bloody urgent so I'll have to take a chance on your line being bugged. Got a paper and pencil?"

The voice at the other end had grown brisker. "Hang on, 007. Yes, got it. Go ahead."

"First of all, I've got some bad news. Your Number Two has had it. Almost for sure. Can't give you any details over this line, but I'm off to London in about an hour - Swissair Flight 110 - and I'll signal the dope back straightaway. Could you put that on the teleprinter? Right. Now, I'm guessing that in the next day or so a party of 10 girls, British, will be coming in here by helicopter from the Engadine. Yellow Sudaviation Alouette. I'll be teleprinting their names back from London sometime today. My bet is they'll be flying to England, probably on different flights and perhaps to Prestwick and Gatwick as well as London airport, if you've any planes using those airports. Anyway, I guess they'll be dispersed. Now, I think it may be very important to tell London their flight numbers and E.T.A. Rather a big job, but I'll get you authority in a few hours to use men from Berne and Geneva to lend a hand. Got it? Right. Now I'm pretty certain you're blown. Remember the old Operation Bedlam that's just been canceled? Well, it's him and he's got radio and he'll probably have guessed I'd be contacting you this morning. Just take a look out of the window and see if there's any sign of watchers. He's certainly got his men in Zürich."

"Christ, what a shambles!" The voice at the other end was tight with tension. "Hang on." There was a pause. Bond could visualize Muir, whom he didn't know except as a number, going over to the window, carefully drawing aside the curtain. Muir came back on the wire. "Looks damn like it. There's a black Porsche across the road. Two men in it. I'll get my friends in the Sécurité to chase them away."

Bond said, "Be careful how you go about it. My guess is that our man has got a pretty good fix in with the police. Anyway, put all this on the telex to M personally, would you? Ciphered, of course. And tell him if I get back in one piece I must see him today, with 501 [the Chief Scientific Officer to the Service] and if possible with someone in the same line of business from the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries. Sounds daft, but there it is. It's going to upset their paper hats and Christmas pudding, but I can't help that. Can you manage all that? Good lad. Any questions?"

"Sure I oughtn't to come out to the airport and get some more about my Number Two? He was tailing one of Redland's men. Chap's been buying some pretty odd stuff from the local rep. of Badische Anilin. Number Two thought it seemed damned fishy. Didn't tell me what the stuff was. Just thought he'd better see where it was being delivered

"I thought it must be some kind of a spiel like that. No. You stay away from me. I'm hot as a pistol, going to be hotter later in the day when they find a certain Mercedes at the bottom of a precipice. I'll get off the line now. Sorry to have wrecked your Christmas. 'Bye."

Bond put down the receiver and went up to the restaurant. Tracy had been watching the door. Her face lit up when she saw him. He sat down very close to her and took her hand, a typical airport farewell couple. He ordered plenty of scrambled eggs and coffee. "It's all right, Tracy. I've fixed everything at my end. But now about you. That car of yours is going to be bad news. There'll be people who'll have seen you drive away with the Mercedes on your tail. There always are, even at midnight on Christmas Eve. And the big man on top of the mountain has got his men down here, too. You'd better finish your breakfast and get the hell on over the frontier. Which is the nearest?"

"Schaffhausen or Konstanz, I suppose, but - " she pleaded - "James, do I have to leave you now? It's been so long waiting for you. And I have done well, haven't I? Why do you want to punish me?" Tears, that would never have been there in the Royale days, sparkled in her eyes. She wiped them angrily away with the back of her hand.

Bond suddenly thought, Hell! I'll never find another girl like this one. She's got everything I've ever looked for in a woman. She's beautiful, in bed and out. She's adventurous, brave, resourceful. She's exciting always. She seems to love me. She'd let me go on with my life. She's a lone girl, not cluttered up with friends, relations, belongings. Above all, she needs me. It'll be someone for me to look after. I'm fed up with all these untidy, casual affairs that leave me with a bad conscience. I wouldn't mind having children. I've got no social background into which she would or wouldn't fit. We're two of a pair, really. Why not make it for always?

Bond found his voice saying those words that he had never said in his life before, never expected to say.

"Tracy. I love you. Will you marry me?"

She turned very pale. She looked at him wonderingly. Her lips trembled. "You mean that?"

"Yes, I mean it. With all my heart."
She took her hand away from his and put her face in her hands. When she removed them she was smiling. "I'm sorry, James. It's so much what I've been dreaming of. It came as a shock. But yes. Yes, of course I'll marry you. And I won't be silly about it. I won't make a scene. Just kiss me once and I'll be going." She looked seriously at him, at every detail of his face. Then she leaned forward and they kissed.

She got up briskly. "I suppose I've got to get used to doing what you say. I'll drive to Munich. To the Vier Jahreszeiten. It's my favorite hotel in the world. I'll wait for you there. They know me. They'll take me in without any luggage. Everything's at Samaden. I'll just have to send out for a toothbrush and stay in bed for two days until I can go out and get some things. You'll telephone me? Talk to me? When can we get married? I must tell Papa. He'll be terribly excited."

"Let's get married in Munich. At the Consulate. I've got a kind of diplomatic immunity. I can get the papers through quickly. Then we can be married again in an English church, or Scottish rather. That's where I come from. I'll call you up tonight and tomorrow. I'll get to you just as soon as I can. I've got to finish this business first."

"You promise you won't get hurt?" Bond smiled. "I wouldn't think of it. For once I'll run away if someone starts any shooting."

"All right then." She looked at him carefully again. "It's time you took off that red handkerchief. I suppose you realize it's bitten to ribbons. Give it to me. I'll mend it."

Bond undid the red bandana from round his neck. It was a dark, sweat-soaked rag. And she was right. Two corners of it were in shreds. He must have got them between his teeth and chewed on them when the going was bad down the mountain. He couldn't remember having done so. He gave it to her.

She took it and, without looking back, walked straight out of the restaurant and down the stairs toward the exit.

Bond sat down. His breakfast came and he began eating mechanically. What had he done? What in hell had he done? But the only answer was a feeling of tremendous warmth and relief and excitement. James and Tracy Bond! Commander and Mrs. Bond! How utterly, utterly extraordinary!

The voice of the Tannoy said, "Attention, please. Passengers on Swissair Flight Number 110 for London, please



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assemble at Gate Number 2. Swissair Flight Number 110 for London. Passengers to Gate Number 2, please."

Bond stubbed out his cigarette, gave a quick glance round their trysting place to fix its banality in his mind, and walked to the door, leaving the fragments of his old life torn up amidst the debris of an airport breakfast.

The Caravelle hit the runway and there came the roar of jet deflection, and then they were trundling over the Tarmac in a light drizzle. Bond suddenly realized that he had no luggage, that he could go straight to Passport Control and then out and back to his flat to change out of these ridiculous skiing clothes that stank of sweat. Would there be a car from the pool for him? There was, with Miss Mary Goodnight sitting beside the driver.

"My God, Mary, this is the hell of a way to spend your Christmas! This is far beyond the line of duty. Anyway, get in the back and tell me why you're not stirring the plum pudding or going to church or something."

She climbed into the back seat and he followed. She said, "You don't seem to know much about Christmas. You make plum puddings at least two months before and let them sort of settle and mature. And church isn't till 11." She glanced at him. "Actually, I came to see how you were. I gather you've been in trouble again. You certainly look pretty ghastly. Don't you own a comb? And you haven't shaved. You look like a pirate. And—" she wrinkled her nose—"when did you last have a bath? I wonder they let you out of the airport. You ought to be in quarantine."

Bond laughed. "Winter sports are very strenuous — all that snowballing and tobogganing. Matter of fact, I was at a Christmas Eve fancy-dress party last night. Kept me up till all hours."

"In those great clodhopping boots? I don't believe you."

"Well, sucks to you! It was on a skating rink. But seriously, Mary, tell me the score. Why this V.I.P. treatment?"

"M. You're to check with H.Q. first and then go down to lunch with him at Quarterdeck. Then, after lunch, he's having these men you wanted brought down for a conference. Everything top priority. So I thought I'd better stand by, too. As you're wrecking so many other people's Christmases, I thought I might as well throw mine on the slag heap with the others. Actually, if you want to know, I was only having lunch with an aunt. And I loathe turkey and plum pudding. Anyway, I just didn't want to miss the fun and when the Duty Officer got on to me about an hour ago and told me there was a major flap, I asked him to tell the car to pick me up on the way to the airport."

Bond said seriously, "Well, you're a damned-good girl. As a matter of fact, it's going to be the hell of a rush getting down the bare bones of a report. And I've got something for the lab to do. Will there be someone there?"

"Of course there will. You know M insists on a skeleton staff in every Section, Christmas Day or not. But seriously, James. Have you been in trouble? You really do look awful."

"Oh, somewhat. You'll get the photo as I dictate." The car drew up outside Bond's flat. "Now be an angel and stir up May while I clean myself up and get out of these bloody clothes. Get her to brew me plenty of black coffee and to pour two jiggers of our best brandy into the pot. You ask May for what you like. She might even have some plum pudding. Now then, it's 9:30. Be a good girl and call the Duty Officer and say OK to M's orders and that we'll be along by 10:30. And get him to ask the lab to stand by in half an hour." Bond took his passport out of his hip pocket. "Then give this to the driver and ask him to get the hell over and give it to the Duty

Officer personally. Tell the D.O.—"
Bond turned down the corner of a page
—"to tell the lab that the ink used is—
er—homemade. All it needs is exposure
to heat. They'll understand. Got that?
Good girl. Now come on and we'll get
May going." Bond went up the steps and
rang two shorts and a long on the bell.

When Bond got to his desk a few minutes after 10:30, feeling back to ninetenths human, he found a folder on his desk with the red star in the top right corner that meant Top Secret. It contained his passport and a dozen copies of blown-up photostats of its page 21. The list of girls' names was faint but legible. There was also a note marked "Personal." Bond opened it. He laughed. It just said, "The ink showed traces of an excess of uric acid. This is often due to a superabundancy of alcohol in the blood stream. You have been warned!" There was no signature. So the Christmas spirit had permeated even into the solemn crevices of one of the most secret Sections in the building! Bond crumpled the paper and then, thinking of Mary Goodnight's susceptibilities, more prudently burned it with his lighter.

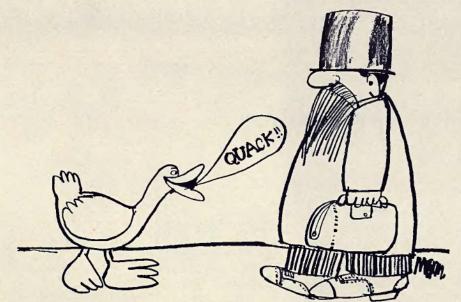
She came in and sat down with her shorthand book. Bond said, "Now this is only a first draft, Mary, and it's got to be fast. So don't mind about mistakes. M'll understand. We've got about an hour and a half if I'm to get down to Windsor by lunchtime. Think you can manage it? All right then, here goes. "Top Secret. Personal to M. As instructed, on December 22nd I arrived at Zürich Central Airport at 1330 by Swissair to make first contact in connection with Operation "Corona". . . "

"Now then." M settled back. "What the devil have you been up to?" The gray eyes regarded Bond keenly. "Looks as if you haven't been getting much sleep. Pretty gay, these winter sports places, they tell me."

Bond smiled. He reached into his inside pocket and took out the pinned sheets of paper. "This one provided plenty of miscellaneous entertainment, sir. Perhaps you'd like to have a look at my report first. 'Fraid it's only a draft. There wasn't much time. But I can fill in anything that isn't clear."

M reached across for the papers, adjusted his spectacles, and began reading.

Soft rain scratched at the windows. A big log fell in the grate. The silence was soft and comfortable. Bond looked round the walls at M's treasured collection of naval prints. Everywhere there were mountainous seas, crashing cannon, bellying sails, tattered battle pennants—the fury of ancient engagements, the memories of ancient enemies, the French, the Dutch, the Spaniards, even the Americans. All gone, all friends now with one



another. Not a sign of the enemies of today. Who was backing Blofeld, for instance, in the inscrutable conspiracy in which he was now certainly engaged? The Russians? The Chinese? Or was it an independent job, as Thunderball had been? And what was the conspiracy? What was the job for the protection of which six or seven of Blofeld's men had died within less than a week? Would M read anything into the evidence? Would the experts who were coming that afternoon? Bond lifted his left wrist. Remembered that he no longer had a watch. That he would certainly be allowed on expenses. He would get another one as soon as the shops opened after Boxing Day. Another Rolex? Probably. They were on the heavy side, but they worked. And at least you could see the time in the dark with those big phosphorus numerals. Somewhere in the hall, a clock struck the half-hour. 1:30. Twelve hours before, he must have just set up the trap that killed the three men in the Mercedes. Self-defense, but the hell of a way to celebrate Christmas!

M threw the papers down on his desk. His pipe had gone out and he now slowly lit it again. He tossed the spent match accurately over his shoulder into the fire. He put his hands flat on the desk and said—and there was an unusual kindness in his voice—"Well, you were pretty lucky to get out of that one, James. Didn't know you could ski."

"I only just managed to stay upright, sir. Wouldn't like to try it again."

"No. And I see you say you can't come to any conclusions about what Blofeld is up to."

"That's right, sir. Haven't got a clue."
"Well, nor have I. I just don't understand any part of it. Perhaps the professors'll help us out this afternoon. You're absolutely sure of him, are you? He certainly seems to have done a good job on his face and stomach. Better set him up on the Identicast when you get back this evening. We'll have a look at him and get the views of the medical gentry."

"I think it must be him, sir. I was really getting the authentic smell of him on the last day – yesterday, that is. It seems a long time ago already."

"You were lucky to run into this girl. Who is she? Some old flame of yours?" M's mouth turned down at the corners.

"More or less, sir. She came into my report on the first news we got that Blofeld was in Switzerland. Daughter of this man Draco, head of the Union Corse. Her mother was an English governess."

"Hm. Interesting breeding. Now then. Time for lunch. I told Hammond we weren't to be disturbed." M got up and pressed the bell by the fireplace. "'Fraid we've got to go through the turkey-and-plum-pudding routine. Mrs. Hammond's been brooding over her pots and pans



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for weeks. Damned sentimental rubbish."

Hammond appeared at the door, and Bond followed M through and into the small dining room beyond the hall whose walls glittered with M's hobby, the evolution of the naval cutlass. They sat down. M said, with mock ferocity, to Hammond, "All right, Chief Petty Officer Hammond. Do your worst." And then, with real vehemence, "What in hell are those things doing here?" He pointed at the center of the table.

"Crackers, sir," said Hammond stolidly. "Mrs. Hammond thought that seeing as

you have company . . ."

"Throw them out. Give 'em to the school children. I'll go so far with Mrs. Hammond, but I'm damned if I'm going to have my dining room turned into a

Hammond smiled. He said, "Aye, aye, sir," gathered up the shimmering crack-

ers and departed.

Bond was aching for a drink. He got a small glass of very old marsala and most of a bottle of very bad Algerian wine.

At last the plum pudding arrived, flaming traditionally. Mrs. Hammond had implanted several cheap silver gewgaws in it and M nearly broke a tooth on the miniature horseshoe. Bond got the bachelor's button. He thought of Tracy. It should have been the ring!

It was three o'clock. A car's wheels scrunched on the gravel outside. Dusk was already creeping into the room. M got up and switched on the lights and Bond arranged two more chairs up against the desk. M said, "That'll be 501. You'll have come across him. Head of the Scientific Research Section. And a man called Franklin from the Ministry of Agriculture. 501 says he's the top on his subject - Pest Control. Don't know why Ag. and Fish. chose to send him in particular, but the Minister told me they've got a bit of trouble on their hands, wouldn't tell even me what it is, and they think you may have run into something pretty big. We'll let them have a look at your report and see what they make of it. All right?"

"Yes, sir."

The door opened and the two men came in.

Number 501 of the Secret Service, whose name, Bond remembered, was Leathers, was a big-boned, rangy man with the stoop and thick spectacles of the stage scientist. He had a pleasant, vague smile and no deference, only politeness, toward M. He was appropriately dressed in shaggy tweeds and his knitted woolen tie didn't cover his collar stud. The other man was small and brisk and keen-looking, with darting, amused eyes. As became a senior representative of a Ministry who had received his orders 148 from his Minister in person and who

knew nothing of Secret Services, he had put on a neat dark-blue pin stripe and a stiff white collar. His black shoes gleamed efficiently. So did the leather of his fat brief case. His greeting was reserved, neutral. He wasn't quite sure where he was or what this was all about. He was going to smell his way carefully in this business, be wary of what he said and how far he committed his Ministry. Of such, Bond reflected, is "Government."

When the appropriate greetings and apologies for disturbed Christmases had been made, and they were in their chairs, M said, "Mr. Franklin, if you'll forgive my saying so, everything you are going to see and hear in this room is subject to the Official Secrets Act. You will no doubt be in possession of many secret matters affecting your own Ministry. I would be grateful if you would respect those of the Ministry of Defense. May I ask you to discuss what you are about to hear only with your Minister personally?"

Mr. Franklin made a little bow of acquiescence. "My Minister has already instructed me accordingly. My particular duties in the Ministry have accustomed me to handling Top Secret matters. You need have no reservations in what you tell me. Now then -" the amused eyes rested on each of the other three in turn - "perhaps you can tell me what this is all about. I know practically nothing except that a man on top of an Alp is making efforts to improve our agriculture and livestock. Very decent of him. So why are we treating him as if he had stolen atomic secrets?"

"He did once, as a matter of fact," said M dryly. "I think the best course would be for you and Mr. Leathers to read the report of my representative here. It contains code numbers and other obscure references which need not concern you. The story tells itself without them." M handed Bond's report to 501. "Most of this will be new to you also. Perhaps you would like to read a page at a time and then pass them on to Mr. Franklin."

A long silence fell in the room. Bond looked at his fingernails and listened to the rain on the windowpanes and the soft noises of the fire. M sat hunched up, apparently in a doze. Across the table the sheets of paper rustled slowly. Bond lit a cigarette. The rasp of his Ronson caused M's eyes to open lazily and then close again. 50I passed across the last page and sat back. Franklin finished his reading, shuffled the pages together and stacked them neatly in front of him. He looked at Bond and smiled. "You're lucky to be here."

Bond smiled back but said nothing. M turned to 501. "Well?"

501 took off his thick spectacles and polished them on a none-too-clean hand-

kerchief. "I don't get the object of th exercise, sir. It seems perfectly above board - praiseworthy, in fact, if we didn't know what we do know about Blofeld. Technically, what he has done is this: He has obtained 10, or rather 11, counting the one that's left the place, suitable subjects for deep hypnosis. These are all simple girls from the country. It is significant that the one called Ruby had failed her G.C.E. twice. They seem to suffer, and there's no reason to believe that they don't, from certain fairly common forms of allergy. We don't know the origins of their allergies and these are immaterial. They are probably psychosomatic - the adverse reaction to birds is a very common one, as is the one brought on by cattle. The reactions to crops and plants are less common. Blofeld appears to be attempting cures of these allergies by hypnosis, and not only cures, but a pronounced affinity with the cause of the allergy in place of the previous repulsion. In the case of Ruby, for instance, she is told, in the words of the report, to 'love' chickens, to wish to 'improve their breed' and so forth. The mechanical means of the cure are, in practice, simple. In the twilight stage, on the edge of sleep the sharp ringing of the bell would waken those who were already asleep the use of the metronome exactly on the pulse beat, and the distant whirring noise, are both common hypnotic aids. The singsong, authoritative murmur is the usual voice of the hypnotist. We have no knowledge of what lectures these girls attended or what reading they did, but we can assume that these were merely additional means to influence the mind in the path desired by Blofeld. Now, there is plenty of medical evidence for the efficacy of hypnosis. There are well-authenticated cases of the successful treatment by these means of such stubborn disabilities as warts, certain types of asthma, bed-wetting, stammering, and even alcoholism, drug-taking and homosexual tendencies. Although the British Medical Association frowns officially on the practitioners of hypnosis, you would be surprised, sir, to know how many doctors themselves, as a last resort, particularly in cases of alcoholism, have private treatment from qualified hypnotists. But this is by the way. All I can contribute to this discussion is that Blofeld's ideas are not new and that they can be completely efficacious."

M nodded. "Thank you, Mr. Leathers. Now would you like to be unscientific and hazard any wild guesses that would contribute in any way to what you have told us?" M smiled briefly. "You will not be quoted, I can assure you."

501 ran a worried hand through his hair. "Well, sir, it may be nonsense, but a train of thought came to me as I read the report. This is a very expensive

setup of Blofeld's. Whether his intentions are benign or malignant, and I must say that I think we can accept them as being malignant, who is paying for all this? How did he fall upon this particular field of research and find the finance for it? Well, sir, this may sound fanciful, looking for burglars under the bed, so to speak, but the leaders in this field, ever since Pavlov and his salivating dogs, have been the Russians. If you recall, sir, at the time of the first human orbiting of the earth by the Russians, I put in a report on the physiology of the astronaut Yuri Gagarin. I drew attention to the simple nature of this man, his equable temperament when faced with his hysterical welcome in London. This equability never failed him and, if you will remember, we kept him under discreet observation throughout his visit and on his subsequent tours abroad, at the request of the Atomic Energy authorities. That bland, smiling face, sir, those wide-apart, innocent eyes, the extreme psychological simplicity of the man, all added up, as I said in my report, to the perfect subject for hypnosis, and I hazarded the guess that, in the extremely complicated movements required of him in his space capsule, Gagarin was operating throughout in a state of deep hypnosis. All right, sir -" 501 made a throwaway gesture of his hand-"my conclusions were officially

regarded as fanciful. But, since you ask, I now repeat them, and I throw out the suggestion that the Power behind Blofeld in all this may well be the Russians." He turned to Bond. "Was there any sign of Russian inspiration or guidance at this Gloria place? Any Russians anywhere in the offing?"

"Well, there was this man, Captain Boris. I never saw him, but he was certainly a Russian. Otherwise, nothing I can think of except the three SPECTRE men who I'd guess were ex-SMERSH. But they seemed definitely staff men, what the Americans would call 'mechanics.'"

501 shrugged. He said to M, "Well, I'm afraid that's all I can contribute, sir. But, if you come to the conclusion that this is dirty business, for my money, this Captain Boris was either the paymaster or supervisor of the scheme and Blofeld the independent operator. It would fit in with the free-lance character of the old SPECTRE—an independent gang working for whoever was willing to pay them."

"Perhaps you've got something there, Mr. Leathers," said M reflectively. "But what the devil's the object of the exercise?" He turned to Franklin. "Well now, Mr. Franklin, what do you think of all this?"

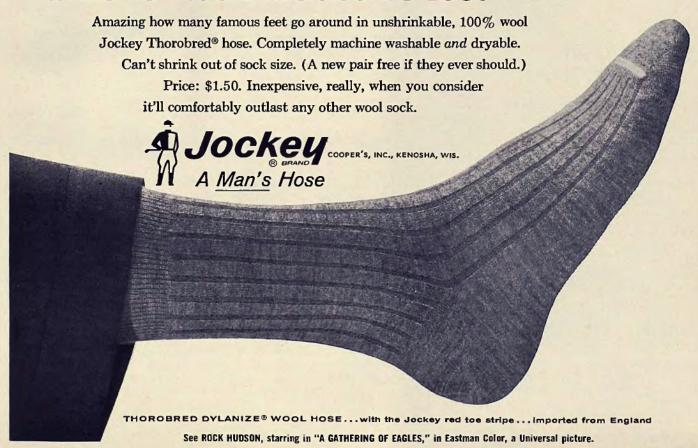
The man from Ag. and Fish. had lit a small, highly polished pipe. He kept it between his teeth and reached down

for his brief case and took out some papers. From among them he extracted a black-and-white outline map of Britain and Eire and smoothed it down across the desk. The map was dotted with symbols, forests of them here, blank spaces there. He said, "This is a map showing the total agricultural and livestock resources of Britain and Eire, leaving out grassland and timber. Now, at my first sight of the report, I admit I was completely confused. As Mr. Leathers said, these experiments seem perfectly harmless - more than that, to use his word, praiseworthy. But -" Franklin smiled -"you gentlemen are concerned with searching for the dark side of the moon. I adjusted my mind accordingly. The result was that I am filled with a very deep and terrible suspicion. Perhaps these black thoughts have entered my mind by a process of osmosis with the present company's way of looking at the world -" he looked deprecatingly at M - "but I also have one piece of evidence which may be decisive. Excuse me, but there was one sheet of paper missing from the report - the list of the girls and their addresses. Is that available?"

Bond took the photostat out of his inside pocket. "Sorry. I didn't want to clutter up the report too much." He slipped it across the table to Franklin.

Franklin ran his eyes down it. Then he said, and there was awe in his voice,

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"I've got it! I do believe I've got it!" He sat back heavily in his chair as if he couldn't believe what he had seen.

The three men watched him tensely, believing him, because of what was written on his face — waiting for it.

Franklin took a red pencil out of his breast pocket and leaned over the map. Glancing from time to time at the list, he made a series of red circles at seemingly unrelated points across Britain and Eire, but Bond noticed that they covered 11 of the areas where the forests of symbols were at their densest. As he made the circles he commented, "Aberdeen - Aberdeen Angus, Devon - Red Poll, Lancashire - poultry, Kent - fruit, Shannon - potatoes," until 10 red circles stood out on the map. Finally he poised his pencil over East Anglia and made a big cross. He looked up, said "Turkeys," and threw his pencil down.

In the silence that followed, M said, rather testily, "Well, Mr. Franklin, what have you in mind?"

Franklin reached over and pointed to the red circle he had made over East Anglia. "This was my first clue. The girl, Polly Tasker, who left this Gloria place over a month ago, came from somewhere round here where you'll see from the symbols that there's the greatest concentration of turkey farmers. She suffered from an allergy against turkeys. She came back inspired to improve the breed. Within a week of her return, we had the biggest outbreak of fowl pest affecting turkeys in the history of England. Fowl pest is a virus, by the way, highly infectious, with a mortality of 100 percent."

Leathers suddenly slapped his thigh. "By God, I think you've got it, Franklin! Go on!"

"Now -" Franklin turned to Bond -"when this officer took a look into the laboratory up there he saw rack upon rack of test tubes containing what he describes as 'a cloudy liquid.' How would it be if those were viruses, fowl pest, anthrax, God knows what all? The report mentions that the laboratory was lit with a dim red light. That would be correct. Virus cultures suffer from exposure to bright light. And how would it be if before this Polly girl left she was given an aerosol spray of the right stuff and told that this was some kind of turkey elixir - a tonic to make them grow fatter and healthier. Remember that stuff about 'improving the breed' in the hypnosis talk? And suppose she was told to go to the National Poultry Show at Olympia, perhaps even take a job for the meeting as a cleaner or something, and just casually spray this aerosol here and there among the prize birds. It wouldn't be bigger than one of those shaving-soap bombs. That'd be quite enough. She'd been told to keep it secret, that it was patent stuff. Perhaps even that she'd be given shares in the company if the tonic proved the success this man Blofeld claimed it would. It'd be quite easy to do. She'd just wander round the cages perhaps she was even given a special purse to carry the thing in-lean up against the wire and psst! the job would be done. Easy as falling off a log. All right, if you'll go along with me so far, she was probably told to do the job on one of the last two days of the show, so that the effects wouldn't be seen too soon. Then, at the end of the show, all the prize birds are dispersed back to their owners all over England. And that's that! And -" he paused -"mark you, that was that. Three million birds dead and still dying all over the place, and a great chunk of foreign currency coughed up by the Treasury to replace them."

Leathers, his face red with excitement, butted in. He swept his hand over the map. "And the other girls! All from the danger spots. All from the areas of greatest concentration. Local shows taking place all the time - cattle, poultry, even potatoes - Colorado beetle for that crop, I suppose, swine fever for the pigs. Golly!" There was reverence in Leathers' voice. "And it's so damned simple! All you'd need would be to keep the viruses at the right temperature for a while. They'd be instructed in that, the little darlings. And all the time they'd be sure they were being saints! Marvelous. I really must hand it to the man."

M said, "Am I right in thinking that you conclude that this man Blofeld is mounting Biological Warfare against this country?" He turned to Bond. He barked, "What do you think?"

"I'm afraid it fits, sir. The whole way along the line. We know the man. It fits him, too. Right up his street. And it doesn't even matter who's paying him. He can pay himself, make a fortune. All he has to do is go a bear of sterling or Gilt-Edged. If Mr. Franklin's right, our currency'll literally go through the floor—and the country with it."

M got to his feet. He said, "All right, gentlemen. Mr. Franklin, will you tell your Minister what you've heard? It'll be up to him to tell the P.M. and the Cabinet as he thinks fit. I'll get on with the preventive measures, first of all through Sir Ronald Vallance of the C.I.D. We must pick up this Polly woman and get the others as they come into the country. They'll be gently treated. It's not their fault. Then we'll have to think what to do with Mister Blofeld." He turned to Bond. "Stay behind, would you?"

Goodbyes were said and M rang for Hammond to see the other two out. He then rang again. "Tea, please, Hammond." He turned to Bond. "Or rather have a whiskey and soda?"

"Whiskey, please, sir," said Bond with infinite relief.

"Rotgut," commented M. He walked over to the window and looked out at

the darkness and rain.

Bond drew Franklin's map toward him and studied it. He reflected that he was learning quite a lot on this case about other people's businesses, other people's secrets, from the innards of the College of Arms to the innards of Ag. and Fish. Odd how this gigantic, manybranched tree had grown from one tiny seed in September – a girl calling banco in a casino and not having the money to pay. And what about Bond's letter of resignation? That looked pretty silly now. He was up to his ears, as deeply as ever in his life before, in his old profession. And now a big mopping-up job would have to be done. And he would have to do it, or at any rate lead it, organize it. And Bond knew exactly what he was going to put to M when the tea and whiskey came. Only he could do the cleaning up. It was written in his stars!

Hammond came in with the tray and withdrew. M came back to his desk, gruffly told Bond to pour himself a whiskey, and himself took a vast cup, as big as a baby's chamber pot, of black tea without sugar or milk, and put it in front of him.

At length he said moodily, "This is a dirty business, James. But I'm afraid it makes sense. Better do something about it, I suppose." He reached for the red telephone with scrambler attachment that stood beside the black one on his desk and picked up the receiver. It was a direct line to that very private switchboard in Whitehall to which perhaps 50 people in all Britain have access. "Put me on to Sir Ronald Vallance, would you? Home number, I suppose." He reached out and took a deep gulp at his cup of tea and put the cup back on its saucer. Then, "That you, Vallance? M here. Sorry to disturb your afternoon nap." There was an audible explosion at the other end of the line! M smiled. "Reading a report on teenage prostitution? I'm ashamed of you. On Christmas Day, too. Well, scramble, would you?" M pressed down the large black button on the side of the cradle. "Right? Now I'm afraid this is top priority. Remember Blofeld and the Thunderball case? Well, he's up to his tricks again. Too long to explain now. You'll get my side of the report in the morning. And Ag. and Fish. are mixed up in it. Yes, of all people. Man called Franklin is your contact. One of their top pest-control men. Only him and his Minister. So would your chaps report to him, copy to me? I'm only dealing with the foreign side. Your friend 007's got the ball. Yes, same chap. He can fill you in with any extra detail you may need on the foreign angles. Now, the point is this. Even though it's Christmas and all that, could your chaps try at once and lay their hands on a certain girl, Polly Tasker, aged about 25. who lives in East Anglia? Yes, I know

it's a hell of a big area, but she'll probably come from a respectable lower-middle-class family connected with turkey farming. Certainly find the family in the telephone book. Can't give you any description, but she's just been spending several weeks in Switzerland. Got back the last week in November. Don't be ridiculous! Of course you can manage it. And when you find her, take her into custody for importing fowl pest into the country. Yes, that's right." M spelled it out. "The stuff that's been killing all our turkeys." M muttered "Thank God!" away from the receiver. "No, I didn't say anything. Now, be kind to the girl. She didn't know what she was doing. And tell the parents it'll be all right. If you need a formal charge, you'll have to get one out of Franklin. Then tell Franklin when you've got her and he'll come down and ask her one or two simple questions. When he's got the answers, you can let her go. Right? But we've got to find that girl. You'll see why all right when you've read the report. Now then, next assignment. There are 10 girls of much the same type as this Polly Tasker who'll probably be flying from Zürich to England and Eire any day from tomorrow on. Each one has got to be held by the Customs at the port or airport of entry. 007 has a list of their names and fairly good descriptions. My people in Zürich may or may not be able to give us warning of their arrival. Is that all right? Yes, 007 will bring the list to Scotland Yard this evening. No, I

can't tell you what it's all about. Too long a story. But have you ever heard of Biological Warfare? That's right. Anthrax and so on. Well, this is it. Yes. Blofeld again. I know. That's what I'm just going to talk to 007 about. Well now, Vallance, have you got all that? Fine." M listened. He smiled grimly. "And a Happy Christmas to you."

He put the receiver back and the scrambler button automatically clicked to off. He looked across at Bond. He said, with a hint of weariness, "Well, that's taken care of this end. Vallance said it was about time we had this fellow Blofeld in the bag. I agree. And that's our job. And I don't for a moment think we're going to get any help from the Swiss. Even if we were to, they'd trample all over the case with their big boots for weeks before we saw any action. By that time the man would be in Peking or somewhere, cooking up something else." M looked straight at Bond. "Any ideas?"

It had come, as Bond knew it would. He took a deep pull at his whiskey and put the glass carefully down. He began talking, urgently, persuasively. As he expounded his plan, M's face sank deeper and deeper in gloom, and, when Bond concluded with "And that's the only way I can see, sir. All I need is two weeks' leave of absence. I could put in a letter of resignation if it would help." M turned in his chair and gazed deep into the dying flames of the log fire.

Bond sat quietly, waiting for the verdict. He hoped it would be yes, but he



"There are a few things about me you should know, Al. No, come to think of it, why don't I let you find out for yourself later?"

also hoped it would be no. That damned mountain! He never wanted to see the

bloody thing again!

M turned back. The gray eyes were fierce. "All right, 007. Go ahead. I can't go to the P.M. about it. He'd refuse. But for God's sake bring it off. I don't mind being sacked, but we don't want to get the Government mixed up in another U-2 fiasco. Right?"

"I understand, sir. And I can have the two weeks' leave?"

"Yes."

With the Walther PPK in its leather holster warm against his stomach and his own name in his passport, James Bond looked out of the window at the English Channel sliding away beneath the belly of the Caravelle and felt more like his old, his pre-Sir Hilary Bray, self.

He glanced at the new Rolex on his wrist - the shops were still shut and he had had to blarney it out of Q Branch and guessed they would be on time, six P.M. at Marseilles. It had been the hell of a rush to get off. He had worked until late in the night at H.Q. and all that morning, setting up the Identicast of Blofeld, checking details with Ronnie Vallance, fixing up the private, the Munich side of his life, chattering on the teleprinter to Station Z, even remembering to tell Mary Goodnight to get on to Sable Basilisk after the holiday and ask him to please do some kind of a job on the surnames of the 10 girls and please to have the family tree of Ruby Windsor embellished with gold capitals.

At midnight he had called Tracy in Munich and heard her darling, excited voice. "I've got the toothbrush, James," she had said, "and a pile of books. Tomorrow I'm going to go up the Zugspitze and sit in the sun so as to look pretty for you. Guess what I had for dinner tonight in my room! Krebs-schwänze mit Dilltunke. That's crayfish tails with rice and a cream and dill sauce. And Rehrücken mit Sahne. That's saddle of roebuck with a smitane sauce. I bet it was better than what you had."

"I had two ham sandwiches with stacks of mustard and half a pint of Harper's bourbon on the rocks. The bourbon was better than the ham. Now listen, Tracy, and stop blowing down the telephone."

"I was only sighing with love."

"Well, you must have got a Force Five sigh. Now listen. I'm posting my birth certificate to you tomorrow with a covering letter to the British Consul saying I want to get married to you as soon as possible. Look, you're going up to Force Ten! For God's sake pay attention. It'll take a few days, I'm afraid. They have to post the banns or something. He'll tell you all about it. Now, you must quickly get your birth certificate and give it to 152 him, too. Oh, you have, have you?" Bond laughed. "So much the better. Then we're all set. I've got three days or so of work to do and I'm going down to see your father tomorrow and ask for your hand, both of them, and the feet and all the rest, in marriage. No, you're to stay where you are. This is men's talk. Will he be awake? I'm going to ring him up now. Good. Well, now you go off to sleep or you'll be too tired to say 'Yes' when the time comes."

They had not wanted to let go of each other's voices, but finally the last goodnight, the last kiss, had been exchanged, and Bond called the Marseilles number of Appareils Électriques Draco, and Marc-Ange's voice, almost as excited as Tracy's, was on the line. Bond dampened down the raptures about the fiancailles and said, "Now listen, Marc-Ange. I want you to give me a wedding present."

"Anything, my dear James. Anything I possess." He laughed. "And perhaps certain things of which I could take possession. What is it you would like?"

"I'll tell you tomorrow evening. I'm booked on the afternoon Air France to Marseilles. Will you have someone meet me? And it's business, I'm afraid. So could you have your other directors present for a little meeting? We shall need all our brains. It is about our sales organization in Switzerland. Something drastic needs to be done about it.'

"Aha!" There was full understanding in the voice. "Yes, it is indeed a bad spot on our sales map. I will certainly have my colleagues available. And I assure you, my dear James, that anything that can be done will be done. And of course you will be met. I shall perhaps not be there in person - it is very cold out these winter evenings. But I shall see that you are properly looked after. Goodnight, my dear fellow. Goodnight."

The line had gone dead. The old fox! Had he thought Bond might commit an indiscretion, or had he got fitted to his telephone a "bug-meter," the delicate instrument that measures the resonance on the line and warns of listening in?

The winter sun spread a last orange glow over the thick overcast, 10,000 feet below the softly whistling plane, and switched itself off for the night.

Bond dozed, reflecting that he must somehow, and pretty soon, find a way of catching up on his sleep.

There was a stage-type Marseilles taxi driver to meet Bond - the archetype of all Mariuses, with the face of a pirate and the razor-sharp badinage of the lower French music halls. He was apparently known and enjoyed by everyone at the airport, and Bond was whisked through the formalities in a barrage of wisecracks about le milord anglais, which made Marius, for his name turned out in fact to be Marius, the center of attrac-

tion and Bond merely his butt, the dimwitted English tourist. But, once in the taxi, Marius made curt, friendly apologies over his shoulder. "I ask your pardon for my bad manners." His French had suddenly purified itself of all patois. It also smelled like acetylene gas. "I was told to extract you from the airport with the least possible limelight directed upon you. I know all those flics and douaniers. They all know me. If I had not been myself, the cab driver they know as Marius, if I had shown deference, eyes, inquisitive eyes, would have been upon you, mon Commandant. I did what I thought best. You forgive me?"

"Of course I do, Marius. But you shouldn't have been so funny. You nearly made me laugh. That would have been fatal."

"You understand our talk here?" "Enough of it."

"So!" There was a pause. Then Marius said, "Alas, since Waterloo, one can never underestimate the English."

Bond said, seriously, "The same date applied to the French. It was a near thing." This was getting too gallant. Bond said, "Now tell me, is the bouillabaisse chez Guido always as good?"

"It is passable," said Marius. "But this is a dish that is dead, gone. There is no more true bouillabaisse, because there is no more fish in the Mediterranean. For the bouillabaisse, you must have the rascasse, the tender flesh of the scorpion fish. Today they just use hunks of morue. The saffron and the garlic, they are always the same. But you could eat pieces of a woman soaked in those and it would be good. Go to any of the little places down by the harbor. Eat the plat du jour and drink the vin du Cassis that they give you. It will fill your stomach as well as it fills the fishermen's. The toilette will be filthy. What does that matter? You are a man. You can walk up the Canebière and do it at the Noailles for nothing after lunch."

They were now weaving expertly through the traffic down the famous Canebière and Marius needed all his breath to insult the other drivers. Bond could smell the sea. The accordions were playing in the cafés. He remembered old times in this most criminal and tough of all French towns. He reflected that it was rather fun, this time, being on the side of the Devil.

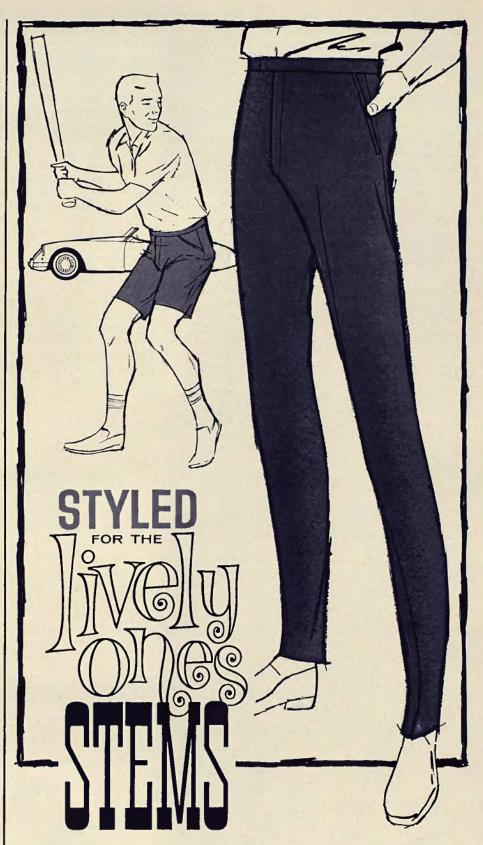
At the bottom of the Canebière, where it crosses the Rue de Rome, Marius turned right and then left into the Rue St. Ferréol, only a long stone's throw from the Quai des Belges and the Vieux Port. The lights from the harbor's entrance briefly winked at them and then the taxi drew up at a hideous, but very new apartment house with a broad vitrine on the ground floor, which announced in furious neon "Appareils Electriques Draco." The well-lit interior

of the store contained what you would expect - television sets, radios, Gramophones, electric irons, fans and so forth. Marius very quickly carried Bond's suitcase across the pavement and through the swing doors beside the vitrine. The close-carpeted hallway was more luxurious than Bond had expected. A man came out of the porter's lodge beside the lift and wordlessly took the suitcase. Marius turned to Bond, gave him a smile and a wink and a bone-crushing handshake, said curtly, "A la prochaine," and hurried out. The porter stood beside the open door of the lift. Bond noticed the bulge under his right arm and, out of curiosity, brushed against the man as he entered the lift. Yes, and something big too, a real stopper. The man gave Bond a bored look, as much as to say, "Clever? Eh?" and pressed the top button. The porter's twin, or very nearly his twin - dark, chunky, browneyed, fit - was waiting at the top floor. He took Bond's suitcase and led the way down a corridor, close-carpeted and with wall brackets in good taste. He opened a door. It was an extremely comfortable bedroom with a bathroom leading off. Bond imagined that the big picture window, now curtained, would have a superb view of the harbor. The man put down the suitcase and said, "Monsieur Draco est immédiatement à votre disposition.'

Bond thought it time to make some show of independence. He said firmly, "Un moment, je vous en prie," and went into the bathroom and cleaned himself up - amused to notice that the soap was that most English of soaps, Pears Transparent, and that there was a bottle of Mr. Trumper's "Eucris" beside the very masculine brush and comb by Kent. Marc-Ange was indeed making his Eng-

lish guest feel at home!

Bond took his time, then went out and followed the man to the end door. The man opened it without knocking and closed it behind Bond. Marc-Ange, his creased walnut face split by his great golden-toothed smile, got up from his desk (Bond was getting tired of desks!), trotted across the broad room, threw his arms round Bond's neck and kissed him squarely on both cheeks. Bond suppressed his recoil and gave a reassuring pat to Marc-Ange's broad back. Marc-Ange stood away and laughed. "All right! I swear never to do it again. It is once and forever. Yes? But it had to come out - from the Latin temperament, isn't it? You forgive me? Good. Then come and take a drink - " he waved at a loaded sideboard - "and sit down and tell me what I can do for you. I swear not to talk about Teresa until you have finished with your business. But tell me -" the brown eyes pleaded -"it is all right between you? You have not changed your mind?"



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Bond smiled. "Of course not, Marc-Ange. And everything is arranged. We will be married within the week. At the Consulate in Munich. I have two weeks' leave. I thought we might spend the honeymoon in Kitzbühel. I love that place. So does she. You will come to the wedding?"

"Come to the wedding!" Marc-Ange exploded, "You will have a time keeping me away from Kitzbühel. Now then he waved at the sideboard -"take your drink while I compose myself. I must stop being happy and be clever instead. My two best men, my organizers, if you like, are waiting. I wanted to have you for a moment to myself."

Bond poured himself a stiff Jack Daniel's sourmash bourbon on the rocks and added some water. He walked over to the desk and took the right-hand of the three chairs that had been arranged in a semicircle facing the "Capu." "I wanted that, too, Marc-Ange. Because there are some things I must tell you which affect my country. I have been granted leave to tell them to you, but they must remain, as you put it, behind the Herkos Odonton - behind the hedge of your teeth. Is that all right?"

Marc-Ange lifted his right hand and crossed his heart, slowly, deliberately, with his forefinger. His face was now deadly serious, almost cruelly implacable. He leaned forward and rested his forearms on the desk. "Continue."

Bond told him the whole story, not even omitting his passage with Ruby. He had developed much love, and total respect, for this man. He couldn't say why. It was partly animal magnetism and partly that Marc-Ange had so opened his heart to Bond, so completely trusted him with his own innermost secrets.

Marc-Ange's face remained impassive throughout. Only his quick, animal eyes flickered continually across Bond's face. When Bond had finished, Marc-Ange sat

back. He reached for a blue packet of something that cannot be done officially. Your Chief is correct. You would get nowhere with the Swiss. You wish me and my men to do the job." He smiled suddenly. "That is the wedding present you talked of. Yes?"

'That's right, Marc-Ange. But I'll do my bit. I'll be there, too. I want this man for myself."

Marc-Ange looked at him thoughtfully. "That I do not like. And you know why I do not like it." He said mildly, "You are a bloody fool, James. You are already lucky to be alive." He shrugged. "But I am wasting my breath. You started on a long road after this man. And you want to come to the end of it. Is that right?"

"That's right. I don't want someone else to shoot my fox."

"OK, OK. We bring in the others, yes? They will not need to know the reason why. My orders are my orders. But we all need to know how we are to

Gauloises, fixed one in the corner of his mouth and talked through the blue clouds of smoke that puffed continuously out through his lips, as if somewhere inside him there was a small steam engine. "Yes, it is indeed a dirty business. It must be finished with, destroyed, and the man, too. My dear James - " the voice was somber - "I am a criminal, a great criminal. I run houses, chains of prostitutes, I smuggle, I sell protection, whenever I can, I steal from the very rich. I break many laws and I have often had to kill in the process. Perhaps one day, perhaps very soon, I shall reform. But it is difficult to step down from being Capu of the Union. Without the protection of my men, my life would not be worth much. However, we shall see. But this Blofeld, he is too bad, too disgusting. You have come to ask the Union to make war on him, to destroy him. You need not answer. I know it is so. This is bring this about. I have some ideas. I think it can be done and swiftly done. But it must also be well-done, cleanly done. There must be no untidiness about this thing.'

Marc-Ange picked up his telephone and spoke into it. A minute later the door opened and two men came in and, with hardly a glance at Bond, took the other two chairs.

Marc-Ange nodded at the one next to Bond, a great ox of a man with the splayed ears and broken nose of a boxer or wrestler. "This is Ché-Ché - Ché-Ché le Persuadeur. And -" Marc-Ange smiled grimly - "he is very adept at persuading."

Bond got a glimpse of two hard yellowbrown eyes that looked at him quickly, reluctantly, and then went back to the Capu. "Plaisir."

'And this is Toussaint, otherwise known as 'Le Pouff.' He is our expert with le plastique. We shall need plenty of plastique."

"We shall indeed," said Bond, "with

pretty quick time-pencils."

Toussaint leaned forward to show himself. He was thin and gray-skinned, with an almost fine Phoenician profile pitted with smallpox. Bond guessed that he was on heroin, but not as a mainliner. He gave Bond a brief, conspiratorial smile. 'Plaisir." He sat back.

"And this -" Marc-Ange gestured at Bond - "is my friend. My absolute friend. He is simply 'Le Commandant.' And now to business." He had been speaking in French, but he now broke into rapid Corsican which, apart from a few Italian and French roots, was incomprehensible to Bond. At one point he drew a largescale map of Switzerland out of a drawer of his desk, spread it out, searched with his finger and pointed to a spot in the center of the Engadine. The two men craned forward, examined the map carefully and then sat back. Ché-Ché said something which contained the word Strasbourg and Marc-Ange nodded enthusiastically. He turned to Bond and handed him a large sheet of paper and a pencil. "Be a good chap and get to work on this, would you? A map of the Gloria buildings, with approximate sizes and distances from each other. Later we will do a complete maquette in Plasticine so that there is no confusion. Every man will have his job to do -" he smiled -"like the commandos in the war. Yes?"

Bond bent to his task while the others talked. The telephone rang. Marc-Ange picked it up. He jotted down a few words and rang off. He turned to Bond, his eyes momentarily suspicious. "It is a telegram for me from London signed Universal. It says, THE BIRDS HAVE AS-SEMBLED IN THE TOWN AND ALL FLY TO-MORROW. What is this, my friend?"

Bond kicked himself for his forgetfulness. "I'm sorry, Marc-Ange. I meant to tell you you might get a signal like that.



It means that the girls are in Zürich and are flying to England tomorrow. It is very good news. It was important to have them out of the way."

"Ah, good! Very good indeed! That is fine news. And you were quite right not to have the telegram addressed to you. You are not supposed to be here or to know me at all. It is better so." He fired some more Corsican at the two men. They nodded their understanding.

After that, the meeting soon broke up. Marc-Ange examined Bond's handiwork and passed it over to Toussaint. The man glanced at the sketch and folded it as if it were a valuable share certificate. With short bows in Bond's direction, the two men left the room.

Marc-Ange sat back with a sigh of satisfaction. "It goes well," he said. "The whole team will receive good danger money. And they love a good rough fight. And they are pleased that I am coming to lead them." He laughed slyly. "They are less certain of you, my dear James. They say you will get in the way. I had to tell them that you could outshoot and outfight the lot of them. When I say something like that, they have to believe me. I have never let them down yet. I hope I am right?"

"Please don't try me," said Bond. "I've never taken on a Corsican and I don't want to start now."

Marc-Ange was delighted. "You might win with guns. But not in close combat. They are pigs, my men. Great pigs. The greatest. I am taking five of the best. With you and me that is seven. How many did you say there are on the mountain?"

"About eight. And the Big One."

"Ah yes, the Big One," said Marc-Ange reflectively. "That is one that must not get away." He got up. "And now, my friend, I have ordered dinner, a good dinner, to be served us up here. And then we will go to bed stinking of garlic and, perhaps, just a little bit drunk. Yes?"

From his heart Bond said, "I can't think of anything better."

The next day, after lunch, Bond made his way by plane and train to the Hotel Maison Rouge at Strasbourg, his breath bearing him close company like some noisome, captive pet.

He was totally exhilarated by his hours with Marc-Ange in Marseilles and by the prospects before him — the job that was to be done and, at the end of it, Tracy.

The morning had been an endless series of conferences round the model of Piz Gloria and its buildings that had been put up in the night. Bond was vastly impressed by the authority and incisiveness of Marc-Ange as he dealt with each problem, each contingency, from the obtaining of a helicopter down to the pensions that would be paid to

the families of the dead. Marc-Ange hadn't liked the helicopter business. He had explained to Bond, "You see, my friend, there is only one source for this machine, the O.A.S., the French secret army of the right wing. It happens that they are under an obligation to me, a heavy one, and that is the way I would have it. I naturally have my men in the O.A.S. and I happen to know that the O.A.S. has a military helicopter, stolen from the French Army, hidden away at a château on the Rhine not far from Strasbourg. The château belongs to some crazy fascist count. He is one of those Frenchmen who cannot live without conspiring against something. So now he has put all his money and property behind this General Salan. His château is remote. He poses as an inventor. His farm people are not surprised that there is some kind of flying machine kept in an isolated barn with mechanics to tend it -O.A.S. mechanics, bien entendu. And now, early this morning, I have spoken on my radio to the right man and I have the machine on loan for 24 hours with the best pilot in their secret air force. He is already on his way to the place to make his preparations, fuel and so on. But it is unfortunate. Before, these people were in my debt. Now I am in theirs." He shrugged. "What matter? I will soon have them under my thumb again. Half the police and Customs officers in France are Corsicans. It is an important laissezpasser for the Union Corse. You under-

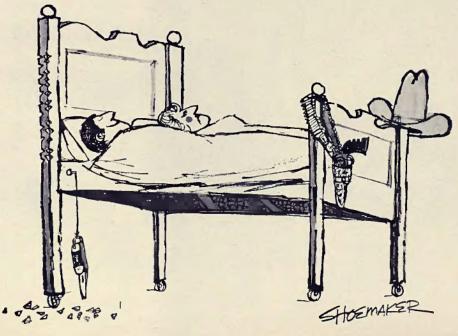
Inside the barn it was almost like a film set. Lights blazed down on the ungainly shape of the Army helicopter and from somewhere came the cough of a small generator. The place seemed to be full of people. Bond recognized the faces of the Union men. The others

were, he assumed, the local mechanics. Two men on ladders were busily engaged painting red crosses on white backgrounds on the black-painted fuselage of the machine, and the paint of the recognition letters, FL-BGS, presumably civilian and false, still glittered wetly. Bond was introduced to the pilot, a bright-eyed, fair-haired young man in overalls called Georges. "You will be sitting beside him," explained Marc-Ange. "He is a good navigator, but he doesn't know the last stretch up the valley and he has never heard of Piz Gloria. You had better go over the maps with him after some food. The general route is Basle-Zürich." He laughed cheerfully. He said in French, "We are going to have some interesting conversation with the Swiss Air Defenses, isn't it, Georges?"

Georges didn't smile. He said briefly, "I think we can fool them," and went about his business.

Bond accepted a foot of garlic sausage, a hunk of bread and a bottle of the "Pisde-Chat," and sat on an upturned packing case while Marc-Ange went back to supervising the loading of the "stores" — Schmeisser submachine guns and sixinch-square packets in red oilcloth.

In due course, Marc-Ange lined up his team, including Bond, and carried out a quick inspection of sidearms, which, in the case of the Union men, included well-used flick knives. The men, as well as Marc-Ange, were clothed in brandnew ski clothes of gray cloth. Marc-Ange handed to all of them armlets in black cloth bearing the neatly stitched words "Bundesalpenpolizei." When Marc-Ange gave Bond his, he commented, "There is no such force as the 'Federal Police of the Alps.' But I doubt if our SPECTRE friends will know that. At least the



arm bands will make an important first impression."

Marc-Ange looked at his watch. He turned and called out in French, "Two forty-five. All ready? Then let us roll!"

Almost at once they were over the Rhine and Basle lay ahead under a thick canopy of chimney smoke. They reached 2000 feet and the pilot held it, skirting the town to the north. Now there came a crackle of static over Bond's earphones and Swiss Air Control, in thick Schwyzertütsch, asked them politely to identify themselves. The pilot made no reply and the question was repeated with more urgency. The pilot said in French, "I don't understand you." There was a pause, then a French voice again queried them. The pilot said, "Repeat yourself more clearly." The voice did so. The pilot said, "Helicopter of the Red Cross flying blood plasma to Italy." The radio went dead. Bond could imagine the scene in the control room somewhere down below - the arguing voices, the doubtful faces. Another voice, with more authority to it, spoke in French. "What is your destination?" "Wait," said the pilot. "I have it here. A moment, please." After minutes he said, "Swiss Air Control?" "Yes, yes." "FL-BGS reporting. My destination is Ospedale Santa Monica at Bellinzona." The radio again went dead, only to come to life five minutes later. "FL-BGS, FL-BGS." "Yes," said the pilot. "We have no record of your identification symbol. Please explain." "Your registration manual must be out of date. The aircraft was commissioned only one

month ago." Another long pause. Now Zürich lay ahead and the silver boomerang of the Zürichersee. Now Zürich airport came on the air. They must have been listening to Swiss Air Control. "FL-BGS, FL-BGS." "Yes, yes. What is it now?" "You have infringed the Civil Airlines Channel. Land and report to Flying Control. I repeat. Land and report." The pilot became indignant. 'What do you mean, 'land and report'? Have you no comprehension of human suffering? This is a mercy flight carrying blood plasma of a rare category. It is to save the life of an illustrious Italian scientist at Bellinzona. Have you no hearts down there? You tell me to 'land and report' when a life is at stake? Do you wish to be responsible for murder?" This Gallic outburst gave them peace until they had passed the Zürichersee. Bond chuckled. He gave a thumbs-up sign to the pilot. But then Federal Air Control at Berne came on the air and a deep, resonant voice said, "FL-BGS, FL-BGS. Who gave you clearance? I repeat. Who gave you clearance for your flight?" "You did." Bond smiled into his mouthpiece. The Big Lie! There was nothing like it. Now the Alps were ahead of them those blasted Alps, looking beautiful and dangerous in the evening sun. Soon they would be in the shelter of the valleys, off the radar screens. But records had been hastily checked in Berne and the somber voice came over to them again. The voice must have realized that the long debate would have been heard at every airport and by most pilots flying over Switzerland that evening. It was extremely polite, but firm. "FL-BGS, we

have no record at Federal Air Control of your proposed flight. I regret, but you are transgressing Swiss air space. Unless you can give further authority for your flight, kindly return to Zürich and report to flying Control."

The helicopter rocked. There was a flash of silver and a Dassault Mirage with Swiss markings flashed by not 100 yards away, turned, leaving a trail of black vapor from the slow burning of its fuel at this low altitude, and headed straight back at them, swerving off to port only at the last moment. The helicopter gave another lurch. The pilot

flash of silver and a Dassault Mirage with Swiss markings flashed by not 100 yards away, turned, leaving a trail of black vapor from the slow burning of its fuel at this low altitude, and headed straight back at them, swerving off to port only at the last moment. The helicopter gave another lurch. The pilot spoke angrily into his mouthpiece. "Federal Air Control. This is FL-BGS. For further information contact International Red Cross at Geneva. I am just a pilot. I am not a rond de cuir, a chairborne flier. If you have lost the papers, that is not my fault. I repeat, check with Geneva. And, in the meantime, kindly call off the whole of the Swiss Air Force which is at present trying to make my passengers airsick." The voice came back, but now more faintly, because of the mountains. "Who are your passengers?" The pilot played his trump card. "Representatives of the world's press. They have been listening to all this nonsense coming from the home of the famous International Red Cross. I wish you happy reading of your newspapers at breakfast time tomorrow, gentlemen. And now, a little peace, yes? And please record in your logbooks that I am not, repeat, not, the Soviet Air Force invading Switzerland."

There was silence. The Dassault Mirage had disappeared. They were climbing up the valley and were already past Davos. The gold-tipped needles of the glittering mountains seemed to be closing in on them from right and left. Ahead were the great peaks. Bond looked at his watch. Barely another 10 minutes to go.

He turned and glanced down the hatch. The faces of Marc-Ange and of the others looked up at him, tense and livid under the setting sun that poured in through the windows, their eyes glinting redly.

Bond held up his thumb encouragingly. He spread out his 10 fingers in their thin leather gloves.

Marc-Ange nodded. There was a shifting of the bodies in their seats. Bond turned back and gazed ahead, looking for the soaring peak that he loathed and feared.

Yes! There was the bloody place! Now only the peak was golden. The plateau and the buildings were in indigo shadow, soon to be lit by the full moon.

Bond pointed. The helicopter wasn't liking the altitude. At 10,000 feet, its rotors were finding it hard to get a grip in the thin air and the pilot was strug-



"It's not so surprising when you consider that most accidents occur in the home."

gling to keep it at maximum revs. As he turned to port, in toward the face of the mountain, his radio crackled sharply and a harsh voice said, in German and then in French, "Landing forbidden. This is private property. I repeat, landing forbidden!" The pilot reached up to the cockpit roof and switched off the radio. He had studied his landing point on the plateau on the mock-up. He got to it, hovered and gently came down. The helicopter bounced once on its rubber floats and settled. Already there was a group of men waiting for them. Eight men. Bond recognized some of them. They all had their hands in their pockets or in their wind jackets. The engine coughed to a stop and the rotors swung round briefly in neutral and halted. Bond heard the bang of the door being opened behind him and the rattle of the men piling down the ladder. The two groups lined up facing each other. Marc-Ange said, with authority, "This is the Federal Police Alpine Patrol. There was trouble up here on Christmas Eve. We have come to investigate."

Fritz, the "headwaiter," said angrily, "The local police have already been here. They have made their report. All is in order. Please leave at once. What is the Federal Police Alpine Patrol? I have never heard of it."

The pilot nudged Bond and pointed over to the left, to the building that housed the Count and the laboratories. A man, clumsy in bobsleigh helmet and padding, was running down the path toward the cable station. He would be out of sight of the men on the ground. Bond said "Blast!" and scrambled out of his seat and into the cabin. He leaned out of the door and shouted, "The Big One. He's getting away!"

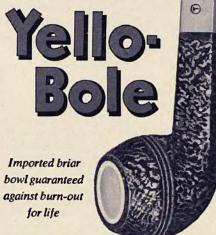
As Bond jumped, one of the SPECTRE men shouted, "Der Engländer. Der Spion!" And then, as Bond started running away to the right, weaving and dodging, all hell broke loose. There came the boom of heavy automatics as the SPECTRE team got off their first rounds, and bullets, tracer, flashed past Bond with the noise of hummingbirds' wings. Then came the answering roar of the Schmeissers and Bond was left alone.

Now he was round the corner of the club, and, 100 yards down the slope, the man in the crash helmet had torn open the door of the "garage" for the bobsleighs in the foundations of the cable station. He emerged carrying a one-man skeleton bob. Holding it in front of him as a shield, he fired a burst from a heavy automatic at Bond and again the hummingbirds whirred past. Bond knelt and, steadying his gun with two hands, fired three rounds with his Walther, but the man was now running the few yards to the glistening ice mouth of the Gloria express bob run. Bond got a glimpse of the profile under

Even as Bond ran on down the slope, the man had flung himself down on his skeleton and had disappeared as if swallowed up by the glistening landscape. Bond got to the "garage." Damn, they were all six-men or two-men models! No, there was one skeleton at the back! Bond hauled it out. No time to see if the runners were straight, the steering arm shifting easily! He ran to the start and hurled himself under the protecting chain in a mad forward dive that landed him half on and half off his skeleton. He straightened himself and shifted his body well forward on the flimsy little aluminum platform and gripped the steering arm, keeping his elbows well in to his sides. He was already going like hell down the dark-blue gutter! He tried braking with the toes of both his boots. Damned little difference! What came first on the blasted run? There was this lateral straight across the shoulder of the mountain, then a big banked curve. He was into it now! Bond kept his right shoulder down and inched right on the steering arm. Even so, he went perilously near the top edge of the bank before he dived down into the dark gully again. What came next on that metal map? Why in hell hadn't he studied it more carefully? He got his answer! It looked like a straight, but the shadows camouflaged a sharp dip. Bond left the ground and flew. The crash of his landing almost knocked the wind out of his body. He frantically dug his toes into the ice, managed to get down from perhaps 50 mph to 40. Well, well! So that was "Dead Man's Leap." What in hell was the next bit of murder? "Whiz-Bang Straight"! And by God it was! - 200 yards when he must have been doing around 70. He remembered that on the finishing straight of the Cresta the stars got up to over 80. No doubt something like that was still to come! But now, flashing toward him, in silver and black, came an S bend -"Battling S." The toes of Bond's boots slid maddeningly on the black ice. Under his nose he could see the parallel tracks of Blofeld's runners and, between them, the grooves of his toe spikes. The old fox! As soon as he heard the helicopter, he must have got himself fixed for his only escape route. But at this speed Bond must surely be catching up with him! For God's sake look out! Here comes the S! There was nothing he could do about it. He swayed his body as best he could, felt the searing crash of one elbow against one wall, was hurled across into the opposite one and was then spewed out into the straight again. God Almighty, but it hurt! He could feel the cold wind on both elbows. The cloth had gone! Then so had the skin! Bond clenched his teeth. And he was only halfway down, if that! But then, ahead,

the moon. Yes, it was Blofeld all right!





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flashing through a patch of moonlight, was the other body, Blofeld! Bond took a chance, heaved himself up on one hand and reached down for his gun. The wind tried to tear him off the bob, but he had the gun. He opened his mouth wide and gripped the gun between his teeth, flexed the ice-caked leather on his right hand. Then he got the gun in his right hand, lifted his toes off the ice and went like hell. But now the man had disappeared into the shadows and a giant bank reared up ahead. This would be "Hell's Delight"! Oh well, if he could make this, there would be another straight and he could begin shooting. Bond dug his toes in, got a glimpse of an ice wall ahead and to the left, and in a flash was climbing it, straight up! God, in a split second he would be over the edge! Bond hammered in his right boot and lurched his body to the right, tearing at the steering arm. Reluctantly the sliver of aluminum answered and Bond, inches from the top of the wall, found himself swooping down into blackness and then out again onto a moonlit straight. Only 50 yards ahead was the flying figure, with chips of ice fountaining up from the braking spikes on his boots. Bond held his breath and got off two shots. He thought they were good ones, but now the man had gone into shadow again. But Bond was gaining, gaining. His lips drew back from his teeth in an almost animal snarl. You bastard! You're a dead duck! You can't stop or fire back. I'm coming after you like lightning! Soon I shall only be ten, five yards behind you. Then you'll have had it!

But the shadows concealed another hazard, long transverse waves in the ice—
"The Boneshaker"! Bond crashed from one to the next, felt his boots being almost torn from his feet as he tried to brake, nearly lost his gun, felt his stom-

ach flatten against his spine with each shattering impact, felt his rib cage almost cracking. But then it was over and Bond sucked in air through his clenched teeth. Now for a length of straight! But what was that ahead on the track? It was something black, something the size of a big lemon that was bouncing along gaily like a child's rubber ball. Had Blofeld, now only about 30 yards ahead, dropped something, a bit of his equipment? Had he? The realization came to Bond in a surge of terror that almost made him vomit. He ground his toes into the ice. No effect! He was gaining on the gaily bouncing thing. Flashing down on it. On the grenadel

Bond, sick in the stomach, lifted his toes and let himself go. What setting had Blofeld put on it? How long had he held it with the pin out? The only hope was to pray to God and race it!

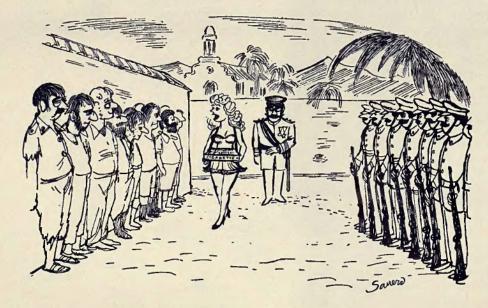
The next thing Bond knew was that the whole track had blown up in his face and that he and his skeleton bob were flying through the air. He landed in soft snow, with the skeleton on top of him and passed out like a light.

Later, Bond was to estimate that he lay there only a matter of minutes. It was a tremendous explosion from the mountain above him that brought him staggering to his feet, up to his belly in snow. He looked vaguely up to where it had come from. It must have been the club building going up, because now there was the glare of flames and a tower of smoke that rose toward the moon. There came the echoing crack of another explosion and Blofeld's block disintegrated, great chunks of it crashing down the mountainside, turning themselves into giant snowballs that bounded off down toward the treeline. By God, they'll start another avalanche! thought Bond vaguely. Then he realized that it didn't matter this time, he was away to

the right, almost underneath the cable railway. And now the station went up and Bond stared fascinated as the great wires, their tension released, came hissing and snaking down the mountain toward him. There was nothing he could do about it but stand and watch. If they cut him down, they cut him down. But they lashed past in the snow, wrapped themselves briefly round the tall pylon above the treeline, tore it away in a metallic crackling, and disappeared over the edge of the shoulder.

Bond laughed weakly with pleasure and began feeling himself for damage. His torn elbows he already knew about, but his forehead hurt like hell. He felt it gingerly, then scooped up a handful of snow and held it against the wound. The blood showed black in the moonlight. He ached all over, but there didn't seem to be anything broken. He bent dazedly to the twisted remains of the skeleton. The steering arm had gone, had probably saved his head, and both runners were bent. There were a lot of rattles from the rivets, but perhaps the damned thing would run. It had bloody well got to! There was no other way for Bond to get down the mountain! His gun? Gone to hell, of course. Wearily Bond heaved himself over the wall of the track and slid carefully down, clutching the remains of his skeleton. As soon as he got to the bottom of the gutter, everything began to slip downward, but he managed to haul himself onto the bob and get shakily going. In fact, the bent runners were a blessing and the bob scraped slowly down, leaving great furrows in the ice. There were more turns, more hazards, but, at a bare 10 miles an hour, they were child's play and soon Bond was through the treeline and into "Paradise Alley," the finishing straight, where he slowly came to a halt. He left the skeleton where it stopped and scrambled over the low ice wall. Here the snow was beaten hard by spectators' feet and he stumbled slowly along, nursing his aches and occasionally dabbing at his head with handfuls of snow. What would he find at the bottom, by the cable station? If it was Blofeld, Bond would be a dead duck! But there were no lights on in the station into which the cables now trailed limply along the ground. By God, that had been an expensive bang! But what of Marc-Ange and his merry men, and the helicopter?

As if to answer him, he heard the clatter of its engine high up in the mountains and in a moment the ungainly black shape crossed the moon and disappeared down the valley. Bond smiled to himself. They were going to have a tough time arguing themselves across Swiss air space this time! But Marc-Ange had thought out an alternative route over Germany. That would also not be fun. They would have to argue the toss



"Cigars, cigarettes . . ."

with NATO! Well, if a Marseillais couldn't blarney his way across 200 miles, nobody could!

And now, up the road from Samaden that Bond knew so well, came the iron heehaw warning of the local fire engine. The blinking red light on its cabin roof was perhaps a mile away. Bond, carefully approaching the corner of the darkened cable station, prepared his story. He crept up to the wall of the building and looked round. Nobody! No trace except fresh tire marks outside the entrance door. Blofeld must have telephoned his man down here before he started and used him and his car for the getaway. Which way had he gone? Bond walked out onto the road. The tracks turned left. Blofeld would be at the Bernina Pass or over it by now, on his way down into Italy and away. It might still have been possible to have him held at the frontier by alerting the fire brigade, whose lights now held Bond in their beam. No! That would be idiotic. How had Bond got this knowledge unless he himself had been up at Piz Gloria that night? No, he must just play the part of the stupidest tourist in the Engadine!

The shining red vehicle pulled up in front of the cable station and the warning klaxons ran down with an iron groan. Men jumped to the ground. Some went into the station while others stood gazing up at the Piz Gloria, where a dull red glow still showed. A man in a peaked cap, presumably the captain of the team, came up to Bond and saluted. He fired off a torrent of Schwyzertütsch. Bond shook his head. The man tried French. Bond again showed incomprehension. Another man with fragmentary English was called over. "What is it that is hap-

pening?" he asked.

Bond shook his head dazedly. "I don't know. I was walking down from Pontresina to Samaden. I came on a day excursion from Zürich and missed my bus. I was going to take a train from Samaden. Then I saw these explosions up the mountain -" he waved vaguely - "and I walked up there past the station to see better, and the next thing I knew was a bang on the head and being dragged along the path." He indicated his bleeding head and the raw elbows that protruded from his torn sleeves. "It must have been the broken cable. It must have hit me and dragged me with it. Have you got a Red Cross outfit with you?"

"Yes, yes." The man called over to the group, and one of his colleagues, wearing a Red Cross brassard on his arm, fetched his black box from the vehicle and came over. He clucked his tongue over Bond's injuries and, while his interrogator told Bond's story to the Captain, bade Bond follow him into the toilette in the station. There, by the light of a torch, he washed Bond's wounds, applied quantities of iodine that stung like hell and

then strapped wide strips of Elastoplast over the damage. Bond looked at his face in the mirror. He laughed. Hell of a bridegroom he was going to make! The Red Cross man cluck-clucked in sympathy, produced a flask of brandy out of his box and offered it to Bond. Bond gratefully took a long swig. The interpreter came in. "There is nothing we can do here. It will need a helicopter from the mountain rescue team. We must go back to Samaden and report. You wish to come?"

"I certainly do," said Bond enthusiastically, and, with many politenesses and no question of why he should attempt the icy walk to Samaden in the dark instead of taking a taxi, he was borne comfortably to Samaden and dropped off, with the warmest gestures of good will and sympathy, at the railway station.

By a rattling Personenzug to Coire and then by express to Zürich, Bond got to the door of the flat of Head of Station Z in the Bahnhofstrasse at two in the morning. He had had some sleep in the train but he was almost out on his feet, and his whole body felt as if it had been beaten with wooden truncheons. He leaned wearily against the bell ticketed "Muir" until a tousled man in pajamas came and opened the door and held it on the chain. "Um Gottes Willen! Was ist denn los?" he inquired angrily. The English accent came through. Bond said, "It's me that's los. It's 007 again, I'm afraid."

"Good God, man, come in, come in!" Muir opened the door and looked quickly up and down the empty street. "Anyone after you?"

"Shouldn't think so," said Bond thickly, coming gratefully into the warmth of the entrance hall. Head of Z closed the door and locked it. He turned and looked at Bond. "Christ, old boy, what in hell's been happening to you? You look as if you'd been through a mangle. Here, come in and have a drink." He led the way into a comfortable sitting room. He gestured at the sideboard. "Help yourself. I'll just tell Phyllis not to worry—unless you'd like her to have a look at the damage. She's quite a hand at that sort of thing."

"No, it's all right, thanks. A drink'll fix me. Nice and warm in here. I never want to see a patch of snow again as long as I live."

Muir went out and Bond heard a quick confabulation across the passage. Muir came back. "Phyllis is fixing the spare room. She'll put some fresh dressings and stuff out in the bathroom. Now then—" he poured himself a thin whiskey and soda to keep Bond company and sat down opposite him—"tell me what you can."

Bond said, "I'm terribly sorry, but I can't tell you much. The same business



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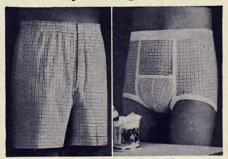


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as the other day. Next chapter. I promise you'd do better to know nothing about it. I wouldn't have come here, only I've got to get a signal off to M, personal, Triple X cipher to be deciphered by recipient only. Would you be a good chap and put it on the printer?"

"Of course." Muir looked at his watch. "Two-thirty A.M. Hell of a time to wake the old man up. But that's your business. Here, come into the cockpit, so to speak." He walked across to the booklined wall, took out a book and fiddled. There was a click and a small door swung open. "Mind your head," said Muir. "Old disused lavatory. Just the right size. Gets a bit stuffy when there's a lot of traffic coming or going, but that can't be helped. We can afford to leave the door open." He bent down to a safe on the floor, worked the combination and brought out what looked like a portable typewriter. He set it on the shelf next to the bulky teleprinter, sat down and clacked off the prefix and routing instructions, winding a small handle at the side of the machine at the end of each word. "OK. Fire away!"

Bond leaned up against the wall. He had toyed with various formulas on his journey down to Samaden. It had to be something that would get through accurately to M and yet keep Muir in the dark, keep his hands clean. Bond said, "All right. Make it this, would you? REDOUBT PROPERLY FIXED STOP DETAILS LACKING AS EYE WENT SOLO AFTER THE OWNER WHO GREATLY REGRET GOT AWAY AND PROBABLY ITALICIZED BY NOW STOP FORWARDING FULL REPORT FROM STATION M THEN GRATEFULLY ACCEPTING TEN DAYS LEAVE SIGNED 007."

Muir repeated the signal and then began putting it, in the five-figure groups that had come off the Triple X machine, onto the teleprinter.

Bond watched the message go, the end of another chapter of his duties, as Marc-Ange had put it, "On Her Majesty's Secret Service." What would Her Majesty think of this string of crimes committed in her name? God, it was stuffy in the little room! Bond felt the cold sweat break out on his forehead. He put his hand up to his face, muttered something indistinctly about "that bloody mountain" and gracefully crumpled to the floor.

Tracy gazed at him wide-eyed when she met him outside Passport Control at Munich airport, but she waited until they were inside the little Lancia before she burst into tears. "What have they been doing to you?" she said through her sobs. "What have they been doing to you

Bond took her in his arms. "It's all right, Tracy. I promise you. These are only cuts and bruises, like a bad ski fall. 160 Now don't be a goose. They could happen to anyone." He smoothed back her hair and took out his handkerchief and dabbed at her eyes.

She took the handkerchief from him and laughed through her tears. "Now you've ruined my eye-black. And I put it on so carefully for you." She took out her pocket mirror and carefully wiped away the smudges. She said, "It's so silly. But I knew you were up to no good. As soon as you said you were going off for a few days to clean up something instead of coming to me, I knew you were going to get into more trouble. And now Marc-Ange has telephoned and asked me if I've seen you. He was very mysterious and sounded worried. And when I said I hadn't, he just rang off. And now there's this story in the papers about Piz Gloria. And you were so guarded on the telephone this morning. And from Zürich. I knew it all tied up." She put back her mirror and pressed the self-starter. "All right. I won't ask questions. And I'm sorry I cried." She added fiercely, "But you are such an idiot! You don't seem to think it matters to anyone. The way you go on playing Red Indians. It's so - so selfish."

Bond reached out and pressed her hand on the wheel. He hated "scenes." But it was true what she said. He hadn't thought of her, only of the job. It never crossed his mind that anybody really cared about him. A shake of the head from his friends when he went, a few careful lines in the obituary columns of the Times, a momentary pang in a few girls' hearts. But now, in three days' time, he would no longer be alone. He would be a half of two people. There wouldn't only be May and Mary Goodnight who would tut-tut over him when he came back from some job as a hospital case. Now, if he got himself killed, there would be Tracy who would, at any rate, partially die with him.

The little car wove expertly through the traffic. Bond said, "I'm sorry, Tracy. It was something that had to be done. You know how it is. I just couldn't back out of it. I really wouldn't have been happy here, like I am now, if I'd shirked it. You do see that, don't you?"

She reached out and touched his cheek. "I wouldn't love you if you weren't a pirate. I expect it's in the blood. I'll get used to it. Don't change. I don't want to draw your teeth like women do with their men. I want to live with you, not with somebody else. But don't mind if I howl like a dog every now and then. Or, rather, like a bitch. It's only love." She gave him a fleeting smile. "Die Welt, with the story in it, is behind the seat on the floor.'

Bond laughed at her mind reading. "Damn you, Tracy." He reached for the paper. He had been aching to see what it said, how much had come out.

There it was, down the central gutter

between the first lead, inevitably on Berlin, and the second, equally inevitably, on the miracle of the latest German export figures. All it said, "from our correspondent," date-lined St. Moritz, was "MYSTERIOUS EXPLOSIONS ON PIZ GLORIA. Cable Railway to Millionaires' Resort Destroyed." And then a few lines repeating the content of the headings and saying that the police would investigate by helicopter at first light in the morning. The next headline caught Bond's eye: "IN ENGLAND, POLIO SCARE." And then, date-lined the day before from London, a brief Reuter dispatch: "The nine girls held at various British airports on suspicion of having had contact with a possible polio carrier at Zürich airport, also an English girl, are still being held in quarantine. A Ministry of Health representative said that this was purely a routine precaution. A tenth girl, the origin of the scare, a Miss Violet O'Neill, is under observation at Shannon Hospital. She is a native of Eire.'

Bond smiled to himself. When they were pushed, the British could do this sort of thing supremely well. How much coordination had this brief report required? To begin with, M. Then the C.I.D., M.I.5, Ag. and Fish., H.M. Customs, Passport Control, the Ministry of Health and the Government of Eire. All had contributed, and with tremendous speed and efficiency. And the end product, put out to the world, had been through the Press Association to Reuter's. Bond tossed the paper over his shoulder and watched the kaiser yellow buildings of what had once been one of the most beautiful towns in Europe, now slowly being rebuilt in the same old kaiser yellow, file by in their postwar drabness. So the case was closed, the assignment overl

But still the Big One had got away! They got to the hotel at about three o'clock. There was a message for Tracy to call Marc-Ange at the Maison Rouge in Strasbourg. They went up to her room and got through. Tracy said, "Here he is, Papa, and almost in one piece." She handed the receiver to Bond.

Marc-Ange said, "Did you get him?" "No, damn it. He's in Italy now. At least I think he is. That was the way he went. How did you get on? It looked fine from down below."

"Satisfactory. All accounted for." "Gone?"

"Yes. Gone for good. There was no trace of your man from Zürich. I lost two. Our friend had left a surprise in his filing cabinet. That accounted for Ché-Ché. Another one wasn't quick enough. That is all. The trip back was entertaining. I will give you the details tomorrow. I shall travel tonight in my sleeping car. You know?"

"Yes. By the way, what about the girlfriend, Irma?"

"There was no sign of her. Just as well. It would have been difficult to send her away like the others."

"Yes. Well, thanks, Marc-Ange. And the news from England is also good. See you tomorrow."

Bond put down the receiver. Tracy had discreetly retired to the bathroom and locked the door. She now called, "Can I come out?"

"Two minutes, darling." Bond got on to Station M. His call was expected. He arranged to visit the Head of Station, a man he knew slightly, called Lieutenant-Commander Savage, in an hour's time. He released Tracy and they made plans for the evening, then he went along to his room.

His suitcase had been unpacked and there was a bowl of crocuses beside his bed. Bond smiled, picked up the bowl and placed it firmly on the window sill. Then he got out of his stinking ski clothes, had a quick shower, complicated by having to keep his dressings dry, changed into the warmer of the two darkblue suits he had brought with him, sat down at the writing desk and jotted down the headings of what he would have to put on the teleprinter to M. Then he put on his dark-blue raincoat and went down into the street and along to the Odeons Platz.

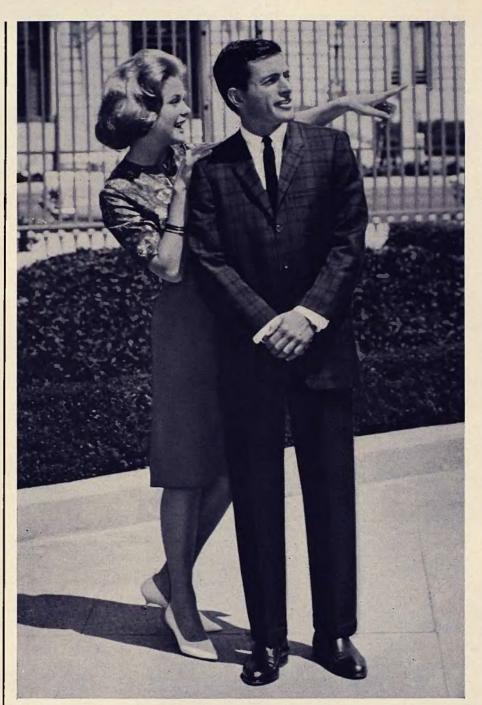
(If he had not been thinking of other things, he might have noticed the woman on the other side of the street, a squat, toadlike figure in a frowsty dark-green loden cloak, who gave a start of surprise when she saw him sauntering along, hustled across the street through the traffic, and got on his tail. She was expert at what she was doing, and, when he went into the newish apartment house on the Odeons Platz, she didn't go near the door to verify the address, but waited on the far side of the square until he came out. Then she tailed him back to the Vier Jahreszeiten, took a taxi back to her flat and put in a long-distance call to the Metropole Hotel on Lake Como.)

Bond went up to his room. On the writing desk an impressive array of dressings and medicaments had been laid out. He got on to Tracy and said, "What the hell is this? Have you got a passkey or something?"

She laughed. "The maid on this floor has become a friend. She understands people who are in love. Which is more than you do. What do you mean by moving those flowers?"

"They're lovely. I thought they looked prettier by the window and they will get some sun there. Now I'll make a deal. If you'll come along and change my dressings, I'll take you down and buy you a drink. Just one. And three for me. That's the right ratio between men and women. All right?"

"Wilco." Her receiver went down.



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It hurt like hell and Bond couldn't prevent the tears of pain from squeezing out of his eyes. She kissed them away. She looked pale at what she had seen. "You're sure you oughtn't to see a doctor?"

"I'm just seeing one. You did it beautifully. What worries me is how we're going to make love. In the proper fashion, elbows are rather important for the man."

"Then we'll do it in an improper fashion. But not tonight, or tomorrow. Only when we're married. Till then I am going to pretend I'm a virgin." She looked at him seriously. "I wish I was, James. I am in a way, you know. People can make love without loving."

"Drinks," said Bond firmly. "We've got all the time in the world to talk about love."

"You are a pig," she said indignantly. "We've got so much to talk about and all you think about is drink."

Bond laughed. He put an arm gingerly round her neck and kissed her long and passionately. He broke away. "There, that's just the beginning of my conversation. We'll go on with the duller bits in the bar. Then we'll have a wonderful dinner in Walterspiel's and talk about rings and whether we'll sleep in twin beds or one, and whether I've got enough sheets and pillows for two, and other exciting things to do with being married."

And it was in that way that the evening passed and Bond's head reeled with all the practical feminine problems she raised, in high seriousness, but he was surprised to find that all this nestbuilding gave him a curious pleasure, a feeling that he had at last come to rest and that life would now be fuller, have more meaning, for having someone to share it with. Togetherness! What a curiously valid cliché it was!

The next day was occupied with hilarious meals with Marc-Ange, whose giant trailer had come during the night to take up most of the parking space behind the hotel, and with searching the antique shops for an engagement and a wedding ring. The latter was easy, the traditional plain gold band, but Tracy couldn't make up her mind about the engagement ring and finally dispatched Bond to find something he liked himself while she had her last fitting for her "going-away" dress. Bond hired a taxi, and he and the taximan, who had been a Luftwaffe pilot during the war and was proud of it, tore round the town together until, at an antique shop near the Nymphenburg Palace, Bond found what he wanted - a baroque ring in white gold with two diamond hands clasped. It was graceful and simple and the taximan was also in favor, so the deal was done and the two men went off 162 to celebrate at the Franziskaner Keller, where they ate mounds of Weisswurst and drank four steins of beer each and swore they wouldn't ever fight each other again. Then, happy with his last bachelor party, Bond returned tipsily to the hotel, avoided being embraced by the taximan and went straight up to Tracy's room and put the ring on her finger.

She burst into tears, sobbing that it was the most beautiful ring in the world, but when he took her in his arms she began to giggle. "Oh, James, you are bad. You stink like a pig of beer and sausages. Where have you been?"

When Bond told her, she laughed at the picture he painted of his last fling and then paraded happily up and down the room, making exaggeratedly gracious gestures with her hand to show off the ring and for the diamonds to catch the

"I do."

James Bond said the words at 10:30 in the morning of a crystal-clear New Year's Day in the British Consul General's drawing room.

And he meant them.

The Consul General had proved himself, as British Consuls so often do, to be a man of efficiency and a man with a heart. It was a holiday for him and, as he confessed, he should have been recovering from a New Year's Eve hangover. And he had shaved many days off the formal period of notice, but that, he explained, he had occasionally, and improperly, risked in his career if there were exceptional circumstances such as the imminent death of either party. "You both look healthy enough," he had said when they first visited him together, "but that's a nasty cut on your head, Commander Bond, and the Countess is perhaps looking a little pale. And I have taken the precaution of obtaining special dispensation from the Foreign Secretary, which I may say, to my surprise, was immediately forthcoming. So let's make it New Year's Day. And come to my home. My wife is hopelessly sentimental about these occasional jobs I have to do, and I know she'd love to meet you both."

The papers were signed, and Head of Station M, who had agreed to act as Bond's best man and who was secretly longing to write a sensational note to the head of his London Section about all this, produced a handful of confetti and threw most of it over Marc-Ange, who had turned up in a cylindre and a full suit of very French tails with, surprisingly, two rows of medals of which the last, to Bond's astonishment, was the King's Medal for foreign resistance fighters.

'I will tell you all about it one day, my dear James," he had said in answer to Bond's admiring inquiry. "It was tremendous fun. I had myself what the Americans call a ball. And -" his voice sank to a whisper and he put one finger along his brown, sensitive nose-"I confess that I profited by the occasion to lay my hands on the secret funds of a certain section of the Abwehr. But Herkos Odonton, my dear James! Herkos Odonton! Medals are so often just the badges of good luck. If I am a hero, it is for things for which no medals are awarded. And -" he drew lines with his fingers across his chest - "there is hardly room on the breast of this frac, which, by the way, is by courtesy of the excellent Galeries Barbés in Marseilles, for all that I am due under that heading."

The farewells were said and Bond submitted himself, he swore for the last time, to Marc-Ange's embraces and they went down the steps to the waiting Lancia. Someone, Bond suspected the Consul's wife, had tied white ribbons from the corners of the windscreen to the grille of the radiator, and there was a small group of bystanders, passers-by, who had stopped, as they do all over the world, to see who it was, what they looked like.

The Consul General shook Bond by the hand. "I'm afraid we haven't managed to keep this as private as you'd have liked. A woman reporter came on from the Münchener Illustrierte this morning. Wouldn't say who she was. Gossip writer, I suppose. I had to give her the bare facts. She particularly wanted to know the time of the ceremony, if you can call it that, so that they could send a cameraman along. At least you've been spared that. All still tight, I suppose. Well, so long and the best of

Tracy, who had elected to "go away" in a dark-gray Tyroler outfit with the traditional dark-green trimmings and staghorn buttons, threw her saucy mountaineer's hat with its gay chamois beard cockade into the back seat, climbed in and pressed the starter. The engine purred and then roared softly as she went through the gears down the empty street. They both waved one hand out of a window and Bond, looking back, saw Marc-Ange's cylindre whirling up into the air. There was a small flutter of answering hands from the pavement and then they were round the corner and

When they found the autobahn exit for Salzburg and Kufstein, Bond said, "Be an angel and pull in to the side, Tracy. I've got two things to do."

She pulled in onto the grass verge. The brown grass of winter showed through the thin snow. Bond reached for her and took her in his arms. He kissed her tenderly. "That's the first thing, and I just wanted to say that I'll look after you, Tracy. Will you mind being looked

She held him away from her and looked at him. She smiled. Her eyes were introspective. "That's what it means being Mr. and Mrs., doesn't it? They don't say Mrs. and Mr. But you need looking after, too. Let's just look after each other."

"All right. But I'd rather have my job than yours. Now, I simply must get out and take down those ribbons. I can't stand looking like a coronation. D'you mind?"

She laughed. "You like being anonymous. I want everyone to cheer as we go by. I know you're going to have this car sprayed gray or black as soon as you get a chance. That's all right. But nothing's going to stop me wearing you like a flag from now on. Will you sometimes feel like wearing me like a flag?"

"On all holidays and feast days." Bond got out and removed the ribbons. He looked up at the cloudless sky. The sun felt warm on his face. He said, "Do you think we'd be too cold if we took the roof down?"

"No, let's. We can only see half the world with it up. And it's a lovely drive from here to Kitzbühel. We can always put it up again if we want to."

Bond unscrewed the two butterfly nuts and folded the canvas top back behind the seats. He had a look up and down the autobahn. There was plenty of traffic. At the big Shell station on the roundabout they had just passed, his eye was caught by a bright-red open Maserati being tanked up. Fast job. And a typical sporty couple, a man and a woman in the driving seat - white dust coats and linen helmets buttoned under the chin. Big dark-green talc goggles that obscured most of the rest of the faces. Usual German speedster's uniform. Too far away to see if they were good-looking enough for the car, but the silhouette of the woman wasn't promising. Bond got in beside Tracy and they set off again down the beautifully landscaped road.

They didn't talk much. Tracy kept at about 80 and there was wind roar. That was the trouble about open cars. Bond glanced at his watch. 11:45. They would get to Kufstein at about one.

There was a splendid Gasthaus up the winding street toward the great castle. Here was a tiny lane of pleasure, full of the heart-plucking whine of zither music and the gentle melancholy of Tyrolean yodelers. It was here that the German tourist traditionally stopped after his day's outing into cheap Austria, just outside the German frontier, for a last giant meal of Austrian food and wine. Bond put his mouth up close to Tracy's ear and told her about it and about the other attraction at Kufstein - the most imaginative war memorial, for the 1914-18 war, ever devised. Punctually at midday every day, the windows of the castle are thrown open and a voluntary is played on the great organ inside. It can be heard for kilometers down the valley between the giant mountain ranges for which Kufstein provides the gateway. "But we shall miss it. It's coming up for 12 now."

"Never mind," said Tracy, "I'll make do with the zithers while you guzzle your beer and schnapps." She turned in to the right-hand fork leading to the underpass for Kufstein, and they were at once through Rosenheim and the great white peaks were immediately ahead.

The traffic was much sparser now and there were kilometers where theirs was the only car on the road that arrowed away between white meadows and larch copses, toward the glittering barrier where blood had been shed between warring armies for centuries. Bond glanced behind him. Miles away down the great highway was a speck of red. The Maserati? They certainly hadn't got much competitive spirit if they couldn't catch the Lancia at 80! No good having a car like that if you didn't drive it so as to lose all other traffic in your mirror. Perhaps he was doing them an injustice. Perhaps they too only wanted to motor quietly along and enjoy the day.

Ten minutes later, Tracy said, "There's a red car coming up fast behind. Do you want me to lose him?"

"No," said Bond. "Let him go. We've got all the time in the world."

Now he could hear the rasping whine of the eight cylinders. He leaned over to the left and jerked a laconic thumb forward, waving the Maserati past.

The whine changed to a shattering roar. The windscreen of the Lancia disappeared as if hit by a monster fist. Bond caught a glimpse of a taut, snarling mouth under a syphilitic nose, the flash eliminator of some automatic gun being withdrawn, and then the red car was past and the Lancia was going like hell off the verge across a stretch of snow and smashing a path through a young copse. Then Bond's head crashed into the windscreen frame and he was out.

When he came to, a man in the khaki uniform of the Autobahn Patrol was shaking him. The young face was stark with horror. "Was ist denn geschehen?"

Was ist denn geschehen?"

Bond turned toward Tracy. She was lying forward with her face buried in the ruins of the steering wheel. Her pink scarf had come off and the bell of golden hair hung down and hid her face. Bond put his arm round her shoulders, across which the dark patches had begun to flower.

He pressed her against him. He looked up at the young man and smiled his reassurance.

"It's all right," he said in a clear voice as if explaining something to a child. "It's quite all right. She's having a rest. We'll be going on soon. There's no hurry. You see—" Bond's head sank down against hers and he whispered into her hair—"you see, we've got all the time in the world."

The young patrolman took a last scared look at the motionless couple, hurried over to his motorcycle, picked up the hand microphone and began talking urgently to the rescue headquarters.

This is the last installment of a threepart serialization of Ian Fleming's new novel, "On Her Majesty's Secret Service."











Rite Time

(continued from page 111) herewith offer our own vest-pocket guide to social and sartorial groomsmanship for the rite-minded male. The several styles of masculine matrimonial attire - each with its own particular proprieties have all been designed and designated for certain hours, seasons, settings and ceremonies. For example, should the dreamy-eyed partner insist on a formal church wedding taking place before six P.M., the classically correct garb for the groom is an Oxford-gray or black cutaway coat, black-and-gray striped trousers, single- or double-breasted formal waistcoat in gray or black (white in summer), formal shirt with plain or pleated front and separate starched collar - either the preferred wing style with modestly patterned black-and-white, gray or silvery silk ascot, or the turndown model with a comparably conservative four-in-hand necktie; plain-toed black calf Oxfords or slip-ons; garter-length black silk hose; suede or nylon gloves to match the vest; pearl stickpin; and gray silk topper. Either a tranquilizer or a stiff bracer before the ceremony is suggested to reinforce pre-nuptial euphoria.

A formal wedding after dark, however, demands the prepossessing dignity of the full-dress suit: black or midnight-blue tail coat; satin- or grosgrain-striped trousers to match the facing of the lapels; white bow tie and single- or double-breasted waistcoat in white piqué or bird's-eye — a small, diamond-weave fabric; formal shirt with plain or pleated starched front; plain-toed Oxfords or pumps in black patent leather or highly polished calfskin; white nylon, kid or capeskin gloves; all crowned by the impressible black will trapper.

peccable black silk topper.

The sartorial drill for a semiformal affair (henceforth, for the groom, a single-entendre word) is equally elegant, if somewhat less ceremonious. A daytime coupling requires a short black sack coat or stroller jacket to stand in stylishly for the cutaway, and the black or gray-and-black striped formal trousers are teamed with a pearl-gray waistcoat, cotton broad-cloth formal shirt with medium-spread collar, and ultraconservative gray-black four-in-hand silk necktie.

After-dark semiformal nuptials call for the black or blue-black dinner jacket with satin- or grosgrain-faced lapels, tailored formal trousers, matching black bow tie and cummerbund or evening vest, soft-front formal shirt with pointed collar, black onyx or dark-gray mother-of-pearl studs and cuff links. Formal hose, shoes and black Homburg or derby are specified for daytime or evening rites; the white dinner jacket and natural-toned Panama are alternates for warm-weather wear before or after sundown.

Should the young eligible choose not to ban the banns, he should hearken to the following suggestion: avoid the stuffily formal wedlam and do as many modern urbanites are doing. Choose a gracious living room in a spacious city penthouse or the garden of a comfortably informal country home over that of ne plus ultra formal nuptials. In this relaxed setting, where he'll feel less of a stranger at his own fete, the etiquette of appropriate attire is fashionably casual. The groom's garb is customarily an Ivy-cut black or navy-blue single-breasted suit with subtly striped or patterned tie of gray or blue silk, broadcloth shirt with French cuffs and medium-spread collar, plain-toed black Oxfords and gray or black felt fedora. In the setting of a summer wedding in exurbia, by contrast, the classic yachting outfit is considered regulation raiment: single-breasted navy blazer (with conventional, rather than metal, buttons), immaculate white flannels, shirt, shoes and socks, understated four-in-hand tie and straw fedora or jaunty boater with discreetly patterned band. For any-season nuptials in milder climates, the single-breasted white tropical-weight suit is sometimes substituted.

It is patently untrue that the best man can be distinguished from the others only at nudist nuptials. Actually, the best man, as well as the ushers and the partners' fathers, emulate the groom's attire in every essential - yet they retain enough subtle differentiation in detailing to prevent the processional from resembling the tux-clad dance line in a vintage Warner Brothers musical. The best man and ushers, for example, ordinarily adorn their buttonholes with white carnations, while the groom takes his boutonniere from the center of the bride's bouquet. It is also customary, if cutaways and stroller jackets are the order of the wedding day, for the ushers to be uniformly outfitted in the same style with a slightly contrasting fabric, trouser stripe or mode of neckwear. Male guests not in the wedding party have the option of attending similarly attired; or in dark-blue, Oxford-gray or black business suits for a daytime ceremony; or in black dinner jackets for a formal or semiformal evening ceremony. In cases where the wedding party disbands following an afternoon wedding and reconvenes later at a reception beginning after six P.M., it's proper for everyone to change into appropriate evening clothes; if the reception gets underway immediately after the ceremony, however - even after the official onset of evening - no change is required.

In order to allow adequate time for outfitting — and for the other logistics of preparation for even the simplest of ceremonies — the groom usually selects both

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ushers and best man at least eight weeks before the wedding. Ushers are chosen for their demeanor and manner as well as for kinship and friendship. There should be enough of them to seat all the guests without undue delay; in any case, the number should be an even one, equal both to the occasion and to the number of bridesmaids. Though their actual function at a home ceremony is little more than honorary, those called upon to usher at a church wedding will be expected to discharge their traditional duties with cordiality and dispatch. Armed with a list of guests to be seated in reserved pews, they should station themselves to the left of the door inside the church, ready to greet and seat each new arrival without bottlenecking. Unrecognized guests are asked their names and familial affiliation - friend of the groom or bride - so that they may be seated correctly, on the left for the bride, on the right for the groom. Each lady is escorted to her place.

In ancient times the best man was prized mainly for his brawn and bravery in fending off the bride's male relatives while the groom made off with his captive conquest. Today, less muscle and more tact are required of him. Traditionally, he is the brother of the groom or bride - the eldest or next eldest if there are more than one. In the absence of any immediate male relative, one of the groom's closest friends should be asked to serve in this capacity. The best man should be a capable executive and coordinator, as he'll be expected to procure ties and gloves for the ushers; supervise the wedding rehearsal; lay out the groom's wardrobe on the wedding day (with the marriage license in the groom's coat pocket); arrange for the arrival of the ushers at their stations in plenty of time; install the groom in the vesting room 30 minutes before the ceremony (so that the bride isn't subjected to the banal fate of the musical heroine who was left "waiting at the church"): have a flask of brandy at the ready; secrete the wedding ring safely in a vest pocket for handy access at the proper moment during the ceremony; and finally escort the maid or matron of honor in the recessional.

Only one major matrimonial function, apart from his voluntary canter up the bridal path, is delegated to the groom. If he feels inclined to commemorate the culmination of his single years according to tradition, he will throw a bachelor party for his groomsmen two or three nights before the match is finally struck. This last celibation may be held either in his apartment or in the private dining room of a club or restaurant. Whether decorous or uproarious, the marrymaking is climaxed by the presentation

of gold or silver mementos from the groom, and finally by the traditional champagne toast to the bride—each man stands, drains his glass and customarily replaces it on the table. If the ceremonial urge to smash the stemware proves irresistible, however, many restaurants will supply inexpensive glasses for the occasion. The host pays for the breakage, as well as for the dinner itself.

His total bill of rites will also include the engagement and wedding rings, the marriage license, the bride's bouquet, flowers for the church, gloves and neckties for the ushers and the contribution to the clergyman. By way of comfort, he can remind himself that the entire cost of the wedding, the reception (if any), the bridal gown, the dowry and the trousseau is borne by the bride's parents. A boon for the bride - and by extension, for the groom - is bestowed by the ushers before the ceremony, either as small individual remembrances or as one major gift from them all: something fitting and functional for their future home. The wedding guests should be no less thoughtful in their choice of gifts, which - conventionally, though not necessarily, silver - should be personalized without being intimate, original without being eccentric, decorative without being nonutilitarian. In bestowing their best wishes on the bride and groom in the receiving line, the guests need not strive diligently for originality and aptness of thought, nor should they cause a traffic jam by indulging in loquacity en route. Simple "Congratulations" will do for the groom, and "Best wishes" for the bride.

While felicitations are in progress, the best man - who does not join the others in the receiving line - dispatches the last-minute details preparatory to the couple's departure: parking their getaway car near a convenient exit; loading their luggage in the trunk; and attempting to safeguard both from prankster monkeyshines. He then returns indoors to propose the first toast to the bride and groom at the bridal table and to read congratulatory telegrams to the wedding party. And when the time arrives for the newlyweds to depart, he again valets as the groom changes into street clothes; presents him with car keys, plane tickets, traveler's checks, etc.; rounds up the parents to wave the couple on their way; and finally clears a path for the bride and groom.

As you can see, we have skipped the ceremony itself. Its protocol is dictated by time and custom. Matrimony, like any one-way voyage, is carefully weighed before it is undertaken, but once marooned on the aisle of troth, the thing to do is relax and enjoy it.



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FOLK, FOLKUM (continued from page 98)

passed, however mutually opposed they

The result of this broad-based approach has been the emergence of what can be termed eclectic specialists - performers who, after exploring many segments of the folk heritage, have decided they can best fill their own needs from one or more particular styles. The New Lost City Ramblers, for example, have become expert in the repertoire and styles of such recording country bands of the 1920s as the Skillet Lickers, the Fruit Jar Drinkers, the Buckle-Busters and Dr. Smith's Champion Horse-Hair Pullers. Until fairly recently, to most ethnicists among folklorists, these antic models were dismissed simply as early illustrations of commercialized folk. But the New Lost City Ramblers - along with many of their contemporarieshave discovered that if a citybilly is to function on the belief that folk music is not static, he must widen his definition of the folk music of the past as well as that of the present.

John Cohen, a New Yorker who is one of the Ramblers, has pointed out how citybillies can contribute to making folk traditions more meaningful: "In our wanderings through old-time music, we have had the advantage of current musical developments as a point of perspective on the old music. In listening to the many diverse musical sounds of country music from the Twenties and Thirties - we know which ideas lasted and developed into today's music, which styles were a carry-over from a still earlier period, which died out or disappeared. From all these a clear sequence is emerging. More and more we find certain attitudes in today's country musicians which will be considered 'folk' 20 years from now, just as some of the commercial singers of 30 years ago are considered 'traditional' today."

Other city folk have looked for stimulation to such more recent strains of mountain music as the bluegrass bands, composed of such virtuosi as the Foggy Mountain Boys led by Lester Flatt and Earl Scruggs who specialize in swirling, polyphonic improvisations on unamplified string instruments. It was Earl Scruggs from Flint Hill, North Carolina, who revolutionized Southern banjo playing by developing a three-finger picking style - instead of the conventional twofinger, claw-hammer way of playing which made possible a much swifter, smoother and more melodious banjo style. Now there are such city masters of the Scruggs technique as Bob Yellin, a product of New York's High School of Music and Art and City College. Yellin 168 taught himself the Scruggs approach so well that he has twice won a purple ribbon on the home grounds of the surviving country musicians - the annual Old Time Fiddlers Convention in Union Grove, North Carolina.

Yellin now records as a member of the Greenbriar Boys, a city-based bluegrass band which, like the New Lost City Ramblers, has formed its own style after a thorough absorption of the traditions of an initially alien territory and people. Yellin, it should also be noted as an index of the scope of some citybillies, is also a specialist in microwave electronics.

The searching urban folk performers do not, incidentally, limit their quarrying to records and books. Some still go out into the field to corral the few remaining aged informants in the South whose families have transmitted variants of British ballads and archaic dancing tunes for generations. There is also a growing move to invite the authentic folk to the city for occasional concerts sponsored by the new generation of apprentices. Among such visitors in the past couple of years have been Horton Barker, a blind ballad singer from Chilhowie, Virginia, who is in his 70s, and Frank Proffitt, a venerable carpenter from Reese, North Carolina. In a few instances, a member of a rural singing family has settled up North, become a professional folk singer, and introduced city colleagues to a wealth of vintage material. A primary example is Kentuckyborn Jean Ritchie, an extraordinarily lucent animator of the Anglo-Saxon ballad tradition.

Occasionally a citybilly will pattern himself first after a single performer rather than a regional style. Jack Elliott (Elliott Charles Adnopoz) was born in Brooklyn 31 years ago. While still in his teens, Elliott attached himself to Woody Guthrie, hoboing around the country with the Oklahoman. Eventually, Elliott came to look, talk, walk and sound like Guthrie. In recent years, Elliott has found his own way of folk expression, ranging through twanging mountain songs, his own adaptations of Guthrie's talking blues, Negro material and British ballads with a wry assurance and the thrust of an unmistakable individualist.

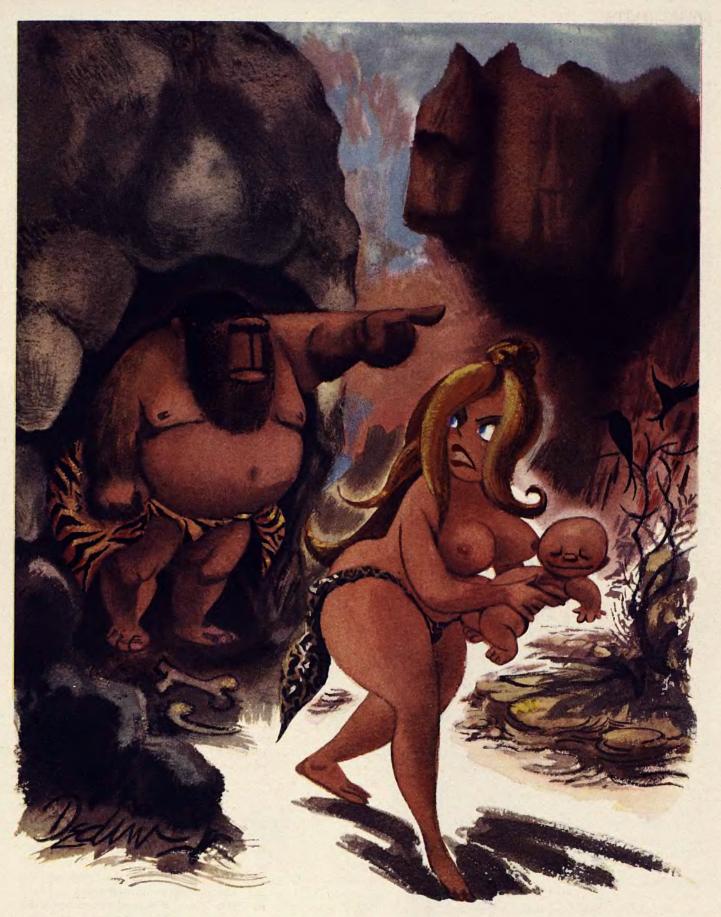
An intriguing project for further expansion of the citybillies' range of sources has been advanced by Alan Lomax in Sing Out, a bimonthly organ of the urban folk movement. "The truth is," Lomax challenged his readers, "that the Southern mountains, though there is still much to be discovered there, have received a disproportionate amount of attention. The great and almost entirely unknown field in America is situated precisely in the areas where most of the

young singer-students live. That is, in the big cities of the United States - in the folk-song traditions of the many non-English-speaking minorities in this country. . . . We know something about the folk musics of the Spanish people of the Southwest, the French of Canada, the Germans of Pennsylvania and the Yiddish group of New York; but in spite of many folk festivals and some work by scholars, little is known about the musical traditions of millions of other Americans who come from Italian, Hungarian, Wend, Syrian and scores of other backgrounds. . . . It remains for the young professional of this generation to tell the whole story of our folk culture. I can promise you that by collecting and mastering some neglected corner of the vast world of folk song, you will find the key to the whole field."

In any case, while eclectic specialists such as Bob Dylan, Jack Elliott, the New Lost City Ramblers and Joan Baez take over the foreground of the most viable sections of the city folk movement, such earlier professional minstrels as Burl Ives and Josh White are now regarded by the citybillies as of only peripheral interest, mainly as an indication of the unformed tastes of urban folk audiences 20 years ago. Ives spends most of his time now as an actor and appalls the coffeehouse hipsters by making such popular hits as A Little Bitty Tear. White has long been a prisoner of his own style, substituting rhetorical trickery for emotional substance. Moreover, as The Little Sandy Review caustically observes, "White may well be the only folk singer in America who hasn't learned a new song in the past decade."

White, as a matter of fact, was one of the first conscious "popularizers." When ex-convict Huddie Ledbetter (Leadbelly) came north in the 1930s, he startled folklorists and the tiny nonspecialist audience for folk music by his raw power. And, as Alan Lomax has observed, more than any other singer, Leadbelly demonstrated to those who would listen "that America had living folk music - swamp primitive, angry, freighted with great sorrow and great

But Leadbelly, Josh White was convinced, was far too unpolished for the then barely beginning night-club circuit for folk performers. Accordingly, White smoothed out Negro folk material and in attracting a broader audience than Leadbelly, he became the forerunner of such latter-day experts in glossing folk songs as Harry Belafonte and the Kingston Trio. "I wanted people to understand what I was singing," White has explained. "Most city audiences just couldn't make out what Leadbelly was saying." In the process, however, of care-



"What are 'morals'? Another one of your inventions?"

fully adapting his style and material to the anticipated limitations of a wide public, White became seduced by his audience as the Weavers, to a lesser extent, have been in recent years. "The trouble with the Weavers and the Kingston Trio," says Ewan MacColl, the brawny Scottish folk singer and collector, "is that they've mixed it all with molasses and it doesn't come out very tasty."

Significantly, an increasing audience exists now in such rooms as Gerdes Folk City in New York, the Ash Grove in Los Angeles, the Second Fret in Philadelphia and occasionally the Gate of Horn in Chicago for folk music without molasses. These listeners are becoming sufficiently grounded in comparative folk history and techniques to enjoy both ethnic performers such as blues singer Lightnin' Hopkins and the more uncompromising of the citybillies. The popularizers and the sleek folk "acts" meanwhile work the posh supper clubs such as the Blue Angel and the hungry i and so far have the majority of the college-concert bookings. A few performers are able to straddle the differing camps. The Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem, for example, a roaringly irreverent quartet of Irish singers, have the natural showmanship to hold the chic audiences but are also sufficiently authentic and unbowdlerized to retain the loyalty of the citybillies.

There is yet another direction - making "art" music of folk songs - and the most accomplished craftsman in that vein is Richard Dyer-Bennet. It is his credo that "the city-dweller who wishes to sing folk songs professionally has access to training in the arts of poetry and music and he should make use of all means to cultivate the conscious art of minstrelsy." The objection to Dyer-Bennet among some citybillies is that in thus refining folk style, he diminishes the passion and immediacy of the original material.

Up to a point, the citybillies do agree with Dyer-Bennet that "civilization has doomed the true folk singer who by definition depends on direct oral tradition for his music. Fortunately, there is a vast treasury of the old songs in books and manuscripts and on recordings and this material will always be available to us."

Such city singers as Bob Dylan, Jack Elliott and the New Lost City Ramblers part sharply, however, with Dyer-Bennet's implication that folk music is, therefore, no longer a living process, that it is an ossified artifact to be dissected by musicologists or rubbed to a high polish by such remarkably disciplined artisans as himself. The "true 170 folk singer" is indeed disappearing, but the citybillies emphatically support such dissident scholars and folklorists as Charles Seeger, former president of the American Society for Comparative Musicology, and the father of Pete, Peggy and Mike Seeger - the last being a member of the New Lost City Ramblers and a brilliant instrumentalist in the country tradition.

"Watch the concept labeled 'the folk," says Charles Seeger. "Rather than say 'the folk is dead' and attempt to keep folk singing alive as something quaint, antique and precious, let us say 'the folk is changing - and its songs with it.' . . . Better than to lament the loss of ancient gold will be to try to understand its permutation into another metal which, though it might be baser, may still surprise us in the end by being nobler."

Whether the ancient gold will indeed be transmuted into something nobler is seriously open to question, but the weight of current evidence is shifting to the side of those performers and listeners who are convinced that even though the folk-in the traditional sense - are dying, folk music can continue to live boisterously and change more unpredictably than ever before.

Looking at the future of folk music from a worldwide perspective, the British folklorist and singer A. L. Lloyd points out: "There is a crisis in folk song, a crisis reaching to every corner of the world where traditional music is to be found alive. The animal is changing its shape; its behavior is no longer easily predictable; the watching folklorist, at least in our part of the world, is filled with dubiety, perplexity, dismay. Even in regions where folk music seemed to have remained unchanged for centuries, suddenly innovation begins to have more prestige than tradition. The once 'classical' balladry of the Appalachians is transformed by hillbilly and the rock. In the Balkans, the great spring ritual dances become a stage show rehearsed after factory hours. . . . The opening of a bus route to a Macedonian village may bring an entirely new musical style into the neighborhood. The sudden availability of unfamiliar instruments - factory-made guitars in the Congo, alto saxophones in rural Western Rumania - may lay the foundation for other new folk-music styles."

And in this country, the citybillies multiply, choosing their guides from a wide spectrum of stylists - from Library of Congress informants to bluegrass bands at the Grand Ole Opry. As a few among them evolve into strikingly personal performers, some try hard to withstand the temptations to dilute their styles in order to make it big. "The public may demand this and that," says

Ioan Baez, "but if you don't want to give in, you don't have to."

Looking on, meanwhile, with increasingly keen interest are the new collectors, the functionaries of show business. A year ago, through Columbia, where he records, word of Bob Dylan came to the Music Corporation of America, then still a talent agency. A member of that organization's dark-suited, coolly proficient staff set up a Dylan audition for the Ed Sullivan show. Dylan, who had previously turned down an evening's work at the Blue Angel because he felt alien in the room, was uneasy. All the way up from Greenwich Village, where he lives, to the CBS-TV Production Center on West 57th Street, Dylan mumbled variations on, "I don't like to push my music on anyone."

Dylan's discomfort increased as he passed the cop on the door at the CBS entrance. The guard eyed the rumpled, tieless youngster with evident distaste and suspicion, staring after him until the elevator door closed. In a huge rehearsal hall, six men sat and listened to Dylan talking the blues, harshly mourning over lost wanderers, and singing mockingly of the seduction of Pretty Peggy-O. They were obviously bewildered by his raw, craggy style.

"He's sure different," said one noncommittally. "Yeah," the other agreed with care. As Dylan prepared to leave, his escort from MCA conferred briefly with the Sullivan men. Dylan and the agent left the building, Dylan now staring as hard at the cop as the cop glared at him.

"They said," the agent told Dylan, "that they've never heard anyone like you before. They need time to decide what you are."

"Huh?" said Dylan. "I was right in front of them. They either like me or they don't."

"It's not that simple," said the man from MCA. "They figure you're far out, but they don't know yet whether you're the kind of far out that sells."

"I guess they think I'm cute and funny," said Dylan. The man from MCA didn't answer. Dylan nodded goodbye and wandered down to 42nd Street to visit the flea circus and see the man from Borneo again. From there he proceeded to McGowan's Bar in the Village. "Well," he told a friend after several drinks, "I've almost got myself revived. But I'm not going back up there again."

"They'll call you," said the friend. "You wait."

"Maybe," said Dylan. "But they ain't going to tell me what to sing."

"Maybe not," the friend answered. "They may wait for you to start changing by yourself."

QUEEN'S OWN EVADERS

(continued from page 84)

"And none taken!" said Timulty.
"But, breathing the same air 10,000 times makes the senses reel. So, as you've noted, in that God-sent three- or four-second interval, any audience in its right mind beats it the hell out. And the best of the crowd is ——"

"Doone," I said. "Or Hoolihan. Your anthem sprinters!"

They smiled at me. I smiled at them. We were all so proud of my intuition, that I bought them a round of Guinness.

"Here's to" – I lifted my glass – "the Connemara Runners ––?"

"Right!"

"The Galway Cinema Ramblers? The Waterford Shoes?"

"Don't forget the Dear Patriots, and the finest out-of-the-country team of them all, the Queen's Own Evaders," said Timulty.

"Let me guess," said I. "With a name like that, the Evaders must be Irish living in London, who run extra fast so as not to be in the theater when God Save the Queen is played!"

Licking the suds from our lips, we regarded each other with benevolence.

"Now," said Timulty, his voice husky with emotion, his eyes squinted off at the scene, "at this very moment, 100 yards down the hill in the dark of the Grafton Street theater, seated in the fourth row center is ——"

"Doone," said I.

"The man's cerie." Hoolihan tipped his cap to me.

"Doone's there all right, seeing the Deanna Durbin fillum brought back by the asking. And in just 10 minutes the cinema will be letting the customers out. Now, if we should send Hoolihan here in for a speed and agility test, Doone would be quick to the challenge."

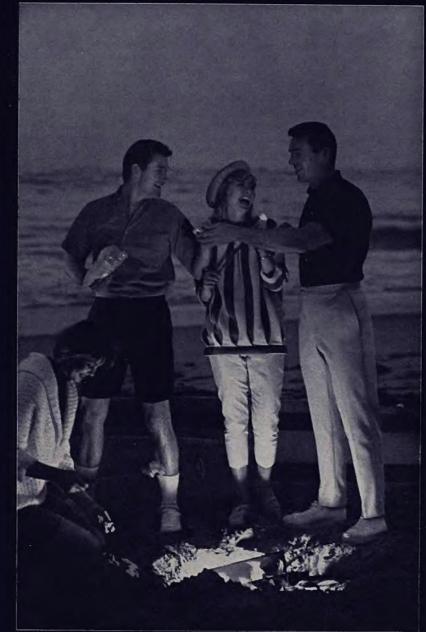
"He's not at the show just for the anthem sprint, is he?"

"Good grief, no. It's the Deanna Durbin songs. Doone plays piano here, for sustenance. But, casually noting the entrance of his competitor Hoolihan, who will be conspicuous by his late arrival just across the aisle, well, Doone would know what was up. Saluting each other, they would listen to the dear music until FINIS hove in sight."

"Sure —" Hoolihan danced lightly on his toes, flexing his elbows. "Let me at him, let me at him!"

Timulty peered close at me. "Sir, I observe your bewildered disbelief. How is it, you ask, full-grown men have time for such as this? Well, time is the one thing the Irish have in oversupply. With no jobs at hand, what's minor in your country must be made to look major in ours. We have never seen the elephant, but we've learned a bug under

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WEAR

DAY'S

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DAY'S

Sportswear, Inc., Tacoma 1, Washington

a microscope is the greatest beast on earth. So, while it hasn't left the Isles, the anthem sprint's a high-blooded sport. Now, introductions are in order. Here's Fogarty, exit-watcher supreme!"

Fogarty jumped forward, dark eyes

piercing left and right.

"Nolan and Clannery, aisle-superintendent judges!"

The two men, called, linked arms and

"Clancy, timekeeper. And general spectators: O'Neill, Bannion and the Kelly boys, count 'em! Come on!"

I felt as if a vast street-cleaning machine, one of those brambled monsters all mustache and scouring brush, had seized me and now floated me out down the hill toward the multiplicity of little blinking lights where the cinema lured

"Now listen to the rules!" shouted Timulty, hustling beside me. "The essential thing is theaters, of course!"

"Of course!" I yelled back.

"There be the liberal, free-thinking theaters with grand aisles, grand lobbies, exits, and even grander, more spacious, latrines. Some with so much porcelain, the echoes alone put you in shock. Then there's the parsimonious mousetrap cinemas with aisles that squeeze the breath from you, seats that knock your knees, and doors best sidled out of on your way to the GENTS' in the sweetshop across the alley. Each theater is carefully assessed before, during and after a sprint, so a man is judged by whether the carpets are worn and trip him, and if there's men and women en masse, or mostly men or mostly women to fight his way through. The worst, of course, is children at the flypaper matinees. The temptation with kids is to lay into them as you'd harvest hay, tossing them like windrows to left and right. So we've stopped that. Now mostly it's nights, here at the Grafton!"

The mob stopped. The twinkling marquee lights sparkled in our eyes and flushed our cheeks rosy.

"The ideal cinema," sighed Fogarty. "Because . . ." explained Clannery, "its aisles are not too wide nor too narrow, its exits well-placed, the door hinges oiled; the crowds a proper mixture of sporting-bloods and folk who mind to leap aside should a sprinter, squandering

I had a sudden thought. "Do you handicap your runners?

"Strange you'd speak of that. Sometimes by shifting exits, when the old are too well known. Or seat one chap in the sixth, another in the third row. And if a man turns terrible feverish swift, we add the greatest known handicap of all --"

"Drink . . .?" I wondered.

"What else? Doone, being fleet, is a two-handicap man. Nolan!" Timulty flourished a bottle. "Run this in. Make Doone take two swigs. Big ones."

Nolan ran.

Timulty pointed. "While Hoolihan, here, having already wandered through all Four Provinces of the pub this night, is amply weighted. Even all!"

"Go now, Hoolihan," said Fogarty. "Let our money be a light burden on you. Burst out that exit, five minutes from now, victorious and first!"

"Synchronize watches!" said Clancy.

"Synchronize my back-behind," said Timulty. "Which of us has more than dirty wrists to stare at? You alone, Clancy, have the time. Hoolihan, inside!"

Hoolihan shook hands with all, as if leaving to tour the world. Waving, he vanished in cinema dark.

Nolan came running back out with an empty bottle.

"Doone's handicapped."

"Good! Now, Clannery, Nolan, check and be sure the sprinters sit opposite each other in the fourth row, caps on, coats half buttoned, scarves furled."

Nolan and Clannery ducked in.

"Two minutes!" announced Clancy. "In two minutes it's ---"

"Post time," I said.

"You're a dear lad," admitted Tim-

Nolan and Clannery hotfooted out.

his energy, come vaulting up the aisle."

"It's loud," agreed Nolan. "Full orchestra and chorus behind the singing maid. I must come for the entirety, to-

"All set! Right seats, everything!" "'Tis almost over! You can tell.

Toward the end of any fillum," confided

Clannery, "the music has a way of get-

morrow. Lovely.'

ting out of hand."

"Is it?" said everyone. "What's the tune?"

"Ah, off with the tune!" shouted Timulty. "One minute to go and you ask the tune? Lay the bets. Who's for Doone, who Hoolihan?"

In the multitudinous jabbering and passing about of paper and shillings, I held out four bob.

"Doone," I said.

"Without having seen him?"

"A dark horse," I whispered.

"Well said! Clannery, Nolan, inside, watch sharp there's no jumping the FINIS."

In went Clannery and Nolan, happy as boy-dogs.

"Make an aisle; Yank, you over here, with me!"

The men rushed to form a rough aisle on each side of the two closed main-exit doors.

"Fogarty, lay your ear to the door!" Fogarty did; his eyes widened.

"The damn music's extra loud!" One of the Kelly boys nudged his brother. "It will be over soon. Whoever's to die is dying this moment. Whoever's to live is bending over him."

"Louder still!" Fogarty, eyes shut, head pressed to the panel, twitched his hands as if to adjust a radio. "There! The grand ta-ta that comes just as FINIS OF THE END jumps on screen!"

"They're off!" I murmured. "Stand back!" cried Timulty.

We all stared at the door.

"There's the anthem! Tenshun!" We all stood erect, still staring.

"I hear feet running!" gasped Fogarty. "Whoever it is had a good start before the anthem --"

The door burst wide.

Hoolihan plunged into view, smiling such a smile as only breathless victors

"Hoolihan!" cried the winners.

"Doone!" groaned the losers. "Where's Doone?"

For, while Hoolihan was first, his competitor was nowhere in the soon dispersed and vanished crowd.

"The idiot didn't come out the wrong door -- ?"

Timulty ventured into the empty lobby.

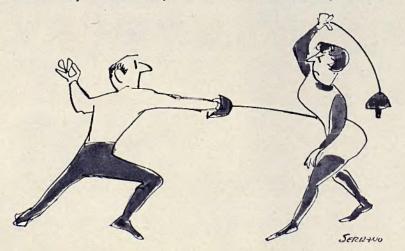
"Doone?"

No answer.

Someone flung the GENTS'-room door wide.

"Doone?"

Not an echo.





Playboy Club News



VOL. II, NO. 35

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SPECIAL EDITION

YOUR ONE PLAYBOY CLUB KEY ADMITS YOU TO ALL PLAYBOY CLUBS

JUNE 1963

CELEBS SHARE IN FUN AT PLAYBOY CLUBS



Danny Kaye revels with Chicago Bunnies during the gala party he hosted at the Club for members of his revue, which premiered at the Opera House.

ADVANTAGES FOR KEYHOLDERS UNDER EXPENSE-ACCOUNT TAX RULES

Keyholders who entertain for business purposes will find that attending the Playboy Club helps them meet the new expense-account rules.

PLAYBOY CLUB LOCATIONS

Clubs Open — New York at 5 E. 59th St.; Chicago at 116 E. Walton St.; St. Louis at 3914 Lindell Blvd.; New Orleans at 727 Rue Iberville; Phoenix at 3033 N. Central; Miami at 7701 Biscayne Blvd.

Locations Set —Los Angeles at 8580 Sunset Blvd.; San Francisco at 736 Montgomery St.; Detroit at 1014 E. Jefferson Ave.; Baltimore at 28 Light St.

Next in Line—Washington, Dallas, Boston, Pittsburgh.

Mortimer Caplin, Internal Revenue Service Commissioner, recently issued a statement in an attempt to assure the business community that the rules are much like last year's.

Caplin said that in establishments, such as the Playboy Club, where eating and drinking takes place in an atmosphere "conducive to a business discussion, business need not actually be discussed."

Keyholders may also entertain customers in Playboy Club showrooms as long as the entertaining "is directly preceding or following a substantial and bona fide business discussion," according to Caplin.

Wives and business associates' wives may accompany keyholders, and the check is deductible. The Club provides receipt forms and a monthly statement which serve as records.

Keyholders who wish to entertain customers in the Playboy Club but can't be present themselves can lend their keys. Such entertaining is also deductible under conditions described by the Government, The price of a key is also deductible in part if the key is used for good-will entertainment.

CHICAGO—"Don't look now, but isn't that Danny Kaye at the next table?" Many keyholders were asking this question in the Chicago Club recently. The answer was

yes. For Danny was a frequent visitor during the Chicago break-in of his road show. Other renowned guests in the Club during the same week included Edie Adams, Joey Bishop, Senor Wences, Ricardo Montalban, Don Adams and violinists Nathan Milstein and Isaac Stern.

A cavalcade of notables passes through Playboy portals in each of the six Club cities daily. This celebrity parade sampler by leading columnists suggests another reason (in addition to the fine food, liquor and stunning Bunnies) for you to apply for key privileges today.

Frank Farrell, New York World-Telegram and Sun: Two of the New York Playboy Club's most frequent visitors are Franchot Tone and Betsy von Furstenberg. But Betsy hastens to explain to all and sundry that her neighbor Franchot is the only escort her husband (Guy Vincent) will permit her to date when he's out of town... Rhonda Fleming dined in the Club's new plush VIP Room before shoving off to Brazil to make a picture.

Irv Kupcinet, Chicago Sun-Times: Among those who gathered at the Playboy in the wee hours to watch the twist contest were Jerry Lewis, Connie (Hawaiian Eye) Stevens, Chuck Connors, Donna Reed and hubby Tony Owen, and Roger Moore. And Moore, who will star in a new series titled Saint, danced like a sinner to win the twist championship. Bob Goddard, St. Louis Globe-Democrat: Here are just a few of the big wheels who have been dropping in at the St. Louis Playboy Club: Astronaut Scott Carpenter, who, being a temperate man, was not in orbit at the Club... Marie Wilson looking as svelte as a Bunny, and Margaret Whiting.



Denise Darcel exchanges greetings with a New York Bunny while Peggy Cass takes in the sights.

Howard Jacobs, New Orleans Times-Picayune: Heads were turned the other night when visiting Debra Paget strolled into the New Orleans Playboy Club with radiant Mary Healy and Peter Lind Hayes. Vic Wilmot, Arizona Re-

Vic Wilmot, Arizona Republic: Actor Bruce Cabot cheering a win ticket at Turf Paradise then hurrying over to the Phoenix Playboy to watch the Bunnies place and show.

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of Chicago and in the stand that if my app now in operation end	on for Key Privileges to the Playboy — (Playboy Club keys are \$50 — state of Florida. Keys are \$25 outsid lication is accepted, my key will adm I others soon to go into operation in Minimum age for Key Privileges 21	within a 75-mile radiuse these areas.) I under it me to Playboy Clubs major cities throughou
NAME	(PLEASE PRINT)	AGE
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OCCUPATION		

"Babe in the manger," hissed Timulty. "Can it be he's broken a leg and is fallen in there somewhere with the mortal agonies?"

"That's it!"

The island of men changed gravities and heaved now toward and through the inner door, down the aisle, I jumping in the air twice to see over the mob's head. It was dim in the vast theater.

"Doone!"

At last we were bunched together near the fourth row on the aisle, exclaiming at what we saw.

Doone, still seated, his hands folded, his eyes shut.

Dead?

None of that.

A tear, large, luminous and beautiful, fell on his cheek. His chin was wet. It was sure he had been crying for some minutes.

The men peered into his face, circling, leaning.

"Doone, are ya sick? What?"

"Ah, God," cried Doone. He shook himself to find the strength, somewhere,

"Ah, God," he said at last, "she has the voice of an angel."

"Angel!!?"

"That one up there." He nodded.

We all turned to stare at the empty silver screen.

"Is it Deanna Durbin . . . ?"

Doone sobbed. "The dear dead voice of me grandmother --"

"Your grandma's underside!" exclaimed Timulty. "She'd no such voice as that!"

"You mean to say," I interrupted, "it was just the Durbin girl kept you from the sprint?"

"Just!" Doone blew his nose and

dabbed his eyes. "Just! Why, it would be sacrilege to bound from a cinema after such a recital. You might as well jump across the altar at a wedding or waltz about at a funeral!"

was no contest," said Timulty.

"How could I? It just crept over me in a divine sickness. That last bit she sang, The Lovely Isle of Innisfree, was it not, Clannery?"

"What else did she sing?" asked Fogarty.

"What else did she sing?" cried Timulty. "He's just lost half of us our day's wages and you ask what else she sang!

"Sure, it's money runs the world," Doone agreed, seated there, closing up his eyes, "but it is music holds down the friction."

"What's going on below!?" cried someone, above.

A man leaned from the balcony, puffing a cigarette.

"What's all the rouse?"

"The projectionist," whispered Timulty. Aloud: "Hello, Phil, darling! It's only the team. We've a bit of a problem here, Phil, in ethics, not to say aesthetics. We wonder if, well, could you run the anthem over?"

"Run it over?!"

The winners milled about, rumbling. "A lovely idea." Doone smiled at himself.

"It is," said Timulty, all guile. "An act of God incapacitated Doone ---"

"A 10th-run flicker from the olden days caught him by the short hairs is all," said one of the Kellys.

"All!" protested Doone.

"I think I handicapped him too

"You could've at least warned us it

smoking steadily. "What a wit the boy has! Now, Phil, could you just thread it back through the machine and give us the FINIS again, too?"

much," said Nolan, thinking back.

Deanna Durbin fillum still there?"

"So the fair thing is -- " Timulty,

"It ain't in the LADIES'," said Phil,

unperturbed, looked to heaven. "Phil,

dear boy, also is the last reel of the

"Is that what you all want?" asked Phil.

The thought of another contest was too good to be passed. Slowly, everyone

"All right!" Phil shouted. "A shilling on Hoolihan!"

The winners laughed and hooted; they looked to win again. The losers turned on their man: "Do you hear the insult, Doone? Stay awake, man! When the girl sings, damnit, go deaf!"

"There's no audience!" said Timulty, glancing about, "and without them there's no obstacles, no real contest!"

"Why," Fogarty blinked around, "let's all of us be the audience."

"Fine!" Beaming, everyone threw himself into a seat.

"Pardon," I said. "There's no one outside, to judge."

Everyone stiffened, turned to look at me in surprise.

"Ah?" said Timulty. "Well. Nolan, outside!"

Nolan, cursing, trudged up the aisle. Phil stuck his head from the projection booth above.

"Are ya clods down there ready?" "If the girl is and the anthem is!"

The lights went out.

I found myself seated next in from Doone, who whispered fervently, "Poke me, lad, keep me alert to practicalities instead of ornamentation, eh?"

"Shut up!" hissed someone. "There's the mystery."

And there indeed it was, the mystery of song and art and life, if you will, the young girl singing on the time-haunted screen.

"Ah, look, ain't she lovely?" Doone smiled ahead. "Do you hear?"

"The bet, Doone," I whispered. "We lean on you. Ready?"

"All right," he groused. "Let me stir my bones. Jesus save me!"

"What?"

"I never thought to test. My right leg. It's dead it is!"

'Asleep, you mean?" I asked, appalled. "Dead or asleep, I'm sunk! Lad, lad, you must run for me! Here's my cap and scarf!"

"Your cap --- ?"

"When victory is yours, show them, and we'll tell how you ran to replace this fool leg of mine!"

He clapped the cap on, tied the scarf. "But wait!" I protested.



"Before you, I always felt dirty . . ."

"You'll do brave. Just remember, it's FINIS and no sooner! Her song's almost up. Are you tensed?"

"God, am I!" I said.

"Blind passions, they win, boy. Plunge straight. If you step on someone, don't look back. There! The song's done! He's kissing her ——"

"The finis!" I cried. I leapt into the

aisle.

I ran up the aisle! I'm first, I thought. I'm ahead!

I hit the door as the anthem began.

I slammed through into the lobby -safe!

I've won! I thought, incredulous, with Doone's cap and scarf the victory laurels upon and about me! Won! Won for the team!

I turned to greet the loser, hand out. But the door had swung and remained shut.

Only then did I hear the shouts and yells inside.

Good Lord! I thought, six men have, pretending to be the exiting crowd, somehow tripped, fallen across Hoolihan's way. Otherwise, why am I the first and only? There's a fierce combat in there this second, winners and losers locked in mortal wrestling attitudes, above and below the seats.

I've won! I wanted to yell, throwing wide the doors. Break it up!

I stared into an abyss where nothing stirred.

Nolan came to peer over my shoulder. "That's the Irish for you," he nodded. "Even more than the race, it's the Muse they like."

For what were the voices yelling in the dark?

"Run it over! Again! The last song! Phill"

Whistles. Foot-stomps. Applause.

"Don't no one move. I'm in heaven. Doone, how right you were!"

Nolan passed me, going in to sit.

I stood for a long moment looking down along all the rows where the teams of anthem sprinters sat, none having stirred, wiping their eyes.

"Phil, darling . . . ?" called Timulty, somewhere up front.

"It's done!" said Phil.

"And this time," added Timulty, "without the anthem."

Applause.

The dim lights flashed off. The screen glowed like a great warm hearth.

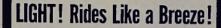
I looked back out at the bright sane world of Grafton Street, the Four Provinces pub, the hotels, shops and nightwandering folk. I hesitated.

Then, to the tune of *The Isle Somewhere of Innisfree*, I took off cap and scarf, hid these laurels under a seat, and slowly, luxuriously, with all the time in the world, sat myself down . . .

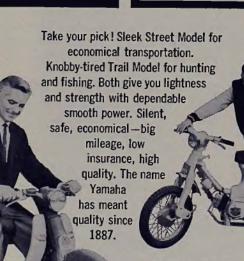


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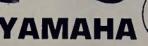
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Orwell described how this censorship of language could affect the concept of sex for a person living in this future society: "His sexual life, for example, was entirely regulated by the two Newspeak words sexcrime (sexual immorality) and goodsex (chastity). Sexcrime covered all sexual misdeeds whatever. It covered fornication, adultery, homosexuality, and other perversions, and, in addition, normal intercourse practiced for its own sake. There was no need to enumerate them separately, since they were all equally culpable, and, in principle, all punishable by death. In the C vocabulary, which consisted of scientific and technical words, it might be necessary to give specialized names to certain sexual aberrations, but the ordinary citizen had no need of them. He knew what was meant by goodsex - that is to say, normal intercourse between man and wife, for the sole purpose of begetting children, and without physical pleasure on the part of the woman; all else was "sexcrime."

Orwell's 1984 is a work of fiction - a tale of horror that prophetically envisions the end results of totalitarianism. It seems far removed from present-day America, but it is actually closer in some respects than most of us may realize. Consider how limited are the socially acceptable words for sex. In addition to medical and technical terms, there are literally dozens of common English words to describe the sexual parts of the human body and every form of sexual activity, but almost all of them are considered objectionable or obscene. It is virtually impossible to describe a pleasurable sexual experience in personal conversation without having to resort to unromantic medical terms or, alternatively, to words with such obscene connotations that they permeate the telling with a prurience that may not have been present in the act itself.

And don't we have the equivalent of

Newspeak's goodsex and sexcrime in the U.S. today? Isn't "normal" intercourse within marriage the only sexual activity society considers acceptable and right; isn't any other sexual activity between a man and wife, as well as all sex between those not married, considered immoral and wrong? Many states have actually made any other sexual activity, between those married or unmarried, illegal, And when the state legislators wrote the laws concerning sexual activity other than "normal" intercourse, one might almost assume they were limited in their language to some colorful version of Newspeak, so incapable were they of bringing themselves to specifically name or describe the activity they wished to ban. Consider this statute from the Criminal Code of the State of Rhode Island, Chapter 10. Section 11-10-1: "Abominable and detestable crime against nature .-Every person who shall be convicted of the abominable and detestable crime against nature, either with mankind or with any beast, shall be imprisoned not exceeding twenty (20) years nor less than seven (7) years."

A number of the states have similar statutes prohibiting any "crime against nature," but the term is almost never defined, and those states that have attempted a definition do not always agree with one another. If we look for a reasonable definition within the phrase itself, a "crime against nature, with mankind or animal" might seem to refer, in the first instance, to going out with a neighbor and cutting down a Christmas tree in a state park or, in the second, shooting deer out of season, but we have reason to believe that isn't what the lawmakers had in mind. The colorful nature of the adjectives "abominable and detestable" leads us to suspect that what they were referring to probably has something to do with sex, since only sex comes in for such vague and emotion-tinged language in our laws. Whether Arizona's "infamous" crime against nature is the same as Rhode Island's "abominable and detestable" crime, we're not sure, but in any case, it would probably be wise to do your Christmas-tree chopping somewhere else.

Abominable, detestable, or just plain infamous, a "crime against nature" is usually a catchall to include any sexual activity other than intercourse of which the legislators, the courts and the lawenforcement officers do not approve. And what is often not recognized, even by many of those practicing law, is that none of these statutes make any distinction between the married and the unmarried.

We have commented before that our archaic religious teachings have pitted man's body and spirit against one another, whereas common sense would suggest that God intended the body, mind and spirit of man to be in harmony.

But the world of words reveals most clearly how, even without Newspeak, we have been taught that the spiritual, religious, Godly side of man is in opposition to sex, the body and material accomplishments and pleasures. Consider these definitions in the Second Edition of Webster's New International Dictionary:

Spiritual is defined as pertaining to, or consisting of, the spirit; not material; of, or pertaining to, the moral feelings or states of the soul; pure, holy, divine; of or pertaining to sacred things of the church, or religious affairs; the opposite of spiritual is, according to Webster's, carnal.

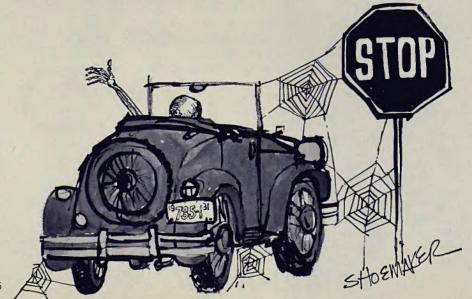
Carnal is defined as fleshly, bodily, sensual, sexual, animal, flesh-devouring, bloodthirsty, unregenerate, worldly, material, temporal, secular; the antonym of carnal is listed as spiritual.

The opposite of intelligent is stupid; the mind of man is seen only in qualitative opposition to itself. How curious then that the opposite of spiritual should be carnal; with the spirit and body of

man opposing one another.

The definitions of these words are in our dictionaries, because centuries of common usage have put them there. What strange sort of religion have we evolved that places the Godly part of man in opposition to the whole of his physical being? In simple theological truth, are not Heaven and Hell opposites, rather than Heaven and Earth? Is it not the Devil who is opposed to God, rather than man's mortal flesh? The Devil can exist as easily in the mind of man as in his body; and there are times when he takes control of the spiritual side of man, as well. How else can the religious among us explain the Inquisition and the countless horrors perpetrated by organized religion down through history?

But built into our very language are



these man-made conflicts which torture and torment us and destroy the natural God-intended unity of mind, body and spirit. The whole man is not confronted with a choice among the three—or between any two of them. Perhaps in this lies the wellspring of his humanity.

3. The censor impairs our mental health and well-being. By suppressing the frankly sexual speech and writing that embarrasses and disturbs him, the censor unwittingly eliminates an emotional outlet that, most authorities agree, is healthful for society.

What is more, the censor so little understands the nature of the thing he is about that he usually attacks first the more positive aspects of our sexual literature and art. The book, magazine or movie that equates sex with sin and suffering is less apt to bring down the censor's wrath than one that makes sex seem pleasurable or appealing, for the former can be said to have a "moral." That the seeming "moral" is in actuality an abnormal and quite unhealthy association between sexual activity and ugliness, grief and guilt seems to matter not a bit to the censor. He is thus quite successful in projecting his own negative attitudes toward sex onto the rest of society.

The sexual content of the stories and articles in the family and women's magazines over the past 30 years has invariably been of this negative variety, as was pointed out with such hilarious effectiveness in the now near-classic PLAYBOY article, *The Pious Pornographers*, by Ivor Williams (October 1957).

And we are all familiar with the "Stella Dallas" syndrome with which Hollywood suffered throughout most of the Thirties and Forties, when Will Hays' Production Code required all cinematic sexual intemperance to end in disaster: If the heroine allowed herself a night of sexual dalliance with the hero in the first reel, the moviegoing public knew that not only would the next scene be a tearyeyed discovery that she was pregnant (or better still, a cut directly to a scene in the maternity ward), but the rest of the picture would be one long series of heartbreaks and suffering, in which the hero conveniently became unavailable (death in the war or betrothal to another were usually preferred), the heroine was forced to give up the child ("It's for the baby's own good - you've got to think of him [her] now ... ") and the heroine became destitute, an alcoholic, threw herself under a train or died of pneumonia (from walking in the rain without any coat, hat or galoshes) - or a clever combination of all four.

It is not difficult to understand why the censor attacks sex that is depicted as happy and healthy and leaves sex that is sick, suffering and sin-ridden pretty much to itself. Why the censor is more apt to attack heterosexual sex than homosexual or other deviate sex might require a deeper probing of the censorial psyche, however. Perhaps it is simply that the average censor is too naive about the subject he has chosen as his specialty to recognize the often more subtle projections of sexual perversion in the public print.

Whatever the reasons, the censor goes his merry way blithely banning magazines that contain photographs of female nudes, while overlooking a number of the "health and strength," "body-building" and "muscle" magazines that are tailored to the tastes of the homosexual. The censor expunges a movie's scenes of sexual love-play between a boy and girl, but passes by the scenes of violence with sado-masochistic overtones. For many years before Robert Harrison made his bundle with Confidential, through the public exposure of the private lives of celebrities, he published a series of so-called "girlie" magazines that conscientiously catered to fetishists (offering sexual stimulation to the pervert with photographs of models thoughtfully posed in unusually high heels, boots, lace undergarments, long hair, rubber rainwear), sadists and masochists (with spanking, whips and scenes of torture and gore), transvestites, Lesbians and male homosexuals (with pictures of women dressed as men and vice versa) and other deviates - all with relative impunity, because his female models were never without their bras and panties. If they had been nude, you see, they might have appealed to the normal heterosexual instincts in man - and that's what the prudes and censors are apparently against. And if the models happened to be attractive in both face and figure, fresh, healthy and well-scrubbed in appearance, and appealingly posed and photographed - then the citizenry should become really outraged, because such a picture not only appeals to the heterosexual side of man, it gives the sexual response a clean and wholesome quality that suggests sex may indeed be a thing of beauty and joy.

The censor fails to comprehend that sexual responsiveness can be conditioned to a variety of stimuli in human society just as Pavlov conditioned his dogs to salivate at the sound of a bell. If we remove the primary heterosexual sources of stimulation from society, or through practiced propagandizing make an individual feel guilty about his natural responsiveness to such stimulation, then he will affix his responses to something else - other men, perhaps, or perhaps a shoe or a bit of lace underwear. This is the kind of sickness that the unknowing censor can bring to society. This is what the Drs. Kronhausen meant when they wrote, "All clinical evidence indicates that guilt-based sexual inhibitions, restrictions, and repressions result in perversions of the sexual impulse, general

intellectual dulling, sado-masochistic inclinations, unreasonable (paranoid) suspiciousness, and a long list of neurotic and psychotic defense reactions with unmistakable sexual content or overtones."

PLAYBOY AND PORNOGRAPHY

It should be clear to even the casual or occasional reader of PLAYBOY that our arguments for a more liberal, censor-free society are not, in any sense, a defense of this magazine or prompted by any commercial self-interest. To the contrary, a freer, less taboo-ridden, less hypocritical society would probably have less interest in (and less need for) the rebel part of PLAYBOY'S personality. (Though we do like to think that our over-all editorial excellence would retain for us the majority of our present readers.)

Our own more serious censorship concerns are now many years behind us and an easing of the censor's tight control would only bring to wider distribution and sale a host of bolder imitators of this publication that have long been a bane to our existence and a source of not a little embarrassment (for they make more difficult, the explanations — to those who do not read us and know us only by reputation — of what PLAYBOY is really all about and what sets it apart amongst present-day magazines in America).

Nor would PLAYBOY change very much in such a censor-free society. The magazine has never attempted to push to the outer boundaries of what was censorable or what could be considered objectionable by the more sophisticated part of our society. We have always chosen to set our own standards of taste and propriety, and to communicate with that number of other urban fellows whose view of life is similar to our own.

Our interest in a society free of the shackles of censorship is as a citizen who believes he will be happier living in an America in which all men are allowed to exercise full freedom of speech, of press, of religion, and of association. It is the kind of America we believe in. It is the America our founding fathers meant us to have. We believe we should have it.

Because of the considerable number of requests for copies of the earlier parts of "The Playboy Philosophy," we have reprinted a limited number of the first seven installments and all seven may be had by sending a check or money order for \$1 to Playboy, 232 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Illinois. In the eighth part of "The Playboy Philosophy," which appears next month, Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner considers the gap that exists between sexual practices and Puritan taboos in America and what such a separation between behavior and supposed beliefs can mean to a society.

REQUIEM FOR HOLIDAYS

the men of the Continental Army. And maybe you thought about those men as you lighted your 10-inchers, because the sounds they made were the skirmishing of muskets.

We have different sounds now, and bigger bangs, but they provide no relief of tension. Thinking about them sends a shudder down the spine, for they are sound and fury, signifying nothingness.

Explosions were not presages of imminent obliteration yesterday, so we enjoyed them for their own sake and ours, and we enjoyed the creation of them. What smell is there now to match the heady, dense aroma of the burning punk you used to light your ladyfingers? What smell to suggest the excitements ahead?

What excitements? the kids today will ask, for they don't know. And how does one express the joy that was felt upon listening to the boom of a flashcracker dropped into a sewer, the echo it made all the way up and down the line, or watching and sniffing that acrid plume of smoke rising gently from the half-moon hole in the manhole cover?

How do you describe the look on the face of the streetcar motorman when he ran over the torpedoes you set in his tracks? Surprised, you say, annoyed, but patient, tolerant, full of memories of his own, how it used to be with him this night . . . but it's no good. The look has disappeared.

Oh, the Fourth of July was a fine day, you want to tell this generation, a fine, wonderful, violent day. There was the smell of burnt gunpowder in the air always, and the only silence the short wait between explosions.

"What did you do?"

You lighted firecrackers underneath cans and you ran a few steps and turned and watched the cans fly up.

You buried firecrackers up to their fuses in dirt and set them off.

"Didn't you get dirty?"

Very.

"What else?"

Well, you played with sons-o-guns. "What are ---"

Little red wafers about the size of a penny. You stepped on them with your heel and then whirled yourself around and around while they snapped and hissed and banged in a fury, and the girls all held their ears.

"Go on."

You held ladyfingers in your hand and, with great daring and arrogance. touched the punk to them; and they would begin to sizzle, but you wouldn't let go—

"Didn't they go off in your fingers?" Yes, but they didn't hurt, if you knew how to hold them — loosely, at the very ends.

You shot off rockets, of course. And

(continued from page 128)

hurled cherry bombs.

"We've still got those!"

No, you don't. Our cherry bombs were glittery red grenades that exploded on contact with any unyielding surface, such as, say, a passing coal truck. But it was the firecrackers that we loved best. They came in all sizes, 1-inchers to 10-inchers, and you bought them in packets at any dime store. First you ripped off the paper, which was an odd, crinkly wax-colored paper that came from Japan, usually, with funny drawings of American children with Oriental eyes, and then you started taking the 'crackers apart. They had their long white fuses knotted together, and—

"Weren't they dangerous?"

Sure, but that was part of the fun.

"They're against the law."

The history books say we won the American Revolution, but it appears that big segments of the independence we fought for are being lost. We let them talk us out of sharing the risks of the Continental troops, and a bit of that glory, when we let them (us) outlaw firecrackers. True, there were accidents, injuries, even deaths, but they did not come close to the number we see today mostly incurred in automobiles going to and from the beaches, the picnic grounds and those parks where they have the fireworks displays. In the outlaw years, every kid with the meagerest smattering of intelligence knew enough to leave a dud alone. Who didn't know enough to get out of the way of the cascading brilliance of Roman candles? Everybody did.

The dangers were not so much with the regular fireworks as with the homemade variety. For a few cents you could get horse capsules and a generous supply of potassium chlorate and red phosphorus from the corner drugstore, and the pharmacist wouldn't bat an eye when you asked for it. You went home with your purchase then and packed your own torpedoes by mixing the ingredients and inserting them in the capsules. Wherever thrown, they would go off with a resounding blast - almost as good as cherry bombs. The only thing was, you had to be careful not to make any jerky movements or they would go off in your pockets, which sometimes happened. Then there was potassium chlorate and sulphur. In the right combination, this mixture could be detonated with a brick, a stone or a hammer, and the resulting bang was often better than anything provided by the manufacturers.

There were few homemade rockets, but there were plenty of innovations in the matter of sending them off. Rainspouts were preferred, and a six-foot drainpipe was a thing to treasure all year as the ideal Fourth-of-July launching pad. You could buy two rockets for as little as a few pennies or as much as three dollars. The expensive ones had shellbursts. It made you feel uneasy to see your money going up in smoke, but when you saw the magnificent star-filled trail across the night sky, and the explosion of color at the apogee, you knew it was worth it.

That was a time when nobody thought boys were by nature obedient, cheerful or kind. Boys were considered, with perfect reason, scamps, rascals, young devils. Their boundless energy was the dismay of their elders, who knew that it had to be spent somehow, or else it would implode. So everyone thought it completely natural that the kids should release their tensions with firecrackers, pinwheels and the whole catalog of noisemakers: not only natural but salubrious. Dad, who was always close with his money, could be counted on to lay in a big supply. You knew what you wanted, you told him what to get, but he invariably overextended himself when you got him to the fireworks stand. The only real problem then was to keep him from shooting them all off himself.

You had the long, full day of explosions, and then you crawled into bed at night, dirty, exhausted, sometimes bandaged and blistered; and you arose the next morning miraculously free of frustrations, satisfied with yourself, ready, if not precisely willing, to cope with the gray unrealities. The battle had been won, but the war was still in progress—you against peace and quiet—and there would always be this holiday.

What remains of the grand and glorious Fourth? Certainly none of the color, or very little of it: here and there an American flag, the occasional faraway thump of a smuggled 'cracker, but mostly quiet streets, deserted cities, a few family picnics, perhaps a band concert or two, and a total absence of pageantry. The kids spend the day now at the beaches, or the community swimming pools, or in front of their television sets, where they are every other day of summer. The only difference is the lethargic half-hour or so they devote to the legal fireworks - a pale, hissing ghost of the assortments of yesterday - and the evening trip to the park. There, if you have the stomach to fight the crowds, the strangers and the nostalgia, you can see - at a discreet distance - displays that might have been staged by Ziegfeld. They are as lovely as flower gardens, and approximately as exciting. That this is true is borne out by the fact that they get shorter and shorter every year, and less imaginative. There is the \$500 display, the \$1000 display and maybe, if the town is large enough, the \$2000 display, which generally lasts 30 minutes. The money for these nods toward the past is extracted from merchants and city treasurers, most of whom bewail the pointless expense. Judging from their public comments, one would assume that they regard the custom of shooting off fireworks on the Fourth as a ridiculous waste of time and cash.

President John Adams once said, "I am apt to believe that [Independence Day] will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary festival. It ought to be commemorated as the day of deliverance, by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty. It ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires and illuminations, from one end of this continent to the other, from this time forward for evermore." That it is not so celebrated is no fault of that misunderstood patriot. The early Independence Days were occasions for shows, games, sports; for military music and fireworks; but in 1954 Congress passed an act prohibiting the transportation of fireworks into any state where their sale is forbidden, which was almost all the states, and that was the end of the holiday. Once again, Americans withdrew from the role of participants and became, as in so many other areas, spectators. But, as we see, soon there may be nothing for them to look at.

Even so innocent a holiday as St. Valentine's Day has been subrogated by do-gooders who don't want to see anybody hurt, and by commercial interests. The day persists despite the fact that it is no holiday at all, nobody gets out of school, nobody gets a day off work because of it. Yet stores reportedly devote as much space to Valentine's Day cards as to any others.

It was never much talked about. Boys pretended it didn't exist, except perhaps as a scheme on the part of silly and detested girls to embarrass them. They winced and grimaced at the very mention of the occasion. Yet Valentine's Day accounted for the first stirrings of exultant joy and suicidal pain that could not be linked to any past experience. Of course no boy would ever admit to anything but contempt for the practice of handing out the little heart-shaped cards, but each secretly hoped that he would get one. If he did, he would strike a sneering posture (after making sure that his friends were apprised of his fortune) and, more often than not, tear the idiot thing into a dozen pieces. If he did not, he would lie and say that he had. And that night he would go to bed blinking away the tears, more certain than ever of his outcast state.

The stirrings were sexual, and in a peculiar, instinctive way, the boys knew it, even though they didn't know what sexual was. It was the time of humilia-

tion, when your body began to betray you, but you couldn't see the connection. Every boy in puberty has known the unspeakable horror of having his imminent manhood stir and rise, like a disembodied thing over which he has no control, on the school bus, or a minute before the English teacher calls him up to the blackboard to diagram a sentence. And every boy has spoken silently to the abominable member, pleading with it, commanding it, entreating it, to no avail. Nothing ever worked. Neither thinking about "other things," as someone had advised, nor exerting physical pressure. It always remained at attention just long enough to flood the boy's face with red as, with one hand plunged into his pocket, he attempted to look casual,

Valentine's Day was the time for that trauma as no other time was. The boys avoided each other's eyes and blushed and the girls giggled. It was awful and, once you found out that you were not the only one so afflicted, it was wonderful.

It may be that Valentine's Day was begun in honor of this awakening. While its origin has been lost in antiquity, it has been traced to the Roman Lupercalia, which were feasts held in February, to honor Pan and Juno. At that time it was the custom to place the names of young women in a box and to have these



names drawn out by young men as chance directed. The girls became the men's "valentines" for an entire year, during which time gifts and favors were exchanged, with no limits imposed or expected. The Christian clergy, finding the practice less than pleasing, introduced a modification: they substituted the names of saints for those of girls. But they did not reckon with the nature of pubescent and postpubescent males. Within a very short time, the saints were returned to their perpetual abode and the girls brought out again. It was an altogether satisfactory arrangement, achieving the status of the holiday in France and England during the 16th

Actually, there were two St. Valentines, and neither was a specialist in affairs of the heart. The first was a Roman priest who stood steadfast to his faith during the Claudian persecutions and was, in consequence, beaten with clubs and then beheaded. What is left of him is preserved in the church of St. Praxedes in Rome. The second St. Valentine was a Roman bishop and he fared no better, suffering decapitation a few years after the first. Either gentleman would no doubt be surprised to find himself a lover's saint.

In the 17th Century it became the custom for a man to give a woman a present if he was challenged by her with the words "Good morrow, 'tis St. Valentine's Day." From Samuel Pepys we get the first record of what would become the modern valentine, also an insight into a charming, vanished custom. He writes (February 14, 1667): "This morning came up to my wife's bedside little Will Mercer to be her valentine, and brought her name writ upon blue paper, in gold letters, done by himself and very pretty; and we were both well pleased with it."

What has happened in the interval was, of course, inevitable. Valentine's Day has become a negligible and vanishing custom, reserved for that species known as the pre-teen. It slouches into the drugstore, grabs up a haphazard collection of cheap cards, some egregiously sentimental, some sadistic (known as "Un-Valentine cards"), all abominably rhymed ("This is the Time / For You to know / I love you so / My Valentine") and slouches over to the post office. A few signatures, into the slot with the bundle, and out; the end.

Old cootism? Senility? Perhaps, but only if the sexual awakening has been moved back to the ages of eight, nine and ten, which is possible but, to me, doubtful. At any rate, that is the age group to which Valentine's Day is presently confined, and before long I expect the five-year-olds to claim it as their 180 personal property. Which suggests to me that it has lost a bit of its original meaning.

Christmas has lost all of its original meaning, fortunately. As we shall see, the celebration began as a sort of bacchanal, bearing even less resemblance to the holiday we remember than the present debacle, though of the two, I'm not so sure I don't prefer the former. It had, at least, the virtue of spontaneity. It had joy and excitement. And the lack of these qualities is what has ruined, or is ruining, Christmas.

Expurgated reference works tell us that December 25 was already a festive day for the sun god Mithras and appealed to Christians as an appropriate date to commemorate the birth of Jesus, "The Light of the World," around 534 A.D. Some theologians, of course, deny this, claiming the day to be nothing more nor less than the date of Christ's birth. However, other historical scholars hold that the time of the winter solstice throughout recorded history was something else entirely. The Romans' Saturnalia began on December 17 and continued for a week with no limits imposed, the point being total abandonment of inhibitions. Then there is the Feast of Fools, which was celebrated on Christmas Day until the time of Queen Elizabeth. This occasion was replete with the slinging of excrement, displays of transvestitism and a general sexual license, with all social classes joining in. Shocking to the civilized modern, it was considered by its participants no more than another holiday, very orgiastic hence very cathartic, and not taken in the least seriously. Perhaps the favorite sport, equivalent, say, to trimming the tree, was stripping down naked and going about the streets in a manure cart, pelting people with dung. Presumably it was done in the same high spirit of good fun as the snowballing of our own time. Everybody ducked, as they do today, and no one was offended, either at what was hurled or by the lewd postures effected by the cart riders. History is filled with similar festivals on this most cherished holiday, and all partook similarly of the salutary effects of expressed hysteria, harmless violence and sexual activity.

Let it not be thought that I am espousing a cause, as Freud once remarked at the conclusion of a lively chapter on perversion. I do not hanker for a return to those celebrations but, rather, to an approximation of the joyful spirit out of which they sprang.

We have a touch of it in the traditional, and much despised, Christmas office party, but it is only a touch, and it is weakening every year. An example of this decline may be seen in the Hollywood motion-picture studios. Ten years ago they all abandoned their We're-justordinary-folks pose and staged the wildest, most orgiastic day-before-Christmas parties one could hope for. At Universal-International, the Writers' Building, an otherwise grim edifice, somewhat reminiscent of San Quentin, became a palace of joy, or sin, depending upon your view of these things. Weary, bitter, frightened scenarists could be observed hooting down the halls after the same secretaries they'd worked with, and never noticed, for 364 days. Flinthearted producers offered seven-year contracts to girls who dreamed, but never really believed, that they would rise above their status as messengers. Actors told their directors what they really thought of them, and vice versa, whereupon they would exchange blows and then, usually, fall weeping into each other's arms, the best of friends. It was midnight, and the masks came off, for a little while. A few days later, of course, they were back on again; but there was a difference.

Now the masks stay on. At MGM last year, veteran studio employees were dismayed, as they had every right to be, by the following notice:

TO ALL DEPARTMENTS:

ANY EMPLOYEE WHO IS DISCOVERED TO BE IN THE POSSESSION OF ANY ALCO-HOLIC BEVERAGE WHATSOEVER SHALL BE SUBJECT TO DISMISSAL. THIS IS A WORKING DAY.

The day referred to was the day before Christmas.

And what is the foundation of our Christmas hebephrenia, our fear of parties, our inability to express those areas of ourselves that, psychologists insist, demand expression? Is it that we have mistaken the point of civilization and assumed it to mean the suppression of all natural tendencies?

I think so. I think that in this sophisticated age we have come to equate pleasure with sin and displeasure with virtue. It may be the heritage left us by the Puritan founders. To them, as we know, morality was a simple matter: the more difficult the task, the greater the benefit. Yet these good, gray Puritans did not originate the concept of the desirability of repressed emotions. It has been with us, to one degree or another, from the beginning; if it hadn't, there would have been no saturnalia, no orgies, no holidays, in the first place. They were instituted as corrective measures, meant to take care of the necessary imbalance we had imposed upon nature. If anyone is to blame, it's the serpent.

But I think we are taking the cure too far, making more of it than we have to. If we cannot follow Childe Harold's advice and "let joy be unconfined," at least we can let it out into the sunlight a few times a year. By all means let us make use of our inhibitions most of the time; it is through them that we have achieved the better part of our glory;

but let us, for God's sake, understand that the greatest glory, as well as the lowest bestiality, comes of breaking through these inhibitions. The whole of art, at its highest, has been created by men who have chafed at their restrictions, burst free of them and felt fulfilled—or, as it so often happened, burdened with guilt.

Guilt is the key, but we are applying it to the wrong door. Instead of feeling shame for what we did in our lost holidays, we should feel shame for not allowing the new generation the same privilege. They will die with regrets anyway, as people have done from the beginning of time, but the regrets will be over the things they have not done, and that is the worst feeling of all.

It is probably too late to prevent it from happening, but we could try.

We could turn the kids loose on Halloween and tell them not to show their faces in the house till after midnight; we could bring back firecrackers and brass bands; we could keep the girl children out of brassieres until they're ready for them and let the boys discover sex in their own time; and we could revive the institution of the unrestrained Christmas party.

Maybe the result would be that the kids, and we, ourselves, would simply be embarrassed; that we would realize we were trying to bring back, not a past era, nor some grand traditions, but our youth.

And maybe not.

A first, relatively easy step would be to halt the decline of Christmas in its classic form. Shake it loose from its current position as a status game and give it back to the kids. Forbid any Santa Claus to appear publicly before December 15, remembering that children can accommodate belief in the departmentstore variety along with belief in the real Saint Nick, if they're given half a chance. Ban all parades until a week before The Day. Arrange for the television set to break around November 30, with no hope of a repair job before January. Keep the presents well hidden and look annoyed when the children ask if you've been to the stores yet. Buy a gun and shoot to death the man who invented the aluminum Christmas tree. While you're at it, take care of those responsible for the homosexual greeting cards, the ads that urge you to give "the best gift of all - \$money\$," the doll that wets her pants and throws up, the sexless Visible Man, and the \$50 Nuclear Sub that "every kid on the block will have." Then throw the gun at the fellow who initiated the practice of sending out "personalized" cards with printed signatures.

Maybe if these things are done we'll be on the way to restoring the joy of holidays.

If not, then we shall be left with Thanksgiving, for which no thanksgiving is in order. It was always a day for grownups, offering the maximum of intake and the minimum of outgo; a day of industry for the women and indolence for the men; of sniffing and peering at deceased fowl; of greeting relatives; and, late in the afternoon, of sitting down to the big table and, hungry or no, consuming at least two platefuls of turkey, dressing, cranberry sauce, mashed potatoes, carrots and peas combined with white sauce, Brussels sprouts, biscuits and pumpkin pie. There may have been those who enjoyed the day, but they did not move in my set. To us it was a time of unspeakable boredom. We regarded school as only slightly less desirable, if for no other reason than that hating school was de rigueur. It was, however, an impersonal hatred; our parents weren't responsible; God, or the State, was. But we couldn't blame God or the State for Thanksgiving. There wasn't any law that forced us to bathe that morning, put on our newly cleaned

and pressed Sunday best, shine our shoes, stay inside, chat with and play the piano for aunts and uncles and cousins we hadn't seen for a year and wouldn't recognize on the street, starve until four P.M., then stuff down a ton of food, most of which we didn't much like anyway. It was Mom and Dad who were responsible, and, since they seemed to be equally exhausted by the experience, we wondered why they subjected themselves to it. And so, probably, did they.

The answer is clear. The reason they subjected themselves to Thanksgiving, and the reason it endures, is that it allows a once-yearly excess—gluttony—for which payment, in the coin of tedium, can be made immediately before and after: sin and penance, all in the same 24-hour period.

But let us not despair. There's always St. Swithin's Day, Bastille Day, Guy Fawkes Day — and those durable modern synthetics, Mother's Day and Father's Day. But, note well, no Children's Day.



"I'll be glad to help. What are you trying to do?"

SKIN DEEP (continued from page 92)

ore and scare settlers away with stories of malignant life — why, we'll be able to get this hunk of gravel for a song!"

"We can't do that, Stark. What's the use of having men like us doing this work if we're going to grab all the best planets for ourselves?"

"Oh," groaned Stark, "don't get idealistic on me. Don't tell me you're in this crumby job just for the fun of it."

"Well . . . " The younger man searched for words. "Yes. Yes, in a way I am. Only I guess I wouldn't exactly call it fun. Exciting, maybe. And it's important work — that's what counts."

"What counts, youngster — as you'll learn when you grow up and get the star dust out of your eyes — is money. You'll feel plenty 'excited' when you're wading waist-deep in money!"

"Then, why are you working for the Bureau?"

"Not for the paycheck, believe me. For a chance like this. We're the first to really see new planets, the first to find out which are valuable and which are garbage. Well, it's been a long time coming — thirty years! — but it's come at last and I'm not going to let it slip away. Understand?"

"Sure. But count me out, Stark."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean my report is going to be as full as I can make it. Friendly spiders, radioactive ore, the works. Maybe that makes me a dumb yokel, but I'm sorry. I happen to think this is an important job."

Stark's voice roared over the helmetphones. "I have to pass up the chance of a lifetime because of a harebrained kid——"

His voice stopped abruptly.

From a branch above them, a long black snake uncoiled leisurely and blinked at them with ruby eyes.

Stark's hand moved to his blaster as Croydon asked, "Is it friendly?"

Stark felt the snake's malignancy roll over him in waves. He delved into its mind and felt the joy it took in the crushing power of its mighty body. But he conquered the terror in his voice and replied, "Sure. Like a kitten. It wants to be stroked, don't you, Tabby?"

Croydon laughed with relief and stroked the black, glittering length of the creature's body.

Stark walked backward, slowly, the frisky "spiders" making way for him. He watched the snake wrap itself around Croydon . . .

"Stark — is it all right? It's just a form of caress, isn't it?"

"Just a hug. It loves you."

"Maybe it doesn't know its own strength. Maybe you ought to scare it away with your blaster."

"No, it might get frightened and

squeeze too hard."

Croydon's voice

mortal fear: "Blast

Croydon's voice rose suddenly in mortal fear: "Blast it, Stark!"

"Sure."

"Stark!"

Croydon's scream rasped in the helmet-phones. Stark waited until his body hung limp and broken in the snake's coils. Then he blasted. The snake uncoiled, dropped Croydon, then slid to the ground and died beside him.

Stark acted quickly. He dragged Croydon's body toward the ship, ignoring the scampering "spiders" that swarmed playfully around his legs, sending warm waves of friendliness over him.

He pulled the corpse into the ship and sealed the airlock. A few "spiders" followed him in and inspected the ship with childlike curiosity.

Stark let them rub against his legs while he wrote on the clipboard: "Moon Ten infested with malignant life akin to Terran boa constrictor. John Croydon killed by same in line of duty. Soil hard, rocky, unsuitable for — "

The clipboard fell from his hand. He felt a sharp pain in his ankles. Looking down, he saw two of the "spiders" had cut through his suit and punctured his skin. He reached for his blaster, but hesitated. He could not kill them without blasting his own legs.

Now horror shook him. Two more of the friendly creatures had jumped to his wrists, another to his throat. My blood, he realized: they're sucking my blood . . .

He yelled. A wave of cheerful benevolence answered him. He tried to brush them off, but they clung tenaciously, their furry bodies swelling with his blood.

He grew dizzy and ranted. "But . . . I Probed their thoughts . . . they're benevolent . . . they can't act like this . . . it's not possible . . . " The line from the ancient play flashed through his mind . . . There are more things in heaven and earth . . .

And he knew, too late, what form of disguise the friendly "spiders" used . . . a Probe-proof mental disguise . . . a masquerade of doglike devotion . . . a psychic smoke screen of good cheer that masked the bloodthirsty thoughts beneath . . .

Stark's mind fogged and he sank weakly to the deck. Something was trying to struggle through to his consciousness . . . something that might have warned him had he only remembered it before . . . something from deep in his mind. Just before the end, it broke through. Another line from the same old play:

One may smile ... and smile ... and be a villain.

Stark slid into a dark pool of lovingkindness and death.



"I see myself as San Francisco's answer to Dick Gregory."

HARRY, THE RAT

(continued from page 82)

drinking, he at last felt the keen blue blaze in his heart flamboyantly signaling the purity he had sought. He took off his scuffs, tiptoed up the stairs and, with passion mixed with a sense of social work (he was a phys ed instructor), he slipped into Miss Braintree's room.

Could it be happening at last? These strong arms holding her? This fine body smelling of the gymnasium and the Turkish bath crushing her beneath its insistent weight? This dark room with his dark shape—— How could it be? Could it be? "Harry," she groaned ecstatically. "Oh my dearest Harry."

"Who's this Harry?" came back a voice. "Don't talk so loud or you'll wake up my wife."

Her screams did.

It became clear that Miss Braintree had to go. She left early on a cold, rainy morning without saying goodbye to Harry or to anybody. In her baggage was a purloined cameo of her love – a childhood cameo to be sure – but nevertheless a memento of those glorious nights spent waiting for the moment that the door opened wide, the sherry was poured and the sweet wine taste decanted into her own true love's lips. Nothing else was real to her. Everything else was forgotten.

Years later, her juices dry and living sadly, she would hear of Harry's exploits and smile to herself—"That beautiful rat. I taught him everything he knows. I hope he remembers me kindly."

At an emergency meeting of the Harry Fund it was decided that it did not serve the purposes of that organization for its money to be diverted into a procuring fee for inconstant husbands. It was further decided best for Harry's future that the Fund's trustees take over the management of his education. Though his mother and father had patched up their differences they were in too much of a state of shock to argue with the decision. Harry was sent off to Europe in the ripening hands of his 19-year-old cousin, Gloria. It was hoped that he would receive a classical education.

Gloria was not beautiful actually, but she was terribly sexy. Everybody thought so. She was sexy in the way only girls in their teens, physically innocent and mentally dirty, can be. No woman with real knowledge would have dared move with that semipracticed invitational sway. It was strictly a way of walking for the young and once the sexline was crossed the young walked differently, too. Once carnal, twice shy.

Gloria was uneasy about her feelings

for her cousin Harry. She was, of course, feverishly in love with him: an emotion she found convenient to interpret as bigsisterly affection. Pigeonholed thusly, she could allow herself to sit by the side of his bed each night and stroke his hand, brush back his hair and whisper to him as he dozed, "I feel just like a sister to you. Just like a sister."

But although she could control her feelings for Harry she was far less able to control her feelings against him. Aboard ship he was the one getting all the attention! He stole her sense of burgeoning beauty and there was nothing to do but hate him for it. And the tiring reverberations of her hate bouncing against her love brought forth a groan of futile anger. Why wasn't Harry as wound up with her as she was with him?

To have admitted any of this would have meant adding a real sin to her extensive list of imagined ones. So she traded insight for bitchiness; and gained immeasurably by the exchange. She collared all the young men on board and proceeded to drive them mad with accidental intimacies. Some she brought back to their cabin so that Harry, asleep, could be wakened by the laughter, the squeals, the outraged slaps and the revoked promises in the next stateroom. Gloria had few natural charms but her instincts were excellent. Her victims complained but submitted, using their wider range of experience to assure themselves that during their remaining five days at sea they would surely bring her around. She was, they thought, a young goofy kid and tomorrow would be another day. They accepted her provocation and waited patiently for their revenge. By the fourth day out no attractive man under 30 was able to walk upright.

It was an education for Harry. At first he tried to blot out the teasing in the next room and get back to sleep but soon he began to listen to it as a form of theatrical entertainment. It became a favorite play for him. Each night there was a minor change of cast (the male's role), but the lines were about the same and the situations were identical.

"Stop! That tickles," Gloria would begin.

"It didn't tickle on deck."

"I mean it."

"Sure you do." (Pause.)

"Boy, you are fresh."

"Bet your life I am." (Longer pause and sound of scuffling.)

"Jeepers, you're clumsy."

"Yeah?" (Continued scuffling.)

"Do you want me to do it for you?"
"I'll do it."

"Jeepers, you really take a night and a day. It's only a simple hook."

"Yeah?" (Pause - heavy breathing.)
"I don't want to anymore."



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"What do you mean?"

"It's not romantic now."

"What do you mean?"

"I don't know. You make it seem like manual labor or something."

"What's the matter?"

"Do you have to lean on me that way?"

"C'mon."

"You're too persistent. I'm not in the mood anymore."

"Well for Christsakes get back in the mood."

"Quiet! My little cousin's asleep in the next room."

"Listen, don't try to give me what you give other guys!"

"Are you so different from other 'guys'?"

"I'm me!"

"You're cute."

"Yeah?" (Pause.)

"Not now, I told you."

"When?"

"I'm tired now."

"When?"

"I'll see."

"That's a promise now."

"I'll see."

"See you in the morning?"

"I'll see."

Harry was less interested in Gloria, who bored him (he could not understand what all the fuss was about), than he was in the obviously victimized men. He had never heard voices so uniformly strained, so defenseless, so pleading; even during their moments of outburst and accusation he could hear their in-

timidated whine. It seemed so silly. It wasn't a matter of what they wanted, it was that anyone could so much want anything outside himself that puzzled him. Ridiculous!

During the early evening hours when Gloria left him alone to go vamping, Harry took to playing sexual conquest with himself in front of the mirror. He whined at himself with the men's lines and rejected himself with Gloria's. Then he laughed like anything. He felt beyond the game and so quickly grew bored with it. He understood that the men wanted some kind of love and that Gloria teased them about getting it. But he couldn't see why anyone had to run after love that way. What good was it if you had to chase it or be made to feel silly by it? He felt he knew so much more than these grown men. "Don't be so dopey," he wanted to say to them. "Don't go to them. Let them come to you!"

Harry smiled with this superior knowledge all the rest of the way to Le Havre. Gloria was sure that it was she the smiles were aimed at. He was laughing at her! Bitterly she decided that there was no doubt about it. Her week of hard work was wasted. She was being patronized! Bitterly she reflected that there could be no further doubt about it: her cousin Harry was a little rat. Well, let him go to hell. She was going to Paris.

"Paris," she said to herself, "Paris." And suddenly she realized that it meant no more to her than if she had said "Bronx." The scent of Paris had become overripe; the scent of sex took on the smell of cheese. Gone were her intricately detailed fantasies: her invented seduction, her invented violence, her invented pain. Gone, also, was her invented guilt. She saw the senselessness of her chaste triumphs: what point was there in evading that final experience, knowing, as she now did, that there could be no pleasure in it? Since it couldn't be fun, why not try it? She stared at Harry's smile and smiled ambitiously back. They would be landing soon and she would have to make plans. There could be no further doubt about it: let cousin Harry go to Paris; she was going to hell.

It wasn't until four years later that Harry surrendered his virginity—just three years and 11 months past the day that Gloria abandoned hers. He was still touring the Continent with his cousin and quite content at being celibate even though 15, a thought unbearable to most of his contemporaries. "That stuff is stupid," Harry instructed them.

"Still and all," said a friend, "I'd sure like to tear off a piece of that," and he pointed to a particularly striking young lady striding handsomely down the Via Veneto.

"It shouldn't be too difficult," said Harry. "Just ask her. How do you know she won't say yes?"

His two friends laughed nervously.

"I mean it," insisted Harry.

Their nervousness increased. "Let's go to a cinema," said one.

"Signorina," called Harry.

The woman turned with a half-smile to stare at the amusing children she knew were following her. If she found them charming she would buy them each a piece of candy.

Harry smiled warmly. "My friends and I wondered if we could make love to

you. All right?"

"Of course," the woman answered dazedly. Harry's friends ran.

Harry returned to America at 17 and sat around the house. He was in the least interesting phase for a person whose single concern was self-indulgence; that phase where the child may or may not be father to the man and all one can do is stick around to find out.

When he looked at the world he saw nothing that he wanted; when he looked at himself he saw that though everything was there, he still wanted more. He wanted a direction.

"Harry, what would you like to do?" the Harry Fund asked him.

"Who knows?" said Harry, annoyed at being asked to consider the question.

Hard times had come upon the trustees of the Harry Fund. Emergency

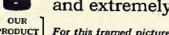


"The conference has broken down, I'm afraid."





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expenses had depleted its coffers dangerously. The villain, it seemed, was his cousin Gloria, who had been subject to a recurring medical problem every six months or so for the last three years. The expense of transportation to Sweden and hospital costs had laid the family financially low. Harry was told that the best that now could be done for him was a few hundred every month. He would have to fend for himself.

He began to feel as if a ruthless, nasty game were being forced upon him. He had no intention of accepting the sort of world he was being squeezed into. Rarely did he show temper but now, for weeks on end, he was furious; and there was reason to be. He'd been cheated! The Harry Fund had promised him a career. Where was it? A direction where was it? He had accepted them on good faith, let them serve and be loyal to him and now what was his thanks? Desertion. He didn't question that they loved him but there was efficient love and inept love. There was no doubt into which category theirs fell. He took the

Fund's payment with an impatient gesture and went off to find a demoralizing, rat-infested room in a dirty, cheap rooming house. Two could play at their game.

The rooming house of his dreams was in a factory district where plant mechanization had been so perfected that no skilled labor was needed at all. The unskilled labor was largely recruited from the South, from sections rich with a lack of skills. The migrants lived drearily in tenements and rooming houses which spawned grubbily around the several factories. Everybody had dreams of doing something else. It would have been a neighborhood ripe for crime if, after a day's work, somebody had enough energy to commit one.

Harry was the only tenant in his rooming house who didn't work in a factory. Regardless of how bad his affairs went he would not reduce himself to taking a job. Work he understood as a convenient time-killing device in which people indulged themselves to avoid concentrating on the important thing: himself.

It riled Harry to know how much activity took place in the course of a day that did not center on him. However, this would be an easy matter to set right. All he need do was acquaint himself with his neighbors and allow them to create a supplemental Harry Fund. The idea brightened his day and that night he stepped across the hall and knocked on the nearest door to begin making friends.

He made only one friend. Her name was Rosalie Murchison from Macon—or, as she said it (not as a name, but as a lyric) "RosalieMurchisonFrom-Macon?" It was RosalieMurchisonFrom-Macon? who breathlessly opened the nearest door across the hall the instant Harry knocked, for who could tell—he might have been a Hollywood agent.

She was a temporary factory worker hopefully bound for glory in the film colony - if only she could get there. Beneath a splendid milky display of hair there spread in a variety of directions a baby-beautiful movie star's face and a superwomanly movie star's figure; as if she were not born of a piece but put together in a composite of bests by the underweaned editors of a girlie magazine. She looked too much larger than life for men to run after. Instead they told dirty jokes about her and claimed to have taken her to bed; the more nervous the man, the more graphic the claim. But no one had touched her. She wouldn't allow it. She was afraid of what uncontrolled handling would do to her skin tone.

RosalieMurchisonFromMacon? was determinately headed out to Hollywood to make the grand try. By careful saving and hard work she had put away \$2500. In another six months she'd have 500 more; enough for a one-way bus ticket and a year's expenses. It was this thought that kept her going. Each new day of indignity heightened her removal by putting her that much closer to her dream - and made her seem cold and aloof for not hearing the remarks called after her by the wistful men on the line. Why should she when she wasn't even there? She was in the movies - protected in the arms of Robert Mitchum, who was saying, "To hell with 'em all, honey. You've got Burt Lancaster, Rock Hudson and me.'

Her real life was in her room. It was tatooed with glossy grinning photos of movie faces: great women stars, great men stars and a wall full of anonymous almost-stars who had appeared in but one picture, where they were invariably listed after the rest of the cast following the words "And Introducing—" and were never after seen again.

But which of the winking, grinning faces on her wall could compare with Harry? He stood in the hall, smiling down at her, his words beating against



"Quick, Morse, call my broker!"

her like bird's wings.

"I know it's short notice but I am strapped, so whatever you can give me I'd appreciate. Every little bit helps."

And then, through the use of what power she knew not, he was with her in her room, talking pleasantly, accepting her as an equal—"Well, I don't see any need to apologize. I'd say that \$25 is a swell beginning. Really, don't worry about it."

"It's enough? You sure now? You're not just being nice?"

"Who lives upstairs? Maybe they have more," he said, rising.

She blocked the door. There was no telling who lived upstairs.

"I have more! In the bank. Ever so much more. Honest to sweet Saturday night, you have got to believe me!"

"I hate to be caught short," said Harry.

"Tomorrow. I'll go to the bank tomorrow."

How could he be unaware of the ground swells, unaware of the imbalance in the room, unaware that RosalieMurchisonFromMacon?, who never doubted the splendor of her own appearance, now saw herself as fat and clubby and asked only to die for him? He needed money? He would have money!

She took him to dinner, she bought him gifts and clothes and tickets to the movies. They went to the movies endlessly and where the romance on the screen ended and the romance with Harry began blurred into meaninglessness. There was no difference, really. They were two heads 40 feet high, meeting in the center of a giant screen, kissing stereophonically and fading out to the next scene, which was the same as the one just passed, repeated over and over. But it was a movie that never got anywhere. So RosalieMurchisonFromMacon?, with the dwindling bank balance, began stirring restlessly in her seat wondering when the plot would start moving. She felt caves opening within her and they remained unfilled. Her skin began to dry and crack. Her juices were being drained - Harry was doing this to her.

"I can't believe it's real. Can you? I can't. I really, really can't! Honest I can't," she said, feeling Harry with her eyes closed because most times she dared not look at him.

"What's real?" Harry asked, moving out of reach. There were times when he did not appreciate being touched.

"You know what I mean," she said vaguely.

"I need shoes," said Harry, fingering his toes.

"Funny, I was just thinking that very thing today," she put in quickly.

"I need shirts," said Harry, rubbing a hand across his chest.

"Surprise! Surprise!" She reached un-

der the bed and handed Harry a package. He stared dully through it.

"Hey, how far is it in miles to New York?" he finally asked, his voice trailing off as if he were already there.

"New York? You wondering about New York? Oh, it's far! Very far! Almost impossible to get to from here! You don't want to bother with New York."

She ran out and bought him six pairs of shoes.

She could not sleep for feasting and, after feasting, she was hungrier still and the more she dieted on Harry the more the hollow bloomed inside. What was he doing to her? What wasn't he doing? She didn't know; she couldn't figure it out

"What are you thinking about?" she asked him in bed late at night, as she could feel the tension curling like a spasm through his body. But he rarely answered. It was none of her business. He was thinking of himself.

"We've seen all the movies," he said to her one night as if she had been caught cheating.

"Oh, sweet Jesus, no!" she cried in a panic, rummaging through the newspaper listings. But he was right.

"We could stay home," she suggested. "Sure," Harry mumbled.

"We could play cards. I used to be very good at cards. Hearts. I bet I could trounce you at hearts!"

Harry did not respond.

"Ha. Ha. I was only fooling. I bet you'd trounce me at hearts. You'd trounce me!" She bit her lip and frowned. Harry turned toward her and she quickly turned her frown into a smile, painfully cutting her lower lip by forgetting to remove her teeth from it.

"Sugar!" she cursed.

Harry did not hear her. He was working out decisions. Maybe it was good that they had run out of movies. Now there was no excuse to delay any further what he had so long delayed. Somewhere there had to be some answer to move him down some path to lead him to some future. RosalieMurchisonFromMacon? was nice but she was beside the point. He treated her in the present as if she were a lready part of the past, as if she were a forgotten boiling kettle he'd come back to take off the stove while on his way to where he really wanted to go.

She felt the way she did as a child trying desperately to get the attention of a grownup, crying "Watch this! Watch this!" and throwing her skirt up over her head. Her skirt was over her head all the time now and it was clear that Harry was no longer watching. It was driving RosalieMurchisonFromMacon? crazy. She loved him depressingly but her face was getting blowzy and she was looking overripe. Her posture had gone to hell



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Reeves Soundcraft Corp., Great Pasture Rd., Danbury, Conn. along with her skin tone and soon her savings would be gone too and she knew Harry would be gone the next moment, gone to somebody else. There was a chorus line of factory women just waiting for him. And while she loved him to the point of losing herself she retained that last remnant of shrunken ego that allowed the dream of stardom to go wasted but pulled up short when it came to her final survival.

One day she came home with a check for \$700 and an airline ticket to New York. It was the last of her savings. "Here," she said, handing him both check and ticket. "Hey, New York! That's a swell idea," said Harry, and he immediately began packing.

Harry flew away from RosalieMurchisonFromMacon? on the first plane out of town. He had time to think during his drive to the airport, or rather, not so much to think as to open his mind to the whistling, stomping, dancing truths that the gesture of RosalieMurchisonFromMacon? had inspired. How foolish his search, how needless the worries of the Harry Fund, of his parents, of his teachers. His direction was clear and had been clear from his earliest childhood, but the foggy sameness of his growing years had dimmed it. Insights ricocheted with heady celebration in the cabin of the plane.

Sweet RosalieMurchisonFromMacon? had pointed his direction as if she were a laboratory experiment designed for that purpose. She had loved Harry. She had given him things. All of his life people had loved Harry, people had given him things. He reflected sadly on the formative years he was leaving behind and of the girl who, in a single act, had brought them into focus. He was sorry that, in all his excitement, he had forgotten to step in to say goodbye.

But he had no time to waste on sad thoughts. He let his mind settle pleasantly on what he would do from now on; what he would do for the rest of his life. He would do what he had always done. He would be loved.

Harry, the rat with women, entered his maturity looking more beautiful than ever; not beautiful in the normal way of men or women, nor even beautiful in the way he had previously been in his youth, but rather, beautiful as nature is beautiful. Looking at Harry was like looking at a sunset or a mountain range or the New York City skyline. He made people want to stand there reverently and watch; he made them want to salute. Sight-seeing buses could have made a

He had filled his beauty as an animal fills its skin; all loose folds were taken up now, all details completed. Where in his growing days he had vibrated an

fortune driving around him.

excitement of change he now emitted calm: pure, uninvestigated, unrippled, uncaring calm. His beauty had settled in him like a well-poured foundation. It was not skin-deep but shone from beneath layers and layers suggesting that were the outer shell removed the glow at the core would be blinding.

He walked through the city and it purred and rolled over before him: the lights from windows only caught his face and left others in darkness; the sound of traffic softened to a bird's call and the air smelled of Indian summer. If Harry walked on one side of the street, as a sign of respect everyone else crossed over to the other.

He was loved with the sense of offbalance urgency that is unique with the unrequited. The city ran up to him pleading, "Take me!" and, once taken, resented the taker for his lack of commitment. It shuffled miserably around him caught in a love trap, having to give and not being given in return; reflecting bitterly that Harry didn't really care, he was just taking advantage.

And Harry moved within it, never noticing. His touch left no fingerprints; almost anything could be proved by it. Those outside him belonged to a world apart, a universe he cared nothing for: dull, without shape, without definition. Their only possible excuse for being was as instruments for his comfort: their arms to carry presents, their mouths to offer praises, their bodies to satisfy his own body. Their eyes he used as mirrors.

"I can't decide what to do with my hair," he would say while staring into a lady's eyes. "I hate to trust it to anyone but myself."

"Oh no, Harry, you mustn't."

"I'm the only one my hair really trusts."

"Your hair would trust *me*, Harry."
"Stop that, I just combed it! But if I cut it myself I can't do a really good job on the back ——"

"Let me try, Harry. Your hair, your beautiful hair ---"

"I told you to quit that. Do you know anyone who really knows how to press shirts? I mean people say they can press shirts but they come out either too soft or too stiff."

"Let me try, Harry. Please let me. I'm very good at pressing shirts."

"Sure, that's what you said about washing socks. Say, can't you get brighter lights in this room? I hate to see shadows all over my body."

He liked to present himself against various backgrounds: see how he looked against a blonde, how a brunette complemented the color of his eyelashes, how a redhead set off the tone of his skin. He covered the spectrum and back, resting easily wherever he desired and accepting only those parts of the worlds offered him that he might suddenly have

a yen for. He had only to point; then he would taste and move on. His smiles shot and killed. He hunted with them carelessly and was well taken care of.

On his arrival in the city he took a suite at the Waldorf. The management didn't charge; they thought he gave the building class.

"All I ask is to be taken care of," said Harry.

"All we ask is to die for you," answered the Waldorf. It was the answer he received everywhere.

He did not know how people knew about him. He accepted it as one of the interesting sidelights of New York; the way a big city makes welcome its strangers. His mail slot bulged with business: telephone messages beseeching private interviews; party invitations; letters from exclusive charities requesting his sponsorship; dinner invitations; theater tickets compliments of Miss Blank I who bumped him in the elevator; ballet tickets compliments of Miss Blank II who gave him her seat in the bar; a yachting invitation from Miss Blank III who followed him down Lexington Avenue in a taxi; love letters offering everything, asking nothing.

He was a narcotic and women had to have him; and like a narcotic, once the effect wore off there followed a slicing emptiness and a nervous need for more. Women staggered punch-drunk through the city, meeting and drinking excessively at luncheons, murmuring from table to table, "Harry's a rat, Harry's a rat, Harry's a rat,"

In the usual course of events Harry's casualness would probably not have earned him the reputation of being a rat with women: loving and leaving, while officially frowned on, seldom evokes a final, definitive judgment; many women enjoy being left only second best to being loved. Harry was not a rat for what he did but for what he didn't do. He left whomever he touched feeling untouched, whomever he dishonored feeling, regrettably, still honored. He left no aftertaste; no mark on the pillow. He was like summer thirst. He was like Chinese food. Once he was gone, nothing had been there.

He was never the flirt. A flirt is conscious of the game, and Harry's game involved only himself. For that reason there was no defense against him. As in myths or fairy tales, knights-errant (in this case, women) marched on horseback toward him bellowing the challenge: "Joust if you dare, Sir Harry!" Titillated with rumors of his invincibility hosts of heavily armored ladies rose tall from behind their breasts, cornered him in his love nest and threw down their gauntlets — followed shortly by their armor, their defiance and their souls. And the more stories spread about his irresisti-



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"Which way to the giant octopus?"

bility, the more challenges received. One example was Georgette Wallen-

She was small but looked large; she was pretty but looked formidable; she was softly built but looked indestructible. She had cool eyes; the eyes of an appraiser, steady as two black buttons and operating like reverse mirrors: they could see out; no one could see in. Her interior was a well-stocked dungeon of reserve against a hostile world; her exterior was a symbol of the hardness in that very world she saw as hostile.

In the company of other women she could act fairly open if not trusting, for despite the private claims of each they were all on record as being in it together; NATO allies to the end. With men her openness clouded; an affair working warmly would suddenly chill. No one knew why. Love would tentatively begin and then, at a point just short of fruition, stop cold; not receding but vanishing quickly, embarrassed for having been where it wasn't wanted. From inside her wall she sent out signals of peace to the world: her womanliness, her composure, her silent promise that the game was more than worth the candle. Men picked up the signals like dropped handkerchiefs. The circle would form again: first hard, then soft, then gone. She would withdraw her hand, and softly say, "It's time, my dear, we had a serious conversation" and immediately afterward add to her bulging portfolio one more new friend: someone to lunch with once a month and be advised by on the condition of the market.

Georgette met Harry at a party to which she had gone in order to break off with her current lover, a gentleman over whom she was becoming fond. She preferred to make her farewells at parties; in private they could become embarrassing. In addition, she deemed it only fair to the man to part with him in a crowd and afford him a chance of finding another girl to take home. She was expert at these occasions and performed less like a participant than a hostess; doing her utmost to make her guest feel as comfortable as possible in his new, unfamiliar surroundings. Soothingly they had oozed from lovers to sweethearts to buddies. Their faces were aglow with mutual affection; Georgette's because she never felt so close to a man as when she broke off with him and the young man's because he was convinced that he had somehow won a great victory by surrendering everything. Their hands slid lingeringly apart as they went their private ways: he to the bar to celebrate his mature handling of a difficult situation and Georgette to another room where her eyes landed and fixed forever on Harry.

"My name is Georgette Wallender," she said.

"I'm Harry," Harry said.

"I want you to know you can never hurt me," she said.

She took his hand and wouldn't let go.

Georgette had known of Harry for some time before they met-not by name but by feeling. He had been the background music to her life, playing counter to her own theme: the rising crescendo heard in all the romantic novels of her childhood, in all the bad films and radio plays. Her shell opened and took him in. Then, still impregnable, it closed around him.

"I love. I know I love," she said to the Harry buried inside her. The Harry outside barely responded.

"Love is a vast prairie -- " she frowned. "No, rather it's a flower on that prairie - a desert flower, fragile and full at the same time. Alone. Exquisitely alone and yet rooted deeply in the nestling soil. No, it isn't." She frowned again and tried to get more deeply into herself. "Love is a straight line going off into infinity; a series of vari-angled planes. No, that's wrong. Love is architecture - no, it's richer than that. Love is - is candy. Sweet and deep. And sticky. Like toffee. No, that's shallow. Love is - wait a minute - I had it a second ago --"

"I think love is smooth and creamy," said Harry, thinking of himself.

"I had it a second ago -- What the devil did I mean to say?" Georgette asked the Harry inside her.

"I think love is like white bread," said the outside Harry, beginning to feel hungry.

Love became more real when she talked about it; and to go back and talk about it some more made it more real than real: an improvement on the original. She turned it into living theater at the luncheon table. Her now narrowing circle of women friends listened heavily; their pillbox hats rising to each climax like surfboards on a wave, their breathing so deep that in a room full of cigarette smoke their corner stood out with the clarity of an etching.

"Be careful," they warned. Georgette beamed. "You don't know what love is," she said carelessly. It was an accurate appraisal.

Her friends, like herself, were highly successful businesswomen - diverse in interests but equal in rank: ambitious, socially conscious and quietly powerful. Their power had begun small but flourished as rumor of its potency was spread, first by themselves and later by others. The rumor was eventually accepted as the truth and so became true; their influence was felt everywhere.

They knew each other (in order of importance) by income, by rank, by name and by appearance — a closely meshed circle of accomplishment meeting often at lunch, cocktails and dinner, pulling strings, managing lives and exchanging inside stories; the married members escorted by their robust, cologne-smelling husbands, the single ones adorned with the currently vogueish ballad singer, actor, designer, photographer or playwright - she: bold as brass, he: soft as dawn.

The group leader (and so recognized) was the syndicated gossip columnist and television panelist Belle Mankis, adored by her friends who called her "Our darling Belle," unadored by her enemies who called her, "Preying Mankis."

Whomever Belle saw fit to use as an intimate became part of the group.

Naomi Peel, famed psychoanalyst, physical therapist and television panelist; author of the daily column of frank advice, "God and Your Heart"; a dedicated foe of homosexuality and intermarriage; also known as "the psychiatrist to the stars."

India Anderbull, famed novelist and television panelist; winner of the National Book Award for The Weaklings, a novel of the husband in America; creator of the Emmy Award family television series "The Weaklings," a more humorous treatment of the same subject.

Arlene Moon, famed publicist and television panelist; best known for her unpublicized religious works; a dedicated foe of smut.

Viola Strife, famed lawyer and television panelist; best known for her lucrative settlements in divorce litigation; a passionate advocate of legally strengthening the marital vows. And Georgette, who, aside from her duties as a television panelist, edited Outre, the women's fashion magazine.

To all of them and to Georgette, too, until she met Harry, men were a social convenience: things to date when they went out with the girls at night. Marriage was condoned as either an early mistake, a career necessity or a financial arrangement.

Women, they had long ago discovered. got along best with other women. As a group they lived for themselves as Harry lived for himself; and because of this they were freer of his allure than most women: not free enough to dismiss him but free enough to be able not to love him - though he did confuse them terribly. Georgette's infatuation had blown a hole in their ranks. In Harry's presence they felt defensive (a new feeling around men) and out of control (a new feeling around anybody).

Power was the central force of their lives. It ushered them into night clubs, 191 theaters, fashionable restaurants. It paid their bills, it bought their tickets, it sent them free books. They were courted by the needy and the publicity seekers and, after years of doling out harsh experience, were given a group name: The Blue Belles.

They were a male-morality-watchdog society: giving speeches, writing papers, arguing on television and, as members of a private underground, doing more - much more. They acted as spotters of the rich and eligible: men of indiscriminate age with sufficient funds and reputation to benefit themselves or their colleagues. Once the mark was spotted an invisible circle was drawn around him. Only one of their own was permitted inside: to drink, to dine, to make love, to marry. Outsiders were frightened off. The total power of the middle level was directed at them: a call to the phone where an anonymous voice lay down the penalties of trespass - to be gossipcolumned, public-relationed and legalactioned to death. Outsiders quickly learned the boundary lines of fun, and withdrew.

They operated as the game wardens of society. Those women who would not scare were made examples of. The few men who challenged the circle were laid open to public attack and private harassment; called away from their tables at restaurants to hear the whispered telephone message, "Get rid of the bitch. Get rid of the bitch." Or if subtlety were the evening's plan, no message at all only heavy breathing.

It was a sorority game and the Blue Belles brought to it the spirit of the natural game player. Whether this game or any other, they relished the excitement of tit-for-tatmanship. Games were a way of life, a private language, a means of communication. Talk was cheap and unrewarding; games were the true religion. They played them with rising ecstasy and found joy in their celebration.

They played "Botticelli," "Twenty Questions," "Ghosts," "Geography," "Fact or Fiction," "Silent Movies," "Coffee Pot," "Capistrano," "Minestrone," "Arthur's Mother," "Bride and Groom," "Self-Destruction," and many others around the clock till the night was gone and early morning was over and no one could think of what to do next except go home.

Belle Mankis hated that moment.

"There must be at least one more game," she insistently said as the guests shuffled into their coats and kissed good-

She called out names. "Did we play 'Augmenting'?"

"Yes, we played 'Augmenting,' " one of her guests said tiredly.

"Did we play 'Arraignment'?"

But they had played that, too; and 192 every other game as well. Her friends started to leave. Belle followed them despondently. "Wait!" she cried with inspiration.

'We didn't play 'Doctor'!"

"'Doctor' is a children's game," growled India Anderbull.

But Belle made them play it. "How do you know it isn't fun if you don't try?"

As it turned out it was fun; more fun than almost anything. They added it to the top of the list.

Harry was as much an irritant in games as he was in everything else. Winning or losing seemed beside the point to him and he let the tension of the contest flag as he thought over his position carefully, often distracted by other thoughts and really not caring in the slightest, till the men disbanded into small drinking circles and the women, if they could, would have screamed. But they couldn't with Harry. He watered their malice and made the act worse by being unaware of it.

One night they played "Super-Truth," a game in which each player had to reveal a single unpleasant characteristic that he found in all the other players. Harry's turn came but he could think of nothing unpleasant to say about any-

"Even me?" teased Belle Mankis.

"I suppose I never paid attention," said Harry.

"There must be some unpleasant characteristic in at least one of us," said Viola Strife.

All the Blue Belles laughed.

"I suppose I never bothered to notice," said Harry.

"Georgette!" cried Belle. "You certainly must have noticed Georgette."

Everyone applauded. Georgette smiled and pretended to blush.

More applause and shrieks of fun.

"Oh, sure," said Harry.

"Give us an unpleasant characteristic," said Belle.

And the Blue Belles leaned forward. Georgette smiled to herself, knowing that poor, bewildered, hopelessly-in-love Harry could have no answer.

"For one thing," began Harry, "she's always around."

The sound of raising eyebrows filled the room. Georgette's expression did not change but over it there suddenly appeared a series of fine lines.

Here was her first hint that Harry was not her slave. She had opened herself to this man, given him love, trusted and become dependent on him, bought him gifts, given him a place to live - and now: he was slipping away.

If she confronted Harry with the truth she was sure he'd deny it, poor dear. He would have thrown himself at her feet and protested that his comment was merely a joke, a silly, misplaced party remark; but Georgette knew that though neither of them wanted to admit

it, the sign was there. So it was senseless to reveal her insight to him. She was the stronger of the two and if a solution were to be found she would have to be the one who found it. One thing was clear from the beginning: she would not let him go.

Having decided all this in a matter of moments, Georgette felt refreshed. Her depression lifted as do all depressions once a decision is arrived at. Their future was in her small, capable hands and with that knowledge she could afford to be patient. She would observe Harry and find a way of banishing his doubts.

The new lines on her face softened but did not disappear.

During the next weeks she watched him unsparingly. Whenever Harry looked up from his private interests he saw her damp, soft eyes, blind with understanding. She was all over him; gentle, sweet, reassuring - as if they were no longer lovers. She asked Harry questions; she urged him to talk about himself, knowing it was a way of keeping him interested; she tried to draw him out. But somehow the questions she asked were unending, with parts one, two, three; subtopics A, B, C and D; interspersed with pithy observations on life and love that might have told Harry, had he not been winding his watch, more about their own situation than she intended. One part of her heard but could not halt that cool, calm, wisdom-dropping voice taking off on its endless display:

"When I was a child I always stayed in the house. I always believed that if I went outside I would get hit. My parents encouraged me to go outside. My teachers encouraged me to go outside. Aunts and uncles whom I loved encouraged me to go outside. So I did. And I got hit. Experience doesn't teach; it merely con-

'So, I withdrew from the outside world and decided never to be vulnerable again. But I learned that if one hides oneself from hurt one hides oneself from love. Harry, dear, we are really very much alike, you and I. We are practically the same person. Will you please stop winding your watch?"

Georgette understood in detail the effect her insights would have upon Harry; they would cause guilt and his guilt would cause him to resent her and his resentment would force him to strike out in boyish rebellion. So she was not surprised to find that he had begun dating other women. When Belle Mankis reported the news Georgette insisted that it was not yet time to discipline him; he would be allowed his fling and yet be made aware that, rebellious or not, his Georgette was always there.

And she was. Whenever Harry took a new love to dine - there, alone at the table across the room, sat Georgette, a soft light playing on her wide-brimmed hat, her dark glasses and veil never quite concealing the understanding smile charging his way. For the first six weeks he thought it a coincidence.

Late at night with Harry ensconced in his new apartment, Georgette, for whom no phone number was unlisted, would wake him, laugh warmly into the receiver and say, "Harry, you poor dear, you're really having quite a time for yourself. I just want you to know that I think it's all wonderful."

Occasionally, when Harry wasn't home, she'd be almost through with her message before realizing she had gotten the answering service.

Harry's new girl became upset. "That woman won't leave us alone! Not that I want to complain, Harry."

Her name was Faith Maynard, a gentle-faced girl with large hands who worked as an interior decorator. Harry was first attracted to her when she convinced him that she could reproduce him in the form of an apartment. But while her execution was brilliant her conception was shallow. From the beginning Harry felt the apartment a disappointment. He didn't know much about interior design but he knew whether it was him or not. The chairs were him, the rugs were him, but the curtains, the tables, the wall decorations and the German icons were definitely nobody's and the canopied bed with its welter of silk hangings could never be him; it was obviously her. It was just such unobtrusive insincerity that annoyed Harry the most. He moved in with her, expecting to move out immediately.

"What woman won't leave us alone?" Harry said, listening to the sound of his own voice. He kept forgetting that he must have Faith add a tape recorder to the apartment.

"You know who I mean! The woman who keeps calling!"

"Oh, Georgette!" laughed Harry. "You mean Georgette. I didn't know you knew her."

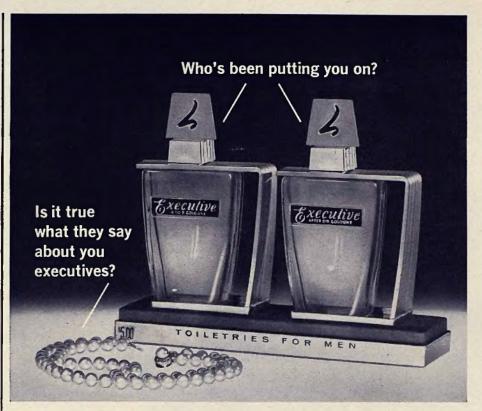
"I don't."

"Then why do you mind her calling me? She's only a friend. She just thinks I need looking after."

"She's trying to get you back," brooded Faith.

"Do you really think so?" mused Harry. His respect for Georgette catapulted.

Now that he took the time to think of it perhaps Faith was right: the meetings in restaurants, the phone calls, the flood of endearing mementos; he had never been besieged like this. No other woman had the nerve. They had always let go of him easily, hoping he'd remember and return, fearing that if they threw the fit they wanted to, they would lose him forever. And so they turned into what Harry had always seen them as: nanimate objects who had somehow



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How thin and characterless Georgette made them seem. While admittedly a few had followed him down the street, pleading, and others had called him late at night, these were obvious acts of hysteria — not a planned campaign, not a tenacious holding action like Georgette's. A curtain had lifted and Harry now saw that she dogged his every step from the moment he left her; and yet she did not cry — she did not seem on the defensive. It was as if walking backward were the most natural and agreeable of acts. How magnificent, he thought. In a vague way Harry was becoming interested.

He had never known suspense in his dealings with women; there had never been any question about the outcome. But this strange woman refused to vanish; it shifted the balance. Harry felt a new anticipation, a new fondness for her. He viewed her with growing sympathy as the underdog in a losing contest, hopeful that despite the great odds against her she might surprise him and win. He did not see himself as her opponent but as her claque. The next time she called and woke him he wished her luck, cheered her on and moved back in with her.

Georgette felt like a giantess! Here he was, docilely in her arms again; Georgette's triumph! She knew now that love had been a test not to weaken but to strengthen her. Harry, who was known as a rat with women, had crumbled. She had not begged, she had not demeaned; she had mastered. It would all be much easier now. She had proved to him who was the stable and the strong one; it would no longer be a struggle. He would bend to her will, listen and learn from her.

Their separation allowed her to see him more clearly now: he was so much the boy; a spoiled, bewildered, selfindulgent, beautiful boy. She would take this boy and train him to be a man. Only then would she marry him. Her days of blind love were over; Harry had better rise to her or she might someday leave him. She dreaded the thought. What would Harry do if she left him? He had left her and it had made her strong. She feared it would be just the opposite with Harry. He would collapse -might even kill himself. She grew angry; she was a busy woman and wasn't at all sure she had time for all this responsibility. She thought of him as he cheerfully unpacked in the next room, noisily pulling out drawers, clumsily banging into things. She smiled thinly at the immensity of the job that lay ahead; then she went inside to teach him how to put away his socks.

"You know the trouble with you, Harry?"

Harry looked up encouragingly. It was their second week back together, and now that Georgette was no longer talking about her own state of mind, but his, he found her much more fun.

"You're withdrawn. You don't communicate."

"What do you know!" said Harry.
"It's one of the big problems in so-

ciety today — in the world as a matter of fact: the breakdown in communication."

"I'd rather have a good time," said Harry.

"You poor dear, don't you see that without communicating you can't have a good time?"

"Oh, I enjoy myself," said Harry.

"False enjoyment is not happiness, Harry. God put us on this earth to communicate; else why did he give us language?"

"I use language. Listen, sometimes I

never stop talking."

"We don't use language anymore; we misuse it. Language is no longer a means of communication but a means of avoiding communication."

"You can't make the world over," said

Harry.

Georgette placed his head between her hands and forced herself to stare into his eyes; they were miles away.

"Communication isn't easy, Harry dear. Believe me, I know that. But all we have left is to try. We communicate a little today. We communicate a little more tomorrow. And who knows, but someday soon — total communication."

She let her hands leave his face. His eyes had outdistanced her.

"But you - what do you do, Harry?"
His eyes came back. "Tell me!"

"You go around in your own private world. Never communicating. Never making contact. That's why you can't be happy. You're afraid to leave your shell. Insecure and afraid!"

Harry began to look interested. Georgette ran on, sensing a breakthrough.

"Don't you see, my dearest? Once you're able to make contact, a permanent contact with somebody, some special person, you will be happy. You'll have to be. Because you'll be fulfilled."

She let her fingers run through his hair.

"You poor dear, not a word I said has penetrated, has it?"

"Don't do that; I just combed it," said

He now had something new to think about. Georgette was sketching in a different world. He vaguely remembered some of her ideas; they had been covered in school, but they hadn't really registered. A fresh hunger awakened in Harry; a new part of himself was lying there—waiting to be explored. He looked forward to Georgette's lectures.

"Talk to me."

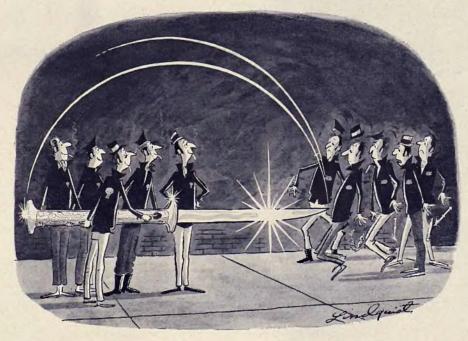
"What am I going to do with you, Harry?"

"Talk to me. Tell me about the breakdown in communication."

"I've told you."

"Tell me about my not making contact."

"I've told you. Dozens of times."
"Tell me again. I forgot."



"Harry, you don't listen."

"Sure, I do. I listen to you. Tell me about the breakdown in communication." He rested at her feet, looked innocently up and waited.

The lines in Georgette's face deepened. Working with Harry was like building with papier-mâché: each time she'd seem to have a construction going it would depart into formlessness. If he were trying to control her she would have known how to handle it; she still had no doubt who was the stronger in a contest of wills. But Harry gave her no chance to demonstrate; he refused to be the opposition. He abdicated amiably, bending to her iron will though she had hardly begun to exercise it. Part of her pride in regaining him lay in the confirmation of the strength she had always supposed was hidden within her: an underground soldier lying in wait for the command. But once that strength was unleashed it needed action; it needed further proof of its invincibility. And instead, what did the enemy give her? A form of surrender so goodnatured, so all-embracing that it made her own aggression seem trivial; almost passive. Like any other peacetime militarist her inner soldier grumbled and grew confused. There are those old soldiers who much prefer dying to fading

The balance had tipped in his favor again; yet Georgette could not remember the moment of change. Her lectures had lost their inspirational outer layer and had assumed a personal whine. She knew Harry was not seeing other women; there wasn't time. Nevertheless she called Belle Mankis and asked her to check around. She knew he was becoming bored again.

"Harry, please listen to me. Really it's getting serious, this breakdown in communication of yours. Honestly, you've got to learn to make contact. You'll never be happy until you do. I'm saying this because I want to help you. I wish I had somebody to tell me the things I'm telling you. Please listen to me, Harry."

One day India Anderbull reported spotting Harry having cocktails at her sports club with a well-known female tennis star. The Blue Belles called a meeting. Georgette sat through it not hearing a word, just shaking her head.

"Harry's a rat," Belle Mankis began. There followed a chorus of grumbled ayes.

"We let him off the hook once — for Georgette's sake," said India Anderbull, circling her small friend with a heavy arm. "I was against it! You all remember how I was against it!"

"There's no point in reworking the past!" counseled Viola Strife.

"You let one of those sons of bitches off the hook and they all get ideas," said Naomi Peel.

"We've been too easy," said Arlene Moon.

"Harry's had it," said Belle Mankis. Five thumbs pointed down. "We'll make an example of him."

Then they ordered cocktails and talked about other things.

The decision had been made and was irrevocable.

"Let me talk to him once more," Georgette pleaded, "I'll explain everything ——"

Georgette was clearly in a state of shock. They sent her to a rest home.

Harry's telephone began to ring late at night.

"Hello."

"You son of a bitch. You son of a bitch. You son of a bitch!"

"Oh, hi Naomi!"

"Don't 'Hi Naomi' me, Harry! You're a dirty rat! Besides, I'm not Naomi."

"Hey, I'm glad you called. Georgette has gone away somewhere and she forgot to pay this month's rent and I don't know where in the world I'm going to get it."

There was a long sullen pause at the other end.

"How much do you need?" the voice said.

They were no more effective with Harry's women. Of what concern was a career when Harry could be there to comfort them? "Gee, I'm sorry you've been fired," he told one beautiful lady after another; but only when their cash reserves dwindled did they discover that they had suffered two losses, not one.

"You're dead in this town," the four A.M. phone call told him. "Pack up and get out!"

"Hi, Belle. Say, how come we never run into each other anymore?" greeted Harry.

The situation had become impossible for the Blue Belles. Harry was more than just a goad to one of their members; he was a threat to the existence of the organization. If he outlasted their onslaught their reputation would be disastrously weakened. It was revolutionaries such as Harry who made it bad for entrenched systems everywhere. Were he to survive much longer who knew what rabbit-spined millionaire would take courage from his example and defy their authority? The issue had become bigger than Harry. It had turned into a test case.

Extremes were required: they decided to send for Eugenie Vasch. They wired her care of Claridge's, London. The return cable arrived the next morning: CURRENTLY ENGAGED FULL TIME WRECKING MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT. HAVE THURSDAYS FREE. WIRE IF SUFFICIENT.

The Blue Belles cabled back that it would have to be.

Except for some hard lines around the jaw Eugenie Vasch was every bit as beautiful as Harry. She was, until a series of unfortunate scandals, regularly on the list of best-dressed women of the world, and this without her own fortune. Eu-



"Don't blame me, blame these damned soft-top cans!"

genie squandered money the moment it came within reach. Having it depressed her, and having men with it depressed her even more. She spent the money, broke the man and went off to adventure elsewhere. Men were as helpless with her as women with Harry. But Harry could also be loved by men; the Blue Belles aside, other women hated Eugenie. Her very presence was an attack on their sexuality, making them feel not like women at all but some interim sex. She was the complete female and yet success at it kept eluding her. She kept winding up in illegalities that damned her reputation and only allowed her to exist in her lovers' private lives. Publicly they were forced to ignore her. She despised men - not as cowards or weaklings or helpless boys - but as men. She had purified the Blue Belles' philosophy into an art. It was this art that she practiced in order to make a living: she was a free-lance

In her past and for no profit she had reduced to impotence movie stars, diplomats, heads of state, heads of magazine chains, industrialists, sportsmen, philanthropists, pacifists, literary lights — men who afterward bitterly cursed her betrayal while wistfully cherishing the flaccid remains of their lost love.

But that had been for fun; now she was a businesswoman. Wives on the hunt for revenge against husbands who cheated them sexually or spiritually summoned Eugenie from across the world to cancel permanently their mates' masculinity; to cripple them so that no woman would ever again desire to use them — except their wives. It was no trick to compel her victims to become infatuated; the trick was to entrap them before they could let go, and even more, to enlist them as willing conspirators to their own debasement.

Her past romancers met for drinks and exchanged the same stories:

"I don't know exactly what it was but it seemed clear from the beginning that she was better than I was."

"Yes, exactly."

"And yet she didn't seem to recognize it. Not only was I treated as an equal; but in many ways as a superior."

"Of course. Of course."

"I became better than myself: brighter, wittier, more lucid. I began to feel released. I began to feel that I knew so much more than I ever dared dream —— She'd look up at me with those enormous, trusting violet eyes ——"

"Yellow; they were yellow. Cat's eyes."

"Violet, definitely violet."

"Yellow."

"Violet."

"Yellow."

"Definitely violet!"

"Indeed? Well, she was certainly all things to all men, wouldn't you say?"

"Well put. Extremely well put. At any

rate those eyes — a moment's stare made me swell like a balloon; an encouraging comment made me feel like a king!"

"Yes, but didn't you feel like a hoax all the while?"

"Exactly. As I grew larger in her eyes I felt that she was sure to find me out one of these days; that I would do or say the wrong thing and she'd suddenly see me for what I really was."

"Indeed."

"A very little man."

"Oh, really, not so little as all that."

"I meant in her eyes."

"Oh, of course."

"I had heard about her; I knew what she was supposed to be."

"But that didn't hold you back."

"I accepted the rumors. I could see their grounds for validity; but a dubious validity; a hostile validity; a validity born out of the incapability of others to handle her."

"And you could handle her?"

"Not unless she wanted me to handle her. And that was the wonderful part of it: the sense that elevated me to the class of giants! I saw in her eyes that, ridiculous as it may have seemed, I was the one she had chosen to tame her."

"Indeed."

"She would be different with me. Because I was different."

"Indeed."

"So I fell in love. The problem with middle-aged love is that its seriousness rises in proportion to its lack of reality. If you think a woman has fallen in love with an inflated image of you, you'd much rather break your neck than not live up to it."

"So you did live up to it?"

"One does what one can. After several months I was like an exhausted channel swimmer. And yet she never seemed to notice. Each time I felt that I was about to sink back to my real level, her hand went out and pulled me up beside her. Well, after years of marriage, one is not used to this degree of support from a woman."

"There must have been a reason."

"Yes. And I concluded that the reason was that, whether I knew it or not, I was better; I was different; I was what I never dared dream I was: a truly romantic figure."

"A truly romantic figure."

"And that is when she began to change."

"Ah, yes."

"The remarks began."

"How well I remember. The remarks."

"Nothing one could put his finger on."
"Oh, no."

"But deflating nonetheless; indicating something definitely wrong. And it wasn't just the remarks. Her eyes, those eyes that always before had stared at me and only me, now began to wander. I couldn't seem to catch them. They'd be on me and suddenly they'd swing away. And stay away."

"You mentioned it to her, of course."

"Ours was an affair of great honesty. We told each other everything. I could no more keep the truth from her than confide in my wife."

"And she denied everything."

"As a matter of fact she became rather ironic. She apologized for the deficiency of her eyes. She requested that I list for her all those remarks of which I did not approve."

"And you couldn't remember any."

"Damnit, it's impossible to document a feeling. I wanted to both prove and disprove my contentions. I felt like an absolute ass!"

"Which she indicated."

"No, she was sympathetic. She looked at me with great patience in her eyes. It seemed to negate everything I was saying. She denied everything. She couldn't understand why I was acting so silly. My behavior was ridiculous and not at all like me. Or perhaps she was mistaken; perhaps it was exactly like me."

"Then, naturally, you denied every-

thing."

"Of course. I said there'd been great strain at the department, Several governments in danger of toppling. I wasn't myself. Forgive me."

"You're mumbling. What was that

last?"

"Forgive me."

"Ah, yes, forgive me."

"From then on we never seemed to meet at the same level. I kept insisting that something must be wrong. She kept denying it. And then I noticed she had stopped wearing my presents."

"Somebody else's?"
"Possibly yours."

"Mm. Quite possible."

"And yet I could never get anything out of her. I was out of my mind with jealousy. I said to her if you want to end it let's end it! Just don't leave me hanging like this in mid-air!"

"And her reply?"

"She turned angrily away and said she didn't know what I was talking about but if I insisted on acting so petulantly —"

"Ah, yes - petulantly."

"— Then she was not going to see me that evening; in any event she had made other plans. I told her that if she had made other plans she had made them before I acted 'petulant' and therefore I was correct in assuming that there was something wrong between us. She turned on me and I had never seen her stare at me so coldly. And I will never forget the words she spoke to me."

"I believe I can guess them."

"She looked at me as if I had a growth on my nose and said plainly and strongly, as if to a teenage street molester — 'What's — bothering — you?' " "Ah, yes, 'What's - bothering - you?"

"I needn't tell you how brutal it was from that point on. She was busy; she was out; she couldn't be reached on the telephone; she didn't answer my wires. When I finally saw her she acted as if it were all in my mind, as if nothing had happened."

"She was warm again?"

"It was like old times. How could I have been so mistaken? My hopes were buoyed. I rejoiced. Talked madly. Made plans."

"Then suddenly she had to get home early?"

"You know it. There it all was. Every reborn joy of the evening lying gutted all over the dinner table. I said ——"

"'But I have theater tickets.'"

"Yes, that's what I said and she said

"'It was a lovely evening, don't spoil it.'"

"Exactly. And I asked, 'When will I see you again?' I no longer dared let her out of my sight without making a new and definite date. Otherwise, I'd never be able to catch her."

"And she said, 'Call me tomorrow.
I'll be in all morning.'"

"And she was gone."

"And you called all morning."

"And I never got an answer."

"I weep for both of us."

On the Thursday that Eugenie Vasch flew in from London to take care of some quick business Harry lay around wondering what to do with himself. Georgette had quickened his desire for the exotic. He found his new women dull. When he spoke to them about philosophies of life they looked at him blankly or talked about motherhood. When he suggested that modern society was beset by a breakdown in communication they mumbled something about monopoly and Bell Telephone. Georgette might have been a bore but there was a facet of her to which he'd responded: her concern with issues that did not exist for Harry. All that fuss she made about making contact as if there were a point in doing something just for the sake of it - like taking English in school when it was clear that one would never use it. Make contact - with whom? Learn to communicate - with whom? People had always given him their attention. If he was less interesting than they, why weren't they devoting that time to themselves? Was it "communication" for Harry to pay attention to others while, in exchange, they paid attention to him? It sounded like a bad bargain. He sensed that most people's lives were made up of inventing excuses for not getting what they wanted. Perhaps that was what this whole business of contact and communication was: the thinkers of the world were the losers.

Nevertheless he was dissatisfied. He had no desire to be alone and less desire to be with others — what's more, he missed Georgette. He wished she'd return with some new lectures. Perhaps that was what she was up to, he thought happily. She was in a school — taking courses — learning lectures to bring back to Harry! The idea cheered him considerably. He began to dress, having decided to put in an appearance at a party that in his previous mood he had intended to skip. The Blue Belles would be there, and if he were not seen enjoy-

ing himself, they might forget to call. Their nightly messages had become his one constant pleasure.

The moment Harry entered the big room Belle Mankis, Naomi Peel, Viola Strife, Arlene Moon and India Anderbull closed in around him. "Harry, there's someone in the next room we know you'll want to meet!"

Four days later Harry and Eugenie Vasch were married.

This is the first of two parts of Jules Feisfer's first novel, "Harry, the Rat with Women." The conclusion will appear next month.

A



"I would like to get a pet of some kind upon which I can express my need to lavish love and affection."



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PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

THOUGH MANY otherwise aware chaps tend to regard Switzerland as a playground to be enjoyed exclusively by the winter set, the fact is that this patch of high-rising real estate is made to order for summer vacationing as well. Given the mobility that comes with the August sun, a man can really explore the country, either through a bracing bit of social climbing in the hills, or a sampling of more urban pleasures in Geneva and Berne, Zurich and Lucerne.

If such a stimulating sojourn appeals to you, we suggest you set up a temporary base of operations at one of the venerable castles which have been converted into luxuriously comfortable, modern hotels. Two of the best in their class are the 12th Century Château de Dully, where literary lights such as Voltaire and Madame de Staël used to shine, and Château Bellevue at Sierre, which was erected in 1658 on the heroic scale of Louis XV's French châteaux. In addition to other creature comforts, these king-size hostels are amply stocked with the best vintages of Swiss wines - Dezaley, Epesses, St. Saphorin which, being poor travelers, are littleknown outside the country.

For a man with a taste for tastes, a table-hopping tour of Swiss cities might well include the following fare-thee-well selections: cheese fondue at the Café Restaurant Du Midi in Geneva, the special Valais dishes to be savored with Fendant white wine or Dôle red at Geneva's L'Auberge de la Mère Royaume, the regional cuisine of the Zum Wilden Mann or Schwanen in Lucerne, and the traditional foodstuffs of Zum Rüden and Zur Saffran, both 15th Century guildhouses in Zurich. The outer man may be catered to in a variety of revivifying resorts, a prime example being mountain-

cupped Arosa, whose readily accessible attractions include Alpine golf links, a bathing beach on the Untersee, boating on the Obersee, and nighttime divertisements—gaming rooms and shows—at the freshly fabricated Kursaal-Casino.

To the south, in the Mediterranean, another spanking-new casino is now in operation on the island of Corfu. This stake house — Greece's first — is located in the Achillaeum Palace and comprises smartly appointed gambling arenas, restaurants, and a night club. From thence, it's a short jaunt to the Greek mainland and August cultural exchanges at the drama festival staged in the ancient theater of Dodona in Epirus, and the Athens Festival, where one may highbrowse amid drama, opera and ballet.

For uncrowded dallying in the Mediterranean, you might consider a trip to the island of Corsica, the gorse-covered birthplace of Napoleon. Corsica is great fun to drive, particularly if you want to road-test your sports car, since it is laced with scenic routes that twist along porphyry cliffs, around golden headlands, past waterfalls and Italianate vineyards (the last Corsican sports-car rally followed a course of no less than 1500 hairpin turns). Though the hamlet of Ile-Rousse has the island's best hostelry, plus night life, most Americans head-quarter in the capital, Ajaccio.

Here in the States, travelers should note that August is the month of the Seafair in Seattle, the running of the Hambletonian—richest of all harness race events—at Du Quoin, Illinois, and the National Speed Trials on Utah's Bonneville Salt Flats.

For further information on any of the above, write to Playboy Reader Service, 232 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Ill.

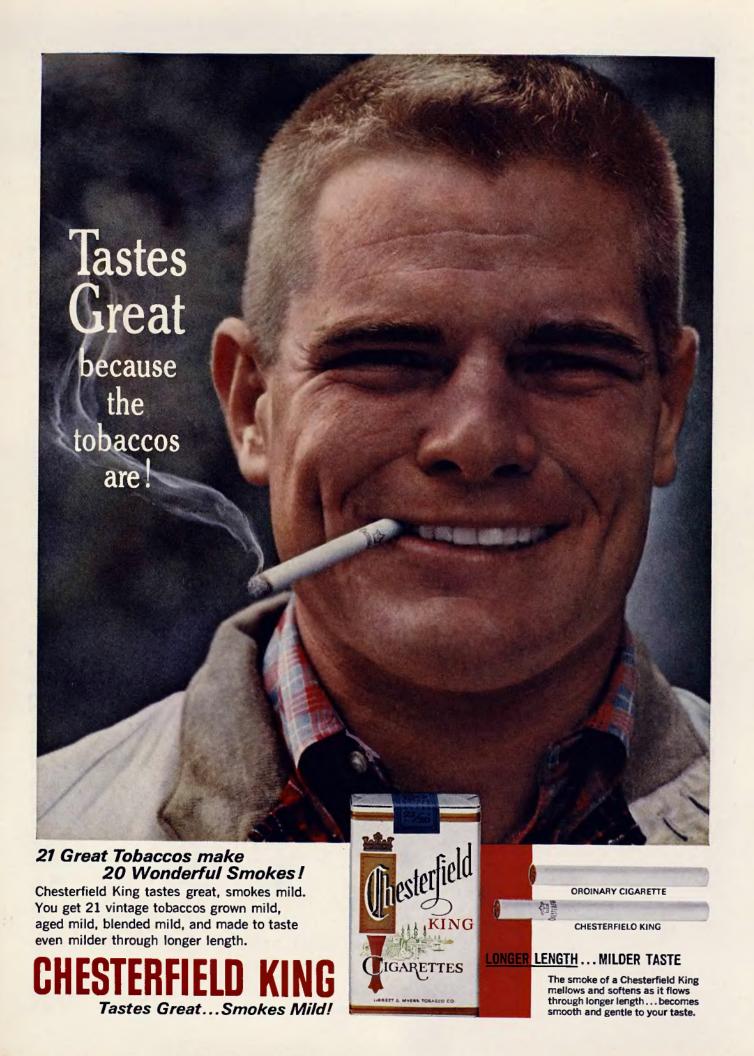
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